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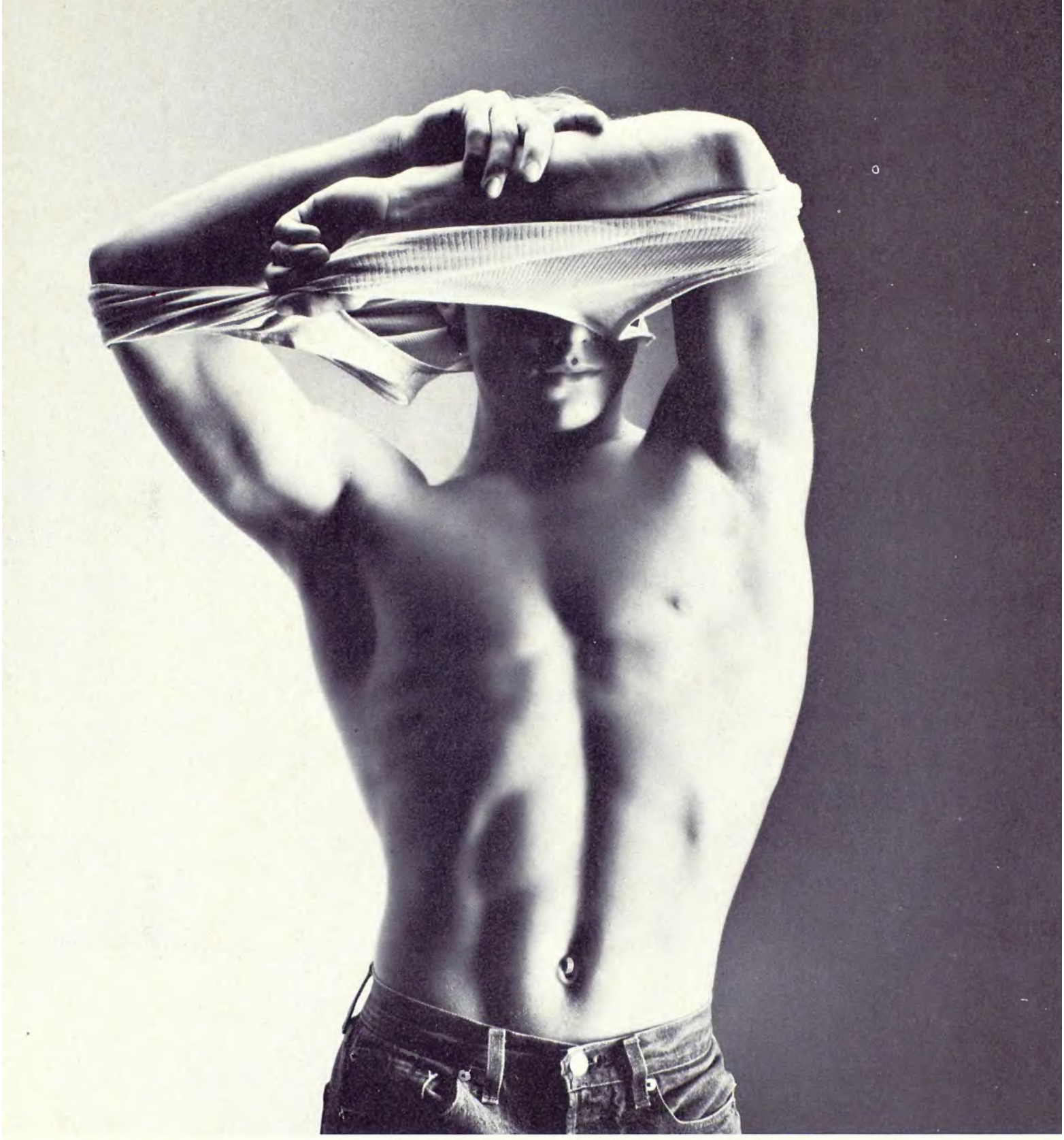

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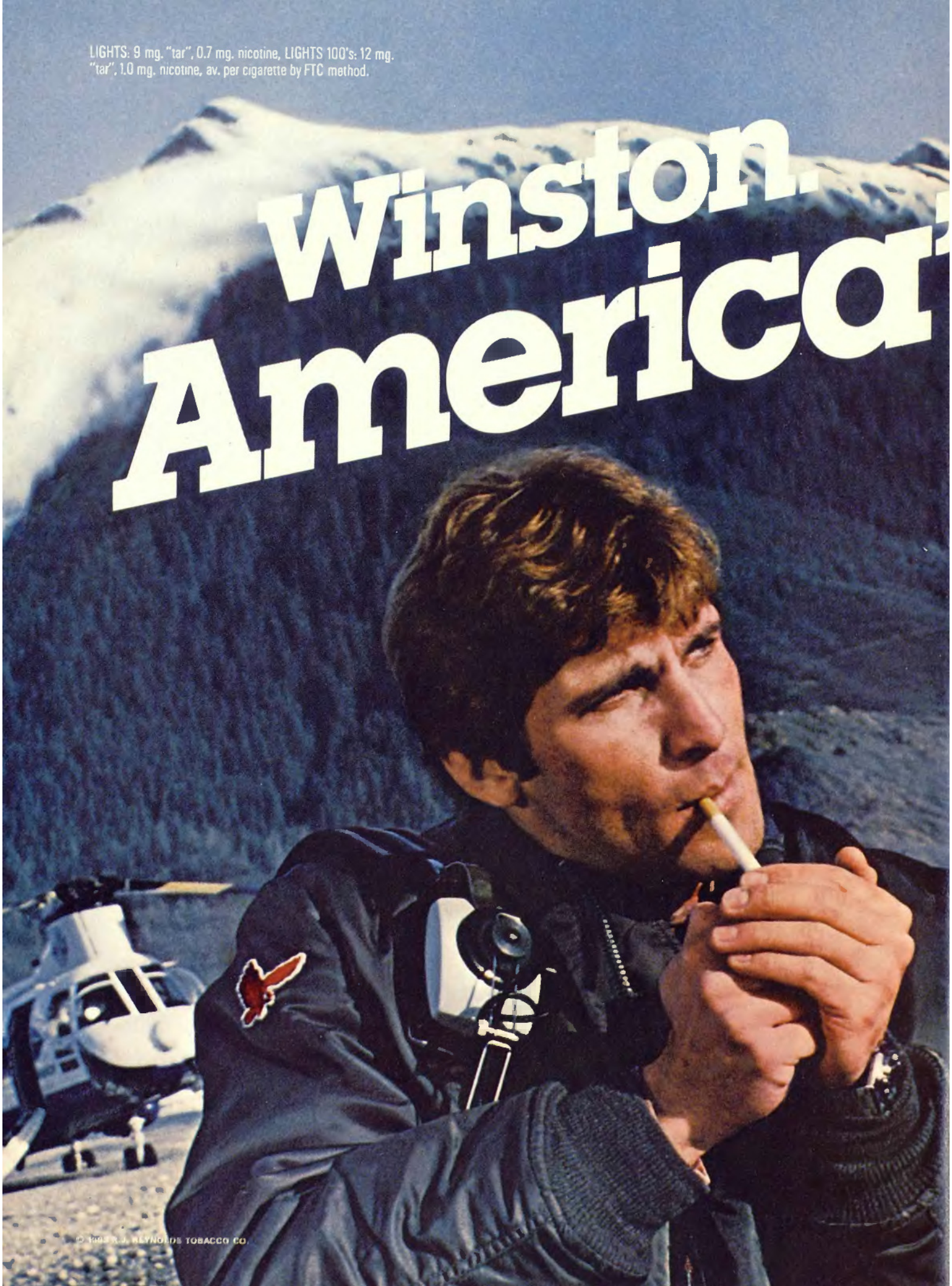

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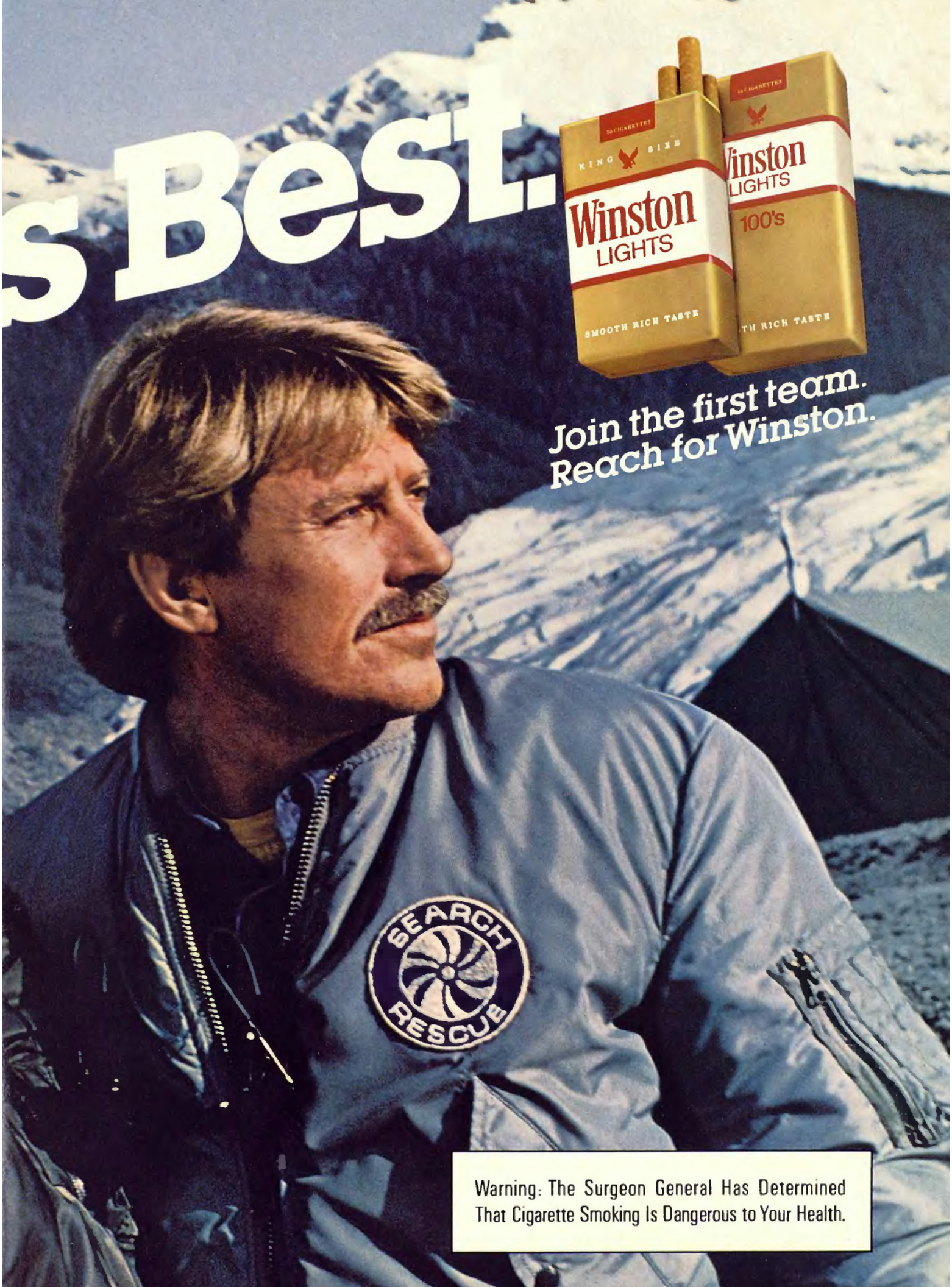
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PLAYBILL

IF YOU'VE PAID ATTENTION to goings on in the Oval Office, you know that some White House tenants have style and some don't. F.D.R. and Eisenhower had it. Ford and Carter didn't. And no President's style has had a greater impact on the voting public than John F. Kennedy's. Now, on the 20th anniversary of Kennedy's assassination, his friend and advisor **William Manchester** has written a new book, *One Brief Shining Moment: Remembering Kennedy* (published by Little, Brown), which we excerpt herein. Manchester's account of Kennedy's historic 1960 campaign reminds us that style need not replace substance.

His critics have accused **Tom Selleck** of being all style and no substance, but the star of television's *Magnum, P.I.* proves otherwise in our *Playboy Interview*, conducted by **David Sheff**. When Sheff probes for Selleck's philosophy, he unleashes a forceful response that reveals that Selleck may be the Clark Gable of the Eighties—discreet in his social life, traditional in his politics.

For all his visibility in commercials and on talk shows, **Orson Welles** is one of Hollywood's most elusive figures. However, his biographer **Barbara Leaming** has been dining with him lately at his favorite Los Angeles restaurant, Ma Maison. In *The Genius Takes On Tinseltown*, she gives us a behind-the-scenes look at the man who made *Citizen Kane*.

If Selleck and Welles are elusive, **Joan Collins** definitely is not. Our cover girl, the bitch-goddess star of television's *Dynasty*, turned out to be a dream to photograph for Contributing Photographer **Mario Casilli** and veteran Hollywood photographer **George Hurrell**. Our West Coast Photography Editor, **Marilyn Grabowski**, coordinated the pictorial.

On the subject of sports, **David Halberstam** takes a nostalgic, if disenchanted, look at what has become of professional sports since the dawn of television in *Notes of a Fallen Fan*, illustrated by **Teresa Fasolino**. In *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*, **Anson Mount** adds his voice to the chorus and says that the same problems (big media, big money) that have afflicted pro sports have had a regrettable impact on the college game.

From his article *The Curse of Lono*, it would seem that **Hunter S. Thompson**, world-renowned maniac, boozer, drug fiend and all-round nice guy, had his own inimitable impact on the sport of blue-marlin fishing from the day he hit the Hawaiian isles. His embellished tale of bedlam on the high seas was taken from his latest book (with **Ralph Steadman**) of the same title, published by Bantam Books.

"I was going to go into mourning for the death of sex," says **Craig Vetter**, "but I didn't have the wardrobe for it." Instead, he decided sex *wasn't* dead but merely unable to defend itself. He takes on the media's naysayers in *The Desexing of America*.

Some are inspired by sex, some by machines and some by sexy machines. If you're among the last, turn immediately to the *Playboy Guide: Electronic Entertainment*, a magazine within a magazine devoted to the latest audio-video goodies and trends. To further enhance your lifestyle, **Emanuel Greenberg** reviews the Caribbean rums in *The Cane Mutiny* and **Hollis Wayne** shows you the latest party duds in *Let's Party!*

To round out the issue, we have a great selection of fiction this holiday month, with new stories from **Donald E. Westlake, Isaac Bashevis Singer** (illustrated by **Irving Petlin**) and **George V. Higgins**. Also, **Peter A. McWilliams** concludes his three-part series on computers with *A Personal Computer Christmas*, illustrated by **Scott Gustafson**. **Andrew Tobias** is back with another of his *Quarterly Reports*, and this one, *Great Plays*, reveals some tricks of the stock-market trade. There's also a pictorial on **Marine Jahan** and five other sexy *Flashdancers*, our annual *Playboy's Christmas Cards* to famous folks by **Tom Koch**, our review of the *Sex Stars of 1983* and our Playmate for this yule season, the gifted **Terry Nihen**. Settle back with a nice hot toddy and a full pipe and spend some time with our Christmas gift to you. Good tidings!

MANCHESTER

SHEFF

LEAMING

HURRELL, CASILLI, GRABOWSKI

HALBERSTAM

FASOLINO

VETTER

THOMPSON

WESTLAKE

SINGER

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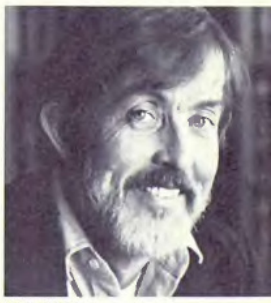
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PLAYBOY

vol. 30, no. 12—december, 1983

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COVER STORY Our cover this month comes odorned with os spectacular a Christmas package os you'll find under any tree—the stunning Joan Collins in a sleek gown designed by Jerry Skeels and Randy McLaughlin of Jeran Designs of Los Angeles. But the cover is only a hint of the delights in store for you in our long-awaited (and worth the wait) Collins pictorial (see page 134).

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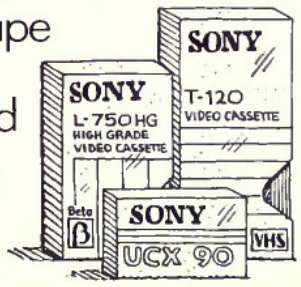

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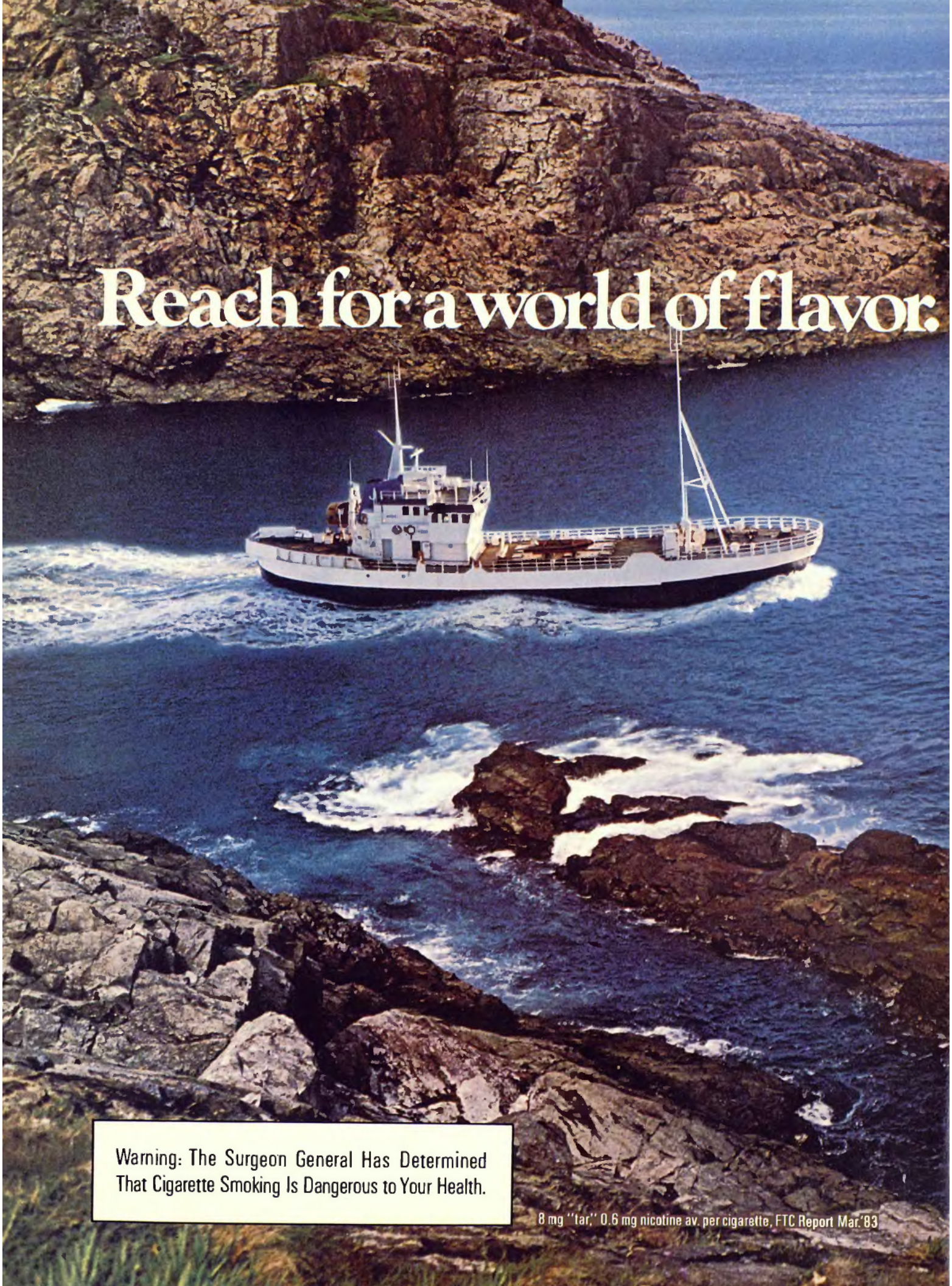
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

ADVISE AND CONSENT

Our West Coast Editor, Stephen Randall (with the headphones), can't quite believe his ears as he hears some spicy sagacity on the new Playboy Advisor radio show. Another person with incredible ears (and everything else) is Bunny Sandy of the L.A. Playboy Club, who joined Randall, producer Stephen Peeples (left) and Westwood One president and executive producer Norm Pattiz in the studio for the very best in aural sex and AM/FM Q. and A.

EVERYBODY LOVES SOME BUNNY SOMETIME

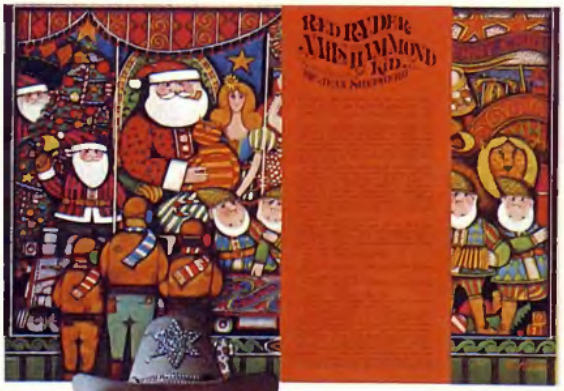
But some are loved more than most. All 16 Bunnies of the Year (elected by keyholder vote) were feted at Mansion West recently by Hef and Alan Thicke of TV's *Thicke of the Night*. Although great at formations, the B.O.Y.s are not a marching band.

SOMETHING TO CHAUFFEUR HER EFFORTS

That's what up-and-coming actress Heidi Sorenson, Miss July 1981, deserved after making the jump to Hollywood from her native Denmark a few years back. Now she has it—a feature role in the TV movie *Sunset Limousine*, which stars John Ritter at the wheel of the titular limo. We always knew Heidi was driven to succeed.

IS THIS THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED DEPOSIT SLIPS?

It could be, if Rodney Dangerfield can resist Miss January 1982, Kim McArthur, in his movie *Easy Money*. Rodney plays a guy who will inherit $10,000,000 if he gives up smoking, drinking, gambling and womanizing for a year. With Kim around, the first three should be the easy part.



GOOD SHEPHERD

Young Peter Billingsley (left) yearns for a Red Ryder Air Gun in the new film *A Christmas Story*, co-written by Jean Shepherd and based on his PLAYBOY tale *Red Ryder Nails the Hammond Kid* (December 1965). We can't give away the plot, but we bet it will charm you.

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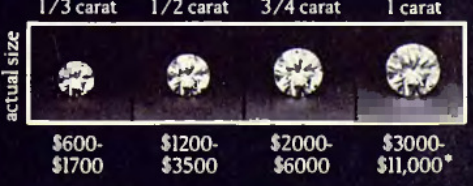
It comes down to a question of priorities. And what's more important than the woman you love?



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YOU SAY YOU WANT A REVOLUTION. . . .

Thank you, as usual, for the photographs of acres and acres of skin, but special thanks for the *Playboy Interview* with the *Sandinistas* (September). It just may be the best interview I have ever read.

Maury Maverick, Jr.
San Antonio, Texas

I would like to think that PLAYBOY's extraordinary *Interview* with the *Sandinista* leadership put to rest the notion that Nicaragua is being ruled by hard-eyed, humorless ideologues controlled by Moscow and Havana. That will probably not be the case, however, since the hard-eyed, humorless ideologues who have seized power in Washington apparently will not be deterred from turning all of Central America into a bloody battleground. It is sad to note, though, that the behavior of Bonzo's co-star is in keeping with one of the uglier traditions of his office; i.e., that of an American President's sending troops onto foreign soil without Congressional approval.

Jeffrey Blankfort
San Francisco, California

The *Playboy Interview* with the *Sandinistas* is deplorably prejudiced and largely anti-American. Dreifus conveniently forgets to mention to them that if the United States had not stopped its support for Somoza, the F.S.L.N. would never have come to power in Nicaragua, and that during the first two years of the *Sandinistas*' government, the United States gave it more financial aid than it had given Somoza during all his years in power.

Nikolaos G. Kondylis
Watertown, Massachusetts

In view of the present policy in Nicaragua with regard to the media, I'm sure that obtaining approval for your *Interview* was not easy. You should be aware that your publication may have been chosen for this interview because of its widespread appeal to the American people. As you may know, the Nicaraguan government does not allow Nicaragua's internal media to provide similar information to the Nicaraguan people regarding U.S. positions on this matter.

W. C. Cousland, Brigadier General, U.S. Army
Deputy Assistant Secretary
Department of Defense
Washington, D.C.

TURNERBOUT

I've known Ted Turner since he was in his late teens. We've sailed and raced together and against each other. I've spent hours with him at his Hope Plantation and can feel his love of the land. Hence, I read Peter Ross Range's *Playboy Interview* (August) with special interest. My question is this: How could you have loused up an otherwise illuminating *Interview* by inserting the interviewer's ill-informed opinions under the title *The Demons of Ted Turner*? Turner is not a saint; but he is the straightest man I know. That very straightness gets him in trouble sometimes. While he doesn't like criticism (who does?), he will accept it when it's warranted, and he remains intensely loyal to friends who differ with him. You have had two *Interviews* with him, but I'll bet you won't get a third; you have hit him below the belt by going beyond a good interview and ruminating on other aspects of the man—aspects you don't know a damn thing about.

Robert N. Bavier, Jr.
Cos Cob, Connecticut

THE FRONT

Ooh-la-la! PLAYBOY is a real treat to read and, of course, the women are beautiful. But your September issue has an *extreme* treat—the cover. Kym Herrin is the perfect cover model. I cannot imagine any red-blooded male's not picking up this issue on the merits of the cover alone. The

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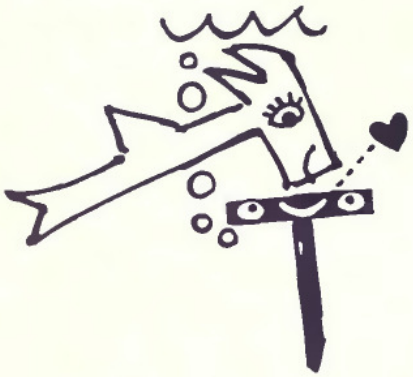
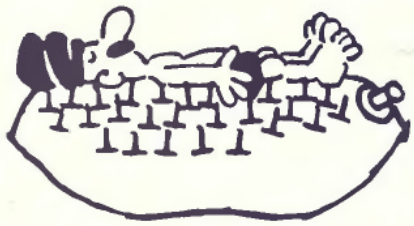


a) the mate of the hammerhead shark.



b) a spring in a Hindu water bed.

c) the delicious combination of equal parts of Drambuie and scotch over ice.

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issue is great, as usual. But aren't all the people, places and things on the inside lucky to have Kym heading the parade?

Bill Chaffin
Richmond, Virginia

In a world in which beauty is a rare commodity, Kym Herrin would do well to consider the advantages of personal incorporation.

E. Gilet
Nashville, Tennessee

HIGHEST TECH

I must admit being significantly disappointed in, but not surprised by, Craig Vetter's *Technodarlings* in the September PLAYBOY. My experience with MIT students suggests that his portrayal of them is narrow, shallow and uninvolved. Further, to paint our education as crushing—one that leads to young people's becoming suicidal—is inaccurate in the extreme. Finally, Vetter's treatment of women at MIT, though consonant with PLAYBOY's usual trivialization of them, is also regrettable. As an attempted fictional spoof, smoothly written by Vetter—not bad. As a piece of reasonable reporting—far off the mark.

William J. Hecht, Executive Vice-President
MIT Alumni Association
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Your portrayal of life at MIT is unnervingly close to the reality of it. Kudos to Vetter. As an undergraduate employee of the Artificial Intelligence Lab, I feel compelled to add to one comment made in the article. Although some folks here *do* manage to sit and hack uninterrupted for days on end, some of us find the time to do other things as well—such as read your magazine. Keep up the good work.

Michael J. Konopik
Artificial Intelligence Laboratory
Cambridge, Massachusetts

SWEETHEART OF Σ X

As my brothers and I read the September issue of PLAYBOY, we were particularly drawn to the beauty and wit of Miss September, Barbara Edwards. But what really caught our eye (besides her obvious physical endowments) was her Playmate Data Sheet. Imagine our surprise at her listing her favorite turn-on as being a Sigma Chi sister! I'm sure the rest of the Greek world is outraged, but what can we say, guys? The lady knows quality. We love you, Barbara!

The Men of the Sigma Chi Fraternity
Zeta Psi Chapter
Cincinnati, Ohio

I leave for the U.S. Air Force at the end of August and couldn't have asked for a better going-away present than Miss September, Barbara Edwards. Since having her come to boot camp with me in person is impossible, I'm trying to figure out a way to smuggle in her centerfold. If I get caught, I'll expect you either to bail me out or to let me see more of Barbara in the very near future.

Michael Davis
Aurora, Colorado

Don't worry about getting caught,

Michael. One of the first things they teach you in the Air Force is bailing out.

A. C. SCENERY

Congratulations to Contributing Photographer David Chan and all the *Girls of the Atlantic Coast Conference* (PLAYBOY September). Of the many young ladies depicted, I'm especially knocked out by Kerry McClurg, the Maryland lovely who admits that she's wanted to appear in PLAYBOY since she was 14. Now that you've fulfilled her dream, how about satisfying one of mine? I would love to see Kerry in your centerfold.

Jeff Morriss
Edison, New Jersey

As a student at the University of Virginia and as one of the 70,000 boys in the A.C.C., I enjoyed *Girls of the Atlantic Coast Conference* immensely. It just goes to show that the best-looking girls really are in the South. Thanks.

William H. Arrington, III
Charlottesville, Virginia

I am a 19-year-old female college student who enjoys reading her dad's copy of PLAYBOY every month. Your text on the girls of the A.C.C. really points out the unfairness of many of the women's movements on today's campuses; that is, it is acceptable for a woman to display her intelligence, but it's unacceptable for her to display her intelligence *and* her beauty. As a member of the female species, I feel there is nothing wrong with an intelligent

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woman's displaying her other attributes as well. Cara Lee Macdonald of Virginia is a good example. Not only is she a bright, ambitious law major but she also has a perfectly lovely pair of boobies. If it's acceptable for her to exhibit her intelligence on the campus of Virginia, then it should also be acceptable for her to show off her knockers to the readers of PLAYBOY if she wants to. I cannot accept the arguments made by John Slaughter, Madge McQueen and John Rogers that women should be admired for their cerebral qualities but not their physical ones. Macdonald and the rest of the A.C.C. girls have every right to be proud that they bared both their minds and their bodies.

Denise L. Chilipka
Rexville, New York

CHEER, CHEER

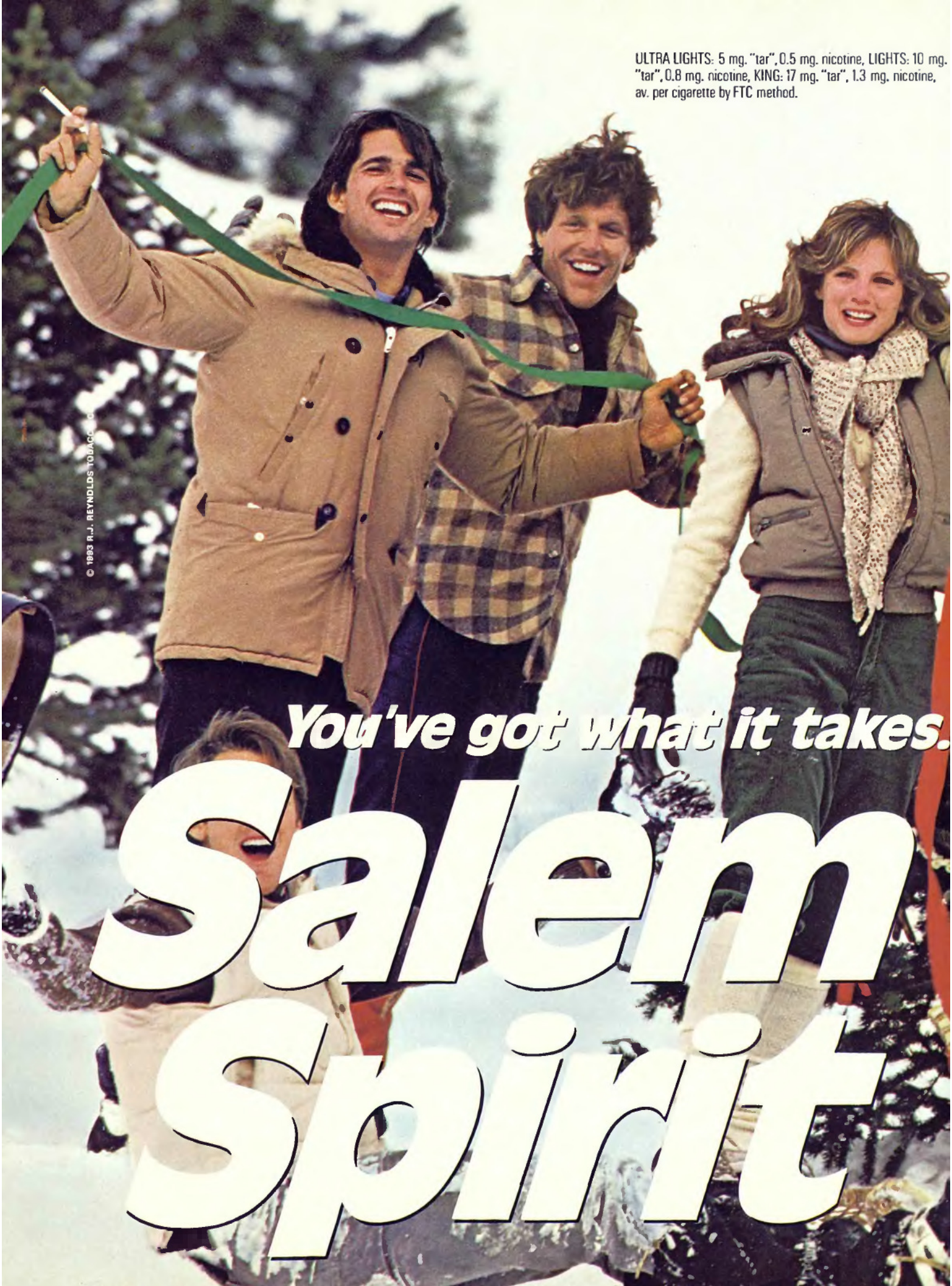
In regard to Anson Mount's *Playboy's Pigskin Preview* (PLAYBOY, September): With all due credit to Ara Parseghian's record at Notre Dame, which was certainly notable, I question whether Ara was second only to Rockne in performance. Frank Leahy had an outstanding record at Notre Dame, including a 39-game undefeated streak and national championships in 1943, 1946, 1947 and 1949. Leahy's record may have outshined Ara's and should not be overlooked. And let's give Gerry Faust a chance. He is recognized as a sterling recruiter and he presents a good image for Notre Dame. Perhaps this season he will prove he is a great coach as well.

John Nusskern
Grand Junction, Colorado

PASSIVE RESISTANCE

Asa Baber usually does an excellent job, which is why I am concerned about a slip in his September *Men* column. He always tries to be fair in his consideration of women, but in "Ball-Bustin' Blues, Part One," he commits the ultimate misunderstanding. Baber states that feeling out of control of one's life is a male problem and a relatively new one. He states that twice in his life, he felt the deep anger of being forced to be submissive. *Just twice!* Every woman should be as lucky. Needing to be in control of one's life is a *human* need, a need for both men and women. Ask any psychologist. That men sometimes carry it too far and want also to control the women and the children in their life is more to their advantage than to their disadvantage. At least, when things start to go wrong, they can recognize the problem, as Baber does. Women who have been raised to be submissive don't even know where to start looking. It is womankind's largest problem.

Linda Bairstow
Albuquerque, New Mexico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DEWAR'S PROFILE:

MARK STORY

HOME: New York City.

AGE: 35

PROFESSION: Commercial film director, Pfeifer-Story Productions.

HOBBIES: Writing the ultimate self-help book for the non-gregarious, *How to Spend the Least Amount of Time with People You Don't Like.*

LAST BOOK READ: *Post Office,* Charles Bukowski.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Directed *Fur,* a satirical short film, for *Saturday Night Live.*

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "After eight years of taking orders in an advertising agency, the time had come. The directee would become the director. And I did."

PROFILE: Works well with people. Would prefer not to. "Closet recluse."

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

UPLIFTING MESSAGE

In an article devoted to drug deals and addiction among attorneys, *The National Law Journal* reported the case of a Florida lawyer accused of negotiating for the sale of cocaine valued at $3,000,000. No stranger to dope deals, the accused attorney had specialized in defending clients in drug-related cases, advertising his services in *High Times* magazine under the heading "GIVE YOUR BUST A LIFT."

•

The Bradford, Vermont, school board rejected a reference book on language skills prepared by teachers at Oxbow High School because it contained too many spelling and grammatical errors.

•

Our favorite headline this month comes from Australia's *Tasmanian Country*: "STATE SEMEN SENT TO BUSH-FIRE VICTIMS."

•

The San Diego chapter of Mensa, that weird club for ultra-brights, decided it would be fun to invite members of Densa, a group of self-proclaimed not-so-brights, to a chili party. It was fun, said Densa president Jack Canaan. But it would have been more fun if the Mensa people had remembered the chili.

•

Drug-crazed crows, swacked on window putty, are terrorizing a new suburb near Traunstein, West Germany, by smashing windowpanes with their beaks. Builders in the area have complained to authorities that the birds, made hyperactive and aggressive by something in the putty, have caused substantial vandalism. Perhaps the West Germans should enlist the aid of Crow-Magnum, P.I.

•

Yes, but how were the canapés? Arthur Prager, who attended a gala benefit at New York's South Street Seaport Museum in honor of Brooke Astor's longtime support, was overheard to say, "Brooke *Astor*? I thought they were honoring Brooke *Shields*."

•

Two dozen members of the Vagos Outlaws motorcycle club roared into Orange, California, pulled up outside St. Joseph Hospital, took the place by storm and donated 50 units of blood. Leader Tony "Rat" Simmons explained, "Many of us have needed blood transfusions. . . . You get out of life what you put into it."

•

Members of the Southern Baptist Convention voted overwhelmingly to hold their 1989 meeting in Las Vegas. Donna Jethon, a Southern Baptist from Reidsville, North Carolina, said after casting her vote, "There's going to be prostitution. There's going to be drinking. There's going to be gambling. That makes me even more determined to go there."

•

Illinois secretary of state Jim Edgar says final figures indicate that of the 16,385 vehicles given CV license plates—indicating they serve charitable organizations—there were 527 Cadillacs, 147 Lincolns, 18 Mercedes and one Rolls.

•

Los Angeles residents aren't just into hot tubs these days. They're also into creatively defacing bumper stickers issued by a local hamburger chain. What originally read IN-N-OUT BURGERS now advertises that even more appealing delicacy, the old IN-N-OUT URGE.

•

When *Return of the Jedi* premiered in Kenya, one particular line brought the house down. When alien Nien Nunb said, "*Atiriri inyui mwi hau inyouthe ukai haha*" to the pilot of the starship Millennium Falcon, 1300 people broke into cheers. Apparently, the alien spoke fluent Kikuyu, the dialect of Kenya's dominant tribe. The phrase means "Listen, you over there; come here, all of you."

•

Richard W. Suter, Chicago numismatist and author of *How Not to Get Ripped Off in the Coin Business*, admitted in U.S. district court that he had swindled coin buyers out of at least $50,000.

•

A 20-year-old Paris housewife discovered that a violent headache she had been suffering for ten days had been caused by a .22-caliber bullet her husband had fired into her head while she was sleeping. When she awoke, she noticed some blood

BEST SELLERS

FICTION

Rabbit Is Senile, by John Updike. Rabbit Angstrom runs away and forgets why. The continuing story of an American hero.

Rocky XIII, by Sylvester Stallone. Another installment in the story of the boxer who became Pope. Based on the movie.

The Odd Sea, by Homer. A new interpretation and translation by A. J. Cobson.

Dune Buggy: God Emperor of the Road, by Frank Herbert. Science fiction for the motor-minded.

Rural Routes, by Alex Haley. A black postman finds his route.

2000 and Change: A Space Rip-Off, by Arthur C. Clarke. The long-awaited climax of the *2001: A Space Odyssey* trilogy. Hal, the homicidal computer, becomes an intergalactic banker.

Sofia's Joyce, by William Styron. The imaginative account of James Joyce in Bulgaria.

Four by Fitzgerald: *Trendy Is the Night, The Great Gretzky, This Side of Parody* and *The Last Raccoon*. Four lost classics by Barry Fitzgerald.

Waiting for Good Dough, by Samuel Bakit. A drama of rising expectations.

A Hitchhiker's Guide to Bloomingdale's: Short stories from *The New Yorker*.

The Wimps of War, by Herman Woukie. The epic saga of three generations of conscientious objectors. For the squeamish.

Gross Encounters of the Behind, by Steven Spielberg. Psychic messages drive a man to do weird things with mashed potatoes.

Gandhi with the Wind, by Margaret Bourke-Mitchell. The story of a Boston Brahman who moves to the South to start a bean plantation. "Frankly, Mahatma, I don't smell a thing."

Nancy Drew's First Period. A serious novel about Nancy's initiation into the world of punctuation; to be followed by ***Nancy Drew's First Comma.***

NONFICTION

Treasures of the Vatican Collection, with an introduction by Pope John Paul II. This official publication, authorized by the Vatican Museums, is a collection of the best confessions of 1982 as selected by priests on five continents. With a 30-page Celebrity Confessions Quiz.

The Complete Scarsdale Prison Diet, by Jean Harris and Dr. Hi "Apple" Turnover. Proper nutrition for the other woman.

The Book of Lisps—"Great Lispers in History," by Irving Wallathe, Amy Wallathe and David Wallethinthky.

101 Uses for a Dead Katz: Dealing Creatively with Bereavement, by Sheila Katz. A personal story of coping.

Years of Raking It In, by Henry Kissinger. Volume nine of his memoirs.

Amazing Grace: The Biography of Grace Tarantella. A young girl from Passaic, New Jersey, grows up to become the mascot of the 82nd Airborne Division.

From Van der Rohe to Hi-De-Ho, by Cab Calloway. The jazz singer's favorite houses.

Ball One, by Jackson "Tiger" Mortimer. The exploits of the popular baseball player, who continued to play despite the havoc resulting from a botched vasectomy.

Real Flies Don't Eat Shit, by Belle Zeboob. Dining cheaply in New York City.

Like, Plié! Totally Pas de Deux! Y'Know—Grand Jeté—Fer Shoor! How to Be a Ballet Girl, by Allison McAllison.

30 Days to a Slimmer You: "The Mahatma Gandhi Diet," by Richard Attenborough. Passive resistance to food, from the author of *Sexy Legs in 20 Days: Where to Find Them—How to Make Them Yours*.

A Cut Above: "The Royal Circumcision," by Chuck and Di Windsor. With photographs, drawings and commemorative cup. —AVRUM JACOBSON

on her pillow, got up, washed her hair and then went back to bed. The husband, charged with attempted murder, had been despondent over losing his job.

OF MICE AND MEN

Arnold Creeley, deputy sheriff of New York's Tioga County, was relaxing at the Rainbow Trail tavern in Owego one evening when the bar hosted a mouse race. Creeley was swept up in the spirit of competition. After placing a bet on his vermin of choice, he accepted a challenge to eat his race mouse if it didn't rally for a win. Moments later, he was garnishing his rodent repast with salt, pepper and catsup. "He said the tail was wiggling in his throat," said tavern owner Donald Wheeland. "It took him two swallows."

•

Sign of the times: We found the following message, in tasteful calligraphy, on the back of the driver's seat in a local taxi: CASH ONLY. NO CHECKS, FOOD STAMPS, DRUGS, SEX, B--LS--T OR EXCUSES WILL BE ACCEPTED OR EXPECTED. TIP ONLY FOR GOOD SERVICE. WELCOME TO CHICAGO.

A CLEAR CASE OF ENTRAPMENT

After five weeks of intense law-enforcement effort, the Park Forest South, Illinois, police department's sting operation busted a thief who'd been stealing small amounts of marijuana from the department's evidence lockers.

Yes, a dope-eating mouse had been chewing its way through plastic bags filled with boo that were being held for an impending drug trial. Officers bought four "self-baited" traps, which contain a substance mice allegedly can't resist. Still, the little bugger ignored them and ended up absconding with about a half ounce of the pot—sign of a prodigious habit.

Finally, a savvy Park Forest South detective suggested baiting a trap with a joint: "Good, California-grade pot," said Police Chief Michael Dooley. "We knew the mouse wouldn't mess with the bad stuff." The culprit was found dead the next day, its final bite of wonder leaf still in its mouth. "That mouse," said Dooley, "probably didn't know it was dead."

•

An article in the *Tucson Citizen* about burial costs noted that cremation is often one fourth as expensive as a traditional burial. Swan funeral director Edwin Hudgel added, "[Cremation] is really a lifesaver for people."

•

Two American students returning from the Soviet Union were detained by Soviet customs agents who confiscated their printed matter—including a recent copy of PLAYBOY. The students overheard the officials saying to each other, "Do we have this issue?"

"Yes, we can give it back to them."

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THERE ARE MEN WHO KNOW.

Season's Greetings!
Patricia Farinelli

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7AA42

By TONY SCHWARTZ

FAITHFUL READERS of this column will recall that it began six months ago with a bold prediction: the demise of a major network—NBC—during the next ten years.

May I amend that ever so slightly? The forces conspiring against the networks are no less powerful than they were. Still, on further reflection. I'm ready to concede that it may be impossible to lose money running a network. NBC, after all, ran a distant and dismal third last season and still eked out a $100,000,000 profit.

What *will* happen is that NBC, as well as CBS and ABC, will become inexorably less profitable and less powerful as the competition grows. And the most important of those competitors may not be Home Box Office or Ted Turner's WTBS but one that doesn't exist yet: a fourth network composed of independent stations and opportunistic network affiliates.

Before we get caught up in abstract concepts, let's look at a specific fourth-network notion. This fall, several producing partners introduced a show called *Thicke of the Night* on approximately 120 stations around the country. The 90-minute program, starring Canadian talk-show star Alan Thicke, is designed as an alternative—for viewers and advertisers—to NBC's aging *Tonight Show*, with Johnny Carson. Among the stations that picked up *Thicke* are independents that might otherwise be programing old network reruns and affiliates of all three major networks, including at least two from NBC that are using Thicke in place of Carson.

Other producers have been cooking up their own fourth-network projects. Embassy Telecommunications is about to begin a quarterly movie night on a group of 100 stations it has put together; Paramount Pictures has talked of a combination movie-and-first-run-specials network, in partnership with three of the largest group-television-station owners; and McCann-Erickson, the advertising agency, has considered helping develop a project in which independent stations would set aside two hours a week for first-run programing.

If *Thicke* works, "it could mean Armageddon," says Bob Bennett, president of Metromedia Television, which produces the program in partnership with MGM/UA and Fred Silverman.

Armageddon? A single show as the showdown? Well, look at Bennett's logic. For years, *Tonight* has been among NBC's most profitable shows—reportedly earning as much as $100,000,000 a year. The affiliates that run *Tonight* earn only a pittance by comparison; NBC pays each one a nominal fee ("compensation") and gives it a couple of commercial spots at the beginning and the end of the show.

So NBC won't play dead; there's still a threat of a fourth network.

By contrast, the producers of *Thicke* are splitting the commercial time 50/50 with local stations—meaning that each side has 90 spots a week to sell. If *Thicke* wins even half the audience that *Tonight* does, Bennett figures it will earn upwards of $80,000,000 a year—and that affiliated stations may earn ten times what they do now by carrying network offerings. That prospect could prove mighty seductive.

Certainly, the affiliates have reason to feel restive. The networks, reacting to diminished audiences and rising costs, have already increased the number of national commercials they run, usurped morning and late-night time slots that affiliates used to program (and profit from) alone and failed to increase affiliate compensation to keep pace with inflation. "They're fooling around with a delicate, sensitive relationship," says Bennett.

Now, thanks largely to satellite technology, affiliates have a way of striking back. Until recently, the networks, using telephone land lines, were the only ones that could transmit programs cost-effectively and quickly. Now most stations have their own satellite dishes. The result is an instant and inexpensive means of plucking from the sky whatever programs a producer transmits via satellite. Which is how *Thicke* is being distributed.

For national advertisers, the lure of alternative networks is another competitive outlet. As long as network shows were the only ones that reached the entire country, major advertisers paid whatever the networks demanded. But now that independently produced shows such as *Thicke* can reach nearly the same audience, advertisers have an alternative.

This fall, for example, a new half-hour news-and-feature show called *Newscope* is being delivered by satellite each day to stations covering 90 percent of the country. Telepictures Corporation, the New York–based producer of the show, is offering advertisers incentives the networks do not, including guarantees of audience. Among those who have signed up is Sears, Roebuck. "Sears is spending more than $2,000,000," says Michael Garin, president of Telepictures. "That money would otherwise have gone to the networks."

Independent stations are another part of the equation. Up to now, they've built a remarkably good business with remarkably little innovation—running old movies, local sports and reruns of shows like *M*A*S*H* against the local news on network affiliates. But without their own programs, independents remain dependent—and bland. By banding together to produce original programing, they have an opportunity to become distinctive—and, perhaps, to compete effectively against network prime-time shows.

Bennett's Metromedia is the best positioned, since the company owns independent stations in the top three markets—New York, Los Angeles and Chicago—and has a total of seven stations that reach 25 percent of the viewing audience. Indeed, Metromedia is active on several fronts. Beyond *Thicke*, it is helping keep alive *Fame* and *Too Close for Comfort*, two shows that the networks canceled.

Metromedia is also initiating its own monthly movie night—offering a feature film on Sunday nights that hasn't previously played on the networks. As with *Thicke*, participating stations will share in the ad revenues—and stand to earn far more than they would by running network fare. In Boston, for example, where Metromedia owns WCVB, an ABC affiliate, Bennett figures that the station might easily earn $100,000 in ad revenues from a reasonably attractive two-hour movie, compared with $10,000 for using network programing.

Unlike proponents of cable television in its first flush, few fourth-network advocates are suggesting that more interesting programing will be one of the outcomes of the competitive environment.

Beneficiaries from fourth networks should include advertisers, independent stations, affiliates and producers. But for viewers, the best hope may be more times in which to watch the same movies and sitcoms.

"Any lip service paid to quality on televison is exactly that: lip service," says Garin. "All this fight is really over is a bigger share of the advertising dollars."

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BOOKS

Hoopla (Knopf), by Harry Stein, is a fictional account of those years in the early part of this century when American life was so wide open that somebody even found a way to fix the world series. Stein beautifully catches the aura, the language and the characters of the time. Luther Pond is his inspired invention, a grizzled old sportswriter who covered that rigged 1919 White Sox series, and Buck Weaver was one of the eight Chicago players who were accused of throwing the games and then were drummed out of baseball for life. Between them, they meet just about everybody who was anybody in those years, from Ty Cobb to John L. Sullivan to Shoeless Joe Jackson to Jack London (whom Pond calls a lout and a bad writer). And so do we. At one point, Cobb goes into the stands to beat a nasty fan half-senseless, then leads a players' strike in the wake of the affair. That strike lasts only hours, though, because the rich men who owned baseball in those years were utterly shameless in their exploitation of the country boys who played for them. It makes it a little harder to begrudge the modern players their fat salaries or to believe that there were good old days when baseball was played mostly for the fun of it.

•

OK, kids, ready for your history lesson? Did you know that Vietnam veterans are not eligible for benefits under the GI Bill? That President Carter said, "Our concept of human rights is preserved in Poland"? That in the U.S.A. today, there is as much forest as there was when George Washington was at Valley Forge? That 80 percent of our air pollution stems from hydrocarbons released by vegetation? That fascism was really the basis for the New Deal? That General Anastasio Somoza, dictator of Nicaragua, resigned from office because the Organization of American States asked him to? That when the United States was the only country with nuclear weapons, it did not blackmail others with threats to use them? That it may be true that people go to bed hungry every night, but most of them are on diets? What? You don't believe what you're hearing? But our President told us so! And Mark Green and Gail MacColl have compiled an account of "Ronald Reagan's Reign of Error." The book is titled ***There He Goes Again*** (Pantheon). It's good for a lot of laughs, but it's also good for something more profound, a basic question: What *does* the President know?

•

The title of Ron Hansen's book ***The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford*** (Knopf) hardly lets the reader know what a literary treat is in store for him. What he gets, though, is a historical novel, well researched, that provides a gentle, poetic and vivid portrait of the James gang as living, breathing scum bags. This isn't just revisionist history through the device of fiction; it's a highly convincing contemporary view of sociopathic depravity. Jesse has some redeeming eccentricities, but the others display worrisome forms of righteous and vicious redneckism. This, communicated with a fine style and careful wordsmithing, should secure honors for Hansen.

The 1919 Black Sox scandal retold.

Baseball, Reagan, Jesse James, mystery and Paul Theroux on Britain.

A Jesse James novel that works.

•

In the summer of 1929, a German doctor and his mistress turned their backs on middle-class Berlin society, sailed halfway around the world and set up housekeeping on deserted Floreana Island in the Pacific's Galápagos archipelago. Dr. Friedrich Ritter fancied himself a philosopher, and Dore Strauch saw a chance to escape from her schoolteacher husband. Both envisioned a pastoral retreat from the 20th Century. But the Adam and Eve of Floreana, as Friedrich named them, were soon joined by other outcasts—notably, a gunslinging, self-titled baroness and her entourage of servile young men. By 1934, three islanders were dead. ***The Galápagos Affair*** (Random House) is a fascinating account of that eccentric community, as pieced together by Cambridge zoologist John Treherne. While Treherne's expertise isn't in journalism, his inquisitive and thoughtful nature unravels innumerable contradictions in the unsolved deaths. In this instance, truth *is* stranger than fiction.

•

Paul Theroux, author of two excellent travel books, *The Great Railway Bazaar* and *The Old Patagonian Express*, has just come through with his best effort, ***The Kingdom by the Sea*** (Houghton Mifflin). "The longer I lived in London, the more I came to see how much of Englishness was bluff and what wet blankets they could be," Theroux writes of his growing irritation with that city, "but when I began to think about traveling around Britain, I became excited." And travel around Britain he does—around its coast line ("Britain *was* its coast—nowhere in Britain was more than 65 miles from the sea"). In this volume, Theroux takes trains, hitchhikes, rows, walks, talks, observes, through Cornwall and Wales, Ulster and Scotland, from country lane and deserted beach to village and city. A fine book; don't leave home without it.

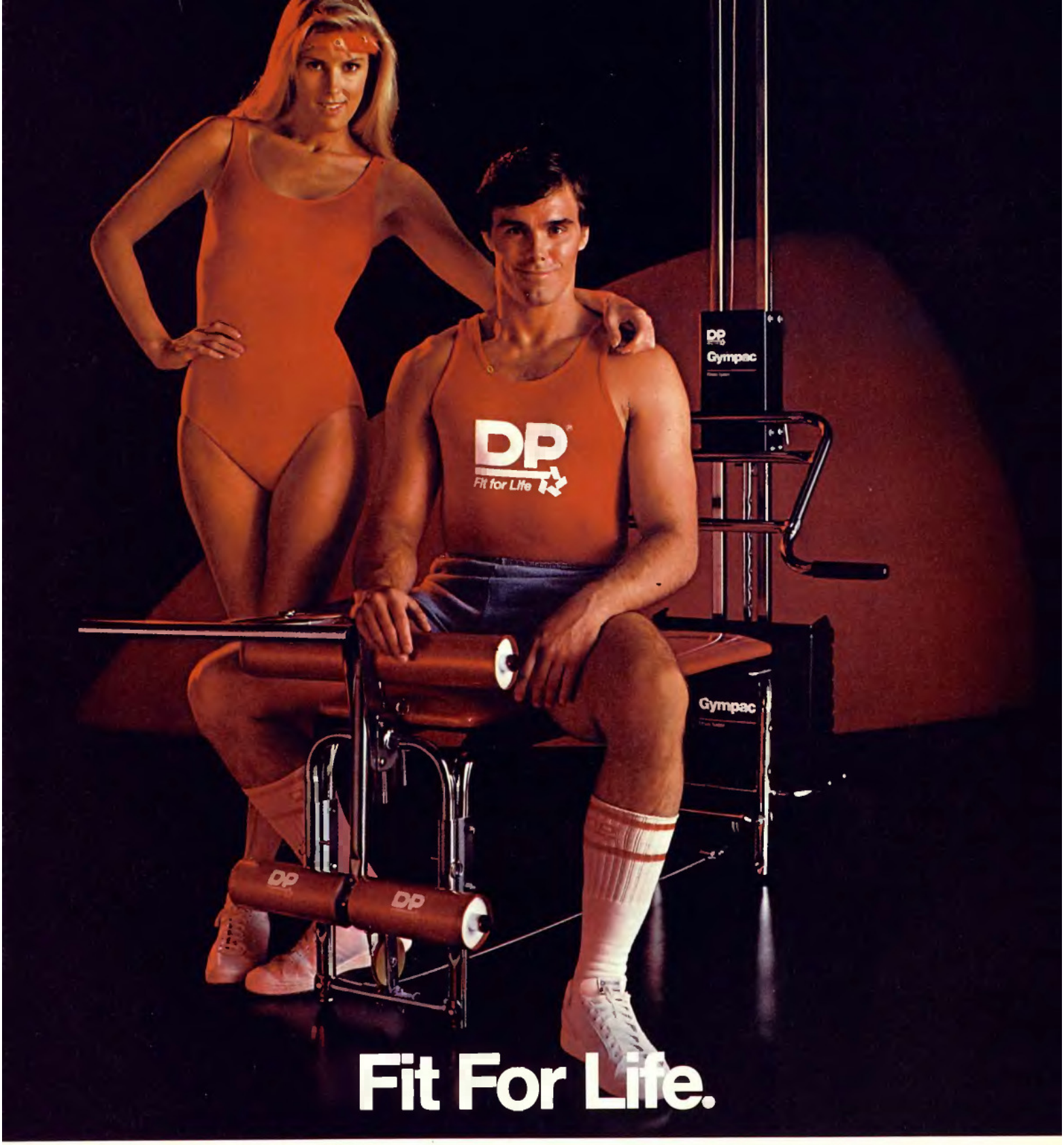
BOOK BAG

The College Catalog (Quill), edited by Constance Masson: A serviceable, sometimes funny primer for collegians who have no buddies in the upper class. The tone is properly sophomoric, the illustrations are cute, but there's some bizarre advice here. Need extra bucks for tuition and books? Turn to page 86 and "Be Your Own Chimney Sweep."

Mr. Bedford and the Muses (Viking), by Gail Godwin: This *novella* and five stories prove that sometimes even the smallest events in people's lives can make for the most interesting tales.

The Rescue of Miss Yaskell and Other Pipe Dreams (Congdon & Weed), by Russell Baker: To paraphrase a TV commercial—when Russell Baker writes, we read.

Grand Delusions: The Cosmic Career of John De Lorean (Viking), by Hillel Levin: In case you didn't know it, De Lorean is the *real* Great Gatsby. Read all about it.



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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

Rockers Bowie, Sakamoto in a World War Two culture clash.

DIRECTOR Robert M. Young skillfully squeezes pathos from ***The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez*** (Embassy), based on the true story of a Mexican fugitive who became a legend after shooting and killing a Texas sheriff in 1901. While there's no doubt that he pulled the trigger, Cortez' essential guilt or innocence is studied, *Rashomon* style, from several points of view. He is evidently the victim of mistaken identity, plus faulty translation by a sheriff's deputy who tries to "talk Mexican." Whether hot on the trail or hunkered down with a trainload of Texas Rangers, the exhaustive man hunt that brings Cortez to injustice is painstakingly re-created here. The vintage lifestyle and locations are photographed by Ray Villalobos with an air of absolute authenticity. It's a class act throughout, yet *Gregorio Cortez* is distinguished mostly for a magnificent, low-key performance in the title role by Edward James Olmos (best known heretofore as the star of the stage and screen musical *Zoot Suit*). Olmos' wrenchingly honest underplaying stirs memories of Brando at his zenith in *Viva Zapata*. This conscientious chronicle doesn't begin to match that classic. Even so, Young makes it both sensitive and suspenseful—an underdog epic with plenty of bite. ¥¥½

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Anyone old enough to remember Pearl Harbor may feel strong resistance to some aspects of Nagisa Oshima's ***Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence*** (Universal Classics). In a questionable coda to a harrowing tale of British soldiers in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp, Oshima suggests that right or wrong is a judgment made by whoever holds the winning cards at a given moment. But World War Two cannot be so easily equated with Vietnam, say, and *Mr. Lawrence* has rocks in its head as a thinking man's war drama. The movie's strength rests on two stellar performances, by Tom Conti, in the title role, and by singer David Bowie—once again proving his electric screen presence as a handsome young officer whose attractiveness pretty well unhinges the camp commandant (Ryuichi Sakamoto, the Japanese pop star who also composed the movie's arresting musical score). The homosexual undercurrents somehow muddle the major issues about men at war, and Oshima—creator of two erotic classics; *In the Realm of the Senses* and *Empire of Passion*—may be more comfortable studying men in love. In any case, he exploits Bowie's androgynous appeal to the max. Without it, *Mr. Lawrence* would be an earnest but wearisome antiwar tract. ¥¥½

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No use fudging the fact that Bob Fosse's disturbing, brilliant ***Star 80*** (Warner/Ladd) poses problems for a critic from PLAYBOY. The subject is close to home, dealing as it does with the murder of the 1980 Playmate of the Year, Dorothy Stratten. That said, let's give *Star 80* the nod as a totally personal and complex interpretation by Fosse of an American tragedy of our time—deeper than the 1981 TV movie starring Jamie Lee Curtis, with much fiercer emphasis on the character of Paul Snider, the obsessed hustler and also-ran who found Dorothy, promoted her, married her and went berserk when he saw no place for himself in her bright future. As Snider, young Eric Roberts tops his sensitive performances in *King of the Gypsies* and *Raggedy Man* with an unnerving, hypnotic portrait of a congenital loser. He's a composite of Lee Harvey Oswald, John Hinckley, Jr., and the have-not hero of *Taxi Driver*, a nobody who practices sleazy charm in front of his bathroom mirror and looks dangerous from the first moment we meet him, eying Dorothy with palpable greed rather than healthy lust. As Dorothy, Mariel Hemingway is sweet, blonde, vulnerable, reaching a bit but still a reasonable facsimile of the Vancouver schoolgirl destined for fame and fortune well beyond her introduction on a centerfold. Interesting that Carroll Baker—a flaming film sexpot of the Fifties—is aptly cast as Dorothy's skeptical mother, who initially opposes her daughter's career move to L.A. with a lout she derides as "a tango dancer." But is Carroll here to tell us, between the lines, that the love goddesses of yesteryear look back in anger? Maybe.

Minor quibbles aside, Fosse's treatment of PLAYBOY is impeccably polite, though superficial. Cliff Robertson plays an avuncular Hugh Hefner, "Mr. Hefner" to Dorothy as she sashays through photo sessions and the Playboy Mansion West, apparently relishing the only "up" moments of her life as a Hollywood golden girl. The rest of the movie concentrates on

Stellar performances from Conti, Bowie, Olmos; flawed, brilliant *Star 80*.

Olmos as Gregorio Cortez.

Star 80's Hemingway, Roberts.

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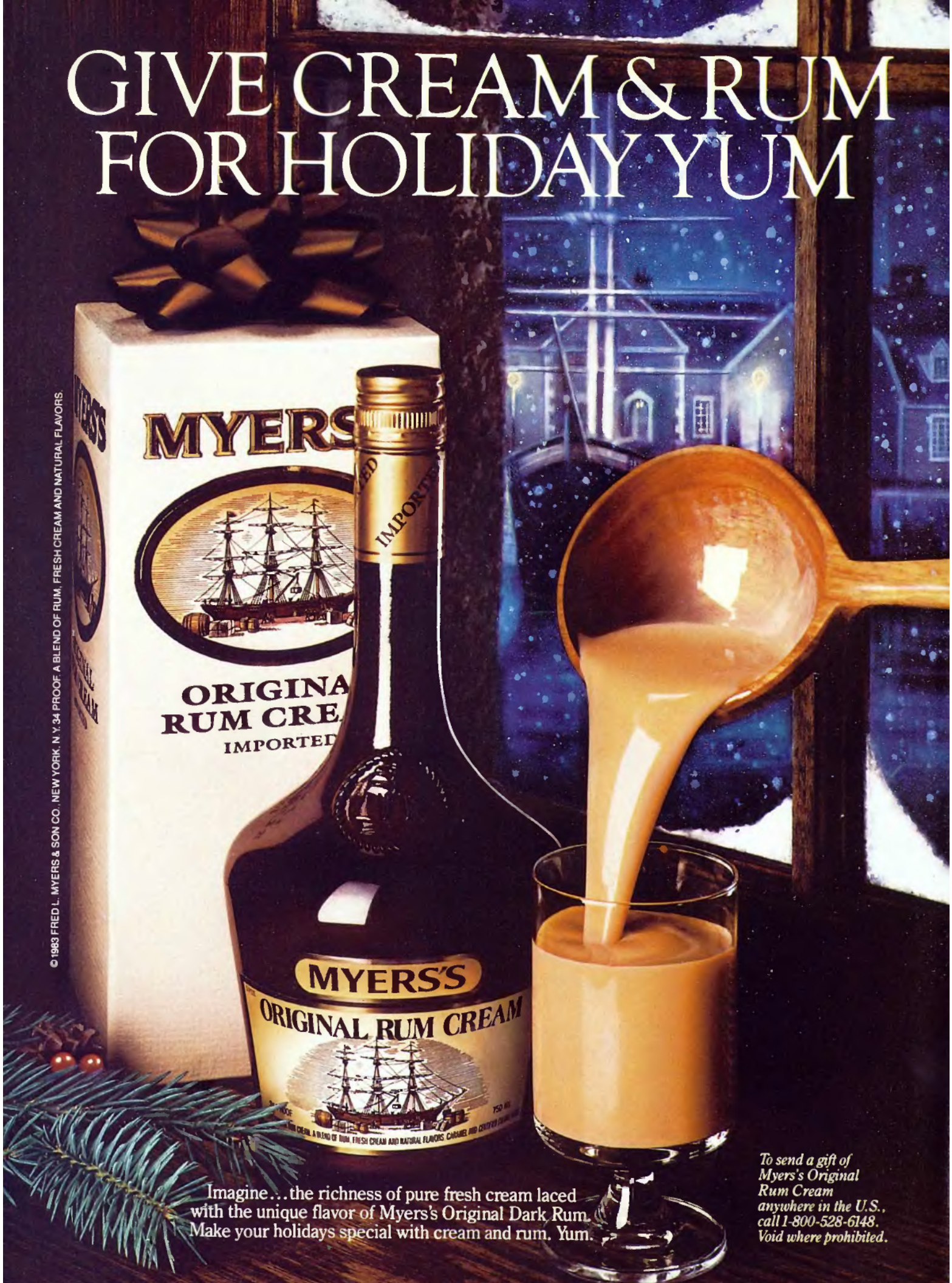

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Snider's malevolent rage, frequently cutting away to fast glimpses of the grisly murder scene or post-mortem interviews with various witnesses who knew Dorothy and Paul before her affair with a Hollywood director (Roger Rees of *Nicholas Nickleby*, sympathetic as a carefully fictionalized Peter Bogdanovich) moves Snider to buy a shotgun.

And there's the rub. Whether intentional or subconscious, Fosse's persistent visual linking of sex and violence evolves into a final statement that makes *Star 80* rather oppressive and likely to hearten those fanatic feminists who see any nude photograph of a woman as an invitation to enslavement and assault or worse. From *Cabaret* and *Lenny* to *All That Jazz*, there has always been a dark underside to the glittering sensuality of Fosse's work—nobody does it better, yet his famous pizzazz often feels guilt-edged. Because he is an enormously gifted moviemaker, Fosse will mesmerize you while *Star 80* delivers the subliminal message that no good can come of all that bare skin and packaged sex appeal. It's an odd contradiction, since the film's surface glamor (and chief selling point) benefits from Mario Casilli's flashy, PLAYBOYesque stills of Hemingway as Stratten (see next month's PLAYBOY for a sampling); also, cinematographer Sven Nykvist's unflagging genius helps keep this chilling case history looking very handsome. Dazzling but downbeat, *Star 80* is, in effect, all about Fosse himself as an ambivalent showman-*cum*-sociologist, all about Snider as a murderous psychopath, with almost no fresh insight or truth about Dorothy. The previous public record remains, to show that truth. ¥¥¥

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Perhaps his daring-but-dreary flops of recent years explain, in part, why director Robert Altman has started turning to the theater for source material. Anyway, the Altman film version of David Rabe's award-winning ***Streamers*** (UA Classics) has lost nothing in a vivid translation from stage to screen. Confined to the claustrophobic area of an Army barracks in the Sixties, when the Vietnam war and L.B.J. were part of our daily bread, *Streamers* breaks out like a dramatic brush fire. No American movie since Altman's own *M*A*S*H* has made a stronger antimilitarist statement about violence. The eruption of hostility among four men awaiting orders to ship out—two black soldiers and two white—is prompted by fear for their lives in combat, though the explosive action appears to stem from racism and half-hidden homosexual tension. The title is an image of mortality supposedly taken from the jargon of airborne troops—streamers are parachutes that don't open. And the over-all production is excitingly designed, from the opening credits (a snappy close-order drill, shrouded in mist) to the drab, grayish interior scenes, in which subtle touches of red hint at the bloodshed to come.

Wright, Lichtenstein in *Streamers*.

A winning play by Altman, a mishmash from Doug Trumbull.

Brainstorm: Farewell to Natalie.

Lonely Hearts' Kaye, Hughes.

As usual, Altman's casting is inspired, which means that the acting in *Streamers* could hardly be improved upon. All of these performers are stunning: David Alan Grier as the amiable black GI; Michael Wright as his chum, an angry outsider with the presence of a coiled cobra; Matthew Modine as the sexually confused Billy; Mitchell Lichtenstein (famed artist Roy is his father) in a vibrant turn as the gay *provocateur*. As a pair of battle-scarred old sergeants, George Dzundza and Guy Boyd will give you goose bumps with their jingoist brawling. By definition somewhat stagy and schematic, *Streamers* is nevertheless a hold-your-breath movie—cogent, dynamic, the smoothest Altman work since his prolific golden period of 1970–1975. ¥¥¥

•

The high-tech idiocy of ***Brainstorm*** (MGM/UA) kept me totally confused, despite yeoman efforts by Christopher Walken, Louise Fletcher, Cliff Robertson and the late Natalie Wood. It's the video-game school of cinema, all about a diabolical machine that makes vicarious thrills a fact—in other words, one person's physical and emotional experiences can be taped and directly re-experienced by another individual. Well, of course, this invention falls into the wrong hands, as usual. And so does *Brainstorm*, I suspect. Producer-director Douglas Trumbull, a special-effects wizard whose illustrious credits include *2001: A Space Odyssey*, *Star Trek—The Motion Picture* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, appears to have better grasp of visual gimmickry than of plot and simple continuity. Most of the time, *Brainstorm* does not make a hell of a lot of sense. It's the kind of movie that prompts you to nudge your neighbor and say, "Huh?" wondering whether you had dozed off and missed something important. Might be easier to just skip the whole show. ¥

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In 1982, the Australian Film Institute's Best Film award went to writer-director Paul Cox's unassuming ***Lonely Hearts*** (Goldwyn). Down under, that's as good as getting an Oscar. *Lonely Hearts* was also honored with nominations for best director, best actress and best actor. You will know why when you see this exceptional, tender little love story co-starring Wendy Hughes and Norman Kaye as a couple of ordinary people whose courtship proceeds with the classic, easy-does-it appeal of such movies as *Brief Encounter* and *Marty*. Cox takes his time exploring every nuance of the relationship between a 50-year-old bachelor, who wears a terrible toupee and has a penchant for shoplifting, and an uptight spinster who is deathly afraid of men and sex but even more afraid of her domineering parents. Kaye and Hughes do a beautiful job of ensemble playing in a comedy that is slow-paced, perhaps, but hypersensitive, spirited and virtually certain to leave a lump in your throat. ¥¥¥

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Once hooked on the films of director Nicolas Roeg, a fan is likely to become

incurable despite frequent disappointments. Roeg's ***Eureka*** (UA Classics), though somewhat arty and pretentious compared with his best work (*Walkabout* and *Don't Look Now*, for example), is also dazzling, imaginative and hypnotic from beginning to end. A bad movie but an exciting one, redeemed by a reckless bravura style and a lusty performance by Gene Hackman as one of the world's wealthiest men, who struck it rich in the gold fields and has lived unhappily ever since on a private tropical island. He calls his island Eureka (from the classical Greek exclamation "I have found it"), and Roeg's variations on the theme of obsession are seasoned with sex, murder, voodoo, alcoholism and dark intrigue. Jane Lapotaire as Hackman's drunken wife, Theresa Russell as his wayward daughter and Dutch dreamboat Rutger Hauer as the fortune-hunting son-in-law he despises head a charismatic company that includes Joe Pesci and Mickey Rourke among its smiling heavies. The screenplay really goes to pieces after a brutal murder (I won't give away the grisly details) and a ludicrous trial scene that would stymie any actress but definitely leaves the sensuous Miss Russell with egg on her face. Seldom has a courtroom drama been so sabotaged by self-indulgence. While that's the worst of *Eureka*, even veteran Roeg addicts may occasionally see this garish modern tragedy as a loyalty test. ¥¥½

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The charisma shown by Tom Berenger as one of the flashier performers in *The Big Chill* is nowhere evident in ***Eddie and the Cruisers*** (Embassy). This time out, Berenger plays a high school teacher who used to be a pianist-composer for a rock group led by the lengendary Eddie—a mythic figure in pop culture after he drove his car off a bridge and vanished back in 1963. It's 1983 when *Eddie and the Cruisers* begins, as a sort of musical suspense drama asking, "Is Eddie Wilson actually alive and about to reappear?" Berenger more or less spearheads the search party, but neither the screenplay nor the direction ever truly lifts off, which means the actors are marooned in mediocrity. *Eddie* comes to life only in its flashbacks, starring movie newcomer Michael Paré, who expertly lip syncs the musical specialties (perfect pieces for the period, composed by John Cafferty and performed with the Beaver Brown Band) and leaves an indelible image on the screen. As a star-is-born showcase for Paré, *Eddie* has single-track vision, obscuring all others. ¥¥

•

Back in the Fifties, three country louts brutally rape a French farmer's German-born wife. Decades later, her somewhat deranged but beautiful daughter is driven by murderous vengeance to accomplish the main events of ***One Deadly Summer*** (Universal Classics). The one thing you'll

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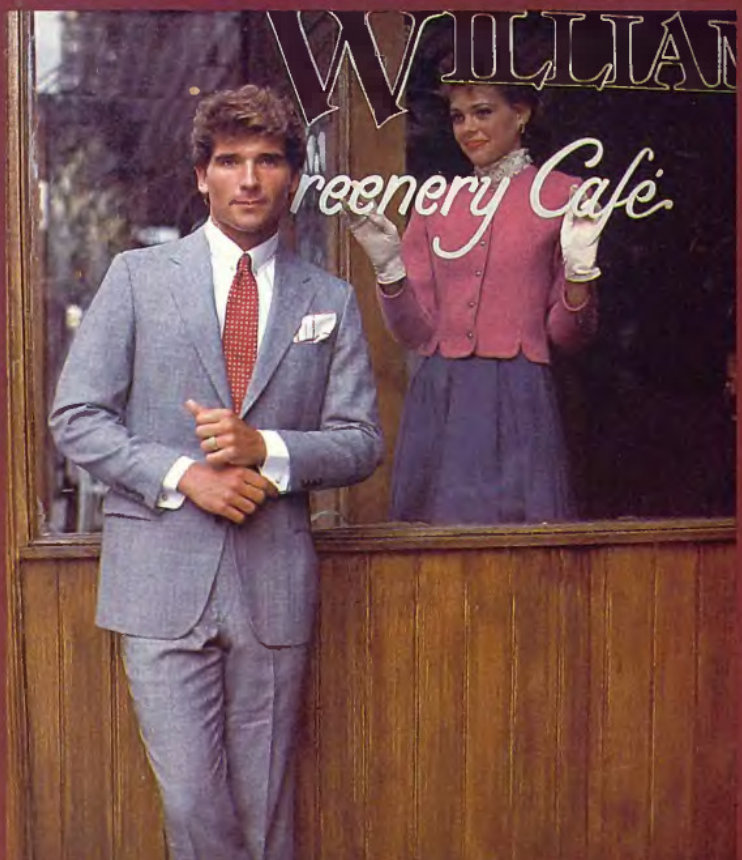

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remember about this Gallic—and Gothic—suspense drama, directed by Jean Becker, is the magical screen presence of Isabelle Adjani. Her role may seem farfetched at times, but Adjani's portrayal of the sullen, shapely, maniacal provincial sexpot rivets attention from start to finish. There's gleaming steel beneath her willowy starlet exterior, and she cuts through all the dramatic contradictions of *Deadly Summer*, the better to fit them into her own flashy, tarted-up portrait of a psycho. Just *try* to look away. ¥¥½

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This year's Oscar for best foreign film went to the Spanish entry, ***To Begin Again*** (Fox International Classics), a choice likely to confirm the suspicion that too many academy voters are geriatric cases doling out prizes to well-behaved underdogs. Altogether benign and trivial, not to mention familiar, *Begin Again* is the odyssey of an aging, ailing writer (Antonio Ferrandis) who has been to Stockholm to collect a Nobel Prize for literature and who stops off in Spain, after an absence of more than 40 years, to see an old flame and to rekindle friendships with his old soccer team before going back to die in harness on the campus at Berkeley. It's not bad, just unabashedly sentimental, doggedly ordinary. Cole Porter's *Begin the Beguine*, which wells up on the sound track at regular intervals, made me shed a tear for one or two far worthier movies that might have won that Oscar. ¥¥

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Is there a law on the books decreeing that Gerard Depardieu *must* star in two out of every three movies made in France? There's hardly enough variety in his performances to justify such overexposure, and ***The Moon in the Gutter*** (Triumph) puts virtually everyone in a bad light. Co-starred with Depardieu in this turgid, mannered melodrama about a stevedore who's obsessed with grief over his dead sister, a rape victim, is Nastassia Kinski as a kind of upper-crust dream girl. But even the Kinski charisma seems dampened by *Gutter*'s aesthetic overkill. Director and co-author of the screenplay is Jean-Jacques Beineix, whose delightful *Diva* established him as one of last year's most promising film makers. The stylistic tricks he used there were part of the fun, but the same self-consciousness undermines *Moon in the Gutter*, which is altogether pretentious—with actors moving and speaking at the pace of sleepwalkers. Some signs of life are exhibited by a vital, earthy young actress named Victoria Abril, new to me, playing Depardieu's vengeful girlfriend with flat-out, unaffected sexiness, as if she were on loan from a much better movie. ¥

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The ubiquitous Depardieu has the title role in Polish director Andrzej Wajda's French-language ***Danton*** (Triumph). As a history lesson about Danton's conflict with Robespierre (Wojciech Pszoniak)

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after the French Revolution, the movie is solid, sober and enlightening. Through the lengthy trial scene before he goes to the guillotine, Depardieu, as Danton, talks, talks, talks. The production is opulent but seldom emotionally involving. If you prefer a learning experience to an exhilarating night at the movies, join Gerard. ¥¥

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Credit Pia Zadora for scoring high marks against heavy odds in ***The Lonely Lady*** (Universal), a clinker adapted from Harold Robbins' book about a lady novelist not unlike the late Jacqueline Susann. When she finally goes onstage to claim her first screenplay Oscar, the embittered heroine says, "I don't suppose I'm the only one who's had to fuck her way to the top." As a teenager, she is raped (with the nozzle of a garden hose) beside the swimming pool of a famous Hollywood writer, whom she subsequently marries. Oh, everything happens to Jerilee Randall. The wonder is that Pia's honest performance almost conquers the handicaps of a ludicrous script, lame direction, even costumes that occasionally smack of sabotage. She has dignity despite all, consistently projecting a sense of her own worth that takes the edge off *Lonely Lady* as laughable trash. Someday, if ever she lucks out with a reasonably intelligent screenplay and a director who knows his stuff, the last laugh may be Pia's. Take her or leave her or let 'em snicker up their sleeves at her, she is a pro, likely to come back swinging. ¥¥

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Talk, talk and more talk—all about *l'amour*, with some tumbling in the sack for a change of pace—dominates ***Pauline at the Beach*** (Orion Classics). French writer-director Eric Rohmer pegs it as one of a film series he calls *Comedies and Proverbs*, "a little dance of love" that is witty, beguiling and featherweight. Pauline (engagingly played by Amanda Langlet) is a teenager vacationing at a seaside resort with her sophisticated *cousine* Marion from Paris—a stunning showcase role for blonde Arielle Dombasle. The plot poses such questions as: Will Marion find happiness with Henri? Should Pauline lose her virginity with Sylvain or Pierre? Who's going to tell Marion that Henri was caught in bed with Louisette, the promiscuous candy peddler? None of it matters in the least, you understand, yet Rohmer makes this frivolous ode to summer romance quite irresistible. Reserve some credit for cinematographer Nestor Almendros, one of the world's best, who catches the casual holiday mood to perfection—as easy to take as a snooze in the shade while the birds and the bees flit from flower to flower. ¥¥¥

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G. Gordon Liddy and Timothy Leary are the unlikely co-stars of ***Return Engagement*** (Island Alive), sharing the platform for a filmed debate—or maybe a vaudeville act—that might reasonably be subtitled "Crack Shot Meets Crackpot." Only in America would a convicted Watergate conspirator and the guru of modern mental chemistry team up to air their political differences in a showbiz format that became a hit on tour. Don't be surprised. In this era of best-selling books by crooks, nothing succeeds like excess. *Return Engagement* may be an effrontery, but it is also astounding and audacious, cluttered with mind-boggling images. My favorite is the opening sequence: a giant U.S. flag as backdrop for a performance of *America the Beautiful*, lusty vocal by Liddy, piano accompaniment by Leary. ¥¥½

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Ostensibly the story of a would-be writer (John Shea) torn between the girl he loves (Kate Capshaw) and aimless tomfoolery with half a dozen boyhood chums, ***Windy City*** (Warner/CBS) blows it every which way. This studied romantic comedy hard sells charm and eccentricity, with Shea and Capshaw—two exceptionally attractive performers—undone by a whole series of cloyingly cute scenes that put my teeth on edge. Set in Chicago, to music that italicizes any thought or feeling the composer can pin down, *City* wrings poignancy from the terminal illness of one of the hero's pals (Josh Mostel), a funny fat fellow who'd love to sail to Tortuga on a pirate ship before he dies, just like Errol Flynn. You think that's impossible? Not for writer-director Armyan Bernstein, who waxes whimsical nearly all the time. I won't belabor details, except to warn you that Bernstein claims credit for writing Francis Coppola's misguided *One from the Heart*. Any questions? ¥

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Low-key and all aglow, ***Basileus Quartet*** (Libra Cinema 5) plays like a piece of cinematic chamber music. The analogy is quite fitting for a wise little Italian comedy about a world-famous classical ensemble—four aging, able musicians who have lived only for music and who decide to disband when their eldest member dies unexpectedly. What happens when a brilliant young violinist persuades them to regroup is the tale told charmingly by writer-director Fabio Carpi. As the young musician, who introduces his fuddy-duddy colleagues to recreational drugs and spends his own off hours coaxing women into bed, Pierre Malet seems perfectly cast to emphasize the point that "youth is dangerous . . . also exhausting." One of his older associates, a closet homosexual, becomes psychotically fixed on the handsome young prodigy, whose presence shakes the Basileus Quartet in countless ways. Some exceptional musical interludes are a nice fringe benefit for those who care, yet knowledge of the classics is not essential for appreciation of what Carpi has to say about youth, age, life and love. *Quartet* moves from Paris to London to Vienna and Venice, scoring modest triumphs all the way. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez (Reviewed this month) 1901 man hunt. ¥¥½

Basileus Quartet (Reviewed this month) Love and music. ¥¥¥

The Big Chill Lawrence Kasdan's all-star reunion of Sixties rebels. ¥¥¥¥

Brainstorm (Reviewed this month) More like a lull. ¥

Danton (Reviewed this month) After the Revolution, encore Depardieu. ¥¥

Eddie and the Cruisers (Reviewed this month) Michael Paré lively as a deceased rock star. ¥¥

Educating Rita Michael Caine brilliantly plays Pygmalion with an eager beautician (Julie Walters). ¥¥¥

Eureka (Reviewed this month) Good bad movie. ¥¥½

Fanny & Alexander A surprisingly warm-blooded human comedy by Ingmar Bergman. ¥¥¥¥

Heart Like a Wheel Race-car champion Shirley Muldowney, played with zest by Bonnie Bedelia. ¥¥¥½

Heat and Dust As an Englishwoman in India today, Julie Christie explores the romantic scandals of yesteryear. ¥¥¥½

Lonely Hearts (Reviewed this month) Mating game, Australian style. ¥¥¥

The Lonely Lady (Reviewed this month) The perils of Pia. ¥¥

Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence (Reviewed this month) It's Bowie. ¥¥½

The Moon in the Gutter (Reviewed this month) Depardieu again, with the director of *Diva*, both waning. ¥

Never Cry Wolf Man meets Canis lupus in a grand outdoor epic. ¥¥¥

One Deadly Summer (Reviewed this month) Adjani for all seasons. ¥¥½

Pauline at the Beach (Reviewed this month) Stylish ode to summer romance *à la français*. ¥¥¥

Return Engagement (Reviewed this month) A headline act known as Leary and Liddy. ¥¥½

Risky Business Tom Cruise runs suburbia's best little whorehouse. ¥¥

Star 80 (Reviewed this month) The Stratten tragedy according to Fosse—starring Mariel Hemingway. ¥¥¥

Streamers (Reviewed this month) Antiwar fireworks by Altman. ¥¥¥

To Begin Again (Reviewed this month) Oscar's Best Foreign Film, 1982. *Chacun à son goût*. ¥¥

Under Fire Nolte and Hackman as journalists in Nicaragua. ¥¥¥

Windy City (Reviewed this month) Chicago with whimsy. ¥

Zelig Woody Allen's cool deadpan spoof of documentaries. ¥¥¥½

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THE PADDLE WHEEL SHOP

SOUNDS OF AFRICA: Until recently, all that most Americans knew of **African music** was the ominous rumbling of drums in jungle movies. Only bits of the real thing have filtered into American pop music, via Hugh Masekela, Manu Dibango and the *Missa Luba*. Lately, though, action has stepped up, as Bow Wow Wow and Talking Heads have spiced their music with tribal drums and splashes of Afrobeat. If your curiosity has been aroused, here are a few categories to investigate.

African soul: While it's true that rock, blues, R&B and Gospel have some of their roots in Africa, Africans themselves have frequently borrowed from Western pop. James Brown is almost a bigger star in Africa than he is in the U.S., and performers ranging from Stevie Wonder to Bob Marley have huge audiences over there. Masekela got his start with a pop hit called *Grazing in the Grass* but has done a number of albums mixing jazz with African rhythms. The newest Anglo-African connection is Juluka, a multiracial group from South Africa presented on the Warner Bros. album *Scatterlings* as a sort of African equivalent of Fairport Convention (see review). Long familiar to U.S. audiences is Miriam Makeba, whose fondness for traditional African music gives her songs a folkish simplicity. The less well-known Letta Mbulu, who relies upon more contemporary styles, sounds like an African Joan Armatrading.

African pop: Fela Anikulapo Kuti is not only a major pop star but also a considerable political presence in his native Nigeria; his records abound with diatribes against Western corporate imperialism and African social hypocrisy. But supporting his views is Africa 70, one of the hottest, most infectious rhythm sections on the face of the earth—it's the group Talking Heads emulated on *Remain in Light*. Fela's albums here are all imports, but the one to look for is *Original Suffer Head*, on Arista (UK).

Juju music has quickly become a passion for many pop hipsters, thanks to King Sunny Adé, Nigeria's other reigning pop icon. Unlike Fela's Afrobeat music, which owes much to the steamy rhythms of James Brown, juju is cool and insinuatingly infectious, built from a foundation of fluid, melodic drumming with added guitars, vocals, even synthesizer. Check out Adé's first American album, *Juju Music* (Mango), for a rich purée of rhythm and melody. Then try his new LP, *SyncroSystem* (Mango).

The most far-flung of West Africa's pop styles is **high life**, irrepressibly cheerful music relying heavily on guitar and horns to push the percussion along. Prince Nico Mbarga (amazing how much royalty shows up on the African charts) calls his group Rocafil Jazz, but don't expect any bebop from him; just get his first American release, *Sweet Mother* (Rounder), and clear the dance floor. Two domestic samplers, *Sound d'Afrique* and *Sound d'Afrique II* (Mango) offer appealing highlife variants from central Africa.

African traditional music: The real *Roots*, if you will. Because this stuff is of enduring interest to musicologists, there is an awful lot of it on record; the problem lies in sorting the truly listenable from the merely ethnomusicological. One key factor is checking the label. The Nonesuch Explorer Series, for example, offers good sound quality and excellent price ($5.98 list); Lyrichord has some superb music in its catalog, but others of its discs sound as if they were recorded over the phone.

Not sure which style you're interested in? A good head start can be found in *Music and Rhythm* (PVC), a compilation that intersperses native sounds from Africa and Asia with the work of Third World–conscious rockers. If you're fond of xylophone or thumb piano (remember Earth, Wind & Fire's *Kalimba Story*?), good records to have are *Rhythms of the Grasslands* and *Shona Mbira Music*, both on Nonesuch. Those curious as to where Bow Wow Wow and Adam Ant stole their thunder ought to seek out *Burundi: Musiques Traditionelles*, on the French Ocora label. As for vocal styles, perhaps the most fascinating belongs to the Pygmies, whose gorgeous yodeling—that's right, *yodeling*—is well represented on Lyrichord's *Music of the Rain Forest Pygmies of the North-East Congo* and on Ocora's *Gabon: Musiques des Pygmées Bibayak*.

Because there is so much music to choose from, anthologies tend to be spotty, but two commendable tries are *Africa Dances* (Original Music) and the two-volume *Assalam Aleikoum Africa* (Antilles). And, lest we forget some of the best-known natives of Africa, *Animals of Africa* (Nonesuch) is sure to make your neighbors wonder about the company you keep.

—J. D. CONSIDINE

REVIEWS

Both Neil Young and Billy Joel have tossed small bouquets at the foot of the rock-'n'-roll altar this month, each with an album of new songs that sounds as if it were dug from stacks of old 45s. It's a little risky to reach back in spirit the way these albums do, because it's unlikely that anyone else will ever bop and shake like the original boppers and shakers, but both of these loving counterfeits pull it off with style and feeling.

Young's collection, called ***Neil and the Shocking Pinks—Everybody's Rockin'*** (Geffen), is the simpler, purer tribute. The time-warp cover photo could be of Carl Perkins or Bill Haley in pompadour, pink suit, pink tie, black shirt and two-tone shoes, and the musical touches seem to have come out of the same attic trunk: echo chambers, sax solos, doo-wop backgrounds, Jerry Lee Lewis–like piano and Ricky Nelson high notes. Our favorite is *Kinda Fonda Wanda*, which gathers an all-star squad of rock-'n'-roll sweethearts—Skinny Minnie, Long Tall Sally, Short Fat Fanny, Runaround Sue, Betty Lou, Peggy Sue, Donna, Barbara Ann and Jenny.

Billy Joel's ***An Innocent Man*** (Columbia) sounds and feels simpler than it really is. The bass lines, backgrounds and harmonies of these songs remind you of the Coasters and the Drifters, and the melodies are sweet or growly in the spirit of the Fifties—but just below that, there is something more sophisticated. "I'll take my chances, I forgot how nice romance is," say the lyrics of *The Longest Time*; but

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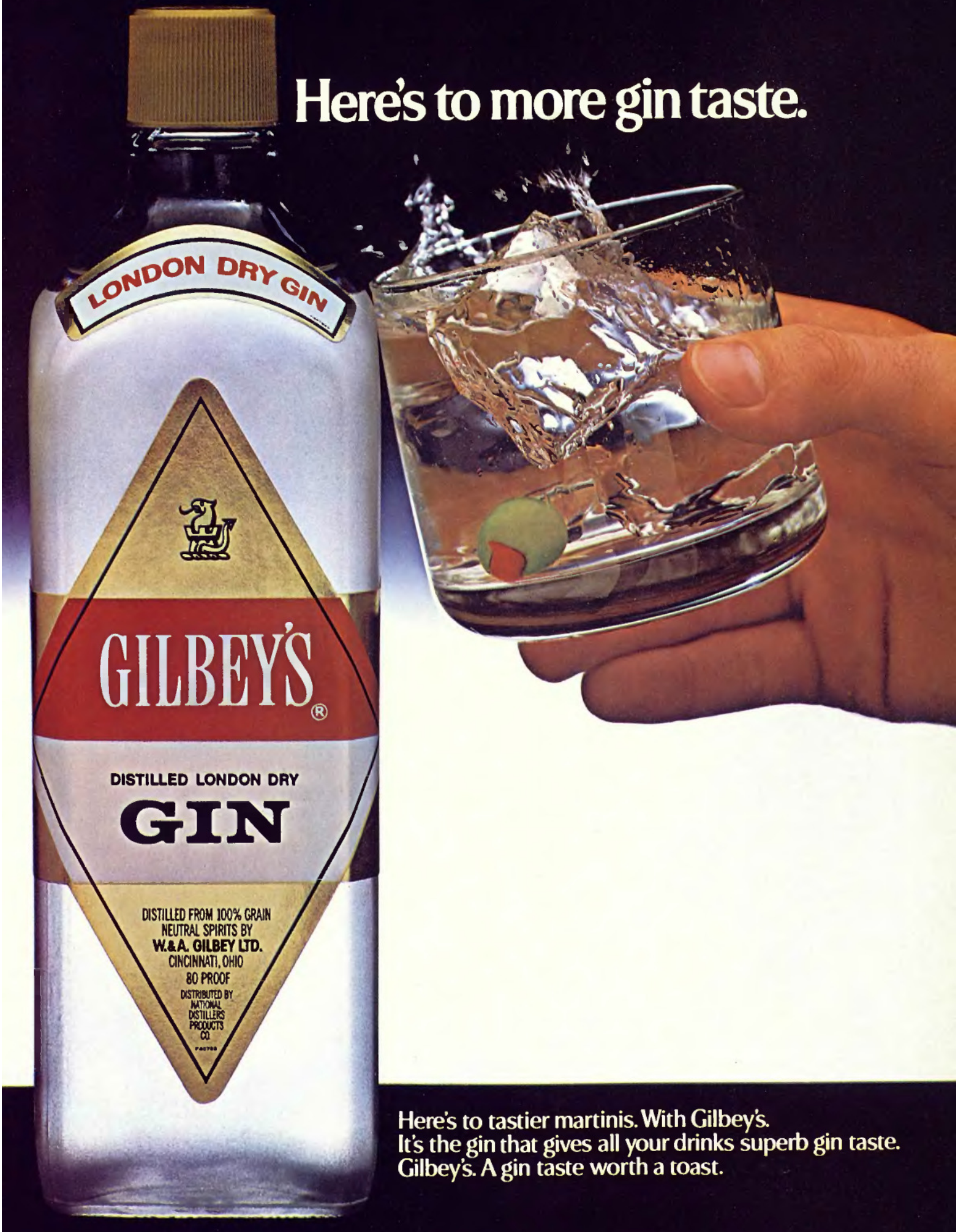

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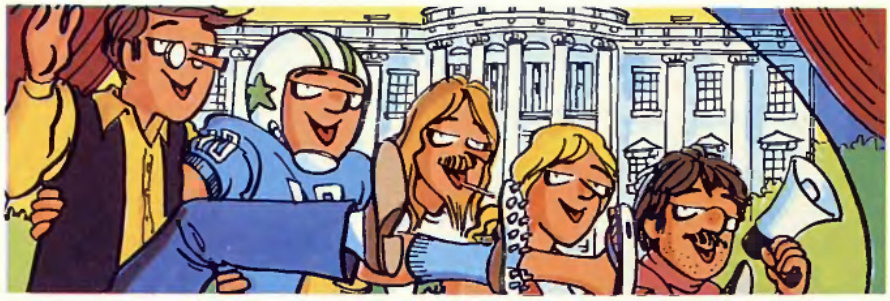

MIKE DOONESBURY LIVES: One thing is for certain—when Mike Doonesbury was a lowly Yale undergraduate, neither he nor we ever dreamed of Broadway. Mike thought just getting his degree was "a challenge for our times." Well, thanks to his creator, Garry Trudeau, Mike, Zonker, Joanie and the whole gang will meet nightly in New York's Biltmore Theater in *Doonesbury: A New Musical*. There will be a cast of ten and music by Elizabeth Swados. Not bad for a guy who started his college career with no social skills at all.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH: About his new basement studio in Buffalo, **Rick James** says, "I just put $800,000 [into it] so I don't have to record in L.A. if I don't want to. L.A. is expensive and L.A. is shit. Here, we can do a quality job and we're at home. I'm going to rent the studio out, too. If **Michael Jackson** wants peace and quiet, he can come here to record. He can even stay at the ranch." Are you listening, Michael?

REELING AND ROCKING: Delilah Films, which produced *The Compleat Beatles* and *Girl Groups: The Story of a Sound*, has acquired the world-wide film rights to the reunion concert by the **Everly Brothers** and the rights to their life story. . . . **John Travolta,** who plans to star in the **Brian De Palma** movie *Fire*, says he may research his rock-star role by going on the road with a group. . . . Former **Kinks** and **Who** producer **Shel Talmy** has sold a screenplay about Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid.

NEWSBREAKS: Here's a story we like a lot: **Dave Stewart** of the **Eurythmics** says that MTV agreed to play their *Love Is a Stranger* video only *after* **Annie Lennox** produced legal documents that proved she—not a transvestite—was the one who had starred in it. Although the video won best of the year in Great Britain, MTV got viewer complaints the first time it was aired and took it off until Lennox produced the documents. Is it any wonder, then, that MTV has a slightly M.O.R. reputation? *We* know a great-looking woman when we see one. . . . **Lionel Richie** shot a video with some pretty hot assistants: *Five Easy Pieces* director **Bob Rafelson** was behind the camera and **Michael Nesmith** produced. . . . Don't expect to see the next **J. Geils Band** album until late this winter or early spring, and don't expect to see the band perform, either. There will be no concerts until the record is done. But after that, look for an extensive American tour. . . . **David Bowie** has joined some exclusive company at Madame Tussaud's. The model of Bowie will be added to those of **Elvis,** the **Beatles** and **Elton,** who represent rock at the wax museum. A Tussaud's spokesman says the cost runs between $5000 and $10,000. The subject usually donates an outfit (would you want to see yourself in someone else's clothes?) and does an hourlong photo sitting. About Bowie, the spokesman says, "David's eyes are more unusual than most—he has one blue eye and one brown eye—but it's no problem. We have a large stock of glass eyes in every possible color." Well, thank the Lord. . . . In case you haven't noticed, foreign artists have once again invaded the *Billboard* charts in record-breaking numbers. Last time, we called it a British invasion; it now includes the other "colonies," Canada and Australia. In fact, if you give partial credit to such bands as **The Police** and **Crosby, Stills & Nash,** who have British members, the list includes more records by foreigners than by Americans. . . . Speaking of money in the bank, the FBI says it was tipped off to a huge counterfeit-tape operation by angry recording artists. In a surprise raid, agents confiscated 250,000 bootleg tapes, many of them country. Some of them had already been loaded into two tractor-trailer trucks and bore shipping labels addressed to truck stops, street vendors and even some major record stores. Agents say the equipment at the New Jersey facility was capable of making 75,000 cassettes a day. Just think of all the royalties that wouldn't have been paid. . . . Finally, did you get the album *Girls' Night Out*, by **Toronto**? It has a 3-D jacket, a 3-D inner sleeve and a pair of 3-D glasses. Pretty hip, right?

—BARBARA NELLIS

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Unmatched in Performance

Highly Desirable

Experts Choice

Exclusive Source

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THE RADAR DEFENSE KIT

ESCORT comes complete with a molded carrying case, detachable power cord, visor clip and hook and loop mounting, spare fuse and alert bulb, and a comprehensive owner's handbook.

Overwhelm Your Favorite Driver

A good gift is more than a surprise; the perfect gift hits the mark. If there's a driver on your list, you can give ESCORT with absolute confidence. Here's why.

First Class Performance

When radar is out there, ESCORT's superheterodyne circuitry will find it. Over hills, around curves, hidden in the bushes, anywhere. But don't take our word for it. In its most recent comparison test, *Car and Driver* rated ESCORT number one, calling it "...**clearly the leader in value, customer service and performance...**"

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For several years after its introduction, demand was so great that customers waited up to six months for delivery. We finally had to build a new factory to keep ahead of the demand.

Users quickly came to depend on ESCORT's unique radar report—the way its variable-pulse audio warning, analog meter and amber alert lamp work together to give a precise indication of radar type and range.

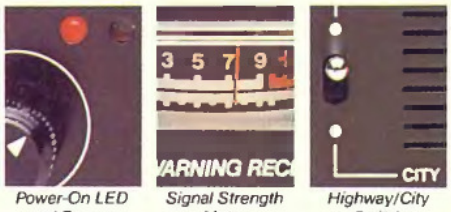
ST/O/P *Digital Processor Circuitry*

And last spring we added our STatistical Operations Processor (ST/O/P™), a new electronic circuit—the first in the industry—which rejects false alarms caused by less elegantly designed detectors. With ST/O/P, ESCORT is more desirable than ever.

Attention To Detail

Owners also take great pleasure in ESCORT's look and feel. Its extruded aluminum housing has the right heft. The visor clip is a rugged combination of Lexan and spring steel. The volume control is as silky as that of an exotic stereo. We even add a small photoelectric sensor (you can see it next to the red power-on indicator). It senses the ambient lighting in the car and adjusts the brightness of the alert light to suit. These are just a few of the many details that make ESCORT unique.

But all this sophistication doesn't mean that ESCORT is hard to use. Just install ESCORT on dash or visor, and plug it into the lighter. We even include an adapter for European lighter sockets. And ESCORT's low-profile shape, finished in non-glare black, looks right at home in any car.



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Apart From The Crowd

We've always felt that users of precision electronics are entitled to deal with experts. That's why we only sell ESCORT direct from our factory. There are no middlemen. When it comes to customer satisfaction, we take full responsibility.

Our system of direct sales offers special benefits to the gift giver. You needn't worry about inadvertently buying a discontinued model still in a store's stock. Your gift will never be seen marked down in the discount chains. Moreover, giving an ESCORT shows you were concerned enough about quality to track down the only source. And there's another advantage.

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ESCORT lets you do your Christmas shopping by phone and avoid the retail hassle. We're only a toll-free call and a parcel delivery away. And ESCORT is guaranteed to please. Holidays or any time, take the first thirty days as a trial. If you're not absolutely satisfied, return it and we'll promptly refund your purchase and mailing costs. We also back ESCORT with a full one year limited warranty. *Car and Driver* called us the "class act" in radar detection. So order now, ESCORT is the perfect driver's gift.

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ESCORT (Includes Everything)..**$245.00**
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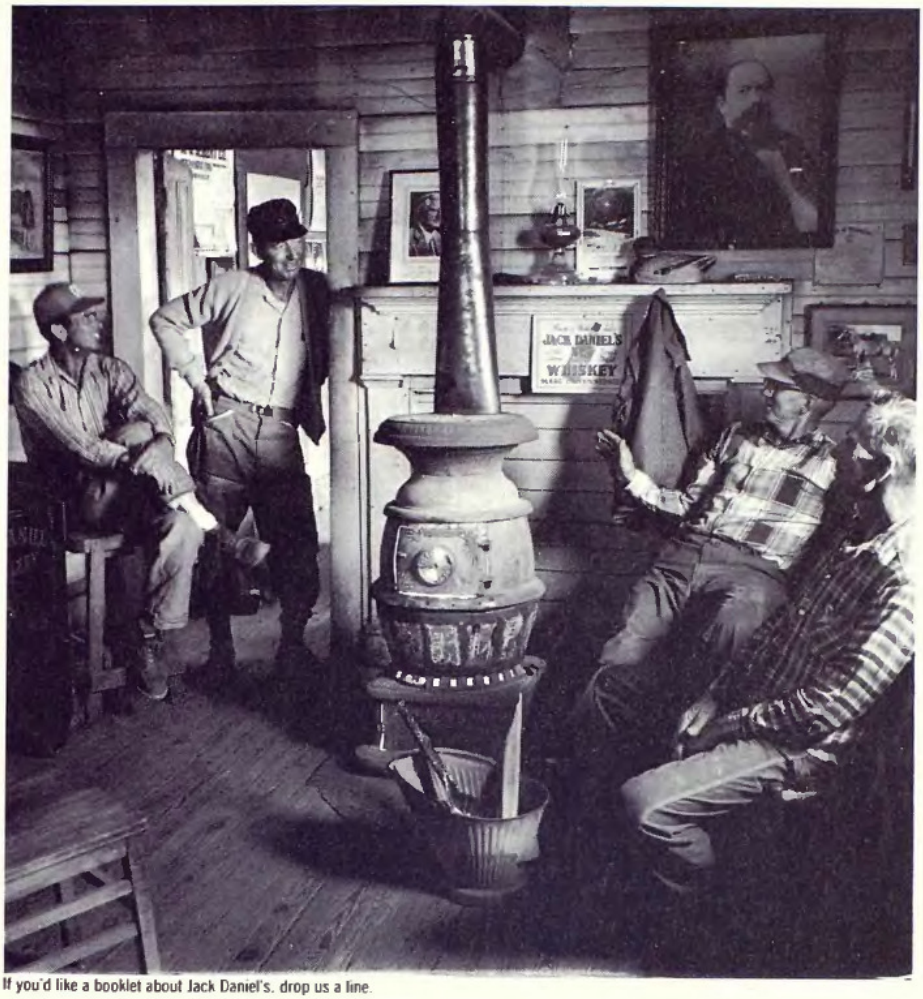
Tune in: "Talkback with Jerry Galvin." America's new weekly satellite call-in comedy talk show. Sunday evenings on public radio stations. Check local listings.



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's, drop us a line.

WINTER IS when folks at Jack Daniel's like to tell stories, especially on one another.

The stove in Jack Daniel's old office draws a lot of story-tellers this time of year. They like to tell about such things as when someone's prize foxhound treed a screech owl. But before long, one of the old-timers will start talking about Mr. Jack Daniel. That generally brings up what Mr. Jack said about making whiskey—"Every day we make it we make it the best we can." And as you can imagine, that's no joking matter.

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

they also say, "Maybe this won't last very long . . . maybe I'll be sorry when you're gone," and, in fact, most of these songs hold out that teenage hope for the power of love, then take it back. An innocent man, perhaps, but not naïve—and the combination is ambitious and interesting.

•

Jazz loyalists will be grateful to the moguls at Mosaic Records, a West Coast mail-order label, for reviving and handsomely packaging the work of several titans. In its first release, Mosaic is offering ***The Complete Blue Note Recordings of Thelonious Monk***, ***The Complete Pacific Jazz and Capitol Recordings of the Original Gerry Mulligan Quartet and Tentette with Chet Baker*** and ***The Complete Blue Note Recordings of Albert Ammons and Meade Lux Lewis***. All are boxed with booklets, discographies, photos and more. For details, write to Mosaic, 1341 Ocean Avenue, Suite 135, Santa Monica, California 90401.

•

Carnaval in Cuba (Folkways, 43 West 61st Street, New York, New York 10023) is like Independence Day and Mardi Gras combined—with a bit of pagan ritual thrown in for primal energy. Played by various Cuban street musicians, the dense drum rhythms tangle like cats on a hot tin roof. Horns of African and Chinese inflection produce an earthy, jovial pugnacity. Really, this is the only Cuban dance record you'll ever need. Copious historical notes are included, too.

•

If traditional country must evolve from its honky-tonk past, Don Williams is the man to guide it safely past the pitfalls of pop that have taken such a heavy toll among C&W artists. In ***Yellow Moon*** (MCA), he's as gentle and as sentimental as ever—not at all conducive to good barroom brawling or appropriate for intermission at the local stock-car races, but he knows when to use an occasional minor chord to good effect. Nice sound for serious country courtin'.

•

Here's our rock-'n'-roll-party album of the month: The Animals' ***Ark*** (I.R.S.). Burdon and the boys are back, and while they'll never fill up Yankee Stadium in 1984, they sound like the best bar band you stumbled onto in 1969. *The Night* is an unstoppable cut; Eric's cover of *Trying to Get to You* probably will; and the rest (*six* songs on each side!) rocks pretty fine, too. This ain't *House of the Rising Sun*, but it ain't condo music, either.

SHORT CUT

Howard Devoto/*Junky Versions of the Dream* (I.R.S.): Future schlock from the former leader of Britain's Magazine. There is no chance you'll like this record if your hair is its natural color.

"The new Minolta Talker actually talks you into great pictures."

It's simply unbelievable.

The new Talker from Minolta comes right out and tells you, "Load film," when the camera's empty. Or, when the light's too dim, it says, "Too dark, use flash." Or, when you're out of flash range, "Check distance."

Amazing!

The new Talker from Minolta is a totally automatic 35mm camera that just won't let you make a mistake.

It automatically loads the film and sets it for the first shot. After each shot, it automatically advances the film to the next shot. When you come to the end of the roll, it automatically re-winds.

It automatically focuses the lens by infrared beam. Even in the dark.

You get laser sharp pictures at distances from 33 inches to infinity.

Perfect for snapshots, portraits and scenery, it produces a professional-size negative that gives clear, sharp blow-ups.

It has a built-in flash with an exclusive energy saver.

And it accepts the new high-speed ISO 1000 films for sharper outdoor action shots and more indoor shots without flash.

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Talk to one soon. At your Minolta dealer.

U.S.A. limited warranty registration card is packaged with product. For more information on the Talker (AF-Sv), write Minolta Corp., Dept. T, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Minolta Canada, Inc., Mississauga, Ontario, Canada L4W 1A4.

MINOLTA

NEW TALKER

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10B Tuner.
$550 new. $1100 used.

SLT 12 Turntable.
World's first linear tracker.

THE YEAR GOLD ROCKED THE WORLD.

Your pants were black, your shirt was pink, your hair was ducktailed, and an infant called rock 'n roll doo-waa'd into your radio.

It was 1957. The world of music had changed forever. And the way you would listen to music had changed forever, too. It was the year Saul Marantz designed and built the first of what would become a classic line of high-fidelity amplifiers for use in a home component system. The quality of sound it produced would rock the world.

Marantz had struck gold. Solid Gold.

After a while crocodile, you twisted, limbo'd and monkeyed your way into the 60's. Your words were groovy. Your music swivel-hipped out of Memphis, beatled out of Liverpool, and surfed out of Malibu.

If you were lucky, you heard the legends on the now legendary Marantz 10B Tuner.

To fully appreciate why audio buffs still revere the 10B, try to buy one today. In 1963 it sold for about $550, new. Today it could cost you $1,100. Used. That's not inflation. It's solid gold value.

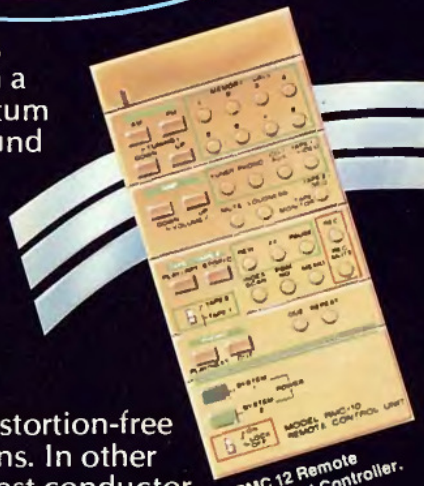
By the time you had left the euphoria of Woodstock, Marantz had left Woodside, New York, and moved to California, euphoric over more

TODAY'S NEW WAVE OF GOLD.

Today, whether your music is riding on a new wave or moving with the momentum of a rolling stone, you'll hear more sound than ever from Marantz. Because everything we've touched has turned to gold. Real gold. In 1981, we introduced 24-Karat Solid Gold Plated input and output jacks to all Marantz receivers, tuners, amplifiers, cassette decks, and turntables.

Gold. It's the ultimate for oxidation-free, distortion-free audio connections. In other words, it's the best conductor of electricity there is.

Our way of conducting more of the sound you want to hear.



RMC 12 Remote Handheld Controller. Infrared control of total system.

SR8100DC Receiver. Microprocessed gold.

And today, there's even more from Marantz.

If you want to hear enough sound to fill the Fillmore, you can get it from our award-winning Esotec SM 1000 Power Amplifier. It's rated at 550 watts* of solid gold power. *Per channel.* (And now going for only $4,995, while they last.)

If you want a receiver controlled by the latest microcomputer technology, you can get it in the Marantz 8100DC.

If you want to go out on the leading edge of the latest laser sound technology, you'll get your journey on the Marantz Digital Audio Disc Player.

VR 250 Beta Hi-Fi.
Video's most advanced stereo sound.

If you want high-fidelity video with full stereo

audio breakthroughs. Like the SLT 12, the world's first Linear Tracking Turntable. It straightened out a whole industry. And the first FM stereo receiver to be designed in the U.S. and assembled in Japan, the Model 19. It started a whole Japanese manufacturing industry.

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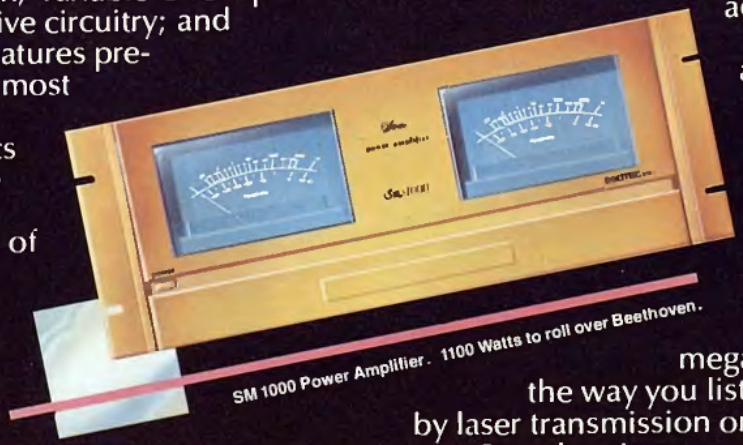
The Model 19 also fathered the 2200 Series of Marantz receivers. They became the greatest single selling line of receivers in history.

Why? Solid gold performance at an affordable price.

They were the first receivers that included such high performance features as Parametric Muting, with a steep tuner quieting slope design; Variable Overlap Drive, with computerized protective circuitry; and Instant Overload Recovery—all features previously available only in the best, most expensive separate components.

And if you looked at the specs for those receivers, you'd find the widest dynamic range (96db) and lowest amplifier distortion (0.3%) of their time.

All of those Marantz home audio achievements were designed to produce the fidelity of sound, musicality, and well-balanced frequency response you wanted to hear. And that's still true of Marantz products.


SM 1000 Power Amplifier. 1100 Watts to roll over Beethoven.

you can get it in a Marantz Video Cassette Recorder.

If you want total remote, infrared control over an entire Marantz system, we'll put that in your hands, too.

WHOEVER YOU LISTEN TO, THE FUTURE OF GOLD IS SOLID.

CD 73 Digital Audio Disc Player.
The future of music arrives by laser.

The beat goes on. Gold is rocking the world from Boston to Berlin, from Alabama to Australia. And, in partnership with one of the world's largest resources of research and development, we've got our Marantz research men at work, keeping us where we've always been—ahead of everybody else in the advancement of sound.

Yesterday, we made legends and history.

Today, we're still out front, advancing the torrent of technologies—computer, video, and laser—to solid gold levels of performance.

In the future, we will be at the forefront of those technological megatrends that will again change the way you listen to music—whether it's by laser transmission or communication satellite.

So, when it comes to the solid gold sound of Marantz, not even the sky's the limit.

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*0.05% THD, 20Hz-20kHz at 4 Ohms.

THE SOLID GOLD SOUND

YOUR REASONS FOR OWNING GOLD ARE MORE SOUND THAN EVER.

THE SOLID GOLD SOUND

☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

IDOL GOSSIP: This month's Yondah Lies da Castle of My Faddah Award goes to Paramount for picking **Richard Gere** to top-line—are you ready for this?—*The Story of David* (alternative title, *An Israelite and a Gentleman*). Set to shoot in Italy under the direction of **Bruce** (*Breaker Morant*) **Beresford,** the film will follow the progress of its hero from his days as an innocent shepherd through his reign as king of Judah. No other casting news was available at presstime, but **Mr. T** sounds appropriate as Goliath and **Debra Winger** might be good as Bathsheba. . . . God only knows why, but Columbia is prepping *Annie II*, with moppet **Aileen Quinn** set to reprise her title role. This one, they say, will be less a traditional musical and more an action-adventure flick with songs. (Can't wait for *Annie 3-D*). Independent film maker **Jan Egleson,** responsible for several worthy PBS productions, has been named as director. . . . **Peter Boyle** will play the leader of a Thirties New York gang who inducts **Michael Keaton** into a life of crime in Fox's spoof of old gangster movies, *Johnny Dangerously*. **Danny DeVito** and **Dom DeLuise** have also joined the cast. . . . "I have promised to do a comedy if I mess this up," vows **Bill Murray** of his first serious dramatic role, a part in Columbia's production of **W. Somerset Maugham's** *The Razor's Edge*. Co-starring with **Catherine Hicks, Theresa Russell, Denholm Elliott** and **James Keach,** Murray plays a young man trying to come to terms with himself and the world as he finds it following World War One. (It's the role played by **Tyrone Power** in the 1946 movie version.) The new picture is being shot on location in England, France and the Himalayas. . . . **Mike Nichols** will direct the movie of **Nora Ephron's** best seller *Heartburn*.

Gere

Quinn

•

RIOT SQUAD: The Ladd Company's *Police Academy* is one of those wild-and-crazy ensemble comedies featuring a few name actors and a host of lesser-known thespians. **Steve** (*Diner*) **Guttenberg, Kim** (*Tribute*) **Cattrall** and **Bubba** (Oakland Raiders) **Smith** star in the picture, which involves the conversion of a group of kooks and maniacs into a crop of cops. Guttenberg plays a guy given the choice of going to prison or becoming a police cadet, Cattrall wants to leave her humdrum Junior League life behind and meet exciting people and Smith is fed up with being a florist. The rest of the cadets include a Latin Lothario, a momma's boy, a henpecked Jewish-American prince, a compulsive sycophant, a weasel and a ghetto graduate. Put those nuts up against three ultraserious police instructors, add jokes and stir and—presto!—you have comedy. (It worked for *Animal House*, anyway.) *Police Academy* is set for a 1984 release.

Cattrall

Guttenberg

•

FRANKLY, MY DEAR . . . : *Louisiana*, starring **Margot Kidder** and **Ian** (*Chariots of Fire*) **Charleson,** is one of those grand Southern epics in the classic tradition of *Gone with the Wind*: In the breathless prose of the press release, "rich with passion, intrigue and action, it ranges from the grandeur of vast plantations to . . . the battlefields of the Civil War." Basically, it's a long story (it spans three generations) about a beautiful, tempestuous woman (Kidder) who struggles to win back a plantation while torn between the men who desire and pursue her and the one man she truly loves but can never possess. Sound familiar? *Louisiana*, directed by French film maker **Philippe** (*King of Hearts*) **de Broca** (who recently became Kidder's third husband), co-stars **Victor Lanoux, Andrea** (*La Grande Bouffe*) **Ferreol, Lloyd Bochner, John** (*Topaz*) **Vernon** and **Hilly** (*Roots*) **Hicks**. The film makers plan to release the film both theatrically and as a TV miniseries.

Kidder

Charleson

•

VIETNAM REVISITED: In Paramount's *Last River to Cross*, **Gene Hackman** plays Marine colonel Jason Rhodes, a man obsessed with finding his son, who was among those missing in action in Vietnam. After years of inquiries and shuttles from the U.S. to Asia and back, nothing has led Rhodes any closer to finding out whether or not his son is alive; so, with funding from a high-level corporate executive (**Robert Stack**), he plans an audacious mission through the Mekong jungle, prepared to use force if necessary to find and release his son. Accompanying him on the expedition are six Vietnam veterans, portrayed in the film by **Fred Ward, Reb Brown, Harold Sylvester, Tim Thomerson** and **Patrick Swayze,** all gifted veterans of the screen, and, in his starring debut, heavyweight contender **Randall "Tex" Cobb.** Also co-starring as Rhodes's estranged wife is **Gail** (*Norma Rae*) **Strickland**. *Last River to Cross* is directed by **Ted** (*First Blood*) **Kotcheff,** produced by **John Milius.**

•

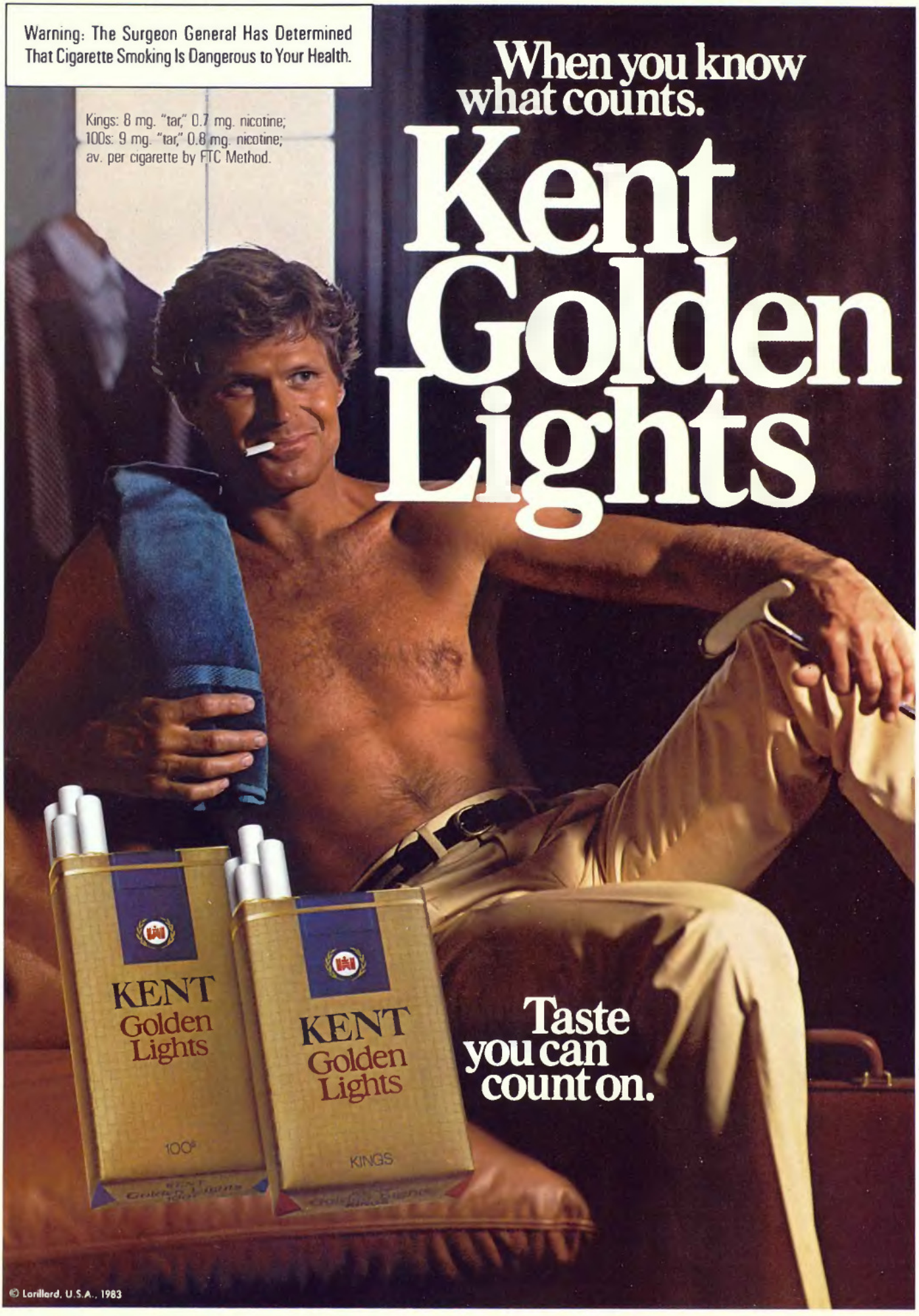
MURDER INK: What would Christmas be without **Clint Eastwood**? Yes, fans, the squinty-eyed star is back, this time as Dirty Harry after a seven-year absence from the role of homicide dick. The new adventure, called *Sudden Impact*, is the fourth in the series and the first to be directed by Eastwood. (**Sondra Locke** co-stars, of course.) No need to detail the plot here—suffice it to say that Harry discovers, the hard way, that he is the target of a gangland assassination scheme. You can't beat a winning formula, folks. Eastwood, as director, seems to have developed a perspective about the character he plays. Says he, "Harry understands the difference between right and wrong. He is a determined, instinctive cop. Harry does not doubt himself, he does not equivocate and he does not allow procedure to obscure justice."

Locke

Eastwood

•

CLASS ACT: *American Playhouse*, PBS' critically acclaimed series, commences its third season this coming January with a full roster of programing in 27 original productions. Among them are *The Cafeteria*, based on **Isaac Bashevis Singer's** story of lonely immigrants in New York; **Philip Roth's** *The Ghost Writer*, starring **Claire Bloom** and **Sam Wanamaker;** and an hour-long adaptation of **Eugene O'Neill's** *Hughie*, with **Jason Robards.**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A CHRISTMAS STORY

By ASA BABER

IT WAS a truck stop just like any other. I parked my 18-wheeler and went inside to get off the road and out of the cold. It was Christmas Eve. Everybody with good sense was at home, but there I was, in a truck stop on Interstate 80 somewhere in Iowa, eating steak and eggs and drinking coffee and watching the snow outside. The road can be as lonely as the ocean.

Pretty soon, I noticed a fellow sitting at a table back in the corner, near the salami and the oil filters. He was slouched down in his seat and there were a dozen empty beer bottles in front of him. Damned if he didn't look as sad as if he'd just totaled a new Peterbilt.

Now, in a truck stop, you don't stare at another fellow, if you know what I mean. So I minded my own business and wrote out my Christmas list and listened to the jukebox; but every now and then, I watched that dude out of the corner of my eye. He looked familiar. Maybe it was the beard, maybe it was the boots, maybe it was that red suit with the white trim—I don't know—but it was him. He was chugging beer and hanging his head. I went over to talk to him.

"Santa Claus," I said, "how are you?"

He looked around. "How the hell do you think I am, son?" he asked.

"You don't look so good, Santa. How come you're topping your tank with suds? It's almost Christmas."

"So what?" he asked.

"Aren't you supposed to be flying over rooftops and climbing down chimneys right about now? Pull yourself together, man. You've got work to do."

"Better tell that to the judge, boy."

"The judge?" I asked.

"Yep." Santa Claus cracked another beer. "Let me tell you something, trucker. I used to be up to my armpits in work on Christmas Eve. I don't have to bother now. She's got it. Damn near all of it."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Claus. My ex-wife."

"You two got divorced?"

"Yep. And she got the kids. The judge cited mother love. Said they were in their tender years. Said she should take over and I should get the hell out of the way."

"What did you come out with?" I asked.

"I got 50 percent interest in the house at the North Pole. And I got the sleigh. That's about it."

"What about the reindeer?"

"They turned on me, trucker. Dasher, Dancer, Blitzen, the whole bunch. They went with the money. 'She got the gold mine, I got the shaft,' " he said.

"So, from now on, it'll be Mrs. Claus who comes down the chimney?"

"Indeed," Santa Claus nodded. "Read this. It's the court order. Chimneys are out. I can't go near them. It says so specifically. Besides, I can't get anywhere without my reindeer. The bailiff came out here and collected them this morning. They didn't even look back. That Prancer, I'd like to kick his rear end, he looked so snotty. He always did like Mrs. Claus better."

> " 'Santa Claus,' I said, 'how are you? . . . You don't look so good. . . . How come you're topping your tank with suds?' "

"Wow," I said, "I guess I never thought of Santa Claus getting a divorce."

"Happens to the best of us, *amigo*," Santa said. "I got problems just like any other man." He stopped and looked embarrassed. "I guess I shouldn't say anything."

"Santa, you can talk to me."

"I'm not so sure," Santa said. "I'm not sure we men know how to talk to one another about anything much. I tried to talk to one of my helpers about my troubles with my wife. Damned if that little bastard didn't nod his head and pretend to listen and then go try to hit on her. Now, what kind of treatment is that?"

"Pretty common," I said.

"I'll say it's common. It's crazy the way men treat one another, always competing, always looking for the edge."

"Merry Christmas," I said, trying to cheer him up.

"Bah! Humbug!" Santa Claus said.

Now, I never thought I would hear Santa Claus say "Bah! Humbug!" to Christmas.

"Santa, I'm ashamed of you," I said. "You're feeling too sorry for yourself. I've been divorced. I know it's hard. I know we're in trouble. But we can't just sit around and mope, damn it."

Santa Claus was making a paper airplane out of his divorce decree. "I think I'll have another beer," he belched.

"Please, Santa," I said, "don't do this to yourself." It was hard for me to say what I wanted to say next. "Santa, when I was a little boy, I was looking for only one thing in life: I wanted to find men I could look up to, men I could respect and shape myself after. I think most of us guys are like that. I don't think we know any other way to live except to copy the men we respect. And, Santa, you were one hell of a role model for me. I wanted to be like you when I grew up, to be fair and funny and helpful and open and honest and generous. But what I'm seeing here tonight is like the bad dream I call my life. Every damn role model I ever had gave out on me. My father died and the baseball players got rich and the generals got mean and my buddies got scared and the politicians got greedy—well, you know. Come on, Santa, don't you give out on me, too."

Santa Claus looked at me for a long time. Something changed in him. He combed his beard with his fingers and straightened his cap and brushed the pretzel crumbs off his suit. The color came back into his cheeks and he stood up carefully, like a man getting out of a hospital bed. "Where's your truck, son?"

"In back," I said.

"I got a trailer hitch on my sleigh. Reckon we could hook up? If you can get us started, I can get us flying."

"No problem, Santa."

"So what if I can't go down the chimney? There are doors, aren't there? I was getting too fat for chimneys, anyway. Come on, trucker, let's haul. We got miles to go. I'll be damned if I'll disappear just because somebody tells me to."

Santa hitched his sleigh to my truck, and before I was out of second gear, we were flying as high as the moon.

"Merry Christmas, son," he said.

"That's a big ten-four," I laughed.

We got presents through the door of the last house of the last child just before dawn. Then Santa flew me and my rig back to the truck stop in Iowa. "Ho, ho, ho," Santa chortled.

That was just before a Smokey Bear ticketed us for speeding, but we didn't care. It was a truly fine Christmas, and that's all you can ever ask for, all you can ever give.

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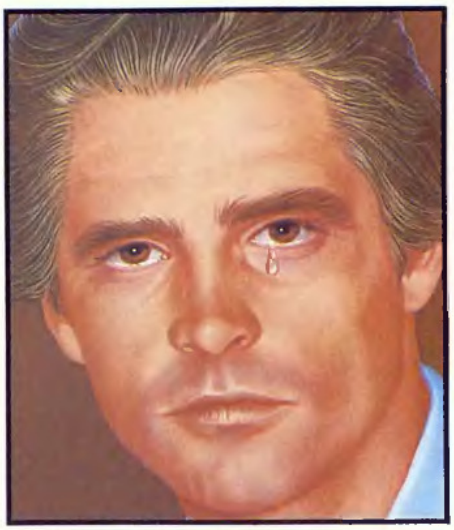

THE VULNERABLE MAN SYNDROME

I SUFFER, like many women of my ilk, from Nick Nolte mania. I can't get enough of the guy. The rasp in his voice, the bewilderment in his eyes and even his certain extra beefiness make me go all funny internally. I especially like the way he shrugs his shoulders. It's a shrug that, if it could speak, would say, "I don't know what is going on, and even if I did, I'd probably fuck up."

I like existential angst in a man; it makes me think he knows what's what. There is a certain comfort and coziness in a man who's strong enough to show such vulnerability. Robert De Niro showed it in *The Deer Hunter*. Burt Reynolds showed it in *Semi-Tough*. Dustin Hoffman showed it, with a vengeance, in *Tootsie*.

Unfortunately, Nick and Robert and Burt and Dustin are movie stars. In their private lives, they may well be smarmy twits who ooze all over the Polo Lounge and get excited only when their agents phone to tell them they're getting three extra points. Who knows?

What I do know is, there is a lot of counterfeit vulnerability making the rounds lately. It seems to be an epidemic. And there is nothing more unsettling than Vulnerable Man, the would-be superhero of the Eighties. Allow me to introduce him:

• Vulnerable Man *hurts*. Small puppies being mistreated bring visible and extremely virulent emotional anguish to his countenance. Tales of starvation in India force him to take to his bed. For days.

• Vulnerable Man *cares*. Is it your birthday and nobody's brought you a present? Vulnerable Man will rush right over with flowers. Toothache? Vulnerable Man knows how you feel; he's been there. Job problems? Vulnerable Man knows what bastards those men at work can be.

• Vulnerable Man *understands*. He's been through the grisly divorce, the death of a loved one, the problems of writer's block. He can empathize.

• Vulnerable Man *feels*. Oh, God, does he feel. Sometimes, he just doesn't know what to do with those feelings of his. Sometimes, they get so strong, he thinks he'll burst—he really does. He knows he's allowed to cry now, and he does so at every available opportunity.

And not only all of the above but Vulnerable Man also *sympathizes*. And *tries*. And *isn't perfect*. And *shows his anger*.

Vulnerable Man is a loathsome excrescence. I want someone to push bamboo shoots under his toenails. I want him to lose his job. I want his landlord to evict him. In fact, if he keeled over and died, I might sing a little song.

And I'm not the only one. Witness the following conversation, held in a random bar in Manhattan only days ago.

> "There is a lot of counterfeit vulnerability making the rounds lately. . . . And there is nothing more unsettling than Vulnerable Man."

JOHN: Fellow came up to me, wanted me to join a men's group.

CYNTHIA: Men's group? What kind of men's group?

JOHN: Dunno. Something about understanding women's oppression.

SHARON: Yuck! Excuse me, I think I'm going to puke on my shoes.

LESLIE: You told him no, didn't you? I wouldn't want you to turn into one of those smarmy, sensitive guys.

SHARON: Too right. My first husband turned into one of those. There I was, minding my own business; and suddenly, he was acting like he was doing me a big favor by managing to get it up. He used to cry into his cereal in the morning, too. Said Wheaties depressed him.

JOHN: I told him to get stuffed, as a matter of fact. The way I figure it, men are chauvinists, all of them. A woman told me that, and I believe her. Just like all white people are racists, even though they don't wanna be. So I'm a chauvinist; I know that. But I don't want to revel in it. I just try to bear it in mind before I act, so I don't do anything *too* stupid.

SHARON: You know that fellow Alex? The one whose family has money? Well, all of a sudden, he's gone into fathers' rights. A revolting concept. He takes video tapes of fathers during the birth of their children. My brother's wife had a baby and he came running over, all worried and sensitive-looking, and said, "How is he?" Meaning my brother.

CYNTHIA: Not a word about the wife? Or the baby? He'll have to go.

LESLIE: I really hate this new male sensitivity.

JOHN: Me, too.

SHARON: Me, too.

Me, too. And I'll tell you why. It's all simply protective coloration. Vulnerable Man doesn't really give a shit. He knows the right words, the glib phrases, since he's boned up on his feminist treatises. But if one happens to glance at his eyes during one of his oozing, riddled-with-emotion diatribes, one notices a glassy, calculating coldness. And one realizes, with a *frisson*, that this man is simply trying to get on one's good side.

What makes it all even more discouraging is that not only is Vulnerable Man betraying women, he's also betraying his own sex.

This is a horrible story, but I'm going to tell it: When I was 11 years old, my best friend, Dede, started menstruating. And you know what I, slimy creature that I was, did? I rushed right up to Johnnie Taylor, my obsession at the time, and told him all about it. Why? Because I wanted to identify with the guys, wanted to show them what a cool girl I was.

This is Vulnerable Man's favorite ploy. He just can't wait to show you, in word and gesture, what pigs other men are and how he's so much better.

Now, don't get me wrong. I am not advocating that all men must go back to their oppressive, male-chauvinist-piggish ways with no questions asked. Please.

I just think that every man in the world should shut up about how liberated he is. Instead of speaking, act. Help open a day-care center. Get up with the kids in the middle of the night. Wash a floor. Hire a woman. Just keep it to yourself is all.

Real, true vulnerability is incredibly courageous business. It's the ability to grit your teeth, gird your loins and then manage to tell someone that, yes, if she sleeps with another man, it'll kill you. Or that you're scared she's going to leave you. Or that you're afraid you're the biggest jackass in the world, but could she please love you anyway? Tough stuff.

Nick and Robert and Burt and Dustin are professional actors. They get paid tons of money to simulate that honorable vulnerability, because they're so good at it. Amateurs, please refrain.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My husband and I have been married for five years and had sex together at least three years before our marriage. During all that time, I have never had an orgasm from intercourse. My orgasms come from oral sex or masturbation, which I greatly enjoy—and my husband has said they really turn him on, too. But now he insists that I have a vaginal orgasm, which, it seems, I cannot achieve. During sex, he has refused me any kind of oral stimulation or even masturbation, stating that I will never learn how to have a vaginal orgasm if he does that. Needless to say, lovemaking has gone downhill for both of us. Is there anything I can do, any techniques or exercises I can learn? We have tried different positions and different angles of penetration, as well as different speeds, but nothing seems to help or even come close. I have tried to find books that may help me, but so far, I cannot find what I am looking for. Can you help in any way?—Mrs. A. C., St. Louis, Missouri.

Research studies have shown that many women, for any number of reasons, never reach climax during intercourse. And sex therapists agree that when couples focus on orgasm, they create more problems than they had to begin with. Your husband's tactics will not work. Instead of depriving you of what does, he should incorporate it into the sex act. Try touching yourself while you are making love. As for reading material, we suggest "The Playboy Advisor on Love and Sex" (it's available for $10.95 from Putnam Publishing Group, Department PBM-5, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016) or Lonnie Barbach's "For Each Other." Both books give hints on what has worked for others, but there is still much to learn. We would like to hear from other women readers about their orgasmic experience. How did they learn to climax during intercourse? We'll publish the best letters in future "Playboy Advisor" columns.

An East Coast company has offered me a job. I'm still negotiating my salary, but I am concerned about the cost of living in the new location. I'm comfortable now, but I understand housing is especially expensive there. Is there a way to get a line on how far my money will go if I take the job?—S. T., Nashville, Tennessee.

Your future employer is the best source for the information you want, and you shouldn't hesitate to ask for it. You will want to know how most employees get to work, where they live, what functions you will be required to attend and the cost of those functions. You will also need guidelines on weather and dress requirements,

which can add considerably to your living costs. It will also help to get a newspaper from the area to find out the costs of housing and food. One major expense that many people overlook is that of state and local taxes. You will need to find out the level of income, sales, property and automobile taxes in the new location to negotiate your salary properly. A ten percent increase in salary may sound good until you learn that moving from Nashville to New York, for instance, will increase your tax burden by 12 percent, leaving you not only without a raise but in the hole.

For kicks, my girlfriend and I experimented with going for her orgasm by nipple stimulation only. She has rather small breasts but larger-than-average, firm nipples. After some ten minutes of kissing, rubbing, sucking and tonguing, it happened! She reacted in the same way she does with a vaginal orgasm. We were so motivated that we pressed our good fortune until she reached simultaneous nipple and clitoral orgasms. That is now a way of life with us, with quicker results each time: Two to three minutes for a climax is our present time, with even faster multiples. Needless to say, I am repaid for my efforts with fantastic reciprocation. Are we unique? I don't know of a nipple orgasm other than *our* experience.—R. L. G., Los Angeles, California.

We certainly don't mean to take away from your new-found pleasure, but your ladyfriend is by no means unique. Many women are capable of experiencing orgasm without clitoral (or vaginal) stimulation. We've even heard of women who could be stimulated on the ear lobe. However, the two of you are to be commended for doing a little research on your own. Now you're both reaping the benefits.

To help me control my weight, a friend has suggested that I use a concoction from a health-food store that contains something called guarana. What is it? Is it safe to use?—L. D., Tacoma, Washington.

Buying from a health-food store won't make you healthy any more than driving into a service station will get you service. So don't be misled by appearances. Guarana is not new. It is, in fact, the national drink of Brazil. The active ingredient in guarana is caffeine, the very same stuff you find in coffee, cola and chocolate, but in far greater quantities. It is made from the seeds of a jungle shrub and is nothing more than a stimulant. Weight loss is a simple matter of burning more calories than you take in. You can do it by eating less and exercising more. A stimulant is just a crutch people use in place of the will power it takes to eat less. Toss out the crutch; let your will govern your shape.

My husband is a voyeur. To arouse him requires almost exclusively that I relate intimate descriptions of naked women, women he knows. The better the detail, the more excited he becomes. He always thanks me warmly and profusely for my descriptions, but I resent having to give them. We have tried alternative foreplay and lovemaking techniques, but he always wants to return to that one. I work out daily to keep in top shape and keep my appearance at its best; and then, when I am lying naked in bed, waiting for him, he is at the window, trying to catch a glimpse of the couple (or the woman) at the window across the way. If I had let myself go and were fat and ugly, his voyeurism would make more sense. As things are, I am hurt and have told him so. It seems as if all my effort to keep in great shape for him is wasted. I cannot see sharing this with a counselor, as the Peeping Tom bit is best kept under wraps. What do you suggest?—Mrs. M. O., Boston, Massachusetts.

Have you considered moving into the apartment across the way? What we have here is a conflict of sexual styles. A voyeur is a person who likes his love at a distance—he may feel overwhelmed if the

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source of stimulation gets too close. On the other hand, you want more interaction—right now you are accommodating his fantasy and getting nothing in return. When sex becomes a duty, it's as good as gone. The healthiest love styles are flexible. He should cater to your desires, or you should both create new ones. Don't be afraid of counseling; confidentiality is maintained.

After taking a test drive in a new automobile that I intended to buy, I'm still not certain that it's the one I want. The reason is that the test drive was so short and the salesman rattled on in the passenger seat while I was driving. Is my experience typical? Are there dealers who will allow me more time and a private, extended drive to really test the car?—R. M., Glendale, California.

It's hard to fault the dealer for not wanting you to play with his new car for a couple of days. But the opportunity would be welcome, considering that you're asked to make a fast judgment about a purchase you'll have to live with for several years. Many a driver has discovered that those soft seats he loved during the spin around the block offer no support at all during hard cornering on his daily commute. One good way to make your final judgment is to first rent the model you intend to buy. These days, rental companies offer a wide range of cars—anything from a Ford Escort to a Maserati Quattroporte. A few calls to the rent-a-car agencies in your area just may turn up your dream car. Once you've got it, put it through everything you would expect your car to do, give it a top-to-bottom inspection or just sit in it and pretend you own it. A rental can tell you much about how the car is going to age, mechanically and cosmetically. Expensive, you say? Not really. Like a dinner date, it's a small investment up front that can save you a lot of grief later.

My lover and I enjoy oral sex frequently. When the act is consummated, she has the thoughtfulness and the good taste to ingest my ejaculate. Together, we have noticed that when we abstain from that activity for a week or more, she seems to experience a greater number of facial blemishes. The question: Does the frequent (at least once every three or four days) ingestion of male ejaculate prevent facial blemishes? Additionally, since I equally enjoy and reciprocate with cunnilingus, what is the effect on me of my ingestion of her love juices at approximately the same intervals? Does the ingestion of those precious bodily fluids have any other effects (for females, on breast size, hair texture and sheen, etc.; for males, on nose size, mustache texture and sheen, etc.)?—P. A., Norman, Oklahoma.

Oral sex produces only one physical effect—intense pleasure. It relieves tension (and stress has been connected with complexion problems). All other claimed benefits—from reducing spiraling inflation to raising the Dow Jones—are based on word of mouth.

My running program has become something of an obsession with me, and I'd like to continue it, even through our Minnesota winters. Can running in the cold hurt my body? Is there anything special I can do to keep myself warm without running in a down parka?—S. T., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

When the mercury dips, we find ourselves more inclined toward indoor sports; push-ups in front of a roaring fireplace, for instance. But if you gotta run, you gotta run. So protect yourself with light layers of clothing, a good windbreaker and a hat. Ideally, your clothes should let moisture out while retaining heat. Fabrics such as Gore-Tex are perfect for that. Rapid movement in cold produces a wind-chill effect that makes you feel even colder than the surrounding air does, so a windbreaker is essential. Most body heat is lost through the head and the neck, so it is prudent to keep them covered. Of course, to produce body heat in cold weather, you have to raise your caloric intake. And don't forget jogger's rule number one: The farther you run, the farther you have to run back.

I am a male, 21 years old and straight. When I was about 16, a friend and I used to double date. After one such night, we went back to his house. We'd both been "unlucky" that night. Sitting in his room and talking about those broads, we got even more horny. My friend decided he had to jerk off immediately; and somehow, I joined him. Afterward, we used to masturbate together every so often. We never touched each other or anything like that. We didn't even think we had a problem with homosexuality. Anyway, somewhere around the age of 18 or 19, we just stopped doing it. (We started getting luckier.) Once in a while, we still double date; but afterward, no solo performances. Do you think what we used to do makes us somewhat gay?—S. B., San Diego, California.

No.

I'm having problems with my girlfriend. Sometimes I reach out to touch her and she pulls away, saying, "Not now." I feel rejected. She says that she doesn't like the way I touch her, that she doesn't like to be pawed. Can you shed some light on her behavior?—R. W., Detroit, Michigan.

Alexandra Penney, author of "How to Make Love to Each Other," has a very perceptive observation about the way men

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and women differ with regard to touch: "Most women distinguish between two kinds of contact; that is, they separate sexual touch from affectionate touch in much the same way that men consciously or subconsciously differentiate between pure physical sex and making love. Most men don't realize that playful or affectionate touching, however, is central to most women's sexual responsiveness. Extended touching and kissing and cuddling all over the body—nonsexual touching—are as essential to most women's readiness to make love as is erotic or specifically breast/genital touching. Many women feel that a man's touch contains a demand for sexual intercourse. Touching can thus elicit the opposite response from the one you desire. You're touching and stroking your partner, but instead of reacting with warmth, she is becoming increasingly unresponsive. . . . Generally, [men] perceive touch in sexual terms. If a woman hugs or embraces a man, he will not, as she does, think of it as purely a form of affection or warmth; he is likely to take it as a prelude to sexual activity. . . . To further complicate the problem, since most men prefer direct and immediate genital stimulation, they tend to think of playful touching as a duty, as something to be done to please a woman. For many men, nonsexual touching is simply a series of stops along the way to genital touching, and this is exactly why women feel their touch as a demand."

Sounds hopeless, right? Penney makes the point that men touch women the way they would like to be touched and that women touch men the way they would like to be touched (light, feathery touches over the entire body). She recommends an exercise in role reversal: For ten minutes, let your lover show you exactly how she likes to be touched—then it's your turn. "You are giving him the sensations that you would be most responsive to. You, for instance, prefer long, sensuous stroking of your legs and inner thighs. You like your nipples to be sucked firmly; you enjoy the pressure of a palm placed above your pubic bone (many women do) while having your breasts caressed. Do these things to your partner so that he can experience as closely as possible what it is that feels good to you." Sounds like good advice.

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

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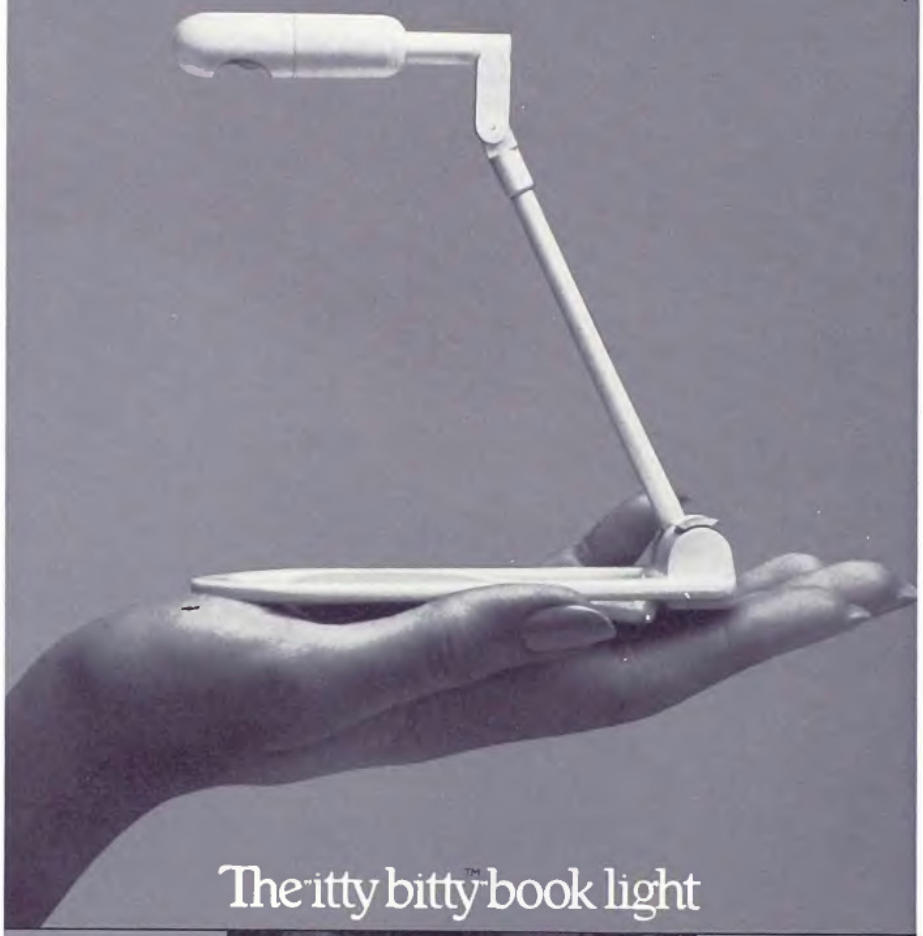

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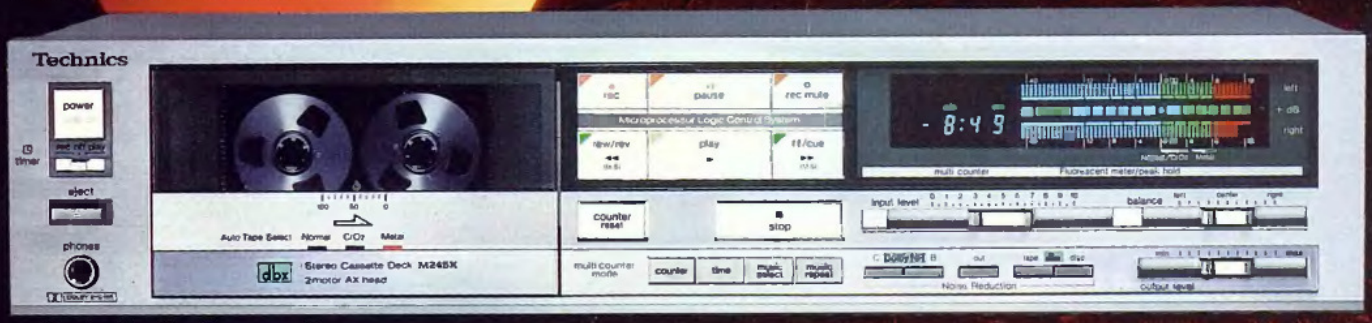

dbx is effective because it compresses a musical signal so its dynamic range is cut in half. When the tape is played back, the original dynamic range is restored, but the noise level is pushed below the level of audibility.

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Technics
The science of sound

DEAR PLAYMATES

One of the great myths of our time is that the sexual revolution has produced a generation of men and women who have rejected all traditional behavior. We thought we'd investigate this subject with our Playmate experts and get their views on being faithful.

The question for the month:

Is sexual fidelity important to you and can it be achieved in a relationship?

I can be totally faithful in a relationship, and I have been. The few times I've strayed have been when the relationship I was in was going badly. I think fidelity improves sex as time goes by, because a feeling of trust develops and you relax. Infidelity gets messy and someone gets the short end of the stick. I also think fidelity is easier for women than for men. It doesn't take as much effort for women to be faithful.

Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

If I'm in love with someone, I'm totally loyal. I do not mess around on him. I'm faithful, and that's the way I like him to be, too. I don't believe in a swinging type of relationship, where I can go out and so can he. That's not my ideal. I'm old-fashioned. I need to know my man is my man, and I think he'd like to be sure of me in the same way. I wouldn't want to do the kind of thing that I would not like done to me. It's that simple.

Marlene Janssen

MARLENE JANSSEN
NOVEMBER 1982

Very important. I don't like messing around. But if it happened, I'd hope for honesty. For example, if my boyfriend and I were separated for a week and, after we both returned home, he told me he'd been up to something, I think I could accept it, because he told the truth. I think men feel it's morally OK for them to fool around but not OK for women. I couldn't fool around myself; I would never do it. If the urge ever hit me, I would tell my boyfriend *before* I did anything.

Marianne Gravatte

MARIANNE GRAVATTE
OCTOBER 1982

I'm a combination of the old school and the new generation. I have a razzmatazz, dazzle side and an old-fashioned, Victorian side. On one hand, I think of being committed to one man. On the other hand, I realize that no one person is going to supply all my basic needs. So I guess I see fidelity as a philosophical thing, because I accept the fact that it's possible to be attracted to more than one person. I'm not too concerned with what he does with his body as long as he respects me and keeps his other stuff out of my face. That's where I'm at. Respect.

Azizi Johari

AZIZI JOHARI
JUNE 1975

It's possible in this day and age—difficult but possible. I'm not altogether sure if marriage makes it less difficult or more. When you're married, you feel a deeper commitment; but in a relationship, I guess I feel I *can* fool around, if I find I like the other guy better. I'm not leaving a marriage. It's just not as complicated. In marriage, I think I will be faithful to my husband, and I don't think I'll find it too hard to do.

Susie Scott

SUSIE SCOTT
MAY 1983

Male sexuality and female sexuality are different with respect to fidelity. Men are basically in search of novelty and women are in search of monogamy. I'll probably catch hell for saying this, but I'd be more inclined to excuse a man. Why? It seems that men can have sex with an attractive woman and not blink an eye. Women make a more emotional investment. I'm not talking about marriage, but I do need to know a man is interested in me as a person. So I'd be more likely to forgive a man even if I didn't appreciate his lapse.

Cathy Larmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

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

SOUTHERN COMFORT

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"Our old house is always happy this time of year. Folks drop by... and not just because they love my wife, which they do. They also kinda like my Comfort eggnog. Best in the county".

Happy Holidays!

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

WHEN LIFE BEGINS

It was with great delight that I discovered in the August issue a contemporary philosopher to rival Plato, Aristotle, Plotinus, Augustine, Ficino, Shaftesbury, Kant, Schelling, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Croce, Dewey and Heidegger—even Professor Fred W. Lorenz and, most certainly, Hugo Carl Koch, whose interesting letters also appeared in the issue.

I refer, of course, to the grandmother of reader Morton Weiss, who, in closing the Lorenz-Koch exchange, quoted her wisdom in concisely resolving the issue of when life begins. I predict long lines of pilgrims making their way to her door.

Thomas L. Fernow
Fort Thomas, Kentucky

Grandmother Weiss, says her grandson in his letter, believes that "life begins when the children move out and the dog dies."

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

This is in response to the letter from Constance Robertson (*The Playboy Forum*, September) and her opposition to 1983's being declared the "Year of the Bible," which she considers an example of "Governmental interference" and "religious tyranny." It is no more tyrannical than having church night at the local skating rink or bat day at the ball park. The American Revolution was not a rejection of divine authority, as she states, but a rejection of a dominant church and state over people seeking religious freedom.

John Fisher
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Fine, but it still sounds as if you want to beef up that divine authority with Government authority, which is what the founding fathers, Robertson and we, too, oppose.

BURGLAR ABATEMENT

I call your attention to the Burglar Abatement Act (or whatever it's actually called) recently passed by our Louisiana state legislature and debated on the ABC-Television program *Nightline*. The new law gives householders the right to use deadly force, if necessary, to repel burglars or other home invaders. In other words, to shoot 'em without having to prove in court that you were in fear for your life.

An NAACP spokeswoman in the debate objected to the law on the curious ground that blacks would be getting shot more often than whites, from which I would hate to infer anything. (The bill's co-author pointed out that black homes are far more likely to be burglarized or invaded than those of whites.) On her other point, that human life has greater value than a TV set—which seems to presume that the housebreaker has filed notice of intent—I think the burglar himself should be the judge of that.

An A.C.L.U. spokesman objected to the law on the ground that it was empty and dangerous symbolism. I say dangerous, possibly; symbolic, certainly; but empty, no. If burglars and the like only *read* about the law and correctly figure that they're now fair game for any fearful or angry householder, human psychology will do more than a battalion of police.

"The Yiddish schtup *[is] a rather funny word, a lot more romantic and not quite so harsh."*

A Baton Rouge TV-station phone-in poll had more than 2000 calls supporting the law and 12 opposing it, according to one participant in the debate. Perhaps there were 12 Baton Rouge burglars home that night watching their TV sets instead of stealing one.

B. O. Reeves
New Orleans, Louisiana

TO SWIVE

I have read PLAYBOY all these years because it discusses sex intelligently and portrays women in a way that is not degrading or trashy. Finally, along comes Bill Deming (*The Playboy Forum*, August), suggesting we try to find some better word than fuck to describe the romantic aspects of sex—an idea that seems to be right along the lines of your editorial policy—and he even offers to contribute money toward setting up a contest. What does he get? A humorous putdown. I happen to think he has a good idea. Why not elevate sex and our language a bit and find ways to express such loving with words of dignity?

Bruce D. Edwards
San Diego, California

The word fuck came from our Puritan forefathers. It was an abbreviation put on the stocks of those caught in fornication or adultery. It simply meant "for unlawful carnal knowledge."

"Jay Pee"
Dillsburg, Pennsylvania

I would like to suggest the Yiddish *schtup*. It's a rather funny word, a lot more romantic and not quite so harsh.

Carôn Sandres
Redondo Beach, California

While reviewing your August issue, I came across a plaintive cry for a word more palatable than fuck, a serviceable but increasingly ambiguous term.

Swiving, according to John Barth (*The Sot-Weed Factor*) and *The Oxford English Dictionary*, has mainly to do with "sexual connexion" and has been detailed in charming, if obsolete, fashion.

A staunch Anglo-Saxon term is this, to swive, and it is free from value judgment or gamesmanship, except in that she is as readily swived as he, says *Oxford*.

Paul Norton
Los Angeles, California

To Edwards: Our chuckle wasn't a putdown but merely a humorous sigh at the magnitude of Deming's project (and we notice you yourself didn't submit an entry).

To "Jay Pee": That wonderful but erroneous explanation has been going around for ages, but the word fuck actually comes to us from the German—Ludwig Fück, one of history's greatest fornicators, who lived in the 17th Century. (Let's see if we can get that one started.)

To Sandres: Schtup. *Yeah. That ought to really sweep them off their feet.*

To Norton: OK, everybody. We're going with swive. Deming, send him his $100.

(continued overleaf)

WATT NEXT?

Interior Secretary James Watt has finally managed to convince me that he's not just wrongheaded, not just dim-witted, but aggressively stupid and intellectually wicked. I've read newspaper reports that he now has seen fit to compare people who would keep abortion legal to the Nazis, who murdered Jews. Does that nitwit not realize that it takes exactly the same governmental mentality and authority to compel childbearing that it does to condemn people to death? The danger lies not in laws that protect people from Government power but in laws that *give* the Government the power over people, prohibiting one thing and making another compulsory. The Watt mentality is the one we have to fear. He thinks like Heinrich Himmler, even looks like him. And he understands Nazi double talk: ARBEIT MACHT FREI ("Work makes you free") was the sign that greeted Jews who were going to their state-ordered deaths in concentration camps. That use of the word free is like Watt's use of the word liberty—completely Orwellian. This man is dangerous, very dangerous.

Harrison L. Browne
Cuernavaca, Mexico

AGENT ORANGE

For many of us who served in Vietnam, the Agent Orange issue remains a growing concern, in response to which 20 states have now established Agent Orange commissions or programs through their legislatures. While the mandates of the programs vary widely, all have in common a desire to resolve the questions of their Vietnam veterans about their health and that of their children as a result of exposure to toxic herbicides.

Illinois and several other states are conducting a survey of their veterans to develop an overview of the health problems. Illinois is the first and, to date, the only state responding to the concerns of those of us who served in Vietnam with agencies such as the Red Cross and whose exposure to toxic elements was identical to that of our military counterparts. Elsewhere, we are excluded from any testing and treatment programs, but the Illinois Commission on the Status of Women has called for our inclusion under H.R. 339.

My appointment to the state Agent Orange commission by Governor Jim Thompson is also a first and again focuses attention on the civilian veterans.

The Playboy Foundation shares our interest in these matters, and we will be working with it on program designs.

We hope that as public attention continues to focus on the dioxin issue through such incidents as Times Beach, Missouri, the number of states with Agent Orange programs will grow.

Joan M. Maiman, Commissioner
Illinois Agent Orange
Study Commission
Springfield, Illinois

SCAM WATCH

In the September *Playboy Forum*, Robert Shea writes of the need for a group to study and evaluate all of the liberal (and conservative) causes in the land.

I'm pleased to report the publication of *The Philanthropist*, "the independent newsletter of tax-deductible giving." It is written for people and organizations that give large chunks of money to charities and causes of all kinds. Shea is right—this is fertile territory for consumer-oriented investigative journalism. We are already working to uncover some major scandals in fund-raising and charitable-organization operations, and we plan to shake up the many well-meaning groups that have grown fat and happy. By the same token, we will also report on the thousands of small groups doing good work that are struggling for funding.

The first issue will be out in November 1983. A one-year charter-rate subscription is $158—tax-deductible, of course. The address: *The Philanthropist*, 2175 Hudson Terrace, Fort Lee, New Jersey 07024 (212-725-7488).

Ross Becker
Fowler & Wells, Publishers
New York, New York

We're also advised of the Wise Giving Guide, *which rates hundreds of not-for-profit organizations and from which individual reports on various groups can be ordered. A one-year subscription to the monthly guide is $20: from the National Information Bureau, 419 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10016 (212-532-8595).*

STREET SMARTS

Regarding "Liberty and Safe Streets," by Richard Sharvy (*The Playboy Forum*, September): It's most pleasing to see that kind of clear thinking growing across the country. Sharvy's would be a constitutional amendment that gave more than it took.

C. Gelisse
Metaline Falls, Washington

While I am in substantial agreement with Sharvy's position, his proposed constitutional amendment suffers from a serious practical flaw. It states:

> No act shall be considered a criminal offense by the states or by the Federal Government unless it violates the natural rights of individuals.

The "natural rights of individuals" are left undefined and, thus, their definition would be left to the discretion of Federal judges, a group of men and women whose commitment to individual liberty is inconsistent at best. Furthermore, nothing is said about the rights of groups of individuals such as corporations and churches.

Let us remember that the first ten amendments to the Constitution were devised as further limitations on the power of Government. With that in mind, I propose the following Free Enterprise Amendment:

> Section 1. Neither the Congress nor the states shall make any laws prohibiting or regulating the free and voluntary exchange of goods and services except as necessary to punish theft and fraud.
>
> Section 2. All laws in violation of this amendment shall be null and void two years after the ratification of this amendment by the states as provided in the Constitution.

In focusing on statutory crimes, Sharvy overlooks a very large source of the economic repression that drives people to crime. Indeed, many turn to statutory crime because it is unregulated, untaxed and open to all. We must address *all* forms of Government interference in our lives.

James T. Crowe, Jr.
Richmond, Virginia

According to Professor Sharvy, the state has no business interfering with anyone's liberty to do things that do not violate the natural rights of others. That appealing principle could have appalling consequences. In purchasing narcotics, medicines or tranquilizers, I would not be violating the rights of others, so the state would have no business interfering with my liberty by requiring a prescription. Lift that requirement, however, and thousands would die needlessly each year from overdoses, from allergic responses or simply from failing to seek competent treatment.

Heroin addicts may commit crimes mainly to get drug money, but if heroin were cheap and legal, many more people would become addicted; and, given the debilitating effects of heroin, many of them would still commit crimes merely to get money for their next meal or a place to sleep or their next fix.

One must be caught in the grip of a theory to suppose that the state has no business controlling a significant public menace.

Jim Stone, Assistant Professor
of Philosophy
University of New Orleans
New Orleans, Louisiana

Professor Sharvy simply didn't have space to explain the long-term benefits of social Darwinism.

PRISON RAPE

Prison rape results in maimed bodies, maimed minds and bitter recriminations. It scars the victim and the victimizer alike, and all of society picks up the tab at a later date, one way or another.

The reports and the language of sexual assaults in our institutions reveal a gross misunderstanding of the problem. News reports constantly allude to "homosexual assaults." In reality, most such acts of

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

VIDEO REVENGE

WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT—*The owner of a video arcade, teed off after quarreling with local officials, has offered his home rent-free to the Hell's Angels motorcycle club so they "can do to Westport what Westport did to me." He also threatened to turn his game*

room into a porno parlor with seating for 150 people. He added, "I'll have to move my family when I get done with this town. I wouldn't want to live anywhere near the Hell's Angels."

BANNING BOTTOMLESS

ALBANY—*New York has finally sorted out its laws and is banning bottomless sun bathing. Public nudity had already been illegal in most jurisdictions, but the applicable state law had specified only that women could not go topless. "It is currently permissible for either a man or a woman to appear bottomless in public," complained Governor Mario Cuomo before the revised law was passed.*

Meanwhile, the Antelope, Oregon, city council, now dominated by the followers of an Indian guru whose cult had invaded the town, has voted unanimously to create a city park "for relaxation and recreation without wearing clothing."

RECYCLING

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS—*Cells from aborted fetuses may eventually be used to treat thousands of people paralyzed by spinal-cord damage, according to medical researchers. The president of the American Paralysis Association told a meeting of doctors, lawyers and religious representatives that the cell transplantation had been successfully carried out in some laboratory animals with damaged or diseased nerve fibers.*

JUST ANOTHER ALIBI?

CHICAGO—*A man jailed for a month in 1978 on a charge of rape has won an out-of-court settlement of an undisclosed amount from the city. The plaintiff's civil rights suit charged that he had been held on high bail and that the police never bothered to check out his alibi—that at the time of the rape, he had been at his own wedding reception, along with more than 100 guests.*

EUTHANASIA RULING

NEWARK—*Reversing a lower-court decision, a New Jersey appeals court ruled unanimously that the removal of a feeding tube from a mentally incompetent, seriously ill woman would have "constituted homicide" and violated a fundamental medical principle, "First do no harm." The woman died while the decision was under appeal, but the appellate panel elected to rule anyway, because the issues raised were of grave public importance. It found that the "trial judge had erred in holding that a noncomatose, non-brain-dead patient, not facing imminent death, not maintained by any life-support machine and not able to speak for herself, should be painfully put to death by dehydration and starvation." The court expressed concern that the earlier ruling amounted to "the authorization of euthanasia."*

"COOPING"

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN—*A former North Muskegon police officer was wrongfully fired in 1977 for living with his girlfriend, a Federal district judge has ruled. The court rejected the city attorney's argument that the couple had violated a state law prohibiting "lewd and lascivious cohabitation" and said that "constitutional rights should not depend on popularity polls or whims of public opinion."*

MEAN DRUNKS

WINSLOW, ARIZONA—*Two alleged drunks in a stalled pickup shot .22 rifles at passing cars for hours and wounded two motorists, one seriously, on Interstate 40 about 18 miles west of Winslow. According to police, they were angry because no one would stop to help them.*

DON'T MAKE WAVES

SALT LAKE CITY—*Sheriff's police have arrested a man they believe was the same one observed hiding in the pit of an outhouse with a video camera, taping the bare bottoms of women using the facility. The culprit was discovered when one of the women looked into the hole and saw him standing waist-deep in sewage.*

JOHN IN A JAM

HONOLULU—*The civic-minded citizen who hired a hooker with police money and afterward testified against her in court now wants the city to defend him against the woman's lawsuit for $120,000. The city decided it couldn't, since doing a favor for the vice squad doesn't make one a city employee. The prostitute's suit alleges that the good citizen was instrumental in causing the violation of a number of her state and Federal civil rights.*

SUPPORT FOR LEGAL ABORTION

Californians of all kinds—including Catholics and political conservatives—oppose by 69 percent any U.S. constitutional amendment that would prohibit abortions, according to a state-wide poll. The director of the California Poll, as it's called, said the survey indicated that substantial majorities of both Catholics and conservatives disagreed with their leaders on the abortion issue.

MOON JOB

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA—*Some residents of the suburb of Homewood are in a snit over a 56-foot-tall statue of the Roman god Vulcan that stands atop a local mountain, aiming its torch toward downtown Birmingham and its bared buttocks at the community behind it. To calm the residents and amuse everyone, a clothing store has proposed dressing the statue in the world's larg-*

est pair of denim jeans if it can prevail on a major jeans manufacturer to go along. The store said it would donate 50 cents to the U.S. Olympics team and 50 cents to a statue-repair fund for every pair of the jeans sold during the stunt.

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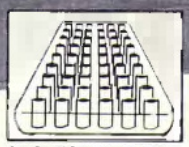

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sexual violence are not inflicted by homosexuals but are acts of aggression and expressions of power and control by heterosexual inmates. The more repressive an institution, the more likely it is that sexual violence will occur. Worse, prison officials frequently utilize sexual violence as a means of inmate control.

Inmates who are victimized have no options that are acceptable. Prison officials insist that attacked inmates press charges against their assailants, knowing full well that would be suicidal. Inmates who are raped rarely get decent medical or psychological treatment. There is little or no counseling about the psychological devastation that has taken place when an inmate's body has been invaded and controlled by another person.

There is no blueprint or quick solution to the problem, but several steps could and should be taken:

- Victims of sexual assaults must not be treated as if *they* have committed a prison infraction.
- Expert and sensitive counseling must be available to men who have been physically or emotionally harmed.
- Staff members must be sensitized to the reality and ramifications of sexual assaults.
- Proper classification of inmates can help to avert some incidents.
- Prison officials must deal effectively with the sexual aggressor.

As long as there are large, overcrowded, impersonal institutions, there will be acts of sexual violence. There must be a long-range effort to reduce the populations of our prisons and to understand, as Dostoievsky wrote, that "the degree of civilization in our society can be judged by entering its prisons."

David Rothenberg, Executive Director
The Fortune Society
New York, New York

Granted, living conditions in prisons are shameful and radical reform is indicated, but in most cases, a criminal has made the choice and prison isn't supposed to be fun.

An injured society doesn't owe us a picnic in jail. I guess if we don't want to be treated like animals in cages, we shouldn't act like them to begin with.

Patti Denning
Odessa, Texas

Maybe so, but it's hardly in society's interest to brutalize people it will likely have to deal with again later.

GOD'S PUNISHMENT FOR SIN

I sincerely hope that you're happy, now that your 30-year campaign to legitimize sin and immorality has paid off in an epidemic of AIDS and herpes. God only knows what He will send as the next plague on fornicators, drug users, sluts and homosexuals of the so-called sexual revolution. The Centers for Disease Control report that some AIDS

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victims have as many as 1000 sex partners over a lifetime. Talk about promiscuity! I hated to hear that the Government was spending my tax dollars and those of other decent Americans on AIDS research; you are all getting just what you deserve.

(Name withheld by request)
Hackensack, New Jersey

We like to run letters like this every once in a while just to remind people that there are some real nuts out there.

According to Moral Majority spokesman Jerry Falwell, God has visited the plague of AIDS upon homosexuals because of their lifestyle. If God is handing out diseases as punishment, He must also have something in for the blacks (sickle-cell anemia), the Jews (Tay-Sachs' disease), the middle Europeans (lupus) and the children (measles).

I was brought up to believe in a forgiving God who loves us all. However, the Bible does warn us about false prophets.

John O. Sutorius
Hollywood, California

PUBLIC PROSTITUTION

Regarding the Honolulu police giving money to private citizens to have sex with local prostitutes and then testify against them (*Forum Newsfront*, September): What *is* prostitution but having sex for money? Aren't the Honolulu police then turning their citizens into prostitutes?

M. Morgan
Las Vegas, Nevada

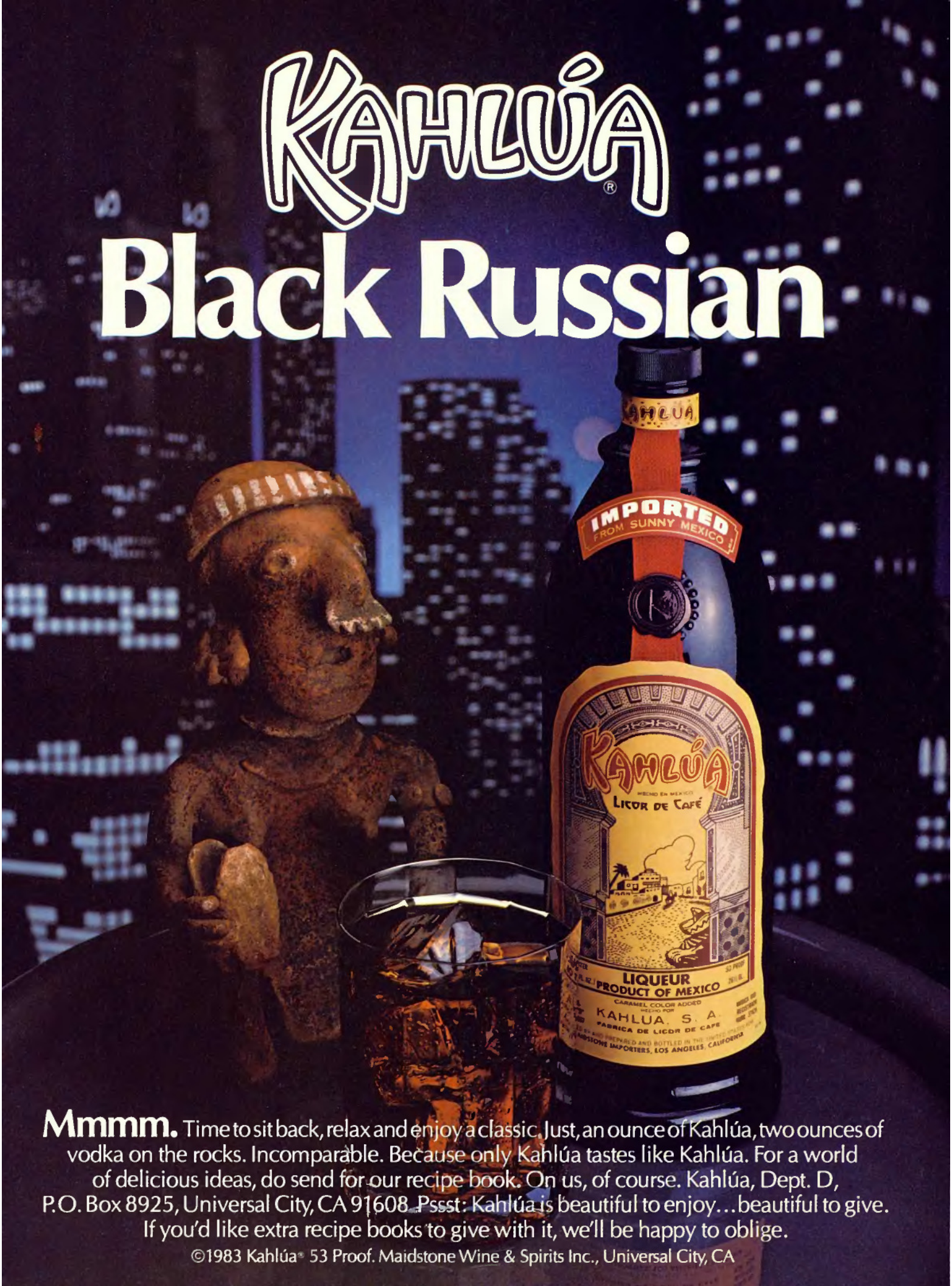
See this month's "Forum Newsfront" for an interesting update.

FORESKIN FLAP

Mutilating the body without medical justification is offensive, but the principal argument against circumcising baby boys is that it deprives the boy of *his* right to make this very personal decision. It robs the child of a free choice. Just as others do not have the right to tell a woman what to do with her body, it is pernicious for others to make an irreversible decision to circumcise one totally incapable of objecting. If a man wants to be circumcised, that's his choice. Let him make it when he can understand the consequences.

(Name withheld by request)
Washington, D.C.

In a modern society, the cutting off of the foreskin has no relationship to good health. Circumcision was first promoted by 19th Century and early-20th Century physicians to curb masturbation and "masturbatory insanity." As that uniquely Victorian and Puritan American notion gave way to clearer thought, the "cleanliness" myth rose to take its place. There is just no medical evidence to suggest that uncircumcised boys have higher rates of disease or cancer than circumcised ones. If there had been any validity in the health myth, the practice would never



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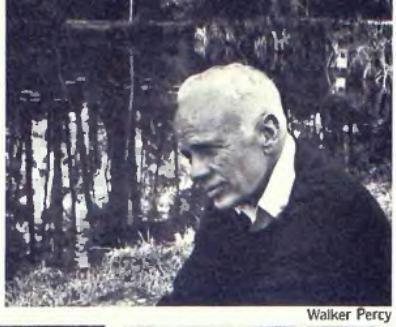

Walker Percy

PHOTO CREDITS: Kurt Vonnegut Jr. by Jill Krementz.

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Indeed, the authors to be published by the Society in the coming months have accounted for eight Pulitzers and six National Book Awards. There will be a searing new novel by Philip Roth. A fascinating historical study by Louis Auchincloss. A biographical novel by Irving Stone. And eagerly awaited new books by such best-selling authors as Irwin Shaw, Joyce Carol Oates, Walker Percy, Gore Vidal, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Robert Penn Warren and Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

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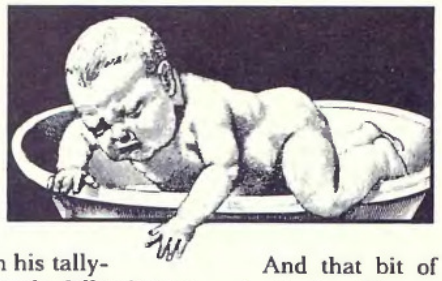
A TALE OF THE HEAD OF THE COCK

or Child Abuse by Circumcision and the Liability of Parents, Physicians and Hospitals

By Richard W. Morris, Attorney at Law



God spake unto Abraham. Abraham then looketh upon the heavens and asketh: "You want me to cut off my *what*?"

Abraham was not the first to maim his tally-whacker; he was merely following an age-old tradition.

Ancient Egyptian records speak of circumcision as a blood sacrifice for sexual purification. Among the East African Wakikuyu, the foreskin is buried in the ground in front of the boy from whom it was cut. The African Bara father throws it into the river. The Turks bury it as they do fingernails and other parts of the body, because they fear it might be used in black magic. The Amaxosa Kafir boy carries it away after having it cut off and buries it in a secret sacred spot.

On the west coast of Africa, the foreskin is soaked in brandy and swallowed by the boy who lost it. The Arabs of Algiers wrap it in cloth and put it on an animal. The Hova of Madagascar wrap it in a banana leaf, then feed it to a calf. The Wolof dry it out, then carry it as an object of virility.

In Australia, the Urabunna touch the stomach of each elder brother with the foreskin, then place it on a fire stick and bury it. The Arunta bury it with the blood from the operation. The Kalkodoon string it on a twine of human hair and hang it around the mother's neck to keep the Devil away. The Yaroinga women drink the blood from the operation.

In some Australian tribes, the boy who is about to have the operation is placed on a platform of living bodies of the tribesmen; then a tooth is knocked out to begin the ceremony, and blood drips from his mouth upon the chests of those below him. One modern tribe shoots the foreskin with a gun.

In another modern tribe, the medicine man takes the baby from the mother when it is only a few days old, spread-eagles it with straps, grabs the penis in one hand and proceeds to cut without anesthetic. Amid the blood, the screams, the rise of the cortisone level and the knowledge that the infant's sleep pattern will be altered for days, the medicine man claims it feels no pain. What tribe is this? The North American.

And that bit of ritual savagery is done ostensibly as a hygienic measure. Humbug.

In fact, every excuse for this curious practice has been proved false. Circumcision promotes no reduction in the incidence of V.D. and no improvement in hygiene. There is no connection between uncircumcised males and cervical cancer in their female partners. Even when circumcision is performed by skilled operators, there are an estimated 227 infant deaths from it in the U.S. each year!

If women were circumcised in modern America, Gloria Steinem would march on Washington.

The American Academy of Pediatrics (among other American Medical Association groups) has recommended against routine circumcision. The father of modern Judaism in America, Isaac M. Wise, in 1869, suggested that circumcision be declared optional for adult converts to Judaism. Don't infants deserve the same protection?

To do the dirty deed, several felonies must be committed by the physician: (1) mayhem, for doing the cutting; (2) kidnaping, for taking the child away to do it; (3) false imprisonment, for holding the child in restraint; (4) sexual molestation; (5) assault with a deadly weapon—plus a variety of misdemeanors that are lesser included offenses. The parents are conspirators at worst and accomplices at best, guilty of a felony in either case. The hospitals provide the place of torture, making them guilty of a felony in many states.

Who cashes in on the operations? The doctors and the hospitals. Circumcision represents an annual income of approximately $50,000,000. Mayhem for money. Crime for profit. Damages for sure.

The case is presented today to the reader, tomorrow to the court. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, find the defendants guilty as charged.

have died out in Scandinavia, Great Britain, France and other health-conscious Western nations. Habits of cleanliness are taught. Removing the foreskin to keep the penis clean makes as much sense as pulling your teeth to keep your breath fresh.

(Name withheld by request)
Washington, D.C.

The procedure for circumcising a helpless newborn infant is gruesome. First, he is placed on his back and no anesthesia is used. He screams and struggles in pitiful agony and terror. Sometimes infants are so overcome with pain and shock that they do not cry but, instead, lapse into a semicoma. The baby's foreskin is first smashed, then slit, torn away from his glans and sliced off.

Rosemary Romberg Wiener, Vice-President
INTACT Educational Foundation
Bellingham, Washington

OK, OK! We get the point and we agree, but some of you anticircumcisers are beginning to sound like anti-abortionists.

For many years, I have been biding my time in the hope that some topic of shrill debate in *The Playboy Forum* would inspire me to contribute a letter—one that would astound my millions of fellow readers with some brilliant insight and would resolve, once and for all, some complex issue. The abortion controversy has driven me to the typewriter more than once, but always I found the finished product intellectually wanting and did not mail it. Likewise, the hotly debated matter of circumcision, pro and con, leaves me unable to quite get it up, despite the intensity displayed by some of the correspondents on both sides. In fact, those two issues now have combined in my muddled brain to form a third imponderable, which for now will have to serve as my only *Forum* contribution.

What I want to know is, Does the foreskin have a soul?

John Lattimer
New York, New York

D.W.I.

I consider myself a liberal person, but I must take exception to the letter from attorney Timothy R. Higgins in the May *Playboy Forum* regarding appropriate punishment for first-time drunken-driving offenders.

Driving while under the influence is against both civil and moral law, and anyone who doesn't live in a cave knows that. Drunken drivers not only put themselves at considerable risk, they put everyone in the immediate vicinity at risk from their negligence. Higgins tells of "horrible memories of arrest and court proceedings." Too bad. How would he like to remember legal proceedings for vehicular manslaughter?

A day or two in jail is not too high a

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price to pay for imposing one's drunken and impaired self upon others. We all have a choice; we have to pay the price for the wrong one.

C. Turner
Yakima, Washington

Needless to say, we don't necessarily share the views of our correspondents. You may be interested to know that a member of the Massachusetts legislature has filed a bill that would give judges the option of ordering fluorescent license plates on the cars of convicted drunken drivers.

BALANCING THE BOOKS

I was shocked and disgusted to read in *The Philadelphia Inquirer* that the father of a ten-year-old boy beaten to death by his stepfather had been ordered by a judge to pay $6940 in back child support. Richard Barnes complained about the abuse of his two sons, as did neighbors and school officials, but the courts and "the system" did nothing to help the kids. To protest, he stopped payments in 1975, and still nothing happened. In 1981, Barnes's son Richard was killed with a fence post, and the stepfather was convicted of murder, the mother of manslaughter. Now Judge Jerome Zaleski of family court has ordered Barnes to reimburse the state for aid payments made to the mother before the boy was murdered.

Little wonder that some people draw the conclusions that fathers have few rights, many judges are stupidly insensitive and our judicial system sucks.

Jack Williams
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

BITCH, BITCH, BITCH

Sit with any woman for more than a day and you'll hear how unfairly and terribly life has treated them. Somehow, women have the idea that we men are partying at work, having a great time while they're stuck at home. So, like Eve, they've had to taste that apple, and now they further complain about how tough it is to be a superwoman.

I'd be the first to admit that men do some shitty things. But at least after they've betrayed someone they supposedly love, they feel guilt. When it's the woman doing the betraying, she's out by the pool the next day, soaking up some rays. As a good friend once said, "If women didn't have tits and cunts, they'd be shot on sight."

Norman Bates Fan Club
Birmingham, Alabama

Don't pay any attention to him, ladies. He's just one of them good ol' boys.

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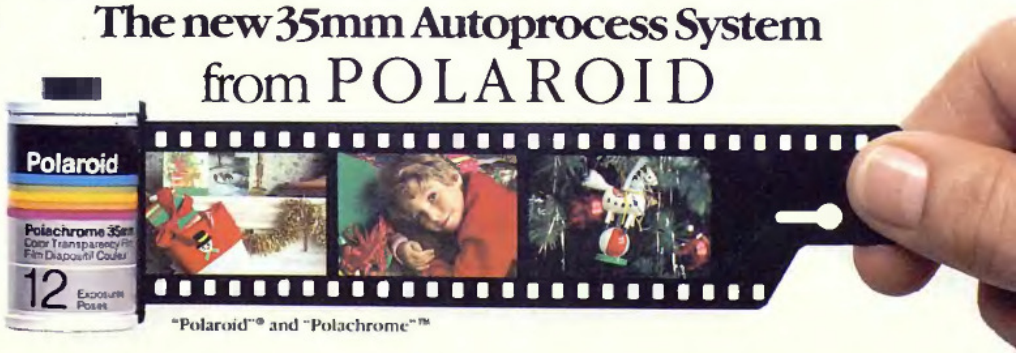

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TOM SELLECK

a candid conversation with the country's "hottest sex symbol" on acting, politics, women—and how tough it is to get a date when you're gorgeous

It's one thing to call him the most popular male actor in America, as some in the publicity business have done. But People *magazine raised the ante by calling him "the Clark Gable of the Eighties," with "the body of an N.F.L. linebacker and the head of a Viking sea lord." A* Ladies' Home Journal *reporter saw that and raised: "I've interviewed Redford, Newman, Reynolds and Eastwood, and in terms of sheer physical impact, they don't even come close." But the man being burbled over hardly seems to be playing the game. "I just happened to have had some luck with a TV series that hit," shrugs Tom Selleck. Then again, he may be playing the game exceedingly well.*

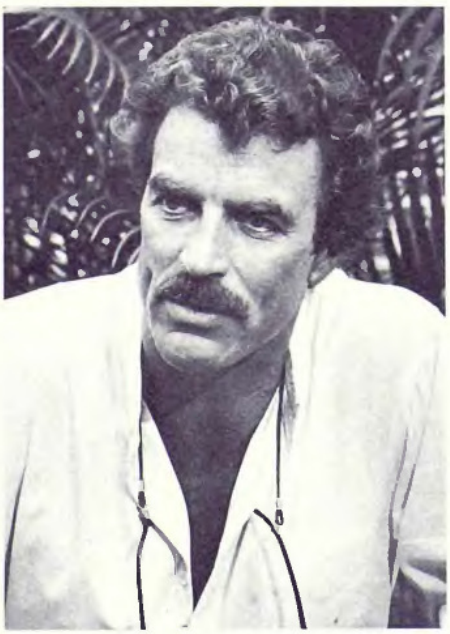
Three years ago, no one knew Selleck's name. If he was recognized on the streets at all, it was as the guy on the Salem billboards. But that was before "Magnum, P.I.," the television series that features a charmingly inept but always sincere private investigator named Thomas Magnum, hit the airwaves.

With its lush Hawaii scenery and lingering shots of Selleck's 6'4", 200-pound physique, "Magnum" is a continuing hit as it enters its fourth season. In the process, Selleck has become TV's biggest star and has caused a revolution in a medium once criticized by bluenoses for its overemphasis on female sexuality: "Having passed through the winter of the incredible hunk, when ripple TV replaced jiggle TV, it has finally occurred to me that nearly all of the chests being bared on prime-time television these days have hair on them," wrote one critic, while another termed Selleck the prototype of half a dozen other male leads on popular television series. It was that label—hunk, implying macho *and brainless—that stuck, and Selleck was stuck with it.*

After the initial success of the television show, he granted a slew of interviews and photo sessions and seemed to be everywhere. Selleck posters and T-shirts were the new rage (his participation was often unwitting; most merchandising was unauthorized). His appeal was broad. He seemed unthreatening to men—he was shy, self-effacing and always the kind of team player who would never steal your girl—while remaining a heartthrob to women. His audience obviously sensed something more behind the hunk façade.

He tried to close the door on all the attention when it became oppressive, but it served only to fuel the publicity machine. He was on the cover of magazines that had never interviewed him and in picture spreads he had never authorized. Although he was not averse to the company of beautiful women, there were no apparent skeletons in his closet, no scandals to be revealed. The portrait that emerged, reluctantly, seemed to be that of a nice, uncomplicated guy whose looks, manner and engaging personality had struck a popular nerve.

His background may have something to do with it; the Selleck profile fits the nice-guy image. He was born in 1945 in Detroit, where he lived until he was four and his family moved to Los Angeles. From the start, he was hopelessly all-American: Always a top athlete, he was a letter man in high school baseball and basketball. His family began in the middle class and moved into the upper middle class as his father rose in the real-estate business to his current position as vice-president at an L.A.-based firm. Tom's basketball skills earned him a scholarship to the University of Southern California; even at free-wheeling USC, to judge by the evidence, he rarely got in any kind of trouble. He earned a watch from his father for following a family tradition of abstaining



"All this attention has turned me into a very slow worker with women. I'm less apt to hop into the sack with someone for a lot of reasons. I don't want to be Magnum in bed, I really don't."

"If 'hunk' and 32 other titles come with that of sex symbol, I don't want it. It's just another media hype. There is no event in which the hottest new sex symbol is picked. You don't get a degree in sex symbolism."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GENE TRINDL

"If somebody says, 'You look nice,' am I supposed to say, 'I know'? There's nothing wrong with modesty. This attention to my appearance is embarrassing. Whatever my appearance is, it's part of my instrument."

from alcohol, cursing and tobacco until he was 21—there's not much to suggest that he made up for it after that age—and his major high-jinks took place when he was a member of a college fraternity.

During the Vietnam war, he enlisted in the National Guard so he could pursue his fledgling acting career instead of being shipped overseas. Although he never aspired to acting—he had hoped to play professional baseball instead—he stumbled into acting jobs, television commercials, soap operas ("The Young and the Restless") and occasional TV series (several small roles in "Bracken's World"). There were also a few small parts in such movies as "Myra Breckinridge," for which he was chosen by Mae West, "The Seven Minutes" and "Coma." Like many stars, he bridles today at the idea that he was an "overnight success," pointing to the 14 years he spent as a featured player and model.

But in 1980, he burst into the limelight. After only a few guest parts in such TV series as "The Rockford Files," he was suddenly offered parts as Indiana Jones in a George Lucas/Steven Spielberg film called "Raiders of the Lost Ark," in a Blake Edwards film called "Victor/Victoria" and as the lead in a TV series to be called "Magnum, P.I." Because he had signed a contract with Universal Pictures, producers of the pilot, he accepted the television offer. Since the success of "Magnum," he has, of course, gone on to become one of Hollywood's most sought-after actors and has starred in two TV movies ("Divorce Wars: A Love Story" and "The Shadow Riders") and two feature films (last year's "High Road to China" and his latest, "Lassiter").

Stars such as Dustin Hoffman, Robert Redford, Alan Alda and Al Pacino are certainly more respected actors, but Selleck is something else—a kind of hero for this time. Unlike Pacino's or Hoffman's, his good looks are less ethnic, more WASPy. And unlike Redford's and Alda's, his politics, which trickled out in bits and pieces of interviews, appear to be relatively conservative. He has seemed to support President Reagan, was supposedly against abortion and for nuclear power. Although he amplifies and even changes some of those political points in this interview, claiming that previous quotes had been taken out of context, they seem appropriate all the same: Selleck is a star for the Reagan era. He, like his character on "Magnum," is patriotic and concerned and has an amiable sense of humor.

With all that attention being lavished on him—especially by the ladies—it made us curious: What does Tom Selleck have that a lot of the rest of us would like to have? To find out, PLAYBOY *sent* **David Sheff** *to Honolulu, where Selleck was beginning to shoot a new season of "Magnum." Here is his report:*

"Yes, he is good-looking; and on first impression, he seems a nice enough guy. But I wondered as we began, What is all this fuss about? Selleck fiercely defends his privacy, so most of our interview sessions took place in his mobile home, well stocked with cans of apple and grapefruit juice, a TV set and an electronic phone system. A couple of sessions took place in his office on the Universal Pictures lot. No press- or business-related meetings are held at his home; he reserves that for his own time.

" 'I always try to be polite to fans,' he says, 'but I'm not polite to people who get near my home. I tell them they are on private property and if they do not leave, I will call the police.'

"The fan attention was, indeed, incredible. It was reminiscent of 'A Hard Day's Night'; girls actually seemed to palpitate when they saw him, struck speechless, stuttering or screaming. If there were a spare moment, he would give them a nod, but that would bring on more squeals. When he could, he posed for photographs with female fans. No matter where he went, they were there. On the set, they lined up five thick behind police barricades, waiting for a glimpse of him; as he passed by, the murmurs rose to shrieks and there was near pandemonium. Selleck seems to appreciate the importance of these fans at this time in his career, but the actual confrontations with them seem difficult for him; he has not yet adjusted to them.

> *"I don't want the burden of being a sanctimonious all-American hero. I fail to reach my standards most of the time."*

"These interview sessions were different from others I've done with celebrated people because of Selleck's formidable schedule. Literally every 20 minutes, no matter the importance of the subject matter we were discussing, we would be interrupted by a knock on the trailer door and a voice calling, 'You're needed, Tom.' It was also a difficult interview because of the constant presence of a CBS publicist who monitored every conversation. Although he did not try to censor Selleck's responses—nor did he try to guide the questioning, for I would have stopped the interview—even Selleck seemed to realize that his presence was inhibiting. It reminded me of the policy of the old-time studios that tried to control their stars' public personas. Selleck apologized for it: 'Network policy,' he explained. 'They've been very good to me, so I try not to make any waves.'

"But he was obviously concerned that the interview represent his true beliefs about the variety of topics broached. He's had enough of the dumb-hunk, sex-symbol image, and he looked to this interview as a way to set the record straight. For the three days following our talks, my telephone rang as Tom called to clarify one point or another, to add another thought or two—particularly where political beliefs were concerned. And although he considered the serious subjects the most important, he realized he had to cover such requisite questions as 'What's it like to have women chasing after you all the time?'

"What I liked most about him was how truly embarrassed he was by all the adulation. Overall, he was more thoughtful than his image as a hunk had allowed, though being thoughtful doesn't necessarily mean being colorful or provocative. While insisting that his preferences in women were a private matter, he was frank in discussing how tough it can be for a sex symbol to get an interesting date. He also exhibited a tender side, speaking candidly about his former wife, Jacquelyn, and her son, Kevin, whom he treats as his own.

"But the pressures were getting to him, that much was clear. When he remarked wryly that his eyes were not blue but 'brown and red,' he wasn't just joking. He's being pulled in hundreds of directions, and his schedule is probably more demanding than this particular U.S. President's. It was on that note that we began the interview."

PLAYBOY: Your schedule, by almost any standard, seems impossibly busy. How are you keeping up with it?

SELLECK: Barely. I'm just trying to ensure that it doesn't get in the way of my acting. There's no time to study scripts or think about a performance. I have been running from one project to the next for what seems to be years. Since *Magnum* became a hit, I went straight through without pausing for a break from my first season to a TV movie, *Divorce Wars*, working about 14 hours a day; finished that about 10:30 on a Saturday night, then flew straight to Hawaii to start the *second* season of *Magnum* on Monday. I had planned a month off before going to Yugoslavia for *High Road to China*, but the series went about a month over, so I had five days to get from Hawaii to L.A.—where I did promotion for *Divorce Wars*. After *High Road*, at long last, I was supposed to have six weeks off before the next season of *Magnum*. *High Road* went way over schedule; and immediately after that, an old commitment came up—to work with some friends on a TV Western on location in Mexico; then it was back to L.A. for another week of *High Road*; straight back to Hawaii to start *Magnum* again; nine months of that; another film, *Lassiter*, in London; and now *Magnum* again. . . . Whew, this has turned into a

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long-winded explanation, hasn't it?

PLAYBOY: And we were going to ask you what you do in your spare time. How has being in such demand affected your craft?

SELLECK: The point I was trying to make is that I don't have the time to work on parts the way I would like to. At a certain point, you think, Well, if I weren't quite so burned out, if I had some time to charge my batteries, I might be doing *better* work. My philosophy about all this attention—posing for pictures, signing autographs, doing interviews—is that it's great to have fans and I'll do everything I can for them, but never at the expense of what goes up on the screen. If I get so tired that I can't do as well in front of the cameras, it's all pointless. A long time ago, when I played sports in high school and college, I learned something that applies to this business, too: There are no excuses. You're judged on your performance. When an audience sees you up on the screen, it doesn't care, and it shouldn't care, whether you have the flu or you just got some bad news or you're in the middle of a divorce or you just drove your car off the roof of a building [*grins slyly*]—or anything. People just want to be entertained. So I'm not making excuses. I go into every new role really worried and scared. The first few days are very difficult. So I myself, though sometimes I wonder if I'm pushing too much——

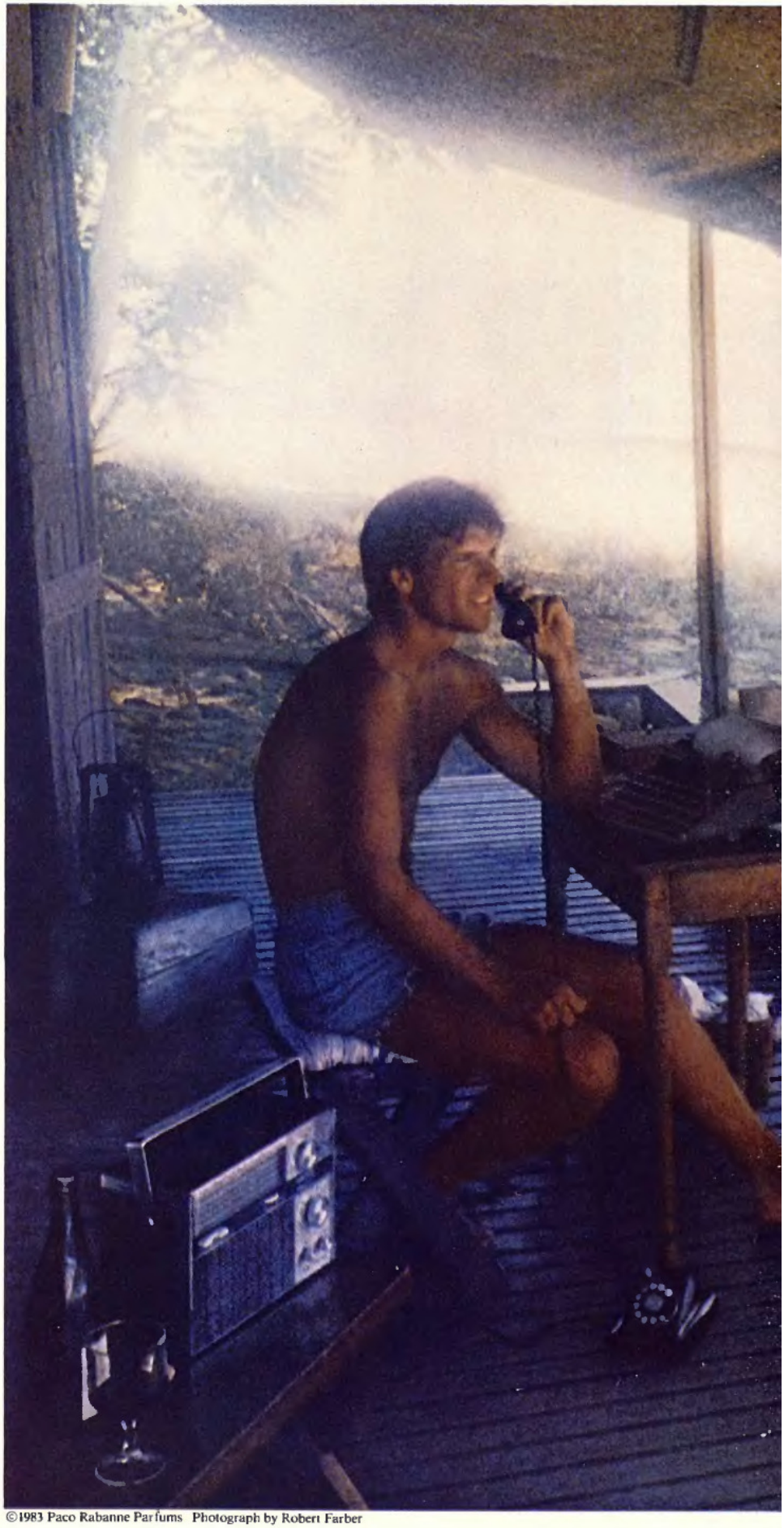
[*As if on cue, there is a knock on the door of Selleck's trailer and a voice calls out, "They're ready for you in front of the camera." After working on a three-minute scene for 20 minutes, Selleck returns.*]

PLAYBOY: You were talking about pushing yourself too hard.

SELLECK: Yeah, I know pressure is part of the job, but I understand how people can fall into the trap of thinking they need something artificial to get them going. It's a huge trap people fall into—the feeling that you need drugs to keep your body going when you're on a schedule like this. I flat-out don't take drugs. But a real problem for me is the nature of the work, with this many nonstop commitments. An actor has to observe people, even when he's not doing it consciously. Actors are students of behavior. And if I'm around only film crews, TV crews and PR people all the time, I get an isolated, parochial idea of what's going on. Keeping in touch with "normal" people is very important—otherwise, you get smug. You think you know what's going on, but you don't. You lose your sense of judgment. I think it happens to a lot of actors when they get "very hot." They lose contact with the real world.

PLAYBOY: How do you fight that?

SELLECK: My big anchor has been my family. It's always there to put me in my place if I'm getting a bit full of myself. My best friends are my brothers and sister. The family is there, like a rock. There are a few other friends, but things have changed with my acquaintances. Some people I



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Hello?

How's the Great American Novel going?

So far it reads more like the turgid insights of a lonely Albanian date-plucker.

Did I hear the word "lonely"?

There's a fog rolling in.

You're in Pawgansett, dear. It holds the world record for fog.

The "t" in my typewriter is sticking. I have seventeen cans of lentil soup. And my Paco Rabanne cologne, which I use to lure shy maidens out of the woods, is gone, all gone.

You're going to have to do better than that.

All right, I'm lonely. I miss you. I miss your cute little broken nose. I miss the sight of you in bed in the morning, all pink and pearly and surly.

And you want me to catch the train up.

Hurry! This thing they call love is about to burst the bounds of decency. And, darling...

Yes?

Bring a bottle of Paco Rabanne, would you? The maidens are getting restless.

Swine!

Paco Rabanne
A cologne for men
What is remembered is up to you

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went to school with whom I haven't talked to since I went to college call me up and just want to say hi—and just happen to have a business proposition. I don't really consider them friends. So besides my family and a few close friends, it gets harder and harder to be with "normal" people; it just isn't quite the same thing when everybody recognizes you. You can't just go out.

PLAYBOY: How has that affected you?

SELLECK: It's very hard. I like to spend time with myself, such as going down to the beach, sitting on a towel and reading a book. I can't do that now. But as much of a pain in the neck as it can be, I try to do it: I go to the beach, do my own shopping. The alternative is to shut yourself up in your house, your little fortress, but I don't think that's too healthy.

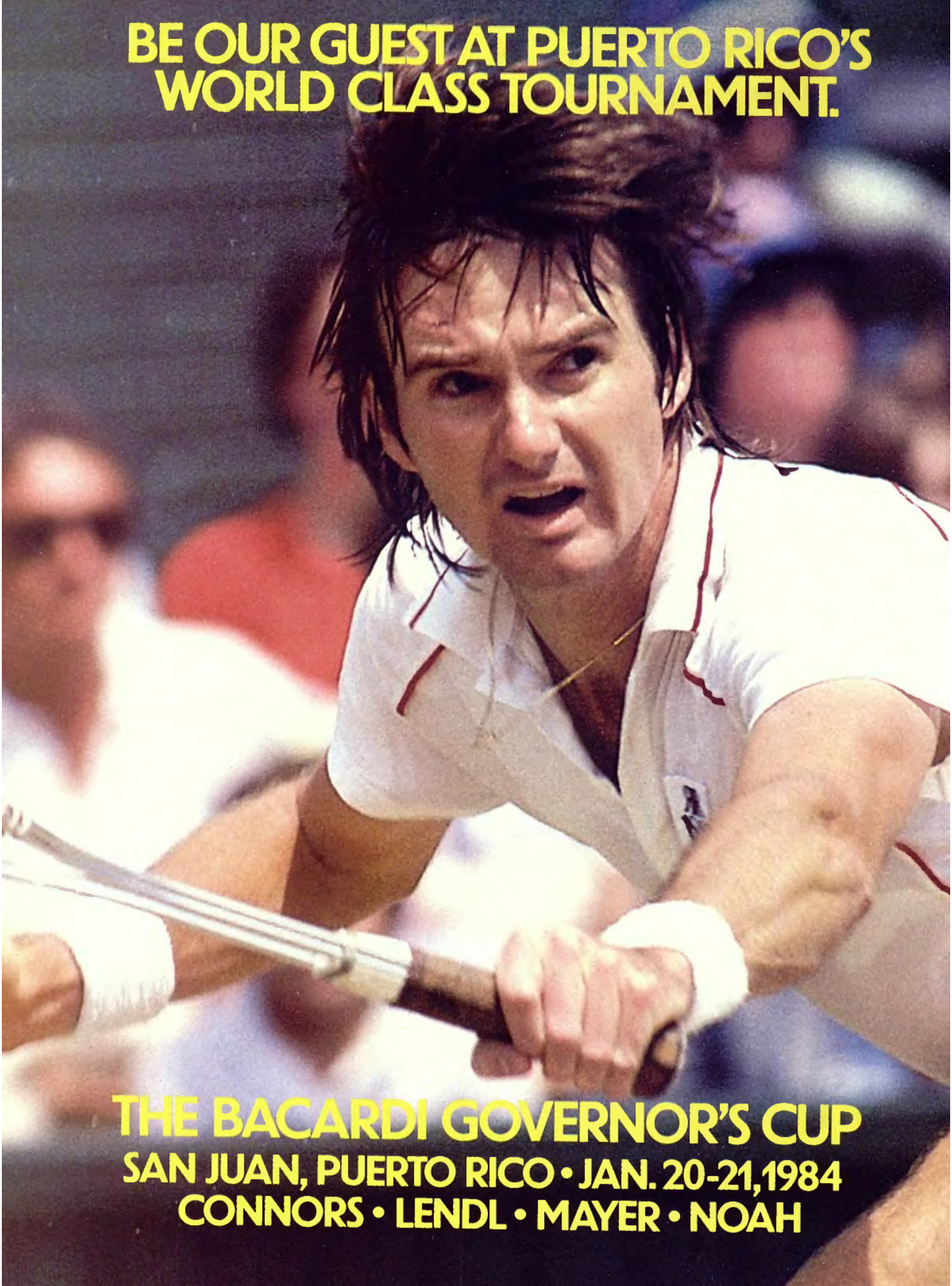
It's not just the loss of privacy that is dangerous. You also get all these perks when you're in my position. They're great, and you enjoy them so much you begin to expect them. People give me free things, send me stuff they'd like me to wear on the show.

PLAYBOY: [*Indicating a stack of shoe boxes in the corner*] Such as those dozens of pairs of size 11½s?

SELLECK: Yeah, but more than the gifts, it's the way you're treated. You go into a restaurant and you get the best table. Then you get to the point where if you walk into a restaurant and they treat you like a normal person, you're outraged. It becomes "Don't you know who I am?" It's nonsense, but it's there. I mean, I pose for so many pictures that one time, a man came up to me with a camera and said, "Excuse me." I almost said, in a weary tone of voice, "Sure, I'll take a picture with you and your girl." But before I could patronize him, he said, "Could you please take a picture of us in front of that landmark over there?" I had just *assumed* they had recognized me! It gets worse: When I was invited to the Kennedy Center, I was posing for pictures with the President and Mrs. Reagan. Dudley Moore and a governor were there, and after about eight pictures were taken, I realized I was standing next to Mrs. Reagan with my arm around *her*! I was so used to posing with fans that I did it subconsciously.

PLAYBOY: At least you keep a sense of humor about all of it.

SELLECK: But the point is, I don't *want* the best table! And I don't know where in the rulebook it says that people's standards change with a "public figure." I'd learned that it is rude to interrupt somebody's dinner, especially when he's in the middle of a bite. But people do that all the time. I don't yell at people who do that stuff, but sometimes, somebody asks me for an autograph when I'm eating and I say, "No, but I'd be happy to if you'd wait until I'm through eating." Then he goes away and I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feel guilty. I realize I'll never see this person again and that the ten seconds he spent with me is his impression of me for the rest of his life.

PLAYBOY: Looking on the bright side, we imagine that you don't have much trouble getting a date these days.

SELLECK: It may be easier to date a groupie; it's a *lot* harder to get a date with a woman I really find interesting. And I don't get specifically propositioned as much as people think. It might be refreshing if I did! [*Laughs*] Women think that *I* think—it gets complicated [*laughs*]—they're an easy mark for me because I'm on a television show. You get into this think-counterthink nonsense. Some women don't want to go out with me for dinner and end up in the gossip pages the next day. In general, I've found I have more to overcome with interesting women.

All of that attention has turned me into a very slow worker with women. I'm less apt to hop in the sack with someone—for a lot of reasons. I don't want to be Magnum in bed with somebody, I really don't. I don't think I can be that guy she has in her head. You're going to fail if you try to live up to that image. So, instead, you try to figure out where people are at.

PLAYBOY: Are you pretty good at that?

SELLECK: No. I've gotten burned quite a bit. I'm not great at it, and I have more trepidations than ever. I realize there is a certain natural curiosity, but sometimes I feel like a mascot. I get asked to parties a lot. I don't really have much time for them, but when I did, I'd spend about two hours taking pictures with very sophisticated, often very wealthy people, and they'd have their kids there and I'd feel like a pet at the party. I find that's very insulting. It would be real nice to just go to a party and sit and talk with people. It can be the same thing with a woman who you finally figure out is mostly interested in being seen with you. For obvious reasons, you have a tendency to question people's motives—and most people do have a motive or an ax to grind, or they want something. On my bad days, when I'm not thinking quite right, I have the feeling that everybody is tugging on my sleeve and wanting something—but it's part of the job, as I say.

PLAYBOY: It's tough being a sex symbol, eh?

SELLECK: Let's just say there are two sides to the coin. As Paul Newman once said when he was asked how he felt about all the women chasing him, "Where were they when I needed them?" I was always shy with women. When I was a teenager, there was an enormous preoccupation with girls; but I lost my virginity at a far more advanced age than my peer group.

If you keep a sense of humor about it, you realize that the attention has nothing to do with you. It's *all* image. I mean, it's flattering, it's nice to get the attention, and I'm as weak as the next guy about it. I've been at parties and met somebody who obviously wanted to meet me because of the image of the show, which can be a fine way to be introduced. But the extent to which we actually dated was in direct proportion to how fast that syndrome went away. If what you do for a living is the main thing, it gets old real fast.

PLAYBOY: What does a sex symbol feel like?

SELLECK: The whole sex-symbol thing is absurd. It would be ridiculous if I started buying that stuff. And if *macho* and "hunk" and 32 other titles come with that of sex symbol, I don't want it at all. I have a hunch that the best directors in Hollywood don't want to work with a sex symbol. They want to work with a good actor. It's just another media hype. There is no event in which the hottest new sex symbol is picked. You don't get a degree in sex symbolism. I don't even see Magnum as a sex symbol. I think he is a well-rounded character. He screws up a lot. He's not always right. He doesn't always say the right thing to women and he doesn't always get the girl. So the sex-symbol thing is meant to sell magazines; next year, there will be a new "hottest sex symbol." The healthiest way to operate is to treat all of this as a job. In the over-all scheme of things, it's not that important. I've said it before: I'm not curing cancer. I'm not really that important. Everybody talks in terms of his career. When I hear myself doing that, I try to correct myself and refer to it as a job. That's what it is. It's a fun job—on my good days, I feel like I'm stealing money—but that's what it is. The biggest help I've had in keeping this in perspective is the 13 or 14 years when I wasn't the hottest thing since sliced bread.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of all the press coverage you've had these past couple of years?

SELLECK: I think some of the exposure is good. I just don't want people to get tired of me. It's been very frustrating trying to hold it down, especially when you very politely say no to people you think are ethical and they write about you anyway. Sometimes, the press can threaten you, which also amazes me: "We're going to do an article anyway, so you may as well cooperate and give us an interview."

PLAYBOY: Do you succumb to those threats?

SELLECK: When you talk with attorneys, you realize you have absolutely no legal right to stop them; it's very frustrating. But you cannot give in to blackmail. The less scrupulous people in the business hide behind the First Amendment and "the public's right to know." Those are just excuses for the press to exploit you because you happen to sell magazines at that particular time. There is a difference between reporting news and exploiting people. Immediately after my son and I had the accident [in which Selleck's car

was driven off the third story of a parking garage], I called my press agent so she could get out the word that we were OK, so my family and friends wouldn't worry. A press release was put out that told about the accident and said that I was fine. But a friend heard a TV bulletin interrupting a program, saying—believe it or not—"Tom Selleck involved in accident. News at 11." That's all it said! It is completely irresponsible and exploitative—they knew by then that there was nothing to the story—and that was by the so-called legitimate press, not the *National Enquirer*.

It's a bit frightening. I believe strongly in a free press, and I think it's one of the great strengths of our system of Government. But with every freedom comes a responsibility. If you abuse the responsibility, you run the risk of losing the freedom. If you're willing to give up the responsibility, you'll probably lose the freedom. I worry about that. I worry about an overreaction to a small element of the press that is unethical and makes a bad environment for the rest of the press.

PLAYBOY: An unauthorized biography of you was published. Did you have anything to do with that?

SELLECK: Absolutely not. It's quite bizarre to have someone you never met write your so-called life story. All of that was a shock to me. I felt a little raped one of the first times it happened. I've gotten thicker-skinned about it, but I don't like it. The fact that I could turn something down and people could still do it was a shock to me. And the fact that people could make up stories—literally *make up* lies and print them and get away with it—was a shock to me.

PLAYBOY: All of that has a familiar ring to it. Isn't it just the price of celebrity?

SELLECK: Says who? In a sense, they're saying, "Your only recourse is to sue," which isn't my favorite pastime. A lot of this *does* come with the territory, and my shoulders have to be broad enough for it. But it doesn't affect just me—it affects my son, it affects my ex-wife, it affects my mother, my father, my brothers and my sister. It affected my grandmother until she died. When she was very ill in her hospital room, people showed her stories about me that were lies. It was upsetting for her.

PLAYBOY: What sorts of stories are the most offensive?

SELLECK: I may be a bit unrealistic, but I don't feel it's anybody's business whom I date. The public may be *interested* in whom I date, but I don't think it has the right to *know*. I think that's my own business. There have been countless stories about people I supposedly dated—and sometimes we were a continent apart. When I was in Yugoslavia, I was supposedly having a mad affair with Victoria Principal, who was in Texas or California or somewhere. Linda Evans is an acquaintance, and we have mutual friends, and I like her very much—and suddenly, the press had us having a mad affair, because I joined a group she was with one night at a restaurant. I like her. I've met Victoria Principal, and she is very nice. I might be able to be friends with them. But I don't want them to think that I'm encouraging stories about them to get publicity; that gets in the way of friendships.

PLAYBOY: With the success of your show, are you concerned that you'll be typecast as Magnum?

SELLECK: Of course it's a concern. It puts you into a box, and you're trapped there. My solution is to always surprise the audience a little bit. There are surprises in *Magnum*. And there were surprises in my character in *High Road to China* and there are some in my new picture, *Lassiter*. I don't think the audience is going to accept my doing character parts yet, but I would like to do them in the future. For now, I think all I can do is try to expand myself each time I do something—a little bit, within the framework of what I figure the audience is going to accept.

PLAYBOY: Do you really think you've done that with your movie roles? Critics have suggested you've simply played different versions of Tom Selleck.

SELLECK: I think that if I'm doing my job right in a picture such as *Lassiter*, for instance, people are going to say, "He's playing himself." In a way, that's a big compliment to me—I've made the roles believable. But in all the work I've done lately, from the series to the TV movies to *Lassiter*, I've considered my characters very different. To me, they're all a bit of a stretch, which is very important.

PLAYBOY: We're not sure what you mean. Thomas Magnum and Patrick O'Malley in *High Road*, for example, are similar character types.

SELLECK: I agree that they aren't really different, but if I go 180 degrees away from how the audience thinks of me just to prove I can act, I'm not so sure they're going to accept it. But if I try to stretch a little bit here and a little bit there, gradually, I will be able to do drastically different roles. It was important to me that there not be any Magnumisms in my characters in the feature films.

In *Lassiter*, I play a thief, which posed an interesting acting problem: The way the film is structured, the audience has to like me, but I steal from people. I kind of wrestled with that for a while. I discovered that it's important for a character like that to have a code. It's not necessarily important that the audience know precisely what that code is, but it's important that he operate consistently, whatever his code may be—important that it's clear to the audience that he does operate from a set of values. Anyway, who knows what will happen? I'll let you know in about ten years whether or not it worked. I believe I can overcome typecasting.

PLAYBOY: What is the difference between working in television and in movies?

SELLECK: The first thing I was aware of in the movies was that my eyeball was going to be ten feet tall. My mouth was going to be six feet wide. It's *so* much larger than life that it's a bit frightening. But movies and TV are largely the same techniques, the same cameras. The difference is the page count and the amount of time you spend on each scene. I have always felt that in either medium, an actor gets a lot more credit—or blame—than he deserves. Sometimes, you forget that a writer wrote the script. And film making is a collaborative effort. As self-centered as we want to get, we just can't make it alone in movies.

PLAYBOY: Would you eventually prefer to do only films?

SELLECK: It's great being able to do both. There was a time, about five or six years ago, when if I had to leave a television series, nobody would touch me in a film. I think it's very positive and healthy that those barriers are breaking down. An actor should *act*. The problem was not the public but a prejudice within the industry. It's a myth that audiences won't pay to see you in a movie if they can see you for free on TV. The television market is a huge, world-wide one now. *Magnum* was in 50 countries after the first year and a half. *High Road* did the best in the countries that had broadcast *Magnum*, but five or six years ago, people would have considered that a curse.

PLAYBOY: Do you admit that the biggest selling factor in *High Road* was Tom Selleck? The picture made money, but the reviews were mixed, at best.

SELLECK: Well, I think it was a good movie, but if people came to see me, that's great. I hope they keep coming, because I want to keep making movies. And I prefer calling them movies. I think we can really get full of ourselves when all of a sudden it's "careers" and "films."

PLAYBOY: Didn't you almost become a movie star before becoming a TV star when George Lucas offered you Harrison Ford's role in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*?

SELLECK: Yes. I was also going to do *Victor/Victoria*, by Blake Edwards. Both would have been exciting projects, but when there were scheduling conflicts, I chose *Magnum*.

PLAYBOY: Any regrets?

SELLECK: No. I can't imagine anybody doing a better job than Ford did. It's his movie, his accomplishment. It was offered to me, and I tested for it. I'd already done the pilot for *Magnum*, and when Lucas and Steven Spielberg offered me *Raiders*, CBS picked up my option for *Magnum*. The network tried to talk them into delaying it, but it didn't work. I have always felt a sense of accomplishment in that I tested for the part and got it.

I know it's easy for me to say now, since *Magnum* became such a hit. *Raiders* was such a successful film that had *Magnum* gone on the air and been canceled

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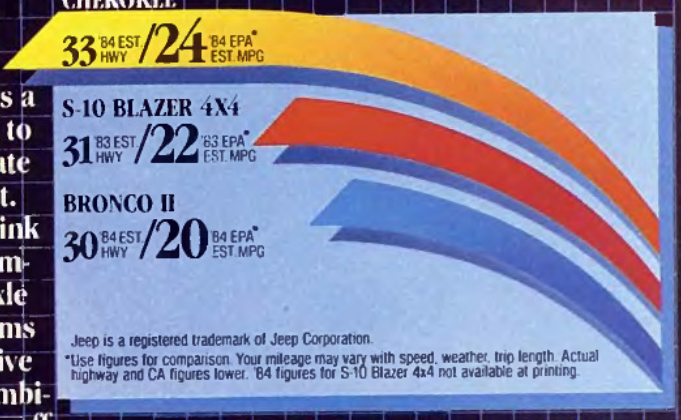

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Quadra-Link Front Suspension	YES	NO	NO
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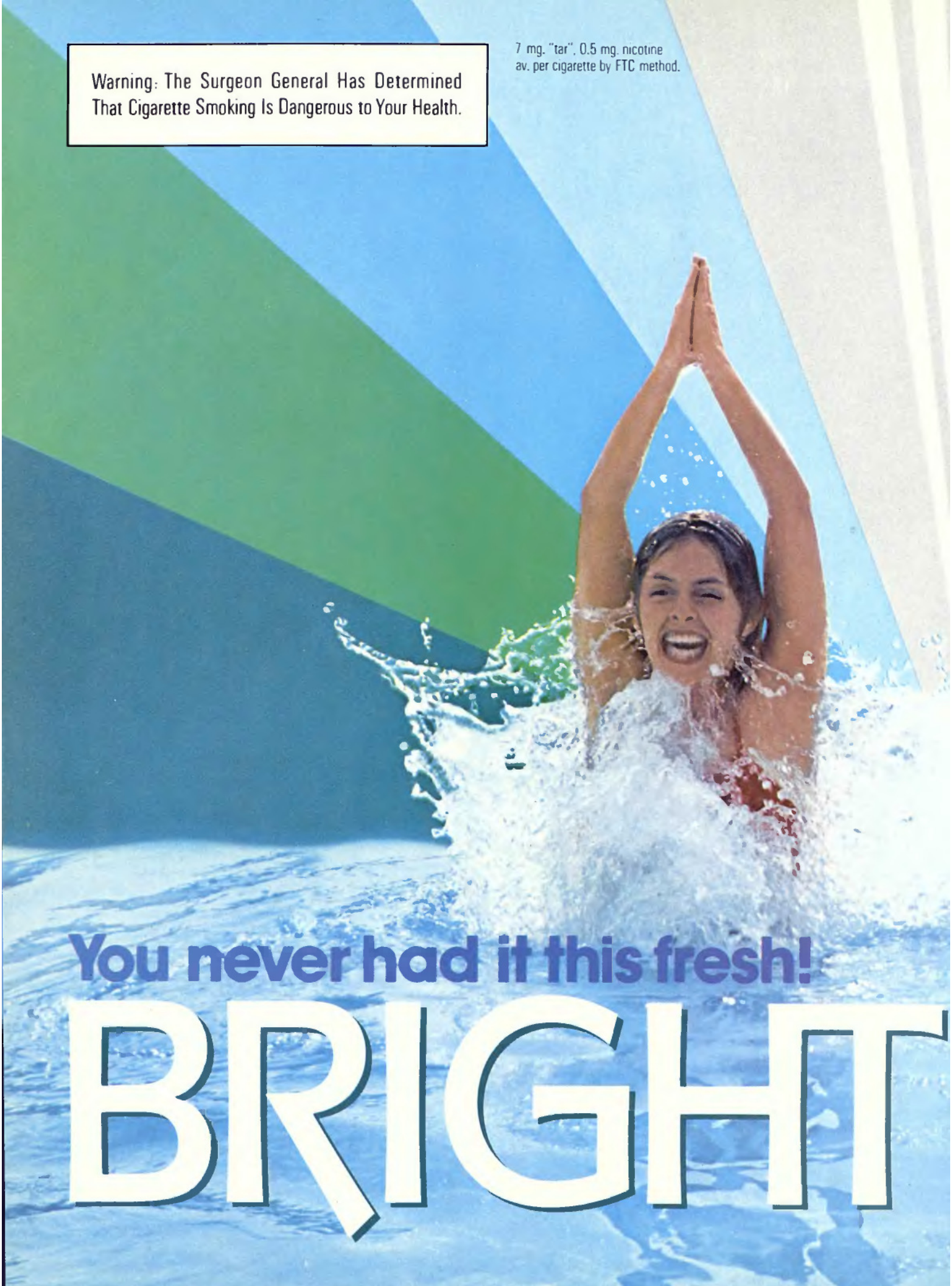

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after four shows, I might have been depressed. *Really* depressed.

[*Another knock. "Rehearsals, Tom!" After a half hour, the interview resumes.*]

PLAYBOY: You've been called the new Gable, the new Redford, the new Newman. Is that kind of PR hard to live up to?

SELLECK: If it comes from the PR people, I say, "Forget it, guys." I just laugh. If a critic says it, I think all you can be is flattered by that stuff. There isn't going to be another Gable or Redford or Newman. To be mentioned in the same sentence is real flattering. I'm a big fan of all those people. The problem with buying any of that stuff yourself is that next year, they'll be calling somebody else the new Gable. If you really buy that, you've got a long way to fall when it changes—and it will change. Actors have a lot of hills and valleys in their careers, and I see no reason that I won't have a few more valleys in the future. I don't want to fall that far.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps even more flattering, there has been a lot of publicity about actors who are "new Sellecks." How do you feel about all your imitators?

SELLECK: Well, I guess it's flattering to be considered a prototype, or whatever it is, but I've seen a lot of the shows you're talking about. The actors they're calling Selleck clones may be doing shows that follow a certain trend in TV, but they are all unique; they are all good actors and they work very hard. You don't last very long in TV if you can't act. I just feel bad for the other actors—guys who have studied their craft. I don't think they want to hear that stuff. They should be able to celebrate their own success. It's their achievement; it has nothing to do with me. They are performing the best they know how. I'm sure it bugs them to be called a hunk or anybody's clone.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any theories about the phenomenal success of *Magnum*?

SELLECK: I honestly don't. I did six other pilots that were never sold, and in some of them, I was as good an actor as I was when I did *Magnum*. I think a lot of it is timing, and a lot of it is script. A lot of reviews call *Magnum* an action/adventure show or a hunk show, but I don't think people who write those really watch it. To me, our show is about people. The interaction among the characters is everything. We don't have a car chase in every show. I *don't* shoot somebody in every show. What we always have is interaction among the characters, particularly the regulars. In fact, I like the little subplots that always work better than the main plot—the case that's being solved. Whatever it was, somehow we were lucky enough to catch an audience.

PLAYBOY: Do you keep tabs on *Magnum*'s competition?

SELLECK: No, I don't. I think all we can do is produce the best show possible. I don't

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have a lot of time to watch TV, which bothers me, because I want to keep my knowledge of the talent pool out there and a sense of the product that is being put out. When I have a chance to watch, I'll watch *Magnum*. I'm not one of those people who watch only educational TV and news and sports. I definitely *like* television. I just don't have much time. I used to really enjoy *Harry-O* and *The Rockford Files*. I'm a big James Garner fan. Oh, yeah, I love *Hill Street Blues*.

PLAYBOY: How do you honestly rate yours against those other shows you like?

SELLECK: I consider our show pretty heady. I'm very proud of it. We make people laugh—which is very difficult, probably more difficult than making them cry—and we have made them cry, too. Of course, we've done some episodes that were real turkeys. I think the audience will forgive you for the ones that don't quite make it if you are adventurous. We work hard on each one. I don't want them to come back to haunt me, showing that during the fourth and fifth years, I sold out, I really slacked off. You can do that; it's real easy to get smug and complacent.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to the negative reviews of the show?

SELLECK: I don't mind being reviewed by people who don't like our show, but I don't like the ones who claim it's something that it isn't—such as a show where I run around with my shirt off all the time. Well, I don't. Since the show's inception, when Magnum is troubled, he goes out and swims laps. And when I'm swimming laps, I'm in swim trunks; it makes sense, doesn't it? Sometimes, I even come out of the water.

I do have the power to eliminate anything from a script that seems like gratuitous nudity—and I do, because I don't *like* running around with my shirt off. I admit I'm sensitive about it now, because of all the press. But there are certain times when not wearing a shirt is very natural. I mean, we're shooting in Hawaii, for God's sake.

PLAYBOY: Steve McGarrett of *Hawaii Five-O* wore a suit and a tie.

SELLECK: The Honolulu police *do* that. I'm not playing a policeman who has to go into the office.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned the hunk label. That's been used a lot. How do you feel about it?

SELLECK: Well, it's a real interesting theory that I owe my success to being a hunk. But I have been in the business for about 15 years, and until *Magnum*, I wasn't really doing that well. If that's all there is to it, why didn't it work for me all those years? Actually, it's something writers concocted to sell magazines. A woman recently wrote a commentary in *TV Guide* on the "hunk shows." First of all, to lump six or eight hard-working actors together in one category is very bigoted. She probably read two or three other articles and figured that this was a trend and might sell some magazines.

I do agree that there are trends in the business—that's unmistakable. *Magnum* followed them, too. We couldn't have broken a lot of the barriers on *Magnum* without a show such as *Rockford Files* before us. It proved that a detective character can have a three-dimensional life; he doesn't have to solve every case.

PLAYBOY: But to stay with the subject, are you insulted by the hunk label?

SELLECK: No, I don't get insulted by that if they're talking about my appearance. I'm not going to sit with you and analyze that stuff—if somebody says, "You look nice," am I supposed to say, "I know"? It just goes against my grain. I don't think there's anything wrong with a certain modesty. And it's not phony. You can have self-confidence and not run around blowing your horn all the time. All the attention to my appearance is a little embarrassing. Whatever my appearance is, it is part of my instrument. I just try to watch that my publicity doesn't get to a level where I consider it exploitative. As I say, I want to work in ten years. And, frankly, I think the jury is still out on me. If people want to say that I got this job on my looks, that's fine. But, again, I've been in this business for about 15 years, and my appearance

wasn't any big deal until now. In fact, there are more instances where it hurt me rather than helped me.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

SELLECK: Every actor I know has the same cross to bear: When he walks into an office, there are certain stereotypes he has to overcome to get that job. If you're trying for a serious part and they know you from comedy, it's "Oh, no; he's too funny." Someone may, at first glance, seem too tall for a part or have the wrong voice. If you walk in and they know you're a former basketball player from USC who has done modeling, they say, "Oh, here comes a big dummy." You're written off before you walk in. I did a lot of parts in commercials that were definitely first-impression parts. You walk into a room and they say, "Well, he *looks* fine." But I had a problem when it got past that, to having to speak.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SELLECK: When I was 25, I looked as if I were in my 30s, but I *sounded* about 12. But gradually, I got work. If you do a good job, people ask you back. Slowly—very slowly—you overcome whatever stereotype there was.

PLAYBOY: Your complaint sounds like the male version of the dumb-blonde-actress stereotype.

SELLECK: Well, I think it's tougher on women. A lot of it is due to the fact that in our business, most of the people who give out the jobs are men. There's such a thing as chemistry. If a male producer finds an actress attractive, he's more likely to give her a job. But I've never had any kind of personal proposition from a man or a woman at an interview. Anyway, I think I'm being taken more seriously, so maybe I'm going in the right direction.

PLAYBOY: One reason your show is taken seriously is the presence of the Vietnam legacy in your scripts—with three Vietnam vets as characters, *Magnum* is unique on TV.

SELLECK: We do get a lot of mail from veterans who are grateful for our show. They have seen Vietnam veterans depicted on television as maladjusted sex maniacs or psychotic killers suffering from delayed stress. They can't thank us enough for presenting an image that is relatively positive of three guys who served in Vietnam, who had different views about it and who emerged as relatively normal people who have made relatively normal lives for themselves. And that is the case with most of the people who served in Vietnam. But some of the shows *I'm* proudest of are the silliest ones. Of course, I lean that way anyway. I'd rather make a fool out of myself than anything else. We've done some *very* silly shows.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to the criticism of *Magnum*'s violence?

SELLECK: Violence is one of the elements of drama, so a certain amount is necessary, particularly in a show with a detective plot. But *Magnum* isn't excessively violent. People who say it is don't watch the show. And I do worry about television's preoccupation with violence. One reaction to that concern has been to show the same amount of violence but less of its results: The camera will zoom onto the gun and you won't see the body. To me, that's worse. You should show the consequences. There certainly is gratuitous violence on television. If a show doesn't hold itself up, it has to rely on violence and car chases. You see cars crashing into one another all over the place. Again, you don't see the consequences. I've been in a car accident. It's not that much fun. So, yes, I am concerned about the image we portray. Kids, in particular, don't always separate reality from fiction. A letter from a kid saying, "I love to see you drive fast in the Ferrari" worries me.

PLAYBOY: After a day on the set, do *you* get into a Ferrari?

SELLECK: I don't drive it. Ferrari has given me one to use, but it got impossible here—it was like driving a flag around. Too bad, because it's a wonderful car. Who wouldn't want to drive a Ferrari?

PLAYBOY: In any case, is it hard not to be Magnum when you leave the set?

SELLECK: I *know* I'm not Magnum when I'm off the set. I'm reminded enough of

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my mortality: My knees hurt when I play sports and all sorts of things.

PLAYBOY: Do you do any of your own stunts?

SELLECK: I do some, but I don't have a compulsion to do all my own stunts; I think it's unprofessional. If I get hurt, 150 people on the *Magnum* set are hung up. There are not many days they can shoot our show without me. If I'm working on a movie, it could be many more people and lots of money. For a while, I stopped everything—including sports, which have always been a part of my life. But I've managed to break my nose a couple of times since I've been here. I play competitive volleyball, which is a very fast game; the ball can be spiked at about 90 mph. I worked with a very dark spot on my nose for a while. I try to be professional, but you can carry that only so far.

The most unprofessional thing I ever did was this year, while I was working on *Lassiter*. I played on the Outrigger Canoe Club volleyball team and we made the championships, but I had to be in London when they were scheduled. By coincidence, I was asked to speak at Bob Hope's 80th birthday party at the Kennedy Center. I hate speaking publicly, but how do you say no to Hope and the President? Because of that, I was able to schedule time off from *Lassiter*, even though we had just started shooting that week. I got two days off. I asked for an extra day, claiming it was for rehearsal, then chartered a Learjet to take me back and forth between Washington and Memphis, where the volleyball championships were being held. I holed up with the team in a motel—two to a room—and we won the championships! I was like a kid, laughing over what I'd done. But winning that tournament was the biggest achievement of my life.

PLAYBOY: That certainly doesn't rank up there with the worst crimes ever confessed. You mentioned earlier that you don't do drugs——

SELLECK: And I think it's important to say that in interviews. I've lost close friends to drugs. I don't want to sound puritanical, and I'm hardly a saint—I have my share of vices, but drugs aren't one of them.

PLAYBOY: What *are*?

SELLECK: For starters, I no longer sneak around clotheslines and steal underwear. [*Laughs*] I don't know. I've been known to drink too much. But I don't enjoy getting drunk. I like some wine with dinner.

PLAYBOY: OK. For the record, what is the story behind the headline-making accident involving you, your stepson and a parking garage?

SELLECK: Well, I had a few fender benders when my dad was teaching me how to drive. It was like that with my stepson, Kevin. I was teaching him how to drive a stick-shift car. He had a little problem with the clutch at just the right time: We happened to be on top of a three-story parking garage. We went over the edge

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and hit the ground. We walked away; we couldn't have been any luckier. But what was awful about it was that the poor kid made a small mistake and it was in the newspapers and they gave it to him at school. He's weathered all that—he has it in the right perspective, I think—but it's an example of what my family has to go through because of me. He is getting the brunt of my success without the perks.

PLAYBOY: What is your relationship with him?

SELLECK: It's a heightened reality: dad for a month. But it's nice in that the time is about as normal as possible. I don't want to be Santa Claus for a month when I see him, though that's the tendency. I'm still dealing with the guilt that my marriage to his mother split up. But we manage to have some kind of normal life. At least we *try*. We went over to McDonald's the other night for some hamburgers, and I had to sit in the car and he had to get them for us. We sneak into movies after the lights go down. It's a little bizarre.

PLAYBOY: During the split-up of your marriage, you were in *Divorce Wars*. Was that merely a coincidence?

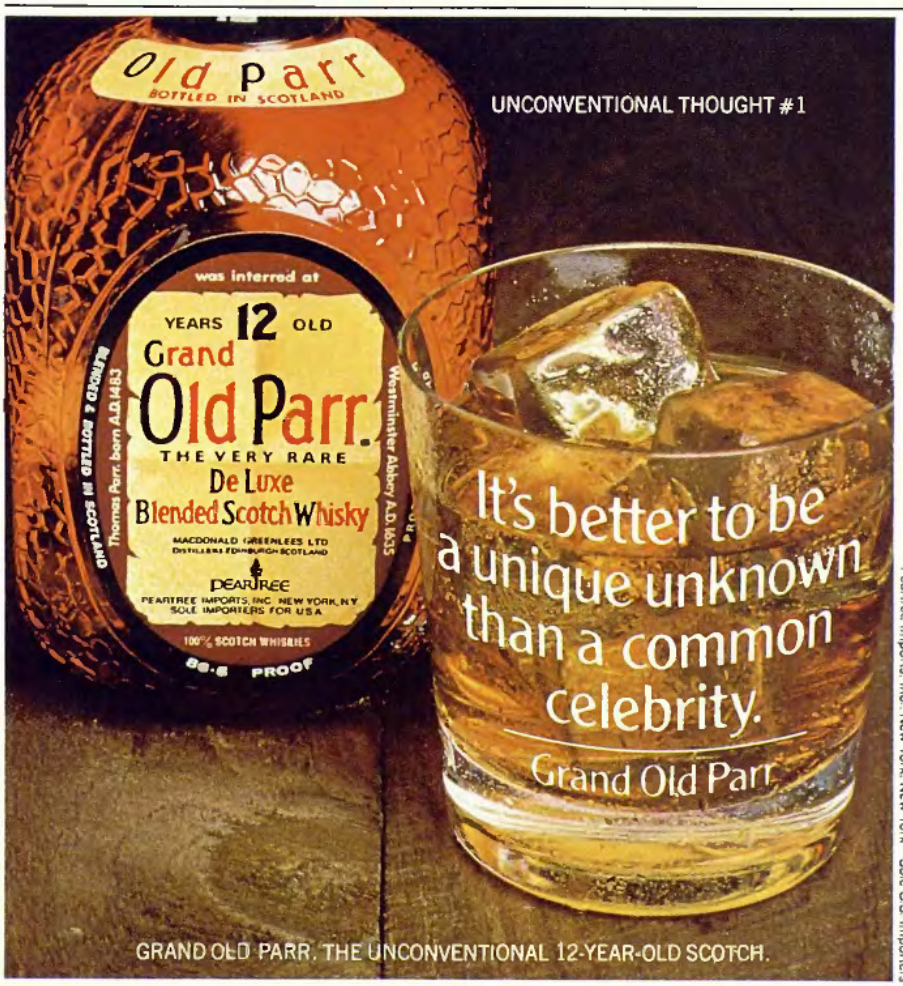
SELLECK: Believe it or not, it was. But your personal life does affect your work in front of the camera. It was scary. The character was very different from me and he didn't handle the situation as I did, but I felt what he was going through.

PLAYBOY: Did the split-up with your wife, Jacki, have anything to do with the pressure on you when *Magnum* took off?

SELLECK: Not at all. Perhaps there *would* have been trouble, because doing a television series is one of the worst strains on a relationship there can ever be, but the plain and simple fact is that the problem my wife and I had had come to a head six months *before* I ever did the pilot for *Magnum*. Of course, stories were written about my getting hot and dumping my wife. There were other mean stories that spoke more derogatorily of my wife than of me. Maybe the writers figured she didn't have the resources to pursue them legally; I don't know. It really infuriated me. I asked for this. She didn't.

PLAYBOY: Because of all that—and all the sex-symbol craziness we've talked about—would it be difficult for you to have a serious relationship with a woman now?

SELLECK: Yeah, and I worry about that. The nature of the work means there are long separations, which are hard enough. Then, when the articles start coming out about you and the leading lady becoming an item—and, no, I *don't* get involved with people I work with—it eventually has some effect. Also, I work so hard, I go home like a zombie sometimes. At some point, the woman would—and should—say, "What about me? What about us?" I've resigned myself to the fact that it would be very tough to have that now. Whatever happens, happens. But I really worry that someone may not even be



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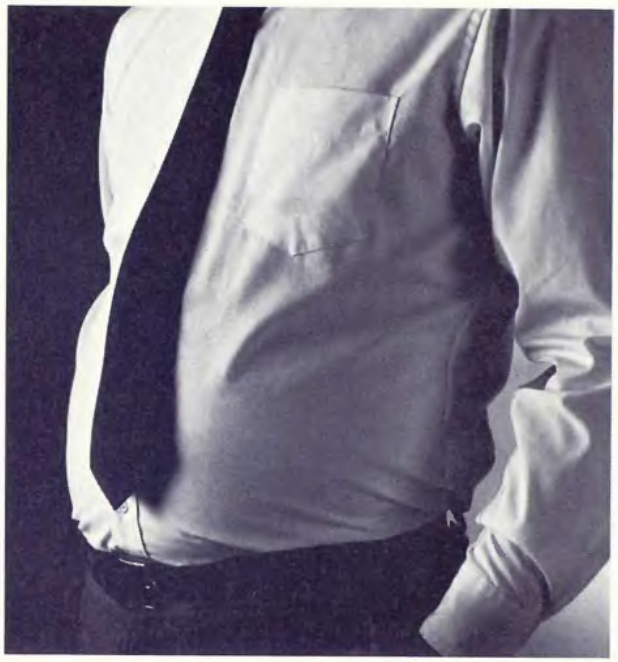

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getting a chance because of all this.

PLAYBOY: You don't get involved with people you work with?

SELLECK: I think it's a big mistake. You can't control your emotions, but let's say you become infatuated with somebody you're going to be working with for the next four weeks. And you get involved. And something happens after the first week so you're not involved anymore. You have three weeks of hell in front of you. Especially if you are portraying lovers.

PLAYBOY: Did you learn that from personal experience?

[*Selleck smiles.*]

Come on, 'fess up.

SELLECK: Sometimes you fail.

PLAYBOY: Anyone we'd know?

[*Selleck grins, points to sealed lips.*]

Let's move on—or back. Did you grow up a fan of movies and television?

SELLECK: I was a bigger sports fan than anything, but I grew up on Jimmy Stewart, John Wayne, Henry Fonda, Gary Cooper; Wayne, particularly. I've always loved old movies. I've always watched a lot of movies on TV. I will stay up until three A.M. to watch a terrible horror film. It's got to be really bad, though.

PLAYBOY: On your list of favorite leading ladies, is there one you would most want to work with?

SELLECK: The list is enormous. I hate to list them, because I'll leave somebody out. There's one: Audrey Hepburn. I'll leave it at that.

PLAYBOY: When did you decide to go into acting?

SELLECK: At USC, I was in a fraternity—*Animal House* was a parody, but ours was sort of like that, a jock house. I certainly didn't want to be an actor. I never even thought of this business. I fantasized about playing professional baseball, especially when I was younger. When I got offered a contract at Fox, I was still at college and I'd never done any acting. But a friend of mine talked me into trying it. I took a drama class in college—because it was supposed to be an easy course—and the teacher said my friend and I were good types for commercials. My friend went out and found a photographer to take pictures and all that, so I sort of followed his lead. Then, without really trying, I got the same commercial agent. I went on a few interviews and never got anything except something in an Air Force training film.

Eventually, after my last season of basketball, I got a Pepsi commercial—not because I gave a brilliant reading but because I could stuff a basketball with either hand. About that time, I also went on *The Dating Game* a couple of times. I was bachelor number two—and, no, I wasn't picked. But somebody at Fox saw me on the show and called me to audition a scene. The studio put me under contract. I think I started out at $65 a week. That's when I took acting classes, voice classes—though *nothing* helped my

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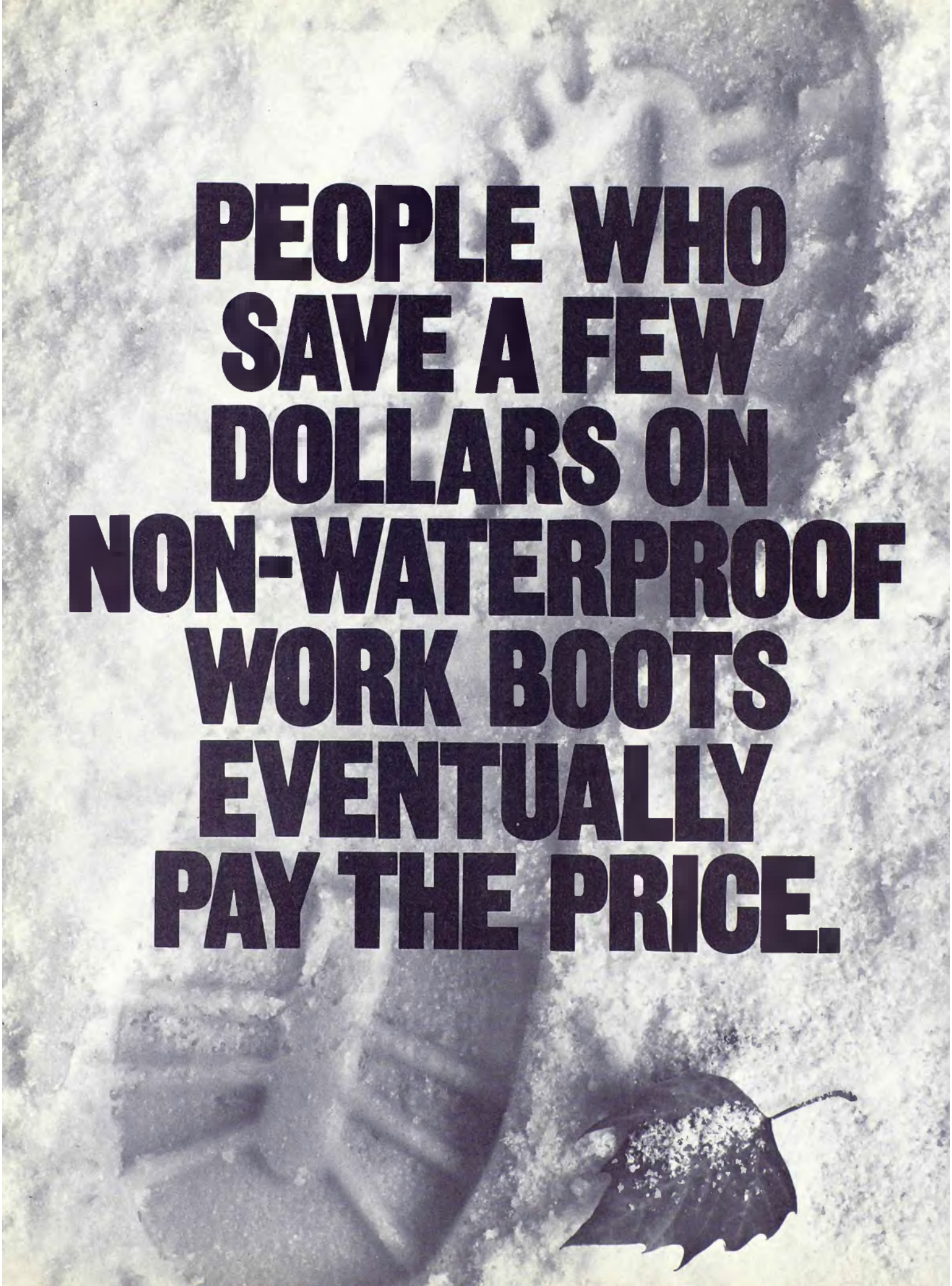
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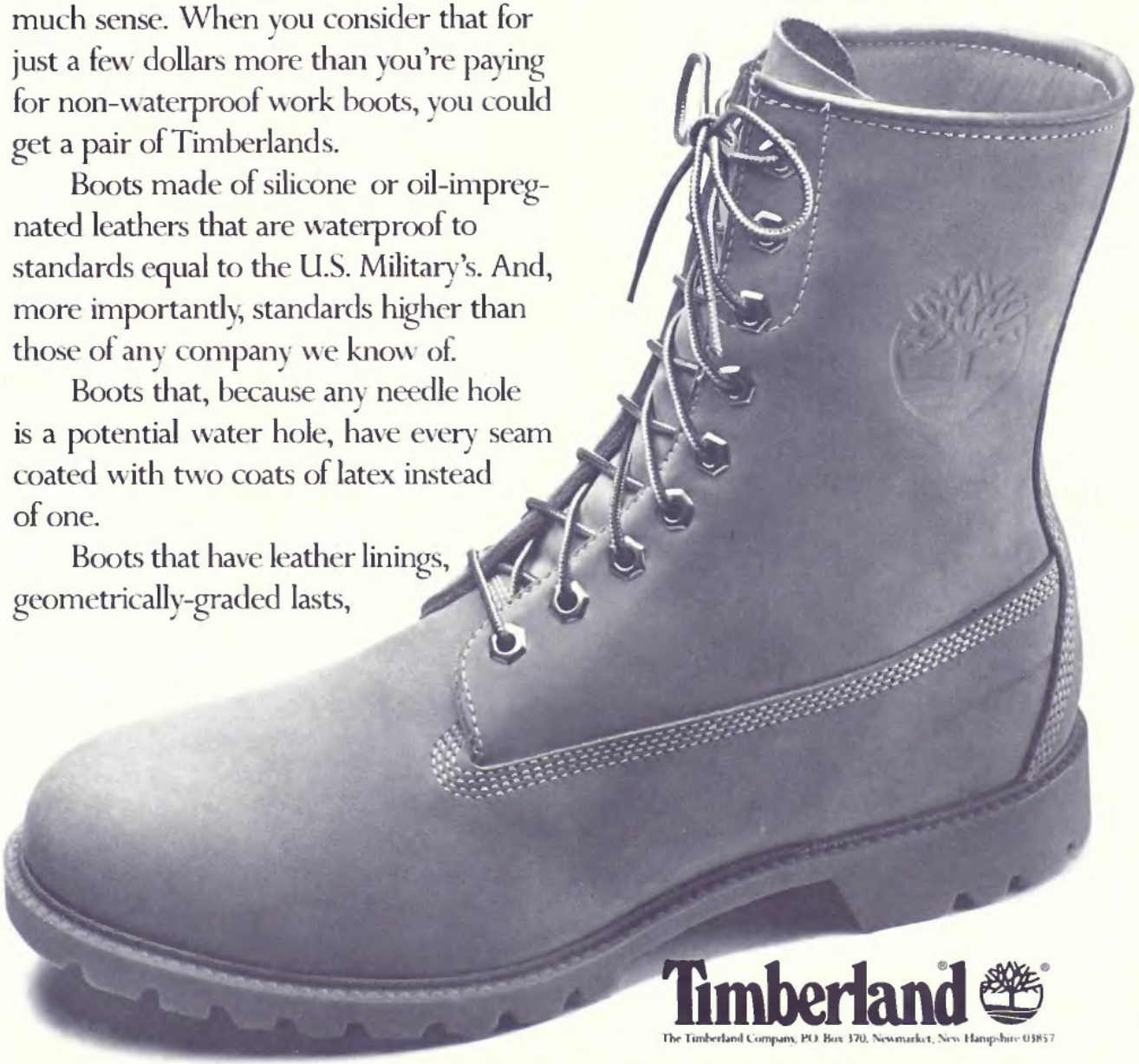

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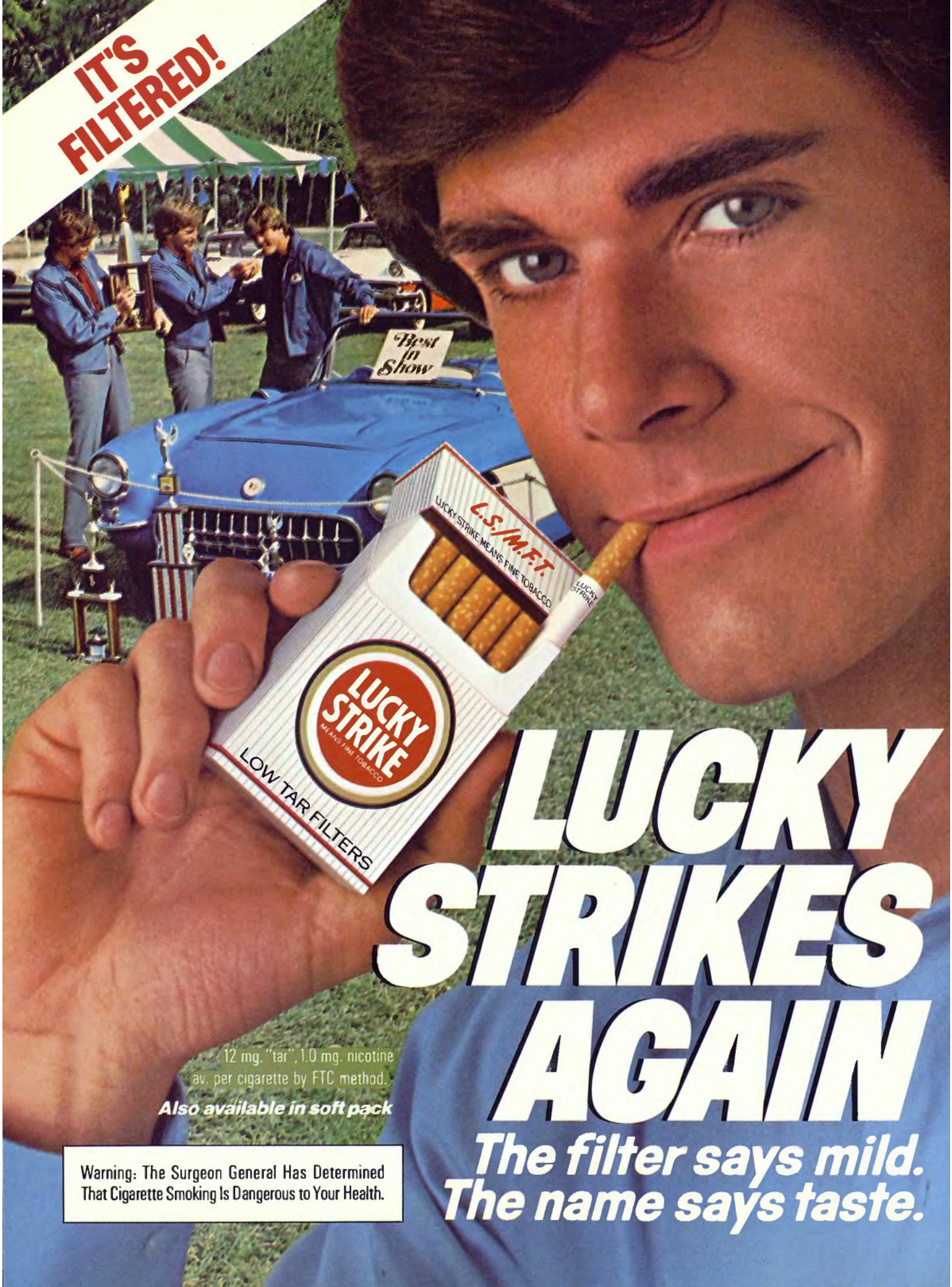
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voice—and dance class.

PLAYBOY: So your first acting jobs were in television commercials?

SELLECK: Yeah, commercials were what kept me alive. I've always felt I'd rather do a silly commercial than take a silly acting part for the money. When I got more successful in commercials, it gave me the ability to turn down the acting parts I knew I shouldn't do. I had one job in the year and a half before I did the pilot for *Magnum*, by my own choice. I was even able to say no to *Magnum* when they first offered it to me, because I didn't feel it was right—it wasn't quite the same show it is now. It was more in the James Bond category, and that wasn't what I wanted to do.

PLAYBOY: When did you begin acting in a series?

SELLECK: The commercials were in the early Seventies. I had already gotten some parts—one starring role and one lead in a pilot for a series. I also did a remake of *The Best Years of Our Lives*, in which I had one of the three leads. I had already done that stuff, and then I did a print commercial for Salem cigarettes and became known as the Salem Man. But I moved away from that, and for the next 12 years or so, I did dozens of soap operas, pilots and movies of the week until *Magnum* came along.

PLAYBOY: Your college years were in the late Sixties. What was your situation with Vietnam and the draft?

SELLECK: Around the time I was in college and got that contract from Fox, I got called for my physical, which meant I was going to be drafted in about three months. I had a student deferment, and I was very concerned. I didn't particularly want to get shot at, but I firmly believed in my commitment, my military obligation.

It seemed as if the best way to fulfill my obligation and still work with Fox was to get into the National Guard. If I were drafted, I would have gone away for two or three years. By enlisting in the National Guard, I went on active duty for only six months of training and then served one weekend a month, plus two weeks in the summer, for six years. I was an Infantry soldier at the time things were getting a little dicey. Two days after I got back from active duty, we were activated to go to Vietnam. All of a sudden, after enlisting so I could stay in the States and work, I was in an Infantry unit that was going to Vietnam! Two days after that order came in, it was rescinded, but our unit was the first unit in the Guard, so every time anything happened—fires, floods—we were activated. I remember some terrible times when Bobby Kennedy was shot and we were sent to guard the armory in case something happened.

It was a very political time, and the rhetoric got turned into such nonsense. Every once in a while, somebody would find out I was in the National Guard and I'd get accusations like "You're supporting killing." The National Guard was not the most popular place to be then. The scariest time for me was when we were called into the riots at Isla Vista near Santa Barbara. William Kunstler spoke to a mass rally. He gave a speech, getting people riled up. But when a riot broke out, he wasn't so courageous leaving right afterward. He was good at letting other people get arrested and leaving kids in volatile situations where they could be seriously hurt. I've never forgotten that.

I was stationed in front of the Bank of America, where the riot started. We had roadblocks throughout the town. I didn't want to be there. I did not like the idea of being stuck in an adversary situation against people I considered peers. Nobody did. That was about the time of Kent State, and we were all aware of the volatile situation we were in. After Kent State, we all asked, "How can anybody possibly shoot anybody, especially unarmed kids?" There's no answer to that question. But I got some insight into it in Isla Vista in the middle of one night. We didn't know what was going on—we were not adequately trained for the situation. I didn't want to hurt anybody. And somebody *was* going to get hurt; we were just waiting for something to happen.

We hadn't gotten much sleep in the past 24 hours, and we were going to be up all night at our post. We were given orders to lock and load when we saw a mass of people coming down the street toward us. I refused to load. I don't know why—it was as if I couldn't comprehend the seriousness of the situation. But the potential for tragedy was there. I remember one guy in charge of our unit panicked. That's why I can at least understand the climate in which Kent State occurred. We were there muttering jokes at one another, trying to laugh off the situation, praying somebody wouldn't throw a Molotov cocktail at us. We didn't want to admit that we were really in a life-threatening situation. We couldn't conceive of that. I'll tell you what finally ended the riot: It started to rain. By that time, the kids were giving us cookies and coffee. And the riots were over. The kids went back to their apartments and started throwing parties. But what I really resented was that I could have hurt somebody. And over what?

PLAYBOY: Do you feel any more or less political today? In the coming election year, will you endorse a candidate?

SELLECK: I'm well read on politics and I really have very firm beliefs, but until now, I've been determined to keep them pretty much private. I'm not sure that it's fair for me to use my position as an actor to sway people. At the same time, I also feel my opinions should count *less*.

PLAYBOY: But you have taken stands on such controversial issues as abortion and nuclear power.

SELLECK: No, not really. An article that came out recently summed up what I supposedly thought of the President, abortion

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and nuclear power in one paragraph. It was yes, no and maybe. That was taken from an interview I did in Yugoslavia, and the writer drew broad generalizations from some comments I made. And that was in another respected magazine.

PLAYBOY: Set the record straight.

SELLECK: When I was asked whether or not I supported the President, it was right after Reagan had been inaugurated, and I said yes. It was his first year in office and he definitely had a mandate, yet I saw a tendency for people to second-guess his economic policies, which was absurd. All I said in that interview was, "I think we ought to give his economic policies a chance." He'd been increasingly hamstrung by the system of checks and balances, which is fine, though I would have liked to see him have his way even more to find out whether or not his ideas worked. If we elect somebody, he's got to be able to implement his policies. It seems to me that economically, an awful lot of things he's done are working quite effectively; I'm saying that two years after that article. I thought it was a little unfair for somebody to quote me a year and a half later, but he did.

As for abortion, I never spoke out. All I said was that I didn't think it was just a woman's issue. When women's groups try to usurp a man's right to share in that decision, I disagree. It takes two people to conceive a child, and I believe the man ought to be included in the decision. That's all I said. The only thing beyond that I will say about abortion is that nobody has been able to figure out to my satisfaction when human life actually begins. That is the major problem in dealing with the abortion issue. Nobody knows at what point during the gestation period a fetus thinks and feels. I think those are important questions that have to be answered before you even deal with the subject. That's all I really care to say about it.

As far as nuclear power goes, I said, in effect, "I think the jury is still out, but to my knowledge, no one has ever been killed in a nuclear-power accident." That doesn't mean we shouldn't have safeguards, but people often get killed in the utilization of other sources of power, so I think we ought to give nuclear power a chance and watch it closely. We obviously are watching it closely; it's almost impossible to build a nuclear-power plant now that there are so many constraints. Beyond that, I don't want to really get into all of those issues, mainly because I don't think I am prepared to talk about those complicated issues and take stands on them so cavalierly.

PLAYBOY: Where *do* you stand on the political spectrum?

SELLECK: Oh, God, I don't want to get into all that. Yes, I have strong feelings about a lot of it, but I don't want to get that much into politics. I'd rather speak in general terms. I believe strongly in our free-market system, with its inherent rights—the right to better yourself, the right to fail. Unless you have the right to fail in a free society—without opting for cradle-to-grave security—you're never truly going to have the ability to succeed. What we have in this country is rare in the world. We have a place where you can be born poor and end up rich; we have that mobility. Now, it's very difficult, and the odds are certainly stacked against you if you are born poor, but I do know that we have upward mobility and, consequently, less of a class system than other countries. A lot of rich people pay very little in taxes and they are doing it quite legally. They are always going to have a certain advantage, because they can hire the best attorneys. That's just part of the human condition. There are always going to be those kinds of differences and inequities. You can't legislate them away. They certainly haven't in Russia. There, the only people who get limousines are bureaucrats and athletes. Or actors.

PLAYBOY: So you don't think much of socialism?

SELLECK: I think that's a bunch of nonsense. Show me one society that's ever bought that scheme and has evolved past the dictatorship *to* the proletariat. I think people are realizing that there is no free lunch. If you want the Government to do something for you, you're going to have to pay for it, and you can probably get it done more efficiently and cheaper by paying for it yourself than by paying for it in taxes.

PLAYBOY: You're more conservative, even right wing, than we expected.

SELLECK: No, I'm middle of the road. I think the far right and the far left converge in totalitarianism. Now, I'm very much against big business, but I'm also against big unions and Big Government. Power in that proportion corrupts itself. Every Government project and agency should be subject to review and renewal. Unfortunately, when we establish a commission or an agency to handle a problem that is legitimate and should be handled, people are hired and have jobs they then want to protect. But the function of that agency should be the elimination of the problem and, therefore, of the need for itself. Then you end up having people creating problems just to justify their salaries. . . . Boy, I've said an awful lot about my political feelings after telling you I didn't want to talk too much about them!

PLAYBOY: Why *did* you decide to let loose now?

SELLECK: I've been quoted on all those things. I think that if my opinions are going to be quoted, they at least ought to be *my* opinions. This is by far the most I have ever spoken my mind about anything, and it's because I choose to do so, because of your format. I think it's the fairest format there is. I've always read the *Playboy Interview*—but I buy the magazine for the pictures. [*Grins*]

PLAYBOY: All right, we can't finish this interview without asking a couple of final questions. First, is it true you make $7,000,000 for two seasons of *Magnum?*

SELLECK: I'm *not* getting paid $7,000,000 for two years. I'm making a lot of money—a lot more money than I ever thought I'd make. What I make is my business. I don't like leaking selective information about contracts and things like that. But, yes, I'm making a lot of money. I'm making investments for the future and some sort of a game plan so my family is taken care of. But these figures are mind-boggling to me. I mean, it's a cliché, but it's true: How much can you spend?

Somebody asked me in an interview if I feel guilty because I'm making a lot of money now. I said absolutely not. I don't go home and stick the money in a mattress; I invest it, I spend it and I go to better restaurants, and all those things create better jobs, and they are what our system—our free-market system, when it operates in the best and the purest way—is all about. What's the other question?

PLAYBOY: An important one: How many Hawaiian shirts do you own?

SELLECK: I have bunches, but I haven't bought one in, oh, about four years. I really don't want to run around Honolulu in a red Ferrari and a Hawaiian shirt, trying to stay young.

PLAYBOY: Do you think about getting older?

SELLECK: I think about it. Sure. At my age, it's quite easy to fractionalize your life. There are a lot of little landmarks you hit: 25 is half of 50; 38 is half of—what?—76. So I do wonder where I've been and what I'm doing. I ask, Am I going in the right direction? So I take stock a little bit, I guess. It doesn't do much good to worry about it, though. I mean, none of us is going to get out of here alive.

PLAYBOY: With all the pressure and attention, you seem to be OK—pretty much in control.

SELLECK: On good days. On bad days, I lose everything. It's a hard image to live up to. In an interview like this, I want to speak what is in my heart of hearts, but I do censor myself. Sometimes, I tell you not necessarily what *you* want to hear but what *I* want you to hear. That's not to say it's not honest, but it's a heightened reality. I don't want the burden of being a sanctimonious all-American hero or sex symbol or anything else. I just do the best job I can. I fail to reach my standards most of the time. But I keep them; it's important to talk about standards and goals, but that's all they are—goals. I'd hate to be held accountable for not living up to everything I say. Somewhere between the standards and the striving for them, I'm doing pretty well and feeling very lucky about it.

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THE DESEXING OF AMERICA

if you'll just take your hands off each other for a minute, certain media puritans would like to announce the death of sex

article By CRAIG VETTER

BRACE YOURSELVES: There is a bogus rumble in certain parts of the media to make you believe the sexual mood of America has turned from the open ground it gained over the past 20 years back toward the cold, mean shade of the old Puritan morality.

The message is subtle in some places and gross in others, but it is pretty much the same either way. We are being told that the sexual revolution has left us a bitter inheritance; that the freedom to discuss, study and experiment with our sexuality without the terrible burden of guilt and shame has produced more problems than it has solved; that God is angry; that the social order and even nature herself has turned on us for our *hubris*; and that the results are depression, despair, disease and even death.

The current media turn began five or six years ago with such stories and movies as *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* and *Cruising*, which implied that those who sought sex where it was openly available were likely to become victims of bizarre violence. And because most of us don't look for our partners in bars or bathhouses, there was a tendency to believe that the adventurous fringes of sexual pursuit were dark and dangerous.

But there were other reports, small ones at first, that began to hint that the forces of sexual liberation were stalling out. Statistics on marriage and divorce were carefully monitored, and when they varied by even a few points, it was interpreted as a profound shift toward old values and styles. Story after story reported the barking of small dog packs such as the fanatic right-to-life Catholics and the people who call themselves the Moral Majority; they were against abortion, sex education and the dispensing of birth-control advice; and, finally, against erotic photos of any kind on the absurd claim that such pictures inspire violence and pedophilia.

The more radical elements of the women's movement often played to that rhetoric by insisting that men as a group were sexually irresponsible animals who raped and otherwise exploited women, abandoned their children without qualm and clung viciously to a double standard that wanted to cast women as concubines.

More recently, columnists and other commentators have begun to theorize that the flood of sex manuals has left us wishing that the subject would just creep back into the closet and leave us alone. The message, stated in so many words by some writers, is that to demystify sex is to trivialize it, that to study it scientifically is to rob it of its purpose and its joy. Until, finally, the most profound charge of all was leveled at the new sexuality: that it had driven a wedge between love and sex and had rendered them hopelessly

ILLUSTRATION BY MARVIN MATTELSON

separate. Because the sexual revolution had suggested that sex and love *could* be separate events without anyone's being hurt or degraded, the critics began to argue that such a split was what the liberalizers had been after all along and that it was leading to a dangerous depersonalization of human behavior. Sex without love, they said, makes animals of us all.

When enough of these reports had been published, they became the subjects of pieces such as the one by Fran R. Schumer that appeared in *New York* magazine of December 6, 1982, called "Is Sex Dead?"

A few paragraphs into the article, the author says, "Indeed, a generation that skipped the hand-holding stage of adolescence is rediscovering dating. There's romance instead of lust, courtship in place of seduction. Pushed into the closet by the revolution, virginity has pushed its way back out. And in the offices of therapists, a new sexual dysfunction has made its debut: lack of desire."

Throughout the article, people referred to as veterans of the sexual revolution confess that random, loveless sex has left them empty and that they are seeking something deeper and more selective these days. Schumer says that for some time now, "there was among many a deep-seated dissatisfaction with some aspects of the sexual revolution's prescribed code of behavior: the studied indifference with which people approached sex; the enforced coolness; the thesis that sexual intimacy was the best way to get to know someone."

Just who prescribed the behavior of the sexual revolution or who enforced the coolness is vague, of course, as are data indicating that people ever thought of love and lust as *necessarily* separate or that they want to retreat to the morality that insisted the two ought *never* to be separate on pain of sin and social disapproval.

Sooner or later, someone was bound to seek those data, the statistical proof that we are repudiating sexual open-mindedness in favor of the style practiced a generation ago. *Psychology Today* took on that project last February, using as its starting point the hypothesis that romance had been a casualty of the new sexual morality. It was obvious from the introduction to the questionnaire for their "Love and Romance Survey" what the editors expected to find.

> We observe Valentine's Day this month—an appropriate time, we thought, to consider our beliefs about love and romance. Have we begun a new infatuation with romance? The makers of Valentine cards might say so; sales have increased by about 50,000,000 cards over the past decade. Is the sexual revolution over? Are the forces of workaholism, financial troubles and herpes turning us back to traditional romance? Have our feelings about love become more romantic and so, possibly, less realistic?

They found what they were looking for, of course. And they found it at least partly because of the way they had structured part of the questionnaire. The results, published in July 1983 and quoted by newspapers and TV newspeople all over the country, announced that 53 percent of the respondents wanted love from their relationships, while only one percent wanted sex. The fact that these two things were made to seem mutually exclusive, however, was the result not of the sexual revolution but, rather, of the way *Psychology Today* had framed the question. Readers had been asked, "What do you look for in your relationship with your partner?" and had then been instructed to *circle only one* among these choices: financial security, love, companionship, romance, sex, other. It's hard to imagine what could beat love in an either/or vote like that. And to oppose it to sex steals the brightest of possibilities from both.

•

In December 1982, *Esquire* published an article designed to remove any question about what modern erotic life had come to. A funeral wreath filled the cover under the bold headline "THE END OF SEX," the title of George Leonard's new book, excerpted within.

Leonard is the author of the best-selling *Education and Ecstasy*, and for 15 years or so he has been the leading wordsmith for what used to be called the sensitivity movement and is now called humanistic psychology: the loving-caring-feeling-touching approach to life as lived at Esalen, the most famous of its ranches. For a long time, Leonard was one of this movement's most enthusiastic Pooh-Bahs, and he admits as much in the opening paragraph of *The End of Sex*.

"Like millions of other Americans, I welcomed the sexual revolution of the Sixties," he writes. "I even did my own small part, through books, articles and special issues of *Look*, to help it along."

And, indeed, he did: In a January 13, 1970, *Look* article called "Why We Need a New Sexuality," he argues that although the old sexual taboos might have been useful before modern contraception and hygiene, it was time to let go of them. "Today," he writes, "these same attitudes threaten the social order, heighten the chance of violence and war, increase population pressures and needlessly restrict human pleasure and fulfillment."

In the same article, he calls for an end to all sexual censorship. "This means just what it says: Sexual intercourse and birth could be shown on network television and in family magazines. Nothing would be hidden." He ends his rhapsodizing over the new sexual order like this: "The new sexuality leads eventually to the creation of a family as wide as all mankind that can weep together, laugh together and share the common ecstasy."

Between then and now, however, the sexual revolution somehow failed to live up to the promises that Leonard invented for it, and so, in *The End of Sex*, he is forced to renounce the whole thing. Throughout the book he separates sex and love and insists that sex is either mindless and exploitative or part of a deeply committed romantic love that he calls "high monogamy."

"For example," he writes, "the idea of sex for recreation has a lilting ring to it, suggesting the beautiful young people you see on television dancing from one partner to another . . . taking pleasure and adding delight. And those who support it would be quick to point out that sex for recreation can involve caring and intimacy. But we who live in a leisure society have seen where a surfeit of recreation can take us: to frantic, aimless travel, increased pollution and stress, the desecration of ancient landmarks, the trivialization of history and culture. In the same way, 'recreational sex' has already led to a frantic, aimless search for sensation and from there to the deadening of sensation, to sexual escalation and stress, to a desecration of courtship and romance."

Nowhere in his opus does Leonard cite instances where the leading voices of sexual liberation called for hit-and-run sex as an ideal. Instead, he claims to have sensed a mood of boredom and despair among his friends and others he interviewed for the book. When he does get around to the positive fruits of the sexual revolution, he admits he doesn't want to retreat from them. "Make no mistake," he writes in *Esquire*. "I do not sympathize with the methods or the aims of the so-called Moral Majority. I want to keep the best of the sexual revolution. The new freedom to talk openly about sexual matters is a blessed thing. A few straightforward words can sometimes clear up misunderstandings that would have produced a lifetime of guilt and shame in the devastating silence of times past. I want information on erotic feelings and actions, anatomy and physiology, venereal disease and disorders and birth control and abortion made available to young and old."

Still, he says, "The term sex might once have been useful in defining a field of study and focusing attention on certain modern problems, but it has outgrown its usefulness. . . It has become, in fact, an enemy of erotic love and must be seen as yet another aspect of the abstraction and depersonalization of life that now threaten human survival. 'Sex,' in short, is an idea whose time has passed."

Leonard is never without hope for

(continued on page 318)

"My husband tells me you're the slickest damn salesman at Amalgamated Software."

Notes of a Fallen Fan

article

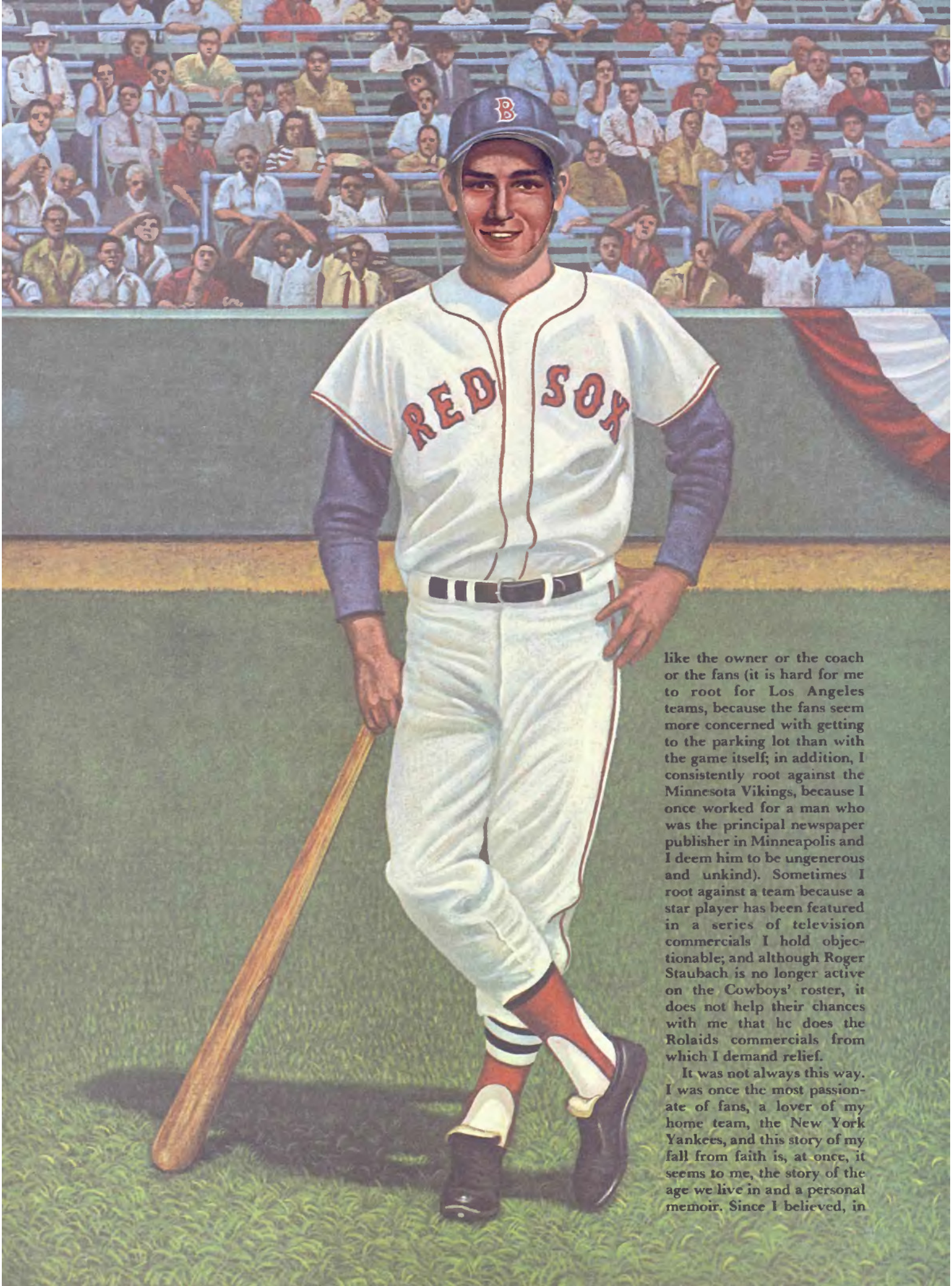
By DAVID HALBERSTAM

tv and big money took the gloss off sports heroes—and made free agents out of once-loyal fans

I AM a thoroughly modern sports fan. That is to say, I am a relatively rootless middle-class, middle-aged American, almost totally without loyalty in my rooting habits, a citizen of the television age. I mention all of this by way of confession, for there may well be nothing in it to be proud of. But that is the way it is.

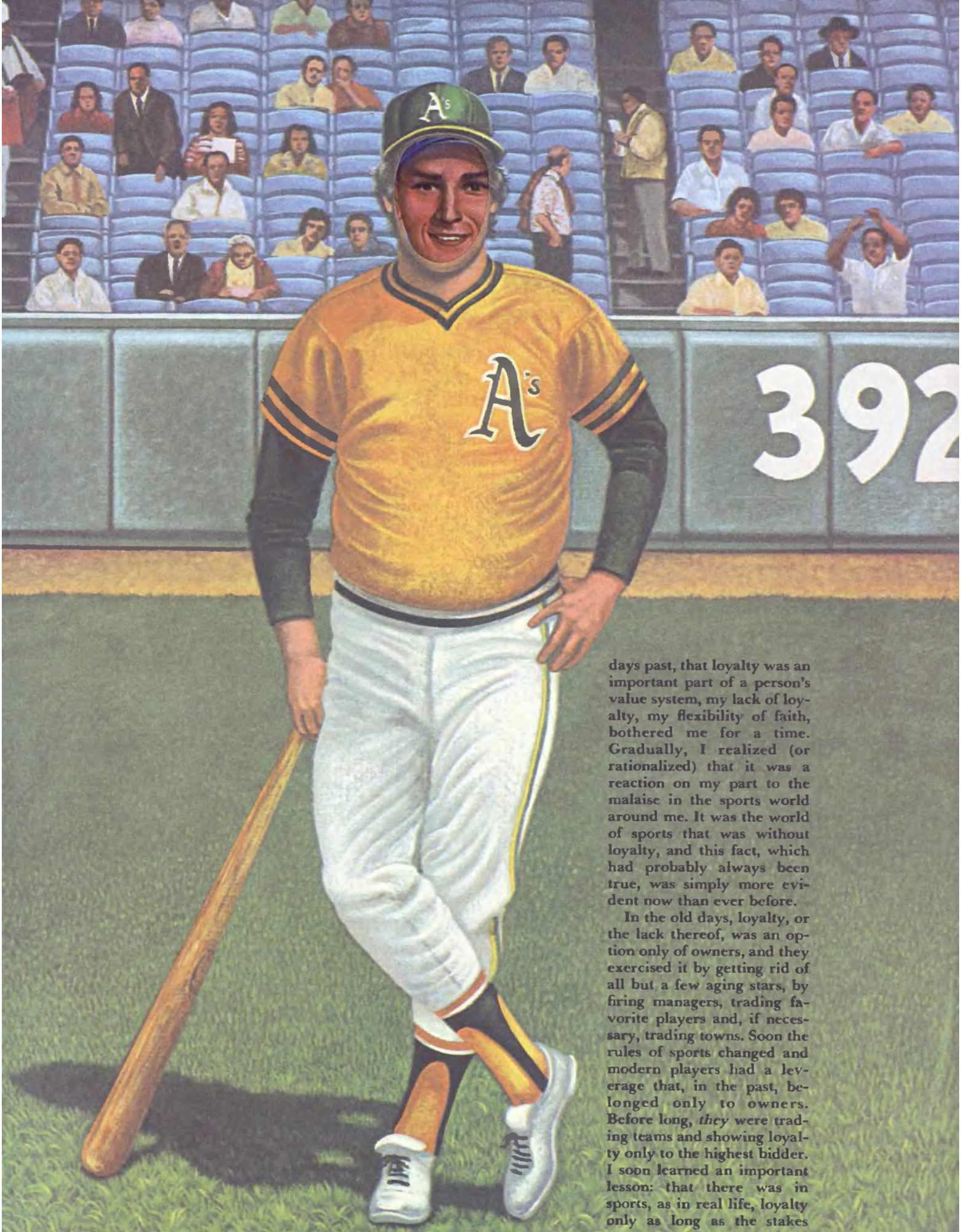
I may, if I have a favored football team and it falls too far behind in the third quarter, simply turn off the set rather than suffer through a painful fourth quarter. I begin most seasons without commitment; as the year develops, I judge which of the better teams has the most sympathetic cast of characters and root somewhat dispassionately for it. I root generally for older athletes against younger ones; several years ago, Arthur Ashe almost upset John McEnroe in an indoor tennis match, and I, for reasons too varied to list here, was passionately for Ashe. I often root against certain teams because I do not

Teresa Fasolino



like the owner or the coach or the fans (it is hard for me to root for Los Angeles teams, because the fans seem more concerned with getting to the parking lot than with the game itself; in addition, I consistently root against the Minnesota Vikings, because I once worked for a man who was the principal newspaper publisher in Minneapolis and I deem him to be ungenerous and unkind). Sometimes I root against a team because a star player has been featured in a series of television commercials I hold objectionable; and although Roger Staubach is no longer active on the Cowboys' roster, it does not help their chances with me that he does the Rolaids commercials from which I demand relief.

It was not always this way. I was once the most passionate of fans, a lover of my home team, the New York Yankees, and this story of my fall from faith is, at once, it seems to me, the story of the age we live in and a personal memoir. Since I believed, in



days past, that loyalty was an important part of a person's value system, my lack of loyalty, my flexibility of faith, bothered me for a time. Gradually, I realized (or rationalized) that it was a reaction on my part to the malaise in the sports world around me. It was the world of sports that was without loyalty, and this fact, which had probably always been true, was simply more evident now than ever before.

In the old days, loyalty, or the lack thereof, was an option only of owners, and they exercised it by getting rid of all but a few aging stars, by firing managers, trading favorite players and, if necessary, trading towns. Soon the rules of sports changed and modern players had a leverage that, in the past, belonged only to owners. Before long, *they* were trading teams and showing loyalty only to the highest bidder. I soon learned an important lesson: that there was in sports, as in real life, loyalty only as long as the stakes

were relatively small. If another team offered a player who made $100,000 a year $15,000 more, he would often stay put. If it offered him $300,000, he was gone.

I thought that Simon and Garfunkel, in that lovely song, asked the wrong question. It should not have been "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?" but, rather, in an age when players can make their own decisions, "Where are you *going* . . . ?"

I think, now, I know.

Since DiMaggio was a white superstar with exceptional right-handed power, and since the Yankees and the Red Sox have one of the last surviving true rivalries in sports, I believe Joltin' Joe, if he were still playing, would be going to the Red Sox for a cool $3,000,000 a year, plus a fat Fenway Franks endorsement deal. After all, it is clear that he and George Steinbrenner would have long since been estranged. DiMaggio's innate grace, his consummate talent and his unwillingness

to indulge in petty publicity stunts soon would have offended his owner, and we would have seen, after Steinbrenner's instinctive need to be more important than any player, his equally instinctive need to punish. In the case of DiMaggio, it would have been not so much what he said as what he failed to say. One can see the tabloid headlines: "JOE SNUBS GEORGE/REFUSES TO SHOW AT BOSS'S DAUGHTER'S BIRTHDAY PARTY." Followed, of course, by "STEINBRENNER BLASTS DiMAG/'ONLY OUT FOR SELF'/SAYS N.Y. OWNER." Followed by "JOE'S SILENCE STEAMS STEINY/'HE'S PAID TO TALK/AS WELL AS HIT.'" I realize that this is a painful scenario for Yankee fans—the loss of the most treasured player of modern times—but Steinbrenner would have balanced it by signing Ted Williams a year later for $4,000,000. Again the headlines: "GEORGE GETS REVENGE/STEALS SPLENDID SPLINTER/FOR STADIUM SEATS." That particular melodrama, of Williams and Steinbrenner, given the immense egos of the two central characters, would not, we well know, have lasted very long, either. Once again, the headlines: "GEORGE TO TED: BUNT OR ELSE"; followed by "KID: I'M NOT/PAID TO BUNT." Followed by "GEORGE BENCHES KID/KID GIVES BOSS/$4M FINGER." Followed by "GEORGE MOVES RIGHT-FIELD FENCE BACK/75 FEET TO SPITE SPLINTER." Followed, inevitably, by "GEORGE FIRES BILLY AGAIN."

And so it goes.

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I have thought often of how I became so coldhearted about things that once meant as much to me as sports and the New York Yankees did. In my childhood, the Yankees were desperately important to me and my fantasies were connected with them. In the beginning, the myth of sports was tied up with baseball, for I grew up in the Forties, when professional football and basketball were either nonexistent or distant minor sports. To children growing up in those days, life seemed humdrum, the deeds of athletes seemed more real; theirs were the first feats of excellence that I could understand and calibrate, and from an early age, I was fascinated by them.

Thus, the journey of understanding must begin for me, as it does for so many others of my generation, with DiMaggio. In 1939, when I was five years old, my father took me for the first time to Yankee Stadium. We had talked about that trip often before we actually made it, and I was well prepared for the wonders of it. To this day, I can remember the excitement I felt as we approached the stadium itself—the feverish rush I felt outside as we went up to the ticket windows, the need to move more quickly lest the game start without us, the awe I felt looking down at the field and seeing the greenest grass I had ever seen. It was a weekday game, and I was also surprised that there were so many empty seats. I had assumed that they'd all be taken because everyone else in the city would be as eager as I was to go.

My father had been a good athlete, and he knew baseball and was careful in explaining what to look for in the game. "There," he said, pointing to a tall figure standing by himself near the batting cage. "That is DiMaggio." That was 44 years ago, and I can still remember him telling me to watch how DiMaggio rounded second base, to note that he had a particular grace for so tall a man. In addition, he told me to watch DiMaggio in center field when a ball was hit; he would, my father said, get a much earlier jump on a fly ball than almost any other outfielder. I listened dutifully, though in retrospect, I do not think a five-year-old boy has a very good sense of getting a jump on a fly ball.

The Yankees played Cleveland that day, and I rooted against the Indians with a passion that amused my father. The Yankees won and I was as happy as I had ever been. As we left, my father turned to me and said, "Well, you're a Yankee fan now." And, indeed, I was; I was committed, ready to suffer through the war years with clinker teams until my heroes returned. Even now, I have a clear vision of DiMaggio rounding second, stretching a double into a triple. And my father was right—he was exceptionally graceful for so tall a man.

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In subsequent years, as I wondered why I had taken sports so seriously for so long, it often seemed to me that much of it was the inevitable assimilation of an immigrant family: Sports were so American that by knowing them well and by playing well, one became more accepted and less alien. Surrounded by a world that was not always psychologically comfortable, I, like many youngsters, turned to the order apparent in sports. Moreover, sports seemed a safe place to invest my emotions and passions when I was young. But now, a father myself, I am apt to add a third reason: It was one of the few things that I could share at an early age with my father. I could not lightly share the old military uniforms and medals in our attic, nor the memories that went with them, nor any talk about his work, nor, when he went back into the Army during the war, very much about what he was doing there. But we could share the Yankees and DiMaggio, and it was part of our bond. In this urban age, I do not think young boys are easily bonded to their fathers—not as easily as they are supposed to be—yet there are now, more than 33 years after his death, still a few things that connect me to mine: the smell of cigarettes mixed with shaving cream in a bathroom; going fishing early in the morning; and entering Yankee Stadium and seeing again, every time I go, the miraculously green grass. I think now that part of the reason that I loved the Yankees and DiMaggio was that they were among the first things in my father's world that I could share. So the Yankees became my team and, soon, my father went off to war.

During the war, we lived in Winsted, Connecticut, and there my loyalty was confirmed. The Yankees were on WINS, 1010 on your dial, and my brother and I would take our old radio to whatever corner of the house provided the best reception on that day and listen to Mel Allen's honeyed voice describe the game. It was a world of Ballantine Blasts and White Owl Wallops. It was as if we *knew* Mel Allen and he *knew* the Yankees, and so we felt connected to them.

Those years, the late Forties and the early Fifties, were my great years as a baseball fan. I was loyal first to the Yankees, then to the American League. Soon after that, I began to lose the faith. And there were, I suspect, secret increments to that process. Perhaps the first was the retirement of DiMaggio. For my generation, he was the ultimate mythic figure—not just a great player but a man who had what we perceived as class. Above pettiness, revered by his teammates, he did not need to speak for himself, because his deeds spoke for him. As boys, we were taught by a generation of sportswriters to respect his stoic heroism, just as Hemingway's heroes were to be respected for their grace under pressure. Now, looking back at him and his career and knowing a good deal more about the egos of athletes and stars, I think he had an absolute sense of the theater of what he did. There is the story that Jimmy Cannon told about DiMaggio, at the end of his career, playing every day in considerable pain even though the Yankees had a comfortable lead. "Joe," Cannon had asked him, "why are you doing it—why are you putting out so much?"

"Because," he is supposed to have answered, "there might be someone out there who's never seen me play before."

In retrospect, what was critical about DiMaggio and the special quality of his myth was that he was probably the last great athletic star of the pretelevision era. By that I mean to say that while many of his big games were on television, he himself was not. We saw the action, but we did not see him talking afterward with Johnny or Merv or Howard. He remained as he played: elegant and aloof. We could make of him what we wanted and endow him with the qualities we chose.

No man is a hero to his valet, and what television gives us is a valet's-eye view of the mighty. It also, in the crushing hype of modern media, inevitably diminishes deed. I have a suspicion that Reggie Jackson not only is as good a hitter as DiMaggio

"I'd like to see Miss December. . . . I'm Mr. December."

(though nowhere near the complete baseball player he was) but shares one other quality with him, which is an instinct for the drama of an event and a capacity to rise to the great occasion. In the pretelevision era, though, the deeds were done and they stood by themselves, to be savored and replayed by the fans in memory; they were mythic, in many cases, precisely because they were not widely seen and so had to be passed on by word of mouth. That, unlike the instant replay, is the path to true legend. In Jackson's case, the deeds have become mixed with a thousand video images of Reggie himself, predicting and acknowledging and explaining why he likes to play in the big games, all detracting, inevitably, from those moments of action, diminishing both deed and self. There was no subtraction from DiMaggio's accomplishments. It was not that he lived a life, athletic or personal, of a higher order (indeed, the sense, from a distance, is that he was basically suspicious and almost surly with all but a few trusted insiders in those years); it was that he lived in a society that demanded, in return for its ticket, less of him. Perhaps there is some kind of lesson here, for when DiMaggio played, the fan was still essentially in the seat and television was an ancillary force. The smaller crowd, which paid the player less money, got less of him in return.

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When DiMaggio retired, in 1951, I was 17. The boy I had been was on his way to becoming a man, and the Yankees held less attraction for me. Mantle arrived to replace DiMaggio, and I was never able to accept him completely, for he had arrived with exorbitant predictions of his greatness, with too many comparisons, as yet unearned, with DiMaggio. I resented that and accepted him later, only in his declining years, when it became clear that (despite the amplification of his deeds by the New York media) he was, in fact, a player of great ability and decency.

But it was not just that DiMaggio had gone and a usurper had arrived; I had also changed. I was gradually going out into the real world, and I was gradually forced to view athletes as part of that world as well. By 1955, I was still a baseball fan, though perhaps a less passionate one, and that fall, I was working as a reporter in a small town in Mississippi. Each afternoon that October—for it was an afternoon paper and I was free by two P.M. and baseball was still played in the sunlight—I would join assorted local pols and businessmen around the set in the lobby of the Henry Clay Hotel. Those were tense and angry days in Mississippi; it was just a year after the Supreme Court had banned segregation in local schools, and it was the same year that two white men had lynched a young black boy named Emmett Till. The state was on fire with racial tension, and it showed in that group gathered around the old black-and-white set. They were all rooting vehemently for the Yankees, then a lily-white team.

In truth, they were not so much for the Yankees as they were against the Dodgers, who had Robinson, Campanella, Gilliam and Newcombe. That Dodger team seems, in retrospect, infinitely more exciting and sympathetic than the Yankees. They were not just black ballplayers but exciting ones, players with speed and daring. The hotel room simply seethed with hatred; this was no longer a baseball game, this was a kind of war.

Robinson was the focus of it, not because he had been the first—there were too many of them now and that was forgotten—but because he was so fierce and so provocative. It was as if he knew those people were there and, by his body language alone, taunted not just the Yankees but those white fans who would not accept him for the consummate athlete he was. This they could not do. Men who loved a sport, who would have thrilled to his style had he been white, had to cut themselves off from something they held dear. That was no small victory for Robinson. Taunted by him, they responded bitterly. He was not Jackie Robinson to them that day, he was "Nigger Jackie." If he got on first, it was "Emmett Till leading off first," in honor of the lynched little boy.

It was a room filled with rancor and anger; I did not know then—nor, most assuredly, did they—that it was part of a death gasp of a dying order, that very soon, their children and grandchildren would be playing with and rooting for great black athletes at West Point High and Ole Miss and Mississippi State. They were bitter because in some primal way that I did not yet understand, it had already happened: *They* were playing in the world series, and *it* (the television box) was bringing it home to West Point; and though no black could yet play at West Point High or Ole Miss, it no longer mattered.

In the lobby of the Henry Clay that day, the real world and the fantasy world became irretrievably mixed. Sport would never again be a place in which to escape, pure and immune from the real world, filled with only the heroic deeds of men who were different from the rest of us. My life now demanded that I cover issues that were filled with moral resonance; if in that part of my life the moral questions were so important, how could I, in the other part of my life, the sports part, so completely suspend the values against which I now began to judge men and events?

In that room, part of a childhood forever ended. It would be nice for the purpose of this article to report that I changed my loyalty and rooted for the Dodgers—but that is not true. What happened that day stilled something in me, and I remained almost mute, rooting silently for the Yankees but curiously ambivalent about it, pleased when Robinson defied them with his play, though not wanting them to lose. It was a joyless series for me.

In the years that followed, my loyalty began to diminish and I cared less about sports. I was busy covering civil rights in the South, and Martin King was more important than Mickey Mantle and Willie Mays.

Then, in 1961, as Maris and Mantle chased Ruth's record, I (unlike most Yankee fans) rooted for Maris over Mantle—a sign of how alienated I had already become. But I paid little real attention. I was on my way to the Congo to become a war correspondent. That fall, the Yankees were in the world series and I was in Katanga trying to stay alive. Two years later, the Yankees again were in the series, where Koufax destroyed them completely, and I was in Vietnam. ("The Jews won the world series," my brother wrote to me, clearly delighted by this news.)

While I was back in the country briefly in 1964, to cover Robert Kennedy's race for the Senate, I returned to the *New York Times* office one afternoon and found out that the Yankees had fired Mel Allen. For the boy who still existed in me, Allen was a treasured link to the pleasures of the past, of epic feats and grand moments. (The boy remembered that in 1948, when his father and his brother had visited an Eastern prep school, trying to get his brother registered as a student, they had gone in for an interview and the boy had remained in the car. Bored by the real events going on around him, he listened as Mel Allen described Henrich's assault on a home-run record. He had hit four home runs with the bases loaded, which tied the existing season record. Now Henrich, up again with the bases full, swung on a pitch, and the boy thrilled as Mel Allen described with mounting excitement the mighty course of the ball, going, going . . . and then the excitement died as he described the ball hooking foul. The boy, who later could not remember the birthdays of close friends, would still remember, courtesy of Mel Allen, that Henrich was from Massillon, Ohio.) The day of his firing, I walked into the *Times* city room and turned to Stan Levey, a fine labor reporter who sat next to me.

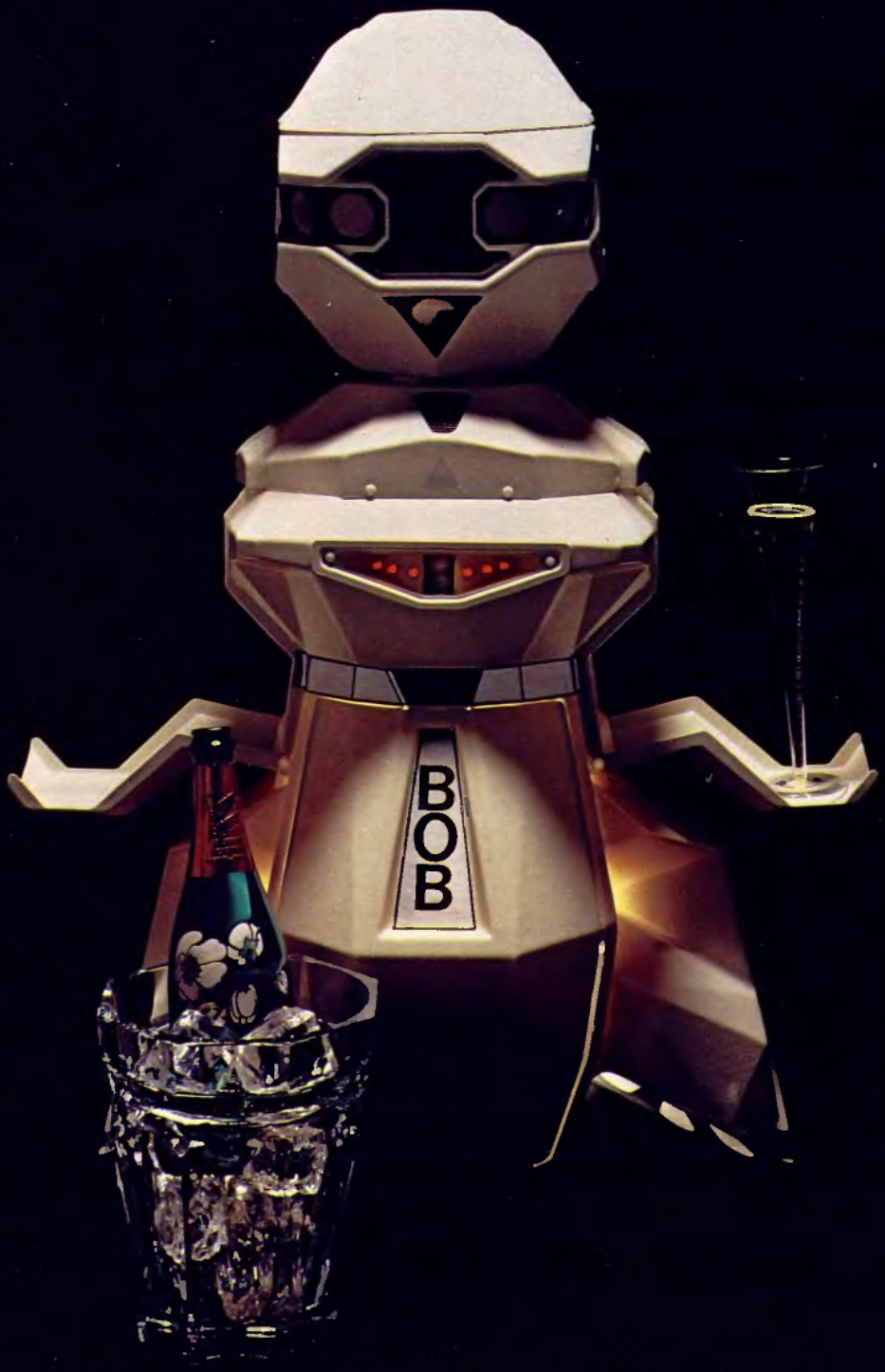
"Gee, that's sad news about Mel Allen," I said.

"Mel Allen!" he said. "Sad news? You're crazy, Halberstam. He's the worst homer in baseball. He never says *anything* critical about the Yankees. Look at you, back from Vietnam; you win all those prizes for going against the grain, against

(continued on page 124)

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

exceptional goodies that make giving and getting a yule delight



Above: Say happy holidays to BOB (Brains-on-Board), Nolan Bushnell's 36"-tall high-tech plastic robot that moves, has a vocabulary of more than 100 words and phrases and can fetch you a drink, by Androbot Inc., $3000. B O B's serving Perrier-Jouët Fleur de Champagne imported by Chateau & Estate Wines, about $50, in a flute from Tiffany, New York, $34 for four. The Baccarat crystal champagne bucket, about $555, is also from Tiffany.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Below: Gee, Dad, it's a rebuilt Wurlitzer, circa 1946, that Jukebox Junction in Des Moines, Iowa, has totally renovated inside and out so that synchronized bubbles flow by its fluorescent tubes and the mechanism plays your choice of 45- or 78-rpm records, $5750. (Yes, there are many models to choose from.) Next to it is one of the world's most expensive tennis rackets, a tough but lightweight, individually numbered Prince Baron featuring a foam-core handle covered with calfskin, graphite fibers and an extra-large sweet spot, by Prince Manufacturing, $525, including a fully lined calfskin cover. Match!

Left: Bang & Olufsen's Beocenter 7700S, housing turntable, cassette deck and tuner, with a Beocenter Terminal (not shown), gives you total wireless remote control from anywhere in the room, $1995, including the 7700S, Beocenter Terminal and two S45 speakers (also not shown). Also available: a custom Master Link to control the 7700S from other rooms housing additional speakers. Right: A ten-gram ingot watch with a 14-kt.-gold case with Olympic torch/rings embossed on the dial, by Longines-Wittnauer, $1190.

Above: For the serious downhill schusser, there's a tight-and-light model-SR2 hand-laminated fiberglass helmet (with a face guard) that's especially designed for comfort in the tuck position, by Bell Helmets, $160. Right: You'll be at home on the urban range with a handmade, soft calfskin saddle bag that's ideal as a night or daytime tote, from Jonathan Western, Long Beach, California, $195.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Above: Quartz Time Capsule desk clock in black, red and white (another model is also partially pictured in the lower-left-hand corner of this page) has a precision movement that rotates the hour, minute and second discs, from Kovacs, New York, $46. Above left: Porsche's titanium pocket lighter has a flat design for easy carrying and refueling and a super-reliable piezo-electric ignition, distributed by the American PD Company, $110, including a teakwood case. Seiko's amazing black-and-white TV wrist watch picks up V.H.F. and U.H.F. channels, plus FM stereo radio on its compact receiver unit, and also provides time, calendar, alarm and stop-watch functions, $495. Dick Tracy, eat your heart out!

Left: The European-style Wizard phone provides one-touch dialing from stored memory numbers (up to 16 digits), automatic redial and a mute button that puts callers on hold; it measures a compact 9″ x 5″ x 3½″, from The Sharper Image, San Francisco, $69.

PURE GOLD

PURE GOLD

Above: Pure Gold skis, made of a special blend of Kevlar, carbon graphite and fiberglass, are designed to handle all ski conditions, from hard pack to powder, by Pure Gold Research, $650 a pair. Right: Minolta's 35mm auto-focus Talker camera features three electronic voice reminders, including "Load film," "Too dark, use flash" and "Check distance," $228. It's sitting atop a Trav-L-Pod camera tripod that will support most 35mm or 120-roll cameras and also doubles as a hand grip for horizontal or vertical focusing, from Seahawk Industries, Santa Ana, California, $24.50.

Notes of a Fallen Fan (continued from page 118)

"All that mattered was this: me with my best against you with your best; all else is wind and blather."

the Government, and you're rooting for Mel Allen."

He was astonished. But I was mourning the loss of Mel Allen somewhat as one mourns the loss of a childhood friend. And with that, the boy finally connected his two worlds and became a man.

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The man, it turned out, was now more liberated from the past. He still followed the sports pages closely but began to make judgments about athletes based on qualifications other than regional loyalty. What kind of men were they? Was there a value system that connected them to the best of sport and to their teammates? Was there something about them that went even beyond sport? Were they *about* something? Rusty Staub, slow of foot, was not necessarily a ballplayer I admired or found exciting. But I remembered how, in June 1968, after Robert Kennedy was assassinated, he had been one of the very few players who thought it an event of importance, and although he had not refused to play in succeeding games, he had worn a black arm band for a time. So I came to root for Staub. I also came to admire Bill Russell for his high intelligence and his fierce pride; I fancied that I could understand why, shunned socially in Boston, underappreciated by the fans and the media, he had, as a policy, refused to sign autographs. I had been touched in the early Sixties by the innocence and the joyousness of the young Cassius Clay and came to respect the unshakable political integrity of Ali (whom I viewed as being the only holder of high public office to resign his position in protest over the Vietnam war).

As a man, I came to respect Johnny Unitas despite the fact that he had beaten the Giants and because he had endured. He said little but managed again and again to confound the odds. No one did the two-minute drill like Unitas, and I found nothing wrong with rooting for a man from a place as arcane as Baltimore. Very early on, I also came to like Vince Lombardi, in the days before his *macho* cult began to rank alongside that of John Wayne. I sensed in Lombardi the Italian immigrant's rage to be accepted; he had been denied a rightful chance to coach the Giants, and that particular fire, more than anything else, seemed to burn in him. I admired, as well, the play of Carl Yastrzemski and the way he led the young Red Sox into a pennant fight in 1967. That team was exciting, and I gradually found it easy to forgive the descendants of my old nemeses, Pesky, Doerr, York and Parnell.

That September, I found myself back in Vietnam. It was not a happy time. The war was at its height and Saigon had become a base for an immense American Army. A city I had loved in the past was now filled with too many soldiers and too many hookers. The war was not going well, and it had made me feel alienated not just from Saigon but from America itself. But in those days when the Red Sox were making their run, I took pleasure in getting up a little earlier every morning and walking over to the A.P. office to check on the ticker what had happened in that pennant race. There was a 13-hour time difference, and the results sometimes would come in during the morning and I would go over and sit by myself and look at the box score that contained Yaz's heroic deeds (YAZ, it seemed to say each day: THREE FOR FOUR, TWO RIBIS, TWO HOME RUNS) and I would take sweet solace. I tried to see him as he was in Fenway Park—a place I had come to love, the huge wall looming over it all—with his cocky stance, as exaggerated as that of my beloved DiMaggio. It was an oddly comforting moment, a reminder of an America I still felt connected to when I felt so disconnected from everything else. Then I would rejoin the war. I have always felt I owed Yaz something.

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What was happening in those years, the Sixties, was that the world of sports was changing, almost under our noses, becoming more brazenly commercial. It had always been commercial, but now it was becoming married to television, and the commercialism was about to be unchecked. The nature of the game was about to change, and the impulse for the athletes, for the owners and, finally, for the fans, was to change, too. Hype had always been a part of the game; there had, after all, been hype about a Giants rookie named Clint Hartung, who not only would be the greatest hitter in history but every fourth day would pitch as well. But it was now a dominating factor. In the past, it had been limited—the chance to place a message on an outfield sign or to get an athlete to pose for a magazine ad touting the cigarette he smoked. But now Madison Avenue was about to find a new arena for its skills.

Soon, athletes became salesmen. Madison Avenue had married television, which had, in turn, bought sport. I watched the process with mounting apprehension. I soon tended to root against athletes who were among the favored representatives of the advertising business or who in a particular season had received hype beyond the call of duty. In 1968, the year in which Denny McLain won 31 games, I rooted for him to reach that high plateau but was also appalled by the media fever that it created. I watched the world series that fall with special pleasure, for Bob Gibson had become a favorite of mine; he was so good, so tough, so unyielding of his personal and professional integrity that I had come to see him as someone special, a man not yet corrupted by the age. In the world series, he pitched that October day against McLain, and I had never seen the television camera report with such fidelity. It was the game in which he struck out 17 Tigers, and the camera shot Gibson tight in image after image, showing only the ferocity of pride in his face—a tribal prince on the mound, I thought that day. The picture did not need any voice-overs nor "supers" imposed while he was pitching. The camera told all; it was as if he were flouting the world of media, of hype, of commercial endorsements (of which he had done, great pitcher though he was, precious few). All that mattered in the end, his face seemed to be saying, was this: me with my best against you with your best; all else is wind and blather. It was a moment as true as anything I have seen in sport in the past 20 years. It was the moment not of the hype but of the *athlete.*

I did not even know what I was responding to at the time, but now I can see that a wariness of spirit and commitment had begun even before I realized it. For better or worse, I think I would now mark its full flowering with the coming of the first Super Bowl, an event that symbolized the domination of sport by television. The immense hype and amplification of deed was now mandatory; for if high quality of event was now not necessarily a part of the ritual, then the pregame hype certainly was. Inevitably, the game itself, after a couple of weeks of Rozellian promotion, was almost always an anticlimax. (The two league-championship games that preceded it, in which only football was at stake, were almost always excellent—much more about sport than about destiny and history.) So the coming of the Super Bowl was a critical moment in the new face of sport, marking a lack of essential harmony between event and *amplification*

(continued on page 238)

"What we have here is gluttony and abstinence, ribaldry and prayer, obscenities and solemn ceremonies, dancing, screwing around and saintliness—all in all, Christmas works."

DEVLIN'S WAKE

so tell me,
just how
many affairs
did this
guy have?

fiction by

GEORGE V. HIGGINS

BETH in the office of Ways and Means Reardon told Karen in the office of Senator Bolter that Cecilia Dunn in the treasurer's office had refused to attend Ronald Devlin's wake. "I couldn't believe it," Beth said. "I said to her, 'Ceil, this is a guy that you knew all this time, am I right?' And she goes, 'Yeah, I guess so.' Like she wasn't really sure and stuff? And I go, '*Ceil*, whaddaya mean, you guess so? This is the guy that two years ago when you first come in here, you get one look at the guy and you can't even talk for two days, am I right? This is the same guy and they got him laid out for two nights down at Donovan's, you're not even going, the wake?' And Ceil kind of just shrugs her shoulders and won't look at me, you know how she gets?"

"Yeah," Karen said, "she does

ILLUSTRATION BY MEL ODOM

that with me, too. When you ask her something that she don't want to tell you, she won't look at you when she says something. It's very annoying."

"Yeah," Beth said. "Well, she did that. And then she goes, 'I didn't see Ronnie for quite a long time.' Like that's going to explain it or something, she hasn't been seeing the guy."

"I don't think it explains it none," Karen said. "When she was seeing the guy, she was seeing the guy just about every night. I couldn't keep track of it, what nights she was supposedly staying with me. It was kind of embarrassing, lots of those times, I'm afraid on the weekend, on Saturday morning, my mother wants me go down the store and pick up the meat for the week from Mr. Bemis, and I don't know if I oughta go, you know? Because what if I run into Ceil's mother down there and she starts talking to me about all the nights Ceil's sleeping over my house, huh? I don't even remember which nights they were, she's supposed to be there. What if her mother asks me what Ceil and me did on last Tuesday night that she hadda stay over my house we got home? I didn't see Ceil after work Tuesday night. All I saw of Ceil back on Tuesday was the back of her back, leaving the office at five when I was on my way down to the ladies' room and I happened to see her. What am I gonna say? I said to her many times, 'Ceil, this is OK and everything, you wanna see Ronnie like this, but now in addition to you probably getting in trouble if someone finds out, you got me where I'm going to get into trouble myself.' And she goes, 'Don't worry, Karen. Nobody's going to get into trouble.' When her mother knows she's been in my house, I got only one bed in my room and now that my brother's separated from his wife, he's back in his old room at home, and where did she sleep all those times at my house when she was supposedly there? But Cecilia don't care. Cecilia's in love."

"I know it," Beth said. "I said to her, 'Ceil, all right? It isn't like nobody knew you were seeing each other, you know? It was all over the State House. All the girls knew it and so'd most of the men. It isn't like nobody knew it.' "

"Of course they did," Karen said. "I seen some of the men that found it out right when she first started seeing him, and that was practically all they could talk about. Even with us. The Senator asked me one day, he was trying to get Ronnie for something, and he couldn't find him, and he calls me into his office and says, 'Karen, all right? Man to man? Has Devlin got something going on on the side with that kid in the treasurer's office?' And I like the Senator, you know? I didn't want to lie to the guy. He's been nice to me. But at the same time, I don't want to just go and tell him that Ceil's seeing Ronnie like that, so I goes, 'I don't know.' And he just looks at me like he knows I am lying, which naturally makes my face get all red, 'cause I am, and he just shakes his head and goes, 'Jesus H. Christ. It's not hard enough around here that I got to ride herd on these guys so I know how they're voting on something, I got also to keep track of who they're seducing and all of that kind of shit. It isn't fair, Karen, it just isn't fair, a grown man like that should know better, chasing around with a teenager like that.' "

"Yeah, Karen," Beth said, "but from the way Ceil was talking when she came in here, it wasn't like Ron was the first guy, you know? Plus which, she was twenty. Ceil knew what was going on. She didn't think it was Frenching made babies."

"Yeah, I know," Karen said. "I'm just saying, is all. If Ceil thought she was keeping a secret and stuff, she was wrong. All the girls knew it and so did the men. She just liked to pretend."

"Yeah," Beth said. "Well, she's still at it, I guess. I says to her yesterday, I saw her at lunch, I said, 'Ceil,' and I told her I drove in so I had the car, and did she want to come with me, the wake down to Donovan's there, and then I'd drive her home. See, I figured she's not gonna want to take the T after dark, all of them dead beats around when you get on the next car at Park Street, just waiting to see which one you pick and there isn't anybody else around or anything. And she goes, 'Oh. I ain't going,' and then she won't look at me. And for a minute or so, I just looked at her, because I could not believe that I just heard her say that. And I said to her, 'Ceil, you're not going? You were close to this guy.' And she goes, 'I don't care. I'm not going.' And I figure she's thinking, people will talk if she shows up the wake, and I tell her, I said, 'Ceil, listen to me, all right? We've been friends a long time, or so I've been thinking, you first come around and ask me start lying for you, and I feel like I must have some rights in this thing. If you're staying away from Ron Devlin's wake on account you were seeing Ron and you think it'll make people talk if you go, just forget it. Because people were already talking, all right? Talking long before this. And all you're gonna make them do if you don't go to this is make them talk some more. And what they're gonna say this time if you do that will not be better. It will be a whole lot worse and it won't help you none.' "

"Of course it won't," Karen said. "It's just like she admitted it, she stayed away like that."

"That's exactly what I told her," Beth said. "I said, 'Ceil,' I said, 'if you don't show up down to Donovan's tonight, it will be just like you went down there and put up a big sign that said that you and Ron was having an affair and that was why you didn't go, because you were afraid to face his family.' And she looks at me and she goes, 'Well, so what, Beth, all right? I *was* having an affair with him, and I *am* afraid to face his family. That time last year when they had the party for the speaker leaving there and Ronnie brought his wife? She had too much to drink and she got mad at me. She was all right at the beginning of the evening, but then she had a lot to drink, and I lost track of her in the crowd, and I'm gonna go the ladies' room before I leave, all right? And she followed me right in there, like she'd been waiting the whole night just to catch me in there by myself, and I hadda sit there in the stall until finally he sent someone in to get her out while she was screaming at me and calling me just about every filthy name that you could think of and saying if it wasn't for me he would've still been living with her and he never would've left her like he did with those three kids.' "

"Well," Karen said, "that isn't true. Old Ronnie there was pretty careful and he never went around talking all the time about the things that he was doing, maybe, but I happen to know it for a fact he never spent much more time in his house than he absolutely had to."

"I know you do, Karen," Beth said.

"That was a long time ago, Beth," Karen said. "It was a long time ago, and he was a lot younger then'n he was when he started seeing Ceil there, and I was a lot older'n Ceil was when I was seeing him, and, anyway, it was just something that happened because we both had way too much to drink down the Cape outing there for the Fourth July. And a few times after that. That was all there was, and it was a long time ago."

"*Quite* a few times, Karen," Beth said.

"It wasn't that many times, Beth," Karen said. "It was all over by Christmas of that same year. I just got tired of him, that's all, and the sneaking around, and it was all over."

"That's not what I remember being told when it was over, Karen," Beth said. "That isn't what you told me at the time."

"Well," Karen said, "maybe that isn't what I said then, but I was upset then. I don't know what I might've said."

"You said he dumped you," Beth said. "That's what I told Ceil. I said, 'Ceil, you look, all right? All you're doing here is you are making yourself like you were something different than a lot of people in this building that could say exactly the same thing. That they know Ronnie Devlin's dead but they're not going down the wake because they got the same excuse you got, and you don't see them doing that. Karen, she's going there. You don't see her just hanging back and pretending

(concluded on page 232)

this christmas, trade your candy canes for sugar cane and take a rum tour of the caribbean

THE CANE MUTINY

drink **By EMANUEL GREENBERG** JUNKETS of all kinds abound these days, but as far as we know, a rum tour of the Caribbean has never been proposed—an oversight we're about to address. It's a stay-at-home trip, so you won't need beachwear or nautical threads. In fact, all that's required is a receptive palate. Old Caribbean hands claim that English- and French-speaking islands are the sources of fuller-bodied specimens, while rums from Spanish-speaking areas are on the lighter side. Despite a few exceptions, that theory holds up rather well. (Obviously, the rum-sipping lass on this page is from an English- or *(continued on page 233)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MECEY

article **By HUNTER S. THOMPSON**

THE CURSE OF LONO

hawaiians waited centuries for the return of lono, the god of excess, but the good doctor showed up instead

WE WERE about 40 minutes out of San Francisco when the crew finally decided to take action on the problem in lavatory 1B. The door had been locked since take-off, and now the chief stewardess had summoned the copilot down from the flight deck. He appeared in the aisle right beside me, carrying a strange-looking black tool, like a flashlight with blades or some kind of electric chisel. He nodded calmly as he listened to the stewardess' urgent whispering. "I can talk to him," she said, pointing a long red fingernail at the OCCUPIED sign on the locked toilet door, "but I can't get him out."

The copilot nodded thoughtfully, keeping his back to the passengers while he made some adjustments on the commando tool he was holding. "Any I.D.?" he asked.

She glanced at a list on her clipboard. "Mr. Ackerman," she said. "Address: Box 99, Kailua-Kona."

"The big island," he said.

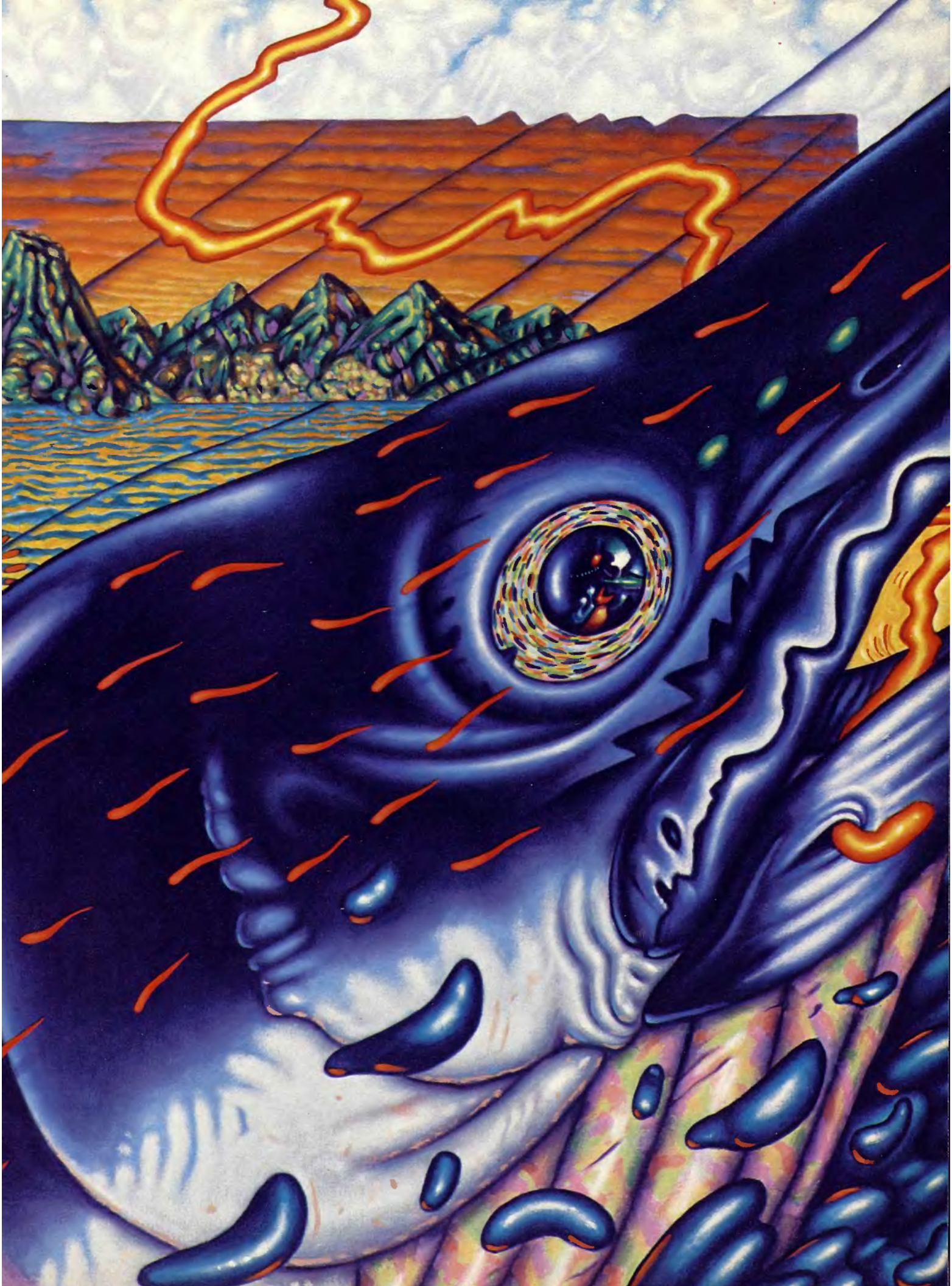
She nodded, still consulting her clipboard. "Red Carpet Club member," she said. "Frequent traveler, no previous history . . . boarded in San Francisco, one-way first class to Honolulu. A perfect gentleman. No connections booked." She continued, "No hotel reservations, no rental cars. . . ." She shrugged. "Very polite, sober, relaxed. . . ."

"Yeah," he said. "I know the type." He stared down at his tool for a moment, then raised his other hand and knocked sharply on the door. "Mr. Ackerman?" he called. "Can you hear me?"

There was no answer, but I was close enough to the door to hear sounds of movement inside: first the bang of a toilet seat dropping, then running water.

I didn't know Ackerman, but I remembered him coming aboard. He had the look of a man who had once been a tennis pro

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN KURTZ



in Hong Kong, then gone on to bigger things. The gold Rolex, the white-linen bush jacket, the Thai bhat chain around his neck, the heavy leather briefcase with combination locks on every zipper. . . . These were not the signs of a man who would lock himself in the bathroom immediately after take-off and stay inside for almost an hour.

Which is too long on any flight. That kind of behavior raises questions that eventually become hard to ignore—especially in the spacious first-class compartment of a 747 on a five-hour flight to Hawaii. People who pay that kind of money don't like the idea of having to stand in line to use the only available bathroom while something clearly wrong is going on in the other one.

I was one of those people. My social contract with United Airlines entitled me, I felt, to at least the use of a tin stand-up bathroom with a lock on the door. I had spent six hours hanging around the Red Carpet Room in the San Francisco airport arguing with ticket agents and drinking heavily and had finally secured a seat for myself and one for my girlfriend, Laila, on the last 747 flight of the day to Honolulu. Now I needed to get myself cleaned up.

My plan on that night was to look at all the research material I had on Hawaii. There were memos and pamphlets to read—even books. My task looked simple enough at the time: Some poor, misguided editor named Perry wanted to give me a month in Hawaii for Christmas, and all I had to do was cover the Honolulu Marathon for his magazine, a thing called *Running*. I didn't know then what queer and hopelessly confused reasons were, in fact, taking me to Hawaii. I never asked myself until much later what kind of awful power it was that caused me—after years of refusing all (and even the most lucrative) magazine assignments as cheap and unworthy—to suddenly agree to fly out into the middle of the Pacific Ocean to confront the half-wit spectacle of 8000 rich people torturing themselves for 26 miles through the streets of Honolulu, and calling it *sport*. There were many things to write, for many people—but I spurned them all until this strange call came.

And then I persuaded my friend Ralph Steadman—the British artist and my partner in more terrible misadventures than he cares to remember—not only to go with me but to take his whole family halfway around the world from London, for no good or practical reason, to spend what would turn out to be the weirdest month of our lives.

We are talking, here, about a thing with more power than I knew.

"These islands are full of mystery," Perry had told me. "Never mind Don Ho and all the tourist gibberish—there's a hell of a lot more there than most people understand."

Wonderful, I thought. Deal with the mystery. Do it now. Anything that can create itself by erupting out of the bowels of the Pacific Ocean is worth looking at. Now I needed a place to shave, brush my teeth and maybe just stand there and look at myself in the mirror and wonder, as always, who might be looking back.

I have never really believed that mirrors in airplane bathrooms are what they seem to be. There is no possible economic argument for a genuinely private place of *any* kind on a $10,000,000 flying machine. No. That makes no sense. The risk is too high. Too many people, like master sergeants forced into early retirement, have tried to set themselves on fire in those tin cubicles . . . too many psychotics and half-mad dope addicts have locked themselves inside, then gobbled pills and tried to flush themselves down the long blue tube.

The copilot rapped on the door again with his knuckles. "Mr. Ackerman! Are you all right?"

He hesitated, then called again, much louder this time. "Mr. Ackerman! This is your captain speaking. Are you sick?"

"What?" said a voice from inside.

The stewardess leaned close to the door. "This is a medical emergency, Mr. Ackerman—we can get you out of there in 30 seconds if we have to." She smiled triumphantly at Captain Goodwrench as the voice inside came alive again.

"I'm fine," it said. "I'll be out in a minute." The copilot stood back and watched the door. There were more sounds of movement inside—but nothing else except the sound of running water.

By this time, the entire first-class cabin was alerted to the crisis. "Get that freak out of there!" an old man shouted. "He might have a bomb!"

The copilot flinched, then turned to face the passengers. He pointed his tool at the old man, who was now becoming hysterical. "You!" he snapped. "Shut up! I'll handle this."

Suddenly, the door opened and Ackerman stepped out. He moved quickly into the aisle and smiled at the stewardess. "Sorry to keep you waiting," he said. "It's all yours now." He was backing down the aisle, his bush jacket draped casually over his arm but not covering it.

From where I was sitting, I could see that the arm he was trying to hide from the stewardess was bright blue all the way up to the shoulder. The sight of it made me coil nervously into my seat. I had liked Ackerman at first. He'd had the look of a man who might share my own tastes—but now he was looking like trouble, and I was ready to kick him in the balls, like a mule, for any reason at all. My original impression of the man had gone all to pieces by that time. This geek who had locked himself in the bathroom for so long that one of his arms had turned blue was not the same gracious, linen-draped Pacific yachtsman who'd boarded the plane in San Francisco.

Most of the other passengers seemed happy enough just to see the problem come out of the bathroom peacefully: no sign of a weapon, no dynamite taped to his chest, no screaming of incomprehensible terrorist slogans or threats to slit people's throats. The copilot, however, was staring at Ackerman with an expression of pure horror on his face. He had seen the blue arm—and so had the stewardess, who was saying nothing at all. None of the other passengers had noticed it—or, if they had, they didn't know what it meant.

But I did, and so did the bug-eyed stewardess. The copilot gave Ackerman one last withering glance, then shuddered with obvious disgust as he closed up his commando tool and moved away. On his way to the spiral staircase that led back upstairs to the flight deck, he paused beside me in the aisle and whispered to Ackerman, "You filthy bastard, don't ever let me catch you on one of my flights again."

I saw Ackerman nod politely, then slide into his seat just across the aisle from me. I quickly stood up and moved toward the bathroom with my shaving kit in my hand—and when I'd locked myself safely inside, I carefully closed the toilet seat before I did anything else.

There is only one way to get your arm dyed blue on a 747 flying at 38,000 feet over the Pacific. But the truth is so rare and unlikely that not even the most frequent air travelers have ever had to confront it—and it's not a thing that the few who understand usually want to discuss.

The powerful disinfectant that most airlines use in their toilet-flushing facilities is a chemical compound known as Dejerm, which is colored a very vivid blue. The only other time I ever saw a man come out of an airplane bathroom with a blue arm was on a flight from London to Zaire, en route to the Ali-Foreman fight. A British news correspondent from Reuters had gone into the bathroom and had somehow managed to drop his only key to the Reuters telex machine in Kinshasa down the aluminum bowl. He emerged about 30 minutes later, and he had a row to himself the rest of the way to Zaire.

It was almost midnight when I emerged from lavatory 1B and went back to my seat to gather up my books and papers. The overhead lights were out and the other passengers were sleeping. It was time to go upstairs to the dome lounge and get some work done.

When I got to the top of the spiral

(continued on page 144)

"Don't bother looking for erogenous zones, because when I see a diamond like this one on my finger, my whole body becomes erogenous."

JOAN COLLINS

two great photographers meet one great star—an exclusive portfolio

HOW'S THIS as a plot line for *Dynasty*, ABC's soapy series of sex and corporate intrigue that's become a national mania: Alexis Carrington Colby—a woman so evil and conniving she makes J. R. Ewing look like Mother Teresa—decides to pose for PLAYBOY. The word goes out to Blake, her slick and sometimes sinister ex-husband, and Krystle, his stunning, goody-two-shoes second wife. Of course, Alexis will have to tell her two sons, the mentally unstable Adam (don't *(text continued on page 306)*

It took two of the biggest names in photography to do justice to TV's reigning sex queen. Above, George Hurrell's classic style captures Joan in black and white. Left, veteran PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer Mario Casilli works his particular brand of magic in color.

BLACK/WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE HURRELL
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

"Until now, when an actress turned 30, she kept it a secret," says Casilli, the man behind the lens for the series of color portraits. "Joan will change that. It was exciting working with her. There's a little bit of animal in her that she lets sneak out. You feel as if you're with a panther."

Hurrell, who's no stranger to glamor, and Joan became instant friends for this series of black-and-white portraits. "Her sexuality is natural, both oncamera and off," he says.

"I haven't photographed anyone like her in ages," says Hurrell. "Look at that black hair against her pale skin. The other stars of today can't compare—in looks *or* personality."

"I was always pretty and gorgeous and sexy," says Joan. "But I prefer the way I look now to the way I looked in my 20s. My face is better now. A few lines, but what the hell." We agree.

CURSE OF LONO

(continued from page 132)

"Lono was a chronic brawler with an ungovernable temper and a taste for strong drink at all times."

staircase, I saw my fellow traveler Mr. Ackerman sleeping peacefully on one of the couches near the bar. He woke up as I passed by on my way to a table in the rear, and I thought I saw a flicker of recognition in the weary smile on his face.

I nodded casually. "I hope you found it," I said.

He looked up at me. "Yeah," he said. "Of course."

Whatever it was, I didn't want to know about it. He had his problems and I had mine.

I walked up to the bar and got some ice for my drink. On the way back to my table, I asked him, "How's your arm?"

"Blue," he replied. "And it itches." He sat up and lit a cigarette. "So what brings you to Hawaii?" he said.

"Business," I said. "I'm covering the Honolulu Marathon for a magazine."

He nodded thoughtfully and put his feet up on the table in front of him, then turned to smile at me. "You staying long in the islands?"

"Not in Honolulu," I said. "Just until Saturday, then we're going over to a place called Kona."

"Kona?"

"Yeah," I said, leaning back and opening one of my books.

"Why Kona?" he asked. "You want to catch fish?"

I shrugged. "I want to get out on the water, do some diving."

He nodded again, staring down at the long fingers of his freshly blued hand. "The big island is different from the others," he said. "Especially that mess in Honolulu. It's like going back in time. It's probably the only place in the islands where the people have any sense of the old Hawaiian culture." He smiled thoughtfully and handed me his card, which said he was in the business of INVESTMENTS.

"Call me when you get settled in," he said. "I can take you around to some of the places where the old magic still lives."

I put down my book and we talked for a while about the island lore—the old wars, the missionaries and some of the native legends. One of the things he mentioned with particular relish was a place on Kona that he called the City of Refuge. It was a sacred enclosure, a sort of ancient safe house that provided inviolable sanctuary—and not just to imperiled women and children but to thieves and murderers and all manner of fugitives on the run. It was the first time anybody had told me anything interesting about Hawaii.

"This City of Refuge is intriguing," I said. "You don't find many cultures with a sense of sanctuary that powerful."

"Yeah," he said, "but you had to *get there* first, and you had to be faster than whoever was chasing you." He chuckled. "It was a sporting proposition, for sure."

"But once you got there," I said, "you were absolutely protected—right?"

"Absolutely," he said. "Not even the gods could touch you once you got through the gate."

"I might need a place like that," I said.

"Yeah," he said. "Me, too. That's why I live where I do."

"Where?"

He smiled and eased back in his seat again. "On a clear day, I can look down the mountain and see the City of Refuge from my front porch. It gives me a great sense of comfort."

I had a feeling that he was telling the truth. Whatever kind of life Ackerman lived seemed to require a built-in fall-back position. You don't find many investment counselors, from Hawaii or anywhere else, who can drop anything so important down the tube in a 747 bathroom that they will get their arms dyed bright blue to retrieve it.

We were alone in the dome with at least another two hours to go. We would be in Honolulu sometime around sunrise. Over the top of my book, I could see him, half-asleep now but constantly scratching his arm. His eyes were closed, but the fingers of his clean hand were wide-awake and his spastic movements were beginning to get on my nerves.

Finally, he seemed to be asleep. The dome was dark except for the small glow of table lights, and I settled back on the couch to ponder my research material.

The Christmas season in Hawaii is also the time of the annual Feast of Lono, the god of excess and abundance. The missionaries may have taught the natives to love Jesus, but deep in their pagan hearts, they don't really like him: Jesus is too stiff for these people. He has no sense of humor. The ranking gods and goddesses of the old Hawaiian culture are mainly distinguished by their power, not their purity, and they are honored for their vices as well as for their awesome array of virtues. They are not intrinsically different from the people themselves—just bigger and bolder and better in every way.

The favorite, King Lono, ruler of all the islands in a time long before the Hawaiians had a written language, was not made in the same mold as Jesus, though he seems to have had the same basically decent instincts. He was a wise ruler, and his reign is remembered in legend as a time of peace, happiness and great abundance in the kingdom—the good old days, as it were, before the white man came—which may have had something to do with his elevation to the status of a god in the wake of his disappearance.

Lono was also a chronic brawler with an ungovernable temper, a keen eye for the naked side of life and a taste for strong drink at all times. That side of his nature, though widely admired by his subjects, kept him in constant trouble at home. His wife, the lovely Queen Kaikilani Alii, had a nasty temper of her own, and the peace of the royal household was frequently shattered by monumental arguments.

It was during one of those spats that King Lono belted his queen across the hut so violently that he accidentally killed her. Kaikilani's death plunged King Lono into a fit of grief so profound that he abandoned his royal duties and took to wandering around the islands, staging a series of boxing and wrestling matches in which he took on all comers. But he soon tired of that and retired undefeated, they say, sometime around the end of the Eighth or Ninth Century. Still bored and distraught, he took off in a magic canoe for a tour of foreign lands—whence he would return, he promised, as soon as the time was right.

The natives have been waiting for that moment ever since, handing his promise down from one generation to another and faithfully celebrating the memory of their long-lost god/king at the end of each year with a two-week frenzy of wild parties and industrial-strength fireworks. The missionaries did everything in their power to wean the natives away from their faith in what amounted to a kind of long-overdue *alter*-Christ, and modern politicians have been trying for years to curtail or even ban the annual orgy of fireworks during the Christmas season; but so far, nothing has worked.

I was still reading when the stewardess appeared to announce that we would be landing in 30 minutes. "You'll have to take your regular seats down below," she said, not looking at Ackerman, who still seemed asleep.

I began packing my gear. The sky outside the portholes was getting light. As I dragged my satchel down the aisle, Ackerman woke up and lit a cigarette. "Tell 'em I couldn't make it," he said. "I think I can handle the landing from up here." He grinned and fastened a seat belt that poked out from the depths of the couch. "They won't miss me down there," he said.

"I'll see you in Kona," I said.

"That's good," he replied. "I have the

(continued on page 290)

REMNANTS

poor zina, what she did for love

fiction

By ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

NEARLY ALL the members of the Yiddish Writers' Club in Warsaw, where I went in the Twenties, considered themselves atheists. Free love was an accepted way of life. The younger generation was convinced that the institution of marriage was obsolete and hypocritical. Many of them had become Marxists and proclaimed something they called "Jewish worldliness."

A different kind of writer altogether was Mottele Blendower, a little man, a descendant of famous Hasidic rabbis. He *(continued on page 152)*

ILLUSTRATION BY IRVING PETLIN

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

missives and missiles for the jolly season

verse
TOM KOCH

TO A HOME COMPUTER OWNER

You speak all day of 16K
And other terms you then explain.
New microchips make you do flips;
You're seized with software on the brain.
This Christmas Day, we humbly pray
Our tortured lives may soon be graced
With words of cheer we wait to hear:
Your verbal program's been erased.

TO THE AUTHOR OF HITLER'S DIARIES

Your 60 longhand volumes were
A massive undertaking
To write without an agent pledged
To hawk what you were faking.
With no presale of movie rights
Or other deals alluring,
Your dedication to your craft
Was highly reassuring.
We hope you'll win a fiction prize,
Of which you are deserving.
If not Nobel or Pulitzer,
Then this year's Clifford Irving.

ILLUSTRATION BY LOU BROOKS

TO HOLLYWOOD'S HUNKS

Hail to tousle-haired Tom Selleck,
Sly Srollone and Richord Gere.
All you guys with teeth and muscles
Had yourselves a bonner year.
Young Matt Dillon, Reeve and Gibson:
Whence came oll this male ollure?
Could there be a lob in Burbank
Making clones of Vic Morure?

TO QUEEN ELIZABETH II

With steel-encased propriety,
You've long stood firm and staunch
While others in your clan drew marks
From rowdy down to raunch.
When Sister Meg had girlish flings,
Your coolness was convincing.
You seldom even yelled at Phil
When he sloughed off his princing.
Domestic bouts of Charles and Di
Were much too crass for you;
But Andy found your limits when
He pulled his palace Koo.

TO A LOCAL TV ANCHOR MAN

At dinnertime, you feed us news
Of teenage prostitution,
Plus all the scoop on sex within
Some penal institution.
Though warning we may take offense,
You still maintain you must
Do spots on porno shops to gain
Our journalistic trust.
And yet your film on gays in drag
Showed how you really try
To keep your standards low enough
To keep your ratings hig

LET'S PARTY!

break out your dressy threads for a year-end holiday bash

attire

By HOLLIS WAYNE

As PARTYGOERS KNOW, it isn't just the halls that get decked out come the year-end holidays. Our guy at left forsakes the penguin look of basic black tie by choosing a wool double-breasted dinner jacket with Lurex thread that's combined with a vest and wool formal trousers, all from Tiger of Sweden, $550; plus a wing-collar shirt, by Yves Saint Laurent for After Six, about $55; acetate/satin bow tie, by Stephen J. Sotnick, about $8; and sterling-silver-and-onyx cuff links, $170, and studs, $200, both by Alfred Dunhill of London. (His date's dress is by Marc Bouwer, Ltd., New York.) Above: The heavy swell at left makes strong fashion waves in a cotton pin-point dinner jacket, $300, and mohair/wool formal trousers, $125, both from Windsor European Fashion; silk/cashmere/lamb's-wool sweater vest, by Yves Saint Laurent Menswear, $110; wing-collar shirt, by Henry

Grethel, $40; and silk paisley bow tie, by Alan Flusser, about $25. His martini-drinking mate likes a silk-blend woven jacket, $235, silk denim tweed slacks, $125, and a pleated cotton shirt, $55, all by Jhane Barnes II; plus a suede necktie, by Stephen J. Sotnick, about $20; and a diamond-and-yellow-gold tie tack, by Ivan Gregorovitch, $300. (The elegant object of their affection has on a dress by Marc Bouwer, Ltd., New York; her jewelry is by Vanessa Strouge, New York.) Right: The winning look of winter white—a wool smoking jacket and wool formal slacks, both by D. Cenci, $850; wing-collar striped shirt, by Lazo Shirts, $95; silk herringbone bow tie, by Vicky Davis, $10; and leather-and-rayon suspenders with brass clips/slides, by Alan Flusser, about $50. (The lady wears a dress by Robert Molnar, New York; gloves by Sachiko for La Crasia, New York; and jewelry by Eric Beamon, New York.)

Above: Festive, funky and fun—a multicolor wool-blend plaid jacket with black-leather sleeves, a baseball-type collar and rib trim, by Bianculli for Fundamentals, $500; cotton striped formal shirt with a wing collar and pleated fly front, by Jhane Barnes II, $65; double-pleated suede slacks, by Andrew Fezza, $700; striped bow tie, from Colourstiks by Dunleigh-Tuxton, $13.50; and a black lizardskin belt, by Torino Belts, about $75.

Above: "Didn't we meet in Rangoon?" he says. No, but we should have, she thinks—and she also likes the sophisticated night cool of his double-breasted black cashmere/wool dinner jacket with multicolor fine stripes, grosgrain notch lapels, and formal trousers, both by Alexander Julian, $850; cotton wing-collar shirt with pleated fly front and French cuffs, by Pancaldi & B., about $165; and silk bow tie with pin dots, by After Six, about $10.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ULI ROSE

REMNANTS *(continued from page 145)*

"There were rumors that she had invited all her former lovers to the wedding."

had a dark, narrow face, a pointed beard and large black eyes that expressed the gentle humility of generations. He was the author of a book about Hasidic life in Poland. One of Mottele's grandfathers had separated himself from his followers in his later years and had become a sort of divine recluse. After his death, his disciples destroyed his writings, because they hinted at blasphemy. Although Mottele had done away with his long gabardine and his rabbinical hat and had cut off his side locks, he spoke like a rabbi, used their solemn style of language, took on their exaggerated politeness, always on the watch, God forbid, not to insult anybody. Mottele attempted to combine Yiddishist modernism with the lore of the cabala. He undertook to translate into modern Yiddish such mystical works as the Zohar, *The Book of Creation*, *The Tree of Life* and *The Orchard of Pomegranates*. In his essays, he preached that love and sex are attributes of the godhead and that the proper use of them can be a means to penetrate the illusion of the categories of pure reason and to grasp the thing in itself and the absolute.

Sometime after I met him, Mottele had fallen in love with a woman named Zina, who was known for her beauty. She was blonde, tall and the daughter of a rich Warsaw family. One year, she was elected the Queen Esther of the Yiddish literary masked ball. She had married and divorced a rich young man, a lawyer. From her parents, she had inherited a large sum of money that evaporated with inflation. Zina was a distant relative of Mottele's. They had a large, noisy wedding.

Those who knew the bride and the groom foresaw that the match wouldn't last long. Mottele was gentle and weak, while Zina was robust. Her first husband, the lawyer, said openly that his ex-wife was a nymphomaniac. There were rumors in the Writers' Club that she had invited all her former lovers to the wedding. An intimate friend had learned that Zina confessed all her sins to Mottele but he contended that he was not jealous about the past and that he would give her full freedom in the future. Mottele was supposed to have told her, "The roots of both of our souls are in the *sephira* of splendor, and in those spheres, sins are virtues."

One of Zina's lovers, whom she was supposed to have cared for most, was the writer Benjamin Rashkes. She told Mottele that she could never forget Rashkes. When he was forced to move from his bachelor's furnished room because he had impregnated the maid in his boarding-house, Zina offered him a study in her new, spacious apartment. She put in a sofa, a writing table and even a Yiddish typewriter imported from America so that Rashkes could work there whenever the Muse granted him inspiration. The trouble was that he was less and less inspired to write. He poured all his energies into so many would-be love affairs that he had no time for anything else.

There was constant talk in the Writers' Club about the triangle of Mottele, Zina and Rashkes. Even though Rashkes promised Zina to avoid the Writers' Club and do his work, he came to the club every day and spent all the time on the telephone. Closing the door of the phone booth, he went on whispering his unending love declarations. Rashkes maintained that monogamy had destroyed eroticism. Men and women are not jealous by nature; the only thing they dislike is to be deceived. Also, they prefer the truth to come to them in small portions and as a part of the love-play. Rashkes was telling his colleagues that many men enjoy sharing their wives with the right kind of lovers and that his ideas were based on his personal experience. The husbands of his paramours were all his friends and admirers, he said. They often reproached him for neglecting their wives. Rashkes claimed that he kept peace between his lovers and their husbands.

A year did not pass before the gossips in the Writers' Club had a new sensation to talk about. Zina had become seriously enamored of a known Communist leader, Leon Poznik. The Trotsky purges had been in progress in Russia for some time, but Poznik remained an ardent Stalinist. He was the editor of two Communist magazines; one in Polish and one in Yiddish. The *Defensywa*, the Polish political police, had arrested Poznik a number of times, but they always released him. They were not interested in keeping the leftist leaders in prison too long. Poland was officially a democracy. One could not jail people on the basis of their convictions. Besides, the leaders of the *Defensywa* did not want to root out communism in Poland and put themselves out of jobs. As for Poznik, he needed those short imprisonments to add to his prestige in the party and in the Soviet Union. He boasted about his courage during the interrogations, describing how well he lectured to the Polish fascists about Leninism. However, the comrades called him, jokingly, the "Polish Lunacharsky"—a Communist of talk, not of deeds.

Poznik was broad-shouldered, small and wore shoes with elevated soles and heels. His eyes, behind the horn-rimmed glasses with their thick lenses, seemed to sparkle with a light of their own. I often imagined that all the victories of world communism shone through those glasses.

That Zina should fall in love with Poznik seemed unbelievable. He had a wife, a Communist functionary who had been sentenced to five years in prison. He bragged about his affair with an important woman in Moscow, where he was invited every few months. Besides, Zina had never shown any interest in politics. She had been at one time a disciple of the celebrated medium Kluski, who specialized in materializing spirits of the dead. It was her fascination with the occult that initially attracted her to Mottele. But who can fathom the ways of love? It became known in the Writers' Club that Zina now took part in all of Warsaw's leftist activities. The leftists published interviews with her in their magazines. She put on a leather jacket, the kind worn by the functionaries of the *Cheka*, the Soviet political police. She sold her jewelry for the support of political prisoners. Zina had revealed to someone that the *Defensywa* had summoned her for an interrogation and that she had been kept overnight in the arrest house on Daniłowiczowska Street where suspects were held. There was a saying in the Writers' Club that communism was like influenza; everybody had to go through it sooner or later.

In the spring of 1927, Poznik and Zina left for Russia. They disappeared suddenly, without any notice to anybody in the club. I was told that not even their comrades were informed. Neither Poznik nor Zina could have acquired a foreign passport. Those who were invited to the Soviet Union had to smuggle their way across the border at the town of Nieśwież. For a long time, one heard nothing in the Writers' Club about Poznik or Zina. Then the rumor spread that Leon Poznik had been arrested in the U.S.S.R. and put into the infamous Lubyanka prison. Rashkes had received a single Yiddish postcard from Zina with an altered name—he recognized only the handwriting. She used the conspiratorial code language: "Uncle Leon is mortally sick and they put him into the Lubya hospital. The doctors give scanty hopes." She signed the card, "Your despairing Aunt Charatah," which is the Hebrew word for regret. Later, it came out that in Kharkov, a Yiddish magazine had published an attack on an anthology Poznik had edited two years earlier. The

(continued on page 308)

"OK, let's slap the cuffs on 'em and ask Mr. Scrooge where he got the drugs!"

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

ONE BRIEF SHINING MOMENT

before there was a camelot, there was a campaign—a young man meeting a nation, a legend in the making

article

By WILLIAM MANCHESTER

William Manchester's friendship with John F. Kennedy began in Boston immediately after World War Two, when both were young veterans crippled by wounds. Their relationship continued during Kennedy's White House years, when Manchester was the President's trusted confidant. Early in 1964, Jacqueline and Robert Kennedy asked the author to write "The Death of a President," his definitive account of the Dallas tragedy. This fall, Manchester published his 15th book, "One Brief Shining Moment: Remembering Kennedy." Here, he recalls the heady days of the 1960 Presidential campaign, the days of Camelot in the making, when the future was bright and everything seemed possible.

IN THE high summer of 1959, Jack Kennedy was changing, deepening, given to longer silences, less eager for verbal fencing. As always, he was reading a lot; among the books scattered around were *The* *(continued on page 276)*

BACK TO BASICS

our miss december is a daughter of the computer revolution

ROUTE TWO winds along the Charles River in Boston before leaving behind the red-brick buildings of Harvard, the white sails and the flashing oars, the jogging scholars, to head northwest toward Concord. The shot-heard-round-the-world Concord. It had been years since any girl we knew lived next door to a national monument, but Terry Nihen (pronounced Nī′-yen), our first Massachusetts Playmate in recent memory, does. Of course, Concord bridge is still there, but New England is changing. The Colonial houses are still there, tucked in the dense green New England forests. But at every crossroads, there is a computer company, another building with Data or Digital in the company name. Terry Nihen grew up in this region, in Acton, and *she* has changed. In a part of the country where every child goes on to college, if not graduate school, she opted to enroll in a technical-trade high school in nearby Lexington. "I wanted to try something new, to test myself against other kids. The school drew people from seven or eight towns. I was thrown in with a new crowd of very bright kids, just like that. I was studying something I was interested in." After graduation, she worked for a bank for four years. She added two more jobs to pay her way through a local community

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

"When I lived in the South, I found myself getting homesick. Atlanta was so new. I just had to come back. Boston has character, romance." Terry and friends take a surrey with a fringe on top down one of the old streets in Boston (above). An early-morning stroll takes her past the swan boats of Boston Common (below right). "But it's not all Victorian," she says. "There are nights I hang out at Spit, a New Wave club. Boston is as old or as new as you want it to be. It's alive."

"I get up about 6:30," says Terry. "I do some stretching exercises, have a light breakfast and go to work. I work until 4:30, then do some more exercising. My boyfriend cooks dinner. Afterward, we take in a movie or go bowling or ice skating." Or, shall we say, she attempts to go ice skating. Terry practices her recovery on a rink at left.

college. She changed direction and went to work for a firm she calls Digital-in-the-Woods. "I looked at other places that were too ultraprofessional. I've learned that what appears to be professional isn't. A preppie look isn't enough. I like something flexible. I get the work done *and* laugh." She worked in an employment-relations program: "I was relating not just to computers but also to people. The best of both worlds." Because her company had offices throughout the U.S., Terry decided to leave New England. She settled on Atlanta. She had apparently forgotten to pack the famous New England modesty—lucky for us. "I was a contestant in a bikini contest at a disco. First prize was a trip to Fort Lauderdale. Melinda Mays [Miss February 1983] was one of the judges. She suggested that I try out for Playmate. I was fairly rude about it. There were other girls in the contest who were better-looking. It had never crossed my mind that I could be mistaken for one of the women in PLAYBOY. But I thought about it for a day, then called her." There was no question in our mind that Terry Nihen deserved to be a Playmate. We had seldom seen a woman in such great shape. "I taught an exercise class three times a night. I got shin splints and had to cut down, but I'm still pretty active. I want to get into weight training. I don't want big muscles, just to get everything really hard, to be the best I can be."

As we talked with Terry, we revised our image of New England girls. "I liked Atlanta, but New England is home. I

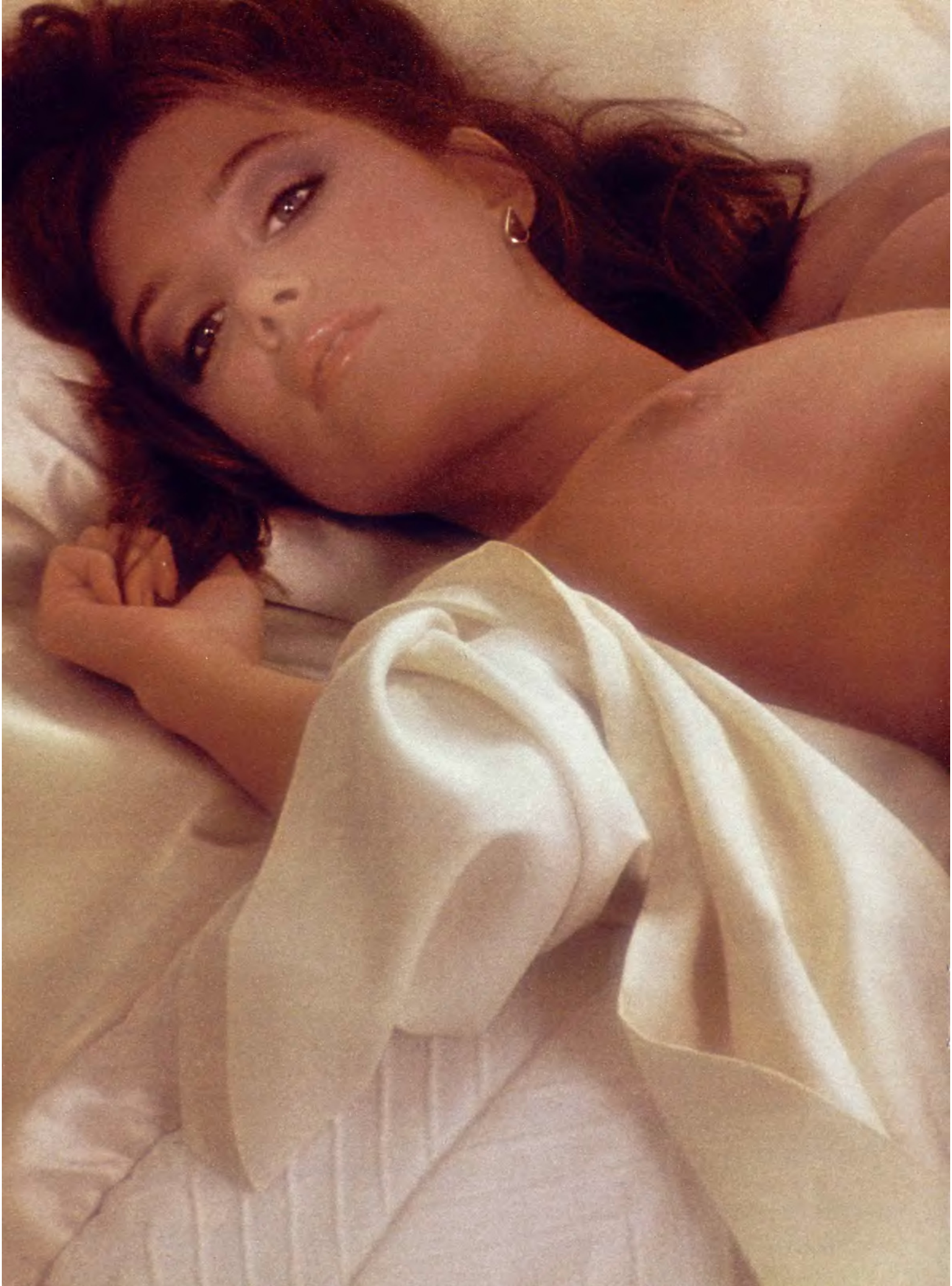
Maybe we can call this the shot seen round the world: Terry poses for a picture just downstream from the famous little bridge in Concord. Until recently, the gristmill in the background of the shot below was in full operation. Say cheese.

And they didn't believe we were from PLAYBOY. *During the shooting, we came across a bunch of sun-crazed picnickers who were having a pie fight.*

missed the character, the history, the people. Everyone has the wrong idea about New Englanders. We're not cold. We're just not easy. In Atlanta, there were more people willing to open up, but there were also more people willing to take you to the cleaners."

After less than a year in Atlanta, Terry returned to New England to be close to friends and family. "My best friends just happen to be family. My sisters. My mother. They give me a lot of support." The result is an impressive blend of beauty and common sense, of warmth and intelligence. "I'm not flighty. I'm not boring. Being in PLAYBOY is a major compliment, but I have to view it realistically." We discussed her plans. She will put some of her Playmate money into a tax shelter. She may break down and replace the 1967 Le Mans with the jacked-up rear end that she uses for a car. She may try acting ("I've been told that I give a good show when I'm upset or very happy"). But in any event, she will do well.

"My friends say I have a good ear, meaning I can relate to their problems. I am very happy and willing to go out on a limb to help. It's worth it."



"My attitude toward modeling is a lot like my attitude toward exercise. You go as hard as your heart can go. I'll take it until I can't take it anymore or until it takes me somewhere else. I'm doing this mostly because of a dare."

"I can't remember a time when PLAYBOY *wasn't in my house. My brother brought it home, and each copy passed from sister to sister. I don't know when I first thought of modeling as a career. I knew it was a clothes-on, clothes-off proposition. Just look at* Vogue. *Different magazine, same job. But I do know I couldn't have done this when I was 18. I was too impressionable. I would have looked at the pictures and just seen the outside. Now I know myself inside and out."*

MISS DECEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Terry Nihen

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 100 LBS

BIRTH DATE: 9-17-60 BIRTHPLACE: Concord, Massachusetts

AMBITIONS: To be healthy, happy and maintain a good sense of humor no matter what I do.

TURN-ONS: Down-to-earth, happy people; summertime; flowers; sleeping in till noon; smiling faces.

TURN-OFFS: Phony, inconsiderate, self-absorbed people; cold weather; being sick; procrastination.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Gone with the Wind, Doctor Zhivago, Romeo and Juliet, any Fred Astaire or Gene Kelly movie.

FAVORITE FOODS: Lobster, shrimp, my mother's spaghetti & meatballs, anything chocolate!

FAVORITE PLACE: Cape Cod, my home.

IDEAL EVENING: Having a picnic on a moonlit beach with the one I love.

BIGGEST JOY: My boyfriend, family and children.

4 Years Old

Playing with my pickup sticks.

7 Years old

Me & my brother Michael.

14 Years old

My sister's wedding. (It was 110°!)

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

As she delightedly unwrapped each Christmas present, the grateful mistress insisted on expressing her appreciation to her generous lover with a quickie. "Darling," the man panted after the fourth, "couldn't we consider a deferred-payment plan?"

Now, look here, Miss Patterson," the resident manager said to the provocative-looking new tenant, "about that take-a-number device you've gone and mounted on your apartment door. . . ."

Someday, yours may be the hand that rocks the cradle," the young man in the parked car told his date. "Tonight, though," he went on as he unzipped, "I'd like it to be the hand that cradles the rocks."

Following a threesome sex session, the girl relaxed contentedly for a few moments, then asked, "Was it good for you two?"

When pinched on the fanny, Monique
Succumbed to a peeved maiden's pique
By exclaiming with verve
To her pincher, "Some nerve!"
"And in your case," he gloated, "some cheek!"

That new salesman I dated last night turned out to be hung like a bull—like, maybe with eight inches!" the typist confided during an office hen session.

"I wouldn't let myself be bedded by a nobody like that," commented a co-worker. "My own preference has run to individuals like the controller, the personnel manager and the senior vice-president for research and development."

"That's OK, honey," replied the first girl. "You can have the big wheels. I prefer the big axle rods."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bipartisan* as an A.C./D.C. politician.

Singles-bar lore: The difference between a dog and a fox in the eye of the beholder is a minimum of five drinks.

I met the kinkiest producer at lunch today," the Hollywood agent told his wife. "He spent most of the meal boasting about the conquests he'd made."

"So what's so kinky about that?" asked the woman. "Surely you've been in this business long enough to be blasé about the casting couch."

"Oh, I am, I am—but this guy happens to make nothing but animal pictures."

An outrageous young lady named Kyle
Likes to flirt in a whimsical style:
She'll depanty, it's said,
And then stand on her head
To display her most quimsical smile.

Insult overheard in a bar: "You're such an asshole that you ought to be listed in the *Guinness Book of Rectums*!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Hula-Hoop* as a Hawaiian I.U.D.

Word has reached us that the Yellow Pages people have refused a listing for an outcall service for stockbrokers titled *Putz* and Calls.

I'd like to have my money back," the customer stated firmly.

"What happens to be the problem, sir?" countered the sex-shop clerk.

"This love doll you sold me yesterday inflates with her legs crossed!"

My wife and I split up because we have too much in common," the solitary drinker confided morosely to the bartender.

"Izzat so?"

"Yeah—we both like to eat pussy."

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.*

"Oh, dear! I thought you'd be in Moscow by Christmas!"

THE GENIUS TAKES ON TINSELTOWN

if orson welles is so smart, how come he can't do bigger box office?

personality **By BARBARA LEAMING** In 1975, The American Film Institute gave Orson Welles a star-studded banquet in the Los Angeles Ballroom of the Century Plaza Hotel to present him with its Life Achievement Award. Film clips of the past two winners, director John Ford and actor James Cagney, flashed on a giant screen as the announcer said, "Tonight, we honor *the third man*." Nelson Riddle and his orchestra struck up the theme from a movie with one of Welles's most famous performances, *The Third Man*. Spotlights focused on the paneled door as the announcer continued, "The American Film Institute spotlights a director, an actor, a writer, a producer—and here *they* are: Orson Welles."

Into the glare slid the massive, gray-bearded Welles. For all his bulk, he rolled quickly and forcefully ahead, his great flat *(continued on page 178)*

ILLUSTRATION BY SANDRA HENDLER

CHOICE CARTOONS OF CHRISTMAS PAST

a compendium of wry yulefoolery from the pages of playboy

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus."

"Just holding the ladder will suffice, Mr. Jacobs."

"How'd you like to spend an old-fashioned Christmas at Grandma's?"

"Then, one cold winter's night, I said to myself, 'What the hell am I doing up here in the North Pole with a bunch of dumb-looking elves?'"

"I hate for this moment to end, but we mustn't monopolize the mistletoe."

"But, Nancy, couldn't you just leave cookies and milk for Santa, as you always did before?"

"Nothing like chestnuts roasting on an open fire, eh, Miss Blythdale?"

"This year, I'm just giving fruitcake and vibrators."

"Well, the holiday season's upon us!"

"Think of all the years we wasted just swapping presents."

"Why can't he just go out and buy some Christmas cards like everyone else?"

"After all these years of giving, I said to myself, 'So why shouldn't I give myself a present?'"

"Memo to the Christmas office-party committee: 'Congratulations, etc., etc.,' signed B. J. Wilkens."

"Surprise, Grandmother! We've come to spend the Christmas holidays with you."

ORSON WELLES (continued from page 173)

"Welles was guilty . . . of the only true sin: He had never been able to engineer a blockbuster."

feet as close to the ground as the treads of an armored tank.

He wore a jumbo tuxedo and a flowing silk tie nearly the size of a pillowcase, and he carried a script under his arm as he took his place at the red-draped dais facing a stage plastered with blowups of his many eminent film roles: the young shirt-sleeved maverick in *Citizen Kane*; the white-haired hulk of a Falstaff in *Chimes at Midnight*; the handsome Irish rogue in *The Lady from Shanghai*; the obscenely fat, dissipated slob in *Touch of Evil*.

To Welles's right sat his darkly beautiful third wife, Paola—the Italian Countess di Girfalco—and to his left was his towering blonde look-alike daughter Beatrice. Pecking each on the cheek, Welles turned to acknowledge the electric applause of the banquet hall, whose round pink tables were filled with Tinseltown elite: Charlton Heston, Jack Lemmon, Johnny Carson, Natalie Wood, Rosalind Russell, Groucho Marx, as well as assorted moguls and money men who had come to toast Welles's film making as having "stood the test of time."

Frank Sinatra sang *The Gentleman Is a Champ*, to the tune of *The Lady Is a Tramp*—an unfortunate irony, since America's greatest film maker had been tramping about Europe for years. He hadn't made a movie in Hollywood since *Touch of Evil*, in 1957; and before that, he'd spent a down-at-the-heels decade making low-budget pictures in Europe whenever he could scrape together the cash.

After Sinatra, Ingrid Bergman gave a testimonial: "I think that it must have been a great burden for him to have made a masterpiece when he was 24 years old," she said, talking about *Kane*, "and it must have been very hard to live up to it all those years. . . . I've been working in Europe when Orson Welles was working in Europe, and we had hardships—both of us. . . . I knew how he was working, and we saw pictures produced by Orson, directed by Orson, written by Orson, arranged by Orson, acted by Orson and clothes by—— He had done everything. Still, he had his troubles. And the joke started in Europe that Orson Welles is running out of countries."

There was much laughter at this, indicating how aware all Hollywood was of Welles's plight. But no one howled more than Welles, his pudgy eyes crinkling with delight. For he grasped the evening's irony better than anyone—and was prepared to milk the occasion for all it was worth.

"Now he has come back to his own country," Bergman continued, "and in great style."

In effect, although Welles had long been flitting in and out of Hollywood, the American Film Institute tribute was supposed to be his official homecoming to a Tinseltown whose citizens were slightly embarrassed about the unjust fate of the man who had made *Citizen Kane*. His problems were usually explained away by repeating the rumors that he was an extraordinarily expensive and troublesome director, which those who have worked with him will tell you is simply not true. But even if it were, egos and excess are accepted parts of the Hollywood scene; Welles, on the other hand, was guilty—admittedly, undeniably—of the only true sin: He had never been able to engineer a blockbuster. While the entire industry respected his artistic genius—to which the A.F.I. dinner was a testimonial—it also thought he was just too artistic to be bankable.

"Here we are," Bergman concluded, "and I'm so happy that The American Film Institute has asked me to come so I also can pay my tribute to you and thank you that you have shown the world what real *courage* is and *tenacity* and, of course, your dazzling talent. So, therefore, I say bravo, Orson, and hit us *again* with your talent!"

After more speeches and a showing of clips from Welles's classic films, Sinatra clasped the Great Man's hand and led him to the transparent Plexiglas rostrum, where Welles pressed the trophy to his great stomach. Then he began to thank his hosts in what composer Virgil Thomson calls "the most beautiful voice in the world."

"My father once told me," gentleman Welles began, "that the art of receiving a compliment is, of all things, the sign of a civilized man. And he died soon afterward, leaving my education in this important matter sadly incomplete."

If the crowd tittered somewhat nervously, it was because they weren't sure whether this was supposed to be a joke—a joke about someone's father *dying*?

"My heart is full," Welles continued, cooing. "With a full heart—with all of it—I thank you."

He seemed to have finished. But no sooner had everyone applauded than he picked up again.

"There are a few of us left in this conglomerated world of ours," he said, "who still trudge stubbornly along a lonely, rocky road, and this is, in fact, our contrariety. We don't move nearly as fast as our cousins on the freeway. We don't even get as much accomplished, just as the family-sized farm can't possibly raise as many crops or get as much profit as the agricultural factory of today. What we do come up with has no special right to call itself better. It's just different. No, if there's any excuse for us at all, it's that we're simply following the old American tradition of the maverick. And we are a vanishing breed. This honor I can only accept in the name of all the mavericks. And also as a tribute to the generosity of all the rest of you—to the givers—to the ones with fixed addresses."

Fixed addresses. On those words, Welles paused, raised his eyebrows and stared intently at his evening's benefactors, who were not unaware that he was playfully indicting them, using the occasion to remind them that they had shut him out, that they had been cozily ensconced in Hollywood while he—the genius, the *dazzling talent*—had kicked around the world.

Generosity. What generosity had they shown, denying him the money to make films all these years?

"A maverick may go his own way," Welles continued, "but he doesn't think that it's the only way or ever claim that it's the best one—except maybe for himself. And don't imagine that *this* raggle-taggle gypsy is claiming to be free. It's just that some of the necessities to which *I* am a slave are different from yours. As a director, for instance, I pay myself out of my acting jobs. I use my own work to subsidize my work. In other words, I'm crazy. But not crazy enough to pretend to be free. It's a fact that many of the films you've seen tonight could never have been made otherwise. Or if otherwise—well, they might have been better. But certainly, they wouldn't have been mine."

Finally, "just by way of saying good night," Welles introduced a clip from his unfinished movie titled *The Other Side of the Wind*—about a legendary film maker named Jake Hannaford and his desperate struggle to raise funds.

"The scene that you're going to see," explained Welles, clasping his hands and glaring at the money men around him, "takes place in a projection room, and waiting there is the Big Studio Boss. The director has a stooge, and the stooge is trying to sell the movie that Jake is making, for which he needs end money——"

End money. This was what Welles really wanted—and deserved—from these people, not the trophy with the silver star on top.

But the next morning, after the applause and the tributes and the toasts, he *still couldn't* get financing for a film. Nor the next morning, nor the next, nor the next.

•

In Hollywood, Welles is known as a most entertaining—and prestigious—luncheon partner. Besides his tales of Chaplin and Garbo and Bogart, there are the notorious, sometimes apocryphal stories about himself—such as the one about why William Randolph Hearst was *really* so livid about *Citizen Kane*. In 1941, faced

(continued on page 301)

Quarterly Reports

a timely accounting of timeless principles of personal finance

article

By ANDREW TOBIAS

GREAT PLAYS

you can win the stock-market game with dogged fundamentals—or use razzle-dazzle to go for the big score

I WANT TO TALK with you about great plays. Not stuff like *The Night of the Iguana* or *The Frogs*, though I'll grant there's some money in those, too—I'm talking about the kind of play where you dive into the third market and buy 40,000 Kodak, butterfly the July and October options, link the two with a pile of September silvers, hedge with market-index options and interest-rate futures, close out the whole thing an hour later and leave for the helipad $408,000 to the good.

Not because you're greedy; because life's a game. (As a currently popular T-shirt has it: WHOEVER HAS THE MOST THINGS WHEN HE DIES, WINS. There's not much room to mince words on a T-shirt.)

A lot of people think that if they were just smarter, they could make a ton of money in the market. No. Smart alone won't do it. It's important also to be lucky, to have the right temperament and to have a good-sized stake to begin with. (The rich get richer, in part, because they can afford to take risks and to be patient.) It may also help to put in the hours. Not sitting in a broker's gallery eyeballing the ticker day after day—that won't help. *Digging for something special.*

Among the several methods:

1. What is loosely known as the Benjamin Graham approach, after the late father of fundamental analysis, in which you analyze balance sheet after balance sheet until you find a company selling so blatantly beneath its net-asset value that you need not even sample its products or interview its management to know it's a good bet—a situation much less prevalent today than just a year or two ago, which is why this proved so profitable for the folks who made the effort a year or two ago.

2. What might be called the arbitrager's approach, which consists of finding wonderful little lapses of logic in the prices of related securities and exploiting the bejesus out of them.

The first approach—hunting for value and then sitting tight—is widely known. The second—dancing around the edges of the game, looking for clever openings—is less often described. To quote Webster:

AR'BI·TRAGE: Like when you see gold trading at $420 an ounce in London and at $422 in New York and you buy 1,000,000 ounces in London at the same time as you sell them in New York and you pocket the $2,000,000 spread. Like, man—it's fantastic.

Not everyone is adept at this sort of thing.

I called a classmate who will earn $500,000 this year as an institutional salesman (not selling institutions, selling *to* them—as contrasted with "retail" salesmen, who sell securities to "the public"). He's smart—and quick. I said, "Listen, Hotshot [not his real name], I need an example of something really brilliant you've done, something that involves a couple of different securities and some fancy footwork or a wrinkle. Give me an example of some great idea you've had and you'll be famous."

He immediately grasped the concept, then fell silent. "I know what you mean," he finally said, "but I can't think of anything."

"Oh, come on—just one idea!"

More silence.

"I can just see what you're going to write," he chortled. " 'Been in the business 15 years, never had an idea.' "

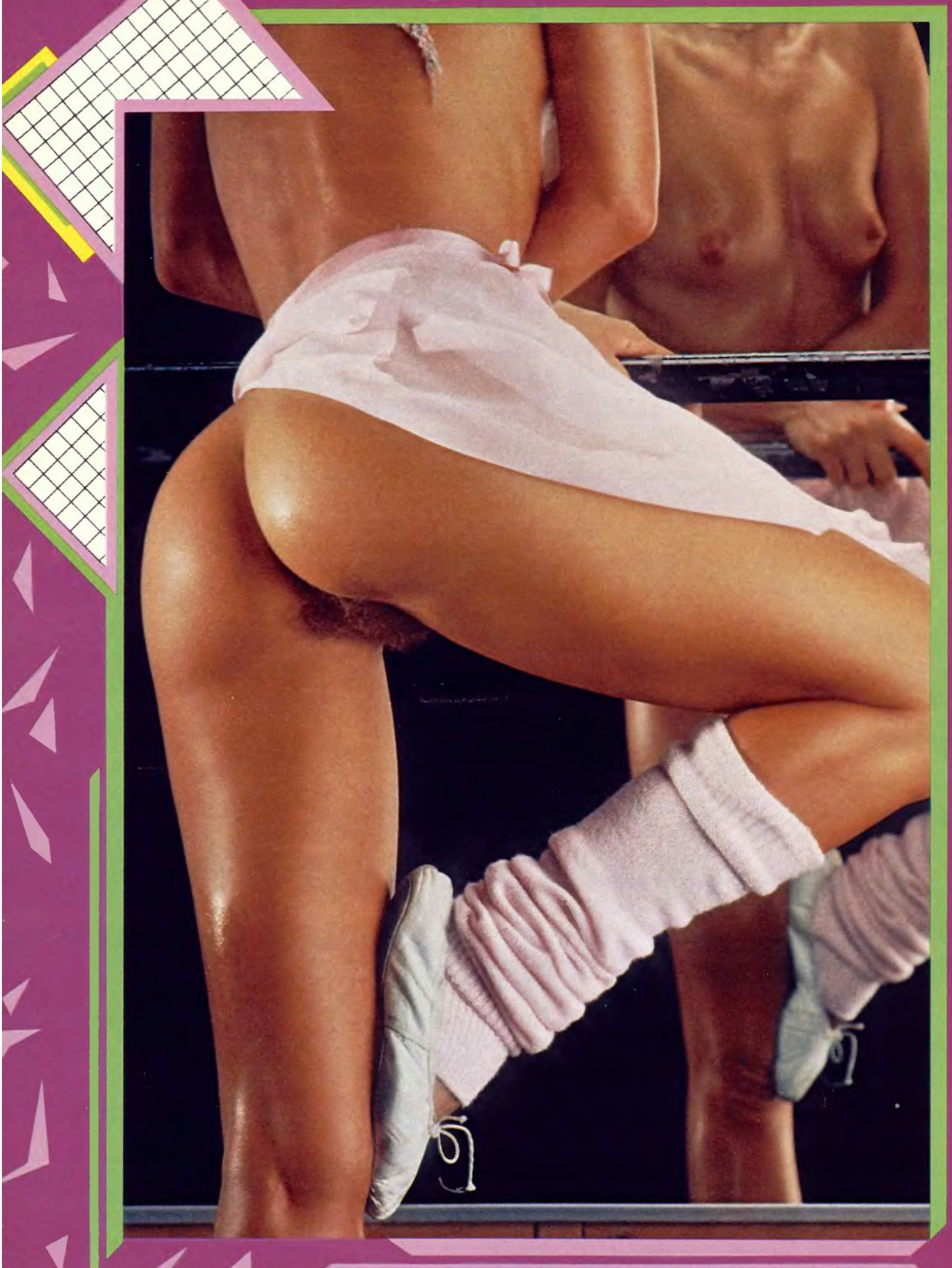
THE WARNER PLAY: BUY THE STOCK, SHORT THE WARRANTS

I start with this one because it's one of two I've thought of myself. (Been in the business 15 years, had two ideas.) It has to do with the stock of Warner Communications.

Warner hit an all-time high of 63 in 1982. It was not of much interest at that price, at least to me, because I've always been a sucker for the notion of "buying low"—a discipline that of necessity precludes buying stocks at or near their all-time highs.

Not long afterward, Warner announced that its Atari division was in the tank and the stock dropped to 28¼.

In toying with the notion of buying some—at that price, it looked interesting—I remembered Warner warrants. A warrant gives you the right to buy stock at some specified price (55 in this case) for a given length of time (through April 30, 1986, in this case). Warrants are also called rights, because that's all they are: the right to buy stock at a certain price. They could be called options, too, for they operate in much the same way; only warrants are issued by the underlying company itself, while options are issued by bookies in Chicago, *(continued on page 188)*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE WAYDA/PRODUCED BY MARILYN GRABOWSKI

She's a *maniac* on the floor, and her dance is stripped-down, flashed-up. Come explore. You've seen the movie, heard the music, hyperventilated to the video. Zoom in, now, for a look at the women who make flashdancing the musical model of sensory overload. It has set off the last blast in disco's demolition, done more for torn shirts than Brando and made leg warmers seem more disarming than light sabers. Its practitioner kicks sparks. She may not be your basic girl next door; but, then, we're living in the age of flash.

Flashdancers.

take your passion, make it happen

The body beautiful below belongs to Marine Jahan, whose terpsichorean talents corried the filmic *Flashdance*. Also-beautiful Jennifer Beals starred, but most of the muscles you saw in motion were Marine's. At left: Linnéa Quigley, who knows that, above all, flashdancing is hip.

A girl with a very stylish name and all the moves to match, Demetria Garrett (left) stretches her skills in a routine that must be worth at least 8000 words. The Dalmation in the upper-right-hand corner doesn't belong to Demetria—it's just that whenever she works out, there has to be a fire-department representative on the scene.

Whot happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable object? When tawny Kim Arrow (right) bellies up to the *barre*, the answer is a revelation. It seems clear from our evidence that the irresistible force has come out in a superior position. Unfortunately, however, this year's Nobel Prize nominations are in.

Kathleen Carr's regimen (above) has obvious benefits in muscle tone and flexibility, though it's absolute hell on the wardrobe. The omnipresent mirrors that ore part of flash-donce practice may have brought charges of narcissism, but they reflect well on Kothy.

Our flashdance finale features Tamara Rawlings (up and down and all around). Tamara sports the ultra-fashionable leg warmers that are the one indispensable part of a flashdoncer's uniform. When it's down to bare essentials, the only thing you really need is feet of fire. Hence, of course, the leg warmers.

GREAT PLAYS *(continued from page 179)*

"There's no telling what folks will pay for little pieces of paper and a dream."

New York, Philadelphia and San Francisco. (Also, options run for a maximum of nine months, while warrants generally do not expire for several years.)

The Warner warrant trades on the American Stock Exchange. I figured if it were cheap enough, it might be a better way to bet on Warner's future than simply to buy the stock. But what's cheap enough? What is the right to buy a stock at 55—when it's 28—worth? Clearly, that depends on how long the warrant has to run (the longer, the better) and how likely the stock is to shoot up in price.

My guess was that the warrant would be selling around 5. For $500, that is, you could purchase the right to buy 100 shares of Warner stock at $55 each through April 1986. For $5000, you could control *1000* shares. Buying 1000 shares outright, by contrast, would have cost $28,250.

I'm not saying I would have bought the warrants at 5, but that's about what I figured they were worth.

I looked in the paper (WrnC wt) and was astonished to find them, in fact, at 11¼. People were actually plunking down $11.25 to control shares of Warner stock that they could have *owned* for $28.25 in the wild hope that sometime this side of April 30, 1986, Warner would climb from 28¼ to well past 55. Which just goes to show there's no telling what folks will pay for little pieces of paper and a dream.

But if it's hard to know what a warrant like this is worth with three years left to run, here's almost exactly what it will be worth on the morning of expiration:

If Warner stock is:	The right to buy it at $55 will be worth:
$ 55 or below	$ 0
65	10
75	20
100	45

Only if the stock were above $66 a share would the right to buy it at $55 be worth more than $11 at expiration.

The stock, at 28¼, seemed perhaps undervalued. The warrant, at 11¼, seemed ridiculously *over*valued. So here was the play: *Buy the stock and short the warrants.* (Going short, you will recall, means selling something you don't own. That would be larcenous were you not obligated eventually to buy it back—cheaper, you hope—to clear your account.) I called my broker and put in an order to short 1000 warrants at 11¼. Only when that transaction was completed (for it's always trickier to short something than to buy it) did I buy an equal number of shares of Warner common stock.

If the stock is 55 or below on April 30, 1986, the warrants will expire worthless, which means I won't have to pay anything to buy them back and clear my account. I'll be allowed to keep the full 11¼ points on the warrant—$11,250.

If the stock is above 55, the warrant will have some value—but the more the better! Grab a pad and pencil and consider the possibilities.

Let's say the stock is 66. Well, the warrant will be 11 or so (as it entitles you to buy a $66 stock for $55), and I won't have any profit from having shorted it. But that's OK—I will have made 38 points on the stock. Thirty-eight thousand dollars! I *tremble* in anticipation.

For every point Warner is above $66, I will lose a point on the warrant but gain a point on the stock, and so still have a 38-point profit overall. What's more, the gain will be long-term, while any loss on the warrant will be short-term (gains and losses from short sales are always short-term), and that can work to my advantage.

If Warner stock is exactly where it was when I did all this—28¼—then I make nothing on it, but the warrants expire worthless and I get to keep $11,250.

If Warner is someplace between 28 and 55, I'll make someplace between 11 and 38 points.

Of course, should Warner slump to 3, say, I'd lose a lot more on the stock ($25,250) than I'd make on the warrants ($11,250). But you've got to take *some* risk if you want to join the Pepsi generation. (Another risk, please note, is that the company could unilaterally extend the life of the warrants.) Nor, should the stock fall, does anyone say I have to sell it. The warrants expire, but the stock lives on.

THE TWO-FOR-ONE REVERSE WARRANT HEDGE: MORE OF THE SAME

I was feeling quite pleased with myself for figuring all this out when I ran into Jeff Tarr. At Harvard, years ago, Jeff had launched Operation Match, the original computerized-dating service. Now he is one of Wall Street's most highly regarded arbitragers. We live in the same building, only he lives on a much higher floor. (The entire floor.)

"I've finally got one for *you*," I said, and I told my Warner story.

"Sure," he responded. "We've done a lot of that, only we figure you should be shorting two warrants for each share of the common. It's a two-for-one reverse warrant hedge."

I went home, took out my pad and pencil to see what would happen at various prices if I were short *two* warrants for each share of the common stock, and then called my broker to short more warrants.

ALA MOANA: TAKE A GAIN ON THE STOCK, REPORT A LOSS

Ala Moana would be worth mentioning even if it weren't a potentially great play, just for the volcanic passion of the name. But the idea was to buy the stock at 2½ and sit pat. Simple as that. Ala Moana Hawaii Properties, as it's formally known and traded on the New York Stock Exchange, is in the process of liquidating itself. Wiser minds than mine have guessed that the liquidating dividend will be in the neighborhood of $4—although wise minds, I cannot stress too forcefully, have been wrong before. They further guess that it will come sometime before the end of the century. Perhaps even before the end of next year.

To turn $2.50 into $4 ain't hay, but what makes this play interesting, if it works, is that at the same time as one is turning $2.50 into $4, one may get to report a sizable *loss.* This is possible because: (A) The properties it's hoped will fetch $4 a share are on the books for a lot more; and (B) Ala Moana shares—never mind that they trade on the New York Stock Exchange—are not shares of stock but, rather, limited-partnership units. Ala Moana is not a corporation but a limited partnership. As such, profits and losses flow through to the partners.

It's a neat play, but for a rarefied crowd. Beware! The $4 may never materialize. Or a portion of it may well have been distributed by the time you read this. Nor is this—even if it works—the sort of thing you'd take to H&R Block. The legal and accounting fees could be significant.

For Jeff Tarr, such expenses are justifiable. His group owns 890,000 shares.

PAN AM: SHORT THE STOCK, BUY THE BONDS

It is February 1983 and Pan Am is desperate for cash to carry it through to summer. Some people are buying the stock at 5, hoping for a recovery. Others are buying bonds E. F. Hutton has concocted—"Pan American World Airways, Inc., 15 Percent Convertible Secured Trust Notes Due 1998." They pay 15 percent a year interest, are convertible into stock at $5.50 a share and are secured by a bevy of Boeing 747s. The smart money is buying the bonds and shorting the stock.

Roughly speaking:

If Pan Am should recover (which seemed doubtful in February), the stock could soar—but the bonds, being convertible into the stock, would soar with it. A break even.

If Pan Am limped along and the stock

(continued on page 274)

"I know when you've been good, and I know when you've been bad, so be good for goodness' sake!"

DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A WAR ON?

there are two kinds of people—those who think there are two kinds of people and those who don't

fiction **By DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

FROM THE BEGINNING *of Time, Man has been on the move, ever outward. First he spread over his own planet, then across the Solar System, then outward to the Galaxies, all of them dotted, speckled, measled with the colonies of Man.*

Then, one day in the year eleven thousand four hundred and six (11,406), an incredible discovery was made in the Master Imperial Computer back on Earth. Nearly 500 years before, a clerical error had erased from the computer's memory more than

ILLUSTRATION BY RON VILLANI

1000 colonies, all in Sector F.U.B.A.R.3. For half a millennium, those colonies, young and struggling when last heard from, had had no contact with the rest of Humanity.

The Galactic Patrol Interstellar Ship Hopeful, Captain Gregory Standforth commanding, was at once dispatched to re-establish contact with the Thousand Lost Colonies and return them to the bosom of Mankind.

The two armies were massed in terrible array, banners flying, the hosts facing each other across the verdant valley. The tents of the generals were magnificently bedecked, pennons whipping in the breeze. Down below, clergymen in white and black blessed the day and the pounded grass and the generals and the banners and the archers and the horses and those who sweep up behind the horses. Filled with a good breakfast, the soldiers on the slopes stood comfortably, happy to be a part of this historic moment, while the supreme commanders of both forces marched with their aides and their scribes down through their respective armies and out across the green sweep of neutral territory toward the table and the altar set up in the very center of the valley under a yellow flag of truce.

This was the first time these two supreme commanders had met, and they studied each other with a pardonable curiosity while the various aides exchanged documents and provided signatures. Is he fiercer-looking than me? the supreme commanders wondered as they eyed each other. Is his jaw firmer and leaner? Do his eyes flash more coldly and cruelly? Is his backbone more ramrod-stiff?

The ministers sprinkled holy water over the papers. The supreme commanders firmly shook hands—*very* firmly shook hands—and a great cheer went up from the multitudes on the slopes. The ceremony was complete. The name had been changed. The 300 Years' War was now officially the 400 Years' War.

"Look out!" someone shouted.

Soldiers gaped. Horses neighed and pawed the ground. Clergy and aides fled with cassocks and tunics flapping, supreme commanders took to their heels and the great long silver bullet of the spaceship settled slowly, delicately, almost lazily into the very center of the valley, the massive base of the thing gently mashing the main altar into a dinner mat.

•

"Remember, Councilman," Ensign Kybee Benson said, pacing the councilman's cabin, "these are intelligent and subtle people, the descendants of philosophers."

"Hardly a problem," Councilman Morton Luthguster responded. "I'm something of a philosopher myself."

Ensign Benson and Councilman Luthguster meshed imperfectly. Ensign Benson was almost painfully aware that the reason the councilman had been chosen to represent the Galactic Council on this endless, trivial, boring mission to the universal boondocks was simply that nobody at the Galactic Council could stand the man's pomposities anymore. Luthguster didn't realize that; nor did he realize that it was Ensign Benson's sharp-nosed personality that had won *him* a berth on the Hopeful (neither did Ensign Benson); but he'd certainly noticed that all his conversations with Ensign Benson left him with the sense that his fur had been rubbed the wrong way.

Ensign Benson's face now wore the expression of a man eating a lemon. "Councilman, would you like to know which *particular* philosophy these philosophers philosophized about?"

"You're the social engineer," Luthguster pointed out, getting a bit prickly himself. "It's your job to background me on these colonies."

"Dualists," Ensign Benson said. "They were dualists."

"You mean they *fought* each other?"

Lieutenant Billy Shelby, the Hopeful's young second in command, knocked on the open door and entered the cabin, saying, "Sir, the ship has landed."

"Just a second, Billy." Taking a deep breath, *displaying* his patience, Ensign Benson said, "Not duelists, Councilman, dualists. They believed in the philosophy of dualism. Simply stated, the idea that there are two sides to every story."

"At the very least," Luthguster said. "Back in the Galactic Coun——"

"Gemini," Ensign Benson interrupted. "That's what they named their colony, after the twins of the zodiac. They'd originally considered Janus, after the two-faced god, but that suggested a duplicity they didn't intend. Discussion and debate; that's the core of their approach to life."

"A civilized and cultured people, obviously." Luthguster preened himself, patting his big round belly. "We shall get along famously."

"No doubt," Ensign Benson said. "Shall we begin?"

They followed Billy Shelby down to the main hatch, where the ladder had already been extruded, but the door was not yet open. Waiting beside it was Captain Standforth, tall and thin and vague, his stun gun ready in his hand. Pointing to the weapon, Luthguster said, "We won't be needing that, Captain. These are peaceful scholars."

"I thought I might shoot some birds," said the captain. "For stuffing." Bird taxidermy was the only thing in life the captain really cared about. Seven generations of Standforths had, unfortunately, made such magnificent careers in the Galactic Patrol that this Standforth had had no choice but to sign up when he'd attained the proper age, but the whole thing had been a ghastly mistake, which everybody now knew—and which was why *he* had been assigned to the Hopeful.

"Shoot birds later," Luthguster said, somewhat stiffly. "Let us begin peaceably. Open the door, Billy."

Billy pushed the button, the door opened and Luthguster stepped out onto the platform at the head of the ladder. "Fellow thinkers," he cried out and fell back into the ship with seven arrows stuck in him.

•

"Rotten aim," Chief Engineer Hester Hanshaw said, wiping her hands on a greasy rag, then dropping it onto the cluster of pulled arrows. "You'll live."

"At least you could sound happier about it," Luthguster told her. Lying there on the engine-room table, he was so enswathed in bandages that he looked like a gift-wrapped beach ball.

"It's mostly all that blubber protected you," Hester said unsympathetically. "You're a very inefficient design."

"Well, thank you very much."

There was no doctor on the Hopeful, there being room for only five crew members and the councilman. Hester Hanshaw, 40ish, blunt of feature and speech and hand and mind, had taken a few first-aid courses before departure, with the attitude that the human body was merely a messier-than-usual kind of machine and that most of its ills could be repaired with a few turns of a screwdriver or taps of a hammer. (Pliers had been useful in the current case, plucking the arrows out of the councilman.) Hester never gave her engines sympathy while banging away at them, so why should she give sympathy to Luthguster? "I'll give you some coffee," she offered grudgingly.

Luthguster knew Hester's coffee from hearsay. "No, thank you!"

"Don't worry, you won't leak. I plugged all the holes."

Luthguster closed his eyes. A moan leaked out.

•

Lieutenant Billy Shelby, handsome, romantic, idealistic, bright as a bowling ball, clutched the microphone in his left hand, white flag in his right, and said, "Ready, sir."

The captain hesitated. "Are you sure, Billy?"

"He already volunteered, Captain," Ensign Benson pointed out. "Obviously, we have to make contact with the Geminoids somehow."

"I'm sure, Captain," Billy said.

So the captain pushed the button, the door opened and Billy marched out onto the platform with the white flag high and the loud-speaker microphone to his mouth: "*People of*——" his voice boomed out over the valley, and a cannon ball

(continued on page 198)

You know, today's advanced technology staggers the imagination. And yet, one essential area of human activity has been conspicuously left out of the onslaught of automation . . . SEX. How can that be? My theory is that most inventors are prudish introverts and feel ill at ease dealing with this altogether normal life function. I, personally, harbor no such inhibitions and, to prove it, have created the following suite of erotic appliances, such as KWIK-LIK, the pacifier at left, designed for the teat-totaling executive. Let my work stand as one man's rebuttal to the shortsightedness of 100 years of geniuses, rest their souls.

PHILIP GARNER'S BETTER LOVING CATALOG

the wild-and-wacky artist who brought the world the "better living catalog" turns his inventive mind to sex

humor

By PHILIP GARNER

Now you can forget those phony lines and show-off stunts that used to be the only way to start a "meaningful" relationship. Thanks to LUVcuffs, the mechanical matchmaker, you can be your plain old self and still score big every time. Here's how it works: Just persuade your date to slip her wrist through the comfortable retaining strap (you do the same), set the on-board computer to the desired length of interaction (one to 24 hours), switch on the tamperproof locking system and leave the rest to LUVcuffs. Inset: PUBIK'S CUBE. This tongue-in-chic desk novelty is a plush pleasure puzzle.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MECEY

CHANGING HAT (below) has a "bathhouse in the brim." Just release tabs, roll down polyethylene enclosure and you've got instant privacy. It's also a dressing room for cheap boutiques or even a think tank.

Above, the latest in office equipment includes PREPPY PANTIES (left), so perfect for those under-the-table deals; select wide tie (modest) or narrow tie (daring) as appropriate to the occasion; at right, the PRIVATE SECRETARY, with its patented "Loin-O-Type" jotter system that comes immediately into play when wearer assumes sitting position, helps today's busy steno stay on top of the situation even during stiffest dictation; a second pad may be worn at the rear for occosional entries.

An easy-to-assemble construction kit that addresses the age-old problem HOW TO "MAKE IT" WITH WOMEN. Especially beneficial to those whose real-life encounters have been unrewarding. Twenty-five well-built plastic interlocking "female modules" form the basis of this entertaining and educational adult toy. Possible configurations are limited only by your imagination. Illustrated below are (left to right) cabin, wind chime and table. Ladies, watch for HOW TO "MAKE IT" WITH MEN, coming soon. Also in the series: ANIMALS, FRUITS & VEGETABLES, POPSICLE STICKS. Collect them all.

Fulfill your photo fantosies with AUTONUDE. It's the next best thing to X-roy glosses. Just attoch the precision-tooled unit to your camero, olign the subject's head with AUTONUDE's built-in naked body ond press the button. Presto! AUTONUDE strips 'em bare. Try it on bystonders, passers-by, friends. Even relatives. Subjects con't refuse. Great fun ot parties.

CUT CAREFULLY, THEN REMOVE

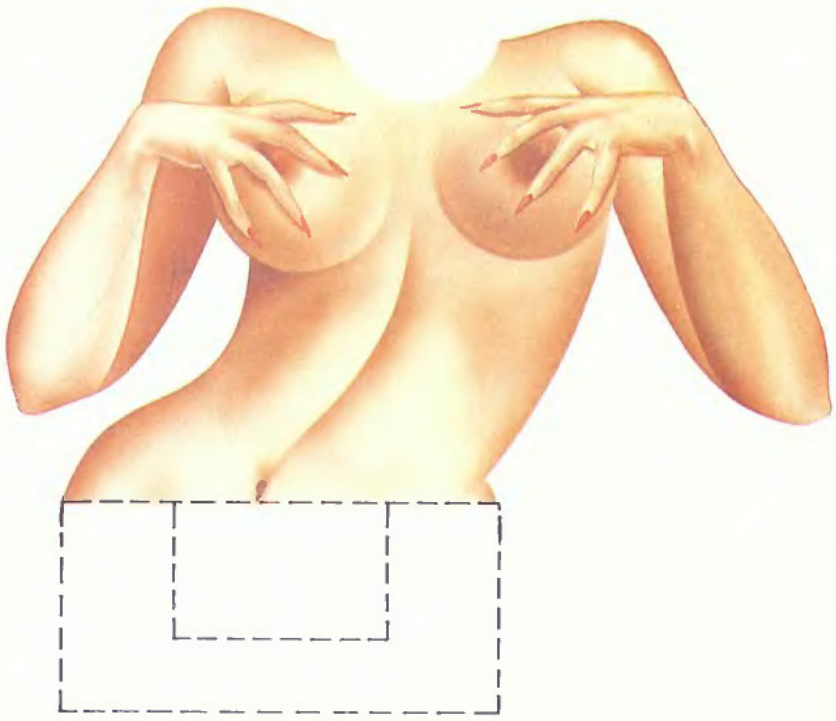
BEND FORWARD

SLIT HERE AND FOLD BACK

SLIT HERE AND FOLD BACK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENNIS MAGDICH

AUTONUDE is designed for maximum variation. There is the fully naked, stand-up pose and the fully naked waist-up pose. And for those who like to see women in stockings, garter belts and push-out bras, AUTONUDE comes through for them. If you want to try this at home, the technicians who designed AUTONUDE suggest using a lens wider than 35mm.



VIBRAGATOR is a perky pet who'll tickle your fancy (right). Wind him up and watch him go, but don't let him out of your sight! We can't be responsible. Self-lubricoting. Caution: Do not overwind. Coming soon, companion ARMADILDO.

Immortalize those moments of special intimacy with THE LOVER (below and right), an instant-picture self-portrait camera. Seductively styled to fit the occasion, it features o pasing mirror.

Inset at left, the OPTICAL BREAST ENLARGER, developed for small-screen TV sets; it brings the small bosom to fuller stature instantly!

THERE'S A WAR ON

(continued from page 192)

" 'Those people aren't a part of our war. They're innocent bystanders. The rules of battle don't apply.' "

ripped through the white flag to carom off the silver hull.

Billy gaped at the hole in the flag. "*Gee whizz*," his amplified voice told the sunny day. "*Don't you guys believe in a flag of truce?*"

"That ain't no flag of truce!" a voice yelled from upslope. "It's white!"

"*Well, what color do you want?*"

"Yellow! The color of cowards!"

"*Wait right there*," Billy told the two encircling armies and went back into the ship. *Carom!* went a cannon ball in farewell.

•

"After dark," Supreme Commander Krraich said, "we'll deploy a patrol to sneak up on the thing and set fire to it."

"I suspect, sir," said an aide carefully (Krraich was known to dislike correction), "the thing is made of metal."

Krraich glowered. Sneaking up on things and setting fire to them was one of his favorite sports. "It's a fort, isn't it?" he demanded. "Could be just shiny paint."

"Sir, uh, cannon balls bounce off."

"Doesn't mean it's metal. Could be rubber."

"Rubber won't burn, sir."

Krraich turned his gaze full upon this pestiferous aide, whose name was Major Invercairnochinchlie. In the bloodshot eye of his mind, Krraich watched Major Invercairnochinchlie burn to the ground—kilt, sporran, gnarled pipe, tam and all. "What do you suggest, *Major*?"

Invercairnochinchlie swallowed. "Acid, sir?"

The other aides, also in formal officers' kilts, all snickered and shifted their feet, like a corralful of miniskirted horses; aides liked to see other aides in trouble. But then, Krraich's least favorite and most intelligent aide (the two facts were not unconnected), a colonel named Alderpee, said, "Sir, if I may make a suggestion?"

"You always do," Krraich said, irritated because the suggestions were usually good.

"That thing out there *is* a fort," Alderpee said. "A *traveling* fort. Think how we could use such a thing."

Krraich had no imagination. "Your suggestion?"

"They're about to send out a party under a flag of truce. We kidnap that party, apply torture and learn how to invade the fort. Then we take it over."

Krraich was appalled and showed it. "Violate a yellow flag of truce?"

"Those people aren't a part of our war," Alderpee pointed out. "They're innocent bystanders. The rules of battle don't apply."

"Ah."

"And if *we* don't do it," Alderpee added, "the Antibens will."

•

"How do you do? I'm Lieutenant Billy Shelby of the Interstel—— Mmf!"

•

"There!" Colonel Alderpee cried. "I *told* you the Antibens would do it!"

•

The chaplain, in his black dress uniform, sprinkled holy water over Billy, who sneezed. "*Gesundheit*," said the chaplain.

"Thank you."

"I am the Right Reverend Beowulf Hengethorg," the chaplain explained. "I am here to ready you for torture."

"Torture?" Billy gaped around at all the big, mean-looking, bulgy-armed men lining the periphery of the large, torchlit tent. "Gee whizz," he said, "we're here to be friendly. We came all the way from Earth just to——"

"*Earth?*" Wide-eyed, Reverend Hengethorg leaned close. "You wouldn't lie to a reverend, would you?"

"Oh, *no*, sir! You see, you were lost, and——"

"And on Earth," the chaplain said, voice tensely trembling, "do they believe in Robert Benchley?"

•

"I'm the only possible volunteer. The councilman is wounded, Hester keeps the engines going, Pam Stokes astrogates and you understand the mission. I'm not necessary at all."

"Well, Captain," Ensign Benson said as they strode doorward together, "I have to admit you're right. All captains are unnecessary; you're one of the rare ones who know it."

"So I'll try to make peace with the *other* army," the captain went on, "and ask them to help us rescue Billy."

"And find out what's going on here."

"Well, I'll certainly ask," the captain said.

They had reached the door, where firmly the captain pushed the button. "There's no point in carrying any flags," he said. "These people don't seem to respect *any* color." He stepped outside.

"Good luck, Captain."

The captain looked back over his shoulder. "Did you say some——" He dropped from sight. *Thump crumple bunkle bong kabingbing thud.*

Ensign Benson leaned out to gaze down at the captain, all in a heap at the foot of the stairs. "I said, good luck."

•

"*Another* one!" cried Colonel Alderpee. "Men, get *that* one or we'll be using your heads for cannon balls!"

•

"The ultimate proof!" the Right Reverend Hengethorg was saying. "This fine young chap here has never even *heard* of Robert Benchley, much less read his work."

Proud of his ignorance, Billy smiled in modest self-satisfaction at Supreme Commander Mangle. "That's right, sir. What I mostly read is *The Adventures of Space Cadet Hooper and His Pals Fatso and Chang*. They just have the most——"

Supreme Commander Mangle, a knife of a man—a tall, glinty-eyed, bony, *angry* knife of a man—growled deep in his throat; a distant early warning. Billy blinked and decided after all not to give the supreme commander a plot summary of *Cadet Hooper and His Pals Go to Betelgeuse*.

Mangle turned his laser eyes on Hengethorg. "Reverend," he said. His voice needed oiling. "Explain."

"The people of Earth are Antibens, just like us," the chaplain explained. "They must be! Not only does that prove the truth of *our* philosophy but we can ally ourselves with Earth and destroy the Bens forever!"

Mangle brooded. Apparently, he was considering the advantages and disadvantages of allying himself with people like Billy Shelby, because when next he spoke, he asked, "Are there any more at home like you?"

•

"So you're from Earth," Colonel Alderpee said.

"Yes, I am," Captain Standforth told him. "I'm terribly sorry, but would you mind scratching my nose? Just right on the very tip." The captain had been tied with a *lot* of rope immediately upon arrival in this army's camp, so now his fingers (and their nails) were imprisoned behind him.

Colonel Alderpee at first looked confused, then seemed on the verge of actually scratching the captain's nose, then obviously bethought himself and snapped to several nearby soldiers, "Untie this man. I believe there are enough of us here to quell him if necessary."

"Oh, I won't need quelling," the captain promised. "Just scratching."

So the ropes were removed and the captain indulged in a good scratch while Colonel Alderpee went off to consult with Supreme Commander Krraich and a couple of chaplains in a far corner of the tent. Returning a minute later, looking as

(continued on page 312)

"Hubert. . . ."

a user-friendly computer primer

conclusion of a series

THE ELF TROOP IN

DECISIONS, DECISIONS!
A PERSONAL COMPUTER CHRISTMAS

THIS FEATURE RATED PG: PRACTICAL GUIDE

By PETER A. McWILLIAMS

and may all your buying decisions be bright

THE MOST intricate and exciting computer game around is Buying a Computer. It's fraught with mystery, danger, intrigue and close calls. As in any adventure game, the primary players—whether they're searching for the Lost Ark, the Maltese Falcon or the Right Computer—wonder, Whom can I trust? It's a question worth pondering.

First, don't trust anyone who claims you need a personal computer *right away*. Computer fanatics have adopted some of the zeal—and some of the slogans—of religious enthusiasts. "Compute! The end is near!"

In fact, there's no hurry. You've lived a long time without a computer, and you'll do fine a while longer. In purchasing a personal computer, one of the first rules is, Take your time. There is no need to buy a computer this week or by Christmas or before 1984.

Purchasing a personal computer requires no small degree of patience, persistence—and time. If you're planning to give a computer for Christmas, consider instead a few introductory computer books and a gift certificate. Not only will the input be valuable to the recipient but the computer emporiums will be less crowded in January than they are in December.

Don't trust computer ads. Advertising passed from unintentional self-parody in the Seventies to surrealism in the Eighties. One current tampon ad uses the slogan "Out of sight means out of mind." *Saturday Night Live* would have had trouble doing that a few years ago.

It's not just the ads that cannot be trusted. Some computer magazines are becoming more like hi-fi magazines every day. Have you ever read a *bad* review of a major stereo producer (read: advertiser) in a hi-fi magazine? The reviews are so bland and so careful that they're useless.

Like hi-fi magazines, computer magazines depend upon the advertising revenue of the very products they must review. If they're too honest too often, goodbye, advertisers; and, eventually, goodbye, magazine. *Popular Computing* refused to publish a piece of mine on why the Apple IIe was a bad value. The reason? According to the managing editor, "I happen to like the Apple Computer Corporation." I think it's permissible to speculate that he's also fond of the many pages of full-color advertising from Apple each month.

So whom can you trust? Friends who have computers? Not necessarily. Individuals tend to become addicted to the brand of whatever computer they own. They don't think, My personal computer is doing all this good stuff. They think, My Apple (or Kaypro or IBM or whatever) is doing it. Besides, after spending a not inconsiderable amount of money on a computer, few people say, "I made a mistake. I should have gotten something else." More people swear by their Chevrolets than at them.

And while we're on the subject of cars: You can trust computer salespeople about as much as you can trust used-car salespeople. I sometimes think that all the out-of-work car salesmen applied for and immediately received employment at computer stores from coast to coast.

There are a few good computer salespeople. They know as well as I do that the majority is giving the minority a bad name. In all fairness, there's too much happening too soon for any one person to keep up. I certainly can't keep up, and I don't have to wait on customers eight hours a day.

So, for heaven's sake, don't take *my* word for anything. I'm just a voice crying in the wilderness (Los Angeles). The thoughts expressed in this article are nothing more than my subjective, biased, highly personal opinions.

So whom *do* you trust? If you want the right computer at the right price, the answer to that question is, trust yourself. Dive in, learn as much as you can, look at as much as you can, talk with as many people as possible and, eventually, what is hype filled will become distinct from what is helpful.

What follows is a brief look at 40 or so personal computers, starting with the least expensive and going on into the personal-computer stratosphere. So here they are—and please keep in mind, all this is but one man's opinion.

TIMEX SINCLAIR 1000

The Timex Sinclair is known as the world's first disposable computer. You buy one for about $49.95, take it home, use it a few days and decide that (A) you like computers and want to get a better one or (B) you don't like computers and want nothing more to do with them. In either case, you get rid of the Timex Sinclair with about as much ceremony as emptying a mousetrap. (Certainly, you have *one* nephew or niece who doesn't have his or her own computer.)

COMMODORE

The VIC-20 and the Commodore 64 represent an exceptional value in low-cost personal computers. At less than $100, the VIC-20 makes a much better disposable computer than the Timex Sinclair. At about $200, the Commodore 64 has nearly all the hardware features of the $1395 Apple IIe. In the under-$500 home-computer range, the Commodore 64 is the clear winner.

TEXAS INSTRUMENTS 99/4A

Where did they ever get a name like 99/4A? It looks as though even Bill Cosby was unable to save this machine. Texas Instruments sold it at a loss earlier this year, hoping to make up the difference in software cartridge sales. The plan didn't work. A large quarterly loss was reported. The stock dropped. Not many computer watchers were surprised. Texas Instruments has strongly discouraged anyone else from making software for the 99/4A. That is as smart as discouraging Standard Oil from making gas for your car. If T.I. does not change that policy, and quickly, it will not be in the home-computer market much longer.

ATARI

All over Atariland, people are walking about with glassy-eyed stares, mumbling, "What happened?" For a while, it looked as though Atari had the home-computer market sewn up. It cost less than Apple. It had Pac-Man. It had a catchy jingle ("Have you played Atari today?"). What happened? Competition happened. Coleco offered better games; Commodore offered a cheaper computer. Many are saying that if Atari doesn't pull something magical out of its corporate hat, and soon, it may wind up on the lengthening list of California's endangered species.

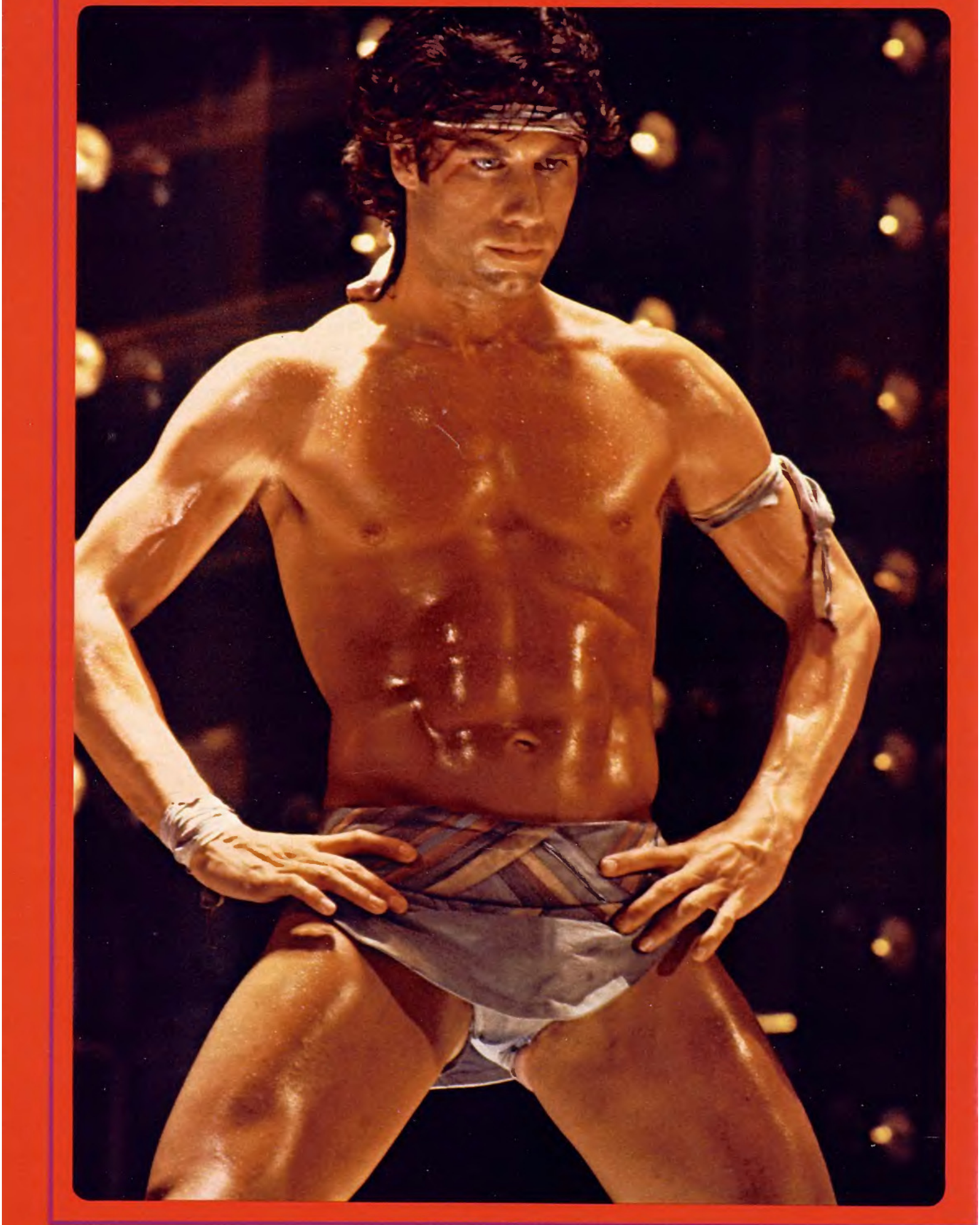
MATTEL'S AQUARIUS

Fortunately, this is *not* the dawning of the Age of Aquarius. Yawn.

APPLE IIe

The Apple computer has not been a good value for at least two years. Both the Apple II and the Apple III have been overpriced, in comparison with similarly featured *(continued on page 264)*

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT GUSTAFSON



last year's creatures from outer space are out of it as musicians, dancers, bodybuilders and blondes take center stage

SEX STARS OF 1983

pictorial essay By JIM HARWOOD

THE SEX STARS of 1983 proved again that those old organs can still play mighty tunes if properly serviced. Although middle age is only a state of mind, the calendar can nonetheless exact an annoying toll on some of us. Thanks to **John Travolta,** however, we physical wretches could sit back on our cellulite and be happy we don't *have* to stay in shape for sex stardom, great though the rewards may be. To get ready for *Staying Alive*, Travolta trained for four months under **Sylvester Stallone,** pumping iron for two hours each day, dancing for three. In addition to a limited high-protein diet, he stuffed himself with multivitamins, mineral pills, zinc tablets and wheat-germ capsules. Then, when his 29-year-old body was finally transformed, Travolta accented the new shape by waxing off a lot of body hair and undergoing special sun tanning.

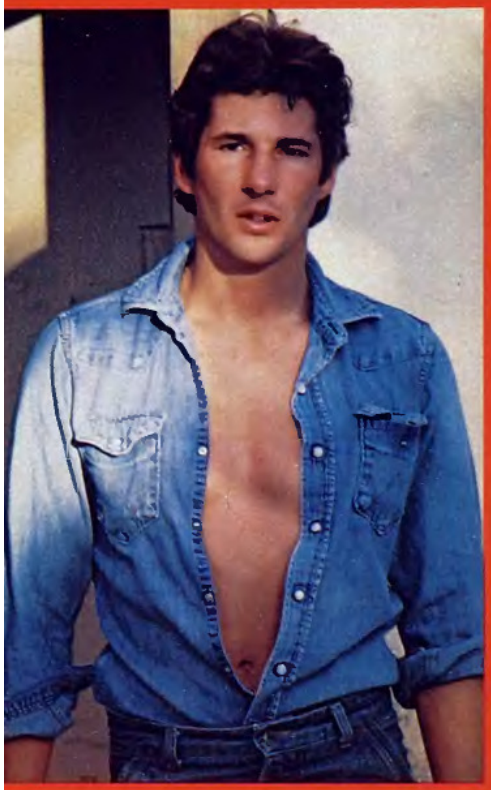
After all that, unfortunately, some critics squeezed their pale flab behind their typewriters and found him too old for the part of an ambitious young Broadway dancer. Said one, "Travolta does what his fans—at least his female fans—want: strut, dance and take a shower (seen from waist up). But the beefcake show worked better when he was younger and more beguiling."

Those female fans, however, didn't seem to share the critics' complaints, especially when Travolta and Stallone showed up together for the premiere, tuxes bulging. Seven years *(text continued on page 212)*

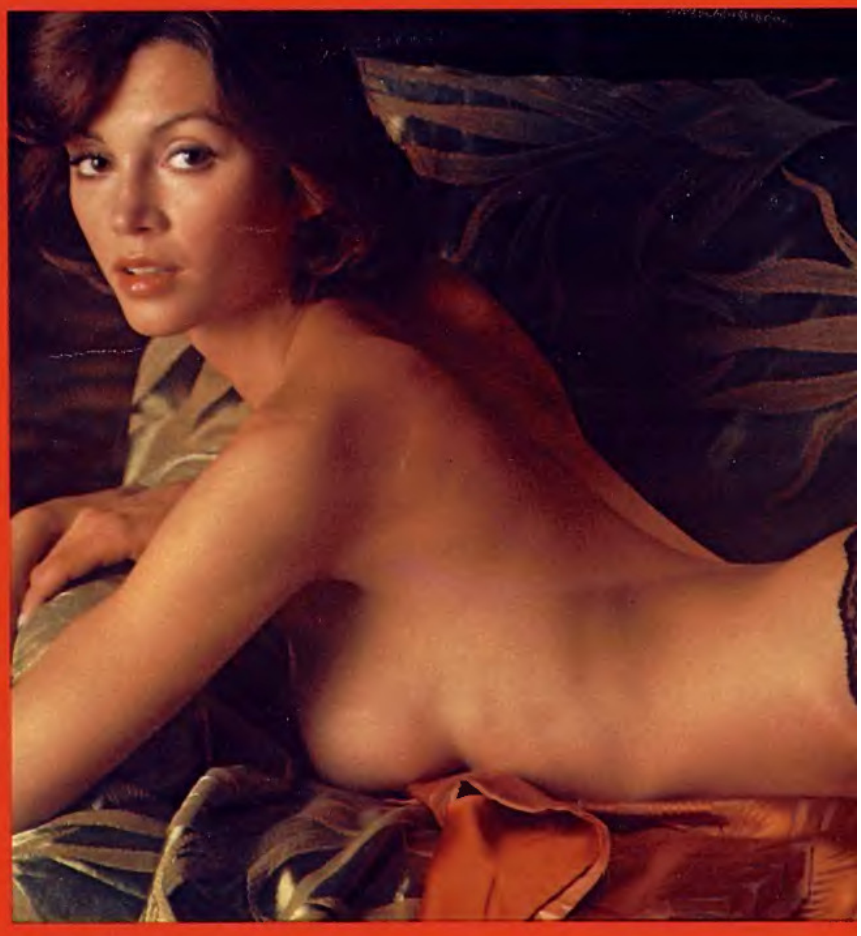
THREE FOR THE SHOW: Quickening pulses across the land this year are John Travolta (at left in his *Staying Alive* persona), whose reprise performance as Tony Manero thrilled the ladies, if not the critics (he'll have another chance opposite Olivia Newton-John in *Two of a Kind*); Nastassia Kinski (top right), whose offbeat sensuality shone through the murk of *Exposed* and *The Moon in the Gutter*; and Michael Jackson, whose videos *Beat It* and *Billie Jean* and show-stealing performance on Motown's 25th-anniversary special almost eclipsed his records (that's the *Thriller* album cover, right).

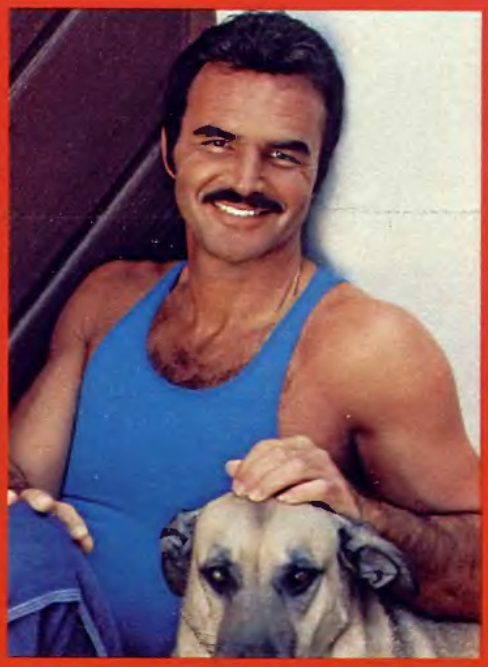
MEDIA MARVELS: From column mentions to *Time* cover stories, these are the personalities who kept the presses rolling in '83. In a class by herself is Joan Collins (below), smoldering star of TV's *Dynasty* and someone you'll see more of elsewhere in this issue. Brooke Shields (right) has so far this year made fewer headlines in movies than in matriculating—Princeton won—but *Sahara*, due out in December, may change all that. David Bowie (below right) rocketed back yet again, replacing Ziggy Stardust with a new straight image and scoring on wax, in concerts, films and video. The ever-popular Pia Zadora (left) kept typewriters ticking, albeit with less energy than last year, thanks to *The Lonely Lady* (not, this time, made by wealthy hubby Meshulam Riklis). Meanwhile, in Malibu, Rachel Ward set up housekeeping with bridegroom Bryan Brown, her spouse in TV's *The Thorn Birds* (below left)—and, it's reported, a Nancy Reagan favorite.

BREAKING THROUGH: Jamie Lee Curtis (above), after years of playing hapless horror-film heroines, shattered that mold with a startlingly sexy twist on the hooker-with-the-heart-of-gold role in the summer comedy smash *Trading Places*. That film also gave a second-stage thrust to the career of *Saturday Night Live* comic Eddie Murphy, seen above right getting a little lovin' from Olivia Brown in his earlier triumph as a wise-ass con in *48 HRS*. And *Flashdance*, unquestionably the year's biggest surprise hit, provided a socko screen debut for 19-year-old Chicago model Jennifer Beals (with Michael Nouri at right).



BODY PEOPLE: Working out, on- and offscreen, has come a long way since Richard Gere (far left) donned gravity boots for *American Gigolo*; despite staying in shape, this year he was *Breathless*. Also tuned up (clockwise from left): Mr. T, star of television's *The A-Team*; Tanya Roberts, whose PLAYBOY pictorial allegedly won her the title role in *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle*; Shannon Tweed, of Hollywood's *Hot Dog* and *Of Unknown Origin*—also seen in a European Health Spa commercial; Victoria (*Dallas*) Principal, spokeswoman for a health-club chain; Linda (*Dynasty*) Evans, now a beauty-tips author; Christie Brinkley, who penned *Christie Brinkley's Outdoor Beauty and Fitness Book*, posed for this hit poster and made a modest movie debut; and Sylvester Stallone, down to fighting weight to direct *Staying Alive*.

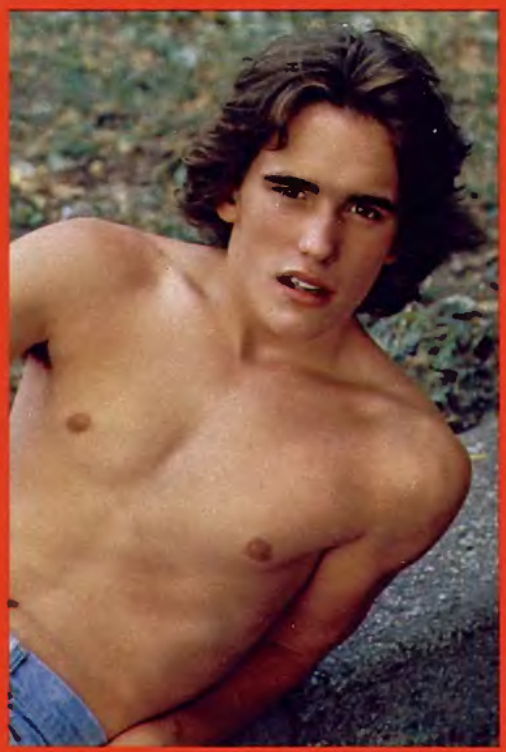




HUNKS: There's still a great deal to be said for just plain sex appeal, the kind that keeps box-office cashiers busy no matter what. Female fans still sigh for Tom (*Magnum, P.I.*) Selleck (above left), despite the lukewarm reception given his *High Road to China* big-screen bow, and Burt Reynolds (above) managed to survive *Stroker Ace*'s crash with his image more or less intact.

HUSSIES: The role of the woman who's no better than she should be has always been a juicy plum for the ambitious actress. Among those now profiting thereby are Brazil's Sonia Braga (above right), an earthy cook in *Gabriela*; Kathleen (*Body Heat*) Turner (below right), a bitch in *The Man with Two Brains*; and Barbara Carrera (below), the villainess in *Never Say Never Again*.

FRESH & FLASHY: Talented Cynthia Rhodes went straight from *Flashdance* (left) to a bigger part in *Staying Alive*. Other hot young properties (clockwise from above): Valerie (*Breathless*) Kaprisky; Christopher (*Dallas*) Atkins, here doing his thing in *Heaven*; Arielle Dombasle, captivating in *Pauline at the Beach*; Matt Dillon, fresh from *Tex* and *The Outsiders*, now onscreen in *Rumble Fish*; and Linda Blair—obviously matured since *The Exorcist*—seen lately in *Chained Heat*.



BLONDE BOMBSHELLS: PLAYBOY's August cover girl, Sybil Danning (left), should wow fans in *Hercules, Chained Heat* and *Seven Magnificent Gladiators.* Above, a bouquet of Heathers—Thomas at left, Locklear at right—is blossoming on television; Miss Thomas (here in her hit-poster pose) in *The Fall Guy*, Miss Locklear in both *Dynasty* and *T. J. Hooker.* The beauty temporarily beached below is Randi Brooks of TV's *Wizards and Warriors*, who had a small but unforgettable part in *The Man with Two Brains.* And on the opposite page, the girl we (and several experts) predicted would make it big in Hollywood this year, Kim Basinger, now proving our point in *Never Say Never Again* and in *The Man Who Loved Women.*

older than his latest protégé, Stallone seems determined to prove that physical fitness is the ultimate solution for everything from boxing to boffing. If he and Travolta do team up for *Godfather III*, as discussed, their gangsters will probably eat low-cal spaghetti and save the cement shoes for working out.

The women have been busy building, too. **Jane Fonda,** at 45, has fashioned an entirely new career with a best-selling exercise book, records, video tapes and salons. Turning 41, **Linda Evans** also had a big beauty book on the market, as did younger **Christie Brinkley,** including her secrets for "navel maneuvers," a prospect that would enlist even the lazy.

With or without muscles, maturity has suddenly become sexy. It's truly amazing how many of today's sex superstars, across the board in film, television and music, are well into their late 30s, 40s or 50s.

One reason is that after the postwar baby boom, the audience itself has moved on in years, taking some favorites with it and rediscovering others. (The number of career comebacks in recent years—especially in soap operas—has been extraordinary.) If the trend continues, the Sex Stars of 1995 will be slipping into shawls instead of out of bikinis, and the word rocker will revert to its old meaning. Secondly, the younger members of the audience now seem totally confused about what is sexy. Given the relative enlightenment of society, they haven't had the fun of discovering smut that their parents did. That could explain why they are so excited by technology.

Still, the kids have good instincts. They are currently crazy about **Michael Jackson,** whose album *Thriller* was this year's multihit blockbuster, followed by a popular narrative record of *E.T.*, which brought him into collaboration with **Steven Spielberg,** with whom he now hopes to do a musical. Having been a singer since the age of five, Jackson often refers to his yen for an acting career, but Hollywood remains dubious about the thespian possibilities in the high-pitched voice that's otherwise so popular. And since he's a grown man who still isn't shaving, it's hard to predict that his pipes will drop lower any time soon.

Youngsters also continue to yearn for the sexpots close to their own ages, such as **Nastassia Kinski** and **Brooke Shields,** remaining entranced by their exciting private lives if not keenly interested in their recent films. Kinski dropped another bomb with *Exposed*. Better luck may lie ahead when she appears with **Jodie Foster** (an old friend with whom she's long been swapping dirty jokes) in *The Hotel New Hampshire*. On location, the two girls shared an infatuation with handsome **Rob Lowe,** who previously was the unlucky one who had to play **Jacqueline Bisset's** son instead of her adolescent lover in *Class*.

Filming *Sahara*, Brooke and mother **Teri** were busy fending off older, admiring sheiks and princes, concentrating on her upcoming collegiate career at Princeton, which she chose after Harvard refused Mom's demand that it promise to admit Brooke *before* she applied. Although she now concedes that her first boyfriend was **Robby Benson** and her friendship with **Christopher Atkins** was close but brotherly, Brooke is still awaiting her first big romance, which she remains hopeful will be just like in the movies.

Eddie Murphy captured the imagination of both younger and older audiences; his first two films, *48 HRS.* and *Trading Places*, were such smashes that they encouraged Paramount Pictures to nail down his services with an unprecedented $15,000,000 deal. Although his co-stars in each of the first two hits got the romantic roles, Murphy is expected to get his chance soon enough.

Blonds are still popular, too—even slightly emaciated ones such as **David Bowie.** Always popular, Bowie has soared in the past couple of years, both dramatically and unexpectedly onstage in *The Elephant Man* and in music, which brought him a $10,000,000 recording contract and more millions in concert appearances. Somehow, he also found time to appear in two movies, *The Hunger* and *Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence*.

Some prefer more traditional blondes, of course, such as lovely **Kim Basinger,** whose long tresses made an astounding PLAYBOY cover in February (the rest of her was even more astounding in the layout inside). She co-stars with **Burt Reynolds** in *The Man Who Loved Women* and is **Sean Connery's** new woman in *Never Say Never Again*, his current return as James Bond. Oddly enough, she was spotted for the part by Connery's wife, whose taste is obviously as good as her husband's.

Inspiring other blondes who get tired of not being taken seriously, **Jessica Lange** became a rare double Oscar nominee this year for her performances in *Frances* and *Tootsie*. Ironically, in *Tootsie*, Lange portrayed a sexpot who didn't remove her clothes, but in *Frances*, she played a serious, troubled actress who bared all.

Twenty years ago, the sight of a naked woman onscreen was supposed to thrill the old man but threaten his wife, who was fearful that she couldn't compete with that perfection. The kids weren't supposed to care, because they were too young.

Now it's the women who are peering at **Richard Gere's** peepee in *Breathless*, while the men sit and sulk, convinced that none of that nudity is necessary to the plot, if there is one. One might suppose the younger generation had no such hang-ups; after all, the increasing leniency of the film-rating system theoretically takes into account the fact that kids are better adjusted and more sophisticated sexually than they used to be.

Alas, it hasn't turned out to be so simple for those who make those sexy, R-rated films whose box-office survival depends on those between 12 and 17, who are supposed to attend with their parents but always manage to lose them along the way. Today's big studios have expensive market-research departments pestering kids all over the country with questions about what they want to see in films. A couple of years ago, the experts found out quickly enough that young boys like the idea of being seduced by older women; the result was the highly profitable *Private Lessons*, starring **Sylvia Kristel** as the seductress. The producers wanted to do a sequel called *Private School*, about two beautiful young girls competing to seduce a handsome older guy, which the research showed was an attractive concept for both boys and girls. Then it got complicated.

According to the initial research report, "Two sets of elements must be considered: raunchy sex that attracts the guys and puts off the girls versus innocent sex that attracts girls but is at best neutral for guys. . . . Girls don't mind nudity of females, as long as they like what's going on around them. . . . Girls are not interested in sex for sex's sake. . . . Girls like sex and raunch in context."

Encouraged by the last comment, *Private School*'s film makers went looking for sex and raunch in context, selecting for the competitive leads pretty and innocent **Phoebe Cates** and spicy **Betsy Russell,** who clinched the part when she removed her top in the producer's office.

Not surprisingly, the finished product satisfied no one, despite constant tinkering with such major questions as how much pubic hair was too much. In other words, what the boys liked, the girls didn't, and vice versa, resulting in only middling box-office report cards.

All in all, simple sleaze is a lot more fun, especially when it's running rampant on television's prime-time soaps.

What *Dallas* started, *Dynasty* has now perfected, thanks to deliciously seductive performances by members of a seasoned cast who've been around long enough to know what sexy really is. At 50, **Joan Collins** fully deserved a career revival as the conniving Alexis Carrington, even if it did cost her a third husband when she split with producer **Ron Kass.** (Much the same thing happened when *Dallas*' **Linda Gray** left her husband of 20 years.)

Dynasty has also been a big career boost for lovely Linda Evans, who deserved more than the publicity she'd been getting as **John Derek's** third wife, whom he left for **Bo Derek,** whose public attention has now paled beside Linda's. And at 65, **John Forsythe** finds that his part as the

BERNARD and HUEY

powerful, ruthless Blake Carrington has brought him more attention than did 30 years of playing nice guys.

Some youth is necessary on the tube, to give the old folks a rest if nothing else. At 22, beautiful **Heather Locklear** was *Dynasty*'s darling slut, deserting a gay husband in search of new conquests, blackmailing Mom-in-law and having all sorts of similar fun. (Who could believe this Heather is the same sweet girl who's so wholesome on *T. J. Hooker*? Who, for that matter, could believe this is not the **Heather Thomas** who appears on *The Fall Guy*? Who cares? They're equally gorgeous.)

At 22, blond, beefy Christopher Atkins is joining *Dallas* to bed down J.R.'s wife, long-suffering Sue Ellen (Linda Gray), who shouldn't be suffering too much longer. Nor will Atkins' fans, since his contract calls specifically for him to bare as much of his body as TV allows. Having started in a loincloth with Shields in *The Blue Lagoon*, Atkins' body has been busy since, appearing in a magazine centerfold and as that of a male stripper opposite **Lesley Ann Warren** in a picture titled *Heaven*. In private, however, the bod still belongs to longtime girlfriend **Cindy Gibb**, who stars in TV's *Search for Tomorrow*.

Fourteen years older than Atkins, Lesley Ann is also nearly a decade beyond her housemate, **Jeffrey Hornaday** (and weary of talking about the age difference). But her years of experience proved plenty lucky for him when Warren's ex-husband, producer **Jon Peters**, dropped by to complain that he had to replace his choreographer for *Flashdance*. Warren generously suggested her current beau, and that's how Hornaday got his first big movie job, which turned out to be a major box-office hit (and nobody ever really complained that he used sexy **Marine Jahan** as a dance double for equally sexy **Jennifer Beals**).

All of which shows that Hollywood domesticity can be dandy at times. But back at the Peters house, Jon was having less luck with longtime ladylove **Barbra Streisand**, who had become a bit edgy with the pressures of her directorial debut on *Yentl*. Streisand built a fence at their ranch to separate her portion from his—and had his car towed away when he parked on the wrong side of it. That was Hollywood's best domestic dust-up this year, except for the subpoena **Jeff Wald** had served on ex-wife **Helen Reddy** during the reception after her wedding to drummer **Milton Ruth**.

There was even talk that Streisand was smitten with Richard Gere after he cooled his romance with Brazilian artist **Sylvia Martins**. But Gere's fans seemed more interested in whether or not he might rebound to his *Breathless* co-star, pretty French import **Valerie Kaprisky**. Their steamy nude scenes, however, didn't seem to carry forward, though she said they were fun while they lasted—insisting that lovers in real life don't cover themselves with sheets and she wouldn't, either.

Meanwhile, Gere's previous screen dalliance, **Debra Winger**, found herself in a whirlwind courtship, while shooting *Terms of Endearment* in Nebraska, with none other than the state's handsome governor, **Bob Kerrey**, who once edged out **Tom Selleck** on U.P.I.'s list of the world's ten most eligible bachelors. Although Winger's wickedly foul mouth shocked many of the Nebraska locals, the gov didn't seem to mind, and the romance flourished at a pace somewhere between that of **Phyllis George's** marriage to Kentucky governor **John Y. Brown** and **Linda Ronstadt's** breakup with California governor **Jerry Brown**—though the latter pair can still be seen together sometimes, now that he's out of office.

Romance blossoms a lot on location. Before leaving her native England to film *The Thorn Birds* in Hawaii, **Rachel Ward** was warned by a fortuneteller that true romance was on its way. But surely, the soothsayer didn't actually mean Ward's *Thorn Birds* spouse, confirmed Australian bachelor **Bryan Brown**. After their first romantic scene beneath a waterfall by night, Brown's bachelorhood washed away quickly, and the pair were soon married. A few months later, fiery Bryan was threatening violence to whoever was feeding breakup rumors to the gossip mags.

Dan Aykroyd married a very pretty blonde, **Donna Dixon**, while equally pretty and blond **John Schneider** of *The Dukes of Hazzard* found a bride in L.A. newscaster **Tawny Little**, a former Miss America, who was previously one of Burt Reynolds' many ladies. As usual, Burt himself stayed free after a fling with his *Stroker Ace* co-star, **Loni Anderson**, who played the most improbable screen virgin since **Doris Day**. As Anderson was added to the list of Reynolds' wraps, *Stroker* was added to the list of his film flops. But with that many beauties and that many millions, Burt has probably stopped counting both.

One of the traditional side effects of marriage, of course, is a demanding little creature called a baby, something that brings pleasure even to Sex Stars. Among the new crop were sons born to **Lindsay Wagner** and **Jaclyn Smith** and a daughter to **Charlene Tilton**. At 34, Wagner is still shaking her *Bionic Woman* image for more serious roles and believes she's in better shape to be a mom than she would have been while adjusting to fame in 1975. Dad, incidentally, is an American Indian *A-Team* stunt man, **Henry Kingi**.

Smith, married to cinematographer **Tony Richmond**, takes baby **Gaston** with her everywhere, even into the shower; given Dad's occupation, she has already collected more than 1000 photos, plus video tapes, of the infant. Her parental enthusiasm must have rubbed off on her *Rage of Angels* co-star, **Armand Assante**, who rushed home after each day's shooting to be with bride **Karen McArn**, who was expecting their first child.

Tilton's tot caused her trouble with the tabloids after she refused them pictures of the baby. According to her, they retaliated with a series of stories alleging that her marriage to country singer **Johnny Lee** was falling apart. But home life is solid, the couple insists, and having the baby even caused Charlene to lose a lot of that baby fat that filled so much of the screen each Friday night on *Dallas*. It will be a few years yet before we learn whether or not the little girl really likes being named **Cherish**, one of the most precious baby names since **Cher** anointed **Chastity**.

Speaking of baby names, one of the year's most dubious predictions came from **Laurene Landon**, one of several lovelies appearing soon in a rash of Amazonian pictures. She has been quoted to the effect that once the world sees her scantily clad, athletic form dueling, wrestling and riding its way through a couple of dozen male victims in *Hundra*, women everywhere will want to name their little girls after that mythical heroine.

Somehow, we doubt it. But if Landon's right, then first grades a few years from now may be full of Hundras, sitting side by side with a lot of Sheenas (as played on film by tawny **Tanya Roberts**) and Ayeshas (brazenly portrayed by **Sandahl Bergman** in a new version of *She*, which starred **Ursula Andress** in 1965—though the name didn't quite catch on back then).

Or how about the melodic moniker Arianne, the name of a temptress played by statuesque **Sybil Danning** opposite **Lou Ferrigno** in *Hercules*? After reading the August PLAYBOY, however, future moms may simply christen their daughters Syhil in tribute to the Danning dimensions.

We're hoping, though, that a new generation of parents won't be too influenced by Sex Star names, inspirational though their bearers be. It's bad enough to think of thousands of sweet little girls' going through life known as Hundra. But for the little boys, it could be worse. Getting through school as **Mr. T** could be tough.

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

sports

By Anson Mount

PLAYBOY'S 1983-1984 ALL-AMERICA TEAM

Front row: James Banks, forward, Georgia; Leon Wood, guard, Fullerton St.; Lancaster Gordon, guard, Louisville. Second row: Michael Jordan, guard, NC; Lou Carnesecca, Coach of the Year, St. John's; Wayman Tisdale, forward, Oklahoma; Chris Mullin, guard, St. John's. Third row: Melvin Turpin, forward, Kentucky; Akeem Olajuwon, center, Houston; Sam Bowie, center, Kentucky; Sam Perkins, forward, NC.

IN THE PAST DECADE, college basketball has enjoyed the most explosive growth in popularity of any spectator sport since Romans started tossing Christians to the lions. Arenas sell out months in advance. Television audiences multiply astronomically. Schools where basketballs once dribbled through the shadows of the football program now construct immense arenas. Dozens of small, otherwise obscure colleges are producing top-ranking teams. Lightning-quick point guards and seven-foot centers are becoming household names, and—perhaps most significant of all—an avalanche of bucks is pouring into athletic-department coffers.

Unfortunately, however, today's college game finds itself beset with the problems that always attend a massive influx of fame and fortune. The damage done to young athletes who play the game and to the academic credibility of the schools they represent has become a hot potato that coaches and administrators keep passing to the next guy.

An alarming number of college athletes are turning into prima donnas. Most leave the game in their early or

MOUNT'S TOP 20

1. Kentucky	11. Louisiana State
2. North Carolina	12. Missauri
3. Houston	13. UCLA
4. Geargetown	14. Kansas
5. St. Jahn's	15. DePaul
6. Oregon State	16. West Virginia
7. Arkansas	17. Notre Dame
8. Maryland	18. Georgia
9. Ohia State	19. Indiana
10. Louisville	20. Fresno State

Possible Breakthroughs

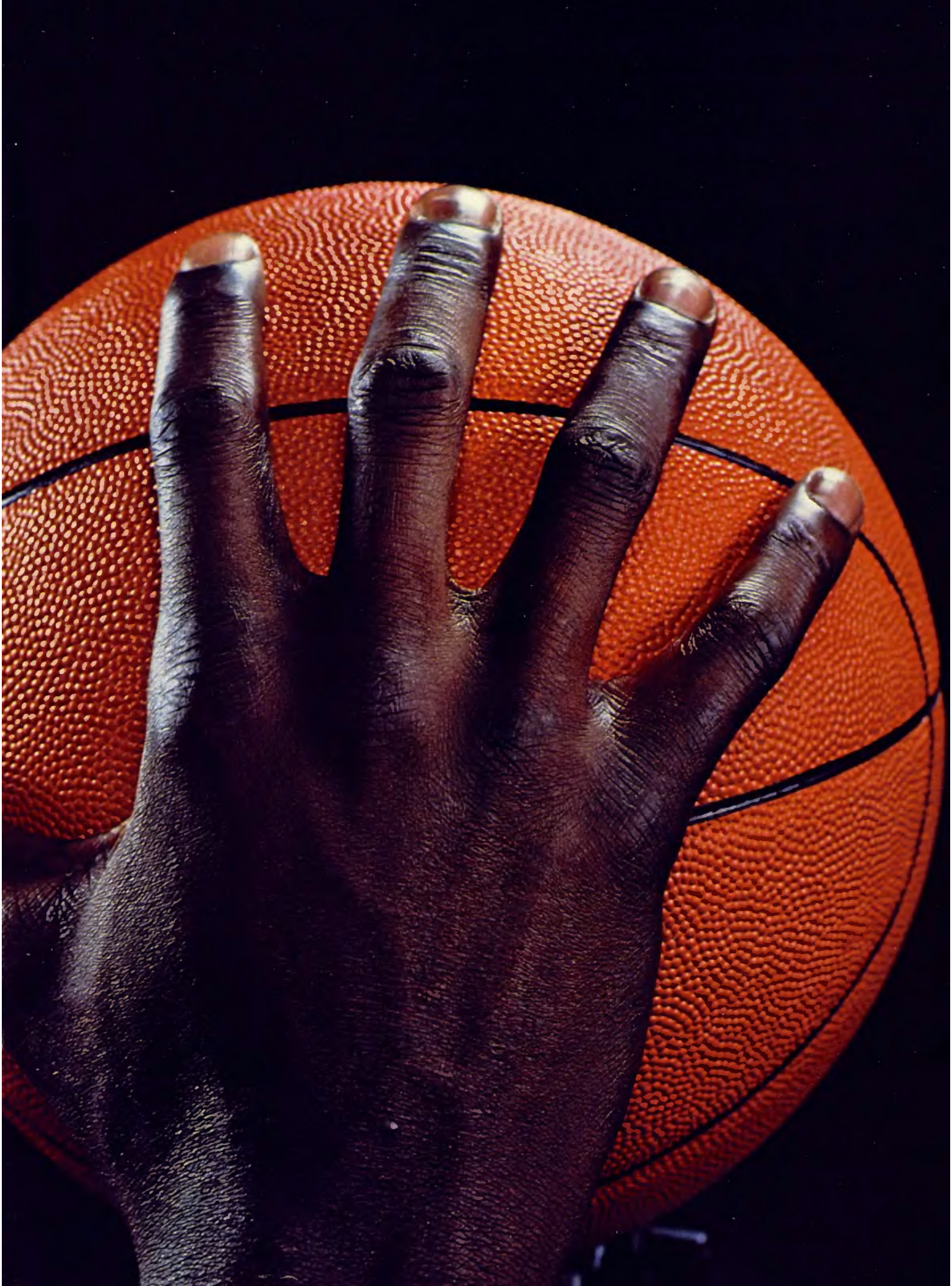
Wake Forest, Iona, Texas–El Paso, Iowa, Virginia Cammonwealth, Santa Clara, Boston College, Xavier, Virginia Tech, Tulsa, George Washington.

middle 20s, woefully unprepared for the next 50 years of their lives (even if they make it to the N.B.A., the average pro basketball career lasts less than five years).

The average player grows up in modest circumstances, with limited intellectual horizons. In high school, he's courted by famous coaches and rich alumni. In college, he's given make-believe summer jobs, ludicrously easy classroom work and freebies of all kinds. He is a campus hero pursued by pretty girls, breathless sportswriters and avaricious agents. By the time his athletic eligibility runs out, he is marginally educated but insufferably arrogant. A few top players escape this scenario,

Clockwise from upper right (in honor of Coach of the Year Lou Carnesecco's renowned clock wisdom): Chalk-talk translation of the St. John's give and go; the first half of Fullerton State stor Leon Wood's runnin'-and-gunnin' routine; Georgia's James Banks (left) tries to plug the hole against North Carolina's Michael Jordan; and the battle of the biceps (left to right): Oklahoma's Waymon Tisdale, Banks and Jordan. At right: How about a big hand (it's actuol size) for Akeem Olajuwon, Nigeria's gift to the University of Houston? A soccer goalie until three years ago, Olojuwon led Houston's Cougars to a neor miss in last year's N.C.A.A. finals. Anson Mount is picking them third this season (we didn't tell Olojuwon).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



but not many. The universities, meanwhile, have become show-business operations as much as educational institutions, more famed for their sports franchises than for their academic facilities. Administrators are harassed by influential but narrow-minded alumni and are saddled with gigantic athletic budgets. Today, accusations of under-the-table payments to athletes are exceeded only by the number of new and increasingly complex N.C.A.A. rules. The resultant headaches have caused some schools, such as Miami and San Francisco, to throw up their hands and drop basketball.

The core of the problem, says St. John's coach, Lou Carnesecca, is that young men from relatively poor backgrounds are the central attraction in a business that reaps vast amounts of money. It is only natural, he says, that they want to share in a few of the sport's lush rewards. Room, board and tuition don't seem much compensation to a kid who thinks he'll be worth half a million bucks a year in the N.B.A.

"Someday," says Carnesecca, "some smart person is going to figure out a way to legitimately give the players their fair share of the financial take in this business, and a lot of our problems will be solved."

Coach Digger Phelps of Notre Dame, however, says that college coaches can already reduce those problems—by refusing to reinforce athletes' overdeveloped egos and by insisting that each of their players get an education that will prepare him for life after athletics.

Both suggestions are only partial solutions. The only way the problem will ever be solved is by two revolutionary changes. First, universities must refuse to bestow scholarships on players who can't make passing grades in legitimate academic courses. High schoolers who actually want real college educations but can't pass university entrance exams should be steered to junior colleges, where Federal assistance programs (Educational Opportunity Grants) are available. Then those players could upgrade their academic skills enough to gain admission to four-year schools.

All of this will force the second change. Professional leagues in both football and basketball will have to maintain and finance their own farm systems (as do major-league baseball clubs) to develop the abilities of those athletically promising young men who don't really want to spend four years playing academic charades.

While we wait for the time when athletically ambitious young men don't necessarily have to be annoyed by algebra and English literature, let's take a look at the upcoming basketball season. There are so many roundball factories these days that we can't discuss the prospects of every single one of them, but the odds are, your favorite team comes in for a few cheers or boos in the preview that follows.

THE BEST OF THE REST

(All of whom are likely to make someone's All-American team)

FORWARDS: Tony Campbell (Ohio State), Alfredrick Hughes (Loyola of Chicago), Dallas Comegys (DePaul), Tom Sheehey (Virginia), Keith Lee (Memphis State), Charlie Sitton (Oregon State), Greg Grant (Utah State)

CENTERS: Patrick Ewing (Georgetown), Uwe Blab (Indiana), Charles Barkley (Auburn), Greg Dreiling (Kansas)

GUARDS: Terence Stansbury (Temple), Adrian Branch (Maryland), Vern Fleming (Georgia), Alvin Robertson (Arkansas), Calvin Duncan (Virginia Commonwealth)

TOP NEWCOMERS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who will make big contributions to their teams)

Reggie Williams, forward	Georgetown
Harold Jensen, guard	Villanova
Alvin Frederick, guard	Connecticut
Ricky Ewing, center	Yale
Johnny Fort, guard	Iowa
Ken Johnson, forward	Michigan State
Anthony Webb, guard	North Carolina State
Yvon Joseph, center	Georgia Tech
Winston Bennett, forward	Kentucky
James Blackmon, guard	Kentucky
Darryl Gresham, guard	Florida
Barry Sumpter, center	Louisville
Alton Lee Gipson, center	Florida State
Malcolm Thomas, forward	Missouri
Greg Dreiling, center	Kansas
Winfred Case, guard	Oklahoma State
Rickie Winslow, forward	Houston
Stanley Wright, center	Indiana State
Montel Hatcher, guard	UCLA
Kevin Johnson, guard	California
Ken Mathia, center	Washington State
Eric Williams, guard	San Jose State

THE EAST

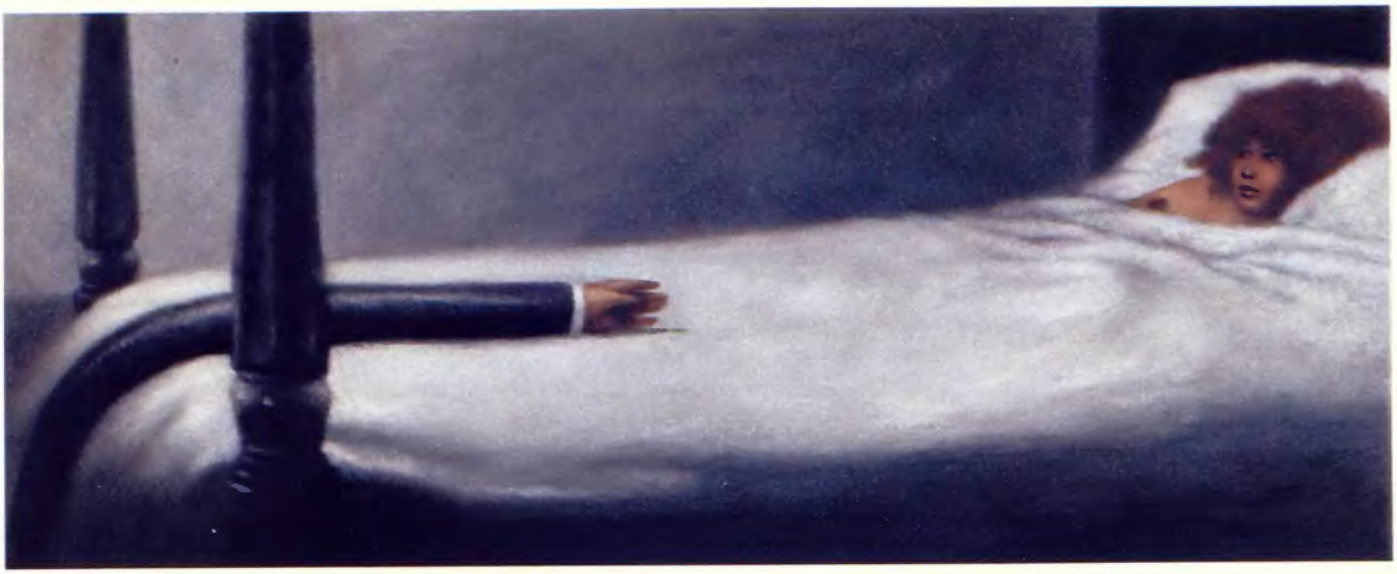
Georgetown will finish higher in the rankings this year because all the principal Hoyas return, to be joined by superfrosh Reggie Williams. Patrick Ewing is one of the three or four best centers in the country; his supporting cast will provide a lot more support than last year's.

St. John's lost three of last season's starters, but the talent drain won't be very noticeable. Playboy All-America guard Chris Mullin leads a strong group of returnees. Transfer Mike Moses (from Florida) will join Mullin in the backcourt, and freshman Walter Berry will be a big contributor in the front court. By midseason, the Redmen should be as strong as last year's 28–5 squad. Most of the credit should go to coach Lou Carnesecca, a gentlemanly dynamo whose intellectual mastery of the game is unsurpassed. In a profession dominated by petty tyrants and egoists, Carnesecca is a warm and human coach who is genuinely liked by everyone—all of which adds up to our naming him Playboy's Coach of the Year.

Boston College set a school record with 25 wins last winter, but now the Eagles face their toughest schedule ever without two of last year's best players. A talent void in the middle will be the biggest problem. Fabulous forward Jay Murphy will have to carry most of the load.

Villanova's main liability will be its inexperienced front court. High hopes are riding on the development of two skyscraper sophomores, Chuck Everson and Wyatt Maker. Fellow soph Dwight Wilbur can bomb from the seats and will fill

(continued on page 220)



A FAMOUS TEACHER of arithmetic had long been married without being able to get his wife with child. Once, a friend said to her, "Madam, I hear that your husband is an excellent arithmetician."

"Yes," replied she, "except that he can't multiply."

•

Mr. Dryden, once at dinner, was offered the rump of a fowl by a lady. When he refused it, she said, "Pray take it, Mr. Dryden; the rump is the best part of the fowl."

"Yes, madam," said he, "and, I think, also the best part of the fair."

•

A modest gentlewoman, being compelled by her mother to go to court to accuse her husband of a certain defect, humbly desired of the judge that, for modesty's sake, she might be permitted to write down her complaint rather than speak it. The judge gave her that liberty; and when pen, ink and paper were brought, she took the pen and began to write without dipping it into the inkwell.

"Madam, there is no ink in the pen," said the clerk.

"Truly, sir," said she, "you have put my case very well and so described my husband."

•

An amorous young fellow was making very warm addresses to a married woman. "Pray, sir, desist," said she. "I have a husband who will not thank you for making him a cuckold."

Replied he, "No, madam, but I hope that you will."

•

A vigorous young officer in love with a pretty widow, coming upon her unawares once, caught her fast in his arms. "Hey, day," said she, "do you fight after the French way—that is, take towns before you have declared war?"

"In faith, widow," the officer replied, "I would be glad to imitate them if I could thrust into the middle of the country before your forces could resist."

•

A woman once prosecuted a gentleman for rape. The judge at the trial asked her if she had made any resistance.

"And it please you, my lord, I cried out," said she.

"Aye, she cried out," said a witness, "but not until nine months later."

•

A gentlewoman had two gallants, one of them with a wooden leg. When she grew big with child, she put the question to them which should be named as the father. He with the wooden leg offered to decide it thus: "If the infant comes into the world with a wooden leg, I will father it. If not, it must be his."

•

A gentleman once observed of a young woman who plied her trade about the Inns of Court that she had had more of the law in her tail than most judges in England had in their heads.

•

An old gentleman who had married a fine young lady, being terribly afraid of cuckoldry, took her to task one day. He asked her if she had considered what a crying sin it was to cuckold her husband.

"Lord, my dear," said she, "I never have such a sin in my head."

Replied he, "No, no; I shall have it in my head, but you will have it somewhere else."

•

The emperor Augustus, being shown a young Grecian who very much resembled him in looks, asked the man if his mother had not been at Rome before he was born.

"No," answered the youth, "but my father was."

•

Master Johnny, sitting with his mother's chambermaid one summer's evening on the green, was kissing her and pressing her bubbies and the like. He decided to inform himself as to whereabouts she tied her garters and, by a lucky slip, went farther than he should have done—at which cried she, "Stop, Mr. John, or else I have a stone to throw at your head."

Said he, "Aye, girl, and if you do, I have two stones to throw at your tail."

•

A farmer going 'cross his grounds in the dusk of the evening spied a young fellow and a lass very busy near a five-barred gate in one of his fields and called to them to ask what they were about. Said the young man, "No harm, farmer; we are only trying to prop a gate."

•

Two Oxford scholars, meeting a Yorkshire ostler upon the road, fell to bantering with him and told him that, by sheer logic, they could prove that he was a horse.

"And I," said the ostler, "can prove your saddle to be a mule."

"A mule?" they said. "How can that be?"

Said the ostler, "Because it is something between a horse and an ass."

•

A wild gentleman, coming home drunken, fell into his wife's bed by mistake, for he had intended the maid's. His servant soon took advantage by going to bed with the maid. When that was discovered in the morning, the fellow was obliged to atone by marrying the girl.

"Well!" said he. "Last night, little did my master and I know that we were robbing our own orchards!"

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

the need for a long-range gunner.

The Syracuse squad will, as usual, have ample talent but will have to spend the early season regrouping (last year's three best players have departed). Guard Dwayne Washington is the newcomer most likely to win a starting role.

The player pool at Pittsburgh is improved. The Panthers hope their new kids can take some of the pressure off forward Clyde Vaughan, who shouldered much of the burden last season. Frosh Curtis Aiken will provide much-needed outside shooting, and transfer Jeff Robinson will add muscular elbows under the basket. And although Connecticut still lacks a true center, the scoring will be more prolific, because incoming swing man Alvin Frederick joins Earl Kelley to give the Huskies an exciting one-two punch.

Watch for an exciting, free-for-all season in the Atlantic Ten conference. Most of last season's top teams suffered heavy graduation losses, and some of the also-rans will be much closer to the top.

The remaining talent at West Virginia, especially guard Dale Blaney, is good enough to make up for most of the Miners' commencement losses. The Mountaineers will again be up-tempo run-and-gunners.

George Washington coach Gerry Gimelstob has almost completed the rebuilding job he began three years ago. He is one of the future greats of the coaching fraternity. His team will benefit greatly from a little maturity (four freshmen and a soph were starters last winter) and from the arrival of a trio of quality recruits.

Temple also escaped diploma depredations, and this season's team will be a duplicate of last year's—only older and smarter. But only one starter, Brian Ellerbe, returns at Rutgers. Most of the other team members will be raw rookies.

Nine returning lettermen should enable St. Joseph's to post its sixth straight winning record. Bob Lojewski and Tony Costner give the Hawks one of the best front lines in the Atlantic Ten.

St. Bonaventure is another bunch that will be dominated by youngsters. Big freshman front-court players hope to alleviate the Bonnies' rebounding woes.

New Penn State coach Bruce Parkhill faces a long and tedious rebuilding job. His priority will be filling a depleted front line. Freshman forward Marshall Grier looks like part of the solution.

Duquesne, with no big man on the squad, will have to be a running team. By midseason, it'll probably be run into the ground. Everyone returns at Massachusetts, and new coach Ron Gerlufsen should make the Minutemen into winners (for a change) this year.

Forward Marc Upshaw's healed knee could make for a more successful season for Rhode Island, but the Rams still face a fight to avoid the conference cellar.

Iona could easily wind up among the nation's top 20 teams. This will be the third year that the five Iona starters have played together. Prime recruits Wendell Walters and Chris O'Gorman will fill the Gaels' only obvious need—depth up front.

This year marks a turning point in the evolution of the Fordham basketball program. Seven incoming freshmen make up the best crop of recruits in school history. Four are good enough to win starting jobs by the opening game. The entire Manhattan attack will again be structured around long-distance gunner Tim Cain.

Army took giant steps out of the basketball pits last year. The still-young Cadets will be even more improved this time. Randy Cozzens will take the reins as squad leader.

Princeton will retain the Ivy League championship despite heavy graduation losses. The Tigers' front line was wiped out, but a few nuggets among the ten incoming freshmen ought to make up for the losses.

Yale and Brown will be the most improved teams in the league. Either could take the Ivy laurels if Princeton falters. Yale has both the league's most explosive guard (Butch Graves) and its tallest center (frosh Ricky Ewing).

Few teams have ever been so completely wiped out by the diploma scourge as Columbia. All of last season's starters and two top reserves are gone. It looks like a grim rebuilding year uptown.

Barry Parkhill replaces his brother Bruce (now at Penn State) as coach of a William & Mary team that's coming off its best season in 30 years. The Indians will again be a quality tribe, but the schedule is tough.

Swing man Carlos Yates was the main reason for George Mason's surprising success last year. He and his entire supporting cast return, so this should be an even bigger year for the Patriots.

Navy recorded the most wins in Middie history last season. This year's crew will be bigger and stronger inside but noticeably slower.

The Canisius team is looking forward to the arrival of long-range bombardier Eyal Yaffe from Israel. Canisius has apparently given up on attracting Lebanese fans.

Four James Madison starters went the diploma route, and this year's team will be so young, says coach Lou Campanelli, "that seven players on the travel squad don't shave yet."

THE MIDWEST

This will be a chaotic season in the Big Ten. Injuries, luck and the vicissitudes of officiating may determine the final standings. Several of last year's best teams suffered heavy personnel losses, and some of the weaklings will be vastly improved.

Ohio State appears to be the most stable team in the league. The Buckeyes will rely on a smothering defense and an extremely quick backcourt. One key to their success will be the quality of play of center Alan Kortokrax, who has yet to approach his potential.

Center Uwe Blab is the only returnee among last season's six top players at Indiana, so this will be a rebuilding year in Bloomington for Bobby Knight. A strong freshman contingent will provide some immediate help. Best of the newcomers? Steve Alford and Marty Simmons.

Iowa's graduation losses were moderate, so new coach George Raveling will inherit a squad that's long on experience and front-court talent (Greg Stokes and Michael Payne) but short on consistent point-guard play. Newcomer Johnny Fort could solve the problem at the point.

(continued on page 224)

THE EAST

BIG EAST CONFERENCE

1. Georgetown
2. St. John's
3. Boston College
4. Villanova
5. Syracuse
6. Pittsburgh
7. Connecticut
8. Providence
9. Seton Hall

ATLANTIC TEN

1. West Virginia
2. George Washington
3. Temple
4. Rutgers
5. St. Joseph's
6. St. Bonaventure
7. Penn State
8. Duquesne
9. Massachusetts
10. Rhode Island

METRO ATLANTIC CONFERENCE

1. Iona
2. St. Peter's
3. La Salle
4. Fordham
5. Holy Cross
6. Army
7. Manhattan
8. Fairfield

IVY LEAGUE

1. Princeton
2. Yale
3. Brown
4. Harvard
5. Pennsylvania
6. Cornell
7. Dartmouth
8. Columbia

OTHERS

1. William & Mary
2. George Mason
3. Navy
4. Niagara
5. Canisius
6. James Madison

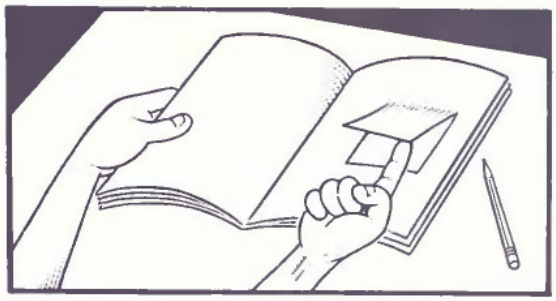
STARS IN THE EAST: Ewing, Wingate (Georgetown); Mullin, Wennington (St. John's); Murphy, Clark (Boston College); Pinckney (Villanova); Waldron (Syracuse); Vaughan, Allen (Pittsburgh); Kelley, Frederick (Connecticut); Thorpe (Providence); McCloud (Seton Hall); Rowe, Blaney (West Virginia); Brown, Webster (George Washington); Stansbury (Temple); Ellerbe (Rutgers); Lojewski (St. Joseph's); Sheehey (St. Bonaventure); Gibson, Collins (Penn State); Sellers (Duquesne); Hempel (Massachusetts); Upshaw (Rhode Island); Burtt, Springer (Iona); Gibbs (St. Peter's); Black (La Salle); McIntosh, Franco (Fordham); Runcie (Holy Cross); Cozzens (Army); Cain (Manhattan); George (Fairfield); Smyth (Princeton); Graves, Ewing (Yale); Waitkus, Langs (Brown); Ferry (Harvard); Racine (Pennsylvania); Bantum (Cornell); Anderson (Dartmouth); Lay (Columbia); Cieplicki (William & Mary); Yates (George Mason); Butler, Romaine (Navy); Curran (Niagara); Hall (Canisius); Steele (James Madison).

Little Annie Fanny's Workout Show

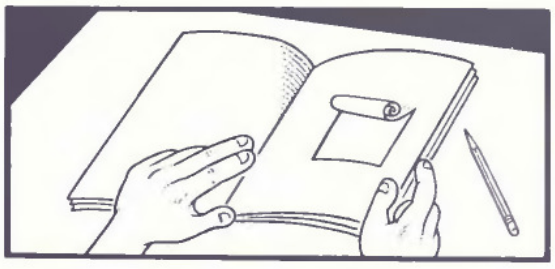
want to help annie with her exercise? surrre you do!

By HARVEY KURTZMAN, WILL ELDER and SARAH DOWNS

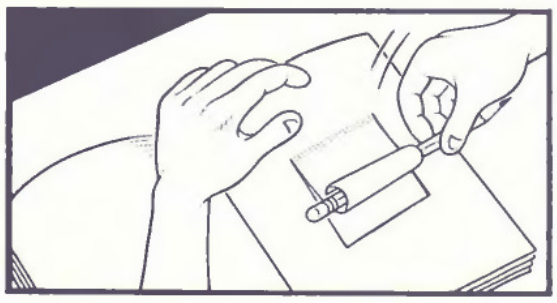
YOU KNOW ABOUT aerobics, don't you? It's exercise combined with dancing combined with skintight leotards with wocka-wocka necklines—tons of fun for everyone. More to the point, there are those who believe in doing aerobic exercises and those who believe in watching those who believe in doing aerobic exercises. This feature is for the latter group, those who truly appreciate great moves. No matter that you follow more sedentary pursuits. You can still have a good time participating in Annie's aerobics class, whether you're cutting through the skies in your Learjet or lolling by the quay on the fantail of your yacht at St.-Tropez or accelerating through the metropolis with your current inamorata on the cross-town subway. Just get rid of the bimbo and hie yourself away to some private place you can call your own. Take out this copy of PLAYBOY, if you haven't already, and turn to page 00. Slip on your leg warmers. Pop the paper flap. Curl as directed. And stroke, stroke, stroke. If you follow our instructions carefully, you'll have a wonderful experience seeing Annie actually *move*. In fact, you'll see her entire kinky aerobics class move. And if you're very, very lucky, you'll be moved, too. Wocka-wocka!



1. To see Little Annie Fanny and her buddies do their exercise thing, first detach the panel below along the perforations, *leaving the top part intact.*



2. Now roll Annie and the gang upward, like a window shade. (Be gentle; this is just the warm-up.) Take a deep breath and clean and jerk a pencil.



3. Thrust the pencil into your makeshift window shade. Roll it up and down, chanting, "One, two! One, two!" Both you and Annie are guaranteed fast results. Phew!

PELVIS!
WOO!

ONE
TWO

WOO!

ROUND
AND
OW!

WOO!

KICK
RIGHT!

JEEP-
ERS!
I GUESS
IT'S ALL
EXERCISE.

BASKETBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 220)

"Loyola enjoyed unexpected success last year. . . . Alfredrick Hughes will again be the main man."

Michigan State and Michigan will be the two most improved teams in the Big Ten. State has excellent depth at all positions, and the addition of muscular power forward Ken Johnson (a transfer from Southern Cal) could make the Spartans title contenders.

Michigan's main problems last winter were inexperience and a shallow backcourt. Those liabilities will be eliminated by the return of nearly all of the top Wolverines and the arrival of three blue-chip freshman guards. Superscorer Antoine Joubert could be a hero by the end of his rookie season.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

1. Ohio State	6. Purdue
2. Indiana	7. Minnesota
3. Iowa	8. Illinois
4. Michigan State	9. Wisconsin
5. Michigan	10. Northwestern

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

1. Ohio University	6. Northern Illinois
2. Bowling Green	7. Central Michigan
3. Toledo	8. Eastern Michigan
4. Miami University	9. Kent State
5. Ball State	10. Western Michigan

MIDWESTERN CITY CONFERENCE

1. Xavier	5. Oral Roberts
2. Loyola of Chicago	6. St. Louis
3. Evansville	7. Butler
4. Detroit	8. Oklahoma City

OTHERS

1. DePaul	3. Dayton
2. Notre Dame	4. Marquette

MID-STATES GREATS: Campbell, Taylor (Ohio State); Blab, Morgan (Indiana); Stokes (Iowa); Vincent, Skiles (Michigan State); Turner, McCormick (Michigan); Reid (Purdue); Davis (Minnesota); Winters, Douglas (Illinois); Blackwell (Wisconsin); Aaron (Northwestern); Devereaux (Ohio University); Jenkins (Bowling Green); Epperson (Toledo); Harper (Miami University); Shelton (Ball State); Dillon (Northern Illinois); Thompson (Central Michigan); Giles (Eastern Michigan); Robinson (Kent State); Eley (Western Michigan); Jenkins (Xavier); Hughes, Golston (Loyola of Chicago); Johnson, Worth (Evansville); Chappell (Detroit); M. Acres (Oral Roberts); Burden (St. Louis); McRoberts (Butler); Richmond (Oklahoma City); Corbin, Patterson (DePaul); Kempton, Barlow (Notre Dame); Chapman (Dayton); D. Johnson (Marquette).

Purdue, last year's surprise Big Ten team, will have difficulty adjusting to the loss of Russell Cross. Quick development of seven-footer Joe Gampfer could help ease the pain. Steve Reid may be the best little (5'9") player in the country.

Last year's Minnesota team was also built around a since-departed great center, Randy Breuer. The Gophers will have to have a guard-oriented offense this winter unless either of two seven-foot recruits, Mike Carpenter and Paul VanDenEinde, grows up (pardon the expression) quickly.

Illinois also lost a superstar—Derek Harper—and will have to make do with some classy young leftovers. Bruce Douglas set school records for assists and steals as a freshman and could become one of the nation's best point guards. The bench, unfortunately, is almost nonexistent. If a couple of starters foul out, the Illini will be in trouble.

Wisconsin will again be a very young team. Accrued experience will help the Badgers, but they'll have a tough climb out of the cellar.

Severe graduation losses threaten to make this a lean winter for Northwestern. Incoming freshman Shawn Watts will probably start at point guard.

Ohio University and Bowling Green are cofavorites in the Mid-American Conference. Ohio will benefit from depth, experience and a bumper crop of recruits. The front line, led by John Devereaux, was the Bobcats' strength last year, and it returns intact.

Bowling Green's lack of height should be remedied by 6'10" transfer Freddie Bryant and several lanky freshmen. The Falcons' biggest problem will be finding a point guard. Brian Miller is the best bet to win the job.

Toledo's fortunes will again depend largely on the skills of superscorer Ken Epperson, but even he can't do it alone. Miami, after suffering through five consecutive losing seasons, should become a winner this year. Forward Ron Harper, only a sophomore, stands to become the best player in school history.

Ball State, decimated by graduation, will be short of talent unless a couple of promising transfers make an immediate impact. In any case, the Cardinals won't be flying as high this year as they have in recent campaigns.

Northern Illinois can bushwhack a few unsuspecting opponents if only a competent supporting cast arises around multiskilled forward Tim Dillon. Two quality newcomers, Greg Washington and Dan Majerle, give Central Michigan a chance to end its string of four losing seasons.

Eastern Michigan and Kent State both suffered crippling losses to senioritis, but strong rookie contingents at both schools will take up much of the slack. Transfers Fred Cofield and Percy Cooper will make big splashes right away at Eastern Michigan. Western Michigan, with more freshmen than upperclassmen among the top ten players, will be short on experience but long on future prospects.

Xavier and Loyola both enjoyed unexpected success last year and will be cofavorites for the Midwestern City Conference title this season. Freshman Leroy Greenidge will make a big contribution his first year at Xavier. Born-to-score Alfredrick Hughes will again be the main man at Loyola.

Evansville, with all significant squad men back from last year, will be the M.C.C.'s dark horse. The best news for the Aces is that forward Richie Johnson's injured knee (which dashed their hopes last season) is now healed.

Oral Roberts faces a severe shortage of manpower: Several key players quit in disgust last year when the Reverend Roberts, the school's founder and resident visionary, ordered the dismissal of coach Ken Hayes in midseason. New coach Dick Acres will be hard pressed to find five starters. Rumor has it that the reverend recently had a vision of a 15-foot basketball player with the quickness and the agility of a point guard. And a very light complexion.

Butler, like Detroit, will spend this season breaking in youngsters who must replace most of last year's departed—but seldom lamented—regulars.

Legendary coach Abe Lemons takes over at Oklahoma City this year, with a massive rebuilding job to do.

This will be venerable and much-venerated coach Ray Meyer's last season at DePaul, and his could be a Fourth of July exit. The Demons won 21 games during last year's reconstruction efforts and will be deeper, more mature and more accurate with their jumpers. Freshmen Dallas Comegys and Lawrence West can count on clocking a lot of playing time.

Notre Dame boasts a bunch of child prodigies. The starting line-up could be made up of five sophs, with three freshmen as the top reserves. Anything the upper classes add will be a bonus. These kids are loaded with raw talent, and the Irish could mature into one of the nation's top teams by season's end.

The Dayton Flyers will again revolve around scoring machine Roosevelt Chapman. But the Flyers' schedule is a downer. New Marquette coach Rick Majerus must whip a crew of individualists into disciplined team players. He must also find a dependable center. The job will probably go to freshman Tom Copa, the pride of Coon Rapids, Minnesota. So now's the time for some Milwaukee tavern owner to open a Copa Cabana.

THE SOUTH

Although North Carolina won 28 games last season, the Tar Heels took it as an off year. Their greed for excellence should be satisfied this winter, since nine of the top ten 'Heels (or should that be 18 of the top 20?) return—among them

MICHELOB®

Some things speak for themselves

Playboy All-Americas Michael Jordan and Sam Perkins. The only question coach Dean Smith must answer in fall practice is about a point guard, but he has three quality candidates available. With all that experience and depth, the Tar Heels will again—ho hum—be prime contenders for the national championship.

Maryland will also wind up high in the national rankings. Everyone, including the gifted Adrian Branch, returns from last year.

Wake Forest should be the most improved team in the Atlantic Coast Conference and could be the main spoiler in league play. Most impressive of the four returning starters is point guard Delaney Rudd, a sensation last year as a sophomore. The top Deacon newcomer is Todd May, a transfer from Kentucky's overstocked program.

Virginia without Ralph Sampson? It won't be the end of the world for Cavalier fans. Most of Sampson's supporting players return, and emerging from Ralph's shadow will undoubtedly inspire them. They are joined by two frosh phenoms, Tom Sheehey (who labors under the disadvantage of being compared prematurely with Larry Bird) and Olden Polynice, a rather large young man who plays better than his name but has the Herculean task of filling Sampson's shoes.

Defending N.C.A.A. champ North Carolina State suffered awful graduation losses, but the Wolfpack's well hasn't run dry. Best of a prime crop of recruits is junior transfer Spud "Kangaroo" Webb, an electrifying 5'6" point guard who made 49 dunks and was called for goal tending several times during his junior college career. Honest.

Duke and Clemson will both be much improved, and either could duplicate North Carolina State's come-from-behind performance of last year. Duke's ample but as-yet-ungelled cast will be reinforced by two rookies, Tommy Amaker (a certain starter at point guard) and Martin Nessley (Duke's first seven-footer).

The Clemson Tigers return virtually intact and will be reinforced by a colorful former redshirt, a superguard named Vincent Hamilton.

Georgia Tech is progressing on the long road to respectability in the A.C.C. Last year's freshman-dominated team will profit from its difficult experience, as well as from the arrival of newcomers Bruce Dalrymple and Yvon Joseph—a 6'11", 250-pound Haitian whose previous athletic experience is as a soccer goalie. Does that remind you of any particular center at Houston?

Kentucky is—as it has been every year since Appomattox—the odds-on favorite to win the Southeastern Conference championship. If the Wildcats can overcome their narcoleptic tendencies in post-season play, they will carry home the national championship. A treasure-trove of talent, headed by Playboy All-America Melvin Turpin, returns from last year's squad and will be rejoined by fully recovered (at last) Playboy All-America Sam Bowie. Two golden recruits, Winston Bennett and James Blackmon, will make sterling contributions their first year.

Louisiana State coach Dale Brown spent most of last season shuffling starting line-ups in search of a workable combination. It paid off—the Tigers were the hottest club in the league at the end of the year. Most of Brown's line-up returns, and his Tigers will be reinforced by point guard Derrick Taylor, who has been hitting the books to regain his eligibility. Look for LSU to be a top-20 club.

Georgia and Vanderbilt begin the season as the S.E.C. dark horses. Graduation pillaged Georgia's front court, but Playboy All-America forward James Banks is left to do most of the work under the basket. The Bulldogs' backcourt, led by Vern Fleming, is the best in the conference. Vandy's prospects have been skyrocketing since coach C. M. Newton—a low-key, high-class type—took over two years ago. The youthful Commodores can't match most conference foes in speed or size, but their skills have been sharpened by overseas tournament play during the summer.

Florida will be the most improved club in the S.E.C. All the key Gators are coming back, including a superb front-court trio. A good Florida harvest of recruits is led by guard Darryl Gresham. There are few front-court bench reserves, however, so the Gators could slip into foul trouble.

Ole Miss will be hard pressed to repeat last year's heroics—it was the school's most successful campaign since 1938. A gem-quality contingent of newcomers is in camp, though, led by junior college transfer Braxton Clark and 6'11" freshman center Sylvester Kincheon.

Four senior starters give Tennessee lots of experience and leadership. Still, last year's main gun, Dale Ellis, can't easily be replaced. Most heralded of the new Volunteers is guard Fred Jenkins.

Auburn's fortunes rest on the quick assimilation of a prime crop of recruits. Last year's most glaring weakness, guard play, will glare less, thanks to freshmen Gerald White and Frank Ford. Mississippi State's three best players of last year have departed. The most ballyhooed of a large contingent of MSU recruits is junior college center Jeff Wulff.

Alabama lost half of its storehouse of talent when Ennis Whatley defected to the N.B.A. All is not lost in Tuscaloosa, however, because the Tide has much better depth than in recent seasons. Much will depend on the burgeoning talents of center Mark Farmer.

With the departure of the McNificent McCray brothers, Louisville's 1983–1984 fortunes will ride on the play of incumbent forward Billy Thompson. The Cardinals, with a heavily loaded talent bank featuring Playboy All-America guard Lancaster Gordon, will once more dominate Metro Conference play. Rookie center Barry Sumpter will be seeing a lot of action his first year.

Virginia Tech stunned even its followers last season by winning 23 games with three freshmen and two sophs as the starting line-up. The Hokies will obviously benefit from the experience. At the same time, they're going to lose their ambush advantage. Nobody's going to take them for granted. Hokie fans can take consolation in the prospect of Dell Curry's becoming one of the best big players in the land by the time he graduates.

Metro Conference newcomer South Carolina will be a dark-horse contender for the league title. The Gamecocks again have an enviably deep talent pool. New point guard Michael Foster will clock a

THE SOUTH

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

1. North Carolina
2. Maryland
3. Wake Forest
4. Virginia
5. North Carolina State
6. Duke
7. Clemson
8. Georgia Tech

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

1. Kentucky
2. Louisiana State
3. Georgia
4. Vanderbilt
5. Florida
6. Mississippi
7. Tennessee
8. Auburn
9. Mississippi State
10. Alabama

METRO CONFERENCE

1. Louisville
2. Virginia Tech
3. South Carolina
4. Memphis State
5. Florida State
6. Tulane
7. Southern Mississippi
8. Cincinnati

SUN BELT CONFERENCE

1. Virginia Commonwealth
2. Alabama-Birmingham
3. South Florida
4. South Alabama
5. Old Dominion
6. UNC Charlotte
7. Jacksonville
8. Western Kentucky

REBEL-ROUSERS: Jordan, Perkins (North Carolina); Branch (Maryland); Teachey, Young (Wake Forest); Wilson, Carlisle (Virginia); Charles (North Carolina State); Dawkins (Duke); Jones, Hamilton (Clemson); Price (Georgia Tech); Bowie, Turpin, Master (Kentucky); Mitchell, Taylor (Louisiana State); Banks, Fleming (Georgia); Cox, Turner (Vanderbilt); Williams, McDowell (Florida); Laird (Mississippi); Brooks (Tennessee); Barkley (Auburn); Pierre (Mississippi State); Hurt (Alabama); Gordon, Wagner (Louisville); Curry, Young (Virginia Tech); Foster (South Carolina); Lee, Parks (Memphis State); Gipson (Florida State); Williams (Tulane); Green (Southern Mississippi); McMillan (Cincinnati); Duncan, Jones (Virginia Commonwealth); Mitchell, Foster (Alabama-Birmingham); Bradley (South Florida); Gerren, Catledge (South Alabama); Smith (Old Dominion); Johnson, Atkinson (UNC Charlotte); Smith, Murphy (Jacksonville); Jones (Western Kentucky).

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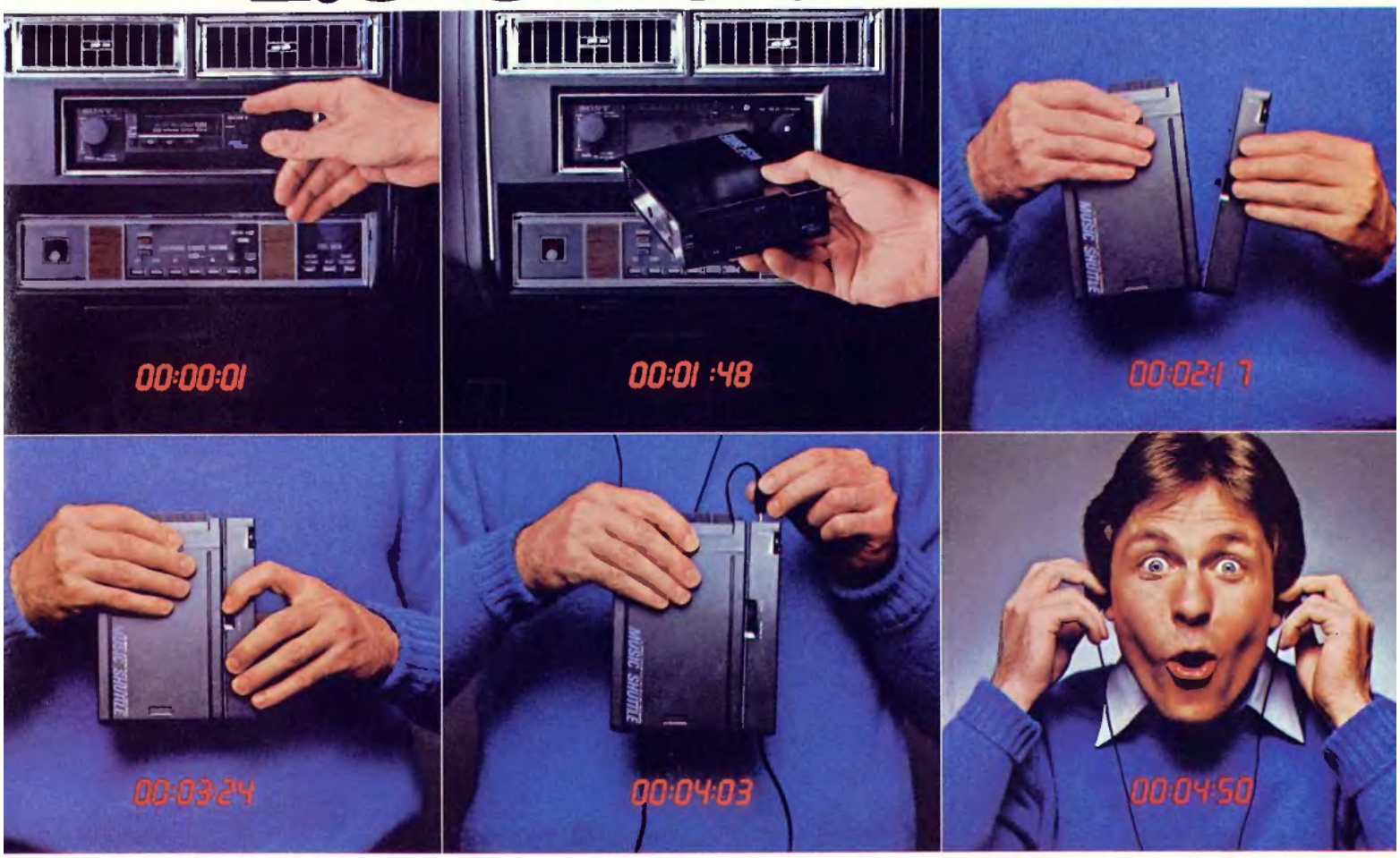

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lot of minutes in this, his first year.

Memphis State has depth problems as bad as the bends, but some will be cured by four prime recruits. The most promising is 6′11″ center William Bedford. The Tigers will still be essentially a one-man team, with the outcome of all games heavily dependent on the play of Keith Lee, the best player in school history.

Florida State could be the surprise team in the conference. Superstud transfer center Alton Lee Gipson joins a deep and experienced squad that plays a very soft nonconference schedule.

Tulane, Southern Mississippi and Cincinnati all suffered withering graduation losses. John Williams at Tulane and Curtis Green at Southern Miss will be the cornerstones of their schools' rebuilding efforts. First-year coach Tony Yates will make his Cincinnati debut with a team that is both small and green.

Virginia Commonwealth has the inside track in the Sun Belt Conference race. If rookie point guard Nicky Jones learns his job quickly and well, he and do-it-all Calvin Duncan will make up one of the South's best backcourts.

Alabama-Birmingham, young but relatively experienced, lurks in the conference's sleeper compartment. All those promising underclassmen at UAB could do a lot of growing up by season's end.

Jacksonville will be the most improved Sun Belt team, but it's going to be a long trip out of the cellar. Freshman guard Ronnie Murphy is the primary cause for optimism among Dolphin watchers.

Its two best Tigers graduated last spring, but Missouri will still be favored in the Big Eight conference race. Why? Because a quality group of returnees will be joined by coach Norm Stewart's best-ever recruiting class. Transfers Malcolm Thomas and Blake Wortham will be soaking up headline ink their first season. Two freshmen, Ted Mimlitz and Cecil Estes, will also make big contributions to the cause.

Kansas will be nothing less than the nation's most improved team. Whether that is enough to get the Jayhawks into the top 20 depends on (A) how quickly 7′1″ center Greg Dreiling fulfills his enormous potential and (B) how much experience has helped last year's freshman-dominated team.

Iowa State will also win a lot more games. Nearly every Cyclone returns, and the main minuses of last season—height and bench strength—are now pluses, thanks to four tall and talented newcomers. Point guard Jeff Hornacek will again be the catalyst for excellent team chemistry.

Graduation gutted the Nebraska, Oklahoma and Oklahoma State teams. All three will have a tough time trying to duplicate last season's 20-plus wins. Nebraska and Oklahoma will be largely dependent on sophomore superstars. Center Dave Hoppen rewrote the Nebraska record book for freshmen last season, and he'll be even more forceful this year. Playboy All-America forward Wayman Tisdale of Oklahoma was recognized as one of the top five front-court players in the country—before his freshman season was even half over. This year, he will be surrounded by a green but talented supporting cast. If it gels, Oklahoma may be a conference power by midwinter. It's got to happen sooner or later.

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

1. Missouri	5. Oklahoma
2. Kansas	6. Oklahoma State
3. Iowa State	7. Colorado
4. Nebraska	8. Kansas State

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

1. Houston	6. Texas A & M
2. Arkansas	7. Texas Christian
3. Southern Methodist	8. Baylor
4. Texas Tech	9. Rice
5. Texas	

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

1. Tulsa	6. Southern Illinois
2. Wichita State	7. Drake
3. Illinois State	8. Creighton
4. Bradley	9. West Texas State
5. Indiana State	

BEST OF THE NEAR WEST: Cavener, Bridges (Missouri); Henry, Knight, Oreiling (Kansas); Stevens (Iowa State); Hoppen (Nebraska); Tisdale (Oklahoma); Atkinson (Oklahoma State); Humphries (Colorado); Roder (Kansas State); Olajuwon, Young (Houston); Robertson, Kleine (Arkansas); Koncak (Southern Methodist); Jennings (Texas Tech); Wendlandt (Texas); Gilbert (Texas A & M); Nutt (Texas Christian); Stern (Baylor); Bennett (Rice); Harris, Ross (Tulsa); McDaniel, Sherrod (Wichita State); Cornley (Illinois State); Winters (Bradley); Williams, Wright (Indiana State); Birch (Southern Illinois); Mathis (Drake); Benjamin (Creighton); Jackson (West Texas State).

". . . And a train, and a skate board, and a football, and. . . ."

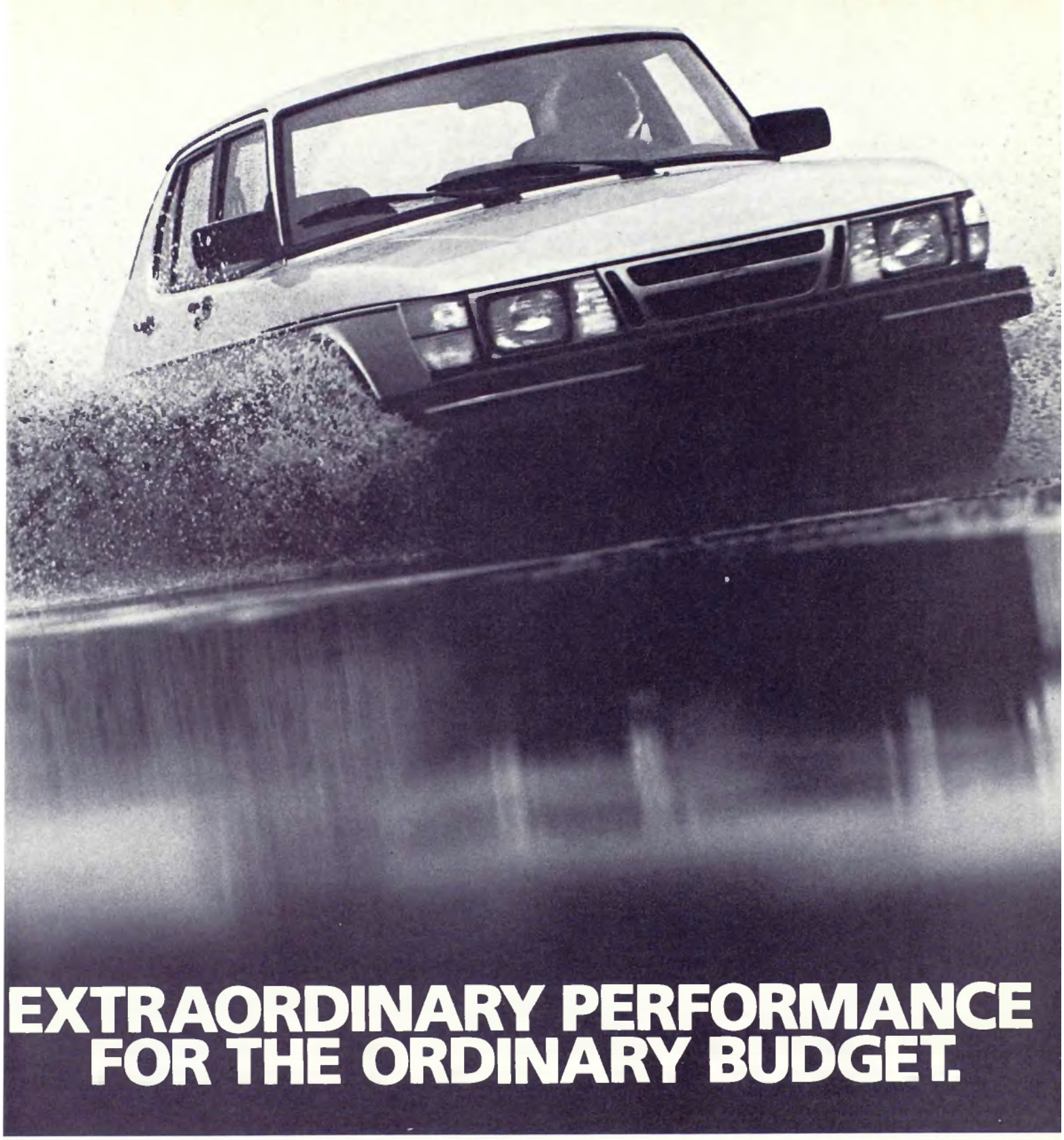
Transfer point guard Winfred Case will be an immediate starter at Oklahoma State. He will be feeding the ball to one of the league's better front lines.

Two transfers from Creighton, Alex Stivrens and Tony Pruitt, have followed coach Tom Apke to Colorado, where they'll be starters this year. The Buffaloes sorely need a big man in the middle, but there's none to be found in this season's large rookie contingent.

Kansas State also needs a big man. The Wildcats will again be very young (there isn't a senior on the squad), but the sparkling sophomore class should profit greatly from a year's experience.

The Southwest Conference looks like a dead heat between Houston and Arkansas, with Playboy All-America center Akeem Olajuwon giving the Cougars an edge. Houston's freshman forward Rickie Winslow will be the next best thing to Clyde Drexler. Two other new players, Renaldo Thomas and Stacey Belcher, could also play big roles for the Cougars.

Arkansas coach Eddie Sutton has had two recruiting bonanzas in a row. Consequently, he now has his deepest and classiest squad ever. This year's prize recruit is guard Kenny Hutchinson, who almost has to be a starter by midseason. Redshirt freshman guard Mike Ratliff is a



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real sleeper. He could be the surprise player of the league.

If Houston and Arkansas bomb, Southern Methodist will be waiting in the wings. The Mustangs were one of the nation's most improved teams last season. They'll be much better than that this year. Four starters and most of the best reserves return. Freshman Terry Williams will add depth at center.

A scarcity of intact bodies will be a problem for Texas Tech and Texas. Both schools suited up only eight players for some games last year. The benches still won't be crowded. Added experience may benefit both teams, but it doesn't look like that will be enough.

The story's not much different at Texas A & M and Texas Christian. Reconstruction is the operative word. The Aggies will be handicapped by a lack of inside punch, while the Frogs, with no seniors on the scene, may suffer mightily from lack of leadership.

For the first time in Baylor's history, a truly big man—6'11" junior college transfer Paul Kuiper—is in camp. Kuiper brings accuracy as well as size. He'll help correct the dreadful shooting that plagued the Bears all last season.

Rice's guard play will be up there with the best in the conference, so the big concern is a grainy inside game. Rapid development of sophomore Terrence Cashaw and frosh Steve Brooks could smooth out that problem.

The rebuilding job at Tulsa is finished. The Hurricane is ready to blow back to national prominence, as well as to the Missouri Valley throne room. Depth, size and offensive fire power are all over the place. Freshman Carlton McKinney is a future All-America.

Wichita State emerges from the purgatory of N.C.A.A. probation this year, just in time to face the impossible task of replacing departed superstar Antoine Carr. Front-line depth will be a problem unless Antoine's little brother Henry (he's 6'9") comes on strong his freshman year.

Illinois State will again be a disciplined no-stars outfit, but the Redbirds won't be able to sneak up on unsuspecting opponents this time. That spells trouble.

Indiana State and Southern Illinois had bonanza recruiting seasons that will make them the most improved teams in the Valley. Center Stanley Wright and guard Chuck Taylor will take turns taking bows their first season at Indiana State. Southern Illinois benefits from a large contingent of junior college transfers. The transfers are much better athletes than the seven players they replace, but if you remember last year's team, you know that's lukewarm praise.

THE FAR WEST

We are coming up on Oregon State's fifth consecutive 20-win season. Forward Charlie Sitton, reputed to be the best player in the Pac 10, will earn his accolades and lead the Beavers' drive to recapture the conference title. Four incoming freshmen (the best of them, guard Rick Berry) ought to make a big impact.

Graduation took a heavy toll at UCLA. Kenny Fields will be the Bruins' new main man. Point guard Ralph Jackson is the only backcourt player left with varsity experience, but he will get a lot of help from redshirt Montel Hatcher, who looks to us like a future superstar.

California, taking a giant step forward, could be the big sleeper on the Left Coast.

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC TEN

1. Oregon State	6. Arizona State
2. UCLA	7. Stanford
3. California	8. Oregon
4. Washington	9. Southern California
5. Washington State	10. Arizona

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

1. Texas–El Paso	6. New Mexico
2. San Diego State	7. Wyoming
3. Brigham Young	8. Colorado State
4. Hawaii	9. Air Force
5. Utah	

PACIFIC COAST ASSOCIATION

1. Fresno State	6. New Mexico State
2. Utah State	7. Pacific
3. Fullerton State	8. Long Beach State
4. Irvine	9. San Jose State
5. Nevada–Las Vegas	10. Santa Barbara

WEST COAST CONFERENCE

1. Santa Clara	5. Portland
2. Gonzaga	6. San Diego
3. Pepperdine	7. Loyola Marymount
4. St. Mary's	

BIG SKY CONFERENCE

1. Weber State	5. Montana State
2. Montana	6. Boise State
3. Idaho	7. Nevada–Reno
4. Idaho State	8. Northern Arizona

WESTERN HEROES: Sitton, Green (Oregon State); Fields, Hatcher (UCLA); Pitts, D. Butler (California); Schrempf (Washington); Brown (Washington State); Beasley (Arizona State); Revelli, Jones (Stanford); Rasmussen (Oregon); Bailey (Southern California); Brunkhorst (Arizona); Lockhart, Feitl (Texas–El Paso); Cage, Watson (San Diego State); Durrant (Brigham Young); Hicks, Colston (Hawaii); Winans (Utah); Smith, Scott (New Mexico); Martin (Wyoming); Strong (Colorado State); Beer (Air Force); Anderson, Thompson (Fresno State); Grant, Washington (Utah State); Wood, Neal (Fullerton State); McDonald, Turner (Irvine); Booker (Nevada–Las Vegas); Colter (New Mexico State); Franklin (Pacific); Gardner (Long Beach State); Williams (San Jose State); Henry (Santa Barbara); Keeling, Vanos (Santa Clara); Stockton (Gonzaga); Anger (Pepperdine); Pickett (St. Mary's); Black (Portland); Whitmarsh (San Diego); McKenzie (Loyola Marymount); Worster (Weber State); Selvig (Montana); Garza, Cage (Idaho); Chavez (Idaho State); Epperly (Montana State); Hinchen, Hayes (Boise State); Jones (Nevada–Reno); Hurd (Northern Arizona).

The Bears have made progress in each of coach Dick Kuchen's six years in Berkeley. This may be the year they turn the corner. Two superstud recruits, guard Kevin Johnson and forward Jim Beatie, could be super*stars* by midseason.

Washington may also be a contender in what promises to be a wide-open conference race. The Huskies, long in need of a true center, have one at last in German import Christian Welp. His countryman, the mellifluously named Detlef Schrempf, will make the improbable switch from center to point guard.

Washington State lost four starters to the N.B.A., a talent hemorrhage that will bloody the Cougars. Nine of 13 scholarship players are freshmen or sophs. Seven-foot rookie Ken Mathia will have to mature quickly for the Cougars to have a winning season. But wait till next year!

Arizona State's best recruiting class in memory should help offset the loss of three starters. Six freshmen will clock a lot of playing time, but things look less than sunny at ASU this year.

Stanford, as usual, will try to keep up in a major conference with only a small share of the talent. The Cardinals' main hopes this year lie in the scoring touch of Keith Jones and the arrival of three promising freshmen.

Nearly everyone is returning at Oregon, so the Ducks figure to benefit from a little more maturity (if nothing else). Rookie forward Greg Trapp will be a welcome addition; he'll never be given Mouse as a nickname.

The Southern California Trojans are full of underclassmen. They will again be a conservative, unspectacular team featuring rugged defensive play. Forward Derrick Dowell, the best of the new arrivals, will make his presence felt posthaste.

Arizona's new coach, Lute Olson, inherits virtually nothing. Last year's pitifully thin squad was nearly wiped out by graduation. Give Olson three years, however, and he'll produce a winner.

Texas–El Paso will have a lock on the Western Athletic Conference title if the point-guard position can be restocked. Rookie Jeep Jackson will probably motor right into the job. Several classy redshirts will reinforce four returning starters.

San Diego State also needs a dependable new point guard to go with a front line that's five deep with starting-caliber players. Veteran forward Michael Cage is the best cager in school history.

First-year Brigham Young coach Ladell Anderson must find a new starting center. His job was made much easier by the signing of 7'2" freshman Carl Pollard, but forward Devin Durrant will be the Cougars' main man once again.

Hawaii also has a 7'2" center, Rogue Harris, whose impressive 260-pound musculature could get him drafted by the Dallas Cowboys. "Too Tall Rogue" would certainly be an intimidating moniker. The explosive leaping ability of forward Greg Hicks, however, will be the Rainbows' box-office attraction.

Either New Mexico or Wyoming could be the surprise team in the W.A.C. Added experience and guard Phil Smith's healed ankle will be two New Mexico assets. Wyoming hopes to benefit from an end to last season's soap opera of injuries, sickness and personal problems.

Fresno State has the momentum (12 wins in its last 13 games), the mature leadership (book-end forwards Ron Anderson and Bernard Thompson) and the new talent (point guard Ron Strain and center Scott Barnes) to wrap up the Pacific Coast Association championship.

Utah State's hopes for success are pinned to supersoph forward Greg Grant and transfer point guard Vince Washington. Fullerton State's big weapon will be Playboy All-America Leon Wood, a spectacular point guard who is also a charming and intelligent young man. Too bad he seems so rare. Wood will team with transfer guard Darnell Fletcher—the best junior college player in California last season.

A graduation crap-out at Nevada–Las Vegas can be only partly salvaged by recruits, so this will be a rebuilding year in Gaudy Gulch.

Last year's six best San Jose Staters are gone, and the few survivors must look to a good crop of recruits for timely reinforcement. Transfer guard Eric Williams will be the Spartans' best player the moment he puts on his uniform.

A talented, experienced and hungry Santa Clara team should put a lock on the West Coast Conference title. The team's catalyst will again be point guard Steve Kenilvort. Santa Clara's schedule is a killer, but from midseason on, the Broncos are going to be well-nigh unstoppable.

Gonzaga's great expectations are based on the leadership of a premier point guard. "John Stockton is as quick as any white guy I've ever seen," raves coach Jay Hillock.

Three of last year's Pepperdine starters are gone, but two promising redshirts—Dwayne Polee and Scott McCollum—will fill part of the void. The rest of the void will just have to remain one.

St. Mary's and Portland will both improve with added experience (Portland also has the tallest team in school history). A productive recruiting campaign brought some height to Loyola Marymount, particularly in the person of transfer center Dan Hornbuckle.

Another transfer, seven-footer Shawn Campbell, will help Weber State retain its Big Sky championship. Montana, with its always excellent defensive play, should again be one of the league's best teams, but catching Weber State seems too tall an order. Idaho State, Montana State and Boise State will all improve due to minimal graduation losses.

Only one of Nevada–Reno's best seven players of last season will return, so this will be a painful rebuilding year in Gaudy Gulch II. There will be nine (count 'em, nine) newcomers on the squad.

Jay Arnote, Northern Arizona's new coach, also takes on a tough reconstruction project. He at least has supersoph Andy Hurd as a cornerstone, but it's going to take a few years for Arnote to fill out the foundation.

DEVLIN'S WAKE

(continued from page 128)

" 'Ronnie Devlin is the first man I ever met who was more trouble dead than most men are alive.' "

that she never knew the guy or anything like that.' "

"*Beth*," Karen said, "you little bastard. Did you go and tell Cecilia Dunn that I was seeing Ronnie?"

"No, I didn't, Karen," Beth said. "I just said, all I said was that she didn't need to go around pretending she was any different from all the other girls in here that had a little fling with Ronnie Devlin there or anything like that. Like she was better than the rest of us. And your name just happened to come up, when I was mentioning it there."

"You little bitch, Beth Shaughnessey," Karen said, "you little gabby bitch. Telling things like that to her about me and mentioning my name that I was one the ones that was involved with Ronnie Devlin."

"Well," Beth said, "I don't see what harm it did. You did see Ronnie for a while, and you also went the wake. You didn't go around pretending like you were the one that was responsible, the guy had that high blood pressure and he didn't do anything about it. Like you were the woman that should've been his widow there or something 'cause you went to bed with him. That was all I said to her, that she didn't have no reason she should act like that, and I just happened to use you for an example what I meant."

"I'm gonna kill you, Beth," Karen said. "I don't see why the hell you thought you hadda bring my name in this thing. The only other one that ever knew about me when I was seeing him was you."

"Sure," Beth said, "because I had you all the time staying over my house when your parents might decide to call and ask somebody why they didn't get no answer when they tried to call the place that you and Ginger had there in Jamaica Plain. Because you didn't even want to tell Ginger. And I did that. But you went down his wake, didn't you? I saw your name right there in the book when I signed mine. 'Karen Jacques,' it said, and it was your writing, too. You must've gone."

"I did go," Karen said.

"Well," Beth said, "that's all I said to her. That you went to his wake and she should do the same. I told her that she didn't have no balls, and the next time she decided she was gonna play around with someone, she could find somebody else to cover up for her, because I wasn't going to do it anymore if she was going to act like that."

"So you and her aren't speaking now, I guess," Karen said.

Beth shrugged. "Well," she said, "I don't know if we are speaking or we aren't. And I don't really care."

"And as a result of what you told her about me and Ron," Karen said, "I suppose that me and her aren't speaking, either."

"I can't say as I know," Beth said. "I didn't ask her that."

Karen gazed at her a moment. Then she smiled. "Well, Beth," she said, "I certainly got to hand it to you, haven't I?"

"I don't understand," Beth said.

"Of course you do," Karen said. "You come in here now and tell me about all this talk you had with Ceil, now that you and me both went down to Donovan's and had ourselves one last look at that handsome devil Ronnie lying dead there in that gray suit we both liked, and Ceil hasn't got him anymore and so you rubbed it in to her, she didn't even dare to go and see him off. Maybe throw a Hail Mary his way if it wouldn't do any harm. And then, when you get through reminding Ceil she hasn't got him anymore, you come in here and you give me the business about how I didn't have him anymore even when the guy was still alive, because Ceil took him away from me. So you got Ceil feeling worse than she felt when she found out he was dead, and now you got me feeling worse than I felt when I heard the same thing, and that's not a bad day's work for one day, is it, Beth?"

"I don't," Beth said, "I can't imagine what you mean."

"No," Karen said, "not much you can't. You know what I think, Beth? I think you're glad he's dead. Now you know just where he is, and you always will know, too. Ronnie Devlin won't be going on no more outings on the Cape now, will he? And this time, when you said goodbye to him, you know he won't be coming back with me."

"You make me sick, Karen," Beth said. "I never thought of that before until you mentioned it right now."

"Right," Karen said. "I wish we had some booze right now. Ronnie Devlin is the first man I ever met who was more trouble dead than most men are alive. It could be worse, I suppose. Now that he is dead, you're the one who's got him back. I hope you're both quite happy."

"Phew! That's a relief. I was worried when you said Billy wanted a doll for Christmas."

CANE MUTINY *(continued from page 129)*

"There are pleasant surprises in Puerto Rican rums for those willing to explore."

French-speaking island.) Puerto Rico is a logical point of embarkation: Five out of six bottles of rum consumed in the States are from that commonwealth. Puerto Rico's whites are among the lightest rums on the market; those labeled gold or amber have a stronger flavor. Bacardi is the leading brand, followed by Ronrico and Don Q. There are pleasant surprises in Puerto Rican rums for those willing to explore. Captain Morgan Spiced Rum is made on a gold-rum base, lightly sweetened and laced with tropical botanicals and flavorings. It's aromatic and a good mixer. Also appealing to *aficionados* are the aged rums. They're smoother and richer than the ordinary golds—reflecting the extra years they've spent in cask. Bacardi Gold Reserve, Serralles' El Dorado and Vizcaya, marketed in a hand-blown decanter, are brands given longer aging time. Ron del Barrilito, not easily available Stateside, is favored by locals for its bold character and flavor. There are also a number of 151-proof Puerto Rican bottlings that are useful for flaming dishes and exotic punches.

Jamaican rums are diametrically opposite the Puerto Rican ones in every way, including appearance. They're dark amber to coffee-colored—and redolent of molasses. In the U.S., Myers's Original Dark has been the most visible Jamaican rum. Appleton, Lemon Hart and Dagger also produce estimable dark Jamaican rums; Lemon Hart is the fullest. Some whites are also made, but that's *not* what Jamaican rum is all about. Piment-O-Dram, a peppery, spicy liqueur, and Myers's Original Rum Cream are both made on a Jamaica-rum base. The former is curious; the latter, voluptuous.

Together, Haiti and the Dominican Republic form Hispaniola, the island set smack between Cuba and Puerto Rico. Haitian rums are represented by the name Barbancourt; note, however, that there are *two* Barbancourts. Jane Barbancourt is known for rum-based liqueurs, including such exotic flavors as mango, hibiscus, nougat, mint and spice. Rhum Barbancourt (not affiliated with Jane) presents a light-to-medium, smooth, fruity rum distilled from cane juice rather than from molasses, as is the usual practice. There are four levels of Barbancourt, ranging from a very young One Star to the venerable Reserve du Domaine. The Dominican half of Hispaniola also produces rum; but at this moment, only one, Brugal Añejo, is shipped to the States in glass. It's about five years old, medium-bodied, with a definite rum taste and a hint of perfume in the finish. Cuban rums are quite muted, with a shade more taste and character than the Puerto Rican ones. They're not currently imported to the U.S., but some Havana Club trickles in one way or another.

That does it for the Greater Antilles, that group of islands strung across the northern edge of the Caribbean. The Lesser Antilles, so called because they're smaller, descend in an arc from the Virgin Islands to Trinidad, just off the coast of Venezuela. Despite their diminutive size, they turn out a list of varied and distinguished distillates—as some judicious island hopping will demonstrate.

Taking it from the top, American Virgin Island rums are quite similar to those from Puerto Rico, and Virgin distillers candidly admit to emulating the style of the successful Puerto Rican rums. In fact, Ron Carioca—now a Virgin Island label—was for many years produced in Puerto Rico. Cruzan and Old St. Croix,

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CHICAGO BOSTON HOUSTON PHILADELPHIA BALTIMORE

NEW JERSEY LOS ANGELES NEW YORK

the major Virgin brands, ship both white- and gold-label rums. Cruzan Clipper, a dark rum, is relatively restrained in taste, considering it's 120 proof.

Hard by, the British Virgin Islands produce no rum, but they ship an unusual bottling nevertheless—British Navy Pusser's Rum. It's a blend of rums from Guyana and Trinidad and comes complete with legend. The name is a corruption of the shipboard word purser, and Pusser's is allegedly made to the same formula as the official rum rations issued on British naval vessels until that endearing custom was deep-sixed. Pusser's is dark amber, medium-full, aromatic, quite dry and bottled at a valor-inspiring 95.5 proof.

Despite its geographic distance from it, Martinique is a fully vested department of France, and its rums are favored there. Like the Haitian product, Martinique rums are distilled from fresh cane juice. They're in the medium-full range and are flavorful but not as pungent as Jamaican rums. Rhum St. James and Rum Clément are both shipped here. Rum Clément is available in several versions—the moderately aged Terres Rouge, a six-year-old bottling, the white Rhum Blanc and a captivating orange-flavored rum liqueur, Clément Créole Shrubb.

Further along the Antillean arc, Barbados offers rums in the light-medium level. Bajan rums are balanced, with a pleasant aroma that hints of spice and molasses. Mount Gay has a following in the States, especially among boating people. Its Eclipse and Sugar Cane rums (both made from molasses) are on the lighter side; the Special Reserve has more body. All Mount Gay rums spend at least three years in cask before bottling.

The islands of Tobago and Trinidad form one country, but the rums are distilled in Trinidad. They're right down the middle, true, medium-bodied rums, with substantial character and flavor but without heaviness or molasses undertone. Siegert's Old Oak and Fernandes Vat 19 are popular brands. Both companies also proffer aged rums on occasion.

Although it's on the South American mainland, Guyana is very near the Caribbean—and its Demerara rum is too distinctive to ignore. Smoky, hearty Demeraras are made from sugar cane growing along the Demerara River, hence the name. They are often bottled at high proof and were staples aboard whaling ships. Lemon Hart Demerara may be obtained in both 80 and 151 proof.

Sometimes the appellation "West Indies" is given to brands that are blends of rums from several islands. Rhum Negrita, a very dark, heavy product shipped from Bordeaux, contains rums from Martinique, Guadeloupe and Réunion. It is favored for cooking. Lamb's Navy Rum, bottled in England, is a combination of distillates from Barbados, Jamaica and Guyana. It's a good example of the type once known as London Dock rum.

Rum is also produced in Mexico, Hawaii, India, Indonesia, Australia, Africa and South America—in almost any tropical or subtropical area. With such a range of choices, there would seem to be a rum for every preference, every occasion and every application.

Following is a roundup of rum drinks gleaned from a variety of Caribbean islands. They're uncommon—and uncommonly good, as they should be, coming from the source. Enjoy them at your leisure but offer a toast to Christopher Columbus, who first brought sugar-cane cuttings to the Indies—before splicing the main brace.

TROPICAL ITCH

½ oz. white Puerto Rican rum
½ oz. dark Puerto Rican rum
½ oz. vodka
½ oz. Grand Marnier
½ oz. lime juice
2 ozs. mango nectar, chilled
Dash Angostura bitters
Lime slice, orange slice, cherry or fresh mint sprig for garnish

Stir all ingredients but garnish in mixing glass with cracked ice. Fill highball glass one third full with crushed ice. Strain chilled drink into glass. Garnish with fruit. Serve with straws—and, traditionally, with a back-scratcher.

SPICED RUM PUNCH
(About 24 portions)

1 bottle (750 ml.) Captain Morgan Spiced Rum
3 cups orange juice
1¼ cups lemon juice
¾ cup pineapple juice
½ cup superfine sugar (or to taste)
1½ quarts ginger ale, chilled
Orange and lemon slices, for garnish

Combine spiced rum, juices and sugar; stir well to dissolve sugar. Chill. To serve, pour over block of ice in large punch bowl and add ginger ale. Stir quickly. Float orange and lemon slices on top.

MARTINIQUE SHRUBB
(For two)

4 ozs. Clément Créole Shrubb rum liqueur
1 oz. fresh lime juice
1 teaspoon sugar
2 cups finely cracked ice

Combine all ingredients in chilled blender container. Blend at medium speed for about 20 seconds. Divide between two chilled wineglasses.

MARINER'S RUM

2 ozs. Barbados rum
1½-in. strip fresh orange peel

Pour rum over ice in old fashioned glass. Light a wooden kitchen match and hold in one hand. With other hand, sharply squeeze peel over glass and touch it with flame as oils are released. Immediately drop peel into glass; stir.

BLUE MOUNTAIN

Based on a drink featured at the Jamaica Hilton, Ocho Rios.

1 oz. Jamaica gold rum
1 oz. Tia Maria liqueur
2 ozs. orange juice
1 oz. pineapple juice
½ oz. lime juice
1 teaspoon superfine sugar
Pineapple spear or watermelon cube and cherry on a pick, for garnish

Shake rum, liqueur, juices and sugar together until well combined. Pour over ice in highball glass and garnish with fruit.

DOCTOR BIRD

Local name for Jamaica's national bird, the streamertail hummingbird.

1½ ozs. Jamaica white rum
1 teaspoon honey
1 teaspoon cream
¼ teaspoon grenadine

Shake all ingredients with ice. Strain into chilled saucer champagne glass. Fresh-flower garnish is optional.

RUM JUMBIE

Cool idea from the Caribbean Beach Hotel, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

1½ ozs. Virgin Islands rum
½ oz. grenadine
½ oz. lime juice
2 ozs. orange juice
2 ozs. pineapple juice
Lime wheel, for garnish

Fill collins glass with ice cubes. Pour in all ingredients but garnish. Stir well to chill. Hang lime wheel on rim of glass.

THE PUSSER CANNONBALL

2 ozs. Pusser's Rum
Ginger beer, chilled
Lime wedge

Pour rum over ice in highball glass or mug. Add ginger beer to taste. Squeeze lime wedge into glass. Drop in rind. Stir quickly.

PAPA DOBLE

Favored by Ernest Hemingway. A single drink for Papa, it can serve two normal drinkers generously.

4 ozs. light rum
Juice of ¼ lime
1½ ozs. fresh grapefruit juice

Shake all ingredients with ice until well chilled. Pour unstrained into one double or two single old fashioned glasses.

Rum is amiable, lending itself graciously to innovation and experimentation. Get together with another spirit of suitably amiable disposition—add some rum—and get on with the experiments.

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I'll spread a little cheer"
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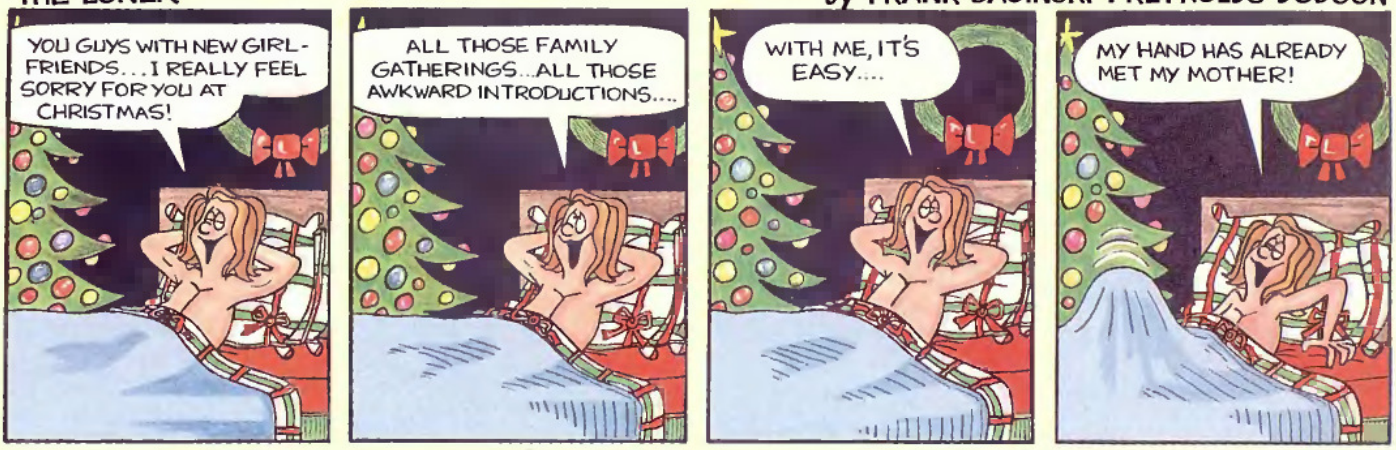
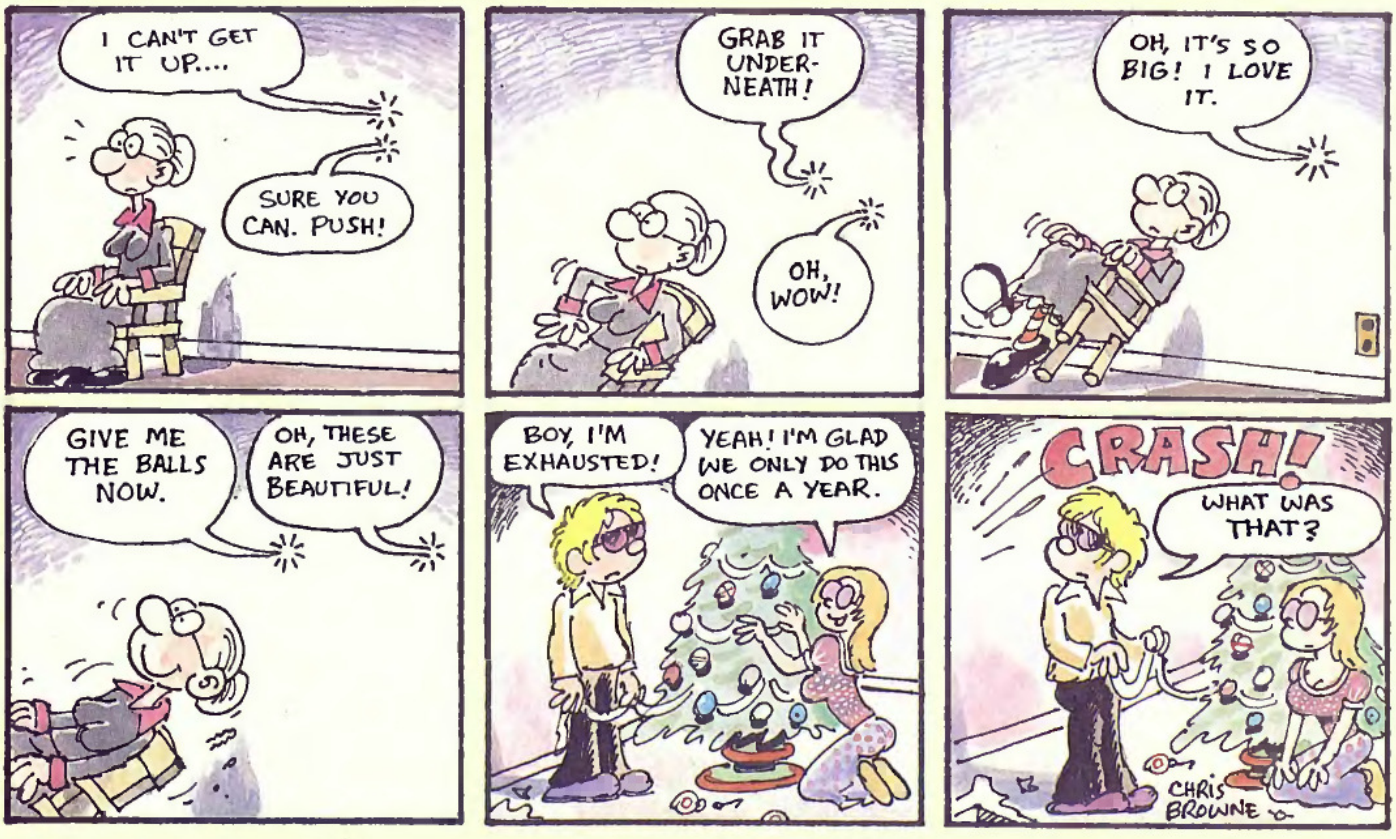


CRUISER

Christopher Browne



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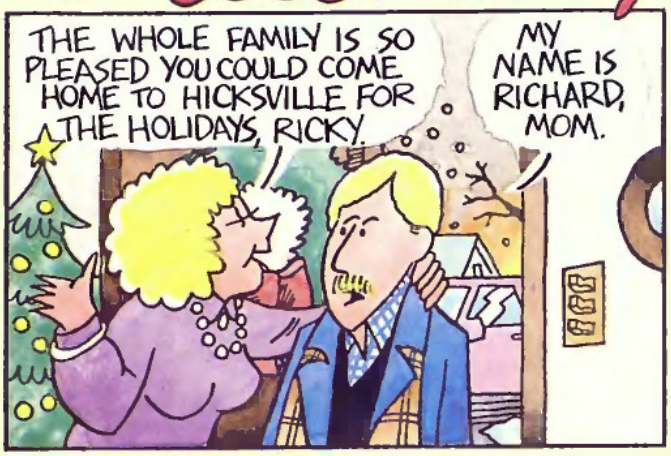

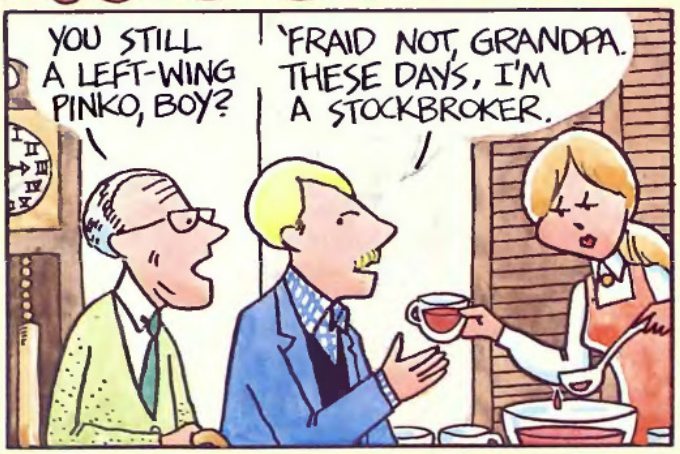

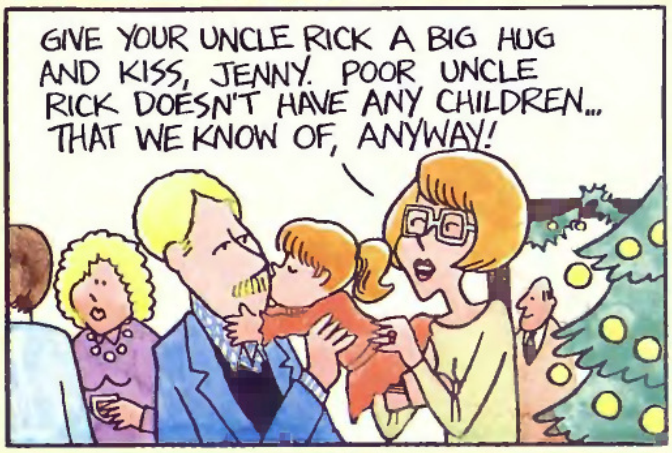

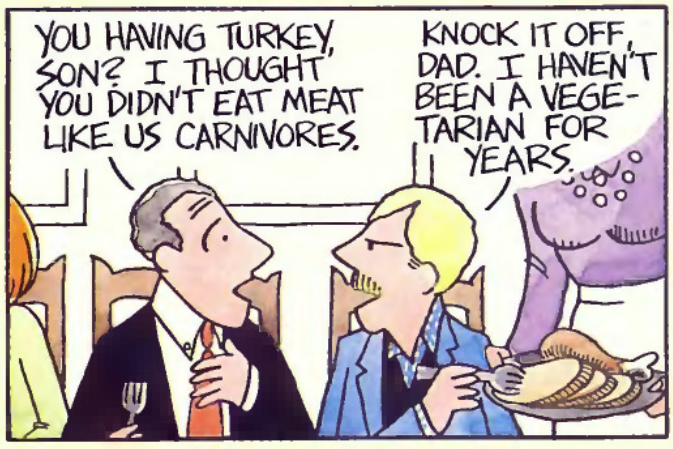

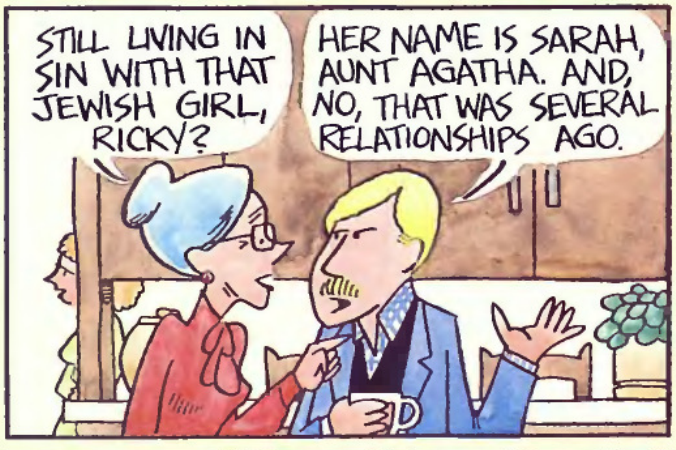

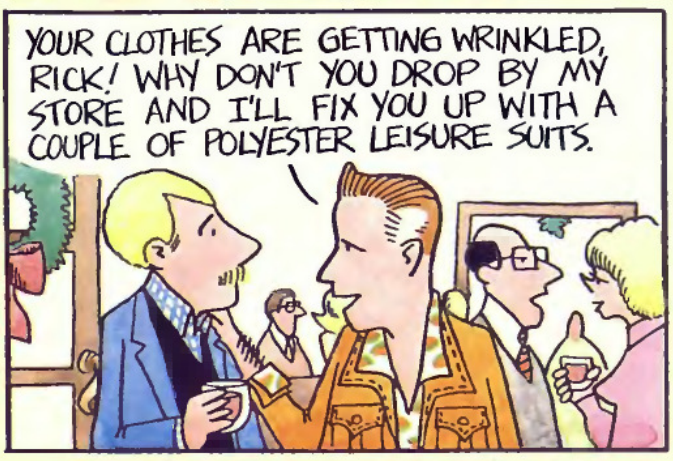

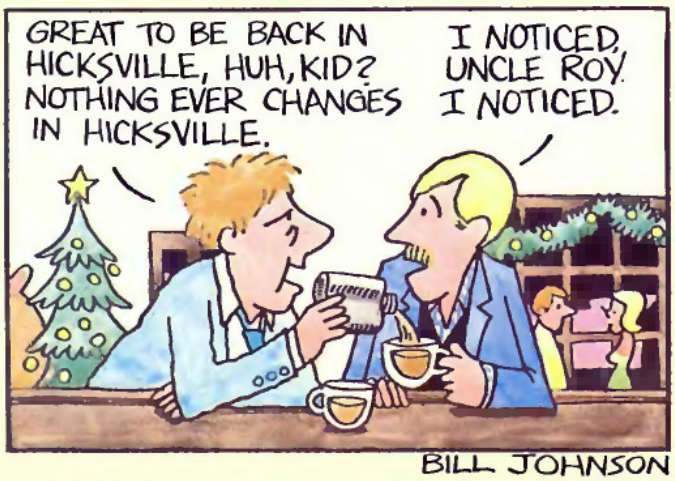

BILL JOHNSON

Notes of a Fallen Fan

(continued from page 124)

"Television so relentlessly pushed the new at us that it would, in the process, obliterate the past."

of event, a disharmony that leads inevitably to disappointment.

But the problem of the Super Bowl was, even more, that it reflected the coming of the great new American Sports Glut. Now there would be more games, more titles, more brilliant moments, but each brilliant moment *meant* less and less. For it was soon followed by other moments, equally brilliant and equally memorable, that in the diminishing space allotted for memory, became less meaningful than ever. In sports, as in politics, television so relentlessly pushed the new at us that it would, in the process, obliterate the past. Thus did each event, no matter how heroic, recede ever more quickly. Yes, there were more sports now and more teams and longer seasons that overlapped. The end impression upon the brain of the fan was finally not unlike that of a gluttonous movie fan who has chosen to see two or three great films on a given afternoon and cannot later separate one from the other. There was so much sport now that nothing could be remembered or cherished; there was more but there was less.

•

If DiMaggio was a hero of one generation—his fame cumulative, the memory clearly focused of his deeds, a star only as he produced—then Joe Namath was the prototype of the new media athlete, for he became a star simply by signing. Sonny Werblin—he of show business—signed Namath instead of other seemingly equally skilled quarterbacks because, watching him walk into the room, Werblin judged him to have *star* quality. The very nature of his salary, $450,000 a year—the first big salary in the then-escalating football wars (wars that were not just between two football leagues but, more significant, between two television networks)—guaranteed that, given even a minimum level of competence on the field, he would be a celebrity. For the hype, as many another owner was to find later, was in the salary.

Very quickly, starting with his signing, Namath became not so much a great player as a great media event. He was an instant celebrity. He was said to be exciting; indeed, like John F. Kennedy, he was said to have charisma—the charming, boyish athlete of great prowess, Unitas crossed with Huck Finn. I watched carefully in those years, and his charm always eluded me; I remember him in various interviews as being basically suspicious—the eyes heavy-lidded, at once shrewd and surly, as if wary of all the fuss going on around him yet aware that there might in the long run be some benefit in all of this. Not surprisingly, his persona for a long time obscured his football ability.

The explosion of money and free agents that began with the signing of Namath changed sport in many ways. It did not necessarily make it worse, but it made it different. It changed, in many instances, the way the athletes perceived what they did and, equally important, it changed the way they were perceived by the fans. I do not doubt that there are thousands of young boys and girls out there today who love and admire Dave Winfield as purely as I loved and admired DiMaggio; but I also suspect that there are even greater numbers of young people who, instead of thinking that modern athletes do something wonderful, admire them because *they've got a good deal*. I do not know that this is even a bad thing; it is perhaps a more realistic assessment of the athlete on the part of the fan (and certainly on the part of the athlete himself, who in the old days was quite likely to be suddenly disillusioned upon the end of so brief a career), but it marks an end of a special kind of innocence for the fan at a remarkably precocious age. It leaves an altered relationship and it changes forever the sense of loyalty. When I was 12 years old, the Yankees traded Joe Gordon to the Cleveland Indians for Allie Reynolds. I was shocked and wounded: Gordon was *my* second baseman and I had rooted for him; Reynolds was the enemy. I did not lightly accept him; it took a great deal of effort on the part of Mel Allen, talking in warm and friendly terms about the Big Chief and what a good man and a tough competitor he was, before I reluctantly bid farewell to Gordon and accepted the Chief. I do not know what it is like for a young boy

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to follow baseball today, but in some way, conscious or unconscious, there must be a sense of the dominant role of money and an awareness that any player, no matter how wonderful his deeds, might pack his suitcase at the end of the season and depart for greener terrain.

Oddly enough—given Namath's role in all this—I rooted for his Jets when they met Baltimore in Super Bowl III. Not because of Namath but because his team and, even more, his league, were underdogs; and in my new incarnation as a fan, I tilted toward underdogs. I also favored older athletes when they were matched against those who were younger (the old Connors against the young McEnroe). Age was the nemesis of the athlete; so, too, it was the nemesis of the fan. I rooted, as well, against certain cities: Dallas, for a time, because a President had been shot there (then, after those wounds had healed, because the Cowboys had decided to call themselves America's Team), and Los Angeles because, like New York City, it was a citadel of hype and, even worse, of Hollywood hype—athletes mixed with stars. I rooted, moreover, for athletes who comported themselves with a personal dignity comparable to their athletic skill: Julius Erving, given his great individual talents, could have exploited his ability selfishly. Instead, he systematically sacrificed rare personal artistry for the betterment of his team and still managed to do things on the court that no mortal had ever done before.

To my surprise, I came, in the midst of adjusting my preferences, to a reluctant respect for Steve Garvey. In the beginning, he had been the epitome of the athlete I did not like, the Los Angeles athlete who was not just an all-American boy himself but even had an all-American wife. (Not since Tom Seaver and his wife had offered themselves in an advertising-trade journal to do joint commercials some ten years earlier had I been so suspicious.) He had a good bat, a good glove, good looks and would eventually run for the Senate. I thought he was packaged goods—perhaps the most damning charge of all. But that began to change in the 1977 series. After all the hype about Dodger Blue that year and what a fine team of morally superior young men these were, they came apart at Yankee Stadium and only Garvey behaved with grace. In defeat, the others criticized the ball park, the city or the fans, or they ducked the press altogether. Only Garvey remained accessible. When Reggie Jackson hit his third home run, I saw, to my amazement, Garvey quietly clapping into his glove. It was an epiphany: I had thought he was a young man who was entirely about himself, but this showed he had a sense of sport and of the occasion that need not be restricted by his ego. I watched that—more moved by Garvey, oddly enough, than by Jackson—and I thought, Well, Garvey, maybe you're OK after all. And then I looked more carefully.

The year I converted completely was 1981. That was the year Garvey's wife criticized him for being too plastic (perhaps the first time in history that a local talk-show person had accused someone else of being plastic). Worse, she soon ran off with *Marvin Hamlisch*. Shortly after that, Garvey was playing in the world series again. During the series, he ducked no question, though he had to know that every time he went to bat, some television director in the booth was saying, "There's Garvey—cut tight to his face. Tighter than that!" And, of course, while they did not add "supers" to the image, it was, in fact, on most people's mind: STEVE GARVEY . . . 289 B.A. . . . 29 H.R.S . . . WIFE RAN OFF WITH M. HAMLISCH. . . . It must have been a terrible time, yet he comported himself again with exceptional dignity. I rooted for Garvey and was pleased when he signed last spring with San Diego, because now I could root for him and not for the Dodgers.

•

But the final story I want to tell here is about something harder than picking a winning team or rooting for a sympathetic athlete against an unsympathetic one; it is about how I liberated myself from my past and how I kicked the habit. For now, I am pleased to report, I am no longer a Yankee fan.

It was not easy. The past is powerful, and when it is cloaked in myth—the myth of my father, the myth of a great athlete like DiMaggio—the past is more powerful still. It took nothing less than the worst owner in sports to do the trick. It is painful even to write about George Steinbrenner, for, in a sense, the greatest aim of his tenure as head of the Yankees has been self-serving publicity.

Steinbrenner is the embodiment of the new modern owner at his worst, the rich man drawn to sport as a public exercise of ego, the chance to bask in the reflected glory of others' deeds. He brings the word owner to its essential definition, for he is not just president, chairman of the board and chief executive officer but *owner*—and, no matter how high their price, these are not ships; these are human beings.

No wonder he bought into the Yankees; he wanted, after all, to be famous when before he was only rich (in a society where neither has anything to do with true *accomplishment*—unless, of course, the making of vast sums of money is considered an art form). The team he acquired consists of genuinely accomplished men. He bought them, and now he praises them, chides them, feuds with them, discusses before assembled press groups their levels of personal courage. He does this all the time. It is far more exciting than the life of a shipbuilder, which is boring. In the end, it becomes more his team than that of the fan. There is no time for the accrued loyalty to individual players that is necessary for a real relationship between fan and team. The players come and go too quickly. In the end, his morality triumphs, because the new fans will now be loyal only if the team wins; even then, it is a new, colder kind of loyalty, as abiding and deep-rooted as the modern culture itself. But for Steinbrenner, it is a victory, because his personality dominates; the fan cannot think of the team without thinking of him. One thought of the Yankees of old and thought of DiMaggio hitting with men on base and Whitey Ford cuffing a ball. Now one thinks of them and thinks, inevitably, of George. Perhaps there will be a plaque for him in center field alongside those of the other greats, for he gives the fans victory after victory, as promised. But there is a price: He has taken the team away from them.

The last time I rooted for the Yankees was in 1978. That was partly a Steinbrenner team but even more a Gabe Paul creation. Paul had put it together with shrewd trades, and Steinbrenner had added just enough free agents to make it a fine club, tough and gritty. It had come from far behind to force the Red Sox into a special play-off that turned out to be a truly magnificent baseball game. That team went on to crush the Royals, then beat the Dodgers. Those Yankees were still a wonderful baseball team; they seemed to have their own special, almost cynical character.

The end, for me, came in 1980. The Royals were going to win it that year; they were a good baseball club and they had lost too often by too little in the past. But in spite of it all, there was Steinbrenner screaming at Willie Randolph and at a third-base coach, shouting expletives at the field. The camera, which had done so much to inflate him, now stripped him naked. He was sitting there at the end, petulant, graceless, learning what all the rest of us have always known: that there are some things that money can't buy. The camera showed the Yankees' owner as a sad, foolish man—McEnroe's manners without McEnroe's talent.

I, once a lover of the Yankees, true son of the stadium, watched my television set that day with absolute pleasure. I was astonished that Steinbrenner could have the best seat in the house and see so little, that he could be so close to the game and so far from understanding it. I thought how much he could learn from Bob Gibson about what baseball is really about—the best playing the best, the outcome, thus, always uncertain. The sport was too fine for him; it could not be bought, as if at auction, before the season began. It would still have to be played on the field. I rooted for the Royals that day, and I have rooted for other teams since. I have shed the past. Free at last, Martin Luther King said, free at last. Thank God Almighty, I'm free at last.

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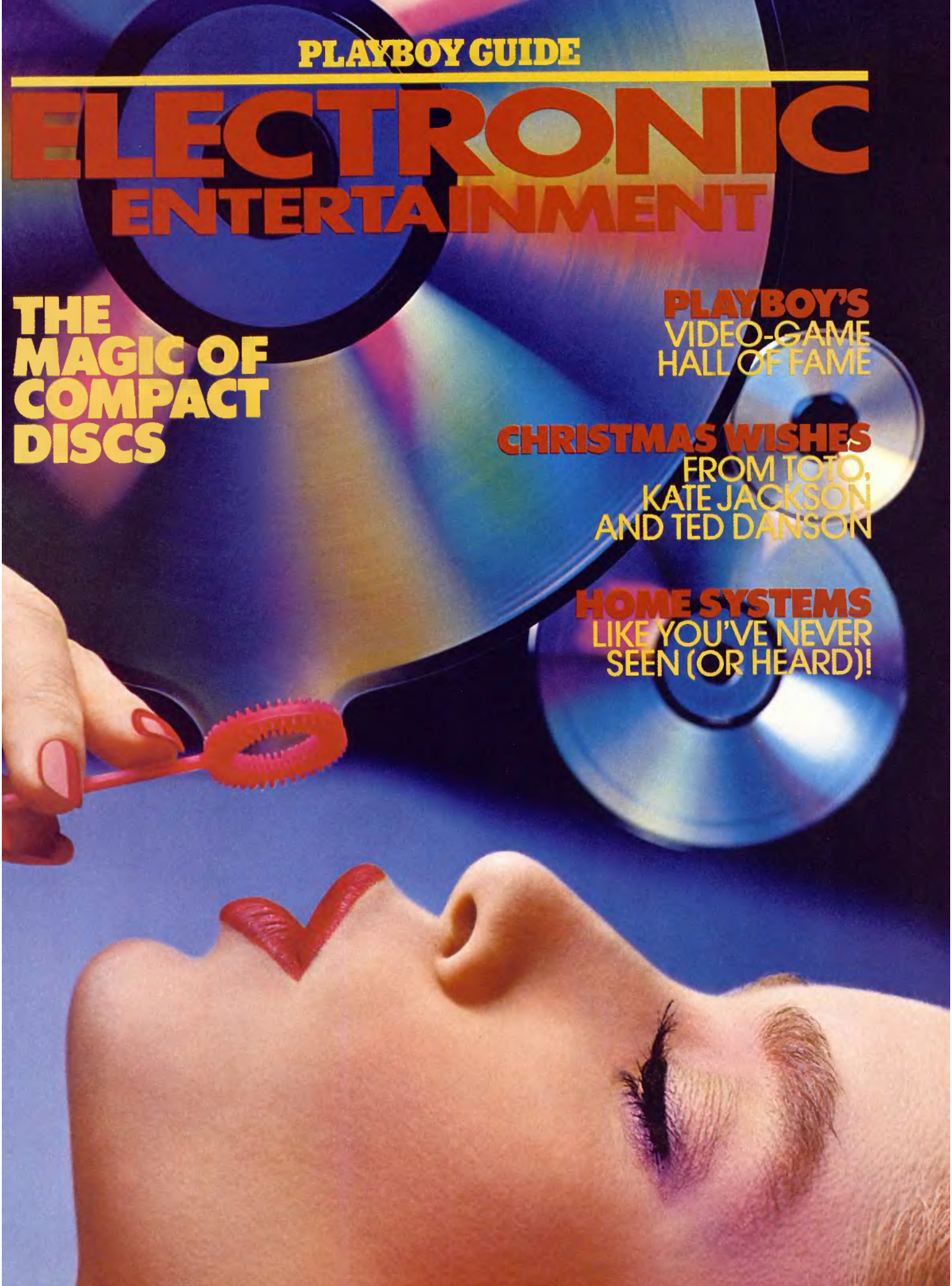

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We challenged Escort and won.

Motor Trend, Aug. '83 "The Whistler Spectrum resides at the top of the list. A world class radar detector."

Autoweek, Nov. '82 "The Spectrum is the most sensitive radar detector Autoweek has ever seen."

BMW Roundel, July '83 "For the first time Escort has a true rival. It is impossible to pick a winner."

Last year we challenged the editors of the major car magazines to prove that the Whistler® Spectrum wasn't the best radar detector on the road.

The results are in. Spectrum placed a triumphant first with *Motor Trend*, *Autoweek*, and *BMW Roundel*. And a very close second with *Car and Driver* (still scoring #1 in the 3 most critical out of 5 categories*).

We're not surprised. After all 3 out of 4 truckers have been choosing Whistler since the first Whistler was built.

And now the Whistler Spectrum beats everyone with our new "Pollution Solution"™. A unique circuit that not only "stomps out" interference from other units, but it *enhances* sensitivity and eliminates falsing as it does so.

Go with the name America's truckers trust. And America's leading car magazine editors named #1. Start driving in Whistler Country.

P.S. If you already own a Whistler Spectrum and want to get the Pollution Solution, you can, by writing Controlonics Corp., 5 Lyberty Way, Westford, MA 01886.

*X band only

Whistler® Spectrum Radar Detector
Portable or Remote

ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS....

we play electronic santa and stuff the stockings of the stars

TED DANSON

"What I could really use," says the star of NBC's hit comedy *Cheers*, "is one of those compact, portable stereo systems. I like to have music around me almost all the time—in my dressing room during the weeks that we're taping the show, when I'm on location with a crew or, more peacefully, on vacation with my family. Because I move around a great deal, I really need a lot out of a stereo system. I want it to have good sound, but I want it to be compact. I just can't lug a huge one around, but I want something better than those plastic models that the kids use on the beach.

"There are a number of companies that make good units. I think JVC is among the best. It seems to be more geared to tapes than to records. And that's what I prefer. Tapes are so much easier to pack.

"What do I usually listen to? That changes according to my mood and locale. When I was filming a Western, I listened only to country-and-western songs. When I did *Body Heat*, I listened to Fred Astaire songs. Filming *Cheers* seems to put me in much more of an up-tempo mood. In my dressing room now, I'd definitely listen to rock—something energizing, something to get the juices going.

"When I have time off, I'll listen to more eclectic things—everything from Billy Joel to the cast album from *Cats*. I do have a tendency to get hooked on one album and play it until the tape wears out, then I'll move on to something totally different. It keeps it interesting.

"I play a lot of the music for my three-and-a-half-year-old daughter. You should see her. Come to think of it, she's the reason I treated myself to another electronic present. I bought an RCA video camera to hook up with my VCR. I spend so much time on the other side of the camera, I decided it was time for me to start taking movies of our daughter. She's just so great, and video is the best way I can think of to try to keep up with her."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRUCE AYRES

KATE JACKSON

"If I had to pick just one thing," says the angelic TV-and-movie star, "I'd get a home computer. When I was growing up,

computers were the thing of the future, and now that the future is here, I don't want to feel like I'm still living in the Stone Age. But, I must admit, I'm also a little afraid of them. I've been reading computer magazines and I still understand only vaguely what floppy disks are. There are so many computers on the market that it's hard to choose. But the one I'd get is the IBM. It has the features I want now that I'm getting into scriptwriting—easy word processing, hookup to data systems, expandability—and, basically, I trust the company. Also, I like its optional services. Someone from IBM will teach you how to operate it and then stay with you. If you have trouble, you can call him and he'll answer any questions. If your computer breaks down, they'll even make house calls. When you're new to computerese, that's a comforting thought.

"There are a couple of other items on my Christmas list. I'd really like a new three-quarter-inch video-tape player. I get lots of cassettes from the networks and the studios, and the machine I have now is getting very old. I hear that the Sony BVU-820 is a really good one.

"The other thing I'd like to get is a car phone. It's a really useful thing to have, just for the peace of mind. If you get a flat tire, for instance, you don't have to worry about being stranded. You can just call the garage and tell them where you are.

"Some of those phones are real fun, too. When I was doing *Charlie's Angels*, locations were always an hour or so away from home. I had a phone put in my trailer so I could chat with my friends back home, even while the trailer was being driven around.

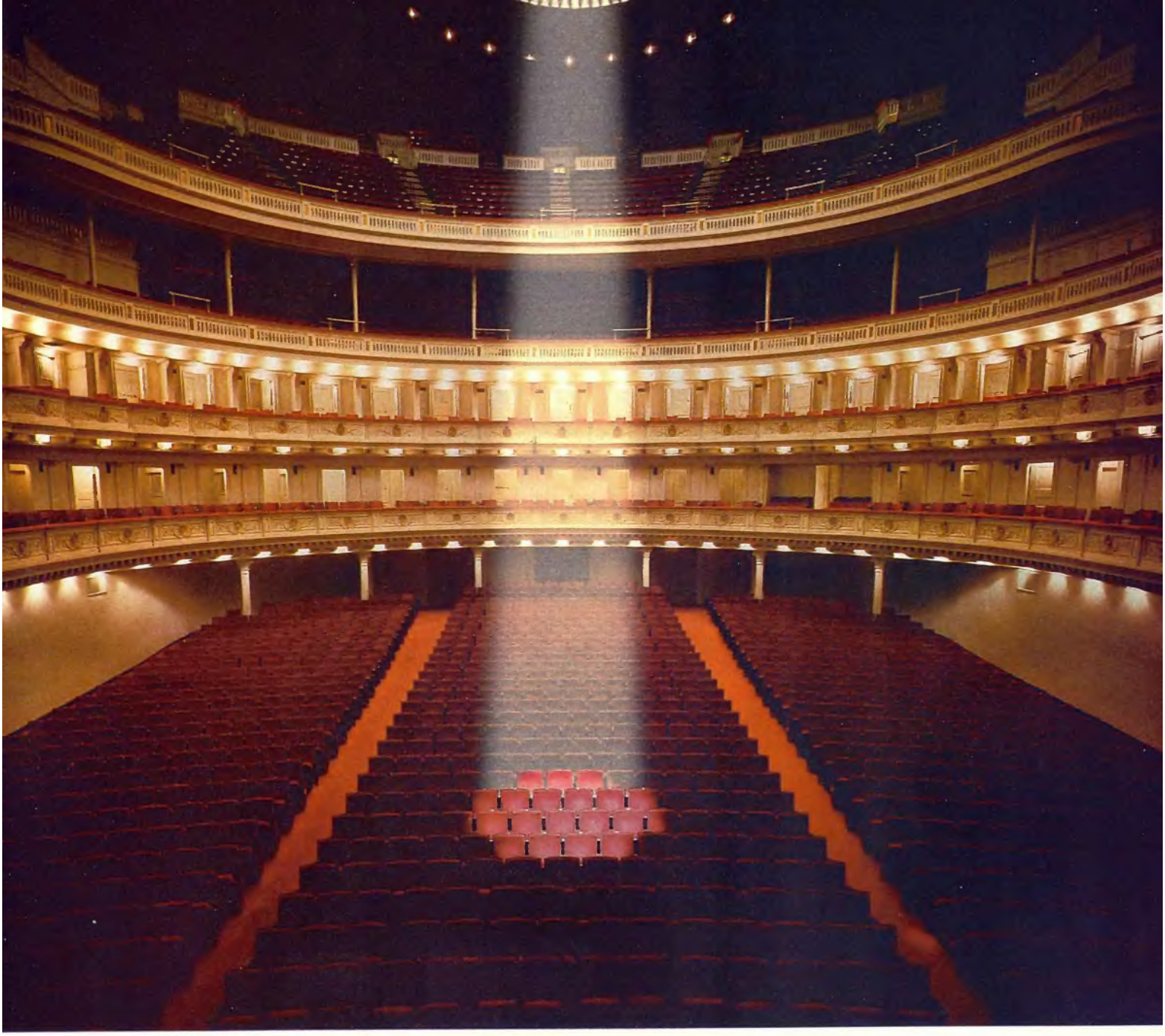
"Now I'd get a model like the Motorola Pulsar. It can do just about everything: scan a couple of dozen channels until you get a clear one, hook up with the operator, dial or redial. And that's before you've even picked it up off the receiver."

TOTO

"We've been playing around a lot lately with video," says Jeff Porcaro (at one o'clock below), drummer of the Grammy Award–winning group. "In fact, I coproduced and codirected the video version of our last record. What I'd like to get for Christmas is some new, computerized video-editing and -mixing equipment. Panasonic makes some really nice editing controllers. And, while we're making wishes, JVC makes a really good special-effects generator. Play around with that baby for a while and you'll be ready to produce for the networks or for the music-video programs. I think some of the best production being done right now shows up on MTV-type programing.

"Another item that the group and I have been eying is a new video camera. I have a pretty fancy JVC now, and it's fine, but I'd like to get one that shoots underwater. You never know. One of us could be the next Lloyd Bridges.

"And, as long as I'm asking, I'd like one of the new compact-disc players. I was just in London with Paul McCartney and he had one. The reproduction was just fantastic. They're great, not just for playing but for recording. You can get a good 60 minutes on the single side of a compact disc, which is tremendous for an artist. It's a real drag to have to limit an album to 18 minutes a side because of the sound-quality restrictions of the vinyl. With CDs, the sound quality is terrific."(Toto's equipment courtesy of Pacific Video Product, Inc., Anaheim, California.)



Sony creates seventh row, center. Forever.

INTRODUCING THE SONY COMPACT DISC PLAYER.

You are looking at an invention so extraordinary that High Fidelity magazine has hailed it as "the most fundamental change in audio technology in more than eighty years."

A piece of audio equipment that permits you to hear something you've never heard before: perfection.

Sony is pleased to raise the curtain on the world's first digital audio compact disc player. The CDP-101.

THE END OF HI-INFIDELITY.

The CDP-101 uses a laser beam to play compact discs that hold far more musical information than conventional records ever could. The result: fidelity and depth of sound that no conventional turntable could ever deliver.

This highest of fidelity remains faithful too. Because the digital discs are read by laser beam, there is absolutely no physical wear. Nor is there any distortion from such annoyances as dust, fingerprints or even scratches. The laser simply sees through them.

Equally ingenious, an infrared remote control lets you select tracks without budging from your armchair.

While an ever-expanding library of compact discs lets you listen to your favorite artists as though you, and your armchair, were centered in the spotlight above.

Maybe most important, the CDP-101 is fully compatible with the conventional equipment you may own.

We suggest you hear the Sony Compact Disc Player soon. For a sound you can't believe, from the audio innovator you assuredly can.

SONY.
THE ONE AND ONLY

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COME TOGETHER

the joining of compact discs, hi-fi video and home computers signals a new age in home entertainment

A long, long time ago—somewhere around the turn of the decade—life and home-entertainment systems were a lot simpler. If you wanted to make beautiful music together, you bought a basic stereo system: turntable, tuner, amp, preamp, speakers. Only if you were in the avant-garde did you add video to that system. Video usually meant a no-frills VCR patched into your existing television. Well, we are here to tell you that home entertainment isn't what it used to be. No, indeed. It's so much more.

The new systems—visionary concepts just two years ago—start with the integration of audio and video components. The combination simplifies the operation of each element and adds the benefits of high-fidelity reproduction to television sound. A cross-fertilization of audio and video techniques makes most of this possible.

This year's big news, the digital compact-disc system, would probably never have proved feasible had its inventor—N. V. Philips of the Netherlands—not already perfected a laser-tracking and reading method for its LaserDisc videodisc system.

Nor is it likely that Sony would have invested the time and money to develop its revolutionary Beta Hi-Fi had VCR owners not discovered how dismal a video machine's audio sounded when played back over full-range speakers in a home hi-fi setup.

What all this means to you is more choices than ever in putting together a home-entertainment system. At this point, your first decision may well be whether or not to invest in a digital compact-disc player. Actually, the real issue shouldn't be whether but when.

The triumph of the compact-disc system over standard LPs and turntables is inevitable—not because the silvery little discs and their laser-equipped computer players are

The practical integration of audio, video and computer technologies is definite cause for celebration. Here, we take the wraps off a top-drawer home-entertainment system built around nontraditional sources. Foreground, Coleco's Adam computer system, comprising an 80K RAM console; digital data pack drive; full, sculptured keyboard; and letter-quality daisy-wheel printer. It serves most home-computer needs and plays high-resolution games, $600. Behind it, left to right, the Magnavox FD3000SL digital compact-disc player replaces and outperforms your old turntable, $900. Sony's SL-2700 Beta Hi-Fi VCR brings video quality to a new plateau while doubling as a potent stereo tuner, $1500. Next, a remote-controlled, C.X.-equipped Pioneer LD-1100 LaserDisc video player, $800. Atop the Pioneer, a Surround Sound decoder that can pull the necessary rear-channel information from your stereo mix and bring movie-theater sound to your living room, from Fosgate Research, $575. The decoder is well matched with the Allison:Three loud-speakers for rear-channel sound, $790 per pair. Completing the Surround Sound are Allison:Nine front-channel speakers, $990 per pair. To top off this supersystem, we've rolled out the Kloss Model Two portable projection television with T-1 video tuner, $2820. Any of the video sources can be patched into it.

PLAYBOY GUIDE COVER AND ADDITIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

light-years more advanced than their analog predecessors (which they are) but because the system takes the confusion and the frustration out of assembling a high-quality audio setup.

Since the performance of a compact-disc player is largely predetermined by standards established by Philips, players from all manufacturers should perform almost identically. And that performance level makes LPs look sad, indeed.

CD players have no styluses, nothing to wear out the grooves. Discs are "read" by a low-power laser beam in the player. And they never wear out. The laser, by ignoring such surface imperfections as dust, fingerprints and minor scratches, makes playback noise-free.

CD-playback quality in general is as close to perfect as any audiophile has ever imagined. Frequency response is ruler flat, and dynamic range—the ability to capture both the softest and the loudest sounds of a live performance—is superb. Also, one side of the four-and-three-quarter-inch disc can hold up to 60 minutes of stereo sound without compromising a lick.

Eventually, CD players will be priced by their complement of special features. Paying less for a player will give you fewer frills but the same level of performance. Right now, most machines will set you back somewhere from $600 to $1100. By this time next year, industry analysts predict, stripped-down players will be going for about half that.

And if you're willing to invest the money in hardware, be assured that there will be lots of software to play on it. Almost every American record label, as well as the PolyGram conglomerate of European labels, is busy issuing CDs. There are more than 500 titles available in the U.S. right now (the likes of Beethoven's *Concerto in D*, by Itzhak Perlman; Miles Davis' *Sketches of Spain*; Willie Nelson's *Stardust*; and Def Leppard's *Pyromania*), a number that should double in less than a year.

Everyone seems to be jumping on the hardware band wagon. Companies with existing or planned players include Sony, Denon, Magnavox, Hitachi, Phase Linear, Fisher, Akai, Marantz and Sansui. Ready to join the fray within the year are Aiwa, Kenwood, Mitsubishi, Onkyo, Pioneer, Sanyo and Toshiba.

We've chosen to spotlight Magnavox' top-of-the-line FD3000SL CD player in our first system. But it could just as easily work in our second setup or, eventually, substitute for the turntable or the cassette deck in our third system.

CD players plug into any receiver's or amplifier's auxiliary inputs. Those of you who have cursed *(concluded on page 262)*

We've opened some more playful packages for our second system. From left, JVC has taken the lights out of "Lights, camera, action" with the GX-N70 ultra–low-light video camera with infrared autofocusing system and microprocessor-controlled title-and-date generator, $1295. It sits atop a JVC HR-D225U stereo VCR with Dolby B noise reduction and remote control, $950. Video playback is just one of the functions of the Jensen component system. Its main brain is a remote-controlled AVS-1500 AM/FM/TV receiver, $990. The picture is delivered by an AVS-3190 19-inch color monitor, $800. The sound comes out of a pair of AVS-5190 shielded loud-speaker systems, $140 each. The receiver also accepts inputs from a video-disc player, a compact-disc player, a turntable and an audio-tape deck and can be used to drive a second set of speakers for enhanced stereo. To finish off our playful package, there's Mattel's Intellivision II entertainment center, including the Master Component for game playing, $160; System Changer, which lets you play Atari 2600–compatible games, $45; Computer Module, which expands the memory, $125; and, for those late-night serenades, a 49-key Music Synthesizer, $80.

HOT STUFF

the very latest in electronic wizardry

1. Remote possibility. For those who'd prefer to spend time turning on a date instead of a stereo, we offer Acoustic Research's Stereo Remote Control (SRC-1). A control unit that hooks up to both your A.C. power line and your stereo system is activated by a hand-held wireless transmitter. It turns on or off, regulates volume and balance and can select an outside source. There's even a sleep timer that turns off the music after 30 minutes of play. You get the lights. $160.

2. A home-movie star is born. Sony's Betamovie one-piece camera/VCR is the first truly portable method of making video home movies. No need to tote extra equipment; this self-contained compact unit uses standard, instantly replayable Beta cassettes the way Super-8 cameras use film. A rechargeable battery pack provides up to one hour of uninterrupted recording. $1500.

3. Brief encounter. Sharp's PC-5000 computer is an incredible portable, offering 128K memory and an 80-column-by-8-line LCD display. It's compatible with IBM personal-computer programs. For versatility, there's an optional printer that plugs into the top of the computer. For travel, the display panel folds flat over the keyboard and the unit fits into a briefcase. $2195.

4. Three easy pieces. For maximum sound in minimum space, the Acoustic Design Group Triad 50 speaker system packs a wallop. Small enough to fit into the palm of your hand (after a while, you may want to put them on a bookshelf), two tiny, phase-lined satellites (8½″ x 5⅝″ x 5¼″) complement a self-powered woofer driven by a signal-conditioning amplifier rated at 50 watts. With a three-position switch, the bass response is adjustable to your listening environment. $500. Optional oak stands, $250 the set.

5. Monkey business. Nintendo, the creator of Donkey Kong, is now making its best arcade games in hand-held and tabletop versions. Here's the Mario Bros. game, featuring cartoonlike characters in simultaneous multiscreen action. It doubles as a timepiece, too. In an easily packable case, it replaces your old travel alarm while allowing you to climb to new heights with the latest descendant of the great ape. $40.

6. Taking the show on the road. The next best thing to a drive-in movie may be American Audio's Indash Car Video. It's a combination two-inch TV, stereo cassette player, AM/FM radio (with 50-watt stereo amplifier) and digital quartz clock. The unit can be installed in most dashboards—where, for driving safety, the TV screen blacks out when you start the car—or in the rear-seat area for continuous viewing. $995.

7. Fancy footwork. And the joy stick begat the Joyboard. Amiga's skateboard-like controller plugs into your game or computer console and lets you direct the action with foot and body movement. Sail

down ski slopes in Amiga's Mogul Maniac game or wrestle the waves with Surf's Up. The Joyboard is compatible with most game and computer software. Joyboard with Mogul Maniac game, $50.

8. Personal boost. Want more from your personal stereo? The dbx Silencer PPA-1 plugs into the headphone jack and provides Dolby B or dbx noise reduction, $49. **9.** The Audio Source EQ-Three, a five-band equalizer, provides sophisticated tone control for any portable, $39.95. Both are battery operated and clip onto your belt.

THE LONGER YOU OWN IT, THE LESS OBSOLETE IT WILL BECOME.

A lot of stereo equipment starts becoming outdated as soon as you lift it out of the box.

But not Pioneer's SX-60 Receiver. It's been planned for the future, not for obsolescence.

Because it's not just designed to be a stereo receiver, but the control center for the home entertainment system of the future.

The SX-60 has both the performance and features necessary to interface with the video and digital recording hardware and software you will certainly be buying over the next two decades.

To begin with, the SX-60 has the ability to accurately reproduce the wide dynamic range of digital recordings because of its revolutionary Non-Switching, low distortion amp (80 watts per channel into 8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz with no more than 0.005% THD). Its incredible 95dB signal-to-noise ratio can easily handle the 90dB digital range.

And when the video/audio marriage is consummated, you'll have a receiver that will remain compatible. A video input in the SX-60 enables you to listen to VCR or video disc programs through your stereo system. And a simulated stereo circuit transforms the mono output of video (and AM) broadcasts to create theatre-quality, stereo-like imaging.

The SX-60 features Quartz-PLL digital synthesized tuning that locks in stations and prevents any drift. Plus there are 10 FM and 10 AM electronic station pre-sets and precise digital readout.

As for ease and accuracy of operation, all of the SX-60's circuits are completely microcomputer controlled. Finally, a fluorescent pictographic display provides visual reference to the receiver's vital operating mode.

While this display may give the SX-60 a futuristic appearance today, you can rest assured that 10 or 15 years from now, it will fit right in.

PIONEER®
Because the music matters.

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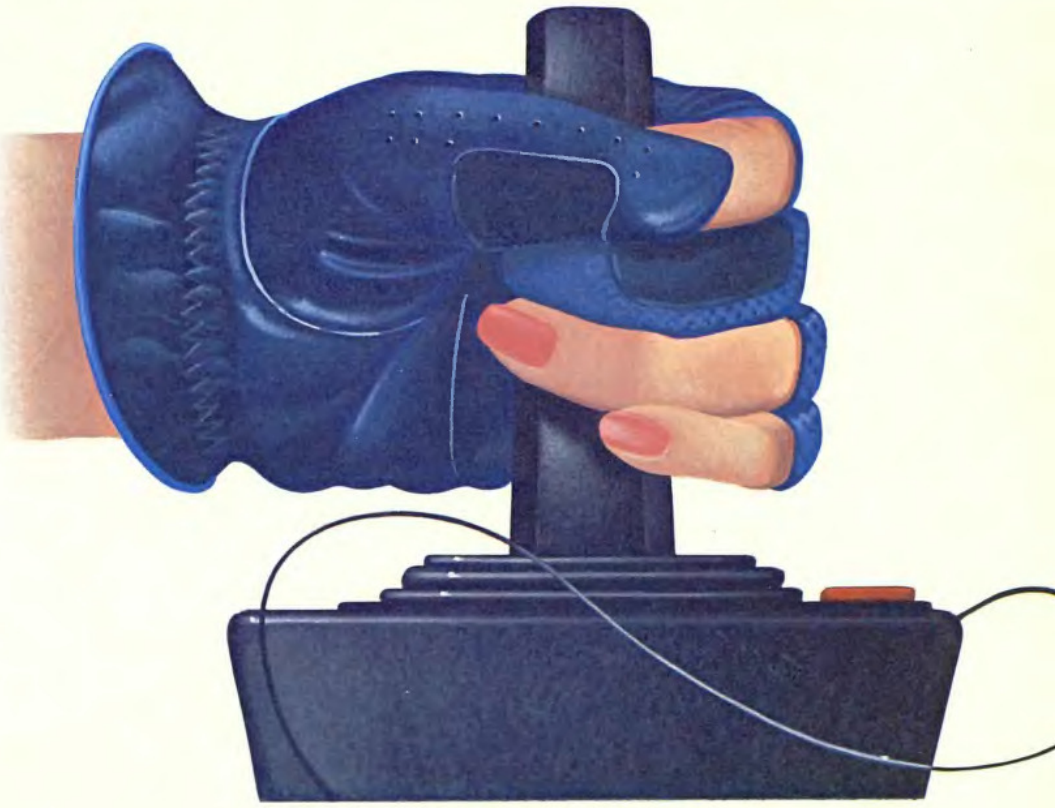
FLASH

some news you can't live without



PLAYBOY'S VIDEO GAME HALL OF FAME

Ah, it all used to be so easy. A year and a half ago, we put together the first Video Game Hall of Fame. It appeared in the *Playboy Guide to Electronic Entertainment* and was followed by award ceremonies at the Chicago Playboy Mansion. Four companies making cartridges for three game machines were honored.

Well, times have changed. Just a bit. Several hundred cartridges, many millions of dollars and about 1000 calluses later, we're ready to enshrine a second group of games that no victim of joy-stick finger should be without.

Just to refresh your memory, our first inductees were **Asteroids** (Atari), **Astrosmash** (Intellivision), **Conquest of the World** (Odyssey²), **Freeway** (Activision), **Kaboom!** (Activision), **K.C. Munchkin** (Odyssey²), **Major League Baseball** (Intellivision), **Missile Command** (Atari), **NFL Football** (Intellivision), **Pac-Man** (Atari), **Space Battle** (Intellivision), **Space Invaders** (Atari), **Tennis** (Activision), **Video Pinball** (Atari) and **Utopia** (Intellivision).

This year's winners are:

B-17 Bomber (Intellivision). Voice-synthesized commands send you on a bombing mission over occupied Europe, helping relive all the fun of World War Two.

BurgerTime (Intellivision). Combine fast food with fast action and you just can't miss. Other food-fight games don't hold a pickle to this one.

Decathlon (Activision for Atari 2600). You try to do it all in this video version of the Olympic competition. If your hands can stand the rapid joy-stick action, you win Bruce Jenner.

Defender (Atari 5200). The cream of the space games is at its most vivid here. Use your lasers and your smart bombs to save your humanoids—not to mention the world as we know it.

Demon Attack (Imagic for Atari 2600). Those little devils put up one hell of a fight. Try to stop them before they hit and split.

Donkey Kong (ColecoVision). The original ColecoVision version of this great ape chase is the best, but if you want even better monkey business, try:

Donkey Kong Jr. (ColecoVision). If movie sequels were this good, we wouldn't have spent the summer playing video games.

Jungle Hunt (Atari 5200). Superb animation (more detailed than the 2600 version) sets you off on an adventure that makes Tarzan look meek.

K.C.'s Krazy Chase (Odyssey²). K.C. returns, this time with a voice, to fight the dreaded Dratapillar in a manic maze.

Pitfall! (Activision for Atari 2600). The best jungle-adventure game going. As you go for the treasure, try to avoid the scorpions and the snakes. They're the pits.

Pole Position (Atari 5200). This one's a winner from start to finish. Not only are the three courses tough but you have to qualify high even to run the race.

Soccer (Atari 5200). A sophisticated game that manages to make the world's simplest sport rather complex. You really need to use your head to figure out how to pass.

Turbo (ColecoVision). This one comes with a steering wheel and a gas pedal, just like in the arcade. A race against time, the elements and your budget.

Zaxxon (ColecoVision). A new generation of graphics makes this 3-D space battle both a challenge to your gamesmanship and a test of your depth perception.

STOP GIVING YOUR GAMES THE FINGER

Tired of working your trigger finger to the bone over your favorite video game? Well, now there's relief. The Videomax game glove not only covers your sweaty palm, it protects your precious trigger finger. The net glove lets your hand breathe, while the leather palm is great for the grip. It's available from Nancy and Company, 22594 Mission Boulevard, Suite 302, Hayward, California 94541, for $7.45, postpaid. It comes in left- or right-handed models in sizes for men, women and kids. You can get yours in white, gold or our favorite, the navy-blue model. It just goes so well with a pinstripe suit.

12 GREAT PARTY CASSETTES

At last count, there were 4,876,912 titles available for home-video players. Something like that. So how do you, with a limited budget, decide which ones to buy or rent to help make your next party one to remember? Worry not. After years in the screening room, we've made your choices for you. You just don't need any more than these:

Cocaine Fiends (Media Home Entertainment)

Coke Time with Eddie Fisher (Video Yesteryear)

Famous T and A (Cultvideo)

The Fundamentals of Cheerleading (Cinema Associates)

Emmanuelle, the Joys of a Woman (Paramount Home Video)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT CRAWFORD

The Eruption of Mount St. Helens (Cinema Associates)
How to Do Your Own Income Tax (Cinema Associates)
How to Marry a Millionaire (CBS/Fox Home Video)
The Harder They Come (RCA Videodiscs)
The Harder They Fall (RCA/Columbia Pictures Home Video)

WHAT TURNS ON MARILYN CHAMBERS

With all the erotic video cassettes flashing on the market, we thought you might need some help deciding which ones had real staying power. So we went to one of the best experts we know. Here, then (including only a few of her own films), are Marilyn Chambers' top ten turn-ons.

1. *Up n' Coming* (Caballero)
2. *Insatiable* (Eros)
3. *Behind the Green Door* (Mitchell Brothers)
4. *Devil in Miss Jones* (Arrow)
5. *Devil in Miss Jones Part II* (VCA)
6. *I Like to Watch* (Caballero)
7. *Taboo* (VCX)
8. *Talk Dirty to Me* (Caballero)
9. *Nurses of the 407* (Caballero)
10. *Bad Girls* (Collectors)

ON SECOND THOUGHT

There may be some of you out there old enough to remember when watches did nothing but tell time. These days, that seems to be a relatively minor function for most tickers.

Witness the Seiko Voice Recorder watch. You push a button, talk into your wrist and record messages of up to eight seconds. You can play your messages back later, use the recorder as a note taker or set the alarm for automatic playback.

STICK IT IN YOUR EAR

They're getting smaller all the time. AM/FM radios, that is. This one's from Recoton, and it measures 2⅝″ x 3⅝″ x ⅜″. It's barely bigger than a credit card and can get you in a lot less trouble.

NAME THAT GIRL GROUP

They were the glory days of rock 'n' roll. In 1958, Jerry Lee Lewis married his 13-year-old cousin. In 1959, Chuck Berry was charged with violation of the Mann Act, and later served time in prison. Those were the days. But somewhere on the streets of Detroit and in the heights of Brooklyn, a new sound was going down. Girl groups. Former backup singers were suddenly fronting million sellers. If you think that Bette Midler first did *Da Doo Ron Ron* or that Linda Ronstadt created a *Heat Wave*, it's time to sell your heart to the junkman. Try taking this little test at your next party. Just match the song with the girl group that recorded it. If you get all the answers right, we have a special prize for you. To find out what it is, phone Beachwood 4-5789.

1.	*My Boyfriend's Back*	*a.*	Cookies
2.	*I Have a Boyfriend*	*b.*	Little Eva
3.	*Chains*	*c.*	Marvelettes
4.	*He Hit Me*	*d.*	Angels
5.	*Keep Your Hands Off My Baby*	*e.*	Crystals
6.	*Nowhere to Run*	*f.*	Shangri-Las
7.	*Don't Mess with Bill*	*g.*	Orlons
8.	*Don't Hang Up*	*h.*	Martha and the Vandellas
9.	*Walkin' in the Rain*	*i.*	Ronettes
10.	*Walkin' in the Sand*	*j.*	Chiffons

Answers: 1. d; 2. j; 3. a; 4. e; 5. b; 6. h; 7. c; 8. g; 9. i; 10. f.

SELECTAVISION

THE GLORY.

Presenting, in all its glory, the RCA CC030 Solid State Color Video Camera. A breakthrough in form and function. How has RCA combined the most advanced video technology with unequaled design? Turn the page for the inside story.

RCA

CC030 CAMERA

SELECTAVISION

THE GUTS.

The CC030 is as remarkable inside as it is outside.

An innovative, solid-state image sensor combines with an impressive list of "firsts" in the U.S. to make this RCA's smartest camera ever.

The first Electronic Color Viewfinder. (And it's detachable.) The first Constant Automatic White Balance, so you'll never have to check color levels again. The first "Video Detail" Automatic Focus with "Focus Lock."

There's more, of course. More than twenty other outstanding features, including an amazing 62-Character Title/Display with Calendar and Stopwatch. But it's time to stop reading and start experiencing a degree of sophistication you won't find with any other camera.

See your RCA dealer for a demonstration. You'll realize that with the CC030, you don't say, "What can I do with this camera?", but rather, "What *can't* I do with it."

And while you're there, attach the CC030 to RCA's incredible 900 Convertible VCR. You'll see why we say:

WE'LL OPEN YOUR EYES.

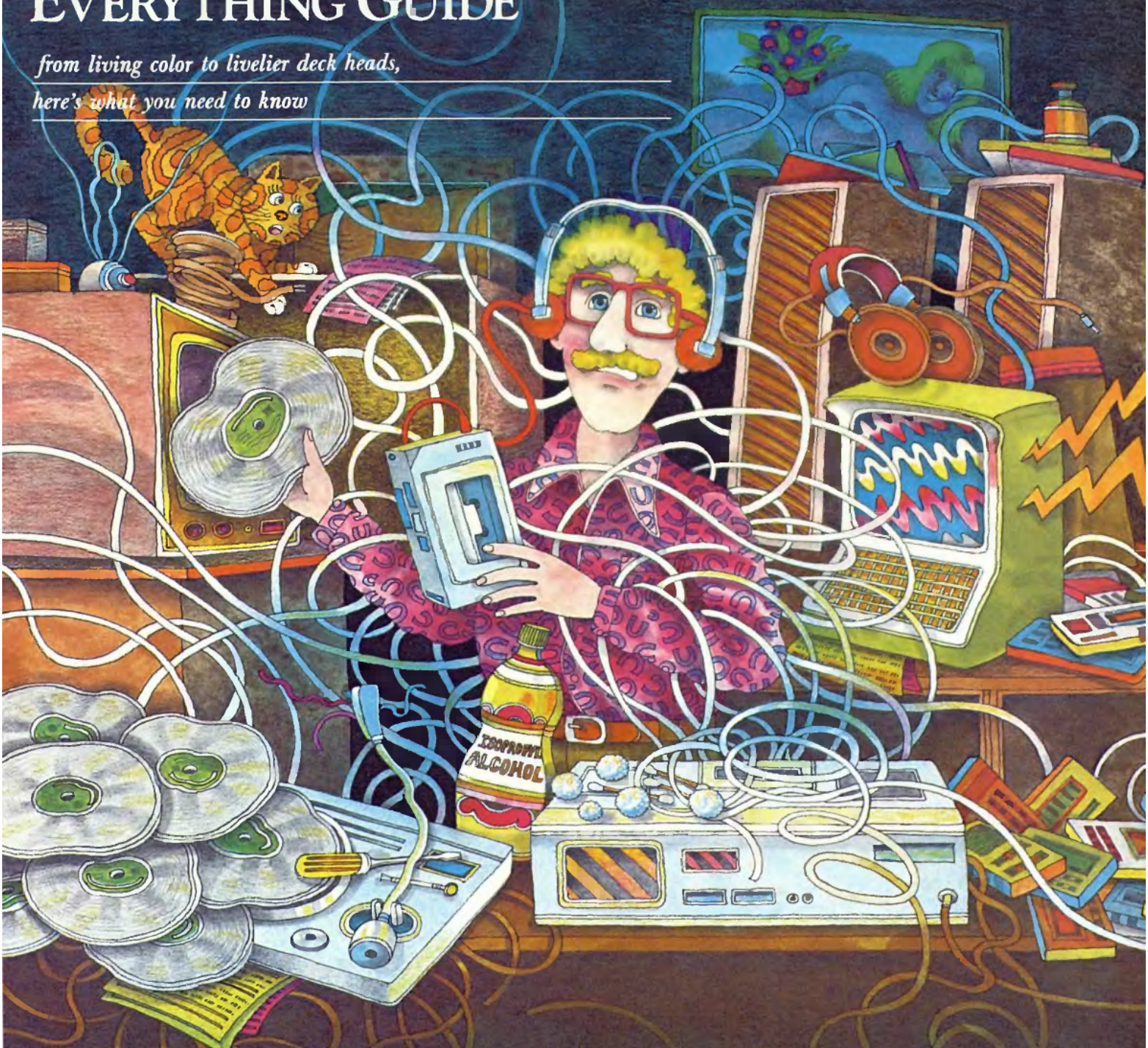
RCA

For the complete line of SelectaVision Color Video Cameras and VCR models, write to: RCA Consumer Electronics, Department 32-312R, P.O. Box 1976, Indianapolis, IN 46206

CC030 CAMERA

THE HOW-TO-DO-ALMOST-EVERYTHING GUIDE

from living color to livelier deck heads, here's what you need to know



SEVEN STEPS TO BETTER COLOR

When the NBC peacock starts to look peaked, your TV may need some adjustment. Here's a simple procedure that guarantees the best color.

1. Disengage any automatic color circuits and turn the color control all the way down, so that you have a black-and-white image.

2. Turn the brightness control up fairly high.

3. Adjust the contrast control. Start with minimum contrast and then turn it up until you get pure whites and solid blacks.

4. Adjust the brightness until you get the most comfortable setting for the room lighting.

5. Now you're ready for color. Turn the color control up until the picture looks natural. If it's set too low, colors will seem washed out; if it's set too high, they will seem to leap out at you, and the image probably will lose some of its definition.

6. Adjust the hue, or tint, control for the most natural flesh tones.

7. At this point, you may want to switch back and forth between your manual settings and the TV's automatic mode (if it has one). You should find your settings at least as good as the set's, and most likely better. If neither is

ILLUSTRATION BY GORDON KIBBEE

satisfactory, it's time for professional help—or a new set.

APPLES AND ORANGES

What do you need to know when buying computer software? More than just what program you want. Other concerns include packaging (does your machine take cassettes, five-and-a-quarter- or eight-inch floppy disks or plug-in cartridges?), the operating system and formatting. The operating system is a program that tells all those integrated circuits how to be a computer; without it, no other software will run. Operating systems come in an alphabet soup of flavors. One of the most popular is CP/M. An IBM Personal Computer, though, runs with either PC/DOS or, as an option, CP/M86 (which is not the same as regular CP/M). The computer can be plugged into A.C. or D.C. and it won't interfere with your AM or FM. You get the idea. It's not imperative that you memorize all those codes—just that you know they exist. Many programs, you see, are available for more than one operating system. If you buy a program on floppy disk, make certain the disk is formatted for your machine. Otherwise, you may not be able to get the program off the disk and into the computer.

CABLE-READY OR NOT

Don't be fooled. Newer televisions and VCRs are labeled cable-ready, but that doesn't always mean that you can watch all cable channels without use of an external cable-converter box. The main problem is that premium channels, such as HBO, are often scrambled to prevent unauthorized reception. For those, you need the decoders built into the cable boxes.

Look for cable-ready sets that have connections enabling you to switch on a decoder box when you need it. Or you can rig up an equivalent with an inexpensive two-way signal splitter and a simple antenna switch. Connect the cable to the splitter's input and one of the splitter's two outputs to the input of the cable box. The cable converter's output then goes to one of the switch's inputs; the switch's other input takes the feed from the splitter's second output. The last step is to connect the output from the switch to the cable input on your TV or VCR. When you don't need the cable box, you can bypass it with the flick of a switch and use your VCR's timer or your television's remote control for channel selection.

HOT LICKS

Got a record that seems unplayably warped? Here's a sure cure. Get two sheets of quarter-inch plate glass about 13 inches square. Thoroughly clean both the glass and the record. Place the record between the two sheets of glass. Preheat your oven for about 15 minutes at its lowest setting, then turn it off. Put the glass-encased record on one of the oven racks, close the door and let it sit there for 15 minutes, then open the oven door and let the record cool for at least 40 minutes. (In ovens with pilot lights, omit the preheating and cool the record out of the oven.) When you take it out, it should be almost perfectly flat. Add pepperoni to taste.

GETTING GOOD HEAD

Do the highs from your tape deck sound as if they went South for the winter? Try cleaning the heads. Soak a cotton swab in pure isopropyl alcohol. (It's available at most drug stores. Just make sure you don't get rubbing alcohol containing lubricants that may gum up the innards of a tape recorder.) Rub the swab across one of the heads, turning it as you go, until it is discolored. Discard it and continue with a new swab until no more dirt comes off. Then move on to the remaining heads, the pinch rollers, the capstans and the tape guides—cleaning everything with which the tape comes in contact.

To maintain top performance, repeat that procedure after every 20 hours of use. If that seems too tedious, use cleaning cassettes such as those made by Discwasher and Allsop. (These are especially nice for cleaning the usually inaccessible heads in car tape decks.)

NOT-SO-HEAVY METAL

Today, most cassette decks are billed as "metal ready," which means that you can use them to record and play back cassettes with pure-metal tape coatings. But do you really need that capability? Metal tape does provide better high-frequency performance than lesser varieties, but only while listening to classical music will you ever need that extra margin—so why pay for it? There are excellent premium-quality chrome and ferric tapes that will work just as well for most recordings—at only half to two thirds the price.

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WE'LL OPEN YOUR EYES. RCA

TELEVISION

COME TOGETHER

(continued from page 251)

"A VCR in the bedroom becomes more appealing if you decide to pursue home moviemaking."

mightily at the setup procedure many turntables demand—installing the phono cartridge, setting the tracking force and antiskating bias—will find CD-player setup a breeze. Remove a packing screw or two, plug it in and you're ready to go.

Future applications of the compact disc are fairly amazing. Since it is really a computer medium—the disc itself stores digital codes that are analyzed and interpreted by the player's preprogrammed processors—a CD might eventually contain digital codes representing album liner notes or even include graphic information such as road maps that could be called up on a tiny monitor installed in a car's dashboard. Oh, yes—next: CD car stereo.

A CD player, then, is really a computer dedicated to music. It becomes a logical complement of a personal computer that can be dedicated to almost any task. The inclusion of personal computers in our two main systems points firmly to a redefinition of home-entertainment systems.

Coleco's new Adam computer, for instance, is amenable to a host of sober tasks but it will play games with a gusto that makes lots of other so-called computer/game machines seem tired.

With a full keyboard, 80 kilobytes of random-access memory, a letter-quality printer and a tape-based storage drive, the Adam is startlingly low priced ($600). In our top system, we've integrated it with a Kloss projection TV, making game playing a TRONlike experience. Coleco has a whole new line of high-resolution supergames designed to take advantage of the Adam's expanded capabilities.

Our second system has a game-playing unit that's not as sophisticated but just as much fun: Mattel's Intellivision II—to which you can easily add a Computer Module; a System Changer, which lets you play Atari 2600–compatible games; and even a 49-key Music Synthesizer.

One major home-entertainment development that's not computerized (not yet, anyway) is Beta Hi-Fi, Sony's technique for recording a stereo sound track on video cassette with a level of fidelity that approaches that of the compact disc.

In its most basic form, the technique takes a stereo signal and processes it in much the same way an FM station processes music for broadcast. In Beta Hi-Fi, though, the FM signal is mixed with the video information and the two are recorded together on the video tape. The TV image with the tinny little sound now has the capability of full-fledged stereo. You just jack your stereo speakers into this new VCR and you're in business. As with a standard stereo system, it will play your mono tapes as well—in mono.

VHS Hi-Fi, available in Japan, has been the victim of heel dragging here. Expect to see models next year.

What Beta Hi-Fi and, eventually, VHS Hi-Fi offer is, first, an alternative to standard audio recorders. With fidelity simply unachievable on an audio-cassette deck, you'll be able to record five hours of music on one video tape. Second, you'll be able to enjoy theaterlike Surround Sound at home from movies produced in Dolby stereo.

Actually, any high-quality stereo-video source, such as a Pioneer LaserDisc or an RCA CED video disc, will enable you to make use of the Dolby-stereo information "hidden" in two-channel movie sound tracks. With the addition of a special decoder, such as the Fosgate Research Model 101A featured in our top system, plus a second stereo amplifier and two rear speakers (the ones we chose are by Allison), movies will take on an exciting extra dimension.

And while you're going for the works, you may as well include a projection television. We chose the Kloss Model Two because it's smaller and more portable than its predecessors. It comes on wheels. Video sources for the system are a Sony SL-2700 Beta Hi-Fi VCR and a Pioneer LD-1100 LaserDisc.

The marriage of video and audio technologies is also changing the configuration of traditional audio componentry. The folks at Jensen are the first to combine a video tuner and a stereo receiver in one chassis. Their AVS-1500 Audio+Video receiver (for FM and 133 TV channels) and matching 19-inch monitor are a high-quality, space-saving alternative to separate components hooked together with a rat's nest of wires. Plus, the Jensen system is totally remote controlled, making it perfect for the bedroom. It's also one of the few TVs that are truly cable-ready. The receiver has two sets of RF inputs—one for regular cable, the other for descrambled pay channels.

Although the Jensen receiver easily accommodates a CD player, you may want to wait a bit and rely on stereo VCR for music plus video. We've chosen JVC's HR-D225U, a new VHS deck that has four-head technology for great picture quality and special effects at even the slowest tape speed, as well as stereo sound with Dolby noise reduction.

By the way, using that VCR in the bedroom becomes even more appealing if you decide to pursue the artistically rewarding hobby of home moviemaking. JVC's new low-light GX-N70 seems perfect for this use. It records with the illumination of just one foot candle. And it has infrared auto focus, which allows you to put it on a tripod and have hands-free operation.

If you want to hold off on all this fancy equipment until the prices come down, we suggest the following system as one that's basic but capable of providing excellent sound at a reasonable price.

Its centerpiece is Sony's STR-VX550 receiver ($360), which has enough inputs and switching to accommodate the extra goodies you'll eventually want to add. The receiver drives a pair of Boston Acoustics A70 two-way acoustic suspension loudspeakers ($140 each). As main program sources, we've chosen an Onkyo TA-2044 two-head cassette deck with Dolby B and C noise reduction ($300) and a Pioneer PL-S50 direct-drive automatic turntable ($165) with a Shure ML140HE moving-magnet phono cartridge ($190). For your first fanciful foray, try a Sony RM-S750 Remote Commander system ($40). It'll save you lots of effort and give you tons of time to drool over the CD and the Beta Hi-Fi ads. Dream on.

COMING ON COMPACT

The list of titles available for compact-disc play is growing faster than you can say Shostakovich. Just in time for Christmas shopping, here's a list of late entries:

Billy Joel, *Innocent Man*; Placido Domingo, *Perhaps Love*; Chuck Mangione, *Journey to a Rainbow*; Men at Work, *Cargo*; Toto, *Turn Back*; Chicago, *Chicago 16*; Judy Collins, *Judith*; The Pretenders, *Pretenders*; The Cars, *Shake It Up*; Bette Midler, *No Frills*; Robert Plant, *The Principle of Moments*; Michael Jackson, *Thriller*; *Flashdance* sound track.

Andre Previn, *Debussy: Images for Orchestra*; Vienna Philharmonic, Lorin Maazel, conductor, *Beethoven: Symphony No. 5*; New York Philharmonic, Zubin Mehta, conductor, *Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (The Titan)*; Chicago Symphony Orchestra, James Levine, conductor, *Mozart: Symphonies No. 40 and 41 (Jupiter)*; Dallas Symphony Orchestra, Eduardo Mata, conductor, *Ravel: Bolero*; Boston Symphony, Serkin, Ozawa, *Beethoven Piano Concerto No. 5 (Emperor)*; Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, *American Music*; St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Pinchas Zukerman, conductor, *Vivaldi: The Four Seasons*; Boston Symphony, *Schubert Octet*; Sutherland, Pavarotti, *Verdi: La Traviata*.

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PERSONAL COMPUTER CHRISTMAS *(continued from page 201)*

"The worthwhile Apple programs . . . have already been rewritten for the IBM Personal Computer."

computers, since 1980. The Apple IIe (Apple says the e stands for enhanced. I say it stands for expensive) added a few keys, lower-case letters, a bit more memory and a printer port; reduced the number of chips (the reduction has no value to the consumer but makes the computer less expensive to produce) and raised the price (from $1330 to $1395). Even I, who have little faith in Apple, had thought it was going to offer more and charge less.

Keep in mind that that price does not include a screen or a disk drive or a single piece of software.

The main reason people buy Apple IIes is the software and the peripherals produced by *other manufacturers*. Most of that comes from the late Seventies, when the Apple II was the only color computer on the block.

But Apple is losing that advantage. Several fine computers that will run the Apple software are available. With a special expansion card, even the IBM will run it. The worthwhile Apple programs, from a business standpoint, have already been rewritten for the IBM Personal Computer.

The fact is, if you look at the telephone-directory-sized listing of 16,000 programs available for the Apple, the vast majority of them are worthless. They look like entries in a high school program-writing contest. ("You will have three hours to write a computer program. Go.")

When you compare, hardware feature for hardware feature, the Apple IIe ($1395) with the Commodore 64 (about $200 and falling), you'll see that Apple can obviously afford to sell the IIe for a lot less.

FRANKLIN ACE 1000 AND 1200

If, for some reason, you feel you *must* buy an Apple IIe, you may want to investigate the Franklin ACE 1000 or 1200. The basic ACE 1000 costs less than the Apple IIe but includes a better keyboard (though, like the Apple's, it is not detachable) and a numeric keypad. All of the plug-in cards, programs and peripherals made for the Apple will work with the Franklin ACEs.

The ACE 1200 is both Apple compatible and CP/M compatible. The 1200 has an 80-column display, a Z-80 (CP/M) processor, 128K of memory and both serial and parallel printer ports. The 1200 and the 1000 both have color capability.

BASIS 108

Even if it were not Apple compatible, the Basis 108 would have a lot to recommend it: great keyboard (detachable), lots of free software (CP/M, Perfect Writer, Perfect Calc, Perfect Filer, Perfect Speller), 128K of memory and two 160K drives, all for about $2600.

A monochrome monitor is included. A color monitor is about $700 extra. The Basis I used had an Amdex amber monitor that produced sharp characters—easy on the eyes and pleasant to work with. Made in West Germany, the machine has the feeling of solid, reliable construction. In all, an impressive computer.

RADIO SHACK

Radio Shack was one of the first companies (Commodore and Apple were the others) to offer preassembled personal computers. After a dull few years in which it seemed that Radio Shack, like Apple, was resting on its laurels (Apple's no longer resting—it's *homesteading*), it has come out with a few good computers—and one very good one.

The Model 4 is the least expensive. Two disk drives, attached keyboard, $1999. Nothing great; but, for the price, it does the job.

The Radio Shack Model 12 is a bit bland, a bit big and a bit overpriced (Radio Shack is the Chevrolet of computers), but Radio Shack is everywhere and service and availability are as important to computers as they are to cars. You can do worse for word processing or general office computing than the Model 12. (You can do worse without leaving Radio Shack.) It has a detachable keyboard, two disk drives (eight-inch) that hold a most generous 1200K per drive, a 12-inch green screen, and it retails for $3999.

The Model 16, at $4999, is overpriced.

The good news at Radio Shack is the Model 100. You wouldn't want to run your office with it, but you might want to throw one into your briefcase. The 100 is light (about four pounds), compact (smaller than a three-ring binder) and highly portable. The full-sized keyboard has a great feel. The screen is liquid crystal (like a pocket calculator's) and displays eight 40-character lines. It's not what you'd call a word processor—more a word recorder. Whatever you store in the 100 can be transferred to another computer for later editing and revision. Documents are stored in a kind of RAM that never forgets. After files are transferred to another medium or are printed, the memory can be erased for future computing.

The 8K machine costs $799, the 24K

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machine $999 and the 32K $1120, plus installation. I'd recommend the 24K as a minimum.

EPSON HX-20

The Epson includes a full keyboard, a 20-character four-line screen and a built-in 20-column dot-matrix printer. It's about the size of the Radio Shack 100. The price is $795.

Text is stored on microcassettes, making the Epson a better traveling companion than the 100. The batteries of the HX-20 are rechargeable and last a remarkable 50 hours.

HEATH H-89/ZENITH Z-89

This vintage computer comes as a build-it-yourself kit (the H-89) or assembled (the Z-89). The machine is the same. Heath is a hobbyist company, well established in the do-it-yourself tradition, and its catalog reflects that. To figure out the number of possible optional configurations of the H-89 would require, well, an H-89. If you want this, you must also order that; and if you buy two thats, you get a special discount on one of these. However, if you buy one of these, you don't need this, because this is included in these. And if you buy two of those, you can get one of them at half price. All in all, if you can put together an H-89 system using the catalog, you should have no trouble putting together the H-89 itself. The price—$1429 unassembled, $1999 assembled—is high.

ZENITH Z-100/HEATH H-100

For a machine that Zenith and Heath hope to use to conquer the vistas of computerdom, the Z-100 is surprisingly primitive. The screen display is not very good. The keyboard is nondetachable. It is an eight-bit and 16-bit machine, but the amount of software that will run on the machine seems limited.

It has some good points. It uses an S-100 bus, for example. The S-100 bus is a standard for which hundreds of plug-in expansion boards are available. It provides great flexibility, but I'm afraid it requires a tinkerer's mentality. This machine, then, is right up a Heathkit-lover's avenue. I'm not sure how well it will fare in business, where nontinkerers abound.

It's not cheap, either: $3599 for 128K of memory, two 320K drives, a monochrome screen and the Z-DOS operating system (don't ask).

KAYPRO II AND 4

The Kaypro II has a nine-inch green-phosphor screen that allows for a full 24 lines with 80 characters per line. Its detachable keyboard is excellent. It has a good feel, a numeric keypad and separate cursor-movement keys. The two built-in disk drives each hold 191K of information; 64K of memory is standard. Cost: $1595.

The Kaypro II offers a small software store free with purchase: CP/M, M-BASIC, Profit Plan, Perfect Writer, Perfect Filer, WordStar, Perfect Calc, Perfect Speller, The WORD Plus, Uniform and games. If you want MailMerge, it's $49.95 extra.

Yes, the Kaypro II represents a remarkable value. With an inexpensive letter-quality printer, it gives you a great word processor for less than $2500.

The Kaypro 4 is the same as the Kaypro II except that it has double-density, double-sided drives holding 394K each. The Kaypro 4 is $1995 and includes a different package of software: WordStar, The WORD Plus, Microplan, M-BASIC, S-BASIC, C-BASIC and CP/M.

KAYPRO 10

The Kaypro 10 is very much like the Kaypro 4 (what happened to the five in between?) except that the Kaypro 10 has only one floppy-disk drive and a built-in ten-megabyte hard disk. Kaypro continues to astound with the price: $2795.

The machine is wonderful, a superb value and all that, but I have one major concern: the hard disk. In the world of personal computers, hard disks are considered delicate beasties. They must be treated gently and with the respect that's due anything that can destroy, on whim, 5000 typewritten pages of information.

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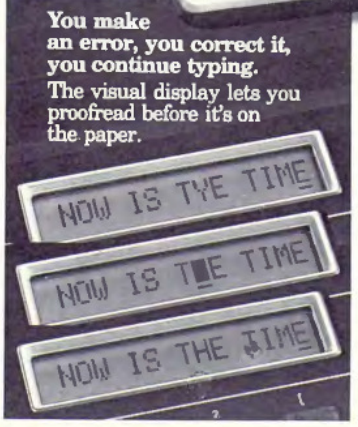

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When a hard disk is put into a *portable* computer, considering the knocks and bangs to which portable anythings are subjected, I become worried. The Kaypro people assure me that the disk drive is of a new design and double shock mounted and on and on. I still keep thinking about 5000 typewritten pages' being wiped out by one careless porter.

This computer is heaven-sent for people with tens of thousands of things to file. The inventory of entire libraries or auto-parts companies or baseball-card collections can be put on this computer.

Ten megabytes is a lot. It's very powerful but very dangerous. *Please*, with this or any other hard-disk computer, *back up your irreplaceable information regularly*. Backup information is like a seat belt: If it's used only once in ten years, it's worth the effort.

MORROW MICRO DECISION

This is a fine computer and an excellent value. The standard Morrow Micro Decision computer comes with two disk drives (186K formatted capacity); a 12-inch green-phosphor screen (24 80-character lines); a Z-80A microprocessor; 64K of RAM; a detachable keyboard with a numeric keypad, separate cursor-movement keys and seven function keys.

And that's not all: Morrow is a member in good standing of the great software-giveaway program. You get, free with purchase, CP/M, Microsoft BASIC (M-BASIC), WordStar, Correct-It (a spell-check program) and Personal Pearl.

All that for $1599. With double-density drives (384K per drive), the price is $1899. Remarkable.

The screen display is sharp, clear and legible. The keyboard is solid, with a good feel. My only complaint is the noise the disk drives make. Sometimes they sound like a subway train braking. At other times, they sound like Darth Vader breathing. But not everyone is as sensitive about the sound of disk drives as I am.

In all, the Morrow Micro Decision is a great computer at a great price and well worth your consideration.

OTRONA ATTACHE

One gets two disk drives, each with 380K of memory; a five-inch monitor that displays, sharply and clearly, 24 80-column lines; a green-phosphor screen capable of graphics; and lots of software: CP/M, WordStar Plus, Valet, Charton II, Multiplan and Disk Manager. All this in a package weighing only 18 pounds for $2995.

TELERAM T-3000

The Teleram is the most portable full-function computer available. It weighs about nine pounds, has a full-function keyboard and four 80-character lines of display. The display is liquid crystal. One wouldn't want to write a magnum opus on a four-line screen, but it's usable.

The Teleram stores information on a bubble memory. Bubble memory, like RAM, is user changeable, but it keeps the information indefinitely, the way ROM does, even when the power is turned off. It's a great combination of the two but, at the moment, fairly expensive. The $2495 price includes 128K of bubble memory. An additional 128K is $500.

TOSHIBA T100

The Toshiba personal computer includes a full-function keyboard, a monochrome (green) screen, Z-80 processor, 64K of memory, two 280K five-and-a-quarter-inch disk drives and CP/M. All that for $1695. Not bad. The weak link in the system is the video display. The letters look broken and spotty. A positive aspect of the video display is that, with the simple addition of a color monitor, the T100 is capable of full-color graphic display.

CROMEMCO C-10

The Cromemco offers a keyboard, monochrome (green) video screen, Z-80A processor, 64K of memory, two 390K five-and-a-quarter-inch disk drives, a CP/M-like operating system, a word-processing program, a spread-sheet program and a structured BASIC program. All that will cost you $2380. The keyboard, though detachable, is small and

does not include a numeric keypad. The programs are Cromemco's own.

NORTHSTAR ADVANTAGE

A nondetachable keyboard is about as limiting as a car seat that cannot be adjusted. If you're an "average" driver, you may never notice its inflexibility. If you're shorter or taller than the norm, you will find operating the machinery a study in discomfort.

Another keyboard oddity—one the Advantage shares with the IBM Personal Computer—is that the cursor-movement keys and the numeric-keypad keys are the same. One can use the numeric keypad to either record numbers *or* move the cursor about the document. A cursor-lock key must be depressed to change from one mode to another. That can be inconvenient if you want to work with numbers and move the cursor at the same time. The Advantage is, however, rugged and reliable.

NEC APC

The NEC people, who make the finest letter-quality printer around, make several small computers marketed by at least two divisions. The one that seems to be getting the most attention is the APC, which stands for Advanced Personal Computer. As fond as I am of the NEC printers, I must admit that I am not very fond of the APC.

The keyboard is solid and the screen display is clear—but then so are the keyboard and screen display of computers costing half as much. The drives are eight-inch only. They are also the noisiest drives I have heard on a small computer.

It comes with CP/M-86, WordStar, SpellStar, MailMerge, dBase II, SuperCalc II and the Millionaire package. All that for $3448. If the machine were $1500 cheaper, it might be a breakthrough. As it is, it's not a great value. Its strength seems to be in the addition of a color monitor. If sharp, full-color graphics are required in your business, you should certainly have a look at the APC. And if you're someone who *must* do word processing in color, this is a machine to investigate. (The color monitor adds about $1000 to the price.)

TELEVIDEO 802

To build a personal computer, TeleVideo began with the best: its own 950 terminal. TeleVideo has been manufacturing high-quality, low-cost video terminals for years. The 950 is near the top of a line of a dozen or so models. It has a detachable keyboard, 24 80-column lines, numeric keypad, 22 programmable function keys, etc.

Starting with an excellent keyboard and video screen, TeleVideo added a Z-80A microprocessor, 64K of user-programmable memory, a CP/M operating system and two five-and-a-quarter-inch disk drives, each holding 340K of information. The TeleVideo 802 is $3495. A hard-disk version of the 802, the 802H, is available. I used to recommend the TeleVideo 802 as a good value until the even better value below came along.

TELEVIDEO TS803

If this computer does not win some design award somewhere, there is no justice. Aesthetics aside, the TS803 is a powerful, full-featured computer at a great price ($2495). The two disk drives each hold 340K of information.

The screen is green phosphor and measures not 12 but 14 inches. (Does this mark the beginning of a size war among manufacturers?) The screen tilts up and down. The keyboard has every key imaginable, plus 16 special-function keys, labeled word-processing keys and a numeric keypad. TeleVideo has made some of my favorite keyboards, and this one is no exception. The keyboard is detachable, of course, and has a long cord.

There is no fan, so the unit is quiet—silent, in fact. For those deep thinkers who prefer creation without the whir of white noise, this machine is certainly worth listening to.

XEROX 820-II

The Xerox 820-II is the revised version of the Xerox 820. It has a detachable keyboard with numeric keypad and separate cursor keys, black-and-white video display (24 80-character lines), two 322K disk drives (five-and-a-quarter-inch), 64K of RAM and a Z-80A microprocessor. It costs $2995. CP/M is included.

EAGLE IIE

There is lots of good news and one piece of bad news about the Eagle IIE computer. First, the good news:

It has a good keyboard, a fine screen, a Z-80 processor, 64K of memory, two 390K five-and-a-quarter-inch disk drives and costs but $1995. More good news: The $1995 price also includes CP/M, C-BASIC, UltraCalc spread sheet and the Spellbinder word-processing program.

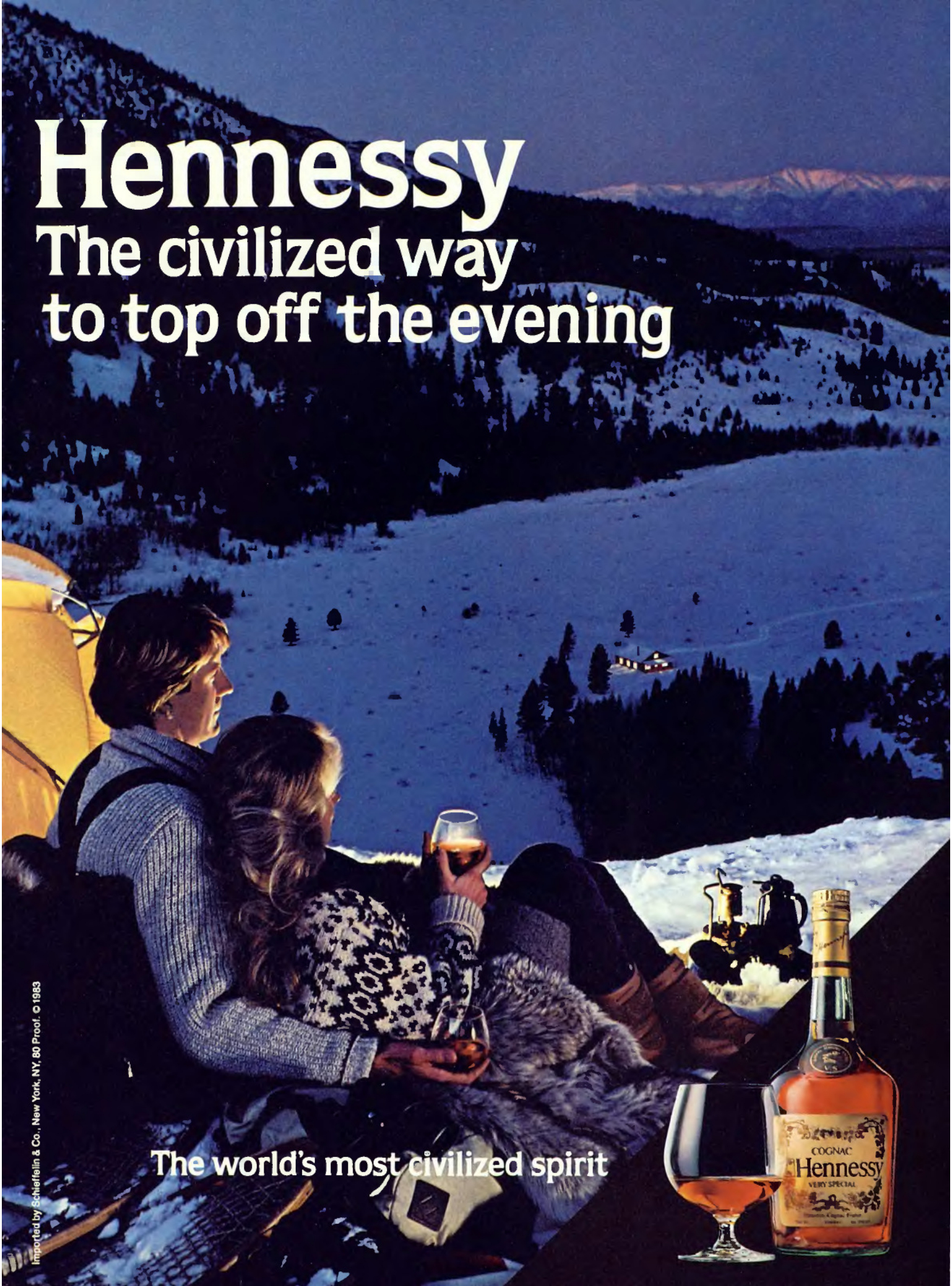
A good buy, that. Now for the bad news: It does not have a detachable keyboard. To quote Charlie Brown, "Arghhhh!"

EPSON QX-10

The processor of the QX-10 is an eight-bit Z-80, and the machine has a generous 256K of RAM. It has two five-and-a-quarter-inch disk drives, each holding 380K of storage. The screen is green, exceptionally sharp and easy to read. It has 25 80-column lines. The screen is also capable of high-resolution graphics. The keyboard is, precisely, State of the Art. It is where keyboard design has been headed all along and will probably be the most imitated keyboard in a very imitative business. It has a great touch and is a pleasure to work with. It is, of course, detachable. The over-all design (that is, the way the QX-10 looks) is delightful.

The QX-10 comes with an easy-to-learn word-processing program called

"Since we put Miss Simpson on straight commission, she's really giving it the hard sell."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Valdocs. It *is* easy to learn, but the first release was too slow and too buggy. There have been four major revisions already—each an improvement. One gets the feeling that Epson and its software partner Rising Star Industries are striving for excellence and they're going to achieve it.

The entire package costs $2995—a great value. (A no-software, CP/M version, with less RAM, costs $2495.)

IBM PERSONAL COMPUTER

IBM has built a terrific personal computer. Rather than patch together a small computer using a little from this IBM machine and a little from that one, IBM assembled a group of engineers, designers, programmers and, yes, a few personal-computer lovers and sent them off to design and build the IBM PC.

There was fear in the land of small computers that IBM would swallow up the personal-computer market. Instead, it looks as though IBM has created a whole new industry called Supporting the IBM Personal Computer, Inc. Everyone's getting a franchise: peripheral manufacturers, software vendors, mail-order houses and retailers. One program, for example, called Keynote, allows you to customize the IBM's keys to perform in one stroke tasks that previously might have taken 30 commands and a half hour to accomplish; MicroPro, for another example, updated its popular word-processing program WordStar for the IBM and has already released a revision.

IBM is being unusually cooperative with people who want to make things that go in, go on or attach to the IBM PC. Prior to this, its policy was: If it isn't made by IBM, it shouldn't be used on an IBM. Now IBM is releasing schematics of the PC and is offering all possible help.

It's even, wonder of wonders, marketing another company's products under the IBM name. The IBM printer is a Japanese-made Epson with an IBM name plate added. This is as radical as Steinway's putting its name on Japanese-made pianos. On the down side, the IBM/Epson is looking a bit old next to the new Epson printers.

The Personal Computer is available in component parts. One can, for example, buy just the basic computer, plug it into a TV and store BASIC programs on a cassette. But most people who decide to go IBM go all the way: monochrome screen, dual disk drives (360K per drive), 64K of memory and detachable keyboard. This will set you back about $3200.

The monochrome screen display on the IBM is very good. It's green phosphor, with 24 80-column lines. A color monitor can be added.

The keyboard is unique. Some people love it and some hate it. The IBM keyboard was designed with what is known as "audio tactile feedback." When you push down a button, you *hear* and *feel* a click. It is not the same as the electronic beep or boop one finds as an option on some computers. The click is built into the keys. There's no way to get rid of it.

Another strange element of the keyboard is the placement of the SHIFT key. For years, small-computer manufacturers, wanting to point with pride at the quality of their keyboards, referred to them as "Selectric-style." The keys were in the same positions as on the IBM Selectric.

IBM, for reasons known only to the Creator and the creators, did not follow the Selectric format. The SHIFT key on the left-hand side of the keyboard is traditionally the width of two keys and is located next to the Z. On the IBM Personal Computer keyboard, it's the width of one key and is *not* located next to the Z. Further, the RETURN key is smaller than that of a Selectric.

Also, the keyboard does not have separate cursor-movement keys; they are located on the numeric keypad. One can use either the cursor keys *or* the numeric keys but not both. That would pose more of a problem to electronic spread sheeters, say, than to word processors.

But Keytronics has already introduced a keyboard that attaches to the IBM and corrects all those, uh, eccentricities. That's the nice thing about the IBM: It's likely to be the most supported personal computer in history. In fact, it already is.

As with the Apple IIe, for anything you want to do on a personal computer, you'll no doubt find a peripheral or a program that will let you do it. The Apple IIe, though, does it on the high school level. The IBM does it for adults.

IBM XT

Would you have believed, even a year ago, that IBM would ever market a product named XT? Sounds like a sports car or an improved mouthwash. How quickly the big guys let their image slip when there's money to be made.

The XT adds 64K more of memory (for a total of 128K) and replaces one of the disk drives with a ten-megabyte hard disk. The price is $4995.

DIGITAL EQUIPMENT CORPORATION RAINBOW 100

The Rainbow comes, ironically, with a black-and-white screen. It displays 24 lines of either 80 or 132 characters. (The screen switches easily between the two.) The keyboard is detachable and excellent. It ties with the TeleVideo keyboard as my favorite. It has a numeric keypad (with add, subtract, multiply and divide symbols), separate cursor-movement keys and more special-function keys than anyone is ever likely to need (there are 36 extra keys on the keyboard).

The basic unit uses a dual disk drive that holds two five-and-a-quarter-inch disks. Each disk holds 400K of information for a total of 800K. The Rainbow is an eight-bit *and* a 16-bit machine. It will run either CP/M or CP/M-86 software. For $250 more, you can run programs in the MS-DOS (IBM-DOS) format, and 64K of RAM is standard. It is expandable to 256K. The cost is $3495.

A plug-in card permits high-resolution graphics, and the addition of a color monitor permits graphics in full color.

VICTOR 9000

The Victor 9000 is a State-of-the-Art computer. The screen display is the best I've seen on a computer. As on the IBM, the characters on the Victor are made up

"Marvin's a con artist."

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of serifs—thicks and thins in the design of each letter. The result looks more like printing than like a computer display. The keyboard is, of course, detachable.

The disk drives are five-and-a-quarter-inch and hold a massive 612K each; 128K of user-programmable memory is standard. The price is $3495.

While the Victor 9000 does excellent monochrome graphics, it will not do color graphics. It is also not likely to get the support that the IBM will be (and is) getting from the manufacturers of peripherals and software.

[*Editor's Note:* As we go to press, the world is waiting for the arrival of Coleco's Adam and IBM's Peanut. Both are expected to be breakthroughs in the under-$1000 category. Adam is a bold idea—an 80K-memory computer, with word-processing software and a *letter*-quality printer included in the basic package. All for about $700. The storage system is a newly designed tape drive that's supposed to be comparable in speed to the slower disk drives out there. All software will have to be new or rewritten specifically for Adam. That could be a serious limitation, but Coleco has shown impressive marketing speed and resourcefulness in the past. At early press showings, there were enthusiastic reports about Adam's feel and function, but we couldn't get McWilliams' probing fingers on one, so we'll have to reserve judgment.

[The IBM Peanut will most likely be a true baby brother to the PC. Same 64K, 100 percent compatibility so it will run the scrillions of programs written for the PC. Without a disk drive (in other words, useless), it is supposed to cost about $700; with one drive, just over $1000. If it works, it's going to be hard to resist; and in the shakeout many people expect in this business, the Peanut will be rocking the tree. IBM is not openmouthed about this (or anything else) and there have been delays. So the guesswork will go on awhile longer.]

PRINTERS, PERIPHERALS, PROGRAMS AND THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT

To do a complete review of all the printers (40, at least), peripherals (there must be more than 4000) and programs (estimates range from 40,000 to 80,000) for personal computers would fill not just this month's issue of PLAYBOY but also next month's Gala 30th Anniversary Issue and most issues of 1984.

Instead, let me give you some starting points. Each industry has its standards, brand names that are, for one reason or another, more popular than others. I've listed a few of those *de facto* standards for personal computers below. They are not recommendations of the best, just a point of reference from which to make your comparisons.

MODEMS

The recognized leader in modems is the Hayes Smartmodem. A close second: Novation's Smart-Cat.

PRINTERS

The leader in letter-quality printers is the NEC. The leader in dot matrix is Epson.

PROGRAMS

Word Processing. The most popular word-processing program is WordStar. The best spell-check program is The WORD Plus. (Please see *The Word Processing Book* or *Word Processing on the IBM* for a fuller description of word-processing programs and letter-quality printers.)

Accounting. The most popular accounting packages are from Peachtree. The Champion series seems easiest to learn.

Electronic spread sheeting. VisiCalc, the program that started it all, is certainly popular. The best seller these days is 1-2-3, a program designed with the IBM in mind that some people say gives the IBM PC power beyond the dreams of mainframe computer designers of five years ago.

Data bases. The most popular data-base-management system is dBase II. For subjective data bases (that is, information that must be classified by assigned key words), the best is SuperFile.

Communications programs. No clear popular favorites here. I've found LYNC to be very good.

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And so it goes. The good news and the bad news about the world of personal computers is that it's changing quickly. No one can keep up, but have I got a deal for you. I publish occasional "Updates" for my computer books (*The Word Processing Book*, *The Personal Computer Book* and others). Readers of my books are invited to write in for the "Updates," and now that you've taken this short course, you are as well. Please ask for "Update C"—it's such a fast world that A and B have already been incorporated into this article. The service is free, but please send a self-addressed, stamped (37 cents) envelope. I'd appreciate your including a dollar or two to help pay for printing, though it's not required. Send everything to Peter A. McWilliams, "Update C," Box 6969B, Los Angeles, California 90069.

Now you get some time off to go out and touch the merchandise. I'll be back in a couple of months with part four of this three-part series, and we'll explore what to do once you get your computer home. See you then.

"Attention, everyone, we'll be experiencing a little turbulence for the next few minutes."

GREAT PLAYS

(continued from page 188)

"Ed Thorp's previous book was the one that showed the world how to count cards at blackjack."

sat around 5, the bonds wouldn't move much, either—but would be paying 15 percent for your trouble. Not bad.

If Pan Am went broke, the stock would collapse, yielding a huge profit to those who had shorted it—but the bond, secured by those 747s, might retain much of its value. Bingo!

•

The common thread in all of these plays is limited risk. His is a running, not a passing, game, Jeff Tarr says. Three yards at a time. (A friend who has run his $6000 trust fund up to $800,000 in 14 years puts it this way: "All I try to do is make 30 percent a year. Anything after that is gravy.") But the fellow I should really talk to about all this, Tarr says, is former MIT math professor Edward O. Thorp. Ed Thorp, Tarr says, *wrote the book* on this kind of thing.

ED THORP'S BOOK

Ed Thorp's book, co-authored by fellow math whiz Sheen T. Kassouf and published in 1967, was called *Beat the Market, A Scientific Market System*. One should, of course, be highly skeptical of books with such titles, but Thorp's previous book, in 1962, was called *Beat the Dealer*. It was the one that showed the world how to count cards at blackjack.

"Wall Street is a bigger game," Thorp grins, sitting at the conference table in his Newport Beach, California, office, "and you don't have to worry about anyone breaking your knees if you win." He and his partner in Princeton, James "Jay" Regan, manage a nine-figure sum for private clients. Since forming Princeton/Newport Partners in 1969, they've averaged nearly a 20 percent annual return, less their own hefty profit share. (Compounded at 20 percent for 14 years, a dollar grows thirteenfold. Invested in the Standard & Poor's 500 index over the same period, with dividends, it would merely have tripled.)

Guided by a pair of Serious Computers, soon to be replaced by an Even More Serious pair, the partnership trades like crazy to exploit the glitches in the market. Brokerage fees run into the millions each year. Some 90 percent of their trades succeed, Thorp says, albeit on a modest scale. A few succeed on an immodest scale.

RESORTS INTERNATIONAL: BUY THE WARRANTS, SHORT THE STOCK

In 1972, stock in badly troubled Resorts International was 8, and warrants that entitled you to buy it at 40 were, understandably, cheap. But 27 cents? Thorp's model, weighing the length of time to expiration, expected interest rates and the volatility of the underlying stock, told him the warrants were worth $4. He bought all he could—10,800 of them—for a total outlay, including commissions, of $3200. But rather than risk even so modest a sum, he shorted 800 shares of the common stock to hedge his bet. Remember, we're talking arbitrage, not speculation.

A few months later, the stock fell to 1½, so Thorp covered his short for a profit that more than paid for the warrants—which he kept.

Years passed.

Around 1978, he began getting calls from people who wanted to buy his warrants. They were offering $3 and $4—not bad for 27-cent warrants—but by then, Resorts was trading around 15, and Thorp's model told him the warrants were worth $7 or $8. So he *bought more* (and began shorting the stock again as a hedge).

He ultimately sold his original 10,800 warrants, purchased at 27 cents, for $100 apiece. "All those guys in the Resorts casino counting cards," Thorp chuckles at the irony. "We found an even better way."

MARKET INDEX FUTURES: SELL THE INDEX, BUY ITS COMPONENTS

When futures contracts were first offered on the Standard & Poor's 500, in April 1982, investors were able, in effect, to go long or short the whole market—all 500 S&P stocks at once. But, especially at first, the prices at which those contracts traded were often a little out of whack.

If I were to show you a $5 bill and a roll of 100 20-cent stamps, you'd pretty quickly figure it was worth $25. You'd be unlikely to offer more; I'd be unlikely to accept less. But if I showed you 38,420 lire, 62 guilder, 2,000,000 yen and some peso-denominated traveler's checks and offered you the right to buy the whole works six months from now, you might be less certain what to pay. And, frankly, who would *care* if you paid a tiny bit too much? Ed Thorp's computer cares.

And Ed Thorp's computer was ready to run those calculations the moment S&P futures contracts began trading. Few other traders were quite so fast off the mark.

So from June to October 1982, Thorp's group busied itself selling (and buying) S&P futures contracts and buying (or selling) the stocks those contracts represented. The idea wasn't to guess which way the market was headed—quite the contrary. The idea was to exploit the inefficiencies of the market place. In effect, to buy $5 bills for $4.90 or sell them for $5.10.

This entailed truly extraordinary activity. Every time the command went out to sell overvalued S&P contracts, orders would also go out to buy corresponding numbers of shares of 265 different stocks. (Calculations showed that risk could be sufficiently reduced using 265 rather than all 500 of the stocks in the S&P 500.) The partnership was doing 700 trades a day at one point—generating more than one percent of the total New York Stock Exchange volume on some days—turning over, in all, something like half a billion dollars of securities over the four-month period. It meant tying up about $25,000,000 of the partnership's capital and racking up monumental brokerage commissions. But the four-month profit came to $6,000,000.

The game petered out as other players wised up. Now $5 sells for so close to $5, it hardly pays to play.

BANCROFT CONVERTIBLE FUND: RAZZLE-DAZZLE

Can you stand one more?

Bancroft is a closed-end mutual fund—one of those rare mutual funds that, after it was sold to the public, closed its doors to future investment (most mutual funds will eagerly accept as much new money as people want to pitch into them). Its shares, representing tiny slices of the fund, trade on the American Stock Exchange. In theory, if a fund's portfolio is worth $50,000,000 and the fund is divided into 10,000,000 shares, each of them should be worth $5—right? Typically, though, closed-end funds sell at a discount.

So, pleased at the thought of buying $5 bills for $4, Thorp and Regan went into the open market and from July 1977 through July 1978 accumulated nine percent of all Bancroft's shares at a 20 to 25 percent discount from their net asset value.

To hedge against a general market decline, they sold short many of the very same securities Bancroft owned.

The thought was perhaps to persuade Bancroft management to convert itself to an open-end fund or to liquidate, either of which would allow shareholders to redeem their shares at full, *un*discounted, value.

Meanwhile, a Florida bank holding company called Combanks had had much the same idea. It had purchased 11 percent of Bancroft (from Carl Icahn, yet another well-known arbitrager). So in September 1978, Thorp and Regan graciously agreed to sell Combanks their shares—at a ten percent discount to net asset value. Five-dollar bills they had bought for less than $4 each they were now selling for $4.50. Fat profit number one.

The following summer, they went back into the market and began buying up another five percent of Bancroft, still trading at a hefty 15 percent to 20 percent discount. They sold these shares not long afterward to financial conglomerate

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Baldwin United at a slim five percent discount. Fat profit number two.

Then Baldwin, which had also bought Combanks' holding and some others, got into a cash bind. So it sold the whole block of Bancroft—now fully 31 percent of all the shares outstanding—back to Thorp and Regan at an 11 percent discount. Five-dollar bills for $4.45.

Less than 90 days later, Thorp and Regan were successful in forcing Bancroft management, with which by then they had more than a little clout, to make a public tender offer for their shares at a mere one percent discount from net asset value. Fat profit number three.

(Had all Bancroft shareholders tendered—which it would seem to have been unquestionably in their interest to do—Bancroft management would have had to sell off its portfolio, distribute the cash and find other work. Interestingly, few shareholders other than Thorp and Regan tendered their shares. This may have had something to do with the fact that, where most tender offers are advertised with blaring enthusiasm, Bancroft management chose to make this one . . . quietly.)

THE CHRYSLER PLAY: BUY THE PREFERRED, SHORT THE COMMON

This was my other great idea. I never actually got around to doing it, but it did seem awfully smart at the time.

There was Chrysler in 1981, $6 a share and headed for zero, and there was Chrysler preferred, also $6 but a very different animal. The preferred stock came with a $2.75 dividend—never to be raised or lowered—and the promise that if Chrysler ever fell behind in paying that dividend, not a penny could be paid to the common-stock holders until every cent due the preferred shareholders was paid. At the time, about $5 in preferred dividends had been omitted, and more was accruing every quarter. My thought was to short the common stock and buy the preferred.

Two things could happen:

1. Chrysler could go bust. In that event, the creditors might eventually get some small portion of the money owing to them, but there would surely not be enough to pay everybody off and have anything meaningful left over for the common shareholders. So the common stock would trade at next to nothing. The preferred stock would also be worth next to nothing, except that in bankruptcy, preferred stock gets in line ahead of common stock, so maybe it would be worth a little something after all. My gain from shorting the common stock should equal or exceed my loss on the preferred.

All in all, not a terrible prospect.

2. Chrysler could hang in there, catch an upswing in the economy and survive another cycle. How would the two securities act then?

Well, ultimately, the value in a common stock derives from the stream of dividends it will pay out over the decades. Yet before Chrysler could restore so much as five cents of the ten-cent-a-share quarterly dividend it had discontinued on the common in the summer of 1980, it would have to pay off the entire arrearage on the preferred stock, which would have been cumulating (as they say) inexorably at $2.75 per year.

So if Chrysler began to show marginal signs of health, the common stock might bounce a little (how high could it bounce under that Alpine debt, besieged by G.M. and Japan?), but the preferred might really mean something. There would be the prospect of a one-time payment of better than $11 a share (if it came, say, in December 1983) to clear up the arrearages, plus an additional $2.75 a year For the Rest of Time. Surely, under such circumstances, you'd have a valuable little piece of paper on your hands. Whatever it would be worth, it would be a heck of a lot more than the $6 you paid for it!

So what little you might lose covering your short in the common you would make up, very handily, on the profit and the dividends from the preferred. However well the common did, I figured—and I couldn't imagine its doing very well—the preferred would have to do better.

Obviously, two things were at work here to make my opportunity. The common was selling unrealistically high, at 6, bid up by unsophisticates excited by Iacocca and prone to invest with their hearts rather than their calculators; while the preferred was selling unrealistically low, dumped by the folks who ordinarily do buy preferreds—white-shoe types who were not about to scuff those shoes with an issue as scruffy as this one.

3. I had not considered the third possibility, which was that Chrysler would do brilliantly, pay off its Government-guaranteed loan seven years early and show substantial signs of robustitude. As I write this, Chrysler preferred is up from $6 to $30.25 (and you can just taste the announcement that the dividend arrearage will be paid off), which is the part I had hoped would happen—a huge, long-term capital gain, plus the prospect of a huge, lump-sum dividend payment. What I did not expect was that Chrysler common would climb even higher, from $6 to $31. All told, I would have broken even, more or less, before some possibly advantageous tax consequence—and before considering the smarter things I could have done with that money. Like depositing it in a savings account.

•

One could go on. Have we even mentioned options? Straddles? Spreads? No, we have not. But this sort of thing is more fun to read about when the dollars involved are one's own. However, the important point may not be that you or I should try playing these games but that we should appreciate the kind of pros we're up against when we do.

"But, Momma, this is not your ordinary May-December romance. . . ."

ONE BRIEF SHINING MOMENT *(continued from page 154)*

" 'Why do you think you can be President?' He stared for a moment, then gave a little lopsided grin."

Organization Man, *The Last Hurrah*, the new Barth, the latest Camus, an Angus Wilson play, Nevil Shute's *On the Beach*, *Parkinson's Law*, *The Ugly American* and, looking out of place, two Ian Fleming thrillers, *Diamonds Are Forever* and *From Russia, with Love*. But these were diversions. It was politics that pre-empted his thoughts in these months.

A President was about to move out of the White House, and while Vice-President Richard Nixon was certain to be his party's nominee, the line of prospective tenants on the Democratic side was lengthy. Most men with Potomac fever juggle the idea for a while, contemplate it, feel its pull growing or diminishing until time and events force their hands. Kennedy's case was different. Two years earlier, he and his father, Joe, "the Ambassador," a former American envoy to Britain, had gone over the latest nationwide election statistics provided by analysts the Ambassador had hired for that one job, and had concluded that the time to lunge for the supreme prize of American politics was upon them. Not the announcement; that would be delayed until the first week of 1960. But from this point forward, the junior Senator from Massachusetts would have to step up his speaking activities, organize his campaign and travel ceaselessly, talking with local party leaders and entertaining the men and women who would be delegates.

In those days, only 16 states held open primaries. The majority of delegates to the convention were lined up elsewhere, by barter, patronage, back-scratching or, now and then, plain bribery. But those 16 offered the only route to power for outsiders like Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey. If neither could establish popular strength there, the party would turn away. If, on the other hand, one of them built up a head of steam, knocking off all challengers, denying him the nomination would not only be difficult; it would brand the convention's nominee as boss-picked. Kennedy saw that. It was the key to his strategy. He knew the country would refuse the Presidency to a man who seemed to have swindled another candidate out of the office.

That, in sum, is how the young Massachusetts Senator outwitted the party's three most formidable contenders—Lyndon Johnson, Stuart Symington and Adlai Stevenson. Outschemed, they forfeited the race. Because Kennedy and Humphrey were the only two Democrats in the field, and they confronted each other in only two states—Wisconsin and West Virginia—the issue would be decided there.

In the summer of 1959, all that lay over the horizon. Nevertheless, thoughts of it were never far away. If you were a friend of Kennedy's, sitting with him on the porch of his Hyannis Port cottage, surrounded by his summer reading, you remember asking him the big question then, the one you had been shaping in your mind for a very long time: "Why do you think you can be President?"

He stared for a moment, then gave a little lopsided grin and looked out to sea. "Don't you suppose I've asked myself that a thousand times? The thought is intimidating. But then, you know, I look around me at the others in the race, and I say to myself, 'Well, if they think they can do it, why not me? *Why not me?*' That's the answer, and I think it's enough."

•

On April 5, 1960, in Wisconsin, Kennedy won more popular votes than any candidate in the history of the state's primaries, carrying six Congressional districts and two thirds of the delegate votes. Those around him were elated. He wasn't. He had been watching the television commentators in silence, sipping a bowl of chicken-noodle soup, ignoring the whoops around him. Eunice, the sister closest to him, sensed his mood. "What does it mean, Jack?" she asked.

In a bitter voice, he replied, "It means that we have to do it all over again. We have to go through every one and win every one of them, all the way to the convention."

Jack understood how the results would be interpreted by the East Coast bosses who could deliver the delegates he needed. He had won 56 percent of the popular vote, but he had lost all four Protestant districts, had carried one of mixed religions by a hair and had rolled up all of his popular majority from heavily Catholic areas. It had been his great hope to stifle the religious issue—what one Massachusetts politician had delicately called "the canonical impediment"—in Wisconsin. He had failed, and now he had to tackle it on a far more ominous battleground—West Virginia, deeply religious and 95 percent Protestant.

By now, it was obvious that Johnson's, Symington's and Stevenson's supporters wanted to use Humphrey as a pawn, hoping he could stop Kennedy on the first ballot and give them room to maneuver. But Jack's men were still confident—indeed, overconfident—as Bobby Kennedy and an advance party flew to Charleston, West Virginia, where Bob McDonough, a seasoned pol, had been organizing the state for more than a year. According to a Harris Poll taken four months before the Wisconsin primary, Kennedy could destroy Humphrey in West Virginia, 70 to 30 percent. As the newcomers entered the room in the Kanawha Hotel, where McDonough's key workers were meeting, they were surprised to see that everyone there was silent and glowering.

"Well," Bobby said cordially. "What are our problems?"

A man jumped up and yelled, "He's a Catholic! That's our goddamned problem!" Suddenly, the entire room erupted. Men were shouting that West Virginians would never vote for a Catholic, whatever the race, for President or dogcatcher. Bobby stared at them. These people had been working for Kennedy for months, and no one had told them that their candidate was a Catholic. He checked the Harris Poll, which had been the source of so much optimism. Harris had made the same omission. Here in West Virginia, he now realized, religion was more than a key issue; it was *the* issue. The new Harris figures were Humphrey 60, Kennedy 40.

So new tactics were devised. Because West Virginians admired heroes, radio and TV spots were prepared showing a shot of a PT boat and Jack, the decorated war hero. And he would begin to call Humphrey a "front man" for politicians who wouldn't face him now, here, on West Virginia soil.

He asked crowds, "If Johnson and the other candidates want your vote in November, why don't they have enough respect for you to come here and ask for your support in the primary?" In a state that had long felt slighted, the response was impressive. He visited their villages in the mountain hollows, went into the impoverished mining areas and had himself lowered into a mine. The desolation, the bleakness and the hunger touched him more than anything else in the entire campaign. Still blackened with soot, he stepped up to a microphone and said, vibrantly, "President Eisenhower should take Vice-President Nixon by the hand and lead him into these homes in McDowell County and Mingo County and Logan County so he can see how the families of West Virginia are trying to live." He was making a total effort now, shaking every hand stretched toward him and speaking until, having lost his voice, he signaled Teddy to substitute for him. Teddy made a rousing, impassioned speech, and the cheering was so prolonged that Jack stepped to the mike to croak that his brother was not old enough to meet the constitutional minimum-age requirement for the Presidency.

Usually, Kennedy's most conspicuous supporters were young. In Logan and Mingo and McDowell and Slab Fork, however, his "touchers"—feminine supporters actually wanted to feel him—were not shrill high school kids. They were old women, older than he would ever live to be, deformed by years of cruel labor, and

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they reached out with trembling fingers to brush his sleeve or jacket. He had a special way with them. He would lean over, smiling tenderly, and let his cheek glide against theirs. In that intimate moment, he would say softly, so softly that you had to be right there to hear it, "Thank you, dear. Thank you."

But the Harris Polls continued to report that the key to the election was the religious question. Kennedy's advisors, searching for ways to cope with it, were split. Ken O'Donnell and other members of the Washington staff urged him not to raise the matter in public; it was too explosive. Kennedy's West Virginians disagreed completely. Their neighbors and friends didn't hate Catholics; they feared them. Silence would only feed and strengthen that fear. Louis Harris, shuffling a sheaf of poll reports, said he was in complete agreement.

After a major speech in Washington in mid-April, just two weeks before the polling day, Kennedy reassembled his staff to tell them he would attack, breaking the silence about his faith and encouraging discussion of it. He was prepared to answer all charges, questions, accusations and insinuations without consulting clerical authorities. "Let's face it," he said. "It's the most important and the biggest issue in this campaign. Hubert can't talk about it, though it hasn't escaped my notice that he uses *Give Us That Old-Time Religion* as his theme song. So when I talk about it, I'll be the only candidate talking about the most important issue that all the voters are thinking about."

Speaking at a rally on Main Street in Morgantown, Kennedy told a small, indifferent crowd that the need for change in the Federal Government was urgent—then he paused. His voice changed, picking up a cutting edge, and you suddenly realized he was ringing changes on a talk he had given in Boston 14 years earlier. In that Congressional race, his first campaign, he had been defending himself against charges that he was a carpetbagger. Here in Morgantown, he put the stratagem to different use: "Nobody asked me if I was a Catholic when I joined the United States Navy!" The crowd stared at him. In those days, there were many social taboos, and one of them was that you never discussed your religion with anyone except your priest or preacher or members of your family. So the people of Morgantown's Main Street gaped. Politicians didn't *say* things like that. But Jack was saying them, and he was picking up momentum.

"Did 40,000,000 Americans lose their right to run for the Presidency on the day they were baptized as Catholics?" he asked. "Nobody asked my brother if he was a Catholic or a Protestant before he climbed into an American bomber plane to fly his last mission!"

A few feet to your right, one man murmured, "Pretty good talker, I'd say."

As the crowd drifted away and he slid into the car, he said, "How did it go?"

Still shaken, all you could manage was, "Very good. Keep it up." But you could see he was proud. It had been on his mind a long time, and he'd taken the plunge and found that the water felt fine.

Thus far, though, he was still on the stump. Newspapers rarely carry the remarks candidates make on street corners, and while his new line was undoubtedly passed along by word of mouth, only a minority had actually heard and seen him. That changed on May eighth, two days before the Tuesday election. Kennedy appeared on a half-hour paid telecast with Frank Roosevelt, son of F.D.R., the President most West Virginians remembered as having given them the best deal—new or old—they ever got. There was no script. Roosevelt asked questions and Kennedy replied extemporaneously. The religious question, the whole point of the program, was raised by Roosevelt after they had been on the air three or four minutes and could be sure the families out there had poured their coffee and settled down. Jack's answer occupied nearly half of the broadcast. He reviewed the long struggle between church and state and the monumental decision to separate the two. Then, looking directly into the camera, he said:

"So when any man stands on the steps of the Capitol and takes the oath of office of President, he is swearing to support the separation of church and state; he puts one hand on the Bible and raises the other hand to God and he takes the oath. And if he breaks his oath, he is not only committing a crime against the Constitution, for which Congress can impeach him—and should impeach him—but he is committing a sin against God."

At that point, Kennedy raised his hand from an imaginary Bible and, repeating himself softly, said, "A sin against God, for he has sworn on the Bible."

Theodore H. White described this as "the finest TV broadcast I have ever heard any political candidate make." It turned the tide of voter opinion, and that tide was now running strong. Harris' pollsters, stationed all over the state, were checking and rechecking certain streets in certain communities at certain intervals on a day-to-day basis. "You could see them switch," Harris said.

On Monday, the day *after* the statement—the day before the election—Harris found, for the first time, a narrow Kennedy lead.

It was an ironic turn of events for Humphrey, who, in these final days of the campaign, was the most thwarted, provoked and aggravated politician in the United States. His entire life had been a testament to tolerance and charity. But a West Virginian determined to demonstrate his tolerance, if only to himself, almost *had* to vote for Kennedy.

Tuesday dawned bleak and drizzly, and Jack awoke with an overwhelming premonition of defeat. Harris was wrong, he thought; he could feel it. He told Bobby that he was going home, he didn't want to see the others, and it was still early when his plane, the Caroline, the Convair Jack had bought for the campaign ("It'll save money"), set him down in Washington. He asked Jackie to invite their friends Ben and Tony Bradlee to dinner. Later, the four of them could take in a movie. The Bradlees arrived with a bottle of champagne. "One way or another, we'll crack it open this evening," Jack said. Before leaving for the film, he called Bobby at Charleston's Kanawha Hotel. The polls had closed at eight P.M., but no returns were in. "OK," Jack said to the others. "Let's go to the pictures."

In the Kanawha, Bob waited for the first figures. When the results started coming in, early precincts reporting from the Eastern Panhandle, where people lived their whole lives without laying eyes on a Catholic, were voting heavily for Kennedy. By 9:20, Kennedy was taking Humphrey 60 to 40. Suburbs, factory towns, hill slopes, pocket villages; there were no exceptions. A half hour later, another deluge of returns arrived. The same pattern was emerging in the cities.

Well before midnight, Humphrey decided to concede. Prolonging the agony was pointless. From his room in the Ruffner Hotel, he sent out the appropriate telegrams and phoned generous supporters. His graceful telegram of congratulations did not reach Kennedy headquarters until one A.M. Bobby muttered, "God, poor Hubert. Wisconsin and now this. He works and works and spends and spends and loses and loses."

Since Jack was in Washington, Bob, as always, saw to it that what his brother ought to do was done. He walked through Charleston's rainy streets—bareheaded, as always—to express his personal appreciation for Hubert's telegram. Humphrey said he wanted to greet Jack on his return. He intended to be a good loser; it was important to him. Bob sensed that and wanted to help him. On Capitol Street, they stepped into Humphrey headquarters. Jimmy Wofford, a folk singer who had accompanied him throughout the campaign, was strumming his guitar—old Depression songs, songs of the New Deal, of Humphrey's youth, of a poorer but infinitely more generous America. Humphrey's eyes were bright with tears as he started to read his statement. He didn't finish; Jimmy started sobbing. Hubert patted his shoulder. Bobby went over and put his arm around Humphrey. He led them up to the Kanawha, and he, too, was crying. That was Bobby Kennedy, the man everybody called ruthless.

In Washington, Jack and his party had piled into his car and headed for the Trans-Lux to see *Suddenly, Last Summer*. Unfortunately, they were late and couldn't get in. They walked across New

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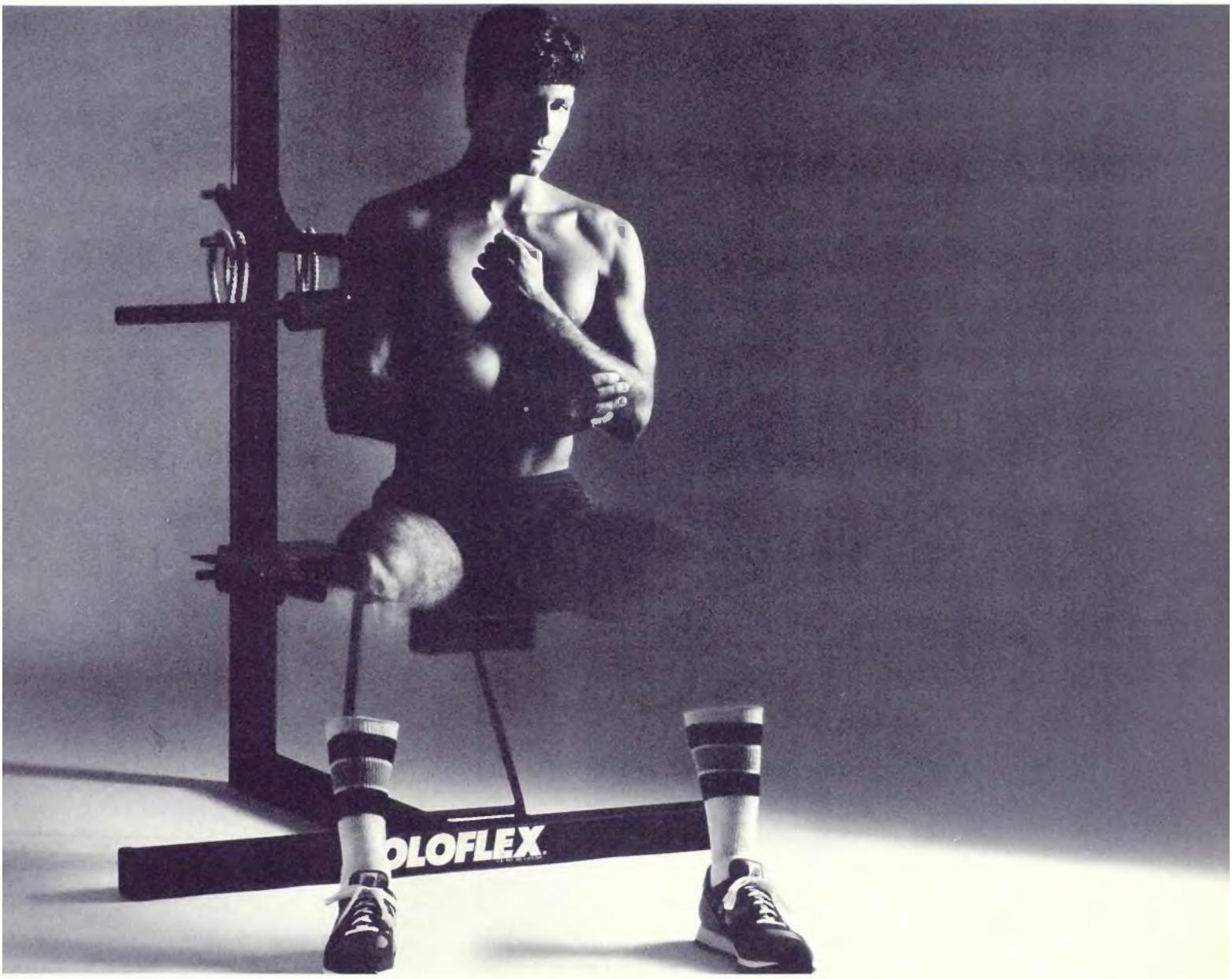

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York Avenue to the Plaza, which showed blue movies. Pornography was less outrageous then than it later became, but *Private Property* was nasty enough, starring one Katie Manx as a horny housewife who spread-eagled for every milkman, newsboy and iceman who wandered near her grasp. Halfway through the movie, someone wondered if this sordid little Valentine were on the Catholic index of forbidden films. It was. The man who would presently become the first Catholic President, whose scholarly bent had enchanted West Virginians the previous Sunday, was watching a dirty movie.

He was not, however, enjoying it. Ordinarily, he found sex fascinating—gossip about film stars and Congressmen who liked whips and almost any fetching girl who happened to roll by and catch his eye. Under other circumstances, he would have enjoyed Katie Manx's romps in various improbable positions. Tonight, his thoughts were in Charleston. He began to suspect that he had written himself off too quickly. Every 20 minutes, he would slip out to the lobby, call Bobby, return to whisper, "Nothing definite yet" and slump in his seat, flicking a fingernail against his teeth. Eventually, the last handy man pleasured Miss Manx for the last time, and it was time to head home.

As he opened the door of his N Street house, the phone was ringing. It was Bobby. Jack had won; had, in fact, rolled up a stunning majority. After war whoops and a call to the Ambassador, the Bradlees fetched their bottle of champagne from the refrigerator. A phone call alerted the crew of the Caroline for immediate departure. The Bradlees were invited; so were family members Steve and Jean Smith. At the airport, the press wanted a statement. Jack said, "I think we have now buried the religious issue once and for all."

•

After Wisconsin and West Virginia, one would think Kennedy had earned a long rest. But in politics, it is the losers who rest. The next seven weeks again tested his stamina. He visited, and often revisited, 16 states, appearing before state conventions and state committee meetings, talking late into the night with governors and state leaders and bargaining with professional politicians, who, in the arithmetic of conventions, counted more heavily than the delegates chosen in expensive, lengthy, wearing, enervating primaries.

Almost a week before the national convention, Bobby arrived in Los Angeles with the Kennedy team's vanguard and established a base in the Biltmore Hotel's room 8315—actually a four-room suite. As the days passed and the excitement mounted, the feeling of confidence in 8315 became a kind of intoxicant. It was under those circumstances that Jack's team saw Lyndon Johnson hold a special press conference on July fifth, six days before the convention's opening gavel. Kennedy men disliked Johnson; they thought him a hypocritical, unprincipled opportunist of illiberal views. He announced with his inimitable solemnity that he had searched his soul, found himself capable of serving his country as President and was, from that moment, available. Kennedy headquarters rocked with laughter.

More mirth followed. Johnson was claiming 502 and a half votes. The majority, 385 delegates, came from the South and the Border States. He also said he had scattered backers in the Northeast, but—and this was new—he claimed 80 solid votes in the West and the Mountain States. In suite 8315, there were files on each of the convention's 4509 delegates and alternates. After a few minutes of checking, chuckles were heard, and as notes were compared, they grew. As best Kennedy's supporters could tell, the delegates Johnson thought he had recruited were all hidden Kennedy votes—Jack's second-ballot reserve.

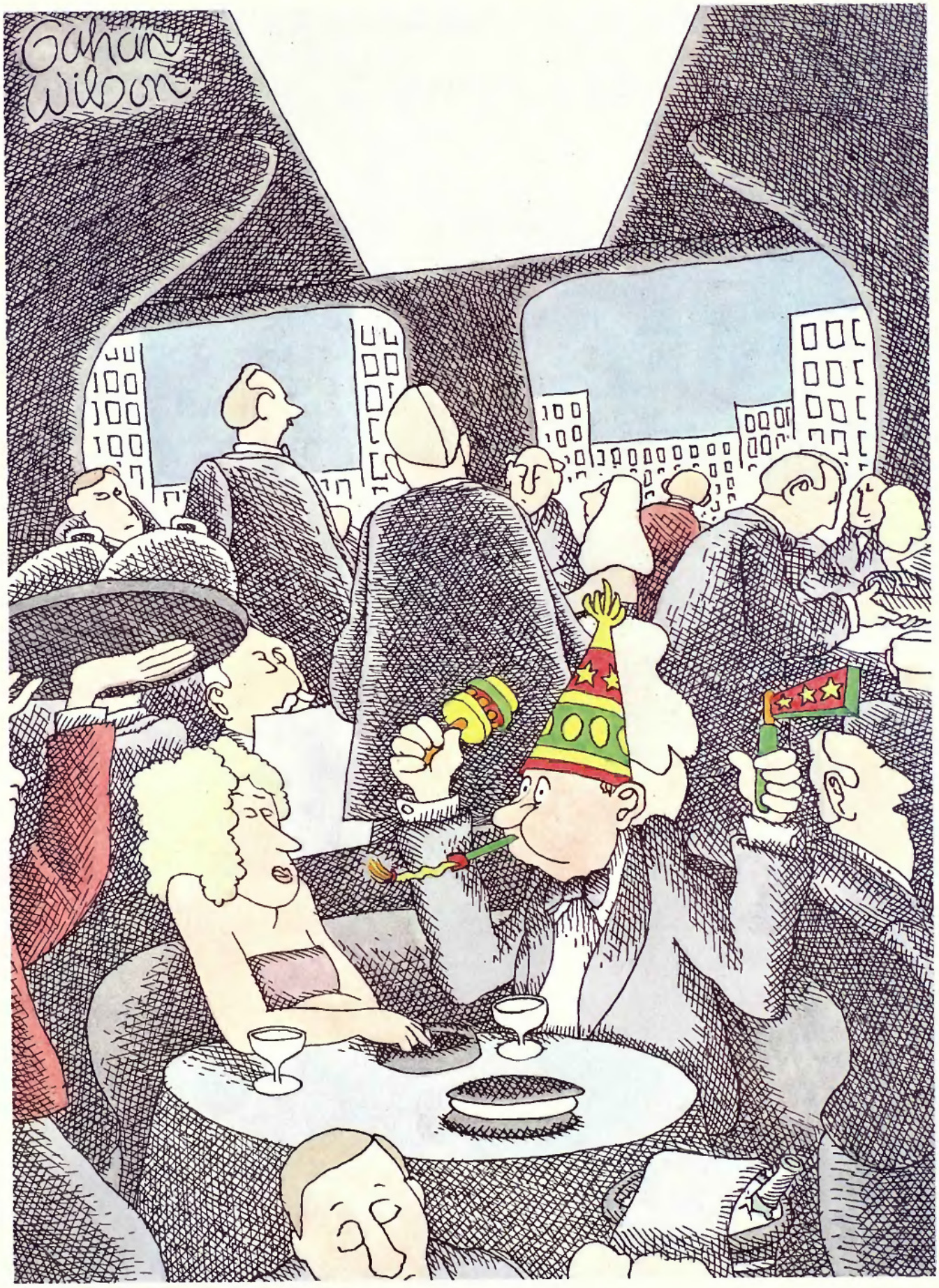
Kennedy's family, friends and staff were scattered all over Los Angeles. The Biltmore suite was the nerve center. The key figures, veterans of Wisconsin and West Virginia, had all arrived. Bobby, Larry O'Brien, Ken O'Donnell and Pierre Salinger—Salinger was now handling Kennedy's press relations—were based in the suite. The candidate, however, needed seclusion. Suite 9333 was reserved for him, but Jack didn't even want to be in the hotel. A week before the convention, he had sent Dave Powers to L.A. to find a hideaway. Its location would be known only to Bobby, Jack's secretary, Evelyn Lincoln, and a few close friends. Dave found an apartment building at 522 North Rossmore Boulevard owned by Jack Haley, the actor, who agreed to rent Kennedy the penthouse. Beneath him would be the apartment of William Gargan, another actor. Haley and Gargan were sworn to secrecy. Here, Jack would be only a ten-minute drive from the convention site, the Los Angeles Sports Arena. Four telephone lines were installed, including one for nightly talks between Jack and Jackie. It was a sound plan, and it worked until Wednesday, the third day of the convention. Kennedy was briefly at the Biltmore. Pierre was begging Dave to give him the hideaway address, arguing that once Jack had been nominated, photographers and cameramen would need pictures of it. Dave refused; Jack wanted to return to North Rossmore and pick up his swimming trunks. His parents had moved into Marion Davies' Beverly Hills villa. Kennedy planned to watch the nominating speeches on a television set beside the pool there; after dining with his mother and father, he would return to his hideaway. Once he had joined his parents, the hideaway could be disclosed. The argument went back and forth. Finally, Jack intervened: "Oh, for God's sake, give him the address."

Dave did, and Pierre rushed off happily. At that moment, Frank Roosevelt arrived and dragged Jack off to a party of delegates, delaying his departure for 15 minutes. By the time he and Dave reached the hideaway, the street was cluttered with television equipment, and a crowd of spectators had gathered. Jack glared at Dave, who had done everything in his power to prevent precisely this, only to be overruled by Kennedy. "Well," Jack said, "this is one hell of a hideaway, isn't it?" Leaving unseen was a real problem. Carrying their swimming trunks, the next President of the United States and his closest aide stealthily descended a fire escape on the back of the building, climbed over a back fence into a neighbor's garden and made their way to the Davies villa. There they swam and then watched Orville Freeman nominate Kennedy.

Unfortunately, some of the older party leaders seemed more interested in savaging Kennedy than in beating Nixon. Harry Truman had opened the attack in a televised press conference, asking Kennedy, "Are you certain you're quite ready for the country and the country is ready for you?" He clearly preferred more mature Democrats, naming Johnson (whom Kennedy suspected of stage-managing Truman's performance), Missouri's Symington, Governor Robert Meyner of New Jersey and Connecticut's Chester Bowles. Stevenson was unmentioned. Truman raised other arguments, but age was the real issue. The transfer of power from one generation to another cannot be painless. The four chieftains in suite 8315 were Bob Kennedy, 34; O'Donnell, 36; Salinger, 35; and O'Brien, the old man on the Kennedy team, 43. Worse, Ted Sorensen, Kennedy's chief advisor in Washington, was only 32. When Johnson had growled that he wouldn't "be pushed around by a 43-year-old boy," he meant Jack. Eisenhower felt the same; he always referred to Kennedy as "that boy." This convention, Scotty Reston wrote in *The New York Times*, would be remembered as "the assembly that witnessed the Changing of the Guard."

Charges by a former President of Kennedy's own party could not be ignored. Truman's idea of an open convention, Jack said in his sharp rebuttal, seemed to be one "that studies all the candidates, reviews their records and then takes his advice." To call him inexperienced was, he said, downright absurd. His 14 years on Capitol Hill meant he was more seasoned in national public life than any 20th Century President when elected to office, and that included Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt—and Harry Truman. The White House, Kennedy said, needed precisely what he offered: "strength and health and vigor."

Monday evening, there was a respite from factional bloodletting. At the Democratic Convention dinner, the speaker was the junior Senator from Massachusetts. He reviewed the recent record of the Republican President, and it was a highly



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successful speech, largely because in the two months between the West Virginia primary and that night's gathering, Eisenhower had been lurching from one disaster to another. It was a good year to be united against a Republican nominee.

But despite Kennedy's commanding lead, the day before the balloting, Johnson toured state delegations with a naked plea to "stop Kennedy." He cited his record, told them he was entitled to and expected their support. That was L.B.J. the Majority Leader; if you didn't vote his way, he'd stick it in you and break it off. But these were not Senators. They were delegates, most of whom were already committed one way or another. Johnson attacked Kennedy's liberal credentials. Then, reaching back to *Exodus* 20:5, visited the sins of the father upon his child—and painted the sins blacker than they had been, implying that Joe Kennedy had been not only an appeaser but also an admirer of the Nazis and had "thought Hitler was right." Finally, and desperately, rumors were spread that Jack was "diseased"—some even said the disease was "social."

Kennedy's physicians testified to his fitness. Johnson threw up his hands. Of *course* he believed the medical testimony, and he couldn't *imagine* who was responsible for such despicable tales.

At Convention Hall, Sam Rayburn nominated Lyndon, but when Gene McCarthy, the freshman Senator from Minnesota, rose to nominate Governor Adlai Ewing Stevenson of Illinois, the convention erupted in excitement. All day, events had been building toward this moment. Stevenson was not merely admired, he was cherished and deeply beloved. The galleries and the bays outside the hall were packed with Stevenson enthusiasts, and they went rocketing down the aisles. Yelling, wriggling, chanting, snake dancing, they congested the floor as balloons drifted overhead and popped, paper banners streaming in every direction read WE WANT STEVENSON. The chanters picked it up as standards bobbed up and down.

The Ambassador, watching Marion Davies' poolside TV, was briefly alarmed. Jack phoned Bobby for the latest vote rundown. Bob said that the demonstration, though well organized, had influenced no votes. Indeed, in California, Stevenson's delegates had dropped sharply. Hanging up, Jack said, "Don't worry, Dad; Stevenson has everything but delegates."

Kennedy reached his apartment just in time for the first ballot. As the states were called, he kept score on a tally board. By the time the roll reached Wyoming, his total was 748—only 13 more would put him over the top. As Jack peered at the screen, he saw his youngest brother crouching, the Wyoming delegation gathered around him. Teddy's grin had never been broader. Jack said quietly, "This may be it." And it was. The state's delegation went for him in one block, and that made him the Democratic Presidential nominee of 1960.

After a brief talk with his wife, he hurried to the Sports Arena, where he would make a short appearance before the convention. A band played *Toora-Loora-Loora* and then, as he entered the hall and mounted the platform, *Happy Days Are Here Again*. The delegates cheered while he stood there smiling, flanked by his mother and his sisters. He spoke briefly, expressing his gratitude, and then returned to North Rossmore.

Back in the apartment, Kennedy told Dave he was too tired for a celebration, but he was hungry. Dave fried him two eggs while Jack prepared for bed. Meanwhile, his staff, with Bobby as chairman, was discussing the Vice-Presidency. Everyone there was under the impression that Jack was considering only two Senators: Symington of Missouri and Henry Jackson of Washington. Johnson's name had not been raised. Only a few weeks before, Kennedy had said that if he could not be President, Johnson was the best-qualified alternative. But hard words had been spoken this week, and the big Texan was anathema to the men who had worked so hard for the Kennedy triumph, not to mention to the liberal bosses who had delivered their delegations and, perhaps, to a majority of those who had backed Kennedy in the primaries. Moreover, Johnson had said that under no circumstances would he swap his position as Senate Majority Leader for the empty office of the Vice-Presidency. Reading congratulatory telegrams, Jack had therefore been startled to find that the warmest and the most graceful had come from the candidate who had run second in the balloting.

Before going to sleep, he tried to phone Johnson, but L.B.J. had left instructions that he was not to be disturbed. Jack then sent a message to him asking for a ten A.M. meeting. Powers thought, My God, he's going to offer it to Johnson. His dismay was matched by Lady Bird's at 8:30, when Jack phoned to confirm the meeting with her husband. Hanging up, she blurted out, "Honey, I know he's going to offer you the Vice-Presidency, and I hope you won't take it." Lyndon phoned Sam Rayburn, who said much the same thing.

Then the Texans started thinking. Whoever became President, the post of Senate Majority Leader would have only a shadow of its greatness under Eisenhower. The Vice-Presidency would free Lyndon of his sectarian role and his Texas constituency. Finally—and for Rayburn, this was conclusive—they had to consider Nixon, whom the Republicans were about to nominate. Rayburn couldn't even bring himself to speak his name. "Lyndon," he said, "you've got to go on that ticket."

What, L.B.J. asked, had changed his mind? Mr. Sam said he was wiser now. "Besides, that other fellow called me a traitor, and I don't want a man who calls me a traitor to be President."

Kennedy's men took it much, much harder. After Jack had phoned Johnson, he called the Biltmore suite and told Bobby his decision. Bob was shocked. Salinger and O'Donnell were outraged. Bobby recovered quickly, however, and said they needed Texas to win in November. When he left, Powers told O'Donnell, "If Jack wanted to give it to Eleanor Roosevelt, Bobby probably would have said, 'All right.' " O'Donnell's rage mounted as he thought of the anti-Johnson pledges they'd given to labor and civil rights leaders.

Jack entered, took one look at him and said, "We'd better talk alone in the bathroom." He was in his toughest mood, but O'Donnell was entitled to an explanation. In the first place, Kennedy said, Johnson hadn't accepted his offer, and there was an excellent chance he wouldn't. But he hoped he would take it. "I'm 43 years old and the healthiest candidate. I'm not going to die in office. So the Vice-Presidency doesn't mean anything." What it *did* mean, he said, was that after a slim Democratic victory in November—he had no illusions about a landslide—"I won't be able to live with Lyndon Johnson as the leader of a small majority in the Senate. Did it ever occur to you that if Lyndon becomes Vice-President, I'll have Mike Mansfield in the Senate, somebody I can trust and depend on?"

O'Donnell began to cool down. Nevertheless, the mood in the suite remained ugly. Walter Reuther, Arthur Goldberg and George Meany, according to those who had seen them, were apoplectic. Jack decided to offer Lyndon a way out. He sent word to him that when his name was put in nomination, the convention might erupt in a floor fight. Back came the reply: There was nothing Johnson loved more than an old-fashioned floor fight.

About the same time, the tide began turning in the Kennedy suite. The bosses—Mike DiSalle of Ohio, John Bailey and Abe Ribicoff of Connecticut and David Lawrence of Pennsylvania were milling around Jack, congratulating him for strengthening the ticket. The liberals were still muttering about the "sellout" until Alex Rose of New York's Liberal Party called David Dubinsky, labor's elder statesman. After speaking with Dubinsky, he turned to Reuther and said, "He said Kennedy is making a smart move! He said picking Johnson is a political master stroke!" Johnson's nomination went through smoothly, and on Friday night, Kennedy delivered his acceptance speech to 80,000 spectators in the Los Angeles Coliseum, with another 35,000,000 Americans watching on

television. He told his countrymen that they were "on the edge of a New Frontier."

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Great experiences are thought to change people, and those who know them look for evidence of it. Kennedy's whole life had been a process of change—indeed, one of his most remarkable traits was his capacity for growth—but as far as you could tell, he emerged from the convention (and remained, in the White House) the same man, with one interesting difference. He had always been generous toward his political opponents. He sympathized with the men he defeated at the polls. In his Senate office, he warned his staff that he wanted to hear no ugly remarks about politicians who differed with him. But after Los Angeles, it became increasingly clear that he held Richard Nixon in contempt.

Kennedy's strategy was to appeal to the young, to the blue-collar workers and to the liberals. His two great bases were the Democratic South—holding it would be Johnson's task—and the industrial regions. While the theme of Kennedy's drive was that American prestige was slipping and Americans must march forward—"Let's get this country moving again" was the slogan, coined by Walt Rostow—the bearer of the Republican standard preached the virtues of free enterprise, individual responsibility, inflexible anti-communism and a continuance of the peace and prosperity that had marked the Eisenhower years. Nixon's advantages were support from big business, greater experience, his strong middle-class roots and Eisenhower's incumbency. But Ike dealt Nixon the worst blow of the campaign. During a press conference, he was asked, "What major decisions of your campaign has the Vice-President participated in?"

The President's almost unbelievable reply was, "If you give me a week, I might think of one."

After Nixon's nomination, the Republican candidate had taken a slight lead in Gallup's reports, but by late August, the two nominees were running neck and neck, and there was never a time during the campaign when either could feel secure. Two events in the race were grievous to Nixon: Kennedy's confrontation with religious bigotry and the television debates. West Virginia had demonstrated that while Kennedy's faith could cost him votes if the issue were undiscussed, once the silence was broken, he would gain. Nixon had therefore instructed his staff to refrain from discussing Kennedy's religion. Unhappily for him, he could not restrain Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, perhaps the most famous Protestant clergyman in the country and a Nixon friend. Dr. Peale led a group of Protestants in issuing a statement that expressed doubt that any Roman Catholic President could free himself from the influence of the Vatican. Nixon was helpless. He couldn't attack Peale. Kennedy, meanwhile, had been offered an incomparable opportunity. The Greater Houston Ministerial Association had invited him to defend the right of a Catholic to become President. Nixon had also been invited but had declined. Kennedy accepted.

The issue had been inflamed by Dr. Daniel Poling, a Philadelphia clergyman who had also run for office on the Republican ticket. Dr. Poling charged that Kennedy, as a young Congressman, had refused to attend a fund-raising dinner honoring four chaplains who had gone down with the U.S.S. Dorchester in World War Two. Kennedy had, indeed, declined, but his reason was that he had been asked to attend as a "spokesman" for the Roman Catholic Church. He could appear as a Congressman, a Navy veteran or a private citizen, he said, but he had no authority to represent his Church. Johnson and Rayburn thought he ought to give Houston a miss, but Jack was adamant. He would *go*. Those running the meeting told him that he could make an opening statement, that questions would follow and that the event would be televised.

Assembled in the ballroom that evening were 300 ministers, 300 spectators and television camera crews. Kennedy was tense and nervous, but, as usual, it showed only in his trembling, hidden hands. On the screen, he was sharp, forceful, precise and in complete command. The serious matters in this race, he told them, were not religion, Nixon's or anyone else's. They were hungry children, elderly people who couldn't afford doctors' bills, slums, inadequate schools and inept U.S. foreign policies.

"These," he said, "are the real issues. But because I am a Catholic, the real issues in this campaign have been obscured. So it is apparently necessary for me to state once again not what kind of church I believe in—for that should be important only to me—but what kind of America I believe in."

He restated the position he had taken in West Virginia. Next come questions. They were obvious and vaguely stated; Kennedy handled them concisely and with complete ease. Poling's grievance was served up to him, and he knocked it out of the ball park—how could he possibly have agreed to assume the role of "spokesman for the Catholic faith"?

In an upstairs hotel room, Powers was watching it all with Rayburn. In Los Angeles, Rayburn's support of Kennedy had been tepid. Now he was shouting, "By God, look at him—and listen to him! He's eating 'em blood raw!" On Tuesday, in Austin and then in Dallas, Rayburn told crowds that Kennedy was "the greatest Northern Democrat since Roosevelt."

As the calls came in and the telegrams piled up, Jack became euphoric. Houston was exactly the tonic he needed for the first debate against Nixon, now two weeks away. In the past decade, the number of American families owning television sets had increased eightfold. Awaiting the event, in living rooms all over the nation, were some 70,000,000 people. There were to be four debates, but the first was by far the most important. It drew the largest audience and it was a Kennedy triumph. The result was dismaying for Nixon, and it startled him. He was an assured, skillful debater. Watching Kennedy's televised acceptance speech at the end of the Democratic Convention and unaware of Jack's exhaustion, he thought the Democratic nominee had spoken too rapidly, in a voice pitched too high and presented concepts too complicated for the average American. That was why Nixon accepted the challenge of the debates. It was the biggest blunder in his political career—until, of course, he became President.

Until then, he had been the more famous of the two, holding, as he did, the higher office. But in the debate, they stood toe to toe, and Kennedy held his own. More important—this shouldn't have mattered, but its significance was immense—he *looked* better. People who heard them on radio that evening thought both did well, but the larger television audience saw the Senator as tanned and fit, while the Vice-President, who had suffered a knee injury, had lost five pounds. He was haggard and he wore a shirt collar a half size too large for him. He slouched, his expression was dour and his complexion was pasty, a consequence of coating his face with make-up designed to hide afternoon beard growth. Another factor may have been Jack's declining respect for his adversary. It seemed devastating and unmistakable to any viewer. Nixon would be making an important point and the camera would switch to Kennedy, whose amused, faintly disdainful expression would break the thread of the Republican's argument. At the end of that debate, Nixon drew Jack aside for several minutes of earnest conversation. Afterward, you asked Jack what that had been all about.

"Nothing," he said crisply. "Absolutely nothing. The weather, for a while, and then how hard it was to sleep during a campaign. But all the time, he was keeping an eye on the photographers. If he saw one about to snap the shutter, he would look firm and jab his finger on my chest, as though setting me straight on some big foreign-policy issue. Nice fellow." Later, he asked, "Do you think the people realize I'm the only man standing between Nixon and the White House?"

•

In retrospect, what you remember best about Jack's Presidential campaign is its high good humor. In one speech, he said, "Campaign contributions will not be regarded as a substitute for training and experience for diplomatic positions." A few days later, he added, "Ever since I made that statement, I have not received a single cent from my father." At times, Jack played with his humorless opponent,

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using him as his straight man. Nixon called him "another Truman." Kennedy shot back, "I have no hesitation in returning the compliment. I consider him another Dewey." Republicans said (not for the first time) that Joe Kennedy was going to bribe voters. "My father," Jack said, "told me not to buy one more vote than is necessary. He said he's damned if he's going to pay for a landslide." Kennedy seemed almost to welcome hecklers. At New York University, he dedicated his closing remarks to a group of Young Republican jeerers: "All you young Nixonites—all eight of you." One of them shouted something about their candidate's standing up to Khrushchev in their Moscow "kitchen debate." Jack said, "Mr. Nixon may be very experienced in kitchen debates, but so are many other married men I know."

Eisenhower made his move on Halloween, eight days before the election, and a massive surge toward the Republican nominee came within a hairbreadth of carrying the popular vote.

Theodore H. White wrote that Eisenhower had "a magic in American politics that is peculiarly his: He makes people happy." Ike was positive that the few problems still unsolved would vanish tomorrow, and his audiences believed him. Jack had been taking a very different line. Typically, he began, "I don't run for the office of the Presidency to tell you what you want to hear. I run for the office of President because in a dangerous time we need to be told what we must do if we are going to maintain our freedom." Now Kennedy felt his confidence shaken; he had intended to arouse the people, but perhaps he had merely frightened them. In San Francisco, he sat soaking his back in a steaming tub, and there he told you of his own fears: "Last week, Dick Nixon hit the panic button and started Ike speaking. With every word he utters, I can feel the votes leaving me. If the election was tomorrow, I'd win easily, but six days from now, it's up for grabs."

So anxiety arrived, an uninvited guest. Yet fear eludes memory; the feeling simply cannot be recaptured. Other recollections flood back, a montage of sights and sounds: Kennedy's mounting disgust for Nixon's way of flinging his arms high in the air . . . Jack's own gestures, the chopping right hand used to stress points . . . Nixon's denunciation of Truman's profanity, his vow never to sully the Presidency by using blasphemy in the White House . . . the enthusiasm on college campuses when Kennedy spoke of the years ahead, "the challenging, revolutionary Sixties" . . . Nixon's favoring a resumption of atom-bomb tests and charging that his opponents' criticisms were "running America down and giving us an inferiority complex."

Abruptly, the end approached and Kennedy was going home. The Caroline landed at Bridgeport, Connecticut, at midnight and you joined the motorcade at Waterbury, where, on both sides of the road, for nearly 30 miles, cheering New Englanders, wearing coats over their pajamas, waved torches and flashlights and red lights, and fire engines were lined up outside every firehouse, sirens screaming, bells ringing, and Kennedy, after reaching his hotel room at three A.M., appeared on the balcony, urging people to go to bed, but the 40,000 people stayed outside, cheering until dawn. Sunday night, you arrived at Lewiston at 1:30 A.M.; it was cold; the streets were silent, empty. Suddenly, the motorcade entered a park, and more than 20,000 people switched on their flashlights. When they recognized Jack, the roaring began, a roar of joy, and here you were in a freezing Maine factory town in the middle of the night, feeling a warmth and exultation to enshrine in memory through all the years before you.

The last day began in Providence and swung through Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont and New Hampshire, ending in the North End of Boston, where he had first campaigned 14 years earlier. He had to address a mass meeting in the Boston Garden, but the streets were so jammed that he was late; then he had to struggle again to reach Faneuil Hall. There, where the Sons of Liberty had gathered 190 years earlier to plot the Boston Tea Party, he made his farewell television talk to the nation. On the 14th floor of the Statler Hilton, he chatted with a couple of old friends while putting away a chicken sandwich and a glass of milk. In the past week, he had never had as much as four hours of sleep in one night. Tomorrow, you thought, he can sleep late. But no; he wanted to be called at 7:30. Jackie would be arriving to vote with him.

On that bright day, when you were young and the future promising, 68,832,818 Americans went to the polls, among them Mr. and Mrs. John F. Kennedy of 122 Bowdoin Street, Boston, who cast their ballots in the Third Precinct of the Sixth Ward at 8:43 A.M. and then boarded the Caroline for Hyannis Port.

The whole clan had gathered at Bobby's house to await the first returns. Bob's brother carried Connecticut by 100,000 votes. Their sisters were yelping with joy, assuming that that meant much more than it did. The Ambassador's friend Morton Downey, the tenor, was passing sandwiches and crooning *Did Your Mother Come from Ireland?*; and upstairs, Lou Harris sat with a slide rule and reams of paper, checking his calculations against those of the networks' computers. "It's Lou against the machine," Jack said with a chuckle, lighting up a Havana Royal.

Presently, he, Jackie and a friend left to dine at Jack's house, and when they rejoined the others, no one was cheering. He was losing in Ohio, Wisconsin, Kentucky, Tennessee and the farm belt west of the Mississippi and was running behind expectations in Michigan and Illinois. Everyone was visibly distressed—except the nominee. He retained his poise, detachment, sense of humor. Johnson called from Texas, and Kennedy grinned as he hung up. He reported L.B.J.'s comment: "I see we won in Pennsylvania, but what happened to you in Ohio?"

Ahead of them lay what Jackie later called "the longest night in history." Slowly, a pattern emerged. Nixon had lost, but Kennedy, though ahead in electoral votes, had not won. The outcome seemed to hinge on four states: California, Illinois, Minnesota and Michigan. Any two of them would give Kennedy the Presidency; if he failed to take two, the election would be thrown into the House of Representatives. Jack yawned, rose and prepared to leave. A friend asked where he was going. He said, "To bed. The votes are all in. I can't change any of them now."

As he slept, the battles seesawed. Jack lost California but won Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota and New Mexico. He awoke to find that he had 303 electoral votes to Nixon's 219. He was President-elect. The Secret Service had moved in at 5:45 A.M., and your most vivid memory of that day is the horror on the Secret Service agents' faces as they watched the fiercest touch-football game in the ferocious history of Kennedy sports, with the man they were sworn to protect being assailed on all sides by members of his own family.

•

Many months later, one evening in the White House, he invited you to join him in a stroll around the Ellipse, and while passing the Washington Monument, he asked whether, as a young Marine on Guadalcanal, you had studied the sky over the Solomons. All you could remember was the Southern Cross. But as a skipper of PT boats, he had been skilled in celestial navigation; he could still reel off the constellations and how they moved through the night down under.

You remembered that talk on November 22, 1963. If you were sitting up with Jim Swindal, the pilot of Air Force One, hurtling homeward from Texas, you became aware that night was approaching rapidly. Less than 45 minutes after you had left Dallas, shadows began to thicken over eastern Arkansas. Outside, twilight turned to gloaming and became dusk.

You looked out upon the overarching sky and saw that the firmament was brilliant. Jupiter lay over the Carolinas, the Big Dipper beyond Chicago; Arcturus was setting redly over Arkansas. But the brightest light in the deep-blue canopy was Capella. Always a star of the first magnitude, it seemed especially vivid that night, and as Air Force One rocketed toward West Virginia, it rose majestically 1000 miles to the northeast, over Boston. Ever since, you have thought of Capella as Kennedy's star. It is brilliant, it is swift, it soars. Of course, to see it, you must lift your eyes. But he showed us how to do that.

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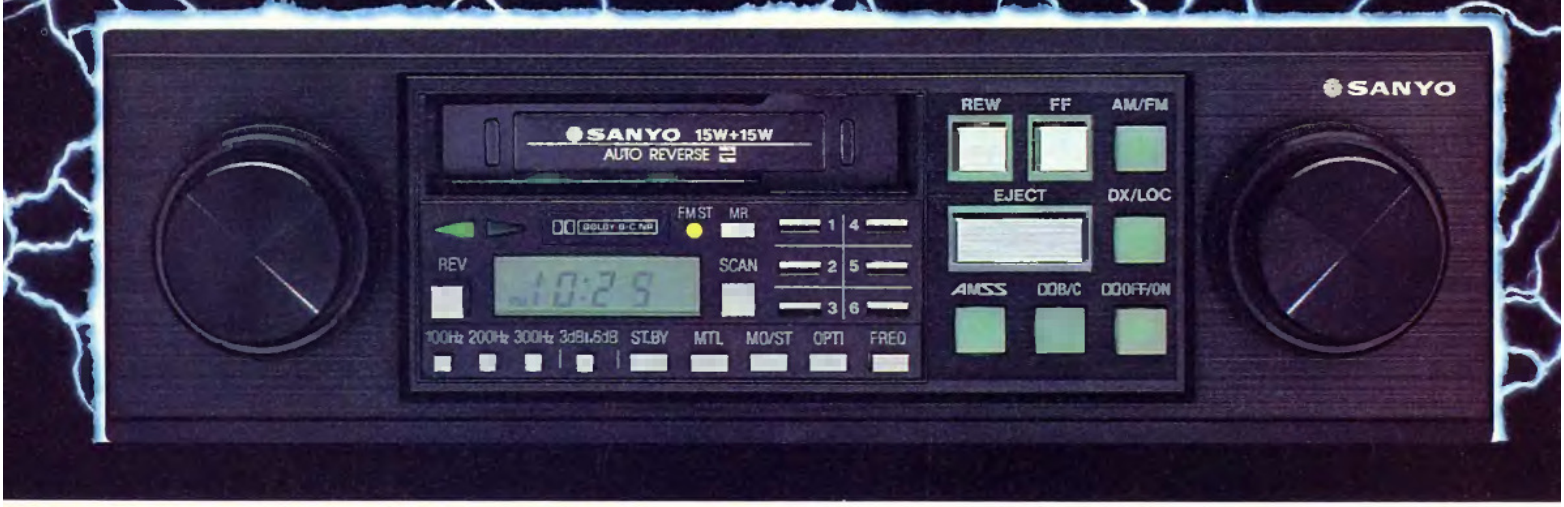


If you think this is just another car stereo, please reserve judgement until you've read about what's underneath the lights, buttons, and knobs.

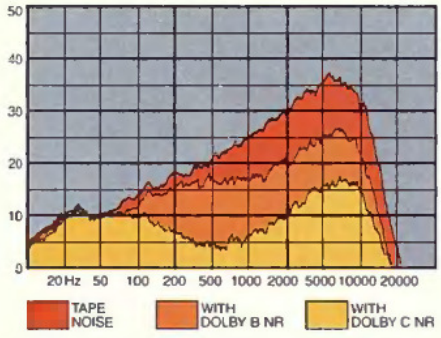
All of it is designed to make listening to mobile audio more thrilling than ever before.

Let's talk specs

Nothing better illustrates the revolutionary advancements of our FTX 180 better than its specifications.

First we started with a remarkable new technology: Dolby "C".* Sanyo's FTX 180 is the first car stereo that can actually remove up to 20dB of tape hiss and background noise... all without sacrificing one iota of music.

Next, we designed an all-new power amplifier circuit that pumps out 15 watts per channel with only 0.3% total harmonic distortion. That means you can turn



up the volume and get the thunderous lows and crystalline highs that the original musicians intended you to hear... with no audible distortion!

Then we combined our FM Optimizer circuit with a 12-station frequency synthesized tuner. The result: it not only locks onto the exact frequency you want, but is virtually impervious to annoying noise.

Let's talk features

Here are just a few: 1) automatic tape searching; 2) LCD digital station frequency/time readout; 3) switchable Dolby B/C; 4) metal tape compatibility; 5) ultra-long life S.S.P. tape head; 6) special bass equalizer with triple turnover controls; 7) full auto-reverse; 8) fader control for balancing 4-speaker setups; 9) standby switch, so you can listen to radio while fast-winding a tape.

We refer to the FTX 180 and the other Sanyo FTX Series models as "mobile studio sound systems".

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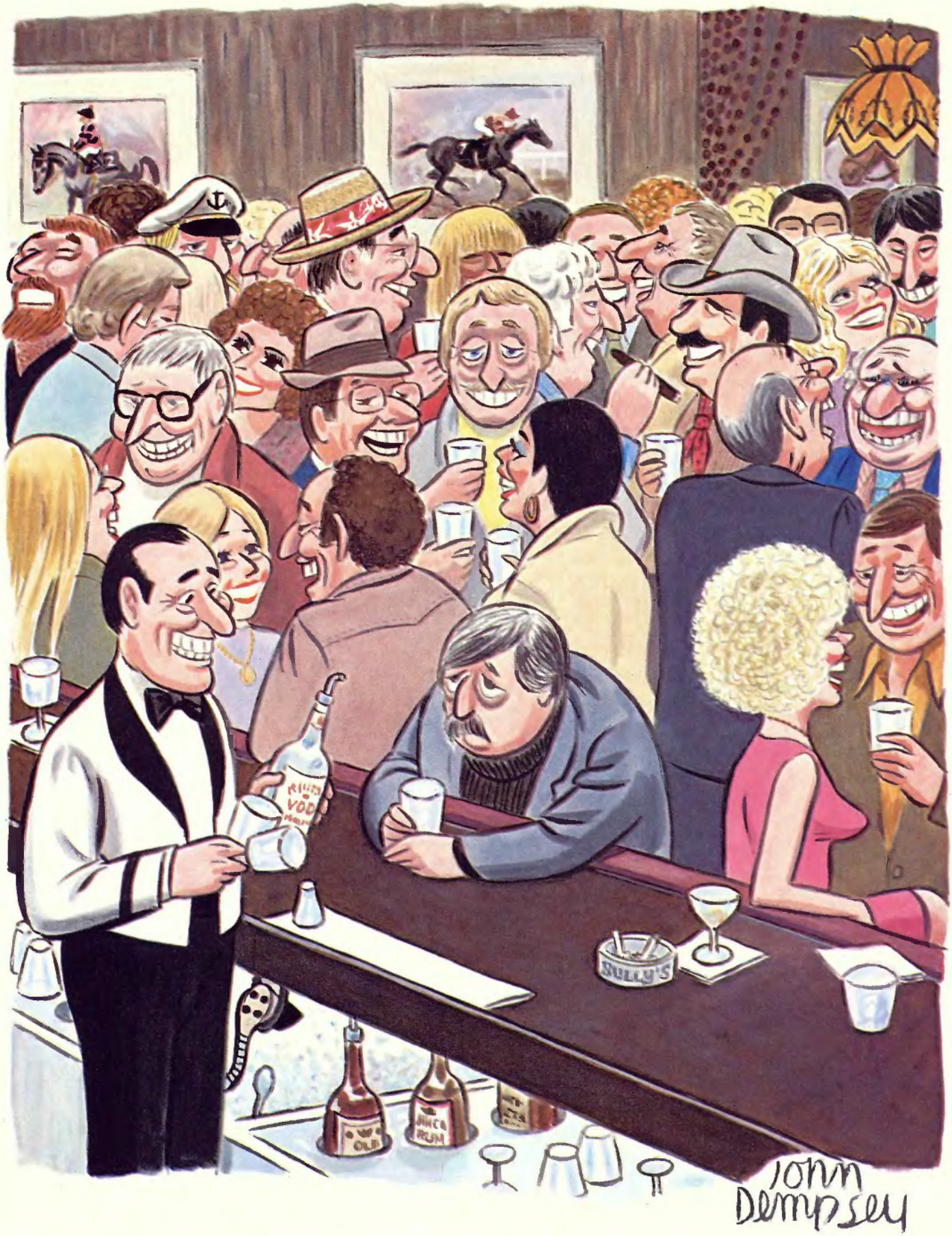


"I can't listen to your troubles now, Frank. This is the Happy Hour."

CURSE OF LONO

(continued from page 144)

" 'A gang of vicious bull fruits harassing the traffic on Main Street. No one warned me about this.' "

feeling you're going to need all the help you can get over here."

•

We listened to the marathon on the radio and fled Honolulu after a week of steady rain, getting out just ahead of a storm that closed the airport and canceled the surfing tournaments on the north shore. But we were on our way to Kona now, and everyone assured us that it would be sun-soaked and placid. The houses were all set, and we'd soon be taking the sun and doing some diving out in front of the compound, where the sea was calm as a lake.

I was definitely ready for it—and even Ralph was excited. The wretched weather in Honolulu had broken his spirit, and when he'd waded out into the ocean one afternoon for some of the fine snorkeling we'd heard about, the surf had nearly broken his spine.

"You look sick," I said to him as he staggered into the airport with a huge IBM Selectric that he'd stolen from the hotel.

"I *am* sick," he shouted. "My whole body is rotting. Thank God we're going to Kona. I *must* rest. I *must* see the *sun*."

"Don't worry, Ralph," I said. "A friend of mine has taken care of everything."

Mr. Heem, the realtor, was waiting when we arrived at Kailua-Kona airport, a palmy little oasis on the edge of the sea, about ten miles out of town. The sun was getting low and there were puddles of water on the runway, but Heem assured us the weather was fine. "We'll sometimes get a little shower in the late afternoon," he said. "But I think you'll find it refreshing."

There was not enough room in his car for all our luggage, so I rode into town with a local fisherman called Captain Steve, who befriended us at the airport and subsequently became our main man on the island. Captain Steve had a fully rigged fishing boat and was determined to take us out to catch a marlin—a gesture of hospitality that promised to make our stay in Kona even richer and more exciting than we'd known it was going to be all along.

The highway from the airport into town was one of the ugliest stretches of road I'd ever seen. The whole landscape was a desert of hostile black rocks, mile after mile of raw moonscape and ominous, low-lying clouds. Captain Steve said we were crossing an old lava flow, one of the last eruptions from the 14,000-foot hump of Mauna Kea to our left, somewhere up in the fog. Far down to the right, a thin line of coconut palms marked the new western edge of America, a lonely-looking wall of jagged black lava cliffs looking out on the white-capped Pacific. We were 2500 miles west of the Seal Rock Inn, halfway to China, and the first thing I saw on the outskirts was a Texaco station, then a McDonald's hamburger stand.

Captain Steve seemed uneasy with my description of the estate he was taking me to. When I described the brace of elegant, Japanese-style beach houses looking out on a black-marble pool and a thick, green lawn rolling down to a placid bay, he shook his head sadly and changed the subject. "We'll go out on my boat for some serious marlin fishing," he said.

"I've never caught a fish in my life," I said. "My temperament is wrong for it."

"You'll catch fish in Kona," he assured me as we rounded a corner into downtown Kailua, a crowded commercial district on the rim of the bay, with half-naked people running back and forth through traffic, like sand crabs.

We slowed to a crawl, trying to avoid pedestrians, but when we stopped at a red light, I noticed what appeared to be a cluster of garish-looking prostitutes standing in the shadows of a banyan tree on the sidewalk. Suddenly, there was a woman leaning in my window, yelling gibberish at Captain Steve. She was trying to get hold of him, but I couldn't roll up the window. When she reached across me again, I grabbed her hand and jammed my lit cigarette into her palm. The light changed and Captain Steve sped away, leaving the whore screeching on her knees in the middle of the intersection. "Good work," he said to me. "That guy used to work for me. He was a first-class mechanic."

"What?" I said. "That whore?"

"That was no whore," he said. "That was Hilo Bob, a shameless transvestite. He hangs out on that corner every night with all those other freaks. They're *all* transvestites."

I wondered if Heem had brought Ralph and his family along this same scenic route. I had a vision of him struggling desperately with a gang of transvestites in the middle of a traffic jam, not knowing what it meant. Wild whores with crude, painted faces, bellowing in deep voices and shaking bags of dope in his face, demanding American money.

We were stuck in this place for at least a month, and the rent was $1000 a week—half in advance, which we'd already paid Heem.

"It's a bad situation," Captain Steve was saying as we picked up speed on the way out of town. "Those freaks have taken over a main intersection, and the cops can't do anything about it." He swerved suddenly to avoid a pear-shaped jogger on the shoulder of the highway. "Hilo Bob goes crazy every time he sees my car," he said. "I fired him when he wanted to have a sex-change operation, so he got a lawyer and sued me for mental anguish. He wants a half-million dollars."

"Jesus," I said. "A gang of vicious bull fruits harassing the traffic on Main Street. No one warned me about this."

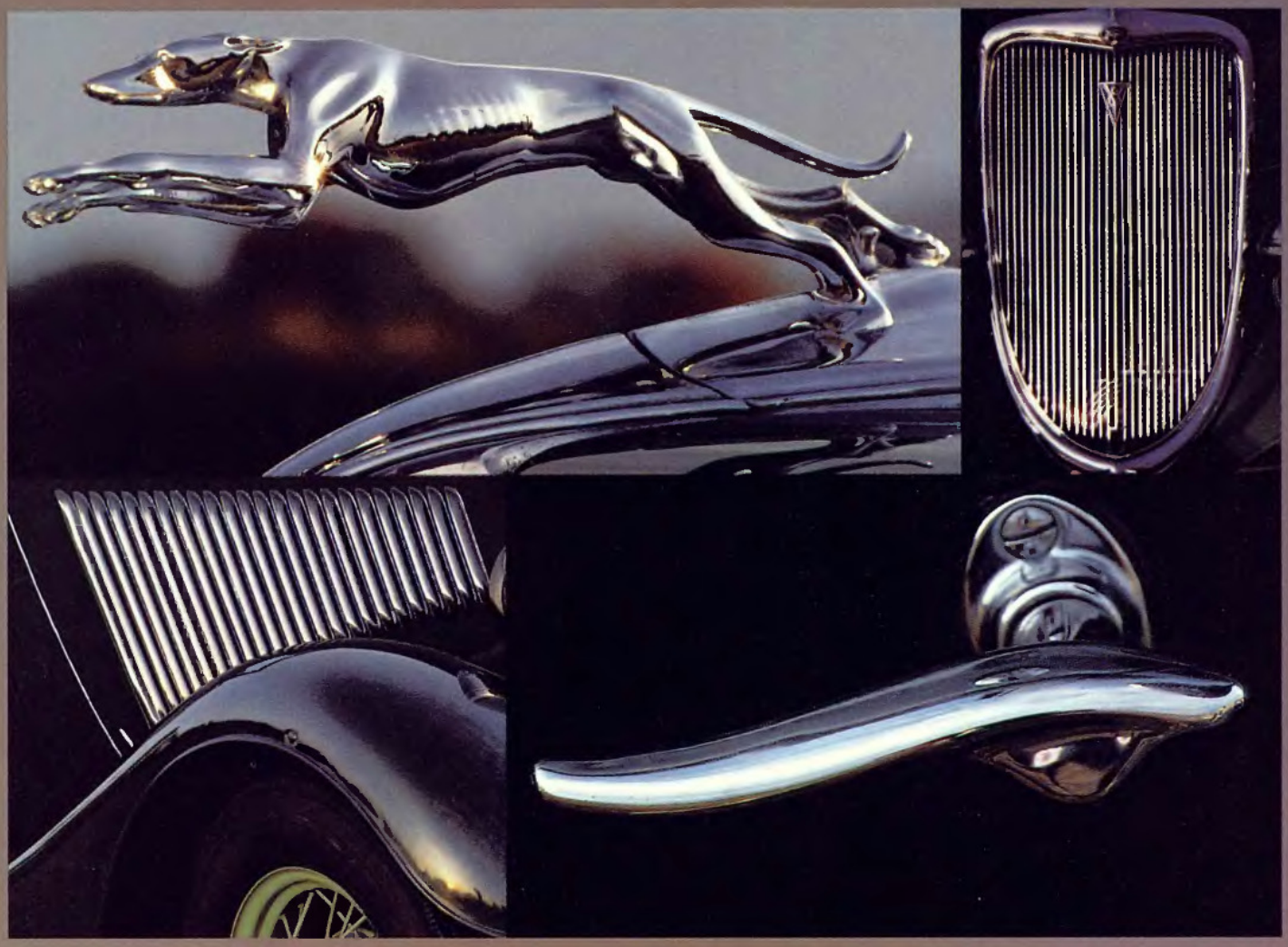
What kind of place had we come to? I wondered. And what would happen if we wanted to go fishing? Captain Steve seemed OK, but the stories he told were eerie. They ran counter to most notions of modern-day sportfishing. Many clients ate only cocaine for lunch, he said; others went crazy on beer and wanted to fight on days when the fish weren't biting. No strikes before noon put bad pressure on the captain. For $500 a day, the clients wanted big fish, and a day with no strikes at all could flare up in mutiny on the long ride back to the harbor at sunset. "You never know," he said. "I've had people try to put a gaffing hook into me with no warning at all. That's why I carry the .45. There's no point calling the cops when you're 20 miles out to sea. They can't help you out there." He glanced in the direction of the surf booming up on the rocks about 100 yards to our right. The ocean was out there, I knew, but the sun had gone down and all I could see was blackness. The nearest landfall in that direction was Tahiti, 2600 miles south.

It was raining now, and he turned on the windshield wipers. We were cruising slowly along in bumper-to-bumper traffic. The highway was lined on both sides with what appeared to be unfinished apartment buildings, new condominiums and raw construction sites littered with bulldozers and cranes. The roadside was crowded with long-haired thugs carrying surfboards, paying no attention to traffic. Captain Steve was getting edgy, but he said we were almost there.

"It's one of these hidden driveways," he muttered, slowing down to examine the numbers on a row of tin mailboxes.

"Impossible," I said. "They told me it was out at the end of a narrow country road."

He laughed, then suddenly hit the brakes and swung right through a narrow slit in the shrubbery beside the road. "This is it," he said, jamming the brakes again to keep from running up on the back of Heem's car. It was parked, with all the doors open, in a cluster of cheap wooden shacks about 15 feet off the highway. There was nobody in sight and the rain was getting dense. We quickly loaded the baggage out of the El Camino and into the nearest shack, a barren little box with only two cots and a Salvation Army couch for furniture. The sliding glass doors looked



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out on the sea, like they said, but we were afraid to open them, for fear of the booming surf. Huge waves crashed down on the black rocks in front of the porch. White foam lashed the glass and water ran into the living room, where the walls were alive with cockroaches.

The storms continued all week: murky sun in the morning, rain in the afternoon and terrible surf all night. We couldn't even swim in the pool, much less do any diving. Captain Steve was becoming more and more frantic about our inability to get in the water or even go near it. We conferred each day on the phone, checking the weather reports and hoping for a break.

The problem, he explained, was an offshore storm somewhere out in the Pacific—maybe a hurricane on Guam or something worse down south, around Tahiti. In any case, something we couldn't control or even locate was sending big rollers across the ocean from some faraway place. Hawaii is so far out in the middle of nothing that a mild squall in the Strait of Malacca, 7000 miles away, can turn a six-inch ripple into a 16-foot wave by the time it hits Kona. There is no other place in the world that so consistently bears the brunt of other people's weather.

Waves like that are rare on the Kona Coast, though, where the waters are usually more placid than anywhere else in the islands—except when the weather "turns around," as they say, and the winds blow in from the west.

The Kona Coast in December is as close to hell on earth as a half-bright mammal can get—and this is the *leeward* side of the big island; this is the *calm* side. God only knows what happens over there on the windward side, around Hilo. And even real-estate agents will warn you against going over *there* for any reason at all.

But they will *not* warn you about Kona—so that will have to be my job for as long as the grass is green and the rivers flow to the sea. The Kona Coast of Hawaii may be a nice place to visit for a few hours on the hottest day in July—but not even fish will come near this place in the winter; if the surf doesn't kill you, the surge will, and anybody who tries to tell you anything different should have his teeth gouged out with a chisel.

•

Ordinarily, the Kona Coast is the fishing capital of Hawaii, Kailua Bay is the social and commercial axis of the Kona Coast, and the huge, gallowslike rig of fish-weight scales on the pier in front of the King Kamehameha Hotel is where the fishing pros of Kona live or die every afternoon of the week—in full view of the public, such as it is.

Sportfishing is big business in Kona, and four o'clock at the end of the city pier is show time for the local charter captains. That is where they bring their fish to be weighed and to have their pictures taken if they're bringing in anything big. The scales are where the victors show their stuff, and the vanquished don't even show up. The boats with no blood on their decks take the short way home—to the Honokohau harbor, eight miles north. As each boatload of failures ties up there at sundown, the harbor curs rush to the edge of the black lava cliff that looks down on the dock and start barking. They want the leftover lunch meat, not fish, and it is an ugly scene to confront at the end of a long, futile day at sea.

On any given day, most boats go back to Honokohau, but a few return to the pier, where the crowd begins gathering around three. Jimmy Sloan, the commercial photographer who has the pier concession, will be there with his camera to make the moment live in history on 8 x 10 glossies at ten dollars each. And there will also be the man from Grey's taxidermy, just in case you want your trophy mounted.

Every successful charter-boat captain understands the difference between the fishing business and show business. Fishing is what happens out there on the deep-blue water, and the other is getting strangers to pay for it. So when you come swooping into Kailua Bay at sunset with a big fish to hang up on the scales, you want to do it with every ounce of style and slow-rumbling, boat-handling drama that you and your crew can muster. The Bringing In of the Fish is the only action in town at that hour of the day—or any other hour, for that matter—because big-time fishing is what the Kona Coast is all about (never mind those rumors about marijuana crops and bizarre real-estate scams).

Kicking ass in Kona means rumbling into the harbor and up to the scales at sunset with a big fish, not three or four small ones, and the crowd on the pier understands this. They will laugh out loud at anything that can be lifted out of a boat by anything less than a crane.

There is definite blood lust in the air around the scales at sundown. By five, the crowd is drunk and ugly and the tension picks up as each new boat comes in. On a good day, they are yelling for 1000-pounders, and woe unto the charter captain who shows up with anything small.

But after two weeks on the Kona Coast, I'd had no occasion to show up at the Kailua pier at all. This filthy goddamn sea was still raging and pounding on the rocks in front of my porch. Somewhere to the west was a monster storm of some kind, with 40-knot winds and 35-foot seas. That is a *typhoon*, I think. We were paying $1000 a week to sit out here in the rain on the edge of this savage black rock and wait for the annual typhoon—like the fools they knew us to be.

Ralph snapped first, as always—and, as always, he blamed it on me. Which was true, in a way. It was my plan that had gone wrong, not Ralph's, and now his entire family was in the throes of a profound psychotic experience. Some people can handle ten days in the eye of a hurricane and some can't.

Ralph was becoming more and more concerned about that aspect of our situation as it daily became more desperate. His primitive Welsh ancestry would allow him to cling almost indefinitely to his own sanity, he felt, but he was not confident about the ability of his wife or young daughter to survive a shock of this magnitude. "How many days of abject terror can an eight-year-old girl endure?" he asked me one day as we shared a pint of hot gin in his kitchen. "I can already see the signs. She's withdrawing into herself, gnawing on balls of twine and talking to cockroaches at night."

"That's why we have insane asylums," I said. "When your neighbors start talking about their children at Oxford or Cambridge, you can brag that you have a daughter in Bedlam."

He stiffened, then shook it off and laughed harshly. "That's right," he said. "I can visit her on weekends, invite all my neighbors to attend her graduation."

We were half-mad ourselves at this point. All of our desperate efforts to flee the big island had come to nought. We couldn't even get seats on a plane back to Honolulu, much less to anywhere else. And our Will to Flee was real. But the storm had knocked out our telephones and there was no hope of getting through to anybody more than a mile or two away. The only place we could be sure of reaching was the bar at the Kona Inn.

•

It is Monday on the Kona Coast, two days before Christmas, three o'clock in the morning. No more Monday-night football. The season is over. No more Howard Cosell and no more of that shit-eating lunatic with the rainbow-striped Afro wig. That freak should be put to sleep, and never mind the reasons. We don't need that kind of madness out here in Hawaii, not even on TV—and especially not now, with the surf so high and wild thugs in the streets and this weather so foul for so long that people are starting to act crazy. A lot more people than normal for this time of year are going to flip out if we don't see the sun by Christmas.

They call it Kona weather: gray skies and rough seas, hot rain in the morning and mean drunks at night, bad weather for coke fiends and boat people. A huge, ugly cloud hangs over the island at all times, and this goddamn filthy sea pounds relentlessly on the rocks in front of my porch. The bastard never sleeps or even rests; it just keeps coming, rolling, booming, slamming down on the rocks with a force that shudders the house every two or three minutes.

I can feel the sea in my feet as I sit here and type, even in those moments of nervous quiet that usually mean a Big One is

on its way, gathering strength out there in the darkness for another crazed charge on the land.

My shirt is damp with a mixture of sweat and salt spray. My cigarettes bend like rubber and the typing paper is so limp that we need waterproof pens to write on it—and now that evil white foam is coming up on my grass, just six feet away from the porch.

This whole lawn might be halfway to Fiji next week. Last winter's big storm took the furniture off every porch on this stretch of the coast and hurled boulders the size of TV sets into people's bedrooms. Half the lawn disappeared overnight and the pool filled up with rocks so big that they had to be lifted out with heavy machinery.

Our pool is a lot closer to the sea now. On the night we arrived, I was almost sucked into the surf by a wave that hit while I was standing on the diving board; and the next day, an even bigger one rolled over the pool and almost killed me.

We stayed away from the pool for a few days after that. It makes a man queasy to swim laps in a pool where the sea might *come and get you* at any moment, with no warning at all.

Ralph is hunkered down next door in a state of abject terror. The whole family is sleeping on the living-room floor. When I tried to get in and steal Ralph's TV for the late basketball game, I almost stepped on the child's head as I came over the edge of that slimy wooden porch. All their baggage is packed and they're ready to flee for their lives on a moment's notice.

But the goddamn surf is still thundering up on the lawn at five in the morning. This dirty Hawaiian nightmare has been going on for 13 straight days, and there is still no way out.

•

As New Year's Eve approached and the weather showed no signs of breaking, it was clear that we were going to have to do something desperate to get in the water. We had been trying to take Captain Steve's boat out for almost a week, but the sea was so rough that there was no point in even leaving the harbor. "We could probably get out," he said, "but we'd never get back in."

After a week of bad drinking and brooding, Captain Steve finally came up with a plan. If it was true that the weather had really turned around, then logic decreed that the normally savage waters on the other side of the island would now be as calm as a lake.

"No problem," he assured me. "It's South Point for us, big guy. Let's get the boat ready. . . ."

Which we did. But the surf got worse, and after five or six more days of grim waiting, my brain began to go soft. We drove to the tops of volcanoes; we drank heavily, set off many bombs. . . . More storms came, the bills mounted up, and the days dragged like dead animals.

The first person I saw when we walked into the Kona Inn on the 28th night of our doomed Hawaiian vacation was Ackerman. He was sitting at the Kona Inn bar with a sleazy-looking person in bell-bottom Levi's whom I recognized as a notorious dope lawyer from California, a man I had met at a party in Honolulu, where he was passing out his business cards to everybody within reach and saying, "Hang on to this—you'll need me sooner or later."

Jesus, I thought. These leeching bastards are everywhere. First they only smoked the stuff, then they started selling it, and now they're gnawing at the roots of the whole drug culture, like a gang of wild moles. They will be standing, like pillars of salt, at all our doorways when the great bell rings.

One reason I'd come to Hawaii was to get away from lawyers for a while, so I herded our party in the other direction and down to our table looking out on the sea wall. Ralph and the family were already there, and Ralph was raving drunk.

"We're off to South Point tomorrow," I said. I sat down at the table and lit a joint, which nobody seemed to notice. Ralph was staring at me with a look of shock and disgust on his face.

"I can't believe it," he muttered. "You're really going out on that silly boat."

I nodded. "That's right, Ralph. We finally figured it out—if this side of the island is rough, then the other side *must* be calm." Captain Steve smiled and shrugged his shoulders, as if the logic spoke for itself.

"And South Point," I continued, "is the closest place we can get to the other side—that's where the weather breaks."

"You should come with us, Ralph," said Captain Steve. "It'll be calm as a lake down there, and it's a real mysterious place."

"It's the Land of Po," I said. "A desolate, bottomless pit in the ocean, teeming with fish and within sight of the cliffs on shore." I nodded wisely.

"There *are* no fish," he muttered, "not even on the menu. All they have tonight is some kind of frozen mush from Taiwan."

"Don't worry, Ralph," I said. "We'll have all the fresh fish we can eat when I get back from South Point. Once we get around the corner down there to some calm waters, I will plunder this sea like no man has ever plundered it before."

Just then, I felt a hand on my shoulder. "Hello, Doc," said a voice behind me. "I've been wondering where you were."

I swung quickly around in my chair to

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see Ackerman smiling down at me. The arm he extended was still blue. I was glad to see him, and now that he'd shaken the dope lawyer, I stood up and took him aside. We walked out to the lawn and I handed him the joint. "Hey," I said. "How'd you like to make a run down to South Point tomorrow?"

"What?" he said. "South Point?"

"Yeah," I replied. "Just you and me and Steve. He says the weather should be OK once we get around the point."

He laughed. "That's insane," he said, "but what the hell; why not?"

"Good," I said, "let's do it. At least we'll get out on the water."

He chuckled. "Yeah. We *will* do *that*." He finished off the joint and flipped it into the sea. "I'll bring some chemicals," he said. "We may need them."

"Chemicals?"

He nodded. "Yeah. I have some powerful organic mescaline. I'll bring it along."

"Right," I said. "That's a good idea—just in case we get tired."

He slapped me on the back as we walked inside to the table. "Welcome to the Kona Coast, Doc. You're about to get what you came for."

•

When I arrived at the Union Jack Liquor Store in the middle of downtown Kailua the next morning, Ackerman was waiting for me in a Datsun pickup full of grocery bags. "I got everything," he said. "You owe me $355."

"Good God," I muttered. Then we went into the Union Jack and loaded up my VISA card with four cases of Heineken, two quarts each of Chivas Regal and Wild Turkey, two bottles of gin and a gallon of orange juice, along with six bottles of their best wine and another six bottles of champagne for the cocktail party that night.

The plan was for Laila, Ralph and the family to meet us at South Point around sunset for an elegant evening meal on the fantail of the Haere Marue. It would take us six hours to get there at trolling speed, but it was only an hour by road—so they could spend the afternoon at the City of Refuge and still get to South Point before we did. Captain Steve had arranged our meeting point—a small beach in a cove at the southernmost tip of the island.

We left Honokohau not long after 10:30, and as we passed the main channel buoy, I looked back and saw the peaks of both Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea for the first time since I'd been there. The whole island is normally covered with a hamburger-shaped cloud for most of every day, but this morning of our departure for South Point was a rare exception.

I took it as a good omen, but I was wrong. By nightfall, we would find ourselves locked in a death battle with the elements, wallowing helplessly on the ridge in the worst surf I'd ever seen and half-crazy with fear and strong chemicals.

We had both *The Wall Street Journal* and *Soldier of Fortune* on the boat, but the run down to South Point was not calm enough for reading. We staggered around the boat like winos for most of the trip, keeping the boat headed due south against a crossing sea. The swell was coming strong out of the southwest. At one point, we stopped to pick up a rotted life preserver with the words SQUIRE/JAVA painted on the cork.

Captain Steve spent most of his time at the wheel, high up on the flying bridge, while Ackerman and I stayed down in the cockpit smoking marijuana and waiting for the reels to go off.

I had long since got over the notion that just because we were fishing, we were going to catch fish. The idea of trailing big-bore lines from the outriggers and rumbling along at trolling speed was absurd. The only way we were going to get any fish, I insisted, was by going over the side with scuba tanks and spear guns, to hunt them where they lived.

We trolled all the way down, but the only signs of life we saw between Kailua and South Point were a school of porpoises and some birds. It was a long, hot ride, and by midafternoon, all three of us were jabbering drunk on beer.

It was just before sundown when we finally rounded the corner at South Point. The sea had been rough on the run down the Kona side of the island—but it was nothing compared with what we encountered when we came around the point.

The sea was so high and wild that we could only gape at it. No words were necessary. We had found our own hurricane, and there was no place to hide from it.

At sundown, I switched to gin and Ackerman broke out a small vial of white powder that he sniffed up his nose off the tip of a number-ten fishhook, then offered the vial to me.

"Be careful," he said. "It's not what you think."

I stared at the vial, examining the contents closely and bracing my feet on the deck as the boat suddenly tilted and went up on the hump of a swell.

"It's China White," he said, gripping the back of the fighting chair as we came down hard in the slough.

Jesus, I thought, I'm out here with junkies. The boat rolled again, throwing me off balance on the wet deck with a cup of gin in one hand and a vial of heroin in the other.

I dropped them both as I slid past Ackerman and grabbed the ladder to keep from going over the side.

Ackerman lunged for the vial with the speed of a young cobra and caught it on one bounce, but it was already wet and he stared at it balefully, then tossed it away in the sea. "What the hell," he said. "I never liked the stuff anyway."

I pulled myself over the chair and sat down. "Me either," I said. "It's hard on the stomach."

He eyed me darkly for a moment and I planted both feet, not knowing what to expect. It is bad business to drop other people's heroin—especially far out at sea with a storm coming up—and I didn't know Ackerman that well. He was a big, rangy bastard, with the long, loose muscles of a swimmer, and his move on the bouncing vial had been impressively fast. I knew he could get me with the gaffing hook before I reached the ladder.

I resisted the urge to call Captain Steve. Were they *both* junkies? I wondered, still poised on the edge of the white-Naugahyde chair. What kind of anglers carry China White to work?

"It's a good drug for the ocean," Ackerman said, as if I'd been thinking out loud. "A lot of times, it's the only way to keep from killing the clients."

I nodded, pondering the long night ahead. If the first mate routinely snorted smack at the cocktail hour, what was the captain into?

It occurred to me that I didn't really know either one of these people. They were strangers, and now I was trapped on a boat with them, 20 miles off the far-western edge of America with the sun going down and deep black water all around us.

The land was out of sight now, lost in a desolate night fog. The sun went down and the Haere Marue rumbled on through the waves toward the terrible Land of Po. The red and green running lights on our bow were barely visible from the stern, only 30 feet away. The night closed around us like smoke, cold and thick with the smell of our diesel exhaust.

It was almost seven o'clock when the last red glow of the sun disappeared, leaving us to run blind and alone by the compass. We sat for a while on the stern, listening to the sea and the engines and the occasional dim crackling of voices on the short-wave radio up above the high bridge, where Captain Steve was perched, like some kind of ancient mariner.

The sea was not getting any calmer as we approached our destination, a small beach at the foot of sheer black cliffs. Captain Steve took us in about halfway, then slowed to a crawl and came scrambling down the ladder. "I don't know about this," he said nervously. "The swell seems to be picking up."

Ackerman was staring at the beach, where huge breakers foamed. The first alarm came from Captain Steve, up above, when he suddenly shut down the engines and came back down the ladder.

"Get ready," he said. "We're in for a long night." He stared nervously into the sea for a moment, then darted into the cabin and began hauling out life jackets.

"Forget it," said Ackerman. "Nothing

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can save us now. We may as well eat the mescaline." He cursed Captain Steve. "This is your fault, you stupid little bastard. We'll all be dead before morning."

Captain Steve shrugged as he swallowed the pill. I ate mine and set about assembling the *hibachi* I'd bought that morning to cook our fresh-fish dinner. Ackerman leaned back in his chair and opened a bottle of gin.

We spent the rest of the night raving and wandering distractedly around the boat, like rats cast adrift in a shoe box, scrambling around the edges and trying to keep away from one another. The casual teamwork of the sundown hours became a feverish division of labor, with each of us jealously tending his own sector.

I had the fire, Ackerman had the weather and Captain Steve was in charge of the fishing operation. The *hibachi* was tilting dangerously back and forth in the cockpit behind the fighting chair, belching columns of flame and greasy smoke every time I hit it with another whack of kerosene. The importance of keeping the fire going had become paramount to everything else, despite the obvious and clearly suicidal danger. We had 300 gallons of diesel fuel in the tanks down below, and any queer pitch of sea could have spilled flaming charcoal all over the cockpit and turned the whole boat into a fireball—putting all three of us into the water, where we would instantly be picked up in the surf and dashed to death on the rocks.

No matter, I thought. We *must* keep the fire going. It had become a symbol of life, and I was not about to let it die down.

The others agreed. We had long since abandoned any idea of cooking anything for dinner—and, in fact, we had thrown most of the food overboard by that time, thinking to use it for bait—but we all understood that as long as the fire burned, we *would* survive. My appetite had died around sundown, and now I was covered with layers of cold mescaline sweat. Every once in a while, a shudder would race up my spine, causing my whole body to tremble. In those moments, my conversation would collapse without warning, and my voice would quaver hysterically for a few seconds while I tried to calm down.

"Jesus," I said to Captain Steve sometime around midnight, "it's lucky you got rid of that cocaine. The last thing we need right now is some kind of crank."

He nodded wisely, then suddenly spun around in his chair and uttered a series of wild cries. His eyes were unnaturally bright and his lips seemed to flap as he spoke. "Oh, yes!" he blurted. "Oh, hell, yes. That's the *last* thing we need!" Captain Steve had never tried mescaline before, and I could see that it was reaching his brain. It was obvious from the confusion in his eyes that he had no recollection at all of taking our last bottle of stimulant with him, in the pocket of his trunks, when he'd gone down with the scuba tanks to secure our anchor line around a big rock on the bottom, about 90 feet below. Any fool who will dive to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean with two grams of cocaine in his pocket is capable of anything at all; and now he was losing his grip to the psychedelics.

Bad business, I thought. It's time to collect the knives.

•

When I woke up at sunrise, I found Ackerman passed out like a dead animal and Captain Steve wandering frantically round the cockpit, grappling with a tangle of ropes and saying over and over to himself, "Holy Jesus, man! Let's get out of here!"

I stumbled up from the cabin, where I'd spent two hours sleeping on a cushion covered with fishhooks. We were still in the shadow of the cliffs, and the morning wind was cold. The fire in the *hibachi* had gone out and our Thermos bottle of coffee had cracked open sometime during the night. The deck was awash with a slimy mixture of kerosene and floating soot.

Ackerman had dropped a scuba tank on his foot, crushing the big toe and splattering blood all over the deck. He'd then gobbled a handful of Dramamine and fallen into a deep stupor. Captain Steve had been awake all night, he explained, never taking his eyes off the anchor line and ready, at any moment, to leap into the surf and swim for it.

"I'll never understand how we survived," he muttered. "Now I know what they mean about South Point. It *is* a dangerous place."

"The Land of Po," I said.

"Yeah," he said, reeling in the last of our all-night fishing lines. All the hot dogs had been gnawed off by eels, but the hooks were otherwise clean. Not even a sea snake had taken our wrong-minded bait, and the water all around us was littered with floating debris: beer bottles, orange peels, plastic Baggies and mangled tunafish cans. About ten yards off the stern was an empty Wild Turkey bottle with a piece of paper inside. Ackerman had tossed it over sometime during the night, after finishing off the whiskey and stuffing the bottle with a sheet of Kona Inn stationery on which I had scrawled, BEWARE. THERE ARE NO FISH.

I made my way up to the bridge, where I could look straight down on the main deck of the Haere Marue and see both the captain and the first mate badly disabled. One appeared to be dead, with his mouth hung open and his eyes rolled back in his head, and the other was twitching around like a fish with a broken neck.

The maze of human wreckage down below looked like something the legendary King Kam might have brought back to Kona in one of his war canoes that got caught in an ambush on Maui. We were victims of the same flaky *hubris* that had killed off the cream of Hawaiian warriors in the time of the Great Wars. We had gone off in a frenzy of conquest—to the wrong place at the wrong time and probably for all the wrong reasons—and now we were limping back home with our decks full of blood and our nerves turned to jelly. All we could hope for now was no more trouble and a welcoming party of good friends and beautiful women at the dock. After that, we could rest and lick our wounds.

Nobody was there to meet us, but it didn't matter. We were warriors, returned from the Land of Po, and we had terrible stories to tell.

Captain Steve was still hunkered down on the bridge when Ackerman and I finished off-loading our gear and prepared to leave. "Where're you guys going?" he called out. "To Huggo's?"

"No," Ackerman said. "There's only one place for us now—the City of Refuge."

•

Ackerman's notion had seemed like a good idea at the time, but the scene we found back at the compound on our return from South Point was too ugly to cure by anything as simple as a drive down the coast to some temple of ancient superstition where we might or might not find refuge. Right, I thought, never mind that silly native bullshit. It's time to leave. Where's a telephone? What we need now is a quick call to Aloha Airlines.

Ackerman agreed. We were both stunned by the chaos we saw when we turned the little VW convertible into the driveway. The storm that had almost whipped us to death in the ocean off South Point the night before had moved north and was now pounding the Kona Coast with 15-foot waves and a blinding monsoon rain. Both houses in the compound were empty, the pool was swamped, the surf was foaming up on the porch and deck chairs were scattered around the lawn in a maze of what looked like red seaweed. On closer examination, it turned out to be slimy wet remnants of 200,000 or 300,000 Chinese firecrackers, a flood of red rice paper from the dozens of thunder bombs we'd been amusing ourselves with. I thought it had been washed out to sea—which was true for a while—but it had not washed out far enough, and now the sea was tossing it back.

Ralph and the family were gone. The door to their house stood open and the place where he'd parked his car was ankle-deep in salt water. The fronts of both houses were gummed up with a layer of red slime and there was no sign of life anywhere. Everything was gone; both houses had been abandoned to the ravaging surf and my first thought was that everything in them, including the occupants, had been sucked out to sea by rip tides and bashed to death on the rocks.

I was still rummaging through the bedrooms, looking for signs of life with one eye and watching the sea with the other. A big one, I knew, could come at any time

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with no warning at all, rolling over me like a bomb. I had a vision of Ralph clinging, even now, to some jagged black rock far out in the roaring white surf, screaming for help and feeling the terrible jaws of a wolf eel grip his leg.

I heard Ackerman's voice just as a monster wave hit the pool and blasted 10,000 gallons of water straight up in the air. I scrambled over the porch railing and ran for the driveway. High ground, I thought. Uphill. Get out of here.

Ackerman was calling from the balcony of the caretaker's cottage. I rushed up the stairs, soaking wet, and found him sitting at a table with five or six people who were calmly drinking whiskey and smoking marijuana. All my luggage, including the typewriter, was piled in the corner.

Nobody had drowned, nobody was missing. I accepted a joint from Laila and breathed deeply. Ralph had flipped out sometime around noon, they explained, when the sea hurled a 50-pound stalk of green bananas up onto his porch, followed by the wave of red slime. Hundreds of dead fish washed up onto the lawn, and the house was suddenly filled with thousands of flying cockroaches.

The caretaker said Ralph had taken his family to the King Kam Hotel on the pier in downtown Kailua after failing to find seats on a night flight back to England. He handed me a crumpled piece of hotel stationery, damp and dark with Ralph's scrawl and folded into a knot:

"I can't stand it anymore," it said. "The storm almost killed us. Don't call. Leave us alone. Do it for Sadie. Her hair is turning white. It was a terrible experience. I'll get even. Love, Ralph."

"Jesus," I said. "Ralph went soft on us."

"He knew you'd say that," said the caretaker, accepting the joint from Ackerman and inhaling deeply.

Ralph was gone, and soon the whole family would be on a plane back to England, clinging desperately to one another and too exhausted to sleep for more than two or three hours at a time. Like survivors of some terrible shipwreck, only half understanding what had happened to them, disturbing the other passengers with sporadic moans and cries, finally sedated by the stewardess.

•

March 15

Dear Ralph,

OK. Things are *really* different now. It took a bit longer than I figured, but I think the Kona nut is finally cracked.

Part of the reason it took so long to get to the bottom of this story was that your tragic and unexpected departure from the islands left me with a swarm of odd problems. For starters, I still hadn't caught my fish, which caused the charter captains and fishermen who sat around the bar at Huggo's to constantly humiliate and degrade me. I was drifting into a *macho* way of life, you see. There was no doubt about it. And no help for it, either. I was living with these people, dealing with them on their own turf—which was usually out at sea, on their boats, mean drunk by noon and still unable to catch a goddamn fish.

Then there was the problem of Heem, the realtor, who wanted the rent for the compound—at least $2000 in cash, and questions would certainly be raised about the crust of red scum on the property. Once it hardened, not even a diesel sand blaster could get it off. I drove past the compound a few times and noticed a strange red glow; the lawn seemed to glitter and the pool appeared to be full of blood. There was a certain beauty to it, but the effect was unsettling, and I could see where Heem might have trouble renting to decent people. Problem was, Ralph, I didn't have the money. I had given Heem $2000 up front, and the rest of the debt was yours.

Finally, even our fishermen friends at Huggo's were getting nervous about why I was still hanging around so long after you left. By that time, even Ackerman had fled (to Bimini—or so he said). Rumors were beginning to take root all around me—most of them concerning our story. Leaving, as you did, battered and broken was a sure sign to our friends that whatever we finally published would not be good for business—specifically, the selling of real estate, which was all that ever concerned them. There are 600 registered realtors on the Kona Coast alone, and the last thing they need right now is an outburst of bad publicity in the mainland press. The market is already so overpriced and overextended that a lot of people are going to have to go back to fishing for a living. I knew it had reached a break point when even the bartenders at the Kona Inn began saying, "What kind of story are you *really* writing?"

But nobody patronizes me anymore, Ralph. I could drink with the fishermen now. The big boys. We could gather at Huggo's around sundown, to trade lies and drink slammers and sing wild songs about scurvy. I am one of them now. I caught the big fish.

It was, as you know, my first. And it came at an awkward time. I was ready to flee. We had an eight-o'clock flight to Honolulu, then an overnight haul to L.A. and Colorado. But the whole plan went wrong, due to booze, and by midnight my mood had turned so ugly that I decided—for some genuinely perverse reason—to go out and fish for marlin once again.

All you need to know about my attitude at that point is that I didn't pack that goddamn brutal Samoan war club in my seabag for the purpose of crushing ice. (You remember the war club, Ralph—the one I bought in Honolulu to pulverize aloe plants to treat your back wound.) There is a fearful amount of leverage in that bugger, and I knew in my heart that by the end of the day I would find a reason to use it—on something.

Maybe on those drunken *macho* bastards at Huggo's. They don't dare even lie to *one another* about boating a 300-pound marlin in less than 45 minutes. Then it usually takes them another 15 minutes to kill it. My time was 16 minutes and 55 seconds on the line and another five seconds to whack it stone-dead with the club.

The beast fought savagely. It was in the air about half the time I was fighting it. The first leap came about ten seconds after I clipped myself into the chair, a wild burst of white spray and bright-green flesh about 300 yards behind the boat, and the second one almost jerked my arms off. Those buggers are *strong*, and they have an evil sense of timing that can break a man's spirit. Just about the time your arms go numb, they will rest for two or three seconds—and then, in that same split second when your muscles begin to relax, they will take off in some other direction like something shot out of a missile launcher.

Yeah . . . that poor doomed bastard was looking me *straight in the eye* when I reached far out over the side and bashed his brains loose with the Samoan war club. He died right at the peak of his last leap: One minute he was bright green and thrashing around in the air with that goddamn spear on his nose, trying to kill everything within reach. . . .

And then I smacked him. I had no choice. A terrible blood lust came on me when I saw him right beside the boat, so close that he almost leaped right into it, and when the captain started screaming, "Get the bat! Get the bat! He's gone wild!" I sprang out of the goddamn fighting chair and, instead of grabbing that silly aluminum baseball bat they normally use to finish off these beasts with ten or 15 whacks, I laughed wildly and said, "Fuck the bat, I brought my own tool."

That's when I reached into my kit bag and brought out the war club and, with a terrible shriek, I hit that bastard with a running shot that dropped him back into the water like a stone and caused about 60 seconds of absolute silence in the cockpit.

They weren't ready for it. The last time anybody killed a big marlin in Hawaii with a short-handled Samoan war club was about 300 years ago.

It was very fast and savage work, Ralph. You'd have been proud of me. I didn't fuck around.

But the real story of that high-strung, blood-spattered day was not so much in the catching of the fish (any fool can do that) as in our arrival at the Kailua pier.

We came in wild and bellowing. They said people could hear me about a half mile out. . . . I was shaking the war club and cursing every booze-crazy, incompetent son-of-a-pig-fucking missionary bastard that ever set foot in Hawaii. People cringed and shrunk back in silence as this terrible drunken screaming came closer and closer to the pier.

They thought I was screaming at

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them. Which was not the case. But to the big afternoon crowd on the pier, Laila said later, it sounded like the *Second Coming of Lono*. I raved for 15 minutes, the whole time it took us to tie up. Then I got out on the pier and gave the fish six or seven brutal shots with the war club while it was hanging by its tail on the gallows.

The crowd was horrified. They hated everything we stood for, and when I jumped up on the pier and began whipping a little 15-pound tuna with the club, nobody even smiled.

But there is one thing I feel you should know, Ralph: *I am Lono*.

Yeah. That's me. I am the one they've been waiting for all these years.

Or maybe not—and this gets into religion and the realm of the mystic, so I want you to listen carefully, because you alone might understand the full and terrible meaning of it.

A quick look back to the origins of this saga will raise, I'm sure, the same inescapable questions in *your* mind that it did in mine, for a while. . . .

Think back on it, Ralph—how did this thing happen? What combination of queer and (until now) hopelessly muddled reasons brought me to Kona in the first place? What kind of awful power was it that suddenly caused me to agree to cover the Honolulu Marathon for one of the most obscure magazines in the history of publishing?

And then I persuaded *you* to come along, Ralph—you, who should have known better.

Strange, eh?

But not really. Not when I look back on it all and finally detect the pattern—which, in fact, I failed to see clearly myself until very recently.

I *am* Lono . . . that explains a lot of things, eh? It explains, for instance, why I am writing to you, now, from what appears to be my new home in the City; so make note of the address:

C/O Kaleokeawe
City of Refuge
Kona Coast, Hawaii

The trouble began when I came into the harbor bellowing, "*I am Lono!*" in a thundering voice that could be heard by every Hawaiian on the whole waterfront. Many of those people were deeply disturbed by the spectacle. I don't know what got into me, Ralph, I didn't mean to say it—at least not that loud, with all those natives listening. Because *they are superstitious people*, as you know, and they take their legends seriously.

It is not surprising, in retrospect, that my King Kong–style arrival in Kailua Bay on that hot afternoon had a bad effect on them. The word traveled swiftly up and down the coast, and by nightfall the downtown streets were crowded with people who had come from as far away as South Point and the Waipio Valley to see for themselves if the rumor was really true—that Lono had, in fact, returned in the form of a huge, drunken maniac who dragged fish out of the sea with his bare hands and then beat them to death on the deck with a short-handled Samoan war club. It was not easy for me, either, to accept the fact that I was born 1700 years ago in an ocean-going canoe somewhere off the Kona Coast of Hawaii, a prince of royal Polynesian blood, and lived my first life as King Lono, ruler of all the islands, god of excess, undefeated boxer.

How's that for roots?

What?

Don't argue with me, Ralph. You come from a race of eccentric degenerates; I was promoting my own fights all over Hawaii 1500 years before your people even learned to take a bath.

And besides, this is the red thread of high craziness that ties it all together. Suddenly, the whole thing made sense. It was like seeing the green light for the first time. I immediately shed all religious and rational constraints and embraced a New Truth. And I suggest you do likewise, old sport, because we have it now: The True Story of the Second Coming of Lono.

The real-estate *Bund* won't like it. Indeed, they never liked us, despite all the money we gave them. And when the natives started calling me Lono and the whole town got stirred up, the realtors decided to make their move.

I was forced to flee after they hired thugs to finish me off. But they killed a local Caucasian fisherman instead, by mistake. This is true. On the day before I left, thugs beat a local fisherman to death and left him either floating face down in the harbor or strangled with a brake cable and slumped in a jeep on the street in front of the Manago Hotel. News accounts were varied.

That's when I got scared and took off for the City of Refuge. I came down the hill at 90 miles an hour and drove the car as far as I could, out on the rocks; then I ran like a bastard for the sanctuary—over the fence like a big kangaroo, kicked down the door, then crawled inside and started screaming, "I am Lono" at my pursuers, a gang of hired thugs and realtors, turned back by native park rangers.

They can't touch me now, Ralph. I am in here with a battery-powered typewriter, two blankets from the King Kam, my miner's head lamp, a kit bag full of speed and other vitals, and my fine Samoan war club. Laila brings me food and whiskey twice a day and the natives send me women. But they won't come into the hut—for the same reason nobody else will—so I have to sneak out at night and fuck them out there on the black rocks.

I like it here. It's not a bad life. I can't leave, because they're waiting for me out there by the parking lot, but the natives won't let them come any closer.

Because I am Lono, and as long as I stay in the City, those lying swine can't touch me. I want a telephone installed, but Captain Steve won't pay the deposit until Laila gives him $600 more for bad drugs.

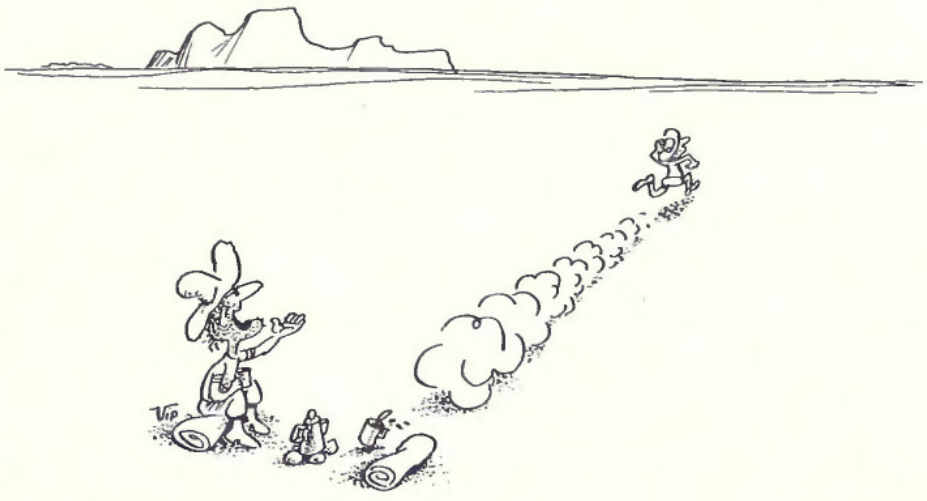
Which is no problem, no problem at all. I've already had several offers for my life story, and every night at sundown, I crawl out and collect all the joints, coins and other strange offerings thrown over the fence by natives and others of my own kind.

So don't worry about me, Ralph. I've got mine. But I would naturally appreciate a visit and, perhaps, a bit of money for the odd expense here and there.

It's a queer life, for sure; but right now, it's all I have. Last night, around midnight, I heard somebody scratching on the thatch, and then a female voice whispered, "You knew it would be like this."

"That's right!" I shouted. "I love you!"

There was no reply. Only the sound of this vast and bottomless sea, which talks to me every night and makes me smile in my sleep.



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ORSON WELLES *(continued from page 178)*

"Wouldn't anyone who knew anything about movies want to back Hollywood's most brilliant director?"

with his wrath and the threat of lawsuits, Welles claimed that *Kane* hadn't been based on Hearst and his mistress Marion Davies. But, more recently, he told a pal that somehow, before making the movie, he had found out the secret name by which Hearst called Davies' genitalia: *Rosebud.* To Hearst, it was bad enough that Rosebud is mentioned throughout the picture, but even worse was the idea that Kane died with Rosebud on his lips. Then there's the wild tale about the lady who took Welles to a hotel room for a fling. The radio was playing, and no sooner was she about to pounce than he heard his own recorded voice: "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? *The Shadow knows!*"—a character Welles played. "I went limp and stayed that way for two months," he joked.

On the day in 1979 when Henry Jaglom ran into him again, Welles was dining with Warren Beatty. Back in 1970, Jaglom had directed Welles—whom he idolizes—in a movie called *A Safe Place*, after which Welles directed him in *The Other Side of the Wind.*

"How are you?" Jaglom asked Welles, whom he hadn't seen in a while.

"I've lost my girlish enthusiasm," Welles replied.

"What happened?" said Jaglom—at which Welles launched into the tale of woe surrounding *The Other Side of the Wind.*

As had been Welles's custom over the years, he had scraped together financing however and whenever he could, the end money—$150,000–$200,000—coming from an Iranian group headed by the shah's brother-in-law. Came the revolution in Iran and Khomeini's boys declared *The Other Side of the Wind* the property of the Iranian people. When the shah's brother-in-law insisted the picture was his, the revolutionaries said he had stolen from the people and had no claim to the film. Welles was caught in the middle. The negative was impounded—and deposited in a Parisian vault until the French courts could resolve the matter of its ownership (which they later did, in Welles's favor).

Hearing of Welles's grotesque plight, Jaglom decided to take it upon himself to pitch a Welles script directly to the Hollywood baby moguls who—like Jaglom—had long revered the man who made *Citizen Kane.* Now in their 30s and 40s, these guys were Jaglom's contemporaries—and he figured that if only they knew that *Orson Welles* was available and willing to work *for them*, they'd jump at the chance. In that, Jaglom demonstrated both courage and common sense—as well as a certain naïveté. Wouldn't anyone who knew anything about the movies want to back Hollywood's most brilliant director?

Welles gave Jaglom a script he had written based on Isak Dinesen's Gothic tale titled *The Dreamers*, and Jaglom thought the adaptation a "masterwork." But when he went to his powerful friends, they were resistant to the very idea of Welles. Jaglom would remind them of how much Welles had once meant to them, to which they would respond with phrases about separating youthful feelings from business pragmatism. Welles, they claimed, simply wasn't commercial. His movies had never made money—not even *Kane*—so how could they justify bank-rolling him now?

Shifting gears, Jaglom tried appeals to the baby moguls' moral and aesthetic conscience: Since they were probably going to be fired eventually, anyway—a likelihood in Hollywood, where *no one* has job security—didn't they want to do something honorable for a change? That worked with some of the moneymen, who agreed at least to look at what Jaglom was peddling. The script, however, was exactly what they had feared. There was no audience for *The Dreamers*, they consistently told Jaglom—it was too poetic, too fanciful.

Jaglom remained adamant—he wanted to see Orson Welles direct a Hollywood picture *now* and asked his friends how precisely to bring it about. Pressed to the wall, the executives said the only way was for Welles to come up with a more conventional, less poetic script—something to which mass audiences would respond. Also, the project would need a big star. Those were the ground rules for Welles to work in Hollywood again. Jaglom understood.

Lunching with Welles, Jaglom explained the uniform response to the *Dreamers* script. Then, eying his monumental hero, he said, "Orson, I want you to write an original movie."

"I, I can't do that anymore," Welles replied. "I don't. . . . Really, I have this one I want to do——"

Jaglom cut him off, saying, "Please, I want you to write an original movie."

"What about?" Welles asked.

"I don't know," Jaglom said. "Tell me some stories—just tell me."

Several lunches—and many stories—later, Welles reeled off something about a Presidential candidate and his advisor. Jaglom asked for more, and Welles kept going—*this* was it.

"Would you give me just four or five pages?" Jaglom asked.

"No," said Welles, "I can't do that anymore."

"Please," said Jaglom, "just try it."

"No, no, I can't," Welles demurred.

Next morning, Welles called Jaglom to say he had been up all night and had 12 pages for him, though he wasn't sure they were any good. Jaglom, however, found them "just spectacularly wonderful" and asked for eight more—and so on, until, eight months later, Welles finished an original script titled *The Big Brass Ring.*

With *The Big Brass Ring*, the idea was for Welles to direct *and* act, the kind of setup he had always favored. The story concerns a young Senator—a Vietnam veteran—on the very brink of attaining the Presidency and the former Roosevelt aide whom he discovers in Africa advising a despot. The script includes an element of homosexuality, with the old-timer, played by Welles himself, becoming increasingly involved with the Senator, for which role Welles had Jack Nicholson in mind. Jaglom says that after considerable discussion, Nicholson finally agreed in principle.

Day after day, month after month, Jaglom set Welles up for lunches with an endless array of producers, all of whom were most eager to see and be seen with a living legend. But in the end, nobody in Hollywood would touch *The Big Brass Ring.* One moneyman *was* willing to talk business but wanted to reserve for himself the right to final cut; that is, the producer would be able to re-edit the film as he pleased—something the artist in Welles just couldn't tolerate.

Clearly, Welles was going to have to raise money his own way—he'd have to *earn* it.

•

Reading a book at a pebbled-glass table on a sunlit patio, there is Welles in a king-size flame-red sport shirt. "Margaret Mitchell began writing *Gone with the Wind* in 1926 and she finished it ten years later," he says, as if realizing we have just joined him. "The writing of a great book, or"—Welles pauses for what aestheticians call a pregnant moment to gaze fondly at the bottle on the table, his studied silence implicitly linking *great book* and *great wine* before he's even said it—"the making of a fine wine takes time," arching his eyebrows as if he has just disclosed something important.

"What was true nearly a century ago is true today," he *enunciates.* "Paul Masson will sell no wine"—again, the pause; the eyebrows: all to convey meaning to the meaningless—"before its time."

For someone who supposedly can't make a commercial movie, Welles certainly seems comfortable selling products on television. Top commercial director Harry Hamburg, who has worked with Welles on ten or so spots, contrasts him with other stars he's directed who find commercial work "a little unnatural."

"Not Welles," says Hamburg. "He goes into commercials like he's thought of the idea. He understands the dynamics of advertising. He respects the craft he's doing. He wants to do the best possible job. He reviews how much the product is selling

from the marketing people. I mean, he really goes into this shit."

In 1978, when Paul Masson hired Welles as spokesman, it was to reassure people that Masson wines were the *right* choice. "People have this incredible feeling and insecurity that they're going to serve wine to their friends, and then they're going to start laughing at them," says John Buckingham, the winery's account executive at Doyle Dane Bernbach. "Or they're going to order a wine in a restaurant and the maître d' is going to laugh at their choice." Welles, says Buckingham, "obviously has the image of a person who likes food, so people find him very credible when he talks about wine."

Welles would arrive on the set with his make-up already done—by himself. Acutely conscious of his appearance in commercials, he has very specific ideas about how he should be lighted and photographed. "I know what makes me look the best," he told Doyle Dane Bernbach. Before his first day of shooting on the Masson campaign, he dispatched written instructions to the cameraman. Hamburg reports that Welles favors the brooding look he gets when the camera is positioned above his eyes so that he has to look up slightly. Also, he likes the hard light, three quarters on the left side. Hamburg says he would set up everything to Welles's specifications, so that he wouldn't balk the minute he showed; then, once Welles was satisfied, the director quietly altered the lighting and the camera angle to his own liking. Hamburg insists Welles never noticed.

Welles is agreeable to doing extra takes during shootings, but he insists upon each one's being justified.

"Why do you want it different?" Welles asked Hamburg, who had ordered another take. "If you say it faster, you can't use it; if you say it slower, you can't fit it."

"We're getting a hum from a refrigerator," said the director, who didn't want to tell Welles the client wanted him to speak louder. "If you talk a little louder, you'll talk above it, and we can drown it out."

When Welles did the take, Hamburg decided upon yet another. "Orson, you sound like you're really selling," he said.

"Well, Jesus," Welles replied, "I don't want *that*."

Another day, when Welles took 60 seconds to do a 30-second bit, Hamburg protested.

"It's too long," he told Welles.

Welles disagreed. "It can't be said any shorter," he replied.

"Well, we can't cut any copy," said the worried director. "That's what we need."

"I'll give it a try," said Welles, "but it's not going to work."

He launched into action, taking 45 seconds to say the lines. He tried again and took 40 seconds. Again—and he'd reduced them to 30. The astonishing thing was that each time, he sounded exactly the same, *seeming* to speak as slowly and with the identical phrasing.

To maintain his credibility, Welles has been known to balk at saying things or appearing in situations that would be entirely out of character for him. Presented with the line "Stradivarius took three years to make one of his violins; Paul Masson took. . . ." Welles was dismayed.

"Come on, gentlemen, now, really!" he admonished. "You have a nice, pleasant little cheap wine here. You haven't got the presumption to compare it to a Stradivarius violin. It's odious."

Another time, while shooting a champagne commercial, Welles found himself in a living room with a particularly plastic collection of extras, all of whom were overjoyed to be working with the Great Man. He looked disconcerted by their presence.

"Who the hell are these people?" he asked Hamburg.

"They're at a party, Orson," Hamburg explained.

"A party at *my* house?" Welles said.

"Yeah."

"*I* wouldn't have these people . . . ," he said. "I mean, this is really lousy. I wouldn't have these people at a party at my house. These people look like a party Robert Young would have."

When he's making a commercial, Welles doesn't like anyone besides the director to talk directly to him. Even the clients have to communicate with him through the director or through the cameraman, who refers it to the director.

Once, when he was working on a commercial in England, a production person made the mistake of violating that rule.

" 'Peas grow there,' " Welles had said, monitoring the commercial, for which he was doing a voice-over. He and the director were disagreeing about its timing.

"I'd start half a second later," interrupted the director.

"Don't you think you really want to say 'July' over the snow?" Welles asked. "I think it's so nice that you see a snow-covered field and say, 'Every July, peas grow there.' "

Without transition, he launched into the commercial copy as if it were Shakespeare: " 'We know a remote farm in Lincolnshire where Mrs. Buckley lives. Every July, peas grow there.' " Breaking again, he addressed his director, "We aren't even in the fields, you see. We're talking about 'em growing and she's picked 'em."

Welles cleared his throat.

Then: "Can you emphasize *in—in* July?" asked the unknowing production person.

"*Why?*" snapped Welles. "That doesn't make any sense! Sorry, there's no *known* way of saying an English sentence in which you begin a sentence with 'in' and emphasize it! Get me a jury and show me how you can say '*in* July' and *I'll go down on you!* That's just idiotic! If you'll forgive me my saying so. That's just stupid! '*In* July!' I'd love to know how you emphasize 'in' in 'in July'! *Impossible! Meaningless!*"

Anxious about having lost control, the director sputtered, "I think all they were thinking about was that they didn't want to——"

"*He isn't thinking!*" Welles said.

"*Orson*," the director pleaded, "can we just do one last——"

"Yes," Welles agreed, shifting gears.

"It was *my* fault," assured the director. "I said, 'In July.' If you can leave 'every July'——"

"*You* didn't say it!" Welles exclaimed. "*He* said it—your *friend*——" making friend sound like a dirty word. " 'Every July.' No, you don't really mean 'every July.' But that's bad copy! *There's too much directing around here!*"

Even with a director such as Hamburg, with whom he has worked often and well, Welles can have a bad day. Making a Masson commercial in Los Angeles, Welles was sitting on the edge of his chair, as is his custom, so that Hamburg had to get down on hands and knees to instruct him—a position Hamburg compares to taking Communion.

"I want to feel piqued in this thing," said Welles. "You know, 'As old Paul Masson said many years ago——' "

"What do you mean, *piqued*?" Hamburg asked.

"Piqued," Welles replied, speaking down. "You know what I mean. Now, you're the director, I'm the talent. You *create* this emotion. Do something. Do some directing with me. Get me in the mood."

Hamburg looked up at the bearded Buddha for a moment, then asked, "Orson, what are you doing?"

Welles wasn't smiling. "This is your job," he said. "You get me in the mood now. This is your art, and I want to feel it. You tell me now how I can feel this thing."

By now, the crew and clients were crowding around them for the showdown.

"Why are you doing this?" Hamburg asked.

"Because this is *your* art," Welles replied, "and this is *my* art, and we're going to combine our arts now. Come on, do it. Do it. Tell me——"

"Well, you're a fat slob," Hamburg said.

"No," Welles shot back, "that doesn't do it. You're just going to make me laugh."

"You're a has-been," said Hamburg.

"Nah, nah," Welles complained, "that doesn't do it, either. You have some pretty weak acid you're throwing in my face."

Really furious now, Hamburg didn't care whether or not he ever worked with Welles again.

Welles kept going: "Say something to me that will make me piqued," he urged.

"Well," said Hamburg, alluding to a cruel and spurious rumor about the authorship of one of Welles's classics, "how come you screwed Herman Mankiewicz out of the credit on *Citizen Kane* when he actually wrote it?"

Welles went blood-red.

"Obviously," he said, "you can't differentiate between making someone

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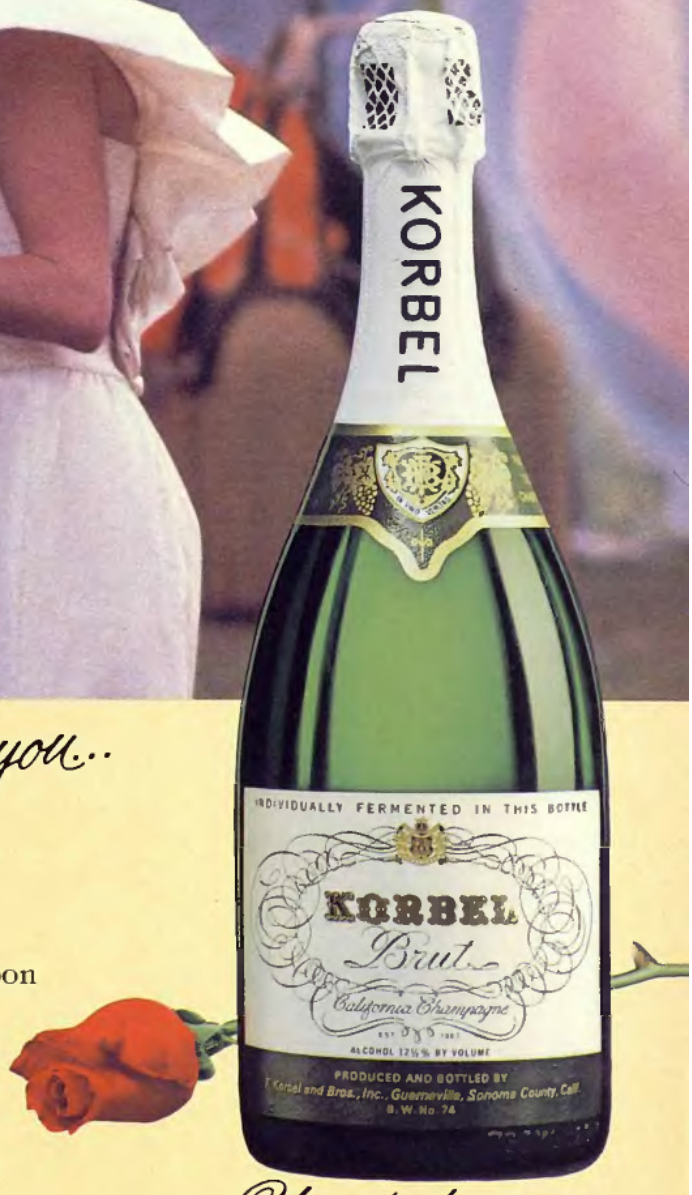

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angry and making him piqued. Forget it. I'll do it myself!"

Finally, like all good things, Welles's association with Paul Masson came to an end. After three years, he was replaced by John Gielgud. As for the reason Welles got the boot, the introduction of Masson's *light* wines is among the factors mentioned. "Obviously," says account executive Buckingham, "that would not be appropriate." More pointedly, one insider mentions a Welles appearance on a TV talk show whose host inquired about Welles's recent weight loss, to which he replied that he'd stopped snacking and *drinking wine*.

Despite all the jokes, Welles's obesity poses a serious health problem to a 68-year-old man. It apparently poses financial problems as well. For while Henry Jaglom insists that Welles's health is tiptop (except for some trouble walking due to arthritis), he admits that his size and physical condition are among the first things Tinseltown investors inquire about.

•

Since losing out at Masson, Welles has lent his voice and image to a variety of projects. One of his latest commercial spots is for WABC Talk Radio. When the radio people decided to hire a spokesman, their initial concept was to get Milton Berle. Mr. Television would come on and say something like, "You think TV is really great? Let me tell you about a much-ignored medium—radio." Some WABC staff members were discussing Uncle Miltie when, suddenly, the then-general manager had an inspiration: "Why not use Mr. Radio?" Mr. Radio was Welles. Even before he made *Citizen Kane*, he had acquired national celebrity—in 1938—for the notorious *War of the Worlds* Martian scare on radio, when people across the country believed the little men from Mars were rampaging through New Jersey.

Besides admiring Welles's peerless voice, WABC was impressed by the nice ratings he had received for his Masson spots. Welles explains that in a survey of the ten most credible commercial spokesmen in America, he came in number two.

"You'll never guess who came in number one," he adds with a smirk. "Bill Cosby."

But commercials don't *begin* to tax the creative range of Orson Welles. Lately, he has cast his giant shadow on the rock scene—on behalf of the popular heavy-metal group Manowar. When the group is introduced to screaming fans at concerts, it is Welles whose recorded voice blasts on the P.A. system: "Ladies and gentlemen in the United States of America, all hail—Manowar!" Teenaged *aficionados* of heavy metal are invariably impressed that Manowar has the guy from the Paul Masson commercials working for it.

Welles can also be heard on the group's rousing first album, *Battle Hymns*, narrating something called *Dark Avenger*, about a viking warrior's ascent from hell on a black horse. When he met the group in New York for the taping, the guys in the band—Joey DeMaio, Ross the Boss, Eric Adams and Donnie Hamzik—sent Welles a big fruit basket, wine and a limo to take him to the sound studio, where he had to ride upstairs in the freight elevator.

Known in heavy-metal circles as "Bass Player of the Apocalypse," 28-year-old DeMaio is Manowar's lyricist, and Welles asked where he had gotten the inspiration for *Dark Avenger*.

"Well," said Joey, "this is just the way that I personally live my life and that we live our life. We believe in our hearts that we're all warriors on the battlefield of life, and anything you're going to do in life, you have to get out there and achieve, and you have to strive for it. I mean, the world's not going to come and knock on your door."

"You're absolutely right," said Welles.

Heavy-metal music isn't the only way Welles has tuned in to the younger generation. Last year, he agreed to deliver the opening address at the massive anti-nuclear-weapons rally in New York's Central Park. His speech was to show that the old-timers were as deeply concerned about the prospect of nuclear war as the kids. That morning, before the 900,000 demonstrators arrived, Welles was ushered through a cordon of police to the speakers' platform, which had been constructed high above the sprawling Great Lawn. Unfortunately, he quickly discovered he couldn't walk up the exceedingly long ramp, which was much too steep for his bulk. Nor could he ascend it in the wheelchair he had brought with him.

Figuring that the security guards hired to monitor the rally might be able to help, the ever-helpful Henry Jaglom searched out one of the supervisors.

"Listen," Jaglom told him, "I've got Orson Welles here."

"*Hey*, Orson Welles!" said Security. "No shit! Where is he?"

"I'd like you to come and meet him," said Jaglom.

"Yeah," agreed Security, straightening his tie. "I'd love to."

"But I've got a problem," Jaglom added, explaining the sticky situation.

"No *problem*!" assured Security, who instantly called a Brooklyn friend employed in construction.

In an hour, Brooklyn arrived with a forklift used to construct skyscrapers. Attached to a chain was a platform onto which Jaglom pushed Welles in his wheelchair. As the forklift hoisted them up, Jaglom gripped the chain with one hand and the wheelchair with the other, since the platform was swinging wildly to and fro in mid-air. "What are they doing? What are they doing?" Welles asked with each dip. Nervous about rolling off if Jaglom let go, he was really sweating now.

"Hey!" yelled Security from below. "There's no problem! Don't worry!" When the platform was finally at rostrum level, several broad swings were necessary to maneuver it to where the wheelchair could easily be rolled off. "This is how it ends," Welles blurted out as the platform tipped at an especially precarious angle. "I can see this is what the obituary is, *New York Times*, tomorrow: 'Elderly overweight actor rolls to his death, crushing young director friend in his path!' "

•

But, no, this is a Hollywood story, and Hollywood likes happy endings. Or at least surprise twists.

At his regular table for four at Ma Maison, concealed behind a latticework screen, Welles is dining beside his constant evening companion, a black toy poodle named Kiki—or Mademoiselle Kiki, as the restaurant staff calls her. Mostly, Kiki snoozes in her regular chair at his left, awakening only to sip from a water dish on the table or to growl and snap her tiny teeth at anyone she suspects of ill will toward her master.

Her master isn't growling. In fact, an air of unabashed optimism hangs about him, since he's lately concocted a movie project that actually looks as if it may work out.

"For two years," he says, "I shopped around a very marketable commercial product"—he means *The Big Brass Ring*—"and no one would touch it." Now, as he discloses his new plan, Welles's eyes are twinkling as only his can. "I'm going to do *King Lear*!"

King Lear? Orson Welles? In Hollywood?

Well, maybe. For despite the commercial possibilities of *The Big Brass Ring*, and despite the box-office potential of an Orson Welles/Jack Nicholson cast, and despite Henry Jaglom's diligent sales work, Welles was apparently an idea whose time had not quite rearrived in Tinseltown. Jaglom did manage to attract the serious interest of a major Israeli investor, but details were never finished, and a stoic Welles—who in the past has been responsible for some of the most eloquent Shakespearean pictures ever made—returned to an old pet project.

Today, as a result of the unanticipated box-office success of such films as Zeffirelli's *La Traviata*, there's a sudden swell of excitement among the moneymen about the notion of putting classics on film. If the excitement continues, Welles may find himself artistic *enough* to be bankable.

"Can you imagine it!" he chuckles, savoring the irony. "Orson Welles's *King Lear* is a *commercial* project!"

Asked if he'd like a taste of chocolate cake, Welles refuses. He's been scrupulously watching his diet at Ma Maison, forgoing wine and dessert and, at home, trying to get some regular exercise in his back-yard pool, all in hopes of being in peak condition for the mammoth task of directing a film again.

"I'm in training for *King Lear*!" bellows America's greatest film maker as Kiki opens her eyes to survey the Hollywood crowd and see how they're treating her master *now*.

"I wasn't pickin' nobody's pocket, guv'nor—
I was merely fondlin' the gent!"

JOAN COLLINS *(continued from page 135)*

" 'To me, I've got a great body. If it's photographed right, it can look absolutely great.' "

mention the word breakdown or he'll fly into a rage) and the homosexual Steven, who had such radical plastic surgery last season that it allowed the producers to pull the ultimate in soap-opera *chutzpah*—to fire one actor and replace him with another without changing the character.

Let's say Alexis gathers all of them, plus her daughter, her ex-son-in-law and assorted others, in her penthouse office overlooking Denver. What will she say?

"I'm appearing in PLAYBOY, with a modicum of tasteful eroticism, because I know that it looks good," she'll announce, sipping from her glass of Louis Roederer Cristal champagne. "If I didn't look good, I wouldn't do it. I'm far too vain. I've too much pride and I'm too intelligent to stand there with fat arms and a big, fat belly."

Blake looks stunned; Krystle is envious. Steven seems puzzled and Adam starts to have flashbacks to the mental hospital in Montana.

"To me, I've got a great body," Alexis will say. "Sometimes, it looks terrific; and if it's photographed right, it can look absolutely great."

Sound like the Alexis we've come to know and fantasize about? Regular *Dynasty* fans probably will not be surprised to learn that those words were actually uttered—during a taping session for a forthcoming *Playboy Interview*—by Joan Collins, the English actress who has made Alexis into TV's top sex symbol for men and an unlikely heroine for women. Those who have followed her more than 50 movies or her escapades that have scandalized Great Britain for years see it as a fitting role for their favorite legend. So when Joan agreed to pose for PLAYBOY, it was obvious that she deserved not one but two of America's best photographers.

George Hurrell, perhaps the most famous name in Hollywood glamor photography, was the choice for the black-and-white series. He took his first photo of a film star, Ramon Novarro, in 1927 and, under contract to various movie studios, shot all the greats—Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Mae West, Bette Davis, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable and hundreds of others. As the star system died, he found himself in vogue with a new generation and, at 79, has taken album-cover shots for Aretha Franklin, Melissa Manchester, Chevy Chase, Keith Carradine, Lindsey Buckingham and Fleetwood Mac.

If Hurrell missed any stars along the way, it's likely that Mario Casilli covered for him. One of the original PLAYBOY photographers who helped perfect the art of the centerfold (he has shot nearly 70 of them), he's also one of the most sought-after celebrity photographers in the country, with nearly 50 *TV Guide* covers to his credit. Ironically, it is Casilli, the junior member of the photo team, who has known Joan longer, photographing her at what was the beginning of both of their careers.

"It was 1956 or 1957," he recalls. "She had just come over from Britain as something of a Liz Taylor look-alike. She was much more quiet at the time and was nowhere near the lady she is now. She has grown in confidence and has really become her own person. I was impressed with her then, but I would never have guessed that she'd become such a star."

For Joan, becoming a star was a long, bumpy ride. She entered the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts when she was only 15 and quickly made her movie debut in *I Believe in You*, with Laurence Harvey. Numerous films, most of them forgettable, followed. Of course, the quality of her work hardly mattered, since she managed, by dint of her colorful personal life and her penchant for speaking her mind, to become a star in spite of her career. Few saw or remembered her movies; no one forgot her well-publicized affairs. And if people did, Joan reminded them by writing her autobiography, *Past Imperfect*, in 1978. Even for a work by a woman long known as "Britain's Bad Girl," the book was so shocking and the uproar so loud that she demurely returned a $100,000 advance to her American publisher to keep the book from being released here. She has since reworked it, toned some of it down and has agreed to let it be published early next year. Even her age is controversial. She tells interviewers she's 48, but

"It's from the Murrays . . . did we remember to send them anything?"

other sources see her as slightly more mature—say, 50ish.

To read *Past Imperfect* is to realize how anemic the plot lines of even *Dynasty* can be. Take, for example, Joan's first marriage, to English actor Maxwell Reed. On their first date, he drugged and raped her. Then, seven months into their marriage, he tried to sell her to an Arab sheik. Not even Alexis would have the gall to try that with Krystle.

After divorce number one, Joan learned to enjoy life. She had affairs with a string of famous sons: Charlie Chaplin's son Sydney, Arthur Loew's son Art, Jr., Conrad Hilton's boy Nicky and Rafael Trujillo, son of the then-dictator of the Dominican Republic. Terence Stamp and Harry Belafonte got their turns at bat, according to the book, while Richard Burton tried and struck out. Warren Beatty asked Joan to marry him—he even slipped her an engagement ring in a carton of chopped liver—and their ill-fated engagement was the talk of Hollywood.

Her second marriage, to singer-songwriter-director Anthony Newley, was an improvement over her first but was still stormy enough to be charted by the National Weather Service. Seven years and two children later, they split, and Joan fell into the waiting arms of Ryan O'Neal. A third marriage, to Ron Kass, who at one time headed the Beatles' Apple Records, was marked with tragedy when their youngest daughter, Katy, was hit by a car and suffered what doctors said was permanent brain damage. Joan and Ron dedicated their lives to helping her recover, and after years of both professional and home-grown therapy, Katy was able to resume a normal life. In fact, it was her recovery that allowed Joan the chance to work full time as Alexis, the only role in her career that has overshadowed her private life.

Veteran star watcher Hurrell is surprised that Joan has never before reached superstar status through her work. "She has everything—the face, the figure, the talent, the enthusiasm, the tenacity," he says. "The only thing I can figure out is that she probably had a lousy agent."

Casilli, on the other hand, thinks that the public was just slow to catch on. "Sometimes it takes the public a while to realize how exciting a certain character is," he maintains. "Now Alexis is a fantasy figure—rich, tough, sexy." After all, it says something about America that Alexis—who gleefully grinds her spiked heels into the little people on her climb to the top—has been accepted as a sexual fantasy rather than a threat.

Of course, there's one other important element to Joan's current success. She has put in years of hard work and has thrown herself into the role of Alexis—and that of Joan Collins the star—with enthusiasm and professionalism. The lessons of other actors and actresses who turned out to be flashes in the pan have been noted and filed, as the longevity of her career attests. It's a career she runs singlehandedly, often without the help of a manager, a business manager or a press agent.

"She follows in the tradition of the stars of yesteryear," says Casilli. "She has an image and she knows how to exploit it. It's almost as if she's a product. During our session, she knew exactly what she wanted to look like and what she wanted to wear. She even does her own make-up—that's a lost art; none of today's actresses can do their own theatrical make-up."

Hurrell agrees. "She cares about her public. She's always dressed to the nth degree, always performing. She wants to look good for the public at all times. You don't see that anymore. And I like the way she speaks with such certainty. When we went to her house to show her the pictures, she didn't fiddle around. She knew exactly which pictures made her look good—she has a great eye for photography."

Joan admits that she has been inspired by the great stars she watched as a child, and after realizing that few, if any, women on television paid attention to fashion, she saw a chance to stand out.

"I was very positive that I wanted to make a statement with clothes," she explains. "I'm not Glenda Jackson. I can't just appear in an old serge skirt and a blouse."

"It's fun to see that glamor come back," says Casilli. "Joan has been so successful with it that I think we'll see a lot more of it from others in the future."

That doesn't mean that glamor has replaced controversy as a Collins trademark. Like Alexis, she seems to be able to have them both—and her photos in PLAYBOY are proof positive that elegance can be scintillating.

"The things I did in the PLAYBOY layout are unrevealing rather than revealing, because that's more interesting," she explains. "I can project sex by my face and my bodily attitude. I can switch it on."

Sex isn't all that gets switched on. People expect the outrageous from Joan, and she expects criticism from them.

"Everybody says, 'Oh, Joan, shocking girl. There she goes again, always doing the wrong thing, always shocking everybody and being controversial.' Everybody else rallies around, saying, 'Oh, God, she's so terrible.' "

Is this pictorial the wrong thing? Is it terrible? That's not what Joan told us.

"I can do what I want, and what I do is not shocking and is not bad," she insists. "In my own mind, it's OK. I've got a good body. I'd do it only if I knew I could do it. The instant I know I can't do it, I won't."

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REMNANTS (continued from page 152)

"Mottele's marriage to Zina was annulled and his new wife was an 18-year-old girl."

writer of the article, a Comrade Dameshek, had discovered in Poznik's introduction to the book traces of Trotskyism.

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Not long after Poznik and Zina left, the news spread in the Writers' Club that Mottele Blendower had become a penitent—not of the modern type that compromises Jewishness with worldliness but one who returned to extreme orthodoxy. He grew his beard and his side locks, exchanged his modern clothes for a long robe, and one could see his fringed garment hanging down from behind his vest. He published a letter in the orthodox daily condemning all his former writings as heresy and poison for the soul. He forbade all the Yiddish dramatic circles to use his play and sent back his membership card to the Writers' Club. The owner of a Yiddish bookstore made it known that Mottele had bought from him all the copies of his book, spat on them and threw them into the garbage. Rashkes had gone to Mottele's apartment to get back some of his manuscripts, but Mottele told him that he had thrown them into the stove. Mottele's marriage to Zina was annulled and he was allowed to remarry after collecting the signatures of 100 rabbis. It was published in the Yiddish orthodox newspaper that *Reb* Mottele had married a pious Jewish daughter, a descendant of renowned rabbis, and had become the head of a Yeshiva. The curious in the Writers' Club found out that his new wife was an 18-year-old girl who, according to the Hasidic law and custom, had shaved her head the day after the wedding and had put on a bonnet, like a *rebbitzen*. Mottele had changed his telephone number so that heretics and mockers could not contact him. Once, when I met him in the street, I greeted him, but he turned his head away. It was hard for me to believe that only a year ago, Mottele had spoken with me about Kant, Nietzsche, Kierkegaard and Ouspensky. Previously, he had been inclined toward Zionism. Now he called the Zionists betrayers of the Jews.

One winter evening, perhaps two years later, I received a telephone call at the furnished room I rented. I could not recognize the woman's voice until she told me that she was Zina. I had never been one of her friends—I used to greet her in the Writers' Club, but we seldom spoke. Now she spoke to me as if I were an old friend. She told me that she had smuggled her way back to Poland. While in Russia, she had learned that Mottele had remarried. Here in Warsaw, she had tried to call Rashkes, but it seemed he had moved out of the room where he boarded lately. She had asked for his address in the Writers' Club, but no one knew it. She expected me to know Rashkes' whereabouts, but I couldn't help her. Zina's voice had changed. It sounded hoarse and old. She asked me if I could meet her in the street, at the corner of Solna and Leszno. I told her that I was afraid to be seen with her, because I might be arrested.

Zina assured me that the Polish authorities knew that she had escaped from Russia and there was no danger for me to be seen with her. She said, "My dear, I'm not the same Zina. My own mother wouldn't recognize me if she were alive. I lost everything in the Red Gehenna—my beauty, my faith in the human race. A living corpse is speaking to you."

I let myself be persuaded and went out to meet her. A mixture of snow and rain had fallen. An icy wind was blowing. At the corner of Leszno and Solna, I saw Zina. I would never have known it was she. She looked emaciated and aged. Her hair had turned dark and was disheveled and stringy. She had on a gray padded jacket—the kind market vendors wore. She extended her moist hand and said, "I'm hungry and half-frozen. I haven't slept for three nights. When we went to Russia, I left all my clothes in the apartment I had with Mottele. I tried to recover them, but his wife slammed the door in my face. The little money I had, I spent on telephone calls, but none of my former friends seem to be home. Where is Rashkes? Where is he hiding? They all run from me like from a leper. You won't believe it—the receptionist at the club didn't let me in. Well, I deserve it all."

Zina spoke and coughed. She spat into something that looked like a dirty napkin. She said, "My lungs are sick. I suffer from consumption or God knows what."

"What did they have against Poznik in Russia?" I asked. "He subscribed to all their lies."

"What do they have against anybody? They swallow one another like wild animals. Have pity on me and take me somewhere where it is warm."

After some hesitation, I took her to a café on Leszno 36. The waitress frowned when she saw Zina. I ordered tomato soup for her and a glass of tea for myself. Zina had abandoned all manners. She dunked the bread in the tomato soup. She spoke loudly, and the patrons around us winced. She tilted the bowl, drank the last of the soup and said, "I don't recognize Warsaw. I don't even recognize myself. What I went through from the day they arrested Poznik until now cannot be described. I literally lived in the streets. I hoped they would imprison me just to have a roof over my head. But when a luckless person wants something, the very opposite happens. I told them in clear words, 'You are murderers, not socialists, worse than fascists. Your Stalin is a criminal.' They just laughed. They were even unwilling to commit me to an insane asylum. When I crossed the border on the way back to Poland, they let me go without asking for documents. . . ."

Zina began to cough again. She took out the dirty napkin and blew her nose. "Don't gape at me," she said. "It's me—Zina, the ball queen of the Yiddish Writers' Club, the crowned Queen Esther. Woe to me!"

She smiled and, for a second, her face looked young and beautiful once more.

•

Years passed. I had left Warsaw and gone to the United States. The Hitler war broke out, and then the atomic bomb came and afterward the peace. Between 1945 and 1950, we found out, more or less, who remained alive in Europe. I had heard that Poznik had died in prison in Moscow even before the war began. Others said that he had been sent to dig for gold in the north and that he died there from starvation. As far as I knew, both Mottele and Zina had perished in Poland.

In the fall of 1954, I made my first trip to Israel. There I got more details about those who had vanished in the ghettos, in the concentration camps or in Russia. I heard gruesome facts about my own family. One day, in my Tel Aviv hotel, I was trying to read a book by the dim light that filtered through the shutters of the window. I had closed them for protection against the thin desert sand that would be carried in by the hot khamsin wind.

Someone knocked at my door. I had already become accustomed to unannounced visitors, since the telephone was seldom functioning. I opened the door and saw a little man with a white beard, dressed in a rabbinical hat, and beside him a tall woman in a wig covered with a shawl, her face golden from the khamsin sand. I looked at the couple and thought that they must be a pair of schnorrers out to collect alms for some cause. I noticed that the woman carried a box in one hand and an umbrella in the other. She looked me over from head to toe and said, "Yes, it's him!"

"May I know with whom I have the honor?" I asked.

"Little honor," she answered. "My name is Zina, and this is my husband, Mottele Blendower. Don't be afraid; we didn't come from the grave to strangle you."

I should have been shocked, but since I had undertaken this journey, I had become used to the most astonishing encounters. The little man said, "A surprise, heh? Yes, we are alive. I know that I was

counted among the dead. They even published my obituary here, but I'm still in this world. Zina and I met in Lublin in 1948. My other wife and my children were killed in the ghetto, and what happened to me is a story of a thousand and one nights. We came here to the Jewish state only two months ago."

"Come in. Come in. This is really a startling event," I mumbled. Zina immediately crossed the threshold and, after some hesitation, Mottele followed.

He asked, "Why do you sit in the dark? Because of the khamsin? I have experienced all kinds of storm winds, but a hot, sandy wind like this I see for the first time. The winds in Russia are always cold, even in the summer."

"Everything there is cold," Zina said. "In 1939, when the war began and the Polish radio announced that all men should cross the Praga bridge and run in the direction of Bialystok, I went with them—first to Bialystok and later to Vilna, which belonged to Russia. I was sure that the Communists would know my record and send me to Siberia or to the wall of the firing squad; but somehow, no one paid any attention to me. What I endured in the Red paradise for the second time is not something to talk about now. I survived the siege of Leningrad and later found myself in the Caucasus Mountains, among Persian Jews. They had been there for the past two thousand years and spoke a mixture of Parsee, Hebrew and Russian. In 1945, all the refugees attempted to return to Poland or reach the DP camps in Germany, but I said to myself, 'Since Poland is nothing more than one big cemetery, what is the rush?' But I became deadly sick with asthma. When I finally reached Warsaw, I walked among the ruins like that prophet—what was his name?—Jeremiah. I saw a young man there digging up the earth with a spade. I asked him what he was trying to find and he told me, 'Myself.' He was not exactly mad, but queer. Later, I met some of our former Communists who used to visit the Writers' Club. They had lost everything but their *chutzpah*. From there, I made my way to Lublin. One day, as I walked on Lewertow Street, I saw this helpless creature, my former husband. He had also managed to stay alive; isn't that funny?"

"Why are you standing?" I asked. "Sit down, both of you. I don't have any refreshments. . . ."

"What? We didn't come for refreshments," Mottele said. "We came to see you. You don't look much older. We followed your work, even in Russia. In Poland, I found a book of yours. As you can see, my beard is all white. You must be wondering how we can be together again after what happened between us. The answer is that the signatures of a hundred rabbis cannot really annul the spirit of a marriage. Anyhow, our reencounter was an act of providence. There is a lot in the Zohar about naked souls, and we two are naked souls."

"Why do you stare so at my wig?" Zina asked me. "This was Mottele's condition, that I should put on a wig and behave like a pious matron. I told him openly that I don't believe in anything anymore. But since this was his will, I gave in. What is a wig? Just some hair from a corpse. The truth is that I'm almost left without hair. I got typhoid fever while in Leningrad and became bald. I read somewhere that hair grows even on the heads of the dead in their graves. But my hair won't grow. This means that I'm worse than dead."

"Zina, don't exaggerate," Mottele said.

"What? I don't need to exaggerate. The truth is weird enough."

"Where do you two live?" I asked.

Mottele grabbed his beard. "Promise me that you won't laugh at me and I will tell you."

"I will not laugh."

"They made me a rabbi," he said.

"Nothing to laugh at. You are a son and a grandson of rabbis."

"Yes, yes, yes. We came here without a penny. The Joint Distribution Committee paid our expenses. Someone announced in the newspapers that I was alive. There are quite a number of my father's Hasidim here, and they all came to me—from Tel Aviv, from Jerusalem, from Safad, even from Haifa, though Haifa is known as a town of radicals. They began to call me rabbi immediately. 'What sort of a rabbi am I?' I said to them. 'And what about Zina?' But they answered me, 'You are a child from our school. You are the image of your saintly father.' I will make it short: I became a rabbi and she a *rebbitzen* right here in Tel Aviv."

"In my eyes, you are more of a rabbi than all the others," I said.

"Thank you. Jews come to me on the Sabbath, we eat at the table and I recite Torah. What is there left to preach to them? Nothing but silence. They rented an apartment for us and they provide for us. What could I do here? I lost my strength. They offered me compensation money from Germany, but this money to me is an abomination."

For a while, we were silent. Outside, the wind howled, cried, laughed, like a bevy of jackals. Zina said, "Don't be amazed that I wear make-up. I know that it does not suit a *rebbitzen*. But I suffer

"However, my client agrees that he did, in fact, leave a dead body in the road, and is prepared to face the music on a charge of littering."

from eczema. A man can let his beard grow and cover his cheeks. Everything shows on a woman. In a wind like this, my face swells up."

We were silent again for a long while. Then Zina said, "Guess what I have in this box?"

"Zinele, he's a writer," Mottele said, "not a mind reader. Tell him what is there."

"Rashkes' unfinished novel," Zina said.

"Yes, I understand."

"No, you don't. That day in September when the Warsaw radio ordered all men to run to Russia, I went over to Rashkes and tried to persuade him that we should go together. But he refused. He was as pale as death. The first day of Rosh Hashana, he lay down on the bed and never wanted to get up again. From all his admirers, only one woman remained faithful to him—Molly Spitz, a bad writer, a psychopath."

"I knew Molly Spitz," I said. "She used to come to the Writers' Club."

"Yes, she."

"I didn't know she was Rashkes' lover," I said.

"Who wasn't his lover?" Zina asked. "He ran after all women between fifteen and eighty. When the war broke out, they all forgot him—but Molly Spitz, that monkey, remained with him. The truth is that a Nazi bomb had exploded in the house where she lived and she was homeless. I had finished with him once and for all; still, I tried to save him. I pleaded with him, but he said, 'Zinele, go wherever you want. I have lived my life and this is the end.' He told me to open a drawer, and there I found what I am carrying now. He said to me, 'Take it if you insist. The Nazis don't need my writings. Neither do the Reds. They can use these pages for cigarette paper.' These were his last words."

"You carried it for all these years?" I asked.

"Wherever I went—to Bialystok, to Vilna, to Leningrad. This is not just a novel. This is the story of our great love. I tried to get it published in Vilna, but they had all become flatterers of Stalin. The mountain Jews in the Caucasus didn't know Yiddish. Here is his novel. I dragged it with me over all the frontiers, all the ruins. I lay with it in cold railroad stations. I took it with me to the hospital when I got typhoid fever. When I met Mottele in Lublin, I gave it to him to read and he said, 'It's a masterpiece.' "

Mottele slowly lifted up his head. "Forgive me, Zina; I never said this."

"Yes, you did. It was your idea that I should bring the novel to him," Zina said, pointing at me. "Now that we are in the land of Israel, I want to publish it. I want you to write an introduction to it. This, too, was Mottele's idea."

Mottele shrugged. "All I said was that he knew Rashkes better than the others did."

That day, I promised Zina to read the novel and write an introduction. The night after, I lay awake until three o'clock and I read the entire manuscript. I was reading and sighing. From time to time, I slapped my forehead. I had always considered Rashkes a genuine talent. But what I read that night was the worst kind of mishmash. Had he become prematurely senile? Had he forgotten the Yiddish language? The protagonist of this novel was not Zina but a man who indulged in drawn-out polemics with the Warsaw Yiddish critics in tedious pseudo-Freudian analysis, misquoting all sorts of writers, philosophers and politicians. I never would have believed that Rashkes was capable of writing this bewildering hodgepodge if I had not recognized his handwriting. He had even forgotten how to spell. Rashkes had a reputation for being a humorist, but there was not a trace of wit in this pathetic monolog.

A few days later, Mottele called me, and I told him what I thought of Rashkes' last work. He began to stammer, "I never praised it. I said one thing and she heard the opposite. If Hitler could hypnotize Germany and Stalin Russia, something is the matter with the human race altogether. Zina is sick. She was twice operated on for cancer. They cut off her left breast. I cannot tell her the truth about Rashkes. She will soon have to go to the hospital again. I myself suffer from angina pectoris. I shouldn't have visited you in that sandstorm, but she actually dragged me. What can I tell her about your introduction? Please find some excuse for declining."

"Tell her that I will send her the introduction from America."

"Yes, a good idea. There is great wisdom in delaying things. I would like to meet you alone, without her."

I made an appointment with Mottele, but a day before we were to meet, someone called me on the telephone and told me that Mottele and Zina had both been taken to the hospital. The man introduced himself as one of Mottele's Hasidim and an ardent reader of mine.

He said to me, "This may sound to you like a contradiction, huh? However, after Treblinka, one should not ask any questions." —*Translated by the author and Lester Goran*

"Don't tell my parents about the diaphragm until after Christmas, OK?"

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THERE'S A WAR ON *(continued from page 198)*

"'I'll find that middle ground where the language is vague enough so each side can believe it has won.'"

though his own nose were now a bit out of joint, he said, "Well, Captain Standforth, *I* wouldn't do it this way—I think it's a waste of time—but before we get to the *subject* of our conversation, I am required to ask you, an absolute alien, your position on the Benchley Paradox. So listen carefully."

The captain listened, idly scratching his nose (now more for fun than for need).

"There are two kinds of people in the world," Colonel Alderpee began.

"This world?" the captain asked. "Or Earth?"

"*Any* world! This is the Benchley Paradox; now, *listen*."

"I do beg your pardon."

"There are two kinds of people in the world," the colonel repeated. "They are, Robert Benchley claimed, those who believe there are two kinds of people in the world and those who don't believe there are two kinds of people in the world. Now. Do you agree with that?"

"Absolutely," the captain said. "Seems perfectly clear to me."

•

Ensign Benson did not entirely believe it. Billy and the captain were *both* back, and each had made a tentative alliance with the locals—with different sets of locals. Upon their return, Ensign Benson had brought them both up to the command deck and, while the wounded councilman and Hester and even the usually distracted Pam had all sat around listening, he had questioned both ex-prisoners. Their stories had dovetailed so thoroughly that Ensign Benson really had no choice but to accept the reality. "They are fighting," he said at last, "over Robert Benchley."

"A philosopher, I *guess*," Billy said, scratching his head.

"Very important, anyway," the captain added, scratching his nose.

"A smart-aleck, to judge from his paradox," Ensign Benson said. "Perhaps even a deliberate humorist."

"Dangerous people, humorists," Luthguster opined. "They should not be taken lightly."

All around, the captain's stuffed birds glared down from their perches, unwinking glass eyes peering from among feathers and beaks and claws of every color in the rainbow and a few colors outside the known rainbow of Earth. "All right," Ensign Benson said. "I begin to see what happened. One of those original philosopher settlers, with that heavy-handed light touch professors love so well, introduced the Benchley Paradox, in which you prove Benchley right by disagreeing with him. Because if everybody agreed with the paradox, then there'd be only *one* kind of person in the world, and the paradox would be wrong. Are any of you pinbrains getting this?"

"Certainly," said Luthguster, while the captain and Billy and Hester shook their heads and Pam doggedly worked her slide rule. The stuffed birds gaped down as though the very thought of the Benchley Paradox made them *furious*.

"The Gemini philosophers," Ensign Benson went on, "had found a topic without the usual comforting weight of precedent behind it. Rather than cite old texts at one another, they were forced to *think for themselves*. Unable to appeal to prior authority, they couldn't end the quarrel at all. Each succeeding generation became more rigid and less scholarly, until, by now——"

"Total war," Luthguster finished, demonstrating his grasp of the situation.

"They sure don't like each other much," Billy agreed. "Boy, what they said about the Bens."

"The Bens said some things, too," the captain said, as though he felt it his job to defend his side in the war. "About the Antibens, I mean."

Ensign Benson cleared his throat in a hostile manner. When every person and bird in the room was looking at him, he said, "All right. The first question is, What do they want from us?"

"An alliance," Billy said. "To help them destroy the Bens."

"Well, no," the captain said. "Actually, they want an alliance to help them destroy the *Anti*bens."

Luthguster sighed, his wounds creaking. "Dealing with one colony at a time is trouble enough," he said. "When they begin to multiply——"

"Divide," corrected Ensign Benson. "We're dealing here with mitosis, not sexual reproduction."

"Mitosis," Pam said, looking bright. "I know what *that* is."

"You would," Ensign Benson told her. "All right, let's concentrate on the problem at hand. Obviously, Earth can't send technical assistance or start trade programs while this war is going on, so our first job is to bring peace. Any suggestions?"

"Once my wounds heal," Councilman Luthguster said, "I shall engage in shuttle diplomacy. I'll speak with the political leaders, deliver their demands, conduct negotiations, and, eventually, I'll find that happy middle ground where the language is vague enough so each side can believe it has won. Yes." The councilman gazed radiantly at some wonderful image of himself in the middle distance. "'The Luthguster Peace,'" he quoted from some future history text.

"In the first place," Ensign Benson said, "there are no political leaders on Gemini. From what Billy and the captain say, the society has been taken over entirely by the two groups of military commanders, with the assistance of the religious establishment. In the second place, this isn't a war of territory or trade routes or anything else rational that can be negotiated. A war of philosophical difference is something else again. And in the third place, Councilman, I've seen you in action with local citizens before, and I don't want to unite the bloodthirsty factions on Gemini by making them form an alliance against *Earth*."

"Well, really," Luthguster said, indignantly scratching his wounds.

"If you want a thing done right," Ensign Benson said in disgust, "you have to do it yourself. Unfortunately."

•

"The Right Reverend Beowulf Hengethorg," Billy said, on his best behavior, "I'd like you to meet Ensign Kybee Benson, social engineer of the Interstellar Ship Hopeful."

"Ensign," echoed Reverend Hengethorg, as he grasped Ensign Benson's outstretched hand in a grip of steel. "Is that a clerical rank, or military?"

"Somewhere between the two," Ensign Benson said through clenched teeth; it was the first time since elementary school that he'd tried to outsqueeze another person in a handshake.

They were standing in the sunlight outside the large command tent while dozens of men armed with arrows and broadswords and maces and battle-axes and clubs and knives and metal-toed shoes sat around their several other tents, watching the two Earthlings with the flat expressions of carnivores looking at meat.

Ensign Benson had understood it was his job to visit both encampments, being introduced first to the Antibens by Billy and later to the Bens by the captain in his own effort at shuttle diplomacy—or shuttle philosophy. Now, feeling all those martial eyes on him, he reminded himself that this was, after all, the most sensible thing to do under the circumstances; pity he'd been smart enough to know it.

"It was a great moment for us all," Reverend Hengethorg was saying, as he at last released Ensign Benson's hand with a little superior smile, "when Lieutenant Shelby confirmed what we have for so long believed: that Earth is firmly Antiben. I may say I took it as a personal vindication."

"Actually," Ensign Benson said, massaging his fingers and speaking with caution, "Earth's philosophical position anent the Benchley Paradox is somewhat more sophisticated than that. Essentially, I would say Earth's position encompasses

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elements of *both* the Ben and the Antiben points of view."

Reverend Hengethorg's frown had something of the Inquisition in it. "Both points of view? How can a position encompass absolute contradictions?"

"Well, we don't see the Bens and the Antibens as being absolutely contradictory," Ensign Benson explained.

"They are on Gemini," the reverend said. "But you must come with me to the chaplains' tent and explain Earth's position to the reverend fathers."

"I'd like that."

With the smiling, unconscious Billy trailing after, they walked together toward the chaplains' tent, safely placed on the far side of the slope, and Ensign Benson said, "This is quite a large encampment. How many of your people are here?"

"Why, all of us," Reverend Hengethorg said in some surprise. "Except for a few spies in the Bens' camp, of course. Where else would we be?"

"Don't you have a town? Forts?"

"I don't know what you mean by town," the reverend said. "We have had forts, but they were vulnerable to fire and siege and difficult to move, unlike that fort of yours, which we all admire very much."

"So the women are right here with the army."

"The women are *in* the army. We are *all* in the army."

"Children?"

"Military school, just over there," the reverend said, pointing toward a nearby copse from which came the shrieks of childish savagery.

"What about farms? Food?"

"We have our herds. We hunt and we pick fruits and so on in season."

They walked past a smithy, where metal bits for harnesses were being hammered into shape. "How many of you are there?" Ensign Benson asked.

"That's a military secret."

"More than five hundred, I'd guess," Ensign Benson said, looking around. "Fewer than a thousand."

"If you say so." The reverend clearly didn't like having his military secret guessed at so easily and accurately.

"But as the population grows——"

"Why should it grow?" Gesturing around them, the reverend said, "We and the Bens have had stable populations for four hundred years."

Ensign Benson nodded. "Birth control?"

The reverend shook his head. "War," he said.

They had reached the chaplains' tent. "My colleagues will be delighted to meet with you," the reverend said. "There's nothing we all like more than lively philosophical debate."

"That's fine."

"Of course," the reverend went on, "the liveliest philosophical debates take place under torture. But there's no question of that here," he said, holding open the tent flap, smiling wistfully to show how bravely he was taking the deprivation, "is there—Earth being our ally against the Bens."

"Indeed," Ensign Benson said and followed Reverend Hengethorg into the tent.

•

"Captain," Pam said, tapping her finger tips against the frame of the cabin's open door.

Captain Standforth looked up. A knife was in his right hand, a palmful of desiccated guts in his left, and a pitiful lump of orange feathers lay before him on the desk, oozing green blood. "Yes, Pam? I'm very busy. I must finish stuffing this Nibelungen nuthatch before it dries out."

"There's someone here," Pam told him. "To see you. A man named Colonel Alderpee."

"Oh, yes," the captain said, rising, wiping green phlug from his hands onto his uniform jacket. "I told him he could drop by. He was very interested in the ship."

"He certainly is," said Pam.

He certainly was. The captain and Pam met him in a corridor well within the ship, one level above the entry port. Colonel Alderpee, looking very happy, was accompanied by a small, skinny scribe, who earnestly scribbled notes to the colonel's directives: "Granaries along here, I think. Horse stalls below; we'll need straw. Oh, and moat detail to report at fifteen hundred hours."

Seeing the captain and Pam, Colonel Alderpee said, "Ah, Captain, delighted! It's a *different* fort from anything I've seen before, but very adaptable."

"Colonel, what are you——" the captain began, then stopped with a squawk when he saw, ambling around the far corner of the corridor, a purple cow, closely followed by a yellow-and-white polka-dotted dog. "What—— What's *that*?"

"Eh? Oh, the herd," the colonel answered.

And it was. It was the herd and the herders and the herders' dogs and the herders' wives and children. And the army, with banners, marching to the squeal of bagpipes. And the clergy, with collection baskets, and the cooks and the smithies and

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the leatherworkers and the teachers and the glee club and the magicians and the storytellers and the horses and the hay and the forges and the whips and the thumbscrews and the tents (folded) and the extra arrow feathers and the cooking pots and the bits of string that might be useful someday and the unfinished wooden statues of horses and the supreme commander, Krraich, who shook the captain's hand very hard and said, "I shall take command now."

"Oh, my goodness," the captain said to Pam. "We've got the Bens!"

•

Ensign Benson sat on a low stool in the chaplains' tent, in the midst of the reverend fathers, both hearing them and asking them questions. And what he'd already heard had not been at all encouraging. He'd entered this den of iniquity intending by easy stages to lead the Antibens around to a more open point of view, but he'd soon seen it was hopeless. Never in his life had he met so many firmly closed minds.

Every approach he'd made to broaden the Benchley Paradox had brought angry frowns and mutterings of "Heresy." Ensign Benson could imagine—far too well—what happened to heretics on Gemini, so by now he was simply vamping along, trying to figure out some way to get out of there alive. "If we accept the Runyon Postulate," he was saying, "that all of life is six to five against, as glossed by Sturgeon's Second Law, that ninety percent of everything is crud, we can then see that Benchley's Paradox merely acknowledges that there will at all times be unenlightened people who——"

Were they mumbling "Heresy" again, for God's sake? Was the word blasphemy being bandied about? "What I'm trying to say——" Ensign Benson began again, wondering what he was trying to say, and Billy came into the tent, crying, "Ensign Benson! Come look!"

"Look?"

"The ship!"

More trouble? "Excuse me," Ensign Benson told the chaplains. "I must be about my captain's business." And he marched right on out of the chaplains' tent.

To see, down in the center of the valley, the Hopeful filling up with Bens. "Oh, *now* what?" Ensign Benson cried, at the end of his tether.

"*You*," said a knife-thin, harsh-faced, resplendently uniformed man pointing a bony finger at Ensign Benson, "shall pay for this treachery."

"Supreme Commander Mangle," Billy said, with his party manners again, "may I present Ensign Kybee Benson."

"Hello," the supreme commander said. "You die now."

"Wait a minute! *I* had nothing to do with *that*," Ensign Benson said, pointing at the spaceship. Some clowns down there had started digging a moat. "I'll take care of it right *now*."

Mangle's thin lips curled. "You expect us to permit you to return to your fort?"

Ensign Benson looked at Billy, who sighed but managed a brave little smile. "I know," he said. "This is where I volunteer to stay as a hostage."

•

"I don't care who you are," Hester said. "You can't start a lot of fires in my engine room."

"I'm the smithy," the burly man explained, stacking his firebricks near the reactor, "and the sergeant says this is where I set up."

"Well, you can tell your ser——"

Ensign Benson entered the engine room. "Hester."

"Would you tell this——"

"Ssh! Come here!"

So Hester went there, and Ensign Benson said, "Forget him. Start the engines. Don't worry about a thing."

•

"Billy will be worried," Pam said.

"Billy will be all right," Ensign Benson told her. "We'll *all* be all right. You just plot the course. As for you, Captain, surely you *know* how to drive this thing."

Pam and Ensign Benson and the captain were together on the command deck with a lot of squalling babies; Colonel Alderpee had decreed this space was the nursery. Councilman Luthguster was off making a courtesy call on Supreme Commander Krraich.

"Well," said the captain doubtfully, "I have driven it, but that was a long time ago."

"Just take her up," Ensign Benson said, "and head southeast. Right, Pam?"

"Mm," Pam said, lost in her slide rule.

•

"Build boats," Supreme Commander Mangle said. "Tonight, we cross that moat."

"Sir," said an aide, coming into the tent, "the fort is leaving."

They all went outside. The fort was gone. The moat remained, a ring of muddy water around a crushed altar.

"Sir? Do you still want the boats?"

"Kill that idiot," Mangle said. "And bring me the hostage Earthling."

•

Ensign Benson went to the commander's tent (a.k.a. dining room) to explain the situation to a suspicious Colonel Alderpee and a glowering Supreme Commander Krraich. "The fort," the colonel pointed out, "is *moving*."

"Plague," Ensign Benson said.

They stared at him. They recoiled from each other. "Plague! Where?"

"Back where we came from. The ship's instruments showed there was a breakout just due. Congratulations, gentlemen," Ensign Benson continued, "you have at last won your war. Within a week, there won't be a living Antiben on Gemini."

•

Southeast across the surface of the planet ran the Hopeful, guided by Pam's slide rule and steered erratically by Captain Standforth, who had to keep picking babies out of the controls. Diagonally ran the ship, down from the Northern Hemisphere to the Southern, around from the Eastern Hemisphere to the Western. Exactly opposite the original encampment, in similar climate and terrain, where they would be easy for Earth's supply ships to find but where they would never again meet their enemies, the Hopeful set down and unloaded the Bens. "You've done a fine thing for Robert Benchley," Colonel Alderpee said as the Bens and their beasts, their tents and their babies all deshipped.

"It was the least we could do," Ensign Benson assured him. "After all, you had reached a stalemate in what was clearly a war of total extermination. Something had to be done."

"Peace, it's wonderful," the colonel said, then frowned. "At least, I've heard it is."

Councilman Luthguster made a speech promising wonders in aid and technical assistance to come from Earth. Some archers playfully lofted arrows in his direction, but they were only fooling, and the one flesh wound that resulted was easily patched by Hester with a snippet of stick-on plaster meant for stemming leaks in boilers.

"I was beginning to rather like all those babies," Captain Standforth said, a far-away look in his eye. "I wonder how you. . . . Hmmmm." He went away to study his taxidermy books.

•

"Plague," Ensign Benson said, as Billy was untied from the rack. "You'll never see a living Ben on Gemini again."

"And you took them away," Reverend Hengethorg said, "so they couldn't infect *us*."

"That's right."

"You've done wonders."

"I know," Ensign Benson said.

Billy came over, massaging his chafed wrists. He looked taller. "Gosh, Kybee," he said.

"Well, ta-ta," Ensign Benson told the Antibens. "You'll be hearing from Earth. Our job here is finished now."

•

"Sir," an aide said to Colonel Alderpee, "there's a dispute among the men."

The colonel gazed over the new encampment, the tents still being raised, the *thud-thud* of posts being driven into the virgin ground. "Dispute? Over what?"

"Well, some of the men say those people in the fort *were* from Earth, and some say they *weren't*."

"Really? Call a meeting. We're mature adults; we'll discuss it."

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DESEXING OF AMERICA *(continued from page 110)*

"It involves herpes and AIDS and turns on the cruel and heavy-handed equation of disease with sex."

the future, however, and his hopes for the high monogamous love he proposes are very much like his *Look* hopes for the new sexuality. In fact, they are *exactly* like his old hopes. The final paragraph of *The End of Sex* reads: "But I believe . . . that love will prevail, that love will eventually join us in a family as wide as all humankind that can laugh together, weep together and share the common ecstasy."

Actually, he did change *one* word. In light of the women's movement, he evidently felt that mankind should become humankind.

•

But if Leonard and others like him are silly in their premature announcements of the death of sex, there is a more sinister aspect to the erotophobic turn of the media. It involves herpes and AIDS and turns on the cruel and heavy-handed equation of disease with sex and the Christian connection between sickness and sin.

Herpes was the warm-up. The media discovered this ancient malady about four years ago and almost immediately elevated it to epidemic status. Reports of its contagion appeared everywhere, and since its physical manifestations are generally mild, the emphasis was on the fact that it was transmitted sexually and is, so far, incurable. Anxiety was whipped to a point way beyond the numerical realities until the disease became a metaphor for the kind of punishment that puritans have always insisted is waiting for those who have sex with people they're not married to.

When *Time* got hold of herpes, it connected it to the angry morality of our past by calling it "The New Scarlet Letter."

The author of the *Time* story, John Leo, assembled the kind of sexual horror stories that used to come mostly from priests and nuns who were trying to terrify their young charges out of their sexuality by loading them with lurid scenarios that promised them that their bodies would somehow rot if they were sexual outside marriage. In a five-page cover story, Leo trots out no fewer than four sexual monsters, three of them women, who are out there somewhere consciously spreading herpes as some sort of insane revenge on their partners. "They were just one-night stands, so they deserved it anyway," Leo quotes a Philadelphia man who brags that he has infected 20 women. A prostitute estimates that she and her sister have probably infected 1000 men.

"Few modern ailments have altered so much basic behavior so quickly," says Leo in describing the epidemic nature of the disease. And although such changes are difficult to measure, if behavior *has* been altered, it can be argued that it is not the true incidence of the disease that has changed it but the panic with which the press has reported it—an attitude that is explained in part by the fact that the sensational sells and in part by the fact that the morality behind those editorial voices is stuck somewhere in the past.

Leo and *Time* betray their sense of sin in the last paragraph of their herpes story by finding something positive in the spread of this tenacious virus:

> It is a melancholy fact that it has rekindled old fears. But perhaps not so unhappily, it may be a prime mover in helping to bring to a close an era of mindless promiscuity. The monogamous now have one more reason to remain so. For all the distress it has brought, the troublesome little bug may inadvertently be ushering in a period in which sex is linked more firmly to commitment and trust.

In other words, if a little suffering and a lot of anxiety can turn things back toward *Time*'s idea of what is sexually right and good, so be it.

With the discovery of AIDS, of course, herpes began to look like the relatively minor irritation it had always been, and it was quickly replaced in the press by this less common but far more awful disease.

Media coverage generally began on a misguided track, because the usual victims were male homosexuals and, again, because the primary method of transmission was suspected to be sexual contact. The May 31, 1982, *New York* titled an AIDS story "The Gay Plague," as if somehow this vicious breakdown of the immune system, unlike any other disease in the history of medicine, chose its victims by their sexual preference. In October 1982, *The Saturday Evening Post* titled its AIDS story "Being Gay Is a Health Hazard"; and the February 3, 1983, *Rolling Stone*, in an otherwise straightforward article about what was known about the disease, used the absurd question "IS THERE DEATH AFTER SEX?" as its headline.

It wasn't long, however, before the new panic was expanded to the general population. In an editorial in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* of May 6, 1983, the possibility was raised that AIDS could be contracted through ordinary close, nonsexual contact with a victim. The wire services and *The New York Times* moved that story along, and Geraldo Rivera, on *20/20*, added to the panic and confusion by suggesting that because AIDS could be spread by transfusion, the nation's blood supply might be contaminated and the best precaution was to begin storing your own blood.

And so another disease was approached clumsily by the media because of its sexual connections. The press reported the outbreak of AIDS as if it had been conceived and loosed on the world because of the sexual behavior of a small group. It was as if someone had suggested that the American Legionnaires had brought sickness on themselves and on the rest of us because they were middle-aged men who went to conventions in Philadelphia.

Time's July 4, 1983, cover story on AIDS focuses on the efforts of the Centers for Disease Control to track the cause and is followed by a report called "The Real Epidemic: Fear and Despair," which catalogs the changes in gay lifestyle attributed to the scourge. "Footloose gays" are turning to monogamy, says the report; business in the bathhouses is down. A Moral Majority preacher named Dixon is quoted as saying that if homosexuals aren't stopped, it will mean the destruction of America. And then, in the last paragraph, Leo gets back up into *Time*'s pulpit to take another swing at his idea of the real culprit. "The sexual revolution clearly is not over," he writes, "but the Eighties are proving to be a dangerous decade both for gays and straights who like casual sex and plenty of it."

But if *Time* and Leo stop short of suggesting that God and nature were taking vengeance on the sexually permissive, syndicated columnist Patrick J. Buchanan does not. His column of May 24, 1983, in *The New York Post* is headlined, "AIDS DISEASE: IT'S NATURE STRIKING BACK," and it identifies him as a nasty moral retrograde. "The sexual revolution has begun to devour its children," he writes. "And among the revolutionary vanguard, the gay-rights activists, the mortality rate is highest and climbing."

The story goes on to outline the spread of the disease, lists other homosexual maladies and then quotes medical researcher J. Gordon Muir as saying that male homosexuals should be allowed neither to give blood nor to handle food. Finally, of course, Buchanan finds a way of connecting Democrats with the disease. (He was Richard Nixon's speechwriter.) He notes that Walter Mondale, Gary Hart and Alan Cranston are all committed to the cause of homosexual civil rights, including equal access to jobs, and then he asks, What of the rights of people who want to protect their children from the

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proctoring of this infected group? He ends with a half-witted sort of conservative Catholic righteousness that harks back not so much to Puritan America as to Spain during the Inquisition. "The poor homosexuals," he says. "They have declared war upon nature, and now nature is exacting an awful retribution."

•

It was no oversight that Ronald Reagan failed to send the *pro forma* telegram of welcome to the World Congress of Sexology when it met last May in Washington, D.C. This Administration represents almost perfectly the Puritan streak that still is, and may always be, alive in this country—a spirit that would just as soon have the lights all the way off whenever and however the subject of sex comes up.

The sexologists ought to have expected it. Even under more enlightened Administrations, they have had to struggle for their funding and their legitimacy. What they probably didn't expect was the negative attitude with which the press ambushed the most important and interesting recent development in the field.

The attack came from *New York* on July 19, 1982, and it was called "The Next Sexual Hype—The G Spot." In it, author Linda Wolfe treated the renewed interest in the Gräfenberg spot as if it had been discovered to sell books.

"There have been some new discoveries about female sexuality—and they've got the world of book publishing all excited," she writes in her lead paragraph. "The first is that inside the vagina there's a remarkable, pinpointable, dime-sized area of sensitivity that when stimulated will swell to the size of a half dollar and trigger an intense, unique orgasm. The second is that stimulation of this magical site . . . can cause some women to release, through their urethras, a fluid similar to semen—in other words, to ejaculate. The source of this intelligence is an outlandish book called *The G Spot and Other Discoveries About Human Sexuality*."

After listing the book clubs and the paperback houses that vied for the book, Wolfe carries her derisive tone through a list of the authors' credentials and then begins an attack on the fact that the scientific method involved in their work was less than first-class. In fact, the authors anticipated her objections in the preface by admitting that they had, in effect, written a popular book, that much more research remained to be done and that they hoped their hypothesis would be subjected to rigorous scientific scrutiny for validation or rejection. Nevertheless, Wolfe goes to great length to point out the gaps in their technique and to ridicule the notion that women might ejaculate. She takes most of the courage for this attack from the fact that Kinsey and Masters and Johnson rejected the notion of the G spot after applying research techniques that she calls "elegant." Wolfe ends her article by saying that whatever *The G Spot* is, it isn't science. "Indeed," she says, "it often resembles a highly inventive piece of shock-the-*bourgeoisie* porn."

Since the publication of the book, and since Wolfe's catty attack on it, postmortem tissue studies by medical researchers in California and New York have confirmed not only the existence of the G spot but also a fundamental chemical similarity between female ejaculate and semen. Both research teams say that their studies are not yet complete, but the New York researchers predict that within two years, the G-spot phenomenon will be an accepted fact of female sexuality. Neither of the studies has been widely reported in the press.

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In a way, the antisexual drift of the press should have been predictable. It's very American, after all. No one loves the notion of the pendulum effect more than we do: A thing is either "in" or "out." From one-piece bathing suits to disco to Western movies, the natural ebb and flow of our attention is portrayed as wanting either all of it or none of it. And while a thing is "in," it is touted to be *the* answer, *the* panacea, *the* truth, and then, when its time has passed, it's orange peels and coffee grounds.

In the case of something as complicated and as delicate as our sexuality, it should go without saying that each of us moves through a wide range of moods about it in our lifetime, and that these moods represent no more and no less than a natural evolution, a maturing that is deeply connected to both mind and body and that each of us goes through on our own schedule, which is the often mysterious product of our experiences and our world view.

The media are rough tools with which to deal with the subtleties of our daily realities. At best, they are a collection of thoughtful voices that admit their biases so that the audience can judge not only what is being said but who is saying it. Most of us come to the subject of sex with heavy and confused baggage that makes it difficult to pursue our own changing sexuality without struggle, error and some fear. What we need for the job is all the information we can get as straight as we can get it. What we don't need is the background rattle of judgmental nonsense from those in the media who cling to the timid belief that all sexual exploration leads to the fall of empire and then to hell.

"Oh, come on, Glen, more foreplay. This is Christmas Eve."

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GAMES

ONE ON ONE

Back in 1784, a chess-playing automaton named The Turk had Paris and London all agog as it defeated beginners and masters with equal aplomb. Its secret, of course, was that its flowing robes actually housed a human (some say a very smart midget). It's no secret that Milton Bradley's Grand-Master houses an advanced chess computer with 12 levels of skill. But what distinguishes it from other electronic chess games is that your invisible opponent's pieces move by themselves, just as though you were sitting across from Claude Rains. If that's too bizarre, there are electronic Scrabble, bridge, backgammon or Ms. Pac-Man. All make worthy foes when you feel like challenging a microchip.

Above: The chess set (top center) is Grand-Master, an electronic game that moves the pieces automatically and even gives you a hint as to what man you should play, by Milton Bradley, about $500. Left of it is Monty Plays Scrabble, which pits you against an opponent with a 12,000-word vocabulary, $149.95; additional vocabulary modules, $29.95 each; all by Ritam Corporation. Right of Grand-Master: Gakken electronic backgammon, which pits you against a wily computer (or another player), from Retrix Systems, Tustin, California, $69.95. Front row: Ms. Pac-Man, a pint-sized home version of the famous arcade game with two skill levels and best-score display, by Coleco, $50; and Voice Bridge Challenger III, which can be your partner or your opponent: It announces all bids in an audible voice and rejects illegal ones, by Fidelity Electronics, $350.

YULE LOG FOR THE LADIES

The women in our lives give us so much that it's hard to come up with the perfect yuletide gift that says thanks without being cloying or corny. How can you let a woman know that you really appreciate the times she's forgiven you for showing up late and lit? How do you tell her that when you add up your assets and liabilities, she somehow manages to top the asset list—even ahead your beach house on Montauk? Well, to get the point acro you have to let go of some cash. Not mortgage the far necessarily; but there's something about the cool silence extravagant jewels and furs that will articulate the ineffab Besides, she'll have all year to thank you. Suggestions follo

Below left: That gift box by milady's head contains three *flacons* of Joy Parfum, by Jean Patou, $450. On her ears are gold-and-pearl earrings, by Limoges Jewelers, $650; on her neck, a pearl-and-diamond necklace, from Asprey, New York, $25,550; and on her bod, pure-silk jacket and trousers, from Henri Bendel, New York, $460. In the folding calfskin jewel box, from Asprey, $1200, are a 14-kt.-gold bangle, $2500, and matching ring, $600, both by Limoges Jewelers; a 5.21-carat-diamond ring, by David S. Kwiat, $14,500; an 18-kt.-gold necklace, by Honora Jewelry, $4200; 12.51-carat-diamond earrings, by David S. Kwiat, $34,000; 18-kt.-gold-and-diamond bracelet, $6900, and necklace, $9750, both from Asprey; opera pearls, from The Sharper Image, San Francisco, $845; and a 24.40-carat-diamond bracelet, by Oscar Heyman, $120,000. (*Mama mia!* What a Christmas!) Below: Espresso Plus espresso/cappuccino maker, by Krups, $400. Silver-fox fling, by Coopchik Furs, $1200. Metal BriefCage, encasing a buttery-soft-leather sack, from Fabrications, New York, $195; containing brass dumbbells, $27.50 each, jump rope, $20, and hand gripper, $20, all from Unique Handicraft, Long Island City.

J. VERSER ENGELHARD

BRINGING OUT THE ANIMAL IN YOU

While only a bonehead would hit the ski slopes or the cross-country trails without something woolly on his noggin, a real outdoorsman will also want to add a touch of the wild when keeping his numbed skull warm. And the wildest winter hats we've stumbled upon are those of the acrylic Soft Animal line created by designer Melinda Pierce. For $24.95, postpaid, you've got your choice of a polar, brown or panda bear, as well as a raccoon or a rabbit. (The last, of course, is quite popular with snow bunnies.) One size fits all, says the manufacturer, Rocking Horse, c/o Cranborne Chase, 719 Warren Avenue North, Seattle, Washington 98109. Just don't wear them during hunting season.

STICK SHTICK

The walking stick enjoys its finest hour in *Cane Curiosa: From Gun to Gadget*, a 374-page coffee-table tome that celebrates, in more than 1600 photographs, the secret history of hundreds of canes housing almost every conceivable object, from a weapon to a violin. The author, Catherine Dike, who herself has an extensive stick collection, visited more than 75 private collections and 100 museums while assembling the story, and the result is such a fascinating accumulation of curiosa that it almost makes you want to walk with a limp. The Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Mail Order Department, Two East 91st Street, New York 10128, sells the book for $72, postpaid. At that price, it's a bargain for all cane harvesters. There's even a 1976 Jimmy Carter Presidential-campaign cane pictured, with a giant-peanut-shaped plastic handle, that his followers can lust for in their hearts.

KILLER DISC

The Vidmax people, who brought you the laser video game Murder, Anyone?, have just committed another perfect crime in Many Roads to Murder, their MysteryDisc II, which is currently available in video stores for about $39.95. Many Roads takes you back to 1938 and follows private investigator Stew Cavanaugh from a Harlem jazz joint to a private explorer's club in search of murderer, motive and method. There are 16 plot lines and solutions. Start tracking.

WHAT'LL YOU HAVE, HAL?

Owners of Apple IIe or Apple II Plus computers can kiss their drink-recipe books goodbye and belly up to Micro Barmate, a floppy disk that contains recipes for 220 drinks (with room for 35 of your own), all cataloged by name, by ingredients you have on hand or by category. Virtual Combinatics, P.O. Box 755, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966, sells the disks for $42 each, postpaid. The morning after you've had your Micro sips, try a little hair of the dog that bytes you.

ROBOT TO THE RESCUE

Tetsujin 28, a 16″-tall Japanese-made metal robot, contains more tricks than a roomful of hookers. His legs open to reveal an elevator in one, and when you hit a button on his wrist—*kapow!*—you get socked with a flying fist. The Afton Toy Shop, P.O. Box 98, Afton, Minnesota 55001, sells Tetsujin 28 for $59.50, postpaid. If he's not menacing enough, there's always Voltes V, who "can be transformed into five assorted military machines or one giant space-age tank." Now, *that*'s what we call tough.

ROCKSHOTS FOR CHRISTMAS

This past September, *Potpourri* featured a dirty dozen Rockshots matchbooks in all their tasteless glory. Now Rockshots is back to take on the holidays with such seasonal subtleties as HE SEES YOU WHEN YOU'RE SLEEPING printed on the matchbook cover and so CLOSE THE FUCKING BLINDS! inside. Just $7.50, postpaid, sent to it at 51 West 21st Street, New York 10010, gets you another indecent dozen that you can sprinkle under the tree. If Rockshots sets its tacky sights on Easter, we'll pass.

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

For the man who has everything but self-control, there's Mom, an 18″ x 24″ poster of the eternally watchful mother that you can hang over your desk or in your bathroom or bedroom and look at the next time you're up to something naughty and are psychologically seeking a scolding. (Keep those hands on top of the sheets, you dirty little boy.) The poster sells for only $4.25, postpaid, sent to Love Your Mom Enterprises, P.O. Box 8887, Durham, North Carolina 27707. Now every day will be Mom day.

NOW HEAR THIS, JARHEAD

If you think Bouncing Betty is the nickname of a bimbo named Elizabeth, then you might consider ponying up $5.95, postpaid, for *Soldier Talk*, an 88-page softcover alphabetical compendium of military slang from World War One to Vietnam that's available from D. Irving Publishers, 16 River Street, Braintree, Massachusetts 02184. (A Bouncing Betty was a German antipersonnel land mine that exploded a few feet off the ground, you Dogface Turtle.)

DECK THE HALLS

Why didn't we think of this? Instead of the kind of Christmas card you mail, It's A Good Deal, Inc., P.O. Box 10880, Chicago 60610, is offering Good Deal Christmas Playing Cards, featuring Santa Claus as the king, Mrs. Claus as the queen, Jack Frost as his namesake, twin elves as the jokers and a Christmas tree as the ace of spades. At $3.95 per deck, postpaid, it's a good deal for holiday shoppers, and that means more Christmas cheer for all of us—any way you cut it.

Party Doll

Listen, it isn't easy. CARLENE CARTER is the daughter of June Carter Cash and the wife of Nick Lowe. If that's not enough, Johnny Cash is her stepfather. When she performs or cuts an album or shoots a video, people watch her and the musical baggage she carries with her, like it or not. So buy *C'est C Bon* and give *her* a break!

Lemmon Aid

Did the Dodgers commit an error last summer when they spent that bundle for Rick Honeycutt? They could have had Lemmon for less. Actor JACK LEMMON, with some fellow celebs, played a tough L.A. media team to a standoff, and now he's in shape to tackle the screen version of the Broadway play *Mass Appeal*. He'll play a drinking priest, so he'll hit a few doubles in that role, too.

Gorilla My Dreams

Fifty years have passed since actress FAY WRAY has seen her most famous companion up close. It just doesn't seem possible, but, as you can see, they're still good friends. We hear that the original Kong has forgiven Dino De Laurentiis for his 1976 remake—even if it made a monkey out of him.

The Marshall Plan

MARSHALL CRENSHAW is nervous. He's got the critics in his corner, and now he's trying to find his audience. His most recent album, *Field Day*, had a lot going for it, but not enough. However, when you describe your musical influences as rock-a-billy, soul, Phil Spector girl groups and the Beatles, the way Crenshaw does, it's only a matter of time. So give him a security blanket and hang in there until next time.

None of These Girls Can Help It

What can we tell you? When two albums, *Wet* (left) and *Black Magic* (right and below), appeared on our doorstep from a Canadian label called Visual Vinyl, we immediately thought of our loyal *Grapevine* readers. The two women featured on *Wet* are—obviously—The Wet Girls; MICHELE's the blonde and SHERYL's the brunette. Look for the album, Wet's third, out now. Black Magic's real name is MARGUERITE. Her single, *Spellbound*, is selling well and she's currently working on an album. Three cheers for the picture disc!

BIRTH CONTROL IN THE NINETIES: NO JOKE

A man walks into a bar. He sits down next to a good-looking woman and opens his shirt. She quickly pulls a flashlight from her purse and shines it on his chest, which glows a light, iridescent blue, the way your hand glows in those singles joints where the bouncers stamp it for identification under a special light. Aha, he's got protection, she thinks.

What's going on here? Nothing that is a current reality. This is a fanciful scenario based on news of a revolutionary male contraceptive that Johns Hopkins University reproductive biologists are working on. It could be the most exciting development in male birth control since the invention of the condom—make that since the invention of oral sex—a contraceptive salve that guys could rub on their chests. When the compound was administered, via implant, to rhesus monkeys, it was highly effective and showed no major side effects.

The book *The G Spot* says that women can improve their sex lives by building the muscles of the pelvic floor. One *G Spot* author—Dr. John D. Perry—is selling the Personal Perineometer (above), a below-the-belt fitness rater. It's $750 from Biotechnologies, 50 Lawn Avenue, Portland, Maine 04103.

Larry Ewing, head of Hopkins' Division of Reproductive Biology, has asked the Food and Drug Administration for permission to begin human tests on the substance, which contains both the male hormone testosterone and the female hormone estradiol. The two combined have been found to suppress the body's natural production of testosterone, which stimulates the body to produce sperm. Ewing, who has worked on developing the compound for the past 12 years, claims that it reduces neither sex drive nor potency. Nearly as many years of testing may elapse before the compound can be marketed. So look for it at your pharmacy sometime in the Nineties. By the way, the iridescent variety is the product of the Sex News Editor's imagination. To date, there are no plans to market it. But women will still be the ones who get pregnant, so how will a woman know if a man has done his daily rub? She'll probably have to do it herself. Nothing ever really changes; get the rub?

BABY MAKES THREE AND NOBODY MAKES OUT

Researchers at the University of Maryland School of Nursing have been looking into the sexual ramifications of being the parents of a newborn baby. Susan H. Fischman and Elizabeth A. Rankin designed a study that would assess couples' changes in patterns of sexual conduct after the birth of a baby. The test was administered by mail to 68 couples at four months after birth and 128 couples at 12 months.

What did Fischman and Rankin find out? After four months, couples reported significant declines in sexual activities and expressions of intimacy; those measured at the 12-month stage showed only small improvement. Couples cited disruptions in touching, holding and feelings of closeness and of sexual fulfillment. There were some discrepancies between mommies and daddies. Median time for resumption of sexual intercourse was 5.6 weeks for women and six weeks for men. We suppose the researchers didn't ask the respondents who their partners were. The first sexual reunion was considered less than satisfactory by 34 percent of the women but by only four percent of the men. Reasons given for decline in intimacy were fatigue and physical discomfort during sex. Sounds like natural birth control. Of course, if those parents think their sex lives are suffering now, wait until the kids start dating.

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Above, members of Memphians Against Social Harassment (MASH) bare their chests in support of dancer Cherlyn Ross, who appeared topless in a scene from the Metropolitan Opera's production of *Macbeth*. Memphis vice cops were in the audience but made no arrests.

***Stop!* is a new humor magazine that never treads lightly, never turns the other cheek and also happens to have a very naughty, bawdy approach. It's at good newsstands in major cities, or you can send two dollars for a sample copy to *Stop!*, P.O. Box 529, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10113. We sincerely hope it doesn't stop.**

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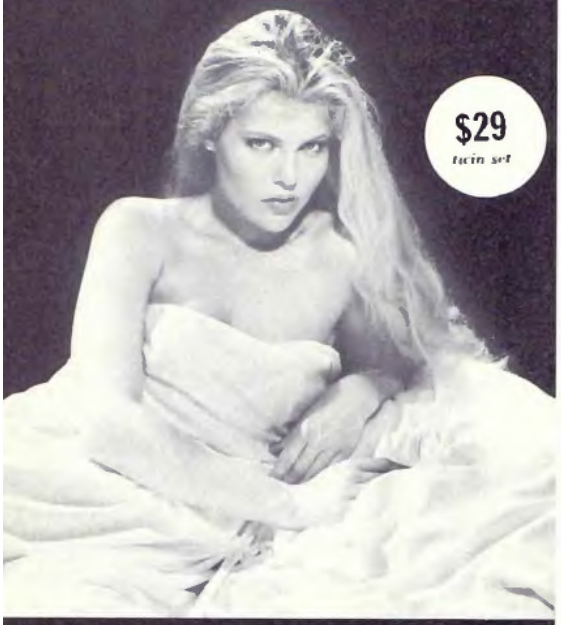

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RAY BRADBURY SPINS A YARN ABOUT A BOGUS TIME MACHINE THAT CAN REDEEM THE FUTURE IN **"THE TOYNBEE CONVECTOR"**

DAN RATHER TALKS ABOUT HIS FIRST TWO YEARS IN **WALTER CRONKITE'S** CATBIRD SEAT IN A NO-HOLDS-BARRED **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

TRUMAN CAPOTE REVEALS WHY IT WAS SOMETIMES FUNNY AND SOMETIMES SAD BUT NEVER EASY TO MAINTAIN **"MY FRIENDSHIP WITH TENNESSEE WILLIAMS"**

ART BUCHWALD LOOKS, WITH HIS USUAL WRY HUMOR, AT ANOTHER SIDE OF RELATIONSHIPS: **"WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?"**

PLAYBOY'S ACE PHOTOGRAPHIC TEAM GOES ON SAFARI AGAIN TO CONDUCT **"THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE HUNT"**

GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ TELLS A HAUNTING STORY OF DEATH ON A HONEYMOON IN **"THE TRAIL OF YOUR BLOOD IN THE SNOW"**

MARIEL HEMINGWAY, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF **BOB FOSSE,** STRIVES TO BECOME **DOROTHY STRATTEN** IN THE FILM STAR 80. WE SHOW YOU HOW IT WAS DONE IN A TEN-PAGE PICTORIAL

IRWIN SHAW, AS HE EASES INTO HIS EIGHTH DECADE, SUMS IT ALL UP IN **"WHAT I'VE LEARNED ABOUT BEING A MAN"**

DAVID SHEFF REPORTS ON THE WILD STORIES AND THE PARANOIA THAT SURROUND **JOHN LENNON'S** MEMORY, WITH EXCLUSIVE REACTIONS FROM HIS WIDOW, IN **"THE TRASHING OF JOHN AND YOKO"**

BUCK HENRY TELLS US **"HOW I INVENTED PLAYBOY"**

PLUS: A VISIT WITH **MUHAMMAD ALI** BY **MARK KRAM; "PARTING ADVICE"** FROM THE FATHERS OF **DAVID CARRADINE, GEORGE PATTON, JR., PATRICK WAYNE, ARLO GUTHRIE, KATHY CRONKITE, PETER FONDA** AND OTHERS; FICTION BY **ANTON CHEKHOV** AND POETRY BY **JOHN UPDIKE;** ANOTHER LOOK AT **CHARLES MARTIGNETTE'S** COLLECTION OF EROTIC ART; **"THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS"; KURT VONNEGUT'S** THOUGHTS ON CENSORSHIP; **LITTLE ANNIE FANNY;** A TRIBUTE TO THE LOST ART OF SCREWING UP BY **ROY BLOUNT JR.;** AND MUCH, MUCH MORE.

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS WITH **MOSES MALONE, DAVID LETTERMAN, PAUL SIMON** AND **CALVIN KLEIN;** PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF **"THE GIRLS OF THE HEALTH CLUB"** AND ALL-TIME FAVORITE **"PLAYMATES OF THE YEAR";** AN EXCLUSIVE PORTFOLIO BY **LORD LICHFIELD,** PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE ROYAL WEDDING; A VISIT WITH **SYLVIA KRISTEL'S** SUCCESSOR AS **EMMANUELLE IV, MIA NIGRIA; HARRY CREWS** WRESTLES WITH A SUBJECT CLOSE TO HIS MANLY HEART, **"THE VIOLENCE THAT FINDS YOU"; CHUCK YOUNG** TAKES US TO PUNK-ROCK CLUBS FOR A ROUND OF SLAM DANCING IN **"SKANKING WITH THE DEAD KENNEDYS"; VANCE BOURJAILLY** ORBITS THE NATION WITH PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFUL **JOHN GLENN; E. JEAN CARROLL** WARMS UP TO THE SUBJECT OF **"FRIGID WOMEN"; ROY SCHEIDER** TELLS WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO SUIT UP WITH THE DETROIT TIGERS FOR A NEW MOVIE; **ASA BABER** SPINS SOME FICTION ABOUT THE CHICAGO BEARS AND THEIR NEAR MISS AT THE SUPER BOWL; **PETER NELSON** SCRIPTS AN IMAGINARY TV RERUN IN WHICH **BEAVER CLEAVER, DOBIE GILLIS** AND **DENNIS THE MENACE** TURN UP IN THE SAME PLATOON IN 'NAM, **"GI PLAYHOUSE";** MORE FICTION BY **RAY BRADBURY, DONALD E. WESTLAKE** AND **ANDRE DUBUS III.**

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