PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
JUNE 1980 • $2.50
Playmate of The Year
JOHN ANDERSON INTERVIEW
IS HE THE BEST?
WINNING THROUGH NEGOTIATION
HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT

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10 AGAINST ONE.

THE MAGIC OF CLARION'S NEW MAGI-TUNE™ FM OUTWEIGHS TEN LEADING CAR STEREOS IN SAN FRANCISCO CHALLENGE.

The San Francisco area may be a visual delight but it's a nightmare for car stereo reception.

That's why Clarion chose it to test our magical Magi-Tune FM against ten of the best car stereos made.

We asked ten leading Bay Area dealers to choose what each considered to be his best FM car stereo. Using the same antenna, the same speakers and the same power supply, we drove around and had each expert listen, then weigh the quality of Magi-Tune's performance against his own choice.

Now taking on ten of the best may sound foolish so before we give you the results, here's our reason why:

Let's start with the Magi-Tune Signal Activated Stereo Control. The all new SASC circuit significantly reduces noise by *automatically* and smoothly adjusting the degree of stereo separation to the optimum point while still maintaining stereo imaging.

Put simply, in weak signal areas the familiar switching noise between stereo and mono is virtually eliminated.

Next, Magi-Tune has Dual Gate MOS FET Front End. In strong signal areas, where there are several strong stations, FM signals can become "mixed" causing interference noise which degrades the reception quality. Magi-Tune FM utilizes two Dual Gate MOS FET's. One in RF Amp and one in Mixer, to greatly improve RF Intermodulation distortion.

Strong signal areas also experience another phenomenon—jumping. That's where adjacent or alternate channels interfere with the station you're listening to. Magi-Tune utilizes a narrow band filter to minimize the jumping effect. This improves selectivity and also permits the design of a more sensitive tuner section. Resulting in a superior performing design.

Finally, there's the Pin Diode. Our Clarion engineers have designed a new LO/DX Circuit using a Pin Diode. What it does is expand the usable range of FM reception in strong signal areas to greatly reduce interference noise.

Now with all that going for us we knew it was really no contest. Clarion's Magi-Tune won hands down. *Out of ten tests we got nine wins and one tie.* It was so one-sided it almost seemed unfair.

Clarion's new Magi-Tune FM. There's a small difference. Like between night and day.

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PLAYBILL

CHICKEN LITTLE was almost right. It's not the sky that's falling, it's airplanes that are falling out of the sky. Consulting Editor (and licensed pilot) **Laurence Gonzales** tried to warn us back in July of 1975 that airline safety was a contradiction in terms when he wrote the PLAYBOY article *You Gotta Believe*. Then, in May of last year, several of our PLAYBOY colleagues were killed in the infamous crash of flight 191 at Chicago's O'Hare airport. That tragedy prompted Gonzales to take a deeper look at the continuing problem in a two-part series, beginning in this issue, titled *Airline Safety: A Special Report*. Artist **Ron Villani**'s illustrations for the piece are pretty special, too.

On the subject of our departed colleagues, one of them, Managing Editor Sheldon Wax, was the inspiration for our staff writing award, the Waxy, presented for the best of the unattributed text in PLAYBOY, text such as this column. This year's winner (for his text and captions on *The Great Playmate Hunt*, January 1979) is Associate Editor **Walter L. Lowe,** who was presented the Waxy—appropriately, a typewriter ball impaled on a thin metal shaft—plus enough bread to get into serious trouble.

Trouble is no stranger to writer **Dan Greenburg,** especially after he spent three harrowing months with New York's finest as they went about their appointed rounds in some of the tougher sections of Gotham. Greenburg tells why the cops are *The Good Guys* in his report, illustrated by **Charles Shields.**

Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Gonzo Journalist, free-lance tester for the DEA and prototype for the character Duke in the *Doonesbury* comic strip, is now the subject of a movie, *Where the Buffalo Roam*. We could think of no better writer to cover the event than **Craig Vetter,** whom we tried to kill off a while ago through our *Pushed to the Edge* series. Vetter survived that, but it probably wasn't nearly as difficult as his on-location article, *Destination Hollyweird*, illustrated by **Bill Rieser.**

Your survival may depend on how well you negotiate your next salary. Financial writer **Andrew Tobias** introduces you to the world's best negotiator and his strategies in *Winning Through Negotiation*, a look at how **Herb Cohen** trades bids with corporations, governments and individuals—anyone who wants a bigger slice of the pie.

Getting a little extra is also the subject of *Seymour*, **Mordecai Richler**'s short story in this issue, part of his forthcoming book *Joshua Then and Now*, to be published by Knopf. It's about a compulsive philanderer who *almost* gets his comeuppance.

If you're stepping out—for a date, that is—check out *Critics' Choice*, compiled by **Dick Brass,** currently restaurant critic and food editor for WNBC-TV in New York. During his 18 months of research, Brass put on 40 pounds, which he promises to have shed by the time you read this.

Presidential candidate **John Anderson** of Illinois has a long way to go to win the G.O.P. nomination, but he's been looking strong enough for us to send **Robert Scheer** off to the campaign trail for a *Playboy Interview* with the maverick Republican Congressman. Scheer, you'll remember, did our famous Jimmy Carter interview. Can lightning strike twice?

Our own annual elections are all over. We started with 12 candidates and after some excruciating primaries, we finally chose our Playmate of the Year, **Dorothy Stratten. Mario Casilli** got the nod for the official portrait and Dorothy, who has already launched a film career, collected a bonanza of gifts. You can share her excitement vicariously on pages 221–225.

And you shouldn't overlook June Playmate **Ola Ray,** though she stands only 5'2" tall. What there is of her is so nicely arranged that you'll want to spend some extra time with **Richard Fegley**'s centerfold shot. Now is a good time to start.

GONZALES

VILLANI

GREENBURG

SHIELDS

VETTER

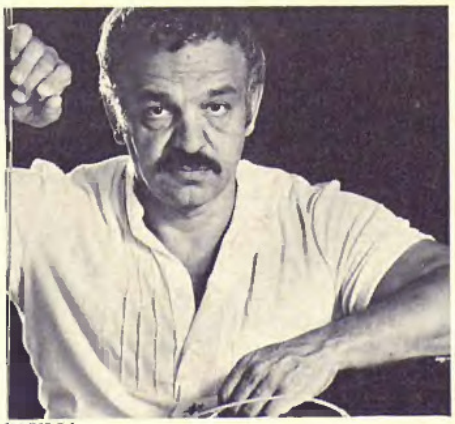
RIESER

RICHLER

SCHEER

FEGLEY

TOBIAS


CASILLI

BRASS

PLAYBOY

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COVER STORY

West Coast Photography Editor Marilyn Grabowski produced this Mario Casilli photograph of Dorothy Stratten, our Playmate of the Year. For more of Dorothy in one of the most delicious pictorials you've ever seen, turn to page 168. The lucky lepidopterid on the upper left got this job because it can sing as well as do impersonations. In fact, its calling card reads: "Float like a rabbit, sing for my fee." Only the greatest for Dorothy.

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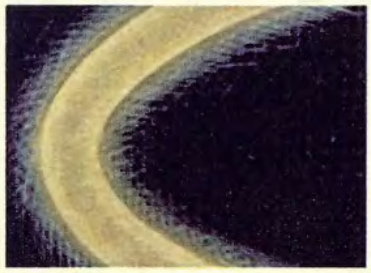

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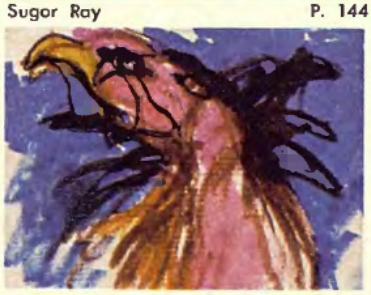

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PLAYBOY (ISSN 0032-1478), JUNE, 1980, VOL. 27, NO. 6. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHGO., ILL. 60611. CONTROLLED CIRCULATION POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. SUBS.: IN THE U.S., $16 FOR 12 ISSUES. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLO. 80302.

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computer doesn't have to move on to someone else, in order to save time. It waits for your child to answer the question correctly.

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

COMING OF AGE IN HOLMBY HILLS

Well, it's not Manua, Samoa, but the editors of *National Geographic* decided Playboy Mansion West might rate a pictorial for its exotic wildlife, uh, animals. Below, Hef tries his Dr. Dolittle impression on photog Steve Raymer.

PLAYBOY TO REPRISE JAZZ FESTIVAL

If at first you succeed, you try to make it a habit. Last year's Playboy Jazz Festival served up the top stars of jazz. They'll be back at the Hollywood Bowl June 21–22 for this year's jam. At left, fest producer George Wein confers with veteran composer/arranger/sax man Benny Carter and Mrs. Carter at a Mansion West kickoff.

CHAMPAGNE, LES DAMES AND HEF

When Playboy Mansion West was merely a stately home in Holmby Hills known as Statham House, Les Dames de Champagne, a group of women who are pillars of L.A.'s social establishment, hosted foreign dignitaries there. Today the dignitary in residence is Hugh M. Hefner (right), who welcomes Les Dames back for a 15th reunion.

TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD

December 1977 Playmate Ashley Cox (left) and Savannah Smith (right) sparkle in this scene from the TV show *Vega$*, above. As for the blonde (top)—that's Christopher Morley in drag. Hmmm; we'd say he's about a six.

SHAKE HANDS, NO RABBIT PUNCHES, COME OUT FIGHTING

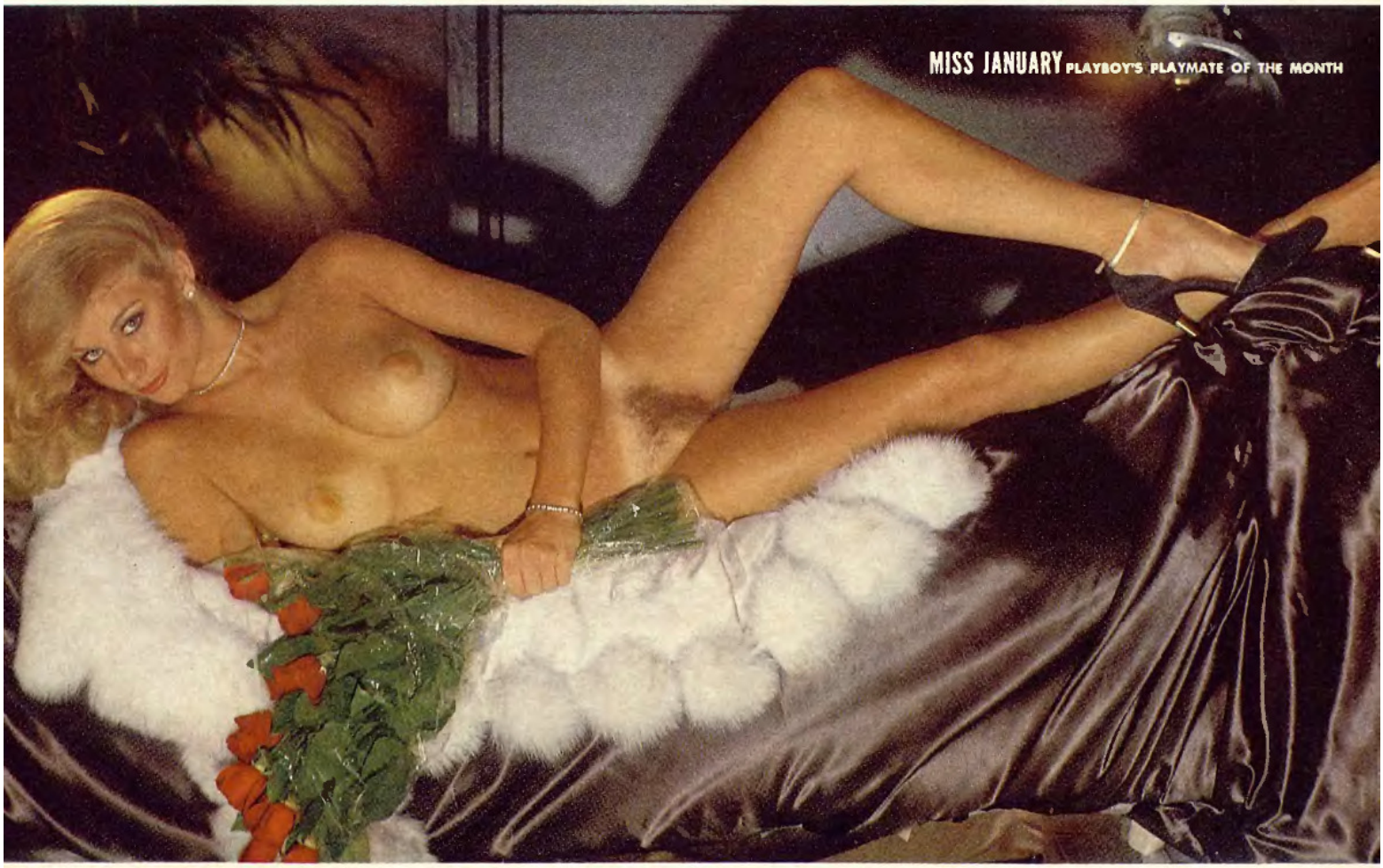
Below, ex–middleweight boxing champs Rocky Graziano (second from left) and Tony Zale (right), fighting for the Gaucho Basketball League, a program for Harlem kids, are escorted by Bunnies Barbi (left) and Neice. That's ex-heavyweight Frank Gio as ref.

PLAYMATE UPDATE

DEBRA AND ANN FIND LOVE, MARRIAGE, ROCK 'N' ROLL

We thought only teenaged girls cried when rock stars got married. That's not true if the bride happens to be a Playmate. We found out the hard way—twice. January 1978 Playmate Debra Jensen said "I do" to Kiss's Peter Criss (right) at the posh L'Orangerie restaurant in Los Angeles. March 1978 Playmate Ann Pennington preceded Debra down the aisle, having married teen idol Shaun Cassidy a few weeks earlier at his Beverly Hills home. Mother always warned us about rock 'n' roll. Just for old-times' sake, we're reprinting herewith Debra's (below) and Ann's (far right) breath-taking centerfold shots. Don't mind us—we always cry at weddings.

Peter Criss the bridegroom (above) appears to be a mere shadow of his Kiss persona (left). That's Peter with the grease-paint whiskers, second from left. Debra, who wears less make-up than Peter does, is a popular model.



We can't help thinking of Ann Pennington as the proverbial kid sister. Janice, her older sister, had appeared as the May 1971 Playmate when, five years later, we discovered Ann, who had been appearing on TV shows. The Penningtons are the only siblings to have graced our gatefolds in different months. The only *other* sister Playmates were the October 1970 twins, Mary and Madeleine Collinson.

After shaking the rice from their hair, the new Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy (above) resumed their busy careers. Formerly a TV Hardy Boy, Shaun's still fanning the flames of young love (below). Meanwhile, Ann has become the symbol of C & R Clothiers, an L.A. store whose TV commercials she adorns with great vigor. We're hoping that Shaun can live up to his graffiti (below right). Did Ann write that?

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THE DEREK DYNASTY

Although there have been many beautiful covers in PLAYBOY's past, the shot of Bo Derek in March is the sexiest I have ever seen. My compliments to John Derek for his excellent photography and for sharing his beautiful wife with us. If she's an example of the sex stars of the Eighties, you can bet my subscription will never run out.

Steven P. Andersen
Westbury, New York

Not having seen *"10,"* I looked forward to your March pictorial of Bo Derek for my first real look at the famed beauty. After gazing at the photos, there are many things, I guess, one could say. First, there might be mention of the beautiful and sensitive photography of John Derek or of the concise, informative writing of Bruce Williamson. Or one could remark that it is probably one of the finest pictorials PLAYBOY has ever published. But, unfortunately, at the moment, I can think of only one thing to say: Unbelievable! Many thanks.

William Smith
Matthews, North Carolina

I can't take it anymore! I keep reading articles that state that John Derek's wives Ursula Andress, Linda Evans and Bo have all posed for PLAYBOY. Well, I've seen Ursula and I've seen Bo, but how about revealing which issue (I must have missed it) Linda was featured in? I've been a fan of hers since *The Big Valley* days.

Edwin T. Derecho
Lomita, California

Linda's pictorial, "Blooming Beauty," photographed by John Derek, appeared in the July 1971 issue of PLAYBOY.

You've just got to feel sorry for John Derek; the poor guy is in a terrible rut.

Ron Hall
Wonder Lake, Illinois

BRADSHAW AND BRICKBATS

Thanks for the Terry Bradshaw interview in your March issue. Maury Z. Levy and Samantha Stevenson did a great job. Some of the questions they asked him did put him on the spot, but I'm sure his resourceful answers will help dissipate all rumors saying Bradshaw is a dumb hick from Louisiana.

Terry Buckley
Staten Island, New York

No question, your interview with Bradshaw is the most inspiring piece of work I have ever read in your magazine. It is wonderful and encouraging to hear a man of his stature talk about God. I know in my heart that Jesus has read this great interview and he is very proud of his brother for spreading the great news of eternal life.

Guy S. Seals
Nashville, Tennessee

We've never been so insulted as we were after reading Levy and Stevenson's interview with Terry Bradshaw. Calling Pittsburgh a "sooty steel town," "a sullen city" where "air is grayish brown" leads me to wonder if they were in Pittsburgh at all! Don't they realize how we've been fighting for years to overcome the reputation of a dirty steel town? Our city is beautiful, alive, clean, full of entertainment, culture and history. We have some of the best restaurants in the country, as well as the best teams in the entire sports world, however "unlikely" that may seem to some. We have a fierce pride in our city—a pride that allows us to say we *are* family and we don't appreciate outsiders' criticizing Pittsburgh unfairly. Stick to the

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), JUNE, 1980, VOLUME 27, NUMBER 6. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, $39 FOR 36 ISSUES, $28 FOR 24 ISSUES, $16 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, $24 FOR 12 ISSUES. ELSEWHERE, $31 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, POST OFFICE BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: ED CONDON, DIRECTOR / DIRECT MARKETING; MICHAEL J. MURPHY, CIRCULATION PROMOTION DIRECTOR. ADVERTISING: HENRY W. MARKS, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; HAROLD DUCHIN, NATIONAL SALES MANAGER; MARK EVENS, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER; RICHARD ATKINS, FASHION ADVERTISING MANAGER, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO, RUSS WELLER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE; TROY, MICHIGAN, JESS BALLEW, MANAGER, 3001 W. BIG BEAVER ROAD; LOS ANGELES, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 4311 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD; SAN FRANCISCO, TOM JONES, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY STREET.

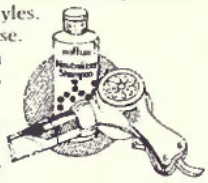
STAYING ON TOP

Who dictates hair styles?

Don't expect a simple answer. Hair styles change as fashion and life styles change. Who jogged in 1970? How many people got off on racquetball, tennis, et al?

Who discoed, roller skated, roller discoed? Life styles do change. Athletic people become leaner, trimmer. And fashion designers create styles that flatter the human form—or dramatize it. The disco look is sexy, tight fitting, colorful. The trend in men's street clothing is leaner, neater. Try putting that trim suit, short shirt collar and narrow necktie under a head of shoulder length hair. No way. It's discordant. So, good taste crops the hair shorter, trimly tailors it like the clothes. Fashions change.

Then there's the practical aspect. Jock activity works up sweat. And sweaty heads need shampooing—usually every day. Shorter hair is easier to care for, easier to dry. So there it is. Changing life styles affect fashion. And life style and fashion affect hairstyles. It almost makes sense.



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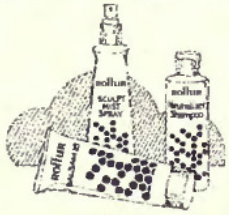

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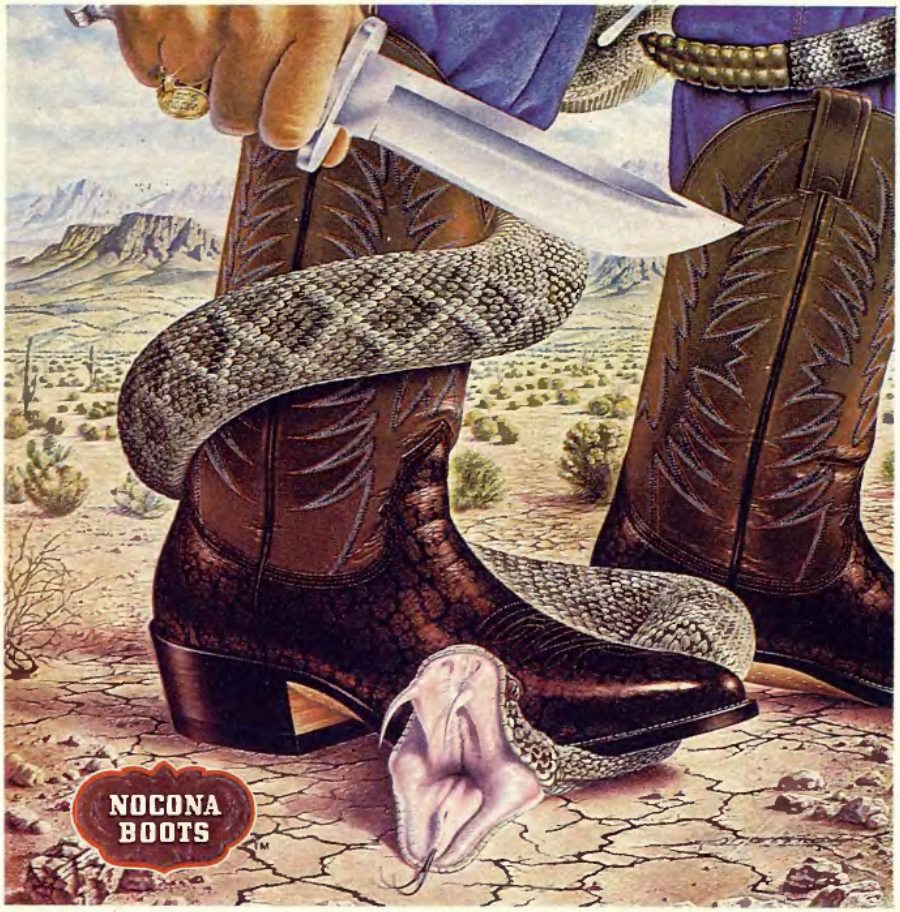

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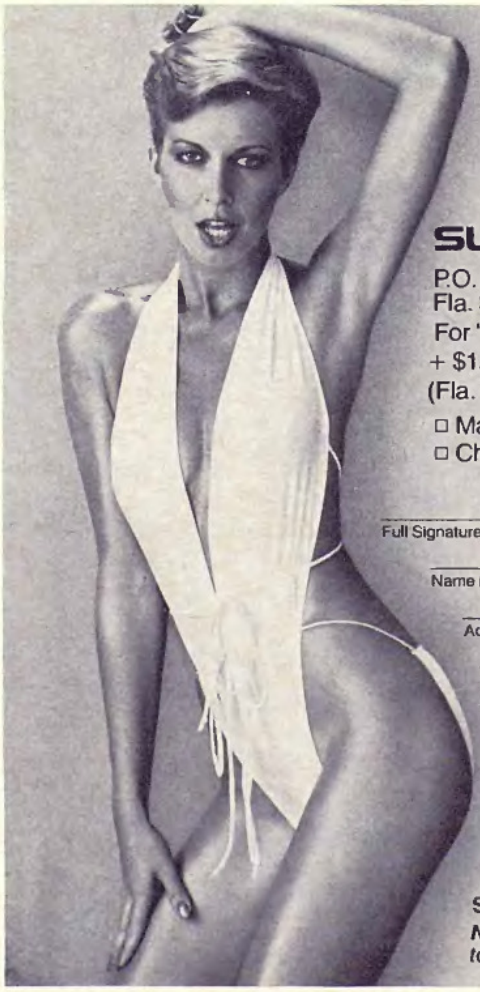

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interviewing and leave the editorials to those with open minds and eyes.

Gerry and Jenice Vesely
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Writers Stevenson and Levy obviously missed some of the finer points of your fair city. Perhaps they were there on a bad day, or perhaps they were having a bad day when they got there. Either way, we have to admit they did malign one of the great cities of the country and we apologize for the slight. Moreover, we have sentenced Stevenson and Levy to interview the entire defensive line of the Steelers while taking turns as an opposing quarterback. A position that will guarantee their future descriptions of Pittsburgh will begin, "Blue skies, nothing but blue skies, do I see."

TOMORROW'S NEWS TODAY

I've been an avid reader of PLAYBOY for two years now and it usually takes me many days to go through all your great articles and pictorials. But I have never been so engrossed as I was with *Bad Dreams in the Future Tense*, by Walter L. Lowe, in the March issue! Keep this fine magazine on the present high quality level and you'll have a reader for life.

Rodney J. Maki
Minneapolis, Minnesota

KRAZY KHOMEINI

Thank you for the look at the teachings of the Ayatollah Khomeini (*Rules to Live By*, PLAYBOY, March). At first, I thought he was just an ordinary religious fanatic like Billy Graham or Anita Bryant, but this guy is nuts! To remind myself that he controls an oil-rich country and the fate of the 50 American hostages is very frightening. I would put him on the century's top-ten fruitcake list.

David L. Hamilton
Omak, Washington

POT PROFITS

As a longtime advocate of marijuana legalization, I was disappointed in Chris Barnett's March article, *Who'd Profit from Legal Marijuana?*, particularly his assumption that marijuana would (or should) be treated like liquor or tobacco. The regulation schemes he describes would benefit the big businessman who knows which politicians to bribe for permits and competition-strangling legislation. They would eliminate the profits now being earned by smugglers and dealers who, in the best tradition of Adam Smith–style capitalism, risk their liberty to serve the consumer. All this without giving the consumer a price break. Where will all the money go? Barnett sees the Government as the recipient of this windfall, which to me is the only good argument against legalization. We've had enough of the warfare-welfare state, the omnipresent Government that gets involved in all

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aspects of people's lives and invariably mucks things up. If we are to legalize marijuana, let's do it right and keep the bureaucrats out of it. Otherwise, the status quo is good enough. Smugglers are usually trustworthy; politicians never are.

William B. Conerly, Chairman
Libertarian Party of North Carolina
Laurinburg, North Carolina

Perhaps a better question to ask would be, "Who profits most from *illegal* marijuana?" It clearly is not the public, which is barely beginning to understand the consequences of current policies; it certainly isn't the consumer who is willing to pay from $25 to $200 or more an ounce for an herb that our Government produces—with tax dollars—at a cost of less than one dollar an ounce for its own research purposes. The only benefactors of illegal marijuana are those who make a multibillion-dollar business from a sophisticated game of cops and robbers—the international profiteer and his ignorant or unwitting ally, our own Federal Government. Let us grow our own and we'll put the former out of business and the latter to more productive tasks.

Roger Winthrop, State Coordinator
Michigan NORML
Lansing, Michigan

KREWS KLOUTS KLAN

Harry Crews's article about David Duke is very distorted. I know because I am David Duke. I must say that I like Harry Crews, believe him to be very talented and greatly enjoyed his company, but *The Buttondown Terror of David Duke* (PLAYBOY, February) is really a shabby representation of myself and my ideas. How could a writer who admits that he despises my ideas, and who constantly guzzled vodka while interviewing me, be expected to give my ideas a fair exposition? PLAYBOY is always preaching freedom of speech and press, but the obstacles it encountered in publishing nudity and getting it on the newsstands of America were minor compared with the barriers now in existence stifling defense of the white majority. If blacks talk about their rights and try to develop racial pride in their children, it's often called love and brotherhood; but when a white person tries to defend his basic human rights and his heritage, it's called hate and bigotry. The undeniable fact is that white people today face a broader-based, institutionalized racism in hiring, promotions, scholarships and college and union admittance than blacks ever faced. For the first time, we have Government-mandated racial discrimination that extends not only into every public institution but into the private sector as well. I can back up what I say, and that's why I believe that Harry Crews

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was accurate when he told me that he thought PLAYBOY expected him to do a "hatchet job."

David Duke
Metairie, Louisiana

Harry Crews is a very talented writer. In light of the subject matter and his own feelings toward it, his use of an anesthetic—which he wrote about in the piece—may be understandable. By the way, Crews was not instructed to do a hatchet job on the K.K.K. Frankly, we didn't think that was necessary.

BREAST IS BEST

I found it rather ironic that your March issue's *Playboy After Hours* section, which regularly makes light of other publications' embarrassing puns and typographical errors, contains the phrase "Not only doesn't music have enough charm to soothe the savage breast. . . ." The issue still rates a 10, in spite of the fact that even PLAYBOY can make an occasional Freudian slurp.

R. Harrison
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Shouldn't the correct word have been beast? If, in fact, I am mistaken, and you would be interested in conducting more tests on the effects of music on a "savage breast," I'll be glad to provide the music if you'll provide the breasts!

David H. Bigelow
Locust Grove, Virginia

If there's one thing we know, it's our 17th Century literature, men. That's where you'll find the original quote from William Congreve's play "Love for Love": "Music has charms to soothe a savage breast." Romantic ol' Bill wasn't the type to try soothing beasties.

THE SOUTH HAS RISEN

Your March layout of *Southern Comforter* Henriette Allais is truly a work of art. Henriette looks exceptionally exquisite in the centerfold picture. Keep up the good work, PLAYBOY, and keep more beauties like Henriette coming.

James Shockney
Kokomo, Indiana

She is the most interesting, intelligent and gorgeous and the sexiest woman I have ever come across. I'd love to take a romantic journey with her. Please get photographer Arny Freytag to show the lookers and readers more.

Thomas Copelan
Mableton, Georgia

Congratulations on an excellent choice for your March Playmate! Georgia peach Henriette Allais was recently in our city on a promotional tour. While here, she made a number of appearances on our radio stations, including one to raise money for the U. S. Winter Olympics effort. Everyone with whom she came in contact was captivated by her charm, elegance and good humor. PLAYBOY should be proud.

Jerry Rogers
Vice-President/General Manager
WSGA/Z-102
Savannah, Georgia

After seeing Henriette Allais in the March issue, I definitely developed a deeper love of the South. She is by far the finest woman you've ever featured in the centerfold of your magazine. Please show us more of her. It's an injustice to keep her all to yourself.

Fran Ratkowski
Anaheim, California

There's not a selfish bone in our body,

Fran. Share and share alike, we say.

PART-TIME PADS

Travel Editor Stephen Birnbaum (*Playboy After Hours*, March), as a staff member of PLAYBOY, ought to be aware that the company that pays his salary is the largest single owner of time-share units in the United States. He should also know that time-share weeks are not fixed, an innovation started by Playboy, and specific apartments are not assigned. Weeks purchased at time-share resorts, including Playboy, may be exchanged through Resort Condominiums International for accommodations at more than 275 locations throughout the world. And, lastly, two weeks at a Playboy time-share resort are anything but boring.

Richard Robyn, Director of Marketing
Leisure Resource Group
Austin, Texas

SUZANNE SOMERS

Our February pictorial on TV star Suzanne Somers' Playmate Test stirred up such a storm of controversy about its possible effect on her career that we delayed publication of any letters on the subject until we'd had a chance to sort out rumor from fact. The dust having settled, here are but a few from the sackful of mail we received:

I must say that the pictorial on Suzanne Somers in your February issue is by far the best of her nudie days. I'm sure that it will sell a lot of magazines and increase the ratings for one certain network. However, if this girl had not been brought into the public eye by the tube, I think your esteemed Editor-Publisher, Hugh M. Hefner, would not have given her a second look.

Teleia Lower
Stinson Beach, California

What is the matter with our hypocritical society? Dozens of the world's most respected actresses have posed nude and I see no reason why a beautiful body, beautifully photographed, needs to be excused ("Well, gee, she was broke at the time"). Somers is a gorgeous, brainy, classy lady and she should be proud of her Playmate test; we, her public, should make her proud of it.

Mary Phillips
Plano, Texas

I just want to write and thank you for the fine pictorial of Suzanne Somers. I've often enjoyed watching this blonde bombshell portray Chrissy on *Three's Company*. She is a fine actress and I'm sure she will go a long way in her career. Ten years is a long time to wait, but it was worth it.

Tom Cohn
Akron, Ohio

Ace Hardware lost my business for the rest of my life when it fired Suzanne Somers from its TV ads.

Herb Schott
Dunedin, Florida

Don't even listen to those who criticize your publishing of the layout or label it a dirty trick. I'm sure Miss Somers knew what she was doing at the time of the shooting. By signing the photo-release form, she must have known of the possibility of the layout's being published. Besides, she owes PLAYBOY a plane fare!

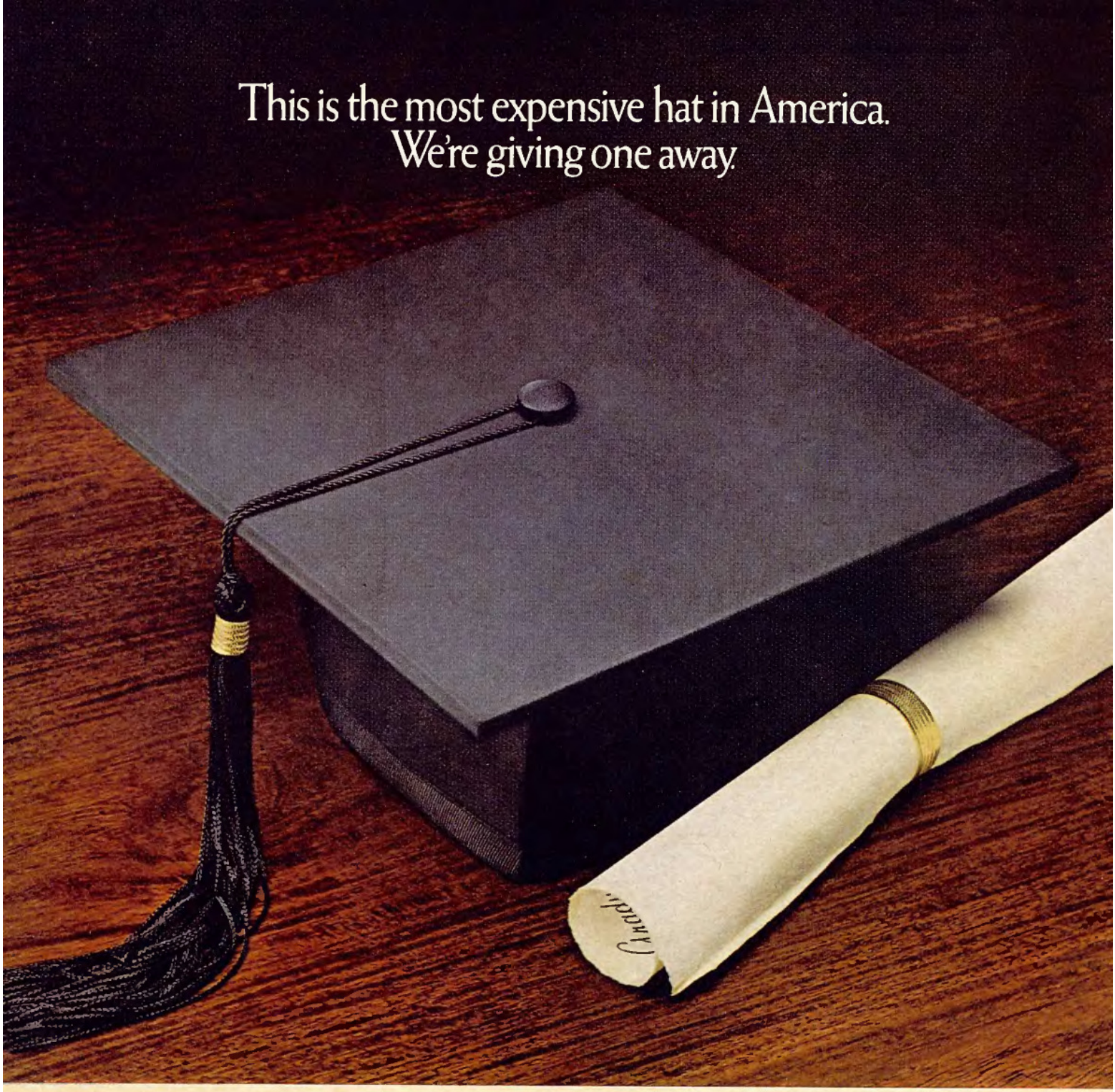
J. C. Michael
Woodland Hills, California

As a longtime subscriber to PLAYBOY, I am disappointed. In a word, what you did stinks. You guys (and gals) oughta be ashamed. Please cancel my subscription, effective immediately.

Peter Stamelman
Sherman Oaks, California

Yes, it is a fact that Suzanne modeled for those photos nearly ten years ago. So,

This is the most expensive hat in America. We're giving one away.



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Official Rules 1. To enter, fill in the official entry form—clearly hand printing your name, address and the answers requested in all three statements (or on a 5" x 8" plain piece of paper clearly hand-print your name, address and answers requested in the three statements on the official entry form). The answers to these statements may be found by looking at the labels of any bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch Whisky. Labels may be obtained by requesting some from: Labels, P.O. Box 333 Pound Ridge, NY 10576. Bonus phrase may be found on game board displays in all participating restaurants or liquor stores or by writing to: Bonus Phrase P.O. Box 999, Pound Ridge, NY 10576. **2.** Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope no larger than 4-1/8" x 9-1/2". Mail to Johnnie Walker Black Label Contest, P.O. Box 5090, New Canaan, Conn. 06842. Entries must be postmarked by June 23, 1980 and received by June 30, 1980. **3.** Winner will be determined in random drawings from among all correctly answered and eligible entries conducted by V.I.P. Service, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final, and will be notified by mail. **4. Grand Prize:** The cost of a four year college education for the winner's child or anyone the winner chooses, up to a limit of $30,000 in cash to be paid in one sum or, $1,875.00 quarterly per year over a period of four years. **Bonus Prize:** $10,000 in cash to be used (if so elected by the winner) toward the cost of a college education for the winner's child or anyone the winner chooses. The prize winner will be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release granting to Somerset Importers, Ltd. the right to use winner's name and photo in publicity. **5.** Prizes are non-transferable—NO correspondence will be entered into. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. Both prizes (valued at $40,000) will be awarded. Local, state, and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of winner. **6.** Contest open to residents of the United States. Employees and their families of Somerset Importers, Ltd., their advertising agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, and V.I.P. Service, Inc. are not eligible. Contest void in Pennsylvania, Utah, Texas, Ohio, and wherever prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. **7.** ENTRANTS MUST BE OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE UNDER THE LAWS OF THEIR HOME STATE AS OF MAY 1, 1980. **8.** A list of winners will be available, two months after the close of the contest, to anyone who sends a stamped self-addressed envelope to: Johnnie Walker Black Label Winners List, P.O. Box 666 Pound Ridge, NY 10576. Please do not send entries to this box number. **9.** The Official Entry Form may not be reproduced. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.

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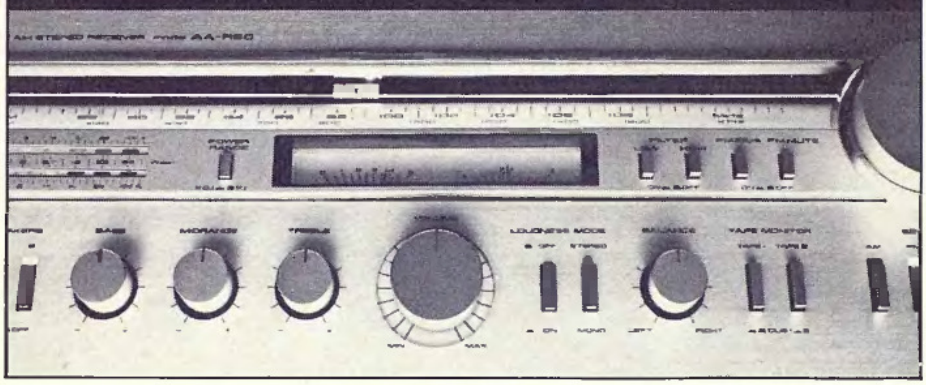

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too, is it a fact that people change with the times. Recent interviews with Suzanne reflect quite clearly her desire for such things to become a part of her past. Not because of being ashamed of having posed in the nude but because ten years later her circumstances and priorities have changed.

Terry Wetzteon
Billings, Montana

Hold on a second; let's get this thing in perspective. Suzanne Somers' media image as a contemporary sex symbol has been acknowledged in story and picture in every major publication in the country. The success of the television comedy "Three's Company" was due in large part to that image, and there's no reason to suspect that the folks at Ace Hardware had anything else in mind when they hired her as their commercial spokesperson. As the Chicago Sun-Times *commented in an editorial, "Somers wasn't hired because she knows anything about hardware. She was hired because she was sexy. . . . If [Ace] didn't want to exploit sex, it would have hired Pat Summerall away from True Value." The suspension of Ace's commercials featuring Miss Somers, therefore, seemed to stretch the limits of corporate ingenuousness—if not hypocrisy. We found the photographs exuberant and Suzanne's data-sheet responses delightful. We aren't finding a lot of merit in the argument that the passage of time has done anything to taint the photos or the model. The pictures, just like Suzanne herself, have come on like the price of gold. Even though they were "test" shots, the response to the published layout indicates they are of more than passing interest to our readers. We do admit, however, that we were extra lucky in having the right model, and the right model release, at the right time. Because of that, when Suzanne subsequently requested compensation for the photos, we were more than happy to offer her the $10,000 full-fledged Playmates normally get today, plus a personal gift from Hugh M. Hefner himself. Suzanne indicated she would accept both and donate them to the Easter Seals campaign, of which she is national chairman. As for Ace Hardware,* Chicago Sun-Times *columnist Irv Kupcinet reported in his January tenth "Kup's Column" that "Suzanne received a vote of confidence from her sponsor apologizing for any embarrassment caused by an erroneous story that she was fired because of the* PLAYBOY *layout. She will be on the Ace payroll at least until March 1981." Therefore, despite the initial unwarranted response from Ace, Suzanne is apparently satisfied,* PLAYBOY *is satisfied and our readers got a special treat.*

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Everyone knows that politicians can often be deadly boring. In Japan, they can be just plain deadly. Jintaro Itoh, a Japanese politician, stabbed himself in the thigh in an assassination hoax in order to get sympathy from voters. He then planned to announce his candidacy from his hospital bed. The overzealous politician drove the knife in too deep, however, and he bled to death from the wound.

BORN FRIED

Joy Adamson died for your sins. When an overstocked game farm found itself with 85 extra pounds of lion meat, Manhattan's French-Shack restaurant bought them and put them on the menu. Owner Alain Dupuis, whose restaurant has in the past served up wild boar and bear, was ecstatic at the royal find, getting more than 50 meals out of the boon.

THE WORST CRIMINAL

With crime on the upswing across the nation, it is somewhat reassuring to learn of the existence in New York of guys like police file number 34707902: Gregory Gatson, the worst pickpocket in all of Manhattan. As reported recently in the New York *Daily News*, Gatson is a toothless 24-year-old crook who has been caught more than 45 times because of his unique approach to crime.

Example? One fine day, Gatson decided to nab a purse. He spotted a woman with a handbag, lunged for it. Grabbed it. Fumbled with the lock. Couldn't open it. Then, in desperation, he tried to *gum* it open. "What are you trying to do?" the woman asked, pushing Gatson across the sidewalk.

"I think he was trying to get your wallet," offered a bystander.

"Well, he's not much of a pickpocket," the woman remarked. "He couldn't even open my purse. My five-year-old can open my purse."

On yet another occasion, Gatson had to be actually rescued by police when an intended victim, so irked with his persistent putziness, began to pummel him senseless at the scene of a crime. "Help! Police!" Gatson screeched as his face was transformed into a relief map of Peru by his attacker's flying fists. A cop rescued him, later commenting, "Gregory could not pickpocket a paraplegic."

Despite his lack of the gift of grab, Gatson is now a legend in New York law-enforcement circles. He's a man of convictions and has served time for every one of them.

MS.-GUIDED

Liberated ladies have received a public drubbing at the hands of the prestigious *Times* of London. The publication has banned the use of Ms. within its pages. Trevor Fishlock, who pens the paper's regular "London Diary" column, explained the ban in oh, so blunt terms. "This is a rallying point for common sense," he stated. "There are several reasons why Ms. should be allowed no air. It is artificial, ugly, silly, means nothing and is rotten English. It is a faddish, middle-class plaything." And that goes for Bella Abzug, too.

ASHES TO ASHES, RUST TO RUST

The Israeli-Egyptian peace negotiations have brightened a lot of faces in the Middle East, but none more so than those belonging to the members of a wily Bedouin car-thief ring that has found a way to turn the negotiations into a bonanza.

Israeli officials have discovered more than 200 stolen Mercedes-Benzes, Volvos and other luxury cars buried beneath the sands of the Sinai Desert, part of a Bedouin master plan for thievery. The cars, you see, were all stolen from Israeli territory. The car thieves, mindful that the Egyptian border is always moving forward as a result of the Camp David agreement, buried the Israeli cars in a portion of the desert that soon would be passed over by the bouncing border. Once the site of the buried cars became Egyptian territory, the Bedouins planned to dig out the autos and sell them to Egyptians at prices far below list and sans customs duties. In another part of the Sinai, a number of Pintos were also dug up. Israeli officials chalk that up to the work of dozens of suicidal pack rats.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Former Beatles producer George Martin on the possibility of a reunion of the four: "First of all, they'd have to rehearse for two years to get back to

the level they were when they stopped. Second, what material would they do? Their old stuff! Nobody wants to hear it anymore." At least now we know who buried Paul.

SOX AND VIOLENCE

White House Secret Service agents experienced a communal seizure recently when a routine X ray of a package addressed to Vice-President Walter Mondale showed it to contain wires and batteries. Alerting bomb-squad experts, the agents rushed the package out onto a safe area of the grounds. There, sharpshooters fired several rounds into the small parcel in an attempt to detonate the bomb. After being bombarded by bullets, the package collapsed into shreds. Agents then crept up to the parcel and examined what was left of the contents. There, in tatters, were the remnants of a pair of electric socks sent to the Veep by an admirer. Oh, Fritz, always the live wire.

MONKEY BUSINESS

Cape Town, South Africa, which has had its share of unrest with local inhabitants, is now having problems with yet another element of its population—the baboons. Of late, baboons have been monkeying around with their human counterparts in a most alarming way. A group of 22 school children backpacking across Table Mountain was bushwhacked by a pair of baboons that snatched the rucksacks off the kids' backs, dumped the contents onto the ground and made off with the lunches. Two weeks earlier, a group of hikers had been held up in a similar manner by a group of impromptu baboon brunchers and one week previous to that, a half-dozen baboons had surprised a party of picnickers, pilfering beer, wine and cigarettes.

Government officials are keeping mum as to the extent of the baboon brashness, but word has leaked out of Cape Town that a spokesman for the Baboon Liberation Front has stated that the raids will cease only when (1) all animals at the Cape Town Zoo are allowed to elect the custodian of their choice and (2) Johnny Weissmuller is released from his California rest home.

GAY ABANDONED

After Dark magazine, the Bible of the gay showbiz set, is going straight. Claiming that the "gay stigma" has limited the magazine's growth and profits, editor Charles Kriebel stated that the monthly publication is ceasing its efforts to court the homosexual crowd. After 11 years, *After Dark* will no longer run photos of nude men. Not only that but "We're getting away from pretty pictures of pretty men," Kriebel explained. While continuing to focus on the entertainment world, the new, straight-as-an-arrow publication will broaden its base of appeal, gearing itself to "all men and women, gay or straight. Anyone sophisticated." Rumor has it that, in an effort to erase the gay stigma forever, words such as Bruce, cupcake, size D battery and nozzle will be banned from all future issues.

CHECKING IN

We asked Washington Star *reporter Nancy Collins to talk with comedian* **Albert Brooks** *to find out how he conducts his real life.*

PLAYBOY: What are the problems with being a young Jewish stud?

BROOKS: Actually, the biggest problem is rubbers. Finding them.

PLAYBOY: What do you find sexually attractive in a woman?

BROOKS: Knowledge and a good body—in any order I can get them.

PLAYBOY: How do you seduce a woman?

BROOKS: You look her straight in the eyes, tell her what time it is, tell her what time you have to be through, and then let her average it out.

PLAYBOY: What is the funniest part of the sex act?

BROOKS: Dinner.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever laughed during orgasm?

BROOKS: Not so she could hear.

PLAYBOY: How has your sex life changed since your movie *Real Life*?

BROOKS: I use more props.

PLAYBOY: Name some high-profile women you find sexy.

BROOKS: Julie Andrews, Jessica Savitch, an Indian woman you wouldn't know, Marlon Brando's ex-wife, Anna Kashfi—the one who wrote that book.

PLAYBOY: As someone who used to go out with Linda Ronstadt, how would you describe her relationship with Jerry Brown?

BROOKS: A lot of jogging—in different directions.

PLAYBOY: What does Brown have that you don't?

BROOKS: A plainer car.

PLAYBOY: If you could ask Ted Kennedy one question, what would it be?

BROOKS: Where he buys his socks.

PLAYBOY: Do you find funny women intimidating?

BROOKS: No, but they're usually quite messy.

PLAYBOY: Name the funniest women you know.

BROOKS: Monica Johnson, a writer for *Real Life*, and Rosie Shuster, a writer on *Saturday Night Live*, Carrie Fisher and my mother.

PLAYBOY: Of the other young comics working today—John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd, Steve Martin, Robin Williams, Andy Kaufman—with whom do you feel competitive?

BROOKS: If I looked at people as competition, I would never have gotten into this profession. If a producer ever says, "Look. This is my last $3.50 and it's either Brooks or Belushi"—then Belushi can have it.

PLAYBOY: Who are your heroes?

BROOKS: My father, who was a comedian but died when I was rather young, Jack Benny and Jonathan Winters. When I first heard Winters, it was really one of those "Oh, my God" experiences.

PLAYBOY: What would be the title of your autobiography?

BROOKS: *Yes, He Did.*

PLAYBOY: How would you characterize your appeal?

BROOKS: Humor, with just the right amount of warmth.

PLAYBOY: What do you want to be when you grow up?

BROOKS: Serious. Free from mirth.

PLAYBOY: If they made a movie about your life, who would play you?

BROOKS: I would, until I died. And then Al Jolson III would take over. He's only ten now, but I hear he's dynamite.

PLAYBOY: What will your tombstone read?

BROOKS: TO BE CONTINUED.

CANNED

You just can't please everybody. That's the lesson a Tucson recycling company has learned, irking local women's organizations with a billboard designed both to beautify the environment and to increase the company's business. The Recyco outfit erected a billboard showing a woman in short shorts posing on her knees and elbows beneath the caption BRING US YOUR CAN. Representatives of the National Organization for Women and the Tucson Women's Commission would like to see the whole advertising campaign canned, calling it "degrading." Not so, says I. M. Molever, the company's president. He says that all he's trying to do is "to save 95 percent of energy costs through recycling

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compared with producing aluminum from bauxite." Privately, female residents of the area are thanking their lucky stars Molever was not involved in any wildlife promotions concerning the all-American beaver.

JUS' PLAIN OL' DI'

In an effort to redeem the image of the Greek god Dionysus, Smith College Assistant Professor of Art Caroline Houser staged an exhibition at Harvard's Fogg Art Museum that showed the infamous reveler as something of a teetotaler—sort of the Buddy Ebsen of the Olympus set.

Houser insists that Dionysus was not a lecherous drunk at all. He was faithful to his wife and, in ancient Greek artifacts, "you never see him falling-down drunk."

Now, if only someone would show up proving that Caligula was celibate and never really wanted to make that awful movie in the first place.

GOOD NUDES

The country that gave us the Mafia and mostaccioli, pizza and the Pope has now perfected the press release. So, direct from *Roma*, almost unexpurgated and just about as we received it in the mail, here is:

FOOLISH PARTY AND NAKE AT THE JACKYE'O

Huge party for the reopening of the Jackye'O, the wellknown saloon of the Italian capital; for the great event all men dressed night's clothings, however actresses showed their naked beautinesses. We report the best events and tell about more important persons. The arriving of Gill, managing the saloon again, near the big Anita Ekberg.

The ever more naked Ilona Staller, showing, under her veiled clothing, her naked body, was with her sweetheart Riccardo Schicchi and having a snake around her neck during the whole night, then showed to Anita Ekberg and kissed by the actress Ursula Andress.

Seated at the table, Laura Efrikian near to Gianni Ippoliti and she have eaten during the whole night.

Anna Maria Rizzoli with her sweetheart Alberto Arnaldi, showed her naked chest.

While all this happened into the Jackye'O, in another wellknown saloon, Isabella Biagini was dressed as usually, namely in topless, was with her sweetheart Maurizio Matufello.

These Italians may be the pros of the press release, but the *paparazzi* are sure dumb—all the photographs of the naked chests were overexposed.

FUN FACTS ABOUT THE FAMOUS

If the following merely whets your appetite, you may gorge yourself on more in "Celebrity Trivia," written by Ed Lucaire, which will be published by Warner Books sometime this fall.

Ann-Margret and her family once lived in a funeral parlor in Wilmette, Illinois, where her mother worked as a receptionist.

•

As a token of his feelings toward Hollywood gossip reporter **Rona Barrett**, actor **Ryan O'Neal** once mailed her a live tarantula.

•

For his first five James Bond movies, **Sean Connery** was said to have received over $13,500,000 in fees and percentage of gross receipts, making him one of the highest-paid actors in the history of movies.

•

When he was a kindergarten student, **Marlon Brando** wandered so much on the way to school that his sister Jocelyn eventually had to take him to class on a leash.

•

William Burroughs, author of the surrealistic book *Naked Lunch*, is the grandson of the man who invented the adding machine (or, as Burroughs put it, "the gimmick that made it work").

Naked Lunch was originally titled *Naked Lust*, but Burroughs' friend **Jack Kerouac** misread the word lust and called it lunch—which Burroughs liked better.

•

Giovanni Jacopo Casanova, the legendary Italian adventurer and lover, is said to have invented the first diaphragm—a hollowed-out lemon.

•

Because most of **Frédéric Chopin**'s audiences saw only one side of him during his recitals, the Polish pianist would sometimes shave only one side of his face.

•

In one of his automobiles, Egypt's **King Farouk**, a gadget freak, installed a horn that imitated the sound of a dog being run over.

According to **Rip Horton, Jr.**, a schoolmate at Choate, one of **John F. Kennedy**'s first sexual experiences was in a Harlem brothel and cost him three dollars.

•

Jerzy Kosinski speaks and reads English, French, Polish and Russian, and reads Ukrainian, Italian, Spanish and Esperanto (which was developed by a Pole), but to help him with his English late at night, he frequently dials O and asks the operator questions about grammar and word definitions.

•

The pressure of a play-off game is water off a duck's back for Dallas Cowboys coach **Tom Landry**. As an Army Air Corps bomber copilot in World War Two, he flew 30 missions over Germany and occupied Europe, once barely surviving a "dead-stick" landing in which both wings of his B-17 were sheared off.

•

Ralph Lauren, the popular clothes designer famous for his Ivy League and Western look, was born Ralph Lifshitz.

•

In 1930, four years after her "kidnaping," **Aimee Semple McPherson**, the theatrical evangelist, had a brief sexual relationship with comedian **Milton Berle**, whom she met at a charity show in Los Angeles.

•

In 1914, **Ho Chi Minh** served as an apprentice to the world-famous chef **Escoffier** at the Carlton Hotel in London.

•

Jody Powell, the President's Press Secretary, was dismissed from the United States Air Force Academy for cheating on a final examination in his senior year.

•

Comedienne **Joan Rivers** wasn't fooling around when it came to her academic life. She graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Barnard College at the age of 19.

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NEW WAVE ROUNDUP: With the death knell of disco sounding louder every day, more and more people are casting off their gold chains, pushing aside their piña coladas and searching for a musical alternative. But the scene has changed greatly since the advent of discomania, and even the most sophisticated ex–dancing fool can be put off—if not downright scared—by the groupings and subclassifications of rock 'n' roll's latest tangent. Here, then, is PLAYBOY's guide to the wonderful world of New Wave music . . . a quickie course in modern rock.

KILLING ME SOFTLY WITH HIS BEER-BOTTLE ROCK

Best exemplified by the now-defunct Sex Pistols. Still around and pissed: **The Clash,* The Now, Buzzcocks,* The Ramones, The Jam, Sham 69,* Stiv Bators, The Undertones.***

STRAIGHTEN OUT THAT BEAT, BOY, AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

Music by/for Rasta honkies: **Police,* Madness,* The Specials.***

ALL HOOKS AND NO BAIT

Bland bubble-gum music reminiscent of the worst of the 1964 British invasion: **The Knack, The Beat, Shoes, The Sports, 20/20, The Sinceros, The Records, The Cars,* XTC.**

ALL BAIT AND NO HOOKS

Music for people who are in an intellectual turmoil and don't feel like dancing: **Talking Heads,* Tom Verlaine, Richard Lloyd, The Shirts, Gary Numan.**

STUPID IS A PRETTY HARSH WORD

Rock 'n' roll has always had more than its share of the strange, but this new crop makes Frank Zappa seem like Frank Sinatra: **The B-52's, The Flying Lizards, Wazmo Nariz,* Devo, James White & the Blacks/Contortions,* Armand Schaubroeck,* Lydia Lunch.**

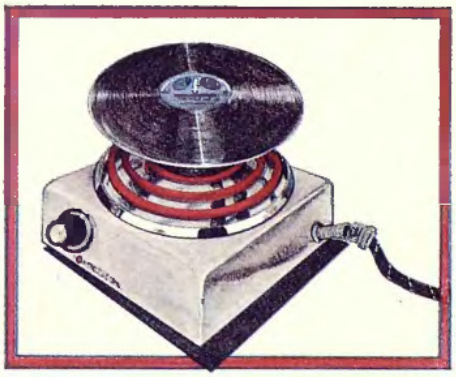
NOT ALL BRITISH ROCKERS ARE ROTTEN AND VICIOUS

New Wave's strongest arm—everybody knows them, everybody loves them: **Elvis Costello,* Nick Lowe,* Dave Edmunds,* Joe Jackson,* Graham Parker,* The Boomtown Rats.***

HENNA PARTY

Is a woman's place in the studio? **Blondie,* Patti Smith, The Motels, The Pretenders,* Lene Lovich.**

*Recommended.



HOT WHACKS: Chicago has long been known as the center of urban blues; and with the release of The Jimmy Johnson Band's ***Johnson's Whacks*** (Delmark), that image seems likely to be enhanced.

FATHER FUNK: In a winning season for funk music, which has been revived not only by a new generation of black groups but by white New Wave bands as well, **James Brown** has emerged, Willie Stargell–like, as the central source of funk's inspiration, perspiration and preservation.

James Brown and funk have always been family; he's now entering his fourth decade of recording with a new album, *People*. It was Brown who brought funk music from the country to the city; he popularized it among blacks and introduced it to whites. He brought primal scream to the inseam. His new album has a probable hit on it, *Let the Funk Flow*, and it's distinctly James Brown music: fast, tight, raunchy and relentless, not the usual description of a 51-year-old-man's work.

"The reason I'm around is that I've maintained my individuality," said Brown when we spoke with him recently. "People know my trademarks. They know I got the guts. You see, we need leaders, not bleeders." He paused. "Leaders who'll get the guts back. We got to stop people from copping; they're the bleeders. Record companies are guilty of that. They'll hear a young group and they'll say, 'Yeah, you sound good, but you need that James Brown lick, or that Earth, Wind & Fire lick.' Or they'll tell a white group to sound more like the Bee Gees, instead of encouraging them to sound more like themselves."

Disco music, which buried Brown and funk music in the Seventies, is his example of no-guts music. "Disco made everybody sound alike. The sounds musicians made became mechanical, and soon the musicians were replaced by machines. Hey, people got to come back. Real people. You take away some people's gimmicks, what've they got? What if the power failed, what if some of these people came unplugged?"

Brown's latest project is a cameo appearance in the new Blues Brothers film, in which he plays a minister who saves an orphanage. He took the part, he says, because it amplified his human, community-minded side, a side he likens to Bob Hope's commitment to GI tours.

Brown sees his musical career paralleling another famous singer's. "I listen to Frank Sinatra, and I love it," he says. "People say, 'He's lost it, he can't do it no more.' But he still adds a little something to everything he does. And whatever he does is history, no matter what, because of who he is and what he's done. He's real. I think I'm the same kind of person." —STANLEY MIESES

REVIEWS

Seldom have we heard a debut album like Frank Walton's ***Reality*** (Delmark). A trumpeter with prodigious technique and ideas to match—something like a combination of Freddie Hubbard and Miles Davis—Walton has also managed to assemble a sextet that's reminiscent of Miles's great combos of the past, without being the least bit imitative. The

material swings hard and cuts deep; Walton and Company deliver it with conviction. It sounds, to us, like the birth of a legend.

•

The most important opera release in months, Deutsche Grammophon's new recording of ***Lulu*** is the first ever with the previously incomplete third act. Alban Berg's towering masterpiece of 20th Century musical drama deals with sexual obsession, nymphomania and lesbianism and ends with a gory double murder by Jack the Ripper. Based on the widely hailed 1979 Paris production, this performance has modern-music specialist Pierre Boulez at the helm. Hot stuff for contemporary-music freaks.

•

With ***Passion Dance*** (Milestone), McCoy Tyner at last exorcises the ghost of John Coltrane from his music. He does so by confronting it head on: All the tunes were standards with the legendary Coltrane quartet during Tyner's tenure. McCoy's piano is supercharged, both on the solo and on the two trio tunes with Tony Williams and Ron Carter, brilliantly affirming his heritage and serving notice that he's his own man now.

•

Mozart: The Symphonies, Vol. 3 (L'Oiseau-Lyre) is a classical-music A&R man's dream. It features Christopher Hogwood's Academy of Ancient Music playing on original instruments, the theory being that those will reproduce what Mozart himself was hearing. These symphonies are splendid examples of the young Mozart as he began his intellectual stretch into musical maturity, and they are played with considerable grace and charm.

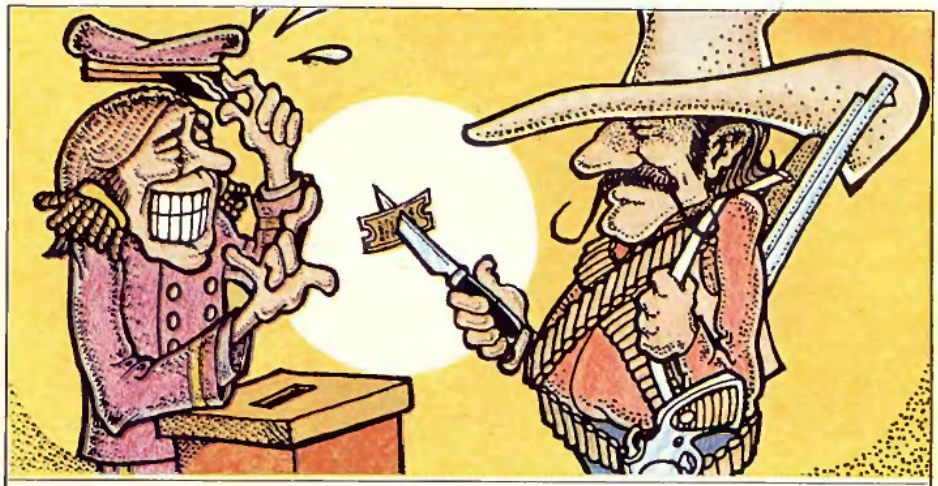
•

Drummer Jack De Johnette has been one of the best-kept secrets of the fertile New York jazz scene for too long, but his new LP, ***Special Edition*** (ECM), should change that. Performing three originals and two reworked Coltrane classics, De Johnette and saxophonists David Murray and Arthur Blythe make music that is forceful, contemporary, even humorous, and should definitely not be missed.

•

No Nukes (Asylum) reminds us of one of those loss leaders that record companies used to put out to promote new acts—like that psychedelic sampler called *Looney Tunes*. This one might be subtitled "Solar Serenades." We don't know how many polyvinyls died to make this three-record set, but unless you're really into collecting souvenirs of the Seventies, there's not much to justify the expense. Bonnie Raitt turns in spirited performances of *Angel from Montgomery* and *Runaway* (which is what you do when the local reactor melts down). Bruce Springsteen, an alternate energy source if ever there were

FAST TRACKS



ASSHOLES IN EL PASO, PART II: Here's an update from the town Kinky Friedman made famous. Rock-concert tickets used to be imprinted with seat numbers and the usual warning, "No cans, no tape recorders, no cameras." Since two people got stabbed at a recent ZZ Top gig, the tickets now also read, "No knives, no guns." Warning: Listening to live music may be dangerous to your health!

REELING AND ROCKING: *Divine Madness* is going to be the definitive **Bette Midler** concert movie, say all the reports from the trenches. Directed by **Michael Ritchie**, orchestrated by ten top Hollywood cameramen, the film in its final cut could run as long as two hours and is due in the theaters by August. But all is not entirely well. We hear Midler has been hit with a $3,000,000 breach-of-contract lawsuit by her backup group, **The Harlettes**, for allegedly inducing the production company to drop them from the movie after they had been signed to do it. Stay tuned.

NEWSBREAKS: A British company has come up with a new concept in record packaging that will make it impossible for people to overlook the **Fabulous Poodles**' new album. The LP will remain standard size, but the record jacket will measure 2′ x 2′. . . . Rock fans will have the opportunity to view some of the legendary stars of the Fifties and Sixties when *The Ed Sullivan Show* returns to TV this fall. A syndicated series called *The Best of Sullivan* begins airing in September. . . . Are you ready for *Murray the K's Salute to the Beatles*? The multimedia extravaganza was originally staged at Knott's Berry Farm (*Knott's Berry Farm?*) last winter, but Murray and the jelly-and-jam folks plan to put together a touring company to take the production all over the country. . . . An **International Rock and Roll Music Association** has been formed in Nashville to keep rock music separate from pop. The organization also wants to work with rock-industry people and public officials to establish safer concert standards and to combat record piracy. Finally, it hopes to open a museum of rock. Dues are $10 for the public and $20 for rock types. For further info: P.O. Box 50111, Nashville, Tennessee 37205. . . . The **Levi Strauss** series of rock concerts held last April in London will be recorded in a five-album set that will be sold by mail order to people who buy Levis. . . . *Record World* magazine reports that a new music-industry term has gotten formal recognition. It's A-C, adult contemporary, to replace MOR, middle of the road, which carried a negative connotation—dull. Who qualifies? **Neil Diamond, Barry Manilow** and **Anne Murray**, to name a few.

RANDOM RUMORS: Several members of **Blondie** and **Talking Heads**, along with guitarist **Robert Fripp**, are planning to collaborate on a heavy-metal version of the theme from *Midnight Express*. . . . More Ways to Exploit **Elvis** Department: Elvis' former producer **Felton Jarvis** reports that he is using a new process known as stripping to turn out duets performed by Presley and other leading entertainers such as **Dolly Parton, Eddie Rabbitt, Tony Joe White** and **Neil Diamond**. Will it ever end? . . . Repulsive but true: One of Britain's new rock stars, **Gary Numan**, told the London *Sunday Times* in an interview that he admires the Nazis. His reason? "They looked great." . . . In another effort to crack down on record piracy, two recording-industry trade associations are going to try a method once used by the FBI to catch drug pushers. The FBI called it Turn in a Pusher; the record people will call it Turn in a Pirate. If you see one, you can call a toll-free number, 800-223-2328. Unless he happens to have a pressing of those **Dylan** concerts at the Royal Albert Hall. We've been looking for a copy of that one for years.

—BARBARA NELLIS

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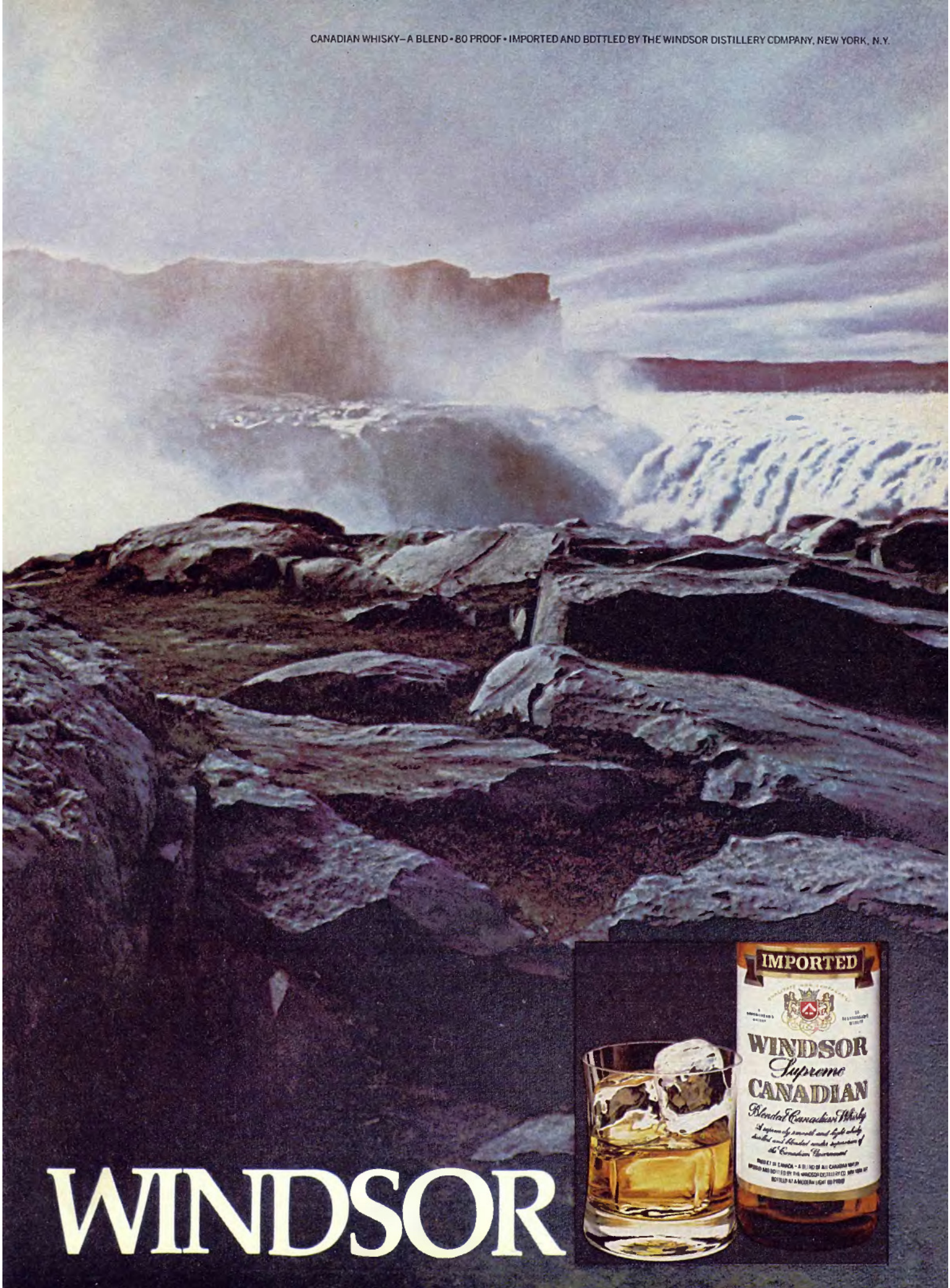

WINDSOR

one, finally commits to wax his medley of *Devil with a Blue Dress / Good Golly Miss Molly*. It's about time. And there's a stirring version of Dylan's *The Times They Are A-changing* by the Simon-Taylors. The rest of the musicians do competent versions of their simplest songs. A few attempt topical numbers written for the Musicians United for Solar Energy (MUSE) concerts. An example: "Uh, this is sort of a Caribbean no-nuke song." Give us the restless power of real rock 'n' roll.

SHORT CUTS

The J. Geils Band / *Love Stinks* (EMI-America): Big-band rock sounds that make a lot of pleasant scents.

Norman Harris / *The Harris Machine* (Philadelphia International): Harris is the guitarist of MFSB, and an MFSB record is what you really get. It could be worse.

Charles Lloyd / *Big Sur Tapestry* (Pacific Arts): Limiting his accompaniment to a harpist—who plays only on side one—Lloyd overdubs flute parts to create some celestial tone poems.

Jerry Rush / *Rush Hour* (Inner City): Jazz tunes and ballads by a trumpeter/singer with big-band roots and a refreshing streak of romanticism.

The Dramatics / *10½* (MCA): An overweening title? Not for this ultrasmooth singing group, which sparkles on both sultry soul ballads and red-hot disco numbers.

Robin Trower / *Victims of the Fury* (Chrysalis): The fury of the victims who shell out seven bucks for this bland effort is justified.

D. L. Byron / *This Day and Age* (Arista): Despite the occasionally overwhelming Springsteen imitations, here is an enjoyable package of hooks and toe tappers.

Leo Smith / *Spirit Catcher* (Nessa): Abstract jazz that's sculptural and poetic, though it won't make you tap your toes or snap your fingers.

Giulini and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra / Anton Dvořák's Symphony No. 8 (Deutsche Grammophon): A familiar work played with such style, assurance and intelligence that hearing it is like meeting the piece for the first time.

Intensified! Original Ska 1962–66 (Mango): Calling all rude boys and girls! You want the source of *reggae*? Here 'tis! *Ska* is being revived by the English New Wavers, but we're waiting to hear them duplicate the R&B horn section from outer space on these originals.

Rush / *Permanent Waves* (Mercury): Don't they know heavy metal doesn't float? An ersatz Led Zeppelude wipe-out.

Pearl Harbor & the Explosions (Warner Bros.): New Wave or not, a bomb by any other name. . . .

Cedar Walton / *Soundscapes* (Columbia): Of the jazzmen trying to "cross over," keyboardist Walton consistently comes up with some of the most musical and tasteful stuff.

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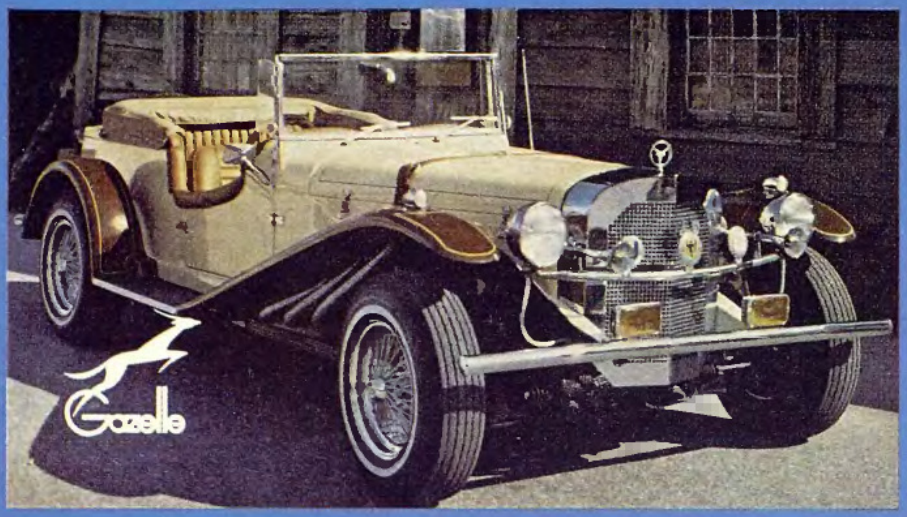

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Imagine about 1000 screaming women crammed into a Midwest disco. Half are inebriated; the rest are bathed in a sweat of wanton desire. The wharf-like perfume of damp cotton panties overpowers even the smell of Virginia Slims and rum Cokes. Over the P.A., **Fast Freddy,** the self-proclaimed King of Male Go-Go, incites the crowd. "C'mon, *ladies,*" he shouts above their squeals, "make him *take those clothes off!*"

Alone on the dance floor, one man is the center of attention.

Me.

Freddy continues, "I promised if you were a good audience we'd make the PLAYBOY reporter strip . . . and you've been a *great one!*" Screams. Freddy arches his eyebrows in my direction. Am I ready? Yes; a spread-eagled virgin committed to the irrevocable. And I have the perfect gimmick. Every woman present is creaming at the thought of her *forcing* my debut. I make a note to keep moving, watch my timing; and find stunning babes to help me undress. Then I hear Freddy again: "Remember, ladies, when the *hands go up . . . the pants go down!*"

It's Ladies' Night.

•

"Emceeing is really the most important part of the show," Fast Freddy had told me earlier. "I'm in constant control. I motivate the crowd from the moment I go on. The first thing I say when I go out there is, '*Boy!* There sure is a lot of *pussy* here tonight!' That shocks 'em. Then they laugh. It's unreal."

What's truly unreal is that Freddy and his troupe, known as "the hottest male go-go show in the nation," have for the past two years been mining both hearts and pocketbooks on the Midwest disco-rock-supper-club circuit with unparalleled success. They've bumped and ground their way from backwater dives to national exposure on ABC's *20/20, Donahue* and in *Time* magazine. Not bad for a gang of onetime factory and construction workers led by a former pool-hustling prodigy. And they don't worry about competition. "There are plenty of male strippers around now," said 24-year-old Freddy, "but there's one thing they can never have: Fast Freddy."

That isn't bragging. We were sitting at a circa-1950 rec-room bar in Freddy's basement quarters, in his parents' Niles, Michigan, home. "Cheap rent," he'd said earlier. I was in town to tour with the group for a week. Maybe even strip myself.

"Believe it or not, I've always been able to walk into a club and come away with anything I wanted because of my dancing." Freddy's tone told me to believe *everything*. "And the women have always told me I have a nice hind end."

Our man Rensin learns to take it off (and love it).

The following night, *seeing* was believing when Freddy danced. He's the group's main attraction: a spectacle from his blue-sateen suit to his Captain America G string; from his well-muscled body to the heart-shaped tattoo on his undulating bottom, proclaiming I LOVE YOU to any fan a nose away. Freddy drives the women crazy with a combination of gymnastics and gyrations. Then, as the ultimate tease, he plucks off his G string and clutches a towel tightly around his privates. A tug of war between an overzealous patron and Freddy's resolve to leave something to the imagination (and stay out of jail) often ensues.

But even I could take my clothes off, I thought, while watching from the shadows, so why do nearly 5000 women a week wait in line to see Freddy and his friends peel? I found out in the dressing room after the show. "They love me because I'm . . . Fast Freddy. We're ladies' men, not just some kids out there doing a few turns and sloppy unbuckling. We're professionals. We treat 'em right. They, uh, love me as a person." And Freddy loves each one in return.

"I love my work. Really. It's like a dream come true." His voice assumed an unmistakable Elvis-like humility. "You want to know what keeps me going? The ovation. The women chanting, 'We want Freddy.' Sometimes I have tears in my eyes at the end when I say 'Thank you, you're beautiful.'" Then he grinned. "Besides, I'm a dirty old dog. I *know* women. That's why I'm in this business."

•

"I'm gonna *whoop* that pussy! I'm gonna whoop it!" Big Al, the stripping Midnight Cowboy, was fortifying his libido in the dressing room before the show. He looks like Mason Reese in perpetual distress.

"Yeah," countered Freddy. "Whoop it! Whoop that *pussy*!" Then, to me: "Big Al gets right in there, don't he? You can tell who's got the biggest mouth."

Al was stunned. "Wha . . . hell! I got one out there with *big* titties. She's makin' my dick hard already."

The others encouraged him as if he were the new American hero. But Ringo, the show opener, wasn't quite buying it. There was a challenge in his smile. "What about your blonde waitress girlfriend? Huh?"

"Awww . . . awww . . . hell," shrugged Al. "You *know* I gotta knock off one or two others first. Then I'll let her take *me* home."

"Uh-huh," said Freddy. "*Whoop that pussy!*"

A similar scene is repeated nightly. If Freddy is the Tom Landry of male stripping, then this is his locker-room inspirational. Freddy wants his boys to hit the dance floor exuding attitude, not gratitude.

The current line-up is: Ringo, the Elvis impersonator who sings but does not strip, as the king—out of respect; Jimbo, the *macho* leather man; Big Al; Teddy Bear, the steely-eyed state policeman; and Capone, the bearded Mobster in black shirt and pinstripes. "Each one is hand-picked to appeal to a different kind of woman," said Freddy. "And they're like me: They know how to treat a lady; have a burning desire for adventure; hang out at night clubs. I knew they would . . . do it." None want to return to their old jobs, yet most don't see too far into the future, either. They are living in the here and now.

When it's showtime, Freddy revs up the audience with suggestive humor. The women are asked to write "dirty, filthy" notes for Freddy to read between the acts. Two recent favorites: "Love me tender, love me quick. What I want to see is your big dick." And "Freddy, since your number-one word is fuck, do my number-one thing and fuck *me*." Obviously, Big Al is not out of place.

Freddy's appeal is not only sexual: "I'm honest, and the girls pick up on

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that immediately. I'm not out there for my kicks—or pussy. I get enough of that." From the luscious 18-year-old sorority sisters to the housewives, grandmothers, secretaries and models who swarm to see him over and over, Freddy finds a combination of lust and respect. Even the strippers' moms attend—and approve. Freddy offers attentive eyes and an occasional squeeze that let widows and divorcees know someone can still care.

It's a fucking public service!

•

In Champaign, Illinois, I paraded around the dance floor, doing pelvic thrusts, swiveling my shoulders and affecting a cool-guy pout. I rode my briefs down to the hairline in front and up the crack in my behind. Just as I'd been coached. It was working. Each time I followed a fluttering dollar bill to the side lines, arms like snakes reached up and fondled me. I wanted to let them continue forever, but I darted to the opposite side of the floor and leaned over for a sloppy kiss and another dollar bill. I dragged my hand across an exposed breast. I couldn't think about an erection. I had to keep from falling down. But any trepidation I'd had earlier, after doing extra sit-ups in my hotel room, had been transformed into exhilaration. I climbed over bodies onto a table and surveyed the wall-to-wall women. It was as if I had just opened my eyes. If this was heaven, I was ready to die.

•

There are lots of reasons I wouldn't mind being Fast Freddy a few nights a week. I don't often pose, in a moment of drunken power, on a high-rise bar table in my underwear, while 981 thrill-crazed females shout lewd suggestions. Nor do fiery women foist nonstop kisses on me or ask that autographs be signed directly on their warm, heaving breasts. It was like being in rock-star heaven without ever learning to play guitar.

And my life has since changed. I am more physically secure than ever. I have a rap that will last a lifetime. I'm a hit at parties. Vivacious women beg me to discuss my experiences with them in private. When I *must* demur, I add the thought that if they would round up a few girlfriends and bring cash, perhaps we could work something out. And off.

Stripping has exorcised a coven of adolescent demons. I will never again wonder what perfect line will lure some curvaceous blonde into my bed. After my act, I went dancing with two lively, sparkling ladies. While on the floor with one, a local discoite asked the other how I rated such a sumptuous double helping. "I just told him the truth," she whispered later. "You took your clothes off."

—DAVID RENSIN

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Author Joseph Wambaugh's ***The Black Marble*** is an unexpected pleasure from the former policeman who brought us the grim realism of *The Onion Field* last year and is generally associated with harrowing tales of crime and punishment. *Marble* ranks as one of the niftiest romantic comedies of 1980 so far, with less emphasis on cops and robbers than on boy meets girl. Paula Prentiss and Robert Foxworth play a team of L.A. plainclothes detectives who have a tough time finding out they're a perfect couple. He's the new breed of vulnerable screen hero, a middle-aged drunken dreamer named Valnikov maintaining his ethnic roots on good Russian vodka and not yet aware that he's too soft-centered to be a cop. She's a cynical divorcee with a seemingly slicker veneer, though Prentiss—a first-class comedienne who hasn't had a shot like this in quite some time—makes the lady's melting process a delight to watch. In a drunken love scene that evolves from their first off-duty date, they are both just dandy. Foxworth, in particular, is a discovery to me: a mature, well-seasoned actor for whom this ought to be a breakthrough role, a step up from his routine assignments in a number of formula thrillers.

All the suspense of *Black Marble* (that's a reference to natural losers, in case you've forgotten) centers on the case of a neurotic, totally confused dognaper played with his customary skill by Harry Dean Stanton. Except for a fillip of nasty black humor about doing harm to the hostage schnauzer, a show dog, the caper suits the comedy well. My only quibbles are that the movie's over-all direction is not so bright as it could be, and the cinematography is also curiously murky—making Greater Los Angeles look like Zagreb in winter. *Black Marble*'s love story keeps the emotional climate sunny enough, and it seems appropriate that the movie was produced by Frank Capra, Jr., a Hollywood favorite son (of the man who made *It Happened One Night* and *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, to name but two) who must have cut his teeth on whimsical human comedy. ¥¥¥

•

Tatum O'Neal and Kristy McNichol go to summer camp in ***Little Darlings***, a comedy of sorts that has absolutely nothing on its mind but a contest between the two girls, each intent on losing her virginity. Their chums lay $100 on the outcome. Armand Assante is the camp counselor chosen by Tatum for her defloration, while Kristy (a sensational young star-to-be from TV's *Family*) zeroes in on Matt Dillon, from a boys' camp across the lake. Young Dillon—and that's his real name—became a

Marble's cuddling cops Prentiss, Foxworth.

Romance on the beat,
a race for defloration
and a bio for balletomanes.

Darlings Tatum and Kristy.

teenaged pinup favorite at 15, before his first picture was released, and looks like the lad most likely to be the Jan-Michael Vincent of tomorrow. Tatum, already a movie veteran at 16, plays the obligatory poor little rich girl, looking worldly and sophisticated enough to be *running* the damned camp. All in all, *Darlings* is a pretty dumb showcase for a lot of youthful talent, an American view of teenaged sexuality based on the premise that life imitates TV sitcom. Last year's French-made *Peppermint Soda* refreshingly treated youngsters as real people; *Little Darlings* earns its R rating by sniggering about kids and sex whilst nubile girls gather round the campfire to hear Assante sing, believe it or not, "I gave my love a cherry. . . ." ¥¥

•

Chances are there has to be something to like in a comedy by the man who collaborated with Woody Allen in writing *Sleeper*, *Annie Hall* and *Manhattan*. The man (also an occasional PLAYBOY contributor) is Marshall Brickman. The movie is ***Simon***, Brickman's first solo effort as writer-director and the kind of work apt to be damned with faint praise as a good try. Starring Alan Arkin, with Madeline Kahn, Austin Pendleton and Judy Graubart as premium second bananas, *Simon* is often funny, occasionally extremely funny. Just as often, however, a strong comic idea is tossed into the hopper and forgotten, so faintly sketched that Brickman is on to the next joke before he has finished this one. The best bits are truly choice: Arkin singlehandedly re-creating the evolution of mankind, from embryo to automation (with a musical excerpt from Stanley Kubrick's *2001* to help him along); Kahn dryly citing her scientific credentials, capped by the inevitable book, *A Comprehensive History of Oral Sex—Illustrated*; then Pendleton, going all the way in a hilarious love scene with an all-knowing computer called Doris (which seems to have Louise Lasser's voice).

The plot concerns a diabolical brain trust, the Institute for Advanced Concepts, whose five members—Pendleton as *numero uno*—decide to perpetrate a hoax by offering the world a certified extraterrestrial being. To be their patsy, the computer picks Arkin, an associate professor of psychology with delusions of genius. A promising start. But *Simon*'s central premise is no sooner said than it is undone by Brickman, who inexplicably loses his sense of comic direction. Finally, the targets for his satire are ketchup in little envelopes, Hawaiian music in elevators, painting on velvet. Such loose ends and trivia get easy laughs but limit the scope of *Simon*. ¥¥

•

If you're not a dance buff who knows what names like Fokine and Stravinsky meant to ballet back in 1912–1913, staying in step with ***Nijinsky***'s director Herbert Ross and writer Hugh Wheeler could be troublesome—though dance per se is not the movie's real concern. The main event is Nijinsky's passionate love affair with his mentor and entrepreneur, Sergei Diaghilev—that celebrated homosexual attachment between the dashing pederast and his *premier danseur*. After Nijinsky's impulsive marriage, the beginning of the end of his tenuous grip on sanity, Diaghilev dropped him. And Waslaw Nijinsky was soon ready to trade his famous *Afternoon of a Faun* costume for a strait jacket.

Don't ask me whether or not all those details correspond to established truth, whatever that is. Anyway, the accuracy of *Nijinsky* is quite irrelevant to the kind of middlebrow art movie Ross has wrought. It is an opulent and intelligent

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production that dramatizes a homosexual relationship without apologies; the gay libbers who picketed *Cruising* ought to welcome *Nijinsky*. In the title role, 22-year-old George de la Pena, a brilliant young American dancer, is amazingly effective; he's well paired with Leslie Browne (Ross's prima ballerina in *The Turning Point*) as Romola, the spoiled, conniving Hungarian girl who lures Nijinsky into a misbegotten marriage. Save the loudest bravos, however, for Alan Bates in a commanding performance as the arrogant Diaghilev, or for scene stealer Alan Badel as the Baron de Gunzburg, a gay, elegant patron of the arts whose dry bitchery provides needed comic relief. ¥¥¥

•

A mill hand and amateur soccer player goes to jail for attempted rape but gets sprung in due course, mostly because the town fathers can see no higher moral value than a win on the playing field. Rape-schmape. The athletic antihero happens to be innocent and returns to beguile the supposed victim (France Dougnac), though that's not the point of ***Coup de Tête***. Subtitled "Hothead" in English, this piquant French fable is right on the ball about sex, hypocrisy and other games people play. Writer-director Jean-Jacques Annaud won a 1977 Oscar for his first feature, *Black and White in Color*. He is equally ironic and concerned with man's inhumanity in *Coup de Tête*. Annaud's comedy has a bitter edge, as well as a bitingly funny performance in the leading role by Patrick Dewaere, star of last year's Oscar-winning Best Foreign Film, *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs*. ¥¥¥

•

Writer-director Henry Jaglom usually makes movies that bear little resemblance to anyone else's. His first two features, *A Safe Place* and *Tracks*, were wildly original and sorely neglected—which is a nice way of saying that their gross receipts were minimal. Jaglom is on a likelier commercial track with ***Sitting Ducks***, an eccentric, off-the-wall caper comedy co-starring Michael Emil and Zack Norman, two actors snatched from obscurity to bid for fame as the Lemmon and Matthau of the Eighties. Or maybe they're closer kin to Laurel and Hardy. Emil and Norman are 40ish, balding and hilarious as Simon and Sidney—a couple of utterly uncool con men who steal $724,360 from the Syndicate, then head for Miami in a Cadillac limo. Destination: Costa Rica. En route, they pick up a singing gas-station attendant (Richard Romanus), a terminally neurotic waitress (Irene Forrest) and a free-spirited blonde vagabond (Patrice Townsend, Jaglom's wife and a real charmer). The rest of it is an uproarious, fast-moving road movie. ¥¥¥

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

All That Jazz Roy Scheider as the altered ego in Bob Fosse's tuneful autobio about booze, babes and heart surgery. ¥¥¥

American Gigolo Senator's wife adores male whore charged with murder. That's Hollywood, but can Lauren Hutton and Richard Gere make you believe it? ¥

Being There As an illiterate gardener, Peter Sellers goes to Washington and transplants the seeds of power. ¥¥¥

Best Boy Ira Wohl's enlightened, incisive and moving film about his retarded cousin Philly is a labor of love. ¥¥¥

The Black Marble (Reviewed this month) Cops in love pursue dognaper. ¥¥¥

The Changeling In one of those old dark houses, George C. Scott and loyal wife, Trish, face the unknown. ¥¥

Coal Miner's Daughter Talented Sissy Spacek hitches her wagon to a superstar and lights up the screen as country-music queen Loretta Lynn. ¥¥¥¥

Coup de Tête (Reviewed this month) Sex and soccer French style. ¥¥¥

The Fog It's no *Halloween*. Still, director John Carpenter has a way with things that go bump in the night. ¥¥

Heart Beat As in Beat Generation. John Heard as Jack Kerouac, writing *On the Road*, with Nick Nolte and Sissy Spacek living it up. ¥¥¥

Kramer vs. Kramer This marital title fight between Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep has taken many a prize. ¥¥¥¥

La Cage aux Folles This hilarious French farce concerns two delightful fairy queens flouncing *into* the closet. ¥¥¥¥

Little Darlings (Reviewed this month) Virgins on the verge, at summer camp. ¥¥

The Man with Bogart's Face Bogey look-alike and several femmes fatales provide harmless fun for film nuts. ¥¥

My Brilliant Career Growing up down under, decades ago, with Judy Davis as the liberated Australian bird. ¥¥¥

Night of the Juggler In nasty ol' New York, a psychopath has snatched officer James Brolin's daughter. Yuk. ¥

Nijinsky (Reviewed this month) The boys in the balletomania. ¥¥¥

Simon (Reviewed this month) Alan Arkin in a likable hit-or-miss satire by Woody Allen's favorite collaborator. ¥¥

Sitting Ducks (Reviewed this month) Take-the-money-and-run fun. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ So-so
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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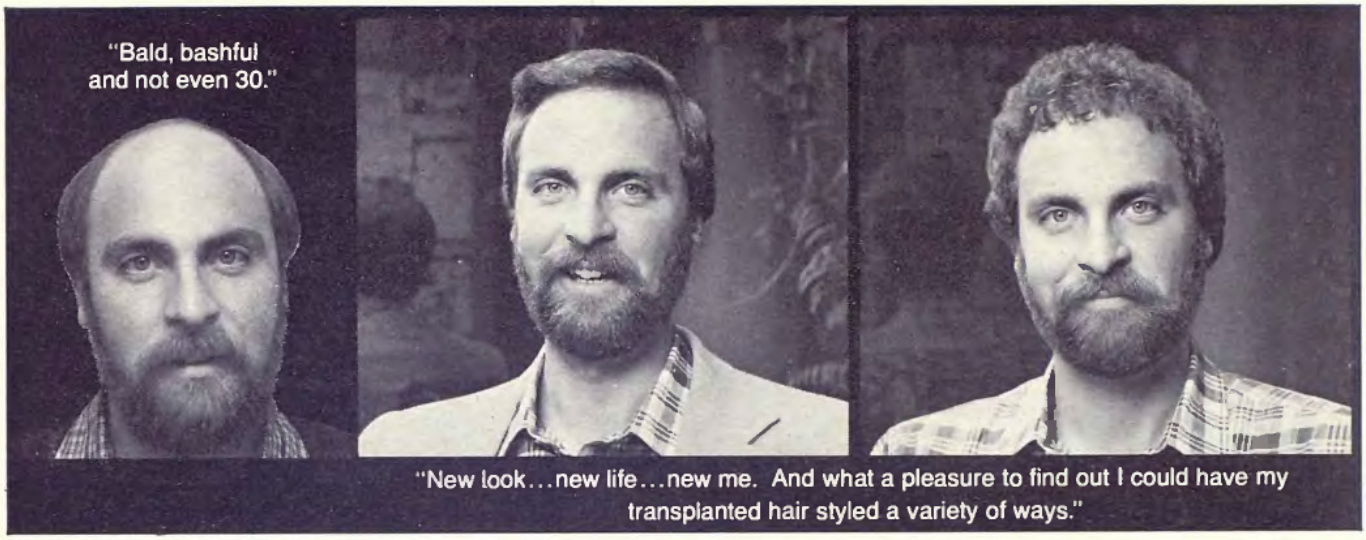

by Dr. Jeff Greenberg, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

"Too little hair and too much baldness. Hair transplantation would never work for me, or so I thought. On top of that, my friends and relatives kept insisting I looked fine the way I was.

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AN A-1 RATING

The more places I visited, the more I became convinced that BMG was the *only* place to go. First of all, the Director, Dr. L. Lee Bosley, is Board Certified, and is a member of the American Medical Association (AMA). All of the other Bosley Medical Group staff physicians are also certified by the Boards of their respective surgical specialties, and are members of the American Medical Association (AMA). And most important in my particular case, BMG has developed a special procedure called Male Pattern Reduction (MPR),℠ that greatly reduces the size of the bald area. As it turned out, MPR solved my "supply and demand" problem. For another thing, the BMG Beverly Hills facility received my A-1 rating for cleanliness and what I call 'quiet efficiency.'

In fact, the Bosley Medical Group is so advanced in so many areas that I adapted several of their medical techniques to my own practice.

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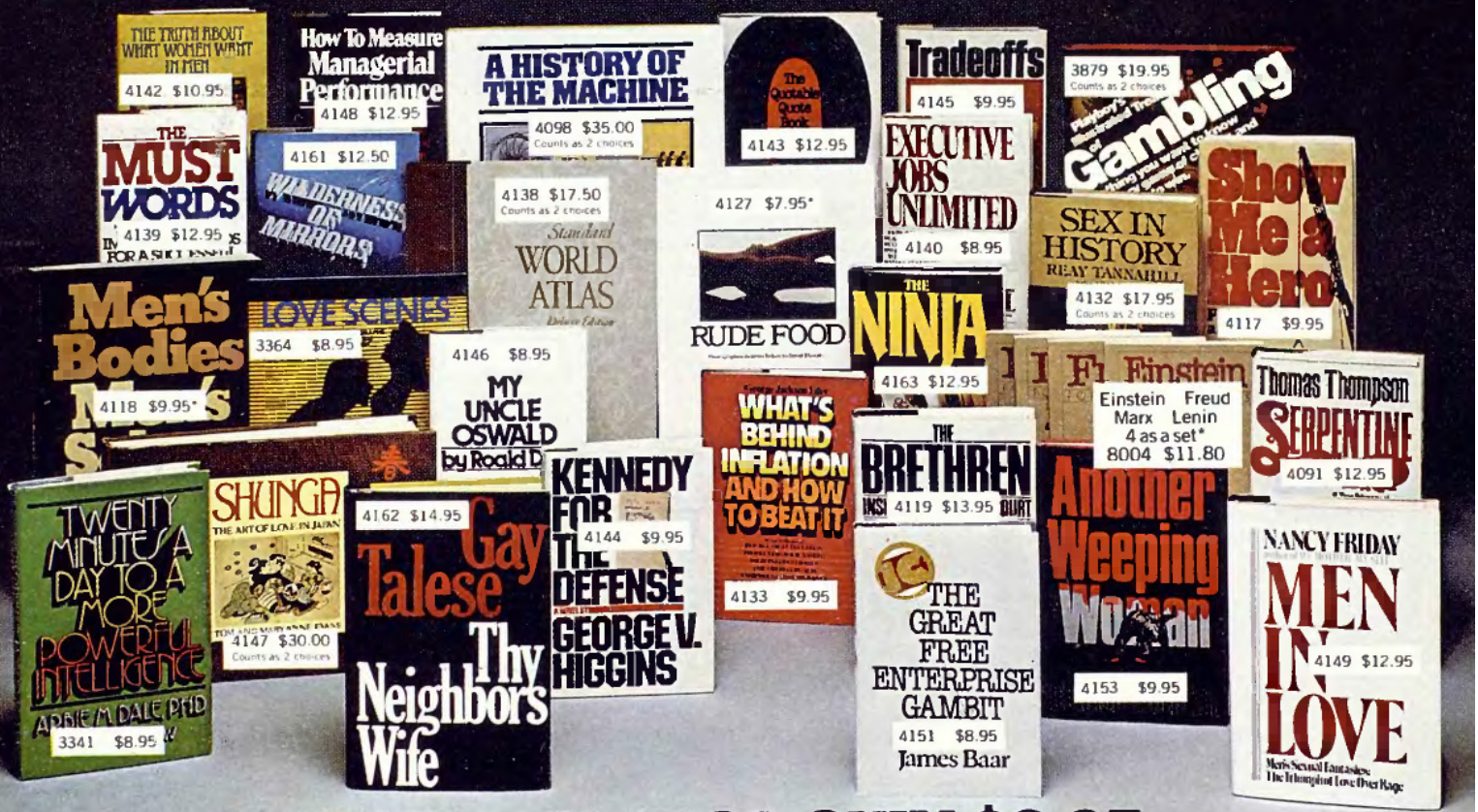

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BOOKS

In his forward to ***Jim Fixx's Second Book of Running*** (Random House), Fixx aptly points out that "If you use the word complete in a title, as I did in *The Complete Book of Running*, it becomes difficult, unless you're willing to subject logic to uncomfortable stresses, to write a second book on the same subject." Yet when Fixx began writing *The Complete Book of Running* in 1975, there were only an estimated 6,000,000 runners and joggers in America, while today that number has grown to at least 25,000,000. The intervening years have also produced a whole new body of information on running and runners. Physical and psychological studies on runners abound; there are dozens of magazines, newspaper columns and paperbacks on the subject, not to mention stores full of newly developed running gear. A modest and compactly written 190 pages, Fixx's second running book valiantly attempts to review and summarize the most important *new* information: his topics range from running in politics to running and marijuana. Along the way, he deals very effectively with the latest medical evidence for the fact that running is good for you both physically and psychologically, the increasing involvement of women in running, the latest nutrition and diet information, the renaissance of podiatry and the emergence of the "ultramarathon"—a race of 50 to 150 miles. Intended to serve as a supplemental volume to *The Complete Book of Running*, *Jim Fixx's Second Book of Running* is excellent as just that.

Fixx back on the track.

Fixx waxes yet more complete about running; Schulberg blows it.

•

Budd Schulberg's novel ***Everything That Moves*** (Doubleday) is his first in a long time. Perhaps he should have waited a bit longer. This is Jimmy Hoffa's story, thinly disguised. Reading it takes a little more effort than watching bad TV and is, in the final analysis, less rewarding.

•

Nancy Friday's latest foray into the sexual wilderness, ***Men in Love*** (Delacorte), subtitled "Men's Sexual Fantasies: The Triumph of Love over Rage," isn't even good cheap thrills. And it makes you worry a little about what's really going on out there. From this nonscientific sample, Friday makes sweeping generalizations about the state of male/female relationships. The men who responded to her questionnaire were pretty angry about the kind and quality of the sex in their lives and, with the exception of one guy who fantasized doing it to an entire Tupperware party, totally without humor. We wish the men who *didn't* write to Friday would speak up.

•

In Charles Gaines's ***Dangler*** (Simon & Schuster), we have a *Great Gatsby* for the Eighties. Kenneth Austin Dangler is a man of great pith and moment. An American aristocrat, he appeared chosen from the time he was a Knickerbocker Gray through his tenure at Andover and his Porcellian days at Harvard. But chosen for what? He asks his best friend, Andrew Cobb, "Do you ever wonder what happened to the cream of our generation? All those people we knew at Andover with more money and better

LOVELACE'S "ORDEAL": DEEP PENITENCE

There are events that, though fairly inconsequential of themselves, tell a larger story about the society in which they occur. Linda Lovelace's autobiography, ***Ordeal*** (Citadel), written with Mike McGrady, is one such event.

When Lovelace achieved household-name status nearly a decade ago for her esophageal artistry in *Deep Throat*, the electronic media avoided her. Despite the fact that *Deep Throat* was the first *fashionable* pornographic movie, and that millions of American men discussed her performance in quiet, envious conversations, only the print media came anywhere *near* Linda Lovelace.

On the surface, that was understandable. Clearly, one can't talk about fellatio on prime-time television, nor could one seriously discuss *Deep Throat* as a brilliant moment in film history (a seminal one, perhaps, but not brilliant). But above all, nobody wanted to glorify a woman who seemed to *enjoy* exhibitionistic sex. And, really, that's what made her so unacceptable. That she seemed to enjoy it. But in

Loveless Linda?

Ordeal, Linda says she actually *hated* what she was doing back then and was forced into fucking for profit at gunpoint by her first husband (she's now out of the porn-film business, remarried and a mother). She says she never made any money from her fame and is now ashamed of that part of her life. And now, suddenly, Linda Lovelace is an acceptable guest for TV talk shows.

What's interesting about that is that *Ordeal* is just as lurid and graphic as any of her films. In fact, for a reformed woman, she seems to dwell inordinately on the seamier side of her life, making sure to mention all the famous people she claims to have had affairs with, and making sure, above all, that the reader knows she "never had any enjoyment from any of it."

Yet one can't help but think that *Ordeal* is giving Linda a little pleasure—at least the profits and notoriety from it will. And if so, she has found the best of both worlds, the kinky and the converted. Because somewhere in the unwritten book of American morals, it says a woman can make an obscene display of herself and, as long as she says she doesn't enjoy it, it's OK. She's still a lady. At least on TV she is.

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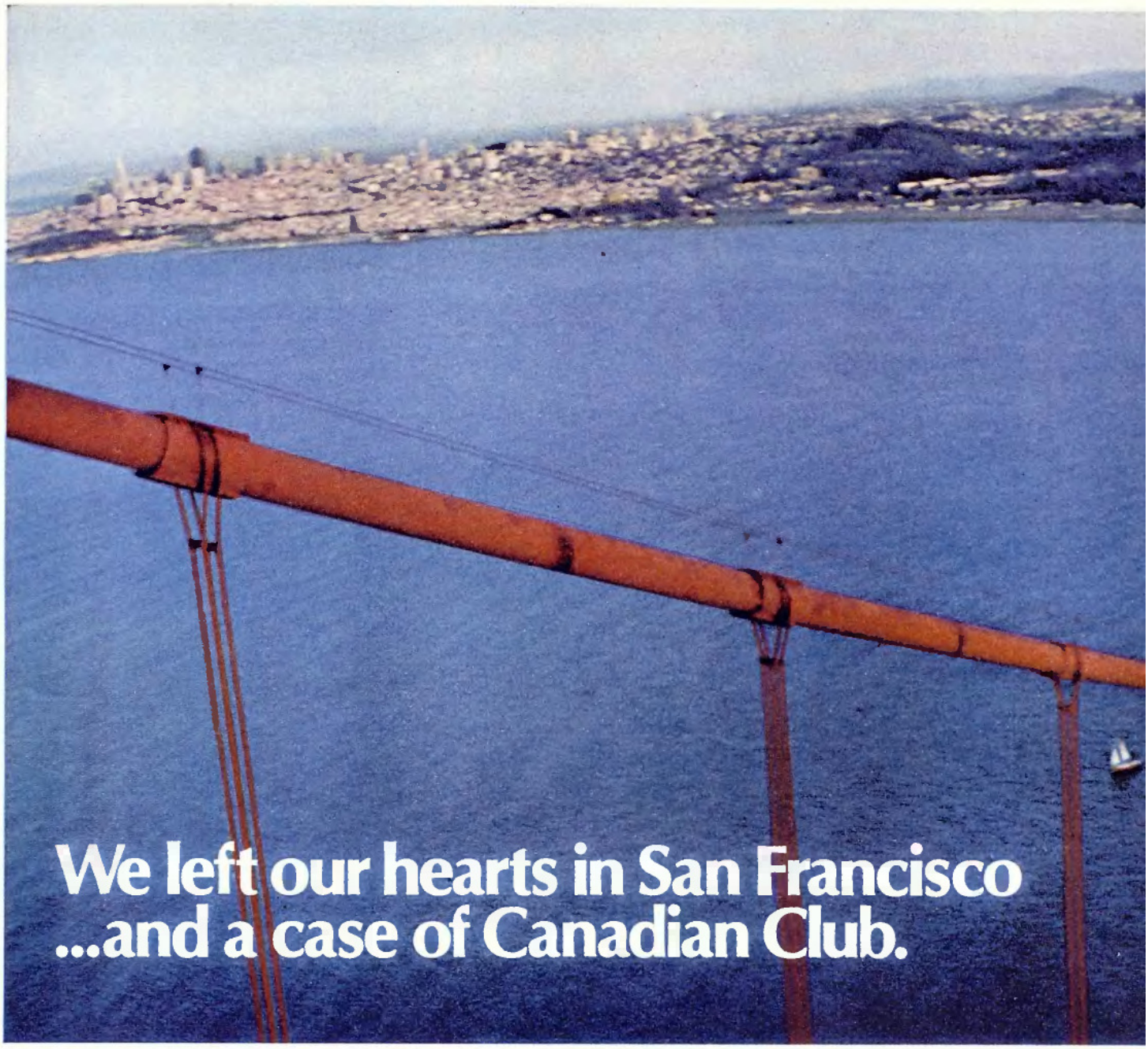

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families than God—where *are* they? . . . They are all drunk and shut away on the 39th floor of office buildings. They have lost the stomach for struggle." So Dangler opens Camp Wildwood—a luxurious survival camp for people of good breeding—to make people tough again. How? Largely by the strength of his own personality. "Ever since prep school Dangler had seemed to be in touch with a secret that eluded everyone else, some elemental, joyous knowledge that showed in his manner and even in his looks." . . . What Cobb saw was that the source of that joy was "Dangler's awesome and total self-sufficiency, his gene-deep belief that he needed for himself nothing and no one." But it doesn't work out that way. Gaines is able simultaneously to pull off intricate portraits of the couples who come to the camp and the intriguing story of how they all get stuck on a mountain during a storm. This is a very smart book, butch without being muscle-bound, and the writing is absolutely first-rate.

•

If your idea of a pivotal historical figure is Lesley Gore, Aida Pavletich pleads your case well in ***Rock-a-Bye, Baby*** (Doubleday). This comprehensive history of female pop singers at times rivals Don Kirshner for hyperbole. But at its best, it's a revealing, nostalgic look at the hits and the Misses of music's recent past. You can cry if you want to.

•

Only Allah knows what forces were behind this travesty of journalism titled ***The Fall of the Shah*** (Wyndham), by the ever-popular Fereydoun Hoveyda. But get yourselves ready, my fellow Americans, because here comes the first of a tidal wave of rapidly produced, sloppily written, opportunistic books on the subject. Almost everything in this particular effort is secondhand: Rumors, allegations, superficial perceptions, obvious propaganda, all are delivered as fact, with the preponderance of sources appearing to be unnamed Americans who just happened to be passing through Iran to get a bottle of milk for Mother. Hoveyda is the brother of a former prime minister, a man who was executed after this past revolution. No doubt he has good reason to want us to hear his side of the story, but his actual participation in the events seems to have been quite limited; historical analysis this ain't.

•

In answer to the question "Are you happy?" a character in Ann Beattie's novel ***Falling in Place*** (Random House) responds, "I might be going to be happy." That wistful sentiment is held by nearly every character in this disquieting story about ineffective families and uncertain friendships. Beattie is a perceptive writer and in this novel, she's at her best.

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☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: *S.O.B.*, **Blake Edwards'** controversial film about Hollywood, will star **William Holden** and Edwards' wife, **Julie Andrews**. Based loosely on Edwards' own experiences in Tinseltown following the release of his film *Darling Lili*, *S.O.B.* concerns the trials and tribulations of a producer who has just made a box-office flop. The film will apparently do for Hollywood what *Network* did for TV. Holden plays a director and Miss Andrews' role is that of a famous movie star whose screen image threatens to become tarnished when she agrees to star in a porno film for a major studio. . . . **Catlin Adams**, who played the carnival biker in *The Jerk*, has been signed to co-star as **Neil Diamond**'s wife in EMI's remake of *The Jazz Singer*. Miss Adams will play Rivka, a doctoral candidate in Jewish studies who wants her

Andrews

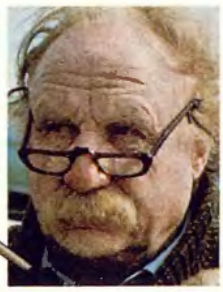
Adams

husband to pursue a career more stable than showbiz. . . . **Francis Ford Coppola**'s production of *Hammett* will star **Frederic Forrest** as the renowned author of *The Thin Man*. Directed by **Wim Wenders**, the flick also stars **Brian Keith**, **Marilu Henner** and **Sylvia Miles**. . . . Author **Gay Talese** will executive produce **Joseph E. Levine**'s *The Boomers*, based on Talese's book *The Bridge*, about the American Indians who built New York City's Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. It'll be Talese's first stint as a producer. . . . Producers of the soon-to-be-aired TV miniseries *Shogun* apparently shot a good deal of footage involving nude geisha girls. Those sequences, according to one source, may actually be seen in the TV version (a foreign theatrical release of the film will definitely have them). My source cited *Roots* as a precedent for showing nudity in the pursuit of authenticity.

•

LEMON? From the people who brought us *1941* comes yet another "comedy"—this one called *Used Cars*. *1941*'s screenwriters, **Bob Gale** and **Robert Zemeckis**, have collaborated on the screenplay, an original, and are, respectively, producer and director of the project, which is due for release in August. **Steven Spielberg** and **John Milius** are executive producers. Billed as a "gear-stripping, gas-guzzling adventure comedy that celebrates America's Unsung Heroes—the Used Car Salesmen," the flick stars **Kurt** (*Elvis*) **Russell** and **Jack Warden**, among others. Russell

Warden



Warden

plays a used-car salesman with an eye for a Senate seat and Warden plays a dual role as rival brother car dealers Luke and Roy Fuchs. Roy tries throughout the picture to drive his brother out of business. Sounds like a good premise, but with gas prices approaching a dollar and a half a gallon, is anyone going to be amused by a "gas-guzzling adventure comedy"?

•

BOOK BEAT: Yes, **Theodore H. White** *will* write a book on the 1980 Presidential race, but it'll be his last. "It's like sitting through a game of seven-card stud," says White in response to why 1980 will be his last hurrah. "I've anted in six campaigns since 1956 and I want to see how the last card turns up." . . . Author **E. L. Doctorow** has a new novel coming out in July, his first since the best-selling *Ragtime*. Titled *Loon Lake*, it's a period piece set in the Thirties and involves the rags-to-riches story of a character called Joe of Paterson, who begins a cross-country odyssey as a hobo and ends up achieving incredible success in an America gripped by Depression and heading toward war. . . . **Tom Robbins**' new novel, *Still Life with Woodpecker*, will be published in September by Bantam. The

Doctorow

Robbins

folks at Bantam, in fact, are so excited about it they're releasing it as both a hardcover (their first) and a trade paperback. According to Robbins, the book is "a love story that takes place within a pack of Camel cigarettes. It reveals the purpose of the moon, explains the difference between outlaws and criminals and paints a portrait of contemporary life that includes powerful Arabs, exiled royalty and pregnant cheerleaders—as well as the problems of redheads."

•

NEANDERTHALS: Signed to appear with **Barbara Bach** and **Ringo Starr** in United Artists' *Caveman* is **Mark King**, a 24-year-old actor-comedian fresh out of Penn State. King, who has barely even gotten his comedic feet wet, will play—get this—a gay cave man in Ringo's tribe of madcap Stone Agers. He has also been signed by Columbia to star in a sitcom called *Ethel Is an Elephant*, about a guy who falls for an elephant and vice versa. It's certainly nice to know that sophisticated comedy is making a comeback, isn't it?

•

GET OUT YOUR VIDEO RECORDERS: ABC has paid $60,000,000 for the right to air, among other films, *Kramer vs. Kramer*, *Chapter Two*, *California Suite*, . . . *And Justice for All* and *Midnight Express*.

•

BIOPIC DEPT.: CBS has commissioned a docudrama based on the life of **Jayne Mansfield**, to be aired in the fall. **Loni Anderson** will star as Jayne and **Arnold**

Anderson

Schwarzenegger

Schwarzenegger will play the role of **Mickey Hargitay**, Jayne's muscle-man husband (Hargitay himself is said to be acting as a consultant on the project). As seems to be the custom nowadays, a theatrical release of the film is also planned. Producers of the film have been examining PLAYBOY's past pictorials of Jayne, who was Miss February 1955, since Miss Anderson may be asked to re-enact some of the poses; but it's doubtful that there'll be any nudity.

•

SUCH A DEAL: This just in from the Rialto—apparently, a certain Hollywood producer has concluded a deal to produce the first American motion picture ever to be filmed in the People's Republic of China. As part of the insurance agreement, the Chinese have guaranteed that there'll be no war during filming. If there is, the country is liable for millions. —JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

HERE'S A SCENE straight out of Kafka, described by international attorney Michael Lacher: A returning traveler arrives at the customs desk of an unnamed country and is asked to accompany the customs official to a private room. There the traveler is asked to disrobe and, when he asks why, the official declines to explain. Not a little mystified (and even more frightened), the traveler asks to speak with his lawyer but is denied permission. Feeling deeply wronged, he refuses to remove his clothes, citing rights of privacy and due process and his right to counsel. In reply, the customs official summons two associates, who proceed forcibly to strip the reluctant traveler. Not satisfied with a mere external inspection of the now naked traveler, they proceed to examine his "body cavities."

Although this sounds like something you might expect to take place in some Central American banana republic, the fact is that lawyer Lacher is merely synthesizing experiences travelers have actually had with the Customs Service of the United States. Admittedly, it doesn't happen often, but it does happen.

I must confess that I initially reacted to this hypothetical scenario with considerable skepticism and decided to try to get some independent confirmation. Surprisingly, Dennis Snyder, the new regional commissioner of Customs for the New York area, willingly confirmed the Customs Service's use of extraordinary search practices. He told me that the Customs Service is unique, that it is the only law-enforcement agency in the U. S. that has the right to perform a search of a returning traveler, his baggage and even the vessel or aircraft in which he has returned, without a warrant, without probable cause and even without suspicion.

Clearly, that is the sort of "right" that has attracted legions of civil libertarians to try to restrict the Customs Service's unusual license. But, so far, the courts have seen it all the Customs Service's way. Their rationale, in the simplest terms, is that the safety of the U. S. borders is more important than the protection of individual rights.

Utilizing this extraordinary ability to investigate potential lawbreakers, the Customs Service does a pretty remarkable job of upholding the 240 or more laws it is mandated to enforce. And it's likely to get better, as advanced technology and the expanding use of computers broaden the Customs officials' reservoir of information on returning citizens and other residents. The computer is called TECS (for Treasury Enforcement Communications System), and its data bank now includes most of the information formerly contained in the Immigration Service's Soundex system. Customs' computer also is said to have access to records of the FBI, the National Crime Information Center, the National Law Enforcement Telecommunications System, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms and the Internal Revenue Service. One Customs official with whom I spoke said that TECS was even connected to Interpol (an allegation Snyder denied) and that the system could conjure up motor-vehicle information, if necessary (also denied). But even if the latter two "connections" are more paranoia than reality, the more than 1000 terminals currently connected to the main Customs computer facility in San Diego give every major (and many minor) point of entry access to a massive reservoir of information.

CUSTOMARY PROCEDURES

They can't do that to you? If "they" are Customs agents, oh, yes, they can.

This expanding computer capacity has advantages for returning travelers, for it has allowed the Customs Service to implement what it calls its Citizen Bypass system. Briefly, this system permits an American citizen returning from abroad to avoid one of the two inbound checks normally required. At present, the Customs computer terminal is doing the job formerly done by Immigration *and* Customs inspectors, as the computer contains the combined data. For lawbreakers and duty avoiders, the computer represents a formidable adversary, for its memory is crammed with information that might well motivate a Customs official to initiate the sort of extra-thorough search described above.

And it may well be that the incriminating evidence dredged up by the computer has been supplied by an informer, for there are powerful incentives for a civilian to turn in an offender. Like the IRS, Customs is a division of the Treasury Department, and both actively encourage the cooperation of informers. The means of encouragement is simple and straightforward: money.

Commissioner Snyder confirmed the fact that Customs has a bounty system and that it can pay informers up to 25 percent of the amount recovered, to a maximum of $50,000. Specifically, this bounty is called a moiety, which my dictionary defines as one half but which the Customs folks use to describe the informer's share they provide as a reward. Whatever its etymology, the moiety is a heavyweight motivation to turn in a Customs-cheating friend or business associate, so you'd better be careful whom you tell that you beat the boys downtown.

One wonderful story I heard involves a Westchester executive who made the mistake of showing his neighbor (and presumed friend) an expensive watch he had purchased abroad—and had slipped by Customs by the simple expedient of wearing it. The friend was furious (and probably more than a little envious), so he promptly called Customs, turned his neighbor in—and collected a reward.

And it's not only those you tell you need fear: The lure of the moiety—it's payable both at home and abroad—may even tempt a foreign salesclerk to encourage a bit of skulduggery. He may actually suggest that he supply a tourist with an invoice for a lesser amount than the actual value of his purchase. The traveler, if he is even normally greedy, may be more than willing to enter into this little conspiracy, unmindful of the fact that as soon as he is out of the shop, the clerk may call a U. S. Customs representative (there are a number of them stationed in foreign countries) and report the transaction. With that data in hand, it's a simple matter for the overseas Customs representative to alert his colleagues in the U. S., and if the traveler does declare the lesser value, the Customs Service gets a "Gotcha!"—and the foreign shopkeeper his moiety. It's a hard system to beat.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My husband seems to think that you'll agree with him that my sex drive is well above the average (whatever that means) for women of my age. The facts are that I'm 29 years old and have been married for nine years. I immensely enjoy all facets of sexuality; I accept pleasure for what it is. I feel the itch about twice a day, when I get up in the morning and when I go to bed at night. Ideally, I would like to have intercourse (or a mutually acceptable alternative) with my husband in the morning and then masturbate before I go to sleep at night. Please note that my interest in masturbation is no reflection on my husband's expertise or on the scope of our activities—I just enjoy it. My husband is adamant that few women, statistically, desire sexual activity as much as I do. I find it hard to believe that I'm the least bit unusual. Are there any figures to back up my contention that my level of activity is probably not unusual?—Mrs. L. D., Chicago, Illinois.

Your appetite is not unusual. We found one study that indicates some 19 percent of the women surveyed wanted sex at least once a day, while another ten percent felt like getting it on more often than that. Amen. The author concluded that desire was variable. For the majority of women, it fluctuated according to their feelings for their partner. Your husband should regard your hunger as a compliment. There is no such thing as too much desire. The numbers are nonsense and are not the real source of your problem. Your husband probably views your appetite as a source of pressure. Your morning and evening routine has become a series of command performances. We suspect that if you varied your schedule—or abandoned it—you would both be free to experience sex spontaneously. Waylay him when he comes home from work; or do it in the car on the way to a movie.

Because of the stress of my job, my doctor has prescribed Valium for me for the past year or so. I've read a lot of scare stories about the stuff's leading to addiction and it worries me. Every once in a while, I'll skip a few days, just to see what happens. I don't seem to suffer any withdrawal pangs, so I assume I'm not an addict. But is there something I don't know?—P. T., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Yes, you don't know what you're doing to your body. Diazepam, sold under the brand name Valium, aside from creating a rapid dependence, tends to overstay its welcome in the body. If you took it regularly over an extended period of time and then stopped, after three days, half of the tranquilizer would still be in your system. After another three days, half of the remainder would still be there. So skipping a day or two would tell you nothing about your possible addiction. Withdrawal symptoms might not be evident for as long as a week. When Valium withdrawal hits, it can be more serious than heroin withdrawal. (See the drug package in the September 1978 PLAYBOY *for details.) But why not face it; Valium addiction isn't your biggest problem. Your real problem is your job. If it's so stressful that you've got to walk around in a fog to do it, it's time to start sending out those résumés.*

How do you define possessive? I've been living with a girl for about two years now. She claims that she is happy with the relationship, that I satisfy all of her wants and needs and that she doesn't miss the company of her old friends, whom she almost never sees. I'm bothered by occasional flashes of claustrophobia. I like to go out with other people—racquetball with the guys, a lunch date with some old female friends and, infrequently, a sexual fling. Is there something wrong with me in that I can't be satisfied by just one person?—B. N., Chicago, Illinois.

Nope. In a recent study of engaged couples and newlyweds, only 18 percent reported that their emotional needs were extremely or well satisfied by their mates. The statistical odds of becoming completely nourished by another person are small. To expect a single person to provide all of your entertainment places an incredible burden on him or her. The result: a burnout. Different people can satisfy different aspects of your personality and keep you interested and interesting.

Just purchasing my video recorder cost so much I barely had enough left over to buy tapes for it. A friend who works for a TV station says he can get me old cassettes for practically nothing. My question is, How much can you use tape before the image starts to go? I know that audio tape can be used practically forever, but I've never heard what the life span of video tape is.—M. R., St. Louis, Missouri.

Unfortunately, it depends on who made the video tape and how well. Basically, video tape has three elements: a clear polyester base, a binder and magnetic oxide particles on the surface. The oxide is the part that contains the image. Trouble is, those particles have a tendency to fall off in chunks through use. It's a condition known as dropout and it means that that part of the tape can no longer record. It will show up on playback as a white or black hole in the picture. Most of the time, those holes, or dropouts, will be apparent only at the beginning or the end of the tape, since that's where the machine puts the most strain on it. You shouldn't experience a lot of dropout unless you have a particularly cheap tape. Some tapes begin dropping particles after 10 to 20 passes over the heads. But a good-quality tape should be good for as many as 100 passes before visible deterioration begins. Even with very good tape, however, you can have problems with quality control. One tape may be all right and the next may have a tendency to drop out. Your best bet is to buy the best tape you can, avoid constant starts and stops and keep the tapes as clean as you can, because dust and even grease from your fingers can accelerate deterioration. If you're recording something you really care about or may want to dub, use the new stuff and save the used tape for "Monday Night Football."

Are poppers safe? A lot of my friends claim that amyl nitrite is a true aphrodisiac. I've tried some of the legal versions—the isobutyl nitrite—and all I end up with is a headache. What's the story?—L. S., Miami, Florida.

According to a report in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, *some*

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500,000,000 doses of amyl and isobutyl nitrite were consumed last year for recreational purposes. Dr. Thomas P. Lowry explained the effects as follows: "When inhaled, the nitrites dilate the peripheral blood vessels (including the cerebral vessels), speed the heart and drop blood pressure about 20 mm/Hg. The EEG changes from alpha to beta with no pathologic patterns. Subjectively already pleasurable experiences are heightened, sexual sensations are enhanced, orgasm feels prolonged and exalted and activities that may have been repugnant or painful, such as fellatio or anal intercourse, become possible and/or desirable. Enthusiasts use terms like 'joy beyond words' and 'transcendent.'" Praise the Lord and pass the amyl, eh? The drug seems relatively safe: The Drug Abuse Warning Network has been unable to document a single death or permanent injury that could be traced to the use of poppers. Many users report that over-the-counter preparations of isobutyl nitrite produce headaches such as you experience. As for amyl nitrite—if you get caught, you may end up with a legal headache. Recreational use is frowned upon by the Feds.

One of my friends tells me that a scientist in Europe has invented a vaccine that protects against herpes. Do you have any information about it?—G. W., Washington, D.C.

If you are a laboratory mouse, you're in great shape. If you're human, you may have to wait a few years, but the prospects look good. Dr. Gordon Skinner of England has succeeded in producing a herpes vaccine out of herpes viral antigen—a protein on the surface of the virus. Previous attempts to create a herpes vaccine used dead or weakened herpes cells. Doctors feared that introducing any form of herpes virus into the body could cause cancer. Dr. Skinner has managed to isolate an apparently harmless protein. When introduced into mice, it causes the production of herpes antibodies. Skinner tested the vaccine by injecting nonvaccinated mice with a dose of active herpes. The result: an average of 1000 infectious particles within a week. Mice that had been vaccinated produced an average of only ten infectious particles.

I didn't mind the conversion to metrics, as long as just NASA and auto mechanics were affected. But now it's hit home; specifically, my liquor cabinet. I can no longer tell how much is in the bottle or whether or not I'm getting a deal. The bottles look the same, but I just can't relate to 750 milliliters. Is that a fifth or ain't it?—R. D., New York, New York.

It's almost a fifth, but in this case, a

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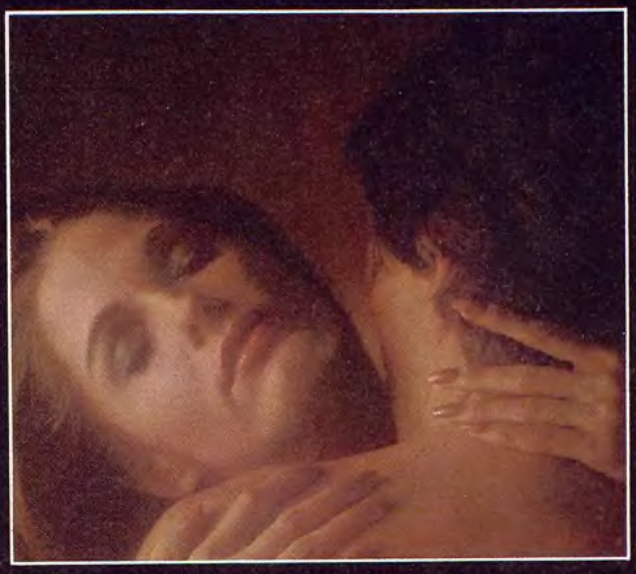

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miss isn't as good as a kilometer. In converting to metric volumes, liquor bottlers tried to pick sizes that were as close as possible to the old ones. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't. Half pints, now 200 milliliters, lost 1.2 ounces in the shuffle. Pints, now 500 milliliters, gained .9 ounce. Quarts, which are now liters, got 1.8 ounces bigger and half gallons shrank 4.8 ounces to fit into a 1.75-liter package. Your old-faithful fifth suffered least, dropping only .2 ounce to become 750 milliliters. The only way to tell if you're getting a good deal, then, is to convert the new volumes to ounces and compare the cost per ounce with the old price. But chances are that inflation has jacked the price up, anyway. So it's probably best to forget the whole thing and try to get used to the new sizes. A drink might help soothe your nerves. After all, two fingers is still two fingers.

I've always wanted a powerboat and this may be the year I get one. I realize, though, that it is a luxury item and I wouldn't buy one if I thought I would be contributing to the energy shortage just for my own pleasure. Please say it isn't so.—J. P., Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

We'd love to say it isn't so, but those boats don't run on water, they run in water. So, strictly speaking, you will be dipping into the energy stock pile. On the other hand, despite the fact that there are about 11,000,000 powerboats currently registered in the U.S., they consume only one half of one percent of all the fuel used in combustion-engine vehicles. The secret, you see, is that they are seasonal vehicles in most parts of the country. In Wisconsin, for instance, an average boater would use only about 60 gallons per season. We assume you're talking boat, not ship, since those figures are based on the average-sized boat, which is under 26 feet and runs about $2500, including the engine cost. When you also consider that time spent on the water means less time behind the wheel of your car, things seem to balance out. But if you're still feeling guilty, you could opt for a sailboat. They're quieter, just as exciting and—they're free as the wind.

We've been hearing about electric cars for some time now; but, despite the advances in the technology for such a car, we don't seem to get any closer to having a salable product. What's holding up the works?—M. P., New York, New York.

You'll remember, or maybe you won't, that we had the same problem when converting from horse and buggy to the internal-combustion engine. That is, what to do with the hitching posts and the blacksmiths. We've got the biggest industry in the country centered on the

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gasoline engine. A similar industry will have to be developed before electric cars are practical. That includes mechanics, recharging stations, parts distributors and all the corollary personnel necessary to make it work. Plus, new problems keep popping up. For instance, a recent study by the Department of Energy's Argonne National Laboratory turned up the possibility of electric shock, should the car be involved in an accident. It also found that toxic gases are produced during recharging that must be dealt with. Electric fires from accidents will require special attention from fire fighters, too. And one of the biggest unforeseen problems is that of engine noise. There just isn't any. That becomes very important when you can't hear the car that is about to hit you. It'll be a while before all those problems are solved and, even when they are, the first vehicles you see on the road will probably be commercial ones, not passenger cars.

Have you ever called a lover by the wrong name? I was playing tennis with my new girlfriend the other day and, in the heat of play, accidentally called her by my previous lover's name. It really spooked me. I mumbled an apology, but I don't know if that was enough. Have I queered the whole relationship?—S. P., Chicago, Illinois.

It depends. Were you able to finish the game? Was your previous lover named Frank? You're still alive, so our guess is you handled it right. If it happens again, you might try explaining it in terms of W. Timothy Gallwey's "The Inner Game of Tennis." Your Self 1—the judgmental, verbal critic—should have been aware of your partner's identity, but your nonverbal "What planet am I on?" Self 2 was preoccupied with the play and drifted off into timeless memories of previous games and partners. Old associations can pop up at the most disconcerting times. At least it didn't happen in bed. The only sure cure is not to call your dates by name. However, "Hey, you, bend over and spread" doesn't strike us as elegant or romantic. "Honey" or "Darling" works well—especially in Hollywood. Our advice: Don't let this throw you. It happens to everybody.

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

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Merit Menthol	8	0.6

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Parliament Lights	9	0.7
Salem Lights	11	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Vantage Menthol	11	0.8
Winston Lights	14	1.1

Carlton is lowest.

Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton Box: less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

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

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

EQUAL TIME

After reading in your February issue about New York mayor Ed Koch's plan to embarrass convicted Johns by having their names read over the city-owned radio station, I felt compelled to write to *The New York Times*. Permit me to share part of my letter with your readers:

> I think this procedure is grossly unfair to those of us in a victimized minority named John who are rejected and ignored by prostitutes. I am, therefore, requesting equal time from WNYC in order that my name, John Zeigler, be broadcast in accordance with the provision of the FCC's Fairness Doctrine.
>
> This is, essentially, a demand for counteradvertising time. My justification is that when WNYC advertises the names of potential Johns to ladies of the night it has the effect of broadening their business substantially. It is, therefore, a commercial message thinly disguised as a public-service announcement. It should be identified more properly as a "public-service broadcast." By multiplying the hookers' prospects, WNYC gives them more opportunities to be selective and to continue to turn down those of us they regrettably find unsexy and romantically unsuitable.
>
> It's one thing to stroll down New York streets with my male colleagues and suffer the embarrassment of these women turning away from me while they energetically court and pursue my friends. It's quite another thing for WNYC to heap further humiliation on me through the omission of my name and contribute to my reputation as being erotically undesirable while conferring an elite sexual status on my arrested friends who have been accepted in the exclusive and intimate sex-for-profit inner circle.

John Zeigler
New York, New York

STREET STRATEGY

I seem to recall a reader's question (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1979) about asking apparent prostitutes whether or not they were cops, in the hope that a police officer's duty to identify herself would apply. You answered in the negative and that seems correct to me. However, what do you think of this strategy? The John asks the pro, "Would it be illegal for me to give you money for sex?" To which the pro (being familiar with the strategy) replies, "No, but what do you think?" And the John agrees. The idea is that if either is with the vice squad, he will have committed entrapment and any arrest, it's hoped, will be thrown out of a court of law. That same conversation could apply to other transactions. What is your opinion?

"And any arrest, it's hoped, will be thrown out of court."

Rex Curry
Plant City, Florida

Entrapment is hard to prove, even when it does occur. The way you've set it up, not only would the police-decoy prostitute be authorized to lie about her identity and the legality of the act but the approach would be so transparent that the wording of the proposition really wouldn't matter. Don't forget that the principle of entrapment involves a police officer's provoking a person to commit a crime he had no prior intention of committing. If your hypothetical John claimed absence of prior intent, about the best he could hope for would be a short recess until the courtroom laughter subsided. Speaking of hookers, *see our "Forum Follies" on page 74.*

SEX ON WHEELS

I've suddenly become a motorcycle enthusiast! Recently, during a long ride with my husband on his bike, my back became sore from slouching. To correct the problem, I started sitting up very straight and arching my back, which tended to press my most sensitive part down on the seat. That sent all the vibrations straight to my clitoris and it felt wonderful, so I spread my legs a little, held on loosely so my nipples rubbed on my husband's back and let the cycle do the rest. When I came, I nearly fell off the bike. My poor husband didn't know what the hell was going on and then nearly died laughing. All you bikers out there: Pass this along to your women.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

In the past, we've heard from a sailor who got it on with a deck polisher and a housewife who got off on a floor sander. It's all a matter of good vibes.

FLIMFLAM MAN

So far, you have published one *Newsfront* item (October 1978) and one elaborating letter (December 1979) about the con man who ended up in Leavenworth after absconding with a Cadillac that he flimflammed from a car dealer and who then escaped from prison by way of a stolen pickup and a rented limousine—meanwhile, having escaped from a local jail by conning a guard into letting him call a limousine for his supposed lawyer, who was (also supposedly) picking up Senator Barry Goldwater. Want the rest?

In order to get out of a secure jail in Oregon and into a hick jail in Washington so he could pull his "Goldwater escape," this character created an elaborate jail-break-plan story that he laid on the paranoid local authorities and the FBI so they would transfer him for his "protection." He then escaped, all right, but left half a dozen innocent and unaware cellmates—including me—with escape "jackets" that earned us months of brutality, harassment and chains. All because of that creep.

Ron Addicks
Salem, Oregon

"SON OF SAM" SPEAKS

I have been sentenced to 315 years in prison for the six murders known as the "Son of Sam" killings and one old saying keeps ringing in my ears: "Crime does not pay!" Well, I must personally say that crime *does* pay! It pays quite

handsomely, too. Norman Mailer's account of the life and times of Gary Gilmore certainly proves my point.

I might be a criminal, but I am no hypocrite. Most of those who are outside prison walls speak vehemently against convicts and speak favorably for capital punishment. Yet they will think nothing of it when a book or a movie, based on a very real crime, a very violent crime, with very, very real victims, is presented to them as entertainment. The public seems to forget all the innocent people who had to shed their precious blood so that a book, a movie or whatever could be developed.

Furthermore, while I see the public demanding death for killers, I have yet to see it demand that the entertainment industry stop acting like vultures by exploiting crime (criminals and victims included). I have yet to see the public demand that any publishing company or film company turn over a reasonable amount of the royalties to the severely injured victims of criminals or to the families of those who die.

Soon millions of people will be reading the coming Son of Sam book and will be flocking to the theaters to see the coming Son of Sam movie. Therefore, I can only assume that society approves of these crimes and considers wholesale murder of innocent people to be entertaining.

In all honesty, I prefer to stay here in prison. Why? Well, while this place is full of convicts, they aren't hypocrites. They tell it just like it is!

David Berkowitz
Attica Correctional Facility
Attica, New York

No comment.

KILLING WITH KINDNESS

The only humane way to die is by natural causes. But, unfortunately, more than 400 convicted murderers currently on death row showed no humanity toward their victims when they killed them.

True, there is no good way to execute and dispose of the human trash society produces. But to let convicted murderers live full lives and die of natural causes is a crime against society and especially against the families of murder victims.

Is the value of human life decreased because society executes those who have murdered? Or does capital punishment increase the value of human life by depriving convicted murderers of the right to live with us?

Craig Zalanka
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

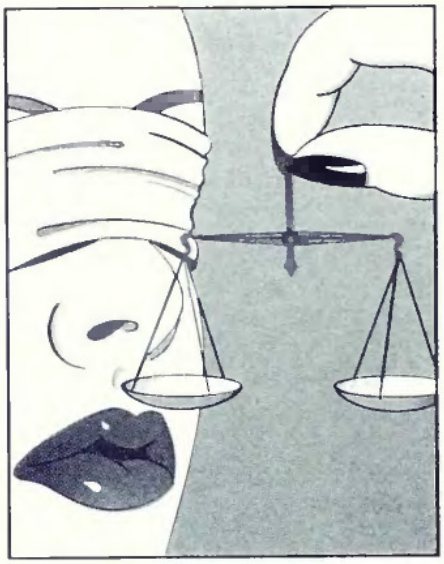
As a first-year law student and a longtime opponent of capital punishment, I took a special interest in Scott Christianson's essay "Killing with Kindness," in your April 1979 issue. I once found a comment by Albert Camus (as quoted in

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

GREEN WEENIE

OXNARD, CALIFORNIA—*A superior-court judge declared a mistrial in the case of a man charged with rape after jurors refused to view the defendant's penis. The color of the organ became an issue after a 16-year-old rape victim said her attacker's was pinkish-brown,*



while an investigator described the defendant's as reddish-brown. In poor-quality photos taken at the jail, the penis looked green. The defendant agreed to display himself to the jurors one by one in a nearby holding cell, but when a woman juror refused to view the evidence and the others supported her position, the judge ordered a new trial in another court.

MALE RAPE VICTIM

CHICAGO—*An embarrassed 23-year-old steelworker reported that he was abducted by two women, bound in chains and raped numerous times before being released. The incident occurred when the man offered to help the women start their supposedly stalled car. Both pulled guns, drove him blindfolded to a house and there, according to police, "used his body repeatedly for several hours."*

FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD NAZI

CHICAGO—*Frank Collin, one of the country's leading neo-Nazis, has been charged with taking indecent liberties with young boys whom he allegedly lured to hotel rooms or to his apartment above the local Nazi headquarters for sex and photography sessions. According to police, the boys "did not realize he was a Nazi leader and thought the swastika hanging in his bedroom was some sort of Chinese design." Papers reporting the arrest said Collin had been ousted as head of the National Socialist Party of America for being "burned out" and ineffectual.*

HAPPY FAMILY

MILWAUKEE—*A county probate court has allowed a 21-year-old homosexual to adopt a 23-year-old homosexual as his son. The two explained that this was a way to make each other heirs without writing a will, to share last names and to establish a relationship more permanent than marriage. The judge commented later, "It was an unusual petition, but there was nothing to indicate they were homosexuals. And if there was something, I don't know if it would have been any of my business."*

JOGGER JUSTICE

PALM BEACH, FLORIDA—*A 31-year-old defense attorney has been spared a possible 60 days in jail or a $500 fine for jogging without wearing a shirt, in violation of a local ordinance. The judge who heard the case declared the ordinance not only foolish but unconstitutional: "It's silly. There is no valid purpose and enforcing it is an improper exercise of police power." The defendant, Assistant Public Defender Allen DeWeese, accepted congratulations from courtroom spectators and assured everyone, "This decision isn't going to overturn life in Palm Beach as it has been known."*

HEALTH HAZARDS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Citing ten deaths last year, the Consumer Products Safety Commission has warned hot-tub owners to keep the water temperature below 104 degrees F. and to avoid heavy drinking or the use of sedatives before taking a dip. Higher temperatures, the agency says, can lead to heat stroke, and the drinks or drugs have caused some people to pass out and drown. Pregnant women were advised against soaking in water hotter than 102 degrees F. because of health risks to the fetus.*

GETTING THE MESSAGE

CHICAGO—*A relatively new Dial-an-Atheist phone service in the Chicago area has been outdrawing the established Dial-a-Prayer service by three to one, according to telephone-company*

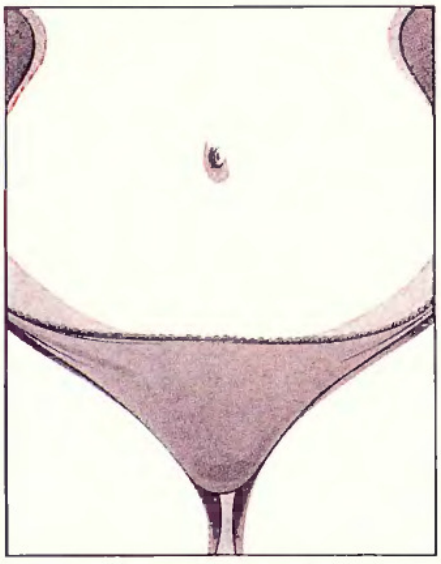
figures. One feature of the Dial-an-Atheist recorded message, sponsored by the Northern Illinois chapter of Madalyn Murray O'Hair's American Atheists organization, is that listeners, at the sound of a beep, have an opportunity to reply.

PROFESSIONAL SEX

PORTLAND, OREGON—*A Beaverton attorney has brought suit against the Oregon State Bar to rescind its 1979 ethics decision that divorce lawyers are not prohibited from having sexual affairs with clients under certain circumstances. The bar decided that attorney-client sex does not necessarily violate professional standards when the divorce is amicable, no children are involved and such conduct does not affect either the client's interest or the attorney's judgment. The plaintiff argues that this liberalized code not only promotes conflicts of interest and public suspicion of the legal profession but also fails to consider that many persons going through divorces are emotionally dependent on their attorneys and vulnerable to exploitation.*

MILITARY COVER-UP

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The Army and the Air Force have formally banned topless dancing at all Service Clubs, despite the popularity of such entertainment. The Air Force order says that commanders "cannot, even in the*



face of the expressed desires of a substantial number of patrons, abrogate their responsibility for protecting the over-all interest of the Air Force." The Army's order is worded similarly and both Services said they had drafted the rules because field commanders had asked for guidance. The Navy is reviewing its policies but emphasized that regulations require "standards of discretion, modesty and good taste."

LEGAL DEFINITION

PHOENIX, ARIZONA—*The Arizona Supreme Court, in reversing one of two counts of child molestation, has ruled that female breasts do not constitute "private parts" under state law. The court found that the term private parts refers solely to the genital area.*

FAMILY PLANNING

DEARBORN HEIGHTS, MICHIGAN—*A circuit court has obstructed the efforts of a suburban Detroit couple to pay a surrogate mother to bear a baby they cannot have themselves. The couple cited their right of privacy and also argued that a state law prohibiting payment for the adoption of babies was too vague to apply to their proposed arrangement, which involved the artificial insemination of a woman who would agree, for $5000, plus expenses, to surrender the child after its birth. The state claimed that that could lead to a "commercial market in babies" and the court agreed, calling it baby bartering and stating that "mercenary considerations used to create a parent-child relationship and its impact upon the family unit strikes at the very foundation of human society."*

In Maryland, however, a single 20-year-old woman has undergone artificial insemination in order to bear a baby for a childless Delaware couple. The surrogate mother-to-be said she would accept no payment and was simply performing a humanitarian service for a woman who had had a hysterectomy before marriage.

CHILD CUSTODY

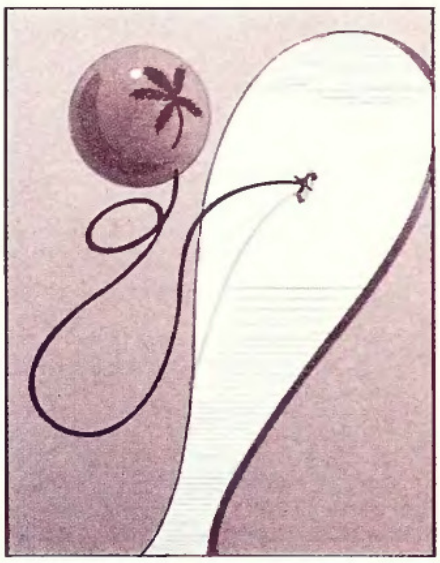
NEW YORK CITY—*In what legal observers called an unusual and courageous ruling, a Manhattan family-court judge has awarded an unwed father custody of his three-year-old son whose mother had given him to a foster home. Judge Leah Marks said that "the worst that has ever been said about the father is [that he once] had a mustache, beard and slovenly appearance," but there was nothing to indicate his unfitness as a parent.*

NO QUIBBLING

LANSING, MICHIGAN—*A circuit court judge has decided that a 17-year-old male high school student cannot, after all, play on the girl's volleyball team. Rescinding the temporary permission that had been granted pending a hearing, the judge said, "The over-all athletic opportunities today for boys and girls are substantially equal." Then he added, "I didn't say identical. I said equal." The issue was taken up by the American Civil Liberties Union after the student argued that his school's lack of a boys' volleyball team amounted to sex discrimination unless he could play with the girls' team.*

HIGH SEAS

ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA—*Six crewmen have been fined and six others demoted and disciplined for having marijuana aboard the Coast Guard cutter Steadfast, which has the best*



record of any vessel in service for intercepting pot smugglers. The ship's executive officer described the incidents as minor and "definitely not related to our law-enforcement activities." The Steadfast is credited with intercepting nearly 1,000,000 pounds of U.S.-bound marijuana.

BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY

WICHITA, KANSAS—*Seven members of the district attorney's staff resigned and two city police officers have been fired, five other officers have been suspended and more than 30 others reprimanded as a result of a cops-only stag party that reputedly involved illegal gambling, a nude dancer and pornographic video tapes. Police Chief Richard LaMunyon and District Attorney Vern Miller both denounced the party and said such behavior would make it difficult for officers to credibly enforce liquor and vice laws.*

DOUBLE JEOPARDY

AUSTIN, TEXAS—*Police were at first surprised when the husband of a theft suspect turned unsympathetic toward his wife upon learning she had been arrested for stealing birth-control pills. He refused to post bond, told them they could keep her and then explained, "I had a vasectomy five years ago."*

William J. Bowers' *Executions in America*, 1974) that summarizes my own feelings and that I hope you will share with your readers:

> Let us be frank about that penalty which can have no publicity, that intimidation which works only on respectable people, so long as they are respectable, which fascinates those who have ceased to be respectable and debases or deranges those who take part in it. It is a penalty, to be sure, and a frightful torture, both physical and moral, but it provides no sure example except a demoralizing one. It punishes, but it forestalls nothing; indeed, it may even arouse the impulse to murder. . . . Let us call it by the name which for lack of any other nobility, will at least give the nobility of truth and let us recognize it for what it is essentially; a revenge.

Clifford Farrell
Columbus, Ohio

WOMEN AT WAR

Robert Shea's article *Women at War* (PLAYBOY, February) is simply beautiful. To his discussion of violence, sex crimes and pornography, I would respectfully add the following:

Whatever may be said about "hatred of women," we may rest assured that far more of it is being spawned from the pulpits of fundamentalist churches than from the thousands of porn shops across the country. It does not take a Presidential commission to understand this, but only a little time and observation. Indeed, if the ill effects of the religious repression of sexuality could be eliminated, violent pornography would have no patrons.

In the meantime, censorship of any kind will only make the current porn problem worse by stifling the distribution of decent erotica. Anita Bryant's crusade against homosexuals aptly demonstrated this. I am really shocked that the women's liberationists do not remember this in their current efforts to suppress what they consider misogynistic porn. Truly, life and politics are puzzling.

John L. Indo
Huntsville, Texas

At one time, I could have agreed with Women Against Pornography, but no longer. In college, I researched the Constitution and became convinced that the First Amendment is too fragile and precious a right to withstand even a little censorship. The terms obscenity and pornography defy definition. That determination is an opinion, a nominative judgment, not a fact.

A law, in order to be just and effective, must state in specific terms what is and is not permissible. If, then, we are unable to define obscenity and pornography, we are forced to write a vague law. Such a law, written by well-meaning legislators with the purpose of protecting the safety and dignity of women, could eventually be used to ban that which the silent majority finds acceptable.

Suppressing pornography to rid society of rape is only a futile stopgap measure to deal with a symptom. The disease was contracted when we learned that sex was dirty. When sex is seen for what it is, a healthy and pleasurable act between two people who love each other, the disease will begin to lose its hold on our society. Not before then.

David W. Binnion
Hamilton, Ohio

RAPE RATE

It might be worth reminding people that present rape statistics are not necessarily a good index of the frequency of this crime. As a police officer with nearly 15 years' experience, I'm very much aware that rape *seems* to be increasing at a terrifying rate. And I'm sure that in pure numbers, it *is* increasing, because of a growing population and perhaps (though I haven't checked) a "bulge" in the age group most prone to committing rape. But I have a strong feeling that the alarming rape figures are also a result of better reporting of that crime. For this, the women's movement can take a good deal of credit. Rape victims today are treated, I believe, much more sympathetically than they were even ten years ago; there is much more public awareness of the problem; and, consequently, there seems to be much less hesitancy on the part of rape victims to "call the cops" instead of going into painful, personal, embarrassed seclusion.

This is only good. But it may be distorting rape statistics and misleading the public into thinking that rapists suddenly are everywhere, when the *rate* of rapes actually committed has not greatly changed.

(Name withheld by request)
Boston, Massachusetts

FORUM FOLLIES

Here's one of the more interesting press releases we've received in recent months. It's from a New Orleans organization called the Professional Association Seeking Sexual Identification Observant of Nature (PASSION), which only demonstrates the extremes to which people will go to create an acronym. We reprint it here for the benefit of readers (and local law-enforcement authorities) in Peoria, Iowa City, etc., who might otherwise think that their communities have problems.

In response to the recent complaints by businessmen and pedestrians along the 100 and 200 blocks of Iberville, Paula Dyan, president of PASSION, announced that "PASSION and its professional sisters do not condone the practice of propositioning men accompanied by wives or families. Nor do we approve of some of the ladies' practice of aggressive sexual handling and solicitation of potential male customers. Neither do we approve of the ancillary crimes (i.e., muggings and thefts) committed by women who pose as prostitutes."

The first two blocks of Decatur and Iberville has been the scene of much uproar in the past few weeks, as scores of women and their pimps gathered for business as usual. Men were approached every few feet, sometimes with the women grabbing them in not so public places while asking them for "dates." Proprietors in that area had complained that the women's antics were causing a disturbance and hurting business. Ms. Dyan also received complaints, prompting the need for an announced set of standards.

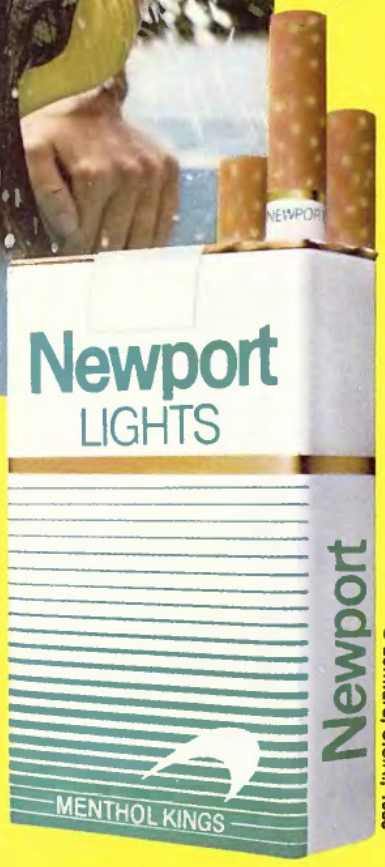
Said Ms. Dyan, "Prostitution might be one of the oldest trades, but in the history of Judaeo-Christianity, it still lacks professionalism in terms of a uniform set of standards, a code of ethics, a union and refined social skills on a more aesthetical level. As long as prostitution is considered a criminal activity, the trade will remain clandestine and continue to associate itself with the more harmful crimes."

She emphasized the need for standards, stating that customers sought the services of prostitutes because of their need for, above all, confidentiality, honesty and discretion. "Men need someone with whom they can fulfill their sexual fantasies, whom they can trust without fear of destruction to their careers or family life. Most men love their wives and family. They just have a need, like all human beings, for variety and adventure. Prostitutes fulfill that need without the jeopardy of extramarital love affairs that threaten the family life."

In response to the accusation that most prostitutes mug and rob their customers, Ms. Dyan protested, stating, "In any occupation, there's a certain number of unscrupulous, dishonest business practices that gives that profession a bad name." Ms. Dyan recommended that the state decriminalize prostitution but control it through civil means. She supports the idea of zoning areas for houses catering to the business of prostitution, and licensing for both freelancers and those who work in houses.

PASSION is basically correct; sin, when outlawed, becomes crime. But what we most enjoy is the tone of the news release, which sounds like something from a chamber of commerce or special-interest lobby.

Revive your taste!



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GAY LIFE

I object to the tone and content of Nora Gallagher's January article, which fosters the stereotyped notion that gay males are obsessed by sex, out to attack society's standards and mostly interested in giving each other blow jobs. It's incredible that this kind of distorted thinking persists. The truth is that most gay males are just as interested in establishing permanent relationships as their heterosexual counterparts and are not, as a rule, woman haters, child molesters, psychopaths or sexual gluttons. Furthermore, they rarely make overt advances to straight males for the obvious reason that they don't want to be ridiculed, socially ostracized or physically assaulted. Gays have the same needs, feelings and emotions as everyone else; all they want is to be judged as individuals on the basis of their abilities, merits and character. Their sexual preference is not a political position statement and not an effort to undermine the values of society or destroy the family. Sexual liberation will not create more homosexuals, it will just let existing ones try to lead more decent, happy and productive lives.

(Name withheld by request)
Albuquerque, New Mexico

What a pity; just as society seems willing to give a little ground in its age-old hostility toward homosexuals, Walter J. Phillips has to open his yap (*The Playboy Forum*, March). His foul-mouthed epithets against heterosexuals may have helped eliminate the notion that gays are passive, limp-wristed pansies, but it also may have helped reinforce the idea that they are nothing short of dangerous perverts.

(Name withheld by request)
Palo Alto, California

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON

I'm a 30-year-old happily married woman who just had her first homosexual experience. My lover is an old, dear friend whom I've known since we were teenagers. We have always been fond of each other but have never expressed our feelings physically, because it simply was not socially acceptable for two women to kiss, touch, fondle or hold each other.

One afternoon, I impulsively went up behind her and hugged her tight, telling her how much I'd enjoyed our friendship through the years. She turned in my embrace and, with our breasts pressed together, kissed me. It was a kiss lovers share. That seemed to release whatever inhibitions had prohibited physical love before and we soon were undressed and expressing our deep feelings for each other. It was a truly satisfying experience.

We currently make love several times a week. Since our relationship has no effect on our marriages, we don't think it's necessary to tell our husbands of our affair. In fact, sex with my husband has significantly improved, because I'm much more aware of my body. My friend and I should have done this years ago.

(Name withheld by request)
Marblehead, Massachusetts

AFFIRMATIVE ACTION

The continuing brouhaha in *The Playboy Forum* concerning the draft is significant for what is not said. First of all, in this age of manic equality, healthy young men will not allow themselves alone to be called into the military service. Second, the draft, like all Federal programs, will have to be run under strict affirmative-action rules with preference toward those who were discriminated against in the past: women, the physically and mentally handicapped and those from 35 to 65. Otherwise, we would have to say that affirmative action stops when the shooting starts.

"Sexual liberation will not create more homosexuals, it will just let existing ones try to lead more decent, happy and productive lives."

Such an Army could not stand up to an Iranian mob (let alone the mighty Red army); however, it will die in strict accordance with EEOC guidelines, which is the important thing.

James Manus McCaffery
New Orleans, Louisiana

I would like to provide the Defense Department with the name of my ex-wife-to-be. She is meaner and tougher than any four Marines I met in any San Diego bar when I was in the Navy.

(Name withheld by request)
Las Cruces, New Mexico

Without the draft, the military is coerced into accepting anybody who enlists and the Services have had to lower their standards to satisfy their quotas. That is especially true with the medical profession. The military is attracting more incompetent physicians than ever. I can see why so many join the military: They would have to worry about malpractice suits in civilian life.

Leslie D. Hipenbecker
APO New York, New York

This letter is to all those E.R.A. women out there. I'm a housewife and mother of two children. I happen to like staying at home, taking care of my husband and children. Thanks to you adamant feminists—and I'm speaking for other housewives who feel as I do—I may end up being drafted. I don't like it one damn bit. All your Equal Rights shit, I hope you're satisfied. Maybe you want to fight, but I don't. I hope you've got what you wanted. And you can shove it.

(Name withheld by request)
Peoria, Illinois

ON THE ROAD

On behalf of the Chicago Public Library, I would like to thank the Playboy Foundation for sponsoring the library's first traveling exhibition: *Freedom of the Press: The Anglo-American Struggle, 1644–1837*. The exhibition opened at the Los Angeles Times Building in February and will appear in Minneapolis, Dallas and Seattle during the spring. This has offered us a unique opportunity not only to publicize one of our special collections but also to increase public awareness of significant freedom trials. Like the American Civil Liberties Union, the Playboy Foundation contributes generously to individuals and institutions defending their freedoms guaranteed under the First Amendment. The Foundation's educational programs are particularly significant. I was personally pleased to prepare this exhibition, which discusses one of our most important freedoms at a time when it is being reinterpreted and openly challenged by organized religion, law and Government. Thank you, Playboy!

Thomas A. Orlando, Curator
Special Collections and Archives
Chicago Public Library
Chicago, Illinois

CRIMINAL PENALTIES

Why is it that despite all the intense public concern for law and order, the needs of crime victims are virtually ignored? The public wants vengeance done to the criminal but hardly cares whether justice is done to his victim. The criminal-justice system reflects this ugly public attitude by also ignoring the victim's needs. But is it not possible that reversing this, and placing the victim's interest first, might provide the key to reversing the rise in our crime rates?

One of the most consistent findings of psychological studies into the roots of criminal behavior is that the probability of a child's becoming a criminal delinquent increases to the extent that he is subjected to an irrational system of penalties for wrongdoing. Such children's consciences are weak, because even if there is punishment, it is inconsistent and there is nothing to believe in. They don't develop wrong values—they develop none at all.

This is precisely the situation with regard to America's nonsystem of criminal penalties. There is no correlation between the severity of the crime and the severity of the criminal sentence. In fact,

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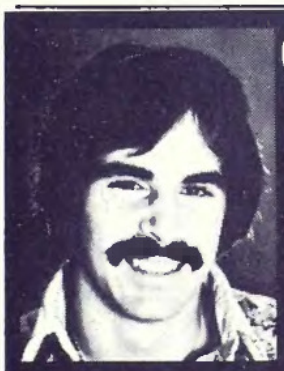

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stealing $1000 often results in stiffer criminal penalties than does a white-collar crime that nets millions. And a drug user who hurts no one but himself may end up being treated more sternly than an armed robber. Our irrational legal system itself encourages psychopathy. This should be recognized as a catastrophic unintended side effect of our criminal so-called system of so-called justice.

In order to rectify this problem and make the punishment fit the crime, it is essential that criminal sentences be made to reflect accurately the extent of victimization a crime has caused. In other words, before a sentence is imposed, the victim's losses must be assessed by the court—something that currently is not done. Sentences now depend upon statutory penalties and the whims of judges and parole boards, and none of this requires any calculation of the victims' losses. This irrationality impedes deterrent effectiveness of penalties.

Problem: How can sentences come to reflect victims' losses? Solution: Calculate sentences in dollar terms, instead of in terms of arbitrary time spent in prison. For example, if the victim of a mugging experiences total losses of $1000 (including, for example, the value of days lost from work), then the criminal's penalty should be $1000; and what he cannot pay in cash he should work off as a labor debt in prison, with his wages going to his victim until this debt is fully discharged, at which time the prisoner should be freed. Under this proposal, big-time white-collar criminals would spend especially long terms in prison, since they generally perpetrate the biggest dollar offenses. Violent crimes would also be heavily discouraged, because victims' medical bills and earnings losses would risk life imprisonment for the violent criminals.

The burden of this system of victim restitution would be borne not by the taxpayer, but by the criminal who deserves it. The most efficient way to structure such a system would be for prisons to be organized as profit-making business corporations, with the stock being allocated to victims in proportion to their individual losses from the crime.

Incidentally, if criminal penalties came to depend solely on victims' losses, then all our victimless-crime laws would be effectively abolished, since where there's no victim, there's no victim's loss to compensate. *Vive* rationality!

Eric Zuesse
New York, New York

GROUNDS FOR SUSPICION

I read with interest the letter from James E. Preast, Jr. (*The Playboy Forum*, January), in which he discusses the Supreme Court's ruling in *Delaware vs. Prouse* requiring police officers to have "reasonable suspicion" before stopping

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motor vehicles. While his analysis is correct, your readers may be interested to know that not all law-enforcement agencies feel bound by that decision. In recent months, officers of the Ohio Highway Patrol have continued to make random stops, advising the driver that "it looked like there wasn't enough tread on your right rear tire" or some similarly ridiculous "articulation" of grounds for "reasonable suspicion." This is unfortunate; such unfettered zeal can only damage the reputation of an otherwise excellent agency.

Larry A. Carver, President
Boyd County Bar Association
Ashland, Kentucky

Recently, I was stopped, with several other cars, for a driver's-license check by Pennsylvania state police. The officer told me he was aware of the Supreme Court ruling but said that it didn't prevent him from stopping four or five cars, letting a bunch go by and then repeating the procedure. If this is true, a lot of time and money were wasted getting that Court decision.

Robert L. Pineau
Grantville, Pennsylvania

Just like the bad guys, the police, too, understand the principle of legal loopholes. But the Court's decision was primarily intended to discourage officers from singling out individuals for harassment, not from setting up driver's-license check points.

PURLOINED POT

Since our enlightened Government began encouraging the Mexican authorities to spray paraquat on marijuana, I've been growing my own; and for the second year in a row, somebody has invaded my back yard and ripped it off. Now if I want a little grass, not only will I have to take my chances with dealers and whatever contaminants may be present but I'll also be sending U. S. money out of the country and supporting the smuggling industry. Pot smoking is not going to go away. If this country would use a few brain cells, it would permit individuals to grow a small amount of marijuana for their private use and put some real criminals out of business. If it used exceptionally good sense, it would legalize, regulate and tax the sale of marijuana and wipe out the national debt (well, nearly).

Prohibition virtually created modern-day organized crime, and the present efforts to prohibit pot smoking have only worsened that problem and further destroyed respect for the law. And this doesn't consider the many thousands of otherwise law-abiding citizens whose lives have been damaged or ruined by imprisonment, or the corruption such laws encourage among the authorities charged with their enforcement.

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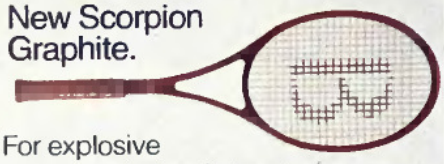

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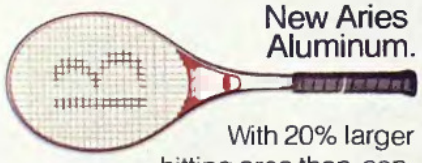

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(Name withheld by request)
Sacramento, California

MARIJUANA MENACED?

Let me share with *Playboy Forum* readers the wisdom of one of our anti-marijuana crusaders as quoted in the local press. Vince Stone, president of the Marijuana Education Society, told a convention that pot is responsible not only for 15 to 20 percent of all automobile accidents but also for a dramatic increase in homosexuality. I don't know about the car wrecks, but his explanation of the other is that pot contains estrogen, which is affecting male users. As he succinctly put it: "The growing gay population is largely due to Cannabis."

Stone's beef is that the public is being denied a "proper presentation of what is known about Cannabis." He feels that the media take a promarijuana position that will ultimately have dire results. He predicted that "unless the data we have is soon transmitted to the public, we will probably witness the decline of Western civilization as we have known it."

Thank God all of our politicians don't think that way, but I am ashamed to admit that Stone is with the party currently in power in this province.

David Freestone
Vancouver, British Columbia

While there is a growing concern about pot and other drugs' contributing to accidents, estrogen in marijuana is a new one. And, we might add, a wrong one.

PRO BONERS

I'll bet you haven't the guts to print this (but if you do, please withhold my name). Does PLAYBOY have some kind of hangup about running photos of erect penises? Your readers frequently expound on the virtues of 12-to-14-inch cocks; but on the rare occasion that PLAYBOY does permit a peek at male genitalia, the limp cocks shown give the impression that the subjects are impotent. (I'm 68 and even *I* can get it up.) This act of omission makes a mockery of all your frankness on sex matters.

(Name withheld by request)
Kailua Kona, Hawaii

Well, sir, we just don't get off on photos of hard-ons, we presume most of our readers don't, and we don't know of any equal-rights legislation that requires us to devote equal space to nude men.

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

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN ANDERSON

a candid conversation with the long-shot presidential candidate who has waged a campaign based on new ideas—and whom many consider the best of the lot

When we decided to interview John Anderson, he was just barely a Republican candidate for President of the United States. By the time this is read, he still may not have a realistic chance at the nomination, but as we go to press, the Illinois Congressman has astounded political observers with close-to-first-place finishes in the Vermont and Massachusetts primaries. He originally interested us because we kept hearing that Anderson was "the best" of the candidates of both parties but, alas, didn't "have a chance." The reason, according to James Reston in The New York Times, *was that "John Anderson is not a pushy guy in a pushy time and is burdened by some personal characteristics that are now out of style in American politics: moderation, intelligence, experience and a kind of old-fashioned courtesy and respect toward his opponents."*

Reston went on to suggest that perhaps Anderson was "overqualified" for the Presidency. The 58-year-old Anderson had, after all, served effectively in the Congress for 20 years and for ten years had been effective in working with the Democrats in his capacity as head of the House Republican Conference. Gerald Ford, one of his colleagues in the House, termed Anderson "one of the most able people I know."

Although a consistent fiscal conservative, Anderson is deemed to be too liberal to secure the Republican nomination. At a time of apparent drift to the conservative right, his liberalism seems to be a self-inflicted wound. Unlike some of his Republican rivals, he would not apologize for his early support of civil rights, of the right of women to have abortions, of the Equal Rights Amendment, nor for his opposition to what he termed a "growing hawkishness" on foreign affairs. Anderson, who had been one of the first Republicans to oppose the Vietnam war, now as a candidate opposed the MX missile. As a Congressman, he had favored the registration of handguns and he astonished observers by continuing to do so as a candidate in the New Hampshire primary, where voters apparently find guns a necessary implement to godliness. He had been the first Republican Congressman to denounce then–President Nixon on his Watergate cover-up. And, as indicated in this "Playboy Interview," he would be damned if he would say that he preferred Ronald Reagan to Ted Kennedy or Jimmy Carter as a President of the country in which his five children would have to survive.

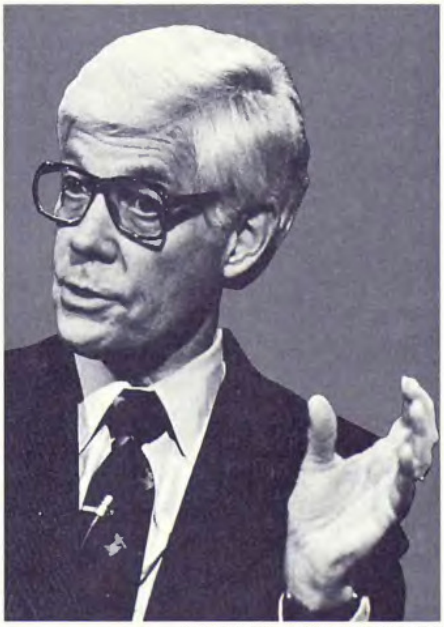
In short, Anderson seemed an unlikely candidate because he shunned virtually all of the flimflam techniques of modern Presidential campaigns—the obfuscation of issues, the carefully packaged personality and the incessant media hype. Reston compared him to another loser in the Presidential sweepstakes: "Like the last Presidential candidate from Illinois, Adlai Stevenson, he seems to be a good man in a bad time when nobody is listening." Other political reporters were also lavish in their praise of Anderson.

By now, many more people are listening to Anderson, but PLAYBOY*'s original intent was to present his ideas in some depth, rather than, as the press most often does, dwell exclusively on his chances for winning.*

Our early interest in doing that was

"I called Jerry Ford and tried to convince him he ought to continue working on his golf slice. I said, 'You apparently think Reagan is unelectable. I agree with you on that, but I'll carry the banner.'"

"I know Jimmy Carter has talked about sacrifice, but he does it in that soft-voiced way of his, so that before the words are out of his mouth, they've blown away with the wind."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD KLEIN

"Somehow we accept the idea that if you press enough flesh, by some strange alchemy it turns you into an adequate President. I don't. That's why we end up with some of the Presidents we've had."

whetted by an interview with Anderson that journalist **Robert Scheer** *did for the* Los Angeles Times*—one of a series with the Presidential candidates that included a celebrated encounter with a testy George Bush in which the former diplomat lost his cool in the face of Scheer's probing and tenacious questioning. Readers of* PLAYBOY *will remember that Scheer, now a national reporter for the* Los Angeles Times*, conducted the famous Jimmy Carter interview in 1976, as well as the one with California governor Jerry Brown, and wrote the definitive profile of Nelson Rockefeller in October 1975.*

PLAYBOY *asked Scheer to expand his* Los Angeles Times *piece and Anderson agreed to do a further interview specifically for* PLAYBOY*. After a dozen additional hours of taping, Scheer filed the following report:*

"At first glance, John Anderson was not my kind of guy—stiff-necked, white-maned, piercing eyes, he looked too much like a member of the First Evangelical Free Church of Rockford, Illinois, which he is. I'd had enough of that holier-than-thou attitude interviewing Carter; his personal hotline to God has not noticeably served him in the Presidency. But that image of arrogance was quickly shattered when I observed Anderson's encounters with his staff and family as we began the interview in his office in the Capitol. There was the jousting with Mark Bisnow, his press secretary, an affable and bright fellow who takes issues seriously and is not adverse to challenging the boss. And the boss takes it without pulling rank. At which point Mrs. Anderson sails through the office, saying, 'Oh, get off it, John, you're sounding like a Congressman.' And Anderson relaxes and says, 'Maybe this place has gotten to me more than I'd like to admit.'

"But it hasn't. Through literally dozens of hours of my questions—before breakfast, in a bumpy van, or late at night, in a sleazy motel room—the Congressman never once got testy or cut the discussion short. I have never interviewed a politician so open to argument and so unafraid of being done in by a reporter.

"There are sticking points, however. He can be a fuddy-duddy Republican on economic issues. Nor do I assume that he was totally free of political motive when he supported Carter on the Olympics and the grain-embargo policies. He is not always as brilliant and clear-thinking as The New York Times *and* The Washington Post *have frequently asserted, though perhaps they were comparing him with other Congressmen and Presidential candidates.*

"Anderson has, in the past, taken positions that he himself would now judge dumb or, at least, unwise, as when he championed Barry Goldwater for the Presidency. But the truly remarkable thing about him is his capacity to grow and his willingness to move against the popular current. In that sense, he wears extremely well through many hours of contact.

"Here is an alert public figure who is willing to think publicly, to express personal doubts, to change his mind in the face of new evidence and yet who will stick to a course, no matter how unpopular, when he feels that logic and the facts dictate its wisdom. Anderson conveys the sensibility of one who is open to legitimate compromise but would not sell out his convictions.

"Another unusual characteristic of John Anderson's is that he was willing to say exactly what he believed while making what he, and at least some voters, thought was a serious try for the Presidency. He raised issues that would otherwise have been ignored and provided a wistful view of how it might be if we could ever really answer that question posed by Carter in his '76 campaign biography, 'Why Not the Best?'

"Still, the question I wondered about as that solitary van made its way through the New England countryside, as often lost as not, in vain search of voters who would be willing to listen to something more sober than the mindless election-year promises, was how he and his family had taken months of such quixotic campaigning, and what he had learned in the process about us and our system of government.

"At least one answer may have come toward the end of this interview. As was the case with the 'Playboy Interviews' with Jimmy Carter and Jerry Brown, Executive Editor G. Barry Golson joined me in the questioning during a long session in the Anderson suite in a Concord hotel the evening before the New Hampshire primary. The Congressman's bright and independent wife, Keke, also joined us, and as hamburgers were munched, she proved to be as provocative an interviewer as the two characters from PLAYBOY*. If Anderson doesn't make it, perhaps Keke should run in 1984."*

"It's the old politics. I believe it has turned off the American voters. These politicians all sound the same; they're all honking the same message."

PLAYBOY: Here you are, after 20 years in Congress, the third-ranking Republican, making an improbable shot at the Presidential nomination. You've bucked a conservative tide to run on the basis of austere, progressive ideas. Why? People don't want to listen to that kind of stuff, do they?

ANDERSON: Problems in this country have become very complex and people have become weary of anyone who tries in analytical terms to point out all the factors and draw some conclusions. They like simple answers. Our culture tells us that any message worth delivering has to be encompassed within a 30-second commercial, and any news segment, no matter how significant, should run no more than a couple of minutes. I can't say what I want to say in 30 seconds.

PLAYBOY: You obviously think the present front runners for the nomination, Ronald Reagan and George Bush, have played this game.

ANDERSON: Yes, and it's the old politics. I believe it has turned off the American voters. Any poll you read shows lower voter turnouts in past elections and declining interest on the part of the public in even participating in the political process. It's because these politicians all sound the same; they're all honking the same message. I remember seeing a report to the effect that only 25 percent of the American people have a high degree of confidence in the Presidency and its ability to make a difference in their lives.

Normally, in a democracy, an election serves as a kind of safety valve, relieving the pressure as people get a chance to throw the rascals out. Nowadays, cynicism is so widespread that if a person even bothers to vote, he feels all he's doing is trading one set of rascals for another set of rascals. And this, I think, stems from politicians' speaking in vague, ambivalent, catchy terms without really leveling with people as to what sacrifices may be expected of them.

PLAYBOY: Then level with us. Since you have a reputation for honesty and political courage, talk to us more as a commentator than as a candidate, and maybe we'll get some perspective on this campaign. Most people thought you never had much of a chance. What did you set out to do?

ANDERSON: I guess I'd like to have achieved a quickening of the national dialog, which has become pretty sterile. No one has really wanted to break out of this mold we find ourselves in. We're still the great American experiment, and the genius of this country has been its willingness to accept new ideas. There aren't many around, and one that I've been harping on is the improbable idea that voting *for* a tax increase under certain conditions could be good for all of us. If I can convince some people that our linked problems of energy, inflation and foreign crisis can be alleviated by

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using the incentives—and disincentives—in our tax code, then I'll have achieved something.

PLAYBOY: By that you mean your now-famous call for a tax of 50 cents a gallon on gasoline accompanied by a 50 percent cut in Social Security taxes.

ANDERSON: Yes, to mandate energy conservation at home, cut inflation and reduce dependence on foreign oil. But I also hope I can help change the image of the Republican Party from one of standpatters, who utter the same old shibboleths over and over about the inherent virtue in self-reliance and free enterprise. That just won't explain why so many people in our society don't get to share in its benefits. I guess I want to shake up the Grand Old Party so that it will at least consider someone with more than the usual banalities that have cluttered our political discourse for eons.

PLAYBOY: Has it been difficult to get your message across?

ANDERSON: At a recent major foreign-policy speech I gave, there was a total absence of any coverage by television. I'm not satisfied with the coverage. Why should I pretend to be satisfied with the coverage when I'm not? To my knowledge, the network-news presidents and assignment editors sit in an office along one of those concrete canyons in New York City, and there the decisions are made, I suppose.

PLAYBOY: But you're not unacceptable to those guys——

ANDERSON: Not unacceptable, merely inconsequential.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever really feel that someone like you, who appeals to liberal Democrats, could capture the Republican Party's nomination in conservative 1980?

ANDERSON: I think there still are a heck of a lot of people out there who are tired of the same old approach, who would like someone to level with them and drop the old pizzazz and form a new coalition that——

PLAYBOY: Come on. That sounds just like Jimmy Carter in 1976, telling us he'd never tell a lie, that he'd always level with us.

ANDERSON: It's funny, it *does* sound a little like Carter, now that I think about it. But he said that in a very general way and never really said anything very controversial during the campaign.

PLAYBOY: Oh?

ANDERSON: Well, he made a controversial remark about ethnic purity that got him into a pack of trouble. And I guess I recall a certain interview in which he unburdened himself on some personal thoughts that, you know, stirred up some interest here and there. . . .

But I don't want to be too critical on that score of Jimmy Carter. I'm sure he believes he has not yet lied to the American people. Still, truth can be both positive and negative, and he hasn't told them what they *have* to do. For instance, he won't advocate a 50-cent-a-gallon gasoline tax, even though it's been said that every one of his economic advisors, including Charles Schultze and Alfred Kahn, have urged this as a way of driving down consumption at home. But Carter won't do it, because it's a pretty scary thing politically. That, in a way, is evading the truth.

PLAYBOY: To go back to your idea of a new kind of coalition, a new politics, how could you seriously believe Republicans would respond to it, given the present make-up of the two parties?

ANDERSON: The new politics embraces a new coalition of people in this country who believe the times are serious enough that even if we don't agree on everything, we ought to elect someone to speak out on those important issues on which we do agree, and present a candidacy that transcends merely narrow partisanship. I've had fund raisers thrown for me by liberal Democrats such as Stanley Sheinbaum and I don't shy away from accepting their support, because this is the kind of coalition I'd like to build—Democrats, Republicans and independents who think the Eighties offer new and different challenges transcending party loyalties. Other Republican candidates, of course, said

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the reason they should be nominated is that they have broad support. But I don't know of another one who tried to demonstrate that support during the nominating process itself. They shun liberal endorsements, yet they argue that they deserve the nomination because only *they* can reach beyond the one in five voters who is a registered Republican to form this majority once they've been nominated. Well, why not try to prove that *now*, early on?

PLAYBOY: It was after the televised debate in Iowa, when you stood out from the other candidates with your forthright answers, that you instantly became a hero to many liberal Democrats. Wasn't there something deceptive about that impression? Looking at your voting record, you actually have been consistently conservative. In fact, in 1964, weren't you in Barry Goldwater's campaign "truth squad"?

ANDERSON: I don't believe I was actually in Barry's truth squad, but, of course, I did support Mr. Goldwater. I voted for him, but, after all, I had been in Congress only two terms at that time.

PLAYBOY: Where did you disagree with him and other Republican conservatives?

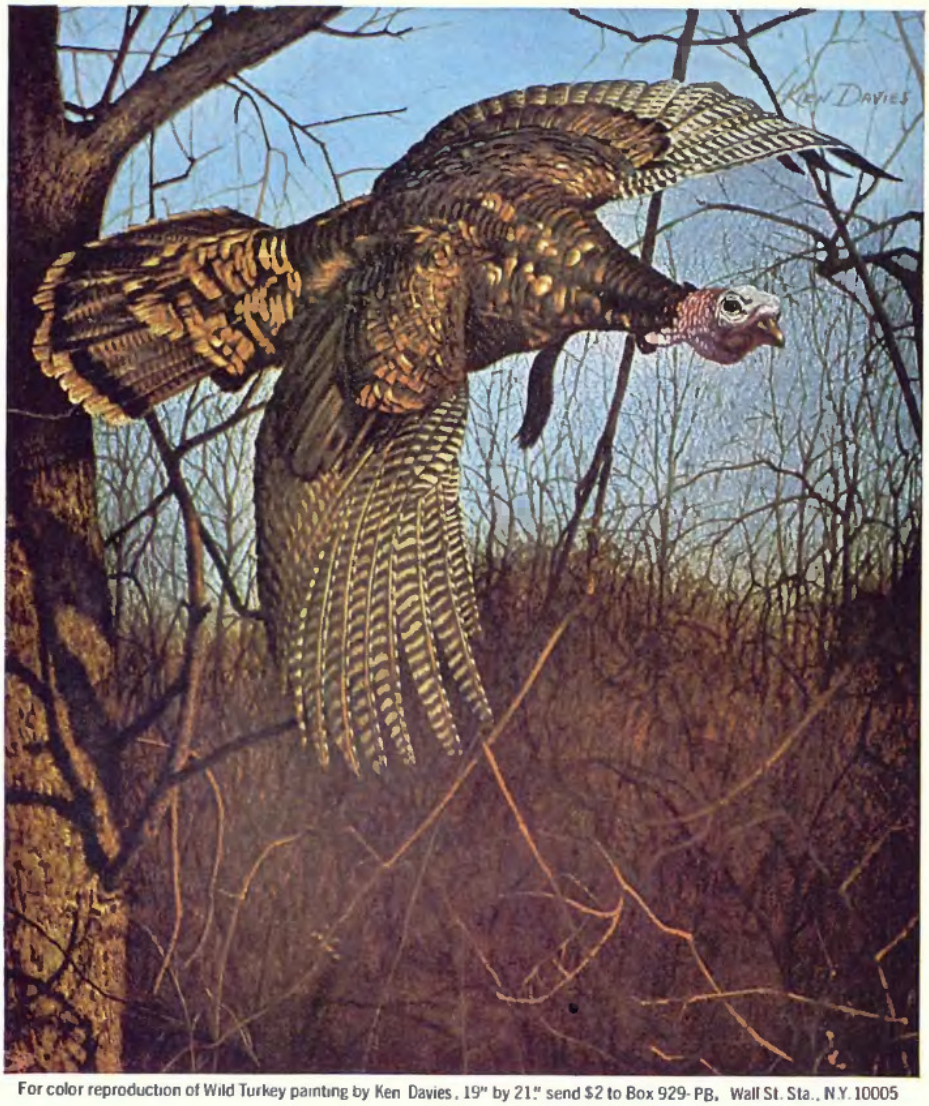
ANDERSON: I think my economic views have tended to be quite orthodox, quite consistent with main-line Republican economic philosophy; but on civil rights issues, on women's issues, on international issues and on some defense issues, I have tended to differ with my Republican colleagues. So I've been a little iconoclastic from a Republican point of view on a rather widely disparate range of issues. But on basic economic philosophy, I think you're correct. Essentially, I'm quite orthodox.

PLAYBOY: That economic philosophy has, in fact, at this point, turned out also to be good politics. Everyone—Democrat and Republican alike—wants to cut Government, everyone wants to——

ANDERSON: My conversion, however, was not subject to——

PLAYBOY: We're not challenging your conversion. What we're questioning is the wisdom of that stance. That kind of politics is easy to espouse during a time of inflation, growth, and so forth. What about when we're going into a recession—as you have predicted? Would we have the specter of a Herbert Hoover?

ANDERSON: In John Anderson? No, no, I feel very, very certain that my compassionate instincts would overrule any rigid doctrinaire approach to Federal finances that would say that we should balance the budget on the backs of the poor. Much as I believe we have to make some reductions in the over-all level of Federal spending, we're going to have to find areas to do that that will not result in cutting off fairly minimal benefits to the very poorest of the poor and to those who are disadvantaged and



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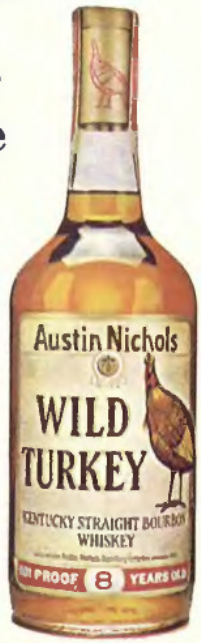

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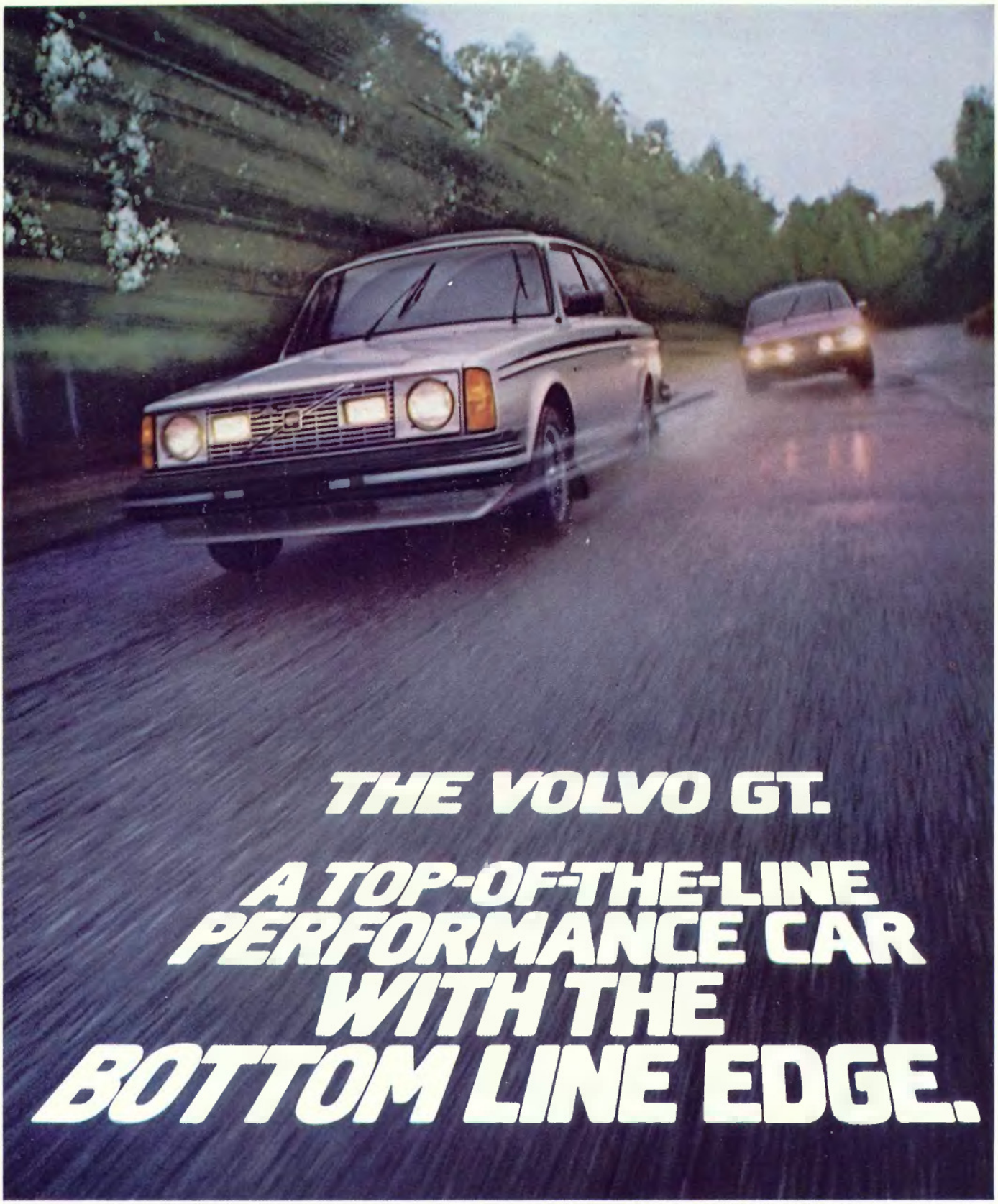

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underprivileged. Now, that obviously is a tough thing to do; I'm not suggesting that that's an easy program to carry out.

PLAYBOY: You also had a 70 percent voting record in lining up with Richard Nixon when he was President. Despite your talk of new politics, don't you have to defend your past program—the Republican program—for the last 20 years that you were in Congress?

ANDERSON: I think I would have to defend my philosophy generally and, if my philosophy has changed and evolved over a period, I would have to try to explain why. As to Nixon, however, I did not vote for his re-election in 1972.

PLAYBOY: Whom did you vote for?

ANDERSON: Nobody. I left the top of the ballot blank. I was the first Republican Congressman to call for Nixon's resignation—and I was condemned by my colleagues in the House. Immediately after the tapes were released, I said that I didn't have to hear anything more to convince me that Nixon was morally unfit to continue in that office.

PLAYBOY: How did the process of your conversion come about?

ANDERSON: It's funny, because I don't know if anyone will believe it, but as far back as 1964, I remember being in the balcony of the Cow Palace—I wasn't even a delegate to the Republican Convention; I wasn't important enough as a two-term Congressman—and I will never forget the wave of despair that washed over me when the balloons went up and Goldwater read his acceptance speech. He is such an honest, sincere man, but I felt in my heart at the time that we were launched on a campaign that could not succeed, that his views were not those of the majority of the American people.

PLAYBOY: But did you feel his views were *wrong*?

ANDERSON: Well, they were sincerely wrong, in his case, as to what the proper role of the Federal Government has to be—especially considering the failures of state and local governments through the years to adequately deal with people's problems. So, yes, he was wrong, I felt he was wrong, but I nevertheless campaigned for the Republican nominee in 1964. Perhaps now I'm trying to atone for my past. Having experienced the tides of history in the past 20 years, I've become unalterably convinced that we can't turn back the clock, no matter how much nostalgia we may feel for a quieter and more settled age. I'm afraid the conservative wing of the Republican Party still doesn't realize it. Even though there is supposed to be a new conservative mood in this country, I can't simply take advantage of what I think is a basically myopic approach.

PLAYBOY: What we're trying to do in this discussion is to locate you. You once defined yourself as a "tough centrist" and a moderate.

ANDERSON: Sounds good.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that what Nixon and Gerald Ford represented?

ANDERSON: Those terms are admittedly somewhat imprecise. I feel a certain sense of frustration about this whole business of trying to label political philosophies.

PLAYBOY: Well, if you think of the left in terms of New Deal and New Frontier social legislation involving Government spending, Ted Kennedy has a consistent record on that and Ronald Reagan has a consistent record of opposition to it. Using that as a yardstick, would you feel more comfortable—forgetting about personalities—with Kennedy as President than with Reagan?

ANDERSON: I have to be very careful now. You're speaking to a man who has pledged to support the nominee of the Republican Convention and [*long pause*] I would be more comfortable with a Teddy Kennedy in the sense that I do believe that the Ronald Reagan view of the problems of our day is so utterly inappropriate. Kennedy and I differ, you know, on Kennedy-Waxman [health-care bill]—I have not endorsed the idea that we now put a national-health-insurance program for everybody on the books—but I guess I would feel more comfortable with a

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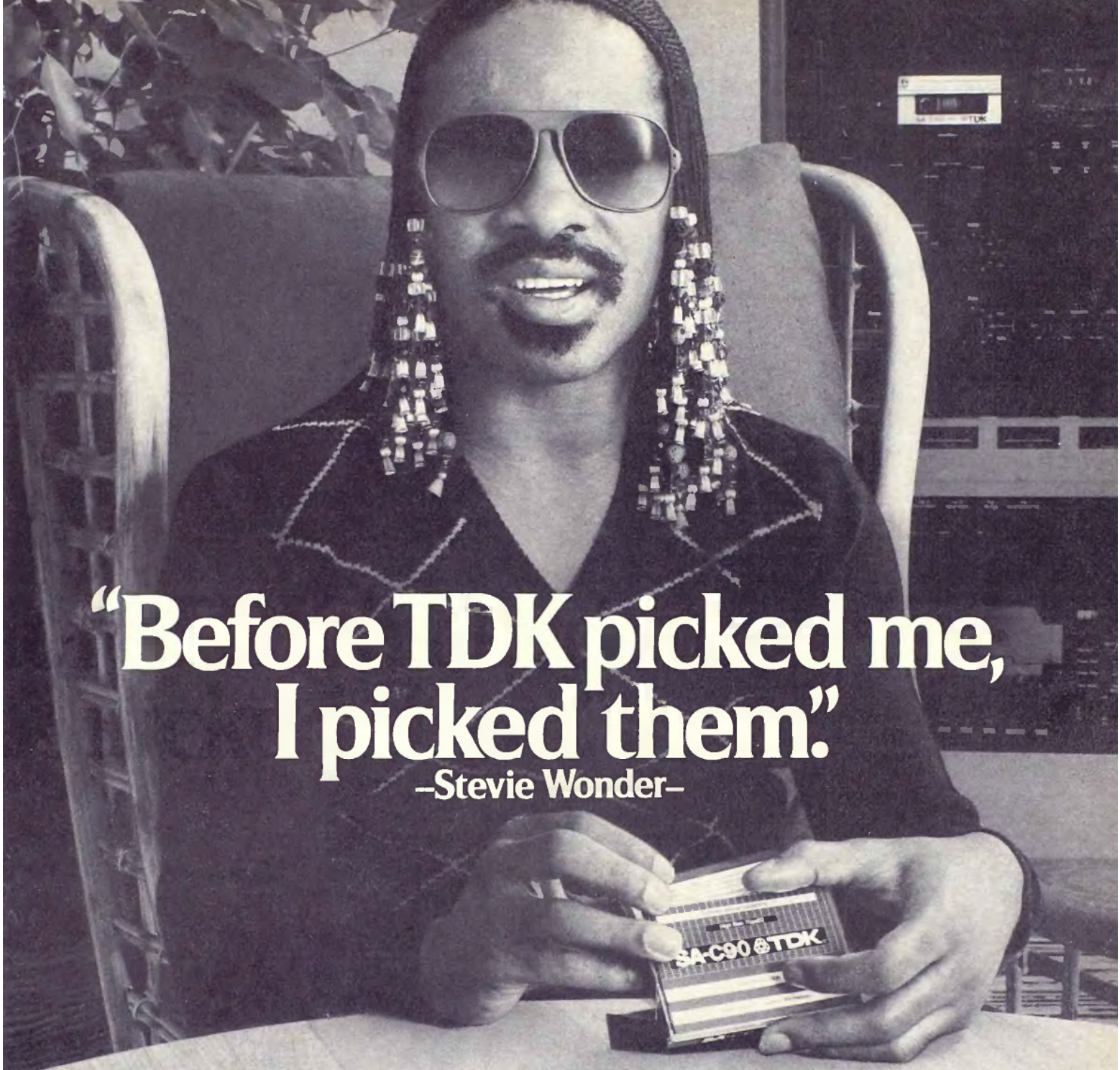
President who saw a role for Government in trying to solve some of our problems. That's what disturbs me about Reagan: I just think he believes that Government is irrelevant and almost unnecessary. He exemplifies the stereotype that we Republicans have been trying to rid ourselves of, that we are a party of the rich and wellborn and we have this "I'm all right, Jack" philosophy that says that, if people would only work hard enough, they, too, would succeed and reach the pinnacles of success in life that we have achieved. That is not my conception of the role of Government in the final quarter of the 20th Century. I think, in a highly industrialized, highly technological society like ours, there are going to be some people who fall between the cracks, and that's what Government is all about, I think, to have some role in trying to promote a greater measure of economic and social justice.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it suicidal, as a Republican, to say you prefer Kennedy to Reagan as a President?

ANDERSON: I am so profoundly disturbed by Mr. Reagan's positions on a number of issues . . . you take his rejection of the Panama Canal treaties, you take his rejection of SALT II, you take some of the things that he has said more recently, I think, in the course of his campaign, that seem to me to indicate that military force—rather than an effort to try to negotiate our differences with our enemies in the world—is to be preferred. I happen to believe that we live in a very dangerous world, and I don't go along with those who think that we can fight a nuclear war and that mankind is going to survive and continue to inhabit the planet. And that type of thinking, I think, disqualifies any man from being President. [Reagan's] views on social policy . . . any man who is against the E.R.A., who continues to protest that to put a simple proposition in the Constitution that equality should not be denied any person because of sex—that person really is not living in the world of the Eighties. I'm convinced Mr. Reagan would never be elected—I don't think his views are held by a majority of the American people, and I think it's not *I* who would be committing suicide, it's the Republican Party that's going to be committing suicide by nominating candidates of that genre. Now, as far as Kennedy is concerned, I still have profound disagreements with him.

[After these remarks were published in the Los Angeles Times *on February 22, causing a reported defection of some leading California Republicans who had been leaning toward Anderson, he was asked again about his preference for Kennedy over Reagan.]*

PLAYBOY: Do you want to amend anything



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in what you've said about Reagan and Kennedy?

ANDERSON: My earlier criticism of Reagan was based mainly on domestic considerations. But as far as foreign policy goes, I really do believe Reagan's world view is very primitive. He sees the world simply in the context of military power. I don't think he would ever be satisfied with strategic equivalence. You know, it's this obsession, this absolute obsession he has that we have to build more intercontinental-missile systems, that we have to be in a clear, commanding, number-one position. He doesn't understand that that just raises the ante, that nobody, in the end, gains in that kind of competition. There can be no winners. That is such a profoundly disabling attitude for the man who's going to have to direct the foreign policy of this country and wear the hat of Commander in Chief that I just have to stick to my original conclusion.

PLAYBOY: And you'd have been more comfortable with Kennedy's stance in foreign policy as well?

ANDERSON: What Kennedy has said about foreign policy makes more sense, as far as I'm concerned, than any of the things the Republicans have said. My speeches weren't as widely reported, but, like Kennedy, I decry the new and very hawkish mood generated in this country. I said that the ultimate issue of peace and war was too important to be traded off in an election year by a candidate in the White House who has one eye on the political calendar and is more concerned about renomination and reelection than anything else. So I think maybe I've been even blunter than Kennedy was on that score.

PLAYBOY: Since, at the moment, Kennedy's campaign seems to be faltering, do you think he got a bum rap on Chappaquiddick?

ANDERSON: I personally am surfeited with stories about Chappaquiddick. We've had enough explanations of the tides, how fast they were flowing and in what direction. To the extent that I think it just obscured a debate on issues much more fundamental and important, I think he got a bum rap.

PLAYBOY: Going back to Carter, and speaking only ideologically, would he be easier for you to accept than Reagan?

ANDERSON: I believe that I'm a true centrist. I'm not a revolutionary; I'm not a radical; I'm not a leftist; I don't believe there is such a thing as a left in the Republican Party, and I certainly don't consider myself one. I think I'm in the broad political center. I think Carter is closer to that center than Mr. Reagan is.

PLAYBOY: And closer than Kennedy is?

ANDERSON: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Let's follow up on this topic by asking you how you read some of the other Republican candidates.

ANDERSON: You're not about to ask me

to violate the 11th Commandment [not to speak ill of other G.O.P. candidates] and to denigrate the sterling qualities of all these——

PLAYBOY: No, we're asking you, as a student of history, to render some judgments about the content of their campaigns. What about George Bush's, for openers?

ANDERSON: It's very difficult to assess Mr. Bush, because he has said over and over again that all that matters is organization. And I think he has been, for the most part, rather unspecific on what his positions are. He's for windfall-profits taxes, but he wants to plow them back. That's trying to have your cake and eat it, too—to appear to be for a windfall-profits tax, and yet you're giving it all back. I heard him say recently that he will present a balanced budget within 100 days after taking the oath of office. I don't know how anyone can say that. I don't know what in January of 1981 the state of the economy will be. But, generally speaking, his campaign seems to be predicated on the theory that issues are just rather irrelevant and that how you win is to use the old-boy network and the old-school tie and the party organization and capture support in that way—plus listing a long résumé of offices held over a period of time, and that those two things are the important ones.

PLAYBOY: What about his reported arrogance?

ANDERSON: Yes, he is a smug man. . . . He's made a great point of having worked so hard for the party that he's almost suggested that the nomination is his just deserts. I take a somewhat broader view of the nomination, believing that it belongs to all the people, not just to past delegates to the Republican Convention. I look at his background and it's one of wealth, of privilege, of a fortune made in the oil business. He has enjoyed the patronage of Presidents Nixon and Ford and he said quite ingenuously a couple of years ago that, since he was "constructively unemployed," he could go out and run for President while other people were occupied with other things. I don't believe issues are his concern at all.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of his positions on those issues on which he *has* taken stands?

ANDERSON: For me, a litmus test was the Panama Canal Treaty. Anybody who seriously believed the treaty was terrible, a treaty negotiated for 13 years under four Presidents to update a situation that cried out for rectification—well, that's such a reactionary position it places him in the Reagan conservative mold. He was one of our first diplomats in China, and yet he railed against breaking relations with Taiwan as a way of normalizing relations with China. That stamps him as a man with eyes clearly riveted on the past, with no vision of the future. That's got to carry over into other areas, other issues.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned the G.O.P. 11th Commandment against denigrating other Republicans——

ANDERSON: It's not the 11th Commandment; it's the thought that people are going to say John Anderson is simply an embittered man because he was rejected by his party. I don't care a fig what Ronald Reagan or George Bush or any of the others can do for me in 1980 and thereafter. I don't intend to run for Vice-President or serve in the Administration of people with whom I'm not totally comfortable, and I don't think my views would be compatible with the views of either one of those men. Politics is not such an all-encompassing, all-absorbing thing with me that I have to hang on for a political appointment or any sort of political future. This campaign is a watershed event in my political life. I'm speaking out on things I feel are terribly important, and that's the reason I'm running. So I don't want my criticisms interpreted as sour grapes.

PLAYBOY: All right, your disclaimer will be noted. Howard Baker may have dropped out, but what did you think of him as the other so-called moderate among Republican candidates?

ANDERSON: I like Howard personally. I think he's a fine person. But I just question whether or not he has the ability to really come down as sharply and toughly on some issues as I think the next President will be obliged to do. By nature, he's a great conciliator; it's a talent he's boasted about, bringing people together. But before we all get together, I think there's going to have to be a brief period of head knocking, and I think he shies away from confrontation. So I think his philosophy of the Presidency, if this isn't too broad an observation, would not be congenial to some of the tough issues we have to hammer out as a nation.

PLAYBOY: If it had come down to a Carter-Baker race in the general election, would you have seen Baker as a significantly better alternative than Carter?

ANDERSON: [*Pause*]

PLAYBOY: OK, we'll drop the word significantly.

ANDERSON: Well, you know, I can't eliminate everybody. You've already had me eliminate Reagan. . . .

PLAYBOY: And Bush. Have you definitely eliminated Bush?

ANDERSON: Well, he's so busy backtracking, poor fellow, on the winnability of nuclear wars, and so forth. . . . If I can get him to backtrack some more, this campaign may prove to be a great educational experience for George. He might end up a moderate despite himself if he makes enough retractions. That's why I think one should always be charitable

and reserve hope. . . .

PLAYBOY: We were talking about Baker, though.

ANDERSON: I was in one of my squidlike maneuvers there, trying to throw up enough black cloudy viscous material that you'd forget what you asked me.

PLAYBOY: When you criticize other candidates for relying on vague, catchy sentiments during a campaign, the question arises: What's wrong with that? The voters seem to like it. As you said, Carter won in 1976 by avoiding controversial issues and appealing to goodness.

ANDERSON: I think the next President, frankly, is going to have to wear something of a hair shirt. He may have to be a little reminiscent of the prophet Jeremiah, in the sense that he issues a few lamentations about what can happen to the country and to the world if we don't exhibit a willingness to endure some measure of sacrifice. Now, I know Jimmy Carter has talked about sacrifice, but he does it in that soft-voiced way of his, so that before the words are out of his mouth, they've blown away with the wind. And nothing specific ever comes up. That's why I made up my mind that when I got into this campaign, if I didn't contribute anything else in the process, I wanted to try to delineate very sharp, distinctive positions on energy, like the 50-50 plan—the 50-cent tax and 50 percent reduction in Social Security taxes. I would go out and talk in favor of the grain embargo in Iowa in front of an Iowa farm audience to show them that I want to be different, in the sense that I'm willing to tell you things that you may not want to hear today but, believe me, tomorrow you will see the wisdom of what I am trying to do. A President has to have some vision of the morrow in the kind of advice he undertakes to give to the American people.

PLAYBOY: Despite your support for Carter on the grain embargo, do you think he has used the Afghanistan crisis politically, by exaggerating the Soviet threat?

ANDERSON: Carter has used the world situation politically, there's no question about it. His refusal to debate, the way he tried to create an image of being above politics while the White House switchboard was putting through his 20 phone calls night after night—well, he spent a lot of time on politics; he wasn't kidding me or a lot of other people.

But I nevertheless don't agree with those who feel Afghanistan is being blown up as an issue out of proportion to its importance. As I look at a map, I am concerned. A few years down the road, the Soviets may become importers, rather than exporters, of oil, and I think the Persian Gulf *could* tempt them. But perhaps we shouldn't have been as surprised by the Soviet move into Afghanistan. If our former Ambassador to Moscow, Malcolm Toon, is right, our people were sending frequent telegrams to Washington warning the Administration that the Soviets would do whatever necessary to secure their position in Afghanistan.

PLAYBOY: That seems a pretty hypothetical quibble for someone who has spoken out against overreaction to the Soviets. Just what is your criticism of Carter's motivations with regard to Afghanistan?

ANDERSON: I see a real danger, particularly in the context of an election year, when the almost irresistible temptation occurs to those in power to create a situation that enhances their aura of leadership, even though it may not be the brightest and best policy from the standpoint of the country's long-term interest.

PLAYBOY: Let's cut out the flowery language. What you're saying is that the President of the United States is risking our lives and our children's lives in a crass political game.

ANDERSON: Well, I have to say that because the President called for registering young people—and I think that will lead inevitably to the draft—to fight on the shores of the Persian Gulf for a "vital interest." The only reason it's a vital interest, in my opinion, is because of the oil. In political terms, what he's not telling the American people is, "Let's conserve, let's reduce our consumption so that we *don't* regard the Persian Gulf as a vital interest." I believe Carter is not

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willing to do the politically dangerous, difficult thing, which is to call on the American people for domestic, mandatory sacrifices. Instead, he talks in militaristic terms about military action. Yes, I feel very strongly about it.

PLAYBOY: Let's back up a bit. With all the war hysteria of the past few months, and the actions against the Soviets—some of which you've supported—how is it that we came to this pass? We've had *détente*, no matter how imperfect, and now, suddenly, we're back in the Fifties, talking about the international Communist conspiracy's timetable for conquest of the world. Isn't that carrying election-year madness too far?

ANDERSON: The mood of the country *has* become rather ugly. In a sense, I think it occurred because of the confluence of two events—the hostages in Iran and the invasion of Afghanistan. Perhaps if we hadn't been humiliated and embarrassed by the Iranian militants——

PLAYBOY: Which had nothing to do with the Soviets. Doesn't it sometimes almost seem as if Americans have the idea it was the Russians who took our hostages?

ANDERSON: Yes, I think there's a sense in which that has occurred, and that confusion may exist in the public mind. I don't know that the Administration has consciously sought to manipulate things so as to produce that confusion—I don't want to seem politically motivated myself—but I think it ought to separate those two strands and clarify the picture. In any case, yes, I think there are some political implications in all this. I don't believe I'm being unpatriotic or unfair to suggest that President Carter heard a lot of people around the country saying, "I'm tired of seeing this country pushed around." And Carter, sensitive as ever to the political winds that blow across the landscape of the country, thought almost in panic, I've got to react. After Iran's dragging out, I've got to act tough on Afghanistan. If I don't, my cause is lost.

PLAYBOY: And yet you supported the grain embargo, the technology embargo, the Olympics boycott. Was that political necessity?

ANDERSON: No; as I said earlier, I don't think the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan was insignificant. Some signals needed to be sent. But Presidential rhetoric was overheated and excessive, which contributed to the war hysteria. It was not "the greatest threat since World War Two." I just don't see this old idea of the Red peril, itching to take over the world. I think you can explain a lot of the Soviets' moves as stemming from a basic sense of insecurity, as [Soviet affairs expert] George Kennan said, rather than some bold belief in their manifest duty to take over the world. They don't run their own society very well; I don't know how they'd run

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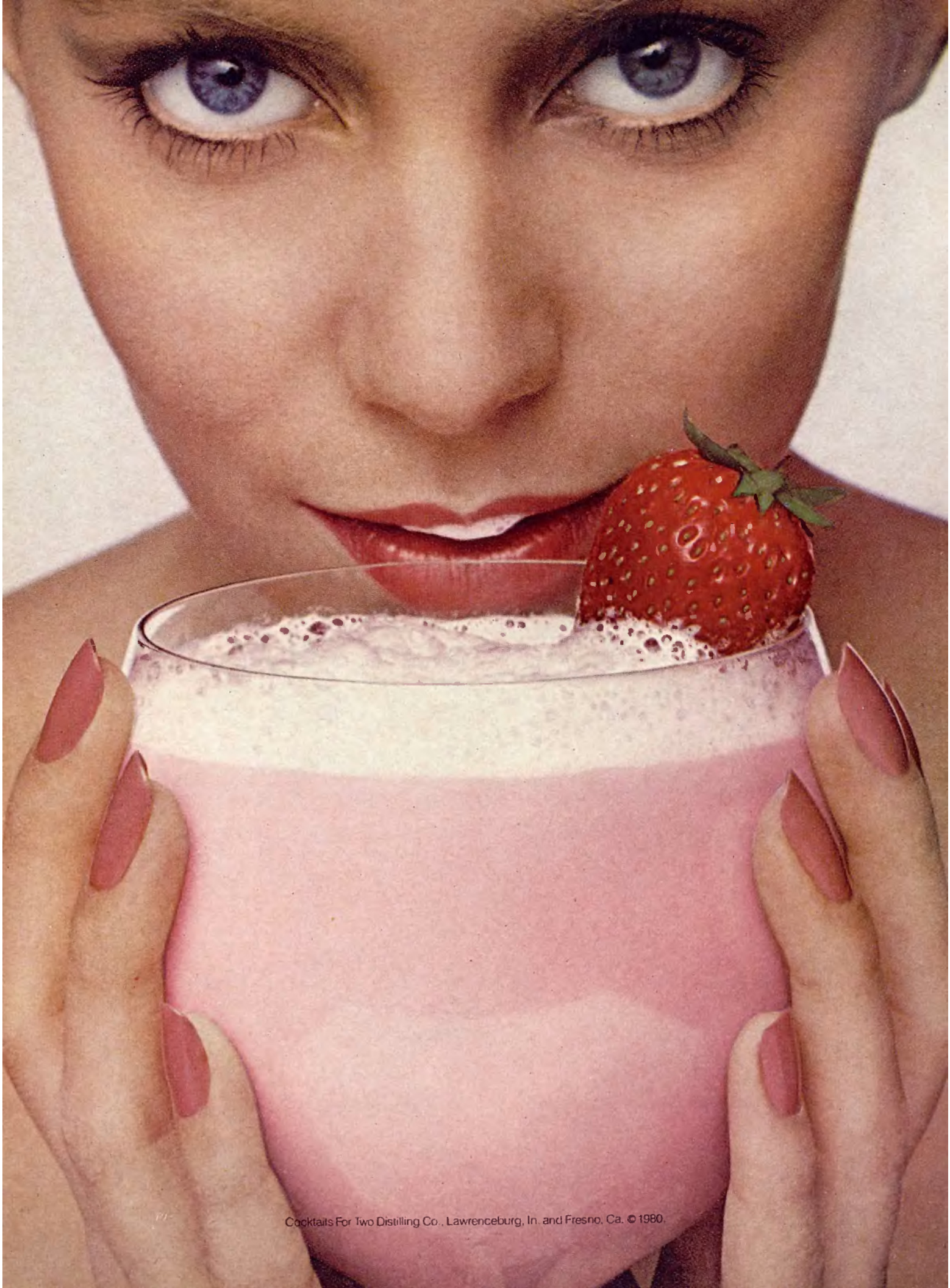
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the rest of the world.

PLAYBOY: You could argue that our reactions make them even more insecure, or even paranoid.

ANDERSON: I agree, and that's why we have to pursue a delicate calibration of policy—somewhere between appearing so spongy soft that you invite them to hit you again and being so totally hard-nosed that they turn off forever on the idea of reaching an accommodation with us. I can understand why Carter withdrew the SALT II Treaty from Senate consideration; but if the treaty was in our interest before Afghanistan, it is certainly as much in our interest today.

PLAYBOY: What would you have done about Afghanistan if you had been President?

ANDERSON: It was in part the unilateralism of Carter's approach that was wrong. I would have considered the invasion grave enough to have called a meeting of the heads of state of Japan, West Germany, France, Great Britain and Italy to discuss what our response should be. I would not simply have plunged ahead, then looked around to see who was marching with us. That made us the sole protector of the Persian Gulf, which is a practical impossibility.

PLAYBOY: And what would you have proposed to the heads of state?

ANDERSON: That we institute countermeasures of an economic nature to convince the Soviets that their actions were wrong, that they should withdraw, that there was more advantage in continuing on the path of *détente*. My approach generally would have been more low-keyed and less convulsive than Carter's.

PLAYBOY: A lot of that convulsion has to do with a widespread apprehension that we're losing ground to the Soviets. But it was in the Forties that we supposedly "lost" China and Eastern Europe, which was then over half a billion people. Since then, with all their vaunted nuclear weapons and military build-up, *they've* lost China, Romania, Yugoslavia, Albania, Egypt. They *gain* little Afghanistan, and suddenly there's our Secretary of Defense in China, talking about joint military action against Russia. What good is all that superpower military strength to them?

ANDERSON: It's not, I agree. And this country shouldn't be retreating into a frozen, immobilized kind of panic about the Soviets. There are some debits on the Soviet side of the ledger—you've just pointed them out. Frankly, what worries me more right now about the Soviet Union is that it seems to be locked in the viselike grip of a geriatric leadership—old men like Suslov, the chief theoretician, and old Brezhnev himself—who might be like the old French Bourbon kings who never learned anything and never forgot anything; that they are so inflexible in their approach to this possible problem of oil in the Middle East that they could blunder into a war and push us to the breaking point. I don't believe that this is all a part of a very deliberate well-conceived plan. I'm more concerned that they've got the kind of leadership that, frankly, could stupidly take the world right over the precipice. Those are the thoughts that concern me—a certain irrationality about Soviet conduct.

PLAYBOY: What about our irrationalities? We put half a million troops into Vietnam.

ANDERSON: We were not in Vietnam to expand our toe hold in Southeast Asia—as the Vietnamese have been doing with their conquest of both Laos and Cambodia, and perhaps someday Thailand. We had this nutty idea we were defending democracy, winning the hearts of people who really had to be saved from communism. But, as I've said, the worst vote I ever cast was for the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, which gave us a war that never should have been fought.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think there was something profoundly irrational about continuing that war for so long?

"The worst vote I ever cast was for the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, which gave us a war that never should have been fought."

ANDERSON: Yes, it's just that I distinguish our motives from what I think the motives of the Soviet Union are today.

PLAYBOY: That's *always* the argument, isn't it?

ANDERSON: I know, I know, but I'm just a good old-fashioned patriot. I'm giving my side credit for having pure motives when maybe, in our heart, we were lusting for more than just helping the South Vietnamese establish a republic. So, no, we're not always the good guys; we've made mistakes in the Dominican Republic and in Chile under Allende. But I still have to defend my country, and I believe that for all our errors and foolishness, we're not total blackguards.

PLAYBOY: What about the argument that the emphasis on Afghanistan and the Persian Gulf is just a scapegoat for our own domestic problems with energy and the economy?

ANDERSON: I've made that argument myself, endlessly. We keep hearing that Afghanistan was another step in this relentless progress by the Soviets toward the Persian Gulf, and that we have a vital interest there because cutting off oil would paralyze our economy. Consider that in the Fifties and Sixties, we had *quotas* on imported oil to protect our own oil producers in Texas and Louisiana from cheap foreign oil. It would have seemed incredible to us back then to label the Persian Gulf an area of vital interest. So we must make it *less* of a vital interest by cutting consumption. We can't run our country as if we and the Soviets were involved in some kind of *macho* confrontation, with our hard-liners shouting that we have to "draw a line somewhere." That reminds me of a couple of schoolboys drawing a line in the dust and threatening devastation if one guy steps over it. To reduce tensions with the Soviet Union, we should reduce our vital interest to the point where we can approach the problem with more flexibility and act in concert with our allies—who may not be able to reduce their vital interest as much—and persuade the Soviets collectively that they may not attempt a take-over.

PLAYBOY: The kind of scapegoating we had in mind is the idea advanced by the Carter Administration that our economic problems and inflation are due completely to the oil situation. But Japan and West Germany, dependent as they are on oil, have strong economies, and, in fact, the price of oil hasn't even risen relative to the German mark or the price of gold.

ANDERSON: I agree totally. If you take our present inflation rate and strip away the oil-price increases, you still have a high core inflation rate. And to use OPEC as a whipping boy, as the famous memorandum by [Carter advisor] Stu Eizenstat suggested the President do for political reasons, is a calculated tactic to excuse the Carter Administration's abject failures of economic policy—among them, its failure to get the American economy to produce more effectively.

PLAYBOY: How would you tackle the problem?

ANDERSON: Lower productivity is linked to the lowest savings rate this country has seen in 30 years. You can't consume and invest at the same time. We've become a consumer society and we save far less than, say, the Germans or the Japanese. Savings means investment in productive facilities, which are becoming obsolete here at an alarming rate.

PLAYBOY: But by focusing on whether or not we save, aren't we ignoring larger problems in the economy—such as how uncompetitive some big U. S. corporations have become?

ANDERSON: Oh, I agree. That's why I voted against the Chrysler bail-out. I had a Chrysler plant in my district, and you can believe I heard plenty about it. But it just seems to me that if you believe in free enterprise, and I certainly do, it carries penalties and rewards. The penalty for bad management decisions at Chrysler

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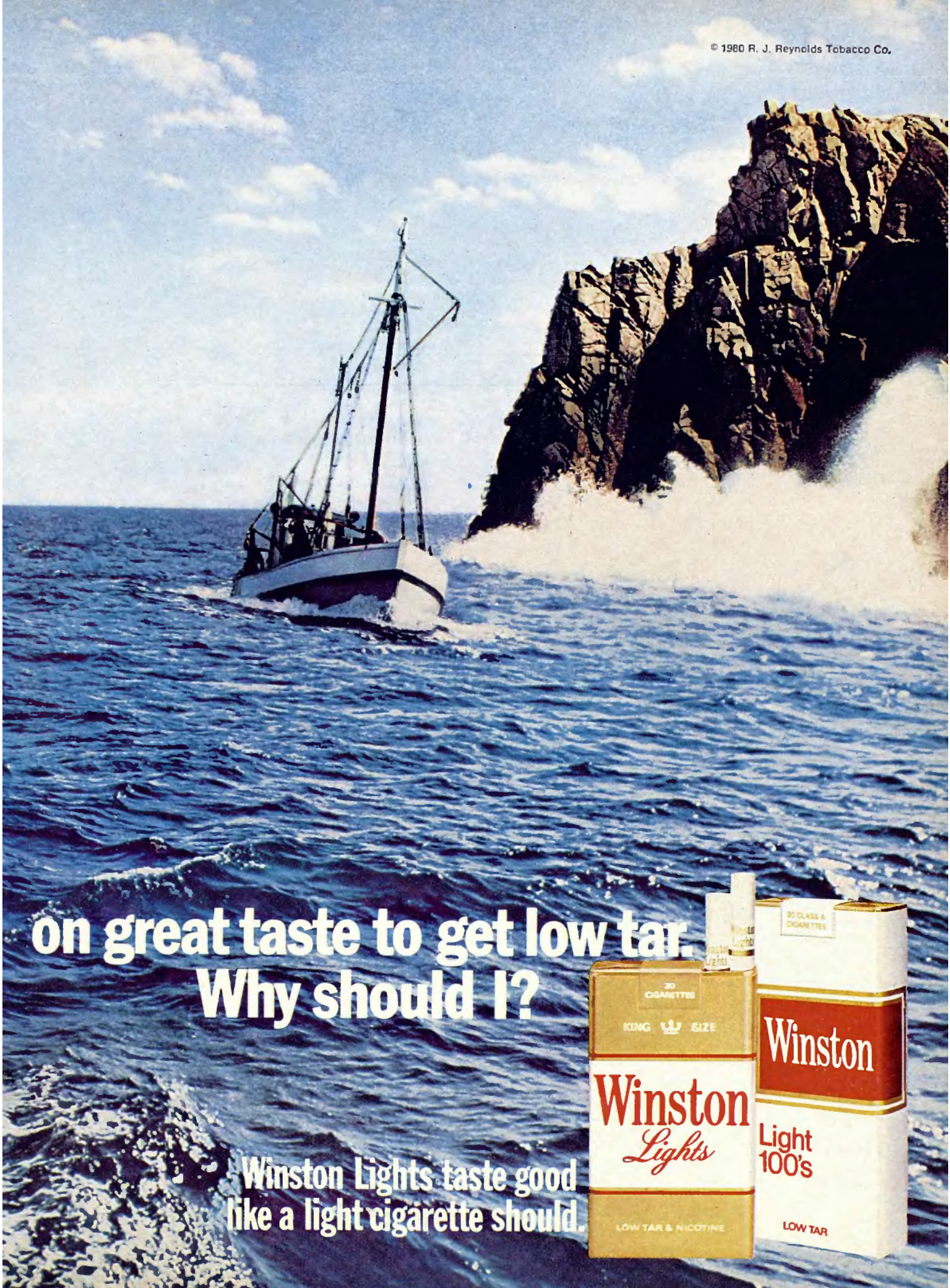

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had to be paid. Clearly, that industry has not been competitive enough, and I think that's true in other areas as well.

I believe in encouraging small business of a competitive nature. I support legislation that would limit the ability of the top oil companies to gobble up unrelated smaller businesses. I believe small businesses create more jobs than big businesses. When I go into a supermarket, I see these cereal boxes, about one third filled with air, and they're priced identically—each of them $1.13 a package or whatever—and I really wonder to what degree genuine competition exists. If I were President, the antitrust division would be very, very active.

PLAYBOY: What about the demands of people like Connally that foreign manufacturers—the Sonys and the Volkswagens—should face the same tariffs here that our manufacturers face there?

ANDERSON: I believe in a liberal trade policy. I think it's foolish to resist the trend toward the development of a world market in many of these products. It will probably provide America with that additional competition I was talking about.

PLAYBOY: Let's turn back to the campaign and to your aspirations for the future. If you had a realistic shot at the Presidency, what kinds of people would be part of your Administration?

ANDERSON: I really don't have a list of people prepared. I can tell you this, though: I think there would be some eclecticism in my approach to filling those jobs. I would not appoint the kinds of very traditional, establishment, elitist figures you've seen from the Carter Administration.

PLAYBOY: Why should we believe you? Four years ago, Hamilton Jordan told us the same thing, and that he'd quit if people such as Cyrus Vance and Zbigniew Brzezinski became part of the Administration. They were drawn from The Trilateral Commission, the most elitist crowd there is. And you're a member of that commission, as Carter and Bush were.

ANDERSON: Yes, Carter drew heavily from the membership of the commission for his own Administration. His Secretary of Defense, his Secretary of State, his National Security Advisor, his Vice-President, and others. And I frankly think he made a mistake in doing that.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've laughed off any notion that it's more than just another club. Come on. It's not just the Boy Scouts or the Rotary Club. The Trilateral Commission was founded by David Rockefeller for the powerful figures in Japan, Western Europe and the U. S. to work out a common strategy. Isn't there a point to be made that what's good for Chase Manhattan may not be good for the rest of us? For instance, maybe it was not in our interest for David Rockefeller to have the kind of influence that got the shah into the United States.

ANDERSON: Well, let's not blame the Trilateral Commission for that. You know, I happen to think there probably was a mistake in admitting the shah. . . . You can't lay the blame for what happened in connection with the admission of the shah at the door of the Trilateral Commission. Now, if Cyrus Vance had not met David Rockefeller at the Trilateral Commission, Cyrus Vance, as a Wall Street lawyer, would have met him at the Harvard Club in Chicago, or the Yale Club, or wherever he went to school. There *is* an establishment. There is a foreign-policy establishment, an elite in this country. I don't deny that, and maybe you're right that one manifestation of that is this formal grouping of individuals in the Trilateral Commission. But what I think has been grossly exaggerated is the impact that the organization has on decisions that are made. . . . I can say in my own defense, if I need a defense at this point, that I have already differed with many, many people on that commission on issues like whether or not we ought to go ahead in this current round of the arms race and construct things like the MX missile and whether or not the future security of this country really lies in trying to

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improve those systems. So I don't really feel I'm personally locked in the viselike grip of some foreign-policy establishment that would rule my decision making if I became President.

PLAYBOY: There's at least one more issue readers of PLAYBOY would ask a Republican candidate: With some states having stricken the laws against cohabitation, homosexuality, sodomy, and so forth, how do you feel about state intrusion on personal behavior?

ANDERSON: I'm against any state intrusion

PLAYBOY: Across the board?

ANDERSON: Yes.

PLAYBOY: That's an unequivocal answer. Since we've brought up the subject, why were you willing to do the *Playboy Interview?*

ANDERSON: Why? Well [*smiles*], it's a respectable journal and it carries interviews with very intelligent, noted people. I'd be proud to join their ranks.

PLAYBOY: Will it cause you any problems?

ANDERSON: It might make some of my Evangelical Church friends look somewhat askance, yes. But we could send them reprints of just the interview, couldn't we?

PLAYBOY: Certainly. Incidentally, religion was an issue in Carter's 1976 campaign. Candidates in this campaign have claimed a fair share of godliness on their side, too. As an Evangelical Christian yourself and one who has described himself as born again at the age of nine, what place do you think religion has in a political campaign?

ANDERSON: None whatsoever. Religion has no place in a political campaign. I saw an ad recently put out by an evangelist group that urged people to vote for Reagan because he believes in Jesus Christ. And that shows the danger of injecting your particular brand of religious faith into a campaign. This is a Government based fundamentally on the separation of church and state; one of the first things this country's founders got around to was to outlaw religious qualifications as a test for the ability to hold public office.

When you need surgery, you want to find the best pair of hands you can find in a surgeon. When you want a President, you certainly want a moral man, one who believes in truth and justice. But to define that in terms of a particular religious faith is a distortion of the political process. We're not selecting a national rabbi, or a national priest, or a national minister. We're selecting a President of all the people, even people who, for reasons of their own, do not believe in a god.

PLAYBOY: Since we're back on the topic of the campaign, and because you have a reputation for honesty, we'd like to ask you: Aren't a lot of the things you go through in a campaign stupid and demeaning?

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ANDERSON: Yes. There's got to be something wrong with a system that operates this way. You visit endless factories, shaking hands, and what the hell good does it do? You walk up and down these aisles, and these poor people can hardly hear your name over the din of these clattering machines, and you're being hurried along so fast that even if someone did have a question, you couldn't stop long enough to give him a sensible answer. . . . At one point, I remember that a woman said to me, "I don't know anything about your views." Well, I applauded her. I said, "Frankly, I think you're right. Why should you vote for me? Just because I shook your hand doesn't tell you whether or not I have the qualifications or the qualities to become a good President." So I had some of my leaflets sent to her. At least that might have given her some partial information.

There's no real time to stop and get any interaction with people, particularly when you're being towed along by the head of the factory. . . .

PLAYBOY: And yet you've done it. You realize it's meaningless, but you played by those rules.

ANDERSON: Oh, I don't know. All too often, candidates become so malleable out of sheer exhaustion that they go along with things their campaign managers recommend, whether it's important or not. Somehow we accept the idea that if you press enough flesh, by some strange process of alchemy, that turns you into an adequate President. I don't believe that. I think that's why we end up with some of the Presidents we've had.

It should take more than stamina on the campaign trail. It should take more than the ability to seem exuberant about doing all the banal things that are expected of a political candidate to convince voters that someone has the broad-ranging vision that is needed in a President. Now, how you find this person, other than through the convoluted system we engage in now, is another question.

PLAYBOY: That's *our* next question. How?

ANDERSON: Maybe we should do it on the basis of phrenology. That's like reading palms, only you read a person's character by feeling the bumps on his head. Let the voters feel the bumps on my head and see if I radiate goodness and sensitivity and compassion.

PLAYBOY: Now, seriously, Congressman——

ANDERSON: There's also this proposal I read about recently that says we should have a council of 11 people—I don't know why 11 people, precisely—representing the very best talent from various fields and disciplines, and that this council would sit down with a list of possible candidates. By some process that is not yet clear to me, the council would sift through the list of possible candidates and select someone they could support for the Presidency.

[*At this point, Keke Anderson, the Congressman's outspoken wife, enters the conversation, which is taking place in the Andersons' hotel suite. She will join the conversation at various times throughout the rest of the interview.*]

MRS. ANDERSON: Who submits the list of possible candidates, John?

ANDERSON: I suppose the council does.

MRS. ANDERSON: Who chooses the council?

ANDERSON: Now, *that's* a good question.

PLAYBOY: If we may interrupt here. . . . How about just one *real* example of how to improve the system? For instance, this circus atmosphere of primaries, and the welter of TV ads, and the traveling troupes of cameras and reporters, and the enormous amounts of money—isn't there at least a way to streamline it?

ANDERSON: Yes; public financing of campaigns was at least a start. But you take a man like Connally, who came along and raised $10,000,000 from corporate board rooms and was then able to say, "I'll disdain Federal funds. . . ." And even apart from that, the limitation is that you can spend about $17,000,000 in the course of the primaries. Even with Federal funds, that's excessive. There just isn't any reason a man should have to spend $17,000,000 to run for the Presidency.

"We're not selecting a national rabbi, or a national priest, or a national minister. We're selecting a President of all the people."

PLAYBOY: And you think merely spending less would streamline the whole process we're talking about?

ANDERSON: I think it might. I just think it might. There could be a tendency for people to eliminate the more superficial aspects of campaigning—you know, all this image making. That's what bothers me. These vast amounts of money spent on television, where candidates are shown striding through a room filled with screaming supporters, shouting out, "I bring you a message from across America. We're going *all the way*!" And you know what it is? It's absolutely nothing. There's no substance at all. But it projects this image of a strong, purposeful, confident man who has assembled around him the screaming masses, and, therefore, *ipso facto*, he must be a great leader. I don't know. What we ought to have is a system where people somehow can accept or reject a man on the basis of his ideas. I mean, I know it can get tiresome to hear me repeat that, but it's what I believe.

You know what a campaign ought to be? In a new politics, it ought to be something like an examination, where there are a series of questions and candidates are elected on the basis of which have the best answers. [Senator] Jack Javits once told me, "If there were a national civil-service exam for the office of the Presidency, John, you'd win hands down." He said I knew more than any of the other candidates about what the problems are and what the solutions might be.

Well, obviously, we can't administer the selection process on that basis. But we ought to be able to work out a system where candidates are literally forced to demonstrate some competence, without vagueness or evasion, in coming up with specific ideas and answers to specific problems.

PLAYBOY: You keep saying that elections should be decided on issues, not on images. Yet in 1976, Carter ran what was perceived as a vague campaign based on trust. And the first Republican candidate to effectively challenge Reagan was Bush, whom you've accused of running the vaguest campaign of all. How do you explain it when the candidates with the least definition get the voters' attention?

ANDERSON: Because of the polls, for one. We are all pollerized in our society today. Look at the beginning of this campaign. Way back in November, there's a straw poll in Maine, which Bush wins, even though Baker was expected to win. It's just a straw poll, but *The New York Times* writes a front-page story saying it legitimizes his candidacy. Then comes Iowa—again, not a primary, strictly a straw poll—which Bush wins by a couple of thousand votes, and this is interpreted by the press as dramatic progress. Then the Harris pollsters get into the act, do *their* polling and show Bush rose from six percent to 27 percent or whatever, and they repeat the polls week after week, and it all gets to be a self-fulfilling prophecy—before we've even had the first state primary!

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that suggest in your heart of hearts, despite what you claim about voters' being denied access to real issues, that people aren't as interested in ideas as they are in vague impressions of leadership?

ANDERSON: Thinking is hard work. The hardest work in the world is to really think. The average American, who works from eight to five, goes home at night, pops the top on a can of beer,

puts his feet on a hassock, wants to watch a sitcom on television or get his mind off the fact that he can't pay his bills because of inflation—I'm not trying to suggest that's the only reason we've become less of a thinking society, but I think it's true.

Lincoln and Douglas could debate in Freeport, Illinois, back in 1858, and 15,000 people would travel dusty roads in their wagons and stand to listen to three hours of speeches while they argued such abstruse propositions as popular sovereignty and all the rest. Do you think you could get two politicians today to hold a crowd for that long, if people had to go to that expense and suffer that inconvenience? They might go hear Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin entertain for Ronald Reagan, but they would scarcely turn out for a discussion of the energy crisis.

PLAYBOY: And yet your whole campaign is predicated on the opposite—that people *will* listen to ideas.

ANDERSON: Well, I'd be the first to concede that the wish may be father to the thought; that it can be done; that somebody ought to try it. I don't want to sound messianic, or as if I have a Saint Francis of Assisi complex, but if you don't like the way the system works, and the way this election process operates, it seems to me you have a responsibility to do more than sit around and grouse about it. That's really why I ran.

PLAYBOY: Did you underestimate the difficulty of what you were trying to do?

ANDERSON: I underestimated how hard it was to get people to accept new ideas that were, on the surface, unpopular and difficult. Voters were already feeling the pain of high gasoline prices, and here comes a guy who says we ought to pay 50 cents more. Well, I can talk until I'm blue in the face about how they would get that back with cuts in Social Security taxes. But they don't really know how much they already pay. I asked one worker the other day if he realized how much was withheld in Social Security taxes. Did he really know what I was promising him when I said I'd cut those taxes in half? He didn't have any idea what he paid, so, obviously, that argument didn't wash with him.

PLAYBOY: Assuming your campaign isn't successful, will it be enough to have presented some of those ideas, to leave a campaign legacy as, say, an educator?

ANDERSON: Well, that would be pretentious. I'd rather have been a reformer, I guess. Obviously, I fascinated a lot of intellectuals around the country; they loved to sit around and discuss with me the prospect of a new coalition and a new politics. But that's not enough, unless you take the long view of history. You can console yourself with the thought that, well, I tried it and it got this far; maybe somebody else will come along with more ability than I. Maybe I will have planted the seeds of thought that someone else will harvest.

PLAYBOY: And by someone else, you clearly don't mean any of the present candidates, such as Reagan or Bush. We thought we caught a distaste in you for Bush. Do you think he'll stumble?

[*This portion of the interview was being conducted the evening before Bush's startling defeat in the New Hampshire primary.*]

ANDERSON: I predict he will. He's the stereotypical, packaged, merchandised kind of candidate who believes the way to win the nomination is to be evasive on issues to the point where you appeal to everybody. . . . Well, you can't carry water on both shoulders without stumbling somewhere along the way. It may even happen here in New Hampshire. We don't know yet, but he can't carry his act all the way through the primaries.

PLAYBOY: With all the evasiveness you say he's showing, where do you suspect his real sympathies lie in foreign policy? The interview conducted with him by the *Los Angeles Times* in February seemed to bring out a right-wing, hawkish side to him.

ANDERSON: I think he is. I think he has demonstrated that he has the mentality of a hard-liner. I think he also decided to follow what he believes to be the

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mood of the American people right now and I think a leader has to do more than that.

PLAYBOY: People have always said that the Republican Party has a death wish, which it showed by nominating Goldwater in 1964 and which it might show by nominating Reagan this year. Are you saying that Bush fits that pattern, too, that it could be another Goldwater situation if Bush got the nomination?

ANDERSON: If you want to point to what happened at the 1964 convention and compare Goldwater with Bush and William Scranton with Anderson, I think you can make the analogy very well.

PLAYBOY: So you're basically predicting disaster if Bush gets the nomination?

MRS. ANDERSON: Right!

ANDERSON: What I'm asking is, How can this country elect a man who apparently feels we can't reduce our dependence on foreign oil and that what we have to do is give the Saudis and anybody else the F-15s and put our forces over there, instead of demanding a sacrifice from the American people in the name of conservation——

PLAYBOY: But isn't that more or less Carter's position? Your view of emphasizing conservation at home could be seen as isolationist——

MRS. ANDERSON: Carter is playing politics with war and peace! It's that simple.

ANDERSON: Now, wait a minute. I'm trying to get the question here. Too many interruptions, Keke. I'm not suggesting an isolationist approach. To recap, our first order of business should be to reduce our dependence on foreign oil by conservation. At the same time, I'm not saying we should retreat behind fortress America and let the Russians move toward the oil of the Persian Gulf. But we do have allies, and we should stitch together the fabric between us and them and approach the problem, not unilaterally but as a problem of the world community.

MRS. ANDERSON: But the point is, why is Carter not doing anything about conservation at home? I say he's playing politics with war and peace!

PLAYBOY: Do you want to comment, Congressman?

MRS. ANDERSON: You're telling us we have to reduce our dependency on foreign oil, John. We've known that for five years, but Congress hasn't done anything. The President hasn't done anything. He tells us that's our vital interest and he still hasn't done anything. Why isn't he pressing a more mandatory oil-conservation program?

ANDERSON: Because it's an election year.

MRS. ANDERSON: He's playing politics with war and peace. That's what you're telling me!

PLAYBOY: We have a couple of more questions here.

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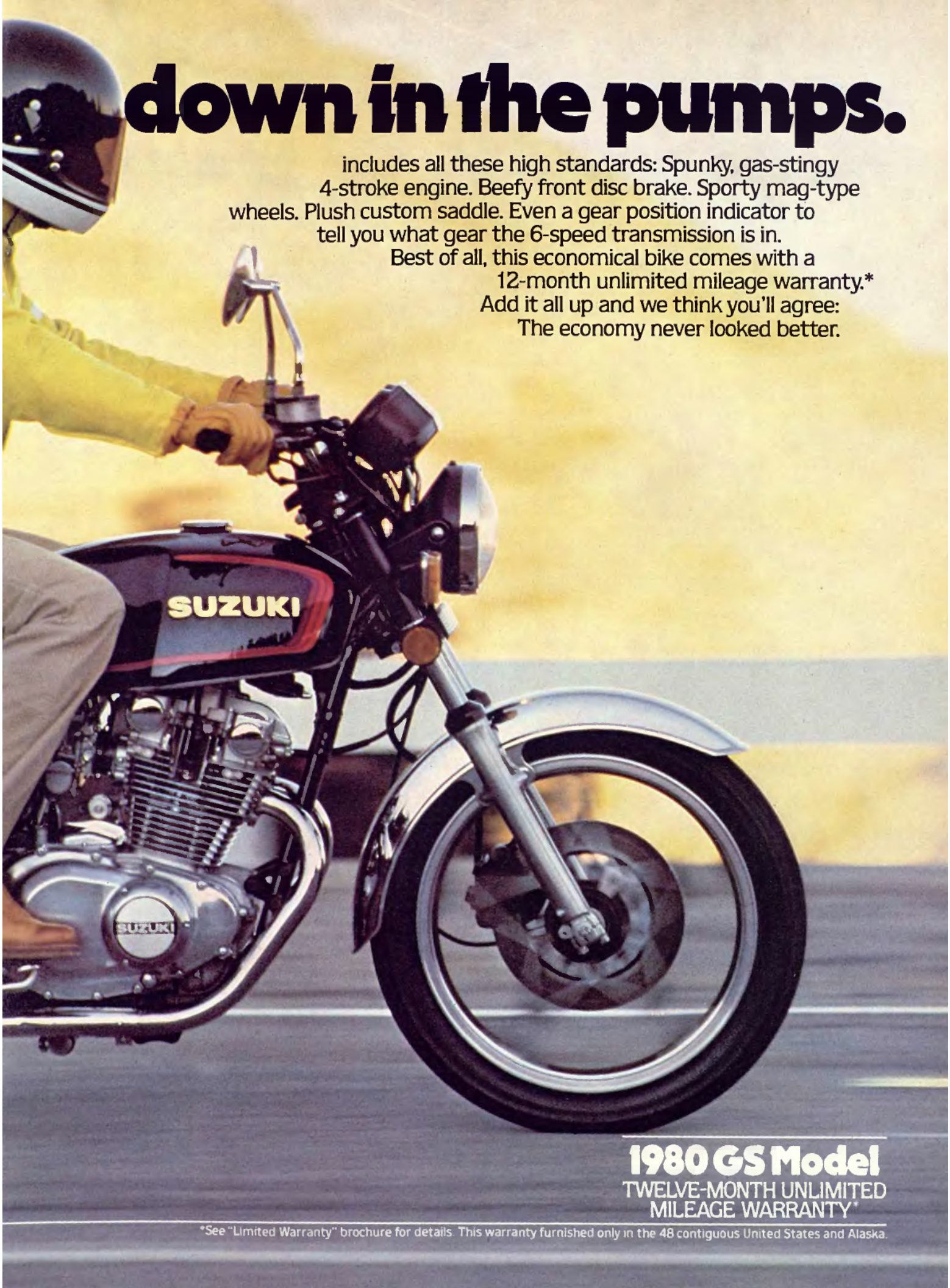
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ANDERSON: Keke, I think you need a little R&R.

PLAYBOY: Just to finish up on the topic of George Bush——

MRS. ANDERSON: Bush doesn't even talk to John anymore.

PLAYBOY: Is that true, Congressman? One Republican candidate not talking to another?

ANDERSON: Well, when we meet, he makes it quite obvious he's looking the other way. He's very cold. Yes.

PLAYBOY: Reagan is much better known than Bush; we wonder what Bush was like during his two terms in the House of Representatives.

ANDERSON: Well, he was a very affable, friendly fellow who got along well with everybody and made no special marks——

MRS. ANDERSON: He *says*. But there's no one who could tell you what terrific things George Bush did at all those jobs he had. He was just a——

ANDERSON: I would say that——

MRS. ANDERSON: In Congress, he went down the line for Nixon. He served in the United Nations, but certainly not with the *élan* of Pat Moynihan or even Andy Young; then he went to China, where everything is inscrutable; and then he went into the CIA, where it's all so secret!

PLAYBOY: OK, change of topic. You must have been one of the few Presidential candidates in history who rose to prominence through a cartoon strip. How did you feel about being spoofed in Garry Trudeau's *Doonesbury*?

ANDERSON: Some people obviously thought I should have been offended, because it tended to make me look somewhat pathetic——

MRS. ANDERSON: With Garry Trudeau, you had the most respected advance man in politics!

ANDERSON: No, I enjoyed it, I've enjoyed it. I think it's pretty nifty.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of spoofs, after being kidded on *Saturday Night Live* for several shows, you attended a performance and had a cameo appearance. Whose idea was that?

MRS. ANDERSON: They did a bit again a couple of nights ago. Anybody see it? Saturday night?

ANDERSON: They called us up and asked us to attend. A lot of the young cast got caught up in the campaign; when I got there, several of them had our campaign buttons on. The young people in the cast, for one reason or another, have been attracted to my campaign and thought it would be a good thing to do.

MRS. ANDERSON: They know quality when they see it.

PLAYBOY: We have one final topic. Your Presidential race aside, most of your adult life has been spent in the Congress. We understand that you have friendships and loyalties there, but in the same spirit of commenting as an insider now on the outside, tell us what you really feel about how Congress works. Most people say you played the game very effectively——

MRS. ANDERSON: He didn't play the game, though. He was effective *without* playing the game.

PLAYBOY: OK, but Senators and Congressmen have said you were one of the most effective members——

MRS. ANDERSON: They're right.

PLAYBOY: But you quit voluntarily. You must have some thoughts about it in retrospect.

ANDERSON: I sound too much like a political scientist when I get on that topic, especially when I start complaining about the committee system and the bills that get pawed over by three or four committees, when one would be enough, and—it's just the way the place is organized. I mean, it's unbelievably inefficient. I could give you statistics on the countless hours that add up to exactly nothing and how very little time is spent on really important things. We spent most of our time on things that didn't matter much.

MRS. ANDERSON: The saddest thing you can see is these Congressmen who just sit there sleeping all day long—it's the saddest sight in the world.

PLAYBOY: Does it eventually grind you down?

ANDERSON: The Congress? Yes, I think, increasingly. The retirement statistics demonstrate that.

PLAYBOY: Would you have retired from Congress, in any case, if you hadn't run for President?

ANDERSON: No, I wouldn't have run again for Congress.

PLAYBOY: So you just got tired of it.

ANDERSON: Yes.

MRS. ANDERSON: John, you're not tired of congress. We've had five children and the youngest is only eight.

[*Anderson gives his wife an affectionate but somewhat pained look.*]

MRS. ANDERSON: Now, don't shush me. I'll do just what Elizabeth Taylor did with John Warner and tell you [*with mock ferocity*], "Don't you raise that domineering hand at me!" [*Laughter*]

PLAYBOY: Getting back to the question. . . .

ANDERSON: After a time in Congress, you feel you're not really doing anything terribly well. I think it is the distractiveness, the enormous distractiveness, displayed by most members of Congress. They have a very short attention span on any issue, most of them.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ANDERSON: I think it's the increasing demands of the job, the attempts to satisfy constituents, to accomplish the chores of being re-elected——

MRS. ANDERSON: To make sure they've read their polls.

ANDERSON: And, of course, all the petty jealousies that exist in that body over things like jurisdictional authority.

MRS. ANDERSON: More than that, can you imagine anyone with your gift of speech being there 19 years and never once did they ask you to speak at a Republican Convention? Not once!

ANDERSON: That has nothing to do with Congress.

PLAYBOY: Since you've said that your Presidential campaign represented a new approach, a new politics, why didn't you try for that while you were in Congress?

ANDERSON: Well, I have to make an abject confession at this point. I hadn't really sat down and wrestled with myself to the point where I felt it was imperative to come up with new approaches, new ideas. I guess it was the stimulus of a Presidential campaign, particularly when you're trying to separate yourself from a field of seven candidates, that gives you the incentive you lacked in the House.

PLAYBOY: Is raising the issues now enough of a reward?

ANDERSON: It's rewarding, but no man who is a politician—in the proudest sense of the word—wants the ignominy of defeat. I don't want to end up a flat tire like poor old [former Oklahoma Senator and 1976 Presidential-campaign dropout] Fred Harris, hauling a house trailer around the country in a forlorn campaign, wondering if I have enough gas to get to the next pump. I've got a little pride. I didn't set out to be some noble creature who was going to stimulate the thought processes of the American people. I wanted to win.

PLAYBOY: And assuming you don't?

ANDERSON: After all, nobody forced me to become a candidate. I was warned in advance by hundreds of people that my party would never take me. It's not as if I didn't have all these warnings. There wasn't anybody cheering from the side lines, "Send in Anderson! Let him carry the ball!" There wasn't any great roar of the crowd that threw me into the race. So I'd be foolish to have any feelings of bitterness when it's all over. But I did enter the race to win.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps you could leave your mark the way Adlai Stevenson did.

ANDERSON: Yeah, maybe people remember Adlai Stevenson for his two campaigns. I certainly do, and I quote him often enough. But, by and large, history doesn't record the exploits of defeated candidates. Most people can't even remember who ran and lost in 1976, and that's only four years ago.

PLAYBOY: Will losing to one of the other Republican candidates you've discussed shake your belief, which you've expressed often, in the innate common sense of the American people?

ANDERSON: I wouldn't put it that way. It won't embitter me, as I said. But it will make me wonder about our ability to work our way out of our problems. If

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the American people succumb to the sophisticated packaging of a man who *hasn't* challenged them to take a fundamentally new approach to their problems, I am going to be much more pessimistic about the future than I am today.

[*Several days after Anderson surprised the country with strong second-place finishes in Vermont and Massachusetts on March fourth, we caught up with him again for a final session.*]

PLAYBOY: It's a lot more difficult now to talk with you. You have the networks covering you, a big press bus, all this attention——

ANDERSON: Yes, there you were with your *Playboy Interview*, wasting all that time with this lonely, forgotten and unknown fellow, and all of a sudden—the big explosion.

PLAYBOY: You were shocked by the results in Massachusetts, weren't you?

ANDERSON: Yes, I wouldn't have believed it. It was a wild scene when the results came in. My God, they had 2000 beer-drinking kids pouring into that ballroom at the Boston Sheraton, and they almost tore us apart. We could hardly get up to the stage. You're used to being this quiet man along the campaign trail, being the butt of *Doonesbury* jokes, then you blink your eyes—and there you are, the center of all this adulation!

PLAYBOY: Are you going to let it turn your head?

ANDERSON: I really don't think so. I've been in politics 20 years and I know you can be a hero today and forgotten tomorrow. If I fall on my face in Illinois and Wisconsin, the three network crews will be pulled off, I'll resume my lonesome journey and that will be it. So my eyes are wide open; I know the risks, the hazards.

PLAYBOY: One thing your emergence has done is bring Gerald Ford out of the woodwork. How do you feel about his running again?

ANDERSON: I've just called him, and I tried to convince him he ought to continue working on his golf slice. I really did. I said, "Your rationale for running is apparently that you think Reagan is unelectable. I agree with you on that, but *I'll* carry the banner." I told him that anyone who could double the vote in the Massachusetts primary, as I did, and carry nearly half the independents, maybe has something hot going for him. But I guess Jerry thinks the country is calling him. He wants a rematch. He got beat in '76 in a close call, and it's the old football-player instinct. He wants a rematch.

PLAYBOY: Did Ford ask you to pull out in his favor?

ANDERSON: No, he did not. Probably because I came on strong from the very start of the conversation. I said, "I'm running hard and I'm going to stay in. You may want to come out of retirement to beat Reagan, but somebody else is capable of doing that, too." But he didn't ask me to pull out. He knows me well enough from our past association in the House. Well . . . according to one report, Ford said somewhat slightingly at a golf-course news conference that Anderson is perceived as being too liberal for the Republican Party. So he's obviously going to peddle that line once he gets in—you know, that I'm a liberal, he's a moderate and we can't go any farther to the left than where he stands. Which is actually pretty far on the right.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider him any kind of moderate?

ANDERSON: The only reason Ford has ever been called a moderate is that he picked up the standard against Reagan, who is far more conservative. People ask me about my conservative past; my God, you can search Jerry's 25-year record in the House and I think the only thing he ever voted for that might qualify him as a moderate was foreign aid. Ford is a bred-to-the-bone conservative.

PLAYBOY: How do you assess the differences between you and Ford?

ANDERSON: Remember that he stated that the only conditions under which he would possibly approve of SALT II would be to go ahead with the neutron bomb and the mobile MX missile. He thinks that military spending is the way to project the power and the influence of this country, while I'm going to stick to my basic approach: First you repair a tattered economy at home before you get anybody to listen to you overseas. So there won't be any problem finding things that are different between him and me.

PLAYBOY: But his argument will be that under his Administration, the economy at home was in far better shape than it is now.

ANDERSON: I don't think Ford has the imagination to face a whole new set of problems that are going to be far different from what they were in the Seventies. His views are so traditional that the old alliance between Big Business and the Republican Party would continue, and I'm not sure that's the best road to travel in the Eighties. As I've said, my approach is to appeal once again to that overlooked constituency of our party, which is small business. I'm beginning to develop this theme more and more: that small business can be more innovative and more competitive and more job producing than the bureaucracy of the main-line corporate giants. I think I feel more of an affinity toward that constituency than would someone who's been comfortably ensconced with Big Business.

PLAYBOY: In earlier portions of the interview, with your strong opinions about the other Republican candidates, you mentioned that you felt friendly toward Ford. Will that change now?

ANDERSON: It's a personal thing. He's a very likable guy. Nobody ever got mad at Jerry Ford. But if he wants to tangle in the primaries, that has to go by the boards. We'll have to go to the mat.

PLAYBOY: Despite your promise to carry on all the way to the convention, your star could fade just as quickly as it brightened. Do you think you could change your mind, compromise and support another candidate?

ANDERSON: No, no, no. "To thine own self be true." I've got to stand fast. The temptation is strong. Every man, I guess, faces the moment of truth when he figures that the ultimate compromise would give him what he's seeking. But—I wish I could put it to you better—I never really sought the office with the traditional fire in the belly. I really still cling to the idiotic and outdated notion that the office ought to seek the man. I go back to Adlai, whom I quote all the time, and say, "There are worse things than losing elections." There are too many people who, by the time they get the nomination, don't deserve it. I'm going to live a long time, and I'll have a long time to reflect on myself, and. . . .

Well, maybe I'm sounding self-righteous. That's one of my problems at the moment. The press has started to hack away at that—there was a column headed "SAINT JOHN THE RIGHTEOUS." And I do think I have humility. I'm no saint. I'm just damn proud that a lot of people who never voted before thought I had something different enough to offer. Am I just going to turn my back on everything I've said and slide back into the conventional things every politician does? I'll be darned if I will. Gene McCarthy, who was the hero in '68, is sort of sliding around the country today as a forgotten poet. That may happen to me. But for as long as I live, after all this is over, I think I'd like to reflect on the satisfaction that comes to somebody who called them the way he saw them. I'm not going to recant. Like Martin Luther, I've nailed my 95 theses to the door of the church.

PLAYBOY: While we're on the subject of recanting, now that you have all those network cameras around you and all the attention you could want, do you regret having spent all this time with us?

ANDERSON: No, I really do not. You guys were prescient, and I think this interview will reinforce the fact that I'm not a conventional politician. People are hungry for something different. Not in a faddish sense but because they know in their hearts that certain things have gone wrong and we have to find some new directions. If I can help formulate those directions, and give people some hope that the system can work, that's recompense enough for all the grief I've gone through.

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Seymour

SEYMOUR, IT SOMETIMES SEEMED to his friend Joshua, put the sort of single-minded energy into seduction that other men applied to digging canals that joined oceans or to sending rockets to the moon. If hitherto unsavored nooky, as he always put it, was the sweetest reward this world had to offer, no subterfuge or inconvenience was too great. Napoleon could not have put more care into the taking of Austerlitz than Seymour did into the ravishing of the receptionist at Pitney, McCabe, Thornason, Lapointe & Cohen. He would find out a girl's favorite color, what perfume she fancied and if roses pleased her more than orchids. If she read, and a few of them did, he would contrive to surface with a signed copy of a book by her most revered author. If it was called for, he came up with rinkside tickets to the hockey game when Boston was in town. He had, in order to seduce a lecturer at Concordia U, done a crash course on Kate Millett, and for the sake of the favors of a typist at Canadian Jewish Congress, he had got dressed in

if there were something better in life than chasing women, he couldn't figure out what it was

fiction

By MORDECAI RICHLER

striped prison garb and tramped up and down in front of the Soviet consulate to protest the treatment of his brethren in Russia.

"Seymour," Joshua had said, aghast, "what are you doing in that ridiculous outfit?"

"You are looking at a man," he replied, "who is going to have congress with a girl from Jewish Congress."

He was exceedingly generous with gifts for his girls. Rings from Lucas, necklaces from Ogilvy's, watches from Birks. The saleslady in charge of the lingerie department at Holt-Renfrew suffered through his every entrapment, agonizing with him as he tried to settle on a choice, searching for what he called the real coozy creamer. The one that would make the honey run. Truly, W. H. Auden couldn't have put more thought into finding the precise adverb than Seymour did into the selection of a pair of lace panties.

Seymour was a compulsive philanderer. He was also totally unselective. His mouth full, squirting pickle juice, he ran his hand up the legs of mountainous waitresses in delicatessens, making them quake with laughter and feel good. Disembarking from the morning train to Ottawa, joining the breathless dash to the taxi stand, he had already picked out, en route, the good bet he would invite to share his ride to the Château Laurier. Seymour subscribed to a phone-call club in Chicago. For $50 a year, he was able to call a toll-free station and get the numbers of ladies eager to receive obscene phone calls. He bantered with long-distance operators and kept a poste restante in post office B.

Portly, moonfaced Seymour was in knitwear, his father's business. On his flights to buy in New York, he no sooner unfastened his seat belt than he was at the rear of the airplane, whispering indecencies into the stewardess' ear, making her flush with pleasure. On steamy nights, he parked at the Westmount lookout and necked with buyers' secretaries from Eaton's, The Bay, and even Miracle Mart. Desk clerks in motels in the Laurentians, the Adirondacks and Cape Cod, accustomed to having Seymour register with any number of "Mrs. Kaplans," shook their heads in admiration as he moseyed up to the desk with yet another moistening wife in tow. His mother's widowed friends suffered palpitations, they melted in his arms, when he deigned to visit. If his 15-year-old daughter brought home classmates after school to listen to acid-rock records in the furnished basement, Seymour scooted downstairs and taught them how to do the boogiewoogie. He had membership cards to all the most modish discos.

From the beginning, Seymour had been incredibly adroit at avoiding discovery. A Machiavelli among adulterers. He had been married to Molly for only two years when he came home from the office one night, grim, not saying a word all through dinner.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"I don't want to talk about it."

"Is it something I've done?"

"Ha," he barked, thrusting the letter at her. Anonymous. Printed. YOUR WIFE HAS A LOVER.

"Oh, my," Molly exclaimed, a hand held to her cheek.

"How could you do such a thing to me?"

"Do what? You crazy fool. Who sent you this?"

"How in the hell would I know?"

"But you take their word over mine?"

"How long has this been going on?"

"Oh, boy, could you ever teach Senator McCarthy lessons!"

"If I'm inadequate, tell me," he raged, simulating tears.

"Oh, Seymour, my poor darling. There's not a word of truth in it."

"There have been phone calls, too. At the office. They say, 'Your wife is being banged black and blue on Tuesday afternoons,' and they hang up. Or, 'Molly sucks,' and they hang up."

"But I'd never do such a thing. Feh!"

"Not at home, you mean. Not for your husband."

"We're not going through that again. Please, Seymour. And on Tuesday afternoons, as it so happens, I go to my social-psychiatry class."

"And afterward," he said, "you blow the instructor in some cheap motel. For me, you wouldn't even wear that lingerie I bought you."

"It's filth, it's for a whore. I swear, Seymour, you are the only man who has ever touched me."

"Who is it? Somebody who laughs behind my back at parties?"

She began to cry. "I swear on our son's head I've never been unfaithful to you."

But, her tears notwithstanding, he slept on the living-room sofa that night, and the next, though she came to visit him, appearing in her flannel nightie. "I tried to get into those undies, but they're too small, the seam split. Look, baby!"

She was wearing the garters, pinching into her plump, quivering red flesh just above the knees, as high as she could force them to fit.

"Hotcha hotcha," he said.

Only then did he notice that she had brought a basin of hot water with her, as well as a bar of soap and a towel.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, alarmed.

"I'll do it for you if it's so important, but I'm going to give it a good scrubbing first and you've got to promise to pull it out before you're ready to shoot."

Seymour began to giggle.

"Look, mister, I'm not swallowing any of it. I'd only be sick."

Roaring, Seymour buried his head in his pillow.

"What's so funny?"

"Are you really having an affair?"

"No. I swear," she said. And, pale, resolute, she added, "Tell me when you're tumescent and I'll start."

"Listen," he said, feeling himself shrivel down there as he sat up, "I'm hungry. Why don't we have an omelet instead? With lox and onions."

And the next morning, when the registered letter came for her from Miss O'Hara, just as that bitch had threatened, he hid behind his *Gazette* as she read it, her cheeks burning red.

"Bad news?" he asked, finally.

"Maybe I'm not the only one playing around," she sang out.

"What are you talking about?" he charged, outraged.

"You ought to read this. I've never read such *schmutz*."

He grabbed it. "Holy shit! Do you know her?" he asked, struggling with the signature. "Sandy O'Hare?"

"O'Hara. And do *you* know her is more important."

"I've never heard of her in my life. You've got to believe me, Molly."

"I believe you."

He stared at her, stumped.

"And I didn't jump down your throat, did I?"

"No, dear."

"I didn't insult you with accusations based on no evidence but the word of a total stranger."

"Yes, dear."

"Give it here," she said, crumpling it into a ball and throwing it into the garbage. Where it belonged, she said.

"It's incredible," Seymour ventured. "Some sex nut has obviously got it in for both of us."

She seemed pensive.

"Some psychotic," he continued. "Who knows? Maybe one of those squinty-eyed types in your social-psychiatry class has the hots for you and he's trying to stir up trouble between us."

"Wasn't there a Sandy O'Hara on your switchboard?"

"Oh, you are sadly mistaken. Never," he said. "And, listen, darling, I've been holding back. I've been getting more obscene phone calls about you. Right

(continued on page 134)

"I thank Thee, O Lord, before partaking of the bountiful blessings Thou hast spread before me. . . ."

the newest film from italy's master of symbolism takes a surreal view of women's liberation—while introducing some very dreamy signorine

FELLINI'S FEMINIST FANTASY

Above, director Federico Fellini coaches Josiane Tanzilli, who plays a Marlene Dietrich type in his surreal cinematic vision of feminism.

ITALY is best known for two kinds of movies: straightforward spaghetti Westerns and the famous Fellini linguine (which is a surrealistic movie that makes you scratch your noodle). The latest of the latter is *City of Women*, scheduled for release this month in Europe and expected to arrive in American theaters sometime this fall. The film's main character (played by Marcello Mastroianni) is a guileless middle-aged man named Snaporaz who falls asleep on a train and dreams that he has stumbled into a dangerous multidimensional world populated only by women. Although *City of Women* is superficially a commentary on feminists, it is more specifically Federico Fellini's personal perspective on the confusion that men of lustful but tender souls (like Snaporaz) have felt since the advent of women's lib. It abounds with Fellini's favorite ingredients: bizarre sex scenes, erotic symbolism and an astonishing array of (as you'll see) beautiful women.

One character wha appears thraughout *City of Women* is Fellini discavery Danatella Damiani (above left and below), who comes to Snaporaz (Marcello Mastraianni) as a savior in his dreams.

In ane of the film's mare bizarre scenes (abave), Damiani and Sara Tofuri, after rescuing Snaporaz from his wife, crawl inta his bed and make love to him; afterward, they do a dance routine (opposite).

Snaporaz finds that in the City of Women, women marry women. In the instance below, Mirella D'Angela (in the hat) is the bridegroom and Karin Verlier the bride. After the ceremony, the newlyweds go to their bedroom (bottom left) to consummate (so to speak) the marriage.

Elizabeth Rathman (above right) is a native Russian who studied at the Bolshoi Dance School, then moved to the U. S. at the age of 16 to study acting. Visiting Italy in 1978, she met Fellini, who gave her three roles in City of Women, one of which is Leaness, a wrestler (right).

Josiane Tanzilli (above, sans Dietrich make-up and costume) also appeared in Fellini's *Amarcord*. Tatiana and Brigitte Petronia (left) are sisters who play the guards of the imprisoned Snaporaz.

Throughout *City of Women*, Snaporaz suffers various indignities at the hands of the feminists who've taken him prisoner. One leather-clad woman forces him into a country greenhouse to make love to her (right). On the opposite page, Tatiana (left) and Brigitte Petronio have removed their leather costumes. Nice girls, really, both admit they "like older men."

Mirella D'Angelo is hardly recognizable above as the "husband" in the feminist marriage (see page 130), but who cares? Asked what she thought of her role in *City of Women*, she says, "Amusing. I'm not against homosexuality, but I have a man and I love every minute of it." D'Angelo just completed another film, *Guignolo*, with Jean-Paul Belmondo. In the scene at right, an all-female punk-rock group hams it up for the feminist congress that convenes in *City of Women*. (It's the same group that saves Snaparaz from his greenhouse tryst above.)

Seymour *(continued from page 126)*

"'You don't understand. You're not into sex like me. I climbed her because she was there. Like Everest.'"

here. Where the kids could pick up the phone. So I've arranged to have our number changed. Temporarily, we're going to be unlisted."

"Isn't that a bit drastic?"

"*The kids*, Molly."

But now poor Seymour was in deep trouble. This time over his indiscretion with Engel's wife, while Engel lay in a hospital bed, trying to pass a kidney stone.

And this time he had been caught with his pants down. Literally. By Engel's father-in-law, who had a key to the front door and had come to surprise his daughter with a sack of oranges he had coddled all the way from Miami, only to find her naked and moaning on the living-room deep-pile wall-to-wall carpet, Seymour humping away, her legs straining heavenward. The grizzly old man had cried out and begun to pelt Seymour's bare ass with the oranges, the sack tearing, fruit flying everywhere. The tale had carried. And Molly was unforgiving.

Seymour, not so much contrite as seething, arranged for Joshua to meet him for lunch the following afternoon.

"Shit," he said, joining him late, "you know what happened to me?"

"Engel's wife," Joshua said. "I mean, how could you even be tempted by that——"

"You don't understand. You're not into sex like me. I climbed her because she was there. Like Everest."

Seymour was heavy, morose, awash in self-pity.

"Molly giving you a rough time?" Joshua asked.

"Aw, that's going to be OK," and, in his most earnest voice, he added, "I've promised to stop fucking around."

"And how are you going to manage that?"

"Don't you start in on me, old buddy."

"Seymour, you don't understand. I'm a fan."

"Well, that's over. *Finito*. You are looking at a man who has developed a foolproof system for fidelity."

"Oh, really?"

"You're not going to believe this," he said. "Come." And he led him right into the men's room. "Lock the door."

"What for?"

"Lock the fucking door."

As soon as Joshua locked it, a beaming Seymour dropped his trousers. He was wearing black-satin panties with a delicate lace trim.

"Wow," Joshua said, whistling.

"You can look, but you mustn't touch." Seymour wiggled his bum. "What do you think?"

"Think? Who can think? I'm trying to control myself."

"Seriously, now, you'd think I was a faggot," he pleaded, "wouldn't you?"

Joshua refused to commit himself.

"Sure you would," he insisted. "Anybody would. Don't you see, you prick?"

"See what?"

"No matter how horny I get, or who I pick up wherever, I'd never pull down my pants so long as I was wearing these. Why, they're ridiculous. I'd be a laughingstock. It's my chastity belt," he said. "Absolutely foolproof."

•

Soon after, skimming through the "Personal" column in *The New York Review of Books*, Joshua had stopped short, exploding with laughter, when he read:

> ATTRACTIVE, COSMOPOLITAN, VIRILE MONTREAL MAN, early 40s, successful, literate, adventurous, seeks slender, loving ladyfriend in her 30s for sensual flights. "The grave is a fine and private place / But none I know do there embrace." Am often in N.Y.C. and Boston areas. N.Y.R. Box 142116.

Seymour, he had thought, Seymour, you shameless pig! With a bottle of Chivas Regal, Joshua sat down to formulate a reply to the ad, coy yet enticing, hinting at, if never quite spelling out, unimaginable delights, but politely requesting a letter, more concrete information, before a meeting could be arranged. This, just in case the ad had *not* been placed by Seymour. He needn't have worried. Seymour's horny reply came bouncing back in the return mail. This time, Joshua took a fetching television actress of his acquaintance and Barbara, a friend of Molly's, into his confidence. He framed a reply, appropriately salacious but delicate in manner, that suggested an exploratory rendezvous, neither party under any obligation, for late-afternoon drinks in the Maritime Bar of the Ritz.

Seymour arrived, shined, scrubbed and scented, at the appointed hour. A bottle of Mumm's, nesting in a silver bucket, was already at his side when he noticed Joshua ensconced at the bar. He waved, his smile sickly.

"Hi, Seymour. Mind if I join you?"

"As a matter of fact, yes."

"Aw, you're kidding me," Joshua said, sitting down at the table.

"Go away. Shoo," Seymour said, his manner abrupt. "I'm waiting for somebody to join me."

"Who?"

"Who who?" Seymour shot him a perplexed look. "I don't know who." Then, in a sudden burst of good humor, he laughed at himself and explained that he was meeting a blind date. "Yes, at my age. So?"

"I didn't say that. But if that's the case——"

"Wait," he said, as Joshua rose to leave. "Don't be so touchy. Sit down."

"Make up your mind."

"She will probably turn out to be awful. One of the world's crazies. Why don't you sit here with me until I. . . . She doesn't know who I am, either. It's too complicated a story to go into. OK, I'll tell you. She's one of those types who advertise in the "Personal" column of a newspaper, never mind which. I took a flier. I answered. OK, OK, I'm a terrible man."

"What have you got there?" Joshua asked, indicating a soft leather satchel beside him on the floor.

"What have I got there? A satchel. Prick."

"What's in it?"

"Fuck off, will you? I'll settle your bill."

Joshua started to get up again.

"Sit down, for Christ's sake."

"What's in the bag?"

"My equipment. Happy now?"

"*Your what?*"

"This is a complicated world we live in now. Things aren't what they used to be. So I've got to be prepared. How do I know what she fancies, a woman who advertises for it? A little S/M. Maybe not champagne, but a joint. Or a sniff of coke. Or a special kind of tickler. Who knows? Damn it, will you leave me alone?"

"I'm going."

"Just sit down here with me," Seymour said, starting each time the doors swung open. "But if I ask you to leave—suddenly—you will be a gentleman. You will understand. Oh, shit, no. This is absolutely ridiculous."

Barbara charged through the doors, big buxom Molly padding after.

"Molly, look who's here!"

"Oooh," Molly squealed.

Both ladies were laden with parcels

(concluded on page 213)

part one of an exclusive investigation for playboy

By LAURENCE GONZALES

AIRLINE SAFETY

A SPECIAL REPORT

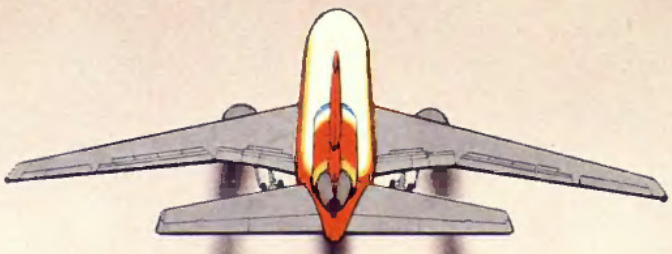
it takes a lot of people to put an airplane in the sky—but any one of them can bring it down

AUGUST 3, 1979: Grass doesn't grow here anymore. Yesterday it rained. Now the sun is out and there is a smell coming from the black, pear-shaped scar that stretches 100 yards across this green field, a smell of kerosene and ashes, like ancient lamp oil and burned insulation. And another smell, too, a strange incipient searing smell that makes you want to move away and discourages any further investigation.

The field is many acres, surrounded by high barbed wire. Grass, cornflowers, scrub oak and weeds grow wild out here. Except on this one spot. If you look closely, you can see that thousands upon thousands of pieces of white wire are embedded in the rich, black mud that sticks to your shoes as you walk along. The strands are buried deeply, as if by unimaginable force, and when you pull on them, bits of metal come out of the ground. Each length of wire pulled free unearths more and more parts, tiny electronic components, devices, shards of plastic and scraps of aluminum melted into odd shapes. Some of the fragments have identifying numbers on them and some are still painted with yellow-green inhibitor. There are rivets and bolts, nuts and doublers and a few hefty remnants as big as a man's hand. Suddenly, it dawns on you that this is not merely a bald, scarred patch of mud. It is a virtual warehouse of scrap metal, avionics, knobs, switches, dials, parts, evidence. . . .

They say there is other evidence buried here, too, and if you dig long enough, you begin to believe it. Stand on this spot and watch the jets scream past overhead and think about what you have smeared on your hands. The impulse to go on digging just disappears.

"It's spooky," a cop out here tells me, "a very spooky



spot." He should know. He has to work here. "Must be weird for you," he adds, taking great care to clean his boots of any mud clinging to them.

On May 25, 1979, about three o'clock in the afternoon, American Airlines flight 191 crashed here. When I arrived, I found the area sealed off by police. I went through a trailer park to get around the blockade. The flight had terminated right inside the Chicago Police Department's Canine Training Center. Just beyond that, the quiet community on West Touhy was laid out on nameless, tree-lined streets with double-wide trailers in rows, and beyond that were the great Standard Oil fuel-storage tanks that could have made the crash even more spectacular if that McDonnell Douglas DC-10 had been able to stay in flight for 41 instead of only 31 seconds.

As I approached the crash site from the interior of the trailer park, passing through dappled sunlight and shade, I turned a corner and came face to face with an enormous piece of the plane. It was a section of fuselage fitted for a cabin door. Apart from the fact that it was separated from the plane, it was undamaged and sat there as it might have sat in a museum, revealing nothing of the magnitude of the explosion that had put it some 150 yards from the rest of the smoking wreckage, and nothing of the damage it would have done had it landed on a trailer instead of on the narrow street.

Beyond the trailers was the entire plane, some 270,000 parts that had once been collected into a whole by 2,000,000 fasteners, bolts, nuts, rivets. The fires were out now, but the story was only just beginning for most of us.

Everyone's had the experience: You want to see it and you're sorry when you do. I couldn't connect with it then, but four of my friends had boarded that

plane. I found myself unable to react; that came later, with interest.

Yellow body bags and brightly colored flags dotted the area. There were police and helicopters, cars and equipment. There were black flags, too. The largest piece of the plane was the number-two engine, the one that runs through the vertical fin. Everything else was chips and slices, fragments and hunks, blackened beyond recognition; and when you saw something that might have been an unfortunate tree in the path of destruction, you didn't go near it. Pieces smaller than that you'd have to touch to be sure whether they were made of metal or plastic or something else altogether.

When the police picked me up, I was standing in the street by the clean, gleaming section of fuselage (so pristine it made you want to look for a plaque, MC DONNELL DOUGLAS DC-10 SERIES 10 CABIN DOOR . . .). I was put into the caged, locked back seat of a police car and driven out of the area to a blond brick building, where they determined that I was a reporter and sent me off to join the other reporters.

It's true what they say about air disasters: You've never seen anything like it, no matter what you've seen. I once covered a disaster in West Virginia. A makeshift dam broke and wiped out 18 miles of coal-mining communities. A lot of people died there, the bodies were everywhere, and the power of that water sluicing through the narrow valley had made the land look like the surface of Mercury, 90-pound railroad track in pretzel shapes. But it was nothing like the crash of flight 191—that looked like a nuclear-reactor meltdown. In West Virginia, I had seen bodies. In this field, I just saw faces.

An aircraft-accident investigator told me all about it, how it is when you're in there, really in there, going down. "You know what happens in many of these

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RON VILLANI

cases," he said. "If a person knows that he's going to die, he produces enormous tensions and pressures and literally destroys his heart muscle—not exactly destroys it but causes it to appear as a heart attack. On more than one occasion, we've had that kind of report from a coroner—you know, 'The captain died of a heart attack.' And you say, 'Oh, Christ, but did he *know* what was happening to him? Does that mean something?' Of course, it means a lot. It means that guy was all tensed up." He laughed sadly. "He knew he was going. All it says to you in essence is that it was no surprise. A guy who gets shot in the back of the head doesn't die of a heart attack. A guy who has control of the airplane, literally trying to keep it airborne, will sometimes die of a heart attack. I've seen them tear control columns right out and break them from the tension in their hands. And I've seen them break their own bones doing so."

I stood with the reporters in the heat at the departure end of runway 32 Right for a few hours, and then we were led on a tour of the site, which consisted of having us stand in the field about 50 yards from the main wreckage and reminding us from time to time not to wander off. By then, I had had enough. I snapped a few pictures—of the emergency helicopters parked behind us, the police cars, the green fields, of the unfathomable, surreal destruction and the reporters, laughing and joking about it (if you'd just happened on the scene unaware, you'd have thought someone was shooting a movie about Vietnam—the high-intensity lights they use for night work standing on their yellow-painted stalks, turned off and gleaming in the sun, as if waiting for the director to call another take). And I photographed Elwood T. Driver in his blue jump suit with the snappy insignia of the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB). He was leading the investigation and would make much news in the coming days and weeks.

Now, as I stand on this spot again, holding a two-pound piece of the DC-10 that crashed here over two months ago, Driver is a few blocks away at a hotel, chairing the hearings into why and how this happened. When the hearings began, I showed up to sit in the audience with the pilots, who moaned and groaned each time a "professional investigator" or an "expert witness" made another Orwellian statement, another improbable grope for an answer. Even chairman Driver expressed his exasperation with the nonanswers he was getting, as each group participating in the hearings attempted to blame the others for the crash, making no real attempt to generate useful information. "I feel like I am being caught in a game of dominoes," Driver said wearily when Douglas Sharman, a Federal Aviation Administration aerospace engineer, once again refused to answer a question. "One man says, 'I can't answer it, the next one will,' now Mr. Sharman tells me *he* can't answer and you tell me Mr. Foster will. We are going to run out of people pretty soon." And, of course, they did.

When I arrived on the opening day of hearings, the NTSB public-relations man shoved a ream of paper at me, saying, "Press handout." It fell open on the table in front of me and I read, "Aviation Toxicology Laboratory, Case No. 3206. . . . Received by: P. Roberts from Dr. Kirkham at 8:30 A.M., June 1, 1979. SAMPLES: One bag of bone, one jar each of skeletal muscle and hair. . . ."

I couldn't read any more. And after a time, I couldn't listen anymore to the tragic comedy of those hearings, so I've just come out to stand on this spot again, to see if what the officials tell me is true ("It's all overgrown now, they've plowed it under, reseeded it. There's nothing to see."). Well, some of it is overgrown and they did plow and rake and reseed it. But there is plenty to see (and feel and smell) and it will be a long, long time before anything grows on this spot again.

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A year has passed and the questions just get larger: If there are avoidable aircraft accidents, why aren't they avoided? If there are survivable accidents, why are there so few survivors?

If flight 191 were the only crash or if the DC-10 were the only airplane, there would be fewer questions. But the closer you look at airline travel, the more it looks like a game of angels and great good luck, rather than skill and know-how and high technology. An engineer at McDonnell Douglas told me that flying in an airliner was 115 times safer than riding in a car, 28 times safer than walking and three times safer than riding a bicycle. And I tried to tell him that, based on the same statistical manipulations, it was safer to walk the tightrope than fly his planes and it was also safer to repair your roof than to take a bath. "Well," he said, "these statistics aren't meant to be exact measures, they're to help you get some perspective. . . ." The point is, we should be looking at the problems as they happen and before they turn into major air crashes.

The airline industry (meaning not just the airlines themselves but also the airframe manufacturers, engine and component manufacturers and various Government organizations) would have you believe that airline travel is less risky than climbing into bed. Some days it is, some days it isn't. On May 25, 1979, it was 100 percent fatal for the 271 on board. The day before, on the same flight, it was 100 percent safe. Statistics can devil the hell out of you if you let them, but you pay your money and you take your chances, and in this game, undelivered goods are nonreturnable. It is therefore more instructive sometimes to put the numbers aside and look at a few unarguable examples: the actual air crashes.

Start with June 24, 1975, when an Eastern Airlines crew flew a 727 with 124 people on board into a known thunderstorm hazard on the approach to Kennedy International. The aircraft encountered a powerful wind shear called a downburst, was forced down into the approach lights, went out of control and was destroyed. Only 14 people survived at the scene; four died within a few days and one of them held on for nine days before giving up. Wind shear is a meteorological condition in which sudden changes in wind direction and/or velocity occur. An airplane, encountering such a wind change, can suddenly lose a significant amount of flying speed. Without adequate flying speed, the plane will simply return to earth. Downburst is a thunderstorm-related phenomenon that can cause wind shear. The crew of that Eastern flight had been warned about the problem. A pilot coming in ahead of the Eastern 727 said to the tower, "I'm just telling you that there's such a wind shear on the final on that runway you should change it to the northwest." Another Eastern pilot in an L-1011 had abandoned the same approach a few minutes earlier. The 727 captain, however, flew right into it.

Now, consider some amended statistics: that Eastern Airlines flight 66 on June 24, 1975, provided the passengers with an eight percent chance of getting home alive. For one of the most dangerous myths of statistics is that they hold forth the tempting notion that every flight is the same, that *each time* you board an airliner your chances of survival will be 99.9999 percent sure, which is clearly not the case. When you fly directly into a wind shear, your chances drop—along with your airplane.

Not two months later, a Continental Airlines crew did the same thing at Denver, only it was an outbound jet instead of one trying to land. Continental flight

(continued on page 142)

PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR

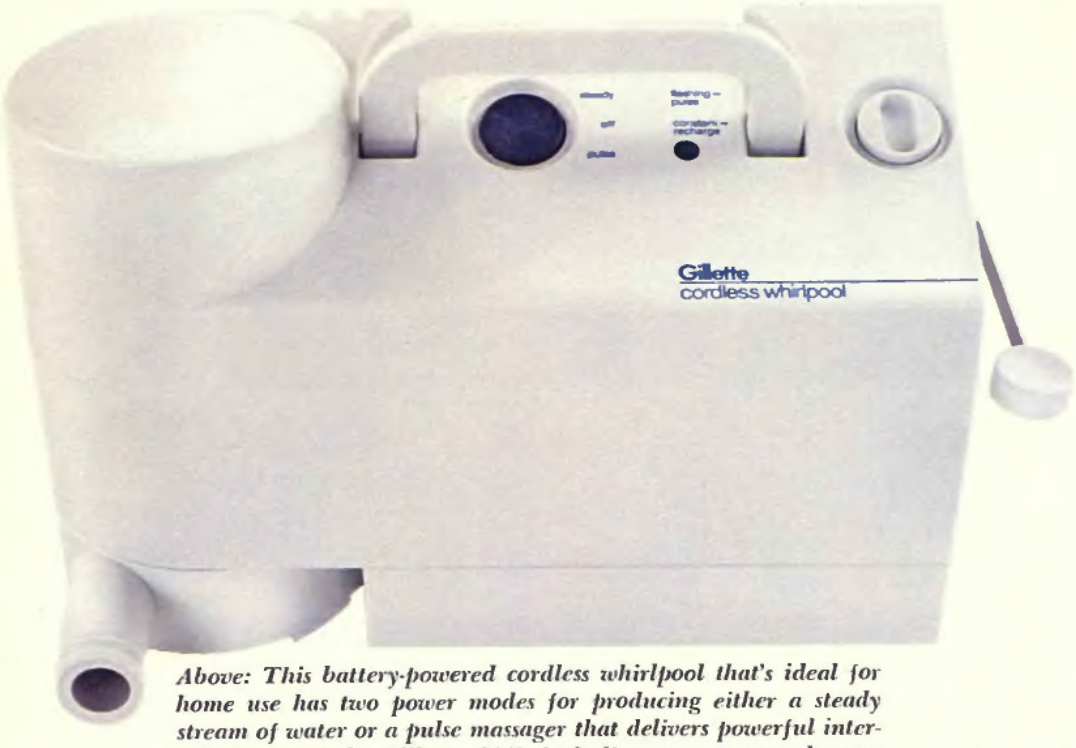
DADS & GRADS

Above: Something for the gold bug—an 18-kt. handmade bracelet that comes with your name or combination of initials engraved on it, by F. Staal, $2450.

Below: Raise high the snifters, men. We'll drink to this bottle of 80-proof Rémy Martin grande fine Napoleon cognac that's seen wood for 15 years, distributed by Glenmore Distilleries, $50.

Above: The Intelli-Phone redials busy numbers automatically and stores numbers in its memory bank, by Universal Security Inst., $200.

Below: Two 18-kt.-gold American and French passport pendants measuring ⅜" wide that were designed in Paris, $750 and $680, shown with an 18-kt. 18" chain, $170, all from Cartier, New York City.



Above: This battery-powered cordless whirlpool that's ideal for home use has two power modes for producing either a steady stream of water or a pulse massager that delivers powerful intermittent spurts, by Gillette, $145, including a compact recharger.

Above: An elegant and offbeat upright attaché case with a wooden frame and handle and an easy-to-reach outside pocket, from Alfred Dunhill of London, New York, $475.

Below: Model STR-V25 FM/AM receiver puts out 28 watts per channel; features a circuitry that pinpoints and holds the broadcast signal with superaccuracy, by Sony, $260.

Above: Ted Lapidus Pour Homme Collection of shaving gear includes a leather-trimmed case with compartments and a strap for hanging in the bathroom, $95, after-shave lotion, $16, soap, $4, and shampoo, $4.50, all distributed by Speidel.

Above: Battery-powered travel quartz alarm clock features a cover that drops down to display a world time chart, start-stop button that allows for accurate time setting, recessed setting button to avoid accidental time changes and fluorescent hands for night reading, by Braun, $55.

Left: The Soundabout stereo cassette player, a three-quarter-pound machine that's about the size of a pocket dictionary, plays standard-sized cassettes with surprising fidelity; sound is delivered through a pair of featherweight headphones and there's even a dial for adjusting the treble, by Sony, $199.95.

Above: Nine-inch portable black-and-white TV, for use at home, in a car or on a boat, comes with a rechargeable 12-volt D.C. battery pack, earphone and an adapter that enables it to be plugged into cigarette lighters, by RCA, $179.95.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

Above: A wild and crazy corkscrew clock with spiral forms that turn in a Lucite cylinder giving out hours, minutes and seconds, from The Price of His Toys, Beverly Hills, California, $250.

Above: Attashe 200 Electronic Project Kit, an adult toy, allows the owner to build up to 200 circuits, from Creative Products, $99.95.

Right: These high-velocity HV/X Stereophones feature variable-density contoured ear cushions that retain low-frequency bass notes but allow mid- and high-frequency waves to vent for better sound, by Koss, about $70.

Above: LS70 compact car speakers can handle up to 60 watts per channel, by Epicure Products, $150 a pair.

Right: Stainless-steel and 18-kt.-gold Riviera quartz watch with date and crystal is a rugged timepiece that varies less than 60 seconds a year, by Baume & Mercier, $1250.

Left: Phone-Mate's Remote 930 unit allows you to remotely back-space individual messages instantly without waiting for the entire tape to rewind and replay—plus more, $299.95.

Below: Minolta's 110 Weathermatic-A has a moistureproof case and operates under water to a depth of 15 feet, $150; the optional underwater Sportsfinder-A shown, $9.

Right: The M.U.D. desk lamp, made in Italy, takes a 50-watt quartz-halogen bulb; the lamp's bulb casing and bulb itself are so small that they merge with the stem into a curved design, from Statements, San Francisco, Cal., $300.

AIRLINE SAFETY

(continued from page 138)

"The crew isn't necessarily a trio of full-bird idiots; but they aren't steel-eyed superheroes, either."

426 was safe on the ground; all the captain had to do was wait and the thunderstorm would have gone past. Instead, he flew into the vicious winds that always surround thunderstorms. He was caught in a downburst and his plane was forced into a field off the end of the runway. The plane was destroyed.

Although there are some very sophisticated wind-shear monitors at certain airports now, numerous pilots recognize the fact that even simple wind cones, placed at various points along the approach path and the runway, could allow them to get a much clearer picture of wind conditions. But when there is a market for sophisticated monitoring equipment, the market for wind cones diminishes. And, of course, there is no real guarantee that all pilots would pay attention to the information even if they had it.

Thomas E. Gullett of Continental Airlines was captain of another 727 on June 3, 1977, when he departed Tucson, climbed to 30 feet and slammed through power lines and utility poles. "Before flight 63 started its take-off roll," said the NTSB, "the captain had clues that should have alerted him to the likelihood of a wind-shear encounter." That "should have deterred him from taking off under the conditions, especially since the wind factor was critical to remain within allowable weight limitations."

At the start of the taxi from the gate toward the runway, the flight engineer, who was computing the airplane's weight, said, "Well, we're overgrossed without wind." That meant that the plane was overloaded (by some 900 pounds, according to the NTSB) and might not lift off in the available runway length without a head wind to assist it. The captain went ahead, nevertheless.

But there's more: "All crew members," the investigators said, "were properly certificated, except the flight captain, who had not been route certified." That means he had not flown into or out of Tucson in so long that he should not have been there without a check pilot to oversee his flight. "Furthermore, a check airman, who had occupied a seat in the pilot compartment . . . did not certify as required by regulation that the captain possessed adequate knowledge of the assigned route."

The litany of incompetence goes on. The runway Gullett used was 7000 feet long, but he started his take-off roll 500 feet beyond the normal starting point, giving himself less space to work with. Captain Gullett did not realize he was starting at what is called the displaced threshold—which means there were 500 feet of runway that could not be used for landing, though he could have used the extra runway for take-off. He didn't. The NTSB observed that Continental's failure to ensure that its captain was route certified did not "lessen the captain's responsibility to have recognized the displaced landing threshold markings on [the runway] which conforms [*sic*] to the standard marking explained in the Airman's Information Manual, Part 1 [a basic text used by all pilots]. This part contains 'basic fundamentals required to fly in U. S. National Airspace System.' "

And that should help you rethink any assumptions you may have made about airline crews. Don't misunderstand this: The men piloting your ship are not necessarily a trio of full-bird idiots thinking of nothing but getting home to learn how their $100,000 a year is being invested. But they aren't always steel-eyed superheroes, either. I know a pilot who recently received approval to join United. She has 1200 hours accumulated over ten years in single-engine aircraft. She happens to be extremely competent and, of course, won't start out as a captain, but it does give you some notion about qualifications. In other words, put yourself in the pilot's place: You could do it, too. How good would you be?

Would you be like Continental's Captain Gullett? Or would you be like the captain of American Airlines flight 248 on August 5, 1977? He was flying a 707 out of San Francisco with 51 passengers on board. With a ceiling of 100 feet, the weather was bad enough to require that he fly by instrument flight rules (I.F.R.), and he was departing through what they call The Gap, a mountain pass out beyond runway 28. About 75 feet in the air, his left outboard engine exploded so violently that not only did it break away from the aircraft but it forced the left inboard engine back to idle power as well. With only two of his four engines operating normally, both on the right wing (the word unstable doesn't even apply), the pilot flew it away, got the damaged engine operating, turned around and started back to the runway. The tower called him to say that runway 28 was closed (his engine was lying on the far end of it). He called back, "Well, I don't intend to roll down there and hit it." And he landed. No one was even scratched. He got another plane and the 51 people went with him to Chicago. They had just learned one of the secrets of flying (what are the chances of that same group's losing a plane twice in one day?).

As a footnote, the cause of the engine disintegration was the use of a faulty fan. According to a crew member, the large fan at the front of the engine had been "oversped" on a previous flight, which meant it had had to be removed. American Airlines had removed it from another plane, checked it out and pronounced it airworthy. They then put it on one of the engines for flight 248. The hub cracked, releasing numerous fan blades, which exploded outward like shrapnel. However, a principal maintenance inspector for the FAA said the disintegration was the result of "normal wear and tear."

So would you be like that American Airlines captain and save 51 lives? Or would you be like Captain George T. Kunz of National Airlines? On May 8, 1978, he was flying a 727 with 52 passengers and six crew aboard, heading for Pensacola, Florida. His Class I medical certificate had the restriction that he wear glasses while flying. He wasn't wearing them. Notices to Airmen (NOTAMs) are issued by the FAA every two weeks in printed form for flight-planning purposes. It is mandatory for pilots to be familiar with these before making a trip. NOTAMs contain information critical to flying safety (how else would you know if, for example, your destination airport were closed?). The NOTAMs on May eighth said the instrument-landing system was not working on the runway Kunz planned to use; in fact, the runway was closed for repairs. Kunz was unaware of that.

Adding to his problems was the fact that Kunz previously had failed his proficiency test for descending too low on the approach. In his report, the airman who gave Kunz the check ride he failed said, "Kunz was having instrument-scan problems (sometimes referred to as tunnel vision). . . . The captain was given additional training and flew a recheck successfully."

On the night of May 8, 1978, however,

(continued on page 268)

if there's anybody more reckless than the legendary hunter thompson, it's the guys who thought they could capture his life on film

DESTINATION HOLLYWEIRD

article **By CRAIG VETTER**

BY THE TIME Art Linson and John Kaye arrived in Aspen in the summer of 1978, it looked as if the deal were actually going to happen: Universal Studios had agreed to make a movie out of a magazine story called *The Banshee Screams for Buffalo Meat*, by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson. The studio liked the idea of a low-budget comedy fictionalized out of Thompson's rip-and-slash journalism, with all its drugs and violent fantasies, its mock slander and dark humor. Thompson had spent the last half of the Sixties and the first part of the Seventies cursing after politicians, professional football players, cops and *(continued on page 182)*

"It's an honor to be a Playmate. My dad wanted me to send him the gatefold test shots."

SUGAR RAY

miss june has a sweet tooth, not to mention the rest of her

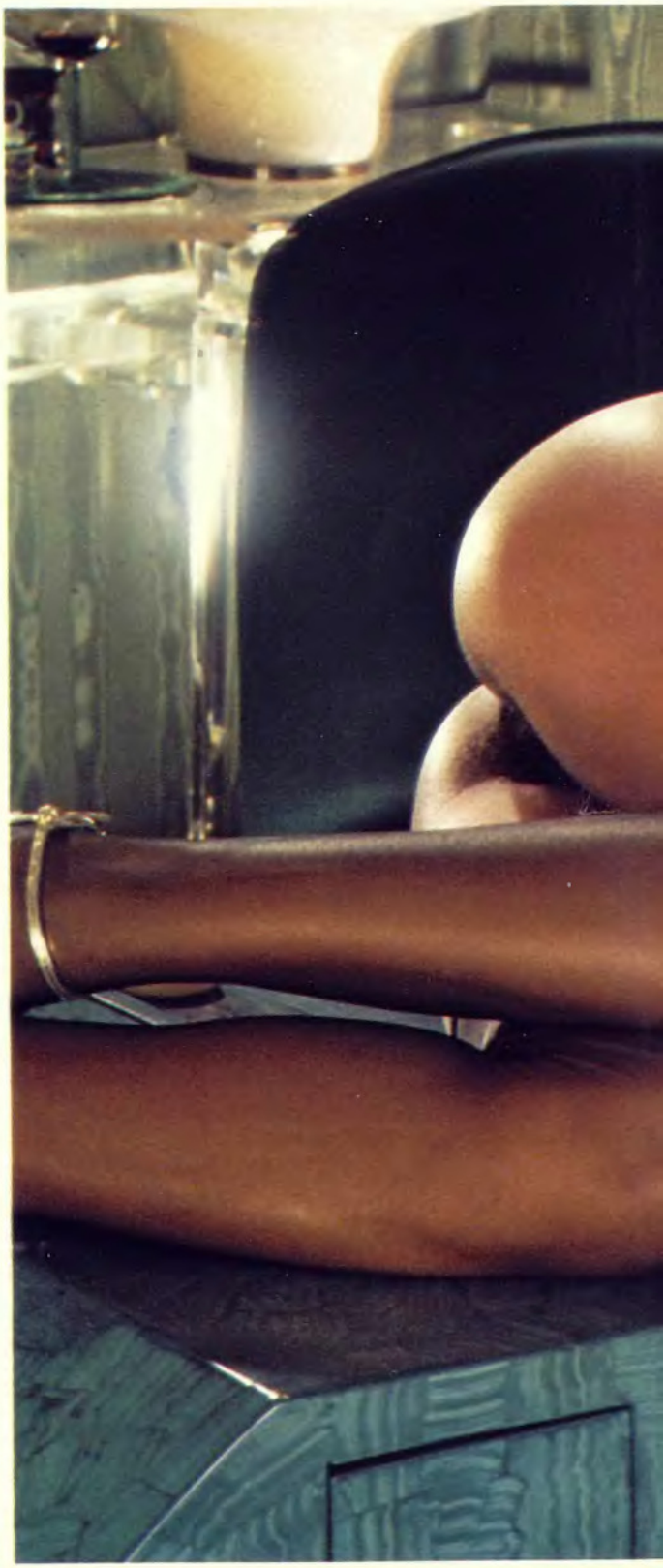
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

While in Japan, Ola developed a taste for sushi *and* sashimi. *Now that she's back in the U. S., however, she's able to indulge her sweet tooth. Forget fish.*

"I always wanted to model, but everyone said, without looking at my pictures, that I was too short. I guess I was just the right size for PLAYBOY."

Ola Ray became our Miss June by way of Japan. It's not the usual route to the centerfold, but not much Ola does *is* usual. She left the United States when she was 13, taking up residence on an Army base outside Tokyo. Her adolescence was not the normal blend of high school and happy days, à la Donny and Marie. "I formed a dancing and singing group with my twin brothers. We would hop on the train and head down to the clubs in the Ginza. We called ourselves the Soul Train Puppets. We'd sing and dance to songs by L.T.D., Earth, Wind & Fire and the Dramatics." The group was successful, playing towns from Nagasaki to Sapporo, and Ola learned to handle herself in strange situations. "A lot of the guys in the clubs belonged to the Japanese Mafia. You could tell by their tattoos. If one of their fingers was missing, it meant they'd messed up." Ola took it in stride. "Most

"Actually, I'm modest. In a Jacuzzi, I wear a bathing suit. People tease me, but I know I'm right. It makes them wonder what's underneath."



Japanese are quite nice. They are warm, close people. If we were lost, they would get in a cab and take us where we wanted to go. And the discos were terrific. In the U. S., men ask women to dance. In Japan, *everyone* gets up to dance. If someone has a new step, everyone stops and watches. The next thing you know, everyone is doing it. It's a permanent party." When Ola returned to the U. S., she continued to dance and make plans for her career. A Playmate test in Los Angeles was one step, acting, voice and dance lessons another. "I want to get back onstage. I like to wear wild clothes, to hear people clapping. I love that vibe." Our guess is that you'll be seeing more of, and hearing more from, Ola.

When she's not busy studying acting, voice and ballet, Ola finds time for fun—at Disneyland, for instance.

"I'd like to be a rock singer, with my family as the band. My mother used to have my brothers and sisters come out and entertain company. I'd like to get my situation together and bring them along."

MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Ola Ray

BUST: 34 WAIST: 26 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7 WEIGHT: 105 SIGN: Virgo

BIRTH DATE: 8/24/60 BIRTHPLACE: St. Louis, Mo.

GOALS: to be an actress, singer, dancer & to continue to be a model.

TURN-ONS: music, men, dancing & romancing health & nature.

TURN-OFFS: waiting for something that never comes.

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Michael Jackson, Donna Summer, Ben Vereen, Cory Thomas

FAVORITE MOVIES: All That Jazz,

FAVORITE SPORTS: swimming, skating, tennis & love to watch, basketball & foot ball.

FAVORITE PLACE: The beaches & The Far East.

SECRET DREAM: To be an entertainer & to one day help other young talents into the industry.

5 yrs old all smiles

16 yrs old dancing in Japan

18 yrs old fashion model

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When the fellow and his girl had an argument in a bar, he stalked out in a snit, but she soon found herself another male companion. They drank rather freely and ended up in the girl's apartment. It was right in the middle of some heavy groping that the bedside phone rang. "Pam, honey," her boyfriend's voice came over the line, "it was all my fault and I'm sorry. I hope you're not holding a grudge."

"It's the first time I've ever heard it called that," giggled Pam.

What are yore rates?" a man in a Stetson asked the Vegas hooker.

"I'm size-oriented, Tex," was her reply. "I charge fifty for average size, sixty for an oversized whang and seventy-five bucks when a guy is hung maybe nine inches."

"I'm shore sorry, then," continued the Texan, "but I don't have nothin' smaller'n a hunnerd on me."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *lesbian suspense skin flick* as a clit-hanger.

I can assure you there's nothing to be concerned about, madam," soothed the child psychologist. "Masturbation in the case of a boy of your son's age is quite normal."

"Perhaps," rejoined the woman, "but not in church!"

A magician who hailed from Hohokus
Found his act an exciting new focus
When two girl volunteers
Triggered audience cheers
By insisting, "First hocus—then poke us!"

Maybe you've heard about the jet-setting fellatrice whose sex drive knows no climatic zones. She blows hot and cold.

Wanna see how brave I am?" snickered the boy to the girl as he wriggled out of his nether garments behind the barn and sat down on a tree stump. "Look, I'm holding a snake in my lap!"

"That's sure not much of a snake," the girl te-heed. "Its head is way too close to its rattles."

While the female psychiatrist and her girlfriend were at the movies, the man seated next to the M.D. began groping in his crotch with one hand while he artfully worked the other under her skirt and between her thighs. "For God's sake, Vera," the observant and shocked friend hissed, "why don't you tell that creep that what he's doing is revoltingly sick?"

"Why should I?" whispered the lady shrink. "He isn't a patient of mine."

It's being rumored that the country that has given the world leather goods by Gucci and fashions by Pucci may soon be producing feminine-hygiene products by—who else?—Ducci.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *merkin salesman* as a fuller-bush man.

The girls in that Lambda Sigma sorority are a bunch of cock teasers," groused the disgruntled campus male.

"Right," agreed his listener, "and that's why it's known as the Halfway House."

I found a good, stiff martini in a bar in Venice," announced the returned female tourist. "His first name was Paolo."

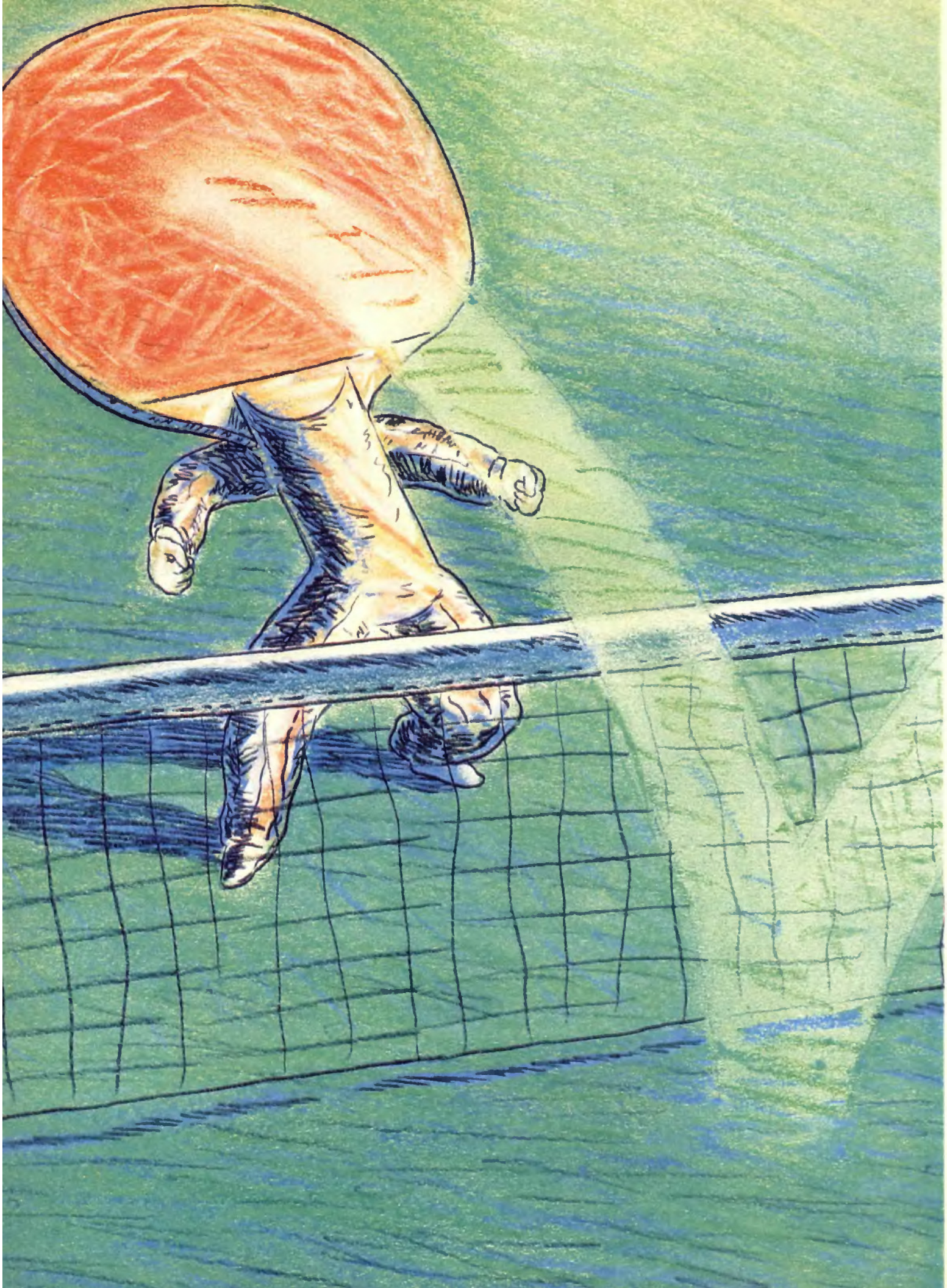
Gosh, Mr. Travis," the young thing said to her boss as they were leaving the motel in the wee, small hours, "tonight you did it in *triplicate*!"

I'm sorry I accused you of being a fag," the tavern regular apologized to the newcomer. "At times, I'm a . . . well, to put it bluntly, I'm a prick—a real prick!"

"That's all right, friend," responded the apologizee. "We all sometimes say things we later regret . . . so how'd you like to have me eat your words?"

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.*

*"I'm going out the hatch and take a shot at it—
they're delicious with garlic butter."*



in the daily sport of give and take, master negotiator herb cohen is a champ. you can be, too

WINNING THROUGH NEGOTIATION

article **By ANDREW TOBIAS**

HERBERT COHEN, 47, teaches the art of negotiation. One day he conducts his seminar at the FBI ($1650), then makes much the same speech to the Food Marketing Institute ($2000) and then—all in the same day—fields questions for five and a half hours, from midnight to 5:30, on network radio. The day before, he was in Sault Sainte Marie; the day before that, in Toronto. In the next two weeks, he will be in Chicago (home base), Washington, Hyannis, Chicago again, Sands Point, Ottawa, Rochester, Manhattan, White Plains and Peoria. Typical weeks. After that,

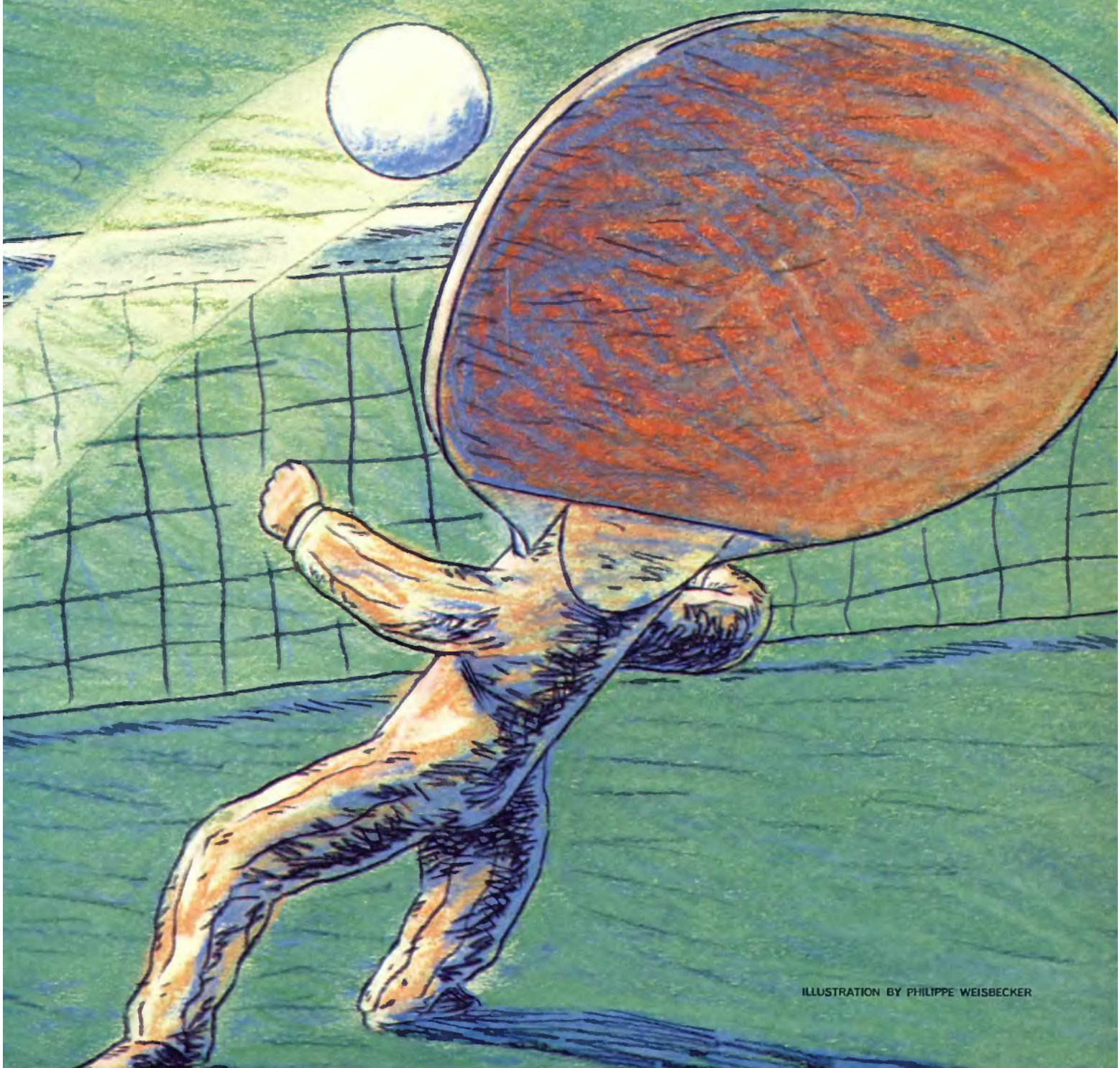


ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIPPE WEISBECKER

he will be at the State Department, counseling on Iran and Afghanistan, and will even get a handshake and a word of thanks from the President of the United States.

Figuring an average of $2500 in fees per day (expenses are billed separately), and his working 250 days a year (his datebook is full through 1981), one estimates that Herb Cohen—former wise-ass kid from the streets of Brooklyn, former claims adjuster for Allstate Insurance (while he attended law school at night)—must now gross about $625,000 a year. And, says his wife, fees are going up. He charges the Justice Department "only" $6000 for a two-and-a-half-day seminar on negotiation and leadership, because he likes the work; the National Dairy people, on the other hand, were milked to the tune of $4000 for a single day's program. Whatever drives him, he is like an author on an eternal book tour or a politician whose campaign never ends. "It's not the money," he is fond of saying (meaning money as a way to buy things); "it's the *money*" (meaning money as a way to keep score). It may also have something to do with Cohen's ego, which is not small, and his upbringing—he is the son of hard-working immigrant parents.

Cohen looks and talks exactly like Walter Matthau (except when he does a sort of Buddy Hackett); he greets every audience with the news that we are *all* negotiators, from the time we first cry for our mother's attention; and will leave us, his voice resonating with solemnity, recalling "two men who lived 2000 years ago, two of the greatest negotiators in the history of the world—of course, I am talking to you about Jesus Christ and Socrates."

In between, whether it be a dessert-and-coffee engagement or a two-day management seminar, Cohen is a Catskills comedian whom we half expect, after every sketch, to bow, thank the crowd and disappear behind a curtain. Instead, his voice and diction turn suddenly oratorical—"And so I say to you"—as he reiterates the point of his story. You must be an entertainer first, Cohen says, and a teacher only second, if you want people to learn.

It is an open question whether or not attendees actually do learn to negotiate more effectively and, if so, whether or not they will ever have a chance to try out what they've learned. But they never fall asleep in class.

A senior vice-president of Chase Manhattan Bank wrote to Cohen: "Without a doubt, your sessions on 'negotiation' were the absolute high spot of the two-week [Chase Advanced Management Course]. . . . In fact, I've already put to use one of your tactics. . . . I felt we were being 'diddled' by a key New York City official in our negotiation. We broke off any further talks. This triggered certain responses which brought matters back into better focus and cleared the air for further negotiations." In other words, they creamed New York.

Another fellow claims to have saved $3500 on the purchase of his home, thanks to Cohen's lecture.

The mayor of Tulsa wrote: "Your presentation [to a conference of mayors in 1978] had a greater impact on me than anything I have had since becoming mayor." The FBI loves him. The mayor of New Orleans calls whenever he gets into a jam. Mexicans listen to him eagerly through translation. Private individuals pay $225 to attend the one-day public seminars he sometimes gives.

Having watched the Herb Cohen show three or four times, twice live, once on tape and piecemeal in hotel suites, I give it to you here—not complete, to be sure; but not for $4000, or even $225, either.

•

Cohen, dressed like a banker—Walter Matthau as community leader—begins a bit stiffly from the lectern.

"Persistence is to power," he says, "what carbon is to steel. If a rat gnaws long enough at a dike, it could sink an entire nation. This is how the Camp David peace accords were put together. Jimmy Carter, in my opinion, is a highly moral individual. High moral convictions. However"—and suddenly Cohen is banker no longer—"he is also one of the most boring people in the history of this country. So he got Begin and Sadat to go to Camp David. Camp David is a very boring place itself. It's not what you'd call a swinging modern-day Sodom and Gomorrah. He got 13 people up there with two bicycles and three films, so by the fifth day, they had seen all those films and had to helicopter in a fourth. He'd come around every day and say, 'Hi, I'm Jimmy Carter. Let's talk for another five boring hours.' And if you were Sadat and Begin, obviously, you would have signed anything to get out of there, and that's what they did.

"I think, to some extent, the same thing was true in the Middle East. Carter would leave—he was supposed to leave—no, he's gonna stay a little while longer. In fact, I think he'd still be there, but to his credit, the persistence paid off. I think he achieved a great deal."

And when did "concession behavior," as Cohen calls it, occur? When it *always* occurs—at the deadline. Cohen learned this lesson and the importance of time and deadlines many years ago—before he went to work for Allstate, before he was promoted to handle the training of all claims adjusters, before he left ten years ago to set up his Power Negotiations Institute.

COHEN'S FIRST NEGOTIATION

"Twenty years ago, I was employed by an outfit that was operating internationally. I was not, but the organization was." Cohen jumps off the dais and begins working the crowd. "I had one of those top management jobs where they would say, 'Hey, Cohen—two with cream, two with sugar.' You know—one of those key spots. And people would come back from overseas . . . you'd meet them for breakfast—'Where you been?' And they'd say, 'Aw, just got back from Singapore; pieced together this $9,000,000 deal.' Somebody else—'Where you been?' 'Abu Dhabi. Where *you* been?' What could I say? 'Well, I went to the zoo . . . the aquarium. . . .' I used to go in to my boss every Friday and ask for a shot at the big time. I bothered this person so much that eventually he sent me to Tokyo to deal with the Japanese. This was my moment.

"I'm on a plane on my way to Tokyo. It's a 14-day negotiation. I've taken along all these books on the Japanese mentality, their psychology. I'm really gonna do well. Plane lands in Tokyo, I'm the first guy down the ramp. I'm raring to go. Three little Japanese guys [at one time, Cohen weighed in excess of 200 pounds; now 155] are waiting for me at the foot of the ramp and they're bowing. I liked that quite a bit. Then they helped me through customs, they put me in this large limousine, sitting there in the rear all by myself, and they're sitting on those fold-up seats. I say, 'Why don't you guys join me?' They say, 'Oh, no—you're an important person. You need your rest.' We're driving along and one of them turns around and says, 'By the way, do you know the language?' I say, 'You mean Japanese?' They say, 'Right. That's what we speak. This is Japan.' I say no. They say, 'Are you concerned about getting back to your plane on time?' Up to that moment, I have not been concerned. They say, 'Would you like this limousine to pick you up?' I say, 'Oh, yeah,' and hand them my ticket.

"Now, I don't realize it at the time, but what's happened? *They know my deadline, but I don't know theirs.*

"So we start negotiating, or I think we do. The first seven days, they send me to Kyoto to visit the shrine, they enroll me in an English-language course in Zen, they . . . I'm begging these guys to negotiate. They say, 'Plenty of time.'

"We finally start the 12th day. We end early, play golf. The 13th day, we resume. End early for the farewell dinner. The morning of the 14th day, we resume in earnest and just as we

(continued on page 240)

GO LIKE THE WIND!

as a breezy alternative to the ubiquitous bikini, fuller-cut trunks are back in the swim of things

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

THE OLD MIES VAN DER ROHE dictum "Less is more" definitely doesn't apply to men's swimwear styles this summer, as fuller-cut trunks have resurfaced in a variety of styles. Why? Primarily because trunks can be worn comfortably for different types of sports activities, from bicycling to wind surfing. But not to worry, Mr. Goodbodies, the latest styles are a lot spiffier-looking than what Frankie Avalon used to sport on Bikini Beach. Bold colorations and unusual fabrics make for handsome and practical swimwear that easily doubles as a pair of exercise shorts. That's *two* very good reasons to stock up.

The sport of wind surfing has really taken off—as have trunk styles in swimwear; here, a pair of nylon/ciré trunks, about $17.50, worn with a matching hooded jacket with twin cargo pockets, about $35, both by John Weitz for State o' Maine.

Below: Another surfer takes a wind break and creates quite a splash—as do his polyester/cotton trunks with on-seam side pockets, by Catalina, $18. Insert far left: Before casting your fate to the winds, you'd jolly well better fasten the mast's safety leash to the board, as this lad is preparing to do while wearing poly crepe de Chine boxer-type trunks with on-seam side pockets and elasticized waist, by David Leong, $25. Insert left: Out on the briny, it's just the breeze, your craft and thou—and, of course, a colorful pair of Antron/nylon swim trunks with contrasting trim and snap-front pocket, by Catalina, $19.

Above: Here's a new fashion wave to ride—a cotton/polyester velour V-neck long-sleeved pullover with on-seam pockets, $30, that's been teamed with iridescent Antron/nylon shorts, $14, both by Jantzen. Below: This wave jockey has set his wind-surfing sights on an iridescent Antron/nylon acetate shirt with a handy breast pocket, $55, and a pair of nylon swim trunks that have a back pocket, $30, both by Lee Wright for Lanerossi. Right: More wind-surfing action in corduroy trunks with a snap flap pocket, from Forge by Munsingwear, $17.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

THE GOOD GUYS

after watching a big-city police force at work, the author has one thing to say about cops—they may not wear white hats, but they sure have a right to

ONE OF THE TWO detectives motions me to the side of the doorway. For a moment, I'm confused, and then I understand—the gentleman we are calling upon might very likely decide to fire a gun through the door at us.

The gentleman's name is Willie and he is the prime suspect in the near-fatal stabbing of a woman named Barbara. Willie's apartment is on the sixth floor of a freezing, filthy building with little piles of dog turds in the hallways.

The two detectives are both Irish, both big. Both wear sports coats and ties and identical tan raincoats. Their names are Jack Monigan and Danny O'Sullivan, and if you saw them on TV, you would say the casting was too on the nose and why couldn't they get anybody who looked *real*? Monigan is the more extroverted of the two and has kept up an endless stream of amusing chatter. Now he falls momentarily silent and bangs on the door.

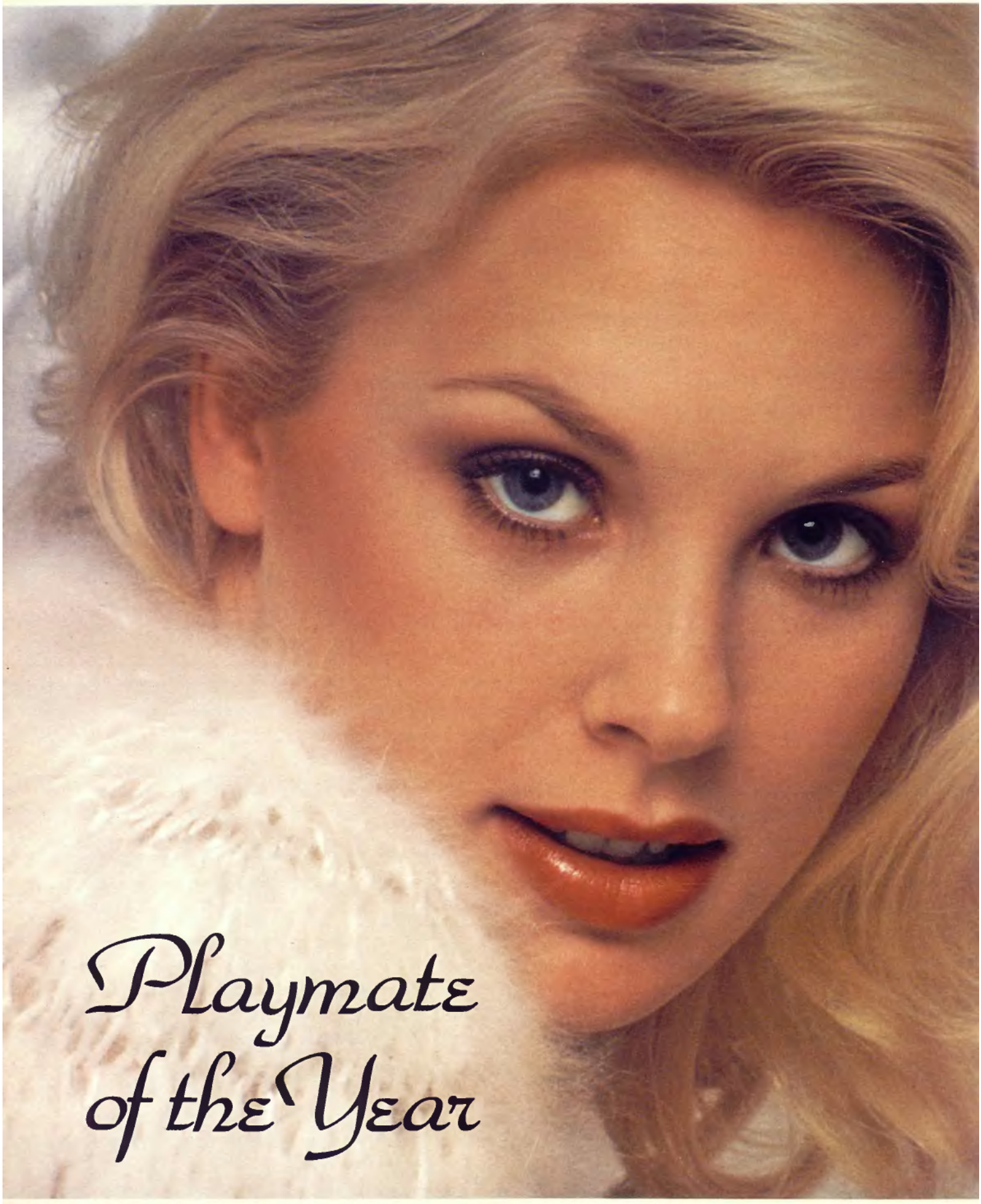
There is no response. Monigan calls out Willie's name and hammers on the door so loudly that anybody inside has to think the door is coming in on him. Still no response. After about five sustained minutes of banging and listening, it is clear to me that Willie is out and that we are wasting our time. That is when somebody inside stirs and gruffly asks who's there. Monigan says it's the police and that we have to talk to him immediately.

The door is opened by a very short, very powerfully built black man with a bare chest. He has obviously been asleep, though it is scarcely nine P.M.

"Hi, Willie," says Monigan, breezing into the small, shabby apartment with O'Sullivan and me close behind him, and the endless stream of amusing chatter is switched on again, with Monigan commenting on the decor and on the lack of heat and asking what Willie pays for rent and asking how old Willie is and observing *(continued on page 188)*

article **BY DAN GREENBURG**

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES SHIELDS


Playmate
of the Year

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY MARIO CASILLI

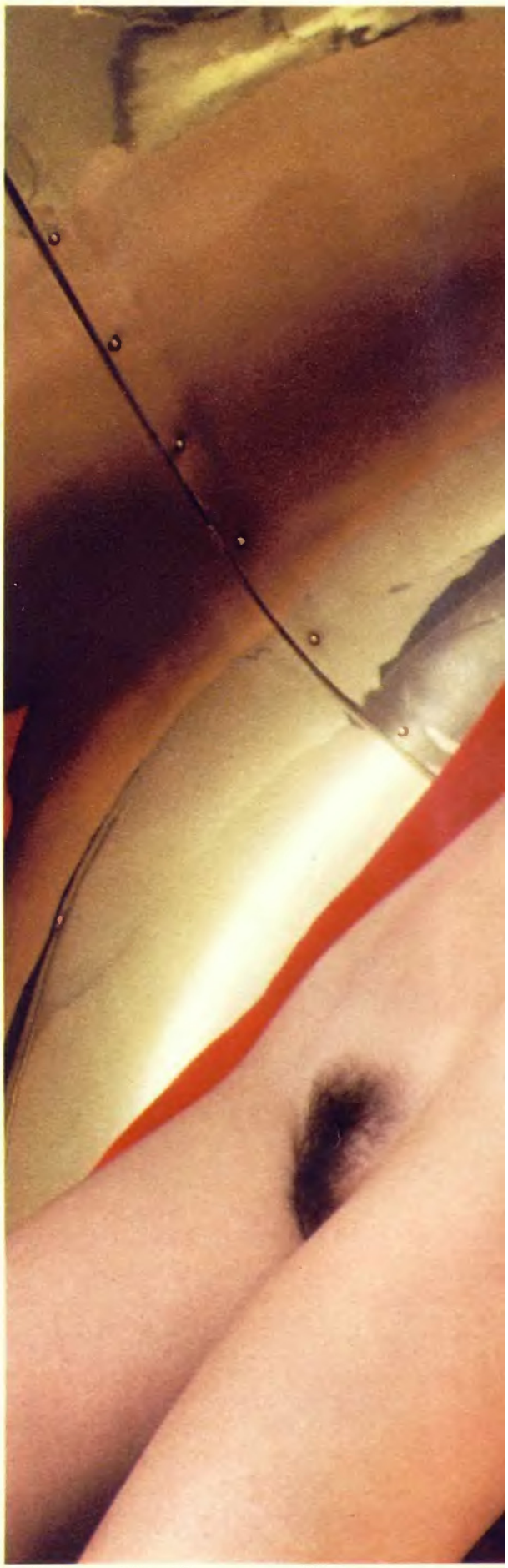
we really know how to pick 'em; blonde bombshell dorothy stratten, compiling a sheaf of film and tv credits, is shaping up as one of the decade's brightest new stars

Born and raised in Vancouver, British Columbia, Dorothy Stratten first came to our attention in 1978, during our Great Playmate Hunt.

PLAYMATE of the Year? Are you *sure*?" Dorothy Stratten asked in disbelief when we told her the good news, that out of 12 terrific gatefold girls, she had been chosen by PLAYBOY's editors to be the Eighties' first Playmate of the Year. Even after we reassured her that it was, indeed, true, the reality of it still did not quite sink in. But then, ever since she graced our gatefold last August, Dorothy has been living in what can best be described as a Hollywood fairy tale, so she's no stranger to feelings of disbelief. Her career as an actress, a career that began only one short year ago, has proceeded with the velocity of a whirlwind and put the name Dorothy Stratten in solid position as one of the few emerging film goddesses of the new decade. In Hollywood, where countless thousands of aspiring actresses compete for even the smallest of roles, Dorothy has, in a short time, amassed a list of credits that sounds as if she's been hoofing the pavement for at least ten years. A few excerpts from the scenario: Fade in to Vancouver, *(text concluded on page 227)*

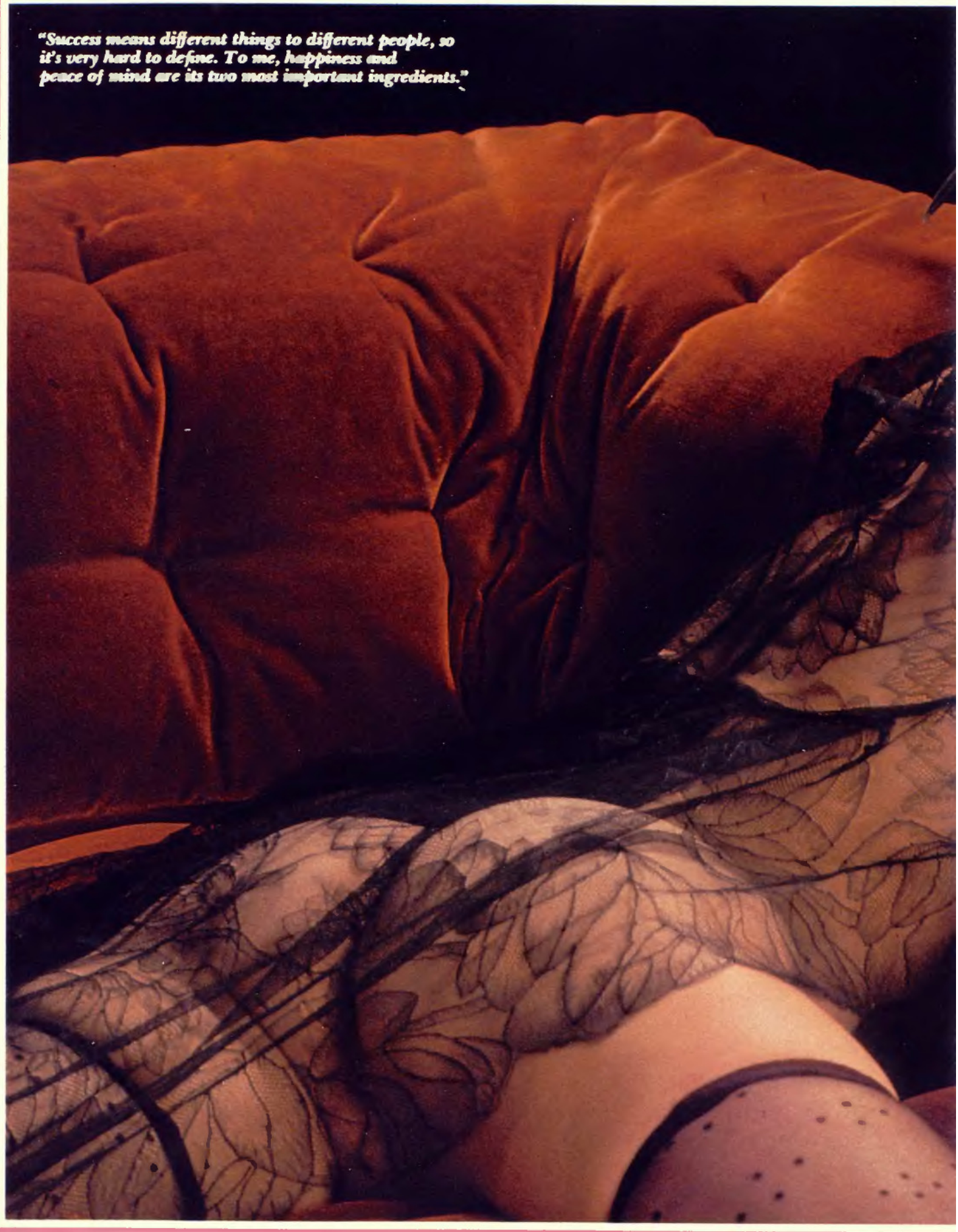
"The first thing I plan to do with my Playmate of the Year money is buy some property," says Dorothy. "A place roomy enough for a lot of pets." Knowing of Dorothy's love of animals, PLAYBOY *included among her gifts a Shih Tzu puppy (pictured with Dorothy below left), which she named Marston (which also happens to be Hugh M. Hefner's middle name).*

"To make it in Hollywood, you have to really want it and be very, very dedicated. No one's going to come up to you and say, 'I'm going to make you a star.'"



"Hollywood hasn't changed my values or my personality, but it has certainly made me wiser. I've gained five years of experience in 18 months."

"Love is my first priority—it's a home to retreat to after the rigors of the day. If you're involved in the movie business, it's not easy to keep a relationship going."


"Success means different things to different people, so it's very hard to define. To me, happiness and peace of mind are its two most important ingredients."

"Hey, Taki, I need a little excitement in chapter nine of my autobiography."

the land of cocaine

a 13th Century French poem

Far across the sea from Spain
Lies the land they call Cocaine.
No other land beneath the sun
Provides such goodness, wealth and fun.
Heaven's merry, true and bright,
But yet Cocaine's a fairer sight;
For what is there in heaven to see
Save green grass and shrubbery?
Heaven's joy I shan't dispute,
But there's nought to eat but fruit.
There are no taverns and, what's worse,
There's only water for your thirst!

In Cocaine, you eat and drink
Without a waste of time to think.
The wine is clear, the meat is prime,
Breakfast, lunch or suppertime.
Verily, this truth I tell,
Cocaine is the nonpareil
Of all your countries; only she
Supplies such boundless jollity.
There's no fly or flea or louse
To vex your clothing, bed or house,
Nor is there thunder, sleet or hail,
No vile worm or slimy snail.
There is neither wind nor rain.
Everybody feels no pain.
O land of glee without a care!
Oh, happy those who settle there,
Where the rivers, great and fine,
Flow honey, oil, sweet milk and wine.
For water's uses there are two:
Bathing and a pleasant view;
Or, perhaps, to quench the root
Of the tree that bends with fruit.

And there are birds of every pale,
The throstle, thrush and nightingale;
Green woodpecker and the lark
Grow fat on berries and sweet bark
And praise Cocaine with all their
might,
Singing through the day and night.
There are other birds, to wit,
Geese precooked and on the spit,
That fly to table from the pot
And call, "Goose, goose! All hot! All
hot!"
Pausing just to dress themselves
With garlic from the pantry shelves,
While larks so juicy, fat and young
Drop like candy on your tongue.
Golden, delicately done,
Spiced with clove and cinnamon.
As for your wine, no need to call:
Reach out and take it! That is all.

In an abbey on a height
Live monks who wear the gray and white,
And when these monks arise for Mass,
All the windowpanes of glass
Shine like crystal, clear and bright,
Giving them more kindly light.
And when the Masses have been said
And all the books aside are laid,
Back to glass the crystal goes
And through it only faint light glows.
The young monks, after meals each day,
Make their way outside to play.
There's no graceful hawk that flies

Swifter through the endless skies
Than these young monks, high as they
please
In their full hoods and outstretched
sleeves.
When the abbot sees them fly,
It brings a twinkle to his eye,
But he must signal, stern and strong,
So they'll land for evensong.
But they do not heed his words,
Soaring off like startled birds.
Thus, when the abbot sees that he
Is not obeyed, across his knee,
Up he turns a local maid,
With all her lily tush displayed,
And drums a message with his hand,
Calling them to come and land.
When the monks behold this sight,
All around the wench their flight
Begins to circle as they spot
Their favorite roost, her downy twat.
Easing in, they tightly perch
Outside the doors of Mother Church
And come to make their true confession
In a straight and long procession.

Another abbey lies nearby,
A great and lovely nunnery,
Just by the river of sweet milk,
In a fair place of spice and silk.
On a sunny summer day,
The young nuns come outside to play
And lay aside their heavy habits—
All unguarded by their abbess!
Wading farther from her care,
They remove their underwear,
And now, as naked as they wish,
They swim as skillfully as fish.
Slowly down the stream they glide,
While young monks at the riverside
Begin expectantly to flock.
Each one leaves behind his frock,
Picks a nun and quickly hoists her
On his shoulder to the cloister
To teach her a new catechism
With up-and-down iambic rhythm.
Monks who would be valiant studs
And who correctly wear their hoods
Shall have, with neither guilt nor fear,
Twelve such postulants each year,
Not by grace but by all right
Due reward for their delight.
And that one monk who sleeps the best
And takes most pleasure from his rest?
Satan's fork shall never stab at
This holy man: He'll be next abbot!

Thus, ye who wish to see Cocaine
Must endure a trial by pain:
Seven summers you must sit
In a pile of piggy shit
That reaches slightly past your chin—
And after that, we'll let you in!
O ye good and worthy men,
We pray no fatal accident
Will keep you from this holy penance—
Sweet Cocaine could stand more
tenants!
Once you're in, we lock the door
And you're here forevermore!
Pray God to cleanse you of your sin,
For sainted Charity, Amen!

—Translated and adapted
by R. S. Gwynn

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

HOLLYWEIRD

(continued from page 143)

"Thompson ran for sheriff on the promise that if elected, he'd allow his deputies to eat mescaline."

motorcycle thugs, and the cinematic possibilities seemed endless—and very American.

Universal especially liked the part about the low budget, which meant around $4,000,000, because the studio accountants figured that when the movie was through in the theaters, it could be sold to television for at least $3,000,000, and then about the only way they could lose money on the deal would be for someone to hold up their wheelbarrow on the way to the bank.

Linson was producing the movie, and he was a good bet, too. He was 37 years old and had made three feature films, one of which was *Car Wash*, a certifiable monster on which he'd spent $2,000,000, from which Universal got back about $10,000,000. That gave him a certain amount of juice in the negotiations, and when he told them he wanted to direct this one *as well as* produce it, they said fine and gave him the money to buy the screen rights.

Thompson took their check and told them he had been through that before and didn't believe the movie would ever be made, which was fine with him, he said. Linson assured him he was wrong this time. He was proud of his reputation for getting unlikely stories and characters onto film, and he told Thompson that he was about to hire a screenwriter and that the three of them ought to meet in Colorado to see if they liked one another enough to go ahead.

Kaye was the writer. He and Linson had gone to school together at Berkeley, and they had collaborated on two movies. Neither *Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins* nor *American Hot Wax* was particularly successful, but Linson and Kaye worked well together—which was going to be especially important on this one, because, along with the usual wind shifts and tide changes that worry every Hollywood production, they'd be dealing with a man who was said to be a dangerous loon who could turn on them at any moment and blow their project to rags. The only thing they knew for sure was that he would spend the money they gave him.

So the two of them had come to Aspen to take their iffy deal one more careful step: to meet the famous inventor of Gonzo Journalism on his own turf, to stay up late with him, to hang out at the Hotel Jerome and get a little twisted, maybe. To see if the outrageous behavior they had read about and heard about was real or just the product of an imagination that had stayed too long at the pharmacy.

Kaye was skeptical. He had read *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, and the book about the Hell's Angels, and the one about the 1972 Presidential campaign; he knew that the man who had written those things had to be somewhat disordered. But surely the books were hyperbole. He couldn't be *that* wild—could he?

Well, yes he could, it turned out, and when Kaye tells the story of that first meeting, he chain-smokes, and fidgets, and works himself into a nervous sweat all over again.

Thompson had flown home to Aspen from Champaign-Urbana, Illinois, where he had made one of his campus appearances. His mood is never very good after these so-called lectures, and, in fact, he often tells his rapt college audiences that he does these gigs only to pay for his drugs—that otherwise he hates everything about them. This trip had been no exception, and he came off the plane raving to a stranger next to him about the flight and at least six other things. He had on a Mexican shirt and his L. L. Bean walking shorts and his tennis shoes, and all 6'3" of him was festooned with bags and pouches. Linson and Kaye met him in the waiting area and after quick introductions, the three of them went out front to a huge rented Oldsmobile parked in a loading zone.

"I better drive," said Thompson. "I know the roads." Kaye got in the back seat, Linson in front. Thompson took the wheel, started the engine and looked around, but there was nowhere to go: They were sandwiched between a parked car and an airport shuttle van. Thompson put his head out the window and yelled over his shoulder, "Move that fucker!" When there was no response, he put the car in reverse and rammed the van. Kaye says he didn't believe what was happening. Neither did the driver of the van, who could do nothing but sit there helplessly with his load of frightened people as they were all pushed backward by this lunatic smoking a cigarette through a holder and looking very much as if their terror meant nothing to him. When he had room, Thompson fishtailed the car through the parking lot and out onto the road to Woody Creek.

Linson said nothing. He was sitting on the edge of the seat, his body stiff, his hands against the dashboard. When Thompson got the car up near its top speed, Kaye, who is a nervous man anyway, had to speak. "Hunter," he said, "this is insane. You *have* to slow down. I've never been with anyone who drives like this. You're scaring me shitless."

"Don't worry about a thing," said Thompson. "You're perfectly safe. I'm prouder of my driving than I am of my writing. If I spun out on one of these turns, it would be much more embarrassing than anything that could happen to me on a writing level."

Saying that, he came out of a wide turn and opened the machine all the way up. Then, at 75 miles an hour on a road marked for 40, they passed a sheriff's deputy who was parked on the shoulder.

"He must have been fucking *astonished*," says Kaye when he tells the story. "We went past him like a shot. My first thought was, We're all going to jail. We had everything in the car: coke, weed, booze. I sat there thinking, Great. I've been with this guy for 20 minutes and I'm *history*."

By the time the deputy pulled them over, they had managed to stuff an open bottle of Wild Turkey under the seat. When the cop reached the window, Thompson said, "What's wrong?"

"You've committed a very serious speeding violation," said the officer.

"What? Speeding?"

"Let me see your driver's license."

"Why not?"

While the cop ran the license, and while Linson and Kaye tried to decide to whom they would make their telephone calls, Thompson said, "This deputy must be new. Most of them know me."

The men at headquarters knew him, all right, some of them going back to 1970, when Thompson himself had run for sheriff on the promise that if he were elected, he'd allow his deputies to eat mescaline on slow days and also have them tear up the streets of Aspen with jackhammers and replace the asphalt with sod. He shaved his head and campaigned with an American flag around his shoulders, and finally, he came close enough to victory to frighten a lot of people in the valley, including himself. Whatever they told the deputy, he was back from his radio in no time at all, telling them to move on and to have a nice day.

"That was my first *half hour* with him," says Kaye.

Seventy-two hours later, the boys from Hollywood, as they were being called around town, had done about all the running with Thompson they could stand. They had barely slept and they hadn't eaten much, except for some strawberry mescaline that was working

(continued on page 230)

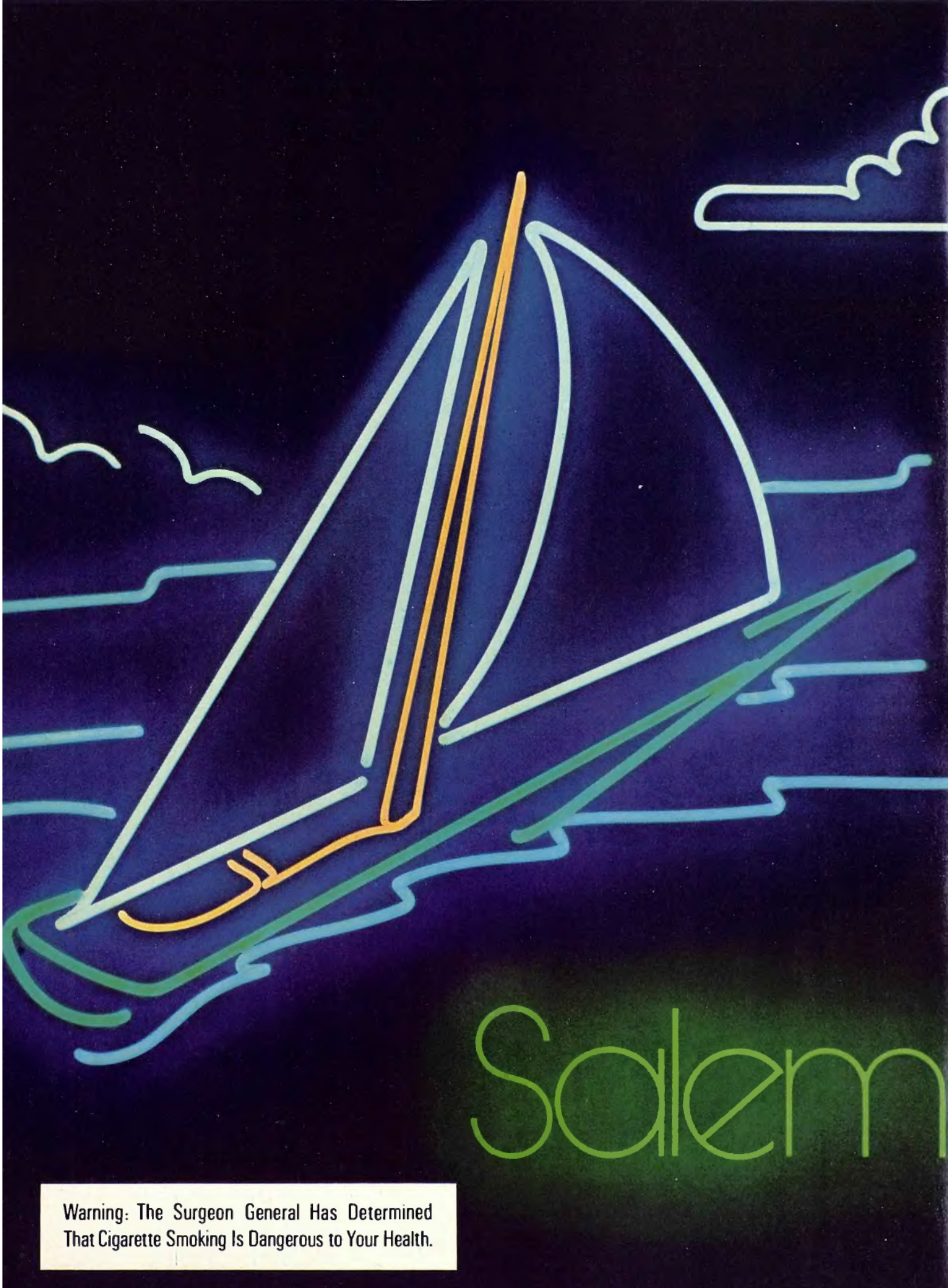
food and drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

ICE CREAM is the generation-gap bridge—we *all* scream for ice cream. But on occasion, the sophisticated adult palate wants something beyond vanilla, chocolate or strawberry—spiked ice-cream concoctions laced with pungent whiskeys, redolent rums and radiant liqueurs. These zingy spirited *glaces* could be the greatest stimulus to conviviality since Alice B. Toklas salted *(continued on page 202)*

to liven up the long, hot summer, try ice cream—with a kick

COLD & SPIKED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR



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

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LEROY NEIMAN

•SKETCHBOOK•

COCKFIGHTING IN THE PHILIPPINES

COCKFIGHTING dates back to 1000 B.C. and until the last century, it was a favorite gambling pastime of the English. Today, cockfights are popular among some Asian and most Hispanic cultures. They're illegal in most of the U. S., but in Latin areas of large American cities and in many rural areas, they are still staged secretly. In the Philippines, Puerto Rico and Thailand, cockfighting is a big-league sport. In Manila, large arenas are devoted to cockfighting and every Sabbath, they're crammed to hysterical capacity. Ironically, American-bred fighting cocks are the most highly esteemed and are imported from the Southern U. S. A feathered gladiator born to fight and die gloriously, the noble gamecock is aggressive and fearless. Once in the pit, Filipino gamecock handlers get their steel-spurred warriors ready for combat by holding them by their tail plumage and letting them get just close enough to peck each other's neck feathers. When both birds are fighting mad, they're released and they fly wildly at each other, jumping and slashing, feathers flying—then, blood. The winning bird struts away and boisterously crows in victory. In contrast to those of the old English, who revered the fighting cock and never ate it, the losing gamecock in Manila will end up in a pot of boiling water. —L.N.

GOOD GUYS

(continued from page 166)

"Drunken derelicts and heroin addicts and muggers and packs of wild dogs roam the streets after dark."

that Willie is in great shape for a man of 52, all the while swiftly and professionally scanning the place for possible ambushes, and then, quite conversationally, winding up with: "So, Willie, Barbara says you stabbed her in the back—that true?"

Willie reacts to Monigan's question with bemused tolerance. "Oh, no, no, Ah didn' stab Barbara," he says. "In fac', Ah only heard about it after she was in the hospital for two days."

Monigan suddenly wheels around and faces the adjoining bedroom. "Is there somebody in there?" he says. "Come on out, I want to talk to you."

Slowly, sheepishly, a huge black woman with a deep scar over her right eye and a gigantic pair of breasts drifts out of the darkened bedroom.

"Why, *Barbara*," says Monigan, "what are *you* doing here?"

Barbara looks embarrassed.

"Barbara," says O'Sullivan, "is this the man who stabbed you?"

"Oh, no, this not the man," Barbara mumbles, studying a small speck of lint on her dressing gown. Willie smiles at us, apparently satisfied that the confusion has been cleared up.

"Who stabbed you, Barbara?" says Monigan.

"Somebody in the street," says Barbara. "Ah don' know who."

"You said in the hospital that it was Willie who stabbed you," says Monigan. "You said, 'Willie stabbed me and I'm going to cut his heart out.' That's what you said. You really mean to tell us you don't know who stabbed you?"

Barbara inspects a rip in her gown. There is a longish silence. She sighs.

"Ah knows who stabbed me," she says quietly.

Monigan and O'Sullivan look at each other, at me, at Barbara, at Willie.

"OK," says Monigan. "OK, then. Look, Willie, just don't do it again. OK?"

We leave and start back down the six flights of stinking steps.

"Well, it's between the two of *them* now," says O'Sullivan to me. "This, by the way, is not at all an uncommon type of stabbing."

•

It is the first night of a three-month period I spent riding with cops in the Ninth Precinct in Manhattan. I had started hanging out with homicide cops in order to research a novel about a mass murderer and a homicide detective, which is called *Love Kills*, and I had become fascinated with cops in general. With how they behave and with how they are not quite like the way they are portrayed on television and in the movies. I wanted to find out what they were really like, and what had made them become cops, and what terrible secrets they knew about us, and how that knowledge made them different from the rest of us. I decided to do my finding out in the Ninth Precinct in the East Village of Manhattan.

The Ninth Precinct is a curious blend of ethnic groups—Dominicans, Lithuanians, Ukrainians, Poles, Jews, Puerto Ricans. It is the New York headquarters of the Hell's Angels. A few irrationally optimistic souls have renovated a sprinkling of quaint brownstones in the neighborhood, but the bulk of the precinct is wretchedly ugly. The streets are heaped with putrefying garbage and abandoned furniture so horrid that even the destitute couldn't bear to live with it. Hulks of charred and rusted metal that were once cars have been stripped of everything removable and set afire and are no longer anything at all.

Tenement buildings whose stench would be even worse if there were any heat are filled with people who must wear overcoats in their apartments and keep the gas jets lit on the stove all day and all night for warmth. Drunken derelicts and heroin addicts and muggers and packs of wild dogs roam the empty streets after dark. Seven police officers have been killed in this precinct in the past few years, more than in any other precinct in New York.

The Ninth Precinct station house is located at 321 East Fifth Street. It happens to be the one they used on *Kojak*.

Monigan and O'Sullivan work out of the Ninth Precinct Detective Unit, which is quartered on the second floor in a grimy institutional-green squad room that looks like it was painted during the Boer War. Huddled along one wall are five olive-drab steel desks, each sporting a broken manual typewriter and a steel chair with foam upholstery coming out of its vinyl seat.

A temporary-detention cell called a cage stands at one end of the longish squad room. At the opposite end is the office of "Fast Eddy" Mamet, the one-legged Jewish squad commander of the Ninth Precinct Detective Unit and Monigan and O'Sullivan's boss.

Lieutenant Mamet lost his leg in an off-duty accident after 16 years of working the worst crime areas in the city without a major injury. He now uses an artificial limb that continues to be a rich source of amusement to his rough-and-tumble crew: Cartoons featuring one-legged men are taped to the walls. And a couple of Christmases ago, they affectionately nailed an old wooden leg with a trouser and shoe on it to the doorframe of Mamet's office, with a hatchet sticking out of its top and the whole festooned with tinsel and Christmas ornaments and a card that said: "To Fast Eddy, Merry Xmas from the Mongols."

Mamet, along with two sergeants and 19 plainclothes detectives, is responsible for investigating such crimes as are reported in the precinct, apprehending the perpetrators, or "perps," as they are called, and putting together enough evidence to lock them up and have them prosecuted by the district attorney.

In my three months at the Ninth Precinct, I rode with Mamet's plainclothes detectives in unmarked cars as they investigated crimes already committed; I rode with the uniformed patrolmen in their marked cars as they answered radio calls about crimes in progress; and I rode with the Anti-Crime Unit—scruffily dressed semiundercover cops who patrol in beat-up sedans and old cabs—whose job it is to stop crimes, if possible, before they happen.

While I was hanging out in the Ninth Precinct, I was involved in roughly 60 cases, of which these are but a sampling:

1. A white derelict was slashed by three black men while being robbed of 25 cents.

2. A black artist slashed his wrists and bled all over the stairs in his building but failed to kill himself; he was attended by his wife and by a neighbor who last year got three months in jail for throwing lye into her boyfriend's face.

3. A large black woman got so mad at her common-law husband she threw a full-sized couch down a flight of steps.

4. An elderly white woman in a walker stabbed her black common-law husband to death.

5. Two Hell's Angels raped a 16-year-old girl.

6. A store owner was shot and stabbed in the arm and testicles during a robbery.

7. A man was shot five times in the face with a .25-caliber pistol during a dispute over drugs.

8. A reward was posted for information leading to the arrest of the person who threw an eight-year-old girl off a roof to her death.

9. A radio car was bombed by the F.A.L.N., but nobody was injured.

10. An undercover narcotics cop was shot in the chest while entering a local social club, but his bulletproof vest saved his life.

(continued on page 214)

There may still be places on earth where Grand Marnier isn't offered after dinner.

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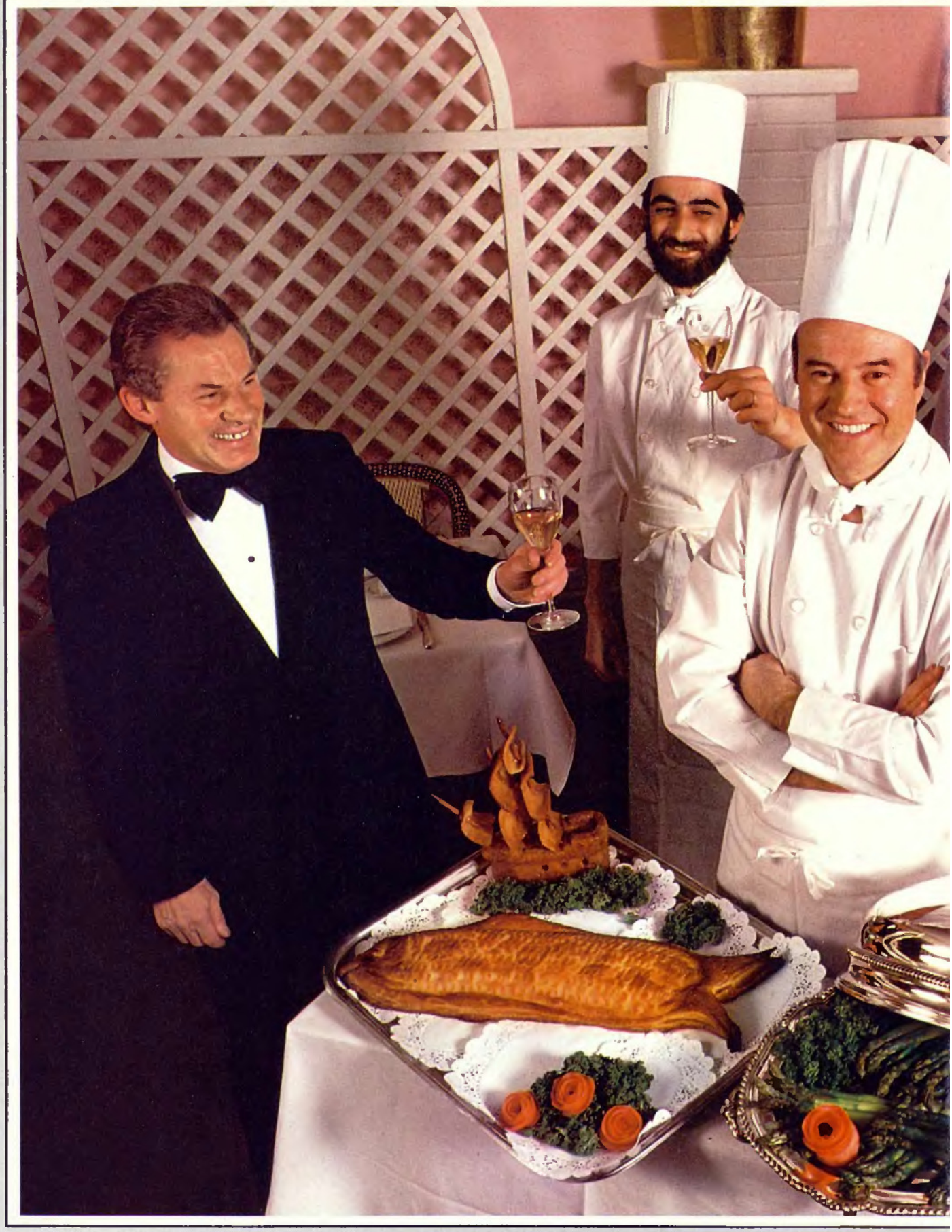

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL ELSON

CRITICS' CHOICE

THE 25 GREATEST RESTAURANTS IN AMERICA

in the most ambitious culinary poll ever attempted, playboy asked 120 renowned restaurateurs, chefs, gourmets and food writers to select their favorite american restaurants. the results are in: eat your heart out

article BY DICK BRASS

THIS IS IT, GASTRONOMES! This is the only restaurant guide you'll need this year. This is the guides' guide, the critics' choice, the chefs' secret. The last word. Let us explain:

Although Americans now spend 87 *billion* dollars at 320,000 eateries each year, great confusion abounds—even among food experts—about the top spots. In France, of course, most diners abide by the rankings of the famous *Guide Michelin* or *Le Nouveau Guide*. But until now, there has not been a definitive authority on American dining. Our local guides are too, well, local. The national travel books rarely rank restaurants. There are plenty of restaurant awards, but few of them impress gourmets. And the gourmet magazines, with few exceptions, review only their advertisers.

As a result, it's not easy to find the best restaurants this land has to offer. Greatness, clearly, is part of the problem: A thorough dining survey here might take years and a small army of inspectors.

But PLAYBOY wanted the survey. So we recruited an army—120 of the world's most formidable food authorities: the finest chefs, the most respected restaurant critics, successful restaurant owners, wine experts, cookbook authors, knowledgeable amateurs and the hospitality industry's elder statesmen. In general, the folks who actually know and regularly visit America's best restaurants, including cookbook king James Beard, famed French chefs Paul Bocuse and Jean Troisgros, *New York Times* food editor Craig Claiborne and—to eliminate any regional bias—experts from more than two dozen cities. (True, we missed

PLAYBOY's expert jury rated New York's Lutèce the number-one restaurant in America. Owner-chef André Soltner, arms folded, and his staff turn out spectacular fare: salmon en croûte, fresh California asparagus, roast duck and lamb.

a few. For example, New Orleans' controversial restaurant writer Richard Collin thought the whole idea was a terrible one. TV's French Chef, Julia Child, liked the idea—but not PLAYBOY.)

Each was asked: "What are your five favorite restaurants in America, in order of preference, without regard to price or location?" We asked for their favorites, rather than the "best," because not everyone felt qualified to pass judgment on the best—or even to define the word. But almost everyone, with a bit of thought, had favorites. And by asking the best judges their favorites, we figured we'd get the top restaurants. To be sure, we got a few quirky replies. But with about 600 nominations in the survey, a single choice—or even ten—doesn't count too much. For that reason, we let restaurateurs vote for their own restaurants (about 65 percent did).

The quest in all this, of course, is a consensus of our experts' opinions—an authoritative ranking of America's best restaurants. How do we do it? Alas, we discovered, there is no single right way to calculate a consensus. In fact, according to "The Impossibility Theorem" by Nobel Prize–winning economist Kenneth Arrow, all voting systems have flaws.

But after consulting Arrow, and various mathematicians, we opted for a voting method that considers both a restaurant's frequency of mention and its position of choice. Most important is how many experts name the place; but there's also a small bonus if a restaurant places well on a given expert's list. That way, ten fifth places count for more than a few first places. And a few epicures cannot vote to propel an unpopular restaurant to the top of the heap. The winners, generally, are broadly favored.

What follows, then, are the greatest restaurants in America, as near as ballots and 120 talented tongues can

Commander's Palace, number 18 in PLAYBOY's ranking of great American restaurants, was built in New Orleans' Garden District 90 years ago by Emile Commander. Formerly a lovers' rendezvous, Commander's now serves what may be America's finest brunch.

Windows on the World, atop New York's World Trade Center, offers fine desserts, even finer views. In fact, its pastry chef was tapped for White House service.

THE TOP 25 AMERICA'S GREATEST RESTAURANTS

1. **Lutèce**, New York, New York
2. **Le Français**, Wheeling, Illinois
3. **The Four Seasons**, New York, New York
4. **L'Ermitage**, Los Angeles, California
5. **La Caravelle**, New York, New York
6. **Le Perroquet**, Chicago, Illinois
7. **Chez Panisse**, Berkeley, California
8. **The Coach House**, New York, New York
9. **The "21" Club**, New York, New York
10. **Ma Maison**, Los Angeles, California
11. **Maisonette**, Cincinnati, Ohio
12. **La Grenouille**, New York, New York
13. **The Palace**, New York, New York
14. **Windows on the World**, New York, New York
15. **Le Bec-Fin**, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
16. **Ernie's**, San Francisco, California
17. **Trattoria da Alfredo**, New York, New York
18. **Commander's Palace**, New Orleans, Louisiana
19. **The Mandarin**, San Francisco, California
20. **Le Lion D'Or**, Washington, D.C.
21. **London Chop House**, Detroit, Michigan
22. **Jack's Restaurant**, San Francisco, California
23. **Fournou's Ovens**, San Francisco, California
24.-25. **L'Orangerie**, Los Angeles, California
24.-25. **Tony's**, Houston, Texas

discern. Obviously, not every result will please every critic. And, clearly, older establishments (such as New York's "21" Club) will have an edge over new and less familiar spots (such as Los Angeles' L'Orangerie). French food seems to dominate, but not completely. Many of America's best chefs still hail from France. And big cities, such as New York, are blessed, because that's where the money and the customers are.

"American" food brought fame to The Coach House in New York's Greenwich Village, but it serves more than apple pie. Here, o roost rib of beef and striped bass Mediterranean—with clams, shrimps and mussels.

Speaking of money, none of these restaurants is cheap. Barring a collapse of the dollar since presstime, you should plan to spend at least $100 to $200 for two at dinner, depending on your lust for liquor and lobster. There are exceptions: The Palace will cost you closer to *$400* for two. Chez Panisse, Jack's Restaurant and The Mandarin should certainly cost you $75 or less; Trattoria da Alfredo, $50 or less, including everything. Most of these spots take one sort of credit card or another, except for Chez Panisse, Trattoria da Alfredo, Jack's and Le Bec-Fin. Jeans and casual dress are OK at Chez Panisse, The Mandarin and Trattoria da Alfredo. Elsewhere, dress for church. Reservations, by the way, are essential just about everywhere.

1. LUTECE—249 East 50th Street, New York, New York (212-752-2225). In the collective opinion of PLAYBOY's gourmet panel, André Soltner's Lutèce is the top restaurant in America. Named after the ancient name for Paris, it's located in an elegant Manhattan brownstone. Paul Bocuse, France's most celebrated chef, considers it his Stateside favorite. Jean Troisgros, one of Bocuse's few French culinary peers, sent his son there to work. Burton Wolf, co-author of *Where to Eat in America*, thinks "Lutèce is the closest to classic French cooking." Food critics Gael Greene and Seymour Britchky, not to mention former White House chef Réné Verdon, love it.

Indeed, so many of the food experts we polled mentioned Lutèce among their five favorites that it virtually sautéed the competition, handily topping the score of the first runner-up, Wheeling, Illinois' Le Français.

OK, you say, what makes *this* place so good? Five things, basically:

PLAYBOY's panel rated Le Français restaurant in Wheeling, Illinois, number two in America: handsome decor, orgasmic food.

The old lamppost outside Monhattan's "21" Club recalls the days when the place was a popular speak-easy. Drinks are legal now, but the famous still flock here.

Skill: A great restaurant—a world-class restaurant—stands or falls on its food. At 47, André Soltner is not merely skillful; he's a culinary athlete in his prime. In all of America, in the entire 87-billion-dollar restaurant industry, there are probably no more than a dozen chefs in his league.

Now, it's more or less true that great chefs are born, not made, and Soltner was born in the Alsatian town of Thann. Alsace, of course, borders Germany. And Alsatian chefs are said to combine French creativity with German discipline. Anyway, that's what Alsatians say.

By the time a suave cosmetics heir named André Surmain decided to open Lutèce at his New York town house in 1961, Soltner had spent more than a dozen years behind various stoves. He was an accomplished baker. His sauces were like satin. He could roast perfectly. He *understood* fish. He was one of France's finest young chefs and head chef at Paris' popular Chez Hansi.

Surmain brought Soltner to New York. He paid him just $95 a week, but Soltner stole the show. He made America's lightest puff pastry and filled it with poached oysters and crab. He served *definitive* snails, each one baked in a tiny clay crock. He tamed a trite beef Wellington

and turned it into a magnificent individual *filet mignon en croûte*. By 1965, Soltner owned 30 percent of Lutèce. In 1972, he bought out his boss.

Creativity: Monsieur Soltner is a restless chef, which works well for the customer. The savory snails and beef that made him famous are still on the menu, but the daily specials feature more and more of the lighter *nouvelle cuisine*. One day, you discover, there's striped bass poached in seaweed. Or a breath-takingly light, warm sweetbread salad. Or sea urchins, simmered and served in their shells. All right: The salmon appetizer comes in a cream sauce. This isn't Weight Watchers.

Quality: None of this, of course, would work if the food were second-rate. Lutèce's wonderful roast duck comes with *fruits de saison*. During peach season, it's peaches. When the fresh raspberries come in, it's duck with raspberries. Even the lemons served with tea are perfect—the most intensely fragrant lemons my nose knows.

Service: The service at Lutèce is egalitarian; newcomers do not get the cold shoulder, Anyone who can afford to spend $100 on a dinner for two is a valued customer. Come back four times and you're an old friend.

The staff numbers 35, including *chef de cuisine* Christian Bertrand, eight waiters, two bus boys and three captains. They are uniformly polite and attentive. The captains are remarkably familiar with the 20,000-bottle collection of fine French wines, from the ten-dollar muscadet to the $800 Château Lafite-Rothschild 1890. On many nights, Soltner solicits the food orders himself.

Atmosphere: Horn & Hardart, the automat folks, used to advertise that "you can't eat atmosphere." And that's true. But there's nothing wrong with the ambience at Lutèce. As you walk into the narrow town house, there's a little bar. Nearby, Madame Soltner presides over the reservation list. Farther in, past the bustling kitchen, a few large, quiet tables are nestled. Beyond them, a bright garden room offers slate floors, wicker chairs, trellises and a huge skylight. Upstairs, the rooms are furnished like private dining chambers: thick carpeting, period furniture, long curtains. Both floors hold only about 80 diners.

Lutèce serves dinner Monday through Saturday, lunch Tuesday through Friday. It's closed Saturdays in June and July. The *prix fixe* luncheon costs $18. Dinner diners should plan to spend at least $100 for two, with main courses alone ranging between $16.50 and $18. During August, the restaurant closes for several weeks. During winter, Soltner, who hates heat, likes to get away from the stove for a week of skiing.

2. **LE FRANCAIS**—269 South Milwaukee Avenue, Wheeling, Illinois (312-541-7470). From the outside, this looks like your average *Maison de la Sunday Dinner* suburban French restaurant. But inside, there's a plush dining room, slick service and the genius of a chef even other chefs consider a genius. The chef (and owner) is Jean Banchet. He makes a lobster sausage that's worth dying for. The intensity of his soups and sauces borders on psychedelic. Even the mixed *pâté* appetizer boasts *eight* spreads—everything from simple pork to mousse of goose. Always, it seems, there are a dozen specials. And the waiter won't just recite them; he'll *show* them to you: tender roast pheasant on a bed of honey-sweet crisp cabbage. Dover sole and lobster mousse *en croûte*. Can't decide? Try the stuffed-veal and stuffed-capon combination plate. But save room for the homemade *sorbets*, because if there's any problem with the food here it's one of excess. Trained in superchef Paul Bocuse's kitchen, Banchet (we're proud to say) first came to America to cook for the Playboy Resort at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Today, he's surely the rising star of American dining. And he's only 39. Altogether, Le Français is well worth the hour's drive from Chicago.

3. **THE FOUR SEASONS**—99 East 52nd Street, New York, New York (212-754-9494). This is a vast, dramatic place and the best large restaurant in America. Its design, by Philip Johnson, includes a famous bubbling pool and three-story windows alive with shimmering metallic curtains. The cuisine is usually as impressive as the decor: The kitchen turns out a *definitive* rack of lamb and splendid roast duck. At lunch, New York's power brokers dine here, in season on the hot pheasant salad or the equally excellent wilted spinach and bacon. The wine cellar is stocked with an impressive collection of American vintages, some of them under ten dollars at presstime. The menu changes four times a year, hence the name. The decline apparent here a few years ago has been reversed; partners Tom Margittai and Paul Kovi deserve a lot of credit.

4. **L'ERMITAGE**—730 North La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles, California (213-652-5840). Inside L'Ermitage, freeway Los Angeles disappears. Spacious parlor rooms boast huge tables and an abundance of sterling, crystal

"Tell me, young man . . . can you support my daughter on what a zombie makes?"

"I'm More satisfied."

"I'm not easily satisfied with most things. But More gives me what I want—great satisfying taste. And More is 120mm long, so that great taste lasts longer. That's why I get *extra* satisfaction.

"Then there's the style that comes from a long, slim, brown cigarette. More. It does give me more."

More. For that extra measure of satisfaction.

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and fresh flowers. Chef-owner Jean Bertranou has made the most of the Pacific Coast's natural bounty: The moist and utterly greaseless salmon is smoked right at the restaurant. Puff pastry comes stuffed with poached sea urchin. Fresh squab are filled with chopped veal and mushrooms. Local fruits are transformed into intense *sorbets*. The service is properly attentive. The wine list is expensive and mostly French. Unfortunately, Bertranou is ill and hospitalized as we go to press; his staff and associates seem to be doing a creditable job without him.

5. LA CARAVELLE—33 West 55th Street, New York, New York (212-586-4252). Now almost 20 years old, this is *the* classic "New York French restaurant"—red upholstery, tightly packed tables, pastel murals, crystal etched with a tiny caravel. Chef Roger Fessaguet has been president of the professional chefs' association here and his kitchen still turns out solid standards: snails, *pâté*, mussel soup, roast duck in a creamy pepper sauce, fine Channel sole, feather-light quenelles (pike dumplings), plus daily specials. The staff tries to please, but, frankly, sometimes the place seems a bit noisy and harried. A dish now and then will fail. It's still a fine restaurant; be sure to order a dessert soufflé early in your meal.

6. LE PERROQUET—70 East Walton Street, Chicago, Illinois (312-944-7990). Owner Jovan Trboyevic is the grand admiral of Chicago restaurateurs; you get to his third-floor flagship by private elevator. The dining room is bright and cheerful. The service is polished. The food is clever, much of it faultless. The salmon mousse is rich *and* light. Le Perroquet serves silky lobster bisque. It imports fine smoked salmon. The entrees are interesting: poached baby lamb, delicate pink slivers of roast veal, luscious duck. OK: On one visit, the *lotte* in sea-urchin sauce was a bit too salty. The preserved goose seemed a touch dry. This is a serious restaurant, folks. It takes chances. It's worth visiting.

7. CHEZ PANISSE—1517 Shattuck Avenue, Berkeley, California (415-548-5525). In a residential district just off the Berkeley campus, chef Alice Waters has been polishing her version of what you might call hippie *haute cuisine* since 1972. The house is a simple wood-accented affair; the food is fantastic. Downstairs, she serves a lavish five-course feast (set price: $15–$18.50). A typical menu might start with black caviar. Then comes homemade buckwheat noodles in a creamy goat-cheese sauce. The main dish is charcoal-broiled marinated duck, with grilled tomatoes and rosemary baked potatoes. Plus green salad and fruit. Miss Waters has been known to recreate famous feasts from the past. And there is an annual garlic festival. Upstairs, this summer, Panisse plans to operate a bistro.

8. THE COACH HOUSE—110 Waverly Place, New York, New York (212-777-0303). Set in a Greenwich Village town house, with leather chairs and walls crowded with paintings, this place has developed a reputation for great American food, though the menu boasts such American dishes as *escargots de Bourgogne* and veal *piccate à la Française*. Maybe it's the American chicken pie. The Coach House turns out consistently fine black-bean soup, roast beef and rack of lamb. The striped bass is almost always breath-takingly fresh. Owner Leon Lianides is justly proud of his homemade chocolate cake and his *dacquoise*. Good service, a better-than-average selection of American wines at (more or less) reasonable prices.

9. THE "21" CLUB—21 West 52nd Street, New York, New York (212-582-7200). Frankly, we were surprised this restaurant ranked as high as it did; the food is often artless. But here is proof that a great restaurant can mangle fine provisions as long as everything else is perfect. This former speak-easy's many loyal defenders admit its flaws and love the clubby atmosphere, devoted service and aging appointments. For example, Vic Bergeron, who owns Trader Vic's, says it's his favorite restaurant in America. Straightforward, simple dishes are usually the best bets, especially the seafood and the beef. Prime seating is in the downstairs bar; from its ceiling dangle model planes and trucks sporting the company logos of the tycoons who dine here.

10. MA MAISON—8368 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California (213-655-1991). Just six years old, Ma Maison is part of the Los Angeles restaurant renaissance that includes L'Ermitage. The owner and host is Patrick Terrail, *enfant terrible* of a famous French restaurant family. Pat's easy to recognize: He wears striped suits, a red carnation and clogs. By day, Hollywood gathers beneath his lawn-party-tented terrace for some of the most spectacular salads in town, including an unsurpassed mixture of baby shrimps, scallops and crawfish with fresh local legumes. There's seafood *pâté* and fish *en croûte*, steak and rich desserts. At night, the action moves inside to the main restaurant, a ramshackle bungalow decorated with Terrail's memorabilia, including empty five-pound caviar tins. The duck comes in two courses: the breast first, with pears, then the leg, with salad. Good service and interesting wines. For some reason, the phone number is unlisted.

11. MAISONETTE—114 East Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio (513-721-2260). This is a culinary oasis in a region better known for great ribs than for grand restaurants. The decor is lavish; the service is quick and sophisticated. The food, frankly, is not nearly so good as at Lutèce or Le Français. But for a medium-sized city in the Midwest, it's memorable. Start with the snails or the mussel soup (the quenelles and the seafood pancake can be rather heavy). The duck is popular—breast meat is sliced, with kiwi and orange; mallards are roasted with goose liver and cognac. Sure, the rack of lamb has more fat

(continued on page 256)

YOU WON'T GO WRONG HERE, EITHER

These fine restaurants missed our list—but not by much. All of them were well regarded, but some were up against stiff local competition. Some are off the main trail. A few are new and relatively unfamiliar.

Bern's Steak House—Tampa—*6500* different wines!

Box Tree—New York City—Cute, romantic, Continental

Café Chauveron—North Miami Beach—Fine New York French, transplanted

Dodin-Bouffant—New York City—Daring *nouvelle cuisine*

La Bourgogne—San Francisco—Bay Area *haute cuisine*

La Tulipe—New York City—*Gourmet* staffer Sally Darr turns gourmet chef

Le Chantilly—New York City—First-class French

Le Cirque—New York City—More first-class French

Le Cygne—New York City—Still more first-class French

Le Lavandou—New York City—And even more first-class French

Le Ruth's—Gretna, Louisiana—If Paul Bocuse cooked Creole

Michael's—Santa Monica—L.A.'s rave new wave

The Other Place—Seattle—Homegrown game

Oyster Bar & Restaurant—New York City—If it swims, it's here in Grand Central Station

René Verdon's Le Trianon—San Francisco—Kennedy's White House chef

Scandia—Los Angeles—Wacky, ambitious Norse fare

Shun Lee Palace—New York City—Gael Greene's favorite Chinese

Tadich Grill—San Francisco—Fresh Pacific seafood

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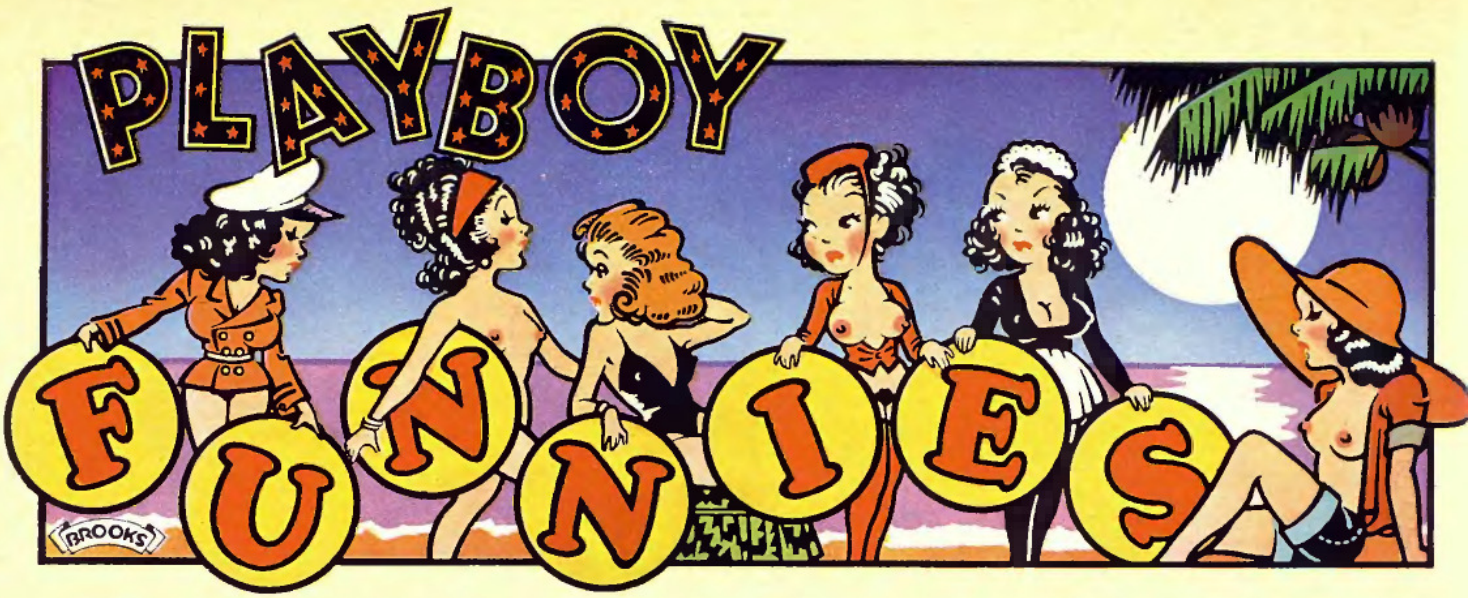
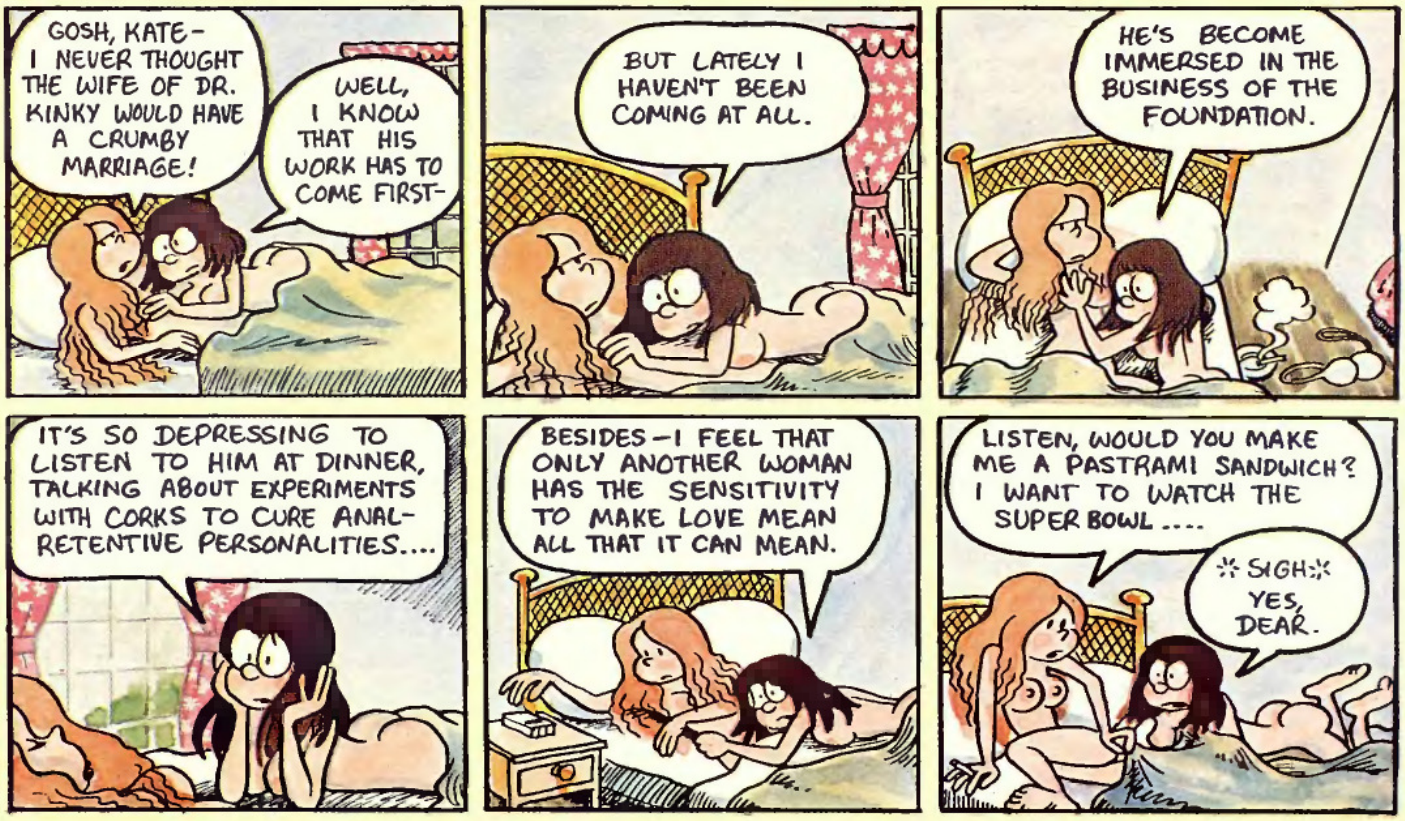


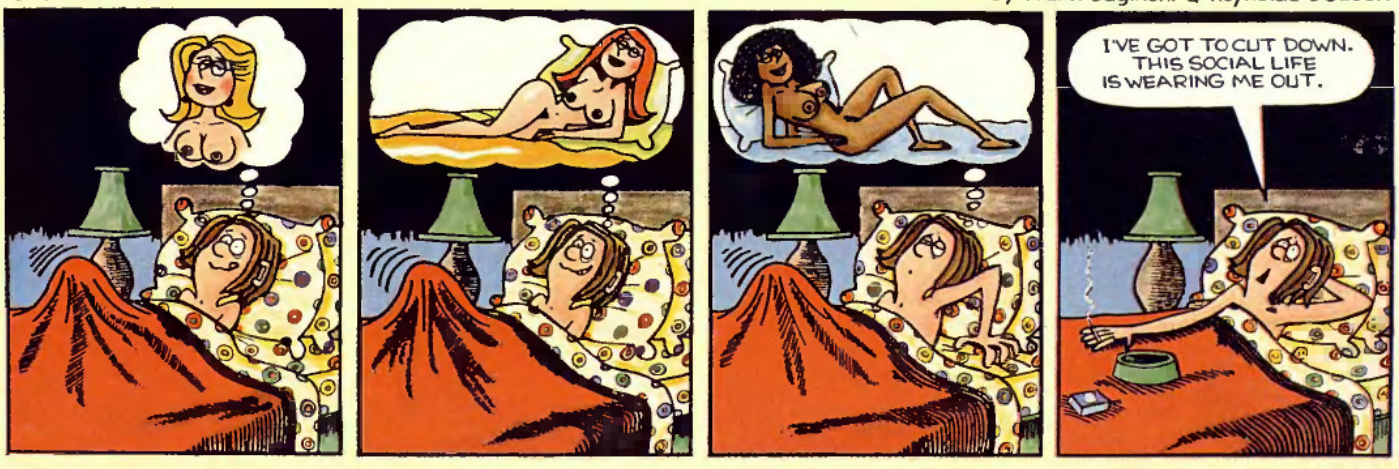
MRS. KINKY

Christopher Browne



THE LONER

By Frank Baginski & Reynolds Dodson

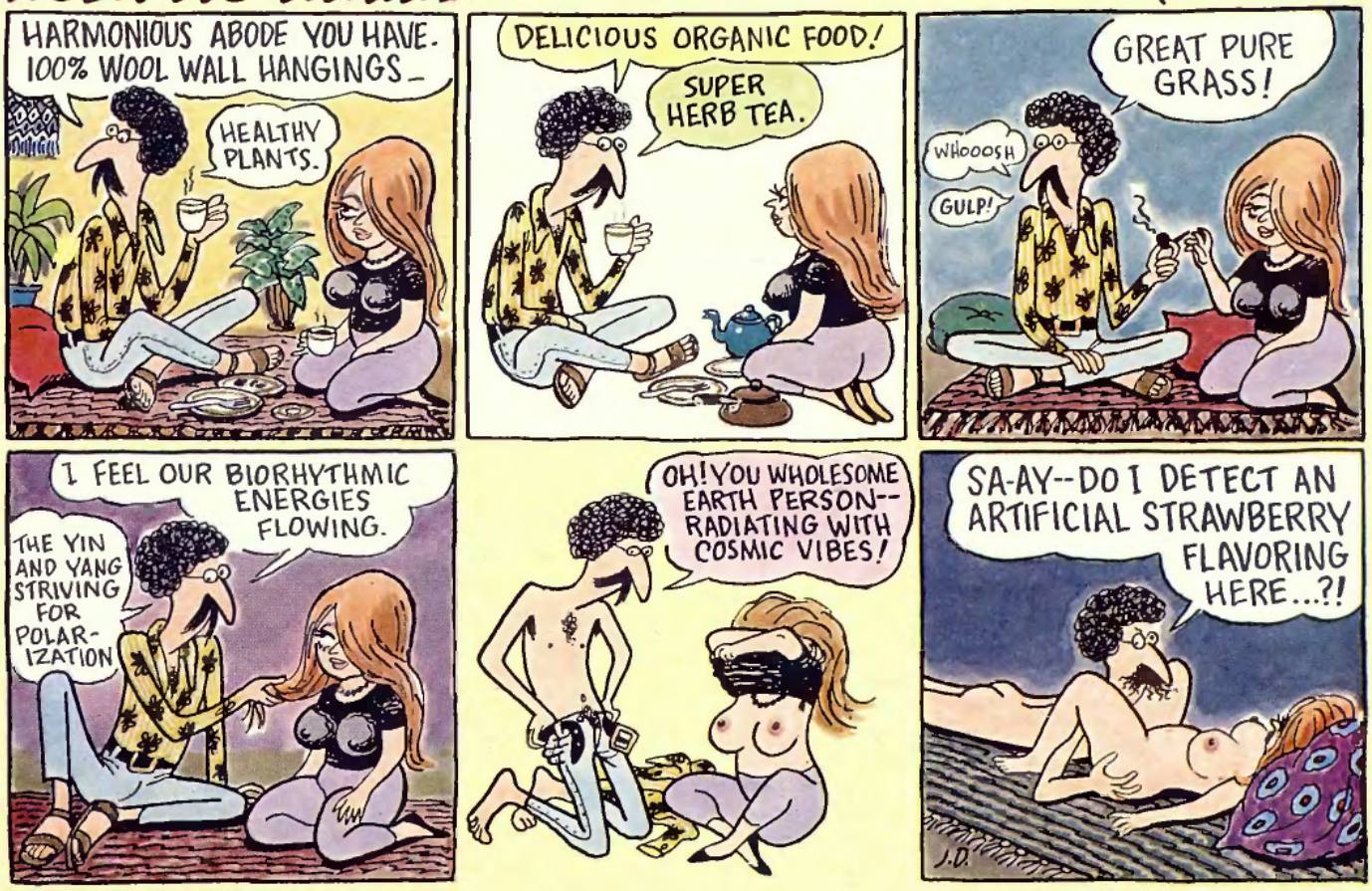


HEY!
A STRIP ABOUT IT.
by Jay Kinney
NOW, JUST A SECOND.... WHAT'S WITH THIS SEXIST USE OF A NAKED WOMAN HERE IN THIS FIRST PANEL?
HEY! I FIND THIS CARICATURE OF A DYKE IN THE SECOND PANEL TO BE QUITE OBJECTIONABLE!
HEY! IS THIS WOMAN IN THE THIRD PANEL SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT FEMINISM? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE?
HALT! THIS DEPICTION OF A PROGRESSIVE MALE IN THE FOURTH PANEL IS UNFAIR AND REACTIONARY....
HEY! THIS IS A WHOLLY UNSYMPATHETIC PORTRAYAL OF A DOG IN THE FIFTH PANEL! HUMANIST!
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA WITH THIS IRATE ROACH IN PANEL SIX? YOUR PREJUDICED DRAWING OF INSECTS SHOWS YOUR MAMMALIST ELITISM!
AND THIS SEVENTH PANEL IS JUST MORE OF THE SAME! GET HIP AND CEASE THIS WHOLESALE MASSACRE OF LIVING ENTITIES!
MICROBE
THIS COMIC STRIP WILL SELF-DESTRUCT IN 0.38 SECONDS, THANK YOU.
signed the artist

IT'S GREAT TO BE MARRIED

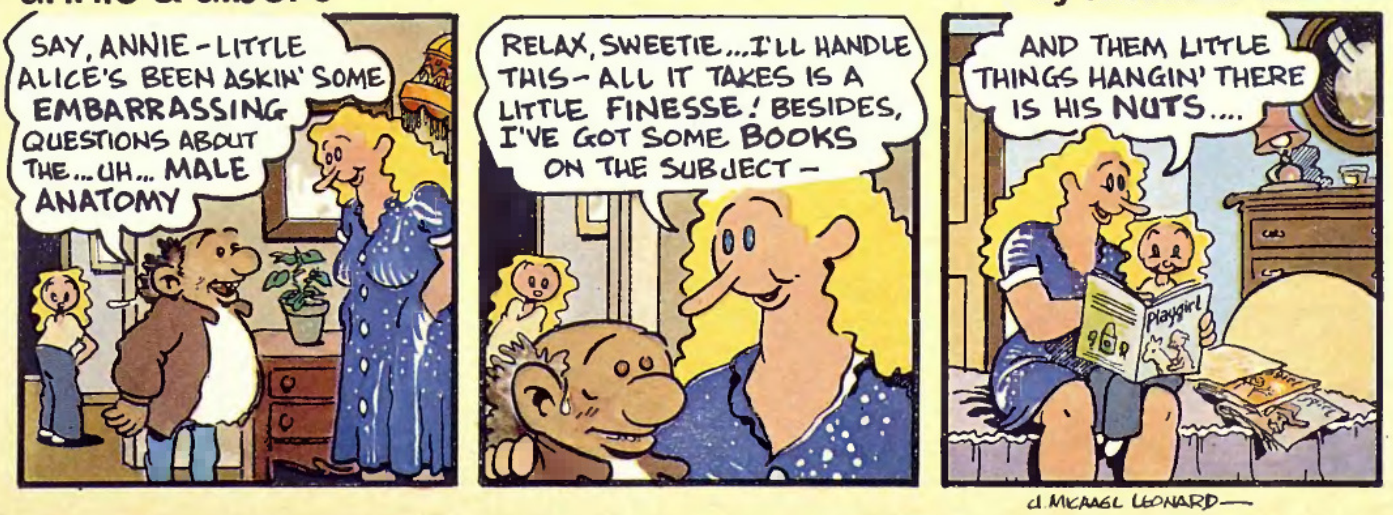
HOLISTIC HARRY

by J. Delmar



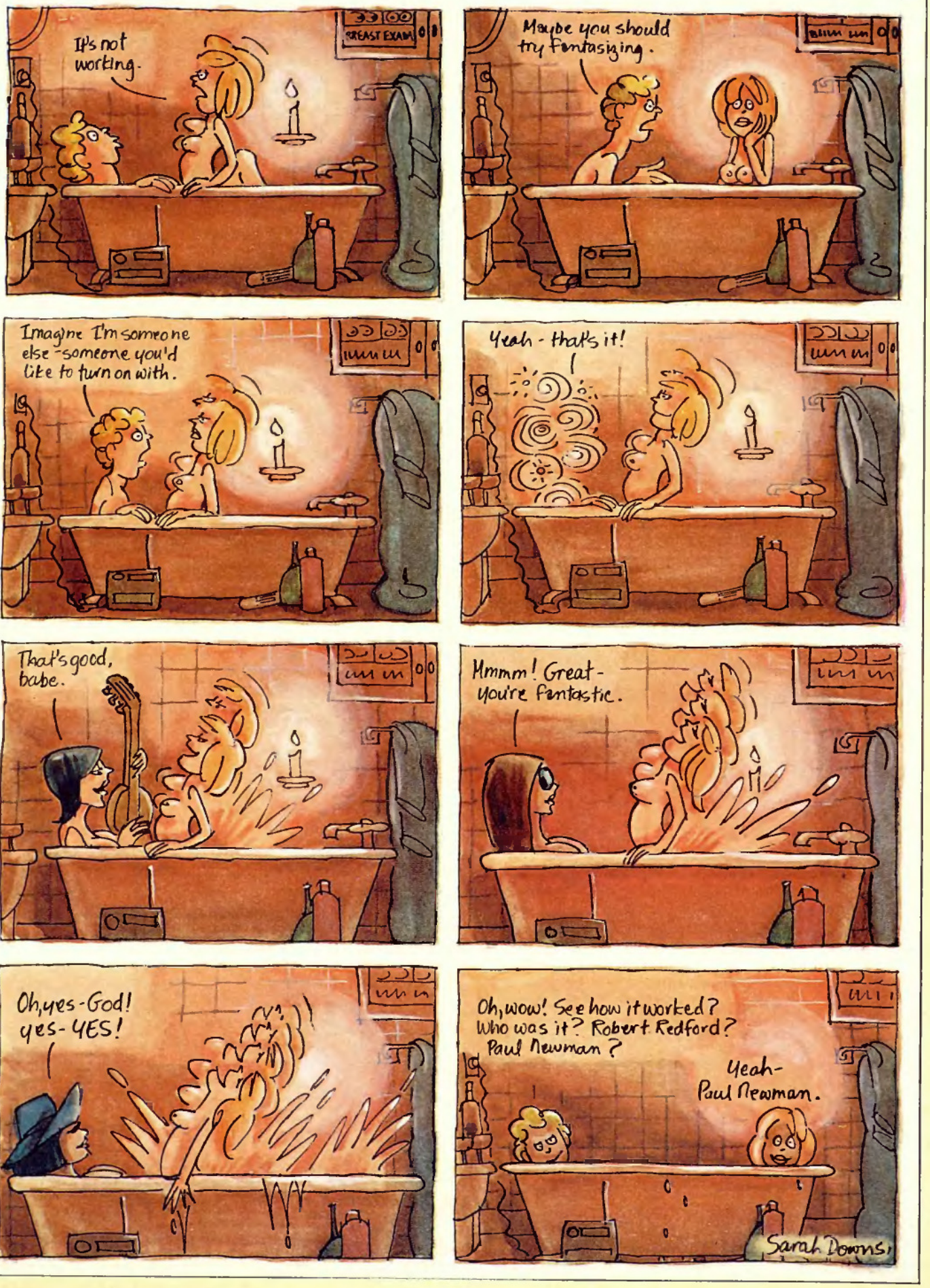
annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard



wet dream

harvey kurtzman



COLD & SPIKED

(continued from page 183)

"Alcohol makes for a smoother texture; of course, that's not the prime reason to spike ice cream."

the fudge with Cannabis. They may not be as heady as Alice's dosed confection, but the flavor will sure as hell blow your mind.

There are several ways of combining spirits and ice cream. A simple, satisfactory method is to infuse a sauce, syrup or topping with a congenial spirit and lay it on the cream. Easier yet, just splash your favorite liqueur over a scoop of ice cream—pouring directly from the bottle. Whiskey, brandy, rum or liqueur can also be whipped into store-bought ice cream. Be sure to use a quality cream and let it soften a bit before beating in the spirit. And, of course, if you start from scratch, the spirit is one of the basic ingredients incorporated in the making.

When marrying spirits with ice cream, the trick is to pair compatible flavors. A chocolate *aficionado* would add crème de cacao to chocolate ice cream to intensify the chocolate taste. Most people prefer the subtleties of contrasting flavors. For openers, you might try triple sec or crème de cassis with vanilla; rum, Irish whiskey or anisette with coffee ice cream; bourbon over chocolate, vanilla and peach; and amaretto on butter pecan and other nut flavors. Kirsch is a suave addition to any fruit-flavored ice cream and, surprisingly, to chocolate.

There's a persistent illusion that homemade ice cream is better, by definition. Well, it can be superb, but it can also be grainy, too dense, flat or drizzled with salt from the freezing mixture, if one is careless. If you want to give it a go, we suggest an electric ice-cream maker that operates *inside* the freezer. These compact jobs eliminate a lot of cranking and fussing, and the motor stops automatically when the ice cream is ready.

In addition to flavor and body, the pros judge ice cream on its melting quality. They look for an even, creamy melt. The product shouldn't water, froth or form narrow channels down the sides. Ice cream that resists melting is also suspect. *Dairy Field*, an industry magazine, contends that ice cream is often served too hard. "Cold blunts taste. There's more flavor release, and more sensuous pleasure, when ice cream is at the malleable stage—easily spooned." Incidentally, adding spirits helps in that regard. Alcohol retards freezing and makes for a smoother, softer texture. Of course, that's not the prime reason to spike ice cream. Flavor is—as you'll see in the offerings that follow.

CHOCOLATE AMARETTO TORTONI

(Serves eight)

- ¼ cup each: sugar, water, amaretto (or chocolate amaretto liqueur)
- 1 cup semisweet chocolate pieces (6-oz. package)
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 cup heavy cream
- ⅓ cup finely chopped toasted almonds
- 3 tablespoons grated semisweet chocolate

Combine sugar and water in small saucepan. Bring to boil, stirring. Boil 2 minutes, add amaretto, return just to boil. Immediately remove from heat and pour into blender container. Add chocolate pieces; blend until smooth. Add egg yolks; continue blending until very smooth. Transfer chocolate mixture to bowl. Beat egg whites until stiff, then whip cream. Add large spoonful of beaten egg whites to chocolate mixture to lighten it. Fold mixture into remaining egg whites, then fold in whipped cream and chopped almonds. Spoon into small paper or foil cups and freeze. Before serving, sprinkle with grated chocolate.

Note: If *tortonis* freeze too stiff, put in refrigerator for 10 to 15 minutes before serving.

PEACHY MERINGUE FREEZE

(Serves four)

- 1 pint peach ice cream
- 3 tablespoons bourbon
- 2 large ripe peaches, peeled and sliced
- 1 or 2 teaspoons sugar
- ¼ cup peach-flavored brandy
- 4 individual meringue shells
- 3 tablespoons toasted pecans

Put ice cream in refrigerator for about 10 minutes to soften. Transfer it to chilled bowl and quickly stir in bourbon. Return to freezer to firm up. Combine sliced peaches, sugar and peach-flavored brandy; stir gently. Chill at least ½ hour. To serve, place meringue shells in individual dessert coupes and top each with scoop bourboned ice cream. Spoon peaches, with some of syrup, over and sprinkle with pecans.

Note: Meringue shells are available in many bakeries.

MOCHA PARFAIT SURPRISE

(Serves six to eight)

- 1 quart chocolate-chip ice cream
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 2 teaspoons instant-coffee powder
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 6 tablespoons coffee liqueur
- Chocolate-coffee-bean candies

Soften ice cream in refrigerator. Meanwhile, whip cream with instant-coffee powder and sugar. Transfer ice cream to chilled bowl and quickly fold in half of whipped cream. Refrigerate remaining whipped cream. Pack ice cream into chilled parfait glasses and freeze for ½ hour, until firm. Poke skewer or chopstick down through center of each parfait to make tunnel about ¼ in. in diameter. Fill tunnels with coffee liqueur and top with remaining whipped cream. Return to freezer for about 1 hour. Top with chocolate coffee beans before serving.

Note: This parfait should not be too stiff. If necessary, transfer to refrigerator for 10 to 15 minutes before serving.

TROPICAL-FRUIT SUNDAE

(Serves six to eight)

- ¼ cup dark rum
- ½ cup apricot preserves
- 1 medium-size ripe mango, peeled and sliced
- 1 medium-size banana, peeled and sliced
- 8¼-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained
- ¼ cup flaked coconut
- 1 quart orange-pineapple ice cream (or other fruit flavor)
- ¼ cup coarsely chopped toasted Macadamia nuts

Stir rum into apricot preserves; mix well. Gently stir in mango, banana, pineapple and coconut. Scoop ice cream into large wineglasses. Spoon sauce over and sprinkle with Macadamias.

CHERRY BOMBE

(Serves about 12)

- 16-to-17-oz. can or jar dark sweet pitted cherries, drained
- 3 tablespoons kirsch
- 1 tablespoon cherry liqueur
- 1 quart cherry or raspberry sherbet, softened
- 1½ quarts vanilla ice cream, softened
- Sauce (optional): 10-oz. jar cherry preserves mixed with 3 tablespoons kirsch

Chop cherries and macerate in kirsch and cherry liqueur for several hours. Chill 2-quart mold or metal bowl. Spread softened sherbet evenly over inside of mold to form layer about ½ in. thick, packing it down with back of large spoon to eliminate bubbles. Put mold in freezer until sherbet is firm. Transfer vanilla ice cream to chilled bowl and quickly stir in chopped cherries with their liquid. Pack ice cream into center of mold. Cover surface with foil and return to freezer until very firm. To unmold, remove foil covering and invert mold on chilled serving plate. Wipe outside of mold several times with cloth wrung out in hot water and then lift off. If necessary, smooth surface with knife. Return to freezer until ready to

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serve. Cut in wedges and top with sauce, if desired.

Note: Sherbet and ice cream pack down so that 2½ quarts can fit nicely into 2-quart mold. If you have leftovers, put them in small plastic container and return to freezer to enjoy another time.

REAL OLD FASHIONED ICE CREAM
(*Serves one*)

A new approach to the old fashioned cocktail.

1 teaspoon each: superfine sugar, water
1 oz. whiskey
2 dashes bitters
Small strip orange peel
Large scoop butter-pecan ice cream
Maraschino cherry, orange slice (or other fruit in season)

Muddle sugar and water in small glass until sugar dissolves. Add whiskey and bitters; stir well. Twist orange peel over glass and add. Stir once, then remove peel. Scoop ice cream into dessert coupe. Pour whiskey sauce over. Garnish with fruit.

POUR-IT-ON SUNDAE
(*Serves six or more*)

Figure on 1 pint ice cream for every 3 to 4 people served. Have several flavors on hand and scoop out balls a couple of hours before serving. Place ice-cream balls on trays, cover with plastic wrap and return to freezer. When ready to serve, pile multihued ice-cream balls in chilled clear glass bowl or oversize snifter and take to table. Accompany with array of cordials—assorted flavors and colors—whipped cream, chopped nuts, chocolate sprinkles; the works. Guests will help themselves to ice cream, pour on cordials of their choice and add toppings. You can also include a couple of these quick sauces:

Bourbon Chocolate Sauce: In heavy saucepan, combine 1 cup semisweet chocolate pieces with ½ cup black coffee. Stir over low heat until melted and smooth. Add 2 tablespoons bourbon and 3 to 4 tablespoons heavy cream. Serve warm or at room temperature. (Alternative: Stir 3 tablespoons bourbon into 1 cup bottled chocolate fudge sauce.)

Melba Sauce: Thaw 10-oz. package frozen raspberries. Purée in blender with 2 tablespoons *framboise*. Strain to remove seeds.

Minty Mallow: Combine 1 cup marshmallow cream with 3 tablespoons green crème de menthe. Stir well.

Rum Caramel: Combine 1 cup bottled caramel or butterscotch sauce with 3 tablespoons rum. Stir well.

COFFEEHOUSE PUNCH
(*Serves 20 to 25*)

6 cups strong black coffee, freshly made
1 bottle bourbon or brandy
1 pint heavy cream
3 pints vanilla ice cream, slightly softened
Cinnamon

Combine coffee, bourbon and cream in 3-quart pitcher or in 2 smaller pitchers. Chill. When ready to serve, transfer ice cream to large chilled punch bowl. Pour coffee mixture over ice cream and stir until well blended. Ladle into old fashioned glasses and dust with cinnamon.

Note: This punch is bittersweet, since the only sweetening is ice cream. To make it sweeter, dissolve 2 to 3 tablespoons sugar in the hot coffee.

COLD BUTTERED RUM
(*Serves one*)

1½ ozs. dark rum
1 large scoop butter-almond ice cream
½ cup finely crushed ice
Dash bitters, or to taste
Twist orange peel

Combine all ingredients except orange peel in blender and blend until almost smooth. Pour into chilled goblet. Garnish with orange twist and serve.

PIXILATED STRAWBERRY SODA
(*Serves one*)

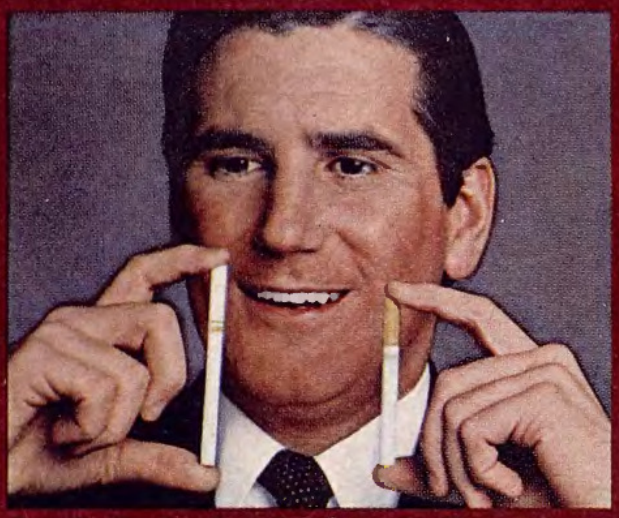
1 tablespoon strawberry preserves
1½ ozs. strawberry liqueur
1 tablespoon cream or milk
Chilled club soda
1 scoop strawberry ice cream
Whipped cream
Fresh strawberry

Combine preserves and liqueur in tall glass; mix well. Stir in cream or milk. Fill glass about ⅓ with club soda; stir quickly, then add ice cream. Slowly add club soda to fill glass. Stir again and top with whipped cream and strawberry. Serve with straws and long-handled spoon.

An affection for spiked ice cream has spread to the Continent. The current rage in Rome is Scotch on vanilla ice cream. Have some as you hum along with *Rigoletto*.

"Oh, go ahead! I'm sick and tired of your suicide threats!"

A third less tar
than the leading filter 85



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HOW TO MOVE HASSLE-FREE

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

Every year, one in five American families moves. And every year, thousands feud with their moving companies. In 1979, the Interstate Commerce Commission (ICC) began a crackdown on the boys in the van, with nationwide spot checks to ensure on-time deliveries and honest weighings. But much of the tooth gnashing comes from the legal curlicues that turn moving contracts into bear traps. For example, since a moving company's premove estimate need not match the actual postmove bill, some estimators bid absurdly low, to set the hook. So get estimates from several van lines and beware the bargain-basement bid. Of course, most estimates are honest, but about half are either over or under the charges by at least ten percent. Estimates should be in writing and done in person, not over the telephone.

COST OVERRUNS

You can affect the estimate yourself by forgetting to show the estimator everything you're taking, by adding your motorcycle at the last minute or by neglecting to tell the estimator that the crew must deliver goods up or down flights of steps or use an elevator or that you're shipping a piano, organ or automobile. And unforeseen charges can pop up, such as for the fact that the van must park more than 75 feet from the door or the crew needs special equipment—all those factors up the charges significantly.

The big shocker is that movers won't unload even a box of Chiclets until they're paid. And they refuse personal checks; many national van lines accept credit cards; otherwise, you must pay in cash, traveler's checks, cashier's check, money order or certified check. Fail to pay at delivery time and they can warehouse your goods (at your expense), charging extra for redelivery.

But whatever the final bill, the driver can demand payment for only 110 percent of the estimate before unloading (with the balance due within 15 days). So have about 80 percent of the estimate ready in nonpersonal check, with at least 30 percent more in cash. That way, you'll be ready if the bill goes over or under the estimate. Be sure to get a receipt.

SMOOTH THE MOVE

ICC regulations cover interstate movers only. On local moves, make sure you and the mover are square on arrangements. Also, try to avoid peak periods: May through September and the beginning or end of any month. Local movers may charge more then, snarl-ups are more frequent.

Movers aren't automatically liable for the full value of lost or damaged goods. You pay extra for that protection. Even then, you must prove negligence. However, your homeowner's policy may cover your possessions during a move. Or your company—if it's paying for the move—may have you covered. Otherwise, consider buying special coverage for the move from your insurance agent.

Before loading, a mover will inventory your possessions, marking each item's physical condition. If you think any of his evaluations are off, note your dissent on the inventory sheet before signing, so you'll be covered for damage claims that might later result.

Also, check the bill of lading, your contract with the van line, which lists the tare weight—the truck's weight (gas tank full) before your shipment is added. After loading, the driver will reweigh the van on a public scale to figure the weight of your goods. You can witness that ceremony to make sure the driver is the only extra poundage aboard. If you miss the weighin and have suspicions, you can demand a reweighing at the other end of the trip. If the scale reads at least 120 pounds lighter (or 25 percent heavier) than the original weight, the company pays for the reweighing. Otherwise, you do.

DELIVERY DITHERS

A sour note is often delivery. Instead of specifying a date, movers usually give you a "delivery spread," a period of a few days to over a week. Throughout the spread period, you're on two-hour notice to receive the goods, whenever the van deigns to appear. If you want delivery after five P.M., you pay the overtime. But if, as a convenience to the van line, the driver suggests a Saturday or Sunday delivery, you pay nothing extra if you agree. And if the driver can't make the delivery spread, he must notify you in advance, with the company covering your resulting expenses.

The move will be smoothest if you and the van driver keep in touch. Make sure he has several numbers where he can reach you. And get his name, shipment number, van number and route in advance.

An option is expedited service: For an extra charge, you get a definite delivery date and time. If the driver misses, the extra charge is dropped. Otherwise, the van line pays no penalty.

On delivery, sign no papers until you've checked all your goods, noting on the inventory or receipt any items missing or damaged—such notations could be vital to a claim. If you can't check each box, item by item, at least check any boxes that look damaged. You can make all the right moves from the beginning by asking your mover to provide the required ICC brochure summarizing customer/company rights and responsibilities, along with the latest company performance report. If you think you're getting the shaft on any phase of the move, the ICC has a toll-free complaint number: 800-424-9312.

Renting a truck and moving yourself could save you up to 75 percent of what a company would charge. But hiring a mover has its pluses. On interstate moves, the Government has an agreeable rule: No tipping.

—RICHARD WOLKOMIR

Believe it or not... as incredible as it seems... Bausch & Lomb soft lenses are made with water! So they look like water, and they're almost as soft. Which means they're cool, comfortable, safe and easy to wear from the very first time. They're so soft they actually curve to the surface of the natural moisture in your eye... so they stay in better without irritation. And with our specially designed care products, keeping your lenses clean and clear takes you only a few minutes a day. Which drop is the Bausch & Lomb soft lens? The one nearest our name. Just ask for soft lenses by Bausch & Lomb. We've been helping to correct people's vision for over one hundred years.

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Protect your eyes with regular examinations. And if you ever have any eye problems, consult your eye doctor immediately. Contact lenses shouldn't be worn while swimming, sleeping or in the presence of irritating vapors. Avoid exposing lenses to cosmetics, lotions, soaps, creams and hair sprays. Your eye doctor will decide, based on the health of your eyes, the vision correction they need and the way you work and relax, whether you can wear Bausch & Lomb SOFLENS Contact Lenses. He will also see that you enjoy their full benefit by giving you easy directions for lens wear and daily care.
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FIVE REASONS TO TAKE THE "A" TRAIN

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

Amtrak has passenger routes through five of the most beautiful sections of the country. Far from skirting the back streets of dingy cities, these lines penetrate the most rugged and dramatic terrain, the lushest expanses of our national landscape. And while Amtrak still can't match the speed of the 200-plus-mph French and Japanese bombers, for comfort and pleasure, there's a whole new generation of trains running that appear to be on the right track.

NEW YORK TO NEW ORLEANS: THE CRESCENT

After a run down the Northeast corridor that allows passengers to board in New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore, the Crescent leaves the nation's capital at 6:45 in the evening, and the menu for dinner is the best in the country. Because you can't have everything, it is the middle of the night when you skirt the Smokies, but plan to get up early, because at dawn you will be alongside the Blue Ridge Mountains. By the time you've finished your ample, Southern-style breakfast, the train will be in Atlanta. As the day progresses, the Piedmont plateau gives way to the plantation country of Mississippi and the unique landscape of the Mississippi River delta. Arrival in New Orleans is 7:15 P.M., in time for a grand night in the Vieux Carré. If you are booked through to Los Angeles on the Sunset Limited, you can use the Crescent as your hotel room for no extra charge. Breakfast at the Morning Call, do some sightseeing and then have an oyster loaf for lunch before you catch the Sunset Limited to Los Angeles.

NEW ORLEANS TO LOS ANGELES: THE SUNSET LIMITED

The Sunset leaves at one P.M., skirting the lushly mysterious coast of Louisiana and racing the sunset to Texas. By the time you wake up, you're far deeper than any highway could take you into the cowboy country of the Texas range. The sun rises behind you along the Rio Grande, and by noon, you are climbing the Davis range of the Rocky Mountains toward El Paso. Afternoon takes you deeper into the Rockies, and by evening, you are in Arizona. The next morning, at 7:40, you have reached Los Angeles. If you go the other way, the schedule is arranged so that you see most of the same scenery. There is a little more of Arizona, a little less of Louisiana.

SALT LAKE CITY TO SEATTLE: THE PIONEER

Traveling the most dramatically beautiful stretch of rail in the U.S.A., the Pioneer takes you on a 24-hour tour that includes the Snake River Valley, the Blue Mountains, the Cascade Range, Mt. Rainier, the Coast Ranges and Olympic Mountains. You can take the trip in either direction, because the schedule has been calculated to put you in the right place at the right time to see the best sights. All the same, the trip originating in Salt Lake City is a little more convenient, because it leaves at 10:45 P.M., just in time for a nightcap and a good night's sleep. If you leave from Seattle, you have to be on the train at 7:30 A.M., a sobering hour.

SEATTLE TO CHICAGO: THE EMPIRE BUILDER

No road you can drive will give access to the vistas on this 2300-mile trip across the northern border of the country. The Empire Builder was once one of the greatest of American trains, and there is still a grandness about her. She leaves at five P.M., in time for you to have a leisurely cocktail before dinner as you watch the sun set against the snow-capped peaks of the Cascade Range. After dinner, you will be able to see the frosty Nordic landscape by the light of at least a billion stars, as the train works her way into the mountains of Montana. By midmorning, you are at Glacier National Park. Nothing can compare with the vastness and glory of this virgin landscape, an incredible expanse of forest that straddles the U. S.-Canadian border. At nightfall, you are still in it, and only when you wake up does the magnificent forest land begin to give way to the lake-bejeweled plains of Minnesota and Wisconsin. Arrival in Chicago is a convenient seven P.M.

NEW YORK TO MONTREAL: THE ADIRONDACK

This is a trip for all seasons, and it can be made in one day. Originating in New York, the Adirondack leaves at 9:30 A.M., a civilized hour. She travels northward up the Hudson Valley, past the basalt ramparts of the Palisades, the majestic procession of the Catskill Mountains, until she reaches the junction of the Hudson and Mohawk rivers at Albany, just at lunchtime. Then she makes her way into the gorgeous scenery of the Adirondack Mountains, skirting Lake George and then Lake Champlain before crossing the border into Canada at Rouses Point. She arrives at Windsor Station in Montreal at 5:50 P.M., in time to enjoy the sophisticated pleasures of the queen city of Quebec Province. Passports are not necessary, but you do pass through Customs. Because only tray lunches are available, this is the train on which to have a picnic.

TIPS TO THE TRAIN TRAVELER

Never take the train when you want to get somewhere the fastest possible way. In the same spirit, never make being on time a matter of prime importance. The road *is* the inn. Find out what services are available to you; use them and tip accordingly. Never go coach. Reserve the most ample accommodations you can manage. They come with closets; hang up your clothes. Choose as a companion the person with whom you most like to travel. Intend to be romantic. Remember, you're on a train. No one will ever know when you arrive at your destination what went on in your cozy little sleeper. All aboard!

—ALAN RAVAGE

MITSUBISHI

INNOVATION FROM THE INSIDE OUT.

EPA estimates for Dodge Colt Hatchback and Plymouth Champ with 1400 cc engine and 4-speed manual transmission. Use this number for comparisons. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower than the highway estimate. California estimates are lower.

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The innovation began inside with the MCA-JET system. This exclusive engine design features a third, or "jet," valve that injects an extra swirl of air into the combustion chamber for more efficient fuel combustion *and* excellent performance. Nothing like it exists in any other car!

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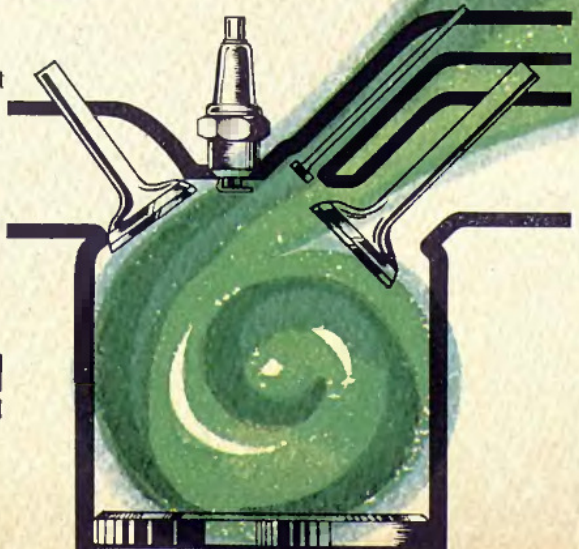

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"You were right, doctor. I hardly felt a thing."

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"Settled onto the bar stool, she crossed her long legs, delicate things rustling."

from Holt's and Ogilvy's. Molly had a run in her stocking. A smear of cream from a chocolate éclair clung to the mustache on her upper lip. Her leather coat was missing a button. Her voice booming, she explained that they had been out shopping when Barbara had suggested they might stop for a drink together at the Ritz before going home. Why not, she had thought, this once?

Fuck fuck fuck. Seymour, fuming, began to rub his hands against his trousers, his eyes fixed on the door.

"Oh, look," Molly exclaimed, a plump hand held to her powdery cheek. "champagne!" Her smile lapsed and her flinty eyes hardened. "*Why the champagne, Seymour?*"

"Ask him. He ordered it."

Molly turned to Joshua.

"I just got a big check," Joshua said, "totally unexpected. Why don't we ask the waiters to bring some glasses? We might as well open it now."

"What a sport he is," Seymour said, summoning the waiter.

"Champagne," Molly said, giggly.

Even as they began to chat uneasily, Seymour, his expression dead, saw the actress drift into the oak-paneled room. Joshua did not believe in levitation, but he could have sworn Seymour was lifted briefly out of his chair before he slumped back, an older man, seething.

"You know," Molly said, "I'm going to tell you something about champagne. Quite seriously. Only yesterday, I read that it's very good for your bowels."

Seymour's muttered reply was lost.

"He has such trouble, my Seymour. No matter what I say, he won't take enough roughage. So he has to force it."

"Shame on you, Seymour."

"I don't know how interested you are, Josh, but the way we defecate is unnatural. We should squat, that's natural."

"Why don't you hike up your skirts," Seymour said, "and give us a demonstration right here?"

"Quack quack quack," she said. "Josh isn't bored."

The actress was in her early 30s, with long, shining black hair, flashing legs. She wore a green-suede coat, unbelted, a fawn-silk blouse and a matching suede skirt. Enormous shell-frame glasses rode the crown of her black head. Lowering them to her lovely green eyes, she scanned the room, shrugged and then strode past their table to the bar, her scent lingering. Settled onto the bar stool, she crossed her long legs, delicate things rustling. Inside Seymour, Joshua sensed a volcano threatening to erupt, devouring all of them. Seymour's heart was thudding. His lips were parched. Fiddling with the stem of his champagne glass, ignoring Molly's breathless prattling, he appealed to Joshua with his melancholy eyes. The joke, conceived in drunken high spirits, began to pall. It could end badly, Joshua thought.

Seymour, ashen-faced, rose from the table.

"Are you all right, darling?"

"Don't get excited. I have to go to the toilet, that's all."

Conversation continued fitfully—the children, vacation plans, Margaret Trudeau's shenanigans—as the phone on the wall immediately to the right of the bar rang. The bartender took it, nodded and then whispered something to the television actress, who favored Joshua with a small, meaningful smile before she set her Gauloise down in an ashtray and got up to take the call.

"We're boring you," Barbara said, appealing to Joshua.

"Oh, not at all," and he pitched into the flagging conversation with simulated vigor, as he watched the girl on the phone smile, nod, burst into spontaneous giggles, frown, protest, nod again and finally hang up. Her manner distressed, pensive, she paid for her glass of kir, left it unfinished on the bar and drifted out of the room, failing to acknowledge Joshua as she passed. Relieved, he became more attentive to the ladies as Seymour bounded back to the table.

Barbara glanced at her watch and announced that she had to go.

"Did you bring the car?" Seymour asked Molly abruptly.

"Yes," she said, immediately scooping up her handbag. The clasp was broken. The bulging velvet bag was bound together with an elastic. A Roberta. Set him back $450. God Almighty.

"I have a couple of things to discuss with my friend here. Why don't you drive Barbara home? I won't be long."

Seymour, glowering, waited until the ladies had gathered their parcels together and left, and then he said, "I never would have suspected you of being so childish."

"Oh, come on. It was a joke."

"Some joke," Seymour said evenly. "Ha ha ha. You involved my innocent wife in this mindless prank and that's unforgivable."

"She didn't suspect a thing."

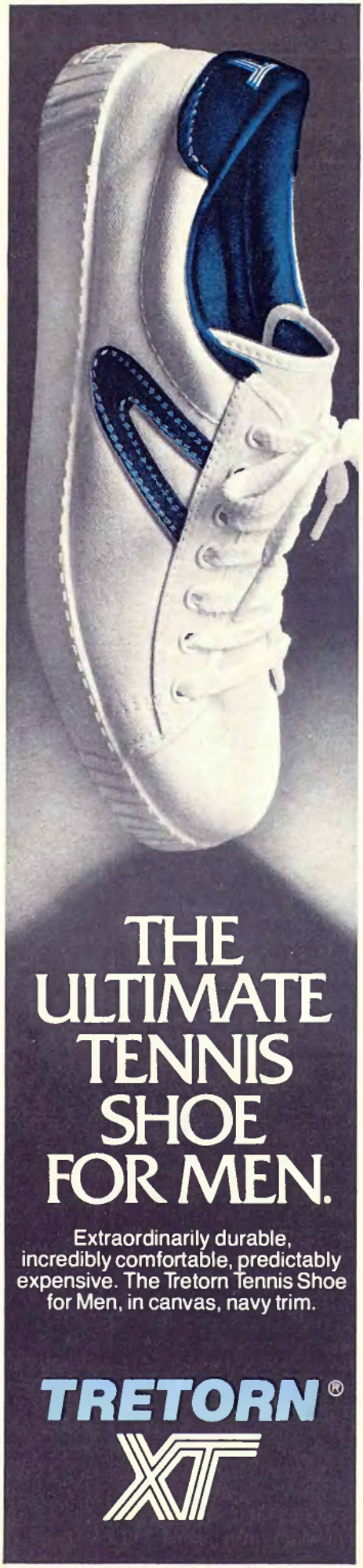
"I admit to having certain weaknesses, human weaknesses, but I never involve my wife and children in my escapades. My utterly joyless escapades. My wife and children come first with me." Leaning closer, he added, "You are a childish, inconsiderate, condescending, snobbish son of a bitch."

With that, Seymour shoved his chair back from the table and stomped out of the bar. Stunned, Joshua ordered a double Scotch, and it was only after he called for the waiter that he realized he had been left with the bill for the bottle of Mumm's.

There were two bars in the Ritz-Carlton. The Maritime, in the basement, which Joshua favored because of its comparative privacy, and the much more modish Café de Paris on the ground floor. Embarrassed, contrite, Joshua ascended the steps to the ground floor and paused at the newsstand to pick up some magazines. As he passed the glass doors to the Café de Paris, he just caught a glimpse of Seymour, an ingratiating, sweet-talking Seymour, huddled with the television actress at a table in the corner.

Seymour. Seymour.

He would be telling her that he had once seen her perform at the Centaur Theater and that he had never dreamed that he would be so fortunate as to meet her. He would say that he had also seen her play Masha on CBS-TV and, though he had seen *The Three Sisters* done in the West End and on Broadway, he had never known an actress to invest the role with such purity of soul. Such incandescence. Accidentally brushing against her leg under the table, he would allow that he had friends who put tax-shelter money into films and that she must meet them, and they would go to the Troika for dinner and then continue on to her apartment in the Cartier, where he would pronounce her not only gifted and intelligent but also beautiful, astonishingly beautiful. Unzipping here, unhooking there, licking, sucking, he would say that had she not been born Canadian, had she come from New York, she would now certainly be a star of international repute. Then he would open his satchel and invite her to step into his first gift. The come-on. A pair of low-cal, peppermint-flavored candy panties. Eating them off her, he would suddenly excuse himself and rush into the toilet to spray his erection with Long John. For endurance. Then he would return, beaming, and, one hand on his satchel, ask her what she liked best. Don't be shy.



GOOD GUYS

(continued from page 188)

"'You tell them you're a drug dealer,' he says. 'They'd sooner have you be a drug dealer than a cop.'"

11. An elderly Italian woman died of an ordinary heart attack.

12. A 13-year-old girl was raped and sodomized by a man in his early 30s, who fell instantly in love with her and advised he'd kill her if he ever caught her with another man.

It is commonly believed that cops never follow up on cases involving the theft of small amounts of money, yet I have been involved in the investigations of three consecutive cases in which (1) a teenaged boy was robbed of a leather jacket and four dollars; (2) an old woman was robbed of ten dollars; (3) a young woman was robbed of some cameras. The detectives in the last case stressed the importance of keeping records of serial numbers and of engraving one's Social Security number on items of value. They were optimistic about chances for recovering objects thus protected.

The above three cases were the first I got involved in at the Ninth Precinct and I was impressed with the professionalism and the compassion with which they were handled. I am sure there are cops who are apathetic and cops who are lazy and dishonest, but I think they are in the minority and, besides, I am bored hearing about them. I'd rather tell you about the honest, hard-working, heroic cops I encountered in the Ninth Precinct, whom I saw saving lives and protecting property, retaining their humor in the midst of grotesque circumstances, risking their necks and being shit upon by the people in the street and, even more so, by the police department itself.

When I first got to the Ninth Precinct, I didn't quite know where I wanted to look for the things I wanted to find out, so I just started hanging out with the cops and hoped I'd get my bearings.

•

I am cruising with an Anti-Crime team in the wee hours of the morning. It's too cold for crime, so the streets are deserted. "The best policeman is named Jack Frost" is a police homily I will hear repeatedly. It is so quiet that cops are telling Polish jokes on the police radio.

Suddenly, Anti-Crime man Dave Flannery spots a kid carrying a heavy shopping bag, looking "wrong." Flannery gets out of the car. The kid sees him and scoots into a nearby building. Flannery takes off after him, followed by his partner, followed by me. On the stairway to the fourth floor, the kid drops the shopping bag, sending apples, containers of chocolate milk and macaroni TV dinners flying in all directions. Flannery lets the kid escape. "You have to be pretty low to lock up anybody for stealing food," he says.

•

I asked the men at the Ninth Precinct what had possessed them to become policemen. To many, it was largely a matter of following in their fathers' or grandfathers' footsteps—I know at least three cops in the Ninth who even managed to be assigned their fathers' or grandfathers' original "shields," or badges. To many, it was "the Irish bit—if you couldn't afford to go to college, you went into civil service, for the security."

To many, it was the excitement: "It was either that or become a cowboy. I've never been able to work at a desk or anything inside," a uniformed foot patrolman explained. "It's exciting to see life in the raw, and you do get to help people, too, which is very satisfying."

Said a cop named John: "I enjoy locking up bad people."

Most, I think, became cops for fairly altruistic reasons: "Being young and idealistic," says Flannery, "you think you're going to go out there and right a lot of wrongs. Then you find you're hampered by the courts and by the department itself and you find everybody's against you. Nobody loves a cop."

Most cops I've talked with have given up their civilian friends. They feel that nobody but another cop understands them. And when they're off duty, they dread strangers' finding out what they do for a living.

All cops are required to carry their guns off duty. I ask Chris Reisman, who's a bachelor, how the women he dates react when they discover the revolver clipped inside the back of his belt.

"It turns them right off," he says. But what can you do? I ask—you can't just leave the gun at home. "You tell them you're a drug dealer," he says. "They'd sooner have you be a drug dealer than a cop, anyway."

Reisman, like all cops, is all too aware of the policeman's status of outsider. Neither the law-abiding civilian community nor the criminal community will claim him, so he is utterly alone. And if it's hard to survive in either the law-abiding community or the criminal one, it's all but impossible to survive in both: Cops have to live by two totally conflicting sets of rules at the same time. "Which means," says Reisman, "that at any given moment, we're betraying either the one or the other." If they break the law-abiding community's rules, they might wind up in jail. But if they break

the criminal community's rules, they will most likely end up in a wooden box.

There is an entirely different moral code in the street. Ghetto life is miserable and therefore cheap. People shoot each other for little provocation or none at all. Not making your quota of dope sales and making a pass at somebody else's woman are two of the more commonplace justifications for killing somebody. In the ghetto, there is nothing wrong with stealing from a store during a blackout, or at any other time, for that matter. A man who'd robbed over 30 stores in less than a year was self-righteously indignant when arrested—he hadn't once taken anything from an actual *person*, he said.

Police-department rules and regulations don't apply to the reality of the street. In the street, Reisman feels, a college education is not an asset but a curse: It could cause you to intellectualize things instead of respond to them viscerally and directly.

Reisman's partner, Andy Glover, was shot to death five years ago while stopping a car to give its driver a ticket. The driver was wanted for homicide and thought Glover was arresting him for that. If Glover had continuously expected the worst from people, perhaps he'd be alive today. At least that's Reisman's feeling.

•

A superintendent of a building has allegedly attacked one of his tenants. She is now in Bellevue with 32 stitches in her head. Detective Bob Hayes allows me to sit in on the super's interrogation.

The super's story is that the woman came at him, for no apparent reason, with a machete, then tripped and fell and hit her head. Hayes is very gentle with him and asks if he can afford a lawyer. The super says no. "Then the court will appoint one for you," says Hayes, "and now I'm going to have to arrest you."

The super is dismayed. "Right *now*?"

"Why?" says Hayes. "Isn't now convenient?" No, says the super. "When would you *like* me to arrest you?" says Hayes.

"How about tomorrow morning?" says the super.

"OK," says Hayes, "how about nine o'clock?"

"Make it ten," says the super.

"But be sure you're here," says Hayes. "I don't want to have to come after you."

The super promises to be there at ten the next morning and Hayes lets him leave. I ask him why he let him go.

"For one thing, I know the guy," says Hayes, "and I know he isn't going to run away. For another, I haven't talked to the complainant yet. For all I know, he's telling the truth and she's a psycho."

Hayes and his partner, John Babich, and I go to Bellevue to see the complainant. Babich is in his 40s and chews a cigar that rains a steady stream of ashes on his black vested suit. He is a former undercover narc and has been in the interrogation unit only a couple of weeks. I ask him if I can call him John.

"There are millions of Johns," he says. "Call me Babich."

The complainant is lying in a hospital bed with several tubes coming out of her. Her face is badly beaten, her eyes are puffed and her head has been shaved and sewn together with three neat rows of stitches. Her name is Bonita.

Hayes asks Bonita how it happened. She replies in a heavy Spanish accent that she was on her way out of her building to buy dog food when the super attacked her, for no reason, with a stick.

"Were you carrying a machete, Bonita?" Hayes asks.

Bonita professes not to know what a machete is.

"A big knife," says Hayes. "Were you carrying a big knife when he came at you, Bonita?"

"A beeg knife," she says reflectively and mulls this over. "No," she says finally, "I don't *theenk* so."

•

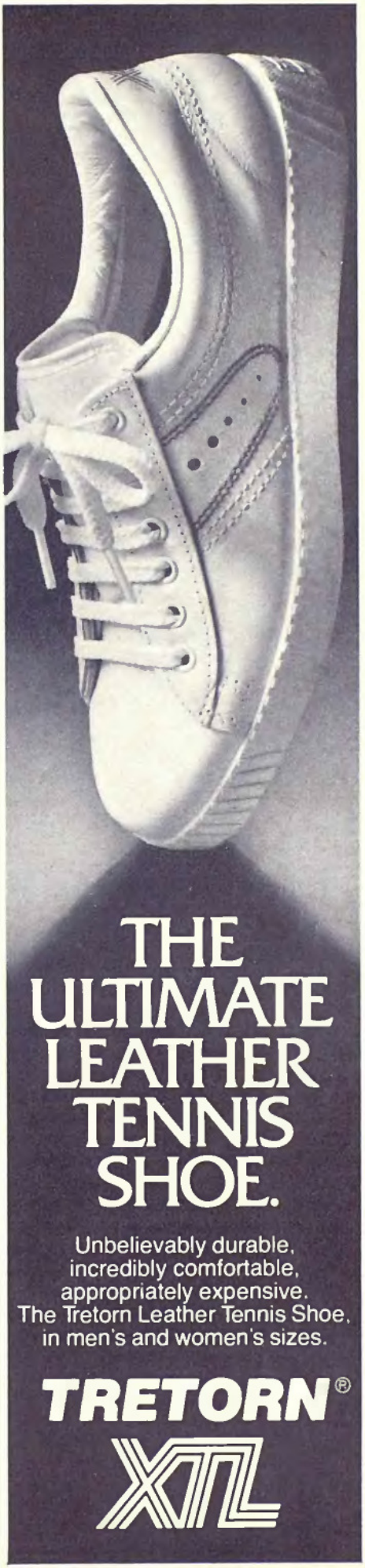
Patrolman Airel Vasquez tells me he responded not long ago to a call to assist a sick baby and found at the given address a baby carriage in the middle of the living room covered with a black-silk scarf. Inside the carriage was a baby who had been dead at least a week. It had been beaten, burned with cigarettes and repeatedly bitten. The baby's father was convicted of the crime and sent to prison.

"I don't like people anymore," says Dave Flannery. "I used to, but I guess I've seen too much."

•

From the first night I began riding with cops, I asked them to tell me stories of their heroic deeds. I never got any response, which puzzled me. And then, after I had been there awhile, I began to understand. It wasn't that they hadn't all done their share of heart-stopping rescues, it was that they were embarrassed to talk about them. "A real hero doesn't consider himself a hero," I was told. I persisted. And I asked their friends. Cops don't mind talking about the heroic exploits of their friends.

Patrolman Dennis Harrington and his partner revived a heart-attack victim on 14th Street in a driving rainstorm and saved his life. Flannery rescued three youths in Brooklyn one bone-crackingly cold February night by jumping into the water and pulling them to safety, one by one. He almost drowned in the process. John Poppe and John DeBerry delivered a premature two-pound baby and are responsible for its being alive today. Ed Mamet has 20 medals, one of which resulted from his saving six people in a burning building in Brooklyn—fire trucks couldn't get their ladders up, because an elevated-train platform was in



the way, so Mamet and his partner went in and pulled them out. Mamet ended up passing out from smoke inhalation and almost didn't make it out of there himself. Jim Liedy has 30 medals, mostly resulting from gun arrests. One of those involved wrestling on the floor with a psycho who fired off several shots before Liedy managed to take the gun away.

"This job is all a head game," says Chris Reisman, after I watch him and fellow Anti-Crime cop Barry Noxon pull a would-be suicide off a six-story parapet. "Your life depends on being able to figure out what the other guy is going to do before he does it. But no matter how weird what you're handling is, and no matter how well or how poorly you handle it, the same situation is going to come up again soon and you have to do it all over again. You get a chance to correct any mistakes you might have made the last time. After a while, you start to make jokes about it. You pretty much *have* to if you want to keep your sanity."

•

When policemen are in tight spots, are they afraid? "Oh, yeah," says Jack Monigan, "you get apprehensive. When a guy's supposed to have a gun, and you walk into a room you're not familiar with and you hear a gun cock, you get scared—there's no two ways about it." How does he handle it? "I really don't know. You just do what you have to do, and afterward, when it's all over, you start to shake."

Do cops ever think about dying? "Yes," says Reisman, "probably more than most people. It tends to make you live more immediately. You're much less willing to accept deferred gratification or deferred joy. Or promises."

"I've had dreams about it once in a while," says Dennis Harrington, "but I really don't dwell on it. I don't tell my wife most of what happens, because I don't want her to worry. I tell her the *funny* things that happen. I've been in a couple of hairy situations, but I didn't dwell on them. You get so you can cope with it. Not that you're a hero or anything, it's just that you're aware of it. You're also aware of the fact that in this precinct, we've had guys assassinated, by the Black Liberation Army—this is where Gregory Foster and Rocco Laurie were killed—and you're aware of the fact that if anybody wants you, there's nothing you can do about it."

When Mamet was an undercover narcotics cop, he dealt with his fear "by not wanting to be a coward. By forcing myself to do whatever I had to do because of the stigma attached to not doing it and to saying I was afraid." Mamet was a narc for four years and worked up in Harlem at night, where his was the only white face. Often he was with junkies who wanted him to shoot up with them. He was always able to talk his way out of it, saying things like he had hepatitis and didn't want to use their needle. Once, at a party, he ran into a guy he'd sent to jail three years before and was terrified the guy would give him away. "I pulled him into another room and told him what would happen to him if he revealed who I was. I scared him so much he left the party."

Another time, Mamet was arrested with a bunch of junkies by two uniformed cops. Mamet didn't have with him the .25-caliber automatic he usually hid in his crotch, and he was the only one holding drugs. When the two cops found the drugs, they punched him around and threw him into a cell. He asked to speak to them in private and was able to convince them he was a narc. One of the cops who'd beaten him was eventually thrown out of the department.

Outside of assassinations, why do cops get killed? "One reason is that they hesitate longer than they should before shooting," says Monigan. "A perfect example is this sergeant in the Fifth Precinct, Sergeant Johnson. The perp had a knife and he came toward him. By the time the sergeant decided to shoot, it was too late, he'd already been stabbed. There is always a tendency to hesitate. Sometimes it's fatal. Some guys go 20 years without ever firing a shot. On TV, they're shooting all the time."

"There were a couple of cops killed one year with knives," recalls Harrington, "and I remember thinking, Boy, if I ever come up against a guy with a knife, I'm not going to wait, I'm just going to shoot him. And I walked around a corner one day and there was a guy who had a woman up against the wall with a knife at her throat, and my first impulse was not what I thought it would be. It was in the winter, I had my gloves on and I grabbed the knife by the blade and just yanked it out of his hand. As much as you might think you'd want to, you really don't want to shoot anybody. If there's another way to do it, you will.

"One night, we had a guy in a delicatessen who'd stolen a couple of swords. He was high and wild and he had a sword in each hand. We went in there with our guns out, but my partner just lunged at the guy, grabbed the swords and yanked them out of his hands. After it's over, you say, 'Gee, it seems like I did an awfully stupid thing.' But when it actually happens, what's going through your mind is, I think I can disarm this guy without killing him. I don't have to shoot him. Not ever having shot anybody, I wonder what makes a guy decide."

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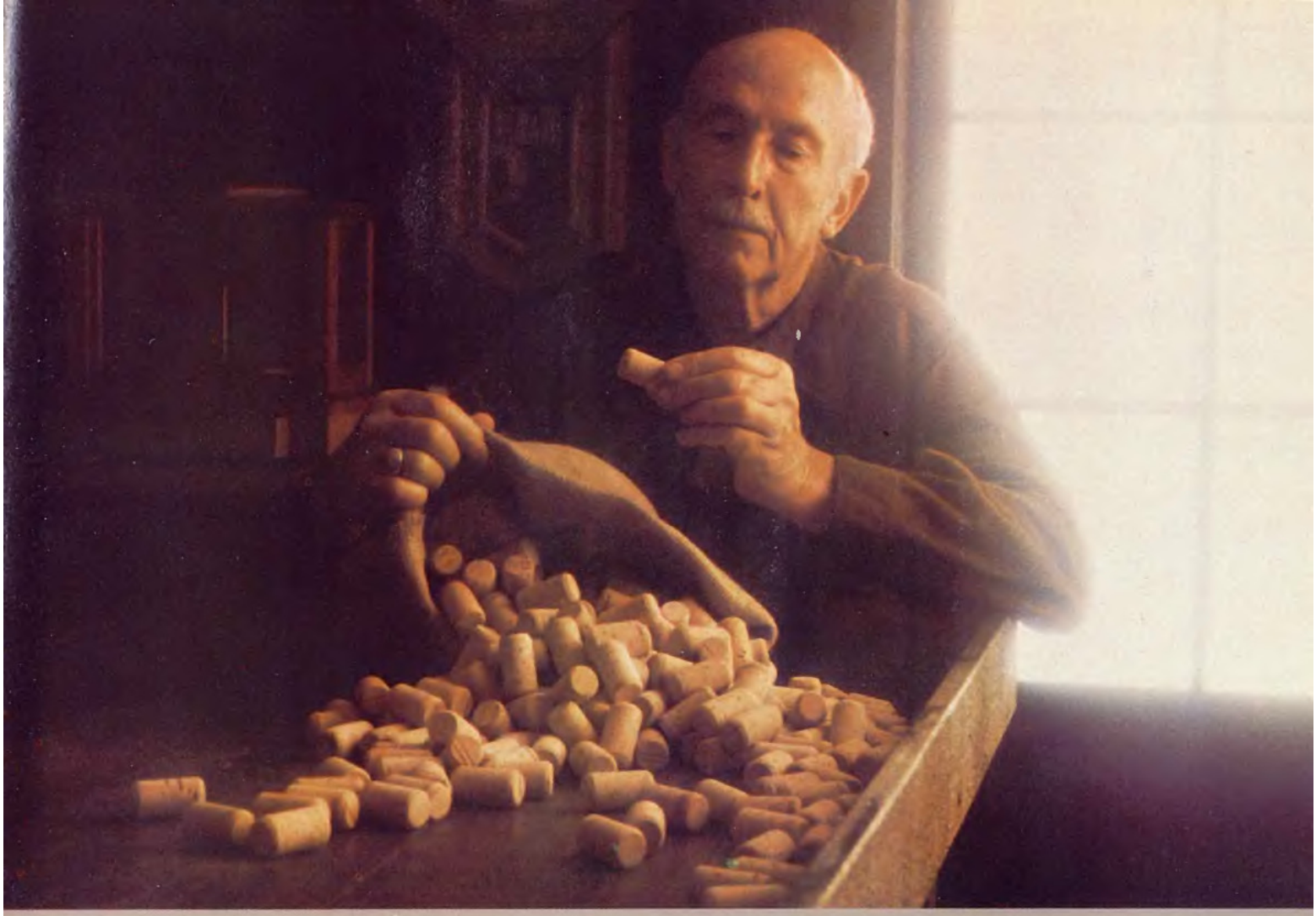
As a result of the heavy criticism of its men by the public and the press following such investigations into police corruption as that of the Knapp Commission, the New York Police Department has become absolutely obsessed with its image. Its self-policing arm, the Internal Affairs Division, is continually tapping cops' phones, spying on them with high-powered binoculars and sophisticated night-vision equipment and conducting what it calls integrity tests: A cop suspected of being corruptible will be tempted with large sums of cash by a stranger who is in reality an undercover man to see what the cop in question will do with it. In the opinion of many cops I talked with, the N.Y.P.D. would rather nab a wayward cop than a civilian criminal.

Besides the spying equipment and the demeaning integrity tests, there are the infuriating restrictions, both official and otherwise: "When I was in the Tenth Precinct Anti-Crime Unit, they didn't

"What is it, really—the book's so good you can't put it down, or I'm so awful you can't get it up?"



BECAUSE the cork is the guardian of the wine, the corksmith judges the quality choosing only the finest straight-grained Portuguese cork to protect our crisp French Colombard. Every step we take, we take with care because THE WINE REMEMBERS

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want anyone in civilian clothes making drug arrests," Harrington tells me. "They never came right out and told us why, but we assumed it was because in civilian clothes you can't be monitored. In uniform, you wouldn't be foolish enough to go into a bar, shake somebody down or anything like that. But in civilian clothes, I guess they figure you're more apt to try it. It's harder to be seen."

"To whatever extent the department remains sanitary by not having contact with narcotics, we lose a substantial amount of respect on the street," says Reisman. "These are crimes that are conducted virtually in our presence, which we're all but told to ignore. And they generate problems that make our work even more difficult: A junkie has to steal. And he's generally going to steal somewhere near where he's copping. Also, a hard-working private citizen sees drug activity in his community and he notifies the police. He sees that they don't do anything about it and he loses faith in the police. Then, on other occasions, he's less inclined to tell us about other things, because he thinks either we're not going to do anything or we're active partners in the criminal activity."

Since the Knapp Commission, detectives are forbidden to enter any bar, liquor store or pawnshop without official permission and without being accompanied by a superior officer. Also, detectives are forbidden to speak to prostitutes or other underworld types for information on people who've committed crimes.

Although cops are allowed to pay people five dollars apiece to fill out police line-ups, the procedure for getting the money has at times been a masterpiece of absurdity: First you filled out a form to the commanding officer of the Field Internal Affairs Unit, signed by your own commanding officer; then you hand-delivered the form to the borough coordinator, who endorsed it; then you took it to the Field Internal Affairs commanding officer, who endorsed it and made a log entry and issued you a check; then you took the check to a bank to get it cashed; then you got all the people who were in the line-up back into the station house and made them sign receipts for their five-dollar bills; then you sent in the receipts with all the signatures, and if you didn't end up with the same number of signatures as five-dollar bills, you had to start all over again.

"They treated you like children," says Flannery.

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Policemen feel that their hands are tied by the judicial system as much as by the N.Y.P.D. "The system was based on X number of people who should be incarcerated," says Monigan. "You've tripled the number of people who should be incarcerated by now and you haven't changed the system to allow for it. Do you know how much it costs to maintain a prisoner in jail? A hundred and ninety-four dollars a day!"

"The courts can't handle what we're bringing in," says Harrington. "They're overloaded. You can go down to court with a case on a silver platter, and if it's not a superhorrendous crime, they're not even going to prosecute. They're going to reserve the spot in jail for a guy who's done his eighth mugging. You go to court with a case like theft of services from a restaurant. They started something recently called declined prosecution. The D.A. says, 'Yes, it's a crime and it really did happen, but we're not going to prosecute, because we don't have the resources.' So a restaurant owner might spend all day to get a complaint drawn up and then find out it's not going to even be prosecuted. And he feels like he's paying his taxes and he's just taken a real screwing. He got screwed by the guy who ripped him off, and now he's gotten screwed by the courts."

Why, I ask Flannery, does he think the courts are so lenient with lawbreakers?

"I don't know," he says, "this is supposed to be the land of the free, you know? They don't like to deprive an individual of his freedom, and all this kind of garbage. And yet I walk through the area I work in and I see iron gates on all the windows. So who's *really* being imprisoned, the criminals or the honest citizens? The old people in my area go out only in the morning, because that's when the robbers and the junkies are sleeping off whatever they did the night before. The honest majority has to suffer for the criminal minority."

Mamet has another angle: A detective's batting average, he explains, is the number of cases he "clears" by arrest. A D.A.'s batting average is the number of his cases on which he gets convictions. A judge's batting average, especially in the New York Supreme Court, is based on the number of his decisions that are upheld on appeal—when he decides a case, he thinks ahead to what would happen on appeal. If he thinks the evidence or the procedures in a particular case are questionable, he'll throw the case out rather than risk its being overturned on appeal and making him look bad. "Also," says Mamet, "cops feel judges don't know what they went through to bring the case to court—they probably spent weeks or months on the case, risked their lives, and then the judge lets the guy walk away with a slap on the wrist.

"I also think that an obsession with constitutional rights has weakened the police force. A cop can observe the search-and-seizure laws, but if he merely walks up to a suspicious-looking person and asks if he's carrying anything like dope or guns and the person says yes, then that is called submission to

authority and the case can be dismissed. The court could rule that the person was frightened and didn't realize he had a constitutional right to refuse to answer. A case can also be dismissed if the evidence rolls under a car or is thrown out of sight—if a cop loses sight of the evidence for even five *seconds*, that case is out the window.

"Another thing. If you're a cop talking to a witness to a crime, and as he's speaking you begin to realize he might be the one who *committed* the crime, you must stop, tell him he's a suspect, read him his rights and tell him that anything he says will be used against him.

"The questioning of juveniles can only be done at those station houses that are acceptable to the court—this isn't one of them. Also, a parent or a guardian has to be present. Sometimes a parent or a guardian won't come in. In that case, even if the kid *admits* to the crime, the case will probably be thrown out. Until just recently, we couldn't even fingerprint a juvenile."

When a cop takes a prisoner to court, he has to wait in the Tombs along with 100 to 150 other cops for anywhere from several hours to a couple of days for his case to be called, sitting and doing absolutely nothing—a daily waste of thousands of dollars in wages and an appalling waste of crime-fighting manpower.

"A cop cannot shoot at a car in which perpetrators are fleeing a crime unless the car is being used as a weapon against him, like, to run him down," says Mamet. "If he tries to run you down and *misses*, you can no longer shoot at him once he has passed you by. The state *penal* code says you can, but the N.Y.P.D. says you can't. N.Y.P.D. regulations compromise state law."

It is not only the penal code that makes cops' jobs difficult nowadays. It is also the attitude that the man in the street has developed in recent years.

"People aren't afraid of cops anymore, and that's too bad," says Reisman. "They take pride in wising off to us, being rude and not cooperating. People figure a cop can't lay a hand on them anymore. If we do anything they don't like, they can gave us official trouble. It makes the job harder and more dangerous, because a lot of times you find yourself in situations that don't allow for negotiation. For example, there was a fire in Brooklyn not long ago and people refused to leave a burning building—they wouldn't take the cops' word for it that their goddamned building was coming down around their ears. The general assumption is that we don't know what we're talking about. Except for a few areas of the business community, people are not getting the protection they're paying for."

A common practice in drug or prostitution collars, I'm told, is for the arrested person to file a false complaint with the Civilian Complaints Review Board. A prostitute will say that the arresting officer demanded sexual favors or asked her to pimp for him. A drug dealer will charge that the cop turned in fewer drugs than were seized. All complaints are laboriously investigated by the I.A.D. and go on the cops' permanent records. Even though almost all such charges prove groundless and the notation Unsubstantiated or Unfounded goes into the books, a cop with a number of unfounded complaints will generally not be promoted.

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Some cops I know think heroin dealers should be not jailed but shot. You have heard that heroin was developed to get morphine addicts off morphine and that methadone—which is just as dangerous as heroin—was developed to get heroin addicts off heroin. One thing you may not have heard is that addicts on the methadone program take the methadone the Government gives them free and sell it on the street to buy heroin.

Another thing you may not have heard is that addicts on the methadone program are on Social Security, even though most of them have never produced any income of their own. The Federal Government is allowing junkies to be classified as disabled and to collect Social Security benefits. Technically, the Government is subsidizing methadone clinics all over the country through Social Security.

One night my detective friends introduced me to several black hookers in Hell's Kitchen. Although the hookers had impressive breasts and seemed definitely female, I was informed that they were, in fact, merely gentlemen with silicone ornamentation. I was amazed. I was even more amazed to learn that several of them had had sex-change operations at a hospital in Yonkers that cost $3000 to $5000 apiece and that those operations had been paid for by the Government as well—the lads, you see, are junkies on the methadone program, and are therefore covered by Medicaid. All they had to do to get the sex-change operation, I was told, was to get a psychiatrist to say that the operation was necessary for their emotional well-being and—bingo!—taxpayers get to cough up five grand for some junkie hooker to get his plumbing changed.

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A nine-year-old girl has run away from an ex-junkie mother who beats her. We examine the little girl's laboriously printed goodbye notes, parts of which read: "I love you so much. You want me to go away I did. . . . See what I mean you hit see what. Love. . . . I love you very much. . . . Love, good-by Mom, Love. . . . I will come to you one day."

"You notice how much mention there

Keeps a six pack cold all day.
THERMOS. L'il sunPacker™

is of love?" says Monigan.

"Abused children," I say a trifle smugly, "are——"

"More attached to parents who beat them than normal ones, I know," says Monigan. "I sure don't like this case."

The police have been looking for the little girl for several days now, and for the first time, they are beginning to suspect foul play. Two of the mother's other children have died under mysterious circumstances. Perhaps the mother found the little girl after she ran away and beat her to death. Perhaps, at the very least, the girl was sexually assaulted.

"Of course, *some* nine-year-old girls in this neighborhood are built better than my wife," says Monigan, "and have had more sexual intercourse than you and me put together."

Three days later, the girl is found unharmed.

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Monigan and I are leaving the scene of an ordinary D.O.A. "You missed a great one a few weeks ago," he tells me. "The guy had been dead for several days. It was so cold in the building the corpse wasn't badly decomposed, but rats had eaten the flesh off his arms from the elbows down. That caused us a bit of trouble at first." Why? "Very difficult to get fingerprints when their hands are eaten off," he says reasonably.

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"The first time you come upon a junkie lying in his own vomit," says Harrington, "you don't feel sorry for him, you almost hate him—because, man, how could you let yourself *get* like that? After a while, you mellow. If you're *lucky*, you mellow. If not, you really let it all get to you, and then you're going to be one of the guys who end up killing themselves."

In recent years, at least two policemen of the Ninth Precinct that I know of have committed suicide. A cop who was implicated in an alleged drinking incident at Gracie Mansion shot himself to death. In 1979, there were eight suicides in the N.Y.P.D. What causes cops to take their own lives?

"I think a lot of pressure is brought on cops by the police department," says Monigan. "Minor infractions are so frowned upon and dealt with so harshly that some guys really take suicide as a way out. The suicide rate is high because guys don't leave work problems at the station house. That's why we get so foolish here"—he points to the wooden leg nailed to Mamet's doorframe—"to lighten it up a little. If you don't do stuff like that, you take it all home with you and destroy everyone there. Eventually, you end up committing suicide or killing somebody."

"You're never allowed to show anger," says Harrington. "You're supposed to turn the good emotions on and suppress the bad ones. That's why so many guys become alcoholics, get divorced, blow their brains out, stuff like that." As a matter of fact, cops have higher rates of divorce, alcoholism and suicide than any other profession in the world. And their average life expectancy is only 59—about 13 years less than that of the average American man.

New York cops appear to be doing at least as good a job as other cities' policemen, but with far less equipment. The typewriters they use to prepare all their reports are barely usable. Their cars, both marked and unmarked, are falling apart—every one I rode in had either a broken two-way radio or a couple of doors that wouldn't open. "I sometimes wish I had more in my trunk than a tire and a jack," says Flannery wistfully. Like what? "Oh, like maybe some oxygen equipment. Emergency Services has some, but we could sure save more lives if we did, too."

There is so little money to buy underworld information and to set up drug arrests it borders on the tragicomic: "I made an undercover buy up on 14th Street," says Harrington, one of the few cops in the Ninth Precinct permitted to make drug collars, "and it was the first one I ever made. The guy wanted four dollars. I didn't have enough money, so I had to beat him down on the price. That really ticked him off when I arrested him. He said, 'Hey, man, you were gonna lock me up anyway, why'd you beat me down on the price?' I said, 'Well, man, all I had to spend was three dollars and 30 cents.' "

The morale of New York cops is generally very low. The layoff of 5000 men in 1975 was, according to Mamet, "the greatest blot on the N.Y.P.D. in its history." Mayor Beame had promised that if the men worked five days without pay, there'd be no layoffs. The men worked the five days. Beame laid off 5000 cops. Although many of them were eventually rehired, there are over 700 still out of work, which is felt to be, among other things, a definite hazard to public safety.

Oddly enough, morale among the men of the Ninth Precinct seems generally better than that of the rest of the department. Why? "This is a very, very dangerous place," says Monigan. "We've got seven plaques downstairs for guys who've been killed here, yet morale is relatively high. Being in a busy place and knowing it's so dangerous makes it . . . exciting. And when it's an exciting place, there's a much closer camaraderie among the men. And that camaraderie, that *esprit de corps*, gives an uplift to the entire place."

Maybe that's why most of the men I've met at the Ninth appear to like their work, regardless of the hardships. "There are guys here," says Harrington, "who hate to go sick, because they just don't like being idle. In this job, if you want to abuse going sick, you can abuse it, but the average guy doesn't. I had a broken arm not long ago and I worked anyway. I tried to fake it. I put my partner's coat over it—he's six feet, four—and it covered my cast. I couldn't face the prospect of lying around at home idle for six whole weeks."

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Some signs on the wall of the Ninth Precinct: (1) YOUR LIFE IS IN DANGER TODAY. YOU MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. (2) TO ERR IS HUMAN, TO FORGIVE IS AGAINST DEPARTMENT POLICY. (3) WE THE WILLING, LED BY THE UNKNOWING, ARE DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE UNGRATEFUL. WE HAVE DONE SO MUCH FOR SO LONG WITH SO LITTLE, WE ARE NOW QUALIFIED TO DO ANYTHING WITH NOTHING. Somebody bitter about police salaries has amended the last line to read: TO DO ANYTHING FOR NOTHING.

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One night shortly after midnight, officers Vasquez and Phillips and I respond to a call to back up an ambulance on a cardiac case. A very old man who has no legs and who has just had a heart attack is being gently helped into a folding wheelchair. When the old man hears he's being taken to the VA hospital, he begins to cry. A short conference follows between him, the cops and a female neighbor. Then the old man is helped back into his bed and we leave.

"He realized that if we took him to the VA hospital, he probably wouldn't ever go back home," explains one of the cops. "He wants to die in his own bed. It doesn't seem like a lot to ask."

•

I had begun my research wanting to find out what cops were really like, and what they knew about us, and how that knowledge had affected them. What I found out about cops is that they are more conscientious, compassionate, ill-equipped, restricted, playful, heroic, depressed, alienated and suicidal than I'd imagined. What I found out that cops know about *us* is both a bit better and a lot worse than I'd expected.

Because, of course, there are two Americas: the one in which people live by the American Dream and the one in which people have given it up. Cops are right on the border line—they live in the dream and they work in the nightmare it has created. I'm amazed they're not all schizophrenic.

It is not that being a cop is tough. It is that being a cop is almost not even possible anymore. And yet these men persist. Unless they are able to find support from either the public or their bosses, if not both, it is hard to see how much longer they can continue doing what they are doing.

At left, Dorothy sports a $15,000 necklace from jewelry designer Lester Lampert of Chicago: five carats of diamonds set in 14-kt. gold.

Above: Elegant 14-kt.-gold Longines watch that's tapered to fit the wrist, with an easy-to-read oval dial, $1000.

Above: L'Air du Temps *eau de toilette* from Nina Ricci Parfums, in a Lalique crystal 43-oz. bottle, $1350.

it's christmas in june for our lucky playmate of the year

Gifts Fit for a Queen

IF, AS THEY SAY, it is more blessed to give than to receive, Dorothy Stratten's benefactors may soon be canonized. Dorothy had a vague inkling of what she was going to receive as Playmate of the Year, but the full impact of her treasure-trove of goodies didn't really dawn on her until one day in February, when she arrived at our West Coast *(text concluded on page 227)*

Below: The *pièce de résistance*, a Jaguar XJ-S, complete with all the fixin's—self-regulating air conditioning, AM/FM stereo radio and eight-track tape deck, four-wheel power-assisted disc brakes, hand-matched Connolly hide upholstery and electric power windows, $26,000.

Above: An electronic muscle-toning and aerobic device, this AMF Whitely Computrim 900 will keep Dorothy in good shape.

Dorothy'll moke good use of her $1000 lifetime membership to all 11 of Jerry Douderman's Noutilus Plus Fitness Centers.

Above: A Wetbike watercycle (plus troiler, two vests and instruction), from Wetbike/Spirit Morine/Arctic Enterprises, Inc., $3130.

Right: Kawasoki motorcycle KZ-250 LTD, with electric storting and big-bike features. And you're never gonna outgrow that kind of style, $1250.

From AMF (below): A Heod Legend tennis racket, cover and Head Sports Wear warm-up suit (left), Head SR 90 Alpine skis for rocing competition and expert downhill skiing with Tyrolia 360R binding ond ski brake, Heod Sports Wear ski outfit (not shown), plus a pair of superb Raichle ski boots (center) and Head Sports Wear tennis outfit (right). All together, AMF's gifts to Dorothy odd up to a total of $2250.

FASHION PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI
STILL LIFE PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

Left: The Apple II computer, briefcase sized, with memory bank and keyboard, can help manage Dorothy's money, $1195.

Right: Mitsubishi HS 300U video recorder with two slow-motion speeds, stop frame, visual search and remote control, $1450.

If, as they say, cleanliness is next to godliness, our Playmate of the Year will be positively saintly after experiencing the delights of this brass-lined rosewood bathtub with whirlpool (below) featuring all brass fittings, from Brass Bottoms of Newport Beach, California, $13,250 installed.

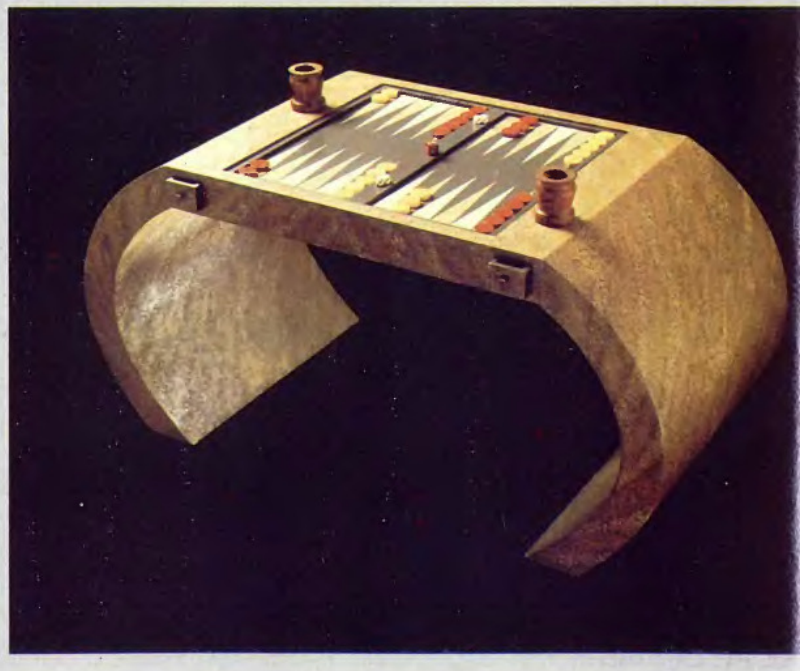
Above: Jensen car stereo system with R420 AM/FM stereo radio, cassette player and six speakers, $550. Below: Quasar's MQ 7700 microwave oven with Insta-Matic Cooking feature, $700.

Below: Dorothy will turn more than a few heads in this AMF Head Sports Wear bathing suit. Below center: H. H. Scott hi-fi system features PS-97XV quartz lock direct-drive turntable, LED display 830Z audio analyzer, 570T AM/FM stereo tuner, 480A integrated amplifier, 610D cassette deck and 196B controlled-impedance speakers, $2550. Below right: Bell & Howell DCT sound projector and Soundstar AF movie camera, $1000.

Above left: This sleek 14-kt.-gold ring with high dome of *pavé* diamonds by Esther Gallant of New York, $1250. Above right: The Nikon FE black-body camera with leather strap, MD-12 motor drive, 50mm f1.4 lens and SB-E flash, $1000.

Still more of our Ploymate of the Year's treasure-trove of video accessories: Dorothy will enjoy playing with this Atari video computer system (above) featuring 32 games, $1000.

Above: Warmth and stylishness blend in this natural Russian crown sable coat of selected pelts with large horizontal collar, full body and new European shoulders, designed by Al & Ben Smith Furriers of New York, $65,000.



At left, Dorothy models her new two-piece red toga dress of matte jersey and silk chiffon woven with metallic flowers, from Julio, $650. Above: A stunning, custom-designed Marrokech backgammon table with bone lacquer finish, from Phyllis Morris of Los Angeles, $4500.

Above left: An opossum collar highlights this natural antelope suit designed by Burray Olson exclusively for North Beach Leather, $1100. Above right: Hand-worked Roman saddle leather-and-brass luggage, from Nunn-Bush, available at Brass Boot stores, $1075.

Above, Dorothy madels a backless Harlow gawn, pure silk satin, with silk peignoir; below, a red-silk camisole with French lace and matching tap pants. All together, she received $1000 in Laré lingerie.

Dorothy will fly to Manzanilla on the west coast of Mexico via Aeromexica Airlines for a week's vacatian for twa at the gorgeous Las Hadas resart hatel (abave), $2000. Below, aur slumber-baund Playmate of the Year models a Loré teddy ensemble atap her shiny brass Futura bed, created and manufactured by Brass Bed Company of America, $3000.

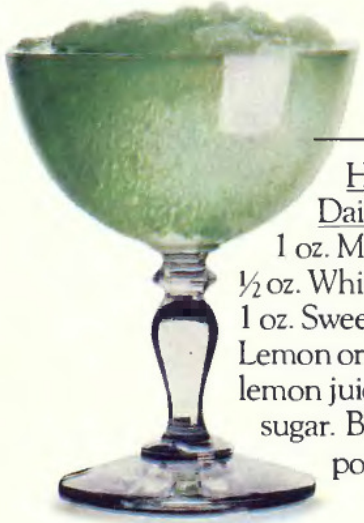
How to go through a bottle of Midori.

Follow the instructions here.

Then, write to the address below for our free recipe book, *What to Make of Midori*. 39 melon drinks and eight dewey desserts in one volume.

It's one of those books you hope will never end.

The Leaf: 1 oz. Midori, ½ oz. White Rum, 2 oz. Half & Half. Over the rocks, stir.



Honeydew Daiquiri: 1 oz. Midori, ½ oz. White Rum, 1 oz. Sweet & Sour Lemon or fresh lemon juice with sugar. Blend and pour.

Midori Rocks: Pour Midori over crushed ice and add a squeeze of lime.

Melon Margarita: 1½ oz. Tequila, 1 oz. Midori, 1 oz. Sweet & Sour Lemon. Blend and pour into salted glass.

Midori Sour: 2 oz. Sweet & Sour mix 1 oz. Midori. Blend and strain.

Melon Colada: 2 oz. Midori, 1 oz. Rum, 6 oz. Pina Colada mix. Mix in blender.

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Gifts Fit for a Queen

(continued from page 221)

Studio to be photographed with all her gifts. We had gathered them into one large room, and when Dorothy walked in, she was awe-struck. "When I saw all those beautiful gifts all at once," she says, "I just started crying. It was incredible." In fact, it was like the proverbial child let loose in a candy store—Dorothy tried on the fur, the dresses, the lingerie, the jewelry; fiddled with the gadgets, the video equipment, the cameras, the computers; inspected the brass bed, the brass-and-rosewood bathtub. And there were some interesting coincidences. "I was all set to buy a video recorder," she says, "so I'd be able to tape all the TV shows I'm going to be in and play them back. Also, I had just told a friend that I wanted a backgammon table. I'm pretty addicted to the game." And, of course, the fur will come in handy when she makes her rounds as our Playmate of the Year, "especially," she says, "when I tour Canada."

A few of the gifts were not in the room. Foremost was a $25,000 check from PLAYBOY—up from the previous Playmate of the Year bonus of $10,000. Another was a trip to La Costa, the famous health spa/resort south of Los Angeles. Dorothy and PLAYBOY West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski spent six days there in early February. "We went down there to diet and exercise," says Dorothy. "It was fantastic. We each lost five pounds in only six days!" Soon, Dorothy will be taking another trip, this time to Mexico as the guest of Las Hadas, the premier resort hotel on the west coast of Mexico in Manzanillo, where she will fly courtesy of Aeromexico Airlines. "As soon as I get some free time between films, I'm going right down to Las Hadas," she says. "I'm really going to unwind for a week." Following a whirlwind promotional tour across the country, Dorothy will preside as co-hostess at the grand opening of the new Playboy Hotel and proposed casino in Atlantic City, scheduled to open late this year.

Some of Dorothy's gifts have stimulated new interests. "I'm especially excited about the Nikon equipment," she tells us. "I've always wanted to get into photography and now that I've got the right camera, I may take some lessons." We also may soon be seeing Dorothy on the slopes. "I've never skied before in my life," she says, "but with all this great AMF Head ski equipment—racing skis, Raichle boots, ski wear—I'll have to take it up."

As for the shiny new brass bed and sexy lingerie—well, some things are just none of our business.

Playmate of the Year

(continued from page 170)

British Columbia. Intrepid PLAYBOY photographers, searching for a 25th-anniversary Playmate, discover Dorothy Stratten and invite her to fly to Los Angeles for test shots. ("Believe it or not," she told us, "I'd never been on a plane before.") In L.A., she quickly becomes a top finalist in the anniversary Playmate competition—and lands a job as a Bunny at the Century City Playboy Club, quickly followed by a part in the film *Americathon*, in which she plays a Bunny. Candy Loving, who in the intervening weeks has become a close friend of Dorothy's, is chosen 25th-anniversary Playmate; Dorothy gets the nod as Miss August. By now, she has already secured a part in the film *Skatetown, U.S.A.*, a small speaking role in which she keeps trying to order a pizza, but, in her own words, "the pizza maker keeps hitting on me. It's a continuous scene that runs throughout the film." A small role, perhaps, but big enough for Dorothy to catch the eye of several producers, one of whom signs her to star in the Canadian film *Autumn Born*, to be released shortly north of the border. Hollywood takes notice and soon Dorothy is hired to appear in an episode of *Fantasy Island*. Following that, she is a guest star in a segment of the TV series *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*, playing the part of Miss Cosmos, winner of a contest to discover "the most beautiful woman in the universe." Her name appears, for the first time, in *TV Guide*. ("Seeing my name in *TV Guide*," says Dorothy, "was the most exciting thing in my life. It suddenly made all this seem *real*. When I watch myself on the screen or on TV, it's always so hard for me to believe that it's really me.") Cut to January 1980: Dorothy is signed for the title role in her first American feature film, *Galaxina*—a space comedy costarring Stephen Macht, Avery Schreiber and James David Hinton. She plays a robot named Galaxina, described as the most perfect robot ever constructed. *Hollywood Reporter* columnist Hank Grant mentions Dorothy when she has her license plates changed to read GAL X INA.

As many observers have noted, Dorothy dazzles people, on or off the screen. Just to give you an example of what we mean, early last winter, Richard Dawson appeared on *The Tonight Show*, shortly after having hosted the ABC-TV special *The Playboy Roller Disco and Pajama Party*—which featured a large crop of Playmates, including Dorothy. In the course of *The Tonight Show*, Dawson was asked what he wanted most for Christmas. He didn't hesitate for a moment: "Dorothy."

"The food dollar goes up; ergo, the sex dollar goes up."

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HOLLYWEIRD

(continued from page 182)

"Thompson put Linson and Kaye in a taxi and said, 'See that these two don't die in Colorado.'"

hard against the alcohol and the cocaine, and both of them were sick and confused. They finished the pitiless marathon with Linson leaning on his palms against the big glass door of the Jerome, legs spread as if he were being arrested, and Kaye at the bar, near tears, drinking Fernet Branca and trying to focus on Thompson, who was playing, over and over, an Amazing Rhythm Aces song about a Civil War soldier who had his legs shot off and asking the two of them if they really understood the significance of the lyric.

At seven that morning, Thompson put the two of them in a Mellow Yellow Taxi and told the driver, "See that these two don't die in Colorado." Fifteen minutes later, Linson and Kaye sat next to each other on the grass in front of the airport, rocking and moaning and trying to decide which one of them needed the last Valium worse. Linson finally took it.

•

Eight months later, Kaye delivered his script, called *Where the Buffalo Roam*. It was centered loosely on Thompson's off-and-on friendship with a *chicano* lawyer named Oscar Zeta Acosta, a lawn-burning, drug-eating troublemaker who called himself the Brown Buffalo. Acosta had disappeared somewhere in the Caribbean around 1974 or 1975 amid a squall of rumors about machine guns, high-speed boats and homicide. No corpse was ever found, and some versions of the tale had him escaping with a suitcase full of money into the Florida swamps, but almost everybody who knew him believed he was dead.

The magazine story from which the screenplay had taken its inspiration was Thompson's reminiscence of their years together as outlaws in Richard Nixon's America. It was a strangely sentimental piece of writing for Thompson—not soft but affectionate in a rough sort of way, admiring of this man Acosta, whose madness outstripped Thompson's at every turn and who was plainly headed for a very bad end.

Linson showed the script to Peter Boyle, who liked it fine and immediately signed to play the part of Acosta, at that point called Mendoza in the script. A group of *chicano* actors changed that, however, by threatening to make trouble if Boyle weren't replaced by a *latino* actor. So Linson de-Mexicanized the character and called him Lazlo.

That left Thompson's part to be cast, and for a while, names like Dan Aykroyd, Chevy Chase and John Belushi were tossed around. Finally, Bill Murray, another of the Not Ready for Prime Time Players, was offered the job. Murray had no screen credits at the time but was a good comic actor and a talented mimic; besides that, he knew Thompson and appreciated his no-tomorrow sense of humor. In fact, one summer afternoon around the Jerome pool, not long after the two of them had met, Murray was himself the main player in a piece of Thompson's impromptu mischief. Thompson introduced Murray as Harry Houdini, the greatest escape artist of all time—then sat him in a cast-iron garden chair, lashed his hands and feet to it, carried him over to the pool and dumped him in.

After about a minute, it was obvious to everybody that Murray was going to drown if they didn't haul him out, which they did. Murray took the whole thing in the right spirit, though, and he and Thompson became friends. When the part came up, Thompson urged him to take it.

Murray said he wanted to but wasn't sure about the script. Was this, he asked, exactly what they intended to shoot—or would he be free to add a little something here and there to incorporate his own ideas about who this character Thompson was? Linson promised him, in the well-known Hollywood tradition, that the writer's words were not cut in stone, more like sand, and that, as director, he was going to be real flexible. Then, with Murray's name on the line, Linson drafted a shooting schedule, hired a production crew, cast the supporting roles, reserved a sound stage at Universal, scouted locations around Los Angeles and told everyone he was going to make a very funny movie.

As word got around that Thompson was dealing with Hollywood, it was inevitable that some devotees of his work would start grousing that he had sold out. For the most part, Thompson ignored it or laughed it off; but in late June 1979, just before filming started, he received a note from Garry Trudeau, creator of the comic strip *Doonesbury*, which for years had featured a character called Uncle Duke who bore an almost perfect resemblance to Thompson in both spirit and action. Trudeau evidently bemoaned the fact that Thompson had turned his work over to hacks. Thompson's reply was swift and began without a salutation:

> You silly little fart. Don't lay your karmic nightmares on me, and don't bother me with any more postcards about your vomiting problems. The only other person I know who puked every time he said the word integrity was Richard Nixon.
>
> And what lame instinct suddenly prompts you to start commenting on my matériel? You've done pretty well by skimming it for the past five

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years, so keep your pompous whining to yourself and don't complain.

If you *must* vomit, go down to Mory's and use that special low-rent stall they keep for lightweight Yalies who steal other people's work for a living.

But don't worry, old sport. You'll get yours . . . and in the meantime, feel free to call on me for professional advice at any time. I'm not like the others.

Sincerely,
HST

•

I phoned Thompson the day they began filming. It was the middle of July and I was in a dumpy little motel just down from the Sunset Strip. He was in Key West and had been for several months, borrowing a house from his friend Jimmy Buffett and trying to write. I asked him how he was and he said terrible. He had missed two deadlines on a script about smugglers he was supposed to be working on for Jann Wenner and he was about to miss another one, which he couldn't afford to do, he said, because he was almost broke.

"What about the *Buffalo* money?" I asked him, meaning the money he had received for rights to the movie.

"I spent it," he said, "all of it, in a mean, deliberate frenzy. I didn't even enjoy it."

"Are you coming out here to watch them film your life story?"

"I don't know," he said. "I have only two options: I can stay away completely and denounce the whole thing, or I can go out there and become involved. I probably ought to be there for some of it, anyway. I'm executive consultant, you know. I don't have any official veto power, but my presence alone should amount to a veto of some kind."

"Hunter," I said, just before we hung up, "why are you letting them do this?"

"Three more zeros," he said.

He was talking about the money, of course, because money is what Hollywood does better than anything else. "They don't call it show art, they call it show *business*" is the way Kaye explained it to me. There is so much money in Hollywood, and they throw it around in such large chunks, that when the studio executives talk about it among themselves, they talk shorthand: $100,000 is called a dollar in this industry, as if it would take too much paper and too much breath to spell out the whole cost every time; as if, like astronomers, they were dealing with numbers so vast that they needed translation from miles into light-years.

When they talk to writers, though, they always use the full dollar amounts. I think they like to see what happens to the author's balance when they use the words low budget in the same sentence with $4,000,000. You might not impress everybody with that kind of talk, but you can make most writers sway like a drunk with anything over a couple of thousand bucks, plus expenses.

That was not lost on Linson. When we talked about who was getting what out of this movie, he narrowed his eyes and pointed at me when he got to the part about Thompson's share. "I got him a six-figure deal," he said, and then he told me something I heard him say at least four other times in front of cast and crew and whoever else was listening. He said, "I gave Hunter Thompson the only *real* money he ever had."

Which was true. And Linson had made it plain that there was more where that came from, money for other deals and other movies, if Thompson played his cards right. If he *behaved*.

•

The morning of the second day's shooting, I crept in through the back door of sound stage 26 on the Universal lot. The huge barn was dark except for a swatch of light along one wall, where Murray sat at a desk, lit by 100 lights, smoking a cigarette through a holder, wearing a green eyeshade and sunglasses, using one hand to type on a big IBM Selectric and the other to pour prop whiskey into a glass. I knew it was Murray only because I had just talked to Hunter in Key West. Otherwise, the resemblance was perfectly spooky; in the way he cocked his head back out of his own smoke, the way he snatched the holder out of his mouth and banged it on the big ashtray, the way he piled fistfuls of ice into the glass. Even when Linson yelled "Cut!" and Murray stood up to relax, the character Thompson stood up with him; and when he talked, it was in Thompson's unique barking mumble.

Linson looked pleased. He had given me complete access to the set, for all six weeks of the shooting if I wanted it, except for the first day, when he had asked me to stay away. I understood his nervousness. It was, after all, his debut as a director, and no one was sure how that was going to work out. Between takes, when he saw me standing among the 30 or 40 crew members, he sauntered over and the first thing he said was, "You shoulda been here yesterday. It was crazy. The Doberman went right for Nixon's balls."

Ah, Hollywood, I thought. *You shoulda been here yesterday* pretty much sums up all the business I've ever done in the town. Especially my last visit, the only time a producer had ever talked to me about filming one of my magazine stories. He flew me into Los Angeles, picked me up at the airport in his Mercedes and took me to an Italian restaurant on Santa Monica Boulevard. We talked for an hour or so, met some friends of his, and then he excused himself to go to the bathroom. When he came back, he said, "Ah, Craig, I'm really sorry to have to tell you this." Then, just under the table, he held out his hand and showed me an empty one-gram cocaine bottle. I wasn't sure then, and I'm not sure now, why the man bothered to show it to me at all, but the effect was very much like finding yourself in a fishing boat with someone who suddenly confesses he's eaten the bait. I took it as a sign.

Murray and I said hello between takes. I told him that his rendering of Thompson was good enough to be eerie, then I asked him if he thought the actual Thompson were going to show up. "I talked to him last night," he said. "I think when Steadman arrives, he won't be far behind." He was referring to artist Ralph Steadman, who had collaborated with Thompson on many projects—and who, at Thompson's suggestion, had been hired (and flown from London) to sketch promotional material for the movie.

Then, when I mentioned it, Murray said, "I didn't know you guys were together in Washington that summer."

"Yes," I said, "we sat together in the basement bar of the Watergate with a little Japanese television set on our table and watched Richard Nixon resign. Sounds like a triumphant moment, I know, but it wasn't. In fact, the whole thing was a very sick trip. But that's another story. . . ."

"A Hunter story," Murray said. "When things get slow on the set, we *all* tell Hunter stories."

When they finished the typing scene, the lights came up on a set at the other end of the barn. It was the interior of a San Francisco apartment, bedroom and kitchen, and the action called for Boyle and two nude women to be roused from the bed by a telephone call, and then for Boyle to stumble into the kitchen and make himself a doper's eye opener. While the set was being dressed, Linson opened the refrigerator door and said, "Come on, we need raw eggs and amyl nitrite in here—let's go!" Then, just before the cameras started to roll, he bent down to the bed, arranged the covers so that the women's breasts showed and said, "All right, girls, you've been taking mescaline for three days. Nobody smile."

They shot the scene ten or 12 times, till everyone was rummy with it, and then Linson called a lunch break. He and Murray and some others went off to watch the rushes from the first day. Boyle and I drifted to his dressing room—a motor home parked in an alley just outside the sound stage.

"This story is right out of my life," Boyle said while two hairdressers worked on the stringy hairpiece that made him look like an aging hippie. "The Sixties changed everything for me, just like they did for this guy Acosta. I got

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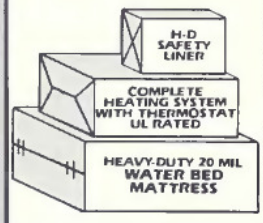

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into drugs late, had all kinds of problems. I became politically conscious in Chicago around the time they almost burned the place down. I remember the only night Second City ever canceled a performance—because the Yippies were trashing Wells Street." He struggled for a minute to get a large silver peace-sign ring off his finger. "Abbie Hoffman gave me this ring, I think during the '68 convention. Those were amazing times and Thompson and Acosta were right in the middle of them. People want to see this movie. I don't know if Hunter realizes it, but when this thing comes out, it's going to change his life."

Linson and the others came back from the screening excited. "It's really *funny*," Linson said. "I mean, even the hard-core production people were cracking up, and they never laugh at anything. At least I know I'm going to be doing this stuff for the next ten years or so."

"I'm all smiles now," Murray told me when I asked him about it.

"Hunter," said Kaye, "is absolutely going to *shit* when he sees this."

•

A week later, Steadman, his wife, Anna, and their five-year-old daughter, Sadie, checked into the Sheraton-Universal, a high-rise hotel that sits on a small hill directly above the studio. It was Anna's first trip to Los Angeles, and while Steadman dealt with the bellman, she opened the drapes and looked down onto the low blank roofs of the sound stages, prop warehouses and tool shops. "Oh, look, Ralph," she said in her neatly cut English accent. "They've put us above a factory."

Steadman and Thompson had known each other for ten years, and it had been a lucky friendship for both men. Steadman was a gifted artist whose best work was pen-and-ink drawings of the ugly, the gross and the ridiculous—which made his the perfect set of eyes to go with Thompson's voice. They had met in 1969 at the Kentucky Derby and their mutual revulsion at the depravity of the scene had produced drawings and text that fit together so exactly that they seemed to have been produced out of a single tormented imagination. Thompson and Steadman worked together again in 1970 at the America's Cup, and in 1972 at the Democratic Convention, and in 1973 at the Watergate hearings, always as outlaws among the press, always patrolling the weird fringes of the story until they mustered the outrage that is essential to the work of both. Thompson said he liked Steadman's raw sense of humor and called him "a Gila monster with a ballpoint pen for a tongue."

True to Murray's instincts, Thompson flew into Burbank a few days after Steadman arrived, and the first thing he did when he saw his old friend was to go to work on his conservative British trousers with a hunting knife. They were in a screening room at Universal, along with Linson and a dozen or so of the cast and crew, waiting to see the first day's rushes. Thompson set his drink on the floor, took out the knife, grabbed Steadman's pants leg and slit it to the knee. "You're in America now, Ralph," he said. "You gotta have flair." Steadman then politely asked for the knife, took hold of Thompson's T-shirt and slashed it from the neck to the hem.

All of which made Linson and the rest of the company a little nervous. This was the first they had seen of Thompson since they began shooting, and they had no idea what his reaction would be when he saw what had already been put on film. Almost anything seemed possible.

Once Thompson and Steadman had completed their strange hellos, Linson signaled the projection booth; the lights went down and the film came up, the camera panning a lighted fireplace, across a sleeping Doberman, past a dummy dressed to look like Nixon, to Murray, who was sitting at the desk, drinking, smoking and typing. ("My God," said Steadman later. "For the first 30 seconds, I got a funny feeling in my stomach. I thought it was *him*.") The typing stopped abruptly. Then Murray lifted his fist, slammed it down on the machine and let out a scream that might as well have come up from hell. He stood, lit a joint, talked to himself and paced. A minute later, he exploded; he pulled a large pistol from a holster on his hip and began bobbing and weaving and shooting up the room. When the gun was empty, he looked down at the dog and said, "Nixon." The animal immediately sprang across the room and began tearing at the dummy's crotch.

Most of the people in the room had seen the footage before, and while Thompson sat in the near darkness smoking, drinking and watching the screen, they watched him. Whatever his feelings, he was keeping them to himself. At least he wasn't lunging for the screen with his knife, nor was he going after Linson or Kaye, and everyone took that as a positive sign. Later, they swore he had been suppressing his laughter.

Murray was living in a rented house just off Mulholland Drive and, sensing that the place afforded what he calls "wide latitude for weird behavior," Thompson moved in with him. Then he rented a little red Mercedes convertible, placed orders all over town for the various nerve syrups and brain powders he needed and began introducing himself this way: "Hi, I'm Hunter Thompson and I'm in show business." Linson had promised him $1000 a week behave-yourself money and Thompson demanded his first payment. The producer arranged for it and then formally invited Thompson to visit the set, which was being moved up the hill from the studio to the Sheraton.

The next morning, both the entrance and the lobby of the hotel were commandeered by the movie people. A huge banner that said WELCOME SUPER BOWL VI hung across the façade of the building, and the circular drive out front was littered with cameras, sound equipment and technicians. Extras dressed as football fans milled around and the Los Angeles police redirected the normal hotel traffic and held back the tourists.

The action called for Murray, as a hung-over Thompson, to arrive at the hotel in a limousine, get out, deal with the chauffeur, then make his way into the lobby. When everything was set, the associate producer/unit production manager, Mack Bing, picked up a bullhorn and said, "Quiet, everybody. Let's make a meat loaf. Action, please."

The limo pulled up to the curb and a black driver jumped out from behind the wheel and moved quickly to the passenger door. When he opened it, Murray bolted upright and screamed, "Mother of sweating Jesus!"

Almost everyone was watching the scene unfold as Thompson, with a beer in one hand and a newspaper under his arm, wandered through the spectators and stopped to watch. What he saw was Murray leaping from his seat, grabbing the driver by his lapels and pinning him against the roof of the car. "I can't watch this," said Thompson. "I'm going up to Ralph's room."

Upstairs, Steadman was at a jerry-rigged drawing table strewn with pens, bottles of ink and bottles of beer, and the paraphernalia for rolling cigarettes out of rough-cut English tobacco. The drawing he was working on was a special request. Thompson got a beer, snorted some cocaine, lit a cigarette and looked at the sketch. "What is this shit?" he said. "It's awful."

"It's a sketch for Linson's wife," said Steadman. "She wants to make a button to give everybody who's worked on the film. It's a secret." Thompson looked at it again. It was a buffalo head with a bow on top and printed below it were the words BABY BUFFALOES ARE CUTE.

"You terrible hack," Thompson railed. "You shameless hustler. They paid you too much for that poster you did, and now you've come over here to turn out this hopeless crap for them. Your life will be ruined by this, Ralph."

"This won't be the first time—you've ruined my life before," Steadman snapped. "I'm not even sure why I'm here. But I feel like I ought to be doing *something*. And don't talk to me about being a hack. None of us would be here if you hadn't sold out. My God, I don't know why *I* should be feeling guilty about all this."

"*Everybody's* guilty," said Thompson;

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"the air is heavy with the smell of it."

"What are they doing downstairs?" Steadman asked.

"God only knows," Thompson shrugged. "The first thing I saw was Murray beating up some Negro."

Steadman looked at the sketch in front of him for a while. "You're right," he said finally. "This isn't good. There's no *anger* here. We're not outlaws anymore, Hunter."

"Well, Ralph," said Thompson, "maybe we ought to print up some buttons of our own."

Steadman's Welsh eyes lit up. "Wonderful! We can leak them, one at a time, till everybody on the set has one except Linson. It'll drive him crazy." With that, Steadman dropped the cute buffalo onto the floor and began work on a rat that was vomiting. He worked quickly, standing back now and then, diving in, scratching, poking, standing back again.

"Hunter, Hunter, Hunter," he said at one point, without looking up from his drawing. "I don't know what we're going to do about this movie."

"*Do* about it?" said Thompson. "There's *nothing* to do about it. It's like a huge tit; we're just supposed to fasten onto it and feed."

An hour later, Steadman had finished sketches for three buttons that he intended to hand out surreptitiously, beginning with the lowliest grips and make-up girls on the set. The first one said, GONZO GUILT, next to a small ugly buffalo that was smoking a cigarette through a holder. The second said, I AM A REAL FRIEND OF HUNTER S. THOMPSON. The third, which was to be held back until the others were out, carried the picture of the puking rat and said, I AM NOT LIKE THE OTHERS.

Thompson liked them, and that pleased Steadman, who finished each sketch by hurling ink across it from four feet away. When he was done, he looked up at Thompson, who was sitting quietly, reading his paper. "I get it," Steadman said. "You don't *care*. You just don't care—about the movie, about any of this—do you?"

"Ah, Ralph," said Thompson. "You always were the sharpest bastard of them all."

The mood was good when the work was done. There was, at last, mischief in the air, small potatoes, perhaps, but mischief just the same. It was invigorating to both of them. Thompson suggested calling a nearby slaughterhouse for a side of freshly butchered beef. "Can you see their faces down there, with three geeks in bloody white coats pushing a side of beef on a rolling rack, asking for Mr. Steadman's room?" Instead, the two of them cut a cantaloupe in half and called room service for a bottle of Scotch and a big spoon.

That afternoon, Thompson went downstairs again. The action had moved into the lobby, where Murray stood at the desk, checking in. The cameras rolled and suddenly Murray wheeled around, yanked the midget bellboy by the lapels and shook him viciously. Thompson stood watching from the back of the large crowd. Linson spotted him and wandered over between takes. "Well," he said, "what do you think?"

"Why am I always beating up Negroes and midgets in this film?" Thompson asked him.

•

Over the next few days, Thompson visited the hotel now and then, but mostly he stayed at Murray's place. The house itself wasn't much: It looked like it had been built by someone who specialized in nine-dollar-a-night motels and was decorated by someone who got a volume deal on plastic flora. There were so many plastic flowers in and around the house that when Murray was asked if a particular clump of mums was real, he said, "I'm not sure, but they don't move when the wind blows."

The grounds were a little better. There was a deck and a pool that overlooked the San Fernando Valley, and there was a Jacuzzi and a fire pit. Thompson spent most of his day swimming and lounging, and he named the outdoor features. There was the William Faulkner Garden (a small bed of real flowers that needed water), the Nathanael West Memorial Fire Pit (some volcanic rocks and a gas jet that Thompson kept burning day and night) and the F. Scott Fitzgerald Dinner Arbor (table and chairs on a small deck below a beautiful 400-year-old oak tree that Thompson frequently threatened to kill off at the base with a chain saw if his mood got too black).

When he was there, Murray was a quiet host. He picked up beer bottles, made beds, washed the dishes and answered the door to the steady troop of messengers who came asking for Thompson. At night, usually into the wee hours, the two of them sat alone and talked about the movie. Murray's first film, *Meatballs*, had just been released. It was doing very well at the summer box offices, and although the critics generally loved Murray's performance, they were calling the movie inane and wondering at the waste of his talent. He was eager for this movie to be something more, and he was counting on Thompson's suggestions to help. They talked about it scene by scene: Was it too wacky? Could they put an edge on it somehow? Should they bring in another writer? Would Thompson write a scene or two himself?

They were a day behind schedule when they finished shooting at the hotel, but that wasn't bad. Linson looked slightly more frazzled than when he'd

begun, but he was still pleased, as were his bosses, with the film they sat and watched every night. He was a little concerned with the over-all pace of the thing—all peaks and no valleys, he said—but that was a worry that could wait for postproduction. Meanwhile, he said he wasn't surprised that Thompson was taking everything so well.

"We're making him famous," he told me. "This time next summer, he could very well show up on the cover of *People* magazine, and that'll sell a few hundred thousand more copies of his books, which he shouldn't mind too much. He's not stupid."

Shooting moved to Piru, a hill-country location about an hour north of Los Angeles. These scenes contained the dramatic crux of the movie, if it had one. Boyle and Murray were to meet with Latin revolutionaries at a run-down farmhouse and sell them guns. There was a question in Murray's mind whether or not the action in the script was confusing to the story. Boyle's character was supposed to flee with the revolutionaries, in a hail of gunfire, aboard a light plane. Murray wasn't sure that made sense. Nevertheless, shooting began smoothly. Linson took and retook everything five, six and ten times, as he had with every scene in the movie. "*Perfect!*" he would yell at the cut. "Let's do it again."

Thompson played catch with a football, sat in the motor home, drinking, and became fascinated with the fact that they had hired one man for the day just to make sure a few chickens pecked in the right spot in front of the farmhouse. Steadman began giving out the buttons. GONZO GUILT was first and as he pressed them into the hands of the chosen, he said, "You can't tell Art where you got this."

Later that afternoon, Linson asked Steadman to put a series of tattoos on the various revolutionaries, and as he stood over their arms, working carefully with grease paint to make guns and snakes, he couldn't help commenting on the medium. "Human skin makes wonderful paper," he said.

"You're doing tattoos now, huh, Ralph?" said Thompson when he saw what was happening. "You're ruined."

The second day of shooting in the valley, Thompson stayed behind at Murray's. He said he was depressed. Steadman made the trip to Piru, but as the day wore on, he seemed to be slipping into a funk, too. He began nipping at a bottle of Scotch he had stashed in his car and grumbling about the comic-book character of the action he was watching. Around dusk, about halfway into his cups, he got Murray and Boyle in the same motor home and told them what he thought. This stuff they were filming was silly. Hunter was not a clown. He was a man who loved justice, and Thomas Jefferson, and Joseph Conrad; his work, funny as it was, had an underlying seriousness that these scenes were missing. There was no reason for the Acosta character to fly out of there with the bandits. They'd turned Acosta into a *Looney Tunes* drug dealer and Hunter into an idiot and it wasn't right. No *wonder* Hunter was depressed.

Boyle and Murray listened carefully to Steadman's slightly boozy eloquence, and pretty soon they were agreeing: The dialog in the farmhouse should be strengthened and made more serious and the Acosta character should *not* fly away with the revolutionaries. Murray fetched Linson, and Steadman made his points again.

The director listened, then cut them all off. "Lazlo's getting on that plane," he said, "and that's that." Then he took Steadman outside, put an arm around his shoulder and told him, "Don't ever do that again, Ralph. These actors are sensitive people and I don't want you messing around with their heads. You understand?"

•

That night, in a blaze of cinematic battle effects, Lazlo got onto his plane; and the next day, I got onto mine. I had been on the set for more than two weeks and the only thing that's ever bored me worse or ground more slowly than the wheels of the movie industry are the wheels of justice.

A few days later, Steadman flew back to England to begin working his sketches into finished drawings. Thompson, however, stayed with Murray for another couple of weeks and became more and more involved with the production. In fact, late one night, he and Murray actually wrote a scene in which Nixon and the Thompson character confront each other in an airport bathroom. Linson filmed it using the Nixon look-alike, Richard M. Dixon, but when I phoned him a few weeks after shooting finished, he told me he didn't think he was going to use it in the film. "It was very funny," he said, "but weird—too weird. It took over the whole movie. There was no way to put it in. I saved the footage, though, and I think I'm going to send it over to the archives, because it's so outrageous. It ends with Nixon saying, 'Fuck the doomed.' "

Over the next six months, Linson and his editor cut and pieced the film together into a working first version. Neil Young was hired to write the music and Steadman did the main titles. And then, perhaps because they had never been through a deadline crisis with him and wanted to know what the fires of hell were really like, the Universal executives hired Thompson to write a short narration for the film.

When I called him at the beginning of last January, he told me he was doing

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it with extreme reluctance and for the money. It was only a few hundred words, and Murray was going to share the work and the fee, but still Thompson said he dreaded it. For him, writing had always required logistics and support teams and expenses equivalent to those that had seen Hannibal across the Alps. This piece was no different, he said, except that the potential for "treachery" from the studio was massive. "It's like working with the Hell's Angels," he said. "You know sooner or later you're going to get stomped."

In fact, Thompson had been anticipating his stomping at the hands of the movie people from the beginning of the project. Several times during the year, he had said things to me like, "I made a terrible mistake ever talking to anyone in Hollywood," and "*This* is the garden of agony—every rotten thing that ever happened to a writer in this town is coming true for me in spades with dingdongs on them."

Then I would wait for word that the worst had happened, that the knife had been planted smartly between his shoulder blades. Instead, there was always silence after his dour predictions, which I took as the sound of another check being cashed. Then somehow things were fine again.

Thompson and Murray had begun work on the narration in Aspen in late December. A month later, nothing was on paper, and Universal flew the two of them to Beverly Hills and checked them into a ritzy hotel with all expenses paid—plus everything else. I checked into their hotel a day *after* their deadline had passed, and still almost nothing had been done beyond the demanding of money and the spending of it.

Thompson was in rare form. Almost the first thing he had done when he hit town was to stop at a large discount store, buy a red pitchfork, drive it onto the Universal lot, carry it into Linson's office and plant it four inches deep through the rug into the floor—by way of asking for his expense check. Linson left the pitchfork where it was, perhaps to remind himself and everyone else what he had been through on this project—or perhaps because he didn't have enough strength left to pull it out. He was tired and he wasn't finished yet, though an ending of some kind seemed to be in sight.

During the first week in the hotel, Thompson and Murray spent most of their time arguing with the studio about editing changes and assembling the machines and medicines they needed to get on with their work. Thompson had always dreamed of finding a way to eliminate that horrible moment every writer faces when he rolls the first bleached sheet of paper into the typewriter. This time out, with a studio full of equipment at his disposal, he was especially determined.

It took several days for Murray and a technician friend to build the electronic edifice that would allow Murray and Thompson to edit and dub the ending of the film for themselves, and when they had it all together, the hotel room looked like a network control bunker: There were three television screens, three video recorders and a tape recorder all wired to one another so that Thompson and Murray could lay their words directly onto the film as they watched it.

The feeling around the studio grew worse and worse. Thompson was mumbling that the film could not be saved, that the best he and Murray could do was put some "moments" into it. Meanwhile, the expenses grew every day by multiples of several thousand. The editor broke down under all-night demands and refused to have anything to do with Thompson *or* Murray, and everyone else connected to the project was getting testy. Thompson fended off all talk of deadlines by saying things like, "When you ask a wild pig to go into the woods and shit gold eggs, you better stand back while he does it."

Then just about the time all hope was being abandoned, the writer and the actor used the hours between midnight and eight one morning to make an ending of their own; it was as if a great dam had burst.

Thompson woke me with a phone call. "You better get up here," he said. "We've done it. Music, narration, everything. It's a miracle." Murray answered the door when I knocked. His eyes were almost swollen shut and his voice had been blown to a whisper by the night's work. Thompson was rewinding the tape and was in a triumphant puff.

"This is the whipsong," he said. "A complete breakthrough! We've jumped the typewriters, the editors, the presses! We've given the film a whole new ending and we did it right here! Oh, we've flogged the beast home with this one!"

For the next two or three hours, we watched the seven-minute tape over and over again. Thompson laughed, slapped his knee, destroyed a chandelier and literally did somersaults across the room. Around noon, he got Linson on the phone. "I think you better get over here and see this," he said. "We've solved your whole problem . . . this is a new high. If you thought the Nixon scene was interesting, you better wear a metallic wet suit for this one . . . this could spike your fucking career to the wall, Art . . . you have come to whistle time . . . we have broken the back and the neck of this thing. . . . Yes, it takes the movie over . . . we have finally achieved what we meant to do all along . . . we have twisted the back and the spine of your meaning. We have made it something warped. I feel at home. . . ."

•

What Linson saw that afternoon, and said he liked, was not only an obituary for Oscar Zeta Acosta, and not only an ending for the film; it was also Thompson's comment on the film itself. There is no telling whether or not it will be in the movie, because, as far as I know, they are all still down there at Universal as I write this, probably grunting and wrestling and threatening one another with pitchforks in the great tradition of the cinematic arts.

Only time will tell if Thompson ever got his stomping on this project; he never got it while I was watching, though God knows he earned it. And whether or not the words he and Murray laid down that night end the movie, they are going to have to end this story, because their deadline is later than mine.

When I finally left the hotel room that evening, Thompson was playing the tape yet again—and for days, parts of it were still ringing in my head, along with a vision of Murray sitting at his desk under a huge stuffed bat, smoking and drinking and banging at the typewriter while his hoarse voice-over filled the room with words that bore the unmistakable crack and swoop of Hunter S. Thompson:

> Well, I guess if I had to swear one way or another, I'd say he wasn't insane—he just had strange rhythms. It's hard to say that he got what he deserved, because he never really got anything, at least not in this story, and right now this story is all we have. He went away to look for his dream and it took about a year to find out he was missing, took another year to realize he wasn't coming back and now I guess he's dead. He was crazier than 15 loons. I guess that's why he never got off the boat. It's sad. What's *really sad* is that it never got weird enough for me. I moved to the country . . . then I learned that Nixon had been eaten by white cannibals on an island near Tijuana—I mean, you hear a lot of *savage* and unnatural things about people these days. They're both gone now, but I don't think I'm going to believe that until I can gnaw on both their skulls with my very own teeth. . . . Fuck those people . . . if they're still out there, I'm going to find them . . . you hear me, Lazlo? . . . I'm going to find them and I'm going to gnaw on their skulls with my very own teeth. Because it *still* hasn't gotten weird enough for me.

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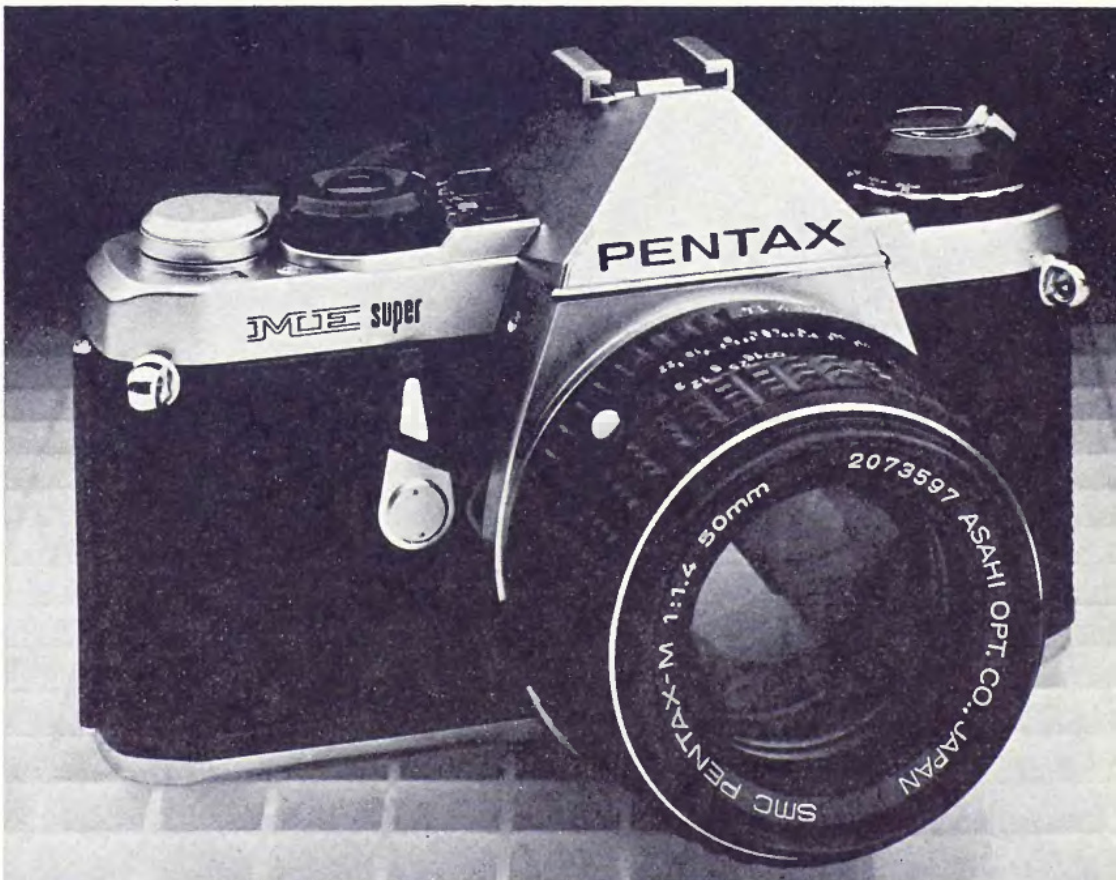

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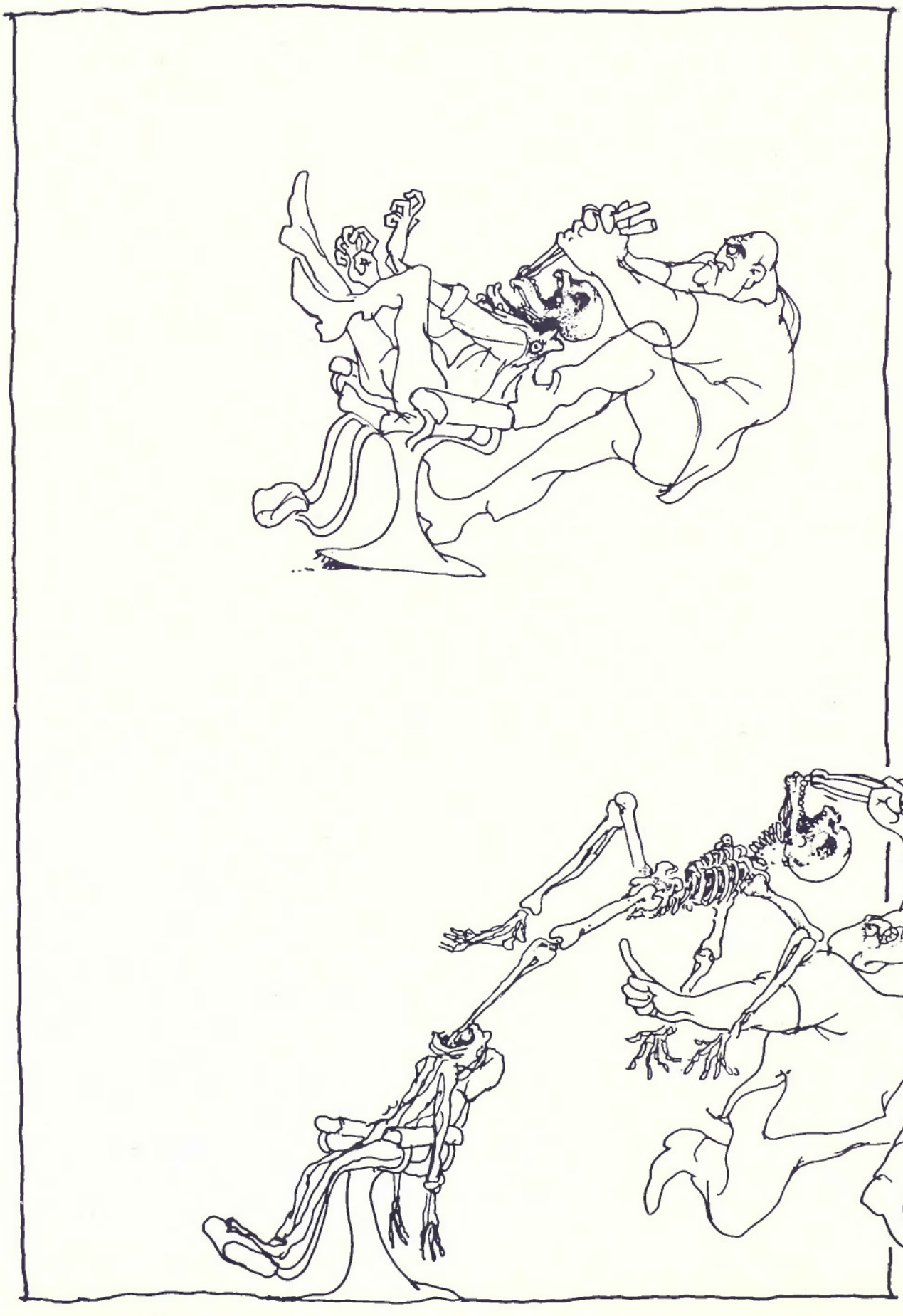


WINNING NEGOTIATION *(continued from page 160)*

"Power is nothing more than the capacity to get things done. It's not moral, not immoral—it's neutral."

are about to get to the crux of things, the limousine pulls up to take me to the airport. We all pile in and just as we arrive at the airport, we consummate the deal.

"By the way—how well do you think I did?"

Cohen advises people to conceal their own deadlines as far as possible. Act as if you have all the time in the world, even though you haven't. (And if you can, take more than you might have planned, because that extra time will pay off. Try to keep your deadline flexible.) Meanwhile, you should know that your negotiating partner, cool though he is playing it, unconcerned though he seems, is also sweating a deadline. It may not seem that way, but it's almost always true.

THE PRISONER AND THE CIGARETTE

"Power is nothing more than the capacity to get things done. It's not moral, not immoral—it's neutral. What people tend to do is to confuse the power over with the power to. Power itself is neutral."

Where some of the recent crop of power books seem largely based on stepping on other people—rationalizations for being selfish or unprincipled—one has the feeling, at least, that Cohen's pitch (not yet in book form, but he's thinking about it) comes from a somewhat less cynical mold. Pushy he may be, but likely to be pushy on the right side of the issues.

"Power is based on perception. If you think you got it—you got it. And if you don't think you got it—you *don't* got it. Let me illustrate that point.

"A prisoner in solitary confinement is walking around, holding up his pants; he's lost a little weight. He craves a cigarette. Notices the guard is smoking his brand. He walks over to the steel door and he knocks and the guard ambles up, opens the door—'Whaddya want?' 'I'd like a cigarette.' *Bam*, the guard slams the door. He perceives the prisoner is powerless. But the prisoner thinks he has power. 'Hi, there,' he says through the bars. 'Let me tell you what's going on. If I don't get a cigarette in the next 30 seconds—see this head? [Cohen points with feeling to his head]—I'm gonna bang it up against that concrete wall, and I'll be all bloodied, and when they find me, I intend to swear you did it. Now, they're never gonna believe me—but think of all the hearings you'll be attending, think of all the reports in triplicate you'll be filling out, think of . . . [and now Cohen's voice is plaintive, indeed] as opposed to giving me one crummy cigarette and I promise not to bother you again.' Can the guy get the cigarette? Yeah. The guard is doing a little cost-benefit analysis. Why can he get the cigarette? One, because the prisoner thinks he's got power. Two, because the prisoner perceives he's got options. Three, because the prisoner is willing to take risks.

"Every one of you in this room [a gathering of small businessmen hosted as a customer-relations exercise by Citibank] always has more power than you think you have. You gotta start off believing it," says Cohen.

KILL ME, KILL ME

Cohen's advice is similar when it comes to fighting very big guys: Ask your adversary to step outside—so he will not lose face if he lets you go; then tell him, with maniacal conviction, that if he so much as lays a hand on you, he'll have to kill you. Anything less than that, tell him, and no matter what it takes, you will kill *him*. Maybe not then and there, but sooner or later.

As Cohen explains it, no one really wants to *kill* a guy—so your disputant may well just tell you to get lost, even though he could easily beat your brains out. Why should he kill you? Or *not* kill you and worry for the rest of his life that you might just be crazy enough to stick him with a knife some night or dynamite his house?

Impeccable logic. Is it possible, however, that the man you are advising to kill you will be in less than a rational frame of mind himself—or not speak English—and break you into small pieces? It is vital when negotiating, Cohen says, to take risks.

DELAWARE IS CLOSED

"People in this society are enormously affected by signs," says Cohen. "If I were to tell you to do something, you would evaluate my request based on your needs; and if the two of them meshed, you might comply. But if a *sign* directed you to do it, the chances of your complying would be much higher. Do you buy that?

"Holiday Inn. The check-out time is one P.M. What percentage of the people do you think check out by the Holiday Inn check-out time? What do you think? *Ninety-five to 99 percent*, depending on where it is in North America. Don't you think that's a remarkably high figure? Fifty-five percent of the people vote, but 95 percent check out by the check-out time."

Or, asks Cohen, do you remember the time *Candid Camera*'s Allen Funt put a sign up on a major highway leading into Delaware—DELAWARE CLOSED? "You'd see guys drive up in their cars and they'd pull over and they'd get out and here's Funt and they'd go, 'Hey, what's going on in Delaware?' And he'd say, 'You read the sign.' The guy says, 'Yeah, yeah, but I've got a family—when do you think it will be open again?' And so I say to you, legitimacy is very potent."

Legitimacy. Cohen has some suggestions on using it to your advantage. E.g., don't have the price you want to charge merely in mind, have it typed up formally on an authoritative-looking price list. Better yet, keep that price list *under glass* on your desk. How can you change it if it's under glass?

You, on the other hand, should not be cowed by such things. Cohen isn't.

HIS TAX AUDIT

"Four years ago," says Cohen, "the IRS called me in to audit my tax return. There was one area of questioning about a building that I had elected to depreciate over a number of years. Now, the IRS claimed that number should have been 30. I took the position during the audit that it should have been 20. We're discussing this, the auditor and myself, we're having nice discussions. Suddenly, the auditor reaches in the right-hand corner of a desk drawer, whips out a large book and as I am speaking, he is turning pages. He comes to one page, looks up—'The book says 30 years.' I get up, walk around the table, look at the book, I say, 'Does the book mention my name?' He says, 'Of course not.' I say, 'I don't think it's my book.' I say, 'Otherwise, it would have my name and my building.' I start taking down other books. The guy says, 'What are you doing?' I say, 'I'm looking for my book.' He says, 'You can't look at the books.' I say, 'Why not?' He says, 'I dunno, no one ever did that.'

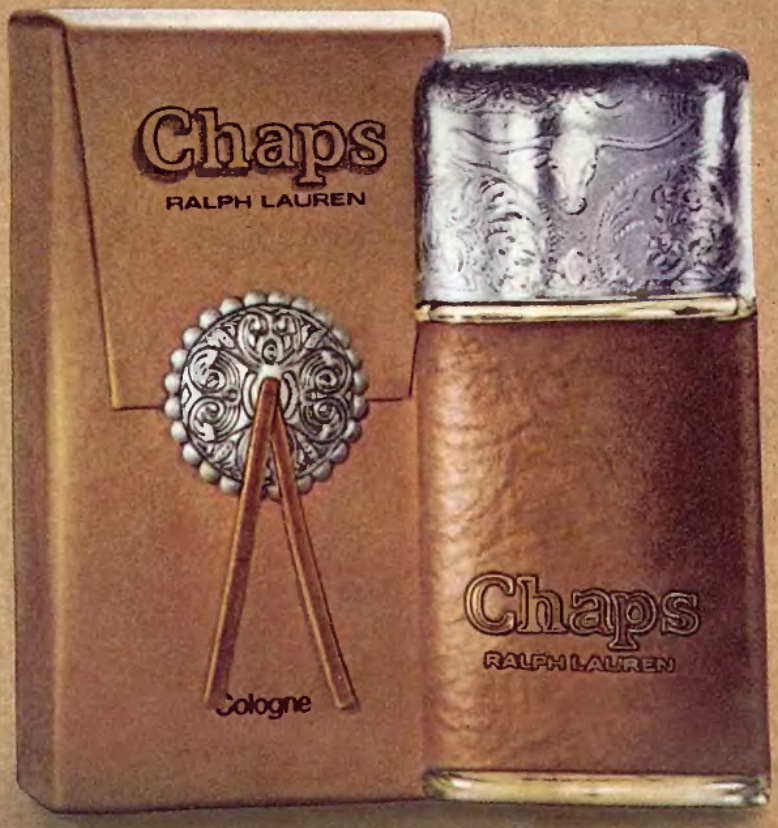
"Now, what was that book he had? That book was not written in stone. That book was thought up by two bureaucrats somewhere to the best of their ability to implement some regulations. The book itself was the product of negotiation—and anything that's the product of negotiation is negotiable." Or, if you make people crazy enough and are willing to take enough time—if, that is, you have no sense of decency, dignity or decorum—there's no telling what concessions you might get. Witness:

THE NIBBLE

"Why was it so hard for the United States to extract itself from the war in Vietnam? Because we had invested

The West.
It's not just stagecoaches and sagebrush.
It's an image of men who are real and proud.
Of the freedom and independence we all would like to feel.
Now, Ralph Lauren has expressed these feelings, in Chaps, his new men's cologne.
Chaps is a cologne a man can put on as naturally as a worn leather jacket or a pair of jeans.
Chaps. It's the West. The West you would like to feel inside of yourself.

Chaps. The new men's cologne by Ralph Lauren.



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Baileys

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50,000 lives in it. It's known as the nibble. Let me describe it to you.

"You go into an exclusive clothier in the downtown area where you reside. You want to get a fine suit. You start trying on suits. Each suit you ask the salesman, he says, 'Terrific.' You spend three and a half hours trying on 39 suits. Each one you ask the salesman, he says, 'Terrific.' The salesman is fed up with you. He's about to blow his cool, when suddenly you say, 'I'll take the one right there for $270.' 'You will?' The salesman breathes a sigh of relief and starts writing up the order. He takes you to a little room in the rear where they do the alterations—you've been in that room, you know that room—the one with the three-way mirror and they stand you on this little box and there you are, looking at yourself. The salesman is writing up the sales slip, calculating his commission. Beside you as you stand on the box is this little guy with pins in his mouth, a tape measure around his neck. He's taking these pins and shoving them in your cuff, he's poking you up the rear and he's always saying to you, 'This is a beautiful suit—it hangs very well on you.' Wherever you go, the guy's got the same accent. Maybe it's not an accent. Could be the pins. Anyway, you get the picture. You're standing there on the box, the salesman's writing up the slip, counting his commission, man on the floor shoving in the pins, making the chalk marks—when suddenly you turn to the salesman and say, 'What kind of tie will you throw in?'

"The salesman stops writing. He looks at the guy on the floor; the guy on the floor looks up. He doesn't know whether to shove another pin, make another chalk mark—he lets go of your crotch. Ladies and gentlemen, that's what we call the nibble.

"Now, I ask you—what is going through the mind of the salesman after the first wave of heat has disappeared. He's thinking: Three and a half hours of my time, 39 suits I put on the guy's back, $30 on a $270 sale—as opposed to taking four bucks out of my pocket. I'm going to give this guy a tie and hope that I never see him again.

"Will you get that tie? Yes."

Was it worth the effort and demeaning yourself? No. Would Cohen have gone through all that himself? Presumably not. But by using simple stories from everyday experience, he communicates better—even to bankers and auditors—than he would if he told the story of the two accountants negotiating the treatment of foreign-currency losses in a not yet consolidated subsidiary. Still, one suspects Cohen isn't the easiest guy in the world to deal with—and that he cannot always resist the temptation to chisel a buck or two even on the little things. "It's not the money"—he has plenty of that—"it's the *money*."

POOR HERTZ

"Have I ever shown you my legitimacy card?" Cohen asks over six-dollar cups of lobster bisque in his hotel suite. (Six dollars well spent, I might add.)

Most people know that Hertz and Avis give a variety of corporate discounts—usually 20 percent—when you rent one of their cars or if you use their credit cards. It seems, according to Cohen, that Hertz gives IBM *37 percent*.

"I find this out and I think it's inappropriate for me not to get the same discount."

At most airports, Cohen says, you need only say you're with IBM and the attendants don't even check. Off goes the 37 percent. But at La Guardia, they're really sticky. "They say, 'Who are you with?' I say, 'IBM.' They say, 'Yeah? Let me see your card.' "

Whereupon Cohen pulls out of his wallet one of those preprinted cards that says IBM in the upper-left-hand corner and has Cohen's name typed in the middle. He was a speaker at one of its conferences, where everybody gets a card under plastic to wear on his lapel, and Cohen kept the card.

Not only does he get 37 percent off,

Why pay $150 to have your car professionally poly-sealed? Now—in less than an hour you can do-it-yourself with Blue Poly, the revolutionary new one-step poly sealant that cleans, shines and seals all in one easy application.

Blue Poly bonds to the surface of your car with a finish so tough it protects against acid rain, blazing sun, snow, grease, road tar, automatic car washes, salt spray—all the elements. And you can save plenty of "green," $135 or more, when you do-it-yourself with Blue Poly—the one-step poly sealant with the two-year guarantee.

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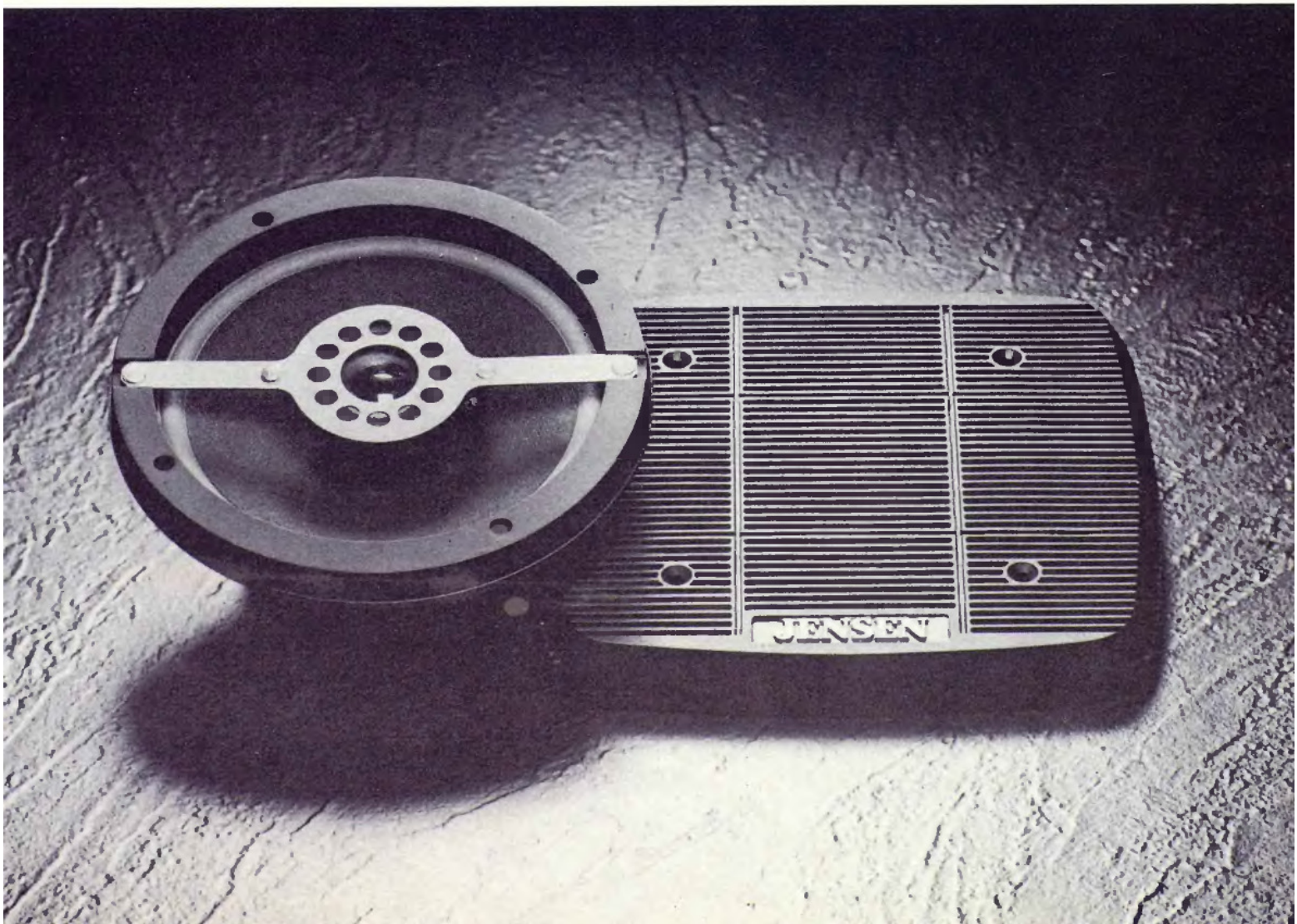

he says, they throw in free collision coverage. Works with Avis, too.

The only problem—evaluate it as you will—is that you have to lie to get the discount.

THE NEW HOUSE

Nowadays, it's not enough to issue orders and expect the job to get done. You've got to negotiate for the commitment of your organization—get it behind you. Otherwise, it can kill you just by doing exactly what you say—"malicious obedience."

What does it mean to have your organization behind you?

"Six and a half years ago, I lived in a community in Illinois called Libertyville. A rustic community, acres of land—thought I was very happy there until my wife explained to me that we weren't that happy. She said that area was not quite right for us, we ought to move.

"Since I'm away from home a great deal, it fell upon her shoulders to move us. And, you know, when you've been out of the real-estate market for seven years and then come back, you're in for a shock.

"She's looking two weeks, four weeks—and, to be honest with you, it does not bother me that she's looking—but I call home every night. Wherever I am, I call home every night. I am not a creative telephone conversationalist, by the way. I have a standard opening every night—'Hi, how's everything?' And I even have a preferred answer, which is, 'Fine.' I always move on to my second question, which is, 'What's new?' My preferred answer is, 'Nothing.'

"Monday night, Tuesday night, Wednesday night, I got good answers. Thursday night: 'Hi, how's everything?' 'Fine.' 'What's new?' What could be new? I just talked to her last night. 'I bought a house.' I said, 'No, you phrased that incorrectly—semantically, you're wrong. You mean to say you saw a house you liked and you offered money on it.' 'Yes, except they accepted the money and we got it.' '*A whole house? How could you buy a whole house?*' She said it was really easy."

It turned out, shortening the story, that Cohen's wife had made the deal subject to her husband's approval. That cheered him up somewhat.

"OK, I get home late Friday night, I'm up early Saturday morning—the wife and I are going to this home, and I, alleged technical titular leader, am ready to reject the whole deal. We are driving along and I say to my associate, 'By the way. Does anybody know about this home you almost bought?' She says, 'Oh, yeah.' I said, 'Who could know? It just happened.' 'A lot of people know.' 'Who?' 'Well, all our neighbors, all our friends know—in fact, they're throwing us a gala farewell party.' I said, 'Who else knows?' 'Well, our families know—your family, my family. In fact, my mother has already ordered us custom-made drapes for the living room—I called in the measurements.' I said, 'Who else could know?' She said, 'Well, our children know; they told their friends, they told their teachers; they selected bedrooms they like. . . .'

"In other words, what is happening is that the organization is moving away from the leader. It is the zigzag theory of organizational behavior. In this case, the alleged technical titular leader was in the zig, while the organization was in the zag.

"What do you think the alleged, technical, titular, lonely leader did in order to keep the title of alleged, technical, titular leader? He ratified the decision his organization had already made. It seems my wife knows more about negotiations than I do. When the body moves, the head is inclined to follow.

"And so I say to you: See people in

COHEN'S CRASH COURSE IN NEGOTIATING

got a meeting in an hour? here's a handful of nuggets to make you shine

• Always remember, says Herb Cohen, that people are different. They have different needs and they understand things differently. "In the Midwest, you tell people a nine-o'clock meeting—what time would you have to arrive at such a meeting before you would be considered late? You know what people tell me? Eight forty-five. It's Vince Lombardi time or something. In California, they say 9:15. In New York, guys say, 'According to Jimmy Walker, as long as you get there before it's all over, you're not late.' "

• Make things personal. "Commitments are never kept with institutions. They're too big, too impersonal. What's the difference if Chase loses $100,000? What you want to do, see—you're with Chase, but you negotiate on behalf of yourself. A guy waffles on his commitment and you say, 'Look, you told me you were going to do this, and I told my boss—you're not going to let me down, are you?' The guy says, 'Hey, you're not taking this personally, are you?' [Plaintive, not hostile] 'Yeah.' "

• If you box people into taking a stand publicly, they will tend to resist change. Do your negotiating before the public meeting, if you can.

• Similarly, boxing someone in with an ultimatum is one of the worst mistakes you can make—unless you are prepared to back up that ultimatum. If the other party *believes* you are prepared to back it up, you probably won't have to.

• It's much easier to say no over the phone. So if you want something, you'll do better getting it face to face.

• The caller is always at an advantage—he's prepared, knows just what he wants to say. If you are the callee, bury the caller with gratitude for calling—but ask if you can call him back. That gives you time to prepare. Or, if that's awkward, hang up on yourself. Let him talk a little, start to answer—and in the middle of your sentence, hit the button. Must have been the lousy switchboard. Gather your thoughts while you wait for him to call back.

• If one of you is going to write a memo confirming your understanding, you be the one to do it. That way, you get the initiative, you set the priorities, you control the situation. The guy gets the memo and has five problems with it. "You mean you want me to do this all over again?" You are incredulous, hurt, perhaps a trifle annoyed. The guy has to fight for each one of his five points and feels lucky to get three. (If he'd written it, the five problems would have been in his favor, not yours, and you would have been stuck with two of them—down two rather than up two.)

• Likewise, note taking. Asks Cohen: Who's in a better position to interpret the chicken scratchings than the chicken?

• Don't be afraid to ask for help, to say you don't understand. People respond to that; it helps make the negotiations more "collaborative" and less "competitive" (making it more likely that you will both emerge more satisfied); and sometimes, in reiterating and explaining his list of outrageous demands, your counterpart—perhaps embarrassed by their outrageousness or taking pity on you—will let one or two drop without your even having to argue.

• Consider timing. When is the best time for a hooker to negotiate—before or after performing her services? Anticipation is always (or almost always, anyway) greater than reality.

—ANDREW TOBIAS

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context, get the commitment of others in the organization. Find out who's important to you and influence the people who are important to that person and you'll influence him."

THE REFRIGERATOR

"If you want to deal effectively with people, if you want to convince them, if you want to negotiate, if you want to persuade, then you've got to approach people based on their needs. And that's all negotiation is. It is meeting the needs of people.

"You want to negotiate with Sears about the cost of a refrigerator. So you go into Sears and say, 'Hey, I'll tell you what—I'll take 20 bucks off your price, but I'll pay cash.' Does that work at Sears? No. Sears is not any retail establishment—it wants you to think it is, but in reality, it is a financial institution. It wants to grab off 18 percent of your money on its revolving charge account. Sears doesn't *want* you to pay cash. Does the cash ploy work with somebody else, though—the guy on the corner with a cash-flow problem? Sure it does. And so I say to you: Every approach should meet the needs of the people."

(In fact, Cohen maintains you *can* negotiate with Sears and similar "one-price" stores. Most people don't think so, so they don't try. But the salesmen are authorized to come down on prices, to arrange trade-ins, to deal on "floor models," and more.)

Cohen speaks of refrigerators but actually has his mind on larger things, such as labor negotiations, or Salt II.

"Find out what the other side's needs are. How do you do this? You don't start out when the negotiation begins; people won't tell you anything then. You've got to see all your encounters with people not as an event but as a process. You see, we think literally in terms of When does it start? It starts April sixth at two P.M. But negotiations, like mental illness, are a process. When somebody has been declared mentally ill at two P.M. on April sixth, when does he actually become mentally ill? Does anyone think he was fine at 1:59 and at two P.M. he went bananas? Use your lead time to gather information.

"Also to give information. Why do I say you should give information? Three reasons. One, it is more blessed to give than to receive. Two, you've got to give a little to get a little. Three, when you give information to people, it influences the expectation level of the other side. It takes people a while to get used to a new idea. Throw something out to somebody over here—well in advance—and he will say, 'I don't buy that. No, sir.' You mention the same thing over here—a little closer to the event—but when you bring it up, you change the name of it. Do this a few times and what happens? 'Oh. That's been around for a while.'

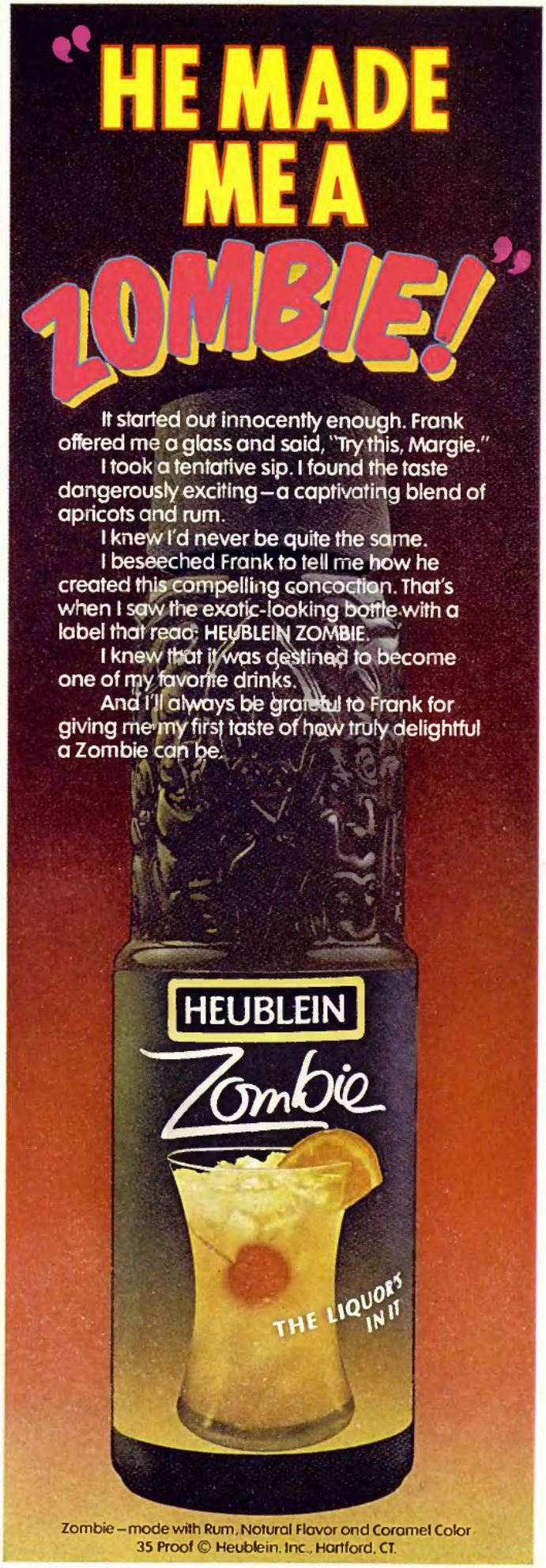
"It takes a while for people to get used to any new idea. Allow for acceptance time to occur."

THE CLOCK

"A husband and wife are looking through an architectural magazine and they see a magnificent clock. They agree that if they can get it for $500, they'll be happy. They spend months looking for this clock—flea markets, antique shops, weekend trips—and finally they see the clock of their dreams. As they near it, they see one potential problem, a sign that says $750. One of them is appointed negotiator in an attempt to secure the clock. That individual walks up to the person selling the clock and says, 'Sir, I notice you have a little clock for sale. I notice a little dust around that sign on the top. Now, I am going to make you one offer and one offer only and I know it's gonna thrill you very big—are you ready for it?—here it is: $250.'

"And the seller says: 'You got it. Sold.'

"Now, how do you feel when that happens to you? Why do some of you smile when you hear that? You smile because you've *been* there, that's why—and I've been there, too. What's your first reaction? Is it that you got a great



price? No. Your reaction is: 'I could have done better. I was stupid. I should have started lower.' Your second reaction? 'What's wrong with the clock?'

"If the seller had been a decent compassionate human being, he would have allowed you to fight for every dollar and finally settled with you for $497. You would have been happier.

"I'm saying to you that human beings have needs beyond just dollars. And they are different."

Creative negotiators, Cohen believes, can often turn the process into a "win-win" situation, where *both* sides' needs can be met. In essence, he says, successful negotiation lies in finding out what the other side *really* wants and showing it a way to get it while you get what you want. He recalls a corporate acquisition he once was involved in for which the seller asked $26,000,000—and refused to budge. The buyer offered $15,000,000, $18,000,000, $20,000,000, $21,000,000, $21,500,000—the seller refused to budge. Only after some days, by chance over dinner, did it develop that the seller's brother had sold *his* company for $26,000,000. Suddenly, Cohen's group realized that its man had needs other than money. It wound up working out terms that fell within its budget but allowed the seller to feel he had done better than his brother.

The incident of the clock also illustrates another of Cohen's basic tenets: Start low. Or, if you're selling, start high. Any three-year-old knows to do that, of course, but Cohen says—no, *even lower* (or higher) than that. That gives you more room to maneuver, tests the waters and lowers the opposition's expectations. Of course, if you had been planning to offer so little (or ask so much) as to be downright insulting, this advice could serve to shatter any chance of making a deal.

Well, don't start *that* low, says Cohen.

THE SERAPE

"Ever see people who come back from Southern climates, who take winter vacations and wind up at Northern airports—ever see what they're wearing? A week away from New York and they're wearing muumuus. I myself own two Mexican serapes. To tell you the truth, I never thought of myself as being with a serape. I don't like them.

"Five years ago, my wife and I go to Mexico City and we're walking through the streets and suddenly she says, 'Ah, yonder I see lights.' She speaks that way, you know. I say, 'Hey, I'm not going over there, that's the commercial area. I did not come here to wallow in commercialism. You go; I'll meet you back at the hotel.' I go off on my own, and as I'm moving with the ebb and flow, I notice this person approaching me wearing serapes. He's calling out, 'Twelve hundred pesos.' I'm trying to figure out who he can be talking to. It couldn't be me—how did he know I was a tourist? I look straight ahead and keep walking. The guy walks right up to me—I'm not even looking at him—and says, 'A thousand pesos.' I'm still moving. 'Eight hundred pesos.' I stop. I say, 'My friend, I certainly respect your initiative and your diligence; however, I do not need a serape, I do not like a serape, I do not desire a serape—would you kindly sell elsewhere?' I walk away; the guy's still following me. 'Six hundred pesos.' I'm running down the damn street, I'm hot, I'm sweating, and he's chasing me. He says, 'Four hundred pesos.' I'm irritated. 'Damn it, I just told you I don't want a serape—now beat it.' 'Two hundred pesos.' I say, 'What did you say?' 'Two hundred pesos.' I say, 'Let me see the serape.' Why am I asking to see the serape? Do I need a serape? Do I want a serape? Do I like a serape? No. See how a man changes his mind? I didn't think I wanted a serape, but maybe I do.

"You see, the guy started at 1200 pesos, he's now down to 200—I don't know what the hell I'm doin', but—I mean, I haven't even started negotiating and already I got the guy down 1000 pesos. Now, I find out from this guy that the cheapest anyone ever bought a serape in the history of Mexico City was a fellow from Winnipeg whose mother and father were born in Guadalajara. He paid 175 pesos. I get mine for 170, thereby giving me the serape record for Mexico City. I am now walking down the street wearing my serape. It is hot, I am perspiring—but wearing my serape."

He rushes back to his hotel to show his wife. "How much did you pay?" she asks him.

"The guy wanted 1200 pesos, but the internationally renowned negotiator picked it up for 170." She opens the closet to show him the identical serape, for which she paid 150 pesos.

"Why did I buy that serape? Did I need a serape? Did I like a serape? I didn't think so, but on the streets of Mexico City I encountered not a peddler but an international psychological negotiating marketeer. By some sort of process, he met needs I didn't even know I had."

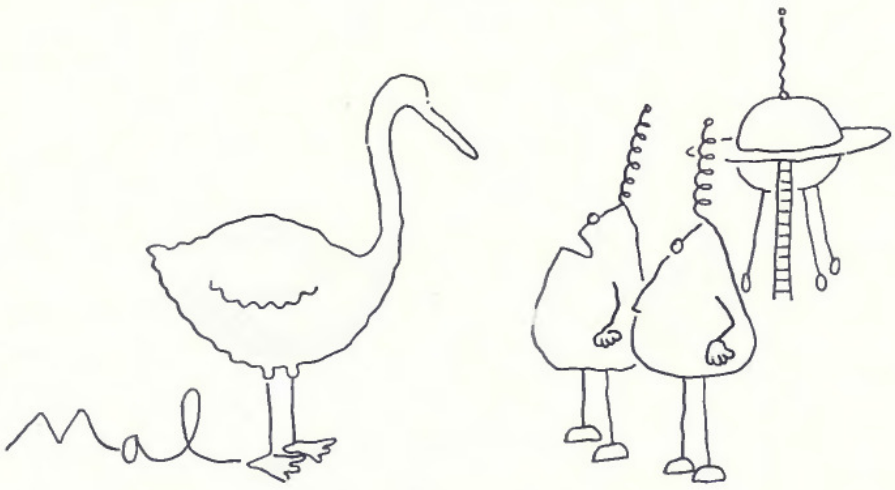
It is Cohen's contention that we all have a serape or two in the closet.

PRESERVING YOUR OPTIONS

A man went out to Cohen's new house (you know, the one his wife bought) to install a couple of locks. The bill came—$142. He had been there 45 minutes, Cohen says—$142. "So I call up the guy and he says, 'Look, pal, that's the price.' 'Maybe we can talk about it.' 'No—that's it.' I said, 'Well, do I have any options in this situation?' He says, 'What do you mean, options? If you don't like it, I'll take out the locks.' I said, 'Good. That's a very good idea.' He says, 'What do you mean—you'll have holes in the door.' I say, 'No problem; take them out.' He says, 'How about $95—would that sound better?' I said, 'Yeah.' "

And there, in the relatively trivial difference between the $142 that many of us would resignedly have paid and the $95 that let us assume for the sake of argument *was* a more equitable price, lies the kernel of Herb Cohen's philosophy. He is not talking about "looking out for number one" or "winning through intimidation" or "screwing the Government because it is screwing us."

"I want people to have power," he says. "To have options and know they have options. When people are powerless, it's bad for everybody. Either they become hostile and try to tear down the system or they become apathetic and throw in the towel. We don't want either one."



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1. To enter, print your name, address, zip code and telephone number on an official entry form or a 3½" x 5" card. Entry forms can be obtained at your local store. All entries must be completed in full to be valid.
2. Mail your entry to: "English Leather SuperShooter Sweepstakes", P.O. Box 1981, Garnerville, New York 10923. Entries must be postmarked on or before July 15, 1980 and received by July 31, 1980. Enter as often as you like, however, each entry must be mailed separately. No household may win more than one prize.
3. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. ALL PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED. Prizes are non-transferable and non-redeemable for cash. No substitution of prizes is permitted. Fifteen (15) First Prizes of Bally Pinball Machines (retail value $2,000 each). Two Hundred Fifty (250) Second Prizes of MERLIN™* by Parker Brothers (retail value up to $40 each). Two Hundred Fifty (250) English Leather SuperShooter Gift Sets (retail value $6.00 each).
4. Winners will be randomly selected from all entries received by TRG Communications, Inc., an independent organization whose decision will be final. Winners will be selected by August 15, 1980 and will be notified by mail. Prizes must be claimed within 30 days of notification or prize is subject to forfeiture, in which case a substitute winner will be selected.
5. The sweepstakes is open to all residents of the United States excepting employees of the MEM Company, Inc. and their immediate families, its affiliated companies, its advertising agencies, and TRG Communications, Inc. The sweepstakes is void where prohibited by law. All Federal, State and local regulations are applicable.
6. ALL FEDERAL, STATE, AND LOCAL TAXES ON PRIZES, IF ANY, ARE THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE INDIVIDUAL WINNER. Winners may be required to execute further documents, including a name and likeness release.
7. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. A list of winners can be obtained by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: SuperShooter Winners List, c/o TRG Communications, Inc., 1140 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10036.
8. Each winning entrant grants to the MEM Co. without limitation the right to use his name and likeness for any advertising and promotion purposes.

*MERLIN™ is Parker Brothers' trademark for its handheld electronic game equipment. MERLIN™ game equipment ©1978, Parker Brothers, Beverly, MA 01915. Used by permission.

BE A WINNER!

Just pick up your entry blank at the English Leather counter. Nothing to buy.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

LEADERS OF THE PACK

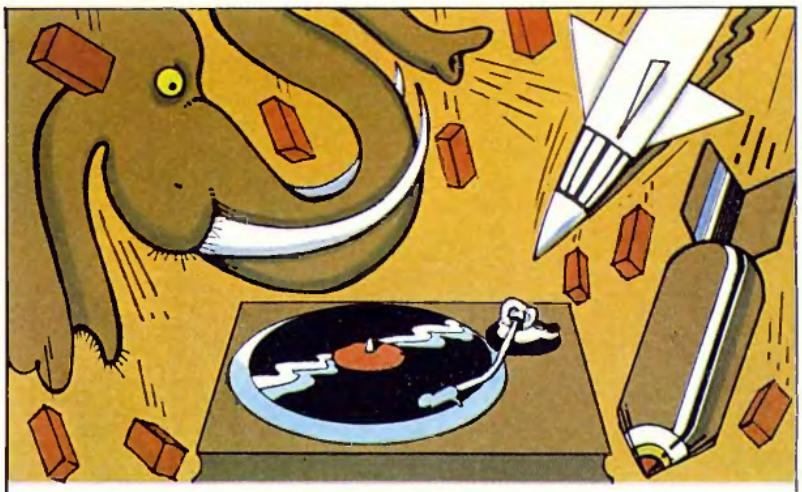
The next time you reach for a smoke, pause a moment and study the pack. The artwork probably can't hold a candle to what puffers were treated to years ago—wonderfully detailed drawings of sportsmen, soldiers, sailors, monarchs and clowns, among hundreds of other images author Chris Mullen has collected in a soft-cover volume titled *Cigarette Pack Art* that's available from St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010, for $8.95, postpaid. It's a book that really smokes.

THE SQUEEZE IS ON

The stuff stretched out below is Flexigrip, a silicone product available for $5 a wad from Flexigrip, P.O. Box 5896, Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27103, that's designed to give you a grip of steel, provided you squeeze it each day. Golfers and racket-sports players swear that Flexigrip improves their game by giving them a better grip—and if you're a 97-pound weakling, you can always squeeze the bejesus out of the town bully's hand, even if you can't kick his ass.

ON A TEAR

Poor Yvette. One minute she's just a simple working girl dusting milord's silver; the next—*sacrebleu!*—her skimpy crepe-paper maid's costume has been ripped from her bod, leaving her delightfully *déshabillée*. Well, that's a nice fantasy and you and a fun-loving friend can re-enact it for yourself if you order a Tear It Off! maid's costume from Maché Maché, P.O. Box 10004, Oakland, California 94610, for $8.95. Or, if you're a kinky sports fan, they stock shreddable cheerleader costumes, too. Tear it up!

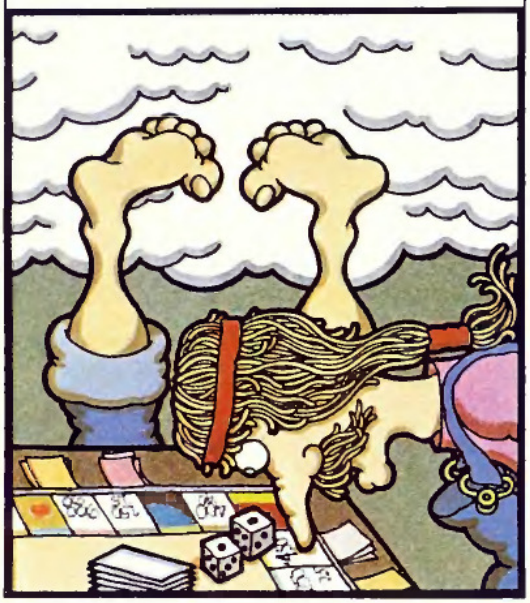


BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER

The next time your neighbors have a noisy party, blast them back to the Stone Age with record number 1019 that Thomas J. Valentino, a company at 151 West 46th Street, New York, New York 10036, says contains the sounds of an Honest John missile, a bull elephant and two minutes of pneumatic hammer. Valentino's business, as you may have guessed, is sound effects; its LP sells for $7, plus postage; but first invest a dollar in the latest catalog. They've recorded it all, from adding machines to a urinal flush.

GOING TO POT LUCK

Somebody had to do it: create a game similar to Monopoly in which the players wheel and deal with quantities of marijuana rather than real estate. Each boxed Pot Luck game sells for $16.95, postpaid, sent to Kapcar Productions, Suite 401, 16510 Scottsdale, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120, and includes pot cards, dice and an attractive game board. Sorry, but no samples of commodities are included.

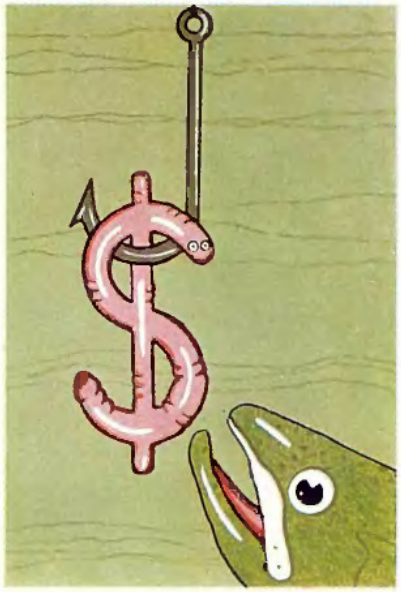


DR. PORSCHE, WE PRESUME

Porsche enthusiasts, take note: *Gmünd*, a slick, independent, bimonthly magazine totally devoted to your favorite marque, has just been launched by Barnes Publishing; and judging from the first few issues, we'd say it's definitely on the right track. A year's subscription goes for $20 sent to *Gmünd*, 2 Spencer Place, Scarsdale, New York 10583. And if you don't own a Porsche, you can always put on a tweed cap, flip the pages and dream.

EXPENSIVE FISH STORY

Well-heeled fishermen with unlimited time to kill may wish to contact Pillar Point Fishing Trips, P.O. Box 658, Half Moon Bay, California 94019, for information on a 155-day fishing trip aboard the 85-foot-long sport fisher Chubasco that's scheduled to cast off in November 1981 for the world's finest fishing grounds, provided 15 to 25 sportsmen come up with $32,500 each. Included in the Chubasco itinerary are Hawaii, Tahiti, New Zealand, Australia, Africa and the Caribbean. And the price includes the cost of airfreighting your trophies home and all other expenses—except shoreside dining and entertainment. Such a deal.



DUMMIES ON PARADE

Famed ventriloquist W. S. Berger was no dummy. When he died in 1972, he left the largest known collection of ventriloquist figures in the world (over 500), plus countless items of related memorabilia, all housed in an unusual museum, Vent Haven, located at 33 West Maple Avenue, Fort Mitchell, Kentucky. Vent Haven is now in the hands of a curator who will arrange for you to tour this unusual home for homeless mannequins between May 1 and September 30 if you call 606-341-0461 and make an appointment. Since the museum is free, only a dummy would visit it without leaving a donation. And be sure to say thank you without moving your lips.

GAME PRESERVE

Los Angeles, that home of expensive toys for well-heeled adults, has just added another exotic emporium to its burgeoning ranks. It's Games Unlimited, at 9059 Venice Boulevard, and the goodies stocked there—from antique slot machines to vintage pinball games and even an ancient Wurlitzer—are enough to make a grown man sell his wife into slavery. Slots range from $1495 to $5000; a Wurlitzer is about $5500; used pinball games start at $295 and escalate skyward; and for auto buffs, there's even a restored 1930 Model A for $12,000. Prices too steep? They also have eight-foot-tall reproduction street lamps for $395.

The J&B Serving Bar

It will serve Dad long past Father's Day.

Think of it as an appreciation of Dad. The J&B Serving Bar is made of hand-rubbed walnut, satin finished and protected with an alcohol resistant coating. The clear lucite holder with brass cradle will house your 1.75 liter J&B bottle. Antique brass handles make serving simple and, you can put handy bar implements in the utility drawer. Each Bar also comes with four fine Belgium crystal double old-fashioned glasses.

To order your Bar, enclose $39.95, plus state and local taxes (price does not include bottle of J&B Rare Scotch). Please add $3.00 for handling and mailing. Indicate the initials (maximum of 3 letters) to be engraved on the brass plate. Send to: J&B Serving Bar, P.O. Box 1379, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55440.

J&B RARE SCOTCH

Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. Offer subject to discontinuation without notice. Offer good in the U.S.A. Void where prohibited by law.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. © 1980 The Paddington Corp. N.Y.

"I should have known I was in for a treat when I saw the spice rack over your bed."

CRITICS' CHOICE *(continued from page 196)*

"Windows on the World has the finest decor in New York; the decor is New York."

than at The Four Seasons. But then, how many New York restaurants still sell Château Lafite-Rothschild 1973 for $39 a bottle? Finish with chocolate soufflé. And don't make *WKRP* jokes.

12. LA GRENOUILLE—3 East 52nd Street, New York, New York (212-752-1495). A simple room of comfortable banquettes and chairs, this restaurant displays spectacular sprays of flowers. It's also one of the few great American restaurants owned and managed by a woman—Madame Gisèle Masson. The food, often compared to that of La Caravelle, is classic Big Apple French, for the most part. Lovely ham and melon, an ample plate of mixed appetizers and a popular dish called Little Neck Clams Corsini: tiny clams poached in butter, parsley and wine. There is absolutely nothing wrong with the roast duck, lamb or chicken dishes. And the frog's legs (*La Grenouille* means the frog) are clearly the best in town, perhaps the best in America: tiny plump legs sautéed to a perfect gold in garlic and butter. As at La Caravelle, the soufflés make a fine dessert. Like La Caravelle, La Grenouille can get noisy.

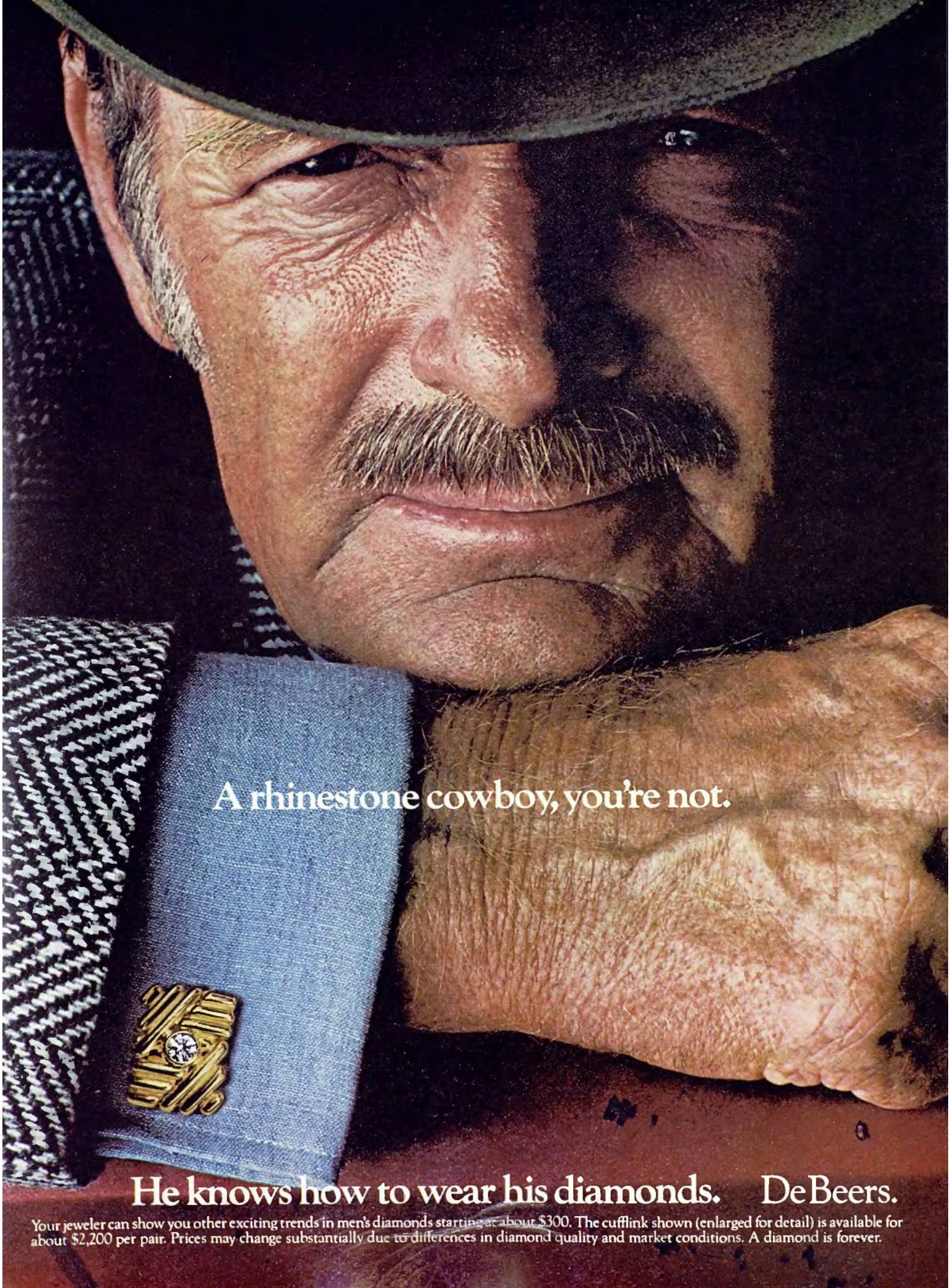
13. THE PALACE—420 East 59th Street, New York, New York (212-355-5152). There is nothing else in America quite like this place; nothing so ambitious, so grand or so expensive. A huge dining room holds only 50. Everywhere, you see gold, sterling, crystal and fine imported china. The food is fabulously rich and generally excellent. A typical dinner begins with cold lobster-and-walnut salad or smoked salmon stuffed with black caviar. Then comes a saffron mussel soup. *Then* comes a hunk of swordfish as high as a layer cake, poached in green butter. *Then* a bit of sherbet in vodka to cleanse the palate. *Then* your main dish: say, a boneless rack of lamb in thyme and garlic accompanied by tiny fresh vegetable bundles tied with scallions. *Then* a crisp green salad. *Then* cheese. *Then* huge fresh fruits. *Then* three or four sinful desserts. *Then* coffee and cookies. *Then* chocolate truffles. Oy! A recent set-price dinner was $95. With mandatory tip and tax, it comes to *$125 per person without wine*. A good vintage costs another $250. Figure $400 for two, minimum. Oddly enough, owner Frank Valenza has recently filed for bankruptcy, though the restaurant will continue to operate.

14. WINDOWS ON THE WORLD—1 World Trade Center, New York, New York (212-938-1111). This restaurant has the finest decor in New York; the decor *is* New York. Through its windows atop the World Trade Center, you get a dazzling, God's-eye view of the most spectacular architecture in America. So dazzling, in fact, that you can forget that the food is a bit erratic. However, the rack of lamb, red snapper, trout in pastry and other relatively simple dishes are usually more than adequate. The real star here, aside from the view, is the wine list. Twenty-nine-year-old Kevin Zraly, a boy genius of the wine trade, has created a list of 600 vintages, including one of the finest collections of American wines in America. And at shockingly reasonable prices. A special Cellar in the Sky serves a five-wine dinner ($50 lately).

15. LE BEC-FIN—1312 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania (215-732-3000). Chef and owner Georges Perrier takes great pride (and the dinner orders) in this small downtown restaurant, generally regarded as the best in Pennsylvania. It's classic French cuisine, tempered with Perrier's skill and imagination. Appetizers arrive on a huge serving cart: beautiful raw slices of beef in a water-cress sauce, a light shrimp *pâté*. A fish course might include the lightest pike quenelles in America or a miniature lobster stew served in a small silver pot or sole with broad noodles in cream sauce accented by truffles and red caviar. For the main dish, try the squab stuffed with goose liver and leeks. Or the tender roast pheasant. Green salad or cheese are included. Rich frozen Grand Marnier soufflé for dessert. A classic French wine list. But, *warning*: No credit cards. Bring cash. A lot of it, or your checkbook.

16. ERNIE'S—847 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California (415-397-5969). Nestled in the shadow of the Trans-America pyramid, Ernie's is old San Francisco, done up in Barbary bordello shades of crimson and crystal. Challenge the kitchen—but not *too* hard: wine-poached oysters with leeks are delicious; but a raw-scallop-and-warm-water-cress salad here tastes a little like slug salad on grass. The rack of lamb is flawless. The sautéed sole is as sweet as any in the city. Perfect Caesar salad. Individual soufflés and baked Alaska make fine desserts. The service is attentive, though the hostess can be brusque. The extensive wine list emphasizes French vintages.

17. TRATTORIA DA ALFREDO—90 Bank Street, New York, New York (212-929-4400). Surely one of New York's finest dining bargains, this restaurant offers what may be the best Italian food in town. All the pastas cost $5.50 as we go to press; but don't miss the tiny


A rhinestone cowboy, you're not.
He knows how to wear his diamonds.
DeBeers.
Your jeweler can show you other exciting trends in men's diamonds starting at about $300. The cufflink shown (enlarged for detail) is available for about $2,200 per pair. Prices may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions. A diamond is forever.

meat-stuffed doughnuts in cream sauce called *Tortellini della Nonna* (translation: Grandma's dumplings). A hearty Caesar salad costs $3.25. A bouillabaisse-like fish *cacciucco* is the most expensive item on the menu at $7.25, but prices are due to rise. Specials include veal, chicken, Cornish hen and duck. Try the chocolate cake for dessert. There's no wine served, but you're free to bring your own (a decent wineshop is three doors away). Reservations can be difficult to get; New York's food establishment dines here regularly. Alas, owner Alfredo Viazzi prints the menu in Italian only.

18. COMMANDER'S PALACE—1403 Washington Avenue, New Orleans, Louisiana (504-899-8221). This is the quintessential New Orleans restaurant, set in a rambling old house in the Garden District. Local gourmets insist that Le Ruth's, in nearby Gretna, serves higher *haute cuisine*. But Commander's *is* New Orleans. Operated by a branch of the Brennan family, Commander's serves excellent corn-and-crab chowder and intense garlic bread. Pan-fried trout with roasted pecans and *tournedos* Coliseum (*filets* of beef in two sauces) typify the rich local cuisine. Best of all: the Sunday jazz brunch, with a funky Dixieland trio and some splendidly rich egg dishes.

19. THE MANDARIN—900 North Point Street, San Francisco, California (415-673-8812). Owner Cecilia Chiang gets general credit for championing exotic northern Chinese cuisine in this nation of chow-mein eaters. But a lot of people figured she'd go broke when she opened in 1960. Instead, she went big time. And by 1968, she could relocate in lavish quarters boasting Asian art, Oriental rugs and a fine view of Alcatraz. Sure, you can now get tea-smoked duck, Mongolian fire pit and beggar's chicken elsewhere; they became popular *here*. For the uninitiated, Mongolian fire pit is a sort of lamb barbecue; beggar's chicken cooks in a clay cocoon. The Mandarin makes excellent *chiao-tzu* dumplings and a definitive *mu shui* pork (a Chinese *taco* stuffed with pork, egg, vegetables and a rich brown sauce). Don't come here for lunch—the service is slow and the kitchen's getting ready for dinner. Better yet, call in advance and ask Mrs. Chiang or her staff to arrange a banquet.

20. LE LION D'OR—1150 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D.C. (202-296-7972). This is certainly the capital's best restaurant, a purveyor of *haute cuisine* in the style of Lutèce and Le Français. Chef-owner Jean-Pierre Goyenvalle's game is game: In season, he serves venison, quail, partridge, Tennessee wild boar and even bear. He also makes a silky lobster stew, striped bass in pastry, duck breast with black-currant sauce and all the other conventions of grand French dining. Almost everyone seems to order the giant flaming orange soufflé for dessert. The wine list, appropriately, includes impressive American vintages—among them, Robert Mondavi's magnificent 1974 Cabernet Sauvignon Reserve. Despite tapestries on the ceiling and the rugs on the wall, Le Lion D'Or can get rather noisy. In Washington, no one seems to mind.

21. LONDON CHOP HOUSE—155 West Congress Street, Detroit, Michigan (313-962-0277). This restaurant is not in or from London, and it's not really a chophouse. It is certainly the best eatery in Detroit and a fine American-style restaurant by any standards. It's dark and clubby; color caricatures hang from the rafters. Its seafood is splendid: hearty New England clam chowder, wine-steamed mussels, garlicky baked clams (almost a dozen items, the menu informs, are garlicky or garlic-scented). The sweet fillets of Winnipeg pickerel broiled with fennel and brown butter would do credit to any fine French restaurant. There's handsome lamb and half a dozen salads. There's also a potent pear-and-bread pudding with bourbon sauce. Owner Lester Gruber prides himself on his wine cellar, and it's one of the finest in America. The menu's flip side lists more than 150 interesting vintages, including 25 cognacs. And each

(text concluded on page 263, following "Choice Critics" on page 262)

CHOICE CRITICS' CHOICES

some of our guest panelists reveal their favorites

Everyone knows Trader Vic's restaurants. **Vic Bergeron** is the Vic in question. His favorites in America:

1. The "21" Club, New York City
2. Brennan's, New Orleans
3. Chasen's, Los Angeles
4. Perino's, Los Angeles
5. Trader Vic's, San Francisco

Paul Bocuse is France's most famous chef, knight of the French *Légion d'honneur*, cookbook author and owner of Restaurant Paul Bocuse in Lyon. His favorite American restaurants:

1. Lutèce, New York City
2. Le Français, Wheeling, Illinois
3. Le Perroquet, Chicago
4. L'Ermitage, Los Angeles
5. Gerard's Relais de Lyon, Bothell, Washington

Malcolm Forbes publishes *Forbes* magazine. He also pilots hot-air balloons. And he reviews restaurants—in *Forbes*. His five favorites, in no particular order: Le Cygne, Lutèce, La Grenouille, La Caravelle and The "21" Club—all in New York City. Says Forbes, "I would match them to Paris' best."

William M. Gaines publishes *Mad* magazine. You probably *didn't* know that he's also a distinguished gourmet, a wine collector, a member of Confrérie de la Chaîne des Rôtisseurs food society and various wine clubs. His favorites:

1. The Palace, New York City
2. Claude's, New York City
3. Laurent, New York City
4. Le Français, Wheeling, Illinois
5. La Bourgogne, San Francisco

What, me worry?

Gael Greene reviews restaurants for *New York* magazine and writes bawdy best sellers such as *Blue Skies, No Candy*. Her favorite restaurants are all in New York City:

1. Dodin-Bouffant
2. The Palace
3. Lutèce
4. Le Plaisir
5. The Four Seasons

Henri Gault and his partner, **Christian Millau**, turned France's food world upside down in the Sixties when they championed a more delicate *nouvelle cuisine*. Their magazine, *Le Nouveau Guide*, has become a gastronomic Bible. In America, Millau likes The Palace in New York City and the Oyster Bar & Restaurant in New York's Grand Central Station, Ma Maison in Los Angeles, Michael's in Santa Monica and chef Jean Louis Palladau's cooking at the Watergate Hotel in Washington, D.C.

Andy Rooney produces and performs for CBS-TV's top-rated *60 Minutes*. His hour-long documentary on American dining, *Mr. Rooney Goes to Dinner*, established him in the hearts of epicures everywhere. His choices, in no particular order: The Quilted Giraffe, New York City; Palm, New York City; Joe's Caterers, Albany, New York; Le Français, Wheeling, Illinois; Chasen's, Los Angeles.

The New Yorker's roving reporter and resident gourmet, **Calvin Trillin**, has long maintained that Arthur Bryant's Barbecue in Kansas City, Missouri, is America's best restaurant. His five favorite restaurants in America: Arthur Bryant's Barbecue.

After Paul Bocuse, few French chefs are better known than **Jean Troisgros**. His restaurant in Roanne, France, is a temple of fine dining. His American favorites:

1. Lutèce, New York City
2. Le Français, Wheeling, Illinois
3. L'Ermitage, Los Angeles
4. Tony's, Houston
5. Le Bec-Fin, Philadelphia

He disqualified Chez Panisse in Berkeley. During their garlic "festival," Troisgros grumbled, "they put garlic in the chocolate mousse!"

René Verdon used to be the chef at the Kennedy White House. Then he turned cookbook author. Now he runs René Verdon's Le Trianon restaurant in San Francisco. His top five, in no particular order: Lutèce, New York City; La Caravelle, New York City; Le Français, Wheeling, Illinois; Maisonette, Cincinnati; L'Ermitage, Los Angeles.

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"Silly me—when Orville said that you were depressed because you 'couldn't get it up,' I naturally assumed. . . ."

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CHOICE CRITICS

the final course— a guide to playboy's four-star panel

These are our experts—the gourmets who patiently pondered their five favorite restaurants in America to produce a ranking of the country's great restaurants. They include many of the world's most respected culinary authorities. Many wear several hats: George Lang, for example, writes about food, writes cookbooks, designs restaurants, owns two and talks food on *CBS News Sunday Morning*. For convenience, we've listed these multitalented people in four groups, according to their most noted skills.

RESTAURANT CRITICS, COOKBOOK AUTHORS, FOOD WRITERS AND EDITORS

Colman Andrews—Food and wine writer, *New West* magazine; co-author, *Best Restaurants—Los Angeles & Southern California*.

The Anonymous Gourmet—Pseudonym for the restaurant critic of *The Detroit Free Press*.

Nancy Ball—Restaurant critic, *The Kansas City Star and Times*.

Caroline Bates—Contributing editor and restaurant reviewer, *Gourmet* magazine.

Ariane Batterberry—Executive editor, *The International Review of Food & Wine*.

Michael C. Batterberry—Editor in chief, *The International Review of Food & Wine*.

James Beard—King of American cookbook authors; chef; cooking instructor; food and restaurant columnist.

Beverly Bennett—Food editor, *Chicago Sun-Times*.

Stephen Birnbaum—Travel Editor, PLAYBOY; editor, *Get 'Em and Go Travel Guides*; travel editor, WCBS-Radio.

Anthony Dias Blue—Restaurant critic, WCBS-Radio; California contributing editor, *The International Review of Food & Wine*.

Seymour Britchky—Author, *The Restaurants of New York*; editor/publisher, *Seymour Britchky's Restaurant Letter*.

Pat Brown—Editor, *Cuisine* magazine.

Craig Claiborne—Food editor, *The New York Times*; one of America's leading cookbook authors (*The New New York Times Cookbook*).

Bruce David Colen—Restaurant critic, *Los Angeles* magazine.

Bill Collins—Restaurant critic, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Ann Criswell—Food editor, *Houston Chronicle*.

John Dorsey—Restaurant reviewer, Baltimore Sunday *Sun*.

Lois Dwan—Restaurant critic, *Los Angeles Times*.

Horst-Dieter Ebert—Restaurant critic, Germany's *Stern* magazine.

Robert Finigan—Publisher, *Robert Finigan's Private Guide to Restaurants* and *Robert Finigan's Private Guide to Wines*.

Eugene Fodor—Creator of *Fodor's Travel Guides*, including more than 60 titles.

Malcolm S. Forbes—Publisher and restaurant critic, *Forbes* magazine.

Janet French—Home-economics editor and restaurant reviewer, Cleveland's *Plain Dealer*.

Arnold J. Fury—Manager, travel programs, Mobil Oil Corporation; director, *Mobil Travel Guide*.

William Gallo—Food columnist, *Rocky Mountain News*.

Henri Gault—Celebrated French food critic; cofounder of France's popular *Le Nouveau Guide*.

Milton Glaser—Co-author, *The Underground Gourmet* and *The Underground Gourmet Cookbook*; artist and graphic designer; former restaurant columnist, *New York* magazine.

Emanuel Greenberg—Food and drink writer, PLAYBOY.

Gael Greene—Food writer and best-selling author; contributing editor and restaurant critic, *New York* magazine.

Thomas J. Haas—Publication director, *Nation's Restaurant News*.

Ray Herndon—Restaurant critic, *The Dallas Times Herald*.

Bob Hosmon—Food critic, *The Miami Herald*.

Jay Jacobs—Restaurant reviewer, *Gourmet* magazine; author, *Winning the Restaurant Game* and *A History of Gastronomy*.

Judith B. Jones—Senior cookbook editor, Alfred A. Knopf.

Barbara Kafka—Editor, *The Cook's Catalog*; restaurant and food consultant.

Allen Kelson—Editor in chief and restaurant columnist, *Chicago* magazine.

Carla Kelson—Contributing editor and restaurant columnist, *Chicago* magazine.

George Lang—Cookbook author and food writer; cuisine commentator for *CBS News Sunday Morning*; owner, Café des Artistes and Hungaria Restaurant in New York; restaurant designer and consultant.

Claude Lebey—Pseudonym for the restaurant critic of France's *L'Express*; editor of various French cookbooks; producer of a cooking show for French TV.

Alexis Lichine—One of America's best-known wine authors and experts; author of the classic *Alexis Lichine's New Encyclopedia of Wines & Spirits*; successful wine merchant.

Nancylee Lyles—Restaurant reviewer, *The Houston Post*.

Bob Michelet—Restaurant critic, *The Oregonian*.

Christian Millau—With Henri Gault, one of France's most popular food critics and cofounder of *Le Nouveau Guide*.

Donna Morgan—Food editor, *The Salt Lake Tribune*; president, Newspaper Food Editors and Writers Association, International.

Ken Neuhauser—Restaurant critic, *The Louisville Times*.

Dorothee Polson—Food editor and restaurant critic, *The Arizona Republic*; cookbook author.

Paige Rense—Editor in chief, *Bon Appétit* magazine.

William Rice—Executive food editor, *The Washington Post*; co-editor, *Where to Eat in America*.

Phyllis C. Richman—Restaurant critic, *The Washington Post*; author, *The Best Restaurants (and Others) in Washington*.

Terry Robards—Wine critic, *The New York Times*; author, *The New York Times Book of Wine*.

Egon Ronay—Food and travel critic; editor and author of *Egon Ronay's Lucas Guide*; most recently noted for his sharp criticism of airline food and service.

Andy Rooney—Pundit and producer of CBS-TV's *60 Minutes*; host of *Mr. Rooney Goes to Dinner*, a documentary on the American restaurant.

John Rosson—Restaurant critic, *Washington Star-News*.

Donna Segol—Food editor, *The Indianapolis Star*.

Raymond Sokolov—Restaurant critic, *Cue New York* magazine; former restaurant critic, *The New York Times*.

Anthony Spinazzola—Restaurant and wine critic, *The Boston Globe*.

Harvey Steiman—Food and wine editor, *San Francisco Examiner*; author, *Great Recipes from San Francisco*.

Stendahl—Pseudonym for the restaurant critic of the New York *Daily News*; cookbook and restaurant-guide author.

Jean Thwaite—Food editor, *The Atlanta Constitution*.

Calvin Trillin—Roving reporter, noted for his culinary observations in *The New Yorker* magazine; author, *American Fried* and *Alice, Let's Eat*.

Patricia Unterman—Restaurant critic, *San Francisco Chronicle*; co-owner, Hayes Street Grill.

James Ward—Restaurant critic, *Chicago Sun-Times*; author, *Restaurants Chicago-Style*.

Steven M. Weiss—Executive food editor, *Institutions* magazine.

Burton Wolf—Co-editor, *Where to Eat in America*; cooking-equipment expert and author.

Fran Zell—Restaurant critic, *Chicago Tribune*.

CHEFS

Jean Banchet—Chef and owner, Le Français, Wheeling, Illinois.

Paul Bocuse—France's most famous chef; chef and owner, Restaurant Paul Bocuse in Lyon; dining consultant; cookbook author.

John Cloncy—Executive chef for Time-Life Book's *Foods of the World* series; cookbook author; cooking instructor.

Roger Fessaguet—Executive chef, New York's La Caravelle restaurant; co-owner, Le Poulailler restaurant in New York; president, Vatel Club, one of the largest associations of French chefs.

Edmond Foulard—Chef and owner, Foulard's, Houston.

Pierre Froney—Chef and collaborator for many of Craig Claiborne's recipes; cooking columnist, *The New York Times*; author, *The New York Times 60-Minute Gourmet*; former chef, New York's Le Pavillion restaurant.

Jean-Pierre Goyenvolle—Chef and owner, Le Lion d'Or restaurant, Washington, D.C.

Robert Greault—Chef and owner, Le Bagatelle, Washington, D.C.

Warren Le Ruth—Chef and owner, Le Ruth's restaurant, Gretna, Louisiana; cookbook author.

Salomon Montezinos—Chef and owner, Déjà-Vu restaurant, Philadelphia.

Gianni Paoletti—Chef and owner, Peppone restaurant, Los Angeles.

Georges Perrier—Chef and owner, Le Bec-Fin restaurant, Philadelphia.

Dieter Puska—Chef and owner, The Glass Chimney restaurant, Carmel, Indiana.

André Soltner—Chef and owner, New York's Lutèce restaurant.

Jean Troisgros—One of France's great chefs; with his brother, owner and chef of Restaurant Troisgros in Roanne.

René Verdon—White House chef during the Kennedy Administration; chef and owner, René Verdon's Le Trianon in San Francisco; cookbook author.

Alice Waters—Chef and co-owner, Chez Panisse in Berkeley, California.

RESTAURATEURS AND RESTAURANT EXECUTIVES

Toni Aigner—President, Inhilco, a Hilton International subsidiary that operates all restaurants in New York's massive World Trade Center.

Albert Aschaffenburg—President and general manager, New Orleans' Pontchartrain Hotel, home of the Caribbean Room.

Gilbert Borthe—Owner, Mirabeau Restaurant, Seattle.

Joseph Baum—Restaurant consultant, designer, creator; former president, Restaurant Associates; his projects include New York's Four Seasons, Windows on the World, Brasserie, Zum Zum and many more.

Vic Bergeron—Owner, Trader Vic's restaurants.

Camille Bermann—Owner, Maxim's restaurant, Houston.

Jerry Berns—Vice-president and co-owner, New York's "21" Club.

James Brennan—Co-owner, Brennan's restaurant, New Orleans.

Jerry Brody—Owner, the Grand Central Oyster Bar & Restaurant and Gallagher's Steak House, both in New York.

Robert Buich—Owner, Tadich Grill, San Francisco.

Cecilia Chiang—Owner, The Mandarin restaurant, in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Justin Galatoire Frey—Assistant manager, member of the owning family, Galatoire's restaurant, New Orleans.

Roy Guste—Proprietor, Restaurant Antoine, New Orleans.

Paul Kovi—Co-owner, The Four Seasons restaurant, New York.

Jean Lapuyade—Owner, La Bourgogne restaurant, San Francisco.

Alan Lewis—Director, Windows on the World, New York.

Leon Lianides—Owner, The Coach House, New York.

Tom Margittai—Co-owner, The Four Seasons restaurant, New York.

James Nassikas—President and general partner, San Francisco's Stanford Court Hotel, home of Fournou's Ovens.

Robert Petersen—General manager, Scandia restaurant, Los Angeles; photographer; publisher.

Karl Ratzsch III—General manager, Karl Ratzsch's restaurant, Milwaukee.

Robert Rosellini—Owner, The Other Place restaurant, Seattle.

Louise Saunders—Owner and president, Charlie's Café Exceptionale, Minneapolis.

Patrick Terrail—Owner, Ma Maison, Los Angeles.

Jovan Trboyevic—Owner, Le Perroquet restaurant and Les Nomades, a private dining club, both in Chicago.

Tony Vallone—Owner, Tony's restaurant, Houston.

Peter von Starck—Owner, La Panetiere restaurant, Philadelphia.

Duke Zeibert—Owner, Duke Zeibert's restaurant, Washington, D.C.

DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS AND VARIOUS PROFESSIONALS

Sam Aaron—Co-owner, Manhattan's famous Sherry-Lehmann wine shop; author; wine and food expert.

Robert S. Bell—Vice-president, Teledyne, Inc.; member Confrérie de la Chaîne des Rôtisseurs and Chevaliers du Tastevin food and wine societies.

Edward H. Benenson—Investment banker; food writer; high-ranking member of Confrérie de la Chaîne des Rôtisseurs and Chevaliers du Tastevin food and wine societies.

Vance A. Christian—Villa Banfi professor, School of Hotel Administration, Cornell University; respected food-and-beverage consultant.

Gene Ference—Vice-president for education, Culinary Institute of America; restaurant consultant.

William M. Gaines—Publisher, *Mad* magazine; member Confrérie de la Chaîne des Rôtisseurs and other food and wine organizations.

Bill Leonard—President, CBS News; formerly a restaurant reviewer for WCBS-Radio.

Benjamin Stapleton—Attorney; ranking member of Chevaliers du Tastevin and other food and wine societies.

Julius Wile—Wine merchant; retired president, Julius Wile & Sons; board of trustees, Culinary Institute of America; lecturer, Cornell School of Hotel Administration; member various food and wine societies.

Roger L. Yaseen—Investment banker; American president, Confrérie de la Chaîne des Rôtisseurs gastronomic society.

day, more than a dozen wines are available by the glass.

22. **JACK'S RESTAURANT**—615 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, California (415-986-9854). Various Jacks have owned this place since it opened in 1864, the current being Jack Redinger. Seafood has always been a favorite here, in a city famed for seafood. And the place was considered worth rebuilding after the 1906 quake. It still produces a perfect version of rex sole *meunière*, great little oysters, super salmon. There are daily specials, the best of them including sorrel soup and leg of lamb. The banana fritters also have a large following. Jack's serves various steaks and chops, but there's a French touch to it all. There have been occasional reports of sloppy service, but the general opinion is favorable. The decor is simple, prices rather reasonable. Closing hour is usually 9:30 P.M.

23. **FOURNOU'S OVENS**—905 California Street, San Francisco, California (415-989-1910). This may be the finest hotel restaurant in America; it's certainly the personal pride of Stanford Court Hotel president James Nassikas. And to prove it, last year he spent $1,000,000 improving the place with a dazzling glass sunroom. The food can dazzle, too: The kitchen's ovens turn out a splendid roast lamb and as crisp a duck as you could ask for. The service is downright friendly. The desserts are lavish. And Nassikas has assembled one of the greatest collections of California wines in California.

24.–25. **L'ORANGERIE**—903 North La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles, California (213-652-9770). This restaurant might well rank higher on our list if it were more than two years old. It's a successful French restaurateur's re-creation of a 17th Century European greenhouse—greenhouses of that era being more akin to palaces than to seed stores. The French liked to eat amid the orange blossoms and Gerard and Virginie Ferry serve splendid food: A simple salad of bacon, egg and chicory turns out subtle and rich. There's moist duck in a rich wine sauce. On one night, four kinds of fish have been flown in from France. And L'Orangerie makes a mean hot apple tart for dessert.

24.–25. **TONY'S**—1801 South Post Oak, Houston, Texas (713-622-6778). This is, by most estimates, the finest restaurant in Texas. It serves what they call Continental food down here: airy quenelles in a shellfish sauce, lobster bisque, capon. It also does a pretty fine job with beef, a local delicacy. The waiters are so polite you'd think the place were full of millionaires, which, of course, it is. The wine collection is fittingly grand; several walls of it are available for your inspection.

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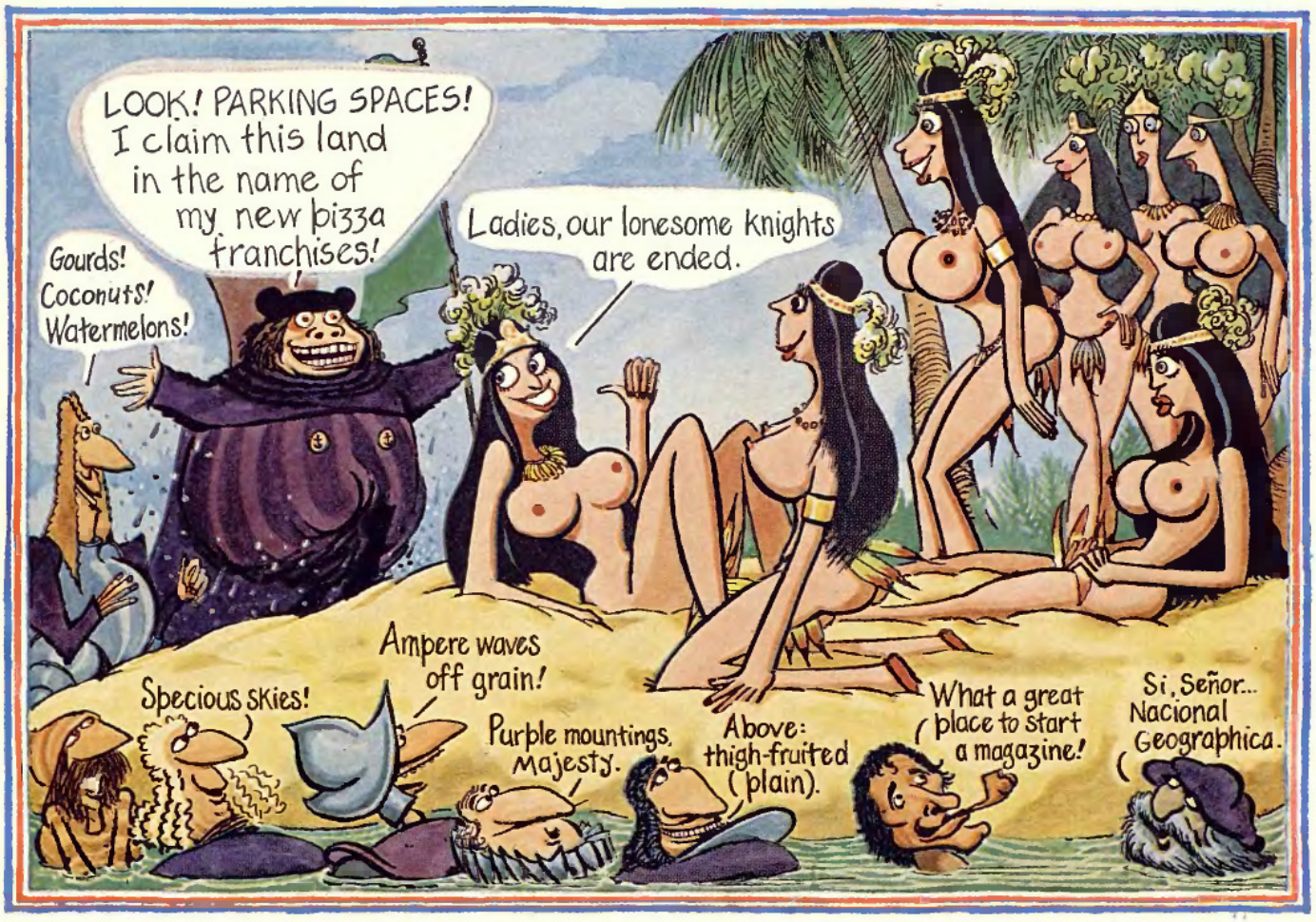
A FONDLY HANDLED HISTORY of SEX

Part 9 by ARNOLD ROTH

THE AGE OF EXPLORATION AND DISCOVERY

Columbus lucks into a good thing.



Magellan lapping up some glory

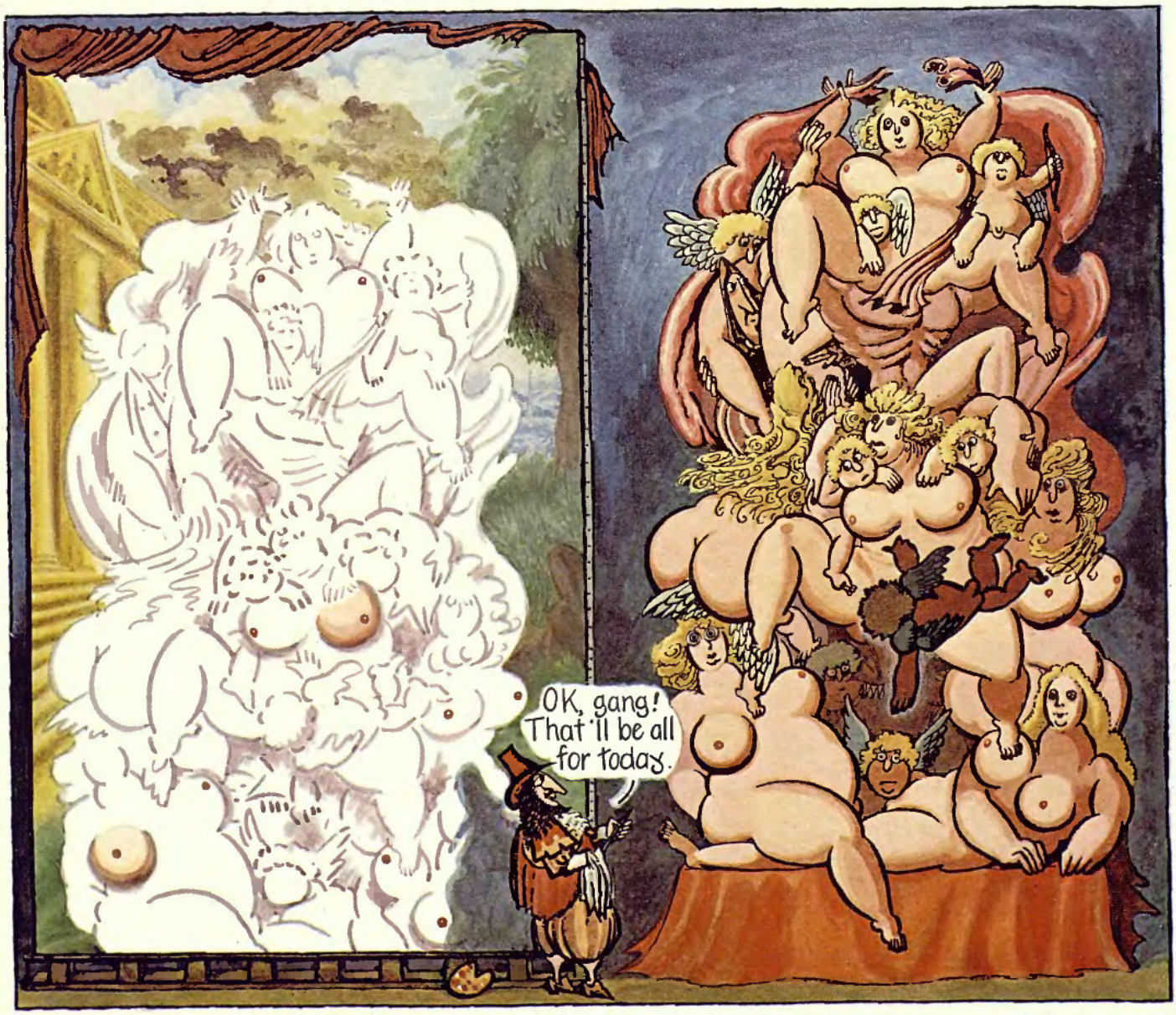
CORTEZ AND THE INDIAN GIVERS

CULTURE SHOCK

The Courtship of Miles Standish

Henry III and his mom, Catherine De Medici, review their pikers.

Peter Paul & Rubens



To be continued.

AIRLINE SAFETY *(continued from page 142)*

"It puts one in mind of a man who jumps from a plane wearing a parachute—and neglects to pull the cord."

Kunz once again descended too low and made a perfect landing three nautical miles short of the runway in the waters of Escambia Bay. (Kunz wasn't alone. The copilot failed to give proper altitude call-outs and the flight engineer turned off the device that would have warned them that they were too low.) It makes you wonder. If a pilot fails his regular check ride, what do they do to him? The answer is that they train him until he passes the exam, unless he's really burned out. The philosophy is called train to proficiency. It is no guarantee that the pilot won't make the same dumb mistakes again—nothing in the tests ensures that he will wear his glasses or read the NOTAMs or observe the dangers of bad weather.

Some passengers think weather is not a problem for big jetliners, either because they are so large or because radar and navigational aids are so sophisticated that a regular air carrier couldn't possibly have a weather problem. It does not work that way. First, the laws of aerodynamics do not change when you slap an American or United insignia on the tail. All planes are susceptible to weather. Second, many general-aviation aircraft have more up-to-date equipment than that found on airliners. Bendix, for example, makes color radar for airplanes, just like you see on television. You won't see that in most airliners for some time to come. And, finally, airliners *do* end up in severe weather conditions, even if the airlines are not actively encouraging them to be there. In fairness to all pilots, it should be pointed out that quite often they just don't have the information with which to save their own lives.

On April 4, 1977, a Southern Airways DC-9 flew into a thunderstorm the National Weather Service characterized as one of the most severe in three years in the entire United States. The plane lost both engines and crashed trying to land on a highway. The pilot had no business being there, and no one will ever know exactly what he was thinking when he penetrated that fatal weather situation. There are pressures on pilots to fly under any conditions, though airlines and pilots may well deny it. In this case, in fact, Southern Airways would surely point out that its own operating manual states, "Flights shall not intentionally be conducted through thunderstorms. . . ." Yet airlines make a practice of advertising their punctuality, and a pilot, sitting in the cockpit with two other pilots, watching other planes take off and being aware of the 100 or so passengers behind him, ready to go, may sometimes be forced into a position of rationalizing a need to fly in spite of forbidding weather.

In the Southern crash, the investigators decided that the engines had quit because of the ingestion of enormous quantities of water. An ironic note: Although the airplane's operating manual contained no information about how far the pilot could glide, he *could* have glided to the airport, some 14 miles away, even with no power. In fact, he flew 32.5 miles before crashing. Unfortunately, he flew in the wrong direction. The NTSB said, "The safety board was unable to determine precisely why the flight crew turned the aircraft about 180 degrees back toward the west-northwest instead of continuing toward

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Dobbins [the airfield]." Then he had to attempt a landing on a highway. He didn't make it. The FAA tests do not test whether or not the pilot will decide to go the wrong way when he could be flying safely to an airport.

Neither do they guarantee that the cockpit crew won't simply be asleep at the wheel. That was part of the problem on September 25, 1978, when a PSA 727 crew landing at San Diego was just shooting the breeze, not paying enough attention to flying. In strict fairness to the crew, a deadheading pilot, sitting in the jump seat, was running his mouth, distracting everyone. But no one seemed too concerned. It was a beautiful, clear morning and they had abandoned the instrument approach in favor of a visual, meaning they became responsible for keeping clear of other planes—which would have been fine, if they had bothered to look out the window. They didn't, and ran down two men in a Cessna 172, well-qualified pilots who were doing exactly what they should have been doing.

The PSA crew had been warned repeatedly about the small plane. The NTSB described the crash: "According to witnesses, both aircraft were proceeding in an easterly direction before the collision. Flight 182 was descending and overtaking the Cessna, which was climbing in a wing-level attitude. Just before impact, flight 182 banked to the right slightly and the Cessna pitched nose up and collided with the right wing of flight 182. The Cessna broke up immediately and exploded. Segments of fragmented wreckage fell from the right wing and *empennage* of flight 182." The 727's wing caught fire and the plane began to dive. A photographer snapped a picture of the people looking out the window at the fire, their faces illuminated by the orange glow.

The windshield of a 727 offers very poor visibility—like the slit through which a tank driver views the battlefield. Also, the Cessna is a high-wing aircraft, which makes it impossible to see what's directly above. Nevertheless, what is so maddening about that particular accident is that all the tools needed to avoid it were available and in use at the time. It puts one in mind of a man who jumps from an aircraft wearing a parachute—and simply neglects to pull the rip cord.

A look at some of these gross errors of omission is eye-opening. Because there is more to the story than pilot error. The air-traffic-control (A.T.C.) system is designed, according to the Government, "to promote the safe, orderly and expeditious flow of air traffic." That quote is from the Airman's Information Manual, designed to provide airmen with basic flight information and A.T.C. procedures for use in the National Airspace System. . . . The manual says, "Radio communications are a critical link in the A.T.C. system. The link can be a strong bond between pilot and controller—or it can be broken with surprising speed and disastrous results."

The accident report after the San Diego crash offers this: "The evidence indicates that there may be a communications gap between pilots and controllers as to the proper use of the A.T.C. system. The A.T.C. controllers are responsible for, and are required to apply, the procedures contained in handbook 7110.65A in their control of traffic. Despite the fact that the successful use of these procedures requires a mutual understanding on the parts of pilots and controllers of the other's responsibilities, pilots are not required to read handbook 7110.65A."

If the book that explains the procedures is not being read by pilots, the controllers might just as well talk to the stewardesses. Then at least the pilots would be free to look out the window. The fact that the NTSB cautiously allows that "the evidence indicates that *there may be* a communications gap" is equally frustrating to anyone interested in air safety. If a mid-air collision—at the time the largest crash in U. S.

history—is not clear evidence that there *is* a communications gap, what is?

That is especially true if you realize exactly what took place that day. The controller issued a traffic advisory, telling the PSA captain where the Cessna was. There is evidence that the controller gave the wrong position for the Cessna in question. Other planes were in the area. We'll never know what the captain saw, but he acknowledged seeing something, which the controller interpreted to mean that the conflict had been resolved. Subsequent advisories were given to PSA 182, at least one of which may also have been wrong.

The airspace in which PSA 182 was operating contains a restriction that jets be kept above 4000 feet. The controller allowed flight 182 to descend below that (impact occurred between 2000 and 3000 feet). The controller had a "conflict alert system" that, by computer, projects the paths of aircraft and lets the controller know when they might come dangerously close to one another. There is a blaring horn, or klaxon, and a visual signal: The aircraft identifications flash off and on on the radar screen.

In the case of PSA 182, someone must have turned down the volume on the warning horn, because the tape recordings from the control positions did not pick up the sound of any klaxon. As for the blinking "data block," either the controller didn't see it or he ignored it. During legal action resulting from the crash, the attorneys representing families of victims were closing in on that area of investigation. The following control-tower action took place just prior to the collision. The sequence of events is in Greenwich mean time. The quotes are transmissions of the air-traffic controller.

1600:31—"Eleven Golf [the Cessna], traffic at six o'clock at two miles eastbound, PSA jet inbound, has you in sight."
1601:01—"Hey, what's this? I see Spike has some competition in the facility."
1601:28—The conflict-alert system went off, according to records, but no sound was heard on tape.
1601:47—"Eleven Golf, traffic in your vicinity."

And then the crash occurred.

The reference to Spike was explained by the controller himself during a sworn deposition. "Spike is a fellow controller that I work with. He kind of buddies up to the higher-ups in the facility, and we have a new fella that came into the facility that moves right along the same tracks." The attorneys claim that in order to see that "new fella" from his scope, the controller would have to have been turned around in his seat. The controller has denied taking his eyes from his scope.

During the NTSB hearings, this question was put to the controller: "Prior to the 25th of September, had you ever personally given a conflict alert, an alert warning?" That is, had he ever told the pilots of the aircraft involved in the alert?

Answer: "No. I've never given a warning." At the time, the controller had been at that facility five and a half years.

Before the attorneys were allowed to present their evidence in court, however, the FAA lawyer admitted liability, which kept the case from progressing any further. The NTSB report, which insiders have called a whitewash, blithely states, "The conflict-alert procedures in effect at the time of the accident did not require that the controller warn the pilots of the aircraft involved in the conflict situation." One might reasonably ask—even if the controller knew what was going on—what the expensive warning system is for if everyone using it may simply elect not to issue the warnings, as this controller admits doing as long as he's been using it.

While all that was taking place, the copilot was asking, "Are we clear of that Cessna?"

The flight engineer said, "Supposed to be."

The captain said, "I guess," and everyone thought that was real funny. They all laughed.

The pilot in the jump seat said, "I *hope*." And about 20 seconds later, they found that Cessna.

Both planes were under radar surveillance. The NTSB again: "The capability existed to provide . . . separation," but "Stage II terminal service does not require that either lateral or vertical separation minima be applied between I.F.R. and participating V.F.R. [visual flight rules] aircraft." In other words, keeping those two planes from running into each other was not required, so it wasn't done. The list of steps that could have been taken is long and frightening. The end of the cockpit voice recording is not long, merely frightening:

CAPTAIN: What have we got here?
COPILOT: It's bad.
CAPTAIN: Huh?

"Shall I wrap it, or do you want to pop them here?"

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COPILOT: We're hit, man, we are hit.

CAPTAIN: Tower, we're going down, this is PSA.

TOWER: OK, we'll call the equipment.

UNIDENTIFIED VOICE: Whoo!

(Sound of stall warning and expletives)

CAPTAIN: This is it, baby.

UNIDENTIFIED VOICE: Bob. . . .

CAPTAIN: Brace yourself.

VOICE: Hey, baby. . . .

VOICE: Ma, I love ya.

(Impact)

In all, 144 people were killed, including seven on the ground. Twenty-two homes were destroyed.

•

I sat and talked with a retired high-level FAA official about those and other crashes, the baffling waste of lives, the sometimes astonishing inattention and blundering. "It's the reason I quit the FAA," he said. "My heart couldn't take it anymore. If I'd thought I could have done any good, I'd have stayed with the agency." But 40 years of trying had done nothing but give him a bad heart.

Most air crashes are a collaborative effort. Big jets are generally well-made machines; pilots and air-traffic controllers are generally competent. So a lot of people have to cooperate to bring down an airliner. In the PSA crash, for example, four men in the 727 cockpit collaborated in not seeing the Cessna, the controllers offered assistance by issuing imprecise or inaccurate advisories and by not seeing or not issuing the conflict alert, the FAA helped by not making the alert system a useful tool and by other quirks of rule making—such as not requiring pilots to read the book that tells how to talk to a controller.

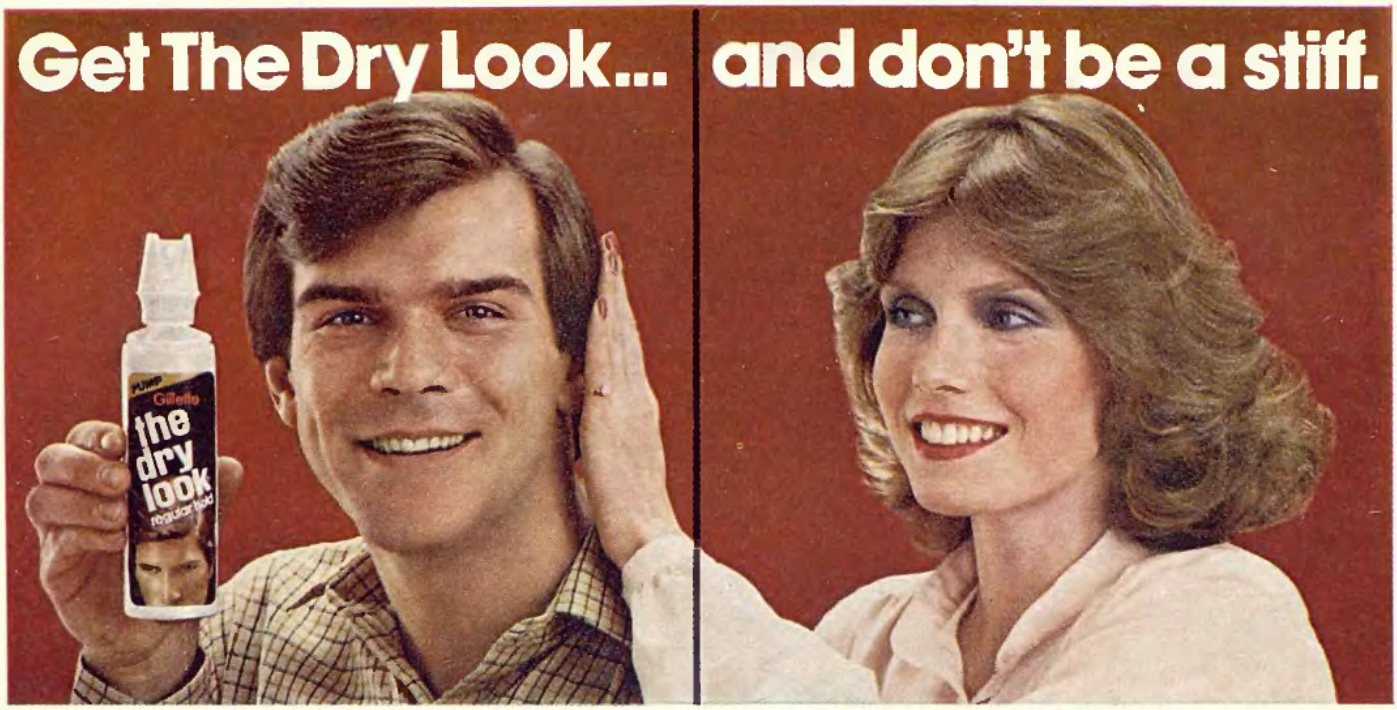
The men in the Cessna may even have helped a little by not asking themselves, "If I am being issued as traffic to a 727, just exactly where *is* that big old jet now?" Because for the Cessna, a collision with the 727's *wake* could have been as disastrous as the actual collision with the plane. Everyone lent a hand. As Gerald Sterns, a top aviation attorney, put it, "They must've sat up nights to do this one."

Another joint-effort crash occurred on March 10, 1979, and it is a good illustration. Swift Aire Lines flight 235 from Los Angeles International (LAX) to Santa Maria was a twin-engine prop plane. It went down in Santa Monica Bay because the crew, having lost one engine (no big problem there), inadvertently shut down the sole remaining engine.

How, you may well ask, could anyone possibly do that? The same question was asked by the NTSB, the air carrier, the surviving families, the insurance companies, the aircraft manufacturer, the FAA and a lot of reporters. And, furthermore, having done something so stupid, why didn't the crew just restart the good engine?

"The engine-restart procedures contained in the aircraft operating manual did not contain sufficient information to effect a restart"—even though "there was enough altitude and time available for the crew to get a restart." That's from the NTSB. The manual that does not tell how to restart an engine in flight and the flight crew using it were both certified by the FAA as safe and reliable. The manufacturer wrote it, the FAA read it and said it was fine, the airline bought the plane, learned to use it, trained its crews: the crew accepted it and flew it into the bay.

The FAA and the manufacturer (Nord) can protest all they want, but they cannot escape the fact that they produced a flight manual that was, to put it politely, inadequate. Pilots, too, can protest, but the Swift Aire crew demonstrably did not know how to operate that plane. Airline executives will further protest that Swift Aire Lines is not a scheduled air carrier, it is a commuter airline. But passengers find those



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distinctions difficult to appreciate when the airline takes their money and flies them into the ocean.

The manual for that plane is not unique. If you lose all engines in a large jet, for example, how far can the plane glide? It's not in the manual. Manufacturers say that it's not important, you're going to go down then and there anyway. They also say that the chances of losing all engines are infinitesimal. That's probably true—until it happens. Maybe if the pilot of that Southern Airways DC-9 had known he could glide 32 miles, he would have gone the 14 miles to the runway instead of turning away from it. A National flight 150 miles out over the Atlantic (with no life rafts, incidentally), on its way from Ft. Lauderdale to Newark, lost all three engines. The engineer made a procedural error in the process of fuel transfer that starved the engines. Luckily, they got a restart. United Airlines had reported this type of problem to its pilots but not to other airlines. And a DC-8 belonging to United just plain ran out of fuel one day near Portland, Oregon. The crew had not been told about a built-in fuel-gauge error, even though United knew it existed. Once again, statistics do not provide much comfort in those circumstances.

Another manual that is—or was—deficient is that of American Airlines for its DC-10s. In the crash of flight 191, the NTSB says that the captain did exactly what the manual told him to do—and it resulted in the loss of the aircraft. There is a great deal of controversy about whether or not any right-minded pilot would follow the instructions in that manual, and those instructions were recognized—after the crash—to be so badly deficient that the manual was changed. A more detailed discussion of that crash will follow, but the fact remains that the manual contained instructions that could be fatal. Whether or not the captain followed them is a matter of debate. He is not available for comment.

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Japan Airlines flew a DC-8 out of Anchorage, Alaska, on January 13, 1977. It reached an altitude of 160 feet before stalling and crashing. The captain was drunk. He was observed in a taxicab on the way to the airport exhibiting "mental confusion, dizziness, impaired balance, muscular incoordination, staggering gait and slurred speech." Once behind the wheel of that DC-8 (how he got that far is anyone's guess), he became lost on the surface of the airport and taxied to the wrong runway, where he reported ready for take-off. When the tower finally shepherded him to the correct runway, he flew the plane out to an almost immediate stall and crashed. The other two crew members did not challenge him, though it's difficult to believe that his condition wasn't obvious. And if you're thinking it was just some undisciplined Japanese pilot who didn't know how things are run in this country, the captain's name was Hugh L. Marsh.

United Airlines sent up a DC-8 on December 18, 1977, from San Francisco bound for Chicago, with an intermediate stop in Salt Lake City. While holding for the approach to Salt Lake, it was flown at 7200 feet into a mountain that was 7665 feet high. The results of two toxicological tests, verified by the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology, revealed that "the second officer would have to have had the equivalent of seven to eight ounces of 80-proof alcohol in his body when he left the hotel to report for duty . . . the degree of impairment, if any, of the second officer's physiological and mental faculties could not be determined." Just for the record, I would suggest that investigators interested in determining the degree of impairment caused by seven or eight ounces of 80-proof alcohol should try knocking back seven or eight shots of bourbon and then seeing if they can leave the bar, let alone the hotel.

Although the official and probable

cause of the crash was the failure of the crew and the controller to communicate effectively, the finding is nonetheless interesting, since Federal law specifically states that at least eight hours must elapse between the consumption of any alcoholic beverage and the beginning of a flight. Most airlines have their own rules as well, some extending this to 24 hours. If United Airlines cannot assure its passengers that a flight-deck crew member is sober, who can? Certainly not the FAA. Probably no one. I called United to discuss air safety, but before I could even begin, I was told by spokesman Marc Michaelson: "Frankly, no one here wants to talk to you." That's understandable, given the facts.

There isn't a lot of information on airline-pilot alcoholism, though Dr. J. Robert Dille, the head of the Civil Aeromedical Institute (CAMI), says, "There's no reason to think the national figure doesn't apply to airline pilots." That means six to ten percent of airline pilots could suffer from this disease. "We don't have access to airline pilots," says Dille. But he points out that a large number of formerly alcoholic airline pilots are flying regularly now, having been rehabilitated. They fly under a special exemption that requires regular checkups and careful monitoring. "Better to have them out in the open and flying than go undetected, continue drinking *and* flying."

I interviewed a senior-level American Airlines captain, who confirmed that. "We've had a number of cases where we've actually had to take over from a guy and move crews up to cover him," he says. "The guy who is the real problem is the one who drinks on the QT and no one detects it for a long time—drinks actually on the airplane sometimes. We've had cases where the flight attendants can't allow the captain to walk past the open containers of vodka and gin, and so on. They watch him carefully when he goes into the washroom. We have terminated people like that. We've lost some."

And while the airlines understandably remain silent on the subject, CAMI and the FAA's Office of Aviation Medicine discuss it openly. "It's treated like any disease," says Dille. One of the problems CAMI faces is that no check exists that will show who is and who isn't alcoholic. "The best test we have today for alcoholism," says Dille, "is that if a person has had two arrests for D.W.I. [driving while intoxicated], there's a good chance he is an alcoholic. This test has proved to be about 73 percent accurate." Since neither CAMI nor the Federal Air Surgeon has access to police records, all alcohol rehabilitation must be done on a voluntary basis.

An article by Barton Pakull, chief psychiatrist for the Office of Aviation Medicine, says that the situation has improved greatly over the past ten years, when no pilot would admit having an alcohol problem for fear of being permanently grounded. Now, he writes, "Over 250 airline pilots have been returned to flight duties in the past three years." Until fairly recently, any alcoholic pilot wishing to return to duty would have to abstain from drinking for roughly two to five years. "It is now possible," writes Pakull, "for a commercial-airline pilot, sponsored by an appropriate medical department, to be considered for an exemption and return to duty within three months after completion of an initial intensive rehabilitation program."

This information is not meant to alarm passengers or exaggerate the problem. Programs such as those mentioned above are a definite step toward improved safety. But as an air-transport pilot says, "People don't seem to realize that pilots are just people. Some of these airline captains don't even like to fly. They've just gotten into it because of the military or the money or some other reason. And it's too late to get out."

One stunt pilot tells me, "You know, people don't realize how many pilots are actually scared of flying. They don't like being in airplanes."

Yet Tom Wolfe, in his best-selling book *The Right Stuff*, talks of that ineffable quality of certain flying men that is at once thrilling, frightening, admirable and confidence inspiring. Most passengers assume it is with that stuff they are flying when they go anywhere at all, that the right stuff is a prerequisite. That, of course, is why Frank Borman, the former astronaut, makes a perfect head for Eastern—to project that image and further that myth.

And it is a myth. Promoting airline pilots as superhuman is like promoting an image that equates railroad engineers with Wally Dallenbach and Johnny Rutherford. That is not to say that airline pilots are not good pilots. You'll find that if push came to shove, a lot of them could put down a 747 with ten slick tires on a rain-swept skating rink and not kill anybody.

But there's nothing in the rules, nothing mandatory in the training, that guarantees that level of skill. I know two captains who do this: hang a handkerchief over the copilot's instrument panel and make him land the plane. "These guys complain when I do that," one says. "They say, 'We're supposed to use all these instruments for landings.' But the guy who wrote those rules never had to land a big jet with his electrical system gone to hell." These captains are working to breed some of the right stuff in their copilots. Sadly, they are violating the rules to do it.

This may draw a storm of protest from some pilots, but this article is not written for them. This is for the passenger, for whom it may be valuable—perhaps vital—to realize that there is more to flying than chicken Kiev and some *60 Minutes* reruns. Most passengers, if they genuinely understood flying, might never get on a plane. In fact, 37

percent of the American population will *not* get on a plane. Another 11 percent fly only when they have to—"Like, to a funeral," says leading aviation attorney John Kennelly.

"Passengers must be subtly coaxed onto airplanes," says the Aviation Safety Institute of Worthington, Ohio, the only truly independent air-safety organization in the United States today. Why do you suppose the oxygen masks are hidden in the ceiling of the airplane, instead of hung by your seats where you can reach them, as they are by the pilots' seats? No one wants to see them. Why do only the crews have shoulder harnesses? No one wants to think about the possible need for them. And that is at the heart of numerous safety problems. Because until passengers demand a more rational airline industry, they won't get one.

•

"Punchin' and jammin'," they call it, "movin' iron," punching them out and jamming them in. Air-traffic control is an interesting profession, especially if (as one controller told me) "you happen to be strapping 200 tons of aluminum to your fanny."

They have their own language, their own style, and it takes a while just to talk with them. It may take years to drink with them—at a recent gathering of "the brothers," as they like to call themselves, they told the hotel to double the normal liquor order. The hotel management thought that was merely a *macho* gesture. But the draft beer ran out in the first hour. The liquor ran out in the second. One controller leaned on the bar, waiting for the delivery truck they'd been promised, and told the bartender: "This is really a nice place for a bar. You ought to consider opening one here."

One of the first things you may notice in a big, hot, action-control-tower cab is the light rock-'n'-roll music playing from a radio or a tape deck. It's not turned up loud, but it's there, almost like a reminder ("When everything goes wrong, you have to go on, and do it or die . . ."). On top of that, every person there is whistling a different tune or humming something, working his position and tapping a pencil or his fingers or his foot (or both feet); the entire cab sounds like a quiet, metallic insect colony backed up by the Atlanta Rhythm Section or the Eagles or Linda Ronstadt. The immediate impression is that *something is about to happen*, but, of course, you don't know what it is. It makes you feel that if—God forbid—some fool should drop a glass, you'd have six or eight coronaries on your hands. During my recent visit to Opa-Locka, Florida—one of the country's busiest general-aviation airports—an outbound plane reported that it was returning due to rough engine operation and one of the controllers next to the local position had her hand on the red phone, her eyes wide, the white showing above and below the irises. It was a few seconds of the most intense anticipation and tension I have ever seen. Yet the humor—the language—is always there.

"Eastern sebendy-six, you'll be number two behind the condominium," said the controller at Miami International. Condominium is just an affectionate word for the Boeing 747, also known as the hog or the concrete eater. At Los Angeles, when an international 747 leaves, they call it a sand-dune departure—because the plane is so low when it clears the end of the runway that its wake kicks up a sandstorm. For this largest of the world's passenger aircraft, there just aren't any adequate runways. The 747 can gross out at something like 400 tons.

You can sit up in the O'Hare Tower in Chicago and watch them count off the Honolulu bomber, as they call United flight 111, a 747 that is generally well loaded with humans and cargo when it leaves every day for Los Angeles and Hawaii. Runway 32 Left has seven numbered exits that intersect it, and it's not nearly long enough for the Honolulu bomber. "Cleared for the take-off," the controller said and then laughed, turning to the others in the tower. "I say she'll take seven to V_R," meaning the point at which the nose-gear lifts will be at the last taxiway, which is just about the end of the runway. The main gear will still be on the ground.

"It was seb'm yesterday, wudd'n it?" another controller asked.

And then they counted in unison, all eyes on the bomber, as it rolled out, faster and faster, eating up the concrete. When it finally lifted its nose wheel at the seventh intersection, they all cheered. They joke a lot, but they know: If the Honolulu bomber ever had to stop, why, good luck. "It could ruin your entire day," a controller told me, and then smiled thinly and reached for the antacid tabs—a family-size box left out on the counter in so many towers.

Controller locutions: Getting drunk is called "going I.F.R." At O'Hare, where small aircraft are not particularly welcome, an entire section is reserved for them where the strips containing identifications and flight plans are stacked. It says AIR TAXI—FLIB CITY. FLIB is an acronym in a world fraught with acronyms. It means fucking little itinerant bastards.

And the instructions the controllers give to pilots are sometimes more inventive than the FAA—their employer—would like. After clearing an Avianca DC-8 (a plane easily recognized in the air by its four thick, black smoke trails) for take-off from Miami, the controller watched him sit and do nothing. He cleared him again and still nothing happened. Finally, he shouted into his mike, "A-vi-an-ka, you gonna show me some smoke, or whut?"

The humor can be macabre, too: A pilot who goes down with his plane is called dead right if it isn't his fault; and the decorative longitudinal stripe around some airplanes is referred to as the water line. (The pilots aren't without their humor, of course. Asked if he could descend to 12,000 feet in the next 20 miles, a British captain at 39,000 feet responded laconically, "Yes, sir, but I'm afraid I can't bring the aircraft with me.")

But this image projected by the professional air-traffic controller and his union (PATCO) is just a little too delicious: Those crazy guys who run the tower, real pros, real crazy. PATCO even put out a manual for its members to show them how to manipulate the press. When the humor falls away, though, when the jokes get old, when they shelve the hype manual and sit down for a serious talk, being around a group of air-traffic controllers can be like hanging out with the P.L.O. on planning day. Saying controllers are militant is like saying Idi Amin had a short temper. These people, once lowly radio operators, have turned modern aviation into a bitter war. Nobody is winning and the real issues lie buried and depend largely on where you go for information. The only participant with no say in the matter is the passenger, who pays controller salaries, pilot salaries and FAA management salaries—and who, for all his contribution to their livelihoods, sometimes gets cut down in the cross fire.

There are many points of view, but the three most apparent are those of PATCO, the pilots and the FAA bosses. To PATCO, pilots are ungrateful prima donnas, chimpanzees in space capsules pushing a few buttons and getting 100 grand a year. The FAA is Big Brother personified, an inhumane, repressive obstacle to safety and harmony.

To the pilots, the PATCO brothers are civil servants, no more, no less. They are sitting safely on the ground. "*We're* the first to the scene of the accident," pilots are fond of saying. "No controller's ever died falling off his stool. And they don't do such a hot job, either," a pilot may tell you. "Let me take you up on instruments and watch them lose us." And the FAA? It's not concerned with safety. It cares about politics, overcomplicated rule making and profitable air carriers.

The FAA claims its goal is safety—

but that it's caught in the middle between the pilots and the controllers. We're just another agency asking for a handout from Congress, goes the FAA line; if we mandated every safety improvement they asked for, sure, it would be a little safer. But it would also cost $500 to go from Miami to Palm Beach, and we'd still have an occasional crash (which is all we have now, anyway).

This internecine war certainly isn't promoting safety. When I went to Miami to visit the air-traffic-control facilities there, my presence caused a lot of problems. A controller had invited me—and the FAA management has strict dibs on reporters. When the FAA learned that I was there, it mounted a massive handholding campaign to make sure I got the official tour, and several controllers were ordered not to talk to me.

This, naturally, made the controllers more eager to talk, which led to several secret late-night meetings with some PATCO members. They said they wanted to alert me to some safety problems, which they did. But their militant attitude was a bit disconcerting ("How'd you like to be up there in a plane when I decide to ram a screw driver through something?" I was asked by a technical man PATCO had invited to the meeting). The phrase criminal negligence was tossed about in reference to FAA inaction in the face of serious equipment faults.

On one day, Carlisle Cook, deputy chief of the Miami Air Route Traffic Control Center (A.R.T.C.C., also called Miami Center), took me on the grand tour of the facility. He showed me the great computer room, an acre of equipment PATCO told me was so outmoded it could not be relied upon. Cook poohpoohed this with a smile, saying they were replacing it. "Wanna rent some space?" he laughed, indicating that the newer, smaller computers would need only a corner of this room. I was convinced PATCO had exaggerated the problem.

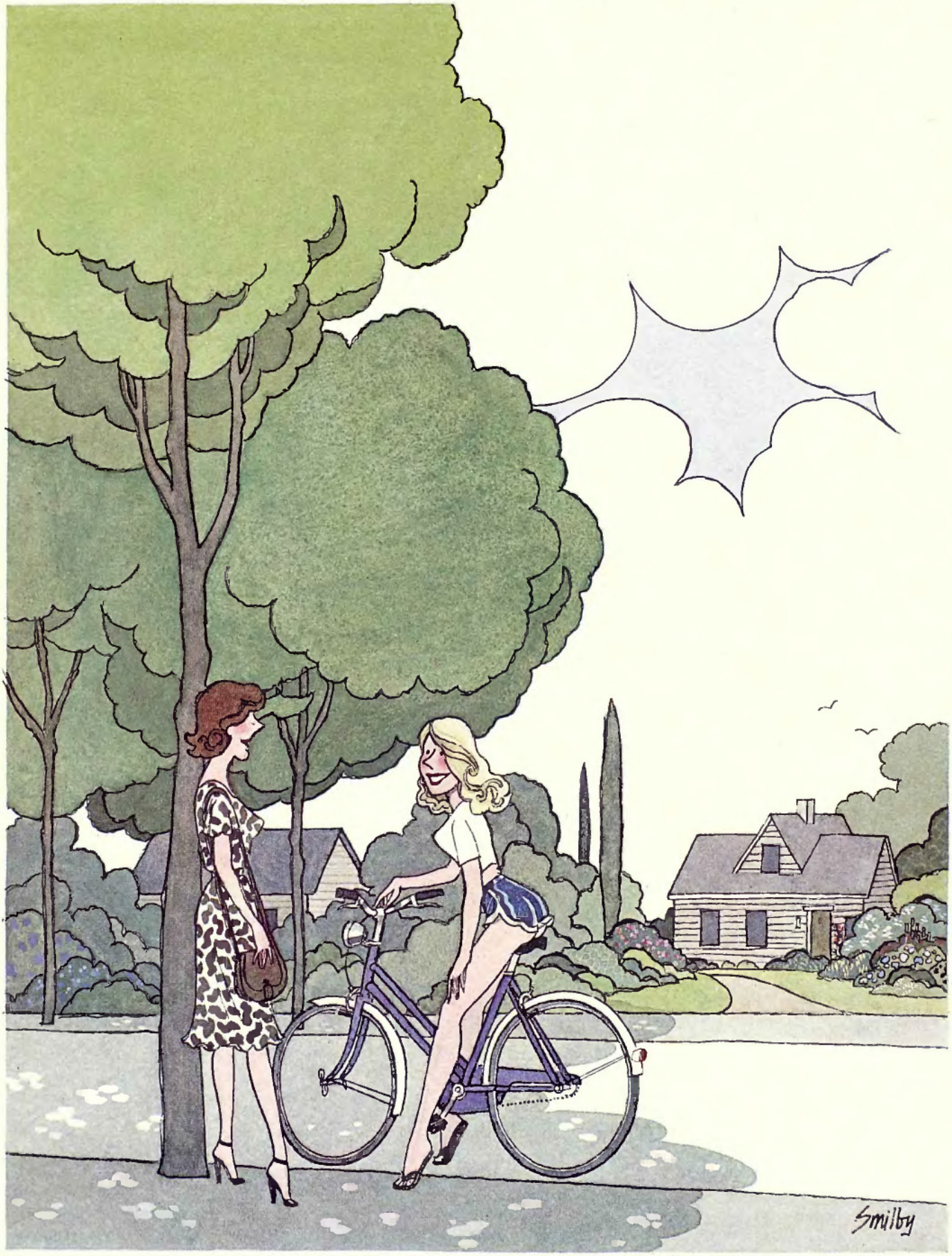
That night I told the PATCO members what Cook had said. "You go back there and ask him what date those computers are being replaced," one technician told me. "And come back here and tell me the brand and model of equipment we're getting."

Cook hithered and thithered a lot when I asked the question, said something about *maybe* in 1987 they *might* have something and admitted that they had no idea what kind of equipment they were going to put in. In fact, I asked FAA Administrator Langhorne Bond the same question, and he said that computer companies were even reluctant to bid on the design of these computers—a design that hasn't even been decided yet. The companies are apparently worried about liability if somebody gets killed. Bond said that by 1985 something might be worked out and by 1990 they hoped to have some of the new systems running. He admitted that revamping the A.T.C. computer system was a monumental project. *Aviation Week* said in its November 26, 1979, issue, "FAA's schedule does not call for introduction of a new-generation computer system until the late 1980s." So much for Cook's real-estate business.

Considering how ragged the present system has become, it's no wonder some people in the FAA are trying to keep controllers from talking to the press. The equipment *does* fail—often enough to merit attention. To understand what this means, you have to understand something about how it's all supposed to work.

When you are flying across country, your pilot is in contact with an Air Route Traffic Control Center. A controller (and there may be as many as 120 in one center) watches a scope while talking to the pilot. The plane is displayed on the scope as a data block—numbers and letters describing who he is, his altitude, speed, and so on. The data is generated by a computer. But when the computer fails,

DRAMBUIE OVER ICE
WITH ELLA FITZGERALD.



*"It not only saves fuel and decreases pollution—
it makes you feel horny as hell."*

the controller is left with only a mark or smear on the screen, indicating that something is there. In such cases, the controller has to get out small plastic chips called shrimp boats and write on them with a grease pencil, reproducing the data he has lost. Then he pushes them around with his fingers. There is nothing inherently dangerous about this method of controlling traffic, if you are trained to do it and if you start out with the airplanes separated for that kind of control and if you don't have too many aircraft to control. But when you change back and forth from one method to the other, and have to do so unexpectedly, you risk losing airplanes. Things can stack up very quickly and get out of hand, as they have numerous times in the past year.

The day I arrived in Florida, two airliners nearly collided over the East Coast just after a computer failure. The Aviation Safety Institute reported the near miss like this: "At about seven P.M. on October 31, 1979, the radar . . . computer system went out of service at the Washington Center . . . and lost radar contact with PALM 721 [Air Florida flight 721, a Boeing 737]. A few minutes later . . . radio contact was established with PALM 721 [and he] quickly stated that he just had to take a *sharp turn* to avoid collision with a southbound wide-body L-1011 [Delta Airlines flight 1061]." The controller was blamed, but, as always, there is more to it than that.

At Miami Center, FAA officials told me that every controller is assigned a midnight shift. That's a time when the computer is intentionally taken off line for service. Therefore, three FAA officials insisted, the controllers get regular, continuing, frequent practice in the shrimp-boat system of traffic control. All that manure I'd been hearing about how tough and how dangerous things got during a computer failure was (I was assured) just plain wrong. That night, when I reported this to the controllers, they laughed. It turns out they trade off those "mid shifts" to the hard-core handful of controllers who *like* to work at night. "I haven't worked one in over four years," a top-level controller told me.

There are other equipment failures, too, and no amount of training can help with them. At Miami Tower, logs are kept, and the ones we obtained show that the computer for the tower (a system separate from the center, designed for a different function) also fails. In addition, even the basic radio frequencies fail. When that happens, the pilot and the tower cannot talk to each other, which can make the approach to landing a thrilling experience.

March 25, 1979, from the Miami Tower log. The regular frequency for directing outbound traffic from Fort Lauderdale (controlled by Miami) failed. The stand-by was used. It failed less than an hour later. The log is quite clear about the consequences of such failures: "When [it] failed, the controller had three departing [aircraft] on radar vectors with whom he could not communicate." The statement of the controller says that Eastern Airlines flight 886 "passed one and a half [nautical miles] in front of" a private plane. "Both [aircraft] should have been level at 5000."

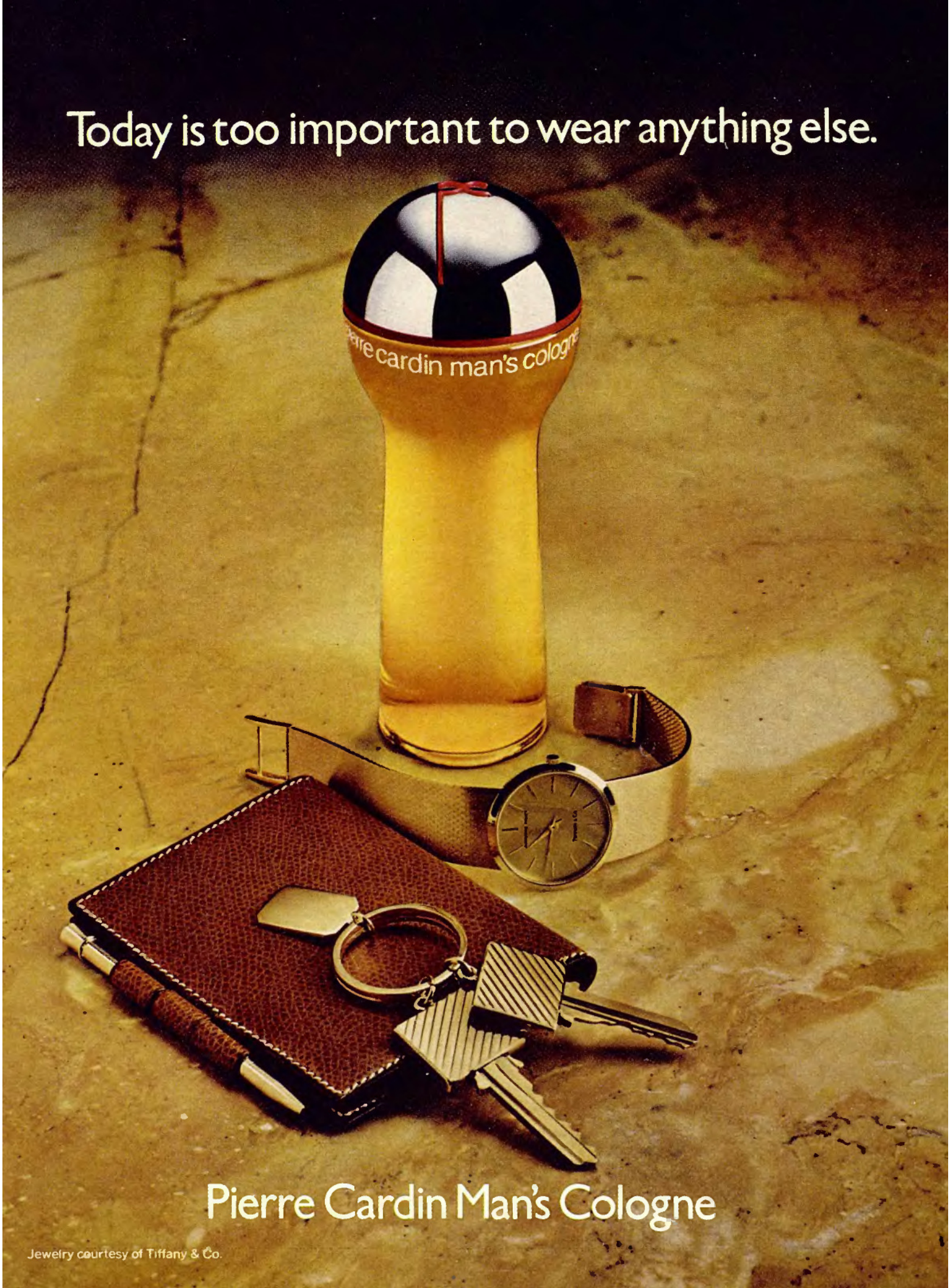
Three minutes later, the Eastern 727 came within a mile of another aircraft. To give you an idea of how close that is, two jets, converging at normal cruising speed, cover a mile in about three seconds.

Numerous log entries show the same pattern of problems: The computer or frequencies fail, come back on, fail again. Pilots are sometimes reluctant to report near mid-air collisions because it might reflect badly on them, and the controllers are not allowed to ask a pilot if he wants to report an incident. So when those failures occur, when the controller is left staring at a blank scope and hollering into a dead microphone, all he can do is file what is called a U.C.R. (Unsatisfactory Condition Report).

From a ream of such reports, here is a typical selection. Summer of 1979: "I was working FLL [Lauderdale] arrival position. . . . I was working about seven to eight aircraft when this frequency became intermittent and unusable. This happened at a time when I had four aircraft about to turn final. [Eastern flight] 200 turned by [himself; a private

(continued on page 284)

"Of course, this offer is void where prohibited by law."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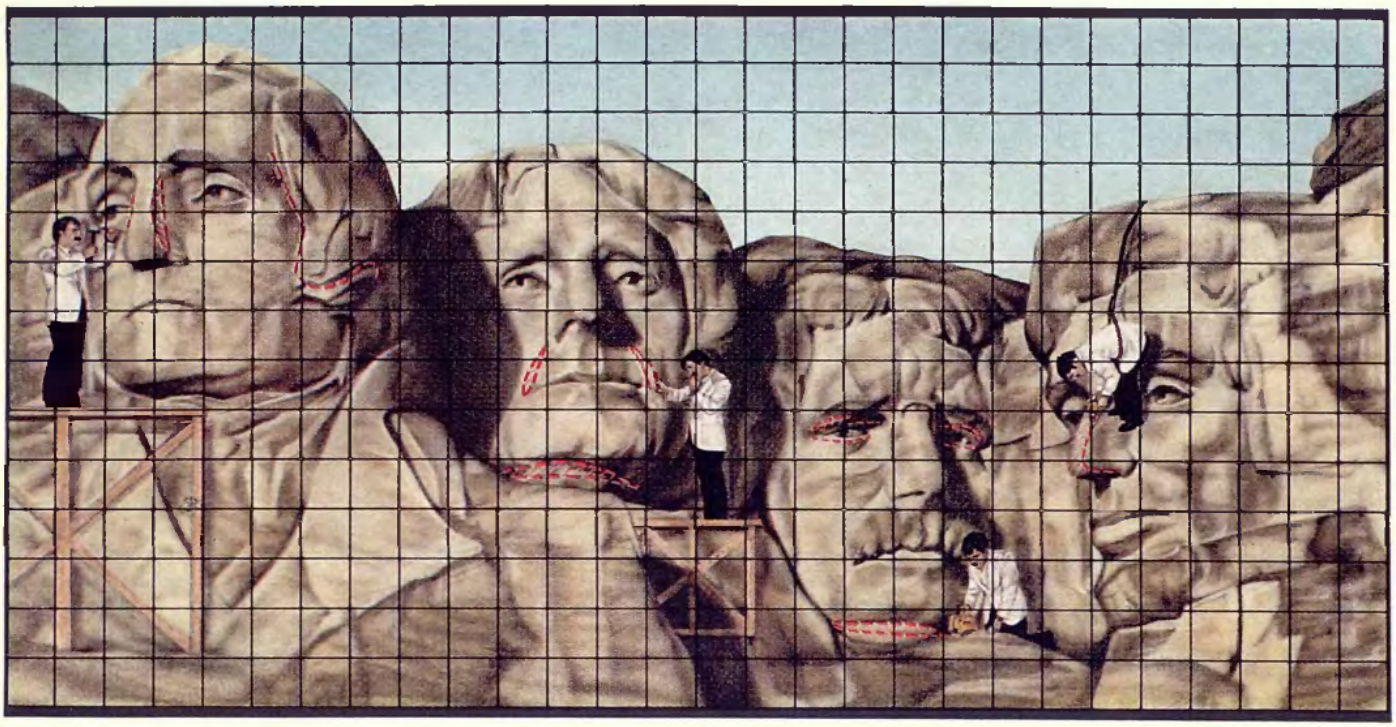


ever wonder what it takes to be perfect?

A MAN'S GUIDE TO COSMETIC SURGERY

Except for a rather painful experience at the age of three days, most men never have anything to do with voluntary cosmetic surgery. But now that fitness is the closest thing there is to a state religion, many men consider cosmetic surgery a logical way to follow up successful programs of diet and exercise. In the past three years, more men have elected to go that route and now they make up about a third of all cosmetic-surgery patients. And whereas years ago a man would go under the knife only for the sake of The Girl or The Job, today's patient says he's doing it all for himself just because it feels better to look better.

Before attempting an about-face, be sure you understand what cosmetic surgeons can and can't do. They can alter your appearance radically enough for you to elude the FBI or an ex-wife, but they can't make you a Sly Stallone look-alike unless complete strangers already take you for Rocky. They can rebuild your nose, pin back your ears, refashion your chin, raise your brow, deflate the bags under your eyes, diminish scars and obliterate the tattoo from that mad night in Honolulu. They can flatten Newman's dimples and give Jagger a stiff lower lip, but they can't enlarge eyes, increase the size of penises or, as cosmetic surgeons say in regard to cases so hopeless as to frustrate the staunchest efforts of medical science, they can't shine shit.

•

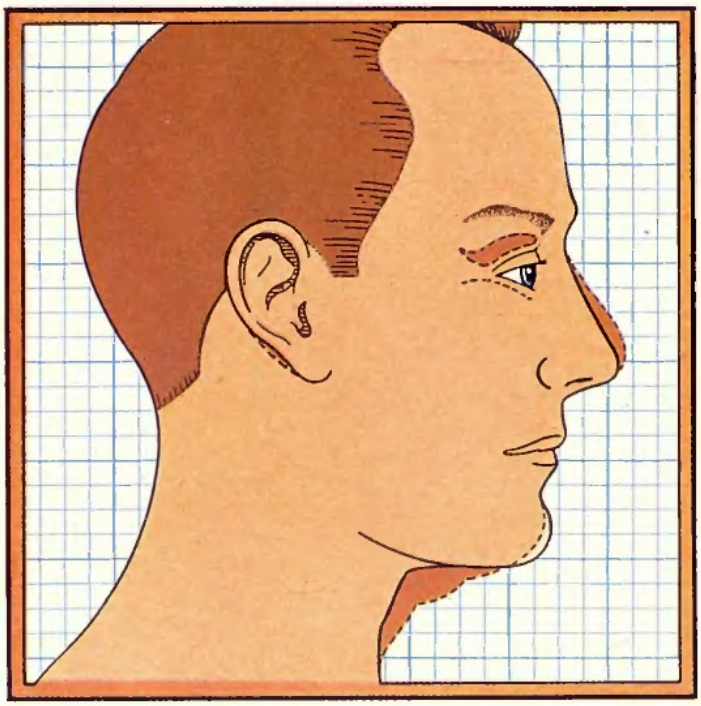
The most popular male cosmetic operation is still the one surgeons call rhinoplasty and everybody else calls a nose job. Working through the nostrils, the surgeon breaks the bone, resets it and reshapes the cartilage. After a week, the splint and bandage can usually be removed. Swelling remains for at least three weeks and may not completely disappear for a year. A nose job is the cosmetic surgery most likely to be covered by medical insurance, especially if an injury has been involved. (Cost: $1000–$3000.)

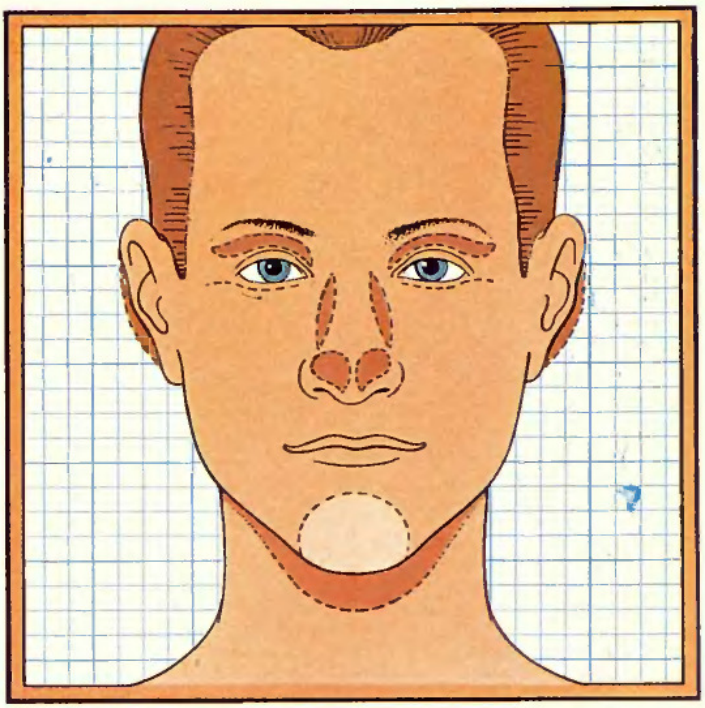
Now the bad news: "Unfortunately, most people with large noses are also endowed with weak chins," says Dr. Gerald Imber, New York plastic surgeon and co-author of *Beauty by*

TEN TOUGH QUESTIONS COSMETIC SURGEONS AREN'T AFRAID TO ASK YOU

(AND YOU SHOULDN'T BE AFRAID TO ASK YOURSELF)

1. What is wrong with your appearance?
2. Was the condition caused by congenital defect, injury or disease?
3. What do you expect to get out of the operation?
4. How will the operation affect your career?
5. How will the operation affect your private life?
6. Do your family and friends know that you're contemplating cosmetic surgery and, if so, what do they think about it?
7. Do you know someone who has undergone cosmetic surgery and, if so, what kind of experience was it?
8. Do you have a history of emotional problems?
9. Do you suffer from any physical ailments—diabetes, hypertension, tuberculosis, for example—that make surgery inadvisable?
10. Can you afford the operation?





To a plastic surgeon, proportion is the key. In the drawing above left, we've taken some common proportional problems. The nose has been reduced, the chin augmented and the folds of the upper neck tucked. Also, the cartilage at the back of the ear has been altered to flatten it. At right, in addition to showing the front view of those adjustments, we've shaded the areas to indicate where cartilage has been removed from the nose and the ears' former contour. Also, we've reduced the skin flaps around the eyes to correct a chronic sleepy look.

Design. "The idea is to keep features in their proper proportions. In 75 percent of my nasal surgery, I make the nose smaller and the chin larger." Chin augmentations often involve the implantation of a tiny silicone sack into a small incision in the lower lip or chin. Stitches remain for a week, swelling lasts several weeks, but all scars fade after a few months. (Cost: $500–$1500.)

If "Fly away, Dumbo!" is an all-too-familiar taunt, consider an otoplasty to correct the absence of the antihelix or antihelical fold in your ear. The surgeon usually reduces cartilage to create mellow—i.e., laid-back—ears, which are encased in a bulky molded dressing impregnated with mineral oil for a week following the operation. For six weeks thereafter, the patient sleeps with a skiing headband so nothing can bend his ear during the night. (Cost: $750–$2500.)

You don't even have to be old to benefit from an eye-lift (blepharoplasty). "The eyelid operation makes the most dramatic difference in men," states Chicago surgeon Robert M. Swartz. "There's a certain type of eyelid that contains a lot of fatty tissue that boys get in high school and that becomes more prominent in their 20s and 30s. It makes their eyes puffy and tired-looking, the kind of thing where they come to work after a good night's sleep and people say, 'Boy, he really tied one on!' " Excessive skin and fat are removed through nearly invisible incisions in the crease of the lids and under the lower lashes. Ice bags control swelling for the first 24 hours, stitches are removed in three days and full recovery may take three weeks. (Cost: $1000–$2500.)

Other common kinds of facial surgery for men include facelifts ($1500–$4000), cheekbone augmentation with silicone ($1500) and facial dermabrasion to remove acne scars ($500–$1500). About the only male below-the-neck operations frequently performed are abdominoplasties to smooth loose skin after massive weight loss ($2000–$4000) and the gynecomastia to diminish overdeveloped and decidedly unmasculine breasts.

If you think cosmetic surgery can help, the first step is finding a qualified surgeon—one who won't cut off your nose to spite your face. Beware of substitutes! Any M.D. can legally call himself a plastic surgeon and perform the operations, but to attain certification by the American Board of Plastic Surgery, qualified surgeons must have at least two years' additional training in the specialty.

After recommendation by satisfied customers or by your own physician, the next-best way to find a good doctor is through the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons, which will provide a list of qualified surgeons in your area.

sources

Organizations that verify certification, recommend practitioners and provide information on cosmetic surgery.

American Board of Plastic Surgery, 4647 Pershing Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri 63108

American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons, 29 East Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois 60602

American Academy of Facial Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery, 2800 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60657

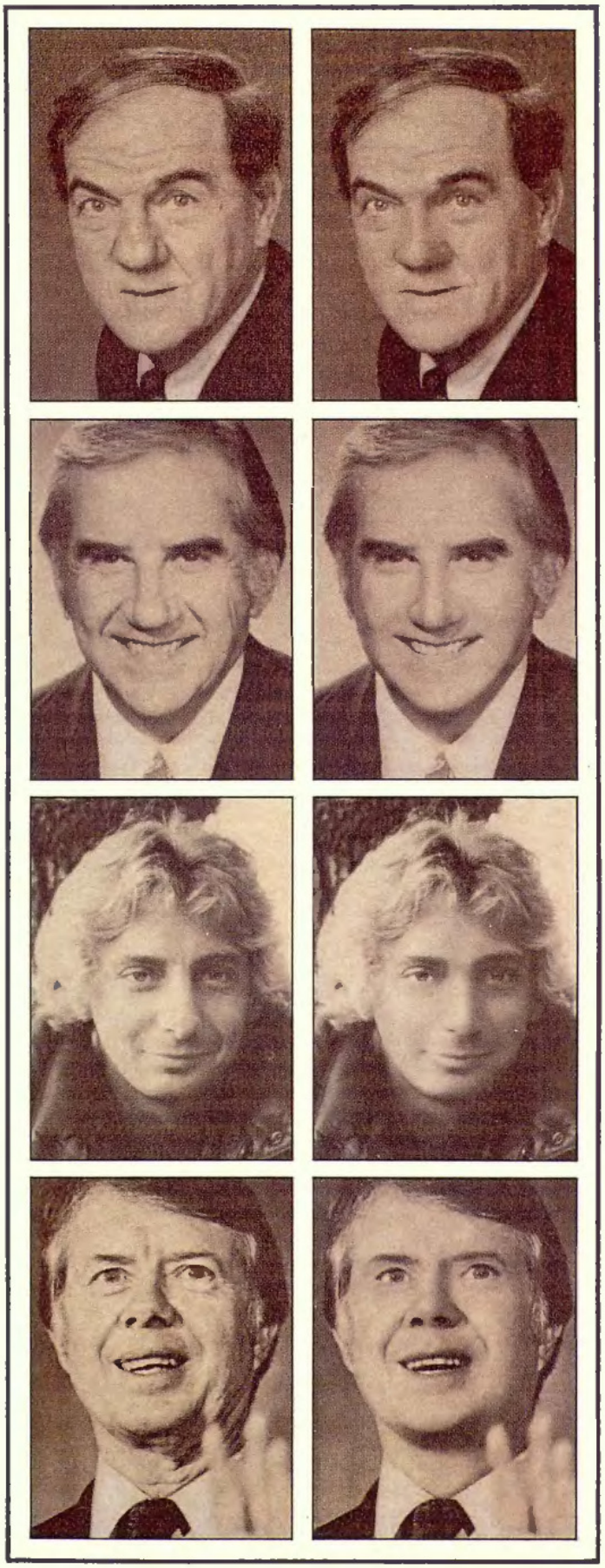
American Board of Ophthalmology (eyelids), 8870 Towanda Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19118

American Board of Otolaryngology (head and neck), 220 Collingwood, Suite 130, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48103

American Society for Aesthetic Plastic Surgery, 3956 Atlantic Avenue, Long Beach, California 90807

CELEBRITY MAKE-OVER

Chances are none of the people pictured at right would ever undergo corrective facial surgery. In fact, one of the plastic surgeons we consulted said he would *not* change Karl Malden's nose (top), because he likes it just the way it is. However, that didn't stop the others on our advisory panel. As a football player in high school, Malden broke his nose twice, which left him with his distinctive schnoz. Our medical advice: Trim the double-bulbed cartilage, narrow the dorsum ridge and don't leave home without it. Second from top, heeerrrre's Ed McMahon. We narrowed his nose, tucked the loose skin under his chin and around his eyes and gave him a beer. Second from bottom, Barry Manilow's career certainly couldn't be better, but we have a couple of suggestions to fix his face. We shaved down his beak and at the same time built up his chin a bit. This is a classic problem: Those who have strong, large noses are most often also saddled with wimpy chins. It is a national pastime to make fun of our Presidents' facial characteristics. Remember, for example, Lyndon Johnson's ears (not to mention his beagles')? How about Richard Nixon's ski-jump nose and satchel jowls? Even though Jimmy Carter's teeth are his most noticeable feature, he has others (bottom). Our surgical advice to make him born again includes tightening the loose skin on his neck and chin, shoring up his sagging jowls and, most dramatically, removing the bags and puffiness around his eyes. Now he can go out and kiss some babies.



You should also consult the board overseeing your particular type of surgery for more specific information. (See Sources.)

A consultation with a plastic surgeon—which usually costs $25–$75—is a cross between a psychological examination and a first date. You confide your goals and aspirations. Using your photographs or special graph paper, the surgeon sketches what he can do about them. If you're not impressed, you terminate the relationship then and there. If the surgeon deems your dreams to be of the impossible ilk, he'll turn you down. In fact, cosmetic surgeons reject a third of the patients they see, since experience teaches that dissatisfied customers become incurable pains in the ass.

As a procedure peculiar to cosmetic surgery, patients pay in advance. This practice is said to prevent eleventh-hour cold-footed cancellations and capitalize on a human proclivity to be happier with that which has already been paid for, and eliminates the embarrassing, not to mention messy, necessity for repossessing a chin augmentation.

Since most cosmetic operations are quick and simple and require only local anesthesia, more and more operations are being performed in the surgeons' own clinics instead of in hospitals. Clinics are safe, convenient, specialized and much less expensive than hospitals, where personnel often treat cosmetic patients like second-class sickies. And although no cosmetic surgeon offers any money-back guarantee, the conscientious ones require a series of follow-up examinations, often with free alterations to ensure patient satisfaction.

Cosmetic surgery can be a viable weapon in your self-improvement if you don't insist on miracles. It's merely cosmetic, not cosmic, and it can't transform Quasimodo into Casanova or make the office boy chairman of the board. But if you're after an easy and relatively inexpensive way to quickly improve your appearance and bolster your self-confidence, cosmetic surgery may be the most painless face-saving gesture you can make.

AIRLINE SAFETY

(continued from page 278)

"'Ninety percent of the airline mechanics are not A & Ps'—the FAA designation for qualified mechanics."

plane] was already on the final about ten miles out when I first attempted to turn him off the final because of [Delta flight] 148 heading south . . . and not hearing my transmissions. . . . This is a constant and dangerous problem at Miami approach and should be taken care of immediately before we have a *disaster* around the Fort Lauderdale area."

Yet another controller report filed with the FAA: "Repeated failure of radios. . . . This is a level-five approach-control facility and we need radios to talk to airplane drivers before someone gets killed."

And: "We have been lucky so far."

Or: "Real danger to the flying public."

The very day I visited the Miami Center, after I had left, the computer went down again. There is considerable controversy about the magnitude of this problem. The FAA says it's getting better. The controllers say, next time you have to fly to south Florida, fly to Grand Rapids instead.

Lonnie D. Parrish, chief of the Air Traffic Division of the Southern Region of the FAA, wrote in a memo to the director of Air Traffic Service on November 28, 1978: "The mix of a high volume of both V.F.R. and I.F.R. traffic, compounded by increased speeds and sophistication of general-aviation aircraft, will raise the mid-air collision potential to a level that demands affirmative action by those of us responsible for air-traffic management. The automation capacity of Miami A.R.T.C.C. will be reached in the immediate future, with today's level of service, and will be totally inadequate for services we should be providing in the highly congested south Florida area."

In August 1979, the Aviation Safety Institute warned, "We see more reports each week of radar data processing (R.D.P.) failures . . . and many are catastrophic. . . . The FAA headquarters more readily admits that the 9020 computer systems are reaching their performance limits. The computer manufacturer, IBM, warned the FAA back in the late Sixties that the 9020 would not do the job of controlling the 1980 traffic volume."

I interviewed John Galipault, president of A.S.I., the day after he returned from testifying before Congress on R.D.P. problems. I asked what they were going to do. "Nothing," he said. "I should learn not to go to these things. They're going to wait for a big mid-air before they do anything." Wasn't San Diego a big mid-air? I asked. At the time, it was the biggest crash in U. S. history. "Not big enough," Galipault said. "Maybe when two 747s collide. . . ." It may only be a matter of time, too: In November 1979, in San Diego alone, there were at least two near mid-air collisions involving large jets. One of them took place over a packed football stadium. And at Los Angeles International, the FAA is casually allowing operations that can only be characterized as suicidal. Planes take off and land in opposite directions on parallel runways. It's something like an airborne, 200-mile-an-hour game of chicken. For that reason, the International Federation of Airline Pilots Associations has given LAX its Black Star rating, reserved for only the worst airports.

In a December 17, 1979, editorial, *Aviation Week* asked: "Why did the FAA fail to specify higher reliability for an air-traffic-control system in which thousands of passengers daily are placed at risk? Why does it take such an inordinately long time for the FAA to procure and introduce new technology equipment into the traffic-control system? The answer to the first question is that when the present computer system was bought by the FAA, absolute reliability . . . was costly. . . . The answer to the second question is controversial . . . lack of funding is not standing in the way of better air-traffic-control technology—at least for high-priority items."

The FAA may have legitimate complaints about controllers, who are not making life any easier for the flying public by maintaining a constant state of red alert. But, as the controllers would say, being dead right is being nowhere at all.

•

I am walking around on top of a Boeing 747, high above the concrete floor of the TWA overhaul base in Kansas City, Missouri. The metal-mesh scaffolding has a spring to it and a lurching, drunken sway that would give a hardened high-steel worker a taste of copper in his mouth. It is the twilight shift and I am getting my ear filled by TWA mechanics, who speak a dialect that is known in bars from Nova Scotia to Arizona.

"We had one ol' boy here, he's dummer 'n a box o' rocks."

"He was one dumb shit."

"An' that ain't no shit."

My host looks like a younger, heavier Slim Pickins and greets all the night-shift workers with malicious glee and an elevated middle finger. Everywhere we look there are 707s, 727s, L-1011s and 747s in various stages of disassembly. One room is set aside for paint stripping. They just spray the stripper on and scrape off the old paint job, just as you'd do with your woodwork. There are areas for hydraulics, for wire harnesses, oxygen bottles, explosively deployed emergency slides (a locked room with a lot of black-powder canisters in

"The real question for you and me, Ron, is whether the same hair stylist can truly be right for both of us."

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it), wheels, landing gear, brakes, tires; and there are places where they take the plane down to the bone, where a cockpit can look like an eye socket that has taken a direct hit from some monolithic mousehawk, where the cabin floor is just a few skinny beams ("You wanna watch where you're steppin', buddy").

An entire building is devoted to engine reworking and repairing, row on row of jet fans lined up like cocoons. The creep through the TWA labyrinths takes all night and the place is as busy as a bus terminal on Christmas Eve.

For several days, I spent time with these mechanics who repair and maintain airliners in noisy rooms of such dimensions that a glance at the ceiling can make your stomach pitch. I learned that they are the salt of the earth, these men. We hung out in the taverns of Kansas City, with Kenny Rogers singing out of jukeboxes, "Who picks up the pieces, every time two fools collide?" and I came to realize that I was up against another group of ethanol Blue Angels—a Precision Drinking Team.

We discussed economic considerations versus safety.

"It's gettin' butts in seats," one said.

"An' that ain't no shit."

We talked quality control.

"Them tars," one said of the Goodyear products we had seen, "gotta be tight."

"Tighter 'n a gnat's ass stretched acrost a rain barrel."

"That's tight."

"An' that ain't no shit."

We talked superior mechanical skills.

"We got one ol' boy here's smarter 'n shit."

"An' that ain't no shit."

"You don't argue nothin' with 'im, from crotch crickets to the Bible."

"An' that ain't no shit, neither."

I asked if the regulations were ever bent to keep the airplanes moving. "We never do anything by the book," my host said. "If we did wheels by the book, we'd build four a day. Right now we're buildin' 25 a day and still have plenty of fuck-off time."

He said that with the present system of wheel rework, they are perfectly safe. "Some of them bolts might not be torqued up just right, but there's 16 or so anyway. Ain't nothin' gonna happen."

"It's all redundancy, anyway," another said.

"We cut corners like a mother, but we do it safe. It isn't ever worth it to stick your neck out *that* far."

I asked if there were ever pressure from above to do work that was not right. They admitted that sometimes a part would come down that was not the part needed and they would be told to put it on the aircraft anyway. The mechanic, in such cases, would tell the superior to sign it off. That would shift the responsibility if anything went wrong. It was loud and clear: "I ain't signin' off nothin' if I don't know it's right."

It is commonly accepted that the men who repair and maintain airliners undergo intense training and are qualified by the Government to do that work. "I've got a hot flash for you," an FAA safety counselor told me. "Ninety percent of the airline mechanics are not A & Ps." A & P is the FAA designation for a qualified mechanic. It means airframe and power plant. It takes a lot of training—years, in fact. You have to pass rigorous testing, written, oral and practical. It costs a lot in both time and money.

But the law doesn't specify that repair of an airplane must be done by an A & P; it only specifies that the work must be signed for by an A & P, no matter who has actually done it. That signature indicates that the A & P has inspected and approved of the work. I asked the TWA mechanics how many of their men were A & Ps.

"A large percentage," one man told me. "Maybe as much as twenty-five percent."

They talked about how they had gotten their A & P tickets. First, you need a certificate from a certified aviation-maintenance school or 18 months'

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experience and must have a qualified person recommend you for the written test. After passing the written, you have up to two years before you must take your oral and your practical. My host said he went for his test at Johnson County Airport in Kansas City, where he crawled around on an airplane for two days before the examiner asked, "You realize if the FAA gave you this test you'd flunk?"

"Yes, sir, but so would half the FAA guys."

"That's right," the examiner said, and gave him his A & P license.

"All you need," said my host, "is common sense and to be a mechanic." Another TWA mechanic told of getting his license in Oklahoma City at a diploma mill. His oral consisted of six questions. The entire examination took about four hours.

I asked the mechanics to choose—if they could go on any airplane—how they would get from point A to point B. "If I had to go," one of them said, "I'd fly Delta." They all nodded solemn agreement.

They further agreed that they would fly any plane, as long as it were not a DC-10. "DC-10's an original piece of garbage," one of them said.

"An' that ain't no shit."

Finally, they made it crystal-clear that under no circumstances would they fly Braniff International—they would sooner jump off the Statue of Liberty in pink tights. "We pull Braniff maintenance out in L.A.," they said, "and we know."

These mechanics weren't just blowing smoke. The FAA recently ordered Braniff to pay an unprecedented $1,500,000—in what the FAA calls a "civil penalty"—for improper maintenance and illegal practices. A comprehensive article in *Aviation Week* describes a situation that makes Braniff look like a Third World bus company. The FAA apparently warned Braniff time after time and the airline did nothing. After 39 extended over-water flights, Braniff was found to be carrying illegal life rafts, one with a hole in it. According to the FAA charges, the airline ignored cracked wings, engines showing strong vibrations, seats that could recline to block emergency exits, the installation of parts on one type of engine that were made for another type, and main cabin doors that didn't operate normally. One airplane alone was taken on 447 flights during almost a year in an unairworthy condition, says the Government. Braniff, according to the charges, wasn't even keeping proper records of maintenance.

A Braniff spokesman told me, when asked to respond to the charges, "We have not been fined; let's get the facts straight. We filed a detailed, thorough response—highly technical. The FAA is studying this response, which is several hundred pages long. The FAA has asked that neither party make any further comment on the matter while it is studying the matter." At this writing, the penalty has not been paid and the Government's case against Braniff is still pending. Langhorne Bond told me, "When we make charges like this, we give the carrier a chance to respond and if we're wrong, we're wrong. But we haven't been wrong yet."

•

The maintenance problems put me in mind of the NTSB hearings into the Chicago crash—because maintenance was the big question. The NTSB was trying to figure how a contemporary jetliner with only a handful of hours since a major overhaul could fall out of a clear blue sky. How a seven-ton engine-pylon assembly could just rip off. How, even with the lost engine, the plane could not be driven around to a safe landing, as other planes had been in the past. No one at the hearings seemed to have any idea of what was going on.

On a raised platform in the middle of the convention hall were cameras and producers and sound men from every network and local station. A table in

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front of the platform was jammed with reporters, as was another off to the side of the Safety Board, which was elevated on its own bench like the Supreme Court. You could tell that the truly heavy engineering types were in town. In the rest room outside the hearing room, among the crude obscenities scratched on the walls, one lone graffito offered, "Time is just nature's way of keeping everything from happening all at once."

The hearings were long and arduous. McDonnell Douglas pointed the finger at American Airlines, American pointed the finger at Douglas, the FAA pointed the finger at both and both pointed back. Chairman Driver tried ineffectually to keep the fingers away from the throats. Everyone except American and the Air Line Pilots Association (A.L.P.A.) pointed the finger at the pilot, Captain Walter Lux, though that was done in the most subtle ways imaginable. There was grumbling among the participants because the hearings were being held too soon after the crash. One A.L.P.A. member told me they had been given boxes of material and had only three days to master it. No one, it seemed, was up to speed.

At each recess, the pilots in the audience, who had come from nearby O'Hare out of curiosity, would stand in the hall and say things like, "Shit, that's not how it is." The reporters would put their heads together and try to decipher the technical language (TOGO mode, roll departure, sonic eddy current, gust loading, hard time limits, induced load, failure mode and effect analysis). If you hadn't done your homework, you could be lost inside half an hour and the spectacle went on for almost two weeks—it's no wonder the reports on it were mostly incomprehensible. Yet the basics were relatively simple, once you stripped away the jargon.

Douglas had designed a pylon that attached the engine to the wing of the DC-10, then sold a lot of DC-10s. The pylon had at least one fault. When it showed up, Douglas told its customers to fix it. The fault itself did not promise to be fatal. But the fact that it had to be fixed did. Engines are removed routinely from aircraft, but pylons are not. American Airlines devised a short-cut method for fixing the faulty Douglas pylon. Instead of removing the engine first and supporting it from above with a crane (as Douglas had suggested), American removed the engine and pylon together by shoving a fork-lift truck underneath and just dropping the whole assembly down.

Continental was doing the same thing. Continental dinged some pylon mounts, too, but happened to notice the mistake and fix it. Continental didn't tell American, though. And American dinged one of its pylons in the same way. "They were just bangin' on it with a big ol' hammer," Langhorne Bond told me. Since they had just serviced and reassembled the thing, they didn't check to see if it was destroyed, which it was.

And it flew 166 landings and 430 hours of service with passengers on board before the cracked part let loose, triggering a complex sequence of systems failures and resulting in the loss of the aircraft and all on board. That sequence of events dramatically pointed out numerous design deficiencies that had only been suspected before the crash of flight 191. But on that day, many things that had been waiting to go wrong with the DC-10 went wrong.

That left everyone with the sticky problem of why the plane couldn't continue to fly after losing an engine. There were only two choices: Either the DC-10 airplane could fly in that condition (and therefore other DC-10s could be allowed to continue flying their 400-odd daily missions, carrying 150,000 passengers) or it could not fly in that condition (which would mean admitting that the plane was a dog that had to be taken out of service). The choice was made: The plane was safe. It had to be safe. The industry couldn't afford for it not to be safe—because it would cost too much to take the DC-10 out of service.

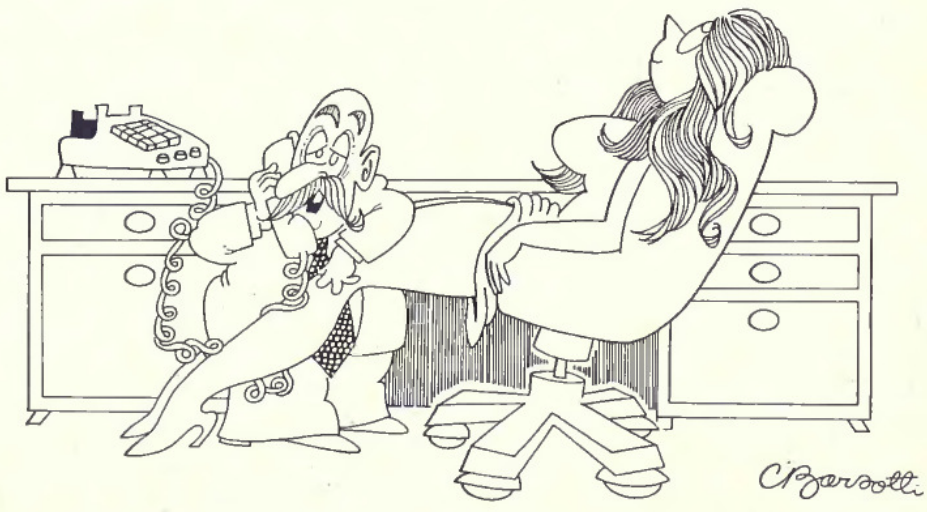
That led to a confusing series of discussions about why (if the plane was, indeed, flyable) the crew of flight 191 hadn't flown it. And therefrom came a subtle line of argument that pinned the blame on the crew, even though no one was crude enough to come out with "pilot error" as a cause. In fact, in its final report, the NTSB went out of its way to say that the pilot was not to blame.

Simulator tests run in the "accident configuration" helped determine that the plane was flyable after the engine came off. The NTSB said the manual instructed the pilot to reduce his speed during that critical phase of flight after the loss of the engine. Therefore, he did reduce his speed and his left wing stopped flying. And the plane rolled over. A significant number of pilots who flew the accident configuration, however, were able to recover and fly away from the problem. The language was very roundabout, but the message continued to echo through it all: "*Our* pilots were able to fly the thing; what's the matter with *your* pilots?"

The way they got around actually blaming the pilot was to say that, since the electrical system was disabled, the crew would not have had the normal warnings another crew would have had—stall warning, for example. And the captain's instrument panel was out of service. The NTSB reasoning here is a bit fuzzy. A properly powered instrument panel displays a "command bar" indicating to the pilot the pitch he should fly (i.e., how far up or down he should put the plane's nose). The NTSB concluded: "The consistent 14-degree pitch attitude indicated that the flight-director command bars were being used for pitch attitude guidance and, since the captain's flight director was inoperative, confirmed the fact that the first officer was flying the aircraft." This, of course, is sheer supposition on the NTSB's part. But it sounds good and makes the pieces seem to fit neatly.

A former accident investigator with 30 years' experience said, "This is really a strange report."

Indeed, the report *is* odd, making sweeping assumptions and skipping over



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Answers to puzzle on page 293.

1. Put your hands back where they belong; I'm damn particular.
2. Cheer up! The worst is yet to come.
3. Many are called, but you were chosen.
4. Aren't you glad you did it?
5. Gordy, you're not getting married again, are you? It's a harrowing experience, all right.
6. You'll never get another like me.
7. If you have no plans for the evening, have a date with me and let's dance a little.
8. He fell off an attic roof and caught her eyes.
9. All I crave is your supple curves.
10. She's fun as hell, but in fact, she's infectious, and it's been itching me ever since.
11. He asked her to go inside after they met in the street.
12. You must have done something or else your husband's off his nut.
13. Oh, tell me that you love me just a little.
14. Where are the pants of my tuxedo?
15. Since you were last here, I had to quit and I've had none since.
16. Don't just peek and see, come on over and take a nice look.
17. He never gets in till late, but he's up at eight o'clock.
18. That's a nine on a scale of ten.

critical questions. Take, for example, the stall-warning device, which became inoperative on flight 191 when the electrical system was lost. The simulator tests were run with the device operating in some cases and the conclusion was that if the captain had had this warning, he would have lived. At the most fundamental level, the report fails to address the question of why a pilot with 22,000 hours would sit there and let his copilot do something that even a primary student of flying would hesitate to do—pull the nose up during a critical phase of flight when there existed the opportunity to put the nose down and keep the show on the road. There were no obstacles out beyond runway 32 Right at O'Hare. The day was clear. The crew could see for 15 miles. In addition, the captain would not have gotten a stall warning even if the equipment had been operating, because it was the tip portion of the wing that stalled and the warning device takes its information from the inboard portion, which was still flying at the point where the roll began. On the other hand, there were so many things going wrong at once that the crew was probably overwhelmed by the problems. "Their panel would have lit up like a Christmas tree," one airline captain told me at the hearings.

During the hearings, a witness was asked, "Would you please discuss the rationale of why the aircraft—why it would be considered safe to operate the aircraft with what appears to be a Russian roulette type of system?" And a few minutes later: "Could you discuss the rationale behind the certification of a system in which an engine loss causes you to lose the system which tells you that you lost the engine in the first place?" But participants who asked such questions were accused of browbeating witnesses and were silenced. And so the question was left hanging: How come this crew couldn't fly this nice flyable plane? And while it is certainly possible that they were merely incompetent, there are just too many unanswered questions left by the NTSB report.

An American Airlines captain told me, "If they think they've got a bunch of heroes up in the cockpit who are going to pull back their speed because the manual says so, they're crazy. They say Lux was going back to V_2—bullshit! I can't believe anybody would be dumb enough to pull it back to 158 knots sitting out in the clear blue sky. That is simply not a satisfactory explanation." In fact, during the simulator tests, it was noted that one of the test pilots was asked to fly the way flight 191 flew and he couldn't do it. His pilot instincts would not let him pull the nose up.

Because, as any pilot knows, that is an invitation to the harp farm.

•

All of which leaves open the distasteful possibility that the airplane was simply out of control during most of its 31-second flight, that the hydraulic system folded up on them and that there was no way to put the nose down. The subject is hotly debated as we go to press, but no one will ever know what happened on that flight. Not even the cockpit voice recording survived—well, the actual machine survived the crash, but the critical portions of the tape were never recorded, because the electrical system was so fouled up that the recorder lost power.

To get a more complete picture of the DC-10, I visited the Douglas plant where it is manufactured—in Long Beach, California. A further examination of the DC-10 will be included in part two of this article, along with discussions of airline economics and the philosophy of crashworthiness.

But while I was at the Douglas plant, I saw a curious thing. I was in a room so large that the new Douglas Super 80s and a number of DC-9s in various stages of construction seemed like toys tossed into corners and forgotten by children. Except that I could see the tiny men swarming over them and hear the ricochet of rivets popping like machine-gun fire throughout the room.

I stood at the electrical assembly line for the DC-10 and the DC-9. The man in charge was explaining how they create and then move the wire harnesses, and I couldn't shake the feeling that there was something awfully spooky about what I was seeing. There were computers to check the accuracy of the connections, all of which were made by hand, mostly by women, from the look of the line. I was staring at a virtual wall of white wire that was but one quarter of one section of an embryonic DC-10's nose ("One hundred miles of wire in the DC-10," I was told); all this white wire, coiling endlessly.

And then it hit me. *If you look closely, you can see that thousands upon thousands of pieces of white wire are embedded in the rich, black mud that sticks to your shoes as you walk along.* . . . And I suddenly realized where all that wire had come from that I'd seen in that field in Chicago, that scarred patch of ground where American flight 191 had gone down.

I toured the rest of the wire-assembly area, but I didn't hear another word the man said.

This is the first of two parts of PLAYBOY*'s investigation of airline safety. The conclusion will appear next month.*

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Sheik's strength is actually tested up to seven different times by the most advanced scientific techniques—including electronic testing.

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PLAYBOY PUZZLE

CHEAP TREK

Captain's Log, Starship Enterprise, Stardate 2556: Uhura intercepted the following message transmitted by Chief Engineer Scotty to New Glasgow via Interstellar Western Union: "Muscatel auto here. Minervas wreck. Ohio misuse." According to Science Officer Spock, the message is based on an old Scottish (Earth) tradition, the Scotchogram, first revealed by John Shuttleworth in a 1928 book titled *Sate with Scotchograms.* Apparently, Scotty's frugality is an inherited trait, and his idea in sending the Scotchogram was to save "a wee bit o' Federation credits" by replacing several words with single phonetic equivalents. As decoded by Spock, Scotty's message reads: "Must get the hell out of here. I'm a nervous wreck. Oh, how I miss you." Before Bones could sedate him—with a medicinal bottle of Scotch, naturally—Scotty spouted the following Scotchograms. They may provide the key to the universe. On the other hand, they may not. *Captain's Log, Supplement:* This entry prepared by the staff of *Games* magazine.

1. BUTCHER ANSPACH WEIRDIE BELONG; I'M DAMPER TICKLER.
2. CHERUB! DIVORCED IS YETTA COME.
3. MANY OCCULT BUT EWER CHOSEN.
4. ORANGE JUICE GLAD YOU DID IT?
5. GORDIAN KNOT GETTING MARRIED AGAIN, ARE YOU? SAHARA WING EXPERIENCE ALRIGHT.
6. YULE NAVIGATE ANOTHER LIKE ME.
7. IF HUGH HEFNER PLANS FORTY-EVENING, AFFIDAVIT ME AND LET STENCIL LITTLE.
8. HE FELLOW FANATIC ROOF AND CAUTERIZE.
9. AW LIE CREVICE YOUR SEPULCHERS.
10. CHEESE FUN AS HALIBUT INFECTIOUS INFECTIOUS, AND SPINACH IN ME EVER SINCE.
11. HE ASTER TO COINCIDE AFTER THEY MET INDISCREET.
12. YOU MASTODON SOMETHING OR ELSE YOUR HUSBANDS OFFICE NUT.
13. HOTEL ME ATCHOO LOVE ME JOSTLE LITTLE.
14. WEARER DEPENDS OF MY TUXEDO?
15. SENSUOUS LAST HERE, I ADEQUATE ENDIVE HAD NONSENSE.
16. DON'T JUST PIQUANCY, COMMON OVER ANTAGONIZE LOOK.
17. HE NEVER GET SCINTILLATE BUT HE'S A POTATO CLOCK.
18. ASININE HONEST CALEB TEN.

Answers on page 290.

ON A CLEAR NIGHT,
in South Queensferry, Scotland,
Robert Louis Stevenson
could picture Treasure Island
from this window.
And it's
still there.

The good things in life
stay that way.
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GEAR

PUMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

A loaf of bread, sandwich fixings and a pump jug full of wine, martinis, summer punch or whatever, and you and that gang of yours are all set for a great summer picnic. What distinguishes a pump jug from the dozens of other models around is the way it dispenses liquids. Instead of tipping and pouring, all you do is hit a button atop the jug and a pressure pump releases the exact amount of beverage you want. And because you don't open the jug every time to pour, whatever you're toting stays cooler longer. Come winter, of course, the same container can be used for hot drinks. And many of them are practically unbreakable and have Lazy Susan bases. That's also something for jug fans to get pumped up about.

DON AZUMA

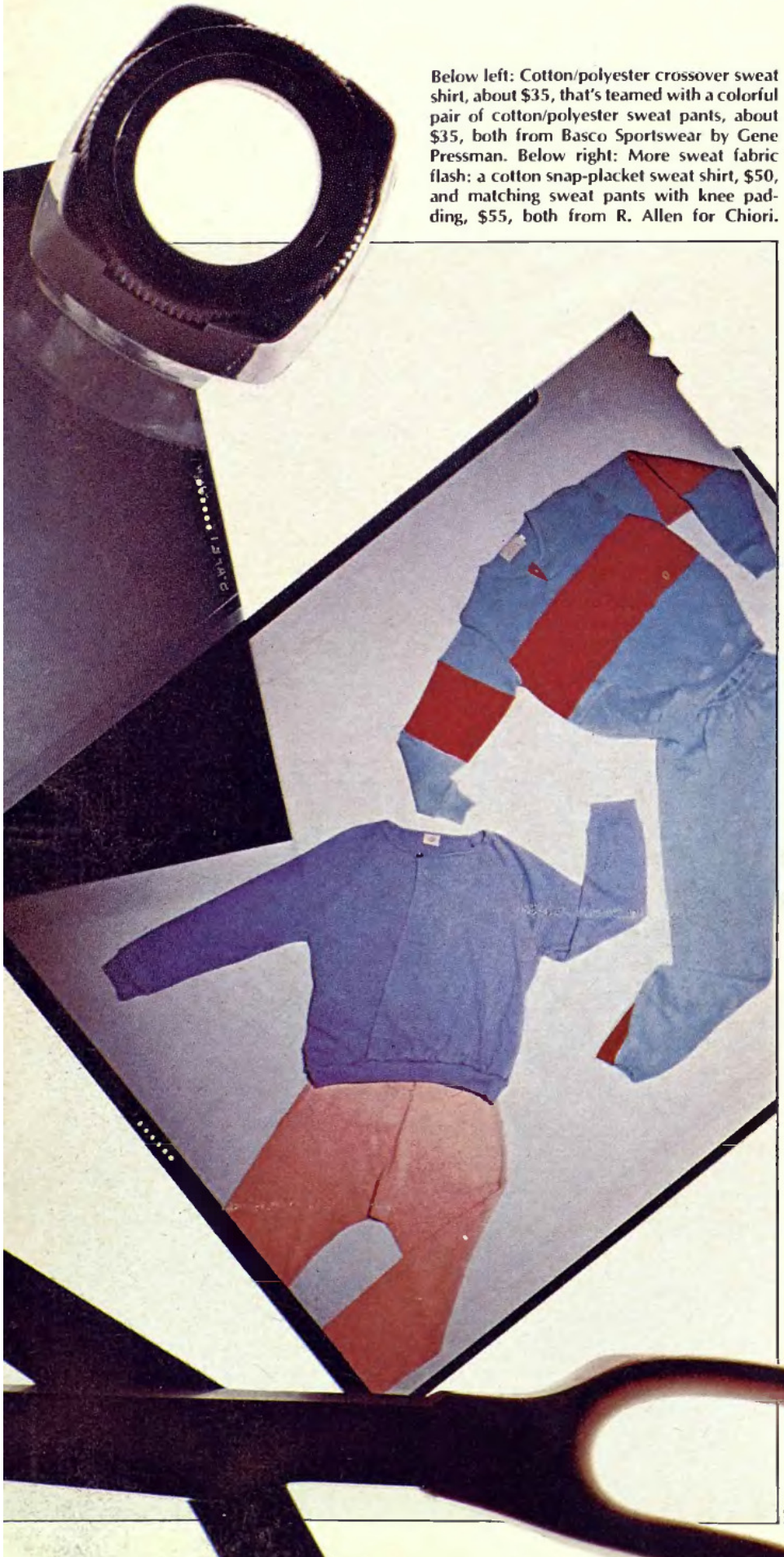
Following the numbers: 1. The pump-type Bartender Thermos keeps about a quart of your favorite liquid hot or cold, by Thermos Division King-Seeley Thermos Co., $16. 2. Bailey-Huebner chrome two-quart Air pot, from Henri Bendel, New York City, $45. 3. Pump pot with one-quart capacity and locking switch, by Certified Mfg., $15. 4. Automatic vacuum Air pot has a stainless-steel pump shaft and a curved fast-flow spout, from J. C. Penney, Chicago, Illinois, $13. 5. Thermal pump pot with a break-resistant tempered glass liner, metal outer jacket and Lazy Susan base, by Metro Marketing, $10. 6. Lightweight rustproof and dentproof one-gallon Pump-A-Drink jug that's insulated with polyurethane foam, by Aladdin Industries, $13.95.

THE NO-SWEAT SWEAT LOOK

As everyone remembers, the humble gray high school athletic-department sweat suit was the most popular item to pilfer. You could lounge in it, sleep in it and even exercise in it—when the spirit moved you. Then came the running, jumping and jogging boom and guys who were into keeping their bodies in top shape demanded color, flash and recognition in their workout togs—partially to let people know that they were serious sufferers and partially because they were tired of looking like hooded gray phantoms. Clothing designers got the message and have produced a locker-roomful of exercise-inspired attire in sweat-shirt fabrics and familiar jock-look cuts. Sure, you can wear this gear to work out in, but you'll also want to put it on when you've nothing more strenuous to do than tilt a beer or light the barbecue. —DAVID PLATT

Below left: A cotton T-shirt with contrast piping, $15, worn over cotton shorts with a drawstring waist, $18, both by Pierre Cardin Sportswear. Below, center and right: An Orlon sweat-shirt jacket, $44, that's coupled with an Orlon tank top, $15, and colorful Orlon sweat shorts with an elasticized waistband, $13, all by David Leong.

Above: The lowly sweat shirt, such as the cotton/polyester one with a placket front, by The Lee Company, $22, looks great when dressed up with a wool/silk/linen single-breasted jacket, by Cricketeer, about $170; cotton jeans, by Sedgefield, $21; and button-down shirt, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, $30.



Below left: Cotton/polyester crossover sweat shirt, about $35, that's teamed with a colorful pair of cotton/polyester sweat pants, about $35, both from Basco Sportswear by Gene Pressman. Below right: More sweat fabric flash: a cotton snap-placket sweat shirt, $50, and matching sweat pants with knee padding, $55, both from R. Allen for Chiori.

DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

What with the oil shortage, there is a growing use of synthetic fibers from other sources. Watch for the return of an old favorite: the rayon shirt. When cut correctly, it has a drape that looks great with a pair of slacks.

•

Have trouble with your shirttail pulling out and bunching up around your middle? Try a trick that models use (God forbid they should look wrinkled). Tuck your shirt into your undershorts first and the problem will virtually disappear.

•

Bad-news economies are frequently the inspiration for fantasy clothes that belie the conditions. Thus, something of the Depression-era spirit of Nick and Nora Charles of the *Thin Man* films is upon us. In short, the classic black dinner jacket is back with a vengeance in both single- and double-breasted styles. See you at The Stork Club.

•

And while we're talking about stylish elegance's helping to eliminate depressing circumstances, designers will be using more black, navy and gray for clothing, though with a surprise twist in accessories. Frequently, their collections are featuring dark brown in scarves, ties, shoes, etc., which is one more example that rules of dress are made to be broken.

•

The newest color to add to your dress-shirt wardrobe is white. Sure, more colorful shirts do offer variety for business wear. Still, there is nothing quite so attractive as white in contrast to a summer tan.

•

And to help you keep cool this summer, technologies have been discovered that will enable all-cotton shirts to be processed just like those that are permanent press.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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HOME TO BOOGIE

Los Angeles decorator and designer Charles Burke recently completed what he calls his most "inspirational" job: jazzing up a portion of the Beverly Hills winter mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Hans Smith of Monte Carlo into a dazzling, computerized, multipurpose entertainment center, including a master bedroom complete with a bathing grotto made of 20 tons of granite (below left), an audio-video library and lounge area with a gigantic infinity light sculpture embedded in the ceiling and what's probably the most spectacular private disco in the world. Radar doors, which recede into the walls, lead to the disco, whose focal point is a kinetic light sculpture that emits thousands of computer-programmed responses to music. The granite disco floor incorporates a fog machine and low-voltage pulsating lights. Across from the disco is the combination audio-video library and disco control room that pumps music through 16 speakers in the disco's walls, behind the wall covering of sterling silver–threaded cotton quilting. The focal point of the control room is the custom-made light and sound board (below right). Needless to say, when the Smiths' friends want to boogie till dawn and everything's closed, you'd better believe they know where to go.

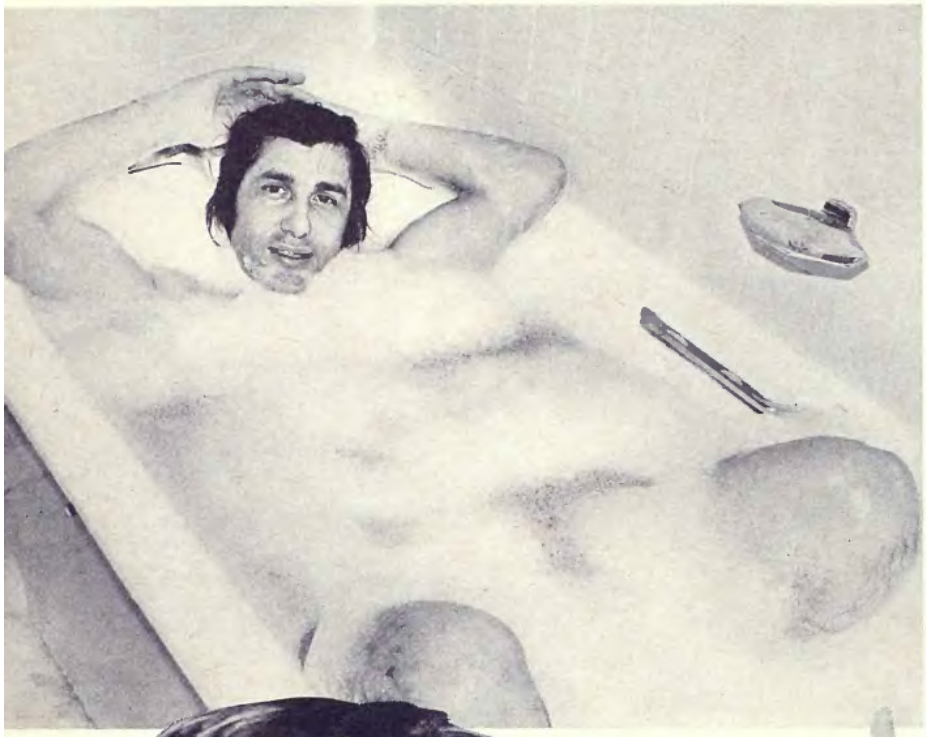
TOSHI YOSHIMI

Left: The view from the Smiths' master bedroom into a round granite bathing grotto lit by recessed ceiling spots and a round neon fixture. From the bed, one can electronically control the vertical blinds that surround the grotto and activate hidden doors for total bathing privacy.

Below: The Smiths' disco control room is straight out of *Star Trek*. Housed there are reel-to-reel and cassette tape decks, turntables, lighting computers and sound mixers—plus a switch that turns on the fog machine.

Rub-a-Dub-Dub

We're on another roll here. This time, it's bathtubs. Mr. Bubbles (left) is tennis bad boy ILIE NASTASE. The lady? CARROLL BAKER, starring in *The World Is Full of Married Men*. We think the flick's about sex, but she could be ordering a pizza.



© 1980 PICTURE POWER / PHOTOREPORTERS, INC.

Old Faithfull Erupts Again

This could be one finger of a victory salute, but given the past ten years of MARIANNE FAITHFULL's life, we prefer to think of it as a survivor's salute. She beat heroin, outlived a celebrated relationship with Jagger and came back with a hot album, *Broken English*. One cut, *Why D'Ya Do It?*, is a very tough, explicit song about sexual infidelity—a subject that Faithfull freely admits she's done some research on. Mick was a good teacher.

© 1980 RICHARD E. AARON / THUNDER THUMBS

Number One with a Bullet

It's only rock 'n' roll, folks. ANN WILSON of Heart got held up by TED NUGENT at a party recently. They were discussing their *Billboard* ratings when Wilson asked Nugent if it were true he was going New Wave on his next album. Actually, it was just a costume party and Wilson sang for her supper. P.S.: Nugent *is* singing punk.

© 1980 GARY GERSHOFF

© 1980 CHAS. GERRETSEN / MEGA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Tubs, Part Two

The Long Riders **is a movie about the exploits of the James-Younger outlaw band. That would make it just another Western, except for one detail: Its stars are (left to right) DENNIS and RANDY QUAID, STACY and JAMES KEACH and DAVID, KEITH and BOBBY CARRADINE. Go, brothers!**

MICHAEL CHILDERS / SYGMA

Loose Chains

Actress PATTI D'ARBANVILLE is a beauty. We should know; we devoted some celebratory pages to her in 1977. After seeing her in *The Main Event*, we also know she can act. Her latest film is *Hog Wild*—which is what we went when we saw this pic.

Celebrity Breast of the Month

Here you have it, America, proof positive: This is what a night out with the superstars is really like. This month's celebrity breast happens to be in BJORN BORG's hand. Those ceramic mugs are a hot novelty item; we get three or four a day in here. But we don't get CHERYL TIEGS hanging around, looking amused. That's because we're engaged in serious journalism.

M. NORCIA / SYGMA

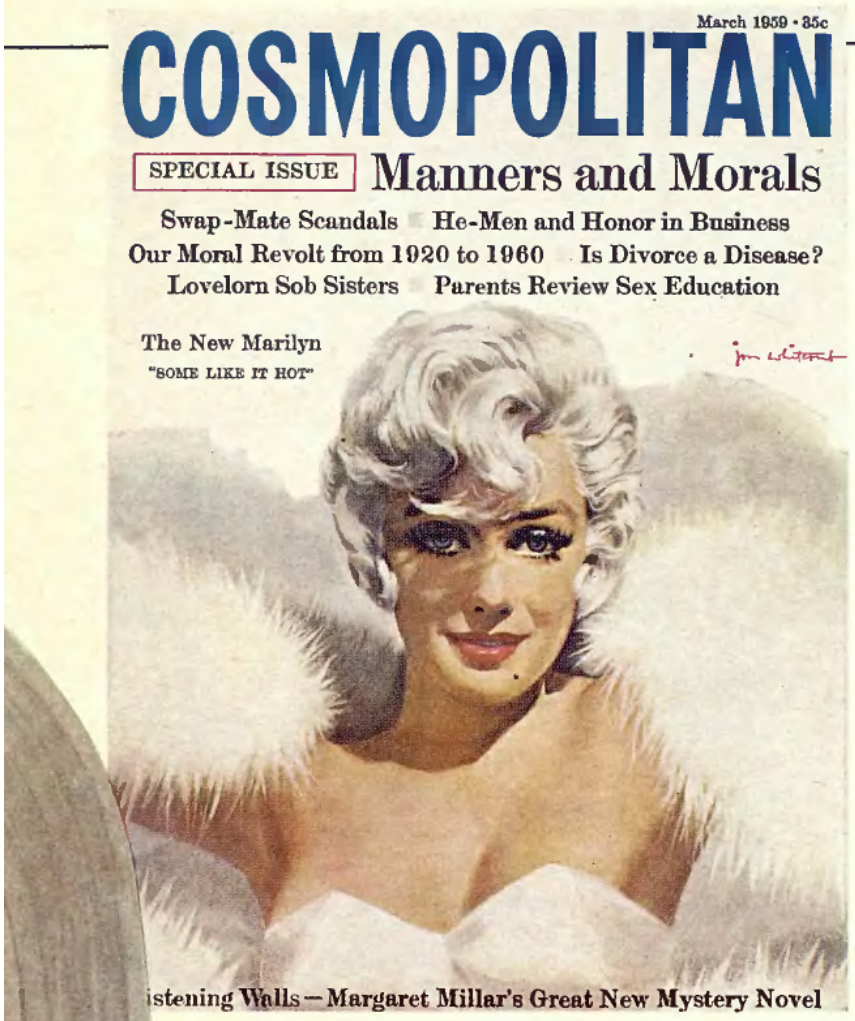
PLAYBOY'S ROVING EYE

The Mystery of the Forgotten Photos

Marilyn Mystery Unraveled

In the January 1980 *Roving Eye*, we published some shots of Marilyn Monroe that had been discovered by an acting troupe in an abandoned New York brownstone. Who had taken the pictures, and why? Artist Jon Whitcomb (pictured at right) explained their origin: "Dear PLAYBOY, Mystery Division: For *The American Weekly* issue of April 6, 1958, Hearst needed an Easter hat feature and asked me to paint six ladies for it. As usual, overnight. A photographer named Carl Perutz or some such Nom de Nikon handled Marilyn. He was never heard from again. If he was demolished on East 18th Street amidst actors, I'm sorry to hear it."

"Although this version of Marilyn was remote control (above), I painted her directly on three other occasions (right), mostly for *Cosmopolitan*. Her notions of magazine posing were quaint."



"During the shooting of Billy Wilder's *Some Like It Hot*, everybody on the set either felt protective of Marilyn or hated her guts. Well, Marilyn kept me waiting for two weeks, so I sided with the antis."

"The cover and the piece on *Some Like It Hot* (above) are from the March 1959 issue of *Cosmopolitan*. The third (left) dates from the shooting of *The Misfits* and appeared in the December 1960 *Cosmopolitan*." Encore.

FATHER KNOWS BREAST

A few years ago, Robert Miner wrote *Mother's Day*, a book about a stay-at-home father and husband. Now a New York area transvestite has gone him one better—he successfully wet-nursed his infant. Six years ago, when his daughter was born, the unidentified man, whose breasts earlier had been enlarged with female hormones, wanted to share in every aspect of child rearing. He and his wife approached Brooklyn endocrinologist Dr. Leo Wollman, who reports that acupuncture treatments combined with injections of a pituitary hormone produced lactation in the father. The parents alternated their breast-feedings, producing a physically healthy and well-adjusted child. We can only repeat a favorite slogan of La Leche League, a group that encourages breast-feeding: "There's a sucker born every minute."

In Capistrano, lovers await the swallows. In Hinckley, Ohio, they wait for a flock of buzzards that comes to mate every spring. WMMS thought the buzzards rated a T-shirt.

NEWTER SEX

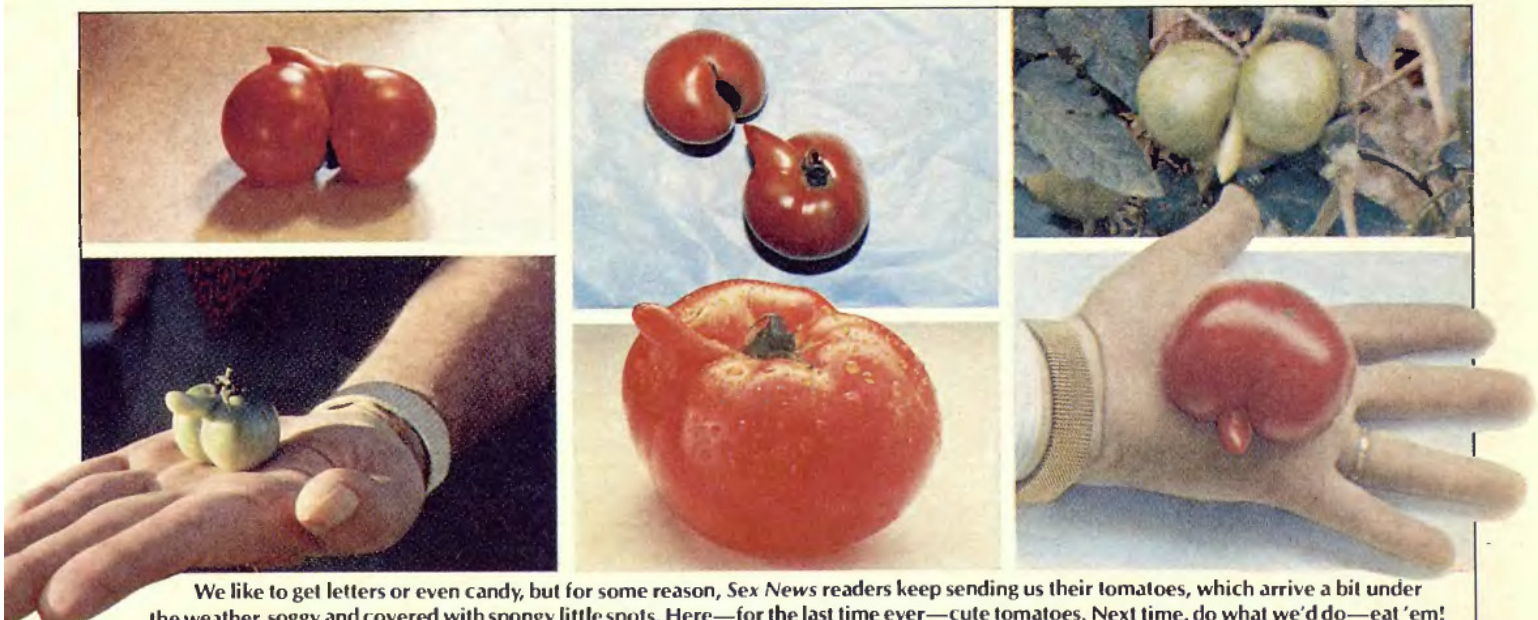
You can't always take your cues from the animal kingdom. Harvard psychobiologists are studying some of the 27 species of female lizards that reproduce without males. In fact, there are no males of the species. Through a process called parthenogenesis, the female creates a replica of herself. But that's not all. A female lizard is likely to partake in malelike sex with another female lizard. Those darting tongues may be a real turn-on. The researchers are puzzled by this ritual, which may have a transitory effect on the lizard's ability to reproduce. The sexplay appears to be just another affectation, like the engineer boots and the Mary Astor haircut.

RAPE CONTROL? POW, BIFF, SHAZAM!

What should a woman do if a rapist attacks her? If she doesn't resist, maybe she'll avoid physical injury. On the other hand, if she makes a lot of noise, punches, kicks and screams, the rapist might give up. An ongoing study of 94 women at the University of Illinois Medical Center indicates that women who resist may have an edge over their assailants. Of 43 rape victims and 51 women who foiled a rape attack, 59 percent of the nonvictims used physical force. Only a third of the victims tried to resist physically. Women who successfully resisted didn't overpower their rapists—they simply made it too troublesome for the rapist to continue. The resisters were more likely to exercise often and probably were in better physical condition than the victims. Also, most of the rape thwarters tended to be angry at the rapists, while victims were afraid they'd be killed. A mere tongue-lashing won't deter the rapist, say researchers, but it's an effective delaying technique.

TONY CURTIS PLAYED THIS ROLE IN "SOME LIKE IT HOT"

University of New Mexico biologists have detected female impersonators among male scorpion flies. Imagine, while the pesty little thieves try to make off with your lunch, they're doing a medley of Judy Garland's greatest hits. That's not quite what scientists have found. During normal scorpion-fly courtship, the male captures some prey, hangs from a twig and then emits an odor, signaling his treat to the female population. An aroused female joins him to share the morsel while they have sex. If he can't hunt up some grub, the male fly will wait until another male has caught something. Then he proceeds to steal it by mimicking female courtship posture—wings drooping and genitals hidden. As soon as he has snatched the food, the transvestite fly buzzes off to find a female. Researchers observed that the energy saved by not hunting allows the female impersonators to copulate more frequently than the hunters.



We like to get letters or even candy, but for some reason, *Sex News* readers keep sending us their tomatoes, which arrive a bit under the weather, soggy and covered with spongy little spots. Here—for the last time ever—cute tomatoes. Next time, do what we'd do—eat 'em!

Model #41-9516-50-Stainless Steel $195.
Model #41-9524-91-Yellow $235.

QUICK! IF IT'S 10:09 IN TOKYO, WHAT TIME IS IT IN TUCSON?

How many times have you called someone in another country at lunchtime, only to wake them up at 3 in the morning?

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The Citizen® Quartz Digi-Ana™ Alarm can help you keep time simultaneously in two places. Because it has two faces.

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You'd expect no less from an unconventional company like Citizen. A company with a long history of firsts. Citizen is responsible for the world's first quartz watch thin enough to break the 1mm barrier. And the world's most accurate analog quartz watch to be widely sold.

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If you still prefer another, what have you lost? But if you favor Bombay, think what you might have lost.

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The gentle gin

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NEXT MONTH:

HAWAII CALLS

PENIS PERSPECTIVES

MYRA'S APOTHEOSIS

DUDLEY MOORE

"THE IMMODERATE MR. BUSH, THE IMPONDERABLE MR. REAGAN"—ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S MOST INCISIVE REPORTERS LAYS BARE THE MEN WHO HOPE TO TURN THE PARTY OF THE RIGHT INTO THE RIGHT PARTY—BY **ROBERT SCHEER**

BRUCE JENNER DESCRIBES LIFE AFTER **CHRYSTIE,** HOW HE FEELS ABOUT BEING A SWINGING BACHELOR AGAIN—AND COMES TO TERMS WITH HIS MIXED FEELINGS ABOUT THE OLYMPIC BOYCOTT IN A SPORTING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"AIRLINE SAFETY, PART TWO"—WE'VE ALREADY SEEN THAT PILOTS (AND CONTROLLERS) ARE ONLY HUMAN. BUT HOW DOES ONE EXPLAIN THE PLANE THAT FALLS OUT OF THE SKY? SCARY REPORTAGE—BY **LAURENCE GONZALES**

"THE OTHER HAWAII"—OUR 50TH STATE COMPRISES A LOT MORE THAN THE SANDS OF WAIKIKI, AND OUR TRAVEL EDITOR LEADS YOU TO SOME OF THE MORE ROMANTIC (I.E., UNSPOILED) AREAS OF THE ISLANDS—BY **STEPHEN BIRNBAUM**

"THE APOTHEOSIS OF MYRA"—YOU'D THINK WHEN A GUY KILLED HIS WIFE HE'D BE RID OF HER. NOT IF SHE TURNS INTO SOME KIND OF INTERPLANETARY EARTH MOTHER. SCIENCE FICTION WITH A WRY TWIST—BY **WALTER TEVIS**

"TEN WAYS TO FIND A PERFECT 10"—FROM THE MAN WHO, AFTER STARRING OPPOSITE **BO DEREK** IN THE PAST YEAR'S SLEEPER HIT, OUGHT TO KNOW, ACTOR **DUDLEY MOORE**

"SOME PERSPECTIVES ON THE PENIS"—ONE OF AMERICA'S FOREMOST FEMALE EROTIC WRITERS TAKES A LONG, HARD LOOK AT THE MALE ORGAN—BY **LYNDA SCHOR**

"I WAS A FIRST-CLASS STOWAWAY"—FOR AN ASPIRING WRITER, SNEAKING ONTO A TRANSATLANTIC CRUISE SHIP SURE BEATS WORKING AS A WAITER ON SHORE—BY **PETER DALLAS**

"SUMMER SEX"—WHEN IT'S HOT, YOU'RE HOT. *PLAYBOY* TELLS YOU WHERE TO GO FOR THE BEST BEACHES, THE BEST SHADES, THE SEXIEST SWIMSUITS AND THE PERFECT TAN

"20 QUESTIONS: GEORGE HAMILTON"—SPEAKING OF SUNTANS, HERE'S HOW THE CONTEMPORARY CINEMA'S FUNNIEST DRACULA/ZORRO DOES IT (IT'S ALL IN THE CONTRACT)

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