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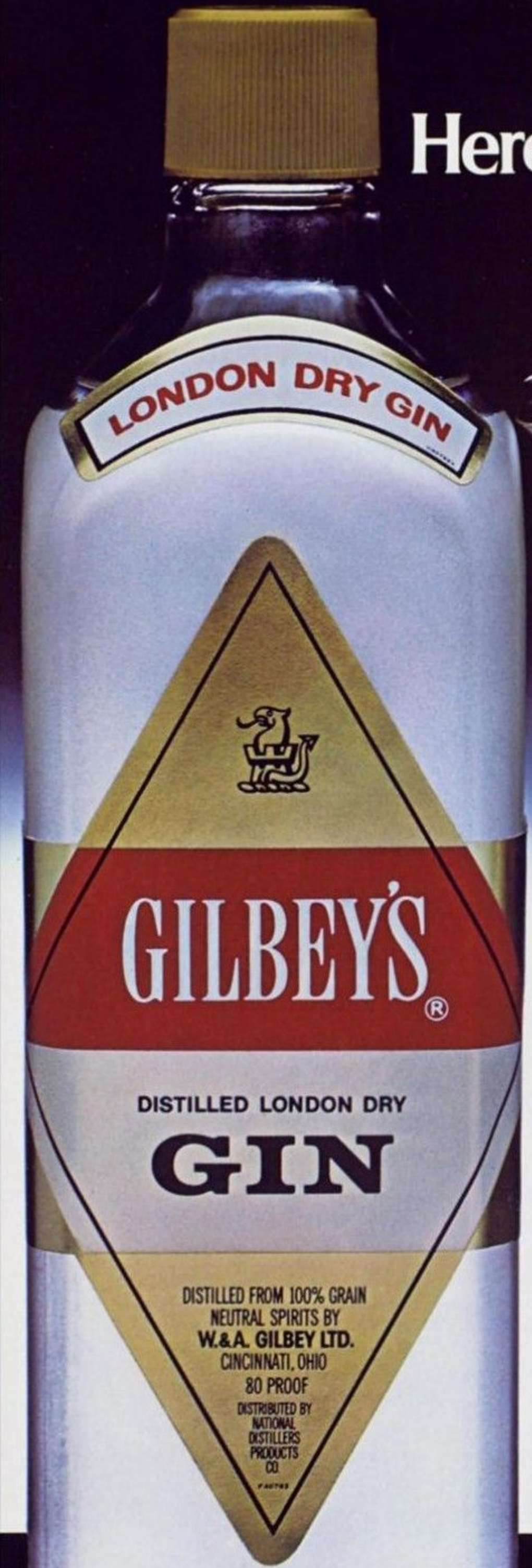
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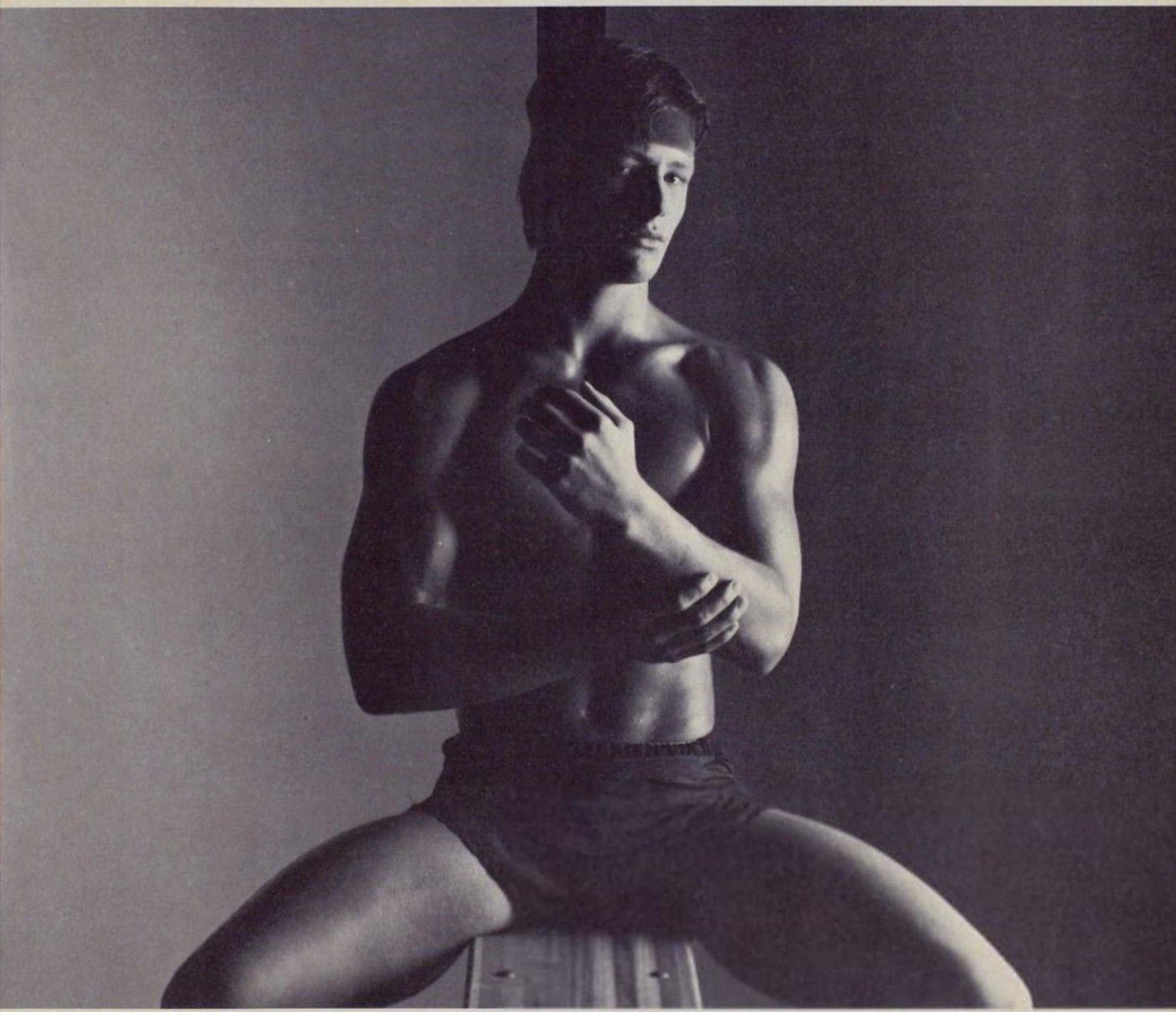
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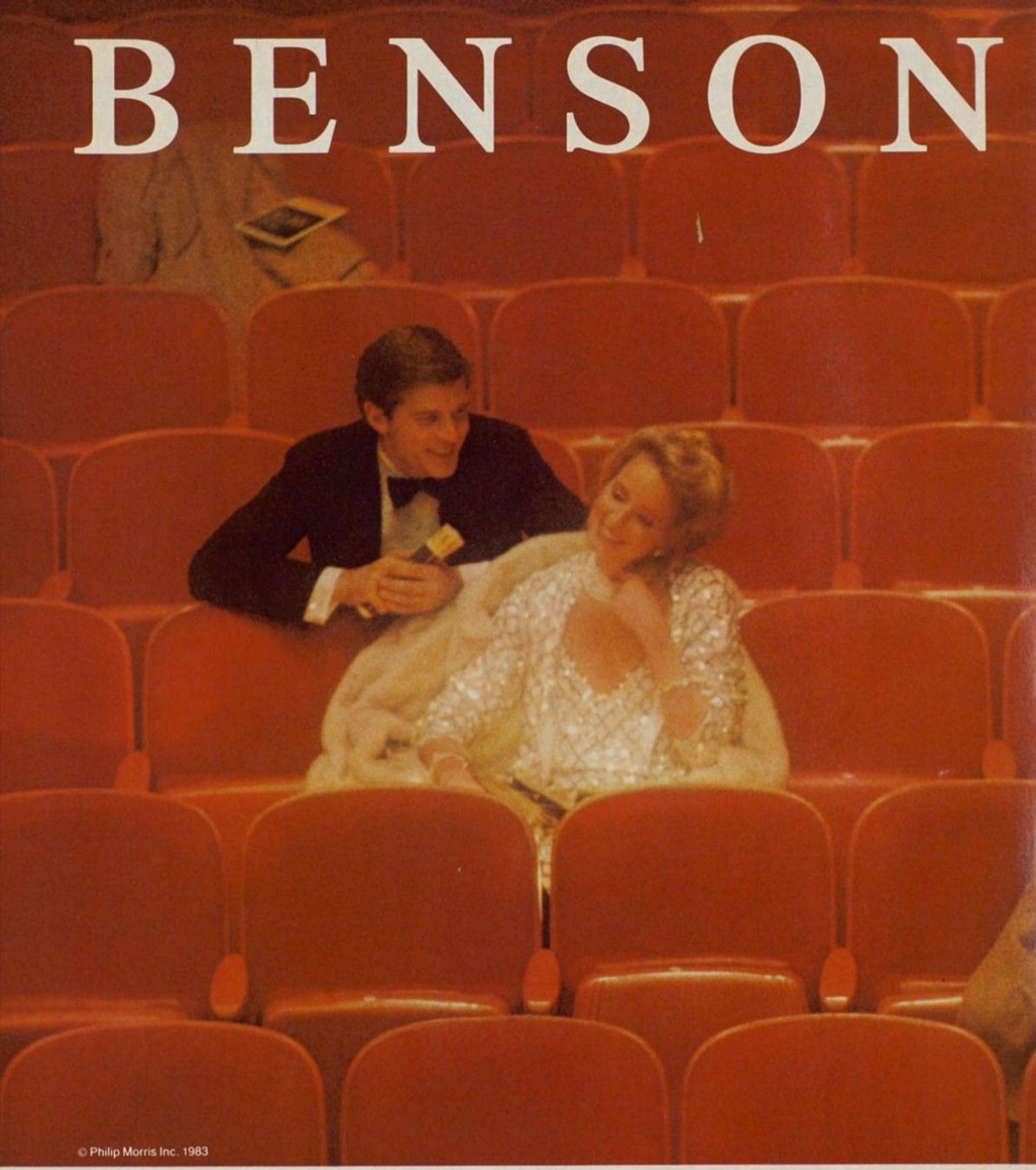



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# PLAYBILL

JUNE IS the Wednesday of months, the over-the-hump lunation. Taxes are paid, the chilly tang of May has given way to summer and the national pastime (as you'll soon see) is livelier than ever. We figure this issue marks the top of the stretch that leads to January's 30th Anniversary, so we've whipped up some of the best-bred talent on anybody's turf.

Start off with **Marianne Gravatte,** 1983's resplendent Playmate of the Year. Her special encore appearance, produced by West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski** with Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley** and make-up artist **Clint Wheat,** should leave you feeling your oats. At which point you can turn to our memorable bicontinental Playmate, Berlin beauty **Jolanda Egger.**

**Reg Potterton's** *The Pulitzers of Palm Beach* brings us back from the Continent to the famously incontinent. Illustrated in prize-winning style by **Kathy Calderwood,** Potterton's account of the celebrated Pulitzer trial has everything a reporter wishes for: notable names, mountains of money, spicy sex, dangerous drugs and **Dr. Hunter S. Thompson.**

Potterton didn't see any of old Uncle Duke's savage winged lizards, but they may be in *Beyond Jedi: The Saga Continues*, **Dennis Snee's** light-saber-hearted look at **George Lucas'** escapist mythos for our time.

**Stephen King's** no slouch when it comes to special effects in the literary line. The author of *Carrie*, *The Shining* and *Christine* sat around the campfire with **Eric Norden** for this month's *Playboy Interview*. The King of darkness told eerie tales of his early struggles, his macabre inspirations and his lifelong suspicion that we inhabit a fanged, slavering universe.

Our June fiction is just as full of special effects. From **Robert Silverberg,** one of science fiction's pre-eminent wizards, it's called *Needle in a Timestack*. The story concerns a man's efforts to pre-marry (yep, that's what we said) the woman who divorced him. **Pater Sato** did the *tempus fugit*ive illustration.

Time has surely flown for **George Burns,** but he has always enjoyed the ride. This month, with a steady hand from artist **Herb Davidson,** he lets us in on the secrets of *Sex and the Mature Man*, excerpted from *How to Live to Be 100 or More!*, to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. If life begins at 40, Burns is a man who has already doubled his pleasure.

You'll be enraptured by *The Second Coming of Nolan Bushnell*, by **David Owen.** Bushnell is the man who more than doubled his pleasure and multiplied his money by founding Atari, sold out and now is getting back in the video wars, giving no quarter.

Denominations much larger than that are the concerns of **Andrew Tobias,** our financial columnist. His *Quarterly Report* this month, *Inside Information*, contains a few caveats about following a tipster's advice: Think at least twice before putting your money where anybody else's mouth is. This issue also marks the debut as columnists of Contributing Editor **David Standish** and **Jerry Sullivan,** who'll keep watch for us in *Media*.

Ace interrogator **David Rensin** put *20 Questions* near **Debra Winger's** matchless mouth and came away with answers on such pressing concerns as kissing officers and gentlemen and why a girl has to keep some sexual fantasies to herself. Rensin caught the flu from Winger, but he still thinks she's nothing to sneeze at.

Then there's **Morganna,** our uninymous choice as the fullest flowering of our national pastime. Caught by Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag,** she lives to kiss baseball's superstars. Since her measurements are 60-24-39, you may not notice that there's always a smile on baseball's most valuable kisser.

In a valuable *Reporter's Notebook: The President as Comic-kaze*, *The Boston Globe*'s **Curtis Wilkie**—formerly its White House correspondent—delivers a stinging indictment of the free world's most important citizen.

There's a great deal more to help you usher in summer, so don't let us hold you at the door any longer. Play ball!


POTTERTON

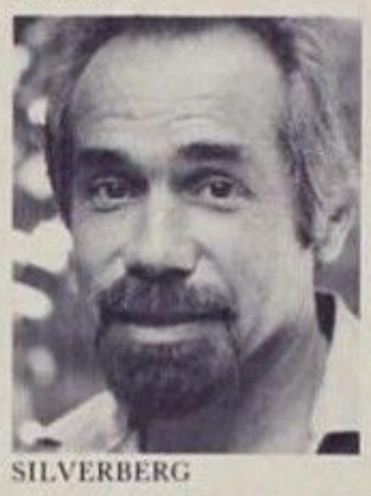

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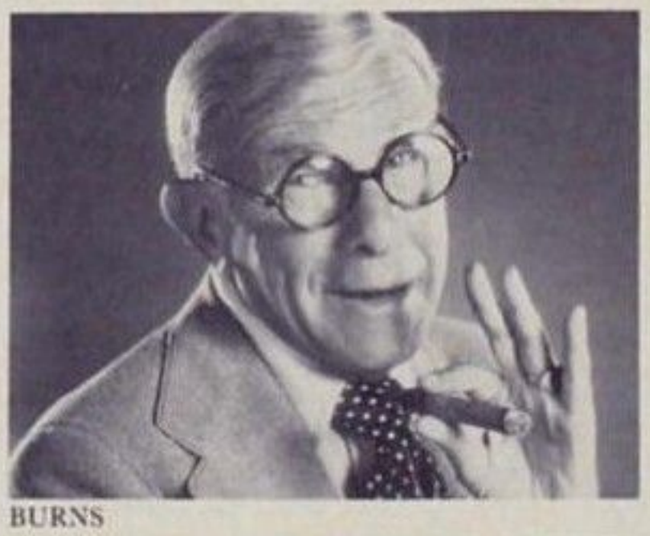

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**COVER STORY**

It wouldn't be difficult to drape almost anything around Playmate of the Year Marianne Gravatte and have the picture turn out great. That Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley chose gauze as his material underscores his heightened sense of the peekaboo. Archaeologists seeking the Rabbit Head will be wise to do their prospecting in a high valley, between twin peaks.


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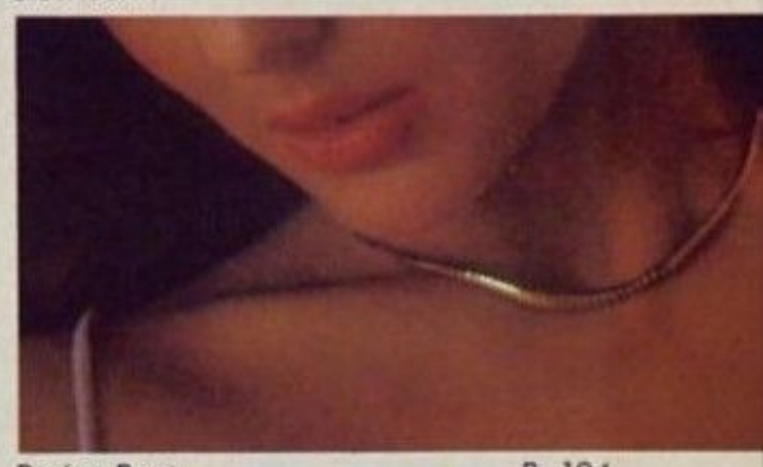

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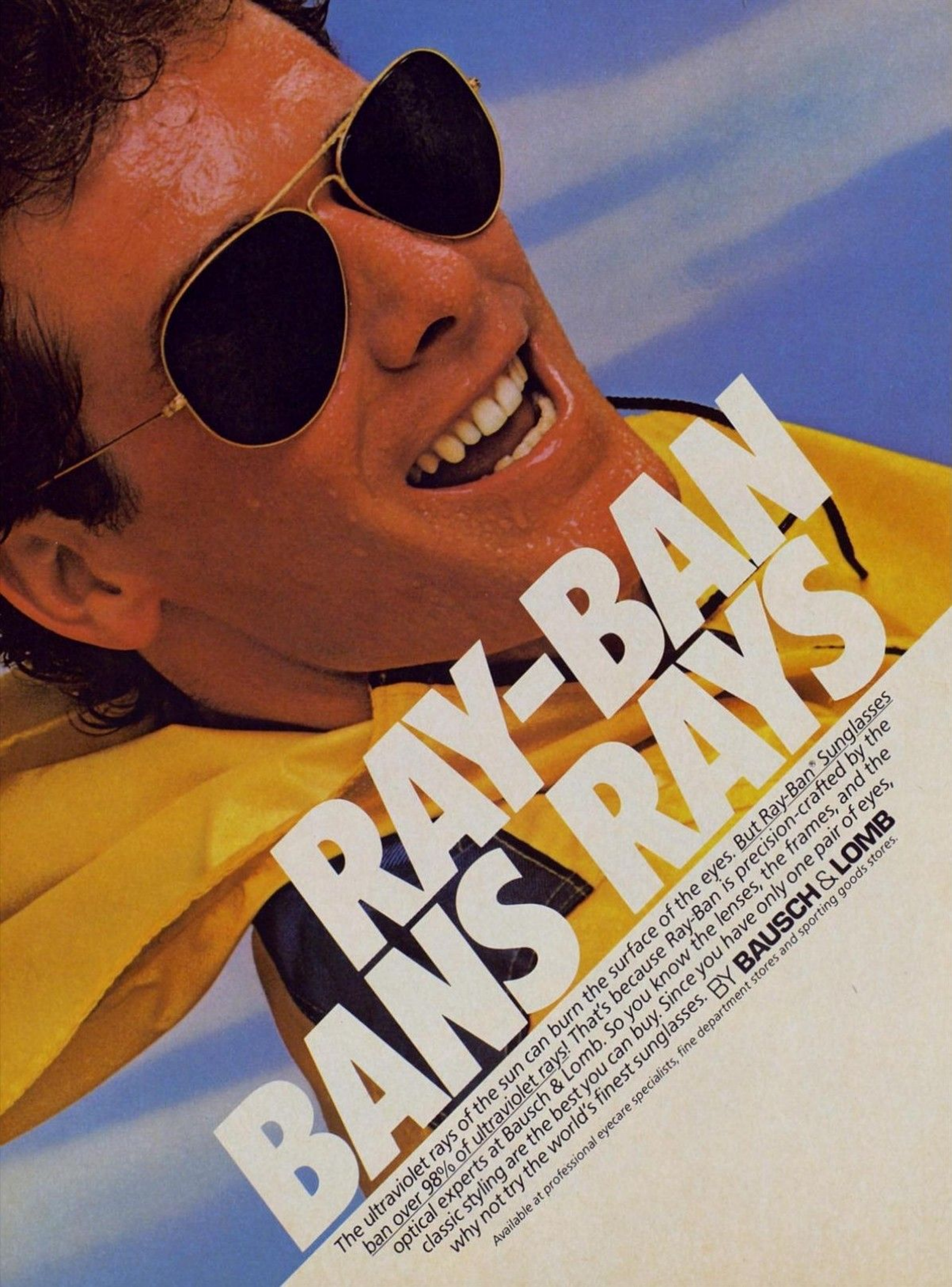
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### REFLECTIONS ON *MIRRORS*

Asa Baber's *Behind Hollywood's Mirrors* (PLAYBOY, March) is excellent. Each time his interviewees get a coke high going, the familiar hype becomes evident as truth. Suddenly, things of little consequence become all-important; minute happenings take on grandiose proportions. The truth needs to be told over and over again. No matter where you live—Hollywood or Pittsburgh—nobody's winning the cocaine game, except, perhaps, the dealer who doesn't use and is getting filthy rich at the expense of minds, bodies and even lives. I'm a cocaine survivor. I quit.

(Name withheld by request)
Mount Dora, Florida

I've been a dedicated reader of PLAYBOY for many years but have never written to you until now. Kudos to your brave Contributing Editor Asa Baber for his magnificent work in *Behind Hollywood's Mirrors*. He obviously has the guts it takes to be an excellent reporter and writer and he shows it in his article on a dangerous subject. He must have balls of incredible dimensions to have taken the risks involved in his article. A tip of my hat to him.

Gary S. Mezo
Mount Vernon, Illinois

If there is an award for most trustworthy face in journalism, Baber should win by a landslide. In my *very* expert opinion, *Behind Hollywood's Mirrors* is the most accurate and insightful article on the cocaine trade ever published by a major magazine. Both the tone and the content of his piece prove to an insider that Baber did a remarkable job of penetrating the higher circles of the world's most closed clique. What I found particularly outstanding was his ability to separate the bullshitters, like Jason, from the real heavy hitters. The only person who put one over on him was Marty. I can state categorically that the only people who move quantities on the order of 2000 keys at a shot speak English with a strong Spanish accent and have a lot of relatives in Colombia. Despite that flaw, I know Baber really dug deep because of the one theme that appears again and again in his piece but that other articles on cocaine seldom mention: that the heavy movers of cocaine consider it a bullshit drug, one that doesn't actually do all that much for you, even if you are one of the rare individuals who actually receive some real cocaine in their $100 vials of white powder. For his sake and that of the people he interviewed, I hope Baber has a deep, true love of pay telephones. If PLAYBOY has a shred of decency, it will give Baber a good amplifier for his home phone, to compensate for the power drain of all the wire taps during the next few years.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

### EXTRA! MARITAL SEX!

I enjoyed reading *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey, Part II* (March), and found it quite informative. However, I am a little confused about the findings regarding how long it takes to reach orgasm. In all but one group, women take more time—as much as three minutes more—to climax. Show me a man who can continue three minutes after he has come and I'll show you *macho* personified.

Tim Schorn
Arlington, Texas

I'd like to commend your staff for consistently gracing my home with such fine journalism. I've particularly enjoyed your *Man and Woman* series and the current *Playboy Readers' Sex Survey*. I appreciate the need to write your survey results with a layperson audience in mind. However, as a veteran numbers cruncher, I find that good research often raises more questions than it answers, especially when statistical techniques are not discussed. In reading

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your most recent article, I was left wondering whether or not you had controlled for age when examining the frequency of intercourse by marital status (single, cohabitant, etc.). Research has shown age to be a major factor in sex drive. Couples who have been together more than four years are likely to be *older*. I suspect that the drop in frequency of intercourse in all marital-status groups may be more a function of age than of familiarity with the partner. Age differences could also explain why married couples report a drop in frequency of intercourse after four years. If there is a greater spread between the mean age of married couples in the four-or-fewer- and more-than-four-years groups than there is between singles in those categories, age, rather than interest, could be the culprit. I'm envious of your data base, and I wish I had access to it! If you find that frequency of intercourse diminishes significantly with the length of the relationship even when age is controlled for, I'll stay foot-loose and fancy-free!

Dick Cogan
Edina, Minnesota

*We found a drop in intercourse frequency among couples who have been together more than four years even when age is controlled for. Familiarity may breed contentment; it may also breed the one-day-on, three-days-off syndrome.*

**SUDDEN SAM**

Your March issue featuring Sam Donaldson's *Playboy Interview* is fantastic. He has won me over as a fan, because I feel I am getting honest journalism from him. As a black Vietnam vet, I've been looking for honest journalism all my adult life. Thanks for telling it like it is.

Andrew Harland, Jr.
West Hollywood, California

I wonder what Donaldson means when he refers to "the little people in the back of the press plane—like the secretaries." Does little refer to stature, mentality or job description? Mr. Donaldson, would *you* like to be described as one of "the little people"?

Arliss Broin
Duluth, Minnesota

In his usual snit, Donaldson waxes absolutely apoplectic about the Reagan White House. Reagan's associates try to protect him from the likes of Sam. Presidents are there, according to Donaldson, to be questioned by reporters on behalf of the public who put them in office in the first place. Funny; some of us out here think that the President, whose job is *possibly* almost as demanding as Donaldson's, is there for purposes even more important than Donaldson's ambition. Donaldson seems quite indignant that the President's men "don't want their boss to be put in a position where he doesn't know the answer or where he blurts out something that he shouldn't." When his own job is involved, though, it's an entirely different matter. He is not frustrated that it's only the designated hitters at ABC who get to interview the President. He understands the system. With regard to the *Playboy Interview*, Donaldson says he was very careful. He discussed it with his lawyer and his friends at ABC. He understood that he couldn't just pop off—as he obviously prays the President will do.

Honey Naylor
New York, New York

**GOING FOR BROKER**

Regarding your pictorial on Marina Verola (*Taking Stock of Marina*, PLAYBOY, March): I, too, am a young, attractive female stockbroker, and I can relate completely to her statements. While female brokers are, indeed, a very small fraction of the financial industry, this is an always-fascinating field that women are entirely capable of handling. By the way, my compliments to all on the entire March issue—one of the best I have read.

Janis S. Newcombe
Providence, Rhode Island

Hooray for Marina Verola! As a professional businesswoman whose ultimate fantasy has always been to appear in PLAYBOY, I have nothing but respect and admiration for her. As far as I am concerned, jealousy is the only reason anyone could hold a grudge against her. She is a hero in my book.

Gina Quattrocchi
Albuquerque, New Mexico

That E. F. Hutton stockbroker sure is good-looking, but what's she doing taking her clothes off in a national magazine? She ought to be showing off her brains and her technical skills, instead; that's what I'd be looking for if I were going to invest my money in stocks instead of investing my time looking at her pictures in PLAYBOY. Doesn't she get enough strokes for being good at what she does for a living? Does she need applause or something? I know that all work and no play might make Marina a dull girl, and I'm not arguing about her right to show up in any magazine she wants; it's just that I'll bet most people think a stockbroker needs good business sense, not just good tits.

(Name withheld by request)
Seymour, Indiana

I must admit I might have been looking forward to the March issue of PLAYBOY more than some others. The publicity in *The Wall Street Journal* and other publications concerning Marina Verola did much to stimulate my interest. When the issue came out, I was not disappointed. My compliments to Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag on an excellent presentation. It would be nice, however, if you


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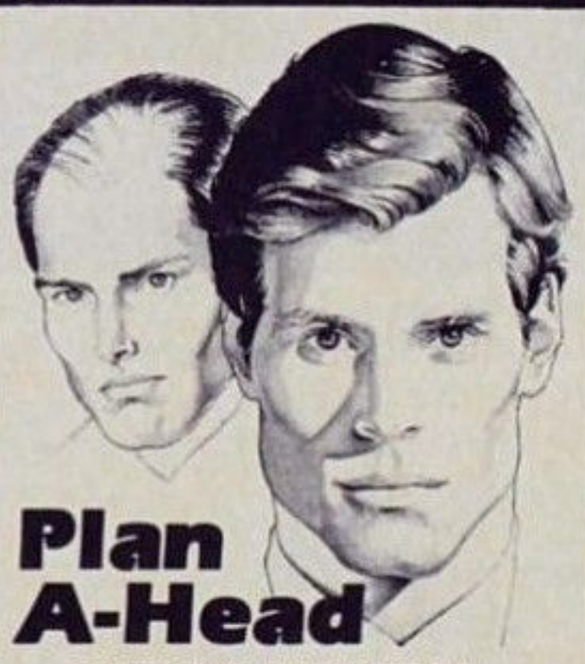
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could follow up with information on "Marina's Market Letter."

Ed Garhart
Brooklyn Center, Minnesota

As we were paging through your March issue, we were struck by the beauty and intelligence of Marina Verola. Her assets as a stockbroker are clearly apparent, and she instantly gave rise to our Dow Jones indices. However, we also noticed the display on the computer terminal in the background. Had the histogram been constructed with bin boundaries instead of bin limits, the data would have been more clearly presented. Despite that oversight, could you please give us another look at Marina and her histograms?

Matthew R. Akin
D. Alan Bonoma
John V. Stefani
Marquette University
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

*We'll reply to the last three letters in order: (1) How nice to have both. (2) "Marina's Market Letter" is available directly from the source (P.O. Box 39391, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33339). Subscription prices range from $30 to $195. The portfolio Marina recommended last year outperformed stocks suggested by investment gurus Robert Stovall,*



*Martin Zweig, Robert J. Nurock and B. Carter Randall (all of whom are male). (3) Here's another look at our fiscally fit financier—but, unfortunately, her histograms are all at the vet's.*

## VERRRY INTERESTING

I'm delighted with Andrew Tobias' *Quarterly Reports* article *Your Own Best Interest* (PLAYBOY, March), in which he extols the wonders of compound interest. He is surely one of the most informed, articulate and persuasive writers in the economic field. However, I think he might well have included this proposition, with which I am sure he agrees: Principle and interest are inversely proportional—the lower the principle, the greater the interest.

Lakenan Barnes
Mexico, Missouri

A few weeks ago, I read that Occidental Petroleum was selling some zero coupons to cover some of the cost of acquiring Cities Service. I was intrigued by just what those instruments were. I was pleasantly surprised by Tobias' thorough treatment of that topic in his *Quarterly Reports* and shall be looking forward to future installments.

James Quigley
Raiford, Florida

## WIDE WORLD, OF SORTS

Congratulations on your *Playmate Play-offs* feature in the March PLAYBOY. Twenty Playmates at one time—incredible! How about a regular feature on past Playmates? It would be great to see new pictorials on such favorites as Vicki McCarty.

B. Green
Boston, Massachusetts

It was terrific seeing my old heartthrobs in action again.

Mike Hansen
Tucson, Arizona

I just started getting PLAYBOY in December. Now I don't see how I lived without it. I would have paid $1000 to be a participant in the Playmate Play-offs at Mansion West. May I sign up for next year's event? I'm a good athlete and can keep my hands to myself.

Robert W. Kirby
Stevens Point, Wisconsin

## CONVOLUTED SEX

I know you want questions asked in letters; these could be answered in your column. Is the superb *Man and Woman* series, by Jo Durden-Smith and Diane de-Simone, to be published, with added data, as a paperback? If so, when and for how much? Will it be available locally or must it be bought directly from you?

Bob Phelan
Hartford, Connecticut

*Durden-Smith and DeSimone's "Sex and the Brain," which includes much of the work they did for our "Man and Woman" series, will be published in hardcover in July by Arbor House at a price of $16.95. It will be worth it only if you are a man or a woman.*

## GREEK LETTERS

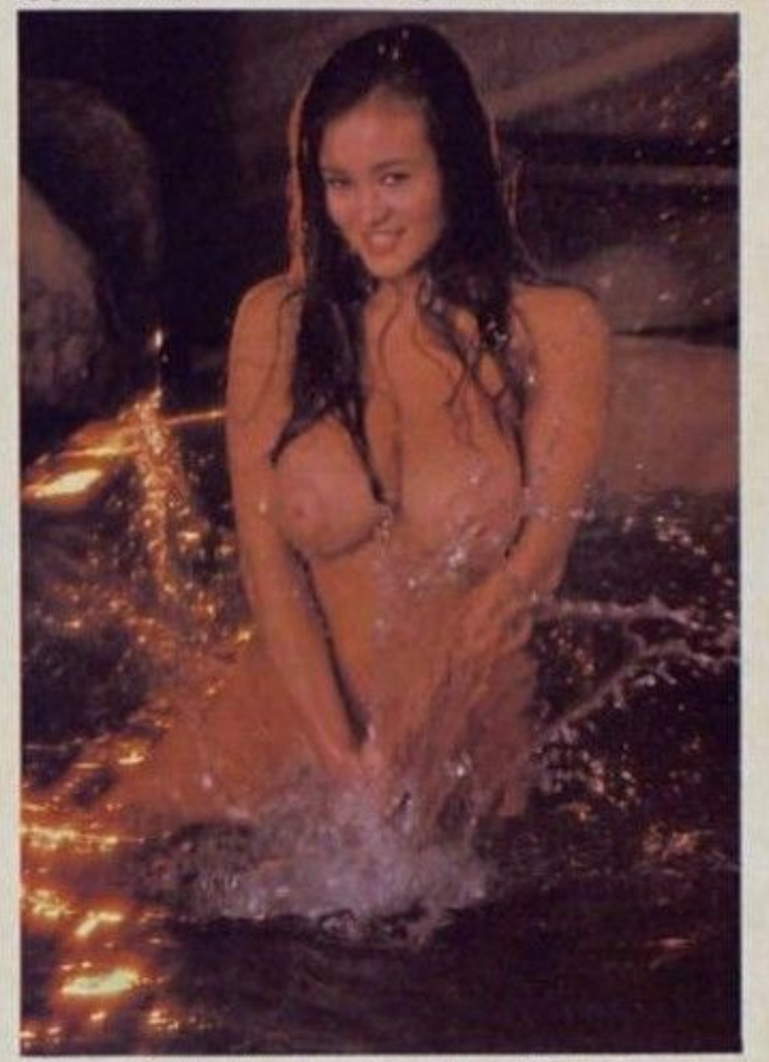
You will undoubtedly be inundated with letters from drooling Kappa Sigmas all over concerning Miss March, the truly delectable Alana Soares. Miss Soares, obviously a young lady with taste, lists Kappa Sigs as one of her turn-ons. She knows a quality fraternity when she sees one. We would like to invite Alana to the best party in the state of South Carolina—the Luau, held by the Chi Omega chapter of Kappa Sigma at the University of South Carolina. All she must provide is herself. We'll provide the fun. We'd tell you the date, but then too many people would show. We'll be waiting.

The Brothers of Kappa Sigma
University of South Carolina
Columbia, South Carolina

The men of the Beta Rho chapter of Kappa Sigma wish to extend an invitation to Alana to become an honorary Little Sister to our house. We also have our spring formal coming up, and since eight or so members can't find dates, we would like to ask Alana and maybe a few of her Playmate friends to join us. If that is not possible, one more picture of her will help our poor, desperate members survive the night.

The Men of Kappa Sigma
University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa

*As you can see, Alana's thrilled to have made such a splash with her centerfold appearance. Future Playmates be advised:*



*Put a fraternity in your list of turn-ons and you'll never have to pay the rent on a beer keg so long as you live.*

## SLICK ANSWER

I saw part of Phil Donahue's show on *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey*. One of your Senior Staff Writers, James R. Petersen, made a statement about his hair. I have a product that I have been working with for about 35 years that will grow hair. I bought it from a good Christian lady who lives in Hutchinson, Kansas. She is a chemist. You see a lot of things advertised, but this is the only thing I know will work. It is made from three drugs that are sold over the counter every day. It is like food to your hair. I will send Petersen a three-ounce jar for eight dollars if he will say he will use it. It won't grow hair in the jar. You have to put it on your scalp. If he uses it the way I say, a jar should last him about a year. When anyone lets himself get slick bald, I can't do much for him. But at the stage Petersen is in now, he has a good chance to grow a full head of hair.

Lorena Sharrett
Kingsport, Tennessee

*Petersen declines:*

*"It is a well-known scientific fact that at the onset of puberty, every male child has a choice—to have a lot of hair or to be hung like a horse."*

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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



### WHITE LIGHTNING

When a sperm bank opened next to the University of Georgia, it had so many first-day customers that it had to stop taking new applicants for two weeks. Donald Zeh, sperm-bank manager, attributed the run to easy money. Donors earn $20 for each deposit. The admitting policy is, of course, first come, first served.

•

*The Dallas Times Herald* noted Dolly Parton's security problems this way: "DOLLY CANCELS PERFORMANCES, LAYS BAND."

### HIGH ANXIETY

Kenneth W. Hicks, 34, wanted to give blood at a Red Cross office in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. He'd done it five times before. No big deal. But when he registered for his sixth donation, the receptionist told him that they couldn't let him do it again—his blood pressure was just too high. Whereupon Hicks leveled a shotgun at his temple and donated anyway, all over the carpet.

•

In an article about preventive dental care, the Kodiak, Alaska, *Daily Mirror* quotes a dentist, who endorses brushing with baking soda. The practice "won't hurt you if you swallow come (it may make you burp)." But then you are obliged to look up at your partner and say, "Excuse me."

•

Remember, they have long winters up there. *The Christian Science Monitor* reported from Ottawa: "CANADA EMBROILED IN GREAT BUN WAR."

### TAKE THIS JOB. . . .

Here's a snippet from a résumé currently making the rounds in New York and Washington, D.C.:

"A national media figure, with demonstrated proficiency in building and motivating a national membership organization, I have built a reputation for problem solving, generating member support and serving as a national and international spokesman on a variety of populist issues."

The author? Robert E. Poli, who guided his Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization into oblivion in 1981. Happy landing!

### REAGANOMICS' GASTRONOMICS

The Reagan Administration may have a tough time swallowing what a Washington restaurant is dishing out. Just four blocks from the White House is a bistro named Recessions. On the menu are such *au courant* headings as THE SOUP KITCHEN, THE BREAD LINE (sandwiches), WELL-FARE (platters) and HUNGER PANGS (desserts). If the restaurant's owners start giving away tons of free cheese, they'll probably find themselves on the ballot in 1984.

### SENIOR PROMENADE

It's a long, long time from May to December. But now senior citizens can check



off the days with a lingering look at a calendar devoted to the last word in pinups. Ten photos of nude or partially clothed men and women, all over 60, decorate the pages of Bill Baldwin's "Sexy Sixties" calendar. The selections were culled from 187 pictures submitted by folks—some in their 80s—who believe that age is no impediment to getting it on or taking it off. Calendars are available for five dollars from Sexy Sixties, 524 Rosewood, East Lansing, Michigan 48823.

•

The Bloomington, Illinois, *Penny Saver* published the following classified: "Small hand jobs. I will do painting, carpentry, etc. Call Chuck. Any time." Large ones need not apply.

•

Wasn't that the problem in the first place? The Athens, Ohio, *Messenger* reported, "LOVELACE SEEKS NEW TRIAL, GAG ORDER OBTAINED."

•

The Fresno, California, phone book lists a pizza restaurant that, after describing its specialties, encourages you to EAT HER OR TAKE OUT. Whatever happened to just sitting around the house, listening to records and talking?

### THE ZEN OF DOUGHNUTS

In what is a most peculiar training program, enterprising Japanese are learning about the doughnut business. According to the *Chain Marketing & Management* newsletter, Japan's version of the Mister Donut franchise is having its trainees go door to door offering to scrub people's toilets. That is to instill in them a sense of civic duty. Let's hope they remember that employees are required to wash their hands before returning to work.

•

An intriguing new item from the Government Printing Office: "*Mountain Home*. Recounts the story of John and

Margaret Jane Walker of the Great Smoky Mountains and describes how they instilled 11 children with honor, pride and love in the absence of electricity and indoor plumbing."

We understand Richard Gere has been offered a role in the film version—*An Officer and an Outhouse*.

### HOT BOX

Security has been tightened at the Cracker Jack plant in Summit, Illinois, since an eight-year-old West Virginia girl opened up a box and found the book *Erotic Sexual Positions from Around the World*. The girl's eyes got "[great] big" after she looked at the book's detailed drawings, says her grandmother, who added, "She thought it was an exercise book."

### PLAN B

At Temple University, librarian Sandy Meredith discovered a report buried in the stacks that had been commissioned by F.D.R. during World War Two. The report was the work of a group called the M Project, which was headed by Henry Field, a Harvard anthropologist. In a summary of top-secret research designed to help the President make policy decisions about relocating Europe's refugees, the group listed among its suggestions the possibility of sending "surplus population" to other planets—specifically, Venus and Mars. The moon was ruled out, we hear, due to the uninhabitability of green cheese.

•

From the poetic-justice file: About 500 Postal Service workers in Burlington, Vermont, didn't get their pay checks. Why not? They were lost in the mail.

•

We couldn't help noticing a credit line in Chicago's *New Art Examiner*. It reads, PHOTO BY F. STOP FITZGERALD.

### OUT ON A LIMB

William Fisher of Michigan's Oakland County was pretty miffed when a lady driver crashed into his mighty oak tree. He sued the woman, saying that he was entitled to damages, plus the expense of the tree surgeon he hired. When a court ruled against his claims, Fisher appealed to a higher court. Three appellate judges turned him down, stating:

*We thought that we would never see*
*A suit to compensate a tree.*
*A suit whose claim in tort is prest*
*Upon a mangled tree's behest;*
*A tree whose battered*
*trunk was prest*
*Against a Chevy's crumpled chest;*
*A tree that may forever bear*
*A lasting need for tender care.*
*Flora lovers though we three,*
*We must uphold the court's decree.*



## CHECKING IN



*Many people have met John Candy, the rotund star of the late-night "SCTV." But few have had the convulsive experience of meeting his alter ego* **Johnny La Rue***—entertainment mogul, taxi dancer and close personal friend of tens of women. Robert Crane caught up with the always-looking-over-his-shoulder La Rue in Toronto. He reports, "La Rue was relaxed and outgoing. And wouldn't say one word without his attorney present."*

PLAYBOY: Despite your reputation as a sleazemeister, there are always at least four women around you. You even have a special name for them: Gerbils. What is their attraction to you?

LA RUE: Women like being with me because they see me as their knight in shining armor who will lead them out of the poverty. When they're with me, they know they're safe. They trust me. It's my *money*.

PLAYBOY: You have a reputation for borrowing a lot of money and not paying it back.

LA RUE: That's not true. I've borrowed money, yes, but everyone has been paid back. Well, maybe I haven't paid *everyone* back. Pretty damn close. Sure, there are a few outstanding debts. Everyone's got them, but I'm a man of my word.

PLAYBOY: Who are your idols?

LA RUE: Spiro Agnew was a big influence on me. The man was way ahead of his time. He would have made a fine President.

PLAYBOY: What's more important than girls?

LA RUE: Money, and I mean that sincerely.

PLAYBOY: The other famous womanizers in show business—Dean Martin, Aldo Cella—have their techniques. Describe yours.

LA RUE: Be available. Always. If a girl wants to go out with you, be available. Don't get picky. Good hygiene is very important. Personality, charm. It all goes back to money. If women see that you have money and you flaunt it properly—and there's a way of flaunting, carrying the right wad of money, not enough to choke a horse but you know it could—let them see you for what you are. Show your jewelry. Wear the perfumes. Wear the proper clothing. All the best.

PLAYBOY: What do you look for in a Gerbil?

LA RUE: I look for a woman with brains and a body that goes with them. If she's smart, she'll show it. She has to be tall or short; it doesn't matter. As long as she's got a good body. What I'm offering the Gerbils is a chance to learn about life. I teach them the good things—that you don't have to be poor, you don't have to suffer, life can be a big party. This is a big strain on me. I'm looking after more than 40 girls at present.

PLAYBOY: Do you know where a Gerbil's G spot is?

LA RUE: I've known about it for years. Why do you think I have 40 women right now? It's there. Men don't take the time. That's the important thing. When you've got 40, 50 women, you've got to take time.

PLAYBOY: How do you tell a girl she's not a Gerbil anymore?

LA RUE: You take her out and leave her. Four of us will go out for dinner, and then three of us will split and leave her sitting there. It's cruel, but it's the only way you can handle it. In the beginning, I had more of a heart. I would talk to them a little bit. It's a very hard thing for them. So I find it's easier just to leave them in the restaurant. I pay the bill. I don't stick them with the bill. I'm not that much of a cad.

PLAYBOY: What kind of ceremony occurs when a girl becomes a Gerbil?

LA RUE: It's a big party. The Gerbils and the pledge Gerbils come in. We have fun with them all week—spankings, dressing up, mud wrestling. It's like a little Olympics. They have to go through the different events, feats that they must accomplish. I leave that to your imagination. We have a secret ceremony where the girls are brought into a room—a very dimly lit room—and the Gerbils are all chirping. We're thinking of putting out an album of their songs.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to people who call you fat?

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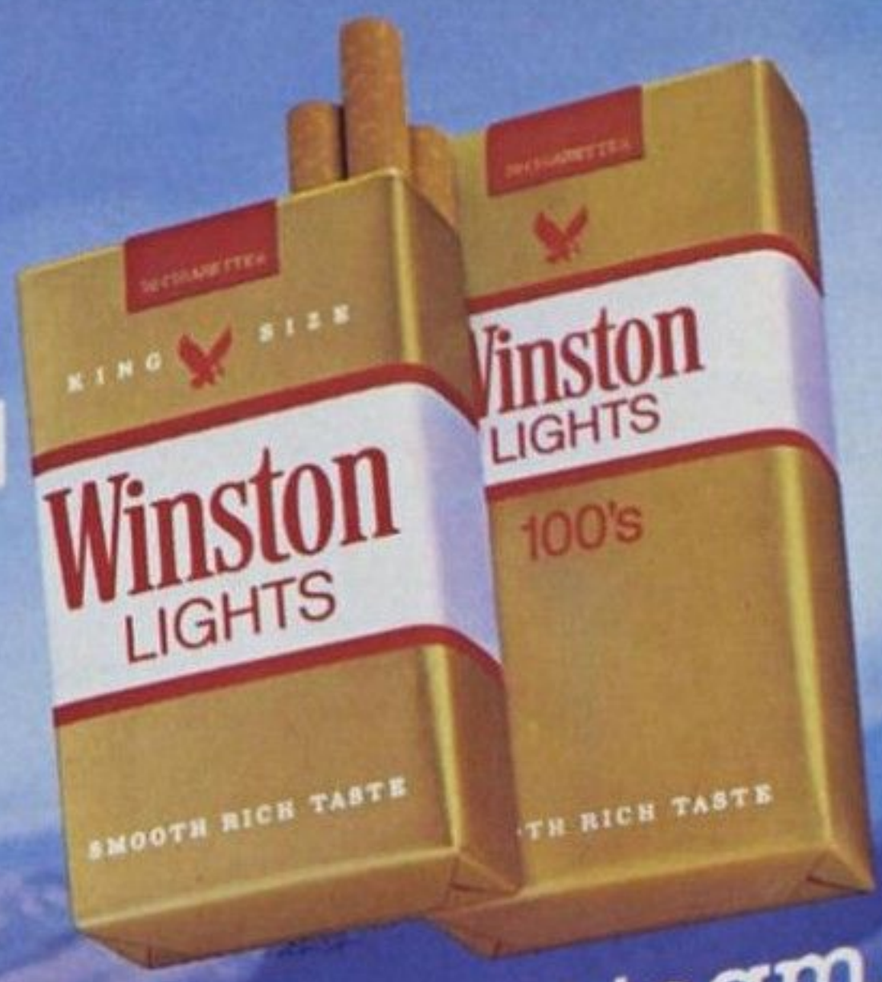
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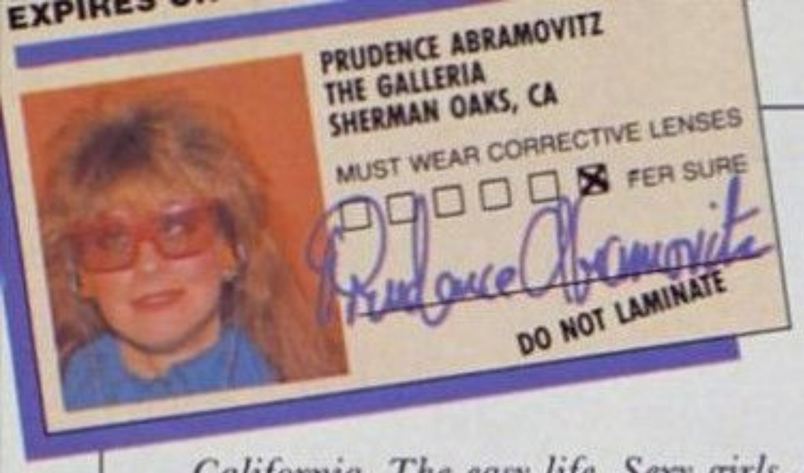
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# THE CALIFORNIA DRIVER'S TEST

*California. The easy life. Sexy girls. Beautiful weather. Well, not so fast, paleface. Before you start wolfing down alfalfa sprouts, there is one obstacle to get out of the way: passing a driver's test. Driving a car in California is as mandatory as going to the bathroom; and in some homes in Beverly Hills, the two even go together. Making matters worse, state law requires newcomers to obtain a California license within ten days of residence, and scofflaws are treated like drug smugglers in Turkey. To prepare the droves of people planning to migrate west, here are some sample test questions:*

1. *In bumper-to-bumper freeway traffic, it is unlawful to*
A. Sun-bathe
B. Hit golf balls
C. Rotate your tires
D. Eat Mexican food near an open flame

2. *Four cars simultaneously come to a four-way stop. You should*
A. Drive to the center of the intersection and take a meeting
B. Go to sleep until the three others have gone
C. Turn around and try again
D. Find a phone and consult your agent

3. *Prostitutes have surrounded your car on Sunset Boulevard. The best course of action is to*
A. Encourage an impromptu debate on the Marxist theories of dialectical materialism
B. Make sure your wife isn't around
C. Throw a Rick James cassette out of the window and escape in the confusion
D. Sit on your wallet

4. *What does the white line in the middle of the road mean?*
A. John De Lorean has a leak in his glove compartment
B. You should follow it to Rod Stewart's house
C. Somebody sold another screenplay
D. It's not very windy

5. *You are caught in a torrential mud slide. You should*
A. Apply for a Mexican visa
B. Sing the *Love Boat* theme
C. Leave a message for help on your answering machine
D. Try your hand at looting

6. *A Valley girl may be issued a driver's license only after*
A. Her father buys her a BMW
B. She can name at least one U.S. President
C. She can make a left turn and chew gum at the same time
D. She understands the difference between "to the max" and "speed limit 55 mph"

7. *In the San Francisco area, an accident claim may be settled out of court if*
A. The other driver says, "Kiss my ass"
B. Both parties agree to a lube job
C. There is no rear-end damage
D. An agreement is reached to pay for repairs in the form of Polo wear, stylish cooking utensils or hanging plants

8. *You are accidentally filmed while driving by a movie set. You should*
A. Call your agent and insist on double scale
B. Demand a trailer and a cover story in *People*
C. Smile now, sue later
D. Join the Screen Actors Guild and experience true unemployment

9. *To what does the sign* GAG ME WITH A SPOON, 2 MILES *refer?*
A. A Stuckey's
B. A Roger Corman film festival
C. A Valley-girl weigh station
D. An avocado stand

10. *During the 1984 Olympics, drivers will be required to*
A. Honk at oddly dressed foreigners
B. Leave town for two weeks
C. Offer their back seat as accommodations for Third World nations
D. Hang an official Olympics Air Freshener from their rearview mirror

11. *In the state of California, the penalty for vehicular manslaughter is*
A. One week at home with no cable TV
B. One week at home with no cable TV or pool privileges
C. One week at home with no cable TV or pool privileges or tennis-court time
D. One week at home back in Buffalo

12. *What is the California safe-driving motto?*
A. Don't take the car; you'll kill yourself
B. Brake for pedestrians when convenient
C. Find your own space
D. You gotta be kidding

—DAVE YUZO SPECTOR

LA RUE: This weight is for a reason: I intimidate. I could lose this weight tomorrow. Then I'd be nothing. You need size, you need presence. Women want to see that. They want to see you coming. They don't want some skinny little wimp. They want a man.

PLAYBOY: Do fat guys feel comfortable in bathing suits?

LA RUE: I have a summer outfit that's very similar to the winter outfit—a silk-pajama thing. I could go swimming in it. I don't, but I could. I usually hire people to do that for me. I'm very busy. I have someone who exercises for me. I have a swimmer. I have someone to get my tan. I have someone to break in my shoes. It comes with money.

PLAYBOY: We picture you as one of those guys who wear black socks and sandals on the beach.

LA RUE: What's wrong with that? They're very comfortable, and the black really doesn't pick up the heat. I don't know about yours, but my ankles are sensitive.

PLAYBOY: Have muscle men ever kicked sand in your face?

LA RUE: No. Someone once threw a harpoon at me, which really pissed me off. I couldn't find him, either. I believe it was some Korean terrorist. The last thing I remember was, "Thar she blows!"

PLAYBOY: Do you have a summertime seduction technique?

LA RUE: Again, it's the money. If you get the number-one deck chair around the pool, women are going to walk past you. You're going to have the money around. They're going to see it. They're going to want to be there. Just radiate. That's the key. Exude. Show them wealth.

PLAYBOY: Do you have an exercise regimen?

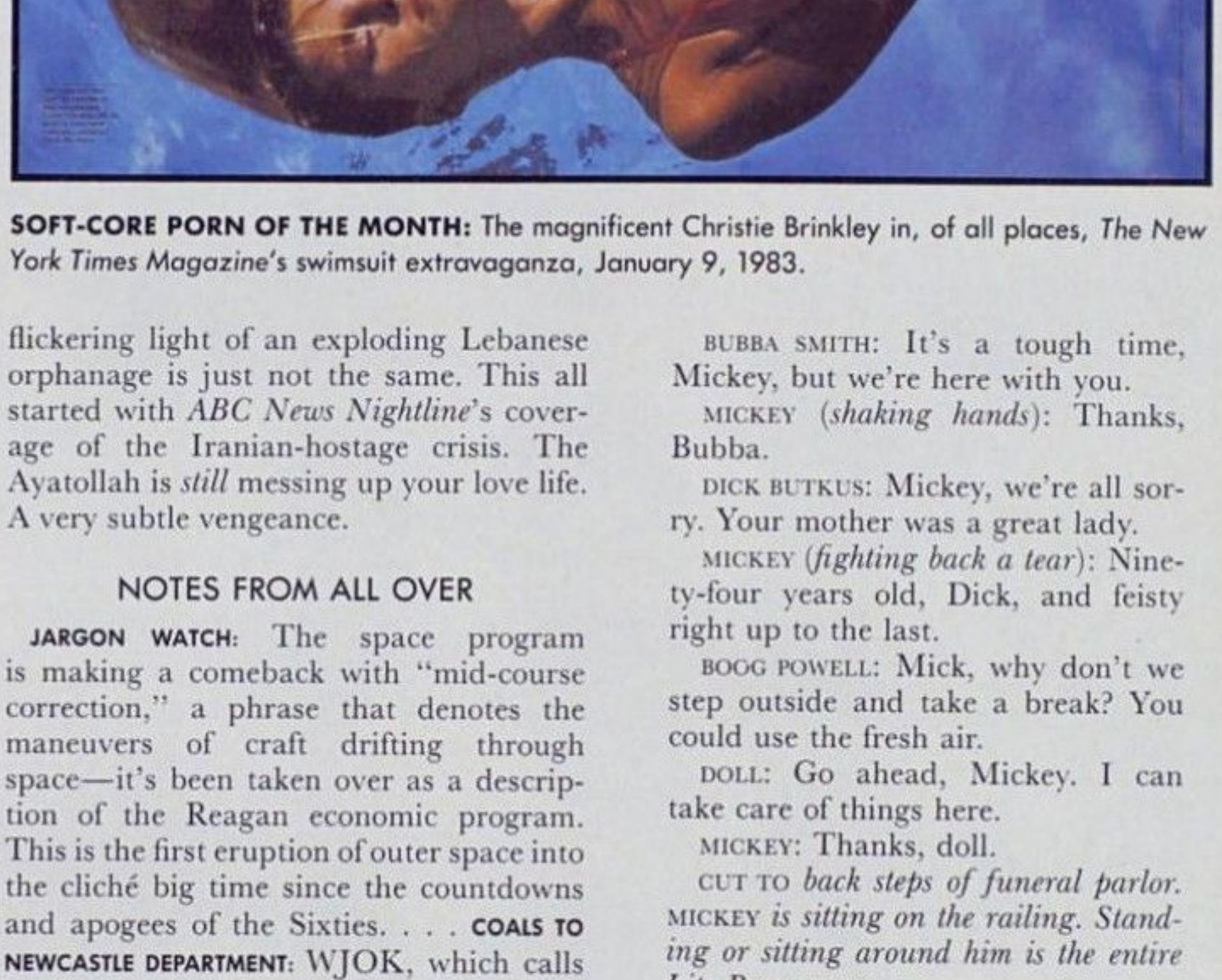
LA RUE: Just my daily chores are exercise enough for me. The rituals of waking up, getting dressed, taking my clothes off and showering. I do those little extra things, those little extra moves. My TV exercise show will be back again, by popular demand. We've been getting a lot of mail on that. Simple things around the house: opening the refrigerator door, reaching *way* in. If you're an executive, you don't have time for exercising. I'm in the kitchen a lot. A lot of my business is done there. I'll reach way into the back and grab something. That's stretching. That's using the muscles in your arms, your back. Bending down—that's good for you. I like to drink out of a heavier glass than normal. I've worked my way up to a five-pound glass. You lift that a number of times in the course of an evening and you've worked out your arm. You feel good. I don't sweat, so I'm looking good.

PLAYBOY: What is the La Rue philosophy?

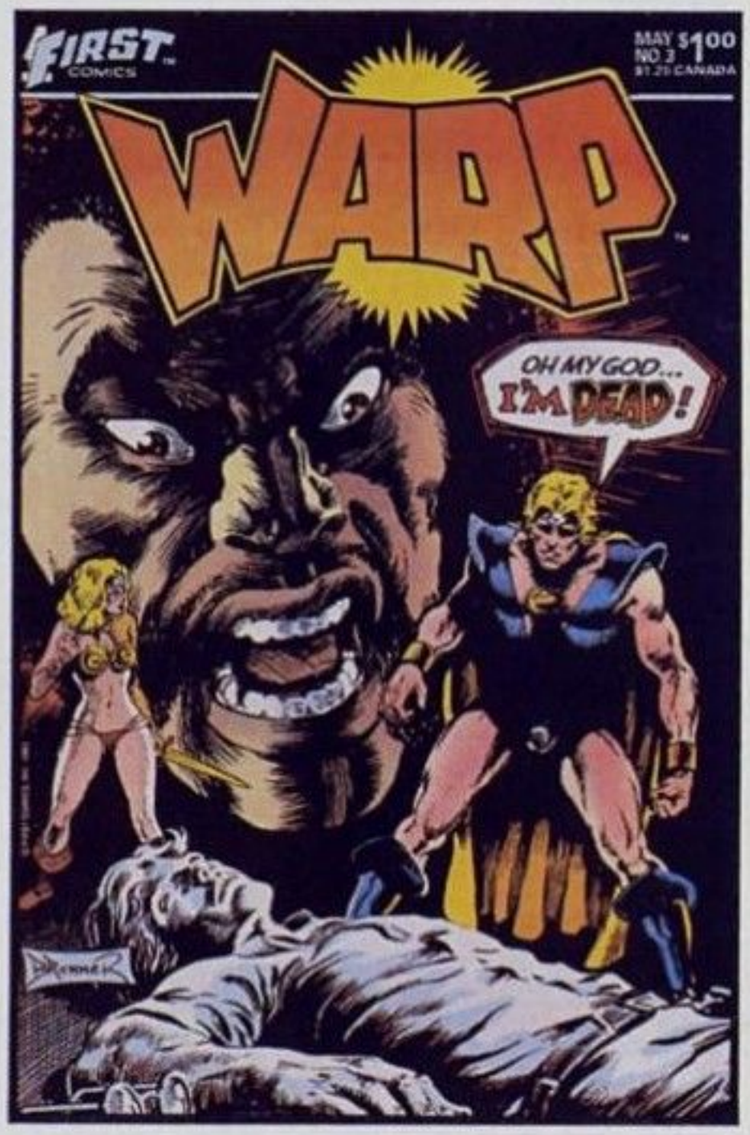
LA RUE: Stay happy, stay young, stay rich. If you can master all three of those, you're on top of the world. It's a simple philosophy, but I think I've set the way.

## HOLY ALTERNATES, BATMAN

So far, only comic-book freaks have been watching, but in the past year or so, a palace revolution has been taking place in the comics business: one involving artists and writers who have slipped away from the corporate bosoms of DC and Marvel to work with small new companies. The best-selling titles, such as *Warp*—in which a regular, everyday guy is abruptly warped to another universe, where he is superhero Lord Cumulus, whose battles with evil Chaos will affect the fate of the whole universe—are already selling about 100,000 a month, which isn't far below the figures on such stand-bys as *Batman*, *Wonder Woman* and even *Spider-Man*. The new companies call themselves the "alternate press," and their comics are an evolution from the undergrounds of the Sixties and Seventies. They're aimed at young adults, but with most of the raunch removed and with more than a dash of spiffy Eighties-style production—going for cover prices that start at a dollar. Among the best are *Warp*, *E-Man*, *Destroyer Duck*, *Starslayer*, *Ms. Mystic*, *Silver Star* and *Sabre*—all either superheroes or parodies of them. They're sold in specialty-comics or s-f shops—but you can, of course, subscribe.



**SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH:** The magnificent Christie Brinkley in, of all places, *The New York Times Magazine*'s swimsuit extravaganza, January 9, 1983.




## NO NEWS IS NO MORE

Remember when late night on the networks meant turning off the sound while you and your beloved imitated what Troy Donahue and Suzanne Pleshette were supposed to be doing when the station cut away to a commercial? Those days are gone. It's all news now: *Nightline* and *Overnight* and *Nightwatch* and, eventually, *The Last Word*. You can still turn off the sound, but somehow, making love in the flickering light of an exploding Lebanese orphanage is just not the same. This all started with *ABC News Nightline*'s coverage of the Iranian-hostage crisis. The Ayatollah is *still* messing up your love life. A very subtle vengeance.

## NOTES FROM ALL OVER

**JARGON WATCH:** The space program is making a comeback with "mid-course correction," a phrase that denotes the maneuvers of craft drifting through space—it's been taken over as a description of the Reagan economic program. This is the first eruption of outer space into the cliché big time since the countdowns and apogees of the Sixties. . . . **COALS TO NEWCASTLE DEPARTMENT:** WJOK, which calls itself the world's first all-comedy radio station, has just begun broadcasting—round the clock—from a suburb of Washington, D.C. . . . **TV PROMO THAT FAILED TO PROME US:** "Should 13-year-olds be allowed to vote? Tomorrow at nine on *Donahue*."

## BREW HOO

Since the Miller Lite Beer commercials are already the most humanly engaging programs on network TV, we figure it is only a matter of time before the company realizes that beer is as useful for muting sorrow as it is for enlivening times of joy. We live in daily expectation of having our next seventh-inning stretch filled with something like the following:

[MICKEY SPILLANE *stands in front of a rich floral display. The corner of a casket is just visible at the edge of the frame. The* DOLL *stands next to him. She is dabbing at her eyes with a hanky. The sound track carries soft organ music.*]

BUBBA SMITH: It's a tough time, Mickey, but we're here with you.

MICKEY (*shaking hands*): Thanks, Bubba.

DICK BUTKUS: Mickey, we're all sorry. Your mother was a great lady.

MICKEY (*fighting back a tear*): Ninety-four years old, Dick, and feisty right up to the last.

BOOG POWELL: Mick, why don't we step outside and take a break? You could use the fresh air.

DOLL: Go ahead, Mickey. I can take care of things here.

MICKEY: Thanks, doll.

CUT TO *back steps of funeral parlor.* MICKEY *is sitting on the railing. Standing or sitting around him is the entire Lite Beer gang.*

BILLY MARTIN: Mick, you need to relax. We brought some of your favorite beer.

DEACON JONES: Lite Beer from Miller. (*He twists off the bottle cap and the top three inches of the neck and hands the broken-off bottle to* MICKEY)

MICKEY: Gee, thanks, guys. It was Mom's favorite. It'll really taste great.

BOOG: And it's got a third less calories than their regular beer.

BEN DAVIDSON (*loudly*): Tastes gr—— (*He pauses and looks at the others as they stare him down*) Sorry, guys.

BOOG: The main thing is, at a time like this, you don't want to get filled up.

MICKEY: Right, Boog. (*Fighting back tears, he raises his bottle*) To Mom. (*The others solemnly raise their glasses*)

—DAVID STANDISH and JERRY SULLIVAN

KAHLÚA®

# Black Russian

# "mmmm"

A classic made easy: an ounce of Kahlúa, two ounces of vodka on the rocks. Mmmmarvelous — because only Kahlúa tastes like Kahlúa. You'll find a world of delicious Kahlúa ideas in our recipe book. Do send for it. Courtesy of Kahlúa, of course. Kahlúa, Dept. D, P.O. Box 8925, Universal City, CA 91608. Pssst: Kahlúa is beautiful to enjoy . . . beautiful to give. If you'd like extra recipe books to give with it, we'll be happy to oblige.

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# MOVIES

## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

AN AWESOME REAL-LIFE adventure, ***The Flight of the Eagle*** (Summit) is Swedish director Jan Troell's account of a mission impossible undertaken back in 1897 by three foolhardy Swedes. The trio, led by an engineer named S. A. Andrée, had intended to fly over the Arctic Ocean to the North Pole in a hydrogen balloon, but the expedition was doomed from the start; the men's remains were found 33 years later, along with a remarkably well-preserved collection of photographic plates recording the final days of their ordeal in a frozen white wasteland. Troell's screenplay is based on a semidocumentary novel by Per Olof Sundman, which presumes a lot about the nature of Andrée: He might have been more stubborn and eccentric than scientific, but his unflagging will lured two other men to disaster. With magnificent Max von Sydow as Andrée, Göran Stangertz and Sverre Anker Ousdal as his brave companions on the expedition, *Flight* was Sweden's worthy Oscar nominee as best foreign film. After the eye-filling excitement of the balloon ascent (the crash to earth comes tragically soon), the movie is harrowing but full of glacial beauty to offset the ever-present perils of hungry polar bears and frostbite. Troell's austere, poetic style also makes sensitive use of flashbacks as the men remember the lives and loves they will never know again. It adds up to a grim picture but a remarkable, moving essay on that streak of madness—or genius—that compels mankind to explore, to dare, to risk the unknown at any cost. ¥¥¥

•

His eighth movie in a string of black-belted box-office hits, karate champion Chuck Norris' ***Lone Wolf McQuade*** (Orion) has martial arts and mayhem sufficient to guarantee another smash. Cryptic and stony-faced as any Clint Eastwood–come-lately, Norris plays a heroic Texas Ranger whose archenemy is David Carradine, no slouch himself when it comes to settling scores by judo or what have you. As the beautiful woman caught between the ranger and the weapons smugglers, Barbara Carrera once again acquits herself handsomely, playing a damsel in distress with starch to match her sex appeal. *Lone Wolf* delivers just what it promises: one damned thing after another in an action drama of the old school. ¥¥

•

Certainly the most ambitious and sumptuous comedy the Pythons have ever made, ***Monty Python's The Meaning of Life*** (Universal) also tops any of the group's previous efforts for being lewdly, doggedly English as well as screamingly funny. Who could ask for anything more? Well, one *might* ask for a mite more here and there—



Eagles Stangertz, Von Sydow, Ousdal.

Highflying Swedes,
a karate-chop ranger
and Monty Python madness.



Carrera tames Lone Wolf Norris.

when a sequence is stretched thin—or a mite less, perhaps, when the lads wield their slapsticks like electric cattle prods. Not to worry. The mischief begins with a sort of curtain raiser, a separate short titled *The Crimson Permanent Assurance*, Terry Gilliam's extravagant conceit about a gang of aged little clerks who transform their firm into a pirate ship and set sail on "the wide accountant sea" to plunder the world's financial capitals. *Meaning of Life* then gets under way (for other entirely confusing examples, see *Roving Eye*, page 264) with a salute to birth, and I'll be very surprised if a sprawling, *Oliver!*-like musical number called *Every Sperm Is Sacred* doesn't provoke the wrath of both Catholic and Protestant clergy. That, along with a John Cleese tour de force about sex education (he's a professor balling his wife in front of a class of bored schoolboys who prefer their Latin studies), is a hoot, though I also recommend a running (rather, swimming) gag in which all the Pythons portray puzzled fish. Ultimately, the seven or more ages of man are covered with everything from nose-thumbing mockery to buckets of gore and even vomit. The Pythons intend to offend, so brace yourself. Buffs will need no urging to fight their way in, if necessary, to *Meaning of Life*. Others should proceed with caution, bearing in mind that there is no company of social satirists to match Monty Python for savagery, effrontery, freewheeling irreverence and throwaway wit. ¥¥¥½

•

In the movies, countless actresses trade on their looks while trying to ignite a tiny spark of talent. Australia's Judy Davis belongs to that other breed (Glenda Jackson, Bette Davis et al.) whose beauty is like underpainting, visible only as the inner fire begins to crackle. Judy projects plenty of crackle and considerable snap in ***Heatwave*** (New Line), playing a feisty young activist who leads the fight against real-estate developers' plans to replace an old neighborhood with a multimillion-dollar housing complex. Turns out she is also irresistibly attracted to the young, married, idealistic architect (Richard Moir) who designed the damnable project. Romance is only a fringe benefit of writer-director Phillip Noyce's apocalyptic suspense drama about spoilers and speculators down under, evidently just as ruthless as they are up here. Set in Sydney during a blisteringly hot Christmas season, *Heatwave* has intrigue, murders and a plot so convoluted that I occasionally lost a thread or two. Noyce, whose 1978 *Newsfront* was a breakthrough Australian movie, is a striking talent, fond of go-for-broke camerawork and a kind of bravura style that's fun to watch even when he overdoes it. He may be muddled, but he's seldom dull, and I call that a virtue. ¥¥½

•

Credit George Lucas as executive producer of ***Twice upon a Time*** (Ladd/Warner), a fanciful animated comedy for grownups directed by John Korty and Charles Swenson. The characters caught up in the generally sly silliness include Rod Rescueman, Ralph The All-Purpose Animal, a Video Gorilla, an irascible Fairy God-Mother and a dippy heroine named Flora Fauna, who gets mauled a lot (while Rod protests that no one else is allowed to touch her *there*). Although better than bland, *Twice upon a Time* lacks the outrageous flares of genius that make Ralph Bakshi's X-rated cartoon features loom above everything else in the field even when he takes himself too seriously. Here's a lightweight contender to challenge Bakshi with wackiness, naughty wit and tongue-in-cheek sophistication. Even for a

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# Driving takes on a new

The Scirocco was not built for this country. It was made to be driven in Germany.

And it is for this precise reason that you should be interested in it.

Consider the following: There is no speed limit on Germany's autobahns.

Think about that for a moment.

Think about the level of engineering required to make a sports car that can respond precisely under such driving conditions.

Now consider the fact that most other sports cars on the market today are created to perform in, shall we say, a less demanding world?

It is this difference of standards that makes the Scirocco superior.

Any test drive will prove it.

When you get into a Scirocco, the first thing you notice is getting in. The seat is set low to the ground.

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What that means is that the suspension, braking, and steering systems communicate with you directly. And they react predictably to your commands. As you accelerate down straightaways and track through turns, you feel that you are an integral part of the car.

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What's more, the Scirocco has maximal glass space, making it easier to see everything around you.

But that shouldn't come as a surprise. Like we said at the beginning, the Scirocco gives you a new viewpoint on driving. Seatbelts save lives.

**Nothing else is a Volkswagen**

moviegoer as cool toward animation films as I am, some of it really works. ¥¥

•

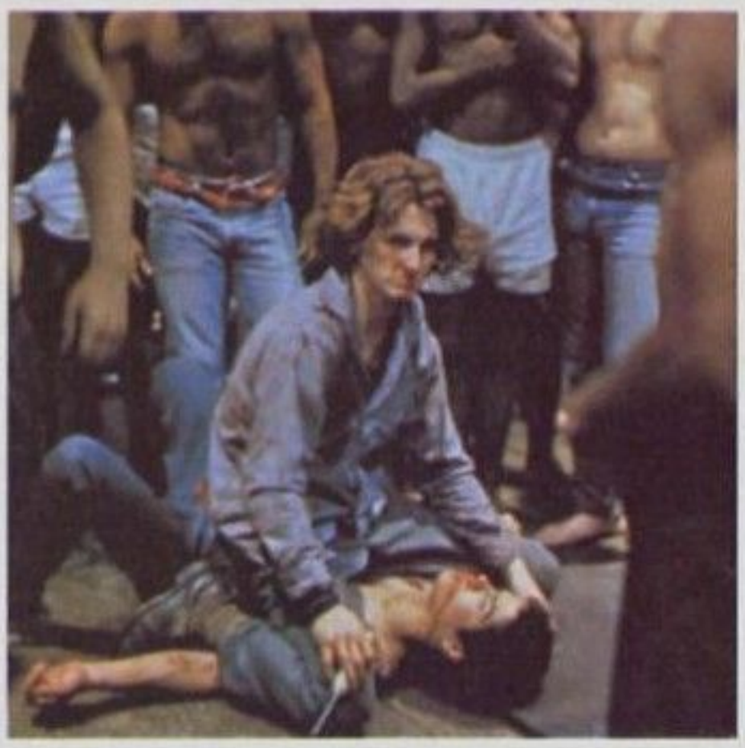
To label a movie a documentary is considered the kiss of death commercially. My simple solution to that is to sing the praises of ***Say Amen, Somebody*** (UA Classics) by calling it the best blessed musical of 1983. So far, anyway. Producer-director George T. Nierenberg has no revolutionary filmmaking techniques to astonish us, but this cinematic hymn to black Gospel singers certainly shows that his heart's in the right place. The heart and soul of his movie is Willie Mae Ford Smith, "Mother" Smith to millions of disciples who know her as the grandma of Gospel music. She was new to me, but that lack is gloriously rectified by *Say Amen, Somebody*, which follows Willie Mae from past to present, from the bosom of her family to the public limelight, where she creates miracles in the company of such Gospel superstars as Thomas A. Dorsey, the Barrett Sisters, the O'Neal Twins and gorgeous Zella Jackson Price. They dispense that old-time religion as an outpouring of love, music and roof-raising rhythm that makes you want to clap hands and hug a total stranger. Some amusing glimpses into the private worlds of the performers provide a nice balance to the musical segments, which are brimful of pure soul. On the current movie scene, except for the upbeat *Tootsie* and *Gandhi*, there's no surer cure for the blues. ¥¥¥½

•

Filmed on location in Chicago with prisoners from nearby St. Charles juvenile correctional facility as part of its supporting cast, ***Bad Boys*** (Universal) is a headlong, hold-your-breath drama about the young and dangerous warriors behind bars. This sort of thing dates back to the classic Cagney movies and such urban-youth epics as *Blackboard Jungle*, but director Rick Rosenthal keeps *Bad Boys* thrumming with a fierce, contemporary energy all its own. Richard DiLello's screenplay shows the strain of contrivance at times, yet I'd bet on *Bad Boys* as a stairway to stardom for Sean Penn, an impressive young actor whose powerful performance should augment the teen-idol status he attained overnight in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*. Newcomer Esai Morales, as the second teenaged tough, more than holds his own, sharp as a switchblade in a movie that tempers its violence with compassion for a collection of "murderers, armed robbers, rapists and mental defectives," most of whom aren't quite old enough to buy a drink. ¥¥½

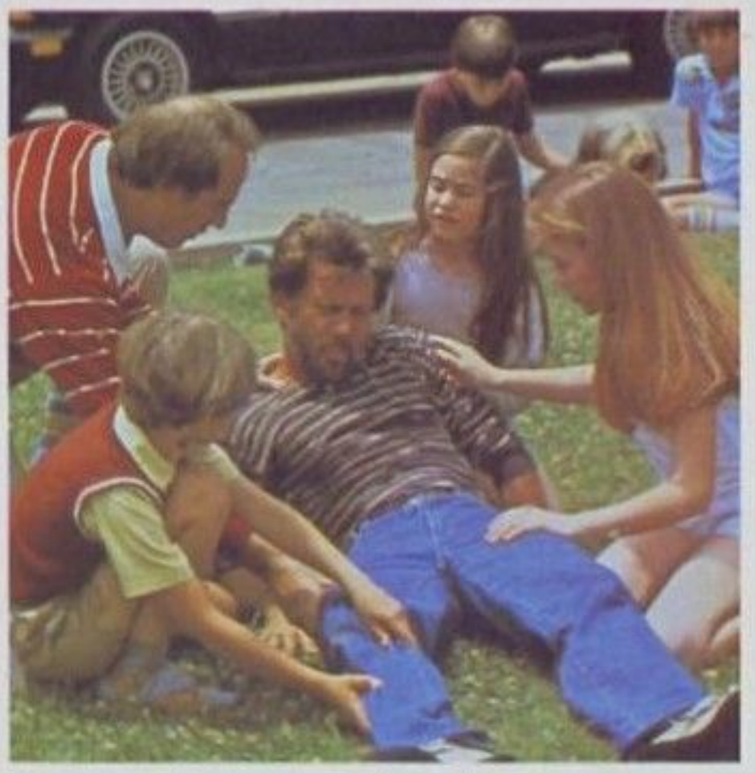
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Intelligent tearjerkers about family problems appear to be a trend, probably traceable to the success of *Ordinary People*. It helps to have your plain folk portrayed by extraordinary actors, though, and director Dick Richards fills the bill by casting Blythe Danner and Martin Sheen as the married pair with a problem in ***Man, Woman and Child*** (Paramount). Since their problem is taken from an Erich (*Love Story*) Segal novel (adapted for the screen by Segal and David Z. Goodman), there's no stinting on sentimental slosh. Sheen's a university English prof with a smart wife—a top book editor as well as a great mom to their two young daughters—and they're pretty nearly the perfect couple until his past catches up with him. Ten years earlier, on a lecture tour in France, he had had an affair with a beautiful doctor (played in a romantic flashback by France's Nathalie Nell, an actress so alluring and graceful, you can believe a man might deceive Danner on her account), who subsequently bore his child but didn't tell him. A son, *naturellement*. The son he never had. Which makes things pretty complicated, particularly when the boy's mother is killed and it's agreed that he may come to California for a visit. But just a visit. Many lumps in the throat later, Daddy seems to have paid the wages of sin, plus interest. And because Richards handles his capable cast with sensitivity, he nudges everyone along to the four-handkerchief finale without undue foolishness. It's a good cry in class-A company for those who don't mind movies the consistency of warm custard. ¥¥½



Penn, Morales as teen toughs.

*Bad Boys* a boost
for Penn, Morales;
Sheen, Danner survive slosh.



Sheen and company in Segal soaper.

•

Remember *Golden Boy?* In 1939, the movie version of Clifford Odets' play about a gifted violinist who decides to make a fast buck as a prize fighter made a star of William Holden. ***Tough Enough*** (Fox) has Dennis Quaid singing some of his own songs as a country-and-western performer who puts aside his guitar to enter a Tough Man contest in Dallas. About halfway through, *Tough Enough* dumps the golden boyishness and goes for a straightforward rip-off of *Rocky*. Even the theme music swells in a similar way as Quaid decides to train hard and try in earnest for the Tough Man championship fight. The late Warren Oates, cast as the tricky promoter in charge, appears feisty and bristling with grit, as always. In fact, everyone does a pretty fair job in a movie that feels as if it's been borrowed in bits and pieces from a grab bag of bigger, far-better-established hits. ¥¥

•

Jason Robards, in the title role of ***Max Dugan Returns*** (Fox), turns up in L.A. as a kind of fairy godfather to his grandson and the daughter he has not seen for 28 years. He's been in jail and in Vegas and is carrying a briefcase bulging with $675,000 in cash, with which he performs daily miracles: When there's nothing left to buy, he hires Chicago White Sox coach Charley Lau to shape up his grandson's batting average on the school baseball team. Marsha Mason plays Jason's daughter, the English teacher, with Matthew Broderick as her son and Donald Sutherland as an L.A. detective who comes a-wooing and a-snooping. All this was written by Neil Simon and directed by Herbert (*The Turning Point*) Ross, and one of those gentlemen should have told Mason that she does not look better as a blonde. Nor does *Max Dugan* do much for her in general. Nowadays, seems to me, Simon seldom lets any real human feeling interfere with the flow of quips. ¥¥

•

The choicest of recent French imports is writer-director Alain Corneau's ***Choice of Arms*** (Summit). Yves Montand, Catherine Deneuve and burly Gerard Depardieu share superstar billing in a rather cerebral thriller about an escaped gunman (Depardieu) who turns up with a mortally wounded pal at the estate of a country gentleman with a mysterious past. Totally in command of the screen, as always, Montand is terrific as the tweedy squire who had been active in the wartime French Resistance, then turned to gangsterism so he could afford to retire in style. Deneuve and Depardieu manage their own compelling moments of truth, despite gaping holes in Corneau's screenplay. ¥¥¥

# MOVIE SCORE CARD

*capsule close-ups of current films*
*by bruce williamson*

***Bad Boys*** (Reviewed this month) Hard jailhouse rock—with Sean Penn. ¥¥½

***Blue Thunder*** Roy Scheider and excitement in a chopper over L.A. ¥¥¥

***Choice of Arms*** (Reviewed this month) Murder à la Montand. *Formidable.* ¥¥¥

***Exposed*** Nastassia Kinski can do *nada* for Nureyev in James Toback's melodrama about terrorists. ¥¥½

***The Flight of the Eagle*** (Reviewed this month) Ice-cold high adventure. ¥¥¥

***Frances*** Jessica Lange as that poor little movie star. ¥¥½

***Gandhi*** Splendid screen bio, played to perfection by Ben Kingsley. ¥¥¥¥

***Heatwave*** (Reviewed this month) Aussie Judy Davis warms it up. ¥¥½

***High Road to China*** TV's Tom Selleck in a bid for big-screen stardom. ¥¥½

***The King of Comedy*** *Under*played by Jerry Lewis, of all people. ¥¥

***Local Hero*** A bonny brouhaha about buying a village in Scotland. ¥¥¥

***Lone Wolf McQuade*** (Reviewed this month) Texas Ranger Chuck Norris. ¥¥

***Lovesick*** Shrink Dudley Moore woos winsome Elizabeth McGovern. ¥¥½

***The Man from Snowy River*** Aussie Western, with Kirk Douglas hamming amid the grand scenery. ¥¥½

***Man, Woman and Child*** (Reviewed this month) Classy soap: Sheen, Danner and his bastard son. ¥¥½

***Max Dugan Returns*** (Reviewed this month) Neil Simon on a slow track. ¥¥

***Monty Python's The Meaning of Life*** (Reviewed this month) Blue Brits. ¥¥¥½

***The Pirates of Penzance*** Too late for review but worth catching. Gilbert and Sullivan musical from Broadway, with Angela Lansbury, Kevin Kline, Linda Ronstadt and surprise Rex Smith. ¥¥¥

***Say Amen, Somebody*** (Reviewed this month) Melodic Gospel truth. ¥¥¥½

***Sophie's Choice*** Is there anyone who *hasn't* heard about Meryl Streep's performance in the title role? ¥¥¥½

***Table for Five*** A tearjerker, sure, but unfairly slammed—and Jon Voight is fine as estranged father. ¥¥¥½

***Tender Mercies*** More family trauma, about a country singer on the road back from booze. With Robert Duvall. ¥¥¥

***Tootsie*** Dustin in drag, doing himself proud in Pollack's comedy. ¥¥¥¥

***Tough Enough*** (Reviewed this month) Rocky meets Golden Boy. ¥¥

***Twice upon a Time*** (Reviewed this month) Animation for adults. ¥¥

***Wasn't That a Time*** A-1 documentary about The Weavers, singing group of the Fifties, and how they grew. ¥¥¥

***Without a Trace*** Drama of a kidnaped child is almost *too* tasteful and low-key—but see it for Kate Nelligan. ¥¥¥

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




If you're a friend of Jack Daniel's, drop us a line. We'd like to get to know you.

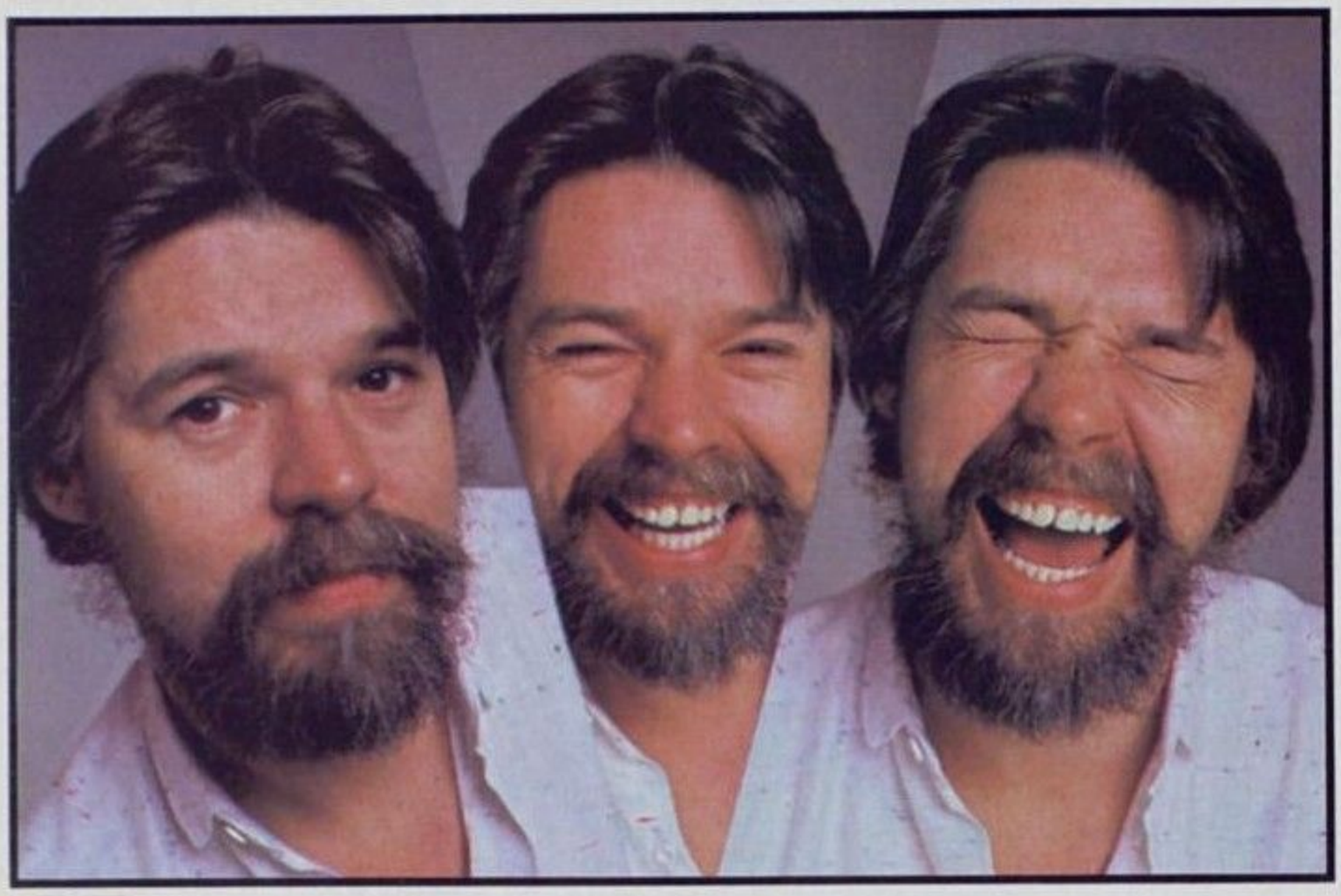
WE'RE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE that some things in America are still moving slow.

It takes a whole lot of just sitting for a batch of Jack Daniel's to gain rightful age. And, since there's no way to speed this process along, our employees get good at just sitting too. You may feel most things in America move too quickly today. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, you'll be pleased some things (and some people) still take it slow.




CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
*Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.*



**GOING THE DISTANCE:** Welcome to half time. When the P.A. system at the Pontiac Silverdome arena roars the familiar shock intro to *Rock and Roll Never Forgets*, pompons flutter and the Detroit Pistons cheerleaders rise to their perky toes, poised to start rah-rah-rocking. But Pistons regulars don't even care. They're ogling the seats for which **Bob Seger,** leader of the Silver Bullet Band, rock-'n'-roll legend and composer of tonight's pompon theme, holds season tickets. Soon, the rest of the audience, well oiled by giant Stroh's suds busters, is checking out Seger, too, at the expense of the pep girls pumping pompons at the bottom of the stands.

Seger slaps a grin on his face—"ear to ear," a cheerleader says later (for a dramatization, see pictures above). Seger thinks it's hilarious when they perform to his songs. And in the sense that he has been the coolest greaser in the state of Michigan since the late Sixties, it *is* hilarious. Now he's an extremely wealthy greaser who, with his manager, owns a working farm. And jogs.

Seger the full-court populist hero is a marvel. He has an amazing capacity for turning an audience on, even when it's not his own. But he's also a private man with a creeping case of offstage fright. On tour, he coaxes his colleagues not to wear Silver Bullet Band jackets to avoid being noticed in airports. He used to keep his hair long on tour just so he could cut it down to anonymous pud-boy length afterward. He talks energetically of stealing away summers on solitary and anonymous motorcycle trips. And he won't do product endorsements. "I don't want to be that well known," he says. You begin to take the title of his new album, *The Distance*, to heart, as in "Keep yours."

It is common, after all, for the accomplished to celebrate their accomplishments. Rick Springfield did an album called *Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet*. Barry Manilow gushed, "I write the songs that make the whole world sing," and The Rolling Stones appeared to be cataloging their own celebrity-tested preferences on *Some Girls*. But what does superstar Seger do? He writes *Comin' Home*, a perfect little story/song about falling on your face in the real world and coming home to lick your wounds. That's about as far away from his own biography as he can wander, but it's a typical Seger move. The bigger he gets, the less likely he is to squander his considerable writing talent on what he refers to as "moneyed angst." The distance he's talking about is going the distance.

In the suburban-Detroit home of a music-business confederate, Seger was claiming that despite his multiple platinum records, he continues to be a product of his own environment. Padding quietly around in Hush Puppies, boiling water for coffee, he talked about his life at home in rural Michigan and its link to his work: "See, I'm pretty much a recluse here." He grinned ear to ear, just as the cheerleader had said. "The only people I see are the office people, my band and people I've known for years.

"A lot of my friends are out of work. Everything is tied to the auto industry here. My lady Jan's older brother is a crackerjack mechanic, and he couldn't get a job for months. This guy's used to making $19 an hour. Everybody's out of work, everybody." At this point, Seger was sounding as impassioned as most music-industry types do when they talk about the horrors of home taping and video games.

"They're hard people, but these are the hardest times they've ever had to bear. Their fuses are getting short. I hope the auto companies come up with some cool ideas and some cool cars." He first raised that point in another new composition, *Makin' Thunderbirds*, his homage to the 1955 T-bird: "It's a song about how the auto industry was once proud and strong."

The song *Boomtown Blues* deals with the unemployed moving from North to South. "It's a big phenomenon around here," he said, "people buying the *Houston Chronicle* and the Dallas papers, looking for work. Then they go there and slowly they begin to miss Detroit and the change of the seasons."

It is not hard to imagine why a Detroit basketball crowd finds this guy appealing. Or, for that matter, anyone who reads the papers or has ever been fired, lonely, angry or talked down to. Knowing Seger's work is like knowing a real solid, no-bullshit friend. Maybe that's why when some kid four rows down at the Pistons game starts singing a Seger hit, *Tryin' to Live My Life Without You*, at the top of his lungs, Seger calmly waves at him and says, "Hey, shut up; watch the game." —KATE NOLAN

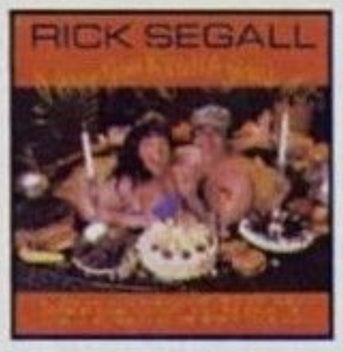
## REVIEWS

The Dazz Band is probably the juiciest concoction to come out of Ohio since Wendy's hamburgers. You remember last

## TRUST US



*The selections in the Hot column have each captured our attention and kept it. The Nots couldn't hook us. We love Larry Elgart, but we wish he'd do something about that short attention span he's had lately.*




### HOT

1. **Alabama / *The Closer You Get***
2. **Greg Kihn Band / *Kihnspiracy***
3. ***Cats*** (the original Broadway cast album)
4. **Earth, Wind & Fire / *Powerlight***
5. **Lalo Schifrin / *Ins and Outs***

### NOT

1. **Rick Segall / *I Love You Because You're Fat***
2. **Larry Elgart / *Hooked on Swing 2***
3. **Thompson Twins / *Side Kicks***
4. **Paul Barrère / *On My Own Two Feet***
5. ***The Jim Reeves Medley***

year's hit *Let It Whip*? The whipsters are now back with ***On the One*** (Motown). Side one repeats the kinky-synth sound of their earlier hit, while side two showcases the appreciable vocal talents of Pierre DeMudd and Skip Martin. This is a fine example of that new R&B sound that seems to have been invented simultaneously by Dazz and Ray Parker, Jr., and we're hooked on it.

•

We were trying to fill out the Not listing in our Trust Us section when we picked up an album with a twerpy cover showing a guy in a tux who looked more like a waiter than a main attraction. It was Billy Field's ***Bad Habits*** (Elektra), and it turned out to be a treat. Despite this Aussie's passing resemblance to Mr. Peabody's pet boy Sherman, he sometimes sings like Louis Armstrong and at other times comes off as an Elton John–type balladeer. He's sophisticated and a whole lot of fun.

•

The Cambridge Buskers are a couple of guys who ought to be well known and, in fact, will probably become notorious, as were their antecedents Robin Hood and Billy the Kid, who also took from the rich. Now, hot on the trail of their previous releases, *Not Live from New York* and *A Little Street Music*, comes ***Soap Opera*** (Deutsche Grammophon Digital), a collection of famous operatic tunes. So far so good? The trick here is that these two British goof balls perform each piece on accordion and various flutes, recorders and piccolos in the finest street-busker tradition. The liner notes alone are a jam, but the music is really quite inspired; street-wise, you might say.

•

Any time Eric Clapton and Ry Cooder show up on the same album, you figure it's as close to guitar heaven as it ever gets. But something went amiss on the way to making Clapton's latest, ***Money and Cigarettes*** (Warner). It just turned out *good*, not incredible. Part of the problem is that Clapton's own tunes here don't have the horsepower that drove such numbers as *Layla. I've Got a Rock n' Roll Heart* and *Crosscut Saw*—two songs he did not write—are the album's strongest. True believers will still want to study this disc; the rest of us may want to resort to nostalgia.

•

It might have been a coincidence, but when we put ***Storm*** (Capitol) into our cassette deck, the tape door jammed, the heads spun frenetically and the system, in short, refused to behave. After our resident repairman left, we listened to this L.A. bar band's second attempt to pare its heavy-metal sound down to studio size. And it's almost a success—thanks to vocalist Jeanette Chase. This is Joan Jett's raunch and Laura Nyro's range, with a dash of the squeaky-clean enthusiasm of a Coke-jingle singer. *Settle Down* is Chase's showpiece, and she moves faster than a thunderhead loose across a Midwestern horizon. If you close your eyes and listen, you'll bet anything she's up on tiptoe when she sings.

•

***Yesterday / A Recollection of the Beatles*** (RCA), by Elena Duran, Stephane Grappelli and the Laurie Holloway Trio, took about one cut to get used to; after that, it seemed like a very smart idea. Duran's flute and Grappelli's fiddle swing through everything from *Hey Jude* to *A Hard Day's Night*. You can even dance to it. We did.

•

We've kept an eye on the careers of two zaftig lady singers formerly called Two Tons O' Fun. Recently, they've been renamed The Weather Girls, and Izora Armstead and Martha Wash now have a hit on the disco charts, *It's Raining Men*. If you want to know which way the wind blows, you'll find that single on a bouncy anthology called ***Paul Jabara and Friends Featuring The Weather Girls, Leata Galloway and Whitney Houston*** (Columbia).

•

Just what football widows need: ***The Day That Football Died*** (Rainbow Collection), a spoof of *American Pie* bemoaning last year's N.F.L. players' strike. That concept, and the fact that Don McLean himself OK'd it, are the only good news of *The Day*. The bad news is that the music and vocals make Weird Al Yankovic sound good. And the lyrics ("From Simpson, Czonka [*sic*], Brown and Starr/To Tarkenton who threw 'em far/And it's a fact, I guess/That Blanda did it best") make Phyllis George seem knowledgeable. John Madden, where are you when we need you?

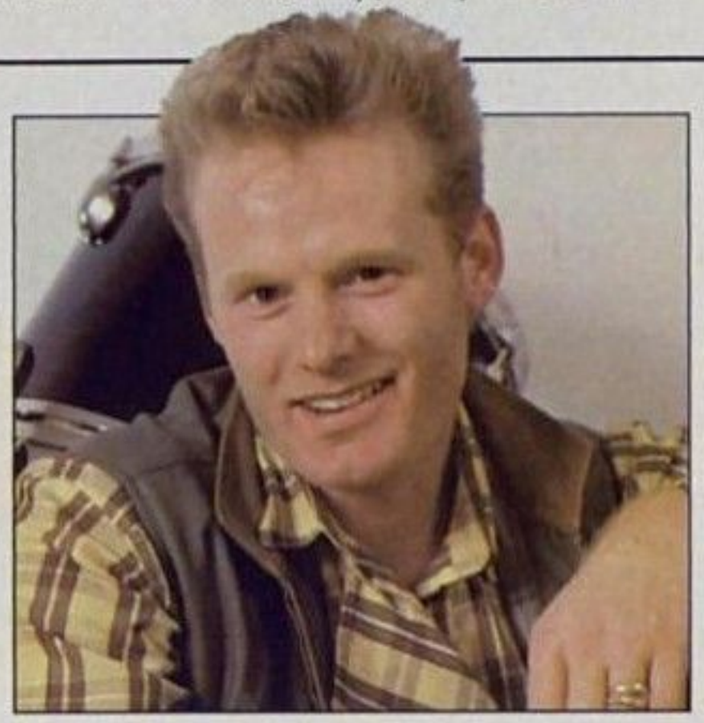
•

When Reba McEntire cut her first single in 1976, she was just a good ol' girl—singing at a rodeo in Oklahoma, they say. Her *I Don't Want to Be a One-Night Stand* was classic corn in the redneck-'kicker tradition, and her style hasn't changed much since. That's good. What's a little strange is to hear her clear, crisp voice still swaddled in over-orchestration and backup vocalists on ***Unlimited,*** her fifth album for Mercury—a label that has never known what to do with Reba, right down to the record cover.

•

We're still unaccustomed to thinking of former Velvet Undergrounder Lou Reed as a thoughtful, evocative, even romantic songwriter. And although we've always admired his walk-on-the-wild-side growl, we've never thought of him as much of a soul singer; but all that is changing. ***Legendary Hearts*** (RCA), his second album since returning to that label, continues the pace set by *The Blue Mask*, issued last year. Again he utilizes the considerable talents of guitarist Robert Quine and bassist Fernando Saunders, with the addition of Fred Maher on drums.

The music is once more in the minimalist vein that Reed more or less invented



**AN ENDURING BAND:** *The Pretenders' ubiquitous single "Back on the Chain Gang" has almost made us forget that their lead guitarist died, their bassist quit and their lead singer had a baby. That leaves drummer* ***Martin Chambers,*** *who brought us up to date in New York:*

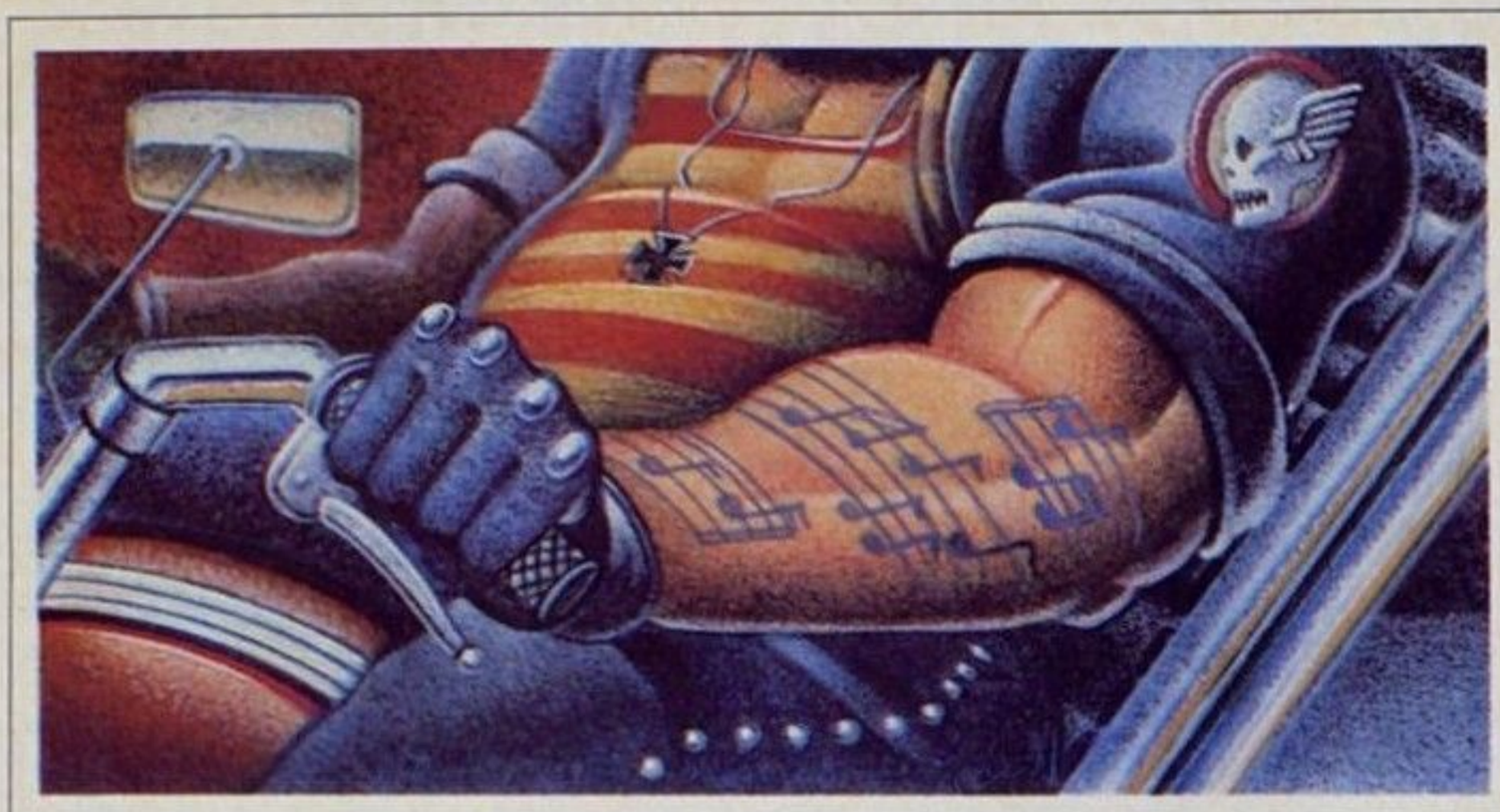
"I am happy to announce that Chrissie Hynde has had a baby girl with Ray Davies. When she told us she was pregnant, we all rolled on the floor laughing. First and foremost, we had always looked upon her as a member of the band—not as a mother. But we all have lives apart from the band.

"The shock of James Honeyman Scott's death is now in the past, but things are different. I miss him very much. It was cocaine that killed him—and he wasn't even into drugs that much. People should learn to take up fishing instead or, perhaps, take up tasting the different varieties of pears in the world. I suppose drugs have become a part of the business. That's why I try to make sleeping and eating a full-time occupation on tour.

"Chrissie and I thought finding a replacement for Jimmy would be a lengthy process, but thanks to Jimmy, it wasn't. He had recruited Robbie MacIntosh earlier, when we considered adding another guitar player. Malcolm Foster has replaced Chris Farndon on bass. We really like them both.

"Now Chris Thomas is producing the new album in England, which should be out in late summer or early fall. It's been a long time, so I came over here to keep in touch. You can't ignore the business. It's peculiar. You start as a musician and you wind up being an actor, a businessman and a publicist."

# FAST TRACKS



**VERY STRANGE BEDFELLOWS DEPARTMENT:** How's this for a heavy-duty line-up of composers? Jerry Garcia, Willie Nelson, Waylon Jennings, Bo Diddley and Johnny Paycheck. All five are going to contribute the music to an upcoming movie, *Hell's Angels Forever*, which is said to be an insider's look at the famous—or infamous—motorcycle gang with counter-cultural connections during the Sixties. With the exception of the very mellow Garcia, we figure this group was picked because even the Angels wouldn't want to argue with them.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** **Jimmy Buffett** has completed his screenplay for *Margaritaville* and is about ready to resume touring. . . . **Richard "Dimples" Fields** has been asked to write the score for an upcoming movie, *The Preachers*, and to act in it alongside **James Earl Jones, Louis Gossett, Jr., Jayne Kennedy** and **Denise Nicholas.** . . . **Laura Branigan** is recording the theme from *Octopussy*, one of the James Bond movies due out this summer. . . . A deal for world distribution of *The Hawk*, a musical documentary about **Ronnie Hawkins,** is in the works. He's the man who brought together the guys who eventually became **The Band.** . . . **Cher** has been invited to play a vampire in a film of **Gore Vidal's** novel *Search for the King*. The screenplay is being written by *Rocky Horror Show* author **Richard O'Brien.** . . . There is a movie in the planning stages that will center on soul singer **Millie Jackson.** Her controversial material has been banned in the past by some radio stations. One of her songs for the movie may have a similar effect. It's called *Thou Cannot Go Funkin' with the Lord*.

**NEWSBREAKS:** Look for a **Pretenders** American tour to begin in September. . . . High-fashion photographer **Scavullo** will be shooting the cover of the upcoming **Aretha Franklin** album. . . . **Lionel Richie, Jr.,** has now set July for his solo tour. . . . **Styx** plans an extensive concert tour this summer. . . . **Police** drummer **Stewart Copeland** and his two brothers, **Miles** and **Ian,** have formed a film-production company with **Derek Power,** who worked on **Sting's** movie *Brimstone & Treacle*. The first project is a TV-series pilot called *Rebellious Jukebox*, featuring, among others, **Eric Burdon,** playing a surly night-club owner. Future projects include a special on The Police. . . . **Hall & Oates** will be doing a series of outdoor shows this summer, which means the first chance they'll have to go back into the studio will be in the fall. . . . Ex-**Turtles Flo** and **Eddie** are working on a couple of movies, cartoons, toys, video games, a board game and a possible TV series but aren't touring. . . . **Rick Wakeman** has formed his own record company. . . . **Bette Midler's** new tome, *The Saga of Baby Divine*, is being published this fall. . . . **Arnold Schwarzenegger** makes an appearance on the **Randy Newman** video of *I Love L.A.*, from Newman's *Trouble in Paradise* album. . . . **Booker T.** joined **Carlos Santana** in the studio to help out on Carlos' next solo album. . . . The **Vanilla Fudge** reunion album will reportedly feature the **University of Southern California Marching Band** on one cut. That band's first rock recording was **Fleetwood Mac's** *Tusk*. . . . In the we-think-we've-heard-some-of-this-before category, a new book by **Stephen Gaines** and **Peter Brown,** *The Love You Make*, blames **Yoko** for turning **John** on to heroin, which in turn made the other **Beatles** disinclined to go on together. Enough already. . . . **Neil Young's** dad is doing a biography of Neil. . . . **Mick Ronson** is producing a new **Payola$** album for summer release.

**RANDOM RUMORS:** We've got only one this month, but we love it: **Lee Ving,** leader of the L.A. punk group **Fear,** has, we hear, debated a woman named **Serina Dank,** head of the National Parents of Punkers Organization, on ABC's L.A. show *People Seven*. A not-to-be-missed event.

—BARBARA NELLIS

before he became known as the Godfather of New Wave and bought a suit. But there's a sly seductiveness in Lou's voice and in his lyrics that makes us think he'd like to play the Apollo.

## SHORT CUTS

**Johnnie Taylor / *Super Hits*** (Stax): All of Johnnie Taylor's politically incorrect superhot ones, including *Who's Making Love* (to your old lady while you're out making love?) and *Cheaper to Keep Her*.

**Richard Barone and James Mastro / *Nuts and Bolts*** (Passport Records): As the cover proclaims, this is half of the Bongos, Hoboken's top band. In this case, half makes a whole.

**Crash Street Kids / *Little Girls*** (Fat City): A smart Minneapolis band with reverence for early Beatles, The Who and The Yardbirds. But where did they get their accents?

***The Yardbirds*** (Epic): A timely re-release of a first LP. A must for every rock historian and also for the Crash Street Kids.

**Smokey Robinson / *Touch the Sky*** (Tamla): A new one from the man who has given more useful love advice than Drs. Joyce Brothers, Ruth Westheimer and Leo Buscaglia combined. This time, Smokey intones, *Gimme What You Want*.

**Ransom Wilson, Flute / *Steve Reich: Vermont Counterpoint; Philip Glass: Façades; Frank Becker: Stonehenge*** (EMI/Angel Digital): Flute's crown prince goes minimalist, comes back with a hypnotic selection and performance. Modern music for even the squeamish.

**U2's / *War*** (Island): The boat is no longer droning and depressing—it's rocking, rosy and poignant.

**Sex Execs** (Rounder): They're billed as "the hardest men in showbiz," and the Sex Execs' debut EP is tight, nervous dance music. They encourage listeners to have a drink in hand. Be prepared to spill some of it.

**Journey / *Frontiers*** (Columbia): The kings of elevator rock rise again with ten new songs, each so predictable, you can sing along the first time you hear it. A great present for a 13th birthday.

***Cintron*** (In Rock): An EP with a mission: to bring back the glory days of Deep Purple, Black Sabbath, Grand Funk. These guys are serious. And loud.

**The Jimmy Johnson Band / *North/South*** (Delmark): Blues of many colors, served up hot. Nice production job, too.

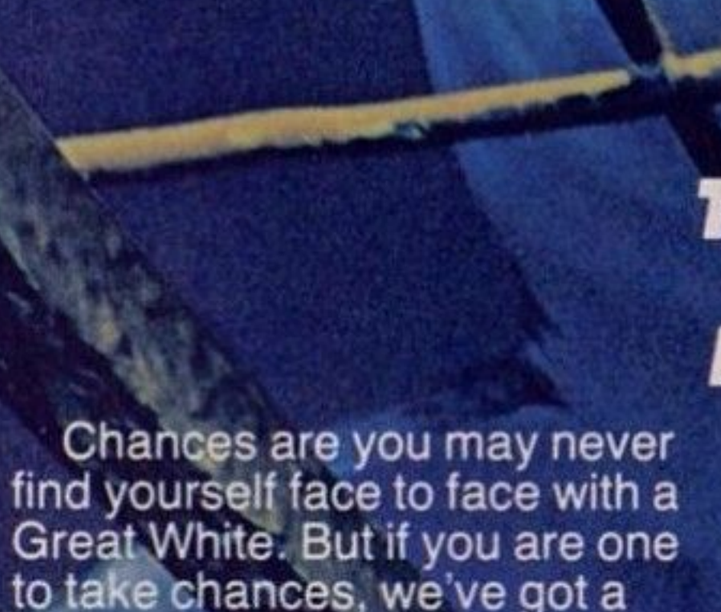
**Divine / *Jungle Jezebel*** ("O" Records) and ***The Egg Lady: Edith Massey*** (Egg Records): John Waters' two creations need to stick to low-rent moviemaking and leave low-rent music making to others.

**Peter Allen / *Not the Boy Next Door*** (Arista): This is smooth, professional and fun. We loved *Just Another Make-Out Song*.

**Kevin Rowland & Dexys Midnight Runners / *Too-Rye-Ay*** (Mercury): You've heard the hit title cut on the radio. The rest is equally embracing Irish rock.

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# BOOKS

How difficult would it be to spark internal instability in the U.S. so that the Government would be unable to concentrate on a coherent and powerful foreign policy? Not very, according to ***Monimbó*** (Simon & Schuster), the new novel by Robert Moss and Arnaud de Borchgrave. Who would be behind it? The Soviets, of course, but through their farm team, the Cubans. And, conveniently, the operation would be financed entirely through the profits from South American drug sales to the U.S. The plan would orchestrate race riots and press misinformation and would exploit the cross-purposes of police, FBI and CIA personnel. What's fascinating about *Monimbó* is its utter plausibility. De Borchgrave, former senior foreign correspondent for *Newsweek*, knows how to keep his story rubbing up against enough of the real world to persuade us to believe he is telling us something he can only cloak in fiction. *Monimbó* sounds as authentic as a confidential briefing but reads like the best seller it's bound to be.

•

Santiago Nasar is going to die. Two friends are going to kill him. But rest assured that Gabriel García Márquez' *novella* ***Chronicle of a Death Foretold*** (Knopf) is no murder mystery. Rather, it is an elegantly told tale composed of intricately meshed stories about one fateful morning in a village's history. Read this one. It's not for nothing that García Márquez is a Nobel Prize winner.

•

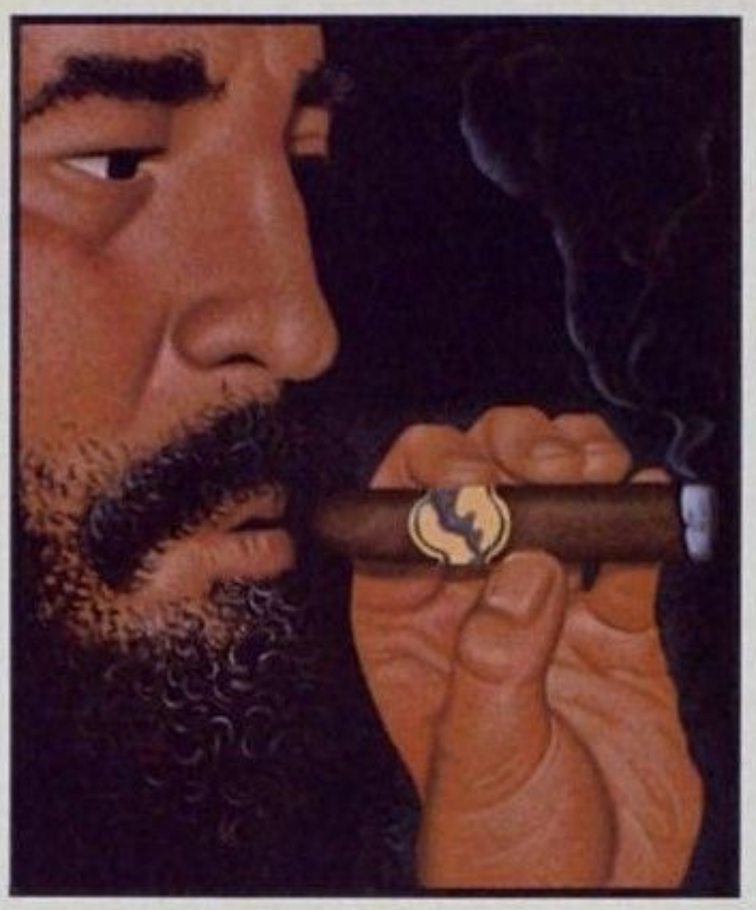
Walker Percy is a maddeningly thoughtful writer whose fiction provokes disturbing dreams. ***Lost in the Cosmos: The Last Self-Help Book*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is nonfiction—for the most part, a series of quizzes in which the reader is asked to vote on the causes of loneliness and strangeness, among other things. By self-help, Percy means help for the self. He asks questions that, regardless of your answers, will change you.

•

Stephen King has singlehandedly turned the horror novel back into a vital genre, and he still frightens better than his many imitators. Occasionally, he mocks their pretensions by bringing out a riveting but silly book. ***Christine*** (Viking) is one such. A gear-tingling haunted-car novel, it's both laughably implausible and shiveringly scary. *Christine* requires a suspension of disbelief on the order of the Golden Gate Bridge, but it's a hell of a good ride.

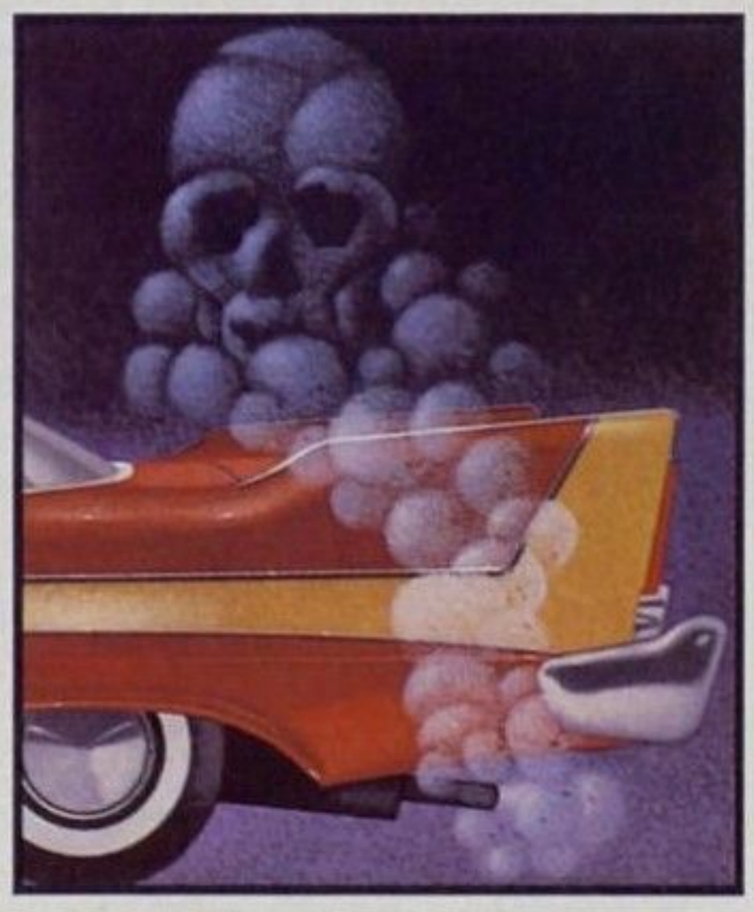
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At one point in Trevanian's novel ***The Summer of Katya*** (Crown), the young Basque doctor who narrates the story reminds his readers of the Freudian maxim that "the human psyche has enormous capacity for reshaping unacceptable reality into palatable fiction." If you don't believe that, you aren't going to like this book; and even if you do, your credulity will be hard-tested here. The setting is a French health resort on the eve of World War Two; the romantic doctor's infatuation for the lovely Katya draws him into the dark psychological backwash that she inhabits with her twin brother and their dotty father. The characters are all quite likable and the writing is good, but by the time the small mysteries of the tale are laid open, they are so ordinary that the author is finally forced to shoot nearly everyone. As Freud also said, "Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar."



Fictional chaos from Latin America.

New novels by García Márquez, Trevanian and Stephen King; nonfiction from Walker Percy.



Perhaps the first haunted-car novel.

•

How big was Zbig? If you read ***Power and Principle*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by former National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski, you'll think he was very big, indeed—and in word. His memoirs run about 570 pages. If you found Zbig hard to listen to on TV, get ready for more self-justification ("In the course of those years, I at no point wanted to become Secretary of State") and unintentional humor ("I have to confess that Carter's electoral defeat came as a surprise to me") from the guy who helped bring you the failed rescue mission in Iran. This gets our vote as the dullest memoir of the year. Say good night, Zbig.

•

Those who can, write detective novels; those who can't, grow up to be investigative journalists. The best detective novels give us a glimpse into the mysteries of modern life—all of them. Curiously, two of the best writers in the field, James Crumley and Stephen Greenleaf, have written novels about the same topic: inherited land. In ***Dancing Bear*** (Random House), Crumley's hero, Milo Milodragovitch III, has to dispense with a plot of Montana timberland inherited from his grandfather. In ***Fatal Obsession*** (Dial), Greenleaf's John Marshall Tanner tries to deal with the family farm near a small Midwest town. Most of us think of the detective as urban hero, but by shifting the location to rural America, Crumley and Greenleaf give the genre new life and richness. Environmentalists, it turns out, make great villains.

•

Richard Nixon wasn't the first President to have his quarrels with the press. Thomas Jefferson, in 1813, deplored "the putrid state into which our newspapers have passed and the malignity, the vulgarity and mendacious spirit of those who write for them. . . . These ordures are rapidly depraving the public taste." Had he lived to see the proliferation of the popular press later in that century and into our own, he might have had stronger words. ***The Life and Death of the Press Barons*** (Atheneum), by Piers Brendon, chronicles English and American newspapermen—James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley, William Randolph Hearst, Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook, Joseph Pulitzer, Colonel McCormick and others. It's fun to be reminded of the pettiness and vindictiveness that supported and brought the news of the day to the reading public. Not to mention the barons' peculiar beliefs and prejudices: Pulitzer, for example, thought

his *World* might influence beings on other planets and had a scheme to erect an advertising sign in New Jersey so large it could be read on Mars. Is *that* how E.T. picked Earth?

**BOOK BAG**

***Dr. Sheehan on Fitness*** (Simon & Schuster), by George Sheehan, M.D.: Sound, simple and clear as a bell. There's nothing revolutionary here, but the running guru's tome will be fine as a primer for folks who wonder what all those health nuts get out of wearing down their Nikes.

***Breakin' in to the Music Business*** (Cherry Lane), by Alan H. Siegel: For those who rock and read, here's an insider's look, chock-full of practical tips on getting out of the garage and into the studio.

***The Redemption of the Unwanted*** (St. Martin's/Marek), by Abram Sachar: A compelling history of what happened to the 400,000 European Jews who survived the holocaust, tracing their liberation from the concentration camps and their attempts to begin life again, culminating in the foundation of Israel. Sachar is a master historian and storyteller.

***The Biggest Game in Town*** (Houghton Mifflin), by A. Alvarez: We enter the world of high-stakes poker in Las Vegas with Alvarez as our guide. We meet the dreamers, the hustlers and the gamblers who compete in the world series of poker. And we see the winner make a bundle.

***Present History: On Nuclear War, Detente and Other Controversies*** (Random House), by Theodore Draper: This book addresses some of the most pressing issues of the day—from nuclear policy to the Vietnam legacy—with clear thinking and reason. We recommend it.

***Hearts and Dollars: How to Beat the High Cost of Falling in and Out of Love*** (Chicago Review Press), by Steven R. Lake: Here's a how-to book in tune with the times. Lake covers premarital agreements, no-fault divorce, living together, remarriage, the kids, your relationship with your lawyer—even a section on your will. That covers the waterfront.

***The Decline and Fall of the American Automobile Industry*** (Empire), by Brock Yates: The history of the General Motors "J" car, from its creation to its subsequent failure, leads off Yates's look at Detroit's errors. A depressing but interesting view of an American industry.

***Things to Come and Go*** (Knopf), by Bette Howland: Three stories that reveal a gutsy new writer with a good ear for dialog, a sense of humor and an anthropologist's delight in the details of her characters' lives.

***Lowenstein: Acts of Courage and Belief*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), edited by Gregory Stone and Douglas Lowenstein: This is an anthology of activist politician Allard K. Lowenstein's speeches, plus articles about the man by such diverse observers as David Halberstam, William F. Buckley, Jr., and Jack Anderson. More an epitaph than a critical biography.


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# TELEVISION

## By TONY SCHWARTZ

A FEW YEARS BACK, the news was something you watched (or didn't watch) at six and 11, or at five and ten.

Those were the good old days. Now the definition of news has been stretched in a dozen mutant directions and expanded into every corner of the day. Short of chucking your TV out the window, you can hardly get away from it. Local newscasts run two and three hours at a stretch. In between, there are *PM Magazine* and *Entertainment Tonight* and *Donahue*. The networks carry news into the wee hours of the morning. Three cable services churn it out 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

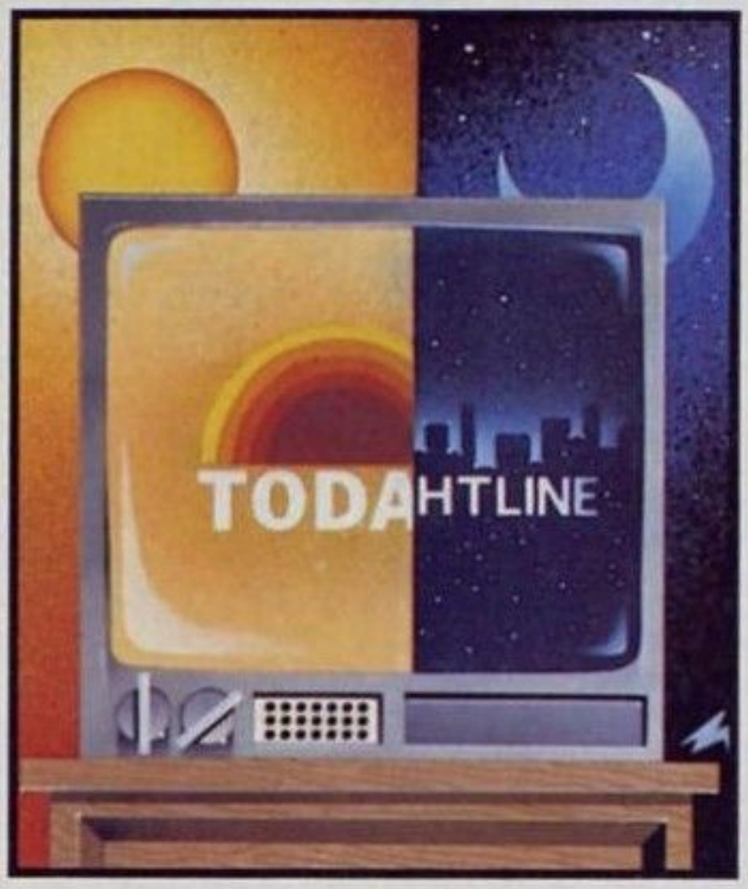
I know whereof I speak. I've just finished watching news on television all day and all night. More or less, anyway. My video-cassette recorder, bless its miraculous memory, covered for me when I grew weary or bleary. (When we're talking about such news events as a visit to the set of *The Love Boat*, catching the action live is not exactly critical.)

And what did I get from this gluttonous marathon? Indigestion, not surprisingly. But what my experience made me feel most of all was affection for the nightly network-news programs—those 22 minutes I'd long dismissed as superficial. Not that I suddenly feel different. But what I discovered about the rest of television news is that more is not necessarily better. And that a headline service, presented unpretentiously and organized efficiently, may be the best form television has yet found for delivering the news.

What struck me most after watching a succession of the new television-news offerings—magazine shows and local newscasts, late-night and early-morning news programs—was how much more effort is expended on trying to keep the viewer interested than on giving context and dimension to the news itself.

To avoid losing viewers (I needn't tell you about the importance of ratings), several tactics are employed. Most often, the news is carved up into bite-sized and sugar-coated pieces, sweet but not very nourishing. Story selection is determined less by what seems important than by what is exciting and visual and promotable. Lest a viewer's interest be flagging nonetheless, teasers at every commercial break offer previews of the most arresting stories and programs to follow. (Stay tuned! It gets better!) Even on the handful of programs that explore subjects at more length, hosts such as Ted Koppel and Phil Donahue have become experts not so much at shedding light on issues as at evoking drama from confrontation.

What I found most surprising was not that the vast majority of the news programs I watched were either exploitative,




A 24-hour vigil proves more news isn't good news.

slickly showbizzy or simply trivial; rather, it was that their cumulative impact was so numbing. After absorbing an endless barrage of facts and images, I'm hard put to tell you what I learned. In an age in which information is delivered promiscuously, the news itself becomes disposable.

Nowhere is this more evident than on the morning news shows, most notably *Good Morning America* and the *Today Show*. Guests are shuffled in and out of chairs and on and off couches at regular six- and seven-minute intervals. A half-dozen questions are asked; a half-dozen clipped replies are given. On the day I watched, Senator Dale Bumpers got the same brisk treatment as Jaclyn Smith on *Today*; former Secretary of Defense Harold Brown received the same warm hello and quick goodbye as did Meryl Streep on *G.M.A.* Democracy in action! The shows use politicians and actors and authors to attract viewers; the guests get a brief chance to pitch their books or movies or causes. The structure itself prevents any lasting impact. Even the deftest interviewer finds it difficult to elicit texture and dimension from a guest whirling so quickly through a revolving door.

A magazine program such as ABC's *20/20* has a different sort of desensitizing effect. Stories of vastly different texture and importance are made to look alike largely because they are packaged and promoted in precisely the same hyperbolic fashion. On the night I was watching, the stories ranged from a look at the psychological repercussions on police who kill in the line of duty to a segment about Russian army deserters in Afghanistan to a visit with two of television's sultrier actresses. The first story was provocative if a bit gratuitously violent; the second was more muted and straightforward; the third was pure fluff. But put them together on the same show, throw in the teasers, and it all comes off like so much eye-catching entertainment.

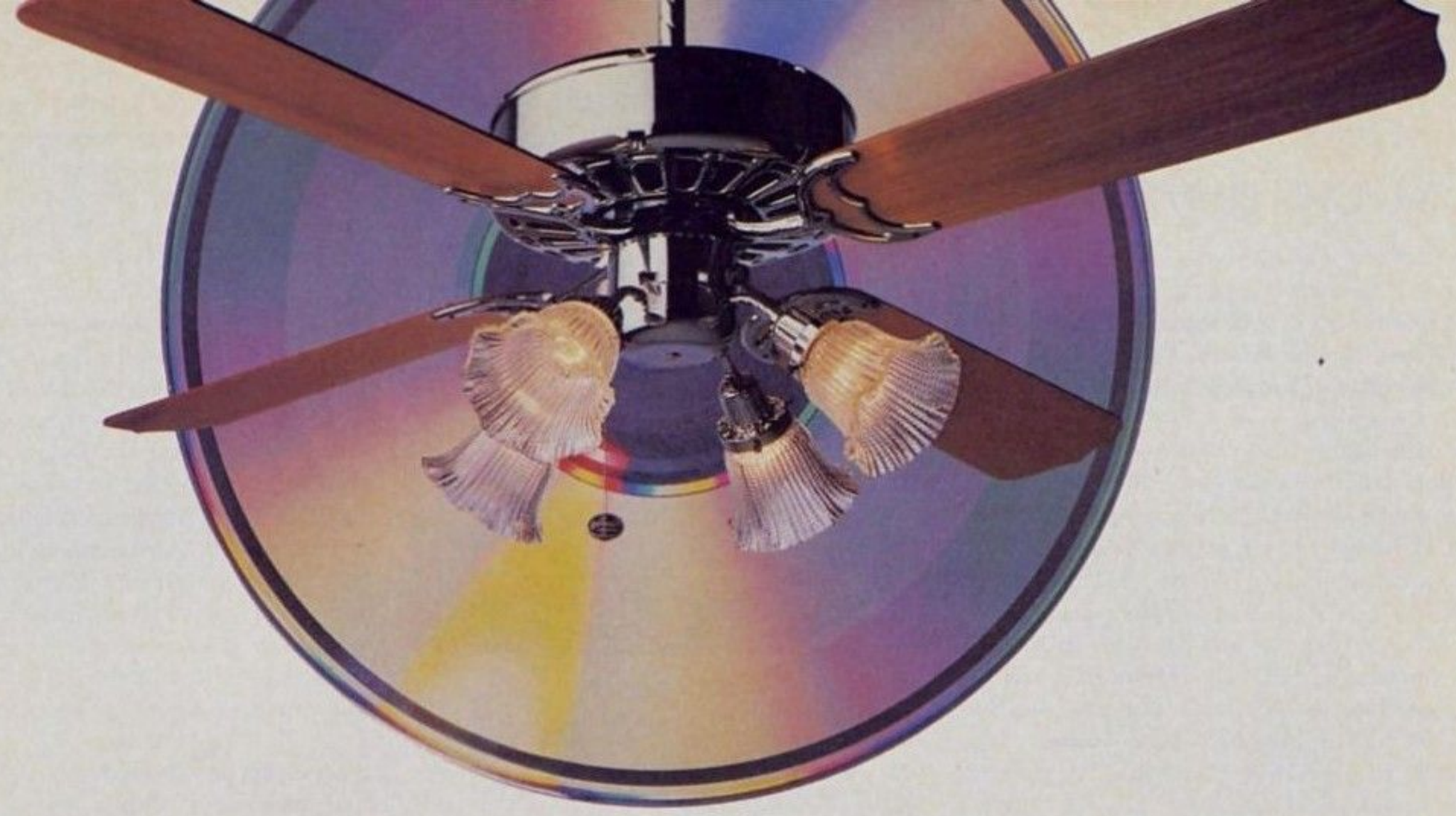
This approach is far more exaggerated at the local level. Crime, for example, is such a staple on most local news programs that while a viewer's first reaction may be horror or fear, it's not long before one ceases to be shocked even by gory stories about the most dastardly crimes. The lead story on the 11 P.M. newscast I watched the night of my marathon was about a three-year-old girl admitted to a Bronx hospital suffering from gonorrhea. That was it; no context, no background, no perspective.

More thoughtful and less exploitative news programs such as ABC's *Nightline* (and, to a lesser extent, *Donahue*) have a subtler way of trivializing information. More than most other programs on television, *Nightline* and *Donahue* devote considerable time to single issues. *Nightline*, in particular, regularly treats stories, ranging from economy to the environment, that don't have instant, broad audience appeal. Perhaps that is why *Nightline* anchor man Koppel often chooses to create drama instead by pitting people on opposite sides of an issue. Donahue is even more explicitly and gleefully provocative. There is no question that the confrontations on both shows are often arousing and occasionally even eye-opening. Heated conflict makes for good television; the problem is that it often raises more questions than it answers.

Stay up late enough these days and you'll see news at its most obtusely diffuse. A program such as CBS' *Nightwatch*, which airs from two to six A.M., trivializes by indirection. On the evening I watched, I got a little bit of everything I'd already seen—an aimless smorgasbord of big stories and small ones, news summaries and extended discussions.

It was at about that point in my marathon that I began to feel different about the good old half-hour evening news. Sure, it's shallow, but who ever looked to commercial television for depth, anyway? Curl up with *The New Yorker* if that's what you're after. A half-hour newscast at the end of the day has simpler virtues. On all three networks, that half hour remains the place to which to turn for the most straightforward account of the events of the day. The most important story, by any reasonable standard, plays first. The second most important story follows. And so on. There's something orderly and useful and comforting about that.

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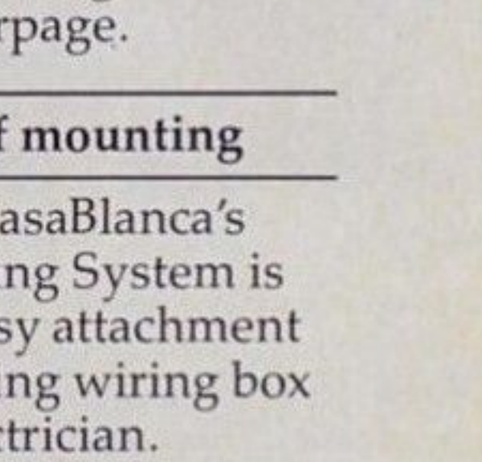
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# ☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

## By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

**IDOL GOSSIP:** Paramount's screen adaptation of **Stephen King's** best-selling novel *Dead Zone* will star **Christopher Walken, Martin Sheen, Brooke Adams, Colleen Dewhurst, Tom Skerritt** and **Anthony Zerbe. David** (*Scanners*) **Cronenberg** is set to direct. . . . "Creative differences" is the reason given for **Michael** (*Heaven's Gate*) **Cimino's** departure from *Footloose*, which he was to direct. **Herbert** (*Pennies from Heaven*) **Ross** will take up directing chores on the musical. . . . The film adaptation of the play *Amadeus* is shooting in Prague and Italy, with **F. Murray Abraham** as the envy-ridden Salieri and **Thomas Hulce** as Mozart. The film marks the first time director **Milos Forman** has worked in his native Czechoslovakia since receiving U.S. citizenship. . . . *An Officer and a Gentleman* has inspired a spin-off TV series to be titled *Sgt. Foley*. **Louis Gossett, Jr.,** who played Foley in the flick, will star. . . . On the 1983 agenda at **Mel Brooks's** produc-



Walken



Adams

tion company is a spoof called *Solarbabies*, reported to be "the adventures of a bunch of adolescents in the year 2025." . . . Director **Michael** (*Thief*) **Mann's** film of **F. Paul Wilson's** best seller *The Keep*, starring **Scott** (*Urban Cowboy*) **Glenn** and **Jürgen** (*Das Boot*) **Prochnow,** is due out in June. Although the book is a gothic horror tale, Mann plans the film as "a cinematic fairy tale for adults." . . . *Cheech and Chong as the Corsican Brothers* is currently filming in the Caribbean, with **Tommy Chong** directing. The film is an up-to-date version of the old classic about separated Siamese twins out to avenge a murder. . . . **Nancy Allen, Paul Le Mat, Diana Scarwid** and **Louise Fletcher** star in *Strange Invaders*, described as a "contemporary romantic drama dealing with visitors from another world."

•

**UNEMPLOYMENT LINES:** Two films currently in production deal with the comic side of unemployment, a problem most economists predict will be around for a while. Twentieth Century-Fox's *Mr. Mom*, mentioned in last month's column, is about an out-of-work executive trying to cope with being a househusband. Columbia's entry is *The Survivors*, starring **Robin Williams** as an unemployed executive and **Walter Matthau** as an unemployed gas-station owner. Columbia isn't saying much about the film for fear of a quickie TV rip-off, but basically, it's the story of how Williams and Matthau meet under "unusual circum-



Williams



Matthau

stances and how they team up to cope with their common predicament—unemployment." Their relationship, I'm told, is not unlike that of **Alan Arkin** and **Peter Falk** in *The In-Laws*. *The Survivors*, directed by **Michael** (*Smile*) **Ritchie,** is due in summer.

•

**SUMMERTIME FOR HITLER: Mel Brooks's** remake of *To Be or Not to Be*, the **Ernst Lubitsch** classic about a Polish acting troupe that outwits the Nazis when they enter Poland, is under way. Brooks plays the ham-acting head of the troupe (the **Jack Benny** role), **Anne Bancroft** is his wife (the **Carole Lombard** role) and **Tim Matheson** plays her paramour, the Polish pilot (originally played by **Robert Stack**) who leaves the theater every time Brooks gets to the "To be or not to be" soliloquy. **Charles Durning** is the head German officer, and **José Ferrer** is the Polish professor who turns traitor. I'm told the plot of the remake sticks pretty closely to that of the original, though the ending has been jazzed up, Brooks style, to include an airport chase scene, and a few musical numbers have been added—one



Bancroft



Brooks

of which has Mel as **Adolf Hitler,** singing, "Nobody understands me / All I want is peace / A piece of Poland / A piece of Czechoslovakia." The idea of remaking the film appealed to Brooks largely because he's been looking for a husband-wife vehicle for himself and spouse Bancroft. A Christmas release is scheduled.

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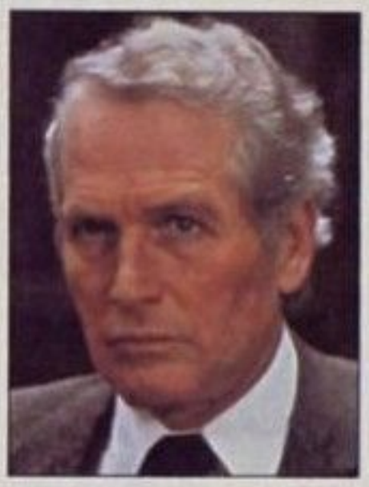
**A STOCK EXCHANGE:** In Paramount's *Trading Places*, directed by **John Landis, Dan Aykroyd** plays Louis Winthorpe III, a wealthy junior partner in one of Philadelphia's leading investment firms, Duke and Duke. **Eddie Murphy** is Billy Ray Valentine, a poor ghetto black who survives on his wits. **Ralph Bellamy** and **Don Ameche** are the conniving Duke brothers, proprietors of the investment firm. As a kind of sadistic experiment, the Duke brothers decide to see what would happen if Aykroyd and Murphy were compelled to trade places. The film, set for a summer release, is said to be a satire on American avarice and the commodities market. British actor **Denholm Elliott** plays Winthorpe's butler and **Jamie Lee Curtis** co-stars as a money-minded prostitute determined to work her way into an early retirement.

•

**BRINGING UP FATHER:** *Harry & Son* marks **Paul Newman's** debut as a quadruple hyphenate: He's credited as writer-producer-director-star of the film, which co-stars **Robby Benson, Joanne Woodward, Ossie Davis, Ellen** (*Diner*) **Barkin** and **Wilford**



Benson



Newman

(*Absence of Malice*) **Brimley.** Billed as a contemporary drama, *Harry & Son* is the story of a father's turbulent relationship with his young son. Newman plays Harry, your typical *macho* construction worker, who would like his son, Howard (Benson), to follow in his footsteps. But Harry's getting old and less *macho*, and hard economic times have caused him to lose his job and reappraise his values. Moreover, Howard wants to be a writer. Barkin costars as Benson's girlfriend, Woodward is her mother, Brimley plays Newman's brother and Davis is an old buddy of Newman's. The flick was filmed in Florida.

•

**CLEANING UP HIS ACT:** Another film about sudden wealth is *Easy Money*, starring **Rodney Dangerfield** as Monty Capuletti, a baby photographer and family man who finds himself in the position of having to give up all his vices for a year in order to inherit $10,000,000. **Joe Pesci** plays Nicky, Monty's best pal; **Geraldine Fitzgerald** is Monty's mother-in-law; **Candy Azzara** is his wife; and **Jennifer Jason Leigh** is his oldest daughter. *Easy Money* is directed by **James Signorelli,** who produced and directed the commercial parodies on the original *Saturday Night Live*.



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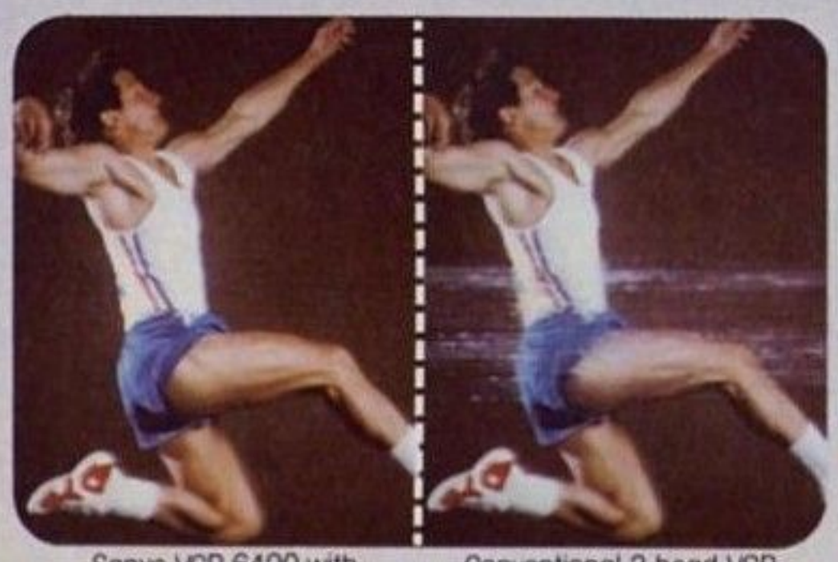
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# MEN

## By ASA BABER



# IN PRAISE OF WOMEN

I STARTED writing this column about a year ago. As is my fashion, I just jumped in and started, with no introduction. But something has to be said before we go further.

I received a press release from a men's-rights group called MACHO. That blaring acronym stands for Men Allied to Combat Hypocrisy and Oppression. MACHO's spokesman is listed as John J. Gillotti, 37, and he is quoted as saying that the group was formed "to rescue the American family unit from the clutches of female chauvinism." Gillotti says the organization has two aims: "First, for men to re-establish themselves as the head of the family in every home in America. Second, for men to establish themselves as equals to women in divorce and custody proceedings."

When I read that quote, I understood why MACHO had sent me its mailing: I'm for equal rights for men in the divorce process and have written about it. But only on those narrow grounds would I agree with Gillotti. We part company when he blames women for our ills.

The women's movement of the past 20 years has, according to Gillotti, "distorted, deceived and destroyed the American family unit as it once existed, replacing the single most important unit of society with a female-dominated disaster resulting in the highest divorce rate in history." He goes on to say, "MACHO will remind men of who they are and who women are—and of their respective roles in society. Marriage is no place to discover that the little woman wants to wear the pants in the family. This causes conflict of the worst sort. . . . Women were not put on earth to aggravate, irritate, pontificate, emasculate or dominate. Women were put on earth to be man's helpmates. . . . It's a man's world, after all."

As I read it, the MACHO manifesto takes the easy way out of the quandaries that men face and names the feminist movement as the cause, not the effect, of those quandaries. This confusion of cause and effect is understandable. Men are often victims. We live in a cultural cacophony, with signals coming from all sides, and I would have to agree that for us, there has been a certain "darkness created by militant feminism" (as distinct, in my mind, from feminism per se). We have been under attack, and we know it. The militant feminists set our teeth on edge when they wrote, as Ti-Grace Atkinson did in *Amazon Odyssey*, such drivel as "It is the *function* of men to oppress. It is the *function* of men to exploit. It is the *function* of men to *lie* and *betray*, and to *humiliate*, to *crush*, to *ignore*" and when they created such organizations as SCUM (Society for Cutting Up Men).

You don't have far to go to find intolerance on both sides of the sexual equation. There are women who blame men for everything and there are men who blame women for everything. If we're not careful, we'll think that those angry people represent each sex. But they don't. The majority of us, men and women, know that we need each other, that there is the potential for understanding between us and that our singular search for sexual identity has to be handled carefully lest we end up seeing scapegoats on the other side.

> "At critical points in my life, women have helped me survive. . . . So how could I argue with any honesty that women 'irritate, pontificate, emasculate'?"

The reason I can't subscribe to MACHO is that it doesn't match my experience or my thinking. It is women who have had the most to teach me about life and love. The fact that I have been mistreated on occasion by women (as, it goes without saying, I have sometimes mistreated them) does not mean that they are the *cause* of my problems.

If I were having a beer with John Gillotti, I would try to suggest that the women's movement has essentially been a healthy thing for men, that the family unit was falling apart long before the fight for women's rights was reborn in the Sixties, that men are as responsible as women for the high divorce rate, that it is not and has never been "a man's world" (and, furthermore, that a heavy responsibility has been lifted from male shoulders with the understanding that men are not gods), that the "little woman" perception is as inaccurate as the perception that men are little and that manipulation and brainwashing are techniques not unknown to either sex. Finally, I'd maintain that the complete human being is promale and profemale: prohuman, in other words.

At critical points in my life, women have helped me survive. My mother nursed me through childhood illness, my grandmother helped me pay for my education, my sister was and is a good buddy, my wife is my best friend and companion. It was a woman who first supported me and praised me as a writer and who taught me the rudiments of professional writing. My literary agent is a woman. A woman who works at this magazine, wonderful and humorous scold that she is, has helped me learn this trade. My screenwriting partner is a woman. So how could I argue with any honesty that women "irritate, pontificate, emasculate or dominate"?

There may never be a men's movement as such. We'd rather work than confide, act than muse. But those of us alive today are very lucky: We have lived through a great unmasking. That's freedom, I think. We're free to see each other, men and women, as equals. We're free to shape the relationships we want. And most important of all, we're free to demythologize sex.

The image that comes to mind is out of a spy novel. Two strangers meet in a foreign city. Each has half of a dollar bill, say, or a theater ticket or some other object that has been torn in two. These people meet, the objects fit together and they know that they were meant to communicate.

That's how I see the sexes: We feel our incompleteness, our need for both masculine and feminine qualities, and if luck is with us, we meet others who fit and who help us fulfill our lives.

Virginia Woolf, one of my favorite writers, put it best:

> Imperceptibly I found myself adopting a new attitude toward the other half of the human race. It was absurd to blame any class or any sex, as a whole. . . . Life for both sexes is arduous, difficult, a perpetual struggle. It calls for gigantic courage and strength . . . [and] if the two sexes are quite inadequate, considering the vastness and variety of the world, how should we manage with one only? . . . For there is a spot the size of a shilling at the back of the head which one can never see for oneself. It is one of the good offices that sex can discharge for sex—to describe that spot the size of the shilling at the back of the head.

It may not always come through clearly, but this *Men* column loves and honors women. Its author could not have survived without them.

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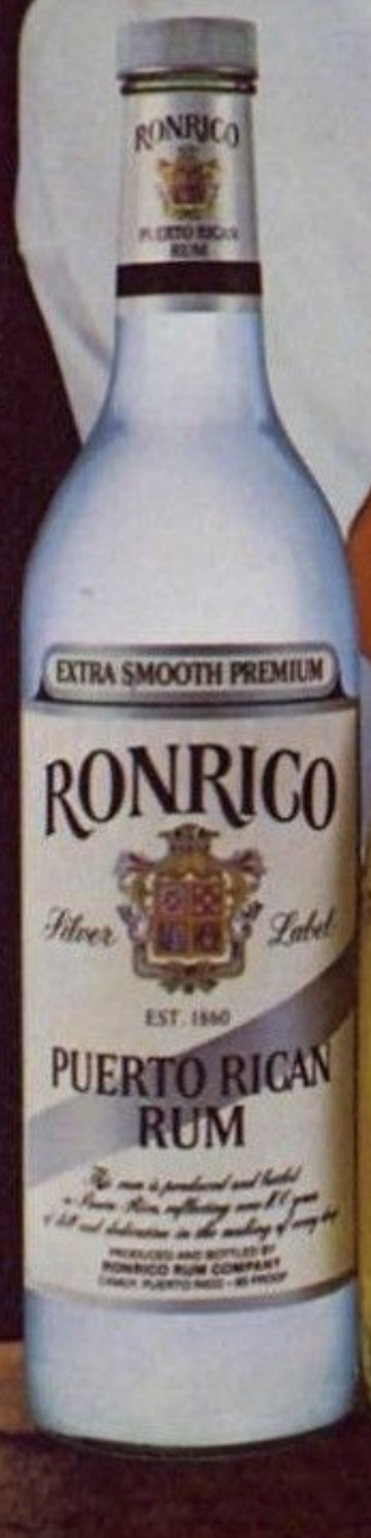
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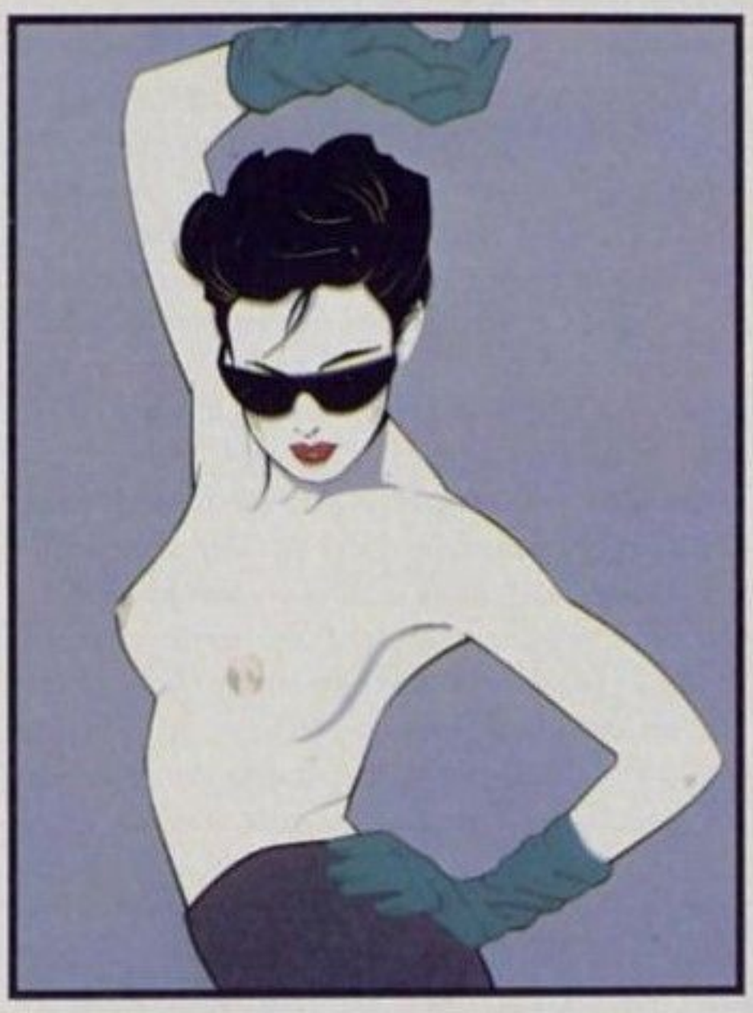
# RONRICO RUM
# & ROSE'S LIME JUICE

# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a young male approaching my mid-20s. When I was younger, I was interested in doing things for myself, or, I should say, I was more business-minded. I never paid too much attention to girls, because I figured they just weren't interested and I was also real shy. But when I was around 21, a young lady entered my life. She was small-framed but had a beautiful body. I had seen her quite often and I really wanted to meet her. But, as usual, I was wrapped up in other activities and I just didn't know anything about how to approach a female. To make a long story short, she said that she felt the same way. We dated for a long time and finally decided to have sex. It was a wonderful experience for both of us, and we decided to go steady. We've been going together ever since and she's been begging me to marry her. She is over 18 and quite capable of taking care of herself, and we've been using extreme caution in not getting her pregnant.

The problem is, now that I have experienced the feeling of having sex—or, as I consider it, making love—I don't want to be obligated to just one person right now. We agreed that when she finished college, we would plan on getting married. I am old-fashioned; I don't believe in playing the field, so to speak. I would like to have a sexual experience with another female, but my fiancée and I have already promised each other that we will not see or date anyone else. I love her very dearly and I have no intention of cheating on her, but I still can't shake these desires to have at least one strange sexual experience before we make a permanent commitment. Is there anything wrong with me for having desires for other females? I have tried to sum up the situation as accurately as possible; do you have any advice that could help me?—D. E., Raleigh, North Carolina.

*There's nothing wrong with you. More to the point, considering your age and lack of experience, it would be abnormal for you not to be curious about sex with someone else. That doesn't make your problem easier to solve. You're the one who has to decide which of your needs is more important: your need for the present relationship to go on undisturbed, or your need for other experience. It is common enough for young people who have had little previous experience to get married and later regret the opportunities they missed. On the other hand, some people never look back. You've got to make a decision. If you decide to taste the fruit of another tree, you must honestly believe that the risk is worth taking. To put things into perspective, you may be interested in the findings of "The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey." Sixty-seven percent of the men who responded and 64 percent of the women said that they had had*



*sex outside of a steady relationship. Fifty-eight percent of the men and 48 percent of the women who had fooled around on their steadies said the experience had had no effect on the main relationship. A smaller number thought it improved the relationship. Between 20 and 26 percent thought that fooling around caused serious stress in a relationship, while for a few (eight percent of the men and 11 percent of the women), their dating around had broken up the relationship. Judging from your letter, you are one of the people who treat this question seriously. The odds favor your surviving a fling, but the final judgment will have to be yours.*

Because I knew there was going to be a rush during the holiday season, I made my airplane reservations several months ahead of time, during a period when fares were low. When I went to the airport to pick up my ticket, the price had gone up and I had to pay more. What gives? Why couldn't I get the lower rate?—R. B., Seattle, Washington.

*Sorry, but reservations do not a ticket make. The only way to guarantee your fare is to have the ticket in your hand. Once you have it, most airlines will not charge more on domestic flights if the price goes up. On international flights, however, some airlines may charge you the extra amount even though you already have a ticket. Check with your airline to learn what its policy is. Of course, if the price should go down, be sure to cash in your ticket and purchase one at the lower rate.*

During a discussion I had with a number of friends, the question arose as to the definition of blow job. It was a split decision and no agreement could be reached. The controversy is as follows: Is a blow job oral sex ending in orgasm or oral sex not necessarily ending in orgasm? We would appreciate it if you would clarify the matter for us and perhaps throw in the definition of any other pertinent words—e.g., head job—just for good measure. Thank you.—Miss R. W., Ritzville, Washington.

*It depends on whether you are talking about piecework or a career. Parkinson's law says that work expands in direct proportion to the time allotted to it. We believe this debate should go on forever, with rebuttal. Our opinion is that oral sex for its own sake (i.e., to orgasm) is heaven; oral sex as foreplay is the gate to heaven. Head job is biker slang for oral sex, and all of the bikers we asked were of the same opinion: A blow job without a climax is no job at all. As one erudite rider put it, "What are you guys? Stupid?"*

Many times, I've been told how much to tip, but no one has ever told me *how* to tip. Should you hand the person the tip or leave it on the table in a restaurant? What about the maître d'? When and how does he get his?—P. T., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

*Once you get past the perfunctory tipping of everyday life, tipping demands some style and artfulness. But don't be hesitant to handle routine events in a routine way. Leave restaurant tips on the table—in one of those little trays if it's provided; otherwise, the tablecloth will do. Bellmen, carhops, doormen take their cash with no trimmings. Simply hand the person the money and let him or her get on with the job. When it comes to the maître d', a bit of class is* de rigueur, *and instead of being a chore, tipping can actually help put the finishing touch on an enjoyable evening. Maître d's have taken a bad rap over the years—and we've met our share of extortionists in tuxedos—but in most restaurants worthy of taking a meal in, the maître d' is there to ensure your comfort and dining pleasure. You tip him to tell him that he's succeeded. Such tipping should never be noisy nor ostentatious. Fold the bill or bills so they fit neatly within the palm and proffer them in a neat handshake pass at the end of the evening. In a fine restaurant, you tip the waiter, the captain and the maître d' for good food well served. Only the maître d's tip is optional. In a restaurant where you eat frequently, you tip the maître d' to establish your clout, but you don't have to tip him every time you visit. In a Las Vegas night club or a similar venue, the rule is tip on arrival. You want position, not a long-term relationship.*

Tell me I'm not hallucinating. My girlfriend has beautiful breasts that she thinks are too small and I think are just right. She says her clothes would look better if she were more busty, but I tell her to forget about what she looks like dressed—she looks terrific naked. In fact, sometimes

when we're in bed, her breasts look twice as big as they normally do. When I told her that, she thought I was being condescending. I may be crazy or nearsighted (or both), but I'd swear her breasts look bigger when we're making love.—D. M., Amherst, Massachusetts.

*Before you commit yourself to harder drugs, take a hit of this. In "Human Sexual Response," Masters and Johnson report that a 20–25 percent increase in breast size is common for women as they approach orgasm. This temporary increase—which lasts for five to ten minutes after climax—is evidenced only in women who have never breast-fed a child. So, while beauty may be in the eye of the beholder, sometimes it's also in his hands.*

I've taken up body building over the past few months, and now I find that if I break my workout routine, I feel less than great. The biggest problem is business trips. What do you recommend for the traveling jock?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

*An increasing number of hotels offer health-club facilities. We guess it saves on bellboys—too many guests were checking in with a set of Olympic bar bells. Facilities vary from Universal equipment to complete Nautilus gyms. In New York, we like the Parker Meridien (you can play squash or racquetball or swim), the UN Plaza, Berkshire Place and the New York Grand Hyatt. In Los Angeles, try Le Parc or the Century Plaza. In Chicago, the Ritz-Carlton has a health club, while the City Centre Holiday Inn offers privileges at the McClurg Court Sports Center. In Detroit, there are the Ann Arbor Hilton and the Westin; in Atlanta, the Hilton Towers and the Ramada Renaissance. This list is far from complete—the point is that your travel agent should be able to find such a hotel in the cities to which you travel. Most computer listings now include information on health-club facilities.*

I enjoy giving head to my boyfriend. It's a regular part of our sex life. We also like to masturbate. I've watched him come and I've been amazed by the volume and the speed of the ejaculate. To think that the same thing happens inside my mouth boggles the mind. Out of curiosity, how much and how fast does the average male ejaculate?—Miss R. V., Pasadena, California.

*Although the amount of ejaculate varies among men and the volume of any given man's ejaculate relates to his number of recent orgasms (higher frequency of orgasm often lessens the amount of ejaculate), the average is one teaspoon of semen per orgasm. If it's any compensation, the initial spurts of ejaculate, as clocked by Herant Katchadourian and Donald Lunde in "The Fundamentals of Human Sexuality," travel at 28 mph—approximately the speed limit in the bus lane on an expressway. We're not suggesting that you try to swallow a bus, but it's an interesting thought.*

Well, I finally went out and bought a fantastic auto stereo system. The sound is great, but my paranoia is greater. My friends keep telling me horror stories about how easily they're ripped off. I've heard of people's leaving their cars for five minutes and going back to a gaping hole in the dashboard. How can I protect my investment?—S. B., Los Angeles, California.

*The current theory regarding stereo theft is the same as that for auto theft: You can't stop the thief; you can only try to deter him. And there aren't too many deterrents. A good thief, working with a getaway driver, can pull 35 to 40 radios in a day, taking only a few seconds to dislodge each. The major target in years past has been Blaupunkt, but the thieves now go after Clarion, Concord, Sony, Jensen, Panasonic or any high-end stereo system. (Two major market places for hot boxes, incidentally, are high schools and factories.) Once the thief is in the car, the stereo is gone, so the only alarms that are successful are the motion or touch sensors that go off when a stiff wind blows. The stereo can be removed while the siren sounds, however, and the thief can be blocks away before it turns off. By the way, those alarms generally attract only police, not passers-by, who apparently cannot hear the high frequencies generated. Changing the look of your stereo is one possibility. False faces are now on the market to disguise your box, or you can have one devised by a car stereo installer. Altered merchandise has a lower black-market value, so a thief will ignore anything that doesn't look factory fresh. A metal locking hood, which is effective, if visually unappealing, is also available to cover your stereo. For hard cases, one alarm manufacturer offers a combination alarm-and-tear-gas system triggered by any attempt to remove the box, though local gendarmes and parking attendants may object. Finally, on the very remote chance that your stereo will be recovered, it pays to have it identified in some way, either by etching your name on it or by recording the serial number of the unit. One thing that absolutely does not work is worry. So take a few precautions and concentrate on the music you've got, rather than think about when it's going to go away.*

All my life, I have masturbated by reclining and stroking my semierect penis to ejaculation. I'm 28, and for the past year or so, I've found I'm no longer able to have what the porno books call a "throbbing rock-hard erection." Although my penis is stiff enough for coitus, there is less secretion of lubrication and the tip seems to lack sensitivity. Ejaculation is still pleasurable, but it just comes rather than explodes. There's also a lesser quantity of ejaculate. It's not psychological, as I still experience desire for coitus. A proctological examination yielded negative results. Am I washed up already? Any advice you can give would be greatly appreciated.—D. I., Washington, D.C.

*Comparing your performance with that described in erotic fiction is obviously a losing proposition, at least where your ego is concerned. The force of ejaculation varies from one man to the next—and from one time to the next in the same man. We don't think you're washed up; we think you're just trying too hard to live up to an unrealistic fantasy. Stop worrying and enjoy yourself.*

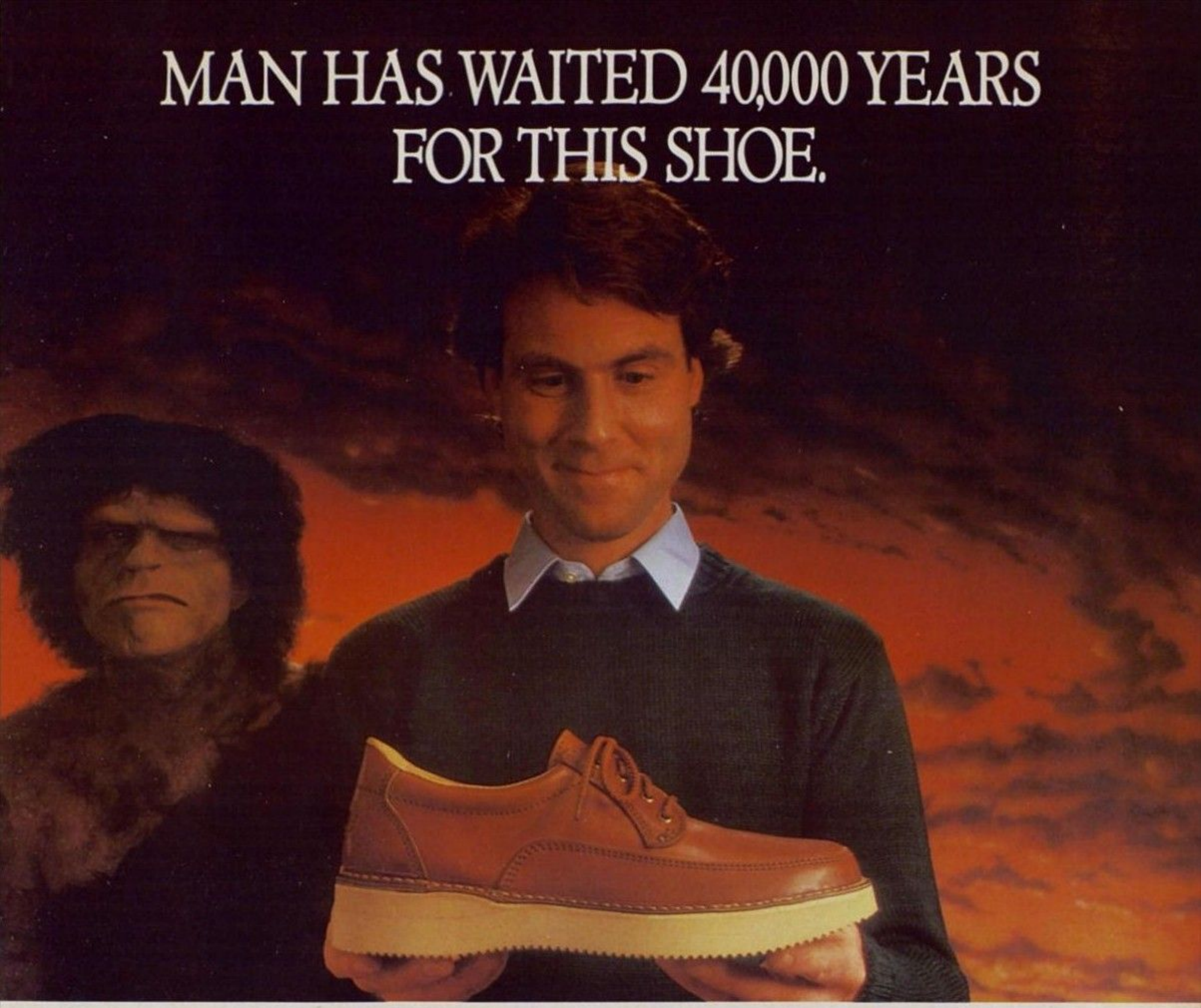
My girlfriend saw the PLAYBOY Advisor on *The Donahue Show* and said that according to PLAYBOY, more than a quarter of the men who answered *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey* had faked an orgasm. She doesn't believe the figure, and all of her female friends want to know how and why a man would fake orgasm. My girlfriend says she knows when I come. What do you say?—L. W., Detroit, Michigan.

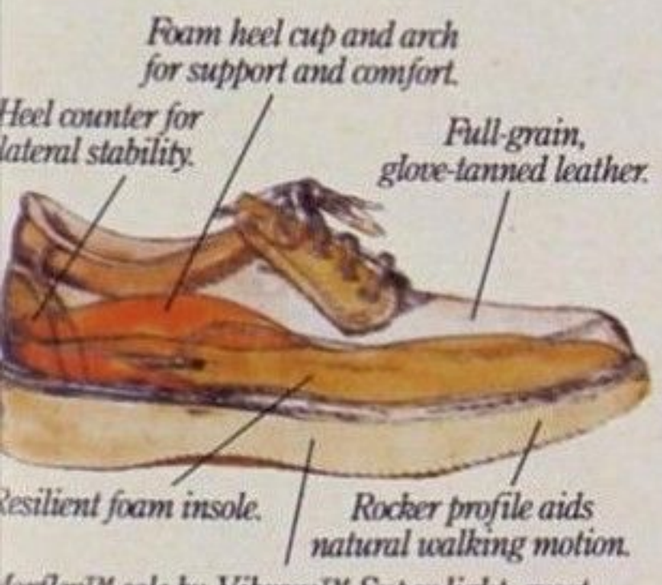
*Probably the most controversial finding in part one of the sex survey concerned males' faking orgasm. While no one seemed to question the high figure for women (almost two thirds had faked an orgasm), people were outraged by the notion that men weren't as simple as they thought, that we were capable of sexual deception. It's hard to tell you how to fake an orgasm—if you have to ask, you don't know how. Making facial expressions like Eddie Murphy's seems to help. As for a woman's being able to tell, if the man has already had one or two orgasms, the volume of ejaculate diminishes. If the woman is turned on or is using a diaphragm, she can't distinguish his wet spot (or lack of one) from hers. As to why a man would fake an orgasm, there are a variety of reasons. Who says every erection has to end in an orgasm? Sometimes, pleasure is too much work. If a man loses interest in the middle of the evening, it is easier for him to explain the loss of his erection as postorgasmic than to try to rationalize his apparent indifference. Sex therapists are more inclined to view such behavior as symptomatic. In a recent issue of* Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, *sex counselor Jeffrey Fracher suggested, "Though no good data are available on this question, clinical evidence suggests that it is not uncommon for men with erectile dysfunction which occurs after intromission to feign orgasm as a way of justifying detumescence. This activity is primarily a face-saving endeavor and usually occurs in one of two situations. The man feigning orgasm probably subjects himself to a great deal of performance pressure and is unable to openly acknowledge failure. Secondly, feigning orgasm may occur in the context of a poor relationship in which the trust level and communication are not sufficient to address sexual problems. In either case, referral for sex therapy is indicated."*

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*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.*

# MAN HAS WAITED 40,000 YEARS FOR THIS SHOE.

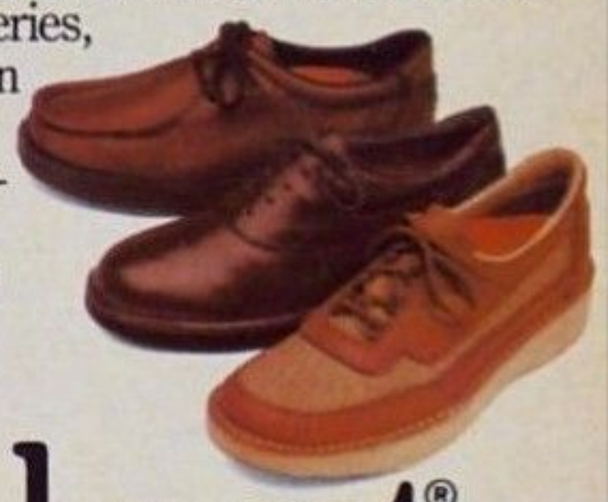





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# DEAR PLAYMATES

We get letters, lots of them. Every so often, a bunch of readers ask the same question. That's when we know a subject is worth checking out with our Playmates. Some readers seem perplexed about that fuzzy area between friendship and romance. Should they leave well enough alone or press for more?

The question for the month:

**Can you turn friendship into romance?**

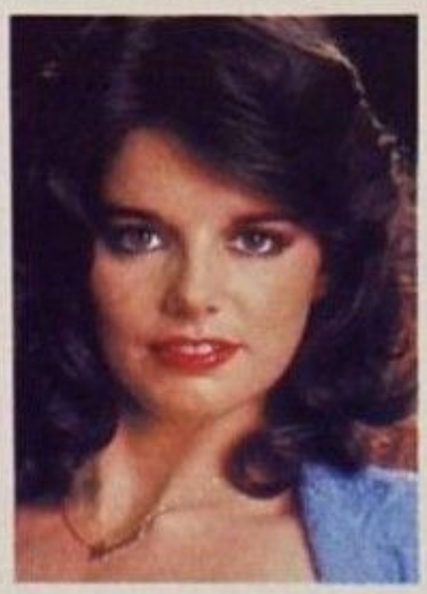
I do think it's possible, and it has happened to me a couple of times. I grew up slowly, so the guys I knew in high school were buddies instead of boyfriends. But I did fall for a few of them. When you have a friendship first, you get to know a man. You get to know his feelings. It makes me more relaxed, and I don't worry so much about saying or doing the wrong thing. In a friendship, he gets to see you as you really are, warts and all. So there aren't a lot of secrets.



Linda Rhys Vaughn

LINDA RHYS VAUGHN
APRIL 1982

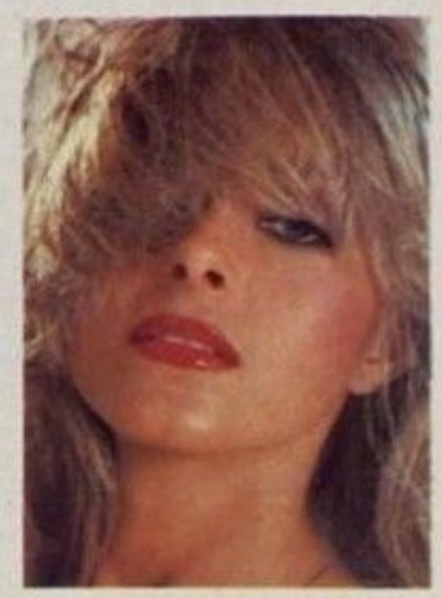
It's very possible to be friends and lovers. As a matter of fact, I think that's the only way to have a good, long-lasting relationship. To be a passionate friend and lover is what I strive for. Recently, I had a friendship of long standing turn into a romance. It's wonderful, because we already respect each other on so many levels. I think you get the best of all possible worlds that way: a good friend and a knowing lover.



Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

I have not been able to do it. And when I've tried, I've usually been sorry afterward. It's easy for me to be romantically interested in someone and have him become a friend. But if I start out really good friends with someone and then suddenly it gets sexual, I tend to think it has something to do with feeling dependent, almost like a crutch. And if you stick with it instead of finding someone who is sexually compatible, that's when things go bad; either it ends the friendship or you feel uncomfortable going back to what you had before the sexual part. It's hard to keep it all straight. After all, you rely on your friends to make you feel good, and there is a closeness that comes from being able to talk. But if you start to lean on a friendship too heavily, it doesn't work out.



Cathy St. George

CATHY ST. GEORGE
AUGUST 1982

It happened to me and I didn't expect it at all. I met a guy when I was on the road doing a promotion tour. He was a musician in a two-man band. We got to be friends, and then, before I knew it, we got involved. He and his buddy played at my birthday party, and then we decided to go to Arizona together. On the way, we realized that something bigger was going on between us. It didn't last because we don't live in the same city; but he still calls me, and whenever he does, I get a good feeling inside, because he's a neat person. I learned something from that story, too. When you meet someone new, try for a friendship first.



Karen Price

KAREN PRICE
JANUARY 1981

I have a lot of men friends. I seem to relate to men better than to women. I feel more comfortable around men. Usually, my men friends become friends for life. Lovers may come and go, you know, but friends are forever. So I have never turned a friendship into a romance. But I think the idea is a wonderful one. It's much better than just jumping into a relationship. Then you can build on your feelings and your understanding of the other person. It could make you better lovers.



Missy Cleveland

MISSY CLEVELAND
APRIL 1979

I've done it, but I don't think it's a very smart thing to do, because when you break up—and you usually do—it hurts the friendship. That's not to say that you shouldn't be friends with your lover. Friendship enhances a love affair. It's better to get along with someone on all levels in a love affair. The happier you are, the better the romance goes. But it's not worth damaging a friendship by forcing it toward romance. I don't think those arrangements—trying to make friendship more than that—last.



Lynda Wiesmeier

LYNDA WIESMEIER
JULY 1982

*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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# MERIT

# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

### TROJAN WAR

This is a reply to "Unplanned Fatherhood" (*The Playboy Forum*, March). The letter is from a gentleman (?) who complains that he had been "tricked" into fatherhood. Now he must pay financially for 18 years and emotionally for the rest of his life for a child he did not want. "What happened to my freedom of choice?" he cries. Such adolescent thinking is sickening. When will men realize that a woman does not force, trap or lure a man into having sex? She may use those methods, but it is *his* actions that get him into bed. One's option of turning sex down represents one's freedom of *choice*. For a man, freedom of protection comes in a foil wrapper at the drugstore for about 40 cents. Each person who engages in sexual intercourse is responsible for his or her own protection. The continual whining of the "injured party," male or female, should fall on deaf ears.

Mari Williams
Midwest City, Oklahoma

In response to the fellow from Torrance, California, who writes of his "unplanned fatherhood" and asks, "Doesn't a man have any choice about whether or not he wants to be a father?" I must ask him a question.

Have you heard of those little rubber things some men carry in their wallets? They are not balloons. Since when are women the only ones responsible for pregnancy? Although I doubt that you were "tricked," if you are that dumb, you deserve to be.

P. Kathy Wardlow
Tacoma, Washington

### FULLER BRUSH

I know your magazine has something to say about prisons and the conditions in them. Enclosed is a little thing prison officials here in Texas consider a toothbrush.

They give these sponge toothbrushes—one each day—to inmates who are in solitary confinement. Each must last for three or four brushings, depending on how often the inmate wishes to brush his teeth.

I am writing to you so that people will know why inmates are always complaining about conditions in prison. This is just one small thing, but it is endangering the health and the care of my teeth—plus, it leaves one hell of a nasty taste in your mouth after a few days!

Daniel H. Fuller
Huntsville, Texas

*Fuller included with his letter a four-inch "Texas toothbrush"—a sliver of pink foam rubber glued to a paper stick. It would take a magician to use it more than once, but then, the Texas authorities are known for their economy measures.*

### TRICKLE-DOWN HARMONICS

Unable to escape the effects of Reaganomics, I have found a pen full of red ink and written a new version of the Beatles' song *Help!* I call it *The Poor Man's Help*, so that it will never be confused with either the original song or the current President:

*Help! I need some money.*
*Help! I'll take any money.*
*Help! You know I need some dough.*
*He-e-elp!*
*When I was richer, so much richer than today,*
*I never needed any money's help in any way.*

*"Help! I need some money. . . ."*

*But now those days are gone and I'm feeling very poor.*
*I need someone*
*To come along*
*And throw some in the door.*
*Help me if you can; I'm feeling down,*
*And I need someone to toss some dough around.*
*Help me get my knees up off the ground.*
*Won't you please, please help me?*
(Repeat refrain)

Russ Teeden
Riverside, Rhode Island



### BEYOND FREEDOM

I am a young man, 20 years of age, who has been doing time for the past two years. The reasons are unimportant, but the fact is that I am here, as they say, for "going down the wrong road of life."

The reason I'm writing is quite simple: I want to help those who think it's cool to be the fool. I want them to realize that being in a place such as this is not what everyone thinks. I want people to know what prison is all about.

The following are my true and personal feelings about prison life. This is also how all my "gray-bar brothers" feel.

• Prison is a place where you exchange the dignity of your name for the degradation of a number.

• Prison is a place where you live from visit to visit . . . if you are lucky enough to have a visitor.

• Prison is a place where you learn the counting of life: You count the years, seasons, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes and seconds.

• Prison is a place where you hope and pray *not* to die.

• Prison is a place where you are lucky if you never have to kill some fool.

• Prison is a place where therapy and religion are not looked upon as beneficial in themselves; they are looked upon as beneficial in a parole-board report.

• Prison is a place where the word freedom can bring tears of remembrance to the meanest of killers.

• Prison is a place where some of the gays are more men than some of the "men."

• Prison is a place where convicts' wages stand still and canteen prices rise to the sky.

• Prison is a place where your ingenuity, your creativity and your inventiveness rise to the surface—if your eyes are open.

• Prison is a place where you can become mentally crippled because responsibility is stolen from you.

• Prison is a place where your wealth is determined by how many boxes of smokes you own.

• Prison is a place where you can hear the echo of family and friends: "I told you soooooo."

Don't come to prison, for a life means nothing here. Live.

Michael Lawrence Villa
San Luis Obispo, California

### FETAL POSITIONS

And the debate flames on: Is a fetus a human being when conceived, when born

or at some point between?

I have my own opinion on this question. So does everyone else. There is an axiom comparing opinions and assholes: Everybody has one.

The person who can finally settle the fetus-human conundrum will, no doubt, also establish forever how many angels can dance on the head of a pin. There is now no provable answer to either question. Can one group of people be allowed, then, to impose its opinion on the rest of society? But, it is argued, we have laws against murder. How is the killing of an unborn child different from murder?

The first purpose of law in a society is to allow that society to continue to function as a cohesive body. It is easy to see that an act of murder is disruptive—blood feuds result, even civil war. Murder is, thus, sensibly proscribed. It is easy enough to argue that abortion is morally wrong, but I have yet to see it shown that it disrupts society in any way at all—a fetus is not a *member of society* until it is born.

But we protect animals, don't we? Yes, cruelty to animals is illegal in most places. But there, at least, we have a reasonable amount of agreement. Most people, it seems, agree that boiling cats for pleasure shouldn't be allowed.

There is no such consensus on the abortion issue.

Abortion may be right or wrong. One thing that is plain is that there are so many of us who feel it is acceptable that a law prohibiting it would be widely ignored.

Without the consensus of the people, and without any sound social reasoning behind it, a law banning abortion would cause the social disruption that laws are intended to curtail.

Thaddeus Self
Spokane, Washington

Anyone paying particular attention to comments randomly spewed out by pro-abortionists can point out contradictions in their arguments; and since there are contradictions, those conclusions they reach are invalid. Since it apparently *cannot* be determined beyond any shadow of doubt whether or not a fetus is human, all the more care must be taken in any attempt to justify abortions. If we don't know for sure, then why kill a fetus? It might really be human.

Roger G. Brezina
San Jose, California

### THE FIRE NEXT TIME

I'd like to make a little comment on the Texas prison system. I ain't no scholar, but it don't take a college education to comprehend hate and bitterness.

I predict that there will be a hell of a prison riot in one or more of the Texas prisons during this decade. It may very well surpass the recent New Mexico riot in terms of killings and mutilations. The only thing I don't understand is why this riot

# FORUM NEWSFRONT

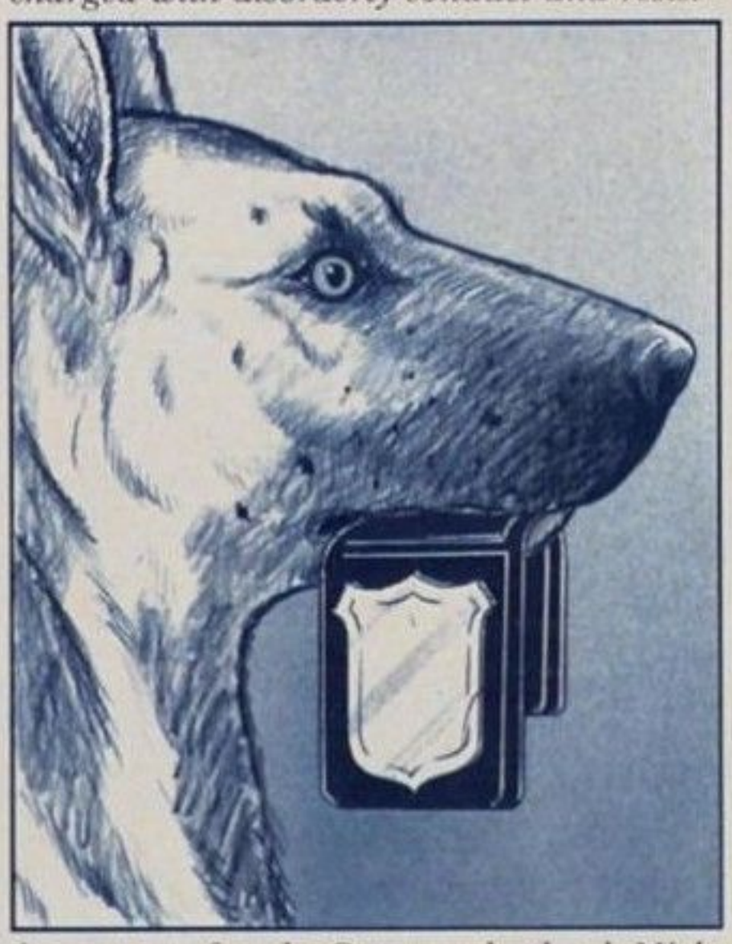
## *what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

### SEEING RED

NEW YORK CITY—*The National Hemophilia Foundation has called for a ban on blood donations from gay men and a halt to blood collections in areas with large gay populations. The foundation noted that most victims of the mysterious new immunological problem acquired-immune-deficiency syndrome (AIDS) are homosexuals and it seeks to impose the ban "as a precautionary measure in the absence of more definitive information" about what causes AIDS and how it spreads. Potential donors should be asked if they are homosexual and should have their blood tested for the syndrome, said Alan Brownstein, the executive director of the foundation. Virginia Apuzzo, executive director of the National Gay Task Force, predicted that the foundation's recommendations would needlessly stigmatize homosexuals, adding, "If you were a gay man working in a homophobic workplace, you'd be the first to roll up your sleeve and give blood."*

### DOG'S DUE

PORT CHARLOTTE, FLORIDA—*Joe Carlton Bennett, 22, was charged with battery against a police officer after allegedly kicking and beating a police dog. He was also charged with disorderly conduct and resisting arrest after the German shepherd, Nick, got in the way of an argument between Bennett and another man. "Nick is a certified police dog" and carries all the weight of a uniformed officer, said a Charlotte County spokesman. Nick was checked into a veterinarian's office for treatment.*



### ROLE MODEL

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT—*A 64-year-old grandmother who has served periodically as an adult volunteer in the Boy Scouts since 1953 filed a complaint against the organization six years ago after her application to become a scoutmaster was rejected by regional and national Boy Scout officials. At a recent hearing by the Connecticut Commission on Human Rights and Opportunities, Joseph Merton, the national director of the Boy Scouts division, Boy Scouts of America, defended the position by saying that young boys need male role models to help them set goals in life. Administrative law judge Helen Z. Pearl is hearing the case and must decide whether or not it is legal for the Boy Scouts to bar women from being scoutmasters.*

### BOOK BAN

CINCINNATI—*A woman who took the* Reader's Digest *"Family Legal Guide" into jury deliberations to help explain some legal terms to her fellow jurors was held in contempt of court and was fined $250 and court costs. The judge declared a mistrial in the case of two men accused of disorderly conduct after he learned that the woman had used the book during the deliberations.*

### SMACK ATTACK

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The Reagan Administration, sensitive to public outcry that it is prepared to wage a nuclear war, has decided not to purchase about 10,000 pounds of morphine sulphate. Morphine is one of a half-dozen drugs routinely stored in the strategic stockpile for civil defense. About 70,000 pounds of the drug are currently being stored, and the Federal Emergency Management Agency's goal is to have about 100,000 pounds on hand, according to a spokesman. An official familiar with the debate centering on the proposed purchase said: "A lot of people out there think that we're preparing to fight a nuclear war, which we are not. Let's just say the timing of the purchase was inopportune."*

### WHOPPING PHONE BILL

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA—*A local man's telephone bill in one recent month was a soaring $23,942.70, up from nearly $15,000 the month before. His normal phone bill is $275 a month, and he figures that his problems started when he made a call from Chicago's O'Hare International Airport. Two Marines on either side of his phone booth who might have heard him give his credit-card number may be using it themselves, in addition to passing it along. Most of the calls on his phone bill are to points all over the United States, but some are to Iran and other Middle Eastern coun-*

*tries. Most originated at Camp Pendleton Marine Base in California. "This is getting out of hand," the man said.*

### NOT A LOT OF BALONEY

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY—*A former Army employee has been acquitted of stealing two dollars' worth of baloney from a Fort Knox kitchen. Questions from the one-day-trial transcript include "Will you describe the baloney in question?" and "After viewing*



*the baloney in question, what is your opinion of its worth?" At one point in the trial, the attorneys argued for 30 minutes about whether or not a witness should be considered qualified as an expert on baloney.*

### BOTTLES IN BOND

CHICAGO—*The Economic Development Commission has recommended that the city council approve industrial-revenue bonds to build a store and a wine cellar for Sam's Liquors—which has one of the city's largest wine selections. Industrial-revenue bonds have usually been used to spur employment through the construction or expansion of manufacturing plants. It is unusual that they be used for a commercial venture—especially a liquor store. The bonds would allow the owners of the store to borrow $900,000 at interest as low as 70 percent of the prime rate.*

### BUG THAT BITES

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI—*The wife of a local bank president has filed a suit for $5,000,000 in punitive damages and $1,000,000 in actual damages, saying that her husband caused her "permanent and progressive injury" by giving her herpes. In addition, the suit says that when the couple married in 1979, the husband did not tell his wife about his disease "or warn her until sores broke out on his hands." The suit also challenges a Missouri law that prohibits wives from suing their husbands.*

*Meanwhile, a 24-year-old Fort Lauderdale woman has sued a man for allegedly giving her herpes, asking $100,000 in damages. The suit claims that she had been assured that he had no venereal diseases.*

### LOVE STORY

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY—*A 95-year-old man has filed for divorce from his wife of 11 months, who is 101 years old, because they are too old to take care of each other. The two had met in church and were married on Valentine Day 1982. The woman, who cannot read, is dependent on others to give her medication. Her husband accidentally gave her an overdose and she had to be hospitalized. The lawyer who filed the divorce petition remarked that the couple doesn't "want [to make] a big deal out of something they feel is so simple."*

### CALIFORNIA CLIPPER

DOWNEY, CALIFORNIA—*A woman who collected 91 coupons, each offering $100 off the price of a new car, claimed that she should get a 1982 Oldsmobile Firenza free from the dealership that distributed the coupons. She maintained that there was no notice on the coupons limiting them to one per customer or one per car. The dealer said that that didn't matter and refused to deliver the car. The woman said, "They're fortunate I went for an inexpensive car instead of one for $15,000. I have enough coupons." She has hired an attorney.*

### KING'S LAW

BOSTON—*A bill that gives communities the right to fight pornography through zoning changes was signed into law by former governor Edward J. King. The new law also allows juries to apply local standards and provides stiff new penalties, with terms of up to five years in prison and fines ranging up to $30,000.*

### NO $25 DEPOSIT

JOHNSTON, RHODE ISLAND—*A local gas-station attendant faces up to five months in jail for refusing to let a motorist use an extinguisher to put out a fire in his car. The attendant pleaded innocent to violating a 1977 state law requiring him to control fires and spills of flammable liquids. The motorist contended that the attendant wouldn't allow him to use the extinguisher without a $25 deposit. A gas-station official said that 45 Rhode Island dealers would voluntarily come up with $3000, the cost of the motorist's car, which was destroyed in the fire. A district manager for the oil company said, "I hope people feel that it was an isolated incident."*

### CHILD PORN LIMITED

CHICAGO—*Under pressure from librarians, the Cook County Board of Commissioners has revised its child-pornography ordinance to allow the distribution of art and educational materials. Due to the broad wording of the new ordinance, the librarians had feared that they might be arrested if such books as anthropology, medical and health texts were lent. Under the revised ordinance, only books that contain "lewd" exhibitions are prohibited, but the board refused to exempt librarians from the ordinance. One board member said, "What angers me is that the libraries wanted infinite rights, and that's wrong. Nobody has infinite rights."*

### ON WHEELS

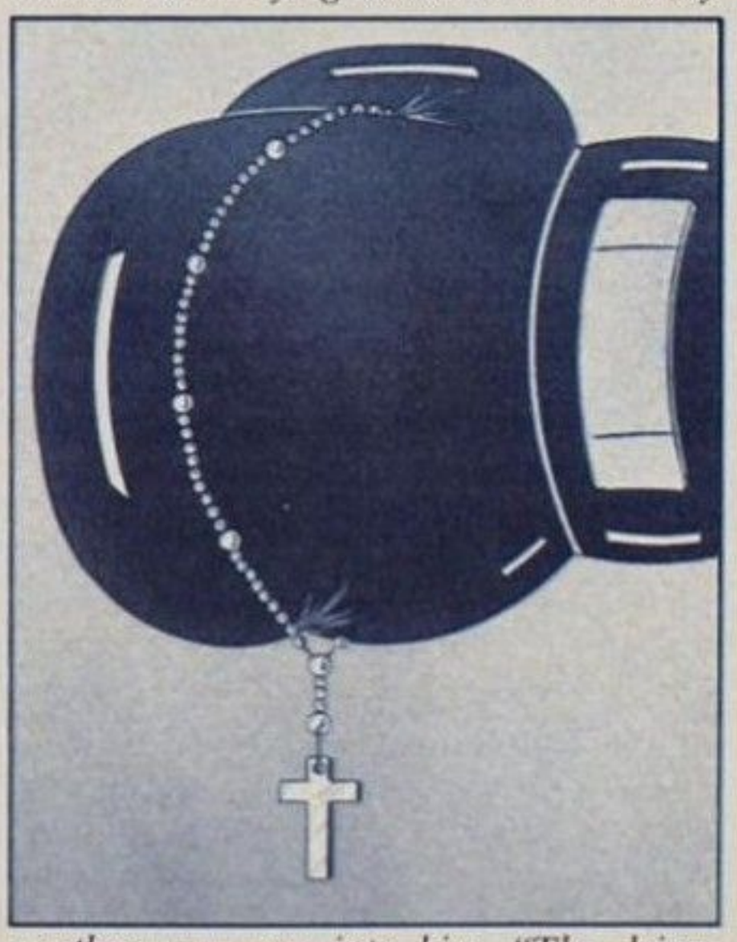
CHICAGO—*A local vice detective arrested a woman and the driver of a hansom cab, charging them with operating a house of prostitution—on wheels. The woman was nailed as a hooker after she proposed that for $40 she could provide some sexual excitement and the hansom cab's operator said of the situation, "Why not?"*

### SPORTSMANLIKE BEHAVIOR

NEW YORK CITY—*Anya Sonders, 35, has filed a $900,000 palimony suit in the state supreme court against William Donner Roosevelt, 51, a grandson of F.D.R.'s. Roosevelt ended his relationship with Sonders in October 1982, explaining that her "inability to master the arts of skeet shooting and tennis" had caused the breakup.*

### NOT TURNING OTHER CHEEK

WHITTIER, CALIFORNIA—*A photographer covering the sentencing of a Roman Catholic nun and teacher who was convicted of hitting a pupil suffered bumps and bruises when a car carrying the nun and driven by*



*another nun ran into him. "The driver looked at me and put the pedal to the metal," he said after being released from the hospital. The nun had been found guilty of misdemeanor child abuse for punching an eight-year-old boy, stepping on his toes and slamming his head against a wall.*

# EPILOG: PLAYBOY *VS.* THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

*in 1965, the klan murdered a civil rights worker*
*and we wanted to know the truth about it.*
*we sued to get the facts and we won*

**By Johnny Greene**

ON MAY 8, 1980, after months of unsuccessful negotiations by PLAYBOY's attorneys under the Freedom of Information Act (F.O.I.A.), PLAYBOY filed suit against the United States Department of Justice and Attorney General Benjamin R. Civiletti for release to the public of a 302-page Justice Department document, the Task Force Report on Gary Thomas Rowe, Jr.

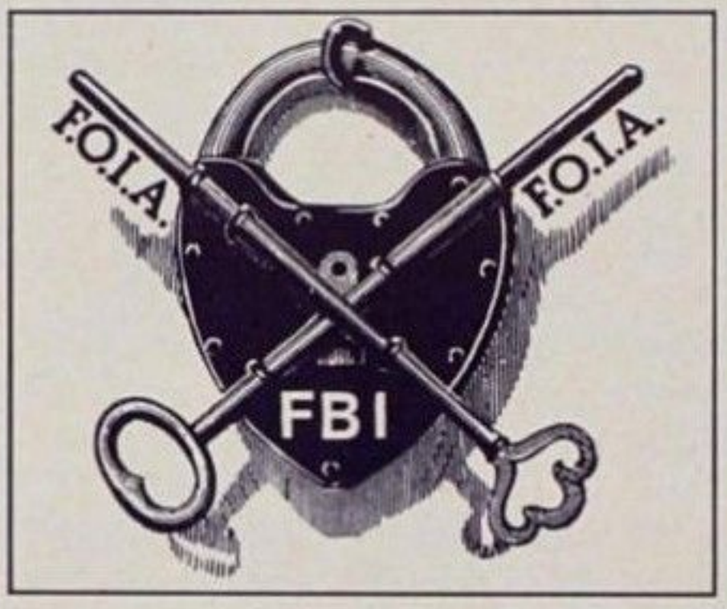
The report had been requested in 1978 by ranking members of the Senate Judiciary Committee following a story on national television suggesting that officials of the Federal Bureau of Investigation were fully aware of violent acts by the FBI's chief Ku Klux Klan informant, Gary Thomas Rowe, Jr. Although aware of his acts, the officials did nothing to remove Rowe from the FBI payroll and never reported his crimes to local law-enforcement agencies.

PLAYBOY sought the task-force report to substantiate its own investigation into the alleged complicity of Rowe in the 1965 Klan murder of civil rights worker Viola Liuzzo. Its investigation had been based, in part, on 1500 pages of heavily censored FBI documents received in 1978. The task-force report was said to have been drawn from those same documents and from thousands of other pages of FBI material recounting Rowe's day-to-day violent activities.

The release of the Rowe report confirmed the allegations published in PLAYBOY's article (October 1980) dealing with the murder of Mrs. Liuzzo. The contents of the report also documented the following:

• The FBI was fully aware that in May of 1961, the Klan had arranged with Birmingham, Alabama's, segregationist police commissioner, Eugene "Bull" Connor, for Klansmen to be given 15 minutes in which to beat a group of black and white freedom riders at the Birmingham Trailways station. The FBI did nothing to prevent the incident.

• The FBI monitored the campaign of antiblack terrorism launched by Rowe's own Klan klavern and was aware that that klavern boasted responsibility for the September 15, 1963, bombing of Birmingham's 16th Street Baptist Church, in which four young black girls were murdered.




• Although the FBI denies the claim today, Rowe states that in 1963, he reported to his FBI agents that he had shot and killed a black man.

• On the morning of March 25, 1965, the FBI gave Rowe permission to travel with three other Klansmen to Montgomery and Selma, Alabama, even though the agents knew that his presence might result in an act of violence or even murder.

• Having strong reasons to believe its paid informant was an accomplice in a murder, the FBI then protected Rowe and sought publicly to destroy the character of Mrs. Liuzzo.

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When PLAYBOY filed suit to obtain the Rowe report, few observers assumed that the Justice Department would wage a serious, protracted battle over release of a document relating to a 15-year-old civil rights–related murder. At the time that PLAYBOY was preparing to publish its investigation of Rowe's participation in the Liuzzo murder, an FBI charter was under review by Congress and serious questions were being raised in Congress and the media concerning the FBI's use and handling of its paid informants. For years, the FBI had operated with no guidelines in that area. Until the PLAYBOY story covering the murder of Mrs. Liuzzo—and a few related stories in other publications—the public had been kept substantially in the dark as to how the FBI used its informants and what tactics those informants employed in carrying out their duties. Having prepared a detailed account spanning five years of activities of its chief Ku Klux Klan informant, the FBI apparently feared that if it divulged the numerous violent activities undertaken by Rowe in his work, Congress might legislate measures to restrict or limit the use (and misuse) of future FBI informants. The Rowe task-force report was simply too hot for the Justice Department to handle, and the department fought PLAYBOY in every way possible to delay the release of the report to the public.

During the same period, the FBI's Operation Abscam was raising questions concerning the bureau's use of middlemen—informants—who were neither supervised nor controlled and were allowed to engage at will in criminal activities. If those middlemen, such as Rowe, broke the law, who, then, was liable? The FBI? Realizing that no law—only department guidelines—existed in this area and fearing legislation, the Justice Department retreated into a fortresslike mentality. As it stubbornly stonewalled release of the Rowe report in the PLAYBOY suit, the department acted as if it were defending secrets of such monumental importance that the security of the United States was in question.

In its intense fight, the Justice Department's opposition was, at times, feverpitched, despite the insistence by a number of anti-Klan individuals and organizations and several members of Congress that the report be released. On several occasions, the courts were forced to enter orders in the case, because the department refused to document its reasons for keeping the public in the dark. When it became obvious that the court simply could not understand why the public should remain in the dark concerning the FBI's role in Liuzzo's murder, the U.S. Attorney General, in an unusual action, became directly involved in the PLAYBOY suit.

Without even bothering to read the report, Attorney General Civiletti swore out a personal affidavit to the court stating his reasons for believing the report should be withheld from the public. Representing PLAYBOY, Joe Reeder of the Washington law firm of Patton, Boggs & Blow argued that the Civiletti affidavit was classic proof of the need for a strong F.O.I.A., *(concluded on page 57)*

because it illustrated official disregard for the public's right to know. Both the trial and the appellate courts agreed. Their decisions ignored the Civiletti affidavit.

On October 29, 1982, nearly two and a half years after PLAYBOY had filed suits, and after the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington, D.C., had ruled that the refusal of the Justice Department to release the report was illegal, Judge Norma Holloway Johnson ordered the report turned over to PLAYBOY. Before release, and with PLAYBOY's concurrence, the court allowed the Justice Department to delete the names of those individuals promised confidentiality before making statements to the task force. Many of those names, however, were already included in the public record. They appeared in a summary of the Rowe report that Civiletti had submitted with his affidavit of August 27, 1980, more than two years before the report was censored.

•

The long court battle is over now, and it culminated in a landmark decision endorsing a legislated core principle—the public's right to know—against Governmental secrecy. The contents of the report, recounted by newspapers and television stations across the country, are finally in the hands of the public. The decision has decisively strengthened the F.O.I.A.

Still, no law has been passed that circumscribes the FBI's use of its informants. In the late Sixties and the early Seventies, under the J. Edgar Hoover FBI regime, those Americans favoring civil rights and those questioning the Vietnam war were viewed by the Executive branch of the Government and by the FBI as citizens of questionable loyalty. Informants such as Rowe were dispatched by the FBI with the full knowledge of their propensity to provoke Ku Klux Klan violence, thereby disrupting the civil rights movement. Documents released under the F.O.I.A. revealed that FBI informants had infiltrated and sought to destroy the anti-Vietnam-war movement in a similar manner.

The current Administration makes no secret of its dislike for public freedom of information about the workings of Government. This Administration seeks to govern within a cult of secrecy and openly admits that it wants to destroy the F.O.I.A. It is already questioning the loyalty of citizens who disagree with its policies. It is not, therefore, an idle assumption that in the future, PLAYBOY may again be forced to file suit under the remnants of the F.O.I.A. to secure information concerning the use and misuse of FBI informants who sought to destroy the nuclear-freeze movement, the antidraft movement and those individual groups that opposed cuts in Government social services in the Eighties.

hasn't already taken place. Most dogs are afforded better treatment than is the rule in the Texas Department of Corrections.

I'm no stranger to these hate-instilled environments. I've also done time in the North Carolina prison system. Although the Carolina system is fairly rundown and behind the times in many ways, it does, as a rule, treat a man like a human being. The hate there is mostly based on race. But here, there is a lot of hate in every aspect of the environment.

Everybody knows that if you treat a man like a dog long enough, he will start to act accordingly. Take my word for it, there are a lot of dudes here who have nothing whatsoever to lose and everything to gain by striking back. If you corner a dog, it will fight back.

I hope I'll be released before the next riot happens, since I have only a nickel (five-year) term, but believe me, it may happen any day.

It's not just your lower mentalities who are overwhelmed and consumed with hate here. Not even your so-called intellectuals are immune to the hate that is bred and continuously fed here. I know, because I have seen, heard and felt it many times. It affects everyone subjected to it, which should tell you something in itself.

Speaking for myself, before my prison odyssey began, I was a fairly levelheaded and compassionate human being. But after years in these warehouses of hate, I don't have a whole lot of feeling left for anybody.

In effect, what the criminal-justice system is doing is sending many people who have relatively small problems to prison and hardening them with hate and bitterness, then turning them loose. As they say, whatever must be will be. But it's a goddamn shame.

(Name withheld by request)
Rosharon, Texas

**URINE TROUBLE**

As a personnel consultant with more than six years' experience owning both an employment agency and a temporary-personnel service, I find your March *Forum Newsfront* statement that "urine tests to detect marijuana use are becoming prominent in employment agencies" ridiculous. We are in business to provide personnel service to both client companies and individuals engaged in a job search, not to double as a doctor's office, a penitentiary or a drug-treatment center. Can you imagine us advising our candidates to bring us a résumé and a urine sample?

Susan Marks
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

**LONELY GUY'S LAMENT**

Whatever happened to ladies? I would seriously like to know. I was raised to be a gentleman. I was taught to dress well, to be polite and always to treat a woman like a lady. However, in the past year, whether in my home town or my college society, the only thing I've run into is pseudo ladies. They dress well and act nice, but they are far from ladies.

When in the company of men who treat them terribly, they cling as if the men were their last hope. A gentleman, however, is usually rejected very quickly. I know that because I have tried *both* sides. I once treated a girl *very* badly and she clung to me. Once I treated her like a lady, she left me.

If any lady responds that she's in a similar predicament, send her to Slippery Rock. It won't be hard to spot her.

Paul Cacolice
Slippery Rock, Pennsylvania

## Forum Library

Freedom's just another word for something we're all losing, you could argue, and now there's something we can do about that: read *Lobbying for Freedom in the 1980's* (Wideview/Perigee), edited by Kenneth P. Norwick. The subtitle is "A Grass-Roots Guide to Protecting Your Rights," and it fits. With assistance from the Playboy Foundation (and attorney Burton Joseph in particular), Norwick has compiled the best how-to book on civil liberties that we've seen in years. It's compressed, hard-nosed, easy to read, packed with information. The nuts and bolts of citizen lobbying are explained. The ways to lobby for specific freedoms (reproductive rights, women's rights, gay rights) and against drug legislation and censorship are discussed in detail, with each chapter giving a brief historical and legal overview, then citing the legislative issues that will be encountered in the Eighties. There's a list of resources in the back of the book that will aid any citizen who wants to take sensible action to protect himself. Indeed, this should be required reading for anyone who is concerned about the Orwellian turn of our society.

**FATHER AND SON**

I am writing concerning a very real problem that exists in our society. I, along with many other fathers around the country, have been insulted and humiliated.

My particular problem began in March of 1982, when I was divorced. I was "granted," or what I feel could more aptly be called punished with, "reasonable visitation rights" to my three-year-old son. Since then, my visitation rights have been decreased with no regard to either my or my son's wishes for us to be together. My ex-wife has no comprehension of the very special relationship my son and I share.

Since his birth, I have tried to spend as much time with him as I could. I have aided in his upbringing financially, emotionally and educationally as much as possible. But it's not nearly enough, and as

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time goes on, it becomes less and less. I feel that the most important contribution a father can make in his children's lives is his presence. The years a parent can spend with his children go by fast, and those special times cannot continue to be taken from him by an inequitable justice system.

I make this plea to whoever may read this letter. I ask only to have equal time with my son. I don't feel that that is an unreasonable request. We need to do away with this injustice now, so that future parents who have the misfortune of sharing children after a divorce will not have to experience the same injustice and humiliation that so many of us do now.

Keith J. Palmer
Kansas City, Missouri

### HELL, YES; I'LL GO

I have read too many editorials against draft registration. The hundreds of reasons people come up with for not registering not only amaze me, they also make me sick.

From the American Revolution to today, soldiers have fought and died so that cowards and excuse makers could sit at home and party. Those people think our freedom has already been won and that they can lie back and just think of themselves. To keep America free, we must all work, play and fight *together* for the common good.

(Name withheld by request)
Colorado Springs, Colorado

### LOST AND FOUND

I have just read your March *Forum Newsfront* item "Child Find" and couldn't be happier. So few people understand the anguish and trauma parents feel when their child is missing. Thank you so much for publishing the telephone number for Child Find. You can be sure every mother in my neighborhood will get it from me!

Carrie Dylewski
Fort Gordon, Georgia

### GIVING NO QUARTER

As a video-game player (like millions across the country), I am angry about the treatment my games have been getting lately.

Many groups are trying to get video games banned for various ridiculous reasons, but the biggest reason is so stupid it's sickening: that video games cause people to commit violent crimes because the games are violent in nature. If those bleeding hearts think they're right, why aren't they trying to ban sports and movies? Such sports as boxing, hockey and football are much more violent than video games. Nobody has ever been killed by a video game. But how many boxers have died in the ring at the hands of their opponents? And, as anybody who has been to a movie lately knows, many of them are fairly violent.

Serious crimes have been committed since the beginning of time. If someone commits a murder or a rape, that violence was in him long before he played a video game, participated in a sport or viewed a movie.

The fact is that, for some reason, some narrow-minded people can't accept new ideas. Now it's the video games' turn to be used as scapegoats by hypocritical pressure groups.

Mark S. Corl
Riverside, California

### THE OTHER DISEASE

Your view of herpes is one of the clearest I've read. My wife has herpes and had it when we met. I, thankfully, do not. We simply abstained from sex when she felt a sore coming on. I, however, suffer from a disease that has caused us innumerable problems and is probably the cause of our current separation. I think that you, *Time* and other magazines should get your minds off sex for a minute and give a hard look at my disease, alcoholism. It makes herpes look like a freckle compared with the problems it's caused.

(Name withheld by request)
Tucson, Arizona

### NO NOSE IS GOOD NOSE

About your dope-sniffing-dogs controversy (*The Playboy Forum*, March): Marty Applebaum is correct. Although the dogs are trained *not* to respond to pepper, talc, etc., after sniffing the pepper, their nose is rendered useless for picking up the scent of dope. If they did respond to pepper, it wouldn't be an effective distraction, because *any* response prompts a search by the MPs. I can vouch for this method, having served four years in the Marine Corps. Mess-hall surplus pepper was always kept handy for shakedowns. Incidentally, I've seen lockers searched (and people busted) after dogs responded to food and, in one case, a pet rat.

(Name withheld by request)
Perry, Ohio

### "FIRE!" VS. "FUCK!"

Yell "Fire!" in a moviehouse and all hell breaks loose; yell "Fuck!" in a moviehouse and you get a laugh. That tells me that fire is a bad word and fuck is a good word.

"Nobody cares" may indicate extreme depression, but "Who gives a fuck?" means not to worry.

So the next time someone yells "Fire!" in your moviehouse, you should immediately holler "Fuck!" Then use your naturally alert curiosity to get the hell out of there.

Bill Loren
Rockville, Maryland

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# THE PRESIDENT AS COMIC-KAZE

*after two years of watching reagan sabotage the dignity of his office, a former white house correspondent delivers some punch lines of his own*

*opinion* **By CURTIS WILKIE**

AS THE WHITE HOUSE press plane sped toward Brasilia, the evening sun glinting on the jungle rivers below, it occurred to me that the President of the United States, traveling an hour behind us in Air Force One, did not have the foggiest idea whom he would soon be meeting. The thought did not require a great deal of perception, it was merely a conclusion by someone who had covered Reagan for nearly two years—that he probably had not yet learned the name of his host, the president of Brazil, or if he had, the name had already been lost in the recesses of his mind.

"Roussel," I yelled at Pete Roussel, the White House Deputy Press Secretary sitting two rows in front of me. "Does Reagan know the name of the president of Brazil? In fact, for ten points, can *you* name the president of Brazil?" Roussel, a friendly fellow often called upon to clarify Reagan *gaffes*, grinned sheepishly. He didn't know, and, if the truth were known, without consulting my briefing book, I didn't, either. But neither of us was about to have formal talks with the Brazilian leader.

It turned out my suspicion was wrong. Reagan had no problem with President Figueiredo's name. Just his country. As he raised his glass in a toast at the state dinner the next night, Reagan hailed "the people of Bolivia." Realizing his error, he then compounded it by quickly explaining, "That's where I'm going," when he had no plans to visit Bolivia at all.

Listening to Reagan's remarks over an intercom in the press room of a Brasilia hotel, the White House reporters broke into guffaws. If ignorance is bliss, the Reagan Administration is the embodiment of the politics of joy.

Actually, the arrival of the Reagan Administration was like replacing an Ingmar Bergman movie with *The Lawrence Welk Show*. After four years of a brooding Jimmy Carter reading poetry, praying for the soul of his country, studying maps of the Mideast on his hands and knees to learn the region, the United States was receptive to the old-fashioned verities and personal charm that Reagan projected. History, however, may record the Reagan years as a period of comic relief.

And although we in the press duly report those comic fumbles, it seems to have exasperatingly little impact. The public filters out most of the derogatory details, preferring to believe that their President cannot be as dumb as he sometimes seems. Friends often ask me what Reagan is really like. I can't say for sure. While, as White House correspondent for *The Boston Globe*, I saw him almost every day, it was usually from a distance. But my impression, based on months of watching him and talking with people who deal with him, is that Ronald Reagan is an ignorant man. Not stupid but lazy—an intellectual sloth. The public is fooled because Reagan is adept at covering his ignorance with a beguiling manner.

Take, for example, his high-level meeting on Capitol Hill last year. At first blush, it seemed to have sprung from a political scientist's dream. Here was Reagan, the high priest of supply-side theory, coming to defend his Administration's economic policies against House Speaker Thomas P. "Tip" O'Neill, Jr., the keeper of the flame of the New Deal. Flanked by aides and a few members of Congress, the two old Irishmen met in an ornate room just off the Senate floor to try to negotiate a settlement of a protracted budget debate.

Some went so far as to describe it as a historic occasion, but I was told that the President opened the exchange with this question: "Tip, did you hear the one about the Irishwoman who went to the doctor?" The Speaker had not, so Reagan continued: "He told her to go home and bring back a specimen. She didn't know what he meant, so she went home and asked her neighbor. The neighbor said, 'Go piss in a bottle.'" Reagan paused for effect, then delivered the punch line about how the woman, insulted, "hit her neighbor over the head."

So it went that day in the spring of 1982. With his program at stake, the President resorted to scatological jokes and asides to compensate for his lack of knowledge of his own budget. One Democratic Congressman who was privy to the details of the meeting said O'Neill kept pressing Reagan to indicate which items in the budget were flexible; Reagan was unfamiliar with many of the issues. At one point, he rejected a Democratic proposal with the observation, "You may make me crap a pineapple, but you're not going to make me crap a cactus."

"It was obvious he had no idea what was going on," the Congressman told me.

Doubts about the President's conduct of business actually cropped up among some Senators as far back as June 1981, when a Congressional delegation went to the White House to plead the case for import restrictions on Asian footwear and wound up discussing the career of Jack Reagan, a turn-of-the-century shoe salesman and father of the 40th President of the United States.

Warming to the topic of shoes, the President attempted to establish affinity with the group. He talked about how his father had peddled shoes and recalled that the top of the line had been Bostonians. "Ted," he asked Senator Edward M. Kennedy, one of the few people in the room he seemed to recognize, "do they still make Bostonians?" Assured that the brand was still in existence, Reagan was pleased. One of the visitors says he assumed the President was merely breaking the ice with this prattle, but within moments he ended the meeting without any substantive discussion of an issue important to the American shoe industry.

Carter wondered about his successor even earlier. In his memoirs, *Keeping Faith*, he writes of an Oval Office meeting shortly before Reagan's Inauguration when he reviewed a number of sensitive issues with the President-elect. Reagan sat without comment while Carter talked of secret agreements with other nations and procedures to be followed in emergencies. According to Carter, "Some of the information was quite complex, and I did not see how he could possibly retain all of it merely by listening. I asked him if he wanted a pad so that he could take some notes, but he responded that he could remember what I was saying. I continued to go from item to item, and when I paused again, he asked if he could have a copy of my notes."

By early 1982, Senator Bob Packwood, an Oregon Republican, was so dismayed by Reagan's lack of responsiveness that he went public with one anecdote. At a typical meeting between Reagan and Republican leaders, Packwood related, someone might note that "We've got a 120-billion-dollar deficit coming," and the President would reply, "You know, a person yesterday, a young man, went into a grocery store and he had an orange in one hand and a bottle of vodka in the other, and he paid for the orange with food stamps and he took the change and

paid for the vodka. That's what's wrong."

"We just shake our heads," Packwood said.

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Loyal White House aides attribute some of Reagan's vague answers to the President's loss of hearing. He is as deaf as the proverbial post but refuses to wear a hearing aid and, rather than admit that he has failed to understand the question, he often delivers a *non sequitur*.

Such was once the stuff of great satire. It led Garry Trudeau, in his comic strip *Doonesbury*, to conduct a search through Reagan's brain during the 1980 campaign. In those days, it was easy to spoof the faded B-grade movie actor who, as a wimpish professor in *Bedtime for Bonzo*, uttered the immortal line "I'm not made of sawdust." But now that he is ensconced in the White House, the leader of the free world, the fun can be painful when he acts so balmy.

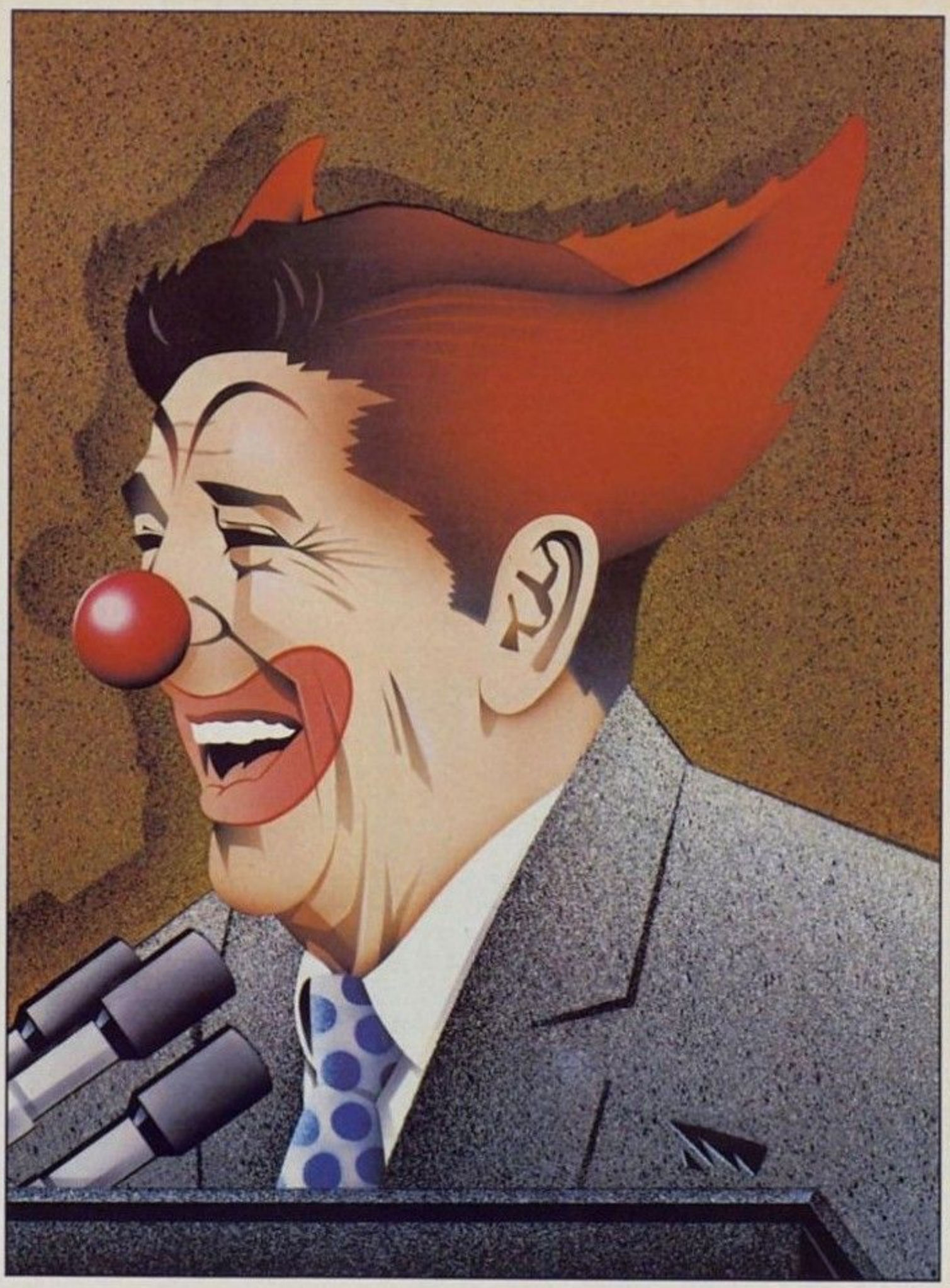
Sometimes it seems we are covering the *Single Stooge Show*. Take, for example, the much-reported day Reagan welcomed Samuel K. Doe, the Liberian leader, to the United States by calling him "Chairman Moe." Reagan has this problem with blacks. "Hello, Mr. Mayor," he said, greeting his own Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, Samuel Pierce, at a reception attended by black mayors. He also referred to "Sugar Ray and Mrs. Ray" when the former prize fighter Sugar Ray Leonard and his wife visited the White House.

But it's not only blacks that give Reagan trouble—he seems to trip over facts and figures of *any* color. Since he took office, he has unwittingly reversed his Administration's position and offered inaccurate or misleading statistics so often that his spokesmen have become specialists in "what the President meant to say" clarifications.

For most of his 72 years, Reagan has relied on his gift for "quick study," which enables him to digest information easily but superficially, like the student who can memorize a poem one day only to forget it the next. That, coupled with his acting experience, helps Reagan look statesmanlike when delivering a speech. But when he drifts from his text, he runs the risk of sounding obtuse and wrongheaded.

Asked last November, at a time when his economic counselors were trying to bring him around to the reality of a monstrous deficit, why he was determined to cut taxes while his erstwhile supporters in Congress wanted to raise them, Reagan replied, "I think cutting taxes in a recessional situation such as this one, I mean of raising taxes, would be, in effect, raising taxes," and his voice trailed off into a mumble.

What makes Reagan's chronic confusion so appalling is that he has demonstrated that he can handle a complicated subject if he puts his mind to it. He immersed himself in the intricacies of



AWACS—the American-made radar planes—and won a tough fight with Congress over his proposal to sell the planes to Saudi Arabia.

Reagan prefers to take it easy, however—to make the brief walk home across the colonnade between the West Wing and the President's mansion at an early hour most afternoons. Once inside his living quarters, his aides admit privately, the President is perfectly content to watch television until bedtime. He watches the evening news shows religiously, but once they're over, he'll sit spellbound by almost anything that follows: *Family Feud*, reruns of *M*A*S*H* or *Hee Haw*.

No one is sure when the President last read a book. One of his best-known aides began laughing when I asked him what he had last read. "I don't know," he said. Another aide assured me that Reagan really did read but pointed out that he liked things that reinforced his biases. It is not surprising, therefore, that one of his favorite publications is *Reader's Digest*, from which he extracted his much-reported claim that the nuclear-freeze movement has been infiltrated by Soviet agents. He also loves *Human Events*, the voice of the far right, and gets two copies of each edition so he can clip articles on both sides of the page. One of the books the aide recently spied Reagan reading was *Privatizing the Public Sector—How to Shrink Government*. It was written by a Reagan appointee in the Department of Housing and Urban Development, Emanuel S. Savas, who was later suspended after it was disclosed that he'd had the manuscript typed by HUD employees on Government time.

Reagan is not much of a newspaper reader, either. In previous Administrations, the daily White House news summary—which contains capsule accounts of news stories from around the country—reprinted little from *The Washington Post*, *The Wall Street Journal* or *The New York Times*, on the assumption that the President and White House aides regularly read those papers. Under Reagan, the news summary routinely condenses

stories from those papers.

One of the President's advisors defended his boss's mind but acknowledged that he wished Reagan exercised it more often. "The best thing we could do would be to have a press conference every week," the aide told me. "That way he would be forced to prepare for it, to bone up on the issues. He is very good—as long as he does it regularly."

But live television, which offers no opportunity for retakes, is a double-edged sword. Reagan's performances at his press conferences, which are televised but have no script beyond his opening statement, have become so perilous that his biographer, Lou Cannon, calls the sessions "adventures into the uncharted regions of his mind." Even his nimble-witted predecessors found it important to cram themselves with briefings, issue papers and rehearsed question-and-answer exchanges with aides to avoid the appearance of ignorance on any subject. At first, Reagan didn't bother with long preparations.

But after a couple of outings, which were panned by commentators and pounced upon by journalistic truth squads, the President began to study the issues beforehand. Still, he continued to have problems, and the press conferences became so destructive to his image as a knowledgeable leader that he limited himself to 15 in the first two years of his Presidency, compared with the 23 Carter held in the first year he was in office.

Reagan's staff has done its best to make him look on top of the game at those affairs. He is given a crib sheet listing the identity and seating locations of the White House reporters so he can call them by name (in fact, he doesn't know most of us from Adam's house cat). Sometimes his aides suggest certain people to recognize, either to curry favor with the reporter whose boss will see him on TV or to elicit a "softball" question. The tactic backfired at the first press conference of 1983, however, when Reagan blurted out the name of a correspondent who was watching the event at home. He later singled out a nonexistent "Al" for the privilege of asking a question. Each time the designated reporter did not rise, Reagan could be seen peering at his chart in bewilderment.

Then there was the day he confused the B-1 bomber with the Stealth bomber. Another time, he created consternation in Europe with a random observation that limited nuclear war was possible. When asked about that at a press conference, he claimed he had been quoted out of context. Bill Plante of CBS rose with a transcript of Reagan's original remarks and read them back to him. Reagan was visibly uncomfortable, and after a convoluted answer, he concluded that a limited nuclear exchange was a "possibility" that "could take place." Following that press conference, in which the President was particularly rambling, his aides were embarrassed. One official told me Reagan had spent three and one half hours over a period of two days discussing anticipated questions. "I can't say how much time he spent reading his material," the official lamented.

Of course, when not doing press conferences, the President often takes his running miscommentary on the road. Press Secretary Larry Speakes has even coined a term—good horror stories—for the strange tales of fraud and waste in Big Government that Reagan has shared from sea to shining sea.

A favorite from the 1980 campaign involved the mythical "welfare queen" who was said to have used many aliases to exploit benefits. Reagan's account of the case was so discredited that he finally was persuaded by his staff to stop using the tale.

But nothing seems to dampen his enthusiasm for such stories. In a speech to the Indiana legislature last year, Reagan said, "I'm delighted in telling about the town that decided, in the interest of safety, they were going to raise all their street signs and everything that were only five feet high to seven feet high. And the Federal Government came in and said, 'We've got a program that will do that for you.' It was quite an undertaking, it seems . . . the Federal Government's idea was that they lower the streets two feet." Barely pausing for breath, he went on to tell about a hospital "built with some Federal funds, so therefore the Federal Government can manage everything about it." The White House was unable to verify either story when I asked for supporting facts.

And who can forget the time in Chicago when he declared to an audience of black school children that he was "under the impression that the problem of segregated schools had been settled"?

Fending off questions in the aftermath of that appearance, Speakes grew so weary of the clarification ritual that he snapped at us, "Don't try to pick me apart on these mistakes again."

Reagan's longtime body watcher, aide Michael Deaver, once tried to keep the source of so many of those stories—*Human Events*—out of his hands. But a former associate, onetime campaign manager John Sears, was more resigned to Reagan's penchant for them. "His problem," Sears once explained, "is he's got all those records in his head and he'll grab for one of them on the shelf and pull out the record and play it in full. Those records were formed many years ago. They're oldies but goodies, and nobody's been able to get into his record library and change it."

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When he was elected, Ronald Reagan held out the prospect for bold leadership, a Republican restoration and a refreshing change from the dour Carter years. Yet the fog in which he walks is particularly galling to his allies in Congress, and it is now clear that no President since Harding has been so ill prepared for the job.

As President, Reagan shows little interest in details and prefers to delegate most of the work to his staff. When he chooses to make a decision, it rarely involves a thought process in which various approaches and options are weighed. Instead, he is guided by his hidebound, simplistic views that taxes and Government regulations are bad, that a strong defense is good because the Communists can't be trusted. He is the man, after all, who once said that he could sum up his vision of America in five words: family, work, neighborhood, freedom and peace. He's also the man who criticized universities in California for "subsidizing intellectual curiosity."

During his journey to Europe last June—a trip that became known among those of us who accompanied him as "The Big Sleep" because he dozed off during speeches by several hosts, including Pope John Paul II, French president François Mitterrand and Italian president Sandro Pertini—Reagan worsened an international incident by professing to know little about it. While he was sleeping at Versailles, his Secretary of State at the time, Alexander Haig, decided to reverse an American vote at the United Nations in connection with the Falklands crisis. The switch infuriated the British. The next day, as Reagan lunched at the side of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, he was asked about the vote by ABC's Sam Donaldson. "Uh, you've caught me a long way from there," Reagan said. "Let me catch up with things of that kind."

Undeterred, Donaldson asked Thatcher for her reaction. "I don't do interviews at lunchtime," she sniffed, suggesting a wiser course for Reagan.

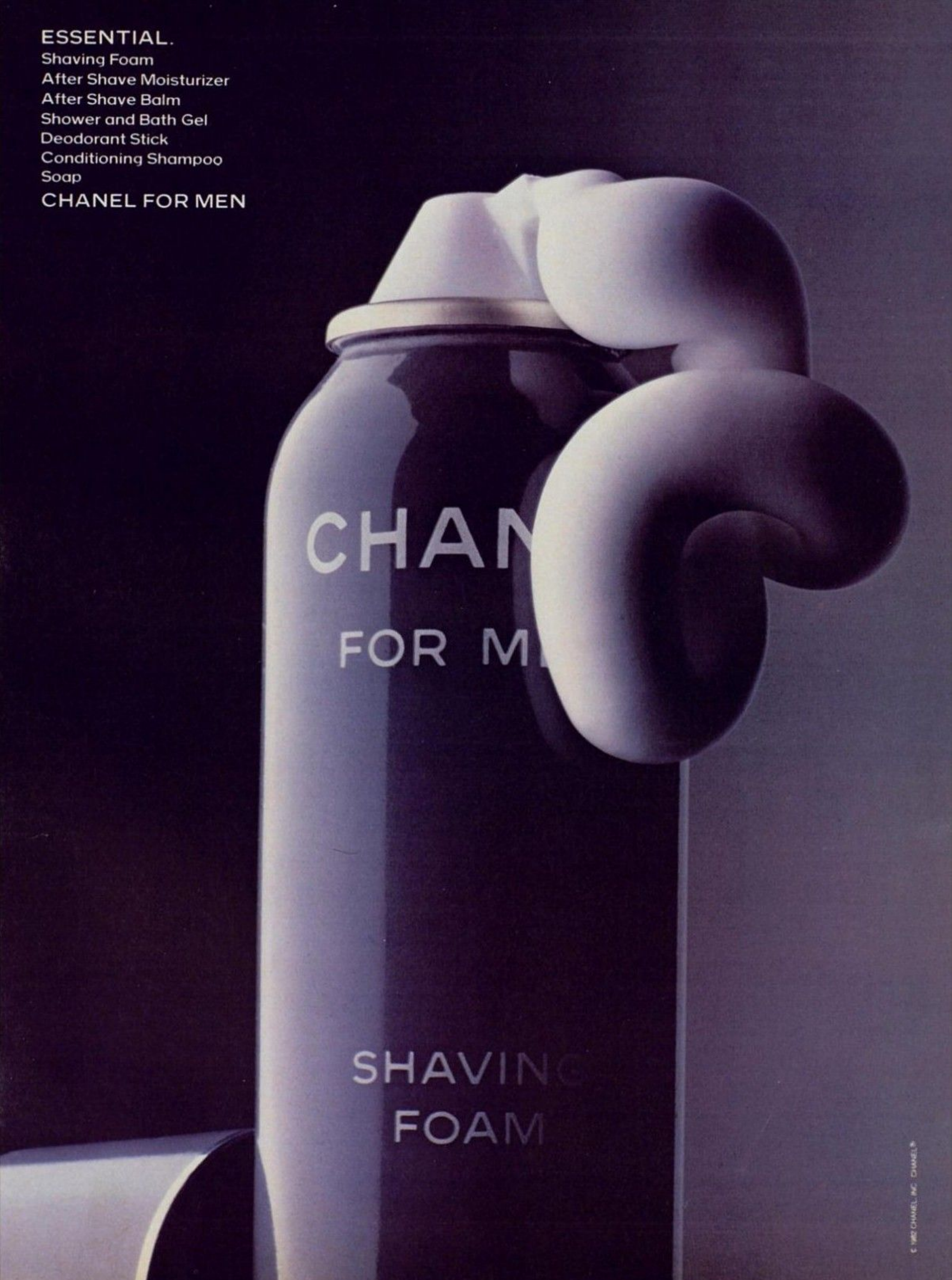
Cut to Rome, two days later. Reagan had an audience with the Pope. Jack Nelson of the *Los Angeles Times* and I were following the event on Italian television in the lobby of a Via Veneto hotel when Reagan's eyes began to close.

"My God, Jack, the man is going to sleep," I said.

"Sure looks like it," Nelson agreed, and we watched with a mixture of fascination and horror, not unlike the sensation one gets at a zoo's snakehouse, as the President nodded, nearly fell out of his chair, then jerked awake. The White House staff resolved to ensure more rest for Reagan.

That's hardly possible. There are days when his appointments calendar is virtually empty. During his campaign, aides attempted to camouflage his afternoon naps by describing the period as "staff time." On the White House schedule, there are often long gaps between meetings or afternoons that are totally blank. One close Reagan associate, asked over lunch one day whether or not he thought the President would run for re-election, replied that he expected he would. "After all," he said, "he's not exactly burning himself out on the job."

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: STEPHEN KING

## *a candid conversation with the author of "carrie" and "the shining" about ghosts, vampires, big bucks and other gruesome tales of horror*

*In the early winter of 1972, a Maine housewife dusting her husband's makeshift study fished a discarded manuscript out of the wastebasket and sat down to read it. When Stephen King returned from teaching high school English that evening, his wife, Tabitha, persuaded him to resume work on the abandoned novel, despite his conviction "that I had written the world's all-time loser." Several months later, he submitted the revised version to Doubleday & Company in New York. "Carrie," a twisted fairy tale about an ugly-duckling adolescent transformed into a merciless engine of psychic destruction, was purchased by Doubleday in March 1973 for a $2500 advance and subsequently sold a modest 13,000 copies in hardcover. Reviews were both sparse and mixed; some dismissed the novel as a potboiler, but* New York Times *critic Newgate Callendar hailed it as "brilliant. . . . A first novel guaranteed to give you a chill." Screen rights were purchased by United Artists, and Brian De Palma's 1976 film version, starring Sissy Spacek and John Travolta, was a critical and commercial success, while New American Library paid $400,000 for paperback rights and subsequently sold more than 2,500,000 copies. King, dubbed "the modern master of horror" by* The New York Times, *had exploded onto the publishing scene and had begun his meteoric rise on the best-seller lists.*

*His second novel, "'Salem's Lot" (originally titled "The Second Coming"), was published in 1975 and dealt with a plague of vampires that terrorized and ultimately overwhelmed a small Maine community.*

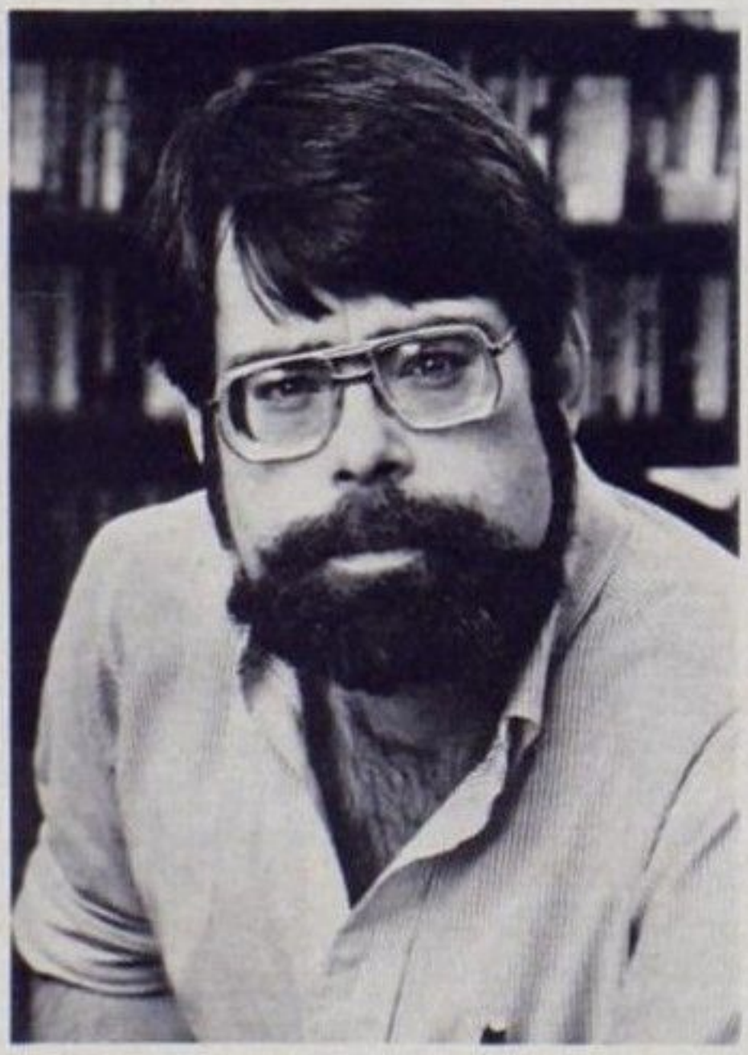
*The paperback edition sold 3,000,000 copies and swept King to the number-one spot on the* New York Times *paperback best-seller list. Film rights were sold to Warner Bros., which released it in 1979 as a two-part, four-hour made-for-television movie starring David Soul. Of all his books, "'Salem's Lot" remains King's personal favorite, and he is planning a sequel.*

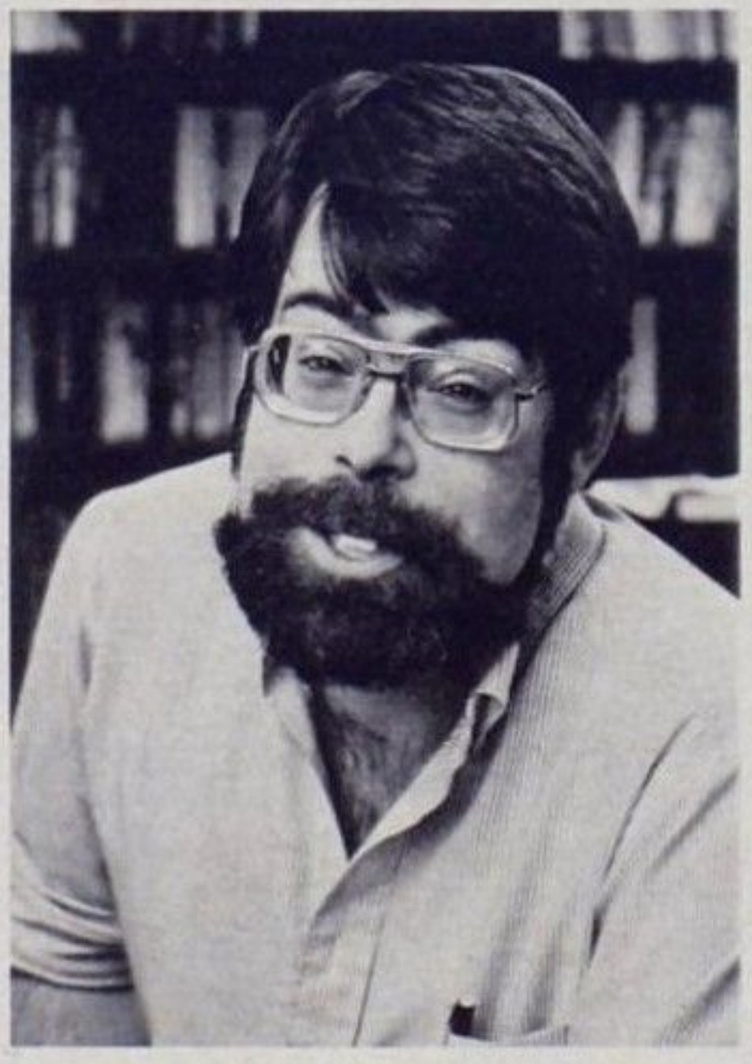
*In rapid succession, King published "The Shining" (1977), "The Stand" (1978) and "Night Shift" (1978), a Grand Guignol–style collection of short stories. "The Shining" sold more than 50,000 copies and was his first hardback best seller. A harrowing account of a family's destruction by an old hotel that has become a repository of supernatural evil, the novel was greeted favorably by critics who had previously either ignored King or dismissed him as another shockmeister. In 1980, Stanley Kubrick's lavish $18,000,000 film production of the book, starring Jack Nicholson, was roundly panned by critics, though it was a solid box-office hit and ranks among the 20 most profitable films ever released by Warner Bros.*

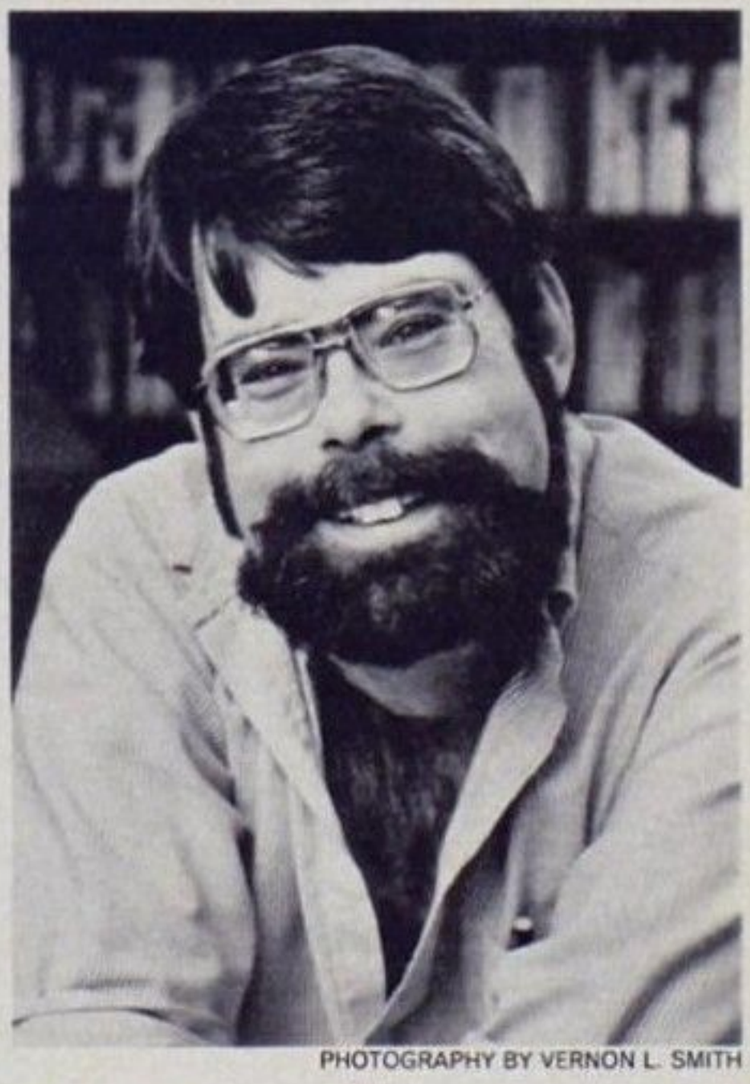
*"The Stand," an 800-page futuristic disaster novel with mystical overtones, was also a best seller and received mixed reviews. Some praised it as King's most ambitious work; others felt it was wordy and pretentious.*

*With the publication of "The Dead Zone" in 1979, King might have been disturbed by the divided critical reaction to his work, but he could also afford to cry all the way to the bank. He had left Doubleday and had signed a three-novel, $3,000,000 contract with New American Library. Working at the prolific clip of a book a year, King followed "The Dead Zone" with "Firestarter" in 1980, "Cujo" in 1981 and, in 1982, a collection of four* novellas, *"Different Seasons," that sold to the Book-of-the-Month Club for $500,000 and was among the top-selling hardcover novels in the country in 1982. "Danse Macabre," a nonfiction survey of horror in literature, film and the mass media, was published by Everest House in 1981 and was hailed by the* Philadelphia Inquirer *as "one of the best books on American popular culture in the late 20th Century."*

*By the early Eighties, King had become the only author in history to have three books*







PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERNON L. SMITH

*"Back in the days when I was broke, I had ambivalent feelings about my kids. On one hand, I wanted to protect them, but I was also experiencing resentment, anger, even surges of mental violence I suppressed, thank God."*

*"Just as Garfield says 'Lasagna is my life,' horror is mine. I'd write the stuff even if I weren't paid for it, because I don't think there's anything sweeter on God's green earth than scaring the living shit out of people."*

*"It's an honor to be in the stellar company of such 'Playboy Interview' subjects as George Lincoln Rockwell and Albert Speer and James Earl Ray. What happened, couldn't you get Charles Manson?"*

*simultaneously on the* New York Times *hard- and softcover best-seller lists. With the publication in April 1983 of "Christine," the saga of a boy and his haunted 1958 Plymouth Fury, an estimated 40,000,000 copies of King's books were in print around the world. He also branched out and wrote the screenplay and starred in one of the five segments of George ("Night of the Living Dead") Romero's seriocomic film "Creepshow." According to Douglas Winter, author of a recent critical study, "The Reader's Guide to Stephen King," "In less than ten years, King has become the most popular writer of horror fiction of all time, a publishing phenomenon whose success, a conjoining of talent and timing, was seemingly inevitable."*

*To examine the work and probe the psyche of this master of the macabre,* PLAYBOY *sent novelist* **Eric Norden** *to Bangor, Maine, where King lives with his wife and three children. Norden reports:*

*"It was a foggy, drizzling morning in late November when I showed up at King's sprawling 24-room Victorian mansion, replete with brooding twin turrets and black-wrought-iron fence. The grillwork on the imposing front gate was fashioned into an intricate spider web surmounted by two perching metal bats as big and about as inviting as vultures. It was a fittingly sinister lair for the writer one hostile critic had called the 'Wizard of Ooze.' But the gate didn't creak, and when King shambled out into the rain to greet me, his appearance was disarming.*

*"He is a strapping 6'4" and weighs in at 200 pounds, a genial bear of a man with an infectious grin and disconcertingly gentle blue eyes behind thick horn-rimmed glasses. His jet-black hair commas over one eyebrow and curls at the nape of his neck, and his beard is thick but neatly trimmed. (A dedicated baseball fan, he grows it every year at the end of the world series and shaves when the spring season begins.) He was dressed casually in a faded-blue Levis work shirt, jeans, black-leather motorcycle jacket and scuffed-suede pukka boots—his everyday uniform in Bangor, which he describes affectionately as 'a hard town, a hard-drinking workingman's town.'*

*"The interior of the house quickly dispels the Charles Addams façade; it is a series of large, airy rooms tastefully decorated in traditional New England style and presided over by a full-time housekeeper. Two secretaries staff King's office, where he hammers out 1500 words between 8:30 and 11:30 every morning of the year except Christmas, the Fourth of July and his birthday. The preserved head of a rattlesnake encased in a glass globe has a place of honor on his desk, and he's fond of telling interviewers that he writes as he does because he has the heart of a small boy: 'In fact, I keep it at home in a jar on my desk, as Robert Bloch, the author of "Psycho," was fond of saying.'*

*"King works on a Wang word processor, which is currently linked by telephone hookup to an IBM model belonging to writer Peter ('Ghost Story') Straub, with whom he is collaborating on a forthcoming horror novel titled 'The Talisman,' scheduled for publication in 1984. (Other work in progress includes a novel about burial customs, 'Pet Sematary'—no typos in the title, it's derived from a child's spelling—'Night Moves,' an anthology, and 'IT,' a horror magnum opus about a monster in the sewers that may top 2000 pages on completion.) King is compulsive about his output and suffers from headaches and insomnia if he falls behind schedule. But he's not finicky about working conditions—his children wander freely in and out of his study when he's composing, and he often writes to the blare of hard rock.*

*"King is a loving and protective parent and enjoys a close relationship with his three kids, 12-year-old Naomi, ten-year-old Joe and five-year-old Owen. They often watch horror films together on King's 4' x 3' Panasonic Cinemavision video-beam console, which dominates a corner of the toy-strewn den. (One memorable lunchtime midway through our interview, King sent out for Big Macs while he screened 'Blood Feast,' a particularly gory Sixties cut-and-slasher, and kept telling me, 'Go ahead and have another burger' while a starlet was being disemboweled and her blood-dripping liver was being devoured in living color.)*

*"King's relationship with Tabitha is equally close. They met when both were students at the University of Maine and were married in 1971. An attractive brunette in her early 30s, Tabitha is a talented author in her own right, and her blackly humorous fantasy novel, 'Small World,' was published in 1981. Warm and supportive, Tabby is also a no-nonsense woman, a fact King welcomes and credits for helping him avoid the pitfalls of celebrity. His children are no more overwhelmed by their father's fame than their mother is: 'When I'm about to go out on a publicity tour for one of the books,' King observes ruefully, 'Owen just says, "Oh, Daddy's going out to be Stephen King again."'*

*"King seems sincerely unimpressed about being a multimillionaire; all his money is handled by a New York accountant, who doles out $200 to him for walking-around money every week. 'The rest is all on paper,' he explains, 'and I don't even know how much I'm worth.' His lifestyle is simple and unpretentious—he loves his weekly bowling night out with the boys and an occasional bout of cross-country skiing—with the exception of a few extravagances, such as the family's two Mercedes. One notable luxury is a modern 11-room summer house on a hilltop overlooking lonely Lake Kezar in the foothills of the White Mountains. That was the scene where much of our interview was conducted to avoid the ubiquitous long-distance telephone calls from publishers, agents, editors and Hollywood producers that plague King in Bangor.*

*"As banks of autumnal mist rolled in across the lake on the first day of the two weeks I would spend interviewing King, I began by asking him how it felt to see a fantasy fulfilled."*

*"Ghoulies and ghosties and things that go bump in the night—you name 'em, I loved 'em!"*

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**PLAYBOY:** The protagonist of *'Salem's Lot*, a struggling young author with a resemblance to his creator, confesses at one point, "Sometimes when I'm lying in bed at night, I make up a *Playboy Interview* about me. Waste of time. They only do authors if their books are big on campus." Ten novels and several million dollars in the bank later, your books *are* big on campus and everywhere else. How does it feel?

**KING:** It feels great. I love it! And, sure, it's an ego boost to think that I'll be the subject of one of your *Interviews*, with my name in black bold print and those three mug shots crawling along the bottom of the page on top of the quotes where I really fucked up and put my foot in my mouth. It's an honor to be in the stellar company of George Lincoln Rockwell and Albert Speer and James Earl Ray. What happened, couldn't you get Charles Manson?

**PLAYBOY:** We picked you as our scary guy for this year. The vote wasn't even close.

**KING:** OK, truce. Actually, I am pleased, because when I was trying, without much apparent success, to make it as a writer, I'd read your *Interviews* and they always represented a visible symbol of achievement as well as celebrity. Like most writers, I dredge my memory for material, but I'm seldom really explicitly autobiographical. That passage you quote from *'Salem's Lot* is an exception, and it reflects my state of mind in those days before I sold my first book, when nothing seemed to be going right. When I couldn't sleep, in that black hole of the night when all your doubts and fears and insecurities surge in at you, snarling, from the dark—what the Scandinavians call the wolf hour—I used to lie in bed alternately wondering if I shouldn't throw in the creative towel and spinning out masturbatory wish-fulfillment fantasies in which I was a successful and respected author. And that's where my imaginary *Playboy Interview* came in. I'd picture myself calm and composed, magisterial, responding with lucidly reasoned answers to the toughest questions, bouncing brilliant *aperçus* off the walls like tennis balls. Now that you're here, I'll probably do nothing but spew out incoherencies! But I suppose it was good therapy. It got me through the night.

**PLAYBOY:** How you got through your nights is going to be a major topic of this

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interview. Were you intrigued by ghost stories as a child?

**KING:** Ghoulies and ghosties and things that go bump in the night—you name 'em, I loved 'em! Some of the best yarns in those days were spun by my uncle Clayton, a great old character who had never lost his childlike sense of wonder. Uncle Clayt would cock his hunting cap back on his mane of white hair, roll a Bugler cigarette with one liver-spotted hand, light up with a Diamond match he'd scratch on the sole of his boot and launch into great stories, not only about ghosts but about local legends and scandals, family goings on, the exploits of Paul Bunyan, everything under the sun. I'd listen spellbound to that slow down-East drawl of his on the porch of a summer night, and I'd be in another world. A better world, maybe.

**PLAYBOY:** Did such stories trigger your initial interest in the supernatural?

**KING:** No, that goes back as far as I can remember. But Uncle Clayt was a great spinner of tales. He was an original, Clayt. He could "line" bees, you know. That's a quirky rural talent that enables you to trail a honeybee all the way from a flower back to its hive—for miles, sometimes, through woods and brambles and bogs, but he never lost one. I sometimes wonder if more than good eyesight was involved. Uncle Clayt had another talent, too: He was a dowser. He could find water with an old piece of forked wood. How and why I'm not sure, but he did it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you really believe that old wives' tale?

**KING:** Well, wrapping an infected wound in a poultice of moldy bread was an old wives' tale, too, and it antedated penicillin by the odd thousand years. But, yeah, I was skeptical about dowsing at first, until I actually saw it and experienced it—when Uncle Clayt defied all the experts and found a well in our own front yard.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you sure you just didn't succumb to the power of suggestion?

**KING:** Sure, that's one explanation, or maybe rationalization, but I tend to doubt it. I was bone-skeptical. I think it's far more likely that there's a perfectly logical and nonsupernatural explanation for dowsing—merely one science doesn't understand yet.

It's easy to scoff at such things, but don't forget Haldane's law, a maxim coined by the famous British scientist J.B.S. Haldane: "The universe is not only queerer than we suppose, but it is queerer than we *can* suppose."

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have any other psychic experiences as a child?

**KING:** Well, once again, I'm not even sure that the dowsing was psychic at all—at least, not in the way that term is bandied around today. Was it a psychic experience when people in the early 18th Century saw stones falling from the sky? It certainly took the scientific establishment another 50 years to admit the existence of meteorites. But to answer your question, no, I never experienced anything else as a kid that smacks of the paranormal.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't we read somewhere that your house—where this interview is taking place, incidentally—is haunted?

**KING:** Oh, sure, by the shade of an old man named Conquest, who shuffled off this mortal coil about four generations back. I've never seen the old duffer, but sometimes when I'm working late at night, I get a distinctly uneasy feeling that I'm not alone. I wish he'd show himself; maybe we could get in some cribbage. Nobody in my generation will play with me. By the way, he died in the parlor, the room we're in right now.

**PLAYBOY:** Thanks. Can we take it from your experiences with dowsing and such that you're a believer in extrasensory perception and in psychic phenomena in general?

**KING:** I wouldn't say I believe in them. The scientific verdict's still out on most of those things, and they're certainly nothing to accept as an article of faith. But I don't think we should dismiss them out of hand just because we can't as yet understand how and why they operate and according to what rules. There's a big and vital difference between the unexplained and the inexplicable, and we should keep that in mind when discussing so-called psychic phenomena. Actually, I prefer the term wild talents, which was coined by the science-fiction writer Jack Vance.

But it's too bad that the orthodox scientific establishment isn't more open-minded on those questions, because they should be subjected to rigorous research and evaluation—if for no other reason than to prevent them from becoming the exclusive property of the kooks and cultists on the occult lunatic fringe.

There's a lot of evidence that both the American and the Soviet governments take the subject a damn sight more seriously than they let on in public and are conducting top-priority studies to understand and isolate a whole range of esoteric phenomena, from levitation and Kirlian photography—a film process that reveals the human aura—to telepathy and teleportation and psychokinesis.

Sadly, and maybe ominously, neither side is pursuing the subject out of some objective search for scientific truth. What they're really interested in is its espionage and military potential, as in scrambling the brains of missile-silo operators or influencing the decisions of national leaders in a crisis. It's a shame, because what you're talking about here is unlocking the secrets of the human mind and exploring the inner frontier. That's the last thing that should be left in the hands of the CIA or the K.G.B.

**PLAYBOY:** Both *Carrie* and *Firestarter* deal with the wild talents of young girls on the threshold of adolescence. Were they fictional reworkings of the poltergeist theme, as popularized by Steven Spielberg's recent film *Poltergeist*?

**KING:** Not directly, though I suppose there's a similarity. Poltergeist activity is supposed to be a sudden manifestation of semihysterical psychic power in kids, generally girls who are just entering puberty. So in that sense, Carrie, in particular, could be said to be a kind of superpoltergeist. Again, I'm not saying there's anything objectively valid to the so-called poltergeist phenomenon, just that that's one of the explanations advanced for it. But I've never seriously researched the whole subject, and those cases I've read about seem surrounded by so much *National Enquirer*–style hype and sensationalism that I tend to suspend judgment. Charlie McGee, the girl in *Firestarter*, actually has a specific gift, if that's the word, that goes beyond the poltergeist phenomenon, though it's occasionally reported in conjunction with it. Charlie can start fires—she can burn up buildings or, if her back's against the wall, people.

On this whole subject of wild talents, it was fascinating to discover when researching *Firestarter* that there is a well-documented if totally baffling phenomenon called pyrokinesis, or spontaneous human combustion, in which a man or a woman burns to a crisp in a fire that generates almost inconceivable temperatures—a fire that seems to come from *inside* the victim. There have been medically documented cases from all over the world in which a corpse has been found burned beyond recognition while the chair or the bed on which it was found wasn't even charred. Sometimes, the victims are actually reduced to ash, and I know from researching burial customs for a forthcoming book that the heat required to do that is tremendous. You can't even manage it in a crematorium, you know; which is why, after your body comes out of the blast furnace on the conveyor belt, there's a guy at the other end with a rake to pound up your bones before they pour you into the little urn that goes on the mantelpiece.

I remember a case reported in the press in the mid-Sixties in which a kid was just lying on a beach when suddenly he burst into flames. His father dragged him into the water and dunked him, but he continued to burn *underwater*, as if he'd been hit by a white-phosphorus bomb. The kid died and the father had to go into the hospital with third-degree burns on his arms.

There's a lot of mystery in the world, a lot of dark, shadowy corners we haven't explored yet. We shouldn't be too smug about dismissing out of hand everything we can't understand. The dark can have *teeth*, man!

**PLAYBOY:** The dark has also been very lucrative for you. Aside from the phenomenal sales of the books themselves, *'Salem's Lot* was sold to television as a miniseries, and *Carrie* and *The Shining*




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Another Saab innovation that car buyers have recently discovered is turbocharging. When Saab introduced it back in the seventies, it was more commonly associated with planes and racing cars. Since then, drivers have come to realize it has other applications, like helping you merge onto a crowded freeway or pass a truck on a two-lane highway or cause the owners of so-called ultimate driving machines to reconsider that appellation.

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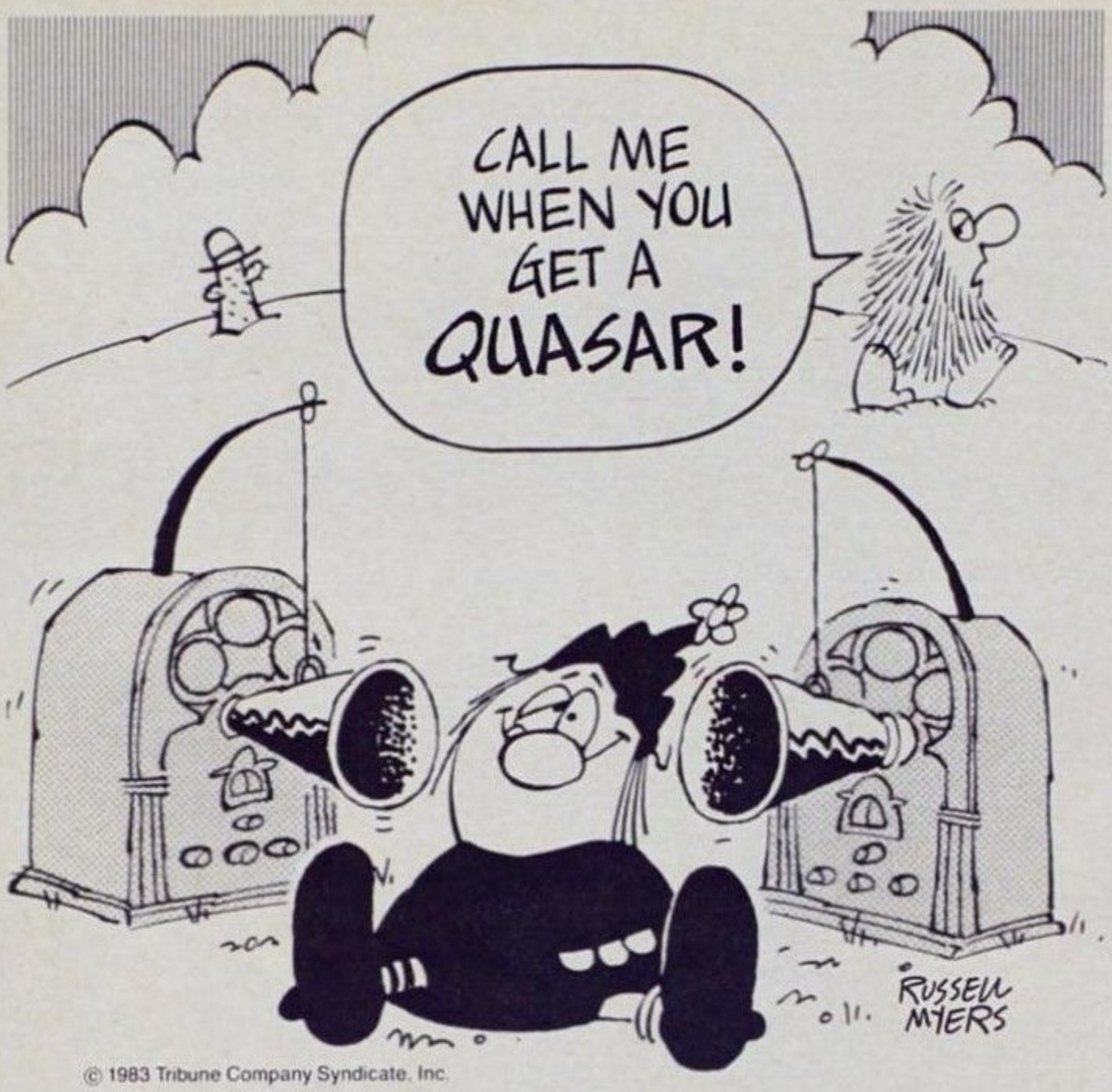
Saab's current sales growth notwithstanding, the highways of America will never exactly be teeming with Saabs. On the other hand, Saab dealers actually had to turn away potential customers last year because there just weren't enough Saabs to go around.

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have been made into feature films. Were you pleased with the results?

**KING:** Well, considering the limitations of TV, *'Salem's Lot* could have turned out a lot worse than it did. The two-part TV special was directed by Tobe Hooper of *Texas Chain-Saw Massacre* fame, and outside of a few boners—such as making my vampire Barlow look exactly like the cadaverously inhuman night stalker in the famous German silent film *Nosferatu*—he did a pretty good job. I breathed a hearty sigh of relief, however, when some plans to turn it into a network series fell apart, because today's television is just too institutionally fainthearted and unimaginative to handle real horror.

Brian De Palma's *Carrie* was terrific. He handled the material deftly and artistically and got a fine performance out of Sissy Spacek. In many ways, the film is far more stylish than my book, which I still think is a gripping read but is impeded by a certain heaviness, a *Sturm und Drang* quality that's absent from the film. Stanley Kubrick's version of *The Shining* is a lot tougher for me to evaluate, because I'm still profoundly ambivalent about the whole thing. I'd admired Kubrick for a long time and had great expectations for the project, but I was deeply disappointed in the end result. Parts of the film are chilling, charged with a relentlessly claustrophobic terror, but others fall flat.

I think there are two basic problems with the movie. First, Kubrick is a very cold man—pragmatic and rational—and he had great difficulty conceiving, even academically, of a supernatural world. He used to make transatlantic calls to me from England at odd hours of the day and night, and I remember once he rang up at seven in the morning and asked, "Do you believe in God?" I wiped the shaving cream away from my mouth, thought a minute and said, "Yeah, I think so." Kubrick replied, "No, I don't think there is a God," and hung up. Not that religion has to be involved in horror, but a visceral skeptic such as Kubrick just couldn't grasp the sheer inhuman evil of the Overlook Hotel. So he looked, instead, for evil in the characters and made the film into a domestic tragedy with only vaguely supernatural overtones. That was the basic flaw: Because he couldn't believe, he couldn't make the film believable to others.

The second problem was in characterization and casting. Jack Nicholson, though a fine actor, was all wrong for the part. His last big role had been in *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*, and between that and his manic grin, the audience automatically identified him as a loony from the first scene. But the book is about Jack Torrance's gradual *descent* into madness through the malign influence of the Overlook, which is like a huge storage battery charged with an evil powerful enough to corrupt all those who come into contact with it. If the guy is nuts to begin with,

then the entire tragedy of his downfall is wasted. For that reason, the film has no center and no heart, despite its brilliantly unnerving camera angles and dazzling use of the Steadicam. What's basically wrong with Kubrick's version of *The Shining* is that it's a film by a man who thinks too much and feels too little; and that's why, for all its virtuoso effects, it never gets you by the throat and hangs on the way real horror should.

I'd like to remake *The Shining* someday, maybe even direct it myself if anybody will give me enough rope to hang myself with.

**PLAYBOY:** In *The Stand*, which has become something of a cult object to many of your fans, a rapidly mutating flu virus accidentally released by the U.S. military wipes out nine tenths of the world's population and sets the stage for an apocalyptic struggle between good and evil. That ultimate genocide was presaged, on a more modest scale by *Carrie* and *Firestarter*, both of which conclude with the beleaguered heroines raining fiery death and destruction on their tormentors and innocent bystanders alike; by *'Salem's Lot*, in which you burn down the town at the end; and by the explosion and burning of the Overlook Hotel at the conclusion of *The Shining*. Is there a pyromaniac or a mad bomber inside you screaming to get out?

**KING:** There sure is, and that destructive side of me has a great outlet in my books. Jesus, I *love* to burn things up—on paper, at least. I don't think arson would be half as much fun in real life as it is in fiction. One of my favorite moments in all my work comes in the middle of *The Stand*, when one of my villains, the Trashcan Man, sets all these oil-refinery holding tanks on fire and they go off like bombs. It's as if the night sky had been set ablaze. God, that was a gas! It's the werewolf in me, I guess, but I love fire, I love destruction. It's great and it's black and it's exciting. When I write scenes like that, I feel like Samson pulling down the temple on top of everybody's head.

*The Stand* was particularly fulfilling, because there I got a chance to scrub the whole human race and, man, it was *fun*! Sitting at the typewriter, I felt just like Alexander lifting his sword over the Gordian knot and snarling, "Fuck unraveling it; I'll do it *my* way!" Much of the compulsive, driven feeling I had while I worked on *The Stand* came from the vicarious thrill of imagining an entire entrenched social order destroyed in one stroke. That's the mad-bomber side of my character, I suppose.

But the ending of the book reflects what I hope is another, more constructive aspect. After all the annihilation and suffering and despair, *The Stand* is inherently optimistic in that it depicts a gradual reassertion of humane values as mankind picks itself out of the ashes and ultimately restores the moral and ecological balance. Despite all the grisly scenes, the book is also a testament to the enduring human values of courage, kindness, friendship and love, and at the end it echoes Camus' remark "Happiness, too, is inevitable."

**PLAYBOY:** There must have been a time, before all this wealth and fame, when happiness didn't seem inevitable to you. How rough were the early days?

**KING:** Well, let's just say that, like most overnight successes, I've had to pay my dues. When I got out of college in the early Seventies with a degree in English and a teaching certificate, I found there was a glut on the teaching market, and I went to work pumping gas in a filling station and later on pressing sheets in an industrial laundry for $60 a week. We were as poor as church mice, with two small kids, and needless to say, it wasn't easy to make ends meet on that salary. My wife went to work as a waitress in a local Dunkin' Donuts and came home every night smelling like a cruller. Nice aroma at first, you know, all fresh and sugary, but it got pretty goddamned cloying after a while—I haven't been able to look a doughnut in the face ever since.

Anyway, in the fall of 1971, I finally got a job as an English instructor at Hampden Academy, just across the Penobscot River from Bangor, but it paid only $6400 a year, barely more than I had been earning before. In fact, I had to go back and moonlight in the laundry just to keep our heads




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above water. We were living in a trailer on top of a bleak, snow-swept hillside in Hermon, Maine, which, if not the asshole of the universe, is at least within farting distance of it. I'd come home exhausted from school and squat in the trailer's furnace room, with Tabby's little Olivetti portable perched on a child's desk I had to balance on my knees, and try to hammer out some scintillating prose.

That was where I wrote *'Salem's Lot*, actually. It was my second published book, but the bulk of the writing was completed before *Carrie* was even accepted by Doubleday. And believe me, after a day of teaching and then coming home and watching Tabby gamely juggle her way through a mountain of unpaid bills, it was a positive pleasure to squeeze into that cramped furnace room and do battle with a horde of bloodthirsty vampires. Compared with our creditors, they were a fuckin' relief!

**PLAYBOY:** Were you selling any of your work at that time?

**KING:** Yes, but only short stories, and only to the smaller-circulation men's magazines, such as *Cavalier* and *Dude*. The money was useful, God knows, but if you know that particular market, you know there wasn't much of it. Anyway, the payment for my stories wasn't enough to keep us out of the red, and I was getting nowhere with my longer work. I'd written several novels, ranging from awful to mediocre to passable, but all had been rejected, even though I was beginning to get some encouragement from a wonderful editor at Doubleday named Bill Thompson. But as gratifying as his support was, I couldn't bank it. My kids were wearing hand-me-downs from friends and relatives, our old rattletrap 1965 Buick Special was rapidly self-destructing and we finally had to ask Ma Bell to remove our phone.

On top of everything else, I was fucking up personally. I wish I could say today that I bravely shook my fist in the face of adversity and carried on undaunted, but I can't. I copped out to self-pity and anxiety and started drinking far too much and frittering money away on poker and bumper pool. You know the scene: It's Friday night and you cash your pay check in the bar and start knocking them down, and before you know what's happened, you've pissed away half the food budget for that week.

**PLAYBOY:** How did your marriage stand up under those strains?

**KING:** Well, it was touch and go for a while there, and things could get pretty tense at home. It was a vicious circle: The more miserable and inadequate I felt about what I saw as my failure as a writer, the more I'd try to escape into a bottle, which would only exacerbate the domestic stress and make me even more depressed. Tabby was steamed about the booze, of course, but she told me she understood that the reason I drank too much was that I felt it was never going to happen, that I was never going to be a writer of any consequence. And, of course, I feared she was right. I'd lie awake at night seeing myself at 50, my hair graying, my jowls thickening, a network of whiskey-ruptured capillaries spiderwebbing across my nose—"drinker's tattoos," we call them in Maine—with a dusty trunkful of unpublished novels rotting in the basement, teaching high school English for the rest of my life and getting off what few literary rocks I had left by advising the student newspaper or maybe teaching a creative-writing course. *Yechh!* Even though I was only in my mid-20s and rationally realized that there was still plenty of time and opportunity ahead, that pressure to break through in my work was building in a kind of psychic crescendo, and when it appeared to be thwarted, I felt desperately depressed, cornered. I felt trapped in a suicidal rat race, with no way out of the maze.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever seriously contemplate suicide?

**KING:** Oh, no, never; that phrase was just metaphorical overkill. I have my share of human weaknesses, but I'm also bone-stubborn. Maybe that's a Maine trait; I don't know. Anyway, wasn't it Mencken who said that suicide is a belated acquiescence in the opinion of your wife's relatives? But what did worry me was the effect all that was having on my marriage. Hell, we were already on marshy ground in those days, and I feared that the quicksand was just around the bend. I loved my wife and kids, but as the pressure mounted, I was beginning to have ambivalent feelings about them, too. On the one hand, I wanted nothing more than to provide for them and protect them—but at the same time, unprepared as I was for the rigors of fatherhood, I was also experiencing a range of nasty emotions from resentment to anger to occasional outright hate, even surges of mental violence that, thank God, I was able to suppress. I'd wander around the crummy little living room of our trailer at three o'clock on a cold winter's morning with my teething nine-month-old son Joe slung over my shoulder, more often than not spitting up all over my shirt, and I'd try to figure out how and why I'd ever committed myself to that particular lunatic asylum. All the claustrophobic fears would squeeze in on me then, and I'd wonder if it hadn't already all passed me by, if I weren't just chasing a fool's dream. A nocturnal snowmobile would whine in the dark distance, like an angry insect, and I'd say to myself, "Shit, King, face it; you're going to be teaching fuckin' high school kids for the rest of your life." I don't know what would have happened to my marriage and my sanity if it hadn't been for the totally unexpected news, in 1973, that Doubleday had accepted *Carrie*, which I had thought had very little chance of a sale.

**PLAYBOY:** What was more important to you—the money from *Carrie* or the fact that you had finally been recognized as a serious novelist?

**KING:** Both, actually, though I might question how serious a novelist Doubleday took me for. It wasn't about to promote *Carrie* as that year's answer to *Madame Bovary*, that's for sure. Even though there's a lot I still like and stand behind in the book, I'm the first to admit that it is often clumsy and artless. But both creatively and financially, *Carrie* was a kind of escape hatch for Tabby and me, and we were able to flee through it into a totally different existence. Hell, our lives changed so quickly that for more than a year afterward, we walked around with big, sappy grins on our faces, hardly daring to believe we were out of that trap for good. It was a great feeling of liberation, because at last I was free to quit teaching and fulfill what I believe is my only function in life: to write books. Good, bad or indifferent books, that's for others to decide; for me, it's enough just to *write*. I'd been writing since I was 12, seriously if pretty badly at first, and I sold *Carrie* when I was 26, so I'd had a relatively long apprenticeship. But that first hardcover sale sure tasted sweet!

**PLAYBOY:** As you've indicated, that compulsion to be a writer has been with you since you were a boy. Was it a means of escape from an unhappy childhood?

**KING:** Maybe, though it's generally impossible even to remember the feelings and motivations of childhood, much less to understand or rationally analyze them. Kids, thank God, are all deliciously, creatively crazy by our desiccated adult standards. But it's true that I was prey to a lot of conflicting emotions as a child. I had friends and all that, but I often felt unhappy and different, estranged from other kids my age. I was a fat kid—husky was the euphemism they used in the clothing store—and pretty poorly coordinated, always the last picked when we chose teams.

At times, particularly in my teens, I felt *violent*, as if I wanted to lash out at the world, but that rage I kept hidden. That was a secret place in myself I wouldn't reveal to anyone else. I guess part of it was that my brother and I had a pretty shirttail existence as kids. My father deserted us when I was two and David was four and left my mother without a dime. She was a wonderful lady, a very *brave* lady in that old-fashioned sense, and went to work to support us, generally at menial jobs because of her lack of any professional training. After my father did his moonlight flit, she became a rolling stone, following the jobs around the country. We traveled across New England and the Middle West, one low-paying job following another. She worked as a laundry presser and a doughnut maker—like my wife, 20 years later—as a housekeeper, a store clerk; you name it, she did it.

**PLAYBOY:** Did living on the edge of poverty leave any lasting scars?

**KING:** No, and I didn't think of it in terms of poverty, either then or now. Ours

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# 21

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911SC Targa

911SC Coupe

wasn't a life of unremitting misery by any means, and we never missed a meal, even though prime sirloin was rarely on our plates. Finally, when I was about ten, we moved back to Maine, to the little town of Durham.

For ten years, we lived a virtual barter existence, practically never seeing any hard cash. If we needed food, relatives would bring a bag of groceries; if we needed clothes, there'd always be hand-me-downs. Believe me, I was never on the best-dressed list at school! And the well dried up in the summer, so we had to use the outhouse. There was no bath or shower, either, and in those icy Maine winters, we'd walk half a mile or so to my aunt Ethelyn's for a hot bath. Shit, coming home through the snow, we'd *steam!* So, yeah, I guess in many ways it was a hard-scrabble existence but not an impoverished one in the most important sense of the word. Thanks to my mother, the one thing that was never in short supply, corny as it may sound to say it, was love. And in that sense, I was a hell of a lot less deprived than countless children of middle-class or wealthy families, whose parents have time for everything but their kids.

**PLAYBOY:** Has your father ever contacted you in the years since he walked out, out of either guilt or—in view of your new-found wealth—greed?

**KING:** No, though I suspect the latter would be his more likely motivation. Actually, it was a classic desertion, not even a note of explanation or justification left behind. He said, *literally*, that he was going out to the grocery store for a pack of cigarettes, and he didn't take any of his things with him. That was in 1949, and none of us have heard of the bastard since.

**PLAYBOY:** Now that you're a multimillionaire with more resources at your command than your mother could have dreamed of, have you ever considered launching your own investigation to track down your father or, at least, to determine whether he's alive or dead?

**KING:** The idea has crossed my mind now and then over the years, but something always holds me back. Superstition, I guess, like the old saw about letting sleeping dogs lie. To tell the truth, I don't know how I'd react if I ever did find him and we came face to face. But even if I ever did decide to launch an investigation, I don't think anything would come of it, because I'm pretty sure my father's dead.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**KING:** From everything I've learned about my father, he would have burned himself out by now. He liked to drink and carouse a lot. In fact, from what my mother hinted, I think he was in trouble with the law on more than one occasion. He used aliases often enough—he was born Donald Spansky in Peru, Indiana, then called himself Pollack and finally changed his name legally to King.

He'd started out as an Electrolux salesman in the Middle West, but I think he blotted his copybook somewhere along the way. As my mother once told me, he was the only man on the sales force who regularly demonstrated vacuum cleaners to pretty young widows at two o'clock in the morning. He was quite a ladies' man, according to my mother, and I apparently have a beautiful bastard half-sister in Brazil. In any case, he was a man with an itchy foot, a travelin' man, as the song says. I think trouble came easy to him.

**PLAYBOY:** So you're not exactly eager to be taken for a chip off the old block?

**KING:** Let's hope heredity takes second place to environment in my case. From what I'm told, my father certainly beat hell out of me in the Lothario department, where I'm monotonously monogamous, though I do have a weakness for booze that I try to control, and I love fast cars and motorcycles. I certainly don't share his wanderlust, which is one among many reasons that I've remained in Maine, even though I now have the financial freedom to live anywhere in the world. Oddly enough, the only point of similarity may be our literary tastes. My father had a secret love for science fiction and horror tales, and he tried to write them himself, submitting stories to the major men's magazines of his day, such as *Bluebook* and *Argosy*. None of the stories sold and none survives.

**PLAYBOY:** A scrapbook of your vanished father's personal effects is prominent in the study of your summer house. Doesn't that preservation of the memorabilia of a man you never knew suggest that you're still mentally gnawing at the wound?

**KING:** No, the wound itself has healed, but that doesn't preclude an interest in how and why it was inflicted. And that, I think, is a far cry from picking at some psychic scab. Anyway, the scrapbook you mention isn't some kind of secret shrine to his memory, just a handful of souvenirs: a couple of dog-eared postcards he'd sent my mother from various ports of call, mainly in Latin America; a few photographs of different ships on which he'd sailed; a faded and rather idealized sketch from a Mexican market place. Just the odds and ends he'd left behind, like the corpse in the E.C. horror comics of the Fifties—God, I loved those mothers!—who comes back from a watery grave to wreak revenge on the wife and boyfriend who did him in but phones first and whispers, "I'm coming; I'd be there sooner but little bits of me keep falling off along the way."

Well, the little bits of my father that fell off along the way are preserved in that scrapbook, like a time capsule. It all cuts off in 1949, when he took a powder on us. Sometimes, I'll leaf through the pages and it reminds me of a chilly autumn day in the Fifties when my brother and I discovered several spools of old movie film my father had taken. He was an avid photography buff, apparently, but we'd never seen much of his handiwork beyond a few snapshots. My mother had stowed the film away in my aunt and uncle's attic. So here you have these two kids—I must have been around eight and David ten—struggling to operate this old dinosaur of a movie projector we had managed to rent. When we finally got it working, the stuff was pretty disappointing at first—a lot of strange faces and exotic scenes but no sign of the old man. And then, after we'd gone through a couple of reels of film, David jumped up and said, "That's him! That's our father!" He'd handed the camera to one of his buddies and there he was, lounging against a ship's rail, a choppy sea in the background. My old man. David remembered him, but it was a stranger's face to me. By the look of the sea, he was probably somewhere on the North Atlantic, so the film must have been taken during the war. He raised his hand and smiled, unwittingly waving at sons who weren't born yet. Hi, Dad, don't forget to write.

**PLAYBOY:** Considering what you write about, have you ever thought of going to a séance or of finding some other supernatural way to communicate with him?

**KING:** Are you kidding? I've never even attended a séance. Jesus, no! Precisely because I know a little bit about the subject, that's the last thing I'd ever do. You couldn't drag me to one of those things, and the same thing goes for a Ouija board. All that shit—stay away from it! Sure, I know most mediums are fakes and phonies and con artists, the worst kind of human vultures, preying on human suffering and loss and loneliness. But if there *are* things floating around out there—disembodied entities, spirit demons, call them what you will—then it's the height of folly to invite them to use you as a channel into this world. Because they might like what they found, man, and they might decide to stay!

**PLAYBOY:** Is your fear of séances an isolated phenomenon, or are you superstitious about other aspects of the so-called supernatural?

**KING:** Oh, sure, I'm very superstitious by nature. I mean, part of my mind, the rational part, will say, "Come on, man, this is all self-indulgent bullshit," but the other part, the part as old as the first caveman cowering by his fire as something huge and hungry howls in the night, says, "Yeah, maybe so, but why take a chance?" That's why I observe all the old folk superstitions: I don't walk under ladders; I'm scared shitless I'll get seven years' bad luck if I break a mirror; I try to stay home cowering under the covers on Friday the 13th. God, once I had to fly on Friday the 13th—I had no choice—and while the ground crew didn't exactly have to carry me onto the plane kicking and screaming, it was still no picnic. It didn't help that I'm afraid of flying, either. I guess I hate surrendering control over my life to some faceless pilot who could have been secretly boozing it up all afternoon or who has an embolism in his cranium, like an invisible time bomb. But I have a thing about the number 13 in general; it never fails to

*(continued on page 230)*

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# Passport Scotch.

# THE PULITZERS OF PALM BEACH

*take this for what it's worth: when our reporter sat in on the celebrated divorce trial, the most rational thing he saw and heard was hunter s. thompson*

*article*

**By REG POTTERTON**

THE DREAMS started soon after I arrived in Palm Beach to attend the closing weeks of the Pulitzer divorce trial. The queen of England was in one of them, giggling on a four-poster water bed while Pete Pulitzer stood on an outside balcony, throwing grenades at swans in an ornamental pond.

For two consecutive nights, I dreamed that Howard Cosell had arrived to do the television commentary, sitting on a large spotted mushroom in the courtroom, whispering into the microphone in his howardly manner, while Dr. Hunter S. Thompson—who *was* there, larger than life and twice as dangerous—ran amuck and sprayed the court with the can of Mace that he carried with him into every session he attended.

In retrospect, I feel that the television people missed a great opportunity; Howard *should* have been there; the occasion demanded it. I can still hear parts of his narration. . . .

"Yes, folks, this has been a truly momentous event, one that reminds this reporter of the time when a young Cassius Clay told me personally that he was black. And now, here in the Palm Beach County Courthouse, a wonderful venue overlooked by the fabulous Dixie Court Hotel, we've got two wonderful Palm Beach people locking horns for big bucks and their five-year-old twin boys.

"We have the wife, 31-year-old Roxanne Pulitzer, pretty little thing from Cassadaga, New York. Used to be a cheerleader. Came into the marriage with an old Chrysler and a half share in a trailer home. And we've got the husband, Herbert 'Pete' Pulitzer, 52 years old. Grandson of Joseph, the publisher, who once shot a man for calling him a liar. Pete's an heir to a great American name and a great American fortune.

"It was Pete who filed for the divorce. Said that Roxanne was sleeping around. Guys and gals, a switch-hitter. She was doing cocaine. She was drinking. She was practicing the occult. OK.

"What does Roxy say to that? She says, 'Uh-uh, no way, André.' Pete's the bad apple, she says. *He*'s the one who diddled the fiddle. Fondled a 14-year-old cupcake on his boat. Slept with his own daughter from a previous marriage. Smuggled drugs. Threatened to shoot Roxy and himself. OK.

"So there we have it. Tough people, tough questions, tough business. And big prize money at stake. We're talking serious numbers here, maybe 30 mil, maybe more; hey, maybe less. And we'll have more about these and other developments right after this word from the Church of the Sacred Hairpiece. . . ."

*She said if I wanted to divorce, she was going to make it as nasty and public as possible.* —PETE PULITZER

*He told me that if I didn't sign those documents, he would take the children away from me. He said he had the power, the money and the name. He said he would bury me.* —ROXANNE PULITZER

So what? That's the first question that comes to mind. A Palm Beach divorce. Four lawyers at the table, two a side, each making $150 an hour. A trial that lasted for nearly five weeks of court time with 18 days of testimony, dozens of witnesses, lies by the score. Did it matter, did it mean anything, or was it just another soap opera?

All the ingredients of bad television

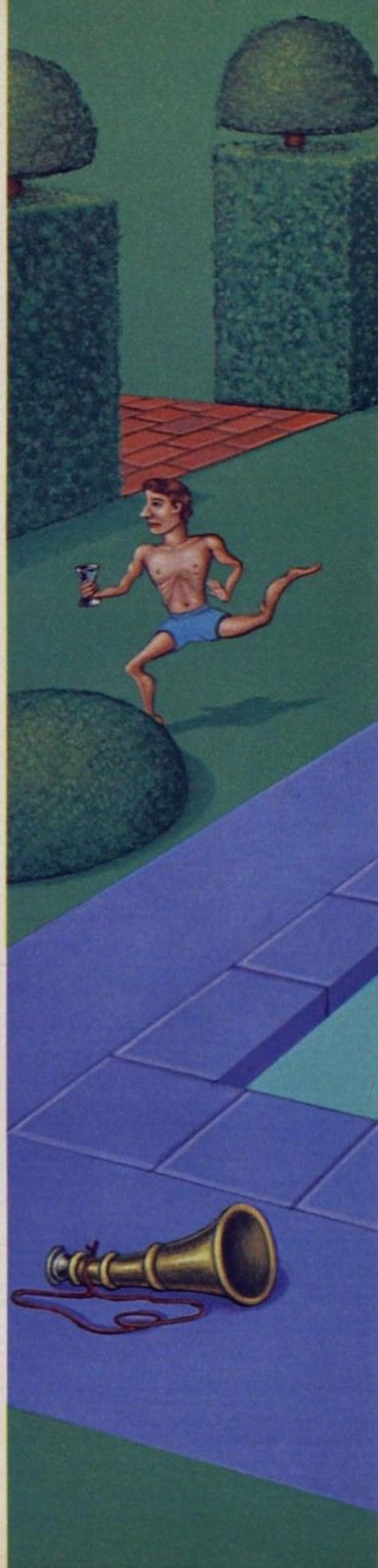
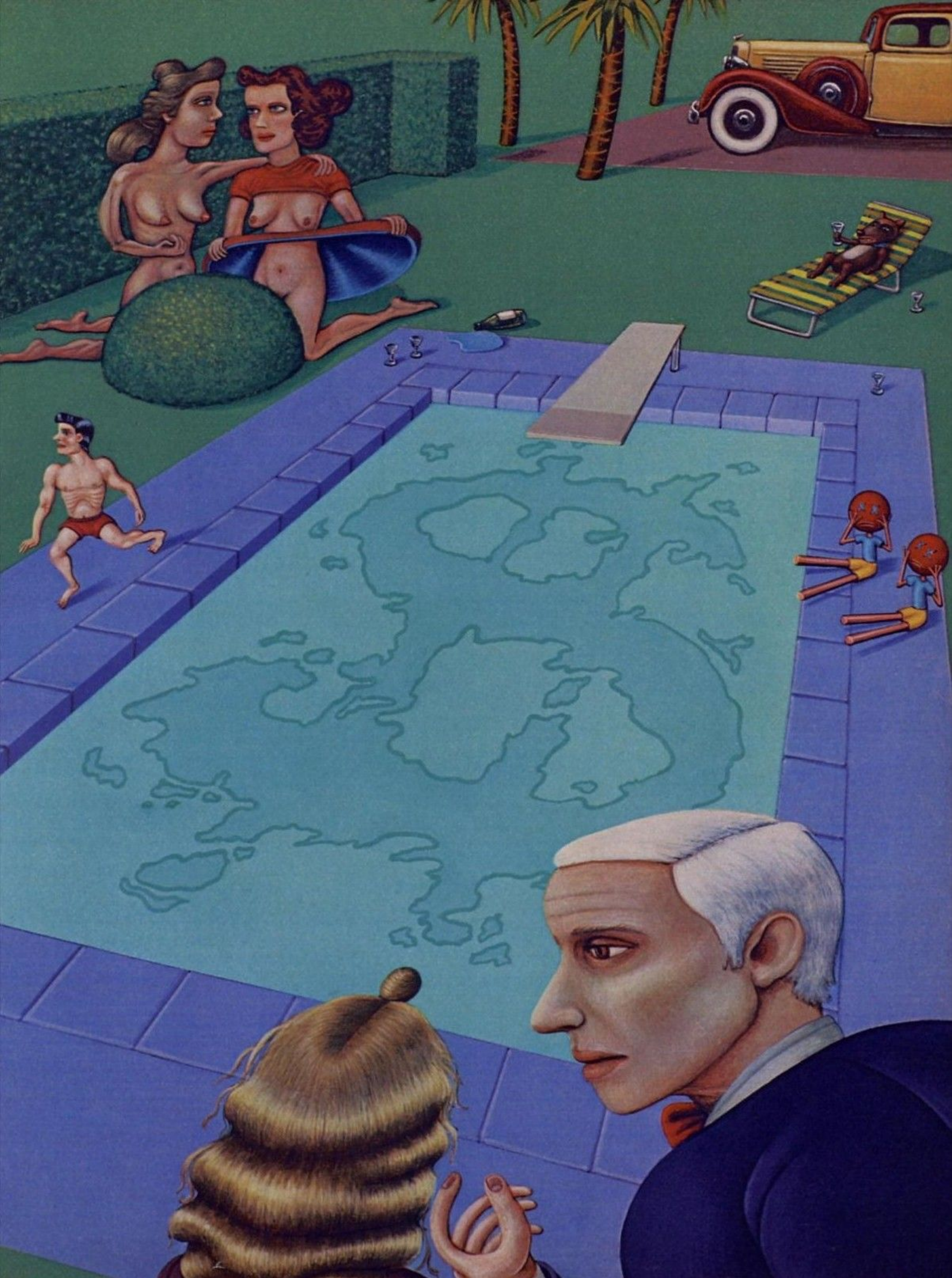


ILLUSTRATION BY KATHY CALDERWOOD



were there: a set filled with stereotypes, a plot that was predictable, shallow, banal. Pete, a multimillionaire who looks like a picture without a caption from a Palm Beach society magazine. Boyish good looks, white hair, deep tan, immaculate tailoring; a preppie not yet gone to seed, a long way removed from the Hungarian-Jewish roots of his great-grandfather. He has an engaging difficulty with the letter R and his hair is thin at the back. In court, he rarely showed emotion, frowning at the ceiling, steepling his fingers, examining his nails.

Roxanne sat facing him across the table, about four feet away. Sometimes, while the duller witnesses testified or the lawyers traded insults, husband and wife outstared each other, two bored and petulant children who had been forced to stay indoors on a wet Saturday. It was usually Pete who gave in. One of their contests lasted six minutes.

Roxanne smiled when she won, pulled herself up in her chair and carried on doodling on her legal pad, scratching deliberately and audibly with a yellow pencil, making arcs and jagged patterns and filling them in. While Pete's witnesses droned on about her affairs—the drug dealer, the French baker, the racing driver, the real-estate salesman, Jackie Kimberly—she would shake her head in disbelief or resignation, tossing her hair, laughing openly and moving restlessly in her seat. She is an attractive young woman with a touch of vulnerability and defiance and a mouth of mobility and strength. At the end of each session, one of her lawyers would remove her legal pad and stuff it into his briefcase.

"Why am I here? Must answer this," Hunter Thompson wrote in his notebook after sitting in court for less than an hour. He, like me, was attending this trial as an observer. But why were we really there, any of us? Nobody could benefit from the outcome, apart from the lawyers, the paid witnesses and the media. I half expected the judge, a large, amiable man named Carl Harper, to stand up and shout, "All right, I've heard enough! You're all liars and deadbeats! Get out of my sight!" Of course, he didn't, though he often gave the impression he might, especially when the lawyers' endless wrangling threatened to escalate from verbal to physical violence.

*He's making fun of my Southern accent, Your Honor.*

—JOE FARISH, Roxanne's attorney

Judge Harper comes from Pensacola and speaks with the soft country drawl of the Florida-Alabama border, but sometimes—and this would be signaled by a disgusted shake of his head—the warm, easy voice would suddenly harden and cut across the lawyers' nonsense like the crack of doom.

"You're costing Mr. Poo-litzer some bucks," he said once. "Get on with it now. What's relevant, how does it apply to the issues? I want you gentlemen to get right down to the meat of the coconut."

In the Pulitzer case, the meat of the coconut, apart from the question of who was to get custody of the twins, was the Pulitzer fortune. How much was it and how would it be divided in a settlement?

According to Farish, a veteran of Palm Beach divorce trials, Pete had an income of $850,000 a year and assets worth more than $28,500,000. Pete's lawyer, Robert Scott, rejected those figures and said the assets amounted to less than a tenth of the Farish estimate, to which Farish, a self-styled plain old Georgia boy, replied that Pete was worth plenty and produced a list. It included hotels in Europe and the United States, orange groves in Florida, gas and oil wells, a $300,000 stamp collection, four cars, a bowling alley, a 74-foot trawler, a twin-engine plane and a $1,500,000 house in Palm Beach.

Scott countered with Pete and Roxanne's joint Federal income-tax return for 1981, when Pete reported gross income of $338,199 and filed for a refund of $37,490.

They spent millions on themselves. A summary of personal expenses for 1981 showed that in that year, they spent $973,851.30, almost half of it listed under a column headed MISCELLANEOUS/UNKNOWN. Vacations for the year cost more than $31,000; house improvements exceeded $250,000; almost $50,000 went for household expenses; $79,684 for "personal"; almost $80,000 for upkeep of the boat.

When asked about money, Pete tended to reply, "I don't know," "I'm not sure," "You'd have to ask my financial advisors." In court, he scrutinized his nails and showed no great interest in the discussion of his expenses. It was only money, and he had never known that to be much of a problem.

*He corrupted this farm girl. He switched her from milk to champagne and, finally, drugs.*

—One of Roxanne's attorneys

*She wanted a vibrator, so I bought her one.*

—PETE PULITZER

Pete attended St. Mark's School in Massachusetts, entered Stanford and the University of Virginia, dropping out of both. His mother died when he was eight and he was raised by two women, a half sister and a nanny. His father was a war hero, an unconventional American hero who went to England at the outbreak of World War Two and flew with the Royal Air Force from 1939 to 1945.

Pete was rejected by the military, 4-F, because of a bad leg from football.

At the age of 21, he inherited $110,000. At 38, he got a legacy from his father of slightly more than $2,000,000. His first marriage, to Lillian Pulitzer, ended after 17 years with her divorce for mental cruelty. There were three children: One daughter was accused of sleeping with her father; another daughter became a heroin addict, since cured; the son, according to Roxanne, supplied his father with marijuana brownies.

Pete takes considerable pride in his physical appearance and condition; he had an eye job a couple of years ago. "I call it constructive," he said when Farish tried to provoke him about cosmetic surgery. He has been working out in a gym for the past 16 years. Three or four days a week, he drives from Palm Beach to Miami, where he owns a Howard Johnson hotel, and puts in a few hours at the office. "I make a lot of decisions on who we're going to fire and not fire." He leaves at noon, goes to the gym for an hour and drives home.

His hobbies are fishing, hunting, boating and "roughing it." He leases a 24,000-acre ranch, where he shoots duck, pigs, deer, turkeys, snakes and quail—"all that stuff," as he said in his pretrial deposition. He goes to Colombia to shoot doves, duck and pigeons—not to buy marijuana, as his wife charged—and he goes to Alaska to shoot elk.

Describing their client as a gentleman and a loving father, Pete's lawyers saved a few words for Roxanne: "The proofs will show that Mrs. Pulitzer is addicted to dangerous drugs—cocaine, Ritalin—and that she is also an inebriate. She had an adulterous relationship with a drug pusher. Now she has an adulterous relationship with another man. She sleeps until late in the day and she stays out all night, carousing with men and abusing herself with drugs and alcohol." Furthermore, one of them said, "She is not domesticated. She cannot cook, sew, clean, make a meal or take care of a child and makes no effort to do so."

In the end, the "proofs" failed to support any of those allegations, but by then, Roxanne Pulitzer had been indelibly labeled in the public eye as a combination of nympho dyke, cocaine slut and black-magic voodoo queen. As with so many accusations on both sides of the case, they turned out to be unprovable, headlines without stories.

The most publicized exhibit was Roxanne's séance trumpet, which looked more like a telescope than a musical instrument and consisted of four lengths of tapered aluminum tubing, measuring about three feet long when fully extended.

"Roxanne would lie on the bed and at the foot of the bed would be a trumpet with a black cape," Pete testified. While a group of the Pulitzers' friends sat around the darkened room, chanting, Roxanne spoke through the trumpet. "It sounded like an Indian," Pete said. "The voice would give some kind of fortunetelling gibberish. To me, it was all a bunch of baloney." He said he had been kicked out

*(continued on page 96)*




*"'None of this . . . none of that . . . nothing kinky . . . no fetishes!' You're the most knowledgeable virgin I've ever known!"*



# DIAMONDS ARE THE GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

*morganna, the kissing bandit, gets our vote for m.v.p.*

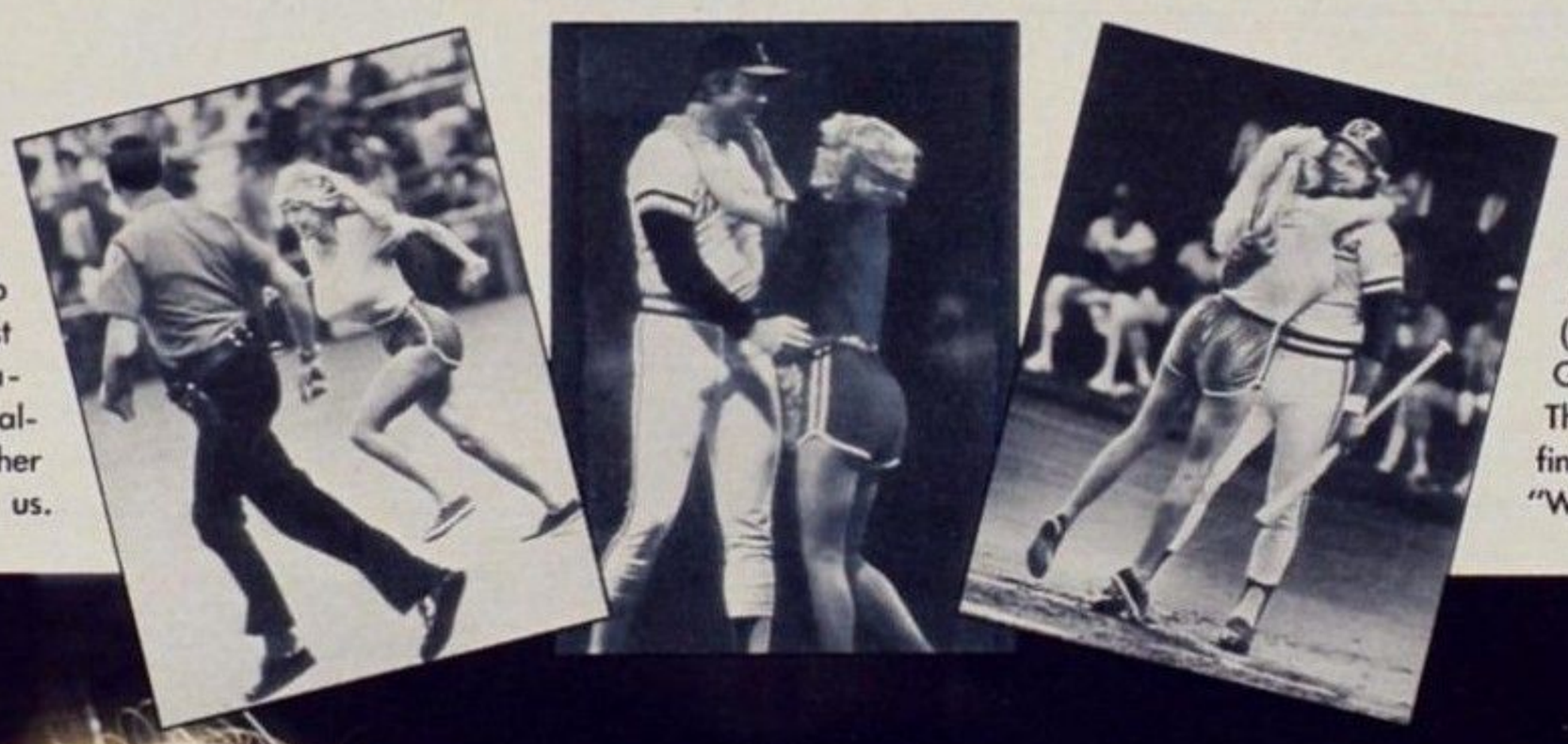
IN RESPONSE TO the pressing question (the one asked by every doubting Thomas, Richard and Harold who literally presses her for an answer): Yes, they're real. No silicone sawbones has ever laid a hand on Morganna's 60-24-39 frame. And, yes, hers is the biggest bust ever featured in an exclusive PLAYBOY pictorial. It should retain that title as long as gravity holds sway over human hydraulics.

Morganna (like Cher, she works sans surname) got her first inkling of greater things to come at the age of nine, when it became apparent she was filling out more than tests in school. "The other girls hadn't started developing yet," recalls baseball's near-legendary Kissing Bandit. "The boys were definitely starting to wonder. They'd run up and grab me by the chest."

It hasn't all been painful mammaries. Once her C cups had run over and she'd lost sight of the floor, Morganna's fortunes rose as quickly as that developing bust. First, she got work as a demure teen go-go dancer. Then, she parlayed her visible assets, along with less palpable ones—a fast smile and a down-home wit—into a life at the rail of celebrity. Today, you can catch her musical-comedy act in many cities. But her lifework consists of sprinting onto baseball fields to smooch the superstars.

"Pete Rose was my first," she remembers with a smile that only the non-breast-fixated ever see. "It was in Cincinnati in 1970. Pete was the only player who hadn't noticed me in my box seat. Everybody else had at least spit tobacco in my direction. It's a ballplayer's way of flirting." A few friends dared her to scamper out and plant a kiss on Rose's Aqua-Velva'd cheek. Little did they know they were about to become footnotes to

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



No Omar Moreno, our heroine has to weave her way past baseball's rent-a-cops (right). She almost always gets her man, she assures us.

Busses are welcome to Len Barker (left center) and George Brett (left). Threatened with a fine, Brett told her, "Well, it's worth it!"

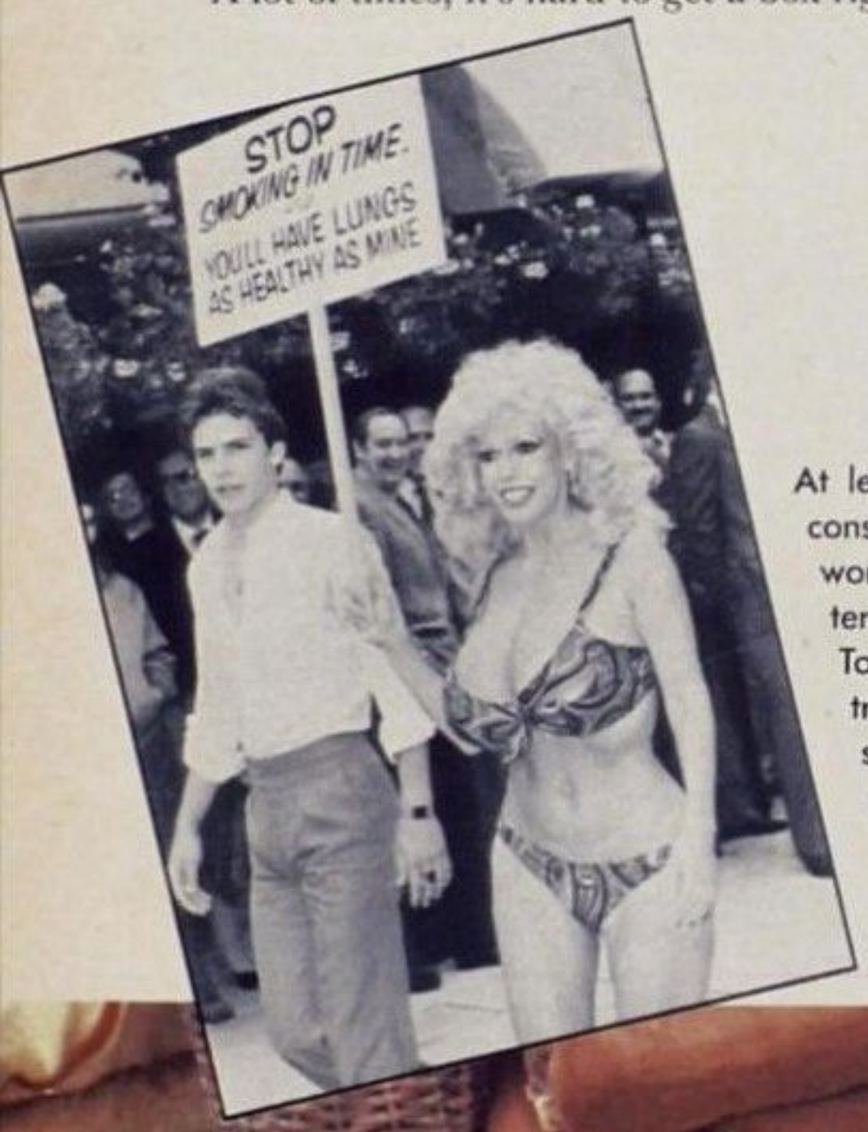


baseball history. "He was playing center field that day. I had to run all the way out there, so lots of people noticed. Still, they didn't throw me out of the park. That's how boring the game was."

No one remembers who won the game, but Morganna's career was off and running. Among her other victims have been Steve Garvey, Mark Fidrych, Mike Schmidt, George Brett (twice), John Candelaria and Len Barker. Garvey and Brett are her favorites. Reggie Jackson's a little miffed at being 37 and never kissed by the Bandit. She plans to get him this year.

The various teams are never in on Morganna's appearances, so ushers and security guards are her occupational nemeses. She buys a ticket like everybody else, then waits for her moment.

"A lot of times, it's hard to get a box right down by the field,"




At left, Morganna lends her considerable presence to a worthy cause. She's interested in *helping* people. Told that Mike Schmidt has trouble finding really big shoes, for instance, she says, "I could wear his shoe on my chest. Or he could wear my bra on his foot."









"I was handcuffed and fingerprinted at Dodger Stadium one night," says our favorite I-cupped bandit (in action at left, in repose below left and right). "The head of security there thinks he owns the place. Another time, in Seattle, the guards had been tipped off that I was coming. I got George Brett anyway. Later on, I read that they hadn't spotted me because I wore a raincoat and a rain cap—in a domed stadium! It wasn't true, but they needed an excuse."



she laments. "For one game, my seat was on the second level and I got to the box seats by carrying a hot dog and some popcorn. I told the usherette, 'I have to take these to my crippled father down there in the front row.' I went down and handed the hot dog to an elderly gentleman and said, 'Would you hold this, please?' Then I jumped the fence. He must have wondered if he was supposed to hold on to it the whole game."

A player with Morganna's flair for the sublimely ridiculous would be a hot dog himself, but she's just a fan with a plan:

"This is going to be my biggest year in baseball. I'm going to get all the teams I've missed so far, so watch for me. I think my disguise is pretty good. I'll disguise myself as Ronald Reagan."

That one may not fool anybody. It's obvious that Morganna's younger than the President.



Maui
Hawaii

*long, long ago, george lucas took us to a galaxy far, far away—*
*and some of us are wondering if we'll ever get back*

# BEYOND JEDI: THE SAGA CONTINUES

*humor*

**BY DENNIS SNEE**

WHEN GEORGE LUCAS launched *Star Wars* in 1977, he also let it be known that that was just the first leg of a trip that might take us well into the Nineties. And sure enough, every three years since, this Tolkien of the silver screen has made another stop in his complex story—long enough to hook up with a few new characters, jettison others and load on some out-of-this-world box-office profits.

In 1980, he gave us *The Empire Strikes Back*. This summer, it's *Return of the Jedi*, which, in Lucas' convoluted saga, completes the *second* trilogy. It's been a nice trip, but where, *where* will it end?

Finally, fans, there's an answer to that question. In a daring raid on Lucasfilm headquarters, a handful of publishing commandos recently obtained the heavily guarded secret plans outlining some future *Star Wars* episodes. PLAYBOY is publishing those outlines in the belief that the public has a right to know. May The Force be with us.

EPISODE IX

YODA GETS LUCKY

The loneliness of his existence as a Jedi master in the Dagobah system finally gets to Yoda, and he uses The Force to project himself to a singles bar in the Marina del Rey system. There he meets Sheila, beautiful legal secretary to the evil personal-injury attorneys Dewey, Gettum and Howe. Yoda scores with Sheila, who confesses a weakness for "older, shorter, greener men," but only a last-minute rescue by Luke Skywalker saves Yoda from a costly breach-of-promise suit.

EPISODE XII

LANDO'S CHALLENGE

Following his heroic rescue of Han Solo from the clutches of Boba Fett in *Return of the Jedi*, Lando Calrissian returns to the Cloud City, where an envoy from the Bespin NAACP waits to question him about why there aren't more blacks in *Star Wars*. Lando pleads that he's only an administrator and, anyway, Darth Vader's costume is black. The NAACP agrees to end its investigation on the condition that Lando never be forced to ride in the back of the Millennium Falcon.

EPISODE III

THE WOOKIE-DROID REBELLION

C-3PO, R2-D2 and Chewbacca join forces and formulate a list of demands constituting what they term a "nonhuman rights" charter, which, among other things, would allow R2 to stop communicating through beeps, whistles and toots and, instead, speak English with a Southern accent; give C-3PO the right to hit on unmarried vending machines; and provide Chewie with a rug-shampoo kit for hygiene.

EPISODE VII

LEIA'S LIBERATION

Princess Leia attends a women's conference on the pastel planet, Feth, and rallies female representatives from across the galaxy to take a larger role in government and business and to resist sexist bias wherever they find it. The conference is disrupted when imperial storm troopers burst in, leveling patronizing remarks at the women and wolf whistles at Leia; finally, Vader appears. He gets into a scratching, clawing, hair-pulling battle with the princess, which ends with Leia's pulling off Vader's breath mask. Behind the mask: a red-faced Phyllis Schlafly.

EPISODE X

THE JEDI'S TRIUMPH

During a lull in the galactic wars, Luke trades in his X-wing fighter for a TR-7 convertible that turns out to have a cracked engine block. Only with the help of consumer advocate Obi-Wan Horowitz does Luke *(concluded on page 226)*



ILLUSTRATION BY KUNIO HAGIO

 *(continued from page 86)*

*"Dr. Thompson was profoundly shocked by the sordid revelations about drug abuse and carnal lust."*

of the sessions for falling asleep.

The *New York Post* reported the séance evidence under the headline "PULITZER SEX TRIAL SCANDAL: I SLEPT WITH A TRUMPET." Farish took out his calculator for that one and filed a libel suit for $10,000,000, saying the paper had falsely implied that his client had used the trumpet for purposes other than spiritual.

Reporters covering the trial referred to it as the Dildo Factor and reminded newcomers from out of town that this thrust at the media jugular was a familiar Farish ploy. In the Sixties, he sued *Time* for $6,000,000 during the Firestone divorce. "I just *love* those big, rich magazines," he told a Miami reporter when he heard that correspondents from two national publications had joined the Pulitzer-case press corps.

*We all sleep with trumpets. The real question is, Is Peter Pulitzer jealous of the trumpet? Did the trumpet affect their marriage? That's the legal point.*

—DR. THOMPSON, in an interview with Ann Krueger of *The Palm Beach Post*

It was because Pete couldn't stay awake that he began taking cocaine. Roxanne liked dancing, eating and drinking, late nights and music, and cocaine was the only thing that helped him stay the course. Eventually, even that didn't help, Pete said; he was always falling asleep, at discos, séances, bars.

"Did you ever try NoDoz?" Farish asked.

Pete didn't deny using drugs. "Drugs ruined my marriage," he said. "They've thrown my whole life into a turmoil, almost ruined me emotionally and mentally." There were times, he added, when he shared cocaine and sex with his wife and other women in the same bed.

"Did it happen more than once?"

"I believe it was two or three times."

"Who was involved?"

"Jackie Kimberly."

There had been Pulitzer sex sandwiches with Jackie in the Holiday Inn in South Palm Beach and aboard Pete's boat and with another woman in Colorado.

"Was anybody taking drugs while you were in these encounters?"

"Yes, Roxanne, Jackie Kimberly and myself. That was one of the eight or nine times I tried it."

"What, cocaine?"

"Yes."

Almost as an afterthought, he testified that his wife and Jackie were lesbians.

"On what basis do you make that statement?" Farish asked him.

"She told me."

"Roxanne?"

"Yes."

*He went nuts for a period of his life when he was convinced into going to discos and staying out late.*

—ROBERT SCOTT, Pete's attorney

*Naked lies and swinish behavior.*

—HUNTER THOMPSON, on his first day at the trial

My incorrigibly distinguished colleague and celebrated author Dr. Thompson was profoundly shocked by the sordid revelations about drug abuse and carnal lust among the higher echelons of what passes for an aristocracy in South Florida. It was that feeling of distress that must have compelled him, during a court recess, to address the bailiff as follows: "You must have the heart of a goddamned lizard"—a remark that left the bewildered man standing in the corridor with a nervous smile twitching at his lips. It was not long after that episode, while still deeply disturbed by the evidence he'd heard, that he suggested to the night clerk of his motel that the man was "an anal-compulsive shit-eating fruitcake." However, the fact that the clerk had flatly refused to cash a check at three in the morning, which is when Hunter does his most vigorous thinking, may have contributed to his sense that the world had turned a dark and terrible corner.

On those occasions, he was inconsolable, so deep was his feeling of betrayal and grief, not to mention the affront to his standing as a doctor of divinity. We were often obliged during recess to seek adjoining cubicles in the courthouse men's room, and there, between medications of an improving nature, undisturbed by the ceaseless coming and going of judges and policemen, he would define the principle upon which he believed justice would best be served in the Pulitzer case and in other legal matters, the foundation of which was his unswerving contention that all lawyers should be put to death.

It was clear to us that many people would enrich themselves from the trial: four attorneys at $150 an hour apiece; accountants whose fees amounted to untold thousands of dollars; paid witnesses; the media; and others who hopped and squawked like vultures over the remains of this Palm Beach marriage, this fairy tale that turned to sewage.

As journalists of the old school, the good doctor and I found ourselves confronting the traditional questions of the fourth estate; namely, how could we make money from this tragic business and how much could we make? Clearly, there were paths that had not yet been fully explored, so we decided to ask Roxanne if she'd be interested in posing nude, with or without Jackie Kimberly. We would act as agents and split the commission, a large commission, we assumed, to be paid in cash or Krugerrands. Mrs. Pulitzer's first response was that she'd have to lose ten pounds; but later, to our considerable regret, she rejected this insolent proposal. It was then that Dr. Thompson and I came to the reluctant conclusion that we had no alternative but to expose our professional colleagues at the trial for the leeches and bounders they undoubtedly were.

One night, we found ourselves driving along the well-ordered, soothing streets of Palm Beach in Hunter's rented convertible. It was his fourth car in just over a week. All of them were convertibles, all were brand new, and the first had died horribly, spewing broken pieces of hot metal and tattered fan belts. One of the cars, a red model, drowned after prolonged exposure to a South Florida monsoon. Another was towed away to a swamp on the edge of the Everglades. Hunter believed there were parallels between the behavior of his cars and the behavior of the people in the Pulitzer case; his theory revolved around shoddiness.

He was elaborating on this theme when the police car started to follow us. Hunter muttered something about degenerate swines and crammed his clinking glass of Chivas between the seats. Four in the morning, only a mile to go to the Abandoned Motel—his name for the spacious and oddly remote beachside digs he occupied—and suddenly, the new day had taken an ominous turn.

The police must have heard our tires when we rounded the last bend, 90 degrees taken at about 50 miles an hour, rubber smoking, both of us leaning optimistically toward the center of the road, all four wheels drifting into the wrong lane on a blind turn. We had the top down, radio full blast, making enough noise to wake every drug-sodden gigolo in Palm Beach. By the time we saw the patrol car facing outward in a driveway, it was too late.

Hunter's head was bobbing up and down like some querulous species of bird, cigarette holder clamped between his teeth. He was wearing his red hat, the one with the ROYAL BANGKOK YACHT CLUB badge.

"Did they see us?"

"Looks like it; they're moving."

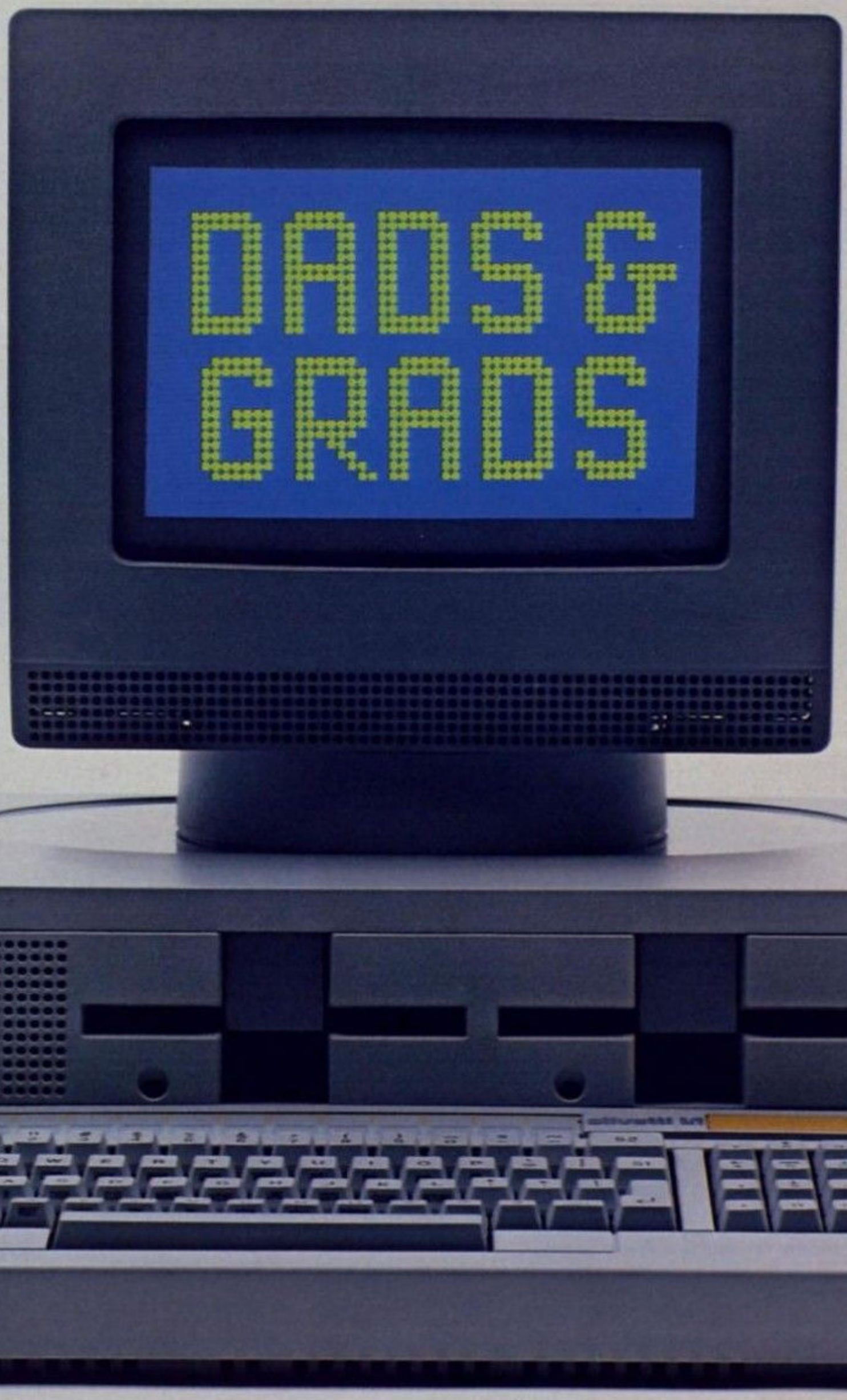
"What are they doing now?"

"Coming up behind us."

"Vicious bastards. What did you do with the, er . . . ?"

*(continued on page 218)*

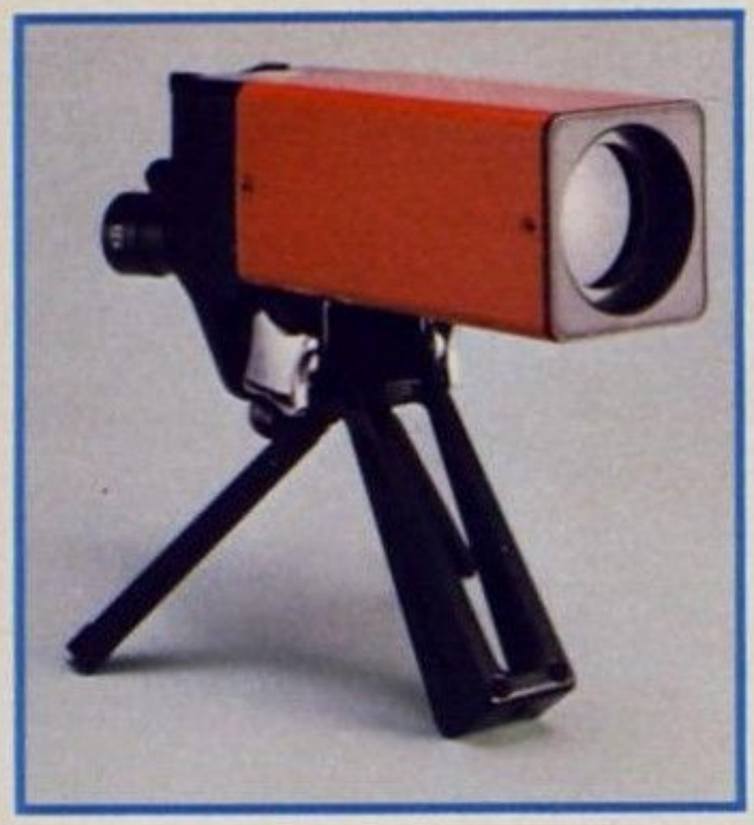
# PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR




Above: The Olivetti M 20 personal computer is a handsome all-in-one unit with the capability of displaying both alphanumeric and graphic images on a 10"x13" screen; it features a basic 128K bytes of memory (which can be expanded to a brain-busting 512K bytes with options), a 72-key alphanumeric keyboard for programs, commands and data input, plus a mini floppy disk (a second mini-floppy-disk unit—or a 5¼" hard disk with 11 megabytes—is available as an option), $2965 for the basic M 20; an optional color-display monitor, as shown, with an eight-color palette and characteristics identical to those of the monochrome version, $1850.

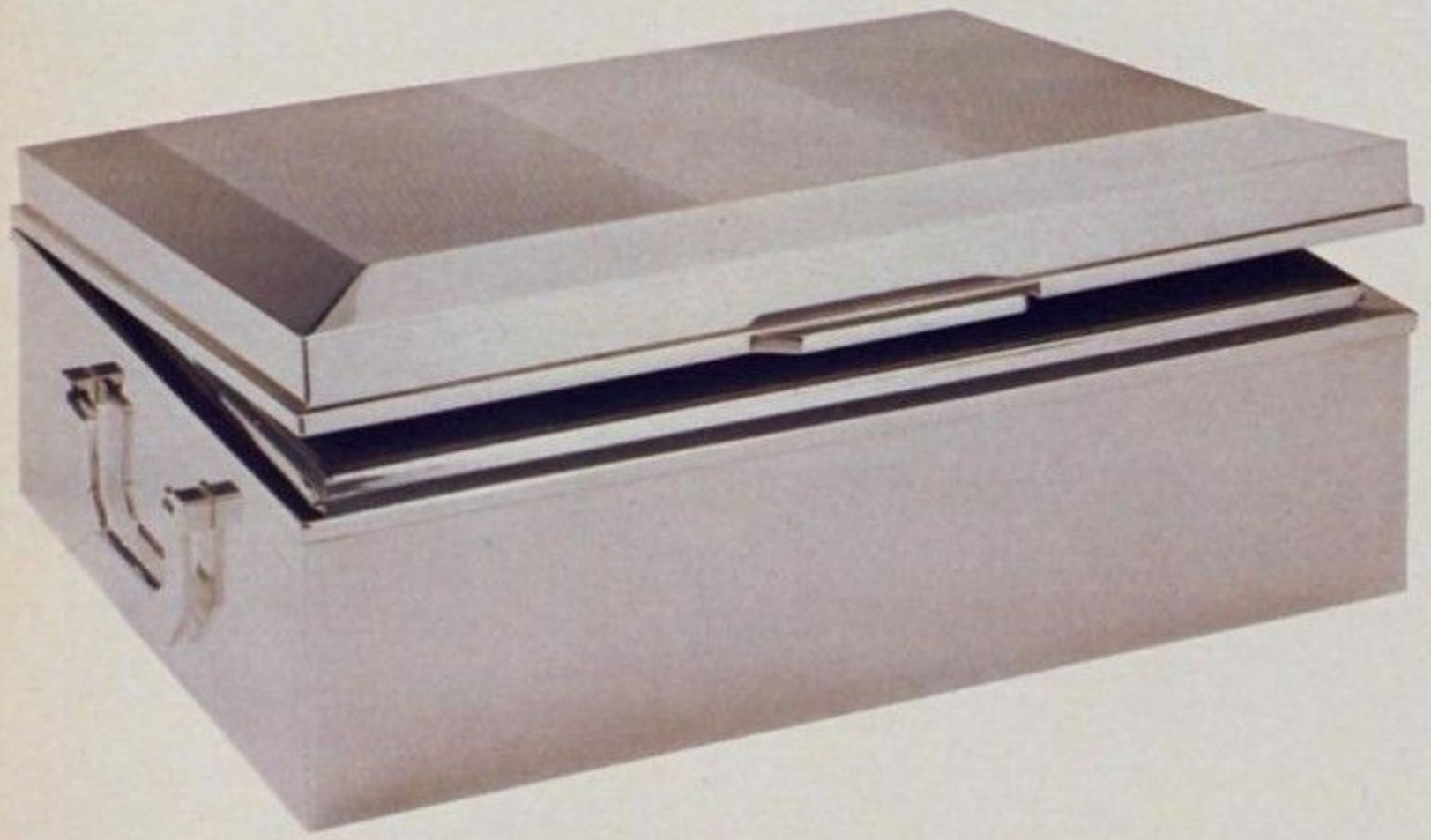


PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA





Left: A pint-sized, portable 40mm spotting scope that comes with both 12X and 20X power features a pistol grip, swivel turret, built-in tripod and camera tripod adapter, by Tasco, $89. Above: Paul McCartney, watch your ass! Yamaha's MP-1 miniprinter keyboard, which measures 27¾" x 6½" x 1⅞" and weighs just under five pounds, prints melody lines on a roll, as well as producing the staffs, time signatures, rhythm and chord names, $795, including a carrying case.





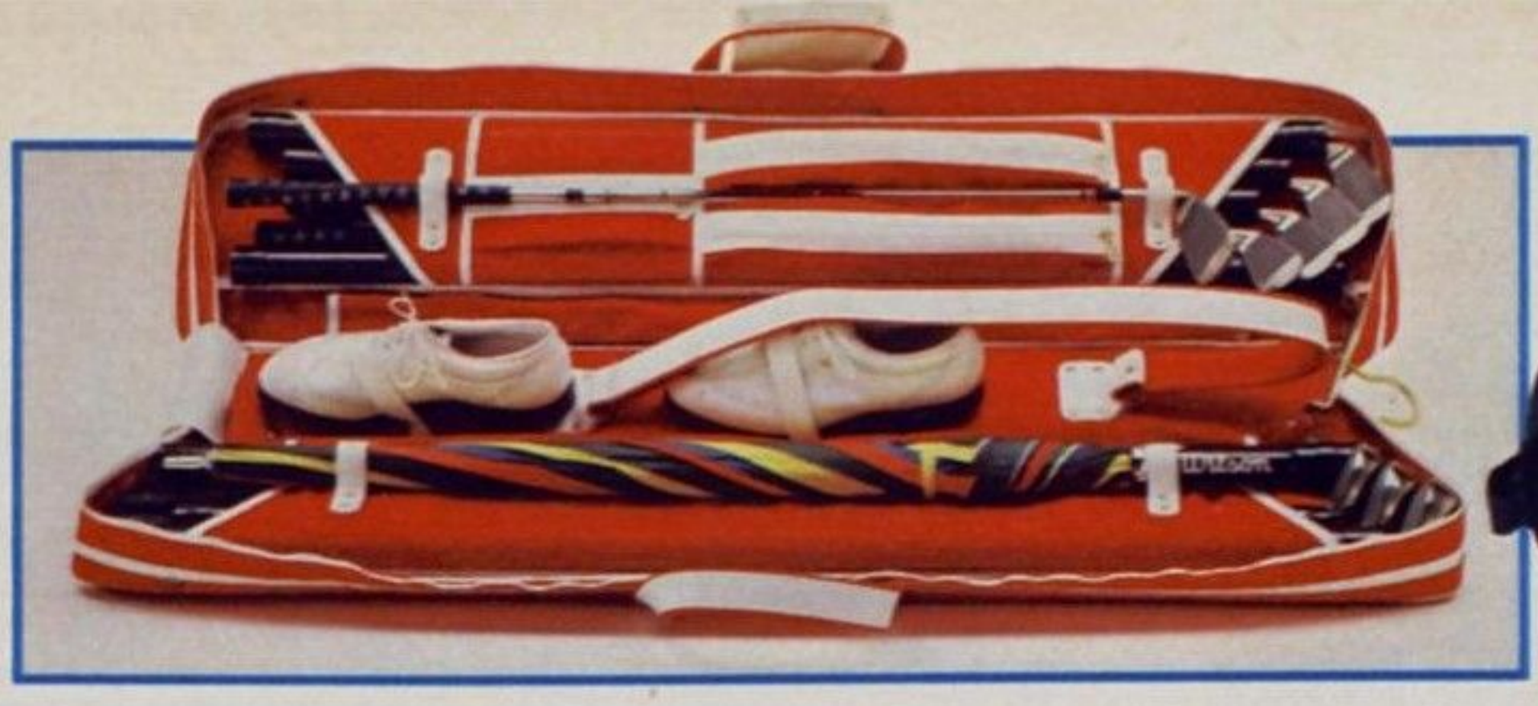
Above: A wood-lined, silver-plated cigar humidor with handles measures 13½" x 9¾" x 4½" and keeps up to 50 of your favorite smokes in pristine puffing condition; it's made in France for Alfred Dunhill of London, New York, $1500.

Above: Pioneer Electronics lives up to its name with a stackable Progression IV system that includes (from top to bottom) an F-X9 tuner with 16 station presets, $250; an A-X8 amplifier that delivers 65 watts per channel, $280; a CA-X7 sound processor that incorporates a seven-band equalizer, $250; a CT-X9 cassette deck with index scan, music search and repeat, $380; and a PL-X9 turntable with single-button front loading that can play cuts on an LP in any sequence, $330.

Below: ColecoVision's latest control console, Roller Controller has a track ball that gives the player 360-degree free-rolling movement and greater momentum for onscreen action, about $60, including Slither, a video-cartridge game that pits the player against a desert world. It attaches to the ColecoVision console, $180.










Above: Golf 'n Go bag of rugged Cordura nylon, by Santa Rosa Sewing, $175; holds woods, $90 each, and irons, $55 each, by Professional Dynamics; spiked golf shoes, by Foot-Joy, $124; and a nylon golf umbrella, by Wilson, $20. Right: Two JVC video lightweights—a compact HR-C3U VHS video-cassette recorder that weighs in at a mere 4.4 pounds, $850, and the GZ-S3 compact video camera that weighs only 2.75 pounds and features a Saticon tube that tapes in low light, $895.





Above: An eight-ounce bottle of citrus-and-flower-scented Eau de Cologne Impériale Extra Dry, by Guerlain, $30. Below: One of the flagships of Magnavox' audio/video fleet is its System 25, which includes a 25" color-TV monitor, 15-watt casseiver, belt-driven turntable, two 10" speakers and video-accessory organizer, $2540 in light ash. Also housed in it are Model 8010 video-disc player, $749.95, and Model 8346 video-cassette recorder, about $1600, both by Magnavox.

Above: The world's first personal turntable, battery-powered Mister Disc, plays both LPs and 45s through a pair of lightweight, padded headphones (it can also be hooked up to an amplifier), by Audio-Technica, about $170.



Below: Vivitar's new TEC 35 camera is an all-electronic 35mm model that features infrared autofocusing, a motorized flash that pops up and retracts automatically, depending on light conditions, and a liquid-crystal display for battery condition, A.S.A. setting, correct loading confirmation and frame counter, about $240.





*the world's oldest sex symbol says that sex can be fun after 80, after 90, after 100—and after lunch*

*humor*

By GEORGE BURNS

# SEX AND THE MATURE MAN

BEFORE I START, let me get one thing straight: I'm not an authority on sex; I'm more of a fan. I think sex is nice; no family should be without it. Of course, there are other things that are just as important as sex, like, uh . . . like, uh . . . uh. . . . Well, I'll think of them later.

You're probably asking what sex has got to do with living to be over 100. I'm glad you asked that. As I said, I'm not an authority, but I've read a lot on the subject. I've also looked at a few pictures, and I understand that sex relieves tension, anxiety, pressure, cures stuttering, removes pimples, prevents baldness and has all sorts of benefits that a man of 100 should be entitled to enjoy as much as a man of 90. Furthermore, nine out of ten doctors agree that sexual activity can lengthen your life. It can also shorten your life. I knew one 45-year-old fellow who was very active sexually with this lady until her husband shot him.

One of my closest friends, George Jessel, was quite a guy

ILLUSTRATION BY HERB DAVIDSON

with the ladies. Those medals he wore weren't all for good conduct. Not all of his escapades shortened his life, but they led to some pretty harrowing experiences. I'll tell you about just one incident.

There was Millie, this beautiful showgirl who worked in *Shubert Gaieties of 1919*. She was in love with Georgie and Georgie was crazy about her. The only trouble was, she was very jealous of him, and every time she caught him in bed with another girl, she'd hit him over the head with a vase, a telephone, an ashtray—anything she could lift. Jessel didn't like that; it was giving him headaches. So he hired a young fellow named Leo Davis to live with him. Leo's job was whenever there was a knock on the door, he would jump into bed with the girl and Jessel would answer the door, because Georgie was afraid of Millie.

Well, one day it happened. There was a knock on the door, Leo jumped into bed with the girl and Jessel answered the door. When he came back, he said, "Thank God, it wasn't Millie, it was a telegram."

Millie said, "How could it be me? I'm in bed here with Leo." You'd think this would stop Jessel's headaches, but it didn't. By the time they split up, he was two inches shorter.

These days, sex is much more out in the open than it used to be, especially among the young generation. There's nothing they won't talk about; no words are off limits. And they say them out loud, they write them on walls, they even put them on T-shirts. In my day, if I said a dirty word, my mother would wash my mouth out with soap. I had bubbles coming out of my ears five days a week.

But with me, it was all talk. When I was young, my thing was show business. The only kind of girl I was interested in was a girl I could work with, a girl who could get laughs, because I was a straight man. You know what a straight man is. He just repeats everything. The comedian says something, he repeats it and waits for the comedian to get the laugh.

Well, I met this pretty girl—her name was Lily Delight—and I said to her, "How about you and me doing something together?"

She said, "Sure," and invited me up to her apartment, locked the door, turned the lights down low and said, "How would you like to have a drink?" So I repeated, "How would you like to have a drink?" And she had one. Then she said, "Would you like to have another one?" and I repeated, "Would you like to have another one?"

After the fourth drink, she said, "How about going into the bedroom?" So I repeated, "How about going into the bedroom?" Then she said, "How about turning out the lights?" So I said, "How about turning out the lights?" She turned out the lights and I went home. She didn't get any laughs, so I left.

Even with Gracie, for me, the laughs came first. We had a marvelous marriage, and not because I was a great lover. I don't ever remember kissing Gracie when she applauded me. When Gracie and I went to bed, I'd sing her two or three songs until she fell asleep. I found out after you've been married for 20 years, it's much easier to sing.

•

Look, I don't want you to think from all this that I'm knocking sex. It's still better than sliced tomatoes with the skins on.

My career is very important to me right now; it always has been. But I try to balance it out with a little fun. I entertain at home, I go out to parties, I go to nice restaurants and I make it a point to squeeze in a little female companionship. I try not to squeeze too hard; I don't want to break the skin on the tomatoes. I don't know what that means, but it sounds exciting.

When I made my last movie, I was being examined for insurance and the doctor asked me how old I was. I told him 87, and he said, "When did sex stop for you?"

I said, "At three o'clock this morning." You're right: I passed the exam.

Some people think that sex isn't for older people, that they should taper off or stop altogether. That's silly. Age isn't the problem; the problem is getting a girl. And if you can't get one 22, get one who's 25.

I'm very honest about my life, offstage and on. And even when I'm lying, I tell people I'm lying . . . which is not true. I get a lot of mail and people are always asking me how I can do what I do at my age. In fact, I got a letter recently from a man who said exactly that: "George, how can you do what you do at your age?" So I answered, "I wear gloves." A good question deserves a good answer.

Here's another letter:

> Dear George,
>
> I'm a year older than you are, and I just married a girl 22. My problem is I'm afraid I won't be able to satisfy her. I would appreciate any suggestions.

I wrote back and said, "Take in a boarder." Three months later, he called on the phone and told me my advice had worked; his wife was pregnant. I said, "What about the boarder?" and he said, "She's pregnant, too."

Another letter:

> Dear George,
>
> I'm getting along in years and I'm having a problem with my sex life. A friend of mine who's two years older than I am says he has sex three times a week.

So I jotted him a note: "If he can say it, you can say it." I thought that was a pretty good answer. You know, when it comes to this subject, you can't always believe what people say—including me.

Here's one that hits home from a fellow named Frank in Altoona:

> Dear George,
>
> Every time my wife and I go to bed, as soon as I try to touch her, she says, "Please, I've got a headache." What should I do?

My answer was, "After dinner, when you and your wife are watching television, offer her two aspirin. She'll say she hasn't got a headache, and you've got her. The next night, you're on your own."

Here's one from a young lady:

> Dear George,
>
> I've been reading a lot of your publicity, and is it really true that at your age you still have an active sex life?

I wrote back, "I don't think I can make the Olympic sex team, but I can certainly be sitting on the bench if they need me." That was kind of a snippy answer, but her letter annoyed me. I was really upset with her. She didn't include her telephone number.

Here's a letter I don't believe:

> Dear George,
>
> I've been married for eight years. I love my wife very much, but she's a nymphomaniac. What should I do?

I said, "Stop writing letters and count your blessings."

And finally, here's one that came in just this morning:

> Dear George,
>
> Please stay out of my business!
>
> Dear Abby

•

Well, that takes care of the letters. But I can't close without leaving you with a few serious thoughts. You shouldn't be too casual about sex; you've got to try to make it exciting. After couples are married for a while, they tend to take sex for granted. They don't even bother to lock the door. Big mistake. Sex has to be behind locked doors. If what you're doing can be done out in the open, you may as well be pitching horseshoes.

I know a couple who always left the door open when they were making love. One night, in the middle of everything, their little girl walked in. The mother raised her head and said, "Elsie, go out and close the door . . . I'll be with you in a second." That took care of little Elsie, and it also took care of the husband.

And here's another thought. Very important. No matter how old you are, remember that sex is a special part of your life and should not be neglected. The key word is moderation. Beware of doing it so often that you haven't enough energy left to finish what you set out to accomplish.




*"They want lobster."*



# POET IN MOTION

*jolanda egger—actress, model, even poet—leads a bicontinental life*



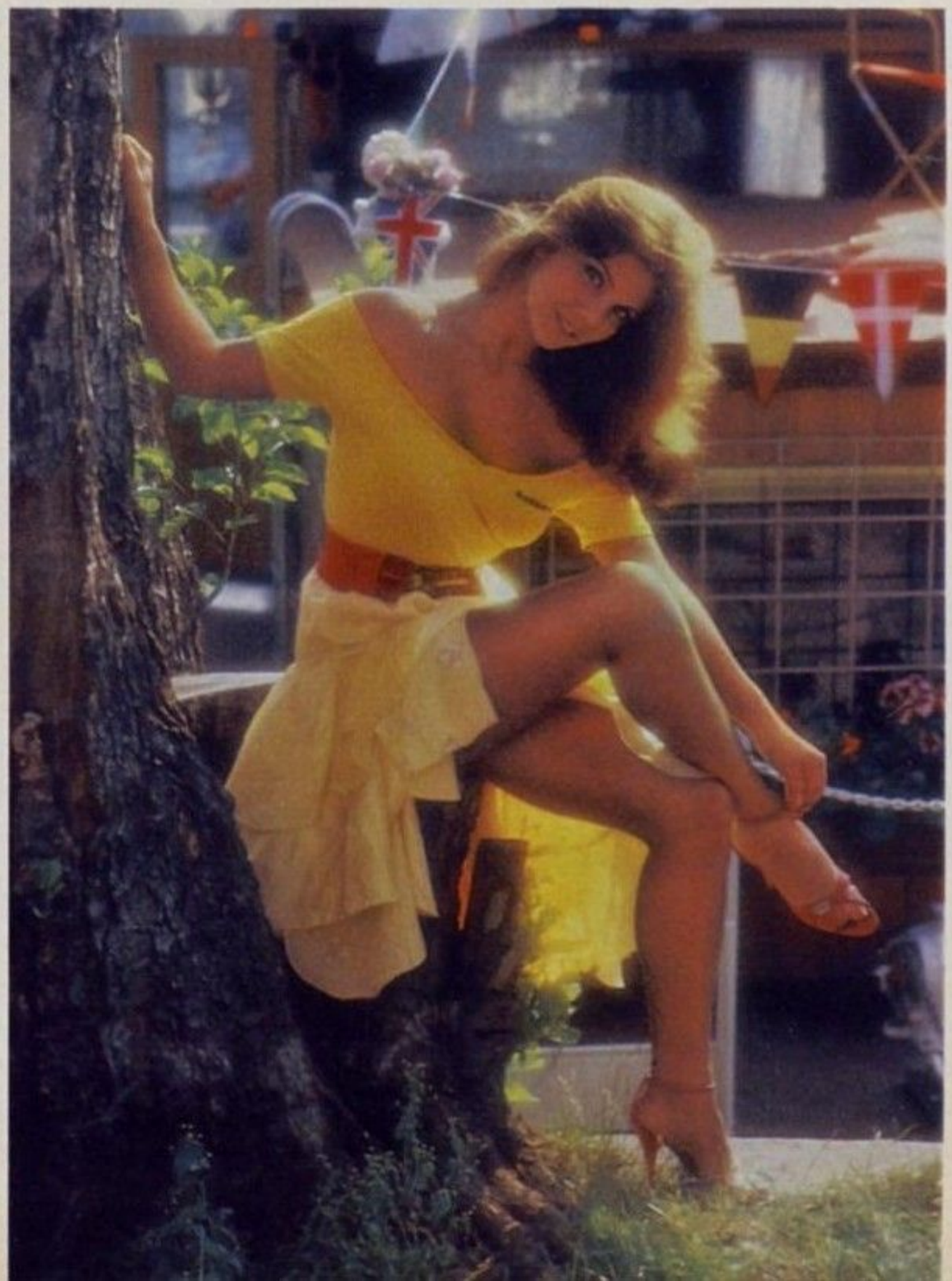


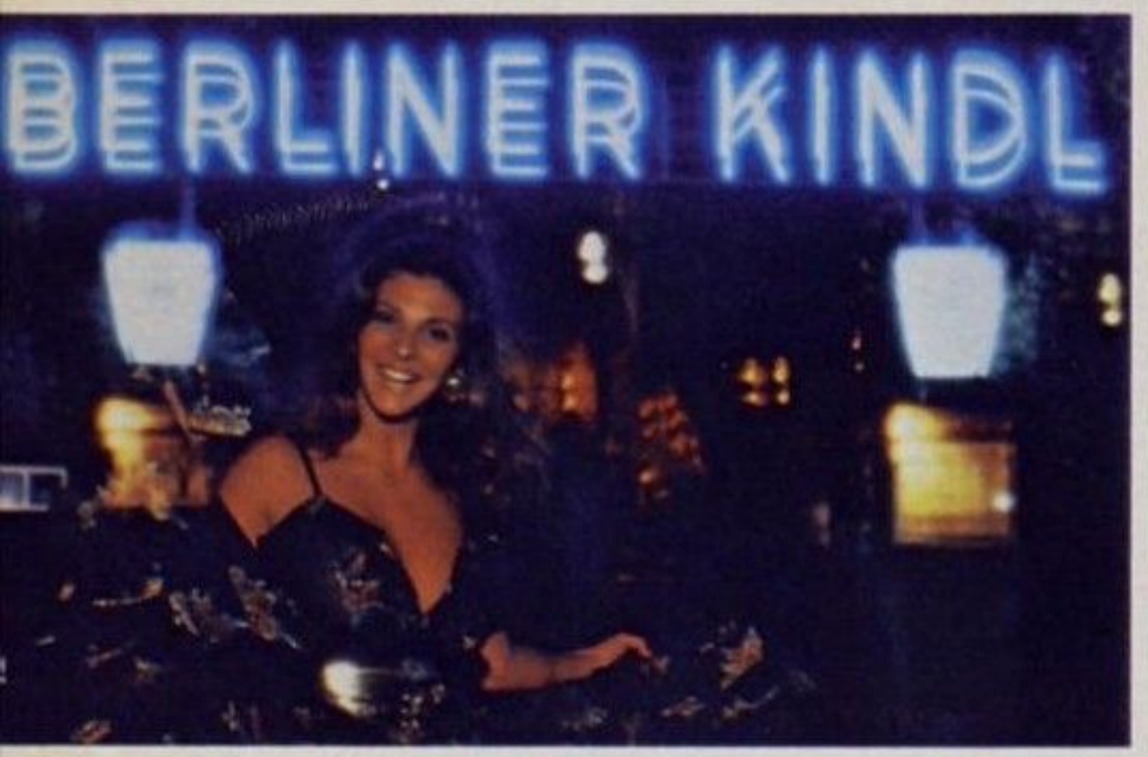
FALL IN CHICAGO: Jolanda Egger, Swiss-born model, aspiring actress and erstwhile lover and manager of Christian Anders (the German equivalent of Andy Gibb), stands at the corner of Fullerton Avenue and Clark Street. The wind whips her rainbow-striped taffeta skirt. She's here as a potential Playmate, test shooting all day and spending the evenings looking for a dance hall. Disco is not dead in Europe, apparently. Informed that it has expired, unlamented, in America, she shrugs and says she'll settle for a quiet dinner. She sets off past drugstores and headshops, peering through windows at the gray, pale Chicagoans. As she passes, a few of them come out into the street. They lean against

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR










*Jolanda jumps for joy, leads her horse to water (top) and tries to make it drink—she's unfamiliar with our proverbs. Berliner Kindl (above) is a German beer.*

storefronts and watch until she disappears into a restaurant with a framed wine list by the door. Inside, against a backdrop of mahogany and brass, she stands out like a brightly lit pinwheel in a board room.

"Working with PLAYBOY has been the turning point of my life," she says over a glass of wine. She made her first PLAYBOY appearance in our German edition, then graced this April's *Ladies of Spain* pictorial. Jolanda does get around—she has lived in Switzerland, Germany and Spain. Now she's in line for a gatefold, and that has brought her first extended stay in America. "Before," she continues, "I never considered living in the United States. But the longer I'm here, the longer I'd like to stay."

As a stewardess, a model and an occasional film actress, she developed a high profile in many parts of Europe. She






*Relaxing on a friend's houseboat (upper right) on the Havel River, Jolanda's not using her stewardess experience to demonstrate proper form for a plane crash. She's showing off the perfect form for any occasion. At lower right on the facing page, that form's on display as she gets ready for a night painting the town any color but Red. At the border (right), she fittingly sides with the good guys.*

*Begun in 1695, the Charlottenburg Palace (below) is Berlin's prime example of baroque architecture. It houses Frederick the Great's collection of art, since he couldn't take it with him. Begun in 1960, not completed yet, Jolanda herself is often considered a work of art. Here, she sketches German subjects with the help of two of them. "I've experienced a lot," says she, "but I want to see more."*



has long been linked romantically to Anders, a blond pop singer who acts in kung-fu movies when he's not cutting records (he's also sort of the German equivalent of Chuck Norris). She managed him, lived with him for a while and the two were featured in half of Europe's picture magazines. They've separated and gotten together again a number of times. Now she welcomes the opportunities another country presents. The daughter of a Swiss film maker *(concluded on page 242)*







*The scene: a well-appointed West Berlin apartment. The subject: a well-traveled young woman with well-defined tastes in men. "I like very temperamental people," she says. "I like rhythm, I like melody, I like the hot blood of the people from the south of Europe. All of this is not to say that I couldn't ever fall in love with an American man, because, you know, there are always exceptions."*



*An inheritor of Western European traditions, Jolanda sifts them with modern mores into her own philosophy. "My father's father, a Protestant clergyman, sings Psalms even in the men's room," she tells us. "He is so old-fashioned that he doesn't even tolerate radios. I am less traditional."*





*Asked to describe her ideal man, Jolanda's not shy about criteria: "His appearance must attract, both at first and at second sight. I must be challenged by him. I seduce him, finally, by brilliance and charm, and he conquers me, but only after being tested. Maturity is perhaps most important. He should be well shaped, middle-sized and blue-eyed. But, again, exceptions aren't excluded."*

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS JUNE



Jolanda Egget



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Yolanda Egger

BUST: 94 cm WAIST: 61 cm HIPS: 94 cm

HEIGHT: 173 m WEIGHT: 57 kg

BIRTH DATE: 1.8.1960 BIRTHPLACE: Lugano, Switzerland

AMBITIONS: Producer and director of adventure movies Screen actress (without stunts for action scenes!)

TURN-ONS: Disarmament, sense of humor, realized imagination, creativeness, challenges, sports cars, horse races.

TURN-OFFS: Shrill voices, tormented creatures, tactlessness, stubbornness, beer, lack of understanding.

FAVORITE BOOKS: "Shôgun", by James Clavell, sophisticated erotic stories, scenarios, historical books, such as "Montezuma"

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Charles Bronson, Jean-Paul Belmando, Sean Connery, Terence Hill, Sophia Loren, Bette Davis.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Riding (professional), tennis, water sports.

IDEAL MAN: His whole appearance attractive by first and second sight, creative, mentally aware, conquistador in the world of love.

SECRET FANTASY: Starring as a James Bond girl side to side with Sean Connery (whom I know very well)



Age 8
On the back of my Pony "Sherry Brandy"



Age 19.
representing Switz. with my national costume



"1980" age 20
As "Ms. Switzerland"
I enjoyed Tokyo

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An obviously uncomfortable mature male slipped into a sex shop. "Are you looking for anything in particular, sir?" inquired the salesperson.

"I'm . . . well, I'm frankly not sure what I have in mind," answered the customer. "Just something to—you know—spice things up for my wife and me."

"On the simple, basic level," said the clerk, "I'd suggest a French tickler."

"That sounds like fun," answered the man, "but I don't think my wife would agree to a threesome."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *falsies* as delusions of glandeur.



Where did I come from, Daddy?" piped the small boy.

"Why don't you go and ask your mother that, Bobby?" countered his father.

"I already did," pursued the child, "but where did I *really* come from, Daddy? Mommy told me I came out of a bucket."

"She was right, at that, Bobby," mused his father. "That's just about the size of it."

*A sperm faced, alack and forsooth,*
*His moment of sexual truth!*
*He'd expected to fall*
*On a womb's spongy wall*
*But was dashed to his death on a tooth!*

If it's really criminal for a virgin to tell her fiancé that she insists on remaining chastely pure until their wedding night, then there's a fitting punishment for such a crime. The young lady is sentenced to an indeterminate length.

What's it like to make love with an elderly millionaire?" the showgirl who had recently married one was asked.

"I'm getting the hang of it," she said.

And then there was the gay pilot who preferred to fly by the seat of his copilot's pants.

I used to have a terrific case of penis envy," the coed confessed to her new roomie, "until I found out how many nice guys there were on campus who were willing to let me share theirs."

My husband insists I should be grateful for his having brought me to four climaxes the other night," the woman explained to the marriage counselor.

"And aren't you, madam?"

"I'm not sure. He's a video-taping buff and three of those orgasms were replays."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *type face* as stenographic head.

*Said a bibulous bull dyke named Hahn,*
*"Though a dildo is really a con,*
*It seems less of a joke*
*If I'm drunk when I poke,*
*Which is why I keep tying one on."*

Look here," the predatory male came on heavily to the girl alone on the beach, "you do things to me! I can't take my eyes off your honeyed skin . . . your lustrous black hair . . . your green eyes . . . your ripe red lips——"

"But your colorful line, my friend," interrupted his target coolly, "isn't going to get you into the pink."

It's said that the difference between kinky and perverted is that someone who's kinky uses a feather, whereas someone who's perverted uses the whole chicken.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sodomy* as humping a neighbor's new lawn.

I let my date from Harvard talk me into going to a motel with him because it seemed, well, sort of special to be made love to by a member of the exclusive Hasty Pudding Club," the girl told a close friend. "But I suppose it figured," she added with a sigh.

"What figured?" inquired her confidante.

"He turned out to have a hasty pud."



Early one Sunday morning, a veterinarian had a phone call from a little old lady who asked his advice about separating two dogs that were love locked on her lawn. "Try using a broom handle," he suggested.

Not long after, the woman phoned again to report that her efforts at prying them apart hadn't worked. "Then throw a bucket of water on them," counseled the vet.

It wasn't too long before she was back on the line to say that the dousing hadn't helped. "Now go and tell the male dog that the telephone's ringing for him," rumbled the animal doctor.

"Do you think that will work?" she asked.

"My God, lady," exploded the vet, "it's worked three times now for me!"

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



*"Yes, Rodney, I'd love to hear the big surprise.*
*Yes, Rodney, I'm sitting down. . . ."*



# NEEDLE IN A TIMESTACK

*mikkelsen was going to find janine again, even if he had to move heaven and earth to do it*

*fiction* By ROBERT SILVERBERG

BETWEEN ONE MOMENT and the next, the taste of cotton came into his mouth and Mikkelsen knew that Tommy Hambleton had been tinkering with his past again. The cotton-in-the-mouth sensation was the standard tip-off for Mikkelsen. For other people, it might be a ringing in the ears, a tremor of the little finger, a tightness in the shoulders. Whatever the symptom, it always meant the same thing: Your time track had been meddled with; your life had been retroactively transformed. It happened all the time. One of the little annoyances of modern life, everyone always said. Generally, the changes didn't amount to much.

But Hambleton was out to destroy Mikkelsen's marriage—or, more accurately, he was *(continued on page 126)*



ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO



# 20 QUESTIONS: **DEBRA WINGER**

*the woman who inspires officers and gentlemen*
*gives her tips on kissing, explains why some fantasies should remain secret*
*and defends her taste in coffee-table books*

---

*After taming a mechanical bull and winning John Travolta's restless heart in "Urban Cowboy," actress Debra Winger went on to conquer Nick Nolte and Richard Gere—the latter in one of 1982's highest-grossing films, "An Officer and a Gentleman." Contributing Editor David Rensin caught up with Winger during a rest stop at her Malibu home. His report: "Debra was sick and shot full of antibiotics, but since she typically didn't plan to be in L.A. long, she decided to keep our date. I took her a dozen roses. She gave me the flu."*

**1.**

PLAYBOY: You've kissed John Travolta, Nick Nolte and Richard Gere onscreen—some of America's biggest heartthrobs. What are your kissing tips? What are their kissing secrets?

WINGER: OK, mauling is out. It's simple: Kiss the one you love. It's worlds away from a movie kiss. The first time I was kissed was at a party in junior high. The guy—who will remain nameless, because he ended up in the movie business—took my chin between his thumb and forefinger and turned me toward him slowly. I *knew* I was about to be kissed. It remains one of my most exciting memories. There is something very important about the anticipation in the moment before the kiss. And by the time your lips meet, you're in outer space and it feels great. I also close my eyes—unless I'm looking for something, like a sore on the lip. That's just a joke, but somehow, I'm sure I'll see it in print.

I've never asked my co-stars about their secrets. I hate even to lump them together. They are from different planets. Anyway, it's always pretty tense until you know each other, and you hope that any love or kissing scenes will be saved until the end of shooting, when you either are real close or hate each other's guts. The hardest thing—believe it or not—is if you're not particularly attracted. If you hate someone, it's easy to kiss him.

**2.**

PLAYBOY: We understand your talking with PLAYBOY, but you're known for a reluctance to speak with the press. Why?

WINGER: I started out in the De Niro school of interviewing. He doesn't do interviews and is successful, so why should I? There was a time in my life when I thought I expressed myself best through my work. I still don't want to be out there as *Debra Winger*, the celebrity. I have trouble accepting star billing. I remember thinking on *Cannery Row*, How can I put my name ahead of Steinbeck's? Also, I guess I just have a limited number of things to say. I'm just a regular person. I'm amazed at some people's idea of who I really am. I heard about a studio executive's wife who recently did her impression of me. This normally quiet woman stood up at a restaurant table and said, "Where's the fuckin' waitress? Where's the fuckin' cab?!" It's funny. Maybe I use that word occasionally, but it's not how I would sum myself up.

**3.**

PLAYBOY: You look soft; you act tough. In postmodern America, can a woman have it both ways?

WINGER: I'm spitting out tobacco from my Camels. [*Coughs*] It's true. And thanks for complimenting me. I don't often think I look soft—especially when I'm feeling particularly hard. I think you've got to have some balls. You just do. My poor dog, Pete, found a dog the other day that was neutered. He thought, No balls? I think I'll fuck him.

So you've got to be tough—at least a little bit—if you want to protect the softness.

**4.**

PLAYBOY: Your voice reminds us of someone with an affection for piano-bar lounges, good bourbon and late hours. Does it sound the same at eight A.M. as at midnight? Has it ever opened any door for you when you couldn't get by on obvious good looks and talent?

WINGER: There are people who make a point of calling me in the morning, because they think my voice is sexier then. It does change during the day. But when I was 11 years old and walking around with this voice, it was no picnic. It was a grim task. I'll have to live to be 115 years old to grow into this voice. It scares some people off. But it has definitely opened doors for me; I haven't had any open on my good looks. In my orthopedic T-shirt stage, when I said, "Open that door!" it got opened. It also worked against me, because people couldn't figure out how old I was.

**5.**

PLAYBOY: As a teenager, you worked in a troll costume at a Southern California amusement park. You fell out of a truck and were partially paralyzed and temporarily blinded. What did your blindness teach you to see?

WINGER: The inside of my body. Literally. It was a rather psychedelic experience but true, nonetheless. Plus, I was *stuck* there looking at myself. I came away knowing that nothing is as it seems. Like in *Chinatown*.

**6.**

PLAYBOY: There was a controversy last summer over your love scene with Richard Gere in *An Officer and a Gentleman*: "Did they or didn't they?" Care to cast your vote?

WINGER: Camera angles. Also, it was all done in one long shot, which made it seem hotter than it was. Actually, I was hardly there. I saw my grandmother flying past the window carrying a Bible. I was worried about someone I love misunderstanding what I do for a living. But it didn't stop me from doing the scene; in fact, it helped me get through. My grandparents are metaphors for my moral beliefs. I love them dearly and they are just another side of me.

**7.**

PLAYBOY: What stays with you most about the bull ride in *Urban Cowboy*?

WINGER: That I'll never get on one again. I was afraid I could never have children. But I did have fun doing it, which most people don't realize was its main attraction to me. Reviewers talk about how sexy the ride was. But I just approached the scene innocently. I don't mean with an *intended* sense of innocence. Later, it was labeled erotic, and that taught me something. Innocent is erotic. Obvious is never sexy. I've used being sexy—lips moving, eyes—for *(continued on page 244)*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HELMUT NEWTON

# ACE OF CLUBS

*stay the course with a mixed bag of duffer's delights*

Tee up, lads, and play through the following 18 clubs: **1.** MacGregor's Colokrom five iron, with a solid-copper hitting area, $58.50; $525 for a set of nine. **2.** Low-profile dimple-faced driver, by Mario Cesario, $74. **3.** Northwestern Thunderbird number-three wood, with a gold-plated stainless-steel head, by Northwestern Golf, $270. **4.** PGA's T-Line nine iron, with a T-patterned face, $57. **5.** PowerBilt ProSonic number-four metal wood, with peripheral weighting that gives less bulge to the club face, by Hillerich & Bradsby, $80. **6.** Low-profile 440-series number-three iron with a steel shaft, by Browning Golf, $37.50; $300 for a set of eight. **7.** John Jacobs System number-three wood that's specially crafted to reduce side spin and slice, by Dunlop Sports, $749 for a set of eight. **8.** Dual-purpose Teacher Putter for practice and playing, by Dave Pelz Golf Research, $59.95. **9.** Metal cleek club for blasting out of the rough, by Taylor Made, $90. **10.** Steel-headed number-four cleek club, by Lynx Golf, $87. **11.** MacGregor's MT Velocitized wood driver, with an insert that helps align your swing, $90. **12.** Ping Anser 4 putter, with a white guideline for on-target aiming, by Karsten Manufacturing, $65. **13.** Model 8802 putter of forged carbon steel with a nickel-plated finish, by Wilson Sporting Goods, $49. **14.** Otey Crisman brass-and-wood putter, with a hickory shaft, by Golden Eagle Enterprises, $59. **15.** Black Turbo number-five wood, with a supertough graphite head, by Mizuno Golf, $200. **16.** Wilson's 1200-GE stainless-steel driver, with a weighted perimeter that enlarges the sweet spot to more of the club face, $84. **17.** T-Line number-seven metal wood, with a brightly colored insert, plus a twin-rail sole that helps when you're hitting out of a tight spot, by PGA Golf, $85. **18.** Golden Ram driver of hardened and aged persimmon wood, with an aluminum insert, by Ram Golf, $85. (Golf balls pictured—from top to bottom and left to right—include White Titleist DT, $24 per dozen; Tracer PGA, in fluorescent yellow that's easy to spot, by PGA Golf, $24 per dozen; orange Top-Flite XL, by Spalding, $24 per dozen; Golden Hot-optic Laser golf ball that's also available in Orange Yellow Hot-optic, by Ram Golf, $24.50 per dozen; White Standout golf ball with large shallow dimples to reduce air drag, by Highlander, $19.50 per dozen; Jack Nicklaus Muirfield golf ball in yellow, with a balata cover, which some pros claim gives the ball more reverse spin, or "bite," by MacGregor Golf, $25 per dozen; Orange Aviator golf ball that comes with a no-cut guarantee, by Wilson Sporting Goods, $24 per dozen.)




ILLUSTRATION BY WILL NELSON

2

Tracer

3

4

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11

Jack Nicklaus
4

12

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17

18

PING®

AVIATOR
4

# NEEDLE IN A TIMESTACK *(continued from page 121)*

*"When your past is altered through time-phasing, all records of your life are altered, too."*

determined to unhappen it altogether—and that went beyond Mikkelsen's limits of tolerance. In something close to panic, he phoned home to find out if he still had Janine.

Her lovely features blossomed on the screen: glossy dark hair; elegant cheekbones; cool, sardonic eyes. She looked tense and strained, and Mikkelsen knew she, too, had felt the backlash of this latest attempt.

"Nick?" she said. "Is it a phasing?"

"I think so. Tommy's taken another whack at us, and Christ only knows how much chaos he's caused this time."

"Let's run through everything."

"All right," Mikkelsen said. "What's your name?"

"Janine."

"And mine?"

"Nick. Nicholas Perry Mikkelsen. You see? Nothing important has changed."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, of course, darling. To you."

"Keep going. What's our address?"

"Eleven Lantana Crescent."

"Do we have children?"

"Dana and Elise. Dana's five, Elise is three. Our cat's name is Minibelle, and——"

"OK," Mikkelsen said, relieved. "That much checks out. But I tasted the cotton, Janine. Where has he done it to us this time? What's been changed?"

"It can't be anything major, love. We'll find it if we keep checking. Just stay calm."

"Calm. Yes." He closed his eyes. He took a deep breath. The little annoyances of modern life, he thought. In the old days, when time was just a linear flow from *then* to *now*, did anyone get bored with all that stability? For better or for worse, it was different now. You go to bed a Dartmouth man and wake up Columbia, never the wiser. You board a plane that blows up over Cyprus, but then your insurance agent goes back and gets you to miss the flight. In the new, fluid way of life, there was always a second chance, a third, a fourth, now that the past was open to anyone with the price of a ticket. But what good is any of that, Mikkelsen wondered, if Hambleton can use it to disappear me and marry Janine again himself?

They punched for readouts and checked all their vital data against what they remembered. When your past is altered through time-phasing, all records of your life are automatically altered, too, of course, but there is a period of two or three hours when memories of your previous existence linger in your brain, like the phantom twitches of an amputated limb. They checked the date of Mikkelsen's birth, his parents' names, his nine genetic coordinates, his educational record. Everything seemed right. But when they got to their wedding date, the readout said, 8 FEB 2017, and Mikkelsen heard warning chimes in his mind. "I remember a summer wedding," he said. "Outdoors in Dan Levy's garden, the hills all dry and brown, the twenty-fourth of August."

"So do I, Nick. The hills wouldn't have been brown in February. But I can see it—that hot, dusty day——"

"Then five months of our marriage are gone, Janine. He couldn't unmarry us altogether, but he managed to hold us up from summer to winter." Rage made his head spin, and he had to ask his desk for a quick buzz of tranks. Etiquette called for one to be cool about a phasing. But he couldn't be cool when the phasing was a deliberate and malevolent blow at the center of his life. He wanted to shout, to break things, to kick Hambleton's ass. He wanted his marriage left alone. He said, "You know what I'm going to do one of these days? I'm going to go back about fifty years and eradicate Tommy completely. Just arrange things so his parents never get to meet, and——"

"No, Nick. You mustn't."

"I know. But I'd love to." He knew he couldn't, and not just because it would be murder. It was essential that Hambleton be born and grow up and meet Janine and marry her, so that when the marriage came apart, she would meet and marry Mikkelsen. If he changed Hambleton's past, he would change hers, too; and if he changed hers, he would change his own, and anything might happen. Anything. But all the same, he was furious. "Five months of our past, Janine——"

"We don't need them, love. Keeping the present and the future safe is the main priority. By tomorrow, we'll think we were always married in February of Twenty Seventeen, and it won't matter. Promise me you won't try to phase him."

"I hate the idea that he can simply——"

"So do I. But I want you to promise you'll leave things as they are."

"Well——"

"Promise."

"All right," he said. "I promise."

•

Little phasings happened all the time. Someone in Illinois makes a trip to 11th Century Arizona and sets up tiny ripple currents in time that have a tangential and peripheral effect on a lot of lives, and someone in California finds himself driving a silver BMW instead of a gray Toyota. No one minded trifling changes like that. But this was the third time in the past 12 months, so far as Mikkelsen was able to tell, that Hambleton had committed a deliberate phasing intended to break the chain of events that had brought about Mikkelsen's marriage to Janine.

The first phasing happened on a splendid spring day: coming home from work, sudden taste of cotton in mouth, sense of mysterious disorientation. Mikkelsen walked down the steps looking for his old ginger tomcat, Gus, who always ran out to greet him as though he thought he were a dog. No Gus. Instead, a calico female, very pregnant, sitting placidly in the front hall.

"Where's Gus?" Mikkelsen asked Janine.

"Gus? Gus who?"

"Our cat."

"You mean Max?"

"Gus," he said. "Sort of orange, crooked tail——"

"That's right. But Max is his name. I'm sure it's Max. He must be around somewhere. Look, here's Minibelle." Janine knelt and stroked the fat calico. "Minibelle, where's Max?"

"Gus," Mikkelsen said. "Not Max. And who's this Minibelle?"

"She's our cat, Nick," Janine said, sounding surprised.

They stared at each other.

"Something's happened, Nick."

"I think we've been time-phased," he said.

Sensation as of dropping through trap door: shock, confusion, terror. Followed by hasty and scary inventory of basic life data to see what had changed. Everything appeared in order except for the switch of cats. He didn't remember having a female calico. Neither did Janine, though she had accepted the presence of the cat without surprise. As for Gus—Max?—he was getting foggier about his name, and Janine couldn't even remember what he looked like. But she did recall that he had been a wedding gift from some close friend, and Mikkelsen remembered that the friend was Gus Stark, for whom they had named him, and Janine was then able to dredge up the dimming fact that Gus was a close friend of Mikkelsen's and also of Hambleton's and Janine's in the days when they were married and that Gus had introduced Janine to Mikkelsen ten years before, when they were all on holiday in Hawaii.

Mikkelsen accessed the household callmaster and found no Gus Stark listed. So the phasing had erased him from their roster of friends. The general phone directory turned up a Gus Stark in Costa Mesa. Mikkelsen called him and got a freckle-faced man with fading red hair who looked more or less familiar. But he didn't know

*(continued on page 211)*



*"Her Majesty is menstruating! Her Majesty is menstruating! Her Majesty is menstruating!"*

"ATTENTION, PASSENGERS," a voice announces. "Next stop in the Tunnel of Love: Italy!" Soon an enormous singing female-robot pig with a French accent is confessing, "I keep dreaming of Sorrento. . . ."

The lunchtime crowd here at Chuck E. Cheese's Pizza Time Theatre in Sunnyvale, California, is divided between men in their 20s and 30s and girls in their 11s and 12s. Most of the men are in the next room playing video games (of course). Most of the girls and I are chewing on pieces of pizza and listening to Italian love songs. On the walls above us, a pair of elephant feet are clapping, an assortment of cymbals and skillets is being *(continued on page 134)*

# THE SECOND COMING OF NOLAN BUSHNELL

*after seven years of exile, the man who created the video-game boom is back with a new bag of tricks. can he make lightning strike twice?*

*personality* **By DAVID OWEN**

ILLUSTRATION BY KUNIO HAGIO



# MUSCLING INTO SUMMER

*the top and bottom line on beachwear for '83*

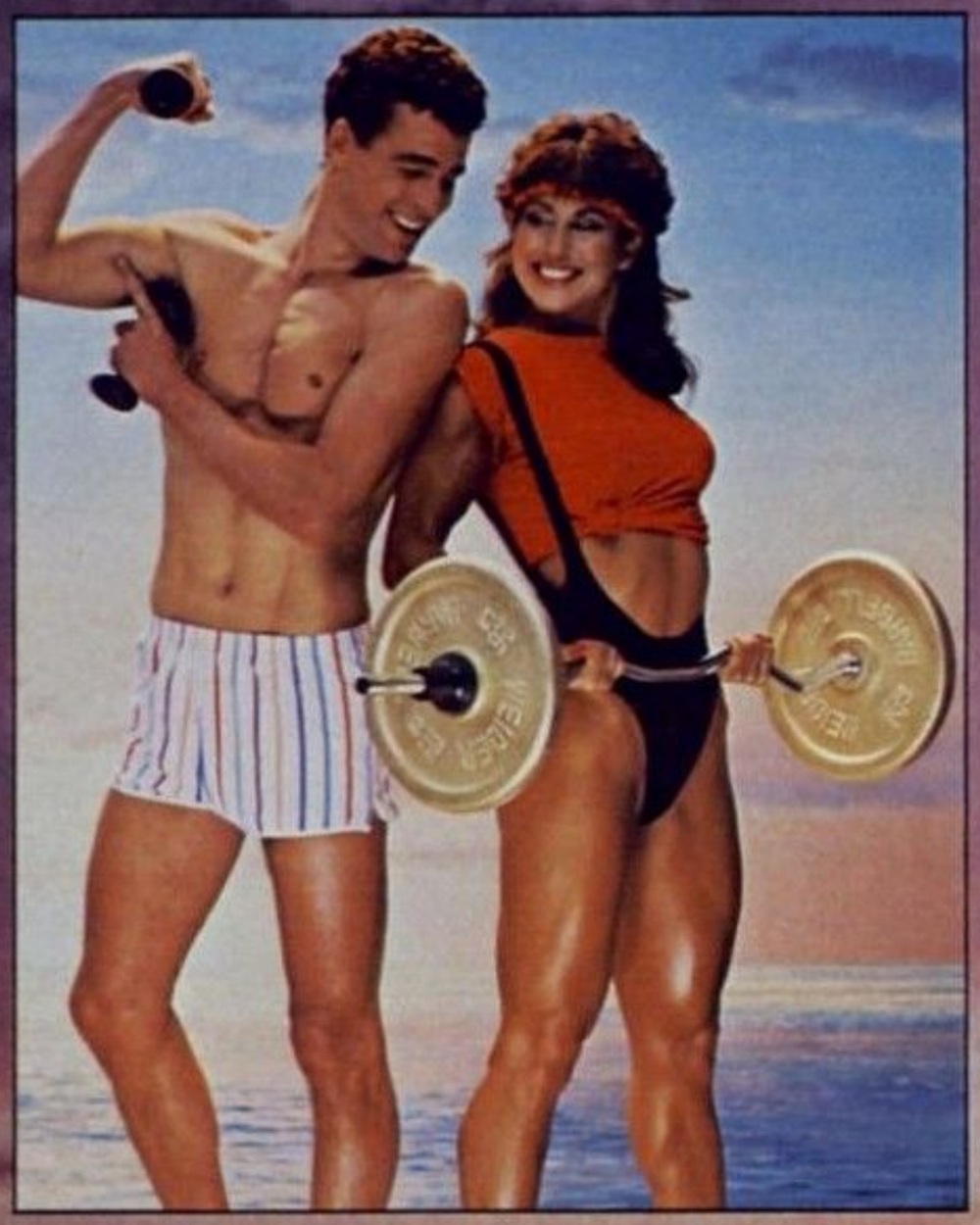
*attire* **By DAVID PLATT**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRUCE AYRES



IF ANYBODY ON THE BEACH kicks sand in *our* face, we'd like it to be Rachel McLish, the current Miss Olympia and Women's World Body-Building Champion, whom you can meet in the flesh on the following pages. One glance tells you that Rachel's into fitness, firmness and good health; it's equally apparent that the guys with whom she's tug-of-warring are into the latest looks in men's beachwear—styles that range from cotton surfer and boxer trunks to bright and lightweight jackets. While stripes in thick and thin, vertical and horizontal configurations are the predominant pattern, the popularity of such water-borne sports as wind-surfing and sailboarding has resulted in an entire wave of coordinated jacket/trunk and shirt/trunk sets. One item

**Below, left to right: Our end man is really into the old heave ho, wearing a hooded and terry-lined nylon ciré reversible jacket with drop shoulders, zipper-and-snap-front closure and slash pockets, about $57, plus tricolor nylon ciré surfer trunks with front-lace-up waistband, zipper fly and back zipper pocket, $23.50, both by Pierre Cardin. The next guy has slipped into something equally comfortable—a pair of nylon swim trunks, by Yves Saint Laurent, about $20. The third man's beach-fashion theme is equally brief: It's a pair of nylon ciré swim trunks with side vents and inner pocket and lining, by Daniel Axel, Ltd., about $16. The fourth lad on the rope, just below, likes nylon boxer trunks with side piping, by Speedo, $21.**








**Above: Rachel McLish obviously measures up to these guys' wildest expectations (she's 5'6" and 35-22-35). And they're not too badly turned out themselves, with the tapemaster at left wearing multicolor cotton trunks with an elastic drawstring waist, by Fila Sports, $74; and his buddy getting into a polyester/cotton knit sport shirt with contrasting rib-knit collar and cuffs, about $24, and multicolor polyester/cotton trunks with elastic-back waistband, snap fly and side vents, about $23, both by Jantzen.**

WOMEN'S SWIMWEAR FROM MY SISTER'S CIRCUS, CHICAGO, IL

you won't be seeing much of down beside the seaside, however, is the bikini that looks good only on guys who are built like Arnold Schwarzenegger. More is more in this case, and that includes more of Miss McLish. Quick! Everybody into the pool!

**Far left: The fellow in the cotton/Lycra knit trunks with stripes, by Merona Sport, about $38, ain't no dumbbell; he's not about to compete with Miss Olympia, Rachel McLish. Left: This chin-up Charley is also in the good hands of Miss McLish, in a poly/nylon/cotton pullover jacket, $25, matching trunks with piping, $16, both by Laguna Sportswear.**

# NOLAN BUSHNELL *(continued from page 128)*

*"You may remember him as the man who turned $500 into a company called Atari."*

pounded on and flags of the United States, Italy, California and the Confederate States of America are waving furiously, making a sound like laundry snapping on a line. I turn to a prepossessing preteenager sitting near me and ask her what she thinks. She swallows a mouthful of pizza and sighs, "It's awesome."

Call me sentimental, but I find it vaguely reassuring that little girls in America can still be swept off their feet by a roomful of robots singing *That's Amore*. Drugs, atom bombs, Nancy Reagan, law schools—how riled up can you get if you know the old-fashioned values are intact? Maybe the future won't be scary and terrible after all.

The source of this uplifting optimism is Chuck E. Cheese, a computer-controlled mechanical rat that was supposed to be something else. "We thought he was a coyote," says Nolan Bushnell, Pizza Time's founder. It takes a certain amount of moxie to name a restaurant after a rodent, even if you do it by mistake. But Bushnell has never lacked for moxie. You may remember him as the man who turned $500 into a company called Atari. Or as the man who sold the same company four years later for $28,000,000. Or as the man who invented the video game (now, *that* would be something to tell your grandchildren).

So what's a guy like that doing selling pizzas? For one thing, he's making a fortune. Before Bushnell came along, the single inescapable fact about the pizza business was that every order took 20 tedious minutes to fill. Your typical Big Mac is ready and waiting before your typical McDonald's customer has found a place to park his car. But pizza takes time. Stop by a Pizza Hut on your way home from work and you'll see a lot of hungry people drumming their fingers on the tables, watching the ice melt in their Cokes.

Bushnell had the imagination to see that dead time as an asset, not a liability. (And you wonder why you aren't rich.) Why not give those cranky people something to do for 20 minutes? Even more to the point, why not give them something to do that costs money? So Bushnell built an oversized pizza parlor—he prefers to think of it as an undersized Disneyland—and filled it with video games, miniature amusement-park rides and a chorus of performing robots. Today, there are more than 200 Pizza Time Theatres in the United States, Canada, Australia and Hong Kong. An average outlet rakes in more money every year than an average McDonald's, and it can turn a profit nine times that of a traditional chain pizzeria. By 1986, Bushnell predicts, there will be 1000 Pizza Time Theatres world-wide.

When Bushnell hit the jackpot with Atari back in the mid-Seventies, a lot of Wall Street types dismissed him as just another lucky Californian who had stumbled out of a hot tub and into a pot of gold. But now that he's made a second killing, the people with the serious money are looking at him very carefully. More specifically, they're rubbing their hands and waiting for this coming October, when his seven-year noncompete agreement with Atari expires. People who attach themselves to Bushnell have a disquieting tendency to become extremely rich overnight. And while he hasn't exactly been sitting on his hands since he left Atari, there is a certain expectation that the real bonanza won't begin until he's entirely on his own again.

In the words of the man himself, "We'll blow your socks off."

•

"Robotics," said Bushnell helpfully, like the grownup in *The Graduate* who tells Dustin Hoffman to check out plastics. We were sitting in about 15 rooms at The Plaza in New York. Bushnell was puffing on a pipe with such intensity that it was sometimes difficult to see his face. To judge from the cloud, he was smoking coal. He is a large man, 40 years old, with dark, curly hair and a dark, curly beard. He has a deep, friendly laugh. He owns, but was not wearing, a top hat that he affects on occasion. Once or twice, he rose from his seat and strode powerfully around the room like some thitherto-undocumented species of bear. This is a man who has so many ideas that he finds sleep personally insulting. He was being interviewed by someone who takes naps when he isn't tired.

"Robotics are probably the biggest thing that's just about to happen," Bushnell continued. "In your home. Bringing you a cup of coffee. Getting you a beer."

People are always coming up to Bushnell and asking him what the next big thing is going to be. "Next time you have one of your zillion-dollar ideas, Nolan," they tell him, "just give me a holler and I'll invest some money." No problem, Bushnell says, I've already got it: robots. "Well, hmmm, Nolan," the people invariably say. "Why don't you let me know about your next big idea *after that*?"

The awful thing about being ahead of your time is that nobody believes you until afterward, and then people figure you were just lucky. In the early Seventies, when Bushnell was trying to interest the business world in video games, which he had just invented, he heard all kinds of dire predictions. Hoodlums would break into the games and "steal the TVs," executives told him. Nobody would be able to figure out the rules. Nobody would want to play. Even later, after success had apparently vindicated him, most manufacturers figured the video boom was a one-shot deal.

Now, of course, all anybody wants to hear about is video games.

" 'Hey, innovate me some more, like you did last year,' " Bushnell mocks. " 'Design me a new game cartridge.' Well, there's no question but that I could build a $100,000,000 company relatively quickly making game cartridges. *Yawn*. I want to build a *billion*-dollar company that's going to last forever."

Robots, he believes, will someday be the second major purchase a family makes. You'll buy a house, and then you'll buy a robot. You won't have any choice! You'll be living in the future!

"International robotics travel," Bushnell says, gazing into the mists. "There's a little garage and it's full of robots and it's in London. And you get into a little machine and you put on a headset, and pretty soon you are there. You get to drive the robot around and look at Big Ben and walk down the streets and that sort of thing. For all intents and purposes, according to your senses, you're in London. But you're really in one of my pizza parlors."

Even as we speak, Bushnell is building robots. At a company called Catalyst Technologies in Sunnyvale—in a low, rust-colored building that looks like an enormous car air conditioner—a team of engineers is putting the finishing touches on a rudimentary robot that will be for sale by the time you read this article. The head of Catalyst Technologies is Nolan Bushnell. Catalyst is actually an umbrella organization that encompasses more than a dozen independent corporations working hard to make the future an interesting and, undoubtedly, expensive place to live. The company building the robots is called Androbot. Another company, called Cinemavision, is fiddling with a color-television screen that will give you four times the resolution of your present set. Timbertech is a computer camp that is already making children smarter than you are. Byvideo, under the direction of a former head of Atari's coin-operated-games division, is laboring to make the mail-order catalog obsolete.

The Catalyst idea is simple. Silicon Valley, Bushnell says, is filled with bright young engineers who have good ideas for computer-related products but who know nothing at all about running a business.

*(continued on page 248)*

# Quarterly Reports

*a timely accounting of timeless principles of personal finance*

*article*

**By ANDREW TOBIAS**

# INSIDE INFORMATION

*it's easy to beat the market when you're the only one who knows what's going on—but the hottest tips can also get you burned*

THERE ARE two kinds of information on Wall Street: the information that is flashed over the wire services the instant it's available and the information that circulates beforehand. Inside information.

The first thing to know about inside information is that using it is illegal. You could go to jail for five years. The second thing to know is that no one ever has, though lesser penalties are meted out from time to time.

(There is a third kind of information with which Wall Street is awash—unimportant information; and a fourth kind—misinformation; but here our concern is with important, accurate information of the kind that will really move a stock. Like the news that Warner Communications would report dismal earnings for the fourth quarter of 1982. Warner stock dropped from 52 to 35 in one day. Who could have anticipated such news? Surely not the eight executives of Warner's Atari division who had sold thousands of shares in the weeks preceding.)

In the first *Quarterly Report* (PLAYBOY, March), it was noted how, through the power of compounding, even a small sum, given time, could grow bountifully large. But who has time? The way to make a killing fast is with inside information. I do not recommend this. It is illegal; it is unfair; it frequently backfires.

It is hard to resist.

Had you known in advance, for example, that Kuwait's national oil company would acquire Santa Fe International in the fall of 1981, you need only have ponied up $37.50 for an option on 100 Santa Fe shares to realize $1925 a week later. Buy 100 such options and . . . well, you can figure it out.

One Santa Fe executive allegedly privy to the deal called his broker in Dallas all the way from China to get in on the action.

A wealthy Kuwaiti called Merrill Lynch (open there from nine A.M. to midnight) and bought options on 50,000 shares. Days later, Kuwait Petroleum Corporation made its offer and Faisal al-Massoud al-Fuhaid was richer by $840,000—a 17-fold profit in two weeks. Confronted with charges that he had acted on inside information, al-Fuhaid was contemptuous. "If I had known of [the deal in advance]," he huffed, "I would have bought much more than just $1,000,000 worth of shares!"

(An odd defense, in that it acknowledges al-Fuhaid's readiness to do the very thing he was accused of, only bigger. The matter is being litigated.)

But who's to argue? It is not always the easiest thing to know—for certain—whether a fellow's been tipped off to "material, nonpublic information," as it's called, or whether he's just been lucky. People do occasionally score big in the market legitimately. (Exchange officials allow this to keep us coming to the table.) Shortly before Kuwait Petroleum made its bid for Santa Fe, one clever fellow with no apparent connection to either company bought 600 options—he just called his discount broker and placed the order—turning a few thousand dollars into $1,000,000 in a matter of days. Did he know something? He got the idea, he told the Securities and Exchange Commission, from reading *Forbes*. The SEC was satisfied.

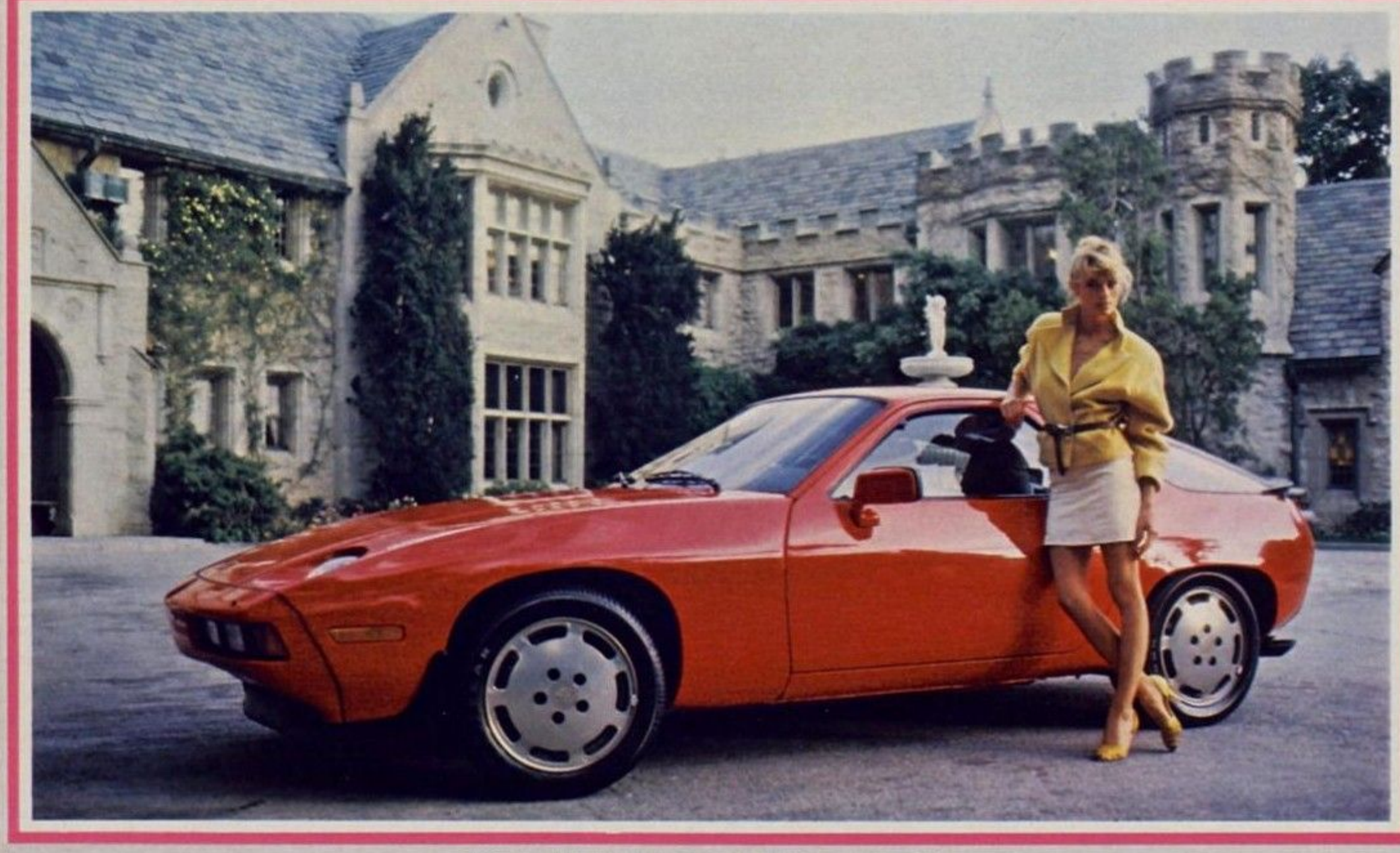
And it's true: Inside information *is* just the stuff you find in magazines or the newspaper. Next week's newspaper. If it's today's newspaper, you're too late.

I flew to Australia a couple of years ago and told my broker I was going. My broker makes much more money than I do (who wants a poor broker?), but he is deskbound. Others blow $30 on a two-hour lunch; he makes $300 eating a tuna-salad sandwich and a pickle at his desk. One of the secrets of his success has been, simply, availability. He's there when you need him (and frequently on the phone to you when you don't). The only days he gets to travel are the days the market is closed, and you can't tour too many European capitals on a long weekend, so the one thing I can do to get back at him for making so much more money than I do is to send him postcards and phone him collect from exotic places. He pretends not to care. "There are lots of terrific things to see and do right here in New York!" he tells me, as I'm jetting off to Akron or wherever.

The point of all this is that when I jetted off to Sydney and told him the time *(continued on page 164)*

*marianne gravatte*
*takes top honors for 1983*

# PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

NOTHING PREPARES YOU for meeting a girl like Marianne Gravatte. There is no rehearsal, no school of cool that will enable you to maintain an air of savoir-faire in her presence. Instead, you're more likely to stumble, to stutter or to lose command of the language altogether. She simply has that effect. Once you accept that, your frustration will dissipate as you joyfully, inevitably fall under her spell. We know, because girls like that are our business. Long ago, we acknowledged our weakness for stunningly beautiful women—without shame or regret. We can handle it. Problems do arise, however, when amateurs run up against the Gravatte whammy. In recent months, for instance, Marianne has notched two motorcyclists in separate incidents on the Los Angeles freeways. The scenarios were similar: High-speed traffic; the hapless cyclist pulls alongside the sports car; he glances idly at the driver; he is transfixed. The sports-car driver waves frantically. The warning is misinterpreted. One cyclist is still fumbling for his business card as his bike

*The marvelous lines in the picture above belong to the 1983 Playmate of the Year. We mean, of course, the sun-roofed, five-speed Porsche 928S, part of the largess that comes with the title. Also included is a lifetime supply of tolls, in the form of a $100,000 check from Playboy Enterprises.*



roars off the road into a ditch. The second winks seductively as he rear-ends a BMW. That is the effect of the girl we have chosen to be our 1983 Playmate of the Year. Fortunately, the accidents weren't that serious; still, Marianne is genuinely sorry about them. But what is a girl to do? "I try not to make eye contact," Marianne pleaded, "but sometimes you can't avoid it. Then it encourages them and it's all over." It was all over for us last October, when Marianne made her centerfold appearance. She was, in a word, enigmatic. Although she'd been told many times that she was exceptionally good-looking, she was reluctant to accept it, much less agree. Although she had a body that screamed, *(text concluded on page 162)*



*Our new Playmate of the Year has been modeling for only a year and a half but is enjoying phenomenal success. Her new-found wealth won't affect her career: "I'll keep working; I'd get bored otherwise."*

*Marianne has had trouble convincing her parents that she really is top Playmate. "They just don't believe it. They think I'm setting myself up for a big fall or something." Relax, Mom and Dad; she's definitely on the upswing.*





*Lean and lovely Marianne attracts men wherever she is but remains cautious and conservative in that area. "I'm basically a one-man woman." The requirements for that spot are strict. "For me, the most important thing in a relationship is honesty. Without it, you have nothing."*



*Until she became a Playmate, Marianne had never traveled far from home. Now that she has the wherewithal, she may take advantage of it: "I've always wanted to go to Australia, so that's a possibility. Or maybe a cruise. But first, I have to take care of home base."*



*Marianne claims to be "very domestic when I have the time." She is currently searching the Los Angeles area for a home for herself and her fiancé, perhaps something by the beach. She says it'll be a few years before she's ready to become a mother. "I don't want to start a family until I have some stability in my life."*











*As these pages attest, Marianne elevates modeling to fine art. "I'm picking up some tricks of the trade, like ways to get into certain moods. Music helps a lot. I prefer listening to something by the Motels." We say, whatever works!*

*"I'm not as nervous about posing as I used to be," says Marianne, "especially if it's the second time I've worked with a photographer." Clearly, these shots—and the poster we've added as a bonus—portray a collected Marianne.*





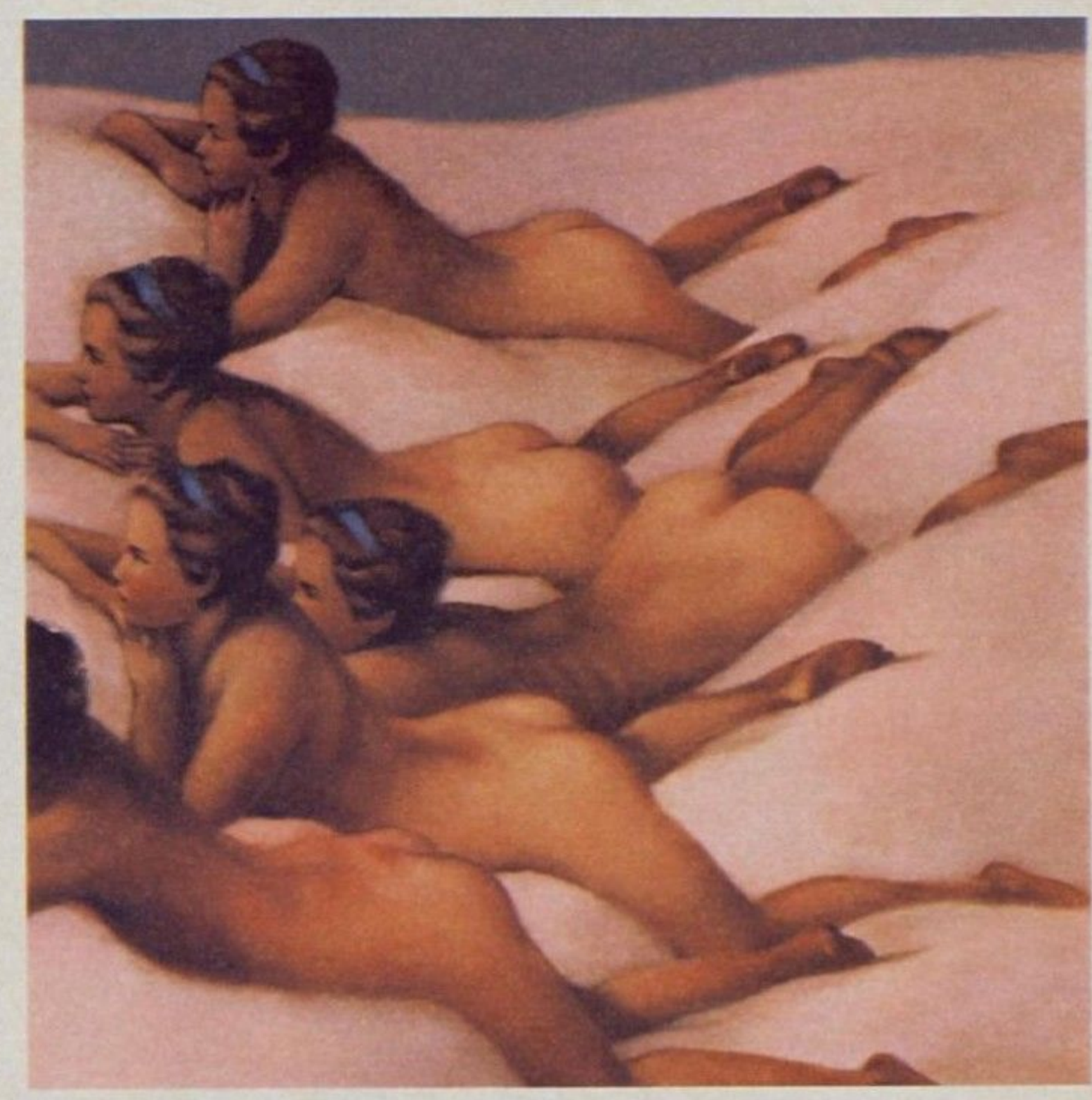




*"Without my glasses, I can't recognize anyone until he's right on top of me!"*

# the two mistresses

**from *La vie du Roi Louis XV*, by Henri Mercat, 1867**



AT THE AGE OF 32, Jeanne Antoinette Poisson, known to history as Madame de Pompadour, was tiring of her duties. She had been mistress to King Louis XV for eight years. Those had been eight years of enormous power, it was true, but they had also been eight years of demanding royal lust. Now Madame de Pompadour suffered from headaches and backaches. She needed a solution to her problem.

She turned to her friend François Boucher, the court painter and a man who had almost singlehandedly created the modern woman. Rubens, during the previous reign, had created the generous and fleshy type, but Boucher's nude ladies were like quick nymphs—neat, small, dimpled, clever in looks. Madame called the painter to her and had a private interview with him in which she revealed her problem.

"Aha, Madame," he replied, "we must find a beauty never seen before at Versailles, a maiden of completely fresh looks who will catch the fancy of the king. And, Madame, the perfect agent for such a search is my friend Jacques Casanova, now stopping awhile in Paris. I shall ask him without revealing our purpose."

When Boucher, a few days later, was able to seek out Casanova, the dashing Venetian smiled and turned his mind to his favorite subject. "But, my dear François," he said, "*si quaeris pulchritudum, circumspice*. Your own model, Victorine, has a little sister who is the plum of the whole family. I call her La Morphi. When I spent the night in their lodgings, I found the girl absolutely filthy but quite beautiful, and so I gave her a bath with my own hands. And—ah, yes—she is a virgin still."

Boucher made haste to the house of the drunken Irish laborer O'Murphy, whose four daughters supported him by posing for artists. The youngest daughter, Louise, was, indeed, enchanting at 16, with blonde hair and luminous dark-blue eyes. Boucher engaged her at once and painted her in a delightful pose. As Casanova describes it in his *Memoirs*, "She was lying on her stomach, her arms and bosom leaning on a pillow, and holding her head sideways as if she were partly on her back. The clever artist had painted her buttocks with such skill and truth that no one could have wished for anything more beautiful."

Now, at that time, Louis XV was growing tired of his gloomy Louvre, with its grim stone statues of *Truth* and *Justice*. He wanted his summer palace at Versailles to be decorated with scenes of pleasure and gaiety—and what is more artistic and pleasurable, thought the king, than pictures of rosy, provocative girls in pretty landscapes? His Majesty had even conceived of the two paintings he wanted executed for his bedchamber. One would be the rising of the sun and the other its setting, with himself tastefully portrayed as the sun-god, shedding his rays on nude and grateful girls.

What more fitting artist, Pompadour suggested to the king, than his own Boucher? The king graciously agreed.

After Madame had seen Louise, she consulted privately with Boucher. They were so certain that the girl was the type that figured in the king's dreams and fancies that Boucher would use no other model!

Boucher set to work, and Louise posed for every one of his many nymphs and goddesses, seen in a variety of poses. She rises from the foam to greet the sun-god at dawn; in another pose, she puts him to bed at sunset. She kneels; she lies sprawled on a cloud; she kicks her legs. She is an animal of pure beauty. One nymph differs from another or from a goddess only by the color or arrangement of hair.

When Louis XV came to view the paintings, he was overwhelmed. "Boucher, there is no living girl like this!" he said. "You have imagined perfection."

"If only I could pretend to be another Pygmalion," said Boucher, opening a door and leading forth the naked original.

The king recovered quickly from his amazement and sat down with the lovely La Morphi on his knee. "Do you know who I am?" he asked.

She laughed. "Of course; you are the man whose picture is on the coins."

That struck the king as extremely witty. He laughed and ordered that the girl be given 1000 louis d'or to remember him by.

A few minutes later, in the bedchamber where the painted Louise cavorted over walls and ceiling, the real Louise looked not at all astonished to be ravished by a rather human-seeming sun-god.

And Casanova had spoken the truth—he had, indeed, halted after giving the girl a bath.

Thereafter, Louise was installed in a charming little house in the deer park. Boucher kept her busy posing when she was not amusing the king, because he wanted to finish as many pictures as possible before the inevitable pregnancy. The king ordered that Louise be the model for all female figures in the paintings that remained to be done.

Thus, in 1753, all was serene at His Majesty's court. The king had a new poppet. Pompadour now slept quite happily alone. She was scarcely disturbed by the circulation of a satirical epitaph that read, "Here lies a woman who was 15 years a virgin, ten years a whore and 20 years a pimp." In fact, she had a statue titled *Love* removed from the royal park and a well-draped one titled *Friendship* put in its place. —*Retold by Robert Mahieu*

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

# WIN A 146 M.P.H. FROM

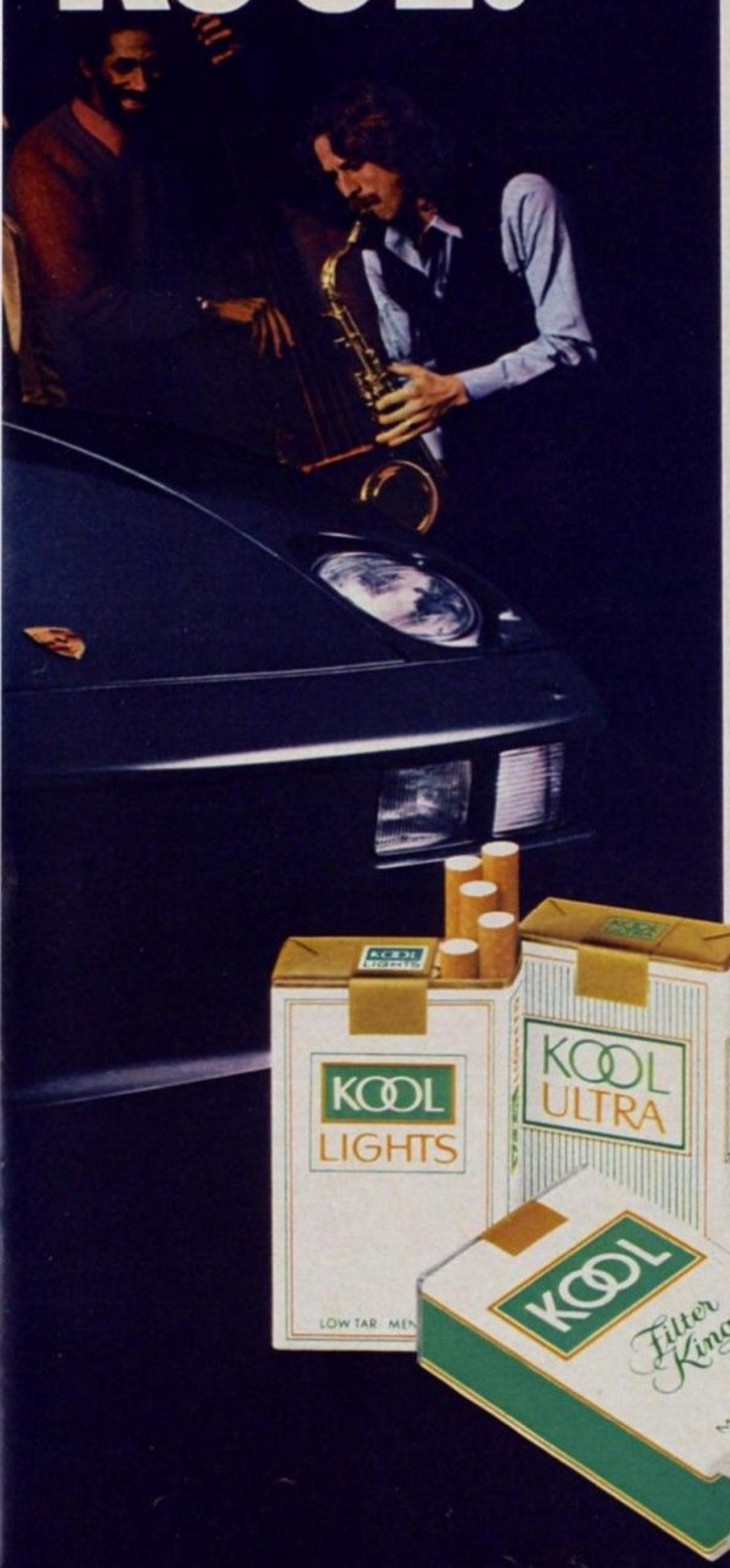



Ultra Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0 .3 mg. nicotine; Lights Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0 .8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1 .1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

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

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# SOUND SYSTEM KOOL!




## There's only one way to play it. Win this Porsche 928S equipped with Blaupunkt's best... all in one grand prize!

The Porsche is a masterpiece of power, performance and luxury...and comes complete with one of the world's most extraordinary sound systems—the Blaupunkt Berlin SQR (AM/FM Cassette).

**5 SECOND PRIZES** Blaupunkt Berlin SQR Auto Stereo Systems—the most superbly engineered systems from the world's most distinguished name in auto sound.

**50 THIRD PRIZES** Sony® WALKMAN®—WMF2 FM Stereo Cassette Recorders—the ultimate personal Sony®. Take your favorite sounds wherever you go!

### OFFICIAL SWEEPSTAKES RULES

1. To enter, complete an Official Entry Blank or handprint your name, address, zip code and telephone number on a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper and mail to KOOL "146 M.P.H. Sound System" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 3550, Libertyville, IL 60048. Winning entries must contain the correctly completed line "There's only one way to play it... _____," found on any KOOL ad or product display; using the official entry blank or the alternative entry form. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.

2. Enter often, but each entry must be mailed separately. Entries must be postmarked by September 30, 1983, and received by October 15, 1983. No postcards, metered mail or mechanically reproduced entries will be eligible to win.

3. Winners will be determined by a random drawing by H. Olsen & Company, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. The odds of winning will be determined by the total number of your entries and the total number of entries received.

4. Winners will be notified by mail. To obtain a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to KOOL Winner List, P.O. Box CC, Libertyville, IL 60048, between December 1, 1983 and December 31, 1983.

5. All prizes will be awarded. All prize winners must claim their prizes on or before November 30, 1983. No cash or any other substitution for prizes as offered will be allowed.

6. Only one prize per family. Prizes are not transferable prior to award. LIABILITY FOR TAXES IS THE SOLE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE WINNERS.

7. Sweepstakes is open to U.S. residents who are 21 years of age or older except employees and their families of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, its subsidiaries, affiliates, advertising/promotional/publicity agencies, and H. Olsen & Company. Void wherever prohibited or restricted by law. Proof of eligibility and age and publicity releases will be required.

### OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Fill in this line. (Correct answer found in this ad or on any KOOL ad or product display.)

There's only one way to play it... _____.

Name _____ Age

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone Number ( ) _____

Mail to:
KOOL "146 M.P.H. Sound System" Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 3550, Libertyville, IL 60048

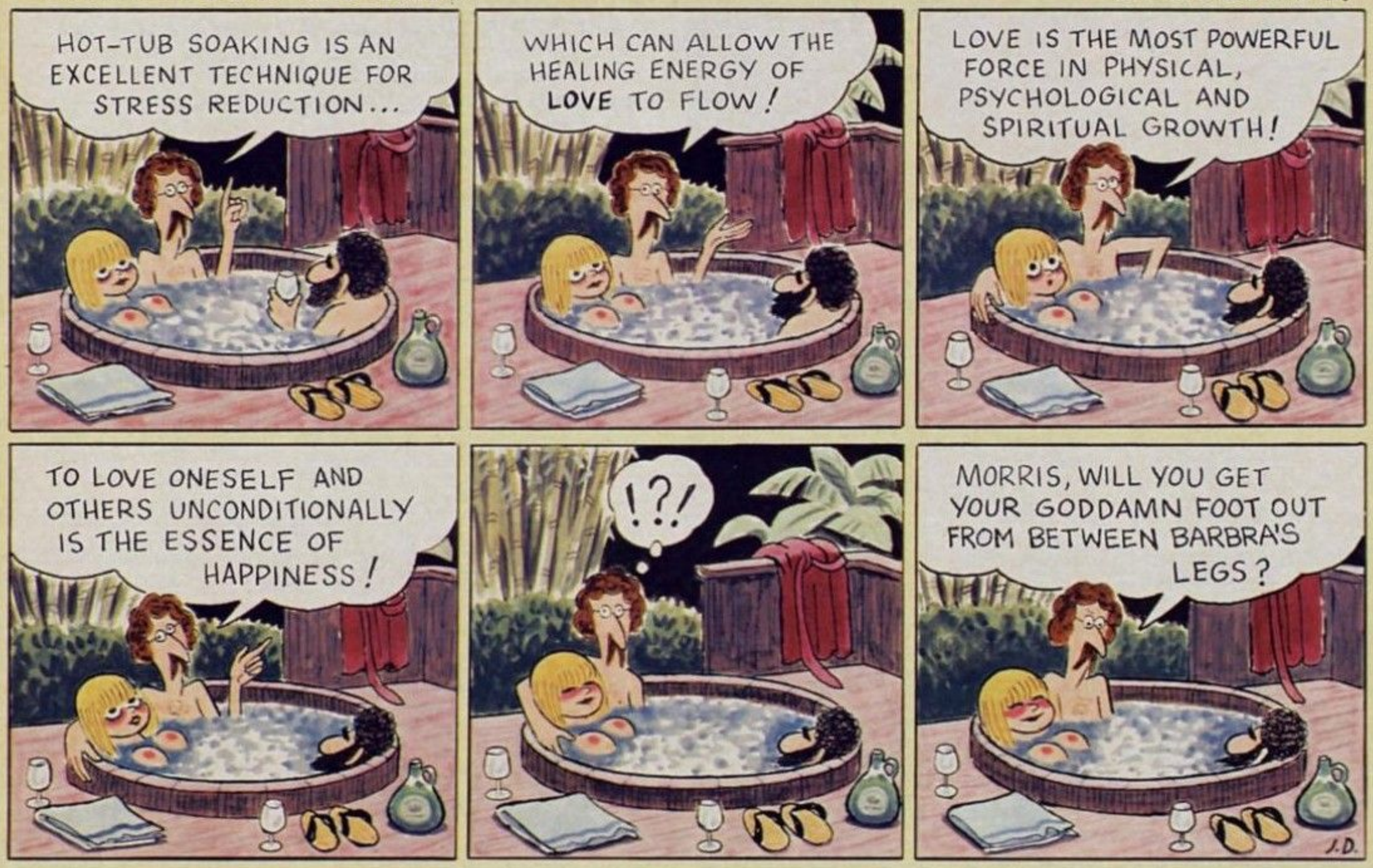
**There's only one way to play it.**




# Playboy FUNNIES

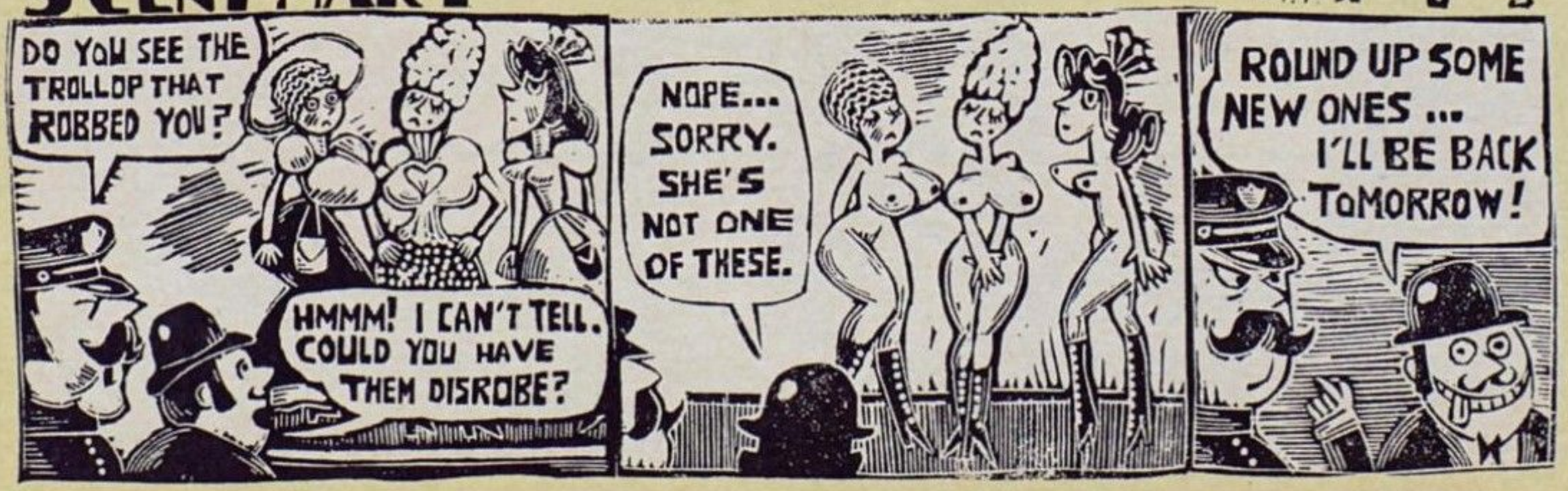
## HOLISTIC HARRY

BY J. DELMAR




## 5 CENT MARY

BY E. J. N O S



MOONSHINE McJUGS

BY FRANK THORNE

MOON, AH HEARED THET TH' *Mc BUNS* WUZ FIXIN' T' *BLOW UP* TH' *STILL*. SO AH *MOUNTED* IT ONTA TH' *DODGE*.

IT KIN *BREW* WHILE A-*MOVIN'*!

NOW WE KIN MAKE *CORN LICKER* AT *THIRTY MILE* AN *HOUR*!

FLEM, YOU'S A *GEENYUS*.

ZEB, YOU AN' MOON WATCH TH' *PRESSURE* WHILE *AH* TAKES 'ER FO' A *TRIAL SPIN*!

WE'S A-*WATCHIN'*, FLEM.

YOU'S A *GEENYUS*, FLEM.

MOON, AH 'SPECT WE'VE HAD A BIT TOO MUCH O' *SAMPLIN'* TH' *MIXTURE*.

AH'S INTA A *ROMANTICAL MOOD*.

SAME'S *ME*, ZEB.

*HOOEEEE*! AH *HEARS* IT A-*SLOPPIN'*!

*HUFFA-HUFFA*

*SSSSSS*

*GLORY MOMMA*! YOU'S *KERRECT*! AH *IS* A *GEENYUS*!

*NOW* AH'S GONNA PUSH 'ER T' *FIFTY*- *RIGHT THROUGH TOWN*!

*HEEEEHAWWWW*! AH KIN *HEAR* THEM *HEAVENLY SPIRITS* FAIRLY *WAILIN'*!

*RRRRRRRR*

WATCH TH' *GAUGE*, MOON!

*KASPLUTCH*!!

*SHEEE-IT*!

AH *DO* BELIEVES IT'S A-*RAININ' WHITE LIGHTNIN'*!

# THROUGH SPACE AND TIME WITH SCHWIMMER AND JONES

THIS MONTH: "THE LONGEST NIGHT"

Randy Jones... Eugene Allen Schwimmer

TODAY, WE FIND OUR HEROES JETTING OVER THE INHOSPITABLE TERRAIN OF POOMA III, WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN SENT TO EVALUATE THE MILITARY SITUATION VIS-A-VIS THE BELEAGUERED GARRISON AT OUTPOST Z-23!

STAR COMMAND SAYS YOUR SITUATION IS DESPERATE! I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!

THIS IS SCHWIMMER AND JONES, FROM STAR COMMAND!

THANK THE STARS!

THE ENEMY LIES BEHIND THAT HILL! THEY'LL PROBABLY ATTACK AT DAWN!

WE'D BETTER CHECK OUR WEAPONS, THEN, AND GET SOME SLEEP!

SO. ONCE AGAIN. OUR HEROES PREPARE TO MEET DEATH!

THIS IS WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SERVICE! THE ADVENTURE, THE EXOTIC LOCATIONS, THE CONSTANT FLIRTING WITH DANGER...

WHAT IS HE—NUTS?

HEY! SHUDDUP AND DRINK YOUR BEER!

OK! THE ALARMS HAVE BEEN SET! NOW LET'S GET SOME SLEEP!

UH... COMRADES...

AS YOU CAN SEE, WE'REALL WOMEN HERE... AND BY THIS TIME TOMORROW, WE MAY ALL BE DEAD! SO... WE WERE WONDERING IF....

IT IS AN UNUSUAL REQUEST, BUT AS SOLDIERS—AND MEN—CAN OUR HEROES REFUSE? ANSWER: NO, THEY CANNOT! AND SO, MINUTES LATER....

AND WHEN DAWN COMES....

THIS IS GONNA BE A MASSACRE!

CAN HARDLY KEEP MY EYES OPEN!

GUESS WHAT, COMRADES!

THE ENEMY HAVE RETREATED! THEY MUST HAVE SEEN YOU COMING!

WHEW!

WE'RE SAVED!

OUR HEROES!

YOU GUYS ARE SO BRAVE! YOU'LL PROBABLY GET A MEDAL FOR THIS!

OH—IT WAS NOTHING, REALLY!

AND SO, AS OUR HEROES DEPART WITH THE SATISFACTION OF A JOB WELL DONE....

COMMANDER—THIS IS THE THIRD TIME WE'VE BEEN "SAVED" THIS MONTH! WON'T STAR COMMAND BE GETTING SUSPICIOUS?

YEAH—MAYBE WE'D BETTER USE ANOTHER EXCUSE NEXT TIME!

## REG'LAR RABBIT

by E N O S




## THE LONER

by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON




## Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON



 *(continued from page 138)*

*"'Toward the end of my Playmate tour,' she admitted, 'I was ready to scream.'"*

she was soft-spoken and shy. She had the potential to be a man-eater, but she was a homebody who avoided the limelight as if it were acid rain.

When she heard she had been chosen Playmate of the Year, Marianne's reaction was, "Are you sure?"

"I didn't believe it," she told us. "I didn't expect it. I was happy, of course, because I had been hoping for it and doing my best to get it."

Marianne's best, you'll understand, required an extraordinary effort on her part. Following her Playmate appearance, she shuttled across the country, hitting dozens of cities, including Sacramento, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia and points in between. She had never previously left Southern California.

"Toward the end of my Playmate tour," she admitted, "I was ready to scream. We'd have three or four interviews a day and two or three other functions to attend. I went to Penn State to do a call-in radio show that lasted an hour! I was panicked. I couldn't imagine what I would say for an hour." Naturally, or perhaps unnaturally, she got through the hour and pushed on for a very successful tour.

"I had to get over my shyness," she explained. "I had no choice!"

If she had her druthers, you'd probably find Marianne most often behind the wheel of her new Porsche 928S. One of her passions is speed. She seems to enjoy moving at accelerated velocity in any number of vehicles.

"My boyfriend has a blown-and-injected racing boat. I wanted to race it when it was just blown and carbureted, but when he added the injection, I said, 'No, I'll pass.' The injectors are the kind you have to turn around and squirt; they catch fire all the time. But I have been in the boat when he's had it up to full speed. It'll do about 130. Speed on the water is the best. Then you really feel it. You can't see anything. Everything is just a blur."

When she gets home, however, Marianne is again just the girl next door, with the interests and concerns of any other 23-year-old. Right now, she lives with her parents and her fiancé in a suburb of L.A., but some of the cash she'll get from Playboy will go toward a house for her and her intended. Some may go for her other passion, a small menagerie. Indeed, Marianne relates to animals far more easily than she does to people. Her contingent of cats was recently reduced by one, thanks to a hungry owl, but that situation should change momentarily, since at least one of her seven cats is always pregnant. The latest expectant mom has chosen a unique delivery room: "I think she's going to have them in the top of my closet," Marianne said, laughing. "She goes up there all the time—climbs right up my clothes!"

Modeling has proved to be a marvelous tonic for Marianne, who more and more seems to enjoy being before the camera. She's good at it, and she is beginning to get recognition for her talent. She recently did a cover for the Mexican edition of *Vogue*. And when we talked, she had just completed her first rock video, in which she's featured on *Something to Grab For*, by Ric Ocasek. The job required a modest bit of acting, and though she pulled it off, Marianne learned her limits.

"I'm going to stick with modeling for a while," she concluded. "I'd like to try acting, but first, I'm going to need some lessons. I'd rather wait to know what I'm doing than just go out and make a fool of myself."

Whatever she does, we've a feeling Marianne will be welcomed. Her self-effacing, totally unpretentious manner seems to endear her to all who meet her; her confidence level is rising by the hour. And we've just given her the biggest vote of all.




*"It's so strange. For years you go along thinking you know a person, and then suddenly, you realize he's bald on top."*

For a 22" x 26" full-color poster of this ad, send $3.00 check or money order payable to Anheuser-Busch, Inc., Dept. 7-D, One Busch Place, St. Louis, MO 63118. Allow 4-6 weeks. Offer expires December 31, 1983. Void where prohibited.

KING OF BEERS® • ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS

# INSIDE INFORMATION *(continued from page 135)*

*"Imagine knowing what the market was going to do a day in advance—getting a day's jump on the world."*

difference (Australia is a day ahead of New York), he became suddenly quiet. Even a bit respectful, I thought. "Hello?" I said. He said nothing, but I could hear him thinking very hard.

"It's tomorrow in Australia?" he finally said. "You mean, if it's Monday afternoon here, it's Tuesday morning in Australia?" The human voice is an infinitely expressive thing; it was no mystery what he was thinking.

"Oh, come on—don't be ridiculous," I said.

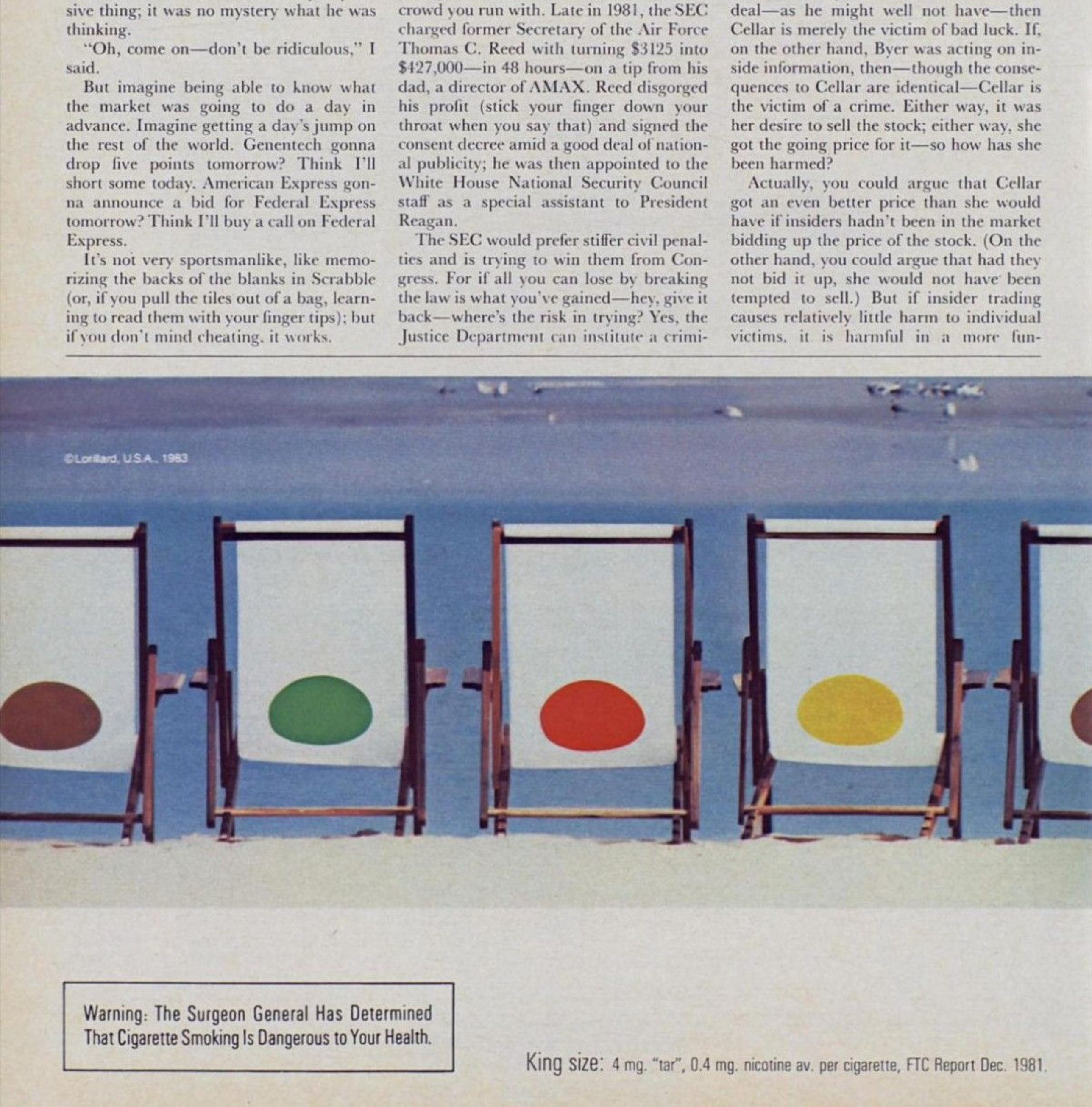
But imagine being able to know what the market was going to do a day in advance. Imagine getting a day's jump on the rest of the world. Genentech gonna drop five points tomorrow? Think I'll short some today. American Express gonna announce a bid for Federal Express tomorrow? Think I'll buy a call on Federal Express.

It's not very sportsmanlike, like memorizing the backs of the blanks in Scrabble (or, if you pull the tiles out of a bag, learning to read them with your finger tips); but if you don't mind cheating, it works.

If caught, you will ordinarily be forced by the SEC to do two things (and only two things). You will be forced to "disgorge" your profit and you will be forced to sign a consent decree agreeing not to violate securities laws in the future. The publicity attendant on all this may also wreck your career—but it may not. It depends on your profession and the sensibilities of the crowd you run with. Late in 1981, the SEC charged former Secretary of the Air Force Thomas C. Reed with turning $3125 into $427,000—in 48 hours—on a tip from his dad, a director of AMAX. Reed disgorged his profit (stick your finger down your throat when you say that) and signed the consent decree amid a good deal of national publicity; he was then appointed to the White House National Security Council staff as a special assistant to President Reagan.

The SEC would prefer stiffer civil penalties and is trying to win them from Congress. For if all you can lose by breaking the law is what you've gained—hey, give it back—where's the risk in trying? Yes, the Justice Department can institute a criminal action subjecting you to a maximum $10,000 fine and five years in jail for each count of insider trading; but few cases have been brought. So far, only one man has ever spent a day in jail for insider trading. That is true, in part, because insider trading is hard to prove and, in part, because it pales before some of the other wrongdoing an overworked Justice Department is trying to fight, and so receives low priority. It is perceived by many as a victimless crime. Amy Cellar, who knows nothing, decides to sell her stock. For whatever reason. No one has tricked her into it. Marty Byer buys it. The next day, a tender offer is announced and the stock doubles. If Byer had not known of the deal—as he might well not have—then Cellar is merely the victim of bad luck. If, on the other hand, Byer was acting on inside information, then—though the consequences to Cellar are identical—Cellar is the victim of a crime. Either way, it was her desire to sell the stock; either way, she got the going price for it—so how has she been harmed?

Actually, you could argue that Cellar got an even better price than she would have if insiders hadn't been in the market bidding up the price of the stock. (On the other hand, you could argue that had they not bid it up, she would not have been tempted to sell.) But if insider trading causes relatively little harm to individual victims, it is harmful in a more fun-


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

King size: 4 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1981.

damental way. For if investors perceive that the game is rigged and that they don't have a fair chance, they may reasonably decide not to play. To the extent that they withdraw from the equity markets, everyone suffers. Prosperity depends on investment. Broad, healthy capital markets are one of America's principal assets.

So even in an Administration not noted for harassing the rich, it is not surprising, when you think about it, that the war on insider trading is going strong. The abuse, like tax fraud, will never be entirely eradicated, but the SEC is trying to "raise the level of risk." More insider-trading suits (about 50) have been filed in the past four years than in the preceding four decades. And there's been progress against one huge loophole: the assured anonymity of trading through Swiss banks. It's not assured anymore.

Still, questions of law and philosophy remain. Just how important must information be to be "material"? Just who is an insider?

Were the good people of Des Moines insiders back in the winter of 1978, when they began to notice planeloads of merger and acquisition specialists arriving at the Equitable of Iowa Companies from the prestigious law offices of Cravath, Swaine & Moore in New York? The good people of Des Moines know an opportunity when it smacks 'em in the face. They began buying stock in the Equitable. A stock that had budged barely half a point all winter suddenly found itself at $21 on Tuesday, $22.25 on Wednesday and $26 on Thursday—a 25 percent move in three days. Trading in the stock was halted.

On Friday, it was announced that, sure enough, the folks from Cravath had been in town to do an acquisition. Only it seemed that the Equitable was to be the acquisitor, not the acquisitee. The good folks of Des Moines should have been buying stock in the Provident Life Insurance Company of Bismarck, North Dakota. (The good folks of Bismarck, North Dakota, were apparently doing just that. Someone was. Its stock, too, ran up sharply before the news hit.) On Monday, the Equitable reopened for trading at $20 a share, down six dollars. "A sure way to lose money in the take-over game," commented Alan Abelson of *Barron's*, "is to confuse the taker with the takee."

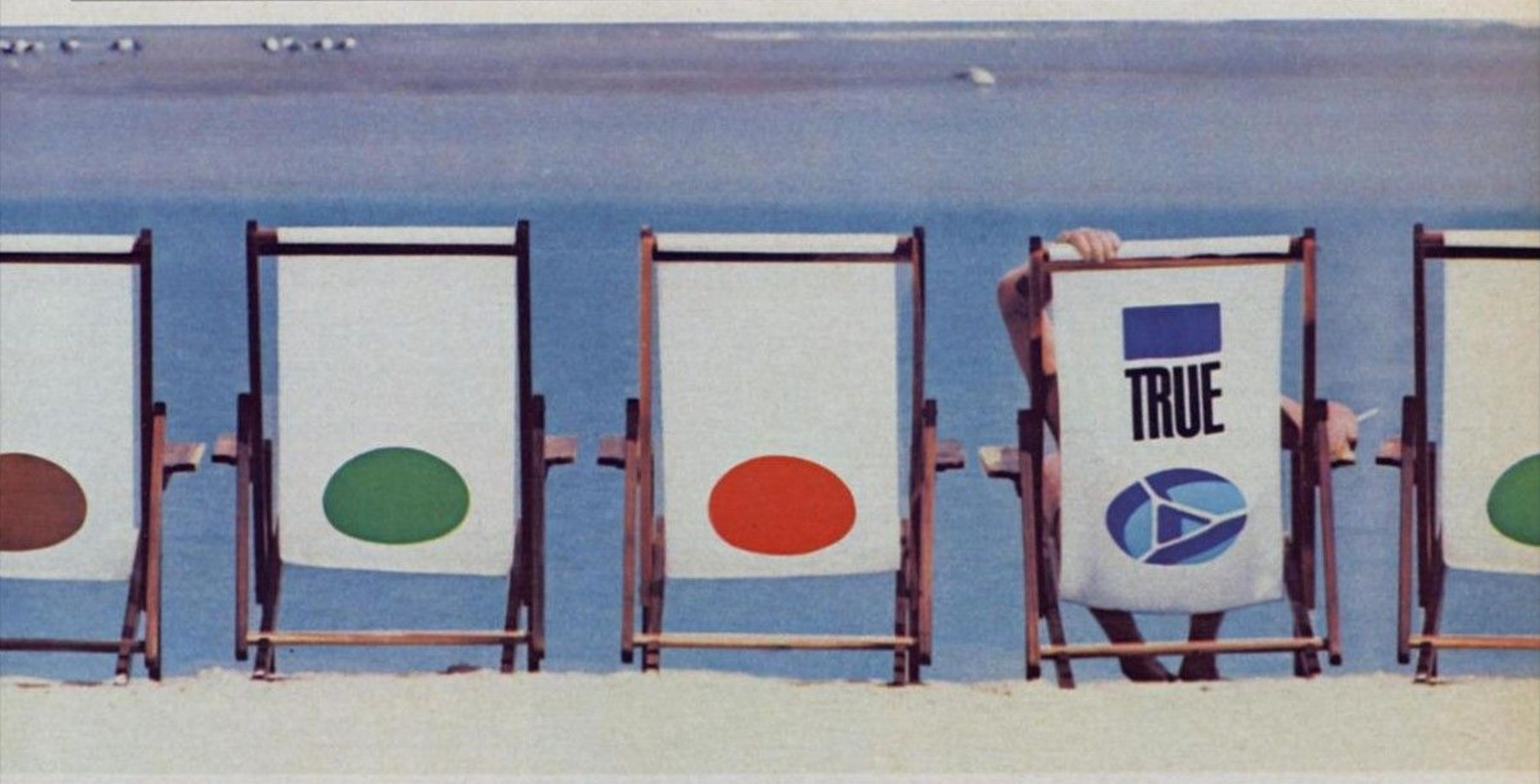
A young theatrical agent called me with inside information about a stock whose name he'd forgotten. A stockbroker friend had told him the company was about to be taken over. Should he buy options on the stock, as the broker had urged? "Oh, come on, Joe," I said. "If it were really being taken over, do you think you would know about it?" (He's not even, at this stage in his promising career, a very important theatrical agent.) Well, the broker was a very close friend of his, and he had a source deep inside the company. "In that case," I said, "you should buy an option. You will almost surely lose your $300, but you're obviously itching to do this. And in the extraordinary event that the information proves accurate and you haven't hopped on board, you will never forgive either one of us." He was positively giddy at the prospect of a quick and easy killing. The fact that it would be illegal seemed, if anything, to make the whole adventure more intriguing.

"Do you remember anything about the company?" I asked. "Anything at all?"

"I remember it's at 28."

"Pittston!" I snorted. ("Piss on you, too," he said.) I knew it was Pittston for three reasons. First, Pittston was around 28 (it's 13 as I write this). Second, it was one of the couple of hundred stocks on which options are traded. Third, everybody in the world had heard the rumor that Pittston, a coal-mining, armored-truck outfit mired in adversity, was going to be acquired at some sensational price, and the rumor had apparently, at last, reached my friend the theatrical agent. He bought the option; he lost his money.

Those of us who have an interest in the stock market are deluged with what is purported to be inside information. A good rule of thumb in such situations is to ignore it. Not always having the maturity to follow such good rules, I bought Pittston options, too. The difference is, my naïve






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friend actually thought he might make some big money. I knew I would lose mine.

Were this idiot and I insiders? Would we have been had someone actually acquired Pittston? (Someone eventually will. The trick is to have it happen in your lifetime and, more to the point, before your options expire.)

I know that strings of unanswered questions make trying reading—reminding us, as they do, of (gag, puke) exams—but try to get into the spirit of the thing and answer these:

If you somehow know that market vaudevillian Joe Granville is going to send out a buy signal tomorrow, is it unfair to buy today? If you know that analyst Marty Zweig, who's been on a hot streak, is going to recommend Standard Microsystems to his 19,000 subscribers tomorrow, is it unfair to buy today? What if you know that *The Wall Street Journal* is going to be coming out with a highly favorable story on Chi-Chi's, a Mexican-restaurant chain (reporting, among other things, that Chi-Chi's hot sauce retards hair loss)? What if you wrote the story? What if you merely proofread it? What if you found an advance proof on the subway? What if you heard about that draft from your mother-in-law? ("Sidney, our prayers have been answered. Sidney, do you hear what I'm saying to you, Sidney?") What if the draft you wrote or proofread or picked up on the subway was about Chi-Chi's stock but was devastatingly negative—could you short the stock? Could you at least sell the 50 shares you happened to own? What if you had been planning to sell those shares anyway—would you now have an obligation to hold on to them and watch them fall?

I could go on. There's a world of subtlety here I've barely scratched. Stanley Sporkin, the SEC's former chief of enforcement, tried to cut through it. According to Sporkin, if someone—anyone—trades on the basis of important information that's not yet publicly available, he or she has violated the law. Say you are landing at an airport, Sporkin told an audience once, and from the air, you see a company's principal plant burning. Seconds later, on the ground, you race to a pay phone to short the stock. Is that good luck and quick thinking? No, said Sporkin: It's a crime.

And if, instead of shorting the stock, you merely bought stock in the company's chief competitor? Well, if news of the fire could be expected to have a material impact on that stock, it would be a crime, as well.

Obviously, no one at the SEC would treat such a case—if he treated it at all—in the same way he'd treat the case of an investment banker who repeatedly traded on privileged information. But the SEC has gone after a health-club employee who found out from Mrs. Johnny Carson that her husband might be cutting a deal with National Kinney to promote a Las Vegas




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hotel. (He ultimately didn't, but news of the deal sent the stock up.) And it has gone after the father of a stockbroker who was sleeping with a paralegal who was, innocently, letting things slip about her firm's clients.

Certainly, Nathan Rothschild would have died in jail had King George III had an SEC and had Messrs. Shad and Fedders (current chairman and chief of enforcement) been around to run it. Rothschild, as is well known, had these pigeons. He was forever getting little tidbits of information—such as the British defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo—and using them to good advantage. Waterloo, to take that example, was not the sort of news that, when it became known, would be buried on page three. But rather than merely buy quietly and reap a fat profit, Rothschild, by some accounts, *sold* quietly. His quiet selling was soon picked up by those who watched his every move (they all knew he had pigeons), and everyone sold in a panic. Rothschild then moved in and bought in much greater volume, and at much lower prices, than he otherwise could have (really quietly this time, which he knew how to do), selling at a huge profit when the news finally reached England.

It's not hard to profit from a situation when you're the only one who knows what's going on.

In 1978, the SEC charged Saul Steinberg (the mogul, not the artist) with having persuaded Beverly Hills businessman James Randall and actor George Hamilton to buy stock in a company called Pulte Home "by informing them that a takeover attempt of Pulte by 'the Rockefellers' was about to occur. The purported takeover attempt was fabricated by Steinberg to increase the market price of Pulte stock, thereby affording him the opportunity to sell [at an inflated price]."

Not only did the SEC go after Steinberg, it went after Randall and Hamilton, charging that they had bought Pulte on inside information (even though it never panned out) and, thus, they had violated the law.

Steinberg and Randall and Hamilton, reported the SEC, "without admitting or denying the allegations in the Complaint" (no one ever does) "consented to Judgments of Permanent Injunction enjoining them from violating Section 10(b) of the Exchange Act and Rule 10b-5."

In the colorful world of W-2 and 1040A, 501c-3 and K-1, 10-K and 13D, 10b-5 is right up there. You get in trouble with 10b-5 and you is in big trouble.

•

Inside information is tricky, tricky stuff. First, you have to be sure you really have it. Then you have to persuade yourself you really don't. And even if you really do have it and know you really do have it and have persuaded yourself you really don't have it (so it's OK to use it), you still have to guess what it means.

Let's say OPEC is going to drop its posted price for a barrel of oil from $34 to $27—and only you know about it! *Libya* hasn't even found out about it yet. Do you sell the oil stocks short? Not necessarily. For some—because they've been stuck buying oil at the posted price and selling it to the world at the lower spot price—a drop in official oil prices could be good news.

But why deal in hypotheticals?

"Three days ago," says a friend of mine, "a guy calls me up from the Gulf [not the Gulf of Mexico, you understand] and says, 'Sit down.'

" 'OK,' I tell him, 'I'm sitting down.'

"He says, 'Allied is going to bid for 27 and a half percent of Bendix—let's buy Bendix.' " (Not the whole thing; just 10,000 or 20,000 shares.)

"I said no.

"He said, 'Why not? They're going to bid 85.' " (Bendix was then 57.)

"I said, 'Don't you see? If they're just going to bid for 27 and a half percent of the company, the stock will go *down*.' "

Bendix, at 57, had already had quite a run, because Martin Marietta was trying to acquire it. (Martin Marietta was trying to acquire it because it was trying to acquire Martin Marietta. Each was gobbling up the other.) My friend reasoned that Allied's bid was—and would be perceived by the market as—a friendly deal designed to rescue Bendix from being taken over at any price. Otherwise, why would Allied be bidding for just 27 and a half percent?

Savvy guy, my friend.

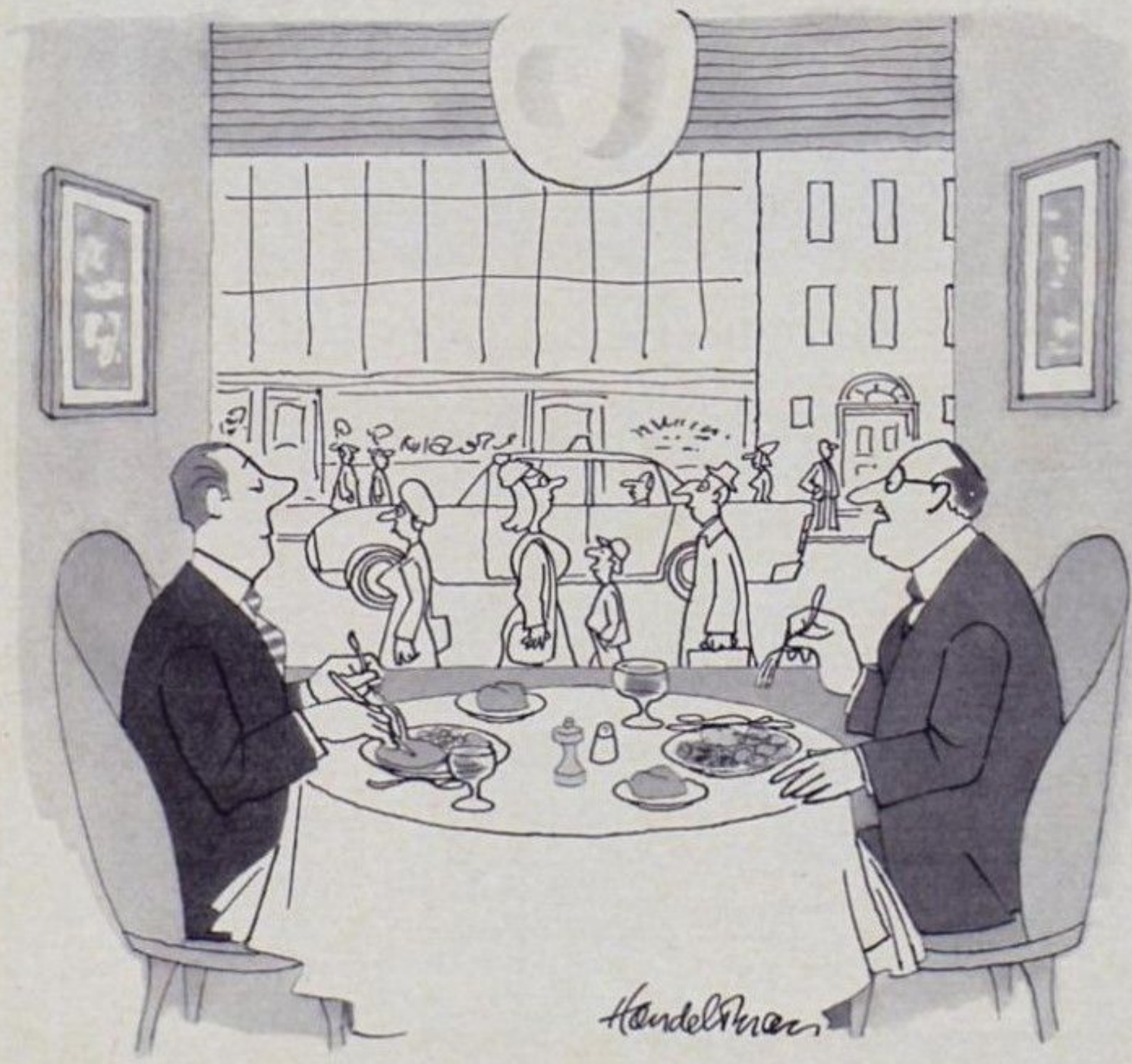
"If anything," he said, "you shouldn't buy Bendix—you should short it." The stock, he felt, would probably fall four or five points on the news, as those who'd hoped Bendix would be acquired by Marietta saw their dream foiled and dumped their stock.

" 'OK,' " said the man from the Gulf, eager to derive at least some gain from his privileged information and not too particular how, " 'let's short it, then.'

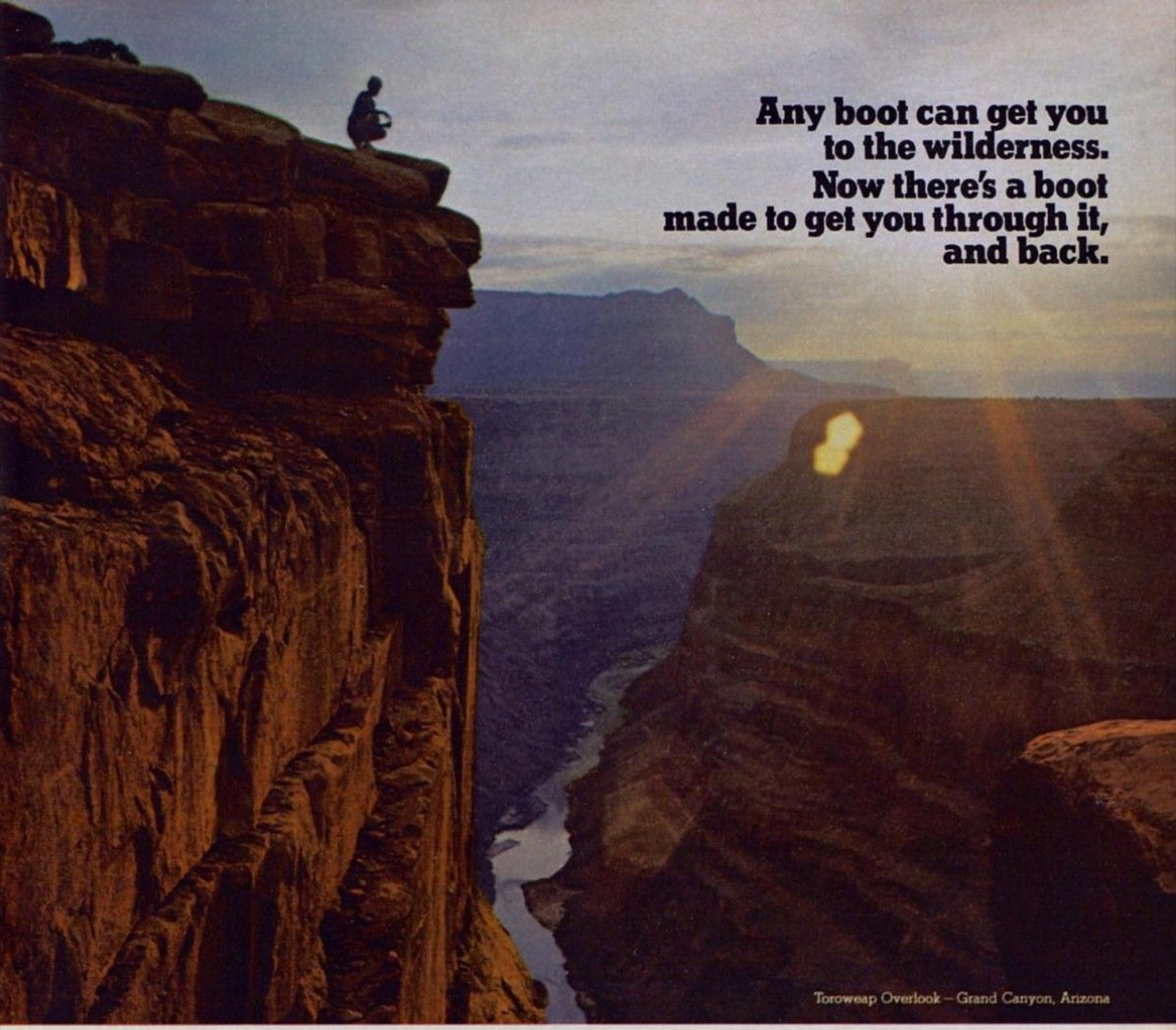
"So," my friend continues, "we shorted a few thousand Bendix for his account"—hey, let's not go overboard, after all—"and it turned out he had 90 percent of the story 100 percent correct." Allied did, indeed, make a bid for Bendix at 85 ("Obviously, he had a source inside Allied," says my friend), but instead of bidding for 27 and a half percent, they bid for the whole thing. Bendix shares, far from falling four or five points, opened 17 points higher.

Getting it a little wrong can be very painful.

"We had a similar situation with Gulf and Cities Service," my friend adds. "We had information that Mesa was going to be bought out by Cities, so we bought options on Mesa. But Gulf tendered for Cities, and



*"As my financial advisor, then, your recommendation is that I refrain from taking wooden nickels?"*




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our options, which expired the following week, expired worthless."

In both of these cases, inside information was clearly leaking out and being used illegally. But what is the SEC to do—force the insiders to disgorge their losses? Reimburse them?

It's not an unusual number of larcenous friends that provide me with such a stock of insider-trading anecdotes (though I do happen to be a former business school sectionmate of one of the most notorious offenders of all, Adrian Antoniu—ex–Morgan Stanley, ex–Kuhn Loeb, appealing his 120-day prison sentence even now). It is, rather, that the abuse of inside information, if not ordinarily so organized or premeditated as Adrian's, is so widespread.

It's widespread because all but the most blatant abuses go unchecked. Say you find out Pittston really is being taken over. You really know. (Well, you're the company's lawyer, let's say, or its vice-president of finance.) Rather than buy stock yourself or even for your brother-in-law, you call someone equally well placed and say, "Charlie, don't say anything—do you recognize my voice?—just write this down: Pittston, Tuesday, at 45. Got it? You owe me one."

Charlie, having not been born yesterday, buys a bunch of Pittston and a few weeks later makes a huge profit. Sometime in the future, he returns the favor. If his purchase of Pittston is large enough or comes just days or hours before a deal is announced, the SEC may come a-calling—as well it should. But Charlie, who owns dozens of stocks and makes scores of transactions a year, says he bought the stock because he thought steel would be rebounding (Pittston supplies metallurgical coal), or because its chart looked good, or because—anything. It's one thing if Henry Ford's maid, who owns nothing but a $100,000 savings certificate, buys 200 way-out-of-the-money calls on Ford the day before Ford announces resumption of its dividend; quite another if Charlie, who's in and out of a dozen positions a week, happens to get lucky in one of them.

On Thursday, May 13, 1982, 127 puts were purchased on Chase Manhattan Bank stock. (You buy puts if you think a stock is going to go down.) It was a slow-to-average day for Chase puts. On Friday, 252 puts were purchased. And on Monday, a day before disclosure of the Drysdale Government Securities fiasco that left Chase holding a multimillion-dollar bag, 975 puts were purchased. Just coincidence, probably. The stock plunged and the gleeful put holders used their profits to buy tasteful works of art and repave their driveways.

Just before Sears announced its offer to acquire Dean Witter Reynolds, Dean Witter stock jumped 20 percent. In the month preceding Prudential's offer for Bache, Bache stock moved up 43 percent.

Well, it's tough to keep these things secret!

Seventy-nine percent of corporate-take-over targets examined in one study experienced a trading surge the week before the news hit. In another, *Fortune* chose 20 take-over targets at random and found that stock in all but one had moved up significantly in the month before the deal was announced. To some extent, that might have resulted from last-minute buying in the open market by the acquiring company. But some, if not most, of the extra trading doubtless came from excited tippees.

"It's just another of those stories," a broker friend told me, "but El Paso is supposed to be the next one to go." Because it was just another of those stories (whoever said there were 8,000,000 stories in the naked city was underestimating), I ignored it. A week later, Burlington Northern made its bid for El Paso Natural Gas.

•

To thwart widespread abuse of inside information, the SEC hopes Congress will grant it authority to seek disgorgement of 150 to 300 percent of insider-trading profits. That would give its civil proceedings real bite. It also hopes for better success in the courts.

Kenneth Rubinstein attended NYU Law School and went to work for Fried, Frank, Harris, Shriver & Jacobson in New York in 1979. He had been there 30 months when he learned the SEC was investigating him on seven counts of insider trading. He resigned from the law firm and subsequently disgorged his profits and signed a consent decree. Although signing the consent decree is neither an admission nor a denial of guilt, it is not the sort of thing that advances a young counselor's career. So in Rubinstein's case, without its ever having gone to court, you might say the SEC was successful.

But Rubinstein's brother Aaron, also an attorney (Kaye, Scholer, Fierman, Hayes & Handler), had also profited from Kenneth's inside information. So the SEC charged him as well. Unlike Kenneth, Aaron fought the charges, admitting that he had bought the stocks on his brother's recommendation but denying that he had ever known he was receiving privileged information. (As one after another of the stocks he bought zoomed on take-over news, he apparently just figured his brother was one heck of a stock picker.) Federal judge Morris E. Lasker ruled in his favor. "We conclude," he concluded, "that in spite of the substantial—some might call it massive—circumstantial evidence . . . the commission didn't meet the burden of establishing its case." So Aaron got to keep his $311,000 profit and was, when last we checked, still an associate at Kaye, Scholer, Fierman, Hayes & Handler.

There was no question that he had profited from inside information. He was allowed to keep the profit because he didn't know it was material, nonpublic information.

(He'd better spend it fast: The SEC could appeal the decision. Or it could go after Kenneth again, this time to force him, as the tipper, to disgorge his brother's



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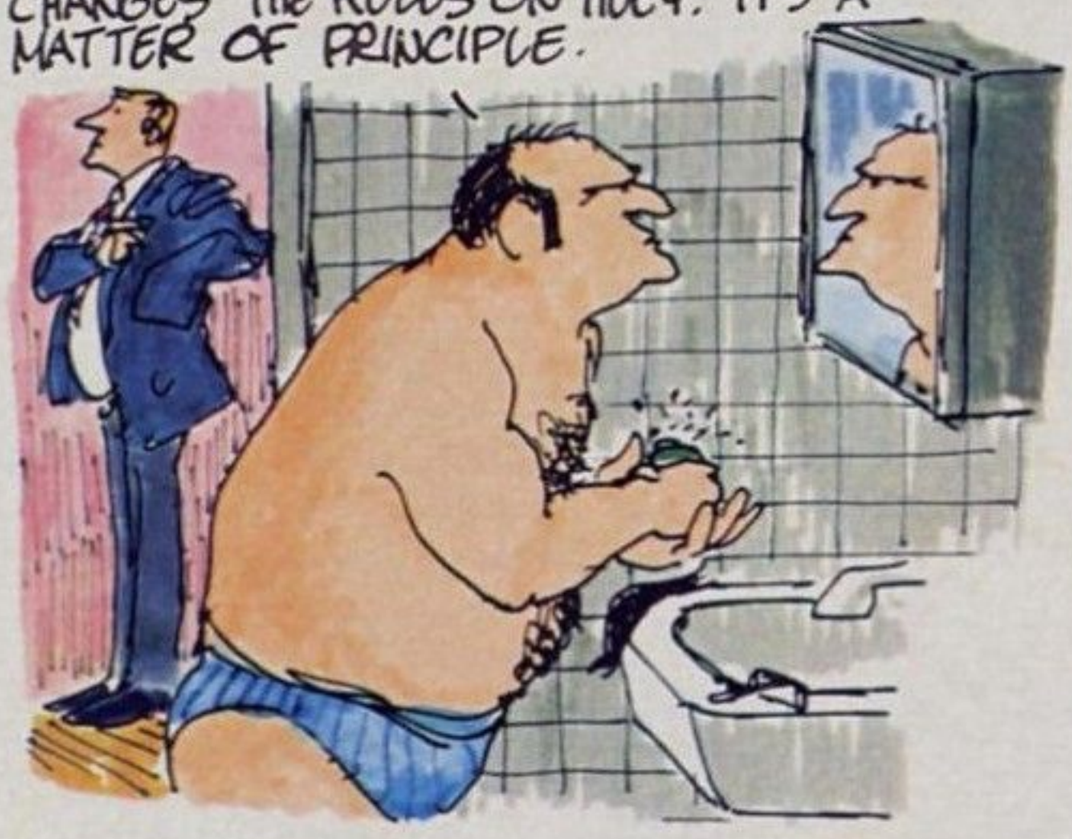
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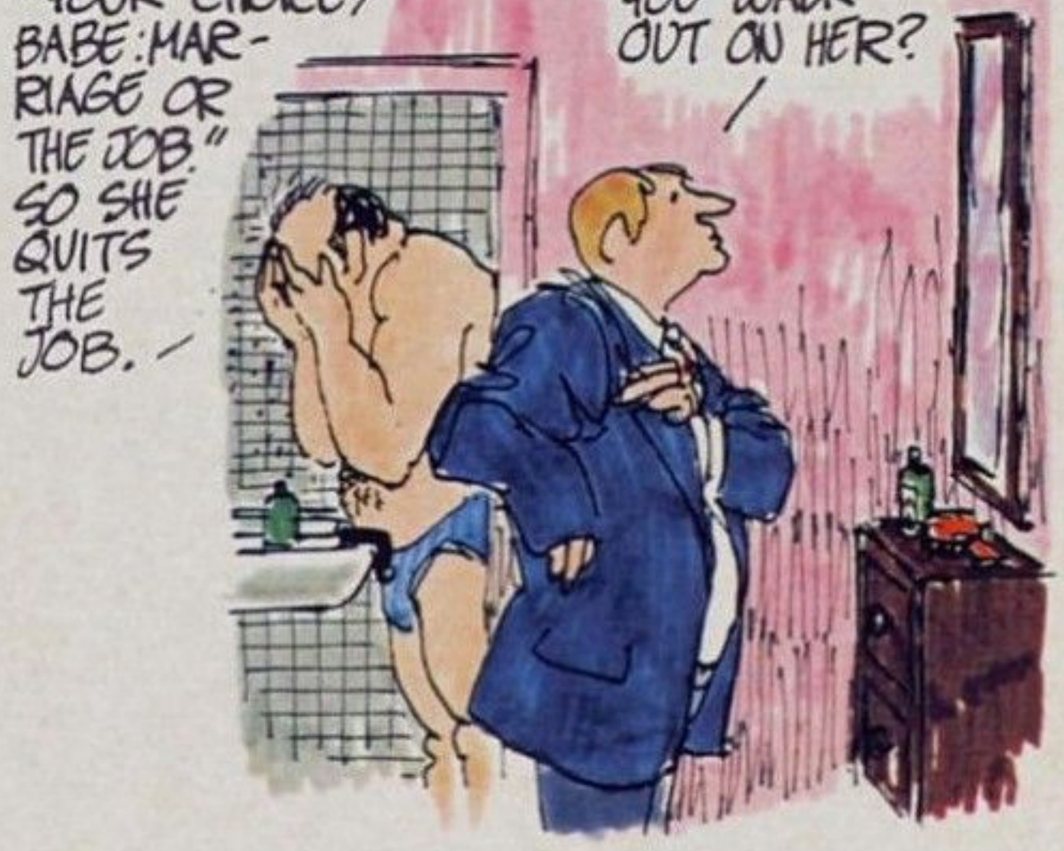
# BERNARD and HUEY #3















profits. Tippers, even if they've not profited themselves, can be held liable for the profits of their tippees.)

Equally awkward for the SEC, and better known, was the case of Vincent Chiarella.

Chiarella was a mark-up man in the composing room of Pandick Press, a financial printer. He worked on prospectuses involved with corporate take-overs. It's true they arrived in his hands with the corporate names left blank or disguised (the real names to be supplied the night before the actual printing), but Chiarella was able to deduce from the prospectuses who the take-over targets were. He cleared $30,000 in trading profits over 14 months. In May 1977, he signed an SEC consent decree, agreed to return the money and was fired. That was the civil side of the action. Then he was indicted on 17 counts of securities fraud and convicted. When his conviction was upheld on appeal, his case ultimately reached the Supreme Court. The Court ruled, in 1980, that because Chiarella had no fiduciary relationship with the sellers, nor any prior dealings with them of any kind, he had not defrauded them. His conviction was overturned.

Chief Justice Warren Burger was one of the dissenters. "The evidence shows beyond all doubt," he argued, "that Chiarella, working literally in the shadows of the warning signs in the print shop, misappropriated—stole, to put it bluntly—valuable nonpublic information entrusted to him in the utmost confidence. He then exploited his ill-gotten informational advantage by purchasing securities in the market. In my view, such conduct plainly violates . . . Rule 10b-5."

But that was the minority view.

To redress the Chiarella verdict, the SEC wrote a further regulation—as yet untested—requiring anyone with knowledge of an undisclosed tender offer to tell the seller the news before purchasing stock.

•

If the Chiarella case was the SEC's most noted insider-trading setback, perhaps its most noted success—on the front page for days—was the case against my friend Adrian Antoniu, his friend Jacques Courtois (another business school classmate at Harvard), three confederates and a Long Island dentist. (The dentist was a sort of footnote. He had paid one of the five cash in exchange for inside information.)

Adrian had seemed more buoyant and was rather more stylishly turned out than the rest of the class of '72. He had arrived here from Romania as a child and—only in America—wound up at Morgan Stanley, and then at Kuhn Loeb, as an investment banker. With the relatively small killing he made trading on inside information (hundreds of thousands, not millions), he lived, on Park Avenue, better than any of us could explain. The first clue came in the summer of 1978, when we began getting phone calls from Venice. Adrian was in the sinking city to marry Francesca Stanfill, daughter of then–20th Century-Fox chairman Dennis Stanfill. Some of us, though invited, had been unable to attend. Nor was this any small affair. The cardinal (soon to become Pope John Paul I) was among those who sent congratulations. But even as all this was going on, the SEC was closing in. And Adrian knew it. He was ducking out of the festivities to call his friends back home with a simple if cryptic request: "If you get any calls from the SEC, I'd really appreciate it if you'd call my lawyer before saying anything."

The SEC wrapped up its investigation; the marriage was annulled. Adrian was booted out of his job. He agreed to cooperate with the Government, pleaded guilty to charges of securities fraud and works now for an international executive-search firm in Milan, waiting to see whether or not he will really have to come back to the U.S. to serve a four-month prison term. The cheerfulness in his voice is gone.

Courtois, meanwhile, son of a prominent Canadian, left Morgan Stanley before he was indicted—left North America, in fact—and married a Cliffie, niece of the former president of Colombia, in Bogotá. The U.S. is trying to get Courtois extradited, but he has connections. When last we heard (he failed to show up at the tenth reunion), he was a major exporter of flowers to the U.S. We always knew he'd make good.

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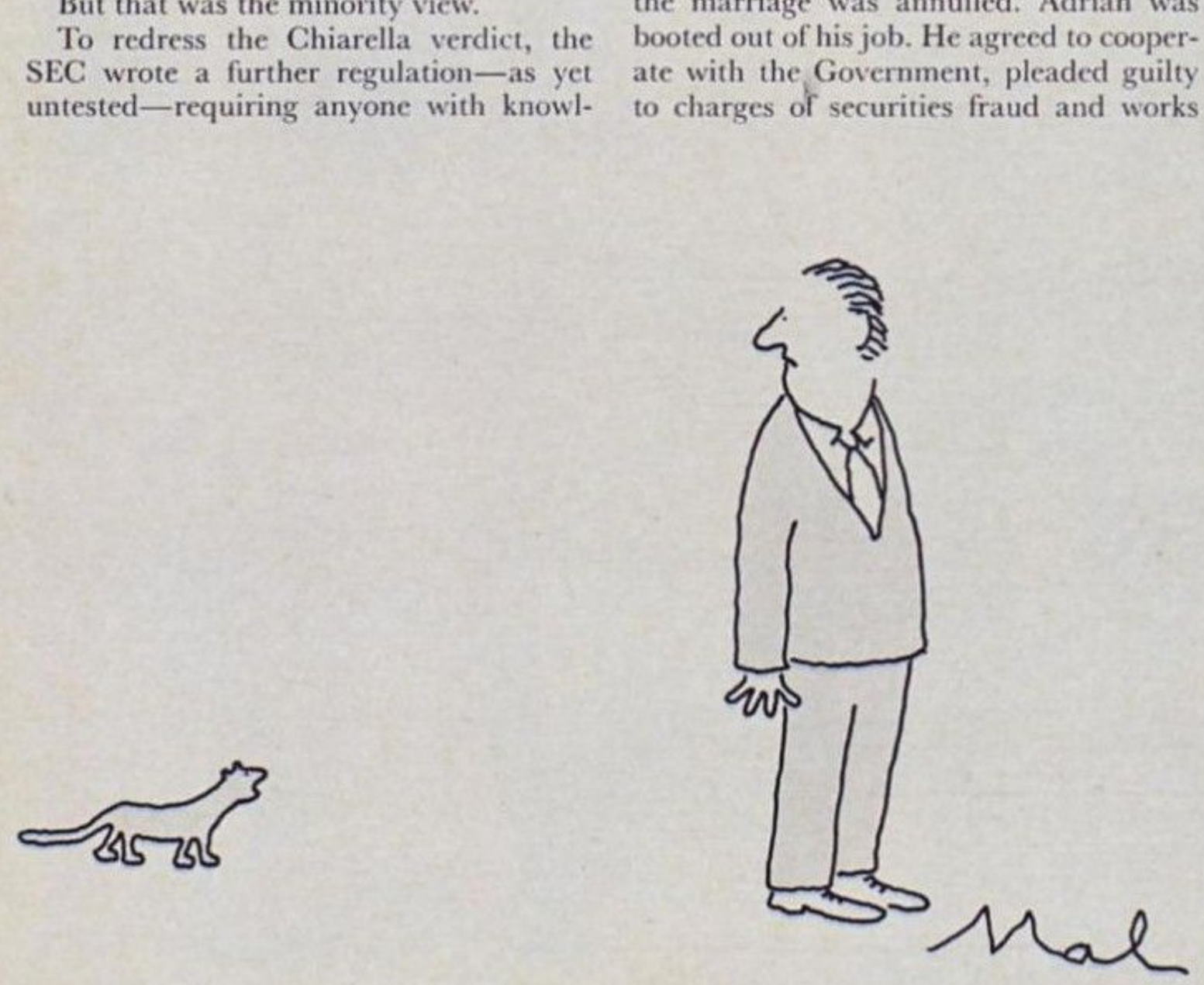
There's a certain knowing humor to all this. Most people who trade stocks have at least some idea of the role inside information plays. Some, I think, even exaggerate its importance. (Others would say that's hard to do.) Yet, rather than be incensed by it, most folks merely hope to get in on the action.

R. Neil Blake had no inside information when he began playing the stock market. He got involved, reports *The Seattle Times*' Gary Heberlein, to take his mind off his recent divorce and the suicide of his teenaged daughter. And for about a year, all was well. In exactly the kind of active options trading prudent investment advisors would have begged him not to undertake, Blake had turned $20,000 into $40,000. And on Thursday, October 1, 1981, he was sitting with a pile of Santa Fe options that, unbeknown to him, would within less than an hour lock him into a further $39,000 profit. All he had to do was nothing. Instead, despairing of Santa Fe's ever being able to rise from $24.625, its price then, to better than $30 a share within the next 11 trading days, as it had to for his options to be worth anything, he sold them all. In fact, to pick up an extra $375 (less tax and commission), he sold more than he owned. That was a safe thing to do as long as Santa Fe did, indeed, remain below 30. Instead, as a result of the Kuwaiti acquisition, it opened the following Monday in the mid-40s. Blake was nearly wiped out.

One could argue that he would have been equally devastated had no one profited illegally from the Santa Fe take-over. He would still have sold those options and would still have been walloped when the news broke. In that sense, there's no harm in insider trading.

But "in the final analysis," former SEC commissioner A. A. Sommer has said, "insider trading is wrong, dreadfully and viciously wrong. It undermines our markets, cheapens and tarnishes the integrity of our system and hopefully, if we are vigilant enough, it may increasingly impoverish those who engage in it."

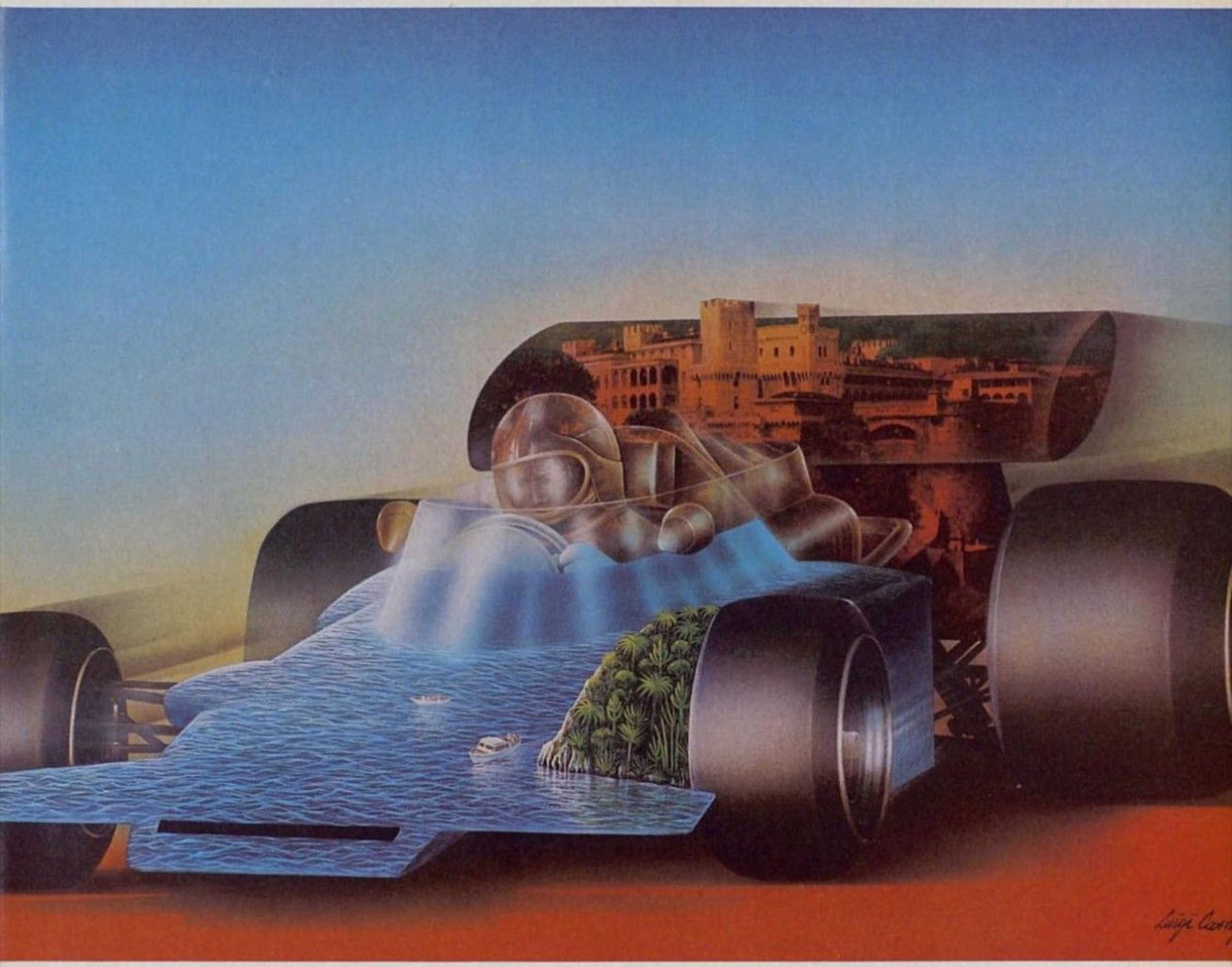
Some of them, anyway.



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# THE RACE



*In this fabled kingdom by the sea, drivers from all over the world compete as though their very lives depended on it—and they do.*

By LARRY GRIFFIN

EACH MAY, MONACO SHIFTS into high gear for the grandest of all Grand Prix races. Amid sunshine and balmy temperatures, the big transporters inch down cliffs, through narrow streets, to the harbor, where they unload their brutal Formula 1 machines. Gummy rear tires rasp and shudder on the pavement, the cars' differentials protesting the sharply crimped parking maneuvers as they're wheeled into position. Wrenches clink and snick as mechanics talk among themselves of the set-up sheets they follow in trying to adapt their ill-suited, over-muscled machines to the extremely rigorous demands of Monaco's one-of-a-kind circuit.

Frankly, racers are crazy even to consider running the Monaco course. It's about as wide as a garden path, as tightly coiled as a rattlesnake. Today's Formula 1 cars, on the other hand, seem as broad as a freeway and as fast as air-to-air missiles. Though the modern F1 car is more than

ILLUSTRATION BY LUIGI CASTIGLIONI. FREDRICK ROY STUDIO




seven feet wide (nearly a foot wider than a Cadillac Fleetwood), it's only three feet high, and its weight is massed less than knee high.

Short of driving one of these 1300-pound (dry weight) cars yourself, there's no way to imagine, let alone understand, what sustained, self-inflicted violence is all about. A recent test of a Formula 1 Renault Turbo showed acceleration from 0-to-60 mph at 3.1 seconds, 0-to-100 in 5.2 seconds, 0-to-150 in ten seconds flat, and a full stop from 70 mph in a nosebleed-inducing 120 feet. Maximum lateral road-holding was four times the cornering force developed by the average street car.

Moreover, of all the racecourses special enough for Grand Prix use, only Monaco's allows you to get close enough to these spidery, flyweight juggernauts to have your very being vibrated, scorched and electrified by the intensity of what's going on. If Monaco can do that to you, think what it's doing to the drivers.

Back in the early 1800s, Monaco was a sleepy, run-down and forgotten little place on the side of a mountain, accessible only by boat or cowpath. But when local visionary François Blanc talked his way into constructing the Casino de Monte Carlo,

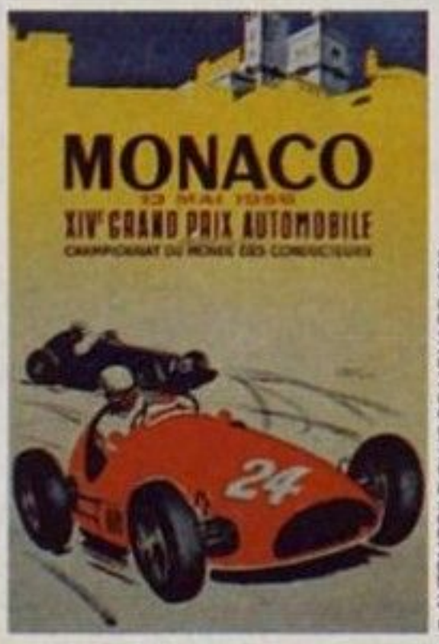


along came a brilliant development plan that turned Monaco into a glamorous repository of wealth, royalty and round-the-clock action.

But you get the feeling that once Monaco had been squeezed into all the usable mountainside around the bay, somebody realized, "*Sacré bleu!* We forgot the streets!" Of course, streets were there to begin with. It was just that the city fathers never had much horizontal room to work with. To this day, many of the reed-thin corridors that the principality boldly labels streets, avenues and boulevards spend as much time burrowing vertically as horizontally. *(continued)*




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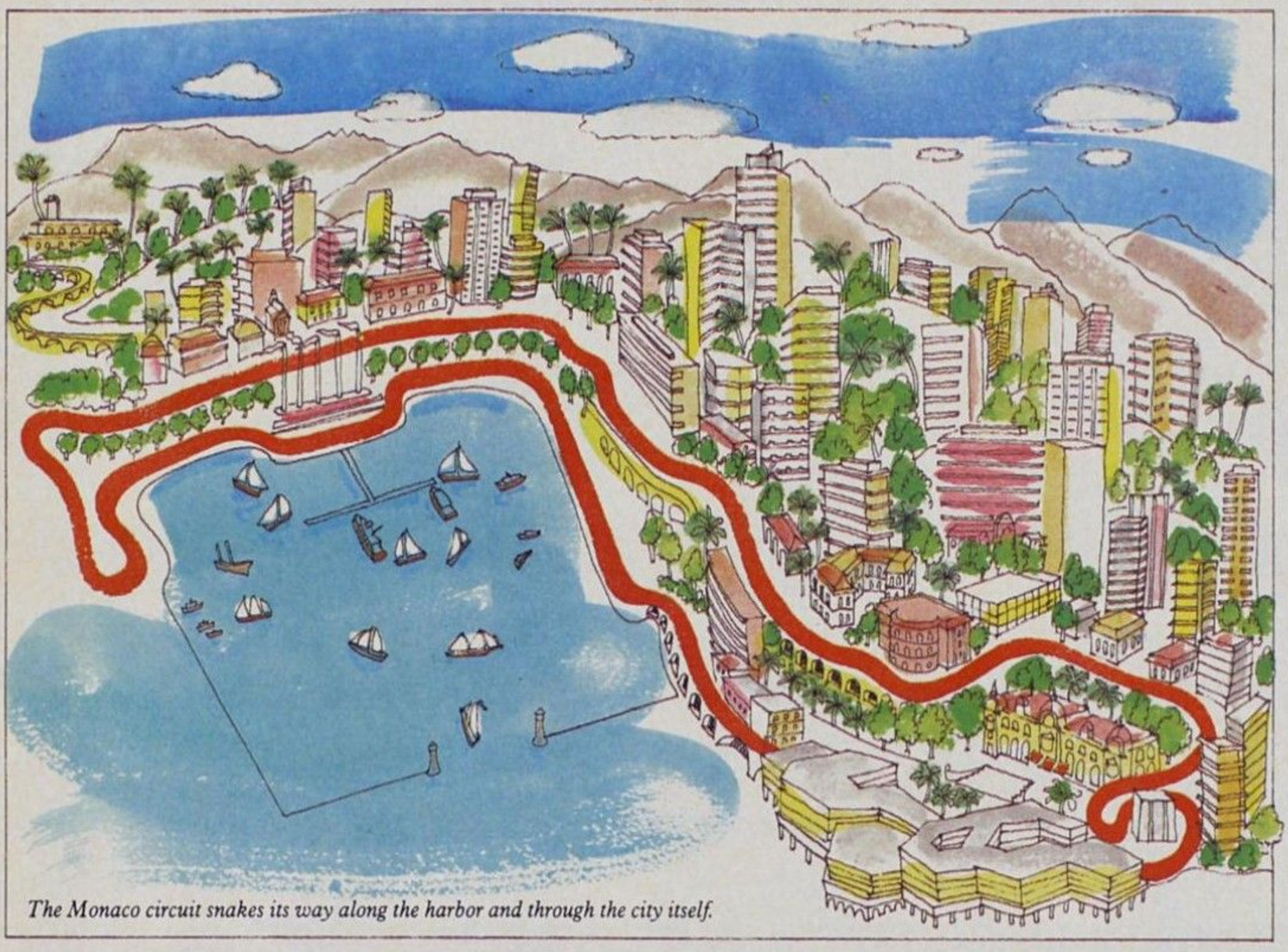
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IT'S WORTH IT.



*The Monaco circuit snakes its way along the harbor and through the city itself.*

With the advent of automobiles, local bigwigs became quite good at motoring around the man-made canyons and chutes of their seaside resort. When they found themselves looking for a good way to promote Monaco's image in the late 1920s, they settled on an automobile race through the streets.

The first race at Monaco was a Formula Libre event, 1929's European equivalent of Run What You Brung. It was won by an expatriate Englishman named William Grover Williams and his nifty little Bugatti, beating out a humongous-engined Mercedes driven by the legendary Rudolf Caracciola. That the Bugatti didn't pull out its win until the Mercedes suffered a long pit stop failed to dampen anyone's enthusiasm for the principality's remarkable street-racing gambit, and Monaco fostered a whole new passion for in-town racing. Similar events prospered throughout Europe until poor crowd control and ever-faster cars resulted in so many fatalities that all but the most durable of the events were cancelled. That was Monaco.

Over the years, Monaco's safety record has been remarkably good. Since the World Driving Championship was created in 1950, only two drivers have pitched their cars into the harbor—Alberto Ascari and Paul Hawkins, both of whom were fished out by frogmen. In 1965, however, the chicane rose up and Lorenzo Bandini's Ferrari overturned and roasted him before it could be righted.

Today's course is virtually identical to 1929's. The only real difference is that where once there were only curbings, street lamps and shop windows to separate spectators and racers, there are now ribbons of guardrail. However, Monaco still permits fans to press closer to Grand Prix racing than anywhere else in the world.

For all the complications of driving Monaco, the basic job is really quite simple—keep the car between the shrunken funnel of guardrails for 156.4 miles (76 laps of the 20-turn, 2.058-mile circuit); execute more than 2000 gearshifts at an



© Automobile Club de Monaco 1983

approximate rate of one every three seconds; make not so much as one mistake that anyone outside the car will notice; *and* keep the other 19 starters behind you for the entire distance. All this presumes, of course, that you've managed to take the lead at the start. Once somebody nips past, it's almost impossible to regain the position.

Driving your very first laps at Monaco is, strangely enough, much like tackling Indianapolis for the first time. Even though the tracks seem totally different, they leave the same impression: Lying in the car with your eyes only 30 inches off the deck, you have the feeling that the

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pavement is no more than four feet wide and that it makes a blind turn into ...what? It's like trying to fly an F-15 into a casket.

In the old days, you could see the drivers' faces. Some were grim, others merely preoccupied, one or two always looked maniacally thrilled, and then there were always *some* that looked downright horrified at their progress. Those expressions are still there, but now they're masked by full-face helmets. They're also bucketed bathtub-low in the most complex monocoque chassis imaginable. Drivers are strapped in like psychopaths and virtually mummified by layer upon layer of fire-retardant clothing (there's no such thing as fire*proof* suiting in this business). If it were possible to see their faces, the best time would be at the height of the frenzy to qualify well.

"More than at any other Grand Prix," says Jody Scheckter, 33-year-old two-time Grand Prix winner and 1979 World Driving Champion, "qualifying is the most important part of the Monaco weekend. If you're to have a prayer of winning, you've got to start from the front row. In qualifying, you have to extend yourself much further than normal, even to the point of crashing as long as the damage isn't too bad, simply to get the best time.

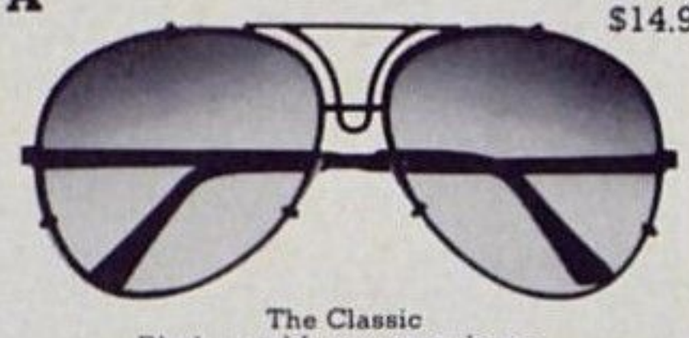
"In 1979, I thought I was extending myself, but Gilles Villeneuve [Scheckter's Ferrari teammate, who was killed last year before the Belgian Grand Prix] was faster. He came into the pits and said, 'I'm touching the guardrail at the swimming-pool corner,' so I thought, 'Jeezus, I'm obviously not trying hard enough!' So I went back out and, instead of judging and missing the guardrail by two inches at the apexes, I thought, 'Well, I'll hit it by two inches,' and I touched it every lap. About five laps from the end of practice, I came along pit straight at a hundred and thirty and my wheel just fell off. But I qualified fastest and went on to win the race."

Despite such antics, Scheckter contends that "Monaco is comparatively slow because it's so tight. Nevertheless, I was terrified the first time. After three 'slow' laps, I thought, 'Jesus Christ, I should be doing something else to make a living.' Not only do you really have to throw the car around, but you have to be neat about it, too. You can't clip even one barrier during the race, make a single irretrievable mistake, or you're out." *(continued)*

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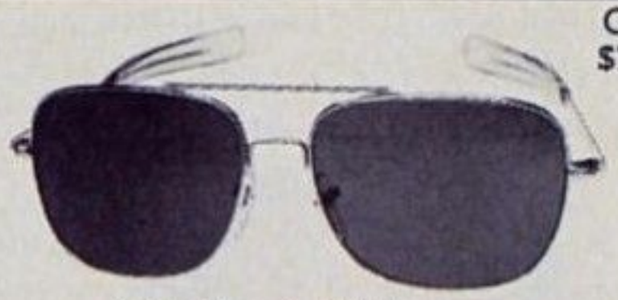
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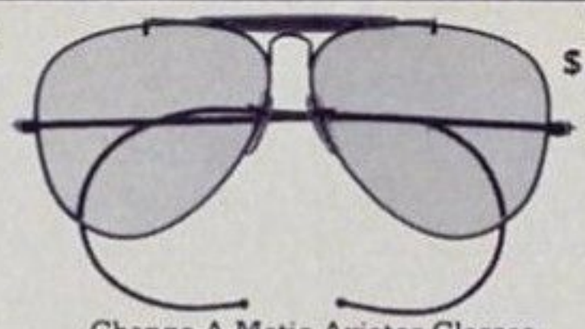
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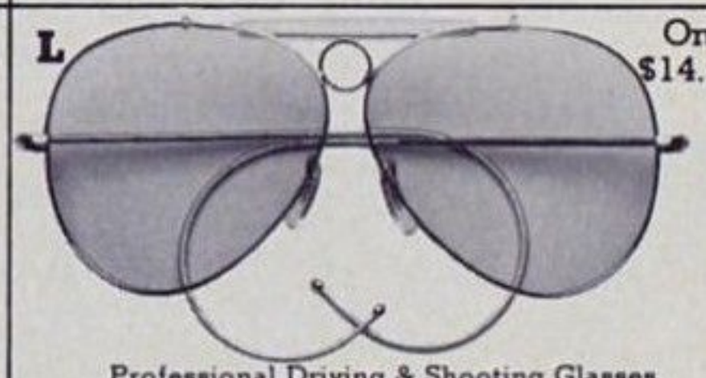
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Though it often seems in fate's hands, it takes talent to be a winner at Monaco. Graham Hill won five times, Stirling Moss and Jackie Stewart won three apiece, and



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Juan Manuel Fangio, Niki Lauda and Jody Scheckter have each taken the prize twice. None of them won through luck.

The skill and daring of Grand Prix drivers are on display for all to see. Today, hundreds of thousands across Europe and even the United States (where there are world-championship events at Long Beach, Vegas and New York) follow the races. But it's Europe that embraces Formula 1 so passionately. Here, the automobile is still revered, and driving well and quickly is still a special brand of heroism. The country squire in his Jaguar, the doctor in his BMW, the industrial designer in his Alfa all have an abiding interest in driving. That's why Grand Prix stars have become celebrities throughout Europe.

When the Grand Prix drivers get to Monaco, all paradise breaks loose. Parties are held in their honor aboard virtually



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every yacht in the harbor. Tanned and nubile starlets invade Monte Carlo, fresh from the previous week at the Cannes Film Festival. Such attractions are smugly taken in stride by the drivers, who consider them merely the perks of the good life. For when the weekend reaches its climax on Sunday, there's only one thing a driver wants after he's climbed from his car: to sit at the royal table of the Sporting Club as winner of the grandest Grand Prix of all. □



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD CHENET

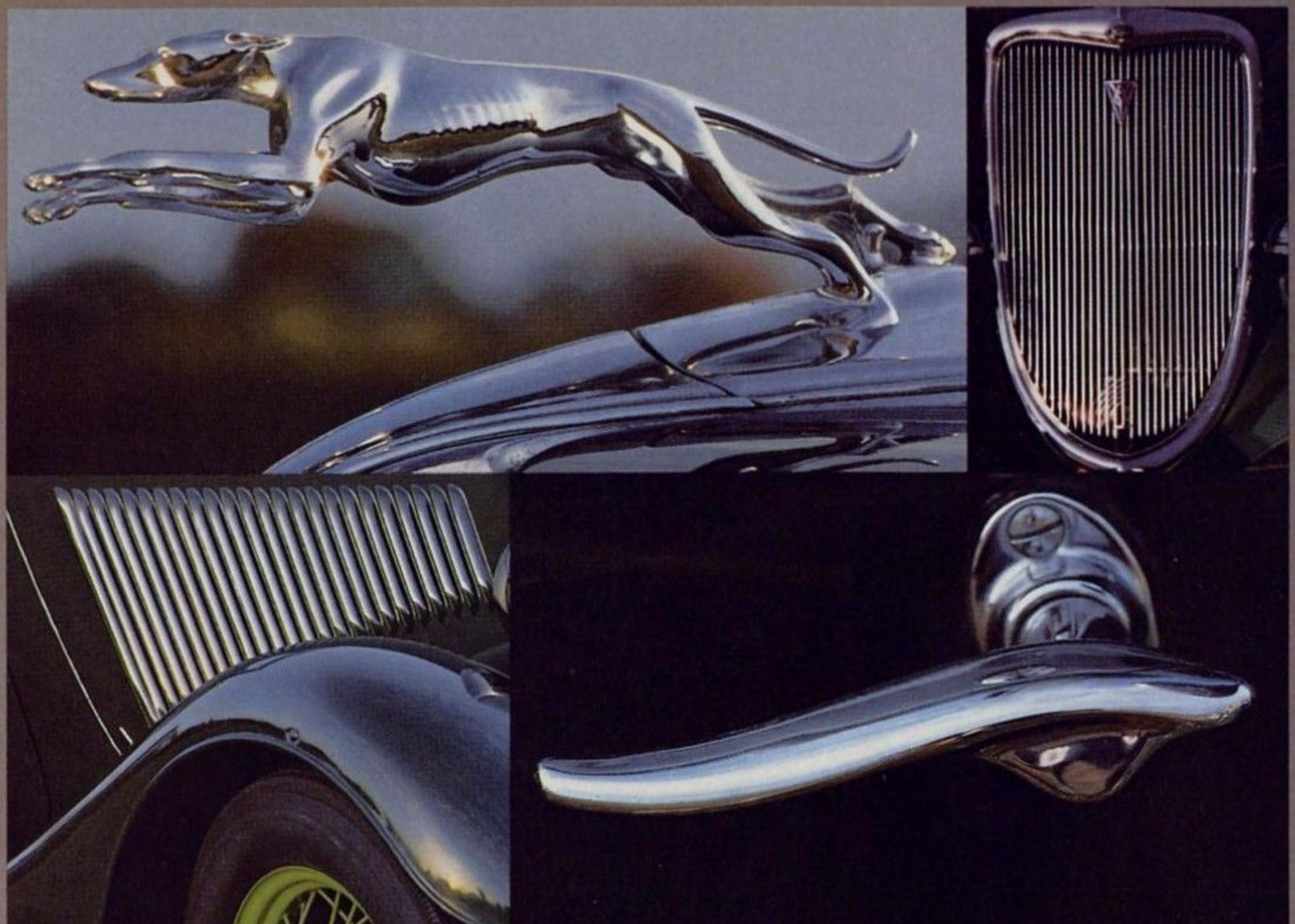


ILLUSTRATION BY HERBERT VOLKER

# How to turn a simple party into a royal ball.



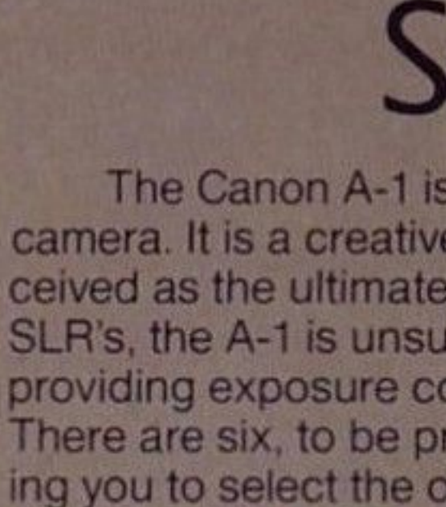

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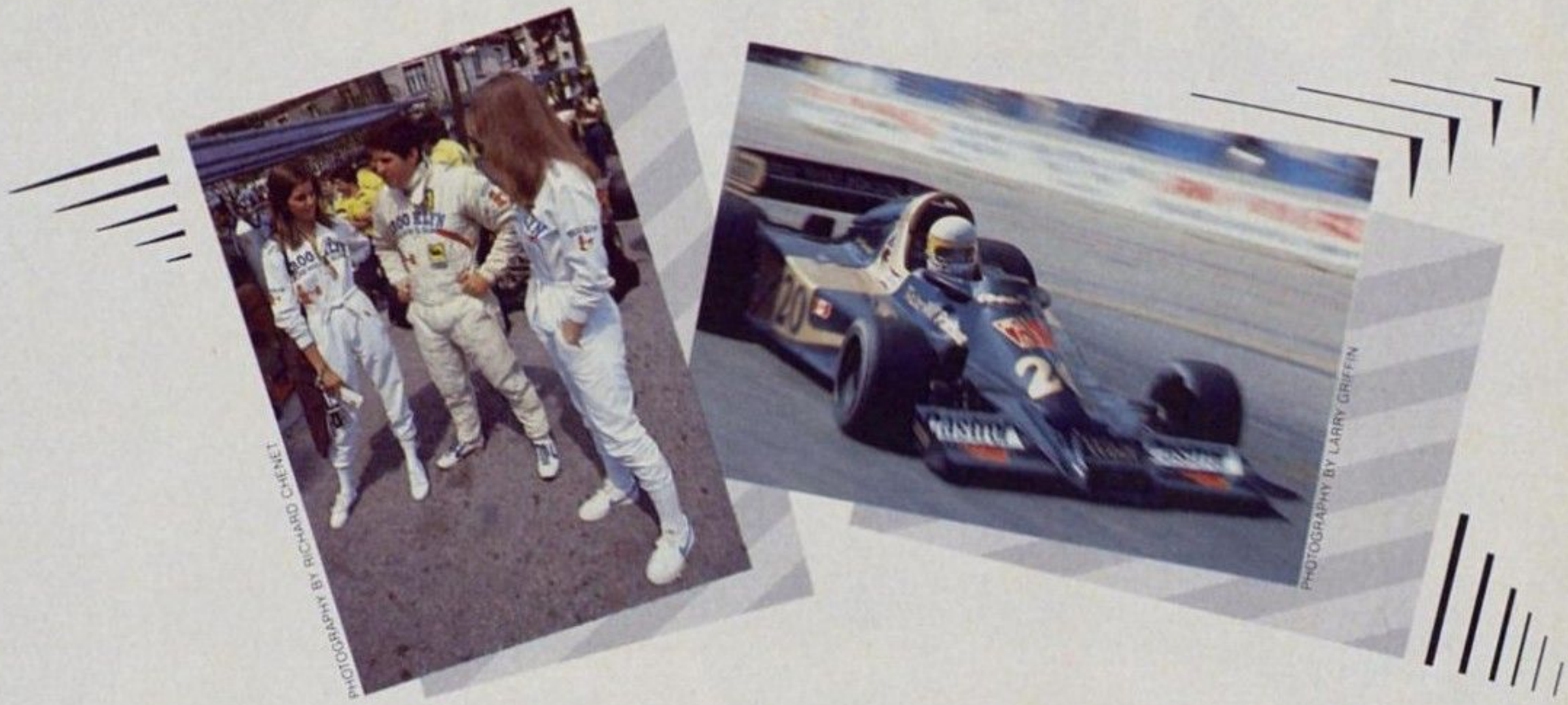

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# A WINNING PERSPECTIVE




*What's it really like? Two-time Monaco Grand Prix champ Jody Scheckter reveals how it all looked from his Formula 1 Ferrari.*

ON A FLYING LAP, YOU'RE in fifth gear under the trees and past the pits at 130 mph, down to second for Ste-Devote, the hard right-hander at the church. Then up through third and fourth to fifth along the big weaving climb toward the Casino. All you see going up the hill is pavement, the Armco barrier and sky. The road weaves, and next thing you know the car is airborne in fifth. You wait to land before braking for the Massenet left-hander into Casino Square, probably the toughest corner because it's so bumpy.

"You never shift down in sequence; you just go from whatever you're in straight to the gear you need—there's no time for delay. You get about 60 in first, 80 in second, 100 in third, 130 in fourth, and fifth tops out at about 150. Maybe more.

"From fifth, you go to third for Massenet; bend right and try to slide in front of the Hôtel de Paris, over the hump that drops right out from under you, because despite the drop, sliding the car gives you just the right control to gain a few revs and slide out to the guardrail. You're now up to fourth holding to the left for the big drop to the Hôtel Mirabeau, where there's a chance for overtaking as you downshift to second. Turn in hard beside the stone wall on the right—the car always wants to go straight here. Try to kick the back end out to set up for the very hard left at the old Station Hairpin in front of the Loews Hotel. Taking the hairpin in first, it's just a quick spurt and up to second. You've immediately got a hard right, and you've got to be steering, not shifting, when you get there. Through the right, you go up to third, then to fourth and into the tunnel, which can be terrifying if there's water inside. It curves quickly to the right, totally blind, by which time you're flat in fifth gear, setting up for an apex you can't see until you're there. Then you flash out into the light at 150 mph and pop over a hill, and you're confronted with the chicane. Best to take a wide line in because you're hard-braking on the right. Then it's a sudden jerk of the wheel left–right to get through at 90 mph. If you come in too straight, the car jumps the curbs and heads for the water at about 120. You're next to the water and right against the barrier, and you smoothly bring the car over to the right for the left-hander at Tabac. It's full of sharp bumps, but you can take it faster than you first thought. At first, you can't tell where it goes. But once you get comfortable with the little messages the circuit gives you, it's OK.

"Next is the swimming pool. That's tricky. You go into the first 90-degree left in fourth so fast that you're actually out of control. If the road didn't change direction instantly, you'd never be able to fling it back again, but when you do it's great. The next ones are the right–left coming out of the pool. People always think they can overtake there, but it's very difficult. You have to keep turning left, left, left as you're shifting up. Then you've got to brake while still turning left and getting into first for the hairpin right-hander at La Rascasse restaurant. On the straight just after, it's incredibly bumpy. The back of the car is always jumping around, feeling as if it's right up in the air and gone forever. Keep your braking as smooth as you can into the right-hand kink out onto the straight past the pits. If you have too much rear-brake bias over the bumps, the car will just sort of bop around on you and you can lose it very easily. Just in the kink to the right is sort of a squirt over a lateral ridge, and you just try to get the back wheels firmly down, which is less spectacular but lets you accelerate more strongly out onto pit straight, where you're heading for fifth gear and sailing into Ste-Devote. You've done it. Now keep doing it again and again." —LARRY GRIFFIN

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# *Staying Put*

*"Living Well" has always been Monaco's motto. Here, a selection of where to stay in style without breaking the bank.*

By FRED FERRETTI

LIKE MOST EVERYTHING else in this palm-bedecked, tiny crescent of a princedom, most of the places where you will want to stay are operated by Prince Rainier's Société des Bains de Mer (S.B.M.), licensed by it or exist at its sufferance. But none of this should bother you, because Monaco's "Sea Bathing Company" monopoly seems to have had the good sense not only to scrupulously maintain its 19th Century wedding-cake hotels but to allow them to age with style.

If you have the bucks, then stay at Monaco's **Hôtel de Paris,** which has a staff of 400 to take care of its 300 rooms. There is nothing reticent about this hotel. It flaunts its exterior with nicely breasted nymphs protruding from virtually every column, over every window and door arch, spire-topped cupolas, red marble columns and ornate ironwork. Rooms (try for one facing the Mediterranean unless Adnan Khashoggi *et al.* of commuting oil riches

ILLUSTRATION OF THE HOTEL HERMITAGE BY SUSAN A. DUNCAN

happen to be in town) will run you from $120 to $150 a day.

Step out from under the blue awnings over its front entrance, and the Casino is in front of you. Take the lift to the Grill, and all of the sky and sea of Monaco is around you. Breakfast on your terrace and watch the yachts, some of them as big as pocket battleships, ease into the harbor below, and look over at the Rock across the harbor where Rainier's castle perches. Now, if you cannot get into the Paris, you might walk around the back, across the Square Beaumarchais, and there you'll find its sister **Hôtel Hermitage,** which, if possible, is even more ornate.

The Hermitage might easily have been confected in a Viennese pastry shop, there are so many layers, so much icing to it. Its corridors have opulently painted ceilings, and there must be tons of plasterwork in just the rococo curlicues and fronds and clumps of cherubs climbing the walls. The hotel is a tribute to Edwardiana and fairly drips with chandeliers and candelabra. It is 211 rooms small, as luxurious and as pricey as its big sister.

Down a flight of steps from both is the **Loews Monte Carlo Hotel,** which Loews Hotels manages in partnership with S.B.M. It is white and bright, open to the Riviera sun and American in feeling. The clientele is mostly American, many of them junketing gamblers. Terraces jut out over the water's edge, and the geometrically



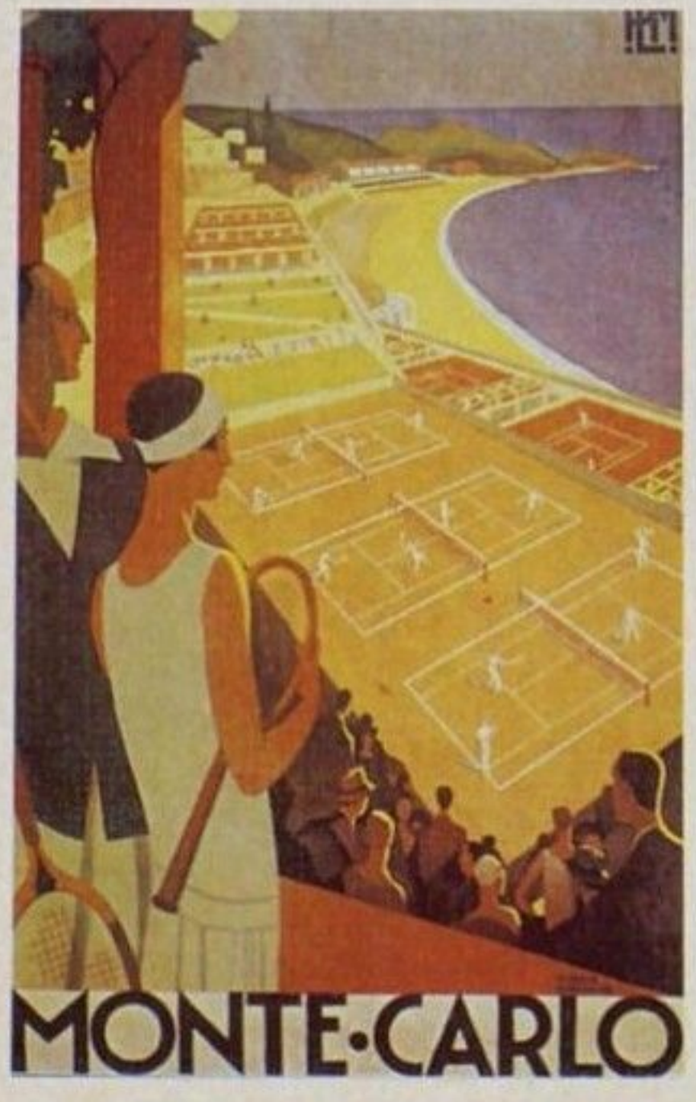

shaped hotel sits on rock pilings that disappear into the sea. Rates are somewhat lower than at the two dandified S.B.M. hotels up the steps, especially if you latch onto a package deal.

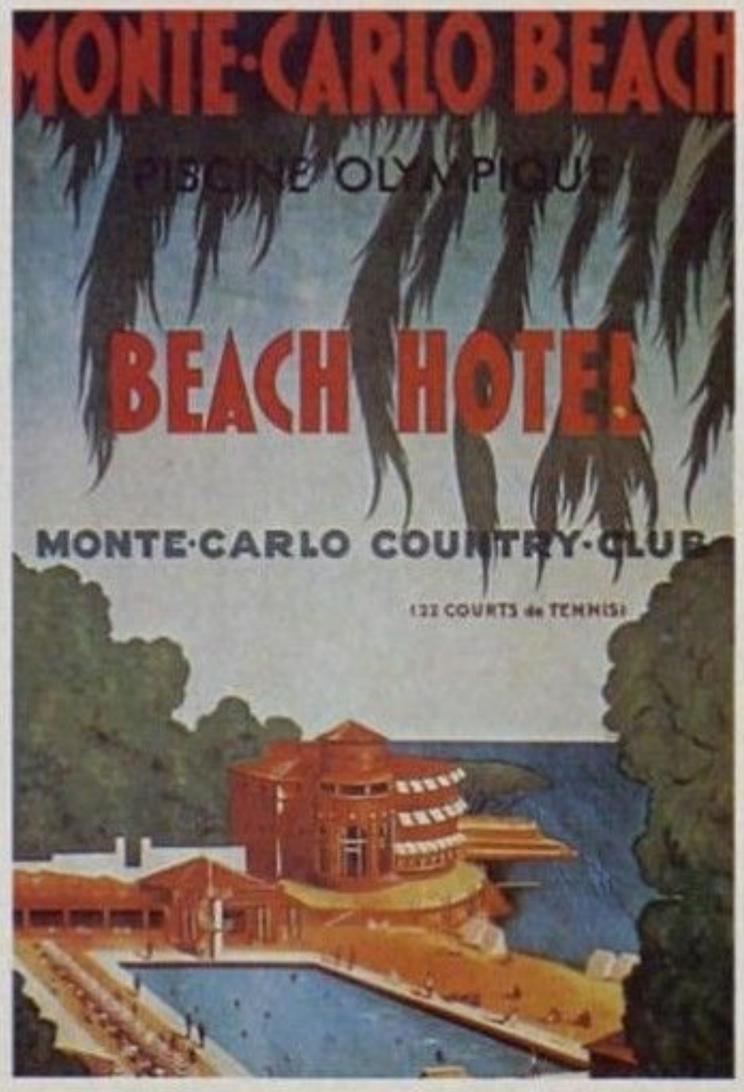
Two other S.B.M. hotels worth looking into are the **Hôtel Mirabeau,** farther up the rocky ledge, and the **Monte-Carlo Beach Hôtel,** far down on the rocky beach below. The Mirabeau is quite small, with only 100 rooms, and less expensive than any of the above. The Old Beach has but 50 rooms, full of charm but difficult to reserve because so many prefer its remoteness and quiet. Rooms are about $100 a day, and there's a fantastic Olympic-sized saltwater pool as well as a beach full of cabins, striped tents and topless ladies.

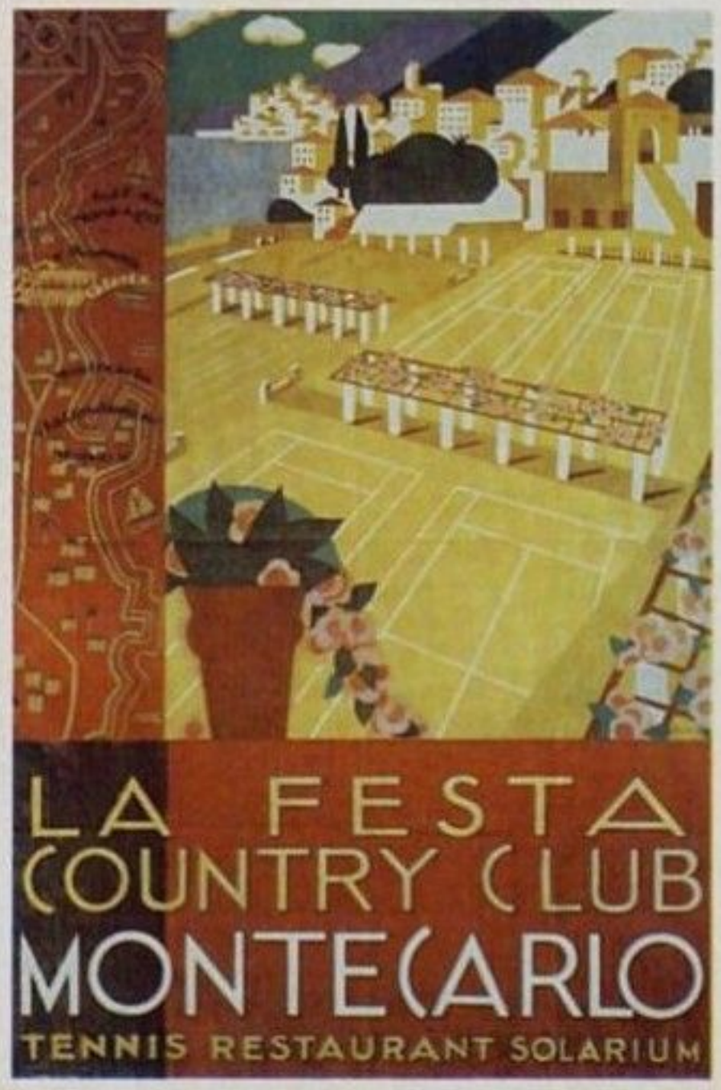
The former Holiday Inn, now called the **Beach Plaza Hotel,** wouldn't be a bad spot, either. Families seem to prefer its spacious rooms (more than 300) and the Plaza's private sandy beach. A room facing the sea should cost under $50 a day. While the other beaches in Monaco along the Avenue Princess Grace are free, the Beach Plaza's is private. For nominal weekly prices, usually about $16, tourists can also swim at private beaches and pools belonging to S.B.M. hotels and clubs.

Other hotels worth mentioning include the **Balmoral,** on Avenue de la Costa, and the **Alexandra,** on Boulevard Princesse Charlotte, where rooms are available by the day in the $25-to-$45 range. Finally, there's the **Hôtel Metropole,** on the Avenue de Grande-Bretagne. Though slightly more expensive and up the hill from the water, it does have the advantage of what is some of the most beautiful gardening in Monaco. □

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL SCHWAB




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# *Wining and Dining*



*From* haute cuisine *to the corner bistro, the restaurants of Monaco fill the bill.*

By FRED FERRETTI

AS BEFITS A RESORT THAT bears its traditions so well, there is no lack of places to dine—French or otherwise. And while there are no truly great restaurants, such as those just a few miles drive in either direction from the principality, those you'll find are very, very good. The Société des Bains de Mer (S.B.M.) has also seen to it that local restaurants—once so formal and so *haute* French—have changed along with changing world tastes.

It is rare for the venerable *Guide Michelin* to give a star to a hotel dining room, but it deigned to give one to each of the Hôtel de Paris's rooms, the **Salle Empire** and **Le Grill.** Both deserve them, not only for their food but for their drama. The Salle Empire is a sumptuous and elegant room: The staff wears morning dress, and the napery, flatware and crystal are exquisite. Try the smoked salmon and *la soupe aux moules*, the risotto with saffron, or the local fish, *le loup de la Mediterranée*, baked with baby peas *en papillote* (in sealed buttered paper).

Le Grill, on the hotel's roof, more than resembles the dining salon of an ocean liner, which was what Aristotle Onassis had in mind when he personally had it added onto the hotel. The best choices, as you might suppose, are grilled—veal paillard, tournedos, *côte de boeuf*, an English mixed grill. However, the *foie gras*, caviar and salmon are all wonderful, too, and I recall a superb minestrone heavy with basil. Le Grill's wine list, moreover, is truly extraordinary.

**Le Bec Rouge,** on Avenue Saint Charles, also has a star from Michelin and is worth a trip if only for two dishes, *la soupe de poissons de roche*, a soup made from Mediterranean red mullet, and *les moules à la Rouille*, cold mussels with a thick mayonnaise sauce flavored with garlic, saffron and cayenne pepper. You might wish to dine at the Hermitage's **Belle Époque** dining room simply to ogle this replica of the dining room in the Grand Trianon in Versailles, but the food is better in **Le Foie Gras,** in the Loews Monte Carlo. Acerbic French restaurant critics Gault and Millau awarded the restaurant a *toque* last year, the only restaurant in Monaco to be so honored.

Scallops of *foie gras* with a port wine sauce are heavenly, as is duckling roasted with the wild mushrooms of Provence or green peppercorns. By all means sample a first course called Le Delice des Bois, which

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHEL GUIRE VAKA, FREDRICK ROY STUDIO

is a cassolette of two wild mushrooms, *morilles* and *cèpes*, and snails.

For traditional Monegasque food, you might just stay in the Loews and try **Le Pistou,** named for the traditional vegetable Provençal broth, redolent of basil and garlic. There is also succulent slices of young guinea hen, or a terrine made from red mullet. Another lovely Monegasque restaurant is **Saint-Nicholas,** across the harbor, behind the palace, on Rue de l'Eglise. One specialty is frogs' legs sautéed in olive oil, with garlic, parsley and tomatoes; another, the boneless filet of beefsteak, which the French call *faux filet*. Here, three courses will cost only about $10, and the food is quite good.

Under what might be called Continental, **Rampoldi** and **Costa Rica** are worthy of note. The former, on Avenue des Spelugues, offers some of the customary items on most Monaco menus—blinis with caviar, crevettes cocktails, *foie gras* and smoked salmon—but then it departs and comes up with perhaps the best Italian food in the principality. Risottos, especially those made with champagne and *fruits de mer,* are very good, indeed, as is spaghetti alla carbonara. At Costa Rica, you'll also be able to order a sandwich, if you like—*croque monsieur,* club, even "francforts."



ILLUSTRATION BY SUSAN A. DUNCAN

There are also several Italian restaurants and pizzerias in Monaco, not unusual for a place so close to the Italian border, and a few should be noted: **Astoria, Chez Bacco, Chez Gianni** and **Pizzeria Monégasque.**

Though most of Monaco's restaurants, especially the finer ones, do wonderful things with seafood, particularly the local red mullet, *loup* (or sea bass) and the tiny Mediterranean mostelle, there are several restaurants that specialize in seafood. Two I recommend are **La Calanque,** on Avenue Saint Charles, and **Le P'tit Bec,** on Avenue de Grande-Bretagne.

At La Calanque, you can get those wonderful Belon oysters from Brittany, slightly oily, firm and tangy with seawater. The finest, grade 3, can cost up to $5 each in Paris. At La Calanque, six will go for about $13. At Le P'tit Bec, a clean, comfortable restaurant just a short walk from the Hôtel de Paris, the specialty is periwinkles, clams, oysters, mussels, sea urchins, local crab, langouste and crayfish laid out on a platter of crushed ice and served with an icy white Sancerre. □



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# Worth a Detour

## *Hotels and restaurants along the Riviera.*

ONCE YOU GET TO IDLING in the Monaco sun, the very thought of a day trip out of the princedom seems exhausting. Half-day drives, however, or those of even a few hours, are more like it. That's perfect, as virtually no place on the Riviera is much farther than an hour's drive from Monaco. Because of this happy circumstance, a treasury of fine hotels and finer—even great—restaurants is there for the sampling.

As you drive into Cannes (and you really should motor along Boulevard de la Croisette), stop in at the **Carlton Hotel,** a monument not unlike the Hôtel de Paris. It is said that when it was liberated in 1944, the Aly Khan, then in the British Army, walked in, covered with sand and dust, and was, he said, "received by the management as if I had never been away." That's the sort of place the Carlton is.

In Nice, it is the **Hôtel Negresco,** on the Promenade des Anglais, which lives up to its classification as a French historical monument. To wander among its tapestries, handloomed carpets and starched and costumed staff is a joy. Not to mention the hotel's restaurant, **Chantecler,** considered to be one of the finest hotel dining rooms in the world. It's worth the drive from Monaco just for the *soupe froide de homard*, a cold soup of lobster juice, caviar and chunks of lobster.

Nor should you miss Roger Vergé's **Moulin de Mougins,** in, of course, Mougins. Here, perfection is the warm lobster salad or his crayfish tails in a fine champagne sauce, accompanied by Vergé's house champagne, Reserve de Moulin. Another great Côte d'Azur establishment is **La Bonne Auberge** in Antibes, a lovely stone restaurant, with a huge fireplace, that serves something ethereal under the simple name of Salade des Champs: *foie gras*, sweetbreads, red mullet and noodles on a bed of green beans.

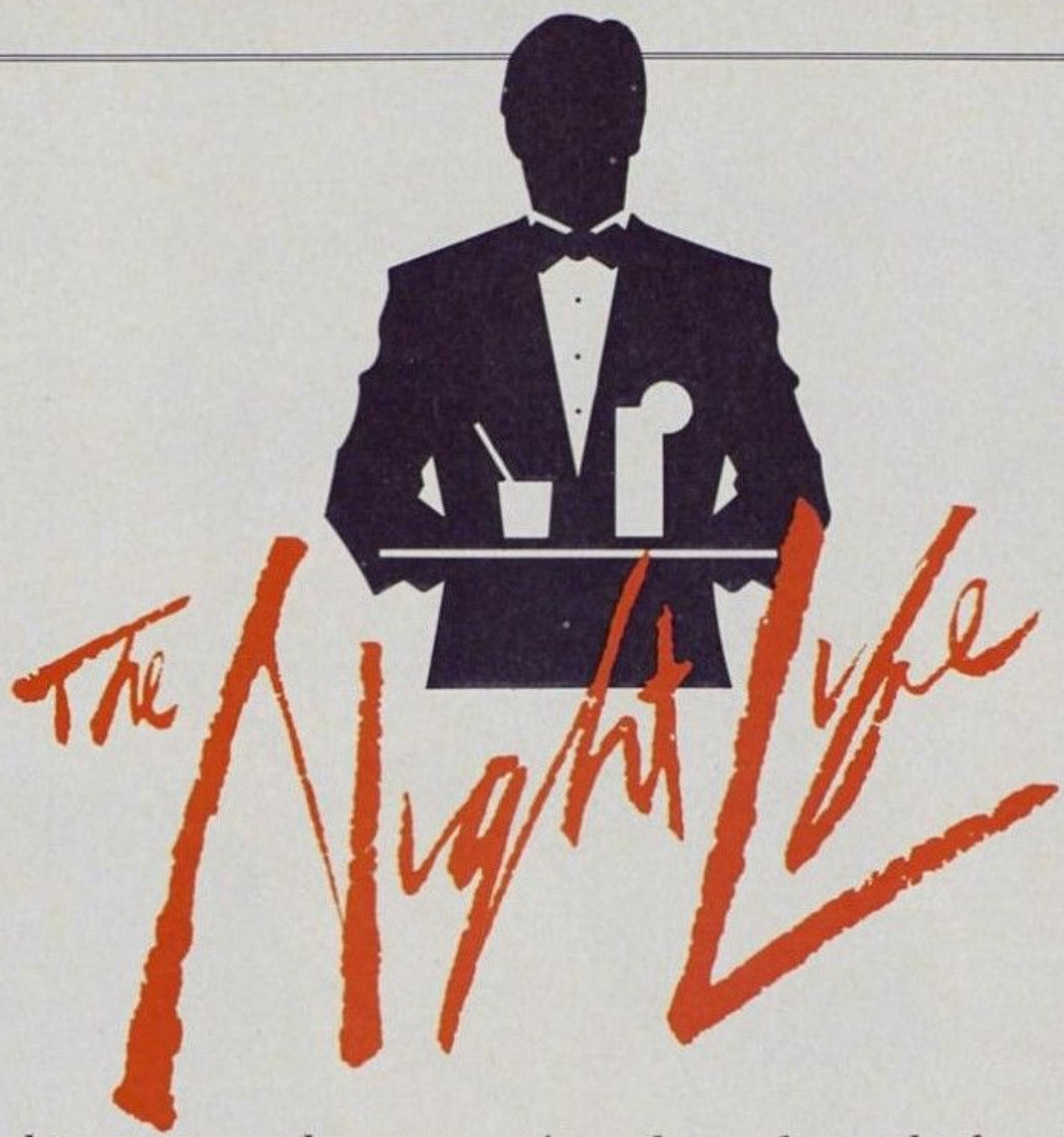
You drive the Riviera on any of three roads: the Bas Corniche, or Corniche Inferie, which passes just above most of the towns hugging the coast; the Moyenne Corniche, which is higher; and the Grande Corniche, a mountain-hugging road that often seems suspended in space. If you take the last up and out of Monaco, you come upon the **Hôtel Vistaero** jutting out over the rocks thousands of feet below in Roquebrune-Cap Martin. There are only 27 rooms, so call first. Reserve a table at a window so you can enjoy *le soufflé de homard* and the breathtaking view simultaneously.

Farther east, you will come to Èze, a steep little town of stone houses up in coastal rocks. In Èze-Village, just ask and you'll be shown to **Château de la Chèvre d'Or.** It has ten rooms, four of which are suites. After a late lunch of *escalopes de loup braisées au blanc de blancs*, slices of sea bass in a white wine sauce, and a bottle of chilled wine, perhaps it is time to head back to Monaco.

—FRED FERRETTI




***Break away from the ordinary.*** *Discover the drink with a difference.*



# The Night Life

*The champagne corks are popping, the roulette wheels spinning—another evening in Monaco is about to begin.*

By JOHN MARIANI

THERE'S SIMPLY NO ESCAPing the night life of Monte Carlo. In other countries and other cities along the Mediterranean, you might easily spend a pleasant day at the beach, enjoy a good meal and retire to your room. But in Monaco, even the thought of staying put after nine o'clock comes close to national insult. Monaco is designed to entice you, catch you up in its glamor and show you a good time long after most seaside resorts are putting chairs up on tables for the night.

On any night, there is likely to be a conga line of young people snaking their way through the streets, enough beautiful women exiting limos to stock a dozen Hollywood premieres. It is a place where Nijinsky danced, Maugham wrote and James Bond played *chemin de fer*. The Casino de Monte Carlo, sitting at the end of a tree-lined garden like a tableau from *Scheherazade*, is awash in a gold light that only hints at the opulence within.

Not long ago, much of this dazzle seemed unapproachable to anyone who carried his own car keys or bothered to consult the champagne prices. Monte Carlo, overrun with foreigners since François Grimaldi seized the castle back in 1297, has had a reputation for being a playground of the hyper-rich, a tax haven for plastic surgeons, tennis players and rock stars, and a crucible of intrigue for some of the century's greatest scoundrels, dupes and manipulators. But today, thanks to the efforts of the Société des Bains de Mer, anyone bent on having a good time is likely to have a great time. Monaco has, in other words, become accessible, as has its once intimate night life, which is forever linked to the Casino.

The legends of such luminaries as Onassis and Churchill, and of the men and women who thought nothing of losing thousands on the roll of the dice at this Casino, have always been part of Monaco's cachet. By the same token, many Americans have felt ill at ease in such an affluent sandbox, preferring the more casual clatter of Vegas or Atlantic City gaming rooms. However, this image of reserve and cold Gallic calculation has changed considerably since the 1979 opening of the Casino's American Room. Here, against a vast mural of a Mississippi steamboat set amidst Belle Époque brocade, for the first time, one could play blackjack, craps, American roulette and slot machines, complete with all the whir-



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ring, clanging and crash of coins. Soon afterwards, the Loews Monte Carlo Hotel even opened a traditional Vegas-style gaming room. Monte Carlo was now officially invested with a new and modern verve it had not previously known.

There are, to be sure, the old European gaming rooms at the Casino, with the traditional games of *trente et quarante*, European roulette and *chemin de fer*. This is a place for high rollers, and entrance to the room requires jacket and tie, a passport and a fee (unless one possesses the Gold Card of the Société des Bains de Mer, presented to guests who stay at the Hôtel de Paris, Hôtel Hermitage, Hôtel Miramar or Monte-Carlo Beach Hôtel).

With so much, where does an evening begin? Start with a good meal in one of the restaurants, all within a ten-minute walk of the Casino. Let's say you finish about nine. Dressed casually in shirt and jacket, you don't have the slightest intention of getting into a tuxedo after dinner. No need, unless you're a head waiter at one of the discos in town. Monaco has become fairly informal, as has the rest of the Riviera, where being well dressed means being neat, not stuffy.

Throw your jacket over your shoulders and head straight for the Hôtel de Paris, next to the Casino. Push your way through the revolving door, stand squarely in front of the equestrian statue of Louis XIV (the Sun King) and boldly stroke the raised front leg of the monarch's steed. You'll recognize this lucky limb by its well-worn appearance, the result of decades of caresses by hopeful gamblers who believe the act will bring quick and easy fortune. You are now *almost* ready to enter the Casino itself.

First, however, a bit of fortification is in order. Go back through the revolving doors, down the steps and, weaving between the limo drivers who crowd the curve of the road, cross over to the Café de Paris. Gracefully ease into a chair on the outdoor patio, preferably across from a blonde who seems a dead ringer for Catherine Deneuve, and order one of the local concoctions, such as a *tapis vert*, that potent mixture of crème de menthe and cognac, the effect of which is to warm the soul and turn your teeth green at the same time.

Thus inspired, you refuse the waiter's suggestion of sampling the Café's crepes suzette (supposedly created here after the Prince of Wales, the future Edward VII, enjoyed such a dish and named it after his paramour of the night) and pay your check. It is only a few steps to the Casino. You've heard about the unflinching guards who used to stand at the door of the Casino, giving everyone not in a tuxedo the Monegasque once-over. But in the spirit of the times, these uniformed fellows merely give you a friendly nod and usher you into the American Room, with its glass dome, gold-encrusted tympanum, and nude bas-reliefs cavorting high above eight black-

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jack tables, four American roulette tables, two craps tables and 150 slot machines—quite enough to make an American feel quite at home, if home happens to resemble Caesars Palace. Unlike the gaming rooms back home, however, there is none of the claustrophobia caused by low ceilings and attempts to block out all sense of day or night. Here, you feel more like an honored guest than an intruder to be kept under surveillance.



ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL SCHWAB

The next thing you are happy to notice is that the croupiers and cashiers whom you thought would try to trip you up by speaking some Gallic argot of the gaming room actually address you in fluent English. Those gamblers who become regulars or "serious types" are even called by their first names, which in this room are more likely to be Bill and Mike than Guillaume and Michel. This was once the private reserve of cigar smokers who found esthetic support in the Gallei murals of naked girls floating on clouds of stogie smoke. Here, you may now have sustenance in the form of ham-and-cheese sandwiches (which the French call *croque monsieur*) or just a cup of coffee.

For those who feel they want to sample the way the other half gambles, there are the European gaming rooms next door, the Salles Touzet and the Salon Privé. The first requires a 20-franc entrance fee (60 francs for the week), or the Société's Gold Card. Coats and ties are mandatory, and one must be familiar with European gaming rules. A knowledge of French wouldn't hurt, either. The Salon Privé (also called the Salle Médecin) operates from three in the afternoon until four in the morning, and to play, you need to make arrangements with the staff. For the Salon Super-Privé (which needs no translation), you must make an appointment, for there are only two tables at which to play the high-stakes game of *banque à tout va*, with a 100-franc minimum at one table, a 1000-franc minimum at the other.

Once you have had enough of toying with the fates for an evening, you should be ready for something more lighthearted. Walk out of the Casino—your pockets either bulging with francs or empty of traveler's checks—and breathe in the clear Mediterranean air for a moment. Then head for one of the smokey, dazzling *discothèques* in town: Jimmy'z, which is managed by the international hostess Regine, or Parady'z. Otherwise, repair to the Hôtel de Paris bar or to the Hôtel Hermitage's Scorpion Bar, inaugurated in 1970 to honor such famous Scorpios as Liz Taylor and Gene Kelly.

Now, very, very late, the sea's horizon has begun to acquire that melancholy glow that signals the end of a hard-won evening. All you have to look forward to the next day is a white beach, some shopping for something to wear tomorrow night at the Casino and maybe a vodka and caviar at La Maison du Caviar. A nap, a bite to eat, then a short period when you decide whether or not to go out on the town still again. Then you spot the lights and hear a strain of music and see the blonde at the Café, or one that looks sort of like her, and you think to yourself that playing it safe at home is not what the smart money does. But playing Monaco to the limit is. □




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# AND THE WINNER IS...?



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD CHENET

## *This year's Grand Prix is harder than ever to predict.*

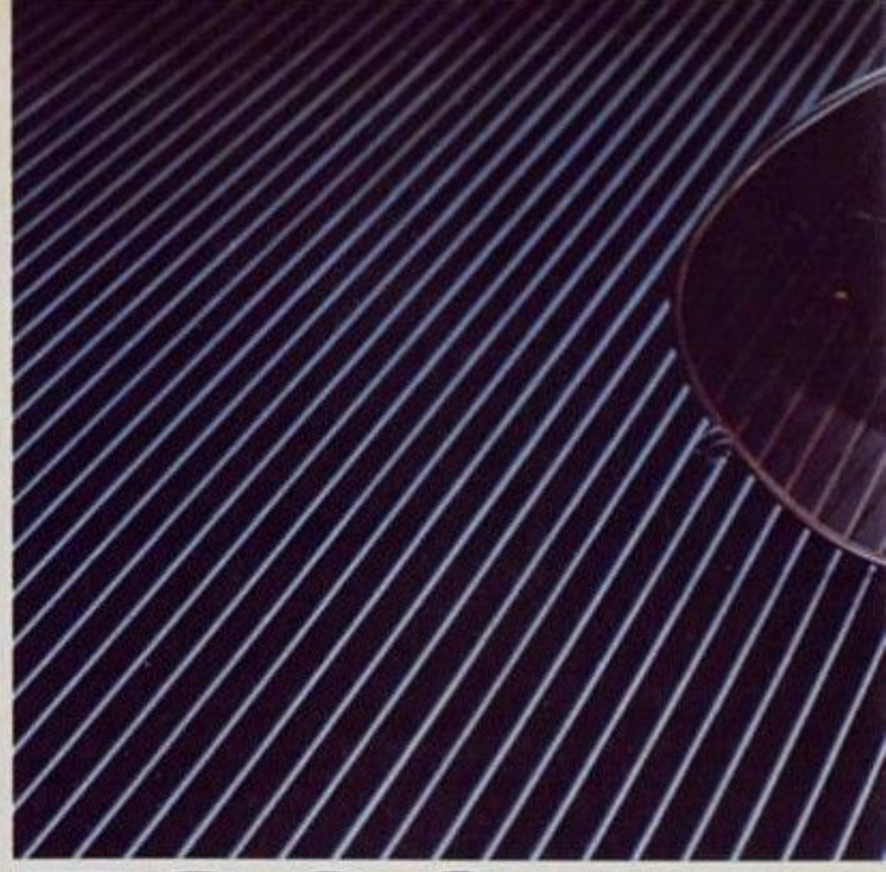
UNTIL LAST WINTER, WE had a pretty good line on the hot Formula 1 prospects to watch out for this year. However, the rules makers got busy and hammered out a whole new set of regulations that changed everything—including reliable forecasting. In fact, about the only resemblance these new rules have to the old ones is that they permit four wheels and an engine.

What changed things? Over the past several years, a brand-new technology called "ground effects" became popular for Formula 1 cars. Modifying the wing technology developed for the aircraft industry, wings were actually built that fit inside the F1 side pods, between the front and rear wheels. The difference was, these wings were upside down. So, instead of creating lift, like an aircraft wing, they created downforce by expelling air from under the car faster than it could be taken in. Suction was sealed in by sliding skirts on the sides of the car. The result: more cornering traction. The trouble was that cars started going around corners so fast that, when something went wrong—whether through driver error or mechanical failure—it went *really* wrong. Deadly wrong. Between racing seasons, the Powers That Be decreed that ground effects were no longer legal and that all cars had to have flat bottoms as well as myriad other stipulations.

While nobody has much of a clue to which teams will be fast and which ones will be merely running in place, it looks as if those with the smaller, turbocharged engines (which develop substantially more horsepower than the bigger, normally aspirated, engines) will come out ahead.

That means the following drivers—at this point—have a slight advantage: Alain Prost and Eddie Cheever, in the turbocharged Renaults; Patrick Tambay and René Arnoux, in turbocharged Ferraris; Nelson Piquet, in a Brabham-BMW turbo; and later in the season, Niki Lauda and John Watson, in the turbocharged McLarens with Porsche power.

—LARRY GRIFFIN



# ESCORT:

By now, just about everyone knows a radar detector needs *lots* of warning distance to be truly effective. And ESCORT® delivers. Over hills, around corners, and from behind. *Car and Driver* magazine, in their 1982 test, went so far as to say: "The ESCORT, a perennial favorite of these black-box comparisons, is still the best radar detector money can buy." But there's more to the story.

### The Plot Thickens

About a year ago, *all* radar detectors began picking up a new type of radar signal that was as strong as some police radars. The rest of the radar detector industry dismissed these signals as unmarked patrol cars, radar intrusion alarms, or even overactive imaginations.

But something didn't add up. There were just too many of these new signals. And we had another clue. ESCORT's audio warning distinguishes between the two police radar bands: it "beeps" for X band, and "braps" for K band. These new radar signals simultaneously triggered *both* warnings, and that told us the signals couldn't be police radar. Tracking down a car emitting this signal revealed the actual source—a new type of imported radar detector had the side-effect of *transmitting* radar signals in both police radar bands. Hard to believe, but true.




Our first step was to inform ESCORT owners of the situation. We composed a "Radar Bulletin" explaining the source of this new radar pollution and sent out 200,000 by first class mail. But this was only the beginning.

### Mission Impossible?

On the surface, the problem seems unsolvable. The signals transmitted by these "radar polluters" are in the same bands as police radar, so it's impossible to detect one and ignore the other, right?

## FOR ESCORT OWNERS ONLY:

As our ad above states, we've made another improvement. The new ST/O/P circuitry is a standard part of every ESCORT starting with serial number 400,000.





The Radar Defense Kit

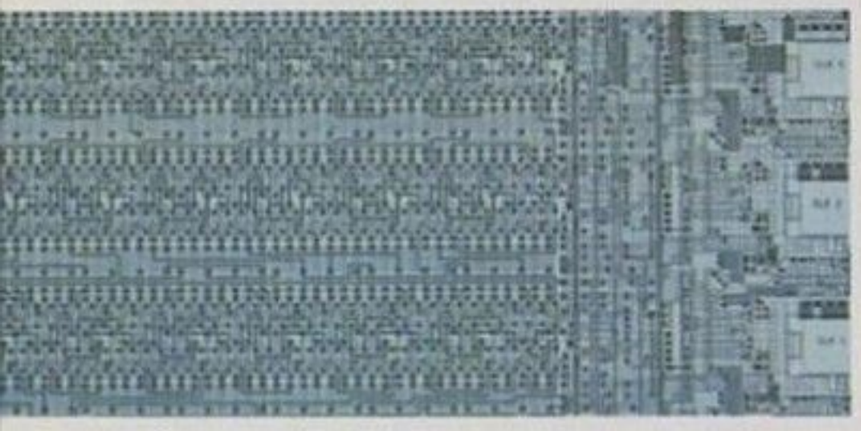
# Radar Warning, No Riddles.

Not necessarily. Let's look at another type of technology to make a point. You can now buy an inexpensive device that will turn on the lights in your living room whenever you clap your hands. Or shout. Or drop a book. Or make *any* loud sound. At the other extreme, there are computerized devices available that don't merely sense sound, but can actually recognize sound patterns unique to specific spoken words. Some can even tell your voice from any other.

Why not apply this principle to radar detection? Instead of merely acknowledging the presence of *any* radar signal, a detector could look for a pattern in the signal and distinguish between "radar polluters" and actual police radar. And now ESCORT does just that.

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The result of months of extensive engineering, ESCORT's new ST/O/P™ circuitry reduces alarms from "radar polluters" by over 95%. ST/O/P (STatistical Operations Processor) consists of a CMOS digital processor with built-in memory. When ESCORT receives an X or K band radar signal, ST/O/P recognizes patterns in the signal's amplitude/frequency/time characteristics, and uses these patterns to determine the signal's identity. All in 1/64 of a second.



If the signal is from a "polluting detector," ESCORT keeps quiet while maintaining its lookout for police radar. If the signal is police radar, ESCORT immediately alerts you. And unlike other detectors that keep you guessing, ESCORT's amber warning lamp, signal strength meter, and geiger-counter-like pulsing sounds ("beeps" or "braps") tell you *everything* you need to know. ESCORT has a lot to say, and we include a 33⅓ RPM Radar Disc to make getting acquainted easier than ever. Play it on your stereo turntable and take a "test drive" with ESCORT as soon as you open the box.

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### Critics' Corner

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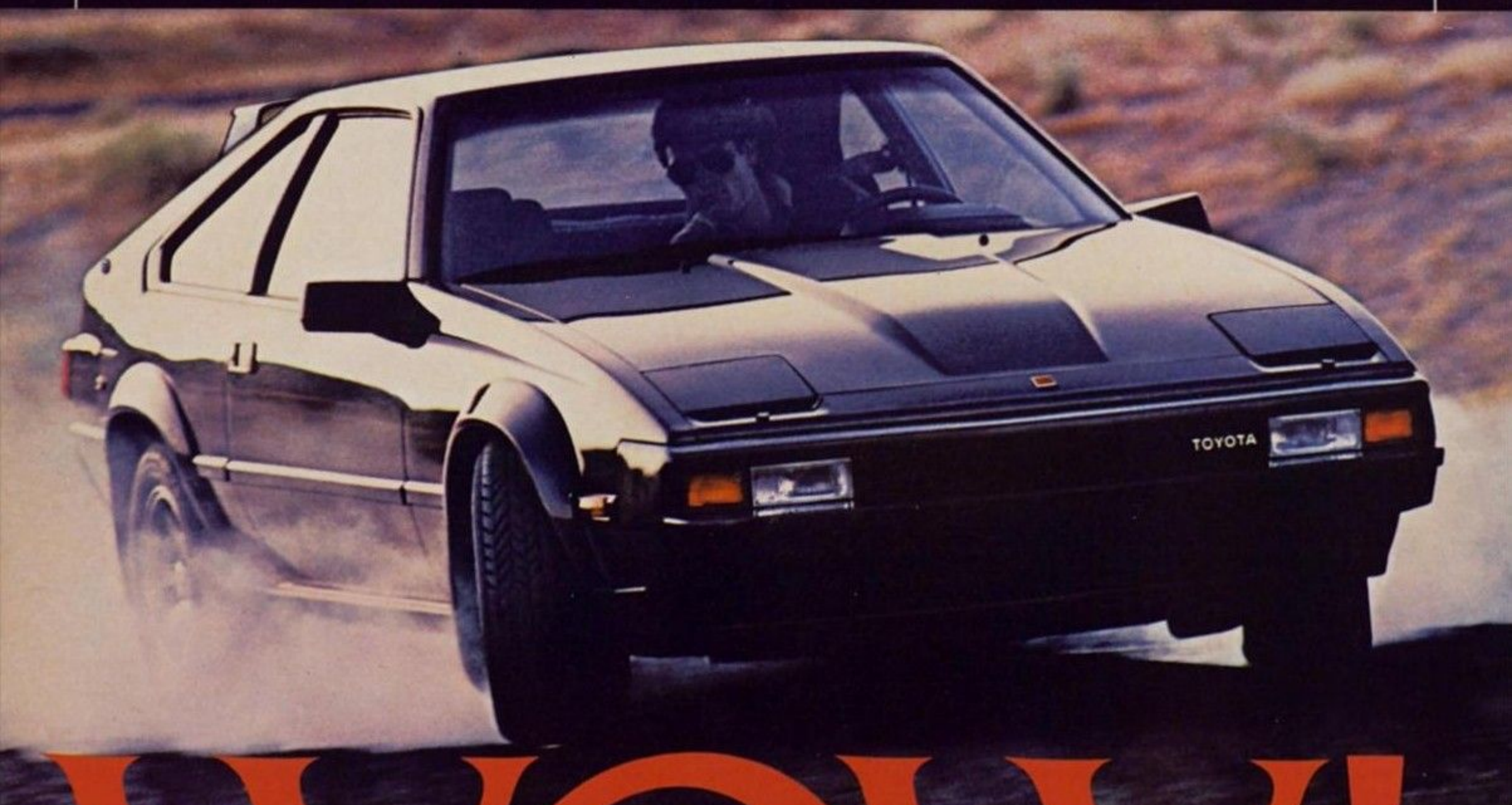
The Toyota Supra. The car that shook up the automotive world last year returns with even more of the right stuff!

BUCKLE UP—IT'S A GOOD FEELING!

OH WHAT A FEELING!

# TOYOTA

## "ON THE TRACK, SUPRA FEELS LIKE IT'S BEEN THERE BEFORE." —DAN GURNEY




# WOW!

 *(continued from page 126)*

*"Tommy, she said, had never forgiven Mikkelsen for marrying her. He wanted her back."*

Mikkelsen at all, and only after some puzzling around in his memory did he decide that they had been distantly acquainted way back when but had had some kind of trifling quarrel and had lost touch with each other years before.

"That's not how I think I remember it," Mikkelsen said. "I remember us as friends for years, really close. You and Donna and Janine and I were out to dinner only last week is what I remember, over in Newport Beach."

"Donna?"

"Your wife."

"My wife's name is Karen. Jesus, this has been one hell of a phasing, hasn't it?" He didn't sound upset.

"I'll say. Blew away your marriage, our friendship and who knows what all else."

"Well, these things happen. Listen, if I can help you any way, fella, just call. But right now, Karen and I are on our way out, and——"

"Yeah. Sure. Sorry to have bothered you," Mikkelsen told him.

He blanked the screen.

Donna. Karen. Gus. Max. He looked at Janine.

"Tommy did it," she said.

She had it all figured out. Tommy, she said, had never forgiven Mikkelsen for marrying her. He wanted her back. He still sent her birthday cards, coy little gifts, postcards from exotic ports.

"You never mentioned them," Mikkelsen said.

She shrugged. "I thought you'd only get annoyed. You've always disliked Tommy."

"No," Mikkelsen said, "I think he's interesting in his oddball way—flamboyant, unusual. What I dislike is his unwillingness to accept the notion that you stopped being his wife a dozen years ago."

"You'd dislike him more if you knew how hard he's been trying to get me back."

"Oh?"

"When we broke up," she said, "he phased me four times. That was before I met you. He kept jaunting back to our final quarrel, trying to patch it up so that the separation wouldn't happen. I began feeling the phasings and I knew what must be going on, and I told him to quit it or I'd report him and get his jaunt license revoked. That scared him, I guess, because he's been pretty well behaved ever since, except for all the little hints and innuendoes and invitations to leave you and marry him again."

"Christ," Mikkelsen said. "How long were you and he married? Six months?"

"Seven. But he's an obsessive personality. He never lets go."

"And now he's started phasing again?"

"That's my guess. He's probably decided that you're the obstacle, that I really do still love you, that I want to spend the rest of my life with you. So he needs to make us unmeet. He's taken his first shot by somehow engineering a breach between you and your friend Gus a dozen years back, a breach so severe that you never really became friends and Gus never fixed you up with me. Only it didn't work out the way Tommy hoped. We went to that party at Dave Cusman's place and I got pushed into the pool on top of you and you introduced yourself and one thing led to another and here we still are."

"Not all of us are," Mikkelsen said. "My friend Gus is married to somebody else now."

"That didn't seem to trouble him much."

"Maybe not. But he isn't my friend anymore, either, and that troubles *me*. My whole past is at Tommy Hambleton's mercy, Janine! And Gus the cat is gone, too. Gus was a damned good cat. I miss him."

"Five minutes ago, you weren't sure whether his name was Gus or Max. Two hours from now, you won't know you ever had any such cat, and it won't matter at all."

"But suppose the same thing had happened to you and me that happened to Gus and Donna?"

"It didn't, though."

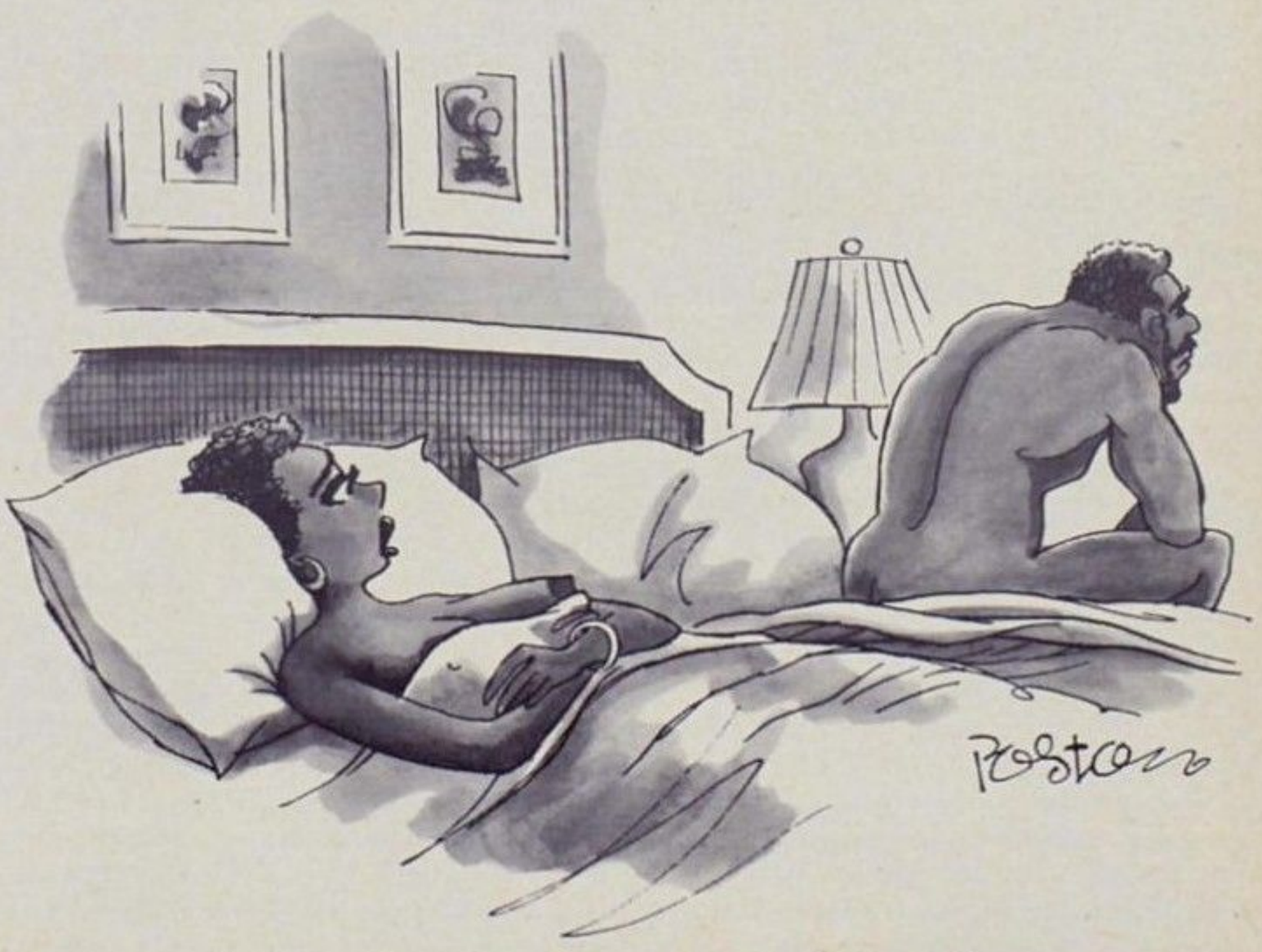
"It might the next time," Mikkelsen said.

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But it didn't. The next time, which was about six months later, they came out of it still married to each other. What they lost was their collection of 20th Century artifacts—the black-and-white television set and the funny old dial telephone and the transistor radio and the little computer with the typewriter keyboard. All those treasures vanished between one instant and the next, leaving Mikkelsen with the telltale cottony taste in his mouth, Janine with a short-lived tic below her left eye and both of them with the nagging awareness that a phasing had occurred.

At once, they did what they could to see where the alteration had been made. For the moment, they both remembered the artifacts they once had owned and how eagerly they had collected them in '21 and '22, when the craze for such things was just beginning. But there were no sales receipts in their files, and already their memories of what they had bought were becoming blurry and contradictory. There was a grouping of glittery sonic sculptures in the corner now where the artifacts had been. What change had been effected in the pattern of their past to put those things in the place of the others?

They never really were sure—there was no certain way of knowing—but Mikkelsen had a theory. The big expense he remembered for 2021 was the time-jaunt that he and Janine had taken to Aztec Mexico, just before she got pregnant with Dana. Things had been a little wobbly




*"I thought with athletes, the legs were the first thing to go."*

between the Mikkelsens back then, and the time-jaunt was supposed to be a second honeymoon. But their guide on the jaunt had been a hot little item named Elena Schmidt, who had made a very determined play for Mikkelsen and who had had him considering, for at least half an hour of lively fantasy, leaving Janine for her.

"Suppose," he said, "that on our original time track, we never went back to the Aztecs at all but put the money into the artifact collection. But then Tommy went back and maneuvered things to get us interested in time-jaunting and, at the same time, persuaded that Schmidt cookie to show an interest in me. We couldn't afford both the antiques and the trip; we opted for the trip, Elena did her little number on me, it didn't cause the split that Tommy was hoping for and now we have some gaudy memories of Montezuma's empire and no collection of early electronic devices. What do you think?"

"Makes sense," Janine said.

"Will you report him, or should I?"

"But we have no proof, Nick!"

He frowned. Proving a charge of time crime, he knew, was almost impossible, and risky besides. The very act of investigating the alleged crime could cause an even worse phase shift and scramble their pasts beyond repair. To enter the past is like poking a baseball bat into a spider web: It can't be done subtly or delicately.

"Do we just sit and wait for Tommy to figure out a way to get rid of me that really works?" Mikkelsen asked.

"We can't just confront him with suspicions, Nick."

"You did it once."

"Long ago. The risks are greater now. We have more past to lose. What if he's not responsible? What if he gets scared of being blamed for something that's just coincidence and *really* sets out to phase us? He's so damned volatile, so unstable—if he feels threatened, he's likely to do anything. He could wreck our lives entirely."

"If *he* feels threatened? What about——"

"Please, Nick. I've got a hunch Tommy won't try it again. He's had two shots and they've both failed. He'll quit it now. I'm sure he will."

Grudgingly, Mikkelsen yielded, and after a time, he stopped worrying about a third phasing. Over the next few weeks, other effects of the second phasing kept turning up, the way losses gradually make themselves known after a burglary. The same thing had happened after the first phasing. A serious attempt at altering the past could never have just one consequence; there was always a host of trivial—or not so trivial—secondary shifts, a ramifying web of transformations reaching out into any number of other lives. New chains of associations were formed in the Mikkelsens' lives as a result of the erasure of their plan to collect electronic artifacts and the substitution of a trip to pre-Columbian Mexico. People they had met on that trip now were good friends with whom they exchanged gifts, spent other holidays, shared the burdens and joys of parenthood. A certain hollowness at first marked all those newly engrafted old friendships, making them seem curiously insubstantial and marked by odd inconsistencies. But after a time, everything felt real again; everything appeared to fit.

Then the third phasing happened—the one that pushed the beginning of their marriage from August to the following February and did six or seven other troublesome little things, as they shortly discovered, to the contours of their existence.

"I'm going to talk to him," Mikkelsen said.

"Nick, don't do anything foolish."

"I don't intend to. But he's got to be made to see that this can't go on."

"Remember that he can be dangerous if he's forced into a corner," Janine said. "Don't threaten him. Don't push him."

"I'll tickle him," Mikkelsen said.

•

He met Hambleton for drinks at the Top of the Marina, Hambleton's favorite pub, swiveling at the end of a jointed stalk 1000 feet tall rising from the harbor at Balboa Lagoon. Hambleton was there when Mikkelsen came in: a small, sleek man, six inches shorter than Mikkelsen, with a slick, confident manner. He was the richest man Mikkelsen knew, gliding through life on one of the big microprocessor fortunes of two generations back, and that in itself made him faintly menacing, as though he might try simply to *buy* back, one of these days, the wife he had loved and lost a dozen years before, when all of them had been so very young.

Hambleton's overriding passion, Mikkelsen knew, was time travel. He was an inveterate jaunter—a compulsive jaunter, in fact, with that faintly hyperthyroid, goggle-eyed look that frequent travelers get. He was always either just back from a jaunt or getting his affairs in order for his next one. It was as though the only use he had for the humdrum real-time event horizon was to serve as his springboard into the past. That was odd. What was odder still was where he jaunted. Mikkelsen could understand people who went zooming off to watch the battle of Waterloo or shot a bundle on a firsthand view of the sack of Rome. If he had anything like Hambleton's money, that was what he would do. But according to Janine, Hambleton was forever going back seven weeks in time or maybe to last Christmas or, occasionally, to his 11th-birthday party. Time travel as tourism held no interest for him. Let others roam the ferny glades of the Mesozoic; he spent fortunes doubling back along his own time track and never went anywhere else. The purpose of Hambleton's time travel, it seemed, was to edit his past to make his life more perfect. He went back to eliminate every little contretemps and *faux pas*, to recover fumbles, to take advantage of the new opportunities that hindsight provides: to retouch, to correct, to emend. To Mikkelsen, that was crazy but also somehow charming. Hambleton was nothing if not charming. And Mikkelsen admired anyone who could invent his own new species of obsessive behavior instead of going in for the standard hand-washing routines or stamp collecting or sitting with your back to the wall in restaurants.

The moment Mikkelsen arrived, Hambleton punched the autobar for cocktails and said, "Splendid to see you, Mikkelsen. How's the elegant Janine?"

"Elegant."

"What a lucky man you are. The one great mistake of my life was letting that woman slip through my grasp."

"For which I remain forever grateful, Tommy. I've been working hard lately to hang on to her, too."

Hambleton's eyes widened. "Yes? Are you two having problems?"

"Not with each other. Time-track troubles. You know, we were caught in a couple of phasings last year. Pretty serious ones. Now there's been another one. We lost five months of our marriage."

"Ah, the little annoyances of——"

"Modern life," Mikkelsen said. "Yes. A very familiar phrase. But these are what I'd call frightening annoyances. I don't need to tell you, of all people, what a splendid woman Janine is, how terrifying it is to me to think of losing her in some random twitch of the time track."

"Of course. I quite understand."

"I wish I understood these phasings. They're driving us crazy. And that's what I wanted to talk to you about."

He studied Hambleton closely, searching for some trace of guilt or at least uneasiness. But Hambleton remained serene.

"How can I be of help?"

Mikkelsen said, "I thought that perhaps you, with all your vast experience in the theory and practice of time-jaunting, could give me some clue to what's causing them, so that I can head the next one off."

Hambleton shrugged elaborately. "My dear Nick, it could be anything! There's no way of reliably tracing phasing effects back to their cause. All our lives are interconnected in ways we never suspect. You say this last phasing delayed your marriage by a few months? Well, then, suppose that as a result of the phasing, you decided to take a last bachelor fling and went off for a weekend in Banff, say, and met some lovely person with whom you spent three absolutely casual and nonsignificant but delightful days, thereby preventing her from meeting someone else that weekend with whom she had fallen in love and married in the original time track. You then went home and married Janine a little later than originally scheduled and lived happily ever after; but the Banff woman's life was totally switched around, all as a consequence of the phasing that delayed your wedding. Do you see? There's never




*"Gee, I don't know . . . it was supposed to be a condominium!"*

any telling how a shift in one chain of events can cause interlocking upheavals in the lives of utter strangers."

"So I realize. But why should we be hit with three phasings in a year, each one jeopardizing the entire structure of our marriage?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Hambleton. "I suppose it's just bad luck, and bad luck always changes, don't you think? Probably you've been at the edge of some nexus of negative phases that has just about run its course." He smiled dazzlingly. "Let's hope so, anyway. Would you care for another filtered rum?"

He was smooth, Mikkelsen thought. And impervious. There was no way to slip past his defenses, and even a direct attack—an outright accusation that he was the one causing the phasings—would most likely bring into play an entirely new line of defense. Mikkelsen did not intend to risk that. A man who used time-jaunting so ruthlessly to tidy up his past was too slippery to confront. Pressed, Hambleton would simply deny everything and hasten backward to clear away any traces of his crime that might remain. In any case, making an accusation of time-crime stick was exceedingly difficult, because the crime, by definition, had to have taken place on a track that no longer existed. Mikkelsen chose to retreat. He accepted another drink from Hambleton; they talked in a desultory way for a while about phasing theory, the weather, the stock market, the excellences of the woman they both had married and the good old days of 2014 or so when they all used to hang out in dear old La Jolla, living golden lives of wondrous irresponsibility. Then he extricated himself from the conversation and headed for home in a dark and brooding mood. He had no doubt that Hambleton would strike again, perhaps quite soon. How could he be held at bay? Some sort of pre-emptive strike? Mikkelsen wondered. Some bold leap into the past that would neutralize the menace of Hambleton forever? Chancy, Mikkelsen thought. You could lose as much as you gained, sometimes, in that sort of maneuver. But perhaps it was the only hope.

He spent the next few days trying to work out a strategy. Something that would get rid of Hambleton without disrupting the frail chain of circumstance that bound his own life to that of Janine—was it possible? Mikkelsen sketched out ideas, rejected them, tried again. He began to think he saw a way.

Then, on a warm and brilliantly sunny morning, came a new phasing that struck him like a thunderbolt and left him dazed and numbed. When he finally shook away the grogginess, he found himself in a bachelor flat 90 stories above Mission Bay, a thick taste of cotton in his mouth and bewildering memories already growing thin of a lovely wife and two kids and a cat and a sweet home in mellow old Corona del Mar.

Janine? Dana? Elise? Minibelle?

Gone. All gone. He knew that he had been living in this condo since '22, after the breakup with Yvonne, and that Melanie was supposed to be dropping in about six. That much was reality. And yet another reality lingered in his mind, fading, vanishing.

So it had happened. Hambleton had really done it this time.

•

There was no time for panic or even for pain. He spent the first half hour desperately scribbling down notes, every detail of his lost life that he still remembered—phone numbers, addresses, names, descriptions. He set down whatever he could recall of his life with Janine and of the series of phasings that had led up to this one. Just as he was running dry, the telephone rang. Janine, he prayed.

But it was Gus Stark. "Listen," he began, "Donna and I got to cancel for tonight, on account of she's got a bad headache, but I hope you and Melanie aren't too disappointed, and. . . ." He paused. "Hey, guy, are you OK?"

"There's been a bad phasing," Mikkelsen said.

"Uh-oh."

"I've got to find Janine."

"Janine?"

"Janine—Carter," Mikkelsen said. "Slender, high cheekbones, dark hair—you know."

"Janine," said Stark. "Do I know a Janine? Hey, you and Melanie on the outs? I thought——"

"This has nothing to do with Melanie," said Mikkelsen.

"Janine Carter," Gus said, grinning. "You mean Tommy Hambleton's girl? The little rich guy who was part of the La Jolla crowd ten, twelve years back, when——"

"That's the one. Where do you think I'd find her now?"

"Married Hambleton, I think. Moved to the Riviera, unless I'm mistaken. Look, about tonight, Nick——"

"Screw tonight," Mikkelsen said. "Get off the phone. I'll talk to you later."

He broke the circuit and put the phone into search mode, all directories worldwide, Thomas and Janine Hambleton. While he waited, the shock and anguish of loss began at last to get to him, and he started to sweat, his hands shook, his heart raced in double time. I won't find her, he thought. He's got her hidden behind seven layers of privacy networks and it's crazy to think the phone number is listed, for Christ's sake, and——

The telephone. He hit the button. Janine calling this time.

She looked stunned and disoriented, as though she were working hard to keep her eyes in focus. "Nick?" she said faintly. "Oh, God, Nick, it's you, isn't it?"

"Where are you?"

"A villa outside Nice. In Cap d'Antibes, actually. Oh, Nick—the kids—they're gone, aren't they? Dana. Elise. They never were born; isn't that so?"

"I'm afraid it is. He really nailed us this time."

"I can still remember—just as though they were real—as though we spent ten years together. . . . Oh, Nick——"

"Tell me how to find you. I'll be on the next plane out of San Diego."

She was silent for a moment.

"No. No, Nick. What's the use? We aren't the same people we were when we were married. An hour or two more and we'll forget we ever were together."

"Janine——"

"We've got no past left, Nick. And no future."

"Let me come to you!"

"I'm Tommy's wife. My past's with him. Oh, Nick, I'm so sorry, so awfully sorry—I can still remember, a little, how it was with us, the fun, the running along the beach, the kids, the little fat calico cat—but it's all gone, isn't it? I've got my life here, you've got yours. I just wanted to tell you——"

"We can try to put it back together. You don't love Tommy. You and I belong with each other. We——"

"He's a lot different, Nick. He's not the man you remember from the La Jolla days. Kinder, more considerate, more of a human being, you know? It's been ten years, after all."

Mikkelsen closed his eyes and gripped the edge of the couch to keep from falling. "It's been two hours," he said. "Tommy phased us. He just tore up our life, and we can't ever have that part of it back, but still we can salvage something, Janine, we can rebuild, if you'll just get the hell out of that villa and——"

"I'm sorry, Nick." Her voice was tender, throaty, distant, almost unfamiliar. "Oh, God, Nick, it's such a mess. I loved you so. I'm sorry, Nick. I'm so sorry."

The screen went blank.

•

Mikkelsen had not time-jaunted in years, not since the Aztec trip, and he was amazed at what it cost now. But he was carrying the usual credit cards and evidently his credit lines were OK, because they approved his application in five minutes. He told them where he wanted to go and how he wanted to look, and for a few hundred more, the make-up man worked him over, taking that dusting of early gray out of his hair and smoothing the lines from his face and spraying him with the good old Southern California tan that you tend to lose when you're in your late 30s and spending more time in your office than on the beach. He looked at least eight years younger, close enough to pass. As long as he took care to keep from running into his own younger self while he was back there, there should be no problems.

He stepped into the cubicle and sweet-scented fog enshrouded him, and when he stepped out again, it was a mild December

day in the year 2012, with a faint hint of rain in the northern sky. Only 14 years back, and yet the world looked prehistoric to him, the clothing and the haircuts and the cars all wrong, the buildings heavy and clumsy, the advertisements floating overhead offering archaic and absurd products in blaring gaudy colors. Odd that the world of 2012 had not looked so crude to him the first time he had lived through it; but then the present never looks crude, he thought, except through the eyes of the future. He enjoyed the strangeness of it; it told him that he had really gone backward in time. It was like walking into an old movie. He felt very calm. All the pain was behind him now; he remembered nothing of the life that he had lost, only that it was important for him to take certain countermeasures against the man who had stolen something precious from him. He rented a car and drove quickly up to La Jolla. As he expected, everybody was at the beach club except for young Nick Mikkelsen, who was back in Palm Beach with his parents. Mikkelsen had put this jaunt together quickly but not without careful planning.

They were all amazed to see him—Gus, Dan, Leo, Christie, Sal, the whole crowd. How young they looked! Kids, just kids, barely into their 20s, all that hair, all that baby fat—he had never before realized how *young* you were when you were young. "Hey," Gus said, "I thought you were in Florida!"

Someone handed him a popper. Someone slipped a capsule to his ear and raucous overload music began to pound against his cheekbone. He made the rounds, grinning, hugging, explaining that Palm Beach had been a bore, that he had come back early to be with the gang. "Where's Yvonne?" he asked.

"She'll be here in a little while," Christie said.

Tommy Hambleton walked in five minutes after Mikkelsen. For one jarring instant, Mikkelsen thought that the man he saw was the Hambleton of his own time, 35 years old, but no: There were little signs, a certain lack of tension in this man's face, a certain callowness about the lips, that marked him as younger. The truth, Mikkelsen realized, was that Hambleton had *never* looked really young, that he was ageless, timeless, sleek and plump and unchanging. It would have been very satisfying to Mikkelsen to plunge a knife into that impeccably shaved throat, but murder was not his style, nor was it an ideal solution to his problem. Instead, he called Hambleton aside, bought him a drink and said quietly, "I just thought you'd like to know that Yvonne and I are breaking up."

"Really, Nick? Oh, that's so sad! I thought you two were the most solid couple here!"

"We were. We were. But it's all over, man. I'll be with someone else New Year's Eve. Don't know who, but it won't be Yvonne."

Hambleton looked solemn. "That's so sad, Nick."

"No. Not for me and not for you." Mikkelsen smiled and nudged Hambleton amiably. "Look, Tommy, it's no secret to me that you've had your eye on Yvonne for months. She knows it, too. I just wanted to let you know that I'm stepping out of the picture, I'm very gracefully withdrawing, no hard feelings at all. And if she asks my advice, I'll tell her that you're absolutely the best man she could find. I mean it, Tommy."

"That's very decent of you, old fellow. That's extraordinary!"

"I want her to be happy," Mikkelsen said.

Yvonne showed up just as night was falling. Mikkelsen had not seen her for years, and he was startled at how uninteresting she seemed, how bland, how unformed, almost adolescent. Of course, she was very pretty—close-cropped blonde hair, merry greenish-blue eyes, pert little nose—but she seemed girlish and alien to him, and he wondered how he could ever have become so involved with her. But, of course, all that was before Janine. Mikkelsen's unscheduled return from Palm Beach surprised her, but not very much, and when he took her down to the beach to tell her that he had come to realize that she was really in love with Hambleton and he was not going to make a fuss about it, she blinked and said sweetly, "In love with Tommy? Well, I suppose I *could* be—though I never actually saw it like that. But I could give it a try, couldn't I? That is, if you truly are tired of me, Nick." She didn't seem offended. She didn't seem heartbroken. She didn't seem to care much at all.

He left the club soon afterward and got an express-fax message off to his younger self in Palm Beach:

YVONNE HAS FALLEN FOR TOMMY HAMBLETON. HOWEVER UPSET YOU ARE, FOR GOD'S SAKE, GET OVER IT FAST, AND IF YOU HAPPEN TO MEET A YOUNG WOMAN NAMED JANINE CARTER, GIVE HER A CLOSE LOOK. YOU WON'T REGRET IT, BELIEVE ME. I'M IN A POSITION TO KNOW.

He signed it A FRIEND but added a little squiggle in the corner that had always been his own special signature glyph. He didn't dare go further than that. He hoped



*"We don't <u>care</u> if you're 32 years old. At this clinic, we inform the parents of anyone for whom we prescribe a contraceptive device."*

young Nick would be smart enough to figure out the score.

Not a bad hour's work, he decided. He drove back to the jauntshop in downtown San Diego and hopped back to his proper point in time.

•

There was the taste of cotton in his mouth when he emerged. So it feels that way even when you phase *yourself*, he thought. He wondered what changes he had brought about by his jaunt. As he remembered it, he had made the hop in order to phase himself back into a marriage with a woman named Janine, whom he had apparently loved quite considerably until she had been snatched away from him in a phasing. Evidently, the unphasing had not happened, because he knew he was still unmarried, with three or four regular companions—Cindy, Melanie, Elena and someone else—and none of them was named Janine. Paula, yes, that was the other one. Yet he was carrying a note, already starting to fade, that said, YOU WON'T REMEMBER ANY OF THIS, BUT YOU WERE MARRIED IN 2016 OR '17 TO THE FORMER JANINE CARTER, TOMMY HAMBLETON'S EX-WIFE, AND HOWEVER MUCH YOU MAY LIKE YOUR PRESENT LIFE, YOU WERE A LOT BETTER OFF WHEN YOU WERE WITH HER. Maybe so, Mikkelsen thought. God knows he was getting weary of the bachelor life, and now that Gus and Donna were making it legal, he was the only singleton left in the whole crowd. That was a little awkward. But he hadn't ever met anyone with whom he genuinely wanted to spend the rest of his life, or even as much as a year. So he had been married, had he, before the phasing? Janine? How strange, how unlike him.

He was home before dark. Showered, shaved, dressed, headed over to the Top of the Marina. Hambleton and Yvonne were in town, and he had agreed to meet them for drinks. Hadn't seen them for years, not since Tommy had taken over his brother's villa on the Riviera. Good old Tommy, Mikkelsen thought. Great to see him again. And Yvonne. He recalled her clearly: little snub-nosed blonde, good game of tennis, trim, compact body. He'd been pretty hot for her himself, 11 or 12 years before, back before Adrienne, before Charlene, before Georgiana, before Nedra, before Cindy, Melanie, Elena, Paula. Good to see them both again. He stepped into the sky lift and went shooting blithely up the long swivel stalk to the gilded little cupola high above the lagoon. Hambleton and Yvonne were already there.

Tommy hadn't changed much—same old smooth, slickly dressed little guy—but Mikkelsen was astonished at how time and money had altered Yvonne. She was poised, chic, sinuous, and when she spoke, there was the smallest hint of a French accent in her voice. Mikkelsen embraced them both and let himself be swept off to the bar.

"So glad I was able to find you," Hambleton said. "It's been years! Years, Nick!"

"Practically forever."

"Still going great with the women, are you?"

"More or less," Mikkelsen said. "And you? Still running back in time to wipe your nose three days ago, Tommy?"

Hambleton chuckled. "Oh, I don't do much of that anymore. Yvonne and I were to the fall of Troy last winter, but the short-hop stuff doesn't interest me these days. I. . . . Oh. How amazing!"

"What is it?" Mikkelsen asked, seeing Hambleton's gaze go past him into the darker corners of the room.

"An old friend," Hambleton said. "I'm sure it's she! Someone I once knew—briefly, glancingly. . . ." He looked toward Yvonne and said, "I met her a few months after you and I began seeing each other, love. Of course, there was nothing to it, but there could have been—there could have been. . . ." A distant, wistful look swiftly crossed Hambleton's features and was gone. His smile returned. He said, "You should meet her, Nick. If it's really she, I know she'll be just your type. How amazing! After all these years! Come with me, man!"

He seized Mikkelsen by the wrist and drew him, astounded, across the room.

"Janine?" Hambleton cried. "Janine Carter?"

She was a dark-haired woman, elegant, perhaps a year or two younger than Mikkelsen, with cool, perceptive eyes. She looked up, surprised. "Tommy? Is that you?"

"Of course, of course. That's my wife, Yvonne, over there. And this—this is one of my oldest and dearest friends, Nick Mikkelsen. Nick—Janine——"

She stared up at him. "This sounds absurd," she said. "But don't I know you from somewhere?"

Mikkelsen felt a warm flood of mysterious energy surging through him as their eyes met. "It's a long story," he said. "Let's have a drink and I'll tell you all about it."



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## THE PULITZERS OF PALM BEACH

*(continued from page 96)*

"Hid it."

"Christ! I hate this car. Goddamned useless piece of junk."

"He's put his roof lights on. Better pull over."

We stopped, the patrol car stopped and Hunter got out, holding an arm over his eyes against the glare of the headlights. I remembered that he hadn't slept in three days and was, I believed, irretrievably locked into a state of high-intensity brain jangle. He was trying to smile at the policeman, a young man in glasses, but the effect was that of a skull with a twisted leer. With luck, we would get only ten years.

"What's trouble?" Hunter said, lurching confidently toward the flashing lights. Another officer, a mournful woman with no chin and a large flashlight, got out of the police car and stood behind our rear fender, one hand on the butt of her gun.

Hunter explained that he had been driving well within the limit, that he was nearly home and that he had no *idea* why we should be pulled over and stopped. The young policeman listened with an amused grin on his face, then shook his head. "Ah, Hunter," he said. "You really ought to be more careful. I'm going to have to give you a warning."

*Hunter!* Hunter, indeed! And in a friendly tone: no ticket, no handcuffs, no warning shots in the back of the head, just a tut-tut. The shock of being simultaneously recognized and exonerated appeared to be too much for the good doctor. He seemed to lose his memory of the English language.

"*Farfl*," he said. "*Plarggen kwarp*," waving his arms about and grinning horribly at the chinless police lady. She stepped warily backward. When excited, Hunter sometimes resembles a large, powerful stick insect. Now he was gesturing wildly up and down the empty road. "*Wawa. Gunga kooblegar.*"

The policeman was still trying to smile. "Are you—*all right*, Hunter?"

"*Brargle.*"

"OK. Hey, tell you what, let the other guy drive. You go on home. Good night."

"God!" Hunter said as we pulled off the shoulder and drove sedately toward his motel. "I couldn't get my throat to work. Guy must have thought I was having some deadly spasm. Babbling like a demented Arab. It was the shock of being recognized like that. . . ."

I relate these details only in an attempt to convey the extent to which we were both preoccupied with *l'affaire* Pulitzer, which had been the topic of our conversation when we were interrupted. Hunter had formed the theory that "bestiality is the cutting edge of this trial." As the owner of six peacocks, he felt that he would be personally repelled by evidence of bestiality if it were presented in court; but he knew

# Oh, how some people wish they'd waited.




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that as a professional, he would have to record the gruesome revelations. Fortunately for all animal lovers, no such evidence was offered. The Farish question to Pete about having sex with women and dogs in the same bed seems to have been prompted by unverifiable motives. Not that this necessarily weakens the Thompson theory about the legal profession in general.

*Dr. Jose Almeida, psychiatrist, former medical officer for the Bay of Pigs invasion, Castro's prisoner for two years and witness for Roxanne, was asked, "Are you married?" and replied, "Yes, I do."*

*Judge Carl Harper, to the accountant for Roxanne's side, when he presented a bill in court for $17,868, for services rendered in the trial: "I bet they had to twist your arm to get that out of you."*

•

Roxanne's parents divorced when she was three, and her mother married a policeman, moving to Cassadaga, a town with a population of 900 and a long tradition of psychic and spiritualist activities. There Roxanne finished high school, earning money during vacations by picking grapes and cherries and graduating as a B student.

At 19, she married the son of the president of the company where she worked as a secretary to the firm's attorney. The marriage lasted four years half of which she spent at Palm Beach Junior College, where she got a degree in either liberal arts or physical education; she says now that she doesn't remember.

She was separated from her first husband during much of the marriage. She became pregnant in 1973 and had an abortion. When she met Pete, she was 24 and he was a 45-year-old divorced millionaire. She told the court about his romantic proposal, in the back seat of a limo, sipping champagne.

The wedding was in 1976. After the birth of the twins the following year, two nannies were employed so that Roxanne could be free to accompany her husband when he traveled. The nannies and the travel were his idea, she said; he wanted her to be available at all times.

"Our life was so good then," Pete said. "We would go to the ranch on the weekends. She would help me on my boat. I used to see her in blue jeans every day. She was happy; she was happy doing the things I was doing."

His lawyer asked, "Is there any circumstance under which you would ever live with her as husband and wife?"

"Never."

"When did you fall out of love?"

"I don't think it was any particular day. It was just bit by bit and now it's gone."




*Roxanne, after her husband had been questioned about adultery, incest, homosexuality, bestiality, drug smuggling, impotence and threatening to kill her and himself: "I'll always have a special love for him."*

•

Every morning at the trial, the clerk of the court wheeled in a shopping cart full of evidence. Petitions, motions, affidavits, depositions, excerpts from the transcript, the séance trumpet, tax returns, financial records and statements, court orders, subpoenas. A color snapshot showing Roxanne and an alleged lover, a tall, good-looking young man with a pompadour of black hair. They were both dressed in velvet for a Palm Beach party. There was a grainy black-and-white photo of Roxanne's Porsche next to a BMW in a condo parking lot. On the back, a date—February 7, 1982—and a note written by the private detective who had taken the picture: "TIME OF PHOTO, 8:40 A.M. NIGHT MOISTURE STILL ON BOTH CARS. CAR WAS THERE UNTIL APPROX. 11 A.M." Pete had detectives working on the case for three months. This was the only piece of their evidence that was used; the company billed him for $5000.

Dozens of witnesses testified for both sides. The ex-mate from Pete's boat said that three years ago, while still working on the boat, which was tied up at the dock behind the Pulitzer house, he had seen Roxanne, in a sheer nightgown, on her bed with Jackie Kimberly, who was naked. Roxanne's mother flew in from Cassadaga to say that Pete and Liza, his daughter from his first marriage, would lie on a couch, kissing. A nanny who testified that she had seen Roxanne in bed with the racing driver said that one of the Pulitzer twins had asked, "Is that guy still here?"

A procession of Roxanne's alleged lovers and drug dealers appeared. They denied everything: no sex, no drugs.

Pete's attorneys called Janis Nelson to testify for their side. She had once been a friend of Roxanne's, billing her regularly for psychic readings and art lessons and teaching her how to make juices.

Roxanne was asked, "Is Janis Nelson a psychic?"

"She says she is, yes. It's on her business card."

Nelson testified about Roxanne's love life after the separation from Pete in September 1981. She said she had gone over to Pete's side of the case after meditating with friends at a religious retreat in New Jersey. She went on to tell the court that Roxanne bought cocaine and slept with the dealer.

Farish had to be restrained from referring to the witness as Janis the Swami. "The Florida 'Gators have got a seven-point spread against LSU," he said. "Do you think that's a good spread?"

"Objection," said Pete's lawyer.

"Sustained," sighed Judge Harper.

*(continued overleaf)*

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| Kool Milds | 11 | 0.9 |
| Newport | 16 | 1.2 |
| Kent 100's | 14 | 1.2 |
| Winston Lights 100's | 12 | 0.9 |
| Benson & Hedges 100's | 16 | 1.1 |
| Parliament Lights 100's | 12 | 0.9 |
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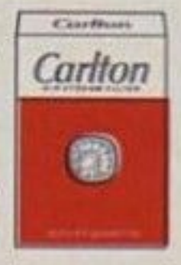



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*There's no doubt that Roxanne Pulitzer has lied in this trial. We've counted them up. There's a hundred lies.*

—PETE'S ATTORNEY, summing up

The much-maligned Jackie Kimberly was never questioned about threesomes with the Pulitzers—neither was Roxanne—but she was called to testify about her relationship with Mrs. Pulitzer.

"Have you ever been in bed naked when Roxanne Pulitzer was naked?" Pete's lawyer asked.

"You're disgusting," she snapped, closing the discussion. To reporters afterward, she said, "It's ludicrous. Pulitzer is definitely deranged and desperate for the almighty buck."

She is a radiantly beautiful young woman of 32, a former fashion model and now the wife of James Kimberly of Palm Beach, a 76-year-old heir to the Kimberly-Clark holdings. He and Pete were once friends. Kimberly came to court, one of the last witnesses to appear, a trim, elegant, white-haired man with an incongruous gold earring. He was asked if he knew Pete, and the old man glanced at him for a long moment, looked away and said, "Yes, we have met."

His wife was supposed to testify again at the end of the trial, but she didn't make it. In her place came a doctor, a stooped, cadaverous man with sunken cheeks and gray hair plastered to his skull. The doctor told the court that Mrs. Kimberly hadn't eaten or slept in four days and was completely exhausted. She needed intravenous feeding; she was nervous and upset; she was having trouble completing a train of thought; she was worn out after campaigning for her husband, who had just unexpectedly been voted out of office as port commissioner for Palm Beach.

"She's not emotionally capable of testifying," the doctor said. "She's not competent to stand in front of a judge or jury or anyone else." Yes, it was true, he admitted under questioning by an irate Robert Scott, her pulse and blood pressure were normal; he had checked them that morning. He had prescribed cough medicine for Jackie and he was going directly from the courtroom to the hospital to inject her with pentobarbital. "Something to alter the mind and its cognitive ability," the doctor said blandly, adding that his patient would probably be in bed for a week, maybe two.

Scott jumped to his feet and denounced the proceedings as a joke, a hoax and a travesty and demanded that the court rush to the hospital forthwith to take a bedside statement from Mrs. Kimberly about her relationship with Roxanne—now, before she was put to sleep. Judge Harper declined. "I'm not about to jump into my car and try to beat her to the hospital," he said. "Besides, she won't be in there forever."

That was a keen disappointment to the press corps, especially as Nelson had told the court earlier that she'd once had a two-hour telephone conversation with Mrs. Kimberly about the trial and Mrs. Kimberly had said something to the effect that she dreaded going to court because she had too much to lose.

"Didn't she refer to a part of her anatomy?" Pete's lawyer asked.

Yes, replied Nelson: "She said, 'I have to save my ass.'"

*You didn't see Jim and Jackie Kimberly? They're here somewhere.*

—FARISH, at his firm's annual barbecue, less than a week after Mrs. Kimberly's doctor had said she would be in the hospital for at least a week

The question of whether or not Pete had slept with his daughter Liza hung over the trial like a dirty black cloud and in the end just drifted away, uncorroborated, unproved. It was Roxanne who raised the issue. She said Pete had told her about it, that it had happened when Liza was much younger and that the relationship had lasted a couple of years.

"They would lie on the bed together, drinking champagne," she said. "She would sit on his lap, talking and kissing for hours. On the boat, she would sun-bathe without a top. Then they would lie together while she was naked from the waist up. That's not normal."

Liza burst into tears in court. "Roxanne said this to hurt my father. It's a disgusting lie. She tried to turn a wholesome father-daughter relationship into something dirty and disgusting." She admitted to having shared cocaine with Roxanne, then added, "She said that if I ever felt I wanted a lesbian relationship to please let her know, because she wanted to be the one I got involved with."

Pete was brought back to the witness chair for his last word on the subject. "It's a lie; it's the cruelest accusation my wife could have made." He said he had often visited his daughter's home recently and had found her crying. "I don't know the damage that lie has done to my daughter, to her kids or her husband." He leveled a shaking finger at Roxanne, who was wooden-faced. "If she has a conscience, I don't know how she can live with that for the rest of her life."

The skipper of Pete's boat was called. He rose from his chair as if to lunge at Farish when he was asked if it were true that Pete had fondled and cuddled the skipper's 14-year-old daughter. "I do not appreciate that type of questioning," he said. "There's no truth whatsoever."

At the close of the trial, three divorce lawyers were called by Farish to testify to his reputation as a divorce lawyer and to tell the court why, in their opinion, he deserved to be paid rather a lot of money. Farish said that to date, his firm had logged 836 hours and 40 minutes on the case, but there was still much more to be done and many more hours to count before it would be settled.

The three lawyers, testifying separately, explained to a fascinated courtroom that there were eight factors to consider when assessing the value of a lawyer's services and that when all of those were added up, it should mean that in the Pulitzer case, Farish's firm should be looking at a check for $250,000 or $325,000, tops.

For *their* services as expert witnesses, the three lawyers charged between $1000 and $1250. One of them was in the courtroom for almost half an hour.

Scott called in an expert-witness divorce lawyer of his own, who said the other side should get no more than $135,000.

Judge Harper rumbled something about having charged a flat rate of $300 for a divorce when he was a lawyer. "I just don't want to make this issue the highlight of the trial," he said, starting to look agitated. "I can see it's a major issue in the minds of the lawyers, but it's not in mine."

•

The Palm Beach press corps held a Pulitzer costume party after the trial. There were two or three Petes and Roxannes, a spurious drug dealer who gave away sugar in plastic wrap and a man who came as James Kimberly, with Kleenex stuffed into his ears and pinned to his clothing. A scandalous incident was alleged to have occurred in a car parked at the front door, but those accused boldly denied everything.

Before everyone went home, the veterans of the trial debated the probable verdict that Judge Harper would deliver; without exception, they believed the result would favor Pete. I disagreed. His confession of adultery with Jackie Kimberly and the consequent betrayal of her husband, Pete's friend, would, I thought, weigh heavily in Harper's deliberations. I was wrong; the judge didn't mention it.

The final judgment was a curious mixture of bad spelling—laudible, credance, affectionally and copius—and moral stricture. Judge Harper described Pete as a sportsman, "a man's man" who had throughout the marriage been faithful and loyal to his wife, while her "gross moral misconduct involved more than isolated discreet acts of adultery."

As to the value of the Pulitzer assets, Harper said a fair estimate would be in the neighborhood of $12,500,000—"a nice neighborhood, to say the least"—but that since Roxanne had destroyed the marriage, she could hardly expect to profit. Accordingly, he ordered her out of the house but allowed her to keep the Porsche and about $60,000 in jewelry, and Pete would repay $7000 that Roxanne had invested in his boat. She would receive $48,000 in alimony, spread over two years. After that, nothing: She was young and attractive; she should go out and get a job, make an honest woman of herself. The twins would go to Pete.

The homespun judge invoked many precedents in his 18-page order and may have established one of his own when he wrote, "The wife's exorbitant demands

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COURVOISIER. THE COGNAC OF NAPOLEON

shock the conscience of this court, putting the court in mind of the hit record by country-music singer Jerry Reed that laments, 'She got the gold mine, I got the shaft.'"

Farish filed a petition for a rehearing, saying that Harper's ruling constituted "a deterrent upon [the] lifestyles and conduct" of the wives and mothers of Florida and that it not only was contrary to the evidence and the law but also "ignored completely [Pete's] devious, immoral conduct throughout his entire life." Furthermore, there was a surprise, though unnamed, witness who would testify to Pete's unsuitability as a father. Farish was also a little upset because his fee had been "grossly devaluated" in the Harper order to $102,500. He then withdrew from the case and on his way out cited his own country-music statute to counter the judge's, from the legal brain of Kenny Rogers: "You've got to know when to hold 'em, / Know when to fold 'em."

Enter Marvin Mitchelson, Hollywood divorce lawyer, who told *People* magazine, "First I dump the lawyer, then I dump the judge." Roxanne, he said, had been branded as the Scarlet Woman of the South.

Old Joe Farish didn't buy that one. "She's a pawn again," he said. "Mitchelson is using her to hype himself."

And in Palm Beach, those who know about this sort of thing said they wouldn't be in the least surprised if Pete and Roxanne were reconciled. He was still madly in love with her. Hadn't they been seen holding hands at the twins' school, and weren't they, several weeks later, kissing under a Christmas tree?

*I believe that every accusation made on both sides in the Pulitzer case is the literal truth. He did it, she did it, they all did it. They should give the money to charity and sell the kids to the Arabs.*

—DR. THOMPSON, rendering his final judgment on the trial

Thompson celebrated the end of the trial by setting fire to me in the dining room of the Abandoned Motel. It's an old trick he has, filling his mouth with lighter fluid and igniting the jet when he forces it out. I was drinking coffee at the time and had seen him approach the table in the mirror on the wall, his mouth suspiciously and uncharacteristically shut. As the ball of flame lapped around my ears, I carried on drinking the coffee, a little embarrassed, as if I had drawn the kind of attention to myself that another diner might have created by throwing a plate of spaghetti across the room. An elderly couple at a nearby table broke and ran for the door, their meals unfinished.

Hunter was, by this time, in the latter stages of a week—or perhaps it was ten days—without any appreciable amount of sleep. Earlier, he had focused the beam of his Taser gun between my eyes, but since he lacked the wire-guided steel darts and the violent electrical charge the Taser needs for maximum effect, I had felt nothing but a strong sense of discomfort when it was aimed in my direction.

Now he sat at the table and ordered something nourishing: a bloody mary, black coffee and a large glass filled with Chivas and ice. "You know what this trial reminds me of?" he said.

"No, what?"

"*The Great Gatsby.*"

"Oh."

"That *was* the great American novel, you know."

"Yes, you may be right about that."

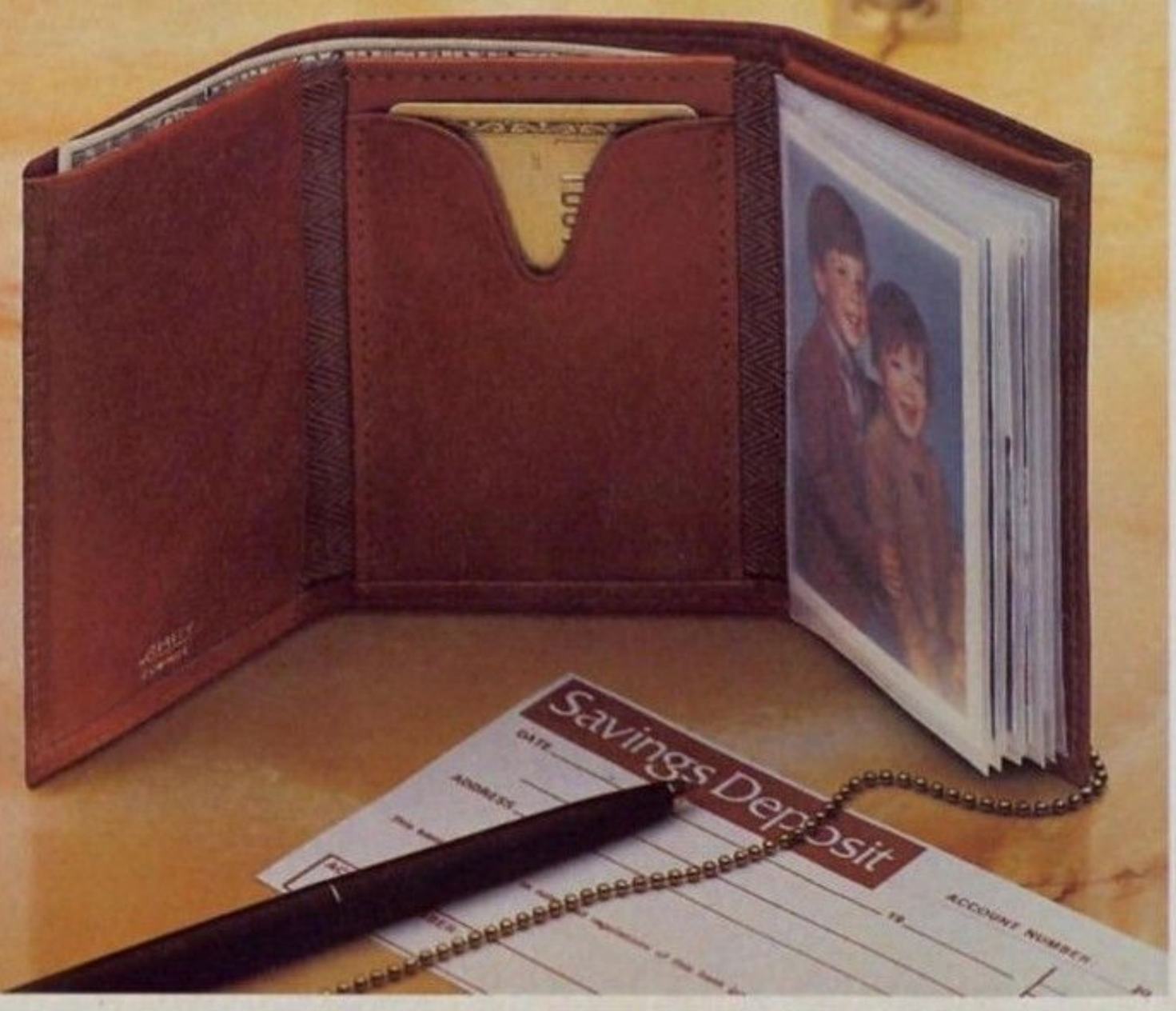
"Tom and Daisy. The carelessness of the rich. All that wreckage they left behind them. These are people who don't care. They don't know how to behave, because they've never learned how to behave. They don't *have* to know how to behave. There's a movie here."

"What would you call it?"

"*Swines at Bay.* It would need dogs and cocaine. Voodoo potions and human sacrifices. A musical with geeks and lawyers falling out of planes. Something for the family. I think I'll have the poached eggs and corned-beef hash."


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**(V21410)**

# BEYOND JEDI (continued from page 95)

*"Vader then claims to be Luke's brother, aunt, grandmother, dermatologist and bookie."*

win a suit to regain his X-wing, just in time for a big battle with the Empire.

EPISODE XIII
THE EMPIRE GETS AUDITED

The Intergalactic Taxation Commission calls the Emperor and Vader in for an audit, asking them to explain, among other things:

1. Why they had no receipts for the 2000 lunches storm troopers ate while occupying the ice planet, Hoth;

2. Where they got the depreciation schedule they used in writing off repairs to the Death Star;

3. How come Vader takes a $3500 deduction for "business wardrobe" when the Empire furnishes him his uniform free.

One crucial deduction is upheld: child-care costs Vader claimed for Darth, Jr., who had to be taken care of while Darth was away destroying planets.

EPISODE VIII
WAR OF THE JEDIS

After Yoda has his teaching credentials lifted for showing a student Jedi how to use The Force to beat the phone company on credit-card calls, Luke takes over at the Jedi academy.

His first decision: to move from the bog planet to another system—one where all men are called Harriet.

Yoda decides to reclaim his title and does so after defeating Luke in a spelling contest. To show their solidarity, Luke carries Yoda on his shoulders, singing, "He ain't heavy; he's my Jedi."

EPISODE II
A UNION IS DISSOLVED

The Wookie-Droid rebellion has been over for many years when Han Solo tells Chewbacca that he's found a new Wookie to take Chewie's place. Chewie files a palimony suit, claiming that Han had made "certain promises" during their time together.

Noted palimony lawyer Edward Bennett Kenobi takes Chewie's case and succeeds in winning custody of the Millennium Falcon. But an appeals court overturns the ruling, saying that while Han and Chewie had been close companions, they had maintained separate laser pistols.

EPISODE XIV
COLLISION ON JOMAMA

For the first time, rebel and imperial forces meet in a strictly verbal confrontation, after a group of pacifist scientists constructs a huge galactic magnet that sucks up all the weapons of both sides.

Reduced to a battle of words, Luke leads off for the rebels, calling Vader "a tired, sick old man who wears a dress on his days off."

Vader responds, "Skywalker is the galaxy's leading moron and his girlfriend is right out of *Planet of the Apes*."

The insults quickly degenerate to the level of mother mentioning, and both sides race for their ships to retrieve their conventional, less brutal tools of war.

EPISODE XVII
THE REBELS' SECRET TRICK

Luke and Han decide to take a break from the galactic fighting and join forces in opening a gift-and-novelty shop on the toy planet Whoopee below. A sneak attack by imperial forces leaves many innocent people on Whoopee dead, and Luke and Han appear to be captured, when Luke's concealed joy buzzer and Han's squirting flower render their assailants momentarily helpless, allowing the brave rebels to escape.

EPISODE XX
VADER'S LAST ASSAULT

Luke has steadfastly refused to join the dark side of The Force, even after Vader tells him that he is Luke's father. Vader now decides on a different tack and tells Luke that he is actually Luke's sister. Luke will not relent, and Vader then claims to be Luke's brother, aunt, grandmother, dermatologist and bookie. When Luke rebuffs all the claims, Vader says he was "just kidding" and insists on taking Luke to dinner.



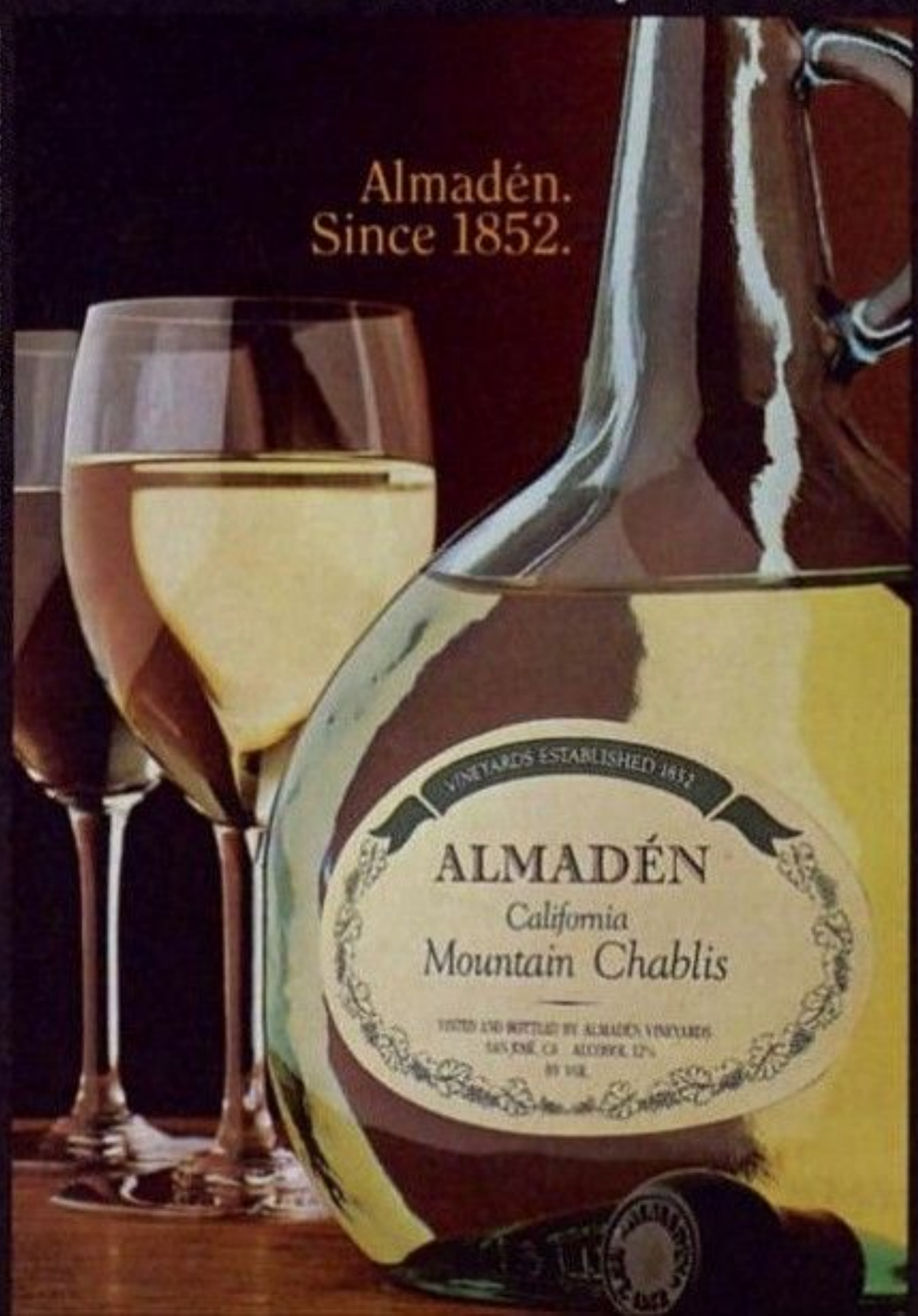

*"Objection overruled! The defendant may answer the questions concerning her previous experience with oral sex and other aberrations. . . ."*



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# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*



## COVERING ALL THE HOT SPOTS

'Tis the season to get nekkid, and nudists everywhere are sprinting to surf and strand with nary a care that Old Sol will turn their hide the color of a lobster. What's their epidermal secret? A new suntan lotion called Nudist-Tan—developed by nudies for nudies—that a company called Sunspot, P.O. Box 7216, S.S. Station, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74105, is selling for $7.95, postpaid, per six-ounce bottle. Nudist-Tan's formula, according to Sunspot, contains just enough solar screen to protect one's hide while allowing it to tan richly in all those old—and young—familiar places.

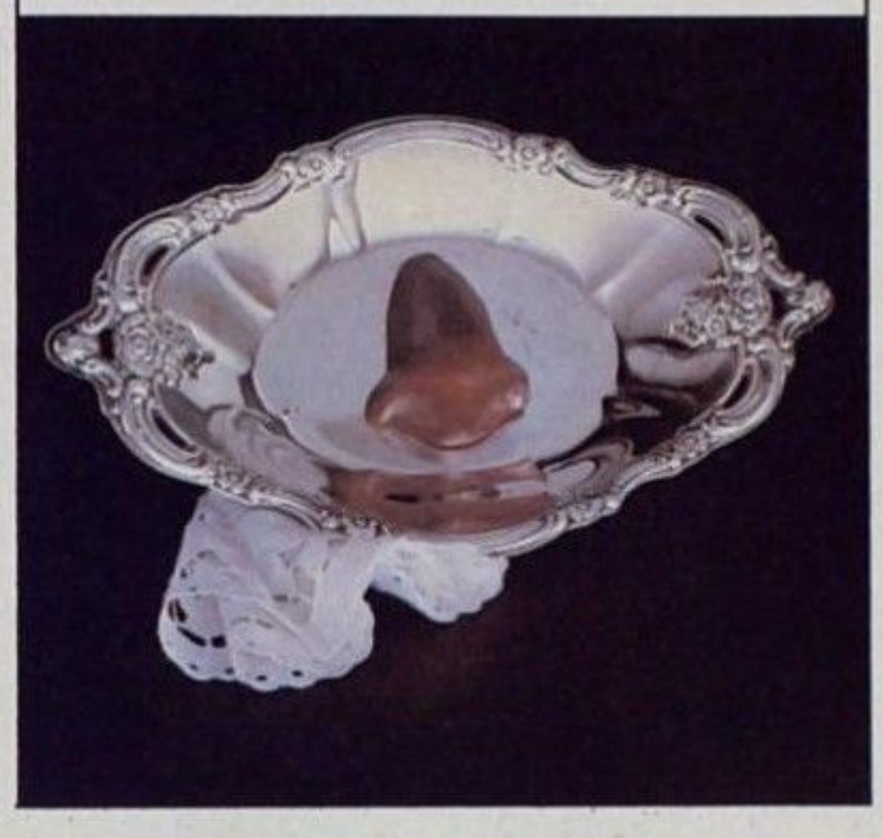


## CANINE CARRY-ON

Whether you're planning to hit the road with a traveling animal act or just tote your Pekingese or Persian along on this year's vacation, designer David Leong's airline-approved pet transport beats hauling a cage on wheels. Leong's nylon bag, which has mesh windows and a removable-platform bottom, comes in three colors (red, blue and black) and three sizes: small (for cats and pint-sized dogs), $40; medium (for terrier types), $50; and large (for spaniel types), $60 (all prices post-paid). Orders should be sent to Leong Associates Enterprises, 240 West 37th Street, New York 10018. You say your pet's a Great Dane? Stay home, fella.

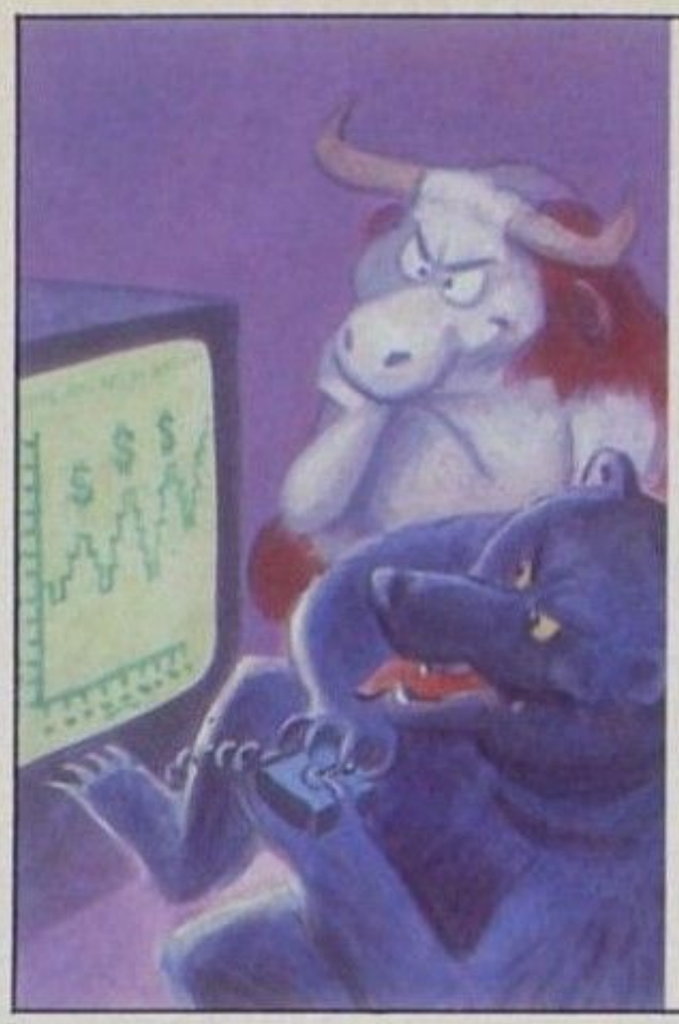
## PAYING THROUGH THE NOSE

A brownnose is a brownnose and milk chocolate is milk chocolate, and the twain have finally met in the form of a two-ounce hunk of solid milk chocolate shaped like a human nose, which Brown-Nose Chocolate, 3175 South Hoover Street, Suite 214, Los Angeles, California 90007, is selling for $5.95, postpaid. Presumably, you'd give it anyone who fit the odious category of brownnose. When ours arrived in the mail, it looked so good, we ate it ourselves.



## SONGS SUNG BLUE

Remember *No Balls at All*, *Bang Away*, *Lulu* and other feelthy ditties that used to make the fraternity-house rafters ring? They're all in *The Dirty Song Book*, 110 bawdy ballads collected by Jerry Silverman in an oversize softcover that's available from the publisher, Stein and Day, Sales Department, Scarborough House, Briarcliff Manor, New York 10510, for $11.20, postpaid. All together: "Oh, the ring-dang-doo, now what is that?"

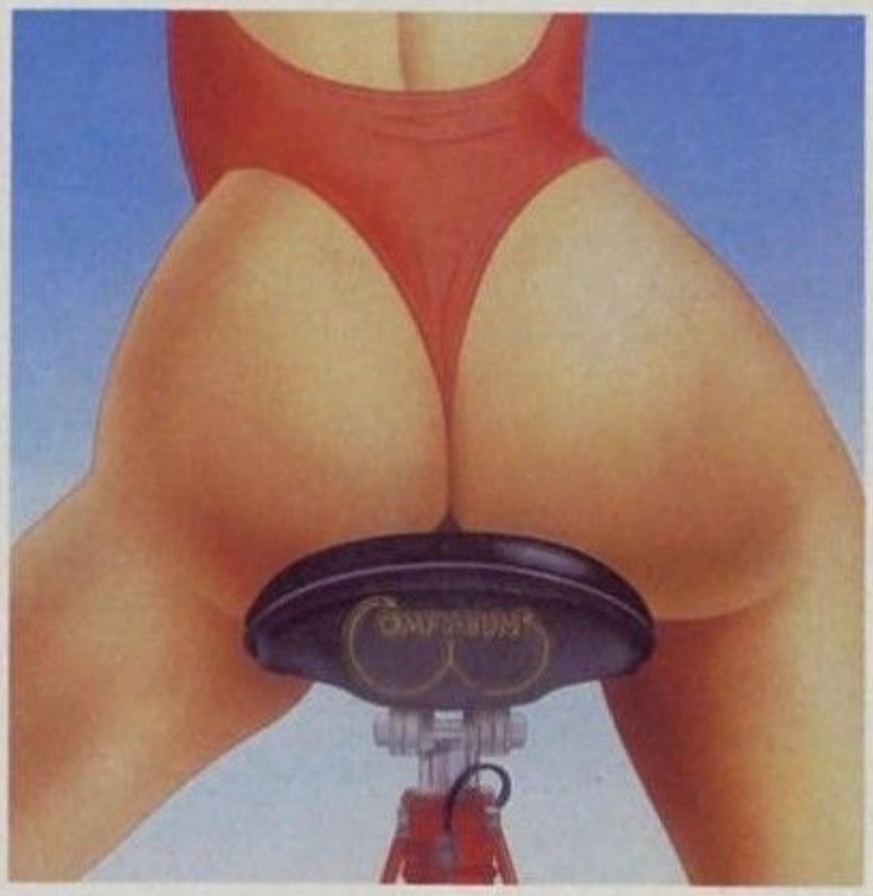


## INVESTED INTEREST

The object of the computer game Millionaire is to become a millionaire by playing an imaginary stock market in which you take options and generally wheel and deal like the Daddy Warbucks you've always wanted to be. According to Millionaire's manufacturer, Blue Chip Software, 19824 Ventura Boulevard, #125, Woodland Hills, California 91364, the game is available for Apple II with 48K RAM, $79.95, and IBM P.C. with 64K RAM, $99.95, among others. If you lose, it doesn't take a byte out of your wallet.

## BUN AMI

Your bike may float like a butterfly, but your rock-hard racing seat can sting like a bee. Riding to the rescue is Comfy-Buns, a supersoft, foam-filled black-vinyl or crushed-velvet seat cover that slips right over the one that's on your machine. The price for all this tenderness is $15.95, postpaid, sent to Comfy-Buns, 2210 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 752, Santa Monica, California 90403. Kiss your asphalt tail goodbye.




## VINTAGE ART

When you hear someone mention the art of wine, he may not necessarily be referring to what some little old wine maker poured into a bottle. Oversize museum-quality prints of 30 of California's most famous vineyard labels are available from Wine Art, Inc., P.O. Box 1164, Mill Valley, California 94941, mounted and ready to hang, for $39.50 each, postpaid. The 20" x 28" *Frog's Leap* pictured here won best of show from the American Institute of Graphic Artists in 1982. And the wine ain't bad, either.




## NEW DIMENSIONS

Those clever little elves at Tomy Corporation have been at it again: From their innovative workshops comes Sky Attack, a portable 3-D electronic game in which you control three futuristic space tanks that fire lasers at oncoming enemy attackers. And—golly whiz!—when you hit an oncoming invader, the ship disintegrates on the screen, just like in real life! This and other 3-D Tomy games are on sale at toyshops for about $35 each. Queue up before the kids do.






## TOWEL CONCESSION

If you've searched in vain for the kind of thick terrycloth towels that are handed out in the locker rooms of professional sports teams, you can relax, jocko. McArthur Sport Towels, which have been the standard locker-room issue to schools, clubs, etc., since 1885, are going public, and Équipage, 5200 Wilson Road, Suite 104, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55424, is selling them in eight-piece sets (four towels and four washcloths) for $24.95, postpaid. For $29.95, you can have the towels personalized with whatever name you choose.

## STEPHEN KING *(continued from page 82)*

*"I can't understand my own family sometimes. I won't sleep without a light on in the room."*

trace that old icy finger up and down my spine. When I'm writing, I'll never stop work if the page number is 13 or a multiple of 13; I'll just keep on typing till I get to a safe number.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you afraid of the dark?

**KING:** Of course. Isn't everybody? Actually, I can't understand my own family sometimes. I won't sleep without a light on in the room and, needless to say, I'm very careful to see that the blankets are tucked tight under my legs so I won't wake up in the middle of the night with a clammy hand clutching my ankle. But when Tabby and I were first married, it was summer and she'd be sleeping starkers and I'd be lying there with the sheets pulled up to my eyes and she'd say, "Why are you sleeping in that crazy way?" And I tried to explain that it was just safer that way, but I'm not sure she really understood. And now she's done something else I'm not very happy with: She's added this big fluffy flounce around the bottom of our double bed, which means that before you go to sleep, when you want to check what's hiding under there, you have to flip up that flounce and poke your nose right in. And it's too *close*, man; something could claw your face right off before you spotted it. But Tabby just doesn't appreciate my point of view.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever considered probing under the bed with a broom handle?

**KING:** Naw, man, that would be pussy. I mean, sometimes we have house guests staying overnight; how would it look if the next morning, they said, "Gee, we were going to the bathroom last night and we saw Steve on his hands and knees, sticking a broom handle under his bed"? It might tarnish the image. But it's not only Tabby who doesn't understand; I'm disturbed by the attitude of my kids, too. I mean, I suffer a bit from insomnia, and every night, I'll check them in their beds to see that they're still breathing, and my two oldest, Naomi and Joe, will always tell me, "Be sure to turn off the light and close the door when you leave, Daddy." Turn off the light! Close the door! How can they face it? I mean, my God, *anything* could be in their room, crouched inside their closet, coiled under their bed, just waiting to slither out, pounce on them and sink its talons into them! Those things can't stand the light, you know, but the darkness is *dangerous*! But try telling that to my kids. I hope there's nothing wrong with them. God knows, when I was their age, I just *knew* that the bogeyman was waiting for me. Maybe he still is.

**PLAYBOY:** What, besides your own imagination, scared you?

**KING:** A movie I'll certainly never forget is *Earth Vs. the Flying Saucers*, starring Hugh Marlowe, which was basically a horror flick masquerading as science fiction. It was October 1957, I'd just turned ten and I was watching it in the old Stratford Theater in downtown Stratford, Connecticut—one of those quarter-a-shot Saturday-afternoon matinees for kids. The film was pretty standard stuff, about an invasion of earth by this deadly race of aliens from a dying planet; but toward the end—just when it was reaching the good part, with Washington in flames and the final, cataclysmic interstellar battle about to be joined—the screen suddenly went dead. Well, kids started to clap and hoot, thinking the projectionist had made a mistake or the reel had broken, but then, all of a sudden, the theater lights went on full strength, which really surprised everybody, because nothing like that had ever happened before in the middle of a movie. And then the theater manager came striding down the center aisle, looking pale, and he mounted the stage and said, in a trembling voice, "I want to tell you that the Russians have put a space satellite into orbit around earth. They call it Sputnik." Or *Spoot*nik, as he pronounced it.

There was a long, hushed pause as this crowd of Fifties kids in cuffed jeans, with crewcuts or ducktails or ponytails, struggled to absorb all that; and then, suddenly, one voice, near tears but also charged with terrible anger, shrilled through the stunned silence: "Oh, go show the movie, you liar!" And after a few minutes, the film came back on, but I just sat there, frozen to my seat, because I knew the manager wasn't lying.

That was a terrifying knowledge for a member of that entire generation of war babies brought up on *Captain Video* and *Terry and the Pirates* and *Combat Casey* comic books, reared smug in the myth of America's military invincibility and moral supremacy, convinced we were the good guys and God was with us all the way. I immediately made the connection between the film we were seeing and the fact that the Russians had a space satellite circling the heavens, loaded, for all I knew, with H-bombs to rain down on our unsuspecting heads. And at that moment, the fears of fictional horror vividly intersected with the reality of potential nuclear holocaust; a transition from fantasy to a real world suddenly became far more ominous and threatening. And as I sat there, the film concluded with the voices of the malignant invading saucerians echoing from the screen in a final threat: "Look to your skies. . . . A warning will come from your skies. . . . Look to your skies. . . ." I still find it impossible to convey, even to my own kids, how terribly frightened and alone and depressed I felt at that moment.

**PLAYBOY:** Kids do, as you say, have active imaginations, but wasn't yours unhealthily overheated?

**KING:** I think most kids share some of my morbid preoccupations, and there's probably something missing in those who don't. It's all a matter of degree, I guess. An active imagination has always been part of the baggage I've carried with me, and when you're a kid, it can sometimes exact a pretty grueling toll. But many of the fears I had to learn to cope with had nothing to do with the supernatural. They stemmed from the same day-to-day anxieties and insecurities a lot of children have to come to terms with. For example, when I was growing up, I'd think a lot of what would happen if my mother died and I were left an orphan. Now, a kid with relatively little imagination, the kind with a great future in computer programming or the chamber of commerce, will say to himself, "So what, she's not dead, she's not even sick, so forget it." But with the kind of imagination I had, you couldn't switch off the images once you'd triggered them, so I'd see my mother laid out in a white-silk-lined mahogany coffin with brass handles, her dead face blank and waxen; I'd hear the organ dirges in the background; and then I'd see myself being dragged off to some Dickensian workhouse by a terrible old lady in black.

But what really scared me most about the prospect of my mother's death was not being shipped off to some institution, rough as that would have been, but I was afraid it would drive me crazy.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have any doubts about your sanity?

**KING:** I didn't trust it, that's for sure. One of my big fears as I was growing up was that I was going to go insane, particularly after I saw that harrowing film *The Snake Pit*, with Olivia de Havilland, on TV. There were all those lunatics in a state mental institution tormenting themselves with their delusions and psychoses and being tormented, in turn, by their sadistic keepers, and I had very little trouble imagining myself in their midst. In the years since, I've learned what a tough, resilient organ the human brain is and how much psychic hammering it can withstand, but in those days, I was sure that you just went crazy all at once; you'd be walking down the street and—*pffft!*—you'd suddenly think you were a chicken or start chopping up the neighborhood kids with garden shears. So, for a long time, I was very much afraid of going nuts.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there any history of insanity in your family?

**KING:** Oh, we had a ripe crop of eccentrics, to say the least, on my father's side. I can recall my aunt Betty, who my mother always said was a schizophrenic and who

*Across the fields of yesterday*
*he sometimes comes to me*
*a little child just back from play*
*the child I used to be.*

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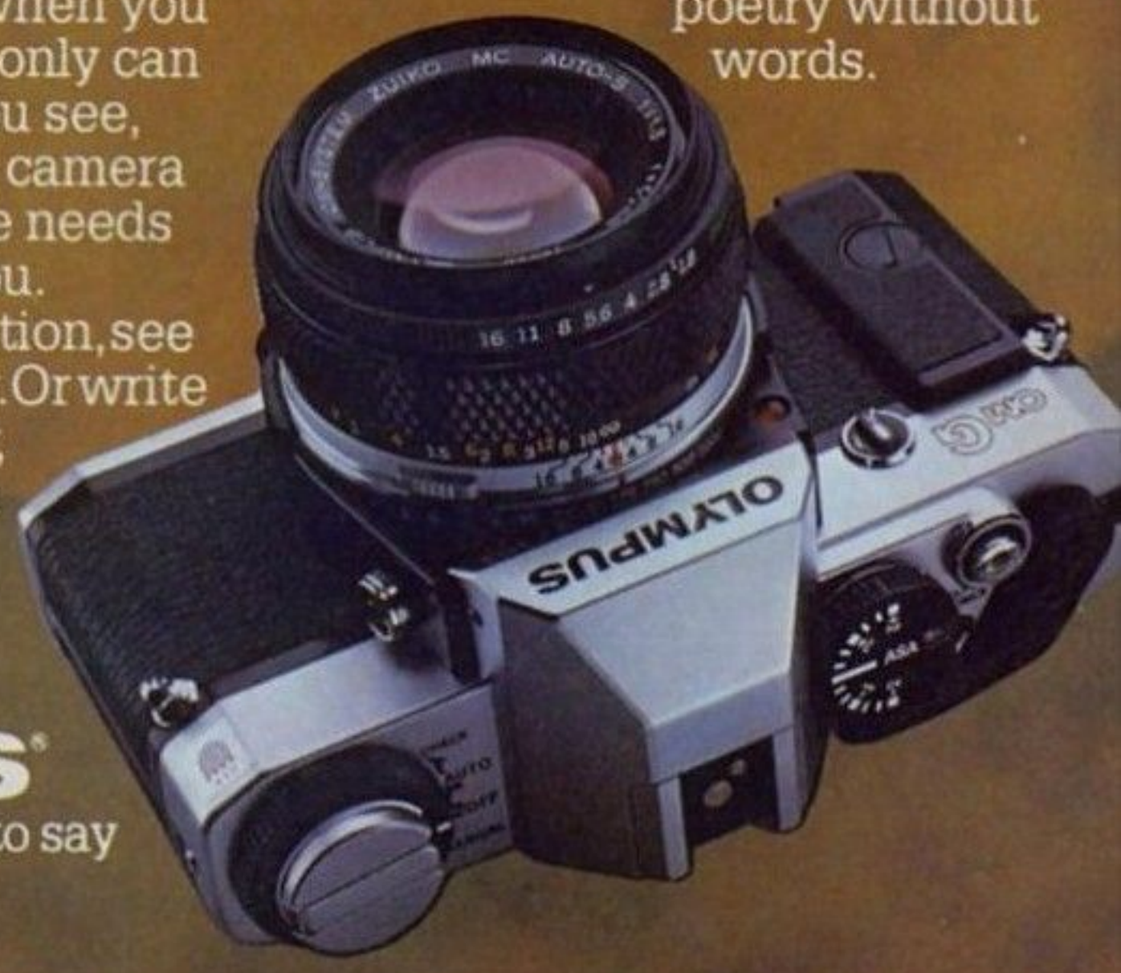
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apparently ended her life in a loony bin. Then there was my father's mother, Granny Spansky, whom David and I got to know when we were living in the Middle West. She was a big, heavy-set woman who alternately fascinated and repelled me. I can still see her cackling like an old witch through toothless gums while she'd fry an entire loaf of bread in bacon drippings on an antique range and then gobble it down, chortling, "My, that's *crisp*!"

**PLAYBOY:** What other fears haunted you in your childhood?

**KING:** Well, I was terrified and fascinated by death—death in general and my own in particular—probably as a result of listening to all those radio shows as a kid and watching some pretty violent TV shows, such as *Peter Gunn* and *Highway Patrol*, in which death came cheap and fast. I was absolutely convinced that I'd never live to reach 20. I envisioned myself walking home one night along a dark, deserted street and somebody or something would jump out of the bushes and that would be it. So death as a concept and the people who dealt out death intrigued me. I remember I compiled an entire scrapbook on Charlie Starkweather, the Fifties mass murderer who cut a bloody swath through the Midwest with his girlfriend. God, I had a hard time hiding that from my mother. Starkweather killed nine or ten people in cold blood, and I used to clip and paste every news item I could find on him, and then I'd sit trying to unravel the inner horror behind that ordinary face. I knew I was looking at big-time sociopathic evil, not the neat little Agatha Christie–style villain but something wilder and darker and unchained. I wavered between attraction and repulsion, maybe because I realized the face in the photograph could be my own.

**PLAYBOY:** Once again, those aren't the musings of your typical little leaguer. Weren't you worried even then that there might be something abnormal about your obsession?

**KING:** Obsession is too strong a word. It was more like trying to figure out a puzzle, because I wanted to know why somebody could do the things Starkweather did. I suppose I wanted to decipher the unspeakable, just as people try to make sense out of Auschwitz or Jonestown. I certainly didn't find evil seductive in any sick way—that would be pathological—but I did find it compelling. And I think most people do, or the bookstores wouldn't still be filled with biographies of Adolf Hitler more than 35 years after World War Two. The fascination of the abomination, as Conrad called it.

**PLAYBOY:** Have the fears and insecurities that plagued you in childhood persisted into adult life?

**KING:** Some of the old faithful night sweats are still with me, such as my fear of darkness, but some of the others I've just exchanged for a new set. I mean, you just can't stick with yesterday's fears forever, right? Let's see, now, updated phobias. OK, I have a fear of choking, maybe because the night my mother died of cancer—practically the same minute, actually—my son had a terrible choking fit in his bed at home. He was turning blue when Tabby finally forced out the obstruction. And I can see that happening to me at the dinner table, and everybody panics and forgets the Heimlich maneuver and I'm polished off by half a Big Mac. What else? I don't like bugs in general, though I came to terms with the 30 thousand cockroaches George Romero's roach wranglers imported from Costa Rica for a segment of our film *Creepshow*. But I just can't take spiders! No way—particularly those big hairy ones that look like furry basketballs with legs, the ones that are hiding inside a bunch of bananas, waiting to jump out at you. Jesus, those things petrify me.

**PLAYBOY:** Since you've mentioned *Creepshow*, which you wrote and starred in, this may be the time to ask you why it bombed so badly at the box office.

**KING:** We don't know that it did, because the gross receipts from around the country aren't all in and tabulated yet. It had a fantastic first couple of weeks and since then has done badly in some places and quite well in others. But I think the critical drubbing it got might have driven some adults away, though a lot of teenagers have flocked to see the film. I expected bad reviews, of course, because *Creepshow* is based on the horror-comic-book traditions of the Fifties, not a send-up at all but a re-creation. And if the mainstream critics had understood and appreciated that, I'd have known right off that we'd failed miserably in what we were trying to do. Of course, a few big-name critics, such as Rex Reed, did love the film, but that's because they were brought up on those comics and remember them with affection.

**PLAYBOY:** Even Reed was less than overwhelmed by the bravura of your performance, writing, "King looks and acts exactly like an overweight Li'l Abner." Unjust?

**KING:** No, right on the mark, because that's the kind of local yokel I was supposed to be depicting, and Romero told me to play it "as broad as a freeway." Of course, my wife claims it was perfect typecasting, but I'll just let that one pass.

**PLAYBOY:** Back to what still petrifies you—besides bombing at the box office. What's your darkest fear today?

**KING:** I guess that one of my children will die. I don't think I could handle that. There are a lot of other things, too: the fear that something will go wrong with my marriage; that the world will blunder into war; shit, I'm not even happy about entropy. But those are all wolf-hour thoughts, the ones that come when you can't sleep and you're tossing and turning and it becomes quite possible to convince yourself that you have cancer or a brain tumor or, if you're sleeping on your left side and can hear your heart pounding, that you're on the verge of a fatal coronary. And sometimes, particularly if you're overworked, you can lie there in the dark and imagine that you hear something downstairs. And then, if you really strain, you can hear noises coming *up* the stairs. And then, Jesus, *they're here*, they're in the bedroom! All those dark night thoughts, you know—the stuff that pleasant dreams are made of.

**PLAYBOY:** You've mentioned your insomnia, and throughout this interview, you've been popping Excedrin like jelly beans. Do you also suffer from persistent headaches?

**KING:** Yes, I have very bad ones. They come and go, but when they hit, they're rough. Excedrin helps, but when they're really out of control, all I can do is go upstairs and lie in the dark till they go away. Sooner or later, they do, all at once, and I can function again. From what I've read in the medical literature, they're not traditional migraines but "stressaches" that hit me at points of tension or overwork.

**PLAYBOY:** You consume even more beer than Excedrin; and you've revealed that you once had a drinking problem. Do you smoke grass as well?

**KING:** No, I prefer hard drugs. Or I used to, anyway; I haven't done anything heavy in years. Grass doesn't give me a particularly great high; I'll get a little giggly, but I always feel ill afterward. But I was in college during the late Sixties. Even at the University of Maine, it was no big deal to get hold of drugs. I did a lot of LSD and peyote and mescaline, more than 60 trips in all. I'd never proselytize for acid or any other hallucinogen, because there are good-trip personalities and bad-trip personalities, and the latter category of people can be seriously damaged emotionally. If you've got the wrong physiological or mental make-up, dropping acid can be like playing Russian roulette with a loaded .45 automatic. But I've got to say that for me, the results were generally beneficial. I never had a trip that I didn't come out of feeling as though I'd had a brain purgative; it was sort of like a psychic dump truck emptying all the accumulated garbage out of my head. And at that particular time, I needed that kind of mental enema.

**PLAYBOY:** Did your experience with hallucinogens have any effect on your writing later on?

**KING:** None at all. Acid is just a chemical illusion, a game you play with your brain. It's totally meaningless in terms of a genuine expansion of consciousness. So I've never bought the argument of Aldous Huxley that hallucinogens open the doors to perception. That's mystical self-indulgence, the kind of bullshit Timothy Leary used to preach.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you afraid of writer's block?

**KING:** Yes, it's one of my greatest fears. You know, earlier, we were discussing my childhood fear of death, but that's something with which I've pretty much come to terms. I mean, I can comprehend both

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intellectually and emotionally that a day will come when I'll have terminal lung cancer or I'll be climbing a flight of stairs and suddenly feel an icy pain run down my arm before the hammer stroke hits the left side of my chest and I topple down the stairs dead. I'd feel a little surprised, a little regretful, but I'd also know that it was something I'd courted a long time and it had finally decided to marry me. On the other hand, the one thing I cannot comprehend or come to terms with is just drying up as a writer.

Writing is necessary for my sanity. As a writer, I can externalize my fears and insecurities and night terrors on paper, which is what people pay shrinks a small fortune to do. In my case, they pay *me* for psychoanalyzing myself in print. And in the process, I'm able to "write myself sane," as that fine poet Anne Sexton put it. It's an old technique of therapists', you know: Get the patient to write out his demons. A Freudian exorcism. But all the violent energies I have—and there are a lot of them—I can vomit out onto paper. All the rage and hate and frustration, all that's dangerous and sick and foul within me, I'm able to spew into my work. There are guys in padded cells all around the world who aren't so lucky.

**PLAYBOY:** Where do you think you'd be today without your writing talent?

**KING:** It's hard to say. Maybe I'd be a mildly embittered high school English teacher going through the motions till the day I could collect my pension and fade away into the twilight years. On the other hand, I might very well have ended up there in the Texas tower with Charlie Whitman, working out my demons with a high-powered telescopic rifle instead of a word processor. I mean, I *know* that guy Whitman. My writing has kept me out of that tower.

**PLAYBOY:** You've been candid in discussing your innermost fears and insecurities, but one area we haven't touched upon is the sexual. Do you have any hang-ups there?

**KING:** Well, I think I have pretty normal sexual appetites, whatever the word normal means in these swinging times. I mean, I'm not into sheep or enemas or multiple amputees or marshmallow worship or whatever the latest fad is. God, I was walking through a porn shop recently and saw a glossy magazine with a guy on the cover vomiting all over a naked girl. I mean, *chacun à son goût* and all that, but *yucchhh!* I'm not into the sadomasochism trip, either, on which your competitor *Penthouse* has built an entire empire. Hell, you can shoot a photo spread of a nude girl in a diamond-studded dog collar being dragged around on a leash by a guy in leather and jack boots, and despite all the artistic gloss and the gauzy lens and the pastel colors, it's still sleaze; it still reeks corruptingly of concentration-camp porn. There's a range of sexual variations that turn me on, but I'm afraid they're all boringly unkinky.

**PLAYBOY:** So there are no bogeymen hiding in your libido?

**KING:** No, not in that sense. The only sexual problem I've had was more functional. Some years ago, I suffered from periodic impotence, and that's no fun, believe me.

**PLAYBOY:** What brought it on?

**KING:** Well, I'm really not good enough at clinical introspection to say for sure. It wasn't a persistent problem. Drinking was partially responsible, I guess—what the English call the old brewer's droop. Henry Fielding points out that too much drink will cause a dulling of the sexual appetite in a dull man, so if that's the case, I'm dull, because if I knock them down too fast, I'm just too drunk to fuck. Booze may whet the desire, but it sure louses up the performance. Of course, part of it has to be psychological, because the surest way I know for a guy to become impotent is to say, "Oh, Christ, what if I'm impotent?" Fortunately, I haven't had any trouble with it for quite a while now. Oh, shit, why did I get onto this subject? Now I'll start thinking about it again!

**PLAYBOY:** Have you found that your sex appeal has increased along with your bank balance and celebrity status?

**KING:** Yeah, there are a lot of women who want to fuck fame or power or whatever it is. The entire groupie syndrome. Sometimes, the idea of an anonymous fuck *is* sort of appealing; you know, some gal comes up to you at an autograph signing in a bookstore and says, "Let's go to my place," and you're leaving town the next morning and part of you is tempted to say, "Yeah, let's; we'll pour Wesson Oil over each other and really screw our eyes out." But it's better not to start down that slippery slope—no reference to the Wesson Oil intended—and I haven't. My marriage is too important to me, and anyway, so much of my energy goes into writing that I don't really need to fool around.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you always been faithful to your wife?

**KING:** Yes, old-fashioned as it may sound, I have been. I know that's what you'd expect somebody to say in print, but it's still true. I'd never risk my wife's affection for some one-night stand. I'm too grateful for the unremitting commitment that she's made to me and the help she's given me in living and working the way I want to. She's a rose with thorns, too, and I've pricked myself on them many times in the past, so apart from anything else, I wouldn't *dare* cheat on her!

**PLAYBOY:** Did you feel at all threatened when your wife began to pursue her own writing career and published her first novel, *Small World?*

**KING:** I sure did. I felt jealous as hell. My reaction was like a little kid's: I felt like saying, "Hey, these are *my* toys; you can't play with them." But that soon changed to pride when I read the final manuscript and found she'd turned out a damned fine piece of work. I knew she had it in her, because Tabby was a good poet and short-story writer when we started dating, in my senior year at college, and she'd already won several prizes for her work. So I was able to come to terms with that childish possessiveness pretty quickly. Now, the first time she outsells me, that may be another story!

**PLAYBOY:** Why is explicit sex so conspicuously absent from your work? Are you uncomfortable with it?

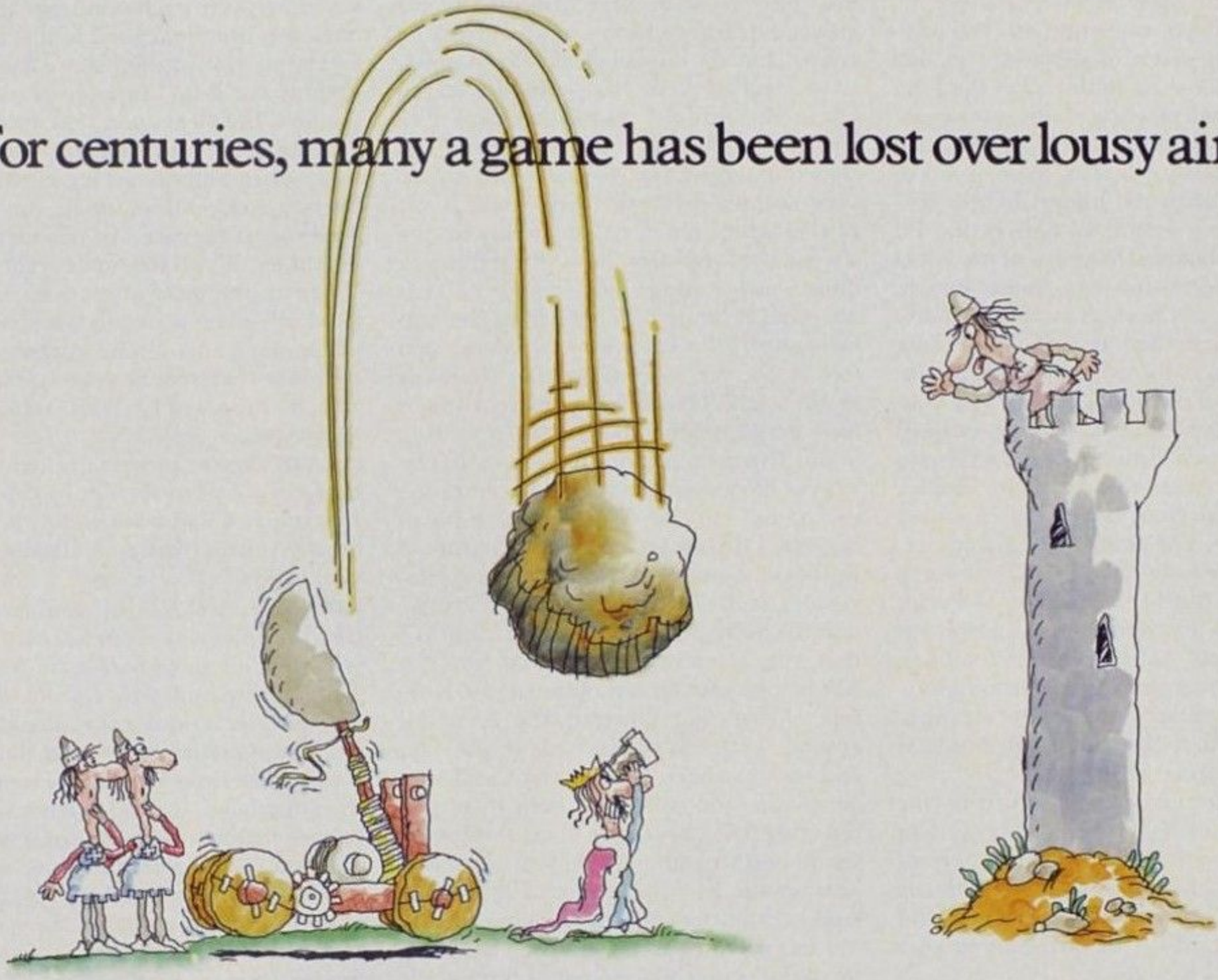
**KING:** Well, Peter Straub says, "Stevie hasn't discovered sex," and I try to dispute him by pointing to my three kids, but I don't think he's convinced. Actually, I probably am uncomfortable with it, but that discomfort stems from a more general problem I have with creating believable romantic relationships. Without such strong relationships to build on, it's tough to create sexual scenes that have credibility and impact or advance the plot, and I'd just be dragging sex in arbitrarily and perfunctorily—you know, "Oh, hell, two chapters without a fuck scene; better slap one together." There is some explicit sex in *Cujo* and in my *novella Apt Pupil* in *Different Seasons*, in which the teenager, seduced by Nazi evil, fantasizes about killing a girl as he rapes her, electrocuting her slowly and savoring every spasm and scream until he coordinates his orgasm with her death throes. That was consonant with the kid's twisted character but about as far as I could ever go in the direction of S/M, because after a point, my mental circuit breakers just trip over.

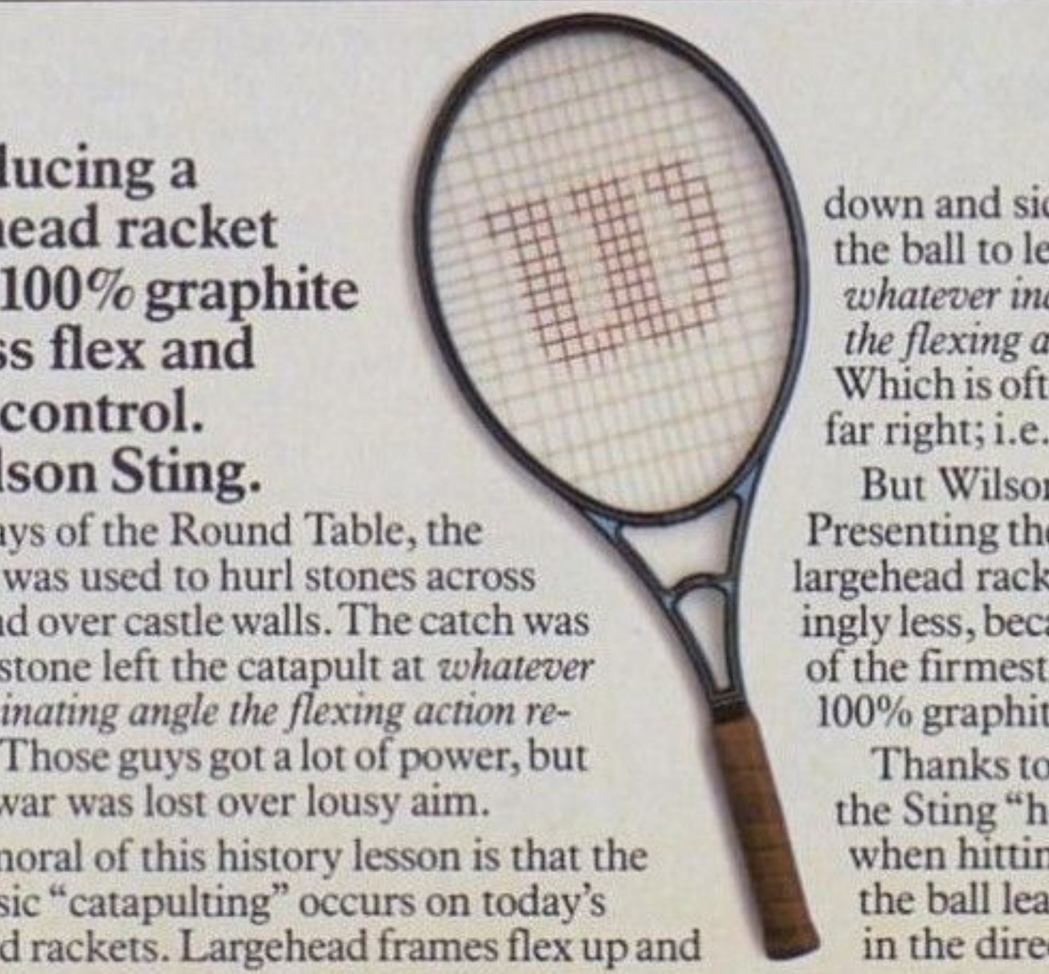
**PLAYBOY:** Along with your difficulty in describing sexual scenes, you apparently also have a problem with women in your books. Critic Chelsea Quinn Yarbro wrote, "It is disheartening when a writer with so much talent and strength and vision is not able to develop a believable woman character between the ages of 17 and 60." Is that a fair criticism?

**KING:** Yes, unfortunately, I think it is probably the most justifiable of all those leveled at me. In fact, I'd extend her criticism to include my handling of black characters. Both Hallorann, the cook in *The Shining*, and Mother Abagail in *The Stand* are cardboard caricatures of superblack heroes, viewed through rose-tinted glasses of white-liberal guilt. And when I think I'm free of the charge that most male American writers depict women as either nebbishes or bitch-goddess destroyers, I create someone like Carrie—who starts out as a nebbish victim and then *becomes* a bitch goddess, destroying an entire town in an explosion of hormonal rage. I recognize the problems but can't yet rectify them.

**PLAYBOY:** Your work is also criticized for being overly derivative. In *Fear Itself*, a recent collection of critical essays on your novels, author Don Herron contends that "King seems content to rework well-worn material. . . . Rarely in King's stories are there supernatural creations that do not at least suggest earlier work in the genre [and] usually they are borrowed outright." Would you contest the point?

For centuries, many a game has been lost over lousy aim.





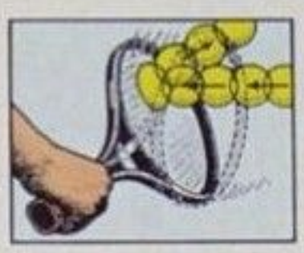
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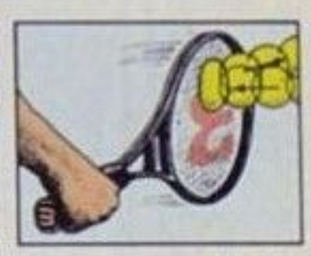
The moral of this history lesson is that the same basic "catapulting" occurs on today's largehead rackets. Largehead frames flex up and down and side to side, causing the ball to leave the racket at *whatever indiscriminating angle the flexing action releases it*. Which is often too far left or too far right; i.e., out of court.

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**KING:** No, I'd concede it freely. I've never considered myself a blazingly original writer in the sense of conceiving totally new and fresh plot ideas. Of course, in both genre and mainstream fiction, there aren't really too many of those left, anyway, and most writers are essentially reworking a few basic themes, whether it's the angst-ridden introspection and tiresome identity crises of the aesthetes, the sexual and domestic problems of the John Updike school of cock contemplators or the traditional formulas of mystery and horror and science fiction. What I try to do—and on occasion, I hope, I succeed—is to pour new wine from old bottles. I'd never deny, though, that most of my books have been derivative to some extent, though a few of the short stories are fairly *sui generis*, and *Cujo* and *The Dead Zone* are both basically original conceptions. But *Carrie*, for example, derived to a considerable extent from a terrible grade-B movie called *The Brain from Planet Arous*; *The Shining* was influenced by Shirley Jackson's marvelous novel *The Haunting of Hill House*; *The Stand* owes a considerable debt to both George R. Stewart's *Earth Abides* and M. P. Shiel's *The Purple Cloud*; and *Firestarter* has numerous science-fictional antecedents. *'Salem's Lot*, of course, was inspired by and bears a fully intentional similarity to the great classic of the field, Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. I've never made any secret of that.

**PLAYBOY:** You also seem intrigued by the phenomenon of Nazism and have written about it at length in both *Different Seasons* and *The Dead Zone*, which deals with the rise to power of an American Hitler and the desperate efforts of one man to stop him before it's too late.

**KING:** Well, the nature of evil is a natural preoccupation for any horror writer, and Nazism is probably the most dramatic incarnation of that evil. After all, what was the holocaust but the almost literal recreation of hell on earth, an assembly-line inferno replete with fiery furnaces and human demons pitchforking the dead into lime pits? Millions have also died in the *gulag* and in such places as Cambodia, of course, but the crimes of the Communists have resulted from the perversion of an essentially rational and Apollonian 19th Century philosophy, while Nazism was something new and twisted and, by its very nature, perverted. But when it exploded onto the German scene in the Twenties, I can see how it exercised a dangerously compelling appeal. That werewolf in us is never far from the surface, and Hitler knew how to unleash and feed it. So, yes, if I had been in Germany in the early Thirties, I suppose I might have been attracted to Nazism.

But I've got a pretty sure feeling that by 1935 or 1936, even before the concentration camps and the mass murders got going in earnest, I'd have recognized the nature of the beast, in myself as well as in the ideology, and would have gotten out. Of course, unless you're actually in a situation like that, you never know how you'd respond. But you can see echoes of the mad Dionysian engine that powered the Nazis all around you. I'm a big rock-'n'-roll fan, and rock has been an important influence on my life and work, but even there you can sometimes hear that beast rattling its chains and struggling to get loose. Nothing so dramatic as Altamont, either; just the kind of wild, frenzied mob emotions that can be generated when you get a couple of thousand people blasted out of their skulls on sound and dope in an auditorium.

I love Bruce Springsteen, and recently, my wife and I were at one of his concerts in Toronto, where he suddenly started pumping his arm straight out from his chest with a clenched fist, like a Fascist salute, and all the screaming fans in the audience followed suit, and for a discordant moment, we felt we were in Nuremberg. And there's obviously not the faintest hint of fascism or racism or violent nihilism in Springsteen, such as you'll find in some of the English punkers, but all at once, that mass hysteria you can get at rock concerts had coalesced into a dark and disturbing apparition. Of course, good, strong rock can evoke a powerhouse of emotional reaction, because by nature, it's go-for-broke stuff; it's anarchistic in the most attractive sense of the word; it's all about living fast, dying young and making a handsome corpse. And horror is like that, too. Both go for the jugular, and if they work, both evoke primal archetypes.

**PLAYBOY:** You're universally identified as a horror writer; but shouldn't such books as *The Stand*, which is essentially a futuristic disaster novel, really be classified as science fiction?

**KING:** Yes, technically, you're right. In fact, the only books of mine that I consider pure unadulterated horror are *'Salem's Lot*, *The Shining* and now *Christine*, because they all offer no rational explanation at all for the supernatural events that occur. *Carrie*, *The Dead Zone* and *Firestarter*, on the other hand, are much more within the science-fiction tradition, since they deal with the psionic wild talents we talked about before. *The Stand* actually has a foot in both camps, because in the second half of the book, the part that depicts the confrontation between the forces of darkness and the forces of light, there is a strong supernatural element. And *Cujo* is neither horror nor science fiction, though it is, I hope, *horrifying*. It's not always easy to categorize these things, of course, but basically, I do consider myself a horror writer, because I *love* to frighten people. Just as Garfield says "Lasagna is my life," I can say, in all truth, that horror is mine. I'd write the stuff even if I weren't paid for it, because I don't think there's anything sweeter on God's green earth than scaring the living shit out of people.

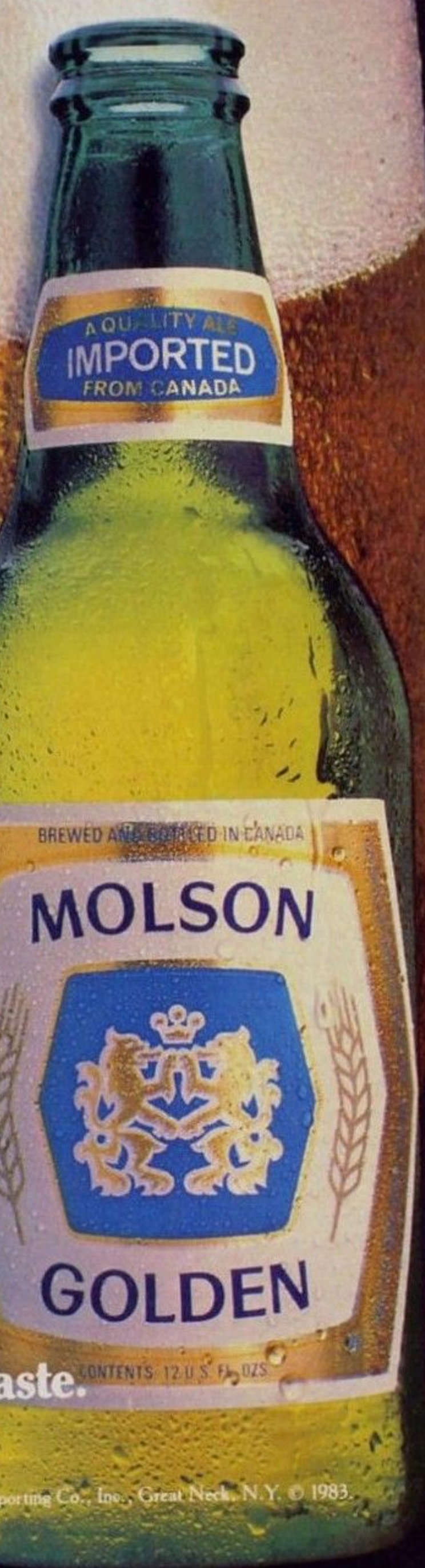
**PLAYBOY:** How far will you go to get the desired effect?

**KING:** As far as I have to, until the reader becomes convinced that he's in the hands of a genuine, gibbering, certifiable homicidal maniac. The genre exists on three basic levels, separate but interdependent and each one a little bit cruder than the one before. There's terror on top, the finest emotion any writer can induce; then horror; and, on the very lowest level of all, the gag instinct of revulsion. Naturally, I'll try to terrify you first, and if that doesn't work, I'll try to horrify you, and if I can't make it there, I'll try to gross you out. I'm not proud; I'll give you a sandwich squirming with bugs or shove your hand




*"What did you forget, dear?"*

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into the maggot-churning innards of a long-dead woodchuck. I'll do *anything* it takes; I'll go to any lengths, I'll geek a rat if I have to—I've geeked plenty of them in my time. After all, as Oscar Wilde said, nothing succeeds like excess. So if somebody wakes up screaming because of what I wrote, I'm delighted. If he merely tosses his cookies, it's still a victory but on a lesser scale. I suppose the ultimate triumph would be to have somebody drop dead of a heart attack, literally scared to death. I'd say, "Gee, that's a shame," and I'd mean it, but part of me would be thinking, Jesus, that really *worked!*

**PLAYBOY:** Is there anywhere you'd draw the line—at necrophilia, say, or cannibalism or infanticide?

**KING:** I really can't think of any subject I wouldn't write about, though there are some things I probably *couldn't* handle. There *is* an infanticide scene in *'Salem's Lot*, in which the vampire sacrifices a baby, but it's only alluded to, not described in any detail, which I think heightens the obscenity of the act. As far as cannibalism goes, I have written a story about a kind of cannibalism. It's called *Survivor Type* and deals with a surgeon who's in a shipwreck and is washed up on a tiny, barren coral atoll in the South Pacific. To keep alive, he's forced to eat himself, one piece at a time. He records everything meticulously in his diary, and after amputating his foot, he writes, "I did everything according to Hoyle. I washed it before I ate it." People claim I've become such a brand name that I could sell my laundry list, but *nobody* would touch that story with a ten-foot pole, and it gathered dust in my file cabinet for five years before it was finally included in a recent anthology. I will admit that I've written some awful things, terrible things that have really bothered me. I'm thinking now mainly of my forthcoming book *Pet Sematary*, and one particular scene in which a father exhumes his dead son. It's a few days after the boy has been killed in a traffic accident, and as the father sits in the deserted graveyard, cradling his son in his arms and weeping, the gas-bloated corpse explodes with disgusting belches and farts—a truly ghastly sound and smell that have been described to me in grim detail by mortuary workers and graveyard attendants. And that scene still bothers me, because as I wrote it—in fact, it almost wrote itself; my typewriter raced like automatic writing—I could see that graveyard and I could hear those awful sounds and smell that awful smell. I still can. *Brrrr!* It was because of that kind of scene that Tabby didn't want me to publish the book.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever censored your own work because something was just too disgusting to publish?

**KING:** No. If I can get it down on paper without puking all over the word processor, then as far as I'm concerned, it's fit to see the light of day. I thought I'd made it clear that I'm not squeamish. I have no illusions about the horror genre, remember. It may be perfectly true that we're expanding the borders of wonder and nurturing a sense of awe about the mysteries of the universe and all that bullshit. But despite all the talk you'll hear from writers in this genre about horror's providing a socially and psychologically useful catharsis for people's fears and aggressions, the brutal fact of the matter is that we're still in the business of selling public executions.

Anyway, though I wouldn't censor myself, I *was* censored once. In the first draft of *'Salem's Lot*, I had a scene in which Jimmy Cody, the local doctor, is devoured in a boardinghouse basement by a horde of rats summoned from the town dump by the leader of the vampires. They swarm all over him like a writhing, furry carpet, biting and clawing, and when he tries to scream a warning to his companion upstairs, one of them scurries into his open mouth and squirms there as it gnaws out his tongue. I loved the scene, but my editor made it clear that *no way* would Doubleday publish something like that, and I came around eventually and impaled poor Jimmy on knives. But, shit, it just wasn't the same.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you ever worried about a mentally unstable reader's emulating your fictional violence in real life?

**KING:** Sure I am; it bothers me a lot, and I'd just be whistling past the graveyard if I said it didn't. And I'm afraid it might already have happened. In Florida last year, there was a homosexual-murder case in which a famous nutritionist known as the Junk-Food Doctor was killed in a particularly grisly way, tortured and then slowly suffocated while the murderers sat around eating fast food and watching him die. Afterward, they scrawled the word REDRUM, or murder spelled backward, on the walls, and, of course, that's a word I used in *The Shining*. Not only should the dumb bastards be fried or at least put away for life but they should be sued for plagiarism, too!

There were two other cases in a similar vein. In Boston in 1977, a woman was killed by a young man who butchered her with a variety of kitchen implements, and the police speculated that he'd imitated the scene in the film version of *Carrie* in which Carrie kills her mother by literally nailing her to the kitchen wall with everything from a corkscrew to a potato peeler. And in Baltimore in 1980, a woman reading a book at a bus stop was the victim of an attempted mugging. She promptly whipped out a concealed knife and stabbed her assailant to death, and when reporters asked her afterward what she'd been reading, she proudly held up a copy of *The Stand*, which does not exactly exhort the good guys to turn the other cheek when the bad guys close in. So maybe there is a copycat syndrome at work here, as with the Tylenol poisonings.

But, on the other hand, those people would all be dead even if I'd never written a word. The murderers would still have murdered. So I think we should resist the tendency to kill the messenger for the message. Evil is basically stupid and unimaginative and doesn't need creative inspiration from me or anybody else. But despite knowing all that rationally, I have to admit that it is unsettling to feel that I could be linked in any way, however tenuous, to somebody else's murder. So if I sound defensive, it's because I am.

**PLAYBOY:** In a review of your work in *The New Republic*, novelist Michele Slung suggested that the grisly nature of your subject matter may lead some critics to underestimate your literary talents. According to Slung, "King has not been taken very seriously, if at all, by the critical establishment. . . . [His] real stigma—the reason he is not perceived as being in competition with *real* writers—is that he has chosen to write about . . . things that go bump in the night." Do you think the critics have treated you unfairly?

**KING:** No, not in general. Most reviewers around the country have been kind to me, so I have no complaints on that score. But she has a point when she touches on the propensity of a small but influential element of the literary establishment to ghettoize horror and fantasy and instantly relegate them beyond the pale of so-called serious literature. I'm sure those critics' 19th Century precursors would have contemptuously dismissed Poe as the great American hack.

But the problem goes beyond my particular genre. That little elite, which is clustered in the literary magazines and book-review sections of influential newspapers and magazines on both coasts, assumes that *all* popular literature must also, by definition, be bad literature. Those criticisms are not really against *bad* writing, they're against an entire *type* of writing. *My* type of writing, as it turns out. Those avatars of high culture hold it almost as an article of religious faith that plot and story must be subordinated to style, whereas my deeply held conviction is that story *must* be paramount, because it defines the entire work of fiction. All other considerations are secondary—theme, mood, even characterization and language itself.

**PLAYBOY:** *Time* magazine, hardly a highbrow bastion, has condemned you as a master of "postliterate prose," and *The Village Voice* published a scathing attack illustrated by a caricature of you as a gross, bearded pig smirking over bags of money while a rat crunched adoringly on your shoulder. The *Voice* said, "If you value wit, intelligence or insight, even if you're willing to settle for the slightest hint of good writing, all King's books are dismissable."

**KING:** There's a political element in that *Voice* attack. You see, I view the world with what is essentially an old-fashioned frontier vision. I believe that people can master their own destiny and confront and

overcome tremendous odds. I'm convinced that there exist absolute values of good and evil warring for supremacy in this universe—which is, of course, a basically religious viewpoint. And—what damns me even more in the eyes of the "enlightened" *cognoscenti*—I also believe that the traditional values of family, fidelity and personal honor have not all drowned and dissolved in the trendy California hot tub of the "me" generation. That puts me at odds with what is essentially an urban and liberal sensibility that equates all change with progress and wants to destroy all conventions, in literature as well as in society. But I view that kind of cultural radical chic about as benignly as Tom Wolfe did its earlier political manifestations, and *The Village Voice*, as a standard-bearer of left-liberal values, quite astutely detected that I was in some sense the enemy. People like me really do irritate people like them, you know. In effect, they're saying, "What right do you have to entertain people? This is a serious world with a lot of serious problems. Let's sit around and pick scabs; *that's* art."

The thrust of the criticism in the *Time* piece was a bit different. It basically attacked me for relying on imagery drawn from the movies and television, contending that that was somehow demeaning to literature and perhaps even heralded its imminent demise. But the fact is, I'm writing about a generation of people who have grown up under the influence of the icons of American popular culture, from Hollywood to McDonald's, and it would be ridiculous to pretend that such people sit around contemplating Proust all day. The *Time* critic should have addressed his complaint to Henry James, who observed 80 years ago that "a good ghost story must be connected at a hundred different points with the common objects of life."

**PLAYBOY:** John D. MacDonald, a big fan of yours, has predicted that "Stephen King is not going to restrict himself to his present field of interest." Is he right? And if so, where will you go in the future?

**KING:** Well, I've written so-called mainstream stories and even novels in the past, though the novels were pretty early, amateurish stuff. I'll write about anything that strikes my fancy, whether it's werewolves or baseball. Some people seem convinced that I see horror as nothing more than a formula for commercial success, a money machine whose handle I'm going to keep pulling for the rest of my life, while others suspect that the minute my bank balance reaches the right critical mass, I'm going to put all that childish nonsense behind me and try to write this generation's answer to *Brideshead Revisited*. But the fact is that money really has nothing to do with it one way or the other. I love writing the things I write, and I wouldn't and *couldn't* do anything else.

My kind of storytelling is in a long and time-honored tradition, dating back to the ancient Greek bards and the medieval minnesingers. In a way, people like me are the modern equivalent of the old Welsh sin eater, the wandering bard who would be called to the house when somebody was on his deathbed. The family would feed him their best food and drink, because while he was eating, he was also consuming all the sins of the dying person, so at the moment of death, his soul would fly to heaven untarnished, washed clean. And the sin eaters did that year after year, and everybody knew that while they'd die with full bellies, they were headed straight for hell.

So in that sense, I and my fellow horror writers are absorbing and defusing all your fears and anxieties and insecurities and taking them upon ourselves. We're sitting in the darkness beyond the flickering warmth of your fire, cackling into our caldrons and spinning out our spider webs of words, all the time sucking the sickness from your minds and spewing it out into the night.

**PLAYBOY:** You indicated earlier that you're a superstitious person. Do you ever fear that things are going just *too* well for you and that suddenly, some malign cosmic force is going to snatch it all away?

**KING:** I don't fear it, I *know* it. There's no way some disaster or illness or other cataclysmic affliction isn't already lurking in wait for me just down the road. Things never get better, you know; they only get worse. And as John Irving has pointed out, we are rewarded only moderately for being good, but our transgressions are penalized with absurd severity. I mean, take something petty, such as smoking. What a small pleasure that is: You settle down with a good book and a beer after dinner and fire up a cigarette and have a pleasantly relaxed ten minutes, and you're not hurting anybody else, at least so long as you don't blow your smoke in his face. But what punishment does God inflict for that trifling peccadillo? *Lung cancer, heart attack, stroke!* And if you're a woman and you smoke while you're pregnant, He'll make sure that you deliver a nice, healthy, dribbling baby Mongoloid. Come on, God, where's Your sense of proportion? But Job asked the same question 3000 years ago, and Jehovah roared back from the whirlwind, "So where were you when I made the world?" In other words, "Shut up, fuck face, and take what I give you." And that's the only answer we'll ever get, so I know things are going to go bad. I just *know* it.

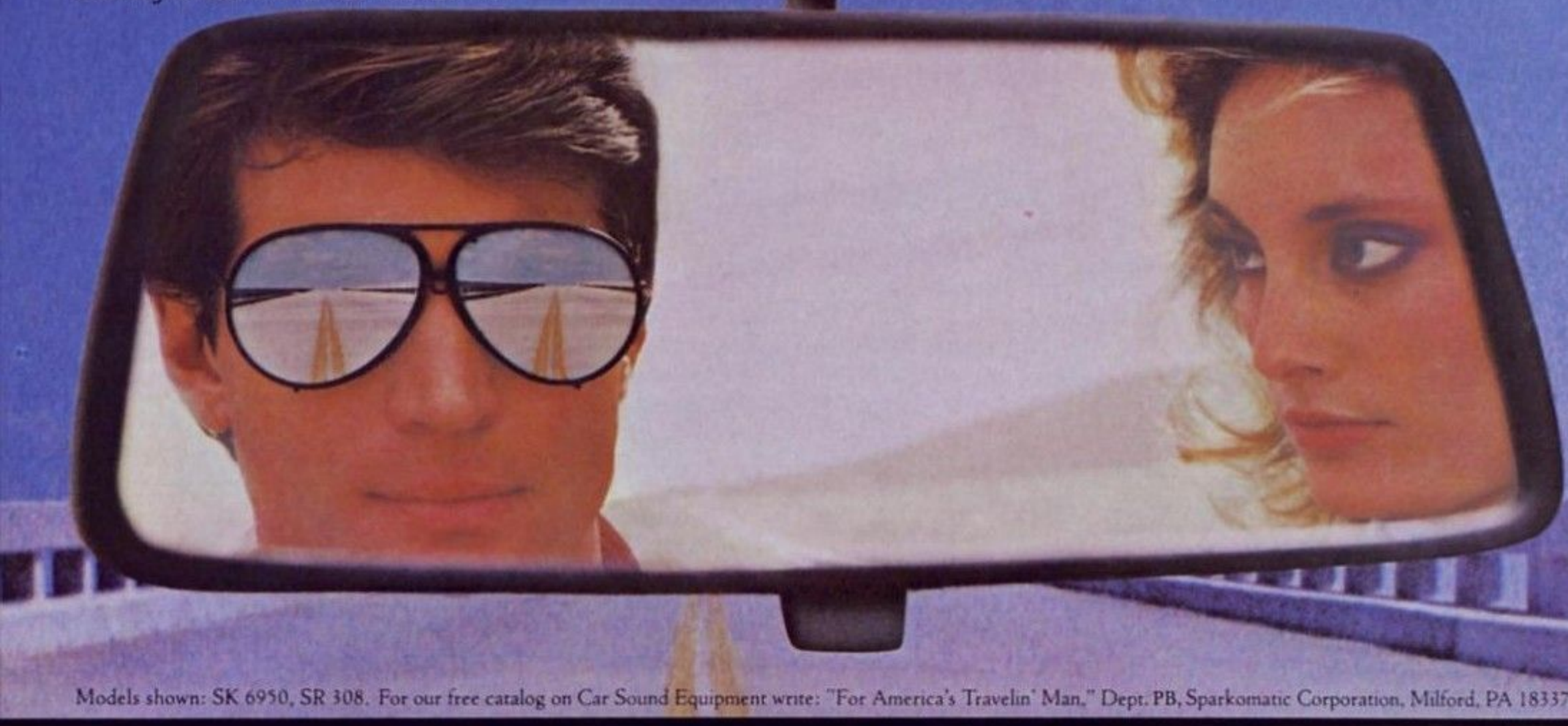
**PLAYBOY:** With anyone else, this final question would be a cliché. With you, it seems just right: What epitaph would you like on your gravestone?

**KING:** In my *novella The Breathing Method*, in *Different Seasons*, I've created a mysterious private club in an old brownstone on East 35th Street in Manhattan, in which an oddly matched group of men gathers periodically to trade tales of the uncanny. And there are many rooms upstairs, and when a new guest asks the exact number, the strange old butler tells him, "I don't know, sir, but you could get lost up there." That men's club really is a metaphor for the entire storytelling process. There are as many stories in me as there are rooms in that house, and I can easily lose myself in them. And at the club, whenever a tale is about to be told, a toast is raised first, echoing the words engraved on the keystone of the massive fireplace in the library: IT IS THE TALE, NOT HE WHO TELLS IT. That's been a good guide to me in life, and I think it would make a good epitaph for my tombstone. Just that and no name.



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*"There's water for a month, food for three weeks, but another week of you and I'm done for."*

# POET IN MOTION (continued from page 108)

*"'The Germans have a bad reputation. They can't be so proud of Germany as you can of America.'"*

working in Los Angeles, she hopes eventually to make her mark on the other side of the camera.

"I'll probably be going back to Munich, to the acting school there, before very long, but I do hope I get a chance to meet the right people in L.A. on this trip." (She pronounces it *Ella*y—even faster than the people who live there.) "I still have in mind that I want to act, and the opportunities for that are in L.A. Also, the whole thing with Christian is a reason to stay here for a while. We're still friends, but I don't particularly want to hear his music again and again on the radio. It's on all the time over there."

She stares into her glass for a moment, then smiles. "I will tell you one bad thing about America, as much as I like it, if you want to hear." Her English is slightly inflected; it's one of five languages she speaks. She sounds like the sweet German governesses you used to find in British movies. "I would like to stay in the U.S., but I don't accept the American mentality completely—especially the behavior of some of the men."

Oh-oh. Here comes the bad news.

"In comparison with European men, I find Americans less charming. Less well mannered. They could be more gentlemanly to their women. I think they should work on that."

There you have it, gentlemen. If you're ever on your way to an evening out with a beautiful young European woman, stop at the florist's first.

Jolanda grew up in Switzerland. She has spent most of her adult life in Munich and Berlin, where tension between East and West is more a way of life than of politics. She thinks it's refreshing that most Americans seem unconcerned with international policies. Still, she thinks we could be more aware of what goes on in modern western Europe, rather than think only of swastikas and blitzkriegs.

"I live in Germany, so I'll speak about Germany. Switzerland is something else altogether," she says. "The Germans still have a bad reputation that goes back through two World Wars. They try very hard to make up for that. They really cannot be so proud of Germany as you can be of America. There is always tension between the East and the West, and the people are very aware of that. I have written some poems about it. Maybe I'll give you one of them sometime."

After dinner, she smiles at everyone in or around the restaurant and heads back for more test shooting. Only one in 1000 prospective Playmates ever gets to take on the name of a month, but in this case, the test seems like a formality.

•

Spring in Berlin: Bopping all over the world's last fortress city, Jolanda delightedly shows off one of her home towns. She leans back, tight-T-shirted, for a shot of the East-controlled Brandenburg Gate in the Berlin Wall, one of the city's most imposing monuments. She flashes her equestrian skills on a jumping course outside the city (only a mile from hostile territory), then leads her horse to water in the Havel River. She checks out Checkpoint Charlie, pointing a threatening finger at the soldiers who man the other side of the iron curtain.

Through ten days of shooting, she's consistently effervescent, plainly proud of the city and clearly happy that the tests are over and the real thing has begun.

"All of my work with your magazine has been worth it," she says. "I met some beautiful people—Melinda Mays, Miss February 1983, is one of my favorites—and I'm sure when I go back to America, it will all be very helpful. I wanted to live in L.A. even before I met PLAYBOY, but I think this may be what makes it possible. I will be pleased when the magazine comes out with my gatefold, but for me, that's really second salt—it's not the most important thing. The people are what count the most. Still, I am proud to be in the centerfold. Who can do that? Not every girl."

Being back near the U.S.S.R. must call up all those tensions that come from living in a city between two worlds. She doesn't talk much about that, but before long, we have the promised poem in hand. She says she calls it *Eternity of Love* and seems just a touch embarrassed by its romanticism.

*The day the doom will catch us all,*
*I want to spend the end with you.*
*Fame, money, power, the walls of majesty will fall,*
*But we are equal creatures, through and through.*
*Brotherhood among the nations will come too late,*
*But for us two, love withholds the terror of destruction.*
*Hand in hand, possessing each the other's soul,*
*We'll overcome the fate.*
*A last beat of life; the world will stop production;*
*But we will have proved, in this last moment of eternity,*
*What life was meant for.*
*Through passion and through pain, we both discovered an identity.*
*We are still together, though the world exists no more.*



*"It's called herpes. It's going around."*

# "I couldn't live without her, so I gave her a big incentive to stick around."



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# DEBRA WINGER

(continued from page 123)

*"It's take-out food tonight, because I want to spend time with friends and not have it end up in print."*

humor. It's very funny. But sometimes, it can also be very sad.

**8.**

PLAYBOY: You used to be a stand-up comedienne. What's your favorite Jewish-American-princess joke?

WINGER: My favorite clean one is, What's a Jewish-American princess' ideal home? Thirteen rooms; no kitchen, no bedroom. You want a racy one? Why do Jewish-American princesses wear gold-plated diaphragms? They like men who come into money. I'm the queen of Jewish-American-princess jokes.

**9.**

PLAYBOY: Did your parents support your early decision to act, or were you supposed to marry a nice doctor or lawyer?

WINGER: My parents never put that on me. They'd like me to marry a nice Jewish director. No, no. They just want me to be happy. At first, they weren't entirely supportive of my career; but in their shoes, I wouldn't have been, either. It looked bleak at first. It was as if I were jumping off a nice, warm ship into the freezing-cold water. But I learned how to swim and I found the Bahamas. When I got there, they were happy for me. Now they're finding out that there are storms in the Bahamas and it's not always going to be so nice. That's my metaphor.

**10.**

PLAYBOY: Your new film, *Mike's Murder*, written and directed by James Bridges, who also directed *Urban Cowboy*, has some moments of blood and gore. What are your thoughts about film violence?

WINGER: *Mike's Murder* is a psychological drama that works backward from a death and is seen entirely through my character's eyes. The death is an event that *might* have been violent. But by the time we get to that violent act, we discover that the true violence was the violence in my imagination when I saw the bloody room and worked backward. Sometimes, the things we imagine are far more violent than what we will ever experience in our daily lives. Most violent films go wrong because they don't make that point clear.

**11.**

PLAYBOY: Does the same thing apply to sexual fantasies?

WINGER: Not quite. We can actually live out those fantasies—and I define the word as imagination rather than hope for some event to come true—without violence, unless you're into S/M or hurting someone. I don't find that my imagination stops me from doing anything sexually. However, the fantasy itself can be so satisfying that I will just enjoy it for what it is. A fantasy is like having a secret with myself, which I love. Sometimes, I let the secrets simmer for a few years, or months or days; sometimes, only hours. Sometimes, I try them out and am real surprised at how great they are. I am also careful to differentiate between fantasy and reality, so that I don't feel bad about my life's never living up to my imagination. Otherwise, I'd be caught in a never-ending search for Mr. Right, and it would be sad to be 45 or 50 years old and realize that while I'd lived out a lot of stuff, I still didn't have the kid, family and home I wanted.

**12.**

PLAYBOY: Given the option, would you rather your boyfriend or husband not be famous?

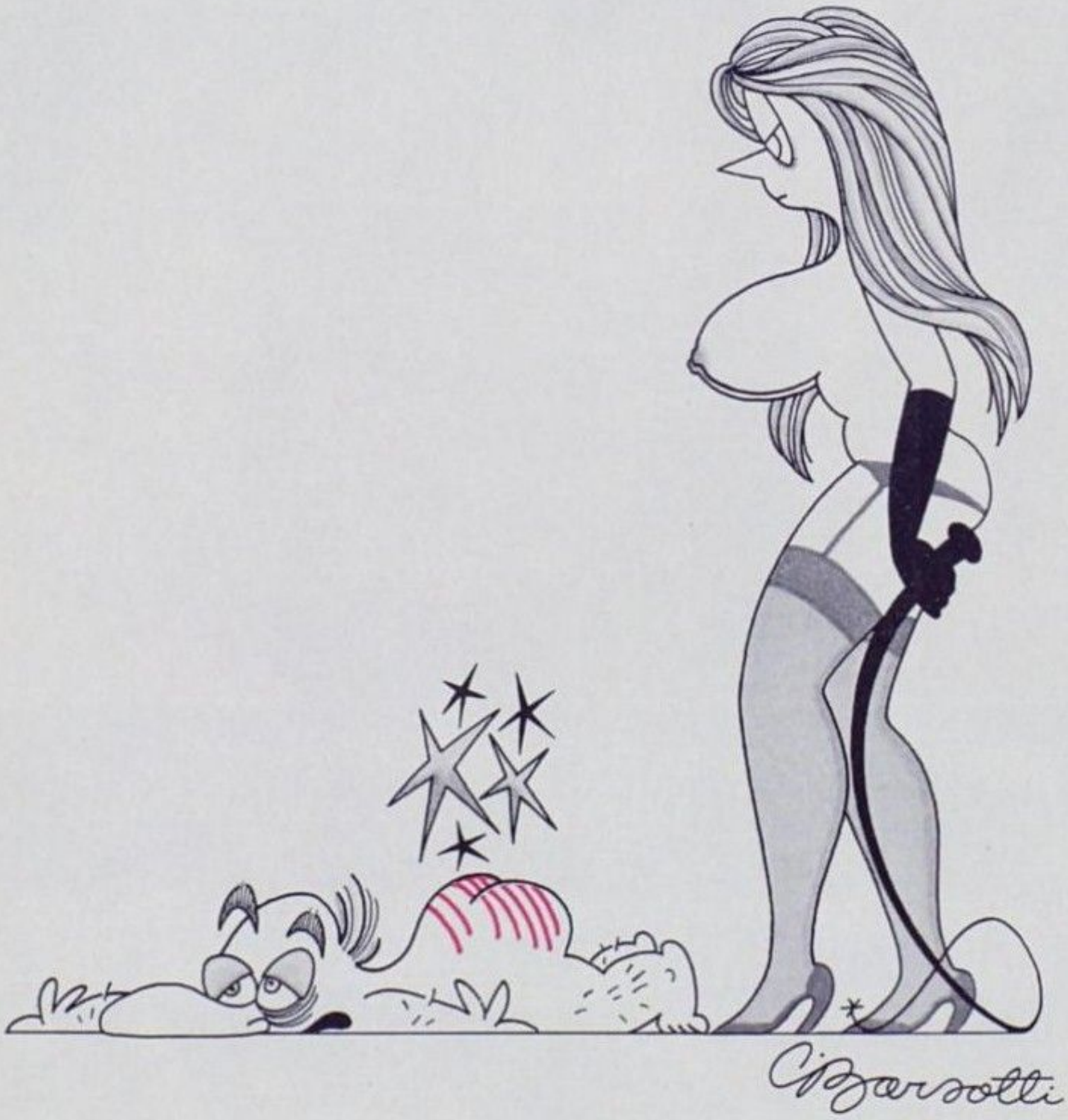
WINGER: If I were to look at it that way, I would have to also think about myself being one or the other. And since I don't, and since my private life is private, I don't have any problems with it. But I don't have a thing about never dating directors or actors.

On the other hand, I have certain friends—actors who have to remain nameless—whom I won't go out with in public because of how the press would treat it. I'll talk with them on the phone or visit them at home, but in public, it becomes a *thing*. To the press, it becomes the only relationship in your life. That's a real precarious situation. So I'm the take-out queen. It's take-out food tonight, because I want to spend time with friends and not have it end up in print.

**13.**

PLAYBOY: What kind of guy has a chance with you? Under what circumstances do you say yes?

WINGER: My dog, Pete, does pretty well. Sense of humor keeps flashing in my mind. I'm just addicted to laughter. My basic purpose for being on this earth is to have a good time. When I'm not having that good time, I tend to run. I don't run as much as I used to, but that doesn't mean I believe in *working* at a relationship. If you're working out a specific problem area, that I




*"I've thought it over; I'm going back to self-abuse."*

# SOUTHERN COMFORT

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understand. But just working—yech, I'm out the door in a New York second.

I'd say yes under the *right* circumstances, of course: to a guy who is very independent, has his own life and turns me on with a perspective on life that is different from my own. I don't need someone to take care of me. Just someone with whom the sparks fly—and if they're going to, they usually do right away.

**14.**

PLAYBOY: Is astrology passé in California or are most people just embarrassed to admit they're fascinated by it?

WINGER: Astrology has been here a long time. The fad just comes and goes. The same with cowboy boots. They've been around, but after making *Urban Cowboy*, I couldn't put them on. Now I've been informed that the *Urban Cowboy* fad is over and I can put my boots back on. I know nothing about astrology. I haven't even had my chart done, which is why I don't think I can ever be a real movie star. I am into coffee-table books, though. See these? *Bulfinch's Mythology*; *On Death and Dying*; *Funny Feet*—I was sent that one because I have funny feet—and, finally, *Tissue Cleansing Through Bowel Management*, which I think is nice for the coffee table.

**15.**

PLAYBOY: If it's true that you have a scar from every film you've done, where are they and may we see them?

WINGER: I pride myself on them. But they're nothing serious. And probably, on the last day of shooting, if I don't yet have one, I'll scratch my arm or something. I have a fake tooth from *Urban Cowboy*, I have a puncture wound in my leg from *Cannery Row*. I also have something, uh, more interesting from that film. I had a problem with my eye on *An Officer and a Gentleman*. I also have mental scars from that film. They're like an open wound. I still can't talk about it. There must be more: I guess you know you've worked a lot when you can't remember all the scars. I don't know about this question. I probably won't be able to be insured after this interview.

**16.**

PLAYBOY: How does it feel having made the transition from the rental generation to the purchase generation?

WINGER: That's funny. I'm still renting. Actually, leasing with an option to buy. I *could* buy, but I don't think I'll ever make *that* list, because it's so permanent. I'll lease with an option to buy for the rest of my life.

**17.**

PLAYBOY: How would you rate *An Officer and a Gentleman* as a make-out movie? What's your favorite on the passion scale?

WINGER: There are good scoring opportunities. That's why people are going back to see it two or three times.

I'm on a different level. A good make-out movie for me is *It's a Wonderful Life*. It totally softens me. I feel great about everything. It's, you know, "Want to kiss? Let's kiss. It's a wonderful life."

**18.**

PLAYBOY: What's a fun date?

WINGER: Anything I didn't do last week.

**19.**

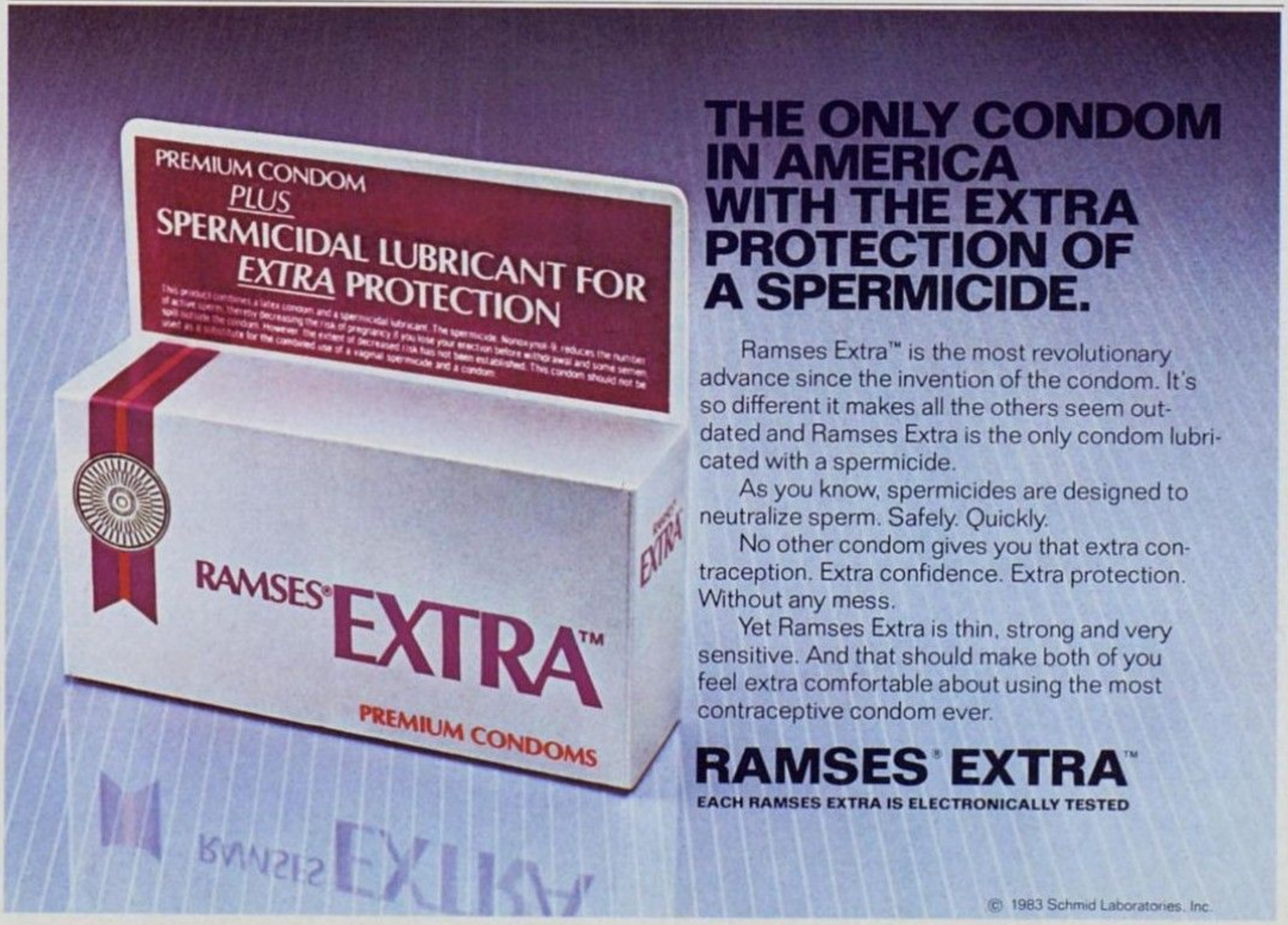
PLAYBOY: What is your sexiest quality?

WINGER: Vulnerability. I think that's anyone's sexiest quality. But romance is waking up with a smile on my face. I have attacks when I have to call and get his voice on the phone immediately. It's a continuous process of falling in love.

**20.**

PLAYBOY: When did you stop being a child?

WINGER: Last year. I decided the only difference between a child and an adult is that an adult has to take the rap. The responsibility. You can do absolutely the same fucking things as before, only you can't say, "Here's so and so to cover for me." My actions and output into the universe haven't changed, only now I say, "OK, hit me. I know I deserve it."


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# NOLAN BUSHNELL *(continued from page 134)*

*"Kids nowadays are being taught to be functionally useless in the 21st Century."*

When those people—who in simpler days were known as nerds—start their own companies, they often bog down in minor details. Their fundamental inner nerdiness simply overwhelms them.

"For example," says one of Bushnell's associates, "which Xerox-type machine do you buy? Well, a technologist can get *fascinated* with the intricacies and the engineering that go into the machines and spend three weeks making his decision. It'll be the right decision, but he'll spend too much time making it. Our product at Catalyst is essentially to provide the entrepreneurial team with the key to the door. They walk into their office and, lo and behold, there's a desk and a chair and a telephone system that works; there's a full accounting system, purchasing, receiving; there's a stack of papers on the desk; and when the leader gets through signing his name 35 times, he's incorporated, he's got employee-benefit plans, he's got insurance, he's got the whole works, he's got his patent-secrecy forms—everything he needs—and he can devote his efforts to the development process as opposed to making mistake after mistake."

Think of Catalyst as a day-care center for the scientifically encumbered. The setup enables Bushnell to keep his fingers in lots of pies, which is the way he likes to operate. For a man who has more ideas than he knows what to do with, it's close to an ideal situation.

One idea that he doesn't quite know what to do with yet (and won't until he can compete with Atari) involves video games that defy the ordinary definition of such games. "Envision actually going against the dragon in *Lord of the Rings*," he says. "To go in and actually play a *real* game of Dungeons & Dragons, so that you're *there*. Or let's say we'll put you in the Middle Ages and teach you history in a more realistic way than any class or sterile, stupid textbook." He says his pizza parlors now contain only about ten percent of all the stuff they eventually will and that there's no limit to what the technology will someday be able to do.

"Someday" may be closer than you think. In January, Bushnell paid $2,200,000 for Videa Incorporated, an "electronic entertainment" company, founded by a former Atari engineer, that had started life as a member of the Catalyst flock. Videa's founders left Atari in 1981 after deciding that the company had become too big and too bureaucratic. They had intended to wean themselves from Catalyst as soon as they were strong enough to make it on their own, but Bushnell was impressed by what they were doing and made them an offer they couldn't refuse. Videa will now be the centerpiece of Sente Technologies, a brand-new company that will compete head to head with Atari and, Bushnell hopes, will inaugurate the second generation of video games. (*Atari* is a term from the Japanese game go, that means roughly the same thing as check in chess. *Sente* means checkmate.) Sente games will incorporate holograms and video discs and all sorts of other technology that Videa's executives are still tantalizingly vague about.

"I'm interested in doing for the American kid what the educational system will not do for him," Bushnell says, "and that's prepare him for the next century. I'm really interested in making sure that the fabric of society holds together, and I think you do that by making sure that the kids are properly trained. I think the American school system is the shits. Kids nowadays are being taught to be functionally useless in the 21st Century."

If you're like a lot of people, you prob-


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ably figure you can get by for another decade or so with just *Monday Night Football* and reruns of *The Love Boat*. But the future is going to arrive nonetheless. In the world Bushnell contemplates, kindergartners will learn to type before they can write, pounding away on computers with big, bright keys. Robots will provide companionship and therapy for kids who can't make friends. Passengers on airplanes will amuse themselves by playing video games built into the backs of the seats in front of them.

Bushnell leans back and puffs contentedly on his pipe. "Catalyst is the only instance I know of in which a for-profit organization has become an entrepreneurial incubator," he says. Puff, puff, puff. "A hothouse of new ideas and technologies." Puff, puff. "A warm, cuddly environment for success."

•

Bushnell's father, a struggling cement contractor, died of a heart attack when his son was just 15. Young Nolan suddenly found himself at large in a house full of females, a situation he did not fail to take advantage of. "I was a little bit of a ne'er-do-well," he says. "It's hard to say that I was a compassionate pillar of support to my mother."

His background is very humble. He grew up in Clearfield, Utah, a dreary Mormon outpost near the shores of the Great Salt Lake. Dreaming of a career in science, Bushnell spent much of his youth in the garage, blowing things up. Once, he built a liquid-fuel rocket engine, strapped it to a roller skate and nearly burned the place down. "It scared the shit out of me," he recalls. His mother avoided his bedroom "for fear she'd get electrocuted." Later, in high school, he broadened his horizons. With the help of friends, he attached a 100-watt light to an enormous kite and persuaded a fair percentage of the local population that Utah was under alien attack.

"Pranks were kind of my thing," Bushnell says, "though every now and then, some of them ended up being a little dodgy or on the cusp of legality." One time, he and some friends took a few shotgun shells, removed the shot, put on ski masks, borrowed somebody's car, screeched up to a friend and fired both barrels into his chest. The friend smacked two handfuls of catsup against his shirt and fell to the ground. Bushnell and his buddies tossed him into the trunk and sped away while hosts of astonished Latter-day Saints looked on. "We never did get caught for that," he says with a grin.

In college—first at Utah State and later at the University of Utah—he studied engineering, economics, philosophy, mathematics and business. He supported himself by guessing people's weights and ages at a Salt Lake City amusement park during the summers, and he worked so hard that he was eventually put in charge of the park's entire games department.

During the school year, Bushnell dabbled in Kierkegaard and developed a deep and abiding fascination with computers, which at the time (the middle and late Sixties) were big, hot, slow, expensive and not much more intelligent than the fancy pocket calculators unpopular sixth graders wear on their belts today. University computer jocks in those days spent most of their official time doing things like calculating pi to a billion places; but after hours, they liked to sneak back into the labs and crank up some games. The most popular one was an outer-space shoot-'em-up called Spacewar, which had been invented and refined by pointy heads at MIT and Harvard. Spacewar was positively paleolithic by modern amusement standards, but it was held to be a considerable improvement over actual research. Bushnell became an avid player and realized that if the technology could somehow be scaled down and made affordable, Spacewar would make one hell of a toy.

After his marriage in 1967 and his graduation a year later, he moved to California and went to work for Ampex. Electronics prices, meanwhile, began to tumble, and he spent spare moments tinkering in an impromptu laboratory


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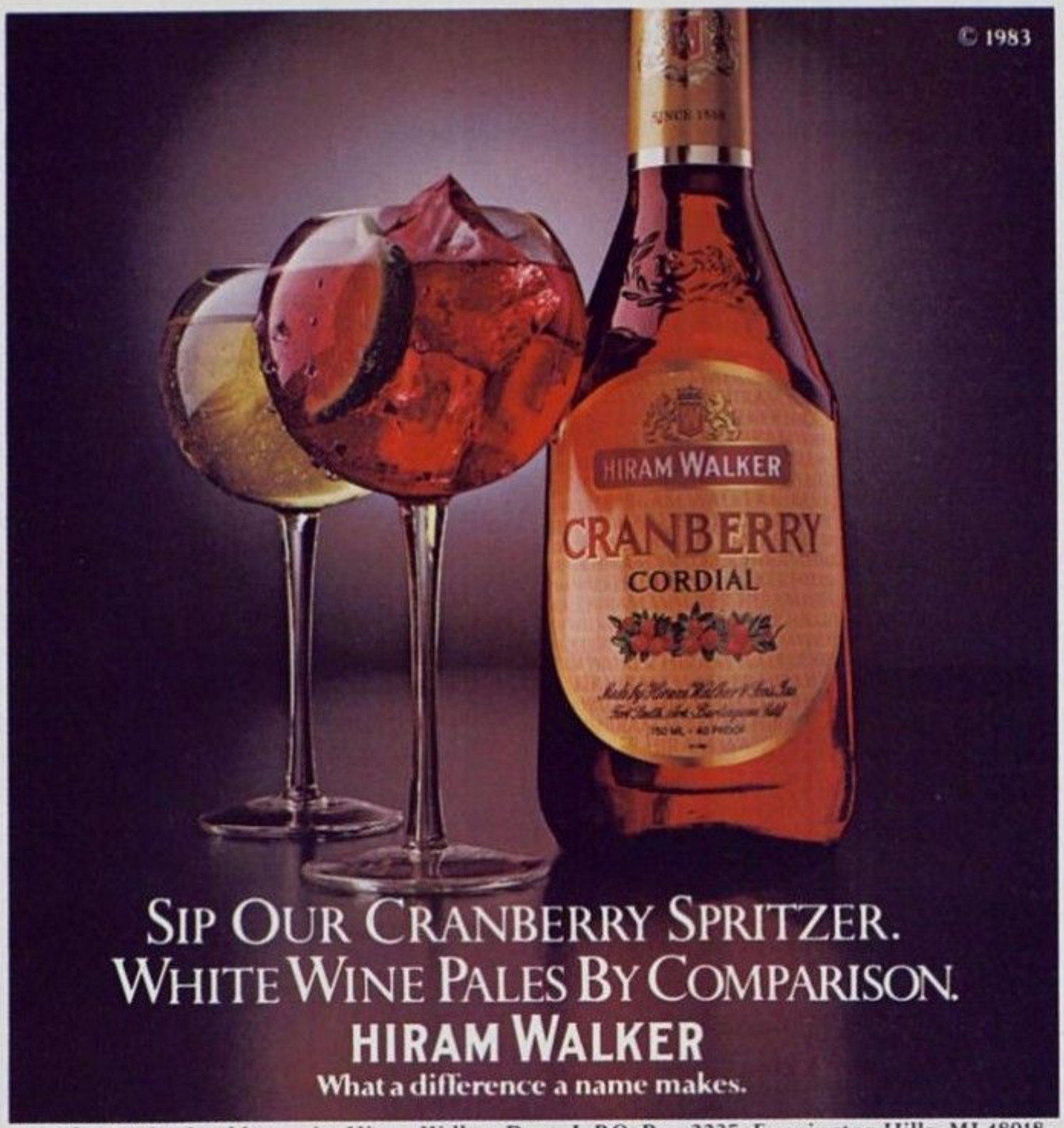
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staked out in his daughter's bedroom. In 1971, he scraped together $500 and founded his own company, Syzygy. At the same time, he signed on as a product engineer with Nutting Associates, a small-time arcade-game manufacturer that agreed to produce his first video game, a primitive Spacewar knockoff called Computer Space.

"Computer Space was not a commercial hit," Bushnell admits. The game managed to be, all at once, too complicated, too simple and no fun. But the young inventor was not discouraged. He hired an engineer named Al Alcorn and initiated him into the art.

"We were going to build a driving game," Bushnell says, "but I thought it was too big a step for him to go from not knowing what a video game was to that. So I defined the simplest game I could think of, which was a tennis game, and told him how to build it. I thought it was going to be a throwaway, but when he got it up and running, it turned out to be a hell of a lot of fun. We were under contract to Nutting at the time and we said, 'Shee-it, let's see if they'll take this instead.'"

Bushnell named the game Pong. Nutting turned it down and told him to get lost, which he had little trouble doing. (Bill Nutting ended up running an air-taxi service for missionaries in East Africa. So there.) Bushnell tried to interest other game manufacturers in his invention but was turned down everywhere he went. With the sound of slammed doors echoing in his ears, he changed his company's name to Atari and began to produce the game himself.

Pong was such a huge success that Bushnell was unable to keep pace with the demand, and Atari ended up controlling only about ten percent of the market it had created. Even so, the young company finished fiscal 1973 with $3,200,000 in sales and a brand-new outlook on life. Bushnell and his associates began to act like the whippersnappers they were, intimating to their elders that they had things just about figured out. Company meetings came to resemble Saturday night at Animal House, and bushels of Pong money were squandered on unprofitable new ventures. A year after its remarkable debut, Atari was in danger of going broke.

"That was the toughest year," says Joseph Keenan, who later became Atari's president and today is the president of Pizza Time. "Pong was gone. We had other video games, but the industry really hadn't arrived yet. After Pong, the coin-operated business started drifting back to pinballs. The distributors were not convinced that video games were here to stay."

Nor was Bushnell's wife of seven years. Tired of being married to an obsession, she made what in retrospect could be viewed as one of the most ill-considered financial decisions in the history of divorce. "It was one of those things," Bushnell says,

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"where, implicitly if not explicitly, you end up saying, 'It's me or the business.' And I went with the business." He waited through Christmas for the sake of his two children, then packed his bag and left on New Year's Day 1974.

Less than a year later, Atari hit its stride. The introduction of Gran Trak in late 1974 inaugurated a continuous string of arcade triumphs. The next year, a version of Pong designed to be played on ordinary TVs moved the company into the wide-open home market, with Sears promising to buy every unit the factory could make.

That new success didn't dampen the emerging Atari lifestyle, however. The company's new projects still tended to ride in on tides of beer foam or emerge from clouds of marijuana smoke. Neckties were unheard of and practical jokes were the predominant mode of human interaction. When a team of marketing minions from Sears paid a visit to the company's production facilities, Bushnell made a lasting impression by riding around the factory floor on a conveyor belt, in a box. Elsewhere in the organization, happy employees tried to drive an executive mad by gradually adding lead weights to his telephone receiver.

By 1975, Atari had just about everything it needed except cash. The company's potential market was so vast that it couldn't grow fast enough to keep all its customers adequately amused. Bushnell realized he needed help and began to look for a buyer. In 1976, after Disney and MCA had rejected the opportunity, Warner Communications bought the company for $28,000,000. (The deal nearly fell through when a newspaper ran a picture depicting Bushnell "in a hot tub with a ladyfriend," in the words of *Fortune* magazine.) Nearly half the purchase price went directly to Bushnell, who stayed on as chairman.

The Warner/Atari deal was an extremely smooth move for all concerned—Bushnell and his associates made a fortune; Atari got the financial and managerial support it required; Warner picked up a desperately needed source of megaprofits—but the marriage was precarious. Bushnell's free-and-easy management style infuriated Warner's staid executives, who soon learned that if you wanted to find him during working hours, Atari was just about the last place you should look. "After we sold the company," Keenan told a reporter later, "we were significantly less motivated to bust our humps." The inevitable showdown came in 1978, when Bushnell blew up at a budget meeting in New York and either quit or was kicked out. He bought back the rights to his Pizza Time idea, which Warner had never been wild about, and set out on his own.

When Warner executives talk about the history of Atari, they tend to dwell on the irresponsibility of Nolan Bushnell; Bushnell's version stresses corporate stuffiness and lack of creativity. But the fact is that neither party has anything to complain about. Atari would never have become the red-hot company it did without the sober ministrations of Warner's executive team. But it never would have existed in the first place if it hadn't been for the extraordinary energy and drive of Bushnell.

"Even after Warner had been in place for a while," says Gene Lipkin, a former head of Atari's coin-op division, "Nolan was the only one who believed Atari could be a billion-dollar-plus company. And we used to really razz him about it. We'd say, 'Bullshit, Nolan, it's not going to happen.' But it did. He's got that sixth or seventh sense of what might work, and he's really in tune with the consumers of our generation. That's what he does best. He provides that initial concept and spirit to do something, and then he's done with it and he's off to another one, and it's got to be chopped and filled from there."

•

After hanging around with Bushnell for a while, I realized that over the course of my life, I had fooled myself into believing I didn't want to be rich. I came to my senses while cruising down the California coast at Mach .82 in *one* of his Learjets, a heartbreakingly beautiful aircraft named the Danieli after the hotel in Venice where he and his current wife, who isn't all that much more than half his age, spent their honeymoon.

That Bushnell bothered to stay in a hotel anywhere is worthy of note, considering his habit of buying the places in which he likes to live. In the space of less than a decade, he has managed to turn his Atari windfall into $70,000,000 or so. At last reckoning, he owned a condominium in Aspen, a house in Georgetown, a palace in Paris (in whose back yard the Eiffel Tower literally is) and the old Folger mansion, south of San Francisco. The Paris house cost "a ridiculous sum," Bushnell says. The California house has stables, a pool, tennis courts, manicured grounds, old stone walls. It sits on a 16-acre estate that looks bigger than it is because "it's sort of in the middle of a park, too." The Bushnells enjoy throwing lavish outdoor parties for, a close friend says, "500 close friends."

"I don't have a train," Bushnell told me, in a context I have forgotten, as we streaked across the sky. "And I don't want to get one."

I personally would settle for a Learjet, even if I could have only one of them. The Danieli is upholstered in Italian leather and has, of course, a bar. Gerald Ford has ridden in it and so has Francis Ford Coppola, to name only two passengers with Ford in their names. When Bushnell takes




*"It looks like her operation was a success."*

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the plane to Paris, he stops in Iceland to refuel and, I assume, go to the bathroom. (The pilots told me there was a toilet on board, but after we landed, I looked for it everywhere I could think of, without success. Not that anybody buys a Learjet to go to the bathroom in it. Maybe this is just another one of those things where, if you have to ask, you can't afford it.)

"Did Indians fish?" Bushnell asked, gazing down through clouds at the gray Pacific.

There was a silence.

"I'm sure they did," said Keenan. "You mean ocean fish, I assume. Maybe with nets, though. Or like the Hawaiians, where you build a wall and capture the fish."

Bushnell started singing softly and doing as much of a Hawaiian fishing dance as his suit, the cramped quarters and the fact that he was sitting down would allow. "'We are going to a *hukilau—huki, huki, huki, hukilau.*'"

Keenan is only a year older than Bushnell, but his hair is white, which may indicate what working with the man can do to a person. His official title is president of Pizza Time, but his real function is as Bushnell's no man. Even in the middle of the night, while the rest of Keenan is snoring in his bed, a tiny part of him is wide-awake and saying no to Nolan. ("Sometimes, I don't even say no," he told me. "Sometimes, I just say yes and then don't do anything about it.") When Bushnell looked out the window and said he could see snow on the mountains below, Keenan at first professed not to believe him. That is his usual first reaction to virtually everything Bushnell says and does.

I asked Bushnell if he entertained political ambitions, as so many rich men do.

"Yeah," he said, "I was big on that. I'm not sure that I'll ever run for office. I'd love the challenge of the campaign; you know, strategy and winning—I think I'd be good at that. I'd just hate the job once I got it."

You know, he *always* hates the job once he gets it. That, in a way, is the secret of his success.

As is probably to be expected of a man with $70,000,000 who once had Jerry Ford as a passenger in his $3,800,000 airplane, Bushnell's politics lie considerably closer to his right wing than to his left. I asked him if there were any politicians he was particularly fond of. He was silent for a long time.

"That's dangerous ground," he said in a low voice, as though I had just told him I knew about the flying saucer in his garage. "I don't like to talk that much about it. There are certain guys that you hate and loathe and yet you will sometimes support them because you are more able to tolerate what you don't like about them than you are the alternative. I haven't found a politician yet that I consider to be a pure play. I like Senator Bill Roth of Delaware. He's a good guy. But there are certain




*"No, I'm not getting sleepy—I'm getting sick."*

things. . . . I really believe that Government should stay out of business and stay out of the bedroom as well, and stay out of schools. So, though I'm not an anarchist, I'm a hell of a lot closer to being an anarchist than I am to being a socialist. I believe that socialistic governments are very, very inefficient. Can you imagine a whole society being run like the post office?"

We zoomed along. "There's Disneyland," he said, looking down, "with a *very* marginal crowd." Everyone laughed. Walt Disney is the competition, to some extent, and it was raining on his amusement park. Bushnell turned philosophical as we considered the soggy people milling around the Matterhorn. "I'm amazed at how comfortable foul-weather gear is," he said. "I'm almost getting to the point where I feel like putting it on *anyway*."

Bushnell owns a restaurant in Sunnyvale called the Lion and Compass. The people at Catalyst refer to it as the Silicon Valley fraternity house, and they spend a lot of time there. Bushnell built it because there just wasn't anyplace in town to get a decent meal, a fact I can attest to. (Good restaurants in Silicon Valley are as rare as bookstores, and vice versa. Your basic computer jock's idea of gourmet cooking is prime rib, medium well.) The Lion and Compass serves very passable food, but when you walk into the place, you get the feeling the staff is expecting you to use the word classy a few times before you leave. There's a stock-market ticker in the bar and there are white Princess phones beside the tables. Everything on the menu is in English except the French fries, which are called *pommes frites*.

"You should have called the place Bushy's," I told Bushnell.

He considered this. "No," he said, "I don't like to name things after myself. Then I can't sell them. Nice, transferable names—that's what I want. I have a basic theory that you can't bank ego. Therefore, it's something I can't afford."

He glanced at Keenan to see if that statement was going to fly. Keenan, though dozing, raised his eyebrows. "But it's something I have an excess of," Bushnell added quickly.

"Yes," Keenan said, yawning. "I was having a hard time with that one."

"I could see there was a countervailing opinion," Bushnell said. "I think it's OK to have ego, but not when it costs you something. Now, isn't that fair, Joe?"

"Yes, that's much better."

"Do you have any sense of what it is that motivates you?" I asked.

"Yeah," Bushnell said. "I think it's boredom. It's sort of the converse of motivation. I feel like I have to have something interesting to work on. Kierkegaard has a dialectic in which he bases the prime reason for the existence of man on boredom. God was bored and that's why He invented the world, and then man was bored, and so on. Reading that was really when I decided that, at least where I was concerned, boredom was the motivation."

"Of all your projects," I asked, "do you have a favorite?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "It's always the next one."

•

Bushnell's next project for some time to come will probably involve robots, which are just about his favorite things in all the world. When I dropped by the Androbot lab on my last day in Sunnyvale, one of the prototypes was moving sluggishly because Bushnell had spent a couple of hours running down its batteries the night before.

Bushnell gives fits to the guys at Androbot. When he isn't playing with their robots, he's making all sorts of fantastic predictions about what the machines will eventually be able to do. "Nolan doesn't have to deal with the problem I have to deal with," says Tom Frisina, the company's president, an extremely nervous man who says "You bet" too much and doesn't like to talk to reporters. "A lot of people have been wanting a robot for as long as they can remember Your article will create an immediate reaction on the part of those people, and they'll have nothing to satisfy that immediate want."

Do you hear that? If you are the sort of person whose hopes are unrealistically raised by the things you read in magazines, go do something else for a while. I'm going to talk about the robots.

Actually, Frisina is a very nice man. After considerable haggling, he finally agreed to give me and a camera crew from NBC a quick tour of his laboratory. We followed him down a long corridor and then waited in an office while he went off to get something. Soon we heard a whirring noise and turned around just in time to see an honest-to-God three-foot-tall beige robot get stuck in the shag carpeting and



*"Well, good night, Caroline. Don't let the door hit you in the ass."*




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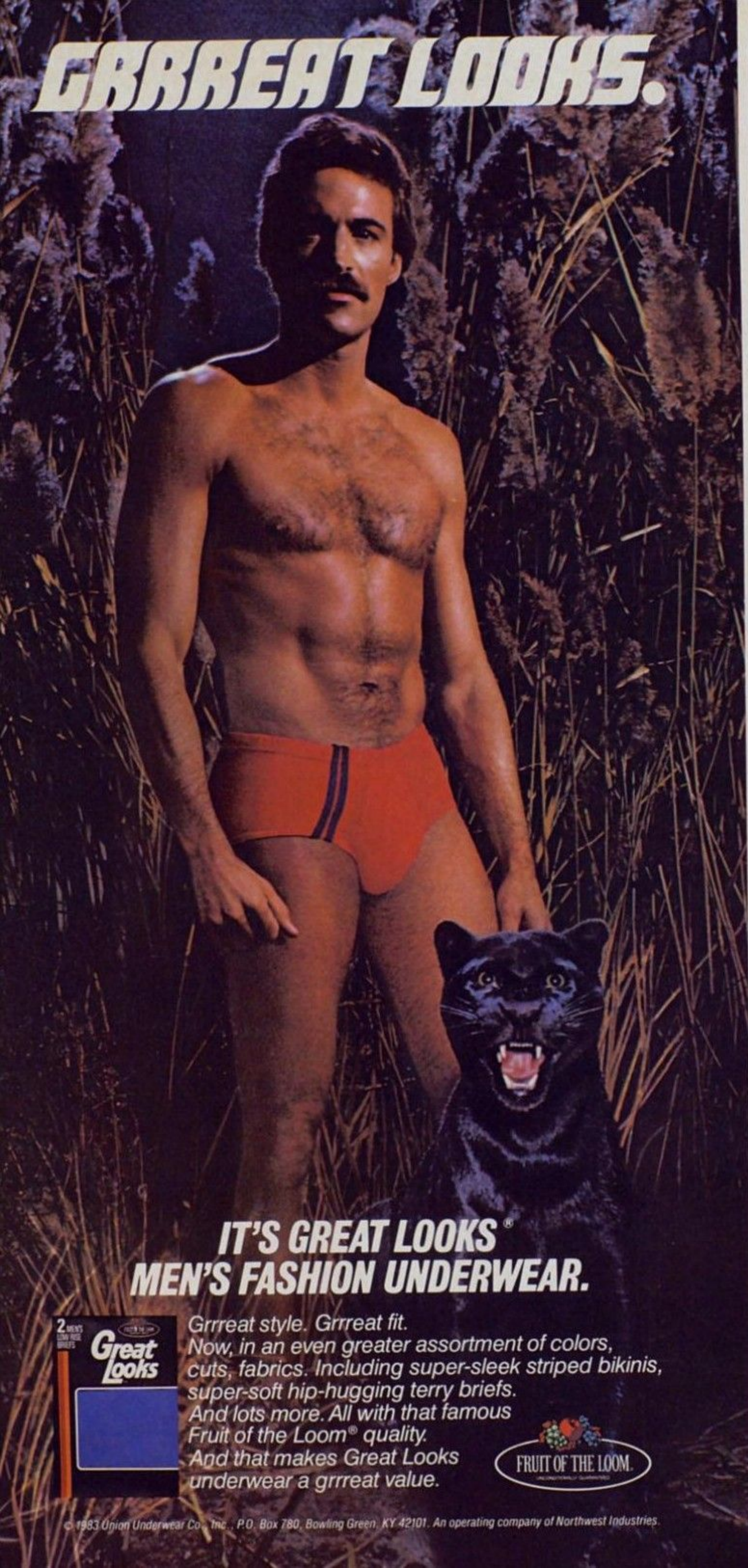
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make a sound like a car spinning its wheels on a sheet of ice.

"Isn't he adorable?" Frisina asked.

"Is that a boy or a girl?" asked an NBC producer.

Since I was the only person in the room representing an organization that prints pictures of naked people, that question was directed to me. I declined to make a judgment but later on asked Frisina the same thing.

"It's hard to say," he told me. "Hard to say what he is. Probably an A.C./D.C. He goes both ways. By 1990, I'm sure there will probably be a concubine version of some sort."

We moved out into the lab itself. The robot strolled up and down the hall and turned around in circles for a while, and the technicians plugged away on their computers and said things like "I'll go get some schematics" and "Where's my graham crackers?" There is a courtyard at Catalyst that contains several chickens and two floppy-eared rabbits, and when I suggested that we take the robot out there for a while, Frisina said, "Oh, we have him out there with the rabbits all the time." The robot didn't disintegrate anything or warn us of any impending dangers. As Frisina repeatedly stressed, the little guy is a moron.

But his successors will be plenty smart. The second model, which may also be for sale (at about $2500) by the time you read this, will be "artificially intelligent," Frisina says. He'll have three microprocessors and he'll be able to decide both where he wants to go and how to get there without breaking anything. His nine or ten infrared and sonar sensors will enable him to seek out human beings. When I paid my visit, Androbot staffers were driving themselves crazy trying to create the necessary technology, essentially from scratch.

And that, really, is the effect that Nolan Bushnell has on the people who work for him. He motivates them with the sheer power of his enthusiasm, and he gets them to produce things they never dreamed they could produce. He is so sure of himself that his confidence energizes everybody who works for him, even when he isn't around.

"Nolan runs through and throws holy water on a few things," says one of his business partners, "and then he's gone and you don't hear from him for a week or so." He may be off in his Learjet somewhere or down in Los Angeles having lunch with someone who doesn't realize yet that Bushnell is about to make him rich. But all the while, his elves back in Sunnyvale are working overtime in their laboratories translating his flights of imagination into things that you and I, as like as not, will buy.

And that is why, when he tells you that someday you're going to own one of his robots, it wouldn't do you any harm to start figuring out where in the *hell* you are going to put it.

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# THE ONGOING ATTACHÉ

The executive who's as often in the sky or on the road as he is behind a desk knows that the beauty of a polished-leather (or tough-plastic) attaché case is more than skin deep. In fact, briefcases today house more tricks than Houdini's trunk. Sure, you can tote paperwork, pens and an extra pair of socks in them, but the one pictured here from Alfred Dunhill also holds 50 cigars in a hidden wood-lined and humidified compartment. Another, the Courier Electronic Briefcase, contains an alarm and shock antitheft system and other innovations that would impress even James Bond. And if it's supple leather you want, an eelskin case such as the one we've chosen is this season's status hide to seek. Enough briefing. Go for them!



**Right: This calfskin Cigar Attaché Case holds papers *and* a selection of your favorite smokes, from Alfred Dunhill of London, $800. Below it is a calfskin twin attaché case/overnight bag that can be separated or joined by a concealed interior latching device, from Mistra Paris, Washington, D.C., $650. Bottom left: An Italian-made calfskin airline-pilot case that has room for an overnight change of clothes, from Bally of Switzerland, $520.**

**Bottom, second from left to right: Mark Cross briefcase with a calfskin/pigskin exterior and a suede interior, $700. Next to it is a supple yet durable eelskin briefcase with fitted compartments and brass locks, from Contemporary Products, Seattle, Washington, $399. Bottom right: The bullet-proof Courier Electronic Briefcase houses a clever alarm and shock antitheft system and much more, from Security Research International, Deerfield Beach, Florida, $1195.**

J. VERSER ENGELHARD

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Above: Heavyhands, aerobic weights for conditioning while walking, jogging, etc., come in hefts from one to ten pounds, by AMF American, $19.95 with one-pound weight; additional weights, $7.95 to $19.95 a set. Right: The Talkman voice-activated, battery-powered transceiver permits hands-free communication up to a quarter of a mile away, from Standard Communications, Los Angeles, about $100, including earphones.



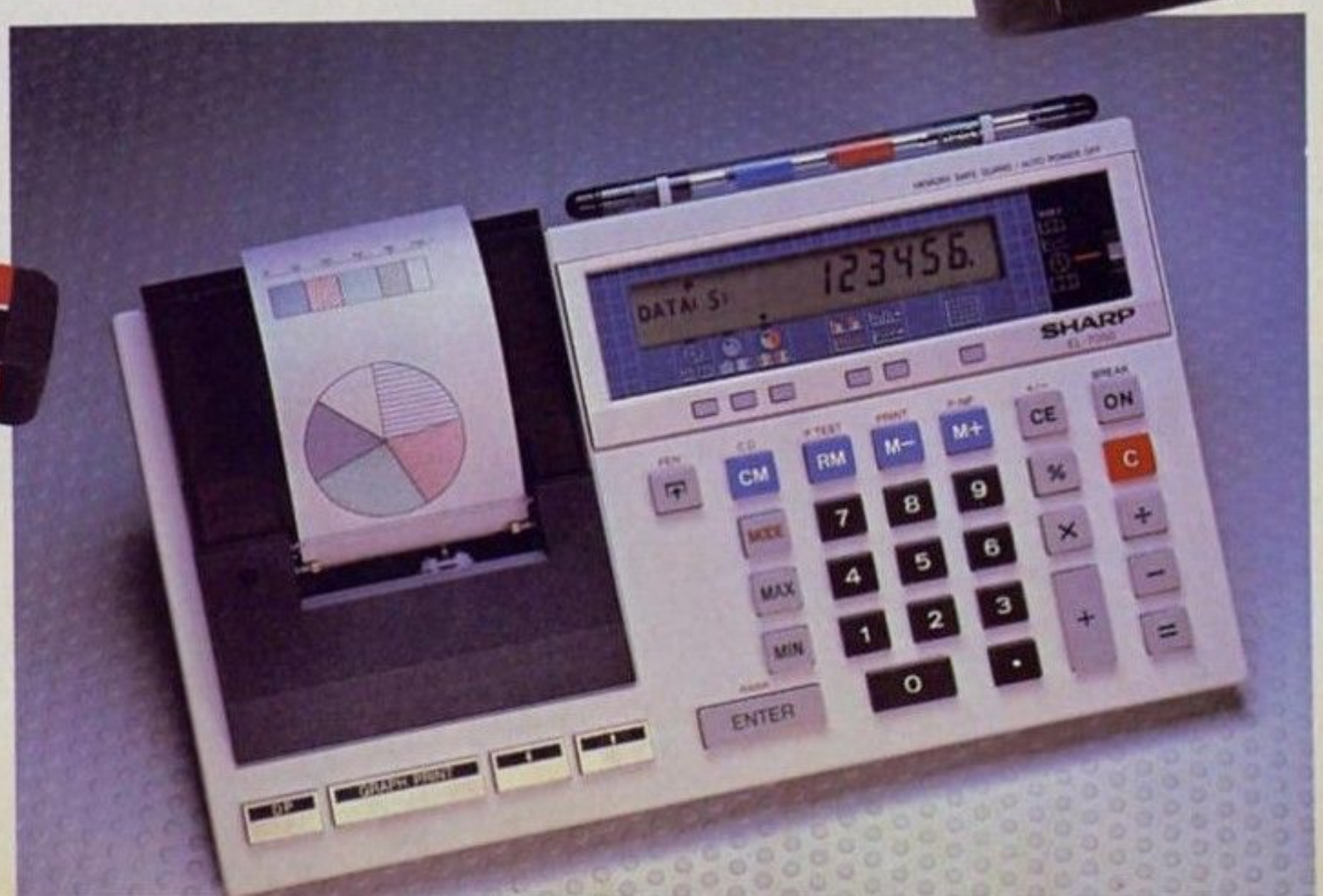
Below: Now you can shave as well as sing in the shower with Mr. Whisk, a wet/dry battery-powered rechargeable (it takes about eight hours) shaver that takes to water like a piranha and gobbles up a beard faster than you can belt out the first chorus of *September in the Rain*, by Panasonic, $65, including wall hanger, soft carrying case, cleaning brush and recharge adapter.







Above: When you're not shooting ultrasharp negatives with a tiny Minimax camera/lighter, you can use it to flame your smokes; the Minimax takes A.S.A. 125 to 400 Minox film and doesn't need focusing, and the finished negatives blow up to 3" x 5" prints, from The Sharper Image, San Francisco, $98.50. Right: The EL-7050 calculator produces four graph configurations in four colors and shadings, offers standard mathematics functions and a four-key memory, by Sharp Electronics, about $180.



## You Were Expecting Sense from Monty Python?

JUST IN CASE you can't make heads or tails of their new film, *Monty Python's The Meaning of Life*, those wonderful and professionally wacko Englishmen have explained it all poetically. To wit (and to whom and all the rest):

*There's everything in this movie,*
*Everything that fits,*
*From the meaning of life in the universe*
*To girls with great big tits.*
*We've got movie stars and foreign cars,*
*Explosions and the lot,*
*Filmed as only we know how*
*On the budget that we've got. . . .*
*Relax and just enjoy yourselves,*
*For this is "The Meaning of Life."*



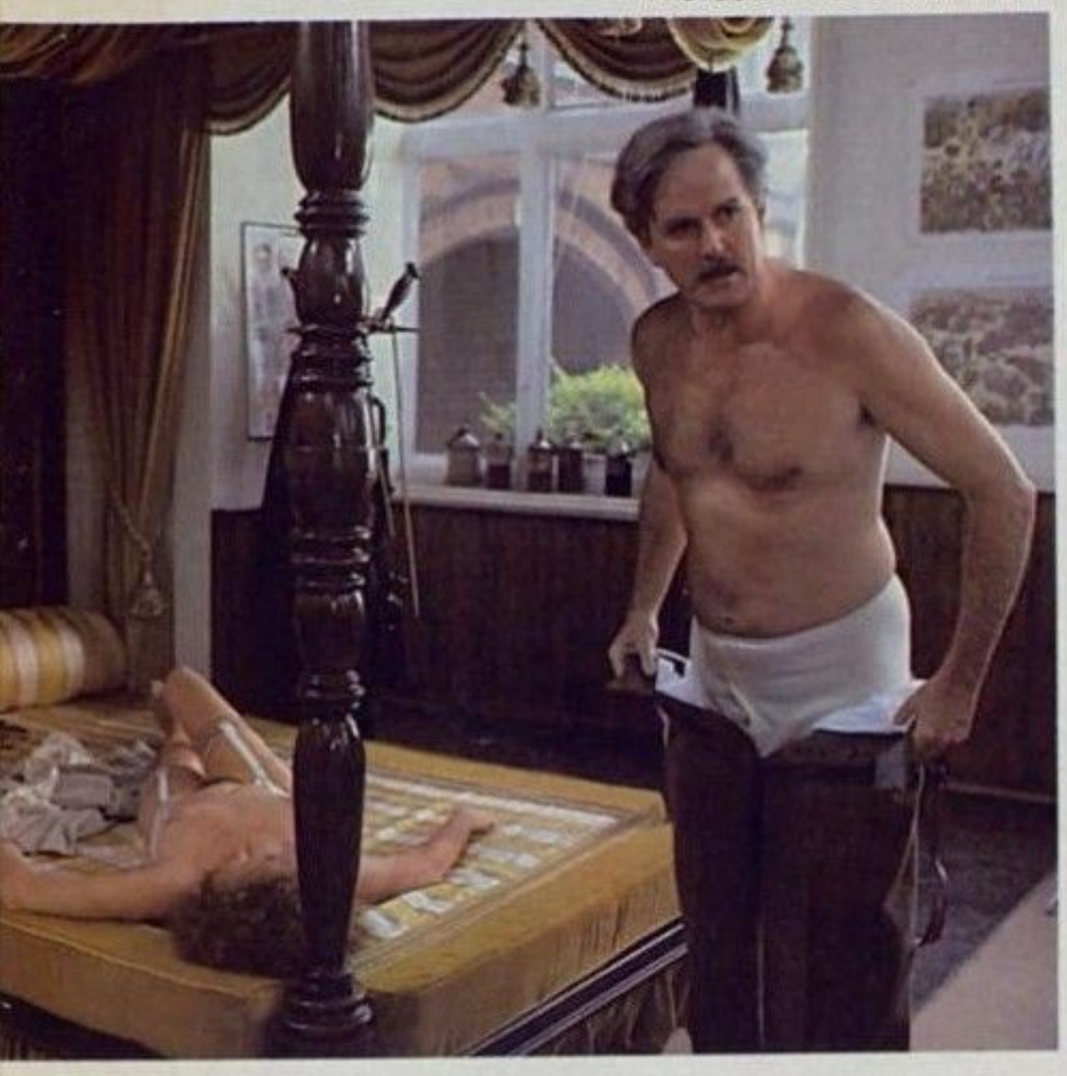





Top: John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Graham Chapman, Eric Idle, Michael Palin and Terry Jones after an all-night clambake with studio brass. Of the shot above, we're told: "The entire Python team lent their children—for the actors at the back to stand on." The same Python informants tell us that the portrait at left depicts (from left) Idle, Palin and Jones enjoying an evening out with their wives, played by Wynken, Blynken and Nod. Meanwhile, back onstage (below), Chapman fulfills a lifetime's ambition with this devastating impersonation of Linda Ronstadt.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID APPLEBY







Above (again quoting Python H.Q.): "Cleese and Pat Quinn demonstrate how hedge burdock develops secondary leaf pigmentation during the winter months." In the sequence at right and below, we see how Chapman's past catches up with him at last and, finally, how Gilliam, Jones and Chapman dictate fan-mail replies to their secretaries. Although a Python press release claims this movie is "aimed primarily at an audience of fish," it has some human appeal as well: "At least we've got a lot of nice girls / All banging around in the nude." Right. We can see that.



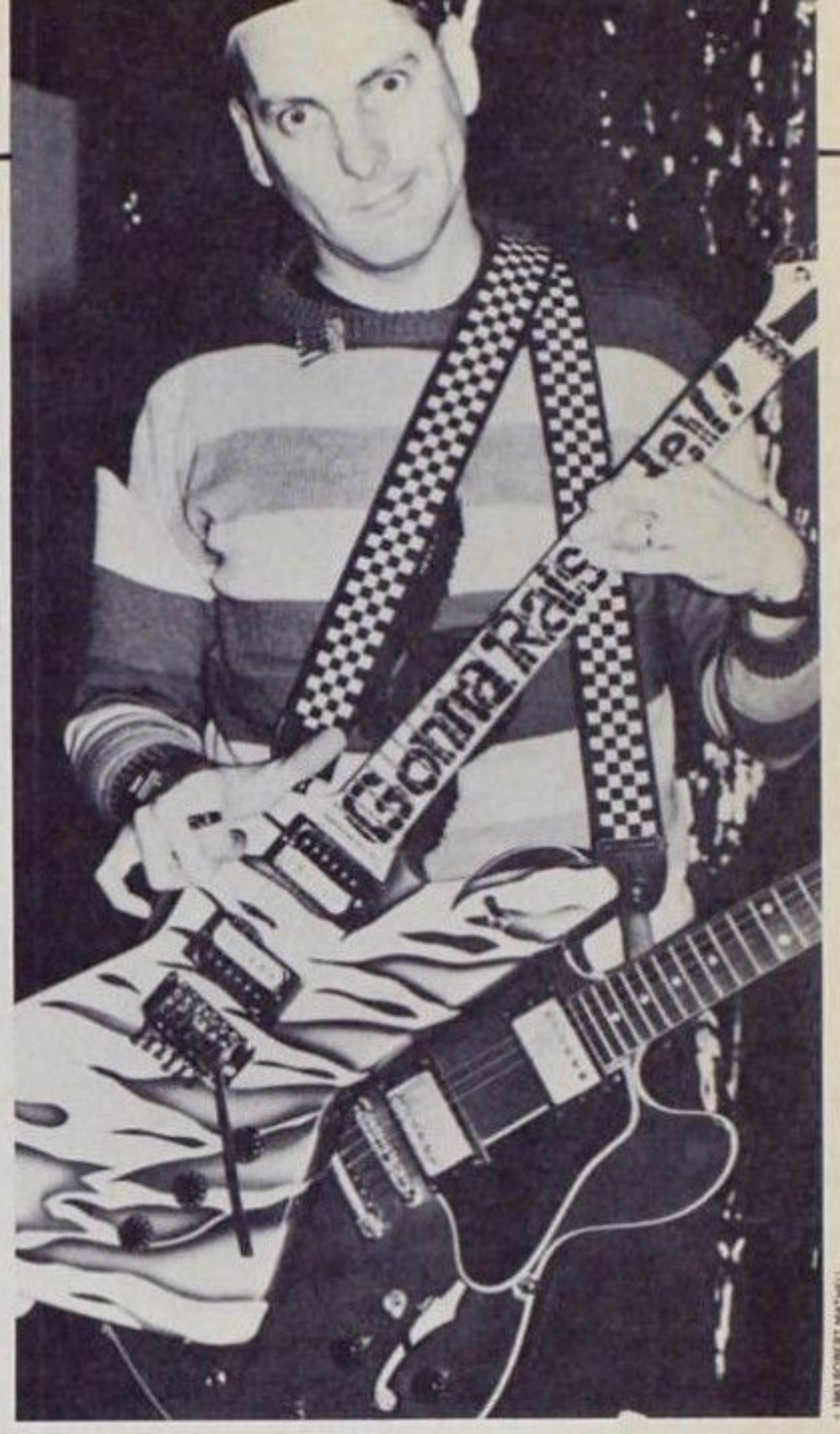
# GRAPEVINE



ORLANDO / GAMMA LIAISON

## Blooming

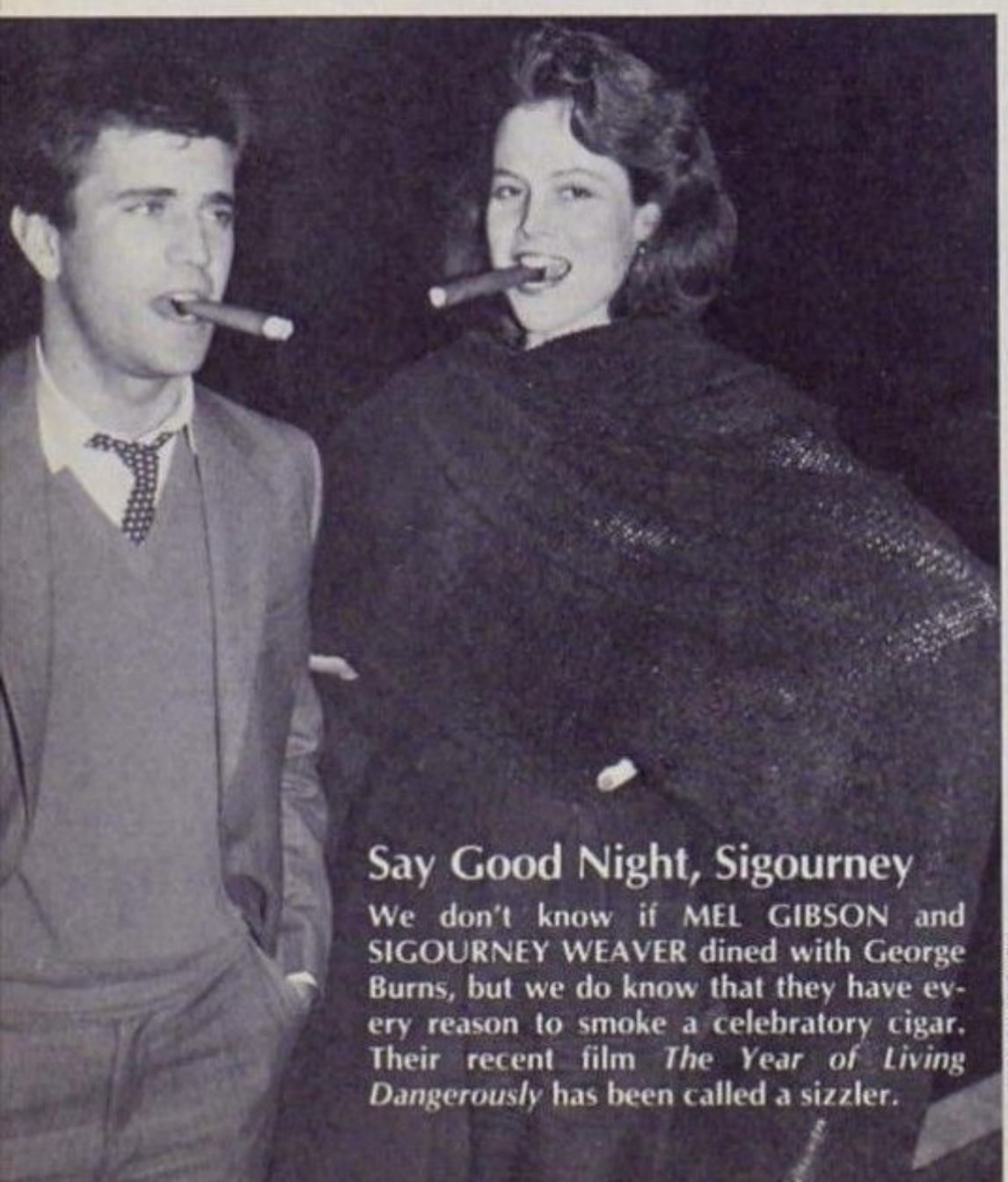
Actress LINDSAY BLOOM appeared once before in PLAYBOY, in our 1977 *Sex in Cinema*. Since then, a lot has happened to her career, including a recurring role in *Dallas*. She is currently working on a six-part series for Showtime, *The Lone Star Bar & Grill*. We know we'll be watching.




© 1983 DOUG LEE MARSHALL

## Born to Be Weird

If you've wondered lately about Cheap Trick, here's the poop: The guys are in the studio writing songs for a new album you can expect to hear by July. And, as you can see from this photo, chief Cheap RICK NIELSEN is planning at least *one* guitar solo.



© 1983 DAVID McGOUGH / DMI

## Say Good Night, Sigourney

We don't know if MEL GIBSON and SIGOURNEY WEAVER dined with George Burns, but we do know that they have every reason to smoke a celebratory cigar. Their recent film *The Year of Living Dangerously* has been called a sizzler.



WALTER McBRIDE / RETNA LTD.

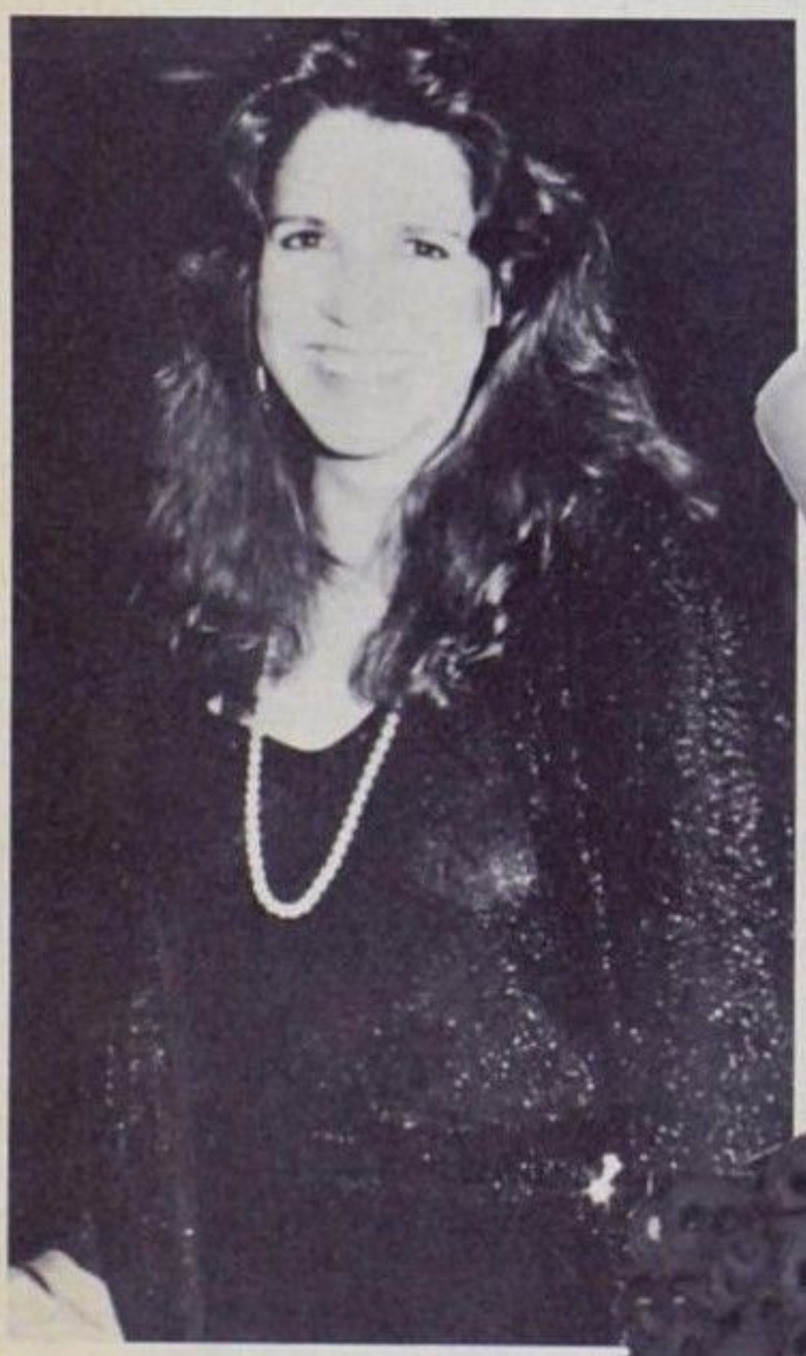
## One Ton of Fun

Here we have the divine DIVINE, star of John Waters' collection of offbeat movies, doing her famous disappearing act. Having recently heard her first foray into dance music, *Jungle Jezebel*, we think she ought to stick to film. You'll understand when you hear our favorite, *Kick Your Butt*.



## With a Little Help from Her Friends

Now that TINA TURNER is back on the road, we can answer the burning question Are there Ikettes after Ike? Yes, children, yes. Tina doesn't need Jane Fonda's workout; she's in fine shape (and voice). And if you want to know who taught Mick how to dance, check her out.



## Patti's Cupcake

We'll take no criticism here. First Daughter—and aspiring rock singer—PATTI DAVIS wore this nifty dress. She wore it so well, in fact, that she's our celebrity breast of the month. Go, Patti!

## More Clio

By the time you see this, actress/model CLIO GOLDSMITH will have wrapped up American audiences just as she has the Europeans. In her title role in the French farce *The Gift*, as a callgirl hired to be a retirement gift for a middle-aged bank clerk, she has a fresh, sexy quality. Another film, *Heat of Desire*, is forthcoming. If this exposure pans out, we'll have something to thank the French for besides *croissants*.


SCOOP GAMMA LIAISON
© 1983 PHOTO RESERVE PAUL NATKIN

# Herpes Boutique

Q: What's the difference between herpes and true love? A: Herpes is forever.

Q: What's worse than hearing from your doctor that you have herpes? A: Hearing it from your dentist.

Q: What are the three biggest sexual lies? A: I've never done this before; I won't come in your mouth; I don't have herpes.

You say you've heard those before? Whether or not the disease has become an epidemic, jokes about it have, signaling the extent to which herpes is on our minds. But, thanks to Yankee ingenuity, herpes mania doesn't end with one-liners. In the same way that such phenomena as home computers and punk rock progressed from engendering paranoia to carving out a lucrative market, herpes has caught on, so to speak. This, however, is the first time we can recall a cottage industry's growing up around a disease. Possibly the fact that herpes has, so far, no cure encourages the long-term investor. After all, who would invest in a disease that wasn't going to be around in six months?

Drugstores, to their credit, aren't recommending any treatments except a trip to the doctor. Health-food stores, though, are doing a brisk business in L-lysine, an amino acid that has not been proved effective. Other business interests, for the most part, play on the notoriety herpes has received in the press.



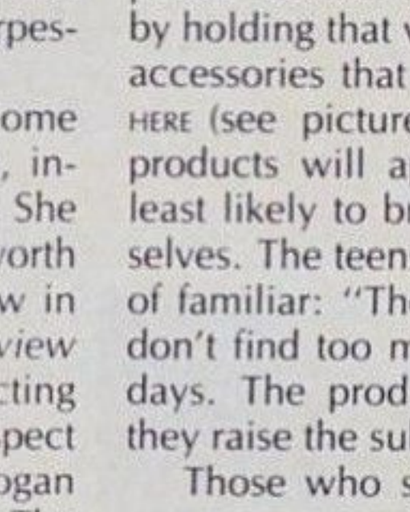

Take, for instance, the first herpes toy. A California company called Gifts in Bad Taste lives up to its name with Herpes, a molded plastic statue whose packaging proclaims, "Be a part of the craze that's sweeping the nation, the gift that keeps on giving. He's not cute, but he'll grow on you. Get him before he gets you." It's not very cuddly and probably won't wind up hosting a Saturday-morning cartoon show, but it leans in that direction.

In Providence, Rhode Island, hypnotist Herb Dewey is marketing *The Herpes Tape*. For $19.95, plus $2.50 postage, you can receive *The Herpes Handbook*, *The Herpes Newsletter* and the tape, which aims to reduce the number of outbreaks among the infected by reducing stress through deep-relaxation techniques. The approach has a scientific basis: Herpes has, indeed, been shown to be stress related. But we had a hard time relaxing when we played the tape and heard Dewey assure us that the misty white substance that had covered our body was a security blanket. Huh?

A confederation of dating, mating and survival services has also sprung up. Responsible Dating Service, New Day International Social Network, Confidante, Herpes Matchmaking and The Quest Foundation, among others, seek variously to find partners for the infected, provide counseling and raise money for research.

The biggest boom, though, is in hardware that seeks to inform one whether or not an individual has herpes, seemingly eliminating the need for indelicate discussions. We haven't seen many I HAVE HERPES lapel buttons; the market is dominated by those that read HERPES FREE, NO HERPES HERE or, simply, NO HERPES; but we hear you can buy tampon holders, cigarette lighters, underpants and all kinds of paraphernalia bearing herpes-related messages.

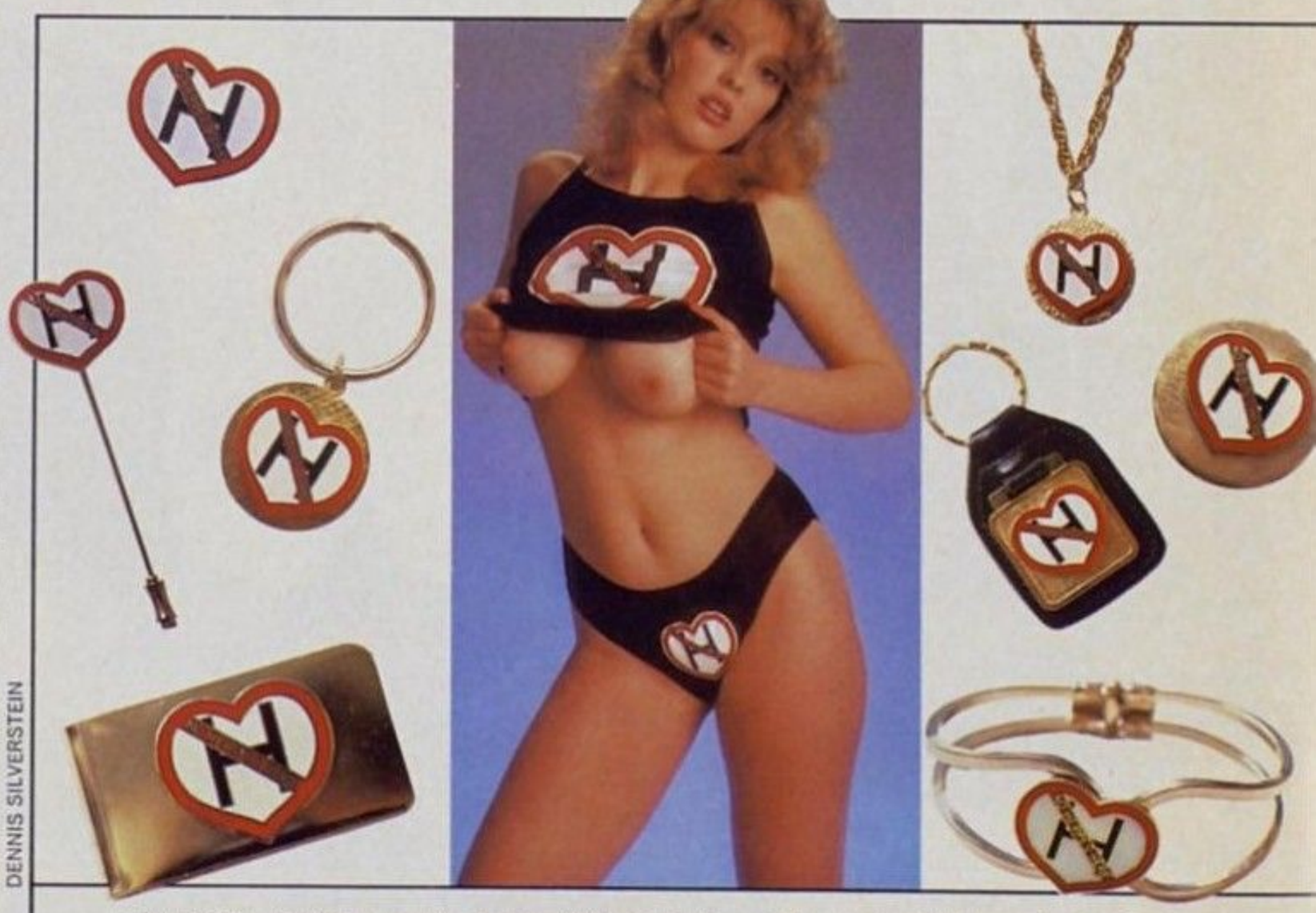
A New York model named Linda Rome is marketing a line of such products, including the HERPES FREE pin shown here. She is reported to have written $50,000 worth of orders at a single accessories show in San Francisco. Andy Warhol's *Interview* magazine carried a full-page ad depicting a hairy male arm reaching up to inspect the lip of a jet-setty model. The slogan was, "If you haven't got it, flaunt it." The object was to sell the man's bracelet, which was inscribed I DON'T HAVE HERPES.




Wondering what effect this national preoccupation with herpes might have on herpes sufferers, we phoned The Herpes Resource Center's spokesman, Sam Knox, who wasn't alarmed. "People who have herpes don't really give a damn about those products." Knox went on to ask the question you may be asking yourself: "Who would wear these things?" He answered his own question: "People who don't have it. And I can see how they could develop a false sense of security. If they aren't looking for symptoms, they may miss an inapparent infection." He pointed out that herpes is usually passed along by those who don't know they have it.

Edward Derderian, on the other hand, thinks the products provide a public service. He has everything to gain by holding that view. He markets a line of accessories that make the point NO HERPES HERE (see picture below). He thinks his products will appeal to teens, who are least likely to bring up the subject themselves. The teens he describes sound kind of familiar: "They relate to symbolism. I don't find too many reading books these days. The products create an interface; they raise the subject."

Those who saw *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* know whereof he speaks.



DENNIS SILVERSTEIN

**Edward Derderian, manufacturer of the gadgets and the apparel shown above, has promised to donate part of his profits to The Herpes Resource Center. For a catalog, write to Kinetic Konnections, P.O. Box 452, Aptos, California 95003. If you'd like to make a direct donation to The Herpes Resource Center or receive its newsletter, *The Helper*, write to The Herpes Resource Center, P.O. Box 100, Palo Alto, California 94306. You get a choice.**

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**"LETTERS FROM COMPUTER CAMP"**—THESE DAYS, KIDS DON'T LEARN TO TIE KNOTS BUT TO WRITE PROGRAMS. THEY DO STILL GET SHORT-SHEETED. A REPORT BY **JOHN SACK**

**"THE TOYS OF SUMMER"**—EVERYTHING TO MAKE YOU DROOL, FROM BIKES TO BOOMERANGS, INCLUDING AN ARRAY OF MOTORIZED MARVELS (SKIS, SKATE BOARDS AND RAFTS)

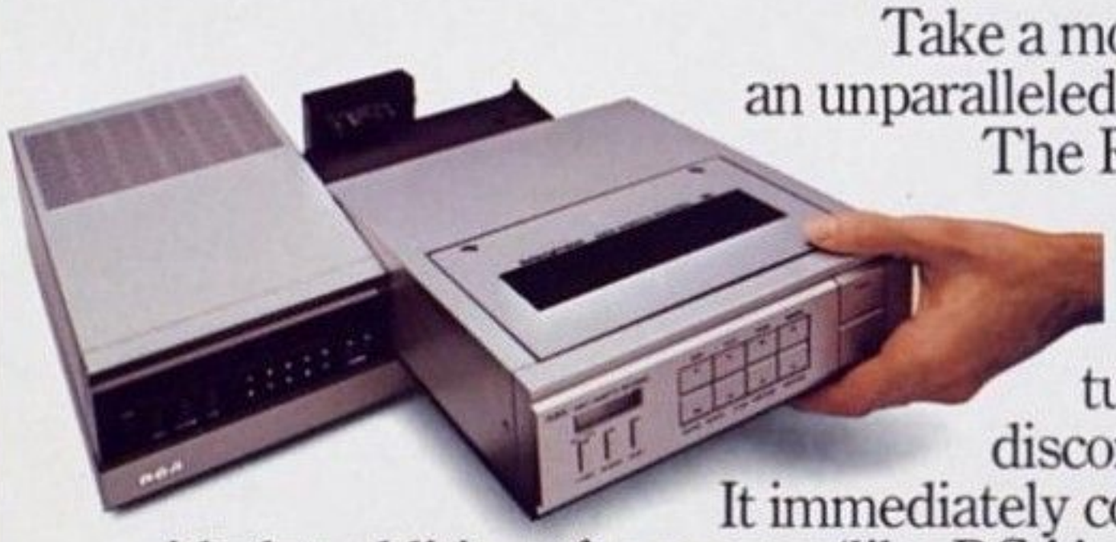
**CARRIE FISHER** TALKS ABOUT BEING **DEBBIE** AND **EDDIE'S** KID AND REVEALS HER DEEPEST SUSPICION—THAT **DARTH VADER** IS A FAG—IN A FAR-OUT **"20 QUESTIONS"**

**"THE EXPERIMENTERS"**—THESE ARE THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE PRESSING THE SEXUAL ACCELERATOR. A FASCINATING LOOK AT THE FRONTIERS OF EROTICISM IN PART FOUR OF *THE PLAYBOY READERS' SEX SURVEY*

# FINALLY, A PORTABLE VCR THAT WON'T MAKE YOU WISH YOU BOUGHT A TABLE MODEL.




The VJP-900 Convertible



Take a moment to study the photograph above. What it reveals is an unparalleled achievement in video cassette recorder engineering. The RCA 900 Convertible.

On the one hand, and one hand is all that's required, it's the first instantly portable VCR. The first VCR without cables joining the recording deck to the tuner-timer. One need only push to connect, pull to disconnect. There's no fuss, no muss, no bother.

It immediately converts to a lightweight, compact, complete movie outfit with the addition of a camera (like RCA's astonishingly versatile CCO15). And it operates more than 60 minutes on a single charge of its nickel-cadmium battery (not included).

On the other hand, it's the first table model (or portable, for that matter) to offer a recording/playback system with five heads instead of four. And you get amazingly clear, jitter-free special effects at two speeds (SP & SLP) instead of one.



It takes two sharp eyes to discover where the recording deck leaves off and the tuner-timer begins. Without making a feature-by-feature comparison, about the only way to distinguish the 900 from any other top-of-the-line table model is its name: The Convertible.

There's more, of course. More than a dozen other outstanding features.

Up to 21-day electronic programming, eight-event/eight-hour recording capability, sound-on-sound and stereo playback, audio and video dubbing, 133-channel capability (63 cable, where available), even—incredibly—frequency-synthesized tuning that locates and locks incoming signals precisely on track.

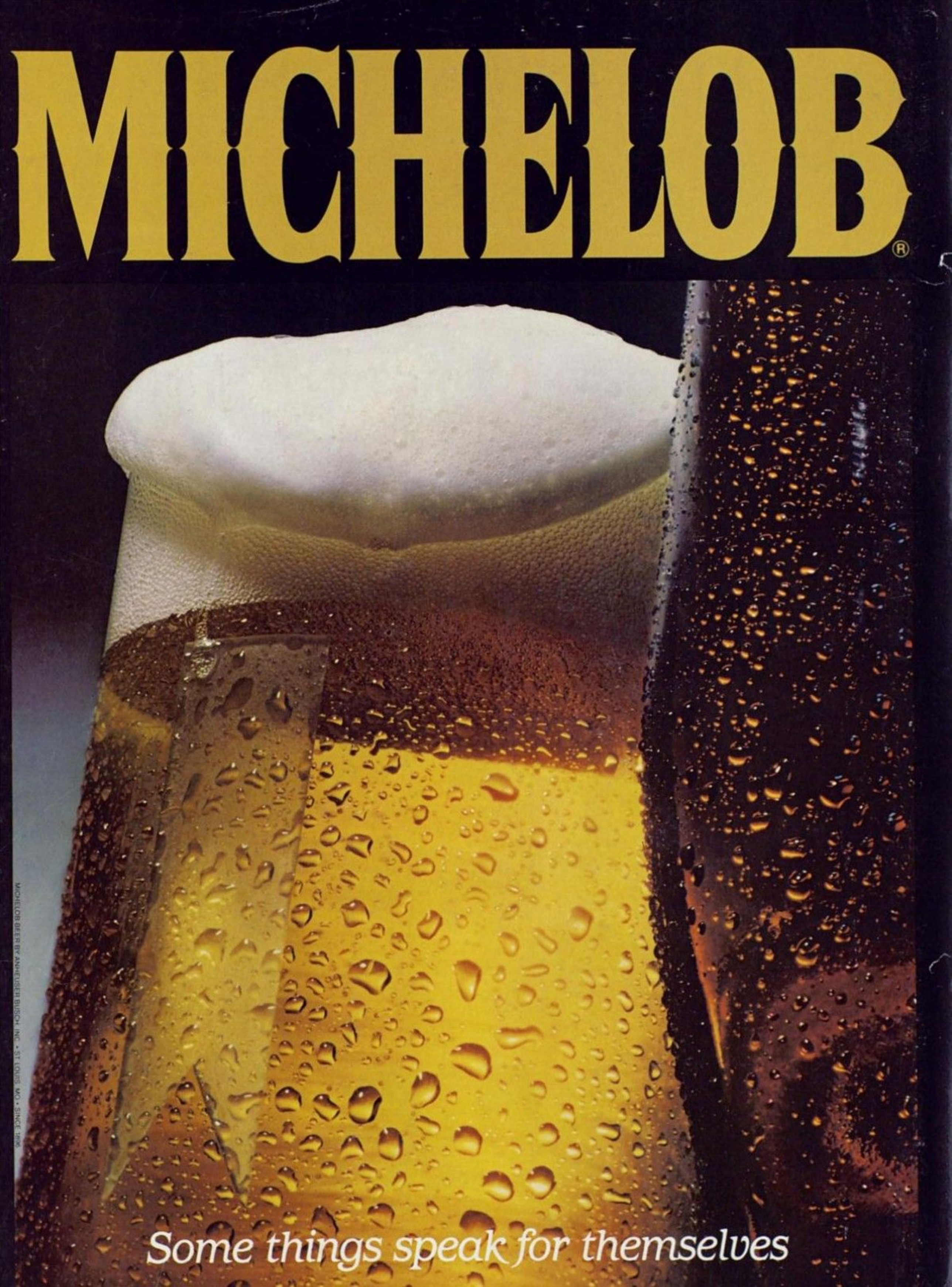
Not to mention a full-function, infrared remote unit to control the 900 from the cushion of a comfortable chair.

All of which can only lead to one conclusion:

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One federal court has ruled that in-home recording of copyrighted television programs is copyright infringement. Such recordings should not be made.
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