PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1981 • $2.50

VIKKI LAMOTTA
RAGING BULL'S
WOMAN IS 51
AND A KNOCKOUT

ORIANA FALLACI
WE TURN THE TABLES
ON THE GREAT
INTERROGATOR

DAVID HALBERSTAM
WILL BIG BUCKS
BREAK THE N.B.A.?

SEX IN CINEMA

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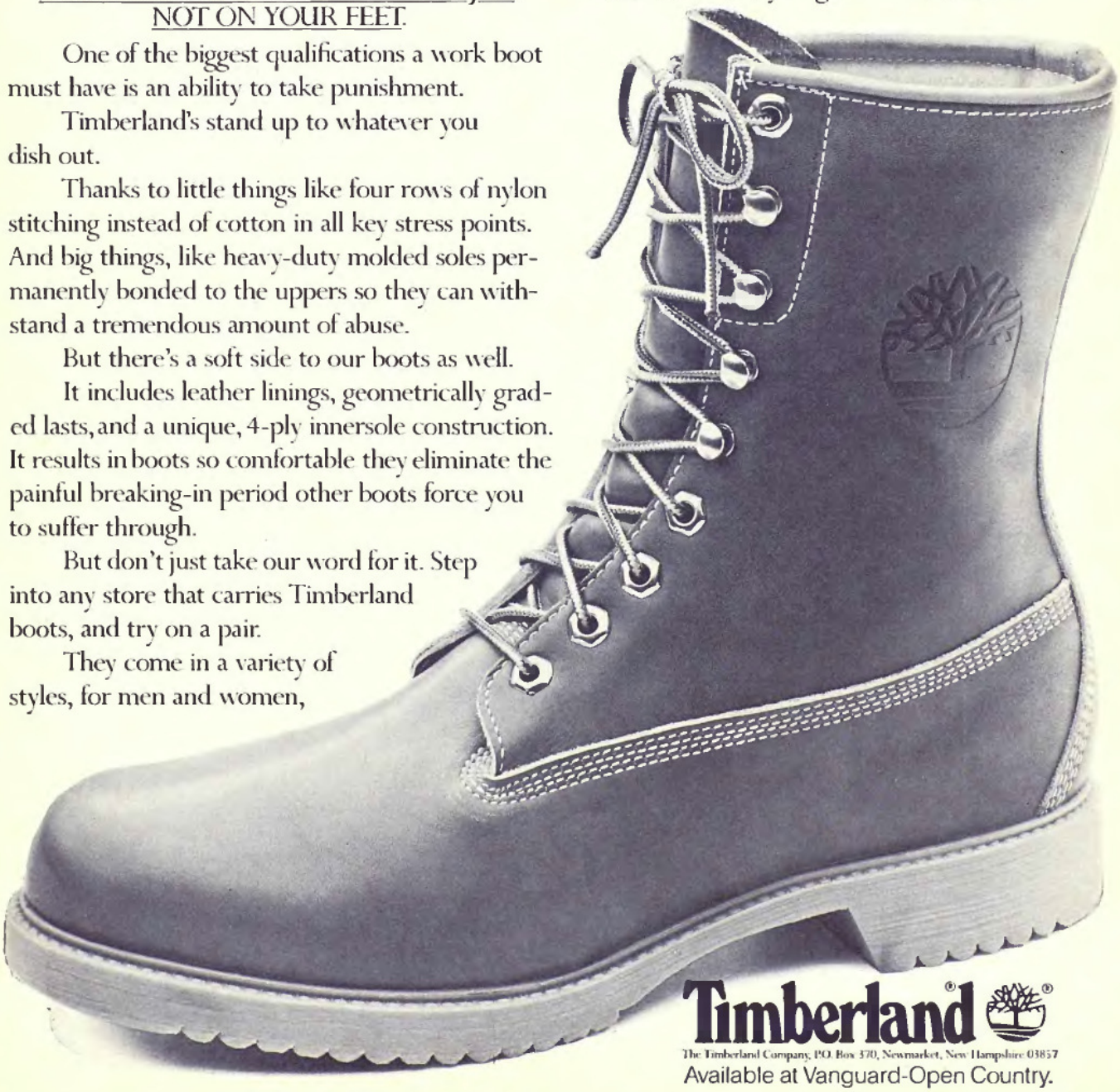

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PLAYBILL

WHAT BETTER WAY to warm up on a chilly November evening than to pour two drinks and head for your bedroom with your lady and Annette Haven? You don't pour Annette a drink, of course, because she's not there in person, though she's certainly there in the flesh. On your television screen. You say your lady doesn't like Annette Haven? You have several hundred more top-quality adult-film video cassettes to choose from, starring such household names as John Leslie, Samantha Fox and Jamie Gillis. Yes, we said *household* names. Names now well known in perhaps as many as 10,000,000 American homes. That's why we asked **David Rensin** to write *Tuning In to Channel Sex*, on how the phenomenal sales of X-rated home video cassettes have affected the people who produce the films and those who watch them.

And speaking of the tube, when was the last time you watched—and enjoyed—a televised regular-season professional basketball game? Thousands of Americans have become disenchanted with the sport that was, until recently, one of the biggest draws in sports television. In *The Stakes of the Game*, by **David Halberstam**—an article excerpted from his new Knopf book, *The Breaks of the Game*—he shows how high salaries, television, league expansion and extra-long schedules have altered, perhaps irreparably, the once exciting N.B.A. season. The piece is wryly illustrated by **Eraldo Carugati**.

If you're looking for excitement, you'll have better odds with brutal one-on-one sports such as in-depth interviews; and **Oriana Fallaci** is unquestionably one of the world's most merciless players. So to do a *Playboy Interview* with her, we knew we required an equally relentless adversary. **Robert Scheer** (he interviewed Jimmy Carter, Jerry Brown and John Anderson for us and George Bush and Ronald Reagan for the *Los Angeles Times*) fit the bill. But, even with all his experience, our great American hope landed solid questions on the Italian Terror of the Tape Recorder with some difficulty. "It's the roughest encounter I ever had," says Scheer. "The best way to sum up Fallaci is that she's a somewhat ideological, somewhat leftist, somewhat intellectual Billy Martin."

Writer **Chet Flippo**, on the other hand, had a soothing time in *his* latest encounter. He visited sexy songbird **Crystal Gayle** for his profile, *The Problem with Crystal* (illustrated by **Herb Davidson**). Flippo says, "It was the only time I've been able to chew tobacco while drinking whiskey in my subject's dressing room." (Don't it make his pale face green?)

Fortunately for **Jean Vallely**, **Vikki La Motta**, the ex-wife of the Raging Bull, isn't partial to either whiskey *or* chewing tobacco. Which is probably why Vikki's in such great shape at 51, as you will read (and see) in Vallely's portrait of her, *Raging Beauty* (with photography by Contributing Photographer **Ken Marcus**). Looking at Vikki, it's easy to see why Jake was jealous. But then, jealousy is common when a man marries a beautiful woman, as is the case in our excerpt from **Ed McBain**'s new novel, *Heat*, illustrated by **Tom Herzberg**. (It'll be published in hardcover by Viking Press.)

To round out the issue, we have our review of *Sex in Cinema—1981*, written by **Arthur Knight** and produced by Senior Editor **Gretchen McNeese**, our stalwart film critic **Bruce Williamson**, Senior Art Director **Chet Suski**, West Coast Photography Editor **Marilyn Grabowski** and Assistant Photography Editor **Patty Beaudet**; a hilarious look at *New Magazines for the Eighties*, by Contributing Editor **David Standish** and **Jerry Sullivan**; the latest in hi-fi equipment in *Playboy's Audio Update*, by **Norman Eisenberg**; and an advance look at the best in men's sweaters for this winter in *Pick of the Knits*, by Fashion Director **David Platt** (photographed by Staff Photographer **Richard Fegley**). Oh, yes, and our Playmate of the Month, **Shannon Tweed**. Now, *she* rounds out an issue.

RENSIN

HALBERSTAM

CARUGATI

SCHEER

FLIPPO

DAVIDSON

MC BAIN

HERZBERG

MARCUS

KNIGHT

VALLELY

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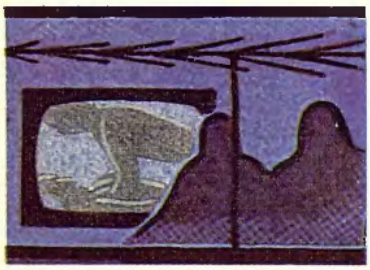

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COVER STORY

There's nothing like a warm, appropriately attired woman to keep a man home on cold November nights. Particularly if she looks like Teri Peterson, our July 1980 Playmate. With those exotic brown eyes, Teri radiates romance. Is it any wonder we had to bring her back? Executive Art Director Tom Staebler designed and photographed the cover. In the fabric of his imagination, our loyal Rabbit Head is ever-present.

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The Pulitzer Prize–winning author spent a year with the N.B.A.'s Portland Trail Blazers, during which time he came to see pro basketball in a different light: no longer a sport but just another product.

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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

JAZZ BOWL III

"It's time we all faced up to it: Playboy . . . does things right," wrote jazz critic David Weiss about the third annual Playboy Jazz Festival. Some 35,000 fans packed the Hollywood Bowl, setting an early sellout record. In a light moment, Ann Patterson of the all-female group Maiden Voyage quipped, "Never before has Playboy brought you so many women with so much clothing on."

Above: As usual, the Playboy Rabbit Head logo is all ears during one of the festival's great moments, the teaming of George Shearing and Mel Tormé. At the end of Shearing's set, Tormé, right, wanders onto the stage to join Shearing, seated at piano, for a few sizzling numbers. Bassist Brian Torff stands at left.

Above, Hugh Hefner completes a rather unlikely jazz trio backstage. On Hef's left are saxman Richie Cole and festival emcee Flip Wilson. (Well, you didn't think it was Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, did you?) Cole's tour de force was a punchy send-up of *Stormy Weather*, rewritten as an ode to jazz critic Leonard Feather.

At right, legendary bebopper Dizzy Gillespie fills his ample cheeks to blow his trademarked elevated-bell trumpet. Dizzy and an all-star combo of James Moody, Ray Brown and Lalo Schifrin delighted the massive audience (above). One festival fan: copacetic Cary Grant (left).

HE ONLY HAS EYES FOR MONIQUE . . . AND BETTE DAVIS

Above, 1979 Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre beams at her husband, veteran recording engineer Val Garay, whose skillfully produced Kim Carnes *Mistaken Identity* album, including the superhit *Bette Davis Eyes*, topped the charts earlier this year. Garay has since produced The Motels' new album.

GEORGE, MIKI AND THE COEDS: TAN FOUR

Suntan sultan George Hamilton and January 1973 Playmate Miki Garcia (in shawl), now Director of Playmate Promotions, judge the tans of coeds Andrea Rolston (left) and Lori Lawlor at Theta Xi fraternity's Suntan Classic Competition at UCLA.

KYM HERRIN COVERS THE WATERFRONT, SO TO SPEAK

Kymberly Herrin, this year's Miss March (below), showed up on the August cover of *Surfing*, which also carried an article about the surfing Playmate in its September issue.

WHAT WE LIKE MOST ABOUT CLEVELAND: EVERYTHING

In the movie *Blow Out*, April 1979 Playmate Missy Cleveland showed up in a shower scene. Here she shakes it up in a shot from her latest film role in the United Artists killer thriller *True Confessions*.

LOOKS LIKE GEORGE GOT HIS CHRISTMAS WISH

George Burns must have heard that people judge a man by the company he keeps. Here he's surrounded by singers from The Playmates on *George Burns' Early, Early, Early Christmas Special*, coming November 16 on NBC. The Playmates are, from left, Heidi Sorenson, Kelly Tough, Michele Drake and Sondra Theodore.

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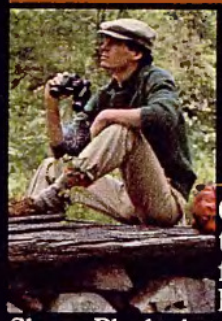

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CAPITALISM, BY GEORGE

August's *Playboy Interview* is the best in years! George Gilder's thoughtful and often brilliant defense of the conservative cause sharply brings into focus the main philosophical tenets of the neoconservative movement.

Larry G. Sharp
Wake Village, Texas

When Gilder speaks of circles closing in upon themselves, he should keep watch over his own shoulder—especially in regard to women's roles in contemporary life. He expounds on the value of our ever-changing human capabilities, then proposes that we struggle in a hard backward motion to restore a society that rusted and weakened long ago. Gilder's ideas suggest that the attitudes we all define for our own lives should be replaced with the old stereotyped formula we have all watched fail: Grow to sexual maturity; marry a member of the opposite sex; men get jobs, women have babies; live happily ever after. That old-time religion should be wrapped up and stored away.

Cary Murphy
Los Angeles, California

My compliments to Michael Laurence for a fine interview. I only hope the current Administration will lend an ear to Gilder's *Wealth and Poverty*.

Dr. Peter A. Bassett
Denver, Colorado

I read with interest your interview with George Gilder, who is a brilliant and talented man. However, his reference to man's sexual experience is an oversimplification. Male sexuality is complex both in its roots and in its forms of expression. The average male manifests femininity mingled with his predominant heterosexual drives, and they combine to form a mosaic. Indeed, an intricate balance of these elements plays a part in the ultimate stability of personality. As water can be converted into steam, so some sexual energy can be diverted or sublimated into creativity. Man's capacities to live and work harmoniously with his fellow man and to form compassionate and civilized relationships are the products of sublimation of the more feminine elements of his personality. Gilder's statement that man's sexual experience revolves around a heterosexual act of copulation is, in my opinion, a gross underestimation of the complexity of the creature's sexual constitution.

Dr. Harold Feldman
London, England

After eight years as a subscriber, I am compelled by your August interview to comment for the first time. Both the interview and Gilder himself are breaths of fresh air in a stagnating world.

Daniel H. Callahan
Saratoga Springs, New York

The Gilder interview is exceptionally enlightening. His ideas are clearly presented and it makes me feel good to have a man of such clear mind so near the President. I must take exception, however, to his assertion that rational self-interest is not the foundation of capitalism or of any economic growth under any circumstances. To say that "people pursuing rational self-interest demand comfort and security" is only half correct. Of course the rational man wants comfort, but he knows that, as Hecate chanted in *Macbeth*, "security is mortals' chiefest enemy." He knows that the greater his security, the less freedom he has economically as well as spiritually. It is he who functions through rational planning, understanding that there must be risks, and thereby employs his creative energies toward

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economic growth and development for himself and for the community. Rational self-interest is the foundation of capitalism and of all economic growth.

Jim Leahy
Azalea, Oregon

The interview with conservative icon George Gilder is an odd combination of bullshit and bull's-eyes. All in all, though, I must say I'm impressed. Thanks.

Steve Anderson
North Hollywood, California

RANGE TO THE RIGHT

Peter Ross Range's *Inside the New Right War Machine* (PLAYBOY, August) is, I fear, a terribly accurate picture of the people who are coming to power as the old left stands by, wringing its hands. I do hope PLAYBOY keeps up the resistance during the coming years, and keeps *1984* simply a great novel and not a prophecy.

Jack Hawkins
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Let's face it! The left has failed, has run out of ideas to pull the country out of the hole liberals themselves dug. As Americans abandon the left wing in droves to support the more reliable right, leftists storm around, screaming, "Unfair! Unfair!" They're wrong. Choosing conservatism is making the only choice that will get us off the road to socialism.

Whit Snyder
Portland, Texas

I am a lifelong Democrat who has been a delegate to two national Democratic Conventions, has served on the National Finance Council of the Democratic Party and was a member of President Carter's North Carolina steering committee in both of his campaigns. Nevertheless, like the majority of North Carolinians, I regard Republican Senator Jesse Helms as a man of integrity. Peter Ross Range, in *Inside the New Right War Machine*, portrays Helms as some kind of cross between Hitler and Attila the Hun. That isn't the case. The Senator merely tries to defend what he believes is right. I belong to the opposing party, but I still admire Helms's courage in fighting for his principles.

Hoover Adams, Editor and Publisher
The Daily Record
Dunn, North Carolina

FINE PERRINE

Valerie Perrine is a Superwoman! Stan Malinowski's *Viva Valerie!* (PLAYBOY, August) brings down the house. How about a *Viva Valerie II*?

Eric Mitts
North Bend, Oregon

The only way you could have improved August's PLAYBOY would have been to devote the whole issue to Valerie Perrine. I have always been a fan of hers, but after reading *Viva Valerie!*, I've fallen in love. Not only is she one of the most beautiful creatures on earth or Krypton, now I discover that she's got a wild and wonderful personality, too.

Joe Eoris
Baytown, Texas

I can see Valerie Perrine's point when she says being sexy is temporary. However, I can't understand how it can bother her when people say *she's* sexy. Valerie is one of the most beautiful women around, and she's an excellent actress as well. I hope she doesn't get upset by this, but Miss Perrine is sexy as hell and always will be.

Harvey Glassman
Brooklyn, New York

Miss Perrine makes for the most electrifying cover PLAYBOY has ever produced. Not only is she gorgeous, she's also a multifaceted screen gem. Thanks for *Viva Valerie!*

Jim Brookshire
Paris Junior College
Paris, Texas

BOOSTS FOR BOOSTROM

I don't see how you did it, PLAYBOY, but in Debbie Boostrom you've surpassed every past Playmate! Thanks for the exquisite centerfold. I can't wait to see Debbie again as Playmate of the Year.

Jack Constangy
Atlanta, Georgia

Debbie Boostrom is an incredible girl. If she ever again decides to cover the 50 states, here's one guy who'd be thrilled to drive her around the Carolinas.

Richard P. Collins, Jr.
Chester, South Carolina

I had the pleasure of meeting your lovely August Playmate, Debbie Boostrom, on the Fourth of July at the St. Petersburg Playboy Club. The lady exudes poise and charm. She is, indeed, the embodiment of the girl next door, and meeting her was the highlight of my summer. Tell Debbie thanks for putting Largo, Florida, on the map.

Fred W. Holder III
Clearwater, Florida

Congratulations! You have found the all-American woman in Debbie Boostrom. Debbie upholds traditional values in an admirable fashion and she also has a number of physical assets she upholds quite well.

Dave Dragomer
Grosse Pointe Park, Michigan

August Playmate Debbie Boostrom is a welcome and familiar face to me. She was a schoolmate of mine at Largo High School. Although I never knew her well,

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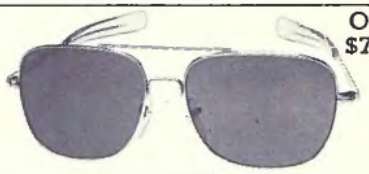

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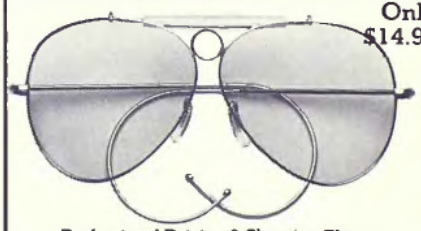

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I always admired her beauty and poise. Regrettably, I had to leave the Sun Belt, but Debbie is a reminder of Florida sunshine, and seeing her again will make a long Ohio winter much more tolerable.

Steven Trimble
Springfield, Ohio

Thanks so much for Miss August, Debbie Boostrom. She's the most charming and striking girl I have ever had the pleasure of seeing in any magazine. Let's make a deal: I will extend my subscription one year for every additional picture you can publish of her.

Steve B. Richter
Brooklyn, New York

Steve, we agree Debbie is a grand prize, so we're sending a special shot of her. This ultrahigh-tech photo, indistinguishable from any other, is really

thousands upon thousands of tiny pictures of Debbie. Isn't it a thrill to be our first 3788th Century subscriber?

VITAL STATISTICS

As a longtime subscriber, I have always enjoyed the monthly Playmate Data Sheet. Since its inception more than four years ago, the Data Sheet has allowed the PLAYBOY reader to find out a little more about each Playmate. From the July 1977 Playmate, Sondra Theodore, to the August 1981 Playmate, Debbie Boostrom, there have been 50 PLAYBOY Playmates. With the information provided on their Data Sheets, I have compiled a statistical analysis of the measurements, height, weight, birthplace and astrological sign of the average Playmate. She is 66.19 inches tall and weighs 112.72 pounds. Her measurements are 35.27-23.70-36.64. She is most likely to be a Libra (there are eight Libras, but, interestingly, there are no Playmates born under the sign of Taurus) who was born in California (13 of the 50 Playmates are native Californians). Keep up the good work, PLAYBOY, of providing beautiful ladies; we statisticians will help keep track of the figures.

James P. Feehan
Seattle, Washington

QUICK RETORT

Thank you for mentioning our Retort Aluminum Pouch in your recent article "Vittles to Go" (*Informed Source*, PLAYBOY, July). We certainly feel that the pouch is the greatest innovation in food preparation since the can—it saves time and energy and makes available high-quality food to suit the PLAYBOY lifestyle.

Jack M. Sable, President
Sky-Lab Foods
Elmsford, New York

PORN INNOCENT

Please extend my warmest thanks to Christie Hefner for August's illuminating *By Sex Possessed*. In crystalline fashion, she differentiates the misguided, undiscerning crusade against all eroticism from the justified antagonism toward violent and violence-against-women pornography. I hope Miss Hefner will reach the broadest possible audience with her considered and rational *Viewpoint*.

Daniel Charles Weiner
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

Thank God for Christie Hefner's August *Playboy Viewpoint: By Sex Possessed*. I am a happily married woman, 25 years old, and I'm not ashamed or afraid to admit that I enjoy "pornographic," erotic and explicit materials. What I do not enjoy is hearing one of the misguided moralists suggest that, because I feel as I do, I must be sick, abnormal or lacking in self-respect. I do not enjoy having my constitutional rights threatened, my privacy invaded, my freedom to make choices restricted or my moral character questioned by those who submit to fear, repression and puritanical guilt. I agree wholeheartedly with Miss Hefner. I do not believe that pornography leads men to rape any more than I believe that watching too many Westerns leads men to become cowboys.

Donna J. Kriss
Hicksville, New York

My compliments to Christie Hefner for her fine August *Viewpoint*. I support the necessary preventative measures—economic, social and law-enforcement—that will make our cities safe for women and men. Banning or burning erotic books, magazines and movies is not among such measures.

Howard Lederman
Royal Oak, Michigan

Christie Hefner's reference to Deirdre English's belief that we need women eroticists has encouraged me to send you a bit of my work. Your readers should know that many female artists are dealing with "erotic" themes in a healthy and even playful manner.

Joan Lesikin
Monsey, New York

Joan Lesikin has had her art displayed in the Eastern U.S. and in Spain. This

"E. Series Sketch" is a healthy example of her work.

FIG NEWTONIAN

Jean Shepherd has outdone himself with August's *A Fistful of Fig Newtons*. I was rolling on the floor as Shepherd brought back my own slovenly college existence. I finished the story at two A.M. and took to the street, rolling in the wake of my own laughter, looking for an all-night grocery store that sold the precious Fig Newton.

John Angelo
Manchester, New Hampshire

SUMMERY JUDGMENTS

Summer: A Celebration (PLAYBOY, August) is a superb piece of work, in both photography and writing. Congratulations on a super feature.

Harvey Neptune
Port Lavaca, Texas

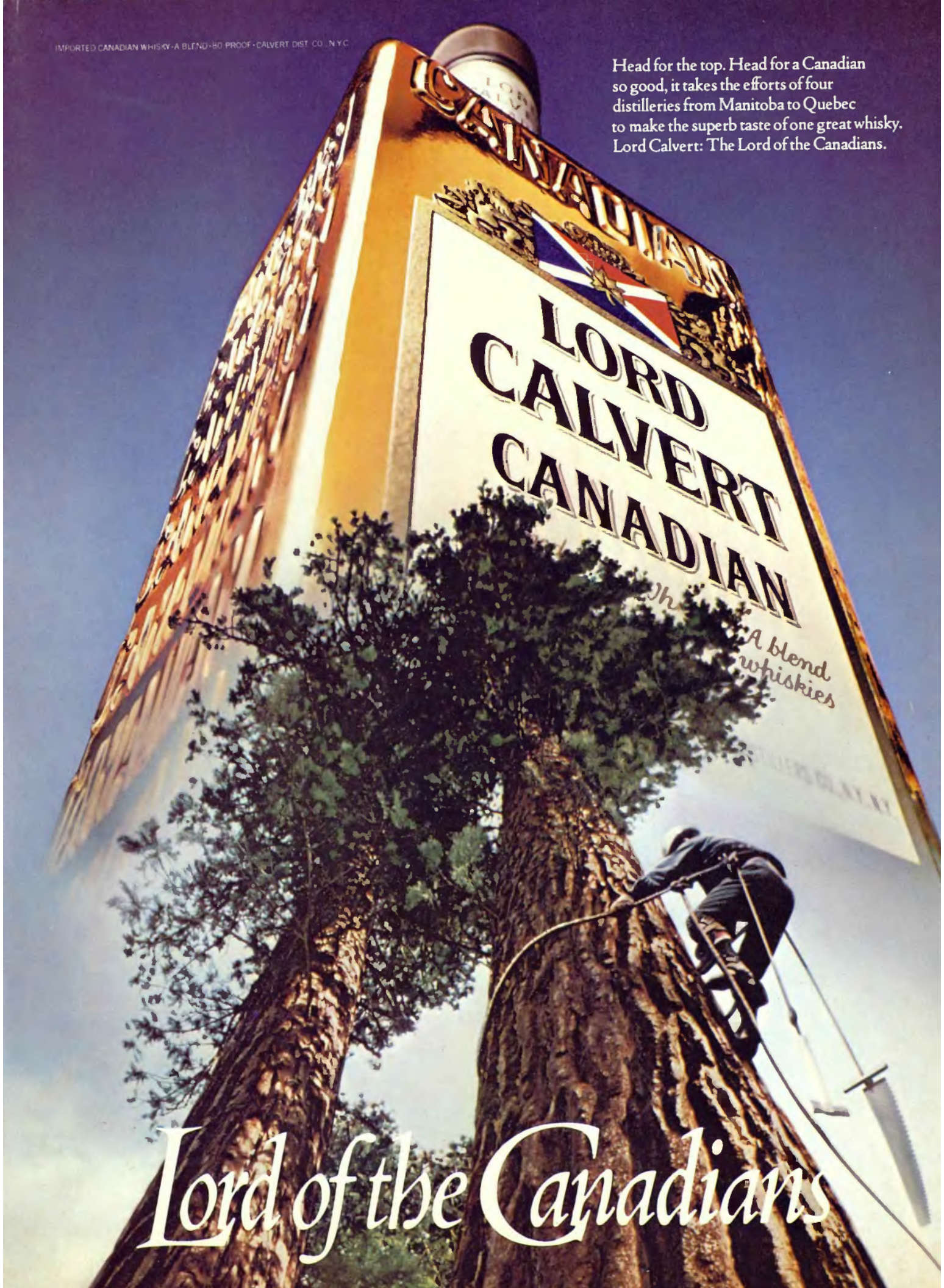
Your pictorial on "The Girls of Summer" surpasses the usual PLAYBOY standard of excellence. There is one thing I find quite strange, though. That odd water fountain on page 107 looks just like a parking meter. It must have gone through some radical changes between the time your lovely lady put her quarter in and when she bent over to take a "long drink."

Ronald Abraira
New York, New York

"The Girls of Summer" are, indeed, spectacular. Yet I seriously doubt that our friend in the short blue shorts will ever get "a long drink of water" out of a parking meter. Beautiful she is, but not magical.

Jack Duco
San Francisco, California

Not only did that confused beauty in the blue shorts go thirsty—she got a ticket for parking by the fountain.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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

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If you've had it with psychological fads, here's an interesting bit of information, allegedly offered in jest by an anonymous member of the Western Psychological Association:

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LIGHT MY FIRE

Who says rock 'n' roll isn't as exciting as it used to be? Guitarist Willem Strang of the punky British band Splogdeness Abounds recently shook up an audience when the fire-breathing stunt he was attempting backfired and set his head on fire. Before Strang could light up the life of any of his fellow band members, beer and wet towels were tossed onto the smoldering strummer's noggin. He then performed two more songs before being taken to a hospital at Great Yarmouth, England, where he was treated and released. Rumor has it that his band will score the next Richard Pryor film.

SENILE SHOOT-OUT

An argument between two residents of a Cleveland apartment house erupted in violence—apparently the culmination of an old grudge. After a heated exchange, they returned to their respective apartments and emerged with pistols. Although 12 shots were fired and the combatants stood only five feet apart, no one was hurt. Police reported that one of the gun fighters, aged 77, needed a cane to prop himself up while firing and the other outlaw, aged 76, had difficulty getting a bead on his target due to failing eyesight. We believe the argument was over a woman.

LEST THEY FORGET

While NASA workers were busily preparing for the launch of the first space shuttle, the major networks had workmen constructing semipermanent viewing structures near the press site, overlooking the shuttle launch pad at Kennedy Space Center. All but ABC, that is. Its spacious building was near completion when someone noticed that its large plate-glass windows were facing the parking lot, 180 degrees away from the launch pad. A large crane was called in to flip the building around, but not before a large red arrow pointing in the correct direction appeared—for ABC's benefit—on the side of the nearby CBS building. Above it was written one word: LAUNCH.

THOSE MEN IN BLUE

While walking his beat around midnight, a San Francisco cop noticed two men in a parked car, lustfully going after each other. Their amorous engagement was not exactly an uncommon sight in that city and the tolerant officer merely knocked on the car door, suggested they go home and resume their fun and "Be a little more discreet, OK?" Ah, but one of the lovers told the cop to bug off, fumbled through his clothing and flashed a police badge. His companion turned out to be a deputy sheriff for the city and county of San Francisco. It appears the police *do* stick together.

SEND IN THE CLOWNS

We all know that Alexander Haig is one funny guy. During a recent state dinner to honor Japan's prime minister, United States Senator Spark Matsunaga of Hawaii found out just how amusing Haig can be. "My wife and I kept wondering why in the world, when I'd talk to Senator Jackson or someone, a State Department aide would escort us back to the Japanese contingent," Spark recounts. Before he knew it, the Senator was herded into a room along with all the Japanese guests, where they were greeted by Haig himself.

After introducing himself to the Japanese prime minister's group, Haig approached the Senator and welcomed him to the United States. A bemused Matsunaga put on his best Tokyo Joe Japanese accent and told Haig that it had been his pleasure to vote for Al's confirmation in the Senate.

Haig was dumfounded. "You should

have seen his face," Matsunaga laughs. Haig still didn't catch on until a Japanese visitor identified the Senator to the Secretary of State. Haig was speechless. That's OK, Al. All those Senators look alike to us, too.

JOCK BITCH

A scientist in a *Punch* cartoon announces, "They're developing a new bomb which destroys human life but leaves disc jockeys untouched." Mort Sahl talks about passengers on a sinking ship who decide to save themselves in reverse order of social value and get into a fight over whether a disc jockey or a used-car salesman goes first. In the *Shoe* comic strip, a girl whose mother is doing ten years for grand theft auto, whose father ran off with the Avon lady and whose brother steals money from his kids for muscatel asks for advice on how to tell Mom she's dating a disc jockey.

You may laugh, but radio activist New York disc jockey Pete Fornatale is mad as hell, etc. Fornatale cites those slurs, and dozens of others from all corners of the media, as evidence of the low regard for his "misunderstood and maligned" profession. Debunking the myth that d.j.s are considered loud and obnoxious, Fornatale contends that d.j.s get needled because, as local talent plying a nonvisual medium, they occupy the low rung on the celebrity ladder and therefore make an irresistible target for cheap shots.

Fornatale prefers to think of disc jockeys as "electronic companions" and in the book he has co-authored, *Radio in the Television Age*, cites such instances of redeeming d.j. social value as the Baltimore jock who ran an on-the-air dating service, the San Diego d.j. who answered high school kids' homework questions, the Philadelphia jock who read to blind listeners such hard-to-hear adult works as *Fear of Flying* and *The Joy of Sex* and the New York announcer who illustrated the dangers of drunk driving by downing a fifth of Scotch on the air.

Fornatale is dedicated to turning the tables on those negative stereotypes, and you can help by sending d.j. media slurs to him at WNEW-FM, 655 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. If we all pitch in, perhaps the day will come when disc jockeys, like other minorities that have blocked cheap shots, can walk with heads held high, tell their children how they earn a living and maybe even make the bossest solid-gold time slot of them all, that of a disc-jockey Pope.

HOLLYWOOD BABBLE-ON

No doubt about it, some Hollywood film makers are just plain classy. Here's director Michael Winner describing a scene in the upcoming Charles Bronson film *Death Wish II*, wherein Bronson's daughter, still catatonic from her gang rape in the first film, is kidnaped by a new gang of thugs and taken to an abandoned warehouse: "She's what you might call rape prone. She's also apt to get splinters in her bottom from the wooden floor. Later, she's impaled. She has what you'd call a rotten day."

P.S. Winner isn't afraid of a feminist backlash. "The more outraged they are, the more money I make. When they're not outraged, the film goes right into the toilet."

Here's wishing you the sweet flush of success, Mike; you certainly deserve it.

CHECKING IN

Jamie Lee Curtis *has appeared in so many recent fright flicks ("Halloween," "Prom Night," "Terror Train," "The Fog" and the upcoming "Halloween II") that she's been dubbed the new queen of the horror genre. Of course, she always plays the good girl. David Rensin met with the daughter of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh in a Los Angeles* sushi *bar. His report: "Her screams are music to my ears."*

PLAYBOY: What really scares you?

CURTIS: Horror films. I never go. I loathe them. I just don't like being scared. I don't like something jumping out at me. It's got nothing to do with gratuitous violence or anything. I don't mind seeing heads thrown around. I don't mind seeing blood coming out of someone's mouth. I don't mind seeing things in eyes—well, I mind it, but I can watch; I can watch Linda Blair's head turn around. But if I was walking down the hall and someone went "Boo!" I'd hate that. I'd absolutely die.

PLAYBOY: Do you sleep with a night light on?

CURTIS: No. Actually, I sleep with a basset hound between my legs. And I have a cockapoo. I'm very well protected.

PLAYBOY: You're 23. Your generation has been called blank. Do you agree?

CURTIS: When I grew up, I had nothing in common with anybody. There was nothing binding us. No force, no important music. We had Shaun Cassidy. I mean, no offense to Shaun—because I knew him, went to school with him. But we had nothing. I mean, if we all went out to dinner, say five people, we'd have nothing to talk about to get us excited. No music, movies. Disco. What else did we have in the Seventies?

PLAYBOY: Do you jog?

CURTIS: I just *drove* by a bunch of runners on the way here. It gets me very spaced. So instead of running, I just drive by. My heart gets going, you know, trying to dodge the runners. Cardiovascularly, it's better exercise.

PLAYBOY: Ever been asked to do anything in a script that you wouldn't?

CURTIS: Jiggle shots? Bouncing up and down? Yeah, I've been asked to take my clothes off a number of times. Somebody once realized I had tits. [*She cups her breasts in her hands. Writer swallows a piece of* sushi *whole.*] They'd never seen them before, because I always played the little 16-year-old. But once there was a picture of me somewhere and my tits were showing. And my agent got all these calls like, "Hey, hey, hey. Boy, oh, boy! The girl's got tits!" I play strong, independent, intelligent women, not women who take their clothes off. I don't swear too much or walk around in Dittos and T-shirts, either.

PLAYBOY: In most recent horror movies—especially the ones such as *Halloween* and *Prom Night*—there seems to be an implicit, subliminal message to kids: You fuck, you die.

CURTIS: In *Halloween*, it was not intended that way. What we dealt with there was sexual *repression*. If there's any message in the film, it's that Laurie's losing her virginity is her way of coming out. In *Prom Night*, the little virgin on the locker-room bench says no. But she gets it, anyway. Look, I think young people are going to fuck if they want to, and I don't think anyone's going to stop them. I mean, good girls do it all the time. I was very good until I was 18—and then I got better. I went through high school intact. But I've got to tell you, there was a lot of never-ending pressure to give it up and I understand it's getting worse and worse.

PLAYBOY: Should women be more careful these days?

CURTIS: I think women should always be careful. They're just naturally in a more vulnerable position when it comes to any sort of sexual thing. I'm sorry, but it's natural. It's primal, that dynamic between men and women. A lot of women's groups have asked me to make comments about women and violence. The violence is real, of course, and in

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7AAN9

THE 1984 PENTAGON BUDGET

The current Administration has made clear its intention to provide America with the most expensive defense establishment since the previous Administration. By 1984, the Pentagon will be ordering the following military-industrial complexities, costing more bucks per bang than ever. Golly, we're never gonna find ourselves on the short end of the spending gap again!

SILO SILOS, FLUKED NUKES AND REDWOOD MISSILES—As the MX "shell game" becomes vulnerable shortly after its completion, new missile costuming must be designed. Silo Silos, located on farms, will house MIRV'd missiles in mundane grain-storage facilities. Fluked Nukes, genetically engineered gray whales, will each have a second blowhole for launching a you-know-what. Giant redwoods will be hollowed out, equipped with engines and topped with leafy warheads; besides fooling the Russkies, this will protect the trees from the Secretary of the Interior and prevent them from giving off any more air pollution. Cost: 125 trillion dollars.

U.S.S. CONSTITUTION—After its stunning achievement in de-moth-balling World War Two battleships, the Navy rehab program will speed to its logical conclusion. Old Ironsides is not dependent on oil; she makes no propeller noise for enemy subs to track; the guidance system for her cannon balls cannot be jammed by sophisticated electronics. Cost: 17.76 billion dollars (her sails will have to be custom-made).

WANK-LASERS—K.G.B. seductresses skilled in sexual entrapment have victimized American military attachés, British diplomats and West German statesmen. Well, now it's Mata Harivitch who'll get burned with a new laser implant triggered by the prostate gland. Especially virile, exhibitionistic agents will find their Wanks useful in a surprising variety of situations. Caution: Extreme care must be taken to aim properly and avoid premature triggering, or painful embarrassment could occur. Cost: $22,000,000 to $45,000,000, depending on the caliber of the agent.

CHRYSLER "GREEN BLIZZARD" K-TANK—The Army's new main battle tank will be protected by layers of surplus Imperial and Cordoba bumpers. The K-Tank's primary armament will be a 120-millimeter blowgun that buries targets in a violent flurry of $1000 bills. Cost: varies according to options, trade-ins, dealer prep and local taxes.

BBC SATELLITE SOFTENER—Coproduced with Her Majesty's Psychwar Service, this hunter-killer satellite will seek out Sputniks and beam *Masterpiece Theatre* reruns at them until their on-board computers are rendered senile. Cost: $350,000,000, plus residuals.

MESON BOMB—The ultimate antipersonnel weapon; it can be safely dropped on battlefields where our own troops are present. Its specially coded radiation affects only those mammals who can't give NATO's secret Free-Meson handshake. Cost: $500,000,000 initiation fee, plus $250,000 quarterly dues.

TSE-TSE STOLICHNAYACOCCUS—This new strain of mosquito may be the key to defending Europe against Soviet hordes. Its sting contains a hormone that renders vodka toxic, bringing an acute potato fever within 40 minutes. The victim becomes dizzy, nauseated and tearfully sentimental about the czar. Cost: $12,000 per liter bottle of mosquitoes.

CARIBBEAN CRUISE MISSILE—A great nuclear package deal. One warhead will zigzag its way to seven unforgettable stops along the coast of Cuba, taking a little piece of each with it forever. Cost: seven and a half billion dollars for one, or ten billion dollars for a couple.

DICKENS & FENSTER MISSILE-KILLER WRENCH—As a clumsy repairman discovered in a Titan missile silo, an ICBM can be obliterated by dropping a wrench onto it. The D&F Missile-Killer Wrench will resemble a standard-issue Commie wrench but will have a silicone-treated superslippery handle. Thousands will be smuggled into enemy territory by the CIA, with devastating results. Cost: $2,400,000 up front, plus film, TV and novelization rights.

SEDUCTIVE SERVICE REGISTRATION—Experimental techniques must be pioneered to increase compliance with draft registration. Nevada's Mustang Ranch Registration Station will specialize in making compliance a pleasant, fully contemporary experience. Cost: $25 a head, $50 for full-body registration. —LENNY KLEINFELD

the sense of those maniac-type movies, they're right. But I also have to disagree with these groups somewhat about the movies' exploiting the violence against women. Or creating it. It's primal. No one twists people's arms and makes them see these movies. The simplest thing would be to give them an X rating. The kids couldn't go and the movie wouldn't make money. But I wouldn't censor them. I believe in the volcano theory. Little tremors release lots of pressure. Repression, on the other hand. . . .

PLAYBOY: Which of your parents told you about sex?

CURTIS: My mom, I'm sure. I have a terrific mom. I told this once on *The Tonight Show* and got yelled at for saying it, but I guess I can say it again: The day I lost my virginity, I told my mother right afterward. We were that open about it.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

CURTIS: She cried, said, "Pretty great. Are you all right?" I said, "Yeah! I'm gonna go now. I want to do some more!" We've been real open ever since I was young.

PLAYBOY: Ever think your boyfriends were more interested in your mom than in you?

CURTIS: Maybe in my parents, in general. I *was* pretty cute.

PLAYBOY: Do you think your dad is underrated as an actor?

CURTIS: My mom, too. Actually, underrated is the wrong word. It's a very hard business. And growing old in it is hard, especially when you're looked at a lot. I think because of my dad's feelings about Hollywood sometimes, that he's gotten a bad reputation. But I think some of his work is outstanding. I mean, *Some Like It Hot* was wonderful.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst thing you remember about dating?

CURTIS: Dating? I hate dating. Loathe it. Remember when Woody Allen suddenly asked Diane Keaton to kiss him on their date in *Annie Hall*? I do that. I do not want to spend the evening wondering when, or if my breath is fresh. Besides, all those weeks of hemming and hawing. I know the minute I look at someone if I want to spend time with him. I'm open and honest up front. I don't like small talk. I guess I'm just a terrible date.

PLAYBOY: It depends. What TV shows do you like?

CURTIS: I like *Eight Is Enough* once in a while. I can be drawn into it all easily. I'm as gullible as the next guy. But, generally, I've just gotten fed up. I'm disappointed in all the product that's coming out—even that it's called *product*. Mainly, I like reruns of old shows. I mean, *I Love Lucy*. It's like the old Ford Mustang. Why can't we come up with stuff like that anymore?

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BOOKS

Peter De Vries tries to turn women's liberation into an extended joke in ***Sauce for the Goose*** (Little, Brown). Daisy Dobbin is chosen to move into corporate America and, excuse the phrase, root out incidents of male sexual harassment against women in their employ. That situation could be funny, and on occasion, De Vries pulls off a humorous scene (for example, when Daisy foils a seducer by bragging about her former lover—"And the nozzle on him. Really party size."). But most of this book is, in turn, clumsy, sexist and garbled. Good for small laughs and little more.

•

Dan Jenkins' ***Baja Oklahoma*** (Atheneum) is proof that whatever else the state of Texas is, it's also a state of mind. If this novel's about anything, it's about what it means to be a Texan, including a special guest appearance by Willie (and don't ask, Willie who?). *Baja*'s the story of divorcee, mother and bartender Juanita Hutchins' slow roll to success as a country songwriter. Nothing much happens—but that's what we always figured Texas was like. In a delightfully amusing way, fate more or less smiles upon the gaggle of lovable barflies at Herb's Cafe: Doris Steadman, the nymphomaniac; Slick Henderson, the Exxon-station owner; and Juanita herself. The title of the book is the name of a song that becomes Juanita's meal ticket to success and, oh, yeah, it's also just another way of saying Texas.

•

Enough, please, of baseball as national nirvana. Stanley Cohen's ***The Man in the Crowd: Confessions of a Sports Addict*** (Random House) is about the author's coming of age through four decades in which varied sporting events are the milestones; but his soft spot is clearly somewhere in the infield grass. There is an occasional touching observation that Cohen shares with every other devotee of the game, but his book, like a baseball itself, is anything but seamless. *The Man in the Crowd* darts like a knuckle ball from description to reverie, and one has trouble getting a grip on it. There ought to be some penance for self-indulgent confessions like these.

•

The country is Malagua, a mythical Latin American dictatorship that is about to explode, and the heroine is Julia Savage, the liberated American woman sent down there as Ambassador in Tad Szulc's novel ***Diplomatic Immunity*** (Simon & Schuster). Szulc may be a first-rate reporter, but aside from some good details about how an embassy works abroad, he is a literal and heavy-handed novelist. His simplistic portrait of the CIA station chief is that of a man so dumb even Sheriff Lobo would refuse to hire him; and in one of their arguments, Madam Ambassador actually says, "The CIA has no business tracking local revolutionaries or anybody else in Malagua." Surely, Tad, it's a tad more complicated than that, isn't it?

De Vries *Gooses* readers.

Wonderful stuff on the great Southwest; humorist off his pace.

Baja Oklahoma = Texas.

•

Jonathan Raban might want to be the British version of Huck Finn, but his long and windy narration of how he took a 16-foot Mirrocraft down the Mississippi River seems as long as the river itself. ***Old Glory: An American Voyage*** (Simon & Schuster) has some good moments when Raban describes how he learned to navigate and survive in the midst of barges and storms, and there are times when he discusses the history of the Mississippi with a foreigner's incisive eye; but the book is still about 300 pages too long.

•

Pardon the pun, but ***The Fish Is Red*** (Harper & Row), by Warren Hinckle and William W. Turner, almost slipped through our net. It came out in September and it tells in full and frightening detail the story of the U.S.A.'s secret war against Fidel Castro. A compendium of our own dirty tricks, told with style and dash.

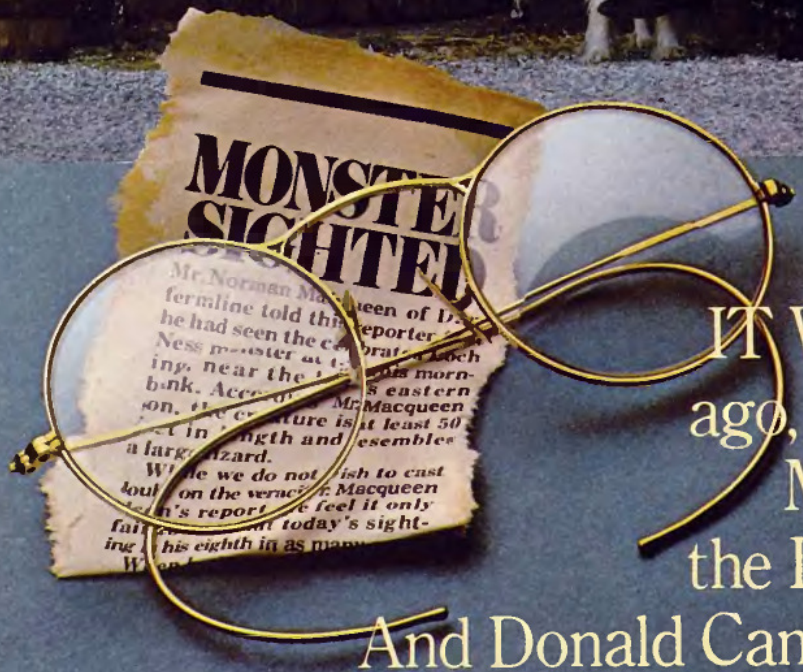
•

To some of us, anything with L. L. Bean's name on it is, by definition, a quality piece of business. Bean's is more than an established mail-order house; it's a way of life. Those folks in Freeport, Maine, have a sense of the world that rejuvenates those of us who are condemned to cities. The arrival in the mail of their seasonal catalogs reacquaints us with relentlessly sensible clothing and accessories described in a sensible way.

The L. L. Bean Guide to the Outdoors (Random House), by Bill Riviere with the staff of L. L. Bean, will not disappoint the addicts among us. Its writing style apes that of the catalog; both are religiously reasonable. We learn about weather forecasting, canoeing, finding our way in the wilderness, snowshoeing, camping, hiking, clothes. Even for those of us who spend our lives exclusively on the inside, this book in its modest way will make us more confident philosophically about the outside.

•

While the movie industry reels under the impact of strikes and the successes of young, independent producers who shun the studio system, it's particularly interesting to drift through veteran screenwriter Budd Schulberg's ***Moving Pictures: Memories of a Hollywood Prince*** (Stein and Day). Schulberg uses autobiography to structure an impressive, engaging history of the motion-picture industry—from its beginnings in New York's Lower East Side at the turn of the century to its migration westward in the Twenties and Thirties. Sandwiched between anecdotes about irascible film tycoons—including Schulberg's own father, B.P.—and flamboyant movie stars are the author's personal recollections, some of which could easily have been left on the cutting-room floor.



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FENDERS ON THEIR KNEES: In the war among Nashville's rhinestone jet set over the Country Music Association's annual awards, aspirants wax and wane in all quarters but one: the Vocal Group of the Year competition. Here are perennially ensconced the homey and humorous Statler Brothers, who usually win, and the Mod and dashing Oak Ridge Boys, who always challenge. But perhaps the inevitable change is at hand this year. Such a prediction has been made by no less an authority than Oaks lead singer Duane Allen.

"I think there's gonna be a big upset," Allen told us. "I predict **Alabama**, a really fine young group, is going to win this year."

Alabama. Despite the seeming provincialism of their name, Alabama's four singer-instrumentalists have captured wide national notice since working their final night as house band in a Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, bar 15 months ago. Since then, their gross income has multiplied from $1100 a week to as much as $25,000 a night. They've appeared at the Rose Bowl, are soon to be at Madison Square Garden and this month will begin touring major noncountry venues. Thus, in less than two years, they have moved from nowhere to country stardom and a place in the nation's pop consciousness.

But how? *My Home's in Alabama* and *Tennessee River*, the two RCA singles that launched them, are both very personal songs alluding to Lookout Mountain, an obscure northern Alabama community from which two of the members hail. Lead singer Randy Owen says when he and cousin Teddy Gentry wrote *My Home's in Alabama*, he "didn't know if anybody else could even understand it."

Much of the group's appeal is attributable to Owen, whose baritone is one of the most expressive in country music and whose handsomely bearded face looks like a Confederate cavalry officer's. His family played and sang Gospel music in church, and that is where he and bassist Gentry first made music together. They grew up on neighboring, unprosperous farms. "We were so poor that our outhouse was the woods," Gentry quietly recalls, without humor, of his upbringing by his grandfather.

Gospel, bluegrass, country and the Beatles influenced the pair musically, but their songwriting was persistently country. Friends kept advising them to "be rock," which seemed more lucrative; what they became, after a decade-long apprenticeship in Dixie juke joints, was country-rock—with a distinctive accent on the first word. The rock comes primarily from Owen and Gentry's city

NORMAN SEEFF

cousin, lead guitarist, fiddler and keyboardist Jeff Cook, of Fort Payne, Alabama, and from Mark Herndon, a jazz-influenced North Carolina drummer.

When we caught Alabama in a string of one-nighters, Owen hit the stage and shouted, "Is everybody ready to raise some he-e-e-elllll?" What followed was as reminiscent of Merle Haggard as of The Rolling Stones. We noted that fans down front, unwilling to risk missing a finger-picking note, frequently sit—rather than dance—on dance floors. Introducing country music to young people and rock to older ones, Alabama is revered by segments of both. The aftermath of a show in Abilene, Texas, was typical. First, the band granted autographs and kisses to a long line of young women and girls. Then it consumed a sumptuous meal cooked by a more-than-middle-aged Louisiana couple who perform that service whenever the group is within a few hundred miles of their home.

The ensemble crosses other boundaries, too. In another era, Alabama's very name would have been an insurmountable obstacle. Its members recall cringing at cries of "Let's hear it for Governor Wallace!" when they adopted the name several years ago. But now, crowds seem to ignore any negative connotations. At Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio, black and white Air Force trainees boogied to the music side by side. At mention of that, Owen looked pleased.

"We don't want to leave anybody out," he said.

Thus mellows rifle-rack rock.

—JACK HURST

REVIEWS

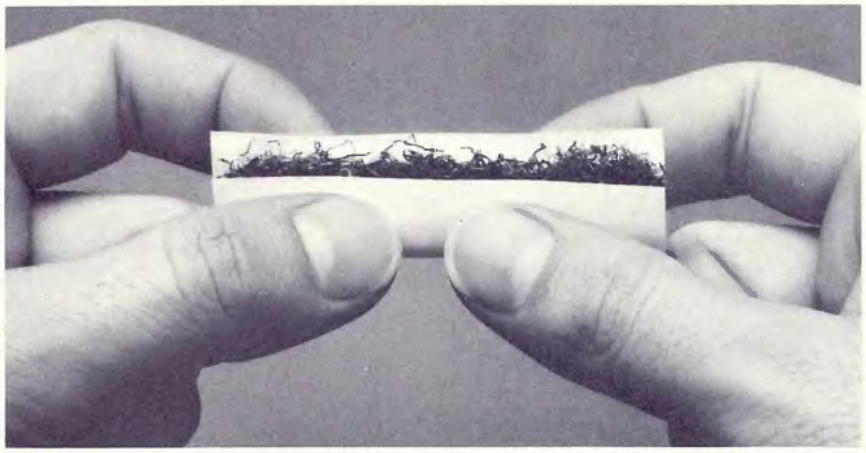
It's always a happy event when Miles Davis is back among us, as he has been recently, playing selected live dates. He's among us on records again, as well, in a double-disc retrospective called ***Directions*** (Columbia) and—*mirabile dictu!*—another called ***The Man with the Horn*** (Columbia), the first album of new material in too many years. Together, these albums show how many miles and miles it's been for Miles—from the stately acoustic classicism of the 1960 *Song of Our Country*, recorded as part of the *Sketches of Spain* sessions with Gil Evans, to the slippery electric funk that fills most of *The Man with the Horn*, recorded with a new band of youngsters assembled with the help of his nephew Vincent Wilburn, who plays drums on two tracks. In between, as is well documented on *Directions*, Miles has simply revolutionized jazz two or three times. Especially well represented is the period from 1967 to 1970, when his bands were crowded with such young, ultimately influential talents as Herbie Hancock, Tony Williams, Ron Carter, Joe Zawinul, Chick Corea and John McLaughlin. During McLaughlin's tenure, especially, Miles—largely unbeknownst to the rock audience—was intermittently making some of the finest rock 'n' roll you would care to hear on *Jack Johnson* and *Bitches Brew* and even *In a Silent Way*. And if you loved those, you'll surely *like* these, especially the *Duran* and *Willie Nelson* tracks recorded in 1970, where *Directions* abruptly ends. The 11-year leap to *The Man with the Horn*, which is not the old chestnut rewarmed but a new tune, finds Miles dabbling in Eighties-gloss R&B. It's of the George Benson persuasion, complete with soul-

ful vocals on the title track by Randy Hall, the young composer of the song. We prefer Miles's own, though—*Back Seat Betty* and the slinky *Fat Time*, through which he struts behind Marcus Miller, who plays bass with the dash of someone sailing effortlessly through the park, backward, on roller skates. If this is less adventuresome than Miles's past feats, well, at least he's back. And there *are* no bad Miles Davis albums.

•

Karla De Vito earned her wings as Meat Loaf's onstage foil on such show-stopping numbers as *Paradise by the Dashboard Lights*. Then she took over Linda Ronstadt's role of Mabel in Joe

TWENTY VS FORTY



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Papp's production of *Pirates of Penzance*, to rave notices. So the time seemed to be right for her debut album, ***Is This a Cool World or What*** (Epic), which is chock-full of bold, theatrically tinged rock and convincingly grand vocal gestures, including a thoroughly modern, locomotionized version of the Grass Roots chestnut *Midnight Confessions*. With a first album this strong, Karla probably won't have to play Beauty to Mr. Loaf's Beast anymore, but we hear that Cher's filling that slot, anyway.

•

Give history prof Bill C. Malone of Tulane University a hand for tackling the year's hardest job in country music—selecting the 143 songs on the 16 sides making up ***The Smithsonian Collection of Classic Country Music***. Stressing the Twenties as heavily as he does 1963–1975, Malone emphasizes roots. His picks so cover the field that giants are differentiated from others only in that they are represented by two or three recordings instead of one. This is a treasury heavy with significant performances that only inveterate collectors could possess until now. Nonmembers send $57.70 (members, $52.70) to Smithsonian Recordings, P.O. Box 10230, Des Moines, Iowa 50336.

•

It might look weird on paper, but New Wave heavy hitter Joe Jackson doing an entire album of Forties jump jazz tunes (complete with a knockout British horn section) works just fine on ***Jumpin' Jive*** (A&M). When Jackson wraps his good-natured snarl around such finger snappers as Louis Jordan's *Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby*, it's clear that this album may be the best musical revival of the year.

SHORT CUTS

Oingo Boingo / *Only a Lad* (A&M): At its most derivative, the band comes on a bit like Devo *cum* brass, but there are more than enough fresh ideas here to make this glossily contemporary octet's sound interesting and very "*nouveau* L.A."

Maze, Featuring Frankie Beverly / Live in New Orleans (Capitol): Four sides of home-cooked soul, unpretentious and hypnotic.

Geoff Muldaur and the Nite Lites / *I Ain't Drunk* (Hannibal): Good-timey, horn-packed, vintage R&B from one of the great interpretive voices in pop music.

Jenson, Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra / Sibelius Violin Concerto (RCA Digital): With newcomer Dylana Jenson, Eugene Ormandy conjures up the usual lush sounds from the Philadelphia. Violinist Jenson is as good as she looks in this most soulful of violin concertos.

Lacy J. Dalton / *Takin' It Easy* (Columbia): If you think country's female outlaw is backing away from her ass-busting style on side one (and you might), turn it over.

FAST TRACKS

ONE MORE TIME DEPARTMENT: Some guys just don't know when to quit. Showbiz gets into their blood and even when the public has had enough, they keep on. Tiny Tim is on the one-night-stand circuit with an outfit called Roy Radin's Vaudeville Show, traveling by bus with the Harmonica Rascals, a fire-eater, Zippy the Chimp and actor John Carradine. Tiny, in his blue tail coat and running shoes, is thrilling audiences once more with his old chestnut, *Tiptoe Through the Tulips*. We'd rather hear The Osmonds sing *Twist and Shout*.

REELING AND ROCKING: We really don't know what to say about this item (our instincts tell us it's going to be very tacky): **Rupert Murdoch**, owner of *New York* magazine and the *New York Post*, among other publications, has announced plans to produce a film based on the life of **Mark David Chapman**, the confessed killer of **John Lennon**. We're told the movie will be a serious film dealing with a "social phenomenon" and not an exploitation of the events. If we were doing a movie, we'd film from **Philip Norman**'s wonderful book about the **Beatles**, *Shout!* Anyone who took the trouble to talk with **Brian Epstein**'s mom, **Queenie**, and Lennon's **Aunt Mimi** has done his homework. . . . Island Visual Arts, the video and film division of Island Records, has begun production of a movie on the life of **Bob Marley**. The producer, **Chris Blackwell**, founder of Island, discovered Marley when he was a teenager in Jamaica. Blackwell and director **Joe Mennell** will incorporate historic footage of Marley interviews, tours and concerts, talks with **Rita Marley** and with the ghetto and farm people Marley influenced.

NEWSBREAKS: **Carl Wilson** says, "I haven't quit the **Beach Boys**, but I do not plan on touring with them until they decide that 1981 means as much to them as 1961." And with that, Wilson took to the road with his own band and a solo album. "I love the Beach Boys and want us to live in people's hearts as an active force, not just as a memory." Hang in, Carl. . . . In a related story, we hear that the Beach Boys and **Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons** are trying to work out an East Coast *vs.* West Coast concert competition. The winner would be the group that drew the most enthusiastic responses from the audience. . . . **The Bee Gees** are moving back to England, because new tax laws there will take a smaller bite of their income. . . . If you happen to be in Jacksonville, Florida, on October 24th, you can catch the likes of **Dizzy Gillespie, Buddy Rich, Della Reese** and lots of other folks performing at Mayport and All That Jazz. . . . It's a great relief that the newest **Dylan** album is less overtly religious than his last one, but he probably made that decision *before* getting socked with what's reportedly a $1,000,000 lawsuit by his former longtime manager, **Albert Grossman**, for back royalties on records, tapes and sheet music. Grossman swears that their relationship is still in fine shape but that Dylan "overpaid" royalties to himself while underpaying his management firm. Oh, Gawd! . . . **Randy Newman** did the sound track for the movie *Ragtime*, due out in December. . . . As *Urban Cowboy* makes the cable-TV rounds, the sound track album, now pushing quadruple platinum, has started to sell *again*. . . . We hear that **Miles Davis** is working on a new song for **Willie Nelson**. Is a collaboration in the works?

RANDOM RUMORS: We like this story of the latest rock clone, **Michael Lacko**, allegedly the world's first **Rod Stewart** impersonator. Does the world need two? Anyway, Lacko has all the right stuff—platinum hair, tight pants and a big nose. Unfortunately, he doesn't sound right, a fact he's trying to correct by taking "English accent lessons." A fan says, "He sounds like Rod after a half pint of helium." That's all, fo!ks. —BARBARA NELLIS

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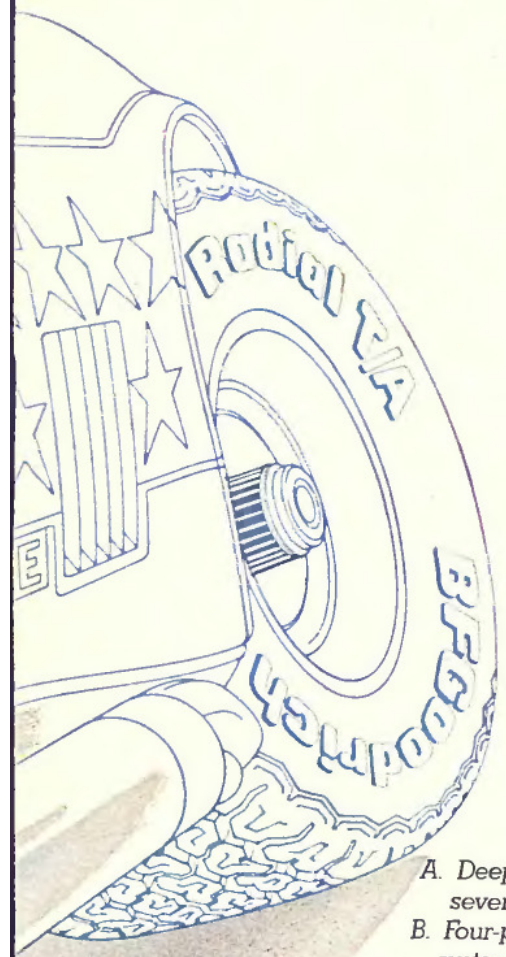

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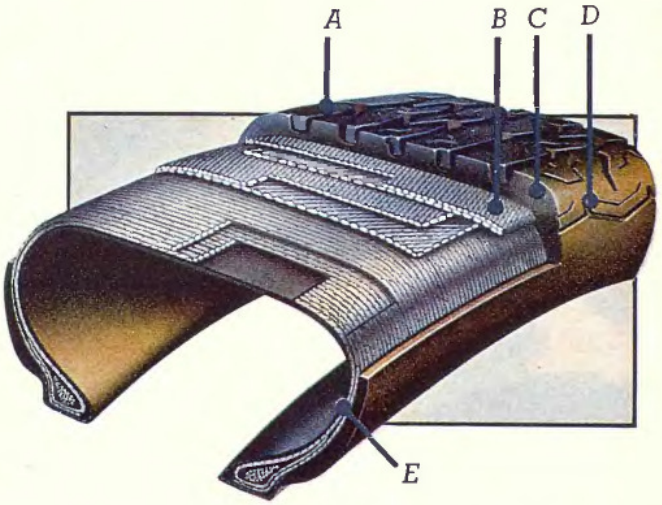

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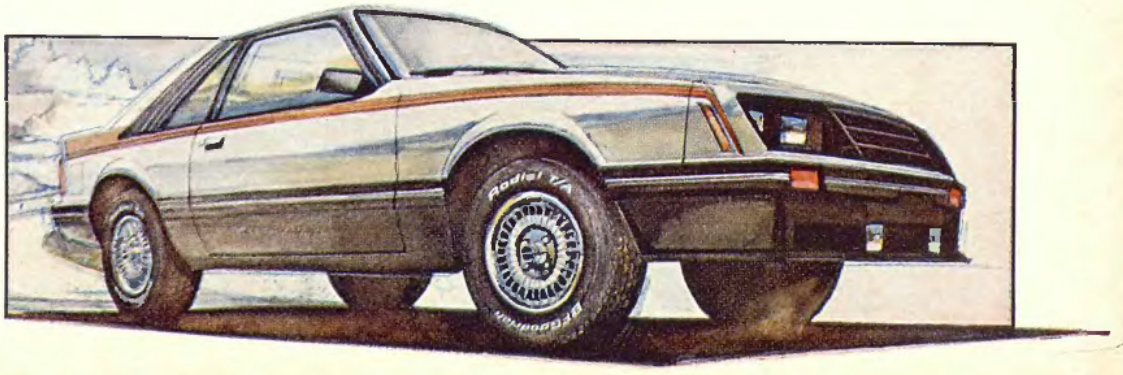

MOVIES

It's always a turn-on to see a movie popping at the seams with hot young talent, and ***Body Heat*** (Ladd/WB) offers no fewer than three Best Bets for a big future in cinema. First, writer-director Lawrence Kasdan, in his initial solo effort—having honed his skills on the screenplays for *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*—reaches back to the Forties to resurrect Hollywood's honored tradition of hard-boiled melodrama (e.g., *Double Indemnity* and *The Postman Always Rings Twice*) in which a wicked, acquisitive lady recruits a nervy stud to help her dispose of a rich husband—Richard Crenna on this occasion. Kasdan respects the formula yet uses it freely in a tough, witty, crackling tale set on Florida's gold coast—old-fashioned but updated with class, all dark and gleaming as a cocked pistol.

Such exercises, of course, are nil without the proper star chemistry, and Kasdan wisely chose to field William Hurt (already a clear contender for the big time after *Altered States* and *Eyewitness*) opposite movie newcomer Kathleen Turner, whose screen presence instantly recalls all the dangerous dames of yesteryear. Wow. Besides being a tawny knockout blonde, this golden girl has a set of frazzled vocal cords the like of which I've seldom heard since willowy Lauren Bacall began to purr enticements at Bogart. With *Body Heat*, Hurt and Turner blaze into eminence in the grand manner and make Kasdan's meticulous job look easy. Man, they're *mean*. ¥¥¥

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Packs of ravenous predators roam Manhattan in ***Wolfen*** (Orion/WB), a rather philosophical horror film directed by Michael Wadleigh, with Albert Finney starred. The photography is splendid, the story line slow in developing and still a bit sticky as one gets into it. Provocative, however, and Finney makes a fine supersleuth. ¥¥½

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Surprisingly, after all the brouhaha about censorship, there is a genial air of innocence about John Derek's ***Tarzan, the Ape Man*** (MGM/UA). The final—and maybe the best—scene has Bo Derek, as Jane, gamboling in the jungle with her Tarzan (Miles O'Keeffe, prime beefcake but speaking nary a word throughout) and an orangutan, all three behaving like exuberant puppies. I suspect that old Edgar Rice Burroughs himself might OK that sequence, though he'd also think his Tarzan hero was generally given short shrift while the camera settles down to study beauteous Bo. The Derek *Tarzan* works as a kind of *Blue Lagoon* for grownups, with some stilted dramatics, too much slow motion in the action sequences but lots of glorious wildlife and other natural wonders to compensate. Derek is no storyteller, but he is certainly a creator of myths, and the myth known as Bo Derek is all here, resplendent as she was in our September pictorial. Her leading man has loincloth, will travel, but doesn't stand a chance against the chimps, snakes and scenery. ¥¥½

Turner, Hurt give off *Heat*.

Body Heat is hot, all right; *Love*'s endless, but *Priest of Love*'s fascinating.

Hewitt, Shields in *Love*.

McKellen, Suzman as Lawrences.

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Another legendary dream girl, Brooke Shields, has been taking some critical raps for ***Endless Love*** (Universal), based on Scott Spencer's novel, which everyone assures me is much better than you'd ever suspect from seeing the wan little tearjerker pieced together by Italian director Franco Zeffirelli (who once filmed a fabulous *Romeo and Juliet*). Anyway, Brooke isn't what's wrong with the movie, she's one of the few things that're *right* with it. Her handsome young costar, newcomer Martin Hewitt, seems to be rather a drip as the ardent arsonist—but why blame him for the ludicrous dialog and leaden pacing that make far more experienced actors look lost? ¥¥

•

A reasonable level of literacy, plus some required reading from the collected works of D. H. Lawrence, is almost essential before you surrender to ***Priest of Love*** (Filmways). With a screenplay adapted from Lawrence's letters and a solid biography by Harry T. Moore, director Christopher Miles (Sarah's brother) studies the final years of the eccentric, free-spirited author of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* as he wandered, usually with an entourage of women, from England to the U. S. and Mexico, then home again, finally settling in Italy after his erotic paintings were seized as obscene by British authorities. *Priest of Love* is a ribald, compassionate, withering portrait of the lifestyle of those literary vagabonds whose controversial writings helped launch the 20th Century's sexual revolution. As Lawrence, Ian McKellen (a bravura actor, better known over here as the Tony Award–winning star of *Amadeus* on Broadway) has a fantastic running mate in Janet Suzman as his beloved Frieda, the German woman who abandoned her husband and children for Lawrence—the definitive woman behind the man behind the masterworks. Ava Gardner plays Lawrence's wealthy American patroness with tantalizing gusto, while John Gielgud and Penelope Keith maintain the high tone for moviegoers who savor a bit of bookish titillation. It's educative, enthralling, a literary slice of life that's all dog-eared pages and poisoned darts. ¥¥¥

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Among the current and choice attractions released some time ago—commanding attention, though too late for a timelier review—my favorite must be ***Arthur*** (Orion/WB). Dudley Moore is

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generally hilarious as a rich, drunken ne'er-do-well; Liza Minnelli is miscast as the working girl he woos, while John Gielgud upstages everyone as Moore's haughty manservant—in a comic performance so assured that writer-director Steve Gordon's will-o'-the-wisp screenplay often seems to sparkle with wit. ¥¥¥

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Brian De Palma's ***Blow Out*** (Filmways), with John Travolta as a movie sound man who inadvertently picks up clues to a political assassination, is pretty much an audio-visual replay of Antonioni's *Blow-Up*. Francis Coppola treated a similar theme with far greater sophistication in his brilliant, neglected *The Conversation* (winner of the Cannes festival's top award in 1974). Fooling around with the movie medium itself is De Palma's game, which often means that he winds up making pretty good B movies from class-A ingredients. Still, De Palma buffs are sure to enjoy Nancy Allen (the director's wife) as a cosmetics salesgirl who hires herself out to rig the evidence in divorce cases. Travolta's good, though his role is pretty standard. Prepare yourself for many lapses of credibility en route to an overwrought, underwhelming climax where my patience was at last exhausted. ¥¥½

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In ***True Confessions*** (UA), a brutal homicide, pornography, political payoffs and profiteering in the bosom of the Catholic Church are the issues that drive a wedge between two brothers of Irish descent—one a priest, one a tough-minded L.A. detective. Because the brothers are played by Robert De Niro (as the monsignor who seems to be chiefly a devout fund raiser) and Robert Duvall (as the cynical cop who knows it), the movie boasts some guaranteed great acting, courtesy of two of *The Godfather*'s distinguished alumni. Even so, considering the gritty vintage L.A. atmosphere—the time is the Forties—and the nature of the story as an unabashed exposé of religious and social hypocrisy, there's a curious lack of excitement in the screen version of John Gregory Dunne's novel, directed by Ulu Grosbard as if he had taken a vow to be unwaveringly earnest. Although adapted by Dunne and his wife, Joan Didion, and well made in every important particular, *Confessions* somehow remains stubbornly bookish onscreen—instructive, even illuminating now and then, yet ultimately hard to follow and rather dull. Sort of how I used to feel about Sunday school. ¥¥½

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Already previewed and discussed at length in our October issue, producer Joseph E. Levine's ***Tattoo*** (20th Century-Fox) raises a couple of questions more cogent than whether Bruce Dern and Maud Adams go all the way, or halfway, or merely simulate their unsettling sexual encounters. A provocative screenplay by Joyce Buñuel (daughter-in-law of Spain's master moviemaker Luis Buñuel), based on a story by director Bob Brooks, creates tingling suspense as well as eroticism from the notion that every deep romantic relationship leaves its mark one way or another. Call it a love story between hostage and captor. The tattoo of the title is merely a symbol and touchstone for measuring the degrees of passion—in this case, an eccentric tattoo artist's headlong passion for a top cover girl whom he kidnaps because he quite literally yearns to have designs on her. Since his phenomenal powers of concentration make any aberrant impulse look chillingly real, this is Dern on a fast track, well matched with Adams in a breakthrough role in which she gets better as she goes along. Oddly enough, Maud is slightly less persuasive in the early scenes, doing what used to be her own thing as a supermodel, than in the film's dramatic hot spots, where sheer terror and her will to survive gradually burn away that glamorous façade. Some thin-skinned feminists have already attacked *Tattoo* as an irresponsible ode to women in bondage—a clear indication that they don't begin to understand what it's all about. Given a premise loaded with possibilities for lurid melodrama—so loaded it sags from time to time—Brooks, Buñuel, Adams and Dern coolly reshape this claustrophobic fable into a sexy, sure-fire conversation piece magnifying the fine lines between love and lust and total commitment. ¥¥¥

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If you're under 20, fond of loud music and mindless movies full of earth-shaking special effects, the animated ***Heavy Metal*** (Columbia) may be just the ticket. I hardly understood a word of it. But then I browse through the comic-strip adventure magazine bearing the same title and feel as if I were coming out of a coma on some distant planet. This sloppy, episodic, violent, sexed-up pseudo-science fiction presents a score of graphic artists and musicians whose work must be familiar to devotees of punk—and that's one band wagon on which I cannot find a comfortable seat, so help me. ¥¥

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Rushed into release to keep up with the news from Washington, ***First Monday in October*** (Paramount) seriously offers Jill Clayburgh as the first female appointee to the U. S. Supreme Court. If you believe Jill as Madam Justice, you may buy the rest of this talking-heads debate based on the Broadway play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. Walter Matthau grumbles about Jill in his role as a mountain-climbing liberal not unlike the late Justice William O. Douglas. He takes the permissive view of everything. She's an archconservative, against pornography, *for* censorship and

De Niro officiates in *Confessions*.

Confessions bookish,
Tattoo is steamy,
Metal is mindless.

Dern, Adams in skin game.

Getting heavy in *Metal*.

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Big Business, and thereby hangs the tale . . . or, rather, the talk, talk, talk, all pros and cons and inconclusive God Bless America jazz that comes out on the side of the angels because we *can* express different opinions over here, Virginia. On Broadway, Jane Alexander and Henry Fonda played the same parts with far greater conviction. The movie version would have been a natural, of course, for Hepburn and Tracy in their heyday. Relative to that kind of dream casting, Jill and Walter look like a fifth road company. You can have just as much fun at home watching the news. ¥

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Musical groups with such names as Fear, Germs, Circle Jerks and Black Flag are featured prominently in a sort of punk manifesto titled ***The Decline of Western Civilization*** (Nu-Image Film). The title's no joke. This is where you can see what's meant by pogo dancing—a mob scene set to unfettered percussion, somehow reminiscent of *Marat/Sade* or maybe prom night at the Charles Manson School of Music. One participant describes punk as "the only form of revolution left . . . and nothing else is going on." Producer-director Penelope Spheeris, who did *The Decline*, probably has it down pat. As cinema, it's an effective creep show. As sociology, it's scary but perhaps important to note, especially if your children have purple hair. ¥¥

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In an objectionable little semihuman comedy called ***Carbon Copy*** (Avco Embassy), George Segal loses his job and his cool when he discovers he has a grown-up black son (Denzel Washington) by a long-lost first love he abandoned on his way up in the business world. Segal also reveals he's a Jew who changed his name from Wiesenthal to Whitney. And his wife is a frigid bigot (a thankless role for Susan Saint James) who doesn't enjoy sex until George sneaks back home disguised as a burglar and rapes her. Cute? Director Michael (*Car Wash*) Schultz likes his actors to shout their lines, which doesn't work too well with dialog that begs to be kept to a whisper. *Carbon Copy* preaches against racism by making ethnic jokes but ultimately seems offensive to whites, blacks, men, women and the writers of countless unproduced comedies. ¥

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The peculiar conceits of Harold Pinter's screenplay more or less wreck ***The French Lieutenant's Woman*** (UA), based on the John Fowles best seller published in 1969. Fowles is such an accomplished novelist that he can slip in and out of a dark Victorian romance, digressing as the spirit moves him, without missing a stroke. Pinter's terrible idea was to adapt the novel as a movie within a movie, in which Meryl Streep plays the fallen woman who seduces a proper young gentleman (England's Jeremy Irons), at

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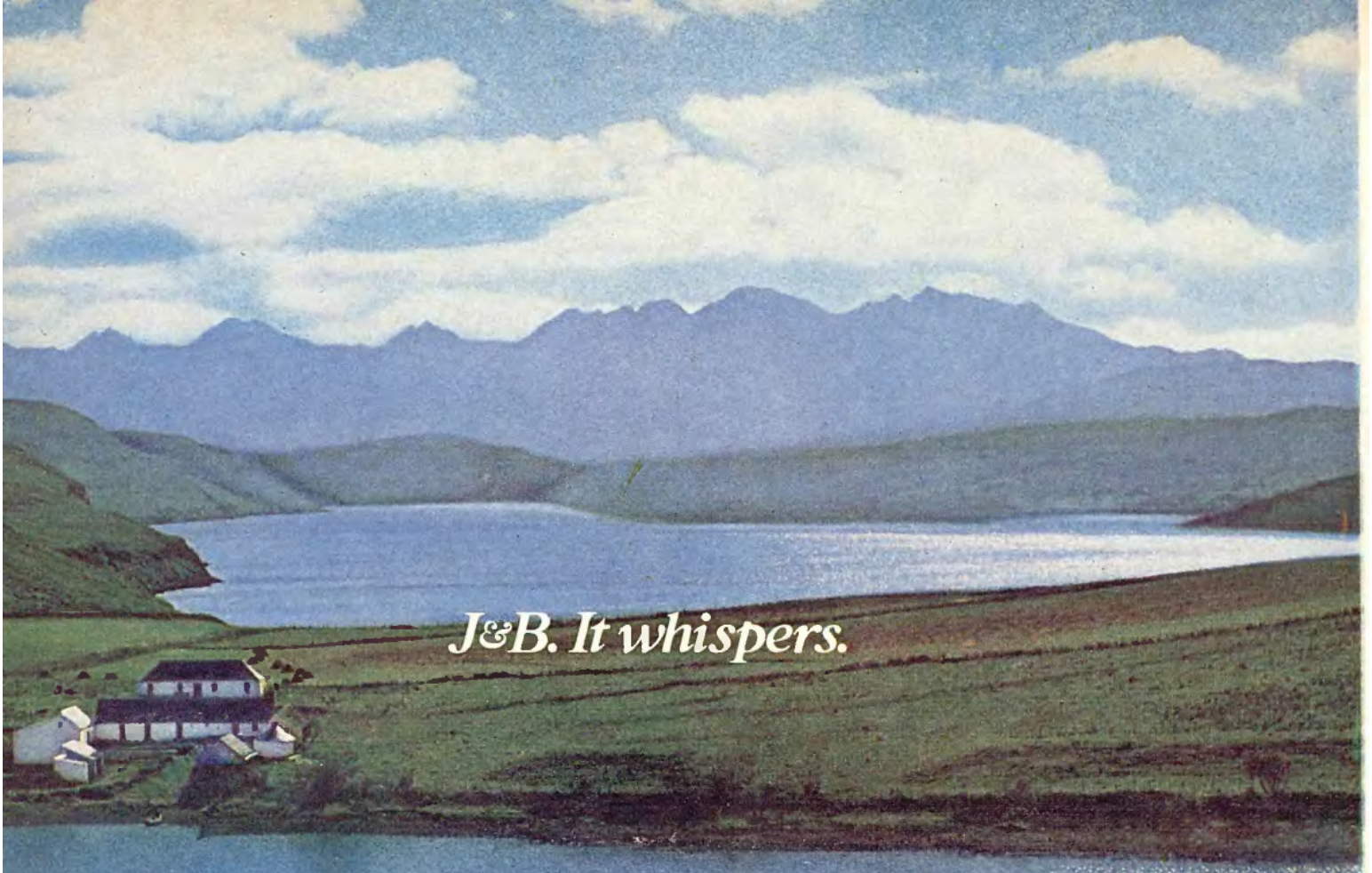

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the same time appearing intermittently as the movie actress who is *making* this movie and having it off, as the English say, with her leading man. That questionable device might be applied to almost any film—with an effect roughly the same as if *Tess*, for example, were interrupted every 20 minutes or so by modern romantic interludes featuring director Roman Polanski and his star, Nastassia Kinski. The movie-star couple portrayed by Streep and Irons serve no purpose but to keep *The French Lieutenant's Woman* from holding an audience in its spell. Although Irons generates considerable voltage—as intense and ardent as a young Laurence Olivier—the talented Streep seems to me just a shade too sensible and prosaic for the kind of erotic embodiment of a young man's fantasy that the script continually reminds us she is supposed to be. Director Karel Reisz has wrought a very pretty, pallid picture, with Pinter providing a transfusion of bad blood. ¥¥

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Maggie Smith, Alan Bates, Isabelle Adjani and Anthony Higgins flesh out the four corners of ***Quartet*** (New World), a deliciously nasty tale of ultrastylish decadence in Paris circa 1927. Based on a novel by the late Jean Rhys, a famed beauty and former chorus girl who became the lover of author Ford Madox Ford way back when, *Quartet* showcases Adjani as a vulnerable creature who moves in with an artsy older couple (Smith and Bates) while her husband (Higgins, a first-rate English actor) serves time in prison for selling stolen *objets d'art*. The story counts for little, though there's sex, guilt and bitchery to spare after Isabelle moves into the guest room, where a former occupant became a suicide after Bates seduced her. The Paris milieu of the Twenties is what matters in this adaptation by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala and director James Ivory. More than a setting, Paris of that era is virtually the movie's subject—an art-deco city aglitter with bugle beads, spangles, tinkling pianos, Tiffany lamps and cold-blooded cruelty. Bad but beautiful, if you have a taste for elegant trifles. ¥¥½

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Jot down Marsha Mason's name for another Oscar nomination this year, based on her emotional flash floods as an alcoholic Broadway star in ***Only when I Laugh*** (Columbia). Every season or so, Neil Simon hands his talented missus a prizeworthy part, this one adapted from *The Gingerbread Lady*, a rare clinker in Simon's string of hit plays. Marsha lets out all the stops for *Laugh*, and any tears she doesn't jerk are tapped by the formidably precocious Kristy McNichol, as the dried-out star's neglected but plucky daughter. James Coco, as a gay actor friend, and Joan Hackett, as a bosom pal, both have a showstopping scene or two, and that's how it goes in Simonland—where every character seems to carry a pocketful of snappy one-liners for getting through the day. Will Simon ever learn that less might be more? When the gags subside, as they occasionally do, *Only when I Laugh* generates some honest feeling and stops sounding like truth time on a TV talk show. ¥¥½

Quartet's Adjani, Bates.

Stylish decadence in Paris; from Neil to Marsha with love; great *Gallipoli*.

Laugh with McNichol, Mason.

Gibson, Lee in *Gallipoli*.

•

Two unsuspecting lads discover that war is hell in ***Gallipoli*** (Paramount), and while that loss-of-innocence angle won't come as a huge surprise, stay tuned. Despite director Peter Weir's penchant for underscoring the obvious, here's new proof that Australian cinema is alive and well and buzzing with creativity. *Gallipoli*, with all its failings acknowledged, is an engagingly intimate anti-war epic, generally skipping the *Sturm und Drang* of battle to focus on the boys, both competitive runners—and both beautifully acted by Mel Gibson and Mark Lee—who run off to find glory by fighting the Turks at Gallipoli in 1915. There's a long touristic stretch of fun and games at an Egyptian training camp that could stand drastic trimming, yet Weir redeems himself with several unforgettable scenes—the lads' encounter in the western Australian desert with a grizzled old prospector, who can scarcely imagine what war is ("I knew a German once . . . how'd it *start*?"), and a homesick officer ruefully whistling his favorite opera on the eve of Armageddon. Best of all is a surreal sequence with a group of skinny-dipping soldiers, shells plopping into the sea all around them as they dive underwater, nude and still playful amid floating bits of shrapnel, until a small crimson cloud reveals that someone's hit. Very few movie moments can top that. ¥¥¥

•

In his dual title role as ***Zorro, the Gay Blade*** (20th Century-Fox), George Hamilton works three times as hard to be half as funny as he was doing his Dracula parody in *Love at First Bite*. Here, Hamilton plays a noble Don whose homosexual twin brother helps out with damsels in distress (Lauren Hutton, mostly) and damnable villains (Ron Liebman, mostly). But the jokes aren't awfully sharp and the comedy on the whole keeps lunging forward, then flopping back to achieve a kind of whiplash effect, which is hardly anyone's idea of a good time. ¥

•

Allied soccer players take the field against the Nazis in ***Victory*** (Paramount), John Huston's drama about good sportsmanship *vs.* patriotism during World War Two. Sylvester Stallone stars, looking trim and smart enough to play celebrity ball for a benefit in Beverly Hills. It's just *that* kind of movie, grandstand stuff with credibility gaps you could drive a tank through. Michael Caine plays the coach for our side, looking paunchy and bored, like a man who can sense a no-win situation long before the final whistle blows. ¥¥

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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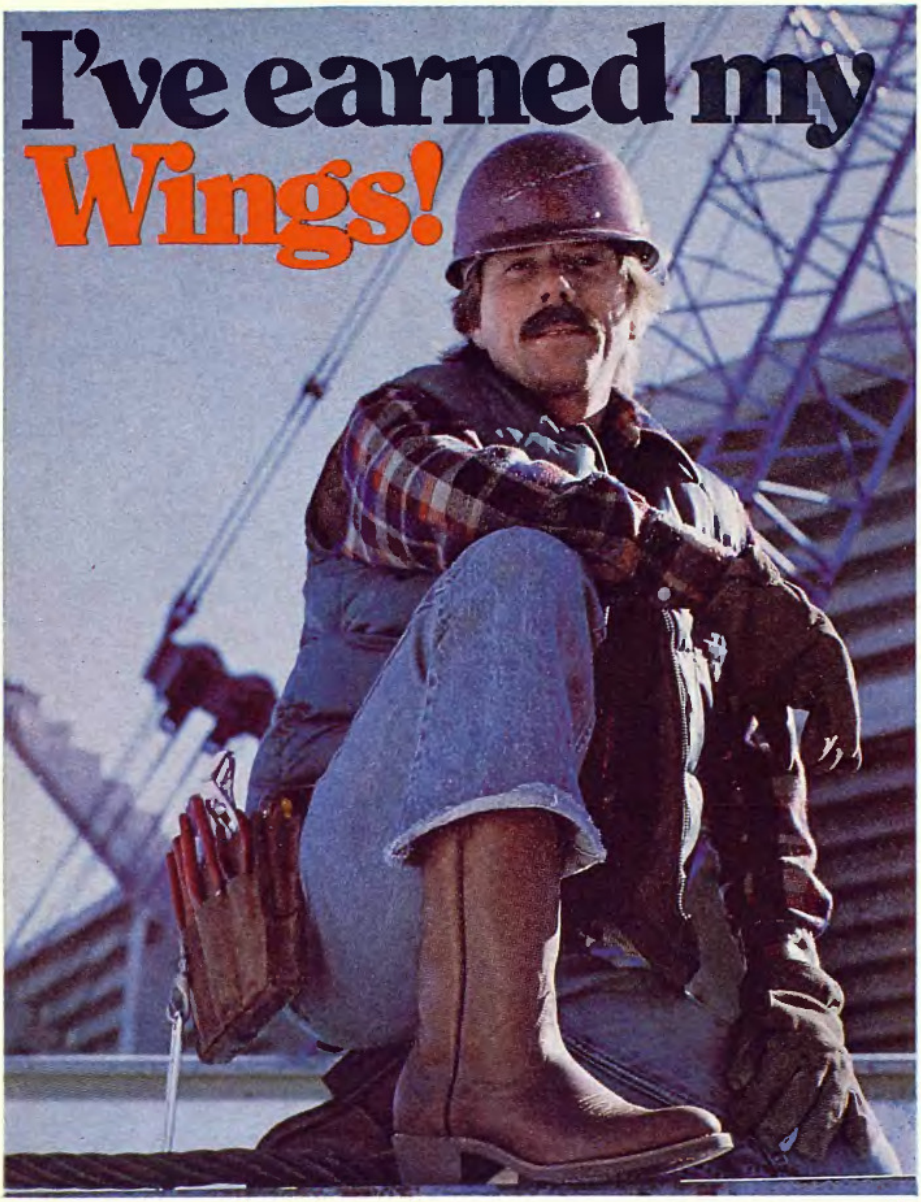

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MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Arthur (Reviewed this month) Gielgud galore. ¥¥¥

Blake Edwards' S.O.B. Letting it all hang out in Hollywood, with Julie Andrews. ¥¥¥¥

Blow Out (Reviewed this month) Travolta meets De Palma. ¥¥½

Body Heat (Reviewed this month) Killers in love. ¥¥¥

Carbon Copy (Reviewed this month) Late white father. ¥

Chariots of Fire Fine English drama about two runners in the 1924 Paris Olympics. ¥¥¥¥

The Decline of Western Civilization (Reviewed this month) Punking out. ¥¥

Endless Love (Reviewed this month) Our Miss Brooke. ¥¥

Eye of the Needle Sutherland in a suspenseful spy-who-loved-me saga of World War Two. ¥¥¥½

First Monday in October (Reviewed this month) Justice is a woman: Jill Clayburgh. ¥

The French Lieutenant's Woman (Reviewed this month) Read the book. ¥¥

Gallipoli (Reviewed this month) Aussies join England's war. ¥¥¥

Heavy Metal (Reviewed this month) Comics tripping. ¥¥

Only when I Laugh (Reviewed this month) To Marsha with love—from Neil Simon. ¥¥½

Priest of Love (Reviewed this month) On the road with D. H. Lawrence and his ladies. ¥¥¥

Prince of the City Cops on the take, with Treat Williams directed by Lumet. ¥¥¥½

Quartet (Reviewed this month) *Mauvais* Paris, 1927. ¥¥½

Raiders of the Lost Ark All the great adventure movies of yesteryear, rolled into one by Steven Spielberg. ¥¥¥¥

Stevie Glenda Jackson in top form. Can you top that? ¥¥¥¥

Tarzan, the Ape Man (Reviewed this month) Just call it Bo's *Blue Lagoon*. ¥¥½

Tattoo (Reviewed this month) Harrowing skin games. ¥¥¥

True Confessions (Reviewed this month) Duvall, De Niro and Dunne's best seller. ¥¥½

Victory (Reviewed this month) Soccer in a *stalag*. ¥¥

Wolfen (Reviewed this month) Beasts that stalk New York City, with Albert Finney trailing. ¥¥½

Zorro, the Gay Blade (Reviewed this month) George Hamilton has cloak and dagger, will camp. ¥

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¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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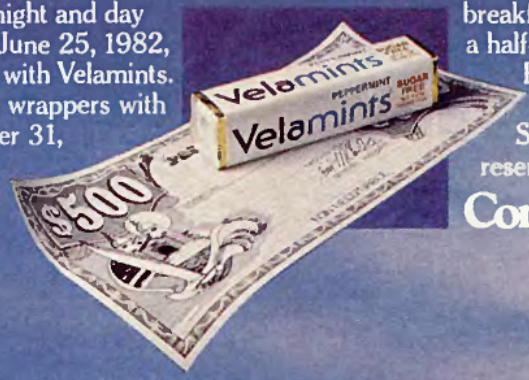

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☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: **Martin Brest** will direct *Genius*, a film about a teenage computer whiz who taps into a defense computer. . . . **Steve Martin**'s next project is *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* (formerly titled *Suck the Bullet*), a take-off of Forties detective flicks. **Carl Reiner** directs. . . . *Summer Nights* is the title of **Woody Allen**'s new film, which stars Woody, **Mia Farrow, Mary Steenburgen, José Ferrer, Tony Roberts** and **Julie Hagerty.** As usual, nobody knows what it's about. . . . **Blake Edwards** is thinking about directing an outer-space comedy tentatively called *Far Out*. . . . **Gregory Peck** will make his small-screen dramatic debut as the lead in a three-hour televersion of Sinclair Lewis' *Dodsworth*.

•

FLASH! Although producers of the **Jane Fonda / Kris Kristofferson** starrer *Rollover* have been characteristically coy about revealing details of the story, this reporter managed to get the poop from alternate sources. Kristofferson plays Hub Smith, a banking maverick and trouble shooter brought in to save a New York bank from financial catastrophe. A slick, hip operator with nerves

Fonda

Kristofferson

of steel, Smith decides to take over an ailing petrochemical firm called WinterChem. Enter Jane Fonda, playing, logically, an ex–Academy Award–winning actress who is struggling for control of the company following the mysterious death of her husband, WinterChem's board chairman. Kristofferson comes to her rescue and the two of them set out for Saudi Arabia to arrange a loan, but soon another, more sinister scheme starts to unravel. Fonda finds a secret tape that refers to an account numbered 21214—which, it turns out, could trigger the collapse of the entire international monetary system. *Rollover*, scripted by **David Shaber**, directed by **Alan J. Pakula**, promises to be first-rate entertainment.

•

SPY IN THE OINTMENT: "This is certainly the best part I've had since *Apocalypse*," says actor **Martin Sheen** of his role in director **Jeannot Szwarc**'s *Enigma*. Sheen plays an East German defector who returns to the fatherland to spy. "I get to use a lot of different disguises," he says, "something I haven't done since the late Sixties, when, in *The Apple Man*, I played 12 different characters." Set for

Sheen Fossey

release early next year, the film co-stars **Brigitte Fossey** as Sheen's romantic interest and **Sam** (*The Final Conflict*) **Neill** as a K.G.B. agent.

•

LOST AND FOUND: "This film is a human story, a story of joy, of despair, of hope and, above all, love," says Greek director **Costa-Gavras** of his recently completed *Missing*. Costa-Gavras, known primarily for political thrillers (*Z*, *State of Siege*), has set *Missing* against a background of political turmoil but concentrates on the characters and their relationships. Starring **Jack Lemmon, Sissy Spacek** and **John Shea,** the story unfolds with the sudden disappearance of a young American named Charles Horman (Shea) in the aftermath of a violent coup in a South American country. His father, Edmund Horman (Lemmon), comes from New York to search for his son and is joined by Charles's wife, Beth (Spacek). According to Costa-Gavras, *Missing* will make detectives out of the audience. Says he: "The country where the story took place is not identified. This is deliberate. Members of the audience who

Lemmon

Spacek

follow world events will perhaps recognize it. I would like the others to feel that it could happen anywhere." Costa-Gavras chose Lemmon for the lead because, in his words, "he can act with his eyes."

•

FUTURE SHOCK: *Alien* director **Ridley Scott** has just completed *Blade Runner*, an adventure story set in the year 2020. Dutch actor **Rutger Hauer** (the cold-blooded assassin from *Nighthawks*) stars as one of six "replicants" created by a monolithic business concern. When these artificial warriors infiltrate a major industrial organization, a detective (**Harrison Ford**) is hired to identify and eliminate them. Says Hauer (whose hair is bleached platinum blond and cropped close for the role): "The funny thing is that these man-made people are much nicer than all the other creeps who run around in this film. What I'm trying to do is get as far as I can into the audience and hope they'll cry their hearts out if I die."

•

TEN-HUT! A beleaguered military academy is the subject of producer **Stanley Jaffe**'s *Taps*, his first production since *Kramer vs. Kramer*. The flick stars **George C. Scott** as the headmaster and **Tim Hutton** as the school's top cadet. (It's Scott's first military role since *Patton*.) Filmed almost entirely at Valley Forge Military

Hutton

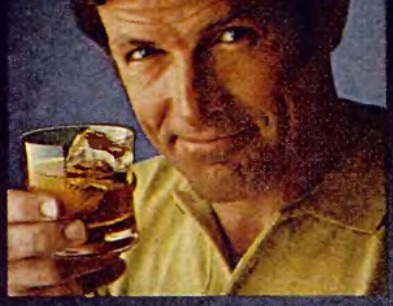
Scott

Academy near Wayne, Pennsylvania, the film uses some real cadets as extras; the professional actors, including Hutton, spent a month living as cadets, participating in weapons drills, marches and all other aspects of academy life. The word from several sources on the set is that *Taps*, scheduled for a Christmas release, is "absolutely sensational."

•

ALTERED EGO: In a previous column, I spoke briefly of Paramount's *Jekyll and Hyde . . . Together Again*. A conversation with co-star **Bess Armstrong** has provided a few more clues to the Jekyll-to-Hyde transformation undergone by **Mark Blankfield** of ABC-TV's *Fridays* in the title roles. Armstrong, who was **Len Cariou**'s airline stewardess/second wife in *The Four Seasons*, plays Dr. Jekyll's hopelessly rich fiancée. "In front of your eyes," she reports, "he sprouts a gold pinkie ring and chains and grows chest hair, while his pants get six sizes tighter. The last thing that happens is he opens his mouth and you see that one tooth is gold with LOVE engraved across it." After the first transformation into Hyde, he wakes up in a hooker's boudoir surrounded by deep-sea-diving equipment, Nautilus gear—and a sheep.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL



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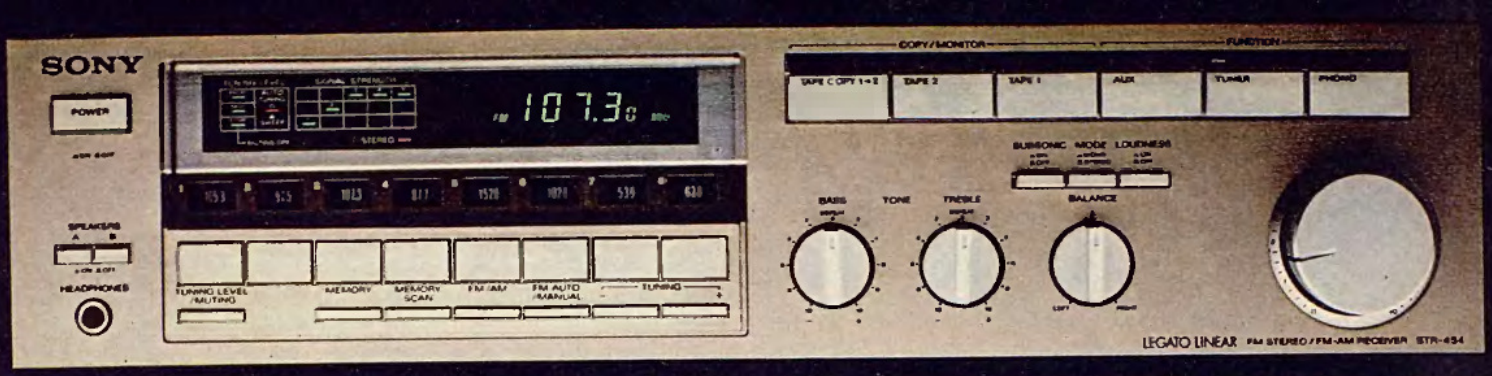
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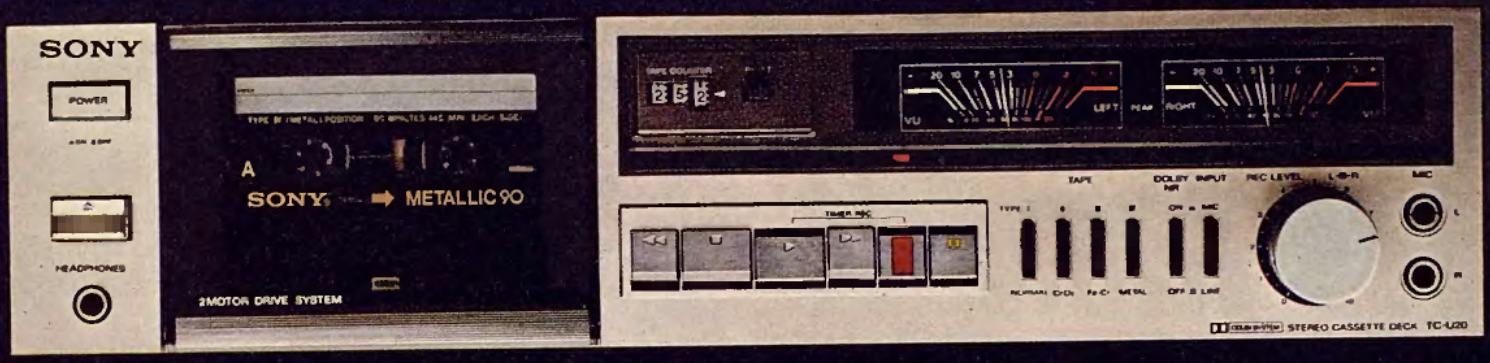
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CREATIVE KVETCHING

Got a beef? Sometimes you just have to yell.

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

BIRNBAUM'S First Law of Motion states that the seriousness of any travel crisis is directly proportional to your distance from home. What can you do when you get bumped off the only flight out of Katmandu or when you arrive at a hotel in Bora Bora to find that your "confirmed" reservation has vanished into the South Pacific mists? The answer most people give is: Not very much. The correct answer, however, is that you can raise hell, and teaching you precisely how to complain—and to whom—is the message of our lecture this month.

If my mail is any indication, most bad travel experiences involve the airlines in one way or another. As you might suspect, the individual air carriers vary greatly in the manner in which they respond to customers' *kvetching*. United Airlines seems to me to do the most attentive job, and Kay Lund, United's director of consumer affairs, reports that customer complaints range from being bumped off flights to allegations of flight-attendant rudeness to requests for rebates for misquoted fares or for expenses incurred because of some alleged untoward act by the airline.

Most complaints are resolved at the passenger/airline level, but when they are not, you do have some further options. The Civil Aeronautics Board (Bureau of Compliance and Consumer Protection, 1825 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20428) handles tens of thousands of complaints each year—35,000 in 1979; 23,000 in 1980, to be precise. According to Glenn Wienhoff of the CAB, that downward trend reflects the increased competition of the deregulated air-travel business.

Wienhoff suggests a straightforward letter to the carrier as your first step, with a full explanation of the complaint *and* the desired settlement. Be specific about details: the date, number and time of your flight, the names of specific airline employees with whom you dealt. If the airline still doesn't come through to your satisfaction, the CAB will sometimes get on the case on your behalf.

The CAB keeps fairly detailed statistics on complaints and, based on the number of them per 100,000 "emplanements" in 1980, Pan American led the list among the major carriers, followed by TWA, Braniff and American. The fewest complaints about an airline's performance last year were made by passengers on Delta, followed by United and U. S. Air.

Although the Aviation Consumer Action Project (P.O. Box 19029, 1346 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington D.C. 20036) can't force the airlines to help you, this nonprofit consumer organization does work full time for the rights of airline passengers. In addition to nattering airlines nearly to death, these professional gadflies publish a booklet called "Facts and Advice for Airline Passengers," which includes a section on "Constructive Complaining."

In the matter of lost or damaged baggage, there is good news and bad news. The good news is that rather than having to report lost or damaged baggage to the airline before leaving the airport, travelers now have 45 days to file a claim.

The bad news is that if your bag has been sent winging into the great baggage carrousel in the sky or if it comes limping along the airport conveyor belt looking like Mean Joe Greene after a skirmish with the Rams, you still had better be prepared for a hassle. Airlines routinely require proof of the value of all items allegedly packed inside a suitcase, so you should be able to substantiate any claim. Sales receipts for missing items are handy, too. Some people recommend making a list of everything inside your bags or even taking a picture of your packed, opened suitcase before you leave. I personally favor the purchase of excess-baggage insurance, which is available at the ticket counter when you check in. Carrying on won't really help much after your bag is lost or damaged. Better to do your carrying on by putting your suitcase under your seat.

Another situation in which waiting until later is not advisable is during a package tour or vacation. When you arrive at what your tour brochure assures you is an "ocean front" hotel and the sea gulls are actually soaring over the town garbage dump, you should demand satisfaction on the spot; later is usually too late to get any meaningful recompense. If the tour director refuses to solve (or at least explain) the problem, send a cable immediately to the tour company's head office. You might even show the tour director a copy of your cable before you send it, which often has the effect of inspiring remedial action. Always carry a copy of the tour brochure with you on such a trip, and also remember that group action can be even more persuasive than the sound of one traveler griping.

For problems that are still unresolvable, take precise notes on exactly what goes on. One distraught cruise passenger actually took color photographs of a mold-encrusted shower in her cruise-ship cabin and of the mounds of sopping-wet towels that she had to use to catch the waterfall from the sink that no one on the ship seemed to be able to fix. The pictures were very effective in getting her appropriate compensation from the cruise line.

Perhaps the most dispiriting of travel confrontations takes place at the registration desk of a popular resort hotel. You've flown all night and arrive absolutely exhausted, but your weakened condition is not improved in the slightest when an imperious desk clerk calmly informs you that there's no room at the inn. When you show him your confirmed reservation, he gives you that world-famous hotel clerk's shrug and dismisses you by turning abruptly away. The hotel has been overbooked and he's not too concerned about your distress.

Art Buchwald once told me that that is not the time to be accommodating and genteel. Instead, he suggests that the meek are likely to inherit nothing but more abuse, while he who makes a huge fuss will probably find his wounds salved. In simple terms, that means you should yell, shout, stamp your foot, bang the desktop, kick the cigarette canister and then threaten to hold your breath until you turn blue. It's not very dignified, but it sure beats sleeping in the park, and hotels like nothing less than loud, boorish performances in their otherwise sedate lobbies. You'd be surprised how fast a room can materialize for a truly loutish individual.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My boyfriend and I have been living together for a year and a half, and I have always felt we had a very good sexual relationship. Several times, without his knowledge, I have caught him masturbating in the living room, after I have retired to our bedroom for the night. I ask him to come to bed with me, but he says he wants to stay up awhile and watch TV. I have rarely turned down his sexual advances. I don't want to embarrass him by confronting him, but after these incidents, I feel betrayed and inadequate. I feel I am to blame, because he must not be getting enough satisfaction from me. Is it normal for a 27-year-old male to do this when he has easy access to sexual relations whenever he wants, or is there something lacking in our sex life? We get along well in every other aspect of our relationship, but I'm to the point that whenever he wants to stay up and watch TV, I think he's making up an excuse to masturbate.—Miss F. C., Springfield, Illinois.

Masters and Johnson and other surveys of male sexuality report that the physical intensity in a masturbatory climax frequently exceeds that of intercourse. Many women experience that same intensity. (You should try it yourself.) This is not to say that masturbation can or should replace intercourse; it's just another form of sexual enjoyment. Since 72 percent of married men (who admit it) masturbate regularly, you shouldn't think your boyfriend unusual, nor should you feel unappealing. It is unrealistic (and probably unhealthy) to assume that you are the sole proprietor of another person's sexuality. There is a problem in your relationship, though. Communication. You and your boyfriend have retreated to neutral corners out of ignorance or inhibition. If the most you can say is that you rarely turn down his advances, you have a lot to learn about sexuality—his and yours.

Because quality phono cartridges are so expensive, I'm always looking for ways to save. I've noticed ads in stereo magazines offering cartridges by mail order at substantial savings. So substantial, sometimes, I think I must be missing the fine print somewhere. Are those seconds or discontinued items? Is it safe to buy a cartridge by mail?—L. D., Stowe, Vermont.

Absolutely; mail-order prices are generally low because of low overhead and volume sales. Seconds are not sold, but discontinued products can be. The fact that a product is discontinued does not reflect on its performance. If you're looking for the fine print, you'll find it when you try to install the cartridge.

Your turntable is a mass of close tolerances and alignments that must be correct for optimum listening. A misaligned cartridge combined with a misset antiskating control, for instance, could spell sonic disaster, not to mention abusive wear on your records. If you don't have the tools and the expertise to properly mount a cartridge, you'll have to take it to someone who does. That obviously will affect the bottom line of your purchase. It's possible to avoid the middleman and his costs on some items, but it may not be practical for a cartridge.

A few of us were debating the old question: Who has more fun during sex—men or women? One of our group suggested that men were anatomically equipped to have more fun, since they have more nerve endings in their genitals. Could this be true?—C. B., Madison, Wisconsin.

Your friend may have a point. According to an article by Dr. F. Brantley Scott in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, *"The glans of the clitoris does have fewer nerve endings than the glans of the penis, because the surface area of the glans clitoridis is smaller than that of the glans penis. Anatomic studies have shown that on a per-square-centimeter surface area, the number of nerve endings in the glans clitoridis is equal to that in the same surface area of the glans penis. Other anatomic studies, however, have shown that the pudendal nerve, which is the main sensory nerve root supplying the glans penis and the glans clitoridis, is significantly smaller in diameter in the female as opposed to the male. This would corroborate the suggestion that there are fewer nerve endings in the glans clitoridis than in the glans penis." We tried to verify his conclusion in independent research conducted in our* PLAYBOY *test bedrooms. Do you have any idea how hard it is to count nerve endings when your partner keeps moving?*

A few weeks ago, I was invited to a friend's house for dinner, and I arrived with a bottle of wine in hand. My host thanked me for it, complimented me on my choice, then placed the bottle in his wine rack. He opened another bottle for the meal. We never did have any of the wine that I had brought. (I might point out that both wines were red and that his bottle was not open and breathing when I arrived.) Is what my friend did acceptable etiquette?—B. G., Pointe Claire, Quebec.

Yes. It may be that he had already chosen the wine he wanted to serve with his dinner. While he appreciated your gift, he was in no way obliged to use it. If you want to take a wine, make it one that might be suitable for after-dinner imbibing, or simply one your host could use on another occasion.

Is there any way a man can be safe from entrapment by a pregnant girlfriend? Can a man not trust a woman who claims she is safe? Shouldn't she be responsible for knowing the regularity of her period, if that is to be her method of birth control? After a relationship of a month or so, this lady got pregnant, apparently on our first evening of sex, after assuring me that she was safe. She decided to keep the baby and claimed that she'd care for it herself. We shortly broke up, but six months into the pregnancy, she hit me with a contract outlining financial support, etc. I have yet to sign anything. The child is a month old now. Payments will be starting shortly. I feel that this is a rip-off of my money and of my emotions. Apparently, she has me legally. But morally, at the very least, I feel I'm getting the screws. Is there anything I can do to protect myself at this point? Can you offer me any information or help? I need no more sympathy. I've received plenty of that.—O. W., Los Angeles, California.

Our best advice to you is to get a lawyer—fast. It sounds as though she has already consulted a lawyer for help in drawing up papers, and you'll have to take the matter to court or pay child support forever after. The fact that she told you she was protected from pregnancy is not an alibi, as there is now a child to be taken care of. Your legal counsel will be able to explain the procedures for you. There are simple tests

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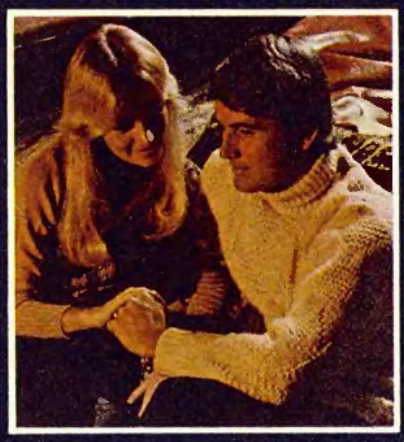

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that can determine if you're not the father. Proving that you are the father is a bit more involved but can be done. Good luck.

The company I recently went to work for has a number of women in supervisory positions. One of them is my boss. My problem is that I've been raised to show deference to women in many ways—opening doors, standing when they enter a room, etc. I'm going to be spending considerable time with my boss, in the office and on business trips. I worry that that deference could be interpreted as fawning over her or, at worst, as chauvinistic. Yet I feel uncomfortable if I don't do it. Got any suggestions?—L. D., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Sure, stop worrying. You're not the only casualty of women's liberation, nor are you the last gentleman on earth. Chivalry is not dead. Comatose, perhaps, but not dead. Most women still appreciate such behavior, provided it's not accompanied by excessive deep bowing. You will, however, have to update your social graces to the realities of current office procedure. That means not doing anything for your boss that you wouldn't normally do for any other woman in the office. It could get pretty ridiculous if you bounded out of your seat every time a female passed your desk. On the other hand, it's perfectly all right to hold the door open for any woman, if the two of you are going through it at the same time. Just don't knock her down to do it, and don't fight her for the door handle. When you and your boss are on trips together, however, you are, in effect, her escort as well as her employee. On such occasions, you should feel free to exercise your breeding to its fullest. If your boss does not approve of such behavior, it's her place to say so. But there will be few occasions when you'll be out of step by showing courtesy to men or women.

In the March issue of PLAYBOY, you advise Miss D. L. of Phoenix not to be in a panic over the fact that she can't reach an orgasm during intercourse. You give her a few tips, such as positioning, using her hands and/or a vibrator during lovemaking, but you fail to mention the most important one. She should practice moving the vaginal muscle during intercourse. This creates an orgasmic sensation when the penis is also in slow motion. It's helpful to exercise the muscle as often as possible, because that strengthens it, thus achieving greater pleasures. A woman can locate this magical muscle by trying to stop the flow of urine when taking a piss. The muscle used to stop the flow is the magical one. This single technique has helped me achieve more orgasmic highs during lovemaking than all the others combined (and with less effort than using hands

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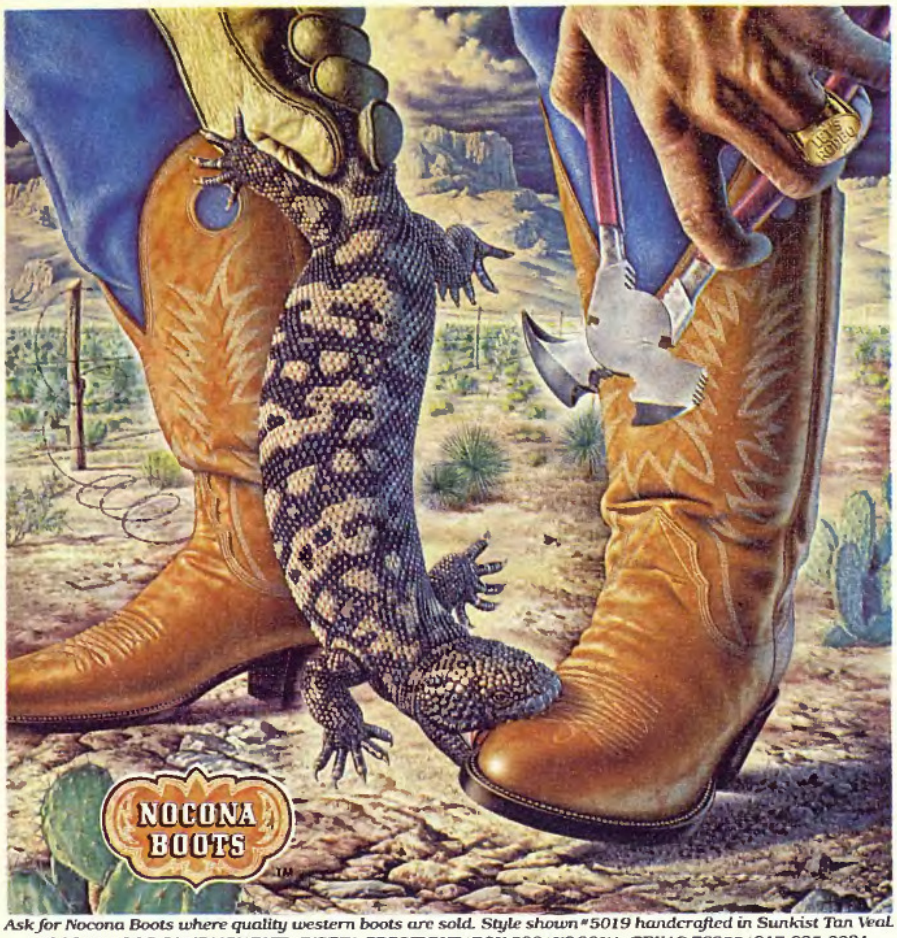

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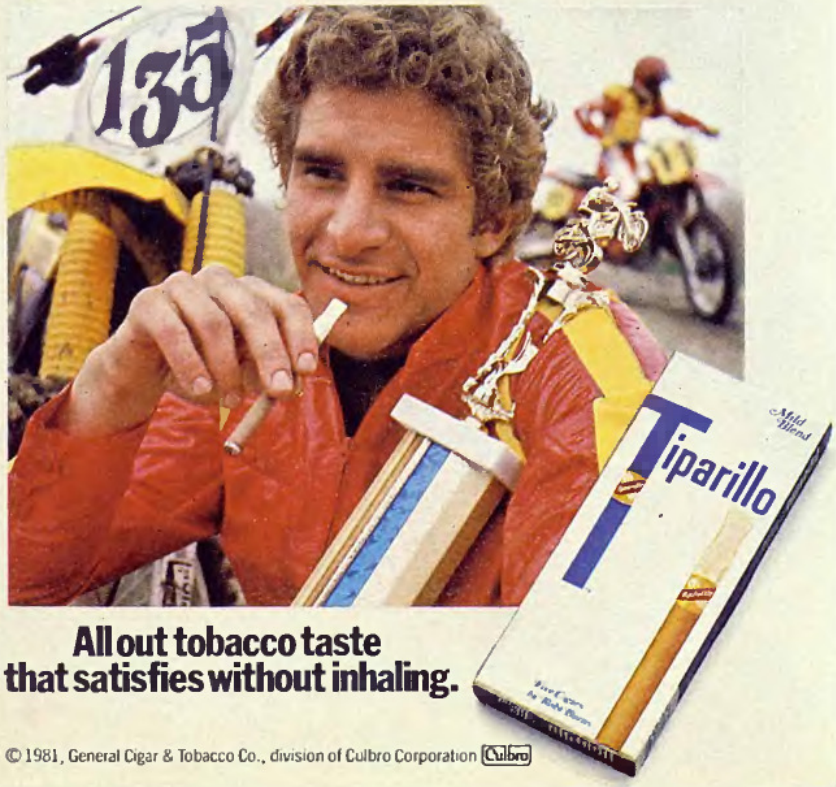

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and/or vibrators, which are distracting).—Miss R. D., Sebastopol, California.

Thanks.

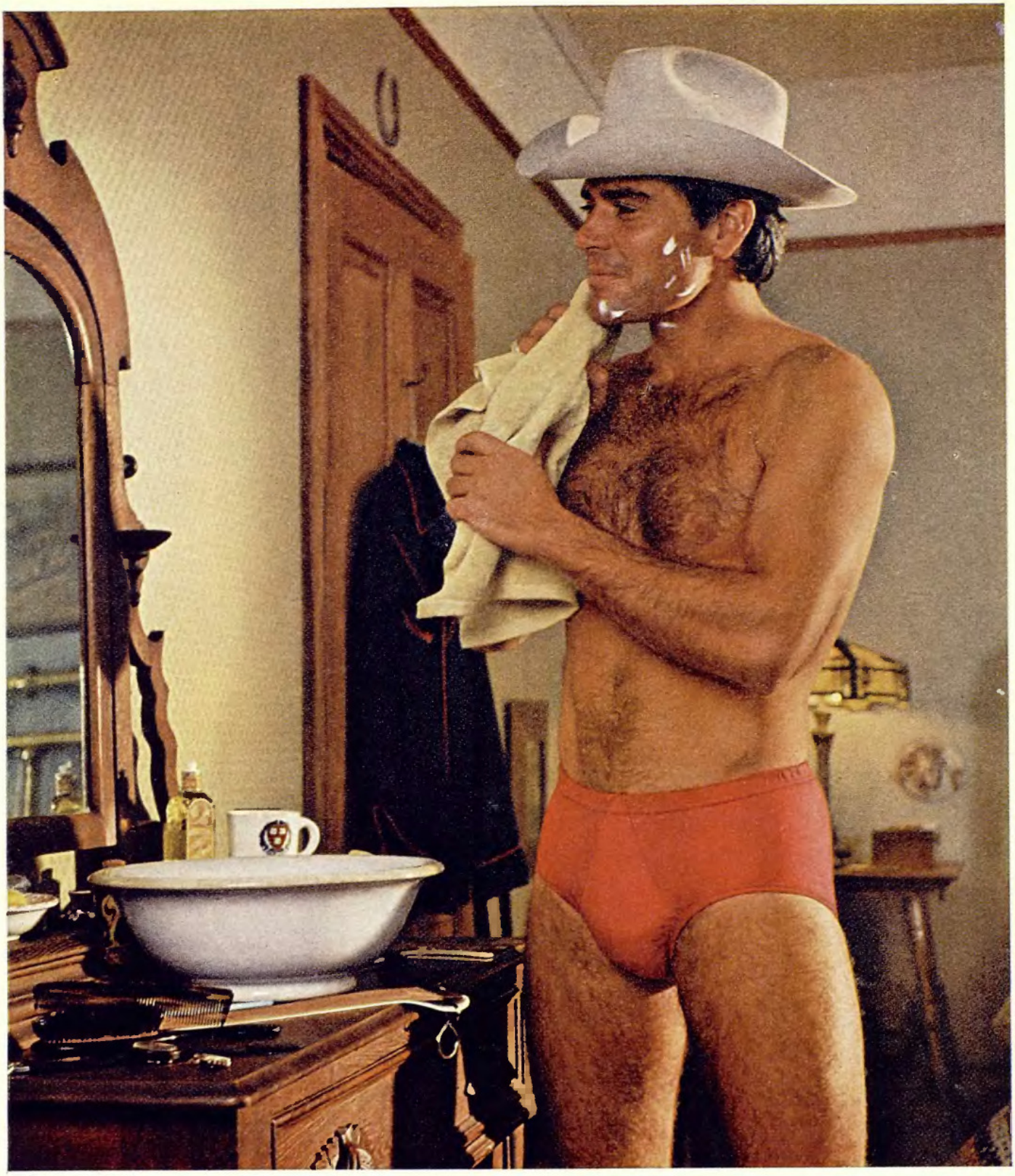
While on vacation at a tennis resort, I had my racket restrung, using the same gut and tension as always. Although the stringer insisted he had followed my instructions, the racket just doesn't feel the same. It's tighter, somehow. The stringer said I had just gotten used to my old strings, which had loosened after play. I didn't press the point and I'll probably never see the guy again, but I can't help feeling he played me for a sucker. What do you think?—P. M., Cincinnati, Ohio.

We think the stringer may be right. But more likely, both of you are. You see, stringing machines are a lot like fingerprints; no two are the same. Sixty pounds on one machine could be 55 on another. When you add another variable—the stringer—things get even less consistent. It's even possible for two identical machines to differ by five or more pounds. The answer, then, is simply to stay with your regular stringer and his machine. Go by the feel of the racket, not by the numbers. And before you play with a newly strung racket, let it "set" for a while, rather than play with it immediately.

I seem to be the typical jealous female. Are they born or made? I've been seeing a gentleman for almost a year. We live in the same apartment complex, so it's quite easy. We have a good relationship except for his friendliness. I'm more the introvert type. He gives advice to his ex-wife, still caters to an "old" girlfriend and is always lending things to two neighbor ladies (who abhor me!). He says, "I don't get in touch with them, they get in touch with me." Maybe I should expand my social circle. When I confront him, he becomes almost hostile to think that I let small things bother me. Any suggestions?—Miss K. T., Dallas, Texas.

You have to consider the fact that your boyfriend's general friendliness was partly what attracted you to him in the first place. To expect him to change now is foolish and unreasonable—confrontations over individual differences such as this will only spell trouble for your relationship. It sounds as though you have to expand your own interests and circle of friends. By focusing on yourself, you may be able to gain the perspective you need.

With an extensive collection of video cassettes, I tend to use my VCR a lot. To clean the heads, I've been using one of those cassette-head cleaners. They are convenient, but I've heard that they can cause problems if used too often. I have



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been following the manufacturer's advice to the letter. Should I worry?—L. T., Phoenix, Arizona.

In order to clean the heads of your VCR, the cassette-head cleaner must be abrasive. The wear it produces is equal to the wear of dozens of regular tapes. Therefore, it should be used as infrequently as possible. Estimates of that frequency range from 40 to 500 hours. We'd start looking for trouble on the low end of those figures. Of course, it all depends on the individual machine and how you use it. For instance, playing the same tape over and over will help it break down sooner, depositing its oxides on your heads. Using cheap tapes will get the same result. If you're a true VCR buff, it would be a good idea for you to learn to clean the heads manually, using chamois swabs and Freon. That, of course, involves opening the machine, which in some instances can void the warranty. But over the long run, we think you'll save repair costs. After all, the heads are the most expensive parts of your equipment to replace.

What do you do when your husband's sexual fantasy is to observe you having sex with another man or woman? I married young and didn't have time to experience different lovers as my husband did. It really turns him on to see me derive sexual pleasure from someone other than himself. Twice before, we had a three-way with another man, and it was great. And the following night, my husband and I had the best sex of our six-year marriage. Also, the idea of his watching me have great sex with someone else really turns me on. After the two previous occasions I mentioned, there were no bad feelings or jealousy. Should I go through with it again, maybe every six months or so to satisfy my husband's sexual fantasy and, I might add, my fantasy, too? Please answer my letter; your responses are always straight to the point and very honest.—Mrs. L. R., San Antonio, Texas.

If you want to feel guilty about having a good time, write to someone else. Ann Landers, maybe, or the Reader's Digest. *Eventually, you might find a Jerry Falwell type who will condemn your behavior. We don't presume to define a couple's marriage: If something works, let it wail.*

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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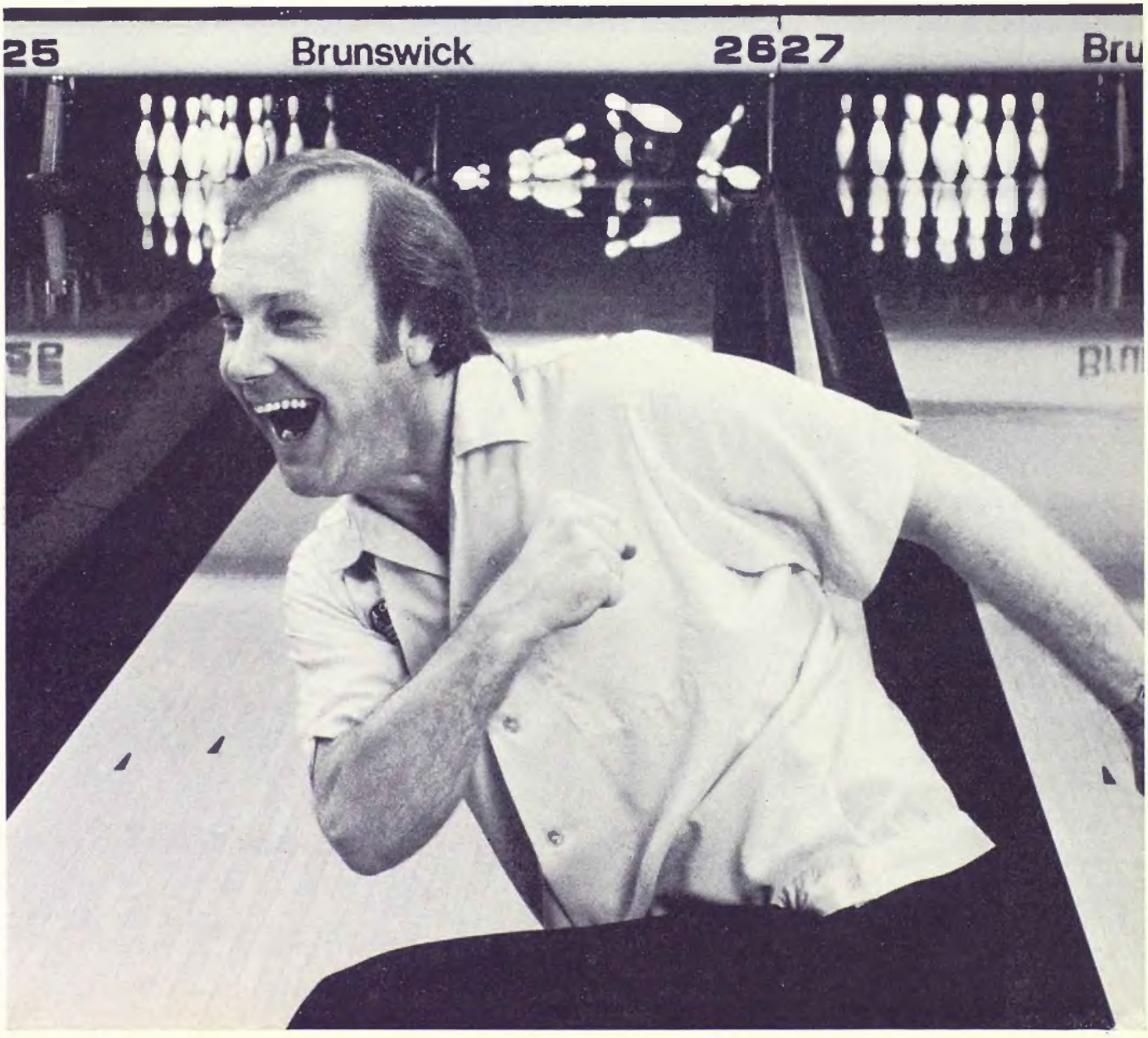

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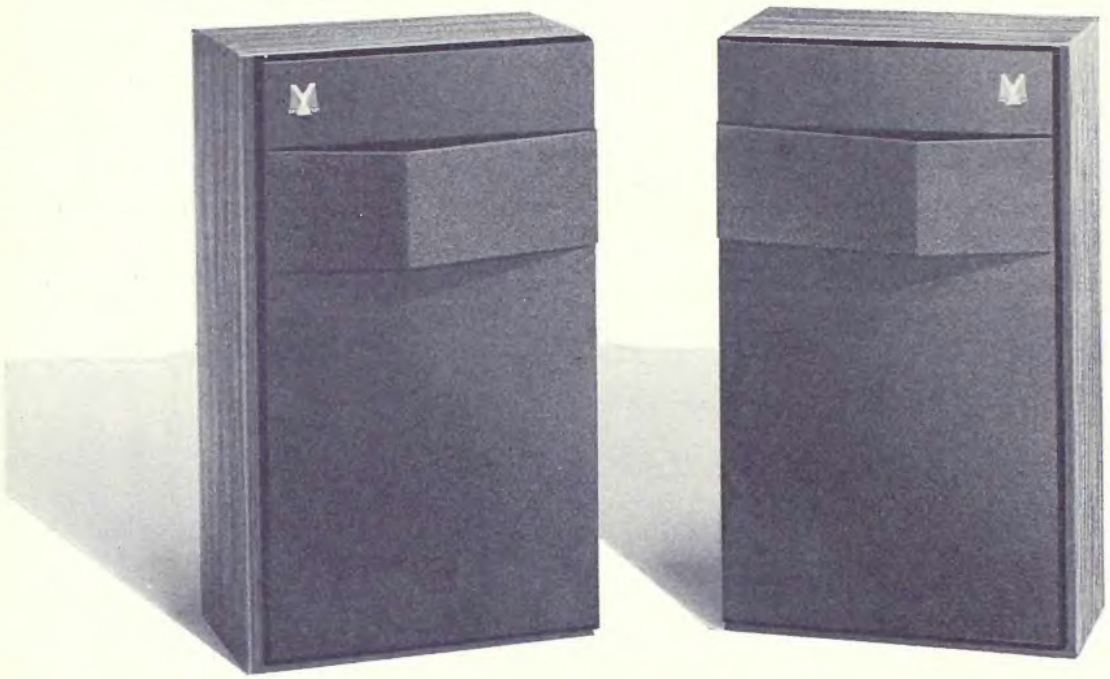

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DEAR PLAYMATES

What do women want? is the famous question posed by Sigmund Freud. A more pertinent question may well be, What do women think? About men, relationships, dating, loving, sex. It seemed to us that PLAYBOY's Playmates, the women we know best, might have revealing answers to questions that come up regularly in their lives and in those of our readers. Each month, we're going to pose one such question to a group of Playmates and give them some room to tell us.

This month's question is:

Do both men and women want sexually experienced partners?

I think men want women to be experienced—not sleep-around experienced but self-confident about their sexuality. I have never been to bed with anyone who had never been to bed before. If I had a choice, I would definitely take someone with a sexual background. I think most men would, too. Not a girl who goes to bed with someone different every night but someone who knew what she was doing. I wouldn't mind being a teacher; everyone needs to learn about sex from someone.

Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

Yes, I think so. But I don't think either partner should try to dominate the other. Women need to take over a little bit and not just lie there like a board. Men need a lot of affection in order to feel secure enough to show the soft side of their personalities, but I wouldn't want a partner who was afraid or nervous. I'd want someone who felt confident about himself, but not because he'd been around. When I think of experienced, it sounds too much like too many. Love and affection bring out the best in a relationship, regardless of who has the most "experience."

Karen Price

KAREN PRICE
JANUARY 1981

I have never found it to be a hindrance. I do know a guy who got engaged to a virgin and he's marrying her just for that. I haven't heard of that one in years. Virginity is just not that important to anybody. Women want men to be selective about their other experiences, or it's a turn-off to me. Most of the men I have been involved with have had other long-term relationships with girls. So they do have a lot of confidence and experience, but they got it with only a few people.

Jeana Tomasino

JEANA TOMASINO
NOVEMBER 1980

I think it depends on how old you are. When I was younger, I wanted men to be less experienced because I was. Now I'm not looking for experience so much as self-confidence. I don't think either sex wants a partner who is out getting "experiences" with someone different every night. But it would be highly unlikely that as a person got older, he or she didn't get a greater variety of sexual knowledge. I don't give out verbal signals, anyway.

Lisa Welch

LISA WELCH
SEPTEMBER 1980

I think most men these days like an aggressive woman, but not *too* aggressive. A man still prefers to make the first move and likes his woman to be a little coy, no matter how intelligent she is or how worldly she is in other ways. I don't think women want to be the teacher. I like a man to get the relationship off on the right foot. Then, from there, it's equal time. You know, your turn, my turn, your turn again. And so on. A woman, on the other hand, no matter how liberated she is, still wants to be courted. I don't think there is anything finer than a man who knows how to treat a lady, to wine and dine her, to flatter. But that's a sophisticated man, not a *macho* one. I like a guy who sits back. A gentleman.

Marcy Hanson

MARCY HANSON
OCTOBER 1978

I would have thought that once men and women were out in the world as adults, each partner would assume he or she was having a relationship with an experienced person. But a certain amount of chauvinism, a certain territorial attitude still exists. I think men are all for sexually experienced women—in the abstract. They don't want to think everyone has slept with their woman. I think both sexes like the role of teacher, because it allows for vulnerability and a willingness to explore and experiment. I think a vulnerable man is very appealing.

Vicki McCarty

VICKI MC CARTY
SEPTEMBER 1979

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SEX AND EDUCATION

In the August *Playboy Forum*, Howard Bragman comments on a study indicating that screwing time was greater for college graduates. As a researcher at a major university, I believe Bragman's letter needs some examination.

Bragman wrote: "If the average bachelor's degree costs roughly $30,000 and our educated lover is good for an extra three minutes, well, that degree becomes worth about $10,000 a sexual minute." The implication here is that the guy gets laid only once in his life! Assuming that the male has intercourse twice a week and is sexually active until the age of 52 (30 years after receiving his B.S. degree), each three-minute delay represents $9.62, or $3.21 per minute. That is quite an inexpensive way to become proficient at satisfying your partner, given the current rate of inflation.

Extrapolating from the initial $30,000 figure, should the individual pursue a master's degree, at an additional cost of, say, $10,000, the cost per session increases to $12.82, or $4.27 per minute. Of course, there is the possibility of further increasing delay time from three to four minutes, thus reducing the per-minute expense to $3.21.

Should the individual go for another degree that costs an additional $20,000 (a doctorate, for example), the cost per session rises to $19.23, or $6.41 per minute. Again, there is the possibility that the delay time could increase proportionately, possibly to ten minutes, reducing the cost per minute to far less than that offered for the simple undergraduate degree.

Of course, there are opportunity costs associated with going to school. These would need to be included in a firm price estimate. But the fact remains that a college education is worth something.

Robert Frank
Ithaca, New York

THE BEAST 666

By way of adding fuel to the humorous Reagan-as-the-Antichrist idea presented by L. Nebistinsky in the August *Playboy Forum*, I must add a strange but undeniably interesting coincidence. On Election Day, the daily number in the Maryland State Lottery was 666! Rare enough on any day, considering the laws of probability, but even the TV announcer's voice displayed awed surprise at this revelation (pardon the pun). But let's get fundamental. In *Revelation* 13:16, when the number of the beast is mentioned, it is as an identifying sign *on* the right hand or the forehead to warn potential customers in the market place. Economic sanctions? Possibly. The beast itself is said to have been "allowed to exercise authority for 42 months," approximately the Presidential term of office, give or take time out for campaigning. It seems obvious that, coincidences notwithstanding, much of what is written in the Bible is open to all sorts of interpretation. Although I disagree with most of Reagan's policies, I certainly don't see him as an evil man. I do, however, envy anyone who can be identified by a single three-digit number.

"Sexual acts are nothing but tactile communication, and thus should be protected by the First Amendment."

Mark Williamson
Baltimore, Maryland

PORN SCAM

In the June *Playboy Forum*, a reader inquires about a company called Psychological Interviewing Systems that claimed to be taking a nationwide opinion poll on sex, morals, porno, and so forth. You are right in your advice that it was "a fine scam."

I did some business with the same firm and received five-inch strips of 16mm color film diagonally cut. I also got a pocket viewer. For each category, you pay five dollars and are then teased with a claim that you'll get some really gritty material that may make you upset at what people do to others—white males raping black females and vice versa, pedophilia, bestiality, S/M, etc.

I was doing a college research paper for a course in sexual attitudes, and I whipped out a complaint letter to the company and got a refund with no hassle.

But the old saying remains true: Buyer beware. Any offer that seems too good to be true usually is!

Tom Holden
Bridgeport, Connecticut

CREATIVE THINKING

After watching a TV program on tactile techniques as a method of communication and therapy, it occurred to me that sexual acts are nothing but tactile communication, and thus should be protected by the First Amendment. If lawyers defending prostitutes could raise this defense, and back it up with the latest scientific studies and expert testimony, then eventually they should be able to get a ruling that legalizes prostitution, permits hygienic state-licensed brothels and puts all the pimps out of business.

Ralph W. Paulson
Brockton, Massachusetts

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

By now, most PLAYBOY readers must have seen *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. One scene in the movie raises a philosophical question that I hope some will find worthy of debate. I refer to the incident in which Indiana Jones, having already fought off several knife-wielding attackers, is confronted by yet another character, all fresh and feisty and wildly costumed, who has some kind of wicked-looking sword and begins flashing and swishing it around with the obvious intent of stylishly dismembering our hero. Jones, already displaying signs of fatigue, takes a long, weary look at the dude and simply blows him away with his .38. End of hassle.

The philosophical problem arises at

this point. In the movie, I already wondered why Jones hadn't saved himself a lot of danger and bother by plugging the bad guys, since he was packing a pistol. My wife took a more sympathetic position: She felt a little sorry for the huge, ugly swordsman, who probably had very little else going for him and had spent his whole life developing this one skill, plus all the showmanship, only to get himself shot by a gringo. She considered this a pitiful waste of talent and wished Jones could have settled for a nonfatal victory. I don't know about women.

Rich Wright
Seattle, Washington

We understand the shooting wasn't in the script, that Harrison Ford was suffering some intestinal problems, could barely make it through the first fight sequence and decided enough was enough, in accordance with the old saying "God created men, but Colonel Colt made them equal."

VIETNAM FILM

On behalf of the entire staff of The Vietnam Project, I thank the Playboy Foundation for its support in producing a 13-hour television series covering the history of the conflict in Vietnam. The series is scheduled for telecast on the Public Broadcasting Service in 1982 and, like many PBS productions, it has been and continues to be seriously underfunded.

The story with which we are dealing is a painful one; the war was deeply divisive and the issues remain controversial. Nevertheless, we are convinced that a public airing of this period of recent history will be constructive as well as instructive. We think in particular that it will be helpful to Vietnam veterans who are still struggling to come to terms—and to persuade the country to come to terms—with their experience in fighting an unpopular and unsuccessful war.

We would like very much to hear from any of your readers interested in assisting this project and supporting our work.

Richard Ellison, Executive Producer
The Vietnam Project
WGBH
125 Western Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts 02134

AGENT ORANGE VETS

Vietnam veterans in California, Pennsylvania and other states are working hard to duplicate the success of a vets' group in Texas that, to the surprise of everyone, has punched through what veterans say is the most important legislation to date to help victims of the Vietnam defoliant Agent Orange.

Responding to the work of the Austin-based Brotherhood of Vietnam Veterans, a few concerned consumer lobbyists and state legislators put together a bill that

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

NOSY NEIGHBORS

ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA—*A legal technicality has ended a legal nightmare for a local woman arrested after two neighborhood children managed to peek through a gap in her six-foot-high fence and observe her sun-bathing nude in her back yard ("Good Neighbors," "The Playboy Forum," July). Sheriff's deputies surrounded the property, climbed over the fence and charged her with exposing herself in a*

"vulgar and indecent manner." The case was finally dismissed by a county judge who decided she could not have exposed herself "because a woman's sexual organs are internal and cannot be viewed without X rays or instrumentation." The suspect responded, "I'm so relieved. Thank God."

CONFLICTING DECISIONS

ST. LOUIS—*The U.S. Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit has upheld the constitutionality of laws banning manufacture, sale and possession of drug-related items, contradicting a prior Sixth Circuit Court decision that such "paraphernalia" could not be adequately defined and therefore could not be outlawed. The three-judge panel in Missouri singled out advertising, saying it was "analogous to advertisements promoting the sale of narcotics or soliciting prostitution and may be constitutionally prohibited." As a result of the conflicting decisions, the Supreme Court will hear the issue.*

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD

PONTIAC—*A Michigan judge has ruled that the family of a man who died of carbon-monoxide poisoning after having sex with a co-worker near a faulty gas space heater is entitled to workmen's compensation because the death was job related. The death occurred while the victim, a 37-year-old engineer, was traveling abroad for his company, and although the sexual relations took place on personal time in the woman's apartment, the judge ruled that "the deceased's work assignment in England exposed him to situations and hazards that were different in nature and degree than those found in Michigan." The judge added, "Man is by nature a social creature" and it is thus "not reasonable to expect that an employee who is on assignment to a distant land will simply stare at the walls of his hotel room after work hours." In defending his position that the man died "in the line of duty," the judge said that the sex was irrelevant to the issue: "If he had been overcome by fumes in a restaurant, there would have been none of this fuss."*

Reacting to the Michigan decision, the owner of a Chicago truck-trailer repair firm has asked his employees to sign a release absolving him of legal responsibility for any harm that might come to them while engaging in sex. The employer admitted that he circulated the document partly in jest but said he was "sincere about what a farce our legal system is today, and maybe if I can get enough people stirred up about what idiotic things some pea-brained judges are doing, they will run them off the bench." So far, the people most stirred up by the document are his own employees, who have been refusing to sign and have complained to their union.

MEDICAL MYSTERIES

ATLANTA—*Government health authorities are puzzled by a rare type of pneumonia that may be linked to "some aspect of homosexual lifestyle." Epidemiologists at the National Centers for Disease Control said that the only connection was the fact that between October 1980 and July 1981, 15 male patients, some of whom died, were known to be active homosexuals. The men all had reduced immune-system functions usually characterized by a serious disorder such as leukemia.*

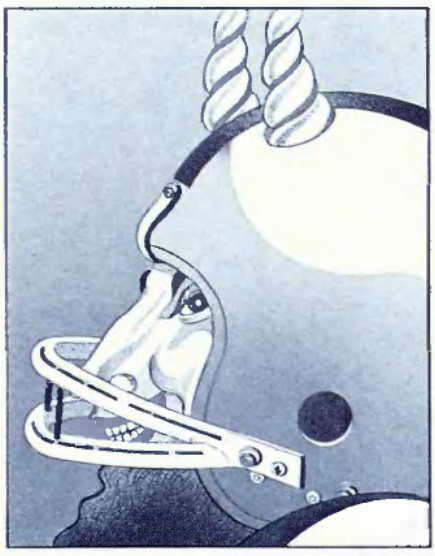
Meanwhile, doctors in New York and California have diagnosed an extremely rare and unusually lethal form of cancer, Kaposi's sarcoma, in 41 male homosexuals. Again, the connection with homosexuality is not known and the disease is not believed to be contagious, but the physicians speculate that the conditions favorable to the cancer—certain viruses and environmental factors—might exist among a single population group.

BAD SHOT

NASHVILLE—*A police officer who fired at a man holding a knife but hit a bystander far off to one side has been ordered to pay $15,000 in damages to the unintended victim. The Tennessee Court of Appeals ruled that such "terrible marksmanship" constituted negligence on the part of the officer, and the knife wielder was not liable because he could not have predicted that the cop would shoot so badly.*

DEVIL WORSHIP

VERNON, NEW YORK—*A local citizens' group led by an 81-year-old grandmother is trying to exorcise the public school system's Red Devil mascot symbol. The 35-member group calls itself God's Concerned Citizens and considers*



the Red Devil name for the student sports teams an insidious, if perhaps unintentional, form of Devil worship. So far, the school board has resisted the change, pending evidence "that the mascot makes our kids different in any adverse ways."

PARAQUAT TREATMENT

Laboratory tests with rats indicate that the common vitamin niacin may reduce the toxicity of paraquat poisoning. According to Science *magazine, University of Missouri researchers found that lung damage caused by ingestion of the defoliant was reduced or postponed through daily niacin therapy, raising the possibility that the vitamin may be useful in the treatment of persons who smoke marijuana contaminated in paraquat-spraying programs.*

DOCTOR-PATIENT RELATIONSHIP

SAN DIEGO—*A jury has awarded $1,600,000 to a woman who testified that her psychiatrist seduced her at counseling sessions, harming her emotionally and ruining her personal life. The defendant, whose license has been suspended, admitted that the sexual affair with his patient continued over a two-and-a-half-year period, at $50 a session. He argued that the relationship continued because he feared that ending it would aggravate her problems.*

SEX CRIMES

Some sexual assaults with various results from around the country:

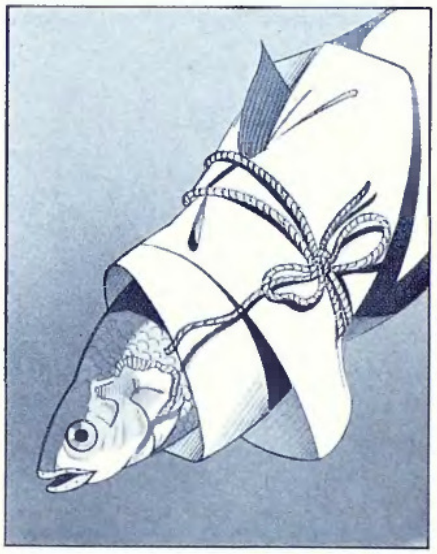
- *In Baton Rouge, Louisiana, an 18-year-old man who sexually assaulted a 21-year-old woman in her bedroom barely managed to escape with his life and his genitals. According to police, the intended victim bit the man's penis "as hard as she could," went after him with his own knife and caused him to jump through a closed kitchen window. Police followed a trail of blood to a nearby trailer home and arrested the suspect, who, after hospital treatment, was charged with attempted murder, attempted aggravated rape, aggravated burglary, resisting arrest and three counts of simple battery. A police official told one reporter, "He tried to make her perform oral sex on him, and she almost chewed it off."*
- *In Cheshire, Connecticut, a local woman said she was accosted by a motorist who stopped and exposed himself while she was walking her dog. According to reports, when the man "climbed out of the car and attempted to physically detain her . . . her dog attacked the man, allegedly biting him in a vital area and causing him to re-enter the car hastily and drive away."*
- *In Virginia Beach, Virginia, police are looking for an intruder who entered a woman's unlocked apartment while she was sleeping and forcibly covered her face and her clothed body with chocolate and vanilla cake frosting. The attacker reportedly told his victim that she "should have known this would happen if you leave your doors unlocked." A detective commented, "She looked like Al Jolson. She was a mess."*

TOPLESS BAN UPHELD

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U.S. Supreme Court has upheld the authority of New York State to ban topless entertainment in bars licensed by the state liquor board. The decision reversed a 1980 appellate-court ruling that topless dancing was constitutionally protected expression and cited the 21st Amendment, which repealed Prohibition but recognized the broad authority of states to regulate the times, places and circumstances under which liquor may be sold.*

SEARCH RULINGS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Dividing seven votes to five, a Federal appeals court has ruled that police must obtain a warrant before opening any parcel found in an automobile. The decision was the first major application of a 1979 Supreme Court decision requiring a warrant to search luggage found in*



a car and it ruled that that decision applied equally to other closed containers, including paper bags, when the delay required to obtain a warrant "would not have jeopardized the safety of the police or the public."

However, the Supreme Court has since held that a warrant to search a house for contraband automatically authorized police to detain and search anyone found on the premises.

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF HASSLES

HOUSTON—*A scheduled softball game between city cops and members of the gay community was canceled after police received too many harassing phone calls from antihomosexual forces who considered it police endorsement of gay lifestyles. An officer explained, "I got tired of the hassle. The Moral Majority kept bothering me about it."*

After a toast with Finlandi

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a Vodka, retire the glasses.

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requires the state not only to monitor victims of Agent Orange but to provide them with state-paid diagnostic testing. In addition, the bill allows the Texas attorney general to sue the Federal Government—which has denied the validity of Agent Orange's multiple and horrific side effects—in order to obtain military records of petitioning veterans. Although a few states have some type of monitoring commissions for Agent Orange, not one approaches the scope of the Texas law, which became effective September first.

Of most hope to veterans in other states is the nature of the victory in the Texas legislature, which is not widely known for its humanitarian impulses. With dramatic testimony from Agent Orange victims and a capitol rally that drew more politicians than veterans, the B.V.V. utterly routed the powerful Texas chemical lobby and achieved *unanimous* passage in both the house and the senate.

B.V.V. founder Dan Jordan, who is 100 percent disabled and has fathered three children with birth defects, one of whom died, described the bill as "something no one could be against."

Washington, take note.

(Name withheld by request)
Austin, Texas

WAR CRIMINALS

Let us ponder the lessons of the Nazi-war-criminal trials that have continued since 1945, often resulting in prison sentences for murder and for acts of great brutality that occurred some 40 years ago. The impression one gets is that the defendants who eluded immediate punishment reintegrated themselves into society and became, in many cases, exemplary citizens living generally quiet and productive lives until tracked down decades later and brought to trial.

At the trials, the evidence frequently indicates that these people once were beasts, all the extenuating circumstances of war and Hitler and order following notwithstanding. That people can become sadistic and brutal in those circumstances is not impossible to understand. That those same people could re-enter society and resume normal lives is something that should be examined as a possible source of insight into criminal rehabilitation.

John Goodman
Chicago, Illinois

An interesting point on which we'll offer one observation. Penologists have pointed out that the word rehabilitation may be a misnomer in many cases of serious criminality, in that it implies the person was habilitated in the first place.

Now you can park a

The idea that all people are basically good until environmental conditions change them is opposed by the idea that for complex psychological reasons, some people start out bad and rarely change. To the extent that the latter view is true, the circumstantial war criminals you cite did not have to fundamentally change to re-enter society but merely reverted to their prewar personalities.

TEXAS HUMOR

Houston police chief B. K. Johnson, speaking at a recruiting ceremony for new officers (of which approximately 70 percent of the latest cadet class is from Northern states), joked that Yankees "are like hemorrhoids; if they come down but go back up, that's OK, but when they come down and stay down, they can become a constant source of irritation."

Johnson's statement is irresponsible. The city is literally dying for new police officers. We need at least twice as many as we currently have, and our only hope is the Northerner. But because of the department's notorious reputation as a "redneck" police force, recruitment has been a near disaster.

As a joke, I sent the newspaper clipping to my father, who responded as follows:

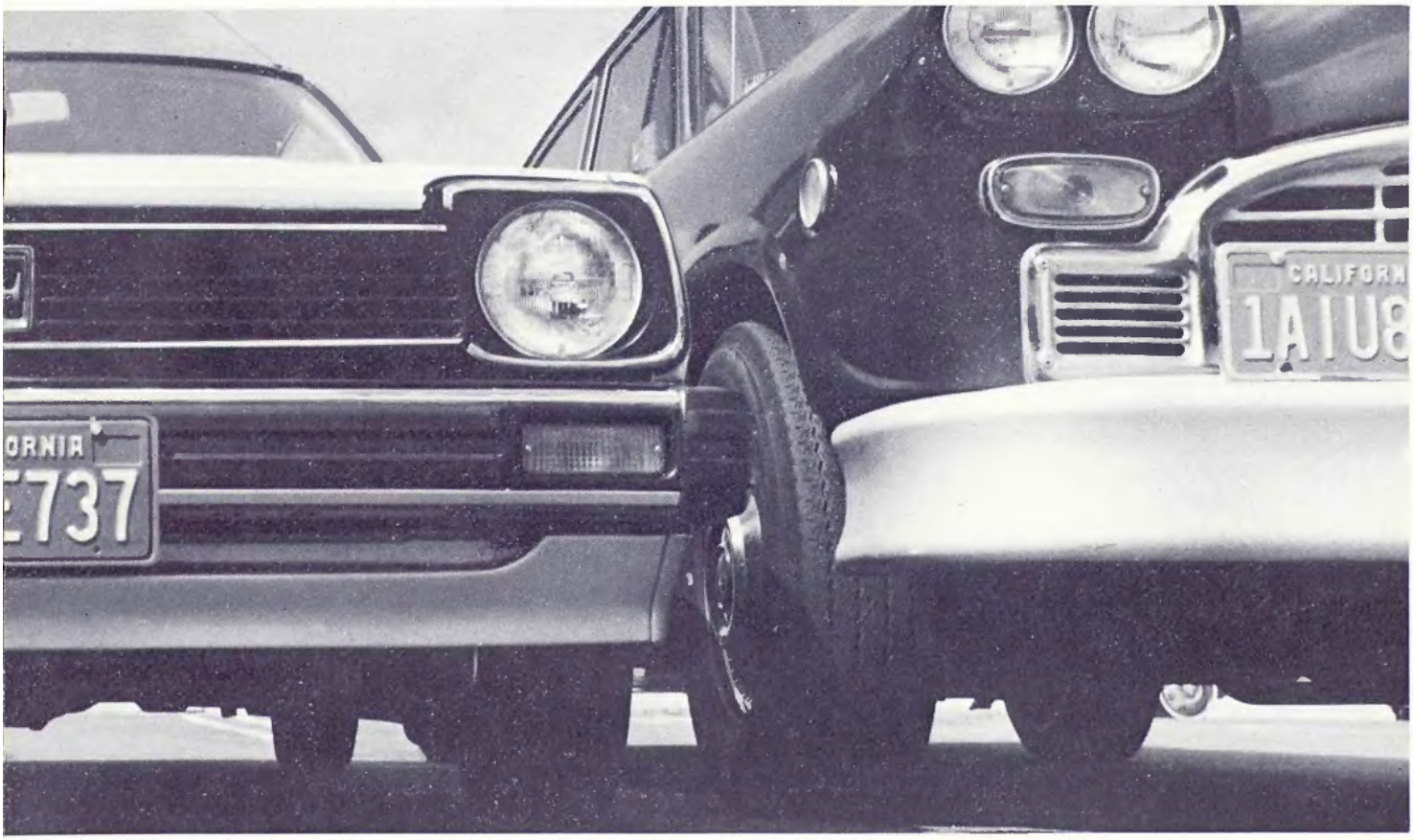
> I just wanted to drop a short note regarding the newspaper clip you sent me. Please don't worry about this guy. Just consider the fact that hemorrhoids only give distress to assholes!—Love, Dad.

(Name withheld by request)
Houston, Texas

SAVED FROM HIMSELF

In the five years since I was released from prison, I have managed to put together a fairly good masonry business, buy a home and establish myself in a small Northern California community. Just recently, due to my new-found respect for truth and justice, I mistakenly admitted to my probation officer (one and a half months prior to release from probation for buying some stolen property) that I occasionally smoked pot and have used coke from time to time. I said I honestly didn't feel it kept me from being a good citizen and a contributing member of the community. Bad move! For this, I was taken back to court, given one year in the county jail, a $5000 fine and two more years on probation. In passing sentence, the judge informed me that he had evidence I was a hard-working, honest businessman. He also stated he felt it was his duty to protect me from myself.

This was help? My wife and my two



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children, three and five, are now on welfare to the tune of $750 a month. I stand a good chance of losing my house and my business is going bankrupt. I feel very protected and would like to thank His Honor. It was just what I needed.

(Name and address withheld by request)

ABORTION

The abortion issue once seemed settled by the Supreme Court in its monumental 1972 decision giving a woman the right to choose whether or not she would have a child. That seemed so natural and philosophically correct that we thought the issue was settled. We are now embroiled in a "right to life" issue: In performing an abortion, are we committing a murder?

In the spring of every year, one can see the wild abandon with which nature produces seeds for the reproduction of all of her species—plant and animal alike. Man is no different. There is no such thing as a right to life. Nature produces humans in wild profusion—some of them objects of perfection, some of them examples of twisted and badly formed genetic development—the same changes we see in all other forms of life. In nature, we have the survival of the fittest in domestic animals and in food products. We apply that principle of genetic selection to produce superior animals and plants. In the human, by the intervention of religion with its right-to-life principle, we preserve all and make no attempt to improve the genetic quality.

When does life begin? is now being debated in the halls of Congress. We teach in the earliest grades in school that a live egg from the female and a live sperm from the male come together to form a single cell, which is the beginning of life in all species. That is textbook knowledge in its simplest form and no amount of debate is going to change it. The question that has to be debated is: When is that cell growing steadily in the womb to be recognized as a human being protected by law? Until now, that has been set at time of birth. Now the "right-to-life" proponents say that time should be at the time of fertilization. They even carry this principle so far that the use of contraceptive devices that cause the expulsion of that fertilized egg must be considered murder.

Congress should not be debating when life begins. That has been established. Congress should be debating when that life can be considered a *human being* capable of living outside its mother's womb, of humanly functioning under law, of inheriting property. Life in all its glory is a matter of chance. As I said, there is no such thing as a right to life. That is religious dogma.

John A. Myers, M.D.
Baltimore, Maryland

PAPERS ON PORN

The American Culture Association and the Popular Culture Association invite scholars and other interested persons to submit short papers of ten pages or less on the topic of "Sex and Pornography" for possible presentation at their joint national convention in Louisville, Kentucky, during the week of April 14–19, 1982. Submissions should be sent to Dr. Harry Goldman, Developmental Research School, Florida State University, Tallahassee, Florida 32306, no later than December 31, 1981. Authors of papers selected will be expected to present them in person to the convention.

There is much debate over whether abortion is or is not murder. The egg and sperm that unite to form the fetus are themselves stages in the formation of human life. If it is murder to prevent the fetus from developing into a human being, the same can be said about the sperm and egg.

Perhaps it is better to look at murder as the taking of a life in the direct violation of the free will of another human being. Does a sperm, egg or fetus have free will? The obvious answer is no. However, a pregnant woman does have a free will and she should be allowed to exercise it.

Paul Schaefer
Kansas City, Missouri

We have six former Attorneys General who now agree on at least one thing—that the current "right to life" bill in Congress is dangerous legal nonsense. They are Herbert Brownell, Nicholas Katzenbach, Ramsey Clark, Elliot Richardson, William Saxbe and Benjamin Civiletti, who wrote a letter that says, in part: "We regard S. 158 [Helms] and H.R. 900 [Hyde] as an attempt to exercise unconstitutional power and a dangerous circumvention of the avenues that the Constitution itself provides for reversing Supreme Court interpretations of the Constitution."

That says it all. This country must not be turned into a legal theocracy.

E. Crum
Chicago, Illinois

The "right to life" bill presently before Congress is a noble legislative proposal based upon the most sacred religious principles and a totally logical belief. From the moment the sperm and the ovum unite, a human being is obviously on its way to birth. Abortion is murder! Legislation is needed to prevent this crime, but the present bill falls short.

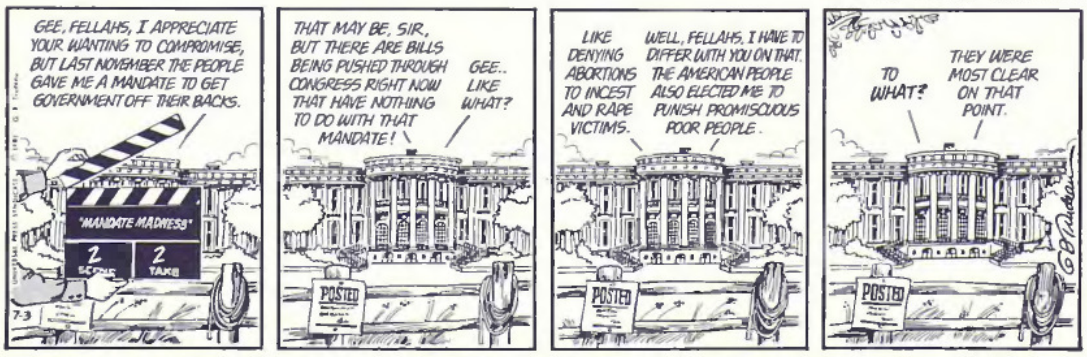
May I plead the right to life of the sperm? These are living human entities. Every day billions of these creatures are destroyed by masturbating males, who commit mass murder with each ejaculation. To allow them to remain unborn is understandable, but to heartlessly spray them on the floor or flush them down the john is clearly premeditated genocide. Let's amend the right-to-life bill and make masturbation a capital crime.

Paul Bindrim, Ph.D.
Clinical Psychologist
Hollywood, California

If a couple do not want children, would not make good parents and/or could not offer their child the proper attention and guidance, then that couple should not become parents. Only those who truly want children and are willing to make all sacrifices necessary to raise them properly should have them. It is my feeling that unwanted, unloved and unsupervised children usually get mixed up with drugs and/or crime, and then grow into adults who become a terrible problem for society.

The so-called Human Life Amendment, if passed, would take the critical decision to become a parent away from individuals and put it in the hands of the Government. It would make all abortions and some types of effective birth control illegal. Hundreds of "accidental" babies would be born each day to couples who didn't want them or weren't emotionally or financially ready for

DOONESBURY by Garry Trudeau



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them. It would put the rights of the fetus above the rights of the woman carrying it. It would take us back to the Dark Ages by assuming that a woman is not capable of making her own decisions about her own body. I happen to feel that abortion is a necessary procedure for any modern, intelligent society. I intend to fight the passage of the Human Life Amendment solely on the basis that it would allow the Government to make decisions about my body and my sex life—decisions that rightfully belong to me.

Nancy Wolman
Santa Monica, California

EXTREMISM

The people who populate what used to be called the lunatic fringe of the far right and the far left live in a black-and-white world while holding steadfastly to beliefs rife with contradictions. The right-to-lifer who favors the death penalty; the born-again Christian who wants the Government out of people's lives except for the purpose of forcing his views on others; the civil libertarian who wants people to be allowed to smoke, sniff or snort anything and be free to think, feel and act any way they like, but who has no qualms about telling people where and how to educate their children and how much to spend on his favorite social programs—these are but a few examples of extremist hypocrisy.

Extremists serve one important positive purpose. They keep us aware that if we become complacent or apathetic, there are plenty of fanatics around anxious to run our lives for us. One only need look at today's world to see that democracy is not the natural order of things. From the history of the world's many nations, it can easily be seen that long periods of authoritarian rule predominate, punctuated by brief periods of anarchy during which power is transferred from one autocratic regime to another. This country has survived because most people instinctively perceive its uniqueness in this regard. I have faith that sooner or later they will recognize the danger presented by the religious right.

(Name withheld by request)
Lincoln, Nebraska

HANGOVER CURE

You fellows up North are missing out on all the fun! Why, here in Tulsa we sometimes stay up all night Saturday just to watch the Sunday-morning evangelists in a proper frame of mind. They howl. They exhort. They threaten. They sweat. They stomp around and flail their arms and contort their faces like performers in carnival side shows. Laughter, they say, is the best medicine, and as hangover cures, these crazy bastards beat the hell out of *Bugs Bunny*. You sometimes feel a little sorry for the poor devils who fill the auditoriums wallowing in superstition and irrationality, but in the absence of good sense, I suppose their donations are a small price to pay for their only source of comfort in a complex and incomprehensible world.

(Name withheld by request)
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Yes, it's a dirty job, but somebody has to do it.

FOUNDING FATHERS

The current suggestion by the Moral Majority that we embrace the Christian beliefs of our founding fathers displays a basic ignorance of American history. The Government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion. In every country and in every age, the priest has been hostile to liberty. My earlier views of the unsoundness of the Christian scheme of salvation and the human origin of the Scriptures have become clearer and stronger with advancing years. The best damn Bible in the world is nature . . . but so far as the religion of the day is concerned, it is a damned fake.

If you believe that "In God we trust" was ever anything more than a slick PR slogan, be aware of this: Of the first paragraph of this letter, only the first

THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION

The Lord said we should be fruitful and multiply. Whether he meant that to apply to television evangelists who estimate the size of their audiences is perhaps subject to question. And questioning has begun regarding the true extent of the fundamentalist-broadcast revival that is said to be capturing the channel selectors, if not the souls, of the nation.

According to a recent book and a spate of reports in magazines and on television, the kingdom of the Lord, as staked out by the PTL Club, the Moral Majority and the minions of Brothers Swaggart, Robison, et al., is a good deal smaller than meets the eye.

Prime Time Preachers: The Rising Power of Televangelists, by Jeffrey K. Hadden and Charles E. Swann, along with an article by William Martin in the June issue of *The Atlantic*, offers evidence that the actual audiences of many electronic preachers often are less than one tenth of what the preachers claim. Drawing upon data from A. C. Nielsen and Arbitron surveys, the researchers show that most of the well-known religious hucksters have actually been losing their audiences, in the cases of Oral Roberts and Rex Humbard by as much as 21 percent in a recent period.

Other revelations: The Reverend Jerry Falwell, chief moralist of the Moral Majority, can claim no more than 1,400,000 viewers, based on a late-1980 sample. Falwell has been saying he has as many as 15,000,000 broadcast followers.

Brother Rex Humbard once claimed an audience of 100,000,000, but ratings give him only 2,000,000. Publicists for Dallas queer baiter James Robison claim an audience of up to 60,000,000, but the ratings say only 575,000. In fact, Robison recently had to cut back programing in ten markets because of sagging revenues.

Oral Roberts is still the biggest draw, with 2,300,000 viewers, but his market share is only 2.1, also tops for electronic evangelism. That's not quite enough to take out *Charlie's Angels*. It's barely enough on a Sunday to edge Charles Kuralt.

This doesn't come as good news for the Lord's salesmen, who, for the most part, discount the rating results as incomplete. Neither do the new studies discourage the ardent supporters of the radio reverends; but those who aren't supporters can draw a good deal of comfort from the knowledge that there are so many fewer of them than there are of us.

It should be noted that the media have played their own uncritical role in advancing the notion of widespread fundamentalist viewing. *The New York Times* took at face value an estimate of 130,000,000 for religious viewing—a figure higher than all the preachers' followers put together—and U.P.I. put the figure at 115,000,000. *The Wall Street Journal* cited 128,000,000 viewers. Even PLAYBOY went as high as 30,000,000. Usually, no source for such figures is given, but writer Martin believes the high media count derives from the 1979 book *The Electric Church*, by Ben Armstrong, which estimated 130,000,000 Sunday-morning viewers of religious programs.

One probable result of the debunking of this audience myth may be the lessening of impact of right-wing theocratic organizations in U. S. political campaigns. A mouse can roar only as long as it isn't found out.

—ROD DAVIS

IF YOUR VIDEO IMAGE IS NEITHER HERE NOR THERE,

your videotape isn't getting along with your videodeck. Don't be too quick to blame your deck, either. The picture you get depends on how tape passes over the video heads.

After several plays, some cassette mechanisms can falter. The result is bad tape-to-head contact. Your picture bends to one side. Even worse, a misaligned mechanism can jam itself out of existence. Hardly the performance you paid for.

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sentence was written by me. The other statements came from the pens of (in order) George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Edison.

Well, now I've blown my cover. But I'd still like to add a quote from no less a founding father than James Madison. He said, "During almost 15 centuries has the legal establishment of Christianity been on trial. What has been its fruits? More or less, in all places, pride and indolence in the clergy; ignorance and servility in the laity; in both, superstition, bigotry and persecution."

(Name withheld by request)
Seattle, Washington

I've read with interest the comments of your many correspondents on the rise of the so-called Moral Majority. I'm reminded of a quote attributed to Pat Paulsen when he was running for President a few years back. When asked what he thought would happen if either the right or the left wing gained control of the country, he said that the country would "fly around in circles."

It seems the country now is flying in a clockwise manner (to the right) after flying counterclockwise (to the left) for the past quarter century. In considering the zigzag course of our nation over its entire history, I have come to the conclusion that extremism of any kind is to be mistrusted and, at best, can only serve to jar intellectually stagnant institutions back into reality when they have become too fat, dumb and happy.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

WAR OF THE WORDS

These days it certainly isn't very fashionable to be a "liberal," and I confess that the doctrinaire liberalism of the Sixties and early Seventies has, in fact, proved itself a bit out of touch with social and economic reality. But what do the "conservatives" have to offer? They seem committed to an equally unrealistic dream that the good old days *did* once exist and that they can be restored through repression and a head-in-the-sand denial of other social and economic realities.

M. Matthews
Glenview, Illinois

Those who fly either banner tend to be excessively idealistic; but only the conservatives consider that an insult.

"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: ORIANA FALLACI

a candid, table-turning conversation with the fiery italian journalist about her writing, her politics, her temperament and her world-famous interviews

The "Playboy Interview" this month is with a woman who has done much to advance the interview form as a powerful journalistic tool—and, some might add, weapon. Oriana Fallaci is unquestionably one of the world's most provocative journalists, known for having exposed some of its most powerful and intransigent political leaders. She has a considerable following as a writer of both nonfiction and fiction, with her latest work being the international best seller "A Man," a moving and deeply felt novel based on her lover, who was a hero of the Greek Resistance during the Sixties. But it is her interviews with the world's leaders, including the Ayatollah Khomeini, Henry Kissinger, Teng Hsiao p'ing, Yasir Arafat, the shah of Iran and Muammar el-Qaddafi, that have made her famous.

Fallaci often has been described as outrageous, brave and committed, and in almost every instance, her interviews become memorable bits of theater. She refers to her interview subjects as "those bastards who decide our lives." Elizabeth Peer of Newsweek *described her technique as follows: "She bullies, baits, charms and harvests disclosures of stupefying indiscretions from statesmen who ought to know better." One of those statesmen was our own Kissinger, who confessed to Fallaci that he pictured himself as a "lone cowboy entering a village . . . alone on his horse." This was widely interpreted as the definitive indication of Kissinger's massive ego, and he later described his hour with Fallaci as "the most disastrous conversation I ever had with any member of the press."*

Fallaci's political commitment—which she describes variously as "individualistic" and "anarchistic"—dates back to her childhood in the Italian Resistance during World War Two. Born in 1930, as fascism began to sweep across Europe, Fallaci developed an intense political consciousness that now is always with her. Hers is not the objective or neutral reporting typical of American journalism but, rather, a series of encounters between an intensely opinionated interrogator and powerful men and women.

Her formative years were spent in a circle of anarchists-socialists-idealists in her native Tuscany, in which her father was a leader. After the war, she pursued a classical education, which included some years in medical school, but she dropped out to make her family some money as a journalist. To Fallaci, journalism always is a battle, if not a war—and she feels that way about life itself. This formidable woman has, in the course of her battles, produced three novels, five works of non-fiction and numerous articles and interviews, which she sells herself to Life, The Washington Post, The New York Times *and newspapers all over the world. In the process, she has made news almost as often as she has reported it, rendering her an important participant as well as a pioneering journalist, which is precisely why* PLAYBOY *wanted to know more about her.*

Getting to know Fallaci and exploring her political and personal views turned out to represent a task as formidable as the woman herself. In the past, she has been known to lecture and intimidate reporters who attempted to ask her the sort of questions that she presumes to ask others. On one occasion,

"If I were courageous, I would have killed Qaddafi when I interviewed him. I think it's a shame Qaddafi dies in his bed. Oh, God, if I had had the guts to do it! I should die with him, of course."

"In Europe, we make fun of you. In a country where the President of the U. S., every time he opens his mouth, has to mention God—well, my God! I mean, not even the Pope does that!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERNON L. SMITH

"At least political leaders risk. Not only their life, because every once in a while they get shot, but their reputation, all the shit thrown at them. But journalists risk what? Nothing!"

she had asked a New York Times *reporter to place off the record a personal detail of her life, but when it was published on the basis that it had already appeared elsewhere, Fallaci was outraged. When the* Yale Daily News *ran an unflattering picture of her, she refused an interview the next day with that paper, which prompted the college reporter to observe, "It's sad to see a person who writes about the use of power abuse it so blatantly."*

Obviously, a certain fortitude would be required in a reporter sent to put Fallaci through the long hours of give and take that go into a "Playboy Interview." Our choice of **Robert Scheer,** *a writer for the* Los Angeles Times, *was natural. Scheer is known to our readers as the man who conducted the famous "Playboy Interview" with Jimmy Carter, as well as those with Jerry Brown and John Anderson. Conservative journalist William F. Buckley, Jr., wrote a column last year likening Scheer to Fallaci, saying, "He can catapult an exchange into the shouting stage quicker than anybody since Huey Long." Just the sort to take on one of the irresistible forces in modern journalism. Scheer's report:*

"To the editors at PLAYBOY, *it must have seemed a natural: Scheer and Fallaci . . . one tough interviewer takes on another and let the candor hang out. . . . Turn the tables and see if the interviewer can take being interviewed. In a time when the press is in a self-critical period, it must have seemed a useful and even fun idea. The editors were partially right: All that energy made for a hot interview, perhaps even something like the classic encounter they said they were aiming for. But being there was anything but fun. It was more like throwing two Bronx alley cats into a gunny sack and letting them have at it.*

"Fallaci, who has a well-developed sense of her own dignity and, indeed, her historical importance, no doubt will resist joining me in my alley-cat assessment. But how else can one describe the torturous, hissing encounters that went on for more hours of tension than occurred in my three marriages? Yes, there were larger issues, and we both are professionals, so the big political questions were discussed professionally. Also, most of the arguments were valid, though they ranged from the journalistic ethics involved in an interviewer's literally assassinating her subject to Fallaci's displeasure with the comportment of homosexuals in Bloomingdale's. But our interview sessions were always on edge.

"Of course, in Fallaci's eyes, it was I who interrupted, while she just tried to inject a note of reasonable enlightenment, as befits a cosmopolitan Northern Italian. But if you ask me, it was the other side of her Italian temperament that emerged more frequently. There were frequent temper tantrums and just plain scenes. They began at the door to my room at the Drake Hotel in New York, when I first greeted Miss Fallaci with what she felt was insufficient good cheer and soon included the bellhop who took too long to bring her cigarettes. In fairness, her outbursts also embraced political topics about which she feels passionate. Because her feelings were so often aimed at me in particular, rather than at the PLAYBOY *interviewer in general, I've retained the first-person flavor of those exchanges.*

"The interview sessions weren't all antagonistic. Fallaci is intelligent, well traveled and informed, and there was much in the way of profound and even occasionally brilliant commentary. But the mood was often hostile, and for the first time in my life, I found myself feeling sorry for the likes of Khomeini, Qaddafi, the shah of Iran and Kissinger—all of whom had been the objects of her wrath—the people she described as interviewing 'with a thousand feelings of rage.' I found myself feeling sorry not only for the subjects of her interviews but for mine as well, because the brute fact of the matter is that we do dish it out better than we take it.

"An interviewer must do many things to force a valid question that requires an answer. And Fallaci has her own well-practiced methods. She once said she stalks interviews as 'pieces of theater with a story inside.' Time *quoted her as saying, 'I make scenes, I yell and scream.' That's fine as a technique for breaking through the obtuse answers of a hack politician. An interviewer can defend bad manners as an effort to get at a larger truth, but when the tables are turned and one becomes the subject of the exercise—and I have been there myself and made a mess of it—then screaming can be nothing more than an effort to avoid the point of a question rather than answer it. As Peer observed of Fallaci, 'She can also bristle at any suspicion of criticism—a touchiness that is downright hilarious in someone so quick to attack.'*

"All of the above is by way of an explanation for the combativeness one will find in this interview. But enough of such carping. While it is true, as Fallaci admits, that she lives life at a shout, and while that may make for brittle dinner companionship, she is rarely boring and always on. This last quality, along with huge globs of conviction about almost any topic—from the correct path to revolution to the correct path to the perfect pesto *sauce—has made her one of the world's most important journalists and a fascinating interview subject. But I'm not going to say I loved it. This was the first assignment I've done for* PLAYBOY *over a ten-year period for which I feel I was underpaid."*

"Everybody was surprised at the indulgence and tolerance I demonstrated toward Kissinger during the interview. But I do these interviews to study how power takes place."

PLAYBOY: You're best known for the tough interviews you've published with some of the world's most powerful men and women. Let's start with possibly your most famous interview, the one with Henry Kissinger, in which he compared himself to a lone cowboy riding into a village by himself.

FALLACI: Don't let me speak about Kissinger again. It was in 1972, and they still persecute both of us because of it. I mean, even if we got married, we would be persecuted today over this point!

But as to the interview, it's a pity. He lost an opportunity to become my friend. He should have had the courage to stand by what he said. Instead, he said he regretted doing it.

It was only 50 minutes, and I thought it was a very bad interview. *My worst interview!* I almost did not publish it. In fact, everybody was surprised at the indulgence and tolerance I demonstrated toward him during the interview. But I do these interviews to understand the person, to study how power takes place. And I had not the time with Kissinger. I think, though, if he had not been so concerned with immediate success during his four years with Nixon, he would have gone down in history as one of the greatest American Secretaries of State. I mean, the opening to China was real, historic, and it was him, not Nixon, who did it.

PLAYBOY: And his morality in the conduct of the Vietnam war?

FALLACI: Kissinger is beyond morality. The word would make him laugh. Men like him are amoral.

PLAYBOY: Who are other people like that?

FALLACI: Stalin. Nixon was *im*moral, a different thing.

PLAYBOY: What about your impressions of the Ayatollah Khomeini?

FALLACI: It may be a banal word, but the simple truth about Khomeini is that he is a fanatic. If you read my interview, you see that Khomeini is intelligent, unlike Arafat or Qaddafi. To me, a fanatic is *necessarily* an unintelligent person, but I must admit he is the one example that breaks the rule. I had

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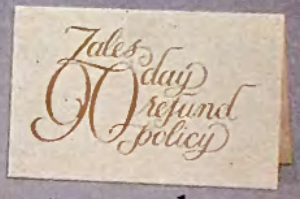

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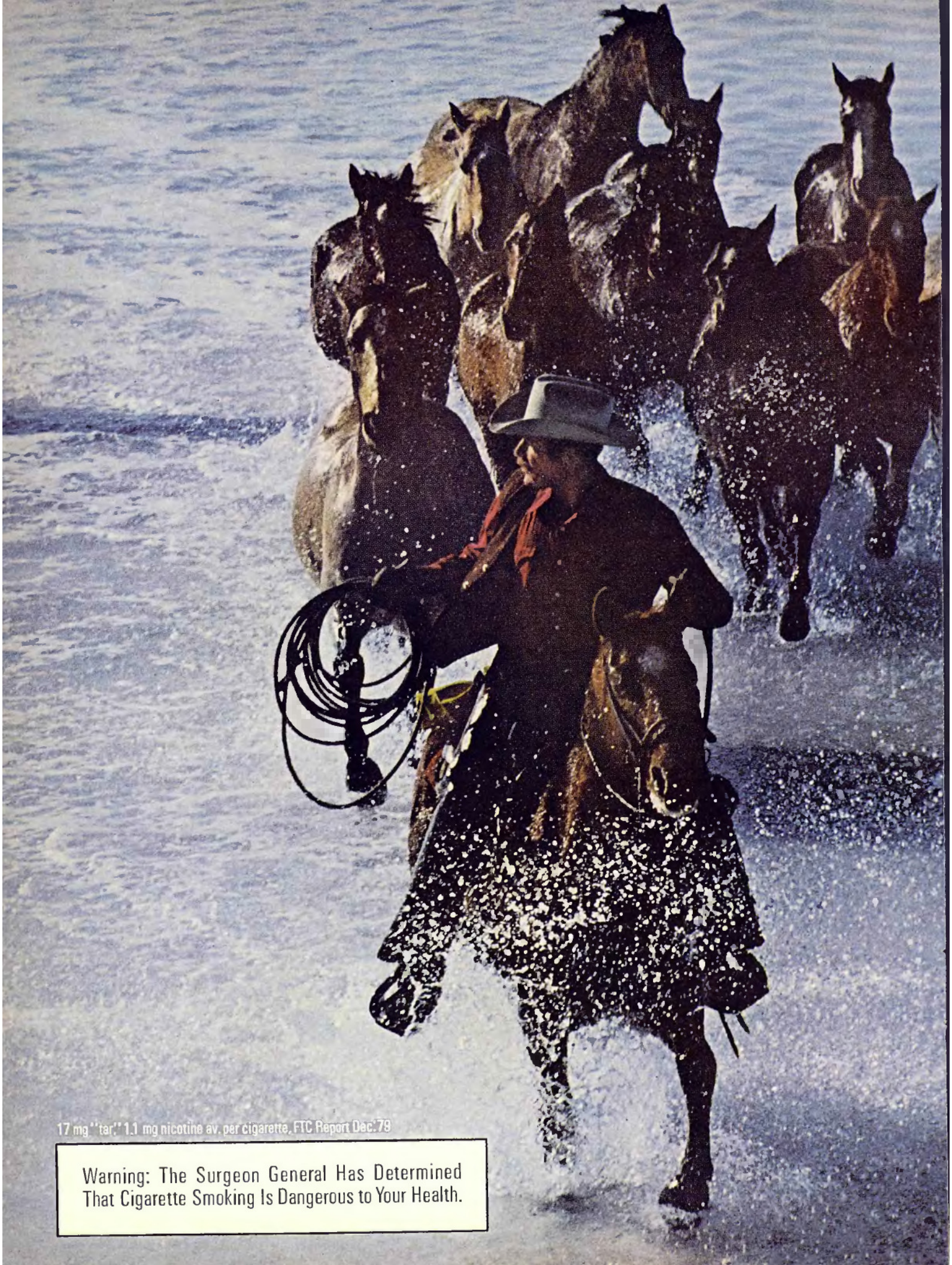

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thought to find an idiot, but I found a smart man. I began a question about fascism, comparing the people of Iran to the Italians under Mussolini, and the more I said, the more I thought, Oh, damn, he's not even going to know what I'm talking about, this complicated concept of fascism. But he knew. He answered me very well, he quoted Aristotle, he interpreted fascism in the Western sense. But then, of course, when I interrogated him about executing women for prostitution, he got very, very angry.

PLAYBOY: Your most famous moment with him came when you threw off the Moslem veil, the *chador*, and offended him. Why did you do it?

FALLACI: Because *I* was angry! You know what he said to me? God! I was wearing the thing, all seven meters of it, pins everywhere, perspiring, and I began to ask him about the *chador* as a symbol of women's roles in Iran. By the way, Bani-Sadr was translating from Farsi to French for us. So Khomeini says, "If you don't like the *chador*, don't wear it, because the *chador* is for young, proper women." Bani-Sadr, the bastard, was laughing as he translated. I said, "Eeeeh! Will you repeat that?" I was reacting very strongly and Bani-Sadr was caught by surprise. "Ask him again!" I said. So Bani-Sadr whispers something to Khomeini, and he turns back to me and repeats the same thing. So I rip the veil off and I say, "This is what I do with your stupid medieval rag!" Khomeini had seemed so old and dignified, but when I did that, he jumped up like—have you seen those kung-fu movies, how quick they move?—like a cat, and disappeared. I remained sitting and called after him, "Where do you go? Do you go to make pee-pee?" Bani-Sadr was very frightened and said, "No, no, no, you must go. He has left."

I remained sitting there and said, "I don't go. I only have half an interview, I will not go." So I sat there for two or three hours—that was my strategy. I knew they couldn't touch me. When Bani-Sadr came to plead with me to go, I said, "You cannot touch me. You are Iranian, your religion says you cannot touch me. I'm going to stay until he comes back." Later, Ahmad, Khomeini's son, came in and said, "Please, madam, you must go." He came back four times, four times, and finally he was desperate. He said, "If he sees you again tomorrow, will you go now?" By then, I needed to go pee-pee myself. "Ahmad," I said, "if you get him to swear on the Koran, I'll get up." So Ahmad went away for the fifth time, then came back and said, "Return tomorrow." I said, "He swore on the Koran?" "Yes, yes! Tomorrow at five."

Well, the next day, Khomeini did come in. I look straight at him and say, "Now, Imam, let's start where we left off yesterday. We were talking about my being an indecent woman. . . ." And Khomeini did something very interesting. You know, he never looks you in the face; he always looks at the floor, eh? Well, he looked straight back in my face with an amused smile! It was cute, because he couldn't laugh. So I continued, "Would you say that a woman like me, who had to sleep next to soldiers in combat in Vietnam, is an indecent woman?" And he says, "I don't know. *You* know what you did with the soldiers." It was so funny! Of course, I got angry again with him.

PLAYBOY: Of course. You also interviewed the shah before he was overthrown. How would you compare the two men?

FALLACI: The shah was not stupid, but he was less intelligent than Khomeini. Less politically shrewd. But in the matter of religious fanaticism, they were alike. I don't know why none of his other interviewers extracted this side of the shah's character—except for me. His religious obsession.

PLAYBOY: Religious obsession?

FALLACI: Yes; the shah entertained me for at least a half hour out of the five or six hours we spoke in telling me about his visions. He said he actually *saw* the

saints and prophets, that he spoke with them. When I wanted to make fun of him and said, "You mean you could shake hands with them?" he said, "Of course." I said, "If I am there with you, can *I* see them?" He said, "Of course you cannot. I can, because I am the elected one"—and blah-blah-blah. Well, this kind of stuff was also in Khomeini. I remember thinking the two or three times that Khomeini raised his eyes to me—they were also the eyes of the shah! They were opposite faces of the same coin.

PLAYBOY: After Khomeini, you were going to interview Bani-Sadr during the hostage crisis while he was still president of Iran, right?

FALLACI: Yes, he had interpreted for me and Khomeini and knew me well. I got a visa again, in spite of the fact that I was warned not to go. After the Khomeini interview, an Iranian newspaper had written something violent against me and published a photo of me that was torn in half. So, in a country where 50 percent are illiterate, all you have to know is that your photo has been published torn in half to be an enemy of the people. They know what it means. The people at *The New York Times*, who were sending me, were very nervous.

Well, I flew there and immediately was detained on the airstrip in Tehran. "You have no visa," they said. "What is that?" I said, pointing to my name. "That is *my* fucking name!" "So what?" they said and started pushing me into a police room. So I started shouting, "You bastards!"—the kind of play I always do when I find myself in that situation. Usually, I count on the fact that my shouting will get them so tired they finally say, "Go away, go away."

Anyway, a man from the Italian embassy finally got me to my hotel. I keep myself hidden, because I don't want other journalists to know I'm in Tehran; otherwise, it happens, the same old story—Fallaci is here, etc. I finally get an official at the foreign ministry who ignores the fact that Bani-Sadr has promised me, in writing, an interview and calls me and the Italian government a nest of liars.

Then, a day later, I get a call warning that my life is in danger. It turns out that Bani-Sadr has given in to the militant students and is a total coward about seeing me. So I try to call Italy, to call the president of Italy, in fact, and they cut off all the lines. "Until when?" I ask. "Indefinitely," they say. So I went to another telephone and called London—which wasn't cut off. I dialed the first number in my telephone book, Ingrid Bergman's. I woke her up with the call and I said, "Ingrid. I call you from Tehran. Call Pertini [president of Italy at the time] and tell him I'm in trouble. *Ciao.*"

Ingrid was very smart. She got to the right people and they finally got me out and into London. Two days after I'm back, Bani-Sadr is in London for an economic meeting and he sends a message to me through my ambassador. "Pssst. Tell Miss Fallaci that I ask to be forgiven. I really couldn't do it. There will be a next time." I just said, "Fuck Bani-Sadr. There will not be a next time. I will never grant him an interview!"

PLAYBOY: Before that, there was your interview with Qaddafi, which you've already mentioned.

FALLACI: That one was truly scary. Qaddafi is clinically sick, mentally ill, a certifiable idiot. You cannot deal with him. He made me wait three and a half hours outside his offices in Libya. He sits in the center office of his palace, surrounded by four or five circles of protective barricades, like German check points. It's like entering a spiral. There are dozens of people standing around with machine guns. After the first hour, I wanted to go make the pee-pee, and I was stranded alone with my photographer in this huge library, but they didn't come to escort me to the bathroom. So I got infuriated——

PLAYBOY: Of course.

FALLACI: And I picked up this 1964 copy

of *Who's Who*—the library was filled with books Qaddafi never read—and threw it against the wall to express my rage. Finally, Qaddafi came.

PLAYBOY: When did you become convinced he was insane?

FALLACI: You should listen to my tape. For ten minutes, ten full minutes, he is yelling, like a broken record, "I am the *gospel*, I am the *gospel*, I am the *gospel*." It's terrible, because he never stops, never stops. His face—his face is so out of this world while this is going on that I nudge my photographer to take the picture then. But the photographer was so scared he couldn't move his hands, and the interpreter was trembling, too. Finally, I interrupt him, which I almost never do and I said, "Stop! Stop! Do you believe in God?" That was the most surprising question I could put to him and he looked at me and said, "Of course; why do you ask that question?" I said, "Because I thought that *you* were God!"

He raised himself up and I thought, *Mamma mia*, goodbye, it's over. Whoever finds us again? Because he could do it. You know what happened to the manager of Alitalia in Libya? He just disappeared. Well, Qaddafi looked lost and confused for a moment, and then the interview went on and I knew I would not be arrested. But he *is* insane. He is obsessed with the color green, you know.

PLAYBOY: Green?

FALLACI: Everything around him is green. His handkerchief, everything is green. As we were sitting there, I picked up something—I forget what it was—that happened to be green, and something must have happened in his consciousness. He looked like he was going to strangle me. So I said, "Would you like it? Do you want this?" I gave it to him, and he took it. Immediately. He wanted it *so* much. He should be under the care of a psychiatric doctor. Dangerous, dangerous, dangerous.

PLAYBOY: Qaddafi is a good-looking man, isn't he?

FALLACI: No. They had told me that he was a good-looking man. I don't know, in the photos he looks better. But when you see him, he has this very stupid face. No matter what are the features, when the person is stupid, stupidity shows. He has very little, little eyes. In the photos, they are bigger. Then he has this enormous chin, enormous! His head is very narrow, because he has very little cerebral inside, very little. He is repellent. I have a physical hate for Qaddafi.

PLAYBOY: The reason I asked about his looks is that when you interviewed Arafat, you made a lot of his being short and ugly and having an obese stomach. And I wonder whether that is fair.

FALLACI: I don't care if it was fair or not. I didn't like Arafat. I think that Arafat is a phony!

PLAYBOY: Because he has an obese stomach?

FALLACI: No, no, no. That contributed to make his physical portrait.

PLAYBOY: You wrote about Golda Meir as if she were beautiful, yet by some standards she was ugly.

FALLACI: She *was* ugly, but I didn't *see* her ugly. Intelligence makes people beautiful.

PLAYBOY: But what is interesting is that when you talk about "ugly" Arafat, you say you are sympathetic to his cause. But Golda Meir, whom you describe sympathetically, is someone whose politics you reject.

FALLACI: Her Zionism, yes.

PLAYBOY: Why do you reject Zionism?

FALLACI: For the same reason that I reject the Catholic ideology and other ideologies. That is our fight in Italy against the Christian Democrats and the intervention of the Church. The theocratic state.

PLAYBOY: Why, when you interviewed Meir in your lengthy, friendly interview, did you not ask her one challenging question about Zionism?

"Everybody would tell you that Arafat is a homosexual. He had at that time the most gorgeous young man I have seen."

FALLACI: You protest because I made *my* interview and not yours. I did not ask her the question *you* wanted, all right.

PLAYBOY: You wrote about the "fundamental justice" of Arafat's cause in the introduction to your interview with him. *Are* you sympathetic to his cause?

FALLACI: I understand his cause. Is it an answer? I understand his cause. And let's put it like this: I understand the cause of the Irish and I sympathize with the Irish. I understand the cause of the Palestinians. And I stop here because of several reasons that involve me, that mitigate the firmness of that judgment, for personal reasons and for political reasons. As everybody of my generation who is European, and particularly Italian, I cannot accept the blind hate and the contempt toward Jews. In the Resistance, we hid many of them. But it does not make me a crazy anti-Jewish person to say I am angry at the Jewish people for many things.

PLAYBOY: What are you angry at the Jews for?

FALLACI: For many things. If you want to take the example of America, how they hold the power, the economical power in so many ways, and the press and the other kind of stuff. . . .

PLAYBOY: You say that Jews control the media in America?

FALLACI: Well, you see Jewish names as directors of TV and newspapers. The owners, the directors. I never realized how it happened and how they came to control the media to that point. Why?

PLAYBOY: That's not true. Jews by no means own the media.

FALLACI: But listen, at *The New York Times*, they are all Jewish.

PLAYBOY: *The New York Times* is owned by an old German Jewish family that was even anti-Zionist at one point. Sure there are some Jews who are prominent in some papers. But you can go to most newspapers or the networks and find that that doesn't hold up. That's a European perception and it's just not true.

FALLACI: It is not true?

PLAYBOY: No.

FALLACI: OK.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to the subject of Arafat, what else didn't you like about him?

FALLACI: Arafat meets me with his automatic rifle, as if to say, "You know, with this rifle, I fight the enemy! I have just come from the combat." He didn't come from the combat! *Others* had been in the combat! And they were dead! . . . You know, I was told that he got married. I don't believe it.

PLAYBOY: In the preface to your interview with Arafat, you implied that he is a homosexual.

FALLACI: Yeah. Everybody knew it. Everybody would tell you. I don't imply it. He had at that time the most gorgeous young man I have seen in my life. He was a German. So handsome and so gorgeous and he even behaved in a funny way with my photographer. He was a very handsome man and he never looked at me. He looked at my photographer. He was provoking him. He was doing things like that [*licking her lips*] and he was looking at him.

PLAYBOY: This smacks a little bit of character assassination. You admit that you couldn't come up with anything in the interview. You really couldn't get Arafat. So, in your introduction you get into personal attacks. You wrote: "His teeth are the teeth of a wolf."

FALLACI: What do you want to do? What do you want to do with me because I don't like Arafat? I don't like Arafat!

PLAYBOY: What if the introduction to this interview said Oriana has crooked teeth?

FALLACI: Let me see what I have written. [*Reads from her collection*] It is funny. It is amusing. It is amusing.

PLAYBOY: You wrote, "His fat legs and his massive trunk with his huge lips and

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swollen stomach." That's pretty tough stuff.

FALLACI: What do you care? Is he your friend?

PLAYBOY: I'm suggesting you didn't nail him in the interview, so you went a cheaper route. You wrote that it was an "unsatisfactory" interview because you couldn't get anything out of him.

FALLACI: Yeah, because he had nothing to say.

PLAYBOY: Not necessarily. For instance, he made contradictory statements. He said at one point, "We have to liquidate Israel!" Then, in another part of the interview, he said he has nothing against the Jews and he is *for* a democratic state.

FALLACI: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you ask him how he could be for both?

FALLACI: Because I had little time. You know how much it lasted? One hour. It was very short. When you have little time, you let them talk and you think you catch them later. But I never caught him later. I couldn't—he went away. He left with his beautiful, handsome German blond.

PLAYBOY: You sound as if you have contempt for Arafat *because* he is a homosexual. Is there something about homosexuals you don't like?

FALLACI: They don't like *me*.

PLAYBOY: Why?

FALLACI: Maybe because I'm more manly than they are. I irritate them—I don't know.

PLAYBOY: You're more manly?

FALLACI: I'm—if we get lost into that subject, I am going to say something which makes me very unpopular. I don't know if I should look for other enemies; I have so many already. But I'm not crazy about them, the homosexuals. You see them here in New York, for instance, moving like this [*makes a mincing gesture*], exhibiting their homosexuality. It disturbs me. It's . . . I don't know. Do you know the ones who have the high heels and put powder on and go to Bloomingdale's hand in hand, and they *squeak*?

PLAYBOY: It makes you nervous?

FALLACI: No, it doesn't make me nervous; I just can't stand them.

PLAYBOY: Heterosexuals can also be exhibitionists. They don't offend you in the same way?

FALLACI: Heterosexual means men that go with women?

PLAYBOY: Yes, or women with men.

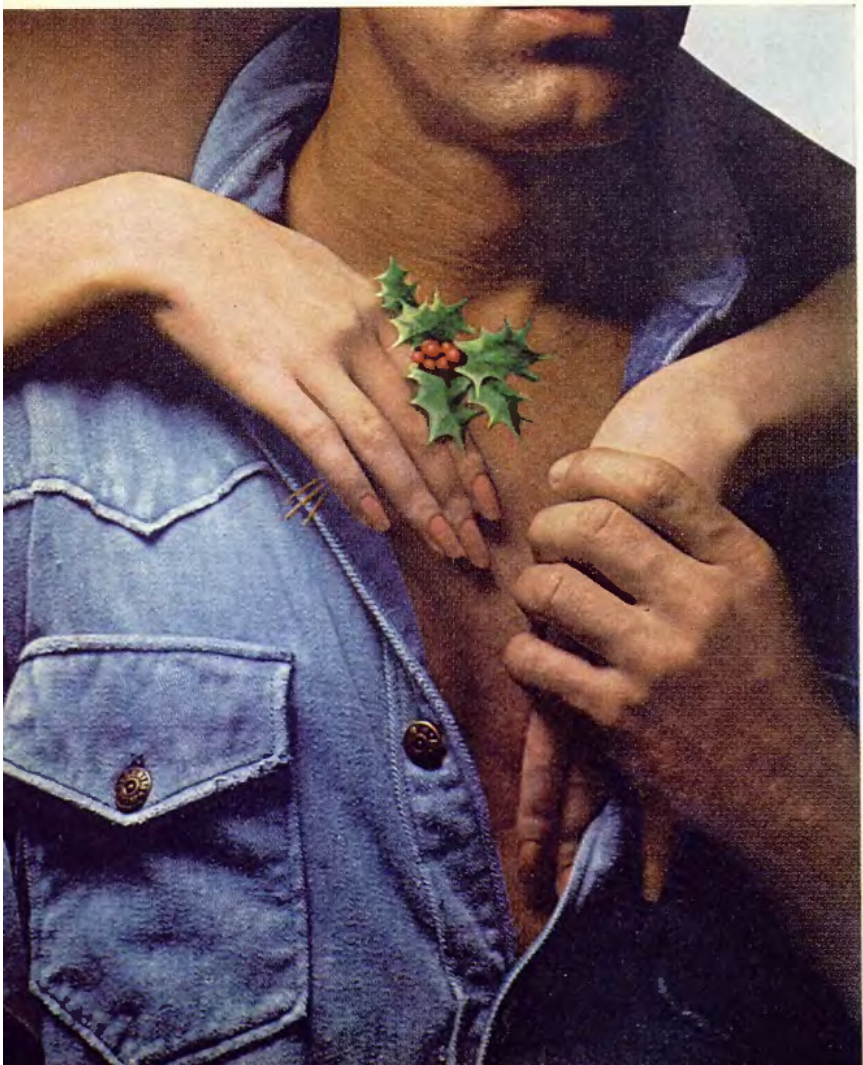
FALLACI: Listen, here we get into the word sex. It's so boring. Anybody who makes an exhibition of sex, who makes exploitation of it, disturbs me. With PLAYBOY, I cut out the interview and sometimes other articles and I put them in the guest rooms of my country house because people are very happy to find them when they come in summer. It disturbs me to see all the nudity. It's like going to buy three pounds of steak. It is not puritanism, it's just a matter of aesthetics. Honestly, I mean, you at PLAYBOY are so liberal on certain things and you are so illiberal in the use of the naked women. Sometimes, to clear your conscience, you include also some naked men, but that disturbs me just as much.

PLAYBOY: To find sex boring says something about you; most people find it exciting—and most men seem to like the pictures in PLAYBOY.

FALLACI: It's boring for me. Listen, have you a PLAYBOY magazine here? Please, give it to me. I show you how boring it is. [*Begins thumbing through a recent issue*] It's always the same thing. I find *Vogue* much more interesting, because I like dresses. But this [*points to a picture of a Bunny*] is even aesthetically ugly. I shall never understand this uniform. I detest uniforms. Whether it is the military uniform, the uniform of the priest or the uniform of the Playboy Rabbit-Bunny, OK? And it makes this woman ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: The way you find homosexuals at Bloomingdale's ridiculous?

FALLACI: Listen, I don't want to be unfair to my homosexual friends, because I have a couple who are friends, whom I like very much, as they are very pleasant people, they're intelligent persons. But there is a form of fanaticism in them, of



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OPENS OCTOBER 2nd AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU.

dogmatism, of exhibitionism, of Mafia sense, all what I despise. I mean, why should I reject it in political parties and accept it in the homosexual party? They *are* a party.

PLAYBOY: How are homosexuals a party? Or a Mafia, as you put it?

FALLACI: Listen, I should say this in Italian. When I'm tired, my English becomes lousy. This sense of comradeship which exists among, for instance, certain sporting people, or certain followers of an ideology, like the Communists. The Communists among themselves, whatever language they speak, they feel brothers. It's the sense of the parties, the strength, the real sense of the party. The homosexuals are the same. But theirs goes beyond the comradeship. It's kind of Mafia, and when they get together, for instance, in the artistic field, they are terrible, much worse than the members of a political party. Terrible, they use it, they're very strong. And I do not want to be obliged to love them. It's enough to let them live. I live my way, they live their way, to hell with it. But don't oblige me to love them.

PLAYBOY: The obligation is not to love homosexuals. But since you advance a conspiracy theory of homosexual life, and you liken them to the Mafia or to the Communist Party, you should be obliged to defend that.

FALLACI: It's a form of Mafia.

PLAYBOY: So defend that.

FALLACI: Tomorrow.

PLAYBOY: It's not to make you love them; it's making you be fair, making you be accurate.

FALLACI: Tomorrow I'll tell you.

PLAYBOY: You don't like being worn down in an interview?

FALLACI: I'm tired, I'm tired. Tomorrow I promise I'll do it. I'll elaborate tomorrow.

PLAYBOY: Have any of the people you've interviewed said to you, "Oriana, I'm tired of talking to you, I don't want to talk anymore"? Would *you* accept that?

FALLACI: I have never talked so long with the people. I never make an interview so long. Never!

PLAYBOY: Why is your journalism so consumed with politics?

FALLACI: I was always very political. You must understand that I made my first political rally when I was 14. I remember in Florence in the square outside the Palazzo Vecchio where the Medici lived, it was full of people and there was some rally, I don't know why, and they wanted to exploit me because I had been the key to the Resistance, etc. I remember very well how I was dressed. I had a dress in squares, red and white, and I remember this microphone and I remember the first words, because after, I was caught by terrible panic and I said, "People of Florence, it's a young girl who speaks to you! Listen to us young people!" And then I don't remember anything, nothing, nothing. I don't remember anything because I must have been talking or reading in the state of shock. I don't remember anything but "People of Florence"—and I loved it!

PLAYBOY: Who was exploiting you?

FALLACI: I was participating in the assembly of the Action Party, a kind of socialist party—an anarchist party that my father and brother belonged to. It was a very tiny party, where they were all generals, no soldiers. I guess I was the only soldier, I was so cute, and I wanted to stay with these people because they were all men and women of great culture, intelligent people, clean people, selected people who had been able to stand against fascism in prison. So I was drinking their words.

PLAYBOY: How politically active was your father?

FALLACI: My father was a craftsman, and during the Resistance he had been the military chief of the Action Party for Tuscany. And he belonged to the Central Committee, he was one of the leaders. Then my father disappeared. He had been arrested and was under torture for many days.

PLAYBOY: Where was your mother?

FALLACI: My mother had the guts to face the head of the Italian SS, who was a very famous torturer. He received her and said, "*Signora*, you can dress yourself in black. He will be executed tomorrow morning at the parterre." And my mother raised her arm and said, "All right, I shall dress myself in black, but if you are born out of the womb of a woman, you'll tell your mother to dress *her*self in black." And he said, "*Signora*, get out of here, I will arrest you, too." And she got out, very dignified. She was pregnant and she took her bicycle and she started on the bicycle and she lost the child in the street. That was a very fantastic story of my mother; she was a very tough woman, very sweet, though. If you saw her, you would say, "Oriana, you call this woman a tough woman?" My God, she was the symbol of what you call femininity, yet she was so tough.

PLAYBOY: How old were you then?

FALLACI: Twelve or thirteen. I was already working in the Resistance; everybody gave me orders, you know, all these big people. I was like a messenger, you know, those boys who bring the coffee, and they yell, "You do this, go buy a Coca-Cola." The problem is they didn't ask me for a Coca-Cola or for a coffee. They gave me, for instance, a hand grenade. "Take this hand grenade, go and take it to the group so and so." And I had to decide how to do it. For instance, for the hand grenade I had smart ideas; I was an intelligent kid. I hid the grenades in heads of lettuce.

PLAYBOY: How long was your father in jail before they let him out?

FALLACI: It was a few months.

PLAYBOY: They didn't kill him?

FALLACI: No, the Allies were coming up. It was clear the Fascists had lost, and they wanted to show some magnanimity; a certain lieutenant said to him, "I let you go, I know who you are; when the moment will come, remember that I let you go." I have seen so many things at that time. You know, when I speak in this country and they ask me, "What is the mark of your life?" and I say, "Resistance," I say it and I feel that they don't understand what I mean. But I really was a child of the Resistance.

PLAYBOY: The Resistance was a male environment; how did that affect your relationships with your mother and other women?

FALLACI: My mother was the *only* woman in my life. The influence that my father exercised on me was political in the full sense of the word, but also my mother, because she was a very good anti-Fascist, too. But in life itself, she influenced me much more. The talks with my father were political talks—democracy, socialism, fascism, Nazism, liberalism, Christian Democrats, the Republicans—all that. The facts of life I discussed more with my mother, even indirectly. For instance, it was my mother who put it in my mind that I should go to work. All mothers said, "When will you get married?" My mother never cared about that. She said, "When will you go to work?" I remember my mother, and I'm standing up in this bed, and she's crying and she says, "Don't do like me. Don't ever, ever, ever be a wife. Don't ever, ever, ever be a slave to a husband and children. Don't do it. I want you to go to work and I want you to travel the world and I want you to be independent. Go far away. Fly! Fly! Fly!" And she cried. That day was fatal to me, fatal, because I must have paid very much attention, maybe because she cried and her face was over mine; I have never forgotten those words. See? And she always pushed me in that sense. About marriage. When people ask me, "Why did you never get married?" I don't know how to answer, because it never occurred to me to marry anybody.

PLAYBOY: So you are a loner.

FALLACI: Oh, yeah, no doubt about that.

PLAYBOY: And you're also not happy if you're not on the edge.

FALLACI: You're right, you're right.

PLAYBOY: You seem to impose this context of a world undergoing perpetual resistance on everything you do. Is your vision the only way to look at life? Must it *always* be within a resistance?

FALLACI: You are telling me—or are you accusing me—that I make a war out of peace in any circumstances of my life, including work? Well, there might be much truth in it. The fact is that I regard life as a war. If you read [my

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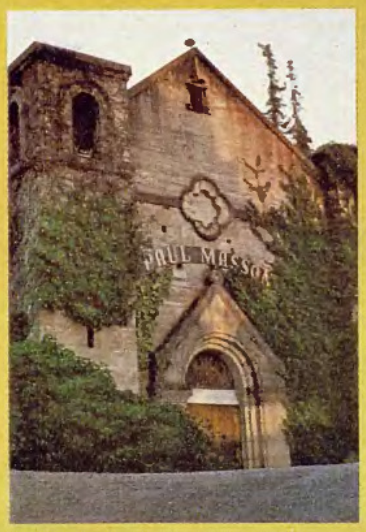

IT'S UNHURRIED.

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book] *Letter to a Child Never Born*, the very first page, it portrays me very well. I say to this embryo within me, "Life is war, dear child." I describe life to this embryo to make him decide if he wants to be born or not, and I do it in such a way that the poor kid says, "To hell with you, Mother, I'm not going to be born." Later in the book, there is this fantasy trial in her imagination, and she's condemned, and the one who condemns her is the child, who says to his mother, "How did you introduce life to me? Did you ever tell me that life can be sweetness and serenity and peace and the beauty of a kiss and an ice cream? You never did, you always told me terrible stories, fantastic stories, war stories, and why the hell should I be born to come into that?"

If I wanted to make me more sympathetic, I would try with all the politics I'm capable of to mitigate this, but then I would contradict myself. The truth would come out all the same, and so I am this. Besides, I'm always tired. I'm tired because I always live in tension. All I know is the war; I never knew the peace. I was born in the war. I grew up in the war, it was my school and here I am; it's a great limitation. I know at this point of my life to change is too late. I should have tried at least 20 years ago.

PLAYBOY: This insistence that life be lived on the edge runs through your latest book, *A Man*. Let's discuss the book's hero, Alekos. As an opponent of the Greek colonels' dictatorship in the Sixties, he resisted torture bravely but died some years later. He was clearly a man of courage, but he seemed to care for nothing but his revolution. By your admiration for him, you seem to imply that anything other than the great drama of life is inconsequential——

FALLACI: Number one, the man in this book and who really lived is contrary to what you say. If you had that impression, you are one of a tiny minority. I don't take you seriously for one moment when you say that. Number two, since I respect even the opinions I don't agree with, then if I gave you—or two or three other people—that impression, then I'm ashamed. Because Alekos was the contrary. What he was—he could not be blackmailed. He could not be blackmailed! Now, *I* can be.

PLAYBOY: Because you care about someone.

FALLACI: He did, too, for Christ's sake. You are unfair to this man!

PLAYBOY: In the book, there's not a single moment in which he feels responsible for another human being—not even you. He seemed to say he had a nobler goal than most people and any means could be sacrificed to it.

FALLACI: Can I answer now?

PLAYBOY: All the answers you want. The magazine can't publish every word we say, of course.

FALLACI: One second. If you don't publish my answers, then it's not an interview.

PLAYBOY: No publication can print every word of every interview. They're edited, of course. Don't you edit your interviews?

FALLACI: I publish everything they tell me. Of course.

PLAYBOY: Every word?

FALLACI: That's why they're so long.

PLAYBOY: Then we'll have to direct this interview very tightly; we'll have to cut you off to stay on track.

FALLACI: You don't let *me* talk!

PLAYBOY: Go ahead.

FALLACI: I started to talk about repetitions in an interview. Obviously, sometimes you make people repeat something to be sure they meant it. For instance, when I interviewed [Polish Solidarity leader] Lech Walesa, he said if the government of Poland fell, Solidarity would go *into* the government. I was so shocked I asked him to repeat it. I said, Lech, I don't want to harm you, because what you said was dangerous, the Soviets will be reading this. By the way, he said more than that: He said not only would Solidarity go into government but he should become president. Since he is such a simple man, it was his way of expressing it. I said, Excuse me, Lech, I'm not going to write that you said you should become president, because you would be killed in a week. I'm not going to do that. And he said, OK, don't write it. So I asked him twice again if he meant that Solidarity should govern, and he said yes. Now, of course, I didn't include my three interventions in the published interview.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

FALLACI: [*Angrily*] I'm not capable of doing it! Listen, you are—you are too tyrannical. I'm tyrannical, too. We cannot go on. We can't go on like this!

PLAYBOY: As you said in your interview with Walesa, "I ask the questions." You're not conducting this interview.

FALLACI: This is not an interview, this is a fight.

PLAYBOY: Let's establish that if we go off on a tangent, if it adds nothing, if it's boring, we'll edit it out. I certainly don't have the authority to say that anything that comes out of your mouth automatically will be published.

FALLACI: No, not all of it is good—not what I say and even less what I write.

PLAYBOY: Now, to get back to the theme of your book——

FALLACI: Yes, but you're hurting this man and it makes me very angry! You make me feel as if I give the wrong portrait of him. If I did, then I be damned.

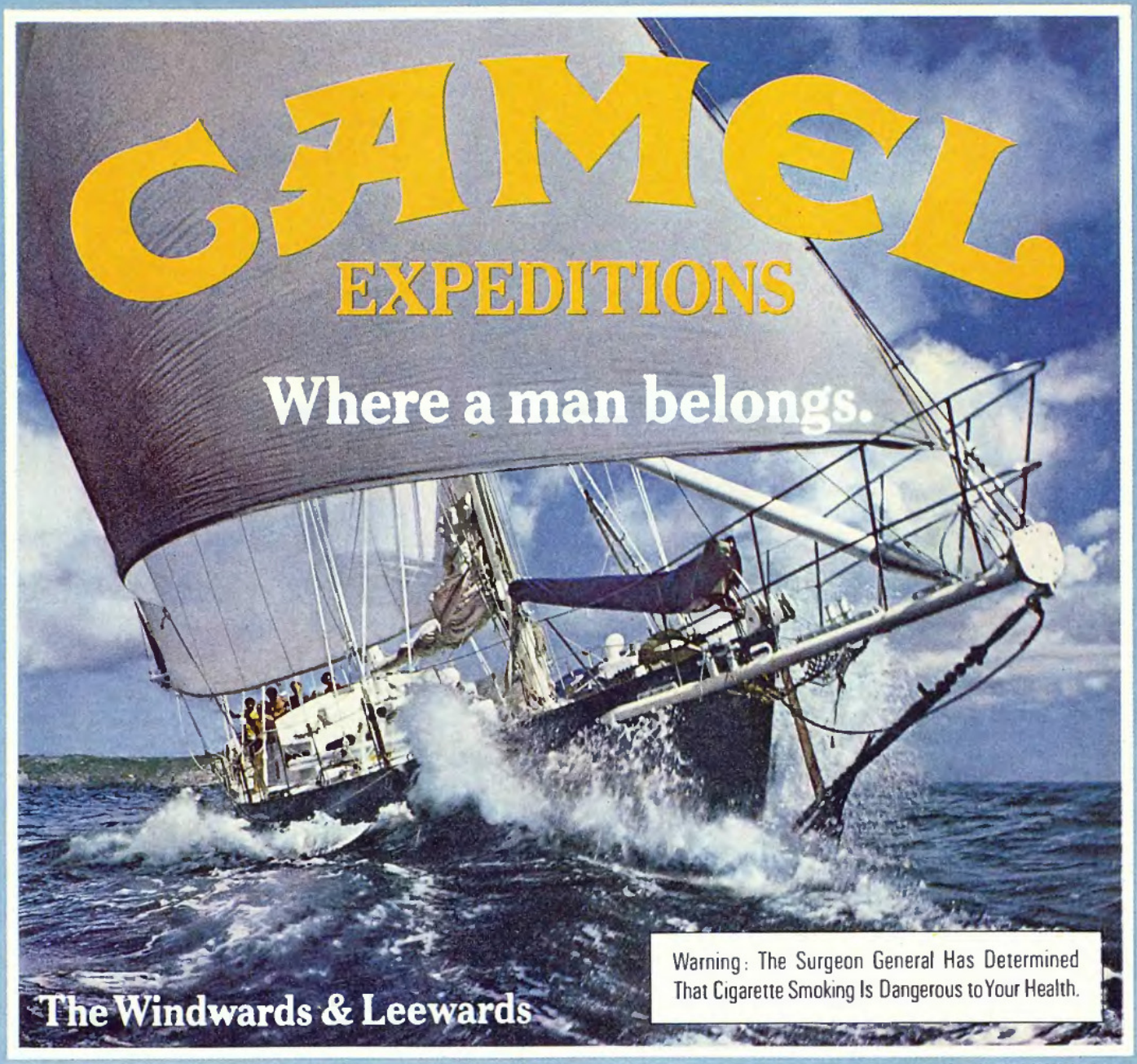
PLAYBOY: What you say throughout this book is that his life defines the way a man should live. He resisted the dictatorship, he revealed nothing under torture. But, at the same time, he considered bombing the Acropolis to dramatize his point, he talked about taking American tourists as hostages. And you seem to endorse that.

FALLACI: It is obvious that I admire that man, or, if you prefer, that kind of man. If I didn't, I wouldn't have spent three years of my life with him or the three additional years it took to write the book about him. I admired that kind of man before knowing Alekos—for me, it came during the resistance to the Fascists in Italy. I like him, I like all men who resist. My father did it. Two others who were arrested with my father—one did, one didn't. When the one who didn't resist told me, ten years later, oh, I wanted to spit in his face. Oh, I do admire that kind of man. I do, I do, I do, I do! It is because of people like that that the world moves. I'm not a Marxist, you see. Marxism says it is movements, not individuals, who make the world move.

PLAYBOY: But to try to stay on the subject, what about the problem of means and ends? To consider kidnaping innocent American tourists in order to resist, that's a form of terrorism, and it's an important subject in the world today. . . .

FALLACI: OK. See, when talking like this with Americans, I feel a tremendous gap, something that divides us. I say this in sincerity and friendship, because I stay in the United States, nobody obliges me to; if I stay, it means I like it. But there is this void between us. We have different cultural perspectives. My concept of politics and everything is the experience I had as a human being, and the main experience I had in my life was the Resistance. I always go back to that. But you Americans don't *know* what that was, the Resistance. You see it in movies and in books, bad books, usually. So you will not understand when I say, "Yes, yes, under a dictatorship, you can take hostages, yes, you *can*!" For you it is monstrous. For me it is not. The French would agree with me; a German, a Russian, a Belgian, a Dane; not a Swede, maybe. But *you* will not! So the dialog becomes impossible. You could also ask me, Why kill an 18-year-old German in 1945? Why? Was he responsible? I say to you, no, he wasn't responsible. So you kill him? I answer to you: Yes, I kill him—crying, but I kill him. And this is monstrous to you.

PLAYBOY: First of all, you have a condescending view of Americans, and that comes out in the book as well. You write, "America is made up of the rejects of Europe." That isn't true. Many of the people who emigrated to America were the most adventurous, and it was an adventure to come to this country. It was the most energetic of the Chinese who somehow ended up in San Francisco



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and to this day, it's the most energetic of the Guatemalans who crawl through barbed wire and somehow get to Los Angeles. But as far as the question of terrorism and hostages goes, I suspect the average Irish or French citizen would share my reaction to your view: It's not just that a hostage is different from a soldier, but there's a frivolousness with which revolutionaries consider taking hostages—and lives. It's as if the people to be used by revolutionaries weren't really living, human beings.

FALLACI: When I speak to you about this, I feel like when I speak to my little sister Elisabetta. And it makes me recall what Willy Brandt told me during our interview. He had the same problem with his children. They didn't care because they had not experienced what he had. So, in the same way, you are like the children of Willy Brandt and like my sister. You did not experience it, you do not have it in your consciousness. It is not an accusation. It is a fact.

You use the adjective frivolous, and it is gratuitously offensive. There were *not* frivolous episodes, I tell you. For Alekos *was* concerned about those people. I am talking about one part of him, you about another. When I asked him, "What does it mean to be a man?" he gives me an answer and asks me, "And for you, what does it mean to be a man?" I say, "Well, something like you, Alekos." His answer, what he means, is he's just a man; a man is a man when he is human, with all his frailties and limits and guilts and mistakes—and also beauties.

PLAYBOY: But you don't present him as just a man; this was your lover, the man you admire, you hold up to the world——

FALLACI: My *brother*! I prefer the word brother more than lover. Lover makes you think something like PLAYBOY, making jumps in the bed. No, he was my brother——

PLAYBOY: But he *wasn't* your brother.

FALLACI: Oh, yes, he was.

PLAYBOY: With all due respect, he was a man you gave in to, you were used by——

FALLACI: No, I was his accomplice.

PLAYBOY: Because of him, you took risks you didn't believe in. You went along with things you thought were crazy; you wrote that you thought maybe he was mad. You went along like some teenybopper, some sorority girl. You did what lovesick groupies have always done: You went along with *his* plans, no matter what you thought for yourself.

FALLACI: Look, if tomorrow you have a plan to kill Qaddafi, I come with *you* and follow you in the same way. Following Alekos' plans to resist the dictatorship is the same thing I did when I was a little girl with pigtails. I entered the Resistance as a kid and was discharged as a soldier. Let me tell you this episode; it will explain to you why I was not the slave of Alekos.

My work during the war, as you will find in any book about the Italian Resistance mentioning my name—and my *nom de guerre* was Amelia—was to accompany American and English prisoners who had escaped from concentration camps in Italy. I guided them to the Allied lines because it was a bargain we made with the Americans. The Americans would supply us with ammunition and other things we needed, but they wanted their prisoners back. You know . . . it seems that has been the problem of the Americans for the past 50 years of history—they wanted the Americans back from Italy, they wanted the Americans back from Vietnam, they wanted the Americans back from Iran.

So . . . what I did countless times, all alone as a kid, was to accompany Americans on my bicycle for 60 miles, and we saved many Americans and English and South Africans in that way. There is no need to tell you how dangerous it was, because anyone found in contact with an escaped prisoner would be executed immediately. And my mother was always frightened by this. My father, who did not live with us, because he was hiding, didn't tell her after the first couple of times I went. It was crazy at the time—to go past German roadblocks with men who spoke only English. I'm used to participating in something that might be crazy or not! I didn't feel used by Alekos!

"Yes, yes, I might be a little obsessed with courage. Something happened to me when I was a little girl. The trauma of fascism and of resistance."

PLAYBOY: But the point you make in your book——

FALLACI: I was like a sergeant following the lieutenant.

PLAYBOY: The point you make in your book is that Alekos was an example of other men around the world who resist authoritarian power. It's like a prism for everything you believe about courage and politics and life itself. It seems as if you're saying that the real test of a man is the courage to resist torture, to resist institutional power. The test of a man is never being a reformer, making the world marginally better. It's never being a parent, diapering a baby. You seem contemptuous of anyone who takes *small* steps. That comes out in your interviews: The people you are interested in are big political figures, they make history. Anything else in human experience doesn't seem to interest you.

FALLACI: OK, one thing at a time. About whether the test is diapering a baby—no, it is not the test, because that would be another book. I wrote *this* book, not another one. If you want that test, read my *Letter to a Child Never Born*, where the heroine is a woman and the test she has to face is of another kind.

PLAYBOY: Is that a test a man could face?

FALLACI: I let you talk when you put your very long question-accusation. Now you let *me* talk! I cannot do like this, because if you interrupt me, you do not want my answer! Why did you become a journalist and not a prosecutor-general?

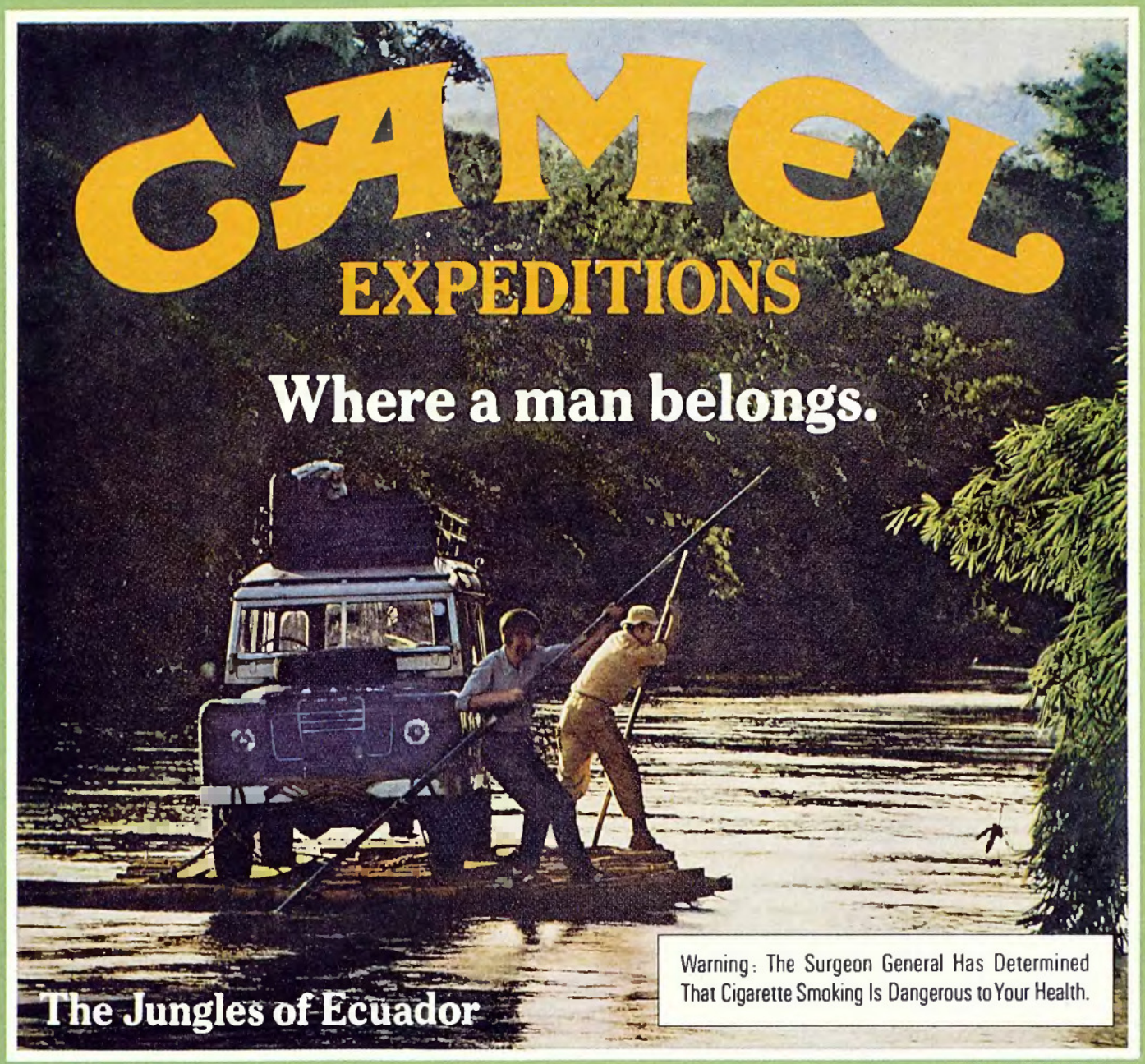
Of *course* this book doesn't deal with the problem of diapers! I don't give a damn about the diapers of a child, because it was not the work of the character of the book. He had no children to wash anything for! The accusation, which was the real point you wanted to get to, is that I only deal—let's see if I understand it right—with exceptional people, I only care about people who do not belong to the crowd. Well, it is true and it is not true. It is objectively true, since all I offer to you is interviews with these people, and in this particular case, a book about such a man. It is not true if I recall to you that I do not make these interviews, or write this book, for those men—but for people who wash the diapers. To wake them up. To tell them, in the case of the interviews, who are the people who decide our life and death. Not necessarily bad people. Some are OK. Some are not. To tell them, in the case of this book, how much they are manipulated and how they are crushed in the preciousness of their individuality. How they must re-find that individuality, because, as I say over and over, everybody is somebody. I don't know if it is good English.

In any case, I offer the extreme example of this man—extreme because I am not like him. I only write for the others as a moral commitment. I suffer when I write. It doesn't amuse me. I expose myself. I already told you I admire that kind of man; so what? Am I to be condemned? Yes, yes, I might be a little obsessed with courage. Something happened to me in my life—a trauma—when I was a little girl. The trauma of fascism and the trauma of resistance. This has marked my life, morally and culturally, and I cannot change it. I must be taken for what I am.

PLAYBOY: Then because of that, we should accept everything you say?

FALLACI: No, you should not. If you accept everything I say, you do the contrary of what I preach.

PLAYBOY: So those of us who didn't participate in the Italian Resistance cannot



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challenge that view? What I am challenging is your view of courage. Individual acts of terrorism may be courageous, but don't they just alienate people and end up being self-defeating?

FALLACI: I feel helpless in talking to you, because even if you were a more tolerant interviewer, I feel as if I'm speaking Chinese. Take the Palestinians, for example. I feel they have no right to put a bomb in a bus with 25 school children—and I tell you that Alekos would never, no, never put such a bomb under a school bus. I would like you to recall that he never killed anybody, and the only violent act he did in his life was to put a couple of bombs that did not explode. What he did in Greece was to kill the tyrant, so to speak, which he did very well. And if I were courageous, I would do also. If I were courageous as he was, I would have killed Qaddafi when I interviewed him. I would have had the guts to die killing Qaddafi—but I didn't.

PLAYBOY: Who else among your interview subjects would you have killed?

FALLACI: Many others.

PLAYBOY: Which others?

FALLACI: I shall not mention anyone I have not yet been able to interview. I am not that stupid.

PLAYBOY: But which of the ones you *have* interviewed would you kill?

FALLACI: Let me think. Qaddafi for sure. I think it's a shame Qaddafi dies in his bed. Oh, God, if I had had the guts to do it! I should die with him, of course. Let me see. . . . You asked me for names; I'm a serious person. I'm not going to shout names like that. You probably expect me to say Khomeini, but I shall not. . . . Idi Amin, for sure, but I have not interviewed him.

PLAYBOY: That attitude may make good copy, but it also puts all journalists into question. Any time we interview someone, does that person have to fear he's going to be killed? Do you think we have the right to intrude this way?

FALLACI: To intrude in what sense?

PLAYBOY: To make history. You'll make history by killing Qaddafi.

FALLACI: No. I'll be protecting my life. He is a murderer. He is the man who helps the Red Brigades in Italy, who helps terrorists around the world, who wants a nuclear bomb for Libya. There are not many cases of absolute, personal dictatorships in our times like Qaddafi. I would say that was the case with Hitler. And I would think it was a tragedy for humanity that the attempt to assassinate Hitler failed.

PLAYBOY: But that doesn't really answer the question.

FALLACI: I didn't get a chance to *finish* answering! I never have the time to answer. Listen, *you* would make a very good dictator.

PLAYBOY: Calling me a dictator, what is that supposed to do? Make me say, "Sorry, I'll stop"? Is that to intimidate an interviewer so you won't get pinned down?

FALLACI: No, it's because I don't get a chance to answer. It's impossible! Let's just go have lunch instead of doing this interview.

PLAYBOY: Look, from the very start, you've taken offense that anyone should challenge this vision in your book of what courageous political action is all about. When I've raised questions about that, you've said it was because I'm an American, or I didn't live in the Resistance, or I'm an egomaniacal interviewer. The fact is, many people have profound questions about this topic, would agree with my challenges, and you're just refusing to meet the questions head-on.

FALLACI: You're not attacking me. You're attacking him, Alekos. And I'm thinking, Oh, God, Alekos is dead, he cannot answer——

PLAYBOY: But it's not he, it's the idea we are talking about——

FALLACI: Please! Please! Please! [*Screaming*] You see? He doesn't let me talk! *Dio mio*, he doesn't let me talk!

[*The interview was broken off at this point and resumed the next day in a more subdued atmosphere.*]

PLAYBOY: It seems as if some people need perpetual revolution. . . . They need crisis, they need to think the world is falling apart; they're not happy if they don't think that fascism is coming or we're on the barricades.

FALLACI: I don't belong to them. I am more moderate than you think. I do not think that everything must be destroyed. On the contrary, I think there is much to preserve, to renew, to remake, to try to make better, to change, but not to destroy, in any field. I'm not Attila. When I see that in New York, you destroy those old buildings—for instance, an old hotel—I suffer. If you translate it into politics, it tells you something.

PLAYBOY: Still, you seem always to live your life as a shout, as if you were still at a rally, crying, "People of Florence!" whether you're getting a taxi or demanding to change a table or complaining about the wine. . . .

FALLACI: You're right—so what? You're right. I have nothing to answer. It's true. I've never been serene in my life. If you put me on a shore, of Acapulco or the Caribbean, beautiful shores, with this blue sea and the sky and the palm tree, and you say, "OK, Oriana, now you rest, take a rest for a week, come on, stay there in the sun," I might stay half an hour and then I begin to think, What a bore, nothing happens here. You say, "What do you mean, nothing happens? You have the beautiful sea, the beautiful sky, and what else do you want, pineapple juice with the rum inside?" And you give me the pineapple juice and when it is finished, I say, "What do we do now?" And you say, "Be quiet." I need things to happen.

PLAYBOY: Yes, you do. And it's obvious you love theatrics. You always make a scene at an airport or in a restaurant. You made a scene with Khomeini. But you know what you're doing and why, don't you?

FALLACI: I have a professional example which will please you a lot and which goes against me. When I was interviewing [Chinese leader] Teng Hsiao p'ing in Peking and he said something about Stalin, I let him talk a lot of time. But when it was over, I didn't take it. I felt the need to counterattack him. I said, "But Stalin"—and we got involved in a discussion so long about Stalin and it was such a waste of time, and Teng said at a certain moment, "Listen, let's do one thing." He was so cute; he said, "You remain of your opinion about Stalin and I remain about mine and we'll go on with this interview." And I said, "Yes, but that huge portrait of Stalin that you have in Tien An Men Square—why do you still have it up there?" That was around the end of our first encounter, which took place on a certain Thursday. I saw him again on Saturday and that morning, on our way to the Great Hall of the People, we passed through the square and I look up and there's no more Stalin! I couldn't believe my eyes.

When I entered again the Great Hall of the People, in this large room full of members of the government, I pulled another scene: My interview with Teng, it was not a private thing as we do now, or as I always do with the people I interview, but there were also TV people, newspaper people, photographers. I was *very* angry at Teng! I said, "I don't want them to stay here, the interview is mine, they are listening, they are going to steal it!" So he kept the government men and the photographers, but he sent away the newsmen. He was very nice, he was very cute.

PLAYBOY: By the way, do you think that a man could have gotten away with that?

FALLACI: Honestly, it might have helped, not only the fact that I'm a woman but that I'm a *small* woman. The point is that Teng, too, is very small; he's even shorter than I am.

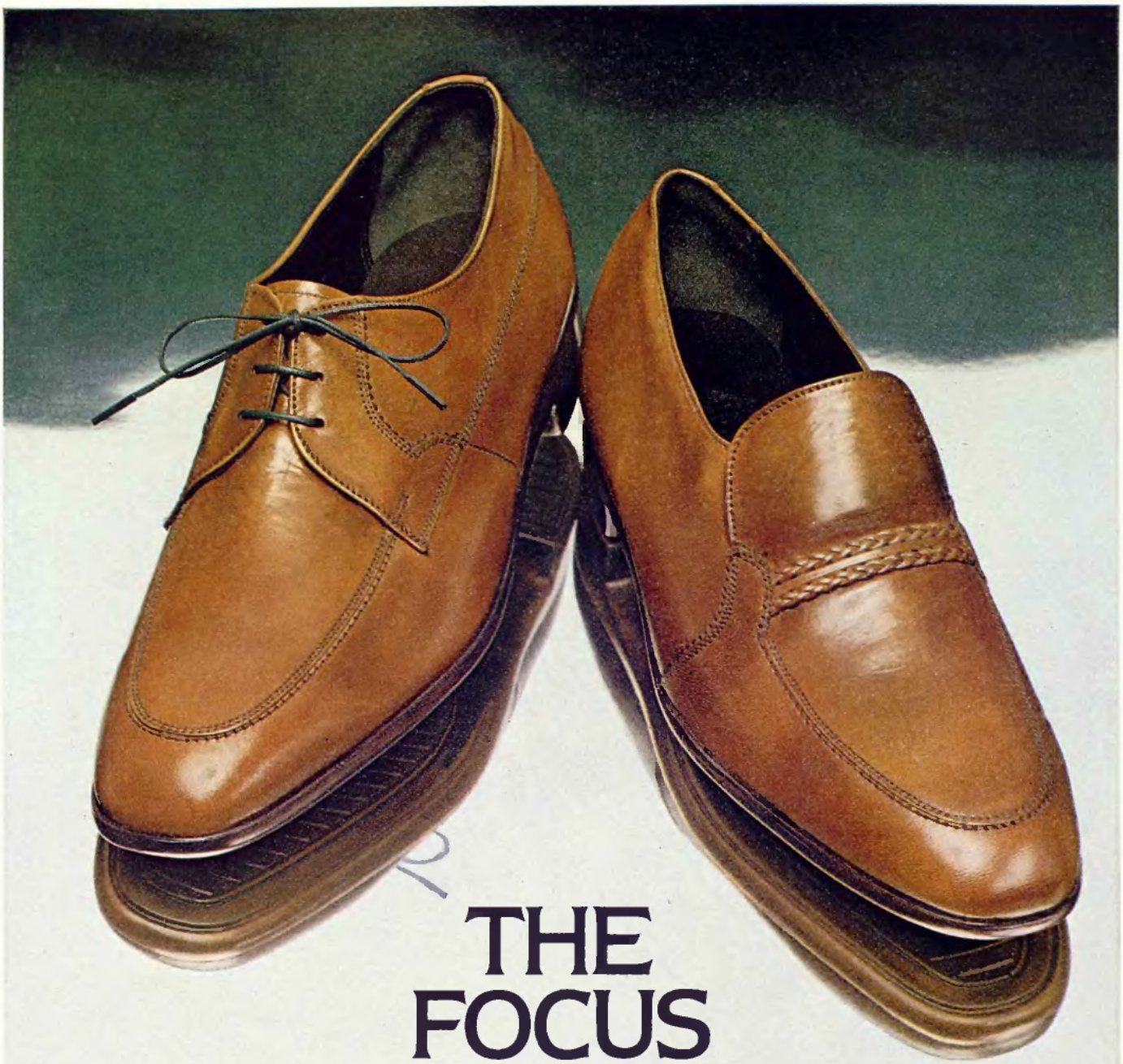
PLAYBOY: You say it probably helped with Teng that you were a woman. What if a woman were interviewing *you*?

FALLACI: [*Refers to an unflattering article written about her by an American journalist*] When that fat woman reporter—do you want to know what is my problem when women interview me? If they are fat, be sure they will be nasty.

PLAYBOY: Why?

FALLACI: I don't know—maybe because I'm *not* fat. When they tell me how slim I am, I think, Oh, *mamma mia*, oh *Dio*, *Dio*, now I know she's going to write something against me. It's the story of my life in every country.

PLAYBOY: You really have a problem



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with women, don't you?

FALLACI: You see, it's the fact that I grew up among men. The only women I was familiar with were my mother and sisters. But outside the family, in the intellectual world, it was all men. So in school, in the Resistance, as a reporter, there were no women at all, just men. I never learned the art of dealing with women.

PLAYBOY: How do you get along with feminists?

FALLACI: I'm sick and tired of them. I used to say in the past that the biggest revolution of our time was the feminist revolution. I said it for a couple of years. Until they started breaking my balls and became really unbearable. It is their victimization that disturbs me. I think it's like a dictatorship: If you accept it, you deserve it. A dictator never becomes one if the people are not scared, silent cowards.

PLAYBOY: How did they start breaking your balls?

FALLACI: They don't treat with me anymore, they ignore me, they punish me. When *Ms.* magazine received the manuscript of *A Man*, they said, "We are not interested." So now I'm exiled, which is good, because I don't want anything to do with that fanaticism. It's fanaticism once again. What feminists really wanted me to do was stand up and say, "Look what I have accomplished in spite of all the men who were so nasty to me. . . ." I mean, I am living proof of the contrary. When you choose a few examples of women who did it in our time, you have to choose me, too. I'm not Joan of Arc and I'm not Catherine of Russia and I'm not Golda Meir. But I am one of those who succeeded. And they wanted me to say I had done it through my own heroism, in *spite* of men. But I said, "No, it is not so. It *helped* me to be a woman. It helped a *lot*!"

Two things have helped me—to be born a woman and to be born poor. They were the things that pushed me, pushed me. I have said that if my name were Oriano, if I were a man and had been born the son of the Duke of Marlborough, I would probably be a fucking idiot, because I'd have nothing to fight for. Plus having the temperament I do, it has made more news that I was a woman. If I had been Oriano writing the same things, maybe I would have been more slowly or less known. So the fact is that being a woman has helped and the feminists got angry. I said that I was sick of their victimization, always crying, "This happened because I'm a woman." I say, "No, it happened because you are no good, not because you are a woman."

PLAYBOY: So you've never been held back by "male-chauvinist pigs"?

FALLACI: I have always been uncomfortable about that—there is much truth to the issue of male-chauvinist pigs, but *I* have not been experiencing it. I must say that I have received in my life, from any point of view—including those who write about me—much more nastiness by the women than the men. If you find a nasty article about me, be 98 percent sure it was written by a woman. Well . . . or by a homosexual.

PLAYBOY: That certainly brings up a familiar topic. What is it about you and homosexuals?

FALLACI: I remember once when I took my mother to London for the first time in her life. We were in front of Westminster Abbey and we saw these two workers, laborers, kiss each other on the lips. She almost fainted. She said, "Ccchhh. Is that what you always speak about, Oriana?" I said yes, so what? But no, I couldn't imagine two laborers kissing each other on the lips, making love. Those Bloomingdale's types that I cannot stand, or the homosexuals in Arab countries—it makes me sick. I can't imagine a homosexual in *any* position. When they swagger and strut and wag their tails, I can't bear them.

PLAYBOY: You, who claim to detest power and to root for the underdog, obviously associate homosexuality with weakness. You mentioned earlier that they don't like you because you're more manly than

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they are, so the implication is that they're weak and frivolous people.

FALLACI: No, I told you there are a few exceptions. I have very few friends among them, but, as the Latins say, it is the exceptions that prove the rule. When they love me, they love me madly, but most don't at all. And I never understood why, but lesbians hate me much more. The only lesbian who is nice to me is Kate Millet. She always sends me unbelievable artworks—from pornographic or lesbian exhibits, all that kind of stuff. I said, "Kate, why do you send me those things?" She said, "It's good." "It's *ugly*," I said. Anyway, she's the only one who likes me. Yeah, they don't like me, thanks God.

I'm very happy that lesbians don't like me. I'm not so happy that [male] homosexuals don't like me, because, after all, they are men, and I like men better than women. See? Eh. I live well with men, that's the problem. Of course, in the field of love, you can be hurt by men, but you hurt them *also*, for Christ's sake!

PLAYBOY: But why do homosexuals make you cringe? You were physically recoiling a moment ago.

FALLACI: No, don't exaggerate. I don't care. They can do what they want. It's their exhibitionism that disturbs me. There is a very nice homosexual here in New York and I see him rather often and he is cute. Polite, intelligent and delightful. I would like to travel with him. Ooooo, I could go on holidays with him. How beautiful! You want to know why? So I have a man next to me and he doesn't bother me at night. He doesn't ask me anything. How cute. Cute.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you want to be bothered at night?

FALLACI: Because if you travel with a normal man, there is always a moment in which he may be attracted a little, make a gesture, and I say, "Oh, leave me alone." That will never happen with a homosexual.

PLAYBOY: You still haven't answered the question: *Why* are you so repelled by homosexuals, or by their exhibitionism, if you will?

FALLACI: I don't know. It's like seeing the beauty of the male body—and you will admit that the male body is much more beautiful than the female body——

PLAYBOY: No, I won't.

FALLACI: Oh, come on. There is no comparison! The Greeks understood that very well, for Christ's sake! And when homosexuals swagger——

PLAYBOY: You've never seen a female, a heterosexual female, swivel her hips?

FALLACI: I was trying to tell you, but you didn't let me say it! The male body has a different dignity than the female body. When the male swaggers, it breaks the harmony, it hurts the dignity. It disturbs me. . . . You want me to think like you! You are doing to me what I did to Teng Hsiao p'ing, when he upset me and said I should remain of my opinion and he of his—and get on with the interview.

PLAYBOY: As long as you admit I'm not doing anything to you that you haven't done yourself as an interviewer.

FALLACI: But I was speaking of *serious* things when I fought with Teng. He liked Stalin! But you, you cannot bear that I am not in love with homosexuals.

PLAYBOY: Just rounding out the portrait, Oriana. You have a certain idea of maleness, and that connects to courage, to strength, to power—your field of study. Besides, you have a fascinating view of sex. What was it you said about it? That you found it boring?

FALLACI: Yes, it's boring. I have a friend, a very handsome and intelligent man who has many women. And he says, "Sex is an activity for porters."

PLAYBOY: For porters?

FALLACI: Yes, because all the blood goes down toward the legs, and the intellectuals, we need it in the head. It is not for us.

PLAYBOY: So assuming that even intellectuals occasionally have sex, what sort of man attracts you?

FALLACI: To love a man, it must be a courageous man. Once I was on NBC, doing the *Today* show to promote my book, and we got into a discussion of love, because Americans saw in the book

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a love story. So after a lot of talking, I became impatient and said, "Damn it! Don't you understand what I say? I'm saying I cannot love a fascist!" It had a great success, this thing. They loved it very much.

PLAYBOY: What about sex with a man who is not a fascist but whom you don't love, either?

FALLACI: That is my business. You will not come into my bedroom, I tell you.

PLAYBOY: You used the word fascist in this regard. It strikes me, in thinking about the Moral Majority, that it was the Fascists—and today the Communists—who were the most puritanical, who suppressed "sinful" behavior and homosexuals——

FALLACI: Yeah, the Nazi leaders, the hypocrites—how often they were homosexual! My God, damn it, what hypocrisy!

PLAYBOY: But one of the reasons PLAYBOY and others oppose the Moral Majority in this country is that those people equate their version of moral behavior with the good of the state—and that has elements of, if not fascism, authoritarianism.

FALLACI: Ah, you are putting up PLAYBOY as an opposition paper, eh?

PLAYBOY: Well, what do you think of the trend toward mixing puritanical religion and politics?

FALLACI: Maybe in America, not in Europe, thanks God. Churches are empty. Don't pay attention to those who go to St. Peter's Square—they are tourists.

PLAYBOY: But if America is where social movements start, Europe will catch up sooner or later and you'll find a similar revival of religion in state affairs.

FALLACI: That's not possible. History never goes back. No, no, no, no!

PLAYBOY: History is going back in America today.

FALLACI: Well, we make fun of you. I mean, in a country where the President of the United States, whoever he is, every time he opens his mouth, he has to mention God—well, my God! I mean, not even the Pope does that. It will never happen in Europe.

You know, Italy, in particular, is a pagan country. They are not religious. Maybe about half believe in God, but our Popes never believed in God. They forgot about it. You want to know how this new Pope, Wojtyla, was elected? When the other one died, all the Italian cardinals, they got together and said, "Hey! Any of us around here believe in God? Eh, Guido, you believe in God? No! Luigi, *you* believe in God? No! You over there? No! Well, we still got two countries where they believe in God—Ireland and Poland. Try Ireland first. Telephone lines all busy? Ho-kay, try Poland. Hallo. Wojtyla—you believe in God? You do? *Benissimo*, you come down to Rome, be our new Pope." This is a true story, Fallaci tells it to you.

PLAYBOY: Good story. When did *you* stop believing in God?

FALLACI: When I was 12. I had very mixed feelings. What I said was, "I *don't* believe in God. Oh, my God! What will God do to me if He finds out I don't believe in Him?" That was my approach. But over the years, I find out it was sincere. I have the test that I don't believe in God. When I was covering the student riots in Mexico in 1968, I was badly wounded and had those three bullets in me—one here, one here and one here——

PLAYBOY: In your back, your side and your shoulder.

FALLACI: Yes, and I was losing blood, and I was fainting, not knowing if the fainting was death coming. I remember two things very clearly. I remember seeing my country house in Tuscany, which is very beautiful, like a Leonardo da Vinci panorama, and from my house you see these hills and mountains and the cypress . . . I saw all that. And I remember that I never thought of God. The concept didn't come to me, I didn't ask for help from God.

PLAYBOY: Did you come to these thoughts on your own?

FALLACI: I told you that half of Italy is pagan. In our house, our anticlericalism was so profound that our dog, each time the town church bells did dingdong, he got angry and was barking. Once, the

priest came to our house to reproach us. He says, "No one is coming to church." My mother was ironing. She put the iron down hard on the board and she said, "*Priore*, don't come here to teach me life. Teach it to others. My family will always sow the good seed, because it is what it is. Good morning, *Priore*."

PLAYBOY: When you mentioned nearly dying, you seemed almost resigned, fatalistic.

FALLACI: I love life. I mean, life is all, the only point of reference. So I am in love with life . . . but I'm very tired. I am tired inside. And when you see me do these things, you say, "That woman, how full of life she is!" But it is a kind of show I do with myself to fight the fatigue I have inside.

It started in 1976 and 1977, when they both died—Alekos and my mother. It was traumatizing. Something happened in my soul. You know, when you break a leg, the doctor comes, he puts the plaster on the leg, people come to visit and put the signature on the cast and say, "Poor Oriana, does it hurt?" Or you have a toothache: "Poor Oriana, did you go to the dentist?" But if you say, "God, I'm sad, I'm *so* depressed," people go, "Ahh!" They do. They do not take you seriously. So I always try to hide this broken leg of my soul, this broken teeth of my soul. Because people wouldn't understand.

But the more I have it, the more I live with it. And if you ask me, "What is the word you think most about during your days and nights?" I will say, "Death." Always. I calculate how many years, how many days remain to live for me. Twenty? Twenty-five? I say, "Eeeh, my God, they are few!" And the more I think, the more I adapt to it. If people do something nasty to me, I get very, very depressed. I'm very vulnerable. My vulnerability is equal to my strength, my so-called toughness, and when I'm down, I sometimes say, "Let death happen." But not suicide. It would be necessary for me to die in a decent way, with dignity—*for* something.

PLAYBOY: It's interesting that you admit to vulnerability, because the thing most people would associate with you is arrogance—as you've said, you sometimes use that professionally.

FALLACI: Yes, people think that I'm arrogant in a certain way. It is not arrogance. It's being uneasy—and not shy. It's a matter of uneasiness and a kind of . . . fear. Professionally speaking, it is, yes, yes, yes: fear, fear, fear. And this comes from being alone. My mother used to describe me as a very severe child—severe and isolated. I never played with the others.

PLAYBOY: It's hard to imagine you as a carefree child.

FALLACI: I wonder if I ever was. There is a story about my doll which will tell you. The Fascists in Italy would sometimes give out dolls to the kids, etc. I brought my doll home and my mother said, "Ahhh! What's that? A Fascist doll?" And she threw it out the window. Years later, when I was 16, I became a reporter. With my first pay check, I gave most of the money to my mother, because there was need, but I reserved a small amount for myself. And with this money, I went to buy a very large doll. When I got it home, I gave it to my mother, because it was too late for me. She remembered my first doll and cried, and kept it for a long time. Today it is in my country house, dressed in red velvet.

PLAYBOY: Every time you mention your background as a 16-year-old girl, competing equally with men both in your profession and in the Resistance, you seem to be emphasizing how hard you had to fight to prove yourself. Is it too trite to suggest that is a battle you're still waging?

FALLACI: Well, with the Resistance, in particular, yes, it was my first great adventure. It was accompanied by fear, but it was a noble adventure. So I have been brainwashed, conditioned to love adventure, which explains so many things—including my encounter with Alekos, because he was the symbol itself of adventure. Today I make an adventure out of everything. And my interviews, which were once great adventures, are no longer a professional challenge. Let's admit it once and forever: I am more dedicated to my writing than to the interviews, because they are so easy for me. I *know* already what makes the interview—I don't know if I should say, because someone will try, stupidly. I cannot really explain it, except to say that they go beyond the tape recorder—it's the *way* I conduct them. They are pieces of theater. I prepare the questions, but I follow the ideas that come. I build the suspense, and then I have *coups de scène*, do you understand? But they are very fatiguing. Do you believe that in some two-hour interviews I have lost weight? And, as I say today, they are no longer the adventure, the challenge.

PLAYBOY: You say your book writing is more important than your journalism. Do you still consider yourself a journalist?

FALLACI: This book [*A Man*] took me away from journalism. It's been a psychological withdrawal from journalism. When Alekos died, I had to decide whether to be a candidate for the Italian Senate or get this book out of me. I chose to write this book. But for all that I've said, I don't consider myself out of journalism. I very proudly still consider myself a journalist. I love it; it's the greatest work in the world.

But what began to disturb me was that the journalism I fell in love with at 16 was no more around me. I used to practice journalism as I had been told it should be done, as my uncle did. Like the doctors, you know, in the movies, old country doctors with the horse and buggy who deliver the children and the calves and the young horses and fix broken arms—do you remember? They still existed, those doctors, and they worked all day and night. And that was journalism, as I recalled it. Dedication! But around me, I saw instead the journalist becoming more and more pompous, with hours of work like people in the bank, you know—not on weekends, please. They don't give a damn, because they must go to ski. The more they become lazy, the more pompous they become, the more arrogant they become toward the world. They grew up with TV. I'll get into that later.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by arrogance?

FALLACI: It is their lack of political commitment, and here I mean especially in America. I'm going to be hated, but it's what I really believe. The lack of political commitment is compensated by a kind of arrogance, which is the arrogance of the policeman. Journalists, especially the TV ones, address people as executioners: "Here I come, and I'm going to show you what I do to you, who you are," because they have the power, they have this tremendous pull in their hands, and they cannot be controlled. The press should control the politician, yes, but who controls the press? The old question, see?

There is this form of arrogance, which was particularly born in this country, which I remember because I experienced it the first time as a little girl working with a reporter at the daily paper in Florence. One day Anita Ekberg stops at the Grand Hotel with her new husband. She had got married that very morning. She still had the white dress of the marriage with one sleeve and the other arm bared, very beautiful, all this blonde hair, very sexy, this tremendous bosom, etc. Immediately, they were surrounded by journalists, and there is one, a half-American, working for *Time* magazine in Florence—so imagine what a little correspondent *he* was—and he says, "When do you plan to get divorced?" She was married that morning! I froze. I felt like crying for her. I said to the correspondent, "Why did you dare? Why did you do it?" He said, "Because I am a journalist. I can put *any* question I want!"

That kind of arrogance extends to politics. I mean, it is extraordinary how, lacking ideas, journalists serve ideologies without questioning them or being aware of them. Ideally, a journalist, more than an astronaut, more than a judge, should be the perfect man or the perfect woman. We are more or less in the position of the judges and the policemen. So

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what detached me more and more was this disappointment with what the journalist has become today—a form of power; therefore, an abuse of power. We write so much about the abuse of power, and we are among those who commit most abuse of power. You understand what I mean?

PLAYBOY: I think you're exaggerating the power of the journalist, at least in this country. Because in certain situations—not necessarily the most important—if there's a sex scandal or some document comes out, yes, journalists can make life miserable for someone. But as far as power to raise serious questions that citizens have a right to examine, I don't see any great power of the press. Politicians can play off members of the press against each other—I'll give you the interview, I won't give it to you—and cut off press conferences at will. In this last election, you could go through a whole campaign with Ronald Reagan, and the press never really challenged this guy's view of the world.

FALLACI: Listen, I do not know if you suffered as much as I did, on the night of the debate between Carter and Reagan. I would have given a finger of my hand to be one of the persons who put the questions. I would have done so much! I was in Los Angeles for the promotion of the book. I prepared myself to watch TV as you prepare for the theater: I ordered the drinks, and I put them next to me, and I had my cigarettes, my lighter, everything was—like a child, very excited. I couldn't believe! I shouted, "Ask him *that*—no, no, look what he answered! Why don't you ask? Why don't you do it?" The only one who said something, believe it or not, was Barbara Walters, because she tried, she said something. But the others—nothing, nothing. That day, if I were a citizen, I would have grabbed them and screamed, "You traitors! You were there for me, to represent me, and you betrayed me, as a citizen, you bastards! You parasite of powers, you are worse than them! At least *they* risk—you risk *nothing*!" Journalists don't risk. At least the leaders risk! Not only their life, because once in a while they get shot, but their reputation, all the shit that is thrown on them, the accusations, nothing is forgiven to them. For Christ's sake! And the journalists—who do what? Nothing!

But I have something to say more about the journalists and politics in your country, if you permit me. I followed very closely this last election. It was the first time that I spent all the time in this country. Before, either I was in Vietnam or somewhere, I could never follow. And I looked very well what happened this time. It seemed to me that the campaign was not really done by the politicians; it was done by the American TV. The most important guy in America in those days

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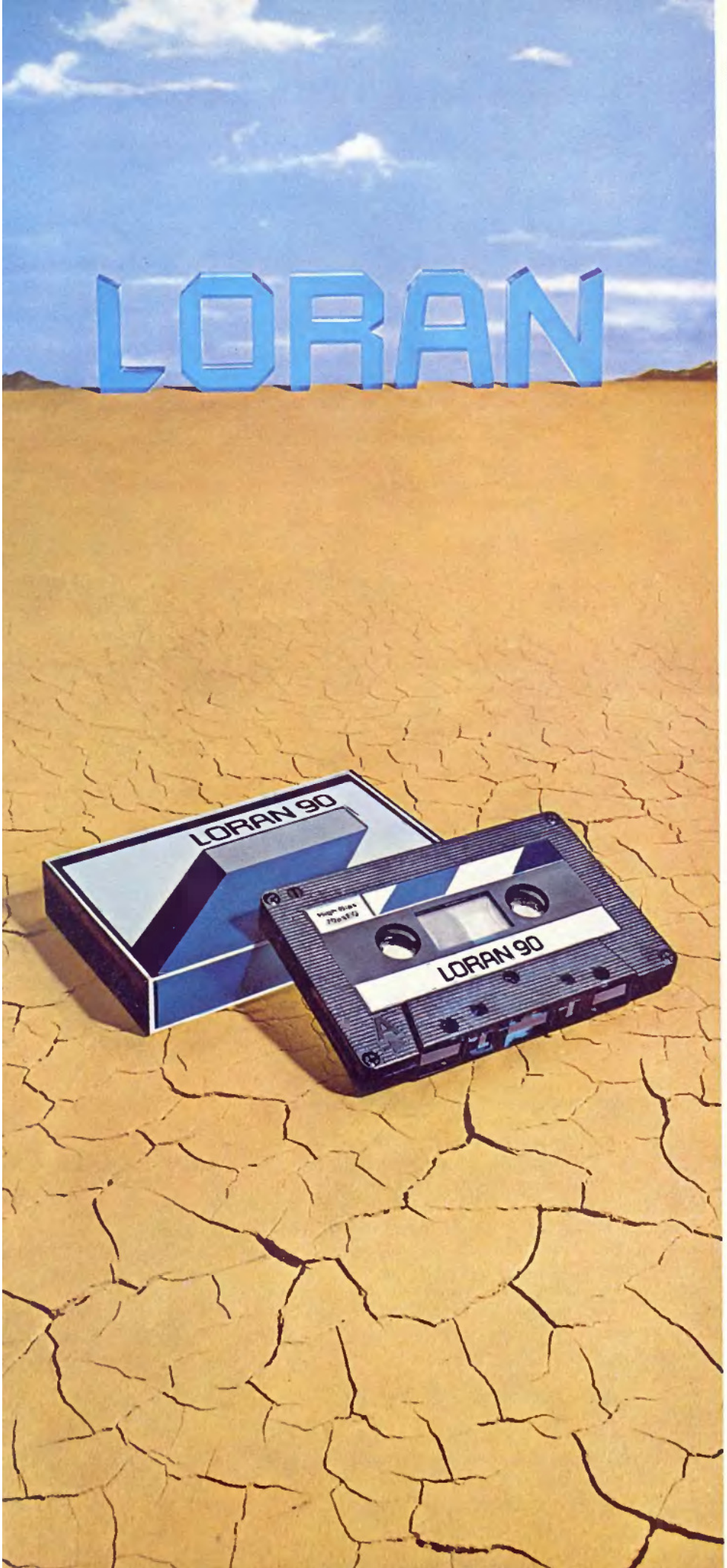

was not Reagan or Carter—it was Cronkite. My God! The night of the results, I saw something that was so repellent to my democratic sense I couldn't believe it: They started calling the elections when people were still voting! I shall never understand it. I told it to everybody in Italy. I told it to my father, he said, "Come on, it's not true. It's one of your American paradoxes." He still does not believe me. But besides that, do you remember the deference that Ford, Reagan, all of them, had toward Cronkite? "Yes, Walter, thank you, Walter, Walter, Walter." I *like* Cronkite as a person. I like Cronkite, I know him. I've interviewed him, he's cute, very nice, he's a very decent person. But I'd die to tell him today, "Listen, Walter, it was *unbearable* to see you that night, because you were the real President of the United States!" He stayed solemnly there on the throne of TV—because it's true, you have a monarchy in America. You have TV. An absolute, tyrant monarch. And I remember, poor Reagan, he was so modest. He had not understood very well what had happened to him, that he had been really elected, until Walter Cronkite called him. So it seems to me that you have a system where journalists, who should be the bridge between the citizens and the power, become more powerful than the powers.

PLAYBOY: As someone who has interviewed some of the world's most powerful men, who do you think has more power—the President of the United States or the head of the Soviet Union?

FALLACI: The President of the U.S. In foreign affairs, he can make the decision all alone. In the Soviet Union, decisions are made by a group, a collective. I know that Brezhnev did not decide on the invasion of Afghanistan all alone. The president of France probably has more power than the President of the United States, among nonautocratic regimes. He has more power on paper; he can take *any* decision. He is king of France for seven years. But he is questioned more in France on foreign things than the American President is.

PLAYBOY: And how do you see Reagan wielding that power?

FALLACI: It is too early to tell about Reagan. He is determined, he has a few simple ideas. In Europe, we do not know how much knowledge he really has. But I think maybe he will be a parenthesis in our life, a stasis. He is determined, whereas Carter was intelligent, but I agree with Kissinger that determination is a better quality of leadership than intelligence that is undetermined.

PLAYBOY: And you're not worried in Europe about someone with a cowboy mentality having his finger on the nuclear trigger?

FALLACI: Well, I don't believe the Third World War will happen in the next

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three or four years. I think it *is* inevitable—Teng Hsiao p'ing said that to me and he is right. The Third World War will take place. But we can skip it now and go in peace for a few years more.

PLAYBOY: You say it matter-of-factly, almost cheerfully.

FALLACI: I'm infuriated! We are all infuriated in Europe, because we will be the first ones to die! Because when you do your fucking Third World War, I doubt very much you will do it at home. You or the Soviets. You probably will not have to throw the nuclear bomb. Do you know why? Because you don't need it. You are going to make the war on our heads with conventional arms. The war will take place in Europe. You are preparing the genocide of Europe! Nixon's book, *The Third World War*, that's what's going to happen. You are *already* making the war—by proxy! China and the Soviets are already fighting by proxy in Southeast Asia, and aren't your puppets fighting your war elsewhere—in the Middle East, in El Salvador? It's already there, the proxy wars, and the big war will burst in Europe. Darn right. Of course I'm angry. You ask if I'm cheerful. For Christ's sake!

PLAYBOY: Let's return to your critique of the American press. What do you know about the American media, anyway?

FALLACI: American journalism was one of my first loves, because it was an aspect of my falling in love with America. America was to me what Paris was to my parents. But I mistook the quality of the paper for the substance of American journalism—really. We came out of the war and didn't have this heavy, shiny paper and those marvelous photos—*Life* magazine, etc. But as for substance, *mamma mia!*

Today, domestically, perhaps, journalism in America is good. But on the international scene, it's more complicated, and American journalists don't have a very deep political culture. My impression is that American correspondents reporting from foreign countries know very little and understand even less. Usually, they don't know the language. Why? Because of the imperialism, the arrogance of the English language: You go everywhere and everybody speaks English; why learn other languages? Well, I can at least say the U. S. journalist is not lazy. The Italian journalist abroad *is* very lazy. He usually copies the major daily papers, makes a summary and that's it. Yes, he speaks the language because he has to read the newspapers and steal from them. The same goes for other European journalists.

PLAYBOY: What about journalism in Europe?

FALLACI: In France, with the exception of *Le Monde*—in spite of its pompousness and hypocrisy; it's easy to play the progressive abroad—the newspapers are the worst. As to English journalism, it would be stupid to ignore what the London *Times* has meant in the history of journalism. But the majority of English papers are shit. The most provincial of the whole world. You open the *Daily Express*, the *Daily Mail* and you see what there is. Nothing but stupidities about the royal family and that ridiculous wedding of Charles.

PLAYBOY: You're not much on royal weddings, is that it?

FALLACI: The horse who marries the blonde girl? Who gives a damn if he gets married or not? Let me say I am not very sympathetic toward that family. I have nothing to say about the mother of the young horse, poor woman, but I have something to say of the father. When I was wounded in Mexico and I was in the hospital with three bullets in my body, Prince Philip was there, too, visiting. He was asked by a reporter what he thought about Fallaci being wounded in the riots. His answer was, "What was she doing there?" So a reporter came to me in the hospital for an answer to Prince Philip's question, What was I doing in Mexico? I said to the reporter, "Tell Prince Philip that I was doing what he has never done in his life—working!"

PLAYBOY: Getting back to European journalism as compared with American journalism——

FALLACI: Yes, I was getting there. You must admit that in spite of this, the London *Times*, *Der Spiegel*, *Le Monde* and several Italian papers are very well done. And in general, I would say the European press is better prepared to tell you the things of the world; the American press will give you abundance of information, of particulars, but never the full interpretation. At least in Europe, where newspapers have acknowledged political views, you know what you're reading.

PLAYBOY: Why should grinding an ideological ax be superior to trying to present the news factually?

FALLACI: If you insist on facts, then I insist that the choosing of facts is an opinion. I cannot imagine anything more arrogant than *The New York Times*'s motto, "All the news that's fit to print." Who decides what's fit to print? Who? There is much hypocrisy in this motto of the *Times*, and I don't buy it. I also say, if *The New York Times* is so proud of its objective stories and interviews, then why do they publish me and want me so much? For instance, they publish my interviews, which are the most opinionated on earth. Someday they will have to explain it to me.

PLAYBOY: You touched briefly on television journalism, which is, after all, where most people in this country get their news. Many people compare you to CBS correspondent Mike Wallace,

since you're both known as tough interviewers. What's your response?

FALLACI: Ridiculous. I'm a *writer* who does journalism. In no case can you compare me to a person who *performs* journalism for TV. Oh, he might write the *Divine Comedy* tomorrow, but——

PLAYBOY: You're talking about Mike Wallace, right?

FALLACI: I'm not going to pronounce his name, not if you torture me, not even if you kill me!

PLAYBOY: Yes, well, why not?

FALLACI: He did an ugly thing and I'll tell you what it was. After Kissinger devoted two pages of his memoirs to my interview, admitting he had done it out of vanity but saying that he was quoted out of context, since I had never played the tape for anybody, I got infuriated. *Time* magazine published the Kissinger excerpts, so I wrote them a letter saying that someone *had* heard the tape—meaning Mike Wallace. *Time* then got an answer from Mike Wallace, in which he admitted -he'd heard the tape but the tape was "fuzzy." What fuzzy? If he wanted to get Kissinger on *60 Minutes* and be the servant of Kissinger, he's going to say a lie like this? The tape was far from fuzzy. He heard it when he was interviewing *me* for *60 Minutes*. They showed a photo of me—it looked like a 123-year-old woman; I don't know where they got that ugly photo! For that show, Mike Wallace asked to hear the Kissinger tape, then tried to fool me by putting a microphone on after promising not to use it. I interrupted everything and said, "Out! Out!"—it was terrible. But, in any case, when he did hear it, Mike Wallace was very excited and danced around the room, saying, "Oh, oh! If I didn't hear that, I would never believe it!" Fuzzy tape!

PLAYBOY: Getting back to television journalism in general. . . .

FALLACI: A TV journalist, first of all, he has to be a showman. Because TV is made of images—you watch more than you listen, and even when you listen, you are distracted by the image, which isn't even static, it is in movement, and the more movement the better. So TV can give the headlines. If I want to know if the Pope has been shot, I open the TV. But if I want to know *how* it happened, who did it and why, I've got to read the written page, damn it!

I would also say, though, if I wanted to work for television as a journalist, which I love for its images and its immediacy, I would be a cameraman. On TV, the real journalist is the cameraman, who writes through images, who chooses who and what to point the camera at.

PLAYBOY: A familiar complaint from TV journalists is that they can't cover a story after a while because they're too

well known. What about your own fame?

FALLACI: Yes, it is a problem. In my interview with Walesa, I arrived in Poland a week before the meeting and a girl at the airport recognized me—then the TV got the news and there were photographers at my next stop. I was desperate because a photo would appear so far ahead of my first meeting with Walesa—the secrecy was gone.

PLAYBOY: But you say that with a lot of pride in your voice, even vanity.

FALLACI: Pride yes, vanity no. Very proud I am. I complain because to do this work you should be a transparent fly, and I am not that fly. I make news when I arrive. You have to admit it, sometimes it's the encounter of two celebrities, these interviews. But much as it disturbs me, I would be a hypocrite to say that I cry from despair. It is the result of a life of work.

PLAYBOY: But is it hurting your journalism?

FALLACI: It *is* hurting my journalism. Sooner or later, people recognize me, and not just in Italy or France or England or America, but in other countries, from Poland to Iran, from South America to Asia.

PLAYBOY: And it's not as if you haven't courted the fame. You speak at colleges, give interviews, you go on TV talk shows. . . .

FALLACI: Yes, but don't forget the TV and the university offers come because I was *already* a celebrity. . . . All right, I buy what you say for TV, but not for universities; that's not right. When I went to Yale—and now you can claim that I say it with satisfaction; OK, sure, damn it, yes! Ask anybody in Yale—I had crowds five or ten times as big as other people. The students didn't see me on TV; they had read my books, yes sir! I'm very proud of it, yes, yes, yes! The only degree that I have, I got here in America, and I never even finished the university.

PLAYBOY: Pride aside, how has fame—and success—settled on you?

FALLACI: I am totally incapable of dealing with success. It has been agonizing for me. I have never identified with stories of poor people from small villages who made it to New York or Paris—because I never said I wanted it. I was not even aware of the fame or success for a long time. I was traveling around the world, working. And then people began to stop me and say, "Are you a relative of *the* Fallaci?" And lately, *mamma mia!* In any city, I never make less than 700–800 people for a speech; it's unbelievable. In Yugoslavia, they had to close the doors to the theater—and the screaming outside! The same in Helsinki. I remember a doctor from Fort Lauderdale coming to me to say, "Do you know why we love you?" And these were his words: "You are possibly the most famous Italian we have now in America"—which is doubtful, because Sophia Loren is that—"because we don't believe in anybody anymore. You have such credibility!" Now, you must admit that is the most beautiful compliment you can receive. Another time, an old concierge in France said, "Oriana, do you know why we love you? Because you have been teaching us courage." Oh, *mamma mia!* If I think of all the times in my life when I was scared to death—and he tells me I have been teaching courage. I felt guilty and confused.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to your most recent book, *A Man*. You say it's your most important work, that it contains what you believe about power and courage and what an individual must do with his life. Why does discussing it get you so emotional?

FALLACI: The book haunts me. I have resurrected a dead man, and now he doesn't want to die anymore. My life is B.C. and A.D.—like before Christ and after—only it has to do with before and after this book which obsesses me. When I became known as a reporter and was traveling around the world and began to earn a little money, I began to feel like the queen of England. It detached me from my political roots. I had been in Vietnam, in Cambodia, in Pakistan, reporting on wars and riots—and I had enough. *Basta!* I was fed up. Men are shit, they are garbage, they are bastards. What's the use? Then I met Alekos and it woke me up. He brought me back to political consciousness. And his death crystallized the message I tried to describe in the book: individual responsibility. It's the only answer. Ignore what the crowds say; if everybody is saying yes, you must say no. You are alone, OK. Tomorrow you will be two, then four and five and six. The one political message I have is the fight against indifference.

PLAYBOY: That message may be clear enough when there's a dictatorship, as there was in Greece, or a totalitarian state, as there is in Russia——

FALLACI: What I say about Russia is that for all we hear about solitary dissidents, they are such a tiny minority. There has been a dictatorship there for so long, with so little real resistance, you must ask yourself how much sympathy you can have for the Russian masses. Maybe they deserve what they have.

You know, I am reminded of the one interview I thought I won—but I was knocked out at the very last moment. I had interrogated [former CIA director] William Colby, putting to him some very hard questions. Just before we left the ring, I went down, because he said one very simple thing to me: Go speak with the head of the K.G.B. and treat him as you have treated me. And he was right. No one resists because there is no one there to confront.

PLAYBOY: This message of yours, about individual responsibility and the struggle against indifference, is obvious enough in dictatorships, but how does it apply to a democracy?

FALLACI: As Alekos said, we are four billion people on this planet. If all those billions but one are oppressing one person, then we are all fascists. In America, you are obsessive about individualism—thanks God. All your epics—the epic of the cowboy, of the pioneers—all have to do with individuals, and it is charming. But when it comes to politics, to the participation of the citizen in politics, the individual is crushed. He can talk, he can write, he can even vote—but he does not participate in basic decisions.

PLAYBOY: So you dismiss town meetings, ringing doorbells for candidates, organizing to defeat or elect people? That's a pretty broad brush you're using to dismiss——

FALLACI: I was not dismissing. I was only speaking of the dramatic imperfections of democracy, and I agree with Churchill, who said democracy was lousy but we having nothing better. Remember in my book that it is Alekos who cries in front of the Acropolis, "Give me a bad democracy, a sick democracy, but democracy!" The only thing I would like is a democracy which is not bad or sick.

PLAYBOY: That takes us back to the problem we had earlier. When you admit that your hero, Alekos, in resisting dictatorship as an individual, considered taking hostages and blowing up the Acropolis, I have to ask you again: Is that moral? Is it correct?

FALLACI: OK, you go back to that. OK, I accept it, I let you go back. You are obsessed by it.

PLAYBOY: Because it goes to the heart of your beliefs, because it touches on courage and responsibility and terrorism——

FALLACI: OK, OK, *I* am not the one who wanted to take hostages. I tried to dissuade Alekos until I gave up and said, OK, let's try. But I *knew* he wouldn't do it! I have to admit that since this interview began, I have found other American readers who have asked about the same point. And if you have not understood, it is my fault. It is the fault of the author—the author of a *novel*, I remind you. I exaggerated a minor thing, perhaps, and it was much more in his imagination than I tell in the book. It was crazy, it could not happen.

PLAYBOY: He was trying a bluff, in other words?

FALLACI: Yes, a bluff. I mean, he did have this quality, which is a very dangerous quality, of being a leader who can lead by the force of charisma, who can make other people follow him——

PLAYBOY: All right, so for three weeks since we started this interview, *that* was the statement you didn't want to make.

FALLACI: Because you didn't let me talk.

PLAYBOY: Come on, Oriana, it's a hard

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thing to admit. You tried to give moral and political reasons why men like Alekos should be admired and followed, and it all comes down to the fact that certain people can have a dangerous seduction over the rest of us—yourself included—and sweep us up in actions that may, in fact, be crazy or immoral.

FALLACI: But I don't buy your word immoral. Whether history recognizes them or not, yes, there are certain people who deserve to be followed. In Alekos' case, it never led to crazy things—that was just a fantasy—but there *are* occasions when violence is justified. Tyrants must be killed. But why must you persecute me for this? I remember when I did a story about the astronauts, I took a battery of intelligence tests and they were exhausting, they give me headaches. This is what you are doing to me. This is what you do with your fucking interview.

PLAYBOY: Poor Oriana, you never did this to anyone, right? What are your interviews if not a test of intelligence?

FALLACI: They're a test of force.

PLAYBOY: Now we're back on the topic of force, of power. It's interesting how much that term obsesses *you*. You dedicated your collection of interviews to your mother and to "all those who do not like power." In that collection, published in 1974, you wrote, "I see power as an inhuman and hateful phenomenon." Do you still?

FALLACI: That was written in 1973 and we are in 1981. Thanks God, an intelligent person does not remain attached to something without thinking about it. A person moves, changes, that's life. Only the dogmatic—the Communists, the Catholics—would repeat the same thing eight years later. While I was waiting for this last interview session to begin, I was looking at *your* collection of interviews [*The Playboy Interview*] and I read what Bertrand Russell had to say: "Contrary to the customary pattern, I have gradually become more and more of a rebel as I have grown older." Well, for once in my life, I belong to the majority, to the "customary pattern." In aging, I became wiser rather than more radical. By wiser, I mean seeing things more rationally, more coldly.

So eight years from now, I don't know what I'd say—I might be a dictator in eight years—but in 1981, I would have to define power as an inevitable curse. Why inevitable? Because when you put together a community, as small or as large as it may be, it needs to be organized to survive. And to organize, the community needs to delegate power to someone. Sometimes people take the power, which is the essence of dictatorship. Sometimes they are given the power, which is the essence of democracy. Now, we don't even discuss dictatorship—we disqualify it. But to discuss the best situation, if there are 20 of us in the community, surviving together in a cave, we have to organize against the dinosaurs, provide ourselves with warmth and food. So we organize and say, "You go get water, you tend the fire, you make the shoes, and you, over there, you make children. . . ." I don't like very much that one has to make children, but one has to, right? Because once she makes the children, she has to give milk. And when she gives milk, she cannot do other things. So I will be the one who makes the *shoes*.

Anyway, so the cave must have a coordinator. That means the coordinator is the power, and once you admit that, you admit that power is a necessary curse. When the use of power is not only legitimate but reasonable, then you have to accept that power. But you also realize that the moment he rules the other 19 people, without wanting to oppress them, he oppresses them all the same. Why? Because if he says that the rule is no one leaves the cave after five P.M., because otherwise the dinosaur eats you, he's right, because he protects my life.

But wait! I am Oriana. I am hysterical, I am an anarchist, I want to go out and see the stars! So when they stop me on my way out of the cave, I suffer and feel oppressed. I curse the coordinator. I say, "If the dinosaur eats me, that's my problem!" Then he says the terrible thing: "Oriana, you are not master of your life. You belong to this community, you make our shoes, we *need* your fucking shoes and can't afford the luxury of having you eaten by the dinosaur!" So I am admitting that freedom doesn't exist to begin with and that, to a certain extent, oppression is a necessity for the community. *Someone* has to be oppressed.

PLAYBOY: That's quite a change from the angry, shouting, anarchistic Oriana Fallaci of ten years ago. It makes one think you would be more tolerant of Kissinger today——

FALLACI: Yes, I am much more tolerant in 1981 of all the Kissingers—plural—than I was ten years ago.

PLAYBOY: Having admitted that, would it tend to make you less of an adversarial journalist if you had to interview those same people again?

FALLACI: No, it would make a more relaxed journalist.

PLAYBOY: And would it rob you of some of the passion and drama with which you confront people?

FALLACI: Yes, and for the better. Less dramatic and less theatrical but, in my opinion, better.

PLAYBOY: Nobody would guess it from this interview, but it almost sounds as if you're saying you've lost some of your fire—at least as far as journalism goes. That new tolerance of yours for power——

FALLACI: Eh, wait! All I said was, "I *understand* you, Mr. Power. But I'm going out of the cave anyway, to look at the stars. To hell with you!"

PLAYBOY: That seems a good place to finish. Anything you want to add?

FALLACI: Yes, I would like to cancel what I said earlier about homosexuals. I'm sorry I touched that subject. When you talk hours and hours like this, you always make mistakes. Wipe it out, please.

PLAYBOY: Hold it. Here we have Oriana Fallaci, who has published comments from the high and the powerful they wish *they* could retract, asking us to erase something *she* said.

FALLACI: Because it makes me sound illiberal, and God knows I'm not.

PLAYBOY: We can't tailor the questions or the answers to what makes you sound liberal. The fact is, it's an issue in your life—you mentioned it prominently in your Arafat interview——

FALLACI: Because I just mentioned it! I touched on it! If you insist on publishing it, you are making a tyrannical, fascist act!

PLAYBOY: It wouldn't be tyrannical; it would just be poor journalism not to publish it, something you'd never allow yourself. Besides, you didn't just touch on it—you expressed a series of opinions about male and female homosexuals.

FALLACI: Do you want this interview to educate people to intolerance, to lack of liberalism? In your magazine, you teach people to be more free, toward themselves and toward others. Why do you want to make propaganda for the other side?

PLAYBOY: Propaganda? Why? Because it turns out that Oriana Fallaci may be less than a perfect, 100 percent liberal?

FALLACI: I think of my homosexual friends. I'm ashamed of having said it. I think you shouldn't publish what I said, because if you publish one of my mistakes, you encourage the oppressors. Oriana is not perfect, no! She is the less perfect being on this earth. But I am a political animal. Oriana is a character, a personage, and she should not encourage intolerance. It is not I who will suffer, it is they, the homosexuals. And they are innocent.

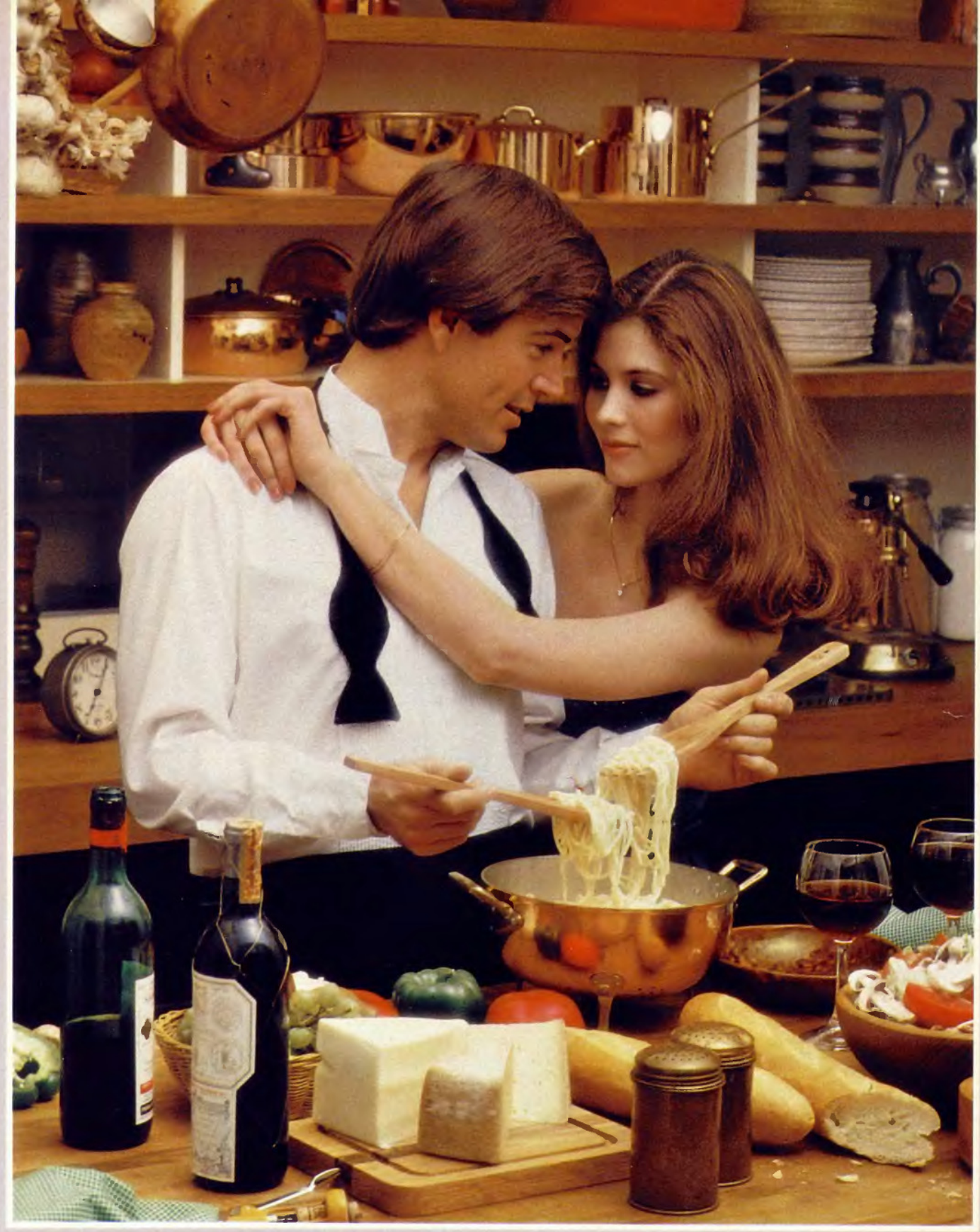
PLAYBOY: Don't overreact. Confessing to a personal distaste, a chink in your armor, won't necessarily unleash the oppression you fear. You, of all people, shouldn't be involved in retracting statements.

FALLACI: So you will not erase it?

PLAYBOY: No.

FALLACI: *Mamma mia*, I tried. [*shrugs*] Maybe it will be my Kissinger-cowboy statement. You got it from me, you got it! [*Laughter*] Well, it took you 20 hours to do it with me. It took me only an hour with Kissinger. So I still win, OK?

Now let's go out and have a good Italian meal.



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He creates quiet dinners at home that will later call to mind remembrance of things pasta. To him, the kitchen and the bedroom are not a woman's provinces; his knowledge of spice and of nuance serves him well in either place. PLAYBOY readers buy a quarter of all table wine sold in America; our man can choose a wine by taste and vintage, not by price tag. He reads PLAYBOY—it helps him make his life a procession of very good years.

TUNING IN TO CHANNEL SEX

article **By DAVID RENSIN** *with x-rated home video, the old boob tube is becoming a genuine turn-on—and the adult-film industry hopes to keep it that way*

NIGHTFALL in the suburbs. Out in the yard, the kids toss the last ball of the day higher and higher, the better to see it against a fading sky. Down the street, a man lugs the dark-green-plastic bag of new-mown grass to the curb. His neighbor pulls the station wagon into the garage, stopping halfway in to move a bicycle out of the way.

Inside, dinner is almost ready. Mom, wiping a bead of perspiration from her brow, leans away from the stove to call the kids in—*for the last time*. Dad says he'll get them. He gives Mom a pat as he walks

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES SHIELDS

behind her toward the back door. She rolls her eyes in mock exasperation—then smiles as she turns back to her chicken frying golden in the skillet.

After dinner, the ritual: table cleared, dishes to the dishwasher, little ones to the bathtub amid protests. Clean pajamas, small plaid robes, an hour of TV before bedtime. Mom takes advantage of the sudden peace and quiet to go upstairs and enjoy her own bath. The kids idly ask whether Mom and Dad are going out and are told they're not.

In a while, Mom comes back downstairs in her robe, hairbrush in hand, stroking shoulder-length hair. Dad puts down the paper as she joins him on the couch. As he gets up to fix her a cup of coffee, he announces that it's about time for a certain twosome to call it a night. After a few "Aw, Dads," they kiss Mom and trudge up the stairs, stopping several times along the way to play peekaboo through the railing. Dad brings back the coffee and says he thinks he'll take a shower. Grand idea, Mom thinks. He leans over and kisses her on the cheek. Don't go 'way, he says.

A half hour later, after he has finished showering, shaving and patting a bit of his best cologne here and there, he gives his body one more admiring view in the mirror, puts on his terrycloth robe and turns out the bathroom light.

Out in the hall, he tiptoes up to the bedroom door and listens. No sound other than the snoring of tired kids after a day of play.

Back on the couch, Mom has turned down the lights, and she smiles as Dad walks into the room. All quiet on the Western front, he says. He wonders if she would maybe like something a little stronger to drink. She thinks that would be nice.

When he hands her the drink, they click glasses. Another day, he says. She smiles. Another night, she says.

You know, Mom says, I think I've had about enough of *Fantasy Island*. She walks over to the video-cassette recorder and unlocks the cabinet where they keep the cassettes. *Deep Throat*? she asks. *The Devil in Miss Jones*? *Debbie Does Dallas*?

Across the room, Dad takes another sip of the drink. He smiles. What's *your* pleasure? he says.

•

It began in the early Seventies with closed-circuit "blue movies" in adult motels. Then a few controversial soft-core shows, such as *Midnight Blue* and *The Ugly George Hour of Truth, Sex and Violence*, debuted on two of New York City's public-access cable channels. About the same time, sales of adult-film video cassettes started to take off, and then to skyrocket. Today, the boom has spread to cable and subscription television (STV). Across the country, up-and-coming video moguls recognize the adult market as the leading edge of their industry—and are scrambling to inaugurate special channels so they can show softened versions of popular X-rated films to an apparently insatiable late-night audience.

Before its demise, *Panorama* magazine, the *TV Guide* publisher's entry into the future video sweepstakes, credited video cassettes and cable and subscription television with sending the pornography market soaring. *Home Video* recently featured a cover story on Marilyn Chambers. *Video Review* regularly assesses the newest in adult films alongside general-release reviews. *The Hollywood Reporter* has plans to initiate its first regular column to review adult films and report on industry developments.

Even mainstream media coverage of porn has lately changed. There are still the requisite pieces about alleged Mafia involvement, or about "snuff" films and kiddie porn. But more and more, the media are leaving those subjects behind because they'd rather know about the people who act in and produce the sexually graphic films inundating our homes. Such interest can be simply explained: The media cover what sells to America, and adult material is something the public has proved it wants—and buys.

The first feature-length X video cassettes cost nearly $300. Since then, the price has plummeted to the $69–$99 range and is expected to drop further. There are currently 2,000,000 video-cassette recorders (VCRs) in American homes, and manufacturers estimate a growth of another 1,000,000 a year for the foreseeable future. And what do you think people are watching on all those VCRs? According to *Daily Variety*, the showbiz newspaper, "It is generally acknowledged that porno films are the biggest current sellers in the VCR market."

At the same time, there are nearly 4500 cable and STV systems in operation around the country. They feature close to 200 adult channels with names such as Private Screenings, Rendezvous, Escapade and Adults Only. Those channels aren't restricted to the traditional "sin capitals" of New York and Los Angeles. They're in such places as San Jose, California, Phoenix, Arizona, even Monroe, Louisiana. Just this year, four companies announced plans to start *national* adult pay-TV networks capable of reaching all 20,000,000 cable-connected homes in the U. S.

Because of FCC regulation of STV and the still-tricky, political nature of getting cable franchises (relatively unregulated), both systems currently carry only soft-core versions of adult films. The erections, insertions and pink shots one can see in a theater or on video cassette have been cut out—or, as is now more common, two versions of each movie are shot. Another indication of the future: New York–based producer Robert Sumner has made plans to start a Quality-X Cable Network via satellite, licensing his signal to cable and STV systems. "I'm only waiting for the availability of transponder time," he says. "By 1985, there'll be a dozen satellites."

The results of the porn-home-video boom are expected to be twofold. First, the adult industry should make more money, which it can recycle into its product, thereby making the films better—consequently, expanding the market.

Second, adult material shown in the privacy of one's own home is bound to change sexual attitudes. Jerry Falwell's minions may be in church on Sunday, but the daydreamers will likely be rerunning Saturday night's sexploitation flick during the sermon. Also, there'll be no more having to sneak into the local X-rated theater, where you might be seen by friends eating at the Denny's next door. And no more horny squirming in theater seats, wishing the management had been farsighted enough to provide couches and private rooms. Now, when desire strikes, all you have to do is put the tape machine on pause or flip the set off altogether—and then get *into* the altogether with your partner on the couch.

At this point, no one knows exactly *what* changes in attitude and behavior the regular viewing of suggestive and/or explicit sex on the home screen will bring about. But some observers predict that video sex will lessen hypocrisy and improve sexual communication—in general, will spark something akin to a second-stage sexual revolution.

"If you think the sexual revolution is over, you're wrong," says the Reverend Ted McIlvenna, head of the San Francisco–based Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality. "It's just beginning!"

And author Isaac Asimov, writing in *Home Video*, foresees a time when "sexual activities would become a more normal part of the social environment; something one could talk about more freely."

One hopes so. But glowing predictions notwithstanding, an essential question has largely been overlooked in all the articles about the future of X home video: Can the adult-film industry rise to the occasion?

Adult films captured America's imagination and pocket money with *Deep Throat* back in 1972. But a subsequent flood of films lacking in basic plot and

"If I can bring this lovely creature to life, she will bring me everlasting immorality!"

production values—not to mention quality sexual information—alienated the "porno chic" audience. Now opportunity knocks again. Nearly 2000 adult films were made in the past decade, but probably no more than the top 100 are suitable for cable. New films are needed—and, in fact, are being made—but inflated costs have slowed production. So what *is* made must meet new standards or lose a possible cable sale, not to mention an adult-theater play date in some of the more progressive chains. And after all, the audience for X home video will include a higher percentage of *women* than adult films have reached before. And while satisfying the women *offscreen* has rarely been a priority of adult-film makers in the past, the new bottom line is clear: Will film makers risk gearing their product to more than the guaranteed adult-theater hard-core audience? Can they produce films that meet the different aesthetic and social requirements of the potential home viewer? In other words, has the porn industry matured enough to successfully meet the new challenges that confront it?

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My introduction to adult films en masse (beyond the few I'd seen since *Deep Throat*) came courtesy of Al Goldstein, publisher of *Screw*. In 13 years, Goldstein has made *Screw* the most successful "sex review" in America and himself, at 45, a multimillionaire. He is a fast talker and a quick thinker. Some consider him the epitome of vulgarity—a label Goldstein loves. Many more regard him as a farsighted, compassionate godfather to the pornography revolution—someone who, as Gay Talese's *Thy Neighbor's Wife* suggests, has had a profound influence on the course of sexual ideas in America.

Goldstein operates out of two floors in a 14th Street office building in New York City. Upstairs is *Screw* proper—in a manner of speaking. The decor is functional and spare, the mood semiprofessional. Downstairs is the headquarters of the parent company, Milky Way Productions, as well as the offices of *Gadget*, a "newsletter for grown-up kids," edited by Goldstein's second wife, Mary. *Gadget* reviews and tests everything from microcomputers to model rockets to stereo gear to peace pipes. There's no sex. Another newsletter, *Cigar*, and the production facilities of *Midnight Blue*, the long-running soft-core-sex cable show Goldstein sponsors, share the floor.

When I told him I wanted to take a crash course in adult films, Goldstein immediately volunteered the use of the *Screw* media room—actually, a storeroom equipped with eight video-cassette recorders, a Sony Trinitron, a phone and Goldstein's favorite easy chair. Then he gave me a stack of adult films to choose from and left for a week on a North Carolina fat farm. I ordered lunch sent in.

My first film was Harold Lime's *The Ecstasy Girls*, in 1980, winner of seven Erotica Awards—the porn-industry version of the Oscar. It starred Jamie Gillis, Serena, Georgina Spelvin, John Leslie, Desiree Cousteau, Lesllie Bovee and former *Oui* centerfold/cover girl Nancy Suiter, names that would soon become very familiar to me.

The plot is inventive by old porn standards. Gillis plays Jerry Stoner, an unemployed actor who has a magical way with the ladies. He meets J. C. Church, the greedy brother of terminally ill millionaire Edgar Church. Morally, Edgar is to the right of Anthony Comstock. He has willed his bank roll to J.C., a sister and his four daughters—but only if they are never caught in sexual misconduct. Of course, J.C. wants it all. He hires Gillis and two friends to perform and film the seductions of all five ladies.

The girls are pretty and passionate, the men understated, the plot and production values good, the acting credible. Minus the explicit sex, the movie could have played on cable TV (and no doubt will in a soft-core version). I laughed a lot. It was, as Lime's films tend to be, a good example of adult fare trying to look into the future instead of merely at the pocketbook. And it paid off. *Ecstasy Girls* grossed more than $1,000,000 in distributor rentals, and four or five times that at the box office.

But the oddest part was watching Gillis romp through the bedrooms of the rich and spoiled. We'd met and talked at the West Side apartment he then shared with author Gael Greene. Now, as I watched him perform sexually, I felt strange—as though I were invading his private life. It was actually a valuable lesson. I would have to get used to seeing close-ups of genitalia one day, then having lunch with the whole person the next—would have to remember that although the sex onscreen was real, these were just "films," fantasies, where everybody put on his clothes afterward and went home.

By six P.M., I had also seen *Plato's: The Movie*, *Barbara Broadcast*, *Football Widow*, *Defiance*, *Cherry Truckers*, *Devil's Playground*, *Hot and Saucy Pizza Girls*, *Fantasy World*, *For Richer, for Poorer* and *Midnight Blue Uncensored*, a hard-core video-cassette version of the Goldstein-sponsored cable-TV show.

Instant analysis: There was one example of gang rape in a mental institution (*Defiance*—an older film), some light S/M from Gillis and Serena (*The Ecstasy Girls*), but no kids, no killing, no water sports, no fist insertions. Even using narrow guidelines—other than the feminist assertions that *any depiction of* a nude woman is pornographic and that a woman's mere participation (albeit willing) in adult films is an act of at least societally induced violence—there was less physical aggression in the movies I watched than in a *Three Stooges* episode.

Overall, that afternoon's fare was typical of what I would continue to see in more than 75 films (and about 25 eight-millimeter loops) during the next four months. The films' greatest liabilities were repetition, less-than-proficient technical skill (in the older movies), unrealistic sexual situations and a creeping boredom that eventually diluted the erotic content. But there was lots of humor and human fallibility portrayed. Mostly, the films seemed harmless entertainment. Naturally, I was curious to see if what went on behind the camera bore any relation to what finally reached the screen.

•

All Ron Jeremey wanted was an erection. The actor stood broiling under the merciless klieg lights at one end of a chic Manhattan restaurant's upstairs bar. The fly of his heavy blue suit yawned open and his penis stared stubbornly at the Panaflex movie camera. Jeremey was surrounded by an eight-man crew and one curious reporter. It didn't help.

Director Henri Pachard had just cleared the room of extras from the previous night-club-disco scene. "OK, folks, I'm about to do some *nasty* hard-core action," he had said. "We're gonna do what this business is all about—a fuck-and-suck picture." (Its title: *A Girl's Best Friend*.) It was an exaggeration. Jeremey would get only a hand job. Pachard was laughing at his suggestive warning when the cameraman gave him some bad news: Someone had jarred the Panaflex out of alignment.

"That's an 'Oh, shit!' Definitely an 'Oh, shit!' " Pachard scolded. "It's gonna take at least ten 'Attaboys' to turn that one around." He sent for a replacement camera and glibly appraised the situation for the crew. "Hey, we just can't afford to take chances—even on this budget."

Meanwhile, Jeremey, a former *Playgirl* centerfold and Borscht Belt comic, had begun "tuning up" with a series of staccato jerks and long, slow, twisting strokes. When the new camera arrived, a nonchalant grip stretched a measuring tape between cock and camera lens. Jeremey tried hard to ignore him.

The scene's co-star, veteran adult-film actress Samantha Fox, winner of top female honors at both the 1980 and the 1981 Eroticas, sat on a barstool to Jeremey's right. She had long dark hair and exotic eyes and was decked out in full evening regalia with a simulated

(continued on page 212)

when she was only 15, she had the look that drove boxer jake la motta into fits of jealousy. now, at 51, vikki la motta is proving that very little has changed

RAGING BEAUTY

pictorial essay
By JEAN VALLELY

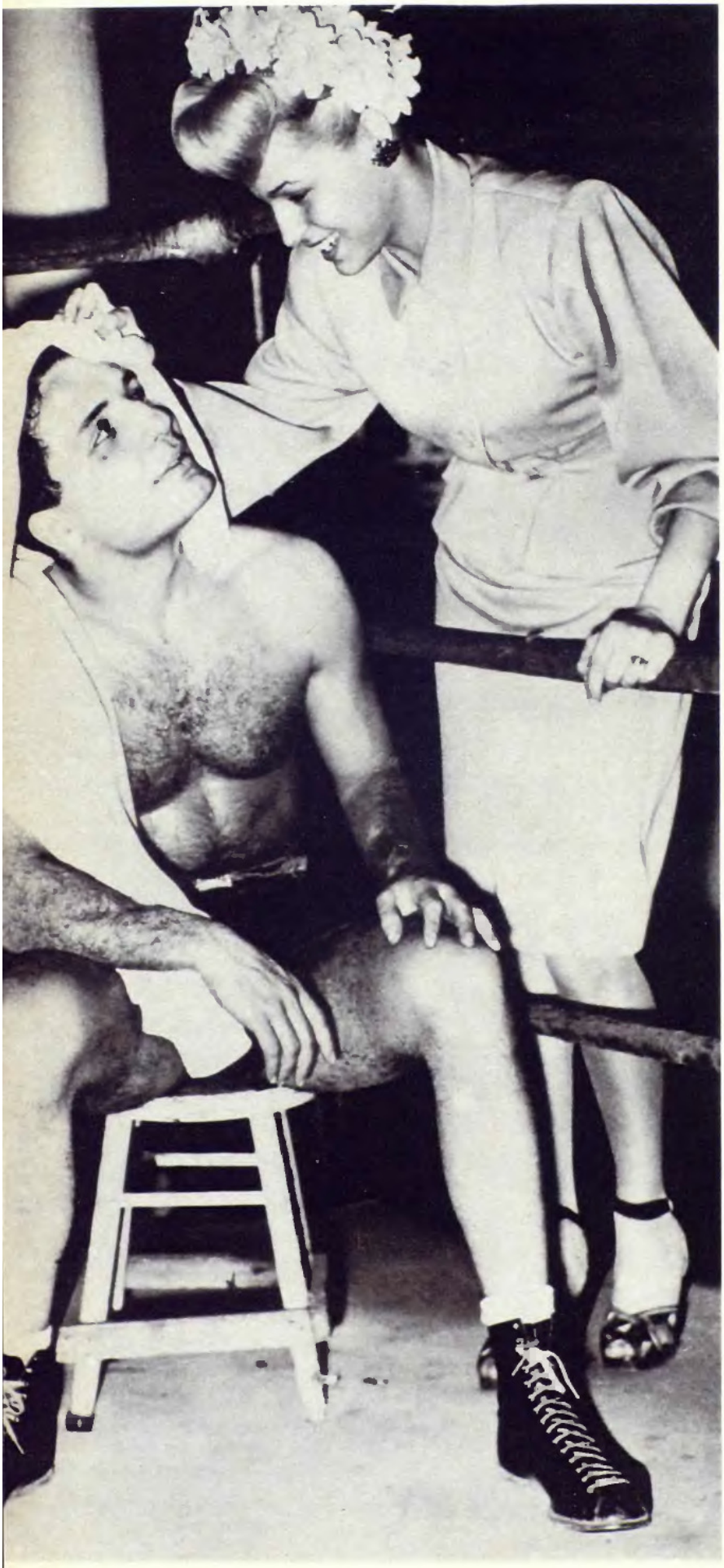
THE HAUNTING question that lingers at the end of Martin Scorsese's evocative and brutal film *Raging Bull* is what became of Vikki, the young wife of fighter Jake La Motta, whose astounding beauty became the obsession of his life and drove The Champ into terrifying rages of jealousy and violence.

Not to worry. Vikki La Motta, it turns out, has been doing just fine. Just fine, indeed.

Her *(text continued on page 119)*

Vikki was just 15 when she caught Jake La Motta's eye in New York (above). "He was so cute," she recalls. "He made me feel so safe." Right, photographic evidence that Vikki at 51 (far right) looks better than ever.

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS



In 1950, not long after he had won the middleweight title, Jake entered his wife in the Mrs. America Contest (above)—but when the judges refused to allow The Champ backstage, he wouldn't let Vikki porticipate in the pageant.

Although Jake's jealousy kept Vikki from having very much of a social life, she was a familiar feature at ringside (left). When she got to see her life re-enacted 35 years later in *Raging Bull*, which starred Cathy Moriarty and Robert De Niro (above), she went prepored, taking alang six lorge men's handkerchiefs, and she insisted Jake and her children sit with her. "I knew it was going to be honest," she says.

"Sex is everything," says Vikki. "And I'm always ready. I make sure that the house is in order and that things are taken care of, so when I meet someone I want to be with, I'm ready. When I'm with a man, I am really with him. I love men. Every single thing I do is sexual."

"Posing for PLAYBOY was Joke's ideo, and my children thought it wos great, too," Vikki declores. "I hove o beautiful body. I have never been inhibited sexually. I have always been passionote and, for the first time in my life, I'm totally free. It's my destiny."

head flung back and her dreamy brown eyes hidden behind oversized sunglasses, Vikki La Motta brings her red Datsun to a halt in front of Miami Beach's Doral Hotel, throws the gearshift into neutral, opens the door and flashes a big welcome smile.

"I think I'm in love," whispers the man who parks the cars. His expression suggests he is certainly in heat.

One glance at the real Vikki La Motta and you know that Scorsese got it right. Clearly, this is a woman capable of driving men mad. She has one of the ten great bodies in the world—a real woman's body, firm

Vikki and Jake grin with Jimmy Durante, one of Jake's fans, at the Latin Quarter in Miami Beach (top). Above, the La Mottos on one of the calm days with their children (from left), Joe, Christi and Jack. "The ultimate thing in life is to be in love with your man," Vikki maintains even today. "If that ever happened to me, then I would gladly stay married forever."

and curvaceous. Her perfect face is framed with a mass of spectacular golden hair. Her skin is extraordinary—caramel in color. Vikki La Motta is a composite of all the women John Derek has married.

And she is 51 years old. One can imagine what she must have looked like at 15, when Jake first laid eyes on her at a swimming pool in the Bronx, a sultry beauty lolling about in her white two-piece bathing suit. It's no wonder the poor man lost control.

I jump into the car as Vikki winks and waves at the parking attendant, then drives off. We are booked at The Forge, explains Vikki, and she hopes the food is good. She remembers it as being terrific, but it's been a while since she's eaten there. It's been a while since she's been to Miami Beach, for that matter.

There were the trips to New York to help with the script of *Raging Bull*. Then came the release of the film itself, followed by a ten-state promotional tour she took with Jake. "It was nice at the beginning," laughs Vikki. After all these years, traces of her Bronx accent still

"Jake has a passion for controlling me," explains Vikki. "He has always distrusted people and he doesn't like life. He's still that way. And I thought that if I gave in to that, then he would make me feel the way he felt about life and about people. So I decided my values were too important to give in to his whims. I am still excited about my life. I just love the kind of life Jake hates."

manage to sneak their way into certain words. "Jake saw this as his opportunity to romance me. But as we toured, he became the old Jake, expecting me to be the subservient Vikki. He got jealous. He started telling me what to wear and when to sleep. He told reporters not to ask me questions. He yelled, 'I'm The Champ, ask me.' We went to do a TV show and Jake wouldn't let me appear. By the end of the tour, we weren't speaking to each other."

Next came the Academy Awards and a trip to Hollywood and another promotional trip, this time to Europe with Cathy Moriarty (who played Vikki in the film). "The only way to go," sighs Vikki as she maneuvers her car through traffic. "I had two limousines, one for me and one for my luggage. I mean, how much luggage can I take?"

And, of course, there was another trip to Hollywood and a stay at Playboy Mansion West. "It was like a dream," she says. "And you know what happened? I was up in my room one evening and I got a message that Dan Pastorini [of the Oakland Raiders] was downstairs." Vikki rolls her eyes. "What a hunk! But I was exhausted and didn't go downstairs. He came back the next night and we were introduced and flirted a little. The next afternoon, he was waiting for me at the pool. Before I knew it, he picked me up and carried me into the water. I had on my high heels and jump suit and he kept rolling me around and around in circles, telling me how much he loved me. He wouldn't let me out of the pool. And pretty soon," says Vikki, her eyes dancing, "off came the shoes and off came my jump suit. . . .

"There's The Forge," she says suddenly, and, with moves that would put Mario Andretti to shame, she slams on the brakes, makes a U-turn and screeches to a halt in front of the restaurant. And, like the man who parks the cars at the Doral, the man who parks the cars at The Forge cannot keep his eyes off her. "I have to put on my shoes," she giggles as she playfully wiggles her bare feet into her sandals.

"I want to be able to look at you all night," murmurs the maître de to Vikki as he leads us to a table smack-dab in the middle of the restaurant. The maître de isn't the only one who wants to gaze at her. So does every man in the restaurant. And, dressed in a tight cranberry V-neck top and tight white jeans, Vikki is something to look at.

"I have always been the center of attention," she laughs as two waiters fight to unfold her napkin. "You get a reputation just by being good-looking. Men started giving me all this attention when I was 13. I didn't do anything and I was a celebrity in my neighborhood." Vikki takes a sip of her white wine. "When I met Jake, I was starting to become afraid of some of these men. This was the Bronx and these guys were tough. Jake was not aggressive like the other guys and he was protective. I wasn't afraid of Jake."

The fear would come later.

"Jake lived for me," continues Vikki. "He was jealous of anyone and anything that took my attention away from him and his needs. He didn't allow me to have girlfriends. He bought all my clothes. He stocked the basement of our home with cases of tomatoes and toilet paper. Cheeses and salamis hung everywhere and there was a big freezer stocked with meat. If I needed anything, I went downstairs.

"And I must tell you," she adds, "in the beginning, I didn't care. I was in love, and so what if he went shopping? And who wanted to be with the girls, anyway? I was busy raising my children. Jake treated me like a china doll."

Vikki's hermetic world began to come apart when Jake's career began to slip. He had trouble training, trouble making his weight. Then he began to drink. And the booze made him nasty and contentious. At that point, Vikki the china doll began to rebel. It wasn't a serious rebellion, mind you; dinners with her family, nights out with the girls. Jake took to the bottle with a passion.

In an attempt to work things out, Vikki and Jake moved to Miami, where Jake opened a liquor store and night club. But everyone wanted to buy The Champ a drink and the drinks made Jake belligerent and the belligerence drove the customers away. Then the violence started.

The first time Jake beat Vikki, she blamed the hard times and the alcohol. The second time he beat her, she decided to leave him. The violence intensified, exacerbated by the separation, and stopped only when Jake was sent to jail for five months on a morals rap.

Vikki La Motta was 26 and broke. She had three small children and no idea of how to deal with the real world. She sold her jewels, her furs, her clothes. She packed up her kids, moved them back to New York and into an apartment in the Bronx, dyed her hair black, started using her maiden name and got by doing odd television gigs: a billboard girl on *The Steve Allen Show*, spots on *The Garry Moore Show*, bit parts on *The Phil Silvers Show*. Vikki was making money, but those day jobs left her no time for her children and once again she packed them up, moved back to Miami and took a night job as a showgirl at a club 15 minutes from home. But despite her black hair and new name, people still recognized her. "I was embarrassed for Jake," recalls Vikki. "And for me. Here I was, 28, a mother, and I thought, Look at me up there."

Eight waiters hover over Vikki, each hoping to be the one to clear away the red snapper, refill her wineglass, bring more rolls. A man passes the table, notices Vikki and actually stops and stares at her. "What are two beautiful women like you doing alone?" he asks.

"What makes you think we're alone?" she teases. The man wilts.

Vikki La Motta is at ease with men the way the Rockefellers are at ease with money. "The first man to ask me out after Jake and I separated was Johnny Carson. I couldn't believe it. He was so nice. He sent me flowers and we went to hear jazz."

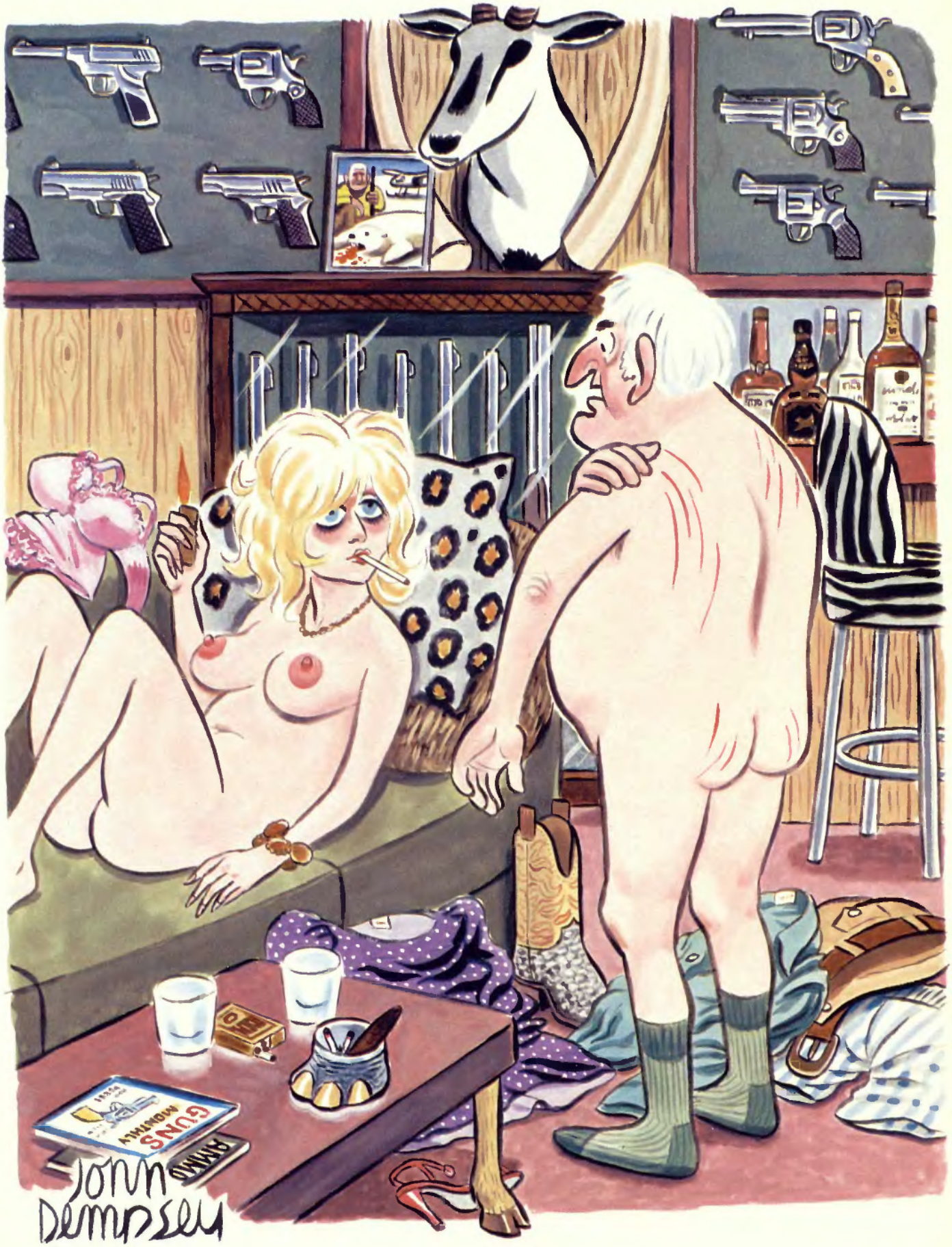
Only one man has ever intimidated Vikki, and that was Robert De Niro, who won an Oscar for his portrayal of her husband in *Raging Bull*.

Vikki cringes when she thinks back to her first meeting with De Niro. She was furious at how she had been characterized in the book *Raging Bull* (upon which the movie was based), and when De Niro and screenwriter Mardik Martin arrived in Miami, Vikki was sure they hated her. "I was standing outside the terminal and all of a sudden they were there—staring at me. I didn't know what to do. I went like this [*she covers her face with her hands*]. I wanted to disappear. When I took my hands down, they had turned away. I was sure they thought I was pretending to be shy."

During the drive to her home in North Miami Beach, Vikki regained her composure. But not for long. The men sat at her dining table and grilled her. They were very personal questions, questions she had buried long ago. "They asked me things like, 'Did you fool around?' " Vikki shakes her head. "I mean, why didn't they just sit around and insult me? It was awful, but I kept my cool." She screened home movies—of her courtship with Jake, of their marriage, of the birth of their children. "The movies were self-explanatory," says Vikki. "They showed love."

Vikki takes a long sip of her wine. "De Niro wanted to sleep at my house. I didn't know what to do. Should I let him sleep in my bed? I was so shocked I just threw a sheet and a pillow on the couch in the spare room." She takes a

(concluded on page 268)



"Fingernails don't scratch—people scratch."

the pure intensity and joy of the sport were once pro basketball's big payoff. today's product promises more—and delivers less

THE STAKES OF THE GAME

article **BY DAVID HALBERSTAM**

IN THE DAYS remaining before the first practice, they began checking into the small motel near the base of Mount Hood in the small suburban community of Gresham, Oregon. They were rookies and free agents, and the odds were already against them. Their motel rooms were paid for, and there was daily meal money, but in a profession where more and more things were guaranteed, they were still at a point in their careers where the only guarantee was an airplane ticket back home in the likely event they were cut.

The veterans, the young princes of the sport, who all owned homes in the swank upper-middle-class sections of Portland, were not required to arrive until later, as befit their superior status. In contrast to that of the rookies and the free agents, the anxiety level of the veterans was relatively low; they had made the club before, many had even played on a championship team, and, most important of all, the money in their contracts was guaranteed. For the rookies and the free agents, it was something else again. They were at the very brink of their dream, which was to play under contract in the National Basketball Association.

They were an odd and unlikely collection. Steve Hayes was white and very tall, 6'11". He also shot well, and once upon a time in this game, that had been enough, to be tall and have a light shooting touch; but the game had now become one of speed and muscle, and in both categories, Hayes was lacking. He knew the coaches thought he was slow (intelligent but very slow was, in fact, their precise definition of him) and that in contrast to many of the young blacks with whom he would be competing, he lacked muscle tone.

Hayes had been through all this once before, in 1977, at a pre-season camp run by the New York Knicks. Arriving as a fourth-round draft choice, he had been judged too slow and had gone on to play for two years in Italy. He believed he had now spent enough time in the minor leagues. He also knew just how many players there were ahead of him on the Portland roster and which of them had guaranteed contracts; he understood, too, that the odds against him were already immense. Coaches who had once coveted bodies like his no longer did, all of which made him feel slightly less than sturdy just then.

Hayes's feelings were a good deal more tranquil,

ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

however, than those of another free agent, named Greg Bunch. Bunch, who was black and quick where Hayes was white and slow, was at the moment still in a rage over what had been done to him earlier in the day. He had undergone the same battery of psychological exams that all rookies and free agents were subjected to but, by mistake, had been required to undergo them a second time. That had convinced Bunch, who mistrusted professional basketball management anyway, that someone was trying to mess with his head. He had exploded and started screaming at the team trainer, who was administering the test, to *leave his head alone*. Bunch had some basis for grievance in his professional career; a year earlier, as a second-round draft choice with the Knicks, he had played well in the pre-season camp, had made the team, had even played in 12 regular-season games before being released in what was widely regarded as a racial decision—an apparent effort to keep the tail end of the Knicks' bench a little whiter. Bruised many times in his brief pro career, Bunch was sensitive and duly wary of the great white *they* who controlled his athletic destiny.

Bunch s roommate at camp was a young black man from Racine, Wisconsin, named Abdul Jeelani (nee Gary Cole), or, more particularly, Abdul Qadir Jeelani, the All Powerful Servant of Allah Who by His Own Example Expands the Muslim Flock, the son of sharecroppers from west Tennessee, 6'8". Jeelani, a gentle young man, was a god to the young white children who had gathered around him this afternoon for autographs.

In truth, Jeelani was at that moment a very nervous god, for although he wore the warm-up clothes of the Trail Blazers, and although he had signed a contract, he was by no means a member of the team. Last year he had been the highest scorer in the Italian league at $45,000 for the season (the king, one teammate had said, of spaghetti basketball), and the Blazers had paid his way out here. But he was a forward, and Portland was at that moment said to be very deep in forwards. His status was thus by no means clear. He knew his was not a household name, knew that in competition with another player of comparable ability he might be at a disadvantage simply because he had tried and failed before. Still, Allah had given him a fresh spiritual confidence, and he believed that what he was doing was right.

The coaches were pleased that Jeelani and Bunch and the others had all arrived on schedule and that no one had missed his flight to Portland. Worn out by the increasing volatility of the league, coaches felt as little affection for rookies who missed planes as for rookies who missed jump shots, possibly less. They were exhausted from dealing with talented players of rare skills who were tied up in their own emotional problems; head cases, these players were called. Big talent, the coaches often said of an athlete like this, bad head.

That night, awaiting the start of a new season (though with the recent industrialization of American sports, the season never really stopped but ran from camp in September to play-off games in June, and on into the rookie camps and summer leagues), the coaches were at once excited and anxious. The rookies and the free agents looked on the coaches as secure and powerful, men who held the keys to the league in their hands and made the final decisions on their careers. But the coaches and the scouts had their own anxieties and vulnerabilities. This was no longer a profession to breed confidence in anyone, be he owner, player or coach.

That first night, as the rookies and the free agents straggled into the restaurant next to the motel, they were still somewhat wary of one another. For the moment, at least, there was too much tension and rivalry among them to allow much room for friendship.

Jeelani believed, in fact, that he had never seen anyone so tight as Bunch. They were competing for the same job, that of small forward on a team that already had two small forwards, both of whom were white; and it had been a mistake, Jeelani thought, for the club to make them roommates. Jeelani had been at rookie camp earlier in the summer with Bunch and Bunch had refused to talk to him; then they had both been in the Los Angeles summer league for a month and, again, Bunch had made a point of not speaking to Jeelani. Jeelani, in a sense, wanted to befriend Bunch, but he was aware, in the most primitive way possible, that everything good that happened to Bunch was bad for *him*. It was terrible to think that way. So he kept his distance. At the same time, he couldn't help realizing that the fear and tension on the face of his roommate was the same fear and tension he had worn on his own face during his three previous N.B.A. tryouts (in Detroit, Cleveland and New Orleans) when he had looked around him and become convinced that everyone there—rookies, veterans, coaches, scouts—wanted him to fail. At this camp, Jeelani felt more confident, more mature. He had three years of European ball behind him and he knew that only one player—a guard and thus not a competitor—had guaranteed money.

While the players ate singly, the coaches went out in a group to a fancier restaurant a few miles away. They were all middle-class men, all white, all devoted fathers, but suddenly they had left their civilian incarnations behind. Now they were professionals, among their own kind once again, in a world without women, talking their own special shoptalk.

The conversations among coaches, here in Portland and elsewhere, often possessed a certain melancholy tone these days. Basketball was their lives. They were men still doing what they had done as boys, and for that other men envied them; but there was a consensus among them that their game was in trouble. Money now clouded not only the relationships between management and player but also those among the players themselves.

Stu Inman, the Portland vice-president and personnel manager, was sure that one player obsessed with his contract inevitably caused all his teammates to be obsessed with theirs. Inman was depressed by the changes money had wrought, worried about what they meant to his team. His highest enthusiasm was reserved for young, still-innocent college players, preferably from small schools that had never been visited by professional scouts; his greatest disdain was for almost any agent or lawyer. He talked a lot these days in an almost mystical way about what was good and what was bad for basketball; and when he explained why he so greatly admired his colleague Pete Newell (once a pre-eminent coach and now a Golden State scout, and a senior statesman of the profession), he used an odd and slightly sad phrase: "Because the game has never ground him down." Inman spoke as a man who knew and loved basketball but whose pleasant and private and somewhat sheltered world had been invaded and corrupted by alien beings who were richer and more powerful than he.

Jack Ramsay, the Portland coach, was more accepting of the changes that had taken place, more accepting of the fact that a coach now dealt primarily with spoiled, almost delicate athletes protected by no-cut clauses in their contracts. It was not a state of affairs he wanted or sought, but Ramsay had learned to accept it. After all, as the rewards had become so much larger for the players, so, too, had they become larger for the coach; the television eye during play-offs caught not just the big man in the middle rebounding but also Ramsay kneeling, intense, talking to the players during time-outs.

As a professional coach, possibly the best in the country, he had been able to rationalize his own conversion from a successful college coach working in

(continued on page 150)

getting a reading on your diminished expectations

NEW MAGAZINES FOR THE EIGHTIES

Welcome to the hard Eighties. Looked around lately? It's *awful* out there. A 75-watt bulb in the White House. Double-digit inflation becoming a tradition. Unemployment rivaling baseball as the national pastime. Soaring gasoline prices, energy shortages on all fronts. Johnny Carson down to 60 minutes and the Hershey bar shrinking even as its price goes up. Terrorists. Nuclear waste. Pollution. *Three's Company*. . . .

Clearly, it's all downhill from here. Hard and getting harder. You're not going to get through this without some help. But cheer up. Look how awful the past decade was: Vietnam, Watergate, Billy

humor **By DAVID STANDISH and JERRY SULLIVAN**

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT GUSTAFSON

Carter, disco. We toughed it out. How? By reading magazines, that's how. Could any of us have outlasted the Seventies without *People* to tell us who was hot and who was not? Without *Mother Earth News* helping us feel good and *High Times* telling us how to feel even better and *Money* showing us how to finance it all? And now that the darkness is really settling in, America's resourceful magazine publishers are ready to do even more. Whatever you like, whatever you do, whatever you are scared of, there's going to be a magazine just for you. And with our usual prescience, we've uncovered the best of what's to come.

Face it; you couldn't get along without us.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

PRODUCED BY SKIP WILLIAMSON

personality By CHET FLIPPO

THE PROBLEM WITH CRYSTAL

IF WHITE LIGHT and white heat could melt an audience, then the well-dressed sport sitting in front of me at ringside in the Chicago Stadium would have melted right out of his navy blazer and run down the drain at the first sight of Crystal Gayle. He almost leaped out of his loafers when the Gladiator whiter-than-white spotlights knifed through the darkness and crisscrossed on her as her road manager, Billy Vaughn, led her up to the white-carpeted runway to the stage in the square. And the sport seemed to be beating his hands into hamburger, applauding as Crystal took a turn around the stage, prancing like a thoroughbred.

She was no more than six feet from him when she knelt and picked up the pink rose he had thrown. The Gladiators zeroed in on her white-on-white jump suit and the reflection was blinding enough to virtually short out my Sunsensor glasses: The lenses seemed to be popping and fizzing. Mr. Sport, who had definitely not come here to see the headliner, Kenny Rogers, went all wavy-faced when Crystal Gayle looked him right in the face and gave him a 90-watt flashbulb of a smile, then abruptly turned on her purple high-heeled slings and whirled away with a saucy toss of her brown hair that reaches within an inch of the back of her knees. The sport was long gone even before Crystal nodded to bandleader Charles Cochran and the band, down in the middle of the square, that she was ready to kick it out with *Gone at Last*.

She threw back her head, arching her spine, and her high notes—astonishingly powerful coming from a body that's 5'2" tall and weighs 97 pounds—rang off the steel rafters. Spotlights back-lighted her as she tossed and whirled her cascade of hair in what became an exercise in PG-rated eroticism. The sport was beginning to bear an alarming resemblance to a cocker spaniel: sitting up and panting, moist-eyed, and just waiting for a look from its owner. *Devotion*.

When she sang *When I Dream*, she seemed to be floating through a fairy tale and, for the inevitable applause, she dreamily folded her hands beneath her chin and her riveting cobalt-blue orbs roamed through the front rows like a sensuous laser. (If she affected me that way, I refuse to tell you the sorry state the sport was in by that time. And she had one more show to do that night.)

Later, deep within the Stadium's winding bowels of tunnels, guards

fans and record companies may be confused over just who and what she is, but crystal gayle has never had a doubt

ILLUSTRATION BY HERB DAVIDSON

were turning whole crowds of sports away from her dressing room, which on other nights held Chicago Black Hawks. When Crystal came down the hall with her husband-manager, Vassilios "Bill" Gatzimos, in the fluorescent glare, she looked surprisingly *smaller* than life. She had scrubbed off her stage make-up and—beautiful though she is—I was surprised to note a slight facial imperfection or two. She was wearing a puffy red-and-white-striped sweater and tight jeans tucked into knee-high boots. She received some well-screened backstage fans with a smile that can only be called dazzling and posed for pictures with them and answered the obvious questions: She's been growing her hair for 14 years and will cut it someday; she and sister Loretta Lynn are "close," though they don't see each other often; her next project is doing songs with Tom Waits for the sound track of Francis Ford Coppola's *One from the Heart*.

Then she was off to the bus, a customized Silver Eagle named Sally Rose, for the 12-hour ride back to Nashville and home. She didn't wait around to watch Kenny Rogers. She was more interested in finding out if, in fact, this Stadium was the place where she'd first seen The Rolling Stones perform. Memo: Don't call Crystal Gayle *country*.

•

If she can sing like an angel, behave onstage like a temptress, make grown men pant like dogs at the very sight of her and win over music critics like she's knocking down bowling pins, why isn't the name Crystal Gayle a household word? Why does she have to open for Kenny Rogers? Just what *is* the problem?

I'm afraid that question is a whole lot easier to raise than to answer. Crystal Gayle presents the music industry (as well as the listening public) with a problem equivalent to that posed by the college athlete who letters in all sports: If he turns pro, what's his specialty?

As Loretta Lynn's baby sister, Crystal came out of a family that is as hard-core country-and-western as you'll find; yet she grew up preferring rock 'n' roll. Her first hits were C&W, but as fast as she could figure out the business, she became the closest thing the United States had to a C&W *chanteuse*, a vocalist whose style knew no limits.

Her career has suffered as a result. A Kenny Rogers audience isn't necessarily eager to hear Crystal sing Billie Holiday songs. Record companies haven't really known what to do with her. Her biggest hit, 1977's *Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue*, was mainstream pop music, but her record companies continued to market her as a country singer—even when she followed the number-one C&W song *I'll Get Over You* with Kurt Weill's *One More Time*. The C&W audience didn't understand.

Crystal herself hasn't always helped her cause, either. Never exactly courting the press, she is a very private person who has become known as a difficult interview. On top of all that, music-industry stories abound of her obsession with controlling her own career, from hand-picking her appearances to exasperating art directors by slowly screening as many as 1200 color slides before finally approving one for an album cover. A control freak, some say. The Iron Butterfly of Nashville is another term that's been thrown around. But such buzzwords are too simple to explain her and her appeal, which even she can't explain.

Brenda Gail Webb (now known as Crystal Gayle) was born on January 9, 1951, in Paintsville, Kentucky. She was the eighth of eight children born to Ted and Clara Webb. Ted, you'll remember, was a coal miner (*vide* the movie *Coal Miner's Daughter*) who had already contracted black lung and was about played out. By the time Brenda was born, her most famous sibling, Loretta, had already married and become a mother and housewife in Custer, Washington, where she eventually launched her singing career. Since Ted could no longer work in the mines, Clara, a rock-ribbed Southern woman, had moved the family north to Wabash, Indiana, when Brenda was only four. Clara worked attendant's jobs in nursing homes to raise her brood. Ted died in 1959.

Crystal—I mean Brenda—was seemingly one of those dangerous, overly quiet, obedient and polite children who are just waiting for a chance to bust out of the mold.

"She was singing before she was walking," her mother says of her. Brenda selected both her career and her husband before she was graduated from high school. Even then, she didn't say much. It was what she *did* that mattered. Watching as her glamorous sister became a star, she decided to become a singer, too, and was working the Lions Clubs and the like while still jailbait.

After high school, Brenda got Loretta not only to audition her for her own record company but to write songs for her as well. Decca—now MCA—signed Brenda on Loretta's chit. But because Decca already had Brenda Lee, its management suggested that Brenda Gail Webb adopt a professional name. One day Loretta and Brenda were driving by a Krystal hamburger stand and before you knew it, Brenda was known in the business as Crystal Gayle.

Owen Bradley is an elder statesman of country music. He produced Patsy Cline, he produced Buddy Holly's first album—you name it, he was probably there first. He was also Crystal's first producer.

"Loretta brought her to me in 1970," he remembers. "I had Loretta's brother and another sister, and then Brenda came along and we talked to her and gave it a whirl, and at that time, the company was going through a change. We had fairly good luck on the first record or so."

For her first single, Loretta, a prolific songwriter, gave Crystal *I've Cried (the Blue Right Out of My Eyes)*—which got as high as the number-23 slot on the country-and-western charts in September 1970. Loretta also wrote a couple of other early Crystal Gayle songs, *Sparklin' Look of Love* and *Mama, It's Different This Time*. Those Decca songs sound, in fact, a lot like Loretta Lynn, or like someone who is unhappily trying to sound like her. Underneath, though, you can hear a pop singer trying to burst out.

"When I started," Crystal says, "Loretta didn't want me to record country songs at *all*, because she always told me that I could sing a lot of things. She wanted me to have a different sound from her. Which was very good for me." So Crystal went on the road and played every dive she could get booked into. She couldn't afford a band and played with pickup musicians who knew the basic chords to *Help Me Make It Through the Night* and *Let Me Be There* and *Snowbird*. She got a Dodge van and played county fairs and anyplace else that would have her.

"Decca never let me have an album when I was with them," Crystal would tell me later. "We had singles. They put everything together and, at that time, I didn't have a say in what I would record. And it was *very* difficult. It's terrible going in and not really having the freedom to sing what you really like. That's why, when the time came, we just parted. I didn't want to stay and I'm sure they didn't want me to, either."

"The rules in country music were kind of changing at that time, too," says Bradley. "Under the old rules, with a Patsy Cline or a Loretta, you could take three or four years to develop them. Under the new rules, the companies expected action a little quicker.

"And, of course, Crystal was trying to do something completely different. She was fighting that country-music image and it was kind of hard for her to understand that and to prove herself. But she finally did."

After her modest hits on Decca, United Artists signed Crystal in 1974. There she languished in the backwaters until her first number-one C&W single, *I'll Get Over You*, in 1976.

Throughout her career, she had been especially concerned with her management, at once the most important and potentially the most corrupt element of C&W music, and she went from Loretta's

(continued on page 156)

"Hello, Con Ed? I just called to say thank you. . . ."

NEW YORK CITY

east side,
west side,
all around the
town, whiskey
men are
rediscovering
a classic
american cocktail

WE'LL TAKE MANHATTANS

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

AS MARK TWAIN might have said, reports of the manhattan's demise are greatly exaggerated. Once the country's most popular cocktail, the manhattan went into a decline with the post–World War Two switch to white spirits—but the prognosis has brightened considerably. Top New York bars such as Jim McMullen's, Joanna and The Four Seasons all attest to a reinterest in the manhattan. Another vital life sign: Heublein, leading producer of bottled cocktails, lists it among its five top sellers.

Legends regarding the origin of the manhattan abound. The most credible traces its birth to a banquet given by Lady Randolph Churchill, Winston's American mother, at New York's Manhattan Club. It was a bash celebrating Samuel Tilden's election as governor of the state, and the bartender whomped up a new drink for the occasion, thoughtfully naming it for his place of employment.

The basic ingredients for the manhattan are pretty much as they were a century ago, but proportions have altered radically. From a heavily vermouthed drink, it has progressed to one part vermouth to three or four parts whiskey—and up. While not as quirky as martiniphiles, manhattanites have exacting criteria regarding their preferred potion. They will specify the type of whiskey, the type of vermouth, the ratio of whiskey to vermouth, how many times the drink should be stirred in the mixing glass, whether to serve it up or over and how much bitters, if any. What may qualify as the wiliest stipulation of all is attributed to Father Dudley, former chaplain to the New York Giants football team. They still talk about the Dudley manhattan at Gallagher's, a jocks' habitat: straight up and garnished with four cherries. By request, the cherries were served separately, in a shot glass. The father, it seems, fancied a full drink.

Recipes for the standard manhattan, and variations on the theme, are offered below. Feel free to adjust proportions to your own taste, as any manhattan *aficionado* would.

MANHATTAN

2 ozs. bourbon or American blended whiskey
½ oz. sweet vermouth
1 or 2 dashes bitters
Maraschino cherry, with stem

Stir first three ingredients briskly with cracked ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass. Plop in cherry.

Perfect Manhattan: Use ¼ oz. sweet vermouth and ¼ oz. dry vermouth.

ROB ROY

2 ozs. Scotch
½ oz. sweet vermouth
2 or 3 dashes orange bitters
Orange-peel strip

Stir first three ingredients briskly with cracked ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass or over fresh ice in old fashioned glass. Twist peel over drink, then add to glass.

DRY MANHATTAN

1½ ozs. whiskey
½ oz. dry vermouth
2 or 3 dashes orange bitters
Lemon-peel strip

Stir first three ingredients with cracked ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass. Twist peel over drink; drop into glass.

THE DUKE OF MANHATTAN

2½ ozs. bourbon
1 teaspoon sweet vermouth
1 teaspoon dry vermouth
Lemon-peel strip
Orange-peel strip

Pour first three ingredients over ice cubes in old fashioned glass. Twist peels over drink, then add to glass.

BLOND MANHATTAN

1½ ozs. whiskey
½ oz. bianco vermouth
2 or 3 dashes orange bitters
Queen Ann cherry, canned

Stir first three ingredients briskly with cracked ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass. Decorate with cherry.

THE REALLY BIG APPLE

1½ ozs. calvados or applejack
½ oz. bianco vermouth
2 or 3 dashes orange bitters
Apple wedge, unpeeled

Stir first three ingredients briskly with cracked ice. Strain over ice in old fashioned glass. Decorate with apple wedge.

BOSS TWEED

one smooth canadian and her thrill of a lifetime

WHEREVER Shannon Tweed goes, there is a moment in which all action stops and everyone turns to look. On this cold October evening, that moment comes when she passes the maître de's station in the 1000-foot-high Top of Toronto restaurant. Conversations pause and waiters slow their paces, balancing their dishes more carefully, afraid that something somewhere has gone wrong. The piano music softens in the background. Ice cubes chime in half-full glasses.

Accustomed to being the focus of attention, this conspicuous woman smiles at the upturned eyes and follows a small, attentive waiter to a table at the window. She is nearly six feet tall. She is blonde. She is startling to see in person; it is as though someone had breathed color and animation into a striking statue of a young woman.

The waiter holds her chair for her. When she is

Our new-found young lady from Newfoundland loves farm denims as much as fashion designs.

"Becoming a Playmate and becoming a part of the thoughts and the fantasies of literally millions of men—that's a tremendously exciting fantasy for me. Being seen as desirable by so many is simply so terribly flattering. For every nasty look or insult I ever got, every rejection that hurt, this is a compliment that goes a long way toward making up for it. I look better to me in the mirror."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

seated, the two of them are eye to eye. He hurries off to bring her a vodka and pineapple juice. Gradually, conversations resume, restaurant sounds gain volume; the moment of her appearance has passed. Still, as long as she stays, there will be darting looks of appreciation and longing from tables within sight of her.

"It's a lovely city, isn't it?" she says. She trails a finger tip against the window, touching Toronto's reflected light in the glass. "It's both bigger and cleaner than the American cities.

"I grew up on a mink farm in Newfoundland. It was very, very quiet," she says, beginning an unpolished thumbnail sketch of her life.

She frets with her hands for a second.

"I'm really not that used to having to talk about myself. Generally, I smile for the camera and that's that.

"Anyway, my daddy made the food and I fed the mink—

that's plural. We used to drive down to the harbor to get a load of fish, then mix it with vitamins and liver and various animals' meat. The mink loved it—maybe I could ask for a side order."

The waiter overhears as he trundles a cart past the table. He stops and offers to bring a side order of anything *mademoiselle* wants. She laughs and tells him the chef probably doesn't have the recipe.

She lowers her eyes, examining her deep-red polished fingernails, and continues.

"My parents separated when I was

"Modeling to be a Playmate is different from fashion modeling. In fashion, you can 'put on' your smile."

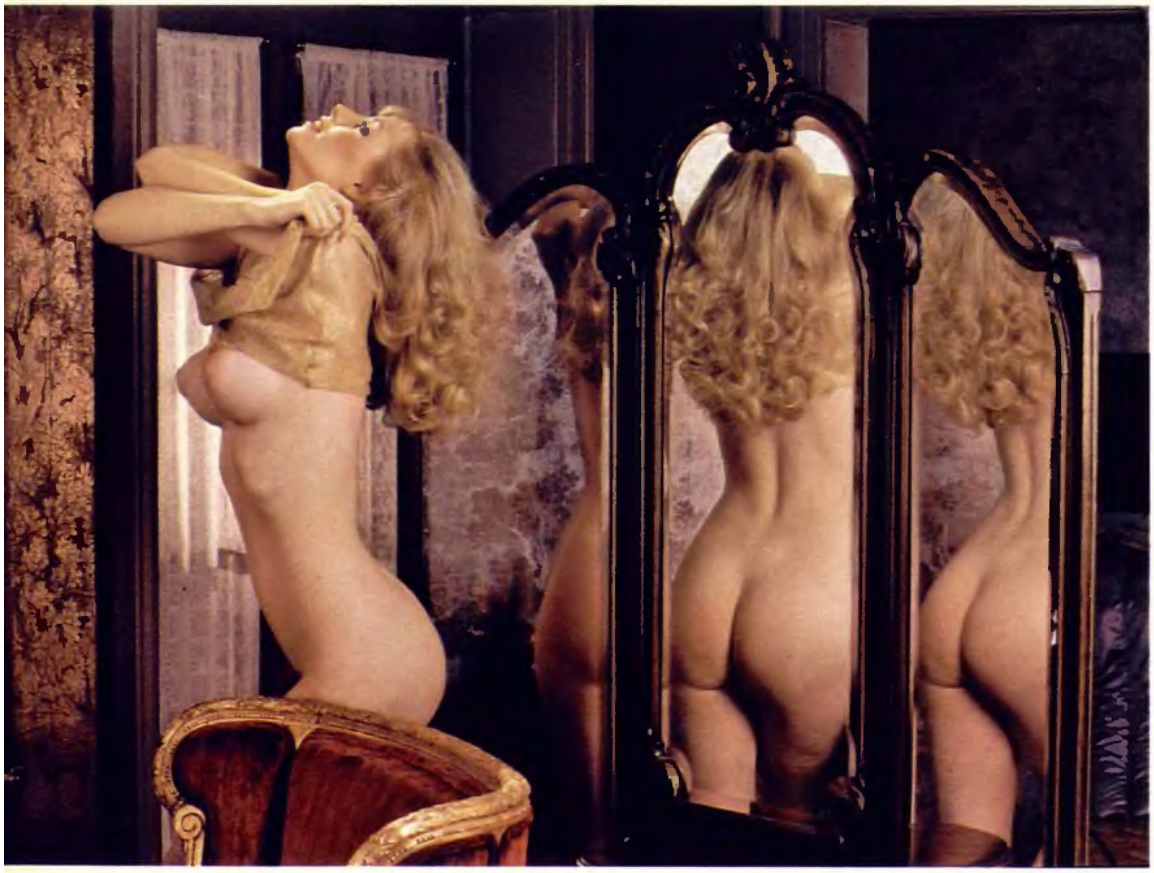
13. My father and a friend went out one night to test-drive a new car. The driver of the car was drunk. They had an accident on a gravel road. The driver died and they found my father in a tree 24 hours later. He was unconscious in the hospital for almost a year. My mother couldn't keep up the mink farm herself, couldn't even ask him for advice. So she had to take her seven children and go home to Saskatchewan.

"They never got back together. My father recovered after a long time, and even put the farm back together. He had to learn how to walk again and talk again, and when he died of a heart attack last March, he had bred 20 mink into 1000. I always stayed in touch with him, and I miss him.

"I finished growing up in a little town in Saskatchewan, then after high school, I went to Ottawa to become a lowly cocktail

Miss November found her way to us through "Thrill of a Lifetime," a TV program that makes Canadian dreams come true. The "Thrillers" wanted a beautiful girl who dreamed of being a Playmate. Thrilled to find Shannon, they put her on tape in Toronto (above), sent it to us and, once we regained our breath, we accepted their offer.

"Country girls have an advantage. I find I can handle little irritations better than city people can. Even though I don't appear slow-paced and quiet, that's what I am inside."



Snow white during bleak Ontario winters, Shannon can be a bronze bombshell in more clement climates. But in any setting, the mirrors say she has to be the fairest of them all.

waitress and make bundles of money. I got to be Miss Ottawa, third runner-up for Miss Canada in 1978—I won the talent competition in that pageant as a singer. I was quite well known in Ottawa after that, so I opened my own bar, called Shannon's. It went fine for a year—we made some money—but it was just too much work. Tending bar was great fun, though.

"People had mentioned modeling to me before. They'd come up to say, 'You should model, you should model.' So I went to an agency in Ottawa and they said, 'You should model.' I worked in Montreal for a while, then came to live

Upset with the gender confusion she sees as part of women's lib, Shannon doesn't mind if she's put upon a pedestal or asked into a bedroom. "There's nothing wrong with being a sex object," she insists, "if that's not all you are."

in Toronto, which is the best place to be in Canada. I got into high-fashion modeling here.

"But I really had always wanted to be a Playmate. Every girl's fantasy is to become the ideal—the most beautiful, desired woman in the world, at least for a month. That's what I hoped someday I could be.

"There was a television program starting up here in town called *Thrill of a Lifetime*. What they needed were real-life people to tell what they had always wanted to do or be. A schoolteacher had always wanted to be a clown in the circus, and he got to do that in Montreal. A traveling salesman was just dying to get out of his car and do the morning traffic report from a helicopter. He got to do that. Then *(concluded on page 210)*

Miss Tweed and the boss laugh it up at Toronto's Jo Penney agency (right).

Highly successful in Canadian fashion, Shannon should do well in America now that the glamor girl is back in vogue. In fact, she's featured this month in Vogue.

"You have a sense of working for the important things if you come from a farm. I guess you can take the girl out of Newfoundland but not Newfoundland out of the girl."

MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Shannon Tweed

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Shannon Lee Tweed

BUST: 36 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 128 SIGN: Pisces

BIRTH DATE: 3/10/57 BIRTHPLACE: St. John's, Newfoundland

AMBITION: To be a starlet and then a star on the silver screen.

ROLE MODELS: Katharine Hepburn, Lauren Bacall, Hugh M. Hefner, Pierre E. Trudeau.

TURN-ONS: well-toned bodies, fast cars and boats, Arabian horses and spending money.

TURN-OFFS: Gaudy jewelry, born-again zealots, bleached-blonde hair, hovering salespeople, cheapies.

PREFERRED PERFORMERS: Vanessa Redgrave, Gregory Peck, Tom Selleck, Lou Rawls, Janis Ian.

PERFECT EVENING: He arrives with fine wine and orchids. We toast, undress and go for a midnight swim.

PERFECT EVENING COMPANION: He's very masculine, a bit chauvinistic, definitely tall and smells good!!!

SECRET: I love chocolate; does that give you any ideas?!

First birthday

Third grade - my sophisticated look

At 18 - my first modeling test

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"I managed to hang on to my job through the change of administrations," said the Washington female special assistant, "but, office-sex-wise, these new conservatives just aren't the same."

"How so?" inquired her listener.

"The days of Big Government are over!"

There've been bumper crops this year," the rural madam told the members of her staff as cash-heavy farmers began showing up.

"Yeah, sure," said one of the girls, "so it's time again for the harvest-boon maul."

That's certainly an odd statement, Chet," was the comment at a college bull session. "How do you mean that girls are like rocks?"

"The flat ones are better to skip."

Say, what's a Breathalyzer?" one tavern patron asked another.

"I'd describe it as a bag that tells you when you've drunk too much," answered his fellow beer buff.

"Well, whaddaya know?" said the questioner. "I've been married to one of those for years and years now."

There's a coed at State named Doreen
Who's renowned on the oral-sex scene.
Since vibrato, it's said,
Is the crown on her head,
She's been voted the Humcoming Queen.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bicuspid* as an A.C./D.C. dentist.

It had taken cajolery for the man to persuade his wife to let him make love to her; she hadn't been very cooperative during the act and now that it was over, she snapped, "You're lucky, you know, Herbert, that I don't make you pay me what I'm worth for submitting to this!"

"I sure am, Louise," sighed her husband, "because if I did that, I'd probably be prosecuted for violating the minimum-wage law."

Now, now," murmured the gynecologist soothingly to his obviously upset patient. "There's really nothing to this and it will soon be over. Tell me," he added, "haven't you ever been examined like this before?"

"Yes, I have," gulped the girl, "but never by a doctor."

For much of Saturday afternoon, the youngster had been tearing in and out of the house, tootling madly as he played at directing traffic on the run. Finally, his mother could take no more of it and screamed, "Do that one more time, Billy, and *I'll* blow your damn whistle for you!"

"That goes to prove it, Marge," remarked her husband, looking over from the sports action on the screen. "I've always said you treat the kid better than you do me."

We wonder if you've heard about the sensuous female bather who slipped in a bar of soap.

In a frat house, a girl who was square
Downed a tumbler of Scotch on a dare.
She no sooner had finished
Than her hang-ups diminished,
And she found herself loaded for bare!

It was during a hard-core-skin-flick obscenity trial, of course, that one witness gave X-spurt testimony.

A man applying for work in a Florida lemon grove seemed rather well bred for such a job. "Look, Mac," said the foreman, "have you actually had experience picking lemons?"

"I certainly have," replied the applicant. "I've been divorced four times."

But this isn't an engagement ring," protested the girl. "It's just a tiny, unset diamond."

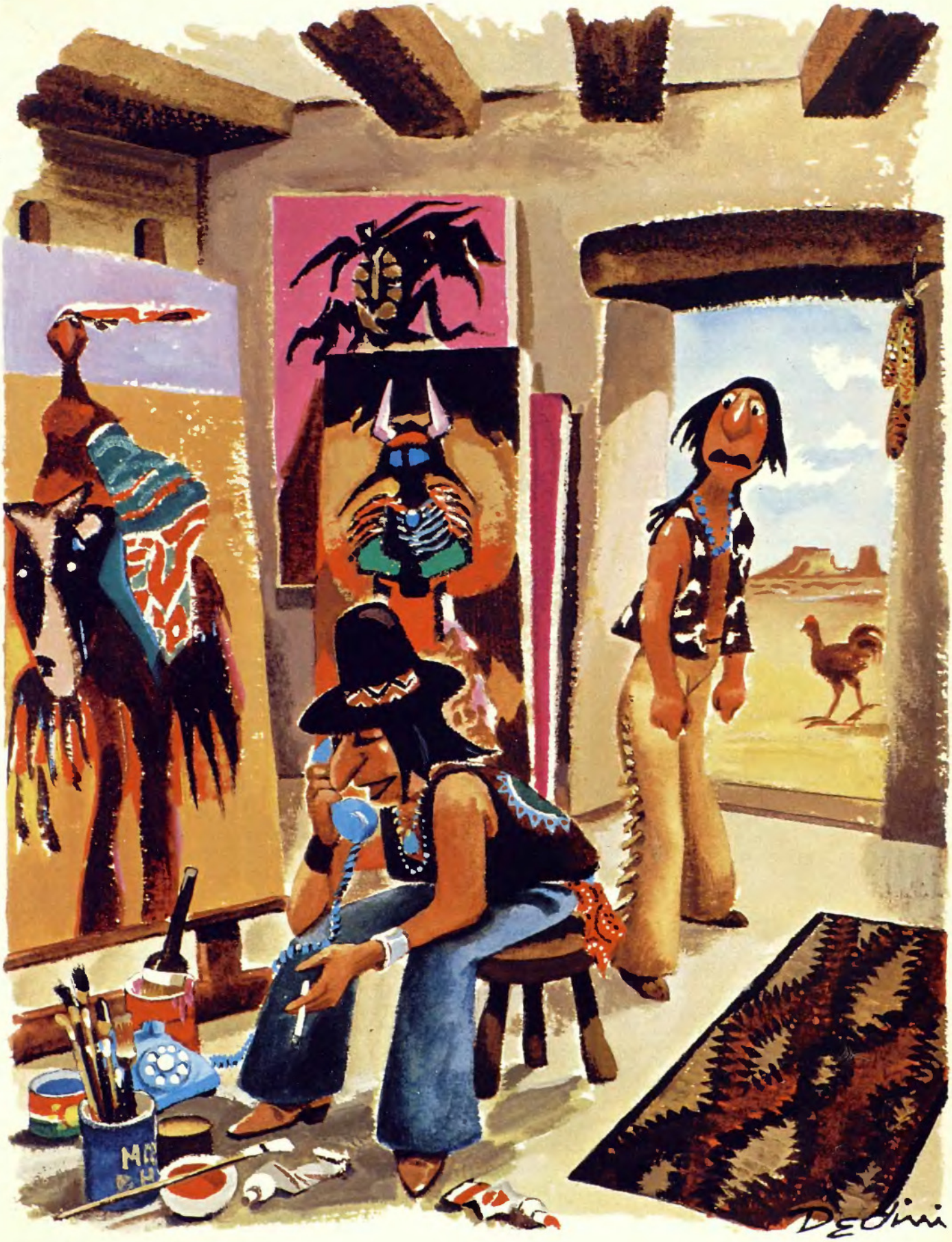
"I know, honey," said the fellow, "but it'll be mounted the very day after you are."

When I was small, my mother told me that my future husband's penis would grow like a tree before he planted it in me," the recent bride confided to a good friend, "but every time I see Arnold's supposed erection, I feel like shouting, 'Bonsai!' "

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *hot tub* as a balling bowl.

I was initiated into a fascinating tribal rite during the summer vacation," the shy maiden told a classmate at the mission school. "It was my very first date, who told me that he had a special, intimate peace pipe and that it was customary for a girl to smoke it."

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.*



"You used to hunt, fish and dance. Now all you do is call your gallery in New York."

STAKES OF THE GAME *(continued from page 126)*

"Big salaries, older players believed, had made what they did less joyous and less of a sport."

a world governed by old-fashioned loyalties to a big-league coach whose world was, by his own description, utterly without such loyalty. A college coach, Ramsay believed, was granted authority almost automatically, by virtue of his position; a professional coach gained what authority he could by exercise of his intelligence, his subtlety, his very being. He was on his own and, Ramsay believed, no loyalty could be expected, either from those above who employed you or from those below who played for you. An owner would always fire a coach if he were perceived to be slipping; the players, if it served their purpose, would just as willingly withhold part of their game from him. Therefore, a coach must learn that loyalty was worthless and might even work against him (as, for example, when it encouraged him to keep an older player of diminishing skills whose past heroics he was still grateful for, instead of coldly replacing him with a younger player with potential for the future).

For that reason, Ramsay rationed his emotions in his personal relations with players. Although they might produce this year, he might still have to let them go next. So Ramsay devoted his most intense emotion to *winning*, and his connection to the players seemed to end at the locker-room door each night. Professional basketball was, he thought, a very tough world, which by its nature allowed for few illusions. The question remained whether or not it was possible to survive and triumph in such a world and still exist outside it. "When you are discussing a successful coach," sports psychologist Bruce Ogilvie once said, not of Ramsay but of the entire profession, "you are not necessarily drawing the profile of an entirely healthy person." And, indeed, Ramsay seemed to be a man within whom the needs of his job and the needs of his humanity were constantly wrestling.

Larry Weinberg, the owner of the Portland Trail Blazers, was not with his coaches at dinner that night. But their eye was as much on him as on the players. Weinberg's friends believed that he, too, now regarded his basketball enterprise with a good deal more skepticism than he had ten years earlier. His player payroll, which in the first season had been some $500,000, was now $2,200,000, fifth highest in the N.B.A. It was the equivalent of running a factory with 7000 workers, each of whom made $300 a week. Yet no one in his basketball operation seemed very happy.

Certainly, the coming of the big money had not made the *players* a great deal happier. Like all Americans, they welcomed the chance to be paid more rather than less, but in many cases, given their backgrounds of extreme poverty, the instant riches were a burden they could not handle; in other cases, the money simply heightened the anxiety that went with any kind of stardom. Now, inevitably, management would eye each player more closely, and veterans wanting to eke out one last season could no longer expect to get the benefit of the doubt.

This made all the players more cynical about their future. The increasing preoccupation with money loomed large on a team. No matter how much a player made, and no matter how much more it was than he once expected, there was always going to be someone else, of lesser ability, playing somewhere and making more. Experienced professionals believed that too much of a player's identity was now tied up in his salary. It touched not only the exterior world of basketball, the world the sportswriters chronicled and fans worried about; but more and more it touched the interior world as well, the secret world that only the players knew. The big salaries, older players believed, had gradually altered the athletes' self-perception and had made what they did less joyous and less of a sport. Rather than diminish their grievances, they had in many ways made them worse. For whereas 15 or 20 years ago grievance had been obviously justified—by the lack of a pension plan, for instance—and had unified players by pitting them against management, now it was the grievance of small slights, sometimes real and sometimes imagined, and it often pitted player against teammate. It was now an article of faith among thoughtful former players that the new breed was by far more talented but that they desperately lacked one key element—a feeling for each other, a sense of community, a loyalty to something besides careers and pay checks.

The current condition of Weinberg's basketball team made all of that hard to deny. Weinberg's favorite and most valuable player, Bill Walton, had just left the Trail Blazers in a flurry of charges and countercharges about medical mistreatment, and that had been painful to the owner. His second most valuable player, Maurice Lucas, was making $300,000 a year and wanted out unless he got more. (In addition, Lucas' attacks on Weinberg himself were becoming increasingly personal.) His third most valuable player, Lionel Hollins, was showing signs of growing disaffection and probably would be gone next year. And his fourth most valuable player, Bobby Gross, had signed for so much money that his second most valuable player was angrier than ever. Weinberg had entered professional basketball thinking it would be fun, and, instead, it had become, in his own sardonic word, *interesting*.

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What was happening to basketball was similar to what was happening to a great many products in America. Because, originally, the impulse behind basketball had been genuine on the part of everyone concerned, the product had been good. And because it was good, a lot of people wanted a piece of it, making the value of the product skyrocket. But as had so often been the case in modern America, with so many other good things, basketball had been bought into and bought up by those wishing to improve their tax position and their rating on Wall Street.

A family in the Midwest might, for example, have run a small ma-and-pa concern making potato chips. Because they loved making potato chips, as their parents had before them, they did it very well. The potato chips were good and they sold briskly and they satisfied a fairly large potato-chip audience. Moreover, the company was well run and it made handsome profits. Then a large company that earned millions of dollars selling tires decided to buy a piece of the action in order to avoid paying huge taxes and to make its portfolio more attractive to investors. The new owner promptly dispatched the potato-chip king and his wife to Florida for well-deserved retirement and turned the management of the company over to a team of accountants. None of them knew anything about making potato chips, of course, and cared less, but they were skilled at expanding sales while cutting costs. To that end, they promoted an expensive and highly successful television advertising campaign, and soon many more potato chips of a severely reduced quality were being sold. So much for good potato chips.

The phenomenon was not very different in basketball, except that it was more noticeable there. And there, of

(continued on page 196)

PICK OF THE KNITS

everyone's favorite cold-weather companion—
the sweater—is back in a variety of colorful new guises

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

Above: It's sweater weather and the big squeeze is an for this lucky fellow, who has zipped up a wool *bouclé* knit sweater jacket with angled pockets and rib trim, about $105, aver a cotton long-sleeved shirt with a medium collar, about $27.50, bath by Gianfranca Ruffini; plus a pair af pleated woal tweed slacks with straight legs, by Dakata, $92; and a multicalor wool striped tie, by Vicky Davis, $15.

MAYBE IT WAS the preppie passion for Shetland crew-necks and cable-stitched cardigans that got the ball rolling, but in any case, sweater designers have run with it and come up this season with a variety of looks that are practically art forms unto themselves. The major thrust is toward highly unusual—though not outlandish—colors and subtle patterns that add up to warm, hand-crafted creations. Styles come in a broad range from pullovers (with crew-necks more in evidence this season than V-necks) to sweater jackets that can be worn as an alternative to a sports coat or layered

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Left: Hare's looking at you, kid, in your lamb's-wool crew-neck, $42.50, worn over cotton corduroy Western-style jeans, $38.50, both by Evan Picone; plus a polyester/cotton plaid shirt, by John Henry, $24. Above: This cycle enthusiast with his sidecar side-kick is sweatered for the road in a cotton-flecked crew-neck, by Tony Lambert, about $40; combined with leather double-pleoted slacks with a military wrap waist, by M. Julian, about $300; and a multicolor cotton/polyester checked shirt, by Moshe, about $50. Below: More coosome twosome-ness—and he's the object of her affection in a mohoir/wool tweed V-neck, $170, combined with wool/alpaca chenille double-pleated slacks, $220, a silk checked long-sleeved shirt with a medium collar, $190, ond a silk/wool/cotton knit tie, $45, all by Jhane Barnes.

over another sweater. Many are being offered with matching or coordinating scarves. (The wool knit striped and fringed muffler by Modigliani included in this feature is an exceptionally attractive example.) If the Eighties is the decade of new romanticism, then sweaters are among the most appropriate gear. Soft to the touch, warm to the body, they are natural conveyers of a mood and a trend away from the hard-edged and the uptight. Relax, sweater men; it's time for some knit picking.

Above: He's fashionably well armed for a brisk fall stroll in this multicolor pastel wool hand-spun striped crew-neck with rib trim, by Manos Del Uruguay, $140; plus a cotton long-sleeved knit three-button pullover with rib trim, by Calvin Klein, $24; and cotton slacks with a padded acrylic lining, by Crash, $65.

Above: More stripes for fall; his crew-neck's an acrylic model, by Career Club, $43; that has been combined with shiny polyrayon chintz slacks, by Cotler, $33; and a flannel shirt, by Eagle Shirtmakers, about $37.50. Below: It's our cardigan man in a wool striped style, $190, wool slacks, $130, and a wool muffler, $50, all by Modigliani for Gary E. Miller; plus a brushed-cotton shirt, by Mashe for Gary E. Miller, $55. Right: A heavy and hairy wool cable-stitched turtleneck, $230, and wool herringbone slacks, $150, both by Perry Ellis.

WOMEN'S SWEATERS BY CHILDRESS & BLOCK, ASPEN, COLORADO.

PROBLEM WITH CRYSTAL *(continued from page 132)*

"'I think sometimes I want to be Brenda, and then at other times I want to be Crystal.'"

husband, Mooney, to a brief stint with a Los Angeles firm, finally settling on self-management, ostensibly in her husband's name. Even after her pop success with *Brown Eyes*, she continued to have C&W hits such as *Why Have You Left the One You Left Me For?* and *When I Dream*. Then Columbia snatched her away from U.A. and she hit number one with *It's Like We Never Said Goodbye* in 1980.

But after that, she became becalmed. The hits weren't coming and the reason was that nobody—least of all her marketers—knew how to market her. Country? Pop? Album-oriented radio? What? She was recording increasingly sophisticated rhythm-and-blues-tinged pop music that had barely a prayer of getting air time on a country station.

Gambling is what rescued her and a lot of other Nashville singers. The casinos in Las Vegas, Atlantic City, Reno and Tahoe finally ran out of guaranteed draws named Frankie or Sheeky. That's when they discovered they had a whole new audience that would rather have Willie or Dolly or Crystal, anyway.

•

The marquee changer at Harrah's in Lake Tahoe asked me how many Ls there were in Crystal. He was rising on a cherry picker and juggling large marquee letters, taking down DON RICKLES and putting up CRYSTAL GAYLE. I had just emerged from a stretch Lincoln limo that had conveyed Crystal, her husband, her bandleader and me from the Reno airport. Crystal was met at the door of Harrah's by a committee that lacked only a brass band. I told the marquee guy to "L-L-L, yes, use *all* your Ls." He didn't seem to appreciate that.

Getting to Crystal's suite at Harrah's could've been an all-day job if she hadn't wanted you there: The entire floor was locked off and a guard was stationed outside the elevator. Finally, Crystal buzzed me into her digs, an incredible simulation of an Alpine suite—a room so *woody* that you got splinters just from walking in the door. Tyrolean hats should've been standard issue.

When I got there, Crystal was curled up in an overstuffed armchair. She was wearing tight jeans and a short-sleeved blouse and she was barefoot. She had tied her hair up into a bun.

As she toyed with her hair, I thought of some things several of her male fans had told me they'd like to do with her hair in kinky fantasies; one would like to be hair-whipped in bed. "My hair *does* get real heavy," she was saying. "It feels better on top of my head. What do you want to drink?"

She laughed the dry, brittle laugh she laughs onstage when she's nervous and doesn't know what to say. She mixed me a drink and poured herself a glass of mineral water and we sat down to watch the sun set over Lake Tahoe.

"Let me read your palm," Crystal said impulsively, and she jumped up and grasped my right hand. In the best interest of my own interests, I couldn't refuse. She stroked my palm and I haven't felt too many things that felt better. She closed her eyes, then frowned.

"What is it?" I asked. "Am I done for?"

"No," she said, but she wasn't smiling. "Just be careful, that's all."

"What do you mean?"

"Just be *careful*. There could be an accident." She opened her eyes and looked at me in a way that I suspected was sympathetic.

I was a little alarmed. I knew that her mother had been credited with having psychic powers, and so had Loretta. I decided to mix another drink. "Crystal," I said as I was pouring, "do you have magic powers? You seem to do a lot of eye-control things with your audiences and your mother is supposed to be strong in a lot of psychic areas."

"Oh, *yeah*," Crystal said, "she definitely *is* strong. And if I wanted to go into the study of, ah, certain things, I'm sure I could. My sister Loretta is really into it. But for me—well, you've got to know mentally what you're dealing with and if you're really not prepared to study it and if you're only just going to play with it, it's not good."

That was all she wanted to say on the subject. As I refilled her glass, the thought occurred to me that maybe Crystal wasn't being purposefully vague with her answers; maybe I just didn't understand what the hell she was saying.

Once I had regained my composure and my seat, I tried to move on to firmer ground. "Why don't you write more songs?" I asked her. "Everybody knows you as a song stylist, but you and Bill have written some good songs together."

She seemed nervous. "Success and time," she said. "We used to be able to sit at home and just play our guitars and sing. Now we've had to put things aside, and we keep talking about how we want to just. . . . We've got a lot of ideas, a lot of things started. Bill is very good with words—I always wanted him to do poetry." She laughed her nervous laugh and sipped her mineral water.

Is there ever a conflict in her mind, I wondered, between being Brenda and being Crystal? What does Bill call her, Brenda or Crystal? Which is which? Brenda Crystal Gail Gayle Webb Gatzimos swirled the ice cubes in her glass and looked out over the lake for a moment before answering.

"Well. Bill calls me Crystal *and* Brenda. It's still the same person, but you can say that being an entertainer and being a person means being two different people, but not really in the sense of two personalities."

"But is it like just switching a name tag from Brenda to Crystal?"

"I think sometimes I want to be Brenda, and then at other times I want to be Crystal."

"What's the difference between the two?"

"Oh," she winked, "Brenda will eat anything and everything." She laughed and got up to walk around the room for a moment before continuing. "And Crystal, Crystal will watch her diet. I don't *know*. I'm a mixture today. I really didn't have any say in the name change; the record company insisted on it. But later, I started really disliking the name and I wanted to go back to my real name. If you'll notice, on one of my first albums, on a song Bill and I wrote, *Beyond You*, in the credits, I spelled my name G-A-I-L. That was because I was fixing to change it back to the original spelling. And then the next step was going to be going back to Brenda. I was getting closer. I really don't remember who talked me out of it."

"Did you ever take Bill's last name?" I asked.

"No," she answered, turning serious. "It was just something that I really started feeling weird about—having a different name, you know. My driver's license already said Brenda and my records were saying Crystal and it just didn't feel comfortable. I really felt at the time like I was two people, and it was very hard for me. I don't think people understood—I felt I was trying to be somebody I wasn't. And changing it to Crystal—I felt like, well, I must think I'm a star or something. It *is* a pretty name and one of the reasons my sister picked it was because she thought it was bright and shiny and she thought that's what I was."

She laughed prettily. "Every now and then, one of the guys in the band will say, 'You're Brenda today.' I don't know how they know or *what* they know. Maybe if I'm a little crazy, I'm Brenda."

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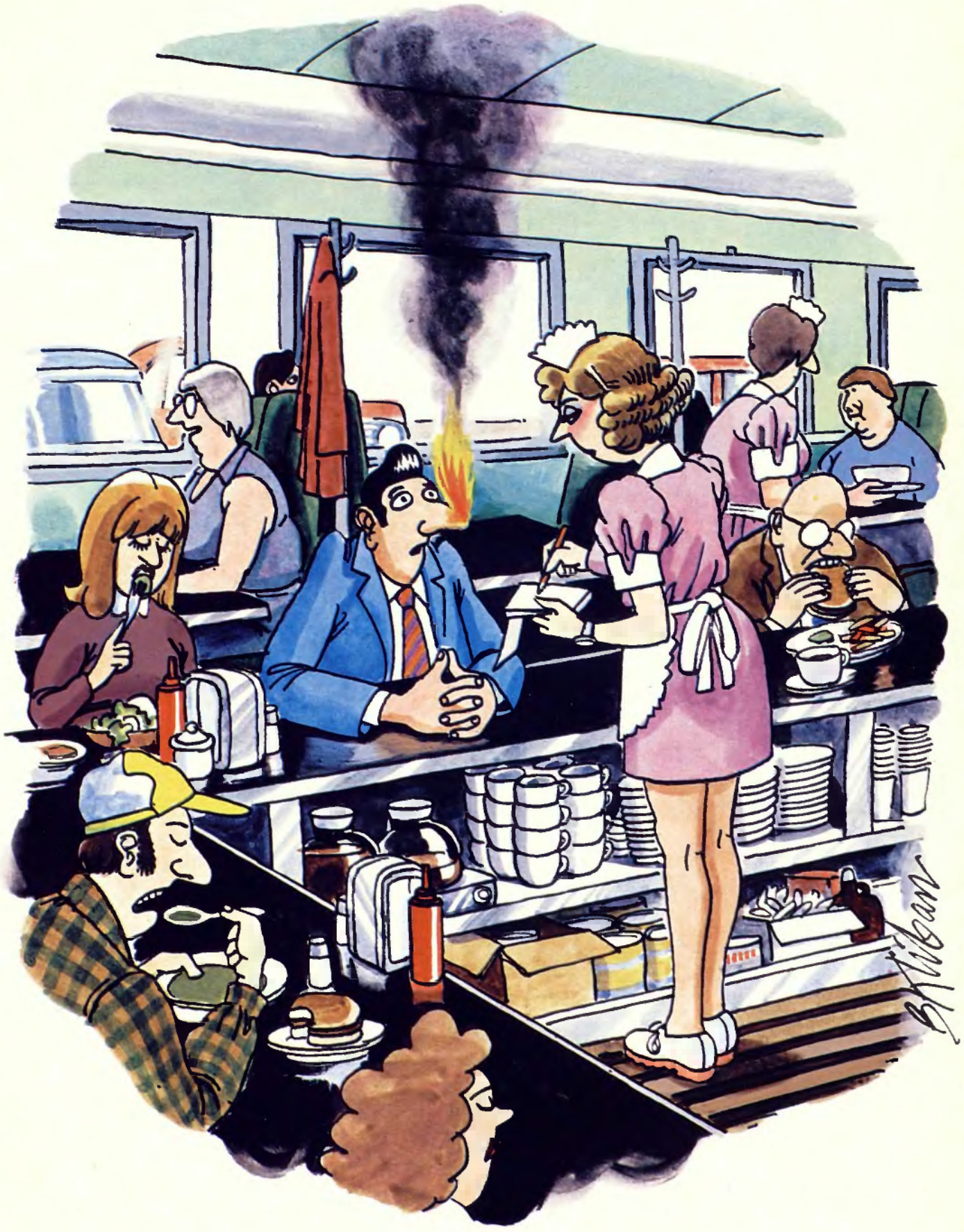
That evening, in Harrah's South

(continued on page 202)



"Just a glass of water, please."

1982 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL

IT'S TIME FOR YOU to think about what you've been feeding your Walkmans, Boomboxes and supersonic stereos this year. That's right, time to vote in the annual Playboy Music Poll. Our choices of possible contenders are at right; however, if a favorite is not listed, your write-in is appropriate. But, please, if you're voting for someone who's listed, help our ballot counters and use the number beside the name. When you've finished side one, flip the ballot over to make your choices for the Hall of Fame and Best LP categories. Only official ballots count and they must be postmarked before midnight, November 1, 1981. For results, see our April 1982 issue.

cast your ballot for your pop/rock, rhythm-and-blues, jazz and country-and-western favorites

LIST YOUR CHOICES IN THE 1982 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL ON THE ACCOMPANYING BALLOT

POP/ROCK

Male Vocalist

1. Gary U. S. Bonds
2. Jackson Browne
3. Jimmy Buffett
4. Joe "King" Carrasco
5. Ry Cooder
6. Elvis Costello
7. Kevin Cronin
8. Roger Daltrey
9. Ray Davies
10. Bob Dylan
11. Dave Edmunds
12. Daryl Hall
13. Joe Jackson
14. Mick Jagger
15. Billy Joel
16. Elton John
17. Nick Lowe
18. Barry Manilow
19. Paul McCartney
20. Willie Nile
21. Ted Nugent
22. Robert Palmer
23. Tom Petty
24. Robert Plant
25. Tom Robinson
26. Bob Seger
27. Rick Springfield
28. Bruce Springsteen
29. Rod Stewart
30. James Taylor
31. Bram Tchaikovsky
32. Mickey Thomas
33. Glenn Tilbrook
34. Johnny Van Zant
35. Steve Winwood
36. Peter Wolf
37. Neil Young
38. Warren Zevon

Female Vocalist

1. Joan Armatrading
2. Pat Benatar
3. Karla Bonoff
4. Kim Carnes
5. Carlene Carter
6. Sheena Easton
7. Marianne Faithfull
8. Deborah Harry
9. Chrissie Hynde
10. Joan Jett
11. Rickie Lee Jones
12. Nicolette Larson
13. Lene Lovich
14. Melissa Manchester
15. Christine McVie
16. Bette Midler
17. Joni Mitchell
18. Anne Murray
19. Juice Newton
20. Olivia Newton-John
21. Stevie Nicks
22. Bonnie Raitt
23. Linda Ronstadt
24. Carly Simon
25. Grace Slick
26. Patti Smith
27. Phoebe Snow
28. Barbra Streisand
29. Dionne Warwick
30. Ann Wilson

Guitar

1. Jeff Beck
2. Eric Clapton
3. Steve Cropper
4. Glenn Frey
5. Robert Fripp
6. Jerry Garcia
7. Jimmy Johnson
8. Mick Jones
9. Lenny Kaye
10. Mark Knopfler
11. David Lindley
12. Rick Nielsen
13. Ted Nugent
14. Jimmy Page
15. Bonnie Raitt
16. Keith Richard
17. Carlos Santana
18. G. E. Smith
19. Bruce Springsteen
20. Mick Taylor
21. Peter Townshend
22. Robin Trower
23. Waddy Wachtel
24. Joe Walsh
25. Johnny Winter
26. Ron Wood
27. Frank Zappa

Keyboards

1. Gregg Allman
2. Brian Auger
3. Barry Beckett
4. Roy Bittan
5. Jackson Browne
6. Keith Emerson
7. Brian Eno
8. Andrew Gold
9. Nicky Hopkins
10. Joe Jackson
11. Billy Joel
12. Elton John
13. Jerry Lee Lewis
14. Gary Numan
15. Bill Payne
16. Kate Pierson
17. Billy Preston
18. Todd Rundgren
19. Leon Russell
20. Allen Toussaint
21. Rick Wakeman
22. Edgar Winter
23. Gary Wright
24. Neil Young

Drums

1. Carmine Appice
2. Ginger Baker
3. Bill Bruford
4. Phil Collins
5. Stewart Copeland
6. Aynsley Dunbar
7. Mick Fleetwood
8. Roger Hawkins
9. Levon Helm
10. Johanny "Jaimae" Johanson
11. Bill Kreutzmann
12. Russ Kunkel
13. Carl Palmer
14. Ringo Starr
15. David Teegarden
16. Joe Vitale
17. Charlie Watts
18. Max Weinberg
19. Pick Withers

Bass

1. Jack Bruce
2. Jack Casady
3. Rick Danko
4. Donald "Duck" Dunn
5. John Entwistle
6. Wilton Felder
7. Larry Graham
8. David Hood
9. John Illsley
10. John Paul Jones
11. Greg Lake
12. Phil Lesh
13. Paul McCartney
14. John McVie
15. Chuck Rainey
16. Lee Sklar
17. Chris Squire
18. Garry Tallent
19. Klaus Voormann
20. Willie Weeks
21. Tina Weymouth
22. Bill Wyman

Composer/Songwriter

1. Becker/Fagen
2. Karla Bonoff
3. Jackson Browne
4. Jimmy Buffett
5. Bruce Cockburn
6. Elvis Costello
7. Christopher Cross
8. Ray Davies
9. Bob Dylan
10. Brian Eno
11. Steve Forbert
12. Robert Fripp
13. Bob Geldof
14. Barry Gibb
15. Gilbert & Sullivan
16. Billy Joel
17. Elton John
18. Rickie Lee Jones
19. Mark Knopfler
20. Nick Lowe
21. Paul McCartney
22. Joni Mitchell
23. Randy Newman
24. Ric Ocasek
25. Graham Parker
26. Tom Petty
27. Bob Seger
28. Paul Simon
29. G. E. Smith
30. Bruce Springsteen
31. Strummer/Jones
32. James Taylor
33. Peter Townshend
34. Stevie Wonder
35. Neil Young
36. Frank Zappa
37. Warren Zevon

Group

1. ABBA
2. B-52's
3. Beach Boys
4. Blondie
5. Cars
6. Cheap Trick
7. Clash
8. Christopher Cross
9. Devo
10. Dire Straits
11. Doobie Brothers
12. Eagles
13. Fleetwood Mac
14. Gang of Four
15. J. Geils Band
16. Grateful Dead
17. Heart
18. Jefferson Starship
19. Journey
20. Kinks
21. Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers
22. Pink Floyd
23. Police
24. Pretenders
25. Public Image Ltd.
26. Ramones
27. REO Speedwagon
28. Rolling Stones
29. Roxy Music
30. Rumour
31. Rush
32. Santana
33. Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band
34. Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band
35. Squeeze
36. Steely Dan
37. Styx
38. Supertramp
39. Talking Heads
40. Van Halen
41. Who

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

Male Vocalist

1. George Benson
2. Dennis Brown
3. James Brown
4. Peabo Bryson
5. Ray Charles
6. Jimmy Cliff

ILLUSTRATIONS BY AIR STREAM

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

Ballot

Put down the *NUMBERS* of listed candidates you choose. To vote for a person not appearing on our list, write in full name; only one in each category.

POP/ROCK

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

GUITAR

KEYBOARDS

DRUMS

BASS

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

GROUP

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

GROUP

JAZZ

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

BRASS

WOODWINDS

KEYBOARDS

VIBES

GUITAR

BASS

PERCUSSION

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

GROUP

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

STRING INSTRUMENTALIST

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

GROUP

THE LIST OF NAMES ACCOMPANYING THIS BALLOT IS INTENDED ONLY AS A GUIDE TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR CHOICES.

PLAYBOY HALL OF FAME

Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible. Artists previously elected (Duane Allman, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, John Bonham, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, Eric Clapton, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, George Harrison, Jimi Hendrix, Mick Jagger, Elton John, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Keith Moon, Jim Morrison, Elvis Presley, Linda Ronstadt, Frank Sinatra, Bruce Springsteen, Ringo Starr, Stevie Wonder) are not eligible.

PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST POP/ROCK LP

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

BEST JAZZ LP

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP

Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name

Address

City State Zip Code

(Mail to: Playboy Music Poll, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.)

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

7. Marvin Gaye
8. Larry Graham
9. Isaac Hayes
10. Michael Henderson
11. Jermaine Jackson
12. Michael Jackson
13. Walter Jackson
14. Rick James
15. B. B. King
16. Curtis Mayfield
17. Aaron Neville
18. Teddy Pendergrass
19. Greg Phillinganes
20. Billy Preston
21. Prince
22. Smokey Robinson
23. Sly Stone
24. Junior Walker
25. Barry White
26. Stevie Wonder

Female Vocalist

1. Jean Carn
2. Linda Clifford
3. Natalie Cole
4. Randy Crawford
5. Roberta Flack
6. Aretha Franklin
7. Gloria Gaynor
8. Thelma Houston
9. Phyliss Hyman
10. Millie Jackson
11. Chaka Khan
12. Gladys Knight
13. Patti Labelle
14. Stacy Lattisaw
15. Debra Laws
16. Stephanie Mills
17. Esther Phillips
18. Bonnie Pointer
19. Diana Ross
20. Donna Summer
21. Dionne Warwick

Composer/Songwriter

1. Nickolas Ashford–Valerie Simpson
2. Thom Bell
3. James Brown
4. George Clinton
5. William Eaton
6. Kenny Gamble–Leon Huff
7. Norman Harris
8. Curtis Mayfield
9. Eugene McDaniels
10. Ray Parker, Jr.
11. Lionel Richie, Jr.
12. Smokey Robinson
13. William Salter
14. Allen Toussaint
15. Barry White
16. Norman Whitfield
17. Bobby Womack
18. Stevie Wonder

Group

1. A Taste of Honey
2. Bar-Kays
3. Brothers Johnson
4. B. T. Express
5. Commodores
6. Earth, Wind & Fire
7. Gap Band
8. Isley Brothers
9. Gladys Knight & the Pips
10. Kool & the Gang
11. Manhattans
12. Maze
13. T. S. Monk
14. O'Jays
15. Ray Parker, Jr., & Raydio
16. Parliament/Funkadelic
17. Peaches & Herb
18. Pointer Sisters
19. Shalamar
20. Sister Sledge
21. Spinners
22. Sugar Hill Gang
23. Temptations
24. Whispers
25. Yarbrough & Peoples

JAZZ

Male Vocalist

1. Mose Allison
2. Tony Bennett
3. George Benson
4. Ray Charles
5. Bob Dorough
6. Billy Eckstine
7. Michael Franks
8. Johnny Hartman
9. Jon Hendricks
10. Al Jarreau
11. Milton Nascimento
12. Lou Rawls
13. Gil Scott-Heron
14. Frank Sinatra
15. Leon Thomas
16. Mel Tormé
17. Joe Williams
18. Jimmy Witherspoon

Female Vocalist

1. Patti Austin
2. Angela Bofill
3. Dee Dee Bridgewater
4. Betty Carter
5. Urszula Dudziak
6. Ella Fitzgerald
7. Roberta Flack
8. Lena Horne
9. Cleo Laine
10. Peggy Lee
11. Carmen McRae
12. Joni Mitchell
13. Melba Moore
14. Anita O'Day
15. Flora Purim
16. Della Reese
17. Judy Roberts
18. Phoebe Snow
19. Sarah Vaughan
20. Nancy Wilson

Brass

1. Nat Adderley
2. Herb Alpert
3. Chet Baker
4. Lester Bowie
5. Randy Brecker
6. Tom Browne
7. Donald Byrd
8. Don Cherry
9. Miles Davis
10. Jon Faddis
11. Art Farmer
12. Maynard Ferguson
13. Dizzy Gillespie
14. Al Grey
15. Wayne Henderson
16. Freddie Hubbard
17. J. J. Johnson
18. Thad Jones
19. Jimmy Knepper
20. Chuck Mangione
21. Wynton Marsalis
22. Doc Severinsen
23. Woody Shaw
24. Clark Terry
25. Bill Watrous

Woodwinds

1. Arthur Blythe
2. Anthony Braxton
3. Joe Farrell
4. Wilton Felder
5. Jimmy Forrest
6. Chico Freeman
7. Benny Goodman
8. Dexter Gordon
9. Johnny Griffin
10. Eddie Harris
11. Woody Herman
12. Bobbi Humphrey
13. John Klemmer
14. Yusef Lateef
15. Hubert Laws
16. Ronnie Laws
17. Herbie Mann
18. James Moody
19. Gerry Mulligan
20. Sam Rivers
21. Sonny Rollins
22. David Sanborn
23. Wayne Shorter
24. Zoot Sims
25. Stanley Turrentine
26. Grover Washington, Jr.
27. Sadao Watanabe
28. Paul Winter
29. Phil Woods

Keyboards

1. Muhal Richard Abrams
2. Monty Alexander
3. Kenny Barron
4. Eubie Blake
5. Dollar Brand
6. Dave Brubeck
7. Chick Corea
8. Eumir Deodato
9. George Duke
10. Tommy Flanagan
11. Jan Hammer
12. Herbie Hancock
13. Barry Harris
14. Earl "Fatha" Hines
15. Ahmad Jamal
16. Bob James
17. Keith Jarrett
18. Ramsey Lewis
19. Les McCann
20. Thelonious Monk
21. Oscar Peterson
22. Judy Roberts
23. Patrice Rushen
24. Joe Sample
25. Jimmy Smith
26. Cecil Taylor
27. McCoy Tyner
28. Bernard Wright
29. Joe Zawinul

Vibes

1. Roy Ayers
2. Gary Burton
3. Victor Feldman
4. David Friedman
5. Terry Gibbs
6. Lionel Hampton
7. Bobby Hutcherson
8. Milt Jackson
9. Mike Mainieri
10. Buddy Montgomery
11. Red Norvo
12. Emil Richards
13. David Samuels
14. Cal Tjader
15. Keith Underwood
16. Tommy Vig

Guitar

1. John Abercrombie
2. George Benson
3. Kenny Burrell
4. Charlie Byrd
5. Philip Catherine
6. Cal Collins
7. Larry Coryell
8. Al DiMeola
9. Herb Elis
10. Tal Farlow
11. Eric Gale
12. Jim Hall
13. Barney Kessel
14. Earl Klugh
15. John McLaughlin
16. Pat Metheny
17. Tony Mottola
18. Joe Pass
19. Bucky Pizzarelli
20. Lee Ritenour
21. Melvin Sparks
22. Gabor Szabo
23. Ralph Towner

Bass

1. Keter Betts
2. Walter Booker
3. Ray Brown
4. Mike Bruce
5. Joe Byrd
6. Ron Carter
7. Stanley Clarke
8. Bob Cranshaw

9. Art Davis
10. Cleveland Eaton
11. Jim Fielder
12. Eddie Gomez
13. Bob Haggart
14. Percy Heath
15. Dave Holland
16. Anthony Jackson
17. Carol Kaye
18. Gary King
19. Cecil McBee
20. Monk Montgomery
21. Jaco Pastorius
22. Rufus Reid
23. Steve Swallow
24. Miroslav Vitous
25. Eberhard Weber

Percussion

1. Art Blakey
2. Willie Bobo
3. Jimmy Cobb
4. Billy Cobham
5. Norman Connors
6. Jack DeJohnette
7. Steve Gadd
8. John Guerin
9. Stix Hooper
10. Paul Humphrey
11. Elvin Jones
12. Jo Jones
13. Mel Lewis
14. Ralph MacDonald
15. Harvey Mason
16. Steve McCall
17. Airto Moreira
18. Joe Morello
19. Alphonse Mouzon
20. Buddy Rich
21. Max Roach
22. Mongo Santamaria
23. Lenny White
24. Tony Williams

Composer/Songwriter

1. Toshiko Akiyoshi
2. Carla Bley
3. Anthony Braxton
4. Dave Brubeck
5. Stanley Clarke
6. Ornette Coleman
7. Chick Corea
8. Miles Davis
9. Eumir Deodato
10. Carlos Franzetti
11. Russell Garcia
12. Herbie Hancock
13. Bob James
14. Keith Jarrett
15. Antonio Carlos Jobim
16. Quincy Jones
17. Thad Jones
18. Michel Legrand
19. Chuck Mangione
20. Thelonious Monk
21. Gil Scott-Heron–Brian Jackson
22. Wayne Shorter
23. Grover Washington, Jr.
24. Kenny Wheeler
25. Joe Zawinul

Group

1. Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band
2. Art Ensemble of Chicago
3. Count Basie
4. Dave Brubeck
5. Ray Charles
6. Crusaders
7. Maynard Ferguson
8. Herbie Hancock
9. Heath Brothers
10. Hiroshima
11. Jeff Lorber Fusion
12. Chuck Mangione
13. Manhattan Transfer
14. John McLaughlin
15. Sergio Mendes & Brasil '88
16. Mingus Dynasty
17. Oregon
18. Buddy Rich
19. Spyro Gyra
20. Sun Ra
21. Weather Report

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

Male Vocalist

1. John Anderson
2. Razzy Bailey
3. Moe Bandy
4. Glen Campbell
5. Johnny Cash
6. Roy Clark
7. John Conlee
8. Charlie Daniels
9. Mac Davis
10. Larry Gatlin
11. Mickey Gilley
12. Merle Haggard
13. Waylon Jennings
14. George Jones
15. Kris Kristofferson
16. Johnny Lee
17. Jerry Lee Lewis
18. Ronnie Milsap
19. Willie Nelson
20. Johnny Paycheck
21. Ray Price
22. Charley Pride
23. Eddie Rabbitt
24. Jerry Reed
25. Marty Robbins
26. Johnny Rodriguez
27. Kenny Rogers
28. Joe Stampley
29. Ray Stevens
30. Mel Tillis
31. Ernest Tubb
32. Conway Twitty
33. Jerry Jeff Walker
34. Gene Watson
35. Don Williams
36. Hank Williams, Jr.

Female Vocalist

1. Rosanne Cash
2. Jessi Colter
3. Rita Coolidge
4. Lacy J. Dalton
5. Donna Fargo
6. Janie Fricke
7. Crystal Gayle
8. Terri Gibbs
9. Emmylou Harris
10. Jeannie Kendall
11. Brenda Lee
12. Loretta Lynn
13. Barbara Mandrell
14. Charly McClain
15. Reba McEntire
16. Anne Murray
17. Dolly Parton
18. Jeanne Pruett
19. Linda Ronstadt
20. Connie Smith
21. Sylvia
22. Tanya Tucker
23. Dottie West
24. Tammy Wynette

String Instrumentalist

1. Chet Atkins
2. Jethro Burns
3. Roy Clark
4. Ry Cooder
5. Pete Drake
6. Amos Garrett
7. Johnny Gimble
8. David Grisman
9. John Hartford
10. Sonny James
11. Grady Martin
12. Charlie McCoy
13. John McEuen
14. Bill Monroe
15. Roy Nichols
16. Jerry Reed
17. Earl Scruggs
18. Ricky Skaggs
19. Ralph Stanley
20. Tut Taylor
21. Doc Watson
22. Reggie Young

Composer/Songwriter

1. Hoyt Axton
2. Roger Bowling
3. Bobby Braddock
4. Rodney Crowell
5. Merle Haggard
6. Tom T. Hall
7. Waylon Jennings
8. Roger Miller
9. Willie Nelson
10. Dolly Parton
11. John Prine
12. Curly Putnam
13. Marty Robbins
14. Johnny Rodriguez
15. Billy Joe Shaver
16. Shel Silverstein
17. Sonny Throckmorton
18. Mel Tillis
19. Jerry Jeff Walker
20. Billy Edd Wheeler
21. Don Williams
22. Hank Williams, Jr.

Group

1. Alabama
2. Asleep at the Wheel
3. Moe Bandy & Joe Stampley
4. Johnny Cash & the Tennessee Three
5. Charlie Daniels Band
6. Dirt Band
7. Larry Gatlin & the Gatlin Brothers Band
8. Merle Haggard & the Strangers
9. Waylon Jennings & the Waylors
10. Kendalls
11. Oak Ridge Boys
12. Statler Brothers
13. Tompall & the Glaser Brothers
14. Hank Williams, Jr., & the Bama Band

HOPPER ST
64

HEAT

kling was a detective, and tailing a suspect was part of his job—but this night's work was his own

FIRST LOOK
at a new novel

By ED McBAIN

author of the 87th Precinct mysteries

THEY WERE DRIVING BACK to the station house on a swelteringly hot day in August after having spent two fruitless hours questioning the wife of an apparent suicide victim. Carella was at the wheel, inching the car through heavy traffic, his shirt sodden and sticky, his dark-brown eyes squinted against the glare of the late-afternoon sun. Kling, younger and taller than his partner, blond and blue-eyed, with a clean-shaven, boyish look that belied his line of work, sat silently beside him for the longest time. And then, suddenly, as though he could no longer contain it, he said, "Steve, I think my wife is playing around with somebody."

Carella glanced at him swiftly, a sidelong sweep that confirmed that Kling was serious, and then immediately brought his eyes back to the road.

"Tell me," he said.

"I'm not sure I want to talk about it."

"Then why'd you bring it up?"

"'Cause it's been driving me crazy for the past month."

"Let's start from the beginning, OK?" Carella said.

The beginning, as Kling painfully and haltingly told it, had been on the Fourth of July, when he and his wife, Augusta, were invited to a big party—"That was when I got the first inkling, at the party."

He had never felt too terribly close to

his wife's friends and associates, Kling said; they had, in fact, had some big arguments in the past over what he called her tinsel crowd. He supposed much of his discomfort had to do with the fact that as a Detective/Third, he was earning $24,600 a year, whereas his wife was earning $100 an hour as a top fashion model. Moreover, most of Augusta's friends were *also* earning that kind of money, and whereas she felt no qualms about inviting eight or ten of them for dinner at any of the city's most expensive restaurants and signing for the tab afterward, he always felt somewhat inadequate at such feasts, something like a kept man. Kling himself preferred small dinner parties at their apartment with friends of his from the police force.

"Well, what the hell," he said, "you make allowances, am I right? I'm a cop, she's a model, we both knew that before we got married. So, OK, you compromise. If Gussie doesn't like to cook, we'll send out for Chink's whenever anybody from the squad's coming over with his wife. And if I've just been in a shoot-out with an armed robber, then I can't be expected to go to a gallery opening or a cocktail party. Gussie'll just have to go alone, am I right?"

Which was just the way they'd been working it for the past few months now, Augusta running off to this or that glittering little party while Kling took off his shoes and sat wearily before the television set, drinking beer till she got home, when generally they'd go out for a bite to eat. After dinner, *maybe*, and nowadays less and less frequently, they'd make love.

At the party, they had an argument and barely spoke to each other all through dinner, served on their host's deck overlooking the crashing sea; and by the time the fireworks started at nine P.M., Augusta *(continued on page 188)*

Kling waited, watching the fifth floor of the Hopper Street building. What he *didn't* see was the man hiding in the shadows.

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM HERZBERG

SEX IN CINEMA-1981

IN A YEAR THAT FEATURED MORE GORE THAN AMOR, MOVIEGOERS' BIGGEST TITILLATION MAY WELL HAVE BEEN PROVIDED BY A BARE-BREASTED JULIE ANDREWS

article **By ARTHUR KNIGHT** THERE'S AN OLD STORY about a lecherous Yiddish actor who spent an amorous night with one of his more devoted female fans. Next morning, the girl asked him if he could spare a little cash. The actor became indignant. "What!" he exploded. "You've just slept with a star, and now you ask for money!"

"But," she explained, "I'm starving. I need bread, bread!"

"If it's bread you need," boomed the actor, "go fuck a baker!"

In 1981, the studio heads knew they needed bread, and plenty of it. Production costs had risen astronomically. A series of disastrous strikes—beginning with the actors and musicians in 1980, then spreading to the writers in 1981—had seriously curtailed production. Enormously expensive pictures, exemplified by United Artists' $45,000,000 fiasco, *Heaven's Gate*, left an industry that had always pinned its faith on the dollar uncertain of where to turn next. The studios needed bread; they just didn't know whom to fuck.

One sign of this became apparent very early in the year. In 1980, Paramount had picked up, for a minimal sum, a low-budget horror item titled *Friday the 13th*, in which a bunch of nubile girls were horrifically disposed of in a haunted summer camp. It made a fortune; at $16,500,000, it was 20th on *Variety*'s authoritative list of the top rental films of the year. Other studios were not slow to take note. Paramount itself released *Friday the 13th Part 2*, cashing in on the phenomenon by virtually duplicating the original. Columbia imported from Canada the grisly *Happy Birthday to Me*, MGM contributed *He Knows You're Alone* and Universal, *The Funhouse*.

There have been more—many more—in what will no doubt go down in film chronologies as the goriest year ever. More frightening than the films themselves, however, is what they tell us about the *(text continued on page 176)*

WHATEVER TURNS YOU ON: Was Hollywood ever like this? Nastassia Kinski and Frederic Forrest have stars in their eyes, as well as in the cardboard sky, in *One from the Heart* (opposite), Francis Coppola's new romance. Elsewhere on the screen (this page, left to right, from the top): Susan Sarandon, unaware she's being watched by Burt Lancaster, anoints herself with lemons in *Atlantic City*; Kris Kristofferson beds Jane Fonda in *Rollover*; Valerie Perrine and Jessica Lange are pushovers for Jack Nicholson in *The Border* and *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, respectively; *Stunt Man* performers clown around before the roof falls in (a scene later excised); and Leon Isaac Kennedy grapples with Azizi Johari (our June 1975 Playmate) in *Body and Soul*.

HIGH-JINKS: Anything for a laugh seems to be the motto for the makers of *Polyester* (above left, Divine with pizza boy Paul Holland); *National Lampoon Goes to the Movies* (above, with Teresa Ganzel and Peter Riegert); *Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams* (above right, the stars have a go at go-go); *Pennies from Heaven*, a black comedy starring Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters (below right); *Stripes*, in which Bill Murray (with P. J. Soles, below) plays Private Benjamin in jockstrap; and *So Fine* (below left, with Ryan O'Neal in a Richard Kiel–Mariangela Melato sandwich).

HIGH ADVENTURE: Larger-than-life heroics turned audiences on to *Excalibur* (above, with Nicholas Clay as Lancelot and Cherie Lunghi as Guenevere); *Superman II*, with Christopher Reeve, once again in the dual role of Clark Kent and the Man of Steel, finally hitting the sack (right) with Lois Lane (Margot Kidder), but at the expense of his superpowers; and Roger Moore's latest Bond pic, *For Your Eyes Only* (below, with Cassandra Harris).

THE FEMININE CRITIQUE: In these days of Moral Majority–Women Against Pornography cross fire, it's noteworthy that a woman Supreme Court Justice is asked to rule on porn footage in *First Monday in October*, a straight film (above); *The Dancers* (below), in hard-core, features lady-killing bump-and-grinders (here, Randy West).

PRIMAL SCREEN: Designed to bring out the beast in you were the Bo Derek remake of *Tarzan, the Ape Man* (above, with beauteous Bo showing a bit more skin than the Edgar Rice Burroughs estate was ready to allow); *Tanya's Island*, a Canadian movie featuring luscious newcomer D. D. Winters (right); and *Quest for Fire* (below), a film that has been described as "the serious *Caveman*," due soon from 20th Century-Fox.

MIND-BLOWERS: One way or another, the people in these two films had their brains fucked over. In *Outland* (above), Sean Connery discovers that miners in outer space are kept working via drugs and sex shows; in *Altered States* (below), William Hurt undergoes sensory deprivation and is ultimately rescued by his wife (played by Blair Brown).

AGE + BEAUTY: It was a year for May-December, or at least October, romances on-screen; for once, not only the males had younger partners. Here are Paul Newman and Rachel Ticotin coming clean in *Fort Apache, the Bronx* (top); Paul Simon and Mare Winningham doing likewise in his quasi-autobiographical *One-Trick Pony* (above); Pia Zadora and Stacy Keach rubbing it in for *Butterfly* (above right); Barbra Streisand copping a feel of Dennis Quaid's derrière (right) in *All Night Long* (a film that had Barbra romantically involved with Quaid's screen dad, Gene Hackman, as well); and Katia Berger flashing Ben Gazzara, who portrays a poet in *Tales of Ordinary Madness* (left).

HELLO, YOUNG LOVERS: Members of the younger generation were, of course, still doing it with each other in the films of 1981. Passion overcomes Bulle Ogier and Michael Gothard in the French release *The Valley* (above left); Dennis Quaid, as a randy redneck in *The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia*, beats a hasty retreat from an encounter (above right). Most controversial of the flaming-youth films (in this case, literally flaming, as obsession leads to arson) was *Endless Love*, with Brooke Shields and Martin Hewitt (below left); hunks of the film had to be cut to avoid an X rating. Most beautiful of the genre was Roman Polanski's *Tess*, a film version of the classic Thomas Hardy novel (below right, Leigh Lawson has his way with Tess, Nastassia Kinski).

BLOOD SPORTS: Moviegoers are getting their jollies in some pretty peculiar ways these days. Isabelle Adjani makes love with a monster in *Possession* (above); Maren Jensen discovers she's sharing her tub with something very strange in *Deadly Blessing* (right). And *The Hand* (below, with Annie McEnroe peeling for Michael Caine) treats its audience to disembodied digits scurrying around to wreak vengeance on those perceived as adversaries.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE: Isabelle Huppert, whose bod may have been the sole redeeming feature of Michael Cimino's fiasco *Heaven's Gate*, returns to her French homeland to co-star with Gerard Depardieu in *Loulou* (above left). From Holland comes *Spetters* (the title a *double-entendre* for ejaculation), with Renee Soutendijk and Hans van Tongeren (above right) in a motorcycles-and-sex saga. Klaus Kinski, Nastassia's dad, wields a chain in the Japanese-French coproduction *The Fruits of Passion*, something of a follow-up to *Story of O* (at right). Patricia Gelin plays a young erotic dancer from Yugoslavia in *Montenegro* (below center), a Swedish-British release; while Sydne Rome shows a well-matched pair in Germany's *Looping* (left)—a story about amusement-park roller coasters, not the making of porn films.

TITZAPOPPINS: Julie Andrews has come a long way from *Mary Poppins* to the let-it-all-hang-out climax of husband *Blake Edwards' S.O.B.*, in which she bares her breasts (below center and right) to save a dying film. A darkly satirical view of Hollywood, *S.O.B.* features Robert Vaughn as a kinky studio head two-timed by Marisa Berenson (above left). Much of the action takes place in

the Malibu beach house where film director Felix Farmer (Richard Mulligan) has just tried to commit suicide. Participants include Larry Hagman and friend (above), Gisele Lindley (on balcony), Mulligan (with an unidentified guest emerging from blanket, above right), William Holden, Robert Preston and Rosanna Arquette at Mulligan's bedside (left center), Shelley Muir and bosom pal (below left).

audiences that pay to see them. It's not plots they're buying, it's the sight of people being hacked, slashed, skewered, dismembered, disemboweled, disfigured. . . . And who are the victims, more often than not? Girls, that's who.

It seems especially to be the fate of bright, attractive, liberated women in films these days—TV personalities, camp counselors, herpetologists, photographers, you name it—to become the special targets of deranged killers, whoever (or whatever) they may be. In the halcyon days of Fay Wray and Helen Twelvetrees, a horror-film heroine had merely to look dumb and scream on cue. Today, the dummies are dispatched fairly early on; it's the bright, spunky ones who are saved for last.

It's hard to avoid the impression that, in the ongoing war of the sexes, male writers and directors of these films are working out their own aggressions against the opposite gender. To be sure, the woman in peril has long been a cliché of the horror genre. She's so much more vulnerable, so much less well equipped to defend herself than we men—that has been the thinking. And it continues: In both versions of *Friday the 13th*, the campfire girls are as disposable as Kleenex. But when a woman who's a real woman is endangered, as is Lauren Bacall in *The Fan* or as is Nancy Allen in *Blow Out*, the latest from her husband, Brian De Palma, writers appear to take a fiendish delight in prolonging the agony until, in effect, the audiences seem to be cheering the killers on. The movies have become a form of blood sport—and a very profitable one. In *Variety*'s weekly listings of the top 50 pictures in the U. S. market, at least half a dozen are invariably what they term horror pics.

Since most of the killings in these films occur when a girl is engaged in, or is about to become engaged in, a sexual act, it's also hard not to believe that their perpetrators don't consider themselves divine avengers, that there is still a puritanical ethic operative that decrees not merely an A branded on the bosom but a slashed throat or a disembowelment awarded for choosing the primrose path. And if a woman survives, it's always despite the most horrendous mental and physical torments. It's easy to conclude that most writers today really don't like women very much.

That is also confirmed by the numerous spin-offs from the likes of *National Lampoon's Animal House* and *Meatballs*, with their heavy accent on sexual horseplay. In today's theaters, for better or worse, it's mainly the young adults who inhabit the market place. And their numbers can make a dumb movie like *Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams* an enormous success. In its first week, *Nice Dreams* rated first on *Variety*'s list. As H. L. Mencken once said, "No one ever went broke by underestimating the taste of the American public."

Perhaps the success of *Animal House* and *Meatballs* was disorienting. They made money beyond anyone's anticipation. The studios, mainly because they weren't sure why all of this was happening, began picking up these empty-headed entertainments like mad. It was a gold rush, with a superabundance of bouncing tits and asses the only conceivable guideposts to the new bonanza. *Stripes*, for example, alternates scenes of nude female mud wrestling with shots of girls taking well-deserved showers, neither having much to do with the central story of cabdriver Bill Murray's reluctant induction into the U. S. Army. *Nice Dreams* goes a step further; not only is there the ever-present female flesh that one has come to expect in these pictures but Cheech himself goes nude for a protracted sequence, leaping out of voluptuous Evelyn Guerrero's window when her husband bursts into the bedroom at a crucial moment. From Australia comes *Pacific Banana*, in which handsome airline pilot Graeme Blundell is avidly pursued by bevies of naked girls (including the exceptionally attractive Deborah Gray), but in vain. As the title song explains, when he wants his banana "to go up, up, up, instead it goes down, down, down"—and Blundell sneezes. A lot. And from sexually liberated Sweden comes Dusan Makavejev's raunchy *Montenegro* (also known as *Pigs and Pearls*), starring our own Susan Anspach and the Ingmar Bergman regular Erland Josephson. Makavejev, it will be remembered, is the veteran Yugoslav director whose audacious *WR—Mysteries of the Organism* brought new and startling perceptions to the field of adult films back in 1971. In his new comedy, which is in English, Anspach plays a sexually neglected housewife who leaves home and hubby for a liberating fling in Stockholm's hotter night spots, then returns to settle old scores. At least in Sweden they're not making their sex comedies solely for retarded juveniles.

Aimed at a broader—and certainly broader-minded—audience was Mel Brooks's impudent and outrageous *History of the World—Part I*—history in a pig's eye. It's refreshingly vulgar, raucous stuff, with plenty of leering on Brooks's part and plenty of good-looking girls for the audience to ogle (supplied in the Roman sequence from PLAYBOY's seemingly inexhaustible stock of models and Playmates). Even in its audacity, however, Brooks's *History* isn't a strip show; there's no nudity and very little profanity. Brooks is audacious where it counts—in the realm of sacrosanct shibboleths. For all the farting in the film, there are also great gulps of fresh air.

Or take Richard Pryor's *Bustin' Loose*, which has also been doing quite well where it counts. Stripped of Pryor's colorful language (which, fortunately, it hasn't been), the picture might have played like a Disney special. Burglar Pryor, who happens to be a good mechanic, is forced by his parole officer to assist Cicely Tyson in her effort to relocate a bunch of emotionally disturbed kids from Philadelphia to Seattle. It becomes a kind of *African Queen* relationship between the strait-laced Tyson and the loose-limbed Pryor, greatly aided by his half-muttered one-liners.

Caveman brings us Ringo Starr as a primitive with brains—at least with brains enough to appreciate the lineaments of co-star Barbara Bach, whom he subsequently wed. It's another *Animal House* derivative, just as gross and vulgar as the original, a film that puts a premium on comic-book primitivism, that prizes a fart over a well-turned phrase. (Actually, in this movie, there *are* no well-turned phrases: The vocabulary is limited to about a dozen grunted words.) But it's fun, mainly because it doesn't take itself seriously, and because there's not only Bach but also sultry Shelley Long to enhance the scenery.

Blake Edwards' S.O.B. (Standard Operational Bullshit), a mordant satire on Hollywood based largely on Edwards' own experiences while making the 1970 fiasco *Darling Lili*, advances the curious notion that a costly failure can be turned around simply by transforming it into a sexy comedy, complete with an erotic ballet and a quick flash of the star's bosom. Whether or not Edwards intended it as tongue in cheek, obviously that's hardly the answer—not in this day and age, when an exposed breast has become just about as common as an exposed Polaroid. Considering that in this instance the breast belongs to the hitherto prim and proper Julie Andrews, the momentary exposure holds a touch of novelty, but it's hardly enough to salvage either Edwards' fictional film within a film or *S.O.B.* itself—no more than lovely Isabelle Huppert's frequent nude scenes, not to mention those of the girls in her frontier bordello, were enough to keep *Heaven's Gate* from becoming another all-time disaster.

The fact is that, whatever successes the fast-track boys may have enjoyed, most of the really big hits of 1981 were far longer on action than on sex. Heading the list (and seemingly destined to become one of the box-office champions of all time) is the George Lucas–Steven Spielberg collaboration, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, a fast-paced adventure movie from the two men responsible for *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters of the Third*

(continued on page 270)

"Ten dollars! By my faith, Hope, where is thy charity?"

PLAYBOY'S AUDIO UPDATE

want to add some electronic blue chips to your stereo portfolio? here's the latest market report

article
By NORMAN EISENBERG

GOOD NEWS, fidelity freaks. The hi-fi industry has never been sounder, offering an all-things-to-all-buyers pool of electro-acoustic goodies from megabuck systems for serious sound men to dollar-value components for less demanding but still devoted stereo enthusiasts.

The common denominator in all this is less a matter of technological breakthroughs than of pulling all the stops in product design. Quality of sound is still paramount, but there are more options than ever for enjoying it.

Take, for openers, the

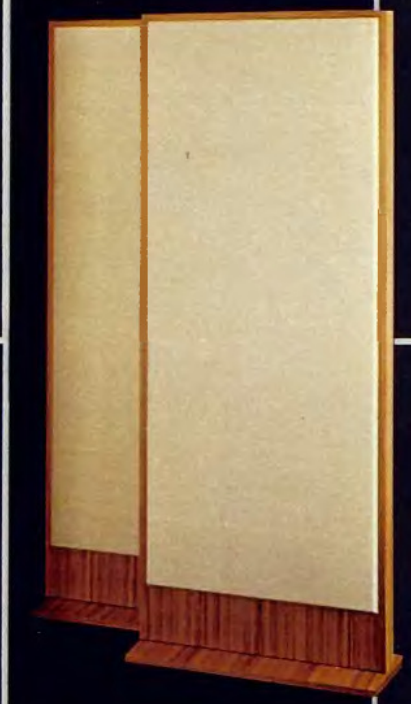
(text continued on page 184)

Above: Sony's ST-J75 FM stereo tuner features superb reception and eight preset AM and FM channels, $450. Left: Want to play both sides of a record without turning it over? Sharp's VZ-3000 Bi-Play Disc Compo System incorporates a stereo tuner/cassette deck with a lineor-tracking turntable, $750.

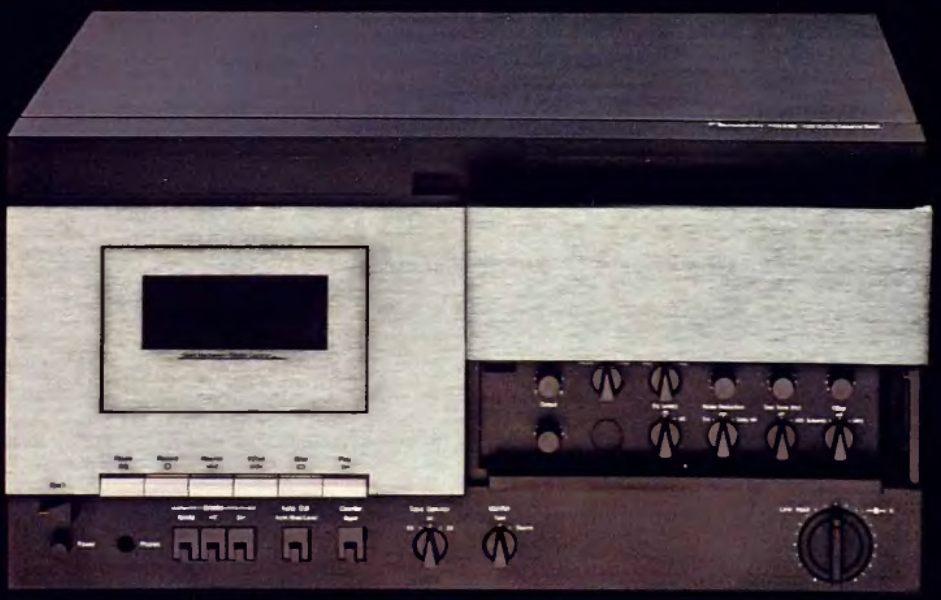
Below: Remember tube amps and preamps? A lot of audiophiles do; and for them, Counterpoint Electronic Systems has come out with slim, fan-cooled five-tube preamplifier. The unit has a power supply (that box on top) that can be placed anywhere. For $3300, you also get 24-kt.-gold-plated knobs.

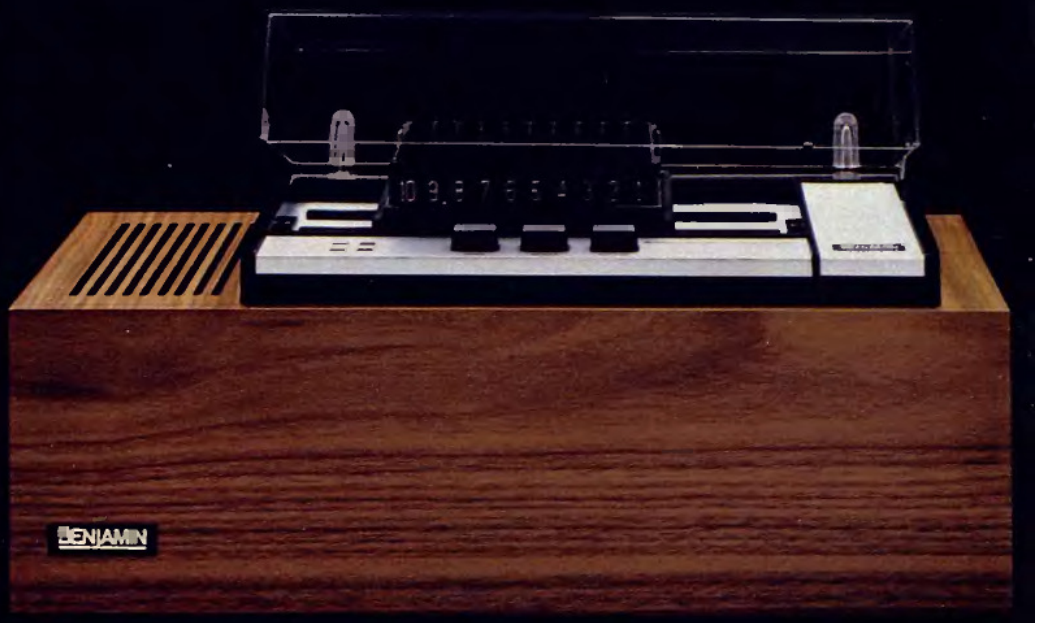
Left: Infinity's Reference Standard II speakers utilize a curved oak wing to eliminate dead spots in the listening area, $1300 a pair. Below: This linear-tracking turntable, by Benjamin Electroproducts, is ideal for bookshelves and other narrow spaces because it can be loaded without lifting the dust cover, $600.

Right: One of the advantages of an electrostatic speaker is that the sound emanates from the entire diaphragm, thus giving the listener fidelity regardless of his distance from the speaker. So for *really* big electrostatic sound—at a big price—try a pair of ELS-8X electrostatic speakers, by Stax, $7800.



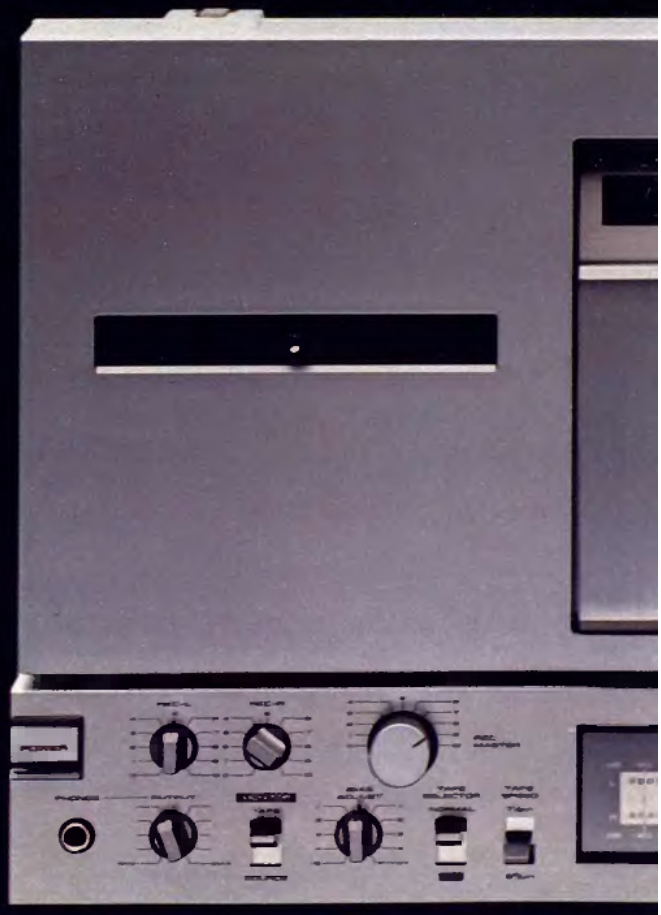
Nakamichi, one of the leaders when it comes to cassette-deck design, gives you hands-off high performance with the 700ZXE, a machine that automatically reads and adjusts itself to each tape on record, $2400.





Left: Polk Audio's RTA 12B Monitor Series speaker measures only 39" x 16" x 11⅞", yet its performance can blow away much higher-priced competition, $1000 a pair. Above: This programmable RAC-10 MK II Automatic Cassette Changer, by Benjamin Electroproducts, plays up to ten cassettes, $850.

Above: You're looking at SAE's new direct-line P101 preamplifier and T101 tuner, which, when coupled, reduce signal distortion and hiss, allowing for cleaner, more balanced sound. The preamp, $650, features soft-touch controls; the tuner, also $650, has electronic tuning and a memory system.



Right: Akai's gorgeous GX-77 seven-inch stereo tape deck brings to open reel the convenience of a cassette unit; it features bi-directional quick reverse in both record and playback, which makes it super-easy to find a specific cut, six tape heads, three motors and an elevator-type rolling loader, $775.

At center left, Daniel Queen Laboratories' Controlled Arrival speaker, synchronizes both reflected and direct sound waves (you can put it behind a sofa and still get terrific sound), $2500 a pair. Left: Denan's POA-8000 power amplifier puts aut 200 manaural watts. Pick a pair for $5200 and you're cooking.

Below: Pianeer's radical top-af-the-line matched campanents: a 110-watt-per-channel amplifier, a digitally synthesized tuner with 12 statian presets, a three-motor three-head cassette deck featuring both Dalby B and C; a graphic equalizer and an autamatic direct-drive linear-tracking turntable, $2745.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

HOT TUB
SALE
Interlandi

IN A CERTAIN CITY of Arabia, there once dwelt a fair, well-favored woman married to a fuller, a worker with cloth. This fuller was surly, stupid and bad-tempered. He treated his wife contemptuously and, though he did not know it, he was repaid in full, for, when he had left for his workshop, a handsome trooper would enter his house, his bed and his wife for an hour or so in the morning. But they grew tired of the secrecy.

One day, the trooper said, "I have resolved to rent the vacant house that lies just across the road from this one."

"Whatever for?" asked the woman.

"And I have decided to dig a tunnel, from that house to thine."

"You have lost your mind," said the wife.

"And thou shalt say to thy husband that thy sister and her husband, a horse trooper, have just come here from distant parts and will live in that house. And the husband must, in all courtesy, call on them."

"I have no sister," she said, "but I do have a raving-mad lover."

"I shall explain to thee my plan of attack," he said. "Now, listen. . . ."

When the fuller came home one afternoon a few days later, his wife told him about the arrival of her sister and her husband. She told him that he must make a call on them and added that the trooper was a prosperous man who undoubtedly could be interested in buying some cloth.

The fuller grumbled but ended up by going. When he entered the house, he found a tall, handsome trooper, who admitted to being his brother-in-law, with a beautiful woman sitting on a Persian rug. He salaamed to her, but he could not believe his eyes. In every respect, she looked exactly like his own wife, an absolute twin. He faltered a few expressions of welcome but, overcome with strange doubts, excused himself soon and made his way home.

The wife, for it was she, hastily put on her usual clothes and ran through the tunnel. When the fuller arrived, she was awaiting him expectantly. "Why do you look so queer?" she asked.

"It is a mystery," he said. "There was, indeed, a trooper who greeted me and, with him, his wife, who is uncannily like you. I could swear by Allah——"

"We were always thought to have some similarity. Did you hear her speak? Our voices *are* rather close in tone."

So the fuller made his way across the street again and the wife, altering her dress, flew through the tunnel again.

The fuller, being admitted, spoke to the trooper's wife and she replied. The fuller stood bewildered, shaking his head.

"What is wrong?" asked the trooper.

"This woman is my wife and the speech is her speech!"

The trooper and the wife laughed heartily. "Is my sister not at home?" asked the woman. "Go back and see for yourself. And when you have done that, come here again for a glass of wine."

The same ruse was repeated once more, and, when the fuller returned, he sat down with the trooper and drank, in his bafflement, one cup of wine after another, until he was quite drunken and snoring. The soldier retired to the bedchamber with the fuller's wife and finally arose about midmorning.

He then went to work. He shaved off the long hair on the sides of the fuller's head, after the manner of the Turks, and clipped the rest short. He put walking shoes on the fuller's feet, buckled a sword belt with a sword around his middle, furnished him with a quiver and bow and clapped a tarboosh on his head. To complete the picture, he put a few silver pieces into his pouch and into his sleeve thrust a letter addressed to the governor of Isfahan ordering him to enroll the bearer, Rustam Khamartakani, in the Turkish garrison, with a monthly allowance of 100 dirhems, ten pounds of bread and five pounds of meat. Then he carried the still-snoring fuller to a mosque and left him on the steps.

When the man awoke, he stumbled to a nearby pond to get a drink—and beheld himself quite altered. "I must be a Turkish soldier," he said and started off in one direction. "No, that can't be, because I am Ahmad the fuller," he said, turning to go the opposite. Finally, when he was almost dizzy, it came to him that he should go home to ask his wife. She would certainly recognize him and put all this straight.

He burst open the door of his house and confronted his wife, who drew back with a look of surprise and fear.

"Soldier, what are you doing breaking into the house of Ahmad the fuller?" she cried. "Know you that Ahmad has a brother-in-law who is a man of rank in the army and a friend of the sultan's?"

Ahmad took off the tarboosh and beat his chest with his fist. "*I* am Ahmad, wife! Admit it or I'll thrash some understanding into thy head!"

"What is that scroll in your sleeve?" the wife asked. "Perhaps it bears your name, if you've forgotten it."

Ahmad plucked the scroll out and looked at it. Then he smiled. "This proves I'm right," he said, "because I can't read. If I was some educated trooper, I could read it."

The woman snatched it away from him. "I can read it," she said. She was silent a moment. Then she said, "Your name is Rustam Khamartakani and you are on your way to join the garrison at Isfahan. Now, begone, before I call my brother-in-law."

Ahmad stumbled out of his house with his eyes rolling and his brain turning somersaults. He had walked quite a way before his head began to settle and a new idea came to him. His comrades in the street of the fullers—where all the workshops were—would surely recognize him and help unravel this mystery. But he had forgotten something.

Some of the Turkish officers used to send their washing to that street and, when it was clean and dry, paid never a stiver for the service. The fullers had complained to the sultan and the sultan had replied, "You are in the right. If any man who has not paid you appears, you have my permission to stone him."

At this time, too, the fullers had been hearing a town rumor that a Turkish soldier had taken Ahmad's wife away, and they were angry about that.

So when they saw a wild-looking fellow in a tarboosh coming into their street, one said, "Men, let us remember the gracious permission from the sultan."

Another said, "Give him a stone in the stones for poor Ahmad!"

When the stones began bouncing off his head and his chest, Ahmad turned tail and ran. "It is the truth of Allah," he said to himself, "I am, in fact, a Turk."

He took the dirhems from his pouch, bought some rations, hired a horse and set out to Isfahan to report.

—Retold by Peg Tercio

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

PLAYBOY'S AUDIO UPDATE *(continued from page 181)*

"In turntables, the question of direct drive versus belt drive remains a standoff."

one-brand-system trend. Having spent nearly 30 years taking apart the phonograph, many hi-fi companies are busy putting it back together. Mix and match gives way to ensemble. The result is still a system made up of components, but now they come neatly stacked, preconnected and ready to play. Clearly, this kind of system is aimed at a much broader market than the one-time hero of hi-fi, the intrepid audiophile who actually enjoyed agonizing over which component worked best.

The promotion for these new systems emphasizes total performance rather than the particular virtues of their individual parts. You are invited to invest in high-quality audio gear not because you may understand all of its ramifications but in spite of the fact that you may not.

As expected, the one-brand systems are offered by companies that produce most or all of the components needed for a stereo system. At last count, that roster included more than two dozen well-known names, and the list is expected to grow. Specialization may no longer be good business. Prices, performance and features vary. For example, Scott's Slimcom series (the name suggests the upright vertical look shared by most of these systems) runs from $800 to $1900. A typical setup contains a rack or shelved housing on casters with amplifier, tuner, cassette deck and, sitting topside on shock mounts, the turntable. Speakers, of course, remain separate—this requirement is still the *sine qua non* of good home stereo.

A large portion of Pioneer's extensive product output has been devoted to its Syscom series, in which performance limits exceed what has normally been the standard for systems. Moreover, these systems do not (as preassembled systems once did) limit you after you have bought one. You can add more gear if you care to—such as an equalizer, or a noise reducer, or an ambient enhancer, and so on. In fact, some systems include such sound processors already fitted into the panoply.

Probably the most posh of these systems is one from Revox. With linear-tracking turntable and optional professional-grade open-reel tape deck, its cost comes close to $10,000.

While the system makers would prefer, of course, that you buy their speakers to go with everything else, there is no technical reason you can't use other speakers—something that the companies that make only speakers are very happy about.

Most systems are stacked vertically, though at least two companies lay them out horizontally. One is the Kenwood Spectrum, in a sleek two-door cabinet. The other is the Bang & Olufsen Beocenter 7000 and Beosystem 8000, which feature a stylish Danish contemporary open cabinet.

COMING ON WITH COMPONENTS

Despite the popularity of the one-brand systems, the industry is hedging its bets with literally hundreds of new products in all categories. Here are the highlights.

Disc recordings remain the single most popular program source, but tape, especially cassette, is coming up faster than anyone could have predicted a few years ago. It's no surprise, then, that a major effort is under way to make the tape format more appealing. One obvious sign is the addition of those features on low-to-medium-priced decks that were found on only the top-priced units a short time ago. Soft-touch controls, some degree of microprocessing and easier-to-read signal meters are becoming fairly standard. These niceties make it easier, and perhaps more fun, to use a cassette deck, but they do not in themselves assure higher performance—except for, maybe, the fluorescent bar-graph meters. (Bar-graph meters are more accurate than needle pointers, they respond faster, they eliminate parallax errors and they cast no shadows to give false readings.) These features are important if you do a lot of your own recording; they are less important in playing prerecorded cassettes.

In addition to the familiar Dolby B noise-reduction system, there's now a Dolby C, which extends the frequency range over which the noise reduction takes place while also suppressing more tape noise. Its major exponent now seems to be Nakamichi, which has seven new cassette decks ($595 to $1800) that include Dolby C and a separate add-on processor for use with any other recorder (the NR-200, $450).

Yet another variation of an earlier Dolby system is the Bang & Olufsen HX Professional system, which claims a dramatic increase in high-frequency headroom and which processes each stereo channel separately. According to B & O, ordinary ferric-oxide tapes (normal bias) thus can sound as good as costlier metal tapes. The new B & O Beocord 8002 deck ($1100) has it and the system probably will be offered for general use.

The most radical innovation in deck design puts twin cassette bays in a single unit, thus expanding its versatility. In the Optonica RT-6605 ($550), one tape compartment records, the other plays. This setup lets you duplicate and also electronically edit from one cassette to another on a single deck. In Onkyo's version of the double-cassette deck (TA-W80, $370), you can dub the new cassette at 3¾ ips to cut duplicating time in half, and you also can play back two cassettes sequentially—or rather the same sides of two separate cassettes. That adds up to 90 minutes of uninterrupted music from two C-90 cassettes used side by side.

For open-reel enthusiasts, the big news is the high-bias cobalt-treated ferric-oxide tape developed by TDK and Maxell. Used on an open-reel deck with the proper bias and equalization, this tape is said to provide sound at 3¾ ips that compares to that of any other open-reel tape at 7½ ips. New decks to handle this tape are expected from Teac and Akai, though only Akai so far has announced anything definite. One model is the GX-77 ($775), with seven-inch-reel capacity and bidirectional record and play via automatic reverse and six heads (three for each direction of tape travel). For more ambitious tape buffs, there's the Akai GX-747 ($1250), which does it all with professional-size (10½-inch) tape reels.

FOR THE RECORD

As with cassette decks, what was regarded as innovative several years ago now seems to be fairly commonplace on most new turntables. Niceties such as direct-drive platters (for steadier speed and quieter operation) and low-mass tonearms (for better tracking, especially of the recent spate of superdiscs) are included in the Dual 607, priced at only $220. Incidentally, in Dual's, as well as in most other new lines, the automatic changer is an endangered species. The emphasis is on single play, often with some touch of automation such as arm set-down and lift-off.

Actually, the question of direct drive versus belt drive remains a standoff, with fine examples of each type being offered. This debate continues among insiders along with another one—that of the S-shaped arm versus the straight-offset head arm. The latter type seemed to have won out in terms of sheer numbers (all of Pioneer's turntables, for example, use them, as do those of Onkyo, Aiwa, Nikko, Sanyo and Philips, among others). On the other hand, the S-shaped arm is on turntables from JVC, Akai and Technics.

(continued on page 226)

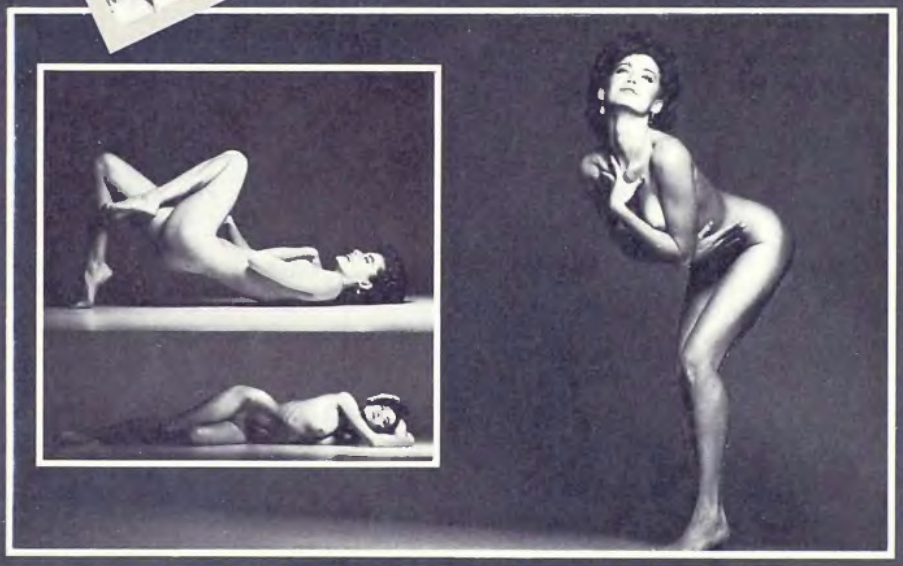
When it comes to great taste, everyone draws the same conclusion.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.

All the Nudes Fit to Print

Charles R. Collum is on a roll. In 1977, he released a photo album of the citizens of Dallas, appropriately called *Dallas Nude*. (No, J.R. and his women didn't make it.) For the past few years, Collum has been photographing the locals in the Big Apple, *au naturel*. The result is a charming collection of portraits called *New York Nude* that we hope will replace the telephone book. Collum likes his work—in fact, he is taking his camera on the road. His next work will be *Los Angeles Nude*. If you want to pose, drop him a line at P.O. Box 663, New York, New York 10013. What next? A *Des Moines Nude*?

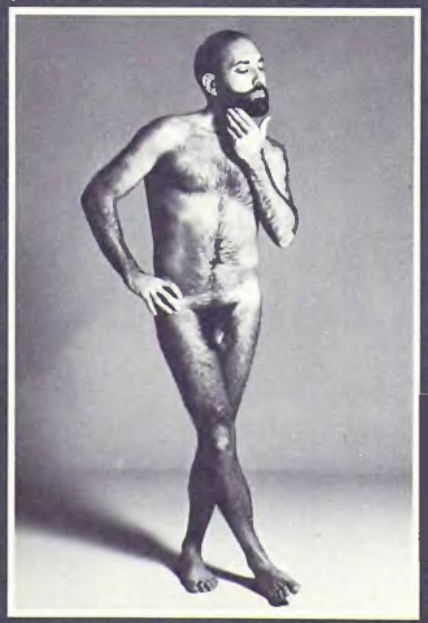
Lyndé Johnson, Miss World, Miss Norway, Miss Olympus Body Beautiful U.S.A.



Tara Shannon
Famous model

Gary and Sherry Mickelson, twins
He: photographer; she: artist-singer

Alan Bresler, president, Bresler Enterprises, Investment Bankers and president, Sutton East News Inc.



Pamela Peters
Student of anthropology
Hunter College

Rollerena
New York City's fairy godmother

Virginia and Lillian Peralta
Virginia: sells shoes at Canal Jeans;
Lillian: high school student

The Sanford J. Greenburger Literary Agency
(group shot, including Mr. Greenburger)

Michael C. Riter, stained-glass artist,
with his wife and his mother-in-law

Ron Galella
Paparazzo photographer

The Contessa Jeritza-DeNova Scone
and her daughter Gina Cleo Bloome

HEAT

(continued from page 163)

"The little blonde was wearing short white shorts and an orange blouse slashed deep over her breasts."

had drifted over to a group of photographers with whom she'd immediately begun a spirited conversation. The little blonde who sat down next to Kling while the first of the fireworks erupted was holding a martini glass in her hand, and it was evident from the first few words she spoke that she'd had at least *four* too many of them already. She was wearing very short white shorts and an orange blouse slashed deep over her breasts and exposing at least one of them clear to the nipple. She said "Hi" and then asked him in a whiskey-slurred voice where he'd been all afternoon, she hadn't seen him around and she thought sure she'd seen every good-looking man there. The fireworks kept exploding against the blackness of the sky.

The girl went on to say that she was a junior model with the Cutler Agency (the same agency that represented Augusta) and then asked whether or not he was a model himself, he was so good-looking. Kling told her he was a cop and before she could ask to see his pistol (or anything else) promptly informed her that he was here with his wife. The girl, who seemed no older than 18 or 19, and who had the largest blue eyes Kling had ever seen in his life, asked him who his wife might be, and when he pointed her out and said "Augusta Blair," the name she still used when modeling, the girl raised her eyebrows and said, "Don't shit me, man, Augusta's not married."

Well, Kling wasn't used to being told he wasn't married to Augusta, though at times he certainly felt that way. He explained, or *started* to explain, that he and Augusta had been married for—— But the girl cut him off and said, "I see her all over town with guys," and shrugged and gulped at her martini. Kling knew, of course, that undoubtedly Augusta *talked* to people at parties and that some of those people were possibly *men*. But the blonde's words seemed to imply something more than simple cocktail chatter, and he was about to ask her what she meant, exactly, when she said, "*One* guy, especially."

"What do you mean, exactly?" Kling managed to say this time.

"Come on, what do I mean?" the blonde said, and winked at him.

"Tell me about it," Kling said. His heart was pounding in his chest.

"Go ask Augusta, you're so interested in Augusta," the blonde said.

"Are you saying she's been seeing some guy?"

"Who *cares*? Listen, would you like to go inside with me? Don't fireworks bore you to death? Let's go inside and find someplace, OK?"

"No, tell me about Augusta."

"Oh, *fuck* Augusta," the blonde said, and untangled her legs from under her bottom and got unsteadily to her feet, and then said, "And you, *too*," and tossed her hair and went staggering into the house through the French doors.

The blonde later disappeared into the night, as suddenly as she had materialized. But before leaving, Kling asked some discreet questions and learned that her name was Monica Thorpe. On Monday morning, he called the Cutler Agency, identified himself as Augusta's husband, said they wanted to invite Monica to a small dinner party and got her unlisted number from them. When he called her at home, she said she didn't know who he was and didn't remember saying anything about Augusta, who was, anyway, her dearest friend and one of the sweetest people on earth.

•

"So that's it," Kling said.

"That's it, huh?" Carella said. "Are you telling me . . . ?"

"I'm telling you what happened."

"*Nothing* happened," Carella said. "Except some dumb blonde got drunk and filled your head with——"

"She said she saw Augusta all over town. With *guys*, Steve. With *one* guy, *especially*, Steve."

"Uh-huh. And you believe her, huh?"

"I don't know *what* to believe."

"Have you talked to Augusta about it?"

"What am I supposed to do? Ask her if there's some guy she's been seeing? Suppose she tells me there *is*? Then what? Shit, Steve. . . ."

"If I were in a similar situation, I'd ask Teddy in a minute."

"And what if she said it was true?"

"We'd work it out."

Kling was silent for several moments. His face was beaded with sweat, he appeared on the verge of tears. He took a handkerchief from his back pocket and dabbed at his forehead. He sucked in a deep breath then and said, "Steve . . . is it . . . is it still good between you and Teddy?"

"Yes."

"I mean. . . ."

"I know what you mean."

"In bed, I mean."

"Yes, in bed. And everywhere else."

"Because . . . I, I don't think I'd have believed a word that blonde was saying if, if I, if I didn't already think something was wrong. Steve, we . . . these past few months . . . ever since June, it must be . . . we . . . you know, it used to be we couldn't keep our hands off each other, I'd come home from work, she'd be all over me. But lately. . . ." He shook his head, his voice trailed.

Carella said nothing. He stared through the windshield ahead. Kling shook his head again, and again dabbed at his brow with his handkerchief.

"It's just that lately . . . well, for a long time now . . . there hasn't been anything between us. I mean, not like before. Not the way it used to be, when we, when we couldn't stand being apart for a minute. Now it's . . . when we make love, it's just so . . . so cut and dried, Steve. As if she's . . . *tolerating* me, you know what I mean? Just doing it to, to, to get it *over* with. Aw, shit, Steve," he said, and ducked his face into the handkerchief, both hands spread over it, and began sobbing.

"Come on," Carella said.

"I'm sorry."

"That's OK, come on."

"What an asshole," Kling said.

"You've got to talk to her about it," Carella said.

"Yeah." The handkerchief was still covering his face. He kept sobbing into it, his head turned away from Carella, his shoulders heaving.

"Will you do that?"

"Yeah."

"Bert? Will you talk to her?"

"Yeah. Yeah, OK," Kling said, and sniffed, and took the handkerchief from his face, and dried his eyes, and sniffed again, and said, "Thanks," and stared straight ahead through the windshield.

•

The neighborhood had changed.

He hadn't expected it to look the same, not after 12 years, but neither had he expected so overwhelming a transformation. He got off the elevated train at Cannon Road, and then came down the steps onto Dover Plains Avenue.

He was back here today to see his daughter.

He had last seen this neighborhood when he was 27 years old. A young man. Twenty-seven. He would be 40 in November, 12 years of his life blown in prison. Moira had been six when they sent him away, she'd just turned 18 this past June, he hadn't seen her in all that time.

This was Saturday, the neighborhood seemed drowsy and peaceful in the blistering midday sun. Suddenly, Halloran was sweating. Now that he was closer to seeing her, he found himself a little short of breath, his heart pounding in his chest as he made the familiar turn onto

(continued on page 232)

GENUINE RISK

if you think everything is dangerous, you're right

essay **By JAMES R. PETERSEN**

First it was cigarettes. Then sugar. Then salt, air, water, bacon, eggs, Corvairs, drugs, sex, rock 'n' roll. One by one, the very staples of life were declared unsafe for human consumption.

The final straw came when a team of scientists announced that coffee was linked to pancreatic cancer. There are approximately 220,000,000 people in the U. S., and 22,000 deaths annually from pancreatic cancer. The odds are 10,000 to 1 of being one of the unlucky few, 5000 to 1 if you drink coffee. Big deal. If I stopped drinking coffee, it is likely that I would lose my job. The symptoms of poverty are well documented. Some 7,000,000 people experience unemployment every year. I have never met anyone with pancreatic cancer. I know a lot of people who are unemployed. When you are unemployed, you are 100 percent unemployed.

It's enough to drive you crazy. According to the editors of *The Odds on Virtually Everything*, you shouldn't worry. You have only one chance in 89.4 of becoming schizo. Too many people want us to worry about too many things. I have a limited capacity for panic. It is not to be wasted on the trivial.

It seems to me that there are two kinds of risk: the kind you can do something about and the kind you can't. The latter risk comes with the territory. It is usually measured by body counts of white mice in laboratories. If a rat smokes 20 times its body weight of weed a day, it will develop brain damage and a taste for the Grateful Dead. If a rat listens to disco music, it will develop homosexual tendencies. If a college student reads porn, he will give electric shocks to lab assistants. If Three Mile Island goes, we are going to turn into mutants. The actual risks of most environmental hazards range in the six-figure Irish Sweepstakes category. Almost a million to one. As house odds go, they aren't much.

I much prefer genuine risk, the kind you take of your own free will. You accept a challenge. You go up against the insurance agent and his actuarial chart. The greater the odds, the higher the insurance rates, the greater the potential profit. If you blow it, fine. As the old blues song put it, "If it wasn't for bad luck, wouldn't have no luck at all." You define yourself by how you handle the situation. Let's talk about some real odds.

The odds are 3.6 to 1 that I will have the same job a year from now. That is something I hadn't planned on. Part of my job involves flying. The editors of *Odds on Virtually Everything* say that the chances of my dying on take-off or landing are 33,370 to 1. "One mid-air collision over San Diego, or a disintegrating engine at O'Hare, can seriously affect the statistics." On May 25, 1979, flight 191 crashed on take-off, killing four of my friends, totally. A 33,370-to-1 shot. Unfortunately, they are 100 percent dead. Still, I fly. I say to myself that flying is no more or less dangerous than drinking coffee. It is out of my hands. I have better things to worry about.

For instance, I ride a motorcycle. The Motorcycle Safety Foundation reports that of every 10,000 motorcycles registered, 315 will be involved in an accident this year. One out of 35.6 reported accidents will result in rider death. The odds against my dying on a bike are 1126 to 1. I do not think of those statistics when I ride. I tend to think of the figures that say my accident will happen in good weather, on a road I have traveled every day for years, in broad daylight at a speed of 30 miles per hour. I will be having the time of my life. I will probably be hit by a car. It will be the other driver's fault. I will become a statistic, just like that, and it will hurt like a son of a bitch. The only form of travel more dangerous than motorcycling is flying—specifically, trying to fly a plane that you built yourself. The fatality rate is about 1 in 35. It astonishes me what some people do for kicks.

I calculate the risk. I know my limits and the limits of the bike. I am alive.

Besides, there are better things to worry about. I stand one chance out of 6.1 of being hospitalized this year, one out of 9.5 that I will require an operation, one out of 158 of having a heart attack. At my age, there is one chance out of 548 that I will die. Statistically, a man my age is safer on a motorcycle than lying in bed. There is one out of 62 chances that I will develop flat feet. These things are relative.

Ralph Keyes, a writer who is currently researching a book on danger, claims that people who take physical risks are amateurs. The high rollers are into emotional risk taking.

One out of three marriages fail. Some because one or both partners fooled around. The chances that a young married man will have an affair are 1.4 to 1, that his partner will do the same, 2.4 to 1. The odds are 1 in 33 that the affair will be discovered. The odds are 1 in 6.1 that you will end up paying alimony.

As for sex and the single man: The odds are 1 in 11.9 that you will get lucky tonight. There's one chance in 51.6 that you will be impotent, one chance in 42.8 that you will contract venereal disease. Terrific.

The odds are 1 in 7.7 that you will have a homosexual experience. The odds are one out of three that you will go bald. The likelihood of your committing suicide is 1 in 7999.

Our ancestors used everything they had, and died in 30 or so years, before they could develop cancer or marital difficulties culminating in divorce. They died with their hair on. When the last saber-toothed tiger died, science had to invent new threats to fill the void. The intangible terrors get headlines and Government grants but are nothing to worry about.

The point of this: Do what you were going to do in the first place. As Han Solo says, "Never tell me the odds."

High Fidelity for Humans:

IT EVEN FINDS
STATIONS WH

Finding your favorite station isn't always as easy as tuning to 123.

For example, now that digital station readouts are standard on most receivers you have to memorize the precise call numbers of all your favorite stations. Not an easy job if you have a dozen or so stations you tune in regularly.

That, however, is just one of the many unpleasantries you have to deal with if you own one of today's conventional receivers. On the other hand, it's just one of the many reasons you should own Pioneer's new SX-7 receiver.

The SX-7 is a product of Pioneer's unique new concept in component design and engineering called *High Fidelity for Humans.* The result is a line of components that are as pleasant to live with as they are to listen to.

For instance, our receiver will commit to memory all your favorite stations. You can preset up to eight AM and eight FM stations. The moment you want to hear one you can recall it instantly.

Should you want to sample a variety of stations without any manual effort, simply press Station Scan. You'll hear five seconds of every strong station on the entire tuning band. If you discover a station you like you simply stop scanning.

Needless to say, not all stations have strong signal strengths. In the past you've had to struggle to tune in those stations with weak signals. The struggle's over. Due to the SX-7's ID Mosfet transistors you can

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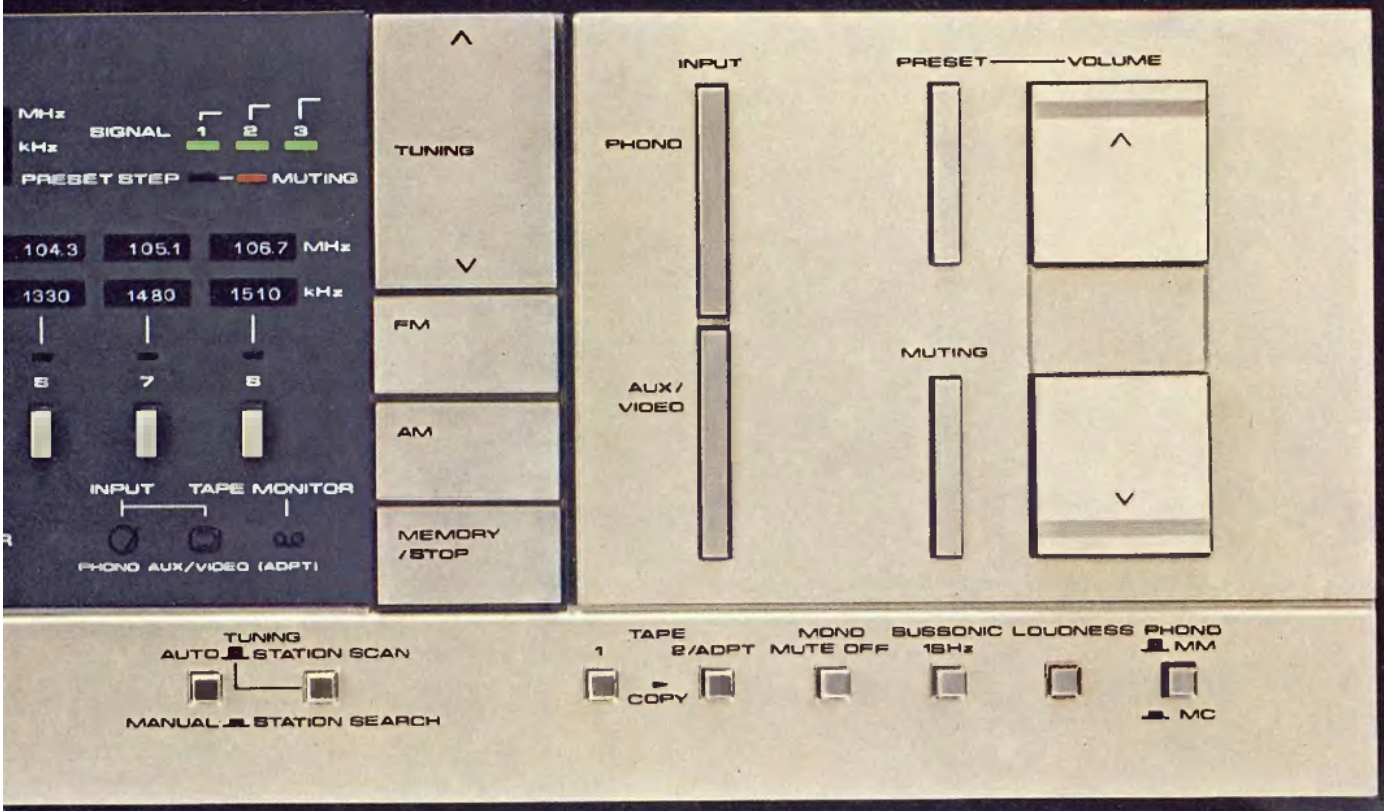
YOUR FAVORITE EN YOU CAN'T.



tune in weak stations as quickly and clearly as you can strong stations.

Drift, of course, is another way in which distortion has been allowed to sneak in and prevail where there once was music. The only remedy has been to simply get up and readjust your station. But with the SX-7 you won't have to bother. Because our Quartz PLL Synthesized tuning is designed to make drift totally impossible.

While these technological achievements make our components easy to live with, others just plain make your music sound better.

Our patented Non-Switching™ Push-Pull circuitry is a prime example. It eliminates the distortion created by output transistors as they click on and off, thousands of times a second, in response to music signals. The SX-7's Non-Switching circuits keep our transistors from ever completely switching off, so they don't have to click back on.

If it seems as though the SX-7 has many features you just don't find on other receivers, it's because it does. Which is why we invite you to visit your nearest Pioneer dealer. He'll show you the SX-7, and an entire line of new Pioneer receivers.

They're all designed to let you spend more time enjoying music and less time simply trying to find it.

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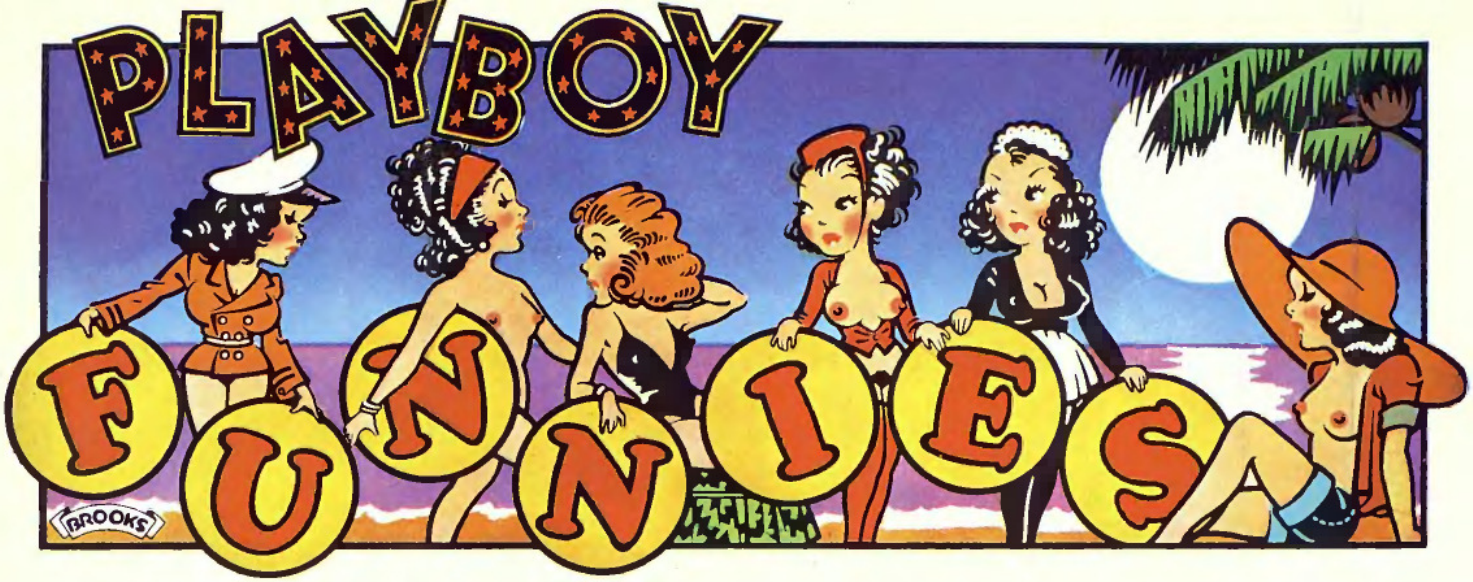
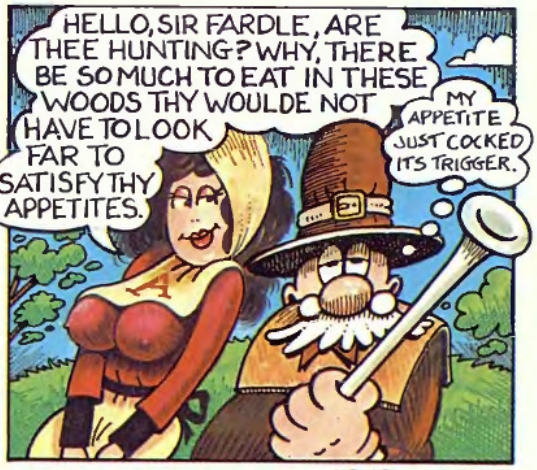

PLAYBOY
FUNNIES
BROOKS

MEATY
MYTHS
-BY-
FRED SCHRIER
GET THY LAZY CARCASS OUT THERE AND SHOOT THY MEAL!

THE HUNTING MAY BE BETTER THAN I THOUGHT.... THERE BE MISS MOLLY MOUTHFUL.


HELLO, SIR FARDLE, ARE THEE HUNTING? WHY, THERE BE SO MUCH TO EAT IN THESE WOODS THY WOULDE NOT HAVE TO LOOK FAR TO SATISFY THY APPETITES.
MY APPETITE JUST COCKED ITS TRIGGER.

YOU NEW WORLD MEN HAVE A REAL PIONEERING SPIRIT!
HEY! LOOKEE!
MY INCESTORS CAME ALL THE WAY ON THE MAYFLOWER.

I'D BETTER FIRE MY MUSKET SO THE WIFE WILL THINK I'M HUNTING...
BLAM
OOP
DUCK

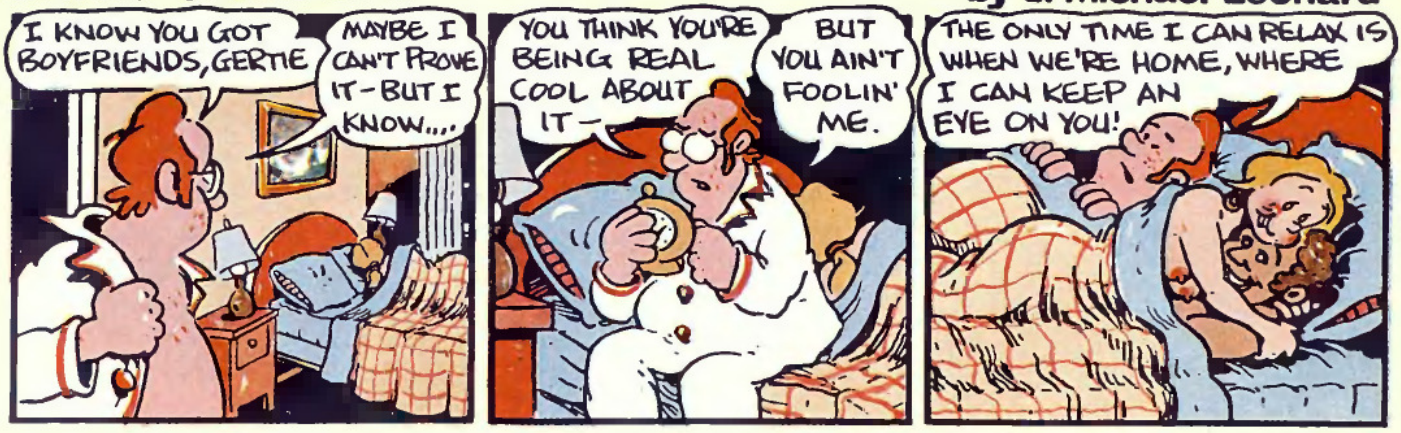
HA! DINNER
GAWK
BLURD

HALP!
GAH
DON'T THEE SCALP ME!
HEY! TURKEY!
COME ON!... PILGRIM! SHARE 'N' SHARE ALIKE!
MAYBE YUR LITTLE WIFE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHY YUR POWDER ISN'T DRY! HA!

I DO THINK IT WONDERFUL TO HAVE THY FRIENDS TO DINNER, FARDLE.
ON THIS DAY, CHIEF BLACKFOOT GIVE THANKS THAT PILGRIM GOT OFF GOOD SHOT IN BUSH!
CHIEF BLACKMAIL MIGHT BE BETTER.
I HOPE WE DON'T MAKE A HABIT OF THIS!

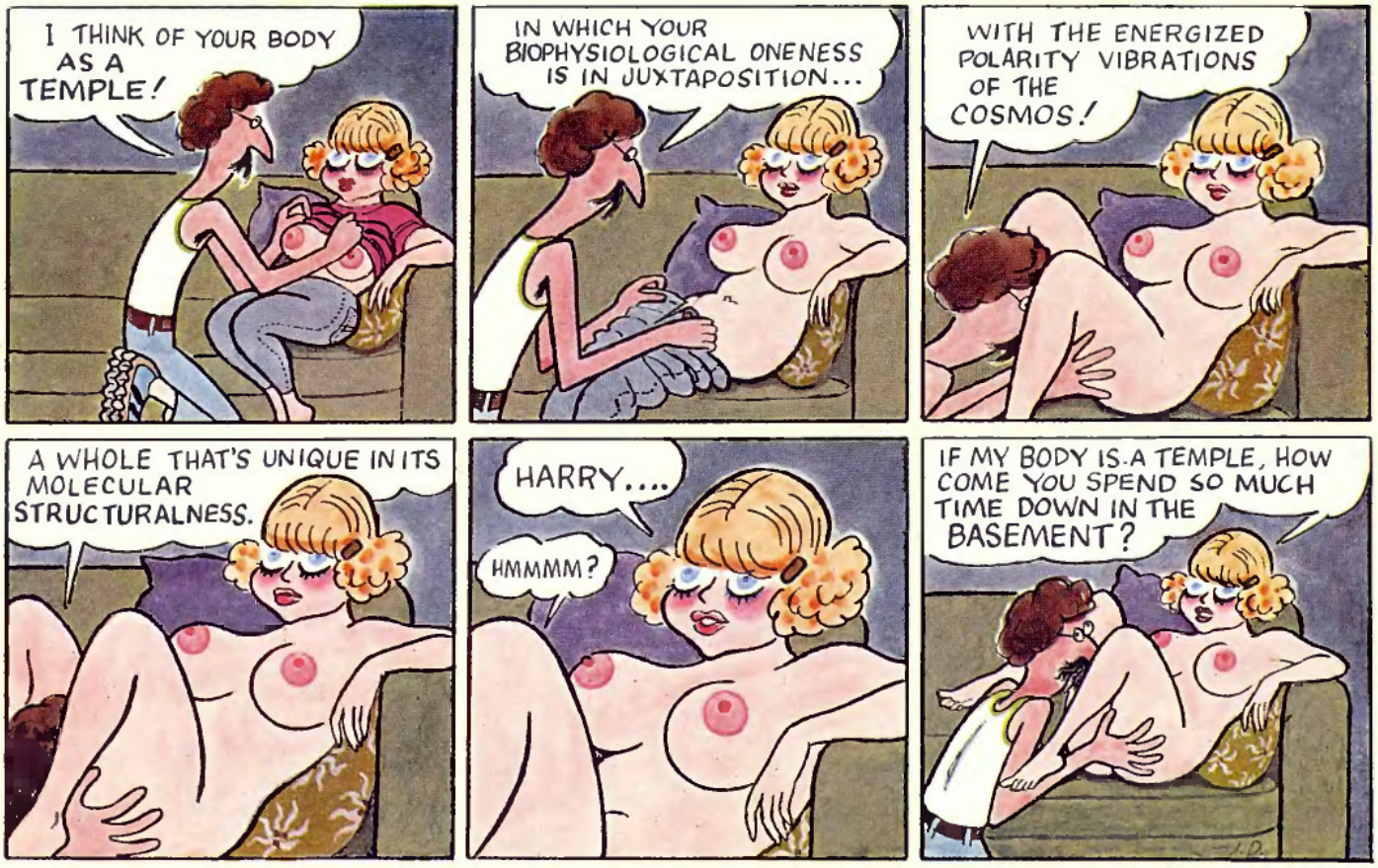
annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard



HOLISTIC HARRY

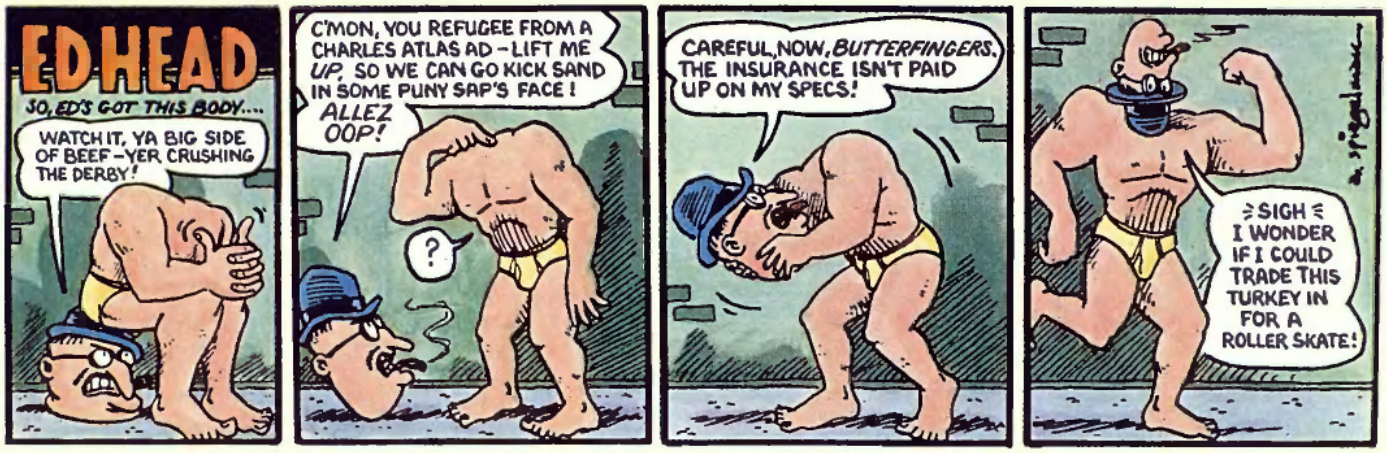
BY J. PELMAR



5 CENT MARY

BY E N O S

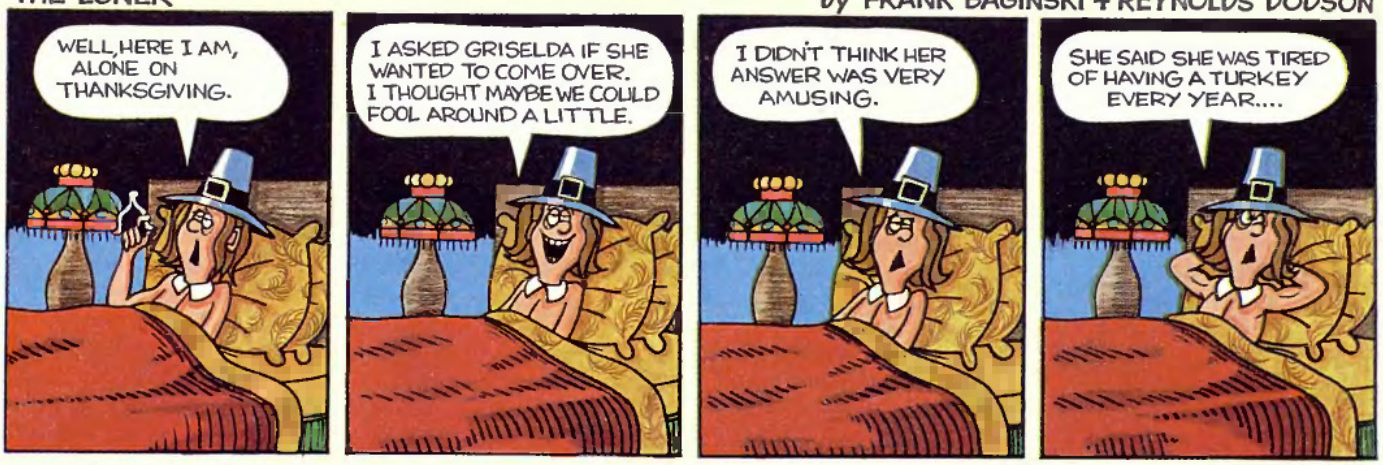
Dirty Duck® by Bobby London

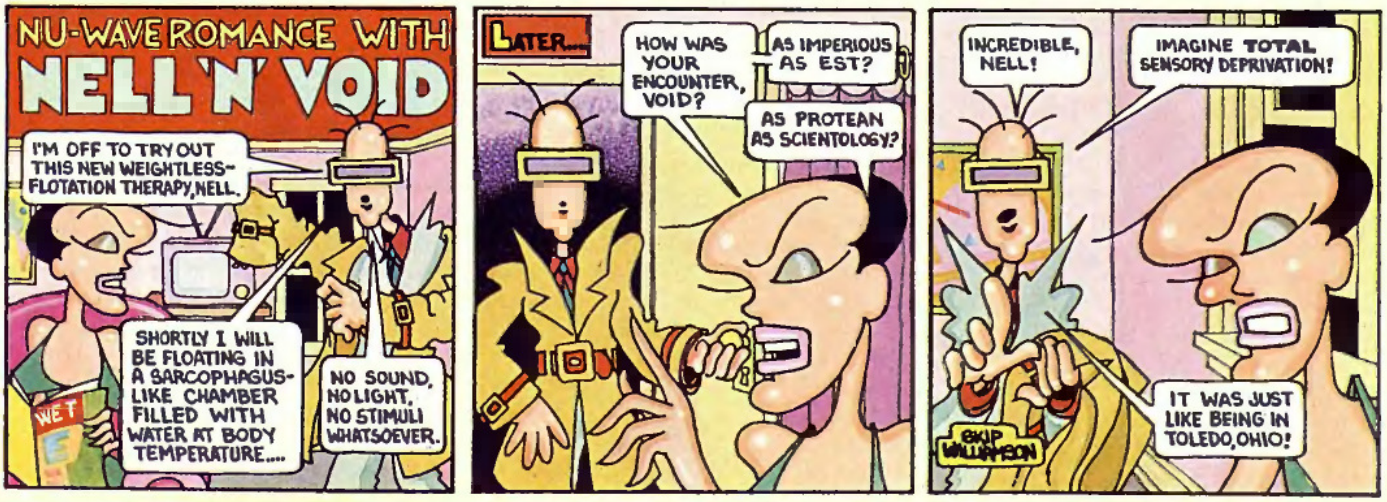


SUZY Q AND MIDNITE

THE LONER

by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON





STAKES OF THE GAME *(continued from page 150)*

"In American sport, there was no God but Madison Avenue. And A. C. Nielsen was His prophet."

course, the product was human beings.

In sports, the crucial change had been caused by the coming of television. Of the major American sports, basketball was perhaps the most interesting in that regard, because in comparison with football and baseball, it had a shorter history and was less rooted in the national myth. Since its norms were less rigid, basketball was far more vulnerable to the new pressures created by television. As those pressures grew, the guardians of the sport were both less able and less willing to make distinctions between what was good for the sport and what was good for them personally. Many of the new owners came in only because the sport was now on national television. Overnight, basketball was not just a game but a show, and overnight it was competing not just with other sports but with other television fare, often in prime time.

Thus, it was only logical that when players thought about their salaries and compared them with those of other Americans, they thought not of athletic salaries past and present but of the salaries paid to other entertainers. Very quickly, the commercial norms had reached the players themselves and the norms were always bigger and bigger. In the evolution of modern sport, a league's success was no longer defined only by the quality of its play, nor by the size of its live attendance, but by how the networks—or, more accurately, the great national advertisers—saw it. For in American sport in the Eighties, there was no God but Madison Avenue. And A. C. Nielsen was His prophet.

The first of the great commercial marriages in America in the postwar years had been between advertising and television, as the networks offered national advertisers an extraordinarily attentive national audience; the second great marriage had come in the late Fifties and early Sixties as Madison Avenue, seeking ways to reach the American male, discovered live sports as a premier vehicle. Professional football had been the first triumph, with results so exceptional that advertisers immediately began casting about for other sports. Eventually, handsome TV contracts reached even the fledgling National Basketball Association.

That connection gradually changed the nature of N.B.A. ownership and the structure of its economics. The old owners had been men of limited income, promoters and arena proprietors who stayed one step ahead of the bill collector. Their revenues were what they could draw from live fans. These new owners were primarily young self-made millionaires, for whom ego gratification was often more important than making money. Under those circumstances, the economics of basketball had become more and more artificial. Television had changed the nature of the audience, too, from a tiny handful of passionate fans who went to games, paid for their tickets and insisted on real performances to millions of *watchers*, loosely connected to the game, who sat in their homes and accepted what a given network offered because it happened at that moment to be somewhat more pleasing (or less displeasing) than what the other networks were offering. The money no longer came directly from the pockets of fans, it came from the projections and expectations of auto companies and breweries.

What happened when Madison Avenue perceived basketball as a "hot" sport at the end of the Sixties is a fable for our time—a story of instant success and destructive cupidity. For as the ratings went up, revenues went up, and advertisers wanted in; and as television made the sport not just successful but glamorous, more owners wanted in, too. This made it possible for the existing owners to charge a premium for membership in this most exclusive club, giving up in return only a few reject players. In the pretelevision age, the price of the club was minimal, something that people won or lost in relatively low-stake poker games; now it began to rise, and this increase became a means by which older owners not only recouped their original investments but wiped out their ongoing debts as well. In the early Sixties, a franchise was worth perhaps $200,000; in 1980, Dallas bought in for $12,000,000. Every time the buy-in price went up, every other owner could claim that his franchise was worth at least that much, because he, of course, had a few years of tradition behind him and a couple of valuable players.

It was a dangerous and deceptive time. No one could lose. If professional basketball moved into a city that was not ready for it—New Orleans, for example—there were so many other suckers waiting to get in that the present owners, having taken their tax deductions, could always sell at a much higher price to newer owners in another city. In 1967, when television and the league discovered each other, there were ten teams. In that year, San Diego (later Houston) and Seattle bought in for $1,750,000 apiece, with each existing team picking up a neat $350,000 share of it. That made 12 teams. By the time Dallas entered the league only 13 years later, those ten early franchises had made roughly $3,000,000 apiece from expansion payments alone.

At its best, in the early television years, pro basketball was a sport with relatively shallow roots but exceptional action and intensity and, above all, genuine rivalries. But each new team, and each consequent shift in players, diluted the mix and destroyed team character and identity. The game itself was becoming vulnerable. The problem was not just in the new cities to which basketball had been transplanted, often without much forethought; it was in the old franchises, too, whose teams had now begun to age and who could not replenish themselves, because the draft necessarily spread each year's new stock of players thinner.

Madison Avenue, watching the decline of the traditional powerhouse teams in the early Seventies—teams that were located, of course, in the big national markets—became nervous. Because there were more teams, there was now more travel. The players, locked into an endless schedule of 82 regular-season games that guaranteed a kind of constant fatigue and almost certain minor (if not major) injuries, now faced even greater travel burdens and still more fatigue. Where once it had been only Madison Avenue that had seen the commercial possibilities of the game, and the owners who had seen the chance for a bigger payoff, now the new money had seeped down to the level of the players, who, as they became aware of what everyone else in the league was making, proved to be greedy as well.

Most damaging to the intensity of the game was the arrival of the no-cut contract. Given such contracts, too many games and a schedule designed to exhaust even the most physically fit young men in America, many players responded by functioning on automatic pilot, coming alive only in post-season play-off games. Even worse, this had happened as basketball became the blackest of America's major sports. In the late Sixties, there had been some racial balance, but the league in the Seventies was three quarters black. Just as the camera had caught and transmitted the true intensity of the old-fashioned rivalries in the earlier days of the league, so it now caught and transmitted with equal fidelity the increasing lethargy and indifference of many players in regular-season games, a lethargy and indifference now seen by a largely white audience as at least partially racial in origin. Those

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who knew the sport best learned to concentrate on the play-offs, ignoring most of the rest. CBS, frustrated by low ratings in the regular season, proceeded to further frustrate genuine fans. With the proliferation of teams, regular-season coverage declined to the point where the network was ignoring fully two thirds of them: there were, in effect, *two* leagues—one consisting of the 22 N.B.A. teams, the other a six- or seven-team league covered by CBS, its version of the N.B.A.

All this took place in less than a decade—sudden growth, the shift in values from those of pure sports to those of entertainment and advertising. What had happened to basketball was typical of altogether too much happening in the new American scheme of things: There was more, but it was less.

•

A week into the fall camp, the coaches went out to dinner together again. They were discussing how new contracts would affect the veteran players' game, wondering what the incentive would be, now that so much money was guaranteed. Even when a player was a quality person, they thought, it was simply harder for him to be eager when his future was guaranteed.

The coaches' jobs, on the other hand, were anything but secure. What went up in this league went up very fast and often came down just as quickly. Power was for the coaches an illusory thing; the only players to whom they appeared powerful were, in fact, the marginal ones they could, indeed, control, but to little purpose. The players they would *like* to control—that is, the talented ones flawed either by attitude or by a specific major weakness in their game—more likely than not were protected by no-cut contracts far larger than those of the coaches themselves. It was those players who could, if they listened and obeyed, make the coaches seem more effective; yet they were the very ones over whom it was impossible to exercise authority directly. Instead, unlike players of the past, they had to be stroked and cajoled into doing what coaches wanted.

The current crop of rookies and free agents, though still eager and coachable, was as yet of uncertain value. Members of the Portland staff all liked Steve Hayes; he was a nice kid, with a light shooting touch. True, he was slow and awkward, and it would be hard for faster teammates to work with him on offense; but he was a lovely young man. The problem was that body. By contemporary basketball standards, it was soft. It meant, they decided, that Hayes had never spent much time in the weight room. Was that a lack of commitment? It was clear that Hayes, nice young man though he was, would eventually have to go.

The question of Greg Bunch or Abdul Jeelani was more intriguing. Bunch was a better player technically—more fluid, more graceful and able to fit more naturally into the patterned Ramsay offense. But something was missing with him; he was playing below his expected level and he was tentative, not getting the tough rebounds, the ones that came down into a crowd. He did not, in Stu Inman's phrase, "stick his nose into the ball." Jeelani, by contrast, was a constant surprise. He was not a graceful player, he had a great deal of trouble with the patterned offense, but there was something exuberant about him; he was always around the ball, always scoring when it seemed he shouldn't. He seemed hungrier than the others and he had an instinct for scoring, if not for the game. Although the Portland squad, rookies and veterans alike, all seemed to be playing tight, Jeelani more than anyone else contributed an extra joyous energy. Every time the coaches watched him, they saw a little more and were a little more impressed. They decided that night, to their surprise, that he had a real chance of making the team.

Inman was particularly pleased that Jeelani was handling himself so well. Although he'd had doubts about Jeelani's ability to make the club, Inman had signed him to a contract—albeit the kind of contract that could evaporate the moment Portland wanted it to. He had dealt with Jeelani on the basis of a recommendation from an old friend named Jim McGregor, who was coaching and doing some scouting on the side in Italy. Inman liked McGregor, but he also believed that free-lance scouts were always trying to sell themselves as well as their products, hoping, perhaps, for a full-time job in the N.B.A. Jeelani had

"Got a minute, man?"

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arrived along with a considerable dose of McGregor's hyperbole.

As Inman ate dinner, he turned to the coaches. "This kid is *killing* people here," he said, as if quoting McGregor's letter. *"He's too big for Italy, too big for Rome.* No one can stop him. Forty points a game, 17 blocked shots a game." Inman imitated McGregor's style of trying to attract attention: *"Four hundred and thirty-eight rebounds a game. Sign him now, Stu!"* So Portland signed him and sent him to play in a summer league. Inman considered Jeelani a good pure shooter, but he also felt that he was a prisoner of his past, a small school with limited coaching, followed by a few seasons with a similar lack of direction in Italy; he was thus four or five years behind other players his age who were already in the N.B.A. In truth, Inman thought, if Jeelani made Ramsay's team, one of the most disciplined and structured squads in the league, then it would be a sign that the Blazers were in trouble and vulnerable.

Inman's thoughts left Jeelani and fastened for a moment on Bunch. Bunch was two inches shorter than Jeelani and 20 pounds lighter. Inman would describe him in scout talk as exceptionally fast, sound fundamentals, good leaper, slim body but long arms, with a good concept of the game. But there was something troubling about him. He was a young man who, Inman suspected, was fighting himself, not just in basketball but in other ways as well, though it showed most clearly on the court.

Finally, it was Bunch's personal problems, like Hayes's physical limitations, that proved to be decisive. Within the week, both would be gone to colder climes—Hayes to join the Continental league in Alaska, Bunch to play in Helsinki.

As for Abdul Jeelani, he would make the Trail Blazers team. Although he never seemed quite comfortable with the disciplined Ramsay system, he could come off the bench to score flurries of points when the system broke down, and that ability kept him in the league.

Jeelani thought he had earned a regular spot on the Portland roster, so he was shocked at the end of the season when he was shipped off to Dallas in the expansion draft. At the first practice session there, the coach calmly told the assembled players not to buy houses in the area—a not-so-subtle reminder of their vulnerability. Some 20 players came and went on the new Dallas team that year, and Jeelani was one of only four who lasted the entire season. During that time, he probably came to know what the older players already understood—that the game of basketball, though more lucrative now, had been a lot more fun in the past.

PROBLEM WITH CRYSTAL *(continued from page 156)*

"It effectively shatters any sexual or merely sensuous tensions that have linked her with her audience."

Shore Room, the Crystal Gayle who had been fairly reserved as Kenny Rogers' opening act out there in Country Music Land was nowhere around. *This* Crystal Gayle was *hot*. In an off-the-shoulders sequined black tube top and tighter-than-tight black pants and black slings, she looked and moved like an enticing, shiny switchblade knife. When she moved into Billie Holiday's *What a Little Moonlight Can Do*, she became desirably sinister and it occurred to me that I couldn't think of another singer who could do as much as she could with an audience while saying practically nothing at all between songs. Or of another one who could spend so much of her stage time facing her band and offering her viewers a display of swaying hair and tight pants. Not that that sort of thing *weakens* the performer-audience bond, except that Crystal still hasn't learned how to talk to an audience beyond the "How are you?" level. ("I've always had problems in my mind with being out on the stage," she would tell me later. "It's like I'd rather sing; I used to not want to talk at *all*.") If ever there were unlimited and unrealized potential in a performer, she has it.

Toward the end of her show, she unleashed her strength with *When I Dream*, a throaty, full-bodied, erotic ballad that spells out much of her appeal: " 'I can put my make-up on and drive the men insane/I can go to bed alone and never know his name/But when I dream, I dream of you/Maybe someday you will come true.' "

Crystal's final encore is always *Rocky Top*, a lightweight, get-'em-on-their-feet country version of an applause sign. It's also the closest thing she does to a traditional country-and-western song. It effectively shatters any sexual or merely sensuous tensions that have linked her with her audience.

Between the eight-o'clock "dinner show" and the 11:30 "cocktail show," she shed her black pants in favor of a tan terrycloth robe and sat sipping hot water in her dressing room. She caught me by surprise with a question: "Can you tell the difference of my hair's effect here with that show in Chicago?"

Until then, I had forgotten that after the Chicago show, I had asked her if she'd ever seen a video tape of herself performing. She said she hadn't and wanted to know why I asked.

"Your hair," I'd said. "It's down to your knees now and you should see it when it's back-lighted and you start whipping it around. I mean, it's very *erotic*."

She'd laughed nervously and waited for me to continue. "Crystal, it drives some of that crowd *nuts*. I don't know if you know that, but you should be careful. There were guys out there just salivating."

"Oh," she'd said, "I really haven't talked to anybody who's said quite *that*."

But now here she was, backstage at Harrah's in Tahoe, asking *me* about the relative hair effect. And really wanting to know. "Well," I said, "it really doesn't work as well here, because you're not back-lighted and not as close to the audience and your hair doesn't really stand out against the black outfit. By the way, that black outfit——"

"Oh," she said, "those are spandex pants. They look like you're poured into them, but they're so comfortable that you could do sit-ups in them."

"Dressed like that, do you feel like a sex object, or do you think people *think* you're a sex object?"

"I think there are probably some who do. The outfit might look a little *sexy*, but I don't know, because it's hard for me to look at myself that way. I don't really think I am in that sense. That's not something I've tried to pursue."

•

The building at 1308 16th Avenue South in Nashville doesn't look like the sort of high-powered studio from which comes high-powered pop music. Those studios usually look like flying saucers on the ground. But 1308 is a two-story, quasi-Victorian brick building approximately the color of Dijon mustard. What front yard there is includes a dry moat with a bridge across it. Stray dogs like to hide under there.

There is no sign to identify 1308 and no need to. If you have to ask, you have no business there. There *is* a little box by the front door and a little sign that

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says you can deposit tapes in it. In Nashville, if you put up a shingle that says you're a recording studio, you won't merely get demo tapes 24 hours a day, you'll get Woodstock on your front lawn. Sixteenth Avenue has a constant parade of strange-looking people clutching guitar cases that usually have fresh Greyhound bus stickers on them.

On the day I was there, that odd building with the columns and the moat had Crystal Gayle's fire-engine-red Mercedes parked outside it while she worked on her latest album in her studio of choice. Namely, Jack's Tracks, a.k.a. 1308. Jack Clement, a protégé of Sun Records founder Sam Phillips, built it before moving on to other things. Phillips, of course, built the first rock-'n'-roll studio—Sun—on Union Avenue in Memphis and knows a thing or two about studios. Size never did impress him: Sun was the size of a studio apartment.

Crystal's producer, Allen Reynolds, met me at the door of 1308 and took me on a tour. Reynolds came out of Memphis and knows Southern funk the way only Memphians and Orleanians do. As he led me into Jack's Tracks' studio proper, dog-legged and never more than about 15 feet across from pine-plank wall to wall, he was exuberant. "I love this room," he said. "Doesn't it sound pleasant?" Indeed, it did. One's voice sounded warm and resonant and seemed to hang in the air for a second. "Sam Phillips fell in love with this place. He told Jack to plow under his other studios; he said they weren't worth a goddamn, but this place was worth a million bucks. He got so emotional he kissed Jack on the cheek!"

Reynolds had written modest hits in Memphis (remember *Five O'Clock World* by the Vogues in 1965?) and recorded on his own before staking his career on Nashville rather than Memphis. He produced Don Williams' first records, and then they parted ways. About the time Reynolds was adrift, Crystal Gayle was signing with United Artists after her departure from Decca. U.A. called Reynolds in to see if he could do any producing.

"I had heard Crystal before, but not enough to be really familiar with her," said Reynolds. "We went in and all we were authorized to cut at the time was a single, so we did *Wrong Road Again*. It went well and by the time we did the first album, I was feeling pretty excited about her. When I first heard her, I thought she had a good voice, but dynamically it was real uneven. She hadn't had that much studio experience.

"But we recorded a thing on that first album that she and her husband wrote, called *Beyond You*, and after we cut that, I remember calling them at about 10:30 at night, telling them they ought to come over and hear it after we had mixed it. I remember telling her she should set her sights real high, that she could be as good as she wanted to be. I was really impressed with her."

Reynolds has often been called Crystal Gayle's Svengali, especially after *Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue* established her as a pop star in 1977. What is not readily apparent is that *no one* tells Crystal Gayle what to do. U.A. didn't like *Brown Eyes* as a single release—not, at least, until it was number one on the country charts and number two on the pop charts. She had picked it in spite of the record company.

"I'll tell you what," Reynolds said, "she is *really* smart. Her instincts have always been good and I've always trusted her. Part of that—her caution and care—is just Crystal wanting to preserve her freedom and independence. And part of it is that her professional standards are very high."

Back in the control room, Reynolds played the mix of Crystal's version of Bill Withers' *Lean on Me*, which came out with a *reggae* touch and a very fresh sound. It isn't what you commonly think of as a country song, which may well be Crystal's biggest problem with record companies and public alike, both of which seem to like categories.

Reynolds says it's mainly the record companies that think categories. "It's generally been a problem to get the *foreign* offices—New York and L.A.—to respond to artists like Crystal," he said. "That's old hat, though. Like with Don Williams: Companies would say, 'Oh, they hate country music in England.' But Don Williams took England by storm."

Has Crystal Gayle's potential audience been reached yet? What *is* her audience?

"I don't know," Reynolds said. "I've been to meetings of record companies where Engelbert Humperdinck's name comes up and everyone says, Oh, he's not hip. Well, I'm not a huge Engelbert fan, but that particular album they were dismissing sold platinum. Now, *by God*, that audience is worthy of our respect. You're fuckin' stupid if you can't see that. But I see this attitude time and again. What it all boils down to is a tremendous lack of faith in people out there on the street. After ten years of the rock syndrome, it's hard for the record labels to believe that that's *the* big audience. But that's the country-music audience extended. That's Middle America. That's where I sit. The record label thought *Brown Eyes* was a mistake. It was gimmickless, straight ahead, soulful and classy, and that's all it takes. *That's* what record companies have a hard time with. I think they're finally waking up with Crystal.

"There's a possibility that our music hasn't been dead on," Reynolds continued, "but I'm hoping for better things out of this new album. I'm forever impressed with her, forever *amazed*. I think this girl is one of the premier

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singers of our age. I would present her to *any* audience."

In a little while, the lady herself swept in, wearing a white cable-knit sweater and tight jeans, her hair swinging. She poured herself some coffee and sat down to spend an afternoon of listening to background singers put a "Holly-lu-ya" chorus on a song called *Hollywood*. She sang along with a line she really likes: " 'I know an aging English star/He's very good on vintage wine and jazz guitar.' "

•

A few blocks north of Jack's Tracks, Gayle Enterprises, Inc. is slowly remodeling a two-story mansion. Over the past year, the interior has been modified to include a recording studio, a TV wing, a kitchen, general office space and a small attic apartment/office for Crystal.

"Is this going to be an empire?" I asked Crystal as she pulled the red Mercedes into the lot behind the house.

"Yeah," she said. "It'd be nice to get more acquisitions than *me* working out of here." Then she broke into song: " 'We shall overcome.' "

In a few minutes, we were sitting in what will be Bill's front office. He was sorting through his mail, trying to find a lost plane ticket.

"When was the last time you took a vacation?" I asked Crystal. "It seems as if you work nonstop."

She stopped to think and looked at Bill, who had also stopped to think. "Three years?" she asked.

"Four years," Bill said, "except for Christmas, when we visit family, and that doesn't count. We've had vacations *scheduled*. One year the China offer came through. There's always something that comes up."

I asked Crystal if she ever planned to have children. Much laughter. Bill said he hoped maybe *I* could get an answer out of her. Crystal finally said that maybe someday she might *think* about it. "I just had three nieces for a week," she said. They swapped affectionate glances.

What would happen, I wondered, if Bill decided to go into practice with the law degree he earned several years ago? Who would be Crystal's manager?

"That bridge hasn't been crossed," Bill said.

Crystal laughed. "Well, I don't worry about it."

"Crystal's never believed in the necessity of having an official manager," Bill said, still rummaging through his mail.

"Well, for *some* people, yes," Crystal said.

Bill turned to her. "But you're the type that needs to know what's going on around you."

Crystal's eyes blazed. "Well, *yes*," she said. "Because *I don't want someone else telling me what to do*." We all paused, were quiet for a moment. Then Bill went back to his rummaging. I asked Crystal what she likes to do when not working.

"Ah," she sighed, "it's been a while. Except at Christmastime, I'm *always* working. I like to just, oh, get things done around the house. Read and rest."

"But you're your own boss," I said. "You can tell yourself to take time off."

"Yes, I can. But then something comes up that I *want* to do. I don't need two weeks somewhere. I can go to Hawaii and a week is about all I can take. Then I want to get back to solving problems. Have you heard the album?"

"Only once. What's that line about the child in the woman? I've heard it only once."

"I *like* that. That's in *The Woman in Me*." She sings: " 'You'll never break the woman in me, but you might hurt the child.' "

"Is that a personal sentiment?"

"Oh, I think a good many women can relate to that. A lot of women stand up under a lot of pressure. I really like the lines 'I could cut my hair and walk out of here so fast/Let the silence tell you that I'm grown up at last.' Women, in their own way, in their own little corner, they can let the child come out, which

"Ronald and I are no longer in love, but we're still good friends."

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a lot of people do when they break down. It's going back to an inner self.

"Myself, I don't show a lot of emotions outwardly. Some people can cry at the drop of a hat and I've *never* understood how they can do that."

"Does it take a lot to bother you?"

"For crying, yes. I look at it this way, because my mother was strong like that. A *strong* woman. She never broke down. I could stay together in any emergency."

"You seem to," I said. "You control your career, down to selecting pictures."

She laughed. "Yeah, I like to be in control. I pick my pictures, I bill myself on my album covers as director." She laughed easily. "I mean, if you're that involved with it, you're the one they're gonna first complain about. I love that Rick Nelson song where he sings, 'You can't please everyone, so you gotta please yourself.' Because that's true. You've got to be true to yourself. Don't lose your identity, your own self, because you'll never get it back. I *fought* for my own identity." Her blue eyes blazed.

•

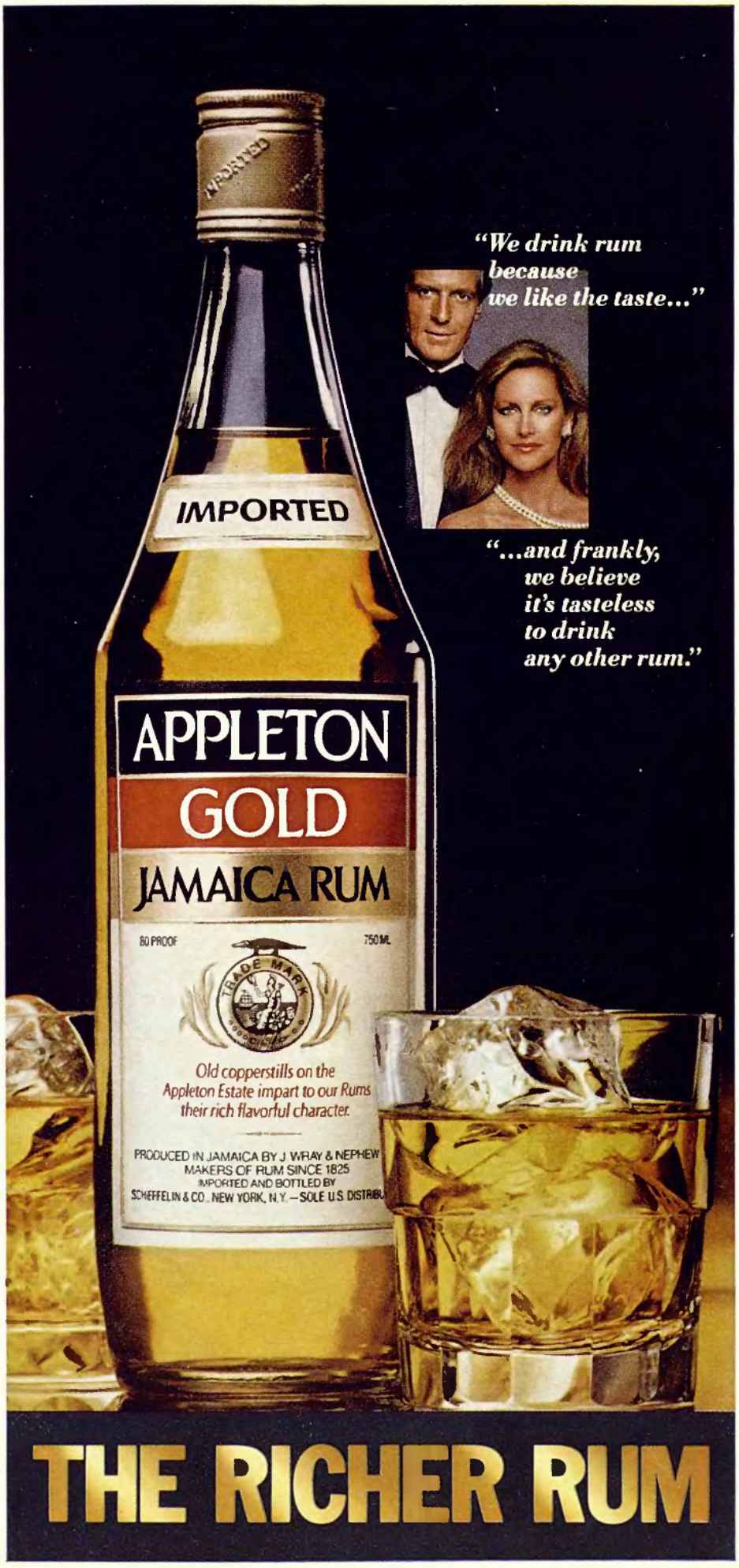
Bill Gatzimos, Crystal's husband of ten years, met her when she asked him to dance in high school in Indiana. They seem perfectly matched: She's determined and he's flexible.

One night when I was with them in Tahoe, he came over to me backstage and offered me a chaw of R. J. Gold Chewing Tobacco, which appears to be his only vice. In a business where managers (and husbands) are usually manic, Gatzimos is amiable, albeit efficient.

"Are you," I asked him, spitting some R. J. Gold runoff into his portable spittoon, better known as his Dickie cup, "ever bothered about being called Mr. Crystal Gayle?"

He spat a brown stream of Gold. "Oh, I don't know what people think of me. Some people must think that. But I'm pretty secure with myself. Crystal's a great talent and I've enjoyed helping her and I still have my whole life ahead of me, in whatever career I choose. Crystal's the type of person who has excellent instincts and who wants to be in as much control of her own situation and her own life as possible. At this point, the best decision has been to help her career. I honestly *don't* know what's gonna happen from here. We'll play things by ear."

Later, we went out into the South Shore Room to watch Crystal's last show. Up there on the stage, she was wearing an astonishingly low-cut white dress that showed off her long hair to its best advantage. Not to mention her cleavage. Bill took copious notes, which he goodnaturedly refused to show me. "Confidential," he said. I remember thinking he was beginning to look like Mr. Sport. But then, maybe I was, too.



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BOSS TWEED

(continued from page 143)

there was Shannon Tweed, who always wanted to be a Playmate in PLAYBOY. And here she is. Isn't that wild? The show got in touch with the magazine in Chicago, we did some filming for the show and test shooting for the gatefold there, and now this month is my thrill of a lifetime.

"It probably would have been easier—and maybe more appropriate—for me to be a circus clown. But it certainly wouldn't have been as exciting."

When her meal comes—a salad—she eats delicately, the way a farm girl who has been careful to memorize the manners of the city eats.

Asked what she'll do with the rest of her lifetime, she folds her hands in her lap and hesitates, and when she speaks again, her voice is soft. She places a finger against her temple.

"There's an actress in here. It's very hard to make it—to become famous—in fashion modeling. Maybe it's even harder in acting. But the camera rolling just excites me, excites me no end.

"I'm a little way into my acting classes now, and it's a process of digging down deep inside. Not like modeling. Some of the other students don't like models. They think we should go smile into a mirror and keep quiet. It's nerve-racking sometimes.

"But I want to act more than anything else. I've done a few commercials, but no big speaking parts yet. I could do it. And it's a good time for it—in the movies, they tell me, the glamor girl and the happy ending are coming back.

"So that's the way I'd like to go from here. I know the odds are a hundred to one against, but I don't want to give it up until I've tried."

Later, when the meal is over and dessert refused, Shannon takes a last sip of her drink and gets ready to leave.

"Being a Playmate is wonderful. It will introduce me to a lot of people I wouldn't have had a chance to meet in everyday life. Even if some of them view me only as a sexual object, I'll be glad to have met them. Maybe they'll see me again in the movies. I'm hoping for some nice fantasy stories and happy endings.

"I'm afraid I'll make another scene on the way out," she smiles. "I think I'm just too tall."

All eyes embrace her again when she stands. One young dark-suited businessman in particular seems entranced. He never looks away as she smooths her dress, passes the maître de again, says good night and steps into the elevator out of sight.

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TUNING IN TO CHANNEL SEX *(continued from page 114)*

"Her white face, red lips, concave cheeks and wide, upturned eyes—it was pure porn poetry in motion."

ermine wrap. Jeremey whispered in her ear. Immediately, Fox sank to her knees and slid Jeremey's half-mast in and out of her wet, professional mouth. His olive-colored member; her white face, red lips, concave cheeks and wide, upturned eyes—it was pure porn poetry in motion.

Jeremey's pencil-thin mustache started to overflow with sweat. Another drop traced a tiny river from beneath his ear lobe into his collar. Head bowed, shoulders curved and arms stiff, he was lost in some private fantasy world. Fox continued sucking. Pachard smoothed his shirt, removed his golf cap and ran a forearm across his brow. Producer Robert Sumner checked his watch. Ten minutes gone.

When Fox finally stood and wiped her mouth, Jeremey's cock pointed due West. He stroked himself while Fox redid her lipstick and eyed the reporter in the corner. She looked oddly intruded upon—as if millions of men hadn't already seen her suck hundreds of cocks on the love-stained screens of adult theaters everywhere. Yet the question in her eyes was clear: *What are you doing here?* Obviously, even on-set sex required some measure of privacy.

Well . . . I was watching furtively in the overhead mirrors. I was whispering hard into my tape recorder, like the color man on *All-Star Bowling*. After a three-week course on the current state of the adult-film industry in America, I was finally witnessing my first live cum shot. In the process, porn had become stripped of its façades, robbed of its lascivious adjectives. I knew that to most Americans, the shadowy world of adult films was laced with innuendo and a touch of moral decrepitude. It sounded at that reflective moment good enough to write down—and certainly more provocative than what seemed to be the truth: that Jeremey's cum shot, the supposed heartbeat of an industry, was no more than a job.

•

There's an old joke in sexploitation circles: While producers pay the women $75 a day, the men would *pay* $25 just to be in the films.

But now it's nearly ten years after *Deep Throat*, and actors from that era have survived to become household words. Many are intelligent, articulate, have solid middle-class backgrounds. They make, in some cases, from $800 to $1000 a day on the bigger projects. John C. Holmes is rumored to command $1500 a day. "That's what happens when you have a kangaroo for a cock," laughs Berkeley-based porn actor Richard Pacheco.

But why, besides the money, are these men in adult films? According to Pacheco, one obvious reason is "available sex." Most adult-film actors get the majority of their sex during working hours—for free.

"I was raised with a rather classic Jewish, repressed upbringing," says Harry Reems. "There were certain sexual curiosities and frustrations on my part. I also needed to supplement my income." Reems came from a legit acting background, as did many of his peers, and began his career four years before starring in *Deep Throat*, doing a stag film for $75.

Some consider Jamie Gillis, at 37, probably the most talented actor in the adult-film genre—and he has won numerous awards to prove it. "I never went into porn with the idea it was going to be part of a profession," he says. "It was a fun way to make a couple of extra dollars while I was waiting."

Waiting for what? Gillis, too, was a "typical starving actor" who got into sex films because he was "tired of driving a taxi." He still maintains many friendships in the legit acting world. "It never occurred to me that anyone would ever *see* these films," he says. "But since I've been around a long time and have seen enormous developments, in retrospect, I'm delighted. Fifteen years ago, we couldn't read Henry Miller. My career has been more exciting than, say, spending nine years on a soap opera and doing a few trashy Hollywood movies. My career has been unique."

Gillis *is* unique—onscreen and off. Privately, he is a connoisseur of fine food and wine; he is fond of jazz—we met one evening at a George Shearing

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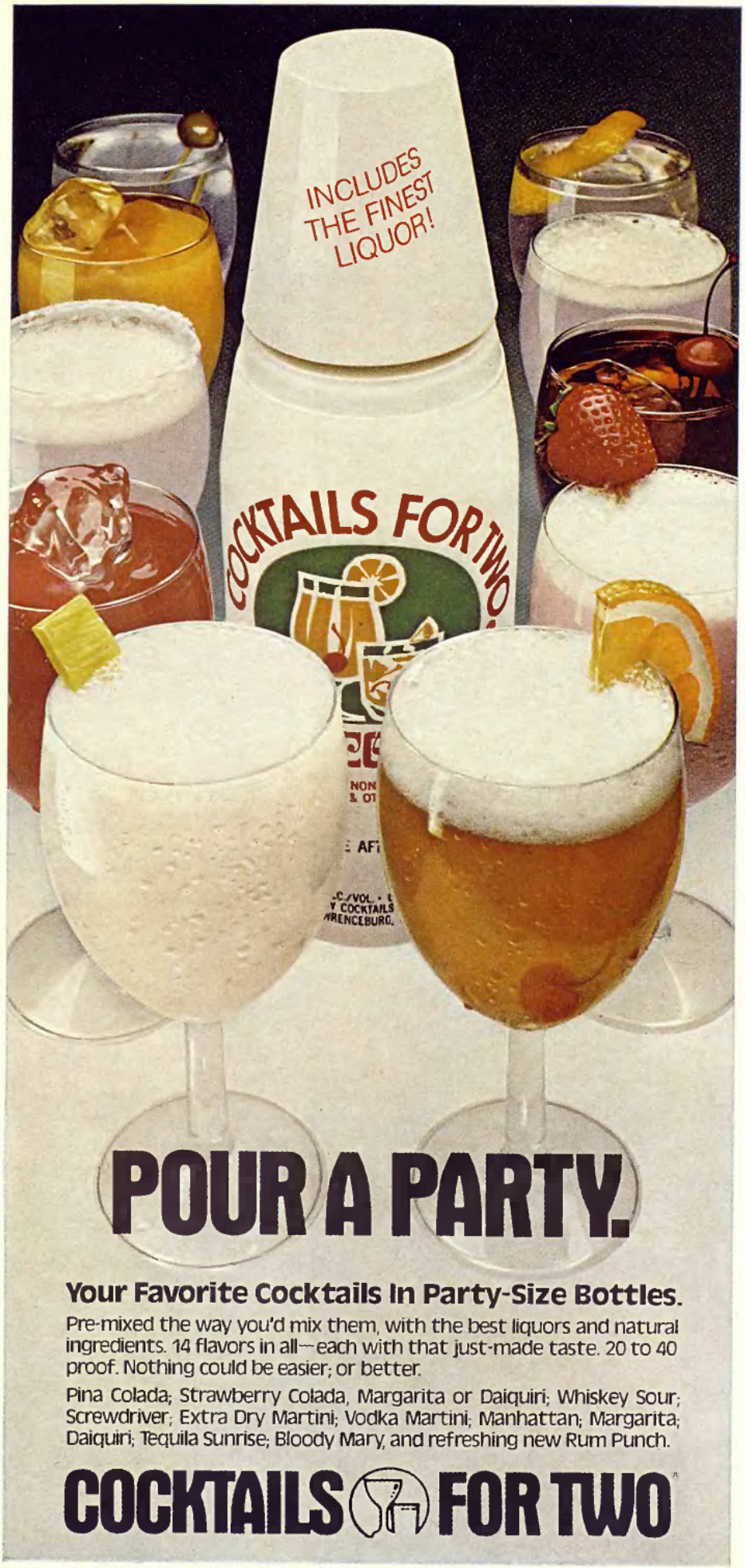

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concert. He also has a college degree and recently completed some scenes with Lindsay Wagner in Sylvester Stallone's movie *Nighthawks*, in which he portrays a bitchy, dominant clothing designer.

He built his adult-film reputation on being willing to act out—onscreen—America's kinkiest fantasies. As the *macho* leading man beneath an often comic, sometimes laconic exterior, Gillis would just as soon wield a riding crop as penis-slap a woman's face and tell her she loved it. He'd spit in his co-star's mouth or shackle her wrists. He'd stick a lit candle (unlit end) in his partner's vagina and masturbate on her stomach. And he'd do it all in a strangely attractive, supremely self-confident fashion. No malice or misgivings. Just porn panache. The pain was never real, but Gillis could make it look that way. It all added up to a perverse mystique: Porn actors wanted to be like him. And one actress calls him a "pig, but the best pig of all."

But even Gillis can tell that times are changing. Movie production has slowed. He works less. Some producers claim his prices are too high. Others—more realistically—suggest that his specialty is no longer the vogue. Three recent Gillis parts (in *Blonde Ambition*, *Amanda by Night* and *High School Memories*) make use only of his considerable *acting* talents. In the first, he plays a gay director of adult films. In the second, he's villainous only as far as the snarl on his lips. In the third, he portrays a comic, sex-crazed high school football coach.

The actor most in demand in today's adult films is John Leslie—especially after copping the 1981 Erotica Award for his leading role in *Talk Dirty to Me*. He's the strong, steamy type with green, heavy-lidded Italian eyes—the kind of guy women supposedly want to mother, then be taken by, or vice versa.

Leslie shares a Mill Valley, California, house with former porn actress Constance Money and her child. They are not romantically involved. He is renowned among his Bay Area porn peers (Annette Haven, Jesie St. James, Pacheco and others) as a superb chef who makes his pasta from scratch. He's also a promising artist. "I usually draw whatever's in front of me," he says over beers at a neighborhood tavern. At home, his walls are covered with his charcoal or oil renderings of household items—including a good many portraits of his beagle, Louie.

Leslie started acting in adult films in the mid-Seventies ("I needed money and a friend suggested this was an easy way to do it"), but he has since handled several directorial chores. His friend director Anthony Spinelli cast him as the lead in *Talk Dirty to Me*. Leslie also stars in the sequel, *Nothing to Hide*, as

(continued on page 218)

BLUE NIGHTS AND HAPPY DAYS

our very own talk-show guests reflect on what's going to happen when debbie's dallas comes on right after j.r.'s

The myth persists that pornography produces antisocial behavior and therefore should be banned. Since no scientific evidence supports that belief, it stands debunked in the minds of those who study sex. But that doesn't stop the doomsayers from looming ever larger. Now that erotica has arrived in the living rooms and, indeed, the bedrooms of America in the form of video cassettes and cable fare, we predict the forces against porn may be even more rabid. In the interests of determining just what TV porn will mean to all of us, we've brought together a wide range of sources on the topic for the colloquium that follows. One thing we've concluded is that the only thing we have to fear is the would-be TV monitors.

Daniel Yankelovich—author, *New Rules, Searching for Self-Fulfillment in a World Turned Upside Down*, and chairman of Yankelovich, Skelly and White polling organization:

We're going through a period of sorting out what we've lived through over the past decade—of becoming less extreme in some forms and finding out where we want to draw the line. I think that this new erotic home video material fits in in a rather interesting way. I think we will see simultaneously both the continuation of the kind of tolerance that we've seen in the past and a resurgence among some people of greater puritanism. We will see a pulling back on overt sexual material on commercial television—we're beginning to see that already. And it seems to me that pulling back from the more overt sexual themes in commercial television helps support the market for erotic materials that can be used privately.

The effect on the culture and on the individual is, partially, to go back to somewhat more traditional values: of sexuality behind closed doors and among consenting adults. There's always been a feeling in America that what you do behind closed doors is your business; what you do in front of those doors is the public's business. And the technology in this case permits people to consume the kind of sexual materials they want without being concerned about ravaging public sensibilities.

I think it's going to fit into the culture in a fairly painless way. Research shows a consistent trend toward greater tolerance in the society, which is supportive of the sexual revolution. As we've learned to live with that, there have been a couple of concerns. The prime concern that is felt by everybody, liberal and conservative, is the children. I think we will see some move, maybe on the part of the industry itself, to permit adults to use this material in a discreet way. That may take the form of controls on the television sets or some other device. I think that if we move in that direction, it reinforces choice and pluralism, and it gives those who prefer to avoid this type of material the opportunity to do so, without being bombarded by it in the culture in general.

And, in a way, it may give us a handle on something we've been groping for for a long time, which is how to permit individuals to have the kind of sexual freedom in their private lives that they desire without invading public space.

> *"There's always been a feeling in America that what you do behind closed doors is your business."*

Dr. William Simon—sociologist, University of Houston:

I don't think erotic video can have that much effect in its own right. Its effects will be concentrated among those people who are really already part of the vanguard of the sexual revolution.

You know, we're now observing things like new family styles, later ages of marriage and the fact that people are much more sexually aware—and sex is much more a part of their identity. The effects of erotic home video, I think, have to be so much less than the cumulative effect of all of these other powerful forces.

There is a whole wave of small studies that now try to link things like exposure to pornography and more aggressive content to male sexual fantasies. But conclusive data has not yet emerged that directly links their sexual and nonsexual behavior to the kinds of material people see, when they see it and the frequency with which they see it. We constantly are at the edge of the quest that really has no end. And we're never going to get the kind of data the opponents of pornography demand we keep looking for, because we can't study what's not there. It's much easier to convince somebody that you found something that does exist than to convince somebody that something isn't there. The assumption is that you haven't looked in either the right way or the right places.

Gay Talese—author, *Thy Neighbor's Wife*:

I'm for anything that represents freedom of choice.

For many people, pornography represents a need, and for other people, a pleasure, and for some, both. There are many who find that video erotica are supplementary forms of stimulation or foreplay. They are like what used to be called marital aids in the back of the mail-order catalog. And within the privacy of an adult relationship, I believe that whatever brings pleasure to those adults should be between them and only they should be the governing factor.

I'm a First Amendment absolutist; I am opposed to any censorship of anything: video cassettes, auto-mechanics magazines or whatever. I'm opposed to censorship because it takes away options that I believe in a democracy should be fully available to adults. If it's a matter of sin as defined by the Moral Majority, then I don't believe sin should be governed by law. I don't think sin should be in the hands of citizen vigilante groups, states attorneys or the Supreme Court. So when it comes to video cassettes, literature or any depiction that might be erotic to some or distasteful to some, I still support the right, under the First Amendment, of it to be available to consenting adults.

Netta Gilboa—sociologist at

Northwestern University, currently researching violence and pornography:

Many of the people who will consume video erotica are already going to adult bookstores. What they are going to find in these video cassettes is probably not as violent as what they'll find in print. But some movies portray women enjoying being raped and worse. Most viewers separate that stuff out and are grossed out by it. Therefore, erotic home video and its huge market will result in less violent pornography: The mass audience will be offended by the violence, and no film producer wants to alienate people.

Secondly, erotic home video will allow women to talk about sex more. Suddenly, it's not so kinky anymore—because it's being seen in the home.

I don't think it's been conclusively proved that pornography produces antisocial behavior. Either way. I have a lot of literature from before 1975, including the report of the U. S. Commission on Pornography and Kinsey's material in the Fifties, that indicates that pornography doesn't do any harm at all, no matter how much you view. All that material tests nudity and erotica and I agree with the results. Now, you've got porn/violence studies constantly testing the effects of porn on psychology students. I'm sure it's all over campus that the professor is studying rape, and what he wants them to tell him. The problem is that some people want to believe the conclusions (that porn causes violence) so much that they are ignoring the methodology. The researchers should take their time and money and try testing a normal population. A lab situation can be so artificial. I hope in my research to do something no one has ever done: a field study on this.

Dr. Paul Gebhard—director, Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University:

The effect of erotic home video on society and culture will be so small as to be unmeasurable. There should be somewhat more exposure to erotica, because it is easier to insert a cassette or a disc than to set up a projector and a screen, and this fact may make some individuals more susceptible to the information and misinformation contained in commercial erotica. It should also make them more blasé.

The importance of pornography has been grossly exaggerated and there has never been any general agreement as to its definition. We do know that sexually explicit tales, songs, drawings and exhibitions have been with humanity for thousands of years, yet their effects, if any, have been so minimal that historians and social scientists cannot identify them. For a few individuals, pornography might have a good effect in the sense of eroding sexual inhibition; but for a few other individuals, it might have a bad effect in causing unrealistic goals and expectations.

Helen Gurley Brown—editor, *Cosmopolitan*:

This is just a long-shot guess: I don't think that pornography in the home is going to cause any kind of a sexual revolution. The material is a turn-on, but you can only be turned on up to a point and if there is no sexy material, you get turned on anyway, just by what somebody says to you. Without *anything* to look at, the human race has procreated for a long time. People have enjoyed sex outside marriage for a long time. I can't see the arrival of sexy cassettes in the home doing anything special except bringing some pleasure, some interest, but I don't think it's going to make people sexier or more active. Erotic home video ought to be available to grownups and ought to be kept from the kids. So how do you run it without the kids participating? I don't know; how do you make love without having the kids barge in on you? My advice would be: Go figure something out!

"You must remember that a censor has much more of an imagination than any mere sinner. He can see pornography where no one else can."

John Updike—novelist, man of letters, most recently, author of *Rabbit Is Rich*:

Erotic video is merely another extension of the old sexual revolution, with small significance. Movies, books and wet dreams already exist. Pornography encourages us to be sexy, but so do Freud and the giant corporations.

Isaac Asimov—science-fiction novelist and editor:

As I dimly recall, when I was young, the most exciting thing about pornography was that it was hard to get. Now, if you just turn on a flick and everyone sits around to watch, you might wind up yawning. This availability could herald a new puritanism, for all I know. It could also reveal the perhaps startling fact that there's a limit to what you can do [sexually].

My feeling has always been that what pornography chiefly encourages is masturbation. I suppose that you could get new ideas from it, but I find that hard to believe in the case of anyone with a halfway adequate imagination.

Bad effects? I think that censorship is bound to have worse effects than pornography. Censorship always spreads. It can start off against contemporary pornography out of some sense of morality, but once it addresses itself to the question of what pornography is. . . . You must remember that a censor has much more of an imagination than any mere sinner. He can see pornography where no one else can.

Dr. Harry Goldman—chairman, Sex and Pornography Committee, Popular Culture Association:

The availability of home video and cable allows people with means who are into erotica to start filming their own . . . themselves. And perhaps even swapping it. Somebody showed me a clipping the other day about a swap club where they exchange video tapes of ordinary people, like Joe Smith and Jane doing it. I think as soon as the prices of these machines come down that your middle-class citizens will be getting them. They're going to buy *Bad News Bears* for the children, but they're also going to find out that they can buy dirty movies to show at home, for themselves and their friends.

What is it going to mean? It's going to mean that they are going to be exposed to the latest in kinky and erotic sex in their home and they don't have to have the so-called danger or embarrassment of going to a dirty-movie theater. So they will be more aware of what is happening. Therefore, I think they will probably be more adventurous in their own sexual behavior.

If you consider kinky sex or sex other than the missionary position to be negative, well, then, this whole movement would be a negative movement. If you see an enhancement of sexual positions and attitudes as a positive force, well, then, all this would be positive. My personal opinion is that it is a positive movement.

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well as in a third Spinelli film, *The Dancers*, about male strippers.

But of all the actors working in adult films today, the one who seems most ready to handle the coming changes in the business is Pacheco, co-star of *Talk Dirty to Me, Nothing to Hide* and, of course, *The Dancers*. A college graduate and product of the Sixties counterculture revolution, he almost began his X acting career in 1971, after answering a casting call with his wife. They lived in a commune then and thought of adult films as an experimental extension of their radical lifestyle. Neither was used. But four years later, the producer, who had kept their number, called for Pacheco's wife. By that time, she was a working sex therapist and wasn't interested. So Pacheco showed up instead. "The $200 a day they offered was a lot better than the five dollars an hour I was getting for breaking up rocks with a sledge hammer," he says.

Since those days, Pacheco has become a more-and-more-outspoken advocate of change within the porn industry. "I'm committed to sex and sanity," he says. "There's nothing wrong with sex in films; the concept is right. We've just got to bring it out of the Dark Ages."

•

Although actors are important to adult films, they're not indispensable. The fact is simply this—the women draw the customers.

"I get women beating down my door to be in some of the films I make," says Bobby Hollander, once publisher of *Cinema-X* (now called *Lipstick*) and himself a producer of eight-millimeter loops and video shorts. "But we don't just take anyone like we might have about ten years ago. They've got to have talent—and know what they're getting into."

That's a statement with which jack-of-all-sex-trades William Margold would strenuously agree. Margold is, by his own admission, not particularly attractive. He's tall, wears glasses and a mustache, has sandy-blond hair and a postacne complexion: certainly not the typical sex star, though most definitely the typical adult-film journeyman actor. And after appearing in more than 100 movies and 300 magazine layouts, it's been some journey. Margold says he's in it "for the glory."

He is also a prolific writer of adult-film screenplays and is a film reviewer (adult and mainstream) for a Hollywood sex tabloid. And a publicist, under a collection of pseudonyms, for *himself*. And a nude-modeling agent. And God knows what else. Like Goldstein, he burns the candle at both ends. He spends most of his time behind a disaster-area desk at the one-man Sunset International Agency on Hollywood Boulevard, in a building that looks normal on the outside but appears to be direct from a remnant sale within.

Our short time together was punctuated by incoming phone calls. Margold insisted on answering them all—and in one, he found himself on the line assuring a whining actress that she did not have to continue with an anal scene:

> [*Into phone*] No, I can't tell anyone to do anything that is uncomfortable or intolerable to them. Well . . . if you could do it halfway, that might satisfy them. OK, if you can't physically do it, *don't*. It's as simple as that. Hey, put one of the guys on the phone.
>
> Hi. Sorry. I probably should have sent Rachel down. She is *cavernous*. You could fall into her. OK, so pay Susie $25 and send her home and give $75 to Rachel. What? Yeah, Rachel's a nice-looking person. Not too much on the tits, but you're going after something else, anyway. Gimme Susie.
>
> OK. Come home. Right. I told you it's an exit sign only. Hey, you said you could physically handle it. You should have said something earlier.

As he hung up, Margold turned his attention back to me. "You know you're not supposed to stick things up your ass," he said, as though this particular problem were discussed by businessmen everywhere. "Sphincter valves are not supposed to inhale."

I also knew that porn wasn't supposed to be shot in L.A. Margold said it was a *still* photo session, not a movie. Then he regaled me with nonstop porn-star gossip peppered with brutal personal evaluations likely prepared by a secret team of writers. Examples: "I'd sooner stick my cock in a fan—and would get more action—than let *that* chick blow me." Or, on reviewing a movie he starred in: "I said it was so bad I enjoyed my barium X rays more." Or, "Actor John Leslie is so charming he could probably convince the Venus de Milo to give him a hand job." He was usually right on target.

Margold admits to being less than highly regarded among his peers. Perhaps it was his sarcastic revelation to Rona Barrett on *Tomorrow: Coast to Coast* that he would even consider fucking his own daughter, should she appear in a film with him. Or perhaps it's his iconoclastic view of the industry's new directions: "Porn has to stay dirty. Once people find out sex isn't unclean, we'll never survive." Yet Margold loves porn fiercely and has a very realistic view of life at the entry levels of the sexual subculture. His single caveat for anyone interested in getting into his corner of the showbiz world: No illusions.

"I go through maybe a hundred girls a month who come in here," he says. "Some—a very few—will make superstar. The rest last anywhere from six months to a year. They come in for glamor, glory and quick cash. They get disillusioned. A lot expect to transcend the genre and make it into the legit world. But it's largely a false hope. We're talking about a double standard here. Men, maybe. They're just in it for the sex. Women, labeled forever whores. Any other outlook is hopelessly deluded. Living on cloud ten. Some might nibble at the periphery. Some have crossed over and remained anonymous. But, in the end, they may *use* an Oscar, but they'll never *win* it."

Margold gives a similarly cynical disclaimer to all who enter his gates. "The first thing I say is: 'You know what you're about to do is going to haunt you for the rest of your life. You damn well better understand that ten years from now, when you have nice children and they come home with a magazine with you lying there with a candle shoved up your ass, you will not be able to tell them you were playing the part of a birthday cake. This will haunt you. This is the *end of the world*. But if you're willing to accept this end of the world and live in your own little garden and flower here, you can enjoy yourself.' "

Yet he insists most of his potential sex starlets don't listen. "They don't believe it's going to haunt them or that they can't transcend. I guess it's because some of the women, like Jennifer Welles and Nancy Suiter, eventually ran off and married rich men. Rich men think that by marrying a porn star they're going to marry themselves a furnace into which they'll continually be able to stick their logs. The problem is that many of the sex stars have about as much sexual appeal as a doughnut. That is why I think the women—more than the men—are into it for the glory, the grandeur and the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

How can Margold justify putting these women to work when they don't heed his warnings? "When they come in here, I make them admit to me they're in it for ego first and money second. If I can get that out of them, I'll give them a chance to find out for themselves."

Adult-film actresses are mostly well treated and well paid—$600–$800 a day, and up to $1200 (or more) per diem for stars like Seka, Samantha Fox, Marilyn Chambers and the ever-lovely Annette Haven. Newcomers are occasionally hazed like sorority pledges, but veteran actresses do their best to guide neophytes over the rough spots. As in any business, the strong survive.

"Seka is one of the few women in this business to have no delusions of grandeur," says Margold, with wide-eyed respect. "She believes that the world exists where the door is marked X. And she

will make it in X and live here as happily as she can."

But while Seka is often whispered about as the next queen of porn, the acknowledged current queen is San Francisco–based Haven. The blue-eyed, raven-tressed star is (with kind apologies to all others) arguably the best-looking woman to bare her God-given charms in an adult movie. She is also the closest thing the porn world has to a feminist.

She refuses, for example, to take cum shots in the face. "Ever get cum in your eye?" she asks angrily. "Well, it stings." Laugh if you will, but change comes from within; if Haven's style catches on, the product can't help but be different—just in time for X home video.

Haven won't do anal scenes, either, and other actresses have started to follow her lead. Not only that but lately she's begun insisting that she, too, have orgasms on the set. "I like to finish what I start," she says. If her co-star can't comply, Haven has no qualms, according to one actress friend, about "finding some desirable stud on the crew and giving him a big surprise."

But of all the starlets and sex queens I met, none was as consistently fascinating or more representative of the new adult-film actress than the one I call The Straight-A Kid.

At first glance, 24-year-old Veronica Hart looks like a young, well-endowed Audrey Hepburn. She has the silver-dollar eyes, the warmly compelling smile, the understated sensuality. Sometimes she's a bit of Ingrid Bergman, and one gets the eerie impression that she could be any of a number of mysterious, intriguing women. I first saw her in a screening of *A Scent of Heather*. Hart plays the lead. It was one of 11 X-rated movies she'd made in the previous nine months. It was also nine A.M. and I was the guest of a wide-awake Al Goldstein. But neither Hart's grueling schedule nor the early hour could obscure her acting talent or sexual desirability. Hart is counting on both to make her one of adult filmdom's brightest stars.

She told me she graduated from high school at the age of 16, compiling a straight-A record. At 19, she got through college with a B.A. in theater arts and a teaching certification. After school, Hart says she took her smarts on the road—to Europe, Australia and eventually England, where, for more than two years, she danced, managed rock bands and modeled fashions for conventioneers. In 1979, she landed in New York with plans to begin an independent record label. But her investors reneged.

Her plans in shambles, she took a series of temporary secretarial jobs to get by. She'd thought once of trying to find legitimate modeling or acting jobs, but a duplicitous casting director she'd briefly lived with soured her ambitions.

"I knew a lot of times I'd have to give a lot of people head, or fuck a lot," she said one evening in New York as we huddled under an awning in a sudden heavy downpour. "Maybe I'd end up on top as a star, but more likely nowhere. You really have to want to be an actress bad. It's gotta be your whole life. It wasn't that important to me. I have other plans—in music. Besides, I didn't want to have to put out anymore."

She fell into adult films by accident. A man from whom she rented loft space discovered that she'd been a model and an actress. "He'd done porn movies and he told me I was an idiot to keep slugging my guts out as a secretary for $100 a week when I could make a fairly good living doing porn. I'd never really thought about it. Then I did. *Money*.

"But nobody *made* me do it. Nobody made me become a porn person. No one twisted my arms, no one filled me with drugs, no one beat me. Besides legit theater and rock, porn was the most fun thing I'd ever done. It was a way of accumulating wealth by doing some things that I liked: acting and sex. And, hey, if you're not terribly keen on the guy you're having sex with, that's where the acting comes in, right?"

For once, it seemed to Hart that she could do things at her own pace. The competition in adult films wasn't as fierce as in the legit world. "I'd always been pressed to the edge and overachieved," she said. "Now my goal is just to do what makes *me* happy." Part of which includes being able to thumb her nose at what she considers a hypocritical society and, in so doing, no longer lead "a double life."

Unlike most other porn people on both the creative and the business sides, Hart told her parents what she does for a living. "I could just imagine one of their friends' going to a movie and saying, 'You know what I saw your daughter doing?' I care for my parents. They're proud of me. My dad's first reaction was, 'You're not serious!' But I think they understand now. They've read my stage reviews. They know I'm good, that I'm no dumb broad. I suppose if I'd never done anything else in life, I'd be ashamed of what I do now. But I feel no shame or guilt at all."

We had reached her building—and just in time. The rain again slapped the pavement like buckshot. Hart pushed open the hallway door and invited me up. Her loft is large and in the process of defining itself. After she put water on to boil, she gave me a quick tour. She pointed at walls and corners and described what the place would look like once she'd decorated. She knelt down to pet one of four cats prowling amid the clutter. Then, as we relaxed on a couch covered with large patterned blankets, she spoke about the world of adult films with what I'd come to recognize as characteristic candor.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about some of the feminist groups that say these

"Look at it this way: If I weren't a very good lawyer, could I practice in a clown costume?"

films are hostile to women—that your being in them is hostility toward you that you might not even be aware of?

HART: Oh—somebody making me come or giving me pleasure and biting me all over my body is a hostile act? Beat me, you know? I wouldn't have anything to do with a film I thought was in bad taste, like where a girl's getting raped and the guys are getting off. I don't like to see women victimized or held against their will. A lot of men think a woman secretly wants to be raped. That's a bad thing.

PLAYBOY: What about S/M in porn movies?

HART: I have no qualms about it, though it's definitely not *my* thing. What I don't like is *violence* in sex movies. I haven't seen *Caligula* just because I heard it's so violent and bloody. Almost as bad as television. It's excellent that so much money's been put into a porn film—it makes it more legit. But all that blood and violence? There's no violence in the stuff I've done. Maybe some S/M with dominatrixes and all that. It's like the old joke about the difference between an R- and an X-rated film: In the R, the guy kills the chick and cuts off her tits; in the X, she gives him head. What's that say about society right there?

PLAYBOY: What kind of people are in the adult industry?

HART: There are your sleazy ones. But the better the films become, these people will just have to slide out the back door.

PLAYBOY: How much do you expect to earn this year?

HART: I'd rather not say.

PLAYBOY: Thirty thousand dollars?

HART: Easy.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever have real orgasms while filming?

HART: Yeah—depending on who I'm working with. If you can make the scene hot and real, then why not? If it's nice and good for both of you, then that's great.

PLAYBOY: What do you find you need most now in your life?

HART: Hugs and kisses and cuddles and someone to put his arms around me and say, "Hey, kid, it's OK. How was your day? How are you feeling?" I need that emotional support. Doing these movies is intense. Sometimes, after sitting around on the set all day, waiting for one scene, you come home wiped out. Fortunately, I have an understanding boyfriend who does just what I need. I love him a lot.

PLAYBOY: What does he think of your career?

HART: It took him a little while to get used to, but now I think it excites him.

PLAYBOY: How long do you think your adult-film career will last?

HART: I think I'll have worked a year before any of my movies are out—there's such a backlog of films that you sometimes have to wait eight months for a theater date. Then I'll work another year before anyone really knows me. Then a year or two of lots of fans; then a year of "Oh, no, not her again."

PLAYBOY: What happens when the movie work slows down?

HART: If I get passé with the producers, I can always go out stripping for a while. Once I have a name, I'll make good money on the porn circuit and I won't be expected to turn tricks and all that other stuff regular strippers do. I also plan to produce my own movies. I mean, why not make a couple hundred grand instead of just $5000 for a few days' work? A producer needs to know how to organize. I can do that. I know enough people now and being a woman won't hold me back.

PLAYBOY: Will established producers resent you? Ones you have worked for?

HART: I wouldn't be cutting them out, really. They also distribute films. I'd do business with them.

PLAYBOY: Would your films reflect a woman's point of view?

HART: I'd like them to, but, hey, it's a business. There are certain things you can't get away from. It's a fuck film. Anyway, I'm going to have to wait and see on all that. There's too much on the market already.

•

The new audience composition isn't the only reason the industry is changing. Another factor is economics. According to David Friedman, chairman of the Adult Film Association of America (A.F.A.A.), a competently made adult movie would once return about 200 percent on the initial investment—within 18 months. Low budgets and extra-long playing life were the main reasons.

Deep Throat is an exception, but it makes the point. Nine years ago, it was shot in six days for $22,000. It has now run nearly 365 consecutive weeks in Los Angeles. Depending on your source, that film has grossed between $50,000,000 and $100,000,000. Today's average film can require nearly a $150,000 outlay, which, in the best of examples, includes three weeks' preproduction, a week's rehearsal, 10 to 14 days before the cameras and months of postproduction. Duplicate prints and the ad budget are extra.

Some producers predict that newer efforts will reach close to $250,000. Marilyn Chambers' latest box-office bonanza, *Insatiable*, is rumored to have cost upwards of a half million dollars. Just the advertising campaign for producer Harold Lime's 1980 hit, *Co-Ed Fever*, ran almost $70,000.

"There will never be another *Deep Throat*," says Robert Sumner. "It was a novelty item. A media event."

Another New York–based moviemaker is even more succinct: "The goose that laid the golden egg died long ago. We've got to work *hard* now."

Not that there is *no* money to be made. Some films, including *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*, *The Devil in Miss Jones*, *Debbie Does Dallas*, *Behind the Green Door*, *Insatiable*, *Inside Seka*, *Talk Dirty to Me*, *The Ecstasy Girls* and Sumner's *Take Off*, have grossed more than a few million dollars at the box office.

But it's tough. Beyond skyrocketing costs, there's the problem of limited play dates. As the porno-chic patina wore off, the number of theaters willing to run an exclusive bill of X-rated material dwindled from a high of 2000 to today's approximately 800. But film making didn't slow down, creating what one exhibitor calls a market glut.

Significantly, that oversupply has given exhibitors (and even distributors) a powerful edge in determining what kind of movies will be made these days. Until recently, producers and directors complained that the money men weren't willing to take any chance of losing the guaranteed hard-core crowd that has supported the industry all along. That stance restricted the liberties one could take with the old porn-film formula of seven-minute sex scenes, copious cum shots and dispensable plot and production values. Exhibitors wanted films that customers could walk in on at any time and not have to wait more than a few minutes for a sex scene.

But those attitudes are changing now, starting at the top. At least that's the forcefully expressed opinion of Jim Johnson, 31-year-old vice-president of California-based Pussycat Theaters, the country's largest adult chain. "I can't fool my customers with bad product," he says. "They don't want trash. So now I'm looking for movies that have better production values, coherent plots, actual acting, wet shots only when necessary and erotic situations geared to an audience of both men and women."

Any producer will agree that getting a Pussycat play date is a requirement for his film to succeed. Smaller exhibitors across the country regularly take their cue from Johnson's decisions. Slots in the Pussycat flagship theater on Santa Monica Boulevard in West Los Angeles (fondly known as the Big Cat) are scheduled almost eight months in advance—and are rarely held over because of the constant backlog.

"I don't like saying it too loudly," says Johnson, "but I guess it's true that I have some power in creating general guidelines for future films. But, frankly, I don't have to *do* that much. In the last six months, I've seen more and more product that is substantially better than what's been available. The reason is simple survival."

Another factor is the law. Many adult-film makers feel that the Supreme Court's reliance on community standards as a determination of "obscenity" has added to, rather than cleared up, any confusion

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in the law. At a recent A.F.A.A. convention in Los Angeles, the country's adult-film community listened carefully while a panel of lawyers described progress in existing obscenity cases—and advised the film makers on their legal strengths and weaknesses. They suggested the producers "help themselves" by eliminating any vestiges of questionable sexual or violent practices from their product. Porn iconoclast Margold might not agree, insisting as he does that porn's "cleaned-up act" will only lead to a take-over by a better-equipped and -financed Hollywood.

But Margold's is a minority opinion. For most of the adult-film community, content that is socially and sexually responsible translates into self-respect and future success, if not mere survival.

But what do they mean by "socially and sexually responsible"? Director Spinelli, whose progressive adult hit *Talk Dirty to Me* was co-winner of the 1981 Erotica Award for best picture, says he would like to "reduce the sex scenes to mostly teasing and build-up—that's the turn-on—and cut the actual hard-core to no more than 60 to 90 seconds. Tops. I'm also getting rid of the cum shots—not completely, some make sense, but wherever possible. Mostly, they're ridiculous."

We were talking over an old-fashioned breakfast at his San Fernando Valley home. The morning's conversation had revolved around Spinelli's desire for change—in the context of his feelings not as a pornographer but as an artist in love with film first and with sex second. Frank Capra, he'd said, was his hero.

The cum shot is a particular bone of contention in porn ranks. It was originally included to show a predominantly male audience that the men onscreen were truly achieving sexual satisfaction.

"But now," complained Pacheco, also at Spinelli's breakfast, "it makes no sense. Sex in movies isn't *real*. You don't pull out and squirt sideways. Most women don't have orgasms when cum is squirted in their faces. Cum shots just reinforce *illusions* of masculinity."

"I used to put them in because everyone else did," said another breakfast guest, Sidney Niekerk. He is head of Cal Vista International, producer and distributor of films and video tapes. He's also the newly elected president of the Adult Film Association of America *and* producer of *Nothing to Hide*. Niekerk speaks intently and with a trace of Dutch accent. "A lot of exhibitors," he said, "used to take your films only after asking, 'How many wet shots?' Who gives a damn? I'd say. They'd say, 'It must have at least eight or ten.' So I'd tell them eight when it might be only five or six. I don't count. I'm not interested in that.

"I think the audience is mature enough now not to need it. And I want more of a ladies' crowd. What good is it to see a guy who jerks off and squirts it in a lady's eye and then puts his thumb in her eye to rub it out? It's ugly. Nobody would do that to his wife. I sure as hell wouldn't."

Ever the optimist, Pacheco thinks he may know a way for porn to be successful in the modern world. "It's a four-part plan: First, lessen repression on sex in media. Repression creates hostility, creates bad information. Second, get women interested in sexually explicit movies—enough so that they go to see them, enough so that they enjoy them. Let them write scripts and direct." (Today's crop of female directors—Gail Palmer, Svetlana, Suze Randall—make *men's* porn more glossy, but they're really trying.)

"Third, bring in more real artists to make the films. Artists, by definition, are free to create new things They don't take shit from anyone. Fourth, change the environment. There is nothing worse than seeing a porn movie in a theater. You sit next to strangers, you can't be sexual, you get horny and can't do anything about it. I get a hard-on in about five minutes and there's no relief. My sexual energy turns to nervousness. I eat more popcorn. I get a stomach-ache."

But Pacheco isn't rushing to a doctor. "There's a revolution coming. Ready or not—*like it or not*."

•

"The first video-disc system to press adult movies will be the one that eventually succeeds," said Harold Lime. We

A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO ADULT VIDEO CASSETTES

if you're considering your own home library, here are the best sellers—and/or the best

Sales of adult cassettes still account for between 30 and 50 percent of the over-all video-cassette market, depending on your source. Listed below in alphabetical order are the 13 all-time top sellers, along with the "label" under which they're distributed. There's really no way to confirm manufacturers' typically inflated figures, but it's a safe bet that *Deep Throat* is the best-selling adult cassette of all. The popularity of these films depends largely on being familiar names to consumers still *un*familiar with the extent of what's available. Some are better than others, but all offer a good historical overview of the best of porn.

Behind the Green Door (Mitchell Bros.)

Debbie Does Dallas (VCX)

Deep Throat (Arrow/VCX)

The Devil in Miss Jones (Arrow/VCX)

The Ecstasy Girls (Blue Video)

The Erotic Adventures of Candy (Wonderful World of Video)

Fantasy (VCX)

Insatiable (King of Video)

Inside Jennifer Welles (Video-X-Pix)

Inside Seka (Video-X-Pix)

The Opening of Misty Beethoven (Quality X)

Sex World (Select Essex/VCX)

Talk Dirty to Me (Caballero Control Corp.)

•

The following titles—in no particular order—might be referred to as "transition films": They're prime examples of the new wave in adult moviemaking. Some are currently available on video cassette; others will soon be released. But all reflect some measure of an emerging social, artistic and erotic consciousness. The plots, acting, production values and sexual information are better than ever before.

Amanda by Night (Love story of a homicide cop and a high-class hooker. Veronica Hart and R. Bolla are the Hepburn and Tracy of adult films.)

The Dancers (Male strippers come to town. Often very funny. Definitely a film for women . . . and men.)

Nightdreams (First avant-garde adult film. Dorothy LeMay gives a great performance. Fellini meets Eraserhead.)

A Girl's Best Friend (High-society jewel thieves pursue their objects of desire. Very good production values.)

Roommates (It's tough being young and female in New York. Solid script and solid performances by Samantha Fox, Kelly Nichols and Veronica Hart.)

Blonde Ambition (Campy cut-up story of two blondes' rise to Broadway fame through a series of carnal coincidences.)

Nothing to Hide (Director Anthony Spinelli's vision of the rewards of love and marriage, as well as of hot, available sex. Inspired acting, emotionally wrenching.)

Outlaw Ladies (Ladies have fantasies, too—some even get to live them out. Done vignette style. Merle Michaels excels as the adult-genre Judy Holliday.)

—DAVID RENSIN

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CAMBRIDGE	Less than 0.1mg	1mg	—	4mg
BARCLAY	1mg	1mg	—	3mg

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were standing in a boundless crowd at the heart of America's electronic tomorrow: last January's consumer-electronics show in Las Vegas. Displays from all the country's major electronics-manufacturing companies spilled over from the Las Vegas Convention Center to the adjacent Las Vegas Hilton and the Jockey Club. On hand were word processors, video games, car stereo systems, teaching aids, quartz watches, biorhythm computers, tiny hand printers, disco lighting systems, the finest in hi-fi gear, speakers, television sets and . . . porn.

The adult industry had its own section in the Convention Center's south wing. The oversized X in the VCX sign loomed overhead in the archway entrance. Stationing myself near the X, it was easy to overhear comments from the passers-by.

"*This* is where the action is," said one of two men in dark suits, wearing Atari tags.

"Yeah, but we've only got a half hour for lunch," said the other.

"Better than nothing," said the first.

Or imagine what a group of five jabbering Japanese men were *really* saying as they left the adult area, laughing and clutching glossy tape catalogs and posters autographed by the porn actresses working the adult booths.

Inside, the south-wing room was so packed that it was hard to scratch your head without bumping an elbow into one of the curious. Plus, the wing wasn't a walk-through area; there were no exits to other sections. Most of the mixture of men and women casually inspecting the displays worked in other parts of the Convention Center. It was obvious that the straights had come to play.

Marilyn Chambers drew the longest autograph lines at the booth of King of Video—it distributes her film *Insatiable*. The wait was often longer than an hour; sales of *Insatiable* video cassettes were topping 25,000 nationwide.

Lime was still wandering through the crowd with his partner in tow, stopping now and then at the booth of his distributor, Blue Video. Ted McIlvenna was also there. His "Creative Sex Series" (educational films of nonpros' regular sex patterns) is being offered by Wonderful World of Video. The company also distributes director Palmer's films, and she was at its booth signing autographs and chatting up the wholesalers, retailers and just plain fans.

The larger companies, such as Swedish Erotica, VCX, TVX and Niekerk's Cal Vista, were running preview tapes of their adult wares in little video theaters within each display unit. Even though all hard-core had been excised, the seats were never empty. Some companies even offered cassettes dubbed in Spanish, German and other foreign languages.

As I stood near the Swedish Erotica booth watching the crowd, that company's president, Noel Bloom, tapped me on the shoulder and pointed to an FBI agent. "It's a new guy this year," he said. "I guess we got to know the older ones too well." Actually, Bloom had little time to worry about standard Government surveillance. He was too busy taking orders for films and video cassettes from a nonstop procession of buyers.

Later, I made the rounds of hospitality suites, where adult-film actresses in expensive evening gowns circulated among businessmen in suits and ties. One hotel even sent strolling violinists. Another sent flowers, champagne and an opera-singing waiter.

It seemed that the tremendous response to adult films at the show—and there were as many attendees already conversant with the subject as those just curious—meant that sexually explicit material in the home had already had a noticeable, positive effect. Standing there, watching America meet porn, the myth meet the reality, I wondered if it would all come crashing down in a moral backlash choreographed by Jerry Falwell. There will undoubtedly be fights, but my concern quickly faded. It wasn't happening there.

Instead, it appeared that the optimists were correct; that sexually explicit material has, indeed, caught on; that today's pornography industry has learned from the mistakes of its turbulent past; that the adult industry has, in effect, used the American economic system and the country's own highly assimilative social processes to achieve a pornographer's version of the American dream. Which is just like everyone else's: home, family, security, success, health and happiness.

There are other, less obvious side effects of the adult-film revolution, ones that could easily get lost in the facts-and-figures shuffle. The actors and actresses who once made these films for extra cash in their spare time "because no one who really matters will ever see this, anyway" will soon have to get used to seeing their names in *TV Guide* and their lovemaking techniques on the television screens of America. Probably, they will at long last get to fully integrate their personal and public lives and feel good about it. Mom and Dad will finally have found out, but it will be OK.

"At least the old days are gone or going," said Niekerk as we watched the crowds lining up to meet the leaders of the new adult-film industry and to see their wares. "You know, the ones where when the movie was over, the naked girl in high heels walked out the door—and written on her ass was 'The End.'"

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PLAYBOY'S AUDIO UPDATE

(continued from page 184)

The true radial or linear tracking arm (the kind that does not pivot but moves across the record in a straight line) has never enjoyed much popularity, but it keeps showing up on some turntables. One is the Pioneer PL-L800 ($450), with operating controls conveniently mounted on a sloping panel up front. Akai has two such models, the AP-L45 ($400) and the AP-L95 ($575). The latter unit includes a microprocessor that enables you to select different cuts for any playing sequence. The new Benjamin 4100 has linear tracking plus front loading, which means you don't have to lift the dust cover when putting on or taking off a record. A really novel use of linear tracking is found in the Sharp VZ-3000, which is a complete stereo system ($750) whose turntable can play both sides of a record without turning it over. The trick is accomplished by using two tonearms, with the record inserted vertically. And there's the Technics SL-15 that's not exactly brand-new but still an eye (and ear) catcher with its ability to play up to ten cuts per side, in any order, and even when installed upside down—if that turns you on.

Up-front controls for turntables with more conventional arms are found on other new units, such as the Marantz Gold line ($130 to $310), the ultraslim Aiwa AP-D60 ($245), and the Akai AP-Q80 ($475), which can be used with a wireless remote control for cueing up from across the room. JVC has developed an "electronic" tonearm that adjusts stylus weight and antiskating with a built-in microprocessor. Instead of fiddling with weights, you merely set dials that adjust internal circuitry.

In phono cartridges, there is little that is new. Existing models are very good, and most cartridge manufacturers are marking time, awaiting the impending tide of digital discs that will require a complete retooling. Even then, of course, there still will be a need for today's cartridges, since it is hardly likely that everyone will consign presently owned analog discs to the junk heap. In today's cartridges, the emphasis remains on low mass and more critically shaped stylus tips. Both ADC (well known in the U.S.) and Goldring (better known in the U.K.) are featuring a superelliptical stylus tip in their top models. The new tips are about as close as you can come to the shape of a record cutter without actually making it one.

ELECTRONICS

Many buyers are still in a quandary over whether to buy a receiver or a separate amplifier and tuner. This is not a choice of performance but more a matter of personal inclination, product cosmetics, available installation space

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and anticipated needs. The most prominent aspect of the latest amplifiers is their styling, some of which has taken on a functional yet attractive turn. For example, Pioneer's A series ($225 to $800) has front panels that combine operating controls with visual displays of signal paths to the speakers, plus indicators that show whether or not tone controls are involved in the action. For those whose taste veers to the esoteric, the new Denon POA-8000 power amp provides 200 watts (mono) with distortion of 0.003 percent and a signal-to-noise ratio of 122 dB. If you can hear the supposed difference attributed to this kind of amplifier and can afford its $2600 price tag, live it up. And if you really want to wallow in watts, there's the 01 series by SAE, which includes a 500-watts-per-channel A-1001 amplifier ($1900).

Thanks to the proliferation and reliability of circuit chips, today's FM sets—including the FM sections of receivers—pull in more stations, and do so more clearly than in the past. There also are improved versions of the frequency-synthesized tuner that locks into a station by digital circuitry. Two notable entries are the Pioneer F-9 at $425 and the Luxman T-115 at $500.

Another promising development in FM is new circuits for extracting weak signals from their noisy broadcast backgrounds. One such circuit, known as the Schotz, has been licensed to NAD for the manufacture of tuners and receivers and to a new firm, Proton, for personal portables.

From Carver comes word of another circuit that has a similar action, plus a feature that reduces noise on stereo FM by countering the effects of multipath interference. It will appear in a deluxe tuner late this year. Carver, it may be remembered, is the company that made a stir a short time ago with its magnetic-field amplifier—a petite prodigy that furnishes 200 watts per channel and weighs less than ten pounds.

Format and cosmetic changes are rampant among receivers. One trend is toward slimming them down; its countertrend has them bulging with more features and controls than ever. One thing that most receivers do have in common is the power-output capability once reserved for separate amps. The power race among competing brands has been cooled and today something in the area of 100 watts per channel is considered high power, probably because of the problems encountered in the past with receivers of much higher wattage than that, not to mention the increase in the efficiency of today's speakers, which in general produce greater sound volumes with less driving power. Even some of the options once available only with separates can be found on many of the new receivers—such as tape-deck dubbing, facilities for patching in sound processors and output-power metering.

Electronics today means more than amplifier and tuner. There are image restorers for improving the aural focus of the stereo program, noise-reducing devices, switch boxes for adding speakers to an existing system, equalizers for precisely tailoring response to suit room acoustics, and analyzers to determine what kind of tailoring is needed. You can, of course, enjoy music without any of these extras, though the multiband equalizer is probably the most relevant for most home stereo systems. Of these, one of the most remarkable is the DBX 20/20 ($1500), which analyzes, by computer, the response of a room and then automatically adjusts the music to it. It also can store up to ten such adjustments and even perform an averaging function based on the response in different parts of the room. A poor man's version of the analyzer/equalizer is the Sansui SE-9 ($700), which does a similar job but with somewhat less versatility.

SPEAKERS

Like everything else in audio, speakers are getting both bigger and smaller. The larger models typify what has happened

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BARBIZON FOR MEN

to the acoustic-suspension idea—by using larger cabinets than the traditional bookshelf (two cubic foot) size, it is possible to increase the system's efficiency. Acoustic Research, which launched the acoustic-suspension system 25 years ago and became famous for its big bass in little space, is now offering systems in which space is hardly a concern. You can still buy petite ARs, but the line is now headed by the nearly four-and-a-half-foot-high AR9 ($1800 a pair), which uses two 12-inch woofers. Where the early systems needed a minimum of 20 watts from the driving amplifier, the new one can get by with as little as 15 watts. At the same time, it can cope with much higher power, all in the interest of enhanced dynamic range.

This particular design criterion characterizes most new speakers, of whatever type. Along with it, there has been an across-the-board improvement in clarity and smoothness of response. Refinements, such as superior driving mechanisms and diaphragm material, and the recent spate of computer testing (which enables a designer to measure and predict a system's performance while it is being made) are responsible for better speaker systems of all sizes.

Cone speakers still dominate the market, but alternative designs garner a great deal of interest. Probably the best-known electrostatic is from QUAD. Its latest version, the ESL-63, goes for $3300 a pair. Another novel design is the Ohm Walsh 2 ($598 a pair), which uses an inverted narrow cone; the sound comes off the outer surface. The more familiar Bose 601 has been redesigned, with new drivers and loading. It's been renamed the 601 Series II ($890 a pair).

In contrast to just about all other audio products, most speakers are still made in the U.S. But there are some arresting entries from abroad—especially the units from such British firms as KEF, Celestion and Mordaunt-Short; huge Cabasse speakers from France; a triamplified self-powered Ergo system from Canton of West Germany; and supersleek Danish-built Bang & Olufsen systems. Prices for these generally run higher, since they reflect overseas shipping costs as well as the fickle state of currency ratios. But they all are top quality and merit audition by the serious sound buff.

As we said in the beginning, the hi-fi industry is going in all directions at once. Whether you're seeking a Lilliputian microchip bookshelf rig with crystal-clear fidelity or a Brobdingnagian setup that can shatter glass at 50 paces, you'll find all the components on the shelves of your neighborhood stereo store. Check the goods and then make your move. Just about anything you put your money on today is bound to be a sound investment.

THERE IS
A NEW
LIFESTYLE.
LIFESTYLES
Designed For Her Pleasure
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Feelings and sensitivity are what the new lifestyle is all about. The Stimula® condom is ribbed along its entire length so she feels more. And when she feels more, you feel more.
Akwell Industries, Inc.,
America's largest manufacturer of condoms.

HEAT

(continued from page 188)

"He was watching the news when she came in. As always, he caught his breath at the beauty of her."

Marien and walked past half a dozen little Puerto Rican girls skipping rope, and then stopped several yards from the clapboard-and-brick house he'd once lived in with Josie and the kids before he'd had to kill her, the *same* house—his daughter Moira was living here in the same house he'd shared with Josie for seven years.

She was standing just inside the picket fence, a tall, slender blonde wearing sandals, white slacks and a tomato-red tube top. Even from this distance, he could see the startlingly blue eyes, and for a moment he thought he was looking at Josie, thought he was looking at his dead wife, and told himself that this beautiful woman was his daughter, his——

"Moira?" he said.

She must have recognized him, she remembered him, Jesus, she *remembered* him! She kept staring at him over the low picket fence, and then she said, "What do you want here?"

"I came to see you."

"OK, you've seen me."

"Moira, I just want to say hello, that's all."

"Then say it. And leave."

"I never did anything to you," he said plaintively, and spread his arms wide in supplication, the fingers on both hands widespread.

"You didn't, huh? You killed my *mother*, you son of a bitch! Get out of here!" she said, screaming now. "Get *out* of here, leave me alone, get out, get *out*!"

He looked at her a moment longer, and then lowered his arms and walked silently past her. Their eyes met for only an instant before he turned away from the hatred in them and began walking swiftly toward the avenue.

•

The note, tacked with a magnet to the refrigerator door, read:

Bert—

I waited for you till six o'clock and then had to leave for the party at Bianca's. We will probably be going on to dinner later, so I'll see you around ten. Fix yourself something from the fridge.

Love ya,
A.

She did not get home until almost 11.

He was watching the news on television when she came into the apartment. She was wearing a pale-green, silk-chiffon jump suit, the flimsy top slashed low over her naked breasts, the color complementing the flaming autumn of her hair, swept to one side of her face to expose one ear dotted with an emerald earring that accentuated the jungle green of her eyes, a darker echo of her costume. As always, he caught his breath at the sheer beauty of her.

"Hi, sweetie," she said from the front door, and took her key from the lock, and then came to where he was sitting in front of the television set, a can of warm beer in his hand. She kissed him fleetingly on top of his head and then said, "I have to pee; don't go away."

Kling sipped at his beer. He had eaten a TV dinner consisting of veal *parmigiana* with apple slices, peas in seasoned sauce and a lemon muffin. He had also consumed three cans of beer; this was his fourth. The thawed meal had been lousy. He was a big man and he was hungry again. He heard her flushing the toilet, and then heard the closet door in their bedroom sliding open. He waited.

When she came back into the living room, she was wearing a wrap-around black-nylon robe belted at the waist. Her hair fell loose around her face. She was barefooted. The television newscaster droned on.

"Why don't you turn it off?" she said, and without waiting for his reply, went to the set and snapped the switch. The room went silent. "Another scorcher today, huh?" she said. "How'd it go for you?"

"So-so."

"What time did you get home?"

"Little after six."

"Did you forget the party at Bianca's?"

"We're working a complicated one."

"When *aren't* you working a complicated one?" Augusta asked, and smiled.

He watched as she sat on the carpet in front of the blank television screen, her legs extended, the flaps of the nylon robe thrown back, and began doing her nightly exercises.

"How was the party?" he asked.

"Fine."

"She still living with that photographer, what's his name?"

"Andy Hastings. He's only the most important fashion photographer in America."

"I have trouble keeping them straight," Kling said.

"Andy's the one with the black hair and blue eyes."

"Who's the bald one?"

"Lamont."

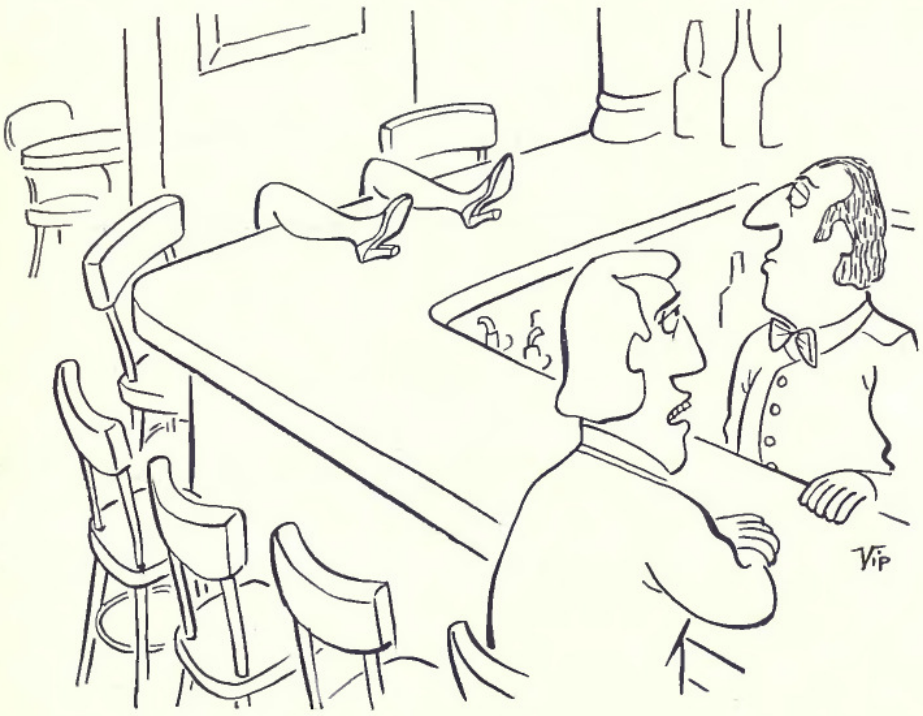
"Yeah. With the earring in his left ear. Was he there?"

"*Everybody* was there. Except my husband."

"Well, I do have to earn a living."

"You didn't have to earn a living after four P.M. today."

"Man dies of an overdose of Seconal,



"And see what the lady will have."

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you can't just let the case lay there for a week."

"First twenty-four hours are the most important, right?" Augusta said, and rolled her eyes.

"They are."

"So I've been told."

"You mind if I turn this on again?" he asked. "I want to see what the weather'll be tomorrow."

She did not answer. She rolled onto her side and began lifting and lowering one leg, steadily, methodically. He put the beer can down, rose from where he was sitting in the leather easy chair and snapped on the television set. The female weather forecaster was a brunette with the cutes. Smiling idiotically, bantering with the anchor man, she finally relayed the information that there was no relief in sight; the temperature tomorrow would hit a high of somewhere between 98 and 99, with the humidity hovering at 64 percent.

"So what *else* is new?" Augusta said to the television screen, her leg moving up and down, up and down.

"Marty Trovaro is next, with the sports," the anchor man said. "Stay tuned."

"Now we get what all the baseball teams did today," Augusta said. "Can't you turn that off, Bert?"

"I like baseball," he said. "Where'd you go after the party?"

"To a Chinese joint on Boone."

"Any good?"

The first ultra

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"So-so."

"How many of you went?"

"About a dozen. Eleven, actually. *Your* chair was empty."

"On Boone, did you say?"

"Yes."

"In Chinatown?"

"Yes."

"All the way down there, huh?"

"Bianca lives in the Quarter, you know that."

"Oh, yeah, right."

Augusta was doing push-ups now. She did 25 of them every night. As the sportscaster read off the baseball scores, he watched her pushing against the carpet, watched the firm outline of her ass under the nylon robe and unconsciously counted along with her. She stopped when he had counted only 23; he must have missed a few. He got up and turned off the TV set.

"Ah, blessed silence," Augusta said.

"What time did the party break up?" he asked.

Augusta got to her feet. "Would you like some coffee?" she asked.

"Keep me awake," he said.

"What time are you going in tomorrow?"

"It's my day off."

"Hallelujah," she said. "You sure you don't want any?"

"I'm sure."

"I think I'll have some," she said, and started for the kitchen.

"What time did you say?" he asked.

"What time what?" she said over her shoulder.

"The party."

She turned to him. "At Bianca's, do you mean?"

"Yeah."

"We left about seven thirty."

"And went across to Chinatown, huh?"

"Yes," she said.

"By cab, or what?"

"Some of us went by cab, yes. I got a lift over."

"Who with?"

"The Santessons," she said, "you don't know them," and turned and walked out into the kitchen.

He knew he would have to discuss it with her, knew he had to stop playing detective here, asking dumb questions about where she'd been and what time she'd got there and who she'd been with, had to ask her flat-out, *discuss* the damn thing with her, the way he'd promised Carella he would. He told himself he'd do that the moment she came back into the room, ask her whether or not she was seeing somebody else, some other man. And maybe lose her, he thought. She came back into the living room, holding a mug in her hand, and sat cross-legged on the carpet and began sipping at the coffee.

He told himself he would ask her now.

"What time did you leave the restaurant?" he asked.

"What *is* this?" she said suddenly.

"What do you mean?" he said. His heart had begun to flutter.

"I mean . . . what *is* this? What time did I leave *Bianca's*, what time did I leave the *restaurant*—what the hell *is* this?"

"I'm just curious."

"Just curious, huh? Is that some kind of occupational hazard? Curiosity? If you're so damn interested in what time I *got* someplace, then why don't you come *with* me next time, instead of running around the city looking for pills?"

"Pills?"

"You said Seconal, you said——"

"It was capsules."

"I don't give a damn *what* it was. I left Bianca's at seven twenty-two and fourteen seconds, OK? I entered a black Buick Regal bearing the license plate——"

"OK, Augusta."

"Double-oh-seven, a license to *kill*, Bert, owned and operated by one Philip Santesson, who is the art director at——"

"I said OK."

"Winston, Loeb and Fields, accompanied by his wife, June Santesson, whereupon the suspect vehicle proceeded to Chinatown to join the rest of the party at a place called Ah Wong's. We ordered——"

"Cut it out, Gussie!"

"No, goddamn it, *you* cut it out! I left that fucking restaurant at ten thirty and I caught a cab on Aqueduct and came straight home to my loving

husband, who's been putting me through a third degree from the minute I walked through that door!" she shouted, pointing wildly at the front door. "Now, what the hell is it, Bert? If you've got something on your mind, let me know what it is! Otherwise, just shut up! I'm tired of playing cops and robbers."

"So am I."

"Then what is it?"

"Nothing," he said.

"I *told* you about the party, I *told* you we were supposed to——"

"I know you——"

"Be there at six, six thirty."

"All right, I know."

"All right," she said, and sighed, her anger suddenly dissipating.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"I wanted to make love," she said softly. "I came home wanting to make love."

"I'm sorry, honey."

"Instead——"

"I'm sorry." He hesitated. Then, cautiously, he said, "We can still make love."

"No," she said, "we can't. I just got my period."

He looked at her. And suddenly he knew she'd been lying about the party at Bianca's and the ride cross-town with the Santessons and the dinner at Ah Wong's and the cab she'd caught on Aqueduct, knew she'd been lying about all of it and putting up the same brave, blustery front of a murderer caught with a smoking pistol in his fist.

"OK," he said, "some other time," and went to the television set and snapped it on again.

•

If every cop on the force had the same days off, then there'd be nobody out there in the streets on those days and the bad guys would run amuck. That was only logical. That was why cops had different days off on a rotating schedule. This week, Kling had been off on Monday and Tuesday, and now it was Sunday and he was off again. So was Augusta. That is to say, she was off visiting a model named Consuela Herrera, who had come down with hepatitis and who was at the moment languishing in the city's posh Physicians' Pavilion. Kling didn't mind; he planned to work, anyway, today.

The work he had in mind was detective work of a sort, but it had nothing to do with the 87th Squad. The moment Augusta left the apartment, Kling opened the Isola telephone directory and searched out an address and telephone number for a restaurant called Ah Wong's. Wearing blue jeans, loafers and a blue T-shirt, he went downstairs, hailed a taxi and told the driver to take him to 41 Boone Street, down in Chinatown. The moment the cabby threw his flag, Kling looked at his watch. It was precisely 11 minutes past noon.

The traffic on a Sunday was so light as to be almost nonexistent. Augusta had told him that the cab ride from Ah Wong's last night had taken a half hour. That had been Saturday night, though, the busiest night of the week, and given the number of people out on the town howling, and the attendant vehicular congestion, Kling figured he'd have to add maybe 10, 15 minutes to however long it took him to get downtown now.

The cabby dropped him off in front of the restaurant at exactly 12:26 by Kling's watch. Fifteen minutes. So, OK, it *could* have taken Augusta a half hour last night. On the other hand, with him or without him, she'd probably taken taxis to and from Chinatown at least a dozen times this year; she knew how long the trip took, she wouldn't have come up with something absurd like ten minutes on a Saturday night. Kling paid and tipped the cabby, and then walked toward the front door of the restaurant.

Ah Wong's was sandwiched between a Chinese five-and-ten and the station house for the Chinatown precinct. Kling realized how hungry he was the moment he stepped into the restaurant and a swarm of exotic aromas assailed his nostrils. He took a table near the wall, ordered a gin and tonic and an assortment of fried shrimp, egg rolls, barbecued spare ribs and dumplings. When the waiter came back to the table to ask him if there would be anything else, Kling debated flashing the tin before asking his questions, and decided against it.

"That was delicious," he said. "My wife told me about this place; she was here last night with some friends."

"Yes?" the waiter said, smiling.

"Big party. About a dozen people."

"Ah, Miss Mercier party," the waiter said, nodding.

Miss Mercier was Bianca Mercier, a dark-haired beauty with a Nefertiti look that was currently driving the city's fashion editors wild.

"Yes, that's the one," Kling said.

"But no dozen," the waiter said. "Only ten."

"Eleven, I guess," Kling said.

"No, ten. Only one big table here," he said, pointing to a round table across the room. "Seat ten people. Was only ten last night, Miss Mercier party."

"My wife thought it was eleven," Kling said.

"No, only ten. Which one you wife?"

"The redhead," Kling said.

"No redhead," the waiter said.

"Tall redhead," Kling said. "Wearing a green jump suit."

"No redhead," the waiter said again, shaking his head. "Only three lady. Miss Mercier, black hair, another lady black hair and one lady yellow hair. No redhead."

"Did you serve the party?" Kling asked him.

"I am Ah Wong," he said. "Miss Mercier very good customer, I wait on her myself last night."

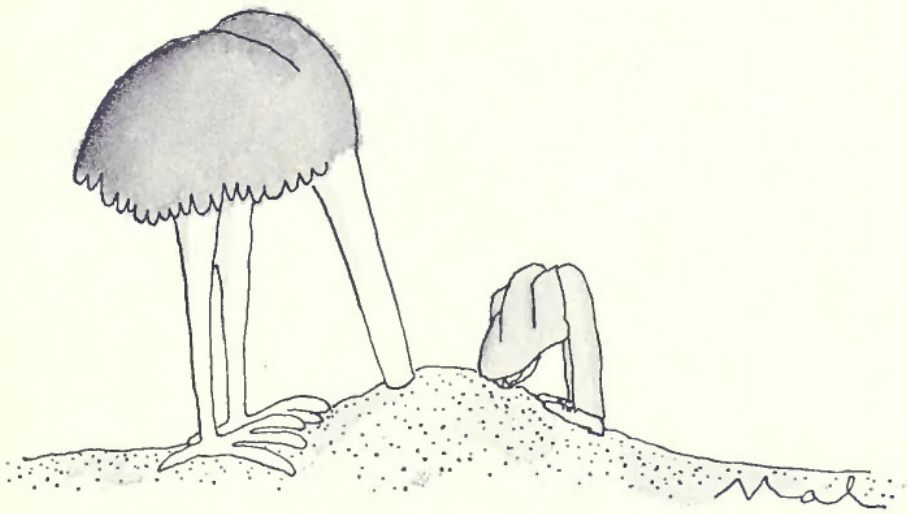
"What time did it break up?"

"Finish eat, sit around, drink. Leave here eleven o'clock."

"Eleven o'clock," Kling said. Eleven o'clock was when Augusta had walked into their apartment. "Well, listen, thanks," he said, "that was really delicious."

"Come back soon," Ah Wong said.

Kling paid the check and left. He debated going cross-town and uptown to



"Marsha, we can't go on meeting like this. . . ."

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where Bianca lived in the Quarter, asking her whether Augusta had, indeed, been at that predinner cocktail party last night. He decided against it. Whether she'd been there or not was a matter of small concern. She'd left their apartment uptown at six P.M. (or so the note on the refrigerator door had said) and had presumably been at Bianca's party till a little before 7:30. An hour and a half didn't matter too much when there were a missing *three* hours to account for—the time between when she *said* she'd left Bianca's and, later on, the restaurant. Three hours, Kling thought. He had known Augusta to climax in three *minutes*.

He took a deep breath and walked toward the subway kiosk on Aqueduct.

•

Halloran was just sober enough to recognize that the girl sitting there beside him in the bar with her hand close to his groin was maybe 17, 18 years old, and he was drunk enough, *more* than enough, to think she looked just like his wife, Josie, when she was that age, or his daughter Moira the way she'd looked yesterday when she'd given him his walking papers. He said to the girl on the stool beside him, "You shouldn't have done that, Moira."

"Let's go have a party, huh?" she whispered in his ear, her hand moving closer to his groin.

Halloran had been in prison for 12 years, and he wouldn't have understood the expression even if he'd been sober enough to hear it correctly. He simply nodded.

"This is the first time I've been with a woman in twelve years," he said.

"How come? You been on the wagon or something?"

"No, I . . . I've been in jail," he said.

"Oh?" she said, and shrugged. Half the people she knew had spent at least some time behind bars.

"Spent twelve years up there," he said, "twelve long years."

"Listen," she said, "if you don't mind, I'd really like to——"

"Went to see my daughter yesterday," he said. "She's eighteen now. All I wanted to do was *see* her, you know? *Talk* to her a bit." He shook his head. "Told me to get lost. Sent me on my way."

"Yeah, kids," she said, hoping that would be the end of it. "Mister, what is it you'd like? Because, you see——"

"It's not her I blame," he said.

But neither could he blame *himself* for what he'd done 12 years ago, when he'd learned that Josie was having an affair with another man. Arguing in the living room of the Marien Street house, his two young sons asleep in the end bedroom, his daughter, Moira, in the room closest to where he and Josie were yelling at each other, Josie finally shouting that it was true, yes, she *was* seeing another man, she *was* in love with another man, and naming him, hurling the name at him, and then bursting into tears.

"A working girl, you know?"

"What?" he said.

"I said I'm a working girl. So what do you say? What'll it be?"

"You know what I did time for?"

"No, what?" she said, and sighed.

"Murder," he said.

She looked at him.

"I killed my wife," he said.

She kept looking at him.

"With a hatchet," he said.

He used to keep the hatchet on a shelf just inside the basement door, above the steps; he remembered moving away from her wordlessly, and opening the basement door, and taking the hatchet from where it was resting on the shelf, and then going back into the living room and hitting her with it, hitting her repeatedly, opening her skull and her face, and continuing to hit her even after she was dead and gushing blood onto the pale-green living-room rug.

"It wasn't my fault," he said, and turned to look at the girl.

She studied him silently, trying to figure out whether or not he was putting her on. Lots of guys tried to impress you with their big *macho* bullshit, tried to show you what *men* they were—some kind of *men*, all right, who had to pay to get laid. But all at once, when it sank in that she was sitting next to a man who'd maybe *really* killed somebody, she was afraid.

"Listen," she said, "maybe we oughta just forget it, you know what I mean?"

He kept staring at her. He seemed not to know she was with him. He kept staring at her but not seeing her.

"I mean, I . . . really, I'm a working girl, you know? I. . . ." She wet her lips. "If you're not interested, you know, in *doing* anything, then why don't I just leave?"

"Yeah, OK," he said.

"Well, OK," she said, getting off the barstool quickly and picking up her bag.

The night he'd killed her (well, it hadn't been his fault), he'd driven downtown afterward to search for the man Josie had named. Found him standing outside a sleazy hotel on Culver Avenue, chased him down the street with the bloody hatchet in his hand, finally caught up with him and yanked him to the sidewalk and was about to do to him what he had already done to Josie when a car pulled up to the curb and a young guy in plain clothes jumped out, waving a gun and yelling.

He remembered that son of a bitch coming out of the car, waving his pistol in the air—"Police! Stop or I'll shoot!"—remembered telling him stupidly and in

Radar Clairvoyance

Nobody expects a radar detector like this

Clairvoyance is the ability to perceive matters beyond the range of ordinary perception. In this case: radar. The perception of ordinary radar detectors is frustrated by hills, blind corners, and roadside obstructions. What is offered here is very different—the ESCORT® radar warning receiver.

More than the basics

Any self-respecting radar detector covers the basics, and ESCORT is no exception. It picks up both X and K bands (10.525 and 24.150GHz) and has aural and visual alarms. It conveniently powers itself from your cigar lighter socket, has a power-on indicator, and mounts with either the included hook and loop fastener or the accessory visor clip. ESCORT's simple good looks and inconspicuous size (1.5H x 5.25W x 5D) make its installation easy, flexible, and attractive. But this is just the beginning.

The first difference—Unexpected range

ESCORT has a sixth sense for radar. That's good because radar situations vary tremendously. On the average, though, ESCORT can provide 3 to 5 times the range of ordinary detectors. To illustrate the importance of this difference, imagine a radar trap set up ¼ mile beyond the crest of a hill. A conventional detector would give warning barely before the crest; scant seconds before appearing in full range of the radar. In this example, a 3 times increase in range improves the margin to 30 seconds before the crest. For this kind of precognition, ESCORT must have 100 times as much sensitivity as the absolute best conventional units have. What makes this possible is, in a word, superheterodyne.

The technology

The superheterodyne technique was invented in 1918 by Signal Corps Capt. Edwin H. Armstrong. This circuit is the basis of just about every radio, television, and radar set in the world today. ESCORT is the first successful application of this method to the field of police radar detection. The key to this development is ESCORT's proprietary Varactor-Tuned Gunn Oscillator. It continuously searches for incoming signals and compares them to an internal reference. Only signals that match the radar frequencies are allowed to pass. This weeding-out process enables ESCORT to concentrate only on the signals that count. As a bonus, it takes only milliseconds; quick enough to catch any pulsed radar. The net result is vastly better range and fewer false alarms.

The second difference

All this performance makes things interesting. When a conventional detector sounds off, you know that radar is close at hand. However, a detector with ESCORT's range might find radar 10 miles away on the prairies. In the mountains, on the other hand, ESCORT can be limited to less than ½ mile warning. Equipped with conventional light and noise alarms, you wouldn't know whether the radar was a few seconds or 10 minutes from greeting you. The solution to this dilemma is ESCORT's unique signal strength indicating system. It consists of a soothing, variable rate beep that reacts to radar like a Geiger counter and an illuminated meter for fine definition. Its smooth and precise action relates signal strength clearly over a wide range. With a little practice, you can judge distance from its readings. An abrupt, strong reading tells you that a nearby radar has just been switched on; something other detectors leave you guessing about.

Nice extras

ESCORT has a few extras that make owning it even more special. The audible warning has a volume control you can adjust to your liking. It also sounds different depending on which radar band is being received. K band doesn't travel as far so its sound is more urgent. The alert lamp is photoelectrically dimmed after dark so it doesn't interfere with your night vision. And a unique city/highway switch adjusts X band sensitivity for fewer distractions from radar burglar alarms that share the police frequency.

Factory direct

Another nice thing about owning an ESCORT is that you deal directly with the factory. You get the advantage of speaking with the most knowledgeable experts available and saving both of us money at the same time. Further, in the unlikely event that your ESCORT ever needs repair, our service professionals are at your personal disposal. Everything you need is only a phone call or parcel delivery away.

Second opinions

CAR and DRIVER... "Ranked according to performance, the ESCORT is first choice... it looks like precision equipment, has a convenient visor mount, and has the most informative warning system of any unit on the market... the ESCORT boasts the most careful and clever planning, the most pleasing packaging, and the most solid construction of the lot."

BMWCCA ROUNDEL... "The volume control has a 'silky' feel to it; in fact the entire unit does. If you want the best, this is it. There is nothing else like it."

PLAYBOY... "ESCORT radar detectors... (are) generally acknowledged to be the finest, most sensitive, most uncompromising effort at high technology in the field."

PENTHOUSE... "ESCORT's performance stood out like an F-15 in a covey of Sabrejets."

AUTOWEEK... "The ESCORT detector from Cincinnati Microwave... is still the most sensitive, versatile detector of the lot."

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Now you know all about ESCORT. What about Cincinnati Microwave? When it comes to reliability, we don't fool around. ESCORT comes with a full one year limited warranty on both parts and labor. This could turn out to be expensive for the factory if many units fail in the field. They don't. So it isn't. We aren't kidding about ESCORT's performance either. And to prove it to you, we'll give you 30 days to test it for yourself. Buy an ESCORT and use it on your roads in your area. If you're not completely satisfied, send it back within 30 days and we will refund your purchase as well as pay for your postage costs to return it. No obligation.

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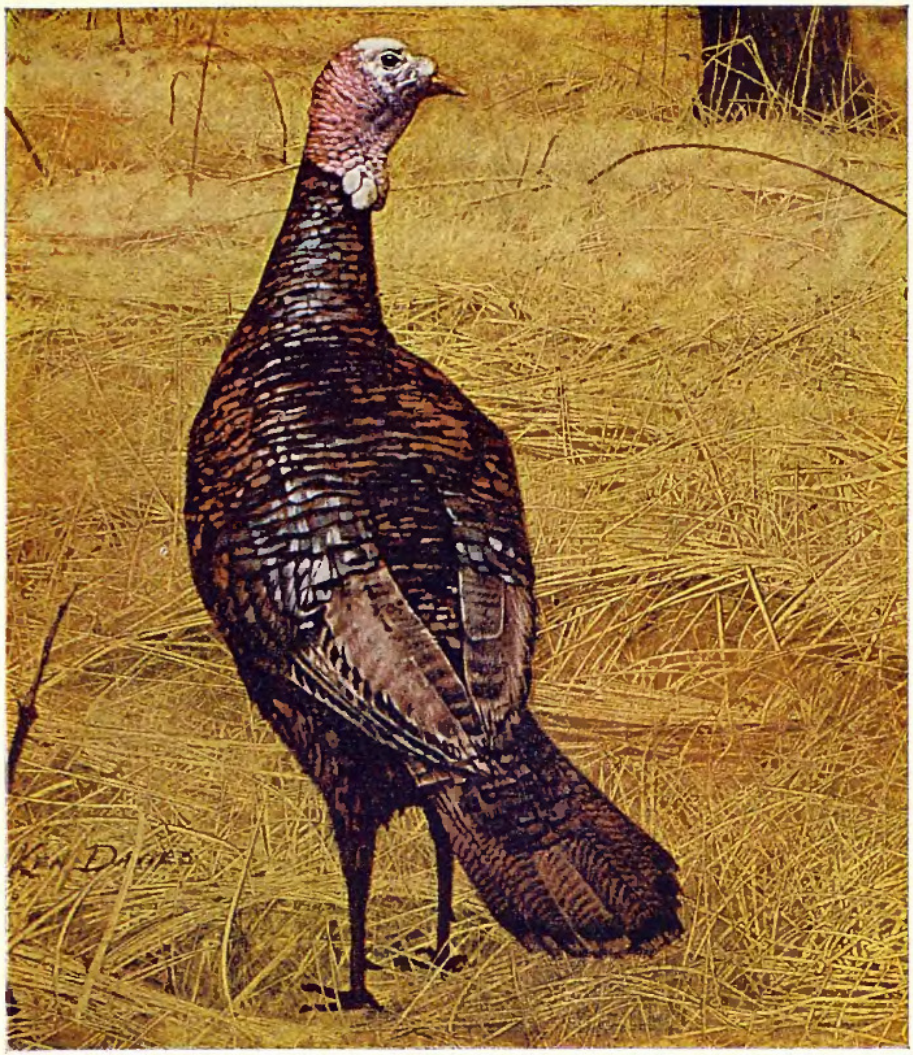

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tears all about what had happened in the clapboard-and-brick house on Marien Street. "It wasn't my fault," repeating the words again and again. "It wasn't my fault." And the cop had answered, the son of a bitch had answered, "It's never anybody's fault, is it?" Those words had echoed in his head for 12 long years—"It's never anybody's fault, is it?"

That son of a bitch, he thought.

Twelve years in prison, he thought.

You son of a bitch.

The tears running down his face, his fists clenched, he knew whose fault it was, all right, never mind it never being anybody's fault, never mind *that* fucking shit! Knew just who was responsible for all those years in prison, exactly who to blame for all of it ("It's never anybody's fault, is it?").

Detective/Third Grade Bertram A. Kling, he thought.

And nodded grimly.

•

Kling should have realized his marriage was doomed the moment he began tailing his wife.

In any good marriage, there were arguments and even fights—but you fought fair if you wanted the marriage to survive. The minute you started hitting below the belt, it was time to call the divorce lawyers. That's why Carella had asked him to *discuss* this thing with Augusta.

Instead, Kling decided he would find out for himself whether she was seeing another man. He made his decision after a hot, sleepless night. He made it on the steamy morning of August 11, while he and Augusta were eating breakfast. He made it ten minutes before she left for her first assignment of the week.

He was a cop. Tailing a suspect came easily and naturally to him. Standing together at the curb outside their building, Augusta looking frantically at her watch, Kling trying to get a taxi at the height of the morning rush hour, he told her there was something he wanted to check at the office and would probably be gone all day. Even though this was his day off, she accepted the lie; all too often in the past, he had gone back to the station house on his day off. He finally managed to hail a taxi, and when it pulled in to the curb, he yanked open the rear door for her.

"Where are you going, honey?" he asked.

"Ranger Photography, 1201 Goedkoop."

"Have you got that?" Kling asked the cabby through the open window on the curb side.

"Got it," the cabby said.

Augusta blew a kiss at Kling, and the taxi pulled away from the curb and into the stream of traffic heading downtown. It took Kling ten minutes to find

"Good heavens—it's Suzette."

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another cab. He was in no hurry. He had checked Augusta's appointment calendar while she was bathing before bed last night, when he was still mulling his decision. It had showed two sittings for this morning: one at Ranger Photography for nine A.M., the other at Coopersmith Creatives for 11. Her next appointment was at two in the afternoon at Fashion Flair, and alongside that she had penned in the words *Cutler if time.* Cutler was the agency representing her.

Standing across the street from 1201 Goedkoop, where he had asked the cabby to let him out, Kling looked around for a pay phone and then went into a cigar store on the corner of Goedkoop and Fields, where he looked up the phone number for Ranger Photography. From a phone booth near the magazine rack, he dialed the number and waited.

"Ranger," a man's voice said.

"May I speak to Augusta Blair, please?" he said. It rankled every time he had to use her maiden name, *however* damn professionally necessary it was.

"Minute," the man said.

Kling waited.

When she came onto the line, he said, "Gussie, hi, I'm sorry to break in this way."

"We haven't started yet," she said. "I just got here a few minutes ago. What is it, Bert?"

"I wanted to remind you, we're having dinner with Meyer and Sarah tonight."

"Yes," she said, "I have it in my book. Where are you now, Bert?"

"Just got here," he said. "You want to try that new Italian joint on Trafalgar?"

"Yes, sure. Bert, I have to go. They're waving frantically."

"I'll make a reservation," he said. "Eight o'clock sound OK?"

"Yes, fine. 'Bye, darling, I'll talk to you later."

There was a click on the line. OK, he thought, she's where she's supposed to be. He put the phone back on the hook and then went out into the street again. It was blazing hot already, and his watch read only 9:27. He crossed the street to 1201 Goedkoop and entered the building, checking to see if there was a side or a back entrance. Nothing. Just the big brass doors through which he'd entered and through which Augusta would have to pass when she left. He looked at his watch again and then went across the street to take up his position.

She did not come out of the building until a quarter to 11.

He had hailed a taxi five minutes earlier, and flashed the tin, and had told the cabby he was a policeman on assignment and would want him to follow a suspect vehicle in just a few minutes. As Augusta came out of the building, another taxi pulled in some three feet ahead of her. She raised her arm, yelled "Taxi!" and then sprinted for the curb, her shoulder bag flying.

"There she is," Kling said. "Just getting in that cab across the street."

"What'd she do?"

"Maybe nothing," Kling said.

"So what's all the hysteria?" the cabby asked, and threw the taxi in gear and made a wide U turn in an area posted with NO U TURN signs, figuring, what the hell, he had a cop in the back seat.

"Not too close, now," Kling said. "Just don't lose her."

The melodramatic chase might have been more meaningful if Augusta's taxi hadn't taken her to 21 Lincoln Street, where Coopersmith Creatives had its studios. She was exactly where she was supposed to be.

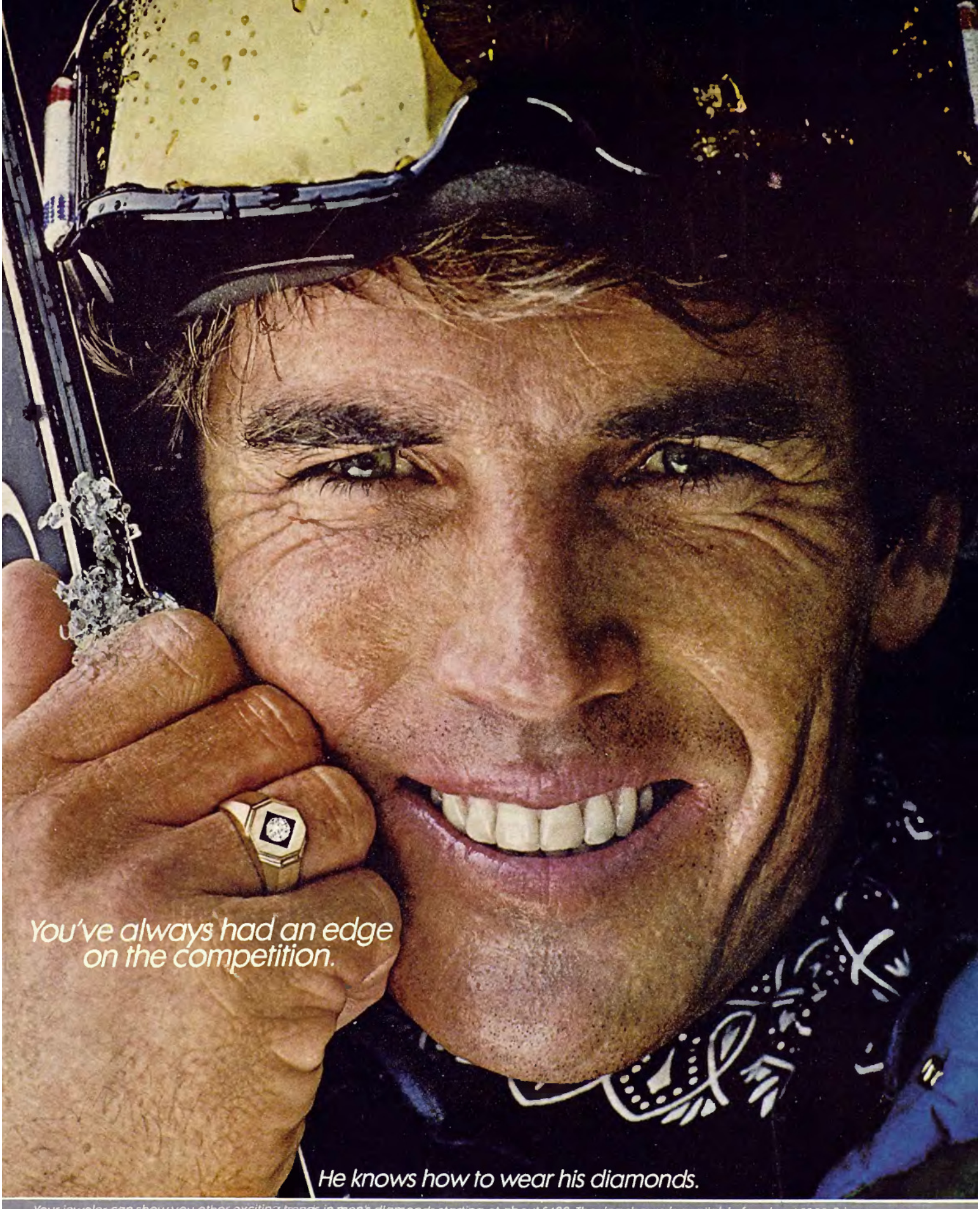
The sitting was a short one. She came out of the building again at a little past noon and walked directly to a plastic pay-phone shell on the corner. Watching from a doorway across the street, he saw her fishing in her bag for a coin and dialing a number. He wondered if she was calling the squad room.

He saw her nodding. She nodded again and then hung up. She was smiling. He expected her to hail another taxi, but instead she began walking uptown, and it took him another moment to realize she was heading for the subway kiosk on the next corner. He thought, protectively, Jesus, Gussie, don't you know better than to ride the subways in this city? And then he quickened his pace and started down the steps after her, catching sight of her at the change booth. A train was pulling in. He flashed his shield at the attendant in the booth and pushed through the gate to the left of the stiles just as Augusta entered one of the cars.

Kling stood at the far end of the car, his back to Augusta. The glass panel here had been spray-painted on the outside, with a dark-blue paint that made through visibility impossible but that served to create a mirror effect. Even with his back to Augusta, he could clearly see her reflection.

He counted nine stops before she rose suddenly at the Hopper Street station and moved toward the opening doors. He stepped out onto the platform the instant she did. She turned left and began walking swiftly toward the exit steps, her high heels clicking; his wife was in a goddamn hurry. He followed at a safe distance, reached the end of the platform, pushed through the gate and saw her as she reached the top of the stairs leading to the street, her long legs flashing, the shoulder bag swinging.

He took the steps up two at a time, looked swiftly toward the corner, turned



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to look in the opposite direction and saw her standing and waiting for the traffic light to change. A sidewalk clock outside a savings and loan association told him it was already 12:30. Augusta's next appointment was uptown, at two P.M. He guessed she planned to skip lunch. He hoped against hope that he was wrong. He'd have given his right arm if only she walked into any one of the delicatessens or restaurants that lined the streets in this part of the city. But she continued walking, swiftly, not checking any of the addresses on the buildings, seemingly knowing exactly where she was going. She was heading toward the Scotch Meadows park in the heart of the Hopscotch artists' quarter. He's an artist, Kling thought. The son of a bitch is an artist.

He followed her for two blocks, to the corner of Hopper and Matthews. Then, suddenly, without breaking her stride for an instant, without looking up at the numerals over the door, she walked into one of the old buildings that had earlier been factories but that now housed tenants paying astronomical rents.

Kling stood on the sidewalk and looked up, shielding his eyes against the sun. Five stories. Four windows fronting the street on each floor, but he supposed most of the loft space was divided, and he couldn't even *guess* how many apartments there might be. He jotted the address in his notebook—641 Hopper Street—and then went into a luncheonette on the corner across the street and sat eating a soggy hamburger and drinking a lukewarm egg cream while he watched the building. The clock on the grease-spattered wall read 12:40 P.M.

It was one o'clock when he ordered another egg cream. It was 1:30 when he asked the counterman for an iced coffee. Augusta did not come out of the building until a quarter to two. She walked immediately to the curb and signaled to a cruising taxi. Kling finished his coffee and then went into the building and copied down all the names on the lobby directory. Six of them in all. Six suspects. There was no rush now; he suspected the damage had already been done.

He took the subway again and went home.

•

That night, Kling and Augusta dined with Meyer and his wife. When they left the restaurant at ten, Meyer offered to give them a lift, but they were only a few blocks from where they lived, and so they all said good night on the sidewalk outside.

As they moved away from the restaurant, a man stepped out of a doorway across the way and began walking parallel to them on the other side of the street.

He was a huge man with the broad, powerful shoulders of a weight lifter, his dark eyes shadowed by the brim of a hat pulled low on his forehead and covering his black hair. He followed Kling and Augusta all the way home, and after they went inside, he stood on the sidewalk across the street and watched the lighted windows on the second floor of the brownstone. He did not leave until the lights went out at a little past 11.

Then he went uptown to look for a gun.

•

The air conditioner was humming in the second-floor bedroom of the brownstone. The room was cool, but Kling could not sleep. It was two in the morning. He was tempted to confront Augusta with it now, tell her he'd seen her go into the building at 641 Hopper Street, ask her what possible business she could have had in that building. Get it over with here and now. He remembered what Carella had advised him.

"Augusta?" he whispered. "You awake?"

"No," she said, and rolled over.

"Gussie, I want to talk to you."

"Go t' sleep," Augusta mumbled.

"Honey, this is important," he said.

"Shit."

"Honey. . . ."

"Shit, shit, *shit*," she said, and sat up and snapped on the bedside lamp. "What is it?" she said, and looked at the clock on the table. "Bert, it's two o'*clock*. I have a sitting at eight thirty, can't this wait?"

"I really feel I have to talk to you now," he said.

"I have to get up at *six* thirty!" she said.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but, Gussie, this has really been bothering me."

"All right, what is it?" she said, and sighed. She took a pack of cigarettes from beside the clock, shook one free and lighted it.

"I'm worried," he said. "About us."

"Us?"

"I think we're drifting apart."

"That's ridiculous," she said.

"I think we are."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, we . . . for one thing, we don't make love as often as we used to."

"I've got my period," Augusta said. "You know that."

"I know that, but . . . well, that didn't used to matter in the past. When we were first married."

"Well," she said, and hesitated. "*I* thought we were doing fine."

"I don't think so," he said, shaking his head.

"Is it the sex, is that it? I mean, that you think we don't have enough sex?"

"That's only part of it," he said.

"Because if you, you know, if you'd like me to. . . ."

"No, no."

"I thought we were doing fine," she said again, and shrugged, and stubbed out the cigarette.

"You know this girl who's with the agency?" he said. Here it is, he thought. Here we go. "Little blonde girl. She models junior stuff."

"Monica?"

(continued on page 250)

"Waiter! . . . Waiter! . . . Waiter!"

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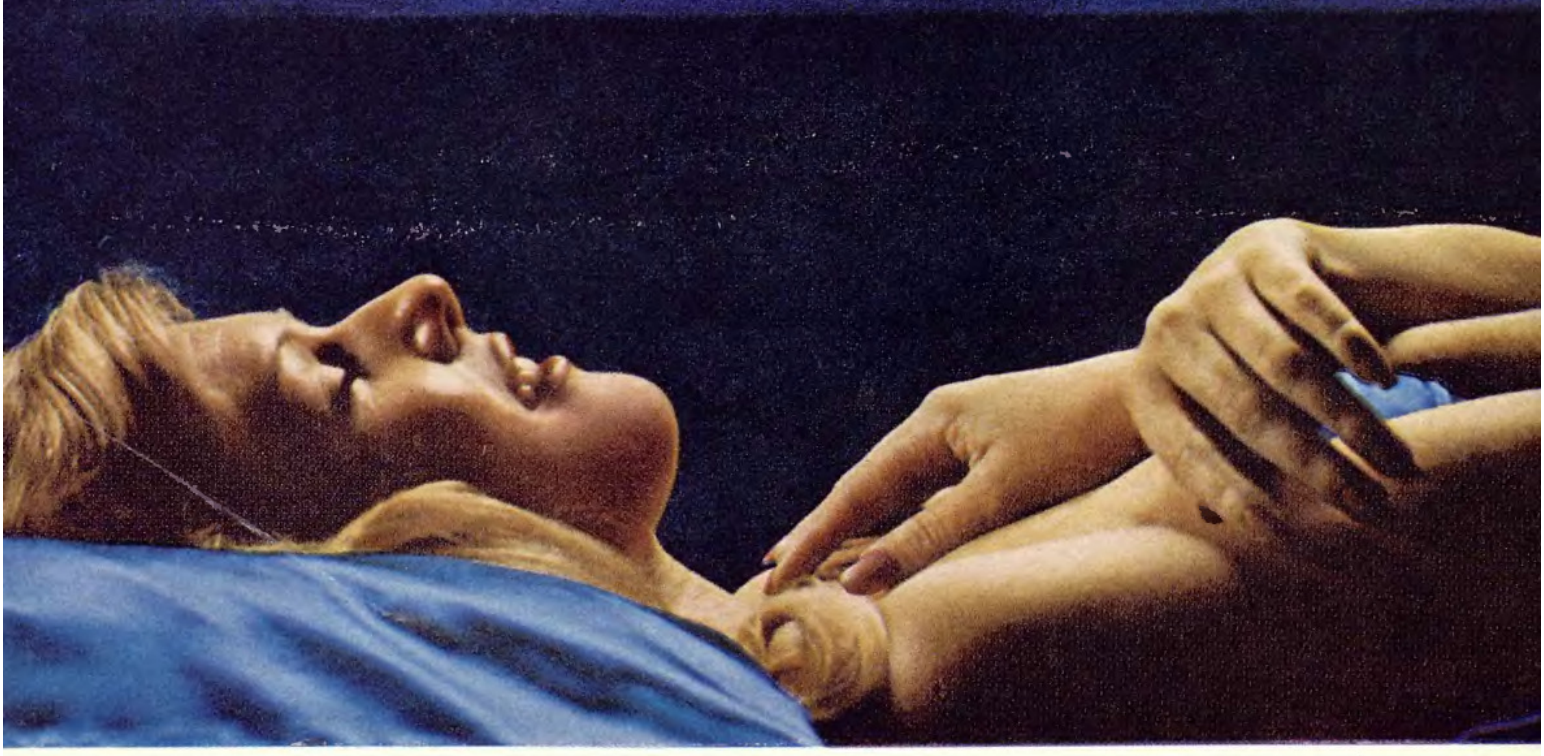

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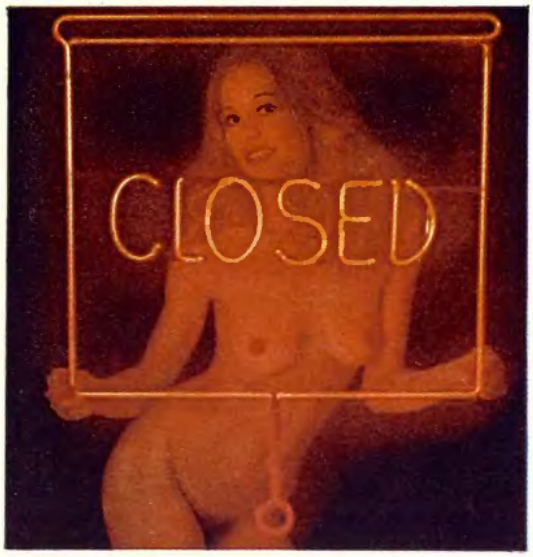
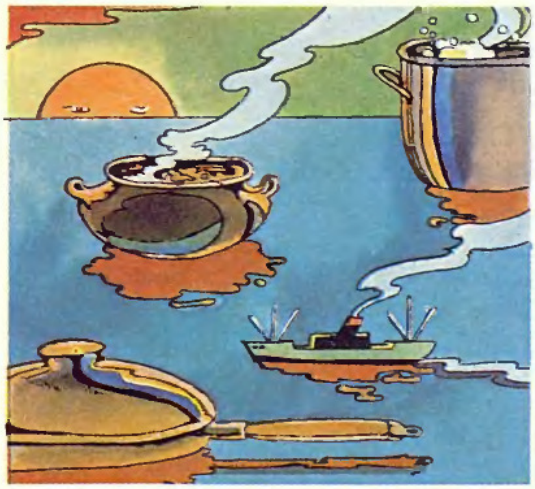


CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT

If you're looking for something off the wall to hang on your wall, the Rare Gas Company, 1479 N. Farwell Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202, manufactures a window-sized neon pull-type shade (no, it doesn't really pull) for $350 with the word CLOSED incorporated into the design. You can just look at it—or some night, when you and your sign are both switched on, have a girlfriend "pull" the shade and undress while you play Peeping Tom.

THE CHIC OF ARABY

Talk about flaunting it when you've got it, a company called Longoria Sales (2903 W. 70th Street, Shreveport, Louisiana 71108) is offering petro barons who truly want to gloat a 24-kt.-gold-plated 28″-tall oil well that recirculates an oil-like liquid in and out of two mini storage tanks. The cost of this desktop trinket is a mere $2430 (shipping included, of course). Most sheiks we know have that much lying about on top of their dressers.

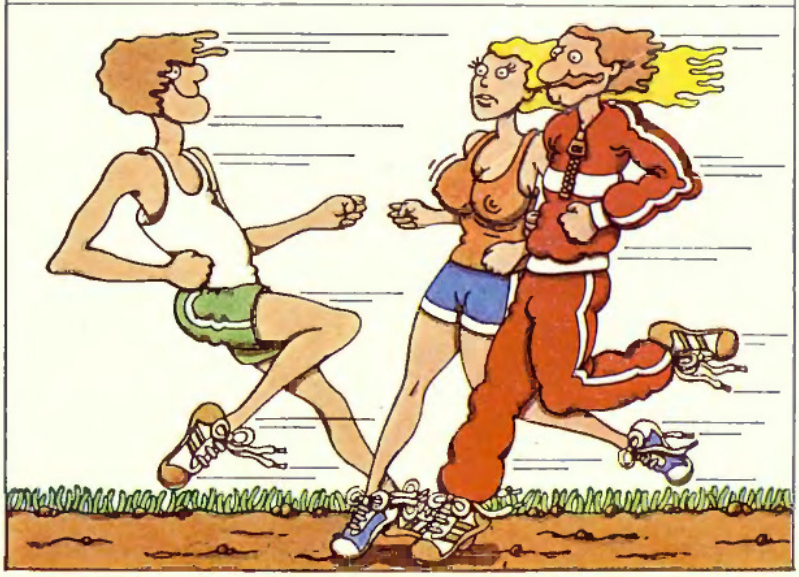


TOUR OF THE COOKS

Just about everybody has hankered to set sail aboard a freighter bound for faraway places with strange-sounding names. And just about everybody stays deskbound instead. But if you can spare 32 days and $3900, Goodtravel Tours, 5332 College Avenue, Oakland, California 94618, will put you aboard its Exploring the Cook Islands sojourn that visits—via tramp freighter—Rarotonga, Pukapuka and points south. Somerset Maugham would have loved it.

BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD....

Dr. Robert K. Stevenson has it all backward—and he wouldn't have it any other way. His softcover $8.95 book *Backwards Running* is the first ever written on the subject, which, he claims, develops your cardiovascular system, improves your posture and prevents runner's knee, among other benefits. (You can order it from Stevenson International, P.O. Box 3308, Fullerton, California 92634.) There's no mention of which direction Reagan runs.



WINNING OF THE WEST

The Gamblers Book Club, the world's largest store devoted to new and used books on games of chance, is just a dice toss from the Strip, at 630 S. 11th Street, Las Vegas, Nevada 89106. Browse there before hitting the tables—or send $1 for the latest catalog of titles. You'll find something in it for everyone, from *Memoirs of a Gambler* and *Greyhound Betting for Profit* to an *Owner's Pictorial Guide to the Care and Understanding of the Mills Bell Slot Machine*. Jackpot!

ALL BUTTONED UP

Black Hole Buttons, at 362 W. Erie, Chicago, Illinois 60610, specializes in special-order buttons—and for a mere $2.50, postpaid, they'll print any wise-ass witticism you want on a 2¼" disk, provided your comment doesn't exceed about 60 letters. (Short and dirty is the way to go.) Sample lapel graffiti we've seen include THEY'RE ALL BITCHES & SLUTS, SAVE OUR RATS and the ever-popular WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT? Anyone for HAVE A NICE DAY?

SEE YOU IN THE PAPERS

Ancient financial documents, vintage comic supplement sections, old Automobile registrations, outdated catalogs, discarded land deeds, long-forgotten magazines and just about anything else that survived the circular files of long ago seem to have ended up on the sale list of Yesterday's Paper, P.O. Box 294, Naperville, Illinois 60566. Five dollars sent to Yesterday's will get you two product lists and two canceled stock certificates. Let's see: We'll take a 1913 Kroeschell Brothers Ice Machine catalog from list A, a 1910 Amalgamated Gold Mines of Sheep Creek stock certificate from list B and we've still got enough for the naughty postcard pictured here.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE ROUND

Serious shutterbugs who want to take truly spectacular panoramic photographs will wish to consider investing $1500 in the Globuscope, a 35mm 360-degree panoramic/scan camera that's as simple to operate as pushing a button. (It yields eight photos per 36-exposure roll.) Globuscope Inc., at 1 Union Square West, New York, New York 10003, is the manufacturer, and a note to them will get you the address of a nearby dealer and more information. And since the Globuscope is spring driven, you don't have to worry about dead batteries' the next time you scale Mount Everest.

SPACEFACED OUT!

Of course, every day is Halloween in *Potpourri* Land, but with Allhallow Eve just around the corner, the rest of you can join in the fun—if you hurry—and improve your looks with a SpaceFace: one of a wild and crazy assortment of soft-plastic visors and masks that look like spiders, bats, birds, ghouls, dragons and other creatures we can't even recognize. SpaceFace, 23042 AlCalde, Suite C, Laguna Hills, California 92653, will send you a free color sheet of styles, and the $6 to $12 prices won't break the bank. And since SpaceFaces are weatherproof and really tough, you can wear them to bay at the moon.

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HEAT

(continued from page 244)

"Yeah. She was out there at the party. On the Fourth. Do you remember?"

"So?"

"We got to talking," Kling said.

"Uh-huh," Augusta said. "Must've been fascinating, talking to that nitwit."

"She said she's seen you around town with a lot of guys," Kling said in a rush, and then caught his breath.

"Oh, that rotten little *bitch*!" Augusta said. "Seen me *around*, seen me——"

"One guy in particular," Kling said.

"Oh, *one* guy in particular, uh-huh."

"That's what she said."

"Which guy?"

"I don't know. You tell me, Augusta."

"This is ridiculous," Augusta said.

"I'm only repeating what she said."

"And you believed her."

"I . . . listened to her. Let's put it that way."

"But she couldn't tell you *which* guy, in *particular*, I'm supposed to have been seen around town with, is that it?"

"No. I asked her, but——"

"Oh, you *asked* her. So you *did* believe her, right?"

"I was listening, Gussie."

"To a juvenile delinquent who's only been laid by every photographer in the entire city, and who has the gall——"

"Calm down," he said.

"To suggest that *I'm*——"

"Come on, Gussie."

"I'll kill that little bitch!"

"Then it isn't true, right?"

"Right, it isn't true. Did you think it *was*?"

"I guess so."

"Thanks a lot," Augusta said.

They were silent for several moments. He was thinking he would have to ask her about 641 Hopper Street. He was thinking he'd done what Carella had suggested he should do, but he still wasn't satisfied, he still didn't have the answers that would set his mind at ease.

"Gussie . . ." he said.

"I love you, Bert," she said, "you know that."

"I thought you did."

"I do."

"But you keep going places without me. . . ."

"That was *your* idea, Bert, you know it was. You *hate* those parties."

"Yeah, but still. . . ."

"I won't go anywhere else without you, OK?"

"Well. . . ."

What about during the day? he wondered. What about when I'm out chasing some cheap thief, what about then? What about when I have the night watch? What will you be doing *then*? he wondered.

"I promise," she said. "No place else

without you. Now lie down."

She pulled the sheet off him.

"Just lie still," she said.

"Gussie. . . ."

"Shh," she said. "Shh, baby. I'm gonna take care of you. Poor little neglected darling," she said, and her mouth descended hungrily.

•

At ten minutes to nine on Tuesday night, Kling stood outside the building on Hopper Street and looked up at its façade. There were five floors to the building, four windows on each floor.

Augusta had told him they'd be shooting a commercial outdoors tonight, at Long General Hospital downtown, something to do with juxtaposing the new line of ski fashions with the stark, monolithic architecture of the hospital and the crisp white starched uniforms of the staff nurses they'd be using as background extras. She was not looking forward to the assignment. Modeling ski parkas in the stifling heat under bright lights was not her idea of an ideal way to spend a summer night.

Kling hadn't believed a word of it.

A call to the senior security officer at the hospital had informed him that no plans had been made for anyone to take pictures in or around the place that night. "This is a *hospital*," the security man said somewhat testily, "there are *sick* people here, we don't allow such shenanigans here."

Kling went to the front door of the building on Hopper now and shook the knob. Locked. He found a bell button marked SERVICE in the doorjamb and pressed it. A loud ringing sounded inside someplace. He rang the bell again.

He heard footsteps within, approaching the door, and then a man's voice saying, "I'm coming, I'm coming."

He waited.

"Who is it?" the man asked from behind the door.

"Police," Kling said.

He heard a lock being turned, the tumblers falling. Good secure lock, he thought, looking at the keyway. The door opened a crack. An eye and a narrow slice of face appeared in the wedge.

"Let's see it," the man said.

Kling held up his shield. "Detective Atchison," he said.

There was no Detective Atchison on the Eight-Seven. His name was not on his shield. Beneath the police-department legend and the city's seal, there were only the word DETECTIVE and his shield number.

The man opened the door wide.

He was a white man in his 60s, wearing only a tank-top undershirt and baggy cotton trousers. He looked Kling over and then said, "I'm Henry Watkins, superintendent of the building. What's the violation this time?"

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"No violation. I'm looking for a runaway," Kling said. "I have information she may be living in the building here."

He normally carried, stuffed into the back of his notebook, a dozen or more photographs of teenage runaways who might have found their way uptown to the headier narcotic climate of the Eight-Seven, where the grass was presumably greener and more easily obtainable than it was elsewhere in the city. He took his notebook from his hip pocket now and leafed through the pictures, selecting a graduation photo of a chubby 17-year-old girl beaming at the camera, black-rimmed eyeglasses perched on her freckled nose, blonde hair neatly combed, eyes sparkling. He wondered what she looked like now. If she'd come to this city——

He showed the photograph to Watkins.

"This is the girl," he said. "Her name's Heather Laughlin; have you seen her in the building at any time?"

"Get a lot of traffic here," Watkins said, looking at the picture. "Two photographers in the building, we get girls coming and going all the time."

Photographers, Kling thought. Maybe Augusta *had* been here on business, after all. He took out the list of names he'd copied from the directory.

"Which one of these would be the photographers?" he asked.

Watkins scanned the list.

"Well, there's Peter Lang on the third floor and Al Garavelli on the fourth. They're both photographers."

"Do these people *live* here as well? Lang and Garavelli?"

"No, they just got their studios here. Nine to five."

"How about the rest of these people?" Kling said, and showed him the list again.

"Yeah, they're residents."

"Any of them home right now?"

"Well, I'm not obliged to check on the comings and goings of any of my tenants. They all got keys to the outside door here, they come and go as they please, same as anywhere else in this city."

"I'll have to talk to them," Kling said.

"Well," Watkins said. "Third and fourth floor're dark, that's where Lang and Garavelli work. You can take the steps up, try your luck with the others."

Kling took the iron-runged steps up to the first floor. Below, he could hear Watkins closing and locking the door to his own apartment. The steps and the first-floor landing were badly lighted. There was only one door on the landing. He went to it. No bell. He knocked on the door. Silence. He knocked again.

"Yo?" a voice inside said. A man.

"Police," Kling said.

"What?" the man said.

"Police," Kling said again.

"Just a second," the man said.

Kling waited.

The door opened a crack, held by a night chain.

"What is it?" the man said.

"May I come in a moment, please?" Kling said, holding up his shield. "I'm Detective Atchison, Isola Police, I'd like to ask a few questions, sir." He had not mentioned the precinct for which he worked. He put the shield in its leather case back into his pocket almost at once.

"Yeah, just a second," the man said, and took off the night chain and opened the door.

He was wearing running shorts and track shoes, nothing else. He was perhaps 5'8" tall, a spare, balding white man with dark-brown eyes and a thin nose under which there was a mustache the color of the black hair curled on his naked chest. A fan was going somewhere in the apartment. Kling could hear the whir of its blades and could feel the faint breeze it stirred.

"Well, come in," the man said. "Kind of late to be making a visit, ain't it?"

"I'm sorry, sir, but we have to follow leads whenever we get them."

"What kind of lead are you following?" the man asked. "Come in, come in."

"I'm sorry, sir," Kling said, stepping into the apartment. "Are you . . . ?" He consulted the list of names he'd copied

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from the directory downstairs. "Mr. Lucas?"

"Michael Lucas, yes," he said, and closed and locked the door, and then put on the night chain again.

The apartment was a converted loft that obviously served now as a combined living space and artist's studio. An easel was set up near the windows to the north, a large abstract painting shrieking its colors into the room. A cot was set up against one wall, a tabletop burner and a refrigerator on another. The loft was vast. The wooden floors were paint-spattered. A rack against the third wall supported at least a dozen huge canvases that seemed to have been spattered in the same haphazard fashion as the floor had been.

"So, what's so urgent?" Lucas asked.

"We're looking for a runaway," Kling said, and took the picture from his notebook. "We have information she may be living in this building. Ever see this girl?"

Lucas looked at the picture.

"No," he said at once.

"You're an artist, I see."

"I try to be."

"So you haven't seen her, huh?"

"No," Lucas said.

"Are you here all day long?" Kling asked.

"I'm here all day, this is where I work," Lucas said.

"She was seen here yesterday, that's what our informant told us. Were you here yesterday?"

"I was here yesterday."

Kling made a show of consulting his notebook. "Between the hours of twelve thirty and one forty-five?"

"I didn't see her."

"Maybe your model. . . ."

"I don't use a model."

"Did you have *any* visitors at all between those hours?"

"I was alone during that time," Lucas said.

"No visitors?"

"None."

"And you haven't seen her?"

"I haven't seen her."

Kling thanked Lucas for his time, and then went out into the hall again, and climbed the dimly lighted stairway to the second floor of the building. Two doors here, one at either end of the hallway. He pressed the bell button outside the door to the right of the stairwell. Apartment 21. Healy, M. and Rosen, M. A buzzer sounded inside.

"Who is it?" a woman's voice called.

"Police," he said.

"*Police?*" The voice sounded totally astonished. He waited until she opened the door for him, and then he went through the routine of identifying himself as Detective Atchison, and giving her a brief glimpse of his shield, and then asking her if he might come in and show her a picture of the runaway he was looking for.

The woman's name was Martha Healy. There was another woman in the apartment, a small, dark-eyed brunette in her 20s, wearing only panties and a T-shirt. She was lying on a sofa against one of the walls, leafing through a magazine and smoking. She looked up when Kling came in, and then went back to the magazine.

Kling smelled marijuana in the air and realized that what the girl on the sofa was smoking was pot. Nobody bothered flushing a joint when the law arrived these days; he had been in movie theaters where the cloud of marijuana smoke was enough to produce a high if you just inhaled deeply. Augusta smoked marijuana. So did Kling himself, on occasion.

"Have you seen her around?" he asked.

"No," Martha said. "How about you, Michelle?"

"What?" the brunette said.

"You see this kid around anyplace?" she asked, and moved to the couch, a dancer's walk, somewhat stiff-legged and duck-footed. She handed the photograph to Michelle, who studied it through a marijuana haze.

"No," Michelle said. "Don't know her."

"Are you both here most of the time?" Kling asked.

"In and out," Martha said.

"How about yesterday between twelve thirty and one forty-five?"

"I was in class. Michelle?"

"I was here."

"Alone?" Kling asked.

"Alone," she said, and looked at him, and smiled suddenly and radiantly. She had Bugs Bunny teeth.

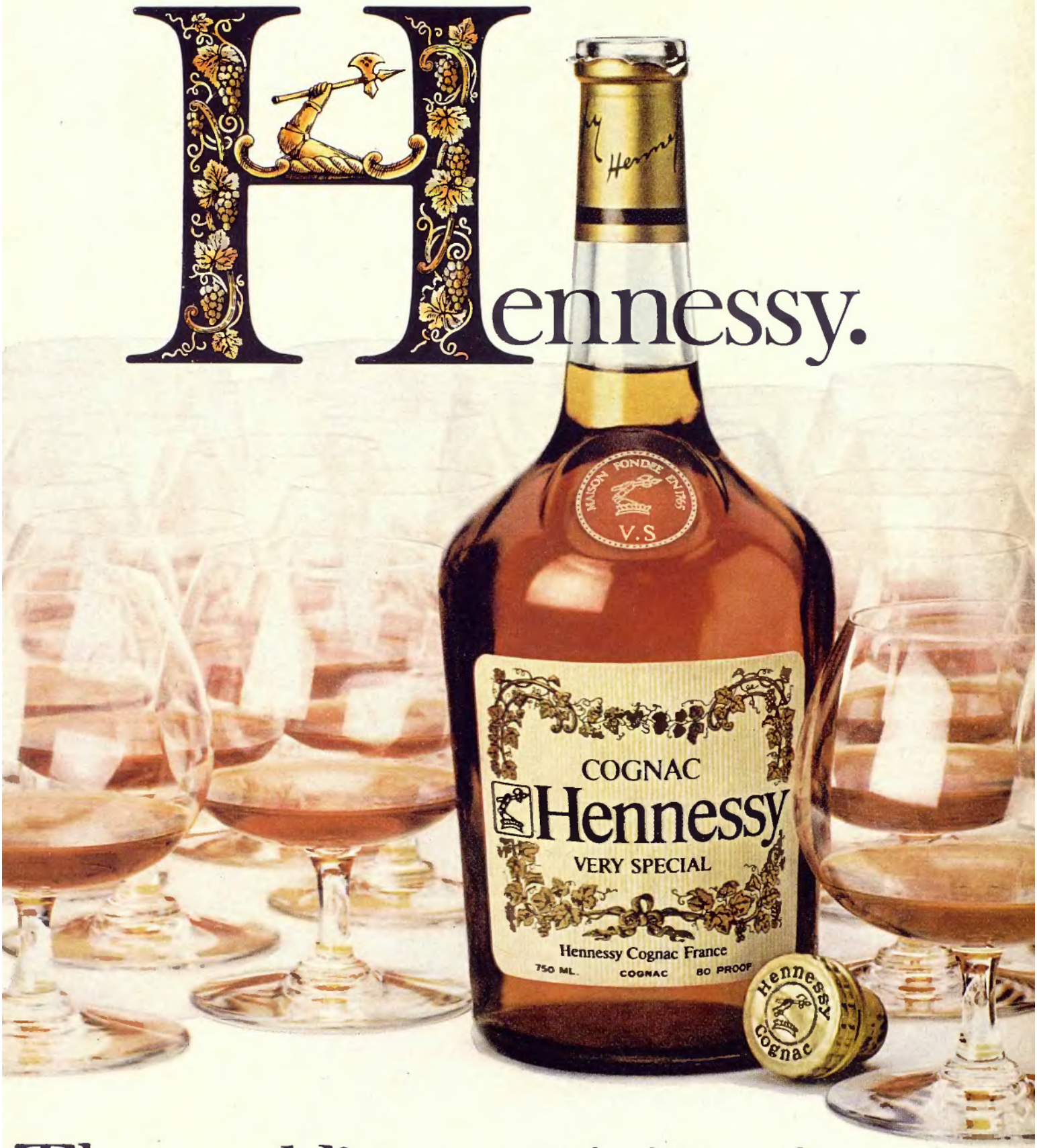
"Because if you had any visitors, one of them might've seen——"

"We save our visitors for the nighttime," Martha said. She looked at Michelle, who was still smiling.

"Well, thanks," he said, and went to the door. "Good night." He closed the door behind him. He heard the lock tumblers fall and then the night chain rattle into place. He went to the door at the other end of the hall and knocked on it. That would be Harris, F. in the directory downstairs. He knocked again. Still no answer. He knocked once more, to be certain, and then took the steps up to the third floor. There was only one door on the landing, marked with a white-on-black plastic name plate: PETER LANG. One of the photographers gone for the day. He continued up to the fourth floor. The lights were out there, too. He picked his way through the dark and up the stairs to the fifth floor.

The man who opened the door to

"Vivian! Are you doing the dishes in the nude again?"



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apartment 51 could have been an idealized mirror image of Kling himself, slightly taller, 6′2″ or 6′3″, Kling guessed, with a shock of blond hair not unlike his own, brown eyes set in a handsome, rough-hewn face, a nose any male model in New York would have pillaged and killed for, a cleft chin and a petulant mouth. He was wearing designer jeans and nothing else. He'd lifted weights when he was younger, Kling was certain of that. His shoulders were enormous, his chest and his arms were bulging with muscles.

"Detective Atchison," Kling said, "Isola Police."

"Let me see that again," the man said.

Kling held the shield up again.

"What precinct is that?" he asked.

"The Three-Two," Kling lied.

"What is it you want?"

"I'm looking for a runaway. Ever see this girl anywhere in the building?" Kling said, and showed him the picture. "I'm sorry, I didn't get your name."

"Bradford Douglas," he said, taking the picture.

Bradford Douglas. Douglas, B. in the directory downstairs, apartment 51.

"Recognize her?" Kling said.

"No, I don't know her," Douglas said, and handed back the picture.

"Do you live here, or work here, or what?" Kling asked.

"I live here."

"What kind of work do you do, Mr. Douglas?"

"What's that question got to do with your runaway?"

"I'm trying to find out whether you were here in the building yesterday between——"

"Why do you want to know that?"

"Because the girl was seen here sometime between twelve thirty and one forty-five yesterday. . . ."

"I was only here till noon."

"You left at noon?"

"Yes. I was waiting for a friend of mine. . . ."

"What time did your friend get here?"

"At a little past twelve. What the hell can *that* have to do——"

"A visitor might've seen her," Kling said. "If somebody came to visit, he . . . or she . . . might've seen the girl." He hesitated. "Who was here, can you tell me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Let's say it would be indiscreet of me, OK?"

"In what way?"

"Let's say marriage is a delicate arrangement, OK?"

"Oh, are you married, Mr. Douglas?"

"No."

"Then your visitor——"

"End of conversation," Douglas said.

"I wish you'd help me, Mr. Douglas. Because, you see, this girl's been missing for two years now, and if there's anyone who might've seen her——"

"End of conversation," Douglas said again.

"You left here at twelve, huh?"

"A little after twelve, yes."

"Left your visitor here alone, huh?"

"I don't want to talk about any visitors," Douglas said.

"Where'd you go? When you left here."

"To work."

"What kind of work do you do?"

"I'm a model," Douglas said.

"Photographer's model?"

"Yes."

"Fashion or what?"

"Mostly fashion, occasional beefcake."

"Uh-huh," Kling said.

"Will *that* help you find your runaway?" Douglas asked.

"No, but——"

"I didn't think it would. If you'll excuse me now, I've got company."

"Company?"

"In the other room."

"Could *she* possibly have seen——"

"Is that a trick question?"

"What?"

"The *she*. Are you trying to find out if my company's a woman?"

"Well, no, I'm——"

"She *is*, OK?"

"Fine," Kling said.

"That it?"

"Could she possibly have seen the girl I'm looking for?"

"No."

"How do you know that?"

"Because she wasn't here yesterday afternoon when you say your runaway was spotted."

"Ah, OK, then," Kling said.

Douglas led him to the door.

"Hope you find her," he said.

"Yes, thanks a lot," Kling said.

The door closed behind him. He waited until Douglas had locked it and chained it, and then put his ear to the wood.

"It's OK, honey," he heard Douglas call. "He's gone now."

•

The first shot came as he was walking out of the building. It took him completely by surprise.

He heard the roar of the gun somewhere off to his left, beyond the circle of light cast by the street-corner lamppost, heard the slug as it whacked home against the brick of the building, saw from the corner of his eye the brick a foot away from his head shatter with the impact of the bullet, throwing flying pieces of soot-stained red into the air. By the time the second shot came, he was flat on his belly on the sidewalk, his pistol in his hand, his heart beating wildly, his eyes scanning the darkness beyond the circle of light. There was a third shot, triggered off in haste, and then the sound of footsteps pounding away into the darkness. As he scrambled to his feet, he saw the running man crossing the pool of light under another lamppost. Dark windbreaker and fedora. Gun flailing in his right hand as he pumped the air like a track star. He disappeared around the corner just as Kling began chasing him, and was gone when Kling reached the lamppost there.

Out of breath, Kling walked back to where he thought the shots had come from. On his hands and knees, he began searching the pavement, touching, feeling with his palms and his fingers, looking for spent cartridge cases. All he got was dirty hands. Either this wasn't the exact spot or the man had been firing a revolver rather than an automatic. He went back to where he'd been standing when the shooting started. The hole in the brick wall was at least six inches in diameter; his assailant had been using a high-powered gun. The area was dark. He looked up and down the street, hoping to find a radio motor-patrol car; the patrolmen would be carrying torchlights. The street was empty of traffic. Never a cop around when you needed one. He got down on his hands and knees again, in the dark, and began feeling the sidewalk, searching for bullets. He found only one, in pretty good shape, not too badly deformed. He pocketed the slug, debated phoning this in to the local precinct and decided against it. Instead, he walked up to the lighted avenue two blocks away, and hailed a taxi there, and told the driver to take him to Long General.

There were no photographers and no models outside the hospital.

•

She came into the apartment at a little after midnight. He was sitting before the television set, watching the beginning of an old movie. "Hi," she said, and came into the living room, and kissed him on top of his head.

"How'd it go?" he asked.

"It was called off," she said.

"Oh?"

"Some trouble with the hospital. They didn't want us shooting outside. Said it would disturb the patients."

"So where'd you end up shooting?" Kling asked.

"We didn't. Had a big meeting instead. Up at Chelsea."

"Chelsea?"

"Chelsea TV, Inc."

"Who are *they*?" he asked.

"The ad firm shooting the commercial."

"Oh," he said. "So what was the meeting about?"

"Rewriting, rescheduling, picking a new location, the same old jazz."

"They needed you for that, huh?"

"For what?"

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"Rewriting, and rescheduling, and—"

"Well, Larry wants me for the spot."

"Larry?"

"Patterson. At Chelsea. He wrote the spot and he's directing it."

"Oh, yeah, right."

"So we had to figure out my availability and all that."

He found himself staring at her, just the way he'd stared at her on their first date so long ago, couldn't stop staring at her. When finally she'd told him to stop it, he was forced to admit he'd never been out with a girl as beautiful as she was, and she simply said he'd have to get over it, he could still remember her exact words.

"Well, you'll have to get over it. Because I think you're beautiful, too, and we'd have one hell of a relationship if all we did was sit around and stare at each other all the time. I mean, I expect we'll be seeing a lot of each other, and I'd like to think I'm permitted to sweat every now and then. I do sweat, you know."

Yes, Gussie, he thought, you do sweat, I know that now, and once when you got drunk with all those flitty photographer friends of yours, I held your head while you vomited, and I put you to bed afterward and wiped up the bathroom floor, yes, Gussie, I *know* you sweat, I *know* you're human, but, Jesus, Gussie, do you have to . . . do you have to *do* this to me, do you have to behave like . . . like a goddamn bitch in heat?

"Thinking of going down to South America to do it," Augusta said.

"What?" Kling said.

"Larry. Shoot the spot down there. There's snow down there now. Forget the *symbolic* mountain, do it on a *real* mountain instead."

"What symbolic mountain?"

"Long General."

"So you'll be going to South America, huh?"

"Just for a few days. If it works out."

"When?"

"Pretty soon, I guess. While there's still snow. This is like their winter, you know."

"Yeah," Kling said. "Like when? This month sometime?"

"Probably."

"Did you tell him you'd go?"

"I don't get many shots at television, Bert. This is a full minute, the exposure'll mean a lot to me."

"Oh, sure, I know that."

"It'll just be for a few days."

"Who'll be going down there?" he asked.

"Just me, and Larry, and the crew."

"No other models?"

"He'll pick up his extras on the spot."

"I don't think I've met him," Kling said. "Have I met him?"

"Who?"

"Larry Patterson."

"No, I don't think so," Augusta said, and looked away.

•

He chose Ah Wong's downtown on Boone Street for three reasons: First, Augusta had told him she'd be working that Wednesday morning at Tru-Vue, a photography studio close to the restaurant; second, it was here that she was *supposed* to have been last Saturday night, and when he baited his trap, he wanted her to remember, if only unconsciously, that she was a woman involved in an affair, a woman searching for opportunities to deceive; and third, the restaurant was close to the various courthouses downtown, where he hoped to go for his search warrant the moment he got the quick report Ballistics had promised him.

They met a little after 12 noon.

She looked so radiantly beautiful that he almost forgot his resolve.

She complained about having to work all morning under the hot lights, and he told her all about what a hard day it had been in court all morning, where he'd been testifying on a burglary arrest he'd made two months back; he did not mention that he had gone to the lab first, to drop off the bullet that had been fired at him the night before. Gingerly, he approached the trap he had carefully constructed.

"Damn thing is," he said, "I've got night watch again tonight."

"How come?" she asked.

"Parker's sick," he said.

He had deliberately chosen Parker because he was one of the few cops they did not see socially; he did not want to risk using Meyer or Brown or any of the other cops Augusta knew; a call from a wife or a girlfriend could blow the whole scheme.

"He came down with a cold," Kling said. "I think he's faking, but who can tell with Parker? Anyway, Pete asked me to sub for him tonight."

"So what does that mean?"

"One to nine in the morning."

Augusta said nothing. He thought he noticed her chopsticks hesitating on the way to her mouth. Her eyes were lowered, she kept looking at her plate.

"So where will you be?" she asked.

"At headquarters. But we'll be out on the street most of the time," he added.

"I thought we were going to a movie tonight," Augusta said.

"Yeah, well, what can you do?"

"Actually, we could *still* go, couldn't we? If you don't have to be downtown till one?"

"I'll be in the squad room till then, hon," he said. "Paperwork on this suicide we're working."

Augusta hesitated. "Maybe I'll go to the movies alone; would you mind that?"

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"Why would I?" he said.

"Well, after what that twerp Monica told you. . . ."

"I've forgotten all about that," Kling said.

"She'll be wearing a wig next time we meet," Augusta said. "Pull out all her *hair*, that bitch."

"Don't do anything I'd have to arrest you for," Kling said, and forced a smile.

"I *still* can't get over her; I mean it."

"Why don't you put it out of your mind?" he said, and covered her hand with his own. "*I* have."

"Well, good," she said, and smiled.

"What time do you have to be back up there?" he asked.

Augusta looked at her watch. "I still have a few minutes," she said. "So will we be going out to dinner tonight, or what?"

"I planned on catching a sandwich in the squad room."

Augusta pulled a face. "Great," she said. "That means I won't be seeing you till nine tomorrow morning." She looked at her watch again. "I've got to run," she said. "Before they start screaming up there." She pushed back her chair, came around to where he was sitting, kissed him on the cheek and said, "Be careful tonight, OK?"

"You, too," he said.

"I'll be home with the door locked," she said, "you won't have to worry."

"I mean, on the way home from the movies."

"I will. Bye, darling," she said, and kissed him again on the cheek, and then walked swiftly to the front door, and turned at the door to throw a kiss to him before she went out. He sat at the table for several moments longer, and then paid the check and went to the telephone booth near the doors to the kitchen. He dialed the squad-room number directly, bypassing the muster desk. Carella picked up on the third ring.

"I was just going down to lunch," he said. "Where are you?"

"Downtown here," Kling said. "I just got out of court. Did I get a call from Ballistics?"

"Yeah, from Dorfsman. He said to tell you the bullet's a Remington .44-caliber Magnum, soft point. Average velocity of such a bullet is something like seventeen hundred feet, with a resulting paper energy of almost fourteen hundred foot-pounds. Dorfsman said that's enough to stop a grizzly dead in his tracks."

"Did he say what kind of gun?"

"A Ruger Blackhawk." Carella paused. "Which case is this, Bert? I don't remember any——"

"I'll see you later," Kling said, and hung up before Carella could ask him anything more.

•

For the first time in his capacity as a police officer sworn to uphold the laws of the city, state and nation, Kling lied on an official application. Moreover, he lied both in writing and later orally to a Supreme Court magistrate. Kling's affidavit read:

1. I am a detective of the Police Department assigned to the 87th Detective Squad.

2. I have information based upon my personal knowledge and belief and facts supplied to me at the scene by the victim that an attempted murder occurred outside 641 Hopper Street at 11:10 P.M. this Tuesday past, August 12.

3. I have further information based upon my personal knowledge and belief and facts disclosed to me by the victim of the attempted murder that several shots were discharged during the attempt.

4. I have further information based upon my personal knowledge and belief that the firearm used in the murder attempt was a .44-caliber Ruger Blackhawk firing .44-caliber Remington Magnum cartridges, as confirmed by Michael O. Dorfsman of the Ballistics Unit this day, August 13, working from a bullet I personally recovered from the sidewalk outside 641 Hopper Street.

5. I have further information based upon my personal knowledge and belief and on information supplied to me, that a tenant named Bradford Douglas is in possession of a pistol of the same caliber and answering the description of the pistol used in the attempted murder.

6. Based upon the foregoing reliable information and upon my personal knowledge, there is probable cause to believe that the pistol in possession of Bradford Douglas would constitute evidence in the crime of attempted murder.

Wherefore, I respectfully request that the court issue a warrant in the form annexed hereto, authorizing a search of the person of Bradford Douglas and the premises at 641 Hopper Street, apartment 51. No previous application in this matter has been made in this or any other court or to any other judge, justice or magistrate.

The judge to whom Kling presented his signed affidavit read it over carefully, and then looked up over the rims of his eyeglasses.

"What were you doing all the way down there, son?" he asked.

"Your Honor?"

"Long way from the Eighty-seventh, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, your Honor. I was off duty. Just coming from a restaurant when I heard the shooting."

"Did you see the perpetrator?"

"No, your Honor."

"Then you only have the victim's

"You mean when you were my age you had to jerk off instead of getting laid?"

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word that a murder attempt was made."

"I heard the shots, your Honor, and I recovered a spent bullet from the pavement, which would seem conclusive evidence that a pistol had been fired."

"But not necessarily in a murder attempt."

"The victim says the gun was fired at point-blank range, your Honor."

"I see. And you believe this gun might be in the apartment you want to search?"

"Yes, your Honor, that's my firm belief."

"Where'd you get this information?"

"From the super of the building, a man named Henry Watkins. He's seen the pistol, your Honor."

"When did you plan to conduct this search?"

"Tonight, your Honor. As soon as I can ascertain that Mr. Douglas is at home."

"Mm," the judge said.

"Your Honor, I would also like a no-knock provision."

"On what basis?"

"Information and belief that there is a lethal weapon in that apartment, your Honor. A .44-caliber Magnum is a high-powered——"

"Yes, yes," the judge said. "All right," he said, "I'll grant the warrant. *And* the no-knock."

"Thank you, your Honor," Kling said, and took his handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped his brow.

The lie, as he rationalized it, was only a partial falsehood. An attempted murder *had* taken place, and the weapon he'd described was the one used last night. But neither Henry Watkins nor anyone else had told him Bradford Douglas was in possession of such a gun; if, indeed, he found it in Douglas' apartment tonight, that would be strictly a bonus. He would be going there tonight looking for Augusta. The no-knock provision gave him the right to kick in the door, no hiding in a closet or a bathroom, catch her there dead to rights.

As he came down the broad white steps of the courthouse, the heat enveloping him like a shroud, he felt a gloomy certainty that tonight would be the end of it. And he longed for it to be the beginning instead, when he and Augusta were both fresh and new and shining with hope.

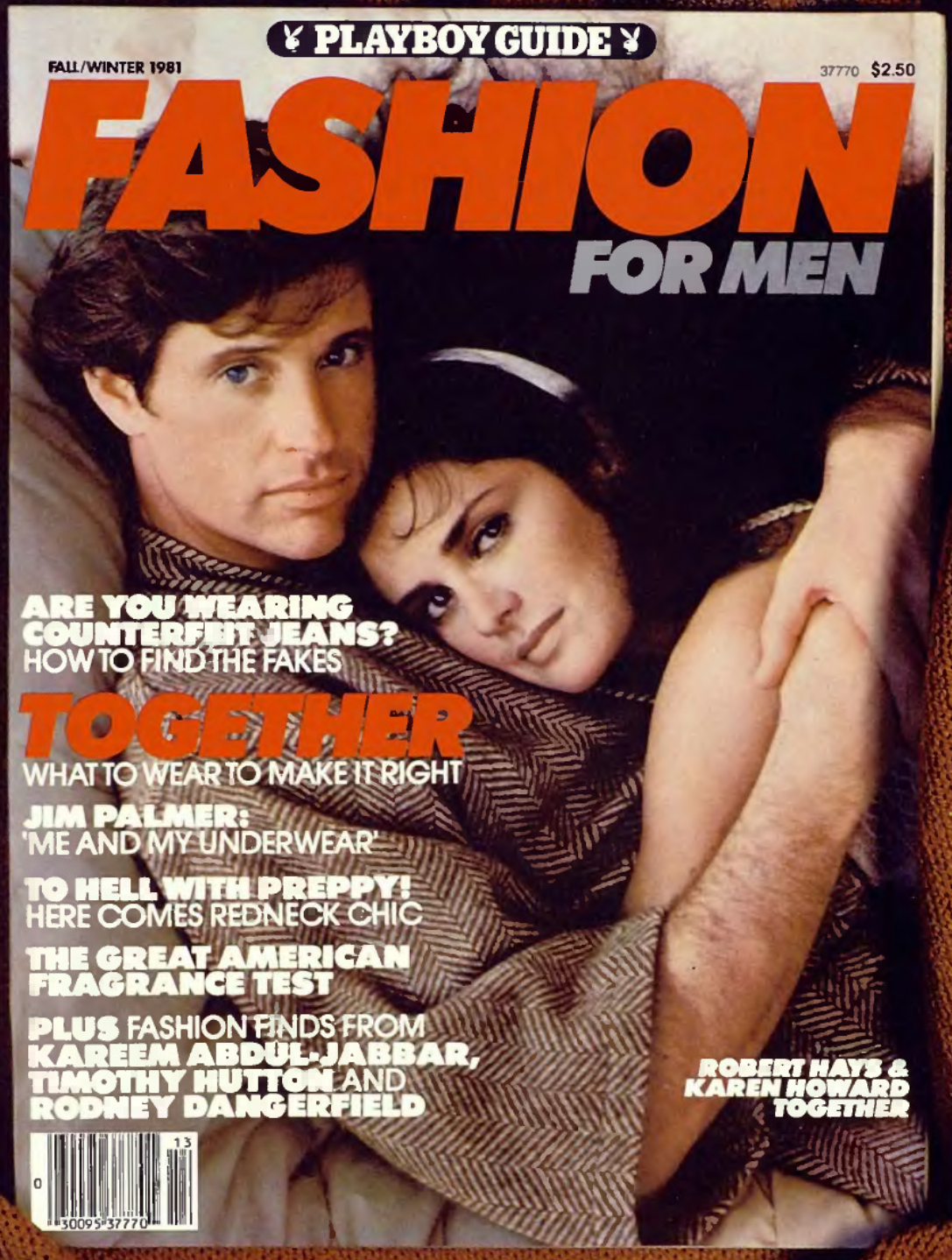
Hope is the thing with feathers.

•

Halloran watched him as he came down the courthouse steps.

He wondered what he'd been doing up there. Went to court this morning, met the redhead for lunch at 12, then went back to the courthouse again. Busy with his little cases, the bastard. The redhead would be living with a corpse tomorrow morning.

He had missed last night, but he



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wouldn't miss again.

Tonight, he wouldn't miss.

Tonight, he'd shove the gun in that bastard's face and do the job right, make the bastard eat the barrel and chew on the slug before it ripped off the back of his head.

Tonight.

•

He wanted to make sure he'd given her enough time to get here.

She had called him at the squad room at nine o'clock, to say she would be catching the 9:27 show, just around the corner, he didn't have to worry about her getting home safe, the avenue was well lighted. She had then gone on to reel off the name of the movie she'd be seeing, the novel upon which it was based, the stars who were in it, and had even quoted from a review she'd read on it. She had done her homework well.

It was now a little past ten.

The windows on the first floor of the Hopper Street building were lighted; Michael Lucas, the painter, was home. On the second floor, only the lights to the apartment shared by Martha and Michelle were on. The lights on the third and fourth floors were out, as usual. Only one light burned on the fifth floor, at the northernmost end of Bradford Douglas' apartment—the bedroom light, Kling thought.

He waited.

In a little while, the light went out.

He crossed the street and rang the service bell. Henry Watkins, the superintendent he'd talked with last night, opened the door when he identified himself.

"What's it now?" Watkins asked.

"Same old runaway," Kling said. "Have to ask a few more questions."

"Help yourself," Watkins said, and shrugged. "Let yourself out when you're finished; just pull the door shut hard behind you."

"Thanks," Kling said.

He started up the iron-runged steps. On the first floor, a stereo was blaring rock-'n'-roll music behind Lucas' closed door. On the second floor, he heard nothing as he passed the door to the apartment shared by the two women. He walked past the studio belonging to Peter Lang, the photographer on the third floor, and then took the steps up to the fourth floor. The light was still out in the hallway there. He picked his way through the dark again and went up the stairs to the fifth floor.

His heart was pounding.

He stood outside the door to apartment 51 and listened.

Not a sound.

He took his gun from his shoulder holster. Holding it in his right hand, he backed away from the door and then leveled a kick at the lock. The door sprang open, wood splinters flying. He moved into the room swiftly, slightly crouched, the gun fanning the air ahead of him, light filtering into the room from under a door at the end of the hall, to his left. He was moving toward the crack of light when the door flew open and Bradford Douglas came into the hall.

He was naked and holding a baseball bat in his right hand. He stood silhouetted in the lighted rectangle of the doorway, hesitating there before taking a tentative step into the gloom beyond.

"Police," Kling said. "Hold it right there!"

"What the hell? Who . . . ?"

Kling moved forward into the light spilling from the bedroom. Douglas recognized him at once, and the fear he'd earlier felt was replaced by immediate indignation. And then he saw the gun in Kling's hand, and a new fear washed over him, struggling with the indignation. The indignation triumphed. "What the hell do you mean, breaking down my door?" he shouted.

"I've got a warrant," Kling said. "Who's in that bedroom with you?"

"None of your business," Douglas said. He was still holding the bat in his right hand. "*What* warrant? What the hell *is* this?"

"Here," Kling said, and reached into his pocket. "Put down that bat."

Without turning, Douglas tossed the bat back into the bedroom. Kling waited while he read the warrant.

"Attempted murder?" Douglas said. "*What* attempted murder?" He kept reading. "I don't have this gun you describe; I don't have *any* gun. Who the hell said I——"

"I haven't got all night here," Kling said, and held out his left hand. "The warrant gives me the right to search both you and the apartment. It's signed by——"

"No, just wait a goddamn *minute*," Douglas said, and kept reading. "Where'd you get this information? Who told you I've got this gun?"

"That doesn't matter, Mr. Douglas. Are you finished with that?"

"I *still* don't——"

"Let me have it. And let's take a look inside."

"I've got somebody with me," Douglas said.

"Who?"

"Your warrant doesn't give you the right to——"

"We'll worry about that later."

"No, we'll worry about it *now*," Douglas said.

"Look, you prick," Kling said, and brought the pistol up close to Douglas'

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face, "I want to search that bedroom, do you understand?"

"Don't get excited," Douglas said, backing away.

"I *am* excited," Kling said, "I'm *very* excited. Get out of my way."

He shoved Douglas aside and moved into the bedroom. The bed was against the wall at the far end of the room. The sheets were thrown back. The bed was empty.

"Where is she?" Kling said.

"Maybe the bathroom," Douglas said.

"Which door?"

"I thought you were looking for a gun."

"Which *door*?" Kling said tightly.

"Near the stereo there," Douglas said.

Kling went across the room. He tried the knob on the door there. The door was locked.

"Open up, or I'll kick it in," he said.

From behind the door, he could hear a woman weeping.

He heard the small oiled click of the lock being turned. He caught his breath and waited. The door opened.

She was not Augusta.

She was a small dark-haired girl with wet brown eyes, holding a bath towel to cover her nakedness.

"He's got a warrant, Felice," Douglas said behind him.

The girl kept weeping.

"Anybody else here?" Kling asked. He felt suddenly like a horse's ass.

"Nobody," Douglas said.

"I want to check the other rooms."

"Go ahead."

He went through the apartment, turning on lights ahead of him. He checked each room and every closet. There was no one else in the apartment. When he went back into the bedroom, both Douglas and the girl had dressed. She sat on the edge of the bed, still weeping. Douglas stood beside her, trying to comfort her.

"When I was here last night, you told me you'd had a visitor the day before," Kling said. "Who was your visitor?"

"Where does it say in your warrant——"

"Mr. Douglas," Kling said, "I don't want to hear any more bullshit about the warrant. All I want to know is who was here in this apartment on Monday between twelve thirty and one forty-five."

"I . . . I'd feel funny telling you that."

"You'll feel a lot funnier if I have to ask a grand jury to subpoena you," Kling said. "Who was it?"

"A friend of mine."

"Male or female?"

"Male."

"What was he doing here?"

"I told him he could use the apartment."

"What for?"

"He's . . . there's a girl he's been seeing."

"Who?"

"I don't know her name."

"Have you ever met her?"

"No."

"Then you don't know what she looks like."

"Larry says she's gorgeous."

"Larry?"

"My friend."

"Larry *who*?" Kling said at once.

"Larry Patterson."

Kling nodded.

"He's married, so's the broad," Douglas said. "He needed a place to shack up; I've been lending him the pad here. I do a lot of work for him. He's one of the creative people at——"

"Chelsea TV," Kling said. "Thanks, Mr. Douglas, I'm sorry for the intrusion." He looked at the weeping girl. "I'm sorry, Miss," he mumbled, and quickly left the apartment.

•

It was almost 11:30 when he got home.

He inserted his key into the lock, and then opened the door. The apartment was dark, he reached for the switch just inside the door and turned on the lights. He was bone-weary and suddenly very hungry. He was starting toward the kitchen when he heard the sound in the bedroom.

The sound was stealthy, the sound a burglar might make when suddenly surprised by an unexpected arrival home, nothing more than a whisper, really, a rustle beyond the closed bedroom door; he reached for the shoulder holster and pulled his gun. The gun was a .38 Smith & Wesson Centennial Model with a two-inch barrel and a capacity of five shots. He knew this was not a burglar in there, this was Augusta in there, and he knew further that she was not alone, and hoped he was wrong, and his hand began sweating on the walnut grip of the pistol.

He almost turned and left the apartment. He almost holstered the gun, and turned his back on that closed bedroom door, on what was beyond that closed bedroom door, almost walked out of the apartment and out of their life as it had been together, once, too long ago, almost avoided the confrontation, and knew it could not be avoided, and became suddenly frightened. As he crossed the room to the bedroom door, the gun was trembling in his fist. There could have been a hatchet murderer beyond that door, the effect would have been much the same.

And then the fear of confrontation gave way to something alien and even more terrifying, a blind, unreasoning anger, the stranger here in his own home, the intruder in his bedroom, the lover who was Larry Patterson, here with his wife, the trap sprung, she thought he would be working the night watch, she knew she would be safe till morning, there hadn't been a movie at all, there was only the movie here in this bedroom, *his* bedroom, an obscenely pornographic movie behind that closed door.

He took the knob in his left hand, and twisted it, and opened the door. And he hoped, in that final instant, that he would be wrong again, he would not find Augusta in this room, not find Augusta with her lover but instead find a small, brown-eyed girl who went by the name of Felice or Agnes or Charity, a mistake, somehow, a comedy of errors they would laugh about in later years.

But of course it was Augusta.

And Augusta was naked in his bed, absurdly clutching the sheet to her breasts, hiding her shame, protecting her nakedness from the prying eyes of her own husband, her green eyes wide, her hair tousled, a fine sheen of perspiration on the marvelous cheekbones that were her fortune, her lip trembling the way the gun in his hand was trembling. And the man with Augusta was in his undershorts and reaching for his trousers folded over a bedside chair, the man was short and wiry, he looked like one of the squad's file clerks, curly black hair and brown eyes wide in terror, looked absurdly like one of the clerks, but he was Larry Patterson, he was Augusta's lover, and as he turned from the chair where his trousers were draped, he said only, "Don't shoot," and Kling leveled the gun at him.

He almost pulled the trigger. He almost allowed his anger and his humiliation and his despair to rocket into his brain and connect there with whatever nerve endings might have signaled to the index finger of his right hand, cause it to tighten on the trigger, cause him to squeeze off one shot and then another and another at this stranger who was in that moment a target as helpless as any of the cardboard ones on the firing range at the academy—do it, *end* it!

But then—and this was against every principle that had ever been drilled into him throughout the years he'd spent on the force, never give up your gun, hang on to your gun, your gun is your life, save the gun, keep the gun—he suddenly hurled it across the room as though it had become malevolently burning in his hand, threw it with all his might, surprised when it collided with a vase on the dresser top, smashing it, porcelain shards splintering the air like the debris of his own dead marriage.

His eyes met Augusta's.

Their eyes said everything there was to say, and all there was to say was nothing. He turned away swiftly and rushed blindly out of the bedroom, hurling open the front door to the apartment, and rushing for the stairway without closing the door behind him, his eyes burning with unshed tears, down the steps to the entrance foyer, opening the door there, the heat of the night striking him like a closed fist—

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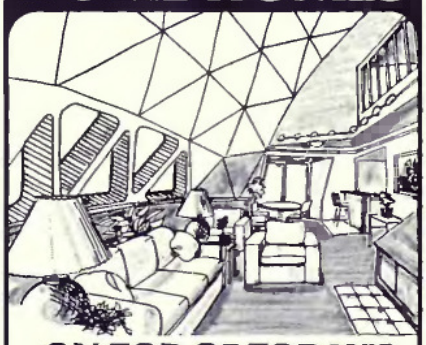

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and suddenly he was seized from behind and pulled back into the foyer.

The arm around his throat was thick and powerful, his hands came up at once, groping for the arm, and a voice whispered close to his ear, "Hello, punk," and he felt the barrel of a pistol against his temple, and he thought only, *I threw away my gun.* And then, because he had been trained over the years to believe that a bad situation could only get worse, you made your move at once or not at all, he brought up his right foot instinctively, and smashed the heel of his shoe down hard on the man's instep, and shot his elbow back piston-hard at the same time, into the man's gut, and whirled into his embrace, knocking the pistol aside with his left hand and gouging at the man's eyes with the curled fingers of his right. The gun went off with a shockingly loud explosion, plaster falling from the foyer ceiling, the man screaming as Kling tore at his eyes and then brought his knee up into his groin and struck him across the bridge of the nose with the flat edge of his hand, going for the kill, hitting him hard enough to drive bone splinters into his brain. The man reeled away, the gun still in his hand, and Kling butted him with his head, driving it fiercely against the man's jaw, *fall*, you bastard, the gun going off again, the shot reverberating like the roar of a cannon in the small hallway, the sudden stench of cordite on the sodden air. He pulled back his fist and drove it with all his might at the man's Adam's apple, and felt him yield at last, saw him go limp at last, and topple at his feet like a giant oak, the gun clattering to the floor beside him.

Breathing hard, Kling looked down at him.

He did not recognize the man.

He took his handcuffs from his belt, and braceleted the man's hands behind him, and then he sat down on the hallway steps, still breathing harshly, and clasped his own hands in front of him as though in prayer, and lowered his head, and allowed the tears to come at last.

•

Carella found him later that night in the swing room downstairs. The room was dark, Carella hadn't bothered to turn on the overhead lights because he was only on his way through to the back door of the building and the parking lot, where he'd left his car. At first he saw only someone lying face downward on one of the cots. Then he realized that the person was crying. And then he recognized him as Bert Kling.

He went to the cot.

He sat on the edge of it.

He put his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Tell me," he said.

"Oh, no! Not that delightful old gentleman in the Green Room with Elizabeth and Sylvia."

RAGING BEAUTY *(continued from page 122)*

"But it's more than her fabulous body and gorgeous face. Vikki La Motta loves men and it shows."

deep breath. "I couldn't sleep and I went into the room and sat on the floor by the couch. He was snoring just a little bit. I kept thinking, This is Robert De Niro on my couch, the face from *Mean Streets* and *The Godfather, Part II*. Then I got up and moved closer and watched him sleep."

De Niro returned to New York but would call Vikki often with questions. Is this how Jake talked? Is this how she behaved? Did she remember any jokes Jake had told her? And then Vikki was summoned to New York. De Niro and Scorsese sat in her hotel suite and, with De Niro playing Jake and Scorsese playing all the other parts, they read her the script from beginning to end. "They wanted the truth," she says.

Vikki was now completely absorbed in the film. She stopped going out and broke off all her romantic involvements. "I didn't want anyone to interfere," she explains. "I wanted to be prepared, in case I got a call from De Niro."

"Relax, lady, I'm not just any Peeping Tom—you're on closed-circuit TV."

De Niro's obsession with detail, truth and getting it right is legendary and, as he got more and more into the role of Jake, things got very confusing for Vikki. Where did De Niro end and Jake begin? Just how far does one take this? To the logical end?

"I wanted to," she recalls. "In fact, for a time, I thought, How could I not? An affair seemed the most natural thing to do. But Bob," smiles Vikki, "wanted things to be businesslike." She smiles again. "I should have just attacked him or something. But I got shy. If I were just attracted to him sexually and didn't like him, I would have known just how to make it happen. But I was intimidated and did everything wrong."

Like the night she and De Niro had dinner in New York and he returned to her hotel suite to look through some family books and pictures. It was very late and De Niro was due back at her hotel the next morning for a meeting. "Anyone else," sighs Vikki, "I would have just said, 'Stay here . . . I have room.' Or I would have at least offered him a drink, a cup of coffee, some water. He's so sweet and so easy to be nice to." She grimaces.

"Instead, I sent this man out into the streets. When he came back a few hours later, he brought his own container of coffee."

The number of waiters buzzing around Vikki keeps growing. But it's more than her fabulous body and gorgeous face. Vikki La Motta loves men and it shows. She knows how to make men feel good. She smiles, bats her eyes, cocks her head, winks. Vikki is an old-fashioned flirt. Pure and simple.

But even more seductive is her excitement about life. In an age of cynicism, Vikki La Motta is a romantic and just a whole lot of fun to be around. "I think of myself as a little girl," she says, "so everything and everyone is fresh and new. I have absolutely no memories of the past, nothing to inhibit. I put no importance on suffering. I don't think suffering is a necessary thing in your life and I don't believe that it leaves a permanent scar on your soul."

It's late and Vikki drinks the last of her wine. "People walk around, crying, 'Oh, what I've been through, what I've suffered!' Well, big deal. Years later, they're still living it. I don't mean that I didn't suffer, that I didn't feel pain. But so what? Next case.

"The key to remaining sexy," Vikki emphasizes, "is to remain passionate; about life, people, everything. Age doesn't matter."

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SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 176)

"Kidder becomes the kind of girl that any man, Super or not, would want to take off with."

Kind. Harrison Ford, playing a shy, bespectacled archaeologist in the classroom, becomes in the field—well, Superman, except that he can't fly.

Ford, whose association with Lucas dates as far back as *American Graffiti*, here emerges as a major addition to the very thin ranks of credible action heroes. He's not as handsome as Errol Flynn, Cary Grant or Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were in their salad days, yet his verve and aplomb vividly recall those valiant swashbucklers. And in *Raiders*, he's teamed with feisty Karen Allen as the girl he put behind him years ago but never quite forgot. Allen insists on accompanying Ford on his wild adventure and, instead of lousing up everything in the dubious tradition of action-adventure heroines, actually saves Ford's neck when he tangles with the Nazis. She may panic at the sight of a viper in her shoe, but the film makes it clear that snakes give Ford the shakes, too. It's a nice switch. In keeping with the ethos of the genre, there isn't much love stuff between them; but, as they say, they have a good relationship.

So do Clark Kent and Lois Lane in *Superman II*, another of the year's box-office triumphs—especially after Lois finally comes to recognize that the mild-mannered Kent is, in fact, her adored Man of Steel. Much of the plot for this second outing hinges on Superman's realization that before they can consummate their mutual passion, he must renounce his Krypton-bred powers and turn mortal. He tries it for a while; but, once again, the world is in danger—this time from three evil Kryptonites (Terence Stamp, the giant Jack O'Halloran and leather-clad Sarah Douglas), all of them equipped with the strength, the speed and the prescience of Superman himself. Will Superman give up his mortal happiness to save humanity one more time? Stay tuned for *Superman III*.

Meanwhile, *Superman II* remains a grand entertainment, loaded with tongue-in-cheek action and tickled up with slier, subtler one-liners than the original. Christopher Reeve continues to impress, both as the Man of Steel and as the clumsy, diffident Clark Kent, but it's Margot Kidder who dominates the movie as pert Lois Lane, girl reporter. Dropping withering one-liners, she can be hard as nails one moment, swoony as a groupie the next—and seductive all the time. The first time around, one was never quite sure what Superman saw in that petulant, demanding little creature; in *Superman II*, whether because of superior writing or a more skillfully pointed performance (or both), Kidder becomes the kind of girl that any man, Super or not, would want to take off with.

Surprisingly, the latest caper of that somewhat more earth-bound superman, James Bond, also places the accent on sensational stunts rather than on sexsational bed partners. *For Your Eyes Only* is 007's 12th outing for the astute producer Albert Broccoli, who perhaps thought it time to change the formula; gone are the squadrons of scantily clad girls, the backup of ingenious gadgetry and most of Bond's risqué bons mots. In fact, once you get beyond Maurice Binder's always eye-catching title design, that's it for erotica. The girl in this movie (Carole Bouquet—a beauty) doesn't even *like* Bond most of the way; she's more interested in avenging the machine-gunning of her parents on their yacht—which just happens to be Bond's mission as well. Even though Roger Moore invests the role with his customary panache and the film's action passages are never less than terrific, its effect is a little like hoping for champagne and ending up with a cream soda.

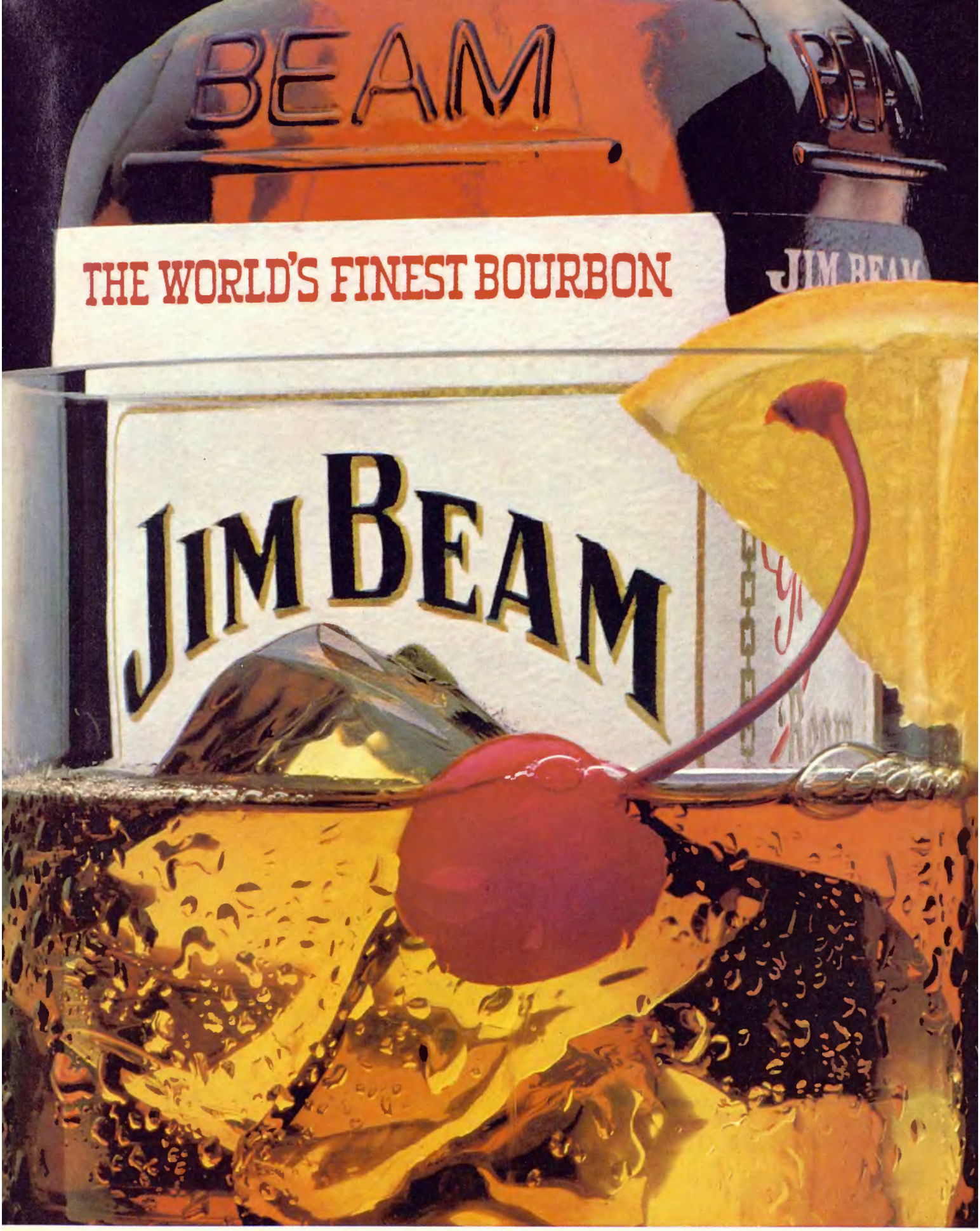
This would seem to be the year for superheroes, however—past, present and imaginary. *Outland* stars former Bondsman Sean Connery in a reprise of Gary Cooper's implacable sheriff from *High Noon*—only this time the story's set in outer space. Both *Flash Gordon* and *Popeye* joined *Superman* in deserting the comic strips, though neither did nearly so well for itself or its maker. And out of the mist of legend come such staunch and heroic figures as King Arthur and Sir Lancelot (*Excalibur*), valiant young Perseus (*Clash of the Titans*) and the doughty Galen (*Dragonslayer*).

In most legends, the patterns are not only simple but similar: A golden youth sets out to slay one or more mythic beasts, all for the love of a lady and invariably aided by an elderly soothsayer. (George Lucas knew so well what he was doing when he created the Alec Guinness character, Obi-Wan Kenobi, for *Star Wars*.) Ralph Richardson performs this role in *Dragonslayer*; he's a magician who realizes that the time for magic is running out as the Dark Ages draw to a close, but who nevertheless passes on his waning art to his young apprentice, Peter MacNicol. It seems that in the neighboring kingdom there lives a fearsome dragon that the local king appeases by offering up each year two fresh virgins, selected by lottery. His subjects are understandably upset—particularly since the king protects his own daughter by keeping her name out of the drawing. MacNicol, though still a novice at sorcery, rises to the occasion, aided by spunky Caitlin Clarke (whose father had kept *her* out of the draft by pretending she was a boy) and by the princess (pretty Chloe Salaman), who despises her father's sneaky way of sparing her life. But the dragon scenes are, indeed, awesome, and Clarke, making her screen debut, displays the sensuous charm and verve that mark her as a major discovery.

In *Clash of the Titans*, the venerable seer is portrayed by Burgess Meredith, he of the dulcet TV sales pitches, with a wry assist from Laurence Olivier as Zeus, the illegitimate father of Perseus (Harry Hamlin). Andromeda (Judi Bowker), chained to a rock much of the time, isn't a big help; but Perseus can save her from becoming breakfast for the dread sea monster, The Kraken, if he can deliver the severed head of the Medusa. Young Hamlin has an awful lot of obstacles to overcome, including his own diffident performance. Thanks to Pegasus, his winged (if heavy-footed) horse, he just makes it under the wire.

Far closer to the magic core of legend is John Boorman's dark, moody re-creation of the days (and knights) of the Round Table in *Excalibur*. It's the Dark Ages as seen through the wise and wicked eyes of Merlin the Magician (wonderfully played by Nicol Williamson), a born troublemaker. He sets the tragedy in motion by transforming the lustful Uther Pendragon into a facsimile of the Duke of Cornwall, so that Uther can sleep with Cornwall's new bride. Merlin's sole condition: "What issues from your lust must be mine." What issues, of course, is Arthur, who, when he reaches 18, is empowered to withdraw from the stone in which it lies embedded the invincible sword Excalibur, the sword that makes him king.

Arthur (Nigel Terry) marries the beautiful Guenevere (Cherie Lunghi); but Merlin, ever eager for mischief, leads him to believe that she has betrayed him with his most trusted knight, Sir Lancelot (Nicholas Clay). She hasn't, of course—at least not until Lancelot lies terribly wounded after a duel in defense of her honor. She comes to bind up his wounds but remains to make tender love by an idyllic lake. Meanwhile, Morgana (Helen Mirren), Arthur's power-hungry half sister, having mastered Merlin's evil arts, transforms herself into Guenevere and sleeps with the king. She wants a son who will one day murder his father and rule the kingdom, with herself the power behind the throne. That son is Mordred (Robert Addie) and, in the manner of legends, he succeeds. In his dying moments, however, Arthur is able



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to wrest from him the great sword, leaving himself the once and future king.

All of this not merely works—it's a masterpiece. It's a masterpiece because in this film, unlike others in the genre, Boorman lets us feel the humanity of the people. It's Arthur's too easily roused suspicions of his wife's chastity, then his brooding vengeance that transform the halls of Camelot into a dungeon.

It may be sheer coincidence that three major motion pictures depicting the heroisms of distant ages arrived on the screen virtually simultaneously, but since all three have gone on to become outstanding box-office attractions, one can only conclude that they are touching some responsive chord in their audiences—the same chord, no doubt, that has also been sounded by the likes of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *For Your Eyes Only* and *Superman II*. Perhaps it's simply a Hegelian reaction to all the antiheroes who've been populating our films for so long—the killers on the run, the psychotics and psychopaths whose mothers abused them or whose wives didn't understand them, the loners living on the fringes of society. Maybe people need to believe again in such basic virtues as honesty and loyalty. If we can't find heroic figures in our real world, it's sometimes necessary to make them up.

In a sense, every movie is like a trial balloon. Because it generally takes a good two years to develop a picture from the idea stage to a release print, there's no possible way of testing the waters first. So when a film hits it big, as today's superhero films seem to be doing, one can't really congratulate the producer on his prescience. In the absence of other guidelines, producers are prone to spot what they conceive to be trends and rush a picture into production in the hope that the trend will still be going strong two years down the road. *Altered States*, based on the late Paddy Chayefsky's controversial novel, affords a perfect example, blending, as it does, psychological horror with science fiction, two trends that have been standing the test of time quite well. And fortunately, too, for in its troubled preproduction phase, this $15,000,000 film switched studios, director and special-effects expert. To make matters worse, Chayefsky, who also wrote the screenplay, demanded that his name be removed from the credits, publicly stating that he felt director Ken Russell had mangled his concept. Which is undoubtedly true; Russell is notorious for going for the effect rather than the substance. This time he chose to play up the horror aspects of altered consciousness, retrogressing his psychophysiologist hero (William Hurt) into a primitive, apelike killer. As in all of Russell's work, the film has an audacious, unique "look" to it from its very first shot of Hurt floating head down in a glass tank of warm water, eyes staring, electrodes attached to his naked body, and all brilliantly illuminated from within the tank. An experiment with hallucinogenic drugs leads to the equivalent of a light show, and the transformation of man into ape is impressively recorded. In addition, Hurt has a lovely, understanding wife (Blair Brown), an anthropologist whose strength, patience and physical presence help bring him back to the present. (Russell has never been one to resist a little nudity in his films, and the redheaded Brown is definitely worth looking at.) For all these reasons, *Altered States* proved to be a film with a strong appeal to the crucial youth audience.

Sometimes, however, what seems on paper to be the perfect package just fails to ignite. *Back Roads*, for example, reunited diminutive Sally Field, fresh from her *Norma Rae* triumph, with Martin Ritt, her director on that film. Co-starring is Tommy Lee Jones, who scored so heavily in *Coal Miner's Daughter* last year. This new story, with Field as a hooker and Jones as a failed boxer, never seemed to jell. Field, playing her role with a leathery toughness, made fine use of her provocative body, but *Back Roads* sank beneath the waves, leaving scarcely a ripple.

Or consider *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, based on James M. Cain's steamy novel of adultery and murder that had been filmed twice before (once in Italy as *Ossessione*). *Postman*'s producers trumpeted well in advance of its release that only now could Cain's sordid tale of lust in the dust be brought to the screen as faithfully as Cain himself could wish; indeed, they promised that it would be the hottest movie ever to come from a major studio, and with major stars (Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange). Bob Rafelson, the director, declared that he intended to shoot it as an X, then cut it for an R rating. By all accounts, that's exactly what he did—but he didn't realize how much of the hard stuff would have to go to get the R. Between the elisions and the cutaways, this *Postman* is just about as sanitary as the John Garfield–Lana Turner version released by MGM in 1946.

It's just possible, in fact, that the earlier version was really the sexier. Of course, in 1946, no one would have dreamed of attempting to film even what remains of Nicholson and Lange's impassionate grapplings atop a kitchen table; but there was a good deal more of what used to be called sheer animal magnetism between Garfield and Turner than ever surfaces between the present pair. Although Lange puts on a heated show of passion, you keep expecting her to turn away from Nicholson whenever he makes a grab and mutter, witheringly, "Why don't you get a shave?" To me, this *Postman never* rang the bell once.

Nor was there much bell ringing for the John and Bo Derek version of *Tarzan, the Ape Man*—though the Edgar Rice Burroughs estate sought, vainly, to ring the bell on its very release, claiming that the Dereks' adaptation improperly reduced the Burroughs character to the status of a supporting player. In a compromise move, and despite John Derek's outraged howls of "artistic integrity," MGM agreed to release the film minus about three and a half minutes of cuts dictated by New York Federal Court Judge Henry Werker—cuts, incidentally, that centered almost exclusively on Bo's extensive nudity. It's a new wrinkle in censorship, and one that we hope won't be repeated. Once the reviews appeared, however, it was clear that what remained was essentially an animated reprise of PLAYBOY's September Bo Derek layout (sans, of course, the poster pull-out)—which, in all probability, is all that the Dereks were aiming for in the first place.

Still of major topical interest this year has been the subject of women's lib, whether presented through the lips of a subordinate player, such as Lisa Eichhorn's sodden but self-aware wife in *Cutter's Way*, or through the freshly opened eyes of a sprightly trio of office workers in *Nine to Five*. Eichhorn articulates clearly her awareness that she is being used by the men in her life (Jeff Bridges and John Heard) but, unable to change anything, she chooses drink—and possibly suicide. The girls in *Nine to Five* (Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin and Dolly Parton) have a different out; at a pot party, each *fantasizes* what she'd like to do to her supremely male-chauvinist pig of a boss (wonderfully played by Dabney Coleman). The irony is that soon after, their fantasies seem to be coming true. They string up Coleman in a room, then proceed to run his office more efficiently and effectively than he ever managed to do. (There's a further irony, unintended, in that the movie, produced by Fonda's IPC Films and based on a story by Patricia Resnick, stereotypes the male character every bit as viciously as the female ones libbers complain about.)

Fonda handed the larger, flashier roles to Tomlin, perfect as the office-wise veteran, and to Parton, making her film debut as Coleman's blonde but far from dumb personal secretary. Ultimately, in fact, *Nine to Five* is Parton's movie; with her intriguing combination of innocence, humor, sexuality and down-to-earth clean common sense, she could well inherit Judy Holliday's mantle.

Tomlin also appeared, less advantageously, in *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*, playing an average, harassed, mid-American housewife whose devotion to brand names leads to her (literal) downfall. Tomlin and her favorite writer-producer, Jane Wagner, are obviously

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trying to say something about the plight of women in our consumer-oriented society, but the message keeps getting lost.

Jill Clayburgh hasn't abandoned the profeminist scene she illuminated so well in *An Unmarried Woman* and *Starting Over*. In *First Monday in October*, she's back as our first female Supreme Court Justice—over the roaring protests of Justice Walter Matthau. Matthau, a liberal cast in the William O. Douglas mold, doesn't object so much to the fact that Jill's a woman as to the fact that she's an Orange County conservative. Their first clash, interestingly enough, is over a porno movie, *The Naked Nymphomaniac*. Clayburgh, viewing the film in its entirety, is ready to convict the hapless film maker on the grounds of moral debasement. Matthau, who hasn't even seen the movie and hates pornos, eloquently defends it on First Amendment grounds. *First Monday*, based on the Jerome Lawrence–Robert E. Lee hit play, doesn't attempt to resolve the conflict; it merely states the opposing views with clarity and conviction. (For the record, the three-minute porno insert was made by two veterans of the adult-film field, director Dave Friedman and cinematographer Lee Frost, from a script supplied by producer Paul Heller. "We didn't think that Freddie Koenekamp, our cameraman, could make it look tacky enough," Heller explains. Friedman says he shot about 3500 feet, of which less than 300 feet turns up in the finished film. That was enough to earn it an R rating.) It should also be noted that although the film was released in August, it was actually in the can months before President Reagan nominated Sandra Day O'Connor to the highest Court.

Not that 1981 has been totally lacking in strong male–female relationships—or relationships between males and strong females. In *Eye of the Needle*, in steamy bed scenes reminiscent of his earlier *Don't Look Now*, Nazi spy Donald Sutherland woos and wins handsome Kate Nelligan, married to a crippled, embittered R.A.F. pilot. When she discovers Sutherland's true identity, and learns he has murdered her husband, she takes out after him with hatchet and gun—though she still loves the guy.

But, inevitably, the ultimate word on female phenomena (as well as phenomenal females) came from Italy's Federico Fellini, whose *City of Women* is an apocalyptic vision of the emerging feminist movement between the Sixties and the present, filtered through the dream/nightmares of a middle-aged man (Marcello Mastroianni) trying to comprehend and adjust to these new challenges to the once-dominant role of the male. Mastroianni, like Fellini, loves women—he just doesn't understand them. What Fellini has done in this film, often with hallucinogenic brilliance, is to create a

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series of fantastic dreams for his sensuous protagonist—an encounter with Don Juan, just celebrating his 10,000th conquest (a hark back to "the good old days"), unnerving meetings with lady pugilists and wrestlers whose sheer physicality dismays the aging man, with sexually alluring women who remind him of his past pursuits and, cropping up everywhere, reminders by shrill feminist voices that while the game may still be fair, it will no longer be so easy.

Fellini has set his finale in an abstract roller-coaster setting not unlike Bob Fosse's glittering but ominous fun house in *All That Jazz*. But where Fosse's film welcomed death as the final surcease for his womanizing, pill-popping, self-abusive hero, Fellini's roller coaster becomes the symbol for an enormous womb, ever luring men on for another wild, exhilarating, terrifying ride through life. *City of Women* attempts no final assessment of the feminist movement; but it forthrightly establishes it as a dominant and disturbing fact of contemporary society, and with all the verve and artistry of Fellini at his best.

On the domestic front, the search for deeper relationships and self-realization goes on, especially among middle-aged males. In *All Night Long*, it's chain-store executive Gene Hackman, who, having been demoted to the night shift at one of his company's drugstores, decides to find out for himself what it's all about, Alfie. He gives up his job, his home and his wife (Diane Ladd) to launch an affair with a neighborhood floozy (Barbra Streisand) who, he knows, is already involved in an affair with his own son (Dennis Quaid). Hardly memorable, except as a reminder that the "middle-aged crazies" are still with us. In *Falling in Love Again*, Elliott Gould, owner of a clothing store in California, fantasizes while driving cross-country to a class reunion in the Bronx what his life might have been. His wife (Susannah York), it seems, also has a few ideas on that score. *Atlantic City* gives aging numbers runner Burt Lancaster a new lease on life as that once flyblown resort is transformed by the cash flow of its posh gambling casinos. Lancaster, sexier than he has been in years, has been taking care of (and being taken care of by) bedridden Kate Reid; suddenly, he finds romance with the irresistible Susan Sarandon, an oyster-bar waitress who's hoping to strike it rich as a blackjack dealer in the casinos.

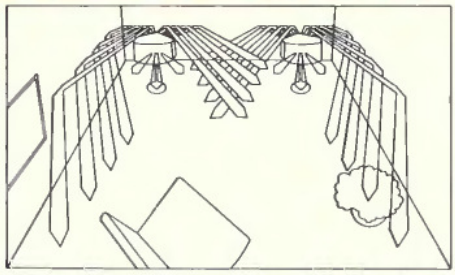
Far and away the year's most conspicuously successful "relationships" film has been *The Four Seasons*, written and directed by its popular star, Alan Alda—with a deep bow, it should be noted, to Bernard Slade's *Same Time, Next Year*, in which Alda co-starred two years ago. The plot contrivances are notably similar, even though the time frame has been collapsed. Three couples take their vacations together four times in the course of the film; in the process, relationships deteriorate (and, in one memorable skinny-dipping scene, the clothes come off).

Intended for a younger generation, Franco Zeffirelli's *Endless Love* had to do endless battle with the Classification and Rating Administration of the Motion Picture Association of America before its initial X rating was reduced to an R. Although the director maintained that there was no frontal nudity in the love scenes between Brooke Shields and Martin Hewitt, playing a 15-year-old and a 17-year-old, respectively, the specter of kiddie porn was repeatedly raised—augmented by a sequence in which Shirley Knight, as Shields's mother, attempts to seduce young Hewitt. Oddly enough, the director declared himself in accord with the ratings board. "The community is now extremely sensitive on the child-pornography issue, and rightly so," he stated. Heavily cut, the picture was released in July.

Apart from the disappointing *La Cage aux Folles II*, homosexuality wasn't terribly prominent in the films of 1981. *The Alternative Miss World* is a British-made documentary of an all-star drag-queen beauty contest; *Squeeze* introduces us to New Zealand's homosexual night life; and Germany's *Taxi to the Loo*, which won the prestigious Max Ophuls Prize in Saarbrücken earlier this year, is a quasi-autobiographical film by Frank Ripploh, a gay teacher, about a gay teacher on the prowl for exotic sexual experiences. Made on an infinitesimal budget (about $40,000) by Ripploh and friends, the picture has already created storms of controversy in Germany, where *Volk* can't decide if it's pro- or antigay. Similarly, lesbianism has been fairly well muted on the home front. Exceptions come from such imports as England's *Richard's Things*, with Liv Ullmann tracking down the girl with whom her late husband had an affair, and then proceeding to do likewise; or France's *Voyage en Douce*, in which the gorgeous Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin, both on the lam from their husbands, discover each other. Although the writing leaves you never quite sure what's real and what's just girlish imaginings, the visuals are plenty specific.

But if it's specifics you're after, it's time to turn to the hard-cores, the Xs. For one thing, they're looking a lot better these days. The plots are more developed, the photography more imaginative, the girls more attractive, the gentlemen—well, longer. Also, and this is strangely refreshing, the sex is straight and to the point. It may not be love beyond compare, but at least it's free of the kinky sadism that characterizes so much of the product from the major

(concluded on page 280)



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PLAYBOY PUZZLE

STICKY PICKUPS

By Nicole Gregory

REMEMBER the old game of pick-up sticks? Well, in this case, it's bodies, not sticks, that need to be picked up. Poor Ned has just been rudely awakened by the ringing of his telephone—but he can't quite reach it. The problem is that he's at the bottom of a very big pile of naked friends, still recuperating from a wildly strenuous orgy the night before. Since no one can get up before his or her entire body is uncovered by the person above, can you figure out in what order Ned's friends must rise so that he can answer his phone? (Hint: Sue, the most enthusiastic reveler, was the last to fall asleep.)

Answer overleof

ILLUSTRATION BY JAY LYNCH

SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 276)

"For the most part, these films remain simon-pure romps in the fields of male-fantasized sex."

studios—like the drug-crazed prostitute (Pam Grier) in *Fort Apache, the Bronx*, who secretes a razor blade in her mouth to castrate her clients, or the guy getting shish-kabobed in *Happy Birthday to Me*, or the knife-wielding assailant (Michael Biehn) who slashes up some of Lauren Bacall's best friends in *The Fan*. True, a sexual pervert kills a callgirl who has taunted him in *Amanda by Night*, perhaps the most densely plotted adult movie to date, but what the film dwells on is the fact of her death, not the how.

For the most part, however, these films remain simon-pure romps in the fields of male-fantasized sex. *A Scent of Heather* introduces us to a virginal convent girl of the last century (Veronica Hart) whose arranged marriage to a gardener's son is just short of consummation when he learns that she may, in fact, be his sister; this leads to ardent extramarital couplings on both of their parts. (As is so often the case, *Heather* is available in two versions. The "hot" *Heather* runs 99 minutes, the "cool" *Heather*, 80 minutes. It's the cool one that will probably turn up on pay or cable TV.) *Bad Girls* owes at least part of its inspiration to *Deliverance*. Four (authentic) photographic models decide to camp out in some rugged Northern California terrain and shoot pictures of one another. Their not-so-innocent fun ends abruptly when they are captured exploring an old castle that proves to be headquarters for a ring of "masters" who condition captive girls to be their sexual slaves. Not quite so exciting as boiling through white waters in a canoe, perhaps, but still racy stuff.

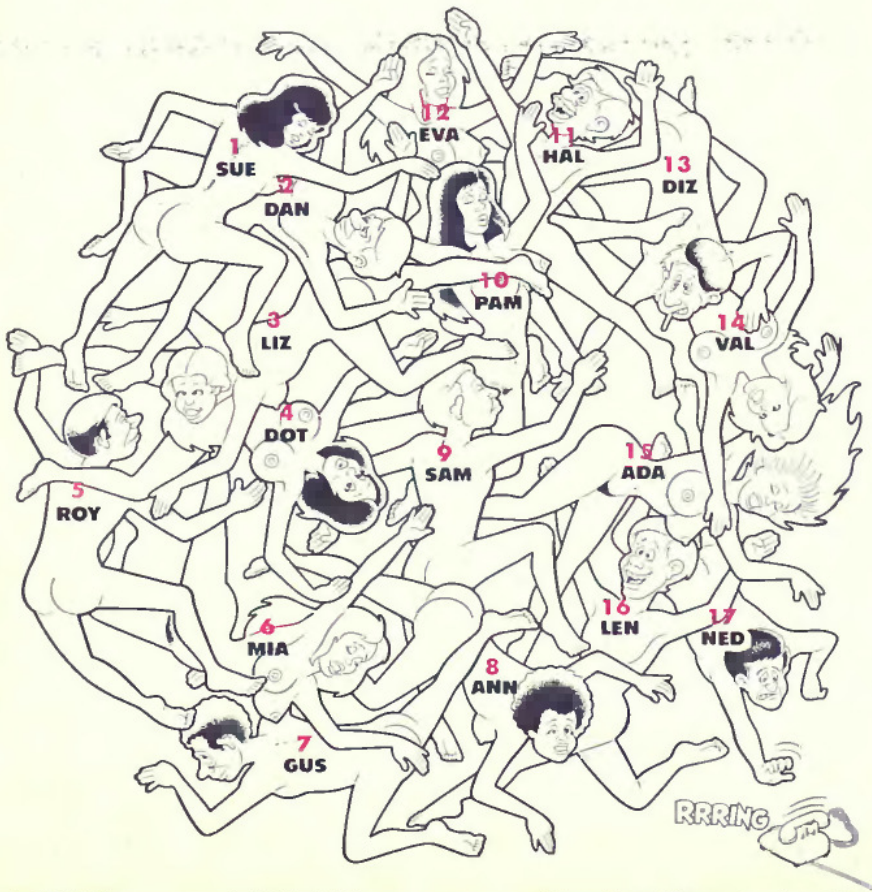
Games Women Play is a second cousin once removed to Arthur Schnitzler's *La Ronde* (uncredited, of course). In Manhattan, a small circle of friends exchange bed partners with tremendous zeal and zest in a kind of odd-man-out competitiveness. *Games* features a frantic gang bang on a poker table, where the ante isn't the only thing that's up. *Dracula Exotica*, starring the improbably proportioned Vanessa Del Rio, brings the count to New York, where he is immediately assumed by the CIA to be a Russian spy. The agent assigned to the case (Samantha Fox), as it happens, bears an uncanny resemblance to Dracula's lost love of 400 years ago. She returns his love, knowing well the consequences. As the poster proclaims, HE CAME FOR A BITE . . . AND ATE THE WHOLE THING. *Randy, the Electric Lady*, starring curvaceous Desiree Cousteau, is steamy science fiction, with Cousteau as a woman whose orgasmic juices produce colossal climaxes when consumed by others. Captured by an international spy ring, she's forced to go on producing Orgasmine—the agents' key to world conquest. In *Talk Dirty to Me*, the well-endowed Jamie Gillis conquers women by doing just that.

At least 80 of these films appeared in 1981, most of them produced on budgets ranging between $100,000 and $200,000—up sharply from the $25,000–$35,000 average of as little as five years ago. And it shows, not only in production values but in the quality of the performances. Whereas in the past the performers were paid off at $100 a day, now the top stars in the porno field—including Lesllie Bovee, Marilyn Chambers, Desiree Cousteau, Samantha Fox, Veronica Hart, Annette Haven, Seka ("the Marilyn Monroe of porn"), Jamie Gillis, John C. Holmes, Ron Jeremey and John Leslie—are drawing down $1000. [For more on this subject, see *Tuning In to Channel Sex* on page 222.] The only trouble is that they tend to be—you'll forgive the expression—overexposed, playing leading roles in six to ten films each during the past year.

But the producers aren't too concerned. Their movies today account for about 15 percent of all theatrical-ticket sales, better than 40 percent of all sales in the booming video-cassette market. In fact, unlike their "straight" competition, which waits at least 90 days after the release of a movie before making it available on cassettes, most X merchandisers go immediately into cassettes, often using theater popcorn stands as their point of sale. The movie in the theater becomes, in effect, the trailer that helps the customer decide whether or not he wants to buy. Pay and cable TV are also broadening the market place for erotica, often with minimal cutting. In Los Angeles recently, ON TV, a subscription operation, ran last year's *Jack 'n' Jill* with everything intact but the cum shots. It looks as if sex is being returned to where it belongs—the home. Let the Moral Majority make of that what it will.

Answer to puzzle on page 279.

1. SUE	4. DOT	7. GUS	10. PAM	13. DIZ	16. LEN
2. DAN	5. ROY	8. ANN	11. HAL	14. VAL	17. NED
3. LIZ	6. MIA	9. SAM	12. EVA	15. ADA	



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Jenny Reed

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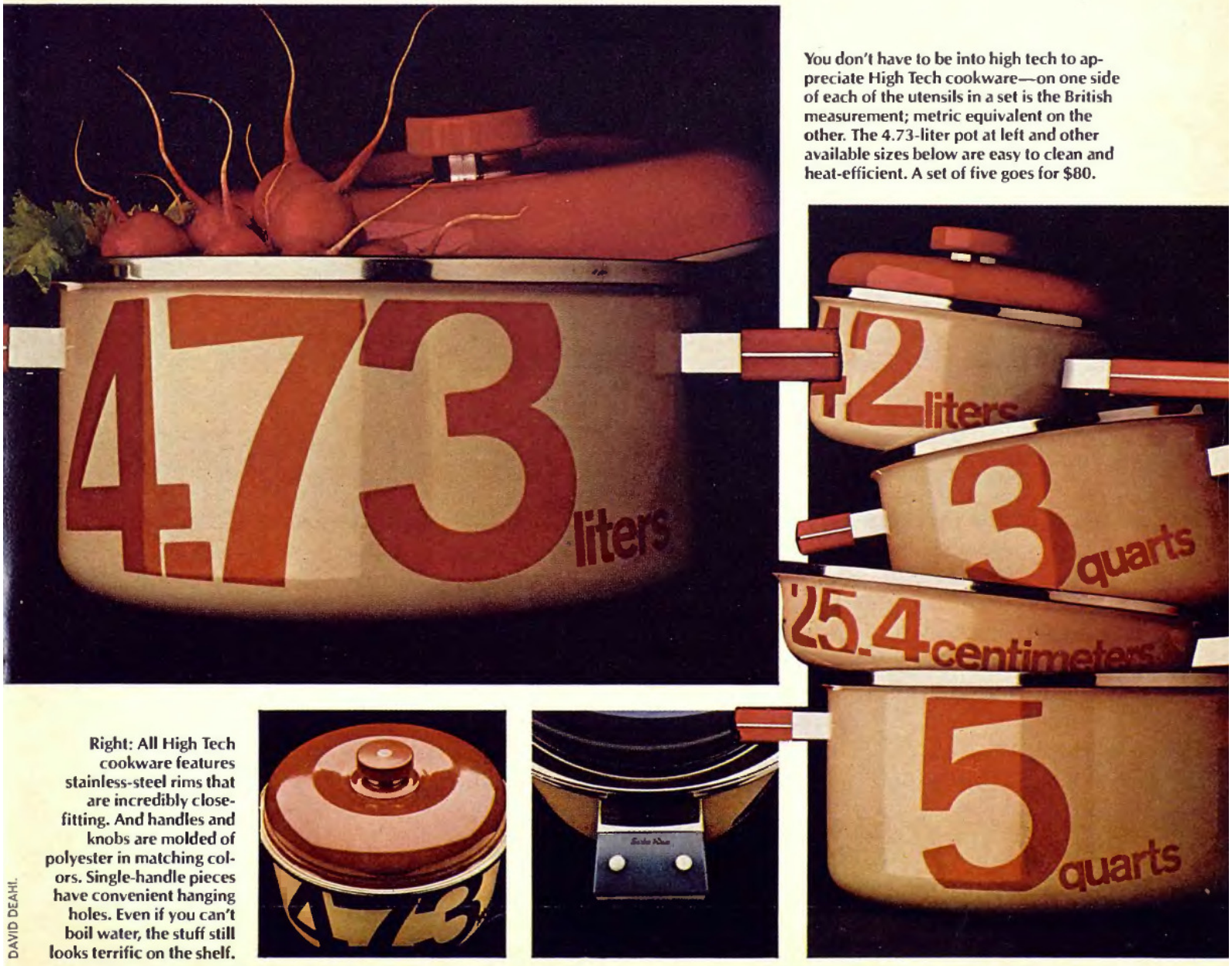
PLAYBOY
ON·THE·SCENE
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

COOKING BY THE NUMBERS

Aside from a colorful high-tech design that would liven even Quasimodo's bachelor kitchen, High Tech brand cookware has something else going for it: The manufacturer—Sanko Housewares—wedded fine porcelain to heavy-gauge steel, and the result is a marriage that distributes cooking heat across the bottom of pots and pans in an incredibly efficient manner. This may sound like a trivial fact that only a serious culinarian would appreciate, but when you consider that it allows lower oven temperatures to be used (Sanko claims up to 25 degrees less than recipe specifications) and the gear can go straight from the table to the dishwasher, it's nice to know you won't be a galley slave at your next dinner party.



You don't have to be into high tech to appreciate High Tech cookware—on one side of each of the utensils in a set is the British measurement; metric equivalent on the other. The 4.73-liter pot at left and other available sizes below are easy to clean and heat-efficient. A set of five goes for $80.

Right: All High Tech cookware features stainless-steel rims that are incredibly close-fitting. And handles and knobs are molded of polyester in matching colors. Single-handle pieces have convenient hanging holes. Even if you can't boil water, the stuff still looks terrific on the shelf.

DAVID DEAHL

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BEAT THE DRAFT

Everybody has a drawer where gloves and scarves land in a heap awaiting the first touch of Old Man Winter's icy fingers. But too often, a pair of stained kidskins or a ragtag muffler ends up stepping out with a great-looking greatcoat because the wearer didn't get his fashion act together and upgrade his cold-weather-accessory collection as often as he did his wardrobe. With all the activity in men's fashions today, it should come as no surprise that gloves and scarves are also enjoying something of a renaissance; styles range from the casual wit of a coordinated knit cap and gloves to the dressy sophistication of a reversible silk/cashmere muffler. In between is an abundance of freshly innovative looks that easily coordinate with anything from the dressiest of formalwear to a wild-and-woolly Marlboro Man shearling. Go for them!

—DAVID PLATT

VERNER ENGELHARD

Clockwise from 12: A tan cashmere knit cap with contrasting off-white striped trim, $85, that looks exceptionally spiffy when combined with matching striped cashmere gloves, $60, and a multicolor striped and knotted cashmere fringed muffler, $135, all by Alfred Dunhill of London. Next to that trio of softies is a multicolor wool/silk scarf, by Susan Horton, about $90. Those good-looking gloves up front are of lambskin suede and—yes—they're acrylic-pile lined, by Gates Gloves, $24. In the drawer is an Irish wool handmade fisherman's fringed muffler, by Galbay Products Ltd., $50. For more formal occasions, step out with the reversible pin-dot silk/cashmere fringed muffler knotted about your neck, by Amicale, about $100. Above it is a multicolor hand-woven silk fringed muffler, by Susan Horton, about $62. And last, beige Shetland-wool knit gloves, by Peter Barton, $27.50. Say bye to Old Man Winter.

© 1981 OSCAR ABOLAFIA

For Your Eyes Only

Actress CASSANDRA HARRIS appears loosely wrapped in the latest James Bond movie. She caught *our* attention, naturally, and then we watched her get sent to 007 heaven by a couple of bad guys. We decided to bring her back and give her the celebrity-breast-of-the-month award. Some things are too good to give up.

MICHAEL DRESSER/PHOTOREPORTERS

Couldn't We Just Shake Hands?

Let's see. He's Mork. He was Popeye. He's going to be Garp (in the movie of *The World According to Garp*). These are not your average roles. But then, ROBIN WILLIAMS is not your average fun guy. He lives right on the edge with his comedy. We don't know what laughs he's keeping under his zipper. Anything goes.

PHIL ROACH/PHOTOREPORTERS

Bedtime for Blondie; Debbie Does D.C.

If we wanted to start a trend, we'd use this photo and call it *old* New Wave. Now that singer DEBBIE HARRY wants to make serious movies, she looked around for some serious role models—and came up with Ronnie and Nancy. Better them than Bonzo, right?

© 1981 BRUCE MC BROOM

Daughter of S.O.B.

We must confess. We were so busy laughing our way through *Blake Edwards'* very funny *S.O.B.* and marveling at Julie Andrews' chest, we forgot to check the credits. JENNIFER BLAKE EDWARDS, daughter of Andrews and writer/director Edwards, was sexy as one of the hitchhikers. We won't be fooled again.

Caution: Man Working

Some people have their best ideas in the bathroom, but it's unusual to keep a typewriter there. We're fans of *The Greatest American Hero*. A show that has Robert Culp and a *reluctant* superhero, WILLIAM KATT, gets our vote.

© 1981 CHAS. GERRITSEN

BARB LEVANT

Breaking Out

We'd like to introduce you to singer/actress KATHRYN MERRILL. If you don't know her yet, you will. Merrill plays Mimi on top soap *Days of Our Lives* and is scheduled for a nighttime series. She played a nun on *The Young and the Restless* and made a Disney children's album that went platinum. We'd say it's time to kiss Mickey and Donald goodbye.

Wearing Thin

A special *Grapevine* ode to the art of hopeless self-promotion: Twinkle, twinkle little BRITT/ Here's a quarter if you'll quit/Up above the earth so high/Like Edy Williams in the sky/Twinkle, twinkle little Britt/ Come see us when you get a hit.

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SURGICAL CHAIRS

Since the pill fell on hard times, it's never quite clear exactly who's supposed to take the responsibility for contraception—the man or the woman. As we continue to bat the contraceptive ball back and forth, a new piece of news may eventually send it back to the women's court.

About 1000 U. S. surgeons are using a new technique for reconnecting the Fallopian tubes of women who have had them severed to become sterile. Tubal ligation has not previously been considered a temporary form of contraception and it still isn't, but one doctor who has tabulated results of the new reconnective surgery, Dr. Jordan Phillips of the University of California at Irvine, told us he's had an 80 percent success rate. Success here means the women's fertility was restored. The new technique involves magnifying the tubes up to 20 times and effecting the surgery with microscopic instruments instead of the clunky tools of normal surgery. It takes about two hours and requires a hospital stay of a few days.

Despite his success, Dr. Phillips won't recommend sterilization and reversal as a temporary form of contraception until the success rate is 100 percent. On the other hand, doctors elsewhere are refining the surgical techniques involved in undoing vasectomies.

DENNIS SILVERSTEIN

T-SHIRT OF THE MONTH

Our resident art historian swears this is what the ladies of the Moulin Rouge used to whisper to Toulouse-Lautrec. For a shirt, send eight bucks to Stiff Tee's, 157 W. 57th Street, New York, New York 10019. Then visit your favorite artist.

WHEN NANCY FRIDAY'S LINE IS BUSY, CALL TEL-MED

Inspired by the success of the original weather and time numbers, telephone advisory services have been expanded. One of the most sophisticated is Tel-Med, a series of prerecorded messages covering a broad range of health topics available in 180 U. S. communities. Recently, *Medical Self-Care* magazine listed the subjects of Pittsburgh Tel-Med in order of the frequency of request. You guessed it—the sex topics won, uh, hands down, considering that six of the top eight related to sex. Masturbation rated number two, right behind marijuana. The other popular nonsex tape was called "Tommy Gets His Tonsils Out" and placed sixth. We wonder whether or not the number of breather calls has decreased since Tel-Med went to Pittsburgh.

TREVOR JEAL

Annie Ampel, above, hung around the Cannes festival long enough to get a tan and a role in *The Last Horror Film*, finally answering the question: Do those topless girls at Cannes get movie parts or what?

WHY DON'T YOU COME UP AND SEE ME? DEPARTMENT

Psychology Today reports psychologist Chris Kleinke asked students at colleges in California and Massachusetts to suggest lines that a man might say to strike up a conversation with a woman. After choosing 100 of the most common come-ons, Dr. Kleinke asked students to rate them according to quality, from terrible to excellent.

In the interest of science and for the edification of our readers, we present the top-rated opener for all occasions: "I feel a little embarrassed, but I'd like to meet you."

Men and women agreed, as we do, that these show bad form: "Is that really your hair?" "Your place or mine?" "You remind me of a woman I used to date" and "Bet I can outdrink you!"

CHILD ABUSE

A hair of the dog that bit you might cure a hangover, but it proves bad advice for pregnant women. From the fourth month of pregnancy on, chorioamnionitis—a bacterial infection associated with semen—can develop, with worse results than the combined effects of alcohol and cigarettes.

A study conducted by Dr. Richard Naeye of Pennsylvania State University indicates that a threat arises as bacteria in the pregnant woman's vagina attach themselves to sperm and travel to the membranes around the fetus, causing an infection that ultimately interferes with the oxygen supply to the fetus.

As well as transportation, semen supplies enzymes that enable bacteria to penetrate the womb, Dr. Naeye says.

So what's a couple to do?

"Condoms look promising," says Naeye.

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JOYCE CAROL OATES TELLS OF A HAUNTING YOUNG GIRL WHO LEAVES HER MARK ON NEW YORK'S AVANT-GARDE IN **"THE SUNKEN WOMAN"**

JIM HARWOOD NOTES THAT IN 1979, *PLAYBOY* BROUGHT YOU YOUR FIRST LOOK AT **BO DEREK.** WE HAVE A FEW SURPRISES (AND SOME FAMILIAR BODIES) FOR YOU THIS YEAR, TOO, IN **"SEX STARS OF 1981"**

THOMAS "HOLLYWOOD" HENDERSON REVEALS (WITH HELP FROM **WALTER LOWE, JR.**) HOW HE DEALS WITH WOMEN (IN MULTIPLES, AT TIMES), HOW HE BECAME A FOOTBALL STAR AND ALMOST BLEW HIS CAREER UP HIS NOSE IN HIS RIVETING **"CONFESSIONS OF A COCAINE COWBOY"**

JULES FEIFFER SKEWERS THE **REAGAN** PHILOSOPHY IN A SATIRICAL COMMENTARY, **"ONE-LINERS: THIS IS YOUR PRESIDENT SPEAKING"**

PHILIP CAPUTO, THE AUTHOR OF *A RUMOR OF WAR,* OBSERVES THAT JOHNNY DIDN'T COME MARCHING HOME FROM VIETNAM, HE CREPT BACK. YOU'LL WANT TO READ **"THE UNRETURNING ARMY"**

ANSON MOUNT IS BACK ON A FAVORITE COURT—AND HE DOESN'T MISS A SHOT IN **"PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW"**

NEW EASY-LISTENING SINGING GROUP **THE PLAYMATES** STAR IN THEIR OWN EASY-ON-THE-EYES PICTORIAL

GEOFFREY NORMAN WRITES ABOUT THAT MOST MISUNDERSTOOD OF RELATIONSHIPS, THAT BETWEEN MALE FRIENDS, IN **"BUDDIES"**

RICHARD PHALON DISSECTS THE MOVES BEHIND THE SNATCH OF A MEDICAL FIRM IN **"ANATOMY OF A CORPORATE TAKE-OVER"**

JOHN UPDIKE EXAMINES THE INNER FEELINGS OF A WOMAN ABOUT HER DYING FATHER AND HER ESTRANGED HUSBAND IN **"KILLING"**

STEPHEN BIRNBAUM, *PLAYBOY*'S TRAVEL EDITOR, TELLS YOU WHERE TO STAY IN ACCOMMODATIONS THAT WOULD MAKE LORENZO DE' MEDICI JEALOUS. IT'S ALL THERE IF YOU KNOW HOW TO **"LIVE LIKE A KING"**

WHAT'S **JOHN DEREK** GOT THAT WE HAVEN'T GOT? LET'S SEE, THERE'S **URSULA, LINDA, BO**. . . . THEY'RE ALL IN ONE PLACE WHEN WE TAKE A LOOK AT JOHN'S FAMILY PHOTO ALBUM

BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN SPINS A YARN ABOUT A VERY HAPPY MAN WHO IS SOMEHOW COMPELLED TO FOUL UP HIS LIFE IN **"THE ADVENTURER"**

STEPHEN KING ABANDONS HORROR FOR A MOMENT TO EXAMINE A NEW MENACE: **"HOW RADIO IS RUINING ROCK 'N' ROLL"**

JO DURDEN-SMITH AND **DIANE DE SIMONE** LAUNCH A MILESTONE SERIES ON WHAT MAKES MAN MAN, WOMAN WOMAN AND PAIRING COMPLEX, WITH A *PLAYBOY* QUESTIONNAIRE FOR READER PARTICIPATION

PLUS: VISITS WITH ECONOMIST **JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH** AND THE NOTORIOUS DEFENSIVE END FOR THE OAKLAND RAIDERS, **JOHN MATUSZAK; "PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS"** AND **"THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS,"** BY **TOM KOCH; LITTLE ANNIE FANNY** UNDERGOES SENSORY DEPRIVATION; TIPS ON HOW TO BE A GUEST AT YOUR OWN POSH PARTY, BY **EMANUEL GREENBERG;** *PLAYBOY*'S PICKS OF THE CAR MARKET FOR 1982; A NUDE BY **NORMAN ROCKWELL; "MR. BILL'S CHRISTMAS"; "PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"; "THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA";** AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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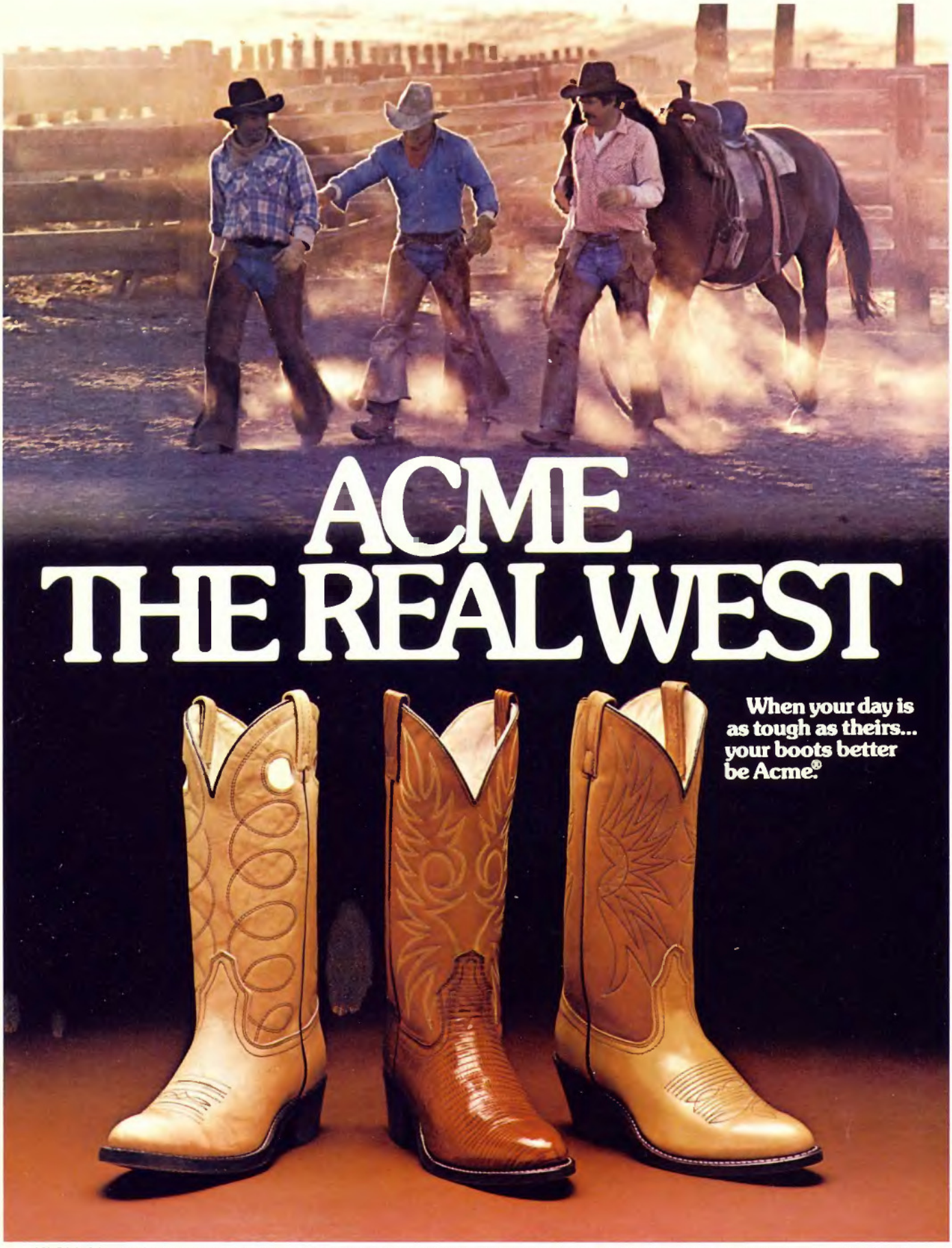

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Merit 100 Menthol	10	0.8
Salem Lights	9	0.7
Vantage 100's	9	0.9
Virginia Slims Lights	8	0.6
Winston Lights	11	0.9

Carlton is lowest.

Carlton Box—lowest of all brands.

Less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic. Carlton Menthol—Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Menthol: Less than 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine;
Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '81.

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