

**INTERVIEW: BASKETBALL SUPERCOACH BOBBY KNIGHT**

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Hughes**

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Hughes's Ex  
Shows It  
All Off**

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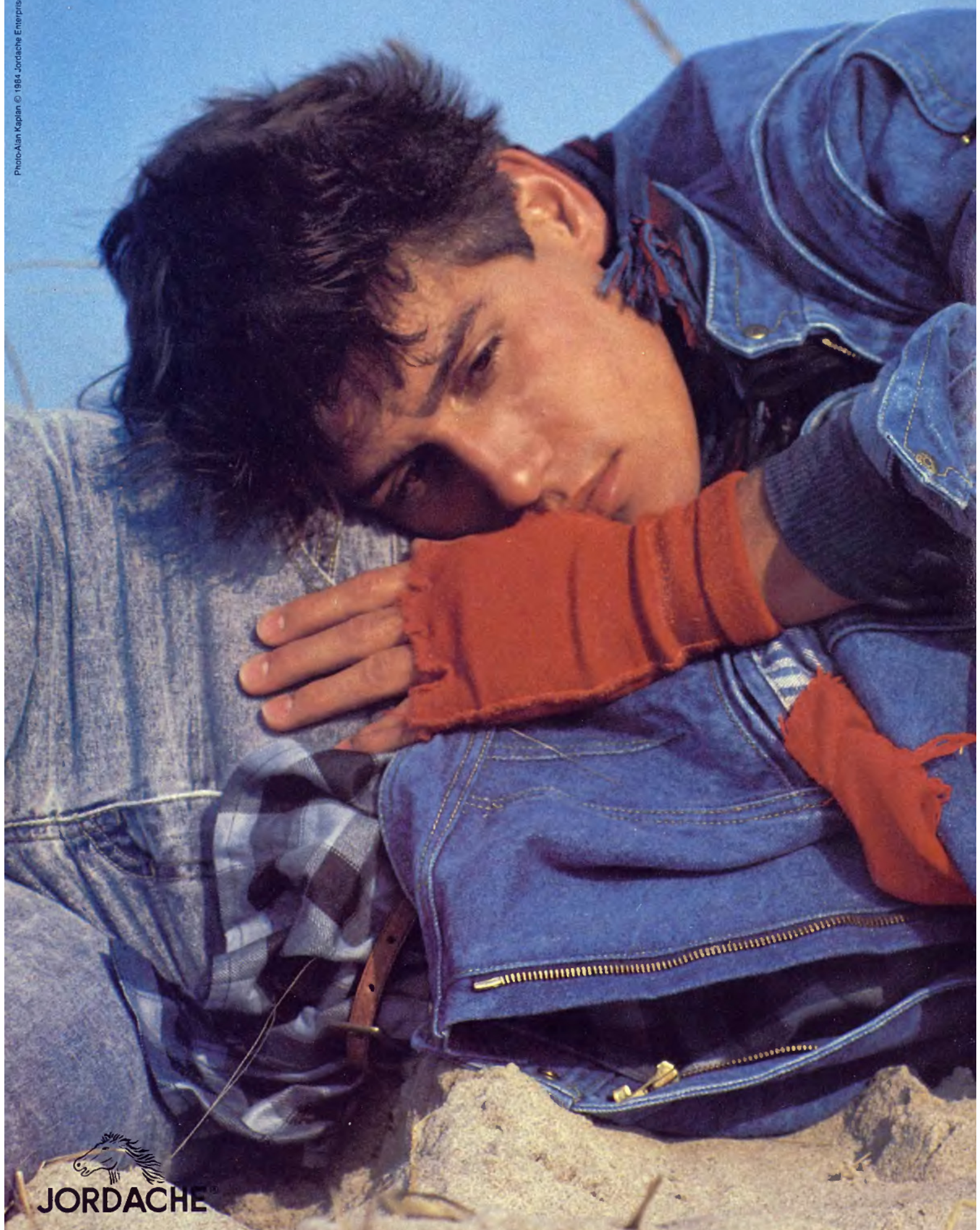
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# PLAYBILL

AS THE SUMMER heats up, so do many relationships. That can be either good or bad. When it's good, it can be very good, indeed. When it's bad, it often has something to do with money. Especially these days. Contributing Editor **D. Keith Mano** assesses this development in *Money, Sex and the American Couple* (illustrated by **Teresa Fasolino**)—and comes up with a foolproof way to find out if you and your mate are really compatible. Accompanying the piece is *The Dow Jones Emotionals: 30 Issues on Which Relationships Rise and Fall*, by sociologists **Philip Blumstein** and **Pepper Schwartz**. They wrote the book on the subject—*American Couples: Money, Work, Sex*.

Some couples have more problems with money than others. **Terry Moore's** once secret marriage to **Howard Hughes** is out in the open, and she proves in *The Merriest Widow* she has nothing to hide. Matter of fact, we think of her as one spruce goose. From that sort of one on one, we bring you another kind: sports journalist **David Israel** goes man to man with the U.S. Olympic basketball coach, **Bobby Knight**, in the *Playboy Interview*. Maintaining America's pre-eminence in world-class round ball is, as we learn, a full-court press. We also give you a road map to the Summer Games in the *Playboy Guide to the Olympics*. Here are hints on what to look for in each event, who's favored, the fine points of how to video-tape your favorite amazing feats and a catalog of fun facts and fuck-ups from Olympics past.

If you think 1984 is not all George Orwell cracked it up to be, just wait a few years. Colorado Governor **Richard D. Lamm** paints a bleak picture of what's in store for us. But in *1994: A Prediction* (illustrated by **Stanislaw Fernandes**), Lamm says we can soften our future shocks—but only if our leaders start making some unpopular decisions.

Speaking of unpopular decisions, as our elected officials lumber through this portentous year, some disturbing social studies are getting large grants from the Justice Department. **Larry Bush's Viewpoint**, "Fat Grants and Sleazy Politics: Reagan's Porn Paranoia," alerts us to the fuzzy sort of thinking we're paying for these days in Washington.

Fuzzy thinking has never been one of actor **Kurt Russell's** weaknesses. In *20 Questions*, he tells Contributing Editor **David Rensin** why he hates his generation, why he thinks nuclear power isn't all that scary, what he thinks about baseball's designated-hitter rule and how he got to first base with **Goldie Hawn**. **Anson Mount**, on the other hand, gives us the fruits of his prescience in *Playboy's Pro Football Preview* (illustrated by **Boris Vallejo**). We won't reveal his Superachievers here, but one conclusion can be asserted: Bears fans, once again, wait until next year.

We've heard that the Boy Scouts of America has hired a consultant to bring scouting into the Eighties. **Lloyd Lynford's The New Official Boy Scout Handbook** advises any little old ladies trying to cross the street that they're on their own.

**Lawrence Block's** story *By the Dawn's Early Light* finds ex-cop Matt Scudder investigating the murder of a friend's wife. And he finds out more than he wants to know. Which is also true of the rich older man in *The Time Exchange*, by **Damon Knight**. It turns out that if you've got the time, there's always a buyer.

In *Walk on the Wilder Side*, **Gene Wilder** shows off Italian threads while pursuing woman in red **Kelly Le Brock** in San Francisco. **Mario Casilli** photographed this fashion story for us. And if all that heats you up, **Emanuel Greenberg** has a number of *Long, Tall Coolers* to wet your whistle. You'll need yours for a proper salute to this month's Playmate, **Suzi Schott**, and the gaggle of enticing women entrepreneurs we've gathered in *Success Stories*. They are women who believe that living extremely well is the best revenge. Take that heart-warming thought, and this magazine, to the beach.



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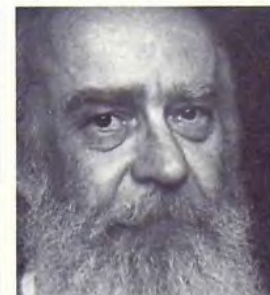
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vol. 31, no. 8—august, 1984

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**COVER STORY** Recognize Terry Moore, once the beloved of reclusive billionaire Howard Hughes, soon the beloved of our millions of readers? Sparing no expense, we got Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda to take this month's cover shot of Terry, a lady who's accustomed to the best of everything and whose looks have lost nothing to inflation—as you'll see on page 130.

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# Some people really know how to make dinner.



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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



## IT'S ALL DOWNHILL FROM HERE

Asked what his Olympic downhill gold medal meant to him, Bill Johnson (above left) said, "Millions." Johnson and his dad were checking out the good life when they dropped by Playboy Mansion West to spend Movie Night with, among others, Hef and Miss January 1982, Kimberly McArthur. Johnson may appear as the star in a future Mansion Movie Night—rumor has it he's heading for Hollywood next.

## THIS YEAR'S MODELS WILL BE RECALLED FOREVER

China is the traditional gift for 20th anniversaries; platinum's the modern choice. But there are no China dolls or platinum blondes in this tony group of celebrants (from left, Chicago Talent Coordinator Sharon Center, Manager Vicki Choconas and models Doug Benbow, Ken Benoit, Jill DeVries, Toni Yudt and Toni Sipka), so we thought Rabbit would be apropos for a celebration of 20 years of Playboy Models—the model modeling agency since 1964.



## ANGELINA CENTERFOLD

In the film *Romancing the Stone*, Kathleen Turner plays a novelist whose heroine is named Angelina. Early in the movie, Angelina comes to life in the angelic form of Kymberly Herrin (above). Kym has been a romantic character before. On our March 1981 gatefold (right), she looks set for a night of romancing the Stones.



## YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BEBE

Playmates often go on to dizzying success, but Miss November 1974, Bebe Buell's, head is still spinning over her conquest of the vinyl frontier. She's the audio-visual star of her band, The B-Sides', new album. If you like the way Bebe looks on the A side (below), wait'll you catch the flip side.





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### THE KENNEDY LEGACY

After reading Peter Collier and David Horowitz' *Young Kennedys: The Decline of an American Dynasty* (PLAYBOY, May), I find one thing apparent: Character, like other traits, often skips a generation.

John R. Moritz  
Spring Lake, Michigan

*Young Kennedys* is a brilliantly written account. I hope that any comfort people take from reading that the Kennedy kids have problems as serious as the ones their own kids have—or worse—is short-lived. A second generation of tragedy is nothing to take solace from.

Kim Ellen Callahan  
San Diego, California

I'm disappointed to find PLAYBOY joining the ranks of the *National Enquirer* and other sensationalist tabloids by publishing *Young Kennedys*. The Kennedy family has given so much to this country, through military and Government service, suffering tragedy while serving, asking for little in return. Now we sit and demand more from them because they are Kennedys. I can't say I have learned more about the Kennedys or that my feelings for them have changed after reading *Young Kennedys*. I have concluded that an article such as this serves no purpose except to cause pain to a family that has experienced more than its share of it.

Larry Oleson  
Carson, California

If such is the result of being born to the purple, then I thank God my family was—and is—consigned to serfdom.

Robert F. Frittier  
Assumption, Illinois

### WE'RE IN FASHION

I hope it doesn't make you smug, but, again, a *Playboy Interview* (May) has made me feel good in a uniquely satisfying

way. Despite my lack of interest in fashion and my eternal surprise at how much money is spent on it, in less than an hour I received a condensed and insightful behind-the-scenes look at the fashion industry and at Calvin Klein, one of its leading figures. Your *Interviews* continue to earn PLAYBOY a special place in our society.

Loren Dunton  
San Francisco, California

Klein and my well are similar in one respect—they're both shallow.

Bill Roberts  
Portsmouth, Virginia

### YOKO'S KUDOS

In June of 1982, we asked Yoko Ono for her assistance in creating a major exhibition on the history of folk and rock music and their relation to peace efforts. Over a period of more than a year, she and her staff gave generously of their time and energy, suggesting possibilities, supplying information and gathering materials for the exhibition. It is a testament to her commitment to peace that during the period described in David and Victoria Sheff's *The Betrayal of John Lennon* (PLAYBOY, March), she remained open to a project such as ours. The exhibit, "Give Peace a Chance," drew thousands of visitors to The Peace Museum. Without Yoko Ono's involvement, it would not have been possible.

Marianne Philbin, Curator  
The Peace Museum  
Chicago, Illinois

### OH, OLA!

Although I've felt the urge to write to you before, I've never done it. But *The "Thriller" of It All* (PLAYBOY, May), featuring Playmate Ola Ray, finally moved me to action. As an admirer of the beauty of black women, I resent the fact that few black models appear in men's magazines. Your work with Ola Ray may change that. She is exuberantly beautiful

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and Richard Fegley's photography is exquisite, as usual.

Gilberto Cobian  
Morgantown, West Virginia

I was excited to see the beautiful Ola Ray in the video *Thriller* and the May issue of *PLAYBOY*. Ola attended the same high school as I, and to see someone from such a small school make it to the top is really a thriller.

Jeri Takemoto  
San Jose, California

Ola-la-la!

Todd Colicchio  
West Orange, New Jersey

I enjoyed your May issue. The only thing that could really make my day would be another picture of Ola Ray.

Kelwyn Wright  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

*Consider it made, Kelwyn. We've got a soft spot for people who quote Clint Eastwood. As for Ola, she's found a soft spot to*



*relax in after another day of stardom. All that thrilling can get a little tiring.*

#### BACK-TO-BACK-TO-BACK HOME RUNS

First there were April's *The Method vs. the Fast Ball* and May's *The Big-League Point of View*, both excellent. Now you've got Reggie Jackson's (with Mike Lupica) *My Life in Pinstripes* in June. That's an awesome baseball team you're forming, *PLAYBOY*.

Louis Lustenberger  
New Orleans, Louisiana

#### GENERATION GAPS

Thank you for your May pictorial *Hello, Young Lovers*. I have been waiting for such a feature to appear in *PLAYBOY* for quite some time, and I think *PLAYBOY* is the only magazine capable of presenting such a layout in a tasteful manner. My compliments on a fantastic feature.

Steve Edwards  
Springfield, Virginia

My husband and I read with great interest your essay on older women and younger men. We, too, are a May-December romance: I am 42 and my husband is 24. We have been very happily married for nine months. We, too, were faced with all the traditional reasons our relationship

wouldn't work. Steven and I have enjoyed many humorous circumstances; I would like to share one of my favorites with you. His parents were very upset when he decided to marry me, and in a last-ditch effort to talk him out of it, his father said, "Son, one day you will wake up and look at her and she will be old."

"Hell, Dad," said Steven in a most serious voice, "she already is old."

My attitude is this: If we share one, five or ten years together, that will be more happiness than I've ever known before. Thank you for reminding us "older" women that there's life after 40, especially if it's shared with a younger man!

Mrs. Steven L. Dupre  
Knoxville, Tennessee

As a 21-year-old woman currently living with, and totally captivated by, a 58-year-old man, I found *Hello, Young Lovers* extremely interesting. May I suggest that in a future issue you show your readers the other side—younger women who prefer much older men? If my lover and I ever break up (which I fervently hope we never do!), I won't even consider becoming involved with a man under 50.

Irma Calvert  
Concord, California

"Older" woman Rita Jenrette may be receiving critical acclaim for her acting ability, but I doubt that she'll ever top her famous performance on the steps of the U.S. Capitol.

Philip Schacca  
West Hempstead, New York

Cynthia Heimel's *Women* column has been mandatory reading for me since its first appearance in *PLAYBOY*. She is always thought-provoking and interesting. Her *Hello, Young Lovers* is outstanding, to say the least. Judging from the pictures of her that occasionally appear in *Playbill*, she is not only "with it" but also is a lovely lady.

Lanny R. Middings  
San Ramon, California

#### CHANGING CHANNELS

The staff of Rockamerica wishes to thank you for the positive light you shed on us in your "Television" column (*PLAYBOY*, May). It's especially delicious within the context of an essay on MTV.

Ed Steinberg  
Rockamerica  
New York, New York

#### SIGHTS IN THE SKIES

*The Playboy Guide: Electronic Entertainment* (May) discusses some of the best merchandise available on the retail market—for video crazies and audiophiles. For the second straight year, however, you fail to mention anything related to the blossoming satellite-television industry. What gives? You do a super job of

informing us about almost all the marvels of today and tomorrow, but you've managed to misplace somewhere your wave guide when it comes to telling readers about the more than 100 channels of entertainment that fall in their own back yards. I'm going to run out tomorrow and buy a Panasonic VCR and a Proton video monitor—so I can derive even greater pleasure from my 12-foot satellite-receiving system.

Jeffrey Aksamit  
Cleveland, Missouri

#### DIPLOMATIC AFFAIRS

In the March *Playboy After Hours* section, you published a paragraph titled "Take Him, He's Hers" that is grossly inaccurate. I do not teach a "how-to" course. I conduct a self-help seminar titled "Let's Talk About Extra-Marital Affairs," which is one of several I teach. The course examines such issues as what extramarital affairs mean in terms of love or sexuality regarding the "left-out" spouse, what makes an extramarital affair healthy or neurotic and how to deal with negative feelings stemming from your own or your husband's liaison. My credentials include a Ph.D. in psychology from City University of New York, as well as certificates in sex therapy, behavior therapy and rational emotive therapy.

Cynthia Silverman, Ph.D.  
Canoga Park, California

#### THE EYES HAVE IT

The sky is blue, the ocean is blue; Patty Duffek's eyes are bluer than blue. When I turned to the opening pages of her pictorial (May), the first things to catch my eye were her bluer-than-blue eyes saying hello. I was lucky enough to meet Patty at a Phoenix bookstore, where she signed my issue of *PLAYBOY*, and I discovered that she is as charming as she is beautiful.

Ron Bradley  
Phoenix, Arizona

You don't have to look any further for your Playmate of the Year. She's Miss May, Patty Duffek. I really don't think you can top her, but please try.

Ernest Sabins  
Waco, Texas

#### HANG YOUR HEAD, EVELYN WOOD

Just a note to say that all of us deeply appreciate the mention of *Rock & Roll Confidential* in your April "Fast Tracks" section. We are getting quite a bit of response from it, which I'm sure will continue for some time. As a former GI and steelworker, I know that *PLAYBOY* gets read actively for years after a particular issue comes out.

Lee Ballinger  
*Rock & Roll Confidential*  
Maywood, New Jersey



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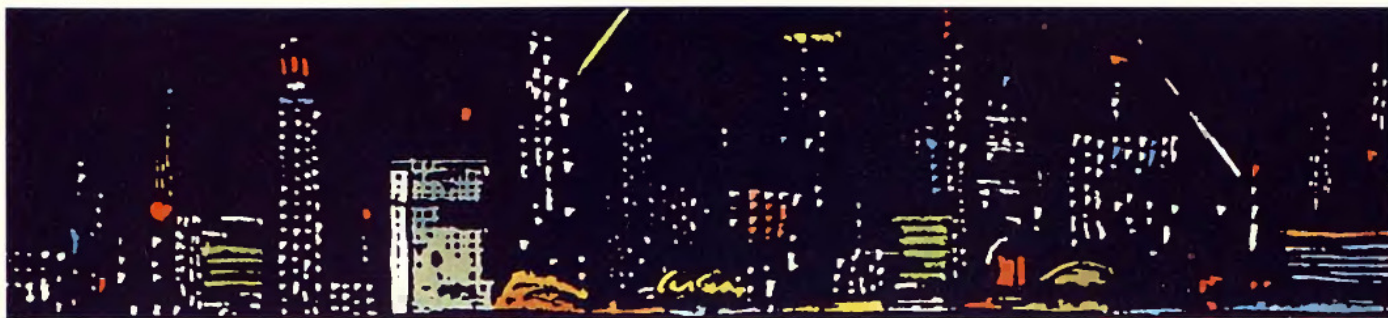
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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## GROUP SEX

Under the heading *SEX AND NUMBER*, The Mutual Benefit Insurance Company's group plan contains a general provision that "whenever required by the context of the policy, the plural includes the singular, the singular the plural and the masculine the feminine." Interesting group.

From our Drop Dead Department: A St. Petersburg widow and her family were awarded a \$240,000 judgment in a lawsuit against a funeral home and cemetery after the body of the woman's 73-year-old husband fell out of the coffin in the parking lot before his funeral.

A truck driver tooling down interstate ten near Tucson flicked his cigarette out his window and set fire to the 26 tons of hay he was hauling.

Import quotas be damned. *The Fresno Bee* included this ad in its auto classified: "Honda Blowjob: 1980 ACCORD LX. Newer than new. Very low miles. Must see to appreciate, a real cream puff."

A sign in front of the Fountain Blue—an oyster bar just outside Orlando—read: *TOPLESS OYSTER BAR. EAT 'EM RAW.*

The Rochester, Minnesota, law firm of Dingle, Suk, Wendland & Walters, Ltd., has announced that Kevin P. Howe and Jon H. L. Dewey have joined it. According to *The Bench & Bar of Minnesota*, the new firm will be known as Dewey, Suk, Dingle and Howe, Ltd.

*The Dallas Morning News* ran a classified ad for a "live-in mature housekeeper-cock in good health for elderly man."

A cut above: The Milan newspaper *Corriere della Sera* reported that thieves in Italy have stolen a treasured relic known

as the holy foreskin of our Lord. Fleshing out its history, an item in *Geo* revealed that the Virgin Mary allegedly gave the foreskin, stored in a vase filled with oil, to Mary Magdalene. Later, Charlemagne gave it to Pope Leo III, and it has since rested in a church in Calcata, where it goes on display once a year. Only this year, it was clipped.

In a sports commentary, a *Kansas City Times* columnist discussed the University of Kansas' basketball victory over intrastate rival Wichita State University: "The game Sunday afternoon started out with the emotion every college basketball game should have, although maybe the motives could have been more gentle." Goy, team, goy!

Full-figure lawsuit: Luanna Cashatt of Clinton, Iowa, claims she was fired from her job at a Caterpillar Tractor Company plant for being overly curvaceous, and she's filing a discrimination lawsuit



against the firm. She charges that she was dismissed because male workers spent too much time staring at her 40-20-36 figure and not enough time doing their jobs. Oh, yes—the workers of whom she speaks are employed at the Mount Joy plant.

We want to believe this, but we just can't. The *Montreal Gazette* classified section ran the following: "Retired accordion repairman wants strong girl to share newly acquired aardvark farm in New Zealand. Ph.D. in animal husbandry an asset. Must be good mah-jongg player, drink beer and enjoy yodeling."

Why can't they just give us the facts? *The New York Times* described the difficulties the last space shuttle was having with the Solar Max this way: "STUD MAY HAVE FOILED SATELLITE CAPTURE."

As it is and ever shall be: When Kathy Jean Stift became engaged to William Marvin Dicks, the Palatka, Florida, *Daily News* announced their betrothal the only way it knew how: "STIFT-DICKS."

In Mesa, Arizona, a would-be robber of a Chinese restaurant fled without any loot when an employee mistook his holdup note for a takeout order.

It's a topsy-turvy business. The *Ottawa Citizen's* headline revealed the bare truth: "OTTAWA STRIP CLUBS FACING CRACKDOWN."

And this from a state with a town named Terre Haute. As of September, a law sponsored by a state senator, who fears bilingualism, will make English Indiana's official state language.

Judge Frank Saia knew something was up when defendant Norman Spooner presented a note, handwritten on a prescription pad allegedly from his doctor,



## NEW VACATIONS

*You've got the time and money for a vacation, but nothing out there really inspires you. You've had one too many poolside piña colodas and rubbed coconut tanning oil on one too many beautiful women. Delirious sex with gorgeous female strangers no longer satisfies the explorer in you, nor does it sit well with your wife. Even seven days of rain in Bermuda is no longer the thrill it once was. What you need is a new vacation, one that fills those needs you can hardly express.*

**The Reagan Ranch**—As part of this Administration's down payment on the Federal deficit, well-to-do taxpayers can now be paying guests at the President's Santa Barbara retreat for seven days and six nights. For \$6800 per person, guests receive three daily meals of macaroni and cheese and will be allowed to make one major policy decision. A complimentary obscene phone call to Moscow or Tip O'Neill is also included, as are a visit with the First Lady and a ride on the President's favorite mount.

**Lovely Lebanon**—Seven days, six nights, three governments. Special going-out-of-business rates.

**Role Reversal**—On a normal trip, your baggage is supposed to follow wherever you go. This is an interesting idea, but it often seems to encounter resistance. Hence, our innovation: You follow your baggage wherever it goes. Combine the certainty of baggage possession with the excitement of a surprise destination, the best of both worlds.

**Star Turns**—Spend a week on tour with Michael Jackson. There is no better way to get close to the contemporary music scene and at the same time discover what sex Michael is. Seven days, five nights, two nose jobs.

**National Geographic Tour**—Adventure. Beauty. Nature in all its glory. This is the only tour with stops in every country where women have really big tits. Visit beautiful Ethiopia ("large and pointy"), the Sudan ("huge and droopy") and Italy ("round and melonish, juicy, with nipples like tangy red prosciutto"). *Mangia!*

**Pharmacopoeia Village**—Activities include smoking drugs, dropping drugs, inhaling drugs and eating drugs. Meals are served on a sliding scale. The people smoking pot get to eat the food of the people doing coke. The retreat has received unanimous praise from the world press. *Le Monde*: "Oh, wow." *The Times* of London: "Extraordinary. And I did so appreciate that acrobatic girl from Colorado." *New York Times* food editor Craig Claiborne gave our chef's special mushroom omelet "a zillion stars."

**The Ed Norton**—For people who want to get to the core of the Big Apple.

You wonder: Are there really alligators in the New York sewers? Are there rats as big as caribou? Where does Ed Koch's love life take place, anyway? Why not see for yourself? See the New York New Yorkers never see, and at the same time avoid the hordes of Japanese camera wielders who have turned the sidewalks into a nightmare. One of the nicest things about this tour is that when you finally see Times Square, it will seem like Gstaad; and by the end of your stay, your girlfriend will think a golden shower is just a touch of morning dew.

**Club Fred**—Easygoing, not necessarily concerned with being at the "in" place? Club Fred could be for you. Named after our friend Fred, who used to have standards but found them to be a burden, Club Fred is a great place for a guy who believes that Tahiti's fatal flaw is that it doesn't have a bowling alley. The club has many of life's lesser amenities and is within a day's drive of water. A gentle smog-and-soot cover helps guard against sunstroke. Our pal Fred's two favorite people are Gandhi and the Marquis de Sade, and we figure there are only two places for a guy like that to hang out. Club Fred is one of them.

**The Corporate Retreat**—Are you in business but still a bit uncomfortable about it? Come to our resort and learn how to act corporate. Spend time on our firing range, where you can learn to terminate employees. Take courses in hearty laughter and back-slapping. Learn to express deep concern for the economy, as opposed to blathering about petty obsessions such as the fact that your division is going down the toilet. Complimentary pair of plaid trousers. Mandatory golf.

**Travel Agent's Whimsy**—For people who care more about bargains than about being alive, here is a ten-day, 12-night budget trip that would seem hard to ignore. The \$379 package includes meals and lodgings at the finest establishments in Paris (Kentucky), Manhattan (Kansas), Vienna (Georgia) and Rome (New York). If you've spent years lowering their expectations, this could hit the spot.

—ANDREW FEINBERG

explaining why Spooner had previously not shown up in court. The note read, "I seen Norman Spooner on March 9 and treated him for a womb on his neck."

From the Go With Your First Impression Department: Trivial Pursuit enthusiasts will eventually get to the card that asks, "What did Otto Titzling invent?" According to T.P., it's too true: the brassiere.

A common complaint among apartment dwellers is their neighbors' noise. But Mabel Nileski, a Cresson, Pennsylvania, woman, didn't have a chance to complain. Her neighbor Gregory Pauley, an unemployed father of two, apparently attempted suicide by shooting himself in the chest with a .22 rifle while lying in bed. The bullet tore through Pauley's back, a pillow and a wall—and wounded Nileski.

Picky, picky: A New York City publisher passed along a letter he received to *Publisher's Weekly*—the Bible of the industry. The letter read, "I'm seeking to secure a list of all the female Jewish artists past 50 yrs. of age and who are residents of Manhattan. The reason I am writing to your company is that you are a publishing outfit and you most likely have had numerous women illustrate your books. P.S. Do you know of any female artists that fit the above description and have the first name of Estelle."

Love for Sale Department: According to *The Wall Street Journal*, no less, bondage chic is "in." At Headlines, a San Francisco boutique, the manager says, "I'm amazed at the clientele we've been getting. A year ago, it was teenaged punks with Mohawks . . . now we're getting women, secretaries, professionals," all buying studded-leather wrist bands, leather miniskirts and fingerless leather gauntlets with spikes. This garb, once shunned by almost everyone except the sexually kinky, got picked up by pop stars and is now being imitated by red-blooded Americans everywhere. Flip, a shop in Greenwich Village, says the new cruel look is "rising from underground—it's becoming street-level." Pedestrians everywhere, take note.

An Abilene, Texas, funeral home listed under "Frozen Food—Wholesale" in the Southwestern Bell telephone book filed a \$311,000 damage suit against the phone company. Elliot-Hamil Funeral Home sought damages for mental anguish and loss of revenue. The phone company said that it apologized for the mistake and would give Elliot-Hamil an "adjustment" on its bill.

According to a headline in *The Louisville Times*, "SHORT POLICE OFFICER LOSES SEX APPEAL."

Has he checked his bottom drawers?

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Selects cassette mode and changes display.

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Pioneer's new Centrate offers you more sophisticated functions and features than you'll find in any other auto stereo in the world. (One Centrate Graphic Equalizer, for instance, even features a sensor that adjusts the volume when you roll the window down. Or up.)

So it's also one of the most expensive auto stereos in the world.

What you see here—just the Centrate AM/FM Stereo Cassette unit and Graphic Equalizer—cost \$850.00 and \$240.00 respectively.

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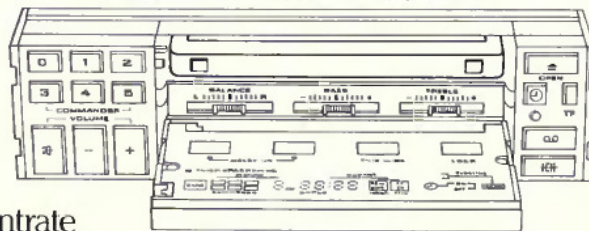
cost \$2,000 to \$3,000.

But even though Centrate may not be on everybody's shopping list, we present it all the same to impart a bit of data you might actually use:

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The control panel flips down to reveal a microprocessor-controlled 3-motor direct drive auto reverse cassette deck with Dolby® B and C.



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# MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE TANDEM title role in *All of Me* (Universal) is shared by Lily Tomlin and Steve Martin, and I couldn't have liked them more. Tomlin plays a terminally ill, wealthy shrew who announces to Martin, as her unscrupulous young lawyer, that she intends to come back from the dead. "What makes you think you can do that?" he asks. "Because I'm rich," she answers. And on that cheeky note, *All of Me* whips up a delectable batch of slapshtick madness, zestfully directed by Carl Reiner (Martin's collaborator on both *The Jerk* and *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*) from an appropriately zany screenplay by Phil Alden Robinson. It's not all quite as hilarious as the early scenes, which had me on the floor—when Lily's frigid, spinsterish soul accidentally turns up in Martin's ever-ready body. As the mystic responsible for the mistake, Richard Libertini might steal the show if he were in lesser company. But Tomlin's knowing twinkle brightens up her impersonation of a disembodied prude glimpsed mostly in mirrors, and Martin is spectacular in dealing with the problem that the left side of his body is male, the right side female. It's not necessary to be a Martin fan to savor this particular tour de force, but just try to keep a straight face when Steve's right-handed alter ego has to help him zip up in the men's room. Madolyn Smith, as his exasperated fiancée, and Victoria Tennant, as the stableman's conniving daughter who was supposed to inherit the dead woman's soul along with her worldly goods, perform their bitchery with flair. All aspects of *All of Me* are well balanced by Reiner, who knows how to blend knockabout comedy and sharp-edged satire so the seams scarcely show. ♣♣½

When you come away from a movie remembering the cinematography above all, there is apt to be something amiss. Caleb Deschanel's camera wizardry just about swamps *The Natural* (Tri-Star), an exceptionally silly, self-important baseball drama adapted from Bernard Malamud's first novel. The overuse of slow motion—for grand-slam homers or winning pitches—and silhouette shots serves as a constant reminder that this is not just another baseball yarn. It's an apocalyptic allegory, by golly, chock-full of characters who stand for something but seldom seem to be living, breathing people. As the hero, a middle-aged rookie who breaks into big-league ball at an age when most players start to think of retirement, Robert Redford is photographed like the superstar he is—mouthing high-minded platitudes, striking attitudes, generally portraying the myth rather than the man. Robert Duvall



Tomlin, Martin get it together.

Tomlin, Martin in comic mismatch; Redford out at first; *Hardbodies* is beached.



Basinger is a *Natural* temptress.



Kristi Somers, one of the *Hardbodies*.

is Max Mercy, a merciless sportswriter, with Kim Basinger, Glenn Close and Barbara Hershey in thankless roles as three women who dramatize the doubtful thesis that an athlete's swing is only as good as the dames in his life. Director Barry Levinson, after his stunning debut with *Diner*, pretty well strikes out here, as if he were so preoccupied with the Thirties decor that he never got down to basics. Though touted as a labor of love for Levinson and Redford, *The Natural* is a corny, operatic, overwrought mockery of a great American sport. ♣♣

*Hardbodies* (Columbia) are those splendidly proportioned girls who frequent the beaches of Southern California—usually wearing little more than minuscule swimsuits and roller skates. Judged by the quality of mindless summer fun afoot in this beachnik epic, girls get "dialogued" by cute guys (as the cutest twosome, Teal Roberts and Grant Cramer look awfully pleased with themselves). But when three boorish businessmen come to party at the beach, they have to produce more than fast chatter—or, as one hardbody succinctly puts it, "I don't fuck fossils for free." Another curvaceous philosopher wonders aloud *why* guys like boobs. Kinda makes ya think, doesn't it? If not, you might have a better time getting buried in the sand. ♣

Dutch film maker Paul Verhoeven abhors sexual taboos (his *Turkish Delight* and *Spelters* gave pause to the prudish), yet I'm not sure frankness can save *The 4th Man* (Spectrafilm) from intrinsic mediocrity. As usual, fine camerawork and top-grade performances lend the movie an aura of class, but Verhoeven's eerie occult drama too often slips over the fine line separating daringly lewd from ludicrous. His trio of unzipped principals includes a famous homosexual novelist (Jeroen Krabbe), a thrice-widowed blonde beautician (Renee Soutendijk) who may actually be a wicked witch, plus the handsome stud (Thom Hoffman) they both want to bed. Although by no means boring, *4th Man* ultimately dissipates its smooth carnal decadence in expendable deep-think about death, fate and redemption. ♣♣

The films of French writer-director Bertrand Blier, from *Going Places* in 1974 to his 1978 Oscar winner, *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs*, frequently feature a pair of eccentric but innocent male chums with a manipulative female between them. *My Best Friend's Girl* (European International) has Isabelle Huppert doing a fine deadpan comic turn as the amoral Viviane, who moves in with a handsome ski-shop owner (Thierry Lhermitte, a French romantic idol already well on his way to bigger things) but prefers his older, portly *ami*,

Micky (drolly played by the comedian Coluche). Blier's plot could be scribbled on one corner of a postcard from Courchevel, the breath-takingly photogenic French ski resort where most of the interaction among this engaging threesome takes place. Like an afternoon in powder snow on the intermediate slopes, *Best Friend's Girl* is cool, fast, flip and fun-loving, but nowhere near Olympic class. ♪♪½

While a sailor's away, his wife may stray—and that pretty well sums up the story of *Swing Shift* (Warner). Goldie Hawn, winsome as ever, is the liberated house mouse who discovers a whole new world—and Kurt Russell, too—when she goes to work on the assembly line of an airplane factory in California during World War Two. Ed Harris (he was John Glenn in *The Right Stuff*) sympathetically plays the cuckolded gob and Christine Lahti is a wry delight as the heroine's obligatory confidante. But the movie's emphasis is mostly on wartime atmosphere—all snoods and newsreels and nostalgic tunes in a modest package from director Jonathan Demme, whose trip down memory lane smacks more of careful research than of experience. ♪♪½

Three out of four so-called youth movies make me feel that puberty rites ought to be revoked, but there's a nice fillip of truth and freshness in *Sixteen Candles* (Universal). Former PLAYBOY contributor John Hughes wrote screenplays for *Mr. Mom* and *National Lampoon's Vacation* before his debut as writer-director with this lively, lightweight comedy about young lust, among other things. Molly Ringwald appealingly plays a plucky heroine whose family and friends have forgotten her 16th birthday. "Aw, gee" might be the only apt response to that crisis, except that the movie compensates for total triviality with its wicked asides about teeny-boppers in heat. The hottest sprout by far has to be Anthony Michael Hall—a real find as the school "weenie," earnestly practicing to be a sex fiend when he grows up. ♪♪½

Writer-director Penelope Spheeris' anarchic and colorful *Suburbia* (New Horizons) makes the point that punks are only human. Her story is pretty rudimentary: violent local rednecks vs. a sympathetic band of outsiders—in this instance, some runaway kids with spiked hair and strange clothes, living in an abandoned housing development. There's a suicide, plus a conventional and predictably violent climax, but Spheeris' cast of unknowns looks semipro, street-wise, as if improvising on the spot a collective portrayal of a group that calls itself T.R.—The Rejected. They get to you, perhaps more so if you're of an age to find meaning



Hall, Ringwald in *Candles*.

Suburban teens, normal and alienated; some unusual fare from overseas.



*Suburbia's* Julie Winchester.



*Irezumi's* tattooed lady.

in the message that people who need people may hide behind purple hair. ♪♪

In Kyoto, an old master of tattooing believes that a woman's skin is most receptive to his art when she is sexually aroused. Thus, he orders his young assistant to make love to the beautiful Akane (Masayo Utsunomiya) while he adorns her body with a tattoo commissioned by her well-to-do lover. Much more than this goes on in *Irezumi* (Almi Classics), a wildly alien but well-acted and intensely erotic drama directed by Yoichi Takabayashi. Rooted firmly in the culture that gave us hara-kiri and graceful geishas, *Irezumi* (literally, "the spirit of the tattoo") explores the far horizons of pain and pleasure with fastidious style. Bizarre, but undeniably provocative. ♪♪½

Director Andrzej Wajda's *A Love in Germany* (Triumph) studies *Sturm und Drang* on the home front during World War Two. Adapted from a novel by Rolf Hochhuth, the plot is familiar stuff but powerful because Wajda makes every chestnut seem sizzling hot. He also had the wisdom to pick Hanna Schygulla for his leading lady. As a village shopkeeper who's having a furtive, forbidden affair with a Polish prisoner of war (Piotr Lysak) while her husband's in the army, Schygulla forcefully demonstrates why she is a top international star. Her man hunger is so palpable that she seems virtually drunk with desire, blind to consequences, whether she's buying condoms at the pharmacy or risking a quick bash beside the road with her passionate Pole. He's part of a forced-labor contingent performing heavy-duty chores around the village, and fraternizing with local *Frauen* is a capital offense. Filtered through Wajda's fine sensibility, Nazi cruelty still has numbing impact. Even so, the highest drama of *Love in Germany* is watching Schygulla generate unabashed and unrepentant lust. ♪♪

Another case of illicit fraternization with the enemy occurs in *Another Time, Another Place* (Goldwyn), all about an affair between a Scottish farmer's wife (Phyllis Logan) and an Italian prisoner (Giovanni Mauriello) assigned as a field worker during World War Two. Nice acting by all hands, sensitive direction by writer-director Michael Radford. But be warned—the scenery, the sex and the lifestyle are all spectacularly bleak. ♪♪

The spate of suspense movies made from books by Stephen King could be slowed down or simply sluiced away in silliness by *Firestarter* (Universal). Drew Barrymore, that precocious little charmer from *E.T.*, still exudes charm as an eight-year-old kindlin' cousin to Carrie, a sort of human flame thrower cursed with the power of pyrokinesis. David Keith is also

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While savoring the reviews, in a chilled stem glass, add 3 oz. Champagne, 3 oz. orange juice and a splash (½ oz.) of Smirnoff Vodka. Gently stir the chilled ingredients and garnish with a strawberry.



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OK as her protective daddy, who has mind-bending powers of his own and knows his little girl is high on the hit list of a secret Government agency called The Shop. As two of The Shop's leering villains, Martin Sheen and George C. Scott are either plain terrible or giving the hammiest comic performances of their careers—with Scott camping it up as a one-eyed assassin named Rainbird. In a fair sampling of the asinine dialog, another bad guy blurts, "Suppose lighting fires is only the tip of the iceberg." Huh? *Firestarter's* consistently stumbling direction matches the screenplay, with dramatic impact roughly equal to a false alarm. ♪

Blatant homosexuality in a British boys' school is the subject of *Another Country* (Orion Classics), which enjoyed considerable success on the stage in London. Julian Mitchell's play is a cunning fiction with clear references to one of England's great political sex scandals—the case of Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, two diplomats who defected to Moscow in the Fifties after spying for the Soviet Union. As a flamingly promiscuous gay student named Guy, who falls in love with another handsome boy (Cary Elwes), young Rupert Everett gives a flashy and remarkable performance. So does Colin Firth, as his leftist friend, a sexually straight rebel who's shocked to learn that Guy, bucking tradition, intends to remain gay even after they leave school. I'm not sure I buy *Another Country's* thesis that this violation of the social code leads to disgrace and political disaffection, but director Marek Kaniévka puts the case with intelligence, sensitivity and so little sensationalism that anyone looking for cheap kicks in the movie's boy-meets-boy encounters is apt to be disappointed. ♪♪½

None of the usual glaze of Gallic chic and sophistication covers up the nasty nitty-gritty of contemporary French family life in *A Nos Amours* (Triumph). Director Maurice Pialat, who also plays the straying father in this strident household, does not curb curses or fisticuffs or screaming matches in his portrait of a promiscuous teenager (Sandrine Bonnaire) on the run from ennui to anything that feels good. Winner of a prize (in a tie with *Le Bal*) as France's best picture last year, *Nos Amours* also lifted the sexy Bonnaire into the limelight as most promising new actress. She's the definitive nymphet, Suzanne, who despises her parents, scorns her obese businessman brother and jumps into the sack for recreational sex as casually as she sneaks off to see a movie. French audiences reportedly swarmed to Pialat's hard-edged exposé of treachery and terrorism *en famille*. It's unsparingly honest, often compelling, but may feel like a slap in the face to Americans who'd rather snuggle up with *Terms of Endearment's* heartfelt brand of domestic drama. Can't say I blame them, either. ♪♪½

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

- All of Me* (See review) Tomlin reincarnated as Martin, both funny. ♪♪♪½  
*Another Country* (See review) British boychicks minoring in buggery. ♪♪½  
*Another Time, Another Place* (See review) Romance scotched. ♪♪  
*Le Bal* Half a century of history replayed by hoofers. ♪♪♪♪  
*The Bounty* Mel Gibson's turn to lead those famous mutineers. OK. ♪♪½  
*Les Compères* A runaway kid on the Riviera, pursued by Depardieu. ♪♪½  
*Firestarter* (See review) Flame-out. ♪  
*The 4th Man* (See review) Going Dutch in a boy-girl-boy love triangle. ♪♪  
*Greystake: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes* A real swinger. ♪♪♪  
*Hardbodies* (See review) Also soft in the head, but you may not notice. ♪  
*Iceman* Getting to know a guy who's spent 40,000 years in a glacier. ♪♪½  
*Irezumi* (See review) How-to drama of a tattooed lady in Kyoto. ♪♪½  
*Liquid Sky* Star-bright Anne Carlisle dolls up a punky semiclassical. ♪♪  
*A Love in Germany* (See review) Passionate *Frau* (Hanna Schygulla) meets Polish POW. ♪♪♪  
*Moscow on the Hudson* From Russia with Robin Williams, who's fine. ♪♪♪  
*My Best Friend's Girl* (See review) Romance à trois. ♪♪½  
*The Natural* (See review) Redford at loose ends as a baseball legend. ♪♪  
*À Nos Amours* (See review) Untouched French family portrait. ♪♪½  
*Preppies* Extracurricular studies of sex and other such shenanigans. ♪♪  
*Privates on Parade* Denis Quilley dragging a British entertainment unit on a high-camp tour. ♪♪½  
*Racing with the Moon* The three young stars come out well ahead. ♪♪½  
*The Revolt of Job* Old Jewish couple adopt Christian boy in Nazi era. ♪♪½  
*Romancing the Stone* Thrills and spills for novelist Kathleen Turner. ♪♪♪  
*Sahara* An unlikely sheik of Araby kidnaps our own Brooke Shields. ♪♪  
*Sixteen Candles* (See review) Kid stuff with a few extra kicks. ♪♪½  
*Splash* A fine fishy romance, with Tom Hanks and Daryl Hannah. ♪♪♪  
*The Stone Boy* Rustic family tragedy, with Duvall as head of household. ♪♪♪  
*Suburbia* (See review) Punksville. ♪♪  
*Sugar Cane Alley* To be young, black and gifted on Martinique. ♪♪♪  
*Swann in Love* A richly embroidered but skimpy Proust sampler. ♪♪  
*Swing Shift* (See review) Hawn and Russell on the home front. ♪♪½  
*This Is Spinal Tap* All the rock groups rolled into one swell spoof. ♪♪♪½  
♪♪♪ Don't miss    ♪♪ Worth a look  
♪♪ Good show    ♪ Forget it

# COMING ATTRACTIONS

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

**IDOL GOSSIP:** Teri Garr and Peter (Shoot the Moon) Weller will top-line Paramount's *Firstborn*, a contemporary drama about a teenaged boy struggling to keep his family together. Tom Berenger, originally slated for the Weller role, was sidelined by an auto accident. Michael (Coal Miner's Daughter) Apted will direct. . . . Bud Cort will play the role of Sigmund Freud in 20th Century-Fox's *The Secret Diary of Sigmund Freud*, a spoof on the origins of Freud's theories. Co-starring in the film, which should be out shortly, are Dick Shawn as a patient with identity problems, Carol Kane as a beautiful nurse who lusts for the young shrink, Carroll Baker as Momma Freud, Klaus Kinski and Marisa Berenson. . . . Louis Malle will direct Amy Madigan and Ed Harris in *Alamo Bay*, a drama about Vietnamese immigrants in conflict with local Texas fishermen. . . . Donald Sutherland and John Heard have been set to star in Tri-Star's *Catholic Boys* (tentative title), described by one source as "a cross between *Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You* and *Animal House*." . . . Eddie Murphy, of all people, has been signed to replace Sylvester Stallone in Paramount's action comedy *Beverly Hills Cop*. Maybe typecasting is dead at last.

**RUSSKIES AND NAZIS:** Now in production for HBO Premiere Films are *Gulag*, starring David Keith and Malcolm McDowell, and *Forbidden*, with Jacqueline Bisset and Jurgen Prochnow. In the former, Keith plays an American ex-Olympian turned sports commentator who ends up in a Russian work camp, where he plots an escape with fellow inmate McDowell. In *Forbidden*, which takes place in Nazi Germany, Bisset plays a wealthy, aristocratic *Frau* who falls in love with a Jewish prof (Prochnow).

**I WANT TO BE ALONE:** In *Garbo Talks*, Anne Bancroft plays an eccentric middle-aged lady who finds out she has a brain tumor and has one dying wish—to meet Greta Garbo. Obediently, her accountant son, played by Ron (Silkwood) Silver, takes up the task of locating the elusive Garbo and, along the way, meets all kinds of crazy New York theatrical types (including *Torch Song Trilogy* writer-star Harvey Fierstein), separates from his spouse (Carrie Fisher) and meets his dream girl (Catherine Hicks). But does he deliver Garbo? In other words, does Greta Garbo actually appear in this flick? Well, yes and no.

**THE OLDER WOMAN:** Columbia's *No Small Affair* is your basic coming-of-age romantic comedy involving a teenager who falls in love with an older woman. Directed by



As Sam played it, again and again, the world will always welcome lovers. Among those moviegoers will greet soon are Jacqueline Bisset and Albert Finney in *Under the Volcano* (above), C. Thomas Howell and Jamie Lee Curtis in *Grandview, U.S.A.* (below). In the long-awaited film version of Malcolm Lowry's 1947 novel, Finney plays an alcoholic ex-British consul (haven't we seen this one?) and Bisset his estranged wife; in *Grandview*, Jamie Lee owns and runs a demolition-derby track and messes around with Howell and also with Patrick Swayze, a married man.



Jerry (Honeysuckle Rose) Schatzberg, the picture stars Jon Cryer (son of actress Gretchen Cryer) as a 17-year-old amateur photographer whose eye is always at the view finder of a Nikon. One day, nightclub singer Demi (Blame It on Rio) Moore accidentally walks into his frame of focus, he asks her to pose for him and, as they say, love springs. Alas, he's only 17, she's all of 23; he's a virgin, she's not; and so on and so forth. Set in San Francisco, *No Small Affair* is due out in September.

**"ANIMAL HOUSE" RECYCLED:** Twentieth Century-Fox has a sure-fire box-office

winner in *Revenge of the Nerds*, the adventures of a group of collegiate computer whiz kids who are tired of getting kicked around by jocks and decide to start their own fraternity house. Starring in this "campus romp" are Robert Carradine as Lewis, who builds robots and doesn't realize he's a nerd; Anthony (Heart Like a Wheel) Edwards as Gilbert, a nerd with a *mensch* struggling to get out; Curtis Armstrong as the obligatory gross nerd; Larry B. Scott as a gay black nerd; and Julie Montgomery as a snobbish cheerleader who starts liking nerds when she realizes they're human beings, too.



This is one of those chicken-or-egg puzzles. We're not sure whether Liberace set the stage for performers such as Michael Jackson, Annie Lennox and Boy George or whether they're responsible for his current popularity. Lee (with The Rockettes, above) just broke a Radio City Music Hall ticket-sales record, previously set by Peter Allen. In any case, it's proof Grace Slick was years ahead of her time—she wanted Liberace to tour with Jefferson Airplane (now Starship) ten years ago.

**TAKE ME TO YOUR LIEDER:** Don't be surprised if you see folks goose-stepping on the dance floor of your local disco sometime soon. Those savvy Germans—who were, after all, the first people to give the Beatles their due—have been exporting an arsenal of song hits recently that are exploding up our charts like so many V-2s.

So far, the leader of the pack is **Nena** (the singer and her band have the same name), whose antiwar song *99 Luftballons* went to number two on *Billboard's* Hot 100 while the video (in German and English versions) went into heavy rotation on MTV. But she's got plenty of company from *Das Vaterland*, including **Peter Schilling**, who spent half a year on the charts with *Major Tom*, his ode to David Bowie's character of that name; **Taco**, whose robotic-synth version of *Puttin' On the Ritz* was a novelty hit; **Kraftwerk**, the original showroom dummies who started the electropop juggernaut rolling in the mid-Seventies and came back with the dance smash *Tour de France* (in French, *natürlich*); **Nina Hagen**, who left East Germany years ago and now sports a yellow-green Mohawk while reviving the clothes and music of Zarah Leander (better known as the sex symbol of the Third Reich); **Trio**, whose manager, Klaus Voormann, once played bass for the Beatles, sold 4,000,000 copies in Europe of something called *Da Da Da I Don't Love You You Don't Love Me Aha Aha Aha* before it became a cult hit here; and drummer **George Kranz**, who topped our dance charts with a drums-and-vocals oddity, *Trommeltanz (Din*

*Daa Daa)*—apparently, Dada is a hot item these days.

But for the truly adventurous—or foolhardy, depending on your point of view—there's even an art-rock band called **Einstürzende Neubaten**, which means, well, “collapsing new buildings.” They don't sing in English yet, but with lyrics that translate roughly as “Listen with pain, hear with pain, ears are wounds,” perhaps that's just as well. —PETER OCCHIOGROSSO

**GOOD ROCKING:** We had only one question in mind when we called **Rockwell** (a.k.a. Kennedy Gordy, son of Berry Gordy, the father of Motown), and it had to do with the title track from his debut album, *Somebody's Watching Me*. So, Rockwell, we said, who's been doing all this *watching*, anyway?

“Everybody,” Rockwell said. “I'm so cute you can't help it. Women watch me, men watch me, little animals on the street watch me. I'm telling you, I can't get away from it. It's happened all my life.

“When I was younger,” continued the 20-year-old, “I used to get into a lot of fights. The only reason I ever had to fight was that people were staring at me. I would stare back and they didn't like it, because I was so cute.”

It must be hell, we said, laughing along with Mr. Cute. All that attention, just when you're trying to get famous. But wait—does that explain the pseudonym? Is Rockwell camouflage for a hounded Kennedy Gordy?

“The name started in high school,” he said. “Everybody called me Rock, because

I had a heavy-metal rock-'n'-roll band. But, see, I felt that I *rocked well*, so I decided that's what the name had to be. I've been Rockwell for years. Nobody calls me Kennedy anymore.”

We were just saying goodbye (and pondering a few pseudonyms of our own—Writewell? Scribewell?) when Rockwell added, “Hey, listen, can you get me in touch with some of your Playmates? I'm a *man*, you know; I'm not Prince!”

—PAMELA MARIN

## REVIEWS

Sometimes strange things happen to critically acclaimed bands. Sometimes they begin to believe they're Minstrels for All Time. R.E.M.'s first album, *Murmur*, won heavy awards from *Rolling Stone*, *The Village Voice* and *Record*. R.E.M.'s second album, *Reckoning* (I.R.S.), may well do the same. Its title, though, should be a clue that there's more grave contemplation on this album than in the Gettysburg Address. Maybe there's a critical conspiracy to bring you, the supposedly tasteless consumer, pomp 'n' circumstance dressed as rock 'n' roll. *Reckoning* is chock-full of fine, serious musicianship but a bit short on inspiration. But we reckon the awards will be rolling in soon.

Which came first, the record or the video? In Ebn-Özn's case, a weird, wonderful video of *AEIOU Sometimes Y* led to a hurriedly produced album, *Feeling Cavalier* (Elektra). It's an audacious exercise in orchestral synth, but *AEIOU*

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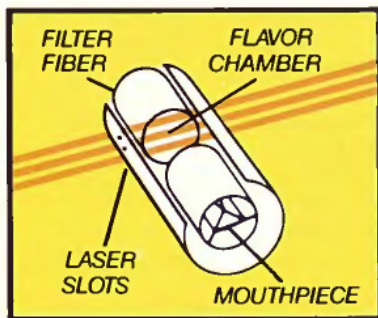
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# FAST TRACKS



**PUT ON YOUR GLAD RAGS DEPARTMENT:** Boy George is launching his own fashion line, Common Currency, this summer in England. Do not expect a line of dresses to be included. Said Boy recently, "No one laughs at priests because they wear dresses. Their clothes are accepted. I'd like society eventually to accept the way I look." T-shirts will be the first order of business, and nothing will cost more than \$35. Cheap chic, yes?

**THE BOYS CAN'T HELP IT:** Just one last note regarding **Boy George**: He turned down **Michael Jackson's** offer to do a duet. "I do admire Michael," said Boy, but explained that he doesn't want to work with anyone but **Culture Club**—"I think we're the best band around"—right now. Boy added that when Jackson called, he didn't believe it was really he; but since then, they've spoken several times, discussing, among other things, rumors that Jackson is a transvestite. "We both had a good laugh about it," Boy said.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** One of **David Bowie's** upcoming film projects is *Poe*, in which he'll co-star with **Sean Penn**. . . . **George Harrison's** film company plans to make three movies this year: two comedies and one serious film, the last directed by **John Macenzie**, who made *The Long Good Friday*. . . . **Bette Midler** has a couple of films in the works, including *My Girdle Is Killing Me*. . . . **Willie Nelson's Red Headed Stranger** is finally being shot for HBO, with Willie and co-stars **Morgan Fairchild**, **Angie Dickinson** and **Rip Torn**. . . . **Andy Warhol** will direct his first video for *The Cars*. . . . After such movie success stories as *Footloose* and *Flashdance*, which packed movie theaters with young audiences, Hollywood studios would like to hire more rock stars to work on films but, said a spokesman, "it's tougher to make a deal with a major music artist than it is for a studio to sign **Marlon Brando**."

**NEWSBREAKS:** Sony Video software has licensed five full-length concerts and one music documentary from MTV for cassette release to the home-video market. The musicians involved are **Warren Zevon**, **Graham Parker**, **Split Enz**, **Kansas**, **The Outlaws** and **Pete Townshend**. The videos are priced at

\$29.95 each, except **Townshend's**, which sells for \$19.95. You can get them now. . . . **John Denver** says he's going to be the first singer in the Challenger space shuttle. He also plans to do a Broadway musical on the life of **Will Rogers**. Denver always said he was far out. . . . Have you seen **Adam Ant** and **Grace Jones** in their Honda Scooter commercial? That's far out, too. . . . Legendary guitarist **Duane Eddy** hopes to assemble an all-star band of guitar players for his cable-TV special. "I'm going to ask **Lindsey Buckingham**, **Ry Cooder**, **Albert Lee**, **Rick Springfield** and **Tom Petty**. It would be sort of a guitar summit." . . . It looks like **Nile Rodgers** has the inside track to produce **Jagger's** solo album—that is, after **Mick** goes off diaper duty. . . . **The Everly Brothers'** American tour has just started up and the LP will be released in the coming weeks, with **Dave Edmunds** producing. . . . Look for **Toto** on tour in the U.S. briefly this month before going to Europe and Japan. Then expect a much more extensive American tour in the first part of 1985. . . . *We Coulda Told Them This Ourselves Department:* The Recording Industry Association of America has confirmed that prerecorded-cassette sales have finally topped albums. . . . **Dionne Warwick** is writing her autobiography, and she has also turned down a \$2,000,000 offer to sing in South Africa. . . . After its five years in development, you can finally buy *The Record Game*, a board game in which players compete in various areas of the music business. It'll cost you \$44.95 for the pleasure. **Kenny Rogers** is endorsing the game through an agreement by which his name, logo and photo will appear on the box and in the ads. Naturally, the winner makes the most money! —BARBARA NELLIS

*Sometimes Y* is the only cut you'll listen to twice. Pretension clangs through most of the songs on *Feeling Cavalier*—including a cover of *Rockin' Robin*, sung by **Özn**, doing an imitation of **Black Sabbath's Iron Man**—but there's some fun to be had on side two, and **Özn** is probably the best white rap artist alive.

**Brother John** (Palo Alto), drummer **Elvin Jones's** second album for the label, serves as a launching pad for tenor/soprano saxophonist-composer **Pat La Barbera**. Former featured soloist with the **Buddy Rich** band and currently with **Jones**, **La Barbera** writes and performs distinctively and with unusual command. Inspired by **John Coltrane**, he has managed to transcend that giant's influence and offers music that is both listenable and challenging. **La Barbera** is deftly supported by **Jones**, always a source of force and surprise, the highly creative bassist **Reggie Workman** and pianist **Kenny Kirkland**, another emerging major voice. This is an important record.

The good and unusual bring distinction to *Singin' till the Girls Come Home*, a Columbia Contemporary Masters Series vocal collection. **Tony Bennett** turns up with a small group of distinguished jazz musicians headed by **Stan Getz** and makes a striking impression. **Carmen McRae** and **Louis Armstrong** combine to good effect on two songs by **Dave** and **Iola Brubeck**. **Jon Hendricks** with and without **Lambert and Ross**, and **Mose Allison** give notable performances on previously unreleased material. Only an easily dismissed item by the **Gordons**, an obscure vocal trio, lightly mars an album worthy of your attention.

It was inevitable that tenor/soprano saxophonist-composer **Branford Marsalis**, older brother and musical side-kick of the sensational **Wynton**, would have his own album. Titled *Scenes in the City* (Columbia), it showcases a promising musician lacking only that edge of individuality and that consistency provided by time and experience. Even at this juncture, jazz fans should pay attention. The elder **Marsalis** sibling is imaginative and has a discernible spark. He also has the help of a cast of uplifting modern players—including **Charnett Moffett**, an extraordinarily poised 16-year-old bassist—who add substance to his album debut.

## SHORT CUTS

**Hank Williams, Jr. / Major Moves** (Warner): Some interesting moves, from swing to laments to blues, but nothing truly major, except maybe for dedicated **Boccephus** fans.

**The Chi-Lites / Steppin' Out** (Private I): Weird electronic sounds seem to get in the way, but that hasn't stopped others. Vocals as great as on their hits of the past *Oh Girl* and *Have You Seen Her?*



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**E**van Hunter took an ax  
And gave old Lizzie 40 whacks.  
When Spiering saw what he had done,  
He gave old Lizzie 41.

On August 4, 1892, in Fall River, Massachusetts, an unknown assailant took an ax to Andrew and Abby Borden. Their daughter Lizzie stood trial for the murders and was acquitted—in part because the weapon was never found and, when police arrived, Lizzie was *not* covered with blood. The trial seized the imagination of America then and still has power today. Evan Hunter treats the murder as Gothic romance in *Lizzie* (Arbor House). He speculates that Lizzie was caught in the act of lesbian love with Maggie, the Irish maid—who helped her dispose of the evidence. Frank Spiering, a crime reporter, gives us a fresh analysis of the murders in the nonfiction *Lizzie* (Random House). He bases his investigation on transcripts of trial testimony, newspaper accounts, contemporary interviews and statements of living witnesses. The result is compelling. Spiering thinks that Lizzie's sister Emma (who stood to inherit the family fortune) took the ax to her parents while Lizzie watched. Toughlove in reverse.

What do the UN, the World Food Program, the Red Cross, CARE, OXFAM, Catholic Relief Services and the World Council of Churches have in common? They all tried to go to Cambodia's aid after the Pol Pot regime did its horrendous tap dance on that country's soul and body. William Shawcross writes about the strange and bungling world of disaster relief in *The Quality of Mercy* (Simon & Schuster), describing the myriad ways in which inertia, cowardice and bureaucracy seem to go hand in hand with starvation and mass executions. Shawcross (author of *Sideshow*, the much-praised study of America's secret bombing of Cambodia in the early Seventies) discusses at length the question: How can or how should the international community react in the face of the knowledge that a government is massacring its own people? As he points out, they asked the same question at Nuremberg. So far, nobody has answered it satisfactorily.

Somebody is raping young women—the same young women—again and again, on different occasions. Somebody is hanging female track stars from lampposts. Are the crime sprees related? In *Lightning* (Arbor House), the 38th of Ed McBain's 87th Precinct novels, it doesn't matter. McBain's dialog is as crisp as ever, his command of police procedure is astounding and his tale rolls along like a black-and-white on cruise control, but nearly everything happens at random. The villains are random crazies. The women are



Two views of Lizzie's ax.

A few new whacks at Lizzie Borden, plus nonfiction on Nixon and murder Texas style.



Old Nixons never die.

random victims, described breasts-first in true crime-fiction fashion. The two main plots never intersect. Why? Because *Lightning's* another page-turner from McBain, a.k.a. Evan Hunter, the purpose of which is to get us to the last page, where we're set up for the 39th 87th Precinct novel.

Robert Sam Anson has done the nation a service with his *Exile: The Unquiet Oblivion of Richard M. Nixon* (Simon & Schuster). Painting a deep and rich portrait of the complicated man most of us loved to hate, Anson shows us a plucky, mean, difficult Nixon, an elder statesman who can speak eloquently (often on TV, profitably) about

history and politics in one breath—and then withdraw a dinner invitation to Diane Sawyer after she questions him roughly during a CBS-TV interview. It's all here, from Watergate on, and it's good reading, well balanced and fair.

“Going back to Dunetown,” Federal agent Jake Kilmer says in the opening line of William Diehl's novel *Hooligans* (Villard), “was worse than going to Vietnam. I didn't know what was in store for me in 'Nam; I knew what was waiting in Dunetown.” What was waiting in that marshy south Georgia city, along with the Mafia and Jake's long-lost love, was Dunetown's Special Operations Branch, a ragged-looking eight-man team of renegade cops and turncoat criminals. It was the S.O.B.s *vs.* the hoodlums when Jake got to town, with neither side rejoicing at the sight of a Fed. Diehl has written a whodunit delight.

Not many writers can assemble information from many sources and weave it into fast-paced, sure-footed nonfiction that packs all the intensity and dramatic qualities of a good novel. Gary Cartwright did that quite well five years ago in *Blood Will Tell*, his best seller about Fort Worth's T. Cullen Davis murder mystery. Now he bites off an even bigger chunk of colorful Texas crime and depravity in *Dirty Dealing* (Atheneum), taking the reader on a roller-coaster ride of big-time lawyering, scamming, gambling, smuggling and general misadventuring that decimated El Paso's Chagra family and killed a Federal judge in the process. What we have here is a hell of a story about drugs, corruption and violence, told by a virtuoso whose understated style effectively transports us from the safety of the printed page to the places where evil dwells.

## BOOK BAG

*The Corporate Steeplechase* (Facts on File), by *Forbes* columnist Dr. Srully Blotnick: A surprisingly readable business book based on a 25-year study of 5000 Americans. You're sure to recognize the foibles of your co-workers in the various case studies. You may even spot your own personality profile.

*The Insider's Guide to the Top Ten Business Schools* (Little, Brown), edited by Tom Fischgrund: Savvy, firsthand advice about getting in, getting by, getting rich when you get out.

*Wits & Sages* (Johns Hopkins), written and illustrated by Neil A. Grauer: An introduction to 12 of the sharpest minds in journalism, *Wits & Sages* includes brief personal histories, interviews and selected writings of syndicated columnists ranging from Buchwald and Bombeck to Broder, Buckley, Royko and Will.

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## By ASA BABER

YOU SEE THEM OUT there in all seasons: men with binoculars and walking sticks and bird books, looking confused, able to chart only a few of the birds that fly through the air and nest in the trees. Why this male inability and uncertainty? Because, until now, the Roger Tory Petersons of the world simply have not told the whole story. There are birds out there that have never been classified according to type, color, habits and habitat.

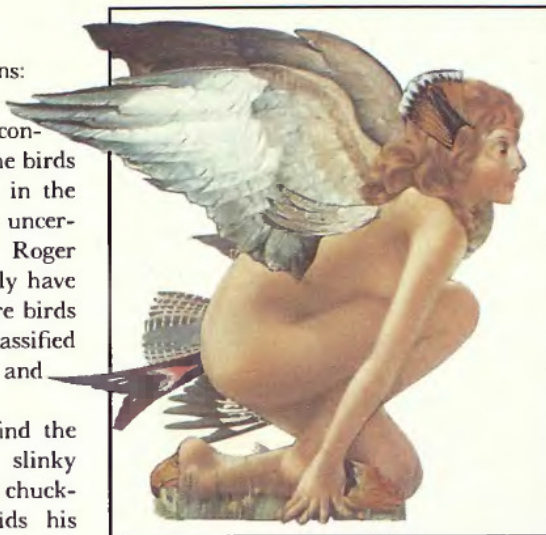
Where in *Audubon* will you find the deep-throated hummingbird, the slinky beach skimmer, the liberated nest chucker? Did Ranger Rick show kids his sketches of the high-tech hawk? Where in the Smithsonian will you find a model of the thin-bellied iron pumper or, most luridly colored of all, the downy cock teaser?

There has been a gigantic cover-up, you see. But that ends today. The following list is not complete, but it's a start. Take it with you on your next bird-watching tour. It may help. And don't forget: Birds are the only other two-legged creatures on earth.

*The downy cock teaser:* Most prevalent in the South but found in all states of the Union; its call is a constant high-note chirp ("No-no-no-no"); found at expensive watering holes, the downy cock teaser responds warmly to attention for a few minutes, then suddenly turns cold and hostile; it bathes only in private and is rarely seen to mate, a fact that confounds ornithologists; costly to feed, it will at first titter on command, but if you try to pet it, it will shrink silently into a corner; likes to rub *briefly* against male trouser legs.

*The deep-throated hummingbird:* The only bird that can feed and sing at the same time, tremendously fast-tongued and fast-winged, it is fond of flowers with large stamens and has been known to fly long distances to get to one; surprisingly small considering its capacities, the deep-throated hummingbird is considered a treasure by most men; found usually in the West and in the movies.

*The corporate warbler:* Inhabits cities, usually skyscrapers; a relatively new bird on the scene, the corporate warbler hides its bright feathers by piling them into a bun at the crown of the head; colored and marked like the penguin, the corporate warbler appears formal at all times; its call—"Bottom line? Bottom line?"—is delivered in a firm, low voice that is pleasing in a conference room; probably the best fed of all the birds listed here, it none-



## A FIELD GUIDE TO THE BIRDS

"Where in *Audubon* will you find the deep-throated hummingbird, the slinky beach skimmer, the liberated nest chucker?"

theless stays slim by flying around and around the same building every morning and evening; the only bird with feet shaped like Nikes.

*The slinky beach skimmer:* Found only near tropical beaches or swimming pools, this large-breasted bird, evenly tan in color and glistening with oil, is not rated very highly for its intelligence, but that is probably an unfair judgment by the experts; the slinky beach skimmer, for example, can find a rum drink in the dark, and it is the most naturally rhythmical of all the birds, always hopping and bopping to its own internal sound system; the only bird that can surf, by the way.

*The hard-beaked ball buster:* From the same family as the liberated nest chucker, the hard-beaked ball buster is one of the more difficult birds to spot, since it can take on the form and coloration of many other birds as a disguise; it has even been known to pose as the soft-soaping pleader, and once, in Virginia, it appeared under the cover of the perpetual mourning dove; but nothing can remain hidden forever, and it is the flight pattern of the hard-beaked ball buster that gives it away: Hawks circle, pigeons swoop, robins hop,

but the hard-beaked ball buster flies crotch-high in concentric circles until it finds its target, whoever he may be; usually found near divorce courts.

*The scrumptious chickadee:* Known in bird-watching circles as a "ten out of ten," the scrumptious chickadee is clear-eyed, smooth-featured, efficient and wary. It possesses a sweet whistle, pleasing movements, high intelligence, mobility and sass. A bird that ages beautifully, it is sometimes compared to the mythical phoenix. The scrumptious chickadee leads a somewhat hazardous life, for many a hunter is after it, and even in migration it can be a target, albeit illegally. This bird often has a difficult time finding a mate, but that doesn't stop it from trying.

*The thin-bellied iron pumper:* This is one hell of a bird, only recently discovered; fun to watch, dangerous to criticize, you can bet that pound for pound the thin-bellied iron pumper is the strongest and toughest bird on the block, bar none. You've heard of a covey of quail and a pride of lions and a herd of elephants, but have you heard of an exhibition of iron pumpers? They are something to behold as they fly in formation, each of them hauling bar bells in mid-air, flexing their wings and clenching their claws and often shrieking in delight. Some experts argue that the thin-bellied iron pumper is a genetic mutant, a mistaken cross between the radical wren and the Schwarzenegger eagle, but who cares? It's here to stay.

*The radar-eyed gold digger:* Some people insist that this bird is extinct, but it's not; with plumage as bright as neon and with an innate shrewdness that proves Darwin was right, the radar-eyed gold digger will perch on a man's shoulder only in certain seasons of his life—and rarely when he really needs it; a highly developed sense of sight enables this bird to see money wherever it is hidden, be it in wallets or bank vaults, and for years it has led the list of the world's ten richest birds; its mating call is something of a hoot—"Whatareyouworth? Whatareyouworth?"—that deteriorates into a harsh cackle if you answer falsely; the one thing to remember in dealing with this particular bird is that the IRS does not permit any legal deductions for its upkeep, nor is depreciation allowed (though the bird itself will tell you differently); found mostly in Connecticut, Palm Beach, Chicago's North Shore, Hollywood, the capitals of Europe and Latin America and some places we don't even know about.



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## By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

YOU KNOW HOW YOU, as a man, have occasionally come upon a small group of women chattering in animated whispers that immediately stop as you approach? What do you think we're talking about? The great sex we had last night? How we've found an incredible laundry detergent that has done wonders for Johnny's old socks? Meat-loaf recipes? Needlepoint futures?

Well, no, we're not. We're talking gynecologists. We're all on this vast, relentless, King Arthur-and-the-Holy Grail search to find one. One who won't diagnose an ovarian cyst as a tubal pregnancy. One who won't decide, in a moment of carefree bravado, to give us a partial hysterectomy.

We all need a good gynecologist. In fact, flip ahead to the centerfold of this magazine. Pretty girl. Notice her snatch? Her quim? Her love pocket? Her slit, cunt, pussy? Yes, there it is, right where it belongs: the divine triangle.

Inside those pearly nether lips, there lurks a vastly complex and highly trained assortment of reproductive apparatus—apparatus that must be primed, tuned, probed and monitored. In other words, even Miss August must go to the gynie.

Know what happens when she does? First he makes her wait. That is a rule, and you're thrown out of the gynecologists' union if you say, "Come right in, madam," in less than 93 minutes. After all, how important is a woman's time? So Miss August cools her heels reading *The Happy Mommy Catalog* or some such until, as eventually as Godot comes, she is led into a room. She undresses and puts on a polyester robe whose ties at the back are missing, then listens for 25 minutes to the nurses talking to their boyfriends on nearby telephones.

Enter Doc. He pulls down a roll of disposable paper on his table; she lies on it and crackles. He guides her feet into two cold metal stirrups so she is on her back and splayed, just like, as Joan Rivers says, "a take-away chicken."

"Just relax," Doc will tell our centerfold, inserting a thick, cold metal speculum into her love canal. "I'm just going to cause a bit of discomfort, honey." Then, of course, blinding pain. A Pap smear is taken to see whether or not she has cancer. The state of the ovaries and the cervix is checked. The uterus is given a friendly howdy. Her breasts are kneaded to detect unpleasant cancerous lumps. Finally, Doc pulls off his rubber glove with a healthy snap and tells Miss August to dress and meet him in his office.

Where he sits behind his massive desk, grins and probably tells her that she has trichomoniasis or nonspecific vaginitis or



## GYNECOLOGY IN ACTION

"We would all go through it calmly if only we could be sure the gynecologist we had chosen had all his marbles."

possibly a teensy yeast infection. Maybe her cervix is eroded, oozing blood, and she needs to be cauterized. Or maybe something in there looks funny and a biopsy is indicated. It is always possible that she is healthy. Such things have happened.

Then Miss August gets a prescription for cream to squirt up herself every night with the aid of a little plastic plunger that never works. Or perhaps she needs suppositories that melt and break or refuse to be unwrapped from their tin-foil cocoons. Or, if she has trichomoniasis—a fun disease that makes you itch uncontrollably and smell like a decomposing mackerel—she is prescribed Flagyl, which gives many of us headaches and diarrhea and costs a small fortune.

This is all time-consuming, expensive and unpleasant, yet we would go through it calmly if only we could be sure the gynecologist we had chosen had all his marbles.

Take, if you can, Dr. O. Dr. O.'s secretary called me once, about three years ago, and said, without resorting to tact, "You have gonorrhea! You must take massive doses of ampicillin immediately!"

I was not pleased, since I hadn't had sex in months and I was just on my way to Los Angeles to visit my own true love,

who picked me up at the airport in a white limousine stocked with roses and Wild Turkey. When my own true love snuggled up to me, slipped his hand under my skirt and said, "Oh, darling, it's been so long," I had to pull his hand away and murmur, "So sorry, my angel, but I seem to have gonorrhea." The night took a nose dive.

Three days later, when I called the gynie's office to check in, the secretary said, "So sorry, honey, but you don't have gonorrhea after all. The tests were misleading." Misleading?

Then there was the guy who insisted on painting my insides with gentian violet at every available opportunity. Since it never worked, I finally went to another guy, who told me that nobody's been painting pussies with gentian violet since, say, 1910.


My friend Cleo was told by her doctor that she was just being silly and hysterical when she complained of pain; a few weeks later, she was rushed to the hospital with an ovarian cyst as big as a grapefruit (all ovarian cysts are as big as grapefruits). She developed peritonitis and came perilously close to dying.

My friend Rose, after five miscarriages, is again pregnant and is recuperating in the hospital after having her cervix stitched closed with what the doctor quaintly called a "McDonald's tie." This is her fifth doctor. She's keeping her fingers crossed.

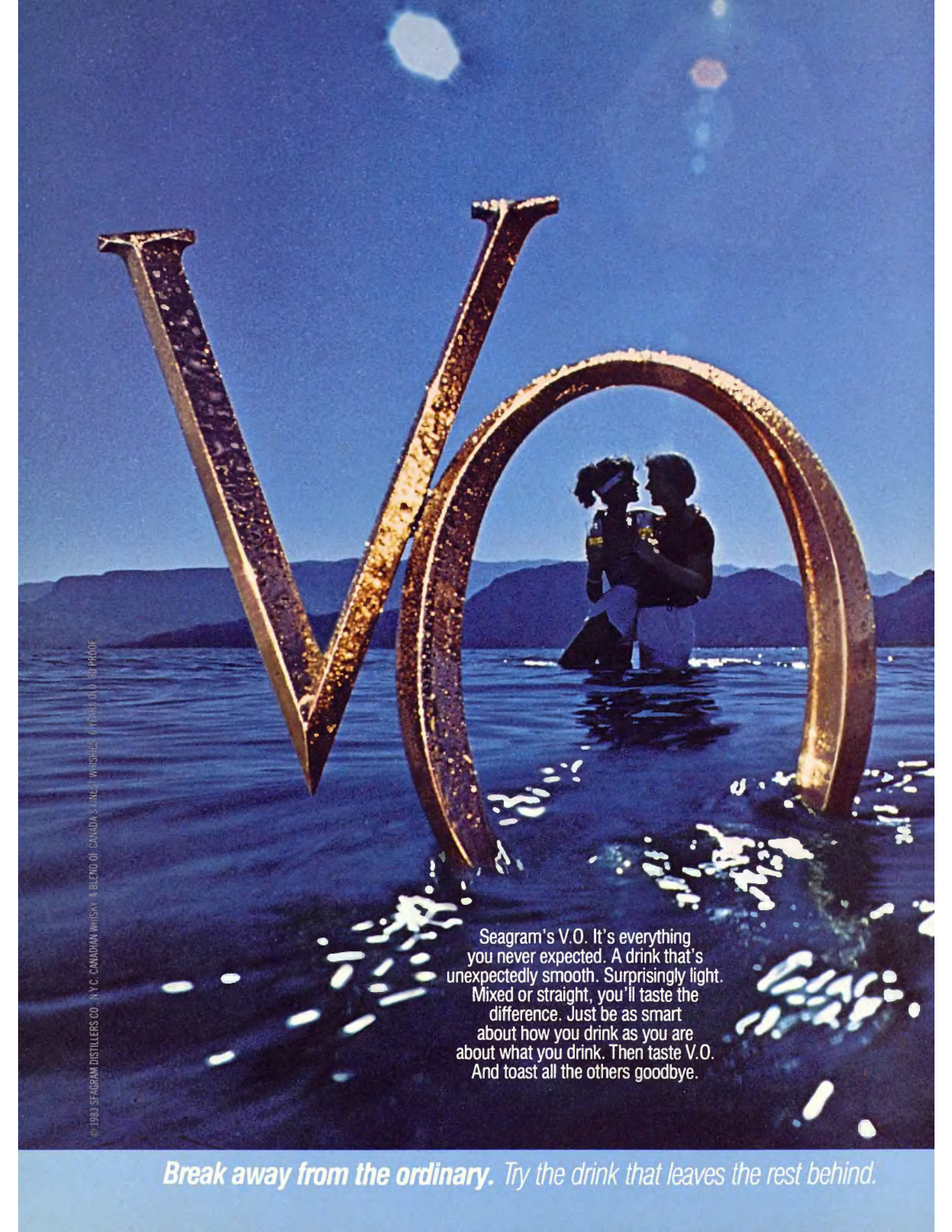
And my poor friend Rita went to the hospital at five A.M. a few weeks ago in incredible agony, and nobody knew why. A tubal pregnancy? A pelvic mass? Cysts? Ruptures? She had been bleeding continuously, so her last gynecologist had prescribed high doses of hormones. Now this. Her new doctor didn't understand this hormone business and figured he'd better operate. She wouldn't let him. She had her entire network of friends do research to find the absolutely ultimate gynecologist in all the boroughs of New York and called him in for consultation.

The ultimate gynecologist sat at his massive desk and said to Rita, "Your last doctor could not possibly have read your records. It is clear to me that you have had a recurrence of the pelvic inflammatory disease that you contracted eight years ago. I will give you antibiotics."

This is all very tiring. What makes it also infuriating is the way most gynecologists pat us on the head and tell us not to be hysterical, that they will take care of everything. And then they don't. If they don't respect our minds, can they think of our insides as other than vaguely interesting gadgets?

My latest doctor just called and told me I had a "borderline three" Pap test. I know what that means. Do you? 

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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a 20-year-old male, not so good-looking and slightly overweight. I am engaged to a very lovely and caring 21-year-old who couldn't love me more. I love her just as much, and our relationship is fantastic. We've known each other for more than a year, and through many long talks we have learned almost everything about each other's past.

My problem is that I am a *very* jealous person. My sex life before I met my fiancée was mostly imaginary. She, on the other hand, has had a fairly active sex life since high school. She has told me about her previous lovers and assures me that she was never happy with any of them. They were typical adolescent relationships. I believe her, but that does not diminish my very strong feelings of jealousy toward her former men. It really tears me up to think of someone else loving her. I feel as if I am always in constant competition with them. There is nothing that she does or says to make me feel this way; my jealousy is all a product of my own insecurities.

These feelings have never externalized themselves. I keep them to myself, but they play across my mind, and I'm afraid that they may come out sometime and I may say something to hurt her.

If you can help me in any way, I would really appreciate it. This may just be something that I have to grow out of—I'm still a long way from being fully mature—but I'm troubled. I'm open to any suggestions you can offer. Thanks for listening.—D. H., Dallas, Texas.

*What if your fiancée had told you nothing of her past? Then you'd have nothing to feel insecure about. She did you a favor in the name of honesty, and the least you can do is accept her confessions and forget about them. It is pointless to be jealous of her past lovers, especially when your lady-friend has gone out of her way to reassure you that her past affairs were meaningless. You should be thinking about the present and the future. You're in her life now, and that's all that should count. If your insecurities are so strong that you don't feel worthy of her, perhaps counseling can help. Otherwise, it's up to you to get your act together and enjoy what you have—or else risk damaging it or losing it outright. The choice is yours.*

Most of the VHS VCRs I have seen have three speeds. My next-door neighbor has such a VCR and he tells me he never uses the first two speeds, preferring to tape everything as slow as possible. He says the picture quality is the same at all three. If that is so, why are there three speeds?—R. L., Las Vegas, Nevada.

*Would you believe hill climbing? Prob-*



*ably not. The point of all those speeds is simply to match the tape length to the program you are taping, for more economical use of the tape. Many of the low-end VHS VCRs that have three speeds do not allow freeze-frame or slow motion in the middle mode, usually called LP. The fastest mode, SP—for standard play—gives the best picture and sound. With each step down, you lose visual and audio quality. Flutter, for instance, is more likely to occur in the superlong play (SLP), also known as extended play (EP), mode and the frequency response may not be as good. In other words, if you are taping a drama, you can use any mode, but if the program is musical, you are better off letting the VCR clip along at its top speed.*

Lately, I've noticed that many girls don't like to give out their phone number. They'd rather you give them yours so they can call you. I can understand that. But when the time comes to do it, there's always a lot of fumbling for a pen or a pencil to write down the number. I'd like to give girls my card, but I suspect that might be considered a little formal, if not downright stuffy. What do you say?—M. P., Boston, Massachusetts.

*While we've run across the "Don't call me, I'll call you" routine more times than we'd like to admit, it's not always a brush-off. But just in case it is, the proffering of a handsome card could make a woman think a bit. Of course, we are not suggesting that you give her your business card. Save that for conventions. Have a card made just for social occasions. It should include your*

*name and phone numbers for office and home. Your address isn't necessary unless you want to include it. Formal or not, your personal card will make an impression. Certainly, an engraved card is harder to throw away than a scrap of paper. And you may even find that you'll get one back from the lady.*

Because I work in a place where others are close by, I like to use my personal stereo so they won't be disturbed. Besides, I'm a New Wave fan, and the people I work with can't stand that kind of music. People have told me that playing loud music can damage my hearing. I notice no hearing loss, and it seems to me that if the stereo were harmful, the manufacturer wouldn't put it on the market. What do you say?—R. P., Detroit, Michigan.

*We wouldn't trust our hearing to some Government regulation agency, and you shouldn't, either. There are a lot of things on the market that are harmless if used with care but devastating if used carelessly. Personal stereos are one such category. Most people play them loudly; some people play them at high volume to mask other loud noises, of which there are many in today's world. According to the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, the loudest average noise level legally permissible in the workplace over an eight-hour period is one of 90 decibels. A study a few years ago showed that most people were playing their stereos at levels around 120 decibels. That is enough to damage hearing if the level is maintained for several hours at a time. Audiologists recommend a level somewhere around one third gain on any personal stereo. You're lucky if your hearing hasn't been affected yet. But remember that hearing loss can be cumulative. A little here and a little there and soon you won't be able to hear chamber music, much less New Wave.*

I noticed a letter in a recent *Playboy Advisor* from a woman who comes very close to orgasm during exercise. I, too, become wildly turned on by prolonged strenuous exercise. A little history may be in order. During high school, I was quite the female jock and got into heavy weight training. In college, I was not into organized sports, but I did work out fairly regularly. After college, I became much less active and as a result began putting a lot of weight onto what had been a solid, muscular, strong body. I finally reached an unacceptable weight and got back to working with heavy weights and got back to being solid again. I am built a little strangely—from the waist up, like a slightly overdeveloped gymnast, but from the waist down, like an overdeveloped

power lifter. I have huge, exceptionally muscular legs.

While I am working with weights, particularly during a heavy workout, the longer I go and the more I have to really grind it out, the more turned on I become. My body is hot, the muscles are straining, the sweat is flowing and the passion is growing. The guy I go with, Jeff, says making love to me is like making it with a bucking bronco, because I am very active. Last summer, he and I got back to my place one night and got into a friendly tussle by the car. Quite by accident (we always discover fantastic things by accident), Jeff ended up with his arms across my shoulders and his legs wrapped around my waist. I decided to carry him (he weighs 187 pounds) up to my apartment. It was maybe 30 yards to the building, then up one flight of steps, which really felt good, then to my door. I was very reluctantly about to let him get off when—wonder of wonders—I felt him big and solid and hard against my back. I was almost afraid to ask, but when I did ask him if having me carry him pickaback turned him on, he said it was fantastic and a real turn-on for him. He said that the feel of my strong body working under him was incredible, but I must be all but exhausted and he had better get off. I let him off only long enough for us to get our clothes off; then, with no urging at all on my part, he got back on and I carried him up and down the length of my apartment until we were both so turned on, we almost attacked each other. So my turn-on with prolonged strenuous exertion and Jeff's turn-on with the feel of my body as I carry him are fantastic.—Miss J. S., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

*Thanks. We're changing apartments soon and we need someone to help us move. Er. . .*

**I** drive my jeep to some wild places where gas stations are few and far between. I am hesitant to carry one of those metal gallon cans with gas in it, because I've heard they can explode. I live in a city, so there's no point in keeping an outboard can; my gas would be fueling every stolen moped in town. Are gas containers as dangerous as I've been led to believe? Do you have any suggestions?—M. P., Chicago, Illinois.

*Let's get the disclaimer out of the way first: We do not recommend that you carry gasoline in a container inside your car. There are, however, times when you will have to carry gas—in the circumstances you mention, to power lawn mowers or to rescue a friend stalled on the highway. The standard red gasoline can with yellow lettering is the preferred container, since it's vapor-tight. And it's the vapors that you have to worry about. To cause an explosion, they or the liquid would have to be ignited by a spark or fire. Gasoline will not combust spontaneously. As the temperature goes up, the vapors increase. If they are expelled in a closed car, you will be*

*driving a bomb. You do have a warning built in. Before you hear the explosion, you will smell the fumes. That means ventilate fast. It takes a concentration of four to seven percent to make a combustible air-gas mixture. You should keep the can filled to capacity; otherwise, you allow room for fumes to develop and emerge when you open the can. Naturally, there must be absolutely no smoking or use of fire, lighters or matches by anyone in the car. Finally, if you intend to do a lot of long-range driving in your jeep, you should have an auxiliary gas tank built into your vehicle. That's the only really safe way to transport extra fuel.*

**T**his is something that has been gnawing at me for some time. With the right woman, I love giving head—even more than I do getting it. Most of my lovers nearly always reach orgasm through oral sex, and while they reciprocate, they don't seem to have the passion for, or the knowledge of, the act that I do. The result is that while many women have gone down on me, I have never in my 33 years on this planet had an orgasm that way! I am beginning to feel a bit cheated. Is there something wrong with me because I enjoy giving head more than getting it?—M. H., Los Angeles, California.

*If you've reached orgasm in other ways, you obviously don't have a physiological problem. It could be that you've never received friction to bring you to orgasm, or perhaps you hold back for some psychological reason. There is nothing wrong with enjoying giving more than receiving, though it's unfortunate that your experiences have left you feeling that way for the wrong reason. If you're dissatisfied with what you've received, you should be offering suggestions to your partners as to what pleases you. Try lending a helping hand or maybe even a vibrator. Try switching to oral sex at the height of intercourse. Once you have one this way, a second orgasm should come easily.*

**W**hen I get my two weeks off this year, I'd like to go down to Mexico or maybe even to Europe; I've never really experienced a different culture firsthand. My problem is that I don't speak any foreign language. My friends have told me not to worry, that there will always be someone around who can speak English. Is that true? If not, how much of a language do I need to know to get around?—R. D., De Kalb, Illinois.

*Being at a loss for words can be as frustrating in a foreign country as it is in this country. While it is no doubt possible to traverse the globe using hand signals and pictures drawn in the dust, it's not likely to be a very illuminating experience. Likewise, trying to find the English translator in a small village at three A.M. to have the scorpions removed from your quarters could spoil an otherwise perfect evening. If you stick to the main tourist destinations,*

*chances are you won't require much more than a few words or phrases, some of which you can find in various phrase books and some of which you will pick up there. The phrase books seldom offer instructions for the romantically inclined. But the nice thing about languages is that they overlap at points. Learning a new one or, at least, moving out of the phrase-book stage may not be so difficult. We think it'll help make your adventure memorable.*

**A**s I approach 40 and a second marriage, I want to share some lessons that I learned the hard way and that bear relevance to questions raised recently in *The Playboy Advisor* on premature ejaculation and clitoral stimulation. While married, I had premature-ejaculation problems and I felt that this was a major factor in my wife's being nonorgasmic. She had less interest in sex than I, and it seemed that we both accepted the fact that our life in bed would always be a less-than-happy compromise. Poor communication permeated other aspects of our relationship, however, and after six years, we separated. My current girlfriend is also divorced. Her husband was able to bring her to orgasm in the missionary position. That ability had to do with his pelvic musculature—which I certainly do not share! We worked out a simple system that has proved to be very successful for us. In our favorite position, she lies on her back and I lie on my left side, to her right. Her right leg is over my hips and my legs straddle her left leg. This is a very relaxed position for both, and entry is achieved much more easily than in the missionary position, for instance. The most important aspect of our system is that while we make love, she masturbates. She takes charge of her own orgasm and leaves me to concentrate on keeping things under control until the appropriate moment. In fact, at least 80 percent of our orgasms are simultaneous, in spite of the fact that she is relatively slow to climax. Her masturbating also serves to turn us both on; but, most important, I do not have the extra responsibility of bringing her to a climax while controlling my own. With the pressure off, the premature-ejaculation problem disappeared literally overnight! When I think back to how I used to feel in those bad old days, I can scarcely believe that it is the same man now enjoying a wonderful sex life.—R. J., Rochester, New York.

*Thanks for sharing these insights.*

*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.*



# DEAR PLAYMATES

**H**ave women had enough of the Alan Alda type, or has it become the model for what women really want? Or is the whole issue just another example of media hype? We wanted to know what our Playmate advisors had to say about this subject.

The question for the month:

**Do women really want to be with sensitive, unaggressive men?**

**I**do. I like shy men. They give you a lot to think about. I think aggressive men seem to be hiding something, and that's why they put up a shield of words and actions. Sensitive men are more open and honest. I'm attracted to a man who wants to get to know me better, who is not trying to put the make on me, who doesn't have a harsh approach. If a man hides his sensitivity from you, you don't really get to know him very well.



*Alana Soares*

ALANA SOARES  
MARCH 1983

**I**'m all for a sensitive, gentle guy, but once in a while, I need some excitement. Aggressive guys are fun, and they're a challenge to me. That's the guy who takes a step beyond the expected. So I ask myself, "Can I handle a person that strong? Will I give in too much?" I'm supersensitive. I'm the one who usually gives in. The challenge for me is, can I stand up to a strong will and not get hurt?



*Barbara Edwards*

BARBARA EDWARDS  
SEPTEMBER 1983

**P**art of that question is media hype. I think women want sensitive *and* aggressive men. By aggressive, I mean bold, honest and direct. Don't beat around the bush. If it's sex you want, tell me it's sex you want. If it's lunch, let's have lunch. But don't lie to me, lead me on or give me false hopes. I also want a man who is going to be my friend, who has compassion, who is willing to build a relationship slowly by laying a foundation. To me, that's a sensitive man. I've said before in this column, it all begins with friendship, with conversation and exchanging information. I think talk will take off a lot more clothes than force or pressure ever will.



*Lorraine Michaels*

LORRAINE MICHAELS  
APRIL 1981

**W**omen want sensitive men, but I think they also want aggressive men. At least I do. I want a man who is aggressive about his goals in life, who is sexually aggressive. I feel that his energy will rub off on me. But I love sensitivity in a man, too. How can a woman communicate with a man who isn't concerned with her feelings? I want a man who *wants* to talk to me, who wouldn't give up trying to talk to me, even if I were in a bad mood. That's the kind of person I try to be in a relationship, and I expect to get it in return.



*Susie Scott*

SUSIE SCOTT  
MAY 1983

**T**oday, women do want a sensitive man. I think there has been a big shift in attitudes. If both partners are aggressive, the mix is too strong for a relationship to last. Now, in my own life, I'm with the best man in the world. We both play off being the stronger force. I don't mean we take turns; it's more whoever feels like it at the time. When we met, he wasn't threatened or put off by my Playmate status. And I thought it was fascinating that he didn't care. That's the kind of man I like.



*Veronica Gamba*

VERONICA GAMBA  
NOVEMBER 1983

**I** think that when most men talk about being sexually aggressive, what they mean is that they want to be better lovers. Most women want men to be better lovers, too; only to them, that means being a more sensitive lover. As for me, the word aggressive has a very sexual meaning. It's a personality trait, not a physical one. It does not mean the use of force. On the other hand, sensitive does not mean passive. It means sensitive *to* the other person. I find both of those words just fine by my definition of them.



*Tracy Vaccaro*

TRACY VACCARO  
OCTOBER 1983

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



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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## AN ANDY WILLIAMS RESPONDS

In the February *Playboy Forum*, a New York gentleman named Andy Williams has some harsh words to say about waste-management problems and suggests, among other things, that industrial polluters be required to sip from jiggers of their own effluents. In the May *Forum*, a Brush, Colorado, gentleman named Dan Ingmire takes issue with New York's Williams on a number of points and calls him a jerk. I happen to be Andy Williams the singer, who is not involved in this interesting exchange and, in any case, does not wish to be confused with Andy Williams the alleged jerk. I don't have a copyright on the name.

Andy Williams  
Beverly Hills, California

*Ah, you're the other Andy Williams.  
Good to hear from you.*

## ZERO TOLERANCE

The urinalysis test for detecting illegal drug use is becoming a popular method for enforcing the zero-tolerance policy, but to say that such a policy is cost effective is ludicrous. The computer industry in California's Silicon Valley is currently using that test to track down criminals who (ssh!) smoke marijuana, at about \$15 a test. I've heard that our "cost-conscious" military is spending approximately \$150 a test, with the goal of submitting every person serving in our Armed Forces to Project Golden Flow; personnel coming back from liberty are especially targeted. Who wants a sailor, Marine, airman or soldier to enjoy himself while on leave?

Project Golden Flow is an example of the dear-bought military expenses for which U.S. taxpayers are paying. Screwdrivers for aircraft fuselages are going for the same price! Can these "morality enforcers" call this cost effective? Sounds like a financial report from the Acme School of Creative Accounting.

Malcolm G. Mundy III  
San Francisco, California

## PORN AND VIOLENCE

The Air Force base to which I am currently assigned recently contracted with a local cable company to provide cable-TV service for the members of the base. One of the stipulations of the contract, much to our chagrin, was that The Pleasure Channel and The Playboy Channel not be provided to anyone on base.

A local publication that carries base news runs a section in which readers may air whatever is on their minds. After

receiving numerous complaints by members of the base's population about not being able to receive those channels, our wing commander replied in this section that he had made the decision not to allow erotic video not because he was dictating morality but because it was a matter of practicality. He said that he had based his decision on many police reports that linked incidence of sexual crimes with the viewing of pornographic materials.

I am a subscriber to the new cable service. It is a vast improvement over the

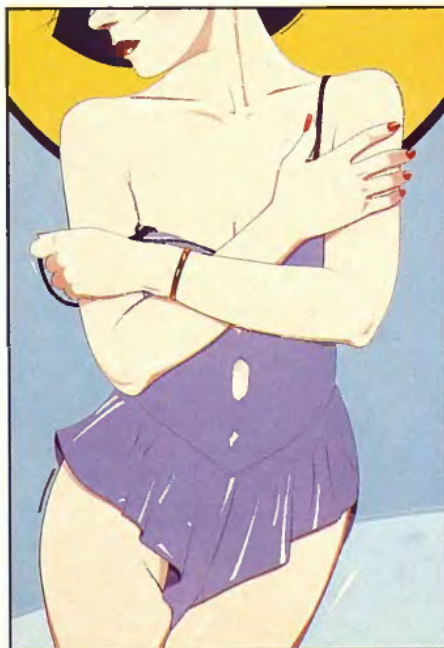
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*"I have never heard  
that pornography has  
been linked to a rise  
in sex crimes."*

---

service we had before. I get The Pleasure Channel and The Playboy Channel in scrambled form and can discern most of what is going on. It leaves a lot to the imagination, though, which may be better (or worse, depending on how you look at it) than an unscrambled picture. Additionally, the base exchange sells adult magazines. Furthermore, I have never heard that pornography has been linked to a rise in sex crimes.

I believe that this is an instance of one



individual's abuse of his position to impose his morality on those under him and suppress what little freedom of choice remains for those of us who would fight to uphold those liberties.

For the record, I would like to say that we in the Armed Forces are bound by law to obey the orders of those above us and that we will continue to do so. It just seems unfair that our constitutional rights are so blatantly disregarded when it is we who will, in the end, defend those rights.

(Name withheld by request)  
Homestead AFB, Florida

*Some recent studies have attempted to link sexual violence and violent pornography, and we're not sure but that there may, in fact, be a connection. We deplore both but also oppose censorship and don't believe there's any simple cause-and-effect relationship such as the enemies of pornography would like to establish. (See "Viewpoint," page 51.) We believe that any social harm derives from depictions not of sexual activity as such but of violence in the context of sexual activity, which sure enough might give some people the wrong idea of what lovemaking is all about. We'll be dealing with this subject regularly in the months to come.*

## CHURCH AND STATE

The *chutzpah* of the Reverend Jerry Falwell, that he should flash more of his tête-à-tête with President Ronald Reagan over prime-time TV! Will we be hearing wedding bells next?

Sure, the public forum is essential to the health of our relatively free society. But where is the touted separation of church and state? Hey, it's bucks for Jerry—votes for Ronnie!

And, sure, the virtually untaxed Falwell has a right to force-feed a few pasteurized minds; but the verbiage and this romance with the electric general probably turns many more stomachs. It's poetic that Falwell is the same plump-faced preacher who converted Lynchburg, Virginia's, Donald Duck Bottling Company into a Baptist church. And, since he appears to be a quack, we can essentially appreciate the news that Falwell is *registering voters* from his obedient flock.

However, due to the Orwellian reach of Falwell's political right arm, the less oral majority of Americans had better sit up and watch the bears dance. We're still free to be involved with this year's election process. We can urge others to register (without telling 'em how to vote!).

Could we suffer from traditional

"polapathy"; maybe it's just a deficiency of multiple-mineral amino-acid chelates in us, for the U.S. has its fill of "rubber-stamp politicians," and 45 billion hamburgers have been sold. We try to digest the tasteless Quarter Pounders. The rubber stampers we swallow with a gram of megamultivitamins. Many refuse to register or vote. It's American bill of fare and may be the nature of the beast political. But can we ignore the phenomenon of Ronnie and Jerry's kids?

Ronnie and Jerry's kids are the first offspring of this seedy romance between church and state. Try to guess whom they'll vote for this year!

Of course, rubber-stamp politicians have been around as long as politics. But—gadzooks!—here come the rubber-stamp voters! Whom will they favor—Jerry or Ronnie? Will anyone be able to tell the difference? Who cares?

*Bon appétit*, America. Let's get off our heinies and register—get active—before church and state tie the knot!

Frank Batey  
Palm Springs, California

### GOING, GOING, GONE?

Not long after the news came out that the U.S. had been mining the ports of Nicaragua, I found the enclosed sheet music in an antiques shop, and it prompted such a terrible feeling of *déjà vu* that I thought I'd send it to PLAYBOY. *America, Here's My Boy* appeared during World War One and, in proper patriotic fashion, features a mother offering up her son to go and fight; i.e., the song uses the mother-son relationship to promote the

THE SENTIMENT OF EVERY AMERICAN MOTHER

## AMERICA HERE'S MY BOY



supply of cannon fodder to the trenches of France, Germany, Austria, et al.

The song reminded me of the lengths to which even our own Government and its chauvinist supporters will go to convince the people of America approximately every ten years that one of the duties and obligations of the U.S. male is to go kill

somebody, or get killed, on behalf of what the current crop of politicians defines as the national interest. In World War One, it was the interests of the great banking and financial cartels and the divvying up of the emerging industrial world. World War Two provided its own reasons, not all having to do with Hitler's Nazis, as did Korea and then Vietnam. Which generation of this century has missed the opportunity to die or kill for Mom and country?

After Vietnam, which ground up my generation, it seemed as if the horror of war might be restrained by our own sense of loss and perhaps even by a little wisdom in Washington. Not so. Pressed by the domestic backlash of its fiscal terrorism in the U.S., the Reagan Administration has been looking for four years for a way to rally voters back to the polls in time for re-election. The Carter fiasco in Iran stands as an object lesson to the Administration: Not just any old intervention will do; it has to be one with a quick and predictable victory.

So the patriotic offspring of America had better start learning Spanish, because that's what they'll need where they're headed. The infusion of U.S. troops, weapons, spy apparatus, paid assassins, mercenaries, economic and political-destabilization efforts into Central America since 1980 is none the less odious for being so blatant. Reagan, Caspar Weinberger, Jeane Kirkpatrick and others in Washington intend to have their way in El Salvador and Nicaragua, just as they have gotten used to having it in Honduras, Guatemala, et al.—and in Chile, of course, back in 1973, when President Nixon paved the way for Reagan. Thousands of U.S. Marine, Army, Navy and Air Force personnel are, and have been, training across Central America, preparing not only to help *contras* (i.e., mercenaries) harass the *Sandinistas* and turn El Salvador into a hell on the Southeast Asian model but to actually be prepared for a direct U.S. involvement. In Central America, that event is taken almost as a given: The question is not "Will the U.S. invade?" but "When and how will we deal with it?"

Reagan blundered in laying the Nicaraguan mines by offending Congress, somewhat slowing his war-'84 drive but not stopping it. Mining a sovereign power's harbor is an act of war in itself—exactly the kind of intervention Reagan says the Cubans practice. It's all a kind of madness, just like the public-relations groundwork that was laid for pulling us into Vietnam. Central America will be the same kind of quagmire, jungles and all.

But, at least, if we go again, we don't have to write a new song. I think the one from World War One still pretty much catches the spirit.

Harwell V. H. Anderson  
New York, New York

### WAR: FACT OR FICTION?

Richard S. Ovinnikov, Soviet ambassador to the UN, recently stated that "we have all started on a new spiral of madness." And that is putting it mildly. There can be no winners in a nuclear-arms race. Provoked by fear, both sides continue to run blindly toward the finish line, while we in the stands grow hoarse trying to stop them.

Back home, we take solace, searching the TV screen for some signs of peace. But all we see are signs of war, a stage set waiting for some action. It is a play with two directors, each one with his own interpretation. It is a very long short story written by different hands, each one holding a different truth.

As this new year unfolds, it is this writer's hope that we may all be around to read the final resolution to this hideous fiction of war.

### THE FICTION OF WAR

*Nothing here  
is real.  
A setting,  
some people,  
a bit of conflict  
and suspense.  
Go ahead,  
read them alive.  
They speak, move,  
grow old and die.  
And it is over,  
like life, only  
nothing here  
stays buried.*

Charles Ghigna  
Poet-in-Residence  
Alabama School of Fine Arts  
Birmingham, Alabama

### GETTING AHEAD

This is in response to Robb Santoyana's letter on value systems in the April *Playboy Forum*. He is correct in stating that shared value systems allow for tranquillity, respect and a certain amount of bonding between neighbors of different ethnic backgrounds, especially in America. As a 40-year-old father of four, an attorney, a social worker and a musician, I can attest to that. But, to carry the inquiry further, we have serious and apparently dedicated social revolutionaries in this country intent upon eradicating the present system and/or establishing a separate black nation in the Southern United States. One such group is the Republic of New Africa. Its intentions and moral aspirations appear to be no more absurd than those of the 17th Century American colonialists. Its members are apparently intelligent, cut their grass, pay their bills, etc., but they do not share the prejudices against "assholes" of their white counterparts. These revolutionary Afro-Americans tend to see "niggers" as victims of a corrupt system rather than as just so much riffraff, as whites view their "white trash"

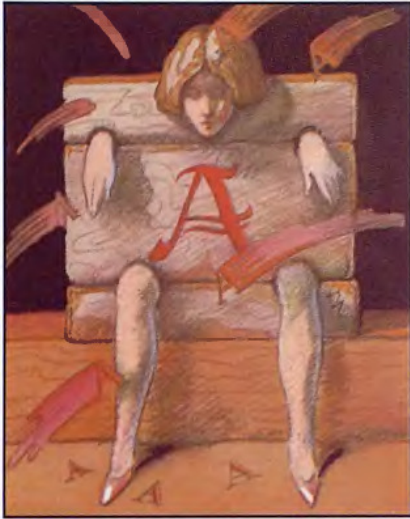


# FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

## WAGES OF SIN

TULSA—A county jury has awarded \$390,000 in damages to a member of the Collinsville Church of Christ who was publicly denounced for what the church called the "sin of fornication." The plaintiff, a 36-year-old divorced



registered nurse and the mother of four, admitted to having had an affair with a former mayor of the small community but refused to repent publicly on the ground that that would be hypocritical and "piling one sin on top of another." When her fornication was announced to the congregation, she slapped the church and three of its elders with a suit for invasion of privacy. The elders argued that it was their "sacred duty to watch over members of the flock" and that it was only their concern for "her soul's condition" that compelled them to act. An attorney for the church said the verdict would be appealed.

## LIVING IN SIN

DOVER, DELAWARE—The Delaware Supreme Court has affirmed a \$400,000 judgment awarded to a Sussex County woman who claimed that she had been tricked into believing that she was legally married for 20 years. The 55-year-old woman said her supposed husband told her he was divorced when she met him in 1958, helped her obtain what she thought were divorce papers from her former spouse and arranged for their own marriage, which was conducted, it turned out, by a phony priest and witnesses. She said she didn't learn the truth until the man left her in 1978, by which time the couple had had two sons.

## GAY MUST GO

LOS ANGELES—Sergeant Perry Watkins, who declared that he was a homosexual at the time he was drafted in 1967, may have lost his battle to stay in the Army. Despite what the justices called an exemplary Service record, he was refused re-enlistment in 1982 after a change in regulations mandated the discharge of avowed homosexuals. At that time, he obtained a Federal-court injunction reinstating him but with the understanding that his continued service was contingent on the outcome of the Army's appeal. The U.S. Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals upheld the military, declaring that unless such regulations are "repugnant" to the U.S. Constitution or to statutory law, civilian courts have only limited power to intercede, because "judges are not given the task of running the Army." In a reluctantly concurring opinion, one of the justices protested that "our nation has lost a fine soldier, and Sergeant Watkins has suffered a manifest injustice" but agreed that the judicial panel was bound by a previous similar decision in the Ninth Circuit concerning the Navy.

## JURY DUTY

MONTGOMERY COUNTY, MARYLAND—A county judge disqualified a 62-year-old scientist for jury duty after the man admitted, with some embarrassment, that the blonde woman prosecutor in the case turned him on. "I apologize . . . but I find her extremely attractive sexually," he said after being allowed to approach the bench. "I can handle that intellectually, but I don't know whether I would be inclined to give her case greater credit for it or have resentment for having to handle it." The judge, noting that the woman prosecutor was turning "beet red," sent the prospective juror back for possible selection in another trial.

## SELLING SALVATION

CLEVELAND—Faithful viewers of religious television programs are exposed to an average of more than \$138,350 a year in requests for funds, according to a study at Cleveland State University. Communications professors Robert L. Abelman and Kimberly A. Neuendorf extrapolated that figure after watching three episodes each of 27 different religious programs and assuming that regular viewers watched only two hours a

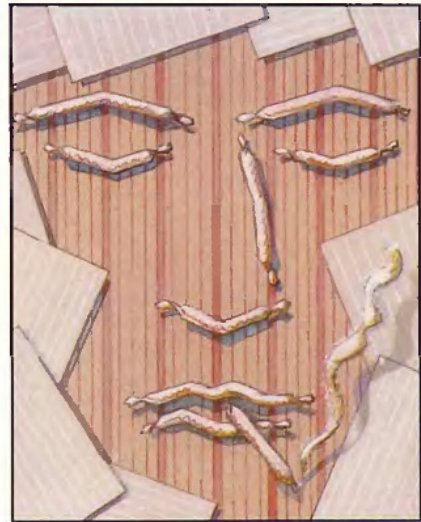
day, which they said was a conservative estimate. They reported that the average cost of a Bible sold through such shows was \$192.

## ABORTION BENEFITS

NEW YORK CITY—Legal abortions saved about 1500 women from pregnancy-related deaths over the past ten years and probably prevented the births of thousands of infants with serious defects, according to a research director for the Population Council. Writing in *Family Planning Perspectives*, the late Dr. Christopher Tietze reported that "the number of life-threatening but not fatal [pregnancy] complications averted probably reached several tens of thousands."

## "NORMAL" POT SMOKING

CHICAGO—Marijuana smoking is now normal behavior among young Americans, with its use peaking between the ages of 20 and 22 and declining after the age of 25, according to research reported in the *American Medical Association's Archives of General Psychiatry*. At the same time, a Government-sponsored survey of high school seniors conducted by the University of Michigan found that daily pot smoking had declined from a high of nearly 11 percent in 1978 to 5.5 percent in 1983. Both studies found a gen-



eral downturn in drug use in recent years and a greater concern over the possibility of harm resulting from regular use. The Michigan study found, contrary to earlier suspicions, that teenagers were not simply switching from illicit drugs to alcohol.

brethren. The answer lies in the injustices of what Santayana refers to as the distancing ability that whites possess. Blacks, being in the minority and being highly visible, are more likely to be lumped into one large class. To many whites, we are all simply niggers.

The question is whether the "niggers" and the "white trash" can become productive in this country once social injustices are removed. I doubt it sincerely, given the widespread delusion many have that social injustice bears all blame for personal failure. I have come to the conclusion that only my inadequacies as a man can keep me from accomplishing what I desire, even in the face of social injustice. The sooner we all—blacks, whites, et al.—

accept the principle of social as well as individual responsibility, the better off we as Americans and the world will be; but some, in free and totalitarian societies alike, will never accept that principle.

Melvin Turner  
Attorney at Law  
Detroit, Michigan

#### UNDEVELOPED OPTION

Shame on Dr. Horace Naismith (*The Playboy Forum*, March)! Either he slept through embryology or he made no serious effort to answer Edwin L. Tice's simple question Why do males have nipples if they are not intended to suckle babies? The answer is, of course, efficiency, econ-

omy of effort and beautiful design in God's plan.

There are 23 pairs of chromosomes that serve as the blueprint for the human body. Only one pair is directly related to producing sexual differences. On a purely genetic level, those differences are the testes and the prostate in the male and the ovaries and the uterus in the female.

The other differences in male/female packaging are the result of hormones produced by those organs under the appropriate conditions. We can best demonstrate how this works when it fails to do so. In the rare genetic malady testosterone insensitivity, the molecule essential for transporting testosterone into the cell, where it affects the nucleus, is missing. The result is a person who appears to be a woman. At the time menstruation should occur, the absence of a womb is discovered and testes are found where the ovaries should be. These women make wonderful wives and mothers of adopted children and are usually described as very "feminine," if you still choose to describe femininity as being quiet and unassertive, with a low sex drive (not *me*, thanks).

Testosterone is responsible for the development of the penis and the scrotum, the correct placement of the testes and a more aggressive and sexual nature in the male. Testosterone also changes the brain prenatally from the basic female cyclical pattern (later governing the menstrual cycle) to the longer, less noticeable cycles of the male brain, now being elucidated.

Both male and female humans (the result of the activity of the 44 chromosomes not related to sex and the two that are) are based on the female body design. Testosterone produces the welcome masculine effects in genetic males. The presence of the nipple in men is just an undeveloped option. It represents a potential breast that did not develop due to lack of estrogen, a process that can easily be reversed should the man develop hormone imbalance due to disease or excessive use of some drugs (including alcohol and marijuana). It won't be the same structurally as a woman's breast, if that matters to Dr. Naismith.

Maura D. Goodman  
Portland, Oregon

*As our Great Issues expert, Naismith deals in truths that transcend mere facts.*

#### VALUE OF LIFE

When Illinois chief circuit judge Peter Paolucci sentenced a woman convicted of murder last December, he cited her three abortions in three years as an aggravating factor. "What value, may I ask, does she place on human life?" he asked. I'd like to ask what value that judge places on an unbiased justice system. It seems incredible to me that a man on trial for rape who has been previously convicted of the same crime two or three times cannot, in most cases, have those convictions used against him. Here we have a situation in which

## VIVID VIDEO

By Louis F. Linden

The Government of the United States never looks so foolish as when it takes it upon itself to attack "obscenity" and proceeds to drag our courts through the embarrassment of being a party to such a stupid endeavor. A recent case in point is *U.S. vs. Various Articles of Obscene Merchandise*, decided last year by the U.S. Court of Appeals

for the Second Circuit. Think of the image the case evokes: the forces of the United States arrayed against a menacing army of Swedish sexual appliances.

The case was mainly about some video cassettes bearing such well-known titles as *Debbie Does Dallas*, *Behind the Green Door* and *Flesh Gordon*. The Feds decided to spend *mucho* thousands of your tax dollars and mine to seize and declare contraband these dubious exercises in freedom of expression lest they corrupt the morals of the citizens of New York City.

(Laughter is acceptable at this time. Thank you.)

Even the courts find it hard to write about these issues with a straight face. In *U.S. vs. Obscene Merchandise*, the appeals court remarked on the "dubious assumption that the triers of fact [the jury or, in this case, the trial judge] have their fingers on the pornographic pulse of the community." The appeals court neglected to advise us where to put one's fingers to take the pornographic pulse.

What cost the Government its case



was its failure to put forth any evidence of the community standards that the tapes were alleged to violate. The prosecutors had counted on the trial court judge's personal judgment that community standards would be those of a little old lady Iowa schoolteacher in 1890. They guessed wrong. The trial judge noted that its "widespread avail-

ability" suggested that a great many people in New York spend a great deal of money on just such material. He even noted that B. F. Skinner, the noted behavioral psychologist, had recently applauded noted theologian Paul Tillich for his defense of pornography as "extending sexuality into old age."

Embarrassed and dismayed at the negative cost benefits of the Government's prosecution, the U.S. Attorney appealed, rather like doubling up when losing at craps. Snake eyes! The appellate court decided that, yes, Virginia, there are community standards that can be circumstantially evidenced by "enclaves of tolerated obscenity." And by *those* standards, the alleged obscenity wasn't legally obscene.

This intelligent and honest decision seems to bring judicial reasoning full circle to the common-sense conclusion that a dirty movie, like truth and beauty or a contact lens, is in the eye of the beholder.

*Louis F. Linden is executive director of the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers.*

the information has nothing to do with the crime and the judge considers it in sentencing. Talk about aggravating!

M. Helms

Fond du Lac, Wisconsin

I just wanted to tell you that I was amazed and deliriously pleased by your reply to a Right-to-Lifer's carryings-on about abortion's being murder (*The Playboy Forum*, April). I have just subscribed to PLAYBOY, and that is the first issue I have ever read. I am and always will be a card-carrying feminist and felt a little guilty for wanting to enjoy PLAYBOY's articles and, yes, men. Although I find some of your attitudes sexist (and some of the women's tits too big!), there's really no more sexism in your pages than in anyone else's. In fact, I applaud such stands as your belief that female human beings have the right to control their own bodies.

Julia Rose

San Diego, California

We, like many other inmates, have very strong negative feelings about abortion. If a woman becomes pregnant due to rape or if having the baby threatens her life, then she should have an abortion if she desires one. But those are the only reasons that abortions should be legal, for there are many ways to prevent pregnancy.

If a woman becomes pregnant before she's ready and doesn't want the baby, then she should be made by law to bear the child and put it up for adoption. Abortion is no different from murder. A doctor who performs abortions is no different from an FBI or CIA agent or any other Government official with a license to kill and get away with it.

Ronald D. Ricks

Tony Garcia

Chesapeake, Virginia

*That position is going to give the prison population a bad name.*

The pro-life people say that they are against abortion because they are protecting and representing fetuses and embryos. I believe that their concern ends at birth, because if someone really cares about the welfare of children, he wants the best for them. And what more can be offered to a child than to be born to a parent or parents that want him and will be able to love and care for him? It has been shown that a forced pregnancy not only is harmful to the happiness and future of the child but also is destructive to the family unit.

It is wrong to use abortion as a form of birth control, and we must try to educate women to that fact. However, if the right to choose has been a privilege misused by a few, we must not let that prejudice us against it, because it would jeopardize women's lives and health if the choice were removed.

Candice B. Lynam

Weehawken, New Jersey

## GUN CONTROL

Every time I turn a page, it seems that somebody is spouting off about gun control, whether the complaint is that he feels that some "radical" group is trying to take away his civil liberties or that the country is about to be taken over by a bunch of bloodthirsty killers who consider it their right to go around carrying .357 worth of "protection." I have mixed feelings about the issue but admit that I tend to agree with those opting for gun control. I feel that handguns are dangerous and specifically designed to kill people and therefore are of no legitimate value to private citizens. This is no doubt where all the N.R.A. members stand up and say, "Hold on there, boy; I believe in Mom, apple pie and the American way and the right to live freely in the country of my choice, the good ol' U.S. of A., and you can't go telling me that I haven't the right, as a responsible citizen, to bear arms to protect my property and family. It is everyone's right—and duty as a good citizen—to go out and buy a handgun, and I show this by joining the N.R.A."

Sure, fine, I respect your rights, but I have the right to examine your logic and make some decisions on my own. The first thing to do is examine the name of your group: The operative word is *rifle*, which doesn't say anything about handguns, and that's where I get confused. I don't deny anyone the right to protect himself. I feel that in our present violent society, the individual does need some form of protection; but, at the same time, I feel that a handgun isn't it. Go ahead, buy and learn to use a rifle—it's much more intimidating than a tiny handgun and more useful as a hunting tool. Better yet, don't buy any sort of long-range weapon—a properly trained person without the false sense of security of a gun is a much more formidable and dangerous opponent with his bare hands than any street punk or thief with a gun. In actual combat, if his opponent is intelligent and adequately prepared, the one with the gun is at a disadvantage.

I very much want to protect a certain favorite skin—*mine*—and if there happens to be just X number of easily concealed weapons, I feel I have a right to be nervous and ask if there might not be an alternative method of self-protection.

David B. Willis

Leduc, Alberta

The gun-control arguments that appear in your pages bring up a fundamental principle that PLAYBOY, from its start, has championed in the sexual arena—individual liberty. In fact, the freedom to possess a gun is defensible by the same arguments that you openly use for sexual freedom.

Both guns and sex have their good points and their bad. Despite the risks associated with sexual activity—herpes, unwanted pregnancy, the often fatal AIDS, as well as severe emotional distress

(I know several women who should be classified as lethal weapons)—you have consistently taken a strong and correct libertarian position against Big Brother's intrusion into the bedroom. There are even some of us out here who see your defense of individual rights not merely as a justification of your own shameless depravities but as the upholding of important principles.

It is time that PLAYBOY extended the same principles to the ownership and legitimate use of firearms. Libertarians often dislike some uses of freedom that others savor, but we realize that there are no unimportant freedoms. If rights are determined by social acceptability, then there is no basis for freedom at all. If we neglect the advocacy of rights to possess the means of defense, Government power over the individual increases profoundly. You just might be offering up the weapons, both actual and philosophical, that would shoot down the sexual freedom for which PLAYBOY has fought so long.

I would call your attention to the new book *Firearms and Violence*, edited by civil rights and civil-liberties attorney Don B. Kates, Jr. It was published by the Pacific Institute for Public Policy Research, and it calmly examines the social problems suggested by its title, as well as the varieties of public policies that attempt to address the social problems associated with private firearm ownership.

Eric Marti, Managing Editor

*Reason Magazine*

Santa Barbara, California

*The book, we can affirm, is an impressive collection of writings by Kates and others ranging from liberals to conservatives who provide some of the best thinking we've seen on these complex subjects. It's going to greatly perturb the polemicists at both extremes.*

## WHAT IS THIS MAN SAYING?

Woman's sexual caution began shortly after man's dramatic descent from the trees, when the cave leopard discovered human beings and realized a 200 percent return on its energy investment. This situation founded the laws of economics and gave man the incentive to bash everything in sight. Time passed and the cave leopard disappeared, but we're still swinging, and women remain cautious. Incidentally, *felis lex fuck interruptus* created all of the dead laws prohibiting sex between consenting adults.

Bill Loren

Rockville, Maryland

*There almost seems to be an interesting point here, but we're not quite sure.*

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





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**ULTRA LIGHTS**

# FAT GRANTS AND SLEAZY POLITICS: REAGAN'S PORN PARANOIA

By LARRY BUSH

WHEN THE Justice Department handed an \$800,000 grant to Dr. Judith Reisman, once a self-styled feminist critic of porn, to study the effects of pornography, it was a sign of bad times to come. Dr. Reisman, who had become a darling of ultraconservatives after charging that the late Dr. Alfred Kinsey was "involved in . . . the vicious genital torture of hundreds of children" and claiming that Americans' understanding of sex had to be revamped, was heading out in search of findings to support the Reagan Administration's paranoia. One of the Administration's second-term goals is to put a high priority on antiporn programs, raising to a national standard the moral and civil-liberties climate of Provo, Utah, home of the U.S. Solicitor General Rex E. Lee. Reisman's work would be merely the tip of that iceberg.

There is more than enough in her grant to justify concern. Reisman, according to her proposal, expects to give law-enforcement agencies and the courts a new definition of obscenity based on the "neurophysiological processes by which pictures or words chemically act upon juvenile and adult brain hemispheres. . . .

"Once we can operationally define what sexually explicit material is physiologically and biologically," Reisman boasts, "our ability to form opinions and to evaluate its innocuousness or virulence will be grounded in solid scientific law" that will "carry . . . weight in the real world of law, education and behavior."

Ultimately, Reisman believes, the new biological definition of obscenity will allow the censorship of "trigger messages" that result in "juvenile out-of-wedlock births, family violence, sexual abuse, exploitation [and] juvenile delinquency."

The fact that this is nothing less than a Big Brother censorship program isn't likely to bother Reisman. She's already on record as claiming that free speech doesn't really exist in America; there-



fore, stopping what she views as pornography won't raise the issue of censorship.

"Defense of pornography is based on the spurious notion that freedom of speech actually exists," Reisman wrote in a 1979 article titled *Freedom of Speech as Mythology*.

"Freedom of speech, however, does not exist," she flatly stated. "Once this concept has been disproved, the pornographic-business community . . . can be challenged without raising cries of censorship."

Reisman's credentials for offering such theories—much less for receiving taxpayer-financed funding to explore them—are fuzzy. She claims membership in eight professional organizations, but six of those groups say they do not provide credentials; in any event, at the time she wrote her résumé, five said they had no record of her membership. Moreover, despite her claims on her résumé and in public appearances that she is an author of note on pornography, no published works exist; she does, however, have a documented record as a

songwriter for *Captain Kangaroo*, for which she wrote, among other songs, *My Daddy's a Policeman*.

It is the police who love Reisman. Her grant has been provided by the Justice Department's Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention. The Reagan appointee currently in charge of that office has a discretionary budget for grants—and is rapidly creating a network of social and biological engineers who will attack pornography on the basis of its impact on juveniles.

The Juvenile Justice office stays in touch with the special Behavioral Science Unit at the FBI academy in Quantico, Virginia. According to Justice Department spokesmen, it was FBI officials who brought Reisman to their attention, and the FBI invited police officials to hear her present her thesis on pornography. When eyebrows started to raise in Congress

over the grant, North Carolina police who had attended the FBI seminars contacted the Congressman heading the investigation to claim that Reisman was the cops' friend and should be encouraged to continue her work.

Certainly, that is a message that is well received at the Juvenile Justice office, now headed by Alfred Regnery, son of ultraconservative publisher Henry Regnery and a frequent seminar companion of the Reverend Jerry Falwell's. Regnery has given extensive interviews to the *Moral Majority Report*, *Human Events* and the *Family Protection Report* on his grants to study pornography—which clearly indicates the constituency he finds most supportive. Most recently, his office confirmed that he will participate, along with Phyllis Schlafly, Jerry Falwell and the Reverend Pat Robertson, in a seminar on the eve of the Democratic National Convention in San Francisco, to discuss "the threat of homosexuality."

Regnery has been pushing out several million dollars' worth of grants without using a competitive system to solicit

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research interest, something Congress now would like him to do. But the grants already announced have one common theme—they claim juvenile delinquency is on the rise (reports showing it is actually declining were not released by Regnery), that sex and, particularly, pornography are linked to violence and that bio-engineering will solve those problems.

While those projects might be dismissed by some as simply more Washington-funded reports that will (thankfully) sit on shelves, there are indications that the Reagan Administration views them as ammunition for a war it is launching.

The President's Commission on Organized Crime, for example, is merely a blip on the wide screen, but observers of its activities expect it to move to a much higher profile in 1985. It is expected to swerve away from questions involving investments in American business to find congenial links between organized crime and pornography outlets.

Certainly, the FBI has been gathering information that it deems would be helpful should the commission turn to that topic. In early 1982, the FBI announced that it had cracked a major pornography operation through undercover work and that grand juries would be sequestered in several states, mostly Southern, to hand down indictments. The announcement was given little press attention but perhaps deserves some examination as an example of

the FBI's way of doing business in the Reagan Administration.

The operation "cracked" by the FBI was a commercial film-processing house in Upstate New York, which developed hundreds of thousands of snapshots and family-album photos each year. When the FBI was tipped off that the film sent for development included home photos of sex acts, an agent infiltrated the lab and took down the names and addresses of everyone who had sent in such candid shots. None of the pictures appeared to be intended for commercial purposes, all of the acts portrayed appeared to be consensual; but the FBI claimed, nevertheless, to have trapped a pornography "ring." Search warrants



were issued in several instances and employers were notified that employees were being investigated for "pornography-ring" links; but by early 1984, the FBI still had produced no major convictions of a nationwide pornography chain.

Such broad definitions and sweeps into private activities, noncommercial in nature, might not be rarities in a second Reagan Administration. Certainly, the Administration argued for those rights in pushing for new legislation dealing with obscene photos and depictions of individuals under 18 years of age. Until this year, restrictions had been placed on sexually explicit material involving persons under 16; and even then, proof of obscenity was

required. In the bill recently signed by President Reagan, the age has been raised to 18 and no proof of obscenity—or commercial purpose—is required.

In testimony before a Senate committee considering the legislation in late 1982, a Federally funded research director who studies sexually exploited children objected to raising the age of "children" to 18, as well as to other provisions in the bill. Both he and a police representative said the legislation would do little to solve the very real problem of children who are "throwaways" from their families and who end up on the streets to be exploited. More than 75 percent of the children on the streets have reported sexual abuse in their families, the principal investigator told the committee, and the largest group on the streets "are children who have been pushed out rather than run away."

But when the House of Representatives came to a vote on the bill, the roll call showed approval for the measure by a 400-to-one margin, as strong as the vote after Pearl Harbor approving President Roosevelt's declaration of war.

"This is not a pretty time," Reisman said in a 1979 interview. "If my assessment is correct, it is a time of war."

Already the frightening chill that precedes such crusades has arrived.



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## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

# BOBBY KNIGHT

*a candid conversation about character, integrity and other rarities in sports with the no-nonsense indiana and olympic basketball coach*

An actress once said that movies aren't plots or performances or philosophical presentations: "They are moments." If the audience left remembering a moment, if that moment was etched forever in the memory, then, she said, the endeavor could be considered worth while and successful. So, too, is it with sports in America. The moments are what is important.

And so is it that the career of Bobby Knight, the basketball coach at Indiana University, can be recalled in perfectly preserved moments. There, young and impetuous, his back to the camera, his form as flawless as that of the finest National Football League punter, he boots an unseen object skyward in protest of an unseen wrong. Now, a little older, a little grayer, he is standing in front of his team's bench—his plaid sports jacket open, his tie, as it perpetually is, at three quarters staff—gesturing, barking instructions, improvising as the action swirls past him. At times, you see him after the work has been done. One year, he is standing awkwardly alongside his two favorite players—all-Americans Scott May and Quinn Buckner, who are holding a championship trophy and wearing basketball nets around their necks—a big, goofy grin splitting his

boyish face. Then, after another championship won in another place and time, he is riding on the shoulders of his jubilant players, his jaw set defiantly, his right index finger raised in triumph. So it is that Bobby Knight, who is so much of America, who embodies many of our strengths and a few of our weaknesses—and cherishes all of our values—has arrived at this Olympic summer as America's coach.

Chances are that if one American star emerges, it will not be a runner or a jumper or a swimmer or a boxer, as in so many Olympic games past; it will not be a bouncing blonde with dimples or a tough kid sprinting his way out of a ghetto. The most likely candidate as the games of Los Angeles approach is a basketball coach named Robert Montgomery Knight, 43, of Orrville, Ohio, and Bloomington, Indiana—and, mostly, the United States of America. Even without the participation of the Soviet bloc countries, this summer will be the opportunity of his lifetime.

Bobby Knight was born on October 25, 1940, in Massillon, Ohio, a town that has achieved fame for mass producing tough football players and coaches. He was raised in Orrville, another town in northern

Ohio, by a father who worked on the railroad and a mother who taught school. He grew fast and tall and, after starring on the high school football, basketball and baseball teams, he accepted a basketball scholarship to Ohio State. The company there was formidable—it included John Havlicek, Jerry Lucas and Larry Siegfried, all of whom starred in the National Basketball Association—and Knight was the sixth man on teams that won 78 of 84 games and the 1960 National Collegiate Athletic Association championship.

Knight did not just idle away the time he spent on the bench. He studied the game and, after taking his history-and-government degree in 1962, was hired as a high school coach. A year later, he was drafted and was assigned to be the assistant basketball coach at West Point. Two years after that, when he was just 24, he was named head coach at West Point, a place of many traditions, including losing basketball teams.

While studying the game under some of its most inventive minds—including his three basketball mentors, Fred Taylor, his Ohio State coach; Pete Newell, who won a national championship at the University of California and an Olympic gold medal in



"Most problems in big-time college sports are created by alumni who are unable to brag about their school's team. Some guy says, 'I'm tired of our getting beat. We'd better start cheating to get us some players.'"



"People take Patton—a tough, demanding individualist—and equate him with me. Well, that's not what I try to imitate. He sacrificed people. My basic idea is let's live and fight tomorrow."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD KLEIN

"In leadership, you're trying to get people to be better than they think they can be, to reach within themselves. You're trying to get a guy to do something he doesn't want to do—and do it well."

1960; and the late Clair Bee, who coached the great Long Island University teams of the Thirties, Forties and Fifties—Knight developed a reverence for most of basketball's traditions, though losing was not one of them.

He made that abundantly clear during his first season at West Point, when he won 18 games and the Cadets were invited to a post-season tournament. Knight worked at West Point five more seasons, accumulated a record of 102-50 and earned another three invitations to the National Invitation Tournament in Madison Square Garden. But he had accomplished about as much as he could with the limited talent available at Army, and in 1971, he moved to Indiana University, a school with a rich tradition of winning basketball.

In his 13 seasons at Indiana, Knight has matured from basketball's enfant terrible to its eminence grise, but many more things have not changed. His teams still play aggressive man-to-man defense and a controlled offense. But, mostly, they win. In 1976, the Hoosiers were 32-0 and won the N.C.A.A. title, and Knight became the first man to win a national championship as a player and then as a coach. In 1981, Indiana won another national championship, and this past season, the Hoosiers came within a basket of making the final four, though their talent pool had been depleted by injury and graduation. Many coaches and sportswriters said it was Knight's finest coaching job.

But championships and games won are not the only measures that distinguish Knight from the pack. They are simply the by-products of an iron will, a relentless search for basketball perfection and steadfast integrity; numbers and trophies only begin to tell the story of how this man who inspires loyalty and fervently returns the favor has become our Vince Lombardi for the Eighties.

During the 1981 final four, for example, Knight walked into a restaurant with some friends. While his party waited to be seated, a fan of an opposing team started to harass him. "Knight's an asshole! Knight's an asshole!" the fan, who was standing at the bar, yelled repeatedly. Knight didn't want the other patrons of the restaurant to be disturbed on his account, so he took steps to remedy the situation: Although some witnesses say Knight pushed and the man stumbled, the fact is that the offending fan was stuffed—backside first—into a garbage can. And he made front-page news across the country.

He also made front-page news the last time he coached an American team in international competition, in 1979 in the Pan-American Games, which were played in San Juan, Puerto Rico. He became embroiled in a dispute with a policeman who was assigned to the practice gym. He and all the other American witnesses said the cop had provoked him and then started to push him, adding that Knight

had merely brushed the cop's hand aside in self-defense. The cop alleged that Knight had attacked him. Knight left Puerto Rico before the court proceedings, during which he was tried in absentia for assault, convicted and sentenced to six months in jail. He didn't leave, however, before winning the gold medal and riding off defiantly on his players' shoulders.

PLAYBOY assigned David Israel, who often covered Knight during stints as a newspaper columnist in Chicago, Washington and Los Angeles, to spend time with the coach as he prepared for the Olympic games. Israel's report:

"The interviews with Knight were conducted over two one-week periods two months apart. The first week was spent in Bloomington, Indiana, in the middle of January, when the weather was really starting to chill and the Big Ten basketball season was starting to heat up. The second week was spent in Seattle during the last of March and the first of April, when four teams not coached by Knight were playing for the national championship.

"In Bloomington, the pace was hectic. During the season, Knight speeds along at a pace that is equally controlled and

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*"For two weeks in the summer, all basketball fans are going to be united as one group following one team."*

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frantic. He always knows exactly what he wants to do, but he would also like to do everything at once. He is exceedingly organized—there is never, for instance, a pause during practice to decide what to do next, because every drill and its duration is written on an index card Knight keeps in his hip pocket. By the same token, there is never enough time in the day. Perhaps that is why, during the season, he sleeps too little and eats too much. The eating is often done on the run and almost always at crazy hours. At midnight after one game, a banquet of barbecued ribs and chicken that easily would have fed two dozen was devoured by Knight, four assistant coaches and a couple of guests while game films were watched. Three hours later, when everyone else had gone home, Knight was prowling about Bloomington looking for a place to have a chocolate sundae—he has an insatiable sweet tooth—and talk about fishing in Montana and Idaho during the summer. In January in Indiana, the interviews were conducted at breakneck speed at just about anyplace we could steal a moment and find some quiet.

"In Seattle, the pace was relaxed. The

Indiana season had ended the week before, and Knight was taking it easy before embarking full time on his Olympic business. He was dining with old friends and colleagues, addressing a coaching clinic here, working an all-star-game telecast as color analyst there, enjoying the calm before the storm that was to come. Wherever we talked, however, the first order of business clearly had to be Olympic basketball."

PLAYBOY: For a few weeks this summer, you're going to be called America's coach. Is being the Olympic coach something you've always wanted?

KNIGHT: I very much enjoy the opportunity to do it. I coached the Pan-American team in 1979, and at that time I was hopeful that I would coach the Olympic team, because it was going to play in Russia. I thought that would be a great challenge. But Dave Gavitt was chosen as the Olympic coach for 1980. Then in 1982, when this selection was made, I really wasn't attuned to the meetings. I knew they were going on, but I just hadn't paid a hell of a lot of attention. The appropriate committee had asked me to fill out a form to send in to be considered as an applicant, which I did. I was home one Saturday night and they called me and told me I'd been picked as the Olympic coach.

PLAYBOY: Was one of the reasons you weren't paying attention to the selection process that you thought your chances had been diminished by what happened in Puerto Rico?

KNIGHT: Oh, I wasn't sure. No, I didn't know whether or not Puerto Rico had anything to do with it. I'd coached the Pan-American team, and I basically wasn't certain that someone who had coached that team would also be picked to coach the Olympic team. I really didn't think Puerto Rico had anything to do with it, because I thought that the people who were acquainted with the situation understood exactly what happened. That whole thing has never done anything but amaze me, because anybody who was there knew that what I said, and what our players said, was exactly the way it happened.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to say what happened, once and for all?

KNIGHT: No. It was bullshit. It was more than four years ago; I have no desire to discuss that now. The only thing that I'll say about it is, very simply, that when I told my version, it was corroborated by every single American basketball player there. But people just didn't pay attention to that. And that gave me an insight into how little a lot of people in the press are really willing to look at and try to understand things.

PLAYBOY: What did you conclude?

KNIGHT: I think the press basically jumps to a lot of its own conclusions. I enjoy reading about things that I know about personally to see how accurately they're reported. And I don't find that they are reported with any great deal of accuracy.

**PLAYBOY:** Which was more to blame—the press or Puerto Rican justice?

**KNIGHT:** I don't want to talk about that. Don't try to get me into that. I have no interest in discussing that subject. Period.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you wonder if it'll have any effect on your treatment in Los Angeles?

**KNIGHT:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** Will it affect the way you're treated by other teams or how you're viewed by the public?

**KNIGHT:** I'm not coaching the other teams. As for the public, I got damned near 1000 letters after that thing, and all but 21 or 22 were very supportive. Let's talk about something else.

**PLAYBOY:** All right. How important do you think it is that America win a gold medal in the Olympics?

**KNIGHT:** I think for America to win the gold medal in basketball is something that's simply accepted by people; it's the possibility of America's *not* winning the gold medal that's an issue. When the gold medal was stolen from us in 1972, I was down in Brazil and people there said, "Well, what happened to the United States? It's obviously not the best anymore." Those people had no idea who Kareem Abdul-Jabbar or Willis Reed or John Havlicek was. They had no idea that we've got a whole league of players vastly superior to those playing anywhere else in the world and that we don't put in about *six weeks* and then go play. And so if we lose the medal, I think that has a great propaganda value for all kinds of people.

But winning it, I think, has a much greater effect here at home than it does abroad. You have such a tremendous following for basketball here in the United States—people follow college basketball and the pros—and for that two-week period in the summer, all of those basketball fans are going to be united as one giant group following one team instead of a lot of teams. All that support that usually goes to all those teams is going to be funneled right into *one* team. I think the enjoyment and the pride that all those people would get from the Americans' winning the gold medal in basketball would be the greatest satisfaction that I, as a coach, could have or that any one of our players could have.

**PLAYBOY:** How much of a burden is this for you? You've come right out of a season in which you don't sleep, you eat poorly, and you always look forward to the last game of the year. Now it's as if you have to play an entire season again.

**KNIGHT:** But I'm going to do it only one time. Ever. For as long as I coach, this will be the only time that I do it. And I think enough of the opportunity, the responsibilities and the challenge to really not even think about it as something extra. It's just something that I'm really interested in, I really appreciate having the chance to do it, and I will simply do it as well as I can because of that.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you feel about the U.S.

boycott of the Olympics in 1980?

**KNIGHT:** I strongly opposed President Carter's decision not to send American athletes to Moscow. I felt that we were taking away one of our great strengths—showing people all over the world just how our kids compete, how hard they work on behalf of the United States. I thought it was an incredible mistake to do that.

**PLAYBOY:** Does the hypocrisy of the Olympic eligibility rules disturb you? Other nations compete with veteran professional teams, but you are prohibited from using American professionals.

**KNIGHT:** I don't think there's any question that an incredible double standard exists. You used the word hypocrisy, and I'm sure that's applicable to the situation. The Italian national league is no less professional than our own N.B.A., yet players from the Italian league are all eligible to play on their respective Olympic teams. But I don't think about that. If that were a concern, I wouldn't be interested in the job. I think that we can get done what has to be done with the kids who are eligible and available to play, or I wouldn't have

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*"I've heard kids  
have gotten up to  
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football or basketball."*

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taken the job.

**PLAYBOY:** The Olympics are a one-time thing, but hypocrisy and cheating are perpetual topics when it comes to big-time college sports in America. Starting with the issue of recruiting, why is there such widespread cheating?

**KNIGHT:** I really think that most problems are created by alumni who are unable to brag about their school's football and basketball teams. Some guy sits down and says, "I'm tired of our getting beat. I'm tired of not going to a bowl. Let's do something about this. Let's get some players. After all, that's what everybody else does. Hell, everybody's cheating and getting players. We'd better start cheating to get us some players."

**PLAYBOY:** Is everybody cheating?

**KNIGHT:** I think there's an awful lot of it. I think that there's big money involved in getting good kids, football and basketball players, to go to college today. I mean *large* sums of money.

**PLAYBOY:** What's big money? Digger Phelps, the Notre Dame coach, said he knew of players who were getting paid \$10,000 a year.

**KNIGHT:** Well, I told Digger that he was

thinking like a Catholic would—in terms of bingo when he should be thinking in terms of the craps table, because \$10,000 wasn't going to touch how big it is.

**PLAYBOY:** How big is it? How much can a good player make in a year in college basketball?

**KNIGHT:** I honestly can't tell you a sum. I've heard figures thrown off the wall that kids have gotten, over a four-year period of time, up to \$100,000 to go to a school to play football or basketball.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you handle it? If a kid tells you that another university has offered such and such and that without that help he won't be able to live a decent life, what do you tell him? How do you convince him he shouldn't accept that offer?

**KNIGHT:** All I'm going to say to him is, "Well, let me ask you something: Do you want to sell a piece of yourself or do you want to go to college for what you should legitimately go for? You have to make that decision. Somebody's going to own a part of you one day, but you're going to be independent the other way." If a kid tells me specifics about that other offer, then I'm immediately going to go to the N.C.A.A. and tell them exactly what I've been told, and then it's up to them to investigate it.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you done that?

**KNIGHT:** With the kids who have told me that, yes. But I've had only a couple of kids come out with me and say, "Well, I would get this if I went to so and so."

**PLAYBOY:** What was the result of the investigations?

**KNIGHT:** In one case, one of the schools was put on probation, but not for that particular kid.

**PLAYBOY:** What school was it?

**KNIGHT:** North Carolina State a while back. The kid started asking me, "How many round trips home will your university provide me per year?" I went into a long, drawn-out discussion to finally get that out of him. It took me 15 minutes to get out of him what school was going to provide trips.

**PLAYBOY:** North Carolina State is a school that served its time on probation for recruiting violations involving certain players, then won a national championship with some of those players. Did that gall you?

**KNIGHT:** Absolutely. Because my feeling about probation is, very simply, this: First of all, it's not just the school's fault and it's not just the alums' fault or the coach's or whoever is involved. It's the *kid's* fault. He knows what the hell the rules are. It's very rare that the kid doesn't know that. So my feeling is that you should not play basketball or football in any kind of post-season play with kids who were responsible for your school's going on probation. So when North Carolina State and Kentucky were put on probation, I felt those schools should have been denied the possibility of playing in the N.C.A.A. tournament until those kids had left school.

**PLAYBOY:** What are the mechanics of

cheating? If you were a coach who cheated, how would you do it?

**KNIGHT:** One time, I sat down and tried to figure it out. And here's a scheme that I came up with that I'm sure is typical of many things that are done.

I'd get ten alums to give \$1000 to a roofing company. The roofer is an alum of my school, and he can submit some kind of bill to each of those ten alums, and then they pay it. So now the roofer has \$10,000 to use. He hires a kid to work for him and can keep books on all kinds of fictitious overtime, so maybe over the course of a normal summer's employment, this kid could make \$10,000 to \$12,000. That seems pretty foolproof to me. The simplest thing in the world at a major university is to find ten guys willing to put \$1000 apiece into something to ensure they'll have a good football or basketball team.

**PLAYBOY:** And there's no way that the N.C.A.A. can trace that?

**KNIGHT:** I don't know. How the hell do I know? The N.C.A.A. is, I think, the most unfairly maligned organization in education today. We think of the N.C.A.A. as this monster that exists in Kansas City. All Kansas City is is an administrative body for the N.C.A.A. Any investigative body in the world needs the power of subpoena and the threat of prosecution to be successful. The N.C.A.A. has neither.

**PLAYBOY:** So there is no effective way to stop anybody from cheating?

**KNIGHT:** That's exactly what I've said. One, I don't think anybody cares. Two, I'm not sure how the hell you can stop anyone, because the N.C.A.A. doesn't have the two powers it needs.

**PLAYBOY:** Then what's the point of working against it constantly if you're just banging your head against the wall?

**KNIGHT:** Well, I just think there's a right way to do things and a wrong way to do things. I don't think that a kid learns anything by being given something. I think that here at Indiana, the scholarship the kid gets, the opportunities he has as a basketball player and what the experience is going to mean to him after he graduates are enough. He doesn't need to be given \$100 a month. If he wants \$100 a month, then he should make it in the summer and put it in a checking account and withdraw from it every month. As a coach, I would get no satisfaction whatsoever out of seeing my team beat somebody knowing that I was paying those guys, that they hadn't come to Indiana because that was where they wanted to play. Now, obviously, some people don't give a damn about that. But that happens to mean a lot to me. I want to see our team win as much as anybody wants to see his team win, but there are certain principles that I think should be followed to get there.

**PLAYBOY:** One of your principles is that your players must get educated. That doesn't necessarily happen elsewhere; most college basketball players don't graduate. What should be done about that?

**KNIGHT:** I've suggested for years—and no one has paid the slightest attention to this—that a scholarship be replaced only because the kid who had it got a degree. And if he didn't get one—let's say you even give the kid an extra year to get that degree—then the school loses a scholarship for a year or for two years or whatever. But nobody wants to pay any attention to that. Nobody yet has and nobody will.

**PLAYBOY:** Does all the cheating that goes on ever make you ashamed of being in the business that you're in?

**KNIGHT:** No, I'm not ashamed of it, because the only part of it that I'm really concerned with is the part that I run: basketball at Indiana. I'm not concerned about other sports at Indiana. I'm not concerned about basketball at other schools. I've just made up my mind that what I'm concerned about is basketball at Indiana. In terms of education, in terms of what I think is right and wrong, I'm certainly not ashamed. I'm very proud of what we have done here.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you see the situation changing? If you were to guess what col-

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*"I think there's a right way and a wrong way to do things. I don't think a kid learns anything by being given something."*

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lege sports would be like in the year 2000, what would you say?

**KNIGHT:** Well, you'd just have to allow for inflation and add that to cheating, just like you add it to everything else. We won't change.

**PLAYBOY:** What you're calling for is an honesty that doesn't exist anymore. Where did you get your sense of values?

**KNIGHT:** My dad was the most honest person I've ever known. He never bought a thing, except the house, that he didn't pay for with the money he had in his pocket. And I don't think he ever made more than \$8000 a year. If he didn't have money in his pocket to buy a car or a suit, a meal, a piece of furniture, he didn't buy it. My dad lived until I was 29 years old, and in those 29 years he owned three cars. I've never known anybody like him. A lot of people didn't agree with him. He had a tough time ever leaving a tip for anybody, because he always said, "Nobody ever gave me a tip for doing anything. I get paid like everybody else does." Which always kind of tickled me. Through him, I've always felt that you've got to have rules. I think the next biggest influence on

me personally in that regard would be Fred Taylor.

**PLAYBOY:** Your basketball coach at Ohio State.

**KNIGHT:** Yeah. I was a very average player at Ohio State, and I didn't get anything for doing anything. I don't think anybody else did, either. Taylor maintained an incredible honesty in his approach to recruiting and playing and everything else for the entire 17 years he was head coach there.

**PLAYBOY:** When you played at Ohio State, your team won a national championship. Were the rules broken as widely then?

**KNIGHT:** I don't think that recruiting was nearly as big an issue as it is now. I don't think that people went all over the country recruiting. The first highly organized, effective recruiter was Vic Bubas of Duke. He did it, I think, on a very honest basis. He lit the fuse that exploded recruiting, because he went out and recruited good kids and recruited them honestly. Yet, in a way, he created a monster.

**PLAYBOY:** Staying with your own sports history for a moment, did your father push you into sports?

**KNIGHT:** No. He was neutral. He always went to see us play. He went to see me play a lot in college and saw us play whenever he could when I was coaching. He thought it was funny that I went into the Army to go to West Point as assistant basketball coach. He couldn't understand that. First of all, he couldn't understand why the hell you would go to college to be a coach. He didn't think you needed a college education to coach—never could comprehend that. But when I told him I was going to join the Army to coach at West Point, he really thought then he'd raised an idiot.

**PLAYBOY:** What did it mean to you to go to West Point?

**KNIGHT:** I really looked forward to it. I had enjoyed reading military history and I ended up majoring in history in college, and what more historical institution than West Point is there in America? The whole idea of what West Point stood for had a special interest to me, and as I stayed there, my feelings about it became stronger and stronger. West Point is an absolutely outstanding institutional concept. Just like anywhere else, I encountered some people there who were inept and had no business being in the positions they were in. But as an institution, it's second to none.

**PLAYBOY:** You went there as assistant coach, as an enlisted man in the Army.

**KNIGHT:** As a Pfc. Ninety dollars a month—\$89, to be exact.

**PLAYBOY:** It didn't take you long to become head coach, did it? It was within two years, when you were 24.

**KNIGHT:** Yeah. And I had two months to go in the Army. I was still a Pfc. when I became the head coach.

**PLAYBOY:** Why would West Point make a 24-year-old kid head coach?

**KNIGHT:** I was cheap. They couldn't get

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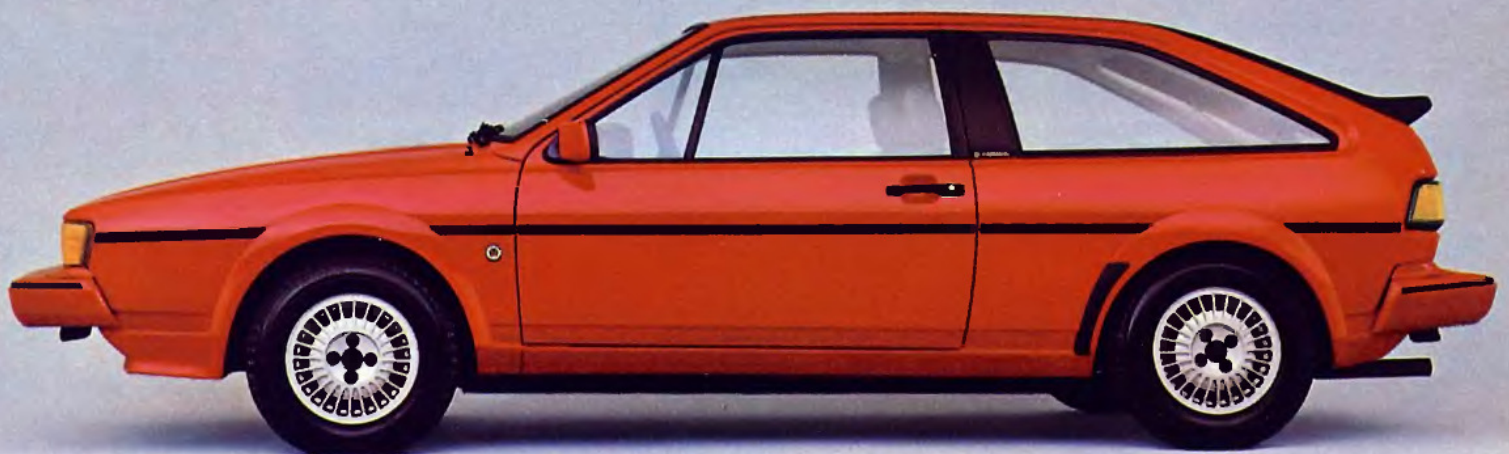
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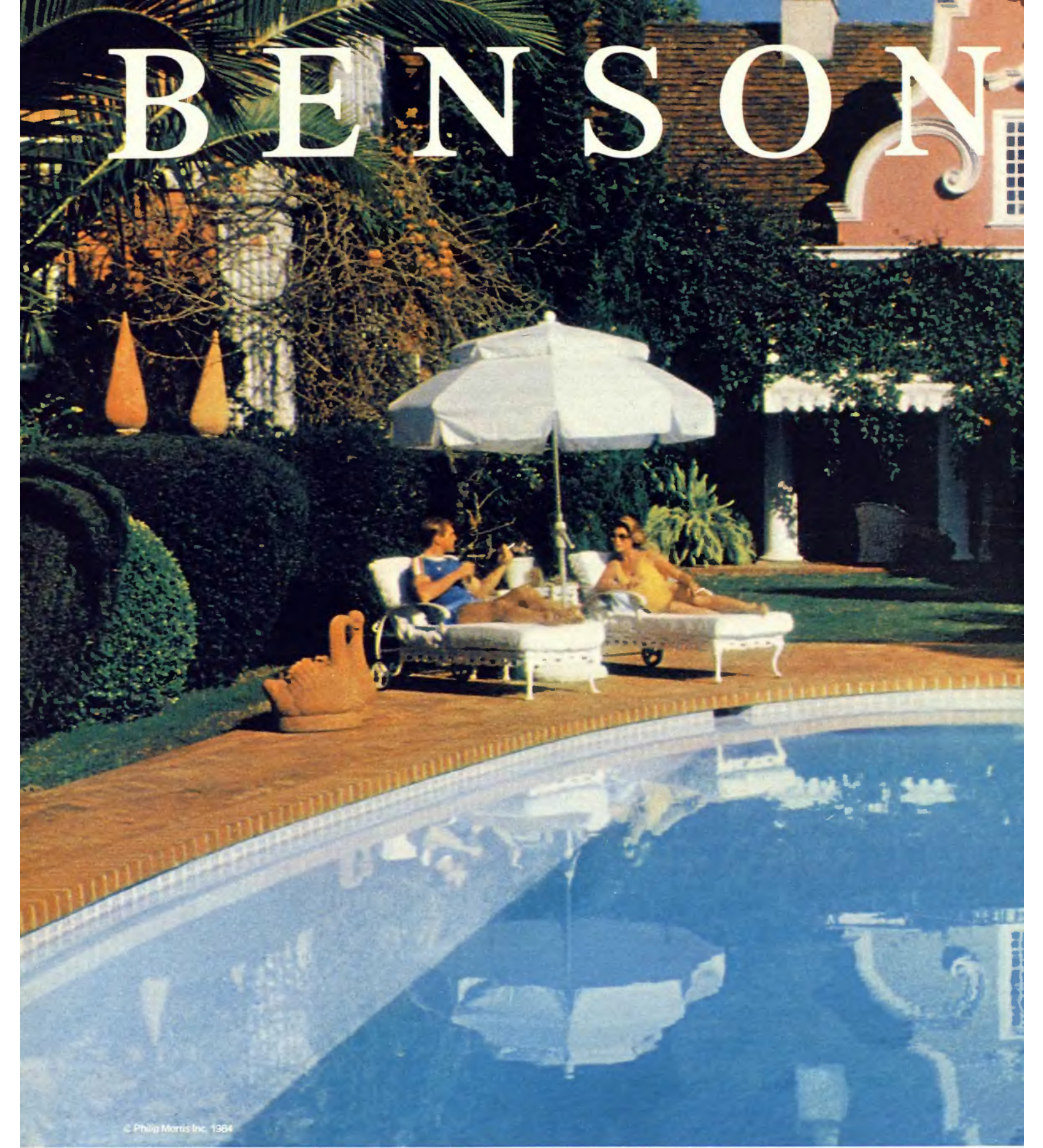
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**PLAYBOY:** When you were offered the job, did you say, "Wait a minute; I'm 24 years old. Maybe I'm not ready for this"?

**KNIGHT:** No, I didn't think that.

**PLAYBOY:** You had never had any doubts about it?

**KNIGHT:** I felt that I had played four years in a system at Ohio State that was set up by as good a coach as there was in the country, and I had had the opportunity to work for a year in high school for an outstanding coach. So my age never really concerned me. I didn't know a hell of a lot about basketball, but I knew how I thought the game *should* be played, and I knew that I could coach it the way I thought it should be played. So, no, I was never concerned with that.

**PLAYBOY:** Did the period you were at West Point coincide with the antiwar protests?

**KNIGHT:** Oh, yeah, this was one of the greatest things I'd ever seen: We had a kid—the all-time-toughest kid who ever played college basketball—Mike Gyovai. He was from Aurora, Illinois. We're playing up at Syracuse and some students have just taken over the R.O.T.C. building, where they're demonstrating against the military. And here we come in and play. We just beat the hell out of Syracuse in this particular game. And the students are on us. They're throwing nuts and bolts out of the stands. The sports-information director at Army, Bob Kinney, still has a long bolt that was thrown down right beside him when he was sitting at the scorer's table during the game. He keeps it on his desk to this day. Anyway, Gyovai comes out of the game with a couple of minutes to play and he's at the opposite end of the floor from our bench. Now, Gyovai was 6'5", 225, and he looked like he weighed about 190 solid. And I can remember to this day his walking over to the side line in front of all these taunting Syracuse students, from the end of the court right to our bench, just as slow as he possibly could walk. I turn to a great friend of mine, Colonel Tom Rogers, our officer representative, and I say, "Can you believe the son of a bitch? He's going to start World War Three right here." He was just going to *dare* somebody to say anything to him. No one did. I'll tell you one thing: If we ever do have World War Three, they better find things for him to attack, because there isn't anybody gonna beat him.

**PLAYBOY:** The military has obviously influenced your thinking as a coach and as a man. Whom do you admire? Patton?

**KNIGHT:** Patton had an incredible ability to see what he had to do and how to do it. But I think he was pompous beyond what his position called for. MacArthur was also an incredibly arrogant, pompous guy. Yet he engaged more enemy troops with fewer casualties than any other military commander in history. That, to me, is the mark of a great general. But I think my choice as the greatest military commander

of all is Ulysses S. Grant.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**KNIGHT:** Because Grant wore the uniform of a private. He had no self-interest at all. He never tried to promote himself in any way. He felt he was a soldier given a job to do, a distasteful job, and that was to get the war over as quickly as he could. That was his only objective. Grant had a far broader understanding of the war than anybody else who had ever been in the military. When he went to Washington to assume command of the Union armies, he went with his son; through a mix-up, nobody was there to meet him at the train. He went to Willard's hotel and simply registered as U. S. Grant and son. You know, a guy like Patton or MacArthur would have been met by jeeps and tanks and airplanes and paraded down Constitution Avenue and everything else. I've done a lot of reading about Grant in the past three or four years. He was a brilliant tactician and strategist, and he did it with a great style. I'm a tremendous admirer of Patton's, but I admire him because of his ability to grasp what he was confronted with and then beat it.

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*"Coaches can learn  
a lot by studying  
examples of indecisiveness  
or timidity. Most  
military commanders  
are timid."*

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**PLAYBOY:** How do those qualities apply to coaching basketball?

**KNIGHT:** I honestly feel that as I have read about Grant, I have tried to become more low-keyed in my approach to things, to stay the hell out of them, to be more removed from them.

**PLAYBOY:** How have you become more low-keyed?

**KNIGHT:** Oh, when somebody asked a question at a press conference, I might have said, "That is the dumbest goddamn question I've ever heard," and now I might simply say, "Oh, I don't know; has anybody else got a question?"

**PLAYBOY:** Don't you think that analogies between sports and military can be—

**KNIGHT:** Overworked? Yeah, sometimes. Take the idea of winning and losing. You don't want to be second in a war. I mean, you're not preparing for next year's war. I think the best analogies that can be made are the command-decision analogies between commanders and coaches. Coaches can learn a lot just by studying examples of indecisiveness or timidity. Most mili-

tary commanders are timid. The great ones haven't necessarily been the most brilliant. They're the ones who are the most aggressive and are willing to go *after* things.

**PLAYBOY:** Which is a quality most people would associate with Patton—or you.

**KNIGHT:** People take Patton—a tough, demanding, rugged individualist—and they equate him with me. Well, that's not the part of Patton that I try to imitate. The part of him I admire is the way he recognized opportunities and developed strategies—we'll use this road because it takes us here and that one *can't*—and the way he was willing to get down in the mud and direct tanks. But my most severe criticism of Patton would be that he was too interested in his own image as a military commander at the sacrifice of people. And I mean *lives*. My basic idea is let's live and fight tomorrow. I think Patton fell short in that category. He sent 250, 300 people on an almost suicidal mission to free his son-in-law from a prison camp during World War Two. MacArthur, despite his greatness, could be just as self-absorbed. I don't know whether or not this is really true, but in the movie *MacArthur*, he was upset about the atomic bomb's being used in Japan because it deprived the American Army and himself of the glory of an invasion of Japan, which would have been war as he thought war should be fought. But how many millions of American lives did Harry Truman save? Truman may be the greatest American who ever lived. He once wrote a letter to his brother in which he said, "I think the proper thing to do, and the thing I have been doing, is to do what I think is right and let them all go to hell. Sincerely, Harry." [*Laughs*] That's the way the guy operated.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you remember that letter verbatim? Did you study it?

**KNIGHT:** I study what I think is right and what I think is the way to do something. Some guy who writes about it or watches it from the stands hasn't studied it. I've studied. And if it turns out to be wrong, then I'm going to re-evaluate it and make the decision differently the next time. Themistocles was asked, I think, "Would you rather be a writer or a participant in the Olympics?" And his response was "Far better to be the doer of deeds than the chronicler of them."

**PLAYBOY:** On occasion.

**KNIGHT:** I'm not using that as a comparison to writing or journalism. I'm just saying that I'm usually sure my decision is right because I've studied it and the other guy hasn't.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you always think you've done the right thing?

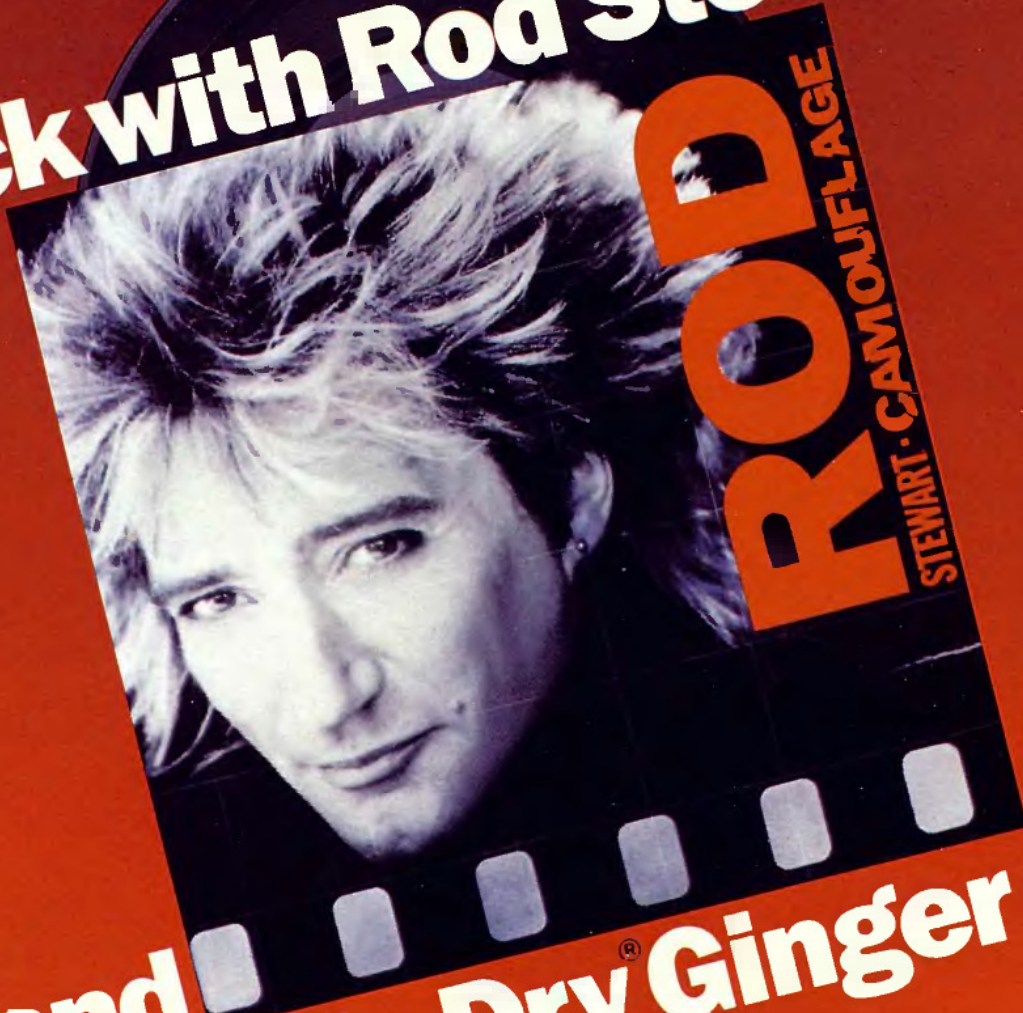
**KNIGHT:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** What are examples of things you think you were wrong about?

**KNIGHT:** Well, it might be something I've said to somebody and then, in retrospect, I've thought that wasn't the thing to say



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under the circumstances. It might be the way I've handled something or gotten irritated or upset.

**PLAYBOY:** But you don't often apologize in public.

**KNIGHT:** Guys who apologize for things in public always amaze me. When I read how somebody apologized publicly for something, I never think there's much sincerity in that. Or when I read that somebody has donated \$10,000—I've donated a hell of a lot of money to things and nobody knows anything about them and nobody ever will know about them. I just think that the things that you do privately are much more meaningful.

**PLAYBOY:** You may be the most famous person in Indiana—more famous than the governor or the Senators. Do you think there's something wrong with a society that elevates a college coach to that level, or is it understandable?

**KNIGHT:** You don't have an entire daily section of the newspaper devoted to medicine or education, but you've got an entire section of every daily newspaper devoted to sports. And, particularly when one team is successful, be it in football or basketball, the one person who usually remains with the team is the coach. But there is a difference between being well known and being looked upon as something that you aren't. I think that you have to understand why you're as well known as you are. I'm as well known as I am because I've had a hell of a lot of basketball players who played pretty well. I look upon that as simply an appreciation for Indiana University basketball.

**PLAYBOY:** Beyond that, what do you think people see in you?

**KNIGHT:** I think people can look at me and if they cut it to the absolute simplest form possible, they'll tell you one thing: The son of a bitch is honest. I think people have an appreciation for someone who says what he thinks. I think they know that I make mistakes but try to do what's right. At least I hope so. The people at Indiana have been very good to me. Indiana has been a great place for me to be.

**PLAYBOY:** The university or the state?

**KNIGHT:** The university *and* the state.

**PLAYBOY:** What effect has your intense fame had on your family?

**KNIGHT:** I've always tried to keep my family completely removed from it. I've tried to teach my two boys that they have no special privileges whatsoever because somebody associates them with Indiana basketball. I've tried to keep them out of as much as I can. I've never allowed stories to be written about my family or my family to be interviewed by anybody. As any father would, I let them receive some benefit from what I do, such as being around the team. From the age of six, Tim carried water and towels and wiped up, and so did Patrick. But if they want to be there, they gotta get their ass in gear, like everybody else.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's focus on your work. What

is the day of a game like?

**KNIGHT:** Well, the game day has gotten more difficult for me, as more is expected from the team. We've gotten to a point where we're expected to win a lot, so we're trying to live up to that expectation. Losing games that are close is much harder on me now than it was before. Before, I would just say, "We've got to work harder, we've got to do something better." Now I tend to reflect on what we have done. What should we have done? What didn't we do? Ah, I have a *much* tougher time than I did before handling games we lose that we might have won.

Game day—I used to have a kind of set routine. Now, a lot of times, I do things differently. We had our last game of the regular season with Ohio State. Johnny Bench came to watch the game, and instead of sitting there for two hours, thinking and planning, as I used to, I took him to the lake where I do a lot of fishing. Then we went back for the game. I'd never have done that a few years ago.

**PLAYBOY:** Getting to the game itself, give us a coach's perspective. What are the things that you need to see during a game

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*"I'm as well known as I am only because I've had a hell of a lot of basketball players who played pretty well."*

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to coach efficiently?

**KNIGHT:** Well, I've got to see if what we have set up defensively is being followed through. That's number one. Number two, is what we're doing defensively sufficient to contain their offense? Then, offensively, are we getting good shots? Are we having trouble getting good shots? Are our people moving without the basketball? I try to look at what we're doing in terms of what we've set up for this particular game. Then I try to be ready for any changes that the other team might make; ideally, we've anticipated some of them and we can adjust to the changes that they make.

**PLAYBOY:** What's likely to make you jump out of your chair during a game?

**KNIGHT:** Defensively, when a player doesn't recognize where the ball is; when he misses something because he didn't know where the ball was, which is paramount. That's one thing. A second thing is missing a block-out. The third thing is not *moving*—to help out or to impede the progress of the ball.

As for offense, ours is very subtle in its development and movement. I think it is a

difficult offense, so it's harder for me to always see what's going on. Often, I have to study the film to know what's happened, so I'm less likely to jump off the seat.

**PLAYBOY:** In terms of motivating a team, or in terms of your own expectations, what do you set as a goal at the beginning of a season?

**KNIGHT:** Well, next season, my initial thing will be, "All right, at one point in this season, 280 teams are going to be reduced to 64, and your goal is to be one of those 64 teams." I've mentioned that on the first day of practice every year that I've been in Indiana. Along with that, we want to win the Big Ten championship. We start talking about that the very first day that we get together, those two goals.

**PLAYBOY:** No more than that? You don't strive for the national championship?

**KNIGHT:** No, because most teams aren't capable of doing that. I totally disagree with the guy who says, "Well, our objective is to win every game; our objective is to be a national champion." I've been there. And I've had teams that win every game, and I know how hard that is, and there are very few teams that can do it. I'm not a believer in striving for the impossible. No, I'm a believer in being very realistic about what you can and cannot do, and then trying to achieve what you realistically can achieve.

**PLAYBOY:** But *was* it realistic in 1976—with that team—to expect that you could win the national championship?

**KNIGHT:** Exactly. I told the team on the first day of practice of the 1975–1976 season that nothing less than the national championship would be satisfactory. The rest of it was all just a means for us to get there. We had to play a schedule; we had to go the first day of practice. I knew that team was the best team in the country. In fact, that was one of the best teams I've ever seen play college basketball.

**PLAYBOY:** Was 1976 different from 1981, when you also won the championship?

**KNIGHT:** Yeah, but only because we'd started out badly in 1981 and we'd had to get some players straightened around. But I thought that we were the best team in the country at the end of that year.

**PLAYBOY:** What are the best teams you've ever seen play college basketball?

**KNIGHT:** Oh, I think that Ohio State '60 team, and a couple of those UCLA teams, and that 1976 Indiana team, and probably the '56 San Francisco team, but I didn't see it play.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there a number of games won—a percentage—that constitutes a measure of success for you?

**KNIGHT:** No. I've never thought of it in those terms. Winning 20 games isn't it. Winning the league championship isn't it. It's being able to take a given season and look at it and see if we did as well as I thought we could.

**PLAYBOY:** Last season, you reached the final eight of the N.C.A.A. tournament



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with a team that was relatively inexperienced and was hampered by injuries. Was that a successful season?

**KNIGHT:** In the context of accomplishing what we had tried to accomplish in terms of goals, it was. However, over the course of the season, we had several opportunities that we did not make the most of—maybe four times. When I think of those things, the season wasn't successful. And as we go into a new season, that's what I'll have to change if this team's going to grow.

**PLAYBOY:** It sounds as if you go through life in a constant state of dissatisfaction.

**KNIGHT:** No, I don't think so. I don't attach the same process of evaluation to other things that I do to coaching basketball. If I go to a restaurant and order dinner and it's lousy, that doesn't spoil my evening. It's just a lousy dinner, so I don't eat it. Let's get on with what else we're going to do. But if we go to a basketball game and play a lousy game—yes, *that* spoils my evening.

**PLAYBOY:** For a lot of people, college basketball means color and pageantry; the game is part of a larger spectacle. Do you notice cheerleaders and bands?

**KNIGHT:** I think I notice the big picture. The cheerleaders have enthusiasm. But one of the great distractions of professional sports are the bump-and-grind girls they have. I think they detract immensely from the sport. There's no real enthusiasm there. It's like we're selling a picture of a naked gal on the cover of the Methodist hymnal.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying sports is religion?

**KNIGHT:** No, I'm just saying that religion stands in its own right, just as professional sports should. What the hell do you need sex for to see professional sports? I think that's demeaning to the sport. If I were involved in a professional franchise, the first thing I'd do is fire the girls. But there's a bouncy enthusiasm about bands and cheerleaders that I really enjoy.

**PLAYBOY:** During the game, are you aware of the crowd—whether it's for you or against you?

**KNIGHT:** No, I don't think so. I've tried to adopt an attitude since the very beginning that you can't be more relaxed at home or more tense on the road because of the crowd. You've got to reach a point equidistant between the two, so you play consistently no matter where you are. As long as I've coached, I haven't been very conscious of crowds—even at home, where we've had some great crowds that have been spontaneous beyond belief. I think maybe when a game's over I might say, "Our crowd was pretty good today" or "We had a bad crowd today," but that's all.

**PLAYBOY:** There's no subliminal response during the game?

**KNIGHT:** No, I really don't think so. When I first had to do public speaking, I learned to talk over the top of everybody's head—you know, instead of looking right at a person. If you do that, you can lose con-

centration. You know, if you happen to look at some good-looking girl sitting there [*laughs*] or a friend of yours, it can really break your concentration. So, I found very quickly that it didn't bother me to get up in public; it was almost as though I were talking to myself instead of: My God! There's 1000 people out there! And I think that's kind of the way that I've always thought about crowds in basketball. Whether it's 20,000 or whatever the hell it is, I'm just looking at the game, not what's going on around it.

**PLAYBOY:** You're so animated during the game, people assume that a lot of what you do is intentional—designed to deflect attention from the players onto you to take pressure off them.

**KNIGHT:** I don't think I've ever done *anything* like that. My whole theory of coaching and the physical presence that I have at a game is directed toward the game; toward encouraging a player, toward chastising him, whatever it might be. But it has no bearing at all on how I think the crowd might react. I think you would find, if there were some way that you could study it, that I'm no different at home or on the road insofar as my actions are con-

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*"One of the great  
distractions of professional  
sports are the  
bump-and-grind girls.  
There's no real  
enthusiasm there."*

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cerned. And I'm really not much different in games where we're ahead or behind or close or whatever.

**PLAYBOY:** So you're denying that any part of coaching is a performance art?

**KNIGHT:** Unless it's subconscious. I have never consciously tried to do anything like that. Some of my players may have said they think their coach distracts the crowd from them; if so, that's something that just happens. I can remember only one time ever consciously trying to stage something: It was my first year at Indiana, and I was trying to get a technical foul—

**PLAYBOY:** You had to try to get a technical foul?

**KNIGHT:** And the guy just refused to give it to me and I said to hell with that, that's the last time—

**PLAYBOY:** What did you do?

**KNIGHT:** Oh, I was out screaming and hollering, because I thought maybe it would get everybody going. It was such a ridiculous thing that I never made that attempt again. Any technical that I've gotten, I've gotten because of the spontaneity of the situation. I'm sure that I *have* reacted by not caring whether or not I got a technical

foul. You know, I may have thought the mistake was so severe that, damn it, I was going to say what the hell I thought no matter what.

**PLAYBOY:** Billy Packer, the CBS announcer, said that you work the officials, that you set up an official in the first half for something you're going to want in the second half.

**KNIGHT:** Let me tell you what I think about that: I think that's just so much bullshit; it gives a broadcaster a chance to talk about something. When I get on an official, it's because I think he's doing a lousy job. I don't have time to sit there and figure out how I can "work" an official. I've never done that. I have had games where I thought we had a poor official or a weak official, and I wanted to make damn sure he didn't go to sleep or that he was aware of what the hell he was doing. And, as a game progresses, I'm not going to sit there and say nothing about bad calls.

I figure this about officiating: I don't think there's an official in the country who knows as much about basketball as I do. Not even close. Or as much as any other coach knows. And when I've got a complaint, I want it listened to. I've seen an official not watch for traveling; I've seen him watch the flight of the ball instead of the shooter's hand afterward—whether or not he gets hit. I think that basketball officiating is tough, but I don't think there are very many officials who know how to watch logically from one to two to three to four to five in a given position on the floor. And when I see somebody violate the logical progression of what he should be looking for, then I'm going to let him know about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever feel bad about causing a guy embarrassment or berating him too much?

**KNIGHT:** If I've made a mistake, I have said so a number of times.

**PLAYBOY:** Because of your knowledge of the game, and your record, you have been called a genius. How do you react to that?

**KNIGHT:** I'm not sure what a genius is. I once heard a guy describe a genius as a queer who can whistle while he works.

**PLAYBOY:** What else might a genius be?

**KNIGHT:** I don't know. I don't know what your definition is. I would think that it would have to be a guy who is able to do things mentally that other people are really incapable of doing, and in that context, I am absolutely not a genius. I would not qualify in any way for it. I'm not able to do things mathematically; the sciences, chemistry, physics are like foreign languages to me.

**PLAYBOY:** Perhaps people who are geniuses in those fields would find it impossible to analyze the movements of ten rather large people in a confined area—

**KNIGHT:** I don't think it takes a genius to do that. I don't think that's a word that's applicable to coaching.

**PLAYBOY:** What word would apply?

**KNIGHT:** Studious, flexible, analytical. But



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not genius.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever wonder how you would have done if you had devoted yourself to some other field?

**KNIGHT:** I don't know. This may be the only thing in the world I can do.

**PLAYBOY:** For someone of your intelligence, is there any continuing challenge in trying to win basketball games? Do you ever wonder what you're doing devoting your life to this one game?

**KNIGHT:** Well, I don't know. I really enjoy the idea of being able to do what I want to do a lot of the time, and coaching basketball permits that. I enjoy being able to go to Montana in the summer and spend a month fishing by myself, with a friend or with one of my kids. I enjoy having a job where I'm expected to do something, and as long as I do it, nobody cares when I'm there or how often. I think basketball simply affords me an opportunity to do the things I like to do *other* than basketball—and I think that's why I do it. Besides, as I said, I don't know whether I'd be any good at anything else. It seems I've been fairly good at this, so I keep doing it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you crave victory?

**KNIGHT:** No, what I have is a great desire for excellence, and it doesn't include victory. Winning is a by-product of playing well. On the other hand, I have a very, very low level of tolerance for anything that *isn't* good in terms of our play.

**PLAYBOY:** But to press you on an earlier question, do you ever wonder what it matters, in the larger scheme of things, if 12 guys who happen to be on the Indiana basketball team play well?

**KNIGHT:** Well, it *doesn't* matter. It doesn't matter at all, except I'm in charge of those 12 guys and it matters a hell of a lot to me. I mean, what I care about is what I'm in charge of, and they've placed me in charge of coaching basketball at Indiana, so, damn it, we're going to play it as well as we can play it. And I don't think I've ever lost perspective that this has to mean something to the *kid*, far beyond how many points he scored or how many rebounds he got. But if you were to check over the kids who have played for me over the years, there aren't any of them on relief anywhere, and there aren't any of them as social burdens anywhere, and there aren't any of them who don't have good jobs. I mean, they've done extraordinarily well.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever think that you might want to use your ability to lead and influence people to something bigger, such as politics?

**KNIGHT:** At one time, I thought I might like to go into politics, but what I would like to be is appointed to a job and not have to run for it. I don't want any obligations. You know, I want somebody to say, "All right, we're going to appoint you the United States Senator from Indiana." I don't want to go through all the garbage of elections.

**PLAYBOY:** But as an appointed Senator, what would you do if you had to be on the Senate floor for an early vote—even though that is when you usually fish?

**KNIGHT:** See, that's why I am content with what I'm doing. I've never, never said I thought there was something bigger, or broader, on the horizon for me. How long I'll coach, I don't know. But once I quit coaching, I'll continue to live just as I do.

**PLAYBOY:** And if you never have another intellectual challenge that's satisfying?

**KNIGHT:** I don't need intellectual challenges. I really don't. I have an intellectual challenge in deciding what fly I should use this afternoon on the river. Now, that's a challenge that exists only between me and the fish, and not another soul knows about it; but if I walk off the river figuring I whipped that challenge, then I feel pretty good.

**PLAYBOY:** In 1981, you almost quit; you were close to being burned out. You even considered leaving Indiana to work for CBS.

**KNIGHT:** I think that you're wrong about that. I don't think that I've ever been close to being burned out. I've seen that phrase bandied about by coaches and people in the business, and I'm not sure exactly what it means. The only thing that I did was give serious consideration to going into the television end of basketball, because it would allow me to do something different. It was still an association with college basketball, only going about it in a different way.

**PLAYBOY:** Why didn't you do it? What changed your mind?

**KNIGHT:** I had a long talk with Ara Parseghian. He's a guy for whom I have tremendous respect. He told me that he thought I should quit coaching first, not quit coaching to do something else. He said that I should quit, sit around and see what I wanted to do, then go do it, because that would be the only way I would know that I'd truly had enough of coaching.

**PLAYBOY:** In other words, it was a matter of being interested in the potential television job; you weren't tired of coaching.

**KNIGHT:** The job really intrigued me. It would have been an excellent time for me to get out of coaching, if that's what I wanted to do, because we'd just won the N.C.A.A. championship and things were in pretty good shape. We had good players coming back. It was going to be a good team the next year for whoever took over. I didn't have any qualms about leaving because of that. But I changed my mind.

**PLAYBOY:** Television pays nicely, but so does coaching. It's said that Eddie Sutton at Arkansas makes \$1,000,000 a year. Compared with the rest of the faculty, are college coaches overpaid?

**KNIGHT:** When we look at a total university structure, the job with the least security of all is either the football coach's or the basketball coach's. In very few cases does either have tenure. He has to win. You

don't have to produce X number of A students if you're a chemistry professor. You don't have to produce a Rhodes scholar every five years if you're an English-literature professor. There aren't any requirements there. But a coach is paid to win. I mean, you can cut it any way you want it. You can talk about athletics and all the altruistic motives that we can attach to athletic participation—and there are a lot. But purely from a standpoint of retaining his job, a coach is going to do it if he wins. And because of that pressure, because of what a successful team means to a university in terms of fund raising and alumni involvement, a coach is worth what he's paid. I've told our people that I'd love the 15 percent each year of what basketball takes in over and above what it was taking in when I came here.

**PLAYBOY:** What would that amount to?

**KNIGHT:** It would amount to enough so you wouldn't have to write anymore and I wouldn't have to coach anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** Are we talking about millions a year?

**KNIGHT:** Yeah. We're talking about a lot of money. Television revenue. When I came to Indiana, we were getting \$2000 a game. Now we're getting about \$18,000 a game, plus all the other national-TV games and everything else that we have. We were averaging about 6000 people per game and now we're selling about 17,000 tickets per game. I mean, it's astronomical.

**PLAYBOY:** All right: Besides being a nice business, what is coaching?

**KNIGHT:** Coaching is motivation. Coaching is leadership. Coaching is, are you going to get the guys to attack the river? Some of them are going to get killed, but we *got* to go attack the river. So I've got to figure out how to get them to do that. Coaching is basically understanding human nature. Human nature is, very simply, this: Human nature—for you, for me, for anybody—dictates to us that we do what we have to get by. So we got to beat human nature's ass, first of all. We got to go beyond just getting by. And if we can do that, then we got a chance to be successful as a team. So I got to understand that.

Then the next thing I got to do is get these players to play harder than they think they can play. I got to get them to work harder than they think they can work. John Ritter, who played on my first team at Indiana, said something about my approach to coaching that will never be topped. He said, "Well, Bobby Knight just gets us to play better than we ever thought we could play." I could never have anything nicer said about what I'm trying to do. And in any leadership role, you're trying to get people to be better than they think they can be. You're trying to get people to work harder than they ever thought they could work. You're trying to get people to reach within themselves. Leadership. You're trying to get a guy to do something he doesn't want to do—and to do it well. That's what

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**PLAYBOY:** What doesn't a person want to do on a basketball court?

**KNIGHT:** Dive onto the floor for a loose ball. Get down in a defensive stance and just scratch and scramble and work like hell to keep the guy from getting the basketball. Block out on every shot. Take nothing but good shots. Make good passes. There are all kinds of things guys don't want to do.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the most fulfilling thing about the job? You've said it's *not* winning games.

**KNIGHT:** No. Who cares about that? If you do what you have to do and do it right, you're going to win. The single most fulfilling thing about coaching has been kids who have played for us coming back to watch us play again. There isn't anything that pleases me more than to look into the stands before a game and see one of our former players there.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**KNIGHT:** Because it's got to have meant something to *him* if he's coming back to watch us play. Now, that doesn't happen a lot of places.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that something you consciously strive for?

**KNIGHT:** Well, I encourage them to come back. We try to make them feel they're always a part of the team. And if you take the time to notice in our locker room—as Sherlock Holmes once told Watson, "Everybody sees but few perceive"—

**PLAYBOY:** We saw: You have the names of all your former players on plaques in the lockers they used.

**KNIGHT:** You're one of those few assholes Sherlock Holmes was talking about who perceive.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about the toughest issue in professional sports today: Do you understand what all the drug abuse is about?

**KNIGHT:** I think I may understand what's going on through players I played with or against—far longer than anybody. I remember once we had a representative from an N.B.A. office come into a Big Ten meeting. Just off the top of my head, I'd say it was five years ago. The guy started talking about how there was no drug problem in the N.B.A., that they policed it. I got up and walked out. Wayne Duke [the Big Ten commissioner] asked me where I was going, and I said, "I'm not going to sit here and listen to that idiot insult our intelligence about the lack of a drug problem in the N.B.A." Each coach had brought two players with him, and instead of standing up and telling those kids what the hell it was all about, what really happens, giving them examples of how many guys screwed up their careers because of drugs, this idiot was up there telling us there was *no* drug problem. I said, "I don't need this. I'll be back when he's done."

**PLAYBOY:** So do you understand why drug abuse is so widespread?

**KNIGHT:** I think that what you have, very simply, is players having too much money and too much time. It becomes a social thing and a status thing. Money is a problem for most people who want to purchase drugs. It's not a problem for the professional basketball player.

**PLAYBOY:** But do you think it's as detrimental and as terrible—

**KNIGHT:** Absolutely. There isn't anything good about it. There isn't anything that should be tolerated about it. I'd like to be in charge of drug administration for about a month.

**PLAYBOY:** What would you do?

**KNIGHT:** Well, I would be tough. Let's just leave it at that.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you like to be head of the Drug Enforcement Administration?

**KNIGHT:** For about a month.

**PLAYBOY:** What would you do?

**KNIGHT:** I would go at trying to wipe the thing out. I wouldn't stop boats; I'd *sink* them. I mean, I'd do a lot of things first and ask questions later.

**PLAYBOY:** If you were running the N.B.A., what would you do about drug users?

**KNIGHT:** I think that there are situations where the first thing you try to do is cure the problem. It can be treated as an illness like any other. Alcohol abuse is an illness. Drug abuse is an illness. As to involvement in anything other than use—such as possession with intent to distribute any drug in any way—if it were up to me, the player would be disbarred for life from playing in the N.B.A.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you personally ever tried a drug to see what it was?

**KNIGHT:** No, no.

**PLAYBOY:** Not even in college?

**KNIGHT:** Never, like in capital fucking *never!*

**PLAYBOY:** Why have things changed? Do you feel today's players are different from those in your day?

**KNIGHT:** No, I don't think so. Drugs just weren't available then. Alcohol was available. I think as many players had problems with alcohol then as have problems with drugs today. Drugs in this generation are just a substitute for the alcoholism when I was growing up.

**PLAYBOY:** Apart from drugs, do you find athletes today any different from the athletes of 15 or 20 years ago?

**KNIGHT:** No. But I think that the *coaches* and the *adults* are different. I think the people in charge of athletes have changed. Athletes under the right direction are willing to work as hard, put as much effort forth, as they ever were. But the people who administer the athletes are less demanding. Teachers as a whole have changed—the scope of education is far less demanding today than it was 20 years ago—and that's a tragic mistake.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did it happen?

**KNIGHT:** If I holler and shout at you, chances are you're going to back down. So when kids hollered and shouted, administrations backed down instead of throwing

them the hell out of school. Most people want to avoid conflict. People for centuries have been able to bully and buffalo their way through things simply by hollering and shouting. So many times, we acquiesced to student demands—to the point where you don't have to attend class today. You can dress any way you want to when you come to class. I teach one class and I tell them on the first day that if they want to wear a hat, they'd better not wear it in there. If they want to go barefoot, don't do it in my class. You don't wear shoes, you don't get in the classroom. You cut one class, it's a C. You cut two classes, it's failure.

**PLAYBOY:** Which class?

**KNIGHT:** I teach a course in coaching. And I say, "Don't tell me about university regulations, because we go by *my* regulations here." And if the university doesn't like those regulations, it can tell me not to teach the course.

**PLAYBOY:** How many students are in your class?

**KNIGHT:** Oh, I've had up to 100 and down to 50.

**PLAYBOY:** How many fail?

**KNIGHT:** I don't think anybody fails. People cut class, they drop it. They drop out before they can fail. They could all get A's as far as I'm concerned.

**PLAYBOY:** We talked earlier about your military heroes. Who are your sports heroes?

**KNIGHT:** Ted Williams.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**KNIGHT:** Because of a lot of things. Williams said that his goal in life was to walk down the street and hear somebody say, "There goes the greatest hitter that ever lived." And he just worked at that. And I doubt if anyone else in athletics has ever taken one thing and worked as hard at it as Williams did. Now, Williams is a guy who's got great hand-eye coordination. If I'm not mistaken, he still has one of the highest, if not the highest, visual scores ever recorded on the Naval Aviation physical exam. And Williams was his own man. He went about doing his thing the best way he could do it, the way he understood it best. He was also a great philanthropist when he played with the Red Sox. I've had guys tell me all kinds of stories about things that Williams did that he never wanted anybody else to know about. But he was crucified by the press for all kinds of things by people who really didn't know what he was like.

**PLAYBOY:** When you, like Ted Williams, walk down the street in five or ten years, what do you want people to say about you?

**KNIGHT:** Well, a friend of mine, John Flynn, once asked me, "What do you want as an epitaph?" And I said I'd be very happy if they cut on my tombstone: HE WAS HONEST AND HE DIDN'T KISS ANYBODY'S ASS.





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Then we spent \$15 million to change it.

The money went for a brand-new brewhouse where beer could be made by a centuries-old method called fire-brewing.

Two hundred years ago, practically all beers were brewed over direct fire. But as American brewers turned to steam heat to cut costs, fire-brewing died out.

Then Julius Stroh visited the breweries of Europe.

He found the best beers were still brewed over direct fire. They tasted smoother, more flavorful.

So, he decided, his family's beer would be fire-

brewed—even though it cost more.

We also brew Schaefer, Old Milwaukee, Schlitz, Schlitz Malt Liquor and other fine beers to the same uncompromising standards of

quality, in a variety of ways. But it's the unique character of fire-brewed Stroh's and Stroh Light that has helped us become America's third-largest brewer.

Sometimes, looking backwards is the best way to get ahead.



## STROH

We haven't lost the family touch.

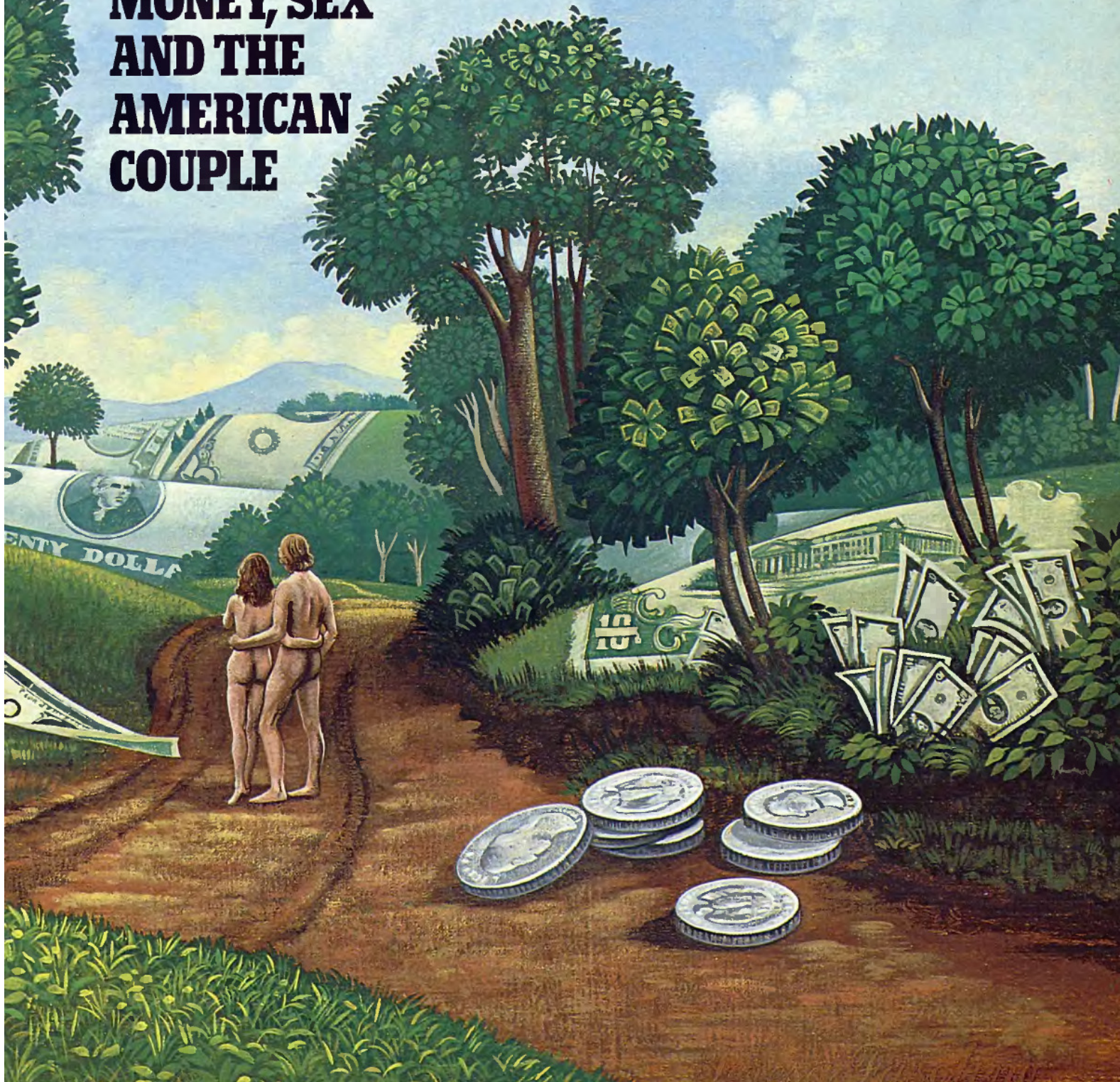
America's premier fire-brewed beers come from the copper kettles of Stroh.



**essay By D. KEITH MANO** MONEY, I needn't remind you, is a potent, launch-on-warning aphrodisiac. Why d' you think men keep condoms in their wallet? A male can add one inch below for every extra \$100,000 or so of income—I mean, it's called long green, isn't it? PLAYBOY's exhaustive sex survey (March 1983) showed that "the more money a man makes, the more likely he is to have an affair." Hotel room, silver fox, fake mustache, prostate massage: All that offshore drilling is expensive. And from another installment of the survey (July 1983): Men who earn more are also more apt to manage at least one *ménage à trois*. I know I'm more attractive with a \$100 bill stuck in each ear. The connection between cash power and sexual success has been understood since first that sentence "He gasped and spent himself on her body" was written. Those aren't sperm you ejaculate. Those are tiny nickels.

For women, too, money is a sap raiser. The survey (October 1983) uncovered this intriguing datum: "Almost three times as many of the women who *always* climax as those who *never* climax make \$40,000 or more." Income can impart confidence—and, it would seem, a legally tenderer clitoris. Money relaxes women: Successful performance at the office will carry over into bed. There is more physical self-assurance, as well. Tulane psychiatry professor James A. Knight has said, "The drive to accumulate money is a special form of the need

## **MONEY, SEX AND THE AMERICAN COUPLE** *a state-of-the-union message on the real domestic economy*



# THE DOW JONES EMOTIONALS

30 issues on which relationships rise and fall

By PHILIP BLUMSTEIN and PEPPER SCHWARTZ

## HOUSEHOLD WAYS AND MEANS

1. The most common fights between couples are about money management—and they're most hotly contended when there's a difference between means and desires. This is especially true when money is tight but one half of the partnership insists on the right to spend it as he or she sees fit. For example, Harry gets his pay check and immediately spends it on his car. He says, "I earned it, right? Damned if I'm not going to get some fun out of it." Fair enough, except that his wife was counting on that money to pay the plumber's bill.

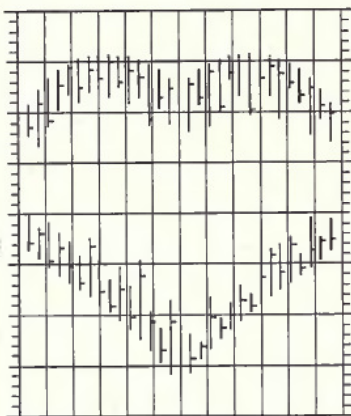
2. The second most common fight is over whether to spend or to save. One person wants to live it up; the other sees rainy days in the future. The person who wants to spend feels that his or her partner's reluctance to use money is not only a spoilsport reaction, it's also a vote of no confidence in his or her continued earning capacity. On the other hand, the partner who wants to save feels unsafe with a spendthrift partner.

3. Common fight number three is when partners are not equally comfortable about the amount of debt they're willing to carry. Harry thinks a bank card is an invitation to carry a large balance on it every month. His wife isn't bothered by a few hundred dollars' being carried over but balks when the numbers start to rise higher. They share their credit rating, so she doesn't accede to his style of debt.

4. Even when people agree on a general approach to saving, they can still butt up against each other's financial philosophies. If money is to be saved, the next question is, How? Women tend to be more conservative about investments and are partial to C.D.s, money-market accounts, even passbook accounts. Men are more likely to think that oil wells and finding a fixer-upper property are the ways to go. A couple may resist each other's plans—especially when she reminds him about los-

ing his money on gas exploration and he tells her what he thinks of her buying WHOOPS bonds.

5. Decisions over who will keep the checkbook and manage the budget can erupt into serious battles and hard feelings. Sometimes a man fights to be the only one who knows what money has come in and what has gone out. This makes the woman crazy, because she doesn't know how much money they have and can't make informed money-related decisions. She feels like a child. When she wants to be a grownup, he resists. Problems also arise if she does keep the checkbook but is constantly under surveillance and is really just a



clerk without any decision-making power. She may think she's a trusted partner until he summarily reverses one of her budget decisions. Suddenly, she feels like an employee rather than a partner, and she feels humiliated. There are other perils in this arena. Let's say she's the bookkeeper and gives him an allowance. One day, he

asks for money and she says, "Sorry, we can't afford that." He says, "That's impossible. I am a good provider. You must be a bad manager." She's insulted—especially if she's been a genius at making each of their dollars go for ten. But if he has never been to the supermarket, he can't understand where all the money has gone. They live in different worlds, and each thinks the other is being unreasonable.

6. Couples often quarrel over record keeping. This is a little issue that may surface around tax time. "What do you mean you have no receipts?" he gasps. A person who is a bookkeeper at heart, linked with a free spirit, is headed for some smoldering encounters.

7. Monetary independence is a crucial issue in couples' money management. In a household where one or both are never allowed to have "private," unaccounted-for money, guerrilla warfare (continued on page 146)

for possession. It is made possible by the social function of money. The need to accumulate money becomes an aspect of bodily narcissism, and fear of its loss is like fear of bodily injury."

I know this topless dancer, an otherwise respectable wife and mother, who has envelope after envelope, each filled with \$1000, under her mattress. Sylvia spent \$2500 for a silicone inflation, \$1500 more on tooth bonding, more yet on plastic surgery. For her, cash is almost a prosthesis. "I'm going to get collagen implants if necessary. Then a face-and-neck lift. Whatever it takes. The money makes me feel secure. I want—I have—to be sexually alluring. Even when I'm 60. It turns me on. I'd go crazy if I lost that."

But what about couples? Well, for them there is no such thing as petty cash. Relationships, we find, are credited, debited, balanced or Chapter 11ed by the household spondulics. (Only sex, another form of, um, double-entry bookkeeping, is more critical.) And when you talk about couples, you mean Philip Blumstein and Pepper Schwartz. They collaborated, of course, on a magisterial study—*American Couples: Money, Work, Sex*. I'll give you a statistical M60 burst. B. and S. got lengthy questionnaires back (12,000) from enough paired people (heterosexual, gay, lesbian) almost to repopulate Lawrence, Kansas, the day after. Then they interviewed another 300 or so in detail. For our purpose, I'll isolate the heterosexual material, though their gay-and-lesbian print-out is also fascinating.

Heterosexual couples are—what else?—either married or cohabiting. B. and S. studied about 3600 of the former, 650 of the latter. They make one further distinction: They divide marriage into "institutional" and "voluntary." Institutional equals religious, child-rearing, sacramental. Voluntary equals an open-ended relationship (which, though legal, is closer to cohabitation) that doesn't necessarily presume till death do us part.

I'm into institutional marriage myself. If you count Mother, I've been wed 41.9 years out of 42. I've done time. But my two non-Oedipal marriages are probably quite indicative, as far as that troublesome male-female financial balance sheet is concerned. My first was, I thought, a benevolent patriarchy: Jo just happened to be on the dole—my dole. I have since understood what a squamous attitude I had. In my second marriage, to Laurie, I've been going Dutch: Our budget is pretty much copaid. As I read through the literature, I realize that my field trip from Sixties *macho* to Eighties splitto could be considered a useful synecdoche for our national progress.


Money can make us uncomfortable. Conversation about it, we sense, is as tasteless as a plastic souvenir from Graceland. (continued on page 149)



*"Why your gamekeeper and not your chauffeur, Lady Chatterley?"*

# \$UCCE\$\$ \$TORIE\$

*in which three  
bold, bright, beautiful  
entrepreneurs show  
how to succeed  
in business with  
out-and-out  
trying*



**F**UNNY HOW strong personalities jump right out at a camera. Pam McCann—the fluffy one—smiles shyly and faces the lens with an earnest blink of long sable lashes. Linda Delgado—the one with the electric eyes—laughs wildly and challenges the photographer to catch her at it, but the shutter speed to match her hasn't been invented yet. Diane McDonald—the savvy, deliberate one—sizes up the camera and dares it to catch her off guard.

These three young women make a lot of decisions, earn a lot of money, wear a lot of diamonds and turn a lot of heads. Through wit and strength of will, they have jumped to the top of professions in which men normally do all the climbing. And if living well is the best revenge, they've been taking their vengeance for some time now.

There are many shapes of success. Here are three of the best.

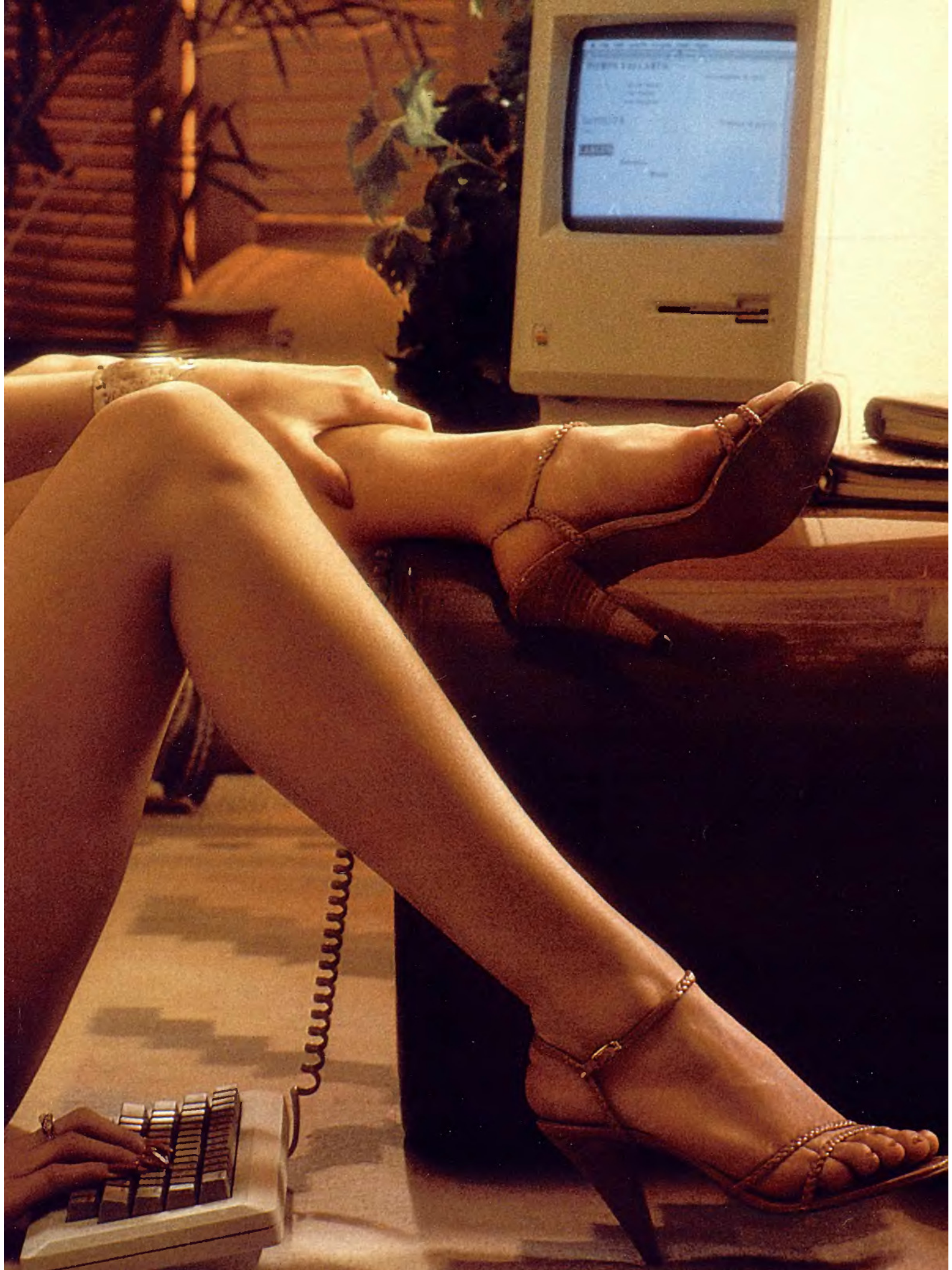
**PAM MC CANN:** Born 3/23/61. Vice-president of Greenworks, a Houston floral-design company. Went to Houston from Akron, Ohio, in 1981. Sold roses on street corners her first day in town; now supplies flora for the mayor's office, major hotels and half of southeast Texas.  
**Secret:** "We have the best design staff."  
**Net Worth:** "Many thousands of flowers."  
**Evaluation of Flowers in Our Pictorial:** "Not as good as mine."

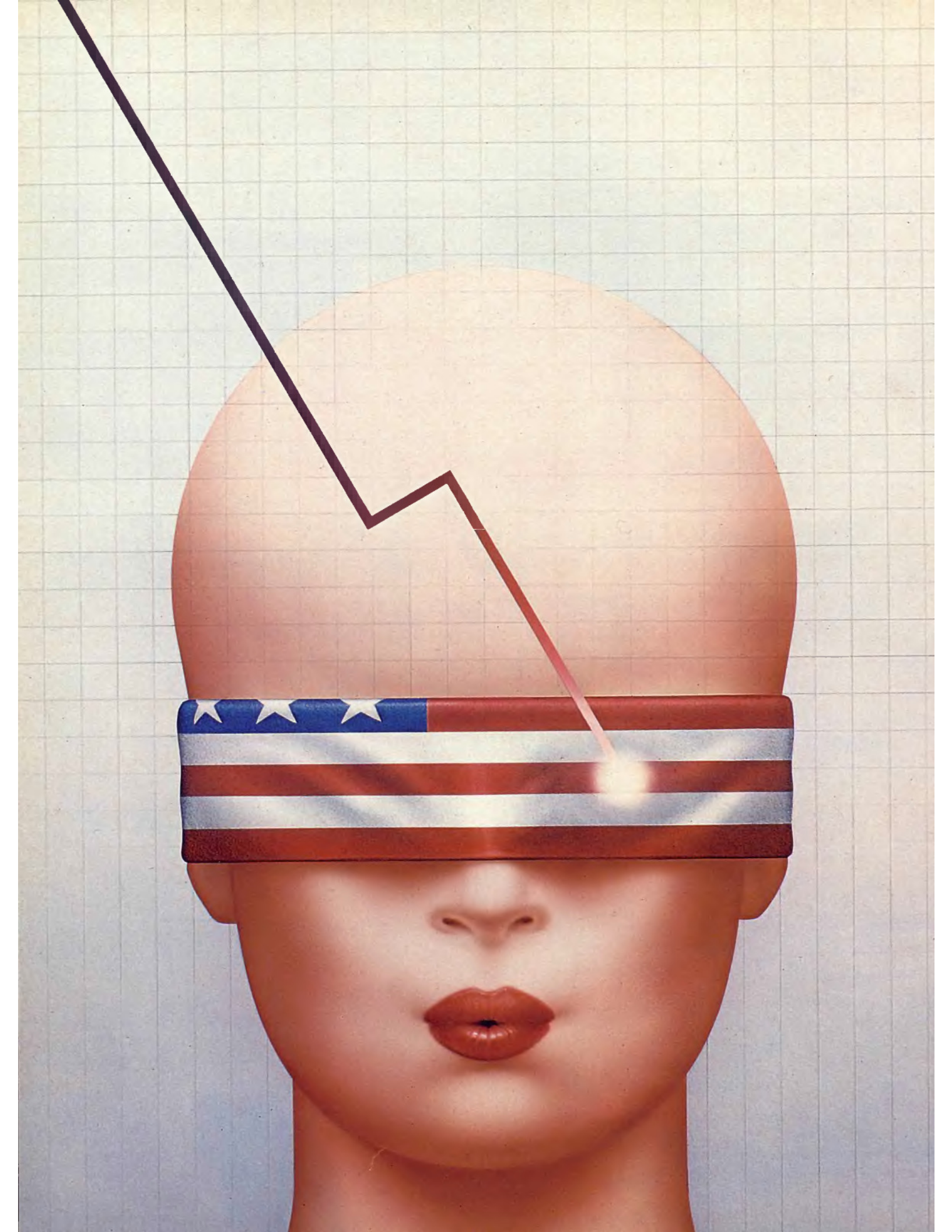




**LINDA DELGADO:** Born 11/21/61. President of Incentive Travel, Inc., of Lake Oswego, Oregon—specializing in luxury vacations.  
*Motto:* "You want a jet? A villa in Mexico with 50 rooms, a pool and a grand piano? No problem."  
*Net Worth:* "Let's just say I made \$40,000 at 18. It's more now."  
*Philosophy:* "Be yourself. Push."







ALL RIGHT, all right, I know that George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* hasn't come true! The world isn't divided into three superpowers, Oceania, Eurasia and Eastasia, that battle one another constantly. No Big Brother hangs over Great Britain; no telescreens watch its citizens. Nineteen eighty-four is still scary, but in a way different from Orwell's prediction. I further know that it's hazardous enough for an author, let alone a politician, to forecast a dire future. He who speaks with the aid of a crystal ball usually ends up eating ground glass.

Yet a view of a future toward which trends are taking us can be a powerful tool in keeping it from happening. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* was a warning as well as a prediction and, thus, served a very important role. Because we create our futures by our choices, predictions can help sound alarms. The future is to be created; it's not a fixed result that we inherit. If it is predictable, it is preventable. "Trend," said René Dubos, "is never destiny."

I am not a pessimist by nature. Life has been very good to me. But in the ten years that I have been governor of Colorado, the American people have seen a massive change in our economy and a massive loss of our wealth. In 1965, the year before I was elected to the state legislature, one U.S. corporation, General Motors, earned twice as much income as the 30 largest German industrial corporations and the 30 largest Japanese corporations combined. By 1980, G.M. had reported a loss. In 1965, U.S. industrial corporations with sales of more than a billion dollars represented 70 percent of all such companies in the world. By 1980, that figure had fallen to 40 percent. In 1975,

# 1994 A PREDICTION

*the man who said we have a duty to die now tells why we may want to*

*opinion by*

**RICHARD D. LAMM**

**Governor of Colorado**

my first year as governor, the U.S. had a trade surplus; in 1983, we had a 61-billion-dollar trade deficit. Simply put, this country is rapidly losing its wealth. A more besieged America has evolved, and politicians must adjust their agendas to its new realities.

I believe we are now heading toward a gloomy future filled with major economic, political and social traumas, and it's not that we can't alter that trend but that we *won't*. Thus, we're careening toward disasters of our own making.

The oil disruptions of the Seventies and the inflation and recession we experienced weren't isolated incidents but a preview of the future. We live in a time during which some awesome forces are converging. Multiple problems will multiply. There is a gathering storm in the world as infinite needs run into finite resources.

It is my contention that there are no easy solutions, that our country's problems can be solved only by a series of very, very hard choices—and that our political system is not used to making those choices. In the U.S., politicians have traditionally been able to spend entire careers distributing a growing pie; thus, they're good at distributing pleasure but not at allocating pain.

But the future will not allow us to continue to ignore these hard problems. They won't get better, they'll get worse—unless attacked immediately. Because most of them are taken to the political market place for resolution, there is no better time than an election year to discuss them. I challenge all the candidates, in both parties, to confront these problems now. We cannot afford to wait.

What follow are my own best-guess predictions about where certain political, social and economic forces are taking us. I have borrowed a technique from Orwell, whose book projected 35 years into the future to help us conceive the inconceivable. In this case, I have merely added ten years to his date. One reviewer of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* said, "It is the most terrifying warning that man has ever uttered."

But I'm afraid I have to add a few terrifying warnings of my own.

#### THE U.S. ECONOMY

*I predict that by 1994, interest rates will have risen to 25 percent at least twice, gold will have hit \$2000 an ounce or more and inflation will have roared back to double-digit numbers at least twice. We will see a Depressionlike economic trauma before 1994.*

As a society, we've been committing acts of political and economic malpractice. In his first 1000 days in office, Ronald Reagan has increased the national debt of the United States by half. The U.S. Government is borrowing approximately 30 cents of every dollar it spends. Our nation-

al debt is projected to grow from 1.4 trillion dollars in 1983 to two and a half trillion dollars in 1989. Democratic Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York warns that if Reagan serves a second term, his projected budgets will nearly triple the national debt in his eight years. In other words, he will add twice as much to the deficit as his 38 predecessors did over 195 years.

That fiscal insanity is by no means all Reagan's fault, however; Congress must accept its share of responsibility. It is clear to me that the question isn't *which* political party can offer a way out of these tumultuous times but whether *either* party can. The Republicans can't say no to military spending and the Democrats can't say no to social spending. Together, they're repeating all the mistakes of the Sixties, attempting to give us both guns and butter. Before long, though, we'll have to pay for our excesses. We're living on a store of wealth built up by past generations, but the joy ride is coming to an end. Our economy, rich as it has been, can take only so much abuse.

It is axiomatic in politics that the earlier one addresses a problem, the more the alternatives and the easier the solutions. By not adequately attacking the deficit situation in 1984, we will be facing an undercut economy in 1985, after the Presidential election. The Federal deficit is a sword of Damocles hanging by a thread over the national economy. The U.S. is clearly going to have to cut the rate of spending *and* increase taxes. The solution isn't either but both. Whoever is elected next November will face a deteriorating economy and will ask himself, "Was it worth it?"

*By 1994, the seemingly irresistible force of Federal spending will have run into the new reality of the static economic pie.*

A static economic pie? Hasn't the U.S. always had a growing economy? Actually, family income in this country essentially has not grown since 1973. All wages, wage increases and benefits since 1975 have been wiped out by inflation, and in 1980, the average American saw a five-and-a-half-percent loss in real income. I predict that we will see our economy continue to gyrate between periods of hyperinflation and periods of deep recession. Furthermore, I believe that one of the most difficult political problems we will face between now and 1994 will be the new responsibility of politicians to allocate not abundance but scarcity.

For at the same time we have a static economic pie, we also have exploding demands. We built up such systems as Social Security, Medicare and Federal pensions in a time of a growing economy as though the boom would continue forever. Many other systems are built on

similarly faulty assumptions. The intermediate requirements of the Social Security Administration (SSA) assume a nonstop growth in real wages of one and a half percent a year (substantially above what we have averaged in the past 15 years); they also assume an increase in the birth rate from the current 1.8 children per woman to 2.1 children and a steady five and a half percent unemployment rate after 1995. The SSA also assumes that there will be little growth in life expectancy despite the fact that that prediction flies in the face of America's experience over the past 50 years. I believe all of those assumptions will be proved wrong. Social Security is already facing a multitrillion-dollar imbalance over the next 75 years.

Thus, we have made promises and raised expectations beyond our ability as a society to deliver. I believe that America's systems are now out of control. We all know about the 1.4-trillion-dollar debt and the 184-billion-dollar annual deficit. As of 1983, the *unfunded* liabilities of Social Security stand at 5.1 trillion dollars, which, of course, is not considered in the 1.4-trillion-dollar national debt. Unfunded military pensions, in this society in which a typical enlisted man will retire from the Service at 39 and an officer at 43, amount to another 500 billion dollars. Pensions are forever: The U.S. still pays pensions to widows of Civil War veterans. The Federal Civil Service system's unfunded liability is another 500 billion dollars, which we will have to pay off in the future. Additionally, it is estimated that Medicare will be 97 billion dollars in debt in 1995; on top of all that is at least another trillion dollars that we will owe just to keep up our infrastructure, which is now rapidly deteriorating.

Consider the numbers: Our systems are not only actuarially unsound, they are a chain letter to the future.

*By 1994, it will have become clear that the U.S. is a country in liquidation.*

Last year's trade deficit was 61 billion dollars. Next year's is projected to far exceed that. The U.S. has learned to buy abroad but not to sell abroad.

It appears likely that our country will continue to lose its place in the international economy. We have gone from 30 percent of the world gross national product in 1970 to just over 20 percent in 1980, and that trend continues. The U.S. has seen its industries lose their competitive edge in the world market place and has seen trade deficits skyrocket. Even those industries in which the U.S. remains dominant, such as agriculture and aircraft production, are under very heavy attack. Robert Reich of Harvard has pointed out that during the Seventies, our share of world sales declined by 23 percent while every other industrialized nation except Great Britain maintained or expanded its

*(continued on page 94)*



*"I suddenly don't give a damn if Friday ever comes!"*

# LONG, TALL COOLERS



*drink* By EMANUEL GREENBERG **S**ummer's here, with its beach action, poolside horseplay and weekend sojourns to the country for some well-earned R&R. That's the good news. The bad news is swelter and sizzle. How does one overcome? The same way as before the world became air-conditioned—with frequent infusions of tall, frosty coolers liberally laced with compatible spirits. Mention tall-and-frosty concoctions and one's thoughts, of course, turn to gin and tonic, vodka and fruit juice or light rum and cola—the classics. But those clear-white spirits are extremely versatile and lend themselves gracefully to any number of quenching quaffs. So why restrict your pleasure to a few old reliables, inviting though they are, when there's such a wealth of exuberant alternatives? Astute mixologists brighten their offerings with exotic syrups and mixers, ripe seasonal fruits or berries and invoke uncommon spirits when opportune. Add a decent blender, a mechanical ice crusher, plus ice, and you're ready to qualify for your M.S.—master of summer drinks. There's a knack to operating a blender. The first imperative is don't overblend, as it warms the contents of the container. Also, there are times when you want a slightly grainy texture rather than total smoothness. If some elements in the mix resist liquefaction, shut off the motor; the solids will settle at the bottom, close to the blades. Then rev up again *(concluded on page 90)*

*a roundup of whistle wetters for  
those who like their summertime  
liquidity lean and lanky*



"you mean," he said, "that I can make one hour with her seem like five?"

# THE TIME EXCHANGE

*fiction*

By **DAMON KNIGHT**

SHE WAS HALF his age, a cool young woman whose green eyes he could not read. He had never known anyone remotely like her.

His name was Bryce Cromartin—Bryce Cromartin III, in fact, though he had dropped the Roman numeral, as too ostentatious, years ago. He had a house in Marblehead, a condominium on Beacon Hill and a summer place on the Cape. Her name was Vicki Mahoney; they had met in his lawyer's office, where she was a typist.

She would never allow him to take her home; she said she lived with her invalid mother. They met once a week, on Fridays, for an hour: It was the only time she could get away, she said. He gave her little presents, nothing in bad taste—a slim gold chain with a ruby, a diamond clip. Then somewhat larger presents, but she refused to meet him more often.

In his usual foursome on Wednesday, Jack and Larry were talking about a new place called The Time Exchange. "It seems they can really make the time go by faster or slower," said Jack. "Ed Vandermeer told me he tried it for a dentist's appointment. A root canal. He said it was all over before he knew it."

"But can they really give you *more* time?" Cromartin asked.

"Yes, they bottle it somehow."

The image that rose in Cromartin's mind was that of Vicki, sprawled in delicious abandon. He looked up the place in the phone book and went there the next day.

The Time Exchange was in a seedy

part of town, but the establishment itself looked modern and new. Around the corner, at another entrance, a line of derelicts stood waiting.

Inside, it was like a doctor's office—potted shrubs in redwood boxes, chrome and brass. A young man came forward alertly. "May I help you?"

"Well, I'm not quite sure. Those men I saw around the corner—are they—"

They were time donors, the young man said, but *that* was not for Cromartin. The best plan for him, he thought, would be the deposit-and-withdrawal system: Cromartin would deposit unwanted time by means of a little canister taped behind his ear, which he would bring back to The Time Exchange for processing; then, when he wanted time, he could withdraw it from his own account.

"No—well, perhaps later—but I was thinking of, ah, having it for tomorrow."

In that case, said the young man with an understanding smile, the Exchange had certain clients, perfectly respectable people, who left time on deposit for sale to others, and that time, which was of the highest quality, could be purchased at a very reasonable rate.

He spread out a schedule for Cromartin's inspection. The fees were graduated according to a factor system that Cromartin at first found confusing.

"Then you mean," he said, "that if I spend an hour somewhere and the factor is five, it will actually seem like *five* hours?"

Exactly so, said the young man. The fee

was a little stiff, as a matter of fact, but Cromartin paid it. Thereupon, a smiling young woman in a nurse's uniform took him into a back room and showed him how to attach the gleaming little canister behind his ear and how to work the little slide that turned it on. Another employee wrapped the canister for him and the young man bowed him out.

All day Friday, Cromartin was in a sweat of anticipation. Evening came at last; he picked Vicki up at the usual place and drove her to his condominium. While she undressed, he went into the bathroom with the canister. He attached it behind his ear, as he had been instructed, and carefully pressed the slide to the ON position before he brushed his hair over it.

Vicki was lying on the black-satin sheet, arms and legs spread, looking at him with her green eyes in the dimness as he approached. And it was just as the young man had promised; his delight went *on* and *on*, and when her body convulsed, the waves of pleasure rippled through him as if they would never stop.

Afterward, as they lay together, he ran his finger tips up the side of her neck, then behind her ear, and his heart swelled with sudden joy when he encountered a little canister there. What sacrifices she must have made to buy this time with him! How could he ever repay her?

Cromartin put his trousers on. Vicki, on the edge of the bed, yawned delicately as she picked up her watch. "Is it nine o'clock *already*?" she said. "How time flies."







LONG TALL COOLERS *(continued from page 86)*

*"Long, tall coolers are guaranteed to lower your thermostat before the first swallow hits bottom."*

and work in short bursts until the recalcitrant morsels are broken down. Summer-drink formulas often call for shaved ice—a chip off the old ice block that's difficult to achieve at home. You'll find finely crushed ice, about pea size, quite satisfactory. Ice both chills and dilutes, so shake or stir to the point of optimal coldness, not a second more, and don't recycle ice in the shaker or the pitcher. Start every round with a fresh batch. It also helps to chill all ingredients and utensils beforehand.

The potions detailed below are among the best sun glasses in the world. Many are originals gleaned from esteemed resorts and smart watering holes around the globe. They're thoroughly delicious and therapeutic—guaranteed to lower your thermostat to cool before the first swallow hits bottom—two persuasive reasons to get at them without further delay!

## STRAWBERRY SMOOTHIE

From the Hyatt Regency, Maui, Hawaii.

- 1½ ozs. light rum
- 2 ozs. soft ice cream
- 2 ozs. liquid yogurt
- 1½ ozs. strawberry purée
- ½ cup finely crushed ice
- Papaya wedge, for garnish

Add all ingredients but garnish to chilled blender container. Buzz until just smooth. Pour into chilled 12-oz. tumbler. Spear papaya wedge with pick and lay across top of glass. Serve with straws.

## GRANDE DAME

From the Manila Hotel, Philippines, courtesy of George Lang, who created the concept for the dining room and bar.

- 1½ ozs. white rum
- ½ oz. Galliano liqueur
- 3 ozs. guanábana (soursop) nectar
- 1 rounded scoop vanilla ice cream
- 1 egg yolk
- ⅓ cup crushed ice
- Cherry, for garnish

Add all ingredients but garnish to chilled blender container. Buzz until barely smooth. Pour into large wineglass or highball glass. Garnish with cherry; serve with straws.

## ANAI

Created by Freddy Lopez, bartender at El Panama Hilton, Panama City.

- 1 oz. gin
- 1 oz. vodka
- ½ oz. Cointreau
- 3 ozs. guava nectar, chilled
- 1 or 2 dashes grenadine
- ½ oz. coconut cream

Pineapple chunk, long strip orange peel, cherry, for garnish

To cocktail shaker with cracked ice, add all ingredients but garnish. Shake vigorously—really rock it—until everything is well combined. Strain into tall glass over ice cubes (El Panama uses 14-oz. zombie glass). Garnish; serve with straws.

BANANA CREOLE SHRUBB  
*(For two)*

A charming confection of a drink—pink and as smooth as mink—from the charming Restaurant La Plantation, Pointe-à-Pitre, Guadeloupe.

- 3 ozs. Clément Créole Shrub liqueur
- ½ cup milk
- 1 oz. grenadine
- ½ ripe banana, sliced
- ¼ cup crushed ice
- Lemon-peel strip

Place all ingredients but lemon strip in chilled blender container and buzz until just smooth. Divide between two chilled highball glasses. Twist lemon peel over each and add to drink.

## TIVOLI ROSE

From the luxurious Belle Terrasse Restaurant in the Tivoli Gardens, Copenhagen, a cooler made with a Danish cherry specialty—Kirsberry.

- Crushed ice
- 3 ozs. Kirsberry
- 1 oz. ginger ale
- Lemon slice, for garnish

Half fill highball glass with crushed ice. Add Kirsberry; stir. Pour in ginger ale; stir lightly. Garnish with lemon slice; serve with straws.

## FROZEN VIENNESE PEAR SOUR

Served in the attractive summer garden of Restaurant Purbacher Zeche, just outside Vienna.

- 3 ozs. Zwack Viennese Pear liqueur
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- ½ cup finely crushed ice
- Ripe-pear wedge or orange slice, for garnish

Combine all ingredients but garnish in chilled blender container. Buzz until just smooth. Pour into wineglass or highball glass. Decorate with fruit.

## MELON MADNESS

An adaptation of a drink from Honolulu's Kahala Hilton.

- 1¼ ozs. Midori or other melon liqueur
- ¾ oz. orgeat syrup
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon superfine sugar

- 3 chunks honeydew melon (½ cup)
- ⅓ cup finely crushed ice
- 2 ozs. club soda, chilled
- Lime wheel

To chilled blender container, add first 6 ingredients. Buzz until just smooth. Pour into chilled collins glass. Add soda; stir briefly. Hang lime wheel on rim of glass; serve with straws.

RUM GIGGLE  
*(For two)*

A twofer from Trader Vic's in the New Otani Hotel, Tokyo—also available on request at other T.V.'s.

- 3 ozs. light rum
- 1 oz. amaretto
- 2 ozs. orange juice
- 1 oz. pineapple juice
- 1½ ozs. lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon superfine sugar
- ¼ cup shaved ice

Buzz all ingredients in chilled blender container until just smooth. Pour over ice cubes. T.V.'s serves this in a large shell-shaped vessel and floats a gardenia on it, but you can use a large Burgundy balloon glass—and skip the bloom. Don't forget straws—one for each participant. The drink can also be divided between two highball glasses, though it's not as cozy.

## BIG JAKE

From Jake's, a bouncy new dining/drinking emporium in Manhattan.

- 1 oz. vodka
- ½ oz. gold rum
- ½ oz. triple sec
- ¾ oz. lemon juice
- 2 ozs. pineapple juice, chilled
- 1 teaspoon superfine sugar
- Lemon slice

Shake all ingredients but lemon slice briskly with cracked ice. Pour unstrained into tall glass. Garnish with lemon slice if you like; serve with straws.

## SINGAPORE DELIGHT

From the head bartender, Marco Polo Hotel, Singapore, courtesy of George Lang.

- 1½ ozs. light rum
- ½ oz. peach-flavored brandy
- ½ oz. fresh lime juice
- 1 oz. pineapple juice
- 1 tablespoon superfine sugar
- Dash vanilla extract
- 1 slice canned pineapple
- ¼ cup finely crushed ice
- Cherry, pineapple cube, mint sprig, for garnish

Combine all ingredients but garnish in chilled blender container. Buzz until just blended. Pour into tall glass; garnish.

Now that you have the scoop on summer drinks, don't keep it to yourself. Share your discoveries with a warm friend and cool it together—over a passel of frosty concoctions. It's bound to build a cozy relationship.



# WALK ON THE WILDER SIDE


*looking for knockout clothes to impress your leading lady? here's what gene wilder wears to stalk "the woman in red"*

attire **By HOLLIS WAYNE**


GENE WILDER would be funny in a nudist colony. But put him in some great-looking Italian threads (and drape gorgeous Kelly Le Brock on his arm) and he becomes damned impressive. And impressing someone is just what Wilder's latest screamer, *The Woman in Red*, is all about as he pursues Le Brock—who is, of course, the woman in red—all over San Francisco. We won't tell you the ending, but we will say that if he'd gotten a little help from the manufacturers of the three drop-dead outfits featured here, his quest would have been a snap—or, better yet, a zipper.

Right: A very droll Gene Wilder and a very dry Kelly Le Brock. Will they wind up on the rocks over their martinis? Not likely with him coming on in a wool tweed overplaid-pottered double-breasted sports jacket, \$495, a cotton plaid buttondown shirt, \$110, pleated tweed slacks, \$170, and a silk tie, \$40, all by Valentino; plus woven-leather shoes, by To Boot, about \$105.





Here, Wilder's ploy is playing hard to get and our woman in red suddenly decides he's not for the birds. His plumage? A belted Italian-made cotton blouson jacket with knit shoulder detail, stand-up collar and zip front, \$515, coupled with a linen/cotton crew-neck, \$290, a linen tattersall-patterned shirt with buttondown collar and shoulder pleats, \$295, and linen pleated slacks, \$185, all by Gianni Versace. (No, that bulge under Wilder's crew-neck isn't his bobbing Adam's apple; it's a cotton tie, by Vicky Davis, \$14.)



Below: Ah, the life of a sex symbol. Pants off today, pants on tomorrow. What's a poor fellow to do? muses Wilder as he settles down for a second helping of bubbly—and, he hopes, Le Brock—wearing a butterscotch-suede safari jacket with epaulets and a suede belt, from Pietrovanni by John Rima, \$850; plus an Italian cotton button-down shirt, by Andrew Fezza, \$75; and a nubby wool tie, by Bianculli, \$40. Wilder's neatly folded, natty-looking wool pleated slacks, about \$125, are also from Pietrovanni by John Rima.

*"There's enough blame to go around for everyone. Big unions, bad management, lack of research. . . ."*

share. Clearly, we will never dominate world markets again, because other low-wage nations have learned good lessons about marketing and mass production from us.

The question is, will we be innovative enough to beat our new competition? I'm afraid not. Our inability to meet the demands of international competition is seen particularly in capital-intensive, high-volume industries. The U.S. proportion of world automobile sales has declined by one third since 1963; sales of industrial machines have declined by one third, agricultural machinery by 40 percent, telecommunications by 50 percent, metalworking machinery by 55 percent. Goods are being made wherever they can be made cheapest, regardless of national boundaries. In the past ten years, America has spent 318 billion dollars more on foreign goods than we have received for our products abroad. Unless we find ways to improve our productivity, a U.S. worker, at, say, \$15 an hour, can't compete with workers in the many nations that pay 50 cents or one dollar an hour. And we certainly can't compete with the Japanese when our capital expenditure per worker is \$250 and theirs is \$650. A South Korean steelworker makes one eleventh the wage of a U.S. steelworker. It would seem unavoidable that the most efficient places for mass production of standardized commodities in the coming years will be Third World countries.

There's enough blame to go around for everyone. Big unions, bad management, lack of research and development, too little attention paid to productivity—all play a role. But, more than any other factor, we simply find that our insulated continental market place has turned into a cannibalistic international one in which we're competing with countries with highly skilled, low-priced labor. Jobs flow toward cheap skilled labor.

It's hard to find a scenario that restores the United States' shrinking share of the world economy, especially with an overvalued dollar that effectively puts a tax on all our exports. I predict that we'll continue to lose many high-paying industrial jobs to the Third World and will replace them with lower-paying service-economy jobs, if we're able to replace them at all. Right now, the 20 fastest-growing new jobs in the U.S. pay annual wages that average \$5000 less than those 20 occupations in the steepest decline.

*Nineteen ninety-four will see the U.S. with a substantially reduced middle class, and we will have moved toward a two-class society.*

If we fail to increase our productivity and develop new international markets for our manufactured goods, we won't be able to offer our children high-paying jobs in commerce and industry and, as a result, we'll have a greater gap between rich and poor. I predict that by 1994, the U.S. will have less of the middle class upon which our democracy was founded. We will have moved toward a society of two classes, the rich and the poor; and, as we have seen in other countries, a marked difference between rich and poor leads all too often to social unrest. The middle class serves as a bridge between the haves and the have-nots. If it goes, so goes political stability.

#### THE WORK REVOLUTION

*Nineteen ninety-four will see a bitter battle over a shrinking number of jobs.*

For millions of Americans, job opportunities are being destroyed by the combined pressures of automation, international competition and obsolescence. Dr. Gail Garfield Schwartz and William Neikirk, in their book *The Work Revolution*, predict that after 1990, it will take perhaps 75 percent of the work force to do 100 percent of the work. We'll have more people than we have jobs, a terrifying imbalance.

The technological revolution will bring both good news and bad. We'll have jobs for highly skilled workers but not for semiskilled ones. American workers are vulnerable to foreign imports because our market place is wide open and foreign goods are cheap and of high quality. And at the same time we're losing jobs, a constant stream of American women into the work force, as well as the human tide of illegal immigrants, will further increase the number of people seeking employment. Also, evidence shows that the elderly, pushed by economic need, will work longer, thereby occupying jobs that won't turn over as fast as in the past.

Nineteen ninety-four will clearly see America move into a new world of the structurally unemployed. More and more occupations will require fewer and fewer workers to produce more and more goods and work. Layoffs of the future will become attributable less and less to temporary recession or inevitable business cycles and more and more to permanent work dislocation. Technology and international competition are shrinking jobs at just the time many new job seekers are trying to

enter the American economy.

Dr. Schwartz and Neikirk predict, "The coming job crisis will shatter the uneasy tranquility of the American workers. Setting worker against worker, it will ignite bitter wars between the old and the young, between men and women, between white and nonwhite, between native-born and new arrival." Essentially, then, we're moving toward a time when the economy won't be able to incorporate all the people who are desperately seeking work. The U.S. will see its first long-lasting job crunch.

#### CITIES: OUR SOCIAL TIME BOMBS

*I predict that 1994 will see American cities largely full of angry, frustrated and unemployed minorities who will substantially change the face of urban America.*

My first job out of law school was as a lawyer for Colorado's Anti-Discrimination Commission. My wife marched in Selma, Alabama. We had a great dream of an integrated society, a dream that, far from being fulfilled, is sliding backward.

A study by the Joint Center for Political Studies shows that in 1950 in the largest cities in the United States, one public school student out of ten was a minority; by 1960, the ratio was one out of three; by 1970, it was one out of two; by 1980, it was seven out of ten; by 1990, nine out of ten students in big cities will be minorities.

Many of these minorities live in slums and squalor with little expectation and little hope. Their other social problems are myriad. Fully 56 percent of all black children are being raised in fatherless homes. Currently, one out of ten children in the U.S. is supported by Federal Aid to Dependent Children. Clearly, illegitimate births know no color line, but a greater burden is borne by urban minorities. In Pennsylvania, 66 percent of all black babies are born out of wedlock; in Delaware, 63 percent; in Washington, D.C., 64 percent; in New York City's Harlem, 77 percent. Many of their mothers are children *having* children, which perpetuates a cycle of poverty and frustration. In the past decade, the number of single-parent families has almost doubled. When you add the illegitimacy figures to the divorce figures, you find that one quarter of all American children under the age of 18 are now living in one-parent homes. Research shows that regardless of race, only half of all teenaged mothers graduate from high school. Their infants are far more likely to be born prematurely, with greater risk of brain damage or other birth defects.

Despite the poor record of assimilation of our existing minorities into the American mainstream, the massive flow of Hispanics coming in from south of the border is creating another unassimilated minority

(continued on page 144)



*"Some people collect miniatures, but we feel we have too much money for that."*



# SURE SCHOTT

*miss august has her sights set on succeeding in style*

**H**ER EYES ARE LIKE PLANETS. They seem larger than life, cinematic, wide-screen. People see Suzi Schott and assume that they've seen those eyes before. "I've been mistaken for Marie Osmond, for the girl in *Flashdance*, Jane Fonda and Mackenzie Phillips. I don't mind people's making a comparison, as long as they don't dwell on it. Really, now. Mackenzie Phillips?" The waitress comes up to our table and asks, "Aren't you Brian De Palma's wife?" "See what I mean?" We tell her that will change when she becomes a Playmate and the August issue is on the stands. She will be Miss August 1984 forever. In fact, someone passing through the PLAYBOY offices recognized Suzi when he got a look at her layout: "She's the girl who lives in the high-rise across from me. I see her swimming all the time." Already, she is famous.

"I think I know who you're talking about," Suzi told us. "There's this guy who walks around his apartment with binoculars, in his underwear, singing to himself and playing air guitar. At least I think that's what he's doing." Suzi has rather strong notions about who she is and how she wants to be approached. When she first came to Chicago, she worked in a singles bar on Division Street. "The guys who came there were like Genghis Khan on a business trip. It was 'Hey, babe, get me a J. & B. and water.' They were Johnny Dancelottas with million-dollar tastes and five-dollar wallets. The kind of people who hang out there think *Flashdance* should have won the Academy Award. It's all 'I'll take you

*"I don't feel famous. I'm excited by being a Playmate. I feel glamorous, but also feel like one of the guys. I don't want to leave anyone behind. You can look at a picture of someone forever without talking to her. I don't want to be isolated."*





"It was PLAYBOY's idea to do our shooting on the Paquet French Cruise liner S.S. Rhapsody. We were treated royally. I had a stateroom with unlimited closet space, which was odd, since I wouldn't be wearing clothes in the pictorial."



"The other passengers on board ship were a delight. They were all from the same trailer park. Everyone knew one another, so the cruise ship was like a small town. People treated me like a celebrity. But we had to shoot at sunrise and sunset, so I went to bed early. The boat visited Cozumel and Playa del Carmen, Mexico; Grand Cayman; and Ocho Rios in Jamaica." Shipboard activities also offered a source of entertainment. "I played roulette, but only for the camera. We had a masquerade ball one night and I went as a cancan girl. You should have seen me dance." Later, she relaxed at railside, talking with one of the dealers from the ship's casino (below).

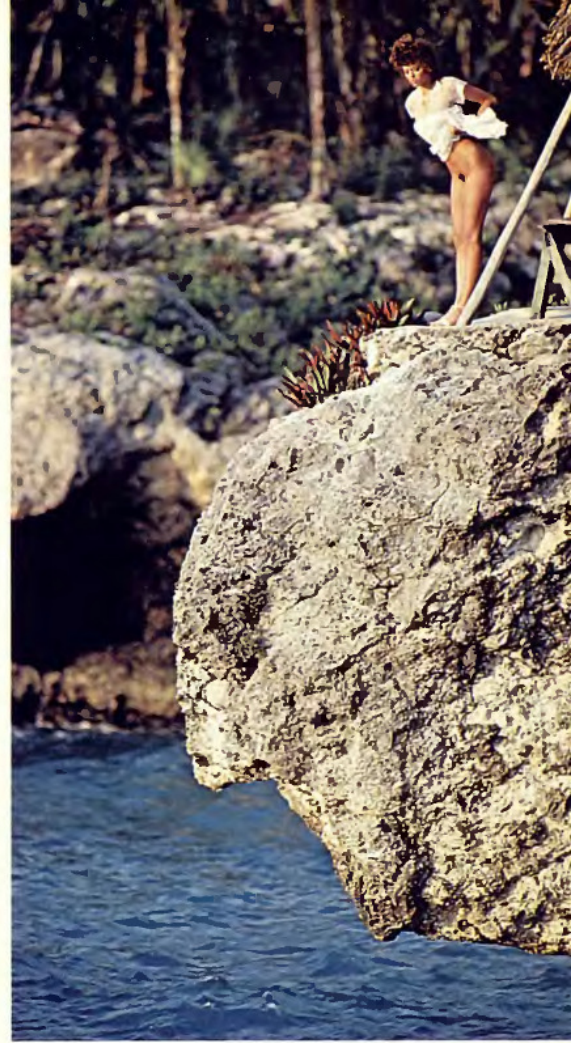


here, I'll show you there.' Those same people, when they hear I'm a Playmate, get nervous and respectful, as though I were a different person. What if carpenters were as famous as Playmates? Look, I called up my mom and told her that I was Miss August. She said, 'That's fine. Do you want to know what I bought at Venture today?' That perspective helps Suzi keep her feet on the ground.

She grew up in Addison, Illinois, a very small town just outside Chicago. After a two-year stint as an executive secretary, she came to town to try out modeling. She is an energetic explorer of the city: "I wanted to develop a personal style, to get into places where no one else goes—new restaurants, new clubs, new stores." Her education is a two-way process. She believes that restaurants should be made aware of individual eccentricities. "I will go into a restaurant and order a root beer or a Dr. Brown's black-cherry soda. Maybe next time they will stock it." She showed the same initiative with her modeling career. When approached by PLAYBOY Associate Staff Photographer David Mecey, she said, "Why not?" A test led to this pictorial and to lots of assignments around town from Playboy Models. She landed a job with a women's store in order to sharpen skills in her first love—fashion design. She has developed her own style in dress—she looks as good on the street as she does without clothes: a knockout. As the dinner progresses, some of her humor becomes evident. "If I had to choose between chuckles and orgasms, I would choose chuckles. You can remember something funny and laugh again. How often do you remember something sexy and have an orgasm?" She has no dreams of Hollywood. "I wish my parents had forced me to take music lessons, dance, tap, computer, anything. But as it is, I'll make the best of what I am." And what she is is eclectic. When you ask her for a list of favorite movies, it includes *Papillon*, *All That Jazz*, any Albert Brooks movie and *Dastardly and Muttley in Their Flying Machines*, a TV cartoon about a dog who squeaks as he laughs. So take a good look. This is Suzi Schott, one of a kind.



*Suzi enjoys an active physical life. Skiing, on water and snow, is her favorite sport, but even a shipboard jog gets the heart pumping. However, she drew the line at high diving at the Rock House in Negril (right): "No way." Her favorite part of the trip was cavorting in a waterfall near Ocho Rios (below). "This was one way to keep cool. It was a nice taste of the islands. I hated going shopping, though. Next time, I'd rather be on my own sailboat and explore at my own pace. All that running around in make-up finally got to me. I had to bring myself down. You should see the geek pictures, where I'm making faces."*






WHITE

*"I really enjoyed this shooting. I felt sexy because I knew it would look sexy. I had a tan. Whenever I have a tan, I look better. Hey, I looked this good every day, but take my word for it: You're getting the best here. This was how I cooled off."*



A woman with voluminous, curly brown hair is lying in bed. She is smiling broadly at the camera. A white sheet is pulled up over her head, framing her face. Her right hand is resting near her chin. She is unclothed. The background shows a white pillow and a metal bed frame.

*"Do I flirt in bed? Do I act silly? Not as much as in these shots. For one thing, I don't hide behind the sheet when my boyfriend is in the room. But we do have our own games."*



*"When I had a night job, I was a zombie all day, but now that I'm working real hours, I do my relaxing at night. I like to lie back and think about exotic places. I'm going to Marion, Indiana, in a week, but I don't think that qualifies."*







MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME:

*Lyni Schott*

BUST:

*36*

WAIST:

*24*

HIPS:

*36*

HEIGHT:

*5'8 1/2"*

WEIGHT:

*115*

BIRTH DATE:

*July 19, 1961*

BIRTHPLACE:

*Springfield, Ill.*

AMBITIONS:

*To marry and raise a household of children*

TURN-ONS:

*Bubble Baths, toned Bodies, Sunsets, Lightning, Fast Cars & Winter Storms*

TURN-OFFS:

*Kunny Eggs, Where's the Beef?, Loud people & Crazy days*

FAVORITE MOVIES:

*Hailon, The Shining, Hobott & Costello Meet Frankenstein & Sunshine Boys*

FAVORITE FOODS:

*Ketchup, Liver, German Sweet Choc. Cake, Milk & Mom's Turkey Dressing*

FAVORITE PLACE:

*Bob's Place on the Lake*

IDEAL EVENING:

*Lying on a white sand beach beneath a full moon with my boyfriend*

BIGGEST JOY:

*Spending time with my family and the people I love most.*

*2 1/2 yrs.*

*5 yrs.*

*17 yrs.*



*Me & Mr. Clown*



*All spiffed up... Can't wait to get this cap off!*



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The guy I dated tonight turned out to be a sadist," reported the girl.

"You mean literally—whips and that sort of thing?" asked her roommate.

"Worse than that! The creep screwed me with a four-inch penis and then French-kissed me goodbye with an eight-inch tongue!"

We understand that a women's magazine with a substantial lesbian readership will soon contain an advertisement for heavy-duty dildos called Maxi Puds.



There's a lot of business sentiment in favor of using part of our public beach for nude bathing by tourists," a member of the town council pointed out, "but we may get a lot of unfavorable publicity if we refer to it as a nude beach."

"In that case," weighed in a colleague, "why not call it 'the buffer zone'?"

Fads certainly breed fads. The hottest-selling item in sex shops today is the new inflatable Cabbage Snatch doll.

It was at a cocktail party that a man stated, "A woman's hair is her greatest asset."

"I disagree," grumbled a second fellow. "It's her smile."

"No, no—it's her bustline," insisted a third.

"Excuse me, you guys, but I'm leaving," said the sole female in the group, "before one of you gets down to the truth."

A woman has petitioned to have her former husband declared in contempt of court. It seems that he approached her as both were leaving the divorce tribunal with a request for a farewell quickie.

Said the surgeon, "I drink, Mrs. Buck,  
So we're both of us really in luck.

Since your sexual cavern

Is as big as a tavern,

What I plan is to nip . . . and then tuck."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *laying rubber* as a condom.

But how can we be sure," the parks commissioner mused in a staff meeting, "that those kids who make out in the bushes will understand that what the proposed UNSEEMLY PUBLIC DISPLAYS OF AFFECTION STRICTLY PROHIBITED signs actually mean is NO FUCKING?"

When he's phoning obscenely, old Potts  
Gives a spinster who'll listen the hots

By describing how whangs

Shoot a wad during bangs!

He's a kink who likes calling the shots.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *well-hung G.O.P. member* as a banana Republican.

In a bold new remake of *Snow White*, we've been told, the queen will chant, "Mirror, mirror, on the ceiling. . ."

And then there was the Spaniard who hoped that a sex-change operation would improve his love life . . . and, sure enough, it turned him into a regular *Doña Juanita*.

Frankly, it wasn't that memorable a wedding night," the bride confided to a friend. "In fact, Charley's cork popped before the champagne's."



Art by Norman  
Los Angeles '84

The big-rig operator stopped to pick up the girl hitchhiker in short shorts.

"Say, what's your name, mister?" she inquired after she'd climbed into the cab.

"It's Snow—Roy Snow," he answered, "and what's yours?"

"Me, I'm June—June Hanson," she said.

"Hey, why do you keep sizing me up with those sidelong glances?" she challenged the trucker some miles down the road.

"Can you imagine what it might be like," he countered with a question of his own, "having eight inches of Snow in June?"

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



*"This is what I like about swimming . . . every muscle comes into play!"*

he stared into his glass and hoped to see the answer to the murder, but the answer wasn't there

a matt scudder mystery

BY LAWRENCE BLOCK

# BY THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

ALL THIS HAPPENED a long time ago.

Abe Beame was living in Gracie Mansion, though even he seemed to have trouble believing he was really the mayor of the city of New York. Ali was in his prime, and the Knicks still had a year or so left in Bradley and DeBusschere. I was still drinking in those days, of course, and at the time it seemed to be doing more for me than it was doing to me.

I had already left my wife and kids, my home in Syosset and the N.Y.P.D. I was living in the hotel on West 57th Street where I still live, and I was doing most of my drinking around the corner in Jimmy Armstrong's saloon. Billie was the nighttime bartender. A Filipino youth named Dennis was behind the stick most days.

And Tommy Tillary was one of the regulars.

He was big, probably 6'2", full in the chest, big in the belly, too. He rarely showed up in a suit but always wore a jacket and tie, usually a navy or Burgundy blazer with gray-flannel slacks or white duck pants in warmer weather. He had a loud voice that boomed from his barrel chest and a big, clean-shaven face that was innocent around the pouting mouth and knowing around the eyes. He was somewhere in his late 40s and he drank a lot of top-shelf Scotch. Chivas, as I remember it, but it could have been Johnnie Black. Whatever it was, his face was beginning to show it, with patches of permanent flush at the cheekbones and a tracery of broken capillaries across the bridge of the nose.

We were saloon friends. We didn't speak every time we ran into each other, but at the least we always acknowledged each other with a nod or a wave. He told a lot of dialect jokes and told them reasonably well, and I laughed at my share of

them. Sometimes I was in a mood to reminisce about my days on the force, and when my stories were funny, his laugh was as loud as anyone's.

Sometimes he showed up alone, sometimes with male friends. About a third of the time, he was in the company of a short and curvy blonde named Carolyn. "Carolyn from the Caro-line" was the way he occasionally introduced her, and she did have a faint Southern accent that became more pronounced as the drink got to her.

Then, one morning, I picked up the *Daily News* and read that burglars had broken into a house on Colonial Road, in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn. They had stabbed to death the only occupant present, one Margaret Tillary. Her husband, Thomas J. Tillary, a salesman, was not at home at the time.

I hadn't known Tommy was a salesman or that he'd had a wife. He did wear a wide yellow-gold band on the appropriate finger, and it was clear that he wasn't married to Carolyn from the Caroline, and it now looked as though he was a widower. I felt vaguely sorry for him, vaguely sorry for the wife I'd never even known of, but that was the extent of it. I drank enough back then to avoid feeling any emotion very strongly.

And then, two or three nights later, I walked into Armstrong's and there was Carolyn. She didn't appear to be waiting for him or anyone else, nor did she look as though she'd just breezed in a few minutes ago. She had a stool by herself at the bar and she was drinking something dark from a lowball glass.

I took a seat a few stools down from her. I ordered two double shots of bourbon, drank one and poured the other into the black coffee Billie brought me. I was sipping the coffee when a voice with a Pied-

mont softness said, "I forget your name."

I looked up.

"I believe we were introduced," she said, "but I don't recall your name."

"It's Matt," I said, "and you're right, Tommy introduced us. You're Carolyn."  
"Carolyn Cheatham. Have you seen him?"

"Tommy? Not since it happened."

"Neither have I. Were you-all at the funeral?"

"No. When was it?"

"This afternoon. Neither was I. There. Whyn't you come sit next to me so's I don't have to shout. Please?"

She was drinking a sweet almond liqueur that she took on the rocks. It tastes like dessert, but it's as strong as whiskey.

"He told me not to come," she said. "To the funeral. He said it was a matter of respect for the dead." She picked up her glass and stared into it. I've never known what people hope to see there, though it's a gesture I've performed often enough myself.

"Respect," she said. "What's he care about respect? I would have just been part of the office crowd; we both work at Tannahill; far as anyone there knows, we're just friends. And all we ever were is friends, you know."

"Whatever you say."

"Oh, *shit*," she said. "I don't mean I wasn't fucking him, for the Lord's sake. I mean it was just laughs and good times. He was married and he went home to Momma every night and that was jes' fine, because who in her right mind'd want Tommy Tillary around by the dawn's early light? Christ in the foothills, did I spill this or drink it?"

We agreed she was drinking them a little too fast. It was this fancy New York sweet-drink (continued on page 128)







# 20 QUESTIONS: KURT RUSSELL

*this ballplayer-turned-actor swings hard at umpires and the press—and tells how he got to first base with Goldie Hawn*

Looking tough and comfortable in jeans, T-shirt and boots, a chain-smoking Kurt Russell sprawled on a small chair in the office of an L.A. publicity firm that once represented his girlfriend, Goldie Hawn. Although then onscreen in "Silkwood" and now appearing in "Swing Shift" (co-starring Hawn), Russell does not like to overdo his press exposure. But according to Contributing Editor David Rensin, who sat opposite him, "He quickly began to enjoy himself, firing off opinions on everything from the foibles of his generation to the designated-hitter controversy. He also seems very much in love."

1.

PLAYBOY: Many actors have gotten political mileage out of the nuclear controversy. After your role in *Silkwood*, is it an issue on which you take a stand?

RUSSELL: Not really. I've learned some technical things from *Silkwood* that have slightly altered my opinion on the subject. But I'm still a great believer in nuclear power plants. It's a perfect sort of energy, only there are two problems. The first—to make the plants technically correct and safe by following all the rules and regulations—can be solved. The other problem is not immediately solvable. Nuclear waste is put into plastic bags and stuff and is buried and is alive and radioactive for 250,000 years! We just don't know if we have anything that can contain it for that long. So what we have is something with great potential on which we haven't yet closed the book. We don't know how to put this monster to sleep. Until we do, we shouldn't play with it. However, I have tremendous faith that we can find a way.

2.

PLAYBOY: Compare real life and the movies.

RUSSELL: There is no comparison. The fun in films is when every so often you can hit that magical spot of being so real as to create the *illusion* that it's real. That's what is to be admired, not the reality of what is being watched. It's a fine line. The idea is to tread that line, and any movie that can is most satisfying to me. Whether or not *Silkwood* dealt with real life—whether or not we tried to do it as close to real life as possible—is irrelevant. It's still only a movie. But the appreciation level changes according to how real you can be, and I try to be as goddamn real as I can. I want to suspend the audience's reality.

3.

PLAYBOY: You did that with your critically acclaimed portrayal of Elvis. Where did it all go wrong for him?

RUSSELL: I'd worked with him and knew him, but I won't pretend to understand Elvis' life or to know how much of the various biographies are true. I really don't care. His story is long and complicated, but one thing is explainable: At a certain point in life, he realized there was nothing he could do wrong. People were not going to let him not be Elvis. He was Elvis no matter what. And that's probably the most horrible thing to realize. Whatever void that leads to is probably impossible to fill.

4.

PLAYBOY: How do you handle your high-pressure job?

RUSSELL: I disagree with the assumption. There's no pressure at all in this business. Pressure is the winning run on third base and you at the plate and 40,000 people screaming and then you getting jammed by the pitch and grounding out weakly to third and everyone groaning and booing. The Olympics is pressure. Politics at the high-stakes level is pressure. Medicine, where you've got a guy on the operating table who's going to live or die by what you do, is pressure. Standing in front of a camera and getting deeply involved in exposing another person is not pressure. It's interesting and fun and sometimes disappointing. But not pressure.

5.

PLAYBOY: When did you finally get an honest day's pay for an honest day's work?

RUSSELL: On a paper route I had when I was nine. I got up at four A.M. and finished at 6:30. I must have gone to 60 or 70 houses. After a month, when I went around and collected my money, I knew why. I had the paper route because I wanted ten-speed bikes for me and my sister. After six months, I realized that it would take me two years of delivering papers. That's how I got into acting. My dad [former baseball player and actor Bing Russell] was up for a picture that Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris were going to be in. It had a part for a ten-year-old. I thought, This is it! I could meet Mantle and Maris and make enough to buy both bikes with only about six weeks' work. I called my dad's agent and went on the interview but didn't get the job. But I

discovered that I enjoyed the interview—which I hadn't expected. Eventually, I did get some work on a TV show called *Our Man Higgins*. I liked it and I figured that I'd just keep going, make a few bucks and see what happened.

6.

PLAYBOY: You also ended up playing years of minor-league baseball. Where do you stand on the designated-hitter controversy?

RUSSELL: As much as I think it's been fantastic to extend the careers of record makers, I disagree with the concept of putting in a hitter. It's trying to solve the problem of run production for a television audience. Pitchers are 11 percent of a team's hitting power, but the teams don't make them hit. I say make the motherfuckers take batting practice. Letting the pitcher hit adds variables to a game that's *made up* of variables. It makes the manager have to deal with the situation. Having played so much baseball, I've come to the conclusion that after a certain point, most guys are basically of the same physical ability. But what's truly interesting about the game is the mental aspect: They've got Joe Blow in the bull pen and it's the seventh inning and they're only two runs down. What should they do? I'm interested in what can be done with moves, in giving the American baseball audience something to second-guess. The more you take away from the fans the ability to second-guess, the more you hurt the game.

7.

PLAYBOY: Jocks are notorious practical jokers. What's your most memorable prank?

RUSSELL: Jeez, we had some great ones, but this is the best. A guy I knew was pitching a no-hitter in the ninth inning and the batter hit a grounder to the shortstop, who threw to first and got the runner by two steps. But the ump at first called him safe and blew the no-hitter. Well, the pitcher hated the ump anyway, and after the game, he was thinking of how he could get the guy. About a week later, the pitcher caught the clap. And a week after that, we were scheduled to have the same ump. So the pitcher figured out a plan, and I, another guy and the pitcher carried it out. Actually, it wasn't funny. It was awful. But I felt sorry for the pitcher, because he would have (continued on page 159)



# PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

## sports **By ANSON MOUNT**

REMEMBER WHEN pro football was fun? A brisk autumn afternoon spent yelling for the home team; tail-gate parties before and after the game; heated arguments in the corner tavern about who was the best linebacker. Players were superstuds or duds; coaches were omnipotent or impotent. If the home team won the Super Bowl, we enjoyed an off season of celestial bliss. If it lost, we waited sullenly for Next Year.

What do we read about in the sports pages now? Arrogant kids and their avaricious agents demanding—and getting—multimillion-dollar guarantees for a few years of part-time work. Point spreads. Acrimonious court battles between franchises and city governments. Drugs.

Greed and egocentricity have taken their tolls in all enterprises, from the Roman Empire to De Lorean Motors. Those same ills are now threatening

*an early line on teams and players in both conferences of the n.f.l.*

The Raiders made January 22, 1984, a red-letter day for blackhearted guys by ripping the Redskins to shreds in Super Bowl XVIII.



## PLAYBOY'S 1984 PRE-SEASON ALL-PRO TEAM

### OFFENSE

James Lofton, Green Bay	Wide Receiver
Roy Green, St. Louis	Wide Receiver
Doug Cosbie, Dallas	Tight End
Anthony Munoz, Cincinnati	Tackle
Joe Jacoby, Washington	Tackle
Chris Hinton, Indianapolis	Guard
Kent Hill, Los Angeles Rams	Guard
Dwight Stephenson, Miami	Center
Joe Montana, San Francisco	Quarterback
Walter Payton, Chicago	Running Back
Eric Dickerson, Los Angeles Rams	Running Back
Gary Anderson, Pittsburgh	Place Kicker

### DEFENSE

Lee Roy Selmon, Tampa Bay	End
Doug Betters, Miami	End
Randy White, Dallas	Tackle
Dave Butz, Washington	Tackle
Jack Lambert, Pittsburgh	Middle Linebacker
Hugh Green, Tampa Bay	Outside Linebacker
Lawrence Taylor, New York Giants	Outside Linebacker
Everson Walls, Dallas	Cornerback
Mike Haynes, Los Angeles Raiders	Cornerback
Nolan Cromwell, Los Angeles Rams	Free Safety
Kenny Easley, Seattle	Strong Safety
Rich Camarillo, New England	Punter
Billy Johnson, Atlanta	Special Teams
Bill Bates, Dallas	Special Teams

### THIS SEASON'S WINNERS

A.F.C. Eastern Division	Miami Dolphins
A.F.C. Central Division	Cleveland Browns
A.F.C. Western Division	Los Angeles Raiders

**A.F.C. Champion . . . Miami Dolphins**

N.F.C. Eastern Division	Washington Redskins
N.F.C. Central Division	Green Bay Packers
N.F.C. Western Division	San Francisco 49ers

**N.F.C. Champion . . . San Francisco 49ers**

**ALL THE MARBLES . . . SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS**

professional football, and their exemplars are several of the more visible owners of N.F.L. franchises. There are a few sane owners still around—Lamar Hunt and Hugh Culverhouse, for example—but their influence is diminishing.

Back in 1980, I filled this space with a warning about bad owners, thinking a solution might be near at hand. Now it's time to sound the air-raid sirens in the luxury boxes; in four years, things have only gotten worse.

The N.F.L.'s founding owners were enterprising entrepreneurs such as George Halas and Art Rooney, who tried to survive financially while building pro sports into an entertainment business. Halas once *paid* a Chicago station to televise a Bears game. When pro football became a national obsession, however, the predators moved in. It wasn't just a matter of bucks; it was also the call of ego fulfillment. Scores of superrich but otherwise unenviable slobs began coveting pro football franchises. Then they began buying them up.

In any healthy free-enterprise system, there are a few people who would under ordinary circumstances be well-adjusted garbage collectors but whose avaricious instincts combine with fortuitous business coups to make them fabulously wealthy. They live in pretentious mansions but are personally obscure. Waiters ignore them. Bank presidents love them, but bank tellers don't recognize their names. Their thirst for fame and adulation grows and grows.

So they buy a football team and suddenly they're Somebody. Almost every day, they make headlines. Waiters and tellers are obsequious. People ask for autographs. It's the ultimate ego trip.

But rarely is an N.F.L. franchise available, which explains the hungry money poured into the formation of the U.S.F.L. two years ago.

The flaky-owner problem also exists in other professional sports. "Baseball owners are the toughest set of ignoramuses anyone could ever come up against," says former baseball commissioner A. B. "Happy" Chandler. "Refreshingly dumb fellows: greedy, shortsighted and stupid."

Commissioner Chandler, happily for him, never had to deal with Atlanta Braves owner Ted Turner. Yankees owner George Steinbrenner is another embarrassment to many of his peers. At the major-league-baseball convention in Nashville last winter, Steinbrenner's preening before television cameras reminded observers of Muammar el-Qaddafi.

Why is the powerful, often destructive influence of franchise owners so little known to the average fan? Because both sportswriters and coaches are effectively muzzled by owners.


Sportswriters are beneficiaries of the generous hospitality of pro franchises.

*(continued on page 122)*



*"Oh, wonderful, Gengo! That mirror on the ceiling really helps!"*






join playmate penny baker for the inside scoop on how to get more creative mileage from today's point-and-shoot automatic cameras

# SNAP DECISIONS

modern living

By DON SUTHERLAND




**A**FTER MONTHS of traveling and modeling for PLAYBOY, Playboy Models and Playboy Video Productions, it's no surprise that our 30th Anniversary Playmate, Penny Baker, one day insisted that turn-about was fair play. Since she had spent countless hours in front of the lens, why couldn't she spend a day or two making snap decisions while hanging out at Playboy Mansion West? Never one to refuse a lady and sensing that there might be an interesting story in the works, we equipped Penny with five brand-new cameras that list for \$300 or less and told her to snap away. Our premise was that you can be just as creative—and have just as much fun—with an inexpensive camera as with one that's a wallet buster. Most snap shooters *are* photojournalists. They do not construct elaborate sets and spend hours carefully lighting them. Rather, they excerpt slices of the reality around them and commit to permanence an instant from the flow of events.

Any professional photojournalist worth his f-stops knows that the decisive moment—the one that is most succinct and eloquent—announces its own coming. It can happen anywhere without much advance notice. You need a ready eye and a

quick finger on the release.

"Anywhere" is the domain of many cameras nowadays—all those anywheres you never dared to take your camera before: the beach (salt and sand are your camera's enemies), the ski trail, the bath. Getting squeaky clean with someone can be ticklish, but would you risk your camera to photograph the consequences? You can with a tidy little instrument called the Fujica HD-S. It's Fuji's all-weather camera, specially sealed to be water-resistant. It's not really an underwater camera such as a scuba diver would take into the briny, but a Fuji spokesman affirmed that it is watertight to a depth of 18 inches.

Snowbanks, the nitty-gritty of the seashore, a dust storm on the veld and other environments interesting to people but unfriendly to cameras are likewise the domain of the HD-S. For all its mastery of nature, this camera, like all those featured in this article, is a fully automatic aim-and-shooter. Automatic programed exposure control responds immediately to prevailing light. If things get dim, the built-in flash is ready in moments. The f/2.8 lens has a 38mm focal length, giving it a moderately wide-angle view—an asset when two or more occupy someplace confining, such as (continued on page 196)



*Opposite page: Surrounded by a candid sampling of snapshots, our slick click, 30th Anniversary Playmate Penny Baker, is off and shooting using a stable of inexpensive automatic cameras. Hanging around her neck—as if you haven't noticed—is Minolta's X-570, a quartz/electronically governed 35mm single-lens-reflex auto-exposure model with automatic and full-metered-manual operation, \$268 for the body; \$153 for a 50mm f/1.4 lens. In her right hand (at far left) is the Nikon L35AF One Touch, with automatic film load, rewind and advance, plus active infrared narrow beam focusing for quick operation even in low-light conditions, \$210. Penny's also holding in her right hand Canon's T50, with a 50mm f/1.8 lens, automatic features galore and shutter speeds from two seconds to one thousandth of a second, about \$300. In her other hand (at near left) are Fujica's rough-and-ready HD-S, a water-resistant camera that's at home from the mountains to the oceans to your own cozy shower stall (naughty you), \$285; and the Pentax Sport 35, with exposure-compensation button for back-lighted subjects, electronic self-timer and pop-up auto flash, \$169.*

*"The only sure thing about the Colts' first season in Indianapolis is that they won't win many games."*

They travel free on team planes. They get passes to comfortable press boxes, where they're served lavish spreads of food and booze. They get access to training facilities and locker rooms. All of those privileges can be withdrawn at a moment's notice, at the owner's whim. And sportswriters, like ordinary people, have to make a living.

Coaches can verbally assault players, officials, fans, opposing coaches—anyone except franchise owners. An unspoken agreement existed for decades (until the emergence of irresistible target Robert Irsay, owner of the now Indianapolis Colts) that any coach who made a negative comment about an owner would be forever blackballed by the N.F.L. Venerable coach Sid Gillman once unloaded his frustrations about an owner onto me but called the next morning to say, "Please don't quote me or I'll never get another job in the league."

Where can we look for a solution to the owner problem? How about Green Bay, Wisconsin? There is a growing sentiment among civic leaders across the country in favor of confiscating (it's called the right of eminent domain) sports franchises. If cities can own zoos, aquariums and stadiums, why can't they own their own sports franchises? There is now only one such civic-ownership arrangement in the N.F.L.—Green Bay Packers, Inc., is a publicly held corporation, with 1788 shareholders, and for decades it has been a model of stability and success. Packers fans, who are among the most loyal in the country, feel their team really belongs to them, because it does. Best of all, they aren't subjected to the obnoxious posturings of an arrogant and greedy owner.

But while we wait—impatiently—for the inevitable civic take-overs of many other franchises, let's look at this year's prospects for the various teams.

#### EASTERN DIVISION

##### AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Miami Dolphins	12-4
New England Patriots	11-5
New York Jets	8-8
Buffalo Bills	8-8
Indianapolis Colts	2-14

Miami is a prime candidate for Super Bowl honors. The Dolphins have a brilliant young quarterback (Dan Marino), an equally talented young receiver (Mark Duper, who got much less credit last year than he deserved) and a squad laden with veterans in their prime years.

The Dolphins' only discernible weak-

ness is their defense against the run, due primarily to a dearth of linebacker talent. That need should be met by two promising rookies, Jackie Shipp and Jay Brophy. Another draftee, Dean May, will be groomed as Marino's backup.

If the Dolphin defense adjusts to the change of defensive coordinators (Chuck Studley replaces Bill Arnsparger), expect the Dolphins to wind up in Palo Alto for Super Bowl XIX.

If the Dolphins flounder, the Patriots are waiting to claim the spoils. The future is very bright in New England. The Pats have a young team that is maturing rapidly and has no discernible weaknesses except place kicking and a sometimes erratic defensive line.

Patriotism is sky-high, and coach Ron Myer's work ethic is paying dividends. Some of the spoiled brats he inherited two years ago have left; others have grown up. There was a refreshing lack of bitching about contracts by players during the off season.

The Patriots' major asset, largely unappreciated by Boston fans, is a superb offensive line. The defense will be much improved if a few promising young linemen can get their act together and if the linebacking corps (one of the league's best) can avoid a repeat of last year's plague of injuries.

This will be an especially interesting pre-season for the Patriots as Tony Eason challenges Steve Grogan for the starting quarterback job. Both are premium talents. Their performances will be helped greatly by the arrival from Nebraska of superb rookie receiver Irving Fryar.

The Jets' unprecedented off-season house cleaning has been so extensive (it could continue through pre-season workouts) that no one is sure who will be playing where. Quarterback Richard Todd, now a New Orleans Saint, is the most notable of the players who were shipped out. He will likely be replaced by Ken O'Brien, who was the Jets' number-one draft pick last year.

The upheaval was partly a matter of shaking up a complacent squad. Many Jets had read so many press reports last August about how they were going to the Super Bowl that they coasted to a disastrous last-place finish in the A.F.C. East. The trades also brought some valuable draft choices. Two of the rookies, safety Russell Carter and defensive end Ron Faurot, will be immediate starters.

Look for second-year coach Joe Walton to crack the whip this pre-season. The

Jets will be a more dedicated, more disciplined squad.

Nineteen eighty-four will be a year of uncertainty in Buffalo. Last season, the Bills had a break-even record despite the most devastating wave of injuries in club history. Coach Kay Stephenson did a fine job despite his inexperience (his only other head-coaching job had been at a high school), team morale was rock solid and the reserves played admirably.

The schedule is tougher this season, however, and the Bills desperately need a replacement for defected running back Joe Cribbs. They also need more beef in the defensive line.

The draft brought runner Greg Bell and defensive end Sean McNanie, but the prize of the Bills' rookie crop will be receiver Eric Richardson.

The only sure thing about the Colts' first season in Indianapolis is that they won't win many games. No team with such ordinary talent can be expected to win in a depressing, insecure and maddening environment. Everything about the Colts is unstable. By next year, they could be the Peoria Colts. Owner Robert Irsay has the temperament and charm of a rhinoceros with a toothache. He and lawyer Mike Chernoff are perhaps the most ludicrous duo since Laurel and Hardy.

Team morale is in the pits. In one moment of low comedy last fall, a Baltimore sportswriter advised linebacker Vernon Maxwell, "Don't let Irsay's racial slurs bother you. He's just a dumb Chicago Polack who doesn't know any better." Well, he *should* know better.

At best, the Colts will be dull. The offense will again be a grind-it-out running attack featuring runner Curtis Dickey and a gutsy offensive line anchored by Chris Hinton.

The draft was a bonanza, because the Colts had acquired many early picks by trading away rebellious players. Defensive back Leonard Coleman and defensive tackle Blaise Winter will make immediate contributions.

But don't be surprised if, after they look over the situation in Indianapolis, some of the Colts' prize rookies defect to the Lower Slobbovian Soccer League.

#### CENTRAL DIVISION

##### AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Cleveland Browns	10-6
Pittsburgh Steelers	9-7
Houston Oilers	8-8
Cincinnati Bengals	5-11

Last year, the Browns had an exasperating tendency to win the tough games and lose the easy ones. That's a common characteristic of young teams. The Browns should profit greatly this season from their own added maturity and the disarray in the other A.F.C. Central teams.

(continued on page 198)



# THE NEW OFFICIAL BOY SCOUT HANDBOOK

Manual also available in 5 1/4-in. floppy disk



ILLUSTRATION BY GARY RUDELL

# WELCOME TO SCOUTING



ARE YOU A YOUNG MAN looking to make a good start in the world? Are you ready to meet new challenges and make new friends? Does your family have a pretax income of more than \$100,000? Fine. B.S.A., Inc., has a place for you.

Maybe you heard about scouting from your father or from other scouts, or maybe you just read our ad in *The Wall Street Journal*. No matter—scouting is still the great adventure it's always been. B.S.A., Inc., is still devoted to making boys into men, shaping the leaders of tomorrow and providing competitive return on our investment capital.

The *patrol* is still the heart of scouting. We recommend that you pick an exciting, distinctive name and a smart letterhead. Many troops take names from major growth industries—for example, the Silicon Valley Screammers. If you have a problem choosing, consider retaining the services of a major pollster. Then copyright your choice. If things really take off, consider incorporating the patrol.

You'll need a *patrol call* that all members will use. Scouts used to make the noises of various endangered species, such as screech owls or coyotes. We suggest that your troop get an incoming 800 number.

Your *patrol leader* must be carefully chosen. This scout should be honest and dependable and have high name recognition on local network affiliates. When he's in town, your leader will call patrol meetings. However, thanks to developments in camping software, the patrol of the future is almost here. Soon, you'll be able to teleconference troop meetings and overnights without getting out of bed.

One other thing: While new scouts believe in kindness, good citizenship and good deeds, they also recognize the need for caution. Before you help that old lady across the street, get her to sign a B.S.A. liability waiver. Don't get burned.

## WELCOME FROM YOUR SCOUTMASTER



There will be no official welcome from the scoutmaster this year, because we have just been notified that he has moved to San Francisco with his friend Randy.

—EDITOR

### SCOUT OATH

On my honor,  
I will do my duty  
to stay lithe and well toned,  
to help others if convenient,  
to suffer but not much,  
to keep alert in boutiques,  
to be well fed and morally straight.  
Have a nice day.

### SCOUT LAW

The scout is: liquid, expedient,  
management material,  
brave without carrying it too far,  
centered, together,  
ambitious and up-scale.

### SCOUT MOTTO

"Be insured."



# YOUR CAMPSITE

Your patrol may already have a number of favorite campsites. If not, we recommend that you choose a site with its own natural beauty, near a lake or in the shadow of a mountain. Avoid wet bogs, toxic land-fill areas, old chemical dumps and any terrain that glows at night. First, you'll need to dig a latrine. This is one of the most humiliating tasks in camping. Assign it to a younger scout



who's easily intimidated. But it's no fun straddling a ditch, no matter who has done the work, so many troops lobby their regional scout office to arrange a lease/purchase option on a Porta-Flush.

You should post all vital information in a central location. Know the location of the local hospital, the fastest road out, the nearest decent pizza. It's a good idea to have somebody set up the video games between some trees.

Each troop should post a duty roster. Assign this task to your troop's data-base manager, who's responsible for backing up the hard disk and for general ledger and payroll. While everybody is setting up camp, now's the time for you to angle for a corner tent next to the scoutmaster's.

## CAMP-OUT TIPS

**Never** carry cash on a camp-out. Traveler's checks are OK, but credit cards are recommended for an overnight.

**Hiking** is an essential part of scouting. There are tracking hikes, lost-child hikes, market-research hikes. Take your manual to identify local flora, fauna and zoning restrictions. By the end of the day, the aggressive troop will have a detailed survey of the proposed regional mall, including scale drawings of sewer lines and parking lots. Use red flags to mark the trees worth saving.

**Canoeing** is a skill handed down to us by the Indians. Even the best canoeists must always wear life jackets. If you plan to canoe on a river near Cleveland or Buffalo, fireproof your jacket in case the river ignites.



**Codes** are essential for communications over long distances. From lake shore to mountaintop, scouts have long used flags, flashlights and smoke signals. We suggest a stand-alone terminal using RS232 XON/XOFF protocols and a smart MODEM.

**The campfire** is a B.S.A. institution, a place for song, warm camaraderie and serious power scouting. Positioning is everything. Put the fire between you and other scouts, and make sure they get the smoke on *their* side. If you know the words to the songs, sit near the scoutmaster.

**Big-name entertainment** is often beyond the troop budget. To entertain yourselves, organize a couple of skits. And if cash flow is a problem, be smart: Don't demand an advance; go for points in the movie version.

When it's time to strike your tent and pack your mess kit, make sure to save a few pine needles and acorns. Without proper documentation, the IRS won't let you write off the camp-out as a business expense. *The B.S.A. Tax Letter* recommends that you take a muddy arrowhead to the audit. It works every time.

# MERIT BADGES—YOUR PIECE OF THE ACTION

To advance quickly in scouting, you'll need to master many skills. For attaining them, you'll be rewarded with merit badges. You must then present those accomplishments in the form of a lucid résumé. One tip: Yes, B.S.A. head-hunters like a diversified résumé, but if you want to fast-track the scouting game, don't go wasting a lot of time and favors on fringe badges such as beekeeping and bookbinding. *Do* confide your ambitions to your scoutmaster. Take him to lunch. Don't talk politics. And when he asks if he can leave the tip, take him by the elbow and whisper: "Your money's no good here." The following are some useful badges.



**Commerce** helps you decide whether or not to refinance the troop in a bull market.



**Law**, because it's never too soon to litigate.



**James Watt Conservation**, the badge for that scout who auctions off your campsite's mineral rights.



**Mutual Funds** teaches you to look like you've just heard from Dean Witter.



**First Aid**, awarded to the scout who can most successfully disguise a receding hairline.



**Advanced First Aid** teaches you to recognize herpes in your scoutmaster.



**Water Safety** is awarded to that scout who orders his Johnnie Walker straight up.



**Lobbying**, the only badge that can be bought.



**Mergers and Acquisitions**, for the brave scout who defends his troop from a hostile take-over bid.



**Shooting**, because the gold-inlaid handgun by Bijan of Rodeo Drive looks so chic on the nightstand.



**Astronomy** is, and always has been, a waste of time.



**Fire Safety** teaches you to react quickly if your blow drier sets your tent on fire.

## ELECTIVE BADGES

The aggressive scout spends after-hours developing skills to cultivate that special *je ne sais quoi*. You'll need elective badges. Remember: Scouting is not a hobby; it's a lifestyle.



**Sushi Handling**



**Credit Rating**



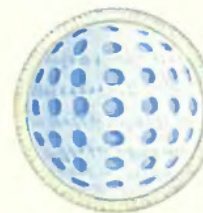
**Natural Childbirth**



**Nautilus and Spa Technique**



**Gender I.D.**



**Golf**



**Delegating**



**Wire Tap**



**Free-basing**

*"The cops hit their place and found stuff from my house everywhere they looked."*

shit, she maintained, not like the bourbon she'd grown up on. You knew where you stood with bourbon.

I told her I was a bourbon drinker myself, and it pleased her to learn this. Alliances have been forged on thinner bonds than that, and ours served to propel us out of Armstrong's, with a stop down the block for a fifth of Maker's Mark—her choice—and a four-block walk to her apartment. There were exposed brick walls, I remember, and candles stuck in straw-wrapped bottles, and several travel posters from Sabena, the Belgian airline.

We did what grownups do when they find themselves alone together. We drank our fair share of the Maker's Mark and went to bed. She made a lot of enthusiastic noises and more than a few skillful moves, and afterward she cried some.

A little later, she dropped off to sleep. I was tired myself, but I put on my clothes and sent myself home. Because who in her right mind'd want Matt Scudder around by the dawn's early light?

Over the next couple of days, I wondered every time I entered Armstrong's if I'd run into her, and each time I was more relieved than disappointed when I didn't. I didn't encounter Tommy, either, and that, too, was a relief and in no sense disappointing.

Then, one morning, I picked up the *News* and read that they'd arrested a pair of young Hispanics from Sunset Park for the Tillary burglary and homicide. The paper ran the usual photo—two skinny kids, their hair unruly, one of them trying to hide his face from the camera, the other smirking defiantly, and each of them handcuffed to a broad-shouldered, grim-faced Irishman in a suit. You didn't need the careful caption to tell the good guys from the bad guys.

Sometime in the middle of the afternoon, I went over to Armstrong's for a hamburger and drank a beer with it. The phone behind the bar rang and Dennis put down the glass he was wiping and answered it. "He was here a minute ago," he said. "I'll see if he stepped out." He covered the mouthpiece with his hand and looked quizzically at me. "Are you still here?" he asked. "Or did you slip away while my attention was diverted?"

"Who wants to know?"

"Tommy Tillary."

You never know what a woman will decide to tell a man or how a man will react to it. I didn't want to find out, but I

was better off learning over the phone than face to face. I nodded and took the phone from Dennis.

I said, "Matt Scudder, Tommy. I was sorry to hear about your wife."

"Thanks, Matt. Jesus, it feels like it happened a year ago. It was what, a week?"

"At least they got the bastards."

There was a pause. Then he said, "Jesus. You haven't seen a paper, huh?"

"That's where I read about it. Two Spanish kids."

"You didn't happen to see this afternoon's *Post*."

"No. Why, what happened? They turn out to be clean?"

"The two spics. Clean? Shit, they're about as clean as the men's room in the Times Square subway station. The cops hit their place and found stuff from my house everywhere they looked. Jewelry they had descriptions of, a stereo that I gave them the serial number, everything. Monogrammed shit. I mean, that's how clean they were, for Christ's sake."

"So?"

"They admitted the burglary but not the murder."

"That's common, Tommy."

"Lemme finish, huh? They admitted the burglary, but according to them it was a put-up job. According to them, I hired them to hit my place. They could keep whatever they got and I'd have everything out and arranged for them, and in return I got to clean up on the insurance by over-reporting the loss."

"What did the loss amount to?"

"Shit, I don't know. There were twice as many things turned up in their apartment as I ever listed when I made out a report. There's things I missed a few days after I filed the report and others I didn't know were gone until the cops found them. You don't notice everything right away, at least I didn't, and on top of it, how could I think straight with Peg dead? You know?"

"It hardly sounds like an insurance set-up."

"No, of course it wasn't. How the hell could it be? All I had was a standard home-owner's policy. It covered maybe a third of what I lost. According to them, the place was empty when they hit it. Peg was out."

"And?"

"And I set them up. They hit the place, they carted everything away, and I came home with Peg and stabbed her six, eight

times, whatever it was, and left her there so it'd look like it happened in a burglary."

"How could the burglars testify that you stabbed your wife?"

"They couldn't. All they said was they didn't and she wasn't home when they were there, and that I hired them to do the burglary. The cops pieced the rest of it together."

"What did they do, take you downtown?"

"No. They came over to the house, it was early, I don't know what time. It was the first I knew that the spics were arrested, let alone that they were trying to do a job on me. They just wanted to talk, the cops, and at first I talked to them, and then I started to get the drift of what they were trying to put onto me. So I said I wasn't saying anything more without my lawyer present, and I called him, and he left half his breakfast on the table and came over in a hurry, and he wouldn't let me say a word."

"And the cops didn't take you in or book you?"

"No."

"Did they buy your story?"

"No way. I didn't really tell 'em a story, because Kaplan wouldn't let me say anything. They didn't drag me in, because they don't have a case yet, but Kaplan says they're gonna be building one if they can. They told me not to leave town. You believe it? My wife's dead, the *Post* headline says, 'QUIZ HUSBAND IN BURGLARY MURDER,' and what the hell do they think I'm gonna do? Am I going fishing for fucking trout in Montana? 'Don't leave town.' You see this shit on television, you think nobody in real life talks this way. Maybe television's where they get it from."

I waited for him to tell me what he wanted from me. I didn't have long to wait.

"Why I called," he said, "is Kaplan wants to hire a detective. He figured maybe these guys talked around the neighborhood, maybe they bragged to their friends, maybe there's a way to prove they did the killing. He says the cops won't concentrate on that end if they're too busy nailing the lid shut on me."

I explained that I didn't have any official standing, that I had no license and filed no reports.

"That's OK," he insisted. "I told Kaplan what I want is somebody I can trust, somebody who'll do the job for me. I don't think they're gonna have any kind of a case at all, Matt, but the longer this drags on, the worse it is for me. I want it cleared up, I want it in the papers that these Spanish assholes did it all and I had nothing to do with anything. You name a fair fee and I'll pay it, me to you, and it can be cash in your hand if you don't like checks. What do you say?"

*(continued on page 154)*



Rowland B. Wilson

*"Welcome to the wonderful world of creative financing!"*







Some things just improve with age. Notice Terry (far left) in a publicity shot from the movie *Platinum High School* in 1959. Near left, she poses poolside today. "You don't have to be trapped in an old body at any age," claims Terry, an exercise nut. "You can stay young if you work at it."

now that her secret marriage to Howard Hughes is out in the open, Terry Moore proves she has nothing else to hide

# THE MERRIEST WIDOW

IT HAD BEEN another busy day for Terry Moore, or, as she currently signs autographs, Terry Moore-Hughes. The day began with a series of telephone interviews—from Pennsylvania, Detroit, even Canada—all with the now-familiar question, What was Howard Hughes *really* like? A stretch-and-tone class, along with a three-mile run on the beach, followed, keeping Terry's 55-year-old body in a shape even a 20-year-old could envy. A quick shower and she was ready to greet a writer from *Us* magazine, who probed and pried into her past life with you know who. Next came a high-level confab with executives from Pocket Books, the publishers of *The Beauty and the Billionaire*, Terry's book about her favorite subject. Later, she met with her publicist to discuss her plan to pilot a jet around the world as a tribute to . . . yup, you guessed it. After still another interview appointment—this one

with a *PLAYBOY* staffer for the piece you're reading—she was scheduled for an evening songwriting session with composer Jerry Goldstein. They hope the result will be the theme to the TV movie based on Terry's book.

Some 35 years after their secret marriage aboard a yacht and eight years after his death, Howard Hughes is still the main topic of conversation around the Moore household. For years, he was a subject she discussed in whispers, but since that fateful day in 1983 when the heirs to his estate decided to agree with Terry's claim that she had, indeed, married the eccentric billionaire, she's been Hollywood's most public widow. There was a cash settlement, of course, though no one will say how much it is. ("I can live off the interest for the rest of my life," claims Terry cheerfully. "It's somewhere between five and eight figures," says her attorney vaguely.) But the carefully orchestrated publicity



That's Burt Lancaster in the background (above left), watching Terry in a steamy embrace with Richard Jaeckel. The movie was *Come Back, Little Sheba*, and it earned Terry an Oscar nomination in 1952. Another film success, *Beneath the 12-Mile Reef*, with Robert Wagner (above right), followed in 1953. Despite her success and high profile, few knew of her marriage to Hughes, described in her book (above center).



that resulted put Terry Moore's name back in lights, enabled superagent Irving "Swift" Lazar to negotiate a six-figure advance for her book and reminded casting directors that sometimes the freshest face in town has been around a long time.

To Terry, however, there was something more important at stake. "The thing I wanted was vindication," says Terry, who revealed their secret wedding after Hughes died and quickly found herself lumped together with the likes of Melvin Dummar and others with sometimes questionable claims to the Hughes estate. "A bunch of crazies were claiming things," she remembers. "To prove to the world that I had been married to him, that I had never been divorced from him, that I wasn't some twit who went around making up stories—that was what I wanted. I've always been able to make a living, so the thing I was most happy about was their admitting I was his lawful widow."

Her saga with Hughes began back in the



early days of her career as an actress. Like the other starlets of that era, Terry was young and innocent, and her life was dictated by her strict Mormon parents and the omnipotent studio heads, who would decide whom she could date and what she would wear. Few actresses ever got off to a more promising start—the media loved her girl-next-door quality—and during her heyday, she appeared on more than 30 magazine covers. She even received an Oscar nomination in 1952 for her performance as the sweet young boarder who awakens Burt Lancaster's lust in *Come Back, Little Sheba*. The public was not alone in taking notice of this

"I've never thought of myself as being beautiful," maintains Terry. "But the people at PLAYBOY made me feel beautiful. I think of these photos as art." Above, a publicity picture from *Black Spurs*.





Terry always kept working, despite other marriages and raising two sons. Above left, she offered to be a valentine to promote MGM's *A Man Called Dagger* (1967), and on May 25, 1983, she cheerfully posed with a photo of her late husband (above right). Why the smile? That's the day she was declared Hughes's legal widow.

burgeoning new star. Over at RKO studios, a wealthy, rakish inventor and aviator who also dabbled in movies had found her attractive, too. Terry was only 18 and Howard Hughes was a persistent suitor. He wooed her with flattery and expensive gifts but kept their marriage secret to protect her pristine image.

For Terry, it was both a madly passionate first love and a continually troubled relationship. Hughes was a compulsive womanizer and yet terribly jealous of Terry's friendships. She was young and headstrong, and the combination was lethal. By 1951, Terry had married someone else just to spite her secret husband, which technically made her a bigamist. That marriage was short-lived, and she and Howard spent another four years in their on-again, off-again, intense love affair. When the final breakup came, in 1955, there was no real reason for them to get a divorce. No one, except for Terry's family and a few close Hughes aides, knew they had been married. Even when both had found new mates—actress Jean Peters for Hughes and millionaire Eugene McGrath for Terry—her obsession with Hughes continued. Nor did her next marriage, to Stuart Cramer, which lasted 12 years and gave her two children, help her forget. Cramer, ironically, had been Peters' first husband.

"As the children needed me less, I began feeling great moods of depression," remembers Terry. "We found a psychiatrist who put people into the hospital for three days and gave them sodium pentothal to find out what they really felt. We both decided to do it, and I went first. Evidently, all I talked about was Howard and how much I was still in love with him. Stuart and I had had a very solid marriage until then, but it went very rapidly after that. Stuart is still bitter toward Howard—he lost two wives to him, more or less."

By then, however, Hughes had adopted his reclusive lifestyle, so a reconciliation was impossible. Still, Terry found that her dreams revolved around Hughes. Even his death and the attentions of numerous suitors have not changed her feelings. "My

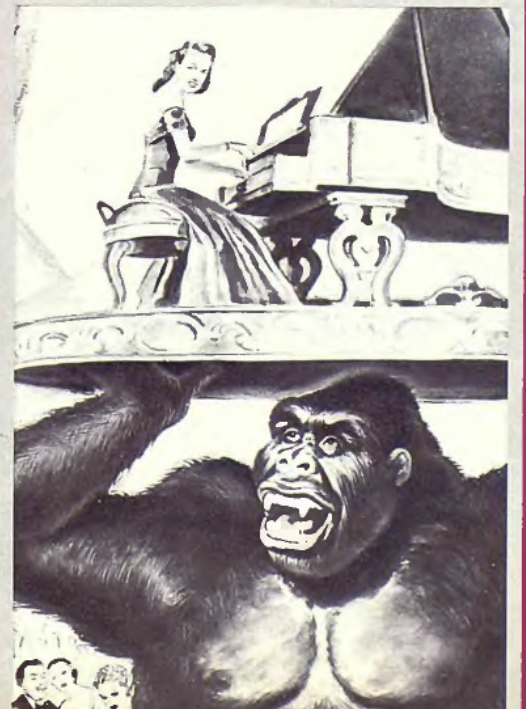






manager says he has never seen anyone get as many calls and crushes from zillionaires as I do," she explains. "That's because Howard Hughes is every zillionaire's image of what he'd like to be. He had everything—the studio, the fast cars, fast airplanes, women at his feet. I haven't found anyone who compares to Howard. I've met some very nice people, but I just haven't fallen for anyone. When I look back, he was the only man I ever totally loved."

You think Howard Hughes was an eccentric partner? The 1949 film *Mighty Joe Young* (below) was billed as "the strange story of a beautiful girl and a gorilla." When your career spans more than 50 films, not all of them are genuine gems.









"I've always played the girl next door," explains Terry. "I was never glamorized. That's one reason the PLAYBOY session was so much fun. I can't believe these photos are of me."



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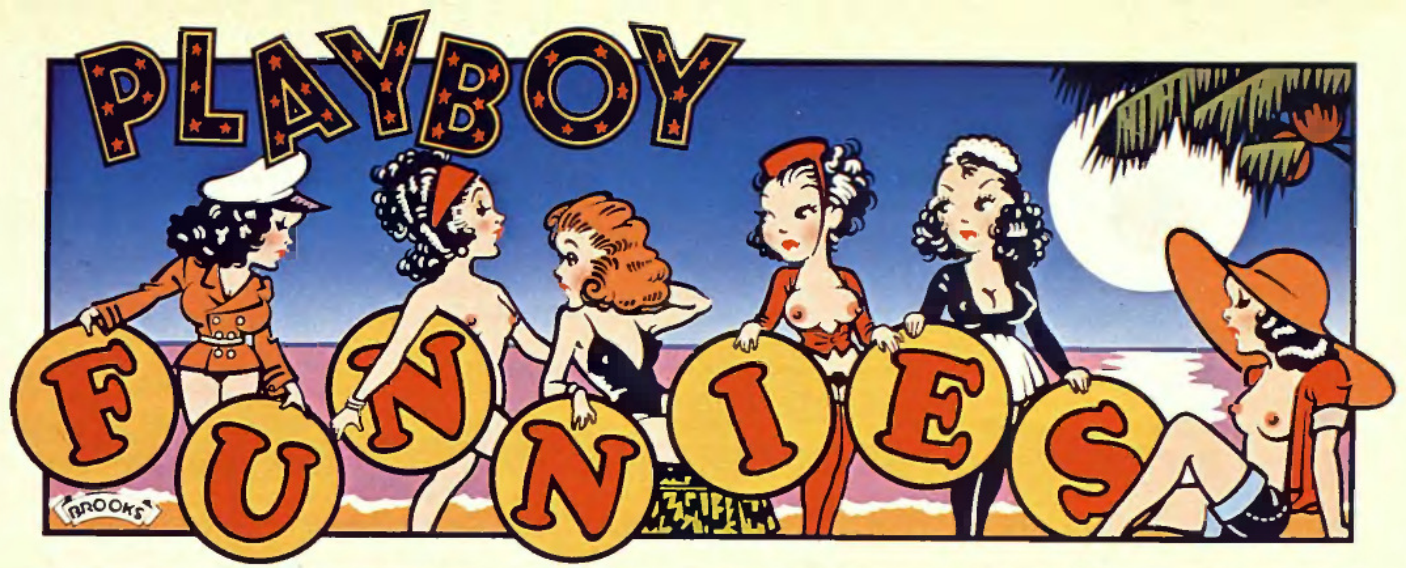
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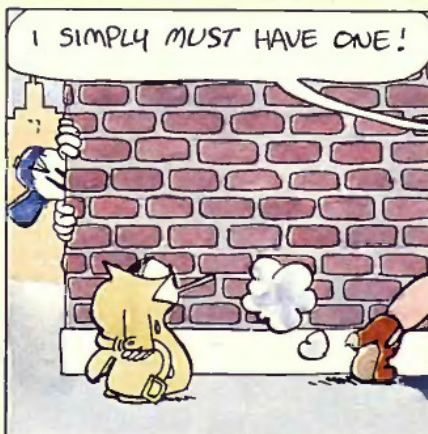
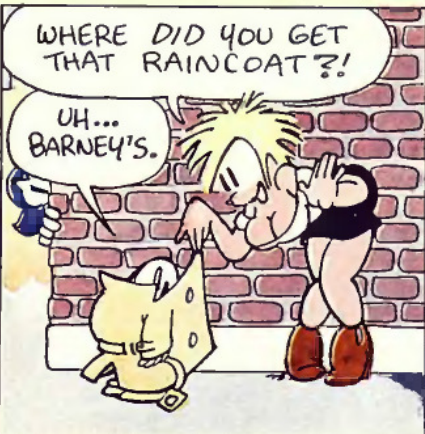
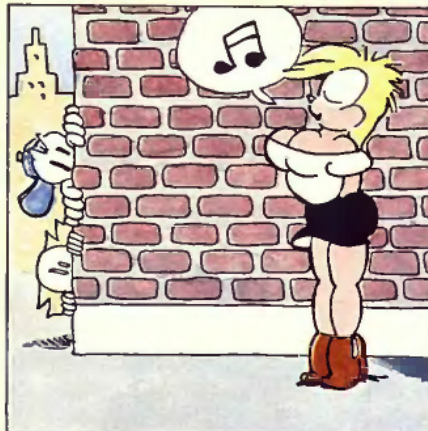
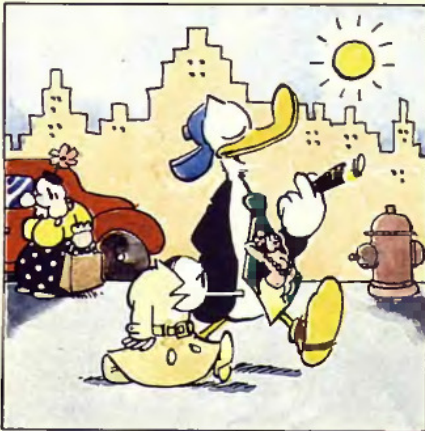


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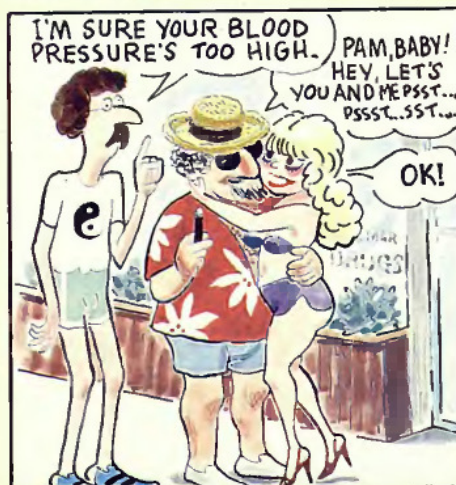


# THE KINKY REPORT

Christopher Browne



# HOLISTIC HARRY



*"It is inevitable that we are going to have to ration health care in the United States."*

in America. The flow of illegal immigrants has increased tenfold in the past decade alone, with authorities apprehending more than 1,200,000 illegal immigrants in 1983, most of them Mexican.

This means that soon we'll have two large minority blocs that don't share proportionately in our country's wealth. Statistics from the Joint Center for Political Studies show that the personal wealth, or accumulated assets, of black families is only 36 percent of that of white families: The average wealth of black households is \$24,608 as compared with \$68,891 for white households. In the past two decades, the yearly income of black families has remained at about 60 percent of that of white families. Although black households make up 12 percent of all households in America, they hold only four percent of the combined wealth of blacks and whites (211 billion dollars in personal wealth as compared with 4.875 trillion dollars held by whites). Fewer than half of black households have savings accounts, while 77 percent of white households have them.

The impact of those economic realities and demographic changes will be gargantuan, leaving our cities tinderboxes of frustrated, angry and underemployed minorities. The social time bomb is ticking.

#### THE HEALTH-CARE DRAIN

*America's health-care system will be bankrupt by 1994.*

We stand on the threshold of the age of the bionic man. A large number of organs are already transplantable, and transplants for virtually all of the others wait in the wings. Medical science is inventing much faster than public policy can pay for its inventions. By 1994, we will have attempted on three or four occasions to avert the bankruptcy of Medicare, but it will be very clear by then that health care has gotten completely out of control and will be consuming an unacceptable part of the gross national product. Already, ten and one half cents of every dollar in America is spent on health care. In the cost-of-living index, health care is growing two and one half times as fast as the other economic indicators.

On top of that, we'll soon face a day when medical science is able to prolong physical existence indefinitely, filling our hospitals with sick people who are alive but whose quality of life will be intolerable. We already have too many hospital beds, too many costly specialists and an overdose of medical technology; and now we're coming into the time when the

growth of the aged population, combined with the explosion of health-care costs, is going to bankrupt a number of systems. In 1970, the number of individuals aged 65 and over was 20,000,000; in 1985, it will be 29,000,000. By the year 2030, when the children of the baby boom are well past the age of retirement and our children are approaching it, there will be 65,000,000 aged 65 or over in America. The hospital-patient days of persons over 65 are projected to increase from 105,000,000 in 1980 to roughly 275,000,000 in the year 2000, almost tripling the amount of hospital care for the aged in a 20-year period.

It is inevitable that we are going to have to ration health care in the United States. Health and hospital spending cannot be reduced unless there is some cutback in services to at least some patients. Geometrically rising costs are on a collision course with a financial system that simply cannot afford them. A million and a half people have heart attacks in America every year; how many should have access to an artificial heart? How many heart transplants can we afford; and, as technology further increases the ability to keep people alive, can patients get more than one transplant? How many heart transplants should we give to a smoker? How many liver transplants should we give to an alcoholic? We simply have not come to grips with the fact that medical innovation stands ready to break us as a country.

We already spend more money, a larger percentage of our gross national product than practically any other industrialized nation in the world, on an inefficient health-care system—and one that is heading for bankruptcy to boot!

#### CONTINUING ENERGY CRISIS

*We will have at least one major oil crisis before 1994.*

After two crippling oil crises in the past decade, I am astonished that we still rely for a significant part of the free world's oil on one of the most anachronistic places on the earth, the Middle East. Europe and Japan depend even more on it.

This is a volatile dependency. Thirteen of the present Arab heads of state, or more than half of them, have reached power as a result of the forceful removal of their predecessors, and in the past 15 years, Arabs have fought Arabs in 12 fierce wars. The Islamic-fundamentalist revolution is sweeping the area—with grave anti-Western implications—and there have been four major Arab-Israeli conflicts, now threatened further by the crisis in Lebanon and the failure to resolve the

Palestinian-autonomy question.

On top of all this, our own oil discoveries don't keep pace with production, and we have failed to *begin* to make the energy-efficient decisions that we should make to remove the waste from our society. I predict that by 1994, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) will have reasserted itself and we will be back in the lap of the Arabs.

*By 1994, payment of utility bills will be a major problem in the United States.*

This prediction follows from the previous one, but even if OPEC doesn't find new power, it is clear that we have expended our inheritance of cheap petroleum and natural gas. The costs of utilities will rise dramatically in real dollars and as a percentage of household spending.

#### INTERNATIONAL CHAOS

*The Third World will be bankrupt by 1994.*

I predict that by 1994, OPEC will be joined by the Organization of Debt Exporting Countries (ODEC), as a large number of Third World countries default on their debts to the developed world. Do we really think that 400,000,000 people in South and Central America will get up every morning and go to work for the Chase Manhattan Bank? It just won't happen. Third World nations will recognize these debts only as long as they're able to get them rescheduled and have additional money lent to them.

*By 1994, the U.S. will have an international welfare caseload to add to its domestic welfare caseload.*

We will add another billion people to the world by 1994. The demography of the future is awesome. While the population of Europe will grow only 4.5 percent in the next 16 years, that of Africa, which is already facing starvation, is projected to grow 65.9 percent, followed by that of Latin America at 44.6 percent. That means that in the next 20 years, we'll add the equivalent of 20 Bangladeshes to an already hungry world.

The Worldwatch Institute has made a study of what is likely to happen. Between 1979 and 1983, world economic growth expanded less than two percent a year. The effect of slower economic growth varied widely according to national population-growth rates. For example, a two percent annual economic-growth rate would still raise incomes by two percent in Belgium and West Germany, which have achieved zero population growth. But for Kenya and Ecuador, whose annual population-growth rate exceeds three percent, a two percent annual economic growth produces steady declines in income and living standards. There are 34 countries whose numbers are growing at three percent or more a year, most of them in Africa, the Middle East and Central America. Those

countries will become America's international welfare caseload.

By 1994, I predict, the Catholic Church will have ended its prohibition of artificial birth control, but the change will come too late to prevent demographic chaos. Many countries that cannot now feed themselves will dramatically add to their populations and will look to us for relief. We will see megafamine in parts of the Third World by 1994. The individual miracle of birth is becoming a collective tragedy.

*We will see constant political turmoil on our Southern borders. Multiple Cubas will appear in our hemisphere.*

We're not just fighting communism in South and Central America, we're fighting demography. Overpopulation causes increased poverty, unemployment and environmental degradation that add to political instability. Over the next ten years, we'll continue to see a massive flow of people into urban areas that are doubling in population every decade or two, with vast slum areas doubling in about half that time. By the year 2000, the world will have 56 cities with populations of more than 5,000,000, as opposed to only 29 now. About two billion people will live in Third World cities. The slum areas contain a high percentage of unemployed young men, living in appalling conditions next to wealth and privilege. This is a prescription for revolution. Most of these cities lack the capital, education, training or political system to improve. They will not get better; they will get worse.

Most countries in South and Central America are characterized by three traits that in the next ten years will cause massive instability: high population growth, a vast discrepancy between rich and poor and corruption as a way of life. We fool ourselves when we call these Third World countries "developing countries." Most of them are plagued by internal cultural division, tribalism, communalism, religious strife and traditionalism that render governance all but impossible. Instead of developing countries, they are, for the most part, never-to-be-developed countries.

As General Maxwell Taylor put it in a letter to a member of Congress:

Our national-security interest in maintaining a global balance of power and global restraints on Soviet aggression depends on the continued viability, and economic, social and governmental stability, of a number of strategically located developing nations. Our national strength also depends on a strong economy, which, in turn, depends on assured access to certain essential sources of raw materials—primarily oil and scarce minerals—located in Third World countries. Such access requires the

maintenance of comparative peace and stability within these nations and their regional environment.

But such conditions cannot presently be assured. . . .

The United States' strategic position in the world will continue to be undercut, though it is unclear whether that will necessarily benefit the Soviet Union. Nearly all the Third World countries in which the U.S. has vital security interests have serious population-growth problems. Egypt adds 1,000,000 people a year to a country that cannot feed those it has. Korea, the Philippines, Indonesia, India, Pakistan, Iran, Turkey, Kenya, Nigeria, Mexico and almost all the countries in Central America and the Caribbean are heading toward varying degrees of demographic nightmares.

It is clear that a number of Cubas will be added to the one too many that we already have in our hemisphere.

The future is always full of surprises. World dynamics are so volatile that one should always expect the unexpected. Yet I believe that certain trends are so powerful that they can—if left unaltered—be predicted.

Politics is the management of expectations. The American electorate has come to expect a growing pie, with politicians arguing about how to distribute the growth dividend every year. But there has

been virtually no growth dividend to distribute in the past ten years, and at the same time, it is obvious that we have serious problems in our military-procurement programs, our Social Security system, our health-care system, our other pension systems; but seldom do politicians—especially in an election year—even identify the *problems*, let alone the solutions. It is my thesis that America needs a dose of the philosophy of Alcoholics Anonymous: The patient gets well only when he admits to himself the full and desperate nature of his problem. We have to recognize that public policy needs a series of hard, sometimes even tragic, choices to bring our economy under control and ensure our future prosperity. We really need a political ticket that can offend everyone a little. It will not be easy. Few politicians have made a career out of asking for cutbacks or sacrifices. However, in a number of our programs, America has made more promises than we can now pay for, and it is imperative that not another Presidential campaign go by without the candidates' at least debating those issues.

I am haunted by John Locke's statement that "hell is truth seen too late." Will we as a society find the personal discipline and political will to see those new forces and correct our ways?

Nineteen ninety-four will be here before we know it.



"Rodney, say good night to your new car and come to bed."

*"One day, he discovers her nest egg. He doesn't call it skimming, he calls it embezzling."*

can happen. For example, a woman who has no right to discretionary funds—not even enough to buy her husband a present he doesn't know about—may start "skimming" some money out of the household budget. One day, he discovers her nest egg. He doesn't call it skimming, he calls it embezzling.

#### PAYING PAST DUES

8. Other flash points are arguments that pair children and money. Men often don't realize how much money it takes to clothe and feed a child. The conversation can be particularly intense when it is about children from a previous relationship. She may accuse him of not caring about her children or of protecting his kids but not hers. If there's not enough money to treat the kids evenhandedly, the entire relationship can be in jeopardy.

9. The same problem applies to in-laws and parents. Say Harry's family needs help and he has to ask his partner. If the partner won't help or isn't gracious about it, the other resents having to plead for something he feels his partner should gladly provide.

10. The last of these dreaded three why-must-I-contribute-to-your-past-life? arguments involves alimony, and here we get into the major leagues of money bat-

tles. The new wife isn't particularly pleased that half of his salary and some of hers goes to support his ex-wife in the style to which the new wife would like to become accustomed. Jealousy over the past gets mixed up with deprivation, and the result is volatile stuff.

#### SINKING OR SWIMMING IN THE MONEY POOL

11. Some women feel that "your money is our money and my money is mine." A traditional man may encourage that feeling—after all, he is the earner, and having a woman who feels that way redounds to his provider role. Another man, however—particularly one who finds that the family needs her money for expenses—may no longer find this quaint. Her "mad money" makes him feel just that. This is especially tricky in a household where the man encourages a woman to feel this way but changes the rules when finances get tight.

12. The two-career couple has its own special money aggravations. If the two have been independent for a long time, they hate to have to be financially accountable to anyone else. They find *anything* that requires fiscal cooperation and compromise grating. They should tread lightly the first time they cosign a

note—or lend their partner money.

13. Which brings up the wonderful world of pooling money. The first fight is about whether or not to do it. The second is about getting *used* to doing it—and what it means for someone else to have the right to draw (and overdraw) on a joint checkbook.

14. Then there are the fights over what's fair to contribute. Will each partner put in half or will each put in money according to what he or she makes? Some partners say, "You want an equal say? Then put in equal pay!" If he earns \$50,000 and she earns \$18,000 and he wants her to pay half of the \$2000 monthly mortgage payment (or she doesn't get a full vote), he should be aware that he is manipulating her into a resentful junior partnership. Her money seems to get lost in the pool. She makes a suggestion about what to do with their money, but he doesn't feel that her contribution entitles her to disposition of the entire pot. Each economic decision brings up the issue "Whose money is this, anyhow?"

15. When money is separate, objects are usually separate. Then the fights are about who actually owns what. If she put 60 percent of the money down on the chair, does she own the chair or just the legs? The couple who mentally put tags on everything in the house sometimes have a problem with recall. Keeping fastidious records doesn't always prevent disagreements about who owns what.

#### FOREIGN POLICIES AND THE WELFARE STATE

16. Even if items and money are kept separate, partners still have strong feelings about how money *ought* to be spent. Certain spending habits are considered morally offensive. Having a monetary morality different from one's partner's (e.g., he buys \$100 wines while she is waging the war on poverty) causes bitter fights even if money isn't commingled.

17. In the Eighties, are women truly emancipated from housework, or do they have to buy their way out? A man may insist that a woman use her money to pay for child care, house cleaning and dining out, because she's creating those expenses by not covering those activities herself. "You pay for it—after all, you're the one who's getting out of it." Some women accede to that philosophy, so happy are they not to be doing it themselves. Others pay—but resent it. And some women call a pig a pig, and pack.

18. Strangely enough, the matter of having *enough* money isn't the most serious area of disagreement. The man's ability to earn is so sensitive a topic that it doesn't come up until a blood fight is in process. Men receive questions about their earning power as a frontal assault on their manhood.

19. Of course, the only argument worse



*"James, I just want you to know that I'm user-friendly, too."*



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is the one based on how much the woman earns—*when she earns more than he does*. He gets competitive. He may bad-mouth her promotion or indicate that she's lucky she's in such an easy industry in which to succeed. Often he adds injury to insult when she confronts him on his behavior and he adamantly denies it. They get into a cycle of oblique and head-on collisions. This is one money issue that can't be left unrepaired or it will unravel the relationship.

20. Let's say both partners are working and earning good money, and each likes the idea that they're a dual-career couple. Money becomes an issue when partners push each other to get ahead, get a raise, get their due (and, while they're at it, to bring home some more money to help support their overextended lifestyle). Being pushed to confront a boss isn't usually appreciated. Badgering will cause a battle.

21. No matter how much money the couple earns, there are some things that aren't done. One is making a major purchase without consulting one's partner. No man can go home and say, "Hi, honey, I just bought a cabin cruiser," and expect an uncomplicated reaction.

22. How much to spend on a vacation is

a common enough source of argument—so common that many couples dread their annual discussion about it. If the trip is less—or more—luxurious than one or both partners feel comfortable with, trouble brews. Fights break out when the person who can afford to pay wants to call all the shots. They can also erupt when Harry generously offers to subsidize the trip but his partner refuses to go unless she can pay her own way. If that means the vacation can't happen on schedule or at all, Harry, who wants to go now—and is willing to pay for it—gets annoyed.

#### SPENDING IN STYLE

23. But let's say that over the years, the couple have worked out their financial differences. Are they out of the woods? Not necessarily. They may get lucky by cleaning up in the stock market or winning a lottery or inheriting Aunt Mildred's fortune. That gives them new options they hadn't anticipated. Windfalls provide excellent opportunities for arguments.

24. Charity begins at home, but it may have moved out. The first question is, Should the money be given away at all? The second is, To whom? The third is, Does a partner have veto power on a specific charity (e.g., "If you give to the

National Rifle Association, I'll divorce you")? The fourth is, How *much* ("You gave your inheritance to Save the Whales?!")?

25. Two people often don't agree on what is a lot of money and what isn't. This is also complicated by different patterns of generosity. Some people like to make small gifts—such as picking up a lunch tab. Others watch such things scrupulously. But the person who watches nickels at a restaurant may be very generous about serious issues (such as donating to peace organizations or social-service agencies). And the person who picks up the tab may find large donations horrifying. Two people who have no empathy for each other's monetary *styles* are going to fight.

26. One person may feel that you have to be honest about your emotions, your hair color, your golf score—anything but your taxes. Another may feel that if the supermarket checker gave you extra change, not reporting it should warrant a trip to the Bastille. Those two people should probably not be together. Doing their taxes together may help them to a new status—one that will allow them to file separately the next year.

#### THE FISCAL SUNSET

27. Issues about security and retirement crop up among people over 40. Fighting about life insurance is one of the early disagreements. Some people think they'll live to be 100, and they don't want the life-insurance company to profit from their longevity. A nonworking partner may not appreciate such optimism, since a wrong guess can be a financial as well as an emotional disaster.

28. To some men, filing a will is like signing up for an airplane that's scheduled to crash. To the family that wishes to avoid probate or a contest from a grasping relative, that attitude is not acceptable. The wife pushes and the husband accuses her of wishing him dead—which may not have been the way she felt at the beginning of the argument but is certainly the way she feels at the end of it.

29. Older couples have fights over *any* intimation of mortality. When a wife sees her 65-year-old husband take on a project that requires his attention for the next 15 years, she not unreasonably gets a little worried. He takes that as her betting on the wrong side of the issue.

30. Finally, there are little money habits that don't cause big fights but do drive one's partner crazy. Keeping a lot of money around the house just in case the banks fail; being afraid to carry cash and always borrowing from others; never asking for the check—no single one of those behaviors is enough to cause a divorce. But if you find yourself with a money quirk, understand that it can cause more trouble than it's worth.



*"You have to sit up straight for your counseling, Mrs. Larson. Lie down even for an instant, and it's analysis."*



# MONEY AND SEX

(continued from page 74)

*"I kept her so ignorant, Jo thought a \$20 bill had to clear before you could break it."*

Courtship might license intimate sexual confessions, but seldom will that intimacy extend to detailed income and disbursement information. Some think premarital sex is a good patch test for compatibility. I suspect that premarital joint checking might be more definitive. Strip-search me, thumb through my medicine chest or secret Polaroid collection, bug the phone—*nothing* has more personal resonance, more revelatory force than a checkbook or last year's itemized IRS form. What you spend is what you are.

And it has gotten rather worse. B. and S., with laser-knife insight, remind you that we meet and woo now in places that are socially and economically impartial. A disco. The public library. A dating service. Moreover, we have become more geographically mobile than the latest strain of flu. Once, couples came together at their yacht, their tennis club. Or they were constrained by ethnic heritage and work to the church dance, union gathering, neighborhood social hall. There, certain assumptions about money—similar income, habit of saving or expenditure, dowry, even—were implicit. Today, men and women approach marriage or a new life in as prepared for their financial future as your average sedan-chair bearer would be for the modern transportation industry.

No amazement, then, that one quarter to one third of couples list budget management under their MOST SERIOUS PROBLEM. It is pandemic. "Money establishes the balance of power in relationships except among lesbians." Is money important? Does Oscar de la Renta make Spanish flies? Men, it is noted, take this pragmatic attitude home with their work. Money talks, bullshit walks—men tend to say that a whole lot. Women pick it up at the breakfast table (or, since 52 percent of women work—and get paid less than men—they may have learned on their own by now). Yet, not only are we made irritable by his or her fiscal finagling, at home we are also and, nonetheless, very romantic. I'll buy you the moon, da-de, diamond rings and everything. We are demoralized afterward to be haggling with spouse like bail bondsmen over a minor felon. As if this weren't disorienting enough, B. and S. report more than 75 percent of wives still felt it important that Mr. Husband provide them with financial security.

And, back in 1964, I went right along. I made our not-exactly-enriched bread (about \$125 per week take-home). That meant I didn't have to change diapers or turn up at a four-A.M. feeding. It was the era of specialization, right? I worked nine to five and wrote; she did *everything* else.

And I ran the bank account. I kept her so ignorant, Jo thought a \$20 bill had to clear before you could break it. But contemporary husbands did about the same: I can't today remember one working wife of our close acquaintance. Sure, I gave Jo what seemed to me a papal household allowance. But examine the word: I gave my children an *allowance* as well. Money control extended that father-daughter authority relationship she had just left. If you want extra cash, the Grand Dispenser will give you an audience, kiss his staff of office first. Really dehumanizing to beg money from your husband so you can, say, buy him some poor doodad for Christmas. Hey, Jo, if you read this—I was a first-rate asshole.

A very uppuckered one. Let me say—in some self-exoneration—gee, I was pushing the old panic bolt back then. Age 22; wife and infant; subsistence wage. And writing *The Big Novel* to bootstrap us out of a hopeless financial sitz bath. Our apartment was so small we slept in bunk beds: No other way the bedroom would fit my desk. If Jo came in (when writing, I didn't always let her; I was ruthless)—wink! The doorknob would knock my glasses off. Roderick, our son, didn't have his own room; we sort of stored him in a pantry. To this day, I wonder he didn't grow eyestalks, like some lightless potato. But there I was, *summa cum* grad of Columbia, powerfully underachieving. And for males in 1984, it hasn't changed that much. B. and S. say, "Earning money is intimately bound up with a man's self-respect, and when he loses his self-respect, he begins to question how he feels about his life and his relationship." You know how much sympathy the line "Um, I'm writing a novel" will get you. Standard response is, "Oh, you are? I collect hubcaps myself." (Translation: Whyncha get a decent job, schlemiel?)

B. and S. do report that "married couples who feel they are doing well financially often see this as a joint accomplishment, proving they chose each other wisely." I was proud when Jo won her Danforth Fellowship. (Though, had she begun earning then, I admit it, I wouldn't have accepted a direct subsidy to the household. I dunno, it would've set precedents. Like a private college taking Federal aid: In no time, they'll make you teach Hindustani and build special ramps all over. Paranoid, maybe, but. . .) And for remarriage, I chose a self-supporting Tony-nominated Broadway actress. Yet even though more than half of women (48 percent of women with children under six) work, the husband still has one unique

financial surcharge. Hear this from B. and S.: "No matter how much or how little a wife earns, her income has much less impact on how each of them feels about the family income. It is up to the man to make the *couple's* mark in the world." Not so different from 1964 or 1864. Even if she has this billion-dollar plant-healing franchise, her entry-level-wage husband is some kind of vulgar *parasite*.

Men who cohabit, however, don't get the same moral and financial alligator clip snapped on their softest part. Mind you, sociological data for cohabitants are about as conclusive as sociological data for Ginsu-knife owners. B. and S. pioneer here. It is just of late that we have acknowledged cohabitation, Lee Marvin et al., to be something more than a special disease vector. But cohab life, from your first cardboard carton and one-month sublet, is primarily economic in aspect: love as small business. Within the relationship, cash competition will forever be implicit, like two hookers in a price war. Women, of course, have gone for cohab, particularly since feminism became varnished truth. It may facilitate a career. Or help them sidestep housewifedom, which can turn the cerebrum to calf's-foot jelly. But for men, I think, the "vulgar parasite" syndrome has had great effect. In cohab existence, women are perceived to have made their own bed (made it on alternate days, ideally, I guess). That burden of *couple* success doesn't fall so heavily atop the male. And if he should default on his rent, well, she doesn't need to change names so that a creditor won't find her.

"The most provocative evidence we can offer on the link between power and money comes from the cohabiters. . . . For cohabiters, the male-provider image loses its importance and other values take precedence. . . . Cohabitation is a pay-as-you-go system and each partner's rights and privileges are based on what he or she contributes. . . . [Yet] we find that when the woman has greater influence over how money is spent (leisure activities and furniture buying) the couple faces more conflict. When the man has greater influence, or when the influence is equal, there is less turmoil. Thus cohabiters have to juggle both traditional and nontraditional pressures, making money problems difficult to solve. We have ample evidence to show this is quicksand for cohabiting couples."

I knew one cohab pair who came and went each through separate house doors: Holy Mother Mass card forbid that *she* should scrape up *his* mud. They also had, believe it, a red line painted down their living-room wall—HIS— →HERS. (Though, as tribute to love or aesthetics, the line did detour—zag, jag, zag—around one particularly fine heirloom portrait that belonged to her.) And you do catch some breath of this in most cohab home life: that—except maybe for the cold leftover chicken wing—each item has

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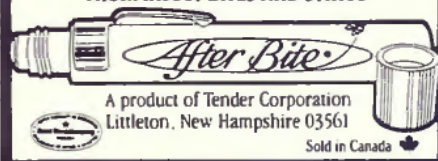


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Cohabs are rather like persecuted ethnic folk expecting that big pogrom: They're set to pack and travel at the drop of a Cossack. Superpoliteness prevails. Both are in the guesthouse. Her cat won't even sleep on his clean shirt. When, for one year, I cohabited—hell, *her* housecoat hanging from a doorknob was the shroud of Turin. I'd put down towels when I sat on her family armchair (never can tell when incontinence will hit you). And she never put my bookshelf out of alphabetic-by-author order. It was great fun: the rough equivalent of living in a period restoration; Monticello, maybe. I went to the john pretty often. It, at least, was neutral.

Who, then, would you think hassle each other most about dough—married or cohab? Good try, but wrong again. Despite cutpurse rivalry (“male cohabiters,” for instance, “are too competitive with their partners for the woman’s success to enhance the relationship”), a cohab pair is more courteous or, if you will, dishonest. Married people fuss-budget more. B. and S. suggest a common-sense reason for this: Marriage—with its stronger institutional substructure—can withstand heavier chop breaking. In fact, compared with Mr. Cohab, the husband is also happier with his work: Earning for others is more pleasurable. By contrast, cohab people have a cordless grip on their relationship. To protect it, they swallow guff like Disposals. They're scared that any argument about who should pay for her vaginal foam will crack them. Never mind an occasional palimony ruling, the law doesn't provide real schematics for cohab separation. It can be expensive. Women, in particular, are unprotected—no judge to decide who'll get custody of that Day-Glo black-light poster or the cat door.

Most disagreements, though, are less about income than about how it should be spent. Shall we buy new iron for his weight room or more sand for her raked Japanese garden? Resource pooling (like communism) is great in concept, if only it'd work. But humans are territorial. Moreover, everyone is hypersensitive about the Divorce Beast: Sheesh, 41 percent of all American men and women will at some time experience a household unraveling. With that ill-aspected send-off, it takes considerable gall to pool cash. Some bleak day, you may wake up and find that he or she has left—after playing dirty pool with your mutual fund.

I remember the night I decided to move out. How, I thought, can you give all this up—1500 books, my comfy office, 12 cats, those wonderful meals, someone to blame when I drop a glass in the kitchen or fall over the footstool? How can you take it all with you? So, I said, pack just what you need: complete Strip City. Guess what? I didn't even fill the back of my station wagon. Wow, I said, shows how little is really essential to life. And a mile down the road, I realized that I hadn't packed *one single*

item of clothing. Socks, underwear, not even a tie clip. I dress so unchichi, even I didn't want custody of my wardrobe.

But I did wipe the savings account out. (It, ah, represented loan money from a friend. . . .) And the business can get bitter. One friend's wife took half his *Encyclopaedia Britannica*: A-C, E-G, I-K, etc. Don't ask him about anything beginning with D. Jo kept the first five years of my diary: Humph, she said, you might have written it, but it was about us. And, of course, children are the saddest hostages to fortune. What should you carry away—two arms and a torso? Indeed, you settle for their weekends, when they, if asked, would rather give you Wednesday and Tuesday, which are a dull time, anyhow.

But cohab, in my experience, is different. We argued. Enough, I said, I'm leaving. So, she said, go. I went before I went: By the time I had finished zipping up, all my belongings were neatly beside her elevator, in those very same boxes, suitcases and A&P paper bags they had come in. Simple: Even *my* drawer in her bureau was vacant. We hadn't had time to create joint property. And she pressed the DOWN button for me.

Cohab people, as you might guess, pool less often than married. And fewer women advocate pooling, even though, with the disparity in male-female income, it would appear to favor them. B. and S. advance this simple axiom: “Men and women feel and act differently about money. To men it represents identity and power. To women it is security and autonomy.” Yet, as they conclude, for all the resentment and conflict, financial symbiosis can be an important bond. Those who joint file, joint save, joint spend—and do it without garroting each other—are more likely to survive. Economic independence may liberate either individual, but it also tends to leave less of an emotional slush fund for the relationship.

Sex is, as you well know, negotiable stuff. It can be an IOU, promissory note, trade goods, investment capital, rubber check. The male sexual bank balance is often drawn on or fattened by his earning power. What you deposit this afternoon may well affect what you deposit tonight. Greg, one B.-and-S. case history, has a working wife. “I don't mind her success, but I need my own. . . . When I see myself as less masculine, I see her as more self-sufficient and more masculine, which isn't so great. . . . It affects my sexual interest and the way I feel about the relationship.” This syndrome has long been noted about black men in a ghetto environment. Unable to reinforce their maleness through the job market, they feel inadequate and split. I understand that: A book advance check or handsome lecture fee can make my seminal works positively churn.

Women have, since the first neolithic sick headache, used sex to barter: tit for that and that and that. It was a kind of

coupon clipping—worth the new dress, perm, dinner out, whatever. Women had their own black-market trade going on right at home. But female financial self-support has caused restructuring—and more frankness. First of all, she isn't home whenever he lusts after her. Even more than that, she doesn't need as much material property. Sex, as medium of exchange, has been devalued. During this past year, it isn't coincidental, surely, that I've heard about three *wives* who charge their men for a sexual preference—in particular, for the elusive blow job. Theresa told me, "I come home after work, the last thing I need is to get my jaw knocked out of line. Yet I know he needs it; he's feeling insecure. So once, he said, 'I'll give you ten bucks.' Hey, fine. He feels better about asking; I feel it's worth my time. And a semiprostitute situation turns us both on. Only thing is, I hate telling him, the price is going up to \$15 after January first."

Sarah, who works for AT&T, picked right up on that reference to prostitution. "It's a spin-off from feminism. Remember when Kate Millett was trying to 'save' prostitutes from exploitation? Well, she got the predictable defensive response from the hookers: that wives were prostituting themselves just as much. So were secretaries, for that matter. My husband is aroused anyhow by pickup, wanna-good-time, Eighth Avenue fantasies. Money has always liberated men from performance responsibility. Now, though, there is an even more salient factor—namely, men want sex more often than women do. We both work. We try to split everything fairly. But how do we split his need for five quick sessions a week and my need for two nice, slow, lazy ones? Early on, he started paying me. Twenty dollars, for any sex where I didn't come, too. Quickies, you know. To be fair, if he cooks an extra meal during the week, he makes up a check and leaves it on the table. It's kind of fun. Spaghetti *marinara* comes out equaling a shot over the hassock. I come out ahead, though. I can go without eating longer than he can go without my body."

I'll be candid. There are nights when I miss my seigneurial first-marriage self. Being sole support does bring a certain privilege, and the wife is hard put to escape it. That third one when she has already been asleep for half an hour. Or those somewhat inconvenient times (when she was on the phone or repairing my car muffler). You see, I had a childish allowance then, too. Now, of course, I'm more . . . mature. Sex in an even-up financial marriage is requisitioned, you might say. Joint stock decisions have to be made. It is almost as if desire and stamina came with a double-signature passbook. I've got to finish this paragraph tonight. Tomorrow she has both a matinee and an evening performance. It is hard, under the best circumstance, to synchronize passion. But when we do meet, well, B. and S. are

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right about pooling your funds. It is splendid collusion. Contrails are made. Animals gather their young around them in fear. People for a mile around call the 24th Precinct to ask what that sound was. And there are no debts outstanding.

Housework is another matter, though. If it were up to me, a formal table setting would include plastic knife and fork, paper plate, Duracell-powered romantic candle and one pair of scissors at each chair—so you could easily cut open the individual gourmet frozen-food bag. Laurie and I agree that I should pay in full for occasional maid service. She still does too much by far. (And I speak as one who, not so long ago, thought a suffragette was the female M in some S/M duo.) I see no reason why career people, male or female, should ever Electrolux. B. and S. will bear my male bias out. "Married men's aversion to housework is so intense it can sour their relationship. The more housework they do, for whatever reason, the more they fight about it. If this pattern continues into the future, it will be a major barrier to the reorganization of husbands' and wives' roles."

Mr. Mom is dead. Already. Women, even employed women, still do the housework. Oh, I did supervise my two young sons when Jo began her Ph.D. matriculation at Columbia. But that consisted mostly of opening my office door once each day to yell, "Clean this goddamn house up, take the garbage out and make me a sandwich." Now and then, they did. B. and S. continue: "There has been some recent interest by the media in men who voluntarily choose to stay home and take care of their house and family while their wives work. Try as we might, however, we could not find a significant number of men who fit the description of 'househusband.'"

Here I blow my whistle for interference. Where are our progeny? Note that WORK is just about the only heading under which B. and S. even bother to mention children. At this juncture, I perceive a misemphasis in their survey: Worse, they miss the population for the people. You read, say, that money is less irksome in "institutional" marriages than in "voluntary" marriages. But this voluntarism is already a thunderous departure. Even three decades ago, I'd guess, 97 percent of men and women married to have or to legitimize offspring. The title of B. and S.' study is indicative enough: In 1960, they would have called it *American Families*. This concept of sterile pairing off—gay or cohab or volunteer—is the most terrific and comprehensive sexual trend in our century.

And, if I may say so, it seems quite, well, *un-American*. After all, the national paradigm had been one of generational progress. A nonroyal succession was implicit: Immigrant parents worked to ensure lower-middle-class stature for their children. And those children, in turn, would guarantee some third- or fourth-

generation heir law school, medical school—even, if they could, social standing. The sterile pair, though, is time-bound by a single generation. I might name (and advocate) several legal, religious, civil or economic motives for institutional marriage, yet there can be only one compelling, conclusive reason for it: the nurture of children. Divorce, in even a most cordial form, will belabor children. Single parenting, at best, is lopsided. True adulthood, I imagine, must be measured in contrast to some childhood. People who extend themselves through blood are responsible: I use that adjective in both the simply legal and the honorific sense. Abortion, birth control, sure—yet, under that mechanical apparatus, the couples' desire for independence from parental obligation (and mystery and risk) has changed America most of all. Since 1607 or whenever, we have been a future-oriented, optimistic people. Now, more and more, we are only of the dull and circumscribing present.

But even in this most liberated season, I sense a rare hesitance. Attitudes are strangely irresolute. Men and women no longer feel so self-approving. Betty Friedan, who is ahead, first annotated it in her 1981 book, *The Second Stage*. Women of our first feminist generation, she said, were experiencing a new distress. *Intimate Strangers* (1983), by Lillian B. Rubin, was also alert to it. *The Cost of Loving* (1984), by Megan Marshall, is pretty much devoted to this phenomenon. Women are discovering what men have known before, that even acceptance and legal equality can't assure human fulfillment. That a prepotent career may just anesthetize deep emotional dissatisfaction. Marshall calls it The Myth of Independence. And her corresponding statistical backup isn't auspicious: "Only four of ten women still single at age 30 were likely to find mates. For women with an advanced degree or a high salary, the odds were worst. She would find that most of the men in her income bracket were already married." And, perhaps even more important for female wholeness, you can't—as one interviewee put it with regret—"freeze dry" children until your career is at full thrust. Rubin made an enlightening verbal experiment. She asked both men and women what the key word independence meant. "Not one man I spoke with had any negative association with the word, while most women did. By and large, men associate independence with such words as freedom, control, power, self-sufficiency, happiness. Women's thoughts turn to worries about being alone, not close to anyone, unnurtured."

We are in a strong period of consolidation now. Our revolutionary time is, for this long moment, on hold. We are taking evidence again. Gay and feminist leaders have begun to reorganize or protect the salient they drove forward. Sexual permis-

siveness, a useful beast after all, is getting domesticated. It appears now more often on the conjugal-bed cover than on the *Time*-magazine cover. That, I think, is especially positive: Between mate and mate, nothing should be taboo. Women, I think, will be bearing more children, with men they meet earlier in life. The career can stand some postponing; relationship and parenthood will gain prestige. Marriage of the "institutional" kind should make a comeback. Divorce figures, no doubt, will remain grim. But there may be less resistance to alimony and child support. Sex and money cannot be set apart from each other. Some unattractive pragmatism will forever intrude on our best passion. But by 2000 A.D., B. and S. might feel comfortable conducting instead a survey of American Families.

By then, I predict, an irresistible force will resync the American *Zeitgeist*. I indulge in neither flipness nor cynicism here. It is a force that no government or ideological program has ever been able completely to repress. Socialism and communism haven't managed. Nor the worst dictatorship, nor the most permissive human ambience. And those good, if dislocating, intellectual and social events of 1960-1980—feminism, sexual liberation, consciousness—will not resist it wholly, either. I mean The Free Market. We were, you recall, talking about Sex and Money. Let us get on down and examine the male/female relationship in terms of cash, self-interest, marketing and, yes, commodity value.

Take out your note pad. There will be a test later. I now unload on you D. Keith Mano's Special Point System for Prejudging the Success or Failure of Any Male/Female Relationship. It is infallible. Or, at least, as infallible as Pope John Paul I was when he was.

ATTRIBUTE	MALE	FEMALE
Looks	1-5	1-10
Intelligence	1-7	1-4
Money/Power	1-10	1-5
Success/Prestige	1-10	1-5
Age (for men, doesn't count; for women, drops one point per five years from the age of 20 on up)		8-0
Personality	1-5	1-5

OK, run it up on your credit-card calculator. A Redford-looking, brilliant, rich, famous, congenial man of no particular age would rate my Perfect 37. And a Welch-looking, brilliant, rich, famous, congenial woman of 21 or 24 would also ring up 37. You note certain discrepancies in the scoring? A certain double standard? Fine; leave us discuss it.

In The Free Market, Looks are, I estimate, twice as valuable to women as to men. Intelligence, however, doesn't necessarily make a woman more prepossessing—she can be overqualified for love, you

might say. This is similarly true with Money/Power and Success/Prestige. Some men enjoy clout in a woman; most, though, feel inferior and uncomfortable with a high achiever (especially if she is achieving more highly than he). Charm will enhance both in about equal measure. Which leaves Age—easily the most controversial (and unfortunate and true) factor in my system. Put it this way: Age doesn't affect a man's Free Market worth (if anything, it can help; I'm twice as attractive at 42 as I was at 21). Age, on the other hand, is a terrible discriminator for woman. No clause of the E.R.A., no affirmative action can neutralize it.

For the first time, though, liberal and feminist women are acknowledging The Free Market. I quote Rubin: "The solace and protection of marriage, for example, are more readily available to a man than to a woman, especially after youth has passed. Like a fine wine, aging in a man is thought to add to his complexity and finesse; the 'attractive older man' can make the heart of a 20-year-old skip a beat. With a woman, it's quite another matter. Even in youth she doesn't have the same social value as a man, isn't such a highly prized 'commodity.' As she ages, her situation worsens. . . ."

Or I quote the female manager of a computer dating service: "Below the age of 25, there's, like, three men to two women. Sometimes two to one. Between 25 and 35, it tends to even out: one to one. Above 35, it tends to slide over: Women become the predominant group. We can't do much at all for the woman who is over 45—though, of course, we'd like to."

Now, it is my contention that you can toe tag and say so long to any relationship in which male and female are more than three points apart by the Mano Special Point System. Try it with your mate. Remember, though, the numbers are subjective. She may be fork-nosed and built like a pit pony—but if you think she's worth eight, then, in that relational context, give her eight. He may be a flesh-pressing, influential politician, yet she—into art and Gauguinish romance—may downgrade him to two or three under Success/Prestige. The ineluctable dynamic is there. If a man progresses reasonably in life—raising his Money and Success counts—he will tend to pass an early partner on the way up. Her age value and, often, physical attractiveness depreciate. Sure, it isn't fair; it is, simply the Market situation. Don't ask me why people buy Smurf dolls or, ugh, a packaged mixed cocktail, either.

Fear not, I have made provision for the Intangible. Love—chemical, senseless, low-budget—rates a full ten. After you've done your addition, if there is that dangerous three-plus discrepancy, give ten to whichever spouse or cohab has scored lower (and then reduce this Love Factor by one for each three months of the relationship). There is also an important Inertia

Factor—but it will favor only institutional marriage. Here you add one point to the lower score for each three years your couple has been together. (Inertia will include children, in particular; clean underwear; sexual compatibility; fear of alimony; etc.) As you can see, my Point System will favor institutional marriage. In fact, I think institutional marriage was invented—by whomever it is that invents this sort of thing—to protect women (and their children) from those very disruptive Free Market forces I've been analyzing.

Mind you, we'd all rather eat Dippity-Do than contemplate a Victorian or Renaissance Florentine marriage. Matchmaking without consent—for financial, dynastic or class reasons—is considered about as cold and undemocratic as intravenous sex would be. Yet we place a *prix fixe* on each other. And judge relationships by monthly statement. A recent check-out-counter tabloid had this head: "HOUSEWIVES ARE WORTH \$888 PER WEEK." Well, hell, I can't afford one at that rate; maybe

she could just come in on Monday and do the cat box. But any wife who takes that figure to heart (and it may be accurate; I dunno) has priced herself out of business. Marriage, despite all we've said, isn't just a pair of comakers and one promissory note. There must be *some* intangible that doesn't translate into pure pelf.

Recently, I attended this self-help class held by Joanna Steichen, author of *Marrying Up, an American Dream and Reality*. There we were, three dozen men and women, eager to sell our virtue for one step up the social salmon ladder. Steichen looked at us and said, "Who here would marry just anyone, sight unseen, for \$10,000,000?" Pause. Moral abacus clicking. Hesitation. Yet no hand went up. Although not one of us, I daresay, had met man or woman who was \$10,000,000 ugly or gross or bent, we cherished that last romantic shred. It wasn't easy, but we held out.

And the rest of you had better, too.



"I want you to know, Miss Davis, that blue is my favorite color."

*"You were a cop and now you're private, and you can get down in the streets and nose around."*

He wanted somebody he could trust. Had Carolyn from the Caroline told him how trustworthy I was?

What did I say? I said yes.

I met Tommy Tillary and his lawyer in Drew Kaplan's office on Court Street, a few blocks from Brooklyn's Borough Hall. There was a Syrian restaurant next door and, at the corner, a grocery store specializing in Middle Eastern imports stood next to an antique shop overflowing with stripped-oak furniture and brass lamps and bedsteads. Kaplan's office ran to wood paneling and leather chairs and oak file cabinets. His name and the names of two partners were painted on the frosted-glass door in old-fashioned gold-and-black lettering. Kaplan himself looked conservatively up to date, with a three-piece striped suit that was better cut than mine. Tommy wore his Burgundy blazer and gray-flannel trousers and loafers. Strain showed at the corners of his blue eyes and around his mouth. His complexion was off, too.

"All we want you to do," Kaplan said, "is find a key in one of their pants pockets, Herrera's or Cruz's, and trace it to a locker in Penn Station, and in the locker there's a foot-long knife with their prints and her blood on it."

"Is that what it's going to take?"

He smiled. "It wouldn't hurt. No,

actually, we're not in such bad shape. They got some shaky testimony from a pair of Latins who've been in and out of trouble since they got weaned to Tropicana. They got what looks to them like a good motive on Tommy's part."

"Which is?"

I was looking at Tommy when I asked. His eyes slipped away from mine. Kaplan said, "A marital triangle, a case of the shorts and a strong money motive. Margaret Tillary inherited a little over a quarter of a million dollars six or eight months ago. An aunt left a million two and it got cut up four ways. What they don't bother to notice is he loved his wife, and how many husbands cheat? What is it they say—ninety percent cheat and ten percent lie?"

"That's good odds."

"One of the killers, Angel Herrera, did some odd jobs at the Tillary house last March or April. Spring cleaning; he hauled stuff out of the basement and attic, a little donkeywork. According to Herrera, that's how Tommy knew him to contact him about the burglary. According to common sense, that's how Herrera and his buddy Cruz knew the house and what was in it and how to gain access."

"The case against Tommy sounds pretty thin."

"It is," Kaplan said. "The thing is, you go to court with something like this and

you lose even if you win. For the rest of your life, everybody remembers you stood trial for murdering your wife, never mind that you won an acquittal.

"Besides," he said, "you never know which way a jury's going to jump. Tommy's alibi is he was with another lady at the time of the burglary. The woman's a colleague; they could see it as completely aboveboard, but who says they're going to? What they sometimes do, they decide they don't believe the alibi because it's his girlfriend lying for him, and at the same time they label him a scumbag for screwing around while his wife's getting killed."

"You keep it up," Tommy said, "I'll find myself guilty, the way you make it sound."

"Plus he's hard to get a sympathetic jury for. He's a big handsome guy, a sharp dresser, and you'd love him in a gin joint, but how much do you love him in a courtroom? He's a securities salesman, he's beautiful on the phone, and that means every clown who ever lost a hundred dollars on a stock tip or bought magazines over the phone is going to walk into the courtroom with a hard-on for him. I'm telling you, I want to stay the hell out of court. I'll win in court, I know that, or the worst that'll happen is I'll win on appeal, but who needs it? This is a case that shouldn't be in the first place, and I'd love to clear it up before they even go so far as presenting a bill to the grand jury."

"So from me you want—"

"Whatever you can find, Matt. Whatever discredits Cruz and Herrera. I don't know what's there to be found, but you were a cop and now you're private, and you can get down in the streets and nose around."

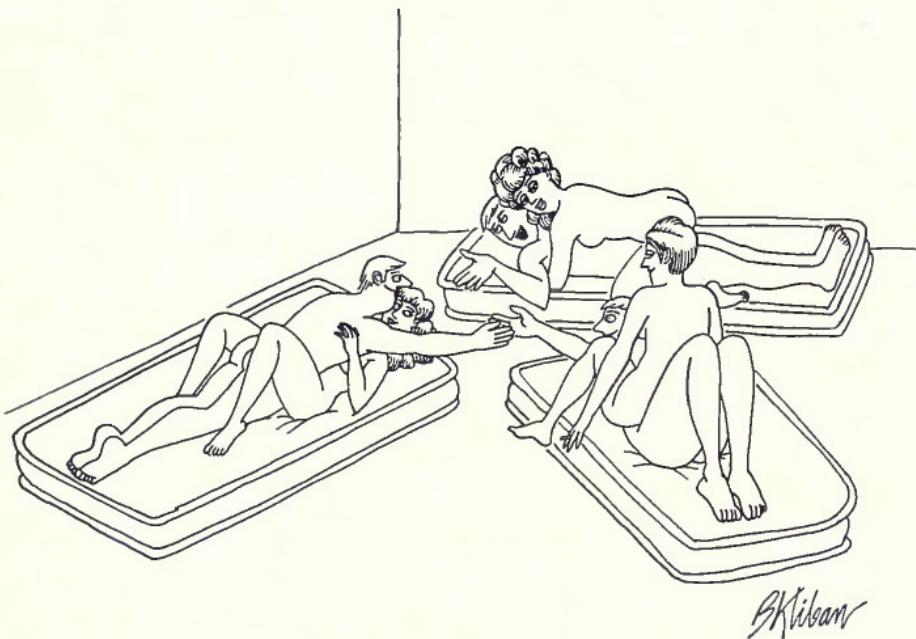
I nodded. I could do that. "One thing," I said. "Wouldn't you be better off with a Spanish-speaking detective? I know enough to buy a beer in a bodega, but I'm a long way from fluent."

Kaplan shook his head. "A personal relationship's worth more than a dime's worth of 'Me llamo Matteo y ¿como está usted?'"

"That's the truth," Tommy Tillary said. "Matt, I know I can count on you."

I wanted to tell him all he could count on was his fingers. I didn't really see what I could expect to uncover that wouldn't turn up in a regular police investigation. But I'd spent enough time carrying a shield to know not to push away money when somebody wants to give it to you. I felt comfortable taking a fee. The man was inheriting a quarter of a million, plus whatever insurance his wife had carried. If he was willing to spread some of it around, I was willing to take it.

So I went to Sunset Park and spent some time in the streets and some more time in the bars. Sunset Park is in Brooklyn, of course, on the borough's western



*"Fred, Howard . . . Howard, Fred . . . you know  
Cynthia . . . Diane, Fred . . ."*



edge, above Bay Ridge and south and west of Green-Wood Cemetery. These days, there's a lot of brownstoning going on there, with young urban professionals renovating the old houses and gentrifying the neighborhood. Back then, the upwardly mobile young had not yet discovered Sunset Park, and the area was a mix of Latins and Scandinavians, most of the former Puerto Ricans, most of the latter Norwegians. The balance was gradually shifting from Europe to the islands, from light to dark, but this was a process that had been going on for ages and there was nothing hurried about it.

I talked to Herrera's landlord and Cruz's former employer and one of his recent girlfriends. I drank beer in bars and the back rooms of bodegas. I went to the local station house, I read the sheets on both of the burglars and drank coffee with the cops and picked up some of the stuff that doesn't get on the yellow sheets.

I found out that Miguelito Cruz had once killed a man in a tavern brawl over a woman. There were no charges pressed; a dozen witnesses reported that the dead man had gone after Cruz first with a broken bottle. Cruz had most likely been carrying the knife, but several witnesses insisted it had been tossed to him by an anonymous benefactor, and there hadn't been enough evidence to make a case of weapons possession, let alone homicide.

I learned that Herrera had three children living with their mother in Puerto Rico. He was divorced but wouldn't marry his current girlfriend because he regarded himself as still married to his ex-wife in the eyes of God. He sent money to his children when he had any to send.

I learned other things. They didn't seem terribly consequential then and they've faded from memory altogether by now, but I wrote them down in my pocket notebook as I learned them, and every day or so I duly reported my findings to Drew Kaplan. He always seemed pleased with what I told him.

I invariably managed a stop at Armstrong's before I called it a night. One night she was there, Carolyn Cheatham, drinking bourbon this time, her face frozen with stubborn old pain. It took her a blink or two to recognize me. Then tears started to form in the corners of her eyes, and she used the back of one hand to wipe them away.

I didn't approach her until she beckoned. She patted the stool beside hers and I eased myself onto it. I had coffee with bourbon in it and bought a refill for her. She was pretty drunk already, but that's never been enough reason to turn down a drink.

She talked about Tommy. He was being nice to her, he said. Calling up, sending flowers. But he wouldn't see her, because it wouldn't look right, not for a new widower, not for a man who'd been

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publicly accused of murder.

"He sends flowers with no card enclosed," she said. "He calls me from pay phones. The son of a bitch."

Billie called me aside. "I didn't want to put her out," he said, "a nice woman like that, shit-faced as she is. But I thought I was gonna have to. You'll see she gets home?"

I said I would.

I got her out of there and a cab came along and saved us the walk. At her place, I took the keys from her and unlocked the door. She half sat, half sprawled on the couch. I had to use the bathroom, and when I came back, her eyes were closed and she was snoring lightly.

I got her coat and shoes off, put her to bed, loosened her clothing and covered her with a blanket. I was tired from all that and sat down on the couch for a minute, and I almost dozed off myself. Then I snapped awake and let myself out.

I went back to Sunset Park the next day. I learned that Cruz had been in trouble as a youth. With a gang of neighborhood kids, he used to go into the city and cruise Greenwich Village, looking for homosexuals to beat up. He'd had a dread of homosexuality, probably flowing as it generally does out of a fear of a part of himself, and he stifled that dread by fag bashing.

"He still doan' like them," a woman told me. She had glossy black hair and opaque eyes, and she was letting me pay for her rum and orange juice. "He's pretty, you know, an' they come on to him, an' he doan' like it."

I called that item in, along with a few others equally earth-shaking. I bought myself a steak dinner at The Slate over on Tenth Avenue, then finished up at Armstrong's, not drinking very hard, just coasting along on bourbon and coffee.

Twice, the phone rang for me. Once, it was Tommy Tillary, telling me how much he appreciated what I was doing for him. It seemed to me that all I was doing was taking his money, but he had me believing that my loyalty and invaluable assistance were all he had to cling to.

The second call was from Carolyn. More praise. I was a gentleman, she assured me, and a hell of a fellow all around. And I should forget that she'd been bad-mouthing Tommy. Everything was going to be fine with them.

I took the next day off. I think I went to a movie, and it may have been *The Sting*, with Newman and Redford achieving vengeance through swindling.

The day after that, I did another tour of duty over in Brooklyn. And the day after that, I picked up the *News* first thing in the morning. The headline was non-specific, something like "KILL SUSPECT HANGS SELF IN CELL," but I knew it was my case before I turned to the story on page three.

Miguelito Cruz had torn his clothing into strips, knotted the strips together, stood his iron bedstead on its side, climbed onto it, looped his homemade rope around an overhead pipe and jumped off the up-ended bedstead and into the next world.

That evening's six-o'clock TV news had the rest of the story. Informed of his friend's death, Angel Herrera had recanted his original story and admitted that he and Cruz had conceived and executed the Tillary burglary on their own. It had been Miguelito who had stabbed the Tillary woman when she walked in on them. He'd picked up a kitchen knife while Herrera watched in horror. Miguelito always had a short temper, Herrera said, but they were friends, even cousins, and they had hatched their story to protect Miguelito. But now that he was dead, Herrera could admit what had really happened.

I was in Armstrong's that night, which was not remarkable. I had it in mind to get drunk, though I could not have told you why, and that *was* remarkable, if not unheard of. I got drunk a lot those days, but I rarely set out with that intention. I just wanted to feel a little better, a little more mellow, and somewhere along the way I'd wind up waxed.

I wasn't drinking particularly hard or fast, but I was working at it, and then somewhere around ten or 11 the door opened and I knew who it was before I turned around. Tommy Tillary, well dressed and freshly barbered, making his first appearance in Jimmy's place since his wife was killed.

"Hey, look who's here!" he called out and grinned that big grin. People rushed over to shake his hand. Billie was behind the stick, and he'd no sooner set one up on the house for our hero than Tommy insisted on buying a round for the bar. It was an expensive gesture—there must have been 30 or 40 people in there—but I don't think he cared if there were 300 or 400.

I stayed where I was, letting the others mob him, but he worked his way over to me and got an arm around my shoulders. "This is the man," he announced. "Best fucking detective ever wore out a pair of shoes. This man's money," he told Billie, "is no good at all tonight. He can't buy a drink; he can't buy a cup of coffee; if you went and put in pay toilets since I was last here, he can't use his own dime."

"The john's still free," Billie said, "but don't give the boss any ideas."

"Oh, don't tell me he didn't already think of it," Tommy said. "Matt, my boy, I love you. I was in a tight spot, I didn't want to walk out of my house, and you came through for me."

What the hell had I done? I hadn't hanged Miguelito Cruz or coaxed a confession out of Angel Herrera. I hadn't even set eyes on either man. But he was buying the drinks, and I had a thirst, so who was I to argue?

I don't know how long we stayed there. Curiously, my drinking slowed down even as Tommy's picked up speed. Carolyn, I noticed, was not present, nor did her name find its way into the conversation. I wondered if she would walk in—it was, after all, her neighborhood bar, and she was apt to drop in on her own. I wondered what would happen if she did.

I guess there were a lot of things I wondered about, and perhaps that's what put the brakes on my own drinking. I didn't want any gaps in my memory, any gray patches in my awareness.

After a while, Tommy was hustling me out of Armstrong's. "This is celebration time," he told me. "We don't want to sit in one place till we grow roots. We want to bop a little."

He had a car, and I just went along with him without paying too much attention to exactly where we were. We went to a noisy Greek club on the East Side, I think, where the waiters looked like Mob hit men. We went to a couple of trendy singles joints. We wound up somewhere in the Village, in a dark, beery cave.

It was quiet there, and conversation was possible, and I found myself asking him what I'd done that was so praiseworthy. One man had killed himself and another had confessed, and where was my role in either incident?

"The stuff you came up with," he said.

"What stuff? I should have brought back fingernail parings, you could have had someone work voodoo on them."

"About Cruz and the fairies."

"He was up for murder. He didn't kill himself because he was afraid they'd get him for fag bashing when he was a juvenile offender."

Tommy took a sip of Scotch. He said, "Couple days ago, huge black guy comes up to Cruz in the chow line. 'Wait'll you get up to Green Haven,' he tells him. 'Every blood there's gonna have you for a girlfriend. Doctor gonna have to cut you a brand-new asshole, time you get outa there.'"

I didn't say anything.

"Kaplan," he said. "Drew talked to somebody who talked to somebody, and that did it. Cruz took a good look at the idea of playin' drop the soap for half the jigs in captivity, and the next thing you know, the murderous little bastard was dancing on air. And good riddance to him."

I couldn't seem to catch my breath. I worked on it while Tommy went to the bar for another round. I hadn't touched the drink in front of me, but I let him buy for both of us.

When he got back, I said, "Herrera."

"Changed his story. Made a full confession."

"And pinned the killing on Cruz."

"Why not? Cruz wasn't around to complain. Who knows which one of 'em did it, and for that matter, who cares? The thing is, you gave us the lever."

"For Cruz," I said. "To get him to kill himself."

"And for Herrera. Those kids of his in Santurce. Drew spoke to Herrera's lawyer and Herrera's lawyer spoke to Herrera, and the message was, 'Look, you're going up for burglary whatever you do, and probably for murder; but if you tell the right story, you'll draw shorter time, and on top of that, that nice Mr. Tillary's gonna let bygones be bygones and every month there's a nice check for your wife and kiddies back home in Puerto Rico.'"

At the bar, a couple of old men were reliving the Louis-Schmeling fight, the second one, where Louis punished the German champion. One of the old fellows was throwing roundhouse punches in the air, demonstrating.

I said, "Who killed your wife?"

"One or the other of them. If I had to bet, I'd say Cruz. He had those little beady eyes; you looked at him up close and you got that he was a killer."

"When did you look at him up close?"

"When they came and cleaned the house, the basement and the attic. Not when they came and cleaned me out; that was the second time."

He smiled, but I kept looking at him until the smile lost its certainty. "That was Herrera who helped around the house," I said. "You never met Cruz."

"Cruz came along, gave him a hand."

"You never mentioned that before."

"Oh, sure I did, Matt. What difference does it make, anyway?"

"Who killed her, Tommy?"

"Hey, let it alone, huh?"

"Answer the question."

"I already answered it."

"You killed her, didn't you?"

"What are you, crazy? Cruz killed her and Herrera swore to it, isn't that enough for you?"

"Tell me you didn't kill her."

"I didn't kill her."

"Tell me again."

"I didn't fucking kill her. What's the matter with you?"

"I don't believe you."

"Oh, Jesus," he said. He closed his eyes, put his head in his hands. He sighed and looked up and said, "You know, it's a funny thing with me. Over the telephone, I'm the best salesman you could ever imagine. I swear I could sell sand to the Arabs, I could sell ice in the winter, but face to face I'm no good at all. Why do you figure that is?"

"You tell me."

"I don't know. I used to think it was my face, the eyes and the mouth; I don't know. It's easy over the phone. I'm talking to a stranger, I don't know who he is or what he looks like, and he's not lookin' at me, and it's a cinch. Face to face, especially with someone I know, it's a different story." He looked at me. "If we were doin' this over the phone, you'd buy the whole thing."

"It's possible."

"It's fucking certain. Word for word, you'd buy the package. Suppose I was to tell you I did kill her, Matt. You couldn't prove anything. Look, the both of us walked in there, the place was a mess from the burglary, we got in an argument, tempers flared, something happened."

"You set up the burglary. You planned the whole thing, just the way Cruz and Herrera accused you of doing. And now you wriggled out of it."

"And you helped me—don't forget that part of it."

"I won't."

"And I wouldn't have gone away for it anyway, Matt. Not a chance. I'da beat it in court, only this way I don't have to go to court. Look, this is just the booze talkin', and we can forget it in the morning, right? I didn't kill her, you didn't accuse me, we're still buddies, everything's fine. Right?"

•

Blackouts are never there when you want them. I woke up the next day and remembered all of it, and I found myself wishing I didn't. He'd killed his wife and he was getting away with it. And I'd helped him. I'd taken his money, and in return I'd shown him how to set one man up for suicide and pressure another into making a false confession.

And what was I going to do about it?

I couldn't think of a thing. Any story I carried to the police would be speedily denied by Tommy and his lawyer, and all I had was the thinnest of hearsay evidence, my own client's own words when he and I both had a skinful of booze. I went over it for a few days, looking for ways to shake something loose, and there was nothing. I could maybe interest a newspaper reporter, maybe get Tommy some press coverage that wouldn't make him happy, but why? And to what purpose?



*"But there are some days when  
I can't handle the duality and I'd rather be just  
totally fish."*

It rankled. But I would just have a couple of drinks, and then it wouldn't rankle so much.

Angel Herrera pleaded guilty to burglary, and in return, the Brooklyn D.A.'s office dropped all homicide charges. He went Upstate to serve five to ten.

And then I got a call in the middle of the night. I'd been sleeping a couple of hours, but the phone woke me and I groped for it. It took me a minute to recognize the voice on the other end.

It was Carolyn Cheatham.

"I had to call you," she said, "on account of you're a bourbon man and a gentleman. I owed it to you to call you."

"What's the matter?"

"He ditched me," she said, "and he got me fired out of Tannahill and Company so he won't have to look at me around the office. Once he didn't need me to back up his story, he let go of me, and do you know he did it over the phone?"

"Carolyn—"

"It's all in the note," she said. "I'm leaving a note."

"Look, don't do anything yet," I said. I was out of bed, fumbling for my clothes. "I'll be right over. We'll talk about it."

"You can't stop me, Matt."

"I won't try to stop you. We'll talk first, and then you can do anything you want."

The phone clicked in my ear.

I threw my clothes on, rushed over there, hoping it would be pills, something that took its time. I broke a small pane of

glass in the downstairs door and let myself in, then used an old credit card to slip the bolt of her spring lock.

The room smelled of cordite. She was on the couch she'd passed out on the last time I saw her. The gun was still in her hand, limp at her side, and there was a black-rimmed hole in her temple.

There was a note, too. An empty bottle of Maker's Mark stood on the coffee table, an empty glass beside it. The booze showed in her handwriting and in the sullen phrasing of the suicide note.

I read the note. I stood there for a few minutes, not for very long, and then I got a dish towel from the Pullman kitchen and wiped the bottle and the glass. I took another matching glass, rinsed it out and wiped it, and put it in the drainboard of the sink.

I stuffed the note in my pocket. I took the gun from her fingers, checked routinely for a pulse, then wrapped a sofa pillow around the gun to muffle its report. I fired one round into her chest, another into her open mouth.

I dropped the gun into a pocket and left.

They found the gun in Tommy Tillary's house, stuffed between the cushions of the living-room sofa, clean of prints inside and out. Ballistics got a perfect match. I'd aimed for soft tissue with the round shot into her chest, because bullets can fragment on impact with bone. That was one reason I'd fired the extra shots. The other was to rule out the possibility of suicide.

After the story made the papers, I picked up the phone and called Drew Kaplan. "I don't understand it," I said. "He was free and clear; why the hell did he kill the girl?"

"Ask him yourself," Kaplan said. He did not sound happy. "You want my opinion, he's a lunatic. I honestly didn't think he was. I figured maybe he killed his wife, maybe he didn't. Not my job to try him. But I didn't figure he was a homicidal maniac."

"It's certain he killed the girl?"

"Not much question. The gun's pretty strong evidence. Talk about finding somebody with the smoking pistol in his hand, here it was in Tommy's couch. The idiot."

"Funny he kept it."

"Maybe he had other people he wanted to shoot. Go figure a crazy man. No, the gun's evidence, and there was a phone tip—a man called in the shooting, reported a man running out of there and gave a description that fitted Tommy pretty well. Even had him wearing that red blazer he wears, tacky thing makes him look like an usher at the Paramount."

"It sounds tough to square."

"Well, somebody else'll have to try to do it," Kaplan said. "I told him I can't defend him this time. What it amounts to, I wash my hands of him."

I thought of that when I read that Angel Herrera got out just the other day. He served all ten years because he was as good at getting into trouble inside the walls as he'd been on the outside.

Somebody killed Tommy Tillary with a homemade knife after he'd served two years and three months of a manslaughter stretch. I wondered at the time if that was Herrera getting even, and I don't suppose I'll ever know. Maybe the checks stopped going to Santurce and Herrera took it the wrong way. Or maybe Tommy said the wrong thing to somebody else and said it face to face instead of over the phone.

I don't think I'd do it that way now. I don't drink anymore, and the impulse to play God seems to have evaporated with the booze.

But then, a lot of things have changed. Billie left Armstrong's not long after that, left New York, too; the last I heard, he was off drink himself, living in Sausalito and making candles. I ran into Dennis the other day in a bookstore on lower Fifth Avenue full of odd volumes on yoga and spiritualism and holistic healing. And Armstrong's is scheduled to close the end of next month. The lease is up for renewal, and I suppose the next you know, the old joint'll be another Korean fruit market.

I still light a candle now and then for Carolyn Cheatham and Miguelito Cruz. Not often. Just every once in a while.



"I can't hear a word you're saying."



# KURT RUSSELL

(continued from page 115)

*"You can be too sensitive, too loving, too understanding, too good. It's wrong to be too good."*

been in the record books—which meant a lot in minor-league ball—but the ump, whom the pitcher didn't like, had blown the play. Our plan was to butter up the ump completely; take him out and have a couple of drinks after the game. So the pitcher did. He apologized, said, "You didn't blow the call." We then got the ump *really* drunk. Meanwhile, the ump's wife, who knew the pitcher and was privy to all this, had gone along. Which was the whole point. The pitcher had been dying with the clap for a couple of weeks just on the off-chance that he could pull off his plan—which was to sleep with the ump's wife. He did. Cut to three weeks later. It was toward the end of the season. We ran into the ump and he was still in a good mood. Again, we went out with him for some beers and he bragged about this and that and all the girls he'd been with. Then he said, "Shit, I don't know where I got it, but I got a hell of a dose of the clap." The pitcher just looked at him and said, "You got it from your wife," and told him the whole story. Those two ended up going at it like two bulldogs under a blanket. I saw it all. It was brutal.

8.

PLAYBOY: What's dangerous about you?

RUSSELL: Just what I'm capable of imagining, because one is capable of doing anything he imagines. There is, however, an acceptability level. There is that line between all things, and it is of great concern to anyone who wants to get a lot out of life. I mean, what stops men from raping and pillaging? What stops a guy from walking down the street and just fucking any girl he wants to fuck? Not that it's unacceptable to society but that it's unacceptable to him. What stops a woman who's very much in love with her husband from having, on a whim, another guy in her bed when her husband comes home? It's unacceptable to her. What stops you from being mean and ruthless even though there is a level at which you will be both? It's where you draw the line. The same is true for sensitivity. You can be too sensitive, too loving, too understanding, too good. It's wrong to be too good. At least, it's too much for me.

9.

PLAYBOY: You once said you hated your generation. How will history sum us up?

RUSSELL: Our generation—the baby-boomers—is just like any other. And that's what I hate about them. They don't seem to understand that we're *just another generation*. We're just here to procreate the race. But if you think you're going to

change the world forever, have the guts to carry it out. Be dedicated enough, rather than stop and say, "Oh, shit, I guess I have to make a living. Oh, God, now I've got a family. Oh, God, now I have to take this job." If you do that, you have no balls. This generation didn't change basic structures. It became other things. All of it was another view of youth going through its period of *wanting* change for apparently no reason other than being young. Every generation has that period. It's biological; otherwise, how could so many people buy the same bag of shit? It would be interesting to see something different.

10.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you were surprised?

RUSSELL: The last big surprise I had was

Goldie Hawn. I was surprised by the way I felt about her and by the way she was and the way she looked—also, by the way she could make me feel. I'd begun to think that perhaps my lot in life wasn't to feel exactly how I wanted to feel with another person. I thought maybe it was something I just wasn't lucky with; it was turning out to be more of an effort than I'd ever thought it should be. But after meeting Goldie, I realized I was right in the first place. I could just be who I was and someone would take me for that and not hold it against me. I feel right. I feel like me. And I'm *still* surprised.

11.

PLAYBOY: What more do women need to know about men than they already do?

RUSSELL: I wonder if they need to know any more at all. I wonder if perhaps the need now is to know less. Everything these days is so broken down and picked apart. Now there's this incredible movement toward *understanding*. But there are some things in nature that we are never going to understand. No matter how deeply you get into it, there are always more



*"Well . . . how was I?"*

questions. And the answers don't apply to all men. Every one is an individual. I would prefer that men and women looked at each other as individuals and tried to understand more about themselves.

12.

PLAYBOY: What fascinates the Hollywood press?

RUSSELL: For some reason, the press will always love an actor who has tremendous personal problems or apparent ones. They think that suggests creativity and ability. They're wrong. It's just personal problems. But as long as the person is tremendously tragic, with an emotionally charged, up-and-down life, we're told that's why he's so great. Half the thing with alcohol or drugs is that the great moment will come in an actor's life when he admits he's an alcoholic or a drug addict. Well, who the fuck cares? I don't buy that he had to experience that to be a great actor. I know very well some big stars, great actors and actresses, who are normal. But the press and the public like to find something mysterious about them. Meryl Streep is a good example. Meryl is a nice, simple, wonderful, great girl who is a great actress. She's got a tremendous array of technical things to use and she uses them. But mysterious? The public likes to think about the mystery, because otherwise, people would be saying, "Shit, I could do that." And the truth is that they could. And a reason many actors are out of work is that that's what some of them did. There are only so many jobs. I can't tell you how much I dislike that idea of building into a myth someone who is just standing on a mark and reading a line. Even Brando is not a myth. He's a man who does a job, and he's extremely good at it.

13.

PLAYBOY: You were probably in more Disney pictures than Dean Jones and Joe Flynn combined. Assess Walt Disney's chances for survival as a studio head if he were alive today.

RUSSELL: He'd be the most successful film maker today, simply because he was a genius. He was able to stay ten, 15 years ahead of his time. Sure, they don't make Disney's kind of picture anymore. The problem is that they don't. Can you tell me that *Mary Poppins* wouldn't succeed today? It would probably be this year's best picture, because if he made *Mary Poppins* today, Disney would again be 20 years ahead of his time without losing that feeling. He was absolutely great at honest emotion. He had that knack. I don't know if that meant he was in touch with the public. I think he was just in touch with his own brain. That was all that mattered.

14.

PLAYBOY: Which of Disney's cartoon characters would you like to be for a day?

RUSSELL: Peter Pan. I love his outlook on

life. I love the world he lives in. It's one of tremendous adventure and excitement. I love that he's going to see it for as long as he can. He doesn't want to grow up, and he's never going to. [Laughs] My life is a lot different from Peter Pan's. I wanted to grow up. I wanted to fall in love and have a family, and I wanted to be the father of that family. I had to be big so I could hit the ball out of the park.

15.

PLAYBOY: Which big-league manager would you rather have to dinner: Billy Martin or Tommy Lasorda?

RUSSELL: Billy Martin. I am not enamored of false rah-rah. I like someone who will fight, cheat, scratch, do anything to win—without getting caught. And when you do get caught, own up. Martin personifies that, even if he's playing somewhat of a caricature of himself these days. He keeps coming back.

16.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever wanted to portray a Kennedy?

RUSSELL: Jack Kennedy is a well-rounded character suitable for a movie, and I've been approached about playing him or Bobby a number of times. But on the whole, the Kennedys do not fascinate me. Let's face it, though: There is a fascination with them, because they are like our own royalty. I'm just not much for royalty. The Kennedys are just people, and one of them was President. And he was killed. America has a fascination with the people we kill. But maybe it's just a feeling of guilt around the country.

17.

PLAYBOY: You've done a number of violent films, such as *Escape from New York*, *The Thing* and the Charles Whitman story, *The Deadly Tower*. Is America unnaturally fascinated with violence? Are critics of violence in film and on television just wasting their time?

RUSSELL: Not really. We're normally violent because the population is growing. If you put enough rats in a cage, things start getting tough. It's just that some of us are more violent than others. When I'm in the city for a long time, I get hyped up and take things more to the extreme than when I'm comfortable in Colorado.

Critics are totally wasting their time. It should be explained to children early that films and TV are not real life. They're fakes, simply phonies. When I was seven, we played Robin Hood with a plank over an inflatable pool. When one of us fell into the water, we poured catsup over him. We played out our fantasies. We wanted it to look like blood, but we didn't think it was blood. We knew it was catsup. That's just what the movies are, and cartoons are an extension of that. If you want to censor that sort of thing in films and on TV, then you have to do the same for books, art,

radio, plays. . . . The point is that this stuff belongs on TV and in the movies. That's where you can see fantasy before your eyes—someone else's fantasy—and understand that it's not real. In real life, Wile E. Coyote gets up, wanders off and dies. Most of the time, he doesn't even get up.

18.

PLAYBOY: What should young boys learn from their fathers?

RUSSELL: They should learn the advantages, disadvantages and good and bad qualities of becoming a man, mixed in with all the situations in life one might have to handle. My father said some things that have stuck and that gave me an outlook on life that I appreciate—because I enjoy life. He said, "Don't respect your elders as much as somebody who deserves your respect." Also "Never walk in a door that you can't walk out of." And "If you're getting paid a man's salary, do a man's job." Finally, "If you don't do exactly what you want to do, you won't be happy." Most people probably think things are stacked against the last idea. But, amazingly, it's the easiest.

19.

PLAYBOY: Most actors use an interview for publicity or as a soapbox for a favorite issue. Is there a reason beyond those two that you're here?

RUSSELL: [Smiles wickedly] I like to lie in interviews. Sometimes I'll just blatantly lie, because a lot of lies are going to appear anyway, so why not make some of them up myself? Two years later, I'll be talking with someone who will say, "You once said . . ." and I'll say, "No, I didn't." Ten minutes later, he'll say, "Well, you said . . ." and I'll say, "Yes, I did, but I lied." I don't mind giving the interview a feeling of untruth, of its sort of being a piece of flack that somebody will read in a minute and a half on the toilet, that doesn't make much difference. The media in large part deserve that kind of bullshit, because they dish it out. So why not have fun with them? If I take it seriously and then read things that are not true, it's going to hurt. The only thing I can do is fight back. I lie for it to be entertaining when I read it. And I hope that by the time I'm 50 years old, there will be such a conglomeration of impossible facts that it's impossible to put them together and the press just gives up. I don't really care to have people know me unless I meet them and I want them to get to know me.

20.

PLAYBOY: Have you lied to us?

RUSSELL: [Shrugs] Probably. I probably have. I honestly don't remember. You'd have to go through it. [Pauses] I don't think I've lied to you. But it really doesn't make any difference.



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# PREVIEW

**A**S FAR AS WE KNOW, the first Olympics weren't televised, possibly because most of the participants back in 776 B.C. competed in the nude. It was thought then that clothes merely restricted free movement.

Since women were barred from the first Olympics under penalty of death, it was an all-male event. Some 40,000 men (there were very few no-shows) gathered to watch other men grapple and run in the buff. Ah, those Greeks.

Well, things have changed just a tad in the past 2760 years. The 1984 Olympics, thanks to television, will be seen by two and a half billion people around the world. Women are no longer subject to the death penalty. And the athletes will be clothed.

In many ways, the games have changed dramatically over the years. They are now every bit a spectacle. In Los Angeles, 10,000 athletes will be judged by 1200 officials. A million meals will be served during the two weeks of competition, including 50,000 pounds of beef, 80,000 pounds of poultry and 130,000 loaves of bread. And when it's all over, some 25,000,000 pounds of garbage will have been collected.

ABC-TV will carry the games. Some 188 hours of coverage are planned. A broadcast staff of 2500 people, 660 miles of cable and 208 cameras will help make Jim McKay the man who came to dinner—and breakfast and lunch.

A commercial minute during the Olympics will cost \$500,000, a hefty price tag to tell you that M & M's and Snickers are the official snack foods, Coca-Cola the official soft drink and Buick the official car. Just so you don't get confused, Chev-

rolet was the official car of the *winter* Olympics—except for the ski team. Subaru was the official sponsor of the ski team.

Old Spice and Blue Stratos are official sponsors of the U.S. track-and-field team but not of the entire Olympics. And Budweiser and Michelob (for a contribution of \$11,000,000) are official sponsors of the U.S. Olympic team—but Miller, because it helped the cycling team train, is sort of official, too. It's allowed to use the sacred five-ring Olympic symbol in its advertising. The price tag for that was a mere \$3,000,000.

Only 31 companies have been allowed the privilege of donating a minimum of \$4,000,000 to the Olympic effort in order to become official sponsors. But there are other ways to get in on the boom. Former heavyweight champ Ken Norton pledged \$500,000 to market the official Olympic key chains. The Olympic Committee will get a percentage of his profits.

And there's an official Olympic thimble, an official Olympic hairdresser and even an official Olympic trash-can liner (into which they put all the hair clipped by the official Olympic hairdresser). You get the idea. The Olympics have become big business. Megabucks.

But we're here to tell you that that's only one side of the story. When you look past all the commercialization, the Olympics really haven't changed. Down on the track and over in the swimming pool, it's still a matter of basic contests: man against man and man against himself. All the commercials in the world can't change that. It's the Olympic dream, that special feeling that allows the neighborhood kid to believe that he might grow up to represent



his country against the best in the world. And the dream can come true. Despite all the hype, Olympic athletes aren't really superhuman. When you consider all the advanced training techniques, the scientific approaches and the new equipment, we haven't really come all that far.

In 1908, American Harry Porter won the high jump at a height of 6' 3". In 1976, the last time the U.S. participated, Dwight Stones grabbed a medal at 7' 3".

In the 1924 *Chariots of Fire* games, Harold Abrahams won the 100 meters in 10.6 seconds. In 1936, Jesse Owens won in 10.3. And in 1980, Allan Wells won in 10.25. After 44 years of progress, Owens' time would have still held up for a bronze medal.

It's with the true challenge of athletics in mind that we view the 1984 games. And since most of you will be viewing on television, we've geared our special *Guide* coverage to help you understand and enjoy the events even more. You'll learn what and whom to look for, as we offer Olympic previews and prognostications. So get your spikes on. Here's where the fun of the games begins.

*Maurice Levy*

—Editor, *Playboy Guides*

# THE SEXIEST OLYMPIANS EVER

*in this new event, we judged competition on stylistic sensuality. here are the perfect 10s*



**Bob Seagren** (above). One of the greatest Olympic psych-out artists of all time, this handsome and powerful pole vaulter stunned track-and-field fans at the '68 Mexico games by coolly passing up a crucial vault. He re-entered at 17'8½" and on the basis of fewest misses, won the gold.

**Wilma Rudolph** (below). Her graceful, stallionlike strides made this 1960 three-gold-medal athlete one of the most compelling runners to watch. Her beauty was inward as well: Wilma, who weighed only four and a half pounds at birth, overcame childhood polio and scarlet fever.



**Nadia Comaneci** (right). This Romanian teenager wowed 'em at both the '76 and the '80 games by executing seemingly death-defying gymnastic moves with utter cool. With one of the most athletic bodies ever to grace the games, Nadia made Olympic history in '76 by pulling down the first perfect scores of ten for her performances on the uneven bars and balance beam.



**Ethel Catherwood**. Only 18 years old when she won the gold for the high jump in the 1928 Amsterdam games, this ravishing and very popular Canadian was nicknamed the Saskatoon Lily by the photographers who covered her every move.

**Victoria Draves** (below). The daughter of a Filipino father and an English mother, this San Francisco native had a natural beauty that held the press spellbound throughout the 1948 games. Those also interested in Draves's athletic prowess were pleased when she won golds in the springboard and highboard diving events.



**Cassius Marcellus Clay** (above). At the age of 18, this Louisville boxing phenom was already floating like a butterfly and stinging like a bee. In the 1960 final, he displayed his great defensive skills before going on the offense in the last round and winning easily. Afterward, he asked the press, "Ain't I pretty?" He was.

**Donna de Varona** (above). Complete with classic UCLA good looks, this world-record swimmer proved a showstopper in the '64 games by winning the first individual-medley competition ever held for women in Olympic swimming. Two days earlier, she had scored her first gold as a member of the free-style relay team.

**Johnny Weissmuller** (right). This future Tarzan's good looks received more attention than his five swimming gold medals. The actor stayed in such good shape that at the age of 36, he was able to beat his personal best of 51 seconds for the 100-yard free style by two and a half seconds.

**Buster Crabbe** (far right). Better known for his dashing roles as Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers than as an Olympic swimmer, Crabbe's greatest role as a leading man came in the 1932 games, when he won the 400-meter free style by mere inches with a frantic splash at the finish.





**Jennifer Chandler** (left). Eight years ago, this American diver drew as many press notices for her good looks as she did for her diving. Thankfully, the media hype didn't prove distracting: She won the gold easily over her East German rival.

**Teófilo Stevenson** (below). A handsome 6'3½" Cuban who dominated Olympic boxing by winning gold medals in '72, '76 and '80 and proved his revolutionary commitment by refusing a pro contract.



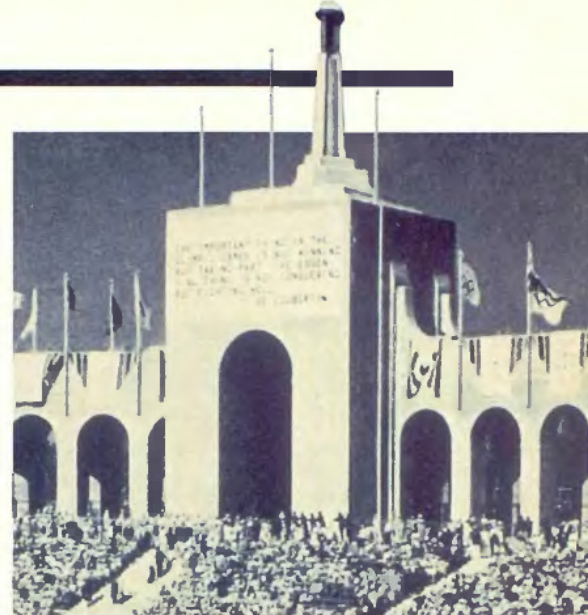
**Rafer Johnson** (below left). This perfectly proportioned Texan turned on the 1960 games by winning the decathlon in dramatic fashion over his UCLA teammate Yang Chuan-Kwang. He later capitalized on his handsome, well-chiseled looks as an actor and a sports commentator.

**Ralph Boston** (below). In winning the long jump in 1960, this long-legged leaper might well have been the closest thing to a gazelle the U.S. has ever produced.

**Bruce Jenner**. Not only did this boyish-looking heartthrob win the '76 decathlon with a world-record-setting 8618 points but he later married Elvis Presley's former girlfriend and turned to television. His good looks helped him hawk such basics as orange juice and breakfast cereal.

**Bob Hayes**. Dubbed "the world's fastest human," this Jacksonville, Florida, native with the broad, muscular shoulders and pigeon-toed running style quieted the cynics in '64 by setting an Olympic record in the 100-meter sprint. Hayes later took his controversial style into the N.F.L., where he was twice chosen all-pro as a wide receiver for the Dallas Cowboys. Others would follow in his footsteps.

**Vera Caslavská**. Competing against the Russians in 1968, just two months after they had invaded her native Prague, this gymnast with the ballerina-style moves won over the Mexico spectators by alternately displaying anger and sadness on her way to an impressive seven gold medals. She topped off her record-setting pace with a crowd-pleasing floor exercise performed to the *Mexican Hat Dance*.



## THE WAY IT WAS

*a lightning history of the olympics*

The Olympics date back almost 3000 years to ancient Greece. While the tradition and styles of the ancient Olympiads were vastly different from those of today (no one wore Adidas), many of the events were similar. Wrestling, boxing, *diskos* and javelin were part of the first program. The *stade* race was much like today's 200-meter sprint. Other events included the *diaulos* (400-meter sprint), chariot racing, *skamma* (long jump) and *hoplitodromos* (a foot race in battle armor). Tons of fun. In 394 A.D., the almost 1200-year Olympic tradition was laid to rest by Emperor Theodosius I, who declared the games a pagan spectacle and banned the selling of souvenir T-shirts. The arena was later destroyed, but the tradition was not. Centuries later, a Frenchman named Baron Pierre de Coubertin proposed the idea of a modern international Olympics. The torch was rekindled, and in 1896, a new era of games began. Here's how the modern Olympics played out.

**1896, Athens.** As an acknowledgment of the games' origins, the first modern games were held in Athens. More than 140,000 people cheered as Spiridon Loues, a hometown shepherd, won the marathon.

**1900, Paris.** In contrast to the successful Athens games, these Olympics were used by the French government as merely an adjunct to other expositions. Generally a disorganized side show, but Americans won 17 of 22 track-and-field events.

**1904, St. Louis.** American organizers saw the Olympics as little more than a gimmick to draw more tourists to the world's fair. Events were spread out over four long months, with European participation almost nonexistent. More than 500 of the 617 competitors were Americans. A mud-fighting event (*concluded on page 188*)

## TRACK AND FIELD

By TIM WHITAKER

### 100 METERS

#### *Olympic Records*

Men: 9.95 seconds (1968, Jim Hines, U.S.A.)

Women: 11.01 seconds (1976, Annegret Richter, West Germany)

The 100 meters is your basic all-out mad dash to the finish—making this the race of seconds and inches. In the 1896 Athens games, an American won the 100 meters in 12 seconds flat, just over two seconds off the current record.

Sprinters will do their dashing on a new synthetic eight-lane track recently installed at the Los Angeles Coliseum, site of the '84 track-and-field events. They'll be wearing six-ounce paper-thin spiked shoes made of nylon and calfskin, glove leather or kangaroo hide. Since it is likely that at the finish, top runners will be separated by no more than the thickness of an average paperback book, it is important to remember that judges will be watching torsos at the finish line—as opposed to feet, legs, arms, necks or heads.

Since the advent of sensing devices in the starting blocks, sprinters are no longer able to jump the gun; the pressure of the runner's feet holds open an electronic switch that beeps when more pressure is exerted—as happens in a false start.

The starting blocks are made of aluminum and have a built-in measuring gauge so that runners may place them where comfortable. A lock-in device immobilizes the blocks.

While legs are important at the start, you'll want to watch a runner's arms once the starter's pistol pops. The 100 is really an upper-body race. Close-elbowed arm pumping is how true power is generated.

*Historical footnote:* Future Dallas Cowboys star Bob Hayes won the 100 meters in the '64 Tokyo games by a seven-foot margin, the widest in Olympic history. Note, too, that in this same Los Angeles

Coliseum, in the 1932 games, Polish-American Stella Walsh became the first woman to break the 12-second barrier.

*Armchair tip:* The "world's fastest human" should win the men's 100 meters at a top speed of 28 mph. The women's 100 meters could be won in just under 11 seconds.

### 200 METERS

#### *Olympic Records*

Men: 19.83 seconds (1968, Tommie Smith, U.S.A.)

Women: 22.03 seconds (1980, Barbel Wockel, East Germany)

Resembling the 100 meters in madness of dashery, the 200 takes a turn and is run from a staggered start. To guard against lost curve time, sprinters try to hug the inside of their four-foot lanes by leaning inward. Runners break the race into four parts: the start (featuring full-body lean with rear leg and opposite arm thrusting in sync); the acceleration (body straightening slightly, high knee action and pumping arms); full stride (racer more erect, running on toes); and finish (beginning 15 yards from the line with shortened stride and accentuated lean, chest and shoulders thrust forward).

*Armchair tip:* With this event usually won on the curve, watch for runners who best hug the inside of their lanes.

### 400 METERS

#### *Olympic Records*

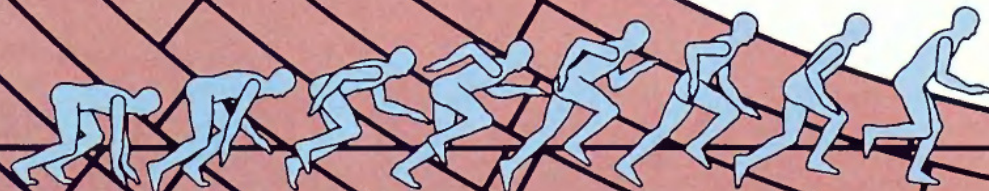
Men: 43.86 seconds (1968, Lee Evans, U.S.A.)

Women: 48.88 seconds (1980, Marita Koch, East Germany)

The 400 runs from staggered starts. Acceleration takes place in the first 50 yards; by 200 meters, runners reach their planned set pace; at 300 meters, they hit the imaginary "wall"; in the last 100 meters, they break through the wall to the finish.

Most 400 runners prefer to draw one of the first three lanes, which places them

Olympic medals are won and lost in the starting blocks. Watch for runners who combine forceful rear-leg push with a whipping opposite arm to gain acceleration.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN CRAIG

on the inside of the track, where they can use the other runners as reference.

*Historical footnote:* In 1968, when Evans set his record, the top 12 men's 400-meter runners were all Americans.

## HURDLES

### *Olympic Records*

100-meter hurdles (women only): 12.56 seconds (1980, Vera Komisova, U.S.S.R.)

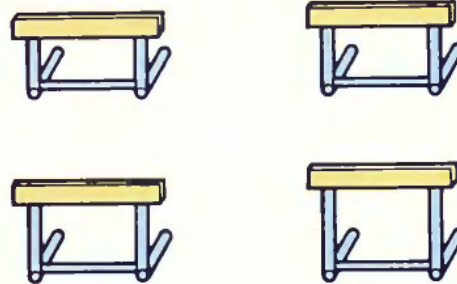
110-meter hurdles (men only): 13.24 seconds (1972, Rod Milburn, U.S.A.)

400-meter hurdles (men): 47.64 seconds (1976, Edwin Moses, U.S.A.)

400-meter hurdles (women): new event

There are three types of hurdles: 100-meter, 110-meter and 400-meter and ten hurdles in each race. The hurdles themselves are designed in an L shape (for safety purposes, to fall over easily) and vary in height from 36 inches (women's 400 meters) to 42 inches (men's 110 meters). Contrary to popular myth, hurdlers don't jump over hurdles—they step over them—and they may knock down an unlimited number of barriers without risking disqualification.

The 400-meter hurdles is considered a highly strategic event. By leaning his body low upon approaching each barrier, a hurdler is able to thrust his flexed leg over the barrier while moving his folded leg quickly past the lead leg. After clearing each barrier, the hurdler sprints between barriers at about a 14-stride average, eight feet to a stride. To compensate for time lost going around curves, he tries to take the barrier to the inside of the lane.



A low center of gravity is the key to hurdling. Watch for a low lean and a quick snap of the lead leg. At the finish, the runner whose upper body breaks the plane wins.

## 3000-METER STEEPLECHASE (MEN ONLY)

### *Olympic Record*

8:08.2 minutes (1976, Anders Garderud, Sweden)

This 3350-yard (almost eight laps around the track) obstacle-ridden course consists of 28 hurdles and seven water jumps. Steeplers separate the event into three stages: hurdling, water negotiating and between-hurdles technique.

## RELAYS

The 4 X 100-meter and 4 X 400-meter relays.

### *Olympic Records*

Men (4 X 100-meter relay): 38.19 seconds (1972, U.S.A.)

Women (4 X 100-meter relay): 41.60 seconds (1980, East Germany)

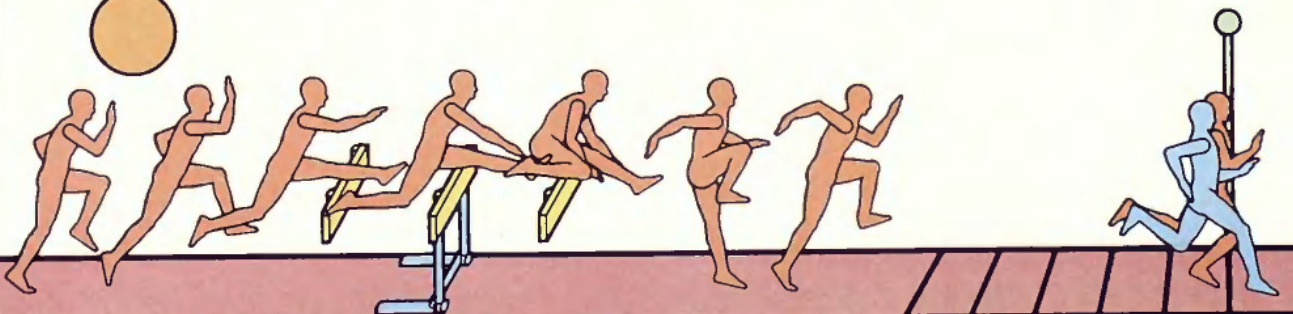
Men (4 X 400-meter relay): 2:56.16 (1968, U.S.A.)

Women (4 X 400-meter relay): 3:19.23 (1976, East Germany)

The 400-meter relay is run in lanes from staggered starts, with each member of the four-person team running a quarter of the distance. Usually, the first runner is the team's quickest starter; the second is fastest on a straightaway; the third (sometimes the slowest of the team) is almost always a skilled curve negotiator; the fourth has the best kick.

Strategy and teamwork are the hallmarks of the relay events. Of crucial importance is the passing of the baton. There are two techniques: upward thrust (receiver holds palm inward with thumb separated from the fingers) and downward thrust (palm held upward with thumb and fingers forming a V). Passes are made at hip height, with arms at full extension. Note: If a baton is dropped, the runner who dropped it must recover it.

There are two relay zones: the ten-meter exchange zone and the 20-meter acceleration zone. Receivers begin their run in the 20-meter acceleration zone but



# PLAYBOY GUIDE

can receive the baton only in the ten-meter zone. The baton weighs three pounds, two ounces, is 11 to 11¾ inches long and is made of aluminum or alloy.

Unlike the 4 X 100-meter sprint, the 4 X 400-meter relay is run in lanes by the first runner and by the second runner as far as his or her exit from the first curve. Because of this no-lanes rule, baton receivers on the third and fourth legs must be alert for runners arriving anywhere within the ten-meter exchange zone. Relay teams sometimes try to psych out the competition by juggling the order of runners at the last moment.

*Historical footnote:* The U.S.A. has won the 4 X 100-meter relay 13 out of the past 15 times.

## 800- AND 1500-METER RUNS

### Olympic Records

Men (800-meter run): 1:43.50 (1976, Alberto Juantorena, Cuba)

Women (800-meter run): 1:53.42 (1980, Nadyezhda Olizaryenko, U.S.S.R.)

Men (1500-meter run): 3:34.91 (1968, Kip Keino, Kenya)

Women (1500-meter run): 3:56.5B (1980, Tatyana Kazankina, U.S.S.R.)

The 800-meter (two laps around the track) run, requiring speed and stamina, is considered one of the best indicators of all-round running ability. Competitors begin in staggered starts and run around the track in lanes until the end of the first turn, when they suddenly break for the inside lane—the shortest route to the finish. Strategy for the 800-meter is rela-

tively simple: Don't take an early lead (as in stock-car racing, runners follow in the "draft" created by the leaders); never pass on a turn; never let a leader get ahead by more than ten meters; don't be intimidated by jostlers (this is very physical); and save enough kick for the final 100 meters.

The 1500-meter (the metric mile) is one of the glamor runs of the Olympics, having produced such legends as Jim Ryun, Kip Keino and Paavo Nurmi. The 1500 starts at the head of the backstretch down a straightaway from a "waterfall" start designed so that competitors on the inside don't have unfair advantage. Runners begin by sprinting for the inside position and eventually fall in behind the leader in single file.

The most popular (and often precarious) 1500 strategy is to back off the pace and make a challenge to the front runners at the last possible moment. The finishing kick can come with as much as 300 to 400 meters to go. When passed, runners will often take position alongside the right shoulder of the runner who went by to prevent others from following in his path. A runner must be two strides ahead of a competitor he has passed before being allowed to cut back to the inside lane.

## 3000-, 5000- AND 10,000-METER RUNS

### Olympic Records

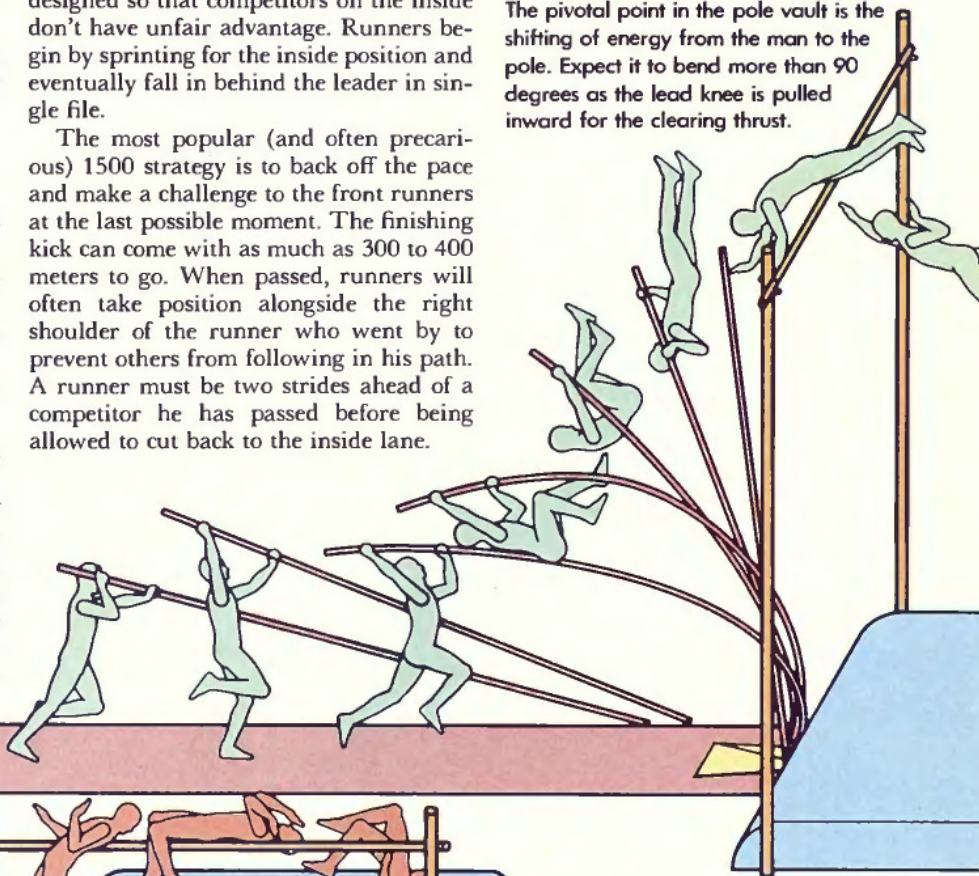
Women (3000-meter run): new event

Men (5000-meter run): 13:20.34 (1976, Brendan Foster, Great Britain)

Men (10,000-meter run): 27:38.35 (1972, Lasse Viren, Finland)

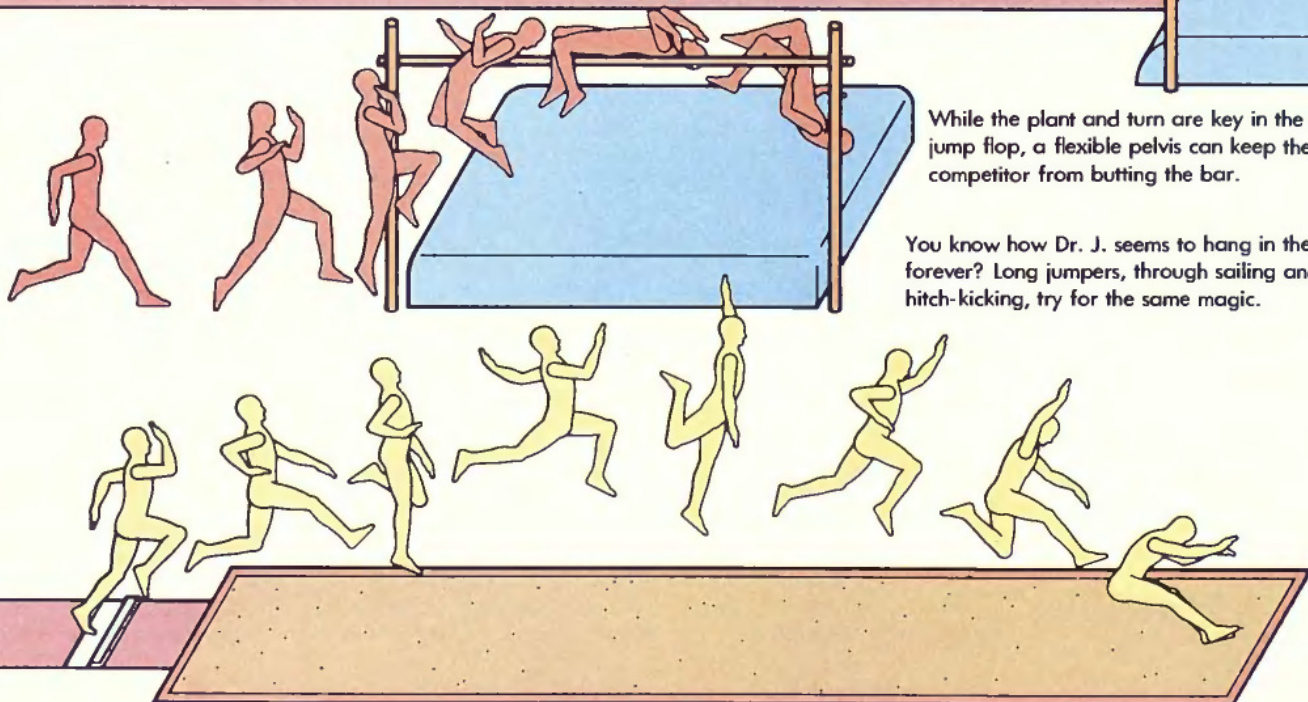
Endurance is the key in the long-distance runs. Runners compete against one another and (*continued on page 188*)

The pivotal point in the pole vault is the shifting of energy from the man to the pole. Expect it to bend more than 90 degrees as the lead knee is pulled inward for the clearing thrust.



While the plant and turn are key in the high-jump flop, a flexible pelvis can keep the competitor from butting the bar.

You know how Dr. J. seems to hang in the air forever? Long jumpers, through sailing and hitch-kicking, try for the same magic.





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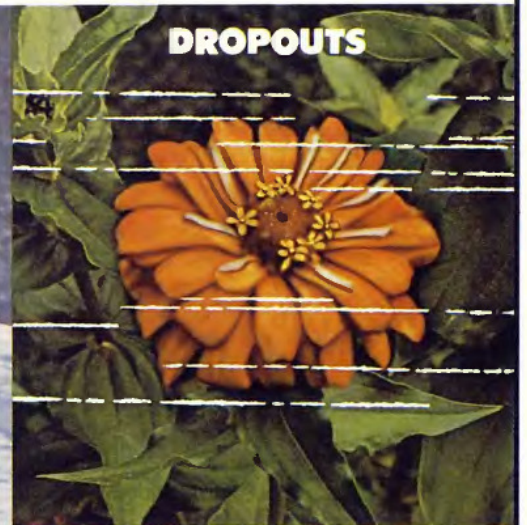
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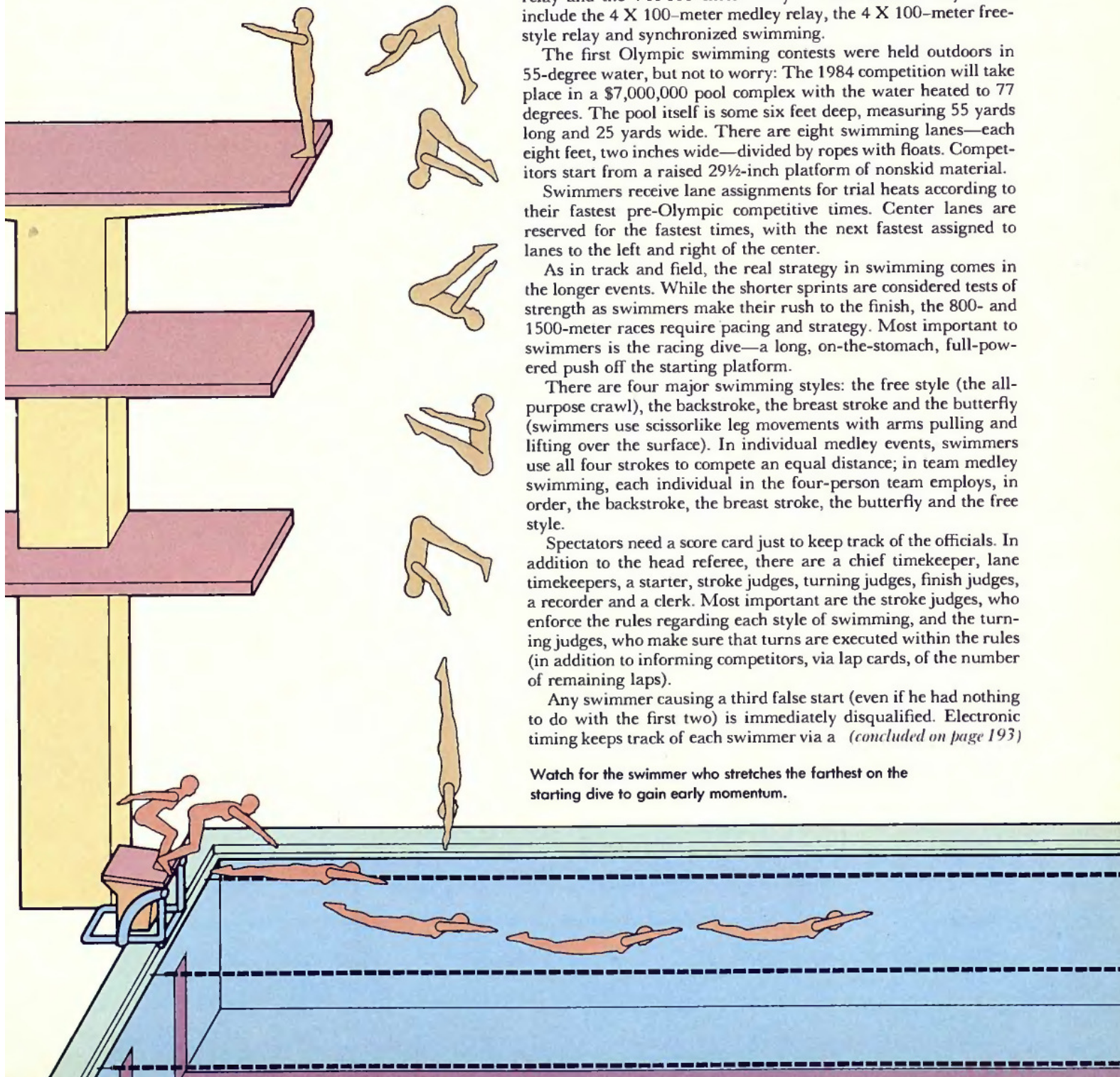
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## SWIMMING AND DIVING

In diving, inward pikes call for a rotation back toward the platform.



The 1984 swimming schedule is the most wide ranging in history, with more than 900 competitors expected.

Men and women will compete in 15 events, including 100-meter free style, 200-meter free style, 400-meter free style, 1500-meter free style, 100-meter backstroke, 200-meter backstroke, 100-meter breast stroke, 200-meter breast stroke, 100-meter butterfly, 200-meter butterfly, 200-meter individual medley, 400-meter individual medley and 800-meter free style (women only). Men's-team relay events include the 4 X 100-meter medley relay, the 4 X 100-meter free-style relay, the 4 X 200-meter free-style relay and the 4 X 100-meter relay. Women's-team relay events include the 4 X 100-meter medley relay, the 4 X 100-meter free-style relay and synchronized swimming.

The first Olympic swimming contests were held outdoors in 55-degree water, but not to worry: The 1984 competition will take place in a \$7,000,000 pool complex with the water heated to 77 degrees. The pool itself is some six feet deep, measuring 55 yards long and 25 yards wide. There are eight swimming lanes—each eight feet, two inches wide—divided by ropes with floats. Competitors start from a raised 29½-inch platform of nonskid material.

Swimmers receive lane assignments for trial heats according to their fastest pre-Olympic competitive times. Center lanes are reserved for the fastest times, with the next fastest assigned to lanes to the left and right of the center.

As in track and field, the real strategy in swimming comes in the longer events. While the shorter sprints are considered tests of strength as swimmers make their rush to the finish, the 800- and 1500-meter races require pacing and strategy. Most important to swimmers is the racing dive—a long, on-the-stomach, full-powered push off the starting platform.

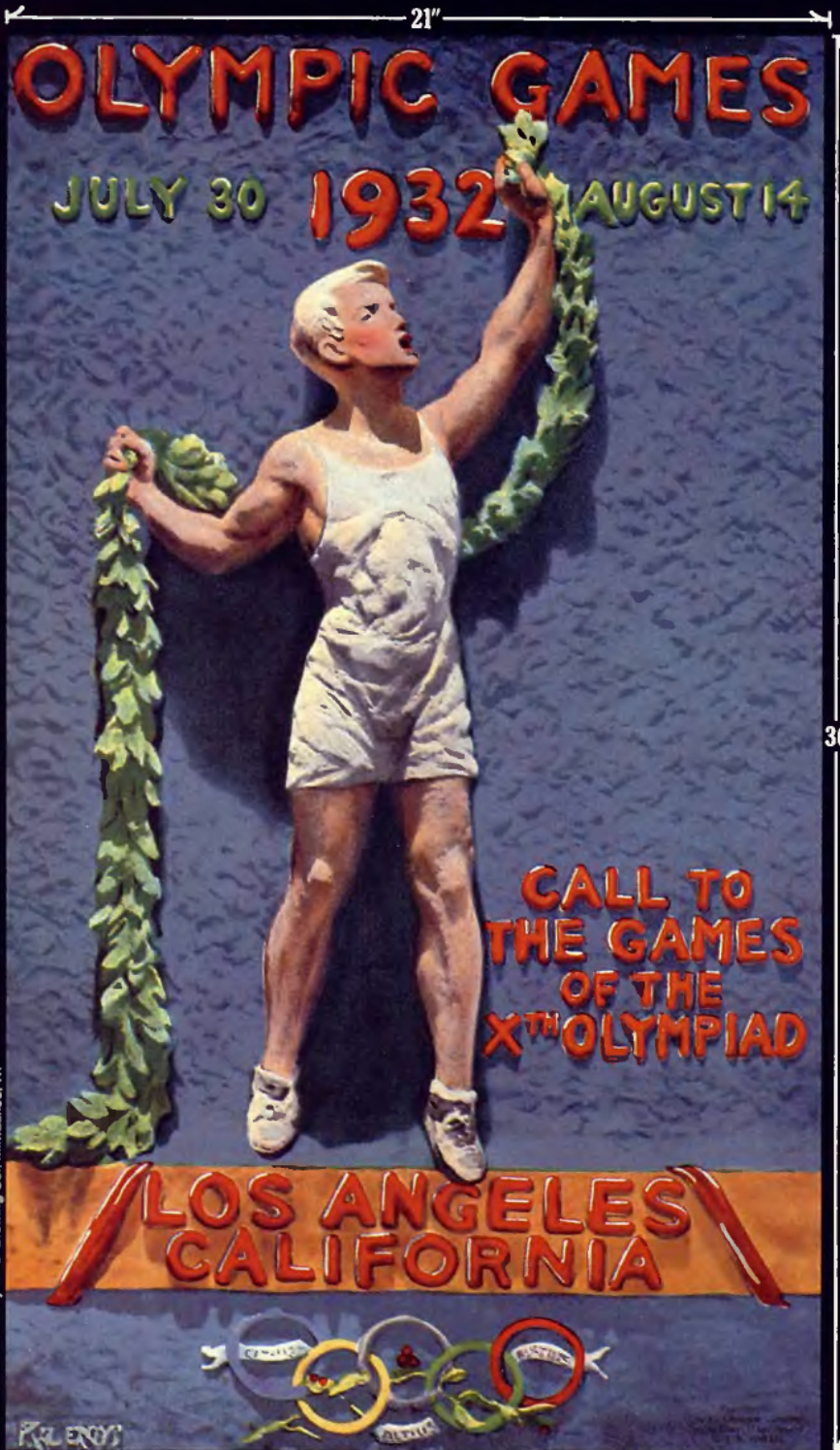
There are four major swimming styles: the free style (the all-purpose crawl), the backstroke, the breast stroke and the butterfly (swimmers use scissorlike leg movements with arms pulling and lifting over the surface). In individual medley events, swimmers use all four strokes to compete an equal distance; in team medley swimming, each individual in the four-person team employs, in order, the backstroke, the breast stroke, the butterfly and the free style.

Spectators need a score card just to keep track of the officials. In addition to the head referee, there are a chief timekeeper, lane timekeepers, a starter, stroke judges, turning judges, finish judges, a recorder and a clerk. Most important are the stroke judges, who enforce the rules regarding each style of swimming, and the turning judges, who make sure that turns are executed within the rules (in addition to informing competitors, via lap cards, of the number of remaining laps).

Any swimmer causing a third false start (even if he had nothing to do with the first two) is immediately disqualified. Electronic timing keeps track of each swimmer via a *(concluded on page 193)*

Watch for the swimmer who stretches the farthest on the starting dive to gain early momentum.

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## GYMNASTICS

Much of the real glamor in today's games can be found in the gymnastic events. A lot of the credit for the boom belongs to such female performers as Olga Korbut ('72) and Nadia Comaneci ('76)—it was their grace under pressure, as well as their sheer sex appeal, that made fans of television watchers everywhere.

In addition to this year's ten artistic events for men and women, women-only rhythmic gymnastics will be featured for the first time. Men's artistic gymnastics includes floor exercises, pommel horse, parallel bars, horizontal (high) bar, rings and vaulting. Women's artistic gymnastics includes floor exercises, balance beam, vaulting and uneven parallel bars.

Rhythmic gymnastics features women working in carefully choreographed team formations. The performances consist of a series of ballet-style movements based on a spectrum of steps, jumps and pivots. Individual athletes perform one routine with each of four props: a ball, a ribbon, a hoop and a club. Each routine must contain two moves of superior difficulty and six of medium difficulty.

Floor exercises are performed on a soft mat four and a half centimeters thick and

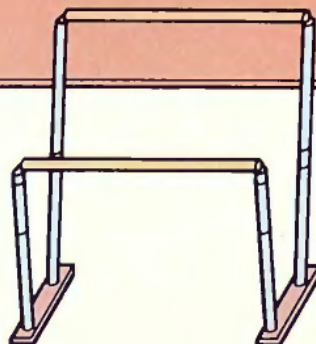
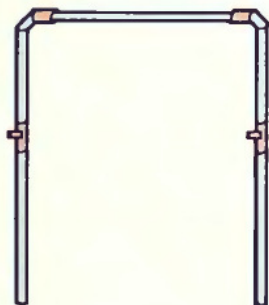
12 meters square. Scores are based on flexibility, physical strength, skill, flair, grace under pressure, personality, inventiveness and rhythm. Men's floor exercises last for 70 seconds, while women—who perform their exercises to piano accompaniment—are permitted 90 seconds.

In vaulting, the leather-covered horse is 1.63 meters long, with a height of 1.35 meters for men, 1.1 meters for women. After a run-up of some 20 meters, competitors take off from either a standing stop or a springboard 1.2 meters long. Women approach the horse from the side, men from one end. All competitors are obliged to perform one mandatory vault in addition to one of their own choosing. They get two attempts at each.

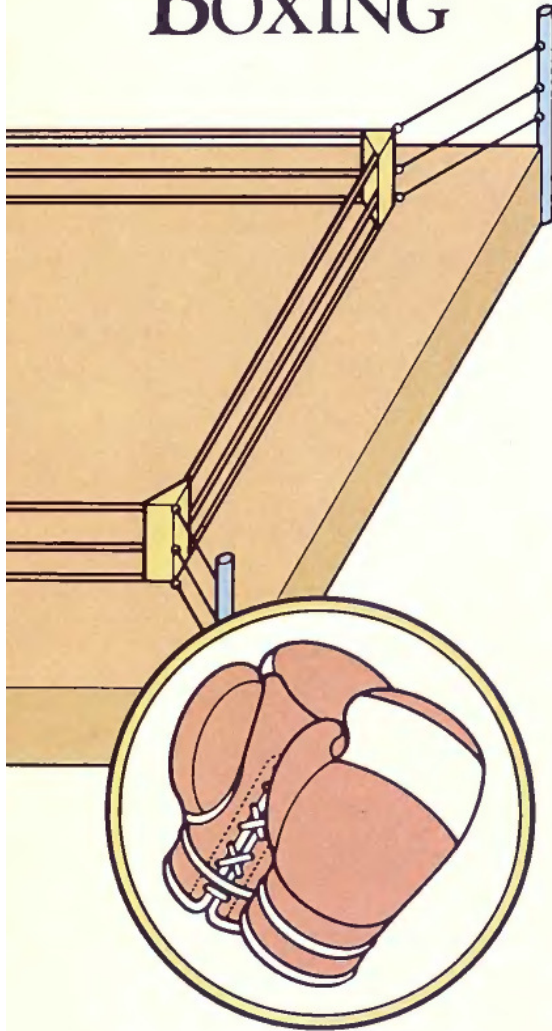
The wooden-handled pommel horse—used in men's competition only—is 1.1 meters high and the handles are 45 centimeters apart. Two curved pommels are mounted on the horse, dividing the leather-covered surface into three parts. Supporting himself on the pommels, the athlete uses his arms to execute nonstop turns, swings and leg-scissor movements.

The parallel bars—42 centimeters apart and 1.6 (concluded on page 185)

The best horse vaults have good height and forward propulsion. A wobbly landing can quickly lose points. On the balance beam, the full length (16'5") is to be used, with no stops permitted.



## BOXING



### 1980 Olympic Heavyweight Champions

(Over 81 kilograms—179 pounds)

1. Teofilo Stevenson (Cuba)
2. Pyotr Zhev (U.S.S.R.)
3. Jurgen Fanghanel (East Germany)

Like it or not, you'll be hearing a lot from Howard Cosell. Boxers from 80 nations will be featured in 400 bouts in 12 weight divisions—from 106-pound light flyweights to 201-pound superheavyweights—over the course of 11 days.

Olympic boxing is a distant cousin to pro boxing. While winners are determined in the classic ways (through a knockout or a TKO or on points), amateur boxing matches consist of only three three-minute rounds. In addition, five judges sit around the 20-foot-square ring and evaluate fighters on a 20-point must system (in which the winner of each round is awarded 20 points. The loser gets proportionately less).

Boxers must adhere to a mandatory eight count: When a boxer is knocked down, he must wait on the canvas until the count of eight before resuming action. If he gets knocked on the canvas again, the referee (who doesn't take part in scoring) may then count a man out.

There are other amateur-judging idiosyncrasies. Olympic judges bestow points for clean, crisp punches thrown; thus, a boxer who scores a sudden knockout will earn points but may not be awarded with victory in the same way as a pro

counterpart. Judges are quicker to exclude punches with an open glove and ones that don't exhibit total body control.

In Olympic boxing, if a man is on the canvas at the end of a round, the bell is not sounded and the count continues.

While Olympic boxing often features more defensive strategy (the "peekaboo" style, for example, in which a boxer fights from behind two upheld gloves, is a favorite) than pro bouts, amateurs employ the same age-old styles as their professional counterparts.

Boxers also have to be wary of accumulating "harm fouls"—warnings issued by the referee for illegalities. Three warnings result in disqualification.

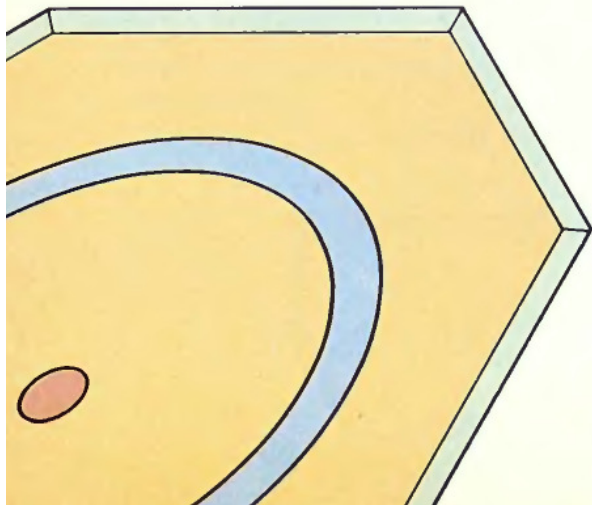
In addition to the five judges, who keep score on pads, there is a three-to-five-man technical jury that sits in judgment of the referees and judges. The technical jury has the right to overrule any decision.

Boxers in the light-fly-to-welterweight classes wear eight-ounce marked gloves; boxers in the light-middle-through-super-heavyweight classes wear ten-ounce gloves. The gloves have a white band at the knuckle areas. This is considered the legal hitting area. Simply, the white makes a good blow easier for the judges to see and score.

*Armchair tip:* Watch for boxers who know when to unload a payoff punch and when to go in for the kill when their opponent's in trouble.

The white area on an Olympic boxing glove is the proper hitting surface. The glove is painted so judges at ringside can score more easily when legal blows are landed.

## WRESTLING



Forget all you know about wrestling, both pro and amateur. Olympic wrestling is a sport unto itself—two sports, actually: Greco-Roman and free style. And there are ten weight divisions (ranging from 106 pounds to superheavyweights' unlimited weight) in each style.

As you might expect from its name, Greco-Roman wrestling has its roots in the Greek Olympics—and is therefore considered the purest form of the sport. No holds may be made below the hips, and all use of the legs is prohibited. Wrestlers also begin from a standing position and try to take their opponent down for a pin or a fall by using only their arms.

In the more open free-style version of the sport, more wrestling rules apply. A wrestler can be victorious in a free-style bout by pinning an opponent's shoulders or back to the mat for half a second.

Matches for both styles of wrestling consist of two three-minute rounds. Wres-

tlers score points during the course of a match with successful holds, superior positions and near throws. The system of scoring is the same in both Greco-Roman and free-style wrestling. If after six minutes neither wrestler has scored a fall, the competitor with the higher number of points wins the match.

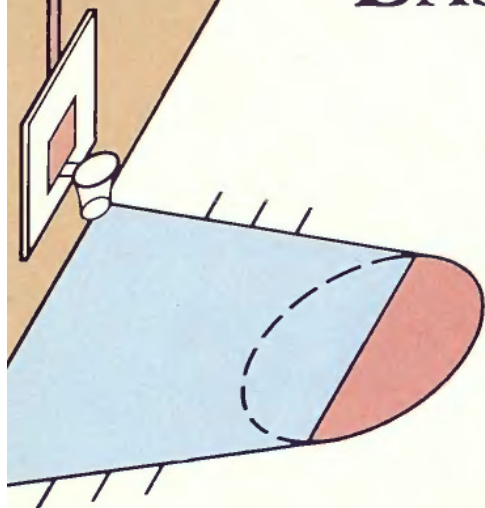
If a wrestler scores 12 or more points, the judges—seven in all, including the referee—may terminate the match.

Wrestlers also may lose a match through penalty points, a complicated method of scoring designed to discourage passivity. Matches are held on an open mat with an "active" circle that's seven meters in diameter. The passivity area, used for quick rests, extends another two meters around.

*Armchair tip:* Watch for wrestlers who are able to take early advantage and keep it. Many wrestling matches are won psychologically in the opening minute.

Forget Hulk Hogan. No one gets thrown over the ropes in Olympic wrestling. It all happens on a mat with active, passive and protective areas.

## BASKETBALL



Once upon a time, the U.S.A. could count on picking up an easy gold medal in men's basketball. No longer. While the U.S.A. is still the odds-on favorite for '84, basketball's increasing popularity in Italy, Spain and elsewhere (as well as the continuing trend of U.S.A. college basketball standouts to reject the Olympics in favor of turning pro) keeps U.S.A. coach Bobby Knight from taking anything for granted.

Olympic basketball is played with a 30-second shot clock. As in U.S.A. college rules, there are two 20-minute halves.

In Olympic round ball, when a player is fouled in the act of shooting (and the basket is not made), that player is awarded three opportunities to make two foul shots. Technical fouls against a player on the court result in two foul shots. Bench technicals are good for one free throw. Teams are allowed only eight fouls per half; after that, two free throws are

awarded on every foul.

The most noticeable difference on an Olympic court is the fanning out of the foul lane, allowing for less cramped quarters on a free-throw rebound.

To determine medal winners, Olympic basketball teams are put into brackets. Each bracket plays a round robin in which a win counts as two points and a loss counts as one point. If two teams finish with the same number of points, the team that wins the tie-breaking game also wins the higher medal.

*Historical footnote:* Women's basketball was introduced to the Olympics in Montreal in 1976. In both the '76 and the '80 games, the women's competition was dominated by the Soviets; in '80, the U.S.S.R.'s women's team won every game by more than 31 points.

*Armchair tip:* Even though the U.S.A. squad will include such one-on-one stalwarts as North Carolina's Michael Jordan and Georgetown's Patrick Ewing, expect Knight—a strict disciplinarian—to enforce a team brand of play.

## WEIGHT LIFTING

1980 Olympic Heavyweight Champions (total kilograms—45 kilograms equal 99.21 pounds)

1. Leonid Taranenko (U.S.S.R.): 422.5 kg.
2. Valentin Christov (Bulgaria): 405 kg.
3. Gyorgy Szalai (Hungary): 390 kg.

The psychological drama that these often-gargantuan athletes bring to their performances makes this one of the most popular televised events. Many weight lifters go into a prelift trance just before approaching the bar bells and into a post-lift emotional release just afterward—all of which makes for great television.

Olympic weight lifting features a two-lift program: the two-handed snatch and the clean and jerk.

In the two-handed snatch (considered the more difficult event), the athlete lifts the bar from the floor to over his head in one movement, holding it there for two seconds. There are two popular two-handed-snatch techniques: the squat and the split (in which one leg is thrust forward while the other is thrust backward). Whatever the technique, the lifter may not turn his wrists over or extend his arms unevenly in the lifting process.

In the clean and jerk, the lifter first brings the weight up to his shoulders and then, using the combined strength of his arms and legs, raises the weight over his head. The clean step of the lift requires that the athlete hoist the bar bell to a tem-

porary position at the shoulders until he achieves an erect posture; the next step, the jerk, requires that the bar be lifted in one motion from the shoulders to over the head, with arms locked at the elbows. The weight must be held over the lifter's head for two seconds.

There are ten weight-lifting weight divisions, ranging from flyweight (114 pounds) to superheavyweight (242 pounds and over). Each country may enter a total of ten weight lifters (it may enter one in each division or skip a division and double up on another). A competitor has three chances at each lift, but if he fails a lift, he may go to a higher one. Weight-lifting order is determined by the weight on the bar—lifters perform when the weight they have requested is placed on the bar. Winners are those who lift the most total weight, both snatch and clean and jerk.

The bar bell itself is seven feet long and

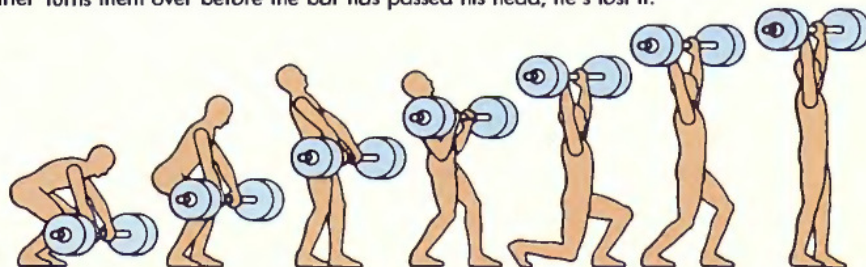
just over an inch wide and is made of chrome vanadium. Located at either end are revolving sleeves to which the weight plates are attached. The weights, called bumper plates, range from just over one pound to just over 99 pounds.

To protect their backs, competitors wear a four-and-a-half-inch-wide leather lifting belt. To ensure a better grip, they are permitted to apply chalk to their hands. Some also apply talc to their thighs to help the bar slide down their body.

*Historical footnote:* Olympic weight lifting used to be a three-lift event. The controversial press was eliminated after the 1972 games.

*Armchair tip:* Since it is sometimes difficult for the layman to distinguish between a valid and an invalid lift, pay attention to the judges' flashing lights: White indicates a valid lift, red an illegal attempt.

The best weight lifters do the snatch as one continuous movement. Watch the wrists. If the lifter turns them over before the bar has passed his head, he's lost it.



# 4 out of 5 Sony car stereo owners would go down the same road again.

It seems there is one road that most Sony owners would gladly travel again. The road to a Sony car stereo.

In a recent survey, an overwhelming majority of Sony car stereo owners contacted gave Sony the ultimate testimonial. They said they would be more than willing to buy a Sony again\*. As one Sony owner, Ronald Dokken of Minneapolis, Minnesota, volunteered, "When there's a car stereo that sounds as good and works as well as a Sony, why would you want another one?"

In fact, most Sony car stereo owners when asked went so far as to say that they would keep their car stereos longer than they'd keep their cars. Or, in the words of Valerie Roussel of New Orleans, Louisiana: "My car was in the shop for a few weeks. I missed my car stereo a lot more than my car." And Mark Share of Tempe, Arizona, added, "I have two cars and two kinds of car stereos. I find myself driving the car with the better sounding one—the Sony."

Which is not at all surprising, considering the fact that Sony car stereos are not just engineered to perform reliably. They are also engineered to deliver brilliant high-fidelity stereo sound. Because they take advantage of the same experience and innovative technology that goes into Sony's home stereos.

So if you're in the market for a car stereo, it makes sense to go down the same road that 4 out of 5 Sony owners would travel.

Buy the Sony.

**SONY**  
THE ONE AND ONLY.

\*In an independent survey of 200 recent Sony car stereo purchasers who sent in warranty cards, 85% said they'd buy a Sony again. © 1984 Sony Corp. of America. Sony is a reg. trademark of the Sony Corp., 1 Sony Dr., Park Ridge, NJ 07656.





## KEEPING TRACK

*winning in the olympics  
is a matter of body and sole*

In the first Olympics, the Greeks ran barefoot. That saved a few bucks on equipment but made the use of spikes rather messy. Today's track-and-field shoes are scientifically designed to withstand the demands of each event and each athlete. Here, a sampling.

Clockwise from top, an Adidas high-jump shoe. This one is for the flop style. On a straddle shoe, the spikes are otherwise aligned because of the different jump techniques. The shoe shown is for the plant foot. The six spikes up front offer traction and stability. On his other foot, the jumper wears a different kind of shoe—usually one with only four spikes up front. Next are Nike javelin shoes. As the thrower gains speed up the runway, the long spikes help him stop momentum in order to plant his feet and shift his weight for the heave. Marathon shoes, such as the New Balance Comp 250s, protect the feet and legs from road shock. Special lightweight insoles buffer the pounding, while combination lasts provide forefoot flexibility and rear-foot control. Long-jump shoes, from Adidas, are constructed for runway speed (on the toes) and for hitting the board just right for take-off. Length of spikes differs with athlete, technique and surface. Hurdle shoes, from Puma, have semisymmetrical spike placement. Three lateral spikes provide maximum traction upon landing, while three others also come into play as the foot is rolled and propelled. Velcro closures allow greater support and flexibility. The Nike shot-put/hammer/discus shoe has a wrap-around rubber sole for best grip on the concrete or asphalt circles. To counter stress, there are Velcro cross straps that hook to the heel counter. The New Balance Spike 500, for middle- and long-distance track racing, has a polyethylene wedge for proper heel lift and protection against Achilles'-tendon and calf strain. A flexible spike plate provides the give and traction needed for longer runs. Center, an Adidas shoe for short sprints. Since sprinters run on their forefeet, the soles are paper-thin, giving more stability on the starting block. Length of spikes (which provide grip and traction) varies with the sprinter and the surface.



## OLYMPIANS TO WATCH

meet the names who could dominate the games



**Rob de Castella** (above). Cuban-born New Yorker Alberto Salazar may be better known, but this Australian biophysicist beat him handily in Rotterdam last year. De Castella's secret to marathon success: perfectly timed finishing sprints combined with a finely tuned intelligence.

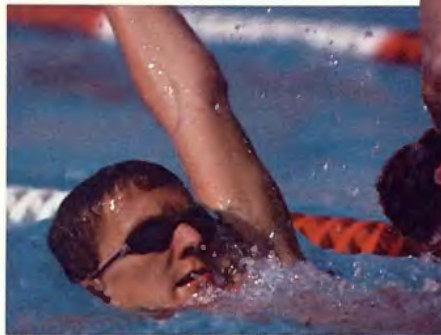
**Rebecca Twigg** (below). At 21, this American cyclist is known for her legendary sprint. A strong, aggressive rider, she took the world championship in '82. In this year's 70-kilometer road race, the first women's Olympic cycling event, Twigg and teammate Connie Carpenter give the U.S. squad a good shot at a medal.



**Edwin Moses** (below). Undefeated for six years in the 400-meter hurdles, this 28-year-old has been waiting eight years to show what he can do in front of an international audience. Expect him to try to steal the track-and-field limelight by besting the "impossible" 47-second barrier.



**Michael Gross** (below). This 6'6" West German swimmer has suffered the inevitable Olympic comparisons; luckily, he is able to live up to the advance billing. His current times would leave Spitz dead in the water.



**Eamonn Coghlan** (right). Legendary on the U.S. indoor circuit, he's an American-based Irishman (and disciple of Jumbo Elliott, the late Villanova guru) who has built up his outdoor game in recent years and expects to show his new-found strength in the 5000-meter competition.

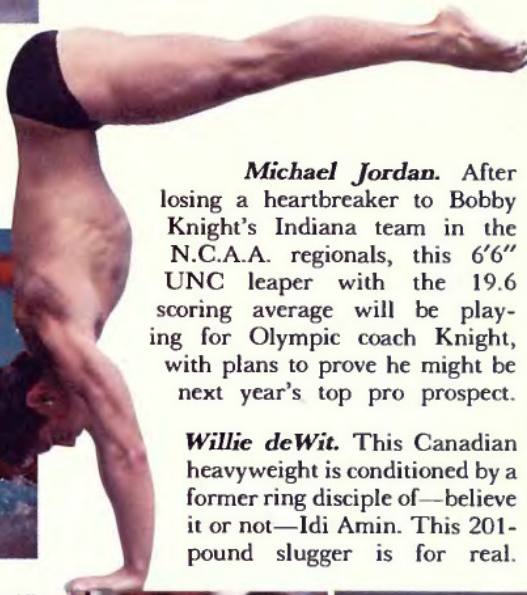
**Mary Decker** (far right). Combining grace and power, this 25-year-old California native is the odds-on favorite to win the gold in the women's 1500 and 3000 meters. Her last-second sprint to the finish line should leave her Russian and European opponents fighting for second place.

**Cheryl Miller**. This 6'3" USC round baller averaged 22 points and 11 rebounds a game in leading her team to the N.C.A.A. championship. With her teammate Pam McGee also on the squad, the U.S. women's team has its best shot ever.



**Carl Lewis** (above). This 6'2" speedster should be to the Olympics what Michael Jackson was to the Grammys. He has a good shot at equaling Jesse Owens' four-gold-medal streak and becoming the first to break the 30-foot barrier in the long jump. And the smart money is on him.

**Greg Louganis** (below). Favored to win the highboard-diving gold medal, this native Californian is also among the favorites in the springboard event. Expect the hometown crowd to give inspiration.



**Michael Jordan**. After losing a heartbreaker to Bobby Knight's Indiana team in the N.C.A.A. regionals, this 6'6" UNC leaper with the 19.6 scoring average will be playing for Olympic coach Knight, with plans to prove he might be next year's top pro prospect.

**Willie deWit**. This Canadian heavyweight is conditioned by a former ring disciple of—believe it or not—Idi Amin. This 201-pound slugger is for real.





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- Biggest standard engine in the class; the only one with twin-spark-plug-per-cylinder hemihead power.
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- Wide-Clearance independent front suspension steps over bumps instead of bouncing like solid axles.

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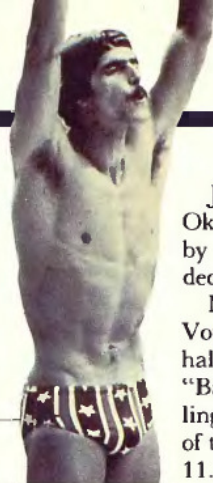
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## PLAYBOY'S OLYMPIC HALL OF FAME

*the strongest, the fastest, the best. here are some athletes we'll never forget*



**Jim Thorpe.** This Sac Indian from Oklahoma monopolized the 1912 games by winning both the pentathlon and the decathlon (a record he held for 12 years).

**Mildred "Babe" Didrikson** (below). Voted the greatest woman athlete of the half century by an A.P. poll in 1950, "Babe the Unbeatable" became the darling of the '32 games by winning the finals of the 80-meter hurdles in a record-setting 11.7 seconds. For an encore, she set a world record in the javelin and nearly won a third gold medal in the high jump.



**Jesse Owens** (above). The son of an Alabama cotton picker, he reigned over Hitler's parade in the '36 Berlin games by meeting or setting 12 Olympic records and winning gold medals in the 100 and 200 meters, long jump and sprint relay.

**Bob Beamon.** This gangly American stunned the world in '68 by launching a 29'2½" jump (a record many thought would stand for years).

**Mark Spitz** (above). In the '72 games, this cocky 22-year-old silenced the critics by swimming to seven gold medals—every one a new world record.

**Olga Korbut.** With a pair of '72 gold medals, no one stole the hearts of more Olympic fans than this 88-pound Russian gymnast with elflike charisma.

**Oscar Robertson.** With such future pro standouts as John Havlicek, Jerry Lucas and Walt Bellamy playing supporting roles, "the Big O" led the greatest team in basketball history to an easy gold medal in 1960.

**Floyd Patterson.** A Brooklyn reform school graduate, this 17-year-old middle-weight mesmerized boxing fans at the '52 games by overwhelming opponents with a flurry of combinations. He topped off his stellar performance with a first-round knockout to claim the gold medal.

**Paavo Nurmi.** "The Phantom Finn" was legendary in middle- and long-distance running in the '20 and '24 games, winning a total of nine gold medals.



Rounding out our list of Hall of Fame inductees are **Cassius Clay** and **Johnny Weissmuller**, both of whom can also be found in our *Sexiest Olympians* section. Talk about double threats. . . .

## STRANGE MOMENTS

*the famous and forgotten  
experience the joy of victory and  
the agony of passing urine*

Think it's all been agony and ecstasy? Think again. Some of the best moments in Olympic history have been the just plain weird. Take the case of the giant wrestler Milo of Croton, who ate an entire bull one day at Olympia. Or, in modern times, the British boxer who couldn't produce urine for a routine test. Or the German track-and-field star who was banned from competition for being a hermaphrodite.

This is the stuff of which Olympic moments are made. Consider the following:

### NEVER MIND

When Argentine flyweight Pascual Perez learned that he was slightly over the weight limit to qualify for the '48 games,

he shaved his head in an effort to lose valuable ounces. Shortly afterward, Olympic officials discovered that the scales had been incorrect and that Perez had been under the weight limit all along.

### YOU WOMEN DON'T HAVE TO ANSWER THE ONE ABOUT YOUR GRANDFATHER

An official questionnaire distributed to all 1900 Olympians queried, "Were you reared as an infant naturally or artificially? What is the color of your beard? How strong was your grandfather?"

### A CIGARETTE USUALLY DOES THE TRICK

In 1968, U.S. jumper Bob Beamon admitted having sexual intercourse the night before competing for the gold. The result: a 29'2½" jump—a world record. Said Beamon, "What do I do now?"

### THAT'LL TEACH THEM TO READ TV GUIDE

While watching television in the Olympic Village during the '72 games, American sprinters Eddie Hart and Rey Robinson suddenly realized they were looking at the start of their own competi-

tion. Panicked, they rushed out of their rooms, took a cab to the stadium but arrived too late. Moaned Hart, "How do you tell your father you aimed for something for two years and blew it like this?"

### NOW, THIS IS A GUN, SIR, AND THAT'S THE SIDE OF A BARN. . . .

The 1912 games featured a soon-to-be-famous entrant. Then-Lieutenant George S. Patton, old blood and guts himself, was a contestant in the pentathlon. He finished well in most contests but dropped to fifth place because of a surprisingly low score in one event—pistol shooting.

### READY, SET, HIC

Eleanor Holm, a young swimmer with the American team, was dismissed from the 1936 games in Munich for drinking during the boat trip from New York.

### SCHMUCK!

After winning the gold in the 1972 games in Munich, Cuban heavyweight boxer Teofilo Stevenson turned down a \$2,000,000 offer to turn pro, saying, "I wouldn't exchange my piece of Cuba for all the money they could give me."



# GYMNASTICS

(continued from page 175)

meters high—are used only in men's competition. In this test of agility and strength, both hands must leave the two oval wooden (sometimes fiberglass) bars at the same time at least once during the exercise. With one continuous movement, the athlete moves from a full stop to a swinging movement and back again.

The uneven parallel bars—43 centimeters apart, 3.5 meters long—are used only in women's competition. Employing smooth movements, women swing from one bar to another, two pauses allowed.

The object of the men's-only rings exercise is to swing in many different ways with minimal movement of the rings. Judges demand that all competitors perform at least two handstands and at least one "crucifix" (the body is upright with arms outstretched) from two rings that hang 2.5 meters above the floor.

Used only in women's competition, the wooden balance beam is five meters long, ten centimeters wide and 16 centimeters deep. Operating on a flat surface 1.2 meters above the floor, competitors execute handstands, runs, jumps and turns with only three pauses allowed.

Used only by men, the horizontal bar is 8'4" high and 2.4 meters long. With turns and changes of grip, the gymnast must swing nonstop, allowing his hands to leave the bar at least once.

In each event, four judges score each gymnast independently. Maximum score is ten, with the highest and lowest scores thrown out and the average of the two remaining scores counting. The judges look for difficulty and style of execution and inventiveness. Penalty points are subtracted for loss of balance, bent legs or arms, lack of extension in movements and excess swinging for support.

There are three artistic gymnastics competitions: team, all-round and individual apparatus.

In team events (competition one), 12 men's and women's teams—consisting of six members each—chosen from world championships vie for the judges' scores. In addition, countries without national teams compete in four groups of six competitors. Team medals are awarded.

All-round events (competition two) feature the top 36 competitors—only two per nation—from competition one. Scores are a combination of competition-one compulsories (25 percent), competition-two compulsories (25 percent) and competition-two scores (50 percent).

In individual apparatus events, the top six competitors from team competition compete on one apparatus. Gold, silver and bronze medals are awarded for each.

*Armchair tip:* Expect the women to steal the limelight from the men in gymnastics again this year. The hidden ingredient in this competition: charisma.



Modell

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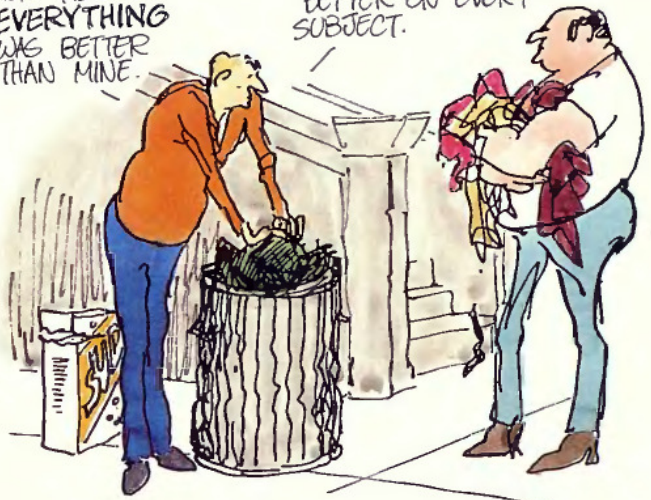
# BERNARD and HUEY

IT'S BEEN 20 YEARS SINCE WE WENT TOGETHER, BUT I STILL THINK OF HER.



SHE WAS PERFECT! HER TASTE IN EVERYTHING WAS BETTER THAN MINE.

SHE EXPRESSED HERSELF BETTER ON EVERY SUBJECT.



HER JUDGMENTS WERE MORE MATURE.



WE OFTEN SAT UP AND TALKED FOR HOURS. I ALWAYS ENDED UP AGREEING WITH HER.



I BORROWED HER BEST PHRASES TO USE IN CONVERSATIONS WITH FRIENDS.

I WOULD CALL HER SIX TIMES A DAY TO GET HER ADVICE ON MY PROBLEMS AT THE OFFICE.



WE WERE INSEPARABLE.



THEN YOU TOLD ME I WAS PUSSY-WHIPPED.





OK, I STOOD UP TO HER.



BY THE TIME I'D PROVEN I WAS A MAN, WE HAD BROKEN UP.

WHICH LANDED ME INTO 19 YEARS OF LONELINESS, ROTTEN RELATIONSHIPS AND A LOUSY MARRIAGE.



LATER I LEARNED SHE MARRIED A MAN WHO LOOKS JUST LIKE ME.



I COULDN'T TALK TO YOU FOR A YEAR AFTER THAT, HUEY.



NOW THEY LIVE WITH THEIR THREE KIDS AND A DOG ON A COUNTRY ROAD IN CONNECTICUT. I'M TOLD SHE'S THE BOSS IN THE FAMILY.



I HOPE HE DIES.



YOU GOT A PROBLEM, MY FRIEND.

RIGHT. PUSSY-WHIP ENVY.



JOES FEFFER

# THE WAY IT WAS

(continued from page 167)

was dominated by Pygmies.

**1906, Athens.** These games were not considered official. Americans won 11 of the 20 track-and-field events.

**1908, London.** Bad blood arose between Great Britain and the U.S.; more than 2000 athletes from 22 countries participated.

**1912, Stockholm.** The Jim Thorpe games. Thorpe won pentathlon and decathlon gold medals. Electronic timing was introduced.

**1920, Antwerp.** Held despite war-torn Belgium but sparsely attended. Finland was the big winner with legendary runner Paavo Nurmi.

**1924, Paris.** In the *Chariots of Fire* games, swimming became important for the first time due to the exploits of 19-year-old American Johnny Weissmuller.

**1928, Amsterdam.** These supercompetitive games proved a welcome relief to a world recovering from war. Women participated in track and field for the first time. Americans did poorly.

**1932, Los Angeles.** In the Coliseum, 18-year-old Mildred "Babe" Didrikson set world records in the 80-meter hurdles, javelin and high jump.

**1936, Berlin.** After considering a boycott in protest of Hitler's Aryan philosophy, the Americans competed anyway. Jesse Owens dominated the games.

**1948, London.** The U.S. won 11 men's track-and-field gold medals, including a

world-record decathlon performance by 17-year-old Bob Mathias.

**1952, Helsinki.** After a 40-year absence, the Soviets returned with 17 gold medals in gymnastics, weight lifting and wrestling.

**1956, Melbourne.** The first games ever held in the Southern Hemisphere. Texan Bobby Morrow, fighting the flu, won the 100 and 200 meters.

**1960, Rome.** Rafer Johnson squeaked by in the decathlon and Cassius Clay became the lightweight champ.

**1964, Tokyo.** Dark-horse U.S. Marine Billy Mills won the 10,000 meters, while Joe Frazier, broken hand and all, won the heavyweight gold.

**1968, Mexico City.** In the rare air, Bob Beamon flew to a superhuman 29'2½" in the long jump. Jimmy Hines set the 100-meter record at 9.95 seconds.

**1972, Munich.** Eight Palestinian terrorists broke into Olympic Village and kidnaped a group of Israeli athletes. Seventeen people were killed and the games were suspended for 24 hours. Standouts included Olga Korbut, Mark Spitz and Frank Shorter.

**1976, Montreal.** Fierce competition. The Russians, heavy favorites, won only four track-and-field gold medals; the U.S. won six. Gymnast Nadia Comaneci and boxer Sugar Ray Leonard starred.

**1980, Moscow.** To protest the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, more than 62 nations boycotted. East Germany and the U.S.S.R. won 127 gold medals in the U.S.'s absence.



# TRACK AND FIELD

(continued from page 170)

also against "the wall" (also called "the bear")—the psychological breaking point that most runners face after a few miles. Strategy in both of these races (and presumably in the new women's 3000-meter) will consist of grabbing the lead early and trying to hang on to it, taking a spot in the middle of the pack and making a move later or running from the rear of the pack and waiting for a lengthy final kick. In the last straightaway, a runner cannot change lanes unless he or she is about to pass another runner.

## MARATHON

### Olympic Record

Men: 2:09:55 (1976, Waldemar Cierpinski, East Germany)

Women: new event

Currently the most fashionable and talked-about event on the Olympic track-and-field agenda, the marathon traditionally covers just over 26 miles of varied terrain. Marathoners wear special spikeless racing flats with heel cushions built up three quarters of an inch and soles with built-in "waffles" for traction. Most runners wear white (to reflect the sun) nylon shorts with pockets to carry candy bars and extra shoelaces. This year's marathoners will be treated to a particularly scenic course: The official starting point will be Santa Monica College, and six miles of the course will run along the cool Pacific Ocean, eventually (and dramatically) ending at the Coliseum in time for the closing ceremonies. The most important marathon strategy consists of sticking to a strictly defined game plan and being able to step up the pace for the last quarter.

## 20- AND 50-KILOMETER WALKS (MEN ONLY)

### Olympic Records

20-kilometer walk: 1:23:35.5 (1980, Maurizio Damilano, Italy)

50-kilometer walk: 3:49:24 (1980, Hartwig Gauder, East Germany)

The oddest-looking of all Olympic track-and-field events, "race walking" is an art for the most rugged of athletes. Rules require that all competitors must have a part of one foot on the ground at all times and that the leg hitting the track be straightened for at least one second. The subjective nature of this call makes the 20- and 50-kilometer walks the hardest events for officials to judge.

## JAVELIN

### Olympic Records

Men: 310'4" (1976, Miklas Nemeth, Hungary)

Women: 224'5" (1980, Maria Colon, Cuba)

The lightest implement in throwing events, the spear-shaped javelin used in



men's competition is 8'10¼" long and weighs one pound, 12 ounces; the women's javelin is 7'6½" long, one pound, 10.16 ounces. The shaft of the javelin itself is made of metal alloy or wood.

Rules state that the spear must be thrown above the shoulder or the upper part of the throwing arm and not slung or hurled sidearm. Each competitor is allowed three qualifying trials and six final tries. There are three commonly used grips: The javelin is held on the palm with index finger and thumb behind the cord grip or on the palm between the index and second fingers or against the index finger on the same side as the thumb.

There are four steps to javelin chucking: the run-up (a distance of some 120 feet to build momentum), the carry (there are three positions for holding the javelin: above the shoulder, closer to shoulder level or with arm down and extended back), the approach and braking and the throw. The spear is whipped forward on the throw behind the strength of the rear leg.

### SHOT-PUT

#### *Olympic Records*

Men: 70'0½" (1980, Vladimir Kiselyov, U.S.S.R.)

Women: 73'6¼" (1980, Ilona Slupianek, East Germany)

Perhaps the most disciplined of Olympic field sports, shot-put takes place

within a sunken seven-foot circle.

The shot itself is a brass or iron ball, weighs 16 pounds and is five inches in diameter; the women's version is four and a quarter inches and weighs 8.8 pounds.

There are several popular shot-putting techniques, all of which are permissible as long as the ball is pushed and not thrown and as long as no part of the athlete's body leaves the seven-foot circle. The shot also has to land in a 45-degree circle.

Most shot-putters hold the ball at the base of their middle three fingers, using the thumb and the small finger for support. Putters begin by standing at the back of the circle with the shot tucked under the neck, just beneath the jaw.

The most popular technique is called the O'Brien shift (after the U.S.A.'s Parry O'Brien, the first shot-putter to turn his back to the landing area). In it, the putter bends down over his right leg before going into "the glide"—a drive off the right leg that results in the right foot's landing near the center of the circle and the left foot's slamming against a four-foot-wide stop-board at the front of the circle. The O'Brien shift (which takes three seconds) ends when the shot is let go at a 40-degree angle off a fully extended right hand.

### DISCUS

#### *Olympic Records*

Men: 224' (1976, Mac Wilkins, U.S.A.)

Women: 229'6" (1980, Evelin Jahl, East Germany)

The discus is a highly technical event requiring skill, talent, balance, timing and strength. Working within a U-shaped cage shared by hammer throwers and comprising six or more panels of synthetic netting or steel wire, competitors hurl the discus through an opening in the cage into a legal-throw sector marked by chalk lines.

Discus throwers begin by standing—feet 12 to 20 inches apart—at the back of an eight-foot-plus-diameter circle looking away from the direction of the throw. The throw begins with a running rotation, a counterclockwise movement that shifts the weight from the right foot to the left with the discus extended behind the whirling body. As the thrower finishes the full turn with his right foot back on the ground, the whirling motion is quickly increased. With his feet now 36 inches apart, he turns his shoulder and whips around his throwing arm. The thrower releases the discus with a hard wrist snap; a 30-to-35-degree angle is considered ideal.

The discus itself is made of fiberglass or hardwood and weighs four pounds, six ounces (the women's discus weighs just over two pounds).

### HAMMER THROW (MEN ONLY)

#### *Olympic Record*

268'4" (1980, Yuri Sedykh, U.S.S.R.)

Known in layman's circles as the ball-and-chain event, the hammer comprises a

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16-pound ball, a wire shaft and a handle: total length, 3'11". The hammer has a head of solid iron or a shell filled with lead. Throwers wear a fingerless leather glove with a reinforced palm.

Standing at the rear of a seven-foot circle in a netted cage, the slinger grips the handle with both hands and turns his back to the throwing line. After a series of bent-knee preliminary swings, the first turn begins when the hammer's head is at its lowest point; the second turn is made faster than the first to increase velocity; and by the third turn, the thrower is a blur of action. As the final turn is completed, both

feet are on the ground and the hammer is ripped from the thrower's hands with a last-second forearm flick.

## HIGH JUMP

### *Olympic Records*

Men: 7'8¾" (1980, Gerd Wessig, East Germany)

Women: 6'5½" (1980, Sara Simeoni, Italy)

The high jump is an event of simplistic charm: You have to go over the bar without knocking it off its supports. Thanks to the invention of "the Fosbury Flop" by American Dick Fosbury in the '68 Mexico City games, the high-jump record has

been pushed nearly nine inches since the days of the old "straddle" style.

The event's phases are the approach, the take-off and the clearance of the bar.

The approach depends on whether the jumper is using the flop or the straddle method. Straddle jumpers start 50 feet from the bar and take seven strides before take-off; floppers start at 70 feet and run along a curved path.

The straddle is basically a forward pitch and roll. The chanciest part of it is making sure the trailing leg makes it over the bar.

The flop calls for a faster approach and a belly-up backward thrust over the bar. The key here is a well-arched back.

Jumpers wear special spiked shoes created specifically with the sole of the take-off foot built up for better leverage.

A jumper can pass on the lower heights and enter the competition when he or she feels the height is right. Jumpers get three tries at a given height. Miss all three and they're out.

## POLE VAULTING (MEN ONLY)

### *Olympic Record*

18'11½" (1980, Wladyslaw Kozakiewicz, Poland)

In pole vaulting, the athlete attempts to turn linear movement into upward movement by deriving energy from the plant and bend of the pole.

A vaulter grips the pole with both hands and sprints some 150 feet down a synthetic surface. Some three to four strides from the sunken planting area, he lifts the pole from his waist to directly over his head. Here, the bend of the pole begins. A second later, the vaulter rocks back as his legs go up to form a handstand in the air. With the pole now bent back, the vaulter thrusts up in an explosive motion that ends with a full handstand, the body turned toward the crossbar. Turning belly down to the bar, the vaulter gets legs over first, then hips and torso. Both arms push the pole away.

Until the 19th Century and the advent of bamboo, poles were made of hickory or ash. By the Forties, steel had replaced bamboo; and after World War Two, fiberglass came along and radically changed the sport, quickly adding a foot and a half to the existing world record.

Once a minimum is established, competitors can skip the lower heights, if they choose, and return at a higher height. In a tie at a given height, the man with fewer jumps wins the superior medal.

The landing pit, once consisting of sawdust and wood shavings, is now made out of foam rubber.

## LONG JUMP/TRIPLE JUMP

### *Olympic Records*

Long jump (men): 29'2½" (1968, Bob Beamon, U.S.A.)

Long jump (women): 23'2" (1980, Tatyana

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Kolpakava, U.S.S.R.)

Triple jump (men only): 57'0 $\frac{3}{4}$ " (1968, Viktor Saneyev, U.S.S.R.)

The goal of long jumpers is to convert horizontal force into an upward jump. Body language is employed to gain greater distance. There are four parts to the long jump: the run-up (in which the jumper starts from a relaxed posture and turns into flat-out sprint), the take-off (the jumper leaves the leaning position in the last three to four strides, rises erect and shortens the final stride), the flight (there are several mid-air positions) and the landing (arms thrust forward and rear end arched to get every fraction of an inch).

The three mid-air styles are sailing (legs together in a sitting position), hanging (a lead-leg-sweeping action) and the hitch kick (the jumper runs in place).

The triple jump is made up of three rhythmic actions: the hop, the step and the jump. After gaining speed on a runway, the jumper must hit a seven-and-three-quarter-inch Plasticine take-off board for proper projection and then jump in one continuous flow until reaching the moist-sand landing pit. Three qualifying jumps and six final trials are allowed.

#### DECATHLON (MEN ONLY)

##### *Olympic Record*

8617 points (1976, Bruce Jenner, U.S.A.)

The mystique of the decathlon is unsurpassed in Olympic competition. Each contestant is required to prove his skill in ten separate events: the 100 meters, the long jump, the shot-put, the high jump, the 400 meters, the discus, the 110-meter hurdles, the pole vault, the javelin and the 1500 meters. The competition is held over two days, with five events per day and a 30-minute rest period between events.

Much to the chagrin of many purists, the ten events do not carry the same point value; speed and leaping ability have greater value than power or endurance.

Chance also plays a role. Running-event heats, for example, are drawn by lots—therefore, a decathlete who is last to high jump may be first in the 400-meter sprint.

To stand a chance of winning, the decathlete must be heavily muscled, making the pole vault, the 400 meters, the 1500 meters and the javelin throw—traditionally not big men's events—nightmarish contests for these large individuals.

#### HEPTATHLON (WOMEN ONLY)

In 1984, the women's pentathlon will become the seven-event heptathlon, incorporating the 100-meter hurdles, 800-meter run, long jump, high jump, shot-put, javelin and 200-meter dash.



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# SWIMMING

(continued from page 173)

direct hookup with the starter's gun and the contact pads located against the wall at the pool's end.

The most artistic of the new '84 events promises to be the women's synchronized swimming. Swimmers will compete in duets (one duet per nation) in both compulsory (without music) and innovative routines, to be judged by a panel of experts on a zero-to-ten-point sliding scale. Many routines are performed upside down underwater and include such aquatic maneuvers as the swordfish, the porpoise, the herto and the albatross.

*Historical footnote:* After being hailed as an innovative breakthrough in the early Sixties, the somersault maneuver (in which swimmers twist around entirely after pushing off the pool wall) was banned in the '64 games but reinstated for the '68 games.

*Armchair tip:* Symmetry is everything in swimming events. Watch for swimmers who are able to keep their shoulders in line with the surface of the water while moving their arms and legs simultaneously.

## DIVING

### 1980 Olympic Champions

Men's springboard: Aleksandr Portnov (U.S.S.R.)

Women's springboard: Irina Kolinina (U.S.S.R.)

Men's platform: Falk Hoffmann (East Germany)

Women's platform: Martina Jaschke (East Germany)

With athletes hurling themselves downward at speeds of up to 50 mph (and with disaster only inches away), diving may be the most dangerous Olympic event.

In springboard diving, competitors spring off a plank 16 feet long and 20 inches wide. In platform diving, participants push off from a solid construction some 19 feet long, six feet wide and more than 30 feet above the water.

There are two categories of required dives: voluntary dives with degree-of-difficulty limits and voluntary dives without degree-of-difficulty limits.

**With limits:** In springboard, each competitor must complete a forward, a backward, a reverse, an inward and a twisting dive—with the degree of difficulty for each dive adding up to not more than 9.6. Platform competitors choose four dives (from the six available styles) with a degree of difficulty not exceeding 7.6.

**Without limits:** In springboard, men make six dives; women, five. From the platform, men perform six dives; women, four.

There are five major dives: forward (body faces water, dive forward), reverse (body faces forward, rotates back to the board before dive), inward (body rotates

inward with back to the water), twisting (body twists in the air), handstand (diver starts from a handstand—platform only).

After seven judges register their scores (from zero for a failed dive to ten for perfection), the high and low scores are discounted and the remaining scores are multiplied by a coefficient determined by the degree of difficulty of the attempted dive. According to the Olympic table, difficulty of dives ranges from a high of 3.5 to a low of 1.2. Look for high scores from divers who successfully execute such daredevil maneuvers as a forward one-and-a-half somersault with three twists, a back one-and-a-half somersault with a two-

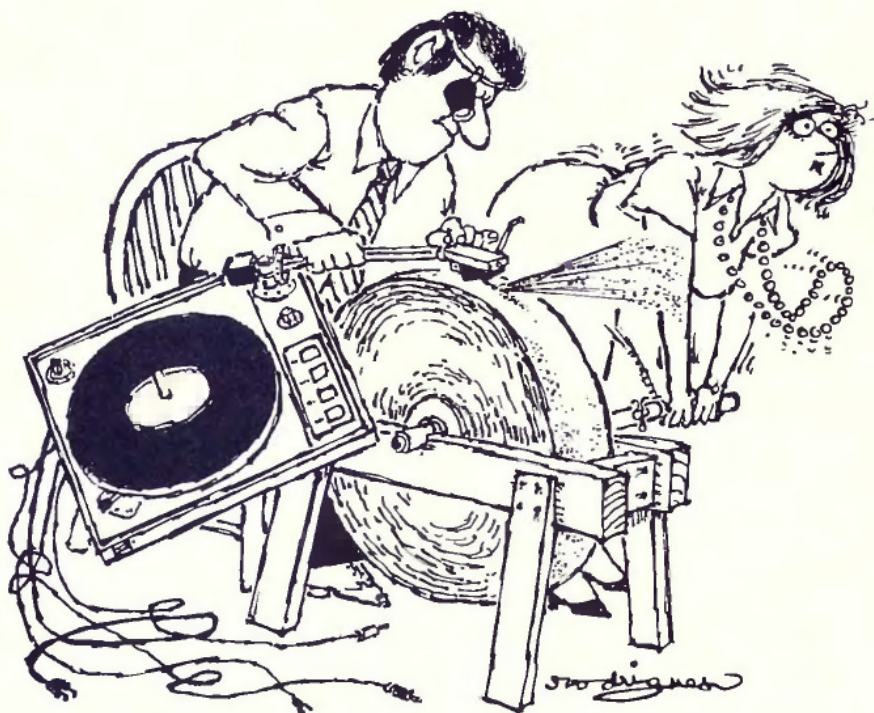
and-a-half or a three-and-a-half twist or a reverse twister with a back two-and-a-half or three-and-a-half twist.

There are four steps to every successful dive: the start (diver is fully erect), the sprint (diver takes off, gathering maximum spring), the flight (diver cleanly executes point-gathering maneuver) and the entry (diver enters the water cleanly).

*Historical footnote:* Once a sure thing, the U.S.A.'s string of 11 straight springboard victories was broken in the 1972 Munich games by Soviet Vladimir Vasin.

*Armchair tip:* Diving rule of thumb: The less splash upon entering the water, the better the dive. (continued overleaf)

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## ADDITIONAL EVENTS

## ARCHERY

Men shoot two rounds of 36 arrows at each of four distances: 90, 70, 50 and 30 meters. Women shoot a single round of 36 arrows at 70, 60, 50 and 30 meters. Key to success: a combination of arm strength and steadiness of hand.

## CANOEING (MEN ONLY) AND KAYAKING

Canoeists propel their open boats by paddling single-bladed paddles on each side. In kayak events, competitors propel themselves from an enclosed boat with a double-bladed paddle. Key to success in both: coordination and clean strokes.

## CYCLING

There are two types of events: road racing and track racing. The three road races are the 62-mile team time trial, the 108.7-mile individual road race and the women's 43.49-mile race. The five track races are the 1093.6-yard match sprint, the 1093.6-yard individual time trial, the 4374.4-yard individual pursuit, the 4374.4-yard team pursuit and the 31-mile point race. Key to success: "drafting" until the moment to pass is right.

## EQUESTRIAN EVENTS

Riders and their horses team up to combine strength and courage in a multiple-event program that includes jumping six-foot fences and water hazards. Often misperceived as gentrified sports, the equestrian events are some of the most dangerous. Key to success: smoothness in transition between movements.

## FENCING

Men use the foil, *épée* and saber in separate events; women compete only with the foil. Tournaments are run on a round-robin basis and matches are won by the first fencer to score five touches. Key to success: dexterity and aggressiveness.

## FIELD HOCKEY

Field hockey is played with 11 competitors on a side and is divided into two 35-minute halves. On a field measuring 60 x 100 yards, competitors use three-foot sticks to advance a small ball up the field and into the goal. Key to success: As in ice hockey, the team that is able to maintain possession is likely to control the match.

## FOOTBALL (SOCCER—MEN ONLY)

Olympic soccer is played with 11 men on a side in two 45-minute halves. Players must move the ball up the field with their

head, feet, chest and other body parts—only the goalie may use his hands. But you knew all that, right? Key to success: a tough playmaking goalie.

## TEAM HANDBALL

In handball, considered by some a cross between soccer and basketball, team members move a near-soccer-sized ball down an indoor court and throw it past a goalkeeper in order to score. Players are allowed to hold the ball for only three seconds at a time. The game is played by six court players and one goalkeeper in two 30-minute (women, 25-minute) halves. Key to success: As in basketball, teams that are quick and in sync are likely to dominate.

## JUDO (MEN ONLY)

A competitor wins a match by holding an opponent immobile on his back for 30 seconds. Scoring is complex. Key to success: long hours and commitment to the judo lifestyle.

## MODERN PENTATHLON (TEAM AND INDIVIDUAL)

In this event, a man sets out on a horse. His first encounter comes when he's forced off his horse to fight a duel with swords. After he escapes, he is trapped again and forced to shoot his way out with a pistol. After that, he swims 300 meters and runs two and a half miles.

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Sounds like a video game. Key to success: incredible athletic prowess and a penchant for the highly unorthodox.

### ROWING

Competition is in eight categories: single sculls, double sculls, quadruple sculls with coxswain (women only), pair-oared shell without coxswain, pair-oared shell with coxswain, four-oared shell with coxswain, four-oared shell without coxswain and eight-oared shell with coxswain. Key to success: clean, precise movements. The smaller the splash, the better the effort.

### SHOOTING

Eighty countries will send more than 1100 shooters to compete in ten events ranging from pistol shooting to rifle shooting to game-target shooting. For the first time in Olympic history, there will be a women's shooting division. Key to success varies with event, but intense concentration means a steady hand.

### WATER POLO

Seven-member teams try to put a 28-inch ball in their opponent's goal while competing in a 33-by-22-yard pool. Only the goalie may handle the ball with both hands. Key to success: The best teams feature players who can specialize while playing a team-style game.

### VOLLEYBALL

Matches consist of the best three out of five sets. A team wins a set with a score of 15 points, but the winning margin has to be two points or more. Six players on each team hit the ball over the 3'3" net in an attempt to keep it alive. Key to success rides with the team's setter, the equivalent of basketball's playmaking guard.

### YACHTING

Each of seven yachting classes is required to run seven races over roughly a 12-mile course. Lowest point total wins. (Boardsailing will make its debut as an Olympic demonstration and medal event in L.A.) Key to success: physical stamina and an ability to read weather conditions.

### BASEBALL (DEMONSTRATION)

Festivities begin with a round-robin tournament from which six countries will emerge to play in the finals. Key to success: knowing how the other team thinks in crucial situations.










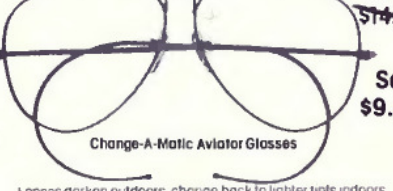


### TENNIS (DEMONSTRATION)

This will be an open competition—professionals will be allowed to compete. But there's a catch: Participants must be 20 years old or younger. Key to success: As in baseball, a competitor who knows his opponent's game will have an advantage.



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## SNAP DECISIONS

*(continued from page 121)*

*"Clamshell models are popular with people who exercise their creativity from halfway up the Matterhorn."*

a shower stall. And with a tripod or other sturdy mount, the built-in self-timer lets you enter your own depiction of the bath-er's decisive moment.

The HD-S lists at \$285, but you'll almost never find it bearing that price tag. While we quote list prices in this article, just about all the equipment can be obtained for considerably less.

There are other water-resistant cameras. Minolta's Weathermatic A, for example, is a 110 cartridge-loading model (our emphasis here is on 35mm) and, of course, the Nikonos is Nikon's full-fledged undersea machine. Being a full-fledged Nikon, it is priced accordingly.

However, the time-honored axiom that Nikon is expensive is no longer universally applicable. Like most manufacturers, Nikon has entered the so-called leaf-shutter-camera market (the shutter is within the lens, where it doubles as the lens-aperture blades). This market features simplified construction at moderate prices. Yet, owing to the wonders of the

electronic age, these latter-day Brownies have the sophisticated technology that makes them swift in operation and accurate in results.

Nikon's economy model, a little brother of the L35AF shown on page 120, is designated the L135AF, though it has been dubbed the Nice Touch (a name we would somehow have associated instead with a camera you can take into the shower). It also has programed exposure control, built-in electronic flash and a semiwide-angle lens—in this case, a 35mm f/3.5. Several other features also heighten the ease and speed of operation.

For example, it has a built-in motor drive that automatically advances the film in about eight tenths of a second. The advantage of this is that you can keep the camera at your eye and continue shooting, directing all your attention toward identifying that decisive moment. An infrared beam provides automatic focusing, so that photographer, subject or both can be in movement while the camera sharp-shoots.

The L135AF also has an automatic loading system and it will even automatically rewind your film into its 35mm cartridge at the end of the roll. While auto rewind may at first seem a decadent luxury, it offers a critical safety factor for the absent-minded. It's all too easy to forget to rewind the film and open the camera with the film stretched across it. At the very least, you would lose four or five shots to light streaking. The list price of the L135AF is \$162.

Highly similar in general features is the Ricoh FF-3AF, listing at \$215. Like the Nikon, the Ricoh is one of the few cameras of its type that can accept the 1000-speed films from Kodak and 3M (Fuji has introduced a 1600-speed film that exceeds the metering ability of all but the final two cameras featured in this article). Ricoh has just introduced two accessory lenses that snap on over the standard lens: One is a close-up, one is a telephoto.

Close cousins to cameras of the leaf-shutter breed are the so-called clamshell cameras, such as the Pentax PC35AF (which also has a name, the Sport 35). While the Nikon and Ricoh models have built-in lens covers, the clamshell types possess sliding covers that practically engulf the camera when closed. The Pentax version has auto exposure, auto infrared focusing and built-in flash. Its 35mm lens has an f/2.8 maximum aperture. The Sport 35 has a back-light compensation button that causes the aperture to open one and one half stops more than the meter advises, for more accurate exposures of subjects when strong light comes from behind. And although an auto winder is available, it is an option rather than an integral accessory.

A novel—indeed, seemingly unique for this level of camera—variation of the Sport 35 is the Sport 35 Date, with the ability to imprint photographs with the date or time of day the picture was taken. For snap shooters who haul the camera out only every so often and spend a year using up a roll, this can be worth while for documenting scenes or people long forgotten. Anniversaries and parties looked back upon years later also can benefit from dating, as can many photographs taken for professional or legal reasons. List price of the Sport 35 is \$169; for the auto winder, \$38. The Sport 35 Date comes with auto winder included at \$225.

The clamshell cover affords complete protection, sheltering the camera from the hard knocks of your backpack or back pocket and eliminating the worry of losing a lens cover. For that reason, clamshell models are popular with people who exercise their creativity from, say, halfway up the Matterhorn. One of the most professional clamshells—among the pioneers of its type—is the Olympus XA (list price, \$200). Focusing is manual by range finder, film advance is manual and the flash is an external clip-on unit. The XA, incidentally, uses aperture-priority exposure



*"A good throw by Campbell, who is in a drug-rehabilitation program, and it's caught by Sanchez, at first base, who hasn't had a drink in six weeks."*

automation. All the others mentioned so far use programed automation, with which the camera decides on both lens and shutter settings. In aperture priority, the photographer sets the lens (from f/2.8 to f/22 on the XA) and the camera selects the matching shutter speed. This has become the preferred form of automation among most professionals, because lens settings influence the depth of field (the range of sharpness behind and in front of the point actually focused upon). Such a degree of creative control is uncommon in these little whip-'em-out cameras.

Vivitar produces a clamshell model, the TEC 35, which has a feature that is handy for spontaneous action: the smart flash. This is a built-in flash that automatically pops up into working position when the camera senses its need and automatically retracts once prevailing light brightens up. The camera is equipped with a 35mm f/2.8 lens, auto exposure and focus, motor drive and rewind. List price is \$239.95.

One of the newest clamshells is the Konica AA-35, nicknamed Double Take, which apparently refers to its half-frame format: The pictures are half the regular 35mm size. Half frame enjoyed a surge of popularity several years ago that has since slackened off. But now that Kodak, Fuji and 3M have all produced high-resolution films, a half-frame camera can achieve almost the same picture quality as a full-frame counterpart could three years ago.

The nicest thing about half frame is that it doubles a film's capacity: A 36-exposure roll becomes a 72-exposure roll. The half-frame format gives you, in effect, more mileage to the gallon. Auto exposure and focus, motorized film advance and rewind, 24mm f/4 lens and built-in flash round out the Double Take's major features. The price is \$150.

Another recent half-frame arrival is the Anscomark/135. It is not a clamshell design, but it does have one unique feature: Instead of advancing the film after each exposure, it *retards* it. When the film is loaded into the camera, the motor drive automatically winds it to the end. Then, picture by picture, the film is rewind into the 35mm cartridge. If you were to accidentally open the body, most of your shots would be protected inside the cartridge. Listing at \$132.95, the camera also includes flash, auto exposure and a 24mm f/3.5 lens.

All the cameras described so far have separate-window view finders and non-changeable lenses. These are among the attributes that make them so conveniently pocketable, ready for operation wherever and whenever inspiration strikes. And although interesting results can be obtained with them, many people insist that a single-lens-reflex model is the true "creator's" camera. Through-the-lens viewing reveals the frame area and depth of field accurately. But more to the point, SLR is the gateway to the most expansive array of lenses in the world. Many pros pick their

cameras not for the cameras themselves but because of the lenses with which they can be fitted.

Powerful telephotos, zoom lenses in telephoto and wide-angle ranges, ultra-wide-angle lenses for a forced perspective, bellows and extension tubes for extreme close-up work and macrolenses for copy work all are among the choices available to the SLR owner. No, you don't *have* to have an SLR for photographic creativity. But it does greatly expand the universe in which you can be creative.

The Canon T50 is as simple and as automated as anything described so far, making it a gateway mechanism into SLR-dom. It accepts all but four of the nearly 60 lenses in the Canon line, including the recently introduced 20-35mm f/3.5 zoom, the widest-angle zoom to reach the market so far. Programed auto exposure, integral motor drive and shutter speeds from two seconds to one thousandth of a second are among the T50's features. List price with 50mm f/1.8 lens is \$299.

The Minolta X-570 is an advanced SLR that begins to encroach on the professional domain. Its list price is in the \$400 range, but discounters offer it for just under \$200. Like the T50, the X-570 gives access to an outstanding line of optics—in this case, the Minolta lenses. But distinguishing it from all cameras mentioned so far is its possession of off-the-film-plane flash-exposure readings.

Most automatic flash systems read their light output through separate sensor windows. The advantage of O.T.F.P. metering is the same as in SLR viewing: What you get is what you see. The exposure is tailored to the lens's exact field of

view, making it more accurate. Integrating the flash output with strong room light and even daylight (when flash is used for fill purposes) is more positively conducted. And multiple-lens apertures (rather than the single or couple to which external-sensing flash is restricted) can be used. This permits flash photography to include depth-of-field control to even a greater degree than daylight photography. (If you need the depth of field of f/22, you cannot command the sun to supernova, but you *can* force the flash to pump out more light.)

Nearly all the SLR manufacturers offer at least one model with O.T.F.P. flash readings. Predictably, a lot of these instruments have price tags nearing the stratosphere, and justifiably so. They are fine, extremely advanced photographic tools. The X-570 can be considered an entry-level camera into state-of-the-art photographic resources and potentials.

Ultimately, though, it is the mind, the heart and soul, the inner eye of the photographer that creates the photograph. The proof of that is the immortal compositions of such turn-of-the-century photographers as Alfred Stieglitz and Alice Austen, whose cameras were large, cumbersome and slow-moving and whose operating capabilities were far more restricted than anything in this article. You still need vision, a tad of skill and even a mite of experience to do more than mundane work with modern cameras. But the point is that with their automatic this and motorized that, these little whiz-bangs are working in your favor.



*"Have you noticed the increased number of women returning to the work force?"*

*"Expect the Campbells to bring win-hungry Oilers fans one of the most surprising teams in the league."*

The departure of quarterback Brian Sipe for the U.S.F.L. is unlamented. His replacement, Paul McDonald, will probably do a better job. The Browns' chronic problems at defensive end will be ameliorated by the off-season acquisition of veteran Carl Hairston. The linebacking corps is superb, but the secondary needs a lot of help. Prize rookies Don Rogers and Chris Rockins will step right in to solve that problem.

All in all, it looks like a red-letter year for the Browns.

This will be a very iffy pre-season in Pittsburgh. Chances for a successful campaign depend largely on whether or not quarterback Terry Bradshaw is fully recovered from elbow surgery. If he isn't, David Woodley and Mark Malone will compete for the job, but neither can adequately replace longtime hero Bradshaw.

Other offensive problems include shortages of quality tackles and wide receivers. Two draftees, Louis Lipps and Weegie Thompson, will snare their share of passes, but the only promising rookie lineman is Terry Long.

Pittsburgh's defensive unit and kicking game are both top grade. The Steelers have made the play-offs ten of the past 12 years, and with a little luck, they could do it again. But don't bet more than a couple of Rolling Rock beers on it.

With just three wins in two seasons, the Houston franchise is desperate for manpower. The Oilers have an unbelievable string of road losses covering three full seasons.

Houston's future is in the hands of two Campbells: Earl, the runner (one of the best in the history of the game), and Hugh, the new coach.

Coach Campbell succeeded in signing quarterback Warren Moon, who played for him in Edmonton. Moon was the best passer in Canadian Football League history and could be equally impressive in Houston. He will benefit from the Oilers' only adequacy, a respectable offensive line, which this year is further strengthened by superrookie Dean Steinkuhler.

Campbell is a soft-spoken, methodical coach who uses brains instead of bluster. His rebuilding job will be made easier by the fact that the Oilers had several early-round draft choices last May. Rookie tackle Doug Smith will be a terror in the defensive line, and Bo Eason will provide sure-handed help in the secondary.

In short, expect the Campbells to bring

win-hungry Oilers fans one of the most surprising teams in the league.

The immediate future looks bleak in Cincinnati. Several Bengals starters have defected to the U.S.F.L., are playing out their contracts or have been traded. New coach Sam Wyche must deal with a conservative and tightfisted management that bitterly resists the skyrocketing salary demands of players. He will have a tough time getting new, high-priced help, either by trade or through the draft.

The Bengals' prime offensive weapon, quarterback Ken Anderson, will soon have to be replaced. Turk Schonert is the Bengals' quarterback of the future and might even take the starting job this year. Stanley Wilson, who was hurt much of last season, will replace Pete Johnson as the club's prime running back.

Two first-round draft choices, linebacker Ricky Hunley and end Peter Koch, will add teeth to the Cincinnati defensive unit. Another first-rounder, offensive lineman Brian Blados, should be a starter by season's end.

#### WESTERN DIVISION

##### AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Los Angeles Raiders	11-5
Seattle Seahawks	9-7
Denver Broncos	9-7
San Diego Chargers	8-8
Kansas City Chiefs	6-10

There are two keys to the Raiders' ongoing success. First, their scouts are seemingly omniscient—they rarely make a bad draft choice or trade. Second, the team plays well enough to win most of its games during the season. Then the adrenaline starts flowing during the play-offs. A superb defensive unit that enjoys its bad-guy image certainly doesn't hurt.

Jim Plunkett will run the offense again, but Marc Wilson is the Raiders' Q.B. of the future. Receiver Cliff Branch is 36 now, but he still plays as if he were 18.

A large portion of the credit for the Raiders' success belongs to coach Tom Flores. Flores doesn't get much media attention, because he's always being upstaged by the leather-jacketed posturing of owner Al Davis, but he has won two Super Bowls in five years. Flores is the only Hispanic head coach in N.F.L. history and the only one whose parents were migrant farm workers. Don't be surprised if his Raiders migrate north in January—to the Stanford campus—for another Super Bowl. But don't be surprised, either, if the Dolphins replace them as A.F.C.

champs. The bad guys don't *always* win.

The Seahawks' sudden resurrection last fall was the result of numerous personnel and attitudinal changes. Coach Chuck Knox made assiduous trades, bringing in several toughened veterans who became emotional leaders. As a result, the Seahawks played above their heads, defeating the Raiders twice during the regular season but caving in to the Raiders' theatrical savagery (and to the unaccustomed realization that they—the lowly *Seahawks*—were Super Bowl contenders) in the play-offs.

Like the legendary phoenix, the Seahawks are on the rise. After last year's upheaval and restructuring, there is now an air of confidence and stability among the players.

Seattle's main problem is shallowness *everywhere*, especially in the offensive line and the secondary. A predatory nose guard would help, too, but none was available in the draft. Rookie Terry Taylor will join the N.F.L. as a starter in the secondary.

The Broncos are a team in the turmoil of transition. Thirteen rookies made the squad last year; six others were on the injured-reserve list. Many of the youngsters profited from their early combat exposure, especially quarterback John Elway, who, no matter how many boos he's heard, is a certain future superstar. One of Elway's main targets is Steve Watson, who is one of the best receivers in the league but doesn't get much attention from press or fans.

Several of this year's rookies will see *mucho* minutes, because the venerable Orange Crush defense is suffering the inroads of age. Three draftees—defensive tackle Andre Townsend and defensive backs Tony Lilly and Randy Robbins—will log a lot of playing time this year.

The San Diego Chargers probably will not suffer a repeat of last year's cataclysmic injury epidemic, but the malaise left over from a dismal and depressing season may be too much to overcome.

Quarterback Dan Fouts seems fully recovered, and his substitute, Ed Luther, profited from a year on the firing line. Many members of the squad, however, are beginning to suffer from advancing years. The defensive unit—traditionally dreadful—won't improve until the coaching staff quits using the draft to reinforce an already excellent offense. The Chargers acquired a linebacker and two defensive linemen in off-season trades with the Giants and the Jets (moving from Sewer City to San Diego must be a heavenly experience), and the draft produced defensive back Mossy Cade and linebacker Mike Guendling. With help from them, maybe San Diego can hold opponents to fewer than 40 points a game this season.

If the Kansas City Chiefs ever get their offense reasonably balanced, they'll contend for the division title. The Chiefs, for years a gung-ho running team, changed

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strategy last year under coach John Mackovic, putting together a passing attack that was one of the most productive in league history. Unfortunately, though, the ground game turned belly up. The reasons were an injury-riddled offensive line and the lack of a quick outside runner. Immediate help will be provided by two rookies, tackle John Alt and runner Herman Heard.

The Chiefs also need a good blitzing linebacker and much more beef in both lines. An intensive off-season conditioning program helped with the latter problem, and the draft produced two goodies, defensive tackle Bill Maas and linebacker Scott Radecic.

One thing is certain: Quarterback Bill Kenney and receiver Carlos Carson are two of the brightest rising stars in the league. The Chiefs' attack will again be a spectacular aerial circus.

### EASTERN DIVISION

#### NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Washington Redskins	12-4
Dallas Cowboys	11-5
St. Louis Cardinals	8-8
New York Giants	5-11
Philadelphia Eagles	4-12

The Washington franchise, unlike the rest of our nation's capital, is a model of stability. There are no contract problems, and the players have a sense of familial loyalty to one another and to the coaching staff. Most of the front-line players are at the peaks of their careers.

The player who personifies the Redskins squad is Dave Butz, who has been one of the premier defensive linemen in the league for several years, but who (until he was belatedly named All-Pro last season) has gotten little media attention because he isn't theatrically vicious like the Alzados and the Gastineaus. Such people don't make exciting sports copy.

Having no immediate personnel needs, the Redskins drafted players they hope to develop for the future.

The Redskins have one important psychological plus as they enter this season. Their performance in the Super Bowl (after nearly invincible showings the previous two months) was such an embarrassment that the Skins will be hungry to go on the warpath again.

The Cowboys are consistently inconsistent. In their most successful seasons, they begin as a bunch of bumblers, losing a couple of early games to obviously inferior teams. By midseason, they get their act together and then come on like Gang Busters in December.

The Cowboys' disappointing years follow the opposite scenario. Last season's early games were a steady diet of come-from-behind rallies. Then, in December, they ran out of steam.

Disappointment and frustration (a 12-4 season without a Super Bowl appearance is considered a drought in

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Dallas) will bring about some major personnel changes this season. The most obvious change may be at quarterback, where Gary Hogeboom challenges Danny White.

The offensive line needs a new infusion of muscle. The defensive unit, dismal by Dallas standards, needs help everywhere. The draft produced two gem-quality defensive players, Billy Cannon and Victor Scott, but no linemen who could be described as Too Tall, Too Strong or Too Good.

For years, the Cardinals have been a so-so team with great hopes for the future, but St. Louis fans are sick of waiting for next year. This could at last be the big year if the Cardinals can stay healthy. The front-line players are top drawer almost everywhere, but a shortage of quality reserves poses a severe problem.

The Cards need dependable backup linebackers and receivers. Rookie Clyde Duncan will solve the latter problem, but St. Louis didn't draft a linebacker until the fifth round. The Cardinals' main assets are an outstanding defense (it led the league in quarterback sacks last season) and an awesome passing attack featuring quarterback Neil Lomax (he could be the nation's best in three or four years) and spectacular receiver Roy Green, who—believe it or not—was drafted as a defensive back.

This should be a more productive, less frustrating season for the New York Giants. *Everything* went wrong last year. Coach Bill Parcells was hit with a witches' brew of large and small off-field and on-field tragedies and disasters. His offense gained the most yardage and got the most first downs in franchise history; but when the Giants got inside the 20-yard line, they became pygmies.

The main problems are a flaccid offensive line and the absence of any good receiver not named Earnest Gray. The defense, though, anchored by Lawrence Taylor (probably the best player at any position anywhere), is superb. The unsettled quarterbacking situation, a disruption last year, will be settled by Phil Simms in pre-season drills. His backup—a good one—is rookie Jeff Hostetler.

The Eagles' problems are flip sides of the same coin: They can't run the ball and they can't keep other people from running it. Last year, coach Marion Campbell inherited a team with too many players in their twilight years and too many players who had to be given game experience. As a result, both lines were unstable. Campbell hopes they'll be improved this season by accrued experience.

The one bright spot in the Eagles' talent pool is a spectacular receiver, the aptly named Mike Quick. He will be joined by rookie Kenny Jackson, who could be another stellar wide-out by winter.

Unfortunately, the Eagles have one of the toughest schedules in the league, which will keep them flying low throughout 1984.

### CENTRAL DIVISION

#### NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Green Bay Packers	10-6
Chicago Bears	9-7
Minnesota Vikings	6-10
Tampa Bay Buccaneers	6-10
Detroit Lions	6-10

Green Bay had the most potent offense in Packer history last season—and that's saying a lot—but the defense, crippled by injuries, was one of the worst in the league. New coach Forrest Gregg, therefore, will undertake a crash defensive rebuilding job. Time heals all injuries, but Gregg needs fresh talent. The draft brought him defensive linemen Alphonso Carreker and Donnie Humphrey, plus linebacker John Dorsey, all of whom provide good building material.

The Packers' Achilles' heel is the quarterback spot. Lynn Dickey is one of the league's best, but he's in his mid-30s now and there's no proven backup in sight.

The Packers' hopes for the future rest on the broad shoulders of Gregg. A hometown product, he played offensive tackle for the team through 14 glory years. Vince Lombardi himself once said that Gregg was the best player he had ever coached. He is an intimidating personality with big, penetrating eyes and a deep, rumbling voice. Says quarterback Rich Campbell, "You get the impression that if he tells you to do something, you damn sure better do it." If the other players damn sure do what Gregg tells them, this will be the year the Pack comes back.

The Bears have all the offensive players a play-off team needs. Jim McMahon is a potentially great quarterback, Walter Payton is the best runner in history (and an equally good *blocker*) and Willie Gault will (when he learns how to run his pass routes) become the game's best receiver. The offensive line, built around second-year tackle Jimbo Covert, will be monstrous if it can stay healthy.

The Bears' main shortcomings are a talent-starved defensive corps and the explosive temper of coach Mike Ditka, whose tantrums provoke constant emotional turmoil among his players.

Bears morale has also been eroded by a somewhat paranoid racial resentment among many of the team's black players. Vince Evans, the team's likable and able black quarterback two years ago, was replaced last season by McMahon, an Irish Mormon. His arrival was as welcome as a fox's moving into the henhouse. Receiver Gault, for instance, insists that McMahon and Ditka deliberately ignored him much of last season.

The Bears' defense will get an immediate injection of powerful—natural—hormones from rookie linebackers Wilber Marshall and Ron Rivera. But that won't be enough for this once-proud, troubled franchise.



Nineteen eighty-four will be a year of dramatic change in Minnesota. Neither the fans nor the players are going to enjoy it. Cool, laid-back coach Bud Grant has been succeeded by Les Steckel, a rigid Marine Corps type who is big on physical conditioning and forceful ass kicking. Don't be surprised if some of the troops mutiny.

While the dust settles, however, a major rebuilding job will have to be done. The Vikings suffered devastating injuries last season, and many of the wounded, including quarterback Tommy Kramer, are still of questionable health as pre-season practice begins.

Steckel will be emphasizing offense, so runner Darrin Nelson will get a chance to make an even bigger splash than last year.

Last season was one long nightmare for the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. It was a replay of Murphy's Law: Everything that could go wrong did. New quarterback Jack Thompson had to break in behind an injury-plagued line that featured 14 starting combinations in 16 games. The only proven runner, James Wilder, was racked up for much of the season. Coach John McKay, not a skilled diplomat, had a bitter running feud with the local press. Some key players defected to the U.S.F.L. Fan discontent nearly reached the boiling point.

The Bucs should improve on last year's dismal 2-14 record, but don't look for miracles. They had no high draft choices last May, which hurt because immediate reinforcements are needed, especially at linebacker and in the offensive line. The best of the newcomers is 6'5", 225-pound linebacker Keith Browner.

The Lions weren't as strong as last season's 9-7 record would indicate. They only played four teams that finished with winning records and lost to three of them. But the Lions are young, and if their two main offensive problems (inconsistent quarterbacking and meager tight-end talent) can be solved, the future could be worth growling about.

Gary Danielson will probably take over at quarterback in pre-season drills, and prize rookie David Lewis will help at tight end.

Lewis was only one product of a wind-fall draft. Several other newcomers will clock a lot of time their first year, especially receiver Pete Mandley.

#### WESTERN DIVISION

##### NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

San Francisco 49ers	12-4
New Orleans Saints	10-6
Los Angeles Rams	9-7
Atlanta Falcons	6-10

This should be another Super year in San Francisco. The 49ers have no serious weaknesses. Joe Montana is the league's best quarterback, and his most productive

years lie ahead.

The 49ers' offense was wildly inconsistent last fall (it had a tendency to cough and die in scoring territory), but a year's added maturity for a young squad should solve that problem.

San Francisco's defense will be even stronger than last year's excellent unit, thanks to the off-season acquisition of linemen Manu Tuiaosopo and Louis Kelcher.

The 49ers' only apparent need—more top-grade linebacker—will be taken care of by rookie Todd Shell.

They're singing in the streets in New Orleans, and it's not even Mardi Gras. After years of being afflicted with losers' syndrome, the Saints are emerging as a dominant team of the near future. The Saints' greatest sin the past two years has been at the quarterback position, due to Ken Stabler's age and Dave Wilson's inexperience. But now Richard Todd, an able starter with a fine arm, has arrived from the Jets.

In only four years, the New Orleans' defense has risen from the worst in the league to one of the best. The Saints are a young team—they'll only get better.

Who brought about that seemingly miraculous resurrection? Bum Phillips. Before he took command, a player drafted by the Saints felt as if he were sentenced to purgatory. Only half a dozen players lived in New Orleans during the off season in the years before Phillips. Last year, 53 players (active and on injured reserve) lived in town.

Bum's emotional hold on his players makes him appear almost messianic. At daily squad meetings, he rarely talks about football. Human relations and basic values are his most frequent subjects. Four years ago, the Saints' locker room was as cold as a corporate office. Now it has the warmth of a family room.

With all these material and emotional

assets, look for the Saints to get to the Super Bowl soon. If the 49ers falter, the Saints just might come marching in.

Except for Phillips' take-over in New Orleans, we can't remember when a new coach came into a chaotic situation and had such a stabilizing influence as John Robinson did in Los Angeles last year. He gave the Rams a much-needed sense of dignity and self-worth. Their resulting loyalty and respect for him will pay even bigger dividends in the near future.

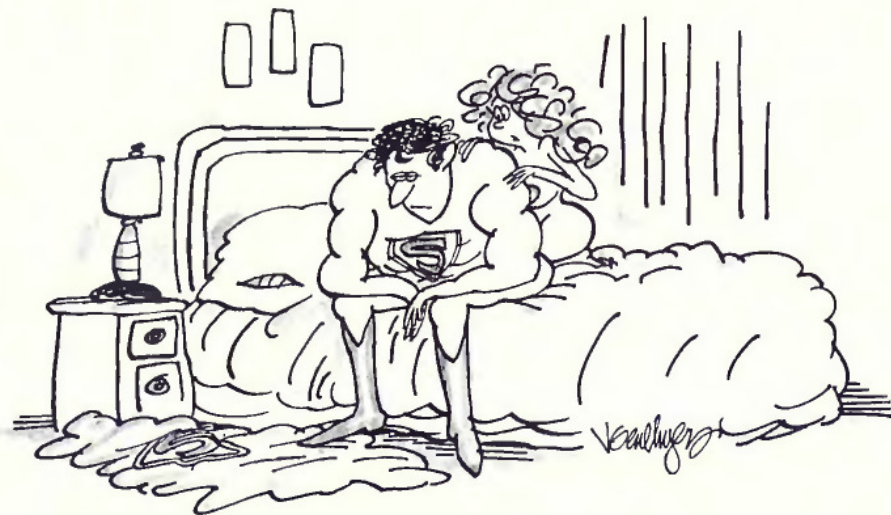
Meanwhile, Robinson needs to beef up his pass rush and find a deep threat for Vince Ferragamo. Henry Ellard, injured last season, could solve the receiver problem. Very little help came from last May's draft, unfortunately, so Robinson will have to make do with what he has.

The running attack, featuring Eric Dickerson and Barry Redden, will again be the Rams' most powerful weapon.

The defense also has some prime players on whom to build for the future. Inside linebacker Jim Collins is a future All-Pro. Nolan Cromwell and Johnnie Johnson may be the best safety duo in the N.F.L. And new defensive back Gary Green, obtained from Kansas City, could make the Rams' secondary the league's best.

The Falcons' problems can be summarized in one word: defense. Last fall, opposing runners met such little resistance, they must have thought the Atlanta defensive line was on vacation. The draft, fortunately, brought the Falcons some help in the robust forms of defensive tackle Rick Bryan and linebackers Thomas Benson and Rydell Malancon. Defensive back Scott Case will be cracking a few helmets.

Atlanta's offense will be productive if quarterback Steve Bartkowski's knee is fully repaired. William Andrews is one of the best (and most underrated) running backs in any league.



*"Honest, I didn't know my I.U.D. was made of kryptonite."*

# Newport



© Lorillard U.S.A., 1984

*Alive with pleasure!*

*After all,  
if smoking isn't a pleasure,  
why bother?*



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

Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine ; 100's: 20 mg. "tar",  
1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report March 1984.

# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### OFFICE

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## CAPITAL GAINS

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**E**benezer Scrooge had Bob Cratchit, Johnny Carson has H. & R. Goniff and you, old moneybags, have a whole portfolio of blue-chip products to choose from when you go shopping for an accountant to keep watch over your investments. None will break your piggy bank—even when you add in the monthly leasing or yearly subscription

costs of several of the items pictured below. And one, the U.H.F.-TV-AM/FM clock-radio, even picks up the Financial News Network, and keeps you informed on stock-market news whether you're at the beach or in the board room. Of course, if your investments still go belly up, you can always make your money the really old-fashioned way and marry it.

Below: The big board goes public with Selecta-Stock, a two-and-one-half-foot-long LED that can hang on the wall and electronically display the action on a specific stock (hook it up to a special ticker and it will display as many as 100 stocks), by Trans-Lux, \$2000, plus about \$85 a month leasing.



Near left (above): The Whisper Reader, a battery-powered portable communications device that you can hook up via phone to data bases, etc., by Trendcom/3M, \$745. Far left: Imperial Sales' AM/FM clock-radio also picks up the U.H.F.-TV audio signal that carries the Financial News Network, \$49.95. Next to it is a Pocket Quote, which supplies stock and option quotes with only a 15-minute time lag, by Telemet America, \$349, plus a \$239 annual subscription fee. Near left (below): Program your 40 favorite stocks into QuoTrek and get quotes, plus volume, net change and more, by Dataspeed, \$495.

## THE BITURBO AND THE BIMMER

**M**aserati. Like most Italian names, it fairly rolls off the tongue. Ferrari, Lamborghini, Maserati. Sleek, fast, rare, expensive. Perhaps also, like exotic Mediterranean women, beautiful, passionate, emotional and temperamental. BMW: the initials for Bavarian Motor Works, or, in German, *Bayerische Motoren Werke*. FBI, CIA, BMW. Businesslike, purposeful, straight to the point. Perhaps also, like most German-built machinery, cool, competent, sturdy and functional. The Biturbo (bee-turbo) is a whole new direction for Maserati. It's not rare and it's not terribly expensive. At a bit under \$26,000, everything included, it's the affordable Maserati. Fast it is, powered by a

2.5-liter, twin-cam, twin-turbocharged 185-hp V6 and capable of seven-second zero-to-60s and 130-plus-mph speed. The theory is that two small turbos give less low-speed "lag" than one larger one when you put the boot to them, and it works—despite conventional carburetion and an old-fashioned manual choke. The 325e (about \$21,000) is a new six-cylinder version of BMW's second-generation three-series sedan, direct descendant of the famed 2002 that established the German maker in America and essentially created today's sport-sedan class some 16 years ago. The e stands for the Greek letter eta, scientific symbol for efficiency, and represents BMW's low-rpm, high-economy power train, first



Maserati's \$25,945 Biturbo is a new kid on the U.S. sport-sedan block. Powered by a 185-hp twin-turbo V6 coupled with a five-speed manual transmission, it'll do zero to 60 in seven seconds and top 130 mph. Add an Italian plush interior (right) that includes leather seats, a four-speaker stereo and dehumidified air conditioning and you've got a sexy machine that upholds the standards of the Maserati Trident. The only options are nerve and the skill to drive it right.



developed for the larger 528e sedan. The silky-smooth, electronically injected 2.7-liter six develops 121 hp and a healthy 170 pound-feet of torque that propels the new baby Bimmer to 60 mph in about nine seconds and to 118 mph flat-out. Both are driven by their rear wheels through five-speed over-drive transmissions and are harnessed by power-assisted four-wheel disc brakes. Both are at home squirting through city-traffic gaps, sprinting down twisty two-lanes or cruising serenely on America's speed-limited freeways. That's where the similarities end. We tested the 325e in its own best element, up and down a narrow, curvy, treacherous mountain road high in Arizona's ski country. It functioned like the coolly competent, well-oiled machine it is, completely unruffled, hanging on to the road like a terrier to a shoe, seldom so much as squealing a tire. For the extra five grand, the Biturbo

adds pavement-wrinkling performance and additional flash to the sport-sedan equation. Even jaded Rodeo Drive types (who have seen it *all*) do double takes, not sure what it is, then grin approvingly at the unmistakable Trident logo. And it has a warm Italian plush interior, with leather seats and a soft suede-look headliner that probably matches the elbow patches on your favorite sports jacket. Maserati created its legend primarily with sleek and sexy sports and racing cars; BMW made its name first with airplanes, then with motorcycles and, eventually, with handsome, finely crafted automobiles. Now these two famous European makers come face to face with very different approaches to the same terrific concept: the small six-cylinder sport sedan. Rejoice, four-wheel fans. There must, *indeed*, be a benevolent God in car-enthusiast heaven.

—GARY WITZENBURG

RICHARD IZUI



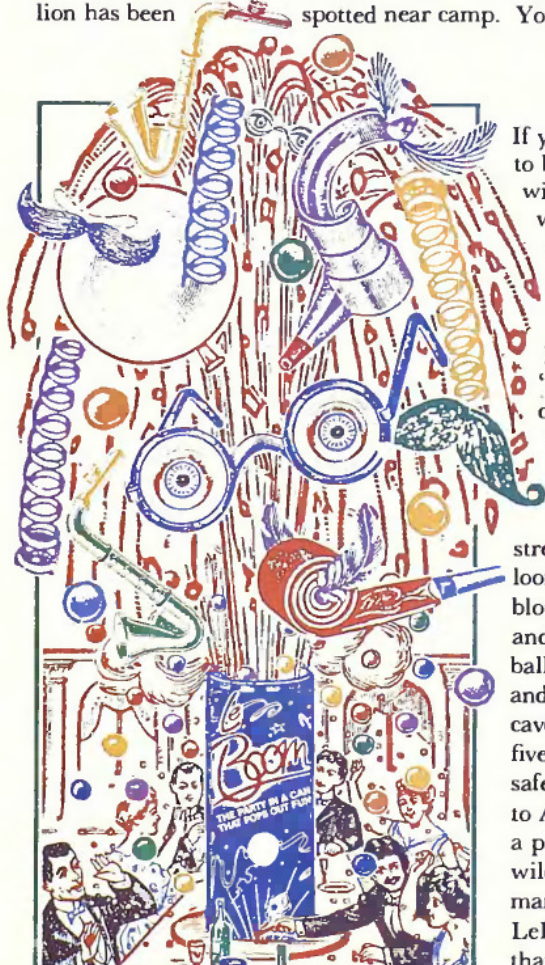
BMW invented the sport sedan with its 2002 in 1968, and this \$20,970 six-cylinder baby Bimmer sets a new sophistication standard for the class. The e stands for efficiency, so the silky six has an EPA rating of 23 city/36 highway (vs. the Maserati's 15/25) and a nine-second zero-to-60 figure. Right: A trip computer, stereo, power windows, locks, mirrors, sun roof and air conditioning are standard; automatic transmission and leather seats are optional.





**NET GAINS FOR MOMBASA**

Now that Tarzan chic is all the rage, thanks to *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes*, the next logical step is to turn your boring bedroom into a Jon Hall jungle set by hanging up a Mombasa Mirage—a canopy kit that comes with an ultralight frame that suspends from the ceiling and fits any bed, plus two panels of fabric eight yards long. A standard Mombasa kit is \$79.95, postpaid (extra panels are \$19.95 each), sent to Yungjohann Hillman, Inc., 2345 Fort Worth Street, Grand Prairie, Texas 75050. Colors range from white to camouflage. Say, Jane, a lion has been spotted near camp. You'd better sleep in our tent.

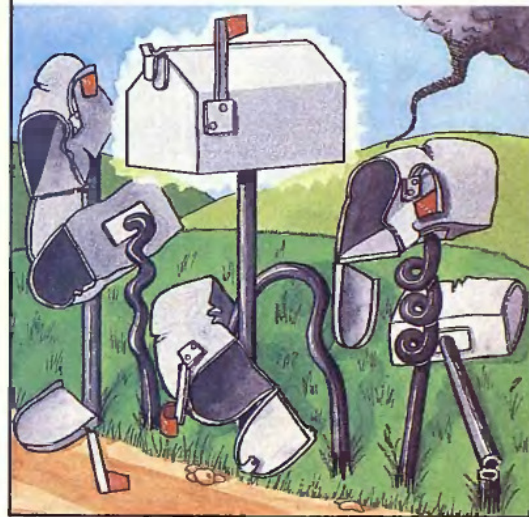


**PARTY POPPER**

If you'd like your next bash to begin—and even end—with a bang rather than a whimper, there's LeBoom, a curious trick noisemaker that its manufacturer, Abatar Inc., P.O. Box 3109, Winter Park, Florida 32790, calls a "French-style party in a can." All you do is light the fuse, and when Le-Boom goes kaboom, a carnival of party favors, including confetti, streamers, fake glasses, balloons, feathers, noisemakers, blowouts, a phony mustache and a ball launcher with five balls, explodes into the air and cascades down onto your cavorting guests. All for just five bucks a pop. (Yes, it's safe to use indoors, according to Abatar, as the explosion is a pint-sized poof.) For the wild bunch, Abatar also manufactures a Naughty LeBoom at the same price that's a real French tickler.

**ARMORED BODY BY FISCHER**

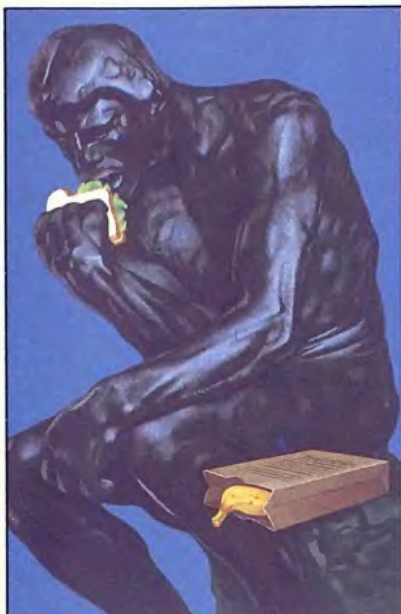
We don't ordinarily feature rural products, but when something as unusual as Fischer's Armored Mailbox crosses our desk, we figure all you rustics out there will want to be filled in on what's coming down the road. How tough is Fischer's product? Well, you can slug it, punch it, pound on it and, like Larry Holmes, it'll keep coming back for more. Price is \$92.50, postpaid, sent to Add On's By Fischer, P.O. Box 746, Huntley, Illinois 60142. We give.



**RED-LETTER DAY**

For those of you who've always fantasized about owning a legit brothel in Nevada, there's *The Legal Whorehouse Owner's Handbook*, a 160-page softcover available from Charlton House Publishing, P.O. Box 2474, Newport Beach, California 92663, for \$6.95, postpaid, that tells you everything you always wanted to know—and maybe more—about the world's oldest profession. One chapter even lists establishments—just in case you want to do research.





### FOOD CONTAINER FOR THOUGHT

The image of the brown bagger as a lowbrow dingdong who wouldn't know a blueberry muffin from a meadow muffin has been laid to rest with Eat n' Read lunch bags—20 different brown bags available from Hyman Products, 2374 Grissom Drive, St. Louis, Missouri 63146, for only \$2.50, postpaid, with such intriguing subjects as PEOPLE BURIED WITH OBJECTS and WEIRD BEHAVIOR OF FAMOUS PEOPLE discussed on the front. Did you know that Bela Lugosi was buried in his Dracula cape? We read it at lunch.

### NAUGHTY TIE ONE ON

Flip Up ties have plenty to say. On the surface, they're just conservative rep ties, but flip the tips up and you've got a variety of anything-but-subliminal messages that include BULLSHIT, FUCK YOU, WANTA SCREW, EAT MY WEENIE and a hand giving the world the finger. For \$16.50, postpaid, sent to J & J Design, P.O. Box 729, Palatine, Illinois 60078, you can tie one on and tell somebody to HAVE A NICE DAY, ASSHOLE. A free brochure is available. Who could ask for anything more?



### STAMP OUT SEX!

Remember those fealty eight-pagers from years ago with cartoon floozies and their boy-friends carrying on in ways that surely your mom and dad never would have? Now the Robinette-Orléans Erotic Rubber Stamp Company, P.O. Box 849 (Tucker Station), Pulaski, Virginia 24301, has created a wonderful selection of vintage little ladies—plus a few oily gents—and put them, of course, on rubber stamps selling for \$3 to \$12. A buck gets you sample stampings. It's just like shopping on the Reeperbahn.



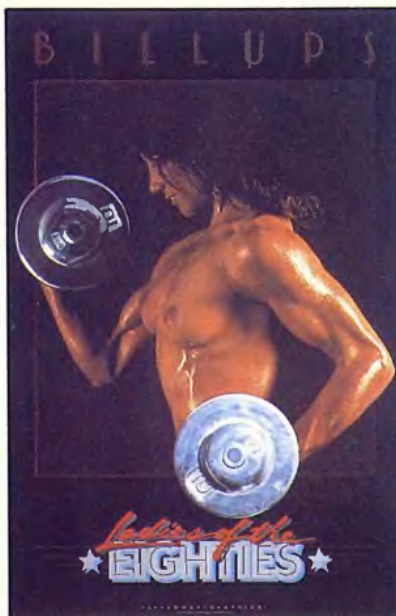
### GOING LIKE '60

With Trivial Pursuit all the rage, it only stood to reason that somebody would sooner or later return to those thrilling days of yesteryear—the Sixties—and come up with a nostalgia game in which participants could test one another's knowledge of such bench marks of the decade as Beatlemania and Vietnam. Somebody did, and Sixtomania is available from Kimo Press, P.O. Box 1361, Falls Church, Virginia 22041, for \$12.95, postpaid. Like, love and peace, man.



### PEC-ING ORDER

No, we don't know the name, address and phone number of the dedicated distaff body-builder pictured at left whom Scott Billups photographed for his Ladies of the Eighties poster, but we'd be more than willing to pump iron (or anything else) with her *any time* she wanted to. The poster's printing process is lithography; the size is 35" x 23"; and, best of all, the price is only \$29.50, postpaid, sent to Courtyard Gallery, P.O. Box 279, Elberta, Alabama 36530. If she's married, we'll bet her husband never complains about being henpec-ed.





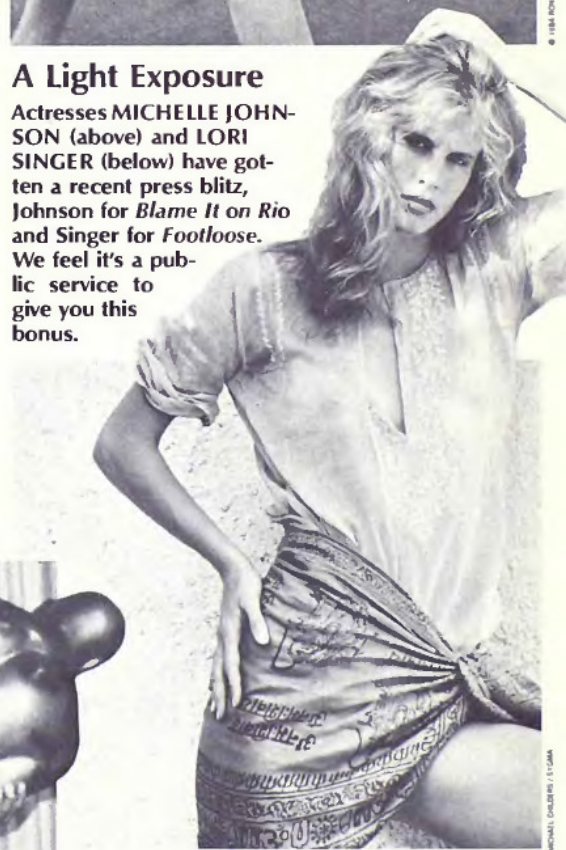
© 1988 SAM BROWN



© 1988 BOB GALLIA

**A Light Exposure**

Actresses MICHELLE JOHNSON (above) and LORI SINGER (below) have gotten a recent press blitz, Johnson for *Blame It on Rio* and Singer for *Footloose*. We feel it's a public service to give you this bonus.



© MICHAEL CHAMBERLAIN / STYLING

**Treasure Chest**

In our ongoing quest to bring you the best-looking starlets, we offer exhibit A for August, SUZANNE KENNEDY, who appeared in the suspense thriller *They're Playing with Fire*. Her next movie is described as a sexy action/creature feature. We weren't told whether she's the action or the creature or the feature.



© PATRICK BLAZER

**Ain't Nothin' Like the Real Thing**

Wasn't it a chuckle to see these two jokers checked out in tuxes? It's not every day that CHEECH and CHONG get a classy piece of ass like this one. You can catch them in their usual attire in *The Corsican Brothers*.





© 1984 RKO GAYLUA

### Real Beals

This photo is for all the people who have complained that they haven't seen enough of actress JENNIFER BEALS lately. Except for presenting an Oscar and gracing the pages of fashion magazines, the Yalie has been keeping a low profile. We like *this* profile much better, don't you?



© 1984 FROM MATLOFF FOR ARTS

### A Kiss Is Just a Kiss

For those of you who've never seen him unmasked, here's mime MARCEL MARCEAU with his real face on. Marceau is also an accomplished artist, and at a recent gallery showing of his paintings in Chicago, he was seen making a pass at a lady of comparably few words. Ah, romance!

© 1984 JOHN PASCONE / IBM

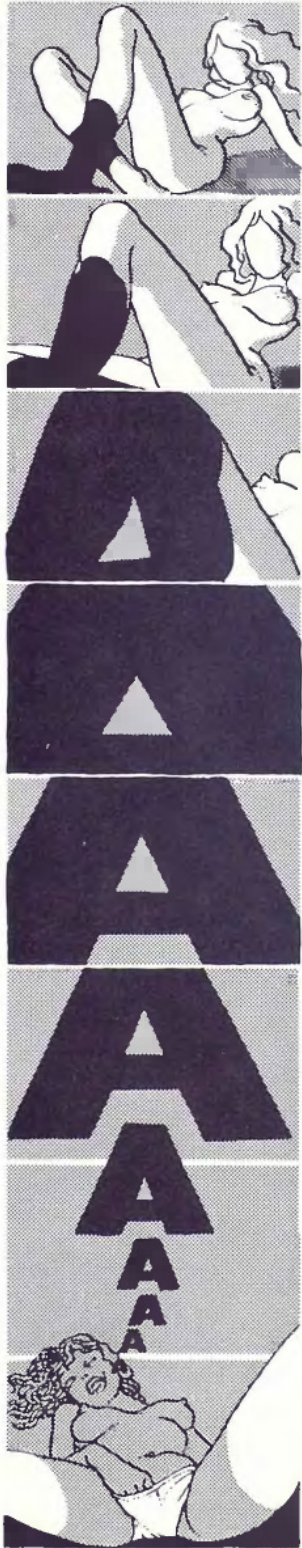
### Dudley Doright and His Mountee

Listen up: We know some major-league celebrity breasts when we see them, and this month, we've got SUSAN ANTON to thank for the pleasure. The dashing gent to her left is, of course, DUDLEY MOORE, whom you can currently see in *The Best Defense*, with Eddie Murphy. How about if we *listen* to Dudley and *look* at Susan?



## WHAM, BAM—HEY, NOT SO FAST, BUSTER

The belief persists that women don't use erotica to become aroused. Certainly, that belief is central to the feminist



Barbe is an ingenious French cartoonist who broods about women. A nifty collection of his drawings, *Strips 1*, is available from NBAA, The Graphic Album People (\$6.15, P.O. Box 281, Peck Slip Station, New York, New York 10272).

antipornography movement. But it is not true, at least according to sex therapist and author Lonnie Barbach, who has edited a book that is bound to be controversial, *Pleasures: Women Write Erotica*. It's a collection of nonfiction accounts by women about their most erotic experiences. Barbach decided to produce this book after women with whom she talked in her work as therapist complained that they couldn't find adequate turn-ons. While video pornography is made with arousal in mind, its male orientation sometimes turns women off. Romance novels are remarkably popular with women, but by definition, they stop short of actual depictions of sex. Barbach decided to seek out real-life stories, believing that true erotic tales would ensure their value as turn-ons.

"I wanted to give women permission to feel good about their sexuality," Barbach said. So she solicited stories from gays, straights, married women, single women, liberal and conservative women. The product is a richly varied volume of sexual tales that are sure to teach us something that turns on women. Note, we said "turns on women." There is some question whether or not this stuff will work for men, because it is different from typical male porn. The female authors seem to reject the instant-sex formula of male erotica, in which the buxom barmaid wanders into the men's room, takes off all her clothes and then proceeds to offer herself to every construction worker who walks in.

While it is difficult to generalize about these stories and about what turns women on, you would do well to note where the writers begin them. They seem to perceive the sexual content, the arousal, as beginning long before the sex, and in an appealing context.

In "Seventeen Years, Take Note," by Lynn Scott Myers, the author richly describes her life as a displaced American hippie fruit picker in a small English village. The fields, her co-workers, the locals, the bar where they drink are all noted. Six pages into the account, she meets a guy. Five nights and seven pages later, penetration occurs. Important elements are how the couple meet, the woman's state of mind, the courtship, the psychological temperature and what the woman is *feeling* during sex.

Some of the stories are less about sex than about nurturing. One lesbian story concerns a woman who has sex for the first time after a hysterectomy. Another features a male lover, a doctor, who not only bakes bread but folds the pro-



This postcard caught our attention for two reasons. On the back it says, *THE TRUTH IS, THERE IS NO TRUTH*. On the front it says, quite clearly, that women want to be alone—but, really, they don't.

tagonist's laundry—quite likely not a prominent male turn-on. In some of the stories, sex doesn't even take place. Signe Hammer's "1968" features a woman traipsing around Manhattan. It describes a daylong flirtation with a man she sees on the street. No sex.


A poignant passage at the beginning of one account is the stuff of the romance novel: "He turned around in his swivel chair and riveted his icy blue eyes on mine. . . . I felt then that this is the face I would want to look into



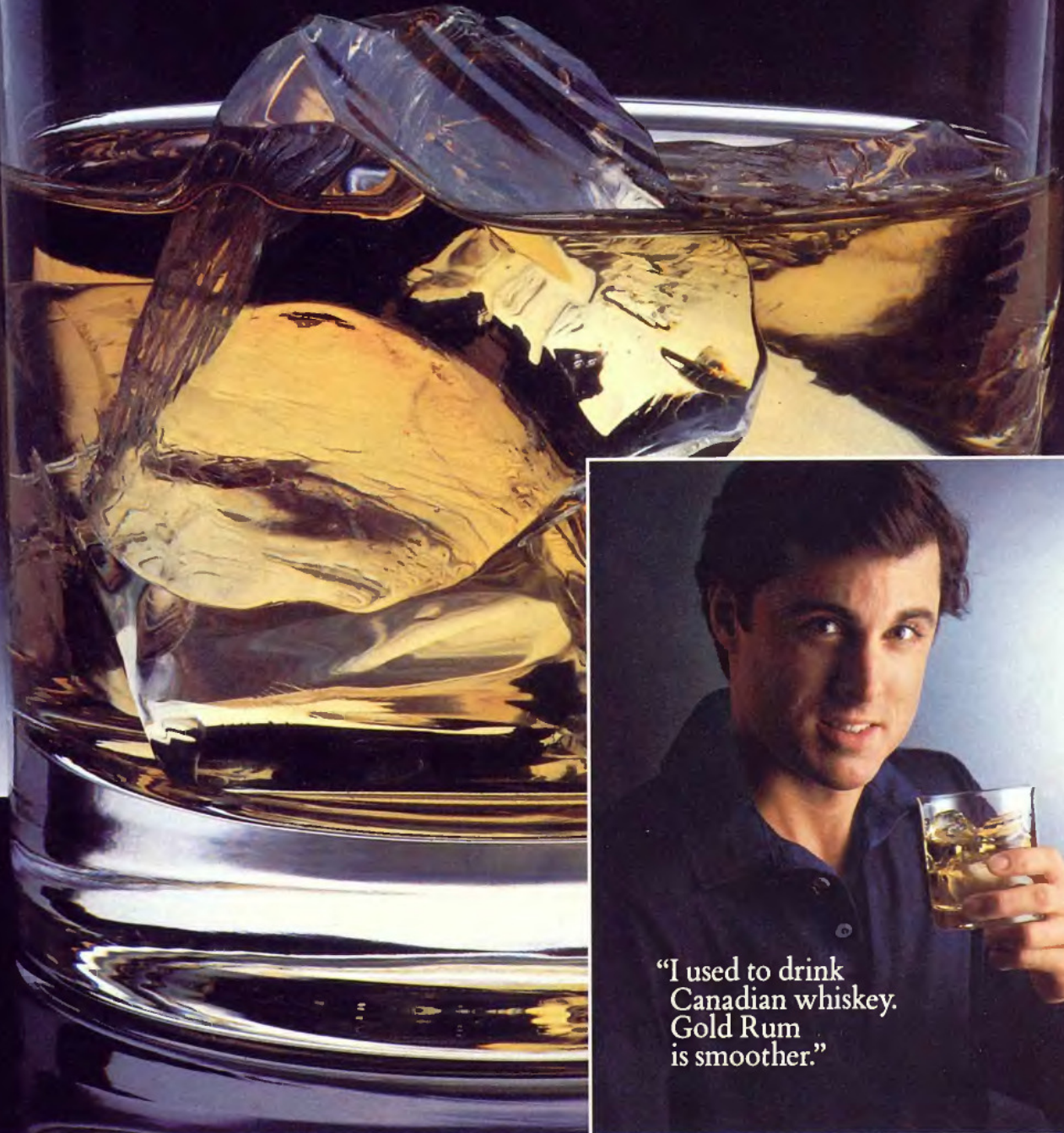
The Germans, masters of explaining the obvious, outdo themselves with their Anti Baby-Condom, which "offers double security by sperm-killing gliding coating." The item itself, in pink, prompts us to think it probably looks better on.

TOM BURRELL

forever." Much later, we arrive at lines whose erotic content is more apparent: "You have the sweetest pussy. I could eat you forever." Once the women writers get to that point, they can "quiver into crescendoing orgasms" with the best of them. But the slow, titillating foreplay of intensifying signals is always there.

And that is probably the universal truth revealed in these stories, the aspect that distinguishes them from those of the male genre. It reminds us of an interview we once conducted with a prominent Manhattan feminist. She told us that she objected not to the idea of pornography but to the fact that none of it really appealed to women. "I'd like to make an explicit film," she said. "After the first hour of foreplay, I'm sure I'd think of something else to do." 

**Gold Rum. The first sip will amaze you.  
The second will convert you.**



**"I used to drink  
Canadian whiskey.  
Gold Rum  
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People everywhere are switching to Puerto Rican gold rum. The reason? Puerto Rican gold rum has the lightness that people prefer today.

You'll find that gold rum makes an exceptionally smooth drink—on the rocks, with soda or ginger ale, or with your favorite mixer.

If you're still drinking Canadian, bourbon or blended whiskey, it's because you haven't tasted Puerto Rican gold rum.



**THE GOLD RUMS OF PUERTO RICO**

# NEXT MONTH



CAESAR'S WEREWOLF



COSTLY CARS



COMELY COEDS



COKE SCOOP

**"FRIGID MEN"**—IN THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION, NOT ALL THE CHILL IS COMING FROM THE WOMEN'S SIDE OF THE BATTLE FRONT. A REPORT FROM THE TRENCHES—BY **CRAIG VETTER**

**"ANNE CARLISLE"**—A VERY CLOSE LOOK AT THE EXOTIC, ANDROGYNOUS STAR OF *LIQUID SKY*

**"COCAINE: THE GOD THAT FAILED"**—THERE'S GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS ABOUT COKE. IT DOESN'T HOOK EVERYBODY, BUT ENOUGH OF IT WILL KILL ANYBODY. THE MOST RELIABLE DATA YET, INTERPRETED BY **LAURENCE GONZALES**

**"BEAUTIFUL SCREAMERS"**—SIX SLEEK, EXPENSIVE AUTOS THAT MAY JUST BE THE NEXT BEST THING TO SEX—BY **GARY WITZENBURG**

**JACK LALANNE** REVEALS WHAT HE AND JESUS HAVE IN COMMON IN A TOUGH **"20 QUESTIONS"**

**"JULIUS CAESAR AND THE WEREWOLF"**—THE LATE, GREAT AUTHOR OF *GRENDEL* AND *OCTOBER LIGHT* WAS WORKING ON THIS CHILLINGLY SUPERNATURAL STORY WHEN HE DIED IN A MOTORCYCLE MISHAP. READ WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN—BY **JOHN GARDNER**

**"GIRLS OF THE BIG TEN REVISITED"**—IT'S TIME WE RETURNED TO THE HEARTLAND, WHERE THE COEDS GET BETTER-LOOKING EVERY YEAR

**"PLAYBOY'S BACK-TO-CAMPUS GUIDE"**—ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT CLOTHES, GEAR, BOOKS, MUSIC AND MAJORS TO BECOME A B.M.O.C. WE EVEN GIVE YOU A PICKUP LINE THAT WORKS

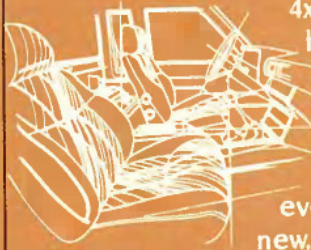
**PLUS:** A PRIZEWORTHY **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW WITH **SHIRLEY MACLAINE**; **"PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW"**; **ANDREW TOBIAS'** **"QUARTERLY REPORTS: FINANCIAL NEWSLETTERS (AND OTHER JUNK MAIL)"**; AND **"PRESIDENTIAL PURSUIT,"** **PLAYBOY'S** EXCLUSIVE **REAGAN** TRIVIA GAME

The all-new Toyota 4x4's are turning the truck world upside down!

Because they're part of the new generation of Toyota trucks for 1984, the most advanced trucks ever built! None of them is commanding more respect than these rugged, high-stepping 4x4's, designed to bring off-road performance to new heights. Toyota 4x4's have a big, powerful 2.4 liter SOHC engine and the highest running ground clearance of any small 4x4 truck with exclusive, fully enclosed front axles. No matter what kind of geography you're up against, these 4x4's can tame it. And look great while they're doing it. You can see the improved



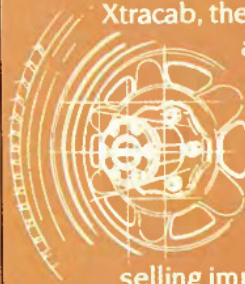
aerodynamics in the stylish new wedge-shaped front end with flared fender design and in the new flush surfaces on larger front and side windows. All the 4x4's have new improved rear suspension for more smoothness in the ride than you'd expect from a truck! More room and comfort too, more leg room, and standard on the SR5 4x4, AM/FM/MPX stereo and wall-to-wall carpeting. Most



4x4's also have rugged double-wall bed construction. You can even get the new, 7-way adjustable driver's sport seat. If you choose the big new Xtra Cab 4x4, you get even more luxury and

# OH WHAT A FEELING! TOYOTA

room, starring the personal cargo space behind the seats that'll hold anything from tool boxes to water skis. Also in the SR5



Xtracab, the convenience and efficiency of automatic locking front hubs, standard! Toyotas have been the best-selling import 4x4 trucks in America. But Toyota engineering moved ahead anyway. Now this will be the tough act to follow in 4x4's for quite a while!

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