PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1981 • $3.00

HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

OUR COVER GIRL— HOLLYWOOD'S FABULOUS BARBARA & BACH IN A DAZZLING PICTORIAL

URBAN COWGIRLS
A PHOTO ROUNDUP OF WOMEN TO SADDLE UP WITH

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW:
JOHN LENNON AND YOKO ONO
ON LOVE, SEX, MONEY, FAME AND ALL ABOUT THE BEATLES

CLEAVAGE IN THE OFFICE—
THE NEW BREED OF UPWARDLY MOBILE WOMEN
BY MICHAEL KORDA

STEPHEN KING
ON HORROR AND EVERYDAY LIFE

PLUS FICTION BY
RAY BRADBURY

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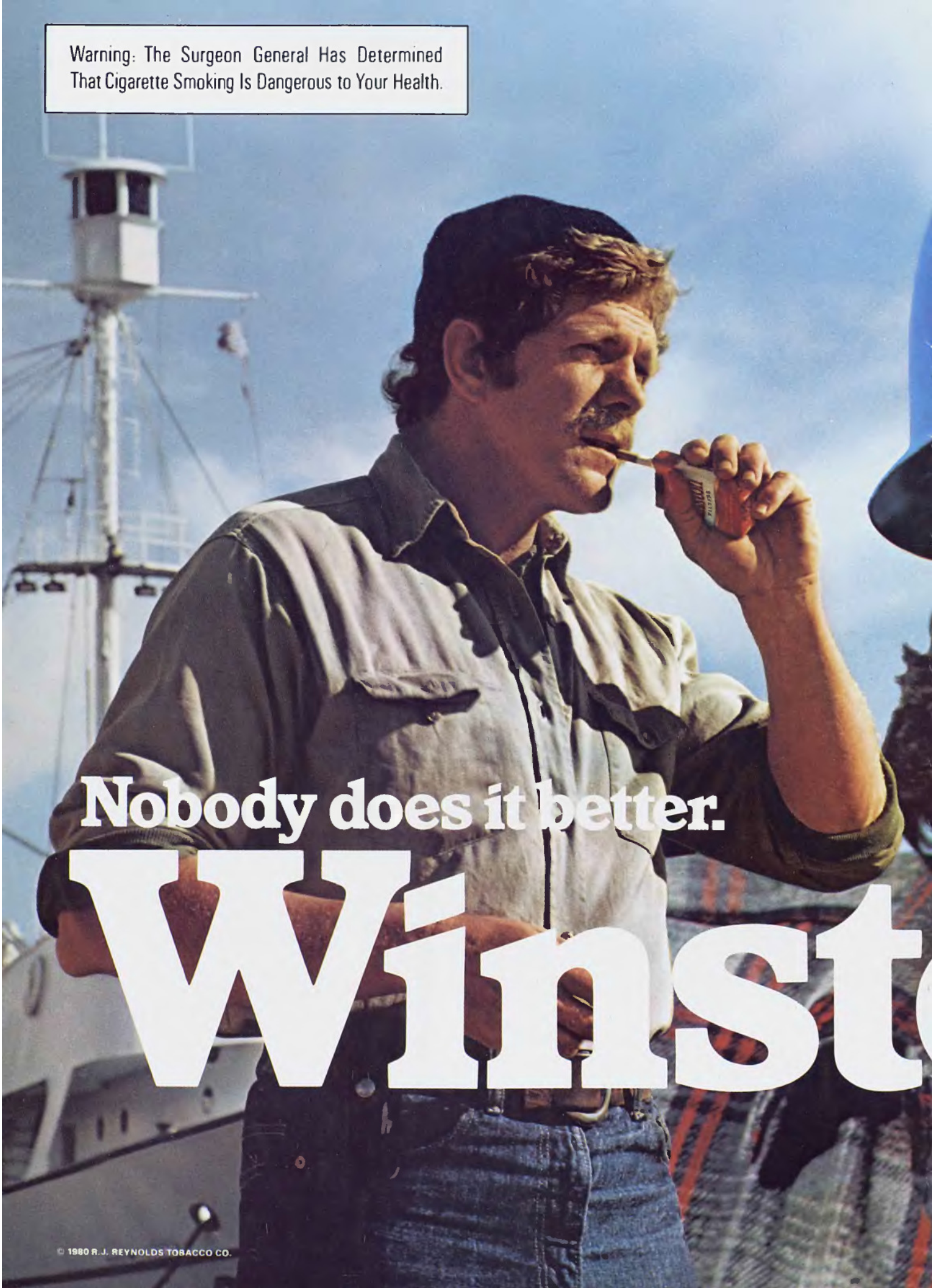
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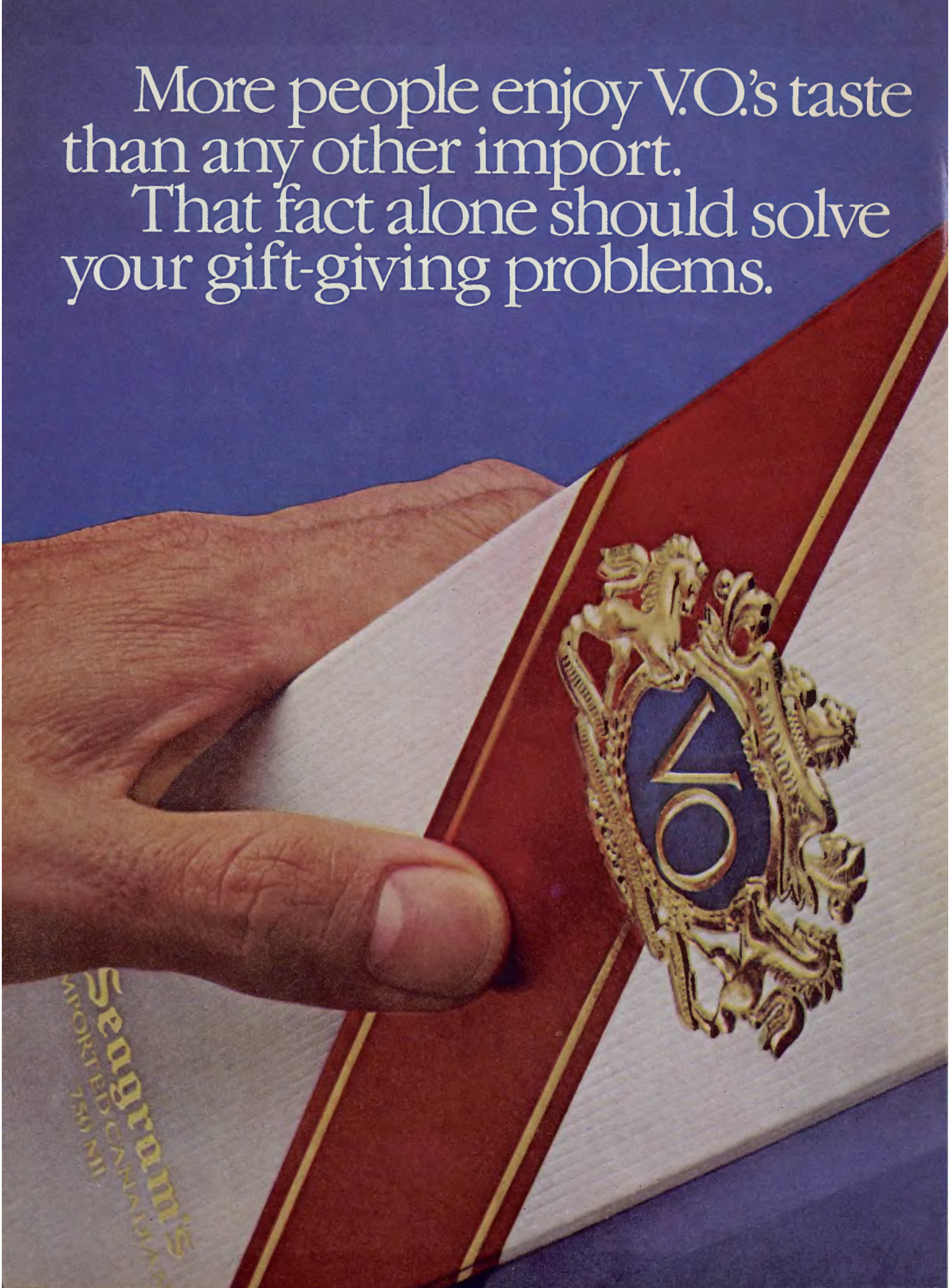
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THE SCIROCCO THAT WON JOHNNY RUTHERFORD.

Johnny Rutherford makes his living by driving over 200 miles an hour in a Chaparral that costs a quarter of a million dollars. He's won more races than you can shake a checkered flag at, including three firsts in the Indy 500.

Out of all the high performance cars there are in this world, the sports car he chose was the Volkswagen Scirocco. How come, J.R.?

"Because the Scirocco's overhead cam engine and front-wheel drive, along with excellent aerodynamics give it speed, performance, and believe it or not ... terrific fuel economy." (EPA estimated 25 mpg, 40 mpg highway estimate. Use "estimated mpg" for comparison. Mpg varies with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be less.)

"Whoever engineered this car did one heck of a job putting the power, handling, steering, comfort and braking all in just the right balance.

"Sure there are more powerful sports cars around but who needs them on the highway or in downtown Indianapolis. My Scirocco is plenty of car for me. All in all, it's a winner. And that's important.

"Because nobody ever remembers who finished second."

J.R., we couldn't have said it better ourselves.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

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PLAYBILL

THE EDITORS OF PLAYBOY have a particular fondness for the January issue. It is our way of throwing a party. We crowd as many old friends and new acquaintances as we can into the pages of the magazine and sit back to enjoy the sizzle of high energy, the snatches of conversation, the last-minute projects crowding through the door. Our noisemakers are motor-driven cameras, tape recorders and electric typewriters. Without fail, we are late in arriving at the printer's; but when the air clears, we have reason to celebrate.

First on our invitation list this year were the legendary **Lennons, John** and **Yoko**. It's been 11 years since the Beatles broke up and—in their lengthiest interview ever—John and his real-life Lady Mariko tell **David Sheff** what happened then, what has been going on since and their feelings about music, drugs, life, love and sex. It's a milestone *Playboy Interview*.

The Lennons have invested their money in registered Holsteins and valuable real estate. You probably thought that all rock stars blew their money on sex and drugs. Guess again. Money is the loveliest flower of the Eighties and real estate the drug of choice. **Ted Nugent** owns a mink ranch. **Pink Floyd** is into insurance, as in Floyd's of London. **The Doobie Brothers** lease space to a chain of seafood restaurants. **Peter S. Greenberg** uncovers the tax shelters, stock portfolios and other tangible assets of your fave raves in *Stocks, Bonds, Rock 'n' Roll*. Maybe we should ask the **Bee Gees** to bail out the economy.

It's a comfort to know that some goods are still durable. Take contributor emeritus **Ray Bradbury**, who seems like Father Time himself. This month's *Heart Transplant* (illustrated by **Philip Castle**) is a change of pace for the master: It is a realistic account of the end of an affair, a gem of a short story that might have grown into a novel, except that Bradbury has been busy this year. He is working on a screenplay of *Something Wicked This Way Comes*, with Steven Spielberg. Science-fiction freaks needn't despair: Bradbury recently published a book of poems for the space age, titled *Where Robot Mice and Robot Men Run Round in Robot Towns*. We've got sci-fi in the magazine, too: an excerpt from the new book from **Frank Herbert**, the Hugo Award–winning author of *Dune*. *God Emperor of Dune* is the fourth visit to our favorite planet: In this condensation of the book, to be published by Berkley/Putnam, the planetary ruler Leto II has metamorphosed into a giant sandworm. If that vision of horror is not sufficiently chilling, how about an essay by **Stephen King**, the author of *The Shining*, *Salem's Lot*, *The Stand* and *Firestarter*? *Why We Crave Horror Movies* is an excerpt from King's forthcoming book, *Danse Macabre*, to be published by Everest House. King explores the eerie, nightmare world of chain-saw massacres, cannibalism, teenage sex and sudden death: "Most of us would like to die peacefully in our beds at the age of 80 (preferably after a good meal, a bottle of really fine vino and a really super lay), but very few of us are interested in finding out how it might feel to get slowly crushed under an automobile lift while crankcase oil drips slowly onto our foreheads." King recently made his acting debut in *Knightriders*, written and directed by George (*Dawn of the Dead*, *Martin*) Romero, and has just completed the screenplay for a forthcoming Romero movie called *Creepshow*. You might say King is *steeped* in horror. Who else would ask, as he does in *Why We Crave Horror Movies*, "How would you like to have a leech jump out of a letter slot and fasten itself onto your face?"

Well, it depends on the alternatives. What would you do if, at this year's office party, your boss brushed her long blonde hair out of her eyes, unbuttoned the top of her blouse and licked her lips invitingly, while you were asking for a raise? **Michael Korda**, oracle of the executive suite and

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PLAYBOY (ISSN 0032-1478), JANUARY, 1981, VOL. 28, NO. 1. 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., $18 FOR 12 ISSUES. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLO. 80302.

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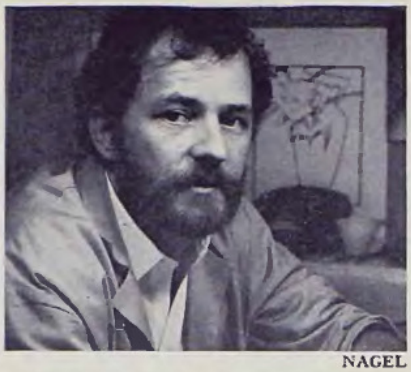

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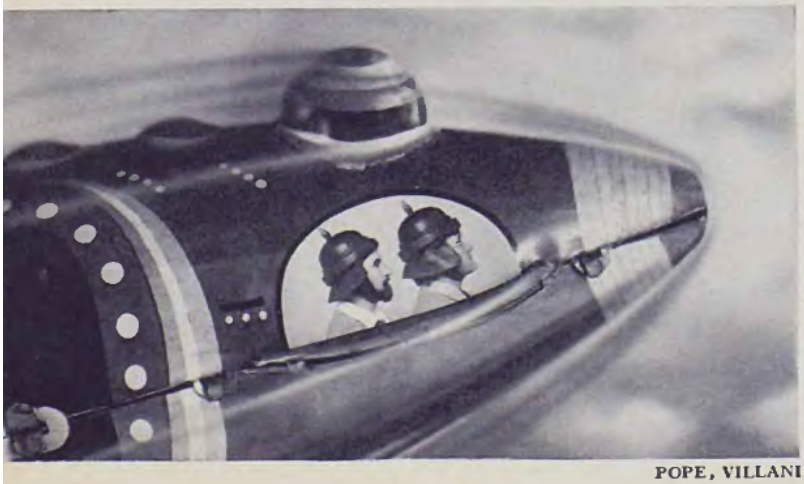

POPE, VILLANI

author of *Power! How to Get It, How to Use It* and *Success!*, explores the possibilities in *Sexual Office Politics: A Guide for the Eighties*. According to Korda, winners in the board room are winners in the bedroom, and now that women are finding their way to the top, you'd better watch it: The office pool is stocked with piranha. Sexual harassment is no longer exclusively a male perk. Artist **Dave McMacken** supplied the illustration. Korda is currently at work on a 1000-page novel, writing the screenplay for his book *Charmed Lives* and playing the role of the country squire on his farm in Dutchess County.

Maybe you are one of those devoted football fans who conserve their energy on New Year's Eve, saving themselves for the bowl games and looking forward to the ordeal of the Super Bowl. If the TV coverage seems boring and the coaches and players all sound like computer-controlled clones, it may be because you're not watching **Bum Phillips** and his Houston Oilers. Phillips is the only N.F.L. coach who chews plug tobacco "all the time, except when he's sleeping or eating. He's also the only one who wears cowboy boots, except when he's sleeping or showering." At least that's what **Roy Blount Jr.**, our ace chronicler of the eccentric, reported after we sent him to profile the Oilers coach in *The Prime of Coach Bum Phillips* (illustrated by **Don Vanderbeek**). Phillips claims to know about four things: barbecued ribs, gumbo, cold beer and pickup trucks; but don't believe him. He also knows about football. Blount's last encounter with inspired country-boy craziness was a profile of Billy Carter that ran in the November 1977 PLAYBOY. That article is now part of a book, *Crackers*. Blount's observations about being Southern.

Speaking of colorful, albeit scary, characters, we recommend that you read *The Astonishing Wrongs of the New Moral Right*. **Johnny Greene**'s report on the coalition of conservatives that has battled E.R.A. and abortion-law reform and has generally crusaded against sex, as well as worked to destroy liberal Senators and Congressmen. **George McGovern**—a battle-scarred registered liberal—gives a firsthand account, in *The New Right and the Old Paranoia*, of run-ins with those self-righteous moral imperialists, who are somewhere to the right of Genghis Khan.

But enough of harsh reality. Elsewhere in the magazine, we supply you with the information you need to get your act together for the new year. Travel Editor **Stephen Birnbaum** shows you how to be *Inn Love in Mexico*, a guide to picturesque accommodations in the magic world of *mariachi* bands, sultry *señoritas*, sunburn and margaritas. But don't be an ugly American; before you go, consult *The Tomorrow Show*, by Fashion Director **David Platt** (with sketches by **Pat Nagel**). Then throw your bag into the trunk of one of our *Cars '81: Playboy's Pick of the Pack*, selected and celebrated by **Gary Witzenburg**. Be sure to pack a bottle of cognac for those romantic tête-à-têtes. If you're unfamiliar with the secrets of God's own elixir, **Emanuel Greenberg** reveals them in *Cognac*.

Supposing you can still see on the morning after, we have a treat or two for your eyes. **Tom Koch** commemorates 1980 in *That Was the Year That Was*, while *Playboy's Playmate Review* gives you a visual playback of our gatefolds. Can we top last year? Look at Contributing Photographer **Ken Marcus**' shooting of Miss January, **Karen Price**. Or Executive Art Director **Tom Staebler** and **Garrick Madison**'s tribute to actress **Barbara Bach**, who found romance with **Ringo** on the set of *Caveman*. Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson** interviewed Barbara to round out the Bach bio. Managing Art Director **Kerig Pope** conspired with artist **Ron Villani** to capture *All That Flash*, a preview of the new *Flash Gordon* movie. Pope claims that his fascination with nostalgia is the result of brain damage—to be specific, the result of eating too many boxes of cereal to get to the prizes inside.

We haven't touched on everything, but you know how parties are. Come right in. We won't begin without you.

...and one for me.

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But we suggest you set aside an extra bottle for yourself. After all that shopping, you deserve it!

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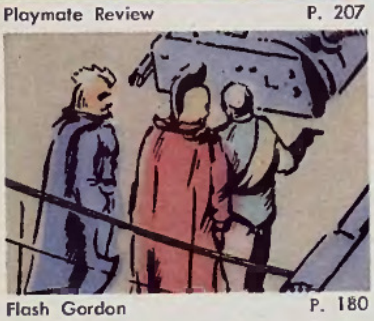

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COVER STORY

What could be better than Bach? More Bach; Barbara, that is (see page 120). You might remember her from *The Spy Who Loved Me* or from her earlier PLAYBOY feature, *Bonded Barbara* (June 1977). As a prehistoric heroine in her new flick, *Caveman*, Barbara displays a timeless beauty. Our star-filled cover was shot by Executive Art Director Tom Staebler and was produced by West Coast Photography Editor Marilyn Grabowski.

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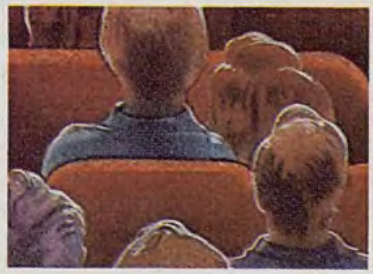

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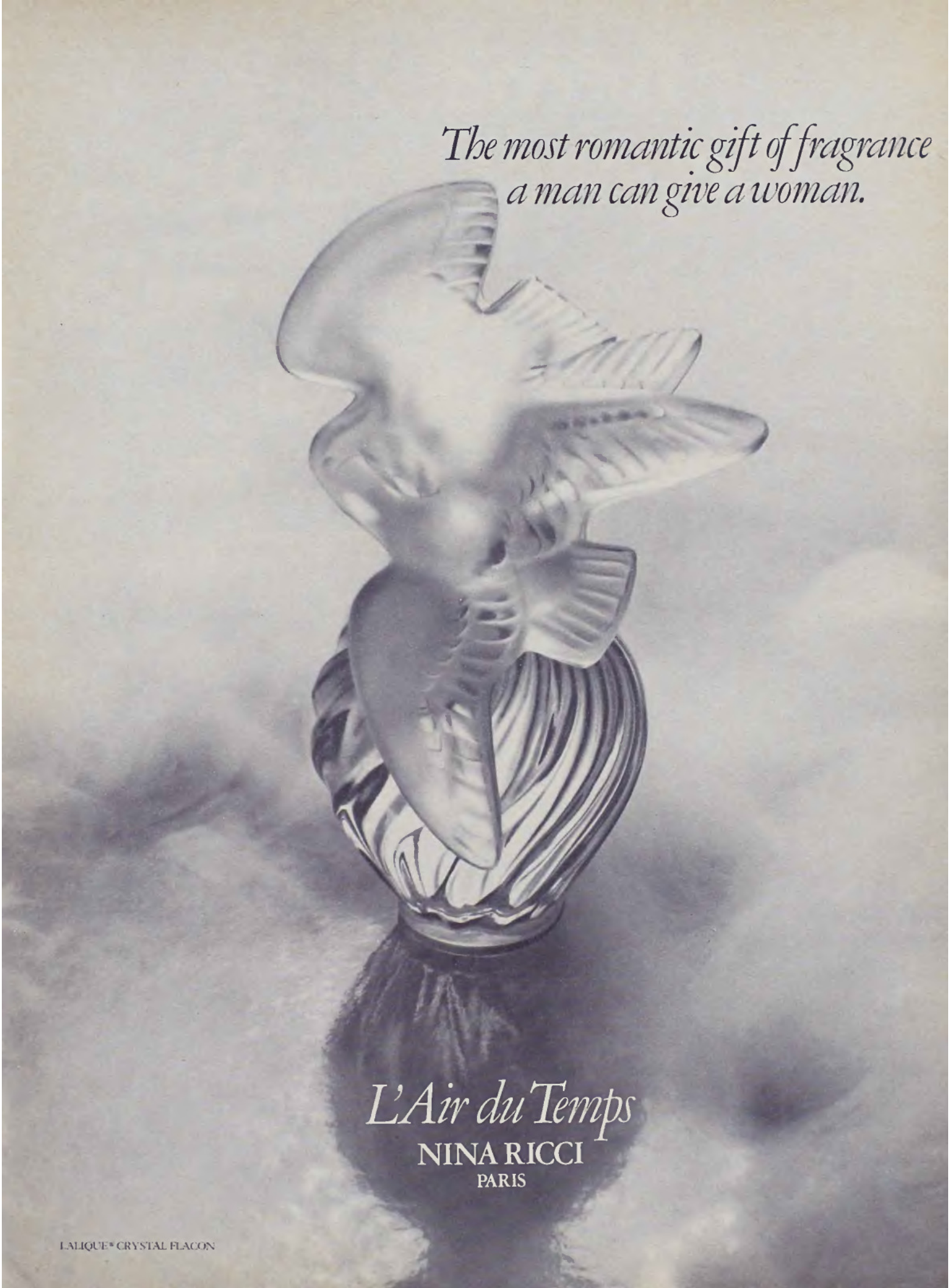
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

A WHALE OF A GOOD TIME

Peter Strauss delivers the conservationist argument (left) in *A Whale for the Killing*, Playboy Productions' upcoming ABC-TV movie. Edward L. Rissien is executive producer. At the film's L.A. Playboy Club wrap party (below) are TV producer Len Hill of Hill/Mendelker Productions, Hugh Hefner, Strauss and his lady, Shana Hoffman.

THE BUNNY ALSO RISES

Professional stunt woman Victoria Vanderkloot, wearing a Bunny Costume (below), rides a steel girder at topping-out ceremonies for the 21-story Playboy Hotel complex in Atlantic City. At right, Playboy Clubs President Victor Lownes and Playboy Enterprises V.P. Christie Hefner don't seem to mind having their stories topped. Beside Christie: New Jersey Governor Brendan Byrne.

EVEN COWBOYS GET THE BLUES

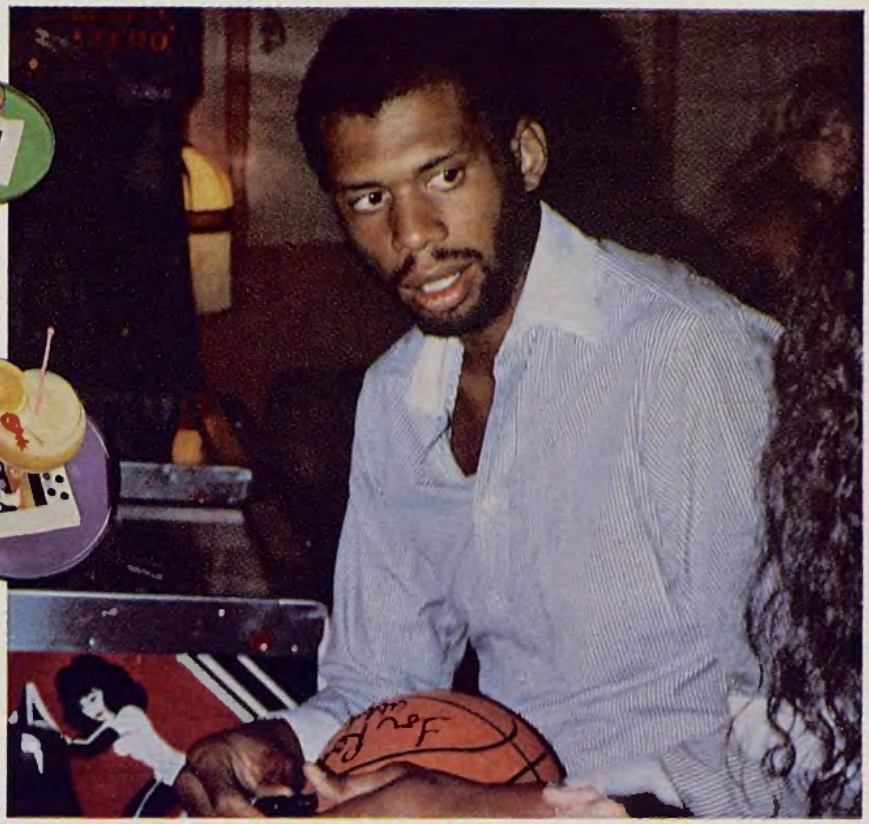
PLAYBOY Senior Editor Bill "Mad Dog" Helmer (below right) makes good on his pledge to give up cowboy hats, revealed in his September essay, *A Cowboy's Lament*. Manny Gammage of Texas Hatters in Austin tells Helmer his Panama was made by Al Cepone's hatmaker.

YOUR SERVE, SUSAN

Susan Sullivan (above, second from top) plays Lois, a waitress at a posh, Playboylike club, in ABC's new television series *It's a Living*. Susan had no trouble at all getting into her character—she worked her way through college as a Bunny in the New York Playboy Club.

GOOD SHOT, KAREEM

Seven-foot, two-inch Los Angeles Lakers center Kareem Abdul-Jabbar takes a time out at Playboy Mansion West (below). After boosting his acting career with *Airplane!*, Kareem hopes to lead the Lakers to a second consecutive N.B.A. title.



IF JACKIE'S THE NURSE, CALL US AN AMBULANCE!

The Bunny above looks very familiar to soap-opera buffs. She's none other than Bobbie Spencer, the nurse you love to hate on ABC's highly rated soap *General Hospital*. In real life, she's former New York Bunny Jackie Zeman, who now lives in Beverly Hills with her husband, Murray "The K" Kaufman.

THE SAGGY BAGGY BUNNY

Bunny Anna D'Agata compares cottontails with Booper the elephant, who masqueraded as a Bunny at the Chicago Playboy Club's Kids' Day. Children were treated to Circus Vargas and rides on Booper, who had trouble Bunny-dipping.

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LIDDY THE PATRIOT?

After reading your October interview with G. Gordon Liddy with a mixture of horror and fascination, I am now cognizant of the fact that the only beneficent result of Watergate was the exposure of this human time bomb who walked among us, a short fuse awaiting a match. It is frightening to contemplate that there now may be others like him moving with ease through all segments of our society.

Charles G. Gessner
Knoxville, Tennessee

I don't give a shit what anyone says: Liddy is one of the most admirable persons ever produced by the United States. I fervently hope there are other dedicated patriots cut from the same cloth as Liddy working in our Government today, keeping close watch on the insidious elements that would destroy our great country. Liddy, I salute you!

Mansfield Simmons
Oakland, California

Gordon Liddy, though quite fanatical (and I'm not sure that should carry a negative connotation), is direct, self-confident, intelligent and gutsy. Certainly a strange and complex character. Your interviewer, Eric Norden, had his hands full and did one hell of a good job. In the end, I admired the man—I think.

Brian K. Buggé
Setauket, New York

I'm one of those "naïve" Americans who believe that if you become like your enemy, then you *become* your enemy. If America has anything to offer the world, it is its intermittent commitment to rule by law, justice, openness and fairness. What Liddy represents is government by terrorism, which is no different from the rule of the Gestapo or the K.G.B. I resent persons like Liddy wrapping themselves in the American flag; his concept of government and of America would make Jefferson and the framers of the U. S. Constitution spin in their graves.

Douglas Pensack
Ecorse, Michigan

I would like to point out that Liddy's views, no matter how extreme, are realistic. His conception of the intelligence community is right on the money. People like Philip Agee and Jack Anderson are totally irresponsible and should be hanged from the highest tree if their public statements endanger the life of any Federal agent.

Bob Rohinsky
Storrs, Connecticut

Your interview demonstrates that there may be a fine line between superior intellect and lunacy. Liddy's assertion that "you sometimes have to employ extreme and extralegal methods to preserve the very system whose laws you're violating" follows the same logic as burning the house in order to eliminate the termites.

Rick Smith
Waubun, Minnesota

At least he's on our side. Uh, he *is* on our side, right?

Roger D. Metcalf
Arlington, Texas

PORN UNDER FIRE

As a sexually active, heterosexual, 41-year-old, single female (and 20-year PLAYBOY devotee), I applaud John Gordon's succinct article *Women Against Sex* (PLAYBOY, October). To me, the Women Against Pornography abound in tunnel vision and overkill (their actions actually advertise what they're against) and remind me of the suppressive and overzealous missionaries in the South Seas (you may recall the missionary

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), JANUARY, 1981, VOLUME 28, NUMBER 1. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, $48 FOR 36 ISSUES, $34 FOR 24 ISSUES, $18 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; MICHAEL DRUCKMAN, NEW YORK SALES MANAGER; RICHARD ATKINS, FASHION ADVERTISING MANAGER, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO 60611, RUSS WELLER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE; TROY, MICHIGAN 48084, JESS BALLEW, MANAGER, 3001 W. BIG BEAVER ROAD; LOS ANGELES 90010, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 4311 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD; SAN FRANCISCO 94104, TOM JONES, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY STREET.

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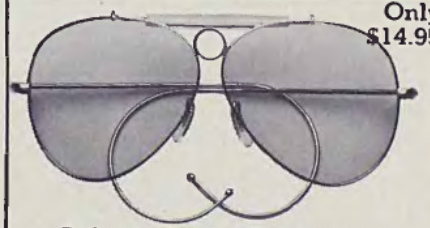

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position). It's too bad that so often, well-meaning people do more harm than good for their cause.

Kate Lunsford
Cleveland, Ohio

Women in these groups are hardly against sex, let me assure you. It is one of our favorite pastimes. Not many of us, though, indulge in pornographic literature to gratify ourselves. What we are trying to do, determinedly, is prevent violence against women—the violence portrayed in "snuff" films, in pictures of women tied and whipped, in pictures of little girls succumbing to the overtures of father figures. We are advocating, as Gordon so aptly perceived, boycotts of this kind of pornography, along with a heightened awareness of what its presence shows about the culture that produces it. In order to discover just what this pornography means, we've had to look at it. Closely. What we've discovered is that the violence blatantly displayed in this form of pornography shows in less blatant manifestations in advertising, television programing, literature, radio, music, motion pictures and virtually every form of mass-media entertainment. What we can't help but notice is the connection between the attitude toward women in the pictures and the attitudes men show us as individuals in the real world. We can't ignore the connection between the way our bosses pinch us and the ad that sells his copy machine with a picture of disembodied breasts. We talk about boycott and education much more frequently than about lynching, jailing or censorship. And when we do talk of jailing, our comments are aimed at rapists, at men who abuse women and at pornographers who use women and children against their will. Is that so unreasonable?

Katherine J. Jones
Eugene, Oregon

MARVY MARDI

I've just fallen in love with Miss October, Mardi Jacquet. Your reputation for presenting the world's most perfect women is intact for another month.

Kevin Campbell
Piscataway, New Jersey

Because I'm a park ranger at Lake Pleasant Regional Park, I am slightly disappointed and yet envious of the rangers along the Verde. Mardi states that she likes tubing down the Verde River. I am extending an open invitation to her to come and enjoy the fantastic Arizona waters of Lake Pleasant. Here she can indulge to her lovely heart's content her favorite sports of tubing, horseback riding, volleyball and, especially, Frisbee throwing. I could show her a toe-tip, nail-delay and overhand wrist-flip combination that would blow her mind.

Lon Ramirez
Lake Pleasant, Arizona

Our heartfelt thanks to Richard Fegley for his stunning portrayal of October Playmate Mardi Jacquet. She is one of the classiest, most inspiringly beautiful women we have seen in a long time, exquisitely upholding the fine PLAYBOY tradition of the best in wholesome, enchanting charm. Mardi is certainly our girl Tuesday or any other day of the week. Please allow us one more view of this sensational lady.

Michael Guinzburg
Derek Guth
Bronxville, New York

You've expressed our sentiments exactly, gentlemen. In fact, we're publishing

this picture as much for ourselves as for you.

FICTION FOLLOWER

Just a word about E. L. Doctorow's story *Loon Lake* in the October issue. Great. I wish I had written it. It takes its place with those other great stories, the one by Shel Silverstein about the private eye, the voodoo gal and the Devil (*The Devil & Billy Markham*), and the one a couple of years ago about the warrior doll whose killer soul was kept inside a gold chain. Pure genius.

Sam P. Antine
Euclid, Ohio

PRIME-TIME RELIGION

Being a devout, lifelong agnostic, I laughed and almost cried while reading Kate Nolan and James McKinley's hilarious *Heavenly Hosts: A Beginner's Guide to Television Evangelists* in your October issue. Laughter because it's one of the funniest things I've ever read; tears because those holy hucksters are bilking millions of gullible rubes out of hundreds of millions of dollars every year. For years, I've been advising friends to tune in to the Sunday-morning TV preachers. Hell, the ecclesiastical con men are funnier and more entertaining than the Saturday-morning cartoons. But I also advise my friends to be careful not to fall for their Gospel of unadulterated bullshit.

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

I can't thank you enough for publishing the article *Heavenly Hosts*. It says what I've been "preaching" for quite some time, that those insufferable asses have been sitting on their tax-exempt pulpits, milking "contributions" out of everyone unfortunate enough to view their shows. My favorite "pulpit pirate" is Jim Bakker of the P.T.L. (Pass the Loot) Club. Keep up the good work, PLAYBOY, and keep hitting the pew jumpers where they live, in the sacred deposit slip.

Dan Nicholson
Houston, Texas

As an American taxpayer, I am outraged at having to support those holy bums, on account of whose exemption from paying taxes the rest of us must pay that much more.

Photios Esphigmenitis
Pinellas Park, Florida

Congratulations for an outstanding view of the hypocrisy being passed off as true Christian ethics on our commercial television system. Keep up the informative reporting. We can use the laughter to offset the pressures of everyday living.

Richard Phillips
College Station, Texas

CANADIAN SUNSHINE

The *Girls of Canada* (PLAYBOY, October) is a beautiful pictorial. I'm in a position to appreciate it, as I'm a Canadian attending school in the U.S.A. I've always known Canada as a land of breath-taking beauty and you've shown the Canadian scenery I appreciate most.

Dan Mansiere
Santa Barbara, California

I am pleased about the article, because it'll make many of our American neighbors realize that we certainly do have more to do than build igloos, wear mukluks and watch hockey games. I'm sure your article will raise our tourism rate substantially!

Mrs. S. Retter
Montreal, Quebec

Regarding your October cover girl, S. J. Fellowes: Wow! S.J. is beautiful! Make me and all your other readers

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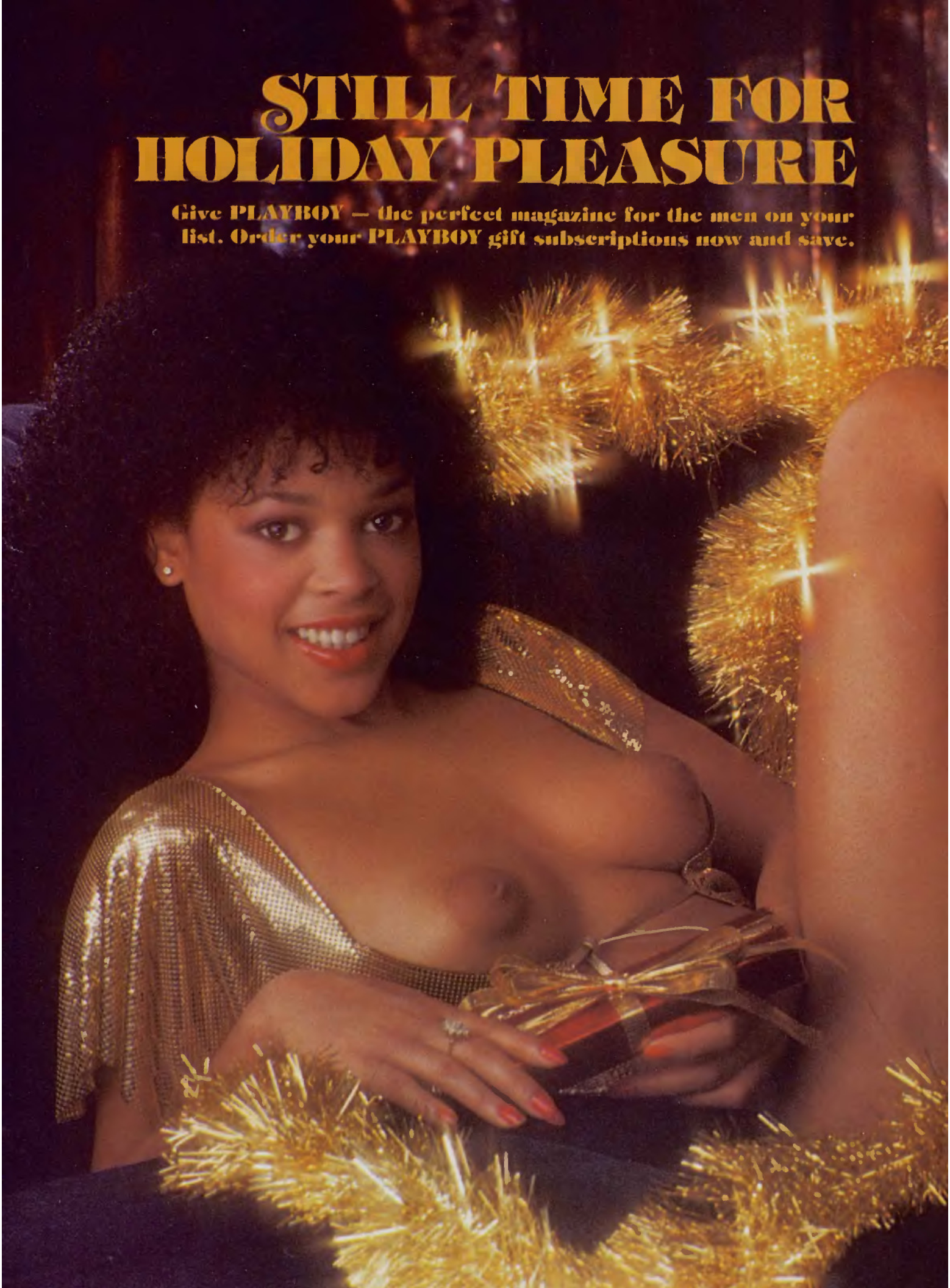
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with any taste at all ecstatically happy and make her a Playmate soon. Or, at least, give her a pictorial.

Scott Ruisch
Waretown, New Jersey

If S. J. Fellowes is any indication of what the rest of Canada's finest are like, I'm thinking of going north of the border and robbing a bank. It would be foolish to even think of resisting arrest.

John Retzlaff
Thonotosassa, Florida

OUTLAW ROBBINS

I appreciated Tom Robbins' *Still Life with Woodpecker* (PLAYBOY, September). As an outlaw thinker my whole life, I was heartened by the focus he gives to being an outlaw by sharpening it on the grinding stone of love. I'm glad to see we still have some true outlaw scripture being written, though I expect Robbins finds it most difficult to sustain himself by doing it. But Jesus was an outlaw, and so were Woody Guthrie and Jack Kerouac. As for me, I've just found the next book I'm buying.

Peter M. Doerr
Flint, Michigan

Still Life with Woodpecker is hot tar on the leaky roof of sanity.

Cary B. Connelly
Baltimore, Maryland

MUSCLE MADNESS

As a bodybuilder and subscriber to PLAYBOY, I'd like to thank you for the photos of Lisa Lyon (*Body Beautiful*, PLAYBOY, October). They should explode a couple of popular myths about female iron pumpers: that they end up looking like the Incredible Hulk's sister and that muscularity and femininity are mutually exclusive. On the contrary, female bodybuilders do not gain tremendous muscle bulk but, rather, muscle tone and definition, and muscularity very much accentuates any woman's body and femininity. While PLAYBOY will always showcase beautiful women, I believe Lisa is the feminine ideal of the future.

Bradee L. Beard
Eugene, Oregon

Although I have not been a fan of female body building, the photographs of Lisa Lyon have changed my mind. In no way does it give a woman a masculine look. In fact, it enhances the female form and makes a woman more sexy. Thanks to PLAYBOY, I have been won over to the cause of female body building. Let's have more, and soon.

Carl L. Jones
Lafayette, Louisiana

FBI ON TRIAL

Johnny Greene's article *Did the FBI Kill Viola Liuzzo?* in the October issue of PLAYBOY is excellent! But it does make you wonder what this country is coming to, when public officials and civil servants take it upon themselves to make life-and-death determinations over innocent citizens. Murder is murder, no matter who commits the crime. And we worry about gun-control laws!

Terrence M. Zajac
Scottsdale, Arizona

Regardless of whether the Ku Klux Klan or the FBI killed Viola Liuzzo, there is one inescapable and immutable fact: Had she stayed in Detroit and not gone to Alabama, where she had no business—repeat *where she had no business*—Liuzzo would not have been killed. Starry-eyed dreamers with "noble" intentions should learn a lesson from the Viola Liuzzo affair. That lesson is: Stay the hell home and mind your own goddamn business.

Dallas Rooks
San Francisco, California

HITTING *THE SWEET SPOT*

The Sweet Spot in Time, by John Jerome (PLAYBOY, October), brought back pleasant memories of playing baseball as a kid. I can still clearly recall those rare occasions when the ball seemed to leap off the bat after solid contact was made. Today I derive similar satisfaction from running, relishing those times when all the components of good form have fallen into place and my body is operating with smooth efficiency.

Paul Sullivan
San Francisco, California

John Jerome's article offers enormous insight into the essence of sport and, more important, into the nature of life. The principle that time slows down, performance is enhanced and pleasure intensified by the ability to focus confidence and attention on the action of the moment is as important to the control of the mind and the conduct of life as the theory of relativity is to science. Alas, it's also as difficult to master.

Michael Monsler
Oakland, California

WHAT GUY? WHERE?

Shame on you! As I was poring over your October issue, a picture in the *Grapevine* section caught my eye. I refer to the one of Morgan Fairchild and escort, misidentified as Erik Borman. He is Eric Boardman, a longtime member of Chicago's famous Second City troupe and a successful writer and actor on the Tim Conway television show. How about a little respect for a former Chicagoan?

John Johnston
Champaign, Illinois

Apologies to Boardman. Our attention was obviously directed elsewhere.

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Making an accurate and faithful recording on most cassette decks requires a lot of practice, a lot of patience and a lot of jumping up and down. After all, with conventional decks, you have to adjust the recording levels as the music varies. But not with Technics RS-M51.

The first thing the RS-M51 does is select the proper bias and EQ levels for normal, CrO_2 or the new metal tapes, automatically. That makes life easy.

So does our Autorec™ sensor. Just push a button and wait seven seconds while the RS-M51 seeks the proper recording level. 16 red LED's tell you the deck is in the "search" mode. When the green LED lights up, you're ready to go.

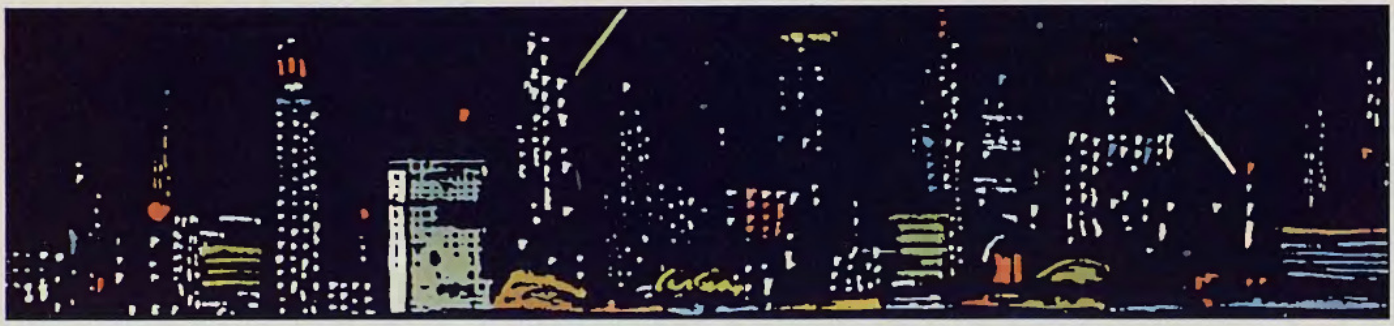
For manual control of the recording level, there's also a fine-adjust switch which raises or lowers levels in precise 2 dB steps. While the RS-M51's two-color peak-hold FL meters show you the signal being recorded.

With the RS-M51's record/playback and sendust/ferrite erase heads, you'll not only hear superb dynamic range, you'll also get a wide frequency response: 20 Hz to 18 kHz with metal. And with an electronically controlled DC motor and dynamically balanced flywheel, wow and flutter is just a spec (0.045%), not a noise.

Technics RS-M51. Don't be surprised if its intelligence goes right to your head.

Technics
The science of sound

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



MASTERPIECE THEATER

Here's an interesting scene for all you literature fans. The place: an exotic Parisian restaurant. The characters: Ernest Hemingway's granddaughter Margaux and France's noted literary character Françoise Sagan. Says Sagan to Margaux: "Ernest Hemingway was a third-rate writer!"

Says Margaux to Françoise: absolutely nothing. Instead, she hauls off and socks the aging pundit, sending her sprawling on the restaurant floor.

Says Françoise, getting to her feet: "I have seen the light. Your grandfather was a great writer!"

Now, that's the kind of literature course Papa would have approved of.

SIGNS FROM ABOVE

During a strike at Dubuque Theological Seminary, the first strike ever to involve the religious faculty, the following placards were spotted on a picket line: MAN DOES NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE . . . HE NEEDS MONEY, TOO! and TAKE THIS JOB AND SANCTIFY IT!

NOT BULLISH ON HEROISM

Bullfighting has always been considered a romantic, *mucho macho* sport. Pablo Picasso loved it. Francisco Franco loved it. Pepe Currillo loved it, too, until he found himself about to enter the ring at Bilbao, Spain, with the King Kong of bulls. Novice bullfighter Pepe discovered, much to his dismay, that his opponent was raised at the Victorino Martin Ranch—an outfit known for turning out unusually large and fierce creatures, considered musts to avoid by even the most seasoned pro. Pepe, watching the animal speed his way, promptly turned into a *primo* antihero. Hiding behind the wooden barrier at the far side of the ring, he stabbed the bull with his sword from safety. The crowd had quite a few words for Currillo, none of them being "*¡Olé!*" Pepe was subsequently arrested and fined $70 for violating his contract. After his court case, the bullfighter had time to reflect on the sport in general. "What does the crowd want? Do they want me to be killed by the bull?"

They don't spell *macho* like they used to.

TAKE TEA AND SEE

According to a group of scientists at the University of Hong Kong, a mystery plant can prevent pregnancy when brewed as tea and sipped by women at breakfast "the morning after." The mystery plant, now being studied by biochemist Dr. Y. C. Kong, is said to be abundant all over the world. "Women in most developing countries will be able to gather or grow it and make a tea out of it," says Kong, who is keeping the plant's identity mum until the pregnancy-fighting chemical it contains can be studied further. Kong is hoping to come up with the first flow-through tea bag that truly lives up to its name.

KILLER ELITE

It was the perfect night for a murder—a cool Gainesville, Florida, evening with no moon. A 21-year-old University of Florida business student whom we will call Tony had plotted the kill for days. He checked his gun, placed it under his NATO camouflage jacket, pulled a stocking mask over his head, then stole off into the night. He snuck into the empty room at the fraternity house, just as he had planned, a half hour before his victim would arrive, and hid patiently under the bed. The victim never knew what hit him.

The "murder" was a successful chapter in what has become the newest, and perhaps strangest, college fad. Students across the country are playing Killer, a sophisticated game that combines espionage with tag using toy guns and rubber-tipped darts. The object? Shoot your victim before he shoots you. Killer players have masqueraded as policemen, postmen and bug sprayers. They've shot victims in showers, beds and even a bowling-alley bathroom stall. One female Killer player managed to wangle a date out of her unsuspecting victim. After he wined and dined her, she invited him back to her apartment, and at the most intimate of moments, she blew him away.

The slay-for-play game has spread to UCLA, the University of Pennsylvania, California State and Florida State, thanks

to the efforts of Richard Baltin, a 23-year-old University of Florida law student who is president of KAOS (Killer as an Organized Sport) and claims the Gainesville chapter is the national headquarters. The game was brought to town when Baltin's roommate transferred to Florida from the University of Michigan in 1976, where an unorganized form of Killer had been a favorite dorm diversion since the early Sixties.

At the beginning of each game, players fill out biography sheets, which include vital information: physical description, including a current photo, address, make and color of car, daily schedule of classes, place of work and any hangouts. Players are both the hunter and the hunted; each killer is secretly assigned a victim, forming a self-executing circle. Plastic dart guns are distributed, an obituary board, on which the names of the deceased are posted, is erected, and the game is on. A hit must be made within seven days or the player is liquidated as a failure. One player, nearing his seven-day hit limit, wrote an eloquent plea asking his victim to commit suicide. When a person is shot, he turns over his victim sheet to the killer, who then pursues his next victim. The game ends when only one person remains. A keg party and award ceremony then follow.

While most students greet the inevitable shoot-outs with a bemused attitude, university officials are up in arms over Killer. "It is antithetical to the concept of human decency and everything a university is supposed to stand for," said University of Florida vice-president for student affairs Art Sandeen. Another administration official characterized the students as "a bunch of children playing cowboys and Indians."

Defenders of the game point out that it is no worse than games such as Risk, which entails conquering the world with armies. "Playing Killer can keep people out of trouble," Baltin explained earnestly. "If they weren't playing Killer, they could be taking drugs or robbing a 7-Eleven."

D.O.A. = C.O.D.

Just when you thought there was nothing certain in life but death and taxes, along comes the story of would-be Samaritan Mary Ellen Wolfe, who has stumbled over a unique combination of the two. Mary Ellen, a 62-year-old resident of Lakeside, Ohio, thought she'd be a good sport and leave her body to science, so she contacted the Medical College of Ohio at Toledo to let it know of her gift. She was somewhat dismayed to receive a letter from the chairman of the college anatomy department, Liberato J. A. DiDio, who told her that the school would be more than pleased with the gift—provided she send the department a $60 check to cover the handling costs. Not only that but, as a would-be donor, Mary Ellen had to "make provision for transportation" to the school.

The school's attitude was bad enough, but to cap it all off, Mary Ellen noted that the anatomy department had enclosed a self-addressed envelope for the $60 check *without* a stamp. These days, Miss Wolfe is taking a somewhat more pragmatic view of death and the afterlife. "When I go," she vows, "I'm going six feet under." Return postage guaranteed.

CHECKING IN

Los Angeles free-lancer Richard J. Pietschmann met with **Neil Diamond** *just as he completed a morning studio session for the album to "The Jazz Singer"—his first shot at the silver screen. Pietschmann's report: "Diamond strikes me as too tall for a superstar in a showbiz world populated by diminutive Jaggers, Johns, Hoffmans and Newmans. He was exceptionally polite and attentive but did blanch and swallow hard when I produced my tape recorder. No taping, he ordered, so I had to take notes. Oh, yes—he did volunteer one answer that doesn't appear here. His shoe size is 12½."*

PLAYBOY: How do you like yourself on-screen in *The Jazz Singer*?

DIAMOND: Much better than I thought I would. Filming makes me self-conscious. It makes me uncomfortable. I think I came off pretty well.

PLAYBOY: Why are you such a worrier?

DIAMOND: It's one of my hobbies, worrying. The responsibility comes with the job. The more you have to think about, the more you have to be careful. I'm constantly trying to stay out of the bullshit.

PLAYBOY: Are you too intense, driven, compulsive? Too much the perfectionist?

DIAMOND: (*Laughs*) Too intense to stand myself? That's part of my make-up, no question about it. But people expect you to know what you're doing when you're at the top, and to do it gracefully, so you try to play that part. I like to get things as good as they can get. I'm not as crazed about it anymore. I had the fear of death at one point—that every album I did would be the last.

PLAYBOY: What was it like growing up with Barbra Streisand back in Brooklyn?

DIAMOND: We sang in the mixed chorus together at Erasmus Hall High School, but we don't remember knowing each other. She remembers having a crush on the choral director.

PLAYBOY: Why did so many talented entertainers come out of that same area of Brooklyn at the same time?

DIAMOND: We were indoors a lot. The weather wasn't so good. It's not as though we were out on surfboards all day.

PLAYBOY: You appear calm, assured, in control. Are you really Mr. Cool?

DIAMOND: Barbra said my thing was being cool, and I guess I am self-controlled—the cool exterior. But it all goes on inside, a great combination of self-doubt and self-confidence. It's a wearing kind of battle that goes on with every performer. But it keeps the creative community honest.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that you're touchy and insecure about your looks. Do you think you're handsome?

DIAMOND: I don't think I'm insecure about my looks. I never thought about that. I try to be as attractive as I possibly can. I work at it.

PLAYBOY: What are your showbiz grooming tips for aspiring performers?

DIAMOND: Grooming tips? The only tip is to feel as good as you can in any clothing you're wearing—to fit your image of yourself that night. If you feel good in it and it helps you do your job better, then it's right.

PLAYBOY: How did you develop your stage presence? Is it *you*?

DIAMOND: You would be more aware of stage presence than I am. I'm aware of projecting. What I do onstage is me, I think, but magnified many, many times.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a smooth or a slick performer?

DIAMOND: That's a critic's word, slick. I don't know what "slick" is—it implies that there's no heart or emotion involved. Emotion is important in my performances. But I'd like to be as *smooth* as possible.

PLAYBOY: You've been friendly with the Kennedys. Didn't Ethel Kennedy once pour a beer on you?

DIAMOND: I've supported the Kennedys over the years, but I don't know if you can say we're friendly. (*Laughs*) Right. I was doing a benefit and Ethel Kennedy and Eunice Shriver were both backstage and wanted me to do different numbers. I could only do one, and it was Eunice's song. So Ethel came onstage and drenched me with a bucket of beer. I think it was a joke.

PLAYBOY: How tall are you?

DIAMOND: Five, eleven and three quarters. What kind of question is that?

PLAYBOY: Isn't that too tall for a pop-music star?

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I'll be home for Chivas.

FAMOUS PORNO WRITERS SCHOOL
LESSON ONE: THE OPENER

If, in boasting about a night of sex to friends, you have used the terms "Her love juices blended with mine" or "My manhood stirred," a career in porno novels could be on the horizon for you. It's fun, easy, rewarding ($300 a crack. Sorry.), and the announcement of your new avocation is bound to liven up any family get-together. The story line is the toughest part. Now think about the wildest, most exciting, pornographic, downright dirty sex you've ever experienced. Think about this real hard.

OK, obviously that's not going to work. To get your *creative* juices flowing, here are some suggested first paragraphs for your story. You take it from there:

• You can imagine my surprise when I switched on the lamp and discovered that the woman below me was none other than Eleanor Roosevelt.

• With the runway 100 feet ahead, Captain Murphy exploded in Karen's mouth and realized he'd forgotten about the landing gear.

• As the sun lowered over the endless cotton plantation, Veronica clutched the hot-coal buttocks belonging to the new slave Jackson. And she noticed a U. S. Labor Department representative approaching.

• Vicki asked me if I wanted to fuck a little ass. Had I known she had her cousin Sherman in mind, I would've said no immediately.

• Helga was a woman not accustomed to sexual toys or accessories. Later that night, she shrieked in pain as she chipped her tooth on a vibrator.

• The swing of the pendulum increased in frequency down in the damp, rat-infested, pitch-dark dungeon. For this I was paying $100 an hour?

• Kathy's surprise arrangement of a foursome was a real turn-on for me, until her parents walked into the bedroom.

• In the deserted classroom on the third floor, Mrs. Johnson patiently explained for little Danny the different markings on the ruler, as they disappeared one by one up her pussy.

• Antonio's fears of the Mafia Kiss of Death were alleviated when he felt Gina tug at his zipper.

• Having been a hooker for many years, Linda knew she was in trouble as she sat in the courtroom and watched 12 male exotic dancers take their seats. This, she determined, was a hung jury for sure.

• "Oh, fuck me, fuck me! I want all of it!" Betty screamed but received little response from the zucchini.

• Marvin's suspicions that he had wound up with a truly fat prostitute were verified when he noticed a license plate on her ass.

• Kyoko-san had been sexually unfulfilled ever since her husband had a terrible accident as a chef at Benihana of Tokyo.

• When the ever-romantic Janice told Mark that he was "the cream in her coffee," she wished he wouldn't take things so literally.

• Shirley had no idea that a four-foot penis would be so painful.

• Candy Pance, the newest starlet in Hollywood, fingered herself for half an hour to a squirming, exciting climax. Suddenly, she became aware that a crowd of reporters were standing at the window.

• Seeing my wife sleeping contentedly beside me, I chuckled, remembering that a long time ago, I once actually used a baseball bat for baseball.

• I thought I'd never see Niagara Falls until the much-aroused Sandra spread her legs in front of me.

Don't get discouraged if, in the beginning, things are coming slowly or your first draft fails to "arouse interest," as it's only the foreplay on the road to success. In no time at all, the first check will arrive; and from then on, you'll have plenty of lead in your pencil. —DAVE SPECTOR

DIAMOND: Well, it hasn't affected my voice at all.

PLAYBOY: What's your pet peeve?

DIAMOND: What is this, *Tiger Beat*? It's people who get annoyed when I smoke in a restaurant. The answer to your *next* question is: Pizza and chocolate cake.

MAGAZINE OF THE MONTH

Tired of those tattle-tailored gossip magazines? Here's a new journal that may give you pause—*Thanatology Today* (2315 Broadway, New York, New York 10024), guaranteed by its publisher to "keep you up to date in this exciting and profoundly relevant field"—the study of dying, death and grieving. Here's just a sampling of *T.T.*'s article topics: "Thanatologists Discuss Burn-Out of Colleagues from Excess Fame," "Researchers Design Unresolved Grief Medical Tool" and—printed proof that they practice what they preach—"Thanatologists Mourn Trends of Colleagues."

YOU AXED FOR IT

Very often, artists are tempted to give art critics the finger because of a bad review. In New York recently, an unknown painter outdid himself in that area while in the offices of the popular *Soho Weekly News*. Entering the building carrying a battered briefcase, artist Henry Benvenuti asked to see art editor Gerald Marzorati, saying that he had an appointment.

Marzorati, busy at the time, knew of no such appointment but told the visitor over the phone: "If you'd like to leave a phone number, I'll get back to you, probably in about two hours."

At that point, Benvenuti lost his cool, among other things. "You're like all the other art writers," he said into the phone. "I'll leave you a message."

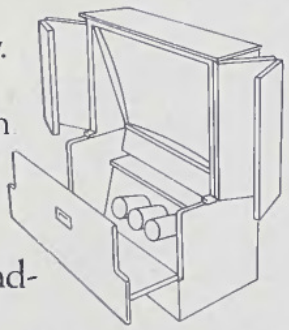
Opening his briefcase, he pulled out a hatchet, placed his hand on the reception desk and chopped off not one but two of his fingers. Benvenuti then walked out of the building, leaving his briefcase, hatchet and fingers behind. Within hours, the unknown artist was hospitalized and featured in newspaper headlines around New York. He had succeeded in making an instant name for himself, though insiders agree that he had blown a feature guest-star shot on *Bowling for Dollars*.

OOH-LA-LA

Most men in America wear pants. That doesn't make computer scientist David Hall very happy. While visiting New Delhi, Hall noticed how comfortable male skirts were. By allowing freer movement, he insists, skirts allow men's softer and more creative side to arise. "Some days I get up and I feel very masculine," he states. "Other days I feel artistic and feminine. That's when I reach for my skirt." And that's when we reach for the door, Dave.

Tomorrow is available for immediate delivery.

While you've been waiting patiently for the ultimate developments in projection tv and video recording, Mitsubishi has been quietly perfecting them. Well, maybe not so quietly.



Because, even before our new VS-510 projection tv and HS-300U videocassette recorder became available, videophiles all over the country were standing in line.

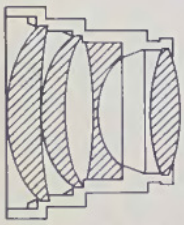
For the first 4-foot diagonal-measure picture that's bright, sharp, movie-like. In a woodgrain cabinet now available with optional bi-fold doors to cover the screen so it looks like furniture, not like the Incredible Hulk.

And for the only 2-or-6 hour VHS recorder with a full, 15-function wireless remote control. That lets you record, playback, pause, slo-mo, freeze-frame, fast-forward, search, you-name-it, from clear across the room.

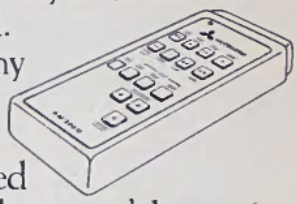
Now, however, both these products are in full-scale production. So you can probably see them at your nearest Mitsubishi dealership. (For the location, call (800) 447-4700* toll-free.) And when you see them in action, you're going to wonder.

"How does Mitsubishi do it, when nobody else in the world can?"

In the VS-510, we do it with optical-quality glass lenses and mirrors instead of the usual plastic. With seven stages of video amplification instead of the usual three. With superior electronic engineering for superior video and audio fidelity, for convenient operation.



In the HS-300U videocassette recorder, we do it with microprocessor circuitry and 5 direct-drive motors, instead of the usual 500 to 700 additional moving parts. With Varactor-type touch controls instead of the usual, wear-prone mechanical ones. With an infra-red remote control unit that instantly and quietly activates every one of those controls. With a programming capability that lets you pre-select as many as 42 different programs in a 7-day period.



So there's no longer any possible reason for you to hold back.

Not for more-advanced products, simply because there won't be any in the near future.

Not for lower prices, because there won't be any of those in the near future, either.

Which means there's no time like the present. To see the VS-510 and HS-300U at your Mitsubishi dealer's. Or check out his exceptional line of Mitsubishi television sets: from 13" to 25" diagonal measure, color or monochromatic.

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Light years before your head thought it would be here.

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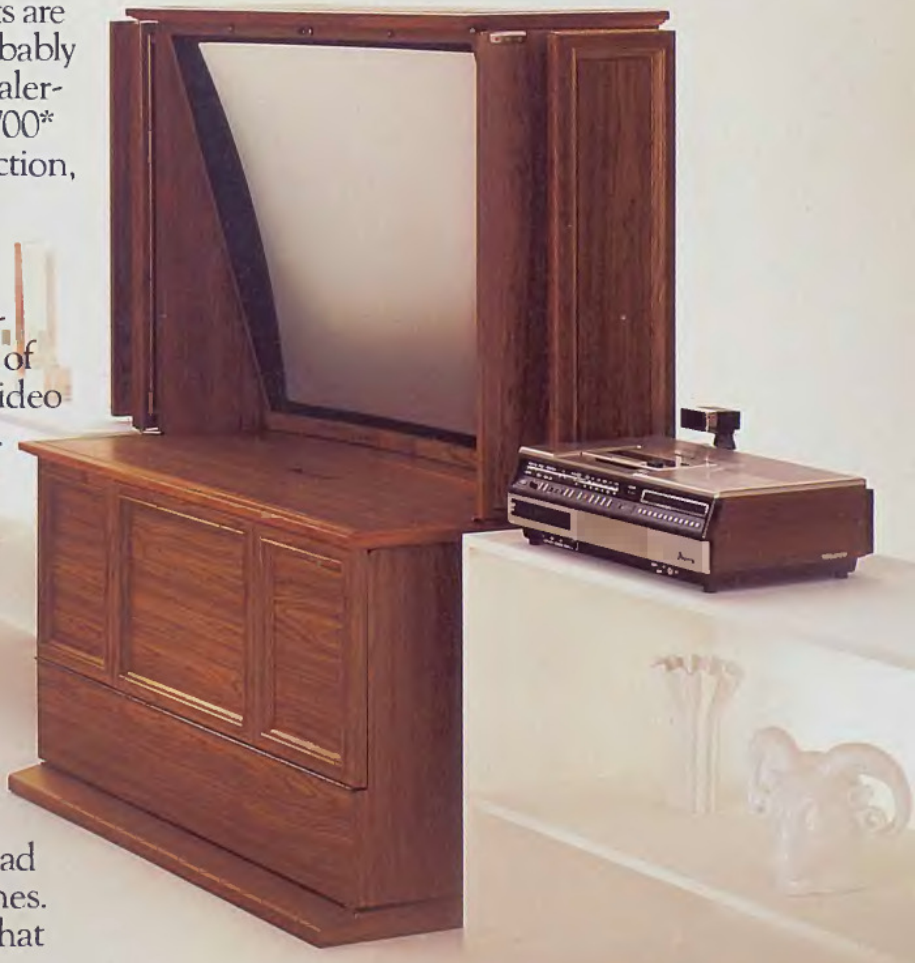

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BOOKS

If you've always been fascinated by the legendary sexual wisdom of the Orient but haven't read far beyond the *Kama Sutra*, you can finally satisfy your curiosity by buying ***Sexual Secrets: The Alchemy of Ecstasy*** (Destiny), a most remarkable presentation of the mystic sexual tradition called tantra. The authors, Nik Douglas and Penny Slinger, each spent more than ten years researching the book—he the lore, she the art—which is the most comprehensive and easy to read of any book on the subject we've seen. Douglas, who wrote most of it, studied Oriental art, philosophy, medicine and mystic sexual practices for eight years in the Himalayas, spent time with Hindu tantric adepts, Tibetan lamas and the like, and mastered Sanskrit along the way. Slinger created more than 600 illustrations for the large (about five pounds), 383-page volume, including more than 200 sexual postures. *Sexual Secrets* contains a complete illustrated *Kama Sutra*, *Ananga Ranga* and all the major Taoist love treatises. Its wonders are far too abundant to adequately describe here; our best recommendation is that this book broadened our view of sexual experience.

•

Michael Crichton's new book, ***Congo*** (Knopf), is an improbable salad. In it we meet a beautiful but chilly computer expert; Amy, a gorilla who knows English sign language; a hard-bitten veteran mercenary; and a group of heretofore unknown gray gorillas who kill people by bashing their brains out with mallets. We also learn about Type IIb boron-coated diamonds, which will revolutionize laser-computer technology. It seems that the industrial world is threatened in the Eighties with an information shortage, the impact of which would be more severe than the petroleum shortage of the Seventies. Nothing less than the free world as we know it is at stake here. Anyway, the gray gorillas guard the diamonds, and the computer expert, the mercenary and the talking gorilla are dispatched to the Congo to get them before the competing Germans and Japanese can. What's really exciting about this book is that it's full of wonderful jargon. Crichton wants you to learn something. He even has a suggested reading list disguised as a bibliography in the back. So it doesn't matter that the expedition to the unexplored Congo is not entirely successful. It's entertainingly informative—and one hell of a fast read.

•

Men's Rights: A Handbook for the 80's (Cragmont), by Bill and Laurie Wishard, is a book that every man should own.

Sexual Secrets: Orient X-press.

Secrets unravels love's mysteries, Eastern style; *Congo*'s a gem of a thriller.

Congo: gorilla warfare.

The authors, a father-and-daughter team, believe that what is happening to men in this culture is a direct result of what has happened to women: "The effects of women's liberation have been felt by every man in one way or another. . . . But how did men respond to the challenge posed by the women's movement? With a deafening silence." *Men's Rights* helps shatter that silence by giving us an encyclopedia of useful information about the male condition. There are chapters covering everything from the hazards of living together to tips on how to fight for child custody in a divorce case. There are check lists, quotes from legal precedents, discussions of historical changes—including advice on what to do if you're a victim of reverse sex discrimination, how to stay alive during a divorce trial, what's fair in terms of child support and alimony, when to demand visitation rights, what the *Marvin vs. Marvin* decision really means for men, how to handle a situation when your mate wants an abortion and you have doubts about it, where to go to find men's-rights groups and publications, and many more supportive and sensitive suggestions. A welcome and crucial book for the beleaguered American male.

•

If anyone still harbors doubts that Anthony Burgess is a master of the language and of fiction, ***Earthly Powers*** (Simon & Schuster) should dispel them. Its principal character, Kenneth Marshal Toomey, is a famous homosexual writer who may or may not have been loosely modeled after W. Somerset Maugham. Toomey is in his late years when he is asked to write about Don Carlo Campanati, an old friend who became Pope and for whom canonization procedures have been initiated. Their careers are oddly parallel: Campanati rose in the ranks of the Church through shrewdness and subtlety; Toomey's craft honed the same skills for him. It is, however, Burgess' triumph that he can successfully chart the lives of those two enormously intelligent yet dissimilar men. *Earthly Powers*—which was ten years in the writing—is a magnificent achievement.

•

Dr. George Sheehan has said of his own books, "They aren't journalism . . . they're about the *feel* of being a runner." It's hard to imagine that he could write more than one good book on the experience of putting one foot in front of the other, but ***This Running Life*** (Simon & Schuster) is his third. If you haven't read *Dr. Sheehan on Running* or *Running and Being*, this is a perfectly good introduction to the mystical/philosophical aspects of the sport. The best chapters, "The Effort" and "The Stress," have some wonderful lines in them, such as "If you want to win anything, a race, your self, your life, you have to go a little berserk."

•

It is inevitable that Gary Jennings' ***Aztec*** (Atheneum) be compared to James Clavell's *Shōgun*. It is long (768 pages), the story of a collision of two cultures

(Spanish and Aztec), a well-researched portrait of life in the courts of kings. Unfortunately, knowing whom he was going up against didn't help Jennings. The first chapter of *Shōgun* is one of the great narrative openings of our time—two pages and you are hooked. The narrative structure of *Aztec* calls upon the hero—a nearsighted Aztec merchant-nobleman called Mixtli—to tell the history of his people to a bunch of Catholic friars, who interrupt to write shocked letters to the Spanish king. It's forced. But put up with it. If you can get past the first few chapters, adjust your eyes to character names such as Póyectzin, Nezahualpíli and Mixpantzínco, and if you finally stay awake despite a florid prose style meant to echo the language of the ancients, you will have something to keep you satisfied—at least until Clavell comes out with *Noble House*.

•

In Michael Rubin's anthology ***Men Without Masks*** (Addison-Wesley), we're offered brief glimpses from diaries and journals into the emotional impulses of 30 well-known 20th Century men: Franz Kafka, James Dickey, Admiral Byrd and Thomas Merton, to name a few. The excerpts are frequently painful, occasionally enlightening but not particularly startling. The problem with a book like this is in the limitation of the form. It's difficult to excerpt a moment from an entire life without its surrounding truths.

•

The naïve and idealistic young owners of *The Point Reyes Light*, a little California weekly, amazed the national journalistic community by winning a 1979 Pulitzer Prize for their tenacious investigation of the Synanon organization. They amazed the local community by not getting clobbered or snake-bit. Now they recount their adventures in ***The Light on Synanon*** (Seaview), by Dave Mitchell, Cathy Mitchell and Richard J. Ofshe, a sociology prof who joined the team. A nice read, with a bit of suspense and a lot of insight into local publishing.

•

Our fascination with gruesome crimes and psychopaths has been well documented by the success of *The Executioner's Song*, *Helter Skelter*, *In Cold Blood*, et al. ***The Stranger Beside Me*** (Norton), the newest tribute to our bloodthirstiness, is the story of Ted Bundy. Remember him? He's the guy who may be responsible for the rape/mutilation/murder of 38 women; convicted of the murder of two women and a 12-year-old girl, he's currently in a Florida prison. The author, Ann Rule, is a former policewoman and crime writer for the pulps; but the twist is that she *knows* Bundy—both of them worked for a crisis hotline service in 1971, long before Bundy was suspected of anything more heinous than overtime parking. The friendship lasted, resulting in this unusually personal documentary. Bundy never confessed, but Rule re-creates the most plausible scenario for each murder or group of murders and recounts the evidence painstakingly.

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For aging hippies and comic collectors, a neocounterculture double-header from Rip Off Press: ***Wonder Wart-Hog and the Nurds of November***, featuring old and new adventures of Gilbert Shelton's celebrated "hog of steel," the first underground antihero; and Foolbert Sturgeon's [Frank Stack's] ***The New Adventures of Jesus***, the first complete collection of those classic strips. Both in large paperback at bookstores and head shops or from Rip Off Press, Box 14158, San Francisco, California 94114. That PLAYBOY first published Shelton in 1971 or that one of our editors supplied the foreword to Stack's book has in no way biased our enthusiastic reviewer.

HOLIDAY BOOK BAG

Season's greetings to all. Here's our selection of gift-book ideas to aid you in your holiday shopping spree. Once again, you won't go wrong choosing some of the first-rate fiction previewed in PLAYBOY during the year: ***Fanny*** (New American Library), Erica Jong's wonderful romp through the 18th Century; Mordecai Richler's ***Joshua Then and Now*** (Knopf) and Tom Robbins' ***Still Life with Woodpecker*** (Bantam), two comedies that take care of the 20th Century; and E. L. Doctorow's ***Loon Lake*** (Random House), which is part thriller, part odyssey set during the Great Depression and altogether strange.

It's getting to be a habit with us to devote a paragraph to the fine coffee-table books published by Harry N. Abrams, and this year's crop is exceptional: ***The Art of Maurice Sendak***, by Selma G. Lanes; ***Art Deco***, by Victor Arwas; ***The Absurd World of Charles Bragg***, by Geoffrey Taylor; and ***American Antique Toys 1830–1900***, by Bernard Barenholtz and Inez McClintock, with photographs by Bill Holland.

Also in the satirical spirit of Charles Bragg are two other special books we recommend, Tom Wolfe's ***In Our Time*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), a collection of drawings and comments on everything from jogging to the art world; and ***Lurie's World 1970–1980*** (The University Press of Hawaii), by Ranan R. Lurie, a selection of his caricatures and cartoons, mostly political, from the past decade. Two of the best *New Yorker* cartoonists, Edward Koren and George Booth, also have books out for the holidays. Koren's is ***"Well, There's Your Problem"*** (Pantheon), and Booth's is ***Pussycats Need Love, Too*** (Dodd, Mead).

Edward Hopper: The Art and the Artist (Norton) is by Gail Levin, curator of the major repository of the artist's works, the Hopper collection at the Whitney Museum of American Art. The book has more than 500 illustrations, 280 of them in color. And while *Shōgun* is still fresh in your memory, we'd like to suggest ***The Art of Hokusai in Book Illustration*** (Sotheby Parke Bernet / University of California Press), by Jack Hillier. Although Hokusai is probably the best-known Japanese artist in the West, his work as a book illustrator and designer of picture books is relatively unknown. This volume is the first to deal exclusively with his prints and traces the evolution of his print designs for everything from cheap novelettes to literary classics.

Let there be food and drink! ***Vino: The Wines and Winemakers of Italy*** (Atlantic Monthly Press), by Burton Anderson, takes on the Italian Peninsula, Sardinia and Sicily by region, wine makers and vineyards. ***Food: An Informal Dictionary*** (Simon & Schuster), by Waverly Root, serves up a comprehensive guide to the foods of the world from apple to zucchini. The volume is illustrated by everyone from Cézanne to Degas to Rembrandt.

We'd like to leave you with some special visions of the erotic to dance in your head. ***Nude: Photographs from 1850–1980*** (Viking), compiled, edited and prefaced by Constance Sullivan, with commentary by Ben Maddow, has more than 130 photographs of both men and women taken by the likes of Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Weston, Edward Steichen and Man Ray. ***The Lingerie Book*** (St. Martin's), by Mitchel Gray, with text by Mary Kennedy, is a series of stunning photos recording the evolution of underthings from 1900 to the present. It's funny, interesting and very sexy. Happy holidays!

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RASTA RETURN: The last time we met **Bob Marley**, we were standing on the porch of an empty wooden house that had once been Marley's residence. The house was located in a section of Kingston, Jamaica, that looked like a tropical South Bronx. Marley was surrounded by several Rastafarian men who wore knitted wool caps in the noonday sun. In the frame of the doorway, just above where Marley stood, two bullet holes from a sniper's attempt on his life a year earlier had been left unpatched as a reminder of the cult violence and intrigue that surround his Rastafarian brethren. It was sweltering. The Rastafarian men were holding court on Jamaican politics, tribal warfare, *reggae* music, dope and God while they smoked corona-sized joints and it was difficult to sift through their version of the king's English. There was no shade anywhere. It was called a press conference.

So, at first, it was unsettling to meet Marley again, this time seated in an easy chair in a lofty New York City hotel suite with a view of Central Park that some natives would kill for. Marley's current appearance in the United States had been calculated to effect some sort of tribal unity. His current major-American-city concert tour had been arranged with Marley not as a headliner, as he has been, but as an opening act for The Commodores, who have been successful with an audience least swayed by *reggae*—urban American blacks.

Apparently, the concessions ended there. In his hotel suite, Marley sat unaffected by the businessman's elegance that surrounded him, dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, with his shoes off and his serpentine dreadlocks disarranged about him. He looked strictly country and highly Jamaican. While we spoke, he softly strummed an acoustic guitar among snatches of conversation that often wandered into sermonizing and occasionally left us praying for subtitles.

He quickly shrugged off the notion that a citified black audience would alter his style of performance. (Lots of guitar strumming at this point.) He described his inspiration thusly: "Music come out of my chest warm with creation." He believes that most popular songwriters "think too hard." He is not upset at all with young and white New Wave groups that have incorporated and modified *reggae* music. "It is a sign that it is revelation time," Marley said. "This is a generation that seeks God." Despite the new generation, Marley sees the world going down the tubes. "The way scientists set up this world is total destruction," he said. "Even if him dead and gone, him leave a weapon that can kill thousands. Man set him own trap. The nuclear thing, taking a chance on time—that is foolish. Them no love God." When we asked him why his themes tended to dwell on darkness and not on light, he replied: "Hurt will rise up even if it laid over with concrete. It will rise up. But you see, if you have an explosion, that is bright. It light up the sky.

"If you smoke a little herb," he said, "you meditate good." (By this time, the people in his entourage who had been sitting quietly, as though they were auditioning for statues, were busy rolling, licking and lighting up fat joints.) "In this city, no one has a farm, though. No can receive herb as God gave it. No can sense the herb smell, the sense of greenness, of *hurt*. Here them call it marijuana so them can classify it and put a [criminal] charge on it. People here not smoking to meditate. No can smoke a little matchy-stick. Must have spliff. Must have access to these." He held a lumpy cone of ganja aloft. "You smoke this, you wouldn't just get a buzz," he insisted. "You must smoke the herb to meditate. *Get red*. You must smoke *as a man*," which we noticed he did by lighting the spliff at the end farthest from his lips. He never mentioned his latest record.

—STANLEY MIESES

HOLIDAY RECORD RACK: Rockers up to and including your 40-year-old uncle should go rockin' round the Christmas tree if they find The Rolling Stones' ***Emotional Rescue*** (Rolling Stones) among the digital neckties and silk watches—it was probably the best rock LP of the year. The Kinks are another geriatric act still kicking out the jams, and their ***One for the Road*** (Arista) is a memorable documentary of their live show. The sound track from ***Urban Cowboy*** (Full Moon/Asylum) is its own self-contained AOR station with a Texas accent—perfect for any heartthrob who wears a cowboy hat. Misanthropic teenagers and other fans of the bitter and cynical will be delighted beneath their sneers by Elvis Costello's 20-tune ***Get Happy!*** (Columbia). For those so disaffected they've dyed their hair purple and taken to wearing trash bags, or are simply contemplating it, ***London Calling*** (Epic), by The Clash, is a double-disc blast from the best of England's so-called New Wave bands.

It wouldn't be a year in country music without a new buddy album from Willie Nelson, and on ***San Antonio Rose*** (Columbia), Shotgun Willie teams up with the Cherokee Cowboy, Ray Price, in a collection of gems from the Fifties and Sixties. Speaking of buddies, George Jones and Johnny Paycheck (who used to be in Jones's band) are a couple of roughnecks who sing like a breeze on ***Double Trouble*** (Epic). And ace picker Roy Clark teams up with bluesman Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown on ***Makin' Music*** (MCA), a powerful good-time album. ***Hard Times*** (Columbia), by Lacy J. Dalton, sounds like the beginning of a smash career—she's often compared to Janis Joplin, but this gal's country. With a great band, a big voice and a way with a melody, Hank Williams, Jr., pays his respects to his pappy with ***Habits Old and New*** (Elektra). For close dancin', Gene Watson's ***No One Will Ever Know*** (Capitol) has solid, no-bullshit ballads and dreamy pedal steel guitar. And speedier types should enjoy ***Texas Bound and Flyin'*** (RCA), by Jerry Reed, which includes his catchy tunes from *Smokey and the Bandit*, I and II—plus lots of good picking.

The resurgence of great black vocal music this past year might cause some very pleasant confusion when it comes to gift giving this season, but you can't go wrong with Stevie Wonder's ***Hotter Than July*** (Tamla/Motown) or Earth, Wind & Fire's ***Faces*** (Columbia). For hip harmony beneath the Christmas tree, we suggest the Manhattans' ***After Midnight*** (Columbia) and ***Ray, Goodman & Brown II*** (Polydor). For more intimate situations, you'll be assisted by George Benson on ***Give Me the Night*** (Warner/Quest) and Diana Ross on ***Diana*** (Motown). And don't forget the holiday parties: You'll be the guest of honor if you arrive with

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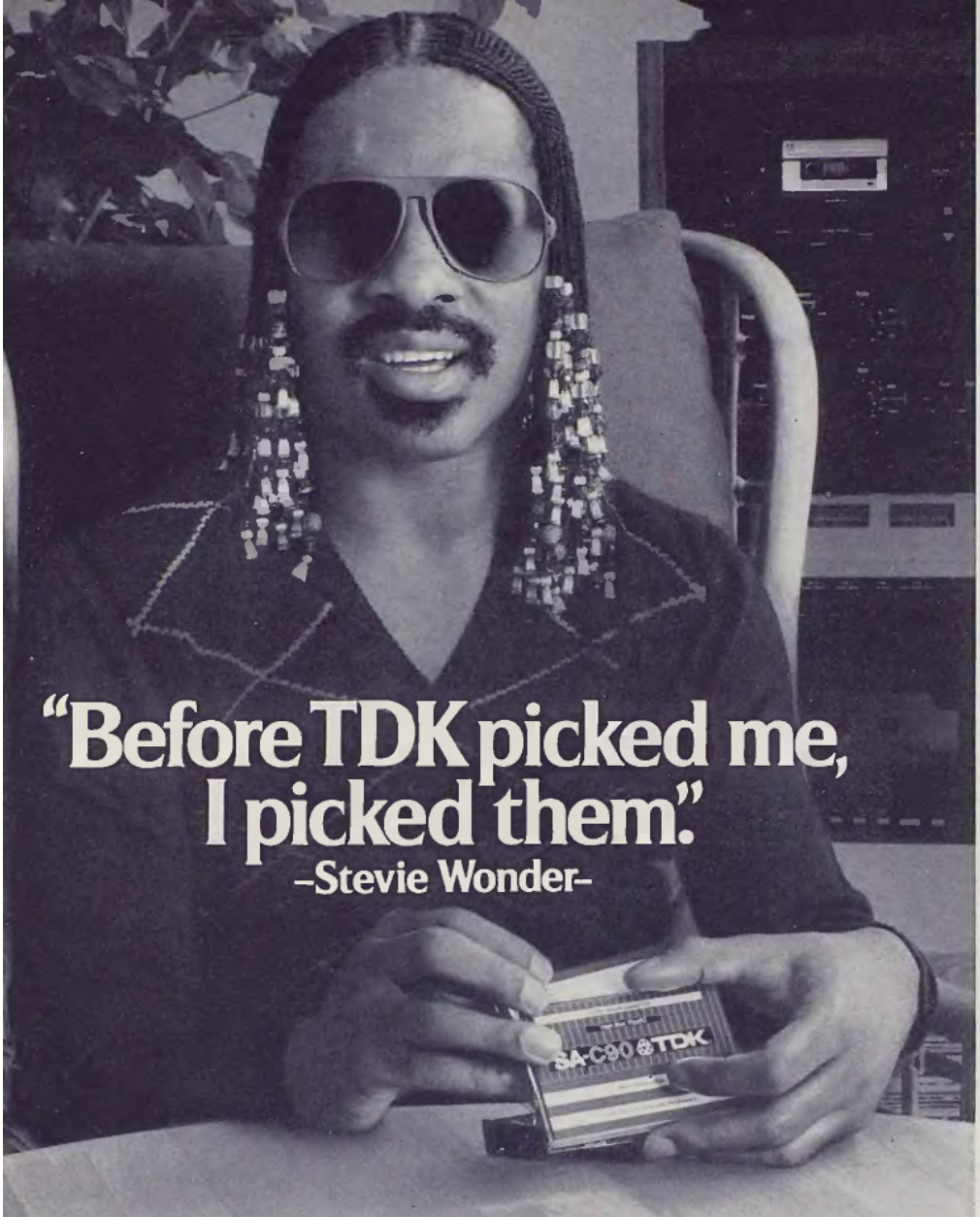

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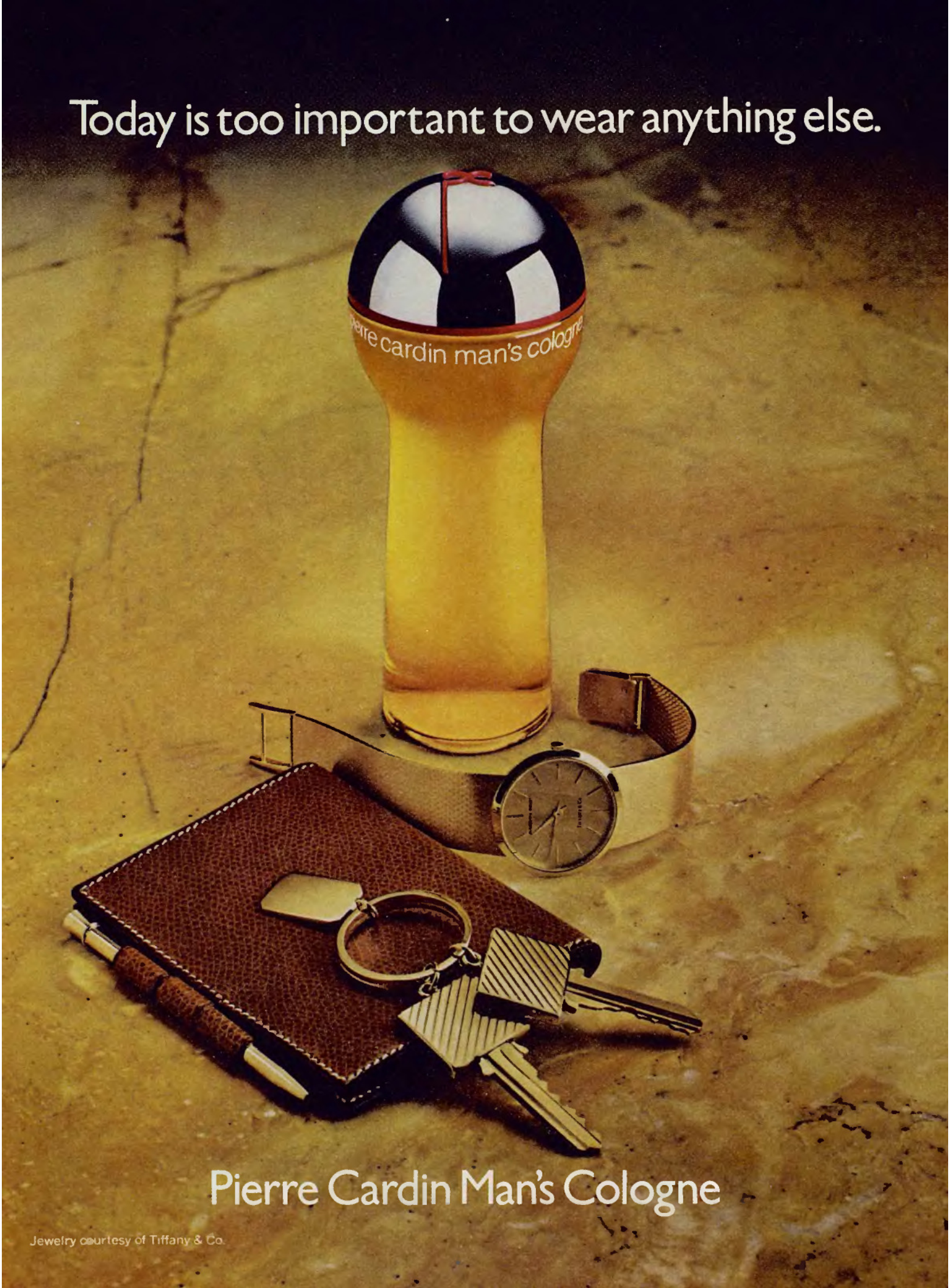
the S.O.S. Band's ***S.O.S.*** (Tabu). Teddy Pendergrass' ***TP*** (Philadelphia International). The Jacksons' ***Triumph*** (Epic) or Bob Marley's ***Uprising*** (Island). The rest is up to you.

Although not widely acknowledged, the way to a serious jazz lover's heart is through the *ears*. So if you're serious about someone who is serious about jazz, there's no better way of showing it than by presenting him or her with ***Miles Davis: Chronicle*** (Prestige), a 12-LP set that contains all the recordings Miles did for Prestige during the seminal years 1951–1956. It's a limited edition of 10,000 and, at $125, it's not cheap—but then again, you are serious, aren't you? A recent reissue that will bring joy to the hearts of Charles Mingus fans is ***Charles Mingus Presents Charles Mingus*** (Barnaby/Candid Jazz) and there's also the newly released ***Mingus at Antibes*** (Atlantic), the latter a live two-LP set, both of which feature the brilliant Eric Dolphy. Some of the most intriguing recordings of the past year were made by younger players reinterpreting classic jazz compositions, with dazzling results. Arthur Blythe's ***In the Tradition*** (Columbia), AIR's ***Airlore*** (Arista/Novus) and Jack DeJohnette's ***Special Edition*** (ECM) are all fine examples of this new musical direction. Sonny Rollins is a classic unto himself, but his music on ***Love at First Sight*** (Milestone) is fresher and more delightful than ever. Al DiMeola, the young guitarist, takes fusion music in every direction at once on ***Hotel Splendido*** (Columbia) and by dint of sheer talent, makes it work.

For audiophiles, there's a new, digital recording of Beethoven's ***Fidelio*** (London); Sir Georg Solti's Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Chorus sound stunning, thanks to the latest stereo technology. For the Bach buff, there's ***Brandenburg Concertos*** (Angel), from the L.A. Chamber Orchestra under Gerard Schwarz—modern-day instruments but authentic baroque style. And for those whose musical tastes reach even farther back, we suggest ***A Merry Mood: Renaissance Music for Two Lutes*** (JRB), with lutanists Linn Barnes and Allison Hampton. Recent Beethoven from Leonard Bernstein includes the Concertgebouw's ***Missa Solemnis*** (DG) and, for larger gift budgets, ***The Nine Symphonies*** (DG) performed by the Vienna Philharmonic. Lenny gives us a less romantic, more classical view of the music than he did in his older Columbia sets—and better sound. Finally, for the Mozart maniac, you can't go wrong with the sound-track recording from Joseph Losey's film of ***Don Giovanni*** (CBS Masterworks).

REVIEWS

Elvis Costello's ***Taking Liberties*** (Columbia) is a collection of 20 B sides and previously unreleased esoterica that falls short of his other albums because it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lacks a real killer, but Elvis is still the brightest rock songwriter to come along in years, so this is still worth the trip.

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Pablo Today has its own Duke Ellington festival going, with the simultaneous release of Sarah Vaughan's breath-taking ***Duke Ellington Song Book Two;*** Zoot Sims's ***Passion Flower,*** on which the tenor man benefits from Benny Carter's big-band charts; ***Memories of Duke,*** wherein The Clark Terry Five captures the man's aura of sophisticated bluesiness; and ***All Too Soon,*** on which selected Ellington compositions get loving treatment from Joe Pass, Ray Brown, Mickey Roker and Milt Jackson—who always seems to rise to an occasion, and in this case comes up with his best playing in some time.

For those who don't get enough of Joe Pass's guitar on this set (he's on all the albums except *Passion Flower*), Pablo Live has ***Northsea Nights***—more dialog with the Scandinavian bassist Niels Henning Orsted Pederson, in a language spoken only by great instrumentalists—and Blue Note has reissued ***The Complete "Catch Me!" Sessions,*** which brought Pass's fiery and fluid guitarwork to the attention of an appreciative jazz world in 1963 and is still a knockout.

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It's gotten to where you can't judge an album until, popcorn in hand, you've sat through the midnight show of the movie. In the past few months, we've ear-eye-synced *The Rose, No Nukes, Urban Cowboy, Xanadu* and now Paul Simon's ***One-Trick Pony*** (Warner Bros.). If there is an audio version of *cinéma vérité,* this album is it. Simon's lyrics depict the life of a club musician with Zen precision. There are echoes of old songs—the music drifting through the walls in *Late in the Evening* resonates with "lovers in the next room, out to win a prize" from *Duncan.* Simon does for autobiography what Nabokov did with *Speak, Memory.* If you listen enough times, you won't have to see the movie—and that is songwriting elevated to art.

SHORT CUTS

Shotgun / Kingdom Come (MCA): A double-barreled blast, with sentimental ballads and hell-bent boogies.

Willie Nelson & Family / Honeysuckle Rose (Columbia): Willie's got the best performing band in country music, so the only true way to catch it is in the flesh in concert—but this sound track is the next best thing. Our only complaint is that there's a little too much family and a little too little Willie on the four sides here.

Maze, featuring Frankie Beverly / Joy and Pain (Capitol): Melodic soul, with interesting instrumental support and a positive ambience.

Merle Haggard / The Way I Am (MCA): Sad, soulful and surprisingly suave.

FAST TRACKS

SAVE US FROM TWO ORCHESTRA SEATS ON THE AISLE OEPARTMENT: In an effort to stay up on religious music, we bring you reports now and then on Bob Dylan, who, as we go to press, is set to headline at a "Born Again Woodstock" festival in London's Wembley Arena with Billy Preston and Cliff Richard. This would be a fairly ho-hum announcement if the *star* of the event weren't Billy Graham. My sweet Lord. . . .

NEWSBREAKS: Newly released Government documents reveal that in the Sixties, the FBI maintained secret files on big-name rock stars such as **Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix, The Fugs** and **Janis Joplin.** The documents, which, among other things, accused Morrison of pulling out "all stops in an effort to provoke chaos among a huge crowd of young people," were made available to *Alternative Media* magazine under provisions of the Freedom of Information Act. . . . Celebrity jeans are now being pitched by country stars from **Willie Nelson** to **Mickey Gilley,** from **Loretta Lynn** to **Conway Twitty.** Lawd, Lawd, what will **Calvin Klein** say about that? . . . **Elvis** Lives On Department: You can buy photocopies of El's will, the **Presley** family cookbook, copies of bootlegged albums and our favorite in the bad-taste sweepstakes, *I Called Him Babe,* a book by Elvis' nurse, which includes a chapter titled *Elvis on My Floor Again.* . . . The original stage production of *Jesus Christ Superstar* has ended its London run after 3357 performances. The show grossed more than $250,000,000 world-wide. . . . The legendary Abbey Road recording studio in London was the scene of a very special auction that the studio called the sale of the century. The most interesting item sold was the four-track tape recorder on which the **Beatles** recorded the *Sgt. Pepper* album. . . . **Peter Townshend** says he's going to publish a book of erotic stories, all based on dreams he's actually had. . . . **Musicians United for Sofe Energy** (MUSE) reports it made more than $1,000,000 net profit from its concerts and the sales of a triple-disc album recorded at them. About half of that money has been invested in the film *No Nukes,* while the rest has been distributed to more than 250 local and national groups crusading for alternative energy sources. Subsequent profits from the movie will be turned over as well. . . . The three surviving members of **The Doors** decided to produce *The Final Doors Complete Greatest Hits Album* from tapes that are now more than ten years old. The record should be available right about now.

RANDOM RUMORS: **Kinky Friedmon** says he's decided to adopt a new name for his backup group, formerly known as **The Texas Jewboys.** His first choice for a new name is **The Exxon Brothers,** but it's said the oil company and its lawyers are not interested in cooperating. . . . After nearly a decade of not talking, **Paul McCartney** has finally—in his words—"broken the whole voodoo of talking about the **Beatles.**" When asked for the causes of Beatles' breakup, McCartney said it was a combination of minor musical differences with **Lennon, Yoko** and other "miscellaneous" stuff. . . . **Patty Hearst** going punk? Well, not exactly, if going to hear the **Surf Punks** in concert is the only evidence. The Surf Punks aren't *that* heavy. . . . Although we've heard the rumor before, we're hearing again that **Mick** is going to China to investigate a possible **Rolling Stones** tour there. Western pop music has been denounced as "frivolous" by a Peking critic. Frivolous numbers now enjoying considerable success in China include the theme from *Grease,* Beatles songs and the old show tune *Buttons and Bows.*

REELING AND ROCKING: The National Lampoon Inc. has announced plans to produce an animated movie based on stories from *Heavy Metal,* the company's science-fiction mag. The movie will feature original rock music composed and performed by international rock acts. —BARBARA NELLIS

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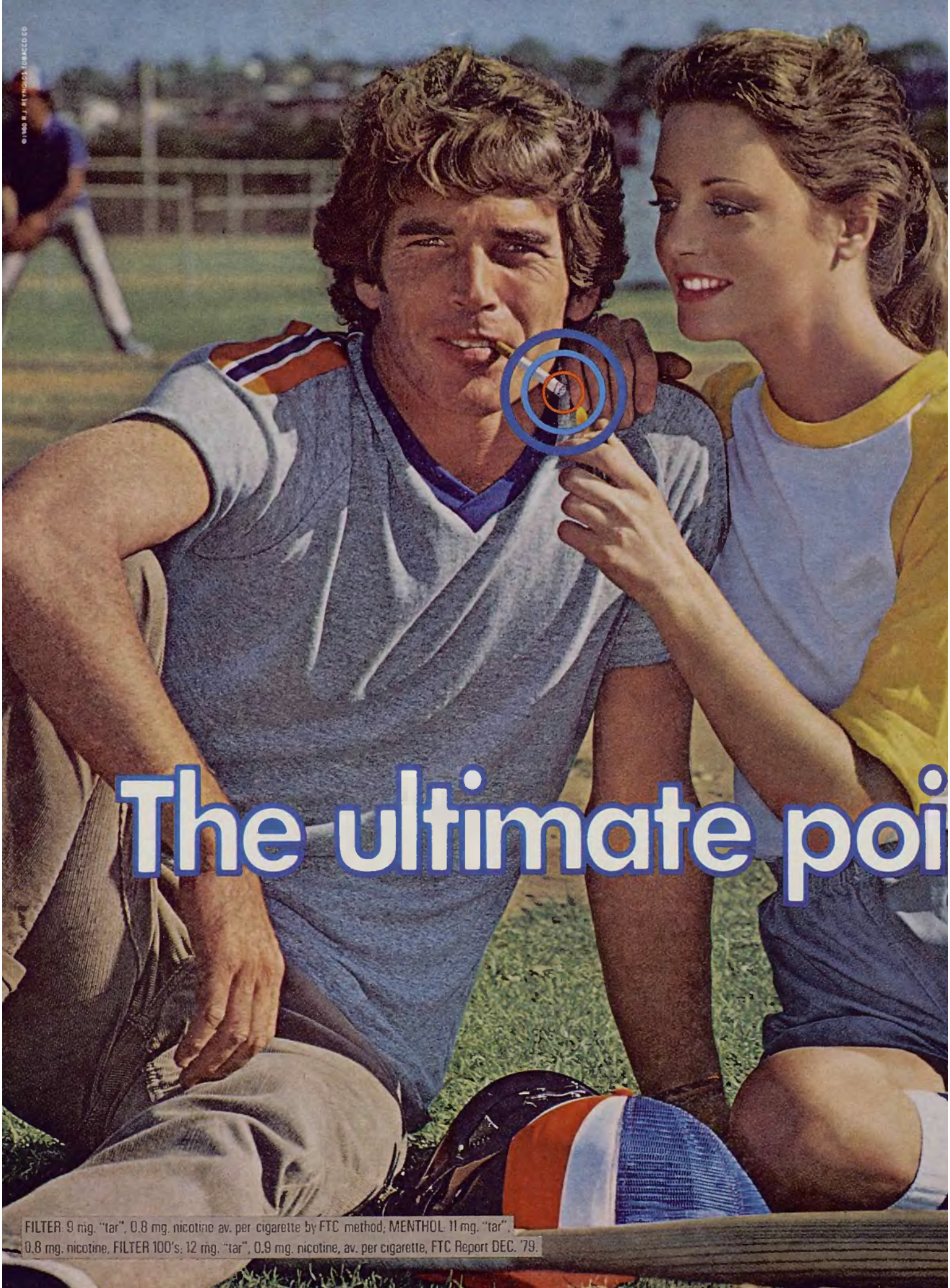

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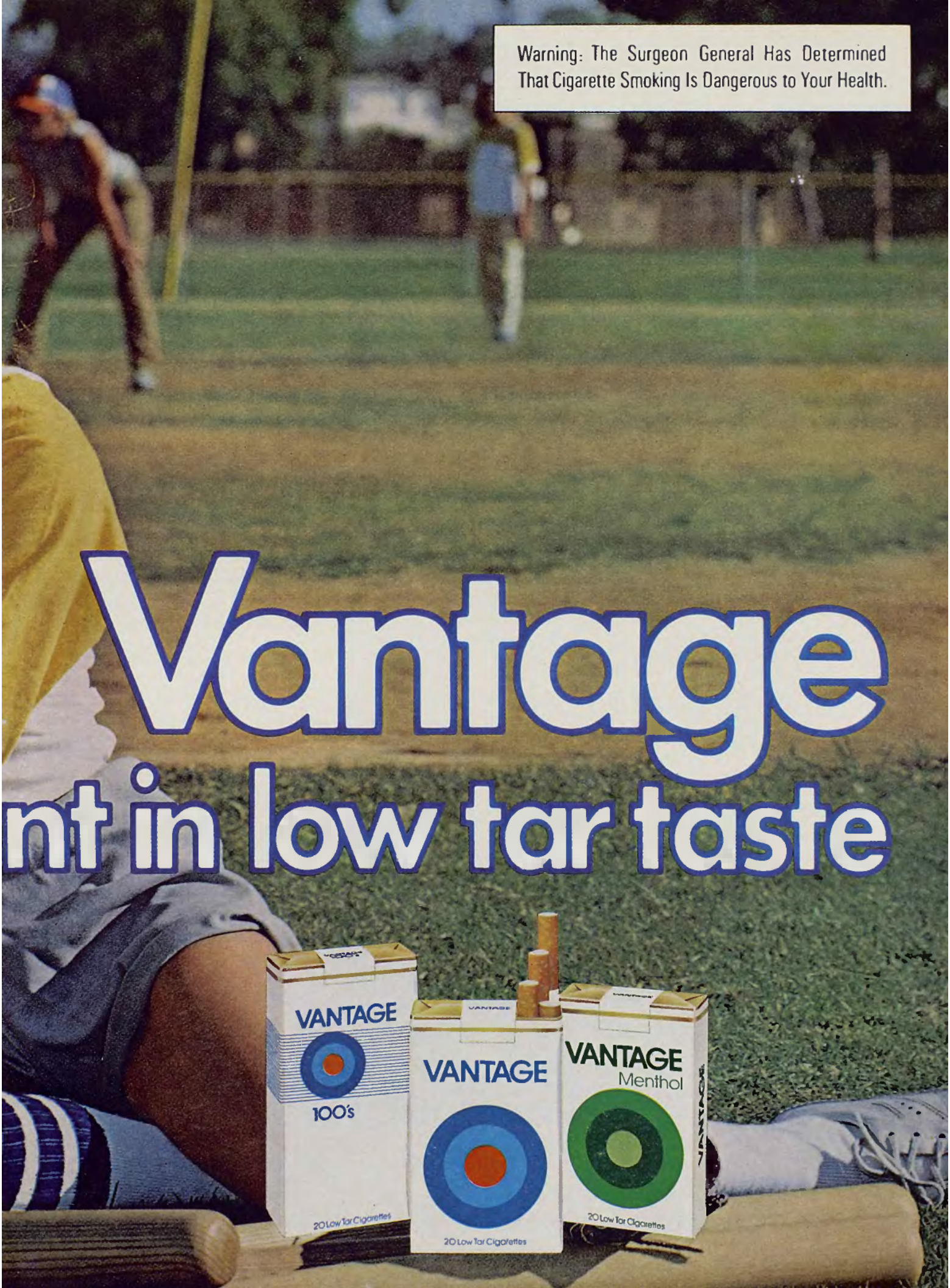
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Count your fingers, using both hands, to tote up the likely Oscar nominations for ***Ordinary People*** (Paramount). Robert Redford, superstar, can take a very deep bow for his debut as a major movie director. There's no hint of amateurism in the way Redford has handled the film version of Judith Guest's best-selling novel. It's solid, deeply sensitive work from a sober screen adaptation by Alvin Sargent, with blue-ribbon performances throughout. I don't know where to begin praising the actors, so I'll start with Mary Tyler Moore, just about perfect in a thankless, bitchy but beautifully modulated role as an upper-middle-class country-club automaton, a Stepford wife and mother who can handle anything but real trouble. Moore's image as the perennial glad girl of TV sitcoms may never be the same, and good riddance. As her well-meaning Milquetoast husband, who eventually discovers his hidden strengths, Donald Sutherland is magnificent. So is young Tim Hutton (son of the late movie-TV star Jim Hutton) as their tortured, suicidal son who has tried to take his own life after a boating accident that killed his beloved only brother. *Ordinary People* is actually the story of one family's agonizing period of adjustment after the death of a loved one. They're well-heeled people in Lake Forest, Illinois, so comfortably off that not much could shake them—certainly not shake them so hard that their only surviving son, the swimming champ, would wind up with ugly razor scars on his wrists and have to see a psychiatrist (played forcefully by Judd Hirsch). Strong runners-up as a couple of girls the sick lad encounters are Dinah Manoff (Lee Grant's daughter and star of Neil Simon's *I Ought to Be in Pictures*) and pert Elizabeth McGovern (who subsequently snagged an important role in Milos Forman's *Ragtime*).

Psychiatric case study is hardly a new formula for film drama and *People*, for all its strengths, sometimes drags from the weight of its own seriousness and self-absorption. But this tangled skein of husband-wife, mother-son, father-son relationships projects genuine pain—almost unbearably moving and recognizably human in the brilliant big-league manner of *Kramer vs. Kramer* with less hype, more substance. Redford proves he can earn his place at the top without once flashing that world-famous profile. ¥¥¥¥

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As executive producer and star of ***Private Benjamin*** (Warner), Goldie Hawn has the dream role that reconfirms her reservations for room at the top among our finest comediennes. The movie's script is disjointed and episodic, Howard Zieff's direction is lively but spasmodic and—take my word for it—you're not going to mind a bit. Goldie is delicious as a prototypal Jewish American Princess who impulsively joins the U. S. Army when her second husband dies after six hours of lusty wedded bliss—made hilarious by Albert Brooks as the late lamented sex maniac. The spoiled J.A.P.'s initial responses to Army fatigue garb ("Is *green* the only color this comes in?"), Army discipline, Army decor and Army chow ("I want to go out to *lunch*") are sidesplitting in ways that can't be communicated without benefit of Hawn's nearly perfect comic timing. Among other things, *Private Benjamin* is a cunningly frivolous feminist film about a girl who doesn't start to grow up until she's pushing 30—when she realizes she's got to be her own woman, independent of her parents, husbands, the U. S. Army and the handsome French gynecologist lover (Armand Assante) whom she wins by writing her own GI travel orders. Barbara Barrie and Sam Wanamaker, as the soldier's overprotective mom and dad, are at least a match for Eileen Brennan and Robert Webber—both playing for horselaughs as the ballsiest Army brass. All run a close second to Goldie, and that's damned good. Efforts to resist her simply won't work, in most cases. I recommend total surrender. ¥¥¥

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Too bad when women film makers break into the movie big time, then blow it. After the success of her modest, charming *Girlfriends*, director Claudia Weill undertook ***It's My Turn*** (Columbia), from a first screenplay by novelist Eleanor Bergstein. I wish it were better, but this is definitely a *Turn* for the worse, with Jill Clayburgh, Michael Douglas and Charles Grodin all ambushed by a sluggish romantic comedy full of fashionably dull jargon about the need "to feel more connected," to "nurture each other" or to give each other "a lot of space." I won't expose the story's flaws by spotlighting them, except to say that Clayburgh portrays a brilliant mathematician with problems she cannot resolve. The real problem with *My Turn* is that its improvised, fleeting pleasantries ultimately add up to zero. ¥

•

Brought to the screen by producer Dino De Laurentiis, ***Flash Gordon*** (Universal) looks exactly like the big, costly, campy comic strip it was intended to be (about $40,000,000 worth, according to unofficial estimates. See page 180 for our own pictorial homage to the movie.). The special effects don't even vaguely resemble those of *Star Trek*, *Star Wars* or *Close Encounters*. Here you'll see the winged Hawkmen created by cartoonist Alex Raymond swooping and darting with little indication of technical superiority over the flying monkeys of *The Wizard of Oz*, circa 1939. The cartoon

Sutherland, Moore: *not* ordinary.

Extraordinary *People*; a winner for Goldie, a loser for Jill.

Private Goldie's disarming.

Douglas, Clayburgh in a turnoff.

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fantasyland of *Flash Gordon* has what seem to be painted skies and Tinkertoy space ships, all in primary colors, plus adult, tongue-in-cheek dialog that is unbelievable but often funny. "*Forget* it, Ming . . . Dale's with me," declares Flash, now identified as a New York Jets quarterback who's been hijacked to the planet Mongo with the beauteous Dale Arden. Clearly, the evil Emperor Ming means to ravish her, yet Flash can't restrain a whistle of admiration when his date is decked out in sacrificial-virgin finery. "You look *great*," he chortles. To which Dale responds, "It's the eye makeup." As the damsel less distressed than you might expect, pert Melody Anderson has a good time doing Dale, particularly when she's compelled to swallow a heady love potion and has to admit she kind of likes it. That's a clue to the off-the-wall humor of the occasion: comic balloons with gag men pulling the strings.

Max von Sydow, as the merciless Ming, and Ornella Muti, as Ming's lusty daughter, have a field day with all the foolishness afoot. More often seen in the context of austere Swedish films by Ingmar Bergman, Von Sydow is so stylishly, smashingly villainous he may have set himself up for a whole new career as a super bad guy. *Flash Gordon*'s major weakness, alas, is Flash himself, rather blandly personified by Sam Jones, a movie newcomer whose most important assignment heretofore was playing Bo Derek's husband in *"10"*. Just another pretty face, I'm afraid. Given so-so direction and a so-what hero who emanates none of the innocence and charisma Christopher Reeve brought to *Superman*, *Flash* holds up pretty well. ¥¥

•

Dyan Cannon's infectious laughter and easy charm are fail-safe assets for any movie that might develop mechanical trouble elsewhere. ***Coast to Coast*** (Paramount) has Dyan giggling almost nonstop to keep this rickety road comedy from stalling. She's all right opposite Robert Blake, TV's rock-solid Baretta, working hard as a sullen truck driver who reluctantly agrees to take her to California—after Dyan has, uh, hijacked her shrink and, uh, escaped from an exclusive Eastern mental hospital, having been declared insane by her estranged husband, also a psychiatrist, because he thought a divorce would be too expensive. How's that again? Given such a pea-brained premise, director Joseph Sargent put the script handed him to good use by treating it as Cannon fodder, with car crashes for an occasional change of pace. ¥¥

•

A gravel-voiced hoyden named Robin Johnson takes over ***Times Square*** (EMI/AFD) and makes it all her own. Teamed up with Robin is Trini Alvarado (who made *her* big splash in last year's *Rich Kids*), while England's Tim Curry (star

Cannon, Blake in *Coast*.

Dyan keeps on truckin', but Woody's off the track.

Times Square's Alvarado, Johnson.

of *The Rocky Horror Show* on stage and screen) adds a garnish of colorful idiosyncrasy as an all-night deejay who transforms a couple of runaway kids into punk-rock stars. Directed by Canadian-born Alan Moyle from a screenplay by Jacob Brackman (former *Esquire* film critic and sometime PLAYBOY contributor), *Times Square* takes chances, caroms from hits to misses, yet captures the seedy, funky atmosphere of mid-Manhattan fleshpots as few other movies have done since *Midnight Cowboy*. Filmed on location, Moyle's grungy fable depicts a nighttime New York full of music, drugs, muscle, hustle, youthful exuberance and teenaged rebels without a cause. The raggle-taggle queen of the night is Robin, herself in real life a Brooklyn high school girl and nonpro until someone discovered she could curse, swagger and belt songs like a junior-miss Bette Midler—though compared with this kid, Bette is a cream puff. Here, Robin's the street-wise *gamine* who takes up with a New York City commissioner's runaway daughter (Trini) to form a duo called The Sleaze Sisters. The movie as a whole may be a triumph of sleaze over substance, but Robin Johnson plays it like a seasoned trouper. ¥¥

•

Woody Allen has already paid homage to Ingmar Bergman with *Interiors*. Now he follows the Fellini mode in a peculiar autobiographical comedy called ***Stardust Memories*** (UA), which owes much more to *8½* than Woody seems able to pay after an opening scene that's an unabashed rip-off of Fellini's masterpiece. Echoing themes from both *Annie Hall* and *Manhattan*, in which Allen's self-absorption was still entertainingly fictionalized, *Stardust Memories* registers as one long whine about how awful it is to be rich and famous, with everyone expecting him to sign autographs or crack jokes when our wicked old world's only a whisper away from 1984. Sure, things are tough all over, especially for Woody as an Allenish character named Sandy Bates, who loudly asserts his right to be depressed: "I don't *want* to make funny movies anymore." The sad-clown soliloquy begins when he reluctantly attends a film weekend at a seaside resort (the Stardust Hotel), where he's guest of honor and defense witness for a retrospective of his work. All his clamorous fans are depicted as creeps, while his professional associates appear to be venal, uptight or insensitive. The women in his life create further problems: Charlotte Rampling, as a fairly flaky Diane Keaton clone named Dorrie (portrayed as such a lovely mess that Keaton might either weep or sue for libel); Marie-Christine Barrault as a mature, charming Frenchwoman who clearly represents some unattainable feminine ideal; plus Jessica Harper and Amy Wright, as a couple of neurotic movie buffs who manage to catch Sandy's divided attention.

Since Woody is supremely talented, snappy one-liners and comic situations add sparkle here and there, though it's my distinct impression that the screenplays he wrote in collaboration with Marshall Brickman had more zing. The movie looks fine, always, thanks to vibrant black-and-white cinematography by Gordon Willis, who creates magic between the lines. Yet egocentricity considerably outweighs the wit of *Stardust Memories*, and Woody tries to disarm his critics by mocking them for not taking his pretensions seriously. The truth is the earlier Allen was more cogent, more relevant, a helluva lot more fun. What he's giving us now is not even a convincing malaise of his very own—just another Fellini with a dash of bitters. Make mine *Manhattan*. ¥¥

•

The sorrows of showbiz are spelled out again in ***One-Trick Pony*** (Warner), a minisaga several cuts above Woody Allen's lamentable *Stardust Memories*. Paul Simon wrote the screenplay, as well as the musical score—with a strong

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title tune—and also gives a very creditable low-key performance in the top role. Occasionally reminiscent of Dustin Hoffman, he's passive and supercool, though warmer than his ex-partner Art Garfunkel in Nicolas Roeg's current *Bad Timing*. Well, enough of odious comparisons. Sensitively directed by Robert M. Young, *One-Trick Pony* is a kind of musical scrapbook about the highs and lows in the life of a faded Sixties rock star—moping around airport lounges in transit, trying to connect with his divorced wife (Blair Brown) and their son, suffering through a humiliating audition with record-company execs (Rip Torn and Allen Goorwitz in rare form) or enjoying a brief, vivid fling with one executive's wife (marvelously played by Joan Hackett). Simon's onstage performances are excitingly filmed, and he reveals a sharp instinct for dramatic understatement, whether he's speaking lines or writing them. I especially admired a wry sequence in which the band kills time en route to a gig by playing a word game on the names of dead rock musicians. Though finally rather downbeat, *One-Trick Pony* is also mellow, moody, wistful, feelingly played and far too honest to go for easy nostalgia. ¥¥¥

•

Back to the billboards with ***The Idolmaker*** (UA). Remember those golden prize-fight movies of yore, in which a leathery, ambitious manager would live on vicarious thrills by transforming a street punk into a heavyweight champ? *Rocky*, of course, was a throwback to that era. The gimmick now is to make a second-rate sax player (Paul Land) or a bus boy (Peter Gallagher) into a pop-rock star to wow the teeny-boppers. *The Idolmaker*, I believe, is about the kind of magic promotional hype that gave us such lasting monuments of the Sixties as Engelbert Humperdinck and Fabian. The movie also brings us the scoop that the profit-minded world of music does not belong to poets. Ray Sharkey plays the title role as a New York hustler named Vincent Vacarri, with Tovah Feldshuh behind him as *Teen Scene* editor Brenda Roberts. But Sharkey is the movie's prime asset. He's got Cagney quality, wild and resilient, lashing out like a hot wire to create a lot of sizzle. When Sharkey stops to catch his breath, however, and *then* discovers that singing can have soul, you may note that *Idolmaker* is just the usual creamy backstage schmaltz. ¥¥

•

An adorable moppet named Louanne meets George Burns in ***Oh, God! Book II*** (Warner) and tells George (who has the title role) that what God needs to get His message across is a slogan. Her daddy is an adman, you see. After that, *Oh, God!* gets worse, running the

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gamut from god-awful to bored-again jokes you wouldn't wish on Godzilla, much less on lovable George. I will say as little as possible about little Louanne, except to note that the precociously charming airs she's told to assume smack of flagrant child abuse in a most insidious form. To sit through this cutesy, sugary sequel is like being submerged in a silo of Froot Loops. ¥

•

Perhaps the time has come to declare a moratorium on irreverent comedies about religion. *Monty Python's Life of Brian* did it best. Even Richard Pryor as the Lord Himself can't save Marty Feldman's ***In God We Trust*** (Universal), directed by and starring Marty as a monk named Brother Ambrose who goes to L.A. to break his vows of poverty and chastity (assisted in the latter by Louise Lasser, as the hooker he impregnates). Andy Kaufman and Peter Boyle also climb aboard Feldman's misbegotten band wagon, trying to beat the odds; but *Trust* is a bust from end to end. Hard to believe that any group of adult movie executives got together and agreed that this aimless, tasteless, unholy jape might make a farce worth filming. Will blunders never cease? ¥

•

Although the M.P.A.A. ratings board has not yet got the message, the true new pornography has less to do with sex than with hard-core blood and guts. That's why I find numerous old acquaintances from the skin flicks switching to horror films—because, to put it simply, hatchet work brings in more bread than humping. One example is producer-director Sean Cunningham, who went the sexploit route until his bloody *Friday the 13th* became a box-office phenomenon. Now there are maniacs running amuck everywhere, and you needn't be a porn alumnus to get a piece of the action.

The Unseen (Triune Films) stars Barbara Bach—who can be seen very clearly in our pictorial on page 120—as a TV reporter who has to stay in a strange old country house while covering a Danish folk festival. There's less gore than usual in this one and Bach looks divine—even when she's wet and dirty and trapped in the cellar with a vile subhuman Thing. But *Unseen*'s sole drawing card is the beauty, not the beast. ¥

Veteran Hollywood sex kitten Gloria Grahame plays the ghost of a whorehouse madam in ***Phobia*** (Nesting), not to be confused with Paramount's John Huston shocker bearing the same title, widely rumored to have been buried alive lest critics try to dissect it. This is a *haunted* whorehouse where some dark deeds occurred back in the Forties. Producer-director Armand Weston, whose sexpertise has created many a hard-core hit, keeps *Phobia* slick and grisly, carefully rigged to induce shock

Feldman astray in *Trust*.

at regular intervals. He knows a bit about timing climaxes, and Grahame sweeps up any loose ends—looking bad and beautiful as ever. ¥¥

Totally repulsive but skillful and effective all the same, ***Motel Hell*** (UA) is a low-camp parody of every horror show from *Psycho* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* to Stephen Sondheim's morbid Broadway musical *Sweeney Todd*. Former movie pretty boy Rory Calhoun plays the motel proprietor, who also runs an adjacent butcher shop ("Takes all kinds of critters to make Farmer Vincent's fritters"), and our own 1979 Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre appears as one of his pluckier victims. Unlucky guests are literally planted (neck-deep, with their vocal cords slit to curb screaming), then seasoned, scrubbed and made ready for market in a monstrous little pic that may become one of the more profitable sick jokes from the current crop of schlock. ¥¥

He Knows You're Alone (MGM/UA) is just another dumb, poorly plotted imitation of *Halloween*, this time about a small-town knife wielder who stalks brides-to-be—for reasons so vague that he often forgets the nuptial angle and performs a messy blood test on anyone within reach. Bottom of the barrel. ¥

In ***Mother's Day*** (United Film), three young women on a camping expedition are carried off in their sleeping bags by two rapacious brutes who like to perform acts of torture to please their indulgent old mom. Violence is Mom's favorite dish. The lads ultimately get their just deserts, one of them with a hatchet lodged in his crotch. Of course, axed genitals are generally rated R. Only workable genitals get X'd. ¥

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Bette Midler Is Divine Madness Her filmed concert—mostly fabulous. ¥¥¥

Coast to Coast (Reviewed this month) Cannon tripping with Blake. ¥¥

The Elephant Man A revised rating; the story's interesting, though far better onstage. ¥¥

Flash Gordon (Reviewed this month) Comic-strip fun, with Max von Sydow as Ming outflashing Flash. ¥¥

Gloria So-so melodrama played to the hilt by Gena Rowlands. ¥¥

He Knows You're Alone (Reviewed this month) Brides-to-be shredded. ¥

Hopscotch Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson wittily beating the bad old CIA at its own games. ¥¥¥

The Idolmaker (Reviewed this month) Packaging pop stars circa 1960. ¥¥

In God We Trust (Reviewed this month) Misbegotten Feldman. ¥

It's My Turn (Reviewed this month) You may want to sit this one out. ¥

Loving Couples Four fun people doing everything *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* always wanted to but didn't. ¥¥¥

Motel Hell (Reviewed this month) Raw red meat for horror fans who wouldn't be caught dead at a Holiday Inn. ¥¥

Mother's Day (Reviewed this month) Lots of S/M to remember her by. ¥

Oh, God! Book II (Reviewed this month) George Burns deified again; Lord knows where it will all end. ¥

One-Trick Pony (Reviewed this month) Paul Simon with tricks galore. ¥¥¥

Ordinary People (Reviewed this month) A huge bravo for Robert Redford as movie director. ¥¥¥¥

Phobia (Reviewed this month) The hauntedest little whorehouse. ¥¥

Private Benjamin (Reviewed this month) Goldie banishes the GI blues. ¥¥¥

Resurrection Faith healing, with a dollop of down-to-earth passion from Ellen Burstyn and Sam Shepard for ye of little faith. ¥¥¥

Sam Marlow, Private Eye OK spoof, formerly known as *The Man with Bogart's Face*, with new title. ¥¥

Stardust Memories (Reviewed this month) Woody's woebegone *8½*. ¥¥

The Stunt Man Original, stunning and surreal, with Peter O'Toole as a mad director. Upgraded after getting a second opinion (my own). ¥¥¥¥

Times Square (Reviewed this month) Punks on Broadway. ¥¥

The Unseen (Reviewed this month) And no reason to see it except to ogle beauteous, bedeviled Barbara Bach. ¥

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

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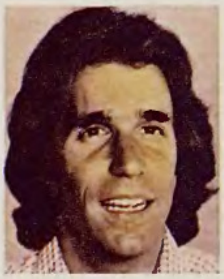
☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: **Shelley Duvall** will star in and be associate producer of the film version of **Tom Robbins'** novel *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*. Lensing is set to begin soon. . . . Word has it that **Henry Winkler** would like to star in a remake of the Fifties classic *Champagne for Caesar* and has commissioned a pair of writers to come up with a script. **Ronald Colman** starred in the original, which was about an unemployed genius who uses his vast knowledge to bankrupt a radio quiz show. Needless to say, the quiz program in the contemporary version will be on television. . . . Paramount, it seems, will be first to capitalize on the punk-rock craze with *All Washed Up*, the story of the rise and fall of a punk band. The perils of instant stardom will be examined in the film, directed by music entrepreneur **Lou** (*Up in Smoke*) **Adler.**



Winkler

Duvall

It's due out in February and stars **Diane Lane, Ray Winston** and **Cynthia Sykes**. . . . *Ragtime* continues to be the curiosity of the year, castingwise, anyway. **Donald O'Connor,** who hasn't made a movie since 1976, will play a vaudevillian song-and-dance man. I still say they should have picked **Tony Curtis** to play Houdini. . . . **Tim Matheson** and **Michael Sacks** star in *H.O.G.*, a satire on the practice of medicine based on the novel *The House of God* by **Dr. Samuel Shem**. I'm told the film will do for medicine what *Catch-22* did for the Army, but it sounds more as if *H.O.G.* will do for physicians what *Hospital* did for hospitals. . . . Murder and mayhem in a Florida fun house are the ingredients in **Tobe** (*The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*) **Hooper's** latest horror epic, *The Funhouse*. The flick features a cast of relative newcomers in leading roles. Hooper's films, most of them shoestring productions, have achieved cult status among horror-film buffs.

•

SEQUELMANIA: The film *Blue Lagoon* may go into sequel with producer-director **Randal Kleiser** reteaming co-stars **Brooke Shields** and **Christopher Atkins**. The continuation would deal with the youngsters' return to civilization—San Francisco at the turn of the century. . . . Another sequel being talked about is one based on *The Sting*. Ever since the original came out in 1973, numerous sequel possibilities have been discussed, though **Paul Newman** and **Robert Redford** have both reportedly declined participation. **Jackie Gleason, Richard Pryor** and **Lily Tomlin** were considered at one time. Now

Atkins

Shields

producer **Jennings Lang** is interested in getting **Anthony Shaffer,** author of *Sleuth*, to write the screenplay. . . . Yet another follow-up is *The Final Conflict—Omen Part III*, due out in April. As in the case of the two earlier versions, this installment centers on the demonic life of Damien Thorn, the Antichrist; now in his early 30s, he follows in the footsteps of his late father to become Ambassador to Great Britain. The fact that the producers have called it *The Final Conflict* is encouraging, though if this one makes a bundle, I wouldn't be at all surprised to see them make *Omen IV—Beyond the Final Conflict*.

•

MORE MOORE: **Dudley Moore's** next film is *Arthur* in which he co-stars with **Liza Minnelli, Jill Eikenberry, Geraldine Fitzgerald** and **Sir John Gielgud**. A comic love story, *Arthur* explores, with humor and a bit of slapstick, the vagaries of the very, very rich. Moore plays the title character, a man who inherits a whopping $750,000,000 and spends most of his time drinking, spending money, lounging

Minnelli

about and cracking jokes. When his family decides it's high time he got married, they decree that he wed a beautiful debutante (Eikenberry). Foolish Arthur, however, demurs and the family threatens to cut off his allowance. To console himself, Arthur goes on a wild shopping spree at Bergdorf's where he buys a lifetime supply of green shirts and witnesses a young woman shoplifting. The young woman is—guess who—Minnelli, a down-to-earth Italian girl from Queens who works as a waitress. He follows her and, well, the fairy tale begins. Clichéed as this may sound, it's got a sort of Damon Runyon quality about it and with Moore in the title role, it just may come off. Incidentally, there have been rumors that Dudley will take up the role of Inspector Clouseau in the *Pink Panther* movies should they ever be continued.

•

SEWER RATS: To gain access to one of the biggest, and supposedly safest, bank vaults in the world, **Martin Sheen** and **Albert Finney** brave London's sewer system in *Loophole*. Sheen plays an architect whose business partnership collapses following the loss of an important contract. Out of work and with his savings dwindling, he's approached by a prospective employer. Finney, who supposedly needs an architect to supervise the conversion of an office building alongside a large city bank. Finney, it turns out, is actually the leader of a team of professional safecrackers who need a qualified architect to bring off a major heist. When Sheen discovers the deception, he

Finney

Sheen

declines to help, then changes his mind when he realizes his morale has sunk so pitifully low that he can't even get it up for his wife (**Susannah York**). So the caper begins. From what I've gathered, the on-location high-jinks between Sheen and Finney reached an all-time high on this production and if the chemistry transfers to the screen, *Loophole* may well be worth the price of admission.

•

BURSTYN ON HEROICS: **Ellen Burstyn** and **Tom Skerritt** co-star in Universal's *The Silence of the North*. Based on the autobiography of **Olive Frederickson,** the flick is about a woman's struggle for survival during a bitter winter in Alberta's remote north and her subsequent fight to keep her family together during the Depression. "She's a hero," says Burstyn. "I say hero as opposed to heroine because heroine has a certain quality about it that softens the heroic part. Heroines are usually brave in moral matters but not necessarily physical ones."

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

SCHNAPPS

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MAYBE, THE FIRST SMALL WONDER OF THE WORLD.

STARLET

FINDING THE RIGHT AGENT

Locating a reliable, competent travel agent isn't impossible—if you're a bit of a sleuth. . . .

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

RESPONSE to my recent columns (September and October, 1980) about travel agents who did not necessarily provide travelers with flawless service was as swift as it was predictable. I expected emotional reaction to my findings, so the letter that began "Welcome to the club of irresponsible news-media reporting" (from a Northglenn, Colorado, agency president) was no great shocker. Less expected (and surely more welcome) was the note from the travel-agency owner in West Bloomfield, Michigan, who willingly conceded that "it was hard for me to believe the unsatisfactory results you received from six different travel agencies. . . . However, your article convinced me."

The travel press seemed equally divided. In an article in *Travel Trade*, the author agreed, "Your information is basically correct; and I must compliment you on excellent reporting." In contrast, the editor of *Travel Agent* implied none too subtly that my findings were "a flimsy assemblage of facts, half-truths and outright falsehoods."

What virtually every travel agent and trade spokesperson did agree on, however, was that my sampling of six travel agents—three in New York and three in Los Angeles—was insufficient on which to indict the entire travel-agent industry. I agree. This was not intended in any way to be a statistical investigation. What I did do was to choose six agencies at random to try to get some indication of the sort of service an unknowing prospective traveler might obtain if he, like me, merely walked into one off the street. Of the six agencies researched, *all* failed to provide even the most basically helpful information.

Would-be rebutters point out that there are some 17,000 travel agencies functioning in the U. S. at this time and that even six bad apples should not mar the reputation of all of the remaining thousands. But would anyone bet that I stumbled upon the only half-dozen incompetents in America? Assuming I didn't, how is a prospective traveler to tell the difference?

The fact is, it's almost impossible for a travel consumer to make any educated appraisal of the skill or professional know-how of a travel agent. Travel agents are not licensed; there are no required professional standards that protect a consumer against an incompetent agent, and even the professional associations do not demand any specific minimum amount of skill to qualify agents for membership. What concerns them most is how long an agency has been in business and what sort of dollar sales volume it has generated. No one checks to find out if the agent has even the foggiest idea of what he's doing, so the poor travel consumer has no standards by which to judge whether he is about to be served by a qualified, experienced professional or by a part-time housewife who couldn't provide proper directions to the agency washroom.

There is, by the way, one reliable measure of competence: The consumer can look for an agent with the initials C.T.C. after his or her name. The right to carry that designation comes only after successful completion of a two-to-three-year course at the Institute of Certified Travel Agents. You may, however, have to look hard for such an agent, for I'm told that there are currently fewer than 2000 so certified.

Still, that does not mean that there is no such thing as a good travel agent, just that if you find one, you should treat him or her with the same care with which you would a vestal virgin. And perhaps the most important preliminary step in travel-agent selection is to solicit recommendations from friends who've had a pleasant, productive experience with a particular one. It's the same procedure most folks follow when trying to get the name of a good doctor or accountant. If possible, the people you ask should be acquaintances whose tastes in travel—and lifestyle in general—most closely approximate your own. Be sure, too, that you get the name of an individual agent at any agency that's recommended.

Once armed with a couple of names, make a routine inquiry of your local Better Business Bureau. The members of its staff can't necessarily tell you if an agent is good, but they can let you know if there have been any complaints about the one you are considering. If such complaints do exist, try to get as many details as possible.

Once you have selected a travel agent, it's imperative that you be candid in your dealings with him. Your budget is the major determinant of the sort of accommodations an agent will recommend, and there's no sense in wasting his time (or your own, for that matter) poring over irresistible itineraries that you can't afford. Similarly, if you like (and can afford) a fair level of luxury, don't keep that fact from your agent. He may be making the assumption that you want to travel as economically as possible, even when that is not the case.

It's also wise to discuss any and all prospective agency fees at your first meeting. Travel agents routinely book airline tickets, hotel rooms and tour packages without charge, but your requested itinerary may require that the agent perform certain extra services—such as making long-distance calls, sending cables, etc.—for which he may incur added expenses, and thus be entitled to separate compensation.

Another necessity in your dealings with travel agents is being as flexible as possible as far as travel dates are concerned. Such flexibility can make you eligible for certain discount air fares and charter packages that a rigid schedule precludes. You should also have done your homework about prospective destinations, and you should be realistic enough to understand that no agent can possibly know every nuance of every corner of the globe. The more precise your questions and the more extensive your own preparation for discussions with your travel agent, the more productive he or she can be on your behalf.

Lastly, it's wise to recognize that travel agents are not unlike other professionals providing service to consumers. More often than not, you get what you demand. There's no need to be rude but no need to be a doormat, either. Travel is expensive, and you are entitled to a high level of attention and professionalism for your money. If you are not getting the kind of attention to which you believe you are entitled, use the device that has most effectively served scores of dissatisfied customers: Take your business elsewhere.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Would you settle a debate I'm having with my wife? She gets upset whenever I girl-watch. I say that is man's nature, that we are turned on by visual eroticism. When I ask her if she gets turned on by erotic movies, or looking at PLAYBOY, or watching men in the street, she says no, that women usually respond to touches, not glances. This can sometimes become a source of friction: For instance, I can be turned on just watching her read a book. When I approach her, she gets upset, not seeming to realize that what she is doing could be considered sexy by an observer. For her, it's just reading. She seems to respond only to close-quarter cuddling. Is there a reason for this difference? Is it permanent?—E. C., Boston, Massachusetts.

Kinsey found that twice as many men as women were likely to become aroused by seeing members of the opposite sex. There were often physiological responses—up to and including erection. In contrast, the few women who reported being turned on did not have a marked physiological response. Richard Hagen, author of "The Bio-Sexual Factor," offers this explanation: "The male is the sexual aggressor, fertilizing as many eggs as he can. And it stands to reason that the male who is most often aroused and most often in pursuit of females will have a selection advantage. . . . Three males are swapping yarns on a grassy hillside. One becomes aroused only when a female is at arm's length, another becomes aroused at ten yards; and the third becomes aroused at 50 yards. If a female walks by—at any distance—which male is most likely to get up and go after her? Obviously, the one whose sensitivity for arousal extends the greatest distance." Of the various sexual signals—touch, scent, taste, voice quality, vision—the visual has the greatest range in ordinary humans. Sociobiologists like Hagen argue that we are descended from generations of males whose roving eyes found what they were looking for—at least once. Thanks, Dad.

A few years ago, turntable manufacturers made a big deal about switching from straight tonearms to curved arms. Now it seems they are headed back the other way. Is there any real difference between the two?—M. P., Dallas, Texas.

The goal of this ongoing quest is to find the configuration that results in tracking error as close to zero as possible. Tracking error is the difference between the way a record is cut and the way it is played. Distortion and record wear can

result if the two are not similar. Using a pivoted tonearm on a round record virtually assures some tracking error. That error is reduced if the head shell containing the cartridge is offset at an angle that makes it tangential to the average center of the record grooves. There are several ways to accomplish this. The head shell can be attached at an angle to a straight-line tonearm or the tonearm itself can be bent to the correct angle. There are advantages to both ways. The straight-line design provides the lowest total mass of the arm, but it will not usually accept the convenient detachable head shell that is found on S-shaped arms. S-shaped arms, on the other hand, have been accused of adding a certain amount of resonance of their own, largely because they are usually made of metal in order to be curved. New developments in cartridge attachment and in materials used have made differences moot in most cases. Indeed, the resonance problem is audible only in the laboratory, not in your living room. The difference in tracking error between the two types of tonearms is also inconsequential. So, these days, the average audiophile can consider the only real difference between them to be cosmetic. If you are truly concerned about minimizing tracking error, you might consider one of the newer turntables with a transverse tracking mechanism, which duplicates the path of the cutting stylus.

I am sick and tired of having my previous sex life questioned by nearly total strangers on a first or second date when I don't respond to a sexual come-on. For the record, I make love only to men I know and it takes a lot longer than one drink, or one hour, or one date for me to achieve a comfortable state of knowing. It has been my unfortunate experience to have this attitude interpreted as unliberated, hung up or sick. My conservative behavior has nothing to do with my libido or my sexual skills. In fact, I've thought of taking along a letter of recommendation from previous lovers that I could give to potential ones. Something like: "I have known Miss K. for several years. My personal experience with her has been socially, emotionally, intellectually, spiritually and sexually gratifying (not necessarily in that order). She displays no hesitation regarding sexual expression once an appropriate rapport has been established. Her tastes are varied and she gives superb head—with or without Cool Whip. She has a delightful repertoire of carnal interests that includes a variety of positions, costumes, erotic material and sound effects. She encourages the use of visual aids and all devices that heighten pleasure. She has read and mastered many of the principles set forth in *The Sensuous Woman*, *The Joy of Sex*, the *Tao of Love & Sex* and the *Kama Sutra*. She is orgasmic. She is not hung up. She does like sex. She is not gay nor is she a virgin. Because she is discriminating in her choice of sexual partners, she is at low risk of catching and spreading venereal and assorted other communicable diseases. I have found Miss K. to be an unusually versatile, verbal, witty, sensitive, sensual, sensuous, affectionate, loving and absolutely delicious partner. I recommend her for any alliance that is being considered." Etc. What do you say to that?—Miss G. K., New York, New York.

We are impressed by your credentials. We don't have any openings now, but we'll definitely keep your note on file. As for the other guys you've been running into—maybe you should change markets. If you hang out in places where strangers go to meet strangers for casual sex, you get what you deserve. If you date friends of friends, they may already know enough about you to accept your pace. If you meet a person in a place where you have gone to enjoy yourself—skiing, reading, music clubs—the pressure to perform is less, simply because there is something else to do.

I have been using the pause control on my video-cassette recorder to remove unwanted programing material during recording. I know that puts a strain on the tape, but isn't it preferable to the glitches and long start-up time that come

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from using the START-STOP buttons?—R. D., Boston, Massachusetts.

We assume you're recording from network television and that's where you have a problem. There may now be about ten minutes of "unwanted material" per half hour. That puts more strain on your brain than it does on the tape. Your solution to the problem, however, can lead to worse problems than tape stretching. The pause mode on your recorder should be used sparingly and only for short periods of time, no more than one or two minutes. On most recorders, the pause mode will automatically switch to stop or record after about three minutes as a safety measure, but that is too long to use it. The underlying problem is possible clogging or damage to your video heads. Overuse of the PAUSE *button will eventually result in fuzzy pictures or no picture at all. Replacement of the video head can cost up to $200, so it really pays to take care. That means frequent cleaning of the oxide-particle build-up. There are head-cleaning tapes that will do the job. Since video heads are meant to last for only about 1000 hours of use, every time you use that* PAUSE *button, you should pause.*

I'm planning a trip to Bangkok and it is extremely unlikely that I will be able to resist the pleasures of the local women. Unfortunately, I understand that there are several virulent strains of V.D. in Southeast Asia. What do you suggest? Are there any ointments or preventative tips that you can suggest that do not involve (A) condoms or (B) abstinence?—C. H., Kaneohe, Hawaii.

Sure. You can wear a wet suit, stay home and wait for scientists at the University of Washington to perfect a vaccine against the 6000 or so strains of gonorrhea known to infect humans. That should take another two years or more. Of course, that won't protect you from the 14 or so other sexually transmitted diseases for which there is little guard except knowledge. Acquaint yourself with the symptoms and try to avoid making love to someone who is obviously afflicted. If you're worried, wear condoms and pretend they're something else—like designer jeans, only smaller. If you do catch something, it probably can be treated—with the proper cycle of antibiotics, guilt and tall stories.

My local laundry seems to have it in for me. I have never gotten a shirt back from it that is wearable. Usually, once I take off the paper bands and cardboard, the shirt looks as if it had been worn to bed. There is enough starch in my collars to sever my neck if I do a double take. Is there a secret to dealing with a laundry?—M. L., Akron, Ohio.

For the most part, the days of hand

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laundries are gone. In fact, the advent of wash-and-wear has greatly reduced the volume of all kinds of commercial launderers of shirts. Even one with the works on the premises may be hard to find. Very often, your local storefront is merely a broker for a larger operation that serves many like him. The logistics of mass laundering may preclude much personal service. You can't expect too much of your shirts, either, laundering apart. The life span of an all-cotton shirt is only about 30 wearings. Starch has little effect on wear unless the fibers are sharply bent after the shirt has been ironed. Ask the laundry to go light on the starch or specify no starch and use collar stays if the shirt has them; but remember that nothing looks worse between the lapels than a wrinkled, wilted collar, no matter how clean it is. Many laundries use polyvinyl acetate rather than conventional starch these days, because the synthetic fibers in blends won't hold the latter. Polyvinyl acetate is better known for its ability to hold two pieces of wood together. Modern bulk laundries wash shirts in water up to 160 degrees Fahrenheit, put them in an extractor and iron them damp on specialty presses—one for the sleeves, another for the collar and a third for the body. With capable operators, they can do a pretty good job. Your problem may simply arise from the folding and packing. Ask that your shirts be returned on hangers rather than folded and boxed. You'll do your laundry a favor as well as yourself, since its costs are lower if it doesn't have to pack and fold (82 percent of surveyed laundries now use hangers by preference). Also, though it may cost a bit more, get your shirts laundered in the ritziest part of town. Chances are they'll be a little more careful. If the shirt is especially expensive or an unusual fabric, consider dry-cleaning it. Finally, you might consider learning a few strokes on the iron yourself. A quick touch-up before you step out will do wonders.

Last month, I went to Florida and saw my cousin. I really got a surprise. The last time I saw her, we were both the same size—34B—but in the past two years, she has grown to a 36C. (We are both 21.) I told her I had tried exercise to increase the size of my bust but that nothing had worked. I asked her secret and she said that she had read an article suggesting that women who frequently swallowed semen experienced breast enlargement. According to the article, semen contains some substance that stimulates growth. My cousin said she liked oral sex a lot, that when she gave oral sex, she always swallowed the semen, and that after about five or six months, she noticed that her bust started to get a

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three hit singles ("What A Fool Believes," "Minute By Minute"
and "Depending On You");
and more Grammy awards (FOUR) than any
other act in the music business.

This year the Doobies
have given us *One Step Closer*, the new album,
and "Real Love," the new single.

ONE STEP CLOSER

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little larger. Now she tries to give oral sex at least twice a week. She told another girl about what she learned, and that girl's bust went from a 34B to a 35B in one year. Is there any truth to this theory?—Miss C. J., New York, New York.

It's questions like this that make people think we invent these letters. Ahem. For the record, semen contains minute quantities of more than 30 substances—such as fructose, ascorbic acid, cholesterol, creatine, citric acid, urea, uric acid, sorbitol, pyruvic acid, glutathione, inositol, lactic acid, nitrogen, B_{12}, sodium, zinc, calcium, chlorine, magnesium, potassium, phosphorus, ammonia, hyaluronidase, spermidine, choline, spermine, purine, pyrimidine, deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) and blood-group antigens. None of those is known to permanently increase breast size. (We suspect that your cousin is a late bloomer; that or she's taking birth-control pills—which do cause breasts to swell.) However, we are willing to conduct further research ourselves. If you know of any volunteers who would like to further the cause of science, please have them contact us.

Racquetball is my game. Unfortunately, it seems the older I get, the slower I get. I just don't have the energy that the game demands. Do you think a program of jogging—say, three times a week—would help renew that spark?—L. O., Chicago, Illinois.

Jogging would be great exercise if what you wanted to do was jog. For racquetball, it's not so hot. All types of exercise are not the same; they have different specific effects. Remember, you have two kinds of muscle tissue, fast-twitch and slow-twitch. Fast-twitch takes care of quickness and speed; slow-twitch muscles give you endurance. You may be able to play racquetball a lot longer, but you'll lose. The pace of the game is too swift. A better idea than jogging is to add some sprinting to your exercise regimen. Sprints will build up the fast-twitch muscles for the bursts of energy required in racquetball. Understand that total fitness cannot be achieved with only one kind of exercise. You need different strokes for different sports.

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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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

ABORTION PROHIBITION

American anti-abortionists would do well to heed the lessons of Mexico, where 95 percent of the population is Catholic by baptism, abortion is still illegal and the prohibition against it, instead of "saving preborn lives," merely translates into an incredible death toll of pregnant women.

Last year, more than 1,200,000 Mexican women had illegal abortions, according to the best estimates. By comparison, in the U. S., where the total population is three times greater, 1,000,000 abortions were performed. Presumably, the relatively much greater number of Mexican abortions is a result of the Church's continuing opposition to artificial birth control, which has tended to reduce or deny the availability of contraceptives or discourage their use.

The number of women who *died* from botched illegal abortions last year was, by official and conservative government estimate, 40,000. The number requiring hospital care has been placed at 800,000 by the minister of health, and that's only those treated at government hospitals.

When a law is based solely on theological doctrine and is so clearly inimical to human welfare, it should be scrapped. The doctrine itself should be recognized for what it is—a dangerous superstition.

David Wellman
Mexico City, Mexico

ANNOYING THE NEIGHBORS

For the amusement of your readers, I'm passing along this note, which I found slipped under my apartment door.

> We, the residents of this apartment building, feel that for the sake of your privacy and our sleep, the time has come to inform you of something you may not be aware of.
>
> At night, your music goes on long enough and loud enough to keep everyone in the building awake. In addition to the music, we are kept awake by the sounds of multiple orgasms. If the music is on to cover up the sexual moaning and panting, it is not working. They are both *coming* through loud and clear.

I don't mind turning down the music, but I don't want to turn off my girlfriend. What to do?!

(Name withheld by request)
Santa Monica, California

The same thing you do for a party. Invite the neighbors over.

MADAM TAXPAYER

The local papers are having a ball with Ethel Brand of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, who calls herself "queen of all the madams." Presiding over three or four hookers in a modest white frame house on the wrong side of the tracks, Madam rakes in about $120,000 a year; her personal income is half that amount. When Michigan state authorities tried to close her down by imposing heavy taxes on her and her girls, she simply paid them.

"I don't mind turning down the music, but I don't want to turn off my girlfriend."

Naturally, the local peace officers would love to run Madam out of town, but soliciting is only a misdemeanor in Michigan and, besides, the sheriff's men are well known to the girls; the good old boys don't get the chance to slap on the cuffs by posing as customers. Using the fire and health departments as watchdogs didn't work, either—Madam listened to their "complaints" and cheerfully paid any fines.

Best of all is that Madam Ethel's business is thriving. When the morality goons discovered they were going to get what they *really* wanted out of her—money—they pretty much shuffled off to their counting rooms and kept quiet.

So the lesson to be taken is this: For Madam Ethel and her girls, business is pleasure. For the tax accountants, pleasure is purely business.

(Name withheld by request)
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan

THE WHOLE TRUTH

Not long ago, I was in the Federal courtroom in Corpus Christi, Texas, the Honorable Owen Cox presiding. My lawyer and I sat dumfounded as the following incident took place.

Jury selection was under way for four upcoming trials, each involving drugs. One of the questions Judge Cox asked the prospective jurors was whether or not they had any doubts about their ability to pass sentences in drug cases.

One man, Larry Creed, stood and politely answered that he did have doubts. The judge rephrased the question; Creed still said he had doubts and explained his belief that drugs were more a medical than a criminal problem. Then pressed further by Assistant U. S. Attorney Robert Berg, Creed stated that he felt most drug cases to be a waste of time and of the taxpayers' money.

At no time did Creed come across as a smartass; he merely responded honestly to questioning by the judge. However, when court was dismissed, Creed was summoned to the bench, arrested and given a 24-hour jail sentence for contempt of court.

I found the proceedings incredible.

Michael McLemore
Redcrest, California

OVERKILL

I couldn't help clipping a story that appeared in *The Arizona Republic* here in Phoenix last summer and am finally passing it along. The thrust of the article is that two people were arrested near Tucson and charged with the crime of cultivating marijuana. The case was made against these two folks after a helicopter "on routine patrol," whatever that is, spotted a "parcel of marijuana plants" on one and a half acres of their small ranch.

While the article neglects to report the exact number of plants seized, the "street value" (that vague and ambiguous term favored so strongly by police and press in these cases) was $500,000—certainly a strong economic argument for the use of one and a half acres of

desert land in this arid country. The article further states that agents of three police agencies, local, state and Federal, were still searching the area.

But the clincher comes in the last paragraph with the following pronouncement by a Department of Public Safety officer: "We are really going to have a problem getting rid of those plants. We might even have to do a complete sterilization process on the land." The method isn't specified, but it may be a historical first since the hordes of Genghis Khan sterilized the fields of a conquered people by sowing salt.

Perhaps the modern way would be to offer some chemical company this offending parcel as a dumping site for its by-products.

Can such thoughts really exist in a nation plagued with serious ecological problems such as Three Mile Island, Love Canal and Arizona's own Palo Verde?

Maybe a more viable subject for sterilization might be the public officials who think along such lines.

Lake Headley
Phoenix, Arizona

POLICE VS. PORSCHE

If you think the era of crazy marijuana laws is over, better think again. Not long ago, a 1976 Porsche was confiscated by Federal agents because its owner, a young California woman, was discovered to be carrying contraband—"green vegetable matter," to be precise—in the trunk. Value of the Porsche? Ten thousand dollars. Amount of marijuana taken into custody? Exactly .226 grams—about 1/100th of an ounce!

The woman appealed the forfeiture of her car, naturally, but her appeal was denied. The court determined, among other things, that the marijuana in question constituted a "usable amount" and went so far as to declare it "likely" that the weed had been "the remains of a larger quantity of marijuana." The latter point is a good one—I didn't know judges could bend conjecture into their rulings.

No doubt some undercover cop will soon be driving a fancy Porsche around, masquerading as a rich dope dealer.

(Name withheld by request)
Spokane, Washington

MALE RAPE VICTIMS

I would like to continue the discussion started in the July *Playboy Forum* concerning rape. Here in San Francisco, we have been working to educate community agencies in methods of dealing with the male sexual-assault victim.

The term homosexual rape is misleading; it implies that the victim and the assailant are homosexuals, when that is not usually the case. Nor is sexual assault of men a problem only within the prison

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR

CHESTER, ENGLAND—*The owner of a pedigreed Canadian Holstein bull, Pioneer Emperor Arab, was awarded $107,000 in damages after the animal sexually overtaxed itself, became ill*

and had to be destroyed. The judgment was issued against the owner of a herd of cows that strayed into the bull's field while it was under a veterinarian's order to refrain from stud service. According to one newspaper account, the cows appeared and, "Clearly recognizing his duty, Arab nearly worked himself to death."

MATLOVICH CASE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A Federal district judge has ordered the Air Force to reinstate former technical sergeant Leonard P. Matlovich, who was discharged from the Service in 1975, after acknowledging his homosexuality. However, the Air Force may ask for a delay while it appeals the decision to a higher court. The case was brought originally to challenge military policy toward homosexuals and later became the subject of a popular television movie, "Sergeant Matlovich Versus the U. S. Air Force."*

INSPIRING VIOLENCE

Statistics indicate that the murder rate in New York consistently increased following the execution of criminals, according to a study published in the Journal of Crime and Delinquency. *William Bowers and Glenn Pierce of the Center for Applied Social Research at Northeastern University said they examined New York homicide data from 1907 to 1963 because those records were the most complete and because that state executed more criminals than any other between 1890 and 1964. Their findings led the researchers to believe that capital punishment may actually incite some emotionally unstable people to kill as a means of gaining the personal notoriety usually associated with executions. The writers expressed concern that capital punishment has a "brutalizing effect" on society that increases violence rather than reduces it.*

Meanwhile, in Orange County, California, a man convicted of murdering his four-year-old nephew over a pair of stereo headphones screamed obscenities at the judge for refusing to give him the death penalty. "I'm a black, masochistic homosexual with severe mental problems," the defendant said. "I can't make it. I want the state to kill me." The judge gave him life.

TESTING THE LAW

CLEVELAND—*A model drug-paraphernalia law, drafted by the Drug Enforcement Administration and already enacted by several states and cities, has reached the Sixth U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati. The law prohibits the making, selling or possessing of materials or devices intended for use with illegal drugs and is being challenged by a suburban record store primarily on the ground that it is unconstitutionally vague. A Federal district court already has upheld the statute, noting precedents in outlawing paraphernalia used in such other illegal activities as moonshining, counterfeiting and gambling. In that decision, the judge held that "criminal intent is what distinguishes the paper clip that holds the pages of this memorandum or opinion from an identical clip that is used to hold a marijuana cigarette." Legal observers believe that the circuit-court decision will determine whether the model law is generally abandoned or adopted by states and communities throughout the U. S.*

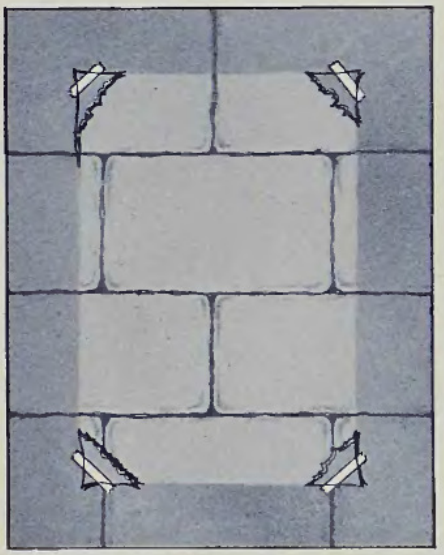
COKE AND PREGNANCY

PHILADELPHIA—*Temple University researchers report finding the first evidence linking cocaine with a wide range of birth deformities. Pharmacology professor Dr. Ronald Gautieri said the experiments were conducted only with laboratory animals but that*

"there is enough indication to caution women to the danger that birth defects could occur if cocaine is taken during pregnancy, especially during the first three months." The researchers noted that the drug causes the body to produce higher levels of adrenaline and other natural substances and speculated that those, in turn, cause blood vessels leading to the placenta to constrict, depriving the fetus of oxygen and nutrients.

PRISON PORN

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—*Prisoners may look at pornographic pictures in private, a Federal appeals court has ruled, but may not hang them on the walls of their cells. The court conceded inmates' private viewing rights but upheld a regulation at the Powhatan*



Correctional Center against open display when the pictures could be seen by unconsenting prisoners.

MINOR MISCALCULATION

MINEOLA, NEW YORK—*A $1,000,000 suit has been filed against a 49-year-old Manhattan advertising salesman accused of secretly divorcing his wife, marrying a second woman in London and alternately living with both. The first wife charges that she was tricked into signing legal papers that permitted her husband to obtain a divorce in the Dominican Republic without her knowledge. The defendant's dual-wife arrangement ended when he allegedly took wife number one on a trip to London, admitted his deed and suggested that all three could live together harmoniously.*

LETTER OF THE LAW

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*After reviewing the law, the Justice Department has advised that any alien who admits to being a homosexual to an immigration official must be barred from entering the country. Officials said that such a policy was required under the 1952 McCarran-Walter Act but that, as a matter of practice, no one would be questioned about sexual orientation unless the issue was raised by a third party; and even then, no one would be excluded unless the person voluntarily admitted the fact of his or her homosexuality.*

MAP HASN'T A PRAYER

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA—*A Federal appeals court has held that a "Motorist's Prayer" on a highway map published by the state of North Carolina "impermissibly sponsors religious activity" in violation of the First Amendment. Ruling in a suit brought by a group of taxpayers, the court said that "by printing a prayer on the official map, the state is placing its power and support behind a particular form of theological belief, and state sponsorship of religious belief is one of the primary encroachments the [constitutional] clause seeks to inhibit."*

WELFARE FETUSES

An extensive study conducted by the Texas State Health Department indicates that pregnant women denied Medicaid funds for abortions are not turning to private clinics or to cheap illegal abortionists but, instead, are tending to carry their pregnancies to term. Population experts said the survey appears to document a trend observed in 30 other states that have stopped providing poor women with free abortions while continuing to pay for childbirth under the Federal Medicaid program.

HOOKER SURVEY

SAN DIEGO—*The more than 400 prostitutes who do business in San Diego earn more than $12,000,000 a year, according to a study by the California attorney general's office. The report said that the number of hookers tended to fluctuate with the arrival of military paydays and naval warships.*

UNCHAINED

LOS ANGELES—*Pregnant inmates from the Los Angeles County Jail will no longer be chained to their hospital beds during labor. Responding to a suit filed by the Women's Equal Rights Legal Defense and Education Fund, the sheriff's department agreed to stop the practice, which a judge described as "barbaric." Attorney Gloria Allred for the plaintiff organization related an instance in which a pregnant woman suffered a heart attack and ended up in a hospital chained to a cardiac machine.*

CONSTITUTIONAL CUSSING

PORTLAND, MAINE—*Ruling that "even crude speech may be entitled to constitutional protection," the Maine Supreme Court has overturned the conviction of a juvenile charged with disorderly conduct for yelling obscenities at a police officer. The court found that such expressions as "Fucking pig" and "Fuck you!" did not constitute "fighting words" under the circumstances of the case because a cop should be used to insults. It also decided that such words, while coarse and vulgar, "have become so commonplace as to be devoid of any prurient content." The court finally noted that "the right to demonstrate against a police intrusion into our activities is one element which distinguishes our democratic society from the police state."*

FULL MOON

AUSTIN, TEXAS—*A 22-year-old Houston man, out of funds and needing a place to sleep, applied for accommodations at the city jail. Told he couldn't be lodged because he'd broken no laws, he proceeded to drop his pants in the police-station lobby. The police dutifully arrested him and put him in a cell, and a humorless judge extended his visit to ten to 20 days, working off a $103 fine for disorderly conduct.*

COSTLY SEDUCTION

ATHENS, GREECE—*An appeals court has upheld a 35-year-old law that requires a man to compensate a woman*

for the premarital loss of her virginity, if he seduces her through devious means such as false promise of marriage. The decision cost a 28-year-old man £2000 and the court noted the "still prevailing social mentality" in Greece that makes it more difficult for a nonvirgin to find a husband.

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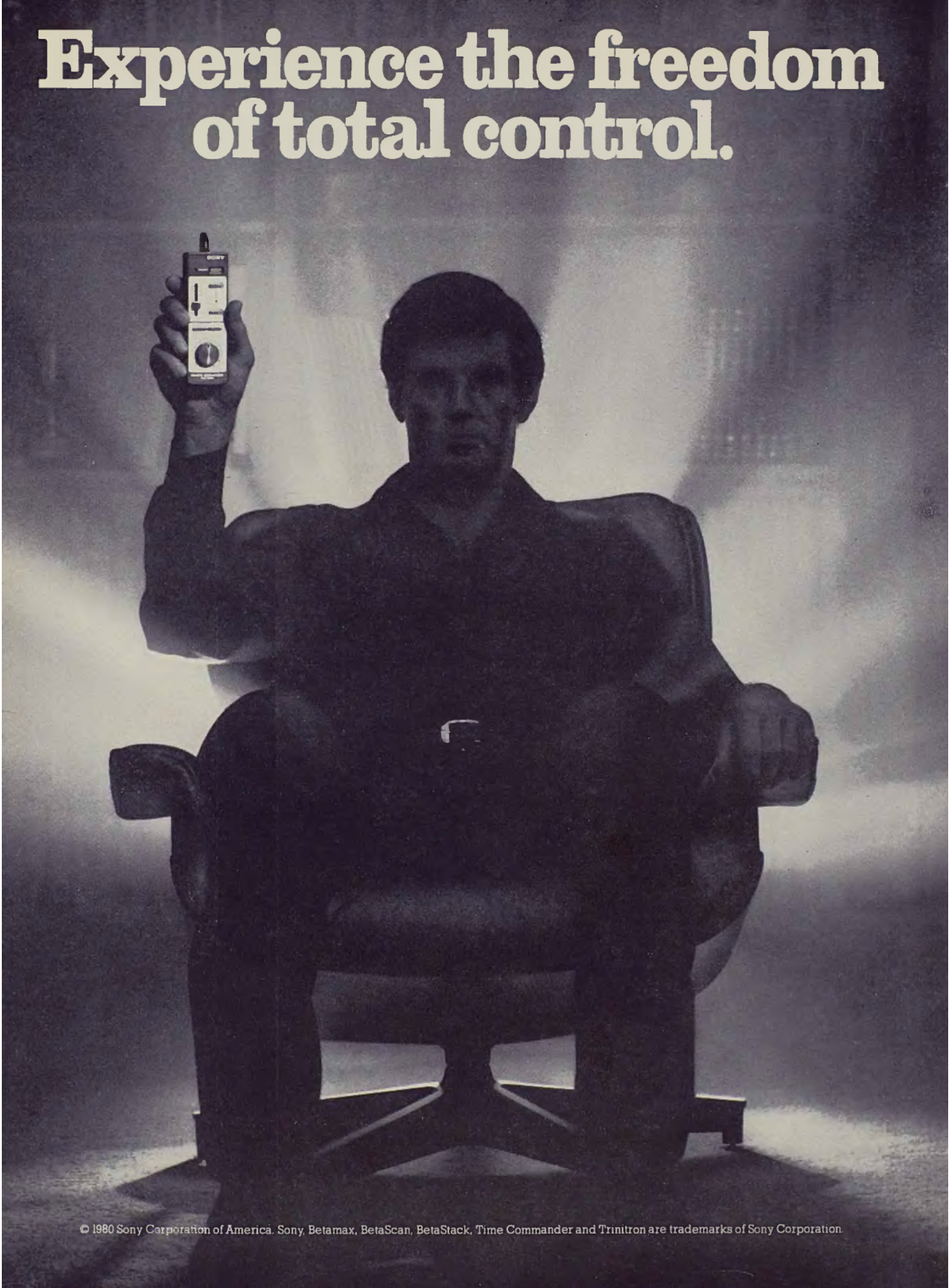

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or the gay community. All types of men have been sexually abused, and although the average age of the victim is 25, the broad range is from 2 to 91; the assailants may be strangers, relatives or fellow inmates.

And just as in the case of women, the rape is not necessarily a sexually motivated act, but more often is a violent expression of hostility that seeks to injure, humiliate and degrade another person. The assailant appears to be acting out of a need to compensate for feelings of inadequacy by subjugating some vulnerable and accessible individual, male *or* female.

In counseling male victims, we stress that submission is often necessary for survival and has no relation to one's sexual preference. In the case of gay men, the victim often finds no sympathy whatever. Too often the attitude is, "He asked for it."

No one, male or female, straight or gay, "asks" to be physically assaulted, sexually or otherwise.

We advise the male victim of sexual assault, as with women, that one's first responsibility is to take care of oneself physically and emotionally. Don't suffer in silence. Talking about the assault, reporting to the police and seeking support are options in dealing positively with the attack. There are places male victims can seek professional help. Counselors at most rape crisis centers can help one find the services one needs.

Richard Wellner
Sexual Trauma Services
San Francisco, California

CHEMISTRY LESSON

A while back, the city of Denton, Texas, was embroiled in a "wet-dry" election concerning the sale of alcohol. An interesting letter, written by a member of the "dry" forces, surfaced in the local newspaper. It focused on the chemical dangers of beer. The author pointed out that not only does beer contain ethanol, which he considers poisonous to every known form of life, but it also contains a "dangerous" chemical substance, lupulin—making the brew doubly toxic. Lupulin, it's claimed, contains more carbon, hydrogen and oxygen than does cannabinol, a form of the active chemical agent in marijuana, and, therefore, is extremely hazardous.

It takes little chemical knowledge to understand that molecular structure and reactivity are far more important in determining the relative toxicity of two chemical substances than a simple comparison of their elemental compositions. Lupulin happens to be a collective term for several chemical substances found in the resin of the pistils of hops, and can be obtained by distillation. It does, indeed, contain more carbon, hydrogen and oxygen per molecule than does cannabinol. Its medical use: a sedative. Its

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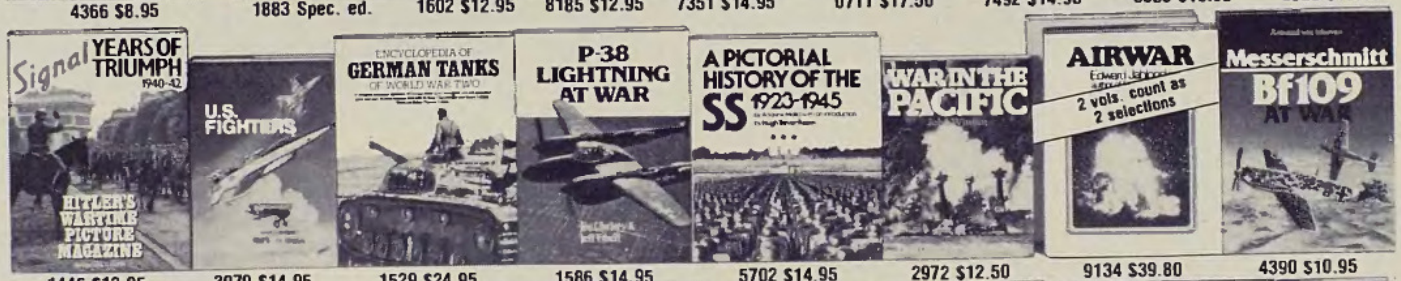

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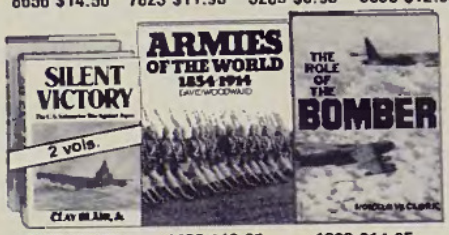

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Steve Downey
Bloomington, Indiana

SECRET CENSORSHIP

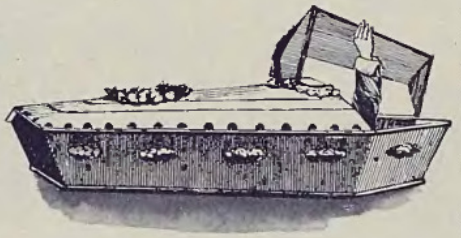
The FBI and the CIA have openly declared that they will continue to secretly employ journalists as collaborators. Obviously, that enables them to propagate their viewpoints with seeming objectivity; but it may interest PLAYBOY's readers to know that there is an even uglier side to this business: disguised censorship. It happened to me some time ago, when my critical article "The FBI and Organized Crime" was submitted to PLAYBOY.

On March 12, 1965, I was advised by my then literary agent, Lurton Blassingame, that PLAYBOY intended to buy the article and have crime reporter Sandy Smith of the *Chicago Sun-Times* do some rewrite. Murray Fisher of PLAYBOY gave the article to Smith, and that's when the fun started. Smith, it turned out, was an FBI collaborator. According to bureau documents recently obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, he had been "utilized on many different occasions" and his value was "inestimable." No wonder that, in reciprocation,

EXHUMING THE SPOOKS

not very long ago, the cia was buried in scandal, debacle and discredit, but the wounds were far from fatal

By PETER ROSS RANGE



You've got to give the CIA credit. The scandals exposed by Seymour Hersh in *The New York Times* in 1974–1975 have fast faded from memory. The old CIA—the one that lied to the Warren Commission, dosed unconsenting people with LSD, plotted political assassinations and ran unannounced little wars here and there—is twitching its eyelids, popping the leather straps and coming back to life. Almost nobody is noticing.

Before the fall leaves were off the trees along the Potomac, the new CIA had:

- Scrambled legislative attempts to establish Congressional supervision of its covert activities.
- Nearly convinced Congress even further to exempt it from the Freedom of Information Act.
- Announced that it would consider resuming the use of journalists, clergymen and academics as informants abroad.
- Won a U. S. Supreme Court decision prohibiting ex–CIA agents *or any other present or former Government employees* from writing about their experiences in Government without granting their present or former employers full censorship rights over the manuscript in advance.
- Proposed severe criminal penalties for *any*one—journalist, scholar or spook—who reveals the names of U. S. agents abroad, even if their identities have already been made public elsewhere. Some Congressmen advocate making this an act of treason, punishable by death.
- Convinced some of Congress and much of the public that its intelligence failures in Iran, Afghanistan and elsewhere were the fault of the Freedom of Information Act, agents turned writers and liberals in general.

What the CIA needs to regain credibility, say the boys who get about ten billion tax dollars a year to miscall things like the North Vietnamese attack on Saigon, is more secrecy and less oversight.

The old CIA is back. These are the fellows who, between the assassinations of Ngo Dinh Diem and Salvador Allende, spent time thinking up ways to make Fidel Castro's beard fall out, gave Howard Hughes a multimillion-dollar white elephant called Glomar Explorer, trained the shah's notorious SAVAK secret police and, in violation of its own charter, spied on American political activists at home.

This is the same patriotic outfit whose former director, Richard Helms, told us that "the nation must . . . take it on faith that we, too, are honorable men . . ." and withheld information from a subcommittee of the U. S. Senate (today he stands convicted of perjury with a suspended sentence). These are the honorable fellows who want a new carte blanche to the world of dirty tricks—Congressional oversight and the public's right to know be damned.

The most insidious of these developments is the Supreme Court's decision in the case of *U. S. vs. Snepp*. Frank Snepp is the former CIA agent who wrote a bitterly critical book about the agency's chaotic departure from Vietnam. He says the agency stranded and compromised hundreds of Vietnamese informants and collaborators. Not surprisingly, Snepp broke the standard CIA secrecy agreement to publish his book, *Decent Interval*. He reasoned that any review by his former employers would effectively decimate his book—or at least delay it interminably, which is a subtler form of censorship.

The CIA sued and won—big. The Supreme Court upheld a judgment against Snepp that not only cited his breach of "fiduciary trust" but also stripped him of his $140,000 royalties ("the fruits of his faithlessness," to quote the unsigned majority opinion). In addition, it slapped a remarkable literary injunction on Snepp. For the rest of his days, he is forbidden to write, without prior CIA review, anything, including fiction, based on his eight years with the agency. The judgment came just as he was completing a novel. "This must be the first novel in American history that is enjoinable in advance," he said.

But it is not Snepp's problem that should worry us. It is ours. The *Snepp* case effectively rolls back the Pentagon papers decision and paves the way for general Government control of precisely the kind of information—about official wrongdoing—that the public most needs to know. It goes to the heart of our chief resources for keeping tabs on our quasi-secret-police agencies—disillusioned whistle blowers and dogged use of the Freedom of Information Act, the only things that stand between our FBI and CIA on the one hand and the Soviet K.G.B. on the other. There are no Frank Snepps in Moscow.

By the logic of this ruling, the Government should now sue Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., John Ehrlichman and Henry Kissinger—writers with access to top-secret information who published without full prior review. Instead, the only lawsuits that have flowed from *Snepp* were against John Stockwell and Philip Agee, like Snepp, disenchanted former CIA agents.

The difference may be that while Snepp, Agee and Stockwell are merely ex-spooks turned writers, Henry Kissinger is the best-known man in America outside the movies or public office. His book made $5,000,000, not $140,000. He travels with bodyguards and a limo. Only two weeks after the *Snepp* decision, the Supreme Court in some amazing legal acrobatics upheld Kissinger's right to purloin his official telephone logs from the State Department, stash them at Nelson Rockefeller's private estate, then deposit them in the Library of Congress until after his death.

Another difference may be that disillusioned ex–Government employees often seek to enlighten the public; former high officeholders are usually content to embarrass their political opponents and exonerate themselves without enlightening anyone.

he was able to authoritatively quote "Justice Department sources" in his crime articles (in 1963, he scooped everyone in reporting the Mafia-CIA alliance against Castro).

Smith rushed over to the Chicago FBI office and handed my article to Special Agent in Charge Marlin Johnson, who immediately copied it and sent it to Washington. Johnson reported that Smith had "absolutely no intention of doing this assignment" but "saw an opportunity to get the article . . . so that we could take a look at it." Smith intended to tell Fisher that "it is completely ridiculous, inaccurate and not worth the paper it is written on."

One week later, my agent received a memo from PLAYBOY, saying that Smith had told them my article was not worth salvaging and was filled with inaccuracies and errors. For good measure, he added that the FBI *was* fighting organized crime, thus (supposedly) pulling the rug out from under the reason for my article. You can well imagine who put that bit of wisdom under his cap.

So the article was dinged, with PLAYBOY's editorial staff not having the slightest notion of the duplicity involved. The article was given to Smith in strictest confidence and PLAYBOY acted on his advice in good faith.

Epilog: The article was finally published, without rewrite, in *The Nation*, and reprinted in *Pageant*. J. Edgar Hoover had always regarded *The Nation* as a liberal trash can, but *Pageant*'s deviance came as a bit of a shock. "See that *Pageant* is not on any of our mailing lists and is given no assistance of any kind," he scribbled on an internal memorandum.

William W. Turner
San Rafael, California

ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL

Here's one for those who like their absurdity painful: The Federal Government has agreed to fork over $450,000 to the Department of Transportation for the development of a drunkproof automobile. At present, the prototype "drunkmobile" is being tested in Los Angeles, where, God knows, stranger things have happened. The booze-finding mechanism works like this: An inebriated guinea pig, selected on account of previous drunk-driving offenses, slouches behind the wheel of his rigged car after, say, three or four piña coladas, flips on the ignition and takes a simple test, which consists of reading a dial mounted on the steering column. With deft turns of the wheel, he must control a needle in the dial for four or five seconds in order to pass the test. If he fails, he may still proceed on his cockeyed way; however, his parking and brake lights will flash and his horn will blast once every second. This barrage of sight and sound, which is designed to discourage the sloshed pilot from proceeding, has the added advantage of attracting every cop in the vicinity.

The capper to this nonsense is that no one is even remotely certain it will work. Assemblyman Herschel Rosenthal, who introduced the appropriations bill in California, uttered these encouraging words: "Maybe it will give us some insight." What the hell—it's only half a million dollars! Why not spend an even million for the development of the exploding joint?

(Name withheld by request)
Los Angeles, California

LAWYERS ALLIANCE

One of the most important things to come out of the First International Cannabis Conference, held last February in Amsterdam, was the formation of the International Lawyers Alliance for Human Rights. Thirty lawyers from around the world organized the alliance in response to the needs of those imprisoned in foreign jails, the majority on charges of simple marijuana possession.

If you have a friend or a relative who has been imprisoned in a foreign jail and would like to obtain legal help for him, contact the International Lawyers Alliance for Human Rights by writing to Alan Ellis or Bob Fogelnest, 1616 Walnut Street, Suite 2200, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103, or by calling 215-545-2428.

Robert L. Pisani, Coordinator
International Cannabis
Alliance for Reform
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

BOOK BURNERS

While amusing, both Val Christmann's essay in your May issue and Nancy Miller's response in October seem to underestimate the momentum gathered by so-called parent groups trying to shield their children from reality. That anyone could consider works by J. D. Salinger and John Steinbeck pornographic is a sad and chilling thought. Recently, a local school board took all works by Kurt Vonnegut off the shelves of the high school library because they did not meet "high moral standards." It has been reported that the next target will be the public-library system.

Should these myopic, self-proclaimed protectors of our youth be allowed to proscribe our reading and educational materials, an entire generation will pass through educational systems that deprive it of access to classic works of literature, as well as to works that offer an alternative and often unique view of society and contemporary social issues.

Mark D. McEwen
Linden, New Jersey

PLEASE REPEAT THE QUESTION

I've forgotten which one it was, but on a television talk show, I watched in dismay as some poor woman attempted to debate the merits of the Equal Rights Amendment with Phyllis Schlafly. It was hopeless. The E.R.A. proponent would deliver a sane and reasonable argument and Schlafly would respond with the statement that if women were drafted, they'd be in danger of being raped by male GIs. There may, in fact, be problems with the E.R.A., but they certainly aren't the ones cited by its opponents who come up with such mindless and paranoid nonsense that they are virtually debate-proof. There's no way an intelligent person can respond to Schlafly-type assertions except with a blank look of utter bewilderment and maybe the question "Are you putting me on?"

Diane Thomas
Chicago, Illinois

BULL MARKET

As an economics major at Dartmouth College, my life is normally full of market-portfolio theory, Modigliani-Miller and *The Wall Street Journal*. However, one afternoon, while thumbing through Malkiel's *A Random Walk Down Wall Street*, I happened upon a choice passage that developed the "chartist" theory of Jackson and Haas in delightful detail. Malkiel's brilliant insight into that romantic breed of stock buyers, the chartists, leads me to suggest this passage as required reading for all:

> When the chartist chooses a stock for potential investment, there is typically a period of observation and flirtation before he commits himself, since for the chartist—as in romance and sexual conquest—timing is essential. There is mounting excitement as the stock penetrates the base formation and rises higher. Finally, if the affair has gone well, there is the moment of fulfillment—profit-taking, and the release and afterglow that follow . . . and all this takes place under the pennant of that great symbol of sexuality: the bull.

Mark Douglas
Hanover, New Hampshire

Chartists, as we all know, are those investors who believe they can predict future stock-market activity on the basis of past performance, which they carefully chart. Or something like that.

"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 LENNON and YOKO ONO

a candid conversation with the reclusive couple about their years together and their surprisingly frank views on life with and without the beatles

To describe the turbulent history of the Beatles, or the musical and cultural mileposts charted by John Lennon, would be an exercise in the obvious. Much of the world knows that Lennon was the guiding spirit of the Beatles, who were themselves among the most popular and profound influences of the Sixties, before breaking up bitterly in 1970. Some fans blamed the breakup on Yoko Ono, Lennon's Japanese-born second wife, who was said to have wielded a disproportionate influence over Lennon, and with whom he has collaborated throughout the Seventies. In 1975, the Lennons became unavailable to the press, and though much speculation has been printed, they emerged to dispel the rumors—and to cut a new album—only a couple of months ago. The Lennons decided to speak with PLAYBOY *in the longest interview they have ever granted. Free-lance writer* **David Sheff** *was tapped for the assignment, and when he and a* PLAYBOY *editor met with Ono to discuss ground rules, she came on strong: Responding to a reference to other notables who had been interviewed in* PLAYBOY*, Ono said, "People like Carter represent only their country. John and I represent the world." But by the time the interview was concluded several weeks later, Ono had joined the project with enthusiasm. Here is Sheff's report:*

"There was an excellent chance this interview would never take place. When my contacts with the Lennon-Ono organization began, one of Ono's assistants called me, asking, seriously, 'What's your sign?' The interview apparently depended on Yoko's interpretation of my horoscope, just as many of the Lennons' business decisions are reportedly guided by the stars. I could imagine explaining to my PLAYBOY *editor, 'Sorry, but my moon is in Scorpio—the interview's off.' It was clearly out of my hands. I supplied the info: December 23, three* P.M.*, Boston.*

"Thank my lucky stars. The call came in and the interview was tentatively on. And I soon found myself in New York, passing through the ominous gates and numerous security check points at the Lennons' headquarters, the famed Dakota apartment building on Central Park West, where the couple dwells and where Yoko Ono holds court beginning at eight o'clock every morning.

"Ono is one of the most misunderstood women in the public eye. Her mysterious image is based on some accurate and some warped accounts of her philosophies and her art statements, and on the fact that she never smiles. It is also based—perhaps unfairly—on resentment of her as the sorceress/Svengali who controls the very existence of John Lennon. That image has remained through the years since she and John met, primarily because she hasn't chosen to correct it—nor has she chosen to smile. So as I removed my shoes before treading on her fragile carpet—those were the instructions—I wondered what the next test might be.

"Between interruptions from her two male assistants busy screening the constant flow of phone calls, Yoko gave me the once-over. She finally explained that the stars had, indeed, said it was right—very right, in fact. Who was I to argue? So the next day, I found myself sitting across a couple of cups of cappuccino from John Lennon.

"Lennon, still bleary-eyed from lack of sleep and scruffy from lack of shave, waited for the coffee to take hold of a system otherwise used to operating on sushi *and* sashimi*—'dead fish,' as he calls them—French cigarettes and Hershey bars with almonds.*

"Within the first hour of the interview, Lennon put every one of my preconceived ideas about him to rest. He was far more open and candid and witty than I had any right to expect. He was prepared, once Yoko had given the initial go-ahead, to frankly talk about everything. Explode was more like it. If his sessions in primal-scream therapy were his emotional and intellectual release ten years ago, this interview was his more recent vent. After a week of

"You know, I don't believe in yesterday. . . . Do we have to be crucified again because a whole pile of dummies missed it the first time?"

"People around John saw me as a terrible threat. I mean, I heard there were plans to kill me. Not the Beatles, but the people around them."

"Yoko was playing Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata' on the piano. Suddenly, I said, 'Can you play that backward?' Then I wrote 'Because.'"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM ZUK

"I say to John, 'I carried the baby nine months and that's enough, so you take care of it afterward.' I believe children belong to the society."

conversations with Lennon and Ono separately as well as together, we had apparently established some sort of rapport, which was confirmed early one morning.

"'John wants to know how fast you can meet him at the apartment,' announced the by-then-familiar voice of a Lennon-Ono assistant. It was a short cab ride away and he briefed me quickly: 'A guy's trying to serve me a subpoena and I just don't want to deal with it today. Will you help me out?' We sneaked into his limousine and streaked toward the recording studio three hours before Lennon was due to arrive. Lennon told his driver to slow to a crawl as we approached the studio and instructed me to lead the way inside, after making sure the path was safe. 'If anybody comes up with papers, knock them down,' he said. 'As long as they don't touch me, it's OK.' Before I left the car, Lennon pointed to a sleeping wino leaning against the studio wall. 'That could be him,' Lennon warned. 'They're masters of disguise.' Lennon high-tailed it into the elevator, dragging me along with him. When the elevator doors finally closed, he let out a nervous sigh and somehow the ludicrousness of the morning dawned on him. He broke out laughing. 'I feel like I'm back in "Hard Day's Night" or "Help!"' he said.

"As the interview progressed, the complicated and misunderstood relationship between Lennon and Ono emerged as the primary factor in both of their lives. 'Why don't people believe us when we say we're simply in love?' John pleaded. The enigma called Yoko Ono became accessible as the hard exterior broke down—such as the morning when she let out a hiccup right in the middle of a heavy discourse on capitalism. Nonplused by her hiccup, Ono giggled. With that giggle, she became vulnerable and cute and shy—not at all the creature that came from the Orient to brainwash John Lennon.

"Ono was born in 1933 in Tokyo, where her parents were bankers and socialites. In 1951, her family moved to Scarsdale, New York. She attended Sarah Lawrence College. In 1957, Yoko was married for the first time, to Toshi Ichiyanagi, a musician. They were divorced in 1964 and later that year, she married Tony Cox, who fathered her daughter, Kyoko. She and Cox were divorced in 1967, two years before she married Lennon.

"The Lennon half of the couple was born in October 1940. His father left home before John was born to become a seaman and his mother, incapable of caring for the boy, turned John over to his aunt and uncle when he was four and a half. They lived several blocks away from his mother in Liverpool, England. Lennon, who attended Liverpool private schools, met a kid named Paul McCartney in 1956 at the Woolton Parish Church Festival in Liverpool. The following year, the two formed their first band, the Nurk Twins. In 1958, John formed the Quarrymen, named after his high school. He asked Paul to join the band and agreed to audition a friend of Paul's, George Harrison. In 1959, the Quarrymen disbanded but later regrouped as Johnny and the Moondogs and then the Silver Beatles. They played in clubs, backing strippers, and they got their foot in the door of Liverpool's showcase Cavern Club. Pete Best was signed on as drummer and the Silver Beatles left England for Hamburg, where they played eight hours a night at the Indra Club. The Silver Beatles became the Beatles and, by 1960, when they returned to England, the band had become the talk of Liverpool. In 1962, John married Cynthia Powell and they had a son, Julian. John and Cynthia were divorced in 1968. Later in 1962, Richard Starkey—or Ringo Starr—replaced Best as the Beatles' drummer and the rest—as Lennon often says sarcastically—is pop history."

PLAYBOY: The word is out: John Lennon and Yoko Ono are back in the studio, recording again for the first time since 1975, when they vanished from public view. Let's start with you, John. What have you been doing?

LENNON: I've been baking bread and looking after the baby.

PLAYBOY: With what secret projects going on in the basement?

LENNON: That's like what everyone else who has asked me that question over the last few years says. "But what *else* have you been doing?" To which I say, "Are you kidding?" Because bread and babies, as every housewife knows, is a full-time job. After I made the loaves, I felt like I had conquered something. But as I watched the bread being eaten, I thought, Well, Jesus, don't I get a gold record or knighted or nothing?

PLAYBOY: Why did you become a househusband?

LENNON: There were many reasons. I had been under obligation or contract from the time I was 22 until well into my 30s. After all those years, it was all I knew. I wasn't free. I was boxed in. My contract was the physical manifestation of being in prison. It was more important to face myself and face that reality than to continue a life of rock 'n' roll—and to go up and down with the whims of either your own performance or the public's opinion of you. Rock 'n' roll was not fun anymore. I chose not to take the standard options in my business—going to Vegas and singing your great hits, if you're lucky, or going to hell, which is where Elvis went.

ONO: John was like an artist who is very good at drawing circles. He sticks to that and it becomes his label. He has a gallery to promote that. And the next year, he will do triangles or something. It doesn't reflect his life at all. When you continue doing the same thing for ten years, you get a prize for having done it.

LENNON: You get the big prize when you get cancer and you have been drawing circles and triangles for ten years. I had become a craftsman and I could have continued being a craftsman. I respect craftsmen, but I am not interested in becoming one.

ONO: Just to prove that you can go on dishing out things.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about records, of course.

LENNON: Yeah, to churn them out because I was expected to, like so many people who put out an album every six months because they're supposed to.

PLAYBOY: Would you be referring to Paul McCartney?

LENNON: Not only Paul. But I had lost the initial freedom of the artist by becoming enslaved to the image of what the artist is *supposed* to do. A lot of artists kill themselves because of it, whether it is through drink, like Dylan Thomas, or through insanity, like Van Gogh, or through V.D., like Gauguin.

PLAYBOY: Most people would have continued to churn out the product. How were you able to see a way out?

LENNON: Most people don't live with Yoko Ono.

PLAYBOY: Which means?

LENNON: Most people don't have a companion who will tell the truth and refuse to live with a bullshit artist, which I am pretty good at. I can bullshit myself and everybody around. Yoko: That's my answer.

PLAYBOY: What did she do for you?

LENNON: She showed me the *possibility* of the alternative. "You don't *have* to do this." "I don't? Really? But—but—but—but—but. . . ." Of course, it wasn't that simple and it didn't sink in overnight. It took constant reinforcement. Walking away is much harder than carrying on. I've done both. On demand and on schedule, I had turned out records from 1962 to 1975. Walking away seemed like what the guys go through at 65, when suddenly they're supposed to not exist anymore and they're sent out of the office [*knocks on the desk three times*]: "Your life is over. Time for golf."

PLAYBOY: Yoko, how did you feel about John's becoming a househusband?

ONO: When John and I would go out, people would come up and say, "John, what are you doing?" but they never asked about me, because, as a woman, I wasn't *supposed* to be doing anything.

LENNON: When I was cleaning the cat shit and feeding Sean, she was sitting in

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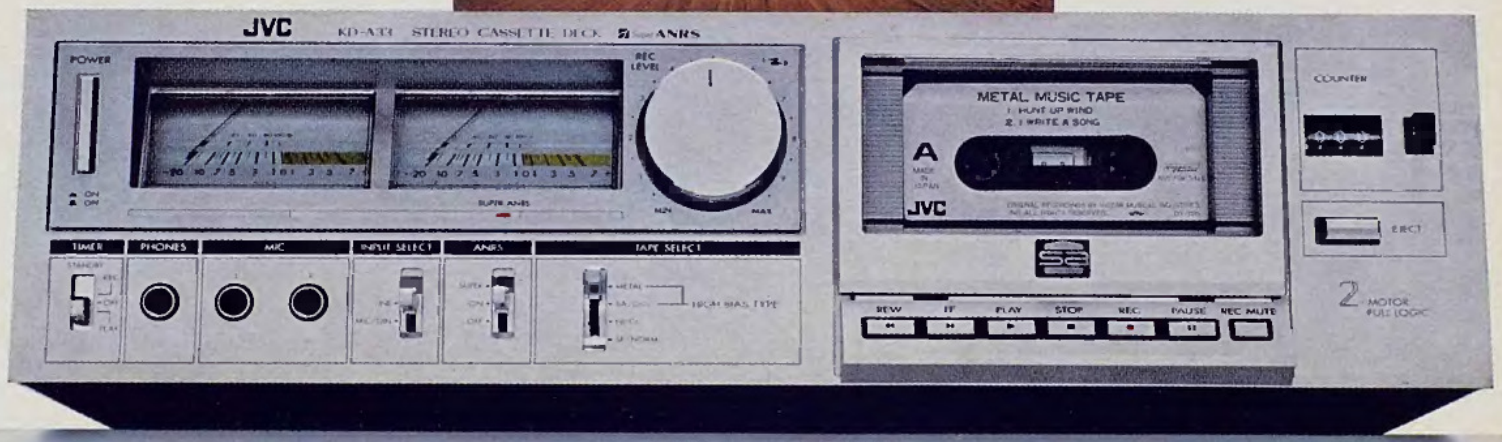

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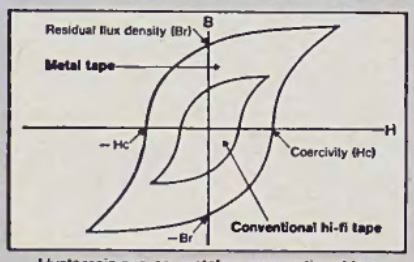

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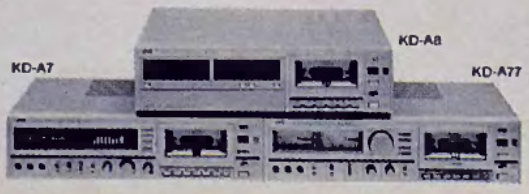

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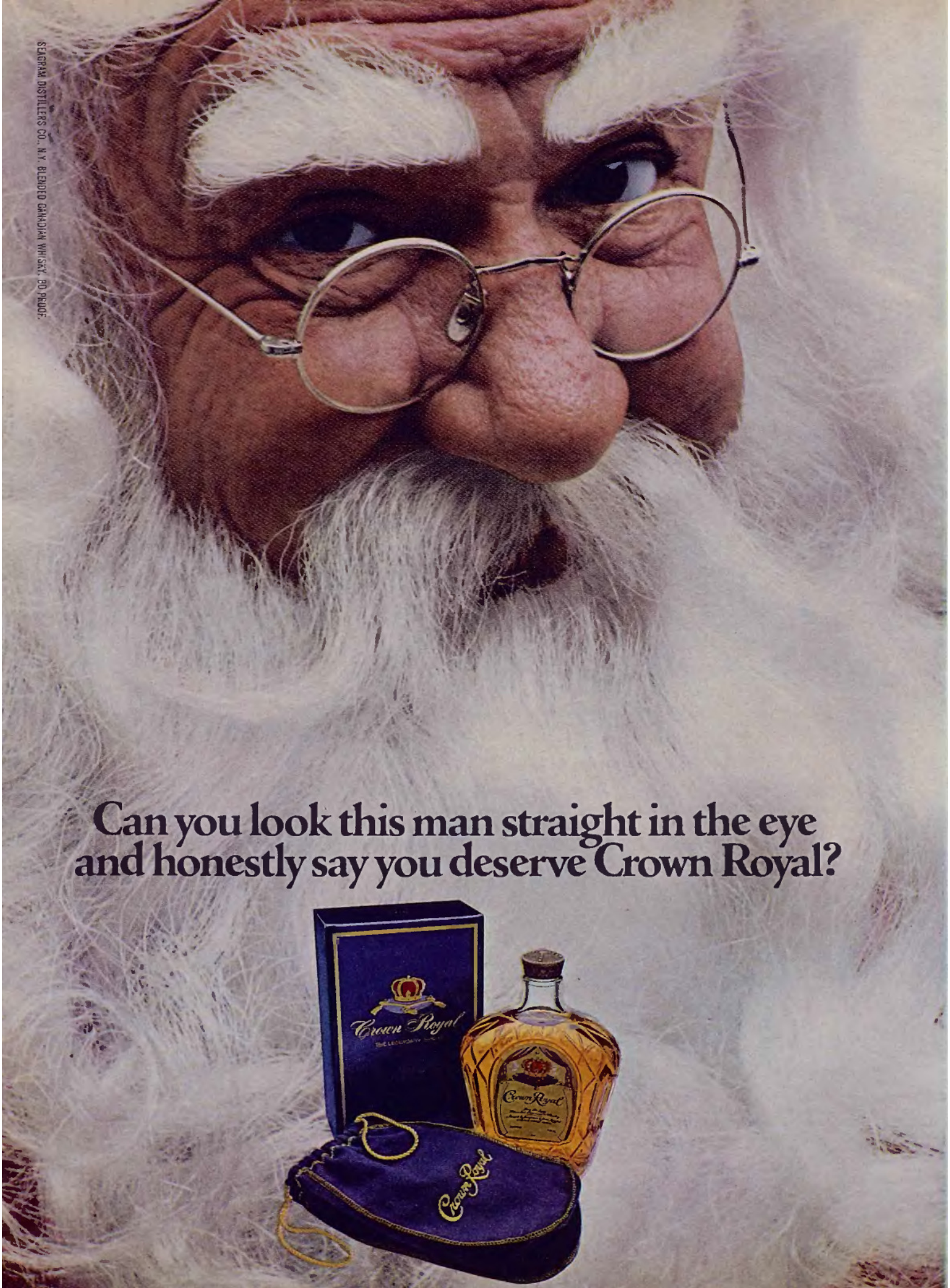

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rooms full of smoke with men in three-piece suits that they couldn't button.

ONO: I handled the business: old business—Apple, Maclen [the Beatles' record company and publishing company, respectively] and new investments.

LENNON: We had to face the business. It was either another case of asking some daddy to come solve our business or having one of us do it. Those lawyers were getting a quarter of a million dollars a year to sit around a table and eat salmon at the Plaza. Most of them didn't seem interested in solving the problems. Every lawyer had a lawyer. Each Beatle had four or five people working. So we felt we had to look after that side of the business and get rid of it and deal with it before we could start dealing with our own life. And the only one of us who has the talent or the ability to deal with it on that level is Yoko.

PLAYBOY: Did you have experience handling business matters of that proportion?

ONO: I learned. The law is not a mystery to me anymore. Politicians are not a mystery to me. I'm not scared of all that establishment anymore. At first, my own accountant and my own lawyer could not deal with the fact that I was telling them what to do.

LENNON: There was a bit of an attitude that this is John's wife, but surely she can't *really* be representing him.

ONO: A lawyer would send a letter to the directors, but instead of sending it to me, he would send it to John or send it to *my* lawyer. You'd be surprised how much insult I took from them initially. There was all this "But you don't know anything about law; I can't talk to you." I said, "All right, talk to me in the way I can understand it. I am a director, too."

LENNON: They can't stand it. But they have to stand it, because she is who represents us. [*Chuckles*] They're all male, you know, just big and fat, vodka lunch, shouting males, like trained dogs, trained to attack all the time. Recently, she made it possible for us to earn a large sum of money that benefited all of them and they fought and fought not to let her do it, because it was her idea and she was a woman and she was not a professional. But she did it, and then one of the guys said to her, "Well, Lennon does it again." But Lennon didn't have anything to do with it.

PLAYBOY: Why are you returning to the studio and public life?

LENNON: You breathe in and you breathe out. We feel like doing it and we have something to say. Also, Yoko and I attempted a few times to make music together, but that was a long time ago and people still had the idea that the Beatles were some kind of sacred thing that shouldn't step outside its circle. It was hard for us to work together then. We think either people have forgotten or they have grown up by now, so we can make a second foray into that place where she and I are together, making music—simply that. It's not like I'm some wondrous, mystic prince from the rock-'n'-roll world dabbling in strange music with this exotic, Oriental dragon lady, which was the picture projected by the press before.

PLAYBOY: Some people have accused you of playing to the media. First you become a recluse, then you talk selectively to the press because you have a new album coming out.

LENNON: That's ridiculous. People always said John and Yoko would do anything for the publicity. In the *Newsweek* article [September 29, 1980], it says the reporter asked us, "Why did you go underground?" Well, she never asked it that way and I *didn't* go underground. I just stopped talking to the press.

It got to be pretty funny. I was calling myself Greta Hughes or Howard Garbo through that period. But still the gossip items never stopped. We never stopped being *in* the press, but there seemed to be more written about us when we weren't talking to the press than when we were.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about all the negative press that's been directed through the years at Yoko, your "dragon lady," as you put it?

LENNON: We are both sensitive people and we were hurt a lot by it. I mean, we couldn't understand it. When you're in love, when somebody says something like, "How can you be with that woman?" you say, "What do you mean? I am with this goddess of love, the fulfillment of my whole life. Why are you saying this? Why do you want to throw a rock at her or punish me for being in love with her?" Our love helped us survive it, but some of it was pretty violent. There were a few times when we nearly went under, but we managed to survive and here we are. [*Looks upward*] Thank you, thank you, thank you.

PLAYBOY: But what about the charge that John Lennon is under Yoko's spell, under her control?

LENNON: Well, that's rubbish, you know. Nobody controls me. I'm uncontrollable. The only one who controls me is me, and that's just barely possible.

PLAYBOY: Still, many people believe it.

LENNON: Listen, if somebody's gonna impress me, whether it be a Maharishi or a Yoko Ono, there comes a point when the emperor has no clothes. There comes a point when I will see. So for all you folks out there who think that I'm having the wool pulled over my eyes, well, that's an insult to me. Not that you think less of Yoko, because that's *your* problem. What I think of her is what counts! Because—fuck you, brother and sister—you don't know what's happening. I'm not here for you. I'm here for me and her and the baby!

ONO: Of course, it's a total insult to *me*——

LENNON: Well, you're always insulted, my dear wife. It's natural——

ONO: Why should I bother to control anybody?

LENNON: She doesn't need me.

ONO: I have my own life, you know.

LENNON: She doesn't need a Beatle. Who needs a Beatle?

ONO: Do people think I'm that much of a con? John lasted two months with the Maharishi. Two months. I must be the biggest con in the world, because I've been with him 13 years.

LENNON: But people do say that.

PLAYBOY: That's our point. Why?

LENNON: They want to hold on to something they never had in the first place. Anybody who claims to have some interest in me as an individual artist or even as part of the Beatles has absolutely misunderstood everything I ever said if they can't see why I'm with Yoko. And if they can't see that, they don't see anything. They're just jacking off to—it could be anybody, Mick Jagger or somebody else. Let them go jack off to Mick Jagger, OK? I don't need it.

PLAYBOY: He'll appreciate that.

LENNON: I absolutely don't need it. Let them chase Wings. Just forget about me. If that's what you want, go after Paul or Mick. I ain't here for that. If that's not apparent in my past, I'm saying it in black and green, next to all the tits and asses on page 196. Go play with the other boys. Don't bother me. Go play with the Rolling Wings.

PLAYBOY: Do you——

LENNON: No, wait a minute. Let's stay with this a second; sometimes I can't let go of it. [*He is on his feet, climbing up the refrigerator*] Nobody ever said *anything* about Paul's having a spell on me or my having one on Paul! They never thought *that* was abnormal in those days, two guys together, or four guys together! Why didn't they ever say, "How come those guys don't split up? I mean, what's going *on* backstage? *What is this Paul and John business?* How can they be together so long?" We spent more time together in the early days than John and Yoko: the four of us sleeping in the same room, practically in the same bed, in the same truck, living together night and day, eating, *shitting* and *pissing* together! All right? Doing *everything* together! Nobody said a damn thing about being under a spell. Maybe they said we were under the spell of Brian Epstein or George Martin [the Beatles' first manager and producer, respectively]. There's always somebody who has to be doing something to you.

You know, they're congratulating the Stones on being together 112 years. Whoooopee! At least Charlie and Bill still got their families. In the Eighties,

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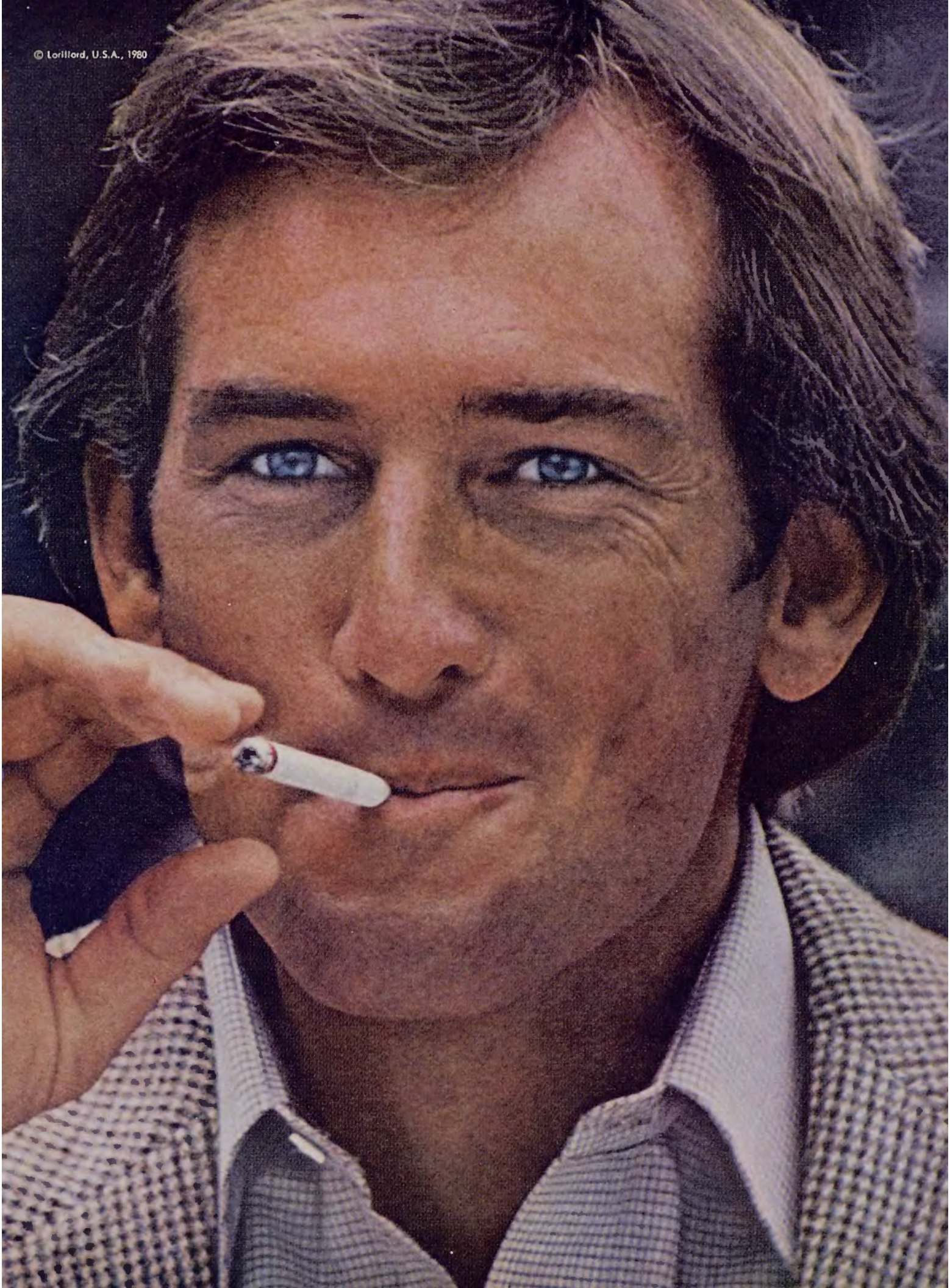
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they'll be asking, "Why are those guys still together? Can't they hack it on their own? Why do they have to be surrounded by a gang? Is the little leader scared somebody's gonna knife him in the back?" That's gonna be the question. That's-a-gonna be the question! They're gonna look back at the Beatles and the Stones and all those guys are relics. The days when those bands were just all men will be on the newsreels, you know. They will be showing pictures of the guy with lipstick wriggling his ass and the four guys with the evil black make-up on their eyes trying to look raunchy. That's gonna be the joke in the future, not a couple singing together or living and working together. It's all right when you're 16, 17, 18 to have male companions and idols, OK? It's tribal and it's gang and it's fine. But when it continues and you're still doing it when you're 40, that means you're still 16 in the head.

PLAYBOY: Let's start at the beginning. Tell us the story of how the wondrous mystic prince and the exotic Oriental dragon lady met.

LENNON: It was in 1966 in England. I'd been told about this "event"—this Japanese avant-garde artist coming from America.

I was looking around the gallery and I saw this ladder and climbed up and got a look in this spyglass on the top of the ladder—you feel like a fool—and it just said, YES. Now, at the time, all the avant-garde was smash the piano with a hammer and break the sculpture and anti-, anti-, anti-, anti-, anti. It was all boring negative crap, you know. And just that YES made me stay in a gallery full of apples and nails.

There was a sign that said, HAMMER A NAIL IN, so I said, "Can I hammer a nail in?" But Yoko said no, because the show wasn't opening until the next day. But the owner came up and whispered to her, "Let him hammer a nail in. You know, he's a millionaire. He might buy it." And so there was this little conference, and finally she said, "OK, you can hammer a nail in for five shillings." So smartass says, "Well, I'll give you an imaginary five shillings and hammer an imaginary nail in." And that's when we really met. That's when we locked eyes and she got it and I got it and, as they say in all the interviews we do, the rest is history.

PLAYBOY: What happened next?

LENNON: Of course, I was a Beatle, but things had begun to change. In 1966, just before we met, I went to Almería, Spain, to make the movie *How I Won the War*. It did me a lot of good to get away. I was there six weeks. I wrote *Strawberry Fields Forever* there, by the way. It gave me time to think on my own, away from the others. From then on, I was looking for somewhere to go, but I didn't have the nerve to really step out on the boat by myself and push it off. But when I fell in love with Yoko, I knew, My God, this is different from anything I've ever known. This is something other. This is more than a hit record, more than gold, more than everything. It is indescribable.

PLAYBOY: Were falling in love with Yoko and wanting to leave the Beatles connected?

LENNON: As I said, I had already begun to want to leave, but when I met Yoko is like when you meet your first woman. You leave the guys at the bar. You don't go play football anymore. You don't go play snooker or billiards. Maybe some guys do it on Friday night or something, but once I found *the* woman, the boys became of no interest whatsoever other than being old school friends. "Those wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of mine." We got married three years later, in 1969. That was the end of the boys. And it just so happened that the boys were well known and weren't just local guys at the bar. Everybody got *so upset* over it. There was a lot of shit thrown at us. A lot of hateful stuff.

ONO: Even now, I just read that Paul said, "I understand that he wants to be with her, but why does he have to be with her all the time?"

LENNON: Yoko, do you still have to carry that cross? That was years ago.

ONO: No, no, no. He said it recently. I mean, what happened with John is like, I sort of went to bed with this guy that I liked and suddenly the next morning, I see these three in-laws, standing there.

LENNON: I've always thought there was this underlying thing in Paul's *Get Back*. When we were in the studio recording it, every time he sang the line "Get back to where you once belonged," he'd look at Yoko.

PLAYBOY: Are you kidding?

LENNON: No. But maybe he'll say I'm paranoid.

[*The next portion of the interview took place with Lennon alone.*]

PLAYBOY: This may be the time to talk about those "in-laws," as Yoko put it. John, you've been asked this a thousand times, but why is it so unthinkable that the Beatles might get back together to make some music?

LENNON: Do you want to go back to high school? Why should I go back ten years to provide an illusion for you that I know does not exist? It cannot exist.

PLAYBOY: Then forget the illusion. What about just to make some great music again? Do you acknowledge that the Beatles made great music?

LENNON: Why should the Beatles give more? Didn't they give everything on God's earth for ten years? Didn't they give *themselves*? You're like the typical sort of love-hate fan who says, "Thank you for everything you did for us in the Sixties—would you just give me another shot? Just one more miracle?"

PLAYBOY: We're not talking about miracles—just good music.

LENNON: When Rodgers worked with Hart and then worked with Hammerstein, do you think he should have stayed with one instead of working with the other? Should Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have stayed together because *I* used to like them together? What is this game of doing things because other people want it? The whole Beatle idea was to do what *you* want, right? To take your own responsibility.

PLAYBOY: All right, but get back to the music itself: You don't agree that the Beatles created the best rock 'n' roll that's been produced?

LENNON: I don't. The Beatles, you see—I'm too involved in them artistically. I cannot see them objectively. I cannot listen to them objectively. I'm dissatisfied with every record the Beatles ever fucking made. There ain't *one* of them I wouldn't remake—including all the Beatles records and all my individual ones. So I cannot possibly give you an assessment of what the Beatles are.

When I was a Beatle, I thought we were the best fucking group in the goddamned world. And believing that is what made us what were were—whether we call it the best rock-'n'-roll group or the best pop group or whatever.

But you play me those tracks today and I want to remake every damn one of them. There's not a single one. . . . I heard *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds* on the radio last night. It's *abysmal*, you know. The track is just *terrible*. I mean, it's great, but it wasn't made right, know what I mean? But that's the artistic trip, isn't it? That's why you keep going. But to get back to your original question about the Beatles and their music, the answer is that we did some good stuff and we did some bad stuff.

PLAYBOY: Many people feel that none of the songs Paul has done alone match the songs he did as a Beatle. Do you honestly feel that any of *your* songs—on the Plastic Ono Band records—will have the lasting imprint of *Eleanor Rigby* or *Strawberry Fields*?

LENNON: *Imagine*, *Love* and those Plastic Ono Band songs stand up to *any* song that was written when I was a Beatle. Now, it may take you 20 or 30 years to appreciate that, but the fact is, if you check those songs out, you will see that it is as good as any fucking stuff that was ever done.

PLAYBOY: It seems as if you're trying to say to the world, "We were just a good band making some good music," while a lot of the rest of the world is saying, "It wasn't just some good music, it was the *best*."

LENNON: Well, if it was the best, so what?

PLAYBOY: So——

LENNON: *It can never be again!* Everyone always talks about a good thing coming to an end, as if life was over. But I'll be 40 when this interview comes out. Paul is 38. Elton John, Bob Dylan—we're all relatively young people. The game isn't over yet. Everyone talks in terms of the last record or the last Beatle concert—but, God willing, there are another 40 years of productivity to go. I'm not judging whether *I Am the Walrus* is better or worse than *Imagine*. It is for others to judge. I am *doing* it. I *do*. I don't stand back and judge—I do.

PLAYBOY: You keep saying you don't want to go back ten years, that too much has changed. Don't you ever feel it would be interesting—never mind cosmic, just *interesting*—to get together, with all your new experiences, and cross your talents?

LENNON: Wouldn't it be *interesting* to take Elvis back to his Sun Records period? I don't know. But I'm content to listen to his Sun Records. I don't want to dig him up out of the grave. The Beatles don't exist and can never exist again. John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Richard Starkey could put on a concert—but it can never be the Beatles singing *Strawberry Fields* or *I Am the Walrus* again, because we are not in our 20s. We cannot be that again, nor can the people who are listening.

PLAYBOY: But aren't you the one who is making it too important? What if it were just nostalgic fun? A high school reunion?

LENNON: I never went to high school reunions. My thing is, Out of sight, out of mind. That's my attitude toward life. So I don't have any romanticism about any part of my past. I think of it only inasmuch as it gave me pleasure or helped me grow psychologically. That is the only thing that interests me about yesterday. I don't believe in yesterday, by the way. You know *I don't believe in yesterday*. I am only interested in what I am doing now.

PLAYBOY: What about the people of your generation, the ones who feel a certain kind of music—and spirit—died when the Beatles broke up?

LENNON: If they didn't understand the Beatles and the Sixties then, what the fuck could we do for them now? Do we have to divide the fish and the loaves for the multitudes again? Do we have to get crucified again? Do we have to do the walking on water again because a whole pile of dummies didn't see it the first time, or didn't believe it when they saw it? You know, that's what they're asking: "Get off the cross. I didn't understand the first bit yet. Can you do that again?" No way. You can never go home. It doesn't exist.

PLAYBOY: Do you find that the clamor for a Beatles reunion has died down?

LENNON: Well, I heard some Beatles stuff on the radio the other day and I heard *Green Onion*—no, *Glass Onion*, I don't even know my own songs! I listened to it because it was a rare track——

PLAYBOY: That was the one that contributed to the "Paul McCartney is dead" uproar because of the lyric "The walrus is Paul."

LENNON: Yeah. That line was a joke, you know. That line was put in partly because I was feeling guilty because I was with Yoko, and I knew I was finally high and dry. In a perverse way, I was sort of saying to Paul, "Here, have this crumb, have this illusion, have this stroke—because I'm leaving you." Anyway, it's a song they don't usually play. When a radio station has a Beatles weekend, they usually play the same ten songs—*A Hard Day's Night, Help!, Yesterday, Something, Let It Be*—you know, there's all that wealth of material, but we hear only ten songs. So the deejay says, "I want to thank John, Paul, George and Ringo for *not* getting back together and spoiling a good thing." I thought it was a good sign. Maybe people are catching on.

PLAYBOY: Aside from the millions you've been offered for a reunion concert, how did you feel about producer Lorne Michaels' generous offer of $3200 for appearing together on *Saturday Night Live* a few years ago?

LENNON: Oh, yeah. Paul and I were together watching that show. He was visiting us at our place in the Dakota. We were watching it and almost went down to the studio, just as a gag. We nearly got into a cab, but we were actually too tired.

PLAYBOY: How did you and Paul happen to be watching TV together?

LENNON: That was a period when Paul just kept turning up at our door with a guitar. I would let him in, but finally I said to him, "Please call before you come over. It's not 1956 and turning up at the door isn't the same anymore. You know, just give me a ring." He was upset by that, but I didn't mean it badly. I just meant that I was taking care of a baby all day and some guy turns up at the door. . . . But, anyway, back on that night, he and Linda walked in and he and I were just sitting there, watching the show, and we went, "Ha-ha, wouldn't it be funny if we went down?" but we didn't.

PLAYBOY: Was that the last time you saw Paul?

LENNON: Yes, but I didn't mean it like that.

PLAYBOY: We're asking because there's always a lot of speculation about whether the Fab Four are dreaded enemies or the best of friends.

LENNON: We're neither. I haven't seen *any* of the Beatles for I don't know how much time. Somebody asked me what I thought of Paul's last album and I made some remark like, I thought he was depressed and sad. But then I realized I hadn't listened to the whole damn thing. I heard one track—the hit *Coming Up*, which I thought was a good piece of work. Then I heard something else that sounded like he was depressed. But I don't follow their work. I don't follow Wings, you know. I don't give a shit what Wings is doing, or what George's new album is doing, or what Ringo is doing. I'm not interested, no more than I am in what Elton John or Bob Dylan is doing. It's not callousness, it's just that I'm too busy living my own life to be following what other people are doing, whether they're the Beatles or guys I went to college with or people I had intense relationships with before I met the Beatles.

PLAYBOY: Besides *Coming Up*, what do you think of Paul's work since he left the Beatles?

LENNON: I kind of admire the way Paul started back from scratch, forming a new band and playing in small dance halls, because that's what he wanted to do with the Beatles—he wanted us to go back to the dance halls and experience

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that again. But I didn't. . . . That was one of the problems, in a way, that he wanted to relive it all or something—I don't know what it was. . . . But I kind of admire the way he got off his pedestal—now he's back on it again, but I mean, he did what he wanted to do. That's fine, but it's just not what I wanted to do.

PLAYBOY: What about the music?

LENNON: *The Long and Winding Road* was the last gasp from him. Although I really haven't listened.

PLAYBOY: You say you haven't listened to Paul's work and haven't really talked to him since that night in your apartment——

LENNON: *Really* talked to him, no, that's the operative word. I haven't *really* talked to him in ten years. Because I haven't spent time with him. I've been doing other things and so has he. You know, he's got 25 kids and about 20,000,000 records out—how can he spend time talking? He's always working.

PLAYBOY: Then let's talk about the work you did together. Generally speaking, what did each of you contribute to the Lennon-McCartney songwriting team?

LENNON: Well, you could say that he provided a lightness, an optimism, while I would always go for the sadness, the discords, a certain bluesy edge. There was a period when I thought I didn't write melodies, that Paul wrote those and I just wrote straight, shouting rock 'n' roll. But, of course, when I think of some of my own songs—*In My Life*—or some of the early stuff—*This Boy*—I was writing melody with the best of them. Paul had a lot of training, could play a lot of instruments. He'd say, "Well, why don't you change that there? You've done that note 50 times in the song." You know, I'll grab a note and ram it home. Then again, I'd be the one to figure out where to go with a song—a story that Paul would start. In a lot of the songs, my stuff is the "middle eight," the bridge.

PLAYBOY: For example?

LENNON: Take *Michelle*. Paul and I were staying somewhere, and he walked in and hummed the first few bars, with the words, you know [*sings verse of "Michelle"*], and he says, "Where do I go from here?" I'd been listening to blues singer Nina Simone, who did something like "I love *you*!" in one of her songs and that made me think of the middle eight for *Michelle* [*sings*]: "I *love* you, I *love* you, I *l-o-ove* you. . . ."

PLAYBOY: What was the difference in terms of lyrics?

LENNON: I always had an easier time with lyrics, though Paul is quite a capable lyricist who doesn't think he is. So he doesn't go for it. Rather than face the problem, he would avoid it. *Hey, Jude* is a damn good set of lyrics. I made no contribution to the lyrics there. And a couple of lines he has come up with show indications of a good lyricist. But he just hasn't taken it anywhere. Still, in the early days, we didn't care about lyrics as long as the song had some vague theme—she loves you, he loves him, they all love each other. It was the hook, line and sound we were going for. That's still my attitude, but I can't leave lyrics alone. I have to make them make sense apart from the songs.

PLAYBOY: What's an example of a lyric you and Paul worked on together?

LENNON: In *We Can Work It Out*, Paul did the first half, I did the middle eight. But you've got Paul writing, "We can work it out / We can work it out"—real optimistic, y' know, and me, impatient: "Life is very short and there's no time / For fussing and fighting, my friend. . . ."

PLAYBOY: Paul tells the story and John philosophizes.

LENNON: Sure. Well, I was always like that, you know. I was like that before the Beatles and after the Beatles. I always asked why people did things and why society was like it was. I didn't just accept it for what it was *apparently* doing. I always looked below the surface.

PLAYBOY: When you talk about working together on a single lyric like *We Can Work It Out*, it suggests that you and Paul worked a lot more closely than you've admitted in the past. Haven't you said that you wrote most of your songs separately, despite putting both of your names on them?

LENNON: Yeah, I was lying. [*Laughs*] It was when I felt resentful, so I felt that we did everything apart. But, actually, a lot of the songs we did eyeball to eyeball.

PLAYBOY: But many of them *were* done apart, weren't they?

LENNON: Yeah. *Sgt. Pepper* was Paul's idea, and I remember he worked on it a lot and suddenly called me to go into the studio, said it was time to write some songs. On *Pepper*, under the pressure of only ten days, I managed to come up with *Lucy in the Sky* and *Day in the Life*. We weren't communicating enough, you see. And later on, that's why I got resentful about all that stuff. But now I understand that it was just the same competitive game going on.

PLAYBOY: But the competitive game was good for you, wasn't it?

LENNON: In the early days. We'd make a record in 12 hours or something; they would want a single every three months and we'd have to write it in a hotel room or in a van. So the cooperation was functional as well as musical.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think that cooperation, that magic between you, is something you've missed in your work since?

LENNON: I never actually felt a loss. I don't want it to sound negative, like I didn't need Paul, because when he was there, obviously, it worked. But I can't—it's easier to say what I gave to him than what he gave to me. And he'd say the same.

PLAYBOY: Just a quick aside, but while we're on the subject of lyrics and your resentment of Paul, what made you write *How Do You Sleep?*, which contains lyrics such as "Those freaks was right when they said you was dead" and "The only thing you done was yesterday / And since you've gone, you're just another day"?

LENNON: [*Smiles*] You know, I wasn't really feeling that vicious at the time. But I was using my resentment toward Paul to create a song, let's put it that way. He saw that it pointedly refers to him, and people kept hounding him about it. But, you know, there were a few digs on *his* album before mine. He's so obscure other people didn't notice them, but I heard them. I thought, Well, I'm not obscure, I just get right down to the nitty-gritty. So he'd done it his way and I did it mine. But as to the line you quoted, yeah, I think Paul died creatively, in a way.

PLAYBOY: That's what we were getting at: You say that what *you've* done since the Beatles stands up well, but isn't it possible that with all of you, it's been a case of the creative whole being greater than the parts?

LENNON: I don't know whether this will gel for you: When the Beatles played in America for the first time, they played pure craftsmanship. Meaning they were already old hands. The jism had gone out of the performances a long time ago. In the same respect, the songwriting creativity had left Paul and me in the mid-Sixties. When we wrote together in the early days, it was like the beginning of a relationship. Lots of energy. In the *Sgt. Pepper–Abbey Road* period, the relationship had matured. Maybe had we gone on together, more interesting things would have come, but it couldn't have been the same.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on to Ringo. What's your opinion of him musically?

LENNON: Ringo was a star in his own right in Liverpool before we even met. He was a professional drummer who sang and performed and had Ringo Starr-time and he was in one of the top groups in Britain but especially in Liverpool before we even had a drummer. So Ringo's talent would have come out one way or the other as something or other. I don't know what he would have ended up as, but whatever that spark is in Ringo that we all know but can't put our finger on—whether it is acting, drumming or singing I don't know—there is something in him that is projectable and he would have surfaced with or without the Beatles. Ringo is a damn good drummer. He is not technically good, but I think Ringo's drumming is underrated the same way Paul's bass playing is underrated. Paul was one of the most innovative bass players ever. And half the stuff that is going on

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now is directly ripped off from his Beatles period. He is an egomaniac about everything else about himself, but his bass playing he was always a bit coy about. I think Paul and Ringo stand up with any of the rock musicians. Not technically great—none of us are technical musicians. None of us could read music. None of us can write it. But as pure musicians, as inspired humans to make the noise, they are as good as anybody.

PLAYBOY: How about George's solo music?

LENNON: I think *All Things Must Pass* was all right. It just went on too long.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about the lawsuit George lost that claimed the music to *My Sweet Lord* is a rip-off of the Shirelles' hit *He's So Fine*?

LENNON: Well, he walked right into it. He knew what he was doing.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying he consciously plagiarized the song?

LENNON: He must have known, you know. He's smarter than that. It's irrelevant, actually—only on a monetary level does it matter. He could have changed a couple of bars in that song and nobody could ever have touched him, but he just let it go and paid the price. Maybe he thought God would just sort of let him off. [At presstime, the court has found Harrison guilty of "subconscious" plagiarism but has not yet ruled on damages.]

PLAYBOY: You actually haven't mentioned George much in this interview.

LENNON: Well, I was hurt by George's book, *I, Me, Mine*—so this message will go to him. He put a book out privately on his life that, by glaring omission, says that my influence on his life is absolutely zilch and nil. In his book, which is purportedly this clarity of vision of his influence on each song he wrote, he remembers every two-bit sax player or guitarist he met in subsequent years. I'm not in the book.

PLAYBOY: Why?

LENNON: Because George's relationship with me was one of young follower and older guy. He's three or four years younger than me. It's a love-hate relationship and I think George still bears resentment toward me for being a daddy who left home. He would not agree with this, but that's my feeling about it. I was just hurt. I was just left out, as if I didn't exist. I don't want to be that egomaniacal, but he was like a disciple of mine when we started. I was already an art student when Paul and George were still in grammar school [equivalent to high school in the U.S.]. There is a vast difference between being in high school and being in college and I was already in college and already had sexual relationships, already drank and did a lot of things like that. When George was a kid, he used to follow me and my first girlfriend, Cynthia—who became my wife—around. We'd come out of art school and he'd be hovering around like those kids at the gate of the Dakota now.

I remember the day he called to ask for help on *Taxman*, one of his bigger songs. I threw in a few one-liners to help the song along, because that's what he asked for. He came to me because he couldn't go to Paul, because Paul wouldn't have helped him at that period. I didn't want to do it. I thought, Oh, no, don't tell me I have to work on George's stuff. It's enough doing my own and Paul's. But because I loved him and I didn't want to hurt him when he called me that afternoon and said, "Will you help me with this song?" I just sort of bit my tongue and said OK. It had been John and Paul so long, he'd been left out because he hadn't been a songwriter up until then. As a singer, we allowed him only one track on each album. If you listen to the Beatles' first albums, the English versions, he gets a single track. The songs he and Ringo sang at first were the songs that used to be part of my repertoire in the dance halls. I used to pick songs for them from my repertoire—the easier ones to sing. So I am slightly resentful of George's book. But don't get me wrong. I still love those guys. The Beatles are over, but John, Paul, George and Ringo go on.

PLAYBOY: Didn't all four Beatles work on a song you wrote for Ringo in 1973?

LENNON: *I'm the Greatest*. It was the Muhammad Ali line, of course. It was perfect for Ringo to sing. If I said, "I'm the greatest," they'd all take it so seriously. No one would get upset with Ringo singing it.

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy playing with George and Ringo again?

LENNON: Yeah, except when George and Billy Preston started saying, "Let's form a group. Let's form a group." I was embarrassed when George kept asking me. He was just enjoying the session and the spirit was very good, but I was with Yoko, you know. We took time out from what we were doing. The very fact that they would imagine I would form a male group without Yoko! It was still in their minds. . . .

PLAYBOY: Just to finish your favorite subject, what about the suggestion that the four of you put aside your personal feelings and regroup to give a mammoth concert for charity, some sort of giant benefit?

LENNON: I don't want to have anything to do with benefits. I have been benefited to death.

PLAYBOY: Why?

LENNON: Because they're always rip-offs. I haven't performed for personal gain since 1966, when the Beatles last performed. Every concert since then, Yoko and I did for specific charities, except for a Toronto thing that was a rock-'n'-roll revival. Every one of them was a mess or a rip-off. So now we give money to who we want. You've heard of tithing?

PLAYBOY: That's when you give away a fixed percentage of your income.

LENNON: Right. I am just going to do it privately. I am not going to get locked into that business of saving the world onstage. The show is always a mess and the artist always comes off badly.

PLAYBOY: What about the Bangladesh concert, in which George and other people such as Dylan performed?

LENNON: Bangladesh was caca.

PLAYBOY: You mean because of all the questions that were raised about where the money went?

LENNON: Yeah, right. I can't even talk about it, because it's still a problem. You'll have to check with Mother [Yoko], because she knows the ins and outs of it, I don't. But it's all a rip-off. So forget about it. All of you who are reading this, don't bother sending me all that garbage about, "Just come and save the Indians, come and save the blacks, come and save the war veterans." Anybody *I* want to save will be helped through our tithing, which is ten percent of whatever we earn.

PLAYBOY: But that doesn't compare with what one promoter, Sid Bernstein, said you could raise by giving a world-wide televised concert—playing separately, as individuals, or together, as the Beatles. He estimated you could raise over $200,000,000 in one day.

LENNON: That was a commercial for Sid Bernstein written with Jewish schmaltz and showbiz and tears, dropping on one knee. It was Al Jolson. OK. So I don't buy that. OK.

PLAYBOY: But the fact is, $200,000,000 to a poverty-stricken country in South America——

LENNON: Where do people get off saying the Beatles should give $200,000,000 to South America? You know, America has poured billions into places like that. It doesn't mean a damn thing. After they've eaten that meal, then what? It lasts for only a day. After the $200,000,000 is gone, then what? It goes round and round in circles. You can pour money in forever. After Peru, then Harlem, then Britain. There is no one concert. We would have to dedicate the rest of our lives to one world concert tour, and I'm not ready for it. Not in this lifetime, anyway.

[*Ono rejoins the conversation.*]

PLAYBOY: On the subject of your own wealth, the *New York Post* recently said you admitted to being worth over $150,000,000 and——

LENNON: We never admitted anything.

PLAYBOY: The *Post* said you had.

LENNON: What the *Post* says—OK, so we are rich; so what?

PLAYBOY: The question is, How does that jibe with your political philosophies?

You're supposed to be socialists, aren't you?

LENNON: In England, there are only two things to be, basically: You are either for the labor movement or for the capitalist movement. Either you become a right-wing Archie Bunker if you are in the class I am in, or you become an instinctive socialist, which I was. That meant I think people should get their false teeth and their health looked after, all the rest of it. But apart from that, I worked for money and I wanted to be rich. So what the hell—if that's a paradox, then I'm a socialist. But I am not *anything*. What I used to be is guilty about money. That's why I lost it, either by giving it away or by allowing myself to be screwed by so-called managers.

PLAYBOY: Whatever your politics, you've played the capitalist game very well, parlaying your Beatles royalties into real estate, livestock——

ONO: There is no denying that we are still living in the capitalist world. I think that in order to survive and to change the world, you have to take care of yourself first. You have to survive yourself. I used to say to myself, I am the only socialist living here. [*Laughs*] I don't have a penny. It is all John's, so I'm clean. But I was using his money and I had to face that hypocrisy. I used to think that money was obscene, that the artists didn't have to think about money. But to change society, there are two ways to go: through violence or the power of money within the system. A lot of people in the Sixties went underground and were involved in bombings and other violence. But that is not the way, definitely not for me. So to change the system—even if you are going to become a mayor or something—you need money.

PLAYBOY: To what extent do you play the game without getting caught up in it—money for the sake of money, in other words?

ONO: There is a limit. It would probably be parallel to our level of security. Do you know what I mean? I mean the emotional-security level as well.

PLAYBOY: Has it reached that level yet?

ONO: No, not yet. I don't know. It might have.

PLAYBOY: You mean with $150,000,000? Is that an accurate estimate?

ONO: I don't know what we have. It becomes so complex that you need to have ten accountants working for two years to find out what you have. But let's say that we feel more comfortable now.

PLAYBOY: How have you chosen to invest your money?

ONO: To make money, you have to spend money. But if you are going to make money, you have to make it with love. I love Egyptian art. I make sure to get all the Egyptian things, not for their value but for their magic power. Each

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piece has a certain magic power. Also with houses. I just buy ones we love, not the ones that people say are good investments.

PLAYBOY: The papers have made it sound like you are buying up the Atlantic Seaboard.

ONO: If you saw the houses, you would understand. They have become a good investment, but they are not an investment unless you sell them. We don't intend to sell. Each house is like a historic landmark and they're very beautiful.

PLAYBOY: Do you actually use all the properties?

ONO: Most people have the park to go to and run in—the park is a huge place—but John and I were never able to go to the park together. So we have to create our own parks, you know.

PLAYBOY: We heard that you own $60,000,000 worth of dairy cows. Can that be true?

ONO: I don't know. I'm not a calculator. I'm not going by figures. I'm going by excellence of things.

LENNON: Sean and I were away for a weekend and Yoko came over to sell this cow and I was joking about it. We hadn't seen her for days; she spent all her time on it. But then I read the paper that said she sold it for a quarter of a million dollars. Only Yoko could sell a cow for that much. [*Laughter*]

PLAYBOY: For an artist, your business sense seems remarkable.

ONO: I was doing it just as a chess game. I love chess. I do everything like it's a chess game. Not on a Monopoly level—that's a bit more realistic. Chess is more conceptual.

PLAYBOY: John, do you really need all those houses around the country?

LENNON: They're good business.

PLAYBOY: Why does anyone need $150,000,000? Couldn't you be perfectly content with $100,000,000? Or $1,000,000?

LENNON: What would you suggest I do? Give everything away and walk the streets? The Buddhist says, "Get rid of the possessions of the mind." Walking away from all the money would not accomplish that. It's like the Beatles. I couldn't walk away from the Beatles. That's one possession that's still tagging along, right? If I walk away from one house or 400 houses, I'm not gonna escape it.

PLAYBOY: How *do* you escape it?

LENNON: It takes time to get rid of all this garbage that I've been carrying around that was influencing the way I thought and the way I lived. It had a lot to do with Yoko, showing me that I was still possessed. I left physically when I fell in love with Yoko, but mentally it took the last ten years of struggling. I learned everything from her.

PLAYBOY: You make it sound like a teacher-pupil relationship.

LENNON: It *is* a teacher-pupil relationship. That's what people don't understand. She's the teacher and I'm the pupil. I'm the famous one, the one who's supposed to know everything, but she's my teacher. She's taught me everything I fucking know. She was there when I was nowhere, when I was the nowhere man. She's my Don Juan [a reference to Carlos Castaneda's Yaqui Indian teacher]. That's what people don't understand. I'm married to fucking Don Juan, that's the hardship of it. Don Juan doesn't have to laugh; Don Juan doesn't have to be charming; Don Juan just *is*. And what goes on around Don Juan is irrelevant to Don Juan.

PLAYBOY: Yoko, how do you feel about being John's teacher?

ONO: Well, he had a lot of experience before he met me, the kind of experience I never had, so I learned a lot from him, too. It's both ways. Maybe it's that I have strength, a feminine strength. Because women develop it—in a relationship, I think women really have the inner wisdom and they're carrying that while men have sort of the wisdom to cope with society, since they created it. Men never developed the inner wisdom; they didn't have time. So most men do rely on women's inner wisdom, whether they express that or not.

PLAYBOY: Is Yoko John's guru?

LENNON: No, a Don Juan doesn't have a following. A Don Juan isn't in the newspaper and doesn't have disciples and doesn't proselytize.

PLAYBOY: How has she taught you?

LENNON: When Don Juan said—when Don Ono said, "Get out! Because you're not getting it," well, it was like being sent into the desert. And the reason she wouldn't let me back in was because I wasn't ready to come back in. I had to settle things within myself. When I was ready to come back in, she let me back in. And that's what I'm living with.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about your separation.

LENNON: Yes. We were separated in the early Seventies. She kicked me out. Suddenly, I was on a raft alone in the middle of the universe.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

LENNON: Well, at first, I thought, Whoopee, whoopee! You know, bachelor life! Whoopee! And then I woke up one day and I thought, What is this? I want to go home! But she wouldn't let me come home. That's why it was 18 months apart instead of six months. We were talking all the time on the phone and I would say, "I don't like this. I'm getting in trouble and I'd like to come home, please." And she would say, "You're not ready to come home." So what do you say? OK, back to the bottle.

PLAYBOY: What did she mean, you weren't ready?

LENNON: She has her ways. Whether they be mystical or practical. When she said it's not ready, it ain't ready.

PLAYBOY: Back to the bottle?

LENNON: I was just trying to hide what I felt in the bottle. I was just insane. It was the lost weekend that lasted 18 months. I've never drunk so much in my life. I tried to drown myself in the bottle and I was with the heaviest drinkers in the business.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

LENNON: Such as Harry Nilsson, Bobby Keyes, Keith Moon. We couldn't pull ourselves out. We were trying to kill ourselves. I think Harry might still be trying, poor bugger—God bless you, Harry, wherever you are—but, Jesus, you know, I had to get away from that, because somebody was going to die. Well, Keith did. It was like, who's going to die first? Unfortunately, Keith was the one.

PLAYBOY: Why the self-destruction?

LENNON: For me, it was because of being apart. I couldn't stand it. They had their own reasons, and it was, Let's all drown ourselves together. From where I was sitting, it looked like that. Let's kill ourselves but do it like Errol Flynn, you know, the *macho*, male way. It's embarrassing for me to think about that period, because I made a big fool of myself—but maybe it was a good lesson for me.

I wrote *Nobody Loves You When You're Down and Out* during that time. That's how I felt. It exactly expresses the whole period. For some reason, I always imagined Sinatra singing that one. I don't know why. It's kind of a Sinatraesque song, really. He would do a perfect job with it. Are you listening, Frank? You need a song that isn't a piece of nothing. Here's the one for you, the horn arrangement and everything's made for you. But don't ask me to produce it.

PLAYBOY: That must have been the time the papers came out with reports about Lennon running around town with a Tampax on his head.

LENNON: The stories were all so exaggerated, but. . . . We were all in a restaurant, drinking, not eating, as usual at those gatherings, and I happened to go take a pee and there was a brand-new fresh Kotex, not Tampax, on the toilet. You know the old trick where you put a penny on your forehead and it sticks? I was a little high and I just picked it up and slapped it on and it stayed, you see. I walked out of the bathroom and I had a Kotex on my head. Big deal.

Everybody went "Ha-ha-ha" and it fell off, but the press blew it up.

PLAYBOY: Why *did* you kick John out, Yoko?

ONO: There were many things. I'm what I call a "moving on" kind of girl; there's a song on our new album about it. Rather than deal with problems in relationships, I've always moved on. That's why I'm one of the very few survivors as a woman, you know. Women tend to be more into men usually, but I wasn't. . . .

LENNON: Yoko looks upon men as

assistants. . . . Of varying degrees of intimacy, but basically assistants. And *this* one's going to take a pee. [*He exits*]

ONO: I have no comment on that. But when I met John, women to him were basically people around who were serving him. He had to open himself up and face me—and I had to see what he was going through. But . . . I thought I had to move on again, because I was suffering being with John.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ONO: The pressure from the public, being the one who broke up the Beatles and who made it impossible for them to get back together. My artwork suffered, too. I thought I wanted to be free from being Mrs. Lennon, so I thought it would be a good idea for him to go to L.A. and leave me alone for a while. I had put up with it for many years. Even early on, when John was a Beatle, we stayed in a room and John and I were in bed and the door was closed and all that, but we didn't lock the door and one of the Beatle assistants just walked in and talked to him as if I weren't there. It was mind-blowing. I was invisible. The people around John saw me as a terrible threat. I mean, I heard there were plans to *kill* me. Not the Beatles but the people around them.

PLAYBOY: How did that news affect you?

ONO: The society doesn't understand that the woman can be castrated, too. I felt castrated. Before, I was doing all right, thank you. My work might not have been selling much, I might have been poorer, but I had my pride. But the most humiliating thing is to be looked at as a parasite.

[*Lennon rejoins the conversation.*]

LENNON: When Yoko and I started doing stuff together, we would hold press conferences and announce our whatevers—we're going to wear bags or whatever. And before this one press conference, one Beatle assistant in the upper echelon of Beatle assistants leaned over to Yoko and said, "You know, you don't have to work. You've got enough money, now that you're Mrs. Lennon." And when she complained to me about it, I couldn't understand what she was talking about. "But this guy," I'd say. "He's just good old Charley, or whatever. He's been with us 20 years. . . ." The same kind of thing happened in the studio. She would say to an engineer, "I'd like a little more treble, a little more bass," or "There's too much of whatever you're putting on," and they'd look at me and say, "What did *you* say, John?" Those days I didn't even notice it myself. Now I know what she's talking about. In Japan, when I ask for a cup of tea in Japanese, they look at Yoko and ask, "He wants a cup of tea?" in Japanese.

ONO: So a good few years of that kind of thing emasculates you. I had always been more *macho* than most guys I was with, in a sense. I had always been the breadwinner, because I always wanted to have the freedom and the control. Suddenly, I'm with somebody I can't possibly compete with on a level of earnings. Finally, I couldn't take it—or I decided not to take it any longer. I would have had the same difficulty even if I hadn't gotten involved with, ah——

LENNON: John—John is the name.

ONO: With John. But John wasn't just John. He was also his group and the people around them. When I say John, it's not just John——

LENNON: That's John. J-O-H-N. From Johan, I believe.

PLAYBOY: So you made him leave?

ONO: Yes.

LENNON: She don't suffer fools gladly, even if she's married to him.

PLAYBOY: How did you finally get back together?

ONO: It slowly started to dawn on me that John was not the trouble at all. John was a fine person. It was society that had become too much. We laugh about it now, but we started dating again. I wanted to be sure. I'm thankful to John's intelligence——

LENNON: Now, get that, editors—you got that word?

ONO: That he was intelligent enough to know this was the only way that we could save our marriage, not because we didn't love each other but because it was getting too much for me. Nothing would have changed if I had come back as Mrs. Lennon again.

PLAYBOY: What did change?

ONO: It was good for me to do the business and regain my pride about what I could do. And it was good to know what he needed, the role reversal that was so good for him.

LENNON: And we learned that it's better for the family if we are both working for the family, she doing the business and me playing mother and wife. We reordered our priorities. The number-one priority is her and the family. Everything else revolves around that.

ONO: It's a hard realization. These days, the society prefers single people. The encouragements are to divorce or separate or be single or gay—whatever. Corporations want singles—they work harder if they don't have family ties. They don't have to worry about being home in the evenings or on the weekends. There's not much room for emotions about family or personal relationships. You know, the whole thing they say to women approaching 30 that if you don't have a baby in the next few years, you're going to be in trouble, you'll never be a mother, so you'll never be fulfilled in that way and——

LENNON: Only Yoko was 73 when she had Sean. [*Laughter*]

ONO: So instead of the society discouraging children, since they are important for society, it should encourage them. It's the responsibility of everybody. But it is hard. A woman has to deny what she has, her womb, if she wants to make it. It seems that only the privileged classes can have families. Nowadays, maybe it's only the McCartneys and the Lennons or something.

LENNON: Everybody else becomes a worker-consumer.

ONO: And then Big Brother will decide—I hate to use the term Big Brother. . . .

LENNON: Too late. They've got it on tape. [*Laughs*]

ONO: But, finally, the society——

LENNON: Big Sister—wait till *she* comes!

ONO: The society will do away with the roles of men and women. Babies will be born in test tubes and incubators. . . .

LENNON: Then it's Aldous Huxley.

ONO: But we don't have to go that way. We don't have to deny any of our organs, you know.

LENNON: Some of my best friends are organs——

ONO: The new album——

LENNON: Back to the album, very good——

ONO: The album fights these things. The messages are sort of old-fashioned—family, relationships, children.

PLAYBOY: The album obviously reflects your new priorities. How have things gone for you since you made that decision?

LENNON: We got back together, decided this was our life, that having a baby was important to us and that anything else was subsidiary to that. We worked hard for that child. We went through all hell trying to have a baby, through many miscarriages and other problems. He is what they call a love child in truth. Doctors told us we could never have a child. We almost gave up. "Well, that's it, then, we can't have one. . . ." We were told something was wrong with my sperm, that I abused myself so much in my youth that there was no chance. Yoko was 43, and so they said, no way. She has had too many miscarriages and when she was a young girl, there were no pills, so there were lots of abortions and miscarriages; her stomach must be like Kew Gardens in London. No way. But this Chinese acupuncturist in San Francisco said, "You behave yourself. No drugs, eat well, no drink. You have child in 18 months." And we said, "But the English doctors said. . . ." He said, "Forget what they said. You have child." We had Sean and sent the acupuncturist a Polaroid of him just before he died, God rest his soul.

PLAYBOY: Were there any problems because of Yoko's age?

LENNON: Not because of her age but because of a screw-up in the hospital and the fucking price of fame. Somebody had made a transfusion of the wrong blood type into Yoko. I was there when it happened, and she starts to go rigid, and then shake, from the pain and the trauma. I run up to this nurse and say, "Go get the doctor!" I'm holding on tight to Yoko while this guy gets to the hospital room. He walks in, hardly notices that Yoko is

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going through fucking *convulsions*, goes straight for me, smiles, shakes my hand and says, "I've always wanted to meet you, Mr. Lennon. I always enjoyed your music." I start screaming: "*My wife's dying and you wanna talk about my music!*" Christ!

PLAYBOY: Now that Sean is almost five, is he conscious of the fact that his father was a Beatle or have you protected him from your fame?

LENNON: I haven't said anything. Beatles were never mentioned to him. There was no reason to mention it; we never played Beatle records around the house, unlike the story that went around that I was sitting in the kitchen for the past five years, playing Beatle records and reliving my past like some kind of Howard Hughes. He did see *Yellow Submarine* at a friend's, so I had to explain what a cartoon of me was doing in a movie.

PLAYBOY: Does he have an awareness of the Beatles?

LENNON: He doesn't differentiate between the Beatles and Daddy and Mommy. He thinks Yoko was a Beatle, too. I don't have Beatle records on the jukebox he listens to. He's more exposed to early rock 'n' roll. He's into *Hound Dog*. He thinks it's about hunting.

Sean's not going to public school, by the way. We feel he can learn the three Rs when he wants to—or when the law says he has to, I suppose. I'm not going to fight it. Otherwise, there's no reason for him to be learning to sit still. I can't see any reason for it. Sean now has plenty of child companionship, which everybody says is important, but he also is with adults a lot. He's adjusted to both.

The reason why kids are crazy is because nobody can face the responsibility of bringing them up. Everybody's too scared to deal with children all the time, so we reject them and send them away and torture them. The ones who survive are the conformists—their bodies are cut to the size of the suits—the ones we label good. The ones who don't fit the suits either are put in mental homes or become artists.

PLAYBOY: Your son, Julian, from your first marriage must be in his teens. Have you seen him over the years?

LENNON: Well, Cyn got possession, or whatever you call it. I got rights to see him on his holidays and all that business, and at least there's an open line still going. It's not the best relationship between father and son, but it is there. He's 17 now. Julian and I will have a relationship in the future. Over the years, he's been able to see through the Beatle image and to see through the image that his mother will have given him, subconsciously or consciously. He's interested in girls and autobikes now. I'm just sort of a figure in the sky, but he's obliged to communicate with me, even when he probably doesn't want to.

PLAYBOY: You're being very honest about your feelings toward him to the point of saying that Sean is your first child. Are you concerned about hurting him?

LENNON: I'm not going to lie to Julian. Ninety percent of the people on this planet, especially in the West, were born out of a bottle of whiskey on a Saturday night, and there was no intent to have children. So 90 percent of us—that includes everybody—were accidents. I don't know anybody who was a planned child. All of us were Saturday-night specials. Julian is in the majority, along with me and everybody else. Sean is a planned child, and therein lies the difference. I don't love Julian any less as a child. He's still my son, whether he came from a bottle of whiskey or because they didn't have pills in those days. He's here, he belongs to me and he always will.

PLAYBOY: Yoko, your relationship with your daughter has been much rockier.

ONO: I lost Kyoko when she was about five. I was sort of an offbeat mother, but we had very good communication. I wasn't particularly taking care of her, but she was always with me—onstage or at gallery shows, whatever. When she was not even a year old, I took her onstage as an instrument—an uncontrollable instrument, you know. My communication with her was on the level of sharing conversation and doing things. She was closer to my ex-husband because of that.

PLAYBOY: What happened when she was five?

ONO: John and I got together and I separated from my ex-husband [Tony Cox]. He took Kyoko away. It became a case of parent kidnaping and we tried to get her back.

LENNON: It was a classic case of men being *macho*. It turned into me and Allen Klein trying to dominate Tony Cox. Tony's attitude was, "You got my wife, but you won't get my child." In this battle, Yoko and the child were absolutely forgotten. I've always felt bad about it. It became a case of the shoot-out at the O.K. Corral: Cox fled to the hills and hid out and the sheriff and I tracked him down. First we won custody in court. Yoko didn't want to go to court, but the men, Klein and I, did it anyway.

ONO: Allen called up one day, saying I won the court case. He gave me a piece of paper. I said, "What is this piece of paper? Is this what I won? I don't have my child." I knew that taking them to court would frighten them and, of course, it did frighten them. So Tony vanished. He was very strong, thinking that the capitalists, with their money and lawyers and detectives, were pursuing him. It made him stronger.

LENNON: We chased him all over the world. God knows where he went. *So if you're reading this, Tony, let's grow up about it. It's gone. We don't want to chase you anymore, because we've done enough damage.*

ONO: We also had private detectives

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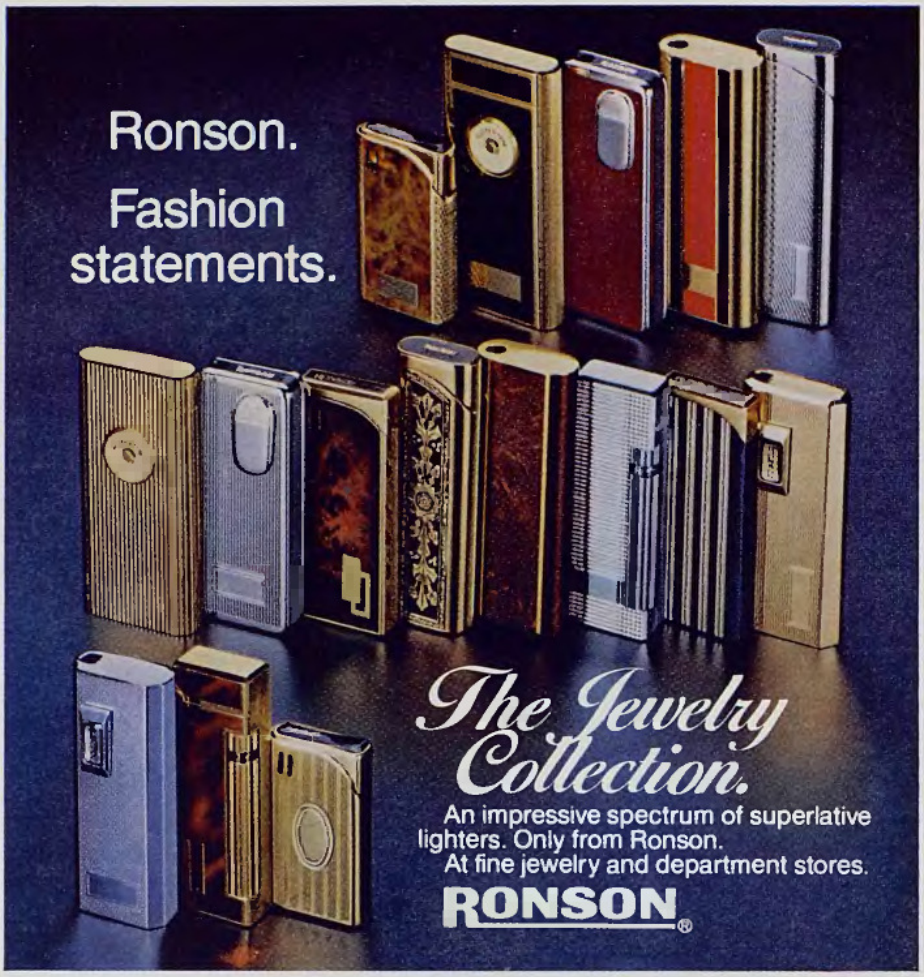

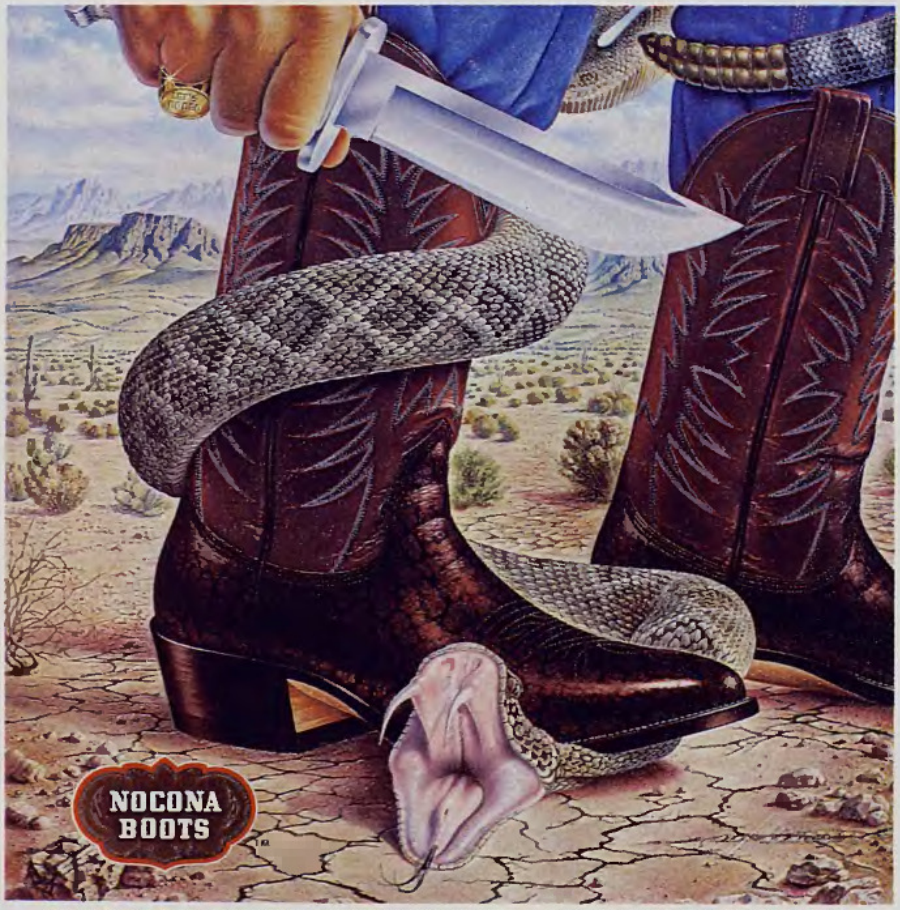

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chasing Kyoko, which I thought was a bad trip, too. One guy came to report, "It was great! We almost had them. We were just behind them in a car, but they sped up and got away." I went hysterical. "What do you mean you almost *got* them? We are talking about *my child*!"

LENNON: It was like we were after an escaped convict.

PLAYBOY: Were you so persistent because you felt you were better for Kyoko?

LENNON: Yoko got steamed into a guilt thing that if she wasn't attacking them with detectives and police and the FBI, then she wasn't a good mother looking for her baby. She kept saying, "Leave them alone, leave them alone," but they said you can't do that.

ONO: For me, it was like they just disappeared from my life. Part of me left with them.

PLAYBOY: How old is she now?

ONO: Seventeen, the same as John's son.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps when she gets older, she'll seek you out.

ONO: She is totally frightened. There was a time in Spain when a lawyer and John thought that *we* should kidnap her.

LENNON: [*Sighing*] I was just going to commit hara-kiri first.

ONO: And we did kidnap her and went to court. The court did a very sensible thing—the judge took her into a room and asked her which one of us she wanted to go with. Of course, she said Tony. We had scared her to death. So now she must be afraid that if she comes to see me, she'll never see her father again.

LENNON: When she gets to be in her 20s, she'll understand that we were idiots and we *know* we were idiots. She might give us a chance.

ONO: I probably would have lost Kyoko even if it wasn't for John. If I had separated from Tony, there would have been some difficulty.

LENNON: I'll just *half*-kill myself.

ONO: [*To John*] Part of the reason things got so bad was because with Kyoko, it was you and Tony dealing. *Men*. With your son Julian, it was women—there was more understanding between me and Cyn.

PLAYBOY: Can you explain that?

ONO: For example, there was a birthday party that Kyoko had and we were both invited, but John felt very uptight about it and he didn't go. He wouldn't deal with Tony. But we were both invited to Julian's party and we both went.

LENNON: Oh, God, it's all coming out.

ONO: Or like when I was invited to Tony's place alone, I couldn't go; but when John was invited to Cyn's, he did go.

LENNON: One rule for the men, one for the women.

ONO: So it was easier for Julian, because I was allowing it to happen.

LENNON: But I've said a million Hail Marys. What the hell else can I do?

PLAYBOY: Yoko, after this experience,

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how do you feel about leaving Sean's rearing to John?

ONO: I am very clear about my emotions in that area. I don't feel guilty. I am doing it in my own way. It may not be the same as other mothers, but I'm doing it the way I can do it. In general, mothers have a very strong resentment toward their children, even though there's this whole adulation about motherhood and how mothers really think about their children and how they really love them. I mean, they do, but it is not humanly possible to retain emotion that mothers are supposed to have within this society. Women are just too stretched out in different directions to retain that emotion. Too much is required of them. So I say to John——

LENNON: I *am* her favorite husband——

ONO: "I am carrying the baby nine months and that is enough, so you take care of it afterward." It did sound like a crude remark, but I really believe that children belong to the society. If a mother carries the child and a father raises it, the responsibility is shared.

PLAYBOY: Did you resent having to take so much responsibility, John?

LENNON: Well, sometimes, you know, she'd come home and say, "I'm tired." I'd say, only partly tongue in cheek, "What the fuck do you think *I* am? *I'm* 24 hours with the baby! Do you think that's easy?" I'd say, "You're going to take some more interest in the child." I don't care whether it's a father or a mother. When I'm going on about pimples and bones and which TV shows to let him watch, I would say, "Listen, this is important. I don't want to hear about your $20,000,000 deal tonight!" [*To Yoko*] I would like both parents to take care of the children, but how is a different matter.

ONO: Society should be more supportive *and* understanding.

LENNON: It's true. The saying "You've come a long way, baby" applies more to me than to her. As Harry Nilsson says, "Everything is the opposite of what it is, isn't it?" It's men who've come a long way from even contemplating the idea of equality. But although there is this thing called the women's movement, society just took a laxative and they've just farted. They haven't really had a good shit yet. The seed was planted sometime in the late Sixties, right? But the real changes are coming. I am the one who has come a long way. I was the pig. And it is a relief not to be a pig. The pressures of being a pig were enormous.

I don't have any hankering to be looked upon as a sex object, a male, *macho* rock-'n'-roll singer. I got over that a long time ago. I'm not even interested in projecting that. So I like it to be known that, yes, I looked after the baby and I made bread and I was a househusband and I am proud of it. It's the wave of the future and I'm glad to be in on the forefront of that, too.

ONO: So maybe both of us learned a lot about how men and women suffer because of the social structure. And the only way to change it is to be aware of it. It sounds simple, but important things are simple.

PLAYBOY: John, does it take actually reversing roles with women to understand?

LENNON: It did for this man. But don't forget, I'm the one who benefited the most from doing it. Now I can step back and say Sean is going to be five years old and I was able to spend his first five years with him and I am very proud of that. And come to think of it, it looks like I'm going to be 40 and life begins at 40—so they promise. And I believe it, too. I feel fine and I'm very excited. It's like, you know, hitting 21, like, "Wow, what's going to happen next?" Only this time we're together.

ONO: If two are gathered together, there's nothing you can't do.

PLAYBOY: What does the title of your new album, *Double Fantasy*, mean?

LENNON: It's a flower, a type of freesia, but what it means to us is that if two people picture the same image at the same time, that is the secret. You can be together but projecting two different images and either whoever's the stronger at the time will get his or her fantasy fulfilled or you will get nothing but mishmash.

PLAYBOY: You saw the news item that said you were putting your sex fantasies out as an album.

LENNON: Oh, yeah. That is like when we did the bed-in in Toronto in 1969. They all came charging through the door, thinking we were going to be screwing in bed. Of course, we were just sitting there with peace signs.

PLAYBOY: What *was* that famous bed-in all about?

LENNON: Our life is our art. That's what the bed-ins were. When we got married, we knew our honeymoon was going to be public, anyway, so we decided to use it to make a statement. We sat in bed and talked to reporters for seven days. It was hilarious. In effect, we were doing a commercial for peace on the front page of the papers instead of a commercial for war.

PLAYBOY: You stayed in bed and talked about peace?

LENNON: Yes. We answered questions. One guy kept going over the point about Hitler: "What do you do about Fascists? How can you have peace when you've got a Hitler?" Yoko said, "I would have gone to bed with him." She said she'd have needed only ten days with him. People loved that one.

ONO: I said it facetiously, of course. But the point is, you're not going to change the world by fighting. Maybe I was naïve about the ten days with Hitler. After all, it took 13 years with John Lennon. [*She giggles*]

PLAYBOY: What were the reports about your making love in a bag?

ONO: We never made love in a bag. People probably imagined that we were making love. It was just, all of us are in a bag, you know. The point was the outline of the bag, you know, the movement of the bag, how much we see of a person, you know. But, inside, there might be a lot going on. Or maybe nothing's going on.

PLAYBOY: Briefly, what about the statement on the new album?

LENNON: Very briefly, it's about very ordinary things between two people. The lyrics are direct. Simple and straight. I went through my Dylanesque period a long time ago with songs like *I Am the Walrus*: the trick of never saying what you mean but giving the impression of something more. Where more or less can be read into it. It's a good game.

PLAYBOY: What are your musical preferences these days?

LENNON: Well, I like all music, depending on what time of day it is. I don't like styles of music or people per se. I can't say I enjoy the Pretenders, but I like their hit record. I enjoy the B-52s, because I heard them doing Yoko. It's great. If Yoko ever goes back to her old sound, they'll be saying, "Yeah, she's copying the B-52s."

ONO: We were doing a lot of the punk stuff a long time ago.

PLAYBOY: Lennon and Ono, the original punks.

ONO: You're right.

PLAYBOY: John, what's your opinion of the newer waves?

LENNON: I love all this punky stuff. It's pure. I'm not, however, crazy about the people who destroy themselves.

PLAYBOY: You disagree with Neil Young's lyric in *Rust Never Sleeps*—"It's better to burn out than to fade away. . . ."

LENNON: I hate it. It's better to fade away like an old soldier than to burn out. I don't appreciate worship of dead Sid Vicious or of dead James Dean or of dead John Wayne. It's the same thing. Making Sid Vicious a hero, Jim Morrison—it's garbage to me. I worship the people who survive. Gloria Swanson, Greta Garbo. They're saying John Wayne conquered cancer—he whipped it like a man. You know, I'm sorry that he died and all that—I'm sorry for his family—but he didn't whip cancer. It whipped him. I don't want Sean worshiping John Wayne or Sid Vicious. What do they teach you? Nothing. Death. Sid Vicious died for what? So that we might rock? I mean, it's garbage, you know. If Neil Young admires that sentiment so much, why doesn't he do it? Because he sure as hell faded away and came back many times,

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PLAYBOY: Do you listen to the radio?

LENNON: Muzak or classical. I don't purchase records. I do enjoy listening to things like Japanese folk music or Indian music. My tastes are very broad. When I was a housewife, I just had Muzak on—background music—'cause it relaxes you.

PLAYBOY: Yoko?

ONO: No.

PLAYBOY: Do you go out and buy records?

ONO: Or read the newspaper or magazines or watch TV? No.

PLAYBOY: The inevitable question, John. Do you listen to your records?

LENNON: *Least* of all my own.

PLAYBOY: Even your classics?

LENNON: Are you kidding? For pleasure, I would never listen to them. When I hear them, I just think of the session—it's like an actor watching himself in an old movie. When I hear a song, I remember the Abbey Road studio, the session, who fought with whom, where I was sitting, banging the tambourine in the corner——

ONO: In fact, we really don't enjoy listening to other people's work much. We sort of analyze everything we hear.

PLAYBOY: Yoko, were you a Beatles fan?

ONO: No. Now I notice the songs, of course. In a restaurant, John will point out, "Ahh, they're playing George" or something.

PLAYBOY: John, do you ever go out to hear music?

LENNON: No, I'm not interested. I'm not a fan, you see. I might like Jerry Lee Lewis singing *A Whole Lot a Shakin'* on the record, but I'm not interested in seeing him perform it.

PLAYBOY: Your songs are performed more than most other songwriters'. How does that feel?

LENNON: I'm always proud and pleased when people do my songs. It gives me pleasure that they even attempt them, because a lot of my songs aren't that doable. I go to restaurants and the groups always play *Yesterday*. I even signed a guy's violin in Spain after he played us *Yesterday*. He couldn't understand that I didn't write the song. But I guess he couldn't have gone from table to table playing *I Am the Walrus*.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to have influenced so many people?

LENNON: It wasn't really me or us. It was the times. It happened to me when I heard rock 'n' roll in the Fifties. I had no idea about doing music as a way of life until rock 'n' roll hit me.

PLAYBOY: Do you recall what specifically hit you?

LENNON: It was *Rock Around the Clock*, I think. I enjoyed Bill Haley, but I wasn't overwhelmed by him. It wasn't until *Heartbreak Hotel* that I really got into it.

ONO: I am sure there are people whose lives were affected because they heard Indian music or Mozart or Bach. More than anything, it was the time and the place when the Beatles came up. Something did happen there. It was a kind of chemical. It was as if several people gathered around a table and a ghost appeared. It was that kind of communication. So they were like mediums, in a way. It's not something you can force. It was the people, the time, their youth and enthusiasm.

PLAYBOY: For the sake of argument, we'll maintain that no other contemporary artist or group of artists moved as many people in such a profound way as the Beatles.

LENNON: *But what moved the Beatles?*

PLAYBOY: You tell us.

LENNON: All right. Whatever wind was blowing at the time moved the Beatles, too. I'm not saying we weren't flags on the top of a ship; but the whole boat was moving. Maybe the Beatles were in the crow's-nest, shouting, "Land ho," or something like that, but we were all in the same damn boat.

ONO: The Beatles themselves were a social phenomenon not that aware of what they were doing. In a way——

LENNON: [*Under his breath*] This Beatles talk bores me to death. Turn to page 196.

ONO: As I said, they were like mediums. They weren't conscious of all they were saying, but it was coming through them.

PLAYBOY: Why?

LENNON: We tuned in to the message. That's all. I don't mean to belittle the Beatles when I say they weren't this, they weren't that. I'm just trying not to overblow their importance as separate from society. And I don't think they were more important than Glenn Miller or Woody Herman or Bessie Smith. It was our generation, that's all. It was Sixties music.

PLAYBOY: What do you say to those who insist that all rock since the Beatles has been the Beatles redone?

LENNON: *All* music is rehash. There are only a few notes. Just variations on a theme. Try to tell the kids in the Seventies who were screaming to the Bee Gees that their music was just the Beatles redone. There is nothing wrong with the Bee Gees. They do a damn good job. There was nothing else going on then.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't a lot of the Beatles' music at least more intelligent?

LENNON: The Beatles were more intellectual, so they appealed on that level, too. But the basic appeal of the Beatles was not their intelligence. It was their music. It was only after some guy in the London *Times* said there were Aeolian cadences in *It Won't Be Long* that the middle classes started listening to it—because somebody put a tag on it.

PLAYBOY: *Did* you put Aeolian cadences in *It Won't Be Long*?

LENNON: To this day, I don't have *any* idea what they are. They sound like exotic birds.

PLAYBOY: How did you react to the misinterpretations of your songs?

LENNON: For instance?

PLAYBOY: The most obvious is the "Paul is dead" fiasco. You already explained the line in *Glass Onion*. What about the line in *I Am the Walrus*—"I buried Paul"?

LENNON: I said "Cranberry sauce." That's all I said. Some people like ping-pong, other people like digging over graves. Some people will do anything rather than be here now.

PLAYBOY: What about the chant at the end of the song: "Smoke pot, smoke pot, everybody smoke pot"?

LENNON: No, no, no. I had this whole choir saying, "Everybody's got one, everybody's got one." But when you get 30 people, male and female, on top of 30 cellos and on top of the Beatles' rock-'n'-roll rhythm section, you can't hear what they're saying.

PLAYBOY: What *does* "everybody got"?

LENNON: Anything. You name it. One penis, one vagina, one asshole—you name it.

PLAYBOY: Did it trouble you when the interpretations of your songs were destructive, such as when Charles Manson claimed that your lyrics were messages to him?

LENNON: No. It has nothing to do with me. It's like that guy, Son of Sam, who was having these talks with the dog. Manson was just an extreme version of the people who came up with the "Paul is dead" thing or who figured out that the initials to *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds* were LSD and concluded I was writing about acid.

PLAYBOY: Where *did Lucy in the Sky* come from?

LENNON: My son Julian came in one day with a picture he painted about a school friend of his named Lucy. He had sketched in some stars in the sky and called it *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*. Simple.

PLAYBOY: The other images in the song weren't drug-inspired?

LENNON: The images were from *Alice in Wonderland*. It was Alice in the boat. She is buying an egg and it turns into Humpty Dumpty. The woman serving in the shop turns into a sheep and the next minute they are rowing in a rowing boat somewhere and I was visualizing that. There was also the image of the female who would someday come save me—a "girl with kaleidoscope eyes" who would come out of the sky. It turned out to be Yoko, though I hadn't met Yoko yet. So maybe it should be *Yoko in the Sky with Diamonds*.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any interest in the pop historians analyzing the Beatles as a cultural phenomenon?

LENNON: It's all equally irrelevant. Mine is to do and other people's is to record,

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I suppose. Does it matter how many drugs were in Elvis' body? I mean, Brian Epstein's sex life will make a nice *Hollywood Babylon* someday, but it is irrelevant.

PLAYBOY: What started the rumors about you and Epstein?

LENNON: I went on holiday to Spain with Brian—which started all the rumors that he and I were having a love affair. Well, it was almost a love affair, but not quite. It was never consummated. But we did have a pretty intense relationship. And it was my first experience with someone I knew was a homosexual. He admitted it to me. We had this holiday together because Cyn was pregnant and we left her with the baby and went to Spain. Lots of funny stories, you know. We used to sit in cafés and Brian would look at all the boys and I would ask, "Do you like that one? Do you like this one?" It was just the combination of our closeness and the trip that started the rumors.

PLAYBOY: It's interesting to hear you talk about your old songs such as *Lucy in the Sky* and *Glass Onion*. Will you give some brief thoughts on some of our favorites?

LENNON: Right.

PLAYBOY: Let's start with *In My Life*.

LENNON: It was the first song I wrote that was consciously about my life. [*Sings*] "There are places I'll remember / all my life though some have changed. . . ." Before, we were just writing songs à la Everly Brothers, Buddy Holly—pop songs with no more thought to them than that. The words were almost irrelevant. *In My Life* started out as a bus journey from my house at 250 Menlove Avenue to town, mentioning all the places I could recall. I wrote it all down and it was *boring*. So I forgot about it and laid back and these lyrics started coming to me about friends and lovers of the past. Paul helped with the middle eight.

PLAYBOY: *Yesterday*.

LENNON: Well, we all know about *Yesterday*. I have had *so* much accolade for *Yesterday*. That is Paul's song, of course, and Paul's baby. Well done. Beautiful—and I never wished I had written it.

PLAYBOY: *With a Little Help from My Friends*.

LENNON: This is Paul, with a little help from me. "What do you see when you turn out the light / I can't tell you, but I know it's mine . . ." is mine.

PLAYBOY: *I Am the Walrus*.

LENNON: The first line was written on one acid trip one weekend. The second line was written on the next acid trip the next weekend, and it was filled in after I met Yoko. Part of it was putting down Hare Krishna. All these people were going on about Hare Krishna, Allen Ginsberg in particular. The reference to "Element'ry penguin" is the elementary, naïve attitude of going around chanting, "Hare Krishna," or putting all your faith in any one idol. I was writing obscurely, à la Dylan, in those days.

PLAYBOY: The song is very complicated, musically.

LENNON: It actually was fantastic in stereo, but you never hear it all. There was too much to get on. It was too messy a mix. One track was live BBC Radio—Shakespeare or something—I just fed in whatever lines came in.

PLAYBOY: What about the walrus itself?

LENNON: It's from *The Walrus and the Carpenter, Alice in Wonderland*. To me, it was a beautiful poem. It never dawned on me that Lewis Carroll was commenting on the capitalist and social system. I never went into that bit about what he really meant, like people are doing with the Beatles' work. Later, I went back and looked at it and realized that the walrus was the bad guy in the story and the carpenter was the good guy. I thought, Oh, shit, I picked the wrong guy. I should have said, "I am the carpenter." But that wouldn't have been the same, would it? [*Singing*] "I am the carpenter. . . ."

PLAYBOY: How about *She Came in Through the Bathroom Window?*

LENNON: That was written by Paul when we were in New York forming Apple, and he first met Linda. Maybe she's the one who came in the window. She must have. I don't know. *Somebody* came in the window.

PLAYBOY: *I Feel Fine*.

LENNON: That's me, including the guitar lick with the first feedback ever recorded. I defy anybody to find an earlier record—unless it is some old blues record from the Twenties—with feedback on it.

PLAYBOY: *When I'm Sixty-Four*.

LENNON: Paul completely. I would never even dream of writing a song like that. There are some areas I never think about and that is one of them.

PLAYBOY: *A Day in the Life*.

LENNON: Just as it sounds: I was reading the paper one day and I noticed two stories. One was the Guinness heir who killed himself in a car. That was the main headline story. He died in London in a car crash. On the next page was a story about 4000 holes in Blackburn, Lancashire. In the streets, that is. They were going to fill them all. Paul's contribution was the beautiful little lick in the song "I'd love to turn you on." I had the bulk of the song and the words, but he contributed this little lick floating around in his head that he couldn't use for anything. I thought it was a damn good piece of work.

PLAYBOY: May we continue with some of the ones that seem more personal and see what reminiscences they inspire?

LENNON: Reminisce away.

PLAYBOY: For no reason whatsoever, let's start with *I Wanna Be Your Man*.

LENNON: Paul and I finished that one off for the Stones. We were taken down by Brian to meet them at the club where they were playing in Richmond. They wanted a song and we went to see what kind of stuff they did. Paul had this bit of a song and we played it roughly for them and they said, "Yeah, OK, that's our style." But it was only really a lick, so Paul and I went off in the corner of the room and finished the song off while they were all sitting there, talking. We came back and Mick and Keith said, "Jesus, look at that. They just went over there and wrote it." You know, right in front of their eyes. We gave it to them. It was a throwaway. Ringo sang it for us and the Stones did their version. It shows how much importance we put on them. We weren't going to give them anything great, right? That was the Stones' first record. Anyway, Mick and Keith said, "If *they* can write a song so easily, *we* should try it." They say it inspired them to start writing together.

PLAYBOY: How about *Strawberry Fields Forever*?

LENNON: Strawberry Fields is a real place. After I stopped living at Penny Lane, I moved in with my auntie who lived in the suburbs in a nice semidetached place with a small garden and doctors and lawyers and that ilk living around—not the poor slummy kind of image that was projected in all the Beatles stories. In the class system, it was about half a class higher than Paul, George and Ringo, who lived in government-subsidized housing. We owned our house and had a garden. They didn't have anything like that. Near that home was Strawberry Fields, a house near a boys' reformatory where I used to go to garden parties as a kid with my friends Nigel and Pete. We would go there and hang out and sell lemonade bottles for a penny. We always had fun at Strawberry Fields. So that's where I got the name. But I used it as an image. Strawberry Fields forever.

PLAYBOY: And the lyrics, for instance: "Living is easy——"

LENNON: [*Singing*] "With eyes closed. Misunderstanding all you see." It still goes, doesn't it? Aren't I saying exactly the same thing now? The awareness apparently trying to be expressed is—let's say in one way I was always hip. I was hip in kindergarten. I was different from the others. I was different all my life. The second verse goes, "No one I think is in my tree." Well, I was too shy and self-doubting. Nobody seems to be as hip as me is what I was saying. Therefore, I must be crazy or a genius—"I mean it must be high or low," the next line. There was something wrong with me, I thought, because I seemed to see things other people didn't see. I thought I was crazy or an egomaniac for claiming to see things other people didn't see. As a child, I would say, *"But this is going on!"* and everybody would

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look at me as if I was crazy. I always was so psychic or intuitive or poetic or whatever you want to call it, that I was always seeing things in a hallucinatory way.

It was scary as a child, because there was nobody to relate to. Neither my auntie nor my friends nor anybody could ever see what I did. It was very, very scary and the only contact I had was reading about an Oscar Wilde or a Dylan Thomas or a Vincent van Gogh—all those books that my auntie had that talked about their suffering because of their visions. Because of what they saw, they were tortured by society for trying to express what they were. I *saw* loneliness.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to find others to share your visions with?

LENNON: Only dead people in books. Lewis Carroll, certain paintings. Surrealism had a great effect on me, because then I realized that my imagery and my mind wasn't insanity; that if it was insane, I belong in an exclusive club that sees the world in those terms. Surrealism to me is reality. Psychic vision to me is reality. Even as a child. When I looked at myself in the mirror or when I was 12, 13, I used to literally trance out into alpha. I didn't know what it was called then. I found out years later there is a name for those conditions. But I would find myself seeing hallucinatory images of my face changing and becoming cosmic and complete. It caused me to always be a rebel. This thing gave me a chip on the shoulder; but, on the other hand, I wanted to be loved and accepted. Part of me would like to be accepted by all facets of society and not be this loudmouthed lunatic musician. But I cannot be what I am not.

Because of my attitude, all the other boys' parents, including Paul's father, would say, "Keep away from him." The parents instinctively recognized what I was, which was a troublemaker, meaning I did not conform and I would influence their kids, which I did. I did my best to disrupt every friend's home I had. Partly, maybe, it was out of envy that I didn't have this so-called home. But I really did. I had an auntie and an uncle and a nice suburban home, thank you very much. Hear this, Auntie. She was hurt by a remark Paul made recently that the reason I am staying home with Sean now is because I never had a family life. It's absolute rubbish. There were five women who were my family. Five strong, intelligent women. Five sisters. One happened to be my mother. My mother was the youngest. She just couldn't deal with life. She had a husband who ran away to sea and the war was on and she couldn't cope with me, and when I was four and a half, I ended up living with her elder sister. Now, those women were fantastic. One day I might do a kind of *Forsyte Saga* just about them. That was my first feminist education.

Anyway, that knowledge and the fact that I wasn't with my parents made me see that parents are not gods. I would infiltrate the other boys' minds. Paul's parents were terrified of me and my influence, simply because I was free from the parents' strangle hold. That was the gift I got for not having parents. I cried a lot about not having them and it was torture, but it also gave me an awareness early. I wasn't an orphan, though. My mother was alive and lived a 15-minute walk away from me all my life. I saw her off and on. I just didn't live with her.

PLAYBOY: Is she alive?

LENNON: No, she got killed by an off-duty cop who was drunk after visiting my auntie's house where I lived. I wasn't there at the time. She was just at a bus stop. I was 16. That was another big trauma for me. I lost her twice. When I was five and I moved in with my auntie, and then when she physically died. That made me more bitter; the chip on my shoulder I had as a youth got really big then. I was just really re-establishing the relationship with her and she was killed.

PLAYBOY: Her name was Julia, wasn't it? Is she the Julia of your song of that name on *The White Album*?

LENNON: The song is for her—and for Yoko.

PLAYBOY: What kind of relationship did you have with your father, who went away to sea? Did you ever see him again?

LENNON: I never saw him again until I made a lot of money and he came back.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

LENNON: Twenty-four or 25. I opened the *Daily Express* and there he was, washing dishes in a small hotel or something very near where I was living in the Stockbroker belt outside London. He had been writing to me to try to get in contact. I didn't want to see him. I was too upset about what he'd done to me and to my mother and that he would turn up when I was rich and famous and not bother turning up before. So I wasn't going to see him at all, but he sort of blackmailed me in the press by saying all this about being a poor man washing dishes while I was living in luxury. I fell for it and saw him and we had some kind of relationship. He died a few years later of cancer. But at 65, he married a secretary who had been working for the Beatles, age 22, and they had a child, which I thought was hopeful for a man who had lived his life as a drunk and almost a Bowery bum.

PLAYBOY: We'll never listen to *Strawberry Fields Forever* the same way again. What memories are jogged by the song *Help!*?

LENNON: When *Help!* came out in '65, I

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was actually crying out for help. Most people think it's just a fast rock-'n'-roll song. I didn't realize it at the time; I just wrote the song because I was commissioned to write it for the movie. But later, I knew I really was crying out for help. It was my fat Elvis period. You see the movie: He—I—is very fat, very insecure, and he's completely lost himself. And I am singing about when I was so much younger and all the rest, looking back at how easy it was. Now I may be very positive—yes, yes—but I also go through deep depressions where I would like to jump out the window, you know. It becomes easier to deal with as I get older; I don't know whether you learn control or, when you grow up, you calm down a little. Anyway, I was fat and depressed and I *was* crying out for help.

In those days, when the Beatles were depressed, we had this little chant. I would yell out, "Where are we going, fellows?" They would say, "To the top, Johnny," in pseudo-American voices. And I would say, "Where is that, fellows?" And they would say, "To the toppermost of the poppermost." It was some dumb expression from a cheap movie—à la *Blackboard Jungle*—about Liverpool. Johnny was the leader of the gang.

PLAYBOY: What were you depressed about during the *Help!* period?

LENNON: The Beatles thing had just gone beyond comprehension. We were smoking marijuana for breakfast. We were well into marijuana and nobody could communicate with us, because we were just all glazed eyes, giggling all the time. In our own world. That was the song, *Help!*. I think everything that comes out of a song—even Paul's songs now, which are apparently about nothing—shows something about yourself.

PLAYBOY: Was *I'm a Loser* a similarly personal statement?

LENNON: Part of me suspects that I'm a loser and the other part of me thinks I'm God Almighty.

PLAYBOY: How about *Cold Turkey*?

LENNON: The song is self-explanatory. The song got banned, even though it's antidrug. They're so stupid about drugs, you know. They're not looking at the cause of the drug problem: Why do people take drugs? To escape from what? Is life so terrible? Are we living in such a terrible situation that we can't do anything without reinforcement of alcohol, tobacco? Aspirins, sleeping pills, uppers, downers, never mind the heroin and cocaine—they're just the outer fringes of Librium and speed.

PLAYBOY: Do you use any drugs now?

LENNON: Not really. If somebody gives me a joint, I might smoke it, but I don't go after it.

PLAYBOY: Cocaine?

LENNON: I've had cocaine, but I don't like it. The Beatles had lots of it in their day, but it's a dumb drug, because you have to have another one 20 minutes later. Your whole concentration goes on getting the next fix. Really, I find caffeine is easier to deal with.

PLAYBOY: Acid?

LENNON: Not in years. A little mushroom or peyote is not beyond my scope, you know, maybe twice a year or something. You don't hear about it anymore, but people are still visiting the cosmos. We must always remember to thank the CIA and the Army for LSD. That's what people forget. Everything is the opposite of what it is, isn't it, Harry? So get out the bottle, boy—and relax. They invented LSD to control people and what they did was give us freedom. Sometimes it works in mysterious ways its wonders to perform. If you look in the Government reports on acid, the ones who jumped out the window or killed themselves because of it, I think even with Art Linkletter's daughter, it happened to her years later. So, let's face it, she wasn't really on acid when she jumped out the window. And I've never met anybody who's had a flashback on acid. I've never had a flashback in my life and I took millions of trips in the Sixties.

PLAYBOY: What does your diet include besides *sashimi* and *sushi*, Hershey bars and cappuccinos?

LENNON: We're mostly macrobiotic, but sometimes I take the family out for a pizza.

ONO: Intuition tells you what to eat. It's dangerous to try to unify things. Everybody has different needs. We went through vegetarianism and macrobiotic, but now, because we're in the studio, we do eat some junk food. We're trying to stick to macrobiotic: fish and rice, whole grains. You balance foods and eat foods indigenous to the area. Corn is the grain from this area.

PLAYBOY: And you both smoke up a storm.

LENNON: Macrobiotic people don't believe in the big C. Whether you take that as a rationalization or not, macrobiotics don't believe that smoking is bad for you. Of course, if we die, we're wrong.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to jogging your memory with songs. How about Paul's song *Hey Jude*?

LENNON: He said it was written about Julian. He knew I was splitting with Cyn and leaving Julian then. He was driving to see Julian to say hello. He had been like an uncle. And he came up with *Hey Jude*. But I always heard it as a song to me. Now I'm sounding like one of those fans reading things into it. . . . Think about it: Yoko had just come into the picture. He is saying, "Hey, Jude"—"Hey, John." Subconsciously, he was saying, Go ahead, leave me. On a conscious level, he didn't want me to go ahead. The angel in him was saying, "Bless you." The Devil in him didn't like it at all, because he didn't want to lose his partner.

PLAYBOY: What about *Because*?

LENNON: I was lying on the sofa in our house, listening to Yoko play Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* on the piano. Suddenly, I said, "Can you play those chords backward?" She did, and I wrote *Because* around them. The song sounds like *Moonlight Sonata*, too. The lyrics are clear, no bullshit, no imagery, no obscure references.

PLAYBOY: *Give Peace a Chance*.

LENNON: All we were saying was give peace a chance.

PLAYBOY: Was it really a Lennon-McCartney composition?

LENNON: No, I don't even know why his name was on it. It's there because I kind of felt guilty because I'd made the separate single—the first—and I was really breaking away from the Beatles.

PLAYBOY: Why were the compositions you and Paul did separately attributed to Lennon-McCartney?

LENNON: Paul and I made a deal when we were 15. There was never a legal deal between us, just a deal we made when we decided to write together that we put both our names on it, no matter what.

PLAYBOY: How about *Do You Want to Know a Secret*?

LENNON: The idea came from this thing my mother used to sing to me when I was one or two years old, when she was still living with me. It was from a Disney movie: "Do you want to know a secret? / Promise not to tell / You are standing by a wishing well." So, with that in my head, I wrote the song and just gave it to George to sing. I thought it would be a good vehicle for him, because it had only three notes and he wasn't the best singer in the world. He has improved a lot since then; but in those days, his ability was very poor. I gave it to him just to give him a piece of the action. That's another reason why I was hurt by his book. I even went to the trouble of making sure he got the B side of a Beatles single, because he hadn't had a B side of one until *Do You Want to Know a Secret? Something* was the first time he ever got an A side, because Paul and I always wrote both sides. That wasn't because we were keeping him out but simply because his material was not up to scratch. I made sure he got the B side of *Something*, too, so he got the cash. Those little things he doesn't remember.

I always felt bad that George and Ringo didn't get a piece of the publishing. When the opportunity came to give them five percent each of Maclen, it was because of me they got it. It was not because of Klein and not because of Paul

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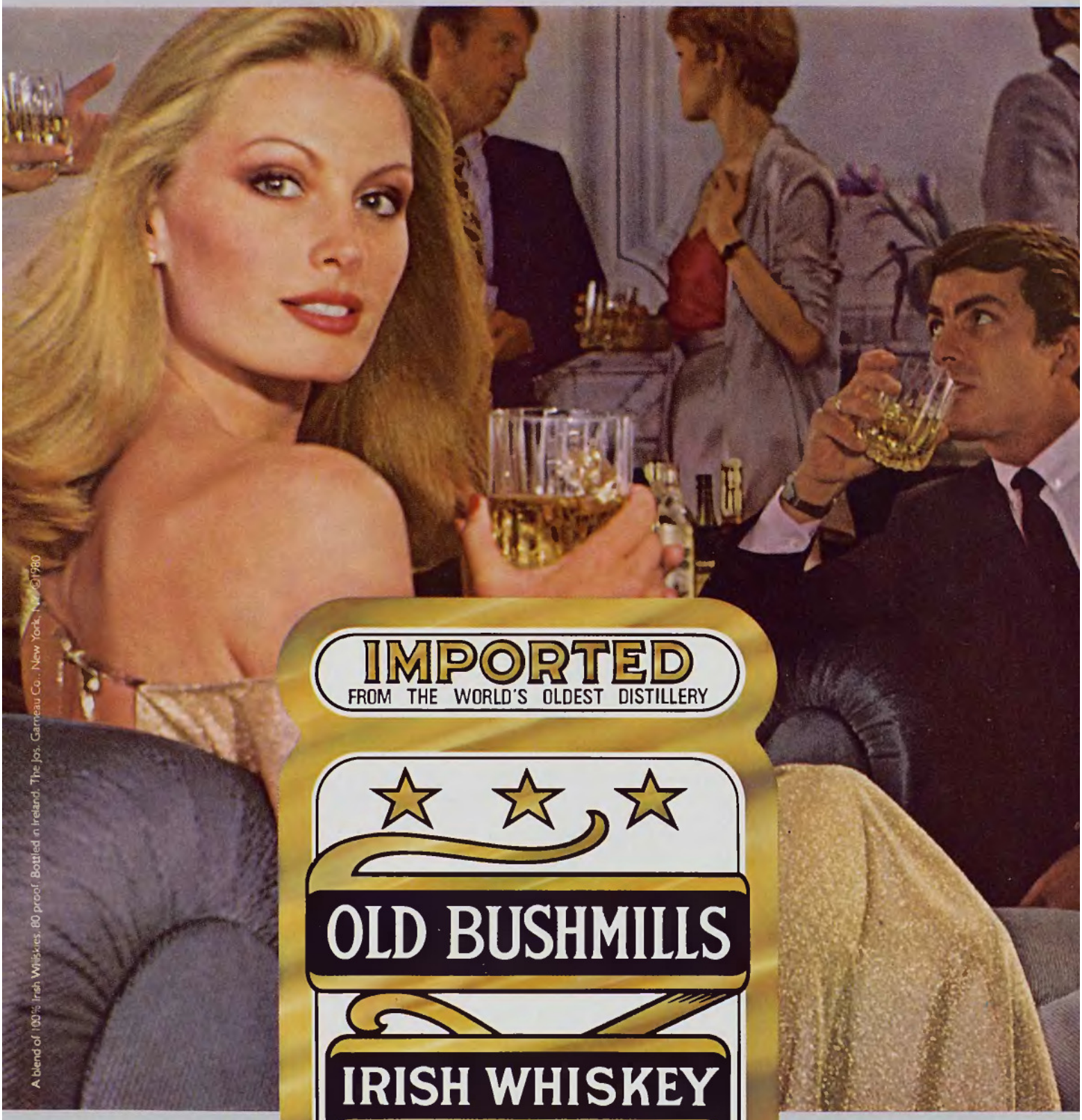

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but because of me. When I said they should get it, Paul couldn't say no. I don't get a piece of any of George's songs or Ringo's. I never asked for anything for the contributions I made to George's songs like *Taxman*. Not even the recognition. And that is why I might have sounded resentful about George and Ringo, because it was after all those things that the attitude of "John has forsaken us" and "John is tricking us" came out—which is not true.

PLAYBOY: *Happiness Is a Warm Gun.*

LENNON: No, it's not about heroin. A gun magazine was sitting there with a smoking gun on the cover and an article that I never read inside called *Happiness Is a Warm Gun*. I took it right from there. I took it as the terrible idea of just having shot some animal.

PLAYBOY: What about the sexual puns: "When you feel my finger on your trigger"?

LENNON: Well, it was at the beginning of my relationship with Yoko and I was very sexually oriented then. When we weren't in the studio, we were in bed.

PLAYBOY: What was the allusion to "Mother Superior jumps the gun"?

LENNON: I call Yoko Mother or Madam just in an offhand way. The rest doesn't mean anything. It's just images of her.

PLAYBOY: *Across the Universe.*

LENNON: The Beatles didn't make a good record of *Across the Universe*. I think subconsciously we—I thought Paul subconsciously tried to destroy my great songs. We would play experimental games with my great pieces, like *Strawberry Fields*, which I always felt was badly recorded. It worked, but it wasn't what it could have been. I allowed it, though. We would spend hours doing little, detailed cleaning up on Paul's songs, but when it came to mine—especially a great song like *Strawberry Fields* or *Across the Universe*—somehow an atmosphere of looseness and experimentation would come up.

PLAYBOY: Sabotage?

LENNON: Subconscious sabotage. I was too hurt. . . . Paul will deny it, because he has a bland face and will say this doesn't exist. This is the kind of thing I'm talking about where I was always seeing what was going on and began to think, Well, maybe I'm paranoid. But it is *not* paranoid. It is the absolute truth. The same thing happened to *Across the Universe*. The song was never done properly. The words stand, luckily.

PLAYBOY: *Getting Better.*

LENNON: It is a diary form of writing. All that "I used to be cruel to my woman, I beat her and kept her apart from the things that she loved" was me. I used to be cruel to my woman, and physically—any woman. I was a hitter. I couldn't express myself and I hit. I fought men and I hit women. That is why I am always on about peace, you see. It is the most violent people who go for love and peace. Everything's the opposite. But I sincerely believe in love and peace. I am a violent man who has learned not to be violent and regrets his violence. I will have to be a lot older before I can face in public how I treated women as a youngster.

PLAYBOY: *Revolution.*

LENNON: We recorded the song twice. The Beatles were getting really tense with one another. I did the slow version and I wanted it out as a single: as a statement of the Beatles' position on Vietnam and the Beatles' position on revolution. For years, on the Beatle tours, Epstein had stopped us from saying anything about Vietnam or the war. And he wouldn't allow questions about it. But on one tour, I said, "I am going to answer about the war. We can't ignore it." I absolutely wanted the Beatles to say something. The first take of *Revolution*—well, George and Paul were resentful and said it wasn't fast enough. Now, if you go into details of what a hit record is and isn't, maybe. But the Beatles could have afforded to put out the slow, understandable version of *Revolution* as a single. Whether it was a gold record or a wooden record. But because they were so upset about the Yoko period and the fact that I was again becoming as creative and dominating as I had been in the early days, after lying fallow for a couple of years, it upset the apple cart. I was awake again and they couldn't stand it.

PLAYBOY: Was it Yoko's inspiration?

LENNON: She inspired *all* this creation in me. It wasn't that she inspired the songs; she inspired *me*. The statement in *Revolution* was mine. The lyrics stand today. It's still my feeling about politics. I want to see the plan. That is what I used to say to Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin. Count me out if it is for violence. Don't expect me to be on the barricades unless it is with flowers.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Hoffman's turning himself in?

LENNON: Well, he got what he wanted. Which is to be sort of an underground hero for anybody who still worships any manifestation of the underground. I don't feel that much about it anymore. Nixon, Hoffman, it's the same. They are all from the same period. It was kind of surprising to see Abbie on TV, but it was also surprising to see Nixon on TV. Maybe people get the feeling when they see me or us. I feel, What are they doing there? Is this an old newsreel?

PLAYBOY: On the new album, you close with *Hard Times Are Over (For a While)*. Why?

LENNON: It's not a new message: *Give Peace a Chance*—we're not being unreasonable, just saying, "Give it a chance." With *Imagine*, we're saying, "Can you imagine a world without countries or religions?" It's the same message over and over. And it's positive.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to have people anticipate your new record because they feel you are a prophet of sorts? When you returned to the studio to make *Double Fantasy*, some of your fans were saying things like, "Just as Lennon defined the Sixties and the Seventies, he'll be defining the Eighties."

LENNON: It's very sad. Anyway, we're not saying anything new. A, we have already said it and, B, 100,000,000 other people have said it, too.

PLAYBOY: But your songs *do* have messages.

LENNON: All we are saying is, "This is what is happening to us." We are sending postcards. I don't let it become "I am the awakened; you are sheep that will be shown the way." That is the danger of saying anything, you know.

PLAYBOY: Especially for you.

LENNON: Listen, there's nothing wrong with following examples. We can have figureheads and people we admire, but we don't need leaders. "Don't follow leaders, watch the parking meters."

PLAYBOY: You're quoting one of your peers, of sorts. Is it distressing to you that Dylan is a born-again Christian?

LENNON: I don't like to comment on it. For whatever reason he's doing it, it is personal for him and he needs to do it. But the whole religion business suffers from the *Onward, Christian Soldiers* bit. There's too much talk about soldiers and marching and converting. I'm not pushing Buddhism, because I'm no more a Buddhist than I am a Christian, but there's one thing I admire about the religion: There's no proselytizing.

PLAYBOY: Were you a Dylan fan?

LENNON: No, I stopped listening to Dylan with both ears after *Highway 64* [*sic*] and *Blonde on Blonde*, and even then it was because George would sit me down and make me listen.

PLAYBOY: Like Dylan, weren't you also looking for some kind of leader when you did primal-scream therapy with Arthur Janov?

ONO: I think Janov was a daddy for John. I think he has this father complex and he's always searching for a daddy.

LENNON: *Had*, dear. I *had* a father complex.

PLAYBOY: Would you explain?

ONO: I had a daddy, a real daddy, sort of a big and strong father like a Billy Graham, but growing up, I saw his weak side. I saw the hypocrisy. So whenever I see something that is supposed to be so big and wonderful—a guru or primal scream—I'm very cynical.

LENNON: She fought with Janov all the time. He couldn't deal with it.

ONO: I'm not searching for the big daddy. I look for something else in men—something that is tender and weak and I

(concluded on page 144)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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THE ASTONISHING WRONGS OF THE NEW MORAL RIGHT

article **By JOHNNY GREENE**

its ruthless election tactics were mild compared with its plan for the future

ON THE MORNING of December 19, 1978, a small group of men and women representing various factions within the disorganized, radical far-right wing of American politics met in the Washington, D.C., metropolitan area with representatives of America's right-wing religious fundamentalists.

The meeting was not announced to the public and it went unreported by the press. The details remained a carefully guarded secret for months afterward. But the convocation that morning was historic. It marked the first occasion in the nation's history when political and religious leaders officially joined forces not just to achieve a temporary political goal under the banner of Christian social justice but to restructure the entire framework of American society to fit a set of rigid, doctrinaire political and religious beliefs.

A month before the meeting, a loose coalition of right-wing, single-issue political and religious groups had defeated two United States Senators, Thomas McIntyre of New Hampshire and Dick Clark of Iowa. That was the first national political success the far right had tasted since its take-over of the 1964 Republican National Convention. To the persons present that December morning in 1978, it appeared urgent that this sudden electoral clout be translated into some form of permanent organization or written agreement that would bind with a bold plan of political action all of the disparate, contentious political and religious units of the American right wing.

It is said that the mood of the meeting reflected that feeling of urgency. The political ideologues present knew that for the first time in history, they had the chance to influence a potentially enormous constituency—the followers of the religious fundamentalists. If the right were ever to gain political power in the United States, it would have to take control of that constituency and exploit it. There were just too many fundamentalist votes out there to let them slip away.

Among those present at the meeting, according to most reports, were Connie Marshner, director of the Family Policy Division of the Free Congress Research and Education Foundation—an affiliate of the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress; Gary Potter, president of the Catholics for Christian Political Action; JoAnn Gasper, editor of the monthly publication *Right Woman*; William Stanmeyer, the attorney in whose offices the meeting was held; Warren Richardson, a Washington lobbyist for the Reverend Jerry Falwell's politically active Moral Majority; Bill Rhatican, a public-relations advisor on retainer to Moral Majority; and the Reverend Robert Billings, president of the National Christian Action Coalition and executive director of Moral Majority.

While a stated purpose of the convocation had been to help Billings and Moral Majority prepare for the American political arena, the real reason behind the Washington meeting was far more pragmatic and potentially ominous than just dispensing sympathetic advice to a politically naïve preacher. The

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

THE NEW RIGHT AND THE OLD PARANOIA

some well-chosen words by one of the right's prime targets

opinion **By GEORGE McGOVERN**

A prominent hero of the "old" right, who had had an encounter with some members of what is called the New Right, acknowledged what he judged to be their good qualities—conviction, hard work and determination—then added, "But if they disagree with you one bit, you're a no-good s.o.b."

The speaker was the senior Republican Senator from Arizona, Barry Goldwater, who'd incurred the wrath of the New Right by backing President Ford in 1976 because he considered some of Ronald Reagan's positions extreme, particularly with reference to the Panama Canal.

The incident, though not of lasting consequence, is illuminating. If the impeccably conservative Senator from Arizona cannot stay out of trouble with the true believers of the New Right, what hope can there be for the rest of us? Not much, I should think, because we aren't dealing with a normal political group able and willing to press its views in our democratic arena and then accept the outcome, favorable or unfavorable, with a measure of good cheer. We're dealing—not for the first time in our nation's history—with political evangelists, angry and intolerant, incapable of believing that they can be mistaken or that those with whom they disagree might have honorable intentions.

They call themselves conservative, but their zealotry, self-righteousness and vindictiveness toward those with whom they disagree connote something radically different from the authentic conservatism of, say, Robert Taft or Senator Goldwater, or of Senator Robert Dole in more recent years. True conservatism—if one who is not known as conservative may presume to define it—connotes care and restraint in the initiation of change, not for fear of change itself but for fear of its possibly harmful, unintended consequences. It also connotes careful thinking—care in the marshaling of facts and restraint in the drawing of conclusions. It is in those respects that true conservatism is at fundamental odds with the thinking of the New Right, which proffers its beliefs as revealed truths to which it brooks no opposition.

The tradition from which the New Right springs is not the modern conservative tradition of Taft and Goldwater, still less that of the nation's founders, of Washington, Hamilton and the Adamses. Instead, it flows from what historian Richard Hofstadter has described as the "paranoid style" in American politics, not a mainstream in our affairs but a persistent one, characterized by "heated exaggeration, suspiciousness and conspiratorial fantasy."

It has been directed at various times in our history at Catholics, Freemasons, Jews, Blacks, particular foreign countries, radicals in general, communism in general and, more recently, the communism of only certain countries—notably, Russia and Cuba. At the core of the paranoid style is the feeling of persecution and victimization: Far from feeling all-powerful, the paranoiac in politics tends to regard himself as a righteous innocent set upon by powerful, wicked and unscrupulous conspirators. Paranoia in politics is by no means unique to America; indeed, its supreme manifestations in this century, vastly exceeding anything in the American experience, have been in Nazi Germany and Stalinist Russia. It occurs—and tends to recur—only in a much attenuated form in America. It arises in times of anxiety and uncertainty, especially in the face of threats from abroad—real, imaginary or real but exaggerated—transformed by the paranoid mind into the threat of subversion or betrayal from within. The late Senator Joseph McCarthy, for instance, showed little interest in the real threat of Stalinist Russia. "How," he asked in 1951, "can we account for our present situation unless we believe that men high in this Government are concerting to deliver us to disaster? This must be the product of a conspiracy on a scale so immense as to dwarf any previous such venture in the history of man."

The contemporary New Right, in the tradition inherited from McCarthy, sees American society as rotten with decay, disintegrating in weakness, unaccountably sold out by officeholders who *(concluded on page 250)*

actual purpose of the meeting was to draft a piece of legislation that would address the grievances of groups like Moral Majority while articulating the theories and concepts of government that were supported by America's political far right. The participants agreed to title their legislation the Family Protection Act and planned to have it introduced in Congress by right-wing Senators and Representatives. The legislation would reflect the future of America as envisioned by the right-wing ideologues and Christian fundamentalists at the meeting, and its provisions would take aim at labor unions, the Equal Rights Amendment, abortion, pornography and homosexuals. Also, the Family Protection Act would provide the political and religious right with a seemingly invincible weapon—the "pro-family movement"—through which they could then realize any number of political-religious goals in the decade they had decided was destined to be their own: the Eighties.

In an interview several months after the meeting, Billings revealed exactly why the Family Protection Act was drafted and why an alliance was struck between America's fanatical religious and political right wings. The comments by Billings also disclosed the attitude of the far right toward the American public. "People want leadership," he said. "They don't know what to think themselves. They want to be told what to think by those of us here close to the front."

Potter, one of the leaders of the convocation, later described the nation he envisioned and the America reflected by the writers of the Family Protection Act. "When the Christian majority takes over this country," he said, "there will be no satanic churches, no more free distribution of pornography, no more abortion on demand and no more talk of rights for homosexuals. After the Christian majority takes control, pluralism will be seen as immoral and evil and the state will not permit anybody the right to practice evil."

If the words of Billings and Potter are taken at face value, the meaning of the convocation becomes clear. The Family Protection Act was only a statement of initial far-right intentions, a means to an end. Billings, Potter and the others had gathered that December morning to design a new *moral society* for the U. S.—and to define what would and would not be tolerated by the far-right dictatorship they envisioned.

•

For years, the American far right provided comic relief on the national political stage. Its leadership was characterized

(continued on page 248)

"Just think; if I hadn't had some last-minute Christmas shopping to do, if you weren't working behind the last-minute-suggestion counter and if I hadn't made a last-minute suggestion, you wouldn't be here tonight."

once thought too European, too sophisticated for "charlie's angels," this native new yorker went primitive to co-starr with ringo. hail "caveman's" lady—

BARBARA BACH

pictorial essay **By BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

WHEN *Caveman* comes to the large screen sometime this spring, art will not be imitating life. In the movie, "a knock-out prehistoric comedy," if we're to believe what publicists write, gorgeous Barbara Bach fails to get her man. He's a small, smart caveman named Atouk, played by former Beatle Ringo Starr. He understands things, Barbara explains: "Like the wheel, food, even relationships . . . love, and walking upright. Atouk only has eyes for Lana, the part I play. But I'm the bitch. At the end, the girl from the cave next door wins out. I get thrown into the dinosaur dung."

It's a total spoof. *Atouk nya zug-zug Lana*, in the *Caveman* vocabulary (from a glossary of just 15 words), means that Atouk ultimately doesn't get it on with Lana. Offscreen, as the entire civilized world must know by now, Barbara and Ringo wrote their own happy ending, which should be culminating in a marriage about the time you read this.

I'd never have believed it when I went to interview Barbara

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM STAEBLER

...and
London,
Paris,
Madrid,
Rome,
Vienna,
Lisbon...

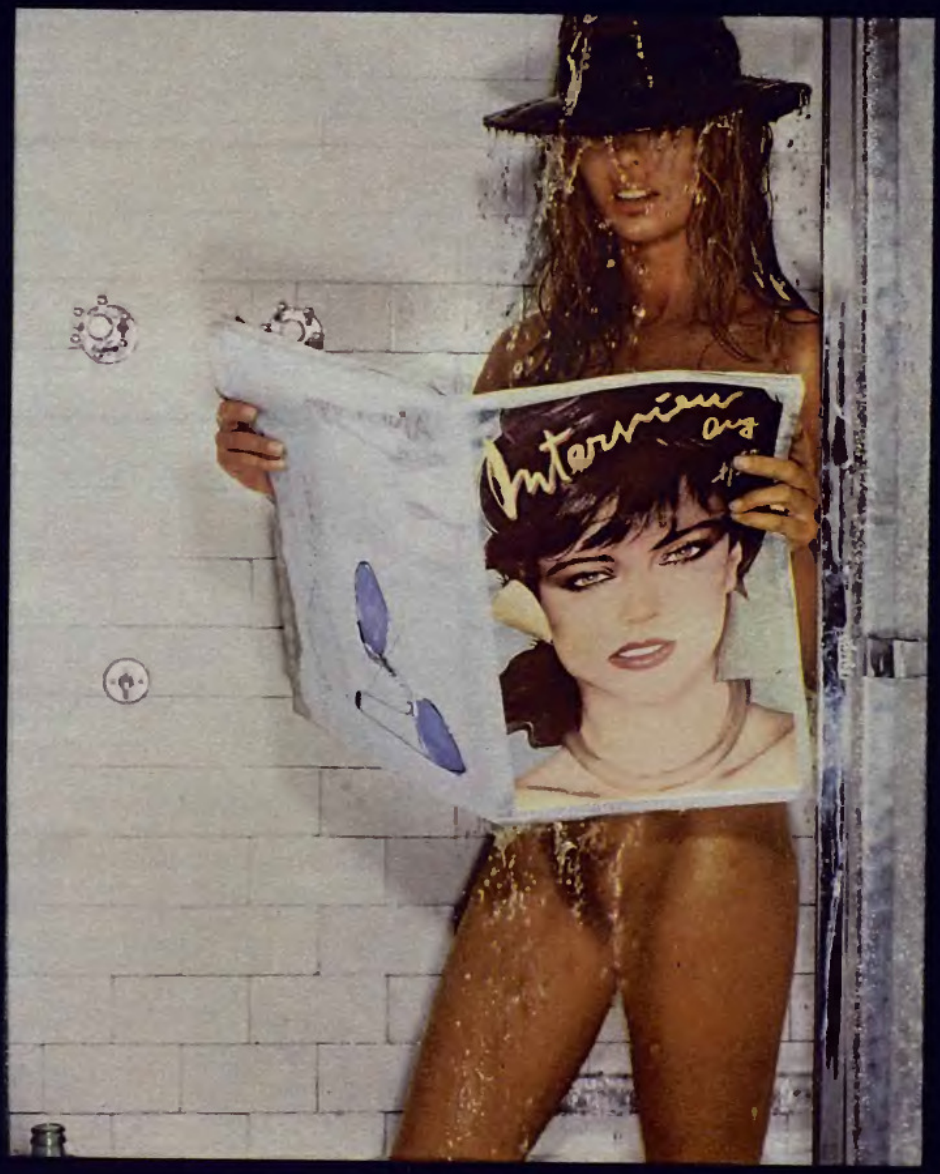
Abdicating her throne as a B-movie queen to wed Ringo, Barbara Bach enjoys a Manhattan shopping spree after a film gig in Sri Lanka. Unwound and waterproofed, she checks out who's who in Andy Warhol's chic *Interview*. As if she didn't know. . . .

last spring at the *Caveman* location in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. Ringo was temporarily down and out with food poisoning, being nursed back to health by his then–current girlfriend, a likable photographer named Nancy. Barbara was working her shapely tail off oncamera every day, under a blazing sun, and was expecting a visit from cinematographer Roberto Quezada, whom she had met when he worked on one of her earlier pictures, a thriller titled *The Unseen*.

To see Barbara through a close-up lens must invite substantial risk of love at first sight. To see her in person, even at arm's length, guarantees, at a minimum, instant infatuation. Hazel-eyed and tawny, she's a wonder to behold, easygoing, with sheer beauty as the only indication she's a movie star. Every man, woman and child connected with *Caveman* was part of an unofficial Bach fan club long before I arrived on the scene.

"She's a real pro; she's been very helpful to me" was the testimony of big John Matuszak of the Oakland Raiders, who moonlights as Barbara's Neanderthal steady in the film.

"We just call her *Señorita* Casabas," cracked comedian Avery Schreiber, paying mock tribute to the scanty cavewoman costume in which Barbara's

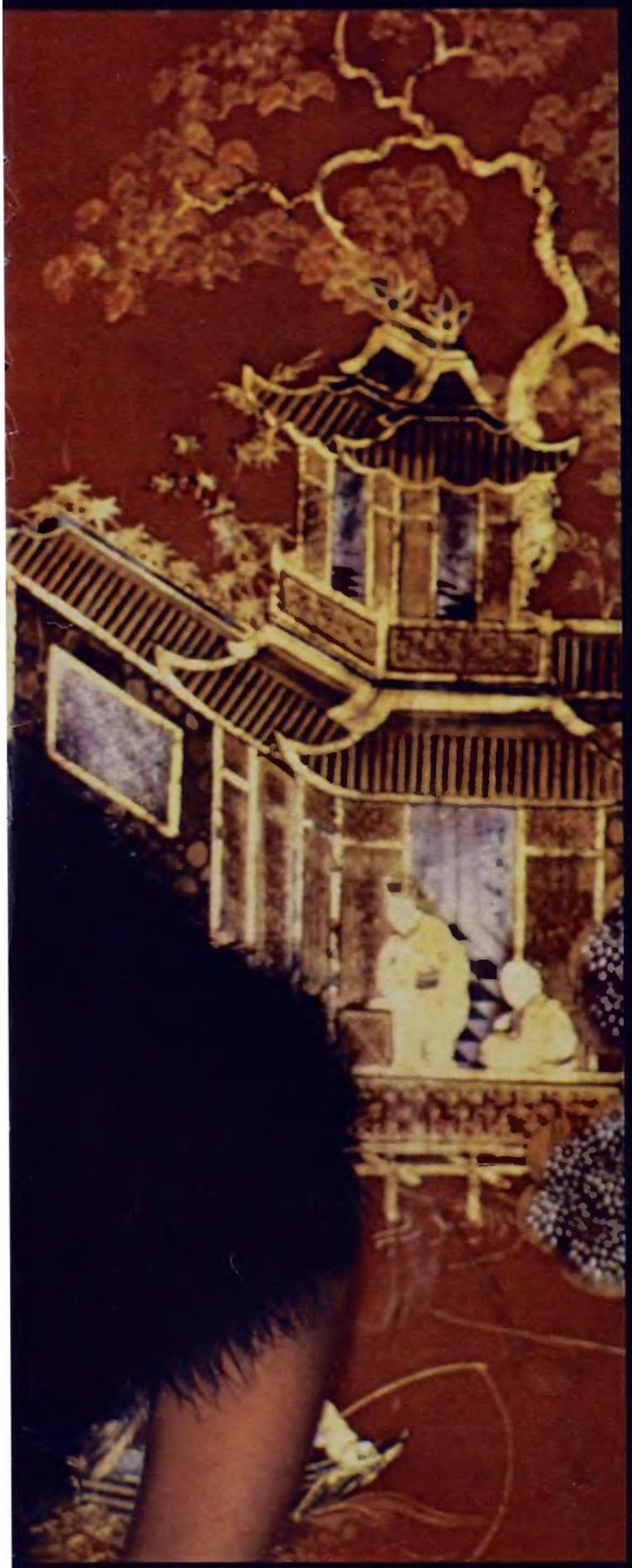


"The shower shots were fun . . . a bit campy," says Barbara, whose *Caveman* role satisfies her yen to be a funny girl rather than a *femme fatale*. In her breakaway leather pants, Barbara has the last laugh.

breasts were squeezed together like twin melons.

The first day of shooting in Puerto Vallarta was a fishing sequence, to be filmed on a shallow river filled with spectacular rock formations, downstream from a hilltop restaurant called Chico's Paradise. Barbara, wearing a floppy straw hat and a faded Army shirt to keep the sun off, sat on a stack of film boxes under a makeshift umbrella while director Carl Gottlieb rehearsed the action. All the male cave people were using their womenfolk as fish poles, gripping their ankles and forcing them underwater, headfirst, until the ladies came up gasping for breath, with or without realistic rubber fish. They were saving Barbara for the actual takes. "*God*," she said dryly, half to herself, while her stand-in went down for the fifth time, "men were *always* terrible."

Despite that touch of cynicism, Barbara was up for the game. When her turn came, with the cameras rolling, she was plunged into the river by Matuszak for take after take. Later, for a sequence in which Lana flounders helplessly until Atouk jumps in to save her, she watched a stunt woman slide off a rock and slip into a steep, rushing rapids. Afterward, Barbara, a dogged



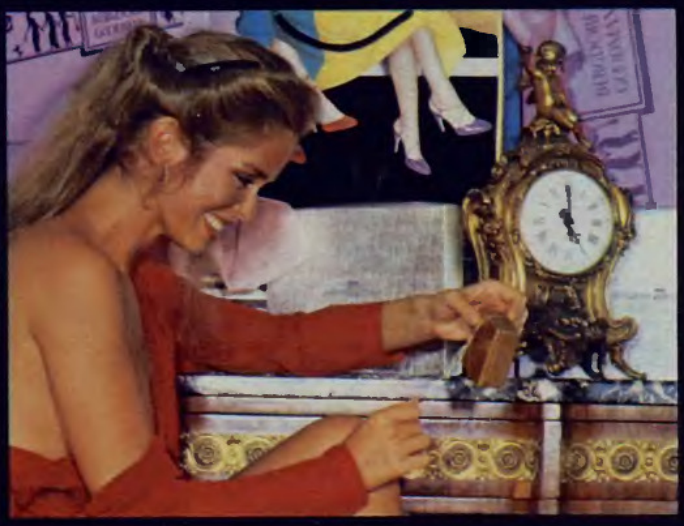
perfectionist, repeated the action so sportingly that her double might as well have taken the afternoon off.

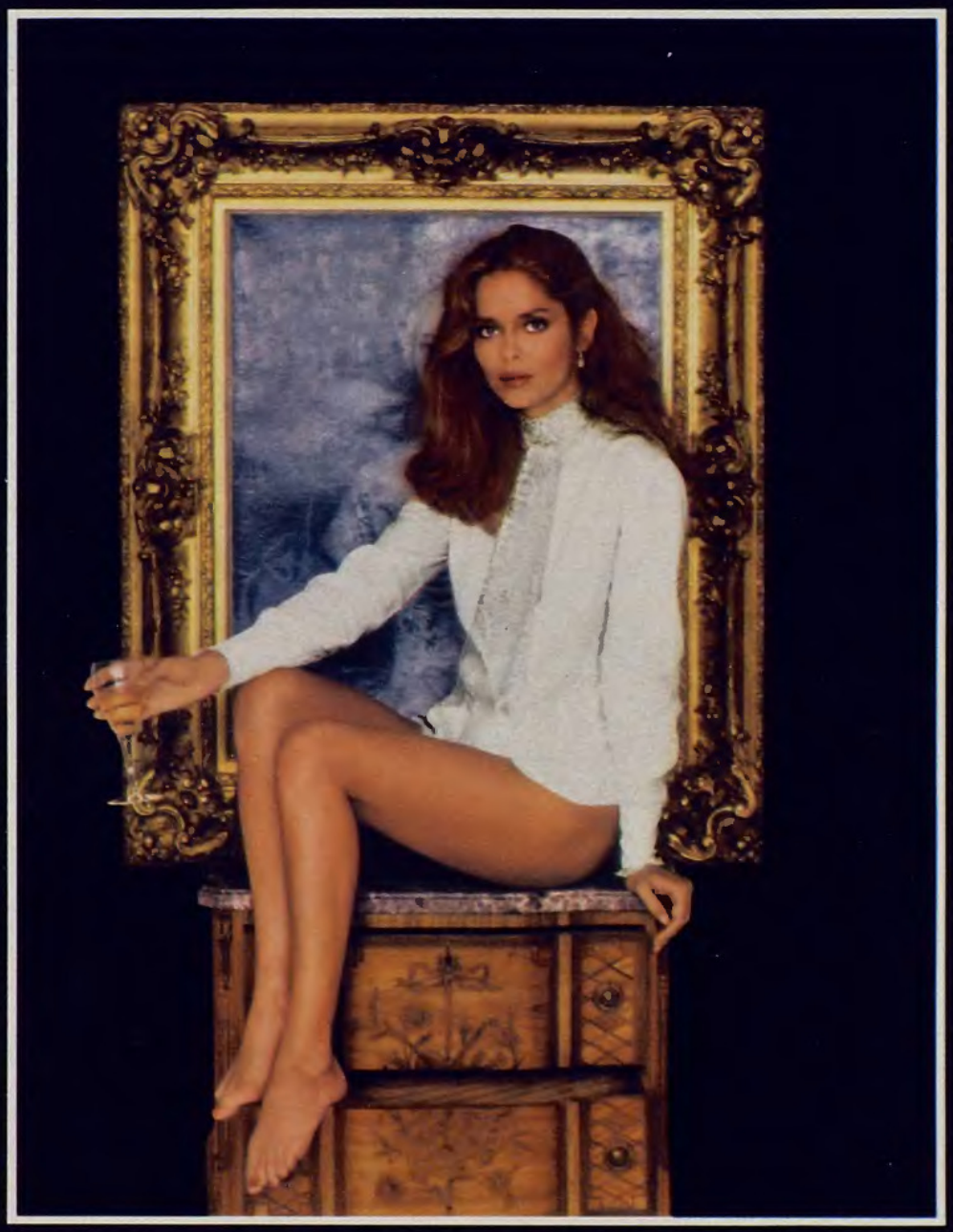
Gottlieb—who rewrote *Jaws* and co-authored *The Jerk* prior to his *Caveman* assignment—explained the Ringo-Barbara screen relationship to me in words that subsequently sounded prophetic: "Lana is meant to be the first sex object, Atouk is the first man to evolve with any sense and Matuszak as Tonda is primal man—you can't get much more primal than John. As a cast, our principals look wonderful. The first time we saw them all together, our hearts leaped. When you need a suave, small, funny, awkward, unprepossessing leading man, there aren't a whole lot of those to choose from—Dustin Hoffman, Dudley Moore, Robin Williams. And who else is there who's also a star? There's Ringo."

Barbara nodded. "He's so interesting, a very nice guy. I think Richard's going to be marvelous in this picture."

Later that night, during dinner with Quezada, Barbara rambled from subject to subject with nary a mention of

Although she vamped *détente* with James Bond in *The Spy Who Loved Me*, Bach the beautiful was bypassed by TV tycoons as one of *Charlie's Angels*—and there's been the devil to pay ever since. Here and overleaf, in black fur or vintage froufrou, choosing a bonbon or musing (with Dom Pérignon), Barbara is clearly just the girl who might change a Beatle into Prince Charming.

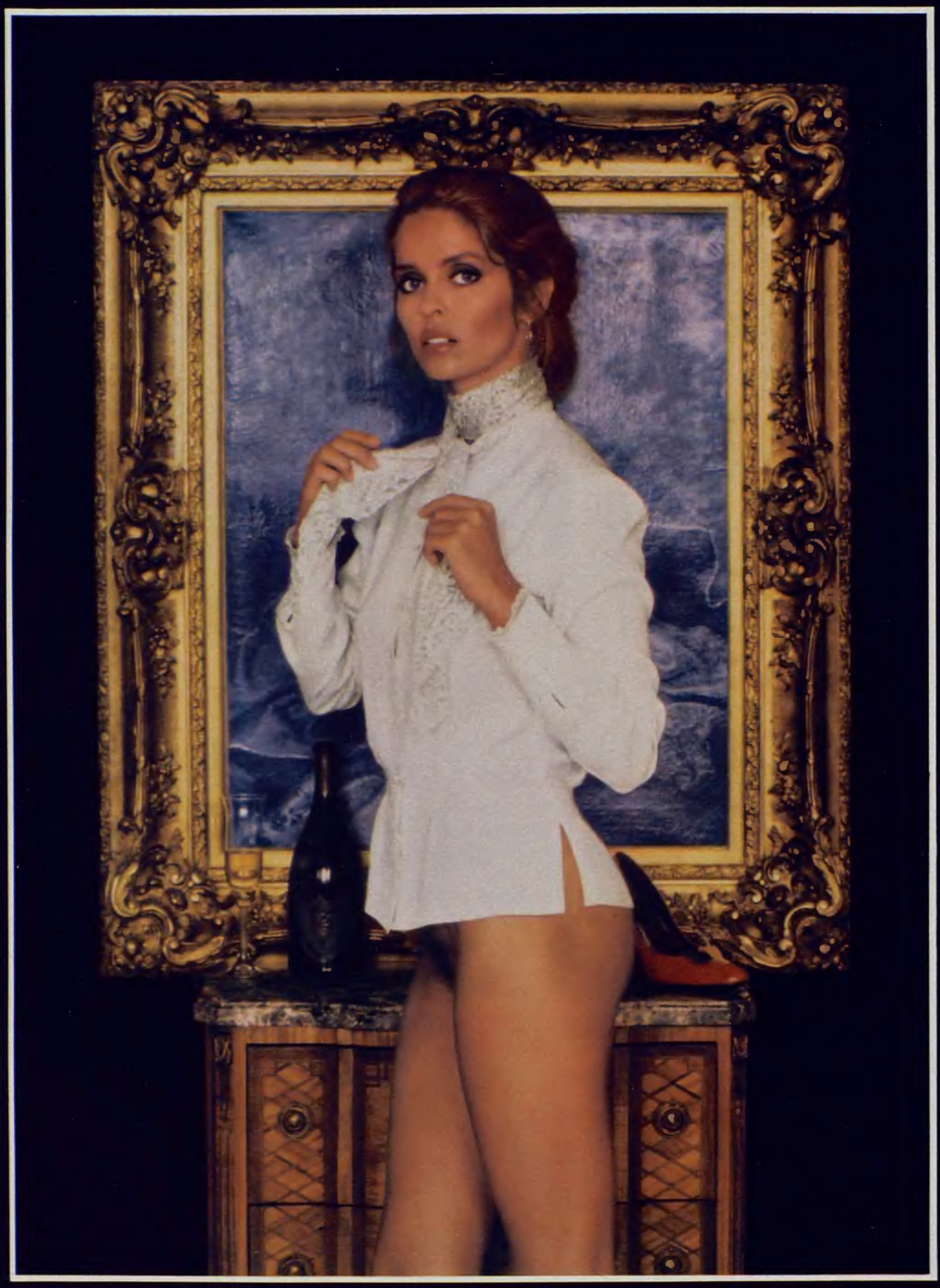




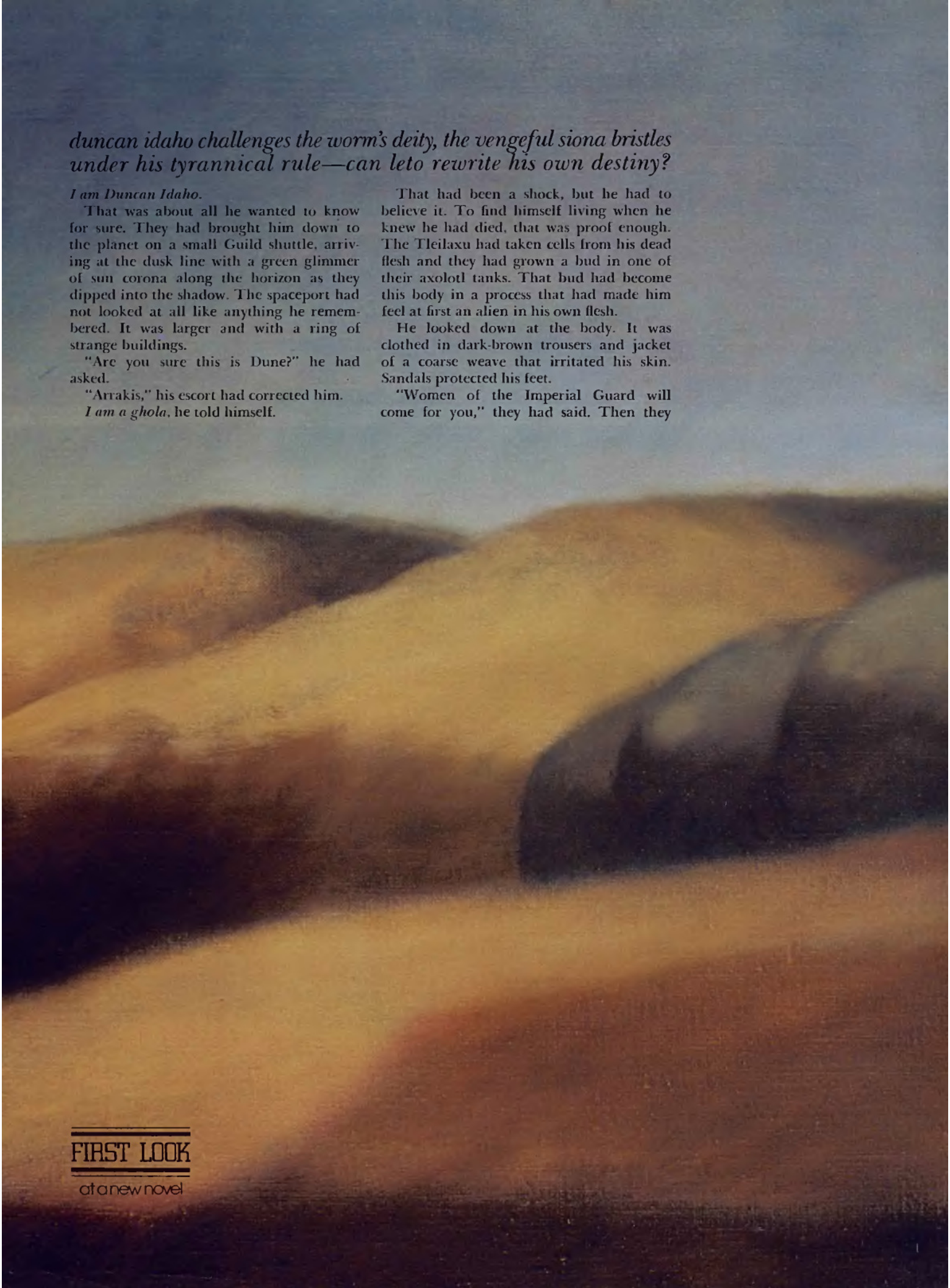
Richard Starkey, a.k.a. Ringo Starr. As an actress, she was determined to play more comedy and had already shot *Mad Magazine Presents Up the Academy*. "A horrible film, after all the hard work we put into it. I'm just *standing* there; I could have been a stuffed doll." Before that, except for *The Spy Who Loved Me* and *Force 10 from Navarone*, her career had been mostly a series of grade-B pot-boilers made in Italy and sundry faraway places, epics with such titles as *The Island of the Fish Men* and *The Humanoid*.

One of Barbara's major professional disappointments, of course, occurred during the torrential spring of 1979, when she almost won the *Charlie's Angels* role they eventually gave to Shelley Hack, then to Tanya Roberts.

"The producers thought I was too European, too sophisticated," says Barbara, born and bred in New York. "I'm afraid I didn't take them seriously enough when they asked *(continued on page 276)*



HAIR STYLING BY MAURY HOPSON/MAKE-UP BY VINCENT NASSO



duncan idaho challenges the worm's deity, the vengeful siona bristles under his tyrannical rule—can leto rewrite his own destiny?

I am Duncan Idaho.

That was about all he wanted to know for sure. They had brought him down to the planet on a small Guild shuttle, arriving at the dusk line with a green glimmer of sun corona along the horizon as they dipped into the shadow. The spaceport had not looked at all like anything he remembered. It was larger and with a ring of strange buildings.

"Are you sure this is Dune?" he had asked.

"Arrakis," his escort had corrected him.

I am a ghola, he told himself.

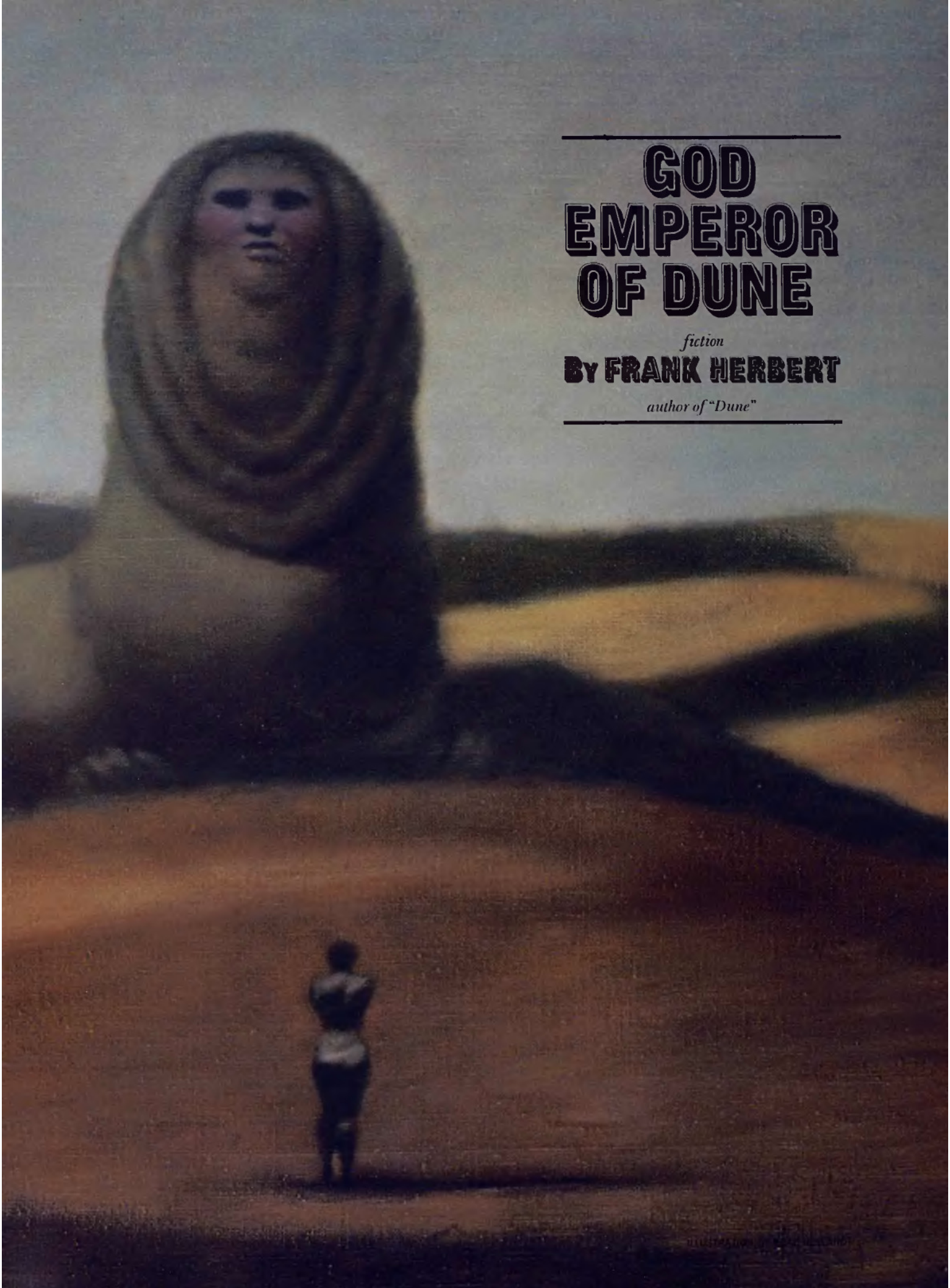
That had been a shock, but he had to believe it. To find himself living when he knew he had died, that was proof enough. The Tleilaxu had taken cells from his dead flesh and they had grown a bud in one of their axolotl tanks. That bud had become this body in a process that had made him feel at first an alien in his own flesh.

He looked down at the body. It was clothed in dark-brown trousers and jacket of a coarse weave that irritated his skin. Sandals protected his feet.

"Women of the Imperial Guard will come for you," they had said. Then they

FIRST LOOK

at a new novel



GOD EMPEROR OF DUNE

fiction

By FRANK HERBERT

author of "Dune"

had gone away, smiling slyly among themselves.

Women *of the Imperial Guard?*

I am Duncan Idaho, swordmaster of the Atreides.

He clung to this memory as he stood in the yellow room.

I died defending Paul Muad'dib and his mother in a Fremen cave sietch beneath the sands of Dune. I have been returned to that planet, but Dune is no more. Now it is only Arrakis. More than 3500 years? Who could believe his flesh existed after such a time? He had to believe his own senses.

"There have been many of you," his instructors had said.

"How many?"

"The Lord Leto will provide that information."

The Lord Leto?

The Tleilaxu history said this Lord Leto was Leto II, grandson of the Leto whom Idaho had served with fanatical devotion. But this second Leto (so the history said) had become something . . . something so strange that Idaho despaired of understanding the transformation.

How could a human slowly turn into a sandworm? How could any thinking creature live more than 3000 years? Not even the wildest projections of the geriatric spice mélange allowed such a life span.

Leto II, the God Emperor?

•

Leto descended to the crypt in the late evening. He had found it best to begin the first interview with a new Duncan Idaho in a darkened room where the ghola could hear Leto describe himself before actually seeing the preworm body. There was a small side room carved in black stone off the central rotunda of the crypt that suited this requirement. The chamber was large enough to accommodate Leto on his cart, but the ceiling was low. Illumination came from hidden glow globes that he controlled. There was only the one door, but it was in two segments—one swinging wide to admit the Royal Cart, the other a small portal in human dimensions.

Leto rolled his Royal Cart into the chamber, sealed the large portal and opened the smaller one. He composed himself then for the ordeal.

Leto heard the voice of his majordomo Moneo outside the darkened room, then the hesitantly distinctive footsteps of the new ghola.

"Through that door," Moneo said.

Idaho was thrust into the room and the door was sealed behind him.

Leto knew what the ghola saw—only shadows among shadows and blackness where not even the source of a voice could be fixed. Leto brought the Paul-Muad'dib voice into play.

"It pleases me to see you again, Duncan."

"I hear Paul's voice, but I can't see him," Idaho said. He didn't try to conceal the frustrations, let them all come out in his voice.

Leto recognized hysteria in the Duncan barely covered by the warrior bravado. This Duncan had arrived in a state of near shock, strongly suspecting he was insane. Leto knew that the most subtle powers of reassurance would be required now.

"There have been many changes, Duncan," Leto said. "One thing, though, does not change. I am still Atreides."

"They said your body was. . . ."

"Yes, that has changed."

"What about your body?" Idaho demanded.

Muad'dib could be retired now; Leto resumed his usual voice. "I accepted the sand trout as my skin. They have been changing me ever since."

"How long have you been changing?"

"More than thirty-five hundred years."

"I remember my death," Idaho said. "Harkonnen blades, lots of them trying to get at Paul and Jessica."

Leto restored the Muad'dib voice for momentary play: "I was there, Duncan."

"I'm a replacement, is that right?" Idaho asked.

"That's right," Leto said.

"How did the other . . . gholas . . . I mean, how did they die?"

"All flesh wears out, Duncan. It's in the records."

"What do you really look like?" Idaho asked. "What's this sandworm body the Tleilaxu described?"

"It will make sandworms of sorts someday. It's already far down the road of metamorphosis."

"Can't we have some light? I'd like to see you."

Leto commanded the floodlights. Brilliant illumination filled the room.

Idaho swept his gaze along the faceted silvery gray body, noted the beginnings of a sandworm's ribbed sections, the sinuous flexings . . . the small protuberances that had once been feet and legs. He brought his attention back to the well-defined arms and hands and finally lifted his attention to the cowled face with its pink skin, a ridiculous extrusion on such a body.

"Well, Duncan," Leto said. "You were warned."

Idaho gestured mutely toward the preworm body.

Leto asked it for him: "Why?"

Idaho nodded.

"I'm still Atreides, Duncan, and I assure you with all the honor of that name, there were compelling reasons."

Over the centuries, Leto had found that this invocation of Idaho's profound loyalties to all things Atreides dried up the immediate wellspring of personal questions. Once more, the formula worked.

"So I'm to serve the Atreides again," Idaho said. "That sounds familiar. Is it?"

"In many ways."

"They said I would command your elite Guard, a force chosen from among them. I don't understand that. An army of *women?*"

"I need a trusted companion who can command my Guard. You object?"

"Why women?"

"There are behavioral differences between the sexes that make women extremely valuable in this role."

"A female army," Idaho muttered.

"The ultimate male-enticing force," Leto said. "Sex always was a way of subduing the aggressive male."

"Is that what they do?"

"They prevent or ameliorate excesses that could lead to more painful violence."

"And you let them believe you're a god. I don't think I like this."

"The curse of holiness is as offensive to me as it is to you!"

Idaho frowned. It was not the response he had expected. He cleared his throat. "What's the worst thing you would ask of me?"

How like a Duncan! Leto thought. This one was a classic. Idaho would give his loyalty to an Atreides, to the guardian of his oath, but he sent a signal that he would not go beyond the personal limits of his own morality.

"You will be asked to guard me by whatever means necessary, and you will be asked to guard my secret."

"What secret?"

"That I am vulnerable."

"That you're not God?"

"Not in that ultimate sense."

"Your Guards talk about rebels."

"They exist."

"Why?"

"They are young and I have not convinced them that my way is better."

"So the Atreides still need a sharp knife?"

"We have jobs that only a Duncan Idaho can do."

"You say . . . we. . . ." Idaho swallowed, looked at the door, then at Leto's face. "All of the Atreides . . . in that one . . . body——" He broke off.

Leto remained silent. This was the decision moment.

Presently, Idaho permitted himself that devil-may-care grin for which he had been so well known. "Then I will speak to the first Leto and to Paul, the ones who know me best. Use me well, for I did love you."

•

The last runner in the line racing northward through moon shadows in the

(continued on page 136)

The Eleventh-Hour Santa

rest ye merry, gentlemen procrastinators. playboy once again comes up with a sleighful of last-minute yuletide goodies

1

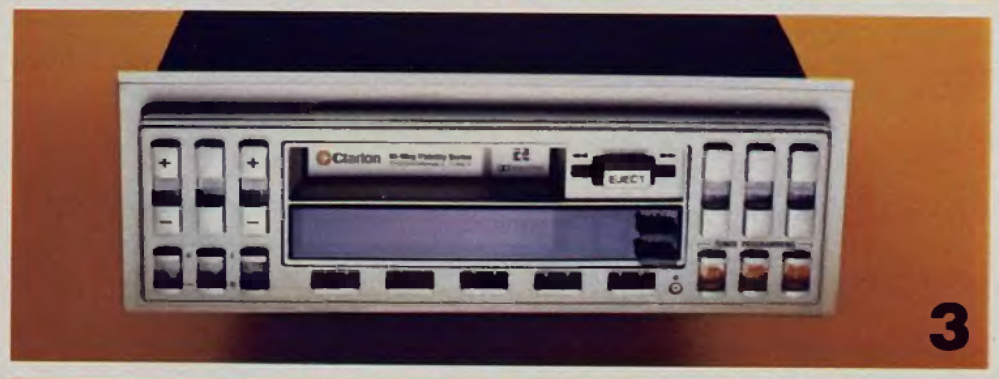
Sharp's superslim EL-6200 Planning Computer can be programmed to remember appointments and other special dates for years in advance; it also displays time and date, performs stop-watch functions and time calculations—and even serves as a portable alarm clock, $99.95.

2

The Touch-A-Matic "S" Phone, by the Bell System, is a nifty computerized telephone set that beeps instead of rings and will direct-dial any one of 12 preprogrammed numbers at the touch of a button. It's available at Phonecenter stores, about $35, plus a monthly charge.

3

Another programmable product, the Clarion PE 959A car radio, can be preset to automatically tune in any one of ten stations at the times you want to hear them; a Dolby Noise Reduction hookup and an auto-reverse cassette section are also incorporated into the unit, $899.95.



4

The famous Lacoste alligator now adorns two lightweight nylon sports bags by Lark Luggage; the one up front is a racquetball bag, $110, and the other is a rugged racket and shoe bag, $130. Both have a wet pocket, air vents, a removable shoulder strap and a lock and key.

5

Yes, this slide-the-numbers coffee-table game is a solid-brass version (on a slate base) of the tantalizing pocket one that you fiddled with in class instead of studying when you were a kid. It's handmade in England and is available at a New York store, Accents & Images, for $90.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

The Eleventh-Hour Santa

6

Gaggia Electric Espresso/Cappuccino Maker with a 20-cup capacity and easy push-button operation can turn out two cups of coffee every 30 seconds for after-dinner quick service or when you want to saber up the crowd fast, by Krups, $495, including a recipe booklet and filters.

7

The SX 90 Equipe ski boot for competitive and expert skiers features micrometric adjustments for precise fit and internal sole canting; closed with a buckle, it can also be placed in the walk position for easy striding when you're off the slopes, by Salomon/No. America, $260.

8

The pint-sized Olympus XA2 makes 35mm shooting a snap; an electronic "brain" assures programmed shutter perfection; up tap there's a feather-touch shutter release; and the closable case keeps dirt and fingerprints off the lens, $68.95, including a detachable flash unit.

9

It's no chef's surprise to learn that Farberware produces some terrific cooking equipment. Here's a stainless-steel-and-aluminum covered saucepan that's ideal far soups, etc., $126, and a matching double-boiler insert that's useful when you're whipping up a tasty sauce, $36.

10

La Machine III, Moulinex's latest food processor that makes mincemeat out af such culinary drudgery as slicing and shredding, features a bowl instead of a chute for the seasaned gourmet wha prefers that particular appliance design, abaut $95, including measuring cup.

The Eleventh-Hour Santa

11

The Nakamichi Model 680ZX is a three-head cassette deck with terrific technical specs and some unusual features, including the capacity to record FM—and most records—at half speed with na lass of quality, thus doubling tape time, $1550.

12

If it's precise exposure metering yau're seeking, check out Pentax' Spatmeter V; this futuristic-looking accessary can light-read an abject from a distance and features an eye-level view finder with an erect image for quick shooting, $331.

13

Here's a last-minute bell-ringer gift—a bottle af Bell's Scotch (Bell's has a higher propartian af malt whisky than other premium brands) that's offered in a bell-shaped porcelain decanter, imported by Monsieur Henri Wines, about $27.

14

It's no gamble when you put yaur money on a five-quart ice bucket decorated with a roulette-table playing field and featuring a roulette wheel for a cover, $40, plus six matching double ald fashianed glasses, $36, all by Shelton-Ware.

15

Mini quartz Traveler Alarm that's battery powered measures only two and three faurths inches square yet has a large LCD display and a place for a photo, by Howard Miller Clock, $39.95, in either satin-brass or satin-chrame finish.

16

Sany's Mystereo SRF-80W AM/FM radia that's no larger than a cigarette pack comes with lightweight earphones for on-the-go listening—ar hook it up to the twa four-inch speakers shown with it and it's suddenly a tiny sterea tuner, $219.95.

GOD EMPEROR OF DUNE

(continued from page 132)

"Siona thought about Leto's journals. Something in them might open the way for her revenge."

Forbidden Forest ran less than 100 meters ahead of the pursuing D-wolves. The animals could be heard yelping and panting in their eagerness. The runner's name was Kwuteg, an old and honorable name on Arrakis, a name from the Dune times. An ancestor had served Sietch Tabr as Master of the Death Stills, but that was more than 3000 years lost in a past that many no longer believed.

Kwuteg ran with the long strides of a tall and slender body that seemed perfectly fitted to such exertion. He knew that Siona should be almost at the water. The fastest runner of them all, she carried the sealed packet and, in it, the things they had stolen from the fortress in the desert. Kwuteg focused his thoughts on that packet as he ran.

Save it, Siona! Use it to destroy him!

The eager whining of the D-wolves penetrated Kwuteg's consciousness. They were too close. He knew then that he would not escape.

But Siona must escape!

He risked a backward glance and saw one of the wolves move to flank him. As the wolf leaped, Kwuteg also leaped. Placing a tree between himself and the pack, he ducked beneath the flanking wolf, grasped one of its hind legs in both hands and, without stopping, whirled the captive wolf as a flail that scattered the others. But he could not guard every side. A lean male caught him in the back, hurling him against a tree, and he lost his bludgeon.

"Go!" he screamed.

The pack sounds took on a terrible commotion of frenzied yelps but nothing more from Kwuteg. Siona knew how Kwuteg was spending the last energies of his life.

Delaying them to help me escape.

Obeying Kwuteg's cry, she dashed to the river's edge and plunged headfirst into the water. The river was a freezing shock after the heat of the run. It stunned her for a moment and she floundered, struggling to swim and regain her breath. The precious kit floated and bumped against the back of her head.

The wolf pack stood ranged along the bank, all except one that had come down to the river's edge. It leaned forward with its forefeet almost into the flow. She heard it whine. Then it leaped back up to its companions. At some silent signal, they turned and loped back into the forest.

Siona pushed outward gently and drifted with the current until her feet met the first shelving of a narrow beach. Slowly, her body dragged down by fatigue, she climbed from the water and paused to check that the sealed contents of her kit had remained dry. The seal was unbroken. She lifted her gaze to the forest wall across the river.

I have broken through your defenses, Leto!

Siona thought then about the volumes in the packet. Leto's journals. She felt certain that something in them would open the way for her revenge.

I will destroy you, Leto!

She turned and strode toward the orchards beyond the river's mowed border. As she walked, she repeated her oath, "Siona Ibn Fuad Al Seyefa Atreides it is who curses you, Leto. You will pay in full!"

•

It was a sound like no other, the sound of a waiting mob, and it came down the long tunnel to where Idaho marched ahead of the Royal Cart—nervous whispers magnified into an ultimate whisper, the shuffling of one gigantic foot, the stirring of an enormous garment. And the smell—sweet perspiration mixed with the milky breath of sexual excitement. It was the ritual of Siaynoq.

"What is the Feast of Siaynoq? What is it really?" Idaho had asked.

"I have told you. It is the Great Sharing."

Now, as he marched ahead of Leto in the tunnel, Idaho felt that he had heard the words correctly but learned nothing from them. He could discern a gradual widening in the tunnel; the ceiling sloped higher. There were glow globes, tuned now into the deep orange. He could see the high arch of an opening about 300 meters away, rich red light there in which he could make out glistening faces that swayed gently left and right. Their bodies below the faces presented a dark wall of clothing.

As he neared the waiting women, Idaho saw a passage through them and a ramp slanting up to a low ledge on his right. A great arched ceiling curved away above the women, a gigantic space illuminated by glow globes tuned high into the red.

"Go up the ramp on your right," Leto said. "Stop just beyond the center of the ledge and turn to face the women."

Idaho lifted his right hand in acknowledgment. He was emerging into the open space now and the dimensions of this enclosed place awed him. He set his trained eyes the task of estimating the dimensions as he mounted to the ledge and guessed the hall to be at least 1100 meters on a side—a square with rounded corners. It was packed with women, and Idaho reminded himself that these were only the chosen representatives of the far scattered Guard regiments—three women from each planet. They stood now, their bodies pressed so closely together that Idaho doubted one of them could fall. They had left only a space about 50 meters wide along the ledge where Idaho now stopped and surveyed the scene. The faces looked up at him—faces, faces.

Leto stopped his cart just behind Idaho and lifted one of his silver-skinned arms.

Immediately, a cry of "Siaynoq! Siaynoq!" filled the great hall.

Idaho was deafened by it.

"My brides," Leto said. "I welcome you to Siaynoq."

Idaho glanced up at Leto, saw the dark eyes glistening, the radiant expression. Leto had said: "This cursed holiness!" But he basked in it.

The Royal Cart creaked slightly as Leto arched his front segments upward, lifting his head.

"You are the keepers of the faith!" Leto said.

They replied as one voice: "Lord, we obey!"

"In me you live without end!" Leto said.

"We are the infinite!" they shouted.

"I love you as I love no others!" Leto said.

"Love!" they screamed.

Idaho shuddered.

"I give you my beloved Duncan!" Leto said.

"Love!" they screamed.

Idaho felt his whole body trembling. He felt that he might collapse from the weight of this adulation. He wanted to run away and he wanted to stay and accept this. There was power in this room. Power!

Idaho glanced left and right. The awe and submission was something absolute. If Leto ordered it, they would do anything!

Leto lowered his front segments onto the cart, a gentle rippling motion. He peered down benignly and his voice came as a soft caress. "Share with me now," he said, "the silent prayer for my intercession in all things that humankind may never end."

As one, every head in the hall bowed. Idaho felt the silent unity, a force that sought to enter him and take him over.

(continued on page 298)

THE PRIME OF COACH BUM PHILLIPS

he's everything our favorite heroes have always been—kind, wise, levelheaded... and smooth as a shot of sour mash

personality By ROY BLOUNT JR.

"COACHING? Gosh, you can do it in a jillion ways," says Oail A. "Bum" Phillips, head coach of the Houston Oilers. "Coaching is the only profession that six or seven people can be right about, and they're all opposites."

Actually, there isn't that much diversity among National Football League coaches. They boil down to two broad categories: on the one hand, all the technocrats; on the other, Bum.

Bum is the only N.F.L. head coach who chews thick-cut Tinsley's plug tobacco all the time except when he's sleeping or eating. He's also the only one who wears cowboy boots all the time except when he's sleeping or showering. Boots in a wide variety of leathers: "Oh, I've got lizard, alligator, crocodile, python, kangaroo, badger; 'course, calf and

bull and . . . oh, hell, eel. Yeah, eel's pretty. Anteater. Caribou. I'm sure there's more. I've got a bunch of each one. Three colors of eel. Blue-and-white patchwork ostrich. Oh, and turkey. Beaver. Hell, I don't know. Ostrich *leg*, that's different from just ostrichskin. I've just got one ostrich-leg pair. In blond."

Bum is the only one who wears a cowboy hat all the time except when he's under a roof—including that of the Oilers' home stadium, the Astrodome. "Momma always told me to keep my hat off indoors. When it can't rain on you, you're indoors."

Bum is the only coach who would say about one of his players (5'7", 195-pound Austrian place kicker Toni Fritsch), "It looks like a whole Dutch family moved out of the seat of them pants." Or say anything so sympathetic about what his players go through as, "Football can't all be fun. Like weight lifting. Now, who likes to go lift a bunch of steel?"

Bum is the coach who will tell you, "There are only four things I know anything about: barbecue ribs, gumbo, cold beer and pickup trucks," but who actually knows a whole lot about football and, well, friendship.

"Friendship," he says, "is nothing you can *take* from a guy. He has to *give* it. So you got to stop and smell the flowers every now and then. I mean, you got to take the first step." Any other coach would say, "When a guy stops and smells the flowers on you, apply the proper techniques." That is, knock his ass off.

Not that Phillips disapproves of good old head-on assectomy. After all, he acquired Jack Tatum from Oakland not long after the appearance of that free safety's concussion-hungry autobiography, *They Call Me Assassin*. "All I've ever seen Jack Tatum do is knock the *fire* out of you. Make the *sparks* fly," Bum says with feeling. But Bum spends more time talking about, and demonstrating, amicability than extolling perfectionist aggression. He actually likes amicability. Even about his nemesis, the Pittsburgh Steelers, he says, "If you get beat by somebody you like, at least you got *something* to feel good about."

No wonder he's a folk hero. No wonder he is so highly evident in Texas on billboards, radio and TV, endorsing boots, trucks, coffee and a cafeteria. (He turns down beer commercials—he says he doesn't want to influence a single teenager to have a car wreck.)

Furthermore, Phillips is the only N.F.L. head coach who gets himself mentally prepared for a game by remembering Inspector Clouseau routines.

Your basic pro coach, during the hour or so before he goes to the stadium on Sunday, presumably practices his gamut of side-line facial expressions (blank to grim), runs everything one more time through the Fortran of his mind, makes sure all his assistants realize that they have every reason to fear for their jobs and reminds himself once again that there is no such thing as defeat.

What coach Phillips will do is sit around with some good friends, who include his assistants—among them, his son, Wade—and tell football or rodeo or eating stories for a while. Sooner or later, the discussion will swing around to something Peter Sellers did as Clouseau.

Now, if your basic pro coach were ever to suffer the nightmare of finding himself in a *Pink Panther* movie, he would be the Herbert Lom character, the one who believes in doing things properly and whom Clouseau drives crazy. But Phillips *identifies with Clouseau*. You should see his face when he gets to remembering those movies!

To begin with, he has an amazingly untechnocratic head. Sort of a cross between aging bulldog and baby bird: ample jowl, huge jaw, jutting lower lip, possum mouth, pointed nose, squinchy eyes, goggly glasses and all-but-naked-on-the-sides burr haircut. A head that must be a real cowboy's head, because it looks so peculiar, and yet at home, beneath a cowboy hat. A head that goes well with his body, which seems to be jury-rigged out of heavy angle iron, burlap and old tires.

But it's what he permits to go on inside his head that is really distinctive. Here he is, remembering Clouseau: "He runs into the hoooo, the revolving door, and [*heave, heave*] gets his suitcase caught and, hoo, he's [*heave, heave*]. . . . And then, finally [*heave*], he gets inside the hotel and he hands his coat and hat to somebody standing there [*heave, heave*] and . . . and . . . and the guy runs out the door with them. *Gets in a car and drives away with 'em!* Hoo, Clouseau thought it was [*heave, heave*] the bellboy! Hoo! Oh!"

All those heaves and hoos are Phillips dissolving in helpless laughter. The sumbitch is a human being! And yet he coaches one of the two or three best teams in the N.F.L.! A team that he keeps improving with smart trades.

Bum's opponents like him; so do the press and the public. *Even his own players like him!* How can that be?

•

I had personal reasons for wanting to check out Bum Phillips. Maybe I'm 38 and a bad athlete, but that doesn't mean I have given up on finding a coach I could play for, if I could play. Not one of those totalitarian coaches who try to squelch your spirit. Not one who would want you to tear up other people's knees on purpose. Not one to whom you would be just a line item in his data bank.

A coach you could drink with and listen to Willie Nelson with; chew on some rib bones with; exchange fearless though respectful raillery with; talk about your folks with. A coach who would jostle your children and dogs and they'd enjoy it and who'd want you to do the same with his.

At the Oilers' Saturday practices, I had heard, wives and baby strollers and loose toddlers abounded, and players who weren't married brought their girlfriends and dogs. Players who had been *cut* by Phillips spoke of him with enthusiasm. He didn't know me from Adam, but I called him up and said that if he would let me come down and do a story on him for PLAYBOY, he wouldn't have to pose naked.

"Good," he said. "I don't think America would like that."

Well, Phillips and I drove around in his pickup (it has a certain amount of honest mud in it, and a Terrible Towel that some Pittsburgh fan sent him, which he uses to clean his boots) and steadily drank beer and chewed and spat into cups.

We talked in his office, the decor of which is as follows:

On his desk, he has a plastic Charlie Brown statuette labeled WORLD'S GREATEST COACH and several horseshoe-and-wire cowboys and horses that a retired man and a couple of other people made for him at various times. On his wall, he has something hard to categorize that his youngest daughter knitted for him in school and an unframed photo of himself with center Carl Mauck that Mauck stuck up there one day. On the floor leaning against the wall is a portrait of John Wayne.

Phillips and I went by the vegetable garden that he is starting, near his house in Quail Valley south of Houston. Friends appeared as if by magnetism and began to josh him, his garden *and* his new $1000 gasoline-powered Rototiller.

"You got a license for that thing?" asked Jerrel Wilson, one of the N.F.L.'s all-time greatest punters, who is now a scout for the Oilers. He might have been referring to the garden or to the Rototiller.

"What're these?" Bum mused, looking at an infestation of little green sprigs. "*Radishes?* Why have I got all these radishes? I don't *like* radishes."

"You've got 'em," said the man who had brought the Rototiller, "because you threw in radish seeds by the handful."

"I been around the world twice and seen two goat ropings and a preacher pounding," said Wilson. "But I never saw a man with that many radishes."

"I hated to cut Jerrel," said Bum, "back when he tried out with us for punter. Cliff Parsley could hang it higher, better for my purposes. And he was younger. But Jerrel could kick it farther."

(continued on page 290)

THE TOMORROW SHOW

five famous designers focus on look-ahead looks for the eighties

attire

By DAVID PLATT

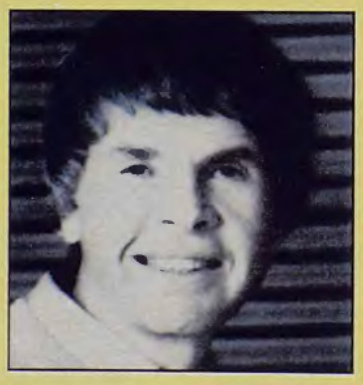
WE SENT five noted designers back to their drawing boards to come up with projections of the direction menswear will be taking in the year ahead. And judging from what we received, it's a solid bet that the period of fashion neo-classicism we've just enjoyed is rapidly being replaced by a more adventuresome creative spirit. As the American Look continues to gain in popularity abroad, designers here seem to have gained new confidence and maturity that bodes well for tomorrow's male wardrobes.

RALPH LAUREN

Lauren, the dean of the American school of men's fashion, justifiably takes pride in the growing internationalization of his time-honored opprooch to design. The impetus is traditionol—but with a twist. His kickers are color, fobric and texture, with the oim of "lifting each look beyond the ordinory." For mony, the Polo look defines fashion today.

PERRY ELLIS

Award-winning women's-wear designer Ellis has only recently broadened his scope to menswear. His approach is decidedly untraditional. "I do not believe in fashion trends. I believe only in personal style and freedom of choice. For spring '81, I om working on loose, easy seporotes and hope to provide o mon with new, interesting and omusing alternatives to choose from."



HENRY GRETHEL

Sportswear specialist Henry Grethel feels strangly that the Eighties will see an increased use of casual dressing, even in "business situations. Tailored business suits will continue ta be important, but new fabrics and easier-flawing garments will reflect the informality and friendliness of a sportswear appraach. A layered-sweater loak will farm part af the transition."

BERT PULITZER

Long noted for his neckwear and shirt designs, Pulitzer sees a rethinking of the role of shirt and tie; he demonstrates by teaming them with a poplin jump suit. "While a shirt and tie do give an air of stature, they are still elements of color and texture that do not have to be thought of as rigid uniforms. You could call my look a blend of tradition and utility, which is where I see fashion going."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAT NAGEL

CALVIN KLEIN

Internationally respected fashion designer Calvin Klein projects roomy, relaxed looks for menswear in 1981. His easygoing outfit, here, combines sandalwood, buff and soft brown earth tones with three comfortable textures—sheerling (hooded parka), mohair (roll-collar sweater) and corduroy (pleated, tapered slacks). Klein also feels men will increasingly seek out more sporty alternatives to the three-piece banker look.

LENNON and ONO *(continued from page 114)*

feel like I want to help.

LENNON: And I was the lucky cripple she chose!

ONO: I have this mother instinct, or whatever. But I was not hung up on finding a father, because I had one who disillusioned me. John never had a chance to get disillusioned about his father, since his father wasn't around, so he never thought of him as that big man.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with that assessment, John?

LENNON: A lot of us are looking for fathers. Mine was physically not there. Most people's are not there *mentally* and physically, like always at the office or busy with other things. So all these leaders, parking meters, are all substitute fathers, whether they be religious or political. . . . All this bit about electing a President. We pick our own daddy out of a dog pound of daddies. This is the daddy that looks like the daddy in the commercials. He's got the nice gray hair and the right teeth and the parting's on the right side. OK? This is the daddy we choose. The dog pound of daddies, which is the political arena, gives us a President, then we put him on a platform and start punishing him and screaming at him because Daddy can't do miracles. Daddy doesn't heal us.

PLAYBOY: So Janov was a daddy for you. Who else?

ONO: Before, there was Maharishi.

LENNON: Maharishi was a father figure, Elvis Presley might have been a father figure. I don't know. Robert Mitchum. Any male image is a father figure. There's nothing wrong with it until you give them the right to give you sort of a recipe for your life. What happens is somebody comes along with a good piece of truth. Instead of the truth's being looked at, the person who brought it is looked at. The messenger is worshiped, instead of the message. So there would be Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Marxism, Maoism—everything—it is always about a person and never about what he says.

ONO: All the isms are daddies. It's sad that society is structured in such a way that people cannot really open up to each other, and therefore they need a certain theater to go to to cry or something like that.

LENNON: Well, you went to est.

ONO: Yes, I wanted to check it out.

LENNON: We went to Janov for the same reason.

ONO: But est people are given a reminder——

LENNON: Yeah, but I wouldn't go and sit in a room and not pee.

ONO: Well, *you* did in primal scream.

LENNON: Oh, but I had you with me.

ONO: Anyway, when I went to est, I saw Werner Erhardt, the same thing. He's a nice showman and he's got a nice gig there. I felt the same thing when we went to Sai Baba in India. In India, you have to be a guru instead of a pop star. Guru is the pop star of India and pop star is the guru here.

LENNON: But nobody's perfect, etc., etc. Whether it's Janov or Erhardt or Maharishi or a Beatle. That doesn't take away from their message. It's like learning how to swim. The swimming is fine. But forget about the teacher. If the Beatles had a message, it was that. With the Beatles, the records are the point, not the Beatles as individuals. You don't *need* the package, just as you don't need the Christian package or the Marxist package to get the message. People always got the image I was an anti-Christ or antireligion. I'm not. I'm a most religious fellow. I was brought up a Christian and I only now understand some of the things that Christ was saying in those parables. Because people got hooked on the teacher and missed the message.

"All this bit about electing a President. We pick our own daddy out of a dog pound of daddies."

PLAYBOY: And the Beatles taught people how to swim?

LENNON: If the Beatles or the Sixties had a message, it was to learn to swim. Period. And once you learn to swim, swim. The people who are hung up on the Beatles' and the Sixties' dream missed the whole point when the Beatles' and the Sixties' dream *became* the point. Carrying the Beatles' or the Sixties' dream around all your life is like carrying the Second World War and Glenn Miller around. That's not to say you can't enjoy Glenn Miller or the Beatles, but to live in that dream is the twilight zone. It's not living now. It's an illusion.

PLAYBOY: Yoko, the single you and John released from your album seems to be looking toward the future.

ONO: Yes, *Starting Over* is a song that makes me feel like crying. John has talked about the Sixties and how it gave us a taste for freedom—sexual and otherwise. It was like an orgy. Then, after that big come that we had together, men and women somehow lost track of each other and a lot of families and relationships split apart. I really think that what happened in the Seventies can be compared to what happened under Nazism with Jewish families. Only the force that split them came from the inside, not from the outside. We tried to rationalize it as the price we were paying for our freedom. And John is saying in his song, OK, we had the energy in the Sixties, in the Seventies we separated, but let's start over in the Eighties. He's reaching out to me, the woman. Reaching out after all that's happened, over the battlefield of dead families, is more difficult this time around.

On the other side of the record is my song, *Kiss Kiss Kiss*, which is the other side of the same question. There is the sound of a woman coming to a climax on it, and she is crying out to be held, to be touched. It will be controversial, because people still feel it's less natural to hear the sounds of a woman's lovemaking than, say, the sound of a Concorde, killing the atmospher and polluting nature. Altogether, both sides are a prayer to change the Eighties.

PLAYBOY: What is the Eighties' dream to you, John?

LENNON: Well, you make your own dream. That's the Beatles' story, isn't it? That's Yoko's story. That's what I'm saying now. Produce your own dream. If you want to save Peru, go save Peru. It's quite possible to do anything, but not to put it on the leaders and the parking meters. Don't expect Jimmy Carter or Ronald Reagan or John Lennon or Yoko Ono or Bob Dylan or Jesus Christ to come and do it for you. You have to do it yourself. That's what the great masters and mistresses have been saying ever since time began. They can point the way, leave signposts and little instructions in various books that are now called holy and worshiped for the cover of the book and not for what it says, but the instructions are all there for all to see, have always been and always will be. There's nothing new under the sun. All the roads lead to Rome. And people cannot provide it for you. I can't wake you up. *You* can wake you up. I can't cure you. *You* can cure you.

PLAYBOY: What is it that keeps people from accepting that message?

LENNON: It's fear of the unknown. The unknown is what it is. And to be frightened of it is what sends everybody scurrying around chasing dreams, illusions, wars, peace, love, hate, all that—it's all illusion. Unknown is what it is. Accept that it's unknown and it's plain sailing. Everything is unknown—then you're ahead of the game. That's what it is. Right?

"Hmmm, let's see—you must be the fun couple who requested the bisexual elf."

HEART
TRANSPLANT
she knew he would thank her in the morning

fiction

By RAY BRADBURY

"WOULD I WHAT?" he asked, in the dark, lying there easily, looking at the ceiling.

"You heard me," she said, lying there beside him with similar ease, holding his hand, but staring rather than looking at that ceiling, as if there were something there that she was trying to see. "Well . . . ?"

"Say it again," he said.

"If," she said, after a long pause, "if you could fall in love with your wife again . . . *would* you?"

"What a strange question."

"Not so strange. Think of the best of all possible worlds, if the world ran the way worlds *should* run. Wouldn't it make sense, finally, for people to fall in love again and live happily ever after? After all, you were once wildly in love with Anne."

"Wildly."

"You can never forget that."

"Never. Agreed."

"Well, then, that being true—would you——"

"*Could* would be more like it."

"Forget about could. Let's imagine new circumstances, everything running right for a change your wife behaving the way you describe her once perfection instead of the way she acts now. What *then*?"

He leaned up on his elbow and looked at her.

"You're in a strange mood tonight. What gives?"

"I don't know. Maybe it's tomorrow I'm forty, next month you're forty-two. If men go mad at forty-two, shouldn't women become sane two years earlier? Or maybe I'm thinking, What a shame. What a shame people don't fall in love and stay in love with the same people

all their lives, instead of having to find others to be with, laugh with or cry with; what a shame. . . ."

He reached over and touched her cheek and felt a wetness there. "Good grief, you're crying."

"Just a little bit. It's so damned sad. We are. *They* are. Everybody. Everyone. Sad. Was it always this way?"

"And hidden, I think. Nobody said."

"I think I envy those people a hundred years ago."

"Don't envy what you can't even guess. There was a lot of quiet madness under their serene no-talk."

He leaned over and kissed the tears from under her eyes, lightly.

"Now, what brought all this on?"

She sat up and didn't know what to do with her hands.

"What a joke," she said. "Neither you nor I smoke. In books and movies, when people lie in bed after, they light cigarettes." She put her hands across her breasts and held on, as she talked. "It's just, I was thinking of good old Robert, good old Bob, and how crazy I was for him once, and what am I doing here, loving you, when I should be home minding my thirty-seven-year-old-baby husband?"

"And?"

"And I was thinking how much I really, truly like Anne. She's a great woman; do you know that?"

"Yes, but I try not to think of it, everything considered. She's not you."

"But what if, suddenly"—she clasped her hands around her knees and fixed him with a bright, clear-blue gaze—"what if she *were* me?"

"I *beg* your pardon?" He blinked.

"What if all the qualities you lost in her and found in me were somehow given back to her? Would you, could you, love her all over again?"

"Now I really do wish I smoked!" He dropped his feet out onto the floor and kept his back to her, staring out the window. "What's the use of asking that kind of question, when there can never be an answer!?"

"That is the problem, though, isn't it?" She addressed his back. "You have what my husband lacks and I have what your wife lacks. What's needed is a double soul—no, a double heart transplant!" She almost laughed and then, deciding against it, almost cried.

"There's an idea there for a story, a novel, maybe a film."

"It's our story and we're sunk with it, and no way out, unless——"

"Unless?"

She got up and moved restlessly about the room, then went to stand and look out at the stars in the summer night sky.

"What makes it so rough is: Bob's beginning to treat me the way he once treated me. The last month he's been so . . . fine, so terrific."

"Oh, my God." He sighed and shut his eyes.

"Yes. Oh, my God."

There was a long silence. At last, he said, "Anne's been acting better, too."

"Oh, my God," she repeated, in a whisper, shutting her own eyes. Then, at last, she opened them and traced the stars. "What's the old thing? 'If wishes were horses, beggars would ride'?"

"You've lost me for the third or fourth time in as many minutes."

She came and knelt on the floor by him and took both of his hands in hers and looked into his face.

"My husband, your wife are both out of town tonight, yes, at the far ends of the country, one in New York, the other in San Francisco? Correct. And you're sleeping over in this hotel room with me and we have all night together, but——" She stopped, searched, located and then tried the words: "But what if, just before we go to sleep, what if we made a kind of mutual wish, me for you, you for me?"

"A *wish*?" He started to laugh.

"Don't." She shook his hands. He quieted. She went on: "A wish that while we slept, somehow, by a miracle, please God, please all the Graces and Muses and magical times and great dreams, somehow, some way, we would both"—she slowed and then continued—"both fall back in love, you with your wife, me with my husband."

He said nothing.

"There," she said.

He reached over, found some matches on the side table, struck one and held it up to light her face. The fire glowed in her eyes and would not go away. He exhaled. The match went out.

"I'll be damned," he whispered. "You *mean* it."

"I do, and we *are*. Damned, that is. Would you *try*?"

"Lord——"

"Don't say Lord as if I had gone crazy on you."

"Look——"

"No, you look." She took his hands again and pressed them, hard. "For me. Would you do me the favor? And I'd do the same for you."

"Make a wish?"

"We often did, as kids. They sometimes worked. They worked because they weren't really wishes, they were prayers."

He lowered his eyes. "I haven't prayed in years."

"Yes, you have. Count the times you wish you were back in the first month of your marriage. That's a kind of forlorn wish, a lost prayer."

He looked at her and swallowed several times.

"Don't say anything," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because right now, you feel you have nothing to say."

"I'll be quiet, then. Let me think. Do you, God, do you really want me to make a wish for you?"

She sank back and sat on the floor, her hands in her lap, eyes shut. Quietly, tears began to slide down her cheeks.

"Dear, oh, my dear," he said, softly.

•

It was three in the morning and the talking was done and they had ordered some hot milk and drunk it and brushed their teeth, and now, as he came out of the bathroom, he saw her arranging the pillows on the bed, as if this were a special new theater in a special new time.

"What am I doing here?" he said.

She turned. "Once we used to know. Now we don't. Come along." She gestured and patted his side of the bed.

He rounded the bed. "I feel silly."

"You have to feel silly just so you can feel better." She pointed at the bed.

He got in and put his head on the properly plumped pillow and folded the sheets neatly over his chest and clasped his hands on the sheets.

"Does this look right?" he asked.

"Perfect. Now."

She put out the light and slid in on her side and took one of his hands and lay back perfectly straight and neat on her pillow.

"Feeling tired, feeling sleepy?"

"Enough," he said.

"All right, then. Be serious now. Don't say anything. Just think. You know what."

"I know."

"Shut your eyes now. There. Good."

She shut her own and they lay there, with just their hands clasped and nothing in the room now that stirred save their breathing.

"Take a breath," she whispered.

He took a breath.

"Now exhale."

He exhaled.

She did the same.

"Now," she murmured. "Begin." She whispered. "*Wish*."

Thirty seconds ticked by on their watches.

"Are you wishing?" she asked, softly, at last.

"Wishing," he said, just as softly.

"Good," she whispered. And then: "Good night."

Perhaps a minute later, his quiet voice, inaudible, moved in the dark room:

"Goodbye."

•

He awoke for no reason except that he had had a dream that the earth had shrugged, or an earthquake had happened 10,000 miles away that no one felt, or that there had been a second Annunciation but everyone was deaf, or

(concluded on page 284)

hero's drink, after-dinner digestif and the liquor of lovers—all describe france's headiest liquid treasure

Cognac

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

COGNAC IS SAID to be the most familiar French word. It is also one of the least understood. Popular notions of what cognac might be range from a cunning Gallic aphrodisiac to a chic synonym for brandy. Since it's distilled from wine, cognac *is* brandy, but of a vastly different pedigree—and *vive la difference.* All the brandy that may legally be labeled cognac comes from a tiny sector of France roughly one fourth the size *(continued on page 228)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF SCHEWE

the best of them prey on our fears of everyday living...

WHY WE CRAVE HORROR MOVIES

by the author of "Carrie" and "The Shining"

STEPHEN KING

IF YOU'RE A GENUINE fan of horror films, you develop the same sort of sophistication that a follower of the ballet develops; you get a feeling for the depth and the texture of the genre. Your ear develops with your eye, and the sound of quality always comes through to the keen ear. There is fine Waterford crystal that rings delicately when struck, no matter how thick and chunky it may look; and then there are Flintstone jelly glasses. You can drink your Dom Perignon out of either one, but, friends, there is a difference.

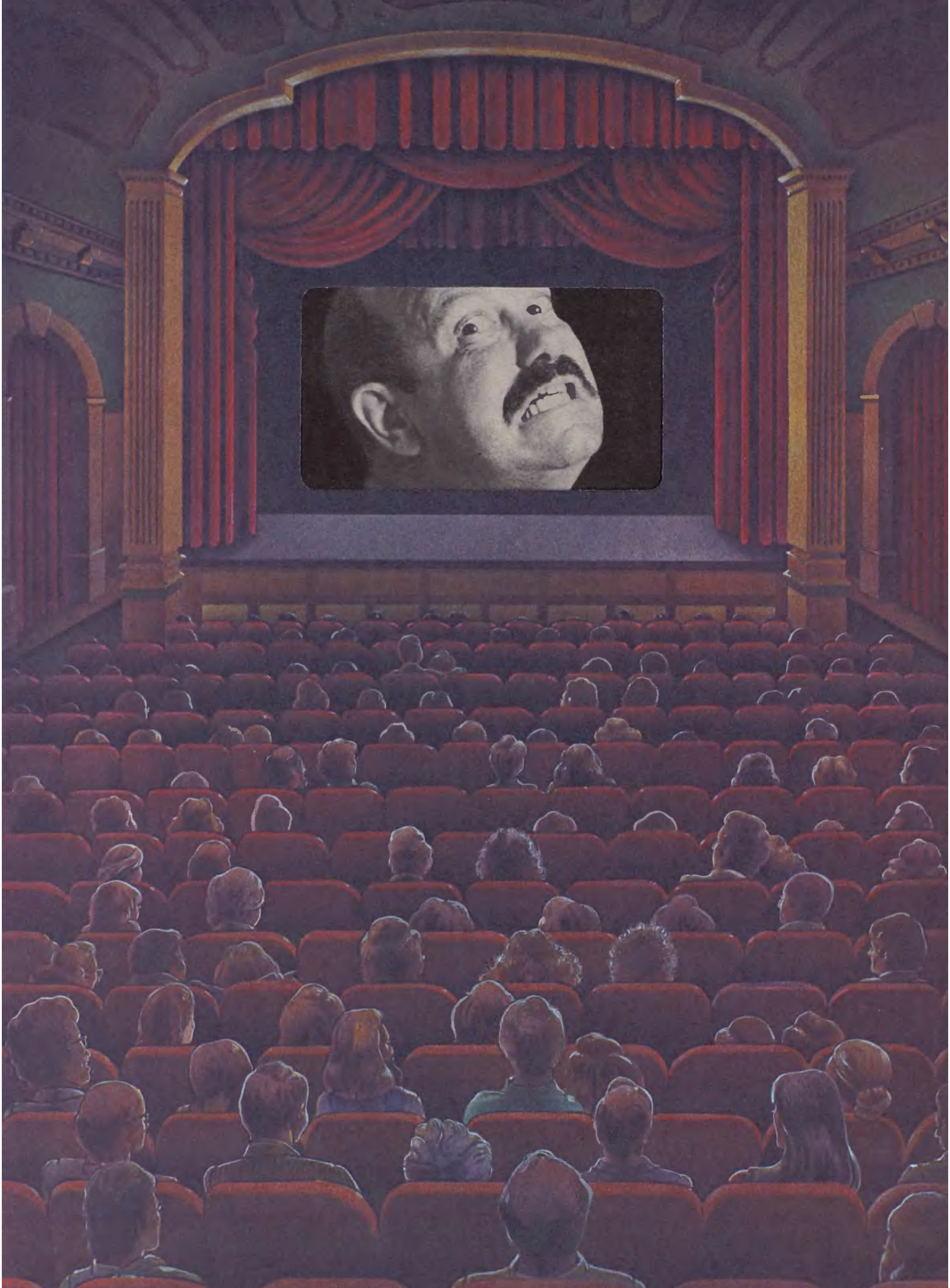
The difference here is between horror for horror's sake and art. There is art in a horror film when the audience gets more than it gives. Not when our fears are milked just to drive us crazy but when an actual liaison is found between our fantasy fears and our real fears.

Few horror movies are conceived with art in mind; most are conceived for profit. The art is not consciously created but, rather, is thrown off, as an atomic pile throws off radiation. There are films that skate right up to the border where art ceases to be thrown off and exploitation begins, and those films are often the field's most striking successes. *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* is one of those. I would happily testify to its redeeming social merit in any court in the country. I would not do so for *The Gory Ones*, a 1972 film in which we are treated to the charming sight of a woman being cut open with a two-handed bucksaw; the camera lingers as her intestines spew out onto the floor. The difference is more than the difference between a chain saw and a bucksaw; it is something like 70,000,000 light-years. The *Chainsaw Massacre* is done with taste and conscience. *The Gory Ones* is the work of morons with cameras.

If horror movies have redeeming social merit, it is because of that ability to form liaisons between the real and the unreal. In many cases—particularly in the Fifties and then again in the early Seventies—the fears expressed are sociopolitical in nature, a fact that gives such disparate pictures as Don Siegel's *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* and William Friedkin's *The Exorcist* a crazily convincing documentary feel. When the horror movies wear their various sociopolitical hats—the B picture as tabloid editorial—they often serve as an extraordinarily accurate barometer of those things that trouble the night thoughts of a whole society.

But horror movies don't always wear a hat that identifies them as disguised comments on the social or political scene (as David Cronenberg's *The Brood* comments on the disintegration of the generational family, or as his *They Came from Within* deals with the more cannibalistic side effects of Erica Jong's

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN YOUSSI



. . . and it takes real art to make a movie scarier than living every day!

WHY WE CRAVE HORROR MOVIES

"zipless fuck"). More often the horror movie points farther inward, looking for those deep-seated personal fears, those pressure points we all must cope with. This adds an element of universality to the proceedings and may produce an even truer sort of art.

This second kind of horror film has more in common with the Brothers Grimm than with the op-ed pages of tabloid newspapers. It is the B picture as fairy tale. It doesn't want to score political points but, rather, to scare the hell out of us by crossing certain taboo lines.

So if my idea about art is correct (it giveth more than it receiveth), this sort of film is of value to the audience by helping it better understand what those taboos and fears are, and why it feels so uneasy about them.

•

I think we'd all agree that one of the great fears with which all of us must deal on a purely personal level is the fear of dying; without good old death to fall back on, the horror movies would be in bad shape.

A corollary to this is that there are "good" deaths and "bad" deaths; most of us would like to die peacefully in our beds at the age of 80 (preferably after a good meal, a bottle of really fine vino and a really super lay), but very few of us are interested in finding out how it might feel to get slowly crushed under an automobile lift while crankcase oil drips slowly onto our foreheads.

Lots of horror films derive their best effects from this fear of the bad death (as in *The Abominable Dr. Phibes*, in which Phibes dispatches his victims one at a time using the 12 plagues of Egypt, slightly updated, a gimmick worthy of the *Batman* comics during their palmiest days). Who can forget the lethal binoculars in *The Black Zoo*, for instance? They came equipped with spring-loaded six-inch prongs, so that when the victim put them to her eyes and then attempted to adjust the field of focus. . . .

Others derive their horror simply from the fact of death itself and the decay that follows death. In a society in which such a great store is placed in the fragile commodities of youth, health and beauty, death and decay become inevitably horrible—and inevitably taboo. If you don't think so, ask yourself why the second grade doesn't get to tour the local mortuary along with the police department, the fire department and the nearest McDonald's. One can imagine—or I can in my more morbid moments—the mortuary and McDonald's combined; the highlight of the tour, of course, would be a viewing of the McCorpse.

No, the funeral parlor is taboo. Morticians are modern priests, working their arcane magic of cosmetics and preservation in rooms that are clearly marked off limits. Who washes the corpse's hair? Are

Couple freed in rare in

Angry monkey attacks Indian wom
causes her to plunge to her

Kill 9 in Japan

Cancer tied to 34
olutonium deaths

Teen guilty in skillet slaying

mauls 2 campers to death

India riot
at prayer
rites kills 86

Victim stabbed to death as

16-year-old is charged in murder

girl tells jury of night of rape, murd

Poison in Suitcase
Is Stolen in Queens

Lab cloning mixup

the fingernails and toenails of the dear departed clipped one final time? Is it true that the dead are encoffined sans shoes? Who dresses them for their final star turn in the mortuary viewing room? How is a bullet hole plugged and concealed? How are strangulation bruises hidden?

The answers to all those questions are available, but they are not common knowledge. And if you try to make the answers part of your store of knowledge, people are going to think you a bit peculiar. I know: In the process of researching a forthcoming novel about a father who tries to bring his son back from the dead, I collected a stack of funeral literature a foot high—and any number of peculiar glances from folks who wondered why I was reading *The Funeral: Vestige or Value?*

But this is not to say that people don't have a certain occasional interest in what lies behind the locked door in the basement of the mortuary, or what may transpire in the local graveyard after the mourners have left . . . or at the dark of the moon. *The Body Snatcher* is not really a tale of the supernatural, nor was it pitched that way to its audience; it was pitched as a film (as was that notorious Sixties documentary *Mondo Cane*) that would take us beyond the pale, over that line that marks the edge of taboo ground:

CEMETERIES RAIDED, CHILDREN SLAIN FOR BODIES TO DISSECT! the movie poster drooled. UNTHINKABLE REALITIES AND UNBELIEVABLE FACTS OF THE DARK DAYS OF EARLY SURGICAL RESEARCH EXPOSED IN THE MOST DARING SHRIEK-AND-SHUDDER SHOCK SENSATION EVER BROUGHT TO THE SCREEN! (All of this printed on a leaning tombstone.)

But the poster does not stop there; it goes on specifically to mark out the exact location of the taboo line and to suggest that not everyone may be adventurous enough to transgress that forbidden ground: IF YOU CAN TAKE IT, SEE GRAVES RAIDED! COFFINS ROBBED! CORPSES CARVED! MIDNIGHT MURDER! BODY BLACKMAIL! STALKING GHOULS! MAD REVENGE! MACABRE MYSTERY! AND DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN YOU!

All of it has sort of a pleasant, alliterative ring, doesn't it?

These areas of unease—the political-social-cultural and those of the more mythic, fairy-tale variety—have a tendency to overlap, of course; a good horror picture will put the pressure on at as many points as it can. *They Came from Within*, for instance, is about sexual promiscuity on one level; on another level, it's asking you how you'd like to have a leech jump out of a letter slot and fasten itself onto your face. These are not the same areas of unease at all.

But since we're on the subject of death and decay (a very grave matter, heh-heh-heh), we might look at a couple of films in which this particular area of unease has been used well. The prime example, of course, is *Night of the Living Dead*, in which our horror of these final states is exploited to a point where many audiences found the film well-nigh unbearable. Other taboos are also broken by the film; at one point, a little girl kills her mother with a garden trowel . . . and then begins to eat her. How's that for taboo breaking? Yet the film circles around to its starting point again and again, and the key word in the film's title is not living but dead.

At an early point, the film's female lead, who has barely escaped being killed by a zombie in a graveyard where she and her brother have come to put flowers on their dead father's grave (the brother is not so lucky), stumbles into a lonely farmhouse. As she explores, she hears something dripping . . . dripping . . . dripping. She goes upstairs, sees something, screams . . . and the camera zooms in on the rotting, weeks-old head of a corpse. It is a shocking, memorable moment. Later, a government official tells the watching, beleaguered populace that, although they may not like it (i.e., they will have to cross that taboo line to do it), they must burn their dead; simply soak them with gasoline and light them up. Later still, a local sheriff expresses our own uneasy shock at having come so far over the taboo line. He answers a reporter's question by saying, "Ah, they're dead . . . they're all messed up."

The good horror director must have a clear sense of where the taboo line lies if he is not to lapse into unconscious absurdity, and a gut understanding of what the countryside is like on the far side of it. In *Night of the Living Dead*, George Romero plays a number of instruments, and he plays them like a virtuoso. A lot has been made of this film's graphic violence, but one of the film's most frightening moments comes near the climax, when the heroine's brother makes his reappearance—still wearing his driving gloves and clutching for his sister with the idiotic, implacable single-mindedness of the hungry dead. The film is violent—as is its sequel, *Dawn of the Dead*—but the violence has its own logic, and in the horror genre, logic goes a long way toward proving morality.

The crowning horror in Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* comes when Vera Miles touches that chair in the cellar and it spins lazily around to reveal Norman's mother at last—a wizened, shriveled corpse from which hollow eye sockets stare up blankly. She is not only dead; she has been stuffed like one of the birds that decorate Norman's office. Norman's subsequent entrance in dress and make-up is almost an anticlimax.

In A.I.P.'s *The Pit and the Pendulum*, we see another facet of the bad death—perhaps the absolute worst. Vincent Price and his cohorts break into a tomb through its brickwork, using pick and shovel. They discover that the lady, his wife, has, indeed, been entombed alive; for just a moment, the camera shows us her tortured face, frozen in a rictus of terror, her bulging eyes, her clawlike fingers, the skin stretched tight and gray. This is, I think, the most important moment in the post-1960 horror film, signaling a return to an all-out effort to terrify the audience . . . and a willingness to use any means at hand to do it.

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Fiction is full of *economic* horror stories, though very few of them are supernatural; *The Crash of '79* comes to mind, as well as *The Money Wolves*, *The Big Company Look* and the wonderful Frank Norris novel *McTeague*. I want to discuss only one movie in this context, *The Amityville Horror*. There may be others, but this one example will serve, I think, to illustrate another idea: that the horror genre is extremely limber, extremely adaptable, extremely useful; the author or film maker can use it as a crowbar to lever open locked doors . . . or as a small, slim pick to tease the tumblers into giving. The genre can thus be used to open almost any lock on the fears that lie behind the door, and *The Amityville Horror* is a dollars-and-cents case in point.

It is simple and straightforward, as most horror tales are. The Lutzes, a young married couple with two or three kids (Kathleen Lutz's by a previous marriage), buy a house in Amityville. Previous to their tenancy, a young man has murdered his whole family at the direction of "voices." For this reason, the Lutzes get the house cheaply.

But they soon discover that it wouldn't have been cheap at half the price, because it's haunted. Manifestations include black goop that comes bubbling out of the toilets (and before the festivities are over, it comes oozing out of the walls and the stairs as well), a roomful of flies, a rocking chair that rocks by itself and something in the cellar that causes the dog to dig everlastingly at the wall. A window crashes down on the little boy's fingers. The little girl develops an "invisible friend" who is apparently really there. Eyes glow outside the window at three in the morning. And so on.

Worst of all, from the audience's

(continued on page 237)

"Oh, don't be an old Scrooge—it's for my Christmas card."

SEXUAL OFFICE POLITICS

A GUIDE FOR THE EIGHTIES

A FEW YEARS AGO, when I wrote *Power! How to Get It, How to Use It*, I acquired brief gurudom by suggesting a number of ways in which ambitious men could make their way to the top by observing how the top dogs placed their desks, wore their clothes and carried into every phase of life a concern for the power style.

I have every reason to believe it worked for a lot of guys—after all, if the boss wears Gucci loafers and a blue suit, it seems pretty obvious that he's going to like seeing the people around him in the same kind of clothes, and therefore a bad idea to turn up in blue jeans and running shoes.

I must confess with hindsight, however, that I didn't give enough thought to a problem of the Eighties: What do you do if the boss is wearing a neat skirt slit up to the thigh, a silk blouse with the top three buttons unfastened and a fetching pair of high-heeled sandals?

It hasn't happened to you? Rest assured, it probably will. And when the sexual roles are reversed, don't suppose that it won't hurt. I recently heard a woman executive dismiss one of her eager subordinates as "just another pretty face" and another, in an unguarded moment, describe a man in her department as "a great fuck but a lousy manager."

When a woman was recently picked to head a large entertainment conglomerate, it was astonishing to see how the men whose jobs and salaries she now controlled began to preen themselves, trying to catch her eye, flattering her, telling her how great she looked, though to an outside observer it was interesting to note that she accepted all the attention lavished on her with a winning smile (or possibly a *winner's* smile) marred only by a pair of the coldest baby-blue eyes seen in a long time. The eyes told the story. What they said was, "Eat your heart out, baby, I've got you by the balls."

If you supposed that women would be nicer, or at any rate *different*, when they got power, forget it. Kipling took care of that a long time ago ("The female of the species is more deadly than the male," remember?), and it's worth bearing in mind that since women usually have to put up with a certain amount of humiliation, sexism and male resentment on the way to the executive suite, they're not only tough when they get there—probably tougher than a man because the odds against them were greater—but also determined to *prove* that they're tough. Also, women, who don't live in the semitribal camaraderie of male bonding, *(continued on page 278)*

two things will happen as more women join the executive ranks—the politics will get tougher and the sex will get terrific

article By MICHAEL KORDA

M. Macken '85

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

GYM DANDY

january's karen price can fly through the air with the greatest of ease, yet she's always down to earth

Karen and friends: pet squirrel J.R. and (inset) some of her acrobatic partners at Muscle Beach.

California health fanatics, Karen keeps in shape with a standard balanced diet (hold the bean sprouts), plus lots of athletic involvement. At the ripe old age of 12, she was introduced to the rigorous sport of gymnastics and took to it immediately. At the time, her father—who is now a drummer for Rich Little and has played with such greats as Oscar Peterson and Stan Kenton—wanted young Karen to be a musician, too. She diligently practiced her scales but soon found that while two hours at the piano were almost unbearable, spending four or five hours at the balance beam was a snap. After winning first prize in several local competitions, Karen became a teacher of gymnastics—and developed an interest in acrobatics as well. (Gymnastics

"I was flat-chested until the age of 16, and then—boom!—all of a sudden, in three months, I developed. Needless to say, they created some gymnastics problems; as you can imagine, large breasts throw off your balance."

"I'm very simple when it comes to things that turn me on sexually. I like the basics—gentleness, romance, kissing. And I don't like to call it sex; I call it making love."

"Every Sunday afternoon, I go to Muscle Beach and work out with the kids. That's my grandmother in the picture with us; she's in her 70s, but she says she's 39-plus. She's very active, goes dancing every night. I guess she's a lot like me."

is an individual sport; acrobatics involves two or more people.) Karen loves children; since she was 15, she has been coaching youngsters in her sport, and recently she tutored a 14-year-old in reading and writing. She also has a definite soft spot for stray animals. When we met her, she had just adopted a baby squirrel, which she named J.R. (after her boyfriend, not Larry Hagman).

Does Karen Price have *any* vices? "Sugar," she says. "I've got a serious sweet tooth. And I do swear sometimes. But I guess my only real vice—if you want to call it that—is making love." Actually, we *wouldn't* call it that.

MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Karen Price

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Karen Elaine Price

BUST: 38 WAIST: 26 HIPS: 37

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 123 SIGN: Cancer

BIRTH DATE: 7-17-60 BIRTHPLACE: Pasadena, California

AMBITIONS: To open my own gymnastics & acrobatics school, To have a happy family

TURN-ONS: Smiles, great laughs, active people, the water, the sun and kissing

TURN-OFFS: smoking, drinking, negative attitudes, cursing and lazy people

FAVORITE PLACE: Santa Monica Muscle Beach

FAVORITE MOVIES: Heaven Can Wait, The Blue Lagoon, Starting Over, Airplane! & Hangar 18

FAVORITE SPORTS: Gymnastics, Acrobatics, diving, volleyball, roller skating, water ballet, softball and dancing

SECRET FANTASY: To start a fashion magazine & open a designers' clothing shop for big-busted women! How it would sell!

always smiling age 1½

With my big sister, age 4

Bird lover age 17

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Having been informed after a regular medical examination that he was virtually certain to die within 24 hours from a rare and obscure disease, the doomed man rushed home, told his wife and proceeded to make love to her as often as he could manage until late into the night. He finally fell asleep, but then awoke, fondled his spouse awake and pleaded, "Louise, I want to make love to you one last time!"

"That's easy enough for you to say, Roy," was her exhaustedly yawned response. "*You* don't have to get up in the morning."

First I was introduced to the members of the firm," the girl who had just taken a new job told her roommate, "and not too long after that, I was introduced to the firm of one of the members."

A new dessert topping that S/M freaks get a bang out of is called Pistol Whip.

I enjoy," claimed a nympho named Henty,
"Being had by some fifteen or twenty;
For the sessions I prize
Have a surfeit of guys,
Since an orgy's a horny of plenty."

Yes, it's a pretty explicit film," the director conceded to the talk-show host, "but it has a powerful moral! In the end, the heroine, after a life of utter depravity, loses her beauty, her wealth and her friends, and finds herself alone in a squalid tenement apartment with only her memories and a vibrator with dead batteries."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gay cruiser* as a shopping lisp.

What would you most like to have along with you to read if you were shipwrecked on a desert island?" the coed was asked in her English-lit class.

"My first choice," smiled the girl, "would be an intricately tattooed sailor."

Fashions in theology have to change, we suppose. One seminary is reported to have held a recent symposium on this subject: How Many Angels Can Give Head on a Pin?

Determined to come on visually strong, a young man dressed for a visit to a singles bar taped a roll of quarters inside his jeans. Once in the crowded establishment, he maneuvered himself next to an unattached girl and was soon gratified to see her keep glancing down from her drink. "Hi, there, I'm Jerry," the tricky one said brightly as he went into one of his practiced routines, "and I helped produce a TV quiz show. Is there any question I can answer for you?"

"As a matter of fact, there is, Jerry," responded his target, flickering her eyes toward his embellished jeans once again. "Do you have change for a dollar?"

The special Mickey Mouse edition of our Unabashed Dictionary defines *doggy styling* as Plutonic sex.

Are the tarts," they asked astronaut Muller,
"On Uranus more lively . . . or duller?"
He replied, "They're obscene!
Since their pussies are green,
They are whores of a different color!"

Much as I'd like to meet a guy who's a male ten," mused the girl, "I'd settle for one who's got a nine."

A psychiatrist was engaged in a verbal-association session with a female patient. After a careful build-up with more or less neutral terms, he barked out, "Sex!"

"The Fourth of July!" was shot right back at him.

"What's the connection?" inquired the mental medic, breaking off the series.

"I still remember vividly," the woman replied with a nostalgic smile, "the very first time a fifteen-year-old pecker went off in my hand like a rocket."

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.*

"Of all the disgusting, perverted men I ever met,
I'd say you rank about sixth!"

CARS '81: PLAYBOY'S PICK OF THE PACK

our own selection of those foreign and domestic machines with the style, speed, engineering and breeding to satisfy the urbane owner

modern living **By GARY WITZENBURG**

IT STARTED almost imperceptibly in September, gained strength in October and, buoyed by the national election results, moved confidently into the winter. Its growth should level off a bit with the worst of the weather, but as the landscape greens and flowers with spring, it will gather momentum again and burst into summer a full-blown phenomenon. The Great Comeback for America's automobile industry is under way. Many potential new-car buyers have been putting off that all-important purchase, uncertain about gas prices and availability, worried about the country's economy and foreign entanglements, shocked by the high cost of both finance money and the new cars themselves. Some have been waiting for new, better and more fuel-efficient autos or for renewed supplies of already-popular smaller ones. Many have been stuck with older, gas-guzzling big cars, unable to sell or trade them at decent prices. And some have been either out of work or afraid they might be. But things are looking up now, and people have more confidence. Tired of maintaining aging clunkers and hungry for the

higher-fuel-economy promise of the new cars, America is in a buying mood once again. Only, what to buy? For most people, purchasing a new automobile represents a larger and more important investment than ever before. Barraged by seductive advertising claims, many are confused. Should they buy foreign or domestic? How small is big enough? What about diesels and turbochargers and other new exotica? How much does "fuel efficiency" cost, and what must be sacrificed to get it? You want this next new car to last and satisfy you for a long, long time. Obviously, it should be reliable, durable and as trouble-free as a complex, sophisticated piece of machinery can be. Equally important, it should

not be one you'll grow tired of before you're halfway through the payment book. Big or small, practical or flamboyant, economical or luxurious, it should complement your personality as well as suit your needs and comfortably accommodate your body. It should make you feel good, soothe the pain and enhance the enjoyment of driving, and stand proud in your driveway for years to come. Responding to the import challenge, Detroit is harvesting a crop of exciting new entries that are its best-built and most fuel-efficient in history. We count 12 all-new domestic models that either came to market this fall or are about to in April and May; half of them are small economy cars, the others a pair of small

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

sports models, two intermediate sedans, one luxury coupe and one four-wheel-drive. All are crucially important to their makers. Not to be upstaged, the import forces from Europe and Japan come to bat with no fewer than ten (at last count) important new entries with a similar mix of types. To help with that all-important decision, here is what's new and exciting for 1981, along with our personal picks of the pack. **AMERICAN CARS:** Detroit's counterattack gains force and credibility with the recent introduction of two remarkably efficient new series of cars. Ford's Erika (Escort and Lynx), a true World Car that will be built in similar form in Europe and eventually in Australia, South America and other parts of the world

where the company has manufacturing facilities, goes head to head against the smaller imports. Chrysler's K-car (Reliant and Aries) competes in the newly defined mid-size category against G.M.'s popular X-cars, Ford's Fairmont and Zephyr and a whole raft of foreign models. Both are powered through their front wheels by all-new, transversely mounted four-cylinder engines, and both set new standards of interior efficiency for their modest exterior sizes. Although the Escort/Lynx (three-door hatchbacks and five-door wagons) are about the same over-all size as the subcompact Pinto and Bobcat they replace, their interior spaciousness earns a place on the Environmental Protection Agency's list of

"compact" cars for fuel-economy ratings. The Reliant/Aries (in two-door, four-door and wagon forms), though considerably *smaller* and lighter than the compact Volare and Aspen they replace, are EPA-rated as mid-size. And both sit comfortably at the very top of those lists, the Escort/Lynx earning an impressive 30-miles-per-gallon EPA city rating and the larger K-car coming in at an eye-opening 25 mpg.

But it takes more than superior fuel economy and space efficiency to compete with the better imports these days, and both Ford and Chrysler have come a long way in closing the gap in over-all quality and in fun-to-drive character as well. Both are smooth-riding yet nimble-handling in the import tradition, with MacPherson-strut front suspensions and precise rack-and-pinion steering. And the Escort/Lynx even boasts independent rear suspension to ease bumps and hug twists and turns. Most important, everyone involved with these new-generation American cars, from executive suite to drawing board to assembly line, is united in an unprecedented effort to make them the best new products their companies have ever built.

Another important commonality is that both are platforms on which whole generations of future models will be based. Ford will unveil a pair of sharp-looking two-seat sports coupes called Ford EXP and Mercury LN-7 on the front-wheel-drive Erika mechanicals in April. Next year, a five-door hatchback version will expand the Escort/Lynx line, and another year or so will bring Erika-based replacements for the conventional (rear-drive) Fairmont and Zephyr. Chrysler has luxury K-cars planned for 1982 that will wear the top-line Chrysler name plate, a couple of sporty jobs are in the works and eventually all of the company's current large and intermediate cars will be superseded by new front-wheel-drive entries on stretched K-car platforms.

Although both offer only four-speed manual and three-speed automatic transmissions for now, five-speed gearboxes like those popular in import cars are being developed for later introductions. And both 1.6-liter Ford and 2.2-liter Chrysler engines are excellent candidates for turbocharging when more power is needed for future models.

Lincoln's shorter and lighter luxury Continental Mark VI continues for '81 with its fuel-injected V8, four-speed overdrive automatic transmission and the industry's most advanced electronic instrument cluster and trip information center. The smaller "personal luxury" Thunderbird and Cougar XR-7 coupes are joined in the Ford and Mercury mid-size line-ups by new Granada and Cougar sedans on the Fairmont/Zephyr platform. The sporty Mustang and Capri get optional T-tops and five-speed transmissions, plus *standard* reclining seats, and continue to offer a choice of four-cylinder, six-cylinder, V8 or turbocharged four-cylinder engines.

Chrysler's second new entry for '81 is the limited-production Imperial coupe, complete with fuel-injected V8, electronic instrumentation and trip computer, superplush leather interior, bold, elegant styling and almost everything else in the book—including its own special warranty program. Redesigned a year ago, the stylish but less expensive Chrysler Cordoba and Dodge Mirada personal coupes are carried over, along with their sportiest permutations, LS and CMX. The original small front-wheel-drive American cars, Chrysler's Dodge Omni and Plymouth Horizon, are freshened in appearance and now offer the K-car's 2.2-liter engine as an option. Coupe versions of these little fuel savers, Dodge's 024 and Plymouth's TC3, are still the most aerodynamic cars built in America and are available in extra-sporty DeTomaso and Turismo versions, respectively.

General Motors is readying its long-rumored front-wheel-drive J-cars for spring introduction to replace the Chevrolet Monza and Pontiac Sunbird subcompacts. A bit smaller than the X-cars, they will be powered by a new 1.8-liter four-cylinder engine mounted transversely for maximum space efficiency and will come in two-door, four-door, station-wagon and sexy three-door-hatchback variations. Soon after the Chevrolet and Pontiac J-cars (Cavalier and J-2000) are introduced, Cadillac dealers (no kidding!) will get a superluxury version tentatively code-named the Cimarron, and both Oldsmobile and Buick will field their own new Js by next fall.

Meanwhile, G.M. has restyled its mid-size personal coupes (Monte Carlo, Grand Prix, Cutlass Supreme and Regal), not only for freshened appearance but also to vastly improve their aerodynamics. Along with reduced rolling resistance, power-train changes and a bit less weight, that gives them noticeably better fuel economy for 1981. For the first time, all G.M. gasoline engines will have sophisticated electronic controls, while the fuel-efficient V8 diesel becomes available in additional models; and Cadillac offers the world's first variable-displacement engine with a system that shuts down two or four of the fuel-injected V8's cylinders when power requirements are low.

Other picks from the G.M. pack include any of the excellent front-wheel-drive luxury cars (Toronado, Riviera, Eldorado and Seville) and, especially, the Buick Riviera T-type, with its very European-feeling sport suspension; the aging but still exciting Chevrolet Corvette and Camaro Z-28; and Pontiac's *macho*-look Firebird Trans Am, with its unique turbocharged V8 engine. Any X-car is also a good choice, but we particularly like the sporty two-doors—Buick's Skylark sports coupe, Oldsmobile's Sport Omega (with soft-plastic fenders resistant to light damage and corrosion), Pontiac's Phoenix SJ and Chevrolet's Citation X-11. The latter, incidentally, becomes a real pocket rocket this year with its exclusive 135-hp V6 engine and a special-handling suspension that sticks it to the road like a slot car.

Volkswagen of America has minor styling changes inside and out for its popular American-built Rabbits, plus larger 1.7-liter gas and 1.6-liter diesel engines and a wide-ratio four-speed manual transmission with an extra-tall top gear for highway fuel economy. A new sporty S model has full instrumentation, standard five-speed transmission and racer-look front spoiler, wheel flares and stripes.

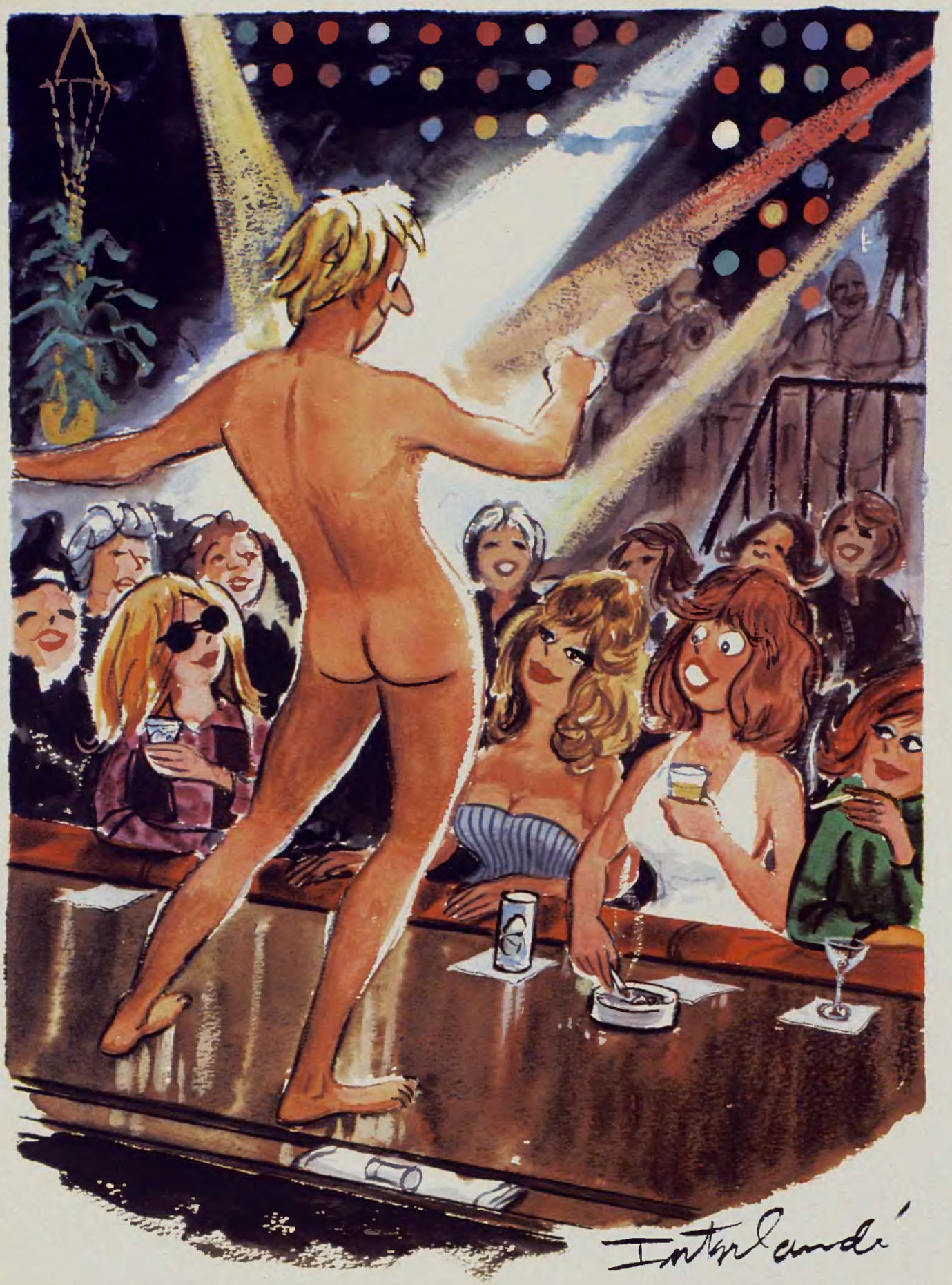
American Motors expands its innovative four-wheel-drive line-up for '81 with a pair of new subcompact Spirit-based Eagles called SX/4 and Kammback and switches to a more fuel-efficient four-cylinder, four-speed manual-transmission combination as Eagle standard equipment. Not intended for serious off-road bashing, these neat little four-wheel-drives *will* get you almost anywhere, any time, on anything resembling a road with the ease and comfort of an ordinary car. Fantastic! And every A.M.C. car carries a five-year "No-Rust-Thru" warranty.

There are a lot of low-volume specialty makers around, but none as experienced and well known as Excalibur Automobile Corporation of Milwaukee. Latest and most refined of the 17-year-old firm's classic Mercedes-look creations is the Excalibur Series IV. Available in four-passenger Phaeton and in limited-edition two-passenger roadster form, it is patterned after the beautiful 1937 Mercedes-Benz but features modern-day ride, convenience and comfort and the reliability of a 5-liter Chevrolet V8 engine. A classier, more visually stunning form of four-wheeled transportation is difficult to imagine.

JAPANESE CARS

Still the undisputed import leader, Toyota checks in with redesigned mid-size luxury Cressida models and a semi-astounding, new low-priced fuel-economy leader called Starlet. The former, in four-door sedan and wagon form, features a fuel-injected six-cylinder engine, four-speed overdrive automatic transmission and a clever electrically operated shoulder harness that presages the automatic restraint systems required by law

(continued on page 272)

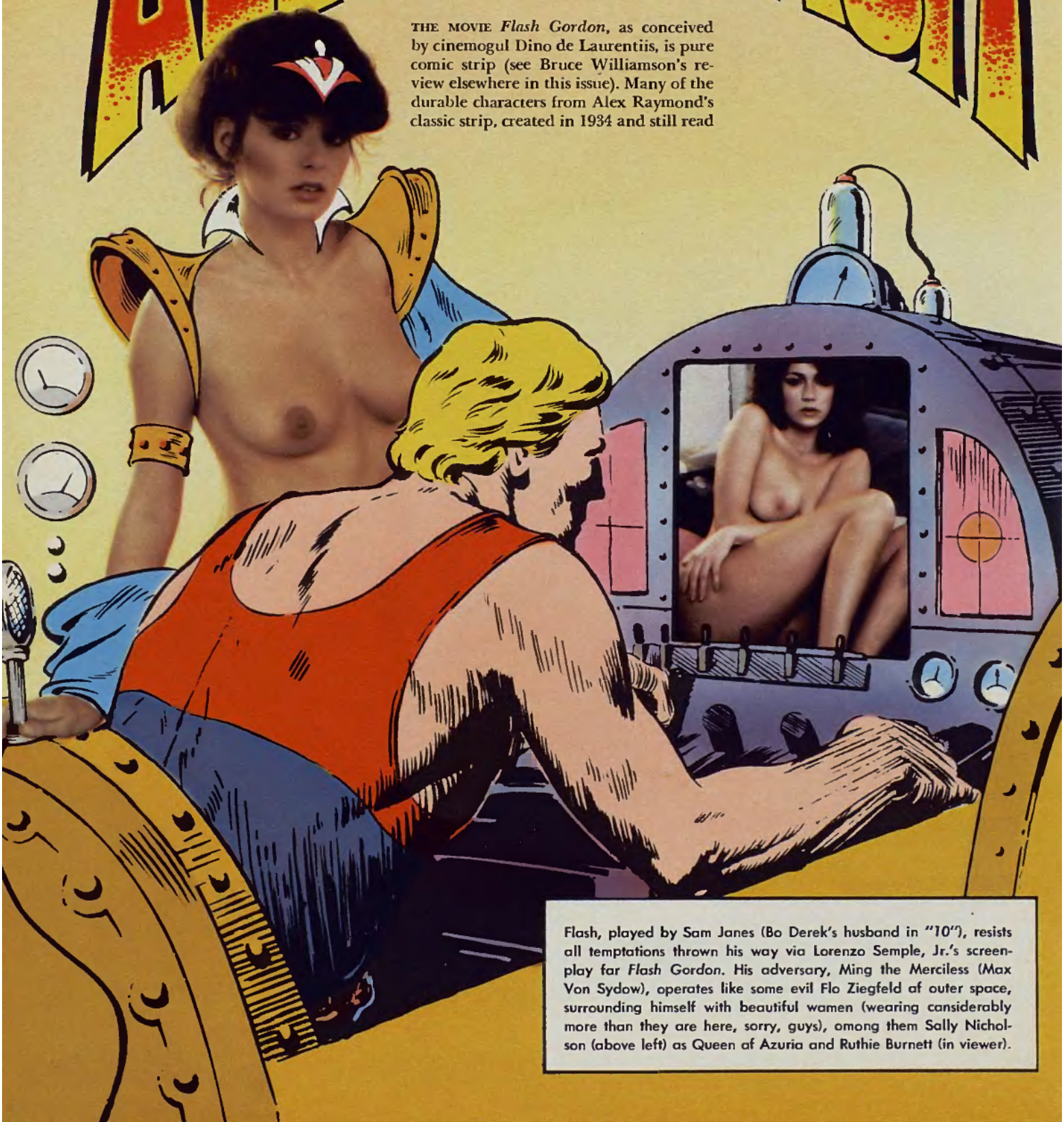


"Boy, if only Dennis could dance like that!"

durable space hero gordon returns in a cinematic extravaganza with monsters, narrow escapes, villains and girls, girls, girls

ALL THAT FLASH

THE MOVIE *Flash Gordon*, as conceived by cinemogul Dino de Laurentiis, is pure comic strip (see Bruce Williamson's review elsewhere in this issue). Many of the durable characters from Alex Raymond's classic strip, created in 1934 and still read



Flash, played by Sam Janes (Bo Derek's husband in "10"), resists all temptations thrown his way via Lorenzo Semple, Jr.'s screenplay far *Flash Gordon*. His adversary, Ming the Merciless (Max Von Sydow), operates like some evil Flo Ziegfeld af outer space, surrounding himself with beautiful wamen (wearing considerably more than they are here, sorry, guys), omong them Sally Nicholson (above left) as Queen af Azuria and Ruthie Burnett (in viewer).

Italian actress Ornella Muti plays Ming's daughter, the lasciviaus Princess Aura, wha has designs an Flash. In love with Aura, thaugh, is handsome Prince Barin of Arbaria (Timothy Dalton), who—well, you'll just have to see the movie. Althaugh she is anly 24, Muti has been in films far ten years and is being hyped as "the natural successar to Brigitte Bardat and Catherine Deneuve." Others in the cast include Chaim Tapal as Dr. Zarkav, Mariangela Melato as Kala.

by an estimated 40,000,000 people daily, appear in the movie version, a Christmas-season release from Universal. "*Barbarella*, which I did in 1965, was in some ways the first space movie," De Laurentiis told PLAYBOY. "I've wanted to do *Flash* ever since, and I finally bought the rights in 1976. My idea was to do *Flash* exactly like Raymond's strip: less real than *Star Wars* and the other space epics, more pure fantasy in the old cartoon style." In that, he has succeeded.

During the course of the movie, Flosh is captured and held in chains and Dale (Melody Anderson) is earmarked as Ming's bride. Thrills follow fast upon thrills. Among Ming's alluring vassals are Tessa Hewitt, an Arborion; Carolyn Evans, an aquarian woman; and Kerry Lou Baylis, who plays a Cytheran leader of a moan full of women. Also featured in the film are wonderfully corny spaceships and such familiar characters as the Hawkmen, the Tree Men and the Lizard Men.

FOOLS!

DID YOU THINK MERE ROCKET BOMBS COULD DESTROY MY EMPIRE? PREPARE TO PAY FOR YOUR ARROGANCE – WITH FIERY DEATH!

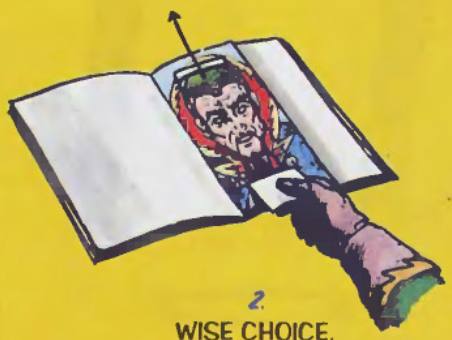
See Interstellar Directive #1 overleaf.

MOVE THIS PANEL UP AND DOWN SLOWLY

INTERSTELLAR DIRECTIVE #1
HEED WELL OR SURVIVE NOT!

1.

WRETCHED INFIDELS HAVE TEMPORARILY BLINDED YOUR SUPREME RULER. YOU ARE COMMANDED TO SEPARATE THE PAGE ALONG THE PERFORATION– OR SUFFER THE TERROR OF THE VASECTO RAY!



2.

WISE CHOICE, PITIFUL EARTHLING! NOW INSERT THE REMOVED SECTION THROUGH THE SLOTS AS SHOWN. CAREFUL, THE PALACE GUARDS ARE WATCHING YOUR EVERY MOVE!

3.

WELL DONE, INSIGNIFICANT TERRAN! SIMPLE UP-AND-DOWN MOVEMENT WILL NOW REVEAL THE MENACING VISAGE OF HIS LOWLINESS– AND SEAL YOUR FATE!

A FEW WORDS WITH MAX THE MERCILESS

SLIT HERE

In Dino De Laurentiis' new movie, *Flash Gordon*, the role of Ming the Merciless is played by the celebrated Swedish actor Max Von Sydow, who is best known to American audiences for his roles in the somber films of Ingmar Bergman. PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson reached Von Sydow in Europe to ask him about this apparent career switch. Replied Von Sydow: "It's true that most movie parts I've done have been very subdued, underplayed. I enjoyed doing something so theatrical. I really hadn't done anything of this kind since I did children's theater in Sweden, where once I played a terrible giant who ate children."

Von Sydow sees Ming as "a mixture of Mephisto and Rasputin, a very evil person with no redeeming qualities whatsoever. He enjoys being nasty. As Ming, I'm *playing* with Earth, trying to create a collision between it and the moon, just because I'm bored."

Before he embarked upon the role of Ming, Von Sydow had few preconceptions about it. "I knew the comic strip existed, but others, like *Buck Rogers* and *Mandrake the Magician*, were more important to me as a youth. And I never saw the *Flash Gordon* films with Buster Crabbe. So I knew little of this material. But playing Ming was great fun for me, and this *Flash Gordon*, I think, is a very funny picture."

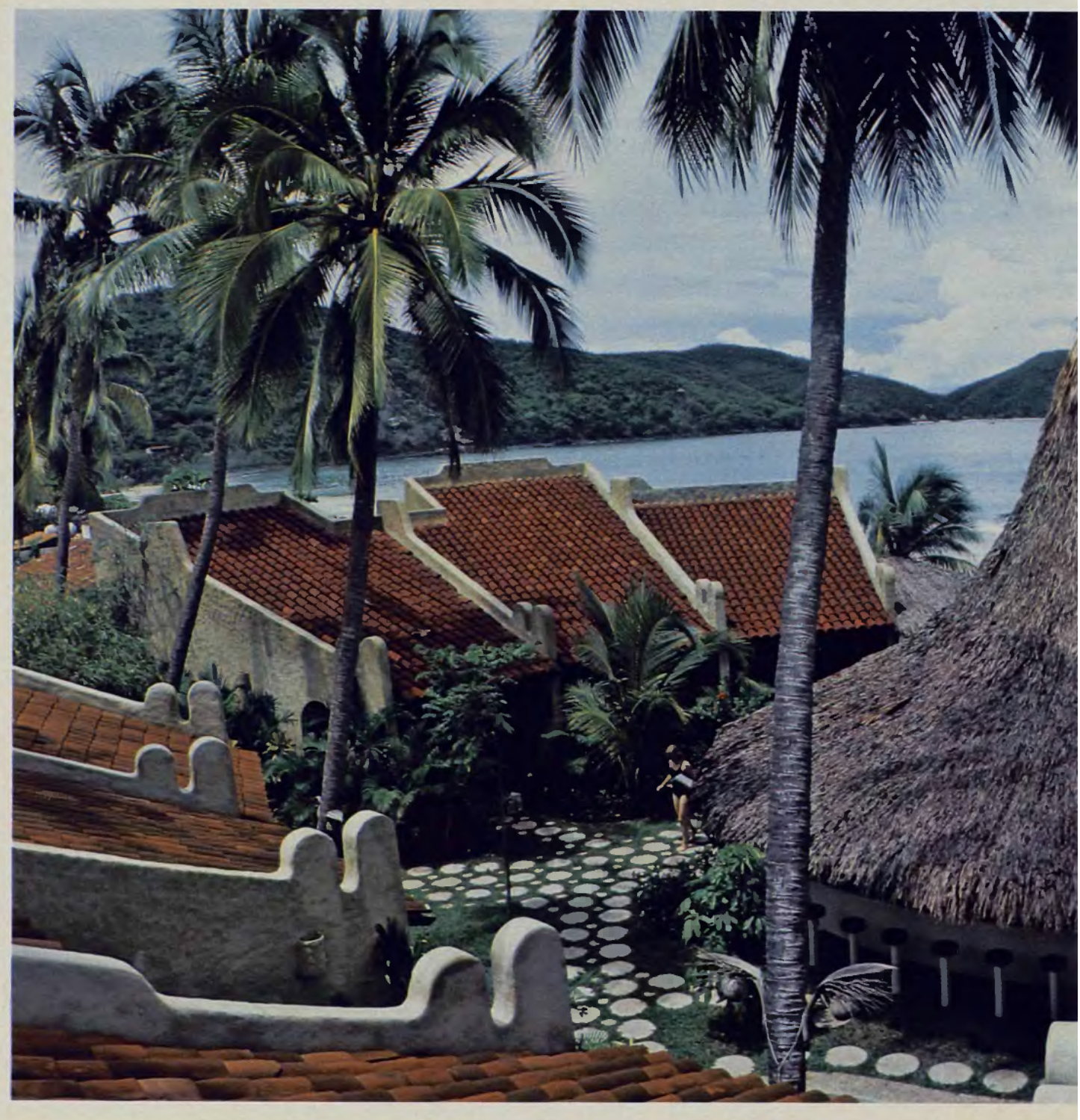
SLIT HERE

"And to think an hour ago we were just a couple of kids who got skates for Christmas."

INN LOVE IN MEXICO

eleven posadas to be passionate about this winter

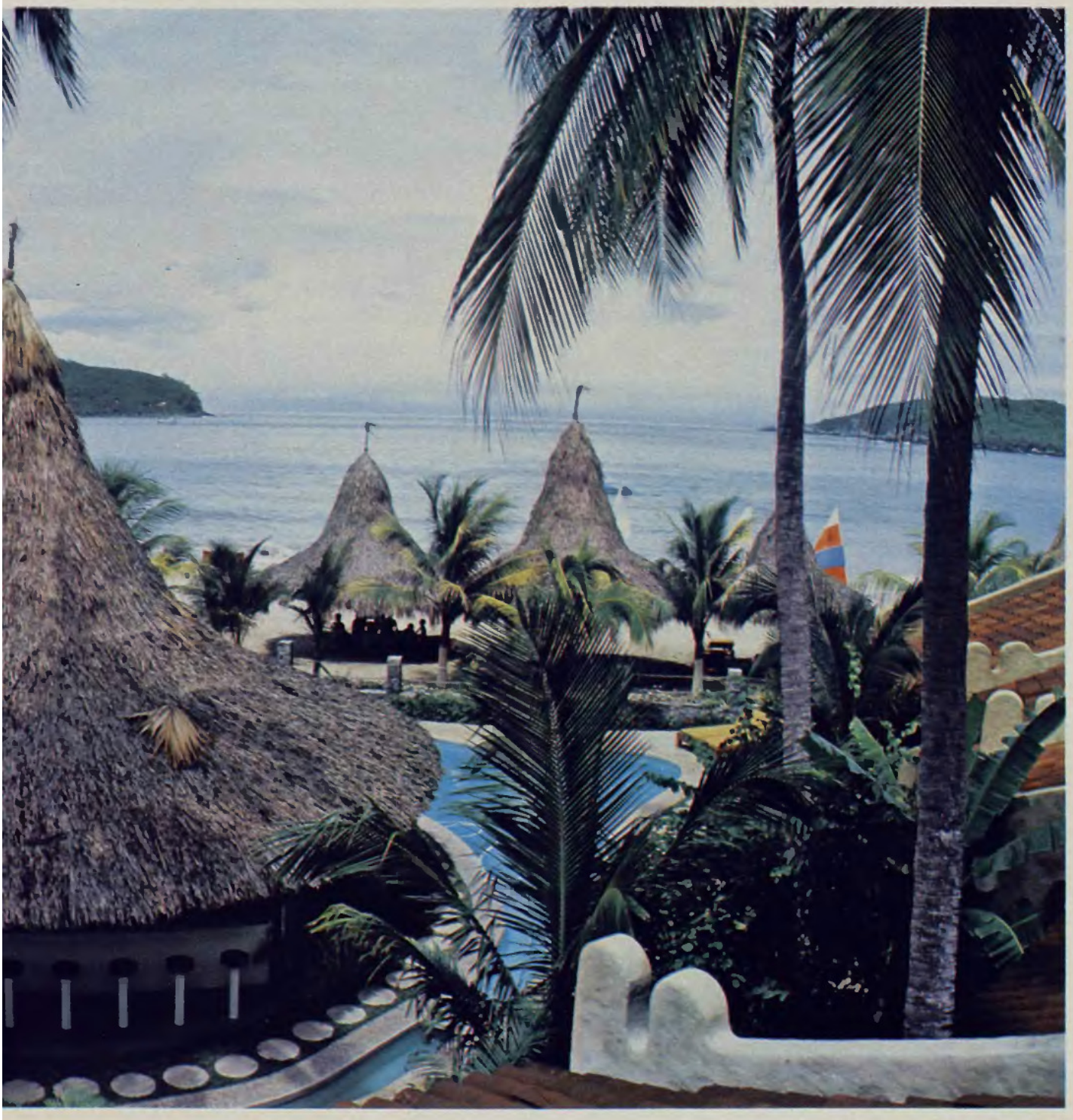
travel By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM



JUST THE MENTION of Mexico stirs some reflexive responses, varying from visions of *mariachis* strumming softly in the moonlight to memories of intense stomach pains undiminished even by carloads of Lomotil. But enchanting music and gastrointestinal ills aside, I suspect that the most pervasive tourist image of Mexico nowadays includes a high-rise hotel set beside a newly constructed seaside town. That is understandable, since Mexico seems coveted most for the constancy of its fine weather and few travelers heading south of the border realize there's much more to the country than a first-class tan.

It's really too bad that so many tourists' trails follow the sorely constricted route

The tiny (nine rooms) Villa del Sol sits right on Zihuatanejo's La Ropa beach, one of several perfect places for the two of you to contemplate each other—and scorn winter's winds.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL GREMMLER

from Mexico City straight to a beachfront skyscraper, for Mexico is a land rich in history and cultural heritage, with as many engrossing faces and facets as any European destination. The Mexican landscape is full of historic houses and former federal buildings whose history goes back as far as 1519 (when Hernando Cortes first set foot in Mexico) and that project the very best of the country. The coming of Cortes changed the course of Mexican history forever, and while his impact on the indigenous population was devastating, the legacy for adventurous travelers is considerably more pleasant. For Cortes and his successors built Mexico's most lavish haciendas and ornate official buildings. It is a particular bounty for travelers that so many of those unique structures have been preserved and transformed into evocative and appealing inns.

The very best Mexican inns and small hotels—usually called *posadas*—are frequently a happy blend of Old World charm and New World plumbing. Generally far removed from the most traveled tourist routes, they are found in greatest numbers along Mexico's vast interior plateau, where the hotel pickings are otherwise pretty slim (especially if you're looking for even marginally first-class accommodations). The old official function of many of these structures explains why several of them flourish near the center of the town in which they are located—rather than being tucked along some secluded country lane, as is common with other comparable North American or European inns.

These inns have been selected specifically because they bear little relation to the anonymous modern conveniences of better-known Mexican tourist hotels. So if your tastes tend to chrome-lined coffee shops, beauty parlors or souvenir-filled gift shops, the hostelries that follow are not likely to send you into paroxysms of delight. These are places for travelers interested in feeling the real pulse of the country, where ambience is at least as important as creature comforts. Furthermore, these are often difficult places to get to, and several are located along the so-called colonial route, the mountainous corridor between Mexico City and Guadalajara. The altitude of some of these small hotels (ranging from approximately 5000 to over 7000 feet above sea level) also puts a premium on carrying appropriate clothing. During the dry winter season, it's desirable to carry gear capable of insulating you against the cool night air, since it's not unknown for wood-burning fireplaces to provide the only heat in your bedroom.

Arranging accommodations at these inns requires a fair amount of advance planning. Because of the often erratic communications between these small establishments and modern civilization, assume you'll have to endure some frustrations before your itinerary is completely confirmed. The resultant experience, however, will be well worth the effort.

Ideally, a lover of such unique stopping places will want to sample several of the inns noted, and hiring a driver is by far the best means to get from town to town. Since that is a relatively inexpensive luxury in Mexico, it's wise to avoid driving yourself through these areas—unless you are both fluent in Spanish and undaunted by the frightening confrontation attitude that is common among most Mexican drivers. There's a strong feeling among many who have innocently taken the wheel in Mexico that the majority of the country's drivers are direct descendants of kamikaze pilots who moved to Mexico at the conclusion of World War Two.

One last practical suggestion: That oft-heard admonition about not drinking the water is especially apt when you venture beyond the most traveled tourist paths. Don't get me wrong: The cities in which Mexico's most romantic small hotels exist are hardly rural backwaters, but many *posadas* do not routinely provide bottled water in guest rooms. So having your own supply of potables—to brush your teeth and to use as mixers with various spiritous libations—is just a basic precaution to ensure intestinal integrity. That way, you can concentrate on the *mariachis* and leave the Lomotil at home.

HOTEL DE CORTES
(Mexico City)

The first surprise is that this small, tranquil inn is located smack in the middle of one of the world's most populous cities. Yet there it is, just across the street from Alameda Park, a block from the Palace of Fine Arts and only a short walk from the bustling Zócalo—Mexico City's main square.

For all its charm, the Hotel de Cortés presents a rather forbidding façade, appropriate enough for a former Augustine monastery. It is constructed in the Spanish tradition whereby a building's exterior walls suggest little of what exists within, serving rather as barriers to unwelcome eyes. Inside, guests enjoy the lush plant-filled interior courtyard, and this is one of those instances where interior rooms are most prized.

Although the Cortés has functioned as a hotel only since 1943, it is located in one of the oldest buildings in the city. Two stories of guest rooms, each boasting high ceilings and massive wood beams, surround a spacious courtyard with a small stone fountain at its center. The furnishings are simple but tasteful, and the touches that most often captivate guests include vases filled with fresh flowers. This former monastery provides meaningful shelter from the din of the surrounding city, for its walls are a full meter thick and serve as a very effective buffer against Mexico City's otherwise incessant traffic noise.

Meals are a special treat and the kitchen is good enough to attract even Mexico City's fussy businessmen to lunch in the courtyard. Umbrella-shaded tables are set all around, and when the weather is bad, one can retreat to a small, cheerful dining room. In the evening, candlelight provides most of the illumination, and a nearly irresistible atmosphere is further enhanced by musicians who play soft music in the background. If you close your eyes, you might think you had been transported back about three centuries.

For information: Hotel de Cortés; Avenida Hidalgo 85; Mexico 1, D.F. Telephone 905-585-0322 or Best Western International's toll-free number, 800-528-1234.

LA POSADA DE XOCHIQUETZAL
(Cuernavaca)

Anyone with even a passing familiarity with Aztec mythology will make a beeline for this lovely inn, since Xochiquetzal (pronounced Soch-e-*ket*-sal) was the resident god responsible for beauty, flowers, love, music, food, drink and just about everything else worth while in the Aztec world. It must have been a hell of a job in those good old pagan days.

If you're checking the name of this inn in an older guidebook, you'll find it under Posada Arcadia; the name was changed at the time of the recent remodeling and refurbishing. The downtown location (only a block from Cortes' palace) is convenient, though occasionally noisy; its extensive surrounding gardens usually provide adequate insulation from the modern-day din.

The hotel is a rambling, rustic, pleasantly ramshackle old hacienda structure that's a perfect little oasis within the gentle, flower-filled city of Cuernavaca, which conquistador Cortes himself chose for his prospective retirement. The single-story inn sits on vast wooded grounds, a remnant of an even vaster colonial estate. There are now 11 guest rooms and two suites, which American John White, the present owner, says date mostly from the 16th Century. The bar area is dominated by a large fireplace; together with the lovely dining room, it occupies the area between the two guest-room wings. The hotel also offers a lovely swimming pool, set amid its stunning gardens.

The guest rooms are all of ample size,

(continued on page 190)

LEROY NEIMAN
•SKETCHBOOK•

MOON CHILD

"MY SCHOOL is the universe," she says, "God is my teacher. My class is the earth." Dohli Sisso is Moroccon born, and a remarkably adventurous and talented woman. Her wave lengths range from meditating in the Himolayas to discoing in New York; from exploring the universe through astronomy to painting in Paris and Venice. As you can see, she's also a limber practitioner of yoga. I included her explanation of the benefits of this posture, or asana, in the pointing (lower-left-hand corner). Here's an edited translation of my quickly jotted notes, in case you and your woman want to try it: "This position, Yoga Nidrasana, is the yogic sleep, the yoga name for the embryonic form. This form or position is the initial experience. The whole concept of intermediate yoga is that it is neither external nor infinite. It is a state of being, going from the unmanifested to the manifested, as at birth, when one is in the intermediate stage, the transition between the nonbeing and the being. It is symbolic of the changing from nonform to form. Yoga postures create changes in one's body that stimulate states of mind similar to those induced by drugs. Yoga postures stimulate different glands." Thank you, Dohli. Great balls of fire, what a woman! —L.N.

INN LOVE IN MEXICO

(continued from page 188)

"When the nights grow chilly, it's wise to ask for lots of blankets or take along an especially warm friend."

are well furnished and, best of all, boast working fireplaces. The food is good (if not exceptional) and the spareribs are a favorite specialty.

Atypically, this *posada* provides relatively efficient room service all day and most of the early evening. The winter months (from early December right through Easter) are particularly busy, and most of your fellow guests during this period will be Americans.

For information: La Posada de Xochiquetzal; Apartado Postal 203; Cuernavaca, Morelos, Mexico. Telephone 2-02-20 or 2-50-22.

HOTEL CASA DE PIEDRA
(Cuernavaca)

Here is literally a "house of stone," constructed in the style of the 16th Century palaces of Cortes. Built 35 years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Allen Haden (she was the Marquesa de Castellar, who is said to have ordered the building's construction when she became homesick for Spain), this small hotel has more recently served as a vacation site for Frank Sinatra, Elizabeth Taylor and Carole King. Once a private home, there are now 25 rooms (nine in the "castle" and 16 more built more recently in small, single-story buildings scattered around the grounds).

If it's authenticity you covet, focus on the rooms in the main building, for they are clearly the most intriguing accommodations. Each room is distinctively different and each is furnished in an original style. The guest rooms are all on the upper level and many medieval items—most notably, old weapons—serve as decoration. The vaulted arches and the wide staircase leading upstairs are all constructed of heavy stone.

The public rooms downstairs are filled with colonial furniture and artifacts, all perfectly preserved and usually highly polished. There's a very tangible sense of exploring an old castle as you poke around the warren of rooms downstairs, and there's more than a little anticipation about half expecting to stumble across an armor-clad chap with raised mace and chain.

The rooms outside the main building are not bad, merely undistinguished. They're clean and comfortable but hardly qualify for the unique experience that's possible in the main building.

For information: Hotel Casa de Piedra; Apartado Postal 107; Cuernavaca, Morelos, Mexico. Telephone 5-61-00 or 5-61-22.

CASA SIERRA NEVADA
(San Miguel de Allende)

Once again, you've got to be careful to get in the right building, and here the most romantic choice is the old, antique-filled mansion with the small garden to one side. This suggestion may be a little difficult to implement, however; the main building contains only three rooms.

Because of its small size—there are only 12 rooms and suites in all, the nine others of which are across the street—the Sierra Nevada long has been best known as an eating place. Admittedly, the designation "best restaurant in town" is a slightly limited encomium in a town the size of San Miguel, but it is surely apt.

Manager Jeanette Reynolds was once an efficiency engineer, and she has turned a building that dates from 1735 (it's had many incarnations, including an extended period as an orphanage) into the best stopping place in the city. The city itself is quite an attraction, too, for it is a town of artistic bent, set in cool, fresh surroundings about 6000 feet above sea level. Not only was it one of Mexico's most important colonial cities (its records date from 1542) but it also served as a major center during the early 19th Century when the Mexicans fought so fiercely for their independence from Spain.

Each of the spacious, high-ceilinged rooms in the main house is decorated in a slightly different style, and each contains its quota of antiques. All but one boasts its own fireplace.

Although I've made much about staying on the right side of the street here, my tastes run to historic surroundings. The truth is that the nine suites across the cobblestoned road are more posh—if less evocative—accommodations. Each boasts a large terrace and there's even a live-in staff member ever present to take special care of guests. If creature comforts are your prime concern, you'll be happier here.

Activities at the Sierra Nevada revolve around the dining room. A huge, imposing embroidery (more than a century old) dominates the long, narrow room, which is charming, though a bit formal. The menu contains mostly Continental favorites that are well prepared without being overly fussy, and there are even some surprises like homemade pasta.

For information: Casa Sierra Nevada; Apartado Postal 226; San Miguel de Allende, Gto., Mexico. Telephone 2-04-15.

HACIENDA DE COBOS HOTEL
(Guanajuato)

Guanajuato is another of the appealing colonial cities set on Mexico's central plateau. At nearly 7000 feet above sea level, it is noted for its pleasant climate, fresh air, former revolutionary fervor—and for having been the birthplace of the famed muralist Diego Rivera.

More important to its current condition is the fact that Guanajuato was once the largest city in all Mexico, a center of extraordinary wealth that was the by-product of a crowd of silver and gold mines that once surrounded the town. Reports dating from the colonial period suggest that as much as a third of the world's output of silver once came from these mines, so it is not surprising that the hotel building was once a *molina* (a mill where ore was crushed and washed) for gold and silver. It was part of an estate that dates from 1765, restored and converted into an inn in 1972.

This is not a place for the claustrophobic, for the city is wedged into a mountainside—many of its main streets are actually subterranean—and everything in the oldest areas of the town seems cramped for space. Still, those attracted to snug, secure surroundings will find it a pleasure that walls and gates shut the De Cobos off from the outside bustle.

Access to the hotel compound is gained either by traversing Padre Hidalgo, the street that locals call "the most romantic street in the Americas," or by passing through a gate and down a cobblestoned drive that leads to the hotel from Avenida Juárez, Guanajuato's main street. But however you get there, you soon reach a large stone courtyard that's surrounded by walls and guest rooms. There are 43 rooms in all (including six suites), all of which are austere and can even get a bit chilly when the nights grow cold (there are no fireplaces). At those times, it's wise to ask for lots of blankets or to take along an especially warm friend.

Simple, good food is served in the dining room, which utilizes one of the original old walls of the estate. The old stables have been turned into sitting rooms and a television lounge, and there is also a pleasant sitting area in the courtyard. Here it's possible to enjoy a leisurely margarita under the huge trees beside the old well that once drew the water used to wash the precious ore. While not as luxuriously appointed as

(continued on page 286)

HONKY-TONK Angels

the urban cowgirl is the new queen and the big-city honky-tonk is her empire

IT WAS BACK in the mid-Fifties that Hank Thompson, the immortal country-and-western singer-songwriter, wrote the tune *Wild Side of Life*, which includes the line "I didn't know God made honky-tonk angels." Well, until a few months ago, we were operating under the same delusion. Since then, we've made a few discoveries. One, country music is now *the* hottest category in the music business. Two, the basic honky-tonk has grown into a rip-roaring, coast-to-coast, pleasure-palace phenomenon. And, three, there are more beautiful women per square *(text concluded on page 318)*

Actress-model Tracy Vaccaro (above), a cliff-diving enthusiast, hangs out and hangs on at The Country Club in Las Vegas. Illustrator Pamela Hoff (right), at Denver's Rodeo Bar, is president of a graphics-design firm.

Award-winning horse trainer Katie Chase (above) is a Denver premed student who should make hay as a dermatologist in the future. Big-city life turns off Roxanna Davis (below) of Phoenix. Currently into real estate and backgammon, she hopes one day to be a Playmate. Hay bales aren't really fast enough for Mary Whalen (right) of Las Vegas, who prefers the jet streams she encounters in her workaday-world job as a flight attendant.

Singer Pam Stevens and friends indulge in a little pickin' and grinnin' at New York's Lone Star Cafe (above). That's New York's Judi Andersen below, an aspiring fashion designer who just happens to be 1979's Miss U.S.A. On the other side of the country, Laurie Williams (right) eschews horseback far boat deck in Seattle. Laurie keeps the books far a local bank.

A positive attitude pays off for Susan Hannon of Miami (above) in her job as a public-relations consultant. Warming the Wurlitzer (right) is Pamela Geise of Bellevue, across Lake Washington from Seattle, who favors sculpture, interiar design and, natch, boating.

In a special "Sexy Rider" competitian staged for visiting PLAYBOY photographers at Nashville's Cactus Jack's, Vicky Beasley (abave) added a new dimension to mechanical-bull riding. In anybody's sexy-sitter cantest, Patty Davis (right) of Kansas City wins, cheeks down. She'd gladly trade that haylaft for a sailbaat.

Sitting tall in the saddle at Atlanta's Blue Eagle is 5'8½" Nancy Jo Whittingslaw (below), who turned down a full basketball scholarship to attend the University of Georgia and to pursue a modeling career. Fort Lauderdale is home for Deborah Fergusan (bottom), who uses her spare time for oil painting, poetry and racquetball. Says she, "I like being in top physical shape and the pride and satisfaction I feel from creating a good painting or poem."

Squaring off at the Ria Cafe in Seattle (above) are Teresa Stephens (left) and Paula Kay Dinges (right), who have a lot more than strong wrists going for them. Teresa has a B.A. in drama and has studied and performed in Europe. She was also second runner-up in the Miss Washington State Universe Pageant. Paula has a B.A. in psychology from the University of Washington, but her secret fantasy is "to be able to really belt out a song." Among Paula's dislikes are smog, traffic jams and out-of-shape men. Chicagoan Christi Jost (below) at Country Comforts, a Windy City Westernwear emporium, intends to make her mark as a successful model. She likes her men to be outgoing but "willing to spend time alone with me." Not an unreasonable request.

When she's listening to her muse instead of these moos, Houston's Julie Burrows (top center) triples on flute, guitar and piano. She's also a singer ond a dancer whose ambition is to appear on Broadway. If that ain't enough, she's got a dog that water-skis. Honest. Another Texas lass, Rahnee Reiland (abave) of Dallas, stays trim by playing powder-puff football; obviously, it works. As a model, Rahnee has done several regional commercials and relaxes by "dancing my way around town at night." Teri Serrell (below, at Chicago's Rodeo) is a singer-dancer and model who hopes to make it big in country-rock. She also has a great, and obviously intimidating, right jab.

Cosmetologist Jewel Robin (above left) of Dallas is also getting it together in modeling and fashion. Jennifer Babtist (below left), a Bunny in New York's Playboy Club, digs barrel racing and skiing.

Minnesota beauty Kathy Dee Granholm (left), an aspiring actress, keeps in top form with roller skating, water-skiing and karate. Jerry's Westport Country Playhouse in Kansas City (right) harbors Loretta Barket (left) and Jill Offenstine (right). Loretta just took up hot-air ballooning and is hoping to use her B.A. in business. Jill travels for kicks; when she's home, you'll find her jogging or at the backgammon board. Numismatist Amy Crawford (below), who brightens Houston, is a secretary. Amy describes herself as "real shy" and "very independent."

Stocks, Bonds,
Rock 'n' Roll
BARRON'S

article By Peter S. Greenberg

if you still think your favorite rockers are blowing all their bucks on sex and drugs, have we got a story for you

DONNA SUMMER is concerned about rent control. Pink Floyd gets a sinking feeling following every maritime disaster. Peter Frampton is checking attendance at soccer games. And Seals and Crofts are keeping a close eye on the Costa Rican coffee market.

Sound a little off the wall? Welcome to the *real* New Wave in the music business. It's called business. Elton John has a friend at Chase Manhattan. Paul McCartney is a capitalist tool. And when Linda Ronstadt talks, E. F. Hutton listens.

Yes, it's only rock 'n' roll, but life—and unbelievable amounts of money—in the fast lane has turned antiestablishment/outlaw music heroes into prime candidates for the *Fortune* 500.

"Ten years ago, artists didn't want to admit they made money in the music business," says Ken Fritz, George Benson's personal manager. "Today, no one's ashamed of the money. Show me a guy in the music business for the 'art' of it," Fritz challenges, "and I'll show you a guy who doesn't have a record deal. Today we're no longer in the music business, we're in the business of music. We deal in bottom lines, just like everybody else. And if we mess up, then the same red ink that gets written at Chrysler also applies to us."

So far, Fritz hasn't blown it. "George Benson is functioning as a mini profit center," he claims. "I've never had a client who retained more of his income before taxes than George." Benson is now heavily invested in residential real estate, precious metals and various types of securities.

But Benson can't even come close to the Doobie Brothers, who are more of a full-service music corporation than a rock group. In 1970, they were a struggling bar band from the student ghetto of San José. But the moment they began to sell records (more than 13,000,000 to date), they started a financial plan. In 1973, they incorporated in San Francisco, California. "We were one of the first rock-'n'-roll groups to start pension and profit sharing within a corporation," boasts manager Bruce Cohn. "And it wasn't just for the members of the band but for everyone who works for the corporation, including the roadies."

Next came real-estate deals. Nearly nine acres in Alameda, California, leased to Volkswagen for its northern state distribution center. Then shopping centers in Texas (since sold), the Pacific Telephone building in San Rafael, California, and a record store and office-building complex in Santa Rosa. Mike McDonald restores brownstones in St. Louis. Patrick Simmons owns an antique-motorcycle shop in Santa Cruz. "We're set for the rest of our lives," says

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT / COLOR BY LAURIE RUBIN

Cohn. "When we started, I thought the Doobies would last five years, maybe. Now the struggle is over. If they want to go play clubs, that's fine—but at least they'll know the rent is covered."

And then some.

No one, though, can touch the likes of John Lennon and Paul McCartney. Not content with just one expensive apartment at the exclusive Dakota in New York, John and wife, Yoko Ono (see this month's *Playboy Interview*), now own five apartments in the mammoth building. Then there are the Long Island and Palm Beach mansions—not to mention the 1000-acre vacation retreat in Delaware County, New York, which Lennon bought in 1978 for a meager $178,000. That's where he raises his registered Holsteins. The Lennons also own a twin-engine Piper Seminole and a 62-foot yacht—presumably to help them get around from property to property.

Because they wrote and kept the publishing rights to most of the Beatles' songs, Lennon and McCartney made more money than fellow band members Ringo Starr and George Harrison. In the music business, retaining the publishing rights to your songs is considered the ultimate investment, because you are supposed to receive a royalty every time your song is performed.

In McCartney's case, there has never been a need to be a one-man band on the run—except to the deposit window. He's not only kept the publishing rights to his own songs but he's invested thousands of dollars and scooped up entire music-publishing catalogs that include the rights to hit songs from Broadway shows and a smorgasbord of standards. In fact, McCartney even owns the rights to songs like *On, Wisconsin*. Students in Madison may not realize it, but every time the song is performed—at football half-time ceremonies, for instance—a royalty payment is credited to McCartney's account.

•

Lennon and McCartney are the lucky ones from the Sixties. When it came to rocking to the big-money beat, few groups from that era have survived, much less prospered. A look at the financial records of once-successful acts such as The Rascals, Blood, Sweat and Tears or The Mamas and the Papas could easily be a depressing experience.

"Success," says Fritz, "is a financial curse for many people in music—because of the sudden money. They may have known all about Dolby, but when it comes to dollars, they didn't know shit."

The Mamas and the Papas' John Phillips moved into Jeanette MacDonald's former mansion the day he got his first royalty check for $65,000. He furnished it with his second check. A few months later, he was out—he couldn't afford it. (In fact, none of the original group has much to show for their efforts today.) And Phillips almost got a look at real estate of a different kind: a furnished jail cell in connection with his drug-sales arrest in New York last summer.

Come and Get These Memories was the tune that took a young $35-a-week Detroit secretary to the top of the charts in 1962. Martha and the Vandellas was a glory name in the Motown dynasty; she recorded seven albums and 11 top-20 hits for the label.

Today you can find Martha Reeves living alone with those memories in a small, dark and cramped one-bedroom apartment in West Hollywood. A few old black-and-white pictures hang on the wall next to a quintet of well-used tambourines. Cardboard moving boxes cover the stained carpet. Martha Reeves is broke. Soon she will have moved from her ninth to her tenth apartment in less than ten years. To say the least, she's not exactly dancing in the streets.

When she left Motown in 1970—or, as she likes to put it, when Motown left her in Detroit to move west—the money stopped. In the process, she had also signed away all her rights to royalties. Then, in 1972, the IRS came knocking. By the time the audit was over, Reeves was in debt to the Feds for more than $250,000—money she claims was actually an advance from Motown against studio and recording time billed to the artist. But records from the company had been lost or misplaced. To the IRS, it was all taxable income.

"The best I could do was to keep from going to jail," she now says. "I finally was able to pay the money over a three-year period. Like a car note. So whenever I think of Motown these days," she laughs, "I think of the Rolls-Royces I could have had."

Soon after the IRS debacle, Reeves had no choice but to declare bankruptcy. "At one time," she recalls, "I had four managers suing me, all for $20,000 each.

"When people ask me where my money went, I can't tell them," Reeves laments. "I still can't imagine what monies are still being made off my voice right now. I'm not receiving any royalties from any company, and I've been on four major labels. I have no investments where I'm recouping any money. So up to now," she sighs, "it's just all been fun, I guess."

Reeves gets an occasional booking these days to appear on "oldies but goodies" shows around the country, but the performances are barely enough to make ends meet. "An artist puts his heart into the words he sings," she likes to say, "and I have become a victim of those words. People hear you sing about a low-down rotten lover and they want to treat you that way. Or they hear you sing about hard times and difficulty and they want to pity you. I have become a victim of my lyrics and bad management of my money. When everything came to a screeching halt, I finally had to accept the fact that I was not as successful as I had been made to seem. I had to look around and see that I had no big returns from what I had put out. My time and my dedication had gone unrewarded. Sure," she says, "people knew of me. But when it came down to life and reality, I didn't have any backing. I never was supported. I've been like a fighter who's been in the ring just swinging his head off and getting hit a lot of times really hard and then being T.K.O.'d and having nobody to drag him back to the corner or wipe his face or give him a cool drink of water."

Now, despite the financial hardships, Reeves says she's on the right track. She is an active member of L.A.'s Mount Zion Missionary Baptist Church, and most of her singing takes place there, where, for the time being, the Gospel royalties are going to God.

A few thousand miles away, in Fort Lee, New Jersey, Phoebe Snow is also probably wondering where it all went. Last April, Snow also filed for bankruptcy, claiming no assets. She's also being sued by her former lawyers, alleging nonpayment of $33,931.28 in legal fees. "It's hard to say what she's doing now," says Robert Prinz, spokesman for the agency that represents her. "She's without a manager at present and we hear from her only about once a week."

"In so many of these tragic cases," says one manager, "it's very difficult to know if the artist wasn't advised properly or whether the artist didn't listen. A lot of these people are broadcasting when they should be tuning in," he says. "Often in this business, people aren't trapped by a lack of money but by too much of it."

Grace Slick has never had trouble handling money. She simply has mastered the fine but rather unproductive art of earning millions while managing to live a hand-to-mouth existence for more than a decade. In her career with the Jefferson Airplane, Jefferson Starship and as a solo performer, Slick recorded more than 16 albums. Today, she lives with her husband-manager Skip Johnson in a small, mortgaged two-bedroom house in Mill Valley and drives an 11-year-old Aston-Martin that's been through three engines.

"We never looked at ourselves as anything more than Bay Area hippies and fuck-offs," Slick now says. "After the *Volunteers* album, we saw some real money. So everybody got a house. Everybody got a car. And then it went up

(continued on page 206)

NO
Substitutions
Rowland
Wilson

THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

humor **By TOM KOCH**

An actors' walkout hit TV.
Involved was every star.
It raised the threat we'd never know
Which striker shot J.R.

'Twas fiction Margaret Truman wrote
Of murder, grim and gooey.
It sounded, though, like what her dad
Once did to Thomas Dewey.

With party leaders and men of the press,
Mrs. Byrne raised perpetual Cain.
Chicago now waits for each chapter of
The Tale of Calamity Jane.

The plight of reborn Jimmy made
Some skeptics say it's silly
To be born twice if in each life
You're stuck with Brother Billy.

Astaire past 80 took a bride
And questions did abound.
We know he wed a jockey, but
Can Fred still horse around?

The Boston Marathon's a grind,
But not for Miss Ruiz,
Who found that starting near the end
Makes winning it a breeze.

Observers of the dating life
That Cher has lately led
Assume she's furnishing her room
With rockers round the bed.

A beauty pageant fired Bert Parks.
They feared for his condition.
A man his age might not survive
The swimsuit competition.

Estrada's marriage hit the rocks
And prompted many quips
That though divorce might not come cheap,
He'd still be in the *CHiPs*.

A hot day's polo felled Prince Charles.
He took a count of ten,
Recalling words once spoke about
Mad dogs and Englishmen.

tongue-in-cheek remembrances of sundry personalities and events that made news in 1980

**Good Christian folk at Wimbledon,
Both Anglican and born again,
All humbly pray that some fine day
The winner won't be Bjorn again.**

**The move to free our hostages
Proved quite a risky chance.
Four helicopters bit the dust,
And also Cyrus Vance.**

**Anita Bryant's marriage soured.
Her husband blamed the strife
On all those lengthy trips she made
Promoting family life.**

**To Bill Shoemaker and his wife
Was born a nine-pound filly.
The baby came within a hair
Of weighing more than Willie.**

**The former Julie Nixon's child
Resembles Gramps a lot,
Which may be cute, but would you buy
A used car from this tot?**

**Ron Howard, fearing boyish roles
Left his career encumbered,
Quit ABC, which quickly sensed
Its *Happy Days* were numbered.**

**Some Cubans found our land to be
A place of boundless gains.
They came in boats but soon went home
First-class on hijacked planes.**

**The platform of the G.O.P.
Left every group placated
Except for women's libbers, who
Felt E.R.A.dicated.**

**Miss Thomas wed Phil Donahue
As smiling Dad looked on.
Her spinsterhood seemed longer than
A Saint Jude telethon.**

**From Paul McCartney came advice
For every tourist class:
Before you go to Tokyo,
Be sure to cut the grass.**

**Comparing egomaniacs
Made list compilers edgy.
Which Jackson ranks above the rest,
Andrew, Stonewall or Reggie?**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL UTTERBACK

Stocks, Bonds, Rock 'n' Roll

(continued from page 202)

"'My phone is constantly ringing from stars who want me to manage their money after they've lost it.'"

noses, it was inhaled and drunk. We did stupid things," she laughs, "like spending $100,000 on a swimming pool. I gave a Mercedes to one of the people who handled our paperwork. I was real dumb, but then I was almost going to write a song, *What Are You Saving It For?* I still feel that right now is where it is. But I guess that's not real bright."

At one point, the Starship tried to have a financial plan. "We got together," Slick recalls, "and said, 'Well, this is ridiculous. We should make some investments.' Then this guy came over and said he had a great deal, a trailer park in Arizona. But who cares about a trailer park? Then for about two minutes we were considering buying California bonds. Then everybody went to sleep. I remember, when I was with Starship, Gene Simmons from Kiss was amazed that we didn't pump stuff out at concerts. He said to me, 'Why don't you guys put out belt buckles and comic books? You guys could make $3,000,000 a year just on the junk!' But we couldn't get together on which belt buckle we liked, so it didn't happen. But I have never had a real problem with money," she laughs, "because nothing's a problem if you don't pay attention to it."

Michael Nesmith didn't pay attention to it in a different way. One day in 1966, he saw an ad in *Variety*. The next day, he was one of the four Monkees, a fabricated rock group backed by Screen Gems to headline a new TV series. In the next two years, the "group" recorded 75 songs, nine albums. Then there was a massive merchandising campaign featuring Monkees T-shirts, Monkees lunch boxes, Monkees buttons and everything short of Monkees condoms. By 1969, Nesmith had made almost $4,000,000 from the show. Two years later, he was $500,000 in debt.

First he bought a 10,000-square-foot Bel Air mansion. Then came a host of expensive cars, expensive trips and outrageous hotel bills.

"The money came so quickly and my lifestyle changed so radically that I developed an incredible overhead without realizing it. I went from paying $300-a-month rent to $2000 a month for a mortgage. The numbers didn't seem staggering at the time," he says, "but what was important were the multiples. I had increased my standard of living by factors of tens. The biggest single problem was that almost no one outside the oil business understands the influx of cash. Because all of a sudden, the influx stops. In my case, I wasn't prepared for it. I had to start telling stories to the tax man as they were putting little red tags on the furniture."

Now, more than ten years later, Nesmith is back on his feet again. He now lives in Carmel with his wife and three children. "I've got an office building, a good stock portfolio and nine acres in downtown Santa Monica." He is also heavily involved in a cable-TV series called *Popclips* featuring five-minute visual promotions of new record hits.

"Most people in the music business have yet to realize that, with few exceptions, their major income will be short-lived," Nesmith cautions. "You're not looking at $1,500,000 a year over a steady long-term period where you can justify blowing $30,000 a month. You're looking at a five-year run where you may make $5,000,000 and that's all the money you'll make in a lifetime. Aside from drugs, money has to be the biggest single hazard in the industry. If you're going to succeed, you need a basic money-management plan."

•

"Nobody was really smart about money in the Sixties," says Shep Gordon, who manages Blondie, Alice Cooper and Teddy Pendergrass. "Nobody was into managing money—only making it. But things are different today. Any one of my acts can stop working and live for the rest of their lives on their investments."

Gordon relies heavily on the advice of Bert Padell, a New York business manager and one of the elite new cadre of specialized money men for entertainers.

Padell's business is booming. He occupies an entire floor of a large office building in Manhattan and boasts a staff of 65. Padell, who likes to tell people he was the first Jewish bat boy for the New York Yankees, now handles more than 200 clients, including Pink Floyd, Foreigner, Elvis Costello, Blondie, The B-52's, The Cars, J. Geils Band and sports stars such as Earl Monroe and Spencer Haywood. Not to mention Faye Dunaway, Ben Vereen and Madeline Kahn.

Despite the long list, Padell offers the personal approach. Every rock group maintains its own office within his offices. "It's not just for their egos," he says. "Many of these guys take an active interest in where the money goes."

When Alice Cooper went to Padell in 1974, he was far from being a billion-dollar baby. In fact, although he had already sold millions of records, Cooper was an Alice in disasterland.

"He didn't have any money," says the 46-year-old Padell. "He had just blown it being nice to people. When he came to me, he didn't even own a house and all his furniture was rented."

All that soon changed. The income and expenses were tightly controlled, and before long, Alice Cooper was in movie tax shelters financing films like *Funny Lady*, *Shampoo* and a host of others released by Columbia. Then he got into art, antiques and tax-free municipal bonds. Of course, he's gotten burned occasionally, too: an apartment complex in Minnesota that went bankrupt, an oil venture—and Whiplash, a cosmetics line that went nowhere.

"But at least he had the other investments to offset the losses," says Padell. "As a business manager, I can only lead the people to the water. They don't always listen to me."

One of the recurring problems with some rock stars, he says, has been in reconciling their cash flow with their cocaine flow. One business manager jokingly likes to call this the "deviated septum" factor. But to Padell, it's no laughing matter, especially when it comes to the money. One major artist's cocaine bills are currently driving his business manager to drink. "We looked at the figures and couldn't believe them," the manager says. "Then we added again. Five thousand dollars *a day*! Some days fifteen thousand! The guy is very wealthy, but these are real dollars he's spending and it's gotten out of control. The guy is now beginning to sell off assets to support the coke. It's crazy. And he'll be the guy who cries foul when he's got nothing; but the bottom line is that he's ripped himself off."

"My phone is constantly ringing," Padell laments, "with calls from stars who want me to manage their money after they've lost it. It's too bad sometimes. But if we can get in there early enough, we can often save them."

A few blocks away, the phones are also ringing for David Krebs. He is only 40, but rock 'n' roll made him middle-aged crazy at least eight years ago. Along with partner Steve Leber, Krebs runs one of the more successful music-management firms in the country. What keeps him going isn't just the records or the concert tours but the brave new world of tie-ins—mail-order merchandise, posters, T-shirts and tour books on the stars he manages.

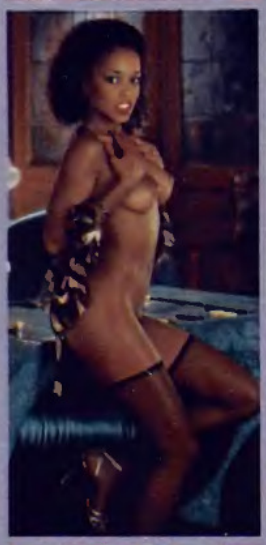
Krebs runs a high-energy office to support all of these ancillary projects, and the only thing relaxed about his operation is the small green-fabric alligator resting comfortably above the pocket on

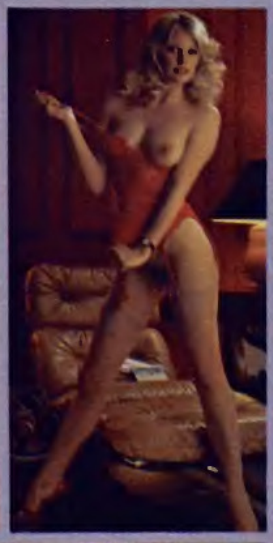
(continued on page 264)

Playboy's Playmate Review

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

CAUTION: This portion of the magazine may result in an overload of the sensual circuits. And you can see why. We kicked off the Eighties by introducing you to 12 of the most beautiful women who ever ventured within camera range. Here's your opportunity to get reacquainted and to witness the high standards we've established for the decade to come. Our 1980 gatefold girls have taken time out to tell us where they've been and where they're going, both literally and figuratively. One answer is the same for all—they're heading for the end of the rainbow. You are, too: Just take a look through this prism and you'll experience some primary pleasure.





Miss March

Où est Henriette Allais (left)? Probably sitting at a sidewalk café in Paris. She told us that once she'd learned to speak French (with a Georgia drawl), her transatlantic career really took off. For starters, Helmut Newton has photographed Henriette for French *Vogue* and she's appeared in *Lui* magazine. The experience has whetted her appetite for travel. "I want to go *everywhere*."

Miss December

Glad to see Terri Welles (right) in your Christmas stocking? You'll be seeing a lot more of her—on TV. Terri is making commercials, modeling and taking acting classes in L.A., where she shares an apartment with Candy Loving and Sondra Theodore. Some landlords have all the luck. You can't collect the rent, but you can tour the premises in an upcoming pictorial.

Miss July

The best adjective we can think of for Teri Peterson (above right) is heavenly. Apparently we're not alone; Teri appears in the new comedy *The House of God*. Offcamera, she is improving herself (is that possible?) by taking classes in acting and design. Little sister Sherri wants to make theirs a two-Playmate family. If she's like Teri, Sherri may well become the center of attention.

Miss September

Lisa Welch (left) is all shook up. She got that way from riding the bull at Gilley's when her promotional tour took her to Houston. Other things are jumping, too—she has a part in Mel Brooks's new movie, *History of the World, Part I*, and between jobs and auditions, she's been unpacking boxes as a result of her move to L.A. Despite all that, she managed to get in a month of camping.

Miss June

Our diminutive Miss June, Ola Ray (below right), has been in continuous demand for commercials and modeling jobs. The people at Johnson Products have found irrepressible Ola irresistible for their ad campaigns. But she's looking for a break in the action—Ola has a real yen to visit Japan, where she began her showbiz career in a rock-'n'-roll revue with her brothers.

Miss October

"I grew up on a horse. I dream of owning a ranch and raising Morgans or Arabians." But if that doesn't happen, Mardi Jacquet says she'll be just as happy raising a whole bunch of kids. "I'm an old-fashioned girl—the man in my life is the most important thing." If you'd like to qualify as either husband or ranch hand, you'll have to take up residence in Arizona—Mardi is adamant about that.

Miss November

Obviously, we don't have to sing Jeana Tomasino's praises. She sings better than we do, anyway. As one of the Singing Playmates, Jeana has been calling on all her talents, which include juggling time. She managed to swing a week off to be the guest of super-singer Kenny Rogers and his family aboard their new boat. Look for Jeana as a vestal virgin in *History of the World, Part I*, too.

Miss May

We don't want to leave you up in the air about Martha Thomsen (above left). She has forsaken her job as flight attendant to devote more time to modeling. She's still logging in lots of air time, though—her career has recently taken her to Italy, France and Germany. On this side of the ocean, Martha appears in the January *Cosmo*, demonstrating exercises to keep one in shape.

Miss August

Perfection is a *rara avis*, hard to capture. It can be done, though. David Wynne's sculpture of Victoria Cooke (right), to be unveiled at the opening of Playboy's Atlantic City complex, proves it. You'll also be able to see Victoria hang gliding, waterskiing, surfing, dangling from the end of a parachute and generally living the good life in *The Bounty Girls*—filmed in Hawaii, Victoria's natural habitat.

Miss April

If we could just tap into Liz Glazowski's (below left) personal power supply, we'd be on our way to solving the energy crisis. Liz is up at 7:30 every morning and then off and running—literally. She has been doing promotional tours from Alaska to Japan—"traveling like crazy"—playing lots of tennis, and has joined Screen Actors Guild. We expect to see her in the flicks in 1981.

Miss January

According to Gig Gangel (left), there's no place like Texas. Not even Hurricane Allen, billed as the biggest storm of the century, could convince her to move on, although South Padre Island, where Gig parks her surfboard, was directly in the path of its 80-mph winds. Gig is looking for a C&W band in search of a singer. Meanwhile, she promises to teach us the Texas two-step.

Miss February

When we called to check on Sandy Cagle (right), she said, "Talk to you later—my sister just went into labor and I'm driving her to the hospital." Aunt Sandy (it was a boy) would be a good chauffeur under such circumstances—she's always calm and soft-spoken. After traveling around the country, smiling for the camera and autographing her centerfold, she's back home in Wisconsin.

Playmates' Progress

Ikswozolg Zil (obove) obligingly provides an autogroph for a fon during her tour of Jopan. Just kidding—it's really Liz Glazowski. Japan's PLAYBOY is read from right to left, but the gatefold girl is still the center of attention.

When we were looking for someone to represent the body politic on our November cover, we decided to be democratic. The majority of votes went to Mardi Jacquet (below), our October Ploymate and unconventional delegote.

In the scene obove from *The House of God*, due to be releosed this month, Charles Haid expresses an understandably healthy interest in July Playmate Teri Peterson. Breathe deeply and relax.

At left, Victoria Cooke poses for London sculptor Dovid Wynne, who hos been commissioned to create a fountain to serve as a focal point for Playboy's new Atlantic City complex.

The lady in *Lederhosen* above is Sandy Cagle, appropriotely dressed and lifting a stein to celebrate Oktoberfest at Pabst Brewery's Sternewirt Room in Milwaukee. *Ein prosit.*

When you hike to the store and spot this poster of Martha Thomsen next to the Olympia beer, it's a cinch you'll be motivated to return for more. A case of good psychology foam-enting good business?

When an art director at Johnson Products discovered Ola Roy in the June PLAYBOY, a logical sequence of events led to Ola's discovering herself on retail shelves (above). Is this what's known as the pyramid effect?

Texas' Gulf Coast had some real dog-day afternoons lost summer, but Gig Gangel managed to stay cool. Gig and her Doberman don't venture far out in the fall, when the water teems with mating sharks.

Director Michael Crichton (left), who has been scouting talent for his new film, *The Looker*, takes a look through Terri Welles's sizable portfolio. Seems to us Terri is a logical candidate for the title role. Cast away, Crichton.

Henriette Allais says America's the best, but the City of Light hos enticed her anywoy. Below, we bid farewell to Miss Morch as she leaves LAX for Paris.

The Frisco kid is now an L.A. lady. September Playmate Lisa Welch was an Army brat who never stoyed in one place for very long. The latest recurrence of wonderlust incited Lisa to pack her flute and head south.

Sometimes we actually enjoy watching commercials. Case in point: Jeana Tomasino in Ditto Jeans (above). The Hamilton ad ogency supplied us with a video tope so we could play it agoin and again and. . . .

the case of the girl who gave away her slipper

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN named Chang who, inheriting a great deal of money from his parents, began to spend it on pretty ladies for hire.

Just when spring had brought all the flowers to bloom on the banks of the Lake of the West, he was walking there to join some of his idle friends and a large company of singing girls for a day of boating. As he approached the city gate, he chanced to look at a certain window of a certain house.

Out of the window, a beautiful girl looked at him as she held back the curtain. In her clear, serene face, there was a troubling charm.

All through the golden afternoon of peach blossoms and song and wine and blue waters, Chang was far away and melancholy.

He went back to the house that night when the streets were empty and the moon shone brightly. The girl was standing at her window.

Chang drew out his scarlet handkerchief and made it into the knot known as the union of hearts and threw it up to her. She caught it deftly and looked at it. Suddenly, she threw something down to him and he saw that it was her small, embroidered slipper. A rough voice called from somewhere inside the house. Immediately, she disappeared.

•

Chang knew one of those canny old women who could manage anything. Her name was Mother Lu. The next morning, he went to see her.

"Can you manage something delicate for me and keep silent about it?" he asked.

"Silence is silver," she said. "To begin with, five ounces."

"Very well," he said, "and five more ounces of silence when the matter is accomplished." He explained his wishes.

When he had finished, she laughed. "Yes, I know the family. Their name is P'an. They have one daughter of seventeen and her name is Eternal Life. That little witch! So she is a wild flower ready to be plucked! Aha! But it won't be easy. There are no servants to bribe and the father keeps a sharp eye on his daughter."

Nevertheless, Mother Lu took the little slipper and the silver. Two days later, when the father was away, Lu went to the P'an house selling flowers. They were so splendid that the mother and daughter let her in so that they could admire them.

"I could never afford to buy marvels like these," said the mother.

"Oh, these are mediocre," said Lu, "but I have some others." She took from her basket a truly incomparable bouquet. "Perhaps you have some tea?" she asked.

"I've forgotten my manners," the mother said, and went off to prepare tea.

In the meantime, Mother Lu showed the girl the slipper.

"I bring this from a certain lord called Chang. He is very rich. His love is as deep as the sea. He must come to see you."

Eternal Life said, "I, too, feel a softness. But my father has silent feet."

"Retire early," said Lu. "At the third watch, quietly open your window, twist a strong cloth, tie it well and let it down from your window. I shall not say what happens next. At the fifth watch, Lord Chang will be gone."

"Tomorrow night, then!" exclaimed the girl. "Here, take both slippers and bid him give them back to me in my room."

But when Mother Lu sought Chang that day and the next, she could not find him at home. On the third day, he was still absent. The truth was that Chang, though he had not forgotten his undying love for Eternal Life, had taken a

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

vacation in the house of Flower-in-the-Mist, a young woman capable of coiling and uncoiling her legs in some truly remarkable ways.

One morning after Chang returned, he was summoned to court.

The magistrate scowled at him and said, "You have entered into an intrigue with P'an's daughter. And now you are charged with the murder of her mother and father."

Chang had no strength of heart. His face turned white as frost, his body shook and he stammered, "But I have never entered her house."

The magistrate thundered, "She has just confessed to a recent relationship with you. How can you deny it?"

The bewildered Chang could say nothing. In disgust, the magistrate called on the officers of the court to apply the torture buskin to Chang.

A child who has always been wrapped in the finest muslin and gauze, a young man who has grown up feeling nothing but the touch of silk and brocade—what does he do when the torture boot is on his leg? He screams.

"I confess everything!" Chang exclaimed.

The magistrate ordered, "Give him ten strokes of the heavy bamboo and cast him into the death cell."

It was lucky for Chang that his jailers were sensitive to the difference between rich and poor. The bamboo barely whispered against his back; they held him as if he were a butterfly as they led him off. "Oh, Sir, how could you do such a thing?" they asked.

"My dear brothers," Chang said. "It is true that I desired this girl. It is not true that I ever met her. How could I possibly be a murderer on her account? Tell me what happened."

•

It seemed that that very morning, Eternal Life had wakened to a silent house. She had been puzzled and had gone from the ground-floor room where she had spent the night up the stairs to her parents' room. She had opened the door and stepped into a lake of blood.

She ran screaming to the house of a neighbor. The district police chief was called. He found the man and wife inside their bed curtains, stiff in death. Their throats had been cut.

When Eternal Life was taken before the magistrate, he questioned her shrewdly. "You are very beautiful. How old are you? Aren't you betrothed yet?"

"I am seventeen and I am still free."

"And you sleep on the ground floor with barred windows while your parents have their bedroom in the upper story. I find this curious."

"It has always been the opposite. But just yesterday, they decided to make the change."

Suddenly, the magistrate struck his table violently and said, "You have had relations with a man, your parents learned of it; thus, they changed your sleeping room—and for some reason, your lover killed them and left you to take the blame."

The girl turned red, then pale, but she refused to admit any of those things. At a sign from the governor, a guard seized her and slipped a torture instrument, a pair of iron nippers, over her delicate hand.

As the jaws began to crush her fingers, she cried out, "Mercy! I confess that I have a lover."

"What is his name?"

"He is the Lord Chang." Then she fainted.

•

In prison now, Chang reflected on this accusation and determined to find out the truth. He offered his jailers 20 ounces of silver to take him to Eternal Life.

He looked through the grille of her doorway and saw her doubled up and weeping.

"Dishonorable and ungrateful!" he said. "You made me mad with love for you. Why should you first kill your parents and then bring about my death? So stop that unhelpful crying and let us try to clear up the mystery."

"Oh, murderer," she said, "didn't you truly confess before the judge?"

"Only because my foolish body cannot stand torture. Tell me what happened after Mother Lu visited you."

"We arranged everything for the next night. You came and gave me back my slippers and we made love. And you came back every night until. . . ."

Chang thought deeply. "So you must know my voice and my body very completely. Look at me as hard as you can and think. Am I in every way the same as I was in the night?"

"You seem"—she faltered—"perhaps a little smaller. But it was always dark, and how can I be sure?" She paused. "But I would always know you by the round scar, like a coin, on your right shoulder."

"Aha!" Chang turned to the two jailers. "You have heard what she said. Now will you please examine my shoulder?"

They crowded forward to do so, because, after all, 20 ounces of silver is 20 ounces—and dead men pay few bills. They were pleased to find Chang's shoulder quite unblemished.

•

When Mother Lu had suffered 40 strokes of the bamboo and her thighs were covered with blood, she was able to recall everything the magistrate asked about. She recalled that when she returned to the wineshop after her visit with the flowers, she had found her son, Wu-han, there. She recalled that Wu-han had discovered the slippers, had held them up to the light, exclaiming, "Ho, ho? Whose pretty little feet fit these?"

"Give them back!" Lu had answered. "There is much money in those shoes." And then she had had to explain the whole matter.

Wu-han shook his head and averred that P'an might cause much trouble—Mother Lu grew afraid and said that she ought to return the money to Chang, in that case. Nonsense, Wu-han argued, they would simply tell Chang that there had been a failure.

•

By the light of the moon, Wu-han headed for the P'an house. Under his arm, he carried the two slippers.

It was all very easy. Up the twisted cloth and over the window sill, and the hard-breathing girl was in his arms. And then he was in her bed.

At dawn, Wu-han rose stealthily and departed.

Thus it went for several nights. But twice in the darkness, the parents heard the window creak. They became suspicious and decided to change rooms with their daughter. They would occupy her bedroom and she would sleep in the locked and barred lower-floor room.

All might still have been well if Wu-han had not carried a knife with him as protection. On the fatal night, he found no cloth to climb, but, persisting, he found a ladder nearby.

Panting, he climbed in the window. He perceived that Eternal Life had fallen asleep waiting for him. He stripped off his clothes and approached the curtained bed—when suddenly he caught the sound of two people breathing. He stood there, shaking with anger. He peered through the crack in the curtains. It was only too true. Another man had come to her in the night. Wu-han reached for his knife. He was very good at cutting throats.

•

Now, here was the final verdict of the court:

Wu-han was condemned to death by slow torture.

Eternal Life was strangled.

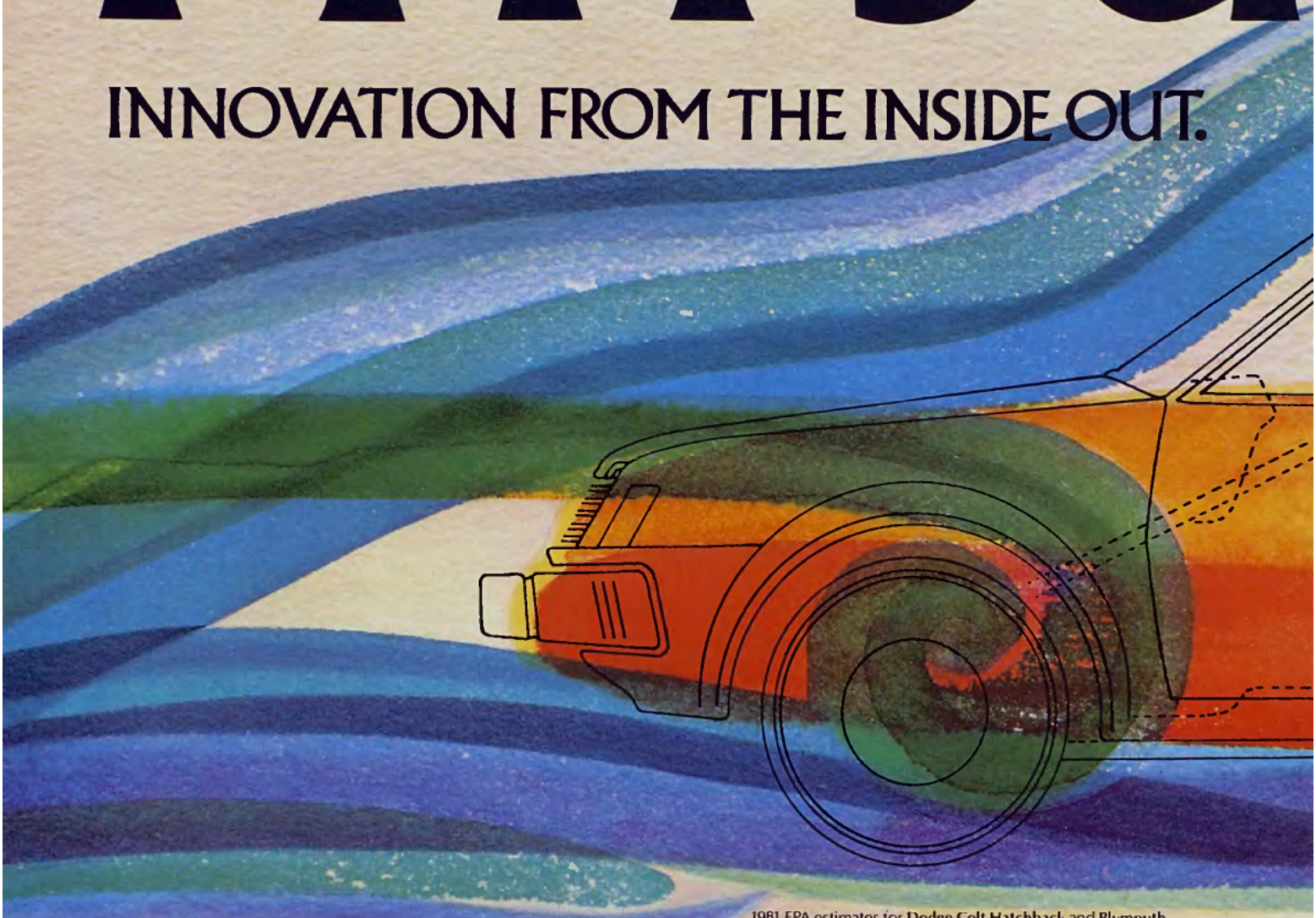
Mother Lu was strangled.

Chang, whose lecherous heart had begun the whole business, was nearly ruined by a heavy fine. Thereafter, he kept to his study and one day he died of a lassitude and a languor.

—Retold by Charles Chandu

MITSU

INNOVATION FROM THE INSIDE OUT.



1981 EPA highway estimates show a Mitsubishi-built car has earned an even better highway estimate than in 1980. Engineering innovation has made it a leader again.

That same tradition of engineering innovation has also placed Mitsubishi-built cars among the leaders in performance, handling and comfort.

No auto maker is more aware that fuel economy must be the key consideration in designing cars for the 1980's. Yet Mitsubishi designers and engineers realize that cars should be a pleasure to *drive* as well.

At Mitsubishi, our answer is to design with innovation—from the inside out.

MITSUBISHI MOTORS

1981 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.

37 EST. MPG.
50 HWY. EST.

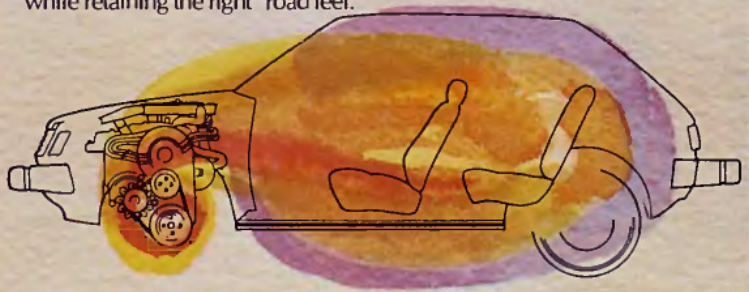
EXCLUSIVE MCA-JET SYSTEM.

This exclusive engine design features a third, or "jet," valve that injects an extra swirl of air into the combustion chamber to provide unexcelled fuel economy as well as lively performance. Nothing like it exists in any other car.

BISHI

© MITSUBISHI MOTORS CORPORATION 1980

FWD, MITSUBISHI-STYLE.
Front-wheel drive means more than just a flat floor. Transverse engine means more passenger room. Normally positioned pedals mean less driver fatigue. A unique suspension system reduces the normal FWD "tack-in" effect when cornering. Rack-and-pinion steering and special alignment technique eliminate the "heavy" steering of many FWD cars, while retaining the right "road feel."



Chrysler's new front-wheel-drive K cars—Dodge Aries and Plymouth Reliant—offer, as optional equipment, Mitsubishi's high performance, 4-cylinder, 2.6-liter engine with MCA-JET system.

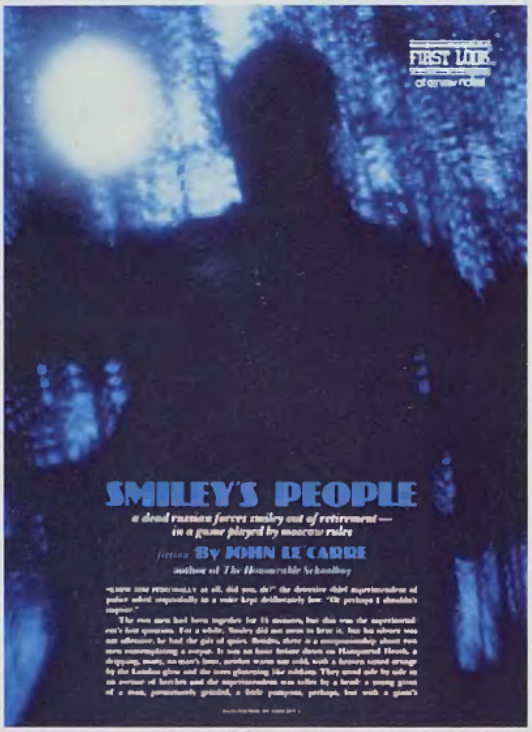
MITSUBISHI-BUILT CARS ARE SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT CHRYSLER-PLYMOUTH AND DODGE DEALERSHIPS.

PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL AWARDS

announcing the prize-winning authors, artists and photographers whose contributions were judged by our staff to be the past year's most outstanding

WRITING

Best Major Work



JOHN LE CARRE brought George Smiley out of retirement in his latest spy thriller and ninth novel, *Smiley's People*. In this best seller, Smiley, the former Chief of the British Secret Service, returned to duty and stalked a long-time Soviet adversary. Our prize-winning excerpt (January) followed the detective as he investigated the murder of an elderly Russian defector. This was not Le Carré's first appearance in PLAYBOY, nor his first award-winning fiction. He previously took the honors in this category for our excerpt of *The Honourable Schoolboy*.

Best Short Story

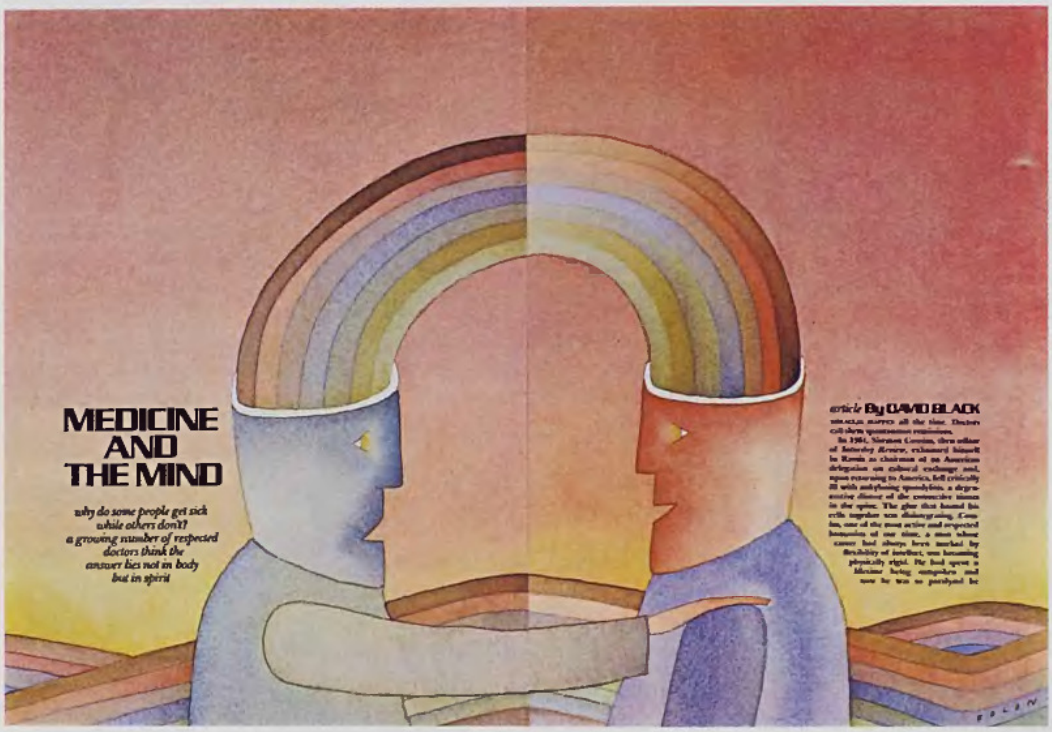
ASA BABER wins the Best Short Story prize for *Papageno* (May), a taut tale about an Ivy League killer hiding out in a California desert. This is the third PLAYBOY award for the multi-faceted Baber. He previously snared two top nonfiction honors (the most recent being last year) for his tough investigative reporting.

Best New Contributor: Fiction

PHILIP K. DICK walks away with the New Contributor's award for *Frozen Journey* (December), a haunting story about one space traveler thrust into ten years of semiconsciousness—and stuck with reliving bad memories—when his suspension chamber malfunctions. It's not for those prone to nightmares.

ONCE A YEAR, we honor those who produce the most remarkable examples of what this magazine is all about: great articles, fiction, art and photography. In our not-too-humble opinion, selecting the annual award winners amounts to looking for the best of the best, the sterling of the silver. It's not a simple task: Back issues are reread, galleys for forthcoming articles are passed around; and artwork, cartoons and photographs are ruthlessly scrutinized for style and perfection. Everyone's relieved, of course, when it's all over, but it's a good sort of fatigue, because the end result is a double dollop of praise—both financial and ego-boosting—to a lot of deserving people. The monetary award is a $1000 hedge against inflation—and after that's gone, there's also an award medallion to look at, perhaps as an inspiration for the next year's assignments. Our warmest congratulations to all and sincere thanks for a job well done.

Best Nonfiction



DAVID BLACK claims the Best Nonfiction prize for April's article *Medicine and the Mind*, in which he hypothesized that illness moy depend on our stote of mind. While his piece went beyond the phenomenon of psychosomatic illness, Black explored thot subject firsthand: During his research, David comploined of severe abdominal pain. Noturolly, he concluded that the upset was caused by "digesting" the mossive amounts of research clogging his office. There he was, in mid-project, hoist with his own petard. We hove o feeling this prize might be just the bromide he needed.

Best Humor

BRUCE FEIRSTEIN corners the Humor oword with his helpful insights into *Etiquette for the Eighties*, which appeared in May. Among his dos and don'ts for the emerging social order was a polite solution for two men who desire the some womon—a *ménage à trois*. Thot's certoinly more civilized thon pistols in an alley.

Best New Contributor: Nonfiction

NORA GALLAGHER emerges as Best New Contributor: Nonfiction for last Janoory's *The Son Francisco Experience*. Gallagher went underground to explore that city's teeming gay community and discovered a new phenomenon, the straight backlosh, which she experienced while masquerading as a goy mon.

ILLUSTRATION

Best Nonfiction Illustration

how billionaire Bunker Hunt tried to corner the silver market—but cornered himself instead

SILVERFINGER

article
By HARRY HURT III

SANDRA HENDLER secures the Nonfiction Illustration award for her pudgy depiction of billionaire bullion baron Nelson Bunker Hunt, up to his knees in silver. That turned out to be the case in Harry Hurt III's September piece, *Silverfinger*. Hendler's portrait of Hunt was no more inflated than the silver market.

Best Fiction Illustration

FIRST LOOK

STILL LIFE WITH WOODPECKER

By TOM ROBBINS

MEL ODOM nails down the Fiction Illustration award for his two-part illustration accompanying September's excerpt from Tom Robbins' new novel, *Still Life with Woodpecker*. Odom, a regular PLAYBOY contributor, has had his work showcased at several museums, including the Cooper-Hewitt and the Chrysler.

SPECIAL AWARD

PAT NAGEL's crisp graphics have illustrated *The Playboy Advisor* since 1975 and dozens of pieces of his work have accompanied articles and other features in the magazine in recent years. You may call it New Wave graphics or, perhaps, just art of great simplicity. Whatever, Nagel is one of the most imitated artists in America today and his work is available at many galleries. A Los Angeles resident and graduate of Chouinard Art Institute (now California Institute of the Arts), Nagel plans to move to France next spring. After you examine this month's *Advisor* illustration, take a look at the artwork for our fashion feature *The Tomorrow Show*, also by Nagel. We hope you like what you see and join us in anticipating more by Nagel coming up in future issues of PLAYBOY.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Best Playmate Pictorial

POMPEO POSAR and **KEN MARCUS** lay claim to the Best Playmate Pictorial for their photos of September Playmate Lisa Welch. Marcus collected the same award in 1978 for photos of Janis Schmitt. Posar, a PLAYBOY Staff Photographer since 1960, just finished another delightful assignment: *Girls of the Adriatic*.

CARTOONS

Best Color Cartoon

JOHN DEMPSEY captures the honors for Best Color Cartoon. His hilarious commentaries on California lifestyles have been a PLAYBOY staple since 1954. Dempsey's strip *Holistic Harry*, under the pen name J. Delmar, regularly appears in *Playboy Funnies*. Like fine California Chardonnay, Dempsey just gets better and better with time.

Best Black-and-White Cartoon

BRIAN SAVAGE gets the nod for the year's best Black-and-White Cartoon. Savage, who poid for his art school education by caddieing on weekends, has been a member of the PLAYBOY family since 1961. He says, "I'm flattered to receive this award. PLAYBOY has bought some of my funniest work." Of course, we know a good thing!

Best Pictorial Essay

DAVID CHAN and **NICHOLAS DE SCIOSE** share the Best Pictorial Essay award for September's *Girls of the Southwest Conference*, a dazzling display of ten-gallon pulchritude from Texas and neighboring states. Veterans of the *Girls of . . .* series, the pair also worked together on this month's *Honky-tonk Angels*.

Best Service Pictorial—Travel

RICHARD FEGLEY latches onto the prize for Best Service Pictorial—Travel for his February feature, *To Paris—with Love and the Concorde*, which whisked him to Paris via a Concorde jet. This prize is nothing new for our peripatetic Staff Photographer who last year won Best Pictorial Essay for a feature on the movie *Moonraker*.

Cognac

(continued from page 149)

"No other spirit presents the intense, complex bouquet and staying power that cognac offers."

of Rhode Island called the Charente and Charente-Maritime *départements*. Cognac sits squarely in the center and lends its name to the celebrated brandy of the region. There's no mistaking *this* place—you'd know you were there even blindfolded. The subtle, seductive *arôme du cognac* enfolds it like a benevolent aura, and aroma is what cognac's all about. One's first awareness of cognac, any cognac, is of the heady bouquet. You don't drink the stuff so much as breathe it. In fact, passionate cognacophiles can tease a prime sample for a half hour or more—swirling and sniffing, patiently probing for shy nuances, cajoling the regal spirit into surrendering its innermost depths of perfume before, finally, imbibing the lambent elixir.

No other spirit presents the intense, complex, suffusing bouquet and staying power that cognac offers. But why, of all places, should this unprepossessing spot on the globe be midwife to such a superlative product? The *cognaçais*, with becoming modesty, give the credit to *le Bon Dieu* for providing all the natural elements required for cognac. If so, God truly moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. The chalky soil, loaded with lime and pebbles, is about as fertile as the sandbox in a kids' playground. It wouldn't grow a decent radish. The vines are scraggly, yielding dismal, acidic, low-alcohol wines—scarcely fit to drink. Yet, by some strange alchemy, this surly brew is transformed into the singular nectar known to the world as cognac.

The unique distillation is a factor. Everything is geared to heightening the organoleptic impact of the final product. French law dictates that distillation must be completed by March 31, while the wine is in its bloom of youth—fruity and unoxidized. The wine is neither filtered nor racked but distilled on its lees, so that none of the minute, flavor-giving particles are lost. Most pertinent is the stubborn adherence to the alembic still, an inefficient medieval instrument with but one saving grace—it retains more of the essential flavor components than sleek, modern column stills. Though exacting, the procedure is quite simple. Wine is heated in an onion-shaped pot until it vaporizes. The steamy vapors are run through a coiled copper pipe, or serpentine, then condensed back to liquid form by the application of cold water. At this point, it is rank and murky, with only a 28 percent alcohol content—56 proof. If you're curious about what the original brandy of Charente was like, it was this *brouillis*, or first distillation. It wasn't until late in the 16th Century that cognac approached its present form, when a compulsive producer, intent on capturing *l'âme du vin*—the soul of wine—introduced the idea of a *second* distillation. *La bonne chauffe* merely repeats the process, running the spirit through the alembic again, but this time it comes off clear, with 70 percent alcohol, compared with 28 percent for the *brouillis*.

So a primitive double distillation is one of the fundamentals of cognac. Another is antiquity, and that's where the great merchant houses enter the picture. Only they can afford the lengthy aging in casks, the venerable blending stocks and the three to five percent evaporation loss every year. This emission, called the "angels' share," equals the total annual cognac consumption in the United States, a staggering swig—but unavoidable. Cognac ages *only* in wood, not in glass, no matter how long it stays in the bottle. Only Limousin or Troncais oak is permitted, ideally cut from 100-year-old trees, and it's a question as to which contributes more—the wood or the wine. Casks are juggled and the brandy transferred periodically to get the optimum level of extract into each batch. A young distillate usually spends some time in new cooperage, but within a year, it is transferred to old barrels. Lesser grades are given more time in new oak and the better *cuvées* moved quickly into seasoned casks. The type of cask is also related to the style desired. Firms marketing light, delicate, less tannic cognacs use virtually all seasoned barrels.

The virtuosos of cognac are the *maitres de chais*, and their skills—passed from generation to generation—may be the most important ingredient in a bottle. The major shippers maintain huge inventories from different zones, vineyards and years, including vintages that predate the United States of America. These rarities are stored in glass demijohns, not oak, to prevent further evaporation and excessive woodiness. It is the master's job to fashion this kaleidoscope of flavors and aromas into a harmonious blend. If a TV camera were smuggled into a master blender's quarters, it would show an urbane gentleman in a business suit, seated behind a desk, not unlike a high-powered corporate attorney. Instead of legal tomes, his walls are lined with a reference library of bottles. More than likely, he'll be swirling brandy in a blue, four-ounce tulip-shaped glass barely one third full. There are sound reasons for every apparently random detail. Swirling liberates the bouquet; blue glass masks the color of the sample so it won't affect perceptions. Even the size of the glass is calculated. It's easier to warm cognac in a small glass that fits comfortably in the hand, thus releasing more vapors. Nothing is left to chance.

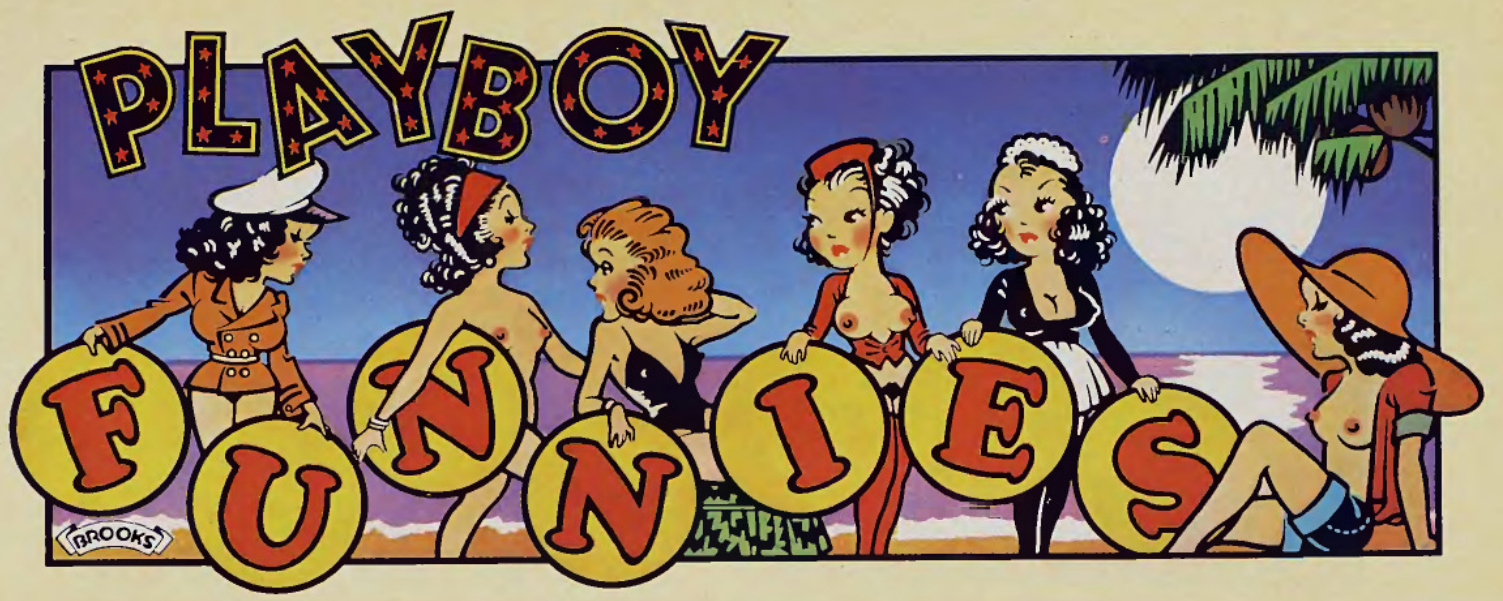
With total concentration on the contents, the blender thrusts his nose into the glass and inhales searchingly. His educated proboscis will pick up any off flavor, in which event the entire lot is discarded. Another quick sniff grades and positions the brandy and a few drops on the tongue confirm the olfactory judgment. Swallowing is considered bad form, except when the sample under consideration is a *grand seigneur*. After the brandy is expelled, the finish, or aftertaste, is noted. Is it harsh or bitter? Balanced? Does it break up quickly or linger persistently on the palate, filling the mouth with waves of intriguing flavors? After forming his opinions, the master prepares his *cuvée*, selecting this sample for its aroma, that one for finesse or elegance, yet another for body—like a weaver choosing strands for a tapestry. And, like an exquisite tapestry, the finished blend will be a complete, integrated work of art.

The care lavished on the contents of a bottle doesn't carry over to labels, which seem to be the handiwork of a Philadelphia lawyer. With several exceptions, the jumble of stars and cryptic initials have no official standing, being an accumulation of history, tradition and crude merchandising. The first heavenly symbol appeared sometime in the 19th Century after a bountiful harvest—during which a comet streaked across the heavens. A star was placed on the label to commemorate both events. Next year's harvest was equally good, so what the hell—add another star, Pierre. After that, it was star wars with galactic adornments aplenty and labels looking more and more like astrological charts.

The letters VSOP, or variations thereof, are a tribute to Great Britain's importance in cognac. They stand for Very Superior Old Pale. Locals of the cognac region have their own droll interpretation, insisting VSOP means *Versez Sans Oublier Personne*, or "pour without omitting anyone." Friendly, those Charentais.

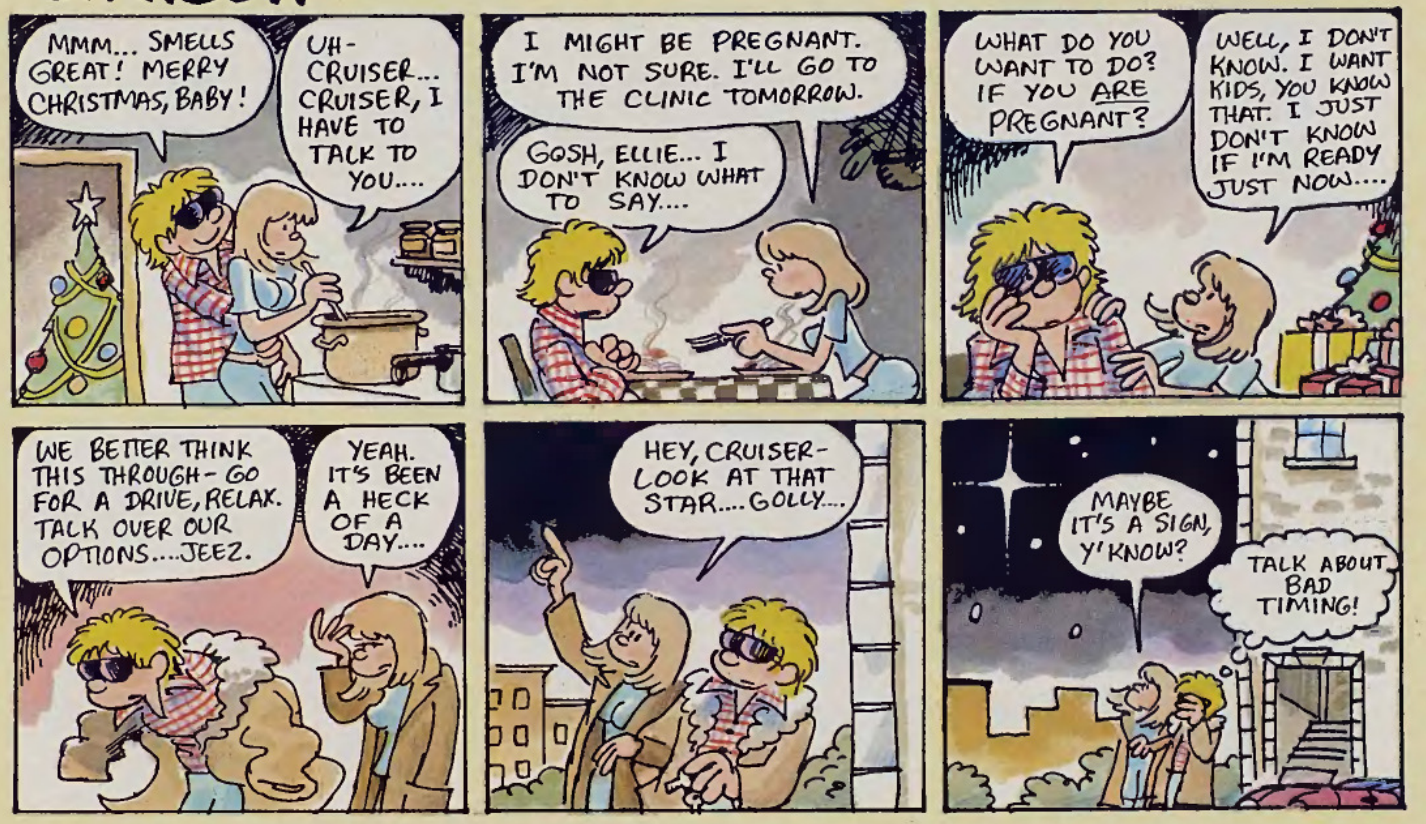
Despite its rigid supervision of growing and production, the Bureau National Interprofessionnel du Cognac is not as strict when it comes to labeling. It's their contention that a cognac appellation on a label is the ultimate guarantee

(concluded on page 263)



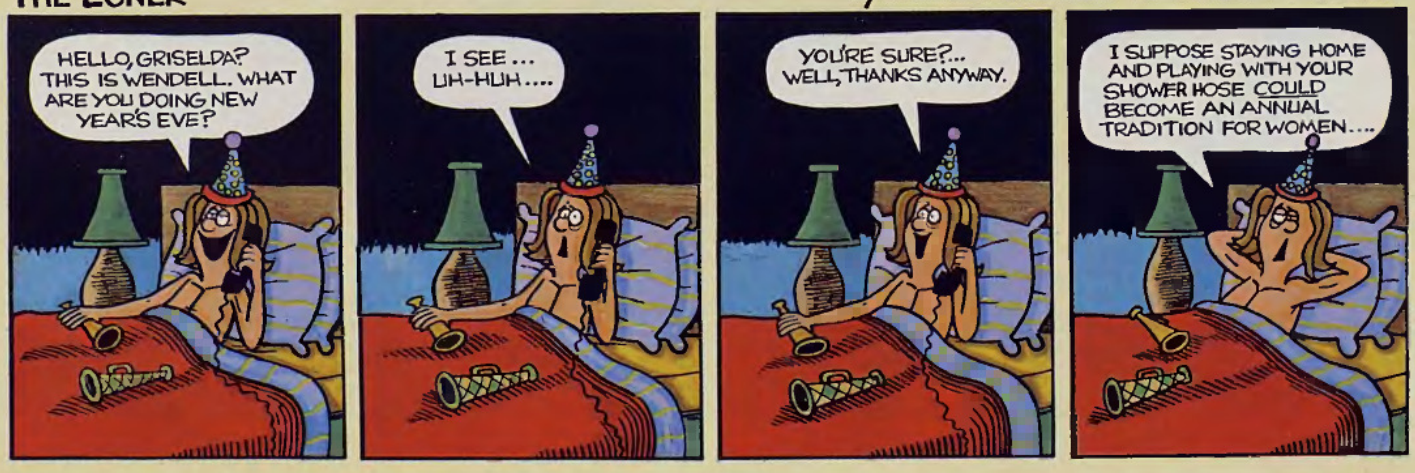
CRUISER

Christopher Browne



THE LONER

by FRANK BAGINSKI+REYNOLDS DODSON

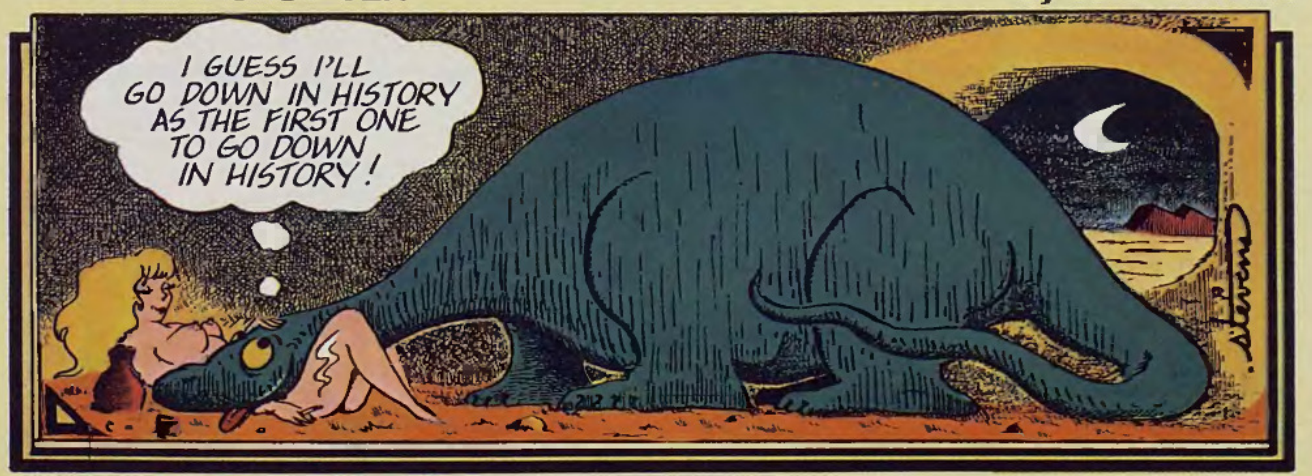


THE TALES OF BARON VON FURSTINBED

By Creig Flessel

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

By John Stevens

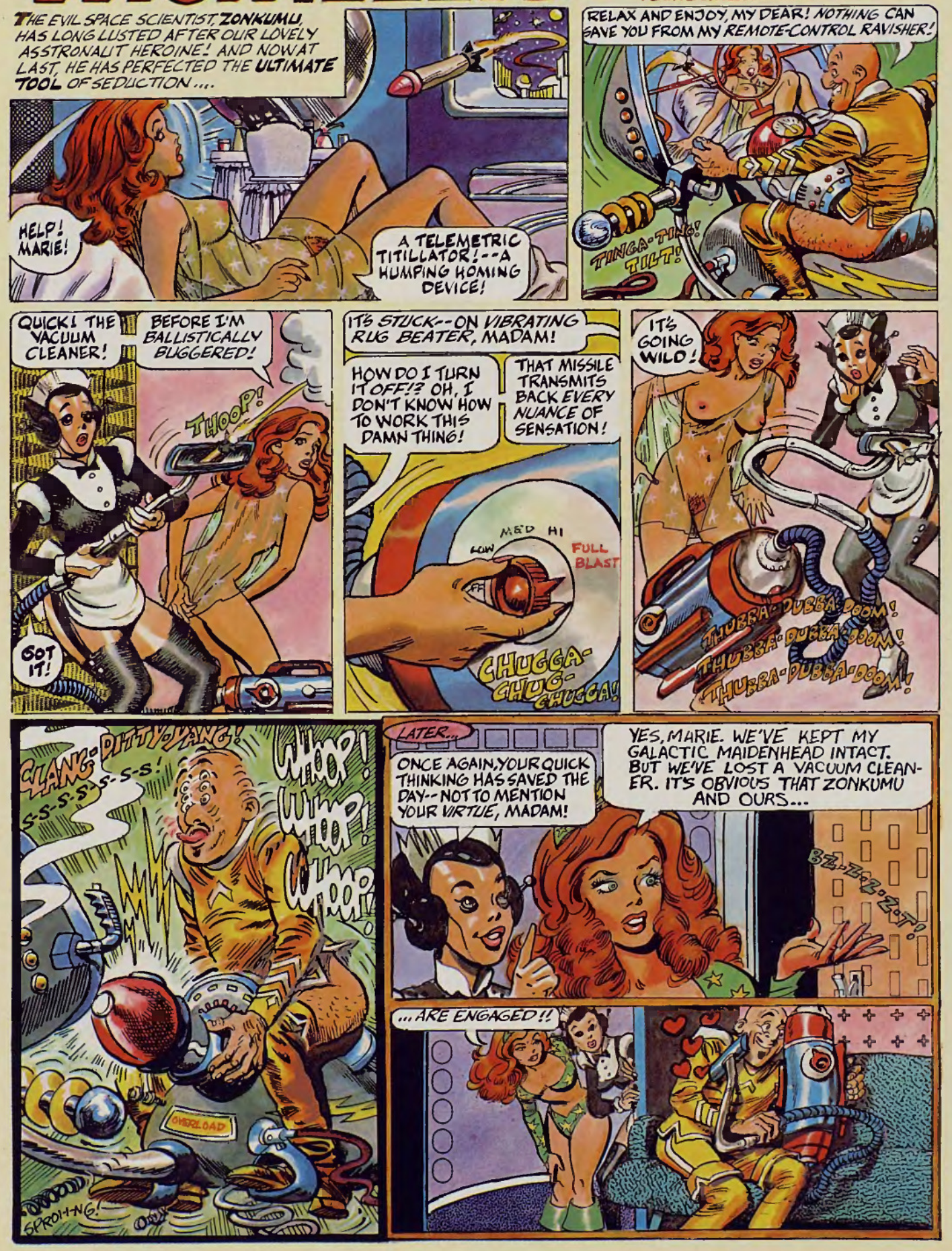


'TIS BETTER TO GET AND THEN GET WHILE THE GETTIN' IS GOOD!
MEATY MYTHS
BY FRED SCHRIER
AH, MA JONES MASSAGE PARLOR OF MANY PLEASURES DEAD AHEAD!
CHUGGA CHUGGA
HO HO HO
LORDY SAKES! IT'S SANTY CLAUS!
SOOT
FOONT
OH, SANTA CLAUS, I'VE BEEN EVER SO GOOD ALL YEAR... HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME SOMETHING NICE?
BRUSH
BRUSH
BRUSH
WE'VE ALL BEEN GOOD... I WOULD JUST LUV A FULL-LENGTH RUSSIAN FOX COAT OR A NEW MERCEDES.
PUFFITY PUFF
I'LL TELL YOU LADIES WHAT SANTA HAS IN MIND AND HOW YOU CAN HAVE THOSE PRESENTS YOU WANT... GASP!...
MMM
PURRR
AND YOU ALL BETTER BE GOOD!
MUCH LATER
NOW I SHALL RETURN TO THE ROOF FOR YOUR PRESENTS!
OH, GOODY!
PRESENTS, HELL! THIS IS ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A TRAFFIC-COPTER PILOT...
POIT
JUST RENT A SANTA SUIT ON CHRISTMAS EVE AND EVERY YEAR YOU CAN PULL THE OL' SANTA CLAUS SCAM ON A DIFFERENT HOUSE! ♪♫♪♫♪ MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ME AND TO ME A GOOD NIGHT! ♪♫ HO HO HO
CHUGGA CHUGGA CHUG
Schrier

"VAGINELLA"

DREAM GIRL OF THE STARWAYS

by JIM LAWRENCE & JERRY MORROW



5 CENT MARY

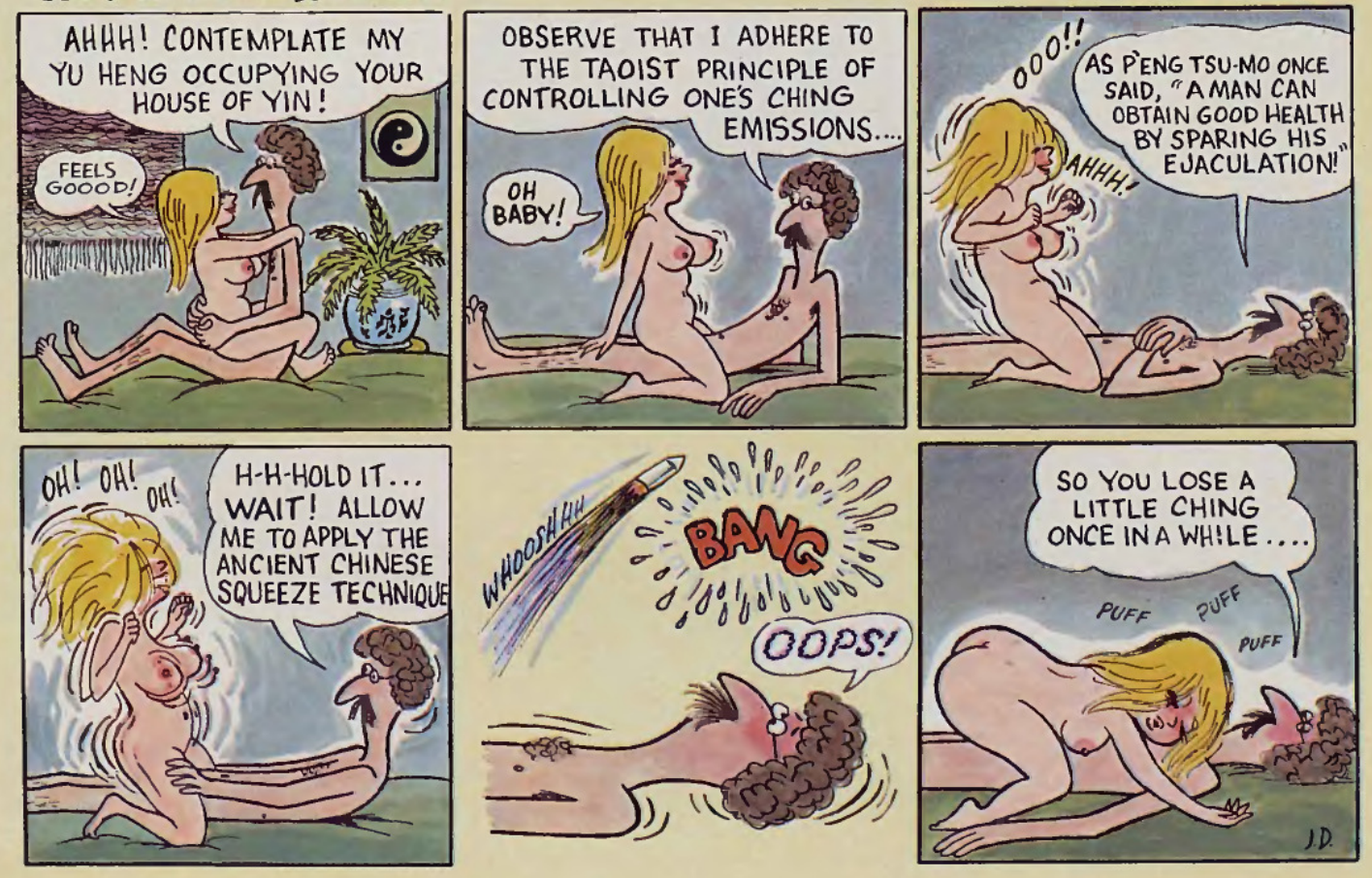
BY E N O S

annie & albert

by J. Michael

HOLISTIC HARRY

BY J. DELMAR



"Last year I switched to rum. This year I graduated to the flavor of Myers's."

MYERS'S MAKES IT BETTER. Taste how Myers's improves on cola, soda, tonic, fruit juice. Free Recipe Book: Myers's Rum Recipe Book, Dept. PB, P.O. Box 4605, Westbury, New York 11590. Offer expires December 31, 1981.

MAN & WOMAN

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

TRIAL SEPARATION

Trial separations are cooling-off periods that help couples in distress determine if they're unhappy because of or regardless of their relationships. But they aren't for everyone. If all your sweet nothings are tentative at best or if one partner's affections are already seriously alienated, a temporary separation only dampens the diminishing flame. They are similarly useless for overly dependent pairs heavily invested in low-yield shares of the Misery Loves Company.

Trial separations can benefit mature individuals who basically want to stay together but who can't, for the time being, remember exactly why. Before summoning the lawyers and the movers, they can reprise the joys of single life and find out just what they'll wind up missing by way of companionship, sex and—for both partners in the age of the two-income ménage—money. "I agree to trial separations when people are on the wrong track and see only the bad things," says Ruth Neubauer, a New York marriage and family therapist. "But only when I feel they both have something worth holding on to and the relationship is not in very great danger."

FAIR TRIALS

An estimated one sixth of all married couples live apart temporarily during their marriage. Trial separations, as opposed to the after-the-fact change-of-heart temporaries, are ones you plan as such in advance. First, agree on a time limit. A month isn't long enough to get over the initial pangs of loneliness or, as the case may be, those first heady snorts of freedom. But a prolonged sojourn in the together/separate twilight zone can create more problems than it cures. If a couple can live apart and like it much longer than six months, they'll usually live that way happily ever after.

Although some couples opt for high-fidelity systems, most anticipate future divorcehood by dating other people. Decide whether to allow free association or to exclude particular individuals—her sister, your boss—with whom fraternization would prove particularly incendiary or inconvenient.

Keep communication open. Part of the program is finding out if you still enjoy each other's company. Arrange to stay in close touch, even if it's only a regular Sunday-night phone call or once-a-week lunch date.

Generally, the male vacates the homestead, taking with him minimal personal effects. Regardless of who leaves, maintain the residence as closely as possible to best facilitate smooth re-entry. If you can't crash with a sympathetic but noninterfering friend, find a residential hotel or furnished apartment available on a month-to-month basis. Reside among those of similar age, interests and suddenly single status.

Other issues to settle in advance include who tells what to which friends and relatives, who pays the bills and other minutiae of cohabitation such as bank accounts, credit cards, pets, magazines and forwarding of mail. Consulting lawyers is, at this point, a calculated risk. On the one hand, lawyers can blueprint equitable financial settlements to forestall potential capital punishment. On the other hand, relatively amicable separators have been polarized beyond redemption by the intrusion of third and fourth parties for whom, after all, divorce is a bonanza and reconciliation a dry well.

Separation contracts written and signed by both partners can be effective alternatives to premature legal intervention. Under a counselor's supervision, the couple hammers out the details of dissolution, from car payments to days at the tennis club to sex with each other. The subsequent separation contracts can be legally binding and those negotiations can provide a preview of the stress and strain of a real divorce.

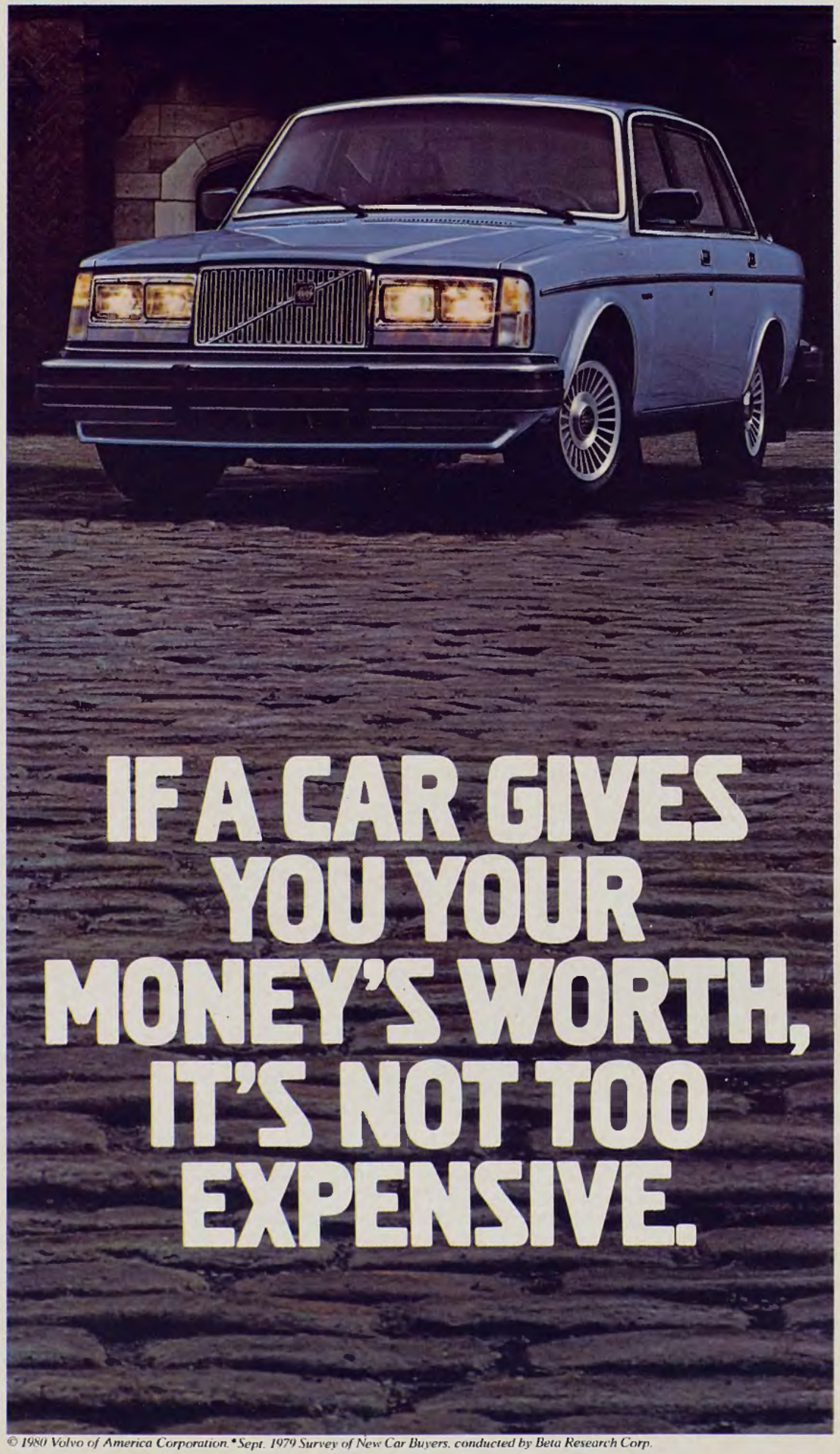
THE VERDICT IS YOURS

The trial-separation process consists of a battle of the aphorisms: Absence makes the heart grow fonder versus Out of sight, out of mind. To let the process run its course, keep your mind—and your eyes—wide open. Don't dwell on the multifarious ways she done you wrong; sow yourself a wild oat. The point of the exercise is to simulate life after divorce. Your marriage may not have been made in heaven, but separation doesn't have to be a journey into hell.

John and Nancy Adam, authors of *Divorce: How and When to Let Go*, advise that when the predetermined trial period expires, you answer these leading questions: "Do I feel that life has moved in a positive direction since I have been separated? Is my lifestyle apart helping me reach my goals and attain my needs (interpersonal, vocational, financial or recreational) more than I was able to meet them within my marriage? Would I marry my partner today if we were not currently married? Have we shared enjoyable times together since living apart, or has it been more of the same unhappiness?"

Marriage counselors estimate that slightly more than half of the couples who provisionally separate like it. When they stay apart, it's often because one partner has never sincerely considered reconciling and has used the trial as pretense for getting a foot out the door. Often, though, the ordeal of separation generates its own verdict. According to Daniel Goldstine of the Berkeley Therapy Institute, "Anxiety about a nebulous future, the financial strain of supporting two households, the advent of new lovers, all increase the friction between partners until reconciliation becomes unthinkable."

Trial separations are not always effective or appropriate and they occasionally kill what they seek to cure. As for mature individuals who have lost that loving feeling but still want to give it their best shot, to them we say: Trial separations—don't leave home without them. —THEODORE FISCHER



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 (continued from page 154)

"If movies are the dreams of the mass culture, then horror movies are the nightmares."

standpoint, Lutz himself (James Brolin) apparently falls out of love with his wife (Margot Kidder) and begins to develop a meaningful relationship with his ax. Before things are done, we are drawn to the inescapable conclusion that he is tuning up for something more than splitting wood.

Stripped of its distracting elements (a puking nun, Rod Steiger shamelessly overacting as a priest who is just discovering the Devil after 40 years or so as a man of the cloth, and Margot Kidder doing calisthenics in a pair of bikini panties and one white stocking), *The Amityville Horror* is a perfect example of the tale to be told around the campfire. All the teller really has to do is to keep the catalog of inexplicable events in the correct order, so that unease escalates into outright fear.

All of which brings us around to the real watchspring of *Amityville* and the reason it works as well as it does: The picture's subtext is one of economic unease, and that is a theme that director Stuart Rosenberg plays on constantly. In terms of the times—18 percent inflation, mortgage rates out of sight, gasoline selling at a cool $1.40 a gallon—*The Amityville Horror*, like *The Exorcist*, could not have come along at a more opportune moment.

This breaks through most clearly in a scene that is the film's only moment of true and honest drama, a brief vignette that parts the clouds of hokum like a sunray on a drizzly afternoon. The Lutz family is preparing to go to the wedding of Kathleen Lutz's younger brother (who looks as if he might be all of 17). They are, of course, in the Bad House when the scene takes place. The younger brother has lost the $1500 that is due the caterer and is in an understandable agony of panic and embarrassment.

Brolin says he'll write the caterer a check, which he does, and later he stands off the angry caterer, who has specified cash only in a half-whispered washroom argument while the wedding party whoops it up outside. After the wedding, Lutz turns the living room of the Bad House upside down looking for the lost money, which has now become *his* money, and the only way of backing up the bank paper he has issued the caterer. Brolin's check may not have been 100 percent Goodyear rubber, but in his sunken, purple-pouched eyes, we see a man who doesn't really have the money any more than his hapless brother-in-law does. Here is a man tottering on the brink of his own financial crash.

He finds the only trace under the couch: a bank money band with the numerals $500 stamped on it. The band lies there on the rug, tauntingly empty. "*Where is it?*" Brolin screams, his voice vibrating with anger, frustration and fear. At that one moment, we hear the ring of Waterford, clear and true—or, if you like, we hear that one quiet phrase of pure music in a film that is otherwise all crash and bash.

Everything that *The Amityville Horror* does well is summed up in that scene. Its implications touch on everything about the house's most obvious and insidious effect—and also the only one that seems empirically undeniable: Little by little, it is ruining the Lutz family financially. The movie might as well have been subtitled "The Horror of the Shrinking Bank Account." It's the more prosaic fallout of the place where so many haunted-house stories start. "It's on the market for a song," the realtor says with a big egg-sucking grin. "It's supposed to be haunted."

Well, the house that the Lutzes buy is, indeed, on the market for a song (and there's another good moment—all too short—when Kathleen tells her husband that she will be the first person in her large Catholic family to actually own her own home; "We've always been renters," she says), but it ends up costing them dearly. At the conclusion, the house seems to literally tear itself apart. Windows crash in, black goop comes dribbling out of the walls, the cellar stairs cave in . . . and I found myself wondering not if the Lutz clan would get out alive but if they had adequate homeowner's insurance.

This is a movie for every woman who ever wept over a plugged-up toilet or a spreading water stain on the ceiling from the upstairs shower; for every man who ever did a slow burn when the weight of the snow caused his gutters to give way; for every child who ever jammed his fingers and felt that the door or window that did the jamming was out to get him. As horror goes, *Amityville* is pretty pedestrian. So's beer, but you can get drunk on it.

"Think of the bills," a woman sitting behind me in the theater moaned at one point. I suspect it was her own bills she was thinking about. It was impossible to make a silk purse out of this particular sow's ear, but Rosenberg at least manages to give us Qiana, and the main reason that people went to see it, I think, is that *The Amityville Horror*, beneath its ghost-story exterior, is really a financial demolition derby.

Think of the bills, indeed.

•

If movies are the dreams of the mass culture—one film critic, in fact, has called watching a movie "dreaming with one's eyes open"—and if horror movies are the nightmares of the mass culture, then many horror movies of recent times express America's coming to terms with the possibility of nuclear annihilation over political differences.

The contemporary political horror films begin, I think, with *The Thing* (1951), directed by Christian Nyby and produced by Howard Hawks (who also had a hand in the direction, one suspects). It stars Margaret Sheridan, Kenneth Tobey and James Arness as the blood-drinking human carrot from Planet X.

A polar encampment of soldiers and scientists discovers a strong magnetic field emanating from an area where there has been a recent meteor fall: the field is strong enough to throw all the electronic gadgets and gizmos off whack. Further, a camera designed to start shooting pictures when and if the normal background-radiation count suddenly goes up has taken photos of an object that dips, swoops and turns at high speeds—strange behavior for a meteor.

An expedition is dispatched to the spot, and it discovers a flying saucer buried in the ice. The saucer, superhot on touchdown, melted its way into the ice, which then refroze, leaving only the tail fin sticking out (thus relieving the special-effects corps of a potentially big-budget item). The Army guys, who demonstrate frostbite of the brain throughout most of the film, promptly destroy the extraterrestrial ship while trying to burn it out of the ice with thermite.

The occupant (Arness) is saved, however, and carted back to the experimental station in a block of ice. He/it is placed in a storage shed, under guard. One of the guards is so freaked out by the thing that he throws a blanket over it. Unlucky man! Quite obviously, all his good stars are in retrograde, his biorhythms low and his mental magnetic poles temporarily reversed. The blanket he's used is of the electric variety, and it miraculously melts the ice without shorting out. The Thing escapes and the fun begins.

The fun ends about 60 minutes later with the creature being roasted medium rare on an electric-sidewalk sort of thing that the scientists have set up. A reporter on the scene sends back the news of humankind's first victory over invaders from space, and the film fades out, not

with a THE END title card but with a question mark.

The Thing is a small movie done on a low budget. Like *Alien*, which would come more than a quarter century later, it achieves its best effects from feelings of claustrophobia and xenophobia. But, as I said before, the best horror movies will try to get at you on many different levels, and *The Thing* is also operating on a political level. It has grim things to say about eggheads (and knee-jerk liberals—in the early Fifties, you could have put an equal-sign between the two) who would indulge in the crime of appeasement.

The Thing is the first movie of the Fifties to offer us the scientist in the role of The Appeaser, that creature who for reasons either craven or misguided would open the gates to the Garden of Eden and let all the evils fly in (as opposed, say, to those mad labs proprietors of the Thirties, who were more than willing to open Pandora's box and let all the evils fly out—a major distinction, though the results are the same). That scientists should be so constantly vilified in the technohorror films of the Fifties—a decade that was apparently dedicated to the idea of turning out a whole marching corps of men and women in white lab coats—is perhaps not so surprising when we remember that it was science that opened those same gates so that the atomic bomb could be brought into Eden: first by itself and then trundled on missiles.

The average Jane or Joe during those spooky eight or nine years that followed the surrender of Japan had extremely schizoid feelings about science and scientists—recognizing the need for them and, at the same time, loathing the things they had let in forever. On the one hand, the average Jane or Joe had found a new pal, that neat little all-round guy, Reddy Kilowatt; on the other hand, before getting into the first reel of *The Thing*, they had to watch newsreel footage as an Army mock-up of a town *just like theirs* was vaporized in a nuclear furnace.

Robert Cornthwaite plays the appeasing scientist in *The Thing*, and we hear from his lips the first verse of a psalm that any filmgoer who grew up in the Fifties and Sixties became familiar with very quickly: "We must preserve this creature for science." The second verse goes: "If it comes from a society more advanced than ours, it must come in peace. If we can only establish communications with it, and find out what it wants——"

Twice, near the film's conclusion, Cornthwaite is hauled away by soldiers; at the climax, he breaks free of his guards and faces the creature with his hands open and empty. He begs it to communicate with him and to see that he means it no harm. The creature stares at him for a long, pregnant moment . . . and then bats him casually aside, as you or I might swat a mosquito. The medium-rare roasting on the electric sidewalk follows.

Now, I'm only a journeyman writer and I will not presume to teach history here. I will point out that the Americans of that time were perhaps more paranoid about the idea of appeasement than at any other time before or since. The dreadful humiliation of Neville Chamberlain and England's resulting close squeak at the beginning of Hitler's war was still very much with those Americans, and why not? It had all happened only 12 years prior to *The Thing*'s release, and even Americans who were just turning 21 in 1951 could remember it all very clearly. The moral was simple—such appeasement doesn't work; you gotta cut 'em if they stand and shoot 'em if they run. Otherwise, they'll take you over a bite at a time (and in the case of the Thing, you could take that literally).

If all this seems much too heavy a cargo for a modest little fright flick like *The Thing* to bear, remember that a man's point of view is shaped by the events he experiences and that his politics is shaped by his point of view. I am only suggesting that, given the political temper of the times and the cataclysmic world events that had occurred only a few years before, the viewpoint of this movie is almost preordained. What do you do with a blood-drinking carrot from outer space? Simple. Cut him if he stands and shoot him if he runs. And if you're an appeasing scientist like Cornthwaite (with a yellow streak up your back as wide as the no-passing line on a highway), you simply get bulldozed under.

By contrast, consider the other end of this telescope. The children of World War Two produced *The Thing*; 26 years later, a child of Vietnam and the self-proclaimed Love Generation, Steven Spielberg, gives us a fitting balance weight to *The Thing* in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. In 1951, the soldier standing sentry duty (the one who has foolishly covered the block of ice with an electric blanket) empties his automatic into the alien when he hears it coming; in 1977, a young guy with a happy, spaced-out smile holds up a sign reading STOP AND BE FRIENDLY. Somewhere between the two, John Foster Dulles evolved into Henry Kissinger and the pugnacious politics of confrontation became *détente*.

In *The Thing*, Tobey occupies himself with building an electric boardwalk to kill the creature; in *Close Encounters*, Richard Dreyfuss occupies himself with building a mock-up of Devil's Butte, the creatures' landing place, in his living room. The Thing is a big, hulking brute who grunts; the creatures from the stars in Spielberg's film are small, delicate, childlike. They do not speak, but their mother ship plays lovely harmonic tones—the music of the spheres, we assume. And Dreyfuss, far from wanting to murder these emissaries from space, goes with them.

I'm not saying that Spielberg is or would think of himself as a member of the Love Generation simply because he came to his majority while students were putting daisies in the muzzles of M-1s and Jimmi Hendrix and Janis Joplin were playing at Fillmore West. Neither am I saying that Hawks, Nyby, Charles Lederer (who wrote the screenplay for *The Thing*) and John W. Campbell (whose *novella Who Goes There?* formed the basis for the film) fought their way up the beaches of Anzio or helped raise the Stars and Stripes on Iwo Jima. But events determine point of view and point of view determines politics, and *CE3K* seems to me every bit as preordained as *The Thing*. We can understand that the latter's "Let the military handle this" thesis was a perfectly acceptable one in 1951, because the military had handled the Japs and the Nazis perfectly well in Duke Wayne's Big One, and we can also understand that the former's attitude of "Don't let the military handle this" was a perfectly acceptable one in 1977, following the military's less-than-startling record in Vietnam, or even in 1980 (when *CE3K* was released with additional footage), the year American military personnel lost the chance to free our hostages in Iran following three hours of mechanical fuck-ups.

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It may be that nothing in the world is so hard to comprehend as a terror whose time has come and gone—which may be why parents can scold their children for their fear of the bogeyman, when as children themselves, they had to cope with exactly the same fears (and the same sympathetic but uncomprehending parents). That may be why one generation's nightmare becomes the next generation's sociology, and even those who have walked through the fire have trouble remembering exactly what those burning coals felt like.

In the Fifties, the terror of the bomb and of fallout was real, and it left a scar on those children who wanted to be good, just as the Depression of the Thirties had left a scar on their elders. A newer generation—now teenagers, with no memory of either the Cuban Missile Crisis or of the Kennedy assassination in Dallas, raised on the milk of *détente*—may find it hard to comprehend

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the terror of these things, but they will undoubtedly have a chance to discover it in the years of tightening belts and heightening tensions that lie ahead . . . and the movies will be there to give their vague fears concrete focusing points in the horror movies yet to come.

I can remember, for instance, that in 1968, when I was 21, the issue of long hair was an extremely nasty, extremely explosive one. That seems as hard to believe now as the idea of people killing each other over whether the sun went around the earth or the earth went around the sun, but that happened, too.

I was thrown out of a bar in Brewer, Maine, by a construction worker back in that happy year of 1968. The guy had muscles on his muscles and told me I could come back and finish my beer "after you get a haircut, you faggot fairy." There were the standard catcalls thrown from passing cars (usually old cars with fins and cancer of the rocker panels): Are you a boy or are you a girl? Do you give head, honey? When was the last time you had a bath?

I can remember such things in an intellectual, even analytical way, as I can remember having a dressing that had actually grown into the tissue yanked from the site of a cyst-removal operation that occurred when I was 12. I screamed from the pain and then fainted dead away. I can remember the pulling sensation as the gauze tore free of the new, healthy tissue (the dressing removal was performed by a nurse's aide who apparently had no idea what she was doing). I can remember the scream and I can remember the faint. What I can't remember is the pain itself. It's the same with the hair thing and, in a larger sense, all the other pains associated with coming of age in the decade of napalm and the Nehru jacket.

I've purposely avoided writing a novel with a Sixties time setting because all of that seems, like the pulling of that surgical dressing, very distant to me now—almost as if it had happened to another person. But those things did happen: the hate, paranoia and fear on both sides were all too real. If we doubt it, we need only review that quintessential Sixties counterculture horror film, *Easy Rider*, in which Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper end up being blown away by a couple of rednecks in a pickup truck as Roger McGuinn sings Bob Dylan's *It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)* on the sound track.

Similarly, it is difficult to remember in any gut way the fears that came with those boom years of atomic technology 25 years ago. The technology itself was strictly Apollonian; as Apollonian as nice guy Larry Talbot, who "said his prayers at night." The atom was not split by a gibbering Colin Clive or Boris Karloff in some eastern European mad lab; it was not done by alchemy and moonlight in the center of a rune-struck circle; it was done by a lot of little guys at Oak Ridge and White Sands who wore tweed jackets and smoked Luckies, guys who worried about dandruff and psoriasis and whether or not they could afford a new car and how to get rid of the goddamn crab grass. Splitting the atom, producing fission, opening that door on a new world that the old scientist speaks of at the end of *Them!*—these things were accomplished on a business-as-usual basis.

People understood this and could live with it. (Fifties science books extolled the wonderful world the friendly atom would produce, a world fueled by nice safe nuclear reactors, and grammar school kids got free comic books produced by the power companies), but they suspected and feared the hairy, simian face on the other side of the coin as well: They feared that the atom might be, for a number of reasons both technological and political, essentially uncontrollable. Those feelings of deep unease came out in movies such as *The Beginning of the End*, *Them!*, *Tarantula*, *The Incredible Shrinking Man* (in which radiation combined with a pesticide causes a very personal horror for one man, Scott Carey), *The H-Men* and *The Four-D Man*. The entire cycle reaches its supreme pinnacle of absurdity with *The Night of the Lepus*, in which the world is menaced by giant bunnies.

All of the foregoing are examples of the horror film with a technological subtext . . . sometimes referred to as the "nature run amuck" sort of horror picture. In all of them, it is mankind and mankind's technology that must bear the blame. "You brought it on yourselves," they all say; a fitting epitaph for the mass grave of mankind. I think, when the big balloon finally goes up and the ICBMs start to fly. It is here, in the technohorror film, that we really strike the mother lode. No more panning for the occasional nugget, as in the case of the economic horror film or the political horror film: pard, we could dig the gold right out of the ground with our bare hands here, if we wanted to. Here is a corner of the old horror-film corral where even such an abysmal little wet fart of a picture as *The Horror of Party Beach* will yield a technological aspect upon analysis—you see, all those beach-blanket boppers in their bikinis and ball huggers are being menaced by monsters that were created when drums of radioactive waste leaked. But not to worry; although a few girls get carved up, all comes right in the end in time for one last wiener roast before school starts again.

The concerns of the technohorror films of the Sixties and Seventies change with the concerns of the people who lived through those times; the Big Bug movies give way to pictures such as *The Forbin Project* ("The Software That Conquered the World") and *2001*, which offer us the possibility of the computer as God, or the even nastier idea (ludicrously executed, I'll readily admit) of the computer as satyr that is laboriously produced in *Demon Seed* and *Saturn 3*. In the Sixties, horror proceeds from a vision of technology as an octopus—perhaps sentient—burying us alive in red tape and information-retrieval systems that are terrible when they work (*The Forbin Project*) and even more terrible when they don't: In *The Andromeda Strain*, for instance, a small scrap of paper gets caught in the striker of a teletype machine, keeps the bell from ringing and thereby (in a fashion Rube Goldberg certainly would have approved of) nearly causes the end of the world.

Finally, there are the Seventies, culminating in John Frankenheimer's not-very-good but certainly well-meant film *Prophecy*, which is so strikingly similar to those Fifties Big Bug movies (only the first cause has changed), and *The China Syndrome*, a horror movie that synthesizes all three of these major technological fears: fear of radiation, fear for the ecology, fear of the machinery gone out of control.

Even such a much-loved American institution as the motor vehicle has not entirely escaped the troubled dreams of Hollywood: before being run out of his mortgaged house in Amityville, James Brolin had to face the terrors of *The Car* (1977), a customized something or other that looked like a squatty airport limo from one of hell's used-car lots. The movie degenerates into a ho-hum piece of hackwork before the end of the second reel (the sort of movie in which you can safely go out for a popcorn refill at certain intervals because you know the car isn't going to strike again for ten minutes or so), but there is a marvelous opening sequence in which the car chases two bicyclists through Utah's Zion National Park, its horn blatting arrhythmically as it gains on them and finally runs them down. There's something working in that opening that calls up a deep, almost primitive unease about the cars we zip ourselves into, thereby becoming anonymous . . . and perhaps homicidal.

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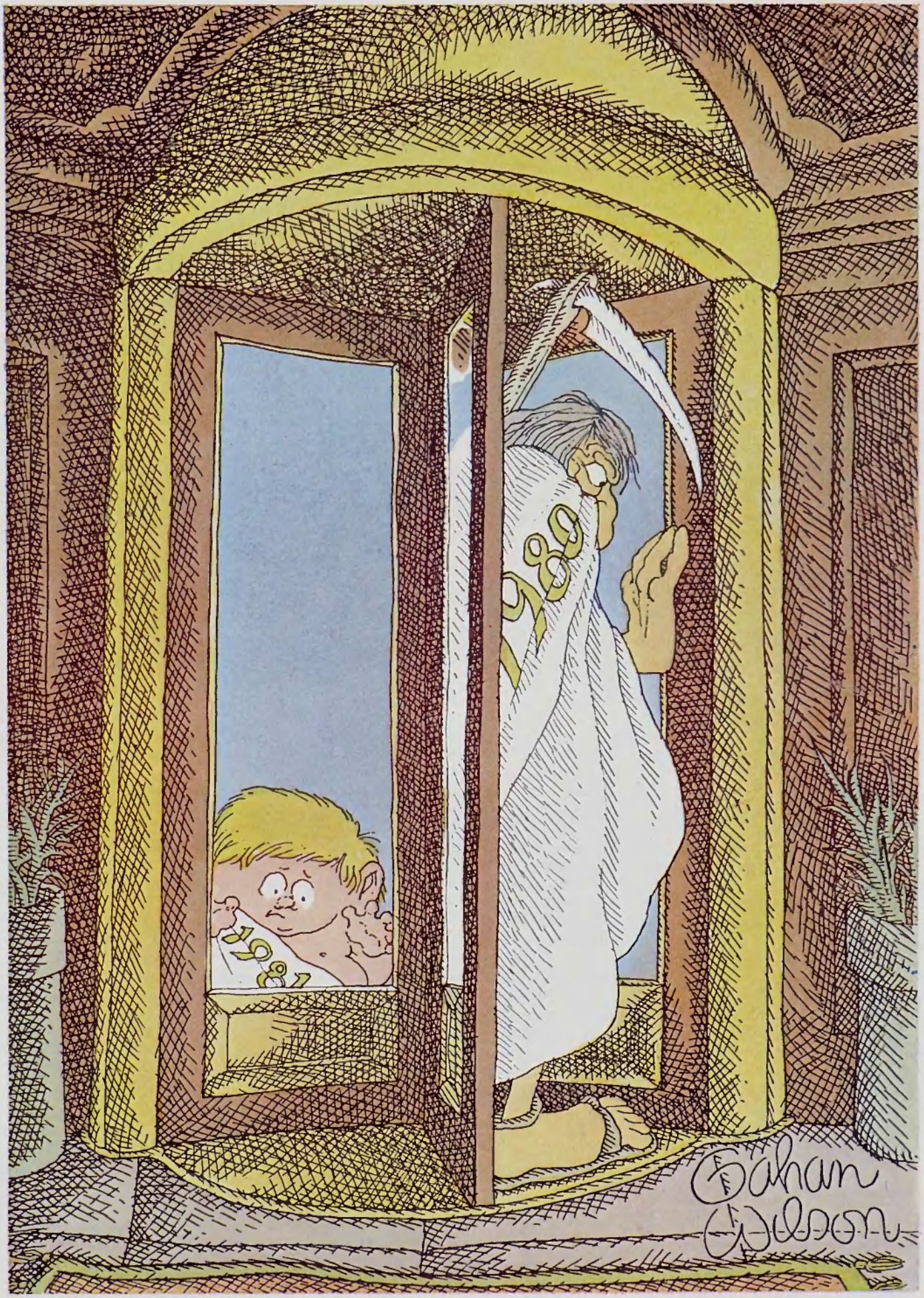
There have been a few films that have tried to walk the border line between horror and social satire; one of those that seems to me to tread this border line most successfully is *The Stepford Wives*. The film is based on the novel by Ira Levin, and Levin has actually been able to pull this difficult trick off twice, the other case being that of *Rosemary's*


1980
1981
Graham Wilson

Baby. The Stepford Wives has some witty things to say about women's liberation and some disquieting things to say about the American male's response to it.

It is as satiric as the best of Stanley Kubrick's work (though a good deal less elegant), and I defy an audience not to laugh when Katharine Ross and Paula Prentiss step into the home of a neighbor (he's the local druggist, and a Walter Mitty type if ever there were one) and hear his wife moaning upstairs, "Oh, Frank, you're the greatest . . . Frank, you're the best . . . you're the champ. . . ."

The original Levin story avoided the label "horror novel" (something like the label "pariah dog" in the more exalted circles of literary criticism) because most critics saw it as Levin's sly poke at the women's movement. But the scarier implications of Levin's jape are not directed at women at all; they are aimed unerringly at those men who consider it only their due to leave for the golf course on Saturday morning after breakfast has been served to them and to reappear (loaded, more likely than not) in time for their dinner to be served to them. After some uneasy backing and filling—during which it seems unsure of just what it does want to be—the film does, indeed, become a social horror story.

Katharine Ross and her husband (played by Peter Masterson) move from New York City to Stepford, a Connecticut suburb, because they feel it will be better for the children, and themselves as well. Stepford is a perfect little village where children wait good-humoredly for the school bus, where you can see two or three fellows washing their cars on any given day, where (you feel) the yearly United Fund quota is not only met but exceeded.

Yet there's a strangeness in Stepford. A lot of the wives seem a little, well, spacy. Pretty, always attired in flowing dresses that are almost gowns (a place where the movie slips, I think; as a labeling device, it's pretty crude. These women might as well be wearing stickers pasted to their foreheads that read I AM ONE OF THE WEIRD STEPFORD WIVES), they all drive station wagons, discuss housework with an inordinate degree of enthusiasm and seem to spend any spare time at the supermarket.

One of the Stepford wives (one of the *weird* ones) cracks her head in a minor parking-lot fender bender; later, we see her at a lawn party, repeating over and over again, "I simply *must* get that recipe . . . I simply *must* get that recipe . . . I simply *must* . . . ." The secret of Stepford becomes clear immediately: These women are *robots*. Freud, in a tone that sounded suspiciously like despair, asked, "Woman . . . what does she want?" Bryan Forbes and company ask the opposite question and come up with a stinging answer. Men, the film says, do not want women; they want robots with sex organs.

There are several funny scenes in the movie; my own favorite comes when, at a women's bitch session that Ross and Prentiss have arranged, the Stepford wives begin discussing cleaning products and laundry soaps with a slow and yet earnest intensity; everyone seems to have walked right into one of those commercials Madison Avenue male execs sometimes refer to as "two Cs in a K"—meaning two cunts in a kitchen.

But the movie waltzes slowly out of this brightly lit room of social satire and into a darker chamber by far. We feel the ring closing, first around Prentiss, then around Ross.

Stepford, a bedroom community serving a number of high-technology software companies, is exactly the wrong place for New Women such as Prentiss and Ross to have landed, we find. Instead of playing poker and drinking beer at the local Men's Association, the Stepford Husbands are creating counterfeit women: the final sellout in which the real women are replaced with their Malibu Barbie counterparts is left for the viewer to grapple with. The fact that we don't actually know the answers to how some of these things are done, or where the bodies are being buried—if there are, indeed, bodies once the change-over is complete—gives the film a grim, surrealist feel that is almost unique in the annals of modern horror films.

The movie reserves its ultimate horror and its most telling social shot for its closing moments when the "new" Ross walks in on the old one . . . perhaps, we think, to murder her. Under her flowing negligee, which might have come from Frederick's of Hollywood, we see Ross's rather small breasts built up to the size of what men discussing women over beers sometimes refer to as "knockers." And, of course, they are no longer the woman's breasts at all; they now belong solely to her husband. The dummy is not quite complete, however; there are two horrible black pools where the eyes should be. The best social horror movies achieve their effect by implication, and *The Stepford Wives*, by showing us only the surface of things and never troubling to explain exactly how these things are done, implies plenty.

Another film that relies on the unease generated by changing mores is William Friedkin's *The Exorcist*, and I'll not bore you by rehashing the plot; I'll simply assume that if your interest in the genre has been sufficient to sustain you this far, you've probably seen it.

If the late Fifties and early Sixties were the curtain raiser on the generation gap, the seven years from 1966 to 1972 were the play itself. Little Richard, who had horrified parents in the Fifties when he leaped atop his piano and began boogieing on it in his lizardskin loafers, looked tame next to John Lennon, who proclaimed that the Beatles were more popular than Jesus—a statement that set off a rash of fundamentalist record burnings.

It was more than a generation gap. The two generations seemed, like the San Andreas Fault, to be moving along opposing plates of social and cultural conscience, commitment and definitions of civilized behavior itself. And with all of this young-*vs.*-old nuttiness as a backdrop, Friedkin's film appeared and became a social phenomenon in itself. Lines stretched around the block in every major city where it played, and even in towns that normally rolled up their sidewalks promptly at 7:30 p.m., midnight shows were scheduled. Church groups picketed; sociologists pontificated; newscasters did back-of-the-book segments for their programs on slow nights. The country, in fact, went on a two-month possession jag.

The movie (and the novel) is nominally about the attempts of two priests to cast a demon out of young Regan MacNeil, of course, a pretty little subteen played by Linda Blair (who later went on to a *High Noon* showdown with a bathroom plunger in the infamous NBC movie *Born Innocent*). Substantively, however, it is a film about explosive social change, a finely honed focusing point for that entire youth explosion that occurred in the late Sixties and early Seventies. It was a movie for all those parents who felt, in a kind of agony and terror, that they were losing their children and could not understand why or how it was happening. It's the face of the Werewolf, a Jekyll-and-Hyde tale in which sweet, lovely and loving Regan turns into a foul-talking monster strapped into her bed and croaking (in the voice of Mercedes McCambridge) such charming homilies as "You're going to let Jesus fuck you, fuck you, fuck you." Religious trappings aside, every adult in America understood what the film's powerful subtext was saying; they understood that the demon in Regan would have responded enthusiastically to the Fish Cheer at Woodstock.

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A Warner Bros. executive told me recently that movie surveys show the average filmgoer to be 15 years of age, which may be the biggest reason the movies so often seem afflicted with a terminal case of arrested development. For every film like *Julia* or *The Turning Point*, there are a dozen like *Roller Boogie* and *If You Don't Stop It, You'll Go Blind*. But it is worth noting that when the infrequent blockbusters that every film producer hopes for finally come along—pictures like *Star Wars*, *Jaws*, *American Graffiti*, *The Godfather*,

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Gone with the Wind and, of course, *The Exorcist*—they always break the demographic hammer lock that is the enemy of intelligent film making. It is comparatively rare for horror movies to do this, but *The Exorcist* is a case in point (and we have already spoken of *The Amityville Horror*, another film that has enjoyed a surprisingly old audience).

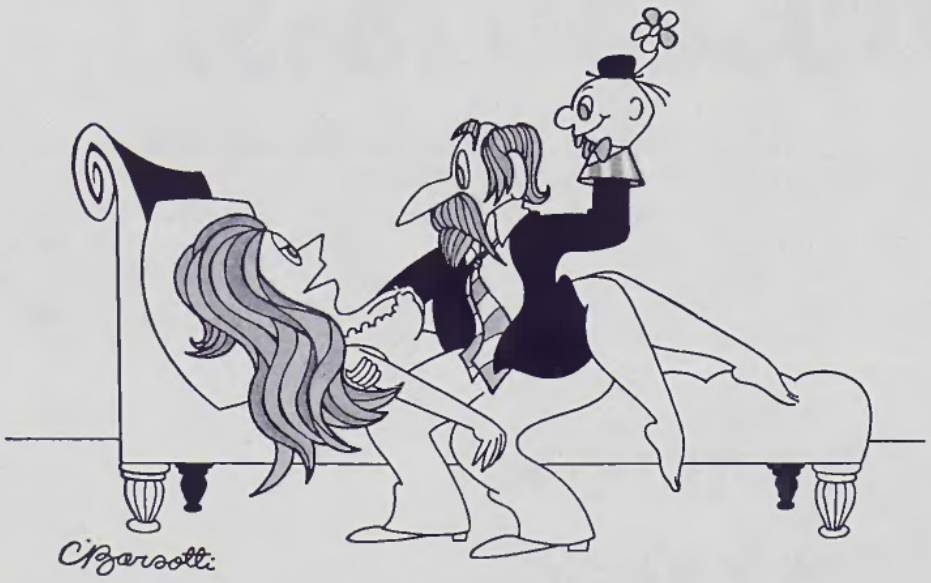
A film that appealed directly to the 15-year-olds who provide the spike point for moviegoing audiences—and one with a subtext tailored to match—was the Brian De Palma adaptation of my novel, *Carrie*. While I believe that both the book and the film depend on largely the same social situations to provide a text and a subtext of horror, there's enough difference to make interesting observations on De Palma's film version.

Both novel and movie have a pleasant *High School Confidential* feel, and while there are some superficial changes from the book in the film (Carrie's mother, for instance, seems to be presented in the film as a kind of weird renegade Roman Catholic), the basic story skeleton is pretty much the same. The story deals with a girl named Carrie White, the browbeaten daughter of a religious fanatic. Because of her strange clothes and shy mannerisms, Carrie is the butt of every class joke, the social outsider in every situation. She also has a mild telekinetic ability that intensifies after her first menstrual period, and she finally uses that power to "bring down the house" following a terrible social disaster at her high school prom.

De Palma's approach to the material is lighter and more deft than my own—and a good deal more artistic; the book tries to deal with the loneliness of one girl, her desperate effort to become a part of the peer society in which she must exist, and the failure of that effort. If this deliberate updating of *High School Confidential* has any thesis to offer, it is that high school is a place of almost bottomless conservatism and bigotry, a place where adolescents are no more allowed to rise above their station than a Hindu would be allowed to rise above his caste.

But there's a little more subtext to the book than that—at least, I hope so. If *The Stepford Wives* concerns itself with what men want from women, then *Carrie* is largely about how women find their own channels of power and what men fear about women and women's sexuality—which is only to say that, writing the book in 1973 and out of college only three years, I was fully aware of what women's liberation implied for me and others of my sex. The book is, in its more adult implications, an uneasy masculine shrinking from a future of female equality. For me, Carrie is a sadly misused teenager, an example of the sort of person whose spirit is so often broken for good in that pit of man- and woman-eaters that is your normal suburban high school. But she's also Woman, feeling her powers for the first time, and, like Samson, pulling down the temple on everyone in sight at the end of the book.

Heavy, turgid stuff—but in the novel, it's there only if you want to take it. If you don't, that's OK with me. A subtext works well only if it's unobtrusive (in that, I perhaps succeeded too well; in her review of De Palma's film, Pauline Kael dismissed my novel as "an unassuming potboiler"—as depressing a description as one could imagine but not completely inaccurate).



"I don't care. I don't want him to watch."

De Palma's film is up to more ambitious things. As in *The Stepford Wives*, humor and horror exist side by side in *Carrie*, playing off each other, and it is only as the film nears its conclusion that horror takes over completely. We see Billy Nolan (well played by John Travolta) giving the cops a big aw-shucks grin as he hides a beer against his crotch early on; it is a moment reminiscent of *American Graffiti*. Not long after, however, we see him swinging a sledge hammer at the head of a pig in a stockyard—the aw-shucks grin has crossed the line into madness, somehow, and that line crossing is what the film as a whole is about.

We see three boys (one of them the film's nominal hero, played by William Katt) trying on tuxedos for the prom in a kind of Gas House Kids routine that includes Donald Duck talk and speeded-up action. We see the girls who have humiliated Carrie in the shower room, by throwing tampons and sanitary napkins at her, doing penance on the exercise field to tootling, lumbering music that is reminiscent of *Baby Elephant Walk*. And yet beyond all these sophomoric and mildly amusing high school cutups, we sense a vacuous, almost unfocused hate, the almost unplanned revenge upon a girl who is trying to rise above her station. Much of De Palma's film is surprisingly jolly, but we sense that his jocoseness is dangerous: Behind it lurks the aw-shucks grin becoming a frozen rictus, and the girls laboring over their calisthenics are the same girls who shouted "Plug it up, plug it up, plug it up!" at Carrie not long before. Most of all, there is that bucket of pig's blood poised on the beam above the place where Carrie and Tommy will eventually be crowned . . . only waiting its time.

The film came along at a time when movie critics were bewailing the fact that there were no movies being made with good, meaty roles for women in them . . . but none of those critics seems to have noticed that in its film incarnation, *Carrie* belongs almost entirely to the ladies. Billy Nolan, a major—and frightening—character in the book, has been reduced to a semisupporting role in the movie. Tommy, the boy who takes Carrie to the prom, is presented in the novel as a boy who is honestly trying to do something manly—in his own way, he is trying to opt out of the caste system. In the film, however, he becomes little more than his girlfriend's cat's-paw, her tool of atonement for her part in the shower-room scene.

"I don't go around with anyone I don't want to," Tommy says patiently. "I'm asking because I want to ask you." Ultimately, he knew this to be the truth.

In the film, however, when Carrie asks Tommy why he is favoring her with

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an invitation to the prom, he offers her a dizzy sun-'n'-surf grin and says, "Because you liked my poem." Which, by the way, his girlfriend had written.

The novel views high school in a fairly common way: as that pit of man- and woman-eaters already mentioned. De Palma's social stance is more original: he sees this suburban white kids' high school as a kind of matriarchy. No matter where you look, there are girls behind the scenes, pulling invisible wires, rigging elections, using their boyfriends as stalking horses. Against such a backdrop, Carrie becomes doubly pitiful, because she is unable to do any of those things—she can only wait to be saved or damned by the actions of others. Her only power is her telekinetic ability, and both book and movie eventually arrive at the same point: Carrie uses her "wild talent" to pull down the whole rotten society. And one reason for the success of the story in both print and film, I think, lies in this: Carrie's revenge is something that any student who ever had his gym shorts pulled down in phys ed or his glasses thumb-rubbed in study hall could approve of. In Carrie's destruction of the gym (and her destructive walk back home in the book, a sequence left out of the movie because of tight budgeting), we see a dream revolution of the socially downtrodden.

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The movies I have been discussing are those that try to link real (if sometimes free-floating) anxieties to the nightmare fears of the horror film. But now, let me put out even this dim light of rationality and discuss a few of those films whose effects go considerably deeper, past the rational and into those fears that seem universal.

Here is where we cross into the taboo lands for sure, and it's best to be frank up front. I think that we're all mentally ill; those of us outside the asylums only hide it a little better—and maybe not all that much better, after all. We've all known people who talk to themselves, people who sometimes squinch their faces into horrible grimaces when they believe no one is watching, people who have some hysterical fear—of snakes, the dark, the tight place, the long drop . . . and, of course, those final worms and grubs that are waiting so patiently underground.

When we pay our four or five bucks and seat ourselves at tenth-row center in a theater showing a horror movie, we are daring the nightmare.

Why? Some of the reasons are simple and obvious. To show that we can, that we are not afraid, that we can ride this roller coaster. Which is not to say that a really good horror movie may not surprise a scream out of us at some point, the way we may scream when the roller coaster twists through a complete 360 or plows through a lake at the bottom of the drop. And horror movies, like roller coasters, have always been the special province of the young; by the time one turns 40 or 50, one's appetite for double twists or 360-degree loops may be considerably depleted.

We also go to re-establish our feeling of essential normality; the horror movie is innately conservative, even reactionary. Freda Jackson as the horrible melting woman in *Die, Monster, Die!* confirms for us that no matter how far we may be removed from the beauty of a Robert Redford or a Diana Ross, we are still light-years from true ugliness.

And we go to have fun.

Ah, but this is where the ground starts to slope away, isn't it? Because this is a very peculiar sort of fun, indeed. The fun comes from seeing others menaced—sometimes killed. One critic has suggested that if pro football has become the voyeur's version of combat, then the horror film has become the modern version of the public lynching.

It is true that the mythic, "fairy-tale" horror film intends to take away the shades of gray (which is one reason *When a Stranger Calls* doesn't work; the psycho, well and honestly played by Tony Beckley, is a poor schmuck beset by the miseries of his own psychosis; our unwilling sympathy for him dilutes the film's success as surely as water dilutes Scotch); it urges us to put away our more civilized and adult penchant for analysis and to become children again, seeing things in pure blacks and whites. It may be that horror movies provide psychic relief on this level because this invitation to lapse into simplicity, irrationality and even outright madness is extended so rarely. We are told we may allow our emotions a free rein . . . or no rein at all.

If we are all insane, then sanity becomes a matter of degree. If your insanity leads you to carve up women like Jack the Ripper or the Cleveland Torso Murderer, we clap you away in the funny farm (but neither of those two amateur-night surgeons was ever caught, heh-heh-heh); if, on the other hand, your insanity leads you only to talk to yourself when you're under stress or to pick your nose on your morning bus, then you are left alone to go about your business . . . though it is doubtful that you will ever be invited to the best parties.

The potential lyncher is in almost all of us (excluding saints, past and present; but then, most saints have been crazy in their own ways), and every now and then, he has to be let loose to scream and roll around in the grass. Our emotions and our fears form their own body, and we recognize that it demands its own exercise to maintain proper muscle tone. Certain of these emotional muscles are accepted—even exalted—in civilized society; they are, of course, the emotions that tend to maintain the status quo of civilization itself. Love, friendship, loyalty, kindness—these are all the emotions that we applaud, emotions that have been immortalized in the couplets of Hallmark cards and in the verses (I don't dare call it poetry) of Leonard Nimoy.

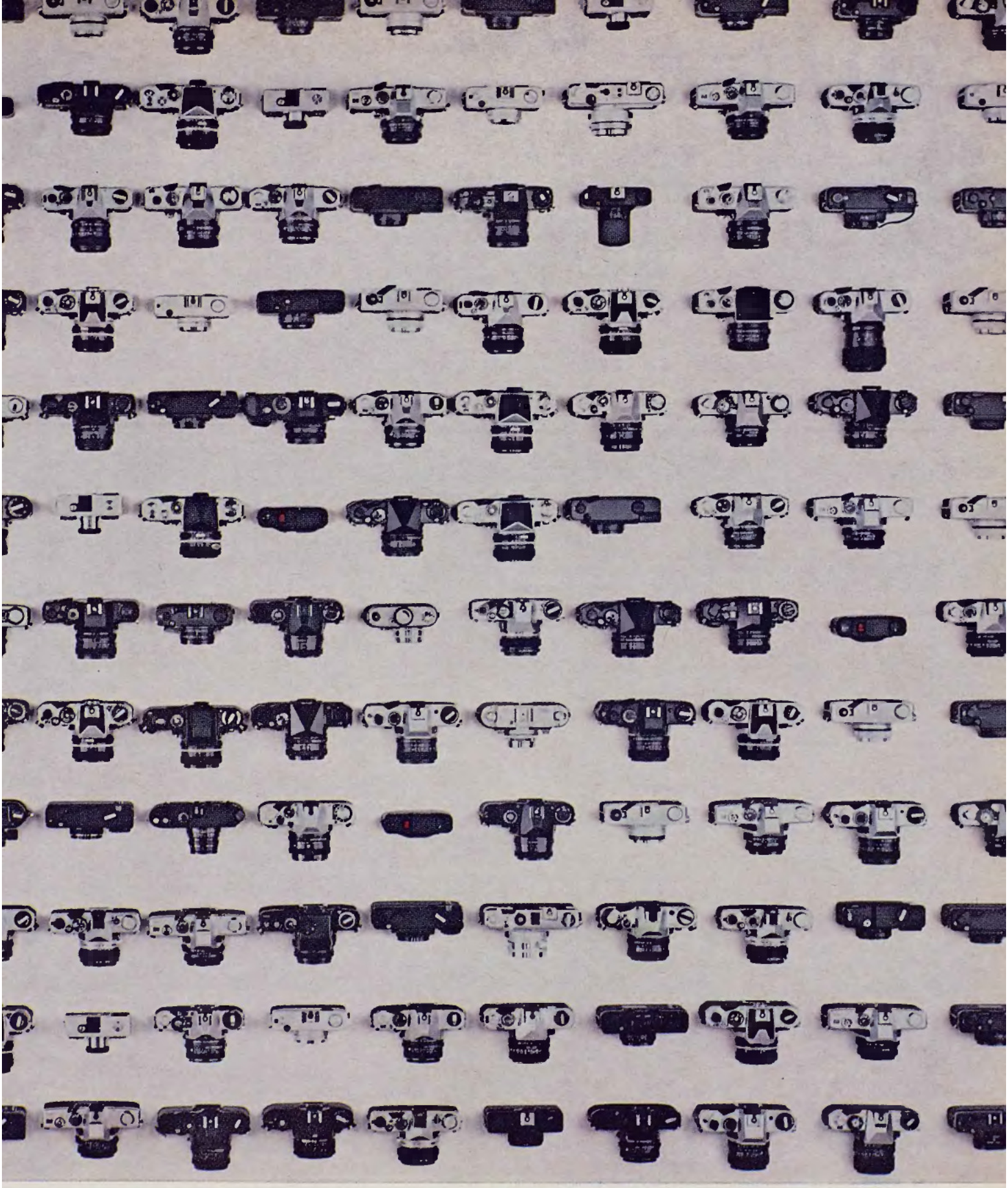
When we exhibit these emotions, society showers us with positive reinforcement; we learn this even before we get out of diapers. When, as children, we hug our rotten little puke of a sister and give her a kiss, all the aunts and uncles smile and twit and cry, "Isn't he the sweetest little thing?" Such coveted treats as chocolate-covered graham crackers often follow. But if we deliberately slam the rotten little puke of a sister's fingers in the door, sanctions follow—angry remonstrance from parents, aunts and uncles; instead of a chocolate-covered graham cracker, a spanking.

But anticivilization emotions don't go away, and they demand periodic exercise. We have such "sick" jokes as, "What's the difference between a truckload of bowling balls and a truckload of dead babies?" (You can't unload a truckload of bowling balls with a pitchfork . . . a joke, by the way, that I heard originally from a ten-year-old). Such a joke may surprise a laugh or a grin out of us even as we recoil, a possibility that confirms the thesis: If we share a brotherhood of man, then we also share an insanity of man. None of which is intended as a defense of either the sick joke or insanity but merely as an explanation of why the best horror films, like the best fairy tales, manage to be reactionary, anarchistic and revolutionary all at the same time.

The mythic horror movie, like the sick joke, has a dirty job to do. It deliberately appeals to all that is worst in us. It is morbidity unchained, our most base instincts let free, our nastiest fantasies realized . . . and it all happens, fittingly enough, in the dark. For those reasons, good liberals often shy away from horror films. For myself, I like to see the most aggressive of them—*Dawn of the Dead*, for instance—as lifting a trap door in the civilized forebrain and throwing a basket of raw meat to the hungry alligators swimming around in that subterranean river beneath.

Why bother? Because it keeps them from getting out, man. It keeps them down there and me up here. It was Lennon and McCartney who said that all you need is love, and I would agree with that.

As long as you keep the gators fed.



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NEW MORAL RIGHT

(continued from page 118)

"Billings, Potter and the others had gathered to design a new moral society for the U.S."

as a group of trigger-happy nuclear Cold Warriors whose specialty was fantasizing Communist conspiracies. Regularly, such right-wing luminaries as Robert Welch, Phyllis Schlafly and Robert Shelton would discover and then document Communist conspiracies behind such things as decisions of the United States Supreme Court or the levels of fluoride in the nation's water supply.

An isolated, contentious faction, the far right surfaced every election year, voiced a reactionary program for the country and was trounced again and again by moderate and progressive coalitions. Few people took it seriously. Its mildest critics suggested that its programs for America were simply fascist—and consequently more dangerous for the nation than even the wildest Communist conspiracies.

But the far right was nothing if not tenacious, and the most visible of its groups were also the most vociferous. Three organizations—the Ku Klux Klan, the John Birch Society and the Eagle Forum—have been around long enough to enter the folklore, if not the vernacular, of American political horror stories.

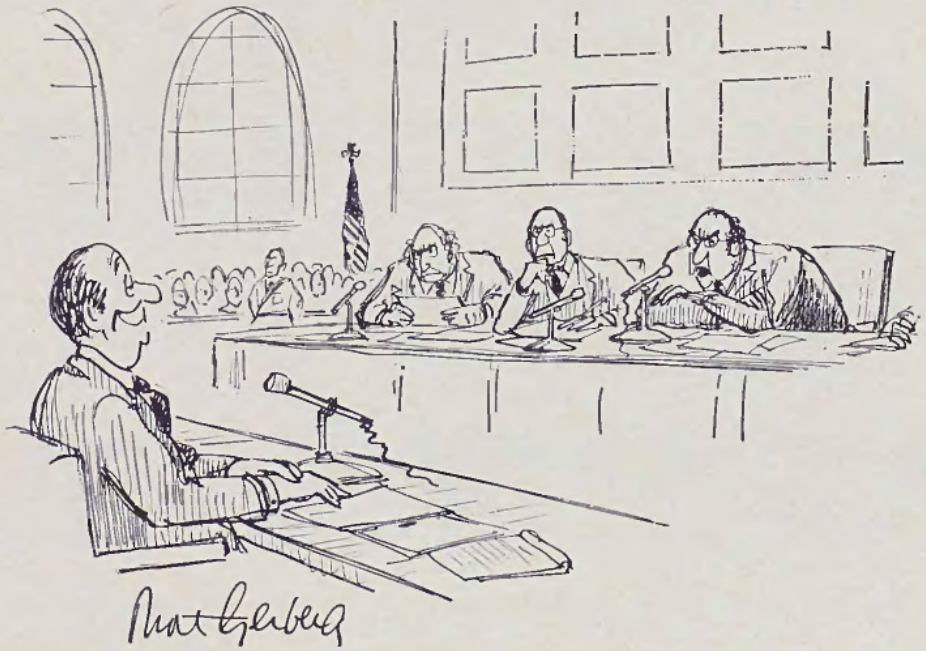
Any person who has attended a Klan rally—or even seen one dramatized—and listened to the Klan's depraved litany of hate for blacks, Jews, Roman Catholics and Communists does not have to be warned of the dangers inherent if that group were ever to hold a position of national power. The same is true of the rantings of the John Birch Society and the Eagle Forum. The Birchers distinguished themselves in the public mind by declaring that General Dwight Eisenhower, the 34th President of the United States, was an "active agent of the Communist conspiracy." While the tactics of the John Birch Society have yet to include cross burnings, its list of enemies of the United States is almost as exhaustive as the litany of the Klan.

The Eagle Forum is the most recent of the three groups to have attracted national attention. It served as an anti-Communist, anti-E.R.A. soapbox for the organization's leader, Phyllis Schlafly. In the spring of 1960, Robert Welch, the founder of the John Birch Society, described Schlafly as a "very loyal member" of his organization. As Schlafly moved her Eagle Forum into the national political arena to attack the Equal Rights Amendment, she identified as enemies of America the same groups attacked by the Klan and the Birchers. But the extent to which she would go to expose Communist conspiracies had been established years earlier, during the Korean War. According to a former resident of Schlafly's home town of Alton, Illinois, she once mailed Christmas cards containing a poem about a woman who purchased an imported Polish ham in the United States. According to Schlafly, the money spent for the ham then went to a Russian munitions plant, and from there to Korea, where the woman's son was "killed in your kitchen by a canned Polish ham."

There were countless groups that did not share the extremism of the far right but from which it could anticipate support. The majority of those splinter groups considered themselves politically conservative rather than right wing. But they shared an unspoken hostility to those enemies the right regularly denounced—blacks, labor unions, Communists, immigrants and persons dependent on welfare. So the right could depend on support from, among others, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Young Americans for Freedom, the Defenders of American Liberties, America Wake Up, the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade, the American Freedoms Foundation, the American Committee to Free Cuba, Americans for Law and Order, the American Conservative Union, the Conservative Society of America, the Legion for the Survival of Freedom, the Liberty Lobby, the Life Line Foundation, the National States Rights Party and the Women for Constitutional Government.

In more recent years, other organizations not only volunteered their support and services to the right wing but assumed *responsibility* for implementing its reactionary agenda for the country. These groups included the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, the National Conservative Political Action Committee, the Conservative Caucus, the Moral Majority, the Christian Voice, the Religious Round Table and the National Association for the Advancement of White People. Such organizations, while undeniably important politically, remained insufficient if the right were ever to make a major political move on the national scene.

That was proved to be the case in 1964, when the far right eagerly tested the nation's political waters. To have a national impact, the right's leaders knew they needed two political advantages: control of either the Democratic Party or the Republican Party and a solid, loyal bloc of votes within that party. Since most right-wing and conservative voters generally identified themselves as Republicans, the right took direct aim at the Republican Party. And in order to take control



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NEW RIGHT AND OLD PARANOIA

(continued from page 118)

willfully seek to betray their public trust. Senators who supported the Panama Canal treaties—two thirds of all Senators, in fact—are perceived to have done so not because they considered it, even if mistakenly, to be in the national interest but because, for some unfathomable reason, they actually wished to weaken and betray our country. Perceived in that way, we are not merely political opponents to be opposed and outvoted if possible but enemies to be eliminated—"targeted" is one of their favorite words.

Punishment, revenge, targeting and other such Draconian terms make up the working political vocabulary of the New Right. Even as an avowed liberal who has engaged in heated debates with conservatives on many foreign and domestic issues in the course of 18 years in the Senate, I find this militant vocabulary startlingly new. To the best of my knowledge, neither Senator John Stennis nor Senator Goldwater, for example, both advocates of certain kinds of military spending that I have thought excessive, have cherished hopes of punishing me, literally or figuratively. But to the radical right, by contrast, policy differences are not questions of judgment to be negotiated and compromised but are conflicts between absolute good and absolute evil to be fought out to a finish. New Right activists are best understood not as political operators of the kind familiar to both Republican and Democratic parties but as political theologians, priestly exorcists, in the service of a cause without content.

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The driving force of the New Right is fear, born of the crises and uncertainties of our age. We have lived, over the past 50 years, in a condition of more or less permanent crisis: the Great Depression and the Second World War, the Korean War and the Cold War, the divisive and unsuccessful war in Vietnam, recurrent confrontations with the other superpower set against the threat of nuclear war, the unanticipated energy crisis, and now, largely as a result of those other strains, the gradual slide of our economy into diminishing productivity, declining living standards and apparently permanent inflation. As time passes and these problems persist, defying solution, seeming to grow worse instead of better, the conviction takes hold that events are out of control, that our problems are intractable and government is helpless to alleviate them. In such surroundings, paranoid fear, which is always rooted *partly* in reality, takes root and flourishes, extending beyond the bounds of reality into a fantasy world of nightmare and menace. A pervading sense of helplessness takes hold: Foreign adversaries are seen as growing more powerful and threatening while our own country is seen as growing steadily weaker and more helpless.

The essential characteristic of these fears, which makes them more difficult to deal with, is that they are not so much false as distorted and exaggerated: The Soviet Union *is* powerful and threatening and our own relative power in the world *has* declined, as it had to from the days when much of the rest of the world lay prostrate from the ravages of World War Two. The paranoid element is in the leap beyond these facts, to the perception of the Soviet Union as not just powerful and ambitious but as all-powerful and recklessly relentless in the pursuit of its ambitions, and the perception of ourselves as not simply reduced in relative power, from primacy to something closer to parity, but, diminished and humiliated, reduced, in the paranoid perception, to the "pitiful, helpless giant" of Richard Nixon's conjuring.

Helpless is perhaps the key word. There being nothing more intolerable than to feel helpless against problem and threat, the paranoid mind redefines the problem in terms of causes that can be ascertained and acted upon. The rivalry with the Soviet Union ceases to be a circumstance of modern history—who can do anything about that?—and becomes instead the result of the willful stripping away of our nation's strength by deluded or treasonous liberals. Trends, forces and circumstances are unsatisfactory targets for the fear-driven wrath of our extremists of the right. Conspiracies and scapegoats are required—conspiracies because they can be readily ascertained and convincingly denounced, and scapegoats because they can be reached and punished. A serviceable scapegoat must be, of course, almost by definition, accessible. It is noteworthy that the New Right has little to say about Brezhnev or Castro, just as McCarthy seldom mentioned Stalin. Its maledictions are directed instead against other Americans—"liberals" who, unlike Brezhnev and Castro, are accessible through its media blitzes and direct mailings.

Aside from the suspicion, malice and ill will generated by the paranoid politics of the New Right, the principal harm wrought by its fear-and-hate campaigns is the degradation of political dialog in our country. Attention is distracted from the serious, pressing issues that government can and should act upon—inflation, unemployment, taxes, housing, health care, the SALT treaty, the defense budget—and the political dialog is diverted into demeaning irrelevancies; issues, for example, of private morality and personal lifestyle that, in a free society, are only marginally if at all the Government's business.

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For my own part, I have no particular reluctance to discuss these matters, but I would prefer to do so as an individual rather than as a public official, because private matters are not the business of public officials. I personally feel no need of the preachments of the radical right for guidance in the love of God and family, and I doubt that the citizens of South Dakota need or want such guidance from me or any other public servant, because that is not what they hired us for. And if they did not hire public servants to lecture them on personal morality, I doubt that they require that service from self-appointed political zealots who, in Samuel Butler's phrase, would be "equally horrified at hearing the Christian religion doubted, and at seeing it practiced." There is a big difference between *moralizing* and *morality* in politics. Moralizing, in which the New Right specializes, consists primarily in condemning the behavior and opinions of others. Morality has more to do with one's own standards and personal example.

Having pointed with alarm to the excesses of the New Right, and to the degradation of the political process caused by its zealotry and unprincipled methods, I conclude, nonetheless, with an expression of qualified optimism for the restoration of civility to our politics. My optimism is based on the track records of paranoid political movements in the past: They tend, after doing greater or lesser harm, to burn out, becoming victims of their own narrowness, obsession with ideological purity and basic poverty of ideas. They tend to weary and alienate their audience with scarcely credible charges and repetitious invective, like Mark Twain's preacher in *Tom Sawyer*, who "dealt in limitless fire and brimstone and thinned the predestined elect down to a company so small as to be hardly worth the saving."

of it, the right-wing leaders carefully studied the national structure of the G.O.P. to locate within that structure the most vulnerable geographical region from which to launch a move.

For over 100 years, the Republican Party in the Deep South was a political anomaly. Those were the years of the "Solid South Democrats," and Dixie was the land of "Yellow Dog Democrats" who continued to blame Reconstruction and the Great Depression on the party of Lincoln and Herbert Hoover. There was a Republican Party present in the South, but its leadership was, if not moribund, at least only titular. The national Republican Party, believing it would never win an election in the South, tolerated as rather decent eccentrics the polite Southern Republicans who appeared every four years for national party conventions. But the party still granted those delegates votes.

Within the agenda of the right wing, the South would be the foothold. It would take Dixie away from the polite, addled Republican leadership and drive a wedge through the national Republican Party with votes from Southern delegates. All that was needed was a bit of luck.

In 1960, the right's prayers were answered. That year, the once-solid South of the Democrats fractured. Rather than cast their votes for a Roman Catholic, Southern Protestant Democrats bolted the party as they had done in the racist Dixiecrat movement of 1948. As the far right studied the 1960 fracture, it realized there were two issues it could successfully exploit—the South's religious bigotry and the virulent racism that was surfacing as a political response to the early days of the Southern civil rights movement.

Exploiting the convulsive racial situation in Dixie proved to be a gold mine for the right wing. The old-line Republican leadership was discarded and replaced by right-wingers. Southern Democrats were encouraged to join a party that had not "betrayed" them on the issue of civil rights. The right's candidate for President, Barry Goldwater, was said to be a man who would have states rights at the top of his list of priorities. And few Deep South Democrats were left unaffected by far-right attacks—in the name of the national Republican Party—on the United States Supreme Court and its 1954 school-desegregation decision. By 1964, the right wing of the Republican Party was prepared to take over the San Francisco Republican Convention with its own "solid South."

Interestingly, years later, on a December morning in Washington, those same tactics would be recalled by participants

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in a meeting of right-wing extremists. The same national party would be identified by the persons at the meeting as politically vulnerable, and the regional issue of race baiting would be conveniently replaced with a national issue disguised as pro-family morality. And just as in 1964, identical right-wing issues such as opposition to labor unions, hysteria over communism, hostility to blacks and provocative, anti-Soviet militarism would remain intact.

But the crushing defeat of those positions in the 1964 Presidential election had apparently gone unnoticed by the right wing. Following its repudiation at the polls, it was only momentarily paralyzed. It had not been defeated by the voters of America, the right wing rationalized; it had simply been *betrayed* by them. The right would hold firm to its issues, believing that one day it would find another politician like Goldwater who would enable it to capture the votes—if not the trust—of the American people long enough to seize power and carry out its plans.

From the right-wing movement of 1964, a number of groups emerged and flourished. Recognizing the fact that Goldwater would not be nominated again by the Republicans, they then identified as their leader Ronald Reagan of California. They backed Reagan in 1968 when he sought to make a deal with Nelson Rockefeller that would block the nomination of Nixon for President at Miami. And in the Nixon campaigns of 1968 and 1972, they begrudgingly gave Nixon tepid support. Then, in 1976, the far right aggressively supported Reagan for the Republican Presidential nomination, only to feel itself not defeated but betrayed once again when it lost at the Kansas City convention. "Secret kingmakers," Schlafly had written in 1964, "using hidden persuaders and psychological-warfare techniques, manipulated the Republican National Convention to nominate candidates who had side-stepped or suppressed the key issues."

Within the right-wing lexicon, those side-stepped and suppressed issues were overt racism, challenges to the Soviet Union to engage in nuclear war and a total assault on the labor movement. To a practical politician, that lexicon would have meant political suicide. Although the Goldwater campaign of 1964 had been destroyed because of those issues, the right pinned those same issues on Reagan and waited until it could support them once again.

By 1980, the far right was organized into one of the most technologically sophisticated, well-oiled political machines in the history of American politics, and it was prepared to do battle to the death for the nomination and election of Reagan. That technological sophistication—plus a formidable amount of the far right's financial support—was developed during the late Seventies, when the right tested its clout on a national level by open opposition to the Panama Canal treaties, abortion and the Equal Rights Amendment, and its efforts to pass a constitutional amendment that would restore prayer in public schools.

Those national moves brought into the far-right fold a number of sympathetic, single-issue groups that the right found could be exploited at the polls. The single-issue groups enabled the right to topple at least two United States Senators, one because of his support for the Panama Canal treaties, the other on the issue of abortion. In each case, the far right manipulated single-issue groups opposed to the treaties or to abortion. But while such *opponents* of various issues might intersect on one single crusade with the right wing's otherwise eclectic ideology, a single-issue group opposing gun control, for instance, and having within its ranks members of organized labor, could not be trusted by the right in an all-out assault on the labor movement.

Clearly, the political far right needed a *total* constituency that could be counted on at all times—a constituency with a parallel history of isolation and a comparable desire for retribution. During those years following the 1964 national disaster, the right sat embittered on the bottom rung of American politics. Then, in the Seventies, as American cable-television systems moved across the nation, it watched with undisguised fascination as American viewers turned their dials and experienced their first contacts with the hell-fire-and-brimstone preaching of evangelical, fundamentalist, electronic ministers.

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Southerners had long been familiar with this brand of fundamentalist Christianity that stood in opposition to all things temporal, that threatened its adherents with the fires of hell if they did not behave and promised its followers the distinct possibility of eternal salvation in heaven if they did. Now each week, millions of Americans were tuning into the cable-system services and sermons of such preachers as Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson, who—through the wonder of television—were delivering those same hell-fire-and-brimstone messages not just to isolated Southern and Bible Belt congregations but to the entire nation.

The televised sermons viewers heard, and to which they were responding with hundreds of thousands of dollars in weekly donations, also seemed more politically motivated than religiously inspired. In fact, they didn't sound much different from the rhetoric of the political far right. It is safe to say that the right-wing ideologues suddenly saw in the new electronic pulpits a certifiable gold mine.

For as the evangelical fundamentalist preachers perceived about themselves a highly complex, technologically sophisticated society drifting irrevocably from their command, the sins they railed against became grave crimes not only against God but against the state.

In a letter to his television followers, Pat Robertson denounced those sins as "a plague of abortion, homosexuality, occultism and pornography, [and] widespread family disintegration." Another passage in the same letter reiterated and dramatized Robertson's concerns. He wrote, "We see a virulent humanism and an anti-God rebellion of which blatant homosexuality, radical feminism, the youth revolt and the Year of the Child, drug abuse, free sex and widespread abortion are just symptoms."

Christian Voice, an organization made up of many representatives from the electronic ministry, identified in its Statement of Purpose "enemies" almost identical to those of the political right wing. Christian Voice said: "The unmistakable signs of moral decay are all around us: Sexual promiscuity and perversion, pornography, legalized abortion, the disparaging of marriage, family and the role of motherhood—all are rampant in our schools, our government and even in many churches. Large segments of our people . . . are no longer proud of America. We believe that America's rapid decline as a world power is . . . a sign that Satan's strategy is on or ahead of schedule."

But simply listing and identifying sins, or even instilling in congregations and television listeners the fear of hell, was no longer enough for the evangelists. They were losing their grasp on a complex American society that no longer respected pat, simplistic solutions. Now it was time to put an *end* to the listed evils, and they perceived that the only way to do that was through legislation.

In an undated fund-raising letter, Falwell wrote to his followers: "In recent months, God has been calling me to do more than just preach—He has called me to take action. I have a divine mandate to go right into the halls of Congress and fight for laws that will save America."

Falwell did not have to elaborate on what those laws would be. His message was implicit. America's evangelical movement was about to step inside the political arena. And waiting there to greet the evangelists and lock arms with them were the far-right political ideologues to whom the religious messages of retribution and doctrinaire discipline

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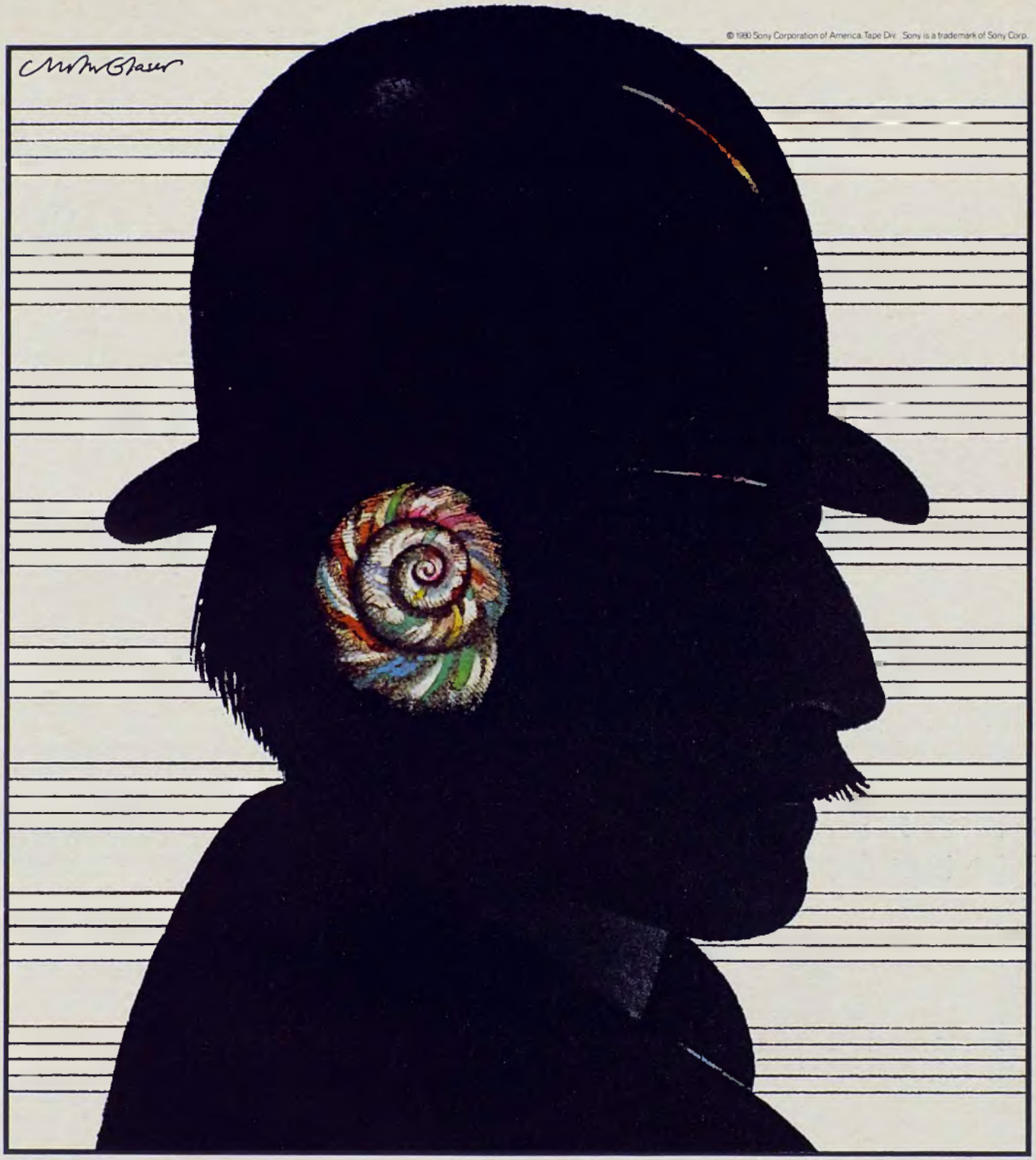

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The American evangelical movement had thus shifted dramatically to the right from its historical foundation. The movement that had led the fight for the abolition of slavery, the extension of public education for all Americans and legislation that guaranteed the rights of women was now ironically presented on the nation's television screens as a religious movement characterized by thinly veiled racism, undisguised hostility to public education and an intractable opposition to women's rights and the Equal Rights Amendment.

Falwell frequently told viewers of his *Old-Time Gospel Hour* that abortion, the Equal Rights Amendment and "secular humanism" in the public schools were violations of a "moral law." Although he never defined that moral law, Falwell wrote when he established Moral Majority that he was helping "local communities fight pornography, homosexuality, obscene school textbooks and other burning issues."

As Falwell established chapters of Moral Majority in various states, the purpose of his national mission was broadened. He instructed his state chapters in the politics of religious expediency. He defined for them what was moral and what was not. By implication, then, political candidates—on the basis of their platforms or voting records—became either pro-moral or nonmoral, and Falwell's Moral Majority followers, held together by his *Old-Time Gospel Hour*, were prepared to defeat any candidate characterized as nonmoral.

It was no accident that this modern, negative side of American evangelism originated in the South, or that the leading electronic preachers were Southerners. But to the right-wing ideologues who saw the possibilities of exploiting them, it must have appeared to be nothing less than a profound historical coincidence.

Just as the far right had turned to Dixie to exploit the racial prejudices of its people and build an electoral base in 1964, now it would return to the South to exploit the religious prejudices of its people.

Initially, the electronic evangelists were unaware that they commanded large national constituencies of loyal followers. But as millions of dollars flowed in to support their electronic pulpits, the message came through. It was a historic irony, however, that the national response they received from their politically motivated sermons and programs—television shows they would label patriotic—was alarmingly similar to the response generated by evangelical negativism when it first surfaced in the South after the Civil War.

This negative evangelism that spread rapidly across the defeated South was essentially a religion born in the violence of war and nurtured in the hatred and bitterness of military defeat. It was a religion that preached an ultimate, spiritual vengeance against the "godless" North, while promising spiritual redemption to a humiliated South. It was a religion that would become associated in the public imagination with rednecks, renegades and poor-white trash. In the name of God, this religion would erect churches by day, lynch blacks by night, elect or defeat political candidates on the slightest provocations and insist that its congregations suffer the indignities of the poverty of a defeated region because they alone would eventually pass through the doors of heaven to a world of streets paved with gold.

To the delight of the contemporary political right, the electronic evangelists had only substituted a few words and phrases in their historic litany. They replaced godless North with godless communism. Blacks were no longer lynched; they were simply nonproductive recipients of a welfare system that should be terminated. Political candidates were still elected or defeated on whims, and life on the border of economic despair would still be redeemed when labor-union officials, international bankers, big business-

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men and bureaucrats all burned in hell.

But while the religious litany of revenge and retribution was music to the ears of far-right political ideologues, they recognized an even more vulnerable side of the evangelical movement that they could easily manipulate and exploit—the historical isolation of religious right-wing fundamentalists.

Even within the South during those years that the hell-fire-and-brimstone brand of Christian fundamentalism swept across the landscape, the evangelical ministers and their flocks were regarded by mainstream religious groups as being, at the least, wacky. The evangelicals spoke in tongues. They handled snakes. In public, they washed one another's feet. With vehement language, they took the antics of the Southern Episcopalian and Presbyterian gentry—dancing, playing cards and drinking whiskey—and made of them cardinal sins. Even within their own region, they were outsiders, people on the religious fringe.

Years later, when the direct descendants of those earliest evangelists carried their message to national television, they were received with almost identical skepticism by leaders of national, main-line Protestant denominations. So, once again, they were alone, even within the world of religion, and they lost few opportunities to remind their followers of that fact. They told their faithful constituencies that they would continue their ministries in the face of adversity.

In fact, this tactic appeared to enlarge their television audiences. The evangelists were the underdogs fighting "big churches," as they warned their followers to beware of big business, big government and big labor unions. The contributions to their ministries increased by staggering amounts and the evangelists began to perceive themselves as leaders not only of their particular church congregations but of the faceless, isolated millions seeking identity through a figure on their television screens.

As the letter from Falwell indicated, he would go to Washington and force the highest elected officials in America to reckon with his isolated millions. From their Southern pulpits, televised or on radio, Falwell and the other ministers had warned their followers and were now to warn Congress that America and its system of free enterprise were threatened not only by godless communism but somehow as well by proponents of the Equal Rights Amendment, homosexuals, the Panama Canal Treaty, pornography, abortion, the absence of prayer in public schools, proponents of gun-control legislation and an apparently unmentionable plethora of evils and evildoers all vaguely identified as representatives of "atheistic, secular humanism."

And as the ministers warned of those dangers, they reminded Congress and the nation that it was they who were somehow personally ordained by God to lead America from what they termed its social, economic, spiritual and political darkness. Their faceless millions demanded recognition. Their years of isolation from the mainstream demanded atonement.

So that December morning in Washington, the representatives of America's embittered political right were enthusiastically prepared to strike a deal with representatives of America's religious right. With only the proper encouragement and promises of deference and fealty from the political organizations to the fundamentalist preachers, a seemingly invincible political-religious alliance would be established. Billings would be persuaded to deliver to the politically estranged far right the awesome, evangelical constituency built around Falwell's *Old-Time Gospel Hour*. And if Billings and Falwell were successfully recruited into the ranks of the political right and given highly visible roles of leadership, it was obviously only a matter of time before other electronic evangelists would be knocking at the door, ready to deliver as well the millions of

followers within their own loyal constituencies.

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The Family Protection Act, as introduced in the Senate by Paul Laxalt of Nevada and in the House of Representatives by Steve Symms of Idaho, would force the restoration of prayer in public schools, undermine the American public-education system by making Federal funds available for the creation of private, racially segregated schools and drastically reduce the social-service programs of the Government that provide aid to millions of Americans. As a reflection both of the preachings of the electronic ministers and of the writings of far-right ideologues, the bill takes direct aim at the American labor movement, denying Federal funds to public school systems where teachers are unionized and exempting from the jurisdiction of the National Labor Relations Board private, segregated schools.

Other provisions of a bill ostensibly designed to protect the family would deny food stamps to college students; prohibit legal-services money from being used for school-desegregation litigation, divorce litigation, homosexual-rights litigation or litigation seeking funding for abortions. The bill would also deny Federal money to any organization presenting homosexuality as an acceptable alternative lifestyle and would encourage employers to discriminate against it.

"Certain things like abortion, pornography and rights for homosexuals will not be tolerated in a Christian society," said Potter. "If the open homosexual begins to thrust his homosexuality forward, he's going to be in trouble. He will be put in jail or similarly punished." Imprisonment for open homosexuals, however, does not quite measure up to what some members of the far right think should happen to women who have had abortions. In a pre-election dossier on his attackers by Senator George McGovern, one pro-life activist is reported to have said that women who have abortions should be executed.

"I believe there're angels and I believe there're devils," said Gasper. "All men of good will should agree on abortion, homosexuality and pornography as being bad. I can foresee a state government making it illegal to be a purveyor of pornography and other perversions."

"I love you, too, Charlotte, but I can't afford your sticker price."

Even if the state were to balk at the program to sterilize, through censorship, American newsstands, moviehouses and television networks, and even if the state were not to engage in a Khomeini-style purge of the country, the far right still retains within its arsenal its own successfully tested weapon of punishment: moral extortion. That weapon had already demolished the careers of two respected United States Senators by the time the group of right-wing extremists sat down to draft the Family Protection Act. The political success of the tactics of moral extortion could as easily be applied by the right to ensure that its plans for censorship, or for the denunciations of public or private individuals, were equally successful.

"I think that some political figures in the country are going to be surprised," said Paul Weyrich, director of the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress and a far-right leader instrumental in drafting the Family Protection Act. "I think that as the pro-family groups become better educated as to who the friends and enemies of the family are, and as they become better educated in how to participate in the political process, a lot of Congressmen . . . are going to be humbled."

Richard A. Viguerie, owner of a mass-mailing operation and editor-publisher of *Conservative Digest*—in which the above statements by Weyrich appeared—was more direct when he summed up the attitude of the right toward its friends and enemies. "Conservatives have one weapon the White House really doesn't have—the ability to *punish*," Viguerie stated. "We're going to look very carefully at the [Panama Canal] votes when all this is over and do an *awful* lot of punishing."

Terry Dolan, chairman of the National Conservative Political Action Committee and one of the leading strategists in the politics of moral extortion, was candid in his assessment of the use of those tactics. "I'm convinced," he said, "that at some point with these types of programs [providing political-training schools for right-wing candidates and other tactical resources] we could elect Mickey Mouse to the House or Senate under the right circumstances."

One of those tactics used by Dolan to pillory political candidates—and generate money for far-right causes—is the mass-mailed fund-raising letter. Written in a manner intended to scare the living hell out of each of its recipients, such letters have been mailed by the hundreds of thousands from Viguerie's operation in Virginia. A fund-raising letter for the National Conservative Political Action Committee, dated March 8, 1976, and signed by U. S. Senator Jesse Helms

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of North Carolina, requested urgent donations to the organization for these reasons: "Because your tax dollars are being used to pay for grade school courses that teach our children that *cannibalism, wife swapping* and the *murder* of infants and the elderly are acceptable behavior."

Although most rational people would not take such a letter seriously, the effects of almost identical mass-mail tactics, employed against various political candidates, simply cannot be estimated. The bottom line is that the tactical decision by the far right to undermine the doctrine of the separation of church and state was brilliant political strategy in a nation that *does* care about the religious and moral stances of its leaders. And to impose the issue of "pro-moral," "pro-family" or "pro-Christian" on the political scene has worked with deadly effect.

Helen Wise, a member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, attributed her defeat in a re-election campaign to that strategy. "I was accused of having a lack of moral leadership," she stated. "I was never accused of being immoral, just a lack of moral leadership, whatever that is. . . . The people who put it over were the religious fundamentalists. Now, I'm in a liberal district, but there were bumper stickers and broadsides and campaign materials given out at prayer meetings."

Legislating prayer in the public schools seriously threatens the doctrine of separation of church and state. It threatens as well the doctrine of the separation of powers, because it jeopardizes the authority of the U. S. Supreme Court. When these ramifications of the Family Protection Act are translated politically, the intentions of its supporters become transparent. These people are not really interested in protecting the American family. They have created, rather, a nonexistent but potentially volatile emotional issue—*opposition to the family*—as a means of undermining and dangerously weakening the American system of government.

"We organize discontent," said Howard Phillips, the founder of the Conservative Caucus. "We must prove our ability to get revenge on people who go against us."

"We are different from previous generations of conservatives," said Weyrich. "We are no longer working to preserve the status quo. We are radicals, working to overturn the present power structure of this country."

"Conceivably, this country could have a civil war," said Potter. "Every truly serious issue is fundamentally a moral issue. No war—including civil wars—has ever been fought but on moral issues. In a Christian society, force is not ruled out."

Even if other right-wing ideologues are less enthusiastic about the possibilities of a civil war in America, the majority of them acknowledge that a national campaign based on the single-issue tactics of fear and hate, and set into motion to guarantee passage of the Family Protection Act, would amount to the first stage in a take-over of the United States by a totalitarian theocracy.

Then, once it accomplished that, the far right would dismantle all governmental regulatory agencies, repeal the National Labor Relations Act and, with it, the National Labor Relations Board, defeat and roll back all legislation against right-to-work laws, repeal the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965, revoke any Congressional restraints on the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the domestic actions of the Central Intelligence Agency, repeal the Freedom of Information Act, institute a tax code favorable exclusively to corporations and the wealthy and launch a censorship campaign under the guise of the pro-family movement aimed directly at the First Amendment, with a repudiation of the Bill of Rights soon to follow.

In its "Target 80" strategy report and fund-raising letter, the National Conservative Political Action Committee listed its goals once it successfully eliminated five targeted U. S. Senators and eventually gained control of the Senate.

We "will put all the . . . liberals on notice that if they step out of line and vote for the SALT agreements, taxpayer financing of Congressional elections and all big labor's other special-interest legislation, the voters will rise up and oppose them. We can then count on defeating the SALT disarmament treaty, repeal of the right-to-work laws and other key liberal legislation."

The letter closed with this prophecy: "Instead of just fighting liberal legislation, at last conservatives will start proposing legislation of their own—for the first time in 20 years."

So when the representatives of the various factions within the disorganized American political and religious right left that momentous meeting in Washington, they had become, officially, America's "new moral right." Their agenda for the country could not have been more obvious if they had chiseled it in stone. Riding on the emotional fervor of their pro-family movement, they would prepare to press for Congressional enactment of the Family Protection Act following the 1980 general elections. They would prepare for those elections by targeting no fewer than five Senators—George McGovern, Frank Church, Birch Bayh, John Culver and Alan Cranston—for defeat through the tactics of moral extortion. They would openly work for the defeat of Jimmy Carter in 1980, throwing their support to Reagan (Falwell's man Billings was named religious liaison for the Reagan campaign). By 1982, they would, if successful in the 1980 elections, be ready to launch an all-out bid to seize control of the United States Senate and House of Representatives. If they were not successful in 1980, they would by no means back away; they would simply consider themselves *betrayed* again and work that much harder for a take-over in the next Congressional election.

And then, with the enactment of their program of repressive legislation, the final twist would come. The new moral right, having successfully organized discontent, humbled politicians and thrown the nation into social and political convulsions, would be in a position to punish the American people who had never before subscribed to the inflexible, doctrinaire programs. The American public, having betrayed the new powers-that-be, would now find itself embroiled in a civil war the right would do nothing to prevent and would gleefully encourage.

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The form letters were dated May 2, 1980, and were individually addressed to each member of Congress. Such form letters, with their routine lists of grievances, were so ordinary on Capitol Hill that this mailing might automatically have been tossed into appropriate wastebaskets if Congressional staffers had not recognized at once the signature on each of them. Those staffers knew that each week as many as 30,000,000 Americans tuned in to Jerry Falwell's *Old-Time Gospel Hour*, and that Falwell had set a goal to register as many as 5,000,000 voters for the 1980 elections and to deliver those voters personally to the candidates of his choice.

Falwell was now officially on the move. He had established the Moral Majority organization and by the autumn of 1980 would claim chapters in all 50 states. Now he was simply following up on what he had described as his divine mandate to go to Congress and fight for those laws he felt were right for America.

Falwell had written his form letter to members of Congress, his letter stated, to share with them his "Ninety-Five Theses for the 1980s"—a reference to the 95 theses of Martin Luther, even though Falwell's list of complaints had nothing whatsoever in common with those of the German monk.

Written in a curious, quasi-Biblical tone, Falwell's theses were actually a rather remarkable parody of almost every provision of the Family Protection Act. Yet he did not limit himself to comments on the legislation his letter was intended to support. His theses carried him into such diverse matters of

"Wow! I just might drop my whole load here!"

state and theology as the manner in which American foreign policy should be conducted; the proper posture for the nation's military and the amount of defense appropriations necessary to sustain such an aggressive, provocative posture; the necessity for capital punishment; and a defense of the divine origins of the United States and the system of free enterprise.

Why did the members of Congress not toss Falwell's theses into the wastebasket with most other crackpot lobbying letters? Because Falwell had established himself as something different. It wasn't so much that he had put the fear of God in them; it was more the fear of those who *use* God to get what they want here on earth.

For months, Falwell had traveled back and forth across the United States from his base of operations, his 17,000-member Thomas Road Baptist Church in Lynchburg, Virginia. He had recruited, he would claim in the autumn of 1980, more than 70,000 ministers for the Moral Majority, and he boasted from the pulpit that he had singlehandedly registered 2,000,000 voters for the November election. As he conducted his "I Love America" and "America, You're Too Young to Die" rallies in state after state (he scheduled all 50 in an 18-month period), his tour of the country was like that of a politician in search of the nation's highest office.

In each of his politically motivated sermons, Falwell's texts were replete with emotion-baiting code words hauntingly reminiscent of the campaign rallies of George Wallace in 1968 and 1972. As Wallace had successfully worked his audiences with constant references to busing and welfare, Falwell politically and spiritually manipulated his audiences with references to welfare cheaters and atheistic, secular humanists. But where Wallace had been the consummate political orator exacerbating the economic fears and racial prejudices of his supporters, Falwell remained the doctrinaire tent evangelist pointing out to his audiences with comparable fears and prejudices those forces he identified for them as either good or evil, Christian or non-Christian, pro-family or anti-family and pro-moral or nonmoral.

The spiritual afterlife Falwell promised his listeners resembled the United States in the days before *Brown vs. Board of Education*—yet he wasn't content with a "perfect" afterlife. Within the context of his rhetoric, if everything non-Christian were going to be restricted from eternal salvation, then it might as well be eliminated from the temporal world as well. This tactic enabled him constantly to remind his followers of the omnipresent enemies of their earthly, spiritual well-being. By identifying these now-all-too-familiar "non-Christian" elements, Falwell was pointing out enemies of a nation that he believed had been divinely ordained and that *he* had been chosen by God to lead.

But as Falwell carried his campaign into state after state, his litany of faceless enemies was no longer sufficient to satisfy audiences he had worked into a frenzy. They wanted blood, and Falwell was more than willing to make them happy. And so for perhaps the first time in American history, an evangelist stepped into the political arena not to save the souls of politicians but to incriminate public officials and individuals and destroy their careers—in the name of God and family.

The Alaska chapter of Falwell's Moral Majority was easily one of the most zealous. Its members were in the process of subverting the Republican Party in Alaska and seizing that party's top state offices when Falwell arrived to conduct his "I Love America" campaign. It was in those Alaska rallies that Falwell served notice to the nation he was ready to do battle not with faceless enemies but with public personalities.

"We had breakfast with the President about a month ago," said Falwell, "and we were discussing national defense and all these things and I asked the President, 'Sir, why do you have practicing homosexuals on your senior staff at the White House?'

" 'Well, I am President of all the American people and I believe I should represent everyone,' " Falwell then said, apparently quoting President Carter.

Then Falwell said, "I said, 'Why don't you have some murderers and bank robbers and so forth to represent?' "

At that point, Falwell's Alaskan audience went wild with applause. But he did not bother to tell them that the conversation he was quoting had never taken place.

Falwell had, indeed, met with Carter. But a White House transcript of the meeting reveals a totally different transaction from that depicted by the evangelist. The transcript indicates that Falwell asked Carter if he were correct in assuming that two homosexuals living together would not fit Carter's definition of a family. The transcript revealed no response from Carter, who is said to have nodded in agreement with Falwell's statement. And according to the transcript, Falwell then said, "Thank you—thank you very much."

Fabricating an inaccurate account of a meeting with the President of the United States apparently did not bother Falwell. But the fact that he was lying to his Alaskan audience in order to exploit its prejudices against homosexuals exposed Falwell's own contempt for the people who supported him. They could be expected to applaud such statements—and donate money—whether the statements were true or not.

When he was questioned about the incident, Falwell issued the following bizarre explanation: "I have stated as clearly and emphatically as I know how that my recent statement was not intended to be a verbatim report of our conversation with President Carter.

"Instead, my statement was intended to be, and was, an honest portrayal of President Carter's position on gay rights. It was an anecdote, intended to dramatically get the attention of the audience. It was an accurate statement of the President's record and position on gay rights. It was meant to be nothing else."

Falwell's disregard for the facts concerning the meeting with Carter exposed his intentions as those of a demagog, not a sincere Christian evangelist seeking to heal a nation's soul. In fact, in an Anchorage speech, he lashed out not only at Carter but at other public individuals. He enlarged his list of enemies of the United States and its morality by attacking Gloria Steinem, Betty Friedan and Bella Abzug for their support of the Equal Rights Amendment. And then, in another Alaska speech, Falwell said, "This nation has gone into a moral tail spin because we have a group of dirty liberals who tell us Christianity and politics don't mix . . . the Hugh Hefners and the Jane Fondas, who weave their amoral philosophies into the moral fabric of this country."

With those attacks on the President and public individuals, Falwell exposed the transparencies of his highly polished, "patriotic" extravaganzas. Steinem, Friedan and Abzug were wrong, in his context, not because they supported E.R.A. but because they did not subscribe to the rigid doctrines of Jerry Falwell. But more ominously, "the Hugh Hefners and the Jane Fondas" were wrong not because they spoke out on issues that concerned them but because they had a First Amendment guarantee that allowed them to do so.

The rallies conducted by Falwell were only podiums from which he could enrage his audiences' prejudices, thereby distracting his listeners as he and his supporters sharpened their skills at subverting the Constitution and denying to everyone but themselves the First Amendment guarantees to free speech, in the name of the pro-family movement.

And last May, in the letter Falwell sent to members of Congress on behalf of the Family Protection Act, he loaded both his letter and his 95 theses with the same code words that had brought him thundering ovations on his campaign across the country. He informed Congress that the following were "anti-family": communal living, abortion, homosexuality, polygamy, abusive use of alcohol and drugs, premarital sex, incest,

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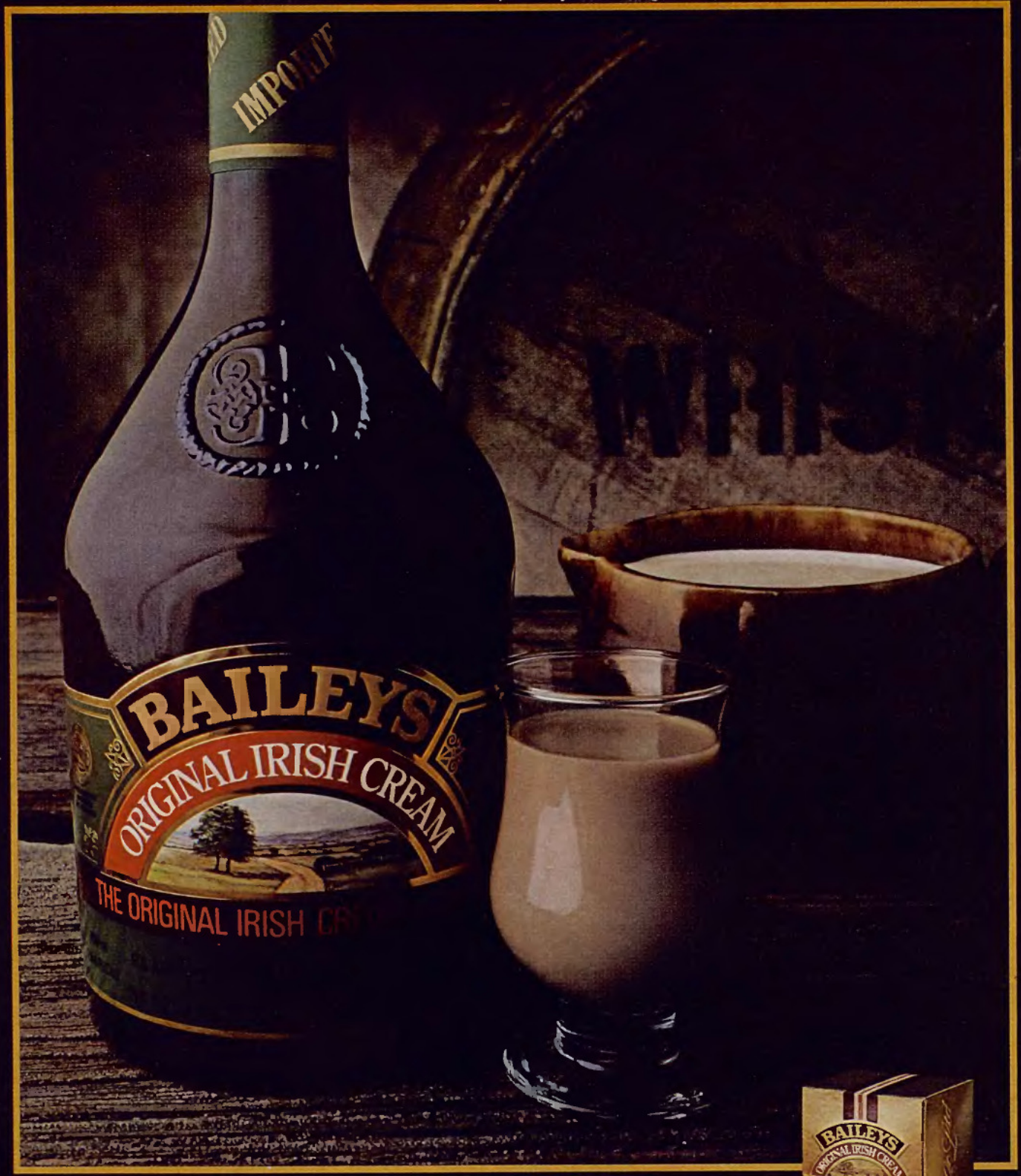

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adultery, pornography, no-fault divorce and the Equal Rights Amendment.

Woven through his list of complaints was a blueprint for a sterile, nondiverse society of rigid conformity. While he attacked abortion no fewer than eight times in his theses, some observers from main-line Protestant denominations pointed out for the first time a curious deception in Falwell's fundamentalist opposition to abortion. To him, they said, the issue of abortion seemed to be basically one of sexual morality. His opposition to it was not really based on a feeling that all human life was sacred; instead, it reflected a fundamentalist belief that a woman, living in a theocracy, should be punished for the sin of having sexual intercourse by being forced to deliver unwanted babies.

The society Falwell envisioned for America was further elaborated in the following proclamations from his theses:

- That all able-bodied U. S. male citizens are obligated to fight to the death, if necessary, to defend the flag.
- That the free-enterprise system of profit be encouraged to grow, being unhampered by any socialistic laws or red tape.
- That all . . . unproductive governmental financial programs [welfare and social services] be terminated, harmful [*sic*] programs which in themselves perpetuate poverty and laziness.
- That new laws be introduced providing for the immediate deportation of troublemaking noncitizens in this country.
- That no law be introduced to force private schools to hire individuals solely to achieve minority-group balance.
- That any and all efforts to bring about a central world government be unceasingly opposed.
- That this country help those friendly nations such as Israel, Taiwan, South Korea, South Africa, etc.
- That abortion blunts the national conscience.
- That in the spirit of true education, both prevalent theories of origin be impartially taught in the public school system. These two models are special creation and evolution.
- That the mission of the church is to create a moral climate influencing good government.
- That through the process of a 20th Century moral and spiritual awakening, our nation once again take its rightful and historical place as leader and example to the other countries in the world's community.

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The passage of the Family Protection Act, and the subsequent restructuring of American society as envisioned by the new moral right would require Senatorial and Congressional votes. If necessary, the storm troops of the right's evangelical constituency could be called into service to wage a national campaign for the legislation.

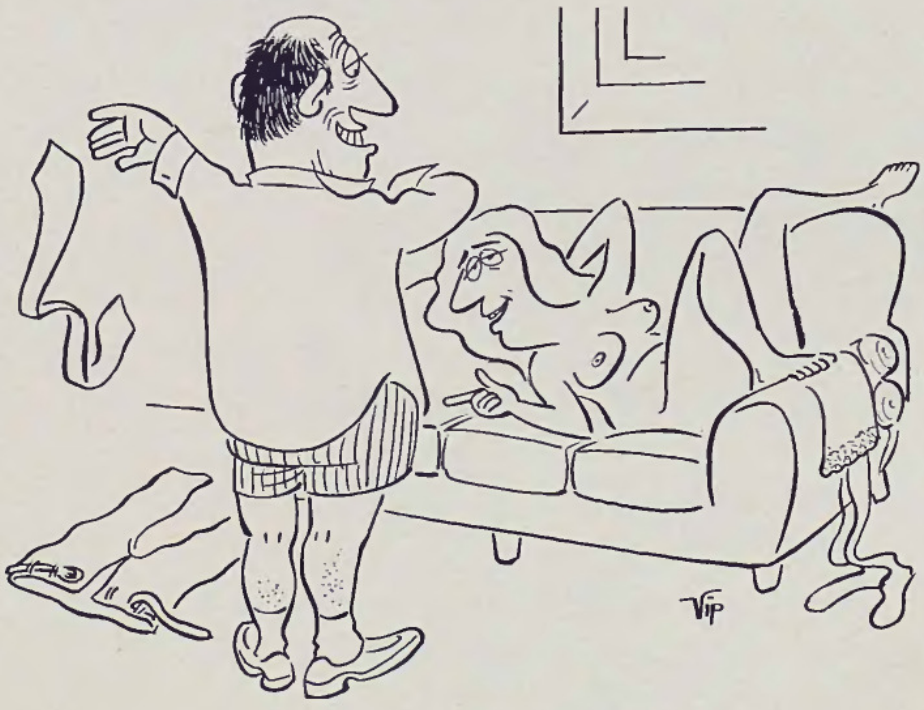
And if the agenda of the right were to be carried to its completion—in 1982, or 1984, or 1986 or beyond—then the America of the future would become a kind of replica of the Geneva of John Calvin: Diversity would be replaced by rigid conformity, dissent would be silenced with totalitarian swiftness.

But the heartening thing to remember is that such an agenda flies in the face of the reality of an America of more than 200,000,000 individuals. Some of the programs the far right proposes would lead to open strife, to civil war. It is hard to conceive of a political-religious leader who could arrive in San Francisco, New York, Washington, New Orleans, Atlanta, Chicago, or any other metropolitan area and successfully imprison gays without meeting armed resistance.

But that is exactly what the far right wants. The sterile America it would like to create would force a civil war so that—commanding a somehow loyal military—it could extract its revenge on the public that had betrayed it for so many years. A list of its censorship goals would begin with this magazine and move from here to every other publication in the country, to every movie, television show, news broadcast, drama and musical concert. All of those would have to be approved by the new moral right. Daily life in America would be unrecognizable—unless one compared it with the now-familiar scenes of daily life in Iran under the Ayatollah Khomeini.

Despite the success of Falwell, it would appear—if only from the published reports stating his average donation to be $20—that his is a constituency of basically well-meaning, concerned persons of devout faith and not much cash. In other words, these are the same people who have historically turned to evangelists for whatever variety of personal and religious reasons. If told by their leader that America is a nation of divine origin, they will accept it as an absolute verity. And if told as well that the institution of a tax code favorable exclusively to the corporations and the wealthy is somehow part of God's plan, they will conceivably accept that with pious humility.

But they will also have missed the point. They and their leaders will have been taken in by political right-wing ideologues who never trusted them to begin with. And under a political program designed to accommodate a corporate-controlled Government, characterized by hyperprovocative militarism and predictable tax codes penalizing the poor, the evangelical constituency would be left in even worse shape than when it began, its hopes appropriated not by its leaders but by a political faction that had manipulated first its emotions and then its votes to gain the power the American public has always denied it.



"You call <u>that</u> a yule log?"

(continued from page 228)

"Every major cognac firm has a distinctive flavor profile by which its product is characterized."

of authenticity and quality. Nevertheless, Gérard Sturm, cognac's world-wide spokesman, offers these broad guidelines for American consumers. Three-star, VS or VSP cognacs average five to ten years in age, with the youngest brandy being no less than three and one half years old. They sell for $10 to $15 a bottle. VSOP, VSEP, VSO and VO average 12 to 20 years in age, with a minimum of five and one half years. These generally go for $18 to $22. Blends labeled Napoleon, Cordon Bleu, Triomphe, Vieille Réserve, XO, Extra, Anniversaire, et al., run an average of 25 years and more, a few exceeding 50 years, according to Sturm. These run from $30 to $65 a bottle, and the trend is up. Four recent product introductions are in the stratosphere: Delamain's Très Vénérable goes for about $60 to $100 per bottle, Hennessy's Paradis lists at $125, Courvoisier VOC in a Baccarat decanter lists for $110 and Rémy Martin's Louis XIII, also in Baccarat crystal, is $300 per bottle. There are several designations that do enjoy legal status. The phrase Grande Champagne or Grande Fine Champagne on a bottle indicates that all the grapes came from the premier growing zone, the Grande Champagne. Fine Champagne means that the grapes were grown in the two top zones, the Grande and the Petite Champagne regions, with more than half from the Grande Champagne.

Inevitably, such fanciful terminology lends itself to abuse, and many cognac symbols are appropriated by ordinary brandies to give a spurious aura of class. Three stars or ten stars on a bottle of *brandy* are meaningless. Grande Cognac is *not* from the Grande Champagne zone, and such phrases as *Négociants à Cognac* or *Mise en bouteille à Cognac*, of themselves, do not guarantee the contents to be cognac. The most flagrant offense in that regard is "Napoleon." Every five-buck brandy flaunts the Little Corporal's name prominently. But Napoleon *brandy* is not Courvoisier cognac, nor is St. Rémy brandy Rémy Martin cognac. *Caveat emptor!*

The consuming public seldom imbibes enough of any one cognac to form an impression of a house style. Yet every major firm has a distinctive flavor profile, by which it's characterized among professionals and, indeed, appraises itself. A rundown of the styles of major shippers may give you an insight into which producers are most likely to flatter your palate and satisfy your taste buds.

Rémy Martin considers itself a "natural cognac," adhering to time-honored, traditional procedures. Thus, the end product offers both flavor and complexity, without tannin or woody notes intruding. The body is silky and just a mite to the light side of medium. Rémy concentrates on its VSOP–Fine Champagne, using only grapes from the two top *crus*. It's an estimable bottle, smooth and fragrant, and good value for the money. As a rule of thumb, the additional cost of older blends is quite modest, compared with the extra finesse and dimensions of flavor they offer.

Courvoisier is rather full-bodied and round without harsh edges. It has good color and flavor, with an appealing oaky-vanilla bouquet, making a definite impact on the senses. Napoleon, as mentioned, is a name that has been misused in brandy circles, but the Courvoisier people inform us that Napoleon visited the Château Courvoisier and favored the pride of the house. Legends aside, Courvoisier's Napoleon is authentic cognac and an exemplary product.

Hennessy runs the gamut of grades, including a VS or 3-Star, according to a company spokesman, because one can't be "just in the old-cognac business." Hennessy will sacrifice fruit for balance. It recently reformulated its VSOP for the American market, replacing it with a lighter-style VSOP. With available reserve stocks, Hennessy is planning to sell more of the higher-priced cognacs. Its XO is a suave number.

Martell, the top-selling cognac in the world, is clean, with grapy, spicy-oaky notes prominent in the bouquet. Martell brandies lean to richness, being moderately full in bouquet and body. Its hallmark brand is the Cordon Bleu, an aristocratic, aged proprietary that merits the kudos it receives.

The big four dominate the U. S. markets, but there are more than 800 cognacs produced in the Charente. A number of the more worthy reach our shores, though some are not widely available. Château de Fontpinot, Delamain, Hine and Ragnaud are well rated by cognac fanciers. Bisquit, Monnet, Otard and Prince Hubert de Polignac have staunch admirers. And there are interesting shopping possibilities among such additional quality brands as Camus, Comandon, Denis-Mounié, Eclipse, Gaston de Lagrange, Marnier Lapostolle, a well-aged bottling affiliated with the Grand Marnier people, Mumms and Salignac.

There are also a handful of little wonders, adored by the *cognacscenti*, in extremely limited distribution. Expensive French restaurants occasionally pour them by the glass and that's your best opportunity to sample them. The list includes Jean Danflou Grande Champagne Extra, Madame Gaston Briand Grande Fine Champagne, Croizet Age Inconnu, by the family firm that bottles the cognac for Paul Bocuse and the Troisgros brothers and Rémy Martin's 250th Anniversary Cognac, Cuvée Anniversaire—a special bottling that's very scarce.

Cognac is undeniably the finest brandy in the world. And there are times when only a splash of cognac in a snifter will do: as the finale to a sumptuous banquet, before bed on a frigid night with a warm friend, to celebrate that big break when it finally comes or when you're indulging yourself lavishly. But cognac is versatile, lending itself to a variety of ingratiating applications, as a glance around the world demonstrates. Yugoslavs, for example, prefer it as a before-dinner aperitif. The Chinese consider cognac an aphrodisiac and quaff it with meals—cutting it with water and drinking it like wine. The British traditionally take cognac with soda or water in a highball. And in the Charente, they have a neat little trick all their own: After drinking their post-prandial coffee, they pour a jolt of cognac into the warm cup and sip it as a *digestif*. Soviet boss of all bosses Leonid Brezhnev drinks cognac any time he can get it, apparently. On a French air-force jet, going from Paris to Marseilles, Brezhnev asked for cognac—and was upset to learn it was a *nyet* on military craft. On the return trip, diplomatic considerations prevailed and a bottle of the pride of Charente was placed on board. Leonid did it justice.

Nor is cognac any stranger to the shaker. Among the classic cognac cocktails are the sidecar (equal parts cognac, Cointreau and lemon juice); the king's peg (cognac and chilled champagne); the stinger (two parts cognac to one part white crème de menthe); cognac old fashioned (cognac, a little sugar, a good dash of bitters and fresh fruit if desired); cognac sour (merely substitute cognac for the whiskey in your favorite sour recipe and dig the flavorful difference). Cognac also mates beautifully with black coffee and with liqueurs. And for a bright, allegedly therapeutic aperitif, you might try Sturm's Magic Bullet: Shake 2 ozs. fresh orange juice and 1 oz. cognac briskly with ice. Strain into a chilled cocktail glass—and sip. It will certainly charm you, even if it doesn't cure anything.

A votre santé!

Stocks, Bonds, Rock 'n' Roll

(continued from page 206)

"'I've always said that Rod [Stewart] isn't a rock star,' says his manager. 'He's a growth industry.'"

his blue short-sleeved shirt. "There's no such thing as middle-class rock 'n' roll," he says between phone calls. "Either you're rich or you're poor."

Most of the acts he manages are rich—1,000,000-plus sellers such as Aerosmith and AC/DC. Some are even richer—such as Ted Nugent. The 32-year-old Michigan native can boast two gold and five platinum albums, but that's just the past. The future, according to Nugent and his advisors, is agribusiness.

It may have taken him some long, hard years to finally make it to the cover of *Rolling Stone*; but it took only a few short months for Nugent's face to adorn the cover of another magazine: *Fur Rancher. Fur Rancher?* That's right, all you semiaquatic-animal lovers. Ted Nugent is heavily into mink.

Two years ago, on the advice of his attorney and financial advisor Bob Weed, Nugent bought the King Mink Ranch in Michigan. Not only does he raise thousands of the furry animals (his operation will sell more than 10,000 pelts this year) but the 80-acre ranch is also the site for Nugent's Clydesdale operation. Beer drinkers everywhere will be delighted to know that Budweiser will have no problems now that Nugent also raises the big-footed draft horses.

And if that isn't enough, not far from East Lansing is Nugent's rainbow-trout-farm operation. "All of this fits in with Ted's plan for acquiring land," says Weed, a former criminal lawyer who has advised Nugent for the past eight years. "Sure, we're involved in some oil-and gas-lease tax shelters, but when I tell him about property, that's something he understands.

"Besides," Weed argues, "Ted's got the cash to get involved in this kind of specialized farming without being confronted with the tremendous debt service that has ruined so many other farmers. It also allows him to have his expenses offset income."

At least on paper, the Nugent agribusiness is at present a losing operation, thanks to accelerated depreciation and tax investment credits on feed, buildings and animals. Then there are some Nugent over-the-counter investments. He is, for example, a limited partner in the building of the new Flint, Michigan, Hyatt Regency Hotel, to be opened later this year.

"Within a year," boasts manager Krebs, "Ted will be financially protected for the rest of his life. But I guess it won't do great things for his image if his fans find out he reads *The Wall Street Journal* instead of *Creem* magazine every morning."

Krebs has even bigger plans for his artists. "I want to take three or four of my acts and start our own mutual fund," he says. "Can you imagine the possibilities? It will be enormous."

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Group investments for rock stars have become very popular among business managers who want their clients to diversify and spread their financial liability. Then again, some group investments sound great on paper—but don't always work out according to plan.

Enter the Lutine bell. It is not a musical instrument. It hangs in the underwriting room of Lloyd's of London and is one of the few salvaged items from the frigate Lutine that went down with all hands off the Dutch coast in 1799.

By tradition, every time there is a big shipping disaster involving a Lloyd's client, the chief clerk walks into the underwriting room and rings the bell.

Lately, the old Lutine bell has been clanging off the wall. A $340,000,000 computer-leasing company loss, a host of airplane crashes and the mysterious disappearance in November 1979 of a freighter and its cargo of iron ore with an insured value of $19,000,000 have all combined to give the venerable British company a whopping loss. This information does not please Pink Floyd. You see, the rock group belongs to an underwriting syndicate at Lloyd's and, as such, the losses, as well as the gains, are divided. And while the group refuses to talk about its investments, the word is that it will soon be out of its insurance deal before the group is forced to become Floyd's of London.

But the group investments that *have* paid off have almost always been directly tied to real estate. And almost every major rock group, including Pink Floyd, can boast some major real-estate partnerships. Donna Summer and some two dozen partners own a 226-unit apartment complex in Houston and another 216-unit operation in Dallas.

"It's a proper investing approach," says one business advisor, "because it gives the artist diversification and flexibility. If the units go belly up tomorrow, Donna's risk is limited. She'll survive."

Still, there are some stars who prefer sole ownership and ignore the old Monopoly-game rule that you can't build a hotel until you build four houses first.

In 1971, Rod Stewart exploded on the scene when his first solo album, *Every Picture Tells a Story*, went to the top of the charts in both England and the U. S. Now, picture this: a small, 30-suite European-style hotel on the Sunset Strip in L.A. called the Bella Riva. Its owner: Rod Stewart.

"I've always said that Rod isn't a rock star," says his manager, Billy Gaff. "He's a growth industry." Gaff is sitting at the pool of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, waiting for the contractors and the decorators to finish his own manse in Beverly Hills (Rod already has two—one in Bel Air, one at the beach).

"Rod is essentially very conservative," says Gaff. "He doesn't invest in football [soccer] clubs or crazy movie- or record-financing schemes. The tax-shelter scams are all a little scary, so we stick to art and real estate."

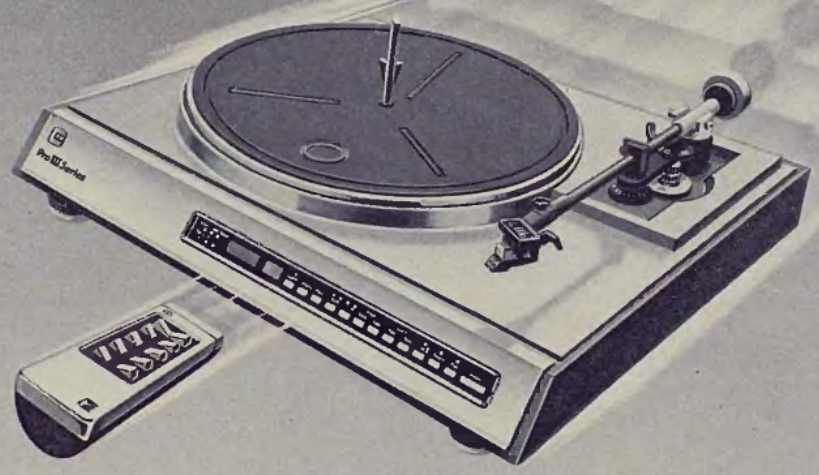
The current Stewart breakdown shows him with land or buildings in England, Spain and California. "We don't even buy bonds," Gaff explains. "If we put $5,000,000 into municipal bonds, you get maybe nine percent tax-free. But when you take inflation into consideration—inflation running, I think, at 14 percent in the United States—your nine percent is wiped out.

"For us," Gaff says, "the answer is property. But the real salvation was in leaving the oppressive tax situation in England. Now we concentrate on a slow, deliberate investment plan. Investing to us doesn't mean making money. It means keeping it. What we struggle to do is to hold on to it. And make sure that the millions you're saving today will buy the same 20 years from now. A good piece of land will keep going up, even if you're not making anything out of it."

Even Barry Manilow may be getting land crazy. Lately, he has confided to friends that he's seriously interested in purchasing the small (population: 18) *town* of Harmony, California. It's on the block for a meager $700,000—for which the buyer gets the town and all its eight buildings. Manilow is already apologizing for the fact that the place has only one small street. "We could have a parade there," he has joked, "but the band would have to stand still and the people would have to walk around them." Better yet, some cynics have even suggested the site as the perfect location for an annual Barry Manilow music festival. Stay tuned.

For those rock stars who love mass visibility without the feeling they have to be responsible for a whole town, there's a slightly less risky investment approach: that with the right combination of money and ego, every music star should own his own bakery, restaurant or night club. Lou Adler (who produced and managed Carole King and Cheech and Chong) was an original investor in a

Introducing the third generation of turntables.



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number of L.A. eateries, not to mention The Roxy on the Sunset Strip. Helen Reddy was a prime backer of Roy's (a superchic L.A. Chinese restaurant where the stars go to get estimates on egg rolls). She is also still the major stockholder in the Famous Amos cookie empire. And now a deal is being negotiated for the Aacme diner in L.A. Included in the group of prospective owners are Elektra Records chairman Joe Smith, rock manager Irv Azoff and a few of his clients, such as Jimmy Buffett and the Eagles. The Doobie Brothers lease out space to a Northern California chain of seafood restaurants; Donna Summer holds the lease on Au Petit Café, a chic French restaurant in Hollywood.

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But the unforgiving economics of today's music business have eliminated many of the extravagances of the late Sixties and early Seventies. Take the case of Elton John. In 1972, he gave his agent a $48,000 Rolls-Royce and boasted one of the largest collections of glitter shoes and eyeglasses (who could forget the pair with the windshield wipers or the $5000 model that lit up to spell E-L-T-O-N?). Captain Fantastic toured in a lavish chartered 707 called Starship and his weekly entertainment budget was rumored to be close to the gross national product of Upper Volta.

As a favor to friend Billie Jean King, Elton invested in something called World Team Tennis. To hype the new tennis franchise in 1976, he also recorded *Philadelphia Freedom*, in honor of the Pennsylvania team. The song was a big hit. Team tennis was a loser and is now history.

Then Elton invested in a new franchise with the L.A. Aztecs, a soccer team. After three financial partnerships failed to get the team into the black, Elton pulled out. In the meantime, he was slightly more successful in picking up artwork (ranging from Rembrandt etchings to originals by David Hockney) and original Bugatti furniture.

In the late Seventies, Elton's album sales started to slip, and for a while he stopped touring. But his huge overhead remained the same. Finally, last year, he went on the road again. Gone was the 707, the expensive hotel suites and the entourage. "He had to go back on tour," says one close friend, "because he finally came to the realization that once you create that kind of lifestyle, you have to support it."

Part of that lifestyle now includes yet another soccer team. Five years ago, Elton bought the losing Watford Football Club—complete with stadium—north of London. "He's come to understand that it's only a hobby for him," says manager John Reid. "But it's an expensive hobby. Elton's carrying about 100 people. It's a very successful club. And we're doing really well. We've kept the loss down to only $30,000 a year."

Elton isn't the only heavy to have bankrolled a soccer team. The directory of the New York Cosmos lists Mick Jagger as an "international consultant." And who could forget the Caribous of Colorado, which in 1978 was one of the newer teams in the North American Soccer League? Some of you may know that there aren't any caribou in Colorado, but that, as it turned out, was just the first flaw in the team—named for the ranch turned recording studio owned by former Chicago producer-manager Jim Guercio, who just happened to be a co-owner of the team.

At the time, the Caribous' PR people liked to boast that rock-'n'-roll marketing techniques were helping the selling of the team. Their marketing director, who had once designed rock album covers, also developed the team's logo—a dumb-looking caribou with a soccer ball stuck in its antlers. Then there were the Caribou uniforms: The shirts boasted a brown-and-black Western yoke with simulated rawhide fringe hanging from it. To complete the outfit were a pair of black-satin shorts and a rock-'n'-roll brown-satin jacket.

The rock-'n'-roll uniforms didn't help. In their first and only season, the Caribous jumped off to a dismal 8–22 record. Attendance at Denver's giant Mile-High Stadium averaged an embarrassing 7418 per game. By the end of 1978, Guercio was out of the soccer business and the Caribous were out of Colorado. They were bought by Ted Turner and are now known as the Atlanta Chiefs.

Then there's the Philadelphia Fury, recently owned by a group that includes rocker Peter Frampton. Unfortunately, the Fury has done only slightly better than the mighty Caribous, with a 10–20 season. Last October, the franchise was sold and the team moved to Montreal.

"Almost everyone in rock 'n' roll is looking to shelter income," says a business manager who handles a gaggle of L.A. performers. "The problem is that there are fewer and fewer shelters left."

Well, not exactly. The scams stop short of things like tapioca mines and dental-floss ranches, but shelters still exist. The Marshall Tucker Band not only has real-estate holdings in Spartanburg, South Carolina, but is also into oil-and-gas-drilling tax shelters.

Other less-than-buttondown groups have discovered the value of the lithographic-plate tax-dodge boogie. In this strange shelter, the rock star is offered an original litho plate, usually made by an unknown artist. The star then pays $200,000–$300,000 in cash and the balance in a note due in 12 years. "The way we figure it," says one business manager, "my clients would more than recoup their out-of-pocket costs in tax savings and credits the first year. In the second year, the benefit would double."

Then, for those stars who have discovered religion and tax write-offs simultaneously, comes the Bible game. A performer buys 1000 Bibles for ten dollars each, wholesale, holds them for a year (to limit capital-gains taxes), then donates them to his favorite church, taking a retail deduction of $30 per Bible.

The IRS has a word for these shelters: abusive. But none has yet been tested in

"I can see it now, gentlemen. Five-hundred-million Chinese, all using our brand of ribbed condoms!"

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it's no illusion—one of the richest corporations in sweden is a rock group

ABBA-cadabra!

A little more than six years ago, an unknown Swedish group called ABBA swept to the top of the international charts with a tune called *Waterloo*. By 1978, the quartet had sold more than 50,000,000 records, outpacing every other group, including the Beatles.

Now, with more than 100,000,000 records, albums, tapes and cassettes sold, ABBA is becoming nothing short of a multinational corporation. And, as music groups go, it clearly ranks as the richest. In fact, a look at the profit picture alone shows that ABBA is now one of the richest corporations in Sweden.

"Before ABBA ever got big," says manager Stig Anderson, 49, affiliated with the group since 1964, "we had a plan to handle the money. The plan was simple: For the first time in the history of pop music, we wanted it all under one umbrella. We wrote our own songs, had our own publicity company and our own record company and we were our own artists. Essentially, we had 100 percent of what we could get."

Anderson's battle plan called for the group to remain in Sweden and still maintain total world-wide control of its record sales, market by market. As a result, the group is on different labels in different countries. "We decided to remain in Sweden because the group liked living there," says Anderson. "Otherwise, the volume of money and the tax situation would have forced us to pack our trunks and move to Monaco or Luxembourg. Once we decided to stay, the plan was to save as much money as possible. We couldn't take out much money as individuals, because we would have been taxed at 85 percent."

So Anderson started a company, Polar Music International, a vehicle for the group to shelter thousands of Swedish kroner. It wasn't long before the thousands mushroomed to millions. Moving quickly, Anderson decided to diversify the company's investments outside the music business. "Our problem," he recalls, "was that there was just *too* much money coming in."

Before long, ABBA became one of Scandinavia's largest venture capitalists. The group acquired A. H. Grafik, one of the largest art galleries in Stockholm. In addition to sales of paintings and lithographs throughout the world, ABBA has been pioneering the very lucrative concept of leasing the artwork to corporations and selling to wealthy individuals who need tax deductions.

Next on the shopping list was oil. The group formed Pol Oil, an oil-importing company operating in the hectic and mercurial spot-oil market in Rotterdam.

Then there's Invest-Finans, the fourth and largest ABBA corporation, which leases big machines. "We lease out everything from sophisticated computers to giant farm combines," says Anderson. Although Invest-Finans is less than two years old, revenues are already nearing an incredible 10,000,000 kroner per year.

ABBA, of course, has its own computer to provide daily graphs and breakdowns of these corporations, as well as of the music-publishing enterprises, record companies and real-estate investments. (At last count, ABBA boasted ownership in dozens of commercial and residential real estate throughout Sweden. The group also owns the Sports Palace in Stockholm, once a giant swimming arena now converted to ABBA's state-of-the-art recording studio.)

Naturally, such an investment-oriented group couldn't pass up the profit opportunities of the Swedish stock market—ABBA is the biggest shareholder in the largest bicycle manufacturer in the country. "Since the energy crisis, people are buying more bicycles," says Anderson, "so we decided to play it safe and invest in that, too."

The money is rolling in at such a steady pace that Anderson has plans for real-estate purchases in other European countries and in the United States, to include ABBA's own record-production companies in Los Angeles, London and New York.

"This may sound funny," Anderson says, "but we're just building this empire up. I have a dream that within two years, we'll consolidate the whole operation and ABBA will be traded on the Swedish stock market." —P.S.G.

court. "Until that happens," says one manager, "we'll keep doing it. If the court rules against us, the most that will happen is that we pay a penalty and some back taxes at an interest rate much lower than we could have even gotten from a bank."

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Not everyone in the music business believes in tax shelters. A sign above Aaron Russo's desk at Paramount Pictures, where he now produces films, asks visitors to REMEMBER THE GOLDEN RULE. WHOEVER HAS THE GOLD MAKES THE RULES.

When he was managing Bette Midler, Russo says he put almost everything they made into gold. "Paper money was worthless," he says. On numerous occasions, when gold was selling for a reasonable $168 an ounce, Russo tried to write Midler's contract in ounces, not dollars. "But her lawyers intervened and told me I was crazy," he says. "Do you know," he starts to yell, "how much we would have had today?" Russo shrugs. He's made enough, and it's only money.

Another rock manager has an even better idea. "I have an artist they want to tour for $1,000,000. But I don't want $1,000,000. I want the official contract to read only $60,000, because I want them to pay me $60,000 in silver quarters, which," he snorts, "have a market value of $1,000,000. Is the IRS going to tell me it's *not* $60,000?"

The answer is yes. "If he tries it," says a top litigation lawyer for the IRS in Washington, "he'll get nailed. We interpret everything based on value, and he'll get busted. In fact," says the IRS man, "we're looking closely at all the abusive tax shelters—especially the art scam and real estate where the accelerated depreciation is beyond belief."

It was the accelerated depreciation that got Helen Reddy and her manager-husband Jeff Wald into trouble last year. "We had a tax-shelter deal for Helen in College Station, Texas," says Wald, "and the IRS ended up auditing everybody in it." The audit, by the time Wald finished negotiating with the IRS, cost him $130,000 in deductions the Government questioned between 1975 and 1978.

But Wald isn't worried. Reddy has more than enough investments to keep them going for a long time. Recently, they bought KDEO, an AM radio station in Hawaii. "We even have our own transmitting tower," Wald boasts. "But the best part of the deal is that the property is zoned so we can put up a seven-story condo."

"What saved us," Wald admits, "is that Helen and I acquired most of our assets pre-inflation." Seven years ago, the pair bought a house in Brentwood for $600,000. Today, it's worth approximately $4,000,000. They bought a warehouse and turned it into an office building when space was selling for 55 cents a

square foot. The Walds just leased it to Time-Life Television for two dollars a square foot. "We'll make a $2,000,000 profit by accident," Wald laughs. Then there's the house in Tahoe, the three Mercedes-Benzes, the Rolls-Royce convertible. . . .

"Rock stars like to collect houses," says Elektra-Asylum Records chairman Joe Smith. "Anybody who makes it out here wants a big car and a big house. Don Henley of the Eagles is very deeply into real estate," Smith says. "He's got houses stashed all over L.A. In fact, there are people renting houses right now who don't know that their landlord is one of the Eagles. On the other hand," Smith says, "Glenn Frey likes to hold cash. He likes to be liquid."

Smith, as a record-company executive, often finds himself these days in the role of loan officer. When Linda Ronstadt wanted to buy a $1,000,000 estate in Brentwood, her business people went to Smith. Interest rates were soaring and she wanted to avoid an outrageous mortgage by paying for the place in cash. "They deal with us almost as a bank," Smith says. "We lend it to them at a lower interest rate than any bank, and it's essentially an advance against royalties. They'll pay us for the use of the money and take it up front. When it's someone like Linda Ronstadt, we'll always oblige an artist."

But when the artist is Helen Reddy, who hasn't had a hit in a while, the going gets tough. "For seven years, I was able to go to Capitol and get $200,000-to-$400,000 advances without any interest," says Wald. "Today, I can't even get it from them *with* interest."

The answer has been to reduce his monthly overhead from $110,000 to $80,000 until Helen's new hit comes. "After all," says Wald, "I don't want to wind up in the toilet, especially with my attitude toward money. Can you imagine me without any money, sitting around with just a bunch of memories?"

•

"I get really weirded out by all the money," says Ann Wilson of Heart. "It's become almost as much of a job keeping the money we make as it is making it. When you're *nouveau riche* like we are, you think you have to have all this stuff, but then comes the moment when you come to depend on it."

So far, the Wilson girls are doing just fine, thank you. In addition to Seattle houses for themselves and their parents, Ann and Nancy own a 243-acre Arabian-horse breeding ranch on the southern Oregon coast, a number of antique cars and a tremendous amount of money stashed away in municipal bonds, high-interest bank accounts and treasury bills.

"A lot of people know we have money," Ann says, "and so they come running to us with these crazy deals or new

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inventions they want us to back." Not too long ago, the group was offered a "dream" deal: They could buy up an entire city block in Seattle as part of an urban-renewal program. "These guys came in and showed us drawings and maps, and all they could say was, 'Well, it's in pretty bad shape now, but one day you'll probably make your money back.' We backed off," Ann says, "because things like that gave us the willies. We only want to be into sure things."

Things like a boutique, which Ann and Nancy plan to open soon in Seattle, and the building of mini storage warehouses in the same city. Miniwarehouses? "We think building these things is a great investment," Ann argues. "In Seattle, we've got all these people moving in. There's a shortage of housing and people need a place to store their stuff. What we do is buy a piece of undeveloped land, erect these little heated garages and they'll pay for themselves. Later on, you tear them down and build apartments."

The Wilson sisters claim they have only a sketchy idea of what they really have, but each month the girls get a detailed report on their earnings and assets from their accountants. "I'm trying to shelter all the money I've got," Ann confides. But not from the IRS, she says, as much as from ex-boyfriend Mike Fisher (the two of them are embroiled in a rock-'n'-roll palimony dispute).

"It's gotten to the point now where Nancy and I know we're not going to be starving a few years down the line," she says. "Our various pension plans will see to that." But she does have one small problem. She's a little overloaded right now with cars: two Porsches, a Ford Fiesta, a Plymouth Arrow and a 1967 Land Rover. "I'm trying to get rid of the Arrow," she says. "But they tell me the market is soft."

Jim Seals believes the *entire economy* is soft, and he's decided to protect himself. The first half of Seals and Crofts has decided to liquidate many of his assets, including two apartment units, some gold coins and his home in L.A., and has bought a large coffee plantation near San José, Costa Rica. Dash Crofts is doing likewise and moving to an estate in Cuernavaca, Mexico.

"The U. S. is a dictatorship of a different kind," the 38-year-old Seals argues. "You're free to make as much money as you want, but not free to spend as much." Seals has made another discovery as well. "If you're smart enough to hire somebody to handle your money, then he's smart enough to also take you. So then you hire somebody else to watch him, and then you hire somebody to watch the watchers. Then one day you go down to the Beverly Hills Hotel and they're all sitting at the same table. We have arrived at the point where we are handling everything ourselves."

Seals and Crofts now have their own in-house bookkeeping staff in L.A. and are slowly but surely developing the proper tax shelters. "Right after *Diamond Girl*," says manager Marcia Day, "we had a real problem. There was no way to shelter the money and a lot of it went right back to Uncle Sam." After Seals and Crofts started making big dollars, Day took a large advance from Warner Bros. and put it into a $2,000,000 recording studio, apartment buildings, African art and even a Convair 580 prop jet. Then, last year, they sold the plane, the houses and the apartment units.

"The U. S. economy is too scary," says Day. "So Jim and Dash have decided to live elsewhere for a while. Jim knows absolutely nothing about coffee, but he's learning," she reports. "He even bought himself a tractor."

While the duo will stay together, returning to the States to record in L.A. and perform in Las Vegas, Seals sees the brightest future for himself south of the border. "I feel that Central and South America are on the upswing. They may go through revolution and change, but they are going to grow rapidly. Right now, I'm just trying to pick the softest place to land."

So is everybody, even Eddie Money, who says he changed his name from Mahoney when he got serious about the music business. Signed to a management deal with rock impresario Bill Graham at Winterland in 1977, Eddie Money has been making his last name ever since.

"I'm not ashamed about money," he says. "I love talking about it. I can still work a bar and count the number of drinks they're selling from the stage. I'm not Mick Jagger," he says, "but I'm an American kid who can handle his money."

When Money had his first hit, *Two Tickets to Paradise*, he was already headed for bankruptcy, with stops at welfare and food stamps. He was $67,000 in the red. But Graham got him performances with Fleetwood Mac and The Rolling Stones and the rest was uphill.

Money now has substantial holdings in office buildings and an apartment complex. Perhaps most appropriately, the ultimate absurdity is that he is one of the owners of stock in a savings and loan in San Luis Obispo, California. "If I ever get any real money, maybe I'll open an account there," he laughs. "Maybe I'll even give myself a toaster."

"A starlet says she has to think it over. A star just says yes."

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CARS '81: PLAYBOY'S PICK *(continued from page 178)*

"Despite stiff price tags, German-built cars remain high on many American buyers' want lists."

in all new cars by 1984. The latter, a pleasant but ordinary-looking rear-drive three-door hatchback available with five-speed manual transmission only, blows away every gas-powered car in America with 39-mpg city and 54-mpg highway EPA ratings—yet offers surprising roominess, handling and performance at a reasonable price ($4700). Also new is a hairy and superb-handling sports performance package for the six-cylinder Celica Supra sports coupe.

Runner-up Datsun, coincidentally or not, also fields handsomely restyled and refined derivations of its top-line 810 sedan and wagon. Motivated by a smaller version of the 280-ZX fuel-injected six-cylinder engine, these come in a basic European-look form with five-speed transmission and as superlux Maximas with automatic transmission and almost everything else imaginable—even the industry's first electronic voice synthesizer to tell you (in sultry female tones) to "Please turn off your lights" if you're exiting the car and leaving them on. There's also more horsepower for the Z-car and some new features for the lovely 200-SX sports coupe and hatchback introduced last year, including some really fine electronic stereo radios.

Honda's latest coup is a sharp four-door-notchback-sedan version of the fun-driving, economical and ever-popular Civic. Looking like a scaled-down Accord four-door, powered by the Civic's frugal 1.5-liter engine and sitting on the Prelude sports coupe's nimble suspension, it promises to be another big winner for the fast-growing number-three importer. Honda's existing models, however, continue with little change.

Mazda has jumped solidly onto the front-wheel-drive econocar band wagon with an all-new series of GLC subcompacts offering state-of-the-art ride and handling, along with interior roominess and comfort rivaling the best in this class. Both the 626 sedan and coupe and the marvelous RX-7 rotary Wankel-engined sports car get cleanly updated design front, rear and inside, and there's a new top-line RX-7 model called GSL.

You may not notice at first glance, but the already excellent Dodge Challenger and Plymouth Sapporo sports coupes (built by Mitsubishi of Japan) have revised and roomier interiors, as well as functional improvements, under their mildly restyled bodies. The cute and snappy Dodge Colt and Plymouth Champ front-wheel-drive subcompacts are carried over with their unique twin-stick (four-speed manual mated to a secondary gearbox with economy and power ratios) transmissions and other endearing features.

Once known for its unlovely but solid front-wheel-drive econoboxes and unusual flat-four horizontal engine, Subaru came out of the closet last year with substantial styling, comfort and feature improvements and a new hatchback model available with or without four-wheel-drive. Subaru pioneered the four-wheel-drive automobile in this country with its four-wheel-drive station wagon in 1975, following with the minitruck-like Brat utility vehicle in 1978 and the four-wheel-drive hatchback in 1980. Remaining at the top of Subaru's front-wheel-drive line-up with little change for 1981 is the well-appointed GLF hardtop.

Finally, you may recall Isuzu as the maker of Buick's Japanese Opel subcompacts a few years back, or know it now as the supplier of Chevrolet's LUV minitruck. But now Isuzu (still G.M.'s Japanese affiliate) has decided to move into the fertile U. S. market on its own this March with a series of very economical rear-drive I-Mark two-door and four-door sedans powered by your choice of gasoline or diesel four-cylinder engines that displace 1.8 liters. The little diesel will cost some $800 more than the gas burner but will return truly astounding EPA-rated economy—41 mpg city and 63 mpg highway!

GERMAN CARS

Despite stiff price tags, German-built imports remain high on many American buyers' want lists because of their well-deserved reputation for quality and performance—so VW of America continues to import a dizzying array of VW, Audi and Porsche products to help satisfy this demand. All peppy, nimble handling and fun to drive, the VW Scirocco sports coupe, Rabbit convertible and Jetta sedan are based on Rabbit mechanicals but are custom-tailored to specific needs. Audi's 4000 inherited the larger 5000's five-cylinder engine and automatic transmission last year, a higher-performance five-cylinder, five-speed version (called 5+5) was added for '81 and a sporty hatchback coupe is promised soon. Audi's flagship 5000 remains top of the line and the recently added Turbo 5000 rivals any luxury sedan in existence for performance, luxury and comfort. In the world-renowned Porsche sports-car stable, the four-cylinder Turbo 924 gets more power for '81, while the top-line V8 928 gets a new optional visual and suspension package to augment its already-stunning performance and cornering power.

Mercedes has introduced its all-new S-Class top-of-the-range sedans in turbodiesel 300SD and long-wheelbase gas V8 380SEL versions. Although they retain the traditional Mercedes look, you can tell the new from the old by their leaner, cleaner, more wedge-shaped profiles and revised head-lamp/park-lamp design. Fuel economy is up for both versions, but the solid, sure-footed Mercedes virtues remain. The smaller-series sedan and wagon and its 280CE and 300 CD coupe derivatives are carried over intact, as are the 380 SL convertible and 380 SLC sports coupe.

BMW has long nurtured a reputation for building expensive cars for expert drivers, and it's true that there's nothing quite like the supple, glued-to-the-road feel of a BMW, any BMW, on a nasty, twisting mountain highway. Our favorites are the beautiful 633CSi coupe and the larger 733i luxury sedan, both with a new five-speed manual transmission (or optional automatic) for '81.

SWEDISH CARS

Volvo, the leading Swedish car maker, has a new six-cylinder diesel engine available for its sedan and wagons and a two-door turbocharged model called the GLT that replaces its current GT model. We also like the limited-production luxury V6, chopped-top Bertone coupe model that's available with automatic transmission and cruise control for effortless freeway motoring.

Saab, gaining fast in reputation since introducing its excellent 900 model—especially the wonderful turbocharged version—redesigns its two-liter four-cylinder engine for lighter weight and revises its model line-up for '81. A luxury-look four-door notchback sedan replaces the five-door hatchback, the older 99 sedan is discontinued in this country and a mid-range S model replaces the former GLE and EMS between the base 900 and the 900 Turbo.

FRENCH CARS

The biggest news from France this year is Renault's very nice 18i sedan and wagon, which, along with the spunky Le Car, will be available in most American Motors showrooms through the two companies' mutual marketing agreements. Featuring ride, handling and interior appointments as fetching as its exterior appearance, the 18i will likely be the second most fuel-efficient European import in the U. S. this year—just behind its stablemate, Le Car, which enters the new year little changed.

Peugeot has carved a reputation here

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PLAYBOY CARS '81—VITAL STATISTICS

SPORTING & LUXURIOUS AUTOMOBILES BOTH FOREIGN & DOMESTIC

MAKE & MODEL	OVER-ALL LENGTH	WHEEL BASE	DRIVE* SYSTEM	ENGINE** (liters/ cylinders)	MAX. HP @rpm	0–60 MPH (sec.)	EPA ECONOMY (city/hwy mpg)	APPROX. BASE PRICE	FEATURES
UNITED STATES									
AMC Eagle	180.9 in.	109.3 in.	F-4wd	4.2-6	96@4000	15	17/26	$ 7,900	Full-time 4wd
AMC Eagle SX/4	164.6	97.2	F-4wd	2.5-4	84@3600	19.3	22/29	6,600	Full-time 4wd in small, sporty package
Buick Regal Sport Coupe	200.6	108.1	F-R	3.8-V6T	170@4000	11.5	19/27	7,300	Sport version of Buick's intermediate coupe; new aerodynamic body for '81
Buick Riviera T Type	206.6	114	F-F	3.8-V6T	180@4000	13.5	16/22	12,700	Sport version of Buick's fwd luxury coupe; special suspension and turbo V6 std.
Buick Skylark Sport Coupe	181.1	104.9	F-F	2.8-V6	115@4800	12.2	21/31	7,000	Buick's sporty X-car
Cadillac Eldorado	204.5	114	F-F	6.0-V8	140@3800	18	15/22	16,500	Diesel V8 optional
Cadillac Seville	204.8	114	F-F	5.7-V8D	105@3200	21.5	20/30	21,000	Diesel V8 standard
Chevrolet Camaro Z-28	197.6	108	F-R	5.7-V8	175@4000	9.5	16/21	8,000	The high-performance Camaro
Chevrolet Citation X-11	176.7	104.9	F-F	2.8-V6	135@5400	10	21/34	7,000	Chevy's high-performance X-car with special 2.8L V6 engine and suspension
Chevrolet Corvette	185.3	98	F-R	5.7-V8	190@4600	9	15/21	15,000	America's only mass-produced sports car
Chevrolet Cavalier	172.9	101.2	F-F	1.8-4	80@4000	12.5	28/44	6,000	All-new fwd replacement for subcompact Monza
Chevrolet Monte Carlo	200.4	108.1	F-R	3.8-V6T	170@3800	12.5	19/27	7,900	New aerodynamic body
Chrysler Imperial	213.3	112.7	F-R	5.2-V8	140@4000	13	16/26	19,000	New luxury coupe with EFI V8 engine and electronic instrumentation standard
Continental Mark VI	216	114.3	F-R	5.0-V8	129@3600	16.3	16/24	16,500	Ultimate Continental luxury; electronic instrumentation standard
Dodge Aries	176	99.6	F-F	2.2-4	84@4800	12.5	25/41	6,200	Dodge's new fwd K-car
Dodge 024 DeTomaso	173.5	96.6	F-F	2.2-4	84@4800	13.9	25/41	6,400	Sportiest version of Dodge's fwd subcompact coupe
Excalibur Series IV Phaeton	207	125	F-R	5.0-V8	155@4000	15.5	13/20	44,000	Classic Mercedes-Benz styling
Ford Escort	163.9	94.2	F-F	1.6-4	69@5000	14	30/44	5,200	New fwd small car; automatic transmission optional
Ford EXP	170.3	94.2	F-F	1.6-4	69@5000	14	30/45	8,000	Escort-based fwd sporty coupe
Ford Mustang Turbo	179.1	100.4	F-R	2.3-4T	132@5500	10.5	23/34	6,500	Ford's sporty coupe with U. S. industry's only turbo 4-cylinder
Mercury Capri RS	179.1	100.4	F-R	4.2-V8	118@3800	12.1	23/34	5,900	Sportiest version of Mercury's sporty coupe
Mercury LN-7	170.3	94.2	F-F	1.6-4	69@5000	14	30/45	8,000	Lynx-based fwd sporty coupe
Mercury Lynx	163.9	94.2	F-F	1.6-4	69@5000	14	30/44	5,600	Mercury's new fwd subcompact
Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme	200	108.1	F-R	5.7-V8D	105@3200	17.6	22/35	7,800	Olds's mid-size personal coupe; V6, V8 or diesel V8
Oldsmobile Sport Omega	181.8	104.9	F-F	2.5-4	84@3600	15.5	22/32	6,800	Olds's X-car with European style
Oldsmobile Toronado	206	114	F-F	5.7-V8D	105@3200	17.7	22/34	12,400	Olds's fwd luxury coupe; diesel V8 optional
Plymouth Reliant	176.2	99.6	F-F	2.2-4	84@4800	13	24/40	6,200	Plymouth's new fwd K-car
Plymouth TC3 Turismo	174.5	96.6	F-F	2.2-4	84@4800	13.9	25/43	6,200	Special sport version of Plymouth's fwd subcompact coupe
Pontiac Firebird Turbo T/A	198.1	108.2	F-R	4.9-V8T	155@4000	9.5	16/22	8,500	Pontiac's performance Firebird; industry's only turbo V8
Pontiac Grand Prix	201.8	108.1	F-R	3.8-V6	110@3800	15.3	21/30	7,200	Pontiac's mid-size personal coupe; new aerodynamic body for '81
Pontiac J-2000	170	121.2	F-F	1.8-4	80@4000	12.5	28/44	6,000	All-new fwd replacement for subcompact Sunbird
Pontiac Phoenix SJ	179.3	104.9	F-F	2.5-4	90@4000	14.5	22/35	6,700	Pontiac's sporty X-car
Volkswagen Rabbit	155.3	94.5	F-F	1.7-4	74@5000	12	25/40	5,700	German-designed, American-built fwd subcompact
JAPAN									
Datsun 200-SX	176.4	94.5	F-R	2.0-4	100@5200	11.8	28/39	7,000	Sports coupe or hatchback; 5-speed or automatic transmission
Datsun 280-ZX	174	91.3	F-R	2.8-6	145@5200	9.6	21/26	10,500	Datsun's sport/GT; 5-speed or automatic transmission
Datsun 810	183.3	103.4	F-R	2.4-6	120@5200	13.8	23/34	7,600	New sedan and wagon; 5-speed transmission, 4-wheel disc brakes
Dodge Challenger	186.2	99.6	F-R	2.6-4	105@5000	11.5	21/30	7,000	Luxury sports coupe restyled for '81; "silent shaft" engine

for its unexciting but well-built 504 sedan and wagon and its strong and very fuel-efficient diesel engine, but last year's introduction of the thoroughly modern and handsome 505 sedan has really stirred up attention. Although lacking head-snapping power with either the gas or the new (for '81) turbo-diesel, the 505 delivers BMW-like comfort, ride and handling feel and (along with Renault's 18i) helps put to rest forever the tradition of funny-looking French cars.

ITALIAN CARS

Alfa Romeo, the smallest U. S. importer but long a purveyor of exciting sports and GT machinery, plans a new V6 version of its striking GT coupe for early '81 introduction. Called GTV6, it will have better aerodynamics and improved interior appointments compared with the previous four-cylinder GT, not to mention exceptional performance and handling.

Fiat added electronic fuel injection late last year to its classic Spider 2000 and wedge-shaped X1/9 sports cars, transforming them overnight into the truly exciting machines their looks have always promised and adding improved

Dodge Colt	156.9	90.6	F-F	1.4-4	70@5200	10.4	37/41	4,900	Unique 4x2 manual transmission
Honda Accord	171.9	97.3	F-F	1.8-4	75@4500	12.2	27/36	7,000	Honda's 4-door sedan and 3-door hatchback
Honda Civic 4-door Sedan	161	91.3	F-F	1.5-4	67@5000	12	35/46	5,800	New 4-door-sedan model similar to Accord 4-door but smaller
Isuzu I-Mark	165.9	94.7	F-R	1.8-4D	61@5000	15.4	41/63	6,000	New entry to U. S. market in 2-door and 4-door with gas or diesel engine
Mazda GLC	159.1	93.1	F-F	1.5-4	68@5000	11.9	35/45	4,800	New front-drive series
Mazda RX-7	170.1	95.3	F-R	1.1-Rotary	100@6000	8.6	21/30	8,600	Mazda's rotary-engine sports car
Plymouth Champ	156.9	90.6	F-F	1.4-4	70@5200	10.4	37/41	4,900	Unique 4x2 manual transmission optional with 1.6L engine
Plymouth Sapporo	186.2	99.6	F-R	2.6-4	105@5000	11.5	21/30	6,900	Luxury sports coupe, restyled for '81
Subaru DL 4wd	156.7	93.3	F-F/4wd	1.8-4	71@4400	13.3	25/33	5,200	Three-door hatchback shifts to 4wd on demand
Subaru GLF Hardtop	168.1	96.9	F-F	1.8-4	67@5200	13.5	32/44	6,000	Top-line Subaru; unique 4-cylinder engine
Toyota Celica Supra	181.7	103.5	F-R	2.8-6	116@4800	10	22/29	11,000	Toyota's top-line sports coupe; 5-speed manual or 4-speed automatic
Toyota Cressida	184.8	104.1	F-R	2.8-6	116@4800	10.9	22/29	10,000	New sedan and wagon; 4-speed automatic transmission
Toyota Starlet	152.2	90.6	F-R	1.3-4	58@5200	14.2	39/54	4,700	New high-economy 3-door hatchback; 5-speed manual transmission only
GERMANY									
Audi 4000	176.6	100	F-F	1.7-4	72@5000	13	22/34	8,700	Fwd compact sedan, 2-door or 4-door
Audi 5000 Turbo	188.9	105.5	F-F	2.2-5T	130@5400	10.6	18/25	17,000	Fwd luxury sedan with unique 5-cylinder turbocharged engine
BMW 633CSi	192.7	103.4	F-R	3.3-6	174@5200	8.6	16/23	34,000	Luxury sports coupe with EFI 6-cylinder engine
BMW 733i	197.4	110	F-R	3.3-6	174@5200	8.7	16/23	30,000	Luxury sedan with EFI 6-cylinder; automatic or 5-speed transmission
Mercedes-Benz 300SD	202.5	115.6	F-R	3.0-5TD	120@4350	14.3	24/32	34,000	Redesigned "S Class" large Mercedes with turbo-diesel engine
Mercedes-Benz 380SLC	196.4	111	F-R	3.8-V8	155@4750	11.5	16/22	42,000	Mercedes' limited-edition luxury sports coupe
Porsche 924 Turbo	168.9	94.5	F-R	2.0-4T	143@5500	9	19/31	22,000	Turbocharger version of 924 sports car
Porsche 928	175.1	98.4	F-R	4.5-V8	220@5250	7.7	15/24	38,000	Porsche's V8-powered flagship sports car; 5-speed or automatic
Volkswagen Jetta	170.3	94.5	F-F	1.7-4	74@5000	12.2	25/40	8,000	Rabbit-based 2-door or 4-door; gas or diesel with 5-speed or automatic
Volkswagen Scirocco	155.7	94.5	F-F	1.7-4	74@5000	11	25/40	8,500	Rabbit-based sports coupe
ITALY									
Alfa Romeo GTV 6	171	94.5	F-R	2.5-V6	154@5500	9	17/26	16,000	Revamped for '81 with twin-cam EFI V6 engine
Ferrari 308 GTS	174.2	92.1	M-R	2.9-V8	205@6600	7.7	11/19	53,000	Targa-top mid-engine sports car; twin-cam V8
Fiat Spider 2000	163	89.7	F-R	2.0-4	102@5500	10.5	25/36	9,900	Convertible sports car; 5-speed transmission and 4-wheel disc brakes
Fiat Strada	161	96.4	F-F	1.5-4	75@5100	12.2	28/38	5,700	Fiat's economy sedan; 2-door and 4-door
Fiat X1/9	156.2	86.7	M-R	1.5-4	75@5500	11.4	26/37	9,200	Targa-top mid-engine sports car
Lancia Zagato	164.6	92.5	F-F	2.0-4	102@5500	11.3	20/26	12,000	Targa/convertible version of Lancia Beta coupe
GREAT BRITAIN									
De Lorean	168	94.9	R-R	2.9-V6	145@5500	8	18/28	25,000	Stainless-steel sports car with gull-wing doors
Jaguar XJ-S	192.5	102	F-R	5.3-V12	262@5000	8.4	13/19	30,000	Jaguar's flagship sports coupe; V12 engine, 4-wheel disc brakes
Lotus Esprit	167.7	96	M-R	2.4-4	140@5800	8.3	15/25	36,000	The "James Bond" car from *The Spy Who Loved Me*
Rolls-Royce Corniche	207.5	120	F-R	6.8-V8	127@4000	12.5	10/13	156,000	Hand-built convertible is most expensive Rolls-Royce
Rover 3500	191	110.8	F-R	3.5-V8	148@5000	10	15/25	15,900	Rebirth of Rover in U. S.
Triumph TR-8	165.5	85	F-R	3.5-V8	148@5000	8.6	16/26	11,900	High-performance roadster
FRANCE									
Peugeot 505	186.6	107.9	F-R	2.0-4	96@4900	13.3	18/24	10,400	Sophisticated sedan comes with choice of gas, diesel or turbocharged-diesel engine
Renault 18i	178.7	96.1	F-F	1.6-4	82@5500	13.5	26/37	7,400	New compact fwd sports sedan or wagon; optional 5-speed or automatic
Renault Le Car	142.5	95.2	F-F	1.4-4	51@5000	12.7	30/40	5,000	Renault's fwd economy subcompact
SWEDEN									
Saab 900 Turbo	187.6	99.4	F-F	2.0-4T	135@4800	9.5	19/29	14,000	Saab's high-performance sports sedan
Volvo Coupe	192.5	104.3	F-R	2.8-V6	130@5500	11.4	16/27	18,000	Custom-built luxury coupe
Volvo GLT-Turbo	192.5	104.3	F-R	2.1-4T	127@5400	9.8	20/28	13,000	Turbocharged sports sedan; 4-speed manual transmission with overdrive

NOTE: The above chart is a representative sampling of the world's most desirable makes; it does not list all models nor attempt to be comprehensive. Domestic car prices are estimates of what the 1981 factory-suggested retail prices will be; they do not include taxes, transportation or dealer-preparation costs. Price is for auto with engine listed. Foreign prices are port of entry. They also do not include state or local taxes, transportation or dealer-preparation charges. *Engine placement/drive wheels (F = front, R = rear, M = mid) **Standard or recommended

fuel economy in the bargain. The Lancia Zagato "convertible" also gets the injection treatment for '81, while Fiat's "Italian Rabbit," the economical Strada subcompact, receives as-yet-unspecified improvements. All Fiats, incidentally, feature a three-year rust warranty.

Surely among the world's most erotically beautiful and exciting automobiles, Ferrari's mid-engine V8 308 GTB and its targa-topped GTS derivative garner swiveling heads, bulging eyes and low whistles of awe whenever they appear. Best of the Italian exotica genre, they still have their eccentricities (try getting in or out of one without bumping some part of your anatomy) but nothing that can't be lived with. It's a small price to pay for the privilege of piloting such magnificent machinery.

Ferraris may command envious attention, but few cars on earth generate as much instant respect as a Rolls-Royce. Drive up in one to any club in the country and no one is likely to question your membership. Costing more than ordinary people's homes, Rolls-Royces offer a singular combination of modern electronic convenience and the very

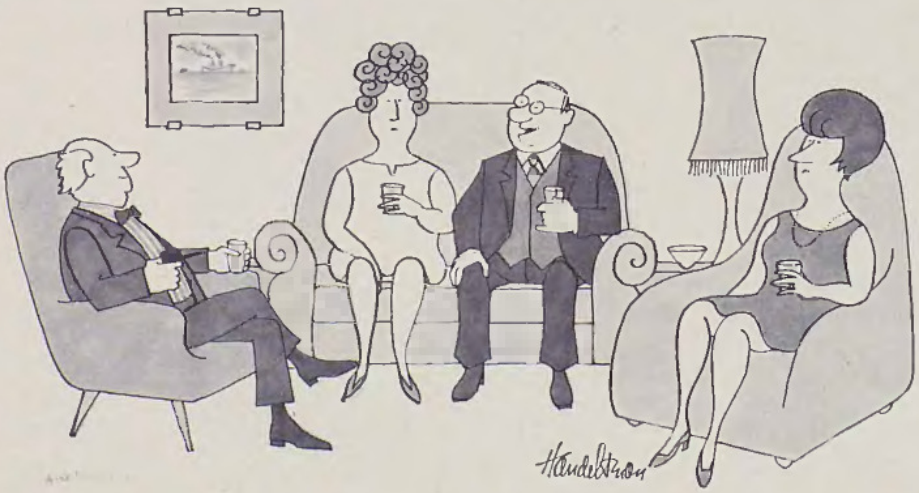
British luxury tradition of wall-to-wall polished wood and leather, all wrapped in a package of stately grace that no one mistakes for anything else. Redesigned Silver Shadow and Silver Wraith sedans scheduled for spring introduction will feature a slightly modernized appearance, a new fuel-injected engine and improved rear suspension system and will be renamed Silver Spirit and Silver Spur but we still favor the rare and obscenely expensive Corniche convertible for the ultimate in elegance.

Also imported by Rolls-Royce are the exotic Lotus sports cars and our favorite, the low, wide and handsome Esprit. Standing thigh-high and looking like the Jolly Green Giant's doorstop, this sly devil is quicker than any nonturbocharged four-cylinder has a right to be and corners like the superb Lotus Grand Prix road-racing car that carried Mario Andretti to a world championship two years ago. You may remember it as James Bond's famous amphibian car a few years ago.

British Leyland, now known as Jaguar Rover Triumph on this side of the Atlantic, has been bringing lively little English sports cars to our shores since shortly after the Big War. Lately, those little roadsters have been showing their age, their bones beginning to creak and their once-lusty spirits dampened from the weight of our myriad safety, emissions and fuel-economy regulations. But JRT has recently pulled a few new tricks from its bag by chopping the top from its most modern sportster, the Triumph TR-7, stuffing a lightweight aluminum V8 into a TR-8 version of it, and then reviving the respected Rover name with a splendidly sleek hatchback sedan powered by that same torquey V8. In five-speed form, especially, the new Rover 3500 is a credible BMW rival, and the quick but comfortable TR-8 recalls a glimmer of the excitement that once was Cobra. JRT's luxury Jaguars also received a redesign last year and are better than ever—except, of course, for the flagship XJS coupe, which was dynamite already.

Finally, from Great Britain comes the all-new De Lorean sports car. Originally planned to be on the market by now, this mixed-breed beauty was rescheduled for a spring U. S. introduction, according to our latest information. Featuring a sleek, wedge-shaped profile designed by Giugiaro of Italy, a sophisticated chassis by Lotus of England, a 2.8-liter aluminum V6 engine of French and Swedish descent (jointly developed and shared by Peugeot, Renault and Volvo) mounted in the rear and a unique stainless-steel body, coupled with the production know-how of former G.M. executive John De Lorean, it should be competitive in the exotic-sports-car market at the mid-$20,000 price range. Produced in a brand-new factory in Belfast, Northern Ireland, the De Lorean will be sold and serviced by a network of some 350 dealers throughout the country.

There you have the best and the brightest automotive creations for the new year. The quest for fuel and space efficiency has led to industry-wide trends toward more aerodynamic bodies, more front-wheel-drive for larger interiors in smaller cars, more diesel engines and more precise electronic control over engine operations. Several industry firsts have hit the street in '81 models, including Cadillac's variable-displacement engine, Oldsmobile's "friendly" Sport Omega fenders, Toyota's Cressida automatic safety harness and Datsun's 810 voice synthesizer. Don't expect such rapid advancement to come cheaply, but make your move now, because we both know that these machines will never sell for less.



"I've got a more exciting idea, Fred. Let's swap cars."

BARBARA BACH

(continued from page 128)

questions like, 'What sports do you play?' and 'What brought you to Hollywood?' Now, *that* was a good question. I'd often wondered myself. Somehow, in the end, I sensed that the problem was not whether I could act but whether I could *bounce* and be fluffy enough."

When she talked with me about marriage early in 1980, Barbara was pretty well set against it. An unfluffy Long Island beauty who had become a successful model, she had married a businessman from Italy and discovered that all roads led to Rome. After producing two children and making films abroad, she decided that her career had worked out appreciably better than her marriage.

"I can't imagine why I would ever get married again. I made that commitment once and was unable to fulfill it. The way I am now, if I want to be with someone, I'll be with that person, but I see no reason to carry his name as well. I'm still *me*, and I've worked hard to achieve that much. For someone who has already been married and has two wonderful children, marriage would make no sense."

Cut. Fade out and flash forward to late summer 1980. With *Caveman* in the can, a thousand headlines have already spread the word about Barbara and Ringo from Beverly Hills to Bangladesh when we meet again. Obviously, there's a new Barbara Bach at large, brighter of eye and with a lilt of excitement in her manner, yet too much like the original to make me suspect she's still another stunt double.

"You remember everything I said before?" Barbara begins. "That went out the window. Richard and I are living together, and we'll get married as soon as my divorce is final.

"A lot of garbage has been written about us, none of it interesting. The truth is, we weren't together until the very end of *Caveman*. Working, we got along fine, but we each had other people, our respective friends. Then, all of a sudden, within a week—the last week of shooting—it just happened. We changed from friendly love to *being* in love. And we both had the same philosophy, neither one ever wanting to marry again. Richard already has three children, aged ten to thirteen. Quite honestly, I never thought I'd be so lucky, to fall so much in love that I'd want to do the whole thing over. My family was shocked."

While they don't exclude the possibility of other children, Barbara and

Richard (never Ringo to her) intend to establish a home somewhere for the five they have between them. Ringo's children spent August with the happy couple in their rented house above Sunset Strip, then Barbara's 12-year-old, Francesca, and eight-year-old, Johnny, came from Italy to explore Beatlemania firsthand.

"Richard's wonderful with kids; they love him. For them, it's like a wonderland here, with drums and guitars in the music room."

Barbara herself came late to Beatles appreciation. "In the Sixties, when they were at their peak, I was in Italy. I once took my little sister to Shea Stadium to see them, because *she* was a Beatles freak. I wasn't. I don't think I could have named five of their songs a year ago. I was never really into music, though I am now—up to my ears. I'm surrounded by it, because Richard is making another album." Suddenly, Barbara finds she can speak with authority about cutting tracks. She has met Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Steve Sills, all of whom are producing songs for Ringo's new LP, due to be released early in 1981; its working title is *Private Property*, after one of the tracks produced by McCartney.

"There's also a song on it Richard wrote just for me," Barbara notes with pleasure, "called *Can't Stop Lightning*. That's what struck us, I guess, though I won't give away the words. Paul produced *Lightning*, too, and let Francesca and me play on it as part of the percussion group. Really thrilling. Much better, right now, than any film I could possibly be doing in Sri Lanka or Sardinia. Though I'm grateful for such movies and had a good time making them, this whole music world is magic to me."

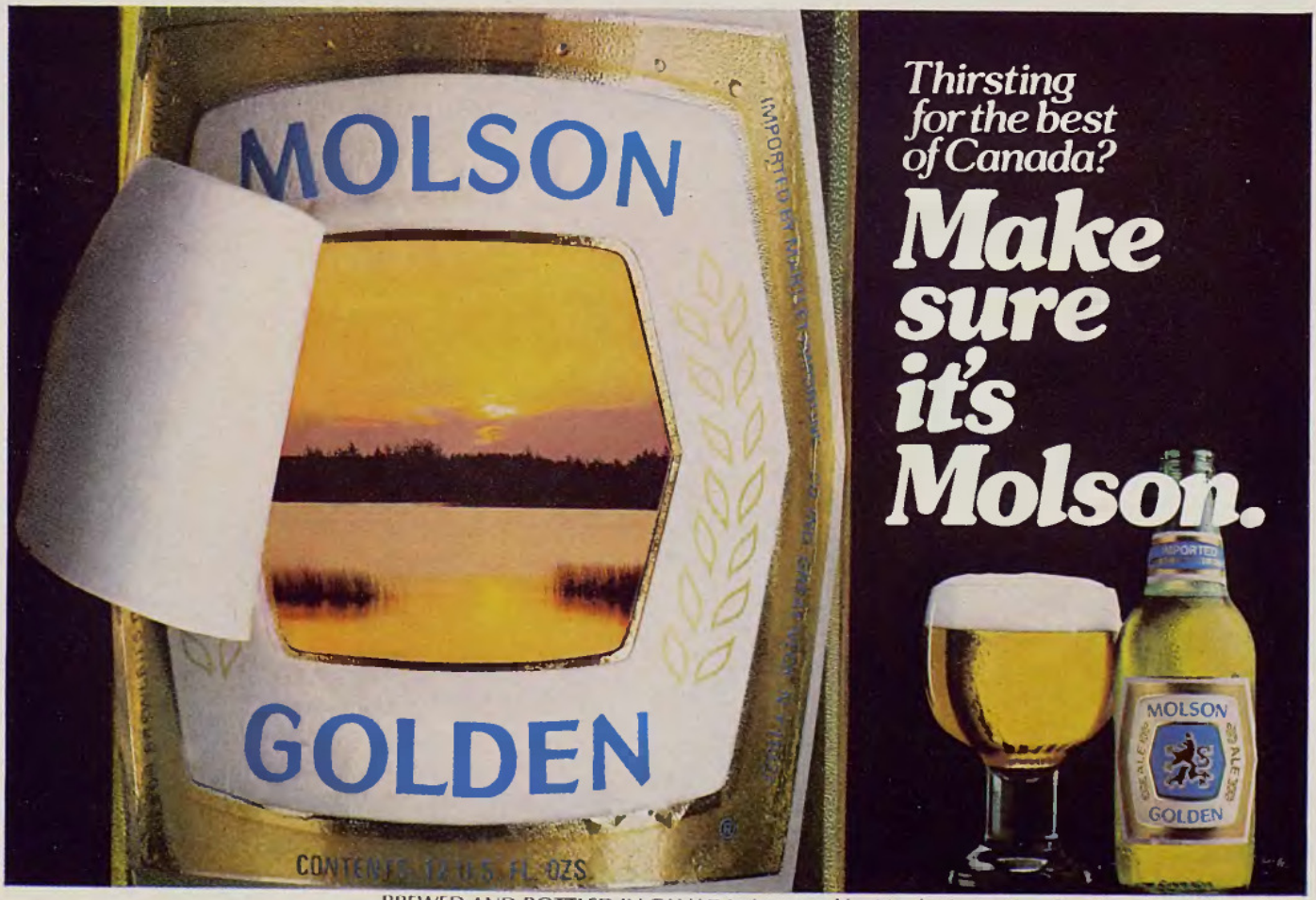
Whatever magic they're making together must have been at a high pitch one rainy day last spring, when Ringo's Mercedes 350SL was menaced by a skidding truck just outside London. To avoid a worse collision, Ringo himself whipped into a skid that took out three lampposts. The car flipped over twice, throwing him clear, with Barbara huddled on the front seat in shock, the roof collapsed over her. They both walked away from the accident, only slightly the worse for wear.

"Terrifying as it was," says Barbara, "we were checked out at a hospital—and a half hour later, we got into a cab and went back to the Dorchester. From the pictures in the paper, you'd have sworn anyone inside that car had to be mangled, if not dead. That particular Mercedes must be the safest automobile in the world, and Richard bought exactly the same car again. The wrecked one he's having crushed into a box, which we're going to keep in the house as a work of art." In memoriam or in gratitude, she adds, Ringo also ordered two star-shaped gold pins for Barbara and himself. "Each one has a little piece of the broken windshield set in its center. Richard felt that if we survived *that* together, we'll manage to get through a whole lot more."

Where do they go from here? From L.A. to London or Paris or Rome, or perhaps Monte Carlo, where Ringo has established legal residence. New York's nomadic, romantic Barbara may be on the move again soon, but she's in no doubt that anyplace she hangs her hat with Ringo will be home.

"The unexpected is what makes life wonderful, isn't it? I'm incredibly happy now. I had always secretly believed in Prince Charming, if ever he came riding up on his charger. And Richard came. We'll get married, and that's it . . . happily ever after, all the rest. So now I'm into fairy tales."

Spoken with a joyous ring of conviction that suggests our own B.B. may be stepping into the choicest role of her career.



SEXUAL OFFICE POLITICS *(continued from page 156)*

"Now that women are competing with men at the top, pillow talk can be a deadly weapon."

aren't naturally given to bullshit. Men talk tough—it's the *macho* success style—but a great deal of the time, it's a pose. Women *mean* it.

When I wrote *Power!*, there were very few women in a position to get it, let alone to *use* it. Back in those days, I assumed, as most people did, that sex in the office, for instance, was basically a question of exploitation or harassment. The big question then was what a woman should do (or say) if her boss made a pass at her, and whether or not she'd be fired (for some other reason, of course) if she discouraged him, or kneed him in the groin. Nowadays, the problem is what *you* should do, sitting there in your power suit and your Guccis, if your boss brushes her long blonde hair out of her eyes, unbuttons the top of her blouse and licks her lips invitingly while you're asking for a raise. Or how you should respond to a smoldering look of sexual invitation from a stunning young woman sitting opposite you at a meeting, when she just happens to be the hotshot lawyer for the other side. Or what to do when you take the great-looking woman in the office across the hall out for an after-work drink only to discover that she's after your job and had a cozy little dinner the night before with your boss, who has a notoriously roving eye. . . .

Perhaps the thing that most scares men is the possibility of a woman's using sex to get ahead of them in business. When men slept with their secretaries, the worst that could happen was a little bit of gossip; but now that women are competing with men at the top and filling positions of high responsibility, there is a certain residual fear that pillow talk can be a deadly weapon. What happens if your rival for a promotion is a man who is having an affair with your boss, who's a woman? Does it improve his chances? Should you make a pass at your boss, if only to show that you're not sexually indifferent to her? Will she be flattered, or will she fire you? And what if you *do* go to bed with her and she thinks the other guy is a better lay? It's enough to give a man migraines or a bad case of premature ejaculation.

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The etiquette of sex at work has changed radically in the past decade, and taking your secretary (or someone else's) out for an intimate little after-hours drink is a different proposition from asking out a woman who is making $75,000 a year, has her own parking space with her name on it and may be in a position to decide what your salary and bonus for the coming year will be—or even if you'll be around to receive them.

One guy remarked, with a sinking heart, that he realized it was going to cost him money. "For years," he said, "I've been taking women out and putting the drinks and dinner on the expense account; then, while I was having dinner with Sandra, it occurred to me, 'My God, she OKs my expenses!' So I had to pick up the tab myself, except that the second time, she told me she'd put it on *her* expenses, which made me feel a little funny, frankly. Still, at least it proves women are no more honest than men."

Until recently, men had office affairs (or one-night stands) with women who had, almost by definition, less power than they did. For women, the old come-on was not only a sexual invitation but also a way of getting ahead. As one woman put it, "Even if I don't go to bed with the guy, once an executive has done his little flirtation dance with you, and taken you out for a few drinks and lunches, and maybe made a pass, it's hard for him to say no when you ask for the raise you deserve. At worst, he may promote you out of his department from sheer embarrassment."

The basic rule of the game was that women had something to *gain* from men (besides sex or a good time) and that men held the power, from raises and promotions to the key to such exclusively masculine prerogatives as the executive washroom. These days, however, the executive washroom is as likely to contain a bottle of Ma Griffe and a box of Tampax as bay rum and an electric razor. The rules have been changed—in fact, they have been discarded altogether.

A good index of this is contemporary advertising. Women are now shown, in ads for perfumes or clothing or cosmetics, in positions of power—seated behind desks (but still looking sexy and glamorous), driving a Ferrari at top speed (skillfully and with leather racing gloves) to come to a squealing stop in front of a corporate Learjet, where the male pilots and a couple of male executives with briefcases wait for her, or coming in through the door, a vision of loveliness, to sit down at the head of the table and take charge of the meeting. . . .

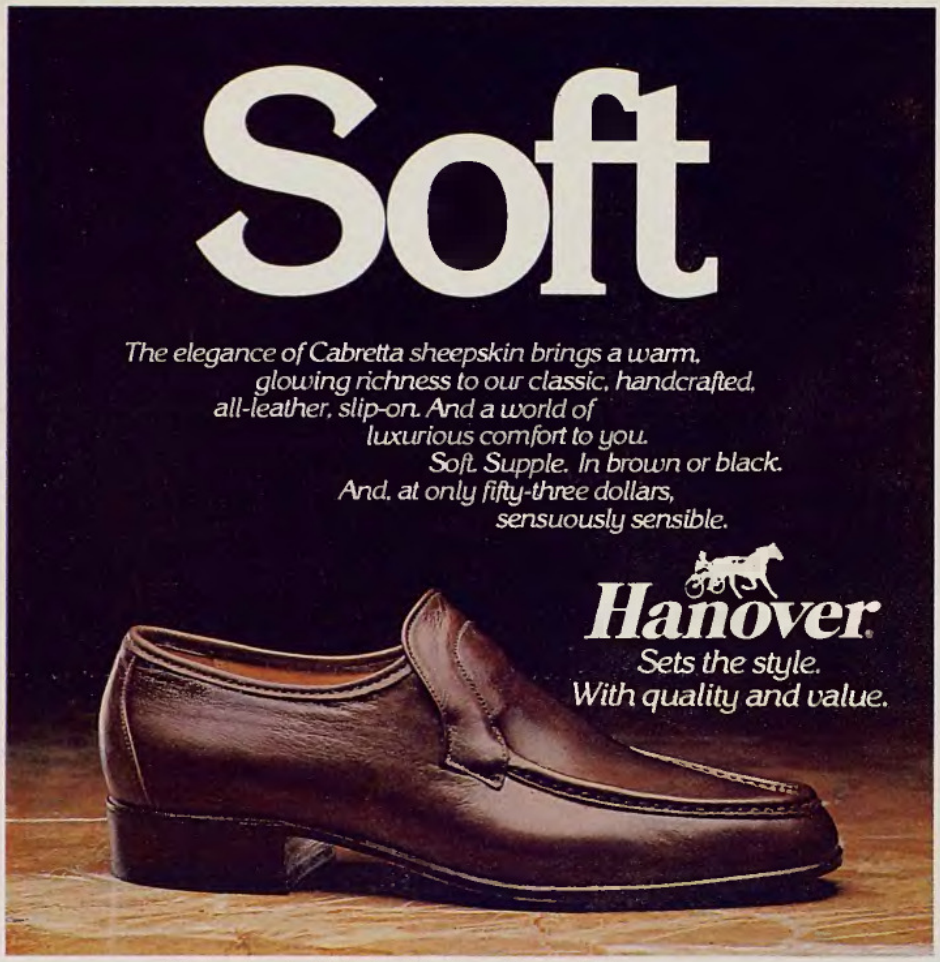
Needless to say, there is a certain amount of fantasy in all this. The majority of women still work in subordinate positions, still make less money than men who are similarly qualified and have fewer chances for promotion; but the fantasy itself tells us a great deal about what women want and what is beginning to happen. Hotels are being redesigned for the single woman executive (brighter lighting in bars, low-calorie meals, pastel colors in the rooms, more attention to services a woman may need, better room service, because many women traveling alone rightly don't want to eat or drink alone in hotels), airlines are beginning to come to grips with the traveling woman executive by providing *male* stewards, instead of the ubiquitous stewardesses, whose traditional role is to make the traveling *man* feel good. Even executive health clubs, former bastions of male supremacy, are opening up to women.

Office designers have finally begun to develop furniture and decoration for the successful woman, instead of simply giving her what the male executive wants—dark colors, heavy leather furniture, a desk the size of a Sherman tank and a chair so big that anyone under six feet sitting in it looks like a dwarf. Helen Gurley Brown, for instance, wields absolute power at *Cosmo* from an office that is done in flowered chintz, antiques and cut glass; and one publishing executive recently celebrated her rise to the top by having her whole office decorated in white, with the furniture scaled to her own 5'4" petite size, which has the additional advantage of making most men ill at ease and uncomfortable, since the chairs are too small and too low for them, and the general feeling is that of having entered the ladies' room by mistake. Women have learned that you don't have to sacrifice your femininity to be a success. The velvet glove can cover the mailed fist very effectively.

Nor have earlier predictions that successful women would be tough, "unfeminine," dressed in imitation charcoal-gray business suits and basically asexual proved to be the case. A very large number of successful, ambitious women are beautiful, strikingly—even provocatively—dressed and very conscious of their own sexuality. In fact, as it turns out, success seems to increase the sex drive and the predatory sexual instinct in women, just as it does in men.

A quick scan of women's magazines reveals that power is the new turn-on, which shouldn't come as any surprise to men. For years, after all, we've known that winning makes you feel good, at the very simplest and most *basic* level. Several studies have shown that the usual picture of the success-oriented executive is mistaken on a number of counts. It's generally assumed that the achieving personality is a workaholic whose sex drive is diminished by ambition and who has no time for pleasure; but, in fact, most achievers are determined to get the best out of life in every area, and sexual success is as important to them as

"How would you like to spread a little Joy?"



any other. Achievers maintain an active sexual life to a significantly later age than nonachievers; and they're more likely to exercise, keep to a diet, care for their appearance and their body as well. At 60, the average nonachiever is overweight, washed up, ready for the garbage heap of retirement and old age (with the prospect of having to eke out life on Social Security). Achievers at 60 are very often ready to take up a new career, determined to remain fit and tough, socially, financially and sexually active.

Women have come to understand this, if only because they were usually the victims of it. Until recently, a woman of 60 was a grandmother, with no career and no training for one, while her husband had reached his peak earning power and was getting into gear for a burst of second wind, very often leading him to divorce and remarriage to a younger woman. Now women are tasting the joys of achievement, and the choices it offers them, and women like Olive Ann Beech (who cofounded and ran one of the largest manufacturers of business aircraft in the United States) and Katharine Graham (who controls the *Washington Post* empire, which includes *Newsweek*) are maintaining their power and keeping up busy schedules that more than match those of their male counterparts. Grandmothers they may be (or of grandmotherly age), but they put in a 14-hour day and run their businesses with an iron hand.

Both of them were significantly misjudged early in their business careers, as was Helen Copley, the woman who runs one of California's largest newspaper syndicates, and for a very simple reason. Men find it difficult to assess a woman's strengths in business. Women are different (yes, I know, *vive la différence!*). They don't follow the same rules as men and they aren't educated in the same way. They don't have a background of team sports; they don't have a man's instinctive grasp of hierarchies; they are less inclined to accept authority figures at face value; they are generally less good at hiding their emotions than men and more reluctant to compromise. Above all, they're conscious of the fact that they are seldom accepted as "part of the team" and that their position *on* the team is always an ambiguous one, as long as the team rules and the team roles are defined by men.

For many men this is a worrying proposition. Most men instinctively know how to rate their position with other men. Like wolves in a pack, we are born to smell out the dominant individuals, to sense who is weaker than we are, who is stronger, who is a rival for leadership and who is not. In wolf packs, the females do not participate in this Darwinian struggle, except in the sense that they mate with the stronger wolves, the object of lupine sex being the improvement of the wolf species.

We are not so lucky. In the business world, females now compete in the leadership struggle for dominance on equal terms, but men have few, if any, instincts to guide them when their opponent or rival is of the opposite sex. Men who may be pretty sure how to interpret sexual signals from a woman often fail to recognize that a woman is a serious rival or that she's using sexual signals to disguise the fact.

You may be looking at those pretty little fingers toying with the buttons of her blouse, as she exposes just a little more cleavage, or a flash of well-tanned thigh as she crosses her legs, but *beware*. Even if her eyes are fixed on yours, wide-open and inviting, her mind may be on your job or on beating you out of a couple of crucial points on a deal. More complicated still, women who want to win, and many do, want to win it all. They may, in fact, be giving you sexual signals, they might even respond to an invitation and end up in bed with you, but they may also *still* want your job or to win out over the deal. Modern women don't trade sex for gains; they want equality in bed *and* equality at work; and the woman who goes to bed with you may well cut your throat in front of the board of directors the next day, without connecting one thing to the other. As one woman said, "What I do in bed doesn't have anything to do with what I do in court, and the fact that I've had a good time with a guy doesn't mean I'm going to go easy on him if we're on opposite sides of a case, or even if we're trying to impress the senior partner. I play to win, and I expect everyone to."

Women intensify this by adopting the accouterments of men. I remember being at a meeting of crusty, tough old lawyers, who were waiting for the other side's attorney to show up, and ready to make mincemeat of him. The door opened and in walked a very attractive woman in her 30s, with a bosom that was, to put it mildly, overdeveloped. There was dead silence as she walked in. Then she placed on the table possibly the largest, most expensive and heaviest briefcase I'd seen—lavishly equipped with buckles, straps and zippers—and began to remove from it files, a yellow legal pad, a gold pencil, a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, which she put on, and several lawbooks with place markers. "Well, gentlemen," she said, sitting down and staring at them, "shall we get down to it?"

Needless to say, she quickly made her case. She had thrown the men off balance, first by being a woman, second by being attractive, but finally because her

briefcase was a masculine status symbol, a male badge of power and potency. And here it was, bigger than their own and *in her hands*: a totem defiled. If she had been carrying a handbag, they'd have eaten her alive.

Women are getting harder for men to pigeonhole. You see a man, and after a minute you can sum him up, if you're any good at those things. "Choate, Harvard, jock type, probably plays golf," for instance; or "State U, football fan, a good ol' boy who's concealing real shrewdness and toughness with a lot of *Gee, shucks* crap"; or "smart, pushy, but basically a weak guy trying to look tough." And so on.

Men are pretty familiar with male weaknesses and strengths, and quick to observe them; but faced with a woman, they are at sea. They can't read the signs or, worse yet, they *misread* them.

One consequence of this is that men tend to be somewhat frightened of women—they represent an unknown quantity. Men, therefore, develop ways of dealing with this particular loose cannon on the ship, the most popular approach being to cut her down to size by treating her as a little girl or to embarrass her by making overtly sexual remarks, the object being to see how far they can push her. If the woman doesn't answer, she has lost face; if she *does*, she's a bad sport, a "libber," with no sense of humor. Either way, she loses.

This pre-emptive strike is a very popular move in business of the Eighties. The man looks at the young woman and says, "Hey, that's a terrific-looking dress you have on, and you look really sexy in it, you know that?"—thus turning her into a sex object in the eyes of the rest of the men at the meeting, who will now pay more attention to her thighs than to her ideas. This puts the woman in an embarrassing position; but even so, she can fight back. At a recent meeting I attended where this took place, the young woman coolly stared back at the man and replied, "Thank you, I think *you* look cute, too." Having thus reduced *him* to a sex object, she proceeded to mop up the floor with him.

Beware of the fact that a woman can easily make you look like a schmuck in front of your colleagues, if you press your attack too hard. Very few women will resort to tears these days, but tears remain an effective weapon for making a man look like a fool *and* a boor, though one woman executive has found it more useful simply to look an opponent in the eye and ask him, point-blank, "Does my being a *woman* make you nervous?," which effectively undercuts his masculinity.

One threatened male executive relied on a rich knowledge of sports to make the lone woman on his executive committee feel out of place; and it's true that men can usually freeze out a woman by talking about hockey, baseball or football. In this case, however, he misjudged his opponent. She simply took a crash course in sports and became a greater expert than he was.

Another way men often exclude women is with the use of obscene language, which is a kind of basic male-bonding device; but the new woman is very often capable of holding her own in this area. One woman lawyer, a comely girl in her 20s, sat through an hour of this at a contract meeting, listening to the men talk like Marine sergeants so as to put her in her place (this is *macho* land, honey, so don't mess with us), then calmly brushed her long hair out of her eyes, smiled sweetly and said, "If you guys think my client's going to accept this, you're out of your fucking minds." *Instant silence.* Not another obscene phrase or word was uttered during the rest of the meeting.

Afterward, one of the men said to her, "You're a tough girl, Shirley," and she looked at him calmly and replied, "And you're a tough *boy*!"

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Still, men *are* fighting back. In fact, sexual combat in business is becoming increasingly sophisticated these days. One man I know found himself locked in combat with an attractive woman over a contract negotiation. At a critical moment, she leaned back, thus exposing a very fine pair of breasts, and began playing with the top button of her blouse, which was already unbuttoned to the cleavage line. Calmly, he took off his tie, unbuttoned *his* shirt and scratched his muscular chest; then he rolled up his sleeves and said, "Shall we move on to the next point?"

I think that is probably the right approach for the Eighties. The put-down is out—it's *gauche*, blatantly male chauvinist and, in the long run, a losing proposition. Equality is in. When you think a woman is giving you a sexual come-on while you're doing business with her, say, "How about a drink this evening—*after* we've concluded this?" Equality means the freedom to respond to (and initiate) sexual approaches while still competing as equals, and men simply have to learn how to do it. When you walk into your boss's office to ask for a raise and *she* sits down beside you on the couch, exposing a pair of very attractive legs, and gives you a close scrutiny, it is perfectly OK to say, for example, "You know, you're a very attractive woman, and I'd like to get to know you better; but, in the meantime, let's talk about my salary needs. . . ."

In the office of the Sixties and Seventies, it was necessary to watch out for

the power games of the guys around you. It's still necessary; but today you have to be on the lookout for the sudden come-on, the sexual innuendo, the inviting glance that is designed to take your mind off the business at hand. Bear in mind that—in women executives—beauty, sexuality, elegance and femininity have become success/power symbols, the ideal being someone like Sherry Lansing, who is not only a very attractive woman but also the head of a major studio. Successful men are usually recognizable because they look, act and dress like successful men, and have a certain cultivated aura of success and power; successful women want to look glamorous, and very often do, in just the same way that their male counterparts go in for exercise, suntans, expensive barbering and tailor-made suits.

It used to be said, in the days when Henry Kissinger was Secretary of State, that "power is the ultimate aphrodisiac," by which it was meant that women find powerful men sexually attractive even when the men in question are physically unremarkable by any rational standards. The saying still holds true, but with a different meaning. Power is a *direct* aphrodisiac for women. They have discovered that it is not only the next-best thing to sex but is closely linked with sex. Power, in short, *feels good*; and while it may be nice to be taken out to dinner (or even to bed) by a powerful man, it's even better to beat him at his own game, which is the real high of the Eighties, or, better still, to go to bed with him *and* beat him at his own game.

It is reasonable, I think, to count on a certain natural intensification of the war between the sexes, since men can hardly give up their prerogatives without some bitterness and women can't help but feel a certain resentment of the way they've been held back for centuries. When Marilyn Monroe became a star and signed her first big studio deal, she is reported to have said, "Thank God, I'll never have to give head to a producer again!"—a sentiment that probably applies more to the movie business, in which women and sex have always been commodities, than to any other. Still, a woman who becomes successful in *any* business is bound to feel that power frees her from a number of hitherto obligatory pretenses, if nothing else. She no longer needs to pretend to be dumb, or to fake admiration for guys who aren't as bright as she is, or to worry about what will happen to her if she turns down a pass from some schmuck who is in a position to fire her, or live up to the stereotyped expectations men have of women.

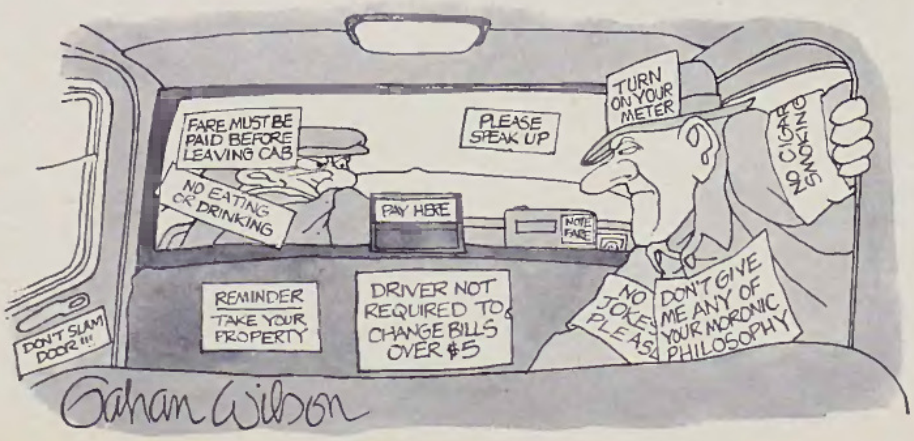
Not so long ago, I had the pleasure of interviewing one of the first women generals in the United States Army, and I was struck by the fact that nobody had any trouble accepting her in that role. When she walked across the parade ground, six-foot sergeants came smartly to attention and saluted; her aide, a male lieutenant, followed her, carrying her briefcase and making sure the red flag with two white stars was unfurled from the fender of her car as she stepped into it; her driver, a grizzled veteran with a chestful of combat ribbons, fetched her coffee, opened doors for her and seemed to have no difficulty in adapting to the situation. I asked her why, and she seemed frankly surprised.

"You have to understand," she said after a moment's thought, "in the Army, what counts are *these*!" She patted the stars on the epaulets of her tunic. "I'm a *general*. I happen to be a *woman* who's a general, and that's unusual, but even the dumbest, most male-chauvinist soldier recognizes those stars and knows what they mean. I sometimes see a major or a colonel looking at me, and I know he's annoyed about being given a command by a woman, but when push comes to shove, he'll salute and say, 'Yes, General,' because we're both part of the system and *I outrank him*. And in the Army, that's all that matters. Civilian life may be different, of course . . . I wouldn't know. Once, when I was out of uniform, at a seminar, a captain asked if I'd get coffee for the group. He didn't know who I was. Then he realized that everyone was staring at him in horror and he said, 'Oh, my God, General, I thought you were just a *woman*!' " She laughed, a deep, hearty laugh.

Did she think that women would make good combat soldiers? The general nodded. She wasn't a combat soldier herself, so she didn't put herself forward as an expert on the subject. "Still," she said, "I don't see why not. Not too many *men* make good combat soldiers, actually; and I expect women will be in much the same proportions. Most of them won't want to; some of them won't be able to; and a few will be natural killers. Just like men. People used to say that about blacks, but some of the best soldiers in 'Nam were black. People used to say that about Jews, but one of Patton's top armored commanders was Jewish. You show me a job, and somewhere I'll find you a woman who can do it as well as a man, and maybe better. And I'll tell you something: Life's going to be a lot more fun that way!"

In New York, a senior woman executive said much the same thing, looking out at the lights of Fifth Avenue from her 40th-floor office, long after most of her employees had gone home. Her limousine was waiting downstairs to take her to a meeting; there were photographs of her husband (himself a successful lawyer) and her children on the desk. She was a woman who had succeeded in every way, still handsome, a demon tennis player and skier, a formidable competitor in everything. "It's going to be a different kind of world," she said, pausing for an instant while her secretary prepared her briefcase. "It's going to challenge men to be more secure in their masculinity, more open in their relationships with women. It's going to develop a new breed of women, I think: tough, ambitious, successful, but still very feminine. You unleash all that energy that's been held back for years, cooking meals and changing diapers—it's got to have an effect on business.

"The competition is going to be a lot hotter. And I'll tell you something: When women are competing equally with men, you're probably even going to have better sex! Women have always used sex as a substitute for power, a way of fighting back; and men have always thought of sex as a way of keeping women in their place. That's gradually changing—oh, not for everybody, by a long shot, we're still talking about a small number of people, but eventually it's going to make a big difference. . . . Sex between equals . . . now, *that's* a revolutionary idea!"



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HEART TRANSPLANT

(continued from page 148)

"The sleeping lips smiled. If her eyes had opened, they would have been blazing with light."

perhaps it was only that the moon had come into the room during the night and changed the shape of the room and changed the looks on their faces and the flesh on their bones, or perhaps it had rained all night and now had stopped so abruptly that the quick silence had stirred his eyes wide. In the moment of opening, he knew the streets were dry, there had been no rain. Only, perhaps, some sort of crying.

And, lying there, he knew that somehow the wish had been granted.

He didn't know it immediately, of course. He sensed and guessed it because of an incredible new warmth in the room, nearby, which came from the lovely woman lying by his side.

The sureness, the regularity, the serene rise and fall of her breathing told him more. A spell had arrived, resolved itself and passed straight on into truthful existence while she slept. Celebration was in her blood now, even though she was not awake to know it. Only her dream knew, and whispered it every time she exhaled.

He rose up on his elbow, afraid to trust his intuition.

He bent to look at that face, more beautiful than he had ever known it.

Yes, the sign was there. The absolute certainty was there. The peace was there. The sleeping lips smiled. If her eyes had opened, they would have been blazing with light.

Wake up, he wanted to say. I know your happiness. Now you must discover it. Wake up.

He reached to touch her cheek but pulled his hand away. Her eyelids moved. Her mouth opened.

Quickly, he turned and lay huddled over on his side of the bed and waited.

After a long while, he heard her sit up. Then, as if struck a lovely blow, she exclaimed something, cried out, reached over, touched him, found him asleep and sat beside him, discovering what he already knew.

He heard her get up and run around the room like a bird wishing to be free. She came and kissed him on the cheek, went away, came back, kissed him again, laughed softly, then went off quickly into the sitting room. He heard her dialing long distance and shut his eyes, tightly.

"Robert?" her voice said, at last. "Bob? Where are you? Silly. Stupid of me. I *know* where you are. Robert. Bob, oh, God, can I fly there, will you be there when I arrive, today, this afternoon, tonight, yes? Would it be all right? . . . What's come *over* me? I don't know. Don't ask. Can I come? Yes? Say yes! . . . Oh, grand! Goodbye!"

He heard the telephone click.

After a while, he heard her blowing her nose as she entered the room and sat on the bed next to him in the first light of dawn. She had dressed quickly and haphazardly, and now he reached out and took her hand.

"Something happened," he whispered.

"Yes."

"The wish. It came true."

"Isn't it incredible!? Impossible, but it did! Why? How?"

"Because both of us believed," he said, quietly. "I wished very hard, for you."

"And I for you. Oh, Lord, isn't it wonderful that both of us could shift at the same time, move, change, all in a night!? Otherwise, it would be terrible, wouldn't it, if just one changed and the other was left behind?"

"Terrible," he admitted.

"Is it really a miracle?" she asked. "Did we wish hard enough and someone or something or God hear us and lend us back our old loves to warm us and tell us to behave, we might never have another wish or another chance again, is that it?"

"I don't know. Do you?"

"Or was it just our secret selves knowing the time was over, a new time come, and time for us to both turn around and go, is that the real truth?"

"All I know is I heard you on the phone just now. When you're gone, I'll call Anne."

"Will you?"

"I will."

"Oh, Lord, I'm so happy for you, for me, for us!"

"Get out of here. Go. Get. Run. Fly away home."

She jumped to her feet and banged at her hair with a comb and gave up, laughing. "I don't care if I look funny——"

"Beautiful," he corrected.

"Beautiful to you, maybe."

"Always and forever."

She came and bent down and kissed him and wept.

"Is this our last kiss?"

"Yes." He thought about it. "The last."

"One more, then."

"Just one."

She held his face in her hands and stared into it.

"Thanks for your wish," she said.

"Thanks for *yours*."

"You calling Anne right now?"

"Now."

"Best to Anne."

"Best to Bob. God love you, dear lady. Goodbye."

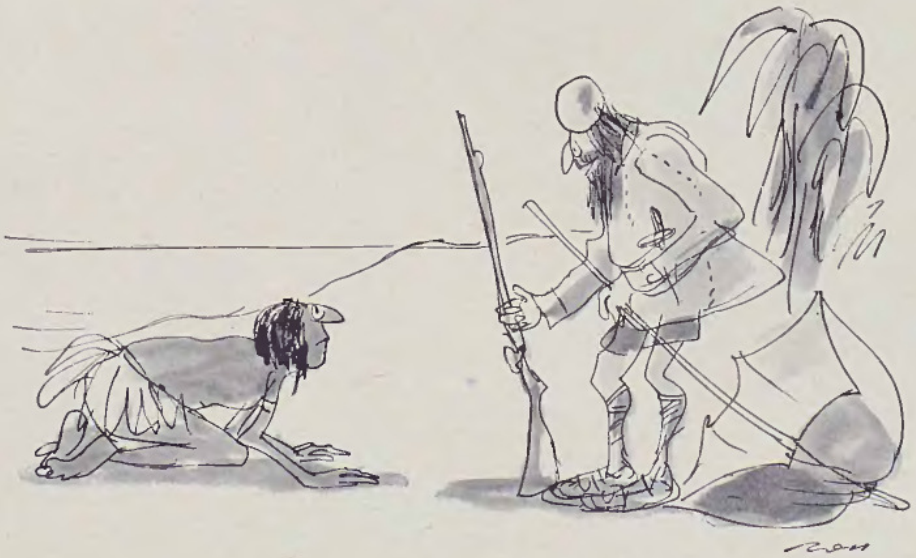
She was out the door and in the next room and the outside door shut and the apartment was very quiet. He heard her footsteps fade a long way off in the hall toward the elevator.

He sat looking at the phone but did not touch it.

He looked in the mirror and saw the tears beginning to stream unendingly out of his eyes.

"You, there," he said to his image. "You. Liar." And again: "Liar!"

And he turned and lay back down in the bed and put one hand out to touch that empty pillow there.



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INN LOVE IN MEXICO

(continued from page 190)

"Further good news is that no children under 12 are allowed, and there are no phones or television."

some of the other inns on this list, De Cobos has an authentic atmosphere that is something to treasure.

For information: Hacienda de Cobos Hotel; Padre Hidalgo 3 or Avenida Juárez 153; Guanajuato, Guanajuato, Mexico. Telephone 2-03-50 or 2-01-43.

POSADA DE SAN FRANCISCO
(San Miguel de Allende)

The city of San Miguel exudes a very special flavor, one so special that the town has been designated a national monument. This atmosphere is so pleasantly captivating that it's difficult not to conjure up romantic stories about the buildings in the town, and this is especially so of the Posada, a massive three-story colonial-style structure that anchors one of the corners of the city's main square. But don't get too involved in creating mystical incarnations lost in the mists of time, for this is one of Mexico's best-done imitations, just built in 1940.

The building was constructed on land

Courtyard at Posada de San Francisco.

that once housed the stables and corrals of the next-door mansion (which is now, among other things, the local lockup). Still, this colonial replica contains so much furniture and so many artifacts appropriated from far older, entirely authentic colonial edifices that it seems silly to harp on the fact that it was only designed to look like an old monastery.

Despite only four decades of operation, the San Francisco is still said to be the oldest tourist hotel in the state of Guanajuato. There are 50 unprepossessing, comfortably functional rooms ranging from the truly tiny (the feeling is eerily monklike) to large, airy accommodations that include individual fireplaces. The best room in the house is probably number 206, a huge corner room that not only has a large, open fireplace but also offers a superb view of the plaza below and the pink façade of the Church of the Conception. The public rooms on the ground floor are equally impressive and there are three beautiful courtyards—one is large, cobblestoned, with a fountain in the middle, another holds an appealing garden, while the third is left cluttered and largely unused.

There is a large split-level dining room with a fountain of carved stone (it works) and a bar/lounge area that's more like a series of private drawing rooms. The last room of the group has a wonderful stone fireplace.

For information: Posada de San Francisco; Apartado Postal 40; San Miguel de Allende, Gto., Mexico. Telephone 2-14-66 or 2-00-72.

HOTEL VILLA MONTANA
(Morelia)

Some regulars refer to this collection of buildings on Santa María hill just south of the city as a ranch, while others prefer to call the several small buildings *casitas*. There's even more fervent disagreement about whether this extraordinary collection of 65 rooms and suites is as good as or better than its main Mexican rival, *Las Mañanitas* in Cuernavaca, with which it continually vies for the designation as finest small hotel in the country.

Villa Montaña has been built in small increments, with individual small villas added at intervals since 1958. The compound is composed of a maze of levels, terraces, bricked walks, sudden gardens, stone columns and lovely carvings. A small swimming pool adjoins the dining room (this is the major part of the original house) and there's a wonderful colonial-style sitting room with a fine view of the city of Morelia. A second pool is under construction, and they're adding a tennis court as well. Further good news is that no children under 12 are allowed, and there are no phones or television. The price for this total separation from the outside world is the need to wear a jacket for dinner—quite an anomaly in usually informal Mexico.

More than anything, there's a feeling of being in residence in a Mediterranean villa compound, and the posh furnishings in the splendid rooms make it clear that your host is among the wealthy gentry. The individual guest rooms range from fine to fabulous; no two are alike, but all boast broad beams, furniture in antique colonial style and fireplaces (some suites have as many as three). Even the bathrooms are appointed in bright tile, and the extravagant Presidential Suite would stun even a

Villa Montaña compound.

sheik. Rooms with a view are at a premium, so if it's possible, try to see a selection of accommodations before deciding precisely where to bed down. For total suntanning, the private sun deck off rooms 20 and 21 is probably your best choice.

And lest this description start to sound like a promotional paean, let me add that the only nonsuperlative justified in describing this refined oasis is that the food, though well prepared, is not very distinguished.

For information: Hotel Villa Montaña; Apartado Postal 233; Morelia, Michoacán, Mexico. Telephone 2-22-75 or 2-25-88.

HOTEL POSADA RIO CUALE
(Puerto Vallarta)

Perhaps the rarest hotel in Mexico is a genuine inn of exceptional quality that's very near the sea. Fortunately, the Posada Río Cuale qualifies; it's not quite two blocks from the Cuale River itself and less than that distance from the fine swimming strand surrounding the Bahía de Banderas.

As is the case with many of the inns we've described, Río Cuale has grown gradually since it opened in 1968. At present, there are 20 clean, well-furnished rooms, all of which fetch the same modest price—despite the fact that no two are alike. The hotel functions on three slightly erratic levels, with lots of brick and whitewashed masonry outside,

"The name's Lucrezia, but you can call me Lucy . . .
for approximately three minutes."

plus spiral staircases and plenty of lush plantings.

The location is at least as appetizing as the accommodations, and its site is particularly perfect if you plan to explore a little of downtown Puerto Vallarta. This is the exception to the normal hotel rule hereabouts (where the majority of decent hotels are located quite a distance from the center of town) and particularly important since the best local restaurants—to say nothing of bars, discos and shops—are all in the downtown area. Once in residence here, you shouldn't need a taxi at all.

Despite a hilarious sign above the dining room announcing GOURMET DINING, the food is first-class and its preparation is taken quite seriously. If you like fresh fish, don't miss the *huachinango* (Pacific red snapper). There's also a representative choice of wines and delicious espresso for sipping as you watch the moon rise. It's all very relaxed, very laid back and very unlike the normal tourist ruckus of Puerto Vallarta.

For information: Hotel Posada Rio Cuale; Apartado Postal 146; Puerto Vallarta, Jalisco, Mexico. Telephone 2-09-14 or 2-01-50.

HOTEL VIRREY DE MENDOZA
(Morelia)

In referring to some old research on what is probably my favorite city in Mexico, I found a comment by Kate

Morelia's Hotel Virrey de Mendoza.

Simon in her *Mexico: Places and Pleasures* guide. In discussing "colonial atmosphere," Simon warns impressionable visitors to "keep in mind that that phrase sometimes means too much dark wood and weak light bulbs." This reminder is well taken at Virrey de Mendoza, since this lovely old colonial mansion has some rooms that all too accurately evoke the monastic image.

Local historians say that the ground floor of this inn dates from sometime before 1565, though the building more properly dates from around 1744, when the second floor was added. The elegant, rather remarkable structure was turned into a hotel in 1938 (shortly after a third floor was constructed), and its various levels have somehow become quite a miraculous whole.

Fortunately, the building's continued growth during various centuries has followed the original colonial plan, and the present rooms surround the large courtyard on all sides. The hotel boasts Morelia's first elevator, though guests seem to prefer the broad staircases that lead them past authentic suits of conquistador armor and other intriguing *objets d'art* of the colonial era. The suit of armor in the courtyard (now glassed over) is said to have once belonged to Antonio de Mendoza, who was Spain's first viceregent in her most affluent New World colony and founded Morelia.

Not only is the hotel a local landmark but its site on the main square makes it a favorite meeting spot. The quality of the food only increases its local stature. As you approach the hotel from the square, it's hard not to imagine brightly gowned *señoritas* looking down from the small ornate balconies above. It's a lovely fantasy.

There are 55 guest rooms, almost all extravagantly furnished in colonial style. Ceilings reach as high as 20 feet above the polished hardwood floors, and baths are tiled and gleaming white. Try hard to reserve one of the six suites that face the historic Plaza of the Martyrs, for they're curiously about the same cost as the far more ordinary interior double rooms. There is even a closed-circuit color television system that often shows recent American films with Spanish subtitles.

There's a piano played pleasantly at lunch and dinner and vases of fresh flowers on every table. Ivy trails down from above and bullfighting memorabilia dominate the delightful bar that's set in one of the old house's original rooms.

For information: Hotel Virrey de Mendoza; Portal Matamoros 16; Morelia, Michoacán, Mexico. Telephone 2-06-33.

LAS MANANITAS
(Cuernavaca)

It's probably telling tales out of school, but when the inspectors from the French *Relais et Chateaux* group anonymously visited Mexico last winter, this was the only hotel they decided to try to lure into their august association. Mañanitas (the name means "little mornings") is perhaps the most popular inn in Mexico and has been enormously successful ever since it opened in November 1955. Not only are room reservations difficult to come by but even reservations for a transient lunch or dinner should be made well in advance. The popularity of this extraordinary inn is not the least misplaced, and though its access road is deceptively modest, the atmosphere inside is effusively romantic.

Mañanitas has been constructed in stops and starts around an original mansion that was built at the turn of the century. But the additional units have been added carefully and selectively over

Las Mañanitas: three staffers per guest.

the years, and it's nearly impossible to find even the hint of a seam. The scale is surprisingly massive for a hotel with only 15 rooms—though appropriate after you see the 14 extraordinary one-bedroom suites and the single spectacular two-bedroom accommodation. The carved beds are even larger than king-sized, and one guide describes the dressing rooms as "right out of an MGM movie." Peacocks, cranes, parrots and flamingos roam the main surrounding garden areas (there's a second garden, containing the hotel's swimming pool, behind a locked gate).

Each room is slightly different, usually furnished and decorated with antique pieces and architectural elements that have been salvaged from other old houses around Mexico. Even the reproductions are artful. Every room has its own private patio or faces a terrace, and four patio suites and the two-bedroom colossus have individual fireplaces.

Guests often stay for weeks, or even months, at this refined hideaway, the equal of Europe's finest refuges. In an inn that can accommodate at most about 30 guests, it's astonishing to note that the staff numbers more than 100, and the service reflects this abundance. If you are captivated by an air of simple, genuine luxury, read no further.

For information: Las Mañanitas; Apartado Postal 1202; Cuernavaca, Morelos, Mexico. Telephone 2-46-46.

HOTEL VILLA DEL SOL
(Zihuatanejo)

Don't let any travel advisor turn you toward neighboring Ixtapa, for the three miles that separate these two cities represent a far greater distance in ambience and orientation. "Zihuatanejo is for individualists," says German-born Helmut Leins, who owns and runs this hotel

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with his wife, Rosa. "There are no fancy restaurants, no fancy places," he says, and he's right. For the old fishing-village pace of this lazy Pacific port remains its most appealing quality, and it has remained appealing despite the influence of the determined developers down the beach.

Many devotees consider Leins's nine-room inn (he hopes eventually to increase the capacity to 17 rooms) reason in itself to visit Zihuatanejo. This is the newest of the hostelries on this list; the first guest room was opened in December 1978. The construction is hardly luxurious, but it is still distinctively special, and not the least of its appeal is derived from a site right on the best beach in the village—which means on what may be the best beach in Mexico.

Native woods and other local materials have been used to build the one-and-a-half-story buildings, set around a small swimming pool and a large *palapa* (thatched-roof shelter). Enthusiastic promoters would describe the rooms as suites, since the typical accommodation here has a downstairs lounge and a sleeping loft above. Each bathroom has walls and a floor of polished Mexican tile.

This is an oasis where guests are left almost completely to their own resources; there's nothing in the way of planned activities, just the great beach, fine swimming, five wind surfers and a couple of boats with which to fool around if you're compulsively active. For those who thrive on dropping out in comfort, this is about as good a place to leave the world as we know.

For information: Hotel Villa del Sol; Apartado Postal 84; Zihuatanejo, Guerrero, Mexico. Telephone 4-22-39.

This article was prepared with the assistance of Richard Pietschmann.

"It seems to me you have all the tail you can handle."

COACH BUM PHILLIPS

(continued from page 138)

"I told Bum there was one place I didn't want to go," said Wilson. "New England. And he sent me to New England. Just because I hit him with a punt."

"I was standing in the Astrodome," said Bum, "and the ball came down and hit me right between the horns. Broke my glasses, cut my face. I turned around, saw Jerrel come running up, saying, 'I told Parsley not to kick it over here!' "

"I'm going to come back here," said the Rototiller man, "and see that 'Tiller sitting here rusting and grass growing all over this garden."

Phillips and I went to the small spread he leases for his cutting horses. There were some excellent white beans and ham cooking in the barn, and we ate them around a table set with Jack Daniel's, hot sauce, pink sore dressing, veterinary enema solution, Scotch, meat tenderizer, salt and pepper. Present was Bum's cattle partner, Gene Denges (who once found Bum way out on the range, lying there immobilized with broken ribs after his horse had thrown him). There were several other folks around. People said things like, "That bald-faced horse looks just like his daddy, don't he?"

Phillips and I ate a tremendous amount of epicurean shrimp, gumbo and oysters in Cap'n Benny's Half Shell, a little counter joint in Houston where everybody stands shoulder to shoulder. Occasionally, somebody would yell across the room, "Hey, Bum Phillips!"

And Bum would answer calmly, "Ain't these some oysters?"

Then, too, we attended a banquet where Bum told a group of bank workers, "An expert is an ordinary fella away from home." And, "When I was a kid, our land was so poor we had to fertilize the house just to raise the windows." And, "I believe people are human. If you're going to criticize them, compliment them first."

After he had finished, somebody in the crowd yelled, "We love you, Bum!"

Then a lady came up to him and said, "I thoroughly enjoyed your talk."

He answered, "That's good, because I was going to give it anyway."

•

You pronounce the name Oail to rhyme more or less with Lowell, but Bum doesn't know much more about it than that. A real cowboy doesn't have to give a lot of reasons for what he does, and Bum's grandfather, Joe Phillips, who named Bum's daddy Oail, started working at the age of 13 as a full-blooded panhandle range rider—"just a nice, plain old cowboy," Bum says—for the legendary cattle baron Charles Goodnight, back in the 1870s. "Two or three days, no water," says Bum. "I've drove

enough cattle myself to know that ain't no fun."

Everybody called Bum's father Flip. Bum got his name when he was one year old, from the way his sister pronounced Brother. At least four times during the three days I spent with him, Bum told some new acquaintance or audience, "It's a name, not a description." He has a book out titled *He Ain't No Bum*. But maybe having such a name helps protect a man from intellectual arrogance.

Being from outside Orange, Texas, probably does, too. Orange is in east Texas, 25 miles from Beaumont. "Orange isn't the end of the world," Bum says, "but if you get up on your tiptoes, you can see it from there."

To keep the family from falling off, Flip Phillips drove a truck, dairied, worked as a mechanic, farmed "whatever the hell you could raise," Bum says. "We didn't have nothing. I thought Post Toasties was for *everybody's* supper. But both my parents could be very comical. Around a crowd, my dad would get a laugh." The family went to church hard, played dominoes hard, listened to country music hard. "Guy Lombardo didn't come through Orange. Even if I'd liked Guy Lombardo, I couldn't listen to him, because Daddy had the radio turned to country music. And there wasn't no such thing for a kid then as your own radio. If you got nothing to compare it with, country music has got to be the best you ever heard. And, of course, it was real good." Today, he knows Willie Nelson personally.

Bum didn't grow up determined to be a coach in pro ball. "I didn't know they *had* pro ball." So what *were* his aspirations? "I don't remember," he says. "I'm 57 years old.

"Well, you know, one day you'd want to be a trucker, one day a cowboy, one day a gangster. When you're a kid, you wake up every day in a new world." By the time he was good size and chewing Tinsley's, however, he was independent enough to insist on playing high school football.

"I don't know whether it was so much because I wanted to play or because Daddy didn't want me to. He never played football. Said he used to go down to Port Arthur and help them fight after a game, but he thought football was just a thing to get your leg broke. He told me I couldn't play; I told him I was, anyway. When I came home from practice, he told me to lay down on the bed and he wore me out good, and I went to practice again the next day and he wore me out again, and I went back and finally he let it go. But he didn't like it. Like a lot of country people, he thought all you were supposed to do was work."

Not even Bum thought he would ever get a job from football. He played well enough to win a scholarship to what

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was then Lamar Junior College in Beaumont, but he was preparing himself seriously for the future by working as a cowboy, and bulldogging for prize money, and roughnecking in the oil fields. He had married the redoubtable Helen Wilson, whose looks years later still make it obvious that he is joking when he says, "I take my wife with me everywhere because she is too ugly to kiss goodbye."

After his first year at Lamar, World War Two arose. He joined the Marines and set out to take islands all over the Pacific. "I didn't see how we could win it without me. I got to where I didn't see how we could win it *because* of me.

"On one island, I came upon a Jap who had his rifle slung over his shoulder and one foot up on a palm tree, getting ready to go up there and snipe. No farther than ten feet away. I had my rifle right out in front of me, and I had eight rounds in it, and I fired every one of them and I haven't hit him to this day. He took his foot down and calmly started taking his rifle off his shoulder, and if I hadn't had people with me, I wouldn't be here. I never had seen a Japanese so close. I didn't know anything about Japanese. Except I wasn't supposed to like 'em.

"I went in the Marines as a private and when I came out after the war, they tried to put Pfc. on my discharge and I said no, private is what I am, that's what I want on there. I didn't like the Marines, because I didn't like being *pushed*. Didn't like being told there was only one way to do things, that I didn't have a choice. 'Cause I *did*."

After the war, he remained choosy, though he didn't seem to have a wide range of options. He took a job at a Beaumont refinery, doing electrical work up on poles. The company tried to get him to sign a form allowing it to take a small amount out of his pay check for the Red Cross, an organization he had taken a disliking to during the war when he'd seen some of its workers take money from soldiers for cigarettes that were supposed to be free. "I didn't even smoke, but that just aggravated me. I said I'd give to the Salvation Army, anybody but them."

The company was adamant, so, says Bum, "I said just get my check ready, I'll quit. And I left to go back to Orange. It's a lot shorter if you turn right leaving the refinery, but I don't know why, I went left. Drove by Lamar, where they just happened to be practicing football. I stopped to watch and the coach asked me if I played."

Bum won another scholarship, "and with the GI Bill, it turned out real good for me. Chances are, if I hadn't quit that job and then turned left, I'd still be right there in that refinery, high-lining. I'da prob'ly fell off a pole by now, or I'd still be up on one."

From Lamar, he went on to Stephen F. Austin, a teachers' college, where he was an all-conference tackle. "When I got out, I didn't know I wanted to be a coach, but my old high school coach, Elbert Pickell, was at Nederlands High then and he offered me a job coaching his B team. I figured it'd be good until I got me a good job, roughnecking. As it was, I had to work in the oil field three months so I could coach nine."

After a year, Pickell went to another job and Bum took over the Nederlands varsity and turned it into a perennial power. In 1957, Bear Bryant picked him to be one of his assistants at Texas A & M, and Bum was upwardly mobile.

Six years later, he was 40 and back coaching in high school. "Everybody knew that Bum was the best coach in Texas," says Oiler scout Bob Baldwin. "At all the coaching clinics, Darrell Royal and Bum would be there and it would be Bum everybody'd be crowding around."

But all the good college jobs were going to slick young guys who looked and talked like ad salesmen and therefore impressed university presidents. "I thought they were looking for somebody to coach, not model," recalls Bum with some asperity. The colleges apparently had the idea that they were founded to *break* people from looking country.

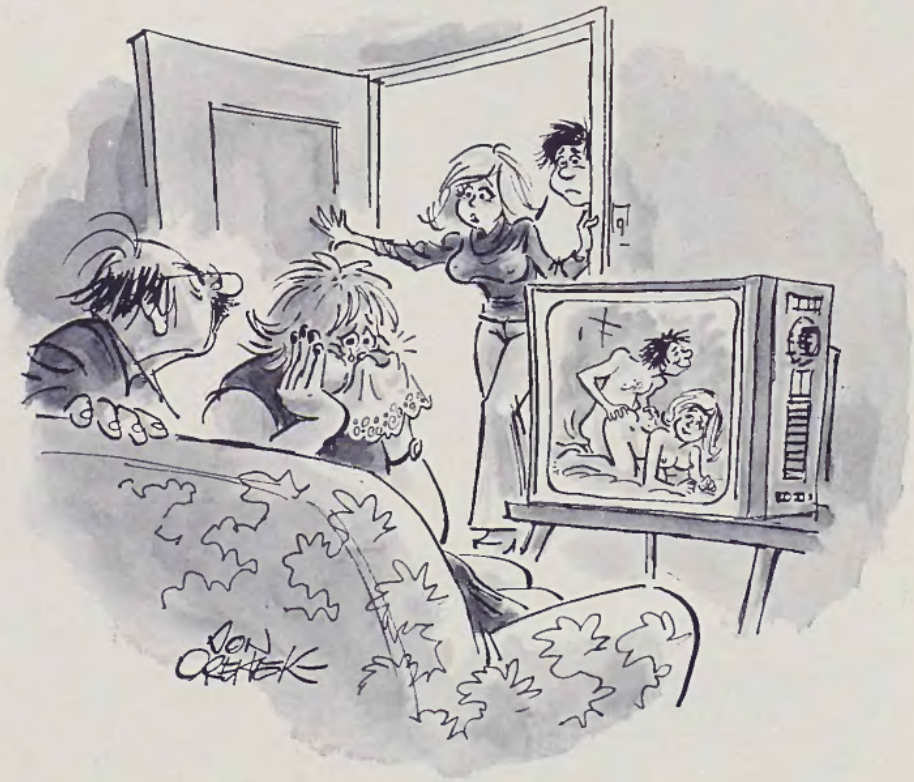
"I thought, the devil with it," he says. "A man ought never to get his plow stuck in hard ground." When an old friend offered him the head high school coaching job at Port Neches, Texas, he decided that was his place in the world. "I bought me a house and a cotton-picking boat. I was just going to enjoy life. I had my teacher's, principal's and counselor's certificates. I had quit chasing that rainbow.

"But then, while I was at Port Neches, I got interested in *pro* football. And I'm glad I did. In pro football, you got no flunk-outs, no *aloomni* and you don't graduate anybody. And I enjoy the companionship of 28- or 30-year-old men."

In 1967, Sid Gillman, then the San Diego Chargers' head coach and in need of a defensive coordinator, called Bryant, Royal and other eminent college coaches for recommendations. They all extolled a guy he'd never heard of named Bum. "Finally, Sid said the hell with it and called me. When I got off the plane in San Diego, I didn't know him and he didn't know me. I walked right by him."

Eight years later, after various shifts of employment (he has also coached for four Texas high schools, four Texas colleges and Oklahoma State), Bum moved past Gillman into the Oilers' top coaching job. Gillman had tried to set himself up as general manager and Bum as a puppet head coach, but Bum balked at the puppet part and when the dust had settled, Gillman was out of a job and Bum was running the show.

Running it according to a philosophy that can only be called heretical. "When I started out in coaching, I went along



"Say, Dad, did you come across a video cassette . . . ?"

You don't have to go out and buy her a diamond as big as the Ritz.
But you should know that "size" does play a big role in determining the value of a diamond engagement ring.

So while she's looking at styles and settings, you should be the one who is concentrating on the size and the quality of the diamond. Here are a few helpful facts:

Own the largest diamond you can afford.

This really makes good diamond sense, because larger diamonds are becoming rarer every day. Consequently, they are more valuable. So give her a larger diamond. Years from now, we know, you'll be glad you did.

Actual size

1/4 carat 1/3 carat 1/2 carat 3/4 carat

Own the diamond with the best character traits.

Your jeweler judges the value of a diamond according to what he calls the Four C's: carat weight, color, cut, and clarity.

Each diamond combines these 4 characteristics in a unique way. One will be larger. One will appear icy white. Yet another has a warmer tone. For no two diamonds are born alike. Each one has a distinct personality. With your jeweler's help, you will learn to weigh each characteristic against the other and then choose the one that comes closest to your own sense of perfection.

It's not that difficult to understand why diamonds of the same size vary so much in price (as they do in the picture below). Once you start looking at them very carefully, you'll see the differences in diamond characteristics for yourself. And remember not to think small. So you will feel sure that you have given her the one gift that will stand up to the toughest test of all. The test of time.

If you have more questions, ask your jeweler. And send for the booklet "Everything You'd Love to Know... About Diamonds." Just mail $1.00 to Diamond Information Center, 3799 Jasper St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19124. The prices shown are based on retail quotations. Prices may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions. The rings shown are enlarged for detail.

THERE ARE SOME TIMES IN LIFE WHEN YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO THINK SMALL.

A diamond is forever. De Beers.

with the thinking that you didn't dare get friendly with your players. You could like 'em, but you couldn't let 'em know. But then I had my son Wade on my team in Port Neches. I had no difficulty in liking him. Hell, I loved him. And I found that I had fewer problems because I liked him and he knew it. Some coaches feel that if a player is too close to them, he will take advantage of them. Personally, I'd much rather have someone I like take advantage of me than somebody I don't like."

So Bum shows up at a party to help one of the Oilers move into a new apartment. On most teams, that would be like the Pope showing up to help set up the chairs for bingo. Bum hosts team beer-and-singing parties. He refrains from pitting his offensive and defensive teams against each other in scrimmages, because he doesn't want either of them to feel beaten. "Houston's not on our schedule, so why should we play us in practice?" He sets an extremely loose tone around the office: Coaches and scouts and guys who run movie projectors drift around, visiting with one another. They get things done and go home by 7:30, whereas most pro staffs grind away at their film analysis till all hours.

On the other hand, Bum tells his people, "I like effort and extra effort. If you don't like my attitude, see your friendly player rep." His practices are short but tightly focused. "I want players to have their habits down so they don't have to think about them. If you have to think about opening your mouth, you won't be a very good eater. And I know a lot about eating. *But* you don't have to do things over and over and over till you're sick of them.

"There are two types of coaches. Them that have just been fired and them that are going to be fired. I'm sure when I'm fired, people will say he'da been a better coach if he'd been harder on his players. But that's like saying a kid will be better if you beat him. The main thing is getting people to play. When you think it's your system that's winning, you're in for a damn big surprise. It's those players' *efforts*.

"When I was growing up, if you didn't say yessir and nosir, they hit you in the mouth. They whipped you till you got grown. Today, kids say yep and nope, and never get whipped, but they're still the same good kids. After this last war, people were fed up with discipline. And we'd had a good enough economy going that people had given their kids things. One of the things was freedom.

"So a coach has got to be able to change. Got to be able to nod and grin. Still, somebody's got to teach people to care about other people's feelings. So you give them something they like. And tell them, 'You can have this if you do right.' "

Of course, a lot of coaches employ positive reinforcement these days. But Bum puts more heart, affection and entertainment value into it. The result is that his players consistently perform above their heads. The Oilers are still overshadowed within their division by the greatly more talented, increasingly mechanistic N.F.L. champion Pittsburgh Steelers, but Bum's personality lends itself so well to horse trading that he keeps coming up with big new fully developed chunks of ability. He has swapped wisely for his crucial middle guard Curley Culp, his distinguished offensive tackle Leon Gray and the draft rights to his great running back Earl Campbell. During the past off season, Bum traded his dissatisfied quarterback, Dan Pastorini (they are still good friends), to Oakland for Kenny Stabler, who has beaten the Steelers more often than any other field general. Bum also acquired the head-hunting Jack Tatum, who claims that Steelers ball carriers are afraid of him. "I want a P.S. on my tombstone that I'd probably have lived a hell of a lot longer if I hadn't had to play Pittsburgh six times in two years," Bum says, but nobody can accuse him of letting himself be buried without a struggle.

That tombstone would be Bum all over: putting things in perspective from the grave. After a defeat in which his team was extremely slow to get going, Bum will explain to the press: "There was a time mix-up. The game was scheduled to start at eight P.M., but our players thought it was nine P.M." After a big win, he will tell his team: "You know when I told you before the game that this was just another game? I lied."

Last spring, Bum risked damaging his inimitable rapport with the sporting press by denying flatly that a Pastorini-Stabler trade was in the works when it was. He went so far, in fact, as to say, "There ought to be a law to prevent anybody from writing in a paper or saying on radio or TV something that's just a rumor." Then, at a press conference called a week later to announce the trade, he explained: "I'd rather have to come back and apologize to you for lying than let something get out before it's supposed to, something that would hurt a player or keep a deal from happening."

"PHILLIPS' FIB WORKED; OILERS THE BETTER FOR IT," read a headline in *The Houston Post*.

As a matter of fact, Bum says that the local press *knew* he was lying to them all along; he had told them the truth off the record. Well, that kind of thing is liable, eventually, to get sticky. Bum expects the media to work with him the way he expects everybody else to: as friends. "The guys who cover this team have free access and, in return, I expect them not to report anything that will hurt us."

That kind of arrangement, even with a man who provides as much good copy as Bum does, can make a hard-hitting journalist uneasy. I'm feeling uneasy myself, because, well. . . .

A man with Phillips' flavor, you *know* he says "sumbitch" sometimes. Don't you? It stands to reason. But. . . .

The trouble is that after the Steelers eliminated the Oilers from the play-offs last year, Bum went home to a consolation pep rally of 75,000 souls in the Astrodome, and he got up and exclaimed, "Last year we banged on the door. This year we knocked on the door. Next year we are going to *kick the sumbitch down!*" The Astrodome went wild. Bum had snatched rousing perspective from the jaws of defeat once again.

There were enough high-minded Houstonians watching on television, however, to produce a small flood of complaints about Bum's language. He answered each letter personally, saying he had apologized to every one of his six children and if his daddy had ever heard him say such a thing in mixed company, he would have slapped him. The worst thing, though, Bum's mother—Mrs. Viola Phillips in Vidor, Texas, up the road from Orange—had been watching on television, when she heard him say "sumbitch," she called him up and gave him holy Ned.

"My mother is 81 years old," Bum says, "and she is still driving an automobile back and forth and doing whatever she wants to. She loves children and she's as bright as can be. And as long as her dad was alive, she would never let two weeks go by without bundling us kids up and taking us to visit him. The trend these days is to love your parents but not go to so much trouble proving it. I don't think she loved him more than I do her, but. . . ."

Anyway, Bum is grimly determined, for his mother's sake, not to be quoted as saying "Sumbitch" ever again. I honor that injunction. But I can't help quoting one unsanitizable thing Bum told me—there were no ladies or children present—when we were driving around in his truck. "The trouble with most coaches," said Bum, "is they start with the assumption that everybody is a turd. And that ain't right."

It *ain't* right. Be proud, Mrs. Phillips, to have raised a son who can coach predominantly victorious N.F.L. football and still maintain that belief. I guess I have ironically enough acted like a turd myself in identifying Phillips publicly with that statement, but I think America ought to hear it, whether America will be shocked by it or not.

If I thought there were any chance at all that I could make Bum's team, though, I wouldn't quote it. I would embroider it on a sampler and hang it in my home. And it would help me knock the fire out of people for my downright, by God, love-oriented coach.

The Michelob Light Snow Patrol to the rescue!

Hi, I'm Monique St. Pierre, and this is my friend, Suds. We're in charge of the Michelob Light Snow Patrol for the second straight year.

There's nothing like a long, hard day on the slopes to build a mighty thirst. So, we'll be looking for you at the men's and women's professional ski races that Michelob Light is sponsoring this season.

We'll be quick to the rescue, showing you the way to the rich, smooth taste of Michelob Light.

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PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

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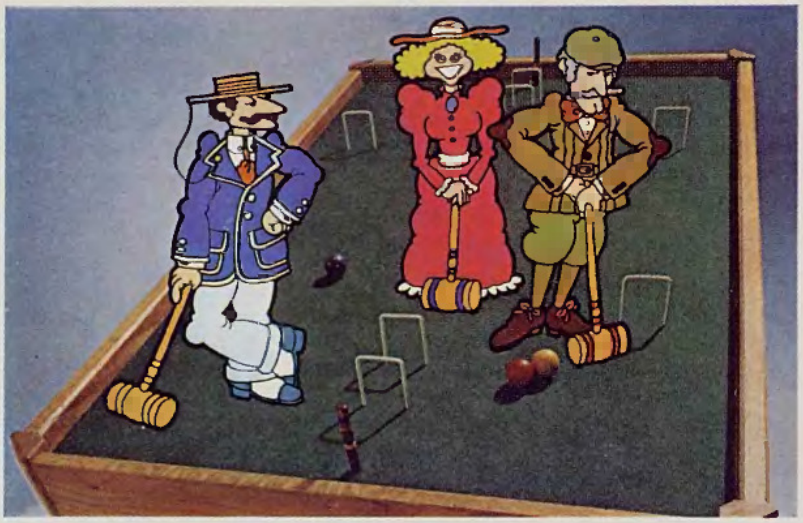
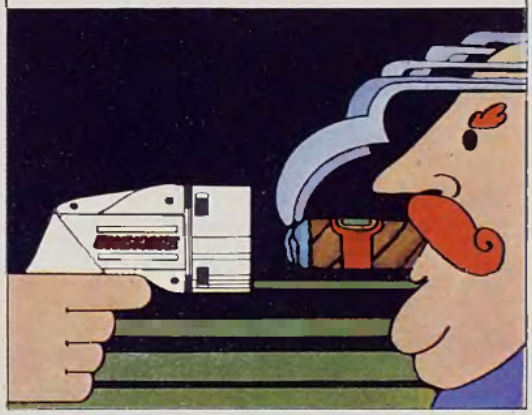


OUR WICKET, WICKET WAYS

Burned out on video games? Bearing off of backgammon? Try the genteel pleasure of British-American Table Croquet, a miniature version of the aristocrat of lawn sports played on a handsome and sturdy 24″ x 40″ x 30″ green-felt field that's framed in solid red oak. Age of Enlightenment Toys and Gifts (Box 242, Fairfield, Iowa 52556) sells B-A Table Croquet sets for $200 each—calling them "the game that was built to last for generations." Tonight, we'll have wickets and whiskey by the fire, Jeeves.

NO-SMOKING SECTION

The next time unwanted smoke gets in your eyes, fast-draw a battery-powered four-blade enclosed fan called the Unsmoke and send those noxious whiffs gone with the wind. Pint-sized and portable Unsmokes are available from The Ted Feldman Company, 7115 Cockrill Bend Road, Nashville, Tennessee 37209, for $12.90 each, postpaid, in red or white. Pick a pair for home and office. Just don't expect to win any popularity contests.

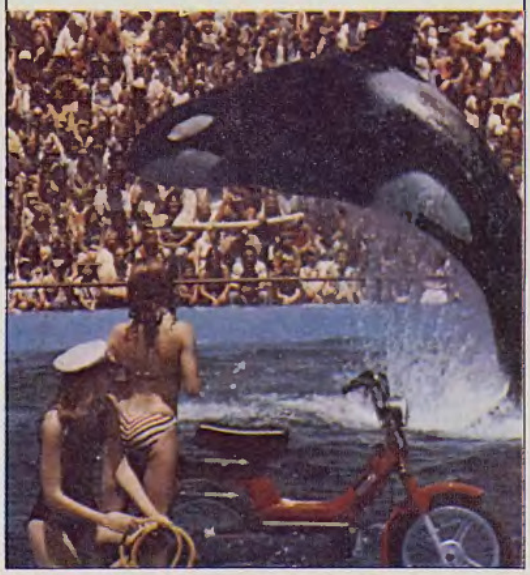


IT'S LONELY—AND COLD—AT THE TOP

Dr. Jack Wheeler claims to have visited the true geographic North Pole more times than any other man alive, so it's no surprise that his travel company, Wheeler Adventures, 242 North Canon Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, is offering a $5000, ten-day expedition there this April. But here's the rub: The trip is part of an Adventure Management program that Wheeler offers to ambitious executives seeking new frontiers to conquer and includes a full complement of problem-solving seminars. Of course, champagne and caviar are served at the top.

GO VESPA, YOUNG MAN

Rumor has it that Italian mechanics work so slowly because they're always casting glances at the annual Piaggio calendar (parent company of Vespa) that hangs in garages from Naples to Trieste. Now their 1981 wall calendar—which measures a humongous 28″ x 22″ and features some of America's loveliest ladies—is available from Vespa of America, Dept. S, 355 Valley Drive, Brisbane, California 94005, for only $3, postpaid. Hang it up!



BRIEF TALK

James Bond's popularity may have waned, but the interest in sneaky Bond-type gadgets, such as this attaché case with a concealed tape recorder, is thunderballing along. All you do is set the TRC 1000 briefcase down on a conference table, surreptitiously slide the case's name plate to the ON position and you're recording up to three and one half hours of conversation via a concealed, highly sensitive microphone. Executive Tools (P. O. Box 26516, Tempe, Arizona 85282) sells the TRC 1000 for $349, postpaid—no questions asked.

FRANK NOTES

Ol' Blue Eyes is back—again—this time in a soft-cover 125-page book called *The Sinatra Sessions*, which the Sinatra Society of America, P. O. Box 10512, Dallas, Texas 75207, is selling for $9.95, postpaid. What's so special about *The Sinatra Sessions*? Well, it lists every recording session Sinatra has done (1939–1980) and includes the songs recorded, the date, location, arranger, conductor and album or single on which the recording appeared. And if that isn't enough ring-a-ding-ding, there are rare photos, plus a history of every Sinatra album and single that's appeared on the charts.

SPATE OF SPATS

Now that *boulevardiers* are again strolling with walking sticks, it figures that somebody has revived the ultimate in dandified top dressing—spats. Yes, a company called Howard Creations, 39-51 60th Street, Woodside, New York 11377, is selling pairs of spiffy white-vinyl spats for only $17, postpaid. Or, if they're too dudey for your taste, Howard also has gray-felt styles for $22—and even white-canvas ones (at $19.50) that you dye yourself. Since nobody under 80 years old knows his spat size, a shoe size will be fine when ordering.

ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD

Last year, we featured in *Potpourri* a fabulous portfolio of Rolls-Royce renderings by car illustrator Ken Dallison. Now a follow-up doozy of a collection, *Great American Classics*, has just been completed and it's worth every bit of the $400 price The Hanover Press, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 10022, is asking. All 14″ x 18″ prints in this latest limited edition are again by Dallison—and the covers are of hand-dyed U. S. top-grain leather. If you didn't hold on to that 1939 Cord, keep this.

DR. SMOK, WE PRESUME?

No, the latest wrinkle in groovy threads isn't designer jeans, it's authentic Dr. Smok cotton reversible shirts and pants that PDS (Play Doctor Supply) at 315 Washington Street, Suite 5P, Marina del Rey, California 90291, is selling at $15 per shirt, $17 per pants—or $30 a set—in white, green or blue. Dr. Smok's duds are available in loose-fitting small, medium, large and extra-large sizes. Take off your clothes; Dr. Smok will see you now.

GOD EMPEROR OF DUNE

(continued from page 136)

"As Idaho marched stoically ahead, women reached from all sides to touch him, to touch Leto."

His mind searched frantically for something to which he could cling, something to shield him.

These women were an army whose force and union Idaho had not suspected. He knew he did not understand this force. He could only observe it, recognize that it existed.

This was what Leto had created.

What part of that power would he pass into my hands?

The temptation was monstrous! Idaho found himself trembling with it. With chilling abruptness, he realized that this must be Leto's intention—*to tempt me!*

"Duncan Idaho stands beside me today," Leto said. "Duncan is here to declare his loyalty that all may hear it. Duncan?"

Idaho felt a physical chill. Leto gave him a simple choice: *Declare your loyalty to the God Emperor or die!*

If I sneer, vacillate or object in any way, the women will kill me with their own hands.

A deep anger suffused Idaho. He swallowed, cleared his throat, then: "Let no one question my loyalty. I am loyal to the Atreides."

"We share!" the women screamed. "We share! We share!"

Idaho looked across the mass of faces, telling himself that this was only a small core of that enormous female force that spread its feminine web across the Empire. He could believe Leto's words:

"The power does not weaken. It grows stronger every decade."

To what end? Idaho asked himself.

He glanced at Leto, who was lifting his hands in benediction.

"Duncan, you will precede me," Leto said.

As Idaho marched stoically ahead, women reached from all sides to touch him, to touch Leto, or merely to touch the Royal Cart. Idaho felt the restrained passion in their touch and knew the deepest fear in his experience.

•

Moneo will soon be 118 years old, Leto thought.

The man could live many times that long if he would take the spice mélange, but he refused. Moneo had entered that peculiar human state where he longed for death. He lingered now only to see his daughter, Siona, installed in the Royal service, the next director of the Imperial Guard.

And Moneo knew it was Leto's intention to breed Siona with a Duncan. It was time.

Moneo stopped two paces from the cart and looked up at Leto. Something in his eyes reminded Leto of the look on the face of a pagan priest, a crafty supplication at the familiar shrine.

"Lord, you have spent many hours observing the new Duncan," Moneo said. "Have his cells or his psyche been tampered with?"

"He is untainted."

A deep sigh shook Moneo. There was no pleasure in it.

"You object to his use as a stud?" Leto asked.

"I find it peculiar to think of him as both an ancestor and the father of my descendants."

"But he gives me access to a first-generation cross between an older human form and the current products of my breeding program. Siona is twenty-one generations from such a cross."

"I fail to see the purpose. The Duncans are slower and less alert than anyone in your Guard."

Leto said: "It is clear to me that you do not yet understand what I hope to achieve in my breeding program."

"Lord, have you an improvement of the human stock in mind?"

Leto glared down at him, thinking: *If I use the key word now will he understand? Perhaps. . . .*

"I am a predator, Moneo."

"How can this be, Lord? You do not hate us."

"I kill, but I do not hate. Prey assuages hunger. Prey is good."

"For what do you hunger, Lord?" Moneo ventured.

"For a humankind that can make truly long-term decisions. Do you know the key to that ability, Moneo?"

"You have said it many times, Lord. It is the ability to change your mind."

"Change, yes. And do you know what I mean by long-term?"

"For you, it must be measured in millennia, Lord."

"You know *intellectually* that even I will suffer a kind of death someday," Leto said. "But you do not believe it."

"How can I believe what I will never see?"

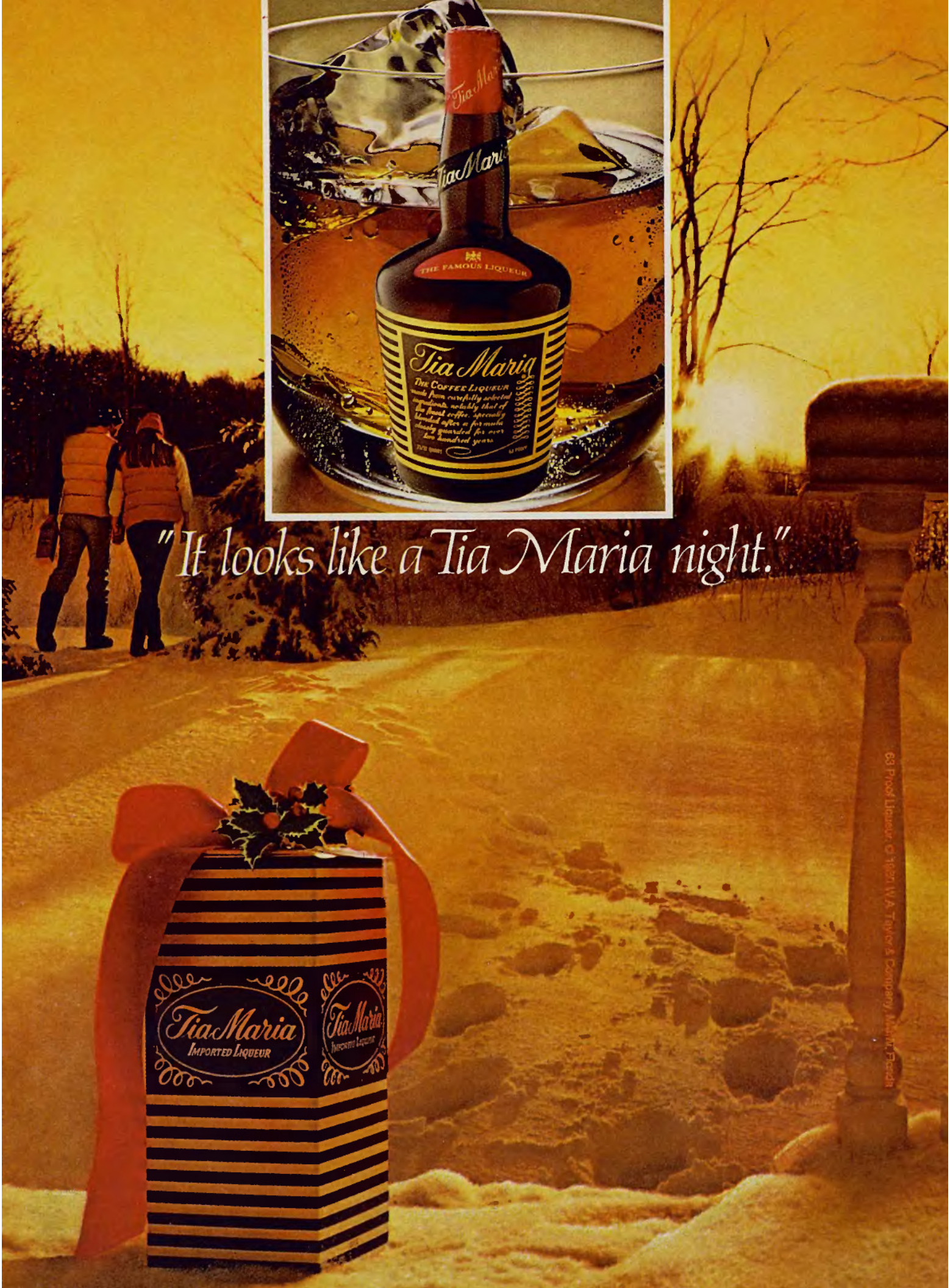
Moneo had never felt more lonely and fearful. What was the God Emperor doing? *I came down here to discuss his intentions toward Siona. Does he toy with me?*

"Let us talk about Siona," Leto said.

Mind reading again!

"When will you test her, Lord?" The

"There! What did I tell you? We didn't break every bone in your body, after all."


Tia Maria
THE FAMOUS LIQUEUR
Tia Maria
THE COFFEE LIQUEUR
"It looks like a Tia Maria night."
Tia Maria
IMPORTED LIQUEUR
Tia Maria
IMPORTED LIQUEUR

question had been waiting in the front of his awareness all this time, but now that he had spoken it, Moneo feared it.

"Soon."

"Forgive me, Lord, but surely you know how much I fear for the well-being of my only child."

"You fear her rebellious nature," Leto said.

"I have seen the report on Siona," Moneo said.

Leto's smile widened. "Have I not created her, Moneo?" Leto asked. "Have I not controlled the conditions of her ancestry and her upbringing? Surely you do not ask me to delegate authority to a weak administrator."

Moneo recoiled one step. "No, Lord. Of course not."

"Then trust Siona's strength."

Moneo squared his shoulders. "I will do what I must."

"Siona must be awakened to her duties as an Atreides. Is that not our commitment, Moneo?"

"I do not deny it, Lord. When will you introduce her to the new Duncan?"

"The test comes first."

Once more, Moneo lifted his gaze to Leto's face. "I hope she will like the Duncan's company, Lord."

"No doubt you have noted that his genotype is remarkably attractive to females."

"That has been my observation, Lord."

Leto reflected. Was there need for Moneo to know the peculiar thing about his daughter? Siona could fade from Leto's prescient view at times. The Golden Path remained, but Siona faded from it. Yet . . . she herself was not prescient. She was a unique phenomenon. And if she survived. . . . Leto decided he would not cloud Moneo's efficiency with unnecessary information.

What a gift Moneo has given me in this daughter, Leto thought. *Siona is fresh and precious. She is the new, while I am a collection of the obsolete, a relic of the damned, of the lost and strayed.*

Only the Golden Path is important. Humankind must scatter. Our descendants must be able to hide . . . even from the prescient vision, they must hide. They must scatter that no single death may find them all. Siona . . . preserve the Golden Path.

•

Nayla moved at a steady, plodding pace as she climbed the circular stairs to the God Emperor's audience chamber atop the Citadel's south tower. Leto followed the Guard's progress up the long circular stairs by way of a device that projected her approaching image quarter size onto a region of three-dimensional focus directly in front of his eyes.

Leto's thoughts locked on her. *In many ways, she is the most useful assistant I have ever had. I am her God. She worships me quite unquestioningly. Even when I attack her faith, she takes this merely as a testing. She knows herself superior to any test.*

When he had sent her to the rebellion and had told her to obey Siona in all things, she did not question.

Leto recalled that first conversation with Nayla, the woman trembling in her eagerness to please.

"Even if Siona sends you to kill me, you must obey. She must never learn that you serve me."

"No one can kill you, Lord."

"But you must obey Siona."

"Of course, Lord. That is your command."

"You must obey her in all things."

"I will do it, Lord."

Nayla does not question me. Her Lord commands? Nayla obeys. I must not let anything change that relationship.

Nayla entered the tower sanctuary and stood three paces from Leto's cart, her gaze lowered in proper subservience.

Leto said: "Look at me, woman, and tell me about Siona."

"Siona continues actions that predict violent attack on Your Holy Person. She remains unswerving in her avowed purpose to discover your weakness and kill you."

"Siona does not suspect you?" Leto asked.

"I am not clumsy."

"I want your assessment of Siona. I want to see it on your face and hear it in your voice," Leto said. "Will she survive the test, Nayla?"

"As my Lord describes the test. . . ." Nayla lifted her gaze to Leto's face, shrugged. "I do not know, Lord. Certainly, she is strong. She survived the wolves. But she is ruled by hate."

"Quite naturally."

"What are those books she stole from you, Lord?"

"They are my words for my people. I want them to be read."

Siona is my ardent enemy, he thought. *I do not need Nayla's words to confirm this. Siona is a woman of action. She lives on the surface of enormous energies that fill me with fantasies of delight. I cannot contemplate those living energies without a feeling of ecstasy. They are my reason for being, the justification for everything I have ever done. . . .*

"You will return to Siona and guard her life with your own," Leto said. "That is the task I set for you and that you accepted. It is why you were chosen."

Nayla turned and fled the Holy Presence.

But Nayla had told him what he needed to know. She had revealed with accuracy the thing that Leto could not find in Siona's fading image. Nayla's instincts were to be trusted.

Siona has reached that explosive moment that I require.

•

Leto prepared for his first private meeting with Siona since her childhood. He told Moneo that he would see her at the Little Citadel, a vantage tower he had built in the Central Desert.

There could be no more delays. She had to be tested. Moneo knew this as well as Leto did.

This preliminary day contained a multiple purpose. Leto had to be sure that he knew Siona's every strength and every weakness. And he would have to create special susceptibilities in her wherever possible. She had to be prepared for the test, her psychic muscles blunted by well-planted barbs.

Shortly after noon, on the appointed day, Leto went to the tower. Throughout the rest of the day, he lay in the aerie, thinking, plotting.

The fluttering wings of an ornithopter whispered on the air just at nightfall to signal Siona's arrival.

Leto caused a landing lip to extrude from his aerie. The 'thopter glided in, its wings cupped. It settled gently onto the lip. Siona emerged and walked in toward him. She stopped just inside the tower and turned her attention to Leto's bulk waiting on the cart almost at the center of the aerie. The 'thopter lifted away and jetted off into the darkness.

"Why am I here?"

Directly to the point! She would not deviate. Most of the Atreides had been that way, he thought. It was a characteristic that he hoped to maintain in the breeding program. It spoke of a strong inner sense of identity.

"I need to find out what time has done to you," he said.

"Why do you need that?"

A little fear in her voice there, he thought. *She thinks I will probe after her puny rebellion.*

"You are curious about me," he said. "It is the same with me. I am curious about you."

"What makes you think I'm curious?"

"You used to watch me very carefully when you were a child. I see that same look in your eyes tonight."

"Yes, I have wondered what it's like to be you."

He studied her for a moment. The moonlight drew shadows under her eyes, concealing them.

"Do you eat human food?" Siona asked.

"For a long time after I put on the sand-trout skin, I felt stomach hunger," he said. "Occasionally, I would attempt food. My stomach mostly rejected it. The cilia of the sand trout spread almost everywhere in my human flesh. Eating became a bothersome thing. These days, I only ingest dry substances that contain

"Great Scott, Holmes—you are a master of disguise."

a bit of the spice."

"You . . . eat mélange?"

"Sometimes."

"But you no longer have human hungers?"

"I didn't say that."

"I don't see how anyone could make such a choice," she muttered. Then louder: "Never to know love. . . ."

"You're playing the fool!" he said. "You don't mean love, you mean sex."

She shrugged.

"You think the most terrible thing I gave up was sex? No, the greatest loss was something far different."

"What?" She asked it reluctantly.

"I cannot walk among my fellows without their special notice. I am no longer one of you. I am alone. Love? Many people love me, but my shape keeps us apart. We are separated, Siona, by a gulf that no other human dares to bridge."

"We?"

"You are an Atreides."

"You mean that I . . . could?" She touched her breast with a finger.

"If there were enough sand trout around. Unfortunately, all of them enclose my flesh. However, if I were to die. . . ."

She shook her head in dumb horror at the thought.

"There's no secret about it," he said. "The first moments of the transformation are the critical ones. Your awareness must drive inward and outward simultaneously, one with infinity. I could provide you with enough mélange to accomplish this. Given enough spice, you can live through those first awful moments . . . and all the other moments."

She shuddered uncontrollably, her gaze fixed on his eyes.

"You know I'm telling you the truth, don't you?"

She nodded, inhaled a deep trembling breath, then: "Why did you do it?"

"There has never before been a government exactly like mine. Not in all of our history. I am responsible only to myself, exacting payment in full for what I have sacrificed."

"Sacrificed!" she sneered, but he heard the doubts. "Every despot says something like that. You're responsible only to yourself!"

"Which makes every living thing my responsibility. I watch over you through these times."

"You haven't convinced me of anything," she said.

"That was not the purpose of this meeting."

"What was the purpose?"

"To see if you are ready to be tested."

"Test. . . ." She tipped her head a bit to the right and stared at him.

"Don't play the innocent with me," he said. "Moneo has told you. And I tell you that you are ready!"

She tried to swallow, then: "What are. . . ."

"When we begin tomorrow," he said, "we will really learn what you are made of."

•

The sun came up, sending its harsh glare across the dunes. Leto felt the sand beneath him as a soft caress. Only his human ears, hearing the abrasive rasp of his heavy body, reported otherwise. It was a sensory conflict that he had learned to accept.

Slowly, gently, he began to move, swimming on the sand surface, gliding down off the dune.

Siona followed him with an uncharacteristic docility. Doubt had done its work. She had read Leto's journals, stolen and earned on the tragic run from the D-wolves. She had listened to the admonitions of her father. Now she did not know what to think.

Moneo had prepared his daughter, dressing her in an authentic Fremen stillsuit with a dark robe over it, fitting the boot-pumps correctly. He had explained the stillsuit, how it recycled her body's own waters. He made her pull the tube from a catch pocket and suck on it, then reseal the tube.

"You will be alone with him on the desert," Moneo had said.

"What if I refuse to go?" she had asked.

"You will go . . . but you may not return."

Leto's swimming progress took him down the dune's slip face and onto an exposed section of the rocky basement complex, then up another sandy face at a shallow angle, creating a path for Siona to follow. Fremen had called such compression tracks "God's gift to the weary." He moved slowly, giving Siona time in which to recognize that this was his domain, his natural habitat.

He came out atop another dune and turned to watch her progress. She held to the track he had provided and stopped only when she reached the top. Her glance went once to his face, then she turned a full circle to examine the horizon. He heard the sharp intake of her breath.

"This is how it was," he said.

Leto spoke from where he had stopped just below the dune's crest. "This is the real desert. You only know it when you're down here afoot. This is all that's left of the *bahr bela ma*."

"The ocean without water," she whispered.

Again, she turned and examined the entire horizon.

There was no wind and, Leto knew, without wind, the silence ate at the human soul. Siona was feeling the loss of all familiar reference points. She was abandoned in dangerous space.

Betraying no surface sign of the fears he knew she felt, Siona turned and stared down at him.

"I need to know why you brought me here."

"To give you a taste of your past. Come down here and climb onto my back."

She hesitated at first, then seeing the futility of defiance, slid down the dune and clambered onto his back.

Leto waited until she was kneeling atop him. It was not the same as the old times he knew. She had no maker hooks and could not stand on his back. He lifted his front segments slightly off the surface.

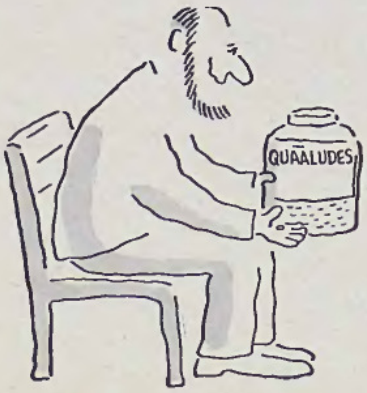
"I want you to taste the way our people once moved proudly across this land, high atop the back of a giant sandworm."

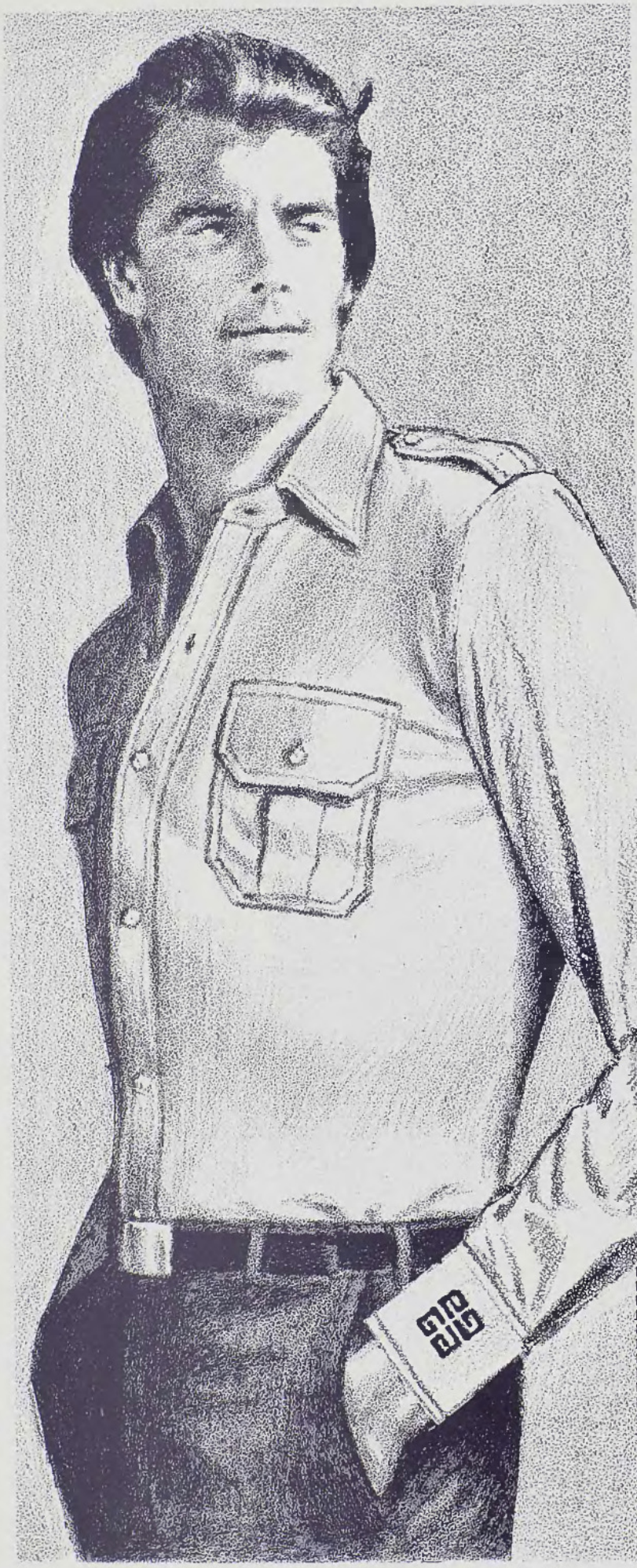
He began to glide along the dune just below the crest. Siona had seen holos. She knew this experience intellectually, but the pulse of reality was different and he knew she would resonate to it.

Ahhh, Siona, he thought, *you do not even begin to suspect how I will test you.*

Leto steeled himself. *I must have no pity. If she dies, she dies.*

He sensed when Siona began to enjoy the sensation of riding on his back. He felt a faint shift in her weight as she eased back onto her legs to lift her head. The desert demanded recognition. She rode silently on his back, but he knew





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THIS MONTH IN

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This lovely lithe lady is one of many reasons to pick up January OUI. Another is infallible advice on meeting women from the guru of "Pick-Up" books, Eric Weber. OUI also tells you how to pick up cash in America's second-favorite pastime—sports betting. Then Hank Nuwer takes you on a drunken tour of the country's best *Roadhouse Bars* (one of them could be in your neighborhood). Plus sexy *Small Talk* with Pamela Hensley, a preview of Clifford Irving's new novel, Miles Davis profiled and much more. January OUI. Guaranteed to pick you up for the new year.

her eyes were full. And the old-old memories were beginning to churn in her.

He came within three hours to a region of cylindrical whaleback dunes, some of them more than 150 kilometers long, at an angle to the prevailing wind. Beyond them lay a rocky corridor between dunes and into a region of star dunes almost 400 meters high. Finally, they entered the braided dunes of the central *erg*, where the general high pressure and electrically charged air gave his spirits a lift. He knew the same magic would be working on Siona.

Leto slowed his pace and began to speak to Siona, telling her about their Fremen past. He sensed her quickening interest. She asked questions, but he could also feel her fears building. She could recognize nothing man-made.

"Why won't you tell me why you brought me here?" she asked. Fear was obvious in her voice.

"How far have we come, Siona?"

She thought about this. "Thirty kilometers? Twenty?"

"Farther," he said. "I can move very fast in my own land. Didn't you feel the wind on your face?"

"Yes." Sullen. "So why ask *me* how far?"

"Come down and I'll explain," he said.

She slid off his back and came around to where she could look into his face.

"Moneo put dried food in the pouch of your robe," he said. "Eat a little and I will tell you."

She found a dried cube of protomor in the pouch and chewed on it while she watched him. It was the authentic old Fremen food, even to the slight addition of mélange.

"You have felt your past," he said. "Now you must be sensitized to your future, to the Golden Path."

She swallowed. "I don't believe in your future Golden Path."

"If you are to live, you will believe in it."

"Is *that* your test? Have faith in the Great God Leto or die?"

"You need no faith in me whatsoever. I want you to have faith in yourself."

"Then why is it important how far we've come?"

"So you'll understand how far you still have to go."

She glanced left and right at the unbroken desert.

"We are going to go out of my desert together," he said.

She found the catch-pocket tube at her shoulder, sucked at it and restored it. He noted the care with which she sealed the end, but she did not pull the face flap across her mouth, though Leto had heard her father warning her about this. She wanted her mouth free for talking!

She turned a full circle, examining the wasteland.

"There is a saying about the open land," he said, "that one direction is as good as another. In some ways, that's still true, but I would not depend on it."

She pointed to the steep side of the dune on which they had stopped. "But I could just go down there and. . . ."

"On the dune's steep side, unless you follow the natural curves, the sand may slide down upon you and bury you."

She looked down the slope, absorbing this.

"You learn to value leisure out here. There's no hurry."

"But we have no water except the. . . ."

"Used wisely, that stillsuit will keep you alive."

"But how long will it take us to. . . ."

"Your impatience alarms me."

"But we have only this dried food in my pouch. What will we eat when. . . ."

"Siona! Have you noticed that you are expressing our situation as mutual? What will *we* eat? *We* have no water. Should *we* be going? How long will it take *us*?"

He sensed the dryness of her mouth as she tried to swallow.

"Could it be that we're interdependent?" he asked.

She spoke reluctantly. "I don't know how to survive out here."

"But I do?"

She nodded.

"Why should I share such precious knowledge with you?" he asked.

She shrugged, a pitiful gesture that touched him. How quickly the desert cut away previous attitudes.

"I will share my knowledge with you," he said. "And you must find something valuable that you can share with me."

He turned away from her and set off in a sinusoidal track down the dune. He heard her slipping and stumbling as she followed. Leto stopped well into the dune shadow.

"We'll wait out the day here," he said. "It uses less water to travel by night."

•

They talked sporadically. He told her about the Fremen graces that once had dominated this landscape. She probed for secret knowledge of him.

Once, he said: "You may find it odd, but out here is where I can be most human."

His words failed to make her fully conscious of her human vulnerability and the fact that she might die out here. Even when she was not talking, she did not restore the face flap of her stillsuit.

"What lives here now?" she asked.

"The vultures, a few night creatures, an occasional remnant of plant life out of the old days, burrowing things."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"Why do they live here?"

"Because this is where they were born and I permit them to know nothing better."

It was almost dark with that sudden glowing light his desert acquired in these moments. He studied her in that luminous moment, recognizing that she had not yet understood his other message. He knew that message would sit there, though, and fester in her.

Where the dune dipped to cross another, she waited for him. He saw that the face flap of her stillsuit remained open, hanging loose.

She glanced up at the stars and he saw her identify the Pointers, those Fremen Arrows that had led her ancestors across this land. She stared all around the moon-frosted horizon. "Why didn't we bring a signal device?"

"I wanted you to learn about possessions."

She turned toward him. He sensed her breath close to his face. She was losing too much moisture into the dry air. Still she did not remember Moneo's admonition. It would be a bitter lesson, no doubt of that.

"I don't understand you at all," she said.

"In the old days, everything you took into the desert was a necessity and that was all you took. Your life is no longer free of possessions, Siona, or you would not have asked about a signal device."

She came hurrying up to walk beside his cowled face. "What happens if I don't learn your damned lesson?"

"You'll probably die," he said.

•

For two full turns of days and nights, Siona failed to seal her face mask, losing precious water with every breath. Leto had spoken to her finally on the cold third morning of their traverse when they stopped within a rock shadow on the wind-swept flat of the *erg*.

"Guard every breath, for it carries the warmth and moisture of your life," he said.

Now Siona took down the mouth flap of her stillsuit only to speak clearly. And she spoke through black, bleeding lips.

She has the thirst of desperation, he thought. *She will reach the moments of crisis soon.*

Siona peeled her face mask aside but held it in her hand for quick restoration.

"How much longer until we find water?" she asked.

"Three nights."

She had come to appreciate the Fremen economy with important information. She sipped greedily at a few drops in her catch pocket.

Leto recognized the message of her movements—familiar gestures for Fremen *in extremis*. Siona was now fully aware of a common experience among her ancestors—*patiyeh*, the thirst at the edge of death.

The few drops in her catch pocket

were gone. He heard her sucking air.

She restored the mask and spoke in a muffled voice. "I won't make it, will I?"

Leto looked into her eyes, seeing there the clarity of thought brought on by the nearness of death. Yes, she was well into the *tedah ri-agrimi*, the agony that opens the mind.

"Nothing is certain," he said.

She sighed.

Her mask-muffled voice probed at him once more. "You had some special intention for me in your breeding program."

It was not a question.

"All people have intentions," he told her.

"But you wanted my full agreement."

"That is true."

"How could you expect agreement when you know I hate everything about you? Be honest with me!"

"The three legs of the agreement tripod are desire, data and doubt. Honesty has little to do with it."

"What do you mean—desire, data and doubt?"

"Desire brings the participants together. Data sets the limits of their dialog. Doubt frames the questions."

She moved closer to stare directly into his face from less than a meter away.

"Could you save me?"

"There is a way."

Siona sank to a sitting position on the cold rock and remained silent. Leto thought he could hear the soft scream waiting in her throat. Now her doubts were at work. She looked up at him with that terrible clarity he had identified in her.

"The Golden Path still stands open," he said.

"I don't trust you!"

"Because we are not equals?"

"Yes!"

"But we're interdependent."

"What need have you for me?"

"You are the Golden Path," he said.

"Me?" It was barely a whisper.

She shook her head slowly from side to side, but her gaze remained fixed on his face. "What will make you save me?"

"Nothing will make me do it. That is not the way of interdependence."

She focused on his eyes and glared at him as though seeking to move completely into his thoughts. New strength entered her muffled voice.

"You will give me . . . water if I ask?"

"It is not just water."

She nodded. "And I am Atreides."

She knew the special susceptibility in the Atreides genes. She knew where the mélange spice originated and what it might do to her.

"These little curled flaps beside my face," he said. "Tease one of them gently with a finger and it will give up drops of moisture heavily laced with spice essence."

"But I am Atreides," she said. "I could die of it."

"That's the test."

She pulled away her mask and moved her face to within a handsbreadth of his. A finger came up and touched one of the curled flaps of his cowl.

"Stroke it gently," he said.

Her hand obeyed not his voice but something from within her. The finger movements were precise, eliciting his own memories. He turned his face to its limit and looked sideways at her face so close to his. Pale-blue drops began to form at the flap's edge. Rich cinnamon smells enveloped them. She leaned toward the drops. He saw the way her tongue moved as she drank.

Presently, she retreated.

"How long before it begins to work?" she asked.

"It is already working."

She sealed her face mask.

He saw the milky distances enter her eyes. Without asking permission, she tapped his front segment, demanding to climb into the *hammock* of his front segment. He obeyed. She fitted herself into a gentle curve. By peering sharply downward, he could see her. Siona's eyes remained open, but they no longer saw this place. She jerked abruptly and began to tremble like a small creature dying.

He felt her life ebbing. *Fight the darkness, Siona!* That was one thing the Atreides did. They fought for life. And now she was fighting for lives other than her own. He felt the dimming . . . the terrible outflow of vitality. She went deeper and deeper into the darkness. He began to rock her gently. That or the thin hot thread of determination, perhaps both together, prevailed. By early afternoon, her flesh had trembled its way into something approaching real sleep. Only an occasional gasp betrayed the vision's echoes. He rocked her gently, rolling from side to side.

She awakened in the late afternoon, a stillness coming over her abruptly, the breathing rhythm changed. Her eyes snapped open. She peered up at him, then rolled out of the *hammock* to stand with her back to him for almost an hour of silent thinking.

"You are beginning to have some concept of how far my family extends," he said.

She turned but did not meet his gaze. He could see her accepting it, though, the realization of that singular multitude that made all of humankind his family.

"The Golden Path," she whispered. "I can *feel* it." Then, glaring at him: "It's so cruel!"

"Survival has always been cruel. But now you have seen the vision that drove me to assume the sandworm body and to rule as a god."

"A single death for all of humankind," she whispered.

"Our descendants must scatter," he said. "Not even the prescient must find them."

"And you want me to. . . ."

"You have not yet survived the desert," he said.

Slowly, her trembling subsided. The Fremen instincts he had set to work in her did their usual tempering.

"I will survive," she said. She met his gaze and spoke with venomous elation: "But I saw another thing! You can't know my future!"

"Which is why you must breed and preserve this."

Even as he spoke, it began to rain. The sudden cloud darkness and the downpour came upon them simultaneously.

Siona pulled back her face flap and lifted her face greedily to the falling water, not even noticing the effect on Leto.

As the first drenching swept in from behind the sand-trout overlappings, he stiffened and curled into a ball of agony. Separate drives of sand trout and sandworm produced a new meaning for the word *pain*. He felt that he was being ripped apart. Sand trout wanted to rush to the water and encapsulate it. Sandworm felt the drenching wash of death. Curls of blue smoke spurted from every place the rain touched him. Blue smoke lifted around him from where he lay in puddles of water. He writhed and groaned.

The clouds passed and it was a few moments before Siona sensed his disturbance.

"What's wrong with you?"

He was unable to answer. The rain was gone, but water remained on the rocks and in puddles all around and beneath him. There was no escape.

Siona saw the blue smoke rising from every place the water touched him.

"It's the water!"

There was a slightly higher bulge of land off to the right where the water did not stay. Painfully, he made his way toward it, groaning at each new puddle. The bulge was almost dry when he reached it. The agony subsided slowly and he grew aware that Siona stood directly in front of him. She probed at him with words of false concern.

"Why does water hurt you?"

Hurt? What an inadequate word! There was no evading her question, though. She knew enough now to go searching for the answer. That answer could be found. Haltingly, he explained the relationship of sand trout and sandworm to water. She heard him out in silence.

"But the moisture you gave me. . . ."

"Is buffered and masked by the spice."

He saw the flame of rebellion return to her eyes. He was not a human, not like her at all. And she possessed the secret of his undoing! Ring him with

(continued on page 310)

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WHAT'S NEW IN CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING

there's plenty of new garb and gear to keep you warm and keep you going

More than 4,000,000 Americans cross-country ski, a figure expected to double by 1990. Stymied summer jocks who don't want to forsake fresh-air exercise in winter have gone Nordic, as have ambitious downhillers who have tired of shelling out big bucks for lift tickets.

Recognizing that Nordic skiing will not go the way of Edsels and Hula Hoops, entrepreneurs near every snow-belt city and out in the sticks have been opening touring centers as fast as they can clear trails, build a lodge and hire some certified instructors. City, county and state parks and the Forest Service maintain hundreds of trails, sans accommodations and fees, that are well suited to metropolitan day skiers; Hennepin County, Minnesota, and Cook County, Illinois, are stellar examples. Meanwhile, the grand old centers are getting more popular; Vermont's Trapp Family Lodge alone will attract more than 50,000 skiers this winter.

Even Alpine resorts have caught skinny-ski fever. Besides opening up cross-country trails, many now encourage Nordic skiers to ride lifts and shoot down slopes with the plastic-boot crowd (Norpining or Aldicking, as it's known to insiders) or to compete in a new breed of races. Crested Butte, cross-country downhill's American mecca, hosts dual giant slalom races for telemarkers only. Anyone caught paralleling loses points. And similar events are cropping up across the country.

There's another option for serious three-pin downhillers who shun competition and crowds: heli-skiing. Royal Gorge Nordic in Soda Springs, California, flies you to the Canadian Rockies for a few hundred bucks and a few days of awesome skiing.

Before you gear up and get into cross-country skiing at that or any level, however, a little self-defense against mediocrity—your own and that of your equipment—is in order. Even if you think you know what you're doing, stake out a certified instructor, take a few lessons and ask for an honest opinion of what gear would best suit your abilities and purposes. Pay

attention. Rent before buying. Know that the wrong gear can actually make you ski badly.

Gore-Tex, a breathable/waterproof wonder fabric, is a favorite of the foul-weather crowd; and Gore-Tex Nordic boots are about the newest thing this season. Time will tell if they're as good as leather, but the rapidly rising cost of the latter may speed up acceptance of the former. Trak, Tyrol, Fels and Skilom have all come out with Gore-Tex boots priced from $46 to $90. Whether you're into leather or synthetics, your boots must fit comfortably and have enough lateral stiffness and torsional rigidity to maximize ski control. They also must match your bindings—Nordic Norm 75, Racing Norm 50, Touring Norm 50, Adidas System Norm 38 or System LIN. Ask your outfitter to translate.

Waxless skis are getting better, though some purists maintain that no-wax is to waxable what a Whopper is to *filet mignon*, especially where conditions are generally easy to wax for, such as the Adirondacks, the upper Midwest and the Rockies. But no-wax makes sense when the weather and snow conditions are at their worst—in April showers or on Sierra cement, or when the alternative is to smear six kinds of klister on your bottoms (which is not as much fun as it sounds). Waxless skis are also good for lunchtime touring in the park, if you don't want to spend time waxing, and when the snow's so sparse you risk gouging the base of your waxables.

Remember, though, the simple presence of a patterned base does not make for a good waxless ski. The base must match the ski's flex, and its fore and aft portions must be differentiated from the middle, or the ski will neither grip nor glide well. Beware of close-outs on no-name waxless skis; stick with names such as Trak, Rossignol, Karhu, Fischer, Atomic, Edsbyn and Epoke.

But even the best waxless ski can't outperform a well-waxed waxable one on most snows, and if it's speed and silence you're after, you've got to invest a little time in waxing.

Manufacturers are making heftier, metal-edged skis for the outer fringe of the sport, cross-country downhilling. Veteran adventurer Doug Robinson rode down from the summit of Mount Rainier last May on Randonnees, stiff expert skis by Rossignol. His recommendation: Learn cross-country downhill on Karhu's XCD-GTs or another forgiving model.

Class dismissed.

bibliography

Cross-Country Skiing, *by Ned Gillette (The Mountaineers, Seattle). One of the best instructional reads around, showing and telling how to execute all the moves—including the wrong ones—such as the Flying Buttocks Arrest and the Parallel Bun Stop. The second half advises on waxing, wilderness touring, racing and selecting the right gear.*

Cross-Country Ski Gear, *by Michael Brady (The Mountaineers, Seattle). A solid, encyclopedic handbook for skiers who want to be informed buyers.*

Cross-Country Downhill and Other Nordic Mountain Skiing Techniques, *by Steve Barnett (Pacific Search Press, Seattle). Overview of the sport's hottest variation, encompassing Nordic/alpine turns and the gear with which to make them. Tips on steep skiing in the wilderness, as well as on groomed, mogul-ridden alpine slopes.*

PLAYBOY'S INFORMED SOURCE

The lumberjack look is giving woy to Nordic chic—sleek synthetic designs thot ore more comfortable and practical for the active skier. The two-piece suit by Odlo is about $80. But if you insist on the traditionol look, a sweoter, wool shirt, knickers and socks from Woolrich will cost about $110.

Forget cotton long johns. The gentleman is looking into polypropylene, the current darling of pros and sovvy amateurs. Superlight and sexy, it draws sweot awoy from your skin so you don't chill when you stop moving (something this trio seems unlikely to do). Odlo's undies run obout $38.

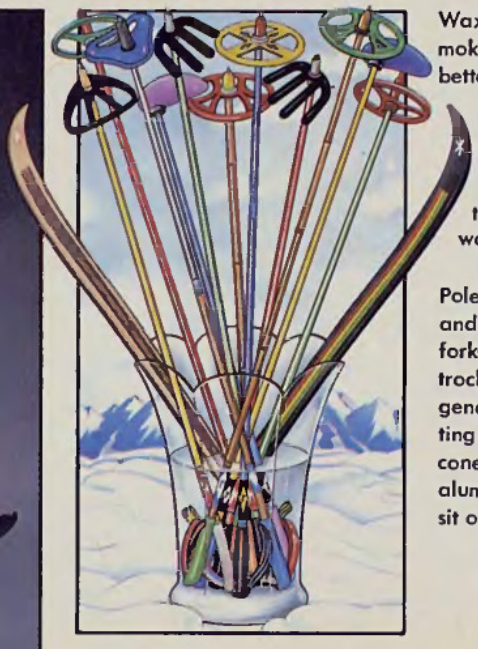
WHERE TO GO

The following ski-touring centers offer quality terrain, instructions and accommodations ranging from the posh to the rustic.

EAST: *Trapp Family Lodge* (Stowe, Vermont 05672; 802-253-8511). Top-notch school, 100 km. of trails. *Franconia Inn* (Route 116, Franconia, New Hampshire 03580; 603-823-5542). Trail-linked to other cozy inns and eateries.

MIDWEST: *Eagle River Nordic* (P.O. Box 936, Eagle River, Wisconsin 54521; 715-479-7285). Good snow all season, first-rate school. *Telemark Lodge* (Cable, Wisconsin 54821; 715-798-3811). Home of the American Birkebeiner race.

WEST: *Bear Pole Ranch* (Star Route 1, Steamboat Springs, Colorado 80477; 303-879-0576). Moonlight tours. *Royal Gorge Nordic Ski Resort* (P.O. Box 178, Donner Pass Road, Soda Springs, California 95728; 916-426-3871).



Waxing is like foreplay: You con moke do without, but it's so much better with. Still, at $48 ond up a poir, cross-country skis ore so cheop you can get one of each — generol and light touring, racing and ski mountaineering, in waxable and woxless — ond hire a caddie.

Pole boskets keep getting weirder and more specialized—there are forks and deltos for rocing ond trock skiing, and spoked disks for general touring. Shafts keep getting stronger and lighter; Tonkin cone is traditional, but an aluminum pole bends back if you sit on it. Make sure straps adjust.

GOD EMPEROR OF DUNE

(continued from page 304)

"'He wants babies in my belly, new lives to warp and twist. I'll see him dead before I'll give him that!'"

water, destroy his desert, immobilize him within a moat of agony! She did not have to feel guilty or dependent. She no longer could avoid belief in his Golden Path, but what difference did that make? His cruelties could not be forgiven!

•

"The Lord has commanded me to tell you that your daughter lives."

Without looking up at Nayla's stocky figure standing at proper attention in front of him, Moneo asked: "Both of them have returned to the Citadel?"

"Yes."

Moneo looked out the window to his left, not really seeing the flinty border line of darkness hanging on the Sareer's horizon nor the greedy wind collecting sand grains from every dunetop.

She has survived as I did. Siona now had an inner sense that told her that the Golden Path remained unbroken. *As I have.* He found no sense of sharing in this, nothing to make him feel closer to his daughter. It was a burden and it would inevitably curb her rebellious nature. No Atreides could go against the Golden Path. Leto had seen to that!

Siona has been caged. As I was caged. As poor Leto was caged.

Idaho entered the workroom as Nayla left. Moneo watched him enter. A trick of the light gave Idaho a face like a grimacing mask with pitted eyes. Without invitation, he sat down across from Moneo and the trickery was gone. *Just another Duncan.* He had changed into a plain black uniform without insignia.

"There's a human Leto I don't know," Idaho said.

"Have I not told you this?"

"And there's a God Leto you don't know," Idaho said.

"Be careful, Duncan," Moneo said.

Something moved in the doorway to Moneo's workroom. They looked up to see Siona enter.

Moneo studied her, looking for signs of the change. She had bathed and put on a fresh Guard's uniform, but her face and hands betrayed the evidence of her desert ordeal. She had lost weight and her cheekbones stood out. Unguent did little to conceal cracks in her lips. Veins stood out on her hands. Her eyes looked ancient and her expression was that of someone who had tasted bitter dregs.

Moneo forced his voice to be cold and professional. "Sit down."

"I prefer to stand." She looked down at Idaho's upturned face. "Ahhh, Duncan Idaho, my intended mate. Don't you find this interesting, Duncan? They expect us to fall into each other's arms and breed more like my father. Your descendant, my father!"

Moneo's face went pale. "You are both fools! But I will try to save you. In spite of yourselves, I will try to save you."

Idaho saw the intensity of the man's stare and felt oddly moved by this. "I'm not his stud, but I'll listen to you."

"There is a small village of Museum Fremen at the edge of the Sareer," Moneo said. "It is called Tuono. It's in the shadow of the Wall with the river just beyond the Wall. There is a well and the food is good."

"And the nights are long and there's no entertainment," Siona said.

Idaho shot a sharp glance at her. She returned it. "He wants us breeding and the Worm satisfied," she said. "He wants babies in my belly, new lives to warp and twist. I'll see him dead before I'll give him that!"

Idaho looked back at Moneo with a bemused expression. "And if we refuse to go?"

"I think you'll go," Moneo said.

"We either accept or the troopers will bind us and carry us out there in a most uncomfortable fashion," Siona said. "You can see it in his face."

Still Idaho stared at Moneo. "Your real intentions, Moneo? Won't you satisfy my curiosity?"

"My daughter remains a rebel and I would preserve her by removing her from the presence of the God Leto. You, Duncan . . . you will remain loyal to the Atreides, but I observe how you begin to doubt the godhead of Leto."

"You still haven't satisfied my curiosity," Idaho said.

"Curiosity has kept many people alive when all else failed," Moneo said. "I am trying to keep you alive, Duncan. I have never done that before."

•

Idaho stood aghast at his first close glimpse of Tuono Village, located in a depression surrounded by dunes, and all of it deep in the shadows of the towering man-made Wall that ringed Leto's Last Desert. This village . . . *this* was the home of Fremen? The proud desert lords of Dune?

The Guards had taken them from the Citadel at daybreak, Idaho and Siona and Nayla bundled into a large ornithopter accompanied by two smaller Guard ships.

For a time during the march across the morning-lighted dunes, Idaho had tried to imagine that he was back in the old days. Sand was visible in the plantings and, in the valleys between dunes, there was parched ground, yellow grass, the sticklike shrubs.

His imagination was not equal to the task of defocusing the differences between the past and this time. The issue stillsuits these Museum Fremen wore were more for show than for efficient collection of the body's water. No true Fremen would have trusted his life to one of them, not even here where the air smelled of nearby water.

Siona trudged beside him, withdrawn. Nayla strode along a few paces ahead of the troop.

What was between those two women? Idaho wondered. Nayla appeared devoted to Siona, hanging on Siona's every word, obeying every whim Siona uttered . . . except that Nayla would not deviate from the orders that brought them to Tuono Village. Still, Nayla deferred to Siona and called her Commander. There was something between those two, something that aroused fear in Nayla.

They came at last to a slope that dropped down to the village and the Wall behind it. From the air, Tuono had been a cluster of glittering rectangles just outside the shadow of the Wall. From this close vantage, though, it had been reduced to a cluster of decaying huts made even more pitiful by attempts to decorate the place. A tattered green banner fluttered from a metal pole atop the largest structure. A fitful breeze brought the smell of garbage and uncovered cesspools to Idaho's nostrils. The central street of the village extended across the sparsely planted sand toward the troop, ending in a ragged edge of broken paving.

A robed delegation waited near the building of the green flag, standing there expectantly. As they neared the delegation, a man with a green headband stepped forward and bowed. He moved slowly, but Idaho saw that he was not old, barely into his middle years, the cheeks smooth and unwrinkled, a stubby nose with no scars from breath-filter tubes.

"I am Garun," the man said as Nayla stopped in front of him. "I am Naib of this place. I give you a Fremen welcome to Tuono."

Nayla gestured over her shoulder at Siona and Idaho, who had stopped just behind her. "Are quarters prepared for your guests?"

"We Fremen are noted for our hospitality," Garun said. "All is ready."

Garun addressed himself to Siona, correctly identifying the gold piping of Guard Command on her uniform.

"Will you wish a performance of our Fremen rituals?" he asked. "The music, perhaps? The dance?"

An urchin extended flowers toward

"They tell me you're fast, kid . . . real fast. Back East, we call that premature ejaculation!"

Siona, lifting a wide-eyed stare. She accepted the flowers without looking at the child.

Garun spoke to Idaho. "If you give them a few coins, they will not bother you."

Idaho shuddered. Was this training for Fremen children? He felt deeply offended by the surface decorations on the buildings, none of it disguising the evidence of decay. He could hear the whine of supplication in Garun's voice. These were not Fremen! These poor creatures lived on the margins, trying to retain parts of an ancient wholeness. And all the while, that lost reality slipped farther and farther from their grasp. What had Leto created here? These *Museum* Fremen were lost to everything except a bare existence and the rote mouthing of old words that they did not understand and that they did not even pronounce correctly!

Idaho bent to study the cut of Garun's brown robe, seeing a tightness in it dictated by a need to conserve fabric. A stillsuit could be seen underneath, exposed to sunlight that no real Fremen would ever have let touch his stillsuit that way.

Disgust propelling him, Idaho strode forward abruptly and parted Garun's robe to look at the stillsuit. Just as he had suspected! The suit was another sham—no arms on it, no boot-pumps!

Garun pulled back, putting a hand to the knife hilt Idaho had exposed at the man's belt. "Here! What're you doing?" Garun demanded, his voice querulous. "You don't touch a Fremen thus!"

"You, a Fremen?" Idaho demanded. "I lived with Fremen! I fought by their sides. I died with Fremen! You? You're a sham!"

Garun's knuckles went white on the knife haft. He addressed himself to Siona. "Who is this man?"

Nayla spoke up: "This is Duncan Idaho."

"The ghola?" Garun turned to look at Idaho's face. "We have never seen your like here before."

Idaho felt himself almost overcome by a sudden desire to cleanse this place even if it cost him his life, this diminished life that could be repeated endlessly by people who had no real concern for him.

"Draw that knife or take your hand off it," Idaho said.

Garun jerked his hand away from the knife. "It is not a real knife," he said. "Only for decoration."

Idaho could not help himself. He threw his head back in laughter.

The laughter had an odd effect on Garun. He lowered his head and clasped his hands tightly together, but not before Idaho saw them trembling.

Garun cleared his throat, then: "Perhaps Duncan Idaho will witness our ways and our rituals and judge them?"

Idaho felt shamed by the plaintive request. He spoke without thinking: "I will teach you anything Fremen that I know."

"We've no need to play old cultish games," Siona said. "Take us to our quarters."

Nayla spoke without looking at Siona. "Commander, you and the . . . Duncan Idaho are to be quartered together."

"My father's orders?"

"Lady Commander, they are said to be the orders of the God Emperor himself."

•

In the hut, Idaho stretched out on his cot with his eyes half open. Siona, he saw, had picked up one of the books she carried around with her in a green-fabric pack.

The door opened without a knock and Garun entered, closed the door and stood there looking at them.

Siona's voice came from behind Idaho. "Well, what is it?"

Idaho noticed then that Garun seemed strangely excited, vibrating with it.

"The God Emperor. . . ." Garun cleared his throat and began again. "The God Emperor will come to Tuono! He will visit his Fremen and their guests!" Garun bobbed his head briefly, turned and let himself out.

Siona glanced at Idaho. "Let me read you something, Duncan," she said. Idaho was still concentrating on Garun's words. She took his attention as agreement. " 'Some believe,' " she read, " 'that you must compromise integrity with a certain amount of dirty work before you can put genius to work. They say the compromise begins when you come out of the Sanctus intending to realize your ideals.' "

She looked at Idaho. "The God Emperor—his own words."

"What is that book?" he asked.

Briefly, she told him how she and her companions had stolen Leto's journals.

He saw the tears latent in her eyes. "Nine of you killed by the wolves?"

She nodded.

"You're a lousy commander!" he said. "How did Leto test you?"

"He showed me a . . . he showed me his Golden Path."

"That's convenient. . . ."

"It's real enough, Duncan." She looked at him, her eyes glistening with unshed tears. "But if it was *ever* a reason for our *God* Emperor, it is not reason for what he has become!"

Idaho inhaled deeply, then: "The Atreides come to this!"

"The *Worm* must go!" Siona said.

"I wonder when he's arriving," Idaho said.

"We have no weapons," Siona said.

"Nayla has a lasgun," he said. "We have knives . . . rope."

"Against the Worm?" she asked. "Even if we could get Nayla's lasgun, you know it won't touch him."

"How will the Worm come to Tuono?" Idaho asked. "He's too big and heavy for an ordinary 'thopter."

"Garun will tell us," she said. "But I think he will come on peregrination with his entire crew. He will come along the Royal Road and drop down to here on suspensors." She looked at Idaho. "Why?"

"I have a plan," Idaho said.

•

Idaho found he could manage the climb without thinking about it. His original youth might be lost in the eons, but his muscles were young. He did not think about the Wall's height. He thought only about where he would next put a hand or a foot and about the coil of light rope around his shoulders. That rope was the *tallness* of this Wall. He had measured it out on the ground, triangulating across the sand.

Feeling for handholds that he could not see, Idaho groped his way up the sheer face . . . well, not quite sheer. Wind and sand and even some rain, the forces of cold and heat, had been at their erosive work here for more than 2000 years.

He crept upward. A bit of rock broke away from his hand; dust and shards fell across his right cheek, but he did not even feel it. Every bit of his awareness concentrated on the groping hand, the balance of his feet on the tiniest of protrusions.

Idaho felt the ghosts of all his other selves, the gholas who had died in Leto's service. Leto had become something . . . no longer Atreides, not even human. He had become not so much a living creature as a brute fact of nature, opaque and impenetrable, all of his experiences sealed off within him. And Siona opposed him. The real Atreides turned away from him.

As I do.

Idaho's right hand groped upward and found a sharp ledge. He could feel nothing above the ledge, but he would not dare to allow himself to believe that he had reached the top . . . not yet. The sharp edge cut into his fingers as he put his weight on it. He brought his left hand up to that level, found a purchase and pulled himself slowly upward. His eyes reached the level of his hands. He stared across a flat space that reached outward . . . outward into the blue sky. The surface where his hands clutched showed ancient weather cracks. He crawled his fingers across that surface, one hand at a time, seeking out the cracks, dragging his chest up . . . his waist . . . his hips. He rolled then, twisting and crawling until the Wall was far behind him. Only then did he stand and tell himself what his senses reported.

The top.

He let elation still the trembling of his muscles, soothe the aching of his shoulders, as he strode to the center of the roadway.

The Royal Road interested him. About

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three kilometers away, it narrowed and crossed a river gorge on a bridge whose faery trusses appeared insubstantial and toylike at this distance. Idaho fixed his attention on the bridge, letting his military training examine it. He nodded once to himself before turning back the way he had come, lifting the light rope from his shoulders as he walked.

•

Nayla was the first to glimpse the approaching cortege. Perspiring heavily in the midday heat, she stood near the edge of the Royal Road. A sudden flash of distant reflection caught her attention. She peered in that direction, squinting, realizing with a thrill of awareness that she saw sun-dazzle on the cover of the God Emperor's cart.

"They come!" she called.

Nayla touched one finger to the butt of the lasgun holstered at her hip. The bridge lay no more than 20 meters ahead of her, arching across the chasm like an alien fantasy joining one barren surface to another.

This is madness, she thought.

But the God Emperor had reinforced his command. He required his Nayla to obey Siona in all things.

Siona's orders were explicit, leaving no way for evasions. And Nayla had no way here to query her God Emperor. Siona had said: "When his cart is in the middle of the bridge—then!"

It was another test, she decided. The God Emperor had said that Nayla must obey Siona. It was a test. What else could it be?

Everyone on the bridge would die.

Unless He performs a miracle.

That had to be it. Siona had set the stage for a holy miracle. What else could Siona intend now that she had been tested, now that she wore the uniform of Leto's Guards? Siona had given her oath to the God Emperor.

A distant shout caught Nayla's attention. She turned and looked across the bridge. The cortege had been in the familiar trot of a royal peregrination. Now they were slowing to a sedate walk only a few minutes away from the bridge. Nayla recognized Moneo marching in the van, his uniform brilliant white, the even, undeviating stride with his gaze straight ahead.

The mystery of it all filled Nayla.

A miracle was about to happen!

Nayla glanced to the right at Siona. Siona returned her gaze and nodded once. Nayla drew the lasgun from its holster and rested it against the rock pillar as she sighted along it. The cable on the left first, then the cable on the right, then the trellis of plasteel on the left. The lasgun felt cold and alien against Nayla's hand. She took a trembling breath to restore calm.

Moneo had seen the people on the bridge and at the far end. His first thought was to wonder who had ordered these greeters.

He was well onto the bridge before he recognized Siona and Idaho standing well back from the far end. Doubts began squirming through Moneo's mind, but he could not change the pattern. He ventured a glance down at the river—a platinum world there caught in the noonday light. Leto's cart was loud behind him. The flow of the river, the flow of the cortege, the sweeping importance of these things in which he played a role—all of it caught up his mind in a dizzying sensation of the inevitable.

This thought was still in his mind when he heard the first awful humming of the lasgun and felt the bridge lurch beneath him.

He heard the Royal Cart scrape sideways across the roadbed. Snap. A bedlam of screams and cries arose from behind him, but he could not turn. The bridge's roadbed had tipped steeply to Moneo's right, spilling him onto his face while he went sliding toward the abyss.

The robe tore away from his shoulders. He turned in the solid wind of the canyon—one last glimpse of the Royal Cart tipping . . . tipping from the shattered roadbed. The God Emperor slid out.

Something solid smashed into Moneo's back—his last sensation.

Leto felt himself sliding from the cart. As he slipped, he saw the scimitar arc of the river, a sliver-edged thing that shimmered in its mottled shadows, a vicious blade of a river honed through eternity and ready now to receive him into agony. His great ridged body flexed as it fell, twisting him about until his amplified vision revealed Siona standing at the broken brink of the bridge.

Now you will learn! he thought.

A bursting flash of bubbles enclosed him in agony. Water, vicious currents of it, buffeted him all around. He felt the gnashing of rocks as he struggled upward, his body flexing in a paroxysm of involuntary, writhing splashes. Shattered spangles of what had been his skin exploded away from him, a rain of silver all around him darting away into the river, a ring of dazzling movement, brittle sequins—the scale-glitter of sand trout leaving him to begin their own colony lives.

The agony continued. Leto marveled that he could remain conscious, that he had a body to feel.

Instinct drove him. He clutched at a rock around which the torrent spilled him, felt a clutching finger torn from his hand before he could release his grip. The sensation of it was only a minor accent in the symphony of pain.

The river's course swept to the left around a chasm buttress and, as though saying it had enough of him, it sent him rolling onto the sloping edge of a sand bar. He lay there a moment, the blue dye of spice essence drifting away from him in the current. The agony moved him, the worm body moving of itself, retreating from the water. All the covering sand trout were gone and he felt every touch more immediate, a lost sense restored when all it could bring him was pain. He could not see his body, but he felt the thing that would have been a worm as it made its writhing, crawling progress out of the water. He peered upward through eyes that saw everything

"I appreciate the dinner, Cratchit. You have rekindled my belief in the spirit of bachelorhood."

in sheets of flame from which shapes coalesced of their own accord.

Exuding blue fumes, his agonized body writhed its way noisily along a shingle of beach, dragged its blue-dyed way across broken boulders and into a damp hole. It was only a shallow cave now, blocked at its inner end by a rockfall.

Sounds intruded on his agony. He turned in the confinement of the cave and saw a rope dangling at the entrance. A figure slid down the rope. Siona. Another figure. Idaho.

Leto could not even imagine what they saw. The sand-trout skin was gone, he knew. There would be some kind of surface pocked with cilia holes from the departed skin.

Siona scrambled closer and reached toward him, then drew back.

"I am reality, Siona. Look upon me. I exist. You can touch me if you dare. Reach out your hand. Do it!"

Slowly, she reached toward what had been his front segment.

"You have touched me and felt my body," he said. "Is that not strange beyond any other thing in this universe?"

She started to turn away.

"No! Don't turn away from me! Look at what you have wrought, Siona."

She whirled away from him.

Remember what I did! Remember me! I will be innocent again!

The flame of his vision parted to reveal Idaho standing where Siona had stood.

"Are you still alive?" Idaho asked.

"Be kind to Siona, Duncan," Leto whispered. "She is more than Atreides and she carries the seed of your survival. Nobody will find the descendants of Siona. The oracle cannot see her."

"What?" They spoke in unison, leaning close to hear his fading voice.

"I give you a new kind of time without parallels," he said. "I give you the Golden Path."

Flames covered his vision. The agony was fading, but he could still sense odors and hear sounds with a terrible acuity. Both Idaho and Siona were breathing in quick, shallow gasps. Odd kinesthetic sensations began to weave their way through Leto—echoes of bones and joints that he knew he no longer possessed.

"Look!" Siona said.

"He's disintegrating." That was Idaho.

"No." Siona. "The outside is falling away. Look! The Worm!"

Idaho and Siona heard a gasping hiss.

Presently, Siona said: "I think he's dead."

Siona turned and took Idaho's cold hand in hers. Carefully, she led him out of the cave into the light where the rope dangled from the barrier wall's top, where the frightened Museum Fremen waited.

Poor material with which to shape a new universe, she thought, *but they would have to serve. Idaho would require gentle seduction, a care within which love might appear.*

When she looked down the river to where the flow emerged from its man-made chasm to spread across the green lands, she saw a wind from the south driving dark clouds toward her.

Idaho withdrew his hand from hers, but he appeared calmer.

"What did he mean about your descendants . . . not finding them?" Idaho asked.

"He created a new kind of nemesis," she said, "a new biological imitation. He knew he had succeeded. He could not see me in his futures."

"What are you?" Idaho demanded.

"I'm the new Atreides."

"Atreides!" It was a curse in Idaho's voice.

Siona said: "I am different, but still I am what he was. I am the Golden Path."

Idaho spoke in a hushed whisper: "The ancestors, all of. . . ."

"The multitude is there, but I walk silently among them and no one sees me. The old images are gone and only the essence remains to light his Golden Path. It's from an old story. You'll find it all in my journals."

A legend must weather many storms.

Let it snow. Let it drift. Let it sleet. Let the streets go unplowed and let the faint of spirit stay locked behind garage doors till spring thaw.

The storms of winter matter little to the legendary Jeep CJ. It has been plowing snow, getting kids to school, taking skiers to the slopes and weathering storms for more than a quarter of a century. Dress it for work with plow and winch or dress it for play with ski rack and Tracker* radials—history's most famous 4-wheeler will get you through in heart warming comfort.

27 HWY EST 22 EPA EST MPG

There's room for four. The options of a weather-tight hardtop, high-back soft buckets, carpeting and stereo sound. And something you'll appreciate every time you drive: the highest gas mileage of any 4-wheeler made in America*.

The most important thing Jeep CJ can give any driver, though, is a feeling of confidence. Not just because it's been weathering storms longer than a lot of vehicles have even existed. But because it has weathered passing styles for just as long. That's the confidence of owning a legend.

Jeep
AT AMERICAN MOTORS

* Figures are for comparison. Your results may differ due to driving speed, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will be less. California mileage will be different. Jeep Corporation, a subsidiary of American Motors Corporation.

PLAYBOY PUZZLE

PIC-TAC-TOE

By Nicole Gregory

This is not a group of randomly chosen photographs. A subtle arrangement is at work. In this visual version of tic-tac-toe conceived by Don Wright of *Games*, each element of each row—horizontal, vertical and diagonal—is linked by a common theme or characteristic. For example, if the top right square showed Red Foxx, the top center square showed a map of the Red Sea and the top left square showed a Boston Red Sox player, the answer to that row would be "Red." There are eight rows altogether and each theme is different. Can you find them all? (Faithful PLAYBOY readers may have a head start.)

Answers on page 318

STEIN OFFER

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Oly Stein Offer
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Olympia, WA 98507

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_____ 21 oz. Oly Stein(s) w/out lid at $9.95
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_____ 16 oz. Oly Stein(s) w/out lid at $6.95

Enclosed is my check or money order for $_____
Please charge my ☐VISA or ☐MASTERCHARGE card.
Please write your card number in the space below:

Mastercharge (Inter Bank No. appears above your name) Expiration Date Required Mo Yr

X_____
(Your signature as it appears on credit card.)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Prices include taxes and shipping charges. Offer good while supply lasts or until December 31, 1981. Offer good only in continental United States and void where prohibited or restricted by law.
©1980 Olympia Brewing Co., Olympia, WA

Answers to puzzle on page 317.

Horizontal:

1, 2, 3 Movies (*From Russia with Love, Tall in the Saddle, Some Like It Hot*)

4, 5, 6 Night (*A Hard Day's Night*, nighttime at Playboy Mansion West, *Saturday Night Fever*)

7, 8, 9 Well-endowed women (Marilyn Cole, Mae West, Dolly Parton)

Vertical:

1, 4, 7 British people (Sean Connery, the Beatles, Marilyn Cole)

2, 5, 8 West (John Wayne in a Western movie, Playboy Mansion West, Mae West)

3, 6, 9 Heat (*Some Like It Hot, Saturday Night Fever, Great Balls of Fire*)

Diagonal:

1, 5, 9 White outfits

3, 5, 7 Women who have graced the pages of PLAYBOY (Marilyn Monroe, Barbi Benton, Marilyn Cole)

HONKY-TONK ANGELS *(continued from page 191)*

"Some of these new big-time honky-tonks are smack-dab in the middle of big cities."

inch in these country palaces than there are fleas on a pack of hound dogs. For the uninitiated, that's a lot of beautiful women.

Even more surprising is the fact that some of these new big-time honky-tonks are smack-dab in the middle of big cities—Yankee cities, at that. They're packing them in like steers going to market and there's not a decent drawl in the bunch. You'll see the local dentist in a pair of ostrich Tony Lama's, stockbrokers in a feather-banded Resistol, Vegas high-rollers in rhinestoned shirts from Nudies. You can call them cowboy duds if you want to, but the fact is, the dress code is strictly American. Psychosocial implications notwithstanding, these threads are more *us* than anything Giorgio Armani ever designed. They feature flash, swagger and comfort. To paraphrase the Smothers Brothers, "If you get an outfit, you can be a cowboy, too." Of course, once you get the outfit, you've got to learn to wear it properly: Jeans go outside the boot tops, unless you have at least four oil wells. Thumbs always go inside the waistband or hooked in the front pockets. Straws should not be worn past Labor Day in the North. Belt buckles should be large enough to prevent the touching of toes. And, of course, accessories should be limited to a long-necked beer bottle carried in the hand while jawing or tucked in the back pocket while dancing. Then you've got it. You're ready to mosey. (Lots of folks confuse moseying and sidling. Moseying requires a fer piece to go, but you can sidle in an area the size of a horse stall.) As to *where* to mosey, we've got a couple of suggestions: In New York City, try the Lone Star Cafe, with live music onstage and a live crowd listening. Show up with any polyester on your bod and you will be directed to Xenon.

In Miami–Fort Lauderdale, it's Cowboy's. Cowboy's has not only a mechanical bull to break your bones but also a Western boutique, should you split your jeans while riding it.

In Las Vegas, you'll find cowpokes and gamblers gathering at The Country Club. The jukebox does not pay off; so don't stand around waiting after you put your quarter in.

Kansas City cowpunchers mosey to Jerry's Westport Country Playhouse. Now in its fifth year, the Playhouse features live bands that specialize in country rock. Learn the Texas swing before you go.

Peabody's in Minneapolis holds some 1776 people, but if you're the 1777th, they'll find a spot for you. They have an electronic game room for pinball freaks and a mechanical bull for hard-riding freaks.

Rocky Mountain trail riders wet their whistles at Rodeo in Denver. Don't be surprised to find a ski parka under some of the Stetsons there.

Ranchers, gentlemen farmers and real live cowboys populate the Electric Stampede in Phoenix. Sit in the house barber chair and order a margarita. They'll tip you back and pour the ingredients, unmixed, down your throat.

At Rodeo in Chicago, some nights—try Sunday—the girls outnumber the guys three to one. More Budweiser is sold there than anywhere else in the city besides the Stadium.

Cowboy in Houston and Cowboy in Dallas are both part of a chain of seven country palaces. Houston has the younger crowd, which dances to taped and d.j.-played country sounds. The polka and two-step are favored. Dallas crowds are slightly older and slightly richer. It's the home of Texas chic and the occasional Dallas Cowboy. A three-piece suit is not uncommon there.

The Blue Eagle in Atlanta opens at eight P.M. Grab a long-necked beer bottle and do a little buck dancing to the live country bands.

The recording industry in Nashville chooses Cactus Jack's. Moosehead beer is the chosen brew. Ride the bull, eat *nachos* and dance the cotton-eyed Joe.

In Seattle, drink your margarita out of a Mason jar at the Rio Cafe. The barbecue and potato skins are especially nutritious. Business types mingle with the college crowd on the big weekends.

Those were the places we scoured in our search for the quintessential urban cowgirl, the true honky-tonk angel. And, to tell you the truth, we had a ball doing it. It took six photographers half a year to do the job and, as usual, there were a lot more women willing to be a part of this pictorial than we could possibly use. To those who were left out, we send our sincerest regrets. To those who made it, our heartiest congratulations. Chances are we left out a lot of good country palaces, also. The way this phenomenon is going, every city in the nation has or will soon have its own chic watering hole. A simple mosey is all you need to find one near you. Luckily, they have their own contingents of honky-tonk angels, too. Y'all have a good time, now, heah.

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The Velvet Season

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COMPLIMENTS OF THE HOUSE, LADIES.
OH, MY, WHOSE LITTLE BUNNY ARE YOU?
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW, BITCH.
CAN I TAKE WANDA BACKSTAGE ?
SURE! AFTER YOU INTRODUCE THE DANCERS! FIRST, STAND BACK. THEY'VE OPENED THE FLOOD-GATES—
FRUITS NUTS
Little Annie Fanny
BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
IT MIGHT BE CHIPPENDALE'S OR THE ODYSSEY CLUB... A DANCER CIRCLES TO THE RIBALD CRIES OF "TAKE IT OFF," TURNING SENSUOUSLY, REMOVING ALL, DOWN TO A BUMPING G STRING. BLACKOUT! THE FLUSHED AUDIENCE SETTLES BACK, SMOOTHING STOCKINGS, REFRESHING LIPSTICK. WAITING FOR THE NEXT ECDYSIAST. ANNIE, WANDA, SOLLY GAPE...WE ALL GAPE... AT STILL ANOTHER WONDER OF THIS LIBERATED AGE... MALE STRIPPERS.

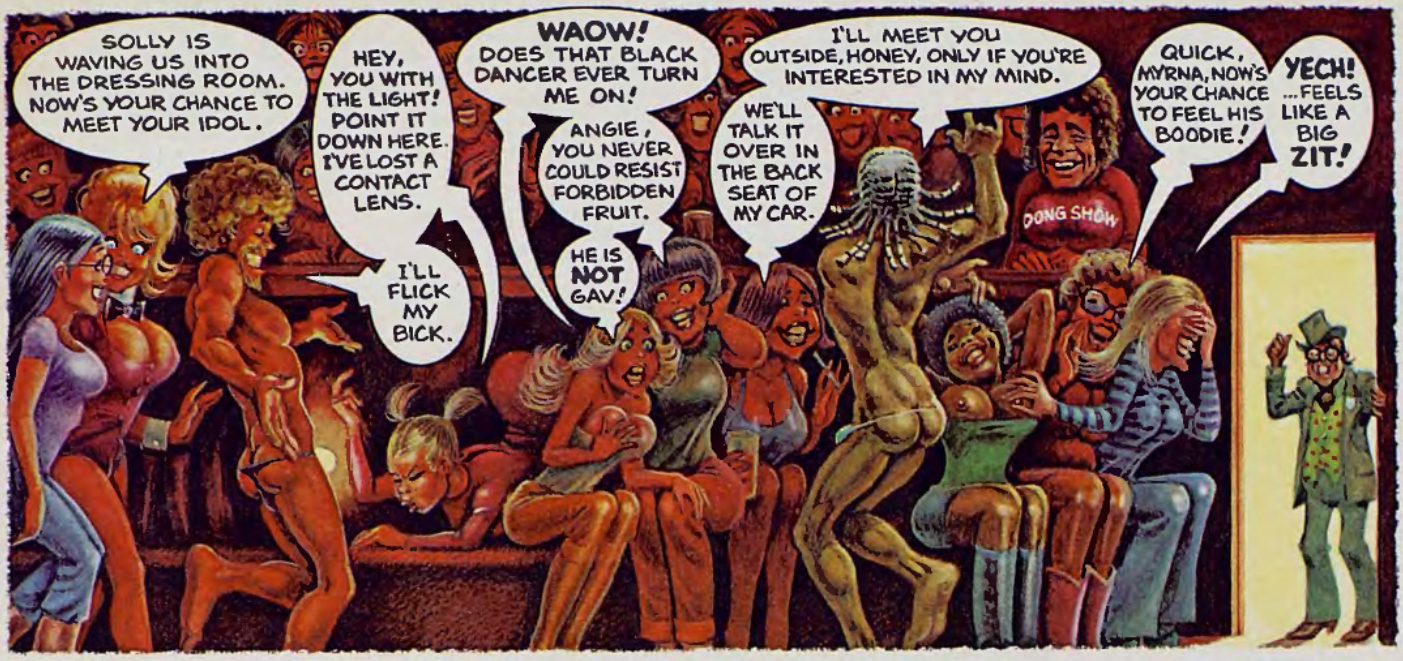
LEAPIN' LIZARDS, DUSTY DIDN'T MOVE FAST ENOUGH.
HE'S TENDER-IZED!
OOH! GET SOME A.1. SAUCE AND LET'S EAT HIM!

LOOK AT THIS PLACE. WE'VE TURNED EVERYTHING AROUND... MALE STRIPPERS, FEMALE CUSTOMERS AND OUR FEMALE M.C., ANNIE. HAVE YOU SEEN OUR SHOW, SWEETIE ?
YOU MUST LO-OVE YOUR JOB.
YOU SHOULD TRY STANDING ALL NIGHT ON FOUR-INCH HEELS. MY FEET ARE KILLING ME.
LAST WEEK... I FELL IN LOVE WITH THE LEAD STRIPPER.
BUST PORTRAITS $5 $10
HI, LADIES. I'M ANNIE FANNY, YOUR HOSTESS. PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE ME TO SING BEFORE I INTRODUCE OUR "DANCERS."
WE'RE NOT BOWLING TONIGHT, MILLIE...WE'RE BALLING!
TAKE IT OFF!
TAKE IT OFF!
TAKE IT OFF!
WHAT SHALL I SING?
TAKE IT OFF!
TAKE IT OFF!
CAN YOU HUM A FEW BARS?
HAHA! AND NOW IT'S SHOWTIME!
DON'T LOOK AT ME... I'M JUST TRYING TO FIND THE OWNER OF A GREEN FIAT.
LANCE! SURPRISE! YOU'RE A FATHER!

CIGARETTES, VIBRATORS, SOUVENIR G STRINGS. NOW YOU CAN TELL HUBBY TO GO STUFF IT!
TAKE IT OFF!
HE'S STRIPPING. NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO GET HIM, THELMA, WHILE HIS PANTS ARE DOWN!
LADY, PLEASE! I'M A NICE JEWISH BOY.
SO I'M A NICE JEWISH MOTHER. TAKE IT OFF LIKE A GOOD BOY.
ALL THEY EVER SAY IS "TAKE IT OFF." IT'S SO DEPRESSING.
EXCUSE ME, BUT YOUR HAND IS ON MY BREAST. TAKE IT OFF.
SEE? YOU'RE LIKE ALL THE REST!
I'M IN LOVE WITH THE FEATURE STRIPPER ... HANK HUNGWELL.

GET AWAY, YOU! THIS IS MY DOLLAR HE'S DOING!
KISS! KISS!
HEY! (HACK! COUGH!) HOW COME NOBODY WILL TAKE (COUGH!) MY DOLLAR?
YOU'RE TOO YOUNG FOR HARDENING OF THE ARTERIES!
KISS! KISS!
HANK WILL BE ON NEXT...GIVING AWAY HIS MILLION-DOLLAR KISSES FOR A LOUSY BUCK.
YOU MEAN GIVING AWAY HIS MILLION-GERM KISSES.
THAT'S BERNICE, ALWAYS BEHIND IN HER PAYMENTS!
CHANGE, PLEASE. I GAVE YOU A DOLLAR AND YOU'VE ONLY EARNED A DIME!
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE WE TOLD YOU... ONLY TAKE PAPER MONEY! NO CHANGE!
OOH, THOSE SUSAN B. ANTHONY DOLLARS!
WHAT'S A NICE KID LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?
KISS! KISS!
PECK!
CLINK! CLINK! CLINK!

GOT-CHA!
EEK! WE'RE BEING FLASHED!
I WANT TO SEE HIM IN 3-D!
THIS IS 3-D! NOT THAT 3-D!... MY ROOM 3-D!
IS THIS HOW YOU BREAK INTO SHOW-BIZ?
LET'S HEAR IT FOR OUR NEXT DANCER, HANK HUNGWELL!
I BEND OVER BACKWARD TO PLEASE YOU CHICKS!
BUCK! BUCK!
HEY! YOU'RE NO CHICK! YOU'RE A PULLET!
THAT'S HIM! OH, LOOK AT THOSE BIIG MUSCLES!
WANDA, DO YOU THINK YOU AND HANK CAN HAVE A MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP?


SOLLY IS WAVING US INTO THE DRESSING ROOM. NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO MEET YOUR IDOL.
HEY, YOU WITH THE LIGHT! POINT IT DOWN HERE. I'VE LOST A CONTACT LENS.
I'LL FLICK MY BICK.
WAOW! DOES THAT BLACK DANCER EVER TURN ME ON!
ANGIE, YOU NEVER COULD RESIST FORBIDDEN FRUIT.
HE IS NOT GAY!
I'LL MEET YOU OUTSIDE, HONEY, ONLY IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN MY MIND.
WE'LL TALK IT OVER IN THE BACK SEAT OF MY CAR.
DONG SHOW
QUICK, MYRNA, NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO FEEL HIS BOODIE!
YECH! ...FEELS LIKE A BIG ZIT!

IT NEVER FAILS. WHENEVER THERE'S A WEIGHT WATCHERS GROUP OUT FRONT, A THREE-HUNDRED POUND LADY FALLS ON ME.
AK! I'VE GOT A SHORT CIRCUIT IN MY G STRING!
I WAS JUST DELIVERING A TELEGRAM.
FA HA FA FA—
ANOTHER CASE OF BITTEN TONGUE.
I GOT HIT BY A SIZE-DD PADDED BRA.
OOGH! THEY PUT FLOWERS IN MY G STRING.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH FLOWERS?
SPINY ROSES?
THIS WORK IS NOT WITHOUT OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS!
NOW LET'S MEET HANK HUNGWELL.
ANNIE, WANDA, THIS IS—
OH! THOSE ROSES— I-I...A-CHOO!
HERE. TAKE A TISSUE, DEAR.
WSHT!

MY ALLERGY—
TAKE ANOTHER ONE.
ACHOO! ACHOO!
WSHT! WSHT!

BUTTON UP YOUR BODICE, ANNIE, AND LET'S GO.
ACHOO! ACHOO! ACHOO!
WSHT! WSHT! WSHT! WSHT!

BUT...BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN LOVE!
WELL, YOU KNOW HOW YOU THINK YOU LOVE SOMEONE AND LATER YOU FIND OUT HE ISN'T WHAT YOU THINK.
HOW WAS I TO KNOW THAT THE HANK I LOVED WAS A BOX OF KLEENEX?
END

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GEAR

ORGANIZATION, MAN!

When the New Year's Eve party is over and *Auld Lang Syne* has faded away, the one resolution that seems to get broken the quickest is that eternal lament: "This year, I've got to get organized!" To aid you in getting your act together, a number of companies are producing leather-covered diaries, agendas and address books that are so rich and supple you'll find it's hard to keep your hands off them. Sure, these desktop organizers are expensive, but since most are refillable, the investment is a lifetime one—and your day-to-day doings take on a new importance when they're jotted down on gilt-edged paper. Board meeting at two o'clock; Ferrari test at five; cocktails at eight. Don't just sit there, Mr. Big Shot—write on!

Clockwise from 12: Mark Cross of New York leads off with the *ne plus ultra* in desk organizers—a refillable polished-leather and suede agenda pad, $190. Next is a polished-calfskin planning diary, by Quo Vadis, about $130. At six o'clock: A calendar/address book/pocket diary of polished calfskin, from Les Must de Cartier, New York, $125. Proceeding clockwise: A quilted kidskin day-to-day calendar, by Edward Harvey Leather Accessories, $42. The snaky-looking address/telephone number book features a removable cover decorated with various snakeskins, from Neiman-Marcus, Northbrook, Illinois, $75. Open calfskin-covered desk diary, from Alfred Dunhill of London, New York, $70. Incidentally, in case you're enamored of the huge Mylar calendar we've used for a background, it's available from Gary Garmann Associates, Santa Cruz, California, for $23.50.

THE NEW SKIN GAME

Ever since the first cave lady came in from the cold and talked her man into a bearskin for her bare skin, fur has been the ultimate hide for the fair sex to seek. Guys, on the other hand, seemed to go more for tanned-leather outerwear. In fact, just a few years ago, if a gentleman sallied forth in a fur coat, he was considered something of a sissy. We're happy to announce that that Neanderthal mentality has changed and that male outerwear, today, is definitely hair apparent. Fur is being used as a nifty trim for polished-leather and tweed jackets, as well as for a warm lining in a full-length coat. Lapels that once were covered with cloth now boast a sheared shawl collar that keeps snow from melting down your neck. Naturally, because of its cost, a fur coat should be considered an investment to be worn for at least several seasons. And style should also be taken into consideration; you'll want the look you select to withstand the vicissitudes of fashion. (If you suspect you're buying a furry fad—forget it.) Proper care, of course, is a must. Have your coat cleaned once a year and put it in storage during the summer to keep the pelts from drying out. If you treat it right, a fur coat can be a thing of beauty almost forever—or at least until you're ready for another one.—DAVID PLATT

STEVE EWERT

Opposite page: Hats off to this fur-bearing urban cowboy in his natural Mongolian coyote coat, about $2500, worn with leather jeans, about $250, both from Ericson by Gil Truedsson; plus a tuxedo shirt, about $125, leather/silver lanyard, about $35, both from Tiger of Sweden by Gil Truedsson; and a wild and crazy beaver felt cowboy hat, by Cripple Creek, $200. Below left: A herringbone overcoat with an opossum collar, by Lee Levy for QMB2, about $1200; is teamed up with a herringbone three-piece suit, by Egon Von Furstenberg, $225; cotton/polyester shirt, by Nino Cerruti, $22.50; and a silk tie, by Liberty of London, $16.50. Below right: To the trenches, men! This fur-lined cotton poplin style features a beaver collar, by Birger Christensen Furs, about $2800. It's worn over a knit V-neck, by Catalina, $35; polyester/wool slacks, by Evan Picone for Men, $52.50; cotton shirt, by Kenneth Gordon (New Orleans), Ltd., $40; and a knit tie, by Close Ties, about $13.50. His deerskin gloves, by Elmer Little Gloves, about $27. Bottom left: A natural Canadian lynx coat (relax; it's not an endangered species), by Brothers II, about $12,000; plus a striped shirt, from Adolfo by Gates Shirts, about $42; corduroy slacks, by Resilio Sportswear, $45; and a leather belt, by Frye Belts, $14. Bottom right: A natural ranch and Creole mink coat, by Alexander Julian for Ben Kahn Furs, about $10,000; plus a wool plaid jacket, $325, wool knit V-neck, $95, flannel slacks, $130, tattersall shirt, $55, and a silk tie, $30, all by Alexander Julian.

DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

As the cost of leather shoes continues to skyrocket, you'll want to pay particular attention to avoiding winter's slush whenever possible. Unfortunately, most rubber boots are truly ugly. Our solution is to wear the more interesting hiking, cowboy or L. L. Bean style of boot when the weather warrants and keep dress shoes at the office. A shoulder bag serves as a shoe bag for evenings out.

•

While we're on our feet, we might mention the next big footwear trend: hot-color hiking boots. It seems bright colors in jogging and boating shoes have paved the way for more imaginative use of color in just about every category short of dress shoes.

•

It's a fashion rule of thumb that the basic blazer (mostly in navy, increasingly in black) is so versatile that it's practically an indispensable part of any man's wardrobe. From the opposite end of the spectrum, the same thing is true; to wit: If you buy a sports jacket with a multitude of colors (Donegal or other tweeds, checks or plaids), it will afford many opportunities for color coordinating. In short, the more colors in the jacket, the more things it will go with.

•

Five fashion resolutions for the new year: (1) To your own self be true. Regardless of trends, fashion dictates and peer pressure, wear what works best for you and your lifestyle. (2) Relegate all your very wide ties to the back of your closet—until they come back in style. (3) Pay more attention to fit—which is 80 percent of the secret to looking good in clothing. (4) Don't buy something unless you truly want/need it. (5) Keep an open mind about change and new fashion ideas.

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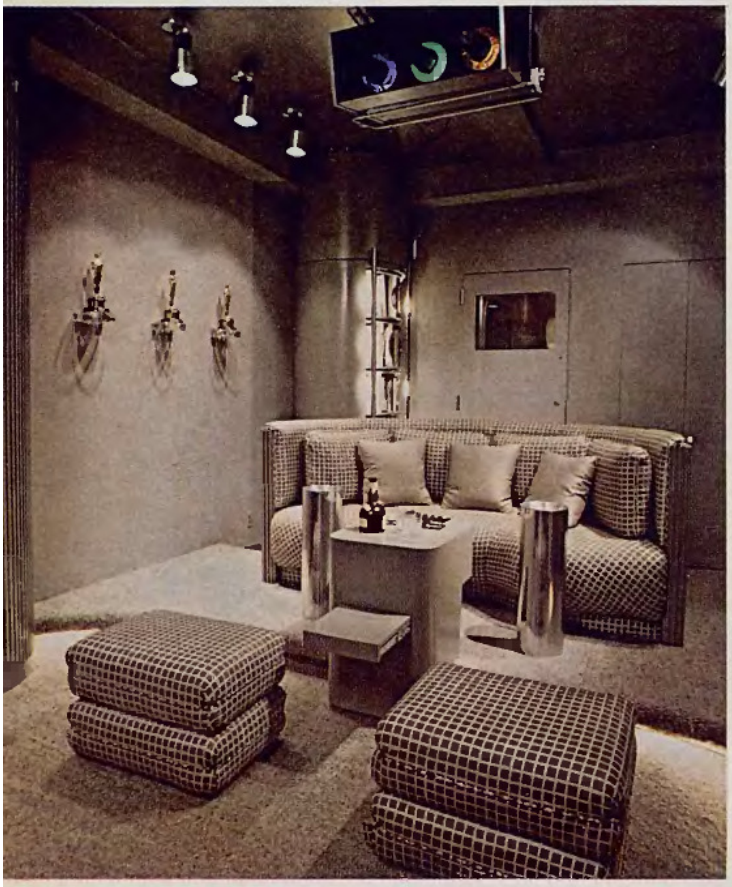
MARVIN HAMLISCH'S MEDIA ROOM

Because Marvin Hamlisch's all-media room was such a popular feature last September in the *Playboy Guide to Electronic Entertainment*—the first in our brand-new series of lifestyle publications—we decided a more detailed look at the quintessential work/playroom created for Hamlisch by designer Robert Martin was in order. Obviously, for Oscar-winning composer Hamlisch, work centers on the piano. The tool of his trade is hooked up to the audio system recessed in the room's acoustically terrific walls, which are covered with an unusual combination of lacquered fluted wall paneling and gauze-covered paper. (The audio system, as you can imagine, includes a full complement of stereo goodies—plus a video recorder.) Hamlisch's three Oscars overlook the video-viewing module, with its plush seating area and coffee-table control console. Here you can settle back and watch movies on a screen that drops down from the ceiling to cover a window (the projector is housed out of sight in a rear booth) or check out what's showing on the giant-sized TV screen. With luck, you'll be treated to a perfect demonstration of the media room's true potential—hearing Hamlisch's music while watching the film for which it was composed. By the way, if you did miss our *Guide to Electronic Entertainment*, you can order a copy for $2.50 by writing to Playboy Guides, Suite 12, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We think it's one of the best buys in town.

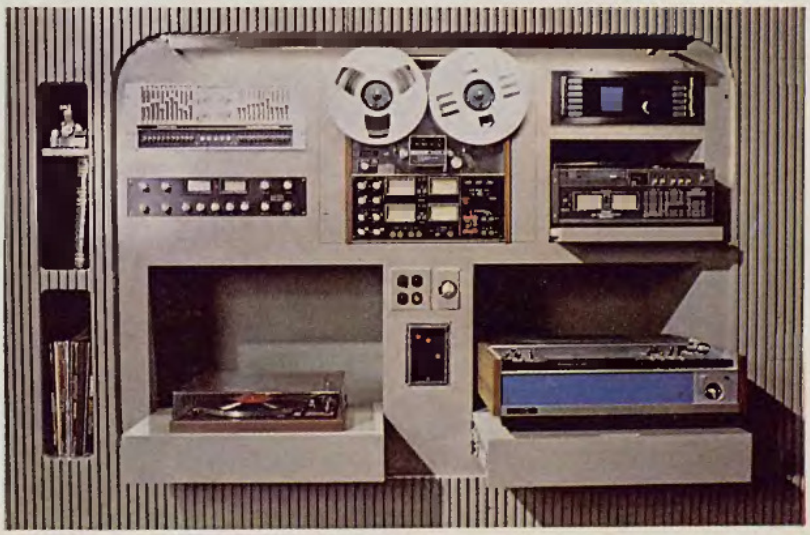


Left: Hamlisch's family of Oscars watches over the room his music helped build. The video-projection equipment is suspended from the ceiling, directly above the video-control and viewing area. Films are run from the booth at the rear of the room. Below left: The best two seats in the house focus on the oversized big-screen unit by Projection Systems. Imagine, a place to watch films without ever having to avoid someone's hat.

Above: With dials at your finger tips, plus functional space, the coffee table doubles as a control console for TV and film projection. Just fix a drink and enjoy.

© 1980 ELLIOT FINE

Right: The designer of Marvin Hamlisch's media room, Robert Martin, created a circular storage unit for Hamlisch's favorite tapes, records and video software. The audio wall serves as a minirecording facility housing a Mark Levinson amplifier and preamp, a Crown EQ2 synergistic equalizer, a Dual 1245 record changer, two Teac units, including a 450 cassette deck and a 3340 open-reel deck—plus a Nakamichi 1000-II deck.



A. ACE BURGESS/ACE'S ANGELS

Danger: Wide Shoulders

Here's a celebrity chest for the women. When BURT REYNOLDS is not fooling around offscreen, he's fooling around onscreen in the threesome *The Cannonball Run, Paternity* and *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*.

WILLIAM KAREL/SYGMA

Stuffed Shirt

Actress BARBARA CARRERA can fill out a wet shirt better than anyone else we know, which makes her our celebrity breast of the month—out in front of *all* competition.

Dressed to Thrill

It's not everyone who has a guitar to match his pants; some well-dressed people don't even have a guitar! RICK NIELSEN of Cheap Trick is known for his stage antics and may soon have one of the classiest credits in rock 'n' roll—playing backup on the new John Lennon album. *That's* Cheap chic.

NEAL PRESTON/CAMERA 5

WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

Deviled Ham

Going to hell? You'll catch BILL COSBY there, working for Satan in the new Disney film, *The Devil and Max Devlin*. A sure underground hit.

NANCY ELLISON/GAMMA-LIAISON

It's a Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud World....

Or will be after *Tattoo* opens next month and we have a chance to watch Bruce Dern make love to MAUD ADAMS. Until then, we're going to try to make do with this photo, and the rest of you guys will have to do the same.

HARRY LANGDON

Danger: Soft Shoulders

NANCY ALLEN was the talk of *Dressed to Kill* because of her acting and because director/husband Brian De Palma didn't use a stand-in for her nude scenes. We applaud family pride!

Down Is Up

Last summer, LESLEY-ANNE DOWN played opposite Burt Reynolds; this spring, her leading man is Frank Langella in *Sphinx*. Is that what's known as up the Down staircase?

MICHAEL CHILDERS/SYGMA

FOR THE LOVE OF IVY LEAGUE

Will she or won't she? How do you know? If you're innovative and attend Princeton University, home of the famed Gallup Poll, you might try designing a sex poll for incoming freshman coeds. Neat, speedy, scientific—until the women find out your survey is a hoax. That's what happened at Princeton this fall. Understandably, the duped frosh were pissed when they discovered the hoax. Maybe the coeds should survey Princeton males, focusing on how often, long and enthusiastically they partake in cunnilingus.

GARRICK MADISON

SINGLES: INTERESTED IN MEETING YOUNG WOMEN, GOOD BACKGROUND?

New research from the Delancey Street Foundation in San Francisco upsets the traditional view that most hookers come from the lower classes. The foundation conducted interviews with 200 Bay Area prostitutes. According to foundation director Dr. Mimi H. Silbert, partial analysis of the results indicates that the majority of prostitutes interviewed were from educated, middle-class families with average or above-average incomes. The study spotlights the ability of the white middle-class family to conceal its aberrations. An astounding 90 percent of the women had lost their virginity through child abuse. Fifty-nine percent had been victims of incest during childhood. The resulting sense of shame and powerlessness created a common scenario: First the girl feels isolated from family and friends; then she runs away from home. Out on the street, she derives emotional support from another female, who recruits her for a male pimp. The trauma doesn't end there—the study shows that 70 percent of the hookers had been raped, usually violently with serious injuries, at some time after becoming prostitutes. If you think these findings reflect a bunch of street-wise hookers hoodwinking a bunch of do-gooder sociologists into believing tall tales, guess again. Five of the six interviewers themselves had been juvenile prostitutes, while the sixth was Dr. Silbert, a criminologist and psychologist.

D. ANGELI / SPECTRUM

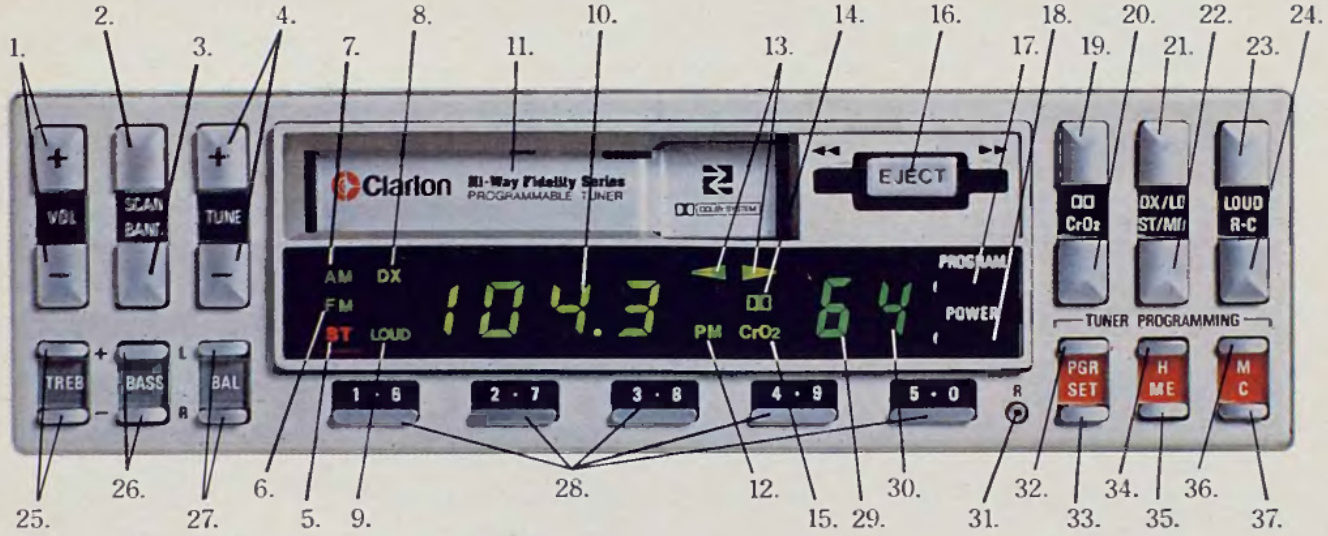
Previously, we showed you the see-through bikini, which became an instant hit with truth-in-packaging diehards. Now a new trend, direct from the French Riviera—plastic hula skirts, above. Don't they want our jeans anymore?

SPERM WARFARE

Possibly, you've read the newspaper reports that vasectomy may lead to atherosclerosis (deposits in the arteries). Based on experiments with monkeys, some scientists claim that sperm absorbed back into the blood stream following a vasectomy produces antibodies that, with the sperm, may stick to the arterial walls, increasing the chances of problems with the arteries. Knowing that more than 5,500,000 American men have gotten vasectomies and continue to at a rate of about 500,000 per year, we checked out this claim. Dr. Ira S. Richards of the Association for Voluntary Sterilization says there is absolutely no evidence that sperm antibodies are harmful to humans. In fact, some researchers are experimenting with them as a natural contraceptive. What evidence does exist linking human vasectomies to atherosclerosis? None, says Dr. Richards. A study done at the University of Iowa compared 55 young-to-middle-aged men who had cardiovascular disease with 50 healthy controls. An equivalent number of vasectomized men—no more—had developed cardiovascular problems as men who weren't vasectomized. So, at this point, you can probably feel good about your vasectomy. For more information, write to the Association for Voluntary Sterilization, 708 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

A hot pick for holiday gift giving is Joyce Baronio's photo album, *42nd Street Studio* ($40, Pyxidium Press). Baronio, whose photography studio was on 42nd Street in New York City, has created loving portraits of the erotic dancers, porn-film stars and street dandies of that famous strip. Below, we have reproduced two examples of Baronio's characteristically erotic shots.

1. Volume Control Buttons **2.** Scan and Hold Button **3.** AM/FM Band Switch **4.** Manual Tuning Buttons **5.** Stereo Indicator Light **6.** FM Indicator Light **7.** AM Indicator Light **8.** Local Distance Indicator Light **9.** Loudness Indicator Light **10.** Digital Display (Frequency, Clock) **11.** Tape Slot Door **12.** Clock PM Indicator Light **13.** Tape Program Indicator **14.** Dolby NR Indicator Light **15.** Tape Selector Indicator Light **16.** FF/REW Lever and Eject Button **17.** Tape Program Button **18.** Power On/Off Switch **19.** Dolby NR Switch **20.** Tape Selector Switch **21.** DX/Local Switch **22.** Stereo Mono Switch **23.** Loudness Switch **24.** Program Reserve/Cancel Button **25.** Treble Control Buttons **26.** Bass Control Buttons **27.** Balance Control Buttons **28.** AM (1-5) and FM (6-0) Pre-Set Buttons **29.** Pre-Set Number Indicator Light **30.** Program Number Indicator Light **31.** Reset Button **32.** Program Mode Start and Number Button **33.** Pre-Set Number Setting and Time Calibration Button **34.** Program Hour Setting & Hour Correction Button **35.** Pre-Set and Program Memory Button **36.** Program Minute Setting and Minute Correction Button **37.** Program Clear and Frequency Display Button.



"Is $900 for the first fully programmable car radio too cheap?"

Clarion asked Ed Bott, Hi-Fi Editor of *Oui Magazine* if $900 for their new PE959A is too expensive.

Bott smiled, then answered, "You should have asked me is $900 for the first fully programmable car radio *too cheap?*"

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