INTERVIEW: PAUL & LINDA McCARTNEY'S WHOLE STORY

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1984 • $4.00

SUZANNE SOMERS' ALL-NEW PICTORIAL REVEALS ALL!

GALA CHRISTMAS ISSUE

Holiday Highlights

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UNDIES FOR THE EIGHTIES

MARIO PUZO BRINGS BACK MICHAEL CORLEONE

YOUNG RON REAGAN IN THE ENEMY CAMP

CITIZEN HUGHES, PART II

PLAYBOY'S ELECTRONICS GUIDE

# IF YOU'RE NOT SURE OF WHAT TO LOOK FOR IN A VIDEO SYSTEM. LOOK OUT!

Earlier this year the video world exploded! New systems. New formats. New features. Home video has experienced breakthrough after breakthrough.

But unfortunately now it's very difficult to break through all the confusion. Which system is best? Is the difference between VHS™ and Beta, Greek to you? What features are important? Do you want to tape just TV? Or tape just your family? Or both? And what should you look for in a camera?

Panasonic would like to help sort it all out. And help you make sure your first video system is good enough to be your last.

**Panasonic.**
just slightly ahead of our time.

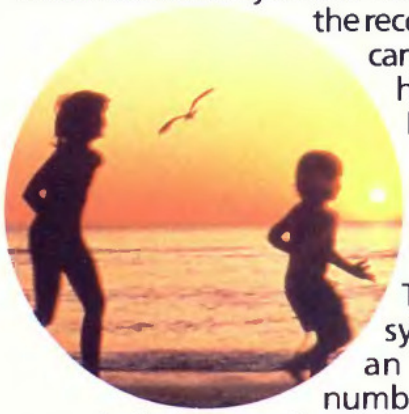
# How to choose the right video system.

Choosing the right video system is easy if you use a systematic approach. First you must choose among the three different systems.

Home recorders: Home video recorders record from TV. And play back prerecorded movies. The newest ones have multi-head design for a more stable picture. And some even play Hi-Fi sound.

Portable only systems: Portable video systems are making big news this year. They're primarily used for making home movies. But when it comes to recording from TV, they have some drawbacks. With many, you have to buy an optional tuner/timer. Some have such short recording times, they can't fit a full-length feature on one tape. And some can't play prerecorded movies.

Portable/home systems: These are the most versatile systems. Outdoors, couple the recorder to a video camera and make home movies. Indoors, link the recorder to its tuner/timer and record from TV. The latest systems have an incredible number of features built into smaller, lighter bodies. Some even have Hi-Fi sound.

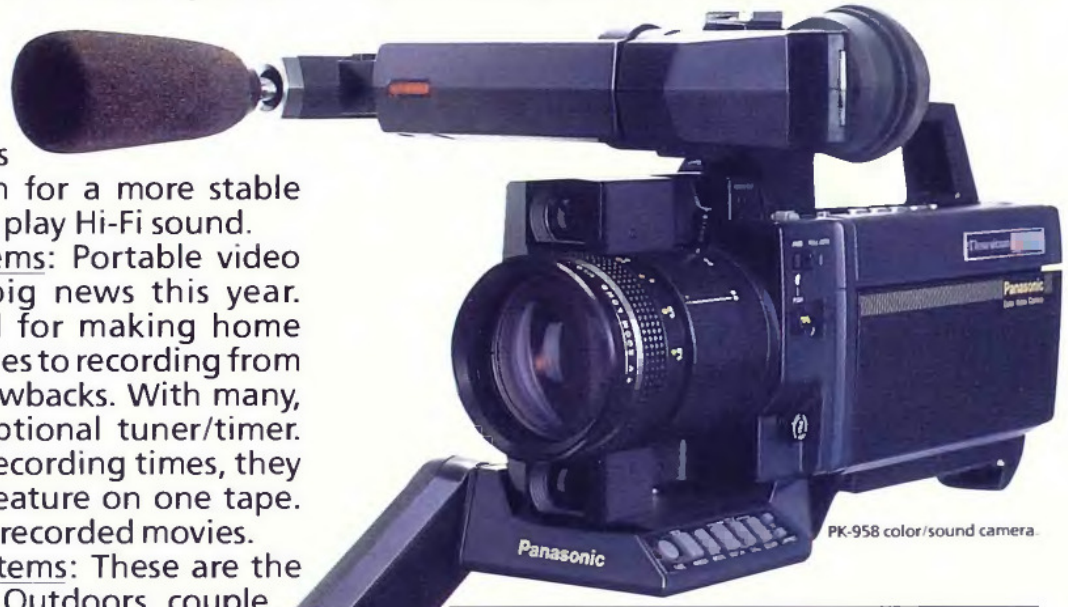


## Why VHS is the most popular format.

There are several formats including VHS™ and Beta. VHS gives you up to eight hours of recording on one tape. That's more than any other format. VHS is the most widely used. So your chances of trading tapes with friends are greater. Also there are more VHS movies and other programs available to buy or rent.

## How do you make the right decision?

Ask yourself some basic questions. What do you want your video system to do? Record from TV and play back prerecorded movies? Make home movies? Or both? What kind of video system do you want? Which format gives you the most versatility? What features do you want? How important is sound quality? By answering these simple questions, you won't get lost looking for a video system.




PK-958 color/sound camera.

## Introducing the total VHS system.

Introducing the Panasonic PV-9600 portable/home recorder with true Hi-Fi sound. And the PK-958 color/sound camera. Outdoors, it's one of the most sophisticated portable systems available. And when you bring it indoors, something amazing happens. It becomes an advanced home recorder. Neat trick, huh?

## The Panasonic system that does the thinking for you.

Together this new Panasonic camera and video recorder have electronic reflexes that respond to the action more quickly than you can. In less time than it takes you to say "smile," the camera focuses automatically. Adjusts for changing light. And sets sound levels. All by itself.

## The camera that shoots by the light of just one birthday candle.

No ordinary video camera can hold a candle to this Panasonic. The new Panasonic PK-958 will actually catch the twinkle in a child's eye with the light from only one birthday candle. That's because this Panasonic has a ⅔" Newvicon® tube that can shoot in as little light as 7 Lux. Lux is a measure of a camera's light sensitivity. The lower the Lux, the better. 7 Lux means special moments like weddings and birthday parties won't become dim memories.

And this Panasonic has features that let it perform brilliantly in any kind of light. Like an 8:1 zoom that also has a built-in macro lens for extreme closeups. You can also see instant replays of what you just shot. Right through the camera's electronic viewfinder. There's even a built-in keyboard. So you can type titles on your favorite scenes. In a choice of sizes and colors.

## The portable/home system that puts Hi-Fi sound in your video.

One moment you could be using the Panasonic PV-9600 to record your family. And the next moment you can use it to tape your favorite TV shows. Or you can use it to see prerecorded movies. Connect it to your stereo and it will even play back prerecorded VHS Hi-Fi tapes. And VHS Hi-Fi sounds incredible. Conventional stereo doesn't even come close.

PV-9600. Portable Hi-Fi recorder automatically connects to its tuner-timer.

The PV-9600 video recorder connects to its tuner/timer automatically. There are no cables to connect. It plays back an outstanding picture. Even in slow motion and stop motion. Thanks to our Tech-4™ technology. The Tech-4 multi-head design keeps the picture stable and eliminates snow and jitter. So you'll be able to closely examine every move in a football game or golf tournament. And to make it easy to find your favorite play or swing, this Panasonic has Omnisearch. It lets you scan a tape at up to 15 times normal speed in the SLP mode.

Tech-4. For clear special effects like slow motion and stop action.

You can program the recorder to tape up to eight different shows. Even if you're away from home for two weeks. Plus it has a 26-function wireless remote control. And a 139-channel cable-capable* tuner. With all these features, no one outshines the Panasonic PV-9600.

PV-1730.
Lets you experience movies with true Hi-Fi sound.

## Panasonic has video systems for everyone.

Panasonic has everything from economical home recorders, to sophisticated recorders with every feature you can imagine, including VHS Hi-Fi sound. There are even featherlight portable video systems made to let you and your imagination wander.

Lightweight, compact PK-450 video camera and PV-8500 portable recorder.

The Panasonic PV-8500 VHS recorder and PK-450 camera combine to give you one of our lightest, most portable, portable video systems. Yet despite the PK-450's minuscule size, it puts some amazing capabilities within your grasp. Auto-Focus. A 6:1 zoom. And a high-resolution Newvicon tube are just a few.

The PV-8500 portable video recorder fits in the palm of your hand. But despite its small size and weight, it records with the same vivid quality as our larger recorders. And with its tuner/timer, it'll record for up to eight hours from TV.

Panasonic also has all kinds of home recorders. From our feature-packed economy recorders. To the highly sophisticated PV-1730 with Tech-4 technology and VHS Hi-Fi sound with Dolby.† So you can experience movie theater sound right in your living room.

## The technology in Panasonic video recorders is in our tapes, too.

Your video system is only as good as the blank video tapes you use. If you shoot with bad blanks, your picture's color will look dead. Washed out. Even the sound will suffer.

Load a Panasonic VHS blank into your recorder and you can't miss. Panasonic tapes have high-color saturation, and great sound. Because the technology that goes into our video recorders is also in our video tapes. There are three different grades of Panasonic video tapes: Standard, Super High Grade and Hi-Fi.

## CompuFocus and Data-Grade. Only in Panasonic Color TV.

When you find it hard to tell the difference between the real scene and what's on your screen, you're watching a Panasonic Color TV. The only Color TVs with CompuFocus™ and Data-Grade.

CompuFocus is a sophisticated system of video optics and electronics. It separates each color electronically. Then filters it. And, shoots it through our advanced system of video optics for our sharpest picture.

In the future, television without Data-Grade won't make the grade. Data-Grade produces more dots per square inch than an ordinary picture tube. So you get a sharper, more natural picture. Plus more precise, easier-to-read letters and graphics. For computers, teletext and videotex. And the other important technologies of the 80's.

## The Networks will have stereo. Shouldn't your TV?

Panasonic has everything from a tiny 1½" (meas diag) color TV. To 26" consoles. To a 60" projection TV. All the way to a giant 48-foot-wide color screen for stadiums.

It's no wonder that our latest Panasonic color TV will give you something that was once impossible. The CTF-2077R can actually receive full stereo broadcasts through its own integrated decoder, amplifier and stereo speakers. So when the Networks start broadcasting in stereo, you'll be ready.

CTF-2077R. Receives full stereo broadcasts.

All Panasonic products are designed by Matsushita Electric, our parent company. It's the world's largest and most experienced manufacturer of portable and home video recorders.

For additional information about the complete line of Panasonic video equipment that's just slightly ahead of our time, visit the Panasonic dealer near you.

* When receiving an unscrambled cable signal.
† Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

TV pictures simulated. Aida photograph courtesy of San Francisco Opera.

**Panasonic®**
just slightly ahead of our time.

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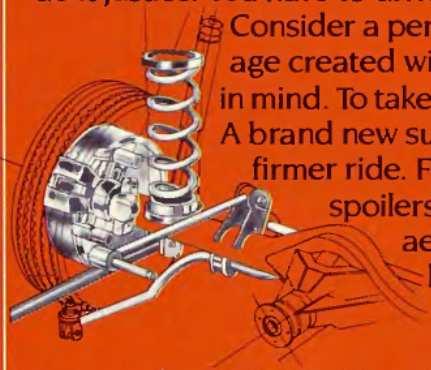
The reliable and affordable Corolla just got mean. Don't say we didn't warn you, but the new 1985 Corolla GT-S is armed with a type of engine that, until now, you could only get in cars like Ferrari or Lotus. A 4-valve-per-cylinder beauty to give you more horsepower per liter. An engine so powerful yet economical, *Road & Track* said it "may be the best-running 4-cylinder engine made today."* Unleash this beast and watch out.

The new TC-16, a 16-valve, Electronically Fuel Injected Twin Cam, takes no prisoners.

Sure Corolla *looks* hot. But looks alone don't do it justice. You have to drive it and let 'er rip. Consider a performance package created with only one thing in mind. To take your breath away. A brand new suspension for a firmer ride. Front and rear spoilers for improved aerodynamics and handling. 4-wheel disc brakes vented in front for more authoritative braking. Rack-and-pinion



# THE TC-16. TWIN CAM, 16 VALVES, 112 HORSEPOWER! WHAT'S A NICE CAR LIKE COROLLA DOING WITH AN ENGINE LIKE THIS?

steering, MacPherson struts and low profile 185/60R14 tires on aluminum alloy wheels. Features like these all conspire to give you a car with uncompromising precision and control. Be exhilarated as this Corolla takes you from 0–60 in 8.9 seconds. It's no wonder that Corolla has you thirsting for turns and salivating for straightaways.

Climb in. One look at the full instrumentation inside and you'll see this car is serious about driving. An 8000 RPM tachometer red lined at an exceptional 7500 should tell you something.

Admire the carefully crafted interior. Notice how every knob and switch is within easy reach of your fingers. Not to mention the leather-wrapped steering wheel and shift knob that were made for your hands. As well as oil pressure, coolant temperature, and volt meter gauges. And the 6-way adjustable driver's Sport Seat with lumbar support and adjustable side bolsters will keep you comfortable and help prevent fatigue. So you can sit back and fully appreciate Corolla's power and agility. Now turn up the AM/FM/MPX stereo receiver with 4 speakers. Loud. That sound is something to shout about.

The all new Corolla GT-S. To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

# OH WHAT A FEELING!
# TOYOTA

*Road & Track, Sept. '84

BUCKLE UP—IT'S A GOOD FEELING!

# ET 16!

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# PLAYBILL

SOME PEOPLE get better-looking with age and some don't. In this issue, we offer examples of both. In the category of "greatly improved," we have **Suzanne Somers,** who seems to be a late bloomer. If you saw our February 1980 photos taken when she tested to become a Playmate in 1970 (before she became famous as an actress and comedienne), you probably noticed that the early Suzanne had a bit of baby fat—distributed nicely, of course, but baby fat nonetheless. A few of our readers, accustomed to seeing a more svelte Somers on the tube in *Three's Company*, wrote to us to say they thought the 1980 version looked a lot better than the 1970 version. Well, wait till you check out the 1984 version: This is a *woman*. And, as the ad says, it just doesn't get any better than this. Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley** is the lucky lensman who drew the assignment of capturing Suzanne on film. On the other side of the ledger (those who get worse-looking with age), there is **Howard Hughes,** the late billionaire whose megalomaniacal meanderings are reported by **Michael Drosnin** in part two of *Citizen Hughes*, from the book to be published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston.

**Paul** and **Linda McCartney** have been interview-shy since the death of Beatle **John Lennon,** but they opened up to **Joan Goodman** for this month's *Playboy Interview*. Goodman, who interviewed the McCartneys over an eight-month period, spent many hours on the set of their new film, *Give My Regards to Broad Street*, and shares this behind-the-scenes anecdote: "On the set, all the musicians, such as **Steve Lukather** and **Jeff Porcaro** from Toto, loved playing with McCartney. They jammed all the time, attracting crew members from other sound stages who hung about listening whenever they could. It also brought out **Barbra Streisand,** who was dubbing *Yentl*. She'd never met Paul, so an introduction was arranged. Afterward, I said to her, 'Thrilling meeting one of the Beatles, isn't it?' 'Not really,' she replied coolly, 'they came up at the same time as I did.'"

The Presidential campaign has been tough for both parties, each of which seems to lack a sense of humor. It is refreshing, therefore, to find that **Ron Reagan** has not only a journalist's instincts but a wry wit as well as he recounts his experiences at the Democratic Convention in *While the Democrats Slept*. Ron, Jr., is a down-to-earth guy, unlike the kinds of folks **Roy Blount Jr.** lambastes in *I'm Sick of Celebrities*. Rebutting for the oft-maligned rich and famous, **Steve Martin** explains how tough it is to be a star in *Well, Excuuuuse Us!* Our celebrity package is illustrated by the inimitable **Al** "Find the Nina" **Hirschfeld.**

This is, if we do say so ourselves, one of our *great* issues for fiction. We have an excerpt from *The Sicilian*, **Mario** (*The Godfather*) **Puzo's** latest book (to be published this month by the Linden Press), illustrated by **Wilson McLean;** a thought-provoking piece of science fiction by **Robert Silverberg,** *Tourist Trade* (illustrated by **Pater Sato**); and a modern-day Nativity story, *And All Through the House*, that may become one of our all-time favorites, by **Evan Hunter,** writing under his part-time nom de plume of **Ed McBain.**

To round out the issue, there are the spectacular 13-page *Playboy Guide to Electronic Entertainment*; *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*, by our peerless prognosticator, **Anson Mount;** *Ex-Wives*, an article in which **Bruce Jay Friedman** brings humor and sanity to a subject oft associated with seriousness and insanity; and *Tired: The Long Life and Slow Times of Bob Woodward*, a parody that **John Eskow** swears was dictated to him, while he was in a trance, by the late **John Belushi.** If that's not enough to ring your chimes, **Andrew Tobias** is back with one of his *Quarterly Reports* on how to spot good tax-shelter deals; there's a spicy pictorial on *Sex Stars of 1984*, with text by **Jim Harwood;** and, finally, there's our December Playmate, **Karen Velez,** lovingly photographed by Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag.** Sit down with a hot spiced drink (**Emanuel Greenberg** tells you how to make them in this issue) and enjoy our holiday present to you. Merry Christmas!

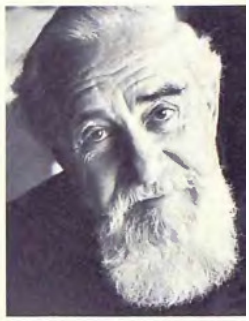
FEGLEY

GOODMAN

REAGAN

MARTIN

BLOUNT


HIRSCHFELD

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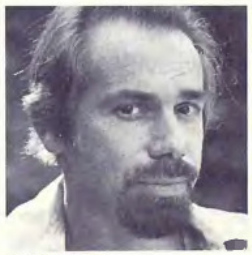
PUZO

MCLEAN

FRIEDMAN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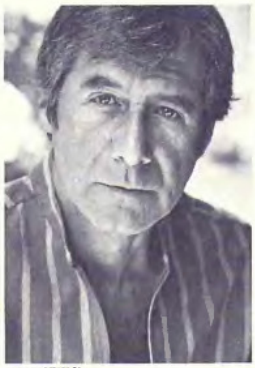
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# PLAYBOY

vol. 31, no. 12—december, 1984


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Suzanne Somers

Corleone Clan

Caring Koren

Santa's Spirits

**COVER STORY** In 1980, we published *Suzanne Somers' Playmate Test* and everybody wanted to know why she didn't *pass*. Actually, we knew she'd get even *better*-looking. For proof, see this month's cover, in a photo by Contributing Photographer Steve Wayda and a dazzling dress designed by her stepdaughter, Leslie Hamel; and check *Suzanne—Take Two* on page 120.

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**Sansui's all new intelligent Super Compo system with compact disc player.**

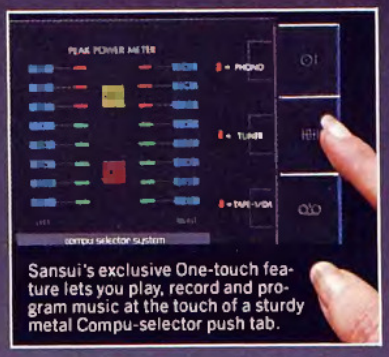
It's pure digital dynamite! Sansui's IS-110 Intelligent Super Compo system is the ultimate in musical magnificence.

Never has a Hi-Fi system been more convenient to use and more appealing to the ear.

It's all made possible by ingenious microcomputer circuits that permit each separate component of a unit to operate interactively with each other. With Sansui's exclusive Compu-Select One-touch Simul-switching, you can go from turntable-to tape deck-to compact disc at the touch of a single button. And with exclusive Compu-Edit you can make perfect cassette recordings from your records.

But what's magic to your fingers without magic to your ears? Our easy-to-use compact digital disc player gives you a clarity of sound that brings music all the way to life.

You can select a beautifully matched Sansui Intelligent Super Compo system with unmatched sound. Or create your own from a fantastic selection of intelligently designed turntables—with the latest in P-mount cartridge mounting capabilities; tuners; integrated amplifiers; cassette decks—several with Dolby* "C" noise reduction; equalizers; and sensational sounding speakers.



Sansui's exclusive One-touch feature lets you play, record and program music at the touch of a sturdy metal Compu-selector push tab.

No matter what you choose, it will be the most intelligent choice you can make for pure sound quality and convenience. So see your nearest Sansui dealer today.

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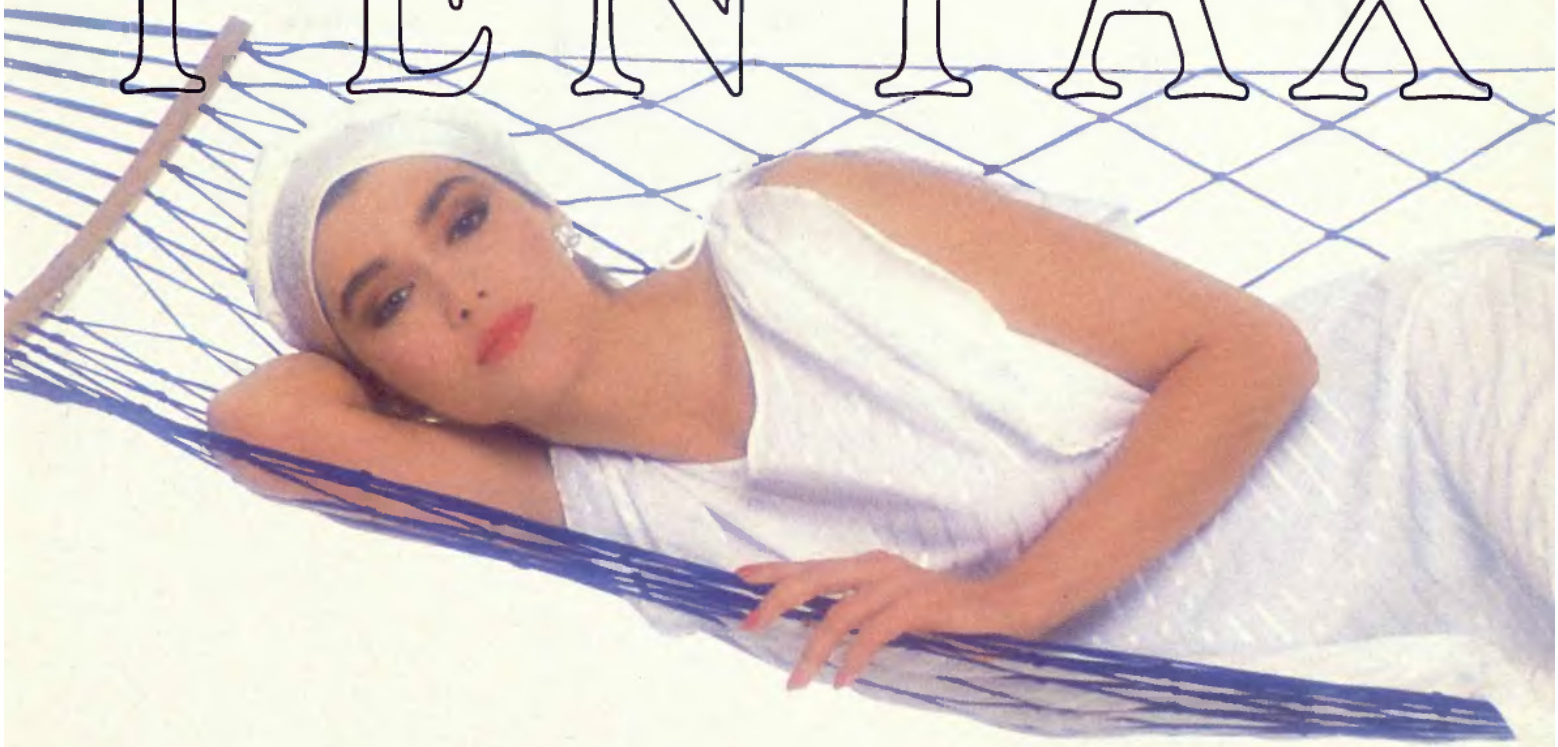

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*PASSPORT fits comfortably in a shirt pocket.*

### First Class Performance

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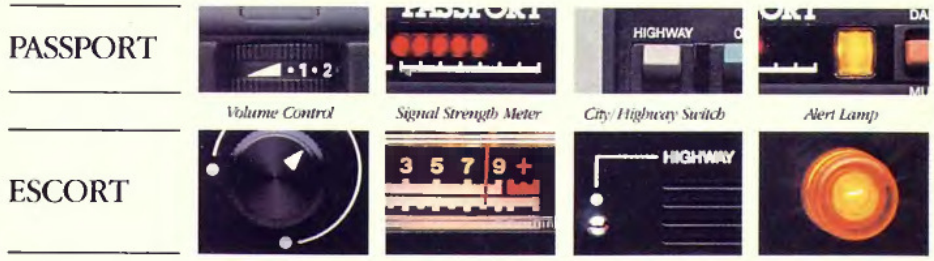


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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

## A TALE OF TWO CITIES—AND LOTS OF PLAYBOY JAZZ

The Playboy Jazz Festival is becoming one of the most talked-about events on the musical calendar. Last June—declared Playboy Jazz Festival Month by L.A. mayor Tom Bradley—Hef and m.c. Bill Cosby (below, with Hef's brother, Keith) hosted the best one yet. Now Elektra has issued an album of the 1982 fest, while RCA/Columbia has released *two* Playboy Jazz Festival video cassettes. Ray Charles warmed up for his festival appearance at a huge party hosted by Playboy and C.E.S. Publishing during Chicago's Consumer Electronics Show (right).

## LEAVE IT TO A PSYCHOPATH

Only a nut would want to cut Ola Ray down to size. Ola, who gained a measure of stardom in Michael Jackson's *Thriller*, plays an unwilling acupuncturee in the movie *Fear City*. At right, she's comforted by co-star Jack Scalia after an attack by a scissors-wielding fiend. Above: an outtake from Ola's June 1980 Playmate layout.

## WEREN'T *OUR* RABBIT EARS GOOD ENOUGH?

Habitués of the Playboy Clubs are used to seeing former Bunnies pop up in the big time, but this fall was a double treat—Lynne Moody (left) made her debut as Julie in the new CBS comedy/drama *E.R.*, and Julie Cobb (right) sprang into the same network's Scott Baio vehicle, *Charles in Charge*. We don't mind losing our Bunnies to the millions, but we're still waiting for CBS to call and say thanks.

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# DEAR PLAYBOY

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### SHIRLEY'S LIVES AND TIMES

Shirley MacLaine's mental acuity, her insights about political people and her knowledge of herself are all qualities that deserve more exposure. Her tendency to challenge conformist reality is a joy to encounter, and her ability to be humorously serious about life is mind-expanding. Overall, September's *Playboy Interview* rates as a triumph for the publication and the woman. Thank you for a stimulating slice of a great performer's mind.

Charles Thomas Smit
Minneapolis, Minnesota

The Shirley MacLaine *Interview* is superb. I sure would like to see more of Shirley, in any body she cares to come in.

Carl F. Schillmoeller
Cocoa, Florida

For the first time, I am compelled to write to PLAYBOY. Your *Interview* with Shirley MacLaine sheds a new light on my own transitions. She describes the same awakening I've been experiencing for the past couple of months—what a relief to discover that I wasn't just flipping out.

J. Shaffer
Snohomish, Washington

Shirley MacLaine, in her search for meaning, has created a persona that is more nearly complete than most. We don't need to agree, nor to disagree, with her various, often outrageous statements. We need only to *consider* them, preferably at a time when we are alone, to decide whether or not any of them passes the ultimate test: "Do I *want* to believe this?" More human potential has been lost to the fear of appearing out of step than to all other causes combined. Neither unhip nor ultrahip, MacLaine is simply nearing the conclusion of a lap in the track we all must travel, whether we *believe* in it or not. As with Saint John the Divine, her only error is in trying to talk about something for which there are no words. MacLaine has spoken, to those of us who want to hear, in what Van Morrison has called the "inarticulate speech of the heart." The rest of the world talks out of the side of its mouth.

John E. Kenyon
Wheaton, Maryland

### DOROTHY STRATTEN

In your May 1981 issue, in the article titled *Dorothy Stratten: Her Story*, you stated, "Snider plotted with Goldstein, but with others he was increasingly despondent." I never plotted with Paul Snider to bring any harm to Dorothy Stratten. I believe that the article was factually inaccurate in other respects dealing with me.

Marc L. Goldstein
Los Angeles, California

*We do not believe that the statement you refer to about plotting implies you acted to harm Dorothy Stratten, and we did not intend to imply that. We believe that there were no inaccuracies in the article.*

I saw Peter Bogdanovich on TV talking about Dorothy Stratten. He wasn't kind to PLAYBOY or to Hugh Hefner. He said that Dorothy never wanted to pose for PLAYBOY and that she was seduced by Hefner. He thinks PLAYBOY is "culpable" in her death. I'm not one to pass judgments without hearing both sides. You told your side in 1981, but you didn't cover the points Bogdanovich is making. What's the story?

D. Bartley
Indianapolis, Indiana

*We think Bogdanovich's book belongs in the fiction department at your local library. It's been variously called a "shabby little shocker"* (Chicago Tribune) *and "a scrawled, smoking document . . . bitter, condemning and crusadingly righteous"* (Vanity Fair). *Film critic Roger Ebert wrote that the book is "overwrought, reckless and immature" and that once Bogdanovich's catharsis was complete, "he should have burned the manuscript or locked it in a drawer."*

*"This is a portrait so blinded by grief,"*

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*wrote U.P.I.'s Frank Sanello, "that the author indulges in a typical psychological reaction to the loss of a loved one: He blames the wrong person. . . ." Bogdanovich's book is a series of false accusations and nasty speculation. For the record, Hef never forced his attentions on Dorothy; he never asked her to pose for pictures she didn't want taken. Bogdanovich's maunderings belong on the bookstore's fiction shelf. Paul Snider committed a terrible crime. No morbid rationalizing can change that fact.*

**THE RAZOR'S EDGE**

Laurence Gonzales' *Cocaine: A Special Report* (PLAYBOY, September) is highly informative, a great piece of writing. I wish everyone who has done cocaine could read this article; it might change a few minds. Coke really isn't worth the money or the risk. People just don't realize how powerful and dangerous it is. We all should know better.

Tim Miner
Grand Ledge, Michigan

**TOP TEN**

As unbelievable as it seems, PLAYBOY has always managed to top itself each September. This year's *Girls of the Big Ten* is no exception. It has to be the most gorgeous collection of clothed and unclothed coeds yet. In fact, there are at least three women pictured therein who would make excellent Playmates of the Month: Valerie Bowman of Indiana, Lari Middlekauff of MSU and Sherry Klemesrud of Iowa. Please, PLAYBOY, talk with these young ladies about the near future.

Jack Potter
Newark, New Jersey

*A Wolverine I was, so loyal and true*
*To the maize and blue;*
*Then* PLAYBOY *comes by*
*With this gorgeous Buckeye;*
*Oh, Paige Seyffer, what will I do?*

Jerry Novack
Ferndale, Michigan

Of all the *Girls of . . .* pictorials PLAYBOY has run over the years, your annual uncoverage of coeds is the one I always look forward to. Of course, being 20 years old, female and a college student myself may prejudice me just a bit. This year's entry, *Girls of the Big Ten*, has once again managed to portray the modern college girl as she really is—a being who is both intellectual and sexual. It is encouraging to learn that there are still many intelligent, clever young women in college today who are comfortable enough with their sex appeal to put it on display in your magazine. I find the levelheadedness of Northwestern's Leslie Gugino especially refreshing, because she is able to recognize that we *are* all sex objects, both men and

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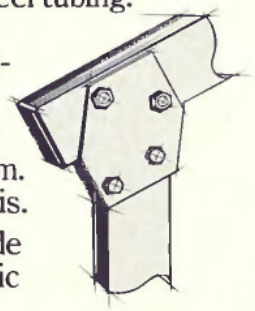

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women, and it is useless to deny this fact of life. Congratulations to all of your Big Ten girls for being honored in this pictorial. I wish them the best of luck in whatever endeavors they pursue—from what they demonstrate in your September issue, they certainly seem to have it all together.

Denise L. Chilipka
Pittsford, New York

**GET DOWN**

Just a note of praise for your shots of Anne Carlisle (*Cult Queen*, PLAYBOY, September). She's exciting, fresh and talented. I also appreciate her natural body hair and wish you would, from time to time, feature women who *don't* shave underarms and legs, as in Europe.

Burt Teague
East Granby, Connecticut

**SOFT NEWS**

Craig Vetter's *Frigid Men* (PLAYBOY, September) made me respond—willingly. There is nothing quite like a woman who is ready for sex when you are not; the only thing that may be *worse* is a woman who jumps into bed saying, "I hear you're great in bed." Performance scores are best left to gymnastic competition.

Hal King
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The Don Juan role is a myth, but men have to retain *some* sense of masculinity, just as women must have femininity. Otherwise, we couldn't say, "*Vive la différence!*" Besides, hardly anyone loves a wimp. I agree with Dr. Ruth Westheimer—a man's ego isn't *that* fragile, but men do have feelings, and those feelings can be hurt, like any woman's. All of us should be delicate in the way we express our needs in a relationship. *Frigid Men* sums it up for men very well: If your dick's not in it, then neither is your heart, and vice versa.

Richard Martin
Gainesville, Florida

**BOBBING FOR SARTRE**

It is too bad you use so much obscene language in PLAYBOY, especially when you mix it with macabre thinking and language. In September's *Playboy After Hours*, each paragraph has at least one major offense to the senses: "deep horseshit," "fucking," "playing with the balls," "French head," "hung," then "jacked off," then "wet dreams," then "work on his baton" and "blown out of proportion." That's not very urbane language, and I don't think Hugh Hefner would use any of it, with or without provocation, regardless of how liberal his thinking is. Other things not found in the more literate PLAYBOY of the past are the visibility of so-called pubic hair, pictures of guys


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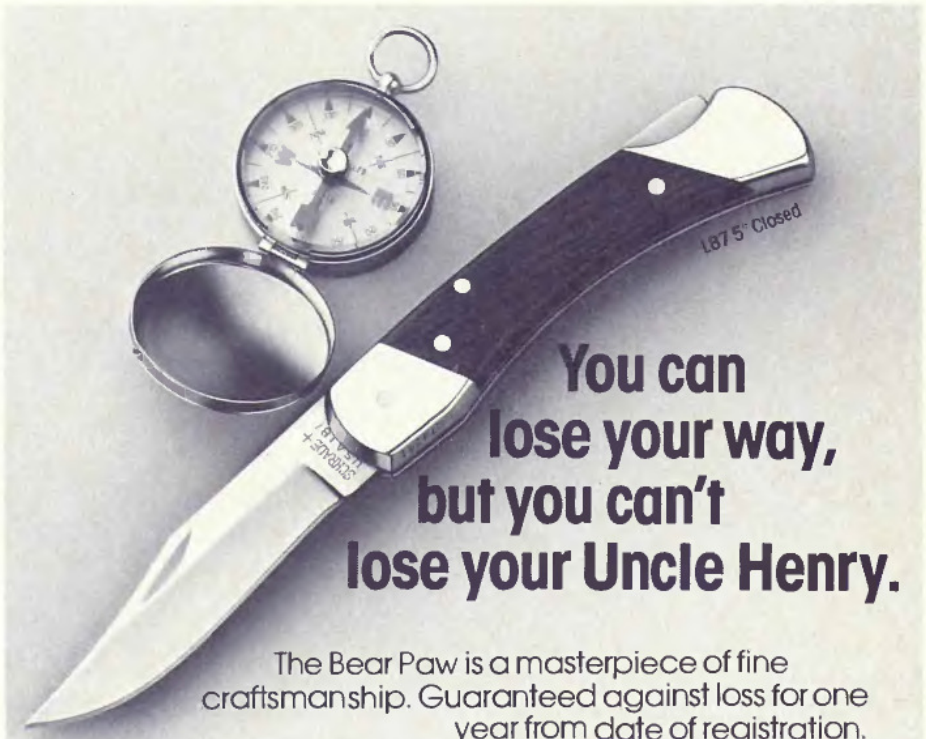


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with balloons in their mouths as if they were performing fellatio and interviews with the bobbing and ubiquitous Shirley MacLaine instead of someone like Jean-Paul Sartre.

John Thiel
Lafayette, Indiana

*Shirley will be interviewing Jean-Paul next month.*

**THE NATURAL**

Craig Vetter's *Against the Wind* (PLAYBOY, September) has given me something to identify with. I married a girl with a crook in her nose, and she not only never got around to getting it fixed, she gained weight and got ugly to boot. If it's true that imperfections give us character, then she would have made Vetter's *ears* hard. After I went overseas in 1969, I found out she was sleeping with my best friend, *his* best friend and somebody *none of us* liked very much. In my last letter to her, I had her send me a close-up of her face, which I had blown up into a poster. Then, when she wrote and told me who she was sleeping with lately, I'd just stare for hours at her bigger-than-life crooked nose. It gave me strength to get up, go out and get laid.

(Name withheld by request)
Indianapolis, Indiana

**PERFECT SLEEPER**

Once again, you've come through for me. I have always had this weakness for blondes, and Miss September, Kimberly Evenson, leaves me breathless. She is very beautiful, has a great personality and—as if that weren't enough—her athletic talents make her even sexier. I can hardly wait to see her as Playmate of the Year.

D. Dave
Strathmere, New Jersey

I don't think we have to go any further to find the new Playmate of the Year. Kimberly Evenson definitely gets my vote. Any chance of getting another peek at your future superstar?

J. M. Maxwell
Omaha, Nebraska

*Potential superstardom can be a headache, J.M., and so can being roused from a deep*

*sleep for a "Dear Playboy" picture. Next time, write a little later in the day.*

The dynamic range of the Toshiba V-S46 is a window rattling, speaker-blowing 80 dB. And there's much more to it than meets the ear. Such as four video heads for snow-free slow mo and freeze frame. A 20-function wireless remote. Plus front loading and 117 cable channels. Turn it up and you'll either want to buy a new pair of speakers. Or have to.

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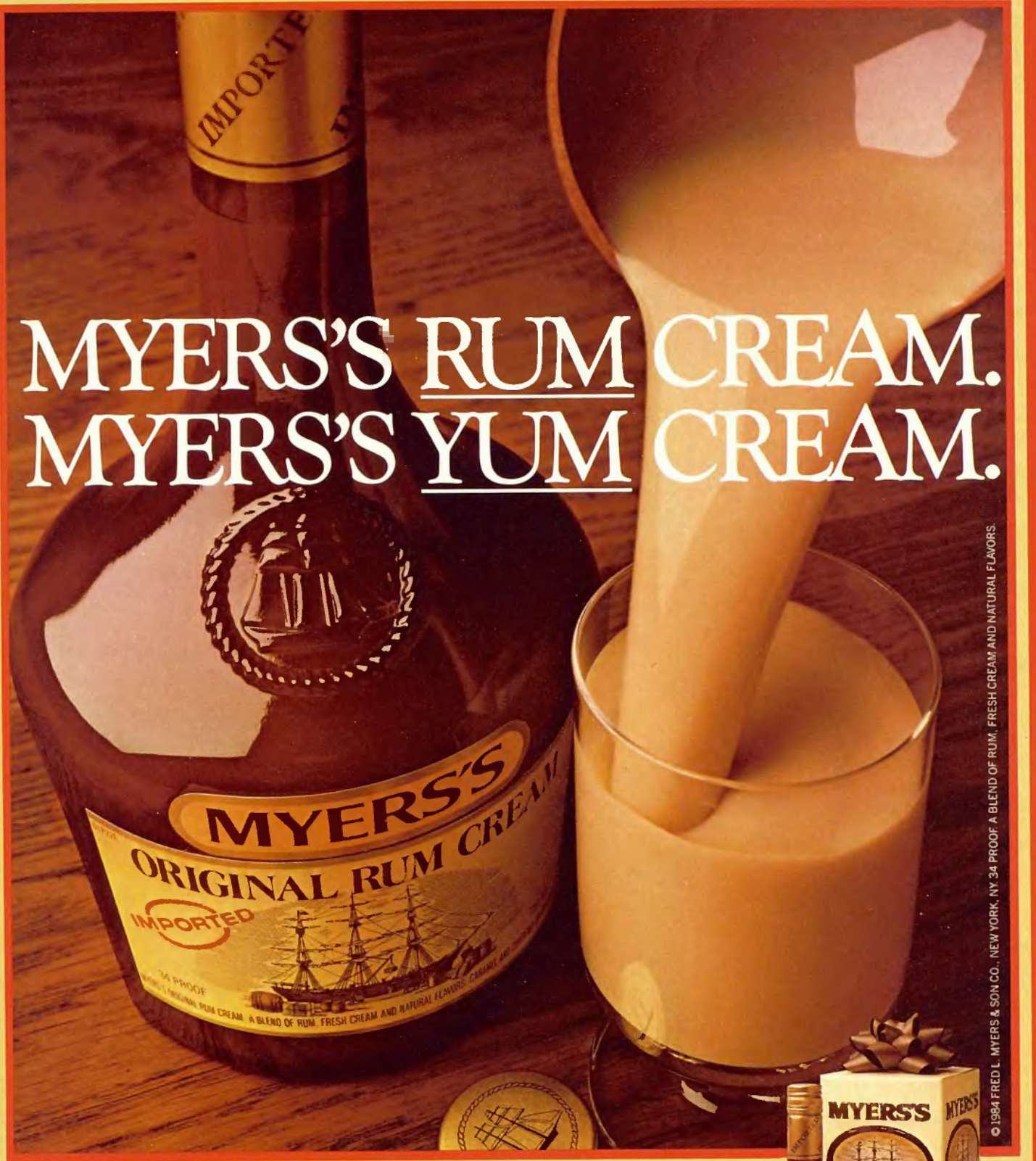


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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

### IN BRIEF

Jim Palmer, quoted in the *Seattle Post Intelligencer*, describes his new emission standards: "I felt very ill at ease when I first started sitting at a table signing pictures of me in my underwear. It's funny, but it's like when you do an appearance as a baseball player; they expect you to come in your uniform. Now that I'm with Jockey, they expect you to come in your underwear."

•

Curb your classified! The Port Arthur, Texas, *News* ran the following ad: "$100 reward! Lost! Female light brown, short-haired, looks like a Doberman."

•

It's *your* life, pal: A *Chicago Sun-Times* columnist pondered the following question: "If something comes on a bed of lettuce, is it OK to eat the lettuce?"

### WASTED SPACE

Not everything is coming up roses at NASA. After five years and $12,000,000, the agency is still plagued by the reluctance of the space-shuttle toilets to function properly.

On eight of the 12 trips made by Challenger, Columbia and Discovery, the multimillion-dollar heads have malfunctioned. Not the least of the problems is the fact that the equipment must work in zero gravity. Last year, Sally Ride and Fred Hauck had to fix a toilet with a camera bracket. "It has been very disappointing," said Dan Germany, crew-equipment manager at the Johnson Space Center. "Nobody likes to think that the world's greatest right-stuff guys can't go up there and go to the bathroom."

In years past, astronauts freeze-dried human waste and brought it back to earth. They also experimented with plastic bags, low-residue diets and, for their occasional space walks, diapers. In case you want to know what Soviet cosmonauts do with their by-products, *The Miami Herald* reported that NASA officials do not know but suspect they're thrown overboard.

•

The *Mainichi Daily News* of Osaka, Japan, told it as straight as it could when it headlined a story "HOME MART SOFT, SO CONDOM FIRMS HIKE EXPORTS."

•

Scientific minds of the Du Pont Company and the Maryland Air Management Administration are on the case to solve a baffling problem that Baltimore women suffered during last summer's heat wave. It seems that large numbers of the women found that their panty hose disintegrated during the inclement weather. Researchers postulate that when sulphuric acid in the air mixes with high humidity, it can turn into an acid mist. The mist then attacks buildings—and panty hose. Another theory accuses heavy smog, with its nitrogen oxides and hydrocarbons, which can attack materials such as rubber and nylon. We will keep you informed as this story unravels.

•

In Chicago, the latest step in break dancing is being performed by the Broke Dancers—four out-of-work executives who have hit the pavements to make a living. They appear on Friday and Saturday nights wearing three-piece suits, carrying briefcases and, according to the *Chicago Tribune*, "boogieing to a ghetto blaster the size of a twin bed."

•

And how! The nuptials of Miss Pei Eng Wang and Mr. Ronald Roy Burns were announced this way in the *Akron Beacon Journal*: "BURNS-WANG."

•

*Thanks, We Needed That Department:* Audiotel, the telephone division of car-stereo manufacturer Audiovox, now solves the problem of what to do if you are not in your car to answer your expensive cellular auto phone. A new device will tell callers in a synthesized voice where you can be reached or will record their local phone numbers in its memory. If you are within sight or sound of your car, it can also alert you by honking the horn and flashing the headlights five times.

### THE PINSTRIPED SAVAGE

The following wishful headline appeared in the Duluth *News-Tribune & Herald*: "U.S. BANKS WRESTLE WITH ARGENTINE DEB." Next they'll claim there was a high yield on the rollover, which led to massive inflation.

### INTERNAL FLOWER STRUGGLE

A recent issue of *The Begonian*, the publication of the American Begonia Society, announced that a member of its executive

# A LITTLE LEARNING, INC.
## Adult Education Network

**INDOOR *SUSHI* HANG GLIDING FOR SINGLES #117**

**Mon. 8 P.M.** **Course Fee: $75**

Ever wish you could soar through the air eating raw seafood—without being married? Ever wish you could meet smart single people—without bashing full face into a sheer cliff? No sweat! Even if you don't know *chirashi* from a *shiksa*, you can achieve the age-old dreams of flight, high protein and permanent intimate relationships right in your own apartment!

***Richard Liebmann-Smith*** hangs out at The Flying Fish, New York's hottest singles *sushi* bar. His seafood has appeared in *The New York Times*, *Parade* and *Our Town*.

**FREE WILL—HOW TO GET IT, HOW TO USE IT #354**

**Weds. 8 P.M.** **Course Fee: $50**

How did Ronald Reagan get to be President? What makes Michael Jackson wear a big silver glove all the time? Sure, these biggies have money! Sure, these biggies have talent! Sure, these biggies have intense personal weirdness! But they also have free will—and the sizzling savvy to make it work for them.

In this fun workshop, you'll start with a simple act of free will—paying your course fee in cash, personal check or registered money order. Then, that very same evening, you'll move into more complex choices: Red wine or white? Wet fly or dry?

Even if you now experience yourself as the pathetic puppet of deterministic forces laughably beyond your control, here's your opportunity to do whatever you want *for the rest of your life*!

***Richard Liebmann-Smith*** can teach any course he wants.

**THE FLY-TYING EXPERIENCE #425**

**Thurs. 8 P.M.** **Course Fee: $45**

Now you can unleash the hidden power in your fingers to create amazingly lifelike insect imitations out of fur, feathers and space-age synthetics! Get with it! Get hot! Get moving with the key to success in the Eighties and meet the scintillating people who are making the fly-tying scene.

Whether it's traditional wet flies, dry flies, bucktails or streamers—even those elegant classical salmon dressings—why not whip out your hackle pliers and go for it?

Today, you may not know Richard Liebmann-Smith from an Adams; but in just four fun weeks, he'll have you turning out delicate midge nymphs that will attract stable sexual partners—and huge rainbow trout!

***Richard Liebmann-Smith,*** author of *Fear of Fly-Tying*, stars in the hot fishing videos *Creel People* and *Where's My Line?*

HEY, LOOK! Bring five friends and *your* course is half price! Bring a dead wood duck and it's free!

**WINE PARTY #613**

**Sat. 8 P.M.** **Course Fee: $50**

Yes, it's wine spodeeodee bop bop, and there's no Pouilly-Fuisséing around when wine maven Richard Liebmann-Smith uncorks his towering oenological oexpertise for your oedification. You'll tune into:

- Which wines contain the most alcohol
- Which foods go with wine
- Which foods contain the most wine

And while you discover the real high of wine drinking, you'll be swept into the very eye of the Big Apple's blazing social maelstrom. Break out the chopsticks and gliders to chomp and swoop through a crisp and clean East Side apartment. Banzai! Care for another glass of wine? How about a *vin* straight from France? Then grab yourself a dynamite sexual partner and whip-finish a couple of dozen festive royal coachmen! Wet or dry, red or white, married or single—the choices are all yours on this magical night of a lifetime!

***Richard Liebmann-Smith*** has a huge nose.

**CLEAN MY APARTMENT #755**

**Sun. 9 A.M.** **Course Fee: $50**

Maybe *your* place is antiseptic, but what about *mine*? Here's the chance of a lifetime to discover entirely new fluid patterns of body usage and get plenty of hands-on cleanser experience. If you can work a sponge, you've got what it takes to "clean up" in the dynamic, fast-moving world of my apartment!

Section A: Wine stains
Section B: Feather clumps
Section C: Fish detritus
Section D: Wood-duck carcasses

***Richard Liebmann-Smith*** will be back at five, in case anyone calls. There's lunch in the fridge.

board had resigned his position. A.B.S. secretary George Ghiotto found himself in a conflict of interest when he was elected president of the National Fuchsia Society. We wonder if the conflict was considered double-dipping or cross-pollination.

•

Talk about cruel and unusual punishment. Consider this headline in the Orlando, Florida, *Sentinel*: "KILLER SENTENCED TO DIE FOR SECOND TIME IN TEN YEARS."

### FECKLESS CHAIN-SAW SELF-MASSACRE

Briefly at loggerheads with his own saw, a Mississippi lumberman found help before recklessness became necklessness. "I cut one big tree," Forthman Murff told the Associated Press, "then all of a sudden a downdraft pulled a limb from another tree . . . it fell on my shoulder and knocked me about ten feet into a ditch." The 74-year-old logger fell on his still-running chain saw, which severed his windpipe and esophagus and three of his four jugular veins. "It made me mad," Murff said of finding his head hanging by a thread, "and I just threw that saw off." He dug himself out and drove to the nearest house; a neighbor realized something was awry and took him to the hospital.

"There's no way he should have lived through that," said Dr. Roger Lowery, a member of the medical team that helped Murff get his head straight. Dr. Lowery added that Murff "probably will eventually be normal." He'll have quite a hickey, though.

### THE HOWLING

Last summer, the civil rights of 6500 Smithtown, New York, dogs were muzzled by the town board.

Because of numerous complaints, Smithtown canines are now prohibited from barking for more than 15 minutes at a stretch. Prolonged yowling will cost their masters $50 for a first offense, $100 for a second offense and $500 and a possible 15-day jail term for a third.

Irate pet owners have vowed to fight for "our dogs' constitutional rights." In fact, Smithtown wags have suggested that additional wording be added to the Equal Rights Amendment to include both biological and aesthetic dogs.

•

In Bangkok, the Thai Population and Community Development Association marked the Fourth of July by providing free vasectomies for 80 men in a mobile clinic outside the United States Ambassador's home. "What could be more a fitting celebration of freedom and independence for couples who have completed their families?" asked Mechai Viravaidya, the group's secretary-general.

•

Who wouldn't be? According to the headline in the Broward County, Florida, *Sun-Tattler*, "FIVE-AND-A-HALF-FOOT BOA CAUGHT IN TOILET; WOMAN RELIEVED."

# GUINNESS

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I certify I am of legal drinking age in my state of residence as of November 1, 1984.

Handprint your name, address and completed phrase and mail to:

Name (please print)_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

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**P.O. Box 3779, Syosset, NY 11775**

OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

1. On a plain 3" x 5" paper, handprint your name, address and zip code. Include with your entry the word required to complete the phrase: The First Class Taste of Guinness is "Robust, _____, Satisfying." The answer may be found on the back label of bottles of GUINNESS (except in the state of Florida), or on the GUINNESS FIRST CLASS TASTE SWEEPSTAKES display at participating licensed alcoholic beverage dealers. You may also write for a label facsimile to: GUINNESS LABEL, P.O. Box 3806, Syosset, NY 11775. Requests for a label facsimile must be received by January 1, 1985.
2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately to: GUINNESS FIRST CLASS TASTE SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 3779, Syosset, NY 11775. Entries must be received by January 31, 1985.
3. **Winner will be selected in a random drawing from among all correctly completed entries received by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this sweepstakes. Winner may be asked to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release. Prize will be awarded and winner notified by mail. Prize is nontransferable. Winner may elect to receive either the car or a cash prize of $30,000.00. Taxes, and licensing fees, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winner. No responsibility is assumed for lost, misdirected, or late mail.**
4. Sweepstakes open to U.S. residents of legal drinking age in the state of their home residence as of November 1, 1984, except employees and their families of GUINNESS-HARP CORPORATION, its affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and promotion agencies, participating alcoholic beverage wholesalers, retailers, and licensees, and DON JAGODA ASSOCIATES, INC. This offer is void in the states of OH, TX, KS, MO, UT, PA, OK, and wherever else prohibited. Subject to all federal, state and local laws.
5. **For the name of the winner, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: GUINNESS FIRST CLASS TASTE WINNER, P.O. Box 3852, Syosset, NY 11775.**

Entries must be received by January 31, 1985. No Purchase Necessary.

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NOT *THE MAKING OF "THRILLER"*: Once, a musician who had never appeared in a music video met a horror-film maker who'd never directed one. Eureka, they decided to make one together. Above, vid virgins Bruce Springsteen and Brian De Palma team up on the *Dancing in the Dark* video.

**FRANKIEPHILIA:** Every so often, English music sprouts a Beatles or a Sex Pistols, a band with a reputation so huge at home that a spillover to the United States is inevitable. This year's crop has yielded **Frankie Goes to Hollywood,** five boys from Liverpool (honest!) who have breached even the most conservative domestic strongholds with but two singles, *Relax* and *Two Tribes*. The first, interpreted as a paean to homosexual love, was accompanied by publicity photos of Frankie Goes to Hollywood in full leather drag. It earned the group a BBC ban and the dogged admiration of at least half the British public, who kept it at the top of music-trade charts for nearly a year. Ascending in its tracks was *Two Tribes*, an equally controversial dance groove that contemplated U.S.-Soviet war.

All the hype has engendered its own civil war, being fought right now on the battleground of English chests. Pro-Frankie forces are clad in white, oversized T-shirts with black block letters warning FRANKIE SAY WAR! HIDE YOURSELF!, while the opposition counters with WE SAY FRANKIE! GET LOST! America should brace itself, as the band (no member of which answers to the name of Frankie, incidentally) has recently surfaced here with its album, *Welcome to the Pleasure Dome*. —BARBARA PEPE

**REVOLUTION NUMBER TEN:** "I've never felt more out of sync with my own country than I do now. There's this horror show going on all around us, and we're in this *cocoon*. I don't feel the horror out there, the sense of imminent disaster coming that I feel inside me. It feels like the Fifties—'don't bother me, just let me keep what I have and who cares what happens beyond our borders?' That's very scary to me. There's never been more information available than there is now—I want people to *look* at it."

With those convictions, **Steve Van Zandt** put together his second album with the Disciples of Soul, *Voice of America*, the first politically urgent LP in at least ten years. With the pop world currently caught up in dancing and loving and loving and dancing, jealousy and androgyny, where does Van Zandt (formerly Little Steven of the E Street Band) think he's going with a revolutionary rock record?

"Everybody's a bit nervous about the fate of *Voice of America*, because of the old politics-and-rock-don't-mix thing," Van Zandt answered. "But I've always felt that rock 'n' roll is inherently political. There may not be another record around like this, exactly, in terms of being 100 percent political. Some of the Irish bands, like U2, are doing something unique and new for this era, because they're talking about real-life problems, and that's enough for a start. I hope it starts to involve more bands—that's the only way it's gonna work.

"Do you know there are 40 wars going on right now? The paralysis of our fear, of our reaction to that kind of thing, is what we gotta fight." And rock can do that? "Rock 'n' roll," he says with a lethal gaze, "is about being free."

Wonder if they'd let a man with earrings run for President in 1988?—LAURA FISSINGER

**NEWS AND SPORTS:** Huey Lewis is not the kind of guy who takes a called third strike. After a 1980 debut album that didn't get out of the infield, **Huey Lewis and the News** produced their second effort themselves and came out slugging on the third, *Sports*. At last count, four singles from *Sports* were in the stands.

While they spent most of the year in concert and in transit, the boys found time to make a minor reputation in the major leagues with their barbershop-she-bop rendition of the national anthem—most visibly, at last summer's All-Star Game in Candlestick Park. How did Huey feel singing in his hometown ball park for 50,000 live ones and a couple of million watching on TV?

He answered, "Dave Winfield. Reggie Jackson. Rod Carew. Those guys were watching *me*! After we sang, someone said, 'Hey, Huey. Ron Cey says the Cubs are on top now because they play your records before their games.' Can you believe that? Man, my knees went weak.

"I think of my gigs like they were games," he continued, "and I keep score. Some gigs are three–nothing shutouts. Some you squeak by ten–nine. We did a show in Chicago and the reviewer wrote, 'Blah, blah, Huey Lewis is a kinda nice guy, blah, blah.' I read that and thought, *Wait a minute*. That night, we played a good clean game, no errors. And I was, like, three for five!"

Here's wishing you a .350 career average, Huey, and a gig in Cooperstown. —PAMELA MARIN

## REVIEWS

Hey, if all these English flock-of-haircut bands make you want to nuke the New Wave, and if heavy-metal exhortations to get your dick hard leave you limp, here's the record for you: ***Frontier Days*** (EMI-America), by The Del-Lords. Named after

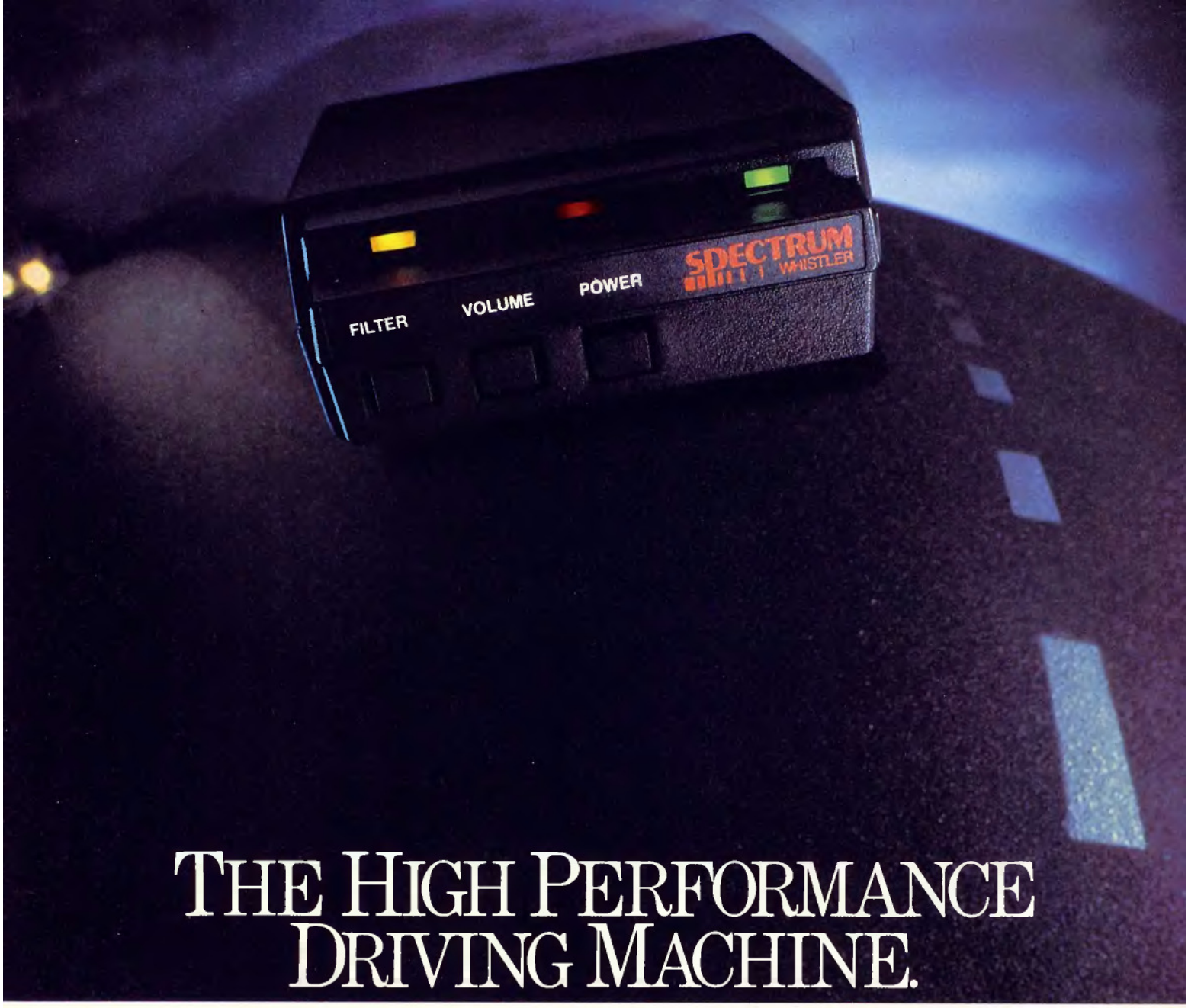
## TRUST US

**HOT**

**Lindsey Buckingham / *Go Insane***
**Michael Hedges / *Aerial Boundaries***
**Bobby & the Midnites / *Where the Beat Meets the Street***
**Bonnie Pointer / *If the Price Is Right***
**Afrika Bambaataa & James Brown / *Unity***

**NOT**

**Julio Iglesias / *1100 Bel Air Place***

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the director of The Three Stooges' movies, the D.-L.s play traditional rock 'n' roll—somewhere between the early Beatles and Creedence Clearwater Revival—but with terrific new songs by leader Scott Kempner, whose concerns range from being in love with his wife(!) to having fun when he's broke. No clichés, no obscurities to prove how artistic he is and no tunes you can't happily hum along with. He and co-guitarist Eric Ambel play their Fenders where they were meant to be played: low on the neck. And the rhythm section of Manny Caiati (bass) and Frank Funaro (drums) could make the collective membership of the D.A.R. throw their panties onstage.

•

A new Frank Sinatra album is always an *event*. ***L.A. Is My Lady*** (Qwest) is no exception. Carefully prepared by the singer, producer-conductor Quincy Jones and key musicians on both coasts, it contains good material and a few magical moments. But time is playing its game with Sinatra; he sometimes lacks the physical edge and the technical finesse of the past. The ideas, the conception, the phrasing are there; only the voice doesn't consistently deliver. He is helped on this essentially contemporary-pop album by the jazz flavors brought to it by Lionel Hampton, George Benson, Frank Wess, Urbie Green, et al. Good charts by Frank Foster and Torrie Zito add weight. If only Sinatra had stayed on the level of *Teach Me Tonight* and the title song all the way through.

•

The Modern Jazz Quartet—John Lewis (piano), Milt Jackson (vibes), Percy Heath (bass) and Connie Kay (drums)—makes a welcome return to records after a few years away with ***Echoes—The Modern Jazz Quartet 1984—Together Again*** (Pablo). An ensemble in the best sense of the word, the group *interprets* six originals—three by Lewis, two by Jackson, one by Heath—with ease, vitality and unusual thoughtfulness, bringing to the music the sort of expressiveness that comes only with time and the true melding of talents. Subtlety is the key to the quartet's work; all the material swings quietly, persuasively, capturing the listener in a most charming manner. One wonders, however, what would happen if all the stops were pulled?

•

As one of the Bronx unknowns in *Beat Street*, Tina B played a ruffian dance-'n'-roller, entertaining her fellow hip-hoppers with *Nothing's Gonna Come Easy*. The song is one of nine on her first album, ***Tina B*** (Elektra), but don't expect solid pop and break here, even if the cuts are produced by dance king Arthur Baker and John Robie. Fact is, Brooklyn-born Tina B was weaned on such neighborhood heroes as Reparata and the Delrons and the Cookies. After such an early education, her graduation to girl-group leader on *Ooh Baby* and, especially, *Perception* naturally

# FAST TRACKS

**YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE THIS ONE DEPARTMENT:** The Pittsburgh-based International Hug Center, a nonprofit organization that considers everyone a member, has come up with a top-ten list of the most huggable. You say, "So what?" Wait. The list includes Mother Teresa, Ling-Ling, the celebrated panda from Washington's National Zoo, and Michael Jackson. We just couldn't resist illustrating those three famous faces together. So remember: A kiss is just a kiss and a sigh is just a sigh, but a hug ends up being big news. OK?

**CLOSE SHAVE:** **Gillette** approached **ZZ Top** and offered big bucks for **Billy Gibbons** and **Dusty Hill** to remove their beards for a TV ad. No soap. Gibbons refused, saying that he was too ugly to do it and the band was too ugly, too.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** Producer **Allan Carr's** latest discovery is disco singer **Sylvester,** who has a new stage show and an album out. Carr is planning to take his hit Broadway musical *La Cage aux Folles* to the silver screen and hopes to find Sylvester a part in it. . . . **David Bowie** has done the sound track for the new film version of **George Orwell's** *1984*. . . . **Ron Wood's** flame, actress **Kim Basinger,** has found a small part for Woodie in *9½ Weeks*. Says Ron of acting, "It's just too much hard work. They keep making us do it over and over again. I need an easier life." Like hanging out with **Keith**? . . . The saga of *Purple Rain* continues: The Licensing Corporation of America has acquired rights to the name, logo and characters from the film, so you can expect buttons, posters and a line of clothes. What, no purple motorcycles?

**NEWSBREAKS:** Have you heard about rock in rio? A 90-hour music festival to take place in Rio de Janeiro in January, featuring 14 of the world's major music groups, is being put together by the president of Brazil's foremost advertising and promo firm. These are the same people who lured **Sinatra** to Rio and made the *Guinness Book of World Records* for attracting the largest one-night paid audience for a single artist—175,000 people. So dig out your sun screen. . . . You'll be hearing **Julian Lennon's** album from Atlantic any minute. . . . Go out and buy *The Life and Times of Little Richard* (Harmony), by **Charles White.** You'll never read a more candid version of early life on the road than this one. Richard's amazing honesty makes him sound like a decent guy. . . . With the **Jacksons** supposedly getting a $4,000,000 up-front guarantee for tour merchandising and **Van Halen** grossing more than $500,000 from the sale of T-shirts and memorabilia during a recent three-night stand, you can believe that rock merchandising is a very hot topic these days. Current policy, which **Journey's** manager, **Herbie Herbert,** is trying to persuade auditorium managers to change, allows halls to take 40 percent of the headliner's merchandising and 50 percent of the opening act's sales. Says Herbert, "Even **Al Capone** took only 50 percent of your profits, not 40 percent of your gross." Stay tuned. . . . Former **Allman Brothers** members **Dickey Betts** and **Chuck Leavell** have teamed up with former **Wet Willie** member **Jimmy Hall.** They're on the road now and plan an album, but the first order of business is to find a good, short name for the band. Leavell has also been working with **Jagger** on his solo album. About that, he says, "It's definitely Jagger." . . . Speaking of **Mick,** his famous biography is about a year behind schedule. It seems that Mr. Mouth is having some trouble remembering certain parts of his life. Can you believe it?

**RANDOM RUMORS:** We hear that **Deep Purple's Ritchie Blackmore** was turned down by Vermont state officials when he tried to lease a mountain. Blackmore wanted to put speakers all over the mountain, play the group's tapes and record the results for posterity. We do love all the grand gestures in rock 'n' roll. *That*'s showbiz! —BARBARA NELLIS

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•

Zoltán Kodály isn't sufficiently well known outside his native Hungary. Joseph Sefel wants to change that. His Sefel Records of Canada has issued six albums of Kodály's choral and symphonic work (available in a set or separately) that should bring him to a larger audience. Sefel's plan was to take Árpád Joó—one of Kodály's protégés—and match him with the major Hungarian orchestras (the Budapest Symphony, the Budapest Philharmonic and the Hungarian State Concert Orchestra) to obtain the most sympathetic and realistic renditions of Kodály's major works. The better-known works are the most successful: The ***Háry János Suite,*** the ***Psalmus Hungaricus*** and the ***Te Deum*** are all attractively performed on sparkling digital recordings. The other selections in the series are earnest readings but still come off as a little too brooding—at least for non-Hungarians. But Sefel Records has a star in Joó, and he and his sponsor bear further watching. Sefel is a small company that does things right.

•

Weather Report effectively mingles electronic and acoustic sounds, multiple ideas and patterns from several areas of music on ***Domino Theory*** (Columbia), its 12th album. Showcasing a relatively new edition of the unit, headed by Joe Zawinul (keyboards) and Wayne Shorter (saxophones) and including Omar Hakim (drums), Victor Bailey (bass) and Jose Rossy (percussion), the LP is slick and often provocative, but seldom does it capture the imagination. It catches the ear, even the pulse of the times but frequently lacks humanity and depth.

### SHORT CUTS

***Animotion*** (Mercury/PolyGram): First time out for the L.A. band of the same name. Good dance pop, exciting vocalists.

**James Blood Ulmer / *Part Time*** (Rough Trade): Recorded live at Montreux, this is guitar future and past.

**King Sunny Ade and His African Beats / *Aura*** (Island): This third LP by Nigeria's main man evokes the adventure of a trip to Lagos at one twentieth the cost. So what if he doesn't sing in English?

**Giorgio Moroder / *Metropolis*** (Columbia): Giorgio can't get disco out of his soul even for this historic new sound track for Fritz Lang's masterpiece. But he drives the synthesized tracks to dizzying heights of agitation and then asks some of the greatest talents of the pop world to leap, which they do with varying degrees of success. Weird stuff.

***The Best of Gil Scott-Heron*** (Arista): *The Revolution Will Not Be Televised* and other pieces of pre-MTV social comment. Gil is still a thrill.

**Wendy O. Williams / *Wow*** (Passport): A more apt title would be *Whoa*.

# BOOKS

More than a decade after our first romp with Isadora Zelda White Stollerman Wing, the sexy itinerant poetess of *Fear of Flying*, author Erica Jong straps her earth-loving protagonist with a small child, a big house, loads of dough and a sleazy accountant—and sends her headlong into the Eighties. The Isadora of ***Parachutes & Kisses*** (NAL Books) is 39 and finishing her third marriage. Between her struggles with writer's block and the vagaries of nannies, she enjoys the favors of "a drugged-out disc jockey . . . a cuddly Jewish banker . . . a blue-eyed Southern writer . . . a Swedish real-estate developer . . . a lapsed rabbi . . . a well-hung 26-year-old. . . ." Sound like fun? Well, it is, in a way, for Isadora and for us. Jong writes rowdy, juicy, delicious sex—sometimes funny, sometimes agonizing, never, never, never boring. But, like this mature Isadora, we need more than a good *schtup* to stay tuned. And Jong is unable or unwilling to let Isadora wrestle with much more than the bed sheets.

•

Stephen King's unerring sense of what scares and invigorates us, combined with Peter Straub's talent for plot convolution and spooky undertone, makes ***The Talisman*** (Viking) a thrill-a-minute collaboration. Twelve-year-old Jack Sawyer discovers a parallel plane of existence called the Territories, where people in the "real" world have twins and where the battle between good and evil is fought tooth and nail. In order to save his dying mother and her twin, the Territories' dying queen, Jack must cross the country and bring back the mystical Talisman. His trek leads him through a great deal of wondrous territory, a bunch of literally terrific supporting characters and more slime than a Roto-Rooter man sees in a lifetime. *The Talisman* owes a great deal to the adventure game Dungeons & Dragons. As a tale of medieval magic, bizarre creatures and a grand, world-redeeming quest, *The Talisman* is a novelized role-playing game.

•

Two books about Vietnam, both worth reading:

***Bloods: An Oral History of the Vietnam War by Black Veterans*** (Random House), by Wallace Terry, is a series of interviews with 20 veterans ranging in rank from private first class to full colonel. It is a book rich in complexity, prideful of race, haunting in its voices. "I really feel used. I feel manipulated. I feel violated," says one veteran, winner of two Bronze Stars. On the other hand, an Army captain reports, "Career officers and enlisted men like me did not go back to a hostile environment in America. We went back to bases where we were assimilated and congratulated. . . . I was at peace with myself." The range of reactions is wide, and what makes *Bloods* so interesting is the humanity, the individuality of the narrators: A Marine remembers the first man he killed; an Army interpreter recalls his work with orphans and Vietnamese civilians; a recoilless-rifleman confesses that when he was 12 years old, he had a vision of war and jail (he ended up in both); a radarman who was stationed at Cam Ranh Bay talks about the ease and safety of his assignment. *Bloods* describes the horrors of war, yes—but also the diversity of the human spirit.

From *Fear of Flying* to grappling with life.

Erica Jong's new novel flies; more horror from Stephen King; Vietnam revisited, twice.

Wounds from the Vietnam war are reopened.

***Payback: Five Marines After Vietnam*** (Knopf), by Joe Klein, is an in-depth study that was motivated by a frightening statistic: "By 1980, more Vietnam veterans had died since they came home than had been killed in the war," writes Klein. After reading of a Marine vet named Gary Cooper who went berserk and was killed by the police in January 1981, Klein visited Cooper's widow, reviewed scrapbooks, photo albums and memorabilia from Vietnam and saw this as the symbolic place to begin his search. Cooper led to Taylor, who led to Steiner, who led to Wakefield, who led to Szuminski. All the men are white; all led varied lives, both before and after Vietnam. Credit Klein with having created in *Payback* a book that reads like a novel but is founded on fact.

•

Paul Theroux, one of our favorite writers, has a book of two short novels out, ***Half Moon Street*** (Houghton Mifflin). In the first *novella*, *Doctor Slaughter*, the heroine, Lauren, leads a double life. At night, she's a high-class prostitute; during the day, she's a respected fellow at an institute that studies international problems. Her specialty in both lives is the Middle East: its men, its oil. Lauren is sexy, intelligent—and dangerously naïve. In the second *novella*, *Doctor DeMarr*, Gerald DeMarr also leads a double life—as himself and as his identical twin, George. And George leads a very shady life. We're partial to *Doctor Slaughter*, since we'll take attractive ladies over middle-aged men any day, but both stories are entertaining and we recommend them.

•

James Grady, author of *Six Days of the Condor*, has created an uncommon hero for his new novel—a young detective who jogs, does cocaine and is a fan of Bruce Springsteen's. The novel is ***Runner in the Street*** (Macmillan) and the character is John Rankin, formerly a Washington, D.C., reporter, currently a capital-city P.I. Our hero, feeling morally bound to investigate the mysterious death of a down-in-the-mouth client, gets caught in a complex and deadly political maze. Rankin manages to find his way out but only after suffering a bruised body and a bruised ego. Grady has promised to write other novels starring Rankin. We certainly hope he does.

### BOOK BAG

***Computer Gardening Made Simple*** (Zick), by Charlie "Chip" DeJardin: Now you can *grow* computers in your very own patch! With valuable information on weather (a hard freeze will damage VDTs), debugging (ladybugs can tear apart a keyboard patch) and accessories (modems, it seems, are related to potatoes), this book may pave the way for canned software from Campbell. Better put it on your menu.

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# MOVIES

## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

DIRECTOR Norman Jewison's ***A Soldier's Story*** (Columbia) is a riveting screen adaptation by Charles Fuller of his own Pulitzer Prize–winning *A Soldier's Play*. There are still signs of stagy contrivance in the film's flashbacks, each triggered by cat-and-mouse interrogations about a murder. Howard E. Rollins, Jr. (he was Coalhouse Walker in *Ragtime*), is the sober investigating attorney, a black Army captain sent to find out who killed Technical Sergeant Vernon Waters (Adolph Caesar) on an isolated road outside a Louisiana Army camp. The time is 1944, when the U.S. Armed Forces were still segregated, and *Soldier's Story* seethes with complex social implications in its subtext—trickier because the murder victim was black, albeit an arrogant, light-skinned toady who played the white man's game. Virtually stealing the show in a reprise of the role he created onstage, Caesar is dynamic as the deceased Waters—a paranoid, tortured racist who showed no mercy to his "ignorant" black brethren and might logically have been marked for death by men of any race, creed or Klan.

Partly because of some flat spots in its narrative flow, *Soldier's Story* cannot match the high suspense and holding power that distinguished *In the Heat of the Night*, which won Jewison a 1967 Oscar for best picture (and is still his best picture). Such hard-edged message movies are a rarity in our complacent era, but this showpiece, set to a bluesy musical score and performed to the hilt by a fine company, is also a compelling murder mystery, resonant as well as relevant, with much more to offer than a message. ¥¥¥½

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Chosen to open this year's New York Film Festival, ***Country*** (Buena Vista) is a strong, emotionally high-pitched and superbly acted drama about the plight of today's American farmer. It also demonstrates, once more, the blazing talent and intelligence of actress Jessica Lange: She coproduced the movie (with William D. Wittliff, author of the screenplay) and co-stars with actor-writer Sam Shepard, hereby boosting his movie-star stock another notch. Although *Country* is a rustic catalog of woes, you *will* be moved when unfeeling Government agencies start to foreclose on farm loans, driving families into bankruptcy after they've tilled the same land for generations. While she doesn't quite become the Norma Rae of the Iowa corn belt, it's Jessica who stands up to authority when economic pressures threaten to tear her family apart.

I'd admire *Country* more if it were considerably less schematic, since the screenplay suggests that a cruel incumbent Administration is out to destroy rural America—occasionally stating the case so baldly that the Democratic National Committee might gladly issue an endorsement. But the movie also fudges the fine points, letting us wonder whether Shepard and his neighbors are, as charged, simply inept, outmoded farmers who cannot see the folly of raising corn for a guaranteed net loss of 73 cents per bushel. *Country* obviously aspires to be a contemporary *Grapes of Wrath* and falls far short of that goal. But Jessica, Sam and company help bridge the gap, while director Richard Pearce uses the American Gothic heartland as a stunning backdrop. ¥¥¥

Rollins and troops in *A Soldier's Story*.

Three tough, terrific movies: *A Soldier's Story*, *Country* and *Teachers*.

Shepard, Lange superb in *Country*.

Nolte, Williams earn A's in *Teachers*.

•

An illiterate former student brings a lawsuit against a big-town high school for allowing him to graduate without an education. Ironically named for John F. Kennedy, the school is a hotbed of burned-out idealism where the plaintiff's lawyer (JoBeth Williams) arrives to find overwhelming disorder—one truant being treated for a stab wound and the staff psychologist flipping out, while a certified lunatic walks in, altogether undetected, and starts teaching American history. What do you call such chaos? "Monday" is the cynical answer offered in ***Teachers*** (MGM/UA), an angry, often mordantly funny indictment of U.S. secondary education. Nick Nolte co-stars with Williams, bringing rugged, subtle intelligence to a new kind of role for him, as a once-dedicated teacher who no longer believes in the system or in his own ability to communicate. Sure, he falls in love with JoBeth, herself a former student who remembers his better years. However, that touch of conventional movie romance does not especially lighten the impact of W. R. McKinney's tough-minded screenplay, forcefully directed by Arthur Hiller. Ralph Macchio, Judd Hirsch, Lee Grant, Allan Garfield and Richard Mulligan roam the halls performing helpful errands or hindering progress, while the film's sock-rock musical sound track sets the pace for a pungently topical youth drama that is actually *about* something. That in itself seems a refreshing change. Shooting for maximal authenticity in and around an abandoned school building in Columbus, Ohio, Hiller mounts a strong case against our obtuse educational bureaucracy. There may be an edge of overkill in his polemic, but *Teachers* also throbs with the lively sting of truth. ¥¥¥

•

JoBeth Williams turns up again as the star of ***American Dreamer*** (Warner), seemingly on sabbatical from her sobering stint in *Teachers*. Another American-in-Paris romantic comedy, *Dreamer* introduces a suburban wife and mother who wins a writing contest, takes her first-prize trip abroad, gets bumped on the head and wakes up believing she's the heroine of the

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cloak-and-dagger novels she devours back home. Williams strikes me as far too sensible to play a madcap amnesic adventuress, but she's believable enough for a fitful, occasionally fatuous fantasy that's spirited but lacks the stylish script and direction necessary to sustain it. England's Tom Conti and Italy's Giancarlo Giannini are the overqualified talents wasted in the trivial task of helping JoBeth keep *American Dreamer* lighter than air. Although easy to watch, all three look like hardball players tossing around toy balloons. ¥¥½

•

All about birds and bees, pistils and stamens, lesbians, lust, voyeurism and other arcane erotica, the Australian-made ***Man of Flowers*** (Spectrafilm) introduces an art collector and aesthete (played by Norman Kaye) with peculiar habits. After hiring a model (Alyson Best) to remove her clothes to the strains of the "Love Duet" from Donizetti's *Lucia*, he usually races across the street to play soulful solos on a church organ. And that's not the kinkiest wrinkle in this arresting, fastidiously photographed movie, a Silver Hugo winner in 1983's Chicago International Film Festival, by Paul Cox, who also made the prize-winning *Lonely Hearts* a couple of years ago. Kaye, who starred in both movies, won Australia's best-actor award for *Man of Flowers*, in which he underplays so skillfully that every quirk begins to seem second nature. An altogether original film maker, director Cox is often puzzling, but he's seldom dull. ¥¥½

•

Drenched in the neon lower-depths atmosphere of 42nd Street at its nastiest, ***Fear City*** (Fox) is an effective slice-of-life thriller about a psychopath at large in the fleshpots of Manhattan. Sexy women are his targets, several of them involved with a team of Broadway strip-show bookers played by Tom Berenger and former top male model Jack Scalia—both excellent, though considerably classier than their real-life counterparts might be. Melanie Griffith is poignant and just right as a stripper and sometime junkie who'd be Berenger's steady if he could be faithful and she could stay straight. She's also the killer's target, of course, because that's how these things are managed. Rae Dawn Chong, Ola Ray and Maria Conchita stand out among the potential victims, with nice bits by Rossano Brazzi as a Mafia don and by Billy Dee Williams as a cynical detective. While the title and subject matter smack of sleazy sexploitation, *Fear City* is surprisingly effective as a top-grade B movie. From a knowing screenplay by Nick St. John, director Abel Ferrara—who first attracted attention with an eerie little shocker called *Ms. 45*—scores again, maintaining keen suspense but minimizing gore. I hesitate to spoil him with overzealous praise, but Ferrara's growing film-wise finesse proves again that a movie can generate edge-of-your-seat excitement without buckets of blood. ¥¥½

In *Man of Flowers*, Kaye finds Best's classical peeling appealing.

Quirks from Australia, pastoral charm from France and a gritty U.S. thriller.

Ducreux, Azema in their *Sunday* best.

•

Life itself is the subject of ***A Sunday in the Country*** (MGM/UA Classics), a captivating period piece that has the charm and delicacy of a bucolic small-scale canvas by Renoir or Seurat. Writer-director Bertrand Tavernier won a best-director award at the 1984 Cannes Film Festival for this sensitive adaptation of a novel by Pierre Bost. With a superb cast headed by Louis Ducreux, as a comfortably settled old widower who's had some modest success as a painter, and Sabine Azema—altogether brilliant as his giddy, glamorous daughter, who pops down from Paris in her vintage motorcar—*Sunday*'s concerns are universal, poignant, timeless. Old Monsieur Ladmiral's two children, his beloved Irene (Azema) and his dullish son Gonzague (Michel Aumont), along with Gonzague's wife and several offspring, come to spend a sunny summer Sunday. To the accompaniment of buzzing flies, they all become part of Tavernier's finely orchestrated set of unanswerable questions about love, ambition, art, loneliness, old age, death and sibling rivalry. It is all quite literary and languid, to be sure, and such ruminative philosophizing on film is decidedly not for everyone. But if you're family-oriented and even vaguely responsive to vibrant vignettes of life in a far simpler day and age, *Sunday*'s a soul-filling feast. ¥¥¥½

•

Seemingly serious, Bill Murray flounders in Tyrone Power's footsteps as the soul-searching hero of ***The Razor's Edge*** (Columbia), the W. Somerset Maugham semiclassic first filmed back in 1946. Murray plays it *almost* straight in this earnest, oddly askew remake, which he also adapted in collaboration with director John Byrum. Murray needlessly tosses in some obvious touches of *Saturday Night Live* shtick, as if to spruce up the tale of a well-to-do World War One veteran whose quest for intellectual and spiritual fulfillment takes him from Middle America to Paris to a mountaintop in Tibet. It was *kitschy* and corny on film the first time around, yet Tyrone exuded somberly handsome star power opposite Gene Tierney (as his discarded fiancée) and Anne Baxter (who won an Oscar as the doomed Sophie). Catherine Hicks and Theresa Russell replace Gene and Anne, respectively, and both are better than adequate; James Keach and Denholm Elliott competently manage other major roles. All, however, try in vain to connect with Murray, who deadpans his way through the story, clearly marching to a different drummer. He is apparently so bankable nowadays that his whims become mandatory in Movieland, but this top-Billed *Razor's Edge* smacks more of Murray than of Maugham and is apt to be remembered as a textbook example of ambitious, audacious—and flamboyantly wrong—chemistry. ¥¥

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## MOVIE SCORE CARD

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

***All of Me*** Reincarnation made riotous by Tomlin and Martin. ★★★½

***Amadeus*** An enthralling Mozart bio by Milos Forman and Peter Shaffer. ★★★½

***American Dreamer*** (See review) Amnesic housewife lets her hair down in gay Paree. ★★½

***Bolero*** John Derek's picturesque but puerile erotic fantasy offers a lot of bull—also a lot of Bo, lookin' good. ★★

***The Brother from Another Planet*** Black outer-spaceman visits the inner city. ★★

***Cal*** Today's Ireland with love, plus a pack of troubles. ★★

***Careful He Might Hear You*** Kid's-eye view of a custody fight down under—the best new Aussie import. ★★★½

***Carmen*** Placido Domingo serenades Bizet's baaad lady. ★★★

***Choose Me*** Keith Carradine taking many a sip in a wry toast to romance. ★★½

***Comfort and Joy*** Another canny-Scot comedy from the Bill Forsyth saga. ★★★

***Country*** (See review) Hard times for Lange and Shepard down on the farm. ★★★

***Fear City*** (See review) Cruising Manhattan with a homicidal maniac. ★★½

***First Name: Carmen*** Jean-Luc Godard has *his* day with the classical slut. ★

***Flashpoint*** Kris Kristofferson and Treat Williams, right on target. ★★★

***The Gods Must Be Crazy*** Have slapstick, will travel into darkest Africa. ★★½

***A Joke of Destiny*** The cream of the jest is Tognazzi. ★★½

***Love Streams*** Cassavetes comes a cropper. Sodden. ★

***Man of Flowers*** (See review) Australian erotica, blossoming very brightly. ★★½

***Oxford Blues*** At school in England, Rob Lowe studies a broad. ★

***Places in the Heart*** Depression years in Texas with Sally Field. ★★★½

***Purple Rain*** Prince makes it pour. ★★★

***The Razor's Edge*** (See review) Bill Murray cutting up with Maugham. ★★

***Red Dawn*** John Milius' hate-mongering valentine to World War Three. ★

***Secret Honor*** Richard M. Nixon, through a glass darkly. ★★★

***A Soldier's Story*** (See review) In this man's Army, murder will out. ★★★½

***A Sunday in the Country*** (See review) French provincial, and fine. ★★★½

***Teachers*** (See review) Telling tales out of school—not a pretty story. ★★★

***Tightrope*** Eastwood in high gear as a kinky cop on a killer's trail. ★★½

***Until September*** Paris when it sizzles . . . well, sort of. ★★

***The Woman in Red*** Kelly LeBrock is her name; that's all you need to know. ★★

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


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# COMING ATTRACTIONS

## By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

**IDOL GOSSIP:** 20th Century-Fox is keeping details of **Ron Howard's** new film, *Cocoon*, in, well, a cocoon of secrecy. Starring **Steve Guttenberg, Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, Maureen Stapleton, Wilford Brimley, Don Ameche, Tyrone Power, Jr.,** and **Gwen Verdon,** the film is billed as a "science-fantasy/adventure," with elaborate special effects, courtesy of **George Lucas'** Industrial Light & Magic, costing in the vicinity of $17,000,000. It's director Howard's most ambitious project to date. Due for a Christmas 1985 release, *Cocoon* also marks the screen debut of **Raquel Welch's** daughter, **Tahnee.** . . . Ex–Charlie's Angel **Jaclyn Smith** has been signed to play the lead in NBC-TV's three-hour biopic of **Florence Nightingale.** . . . The long-awaited sequel to *Chinatown*, titled *The Two Jakes*, is set to begin production soon, with **Jack Nicholson** reprising his famous shamus role and **Bob Towne** directing from his own script. . . . **Michael Caine, Anthony Andrews** and **Victoria Tennant** will top-line the film version of **Robert Ludlum's** best-selling thriller *The Holcroft Covenant*.

•

**HOT STUFF:** Some of you may recall a book by **Elizabeth McNeill** that caused quite a stir some years back: *9½ Weeks*, the story of a torrid love affair that lasts only nine and a half weeks. In fact, you may have read the story in PLAYBOY's April 1978 issue. Well, the movie version is finally on the way, directed by **Adrian** (*Flashdance*) **Lyne** and starring **Kim Basinger** and **Mickey Rourke** as the couple who go through the ups and downs of an intensely passionate affair. I'm told the flick will be highly erotic, yet soft-core enough to rate an R. Says director Lyne, "This film is about the kind of passion that verges on lunacy." A spring 1985 release date is planned.

•

**NO HITTER:** In Columbia's *The Slugger's Wife*, **Neil Simon** returns to one of his most durable themes—the mismatched couple. **Michael** (*The Great Santini*) **O'Keefe** plays the Atlanta Braves' home-run king, Darryl Palmer, a player at the top of his form. He's married to a rock singer, played by *Risky Business*' sexy **Rebecca De Mornay.** When the slugger's wife decides to leave him and focus on singing, Palmer's hitting streak abruptly halts. Director **Martin** (*The Front*) **Ritt** makes a rare acting appearance as Braves manager Burly DeVito, the man whose job it is to get his star slugger out of his slump (he tries everything from liquor to smooth talk to a wife look-alike). Directed by **Hal** (*Being There*) **Ashby,** *The Slugger's Wife* co-stars **Randy** (*The Last Detail*) **Quaid** and is set for a spring 1985 release.

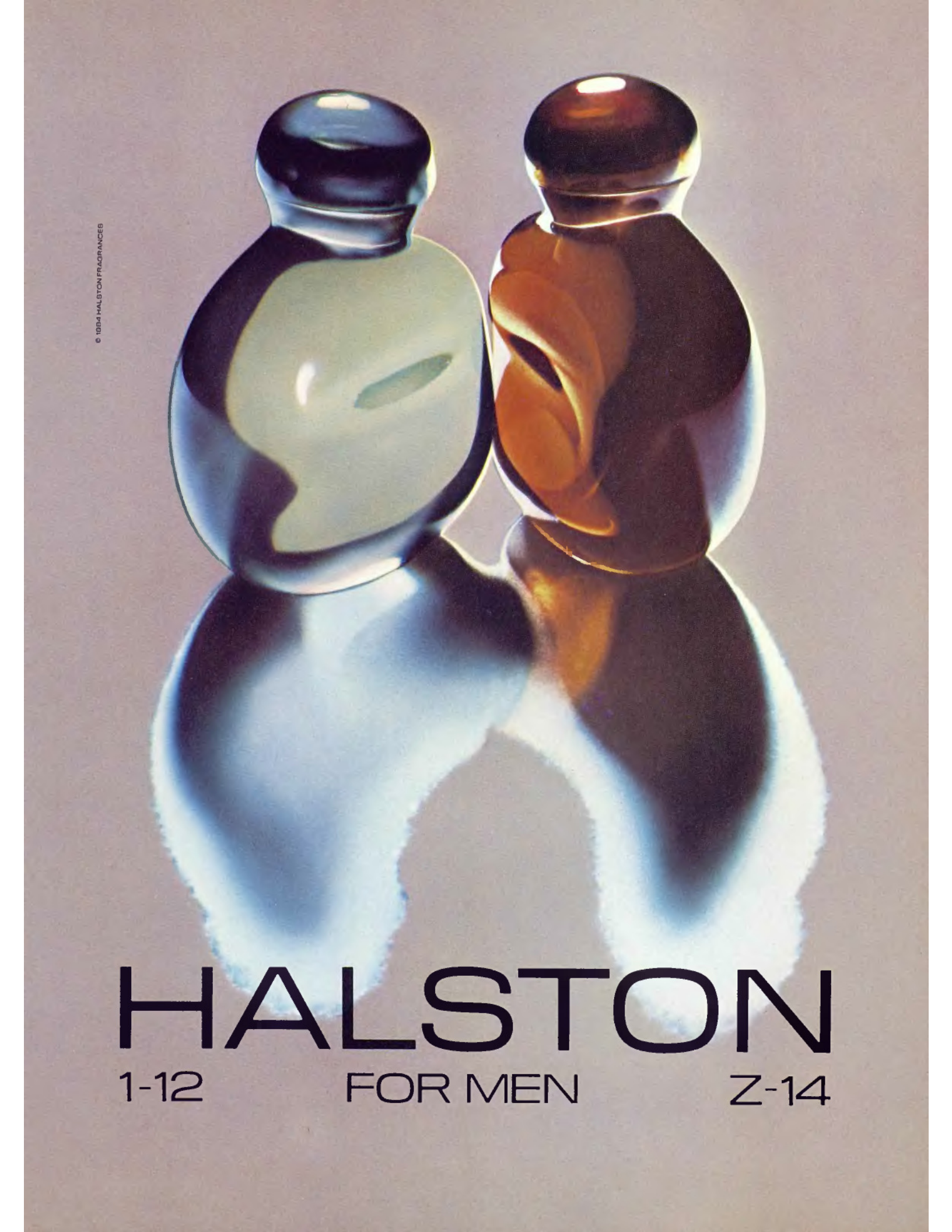
•

**EXTRATERRESTRIAL DEPARTMENT: John** (*Escape from New York*) **Carpenter's** latest entry into the box-office sweepstakes is an s-f yarn called *Starman*, starring **Jeff Bridges, Karen Allen** and **Charles Martin Smith.** Bridges plays an alien stranded on earth who finds himself in the Wisconsin home of the recently widowed Allen and takes on the human form of her departed hubby. In three days, the mother ship is scheduled to pick him up at Meteor Crater, Arizona, some 2000 miles away. Pursued by the U.S. Army, the two make the trip and, on the way, fall in love.

•

**BIKE PATHS:** Director **John** (*WarGames*) **Badham** and screenwriter/playwright **Steve** (*Breaking Away*) **Tesich** have teamed up to make Warner Bros.' *American Flyer*, the story of two boys who, separated by the death of their father, reunite during a grueling three-day cross-country bicycle race. Director Badham calls it "a mixture of action and character . . . set against the biggest bicycle race in America." Starring **David Marshall** (*French Postcards*) **Grant, Kevin** (*Testament*) **Costner, Rae Dawn Chong, John Amos, Janice Rule** and **Alexandra** (*Christine*) **Paul,** *American Flyer* will premiere next spring.

Science-fiction-film fans may find two treats in their holiday stockings, with the release of MGM/UA's *2010* (you read **Arthur C. Clarke's** novel in PLAYBOY two years ago) and Columbia's *Starman*. That's **Bob Balaban** at the air lock of the space vessel Discovery (above) in the sequel to *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Below, **Karen Allen,** as a Wisconsin widow, and **Jeff Bridges**, playing an alien, become involved in an unusual intergalactic romance in *Starman*.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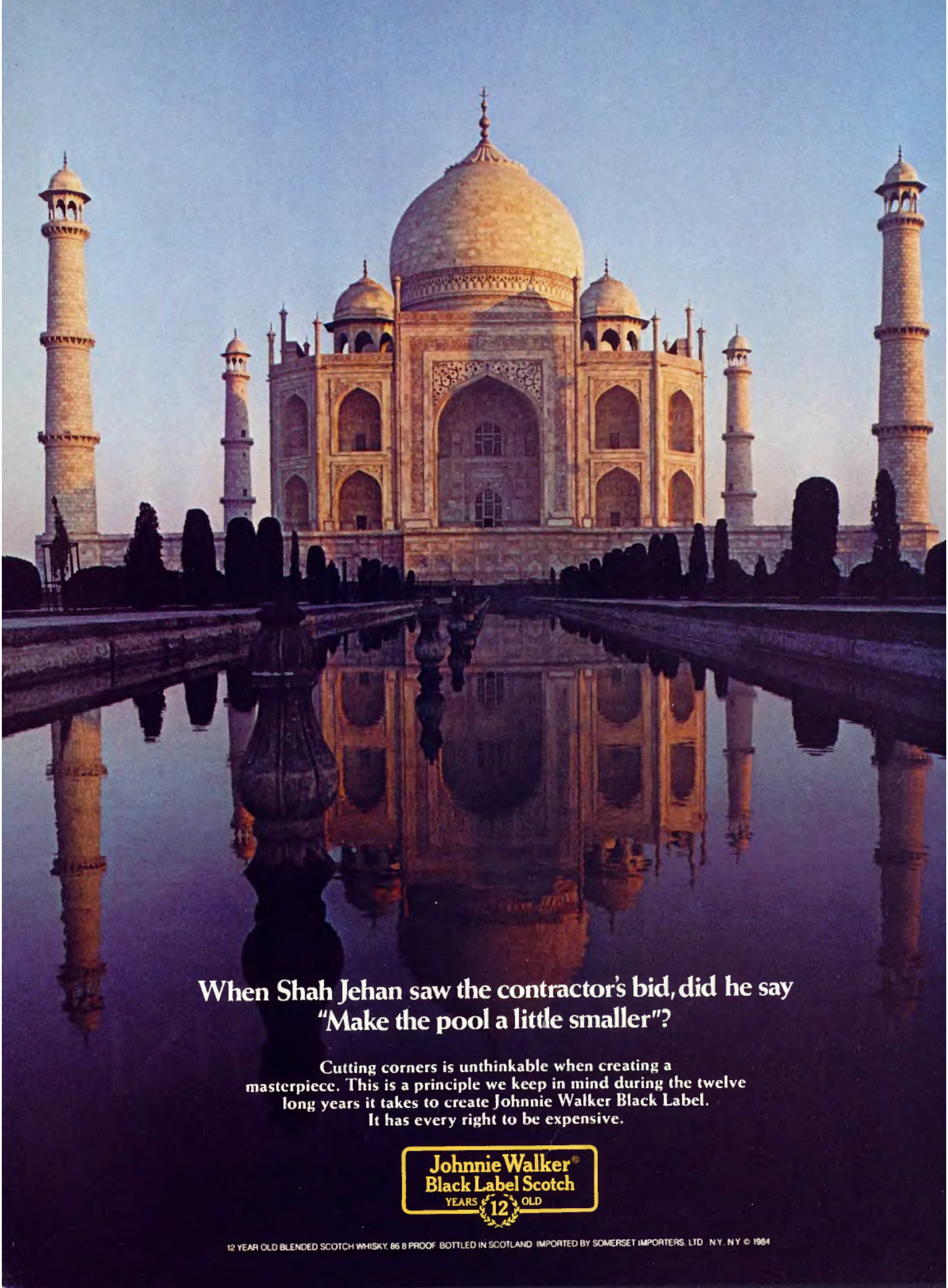

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# TAPS FOR A CAREER

## By ASA BABER

"I UNDERSTOOD why they were stealing," Swanee said. "Korea was poor as hell and the country had been occupied for years by different armies. But that didn't make my job any easier. We called the Korean men who stole for a living 'slicky boys.' It was an unwritten policy that it was our responsibility to stop them from robbing us blind."

There was a lot of tension in Korea in 1962. Swanee—his name is Dave Swanson, but I've always called him Swanee—was a rifle-company commander there, a recent graduate of West Point and a career military officer. One day, his men caught a Korean slicky boy inside their compound. In the process of capturing him, they roughed him up. Swanee was involved in that incident, rubbing dirt in the man's face and spanking him with a light stick.

"He had some bruises and a sprained finger," Swanee said. "Then, two days after we arrested him, somebody filed charges against us. It was a politically sensitive time, and somebody decided to make an issue of it. I was charged with unlawful arrest, assault and battery and making a false official statement. I did make a false statement: I said at first that I had been the only person involved."

Swanee paid high dues for his actions. He was reprimanded, fined, relieved of command. Although senior officers spoke well of him—his battle-group commander called him the best company commander he had—charges were still pressed. Swanee finally cut a deal. "I made a pretrial agreement to plead guilty if they'd agree not to kick me out of the Army. I wanted to stay for a full career."

Well, he came close. But that incident in Korea was a blot that no amount of courage could erase.

By 1966, Swanee was a rifle-company commander again: Alpha Company, First Battalion, Seventh Cavalry. He and his troops had been ordered into the An Lao Valley in South Vietnam. While South Vietnamese marines swept up the valley, Alpha Company and other American units set up ambushes and blocked the avenues of exit out of the valley. Swanee was maneuvering his platoons from one position to another to flush out the enemy. Alpha Company made considerable contact, and in one ambush they killed a man who appeared to be a fully equipped North Vietnamese officer.

When word reached battalion headquarters that Alpha Company had killed a North Vietnamese, it was decided that a photographer should be sent out to get a photograph of the corpse.

By that time, of course, Swanee had pulled his men away from the ambush site.

"Swanee ordered the chopper to put him down on the ground so he could join his men."

As shrewd and tough and competent as they come, Swanee knew that once an ambush had been sprung, it was time to get out of the area and avoid probable counterattack. He refused to go back to the site. Division G-2 insisted. "We will go and see how the area looks," Swanee radioed, committing himself to as little as possible.

The unit that went back to search for the body was badly hit. The battalion commander picked up Swanee in a helicopter and they flew over the combat zone, calling in gunfire. Swanee ordered the chopper to put him down on the ground so he could join his men.

Under intense fire, Swanee saw three of his men killed in succession: first a wounded trooper, then a *chicano* medic who tried to rescue him, then a third man who had run out to try to help the two others. Later that afternoon, Swanee and his first sergeant reached those bodies. As they lifted one to carry it to their own lines, they were hit. The first sergeant suffered a serious chest wound. Swanee took a round through his helmet that hit the back of his head and knocked him out. When he came to, he saw that two fingers of his left hand had been shot off and he had also been hit in the left arm. He gave first aid to the sergeant and ordered him evacuated. Then he took his own first-aid pouch, stuck what remained of his fingers back on his hand and continued to call in supporting fire. He refused to leave the position until the situation was under control. He stayed there for several hours, then accepted evacuation to spend 30 days in the hospital. He lost both fingers, by the way.

Those wounds were not the only ones Swanee incurred in Vietnam. He was also in a helicopter accident in 1967, only ten days before his tour of duty was to be over. He was flying with a new and eager battalion commander who twice ordered the helicopter pilot to fly lower. Against his better judgment, the pilot did so, only to find his tail rotor sheared off by tall trees. The chopper crashed. Swanee dragged himself and another man out and then collapsed, paralyzed with a broken back, broken leg, broken ribs. This time, he spent about 20 days in a hospital in Japan, then a month in a hospital in the U.S.A.

Swanee had not seen the last of Vietnam. He returned there in 1969 for a tour of duty with U.S. Army Headquarters in Long Binh. He was involved in staff work in that area.

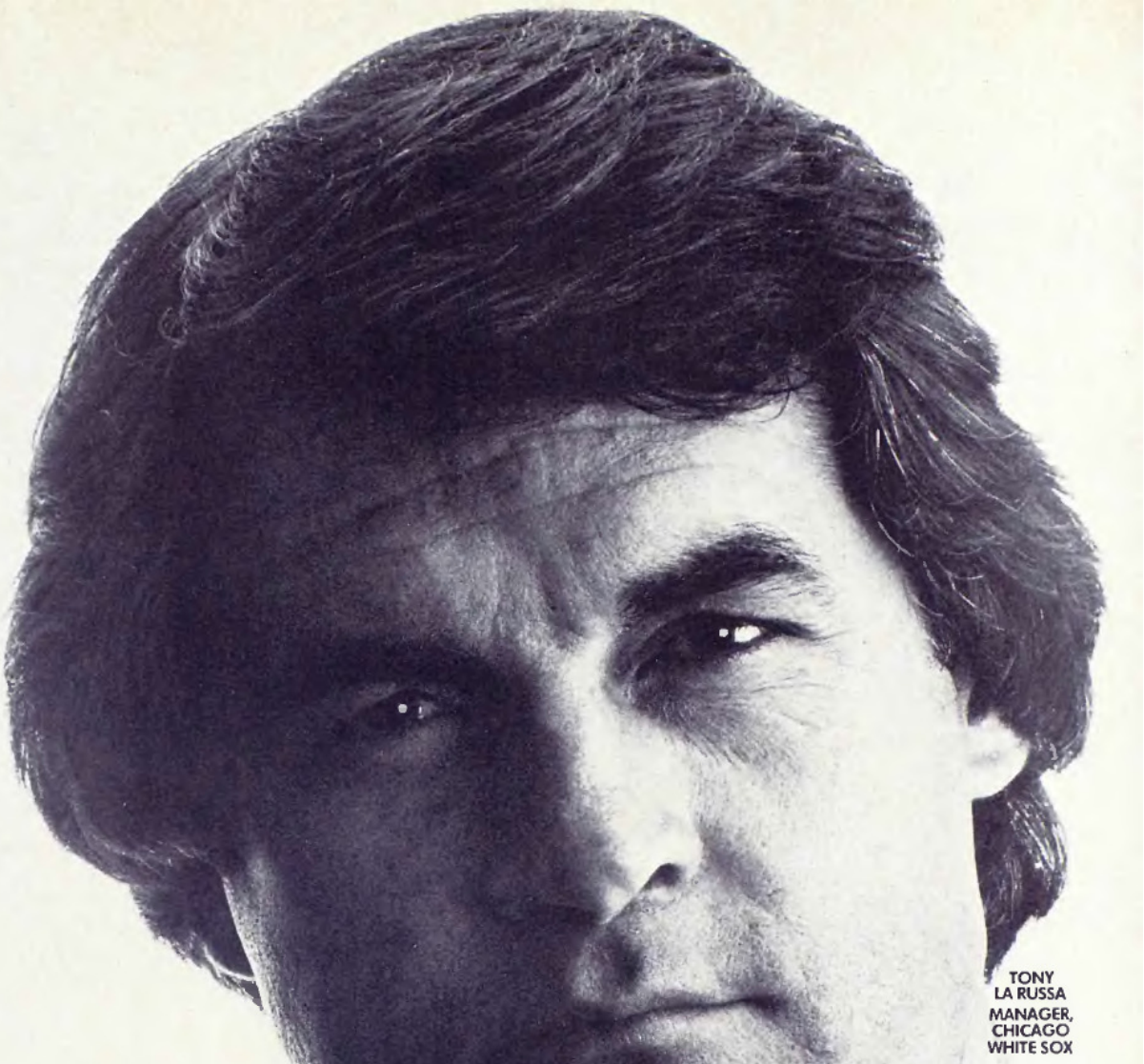
If you looked at this man's career, you would find quite a record. He seems to have done it all. He certainly has proved his courage in combat. And the list of his credentials aside from Vietnam reads well: after West Point, service with the 101st Airborne; 13 months in Korea with the First Cavalry; two years at Fort Benning, Georgia; a tour as an aide to a two-star general; a graduate degree (an M.A. in speech communication and human relations) from the University of Kansas; plus assignments to the right staff colleges, headquarters and bases. In addition to all that, Swanee is the man who started the R.O.T.C. program on Guam. But none of that has been enough.

A lieutenant colonel now, Swanee has been passed over twice for promotion to full bird colonel. In the Army, it's up or out, so Swanee will be leaving soon. The Korean incident has come back to haunt him.

The funny thing is that compared with much of the aggression and violence in his life, that incident is minor. I mean, this is a man who at the age of 14 was ordered to try to beat the shit out of one of his best friends.

That friend was me. I was 14, too, and I was under orders to try to beat the shit out of Swanee. Like most young men, we followed orders, more or less. But the situation confused us, and in my mind, at least, it set off a chain reaction that still troubles me.

Next month, I'll tell you about it.



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# SHRINK, SHRANK, SHRUNK

## By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

"WHAT DOES YOUR shrink say?" Rita asked, carefully stubbing out her cigarette.

"She doesn't know, either," I said. "Anyway, you know how they are; getting an opinion out of those bastards is like pulling teeth. I hate her, anyway."

"God, I know what you mean," she said, lighting up again. "I went to mine yesterday and I kept thinking, What does she know? It's August; she's pale, she's tired. Then I looked around and thought, Her color sense isn't that good, and her plant died; how nurturing can she be? Plus, she's probably jealous because I have a suntan. But there was this little, irritating voice in my head that kept saying, 'She's right, you know.' By the time I got home, I was really ill. Sorry, we were talking about your problem."

"Oh, who cares?" I said, waving at the waiter for another cappuccino. "I know it all, anyway. The things I don't know about my poor, distorted psyche would barely fill a small brochure. I don't know why I keep going back to that foul woman week after week."

We both assumed I was lying, and we were right. Shrinks are a very important aspect of a woman's life—more important than the gym, even. Every one of my friends has seen a therapist, especially my friend who *is* a therapist. Most of us go regularly; those of us who have stopped going are only a phone call and an anxiety attack away from starting again.

And not one of us is crazy. Oh, the odd neurosis, maybe—perhaps a touch of rampant paranoia now and again—but none of us has a hope of becoming one of those bloodcurdling case studies in respected psychological treatises. We're all relentlessly functioning, relatively sane and sometimes even happy grownups.

So why, then, do we go? I can't speak for all womankind but, on the basis of primary experience, I can hazard a guess: We are fiercely battling our self-destructive impulses. Every morning, we wake up, look self-hatred blearily in the eye and say, "Fuck off."

Who knows where it begins? Perhaps all girls are routinely dropped on their heads as babies. Perhaps penis envy isn't the myth I so strongly and fiercely believe it is. Perhaps wearing organdy party dresses scientifically erodes self-esteem. Or—you never know—perhaps being forced into a passive role encourages masochism.

What do I know? I'm just a girl. Strike that—I'm a noted authority on women, and I know everything. Probably.

What I do know is that we don't think of our shrinkage as monumentally important. Necessary, desirable, sure. But to us, a therapist is another tool, another voice. Almost a professional girlfriend.

"We are fiercely battling our self-destructive impulses. Every morning, we wake up, look self-hatred blearily in the eye and say, 'Fuck off.' "

"What does your shrink think?" is the leitmotiv of many a conversation. And if the shrink has an opinion, we listen to it, weigh it carefully but don't necessarily *believe*.

Something about our upbringing (probably those organdy party dresses) makes us think like a therapist. We analyze constantly. We delve into motives. We dissect childhoods. We cast a cool, appraising eye on toilet training. Witness the following conversation; I swear it is reproduced virtually verbatim:

CLEO: Well, of course, the problem with her is that she had two fathers.

ME: Huh?

CLEO: Sure. Her parents both worked. Her mother's brother couldn't work, so he took care of her all day. And I've met this brother—very nice but cold, not nurturing. And she's been living the same pattern ever since.

ME: Right! That's why she's always playing one man off the other. I didn't *think*. She can't feel secure with a man unless she's got another thing going on somewhere else. And I thought she was just a slut.

CLEO: But sometimes I think this latest one is not a father figure at all. If you think about it, he's just like her mother.

ME: Poor thing.

CLEO: Poor thing? Who are you kidding, sweetheart?

Men, as a rule, don't do that kind of stuff. I am constantly amazed when my lover says, "I had the weirdest dream last night. There were all these people in a room and I was standing at the top of the stairs wearing a blue tie and nobody else was, so I went into a corner and started eating a banana. Isn't that weird?"

And he never thinks about it again. Little does he realize that the moment he utters the word dream, my mind clicks into overdrive. The banana, no problem. The stairs, ditto. The thing I really get my teeth into is the blue tie. It may take me two hours, but by the time I've threshed it all out in my head, I've figured out precisely why he's been so moody lately.

Then there was the time that Marta had her marriage problem. Her husband, Steve, thought he might have fallen in love with another woman. Although he had been married to Marta for eight years, Steve was thinking of leaving her, leaving the city, getting a divorce, marrying the new bimbo. Marta was, needless to say, beyond hysteria. She lived on her couch, sobbing and knocking back tequila until she passed out. Her friends rallied round. We took her on vacations, we sat with her, we hugged her. And we listened to her. For hours. It was draining and difficult for all of us, but it had to be done—no question about it.

One day, Steve called me. "Could I come over and talk to you for a minute?" he asked. Sure, I said.

When he got to my place, he paced and said, "I just don't know what to do."

"What does your shrink say?" I asked.

"Shrink? What shrink?" he wondered. "I haven't talked to anybody about this. Not even a friend."

So he talked to me, and I told him that he loved his wife and didn't really want to leave her. And he told me that that was true, and he didn't leave her. So it was all OK.

But, Jesus! Perhaps Steve is an extreme case, but I do not think that you guys *delve*, psychologically speaking. I don't think you're used to paying attention to your psyches.

And if you don't pay attention to your psyche, it does things behind your back that you may not like, such as make you lose a job you might want to keep, hurt people unintentionally or have incomprehensible dreams about bananas.

I'm not saying every man in the country must immediately begin therapy. Not at all. Resist if you want. It's your life.

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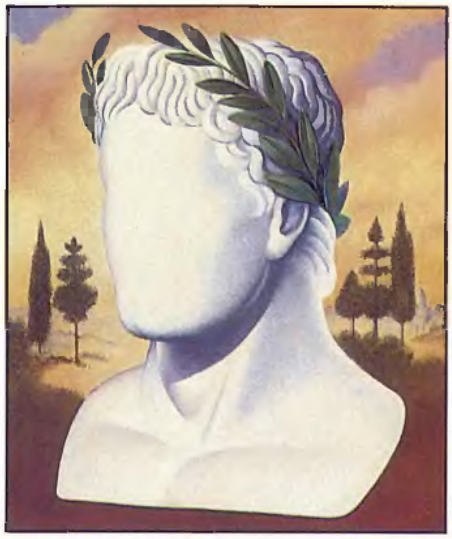
# AGAINST THE WIND

## By CRAIG VETTER



## JUST US

"The only trouble is that decades don't seem to start in the zero years the way they're supposed to . . . which means that 1984 is the year that kicked off the Eighties."

THINKING ABOUT LIFE by breaking it into decades is probably the sign of a mind too perfectly attached to the fingers and toes, I know, but it's a natural impulse to want to mark certain moments as if a corner had been turned, because otherwise, life is just too damn continuous to be any fun. The only trouble is that decades don't seem to start in the zero years the way they're supposed to. What we call the Sixties didn't begin till its third or fourth year, and the same thing happened in the Seventies. If that kind of slippage is still in effect, it means that when we get together this New Year's Eve, what we'll be looking back on is the year that kicked off what we'll think of later as the Eighties. And if we look for auguries, if we lay out the entrails of 1984 carefully enough, we ought to be able to get at least some sketchy notions of what we're in for over the next ten years or so.

If you ask me (and I'm working with a September deadline), this summer is probably going to turn out to have been the richest part of the year for signs and warnings. It was an absolute hero sandwich of a summer—the Olympics between two conventions—and though there were a few nice moments in there, the whole thing pretty much made me sick.

The conventions were almost perfectly themselves, and I actually liked that about them. All those fat people in folding chairs congratulating one another on how nice they looked with American flags coming out of their ears. The Democrats nominated a fish, the Republicans canonized the cowboy; and except for the woman who was thrown to the accountants for a chicken-yard kind of mutilation, there wasn't much new to that. There was one flare that went up and seemed to mark the path we may be heading down, though. Mario Cuomo, in a speech that was generally taken to be the most stirring of either convention, said he thought this country ought to start running itself like a family.

Thinking it over, I can see hints out there that we just might be ready to fall for the old myth of the happy family, that we may be ready to get rid of the selfish shame of the "me" decade, declare ourselves just us and suck up together in the warm glow of—well—if not a roaring fire, at least the flicker of a big old color TV. All those commercials, for instance, in which grandmas and grandpas and little kids walk us through some soppy family moment that's supposed to leave us weeping at the end.

The people who make these ads always work with a highly researched sense of their audience, and we *must* be growing pathetically mushy, because the let's-have-a-good-cry spots have multiplied at a terrifying rate. We now have beer weepers, telephone-company weepers, hamburger-stand weepers, *taco*-shell weepers, gas-station weepers and Butterball-turkey weepers. There's even—God help us—an *Army* weeper. "So you want to be a soldier?" says the father to his son. Then he hugs the boy, fights back his tears and says, "Well, be a good one."

My favorite is an airline weeper in which a Marine walks up to the ticket counter and says he's going home. "One of our most popular destinations," says the kindly agent.

If you wanted to put the American truth into that one, the agent should probably ask the young skinhead, "Which family would that be? Your mother's or your father's or the aunt who took you in during the bitter divorce?" It's the question I find myself itching to ask Ronald Reagan when he talks about family, which he does often. Would that be the Jane Wyman family, Mr. President, or the Nancy family?

In any case, you couldn't go ten minutes watching the Olympics without one of those oily little tableaus, which somehow seemed appropriate if you began to think about the games of the 23rd Olympiad as the family picnic, the way I did about halfway through them.

The first thing we had to do, of course, was find a way of making the evil-outsider Russians and their kin feel unwelcome enough that they would stay home, and that turned out to be easy. Then, once it was just us and a few thousand of our dearest friends, we set about the only business this family seems to have any respect for or interest in: winning.

Now and then, the TV people quoted the old credo of the games about how just taking part is the main idea; but if they were going to start cutting American mottoes into the archways around the coliseum, they'd be a lot closer to the bone if they got them from Joseph Kennedy, the hardball patriarch of our most celebrated clan. "We don't want any losers around," he said. "In this family, we want winners." Or maybe from his second son, the President who put it this way: "Failure has no friends."

For the most part, we didn't have to worry about it, because without the Eastern bloc, it rained gold on our athletes. And the newspapers and Jim McKay drooled and cackled like John De Lorean with the Government suitcase full of cocaine on that video tape.

Those athletes who did fail were pretty much kept out of the picture, literally off the screen, except for one: Mary Decker. And if we ever needed an example of what happens to failures in this family, we got it from this poor woman. You can say she brought it on herself with that angry press conference she held just after she hit the track, but I don't think so. Because her real punishment, the final thumping, didn't come till the next day.

In an interview before what ABC kept reminding us were a *billion* viewers, she said again that the disaster had been no fault of her own, that Zola Budd's inexperience was what had cut her down, and then her chiropractor put in that only Mary's "professionalism" had spared the other runners from injury. That sounded as if they were complaining about the amateurs in the race, which made me think somebody should have warned them to stay away from these particular potato-sack races, because every now and then an amateur is going to slip through.

Then ABC's anchor, Kathleen Sullivan, decided to cut to the heart of our deepest suspicions and remind Decker that apart from her latest fall, there were other dark indications that what we were dealing with here was a chronic, hopeless loser: five auto accidents, a broken marriage, all those injuries. The cruelty of it was stunning, and when it was all over, I found myself hearing words I had read a long time ago in William Prescott's history of the conquest of Mexico.

One of Montezuma's chiefs asked Cortez who he thought *he* was, demanding to see the emperor, and the great Spanish thug told him, "We are afflicted by a disease of the heart for which the only cure is gold."

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# SEX NEWS

## RACE TO THE SWIFTEST

Does anybody really like slam, bam, thank you, ma'am sex? A new theory suggests that a long time ago, before sex was fun, times used to be hard, and the guy who could ejaculate the fastest not only got the girl but got more girls. Lawrence K. Hong, a professor in the department of sociology at California State University at Los Angeles, contends that among early Homo sapiens, premature ejaculation was most likely not a sexual dysfunction but a desirable sexual trait, encouraged by the evolutionary process.

Writing in *The Journal of Sex Research*, Hong based his hypothesis on findings among present-day primates. He detected an association between the speed of coitus and male aggression: The longer the time between penetration and ejaculation, the more likely it is that violence will occur. For example, orangutans, whose average copulations are among the longest, at 10.8 minutes, not only attack male sexual competitors but, like humans, are among the few species that rape their females. Apparently, most orangutans who manage to survive until maturity do so with haunting resemblances to Mafia bagmen, bearing such common tatters as torn lips, missing eyes, broken teeth and broken fingers.

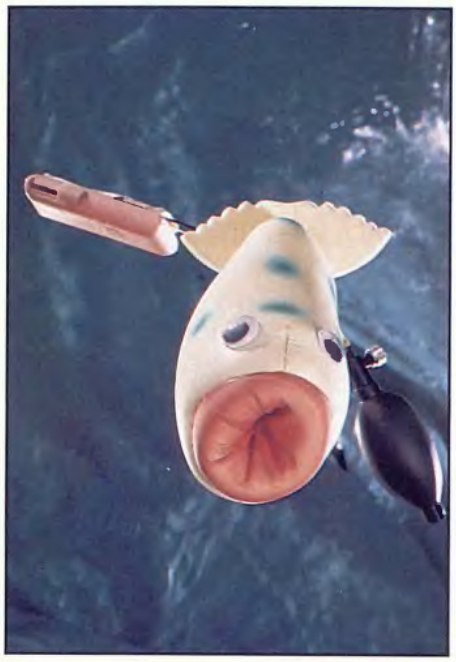
On the other hand, chimpanzees, whose quick release at seven seconds puts them among the fastest ejaculators, are among the least aggressive animals when it comes to mating behavior. In fact, speedy ejaculations allow female chimps to mate with more than one male during the oestrus cycle. Speed of ejaculation minimizes bickering among males awaiting their turns, therefore contributing to group harmony.

Hong speculates that early prehumans very likely had marked differences in their speed of copulation. "Some could mount and ejaculate with haste," he writes. "Since they were less bothersome to their partners and competitors, they were less likely to be rejected by the females or to be attacked by the other males." And they were probably able to mate with more females, passing along genetic material through more family trees.

If you buy this, you can see that evolution has favored quick ejaculators. It really wasn't until the 20th Century and the wide-scale practice of sex as recreation that anybody thought there was much advantage in making the sexual process last longer. But time changes everything. With the discovery of the female orgasm and the developments of mood lighting and the water bed, speedy ejaculation came to be viewed as a malady; they called it *premature*. Men who could stay longer became prized, so that now, their average copulation time is a full two minutes.

Hong thinks that his theory will help demonstrate that premature ejaculators are, like blondes, another normal by-product of evolution. But that doesn't mean that hasty ejaculators don't have a problem. We'd like to leave you with Hong's scientifically evolved solution:

"Evolution did not endow males with better staying power but with better dexterity. . . . As so many women have already indicated, genital sex is better with digital sex. The tender touch, the passionate caress, the gentle rub, the titillating probe, and all those other infinite maneuvers that humans are best equipped to do, can be much more satisfying to women than simply a longer time span between intromission and ejaculation."



A sex-aids dealer plopped the goggle-eyed creature shown above onto our desk, proclaiming it a revolutionary new penis vibrator from Japan—The Blowfish. Virtually the Linda Lovelace of the sex-toy world, fishy simply opens wide and, via a hand pump, adjusts its girth to accommodate the male organ. Meanwhile, a control knob regulates vibrations. For your very own personal Blowfish, simply send a $59 check to Alexis Home Parties, 600 North McClurg Court, Suite 1803, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

"The guy who could ejaculate the fastest not only got the girl but got more girls."

## UNDER THE DUST COVERS

While the throbbingly hot but technically pure books of Barbara Cartland and Danielle Steel have crowned the best-seller lists, we've pondered with some agitation the sexual fate of those women who make steady diets of such fare. Do women sate their desires to mate by going to bed with these books? Are they breeding unrealistic expectations? Must they now be swept away by men of steel? Will they be disappointed by lesser alloys?

Researchers in Atlanta tried to answer some of those questions by charting the sexual, personality and demographic characteristics of women readers of erotic romances. Studying college students, housewives and businesswomen, psychologists Claire D. Coles and M. Johnna Shamp distributed questionnaires to 72 female volunteers and found that the average romance reader was between 25 and 35 years old and read for escape.

More to the point, romance readers reported having sex *twice* as often per week as nonreaders. Now, there's a fact worth pondering. The researchers concluded that romance novels work as a sort of soft-core porn and that women use them as socially approved forms of sexual stimulation. Now the question is, Are romance readers sexier to begin with or do the books make them that way?

## GOOD, CLEAN SEX

Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, the Indian guru and sage of Rajneeshpuram, Oregon, has taken an alarmed stand on AIDS. Rajneesh, who claims to know how to find higher consciousness through tantric utilization of sexual energy (lots of foreplay—no orgasm), now warns that AIDS is the disease that Nostradamus predicted would kill off two thirds of the world's population; and according to *Sexuality Today*, he has come up with some advice.

First, he says, give up oral and anal sex. In fact, give up sex altogether if you can. If not, stick with one partner and have less sex. If you can't stick with one partner, at least use condoms during sex and rubber gloves during foreplay. And scrupulously wash yourself afterward.

To demonstrate his sincerity, last summer Rajneesh passed out anti-AIDS kits to all 15,000 participants in his annual world celebration. The kits included a packet of condoms, rubber gloves, lubricant and cleansing materials. Members of Rajneesh's commune claim that they have moved more into the dimension of love, awareness and intimacy since observing the new anti-AIDS practices. But, we wonder, did anybody catch AIDS?

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OPENS OCTOBER 26.

# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm writing to request some advice on a subject on which you are an expert: erotic movies. My problem is that my wife and I bought a VCR last Christmas and ever since then, I've been trying to rent a movie that will be a turn-on for both of us. She looks for films in which the following qualities are present: eroticism, sensuousness, tenderness, sharing and love. Turn-offs for her are manipulative people, denigration of women, violence and rape, sex and sexuality without love and genital close-ups.

I, too, dislike the above, but I am turned on by sensuous photography of nude women. My wife's favorite erotic movie scene is the one in *Superman II* between a depowered Superman and Lois Lane, while I'm left as cold by this scene as if I were in Superman's ice cave. To date, we've viewed several *Emmanuelles*, *Bordello* and *The Devil in Miss Jones* without much pleasure. People have told us that foreign X-rated movies are more loving and that there are frequent erotic-film festivals that feature real sensuousness. But my local movie club doesn't have any idea what I'm talking about; it just recommends some Italian-language porn. Any ideas? If you can send me a list of titles, I can lobby at my local club, or perhaps I could locate another club. We look forward to hearing from you.—D. F. F., Brooklyn, New York.

*We recommend that you pick up "The X-Rated Videotape Guide," by Robert H. Rimmer (yes, that Robert H. Rimmer—the author of "The Harrad Experiment," et al.). He ranks and reviews more than 650 films by means of a rating system that predicts what a film may contain. For example, NL equals laughing and bawdy sex; NR equals romantic or deeply caring sex; NN equals noncommitted sex without love but with momentary caring. Then, for those of you who are not pussy-whipped wimps, there are the films rated DK, or deviational-kinky variations not generally accepted in normal heterosexual sex, including anal sex, golden showers, group sex, etc. DB stands for deviational bondage and discipline as sex stimulants, and the ever-popular DS means deviational sadistic—violent and victimized sex. Undoubtedly, such a guide will help the fainthearted, but we view porn the way others view fine wines. Half the fun is experimenting and building your own collection. If you can't survive the bad ones, you can't appreciate the good ones.*

Weight training appeals to me because it's something I can do at home, rain or shine. I have been using free weights, but I wonder about using one of the new resistance machines configured for the home. What is the real difference between the

two types of weight training?—R. T., Boston, Massachusetts.

*One significant difference is that you're less likely to drop a resistance machine on your toe. That may sound like a joke, but if you think about it, it's an important part of the difference. If you work out alone, machines are safer. If you can't lift that last rep on the bench press with free weights, you're screwed to the bench; with a machine, you just slither away. With free weights, you not only have to lift the weight, you have to control it, too. But having to control it is not really a drawback, since you benefit in other ways: You improve your neuromuscular control, reflexes and balance. The two systems work to your best advantage when used in tandem. So you really don't have to choose between them: Use them both.*

My girlfriend and I have a problem. When we make love, it always hurts her. I've tried everything I can think of to make it easier for her—lots of foreplay and lubrication—but when I put my cock in her, it hurts. I try to be gentle, I enter her very slowly, but still she feels pain.

I love her, and we are going to get married soon. We've always been open and honest with each other and we've talked about the problem; she said it had also hurt when she did it with her old boyfriends. As you've probably already guessed, this puts a little strain on our sex life. Sometimes, after a lot of foreplay and lubrication, sex doesn't hurt her, or so she says; I can see in her face that it hurts a little. And after the first time, she is too sore to do it again, and I'm still horny. I would love to make love to her several times a night, but I don't want to hurt her. What can I do?—C. Z., Quantico, Virginia.

*It's possible that your girlfriend suffers from vaginismus, an involuntary tightening of the vaginal muscles due to fear, among other things, and the anticipation of pain. This may have become a self-fulfilling prophecy for her; but, in any case, she should definitely consult her gynecologist for a proper diagnosis and treatment.*

I have been seeing a ladyfriend for more than a year who is very beautiful, has a great figure and, in her 40s, passes for 30. After the first few months of dating, we became intimate sexually and have continued with a very aggressive sexual program. This is all fine and I really love it, but the thing that puzzles me is that she is obsessed with fellatio. It's not that I object; she really is good at performing the act. However, I believe that, if given the choice, she prefers fellatio to normal intercourse. Whenever we begin foreplay, she will go down on me immediately unless I prevent it. Then she will make the excuse that she has to put in her diaphragm, since she does not take the pill. At times, when she is performing fellatio, she becomes very tenacious and goes at it as if she were a starving animal over its first meal. She moans and groans and makes weird noises and tries to take my entire penis into her mouth. Once she has started, there is no stopping her until I climax. She takes advantage of situations in which intercourse is not possible, such as while I am driving or in a theater, where she will insist that we sit in a remote and dark area. She fondles my penis until it is erect, then says, "I can't leave you like that," and goes down on me.

She tells me that her late husband loved fellatio and that she sucked him constantly, sometimes four or five times a day. They had no children, which is understandable. There have been evenings when we stayed at her home to watch TV. We would sit on the couch and she would make me comfortable and then lie across the couch in such a manner that she could view the TV and at the same time suck me. She has spent hours doing this, and when I have an orgasm, she becomes very aroused sexually and secretes a lot of vaginal fluids. I sometimes think that she has an orgasm herself when I do. At the completion of each orgasm, she runs her fingers down to the base of my penis and drains every drop of semen out of me, and never once has she made a spot on her or my clothes.

Now, she is definitely not a lesbian and has very little to do with women. If she were a man, you would call her a homosexual. But she is a woman and her sexual preference seems to be fellatio rather than

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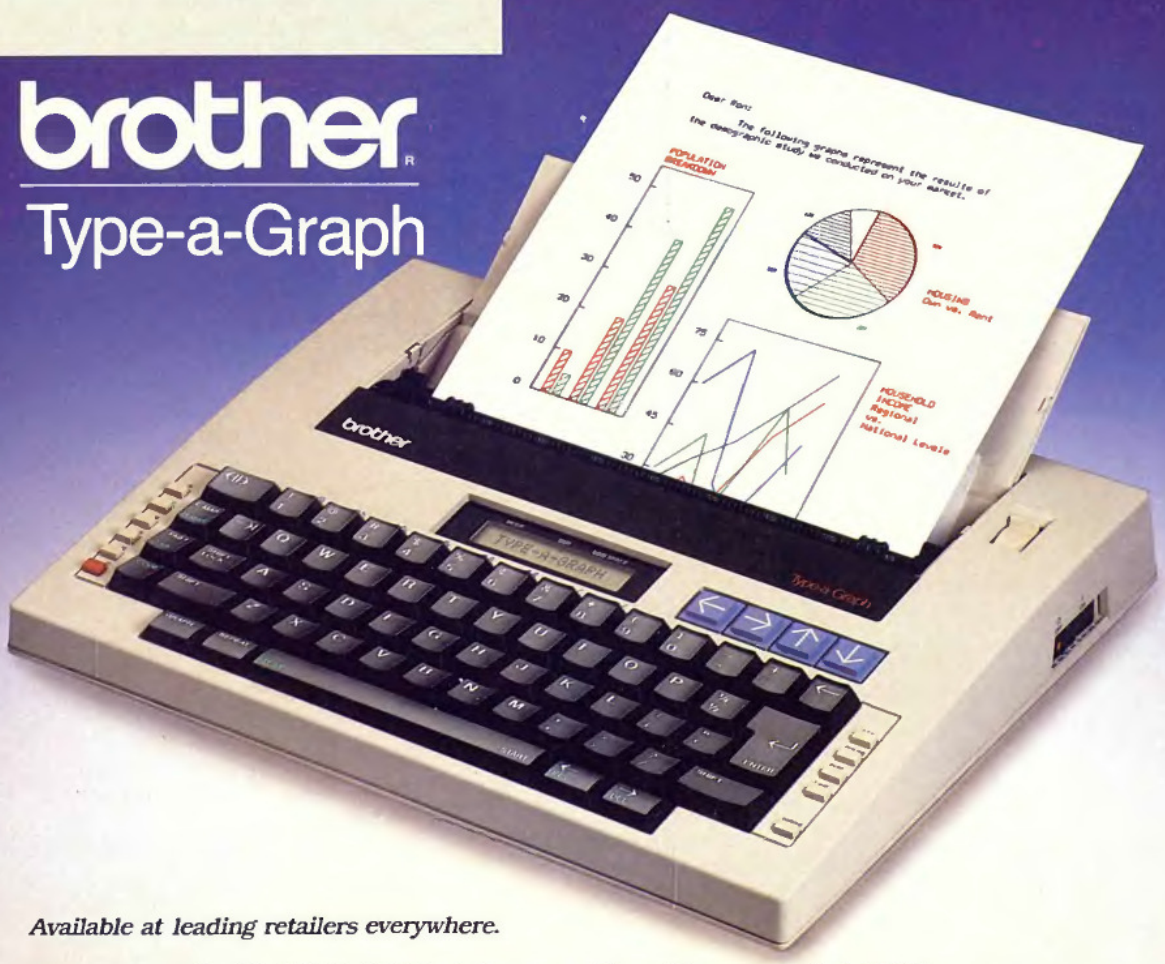


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intercourse. I am somewhat concerned: Although we have no commitments or obligations between us now, I could become serious about her. How do you describe a female—either clinically or with a slang expression—who prefers oral sex?—S. R., Atlanta, Georgia.

*A real find.*

During a business trip, I was bumped off a flight due to overbooking. The airline found space for me on a flight a few hours later and also paid me a couple of hundred dollars for my trouble. Now a friend tells me that I was lucky, because next year, the airlines will be free to treat bumped passengers any way they want. Can that possibly be true?—A. B., New York, New York.

*It's not only possible, it's highly likely, and that's not the only bad news on the horizon for air travelers. Rules governing lost and damaged baggage, on-board smoking and domestic charter flights, as well as overbooking, may soon disappear when the Civil Aeronautics Board, which has regulated these and some 400 other matters pertaining to commercial aviation in the United States, goes out of business on December 31, 1984. Some of the CAB's responsibilities are being passed on to other Government agencies, but unless Congress changes its mind (a bill to retain consumer regulation is currently tied up in Congress), each airline will be free to set its own rules regarding those four critical areas of consumer protection. It's all part of the Airline Deregulation Act of 1978, which was designed to promote competition.*

*In practical terms, the demise of the CAB means that you will probably have to settle any complaints by negotiating with the airline. Each carrier will have its own rules, and it will be up to you to understand any differences in airline policies on, say, compensation for lost luggage. If and when you manage this, you can decide whether or not it's worth flying on an airline—and then sue the bastards when they fuck up. Good luck, and fasten your seat belt.*

I live in the snow belt and have to contend with some pretty wicked winter driving. Unfortunately, the low-profile-performance tires on my sports car are awful in ice, snow and slush. They also seem to be wearing out faster than I had expected. I'm tempted to buy a set of all-weather replacements but fear I'll lose a lot of the dry-road-cornering performance for which I purchased the car in the first place. What's your advice?—L. R., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

*Any tire is necessarily a compromise, designed to be good at some things at the expense of others. As you have found, those fat, high-performance skins are great in dry conditions but less effective when it's wet and pretty miserable in sloppy winter conditions. And, generally, they do wear faster than most*

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*other types, because their tread compounds are softer to give them that satisfying dry-road "stick." On the other hand, mud-and-snow tires are designed for good traction in the sloppy stuff, but their block-type treads tend to be noisy, rough and a lot less grippy when it's dry. The ideal solution is two sets of tires (and wheels)—one for summer fun, the other for winter safety. But if, like us, you'd rather not be bothered with the semi-annual switch and with having to store the set that's not in use, the latest generation of all-weather tires offers a reasonable compromise. They're not as talented as the specialized types at either end of the traction spectrum, but they're fairly good at everything and terrible at nothing. Shop carefully and compare manufacturers' claims about tread life, traction and rolling resistance (which affects fuel economy), because some of the newest all-weathers offer big improvements over older designs. Whatever you buy, remember to check the pressure at least every week or two; tires, like people, need the proper amount of air to do their job.*

I happen to believe that the male tit has considerable potential for sexual excitement. To test this, I devised a bulb that creates strong suction when placed over the nipple. For the past few weeks, I have been giving my tits a workout several times a day. The suction is sufficiently strong that I can pull hard back and forth and the bulb will continue to hold the nipple in a strong grip. It may be partly my imagination, but I feel that my tits have developed a high degree of sensitivity to my manipulation. The nipples stay constantly erect, even when I'm not playing with them. Although I haven't had a chance to test it, I feel that a woman's manipulation just by hand would make me come. By mouth, it would drive me wild. The other day, I painted a woman's face on the bulb. After a minute or two, I was so worked up that I shot off in my pants. I would very much like to have your expert opinion on this. Thank you.—M. R., Detroit, Michigan.

*The breasts are an erogenous zone for both men and women, but it is surprising how often men go without discovering their own sensitivity. Usually, it takes a good woman to introduce a man to nipple stimulation. You've found a novel path to arousal. We don't know if you are weird—or lucky. It all depends upon whose face you painted on the rubber sucker.*

While moving and searching for a place to store my stereo cassettes, I wondered what effect, if any, color-television radiation would have on either stereo or video cassettes over a period of time.—B. G., Harrison, New York.

*Most TV sets these days are shielded at the top and on all sides. The only direction in which radiation moves—if it moves at all—is downward, which means you should not store tapes directly below the TV set. Over a really long period, there's a slight chance they could*

*lose some color brilliance and, eventually, most or all of the signal. What constitutes a "long period" is not certain—estimates run from two to five years. In any event, storing tapes near the TV set—but not under it—should be OK.*

Recently, while discussing our sex life with my wife, I asked her if she ever fantasized while we were making love. She confessed that she usually did. She also said that she almost always had to fantasize about another person or situation to get turned on enough to have sex with me. She assured me that she loved me and that she was happy being married to me.

We recently attended a party at my sister's house, in another city, and were to sleep in the basement. The bed was in the middle of the open basement, where a few other people were supposed to crash for the night. It was very late when we went to bed, and there were still a few people partying upstairs. We had some of the best sex of our three-year marriage that night! My wife later told me that she had fantasized about having sex with another one of the male guests but said it had been no one in particular she was fantasizing about. She also said that the fact that she was somewhat drunk and that someone could have walked in on us added to the excitement. I am surprised that she seems to have to fantasize most of the time to really enjoy sex with me, as I am pleased, for the most part, with our sex life. I very rarely fantasize when we are making love. She reaches orgasm about 90 percent of the time, so I had never expected any problems of this sort (if there are any problems). Am I overly concerned about her fantasizing—is it normal for a married woman who says she is very happy to fantasize when making love to her husband? Or is our marriage and/or sex life going down the tube?—T. B., Denver, Colorado.

*We think your marriage and sex life are fine. When it comes to fantasies, we go by the old advice "If something works, don't fix it." Freud said that only unhappy people had fantasies, but he was fucked up on a lot of topics. It is perfectly normal to have fantasies during sex. Research has found that more than 60 percent of men and women studied have erotic daydreams during sex. Many of those say they fantasize to put themselves in the mood. Your wife evidently feels that sex should leave a little to the imagination. Fortunately, her imagination is equal to the task. Enjoy the results.*

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

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

Low tar Lights Ultra

Kent III: 3 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine; Kent: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. 1984. Kent Golden Lights: 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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It's the taste
that counts.

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# Now playing. Hundreds of Hi-Fi movies VHS doesn't have.

Watching prerecorded movies on a hi-fi videocassette recorder is like watching them in a theatre. The problem is, VHS recorders have very few hi-fi movies—and what good is a theatre if nothing's playing?

Well, there's always something playing on Sony Beta Hi-Fi™. You can get over 700 prerecorded Beta Hi-Fi movies, concerts and Video 45™ music videos, including virtually every videocassette on *Billboard* Magazine's Videocassette Top 40 charts.

Sony doesn't just give you great movies. You get incredible video and audio. One reason is our simpler technology. For example, VHS needs seven audio/video heads to do what Sony does with only three—and Sony still does it better. Turn on a Beta Hi-Fi, and you'll see a picture that's sharper than VHS. And you'll hear a clearer, richer sound—sound that's better than conventional VCR's, better than AM or FM stereo broadcasts, stereo LP's, stereo cassettes or reel-to-reels. Even VHS Hi-Fi can't beat our sound.

VHS has another problem. As the *New York Times* reports, "...VHS Hi-Fi is still beset by growing pains...VHS Hi-Fi cassettes recorded on one brand of VCR may not always play back properly on another." But you can use any Beta Hi-Fi tape on any Beta deck.

Sony is ahead of VHS in still another area—the future. When we introduced hi-fi VCR's two years ago, we had the foresight to make ours with stereo recording circuitry—a terrific feature to have now that TV stations have begun broadcasting in stereo. And even though VHS finally has hi-fi now, most still don't have stereo recording circuitry. And that's just one way we're staying ahead of the competition.

If you want the most in hi-fi entertainment, it's playing now on Beta Hi-Fi.

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# DEAR PLAYMATES

Are there any circumstances under which you'd sacrifice an old friend for a new lover? This month, we ask our Playmate advisors to consider that tricky etiquette question. In a battle between lust and loyalty, who wins?

The question for the month:

**Would you go out with a man who used to date your best friend?**

It depends on how much I like him. I mean, if I fell madly in love, of course I'd go. I would talk to my girlfriend before I went out with him. But I'd go, even if she were still in love with him. Life goes on. I'd feel for my friend, but if I were in love, I'd be hurting myself if I brushed him aside. If it was just sexual desire, I wouldn't do it. I'm a romantic. I'd have to be totally in love. I'd have to know him well and also desire him.

Barbara Edwards

BARBARA EDWARDS
SEPTEMBER 1983

No. I would always be comparing myself with her. Do I look as good? Am I as good in bed? It would bother me. I would always wonder if he were thinking about my friend. I think sex plays an important role in a relationship, and if I didn't think it was any good, that would probably ruin things. Wondering about another woman and how I compared with her would stay in my mind, even if they had dated years ago. I just couldn't do it.

Veronica Gamba

VERONICA GAMBA
NOVEMBER 1983

I have two answers to this question: no and yes. If it was a recent relationship, no way. No class. I don't care how interesting he is, I don't like that sort of thing. If it was a long time ago, years earlier, then I'd say yes, because people change. If the woman and I were still close, I'd ask her how she'd feel if I went out with him. Then, if there wasn't a problem, I'd go. Friendship has to count for a lot; you know you're lucky if you've got one good friend in life. But if it didn't affect that friendship, sure, why not?

Azizi Johari

AZIZI JOHARI
JUNE 1975

Never. Unless it was love at first sight. You just don't go out with your friend's ex if it was a long-term relationship. If it was a long time ago, I would base my decision on the way my girlfriend felt, not the way the guy felt. Why? Most of the time, friendship lasts a lot longer than love. So I'd check it out with her and I would never lie. I have a lot of respect for my girlfriends, so I'd never say, "We want to just have a nice Platonic dinner" if that's not what's going on. Still, I would be complimented if an old boyfriend of a friend asked me out. Even if I didn't go.

Marlene Janssen

MARLENE JANSSEN
NOVEMBER 1982

Unless a number of years had passed, I'd say no. I'd have to ask myself, "What's more important—my friendship or this man?" If it were just a fling, it wouldn't be worth it. Too much raw feeling, plus then you have a situation where someone close to you knows *all* your business. Suppose she says to you, "Hey, does he still shave in the shower?" Who wants to share that much intimacy? Even so, the main issue would be my friend. I'd be most worried about her.

Tracy Vaccaro

TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

I have in the past, and it causes some problems. After all, you know everything about your best friend. She has come to you and cried on your shoulder every time he was rotten to her, and she has told you every little detail about their love life. Now he's seeing you and doing the same things to you, and you can't help wondering if he loves you as much as he loved her. And, of course, you aren't as close to your friend, because you can't talk to her about it. Would I do it again? Yes!

Susie Scott

SUSIE SCOTT
MAY 1983

*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.*

Last year, Roy Steinmetz booked 678 corporate executives on 15,656 flights in over 115 countries. Without losing an executive. So he received a bottle of V.O.

The reward.

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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

### WORKING WOMEN

In the October *Forum Newsfront*, you report that some bozo has written a book in which he makes the astounding revelation that "the dirty little secret of feminism" is that liberated working women have unliberated women (usually nonwhite and working class) cleaning their houses for them. Is it a "dirty little secret" that men with white-collar jobs often hire someone to do the yard work? By paying someone to clean my house, I'm getting a valued service and providing someone with an opportunity to make a living in an economy where that's not necessarily a given. And, yes, the woman who works for me is nonwhite and working class. Do you think a rich lady would like to wax my floors? Must every woman now be categorized? Liberated or nonliberated, it doesn't make a damn bit of difference if you need a job.

Sue Williams
Miami, Florida

### HIGH-TECH HOOKING

Some kinds of ancient species, such as cockroaches and sharks, maintain their longevity in the evolutionary tumult by sticking with the same game plan throughout the aeons. Why change something that works? Other creatures, however, perpetuate themselves by ingeniously adapting to new conditions and challenges in their environment. Take hookers, for example.

Few life forms have been subjected to such intensive eradication programs, but prostitution remains the world's oldest, most durable profession. A technique recently employed by the ladies of the evening (or afternoon, morning, lunchtime, etc.) in Southern California provides yet another example of this remarkable species' adaptability.

In response to a crackdown from L.A. cops, our streetwalkers and other forms of *hookerus contemporaneous* have evolved a superior predatory skill to find and catch their prey. Instead of using the Neanderthal methods of stopping Johns on the sidewalk or hailing them out of their cars—actions readily observed by clever little vice jackals—hookers have turned to beeper-notification services. This way, a John interested in some action calls a phone number given to him by the hooker and the two can get together later in privacy, a situation much less likely to result in a bust.

Naturally, the police are trying to figure out a way to crack the beeper gambit; but I, for one, can't see how they're going to do it.

I realize this could ultimately tip the balance of survival in favor of prostitutes, and perhaps in a few years, the whole of California could be overrun with colonies of high-tech hookers, but until then, one can but dream.

Excuse me for cutting this letter short, but I think my phone's ringing.

"Doria"
Ventura, California

*"Our streetwalkers . . . have evolved a superior predatory skill to find and catch their prey."*

### PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE

I sat still when Reagan's friend James Watt said that thing about two types of people—Americans and liberals. I stifled myself while he defended his weapons aid for the *contras* as helping to bring freedom and democracy to Nicaragua while at the same time he supported Ferdinand Marcos in the Philippines. I have refrained from pointing out that Reaganomics' alleged economic recovery has brought the U.S. national debt to the highest point in history, all the while Reagan derides those free-spending Democrats. One of these days, the piper must be paid. With uncharacteristic patience, I've watched environmental legislation rolled back 15 years. I have held my peace as our civil rights and civil liberties have been reduced still further amid pious talk of law and order. If Thomas Jefferson were alive today, he'd probably be in prison. I've said nothing while Nancy Reagan and company whipped the parents of school children into an antidrug hysteria on the basis of misinformation, the result of which is that tens of thousands of otherwise law-abiding, healthy, happy and socially productive American adults are spending the best years of their lives in prison for victimless crimes. Now I can contain myself no longer. For nigh on four years now, I've listened while lies and stupidities slid off that glib tongue. But now Reagan has gone too far.

We've given the man enough rope to hang himself, but it appears that he's planning to take us all with him when he goes. For the President of the United States to make jokes about nuclear war with the only other world-class nuclear power is damn irresponsible. The man is not fit for the job. He's a B-movie actor but a good one. He reads the scripts given him by the megabucks interests as represented through the Republican Party very well. He has a nice speaking voice and a sincere television presence. But I still cannot believe that the American public could possibly be made to think that it was in its best interest to re-elect him. How long are we going to tolerate his double talk and Newspeak? Perhaps in 1984 we ought to put these Orwellian tendencies to bed and vote for a future of hope. I hope he's voted out in November before the other countries of the world band together to annihilate us for the common good of the world. Can you possibly imagine what the other nations and the Soviet people, much less their government, must think when they hear that the President of the United States is making jokes about outlawing Russia and bombing them in five minutes?

John Hoover
Orlando, Florida

*Relax. A little slip like that is worth its weight in MX missiles and B-1 bombers and was no doubt calculated to convince the Evil Empire that it had better not do anything foolish while we've got so many nuts at the controls.*

### FREE SPEECH

An ad appeared in our newspaper giving a telephone number from which callers could find out why something called the

National Federation for Decency was "boycotting all convenience and drugstores that sell PLAYBOY." I called it and some nut delivered a tirade against a magazine he'd evidently never read. As a subscriber now and a purchaser since PLAYBOY's inception, I vehemently object to such hate groups' being allowed to propagate a message that would deny me the right to make a choice, would deny the store owner the right to engage in free enterprise and would deny the magazine's publisher and editors the right of free speech.

These people are speaking for only a few, but I think they are threats to those of us who believe in a free society and the right to make up our own minds.

My purpose in writing is to inquire if there is any way to discourage such do-gooders in their unwarranted campaign that infringes on the rights of so many others not disposed to their views.

John Miller
Fort Worth, Texas

*You and quite a few others around the country have had the dubious pleasure of letting the Reverend Donald Wildmon and his friends get you in a snit, which, in a perverse sort of way, is good for the principle of freedom of speech. You may recall that he's the fellow whose national product boycott over TV sex and violence was such a well-publicized flop that he laid low for a couple of years. His new campaign is to picket convenience stores that are susceptible to neighborhood pressure, and we're usually mentioned in the ads for our name value—a target of convenience, as it were. Since the reverend enjoys the same rights he would deny to others, the best way to deal with him is to send messages of support to the retailers who come under attack and, maybe, to your elected representatives.*

## SIGN OF THE TIMES

Thanks to the U.S. Supreme Court, there's a job opening here in Kentucky that I'm sure some of your more belligerent readers may consider applying for. I share their frustration at the apparent breakdown of the criminal-justice system, which no longer seems to be perceived as much of a threat to any street-wise criminal. But I have to share the belief of PLAYBOY, in its editorials and comments over the years, and of criminologists and psychologists in general, that just the prospect (however remote in fact) of being executed is somehow tantalizing to the most dangerous breed of deranged killers who are embarked on a course of self-destruction. Those are people for whom execution would mean spectacular escape from their own demons and lives of misery as well as obscurity. I have no way of proving this, but I suspect that the tragic serial murders we now read so much about began coming into fashion with the revival of the death penalty.

**NEEDED**

Executioner for the electric chair at Kentucky State Penitentiary. Only serious applicants need to apply. Send a handwritten letter listing any qualifications to Warden Gene A. Scroggy, Kentucky State Penitentiary, P.O. Box 128, Eddyville, Ky. 42038. No phone calls will be accepted. Applications must be received by July 5, 1984. A 2 day training session will be conducted. Fee is negotiable.

I believe we'll someday figure out that mass murders, serial murders and other crimes of atrocity are encouraged by capital punishment, not deterred by it. I'm reminded of the murderer some years ago who, the story goes, left messages reading, STOP ME BEFORE I KILL MORE. I don't know whether or not that story is true, but it implicitly recognizes a form of mental aberration that feeds on notoriety, such as the hoopla that attends being condemned to death by the state.

J. Q. Brock
Louisville, Kentucky

*Some 150 people responded to those ads, which evidently appeared in several papers. We're wondering just what qualifications the warden was looking for—strong stomach, special killing skills, a lot of pent-up hostility?*

## LAW AND JUSTICE

Having spent a number of years as a legal reporter and columnist, I remain amazed that many people confuse justice with the operation of courts and law. Such, apparently, is the case with M. Helms (presumably Ms.) of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. In her haste to criticize Illinois chief circuit judge Peter Paolucci for what appears to be an anti-abortion or pro-life comment (*The Playboy Forum*, August), Helms seems to have lost her way in a pit of ignorance.

While making her semiarticulate cry for "justice" on behalf of women, she has equated Judge Paolucci's citing three abortions in three years as "aggravating factors" when *sentencing* a woman convicted of murder with the rules of evidence governing the *trial* of unnamed rapists.

Said Helms, "It seems incredible to me that a man on trial for rape who has been previously convicted of the same crime two or three times cannot, in most cases, have those convictions used against him."

What Helms apparently intends to imply is that the abortions were unjustly "used against" a convicted murderess and that the average rapist is treated better. (Surely, she did not mean to imply that regularly aborting unborn children is a "positive factor" indicating respect for life.)

A judge often has a wide range of sentencing options (one to ten years, ten years to life, life or death). In pronouncing sentence, Paolucci (considering the abortions and, probably, the murder as well) said, "What value, one might ask, does she place on human life?"

Helms found that question so "aggravating" that she drifted untethered into deep space, whence she fired this shot: "I'd like to ask what value that judge places on an unbiased justice system."

Helms should be informed that we do not have a "justice system," we have a legal system.

At *trial*, mentioning previous convictions for crimes or attacking the character of a defendant (whether accused killer or rapist) is *verboten* unless the defendant first brings his or her veracity or character into question by testifying. If a defendant, or a witness on his or her behalf, claims some form of sainthood, that issue becomes fair game for the prosecution to gun down.

This is *law* in operation, designed to see that defendants are not routinely convicted of some moral irrelevance (à la Albert Camus' stranger, who is convicted of murder for not crying at his mother's funeral) rather than the crime cited in the indictment.

Following a conviction, however, a judge may ask for information relevant to a defendant's character or behavior—often through a presentence investigation. Everything from previous arrests and convictions to whether or not Mother likes the miscreant may be considered. Sentencing involves judgment, judicial discretion and (yes!) even justice—none of which involves any system.

There is an old saw about the young lawyer who, on finding himself strolling home from the United States Supreme Court with the late Justice Felix Frankfurter, asked naïvely, "Well, sir, did you do justice today?"—to which Frankfurter replied, "It's not my duty to do justice but to follow the law."

Perhaps Helms ought to follow the law a bit more closely if she intends to comment on it.

Paolucci's finding (in one specific case) that three abortions and one murder in three years was evidence of a disregard for the value of human life and behavior unworthy of soft treatment hardly sounds unwarranted or even a symptom of judicial injustice to women.

Paolucci should have an A for trying.

Helms should be sentenced to read a book on law.

R. B. Shackelford
Point Clear, Alabama

## GOVERNMENT STUNG

As one who has participated in the sale of commodities held to be illegal by the U.S. Government, I was more than a little heartened by the verdict in the John De Lorean case. The part about the FBI's setup of De Lorean that bothered me most involved the prosecution's assertion that De Lorean could have backed out of the cocaine deal.

This is the kind of thinking that gets people wasted. If you're sitting around talking with a couple of hoods about $24,000,000, and the money or the dope—or both—is all there, you're not going to say, "You know, fellas, I think I'm in a little over my head and I'd better just give

# FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

### "OUR MOTHER WHO ART. . . ."

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND—*After considering one of the stickier wickets of our times, the Presbyterian Church of Scotland has decided not to take an official position on a study group's suggestion that God be*

*addressed as "Our Mother" as well as "Our Father." The group, composed of seven women and four men and representing the 76,000-member Woman's Guild and the church's panel on doctrine, had suggested that God is not necessarily male and that the characteristics attributed to the deity resemble "everything that is best in the female way of being human." The church's 1600-delegate general assembly voted to receive—but not discuss—the report, titled "The Motherhood of God."*

### NUISANCE SUITS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Public defenders can be sued for failing to represent their indigent clients adequately, the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled. In their decision, the Justices declined to extend to court-appointed public defenders the same immunity for on-the-job acts that is generally granted to judges, legislators and prosecutors. A California public defender, commenting on the Oregon case that led to the High Court decision, said the main problem would be the "nuisance value": "I can just imagine suits filed by people facing long prison sentences who have nothing better to do."*

### KIDS WILL BE KIDS

BOSTON—*A study of 2000 teenagers in nine kinds of sex-education classes around the country indicates that such courses increase knowledge, discourage premarital sex and make young people somewhat more aware of birth-control options. The research found that no program significantly increased or decreased contraceptive use, frequency of sex, pregnancy rates or the level of communication between parents and teens. Commenting on the study, a spokesman for the Center for Population Options in Washington, D.C., said, "In general, sex education neither encourages nor discourages teenaged kids from having sex or using birth control," because so many other factors influence behavior. The exception, he added, was sex-education courses plus access to a health clinic, a combination that in two years increased contraceptive use and reduced pregnancies by half.*

### PROTECTING THE PREBORN

BOSTON—*By a vote of four to three, a sharply divided Massachusetts Supreme Court has ruled that a viable fetus is legally a person whose death can result in homicide charges. The landmark case involved a woman whose eight-and-one-half-month-old fetus was determined by autopsy to have died from injuries it sustained when its mother was struck by a car. The court, acknowledging the potentially far-reaching implications of its decision, said the ruling would not be applied to the driver who was the defendant in the case.*

*In White Plains, New York, a 20-year-old woman has been indicted by a grand jury for criminally negligent homicide and manslaughter in the death of a girl born at a hospital where she was being treated for a botched self-abortion. According to prosecutors, the mother had injected herself with Novocain and used a scalpel to open her own abdomen.*

### REGULAR OR EXTRA CRISPY?

*An Illinois civil-liberties official and the assistant principal of two Los Angeles County Juvenile Court schools say they would like to see executions televised or video-taped, if for profoundly different reasons. Assistant principal Stuart A. Cannold believes that requiring young delinquents to view executions would go beyond the "scared-straight" programs of having prisoners talk tough to youthful offenders about prison life and discourage them from further lawbreaking. "It wasn't spontaneous," he said. "This is down to earth." At the same time, Jay Miller, executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union of Illinois, believes that a publicly televised execution—and he prefers hanging to such relatively clean kills as the electric chair, lethal injection or gas chamber—would drum up public opposition to the idea of capital punishment.*

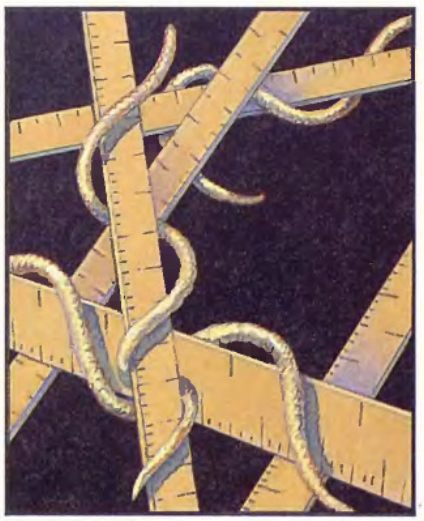
*Meanwhile, a 31-year-old death-row inmate in California has offered to sell the TV rights to his execution, telling a newspaper interviewer, "If you have the money, you can have the cameras, everything."*

### COUNTERCLINICS

*The national right-to-life movement has come up with a new tactic: opening "pro-life" pregnancy centers—resembling abortion clinics and often operating near them—at the rate of about ten a month. National Right-to-Life president Jack Willke says that "each abortion clinic has spawned an alternative center," thanks largely to efforts by Christian evangelical churches. The anti-abortion centers offer free pregnancy tests and counseling and use neutral-sounding names such as Crisis Pregnancy Center, sometimes offering financial aid to women who will carry their babies to term. The founder of the Pearson Foundation, which trains anti-abortion volunteers, claims its centers prevented more than 25,000 abortions in 1983 and that 85 percent of women change their minds about abortion after they understand the options.*

### WORM TORTURE?

LISKEARD, ENGLAND—*The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been asked to look into complaints of cruelty to worms because of a contest held in this Cornwall village. The alleged cruelty involved "worm coaxing," in which people try to lure worms from the earth to be measured. The event had been staged by a local pub to raise money for*



*medical research. "It's just harmless fun," the pub owner explained. An R.S.P.C.A. spokesman raised questions, however: "We would prefer it if the worms were left alone. . . . If they are disturbed like this, they should be returned to the earth with as little suffering as possible."*

# Give her something that's forever. It could be the best 2 months you'll ever spend.

De Beers

At first, 2 months' salary may seem like a lot for a diamond engagement ring. But to the discriminating consumer who knows the value of quality, it's worth it. And today it takes about 2 months' salary to get a fine quality diamond. And it's really worth it when you consider that it's the one thing your fiancée will wear and cherish every day of her life.

Your jeweler can show you a wide range of high quality diamond engagement rings. When you're planning on spending a lifetime with her, 2 months doesn't seem like much at all.

4C

Diamonds, think quality first. Consult your jeweler about the four characteristics that determine the quality of a diamond. Or send for the booklet, "Everything You'd Love to Know ... About Diamonds." Just mail $1.25 to DIC, Dept. DER-S- PL, Box 1344, N.Y., N.Y. 10101-1344. The ring shown contains quality diamonds with a one-half carat center stone, enlarged for detail.

A diamond is forever.

this a pass." Dope deals have a way of generating their own momentum and their own paranoia, and one of the rules of the game is that you don't back out of a deal.

Once the Government agents had gotten De Lorean to even consider a shady money-raising venture involving drugs, they knew it would go down all the way. And they knew that De Lorean would eventually realize that, too. A lot of people may not believe how easy it is for the Government to set up and entrap someone in the unstoppable dynamic of the dealing process itself. Thank goodness for a jury capable of understanding that. Catching someone in the business is one thing, but creating the very crime you claim to be trying to stop is something else. What this country needs is a "sting" operation to nail the biggest and most dangerous drug dealers of all—the narcs and the FBI.

(Name withheld by request)
San Antonio, Texas

**REVEREND MOON AND UNCLE SAM**

I'm afraid I can't share Jim Lorraine's glee in the September *Playboy Forum* over the Supreme Court's decision to throw the Reverend Sun-Myung Moon to the "IRS lions that stalk the rest of us." These quoted words are the only ones I sympathize with.

OK. So the good reverend is scum. But I'm not sure two crimes make a justice. (A justice? Sorry, trying to paraphrase too closely.) The punishment for making a bad movie is to have no one go see it. And in the case of *Inchon*, I believe justice was served. Although I'm sure Moon could live quite well sucking off his airhead followers, some of the blame for his continued income must go to those who try to get rid of the airport-lobby pests by giving them quarters instead of telling them to buzz off.

If Moon is taking advantage of "young and troubled" kids (and *stupid* kids, Lorraine; don't forget stupid), then his just deserts would be his getting smothered in a pile of flowers, buttons and small change. But getting taxed? No way! I don't *want* Uncle Sam (the most dreaded of in-laws) to have that much more money to screw us with. And don't tell me we could balance the budget. If the U.S. were handed 20 billion dollars today, it wouldn't pay off the debt. It would *spend* it. Much as I would not be bummed out if Moon were hit by a train, I must root for him against the infinitely more evil IRS. If a person (a category that excludes Government employees) has been successfully evading taxes, I say, "More power to him!" (And to you, and to *me*, too.)

Lorraine says the justice system is on the path to righteousness. (Who's spouting mindless babble now?) Unfortunately, I'm afraid he may be right.

Fear (that rhymes with pear) Laissez
Reno, Nevada

**MERRY CHRISTMAS**

Every December, we are publicly nagged about "the true meaning of Christmas." Yet a glance at even the most general reference source, such as the *World Book*, reveals that that time of year had been celebrated with feasts and gift giving long before the Christian era.

The ancient Roman December 25 festival was called Natalis [*Solis*] Invicti, which means "birth of the invincible [sun]." It referred to the winter solstice, the time near December 22 when the winter sun ceases its apparent southward course, "stops" or "dies" for three days, then appears to begin moving north again on December 25. Humanity long has celebrated this date as the birth of "the light of the world," when longer periods of light occur at last. Before electricity and central heating, this was no small event!

In Scandinavian countries, Christmas is still called by its original pagan name, Yule Day, which means "wheel day," indicating that December 25 represents an annual cycle of nature. The use of evergreen trees originated with the Scandinavians, who also called this date the "birth of the sun."

In countless cultures, the sun was called the "giver of life." It was said to have been immaculately conceived by father sky and mother earth. Native Americans have kept that belief pure to this day, but theologians elsewhere personified those elements, as in Buddha, son of the virgin Maya, and, later, Jesus, son of the Virgin Mary. Ancient monuments in Egypt bear the inscription OUR IMMACULATE LADY ISIS, and Madonna-and-child statues of Isis and the "Holy Infant" Horus abound. The pagan legend of virgin birth, martyrdom and bodily resurrection of a god was common throughout the ancient world, celebrating the birth or the annual renewal of the sun. It signified the invincibility of the sun as god and suggested an eternal cycle of life.

It wasn't until 354 A.D. that Bishop Liberius of Rome ordered December 25 adopted as the Nativity. In the 380s, however, Chrysostom spoke of that celebration as a custom of long standing.

Christmas and New Year festivities, then, belong to the pagan tradition. As the celebration of life-giving light, this special season cannot be claimed only by Christians. It belongs to everyone.

Constance Robertson
Peoria, Illinois

**MELTING POT BOILS**

For most of my life, I have considered my nationality to be American, but I stand corrected. Actually, I am an English-French-German-Canadian-Indian-American, and I suppose I must claim allegiance to five nationalities to reap the benefits of being a minority member. I can certainly assure you that we English-French-German-Canadian-Indian-Americans are a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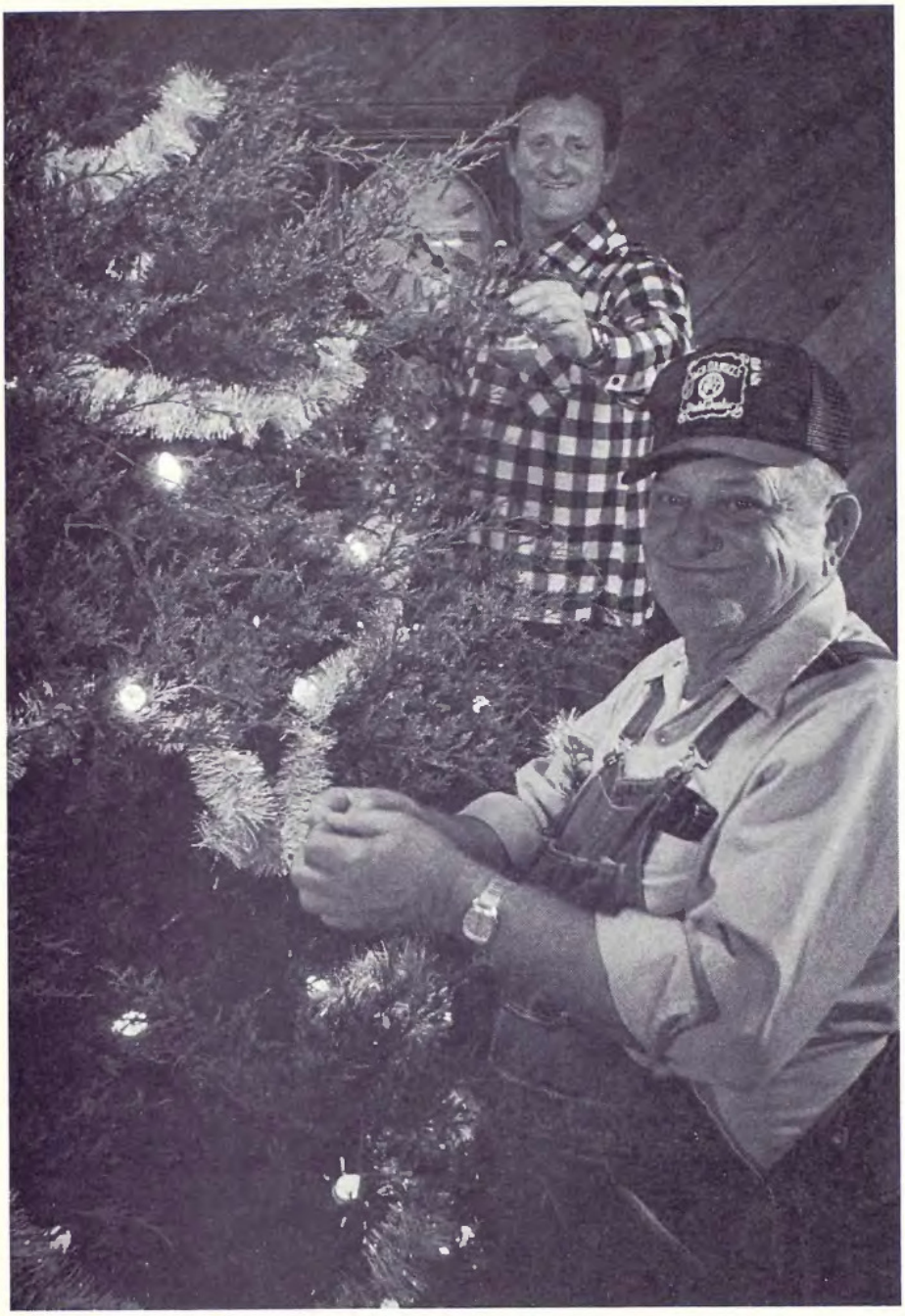

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definite minority, do not control much of this country's wealth or have much political power; and, since we are not recognized as a minority yet, we are not subsidized in employment through affirmative-action programs.

To accommodate this situation, we could modify the Pledge of Allegiance as follows: "I pledge allegiance to several flags in the United States of America; to the many special groups for which they stand; several nations, some under God, with liberty and justice for some more than others."

Personally, I liked the old one better. Too bad we can't all be "just Americans" and be treated equally.

(Name withheld by request)
Corpus Christi, Texas

**PERPETUATING POVERTY**

I can no longer remain silent. Being neither pro nor con on the issue of abortion, I can only relate one facet I have not seen covered. As a quasi social worker, I have interviewed many women on welfare. Indirectly, I learned that when the child of the established recipient reaches 15 or 16 years of age, the mother's anxiety becomes increasingly obvious and eventually turns into a state of outright alarm: "When Johnny becomes 18, what will I do?" There goes the income. The solution? To have another child, of course.

When the right of a working woman to abort is taken away, often her only recourse is welfare. Her chance of a "good" marriage is considerably lessened. Necessity seldom is the basis for a happy marriage. So the stage is set for another life to be placed on welfare—out of the mainstream—a "second-class" citizen.

I shall close here and not become a vile and revoltingly mercenary person by relating the ramifications of the burden placed on the budgets of the various steps of government should abortions be outlawed.

(Name withheld by request)
San Diego, California

**GUN CONTROL**

A gun in and of itself is harmless; it's when it falls into the hands of a human being that it becomes a potentially lethal weapon. The question remains: Which is more dangerous, a gun or the unpredictable way in which a human being's mind works, with or without a gun? Another question: If this is truly a free country, why do people feel the need for guns?

Thom Robinson
Waterford, Connecticut

**FOR WHOM THE VEL CROS?**

I'd like to sink my teeth into this zipper controversy that's been thrust on the American public by way of the "Zipper Peril" letter in the May *Playboy Forum* and the replies to it in the September issue. Not only is the zipper, when used correctly and with confidence, a safe, reliable and adaptable apparatus for men and women

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of all sexes but, well . . . have you ever read a novel that depicts a stud's teasing the passions of the horny cheerleader by "slowly unfastening his Velcro"?

Come on, America. You've been satisfied with the zipper since its invention, and for good reason. Not only does it do the job but it enhances the beauty and flair of your ski jacket, wedding gown, carrying case or designer jeans. It moves with your mood: all the way up tight, half and half or down and out.

And don't tell me zippers are unsafe because of a few publicized malfunctions (which are probably due to misuse or abuse). After all, to paraphrase another popular slogan: Zippers don't get stuck; people do.

Philip M. White
Flushing, New York

*According to the business card he enclosed, Philip White is executive sales representative for Mark Slide Fast, Inc., and the Allan Zipper Manufacturing Corporation. Now, to wind up this matter once and for all:*

I have just read the letter from J. K. Mates in the September *Playboy Forum*. He neglected to mention how he had come to be in possession of enough raw Velcro to make the stuff commercially feasible and himself president of Velcro U.S.A., Inc. I hate to be the one to let the Velcro out of the knapsack, but someone must. Mates has obviously succeeded where others have failed and has managed to not only domesticate the beast but, more astonishing, get it to reproduce in captivity!

To begin with, there is Velcro the bush and Velcro the animal. The bush, *sticcum stuccum*, is sticky, grows in the Arizona desert and serves no known use. It was originally native to the swampy lowlands of middle Guinea and its importation to the U.S. was unsuccessful. It was completely overrun by the tumbleweed, which stuck to it and pulled it out by the roots as it tumbled along.

Velcro the animal, *hoocus loopus*, is entirely another matter. Dating from the Pleistocene age, it originated in Siberia,

# FORUM FOLLIES

*Harry Franken, a writer for the Columbus, Ohio,* Citizen-Journal, *occasionally runs across stories to which he can't quite do justice in a family newspaper, and he's good enough to pass them on to us. The following case of sexual harassment, for example.*

Circleville, Ohio, a city of 11,500, boasts that it has the world's only pumpkin water tower, fills its streets with more than 50 tons of pumpkins, gourds and squashes for three days every autumn and fills the stomachs of visitors with pumpkin burgers, pumpkin bread, pumpkin fudge and various other "delectable pumpkin goodies." That sort of benign insanity dates back to 1903 and has finally been upstaged by a bizarre sexual-harassment case in which a man was the victim.

A common-pleas jury in Pickaway County (of which Circleville is the seat) awarded $1161 in damages to a former state worker who charged that five women, including a supervisor, had thrown him onto a bed, removed his pants and underwear and kept them for several hours while he was working as a ward attendant at a local treatment facility for the mentally retarded. Ironically, on the day the trial started, the state closed the center to make it part of the state's prison system.

The plaintiff, an admitted homosexual, said his attackers had told him they were going to "make a man out of him." They, in sworn depositions, maintained that the plaintiff had sexually harassed *them* over a period of months and that the incident had resulted from a spur-of-the-moment decision to get even with him.

The evidence was a carnival of charges and countercharges:

The man claimed that the women had forcibly removed him from a "slab room," where he was bathing a patient, put him on an empty bed, stripped him and, "while restraining plaintiff on the bed against his will with his genital area exposed to public view, ridiculed plaintiff." He also charged that during the attack, one of the defendants "did intentionally expose to plaintiff her breasts."

He said after he had replaced his pants with a pair of patient's pajamas, another defendant "attempted to remove plaintiff's pajamas but was successful in only halfway removing them [and] did willfully place her hand upon, and begin to rub, plaintiff's buttocks."

In their own depositions, the defendants said that their male colleague had previously attempted to remove the brassieres of female employees, threatened to pull down their pants, pinched them and put soap down their pants. They said that during the attack in retaliation, he was a laughing and cooperative "victim." The woman who ended up underneath the plaintiff on the bed said, "I was tickling him, man, every which way I could. Every spot that I knew he would be ticklish, I tickled it."

Another, talking about the plaintiff's prior behavior, said, "He was always trying to take my bra off and pinching my boobs, because he liked my nipples to get hard, and run around and brag and tell everybody." Added her friend, "He'd bite me on the bosom and grab me up here on the leg and bite, you know, on the neck and stuff."

Another claimed that earlier on the day of the attack, "he grabbed me and we went down on the floor in the hallway. He was trying to remove my bra."

One defendant, who denied that the attack had been her idea, said that beforehand, the plaintiff had made a bet with her that he could get her pants off before she could get his off. She said she had been a spectator to the incident and hadn't tried to stop it, because "he deserved it." She also added:

"John told Sue he was going to bite her on the tit and she told him she would just help him. She pulled her tit out and said, 'Here it is, now bite it.' "

While the Circleville jurors accepted the plaintiff's version, they didn't agree that his traumatic experience and embarrassment were worth the $200,000 in damages that had been asked by his attorney. They did find that all of the defendants except the supervisor had participated in holding the plaintiff down and stripping his lower body; that he had not voluntarily participated in the assault; and that the acts had been done "wantonly, maliciously and with reckless disregard for the rights of the plaintiff." But they also found the total damages amounting to $1161—for lost wages—with nothing for trauma or as punitive damages. The plaintiff said he had quit his job on the advice of his psychiatrist.

After the trial, Judge William Ammer, a veteran of 27 years on the bench, apologized to jurors because of the racy testimony they had had to endure and because "we as taxpayers have been paying people to engage in such horseplay." —HARRY FRANKEN

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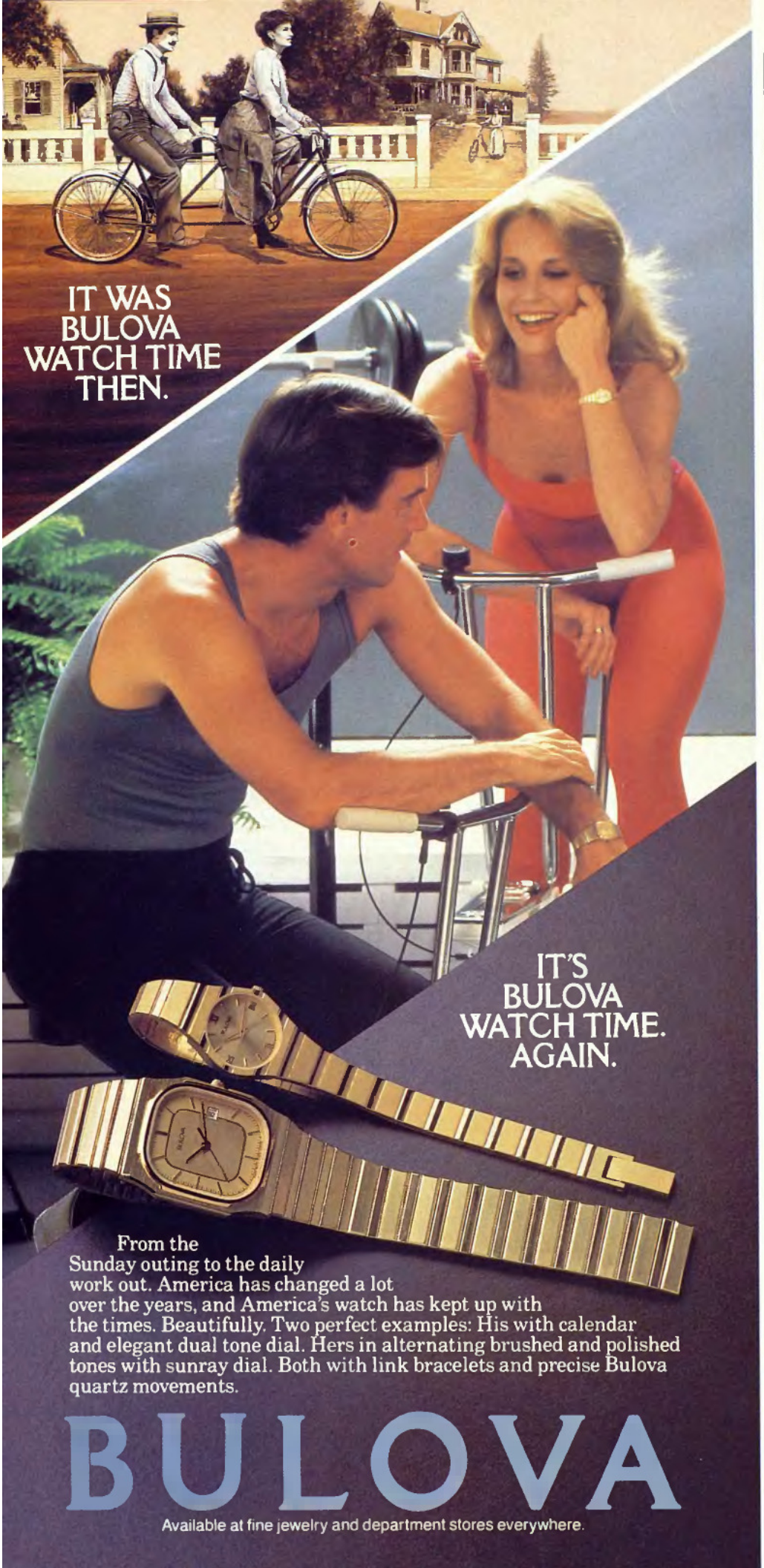


where thousands still lie buried in the ice. Ignoring their scientific value, the Russians periodically dig them up and sell the skins on the international Velcro black market. Using the same land bridge as the Eskimo, the Velcro crossed to Alaska and migrated down the North American continent. At one time, long before the white man, vast herds of Velcro were seen stuck on the plains of the West. With the influx of civilization, they nearly became extinct. Exactly why remains the subject of serious debate. One school believes it was because they were so easy to capture. During mating, they stick together and can be easily harvested. Another school believes they all died of frustration over the question "Where does the Nauga hide?"

My own experience supports the latter theory. My grandfather, one of the last active gluesmiths in the United States, told me the year he shod the most Velcros was 1938. That was while he was head "smitty" for the famous Flying V Velcro ranch, just outside Zipper Flats, Wyoming. He and his four apprentice shoers managed to send out 5357 freshly shod 'Cros that year. The demand for his skills diminished rapidly when the Nauga began to hide; for, as everyone knows, the only suitable material for Velcro shoes is the hide of the Nauga. Without this valuable commodity, Grandfather soon found himself out of work and finally had to cap his gluepot forever. Without proper shoes, the Velcro couldn't be worked domestically. Eventually, they were all released into the wild, where they died, victims of bleeding feet. This closely ties in with the frustration theory.

The last confirmed sighting of a wild Velcro (not to be confused with the feral ones from the Flying V) was in 1913, just north of Chico, California. One herd of Velcro mixed with a herd of local cheetahs to produce the Velveeta (another story). For years, it was thought they had vanished completely. Then, in 1976, the famed international explorer Sir Bosco Merkin spotted and tracked an abominable Velcro on the China-Tibet border. He made two plaster casts of the footprints and found a swatch of the hide. Last year, the Marin Wildlife Center cloned a young Velcro and returned it to the wild. Subsequently, other sightings have occurred.

Mates is to be congratulated for ensuring the survival of this once-rare creature. Now, if he could only tell us for whom the Vel cros. . . .

Walter W. Jaffee
Benicia, California

*Aaaaargh.*

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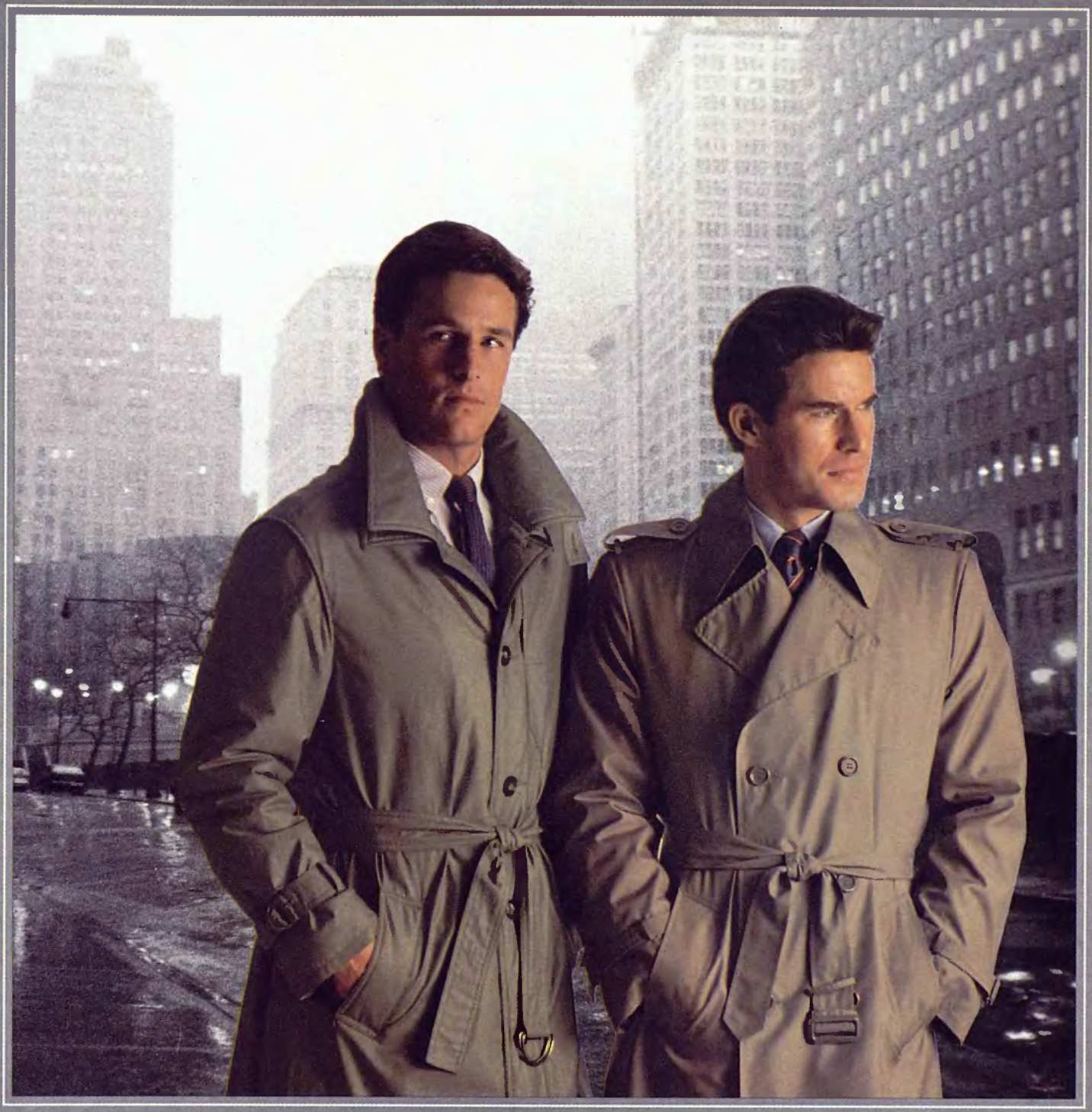

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PAUL and LINDA McCARTNEY

## *a candid conversation with the superstar couple about music, creativity and wealth—and, at last, the full story of john and paul's partnership*

*Once, back in the mists of the Sixties, there was a partnership that, in addition to being the heart of a legendary performing group, turned out an incredible number of pop standards during a short, unparalleled burst of creativity. Both partners went on to further work and success, but it was their public spats and private tensions, their love and hate, the dynamics that shaped their work during those few years that became the grist for countless articles and books, gossip and, ultimately, mythology.*

*One of the two, John Lennon, has been dead for nearly four years. The other, Paul McCartney, after a lifetime of parrying with the press, remains an enigma. He had always been the Beatle who talked the most and said the least. In the early days, his friendliness and cheekiness made him an ideal spokesman for the Beatles; but since the group's breakup, his own penchant for sentimentality and commercialism, together with the posthumous adulation of the harder-edged Lennon, have left him with a public-relations image he is unable to shake. He is seen as clever but superficial, even managing to have sounded flip about his partner's assassination ("It's a drag").*

*After the years of touring and recording successfully with his new band, Wings, which included his wife, Linda, and later producing several solo albums to mixed success, Paul became even more reclusive, emerging into the limelight only to plug a new song or to be arrested rather spectacularly from time to time for possession of pot.*

*In the decade before his death in December 1980, Lennon reinforced the public perception of McCartney with often vitriolic and sneering comments on his music. He made fun of the easy, catchy tunes McCartney churned out, seemingly at will. McCartney would jab back, but his tendency to distance himself from the public became more pronounced. When he did speak, he could sound self-serving and slick. Linda McCartney has not fared very well in the press, either: Often pictured as cold and presumptuous in joining her husband's band, she has been described the same way Yoko Ono was—as the interloper, one of the two women who "broke up" the Beatles.*

*These days, McCartney is once again in the public eye, actively promoting "Give My Regards to Broad Street," a movie he wrote and in which both he and Linda star. He is giving some of the required answers to the usual questions, as he has been doing for more than 20 years. But nearly a year ago, the McCartneys began a series of extraordinary conversations with free-lance journalist* **Joan Goodman**. *She suggested to them that they expand their talks and publish them as a "Playboy Interview," to which they consented, and the sessions continued off and on for nearly six months. It is in this "Interview" that Paul talks for the first time in depth about his relationship with John, his reaction to his death, the events surrounding the Beatles' breakup, his feelings about himself and his thoughts on his music with and without the Beatles. Linda, who has always found it difficult to "explain" herself, also talks frankly about her image and her husband's work, as well as her own.*

*Meanwhile, for the record and for anyone who has been on Mars during the past 20 years, here is a summary of the Paul and Linda McCartney story—thus far:*

*Born in Liverpool on June 18, 1942, to James and Mary McCartney, a cotton salesman and a nurse, Paul, with his younger brother, Michael, grew up on council estates, where his mother served as a midwife. His father had been a smalltime professional musician and was bent on self-improvement; his mother was, in Paul's words, "madly aspiring for her sons," hoping Paul would become a doctor. When he was 14, she died of cancer. His father continued their upbringing, surrounded by a multitude of aunts and cousins to ensure familial warmth. McCartney says, "We were like a big Italian family, someone always dandling a baby on his knee."*

*Adolescence was nevertheless a painful time for him and, perhaps, the source of a lifetime process of internalizing his feelings, putting on a cheery face—and sublimating it all into music. At 15, he began writing songs. It was that year that he met John Lennon, through a mutual friend, and later joined*

*"There are only four people who knew what the Beatles were about. Nobody else was in that car with us—just four of us in the back, laughing hysterically."*

*"The image we Americans had of the Beatles and their music was so positive and cheery, I never actually thought any problems could happen to these people."*

*"I don't work at being ordinary. It's quite rational. It's not contrived at all. It is actually my answer to the question, What is the best way to be? I think ordinary."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALAN CLIFTON

*"Nobody knows what or who I am. I don't even know what or who I am. If I hadn't married Paul, I'd have meandered through life. I quite like meandering."*

*Lennon's group, the Quarrymen, named after his Liverpool school. Although untrained himself, McCartney brought technique to the group and to Lennon; his father had encouraged Paul's talent and had taught him harmony. He and Lennon hit it off well once Lennon was assured that McCartney's ability was no threat to his leadership of the group that was to become the Beatles.*

*By all accounts, Lennon and McCartney were supposed to be opposite sides of the same coin. John was sharp and aggressive; Paul, soft and lighthearted. Observers were always eager to characterize and define their individual roles. Yet while Lennon was the leader of the group, it was McCartney who was its driving force. Lennon could be careless, disparaging of the Beatles. As George Martin, who produced virtually all of the Beatles' records, said to* PLAYBOY, *"Paul eventually became the one member of the group who always took an active interest in everything the group did. John tended to work very hard at his bit, then leave the rest and walk away. George, too. Paul got involved in everything."*

*In 1969, just days before Lennon married Yoko Ono, McCartney married Linda Eastman, a 27-year-old New York rock photographer who had a young child, Heather, by a brief first marriage. Born in 1941 in Scarsdale, New York, to a successful attorney (and later mistakenly identified as an Eastman Kodak heiress), Linda became a photographer of rock-'n'-roll celebrities. She confirmed in an aside to* PLAYBOY *that when she first met the Beatles, it was John who interested her; but soon she fell in love with Paul, who was breaking up a very public courtship of the British actress Jane Asher. By contrast with the upper-crust Asher, Linda was seen as a pushy American and was despised by the British press. The wedding took place during the height of the furor surrounding the Beatles' split.*

*McCartney adopted Heather, and he and Linda had their second daughter, Mary, later that year. A third daughter, Stella, and a son, James, followed. Linda carefully constructed a semirural, "ordinary" lifestyle sustained by the McCartney millions (they have huge land holdings in Sussex and Scotland) and a strong sense of basic values. Pronouncements from their camp always emphasized their uneventful existence.*

*Meanwhile, Lennon, with his gift for colorful media events, made his union with Yoko Ono seem like the ultimate in rock-rebellion marriage. This reinforced the proposition that McCartney was just an average bloke who had lucked into fame and fortune when he met John Lennon.*

*After a year of lying fallow, McCartney "slapped himself about the face" and formed Wings. He did with the new band what he had wanted to do with the Beatles. They toured and they worked without fanfare. There was friction. Paul's domineering ways and Linda's lack of musicianship were blamed. She offered to quit Wings, but McCartney wouldn't have it. If they didn't get it right the first time, they would try again until they did. The enormous success of Wings, plus the popularity of McCartney's new songs among a younger generation—despite rough going from critics—vindicated him. More recently, his collaborations with Michael Jackson and Stevie Wonder produced yet more hits.*

*Until recently, McCartney had always operated from the vortex of his prodigious musical talent; but in 1982, when he turned 40, he said he "thought it time to fulfill old goals." He had enjoyed making the Beatles' movies and wanted to become involved with film again. He looked around for a suitable script. Finding none, he commissioned one from Liverpool playwright William Russell, who had written the play "John, Paul, George, Ringo and Bert" about the Beatles. (Ironically, McCartney had been critical of it at the time.) He liked the new script, but "it was not quite in line with my thinking." As he had done before in his musical career, McCartney went back to square one. He read everything he could, took advice and wrote the film script himself. Meant originally to be a day-in-the-life home movie, it grew in scope when McCartney added a plot line about the disappearance of some valuable tapes. He fashioned his script around that idea and included 14 musical numbers—some from the Beatles days, some from Wings, some new.*

> *"I don't know how anyone could have lived with me after the breakup of the Beatles. I was on the scrap heap, in my own eyes."*

*He cast himself in the starring role, wrote in parts for Ringo, his wife, Barbara Bach, and Linda, and once again invited record producer George Martin to supervise his music. It was on the set of "Broad Street" that interviewer Goodman met the McCartneys. Her report:*

*"I was warned before I met Paul McCartney, by people who didn't know him, that I had best be careful. He was a slippery customer, they said. He was manipulative with the press, using charm as a shield. He would come on as ordinary and friendly, and, if I weren't careful, I could find myself actually liking him. These people, who mostly held to the notion that Lennon was as deep as McCartney was superficial, implied that being taken in by McCartney would be tantamount to being relegated to an intellectual Siberia. No danger of that with Linda, however. She was generally reckoned to be a bitch—cold, tough, snooty.*

*"I was a basket case by the time I got to Elstree Studios, just outside London, where they were shooting 'Give My Regards to Broad Street' (the title uses a London railway station, one of the film's locales, as a play on the old song title). I sat off in a corner of an elaborate set that looked like a futuristic lily pond bathed in purple light. Paul and Linda, on piano and keyboard, Jeff Porcaro and Steve Lukather from Toto and bass guitarist Louis Johnson, all of whom are in the film, were dressed in white bellhop costumes with short, spiky wigs and white, catlike kabuki make-up. It was the setting for 'Silly Love Songs'—one of the film's big numbers—and everything was going wrong. The hydraulics that raised and lowered the modules weren't working. The atmospheric puffs of steam were blowing in the wrong direction, Porcaro got hit on the head by a loose pipe and someone had shouted at the script girl and made her cry.*

*"A general ennui settled over the sound stage while technical people tinkered and conferred. Then, in a sudden burst of energy, McCartney lifted the gloom, banging out an impromptu ragtime tune addressed to the script girl, Brenda "Bunty" Loader. As the musicians played backup, McCartney suddenly sang out, 'We love Bunty, Bunty's our friend / We love Bunty, we will till the end. . . .' Bunty's tearful face beamed a bright red as tensions dissipated.*

*"After watching McCartney work at high speed, under time pressure, under budget pressure, I came to respect him. He was not unfailingly good-tempered and charming, but he was fair and, for someone who doesn't have to lift a finger, he works hard.*

*"Watching from the side lines one day, George Martin remarked to me, 'Paul is amazing. I couldn't stand the pace he sets. He gets up incredibly early in the morning, he drives in from his place in Sussex, which is two hours from here, and goes home every night to be with the kids. He's in make-up first thing in the morning, he acts all day, and during lunchtime he talks about production problems with somebody. In the evening, he has discussions with the director and the producer about the staging or the lighting or whatever. It's like the old Beatles recordings. He's involved in everything.'*

*"Although Martin is far from a yes man to Paul—there were visible tensions on the set—during a pause in the proceedings, he leaned back and reflected on the man he has worked with for 20 years: 'I think Paul is a genius. It's a great joy to work with someone you respect very highly. But too many people tell people like him, "Fantastic! You're absolutely brilliant! You can't do anything wrong!" The fact is, they can do wrong, and someone has got to tell them. Paul knows this. He has his ego streak, but he's not that bad.'*

*"I found all this to be true. The first interviews with Paul were hesitant affairs, with Paul supplying the information he wanted to get across, much of it familiar fan stuff. The time and depth required by this 'Interview' made him wary. But as time went on, he seemed to feel less threatened, and another facet of his personality began to surface: He has an inner need to say the truth, to set the record straight. It was then that the deeper, more heartfelt, more revelatory information came out. But it was tough holding on to the momentum: Once, Paul broke off our conversations to do a TV interview plugging the*

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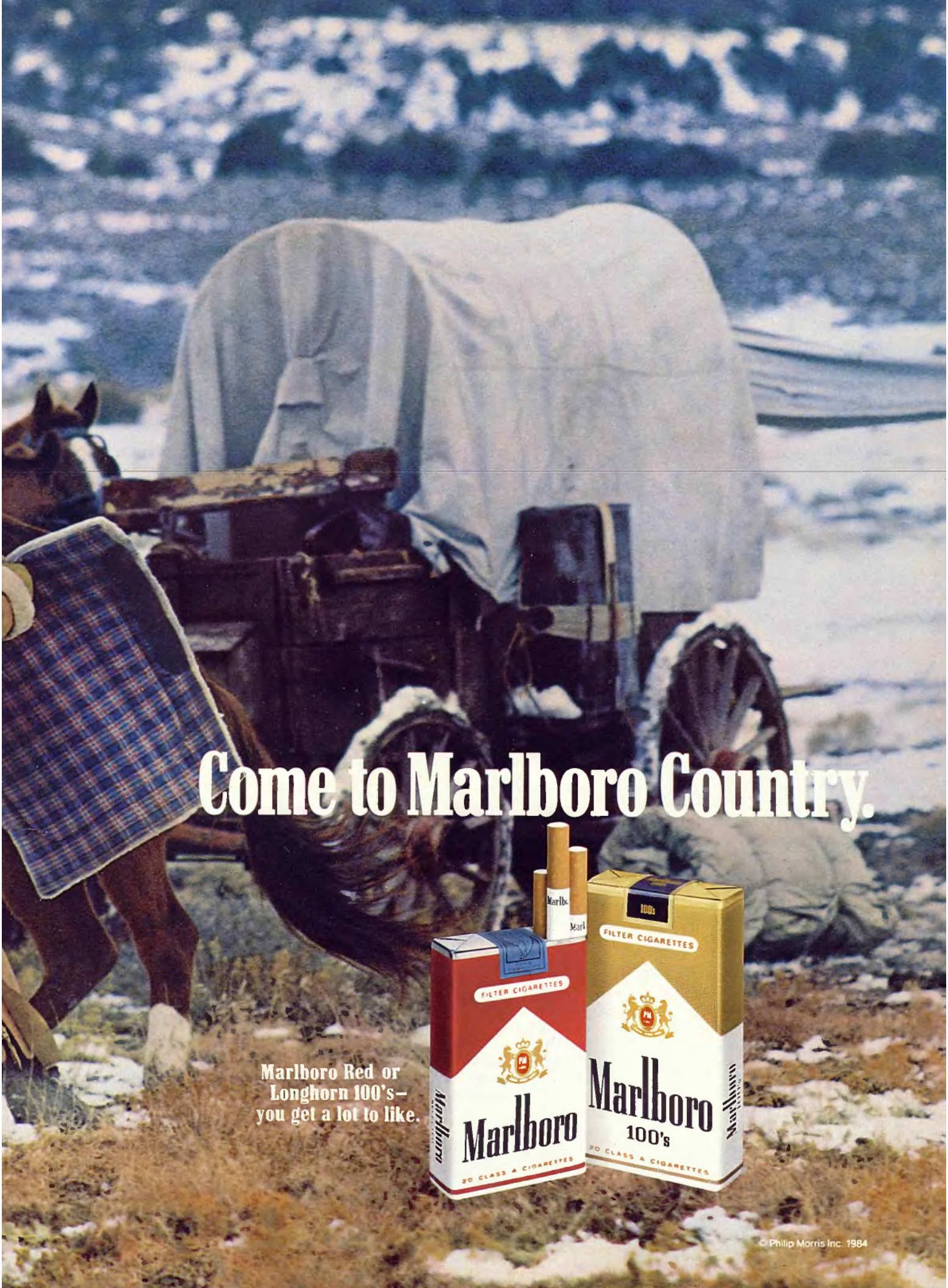
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*movie just before we were to meet; when he came in to resume our talk, he was back in PR land, being flip and cute. A wasted day.*

*"With Linda, it was a different problem: She hesitated to talk at all, but once she opened up, it was pure and straightforward.*

*"Over the months, the relationship between Paul and Linda became clear: The McCartneys may have an old-fashioned marriage, in the sense that Paul is very much the provider, but it is more equal than anyone realizes. The way they live—the fact that they're vegetarians, their preference for the rural over the jet-set life, their determination to shield their children from stardom—is Linda's doing. They have adjusted to each other over the years, like any other couple. And the family has learned to separate Paul McCartney the superstar from Paul McCartney the man. Linda says, 'At home, Paul is Daddy; but when our James sees him on the box, he says, "There's Paul McCartney." ' "*

---

**PLAYBOY:** Although we hope to cover a lot of ground, let's start with the reason you're in the limelight again. You've just finished a movie, *Give My Regards to Broad Street.* You wrote it and play a leading role. Why this movie now?

**PAUL:** I guess the ultimate luxury professionally is to be able to change your direction, to work in another medium. It's what a lot of people would like to be able to do. It has also given me a chance to see professional actors at work, and now I can tell the acting profession, "Nobody need worry about me; there's no danger from me." [*Laughs*] Still, it's been great fun and I've learned a lot. It's a good little film, a nice evening out. I only regret I didn't write a completely new score.

**LINDA:** But he's written a great theme song for it. The music is all live, and Paul's had a chance to work with great musicians again. He's started coming home happy again, fulfilled. Paul is a perfectionist. He hasn't been happy, he hasn't had a chance to work with the best since the old days.

**PLAYBOY:** Since the Beatles.

**LINDA:** Yes.

[*Paul nods.*]

**PLAYBOY:** Paul, it's been nearly four years since John Lennon died and you haven't really talked about your partnership and what his death meant to you. Can you talk about it now?

**PAUL:** It's . . . it's just too difficult . . . very difficult to say anything about it. I always feel that if I said anything about John, I would have to sit here for five days and say it *all.* Or I don't want to say *anything.*

**LINDA:** I'm like that.

**PAUL:** I know George and Ringo can't really talk about it.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you hear of John's death? What was your first reaction?

**PAUL:** My manager rang me early in the morning. Linda was taking the kids to school.

**LINDA:** I had driven the kids to school and I'd just come back in. Paul's face, ugh, it was horrible—even now, when I think of it. . . .

**PAUL:** A bit grotty.

**LINDA:** I knew something had happened. . . .

**PAUL:** It was just too crazy. We just said what everyone said; it was all blurred. It

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was the same as the Kennedy thing. The same horrific moment, you know. You couldn't take it in. I can't.

**LINDA:** It put everybody in a daze for the rest of their life. It'll never make sense.

**PAUL:** I still haven't taken it in. I don't want to.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet the only thing you were quoted as saying after John's assassination was, "Well, it's a drag."

**PAUL:** What happened was we heard the news that morning and, strangely enough, all of us—the three Beatles, friends of John's—all of us reacted in the same way. Separately. Everyone just went to work that day. All of us. Nobody could stay home with that news. We all had to go to work and be with people we knew. Couldn't bear it. We just had to keep going. So I went in and did a day's work in a kind of shock. And as I was coming out of the studio later, there was a reporter, and as we were driving away, he just stuck the microphone in the window and shouted, "What do you think about John's death?" I had just finished a whole day in shock and I said, "It's a drag." I meant drag in the heaviest sense of the word, you know: "It's a—*drag*." But, you know, when you look at that in print, it says, "Yes, it's a drag." Matter of fact.

**PLAYBOY:** You tend to give a lot of flip answers to questions, don't you?

**PAUL:** I know what you mean. When my mum died, I said, "What are we going to do for money?"

**LINDA:** She brought in extra money for the family.

**PAUL:** And I've never forgiven myself for that. Really, deep down, you know, I never have quite forgiven myself for that. But that's all I could say then. It's like a lot of kids; when you tell them someone's died, they laugh.

**PLAYBOY:** Because they can't cope with the emotion?

**PAUL:** Yes. Exactly.

**LINDA:** With John's thing, what could you say?

**PAUL:** What could you say?

**LINDA:** The pain is beyond words. You can never describe it, I don't care how articulate you are.

**PAUL:** We just went home, we just looked at all the news on the telly, and we sat there with all the kids, just crying all evening. Just couldn't handle it, really.

**LINDA:** To this day, we just cry on hearing John's songs; you can't help it. You just cry. There aren't words. . . . I'm going to cry now.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you remember your last conversation with John?

**PAUL:** Yes. That is a nice thing, a consoling factor for me, because I do feel it was sad that we never actually sat down and straightened our differences out. But fortunately for me, the last phone conversation I ever had with him was really great, and we didn't have any kind of blowup. It could have easily been one of the other phone calls, when we blew up at each other and slammed the phone down.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you remember what you talked about?

**PAUL:** It was just a very happy conversation about his family, my family. Enjoying his life very much; Sean was a very big part of it. And thinking about getting on with his career. I remember he said, "Oh, God, I'm like Aunt Mimi, padding round here in me dressing gown"—robe, as he called it, 'cause he was picking up the American vernacular—"feeding the cats in me robe and cooking and putting a cup of tea on. This housewife wants a career!" It was that time for him. He was about to launch *Double Fantasy*.

**PLAYBOY:** But getting back to you and your flipness over John's death, isn't that characteristic of you—to show little emotion on the outside, to keep it all internalized?

**LINDA:** You're right. That's true.

**PAUL:** True. My mum died when I was 14. That is a kind of strange age to lose a mother. 'Cause, you know, you're dealing with puberty——

**LINDA:** Gosh, we've got a 14-year-old right now!

**PAUL:** Yes, and for a boy to lose a mother——

**LINDA:** To have been through so many other growing pains, how can a body take all that and still continue?

**PAUL:** It's not easy. You're starting to be a man, to be *macho*. Actually, that was one of the things that brought John and me very close together: He lost his mum when he was 17. Our way of facing it at that age was to laugh at it—not in our hearts but on the surface. It was sort of a wink thing between us. When someone would say, "And how's your mother?" John would say, "She died." We'd know that that person would become incredibly embarrassed and we'd almost have a joke with it. After a few years, the pain subsided a bit. It was a bond between us, actually; quite a big one, as I recall. We came together professionally afterward. And as we became a writing team, I think it helped our intimacy and our trust in each other. Eventually, we were pretty good mates—until the Beatles started to split up and Yoko came into it.

**PLAYBOY:** And that's when all the feuding and name-calling began. What started it? Did you feel hurt by John?

**PAUL:** You couldn't think of it as hurt; it was more like old army buddies' splitting up on account of wedding bells. You know [*sings*], "These wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of mine." He'd fallen in love, and none of us was stupid enough to say, "Oh, you shouldn't love her." We could recognize that, but that didn't diminish the hurt we were feeling by being pushed aside. Later on, I remember saying, "Clear the decks, give him his time with Yoko." I wanted him to have his child and move to New York, to do all the things

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he'd wanted to do, to learn Japanese, to expand himself——

**PLAYBOY:** But you didn't understand it at the time?

**PAUL:** No, at the time, we tried to understand; but what would happen was, if we were the *least* bit bitchy, that would be very hurtful to them in this—this *wild* thing they were in. I was looking at my second solo album, *Ram*, the other day and I remember there was one *tiny* little reference to John in the whole thing. He'd been doing a lot of preaching, and it got up my nose a little bit. In one song, I wrote, "Too many people preaching practices," I think is the line. I mean, that *was* a little dig at John and Yoko. There wasn't anything else on it that was about them. Oh, there was "You took your lucky break and broke it in two——"

**LINDA:** Same song. They got the message.

**PAUL:** But I think they took it further——

**LINDA:** They thought the whole album was about them. And then they got very upset.

**PAUL:** Yeah, that was the kind of thing that would happen. They'd take one small dig out of proportion and then come back at us in *their* next album. Then we'd say, "Hey, we only did two percent; they did 200 percent"—and we'd go through all of that insanity.

**PLAYBOY:** In most of his interviews, John said he never missed the Beatles. Did you believe him?

**PAUL:** I don't know. My theory is that he *didn't*. Someone like John would want to end the Beatle period and start the Yoko period. And he wouldn't like either to interfere with the other. As he was with Yoko, anything about the Beatles tended inevitably to be an intrusion. So I think he was interested enough in his new life to genuinely not miss us.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever try to find out how he felt about it, about you?

**PAUL:** I knew there was the kind of support that I'd *thought* he felt for me. But obviously, when you're getting slagged off in public, it shakes that faith. Nah, it's just John mouthing off; I know him. But, well, the name-calling coupled with the hurt—it became a bit of a number, you know?

**PLAYBOY:** Was the way you two went at each other good for the music?

**PAUL:** Yeah. That was one of the best things about Lennon and McCartney, the competitive element within the team. It was great. *But* hard to live with. It *was* hard to live with. It was probably one of the reasons why teams almost have to burn out. And, of course, in finding a strong woman like Yoko, John changed.

**LINDA:** But that way, you lose yourself.

**PAUL:** Yeah, I think that probably *is* the biggest criticism, that John stopped being himself. I used to bitch at him for that. On the phone with me in the later years, he'd get very New York if we were arguing. [*New York accent*] "Awright, goddamn it!" I called him Kojak once, because he was really laying New York street hip on me. Oh, come off it! But, through all of that, I do think he was always a man for fresh horizons. When he wanted to learn Japanese for Yoko, he went to the Biarritz.

**LINDA:** I like that! Biarritz! You mean Berlitz.

**PAUL:** Yeah, he wanted fresh challenges all the time. So it was nice of Yoko to fulfill that role. She gave him a direction.

[*Paul leaves to take a telephone call.*]

**LINDA:** I was just going to say that I think if John had lived, he might still be saying, "Oh, I'm much happier now. . . ."

**PLAYBOY:** And you don't believe it?

**LINDA:** The sad thing is that John and Paul both had problems and they loved each other and, boy, could they have helped each other! If they had only communicated! It frustrates me no end, because I was just some chick from New York when I walked into all of that. God, if I'd known what I know now. . . . All I could do was sit there watching them play these games. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** But wasn't it clear that John wanted only to work with Yoko?

---

*"I know that Paul was desperate to write with John again. And I know John was desperate to write . . . desperate."*

---

**LINDA:** No. I know that Paul was desperate to write with John again. And I know John was desperate to write . . . *desperate*. People thought, Well, he's taking care of Sean, he's a househusband and all that, but he wasn't happy. He couldn't write and it drove him crazy. And Paul could have helped him—easily.

[*Paul returns.*]

**PLAYBOY:** Has the McCartneys' relationship with Yoko changed since John's death?

**LINDA:** No comment! Only kidding. That's what she said.

**PAUL:** When someone asked Yoko if the Beatles had supported her after John's death, she said, "No comment."

**LINDA:** Even though Ringo flew over to see her and all of us called her.

**PAUL:** The thing is, in truth, I never really got on that well with Yoko anyway. It was John who got on well with her—that was the whole point. Strangely enough, I only started to get to know her after John's death. I began wanting to know if I could be of any help, because of my old friend. And at first, I was a bit put off by her attitude of "I don't want to be widow of the year." That's what she said. At first, I felt rebuffed and thought, Oh, well, great! Well, sod you! But then I thought, Wait a minute, come on. She's had the tragedy of a lifetime here, and I'm being crazy and insensitive to say, "Well, if you're not going to be nice to me, I'm not going to be nice to you." I feel I started to get to know her then, to understand what she was going through instead of only my point of view all the time—which I think is part of growing up anyway. And I think then I was able to find quite a lot of things in common with Yoko.

**PLAYBOY:** Such as?

**PAUL:** We're in similar positions—our fame and the people we know. . . .

**LINDA:** Yoko said to me when John was still alive, "We are the only people going through the same problems." But our differences are still there, too. Being her business partner is a real problem.

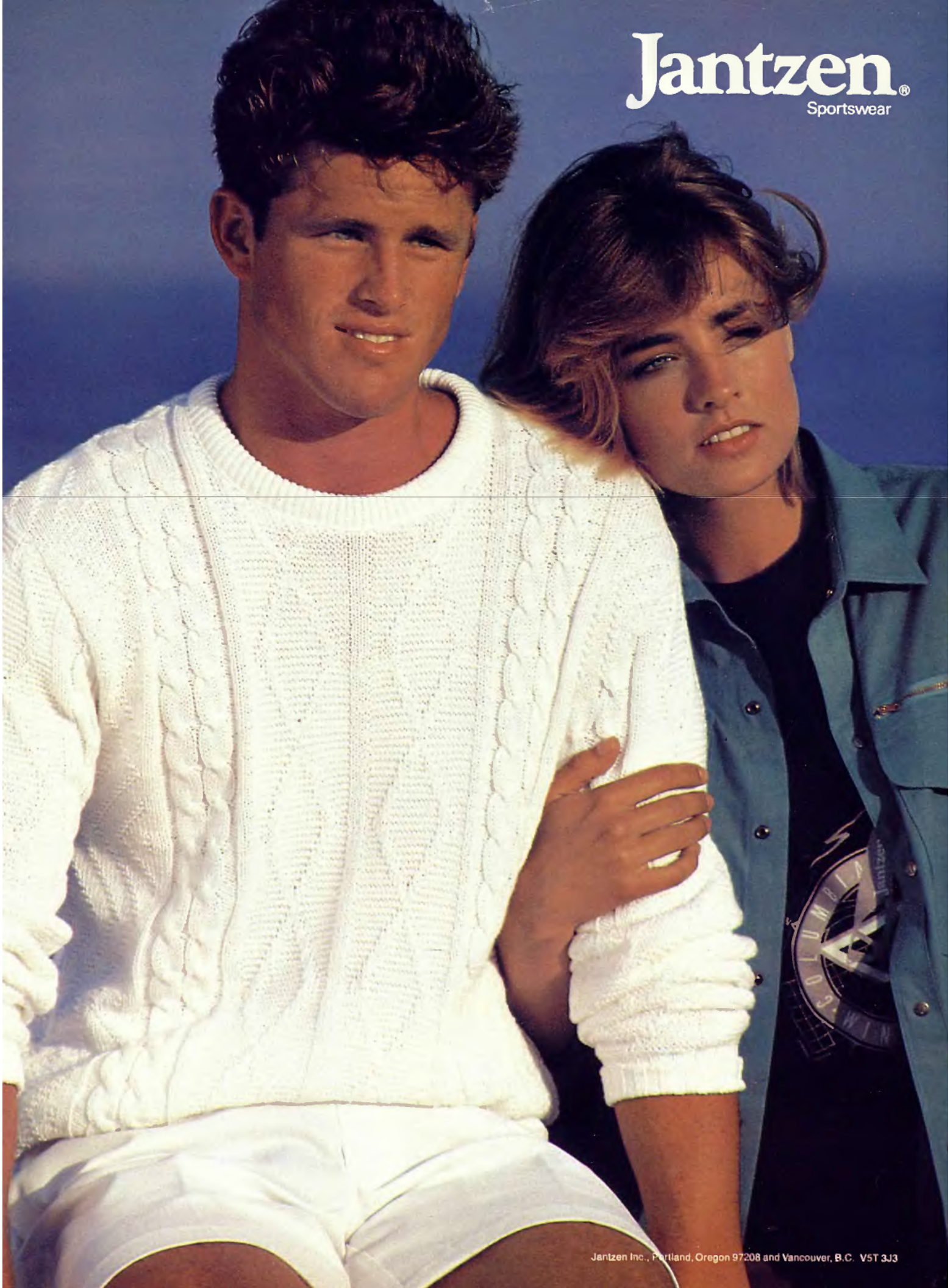
**PLAYBOY:** Once you began to understand Yoko, Paul, did you two talk about John?

**PAUL:** Yes. We did. In fact, after he died, the thing that helped me the most, really, was talking to Yoko about it. She volunteered the information that he had . . . really liked me. She said that once or twice, they had sat down to listen to my records and he had said, "*There* you are." So an awful lot went on in the privacy of their own place. So, yes, it was very important.

**PLAYBOY:** How much did John's praise mean to you when he was alive?

**PAUL:** A lot, but I hardly ever remember it, actually. There wasn't a lot of it flying about! I remember one time when we were making *Help!* in Austria. We'd been out skiing all day for the film and so we were all tired. I usually shared a room with George. But on this particular occasion, I was in with John. We were taking our huge skiing boots off and getting ready for the evening and stuff, and we had one of our cassettes; it was one of the albums, probably *Revolver* or *Rubber Soul*—I'm a bit hazy about which one. It may have been the one that had my song *Here, There and Everywhere*. There were three of my songs and three of John's songs on the side we were listening to. And for the first time ever, he just tossed it off, without saying anything definite, "Oh, I probably like your songs better than mine." And that was it! That was the height of praise I ever got off him. [*Mumbles*] "I probably like your songs better than mine." Whoops! There was no one looking, so he could say it.

But, yeah, I definitely did look up to John. We all looked up to John. He was older and he was very much the leader; he was the quickest wit and the smartest and all that kind of thing. So whenever he did praise any of us, it was great praise, indeed, because he didn't dish it out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much. If ever you got a speck of it, a crumb of it, you were quite grateful. With *Come Together*, for instance, he wanted a piano lick to be very swampy and smoky, and I played it that way and he liked that a lot. I was quite pleased with that. He also liked it when I sang like Little Richard—*Tutti-Frutti* and all that. All my screaming songs, the early Beatles screaming stuff—that's me doing Little Richard. It requires a great deal of nerve to just jump up and scream like an . . . idiot, you know? Anyway, I would often fall a little bit short, not have that little kick, that soul, and it would be John who would go, "Come on! You can sing it better than that, man! Come on, come on! Really throw it!" All right, John, OK. . . . He was certainly the one I looked up to most—definitely.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you remember your first meeting with him? A picture in the Beatles biography *The Long and Winding Road* is supposed to be the earliest of you two together.

[*Paul looks at photo in book.*]

**PAUL:** That's my mate Len Garry and Pete Shotton. Haven't seen him for years. This was the original Quarrymen. John was playing ukulele chords taught to him by his mum and he was singing *Come Go with Me*, by the Del Vikings, but he was making up his own words, because nobody knew the words in those days; nobody had the record: We'd only heard it on the radio and loved it. I met John that day. I knew the words to 25 rock songs, so I got in the group. *Long Tall Sally* and *Tutti-Frutti*, that got me in. That was my audition.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you know you were auditioning?

**PAUL:** No. I was just meeting them. I happened to sing a couple of songs backstage with them. I had a friend called Ivan Vaughn, who was my contact with all these guys; he was my schoolmate. A big, daft guy, like we all were. We all used to talk a lot of nonsense. I mean, our catch phrase is still Chrome Rock Navel.

**PLAYBOY:** What does that mean?

**PAUL:** I dunno. Sounds good, doesn't it? [*Scottish accent*] Chrome Rock Navel. Aye, all right, laddie! All our old letters say

"From Chrome Rock Navel." John and all of us used to do all that stuff.

**PLAYBOY:** So you played with words from an early age?

**PAUL:** Yeah, you might call it [*sarcastic*] literary, because now everything is so much more important and serious, you know? But as kids on the streets, we just called it wisecracks. Sure, it was an ability with words. It became one of the Beatles' specialties. You know, where [producer] George Martin would say, "Anything you don't like." and we'd say, "We don't like your tie." That was George who actually said that. All those little famous Beatle wisecracks; we were all into the humor of the time—Peter Sellers and the Goons and Lenny Bruce and Stan Freberg. It was a wisecracking kind of time, the Fifties. And it also had to do with Liverpool, where wit is a prized thing. At football matches, you hear the greatest jokes in England sailing out from the crowd. So it didn't just come out of nowhere with us.

**PLAYBOY:** The way you became sarcastic at the word literary——

**PAUL:** Oh, we had an interest in literature, too. I'm playing that down, but it's true I did go to a lot of plays, read a lot of stuff——

**LINDA:** Dylan Thomas and all that——

**PAUL:** I used to think it was really hip. I used to like it. I still do. I like reading a bit of poetry, though then it was a bit fruity. So our love for words was all a combination of that. But when John wrote *In His Own Write*, people said it was Joycean, like James Joyce, you know. And John said, "Who's 'e?" I mean, we didn't have that kind of schooling; we hadn't actually studied anyone. It was all just out of the air, street music.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you surprised when John did *In His Own Write*?

**PAUL:** No, he used to do that kind of thing when I knew him in the early days. That was one of his things, writing these crazy little pieces. He used to have a school magazine called the *Daily Howl*, which he started at school, Quarry Bank. When I met him, he used to have this little exercise book, and I remember one of his weather

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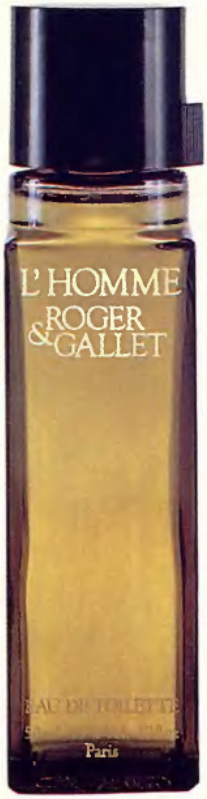


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forecasts: "Tomorrow will be muggy, followed by tuggy, wuggy and thuggy!" He was about 12, a smart little kid. Another one was, "Yes, your Worship; yes, your battleship!" I remember that in a courtroom scene.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever envy his cleverness when you wrote together?

**PAUL:** No, not really. Just his repartee. I envied his repartee. But it wasn't a question of envying each other. Each of us was as good as the other. We used to sag off school [play hooky]. We'd go to my house and try to learn to play songs. He had these banjo chords, I had half a guitar chord—and don't forget, we started from exactly the same spot, Liverpool. Almost the same street, only a mile or two between us. Only a year and a half of age difference, knowledge of guitar, knowledge of music. Pretty similar. I had a little bit more knowledge of harmony through my dad. I actually *knew* what the word harmony meant. [*Laughter*] So, you know, we started from the same place and then went on the same railway journey together.

**LINDA:** It's just the critics who say, "Well, John was the biting tongue; Paul's the sentimental one." John was biting, but he was *also* sentimental. Paul was sentimental, but he could be very biting. They were more similar than they were different.

**PAUL:** With me, how I wrote depended on my mood. The only way I would be sort of biting and witty like that was if I was in a bad mood! [*Laughter*] I was very good at sarcasm myself. I could really keep up with John then. If I was in a bad enough mood, I was right up there with him. We were terrific then. He could be as wicked as he wanted, and I could be as wicked, too.

**LINDA:** But it is funny. I've often thought about how you two got your images. You're sort of the cute, soft one, and John was supposedly hard. But in truth, you could write *Helter Skelter* and he could write *Goodnight* and the songs on *Abbey Road.*

**PAUL:** Yes.

**LINDA:** A lot of songs that people thought you wrote, he probably wrote; and I'm sure there are a lot of songs people thought John wrote that were really written by you.

**PAUL:** That's right. It was more gray than anyone knew.

**LINDA:** Oh, absolutely!

**PAUL:** I mean, I saw a recent account that put George down for his contributions to the Beatles. But the real point is, there are only four people who knew what the Beatles were about anyway. Nobody else was in that car with us. The chauffeur's window was closed, and there were just four of us in the back of that car, laughing hysterically. We knew what we were laughing at; nobody else can ever know what it was about . . . I doubt if even we know, in truth.

**PLAYBOY:** Even now, do you feel defensive if someone attacks one of the four of you?

**PAUL:** Sure. I mean, you don't just dismiss George like that! There's a hell of a lot more to him than that! And Ringo. The truth of this kind of question depends on where you're looking: on the surface or below the surface. On the surface, Ringo was just some drummer. But there was a hell of a lot more to him than that. For instance, there wouldn't have been *A Hard Day's Night* without him. He had this kind of thing where he moved phrases around. My daughters have it, too. They just make up better phrases. *Some* of my kids have got some brains. "First of a ball," the girls say, instead of "First of all." I like that, because lyricists play with words.

**LINDA:** Ringo also said, "Eight days a week."

**PAUL:** Yeah, he said it as though he were an overworked chauffeur. [*In heavy accent*] "Eight days a week." [*Laughter*] When we heard it, we said, "Really? Bing! Got it!" [*Laughs*] Another of his was "Tomorrow never knows." He used to say, "Well, tomorrow never knows." And he'd say it for *real.* He *meant* it. But all that sounds a bit trivial there. That wasn't all he did. That was just the tip of the iceberg.

**LINDA:** But you said it. If only the four of you know, everybody else just makes theories. Just as people theorize about life. Who knows about life?

**PLAYBOY:** Then you agree that your whole was greater than the sum of its parts?

**PAUL:** Yeah. Yes. Definitely. Oh, yeah.

**PLAYBOY:** Most performers who have been part of a team continue to insist that their solo work is equal to their teamwork.

**PAUL:** When the four of us got together, we were definitely better than the four of us individually. One of the things we had going for us was that we'd been together a long time. It made us very tight, like family, almost, so we were able to read one another. That made us *good.* It was only really toward the very end, when business started to interfere. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** But to stay with the early days for a bit, did your father object to your joining the group?

**PAUL:** He wanted me to have a career more than anything. "It's all very well to play in a group," he'd say, "but you have to have a trade to fall back on." That's what he used to say. He was just an average Jim, a cotton salesman, no great shakes; left school at 13 but was very intelligent. He used to do crosswords to increase his word power. He taught us an appreciation of common sense, which is what you found a lot of in Liverpool. I've been right around the world a few times, to all its little pockets; and, in truth, I'd swear to God I've never met any people more soulful, more intelligent, more kind, more filled with common sense than the people I came from in Liverpool. I'm not putting Linda's people down or anything like that——

**LINDA:** No, of course not!

**PAUL:** But the type of people that I came from, I never saw better! In the whole of

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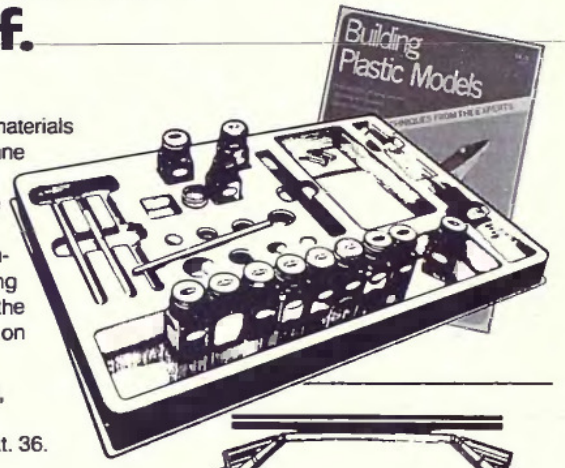


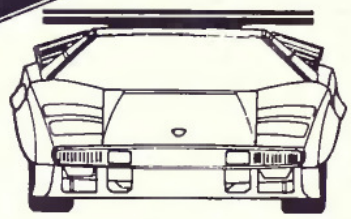

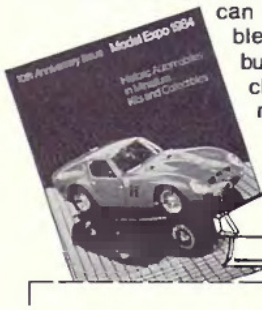


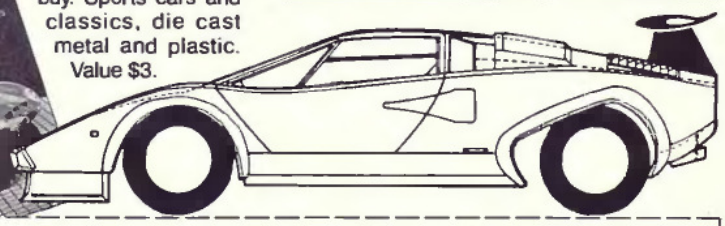

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the world! I mean, the Presidents, the prime minister, I never met anyone half as nice as some of the people I know from Liverpool who are nothing, who do nothing. They're not important or famous. But they are smart, like my dad was smart. I mean, people who can just cut through problems like a hot knife through butter. The kind of people you need in life. Salt of the earth.

**PLAYBOY:** When you say something like that, people wonder if you're being insincere. You're a multimillionaire and world-famous, yet you work so hard at being ordinary, at preaching normalcy.

**PAUL:** No, I don't *work* at being ordinary. People do say that: "Oh, he's down to earth, he's too good to be true. It can't be true!" And yet the fact is that being ordinary is very important to me. I see it in millions of other people. There's a new motorcycle champion who was just on the telly. He's the same. He's not ordinary, he's a champion; but he has ordinary values, he keeps those values. There's an appreciation of common sense. It's really quite rational, my ordinariness. It's not contrived at all. It is actually my answer to the question, What *is* the best way to be? I think ordinary.

**LINDA:** Well, it's fun.

**PAUL:** We can be really flash and have a Rolls-Royce for each finger, but I just don't get *anything* off that! There's nothing for me at all! It leaves me cold. Occasionally, I get a suit or some nice jacket or something, but I just cannot get into this stuff.

**PLAYBOY:** Surely, your wealth has had some impact on those ordinary values.

**PAUL:** Well, when you first get money, you buy all these things so no one thinks you're mean, and you spread it around. You get a chauffeur and you find yourself thrown around the back of this car and you think, Goddamn it, I was happier when I had my *own* little car! I could drive myself! This is stupid! You find yourself trying to tune in a television in the back of this bloody thing, balancing a glass of champagne, and you think, This is hell! I *hate* this! You know, I've had more headaches off those tellies in the back of limousines. I just decided to give up all of that crap. I mean, it is just insane! I can't stand chauffeurs, people who live in. They take over your lives. I can't live like that.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel like that, too, Linda?

**LINDA:** I'm worse. I'm horrible. I cannot get happy from material things. They just upset me. When we were touring America, we stayed in a very lavish house that we rented, and I felt very empty and very lonely.

**PAUL:** Linda's *naturally* ordinary. It doesn't always come over when she's talking to someone, being interviewed, but Linda's at her best when she's doing you a meal at home. That's when you see Linda. She cooks, she looks after the kids and she's there. We've got one cleaning lady; that's all we've got. If the kids are sick, there won't be a nurse looking after them; it will be Linda who is there. It's funny, actually, because I'm known as being stingy. When I take my kids to the seaside and they come up and say, "Dad, can we have some money to play on the machines?" I'll give them a reasonable amount of money, but I won't give them a lot. Linda's got tales of parents she knew in the States who used to pay their kids off—"Anything you want, kid." You know, $50 or anything. But the parents never looked *after* them. The money was their surrogate. It all makes me think, Sod it, *I'll* be the parent. I'll give them only as much as I figure they can handle.

**PLAYBOY:** That brings up an interesting question: Does too much emphasis on day-to-day life, on domesticity, dull the edge in a composer? It's commonly felt that your earlier stuff had more bite—and meat—than your more recent music.

**PAUL:** I can see that argument. I can see that if you have a domestic situation, let's say, it's less likely that you're going to hear a lot of new music throughout an evening—as opposed to when you're young and single and music is all you fill your time with. In my case, maybe the kids want to watch a TV show or I want to just sit or whatever. So I think a domestic situation can change you and your attitudes. I suppose if you did get a bit content, then you might not write savage lyrics and stuff. But I don't know. I don't really believe all that. I hate formulas of any kind.

*"I just decided to give up all of that limousine crap. Chauffeurs and people who live in take over your lives."*

**PLAYBOY:** Despite your own father's advice about getting a trade, it was he who encouraged you to play music. Did he ever write music or lyrics himself?

**PAUL:** He wrote one song. He was in a band for quite a few years. It wasn't a very successful band. They used to have to change their name from gig to gig. They weren't invited back otherwise. But eventually, he became a bit of a pop star in his own right. . . . Strange we should be talking about it, because my brother's researched our early family history and asked all the aunties about what went on. He found a letter from a fella who said he used to be in love with my mum. It's a long story, but—to cut it short—he said that he had really fancied my mum, and he took her out for a long time. Then he suddenly twigged that she'd been getting him to take her round to dances, and he wondered why. They were going to joints, and she wasn't that kind of a girl. It turned out that that was where my father was playing! She was following him round, as a fan. It made me think, God, that's where I get it all from.

**LINDA:** You know, I didn't realize until now that he was as involved with music as he was.

**PAUL:** Which brings us back to your question. Did my dad ever write anything? Well, he used to have this one song, which he'd play over and over on the piano. It was just a tune; there were no words to it. I actually remember him, when I was a real little kid, saying, "Can anyone think of any words to this?" We all did try for a while; it was like a challenge. Well, years later, I recorded it with Chet Atkins and Floyd Cramer in Nashville. We called ourselves the Country Hams, and it was a song called *Walking in the Park with Eloise*. I told my dad, "You're going to get all the royalties. You wrote it and we're going to publish it for you and record it, so you'll get the checks." And he said, "I didn't write it, son." I thought, Oh, God, what? He said, "I made it up, but I didn't *write* it." He meant he couldn't notate; he couldn't actually write the tune down. And, of course, that's like me. I can't write music. I just make 'em up, too.

**PLAYBOY:** Is "just making up" a song the thing that fulfills you most?

**PAUL:** Yes, nothing pleases me more than to go into a room and come out with a piece of music.

[*Paul leaves Linda and the interviewer alone.*]

**LINDA:** I'd love for Paul to compose more. All these business problems taking up his time! If he were only left to write great songs and play with good musicians! I think he has such soul for writing and is such a great singer . . . I don't think people realize what a great musician Paul is.

**PLAYBOY:** Most people probably do.

**LINDA:** You think so? I think they feel he's just a cute face. He's so good that I would really like to see him expand musically. That's what I see. It's this business stuff. . . . I hate business. Give me a lump of bread and a bit of lettuce in the garden, and forget the rest.

[*Paul returns.*]

**PLAYBOY:** Paul, when you and John were still hungry, you'd say to yourselves before composing a song, "Let's write a car. Let's write a house."

**PAUL:** Yeah. "Let's write a swimming pool."

**PLAYBOY:** What do you say now? Is there anything left for you to want? Isn't something important gone?

**PAUL:** Yes. I think greed is gone. You know, the hunger. You're right: It probably is good for a greyhound to be lean and toughened up. It will probably run faster.

**LINDA:** But Picasso wasn't hungry.

**PAUL:** Exactly. That's what I was saying about formulas. It's not always that

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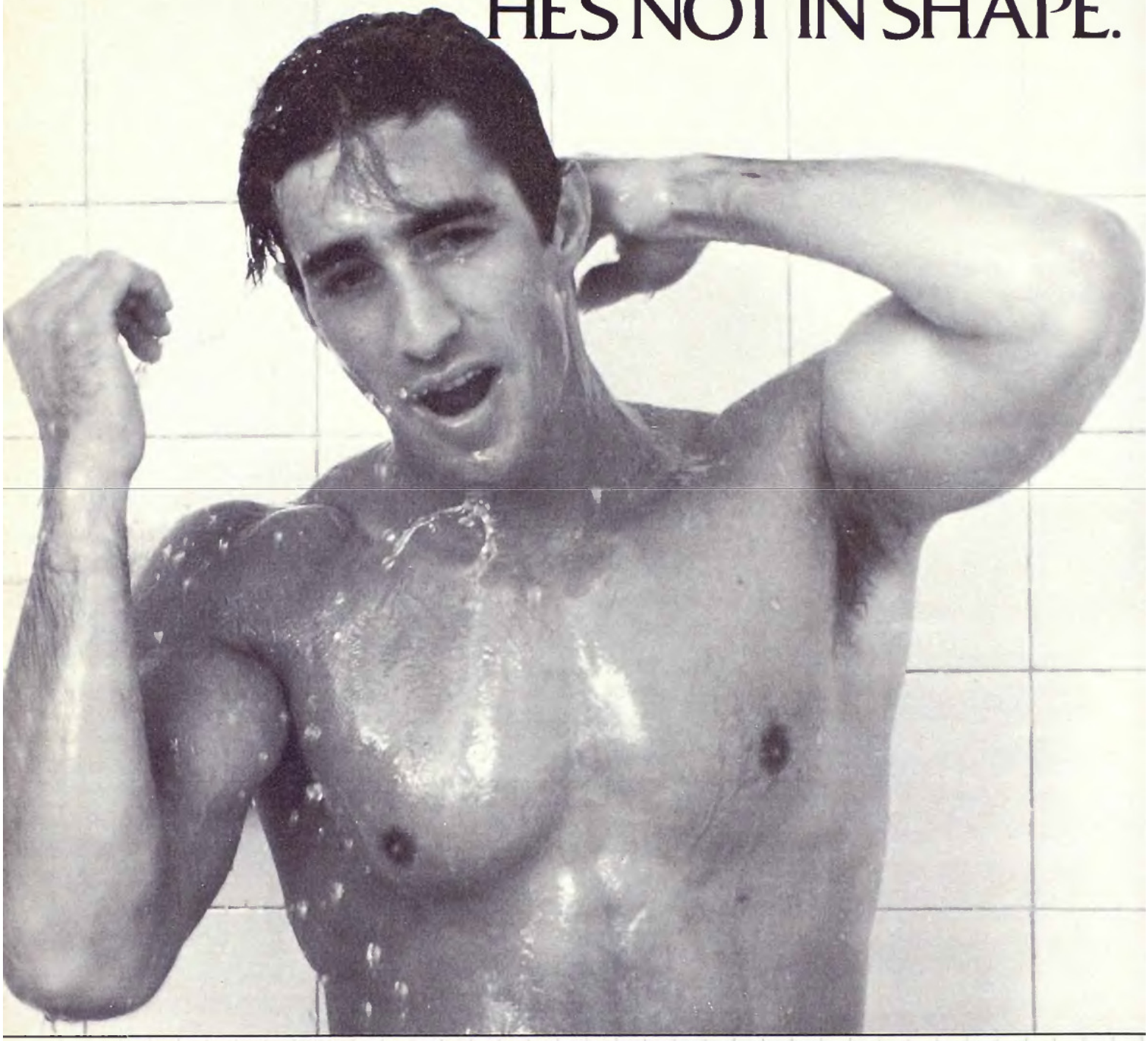

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important to be hungry, actually. I think it's just one of those artistic theories, as Linda says. Picasso wasn't hungry, and there are a lot of artists who haven't lost anything to domesticity. In my case, it probably did happen. When I was not at all domestic, and clubbing it and knocking around and boozing a lot and whatever in the Sixties, it probably did expose me to more and leave me with more needs to be fulfilled which you use songwriting for. Songwriting's like the thumb in the mouth. The more crises you have, the more material you have to work on, I suppose.

But then again, I don't know if it's *true*! I mean, we'd really have to decide which song we're going to pick on. If we're going to pick on *Yesterday*, well, let's see, I can't remember any crisis surrounding that one. So it may not be true at all. I think that I could easily turn around and be more content and have less edge and write something really great.

**PLAYBOY:** You're obviously ambivalent about the subject.

**PAUL:** For me, the truth of this domesticity thing is confused. In my case, it wasn't just domesticity that changed me. It was domesticity, plus the end of the Beatles. So you can see why I would begin to believe that domesticity equals lack of bite. I think it's actually lack of Beatles that equals lack of bite, rather than just domesticity. The lack of great sounding boards like John, Ringo, George to actually *talk* to about the music. Having three other major talents around . . . I think that had quite a bit to do with it.

**PLAYBOY:** You seem to be in a remarkably frank frame of mind. Even though it's the most thoroughly discussed breakup in musical history, we don't think we've heard it straight from you, Paul: Did you or didn't you want the Beatles to continue?

**PAUL:** As far as I was concerned, yeah, I would have liked the Beatles *never* to have broken up. I wanted to get us back on the road doing small places, then move up to our previous form and then go and *play*. Just make music, and whatever else there was would be secondary. But it was John who didn't want to. He had told Allen Klein [the new manager he and Yoko had picked] late one night that he didn't want to continue.

**LINDA:** And Allen said to John, "Don't tell the others." . . . I don't know if we dare tell this.

**PAUL:** Yeah, I don't know how much of this we're allowed to say—but Allen said, "Don't tell them until after we sign your new Capitol Records deal."

**LINDA:** I don't know if we're allowed——

**PAUL:** It's the truth, folks.

**LINDA:** It's the truth.

**PAUL:** Even if it can't be said, we'll say it. It's the truth. So it was the very next morning that I was trying to say, "Let's get back together, guys, and play the small clubs and. . . ." That's when John said——

**LINDA:** His exact words were "I think you're daft."

**PAUL:** And he said, "I wasn't going to tell you until after I signed the Capitol thing, but I'm leaving the group." And that was really it. The cat amongst the pigeons.

**LINDA:** But what also happened, after the shock wore off, was that everybody agreed to keep the decision to break up quiet.

**PAUL:** We weren't going to say anything about it for months, for business reasons. But the really hurtful thing to me was that John was really not going to tell us. I think he was heavily under the influence of Allen Klein. And Klein, so I heard, had said to John—the first time anyone had said it—"What does *Yoko* want?" So since Yoko liked Klein because he was for giving Yoko anything she wanted, he was the man for John. That's my theory on how it happened.

**PLAYBOY:** But it's also been said that you got your revenge by giving out the news first, even though you'd all decided to sit on it for a while.

**PAUL:** Two or three months later, when I was about to release the solo album I'd been working on, one of my guys said to me, "What about the press?" All of us were still in shock over John's news, and I said, "I can't deal with the press; I hate all those Beatles questions." So he said, "Then why don't you just answer some questions from me and we'll do a handout for the press." I said fine. So he asked some stilted questions and I gave some stilted answers that included an announcement that we'd split up.

**PLAYBOY:** It still seems a bit calculated and cold on your part.

**PAUL:** It was going to be an insert in the album. But when it was printed as news, it looked very cold, yes, even crazy. Because it was just me answering a questionnaire. A bit weird. And, yes, John was hurt by that.

**LINDA:** Let me just say that John had made it clear that he wanted to be the one to announce the split, since it was his idea.

**PAUL:** He wanted to be first. But I didn't realize it would hurt him that much or that it mattered who was first.

**PLAYBOY:** What John said later was that he found it hard to forgive you for using the split as a publicity stunt for your first solo record.

**PAUL:** I figured it was about time we told the truth. It was stupid, OK, but I thought someone ought to say something. I didn't like to keep lying to people. It was a conscience thing with me.

**LINDA:** It's madness, when you think of it—who got to tell first.

**PLAYBOY:** Aside from who did what, how did the breakup affect you emotionally?

**PAUL:** Truth is, I couldn't handle it for a while.

**PLAYBOY:** Why? Didn't you see it coming?

**PAUL:** I'd never actually gone that far in my own mind. Our manager, Neil [Aspinall], had to read the official wording dissolving the partnership. He was supposed to say it

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aloud to us in a deadly serious voice and he couldn't do it. He did a Nixon wobble. His voice went. And we were all suddenly aware of a sort of physical consequence of what had been going on. I thought, Oh, God, we really *have* broken up the Beatles. Oh, shit.

**PLAYBOY:** What happened then?

**PAUL:** Linda really had a tough time. I didn't make it easy for her.

**LINDA:** I was *dreaming* through the whole thing.

**PAUL:** I was impossible. I don't know how *anyone* could have lived with me. For the first time in my life, I was on the scrap heap, in my own eyes. An unemployed worker might have said, "Hey, you still have the money. That's not as bad as we have it." But to me, it didn't have anything to do with money. It was just the feeling, the terrible disappointment of not being of any use to anyone anymore. It was a barreling, empty feeling that just rolled across my soul, and it was . . . I'd never experienced it before. Drugs had shown me little bits here and there—they had rolled across the carpet once or twice, but I had been able to get them out of my mind. In this case, the end of the Beatles, I really was done in for the first time in my life. Until then, I really was a kind of cocky sod. It was the first time I'd had a major blow to my confidence. When my mother died, I don't think my confidence suffered. It had been a terrible blow, but I didn't feel it was my fault.

It was bad on Linda. She had to deal with this guy who didn't particularly want to get out of bed and, if he did, wanted to go back to bed pretty soon after. He wanted to drink earlier and earlier each day and didn't really see the point in shaving, because where was he going? And I was generally pretty morbid.

**LINDA:** Confidence is the word. It really shattered your confidence.

**PAUL:** There was no danger of suicide or anything; it wasn't that bad. . . . Let's say *I* wouldn't have liked to live with me. So I don't know how Linda stuck it out.

**PLAYBOY:** How *did* you cope with him, Linda?

**PAUL:** Own up, now; come on, own up.

**LINDA:** It was frightening beyond belief. But I'm not a person who would give up. I wouldn't think, Oh, well, this is it. But it surprised me, because——

**PAUL:** Mind you, a lot of things were surprising you around that time.

**LINDA:** Oh, God! I was the most surprised person!

**PAUL:** She'd come over in the early days and see a photo of me up on my wall—a magazine cover or something—and she'd say, "Oh, God, I didn't think you'd even seen that."

**LINDA:** I thought the Beatles were above all that. They wouldn't look at their own press clippings, because they were such a buzz. I *was* surprised.

**PAUL:** But we were real. I, unfortunately, had to break that news to her.

**LINDA:** The image we Americans had of the Beatles and their music was so positive and cheery, pointing out that life is so ridiculous that we might as well laugh about it. But I never actually thought there were any *problems* that could happen to these people, these Beatles. So for me, the whole thing after the breakup was unreal. I was doing my little trip through life, you know: Here I am in England and oh, really? It was all happening so fast that I just kept going.

**PLAYBOY:** What made you pull yourself together, Paul, and form Wings?

**PAUL:** Just time, healing things. The shock of losing the Beatles as a *band*. . . . One of the main shocks was that I wouldn't have a band. I remember John's reaction was that, too. You know, "How am I going to get my songs out now?"

**PLAYBOY:** And Wings was the first step to recovery?

**PAUL:** Yeah. The answer to losing your job is, "Well, let's try to get another job." It's not a very satisfactory answer, but it's the only answer you've got. So we just started off thinking, We'll take any job; we'll do *anything* just to get going, to do something.

*"I used to think that all my Wings stuff was second-rate, but I began to meet younger kids who'd say, 'We really love that song.'"*

**LINDA:** Considering that you asked *me* to be in the group, you really were willing to take anything.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you want to be in the group, Linda?

**LINDA:** Again, I didn't think about it. I never planned to be a photographer, either. I always thought I could do anything I *liked* doing. I'm not the type of person who thinks of the consequences beforehand.

**PAUL:** Which was a saving grace, really, because if she *had* thought about what would happen——

**LINDA:** It would have made me too afraid.

**PAUL:** Anyway, it worked out fine, and eventually, bit by bit, we managed to put songs together. Those are the songs that some people thought were not as good as my earlier stuff, or too commercial. I know people from time to time used to say that, but my attitude was, "Sorry, folks, it's about the best I can do right now. Sorry! You know, this is me trying to do it. I'm trying to do it honestly and genuinely; if some of it's not working to your taste, what can I say?" But it helped us claw our way back.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of the Wings material, looking back on it? Is it music you're proud of?

**PAUL:** I used to think that all my Wings stuff was second-rate stuff, but I began to meet younger kids, not kids from my Beatle generation, who would seriously say, "No, wait a minute; can't have you say that about your work. We really love this song or that song."

**LINDA:** A lot of people come up to Paul and say, "Oh, my favorite song is such and such"—and it's one of the more recent ones.

**PAUL:** Yeah, there'll be people who mention *My Love* or *Band on the Run*, and for us that's a big thing. Or *Mull of Kintyre* or *Ebony and Ivory*. No matter what I may think about them—I can view them cynically, even ruthlessly—even I have to admit there definitely *was* something there with some of the Wings songs. In fact, the more I bother looking at it again, the more I discover what I was trying to do. I think there'll be a lot of that Wings stuff sort of rediscovered in years to come.

**PLAYBOY:** Some of the criticism of the Wings material undoubtedly stemmed from the fact that you had Linda in the band. How did you react to the criticism of her?

**PAUL:** Well, we laid ourselves open to that kind of criticism. But it was out of complete innocence that I got Wings together and naïvely said, "Come on, Lin, do you want to be in it?" I showed her middle C, told her I'd teach her a few chords and have a few laughs. It was very much in that vein.

But then people began to say, "My God! He's got his wife up there onstage—he's got to be kidding!" And so forth. I think she came to handle it amazingly well. She has fabulous showbiz instincts, and by the time it came to the 1976 tour of the States, she was handling an audience better than any of us. But looking back on it, I can understand the criticism. It was as if we were putting her up there to top the Beatles or something. There was never any thought of that. If we were doing it again, we just might be more thoughtful. But I'm proud of her; I really threw her in the deep end.

[*Paul is called away.*]

**PLAYBOY:** Linda, what was the Wings period really like for Paul?

**LINDA:** I think Paul felt very frustrated. He wanted it to work with Wings, but we just picked the wrong people. He needed the best to work with, but he had to carry almost all the weight.

**PLAYBOY:** Former members of Wings have written some pretty nasty stuff about both of you—in particular, that Paul was dictatorial to work with.

**LINDA:** It's part of the same problem. Paul is such a good musician, and none of the Wings were good enough to play with him—including me, for sure. They were good, not great. But on this film [*Give My Regards to Broad Street*], he's had a chance

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As for all the other stuff that's been written about the two of us, so much of it is rubbish. [Former Wings guitar player] Denny Laine wrote two articles: One said I led Paul around totally, the other that Paul totally dominated me. I thought Denny came off badly. I could see some girlfriend or an ex-chauffeur writing such rubbish, but a *musician*?

**PLAYBOY:** He was less than charitable about your musical contributions to the group.

**LINDA:** Look, this acting-and-singing thing is not—I'm not really a talent in those fields. I was just telling Paul again that I don't quite know how I had the nerve to join him, looking back on it now. I mean, how do you go out with Beethoven and say, "Sure, I'll sing harmony with you" when you've never sung a note? Or "Sure I'll play piano with you" when you've never played? It was *mad*. But I'm . . . enthusiastic about things. Isn't it funny? People write that I'm cold and pushy. I hope I'm not, but I have that kind of face—I don't smile a lot. The truth is, I'm an old softy. I don't say to a kid, "No, you mustn't do that!" I'm the person who puts her arm around him. I'm easy. I go along with things.

I think my problem is that I married Paul and to this day, nobody knows what or who I am. *I* don't even know what or who I am. Being married to Paul makes me a personality, I guess, but if I weren't, I would have meandered through life. I quite like meandering. I'm curious and I like to try things I haven't tried before, like music. I was that way before I married Paul. I get excited about a stained glass I've never seen before, or a great sunset—very physically excited!

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think you have the reputation you do? You share that with Yoko Ono—somehow being the cause of the Beatles' breakup.

**LINDA:** If only I'd known that you have to explain things to people! When I married Paul, I knew I'd never had these problems . . . except maybe when I was at school . . . but then it was all right because you just listened to the radio and you'd forget it. But God knows, people got on my back, and for things I wasn't really doing. But I'm just not the type who'll get up and explain herself. It'll just go down that I'm that woman. . . .

People I used to know say I'm a snob now—you know, "She didn't speak to me." And people say—as they did on *Good Morning America* once—that if I weren't married to Paul McCartney, I wouldn't be a photographer. Well, maybe I wouldn't be a *famous* photographer, but I'd be a photographer. I'd make a living. . . . All those things get to you, but I can handle it. . . . I can just wipe it out. I don't dwell on what people say about me. I actually dwell more on what people say about Paul, for some reason. Maybe it's because he *can't* handle it.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you handle it when a book portrays you as a groupie and describes intimate scenes of Paul's escapades and John's so-called homosexual encounter with Beatles manager Brian Epstein? That was what Peter Brown, who ran Apple [the Beatles' record company], wrote about in *The Love You Make*.

**LINDA:** [*Pauses*] He was a friend. He was the one who introduced Paul and me. A man I trusted. When I was going to the hospital to have Stella, I handed him my baby, Mary, to hold. I wouldn't trust my baby to anyone but a friend. Now it's like he doesn't exist. And his book—well, it doesn't matter what he wrote, because he betrayed a trust. We decided not to read it, but we heard things. We put the copy he sent us in the fire and I photographed it as it burned, page by page.

As to what he wrote about Paul or about John's experiences, ask Paul himself. He's coming back.

[*Paul rejoins the conversation.*]

**PLAYBOY:** We were talking about what Peter Brown wrote in his book.

**PAUL:** Yeah, he told us he was going to write about the music of the Sixties, not a book about the Beatles. I took him into my house, something we don't do; we had lunch, showed him the kids, showed him around our village. I actually thought he was a friend. So to find out that he isn't is no big deal. But I—I mean, I hear he said John Lennon had a gay thing with Brian Epstein when they went to Spain together once. That's been rumored for years. I mean, was he in the *room* with them? It's probably just wishful thinking on his part. But I'll tell you what's naughty about it—that John's not here to answer it, and neither is Brian.

All that stuff that's written about us, I just hope that people who've sort of heard of our music, vaguely, know what the Beatles, or the ex-Beatles, were—and it wasn't what's been written. I mean, John's time and effort were, in the main, spent on pretty honorable stuff. As for the other side, well, nobody's perfect, nobody's Jesus. And look what they did to him.

**PLAYBOY:** John apparently coped with the craziness of that period by experimenting with heroin. Did you know anything about that?

**PAUL:** No, not at the time. It's strange; that was all in private.

**LINDA:** I don't think we really knew what they were up to.

**PAUL:** We certainly never saw them on heroin. Never, ever.

**LINDA:** It must have been when Yoko was around.

**PAUL:** Yeah. My theory is that John and Yoko were so much in love that they began adding wildness to ordinary love, going for it in a big way. From what they told us—from what we found out—it did include crazy things like heroin. It appeared to


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include everything and anything. I mean, if the dare was to go naked, they would go naked. If the dare was to try heroin—nothing was too much. To think of yourself as Jesus Christ was not blasphemous, it was all just larger than life. All sorts of stuff was going on. Everybody was talking about expanding your mind.

**PLAYBOY:** And you never took heroin yourself?

**PAUL:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** But, to say the least, you're no stranger to other drugs?

**PAUL:** I've never wanted to be seen talking about marijuana for publication. Why? Because I've got four kids and it looks like I'm advocating it. I'm not. But after this last bust in Barbados, with people saying, "Naughty boy, shouldn't do that!" as a 42-year-old man, I feel I now have the right to reply.

If anyone had told me in the Sixties that 20 years later we'd still be talking about whether pot was worse than this or that, I'd have said, "Oh, come off it, boys." If you start the most-dangerous list with heroin or morphine—we know there's no way out of that; you've got to be suicidal to get into that in any form—then I think marijuana comes toward the bottom of the list. Cocaine is above marijuana in harmfulness. I used to do coke [*mincing his words*], but it got too fashionable, too fashionable, darling, amongst the record execs. I couldn't handle all that, being in the bogs [bathrooms] with all those creeps! And I do genuinely believe that Librium and Valium would both be above marijuana. For me, pot is milder than Scotch. That doesn't mean I've turned around and advocated marijuana. I haven't. I'm really only saying this is true for me. I mean, in Barbados, where I was on holiday, I was in a room miles away from anyone. It never interfered with anyone. No one was watching me except one manservant at the place.

I also want to say that there are things that marijuana *is* more harmful than: air, for instance. I advocate air every day. Water, orange juice—I'd advocate that and a good vegetarian diet any day of the week. But as I say, in print, you're put in a corner; they make you sound like the bloody high priest of pot. It's stupid, you know. I can take pot or leave it. I got busted in Japan for it. I was nine days without it and there wasn't a hint of withdrawal, nothing.

**PLAYBOY:** You haven't discussed your imprisonment in Japan for pot possession. What was it like?

**PAUL:** It was hell. But I only remember the good bits. Like a bad holiday. The thing is, my arrest was on every bloody TV set. The other prisoners all knew who I was and asked me to sing. I didn't have any instruments, but the world's press would have *loved* to have had cameras rolling as I was going [*drums with hands*]. Well, I'd seen *Bridge on the River Kwai*; I knew what you had to do when you were a prisoner of war! You had to laugh a lot and keep cheery and keep yourself up, 'cause that's all you had. So I did a lot of that.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you write a 20,000-word account of your stay in prison?

**PAUL:** After it, yeah. I wrote it in case anybody ever asked, "What was that like?" because, like I say, all the good bits have surfaced. But if I think hard, I can remember that the first thing I expected was rape. That was my big fear. Right? Wouldn't that be yours? So I slept with me back to the wall. I didn't know what was going to happen, you know? [*Japanese accent*] "Hello, is your friendly jailer. I'd like a favor, please." "*No! Not even for a bowl of rice!*" I slept for about a week in the green suit I was arrested in; I didn't know you could ask for fresh clothes.

**PLAYBOY:** What was that period like for you, Linda?

**LINDA:** Total misery. The kids and I were in a Japanese hotel, not knowing what was going to happen. I was so frightened for Paul I can't even describe it. Your imagination takes off. I didn't know what they would be doing to him. And for what? A bit of nothing. Marijuana isn't like bombs or murder or the Mafia. I don't think pot is a sin, but I didn't want us to be a martyr for it.

**PLAYBOY:** Your legal problems with pot are one thing, but the legal affairs surrounding Apple, to wind up the Beatles' financial affairs, are in another dimension. Will your former business ever be settled?

**LINDA:** What do you want? It's only been 15 years. [*Laughter*]

**PAUL:** To most clear-minded people, it's obvious we should have settled the Beatles' affairs by now—for our own sanity. But there have been many stumbling blocks over the years. There was the occasion when John came to a meeting and asked for a £1,000,000 loan. That made us stumble! Everyone went, "Say what?!" and jaws dropped and the meeting was canceled. Then there was the time when we had all arrived for the big dissolution meeting in the Plaza Hotel in New York. There were green-baize tables—like the Geneva Conference it was—with millions of documents laid out for us to sign. George had just come off tour, I'd flown in specially from England, Ringo had flown in specially, too, I think, and . . . John wouldn't show up! He wouldn't come from across the park! George got on the phone, yelled, "Take those fucking shades off and come over here, you!" John still wouldn't come over. He had a balloon delivered with a sign saying, LISTEN TO THIS BALLOON. It was all quite far out.

**LINDA:** The numbers weren't right, the planets weren't right, and John wasn't coming. Well! And it's never happened since. It's never happened. He said he was not coming and that was it. Had we known there was some guy flipping cards on his bed to help him make his decision, we would have all gone over there. George blew his top, but it didn't change anything. It's beyond words. It's mind-boggling.

**PAUL:** There were many stumbling blocks, and to keep the record straight, it wasn't always John and Yoko. Obviously, they accused my side of doing plenty of stumbling, too. We've all accused one another of various business things; we tend to be pretty paranoid by now, as you can imagine. There's a lot of money involved.

**PLAYBOY:** With all these stories about numbers and cards, you seem to be saying it's Yoko who has kept this from being settled.

**LINDA:** I don't know about that. It is true she settled with Klein for $5,000,000. It wasn't her money, really. Each Beatle gave a share, Paul included, and he never wanted that man as manager in the first place. Five or six million! When you think that they were pulling bloody cards to see what they would do! If only we had known what they were doing back there! We tried reason and reason didn't exist. All I know is, with all the advisors and lawyers and parasites, we're putting a lot of kids through prep school and buying a lot of swimming pools. And all Paul has been saying all this time is, "Divide it four ways, please." Instead of it staying in one kitty, where only the lawyers make money, divide it four ways and let's get *on* with life! I said to Paul I wouldn't mind if we didn't get *anything*, as long as it gets divided, just to get rid of the aggro. Just so the lawyers will stop making money. I don't care if we don't get any. But I hate being the fool.

**PLAYBOY:** Fortunately for you, most of your income comes not from Apple but, actually, from your music-publishing company, right?

**PAUL:** That and my recording. About equal. The music publishing I own is fabulous. Beautiful. I owe it all to Linda's dad [Lee Eastman] and [her brother] John. Linda's dad is a great business brain. He said originally, "If you are going to invest, do it in something you know. If you invest in building computers or something, you can lose a fortune. Wouldn't you rather be in music? Stay in music." I said, "Yeah, I'd much rather do that." So he asked me what kind of music I liked. And the first name I said was Buddy Holly. Lee got on to the man who owned Buddy Holly's stuff and bought that for me. So I was into publishing now. The strange thing is, we never owned *our* own publishing; it was always getting bought and sold. Someone else owns *Yesterday*, not me. So it is a kind of compensation, really, for that.

Lee found this company called Edwin H. Morris, in New York, which owned *everything*, including the kitchen sink—it's just the most wonderful company ever. It has some of the best music ever written, songs that my dad would play, like *Tenderly*, *After You've Gone*, *Stormy Weather*. And our luck! There's a thing in the business they call "Eastman luck," or maybe a little McCartney luck thrown in, too, but we just suddenly got very, very lucky. There was a

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show that needed investors and Lee said, "Do you want to let the show run or should we can it? We have the power to can it." I said, "No, keep it going—it's an artistic venture, we don't want to can that." It was *Annie*. It was at a small theater before it got to Broadway, a little show, and we published the music. *A Chorus Line* happened, too, and we published that. *La Cage aux Folles* has happened since, and that's been lunatic, insane. Many, many more. *Grease*, too. John Travolta was looking for something to do, and we owned the publishing rights to that.

**PLAYBOY:** It had nothing to do with your understanding of popular music?

**PAUL:** A bit. I was vibing it heavily. And very in love with it, and that helps. Anyway, now it's become the largest independently owned publishing company, so it's a big dip.

**PLAYBOY:** It's also made you one of the richest men in the world, hasn't it?

**LINDA:** There aren't all those millions that you read about in the paper. How much Paul earns is one of those constant topics in the gossip columns, and it's *all* exaggerated.

**PLAYBOY:** The figure we've heard most often is that you're worth about $500,000,000.

**PAUL:** And the other one is that I earn $20,000,000 a year.

**LINDA:** Can you imagine the taxes you'd have to pay on that?

**PAUL:** The money stories actually arose because some fellow somewhere wrote a book called *World Paychecks: Who Makes What, Where and Why*—a rubbishy book from which the newspapers quoted a reference to me. That is the entire source this wealth has come from.

**LINDA:** And it doubles every time you look at the paper.

**PAUL:** It's all based on that one published item, and it actually isn't true. I didn't earn that much in record royalties. You've only got to look at my sales in 1980 to figure that one out. In the here-and-now stage, the figure is wildly exaggerated.

**LINDA:** That's it. That's all you need to say.

**PLAYBOY:** All right, but when you say "in the here-and-now stage," you seem to be hedging; does that mean that it's possible you might be earning that much in the future?

**PAUL:** No, I'm not talking figures. Where I come from, you don't really talk about how much you're earning. Those things are private. Like a lot of people, my dad never told my mum how much he was earning. I'm certainly not going to tell the world. I'm doing well.

**PLAYBOY:** Does Linda know?

**PAUL:** Linda knows.

**LINDA:** I'm not really interested. I want to have enough to live on, and if I can help a few other people, that's what I care about.

**PLAYBOY:** One other rumor: Is it true, as published, that you are the single largest

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depositor in the Chase Manhattan Bank in New York?

**PAUL, LINDA:** We don't even use Chase Manhattan Bank!

**PLAYBOY:** Whatever else you say, people have always felt you are commercially minded, that you are motivated by money——

**PAUL:** No, it isn't money. It's doing *well*. I saw that Meryl Streep said, "I just want to do my job well." And really, that's all I'm ever trying to do. I still like writing songs. It still gives me a thrill. If I had been asked at 15 why I wrote, I would have answered, "Money." But after a while, you realize that's not really your driving motive. When you get the money, you still need to keep going; you don't stop. There has to be something else. I think it's the freedom to do what you want and to live your dreams.

**PLAYBOY:** One of the last things John Lennon agreed to do for PLAYBOY was to run through his songs and share his memories of them. Even if we don't have the time to go through all your music, Paul, would you tell us what *you* remember about some of your Beatles songs?

**PAUL:** OK, but it'll just be off the top of my head.

**PLAYBOY:** Understood. What do you remember about one of your earliest songs, *Love Me Do*?

**PAUL:** *Love Me Do*—the first song we recorded, like, for real. First serious audition. I was very nervous, I remember. John was supposed to sing the lead, but they changed their minds and asked me to sing lead at the last minute, because they wanted John to play harmonica. Until then, we hadn't rehearsed with a harmonica; George Martin started arranging it on the spot. It was very nerve-racking.

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

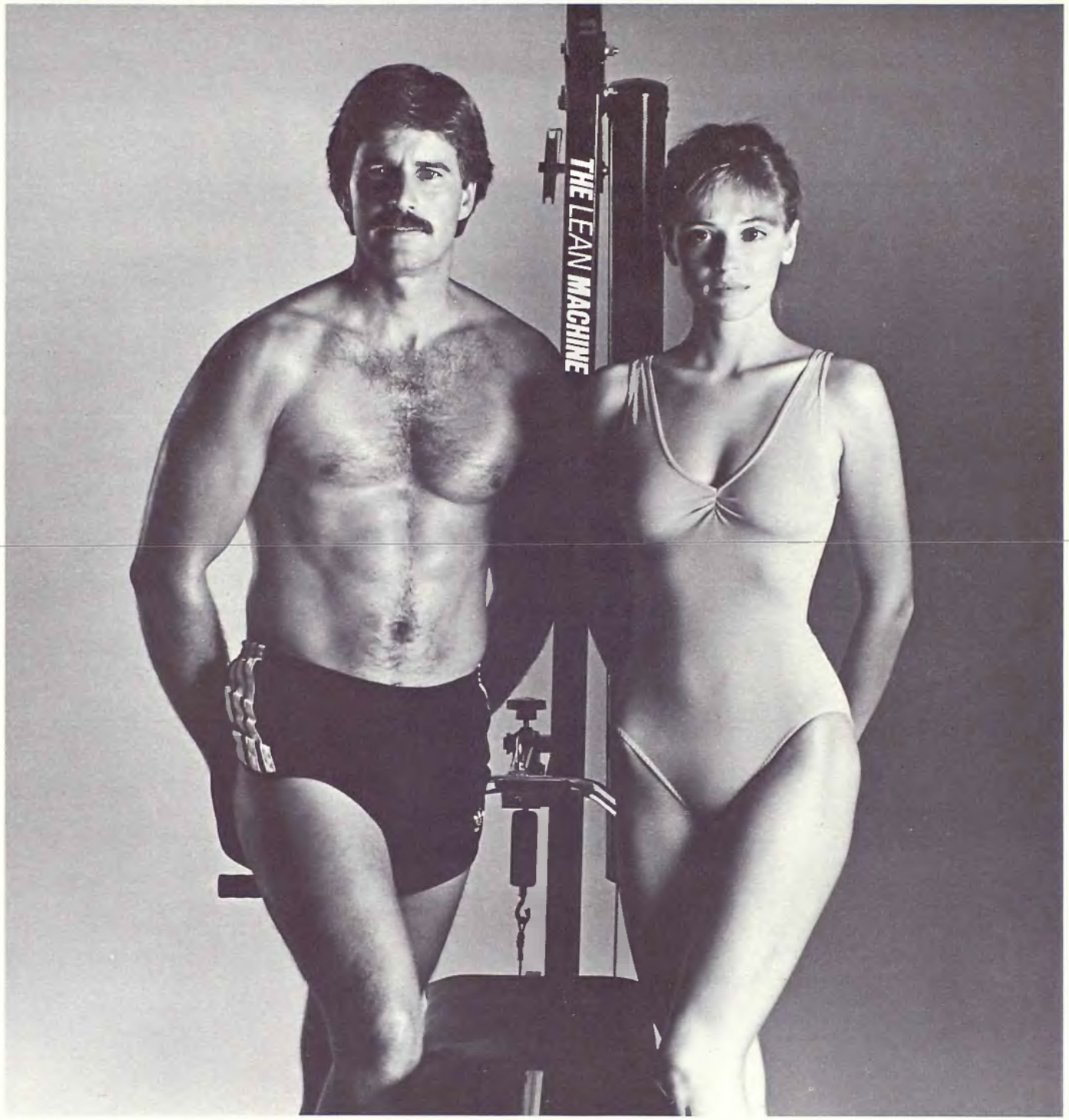
**PAUL:** Nothing much; a song we really wrote for George to sing. Before he wrote his own stuff, John and I wrote things for him and Ringo to do.

**PLAYBOY:** *All My Loving.*

**PAUL:** Yeah, I wrote that one. It was the first song I ever wrote where I had the words before the music. I wrote the words on a bus on tour, then we got the tune when I arrived there. The first time I've ever worked upside down.

**PLAYBOY:** *I Wanna Be Your Man.*

**PAUL:** I wrote it for Ringo to do on one of the early albums. But we ended up giving it to the Stones. We met Mick and Keith in a taxi one day in Charing Cross Road and Mick said, "Have you got any songs?" So we said, "Well, we just happen to have one with us!" I think George had been instrumental in getting them their first record contract. We suggested them to Decca, 'cause Decca had blown it by refusing us, so they had tried to save face by asking

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George, "Know any other groups?" He said, "Well, there is this group called the Stones." So that's how they got their first contract. Anyway, John and I gave them maybe not their first record, but I think the first they got on the charts with. They don't tell anybody about it these days; they prefer to be more ethnic. But you and I know the real truth.

**PLAYBOY:** What about *Not a Second Time?*

**PAUL:** Influenced by Smokey Robinson and the Miracles.

**PLAYBOY:** *Please Mr. Postman.*

**PAUL:** Influenced by the Marvelettes, who did the original version. We got it from our fans, who would write PLEASE MR. POSTMAN on the back of the envelopes. "Posty, posty, don't be slow, be like the Beatles and go, man, go!" That sort of stuff.

**PLAYBOY:** *I Should Have Known Better.*

**PAUL:** You should before you took this *Interview*! *I Should Have Known Better* was one of John's; it was in *Hard Day's Night.*

**PLAYBOY:** *If I Fell.*

**PAUL:** This was our close-harmony period. We did a few songs—*This Boy, If I Fell, Yes It Is*—in the same vein, which were kind of like the Fourmost [an English vocal group], only not really. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** So you took things from other groups; you heard what other pop groups were doing——

**PAUL:** Oh, yeah. We were the biggest nickers in town. Plagiarists *extraordinaires.*

**PLAYBOY:** *And I Love Her.* Was that written for anybody?

**PAUL:** It's just a love song; no, it wasn't for anyone. Having the title start in midsentence, I thought that was clever. Well, Perry Como did *And I Love You So,* many years later. Tried to nick the idea. I like that—it was a nice tune, that one. I still like it.

**PLAYBOY:** *Can't Buy Me Love.*

**PAUL:** We recorded it in France, as I recall. Went over to the Odéon in Paris. Recorded it over there. Felt proud because Ella Fitzgerald recorded it, too, though we didn't realize what it meant that she was doing it.

**PLAYBOY:** *Help!*

**PAUL:** John wrote that—well, John and I wrote it at his house in Weybridge for the film. I think the title was out of desperation.

**PLAYBOY:** *You've Got to Hide Your Love Away.*

**PAUL:** That was John doing a Dylan—heavily influenced by Bob. If you listen, he's singing it like Bob.

**PLAYBOY:** *Nowhere Man.*

**PAUL:** That was John after a night out, with dawn coming up. I think at that point in his life, he was a bit . . . wondering where he was going.

**PLAYBOY:** *In My Life.*

**PAUL:** I think I wrote the tune to that; that's the one we slightly dispute. John either forgot or didn't think I wrote the tune. I remember he had the words, like a poem—sort of about faces he remembered. . . . I recall going off for half an hour and sitting with a Mellotron he had, writing the tune. Which was Miracles inspired, as I remember. In fact, a lot of stuff was then.

**PLAYBOY:** *Taxman.*

**PAUL:** George wrote that and I played guitar on it. He wrote it in anger at finding out what the taxman did. He had never known before then what could happen to your money.

**PLAYBOY:** *Eleanor Rigby.*

**PAUL:** I wrote that. I got the name Rigby from a shop in Bristol. I was wandering round Bristol one day and saw a shop called Rigby. And I think Eleanor was from Eleanor Bron, the actress we worked with in the film [*Help!*]. But I just liked the name. I was looking for a name that sounded natural. Eleanor Rigby sounded natural.

**PLAYBOY:** *Here, There and Everywhere.*

**PAUL:** I wrote that by John's pool one day.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you write a lot of your stuff at John's house in that period?

**PAUL:** Some of it. When we were working together, sometimes he came in to see me. But mainly, I went out to see him.

**PLAYBOY:** Of the songs you composed on your own, *Yesterday* is obviously your greatest hit. Where did *Yesterday* come from?

**PAUL:** It fell out of bed. I had a piano by my bedside and I . . . must have dreamed it, because I tumbled out of bed and put my hands on the piano keys and I had a tune in my head. It was just all there, a complete thing. I couldn't believe it. It came too easy. In fact, I didn't believe I'd written it. I thought maybe I'd heard it before, it was some other tune, and I went around for weeks playing the chords of the song for people, asking them, "Is this *like* something? I *think* I've written it." And people would say, "No, it's not like anything else, but it's good."

I don't believe in magic as far as that kind of thing is concerned. I'm not into "Hey, what's your sign?" or any of that. But, I mean, magic as in "Where did you come from? How did you become the successful sperm out of 300,000,000?"—that's magic I believe in. I don't know how I got here, and I don't know how I write songs. I don't know why I breathe. God, magic, wonder. It just *is.* I love that kind of thought: All the information for a tree was in an acorn—the tree was somehow *in* there. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** All right, from the sublime to the . . . less sublime: How about *Yellow Submarine?*

**PAUL:** I wrote that *in* bed one night. As a kid's story. And then we thought it would be good for Ringo to do.

**PLAYBOY:** *Good Day Sunshine.*

**PAUL:** Wrote that out at John's one day—the sun was shining. Influenced by the Lovin' Spoonful.

**PLAYBOY:** When you wrote, did you have difficulty deciding who would play what and who would sing what? Or did you just agree you would sing your own songs?

**PAUL:** Normally, you just sang your own songs, and you played whatever you wrote.

**PLAYBOY:** *For No-One.*

**PAUL:** I wrote that on a skiing holiday in Switzerland. In a hired chalet amongst the snow.

**PLAYBOY:** *Got to Get You into My Life.*

**PAUL:** That's mine; I wrote it. It was the first one we used brass on, I think. One of the first times we used soul trumpets.

**PLAYBOY:** Where did it come out of? Any particular——

**PAUL:** The song? Dunno. My mouth.

**PLAYBOY:** *Tomorrow Never Knows.*

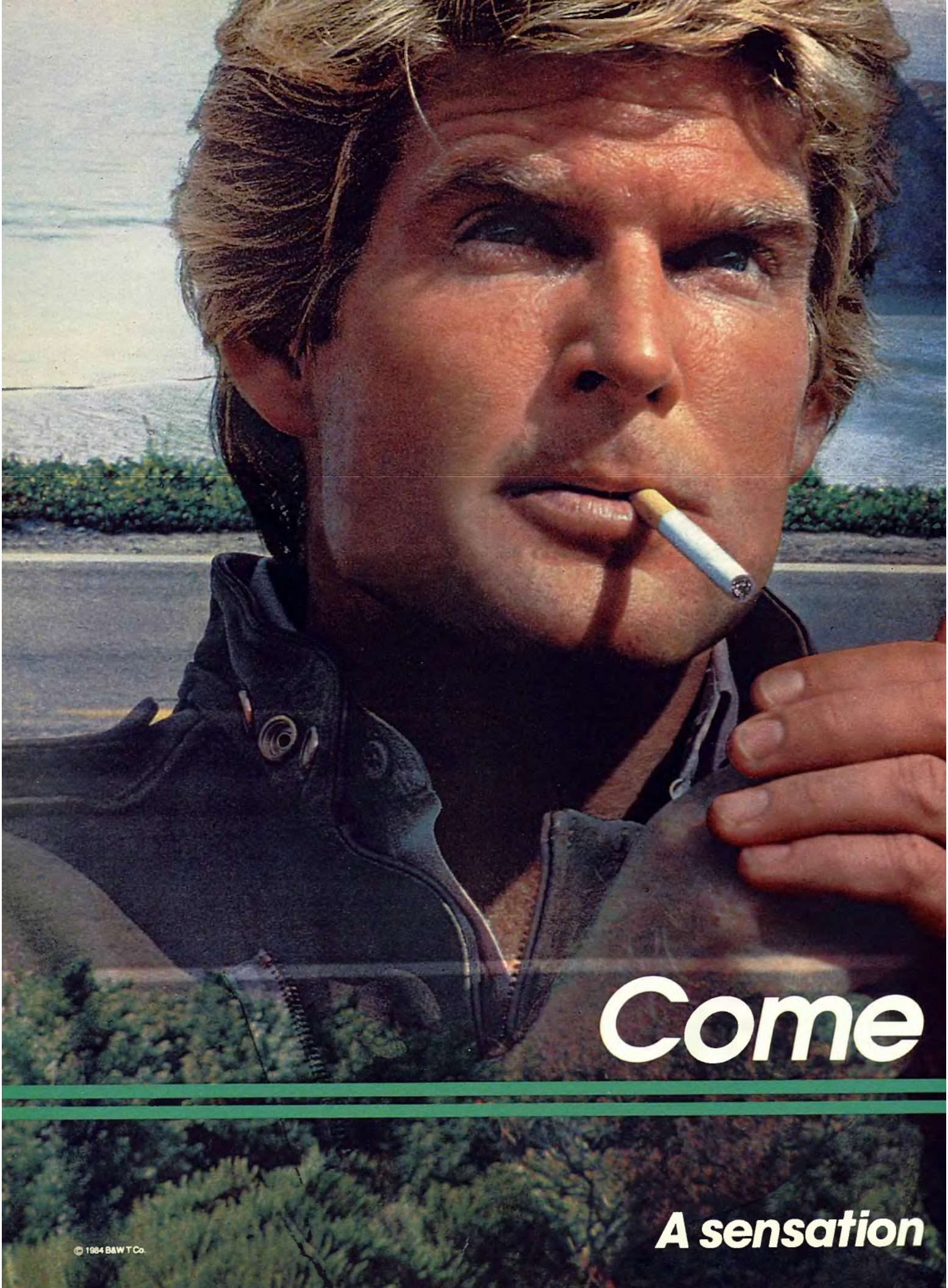
**PAUL:** That was one of Ringo's malapropisms. John wrote the lyrics from Timothy Leary's version of the Tibetan *Book of the Dead.* It was a kind of Bible for all the psychedelic freaks. That *was* an LSD song. Probably the only one. People always thought *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds* was, but it actually wasn't meant to say LSD. It was a drawing that John's son brought home from school. Lucy was a kid in his school. And we said, "That's a great title," and we wrote the psychedelic song based on it. It's a natural, isn't it? You know, it was that sort of time. Like all that *Abbey Road* cover stuff, you know. Paul is dead, because he hasn't got shoes on, you know? It was a period when they used to read into our lyrics a lot, used to think there was more in them than there was. We didn't bother pointing out. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** Did your taking LSD make any difference in your writing?

**PAUL:** I suppose it did, yeah. I suppose everything makes some kind of difference. It was a psychedelic period then, so we were into that kind of thing. But . . . we didn't work with LSD—ever.

**PLAYBOY:** *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.*

**PAUL:** It was an idea I had, I think, when I was flying from L.A. to somewhere. I thought it would be nice to lose our identities, to submerge ourselves in the persona of a fake group. We would make up all the culture around it and collect all our heroes in one place. So I thought, A typical stupid-sounding name for a Dr. Hook's Medicine Show and Traveling Circus kind of thing would be Sgt. Pepper's Lonely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Hearts Club Band. Just a word game, really.

**PLAYBOY:** *Getting Better.*

**PAUL:** Wrote that at my house in St. Johns Wood. All I remember is that I said, "It's getting better all the time," and John contributed the legendary line "It couldn't get much worse." Which I thought was very good. Against the spirit of that song, which was all superoptimistic—then there's that lovely little sardonic line. Typical John.

**PLAYBOY:** *Fixing a Hole.*

**PAUL:** Yeah. I wrote that. I liked that one. Strange story, though. The night we went to record that, a guy turned up at my house who announced himself as Jesus. So I took him to the session. You know, couldn't harm, I thought. Introduced Jesus to the guys. Quite reasonable about it. But that was it. Last we ever saw of Jesus.

**PLAYBOY:** *She's Leaving Home.*

**PAUL:** I wrote that. My kind of ballad from that period. My daughter likes that one. *One* of my daughters likes that. Still works. The other thing I remember is that George Martin was offended that I used another arranger. He was busy and I was itching to get on with it; I was inspired. I think George had a lot of difficulty forgiving me for that. It hurt him; I didn't mean to.

**PLAYBOY:** *Being for the Benefit of Mr. Kite!*

**PAUL:** That was taken directly off a poster John had. A circus poster. We stretched it a bit.

**PLAYBOY:** What about *When I'm Sixty-Four*?

**PAUL:** Who knows? Yeah, I wrote the tune when I was about 15, I think, on the piano at home, before I moved from Liverpool. It was kind of a cabaret tune. Then, years later, I put words to it.

**PLAYBOY:** In his *Playboy Interview*, John said that was a song he didn't like and never could have written.

**PAUL:** Who knows what John liked? You know, John would say he didn't like one thing one minute and the next he might like it. I don't really know what he liked or didn't like, you know! It would depend on what mood he was in on a given day, really, what he would like. . . . I don't care; *I* liked it!

**PLAYBOY:** What about *Lovely Rita*?

**PAUL:** Yeah, that was mine. It was based on the American meter maid. And I got the idea to just—you know, so many of my things, like *When I'm Sixty-Four* and those, they're tongue in cheek! But they get taken for real! [*Sarcastic*] "Paul is saying, 'Will you love me when I'm 64?'!" But I say, "Will you still *feed* me when I'm 64?" That's the tongue-in-cheek bit. And similarly with *Lovely Rita*—the idea of a parking-meter attendant's being sexy was tongue in cheek at the time. Although I've seen a few around, come to think of it. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** You're licking your chops.

**PAUL:** Well, this is PLAYBOY talk!

**PLAYBOY:** Right. *Good Morning, Good Morning.*

**PAUL:** *Good Morning*—John's. That was our first major use of sound effects, I think. We had horses and chickens and dogs and all sorts running through it.

**PLAYBOY:** *A Day in the Life*—John's, of course. Right?

**PAUL:** That was mainly John's, I think. I remember being very conscious of the words "I'd love to turn you on" and thinking, Well, that's about as risqué as we dare get at this point. Well, the BBC banned it. It said, "Now they know how many holes it takes to fill the Albert Hall" or something. But I mean that there was nothing vaguely rude or naughty in any of that. "I'd love to turn you on" was the rudest line in the whole thing. But that was one of John's very good ones. I wrote . . . that was co-written. The orchestra crescendo and that was based on some of the ideas I'd been getting from Stockhausen and people like that, which is more abstract. So we told the orchestra members to just start on their lowest note and end on their highest note and go in their own time—which orchestras are frightened to do. That's not the tradition. But we got 'em to do it. Actually, we got the trumpets to start on the lowest note, and the violins started a little later; violins tend to follow one another, they're like sheep. Trumpets are a bit more adventurous; they're drunk! Trumpeters are generally drunk. It wets their whistle.

**PLAYBOY:** *Back in the U.S.S.R.*

**PAUL:** I wrote that as a kind of Beach Boys parody. And *Back in the U.S.A.* was a Chuck Berry song, so it kinda took off from there. I just liked the idea of Georgia girls and talking about places like the Ukraine as if they were California, you know? It was also hands across the water, which I'm still conscious of. 'Cause they like us out there, even though the bosses in the Kremlin may not. The kids do. And that to me is very important for the future of the race.

**PLAYBOY:** *Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da.*

**PAUL:** A fella who used to hang around the clubs used to say [*Jamaican accent*], "Ob-la-di, ob-la-da, life goes on," and he got annoyed when I did a song of it, 'cause he wanted a cut. I said, "Come on, Jimmy, it's just an expression. If you'd written the song, you could have had the cut." He also used to say, "Nothin's too much, just outa sight." He was just one of those guys who had great expressions, you know.

**PLAYBOY:** It's pretty clear how much you like to work off other people. It's as if you need someone else to be fully creative with. True?

**PAUL:** Well. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** For instance, earlier you said you really missed those three sounding boards, John, Ringo and George. Whom can you use today as sounding boards?

**PAUL:** My kids. I'll play some new tune on the piano. If it's real good, I'll notice the kids will pick up on it and start humming it. I remember, when I wrote *So Bad*, the lyric was "Girl, I love you / Girl, I love you," which I sang for my little girls—and they sang it back. Then my little boy, James, who is six, looked at us doing this, and I began singing the lyric as "Boy, I love you / Boy, I love you"—I didn't want to leave my boy out of a love song!

**PLAYBOY:** What about the other singer/composers with whom you've collaborated? How are they as sounding boards?

**PAUL:** You mean Stevie Wonder and Michael Jackson? I loved working with them. I admire their voices and their talent. But it wasn't what I'd call serious collaboration; it was more like we were singing on one another's records. Michael and I happened to write a couple of songs together. But we never actually sat down and thought, We're now a songwriting team. I think Michael and I both treated it as a kind of . . . just a nice thing to do.

He started out ringing me up and saying he wanted to see me. So I said to him, "What's all this for?" you know? Like, why? It was all very nice, but . . . he said, "I wanna make hits." I said, "Great, lovely." So I don't take that kind of thing that seriously.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you take Michael Jackson seriously as a songwriter?

**PAUL:** No, I don't particularly admire him as a writer, because he hasn't done much. I admire Stevie Wonder more. And Stephen Sondheim. Probably one of the best.

**PLAYBOY:** Sondheim? You mean as in Broadway musicals?

**PAUL:** Sure. You know, when we started with the Lennon-McCartney thing, you know, 50-50 with a handshake, it was like a Rodgers and Hammerstein trip. For me it was, anyway. That romantic image of collaboration, all those films about New York songwriters plugging away at the piano—"We'll call it *Alligator Symphony*; what a great idea!"—and they all go to California and get drunk. That always appealed to me, that image. Lennon and McCartney were to become the Rodgers and Hammerstein of the Sixties; that's the way that dream went.

**PLAYBOY:** Then is there a part of you that's still looking for a new partner—someone you can write with the way you did with John?

**PAUL:** I'm not looking. . . . I'm not, because I didn't look for John, either. But I think if I happened to fall into a situation where I felt comfortable writing with someone, I definitely wouldn't say no to it.

I like collaboration, but the collaboration I had with John—it's difficult to imagine anyone else coming up to that standard. Because he was no slouch, that boy. . . . He was pretty hot stuff, you know. I mean, I can't imagine anybody being there when I go [*sings*]: "It's getting better all the time." I just can't imagine anybody who could chime in [*sings*]: "It couldn't get much worse."

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# THE SICILIAN

*fiction*

## By MARIO PUZO

*michael corleone thought he knew everything about deceit. he was wrong*

MICHAEL CORLEONE stood on a long wooden dock in Palermo and watched the great ocean liner set sail for America. He was to have sailed on that ship, but new instructions had come from his father.

He waved goodbye to the men on the little fishing boat who had brought him to this dock, men who had guarded him these past two years. The fishing boat rode the white wake of the ocean liner, a brave little duckling after its mother. The men on it waved back; he would see them no more.

The dock itself was alive with scurrying men in caps and baggy clothes unloading other ships, loading trucks that had come to the long dock. They were small, wiry men who looked more Arabic than Italian, wearing billed caps that obscured their faces. Among them would be new bodyguards making sure he came to no harm before he met with Don Croce Malo, *capo di capi* of the Friends of the Friends, as they were called here in Sicily. Newspapers and the outside world called them the Mafia, but in Sicily the word Mafia never passed the lips of the ordinary citizen—as he would never call Don Croce Malo the *capo di capi* but only the Good Soul.

In his years of exile in Sicily, Michael had heard many tales about Don Croce, some so fantastic that he almost did not believe in the existence of such a man. But the instructions relayed from his father were explicit: He was ordered to have lunch with Don Croce this very day. And the two of them were to arrange for the escape from Sicily of the country's greatest bandit, Salvatore Guiliano. Michael Corleone could not leave Sicily without Salvatore Guiliano.

Down at the end of the pier, no more than 50 yards away, a huge dark car was parked in the narrow street. Standing before it were three men, dark rectangles cut out of the glaring sheet of light that fell like a wall of gold from the noonday sun. Michael walked toward them. He paused for a moment to light a cigarette and survey the city.

Palermo rested in the bottom of a bowl created by an extinct volcano, overwhelmed by mountains on three sides and escaping into the dazzling blue of the Mediterranean Sea on the fourth side. The city shimmered in the golden rays of the Sicilian noontime sun. Veins of red light struck the earth, as if reflecting the blood shed on the soil of Sicily for countless centuries. The gold rays bathed stately marble columns of Greek temples, spidery Moslem turrets, the fiercely intricate façades of Spanish cathedrals; on a far hillside frowned the turrets of an ancient Norman castle—all left by diverse and cruel armies that had ruled Sicily since before Christ was born. Beyond, cone-shaped mountains held the slightly effeminate city of Palermo in a strangler's embrace, as if both were sinking gracefully to their knees, a cord being pulled tightly around the city's neck. Far above, countless tiny red hawks darted across the brilliant blue sky.

Michael walked toward the three men waiting for him at the end of the pier. Their features and bodies were formed out of their black rectangles. With each step he could see them more clearly, and they seemed to loosen, to spread away from one another as if to envelop him in their greeting.

All three of these men knew Michael's history: that he was the youngest son of the great Don Corleone in America, the Godfather, whose power extended even into Sicily. That he had murdered a high police official of New York City while executing an enemy of the Corleone empire. That he had been in hiding and exile here in Sicily because of those murders and that now, finally, matters having been "arranged," he was on his way back to his homeland to resume his place as crown prince to the Corleone family. They studied Michael, the way he moved so quickly and effortlessly, his watchful wariness, the caved-in side of his face, which gave him the look of



ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILSON MC LEAN

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a man who had endured suffering and danger. He was obviously a man of respect.

As Michael stepped off the pier, the first man to greet him was a priest, body plump in cassock, his head crowned by a greasy, batlike hat. The white clerical collar was sprinkled with red Sicilian dust; the face above was worldly with flesh.

This was Father Benjamino Malo, brother to the great Don Croce. He had a shy and pious manner, but he was devoted to his renowned relative and never flinched at having the Devil so close to his bosom. The malicious even whispered that he handed over the secrets of the confessional to Don Croce.

Father Benjamino smiled nervously as he shook Michael's hand and seemed surprised and relieved by Michael's friendly, lopsided grin, so unlike that of a famous murderer.

The second man was not so cordial, though polite enough. This was Inspector Frederico Velardi, head of the security police of all Sicily. He was the only one of the three who did not have a welcoming smile on his face. Thin and far too beautifully tailored for a man who received a government salary, his cold blue eyes shot two genetic bullets from long-ago Norman conquerors. Inspector Velardi could have no love for an American who had killed a high-ranking police official. He might try his luck in Sicily. Velardi's handshake was like the touching of swords.

The third man was taller and bulkier; he seemed huge beside the two others. He imprisoned Michael's hand, then pulled him forward into an affectionate embrace. "Michael," he said. "Welcome to Palermo." He drew back and regarded Michael with a fond but wary eye. "I am Stefan Andolini; your father and I grew up together in Corleone. I saw you in America when you were a child. Do you remember me?"

Oddly enough, Michael did remember, for Stefan Andolini was that rarest of all Sicilians, a redhead. Which was his cross, for Sicilians believe that Judas was a redheaded man. His face, too, was unforgettable. The mouth was huge and irregular, the thick lips like bloody hacked meat; above were hairy nostrils and eyes cavernous in deep sockets. Although he was smiling, it was a face that made you dream of murder.

With the priest, Michael understood the connection at once. But Inspector Velardi was a surprise. Andolini, carrying out the responsibility of a relative, carefully explained to Michael the inspector's official capacity. Michael was wary. What was the man doing here? Velardi was reputed to be one of Salvatore Guiliano's most implacable pursuers. And it was obvious that the inspector and Andolini disliked each other; they behaved with the deadly courtesy of two men readying themselves for a duel to the death.

The chauffeur had the car door open for them. Father Benjamino and Andolini ushered Michael into the back seat with deferential pats. Father Benjamino insisted with Christian humility that Michael sit by the window while he sat in the middle, for Michael must see the beauty of Palermo. Andolini took the other back seat. The inspector had already jumped in beside the chauffeur. Michael noticed that Inspector Velardi held the door handle so that he could twist it open quickly. The thought passed through Michael's mind that perhaps Father Benjamino had scurried into the middle seat to make himself less of a target.

Like a great black dragon, the car moved slowly through the streets of Palermo. On this avenue rose graceful Moorish-looking houses, massive Greek-columned public buildings, Spanish cathedrals. Private houses painted blue, painted white, painted yellow, all had balconies festooned with flowers that formed another highway above their heads. It would have been a pretty sight except for squads of *carabinieri*, the Italian national police, who patrolled every corner, rifles at the ready. And more of them stood on the balconies above.

They turned off the avenue and a huge black-lettered poster on a house wall caught Michael's eye. He just had time to see the word GUILIANO on the top line. Father Benjamino had been leaning toward the window and said, "It is one of Guiliano's proclamations. Despite everything, he still controls Palermo at night."

"And what does it say?" Michael asked.

"He permits the people of Palermo to ride the streetcars again," Father Benjamino said.

"He permits?" Michael asked with a smile. "An outlaw permits?"

On the other side of the car, Andolini laughed. "The *carabinieri* ride the trams, so Guiliano blows them up. But first he warned the public not to use them. Now he is promising not to blow them up anymore."

Michael said dryly, "And why did Guiliano blow up trams full of police?"

Inspector Velardi turned his head, blue eyes glaring at Michael. "Because Rome, in its stupidity, arrested his father and mother for consorting with a known criminal, their own son. A Fascist law never repealed by the republic."

Father Benjamino said with quiet pride, "My brother, Don Croce, arranged for their release."

The car stopped in front of a block-long, rose-colored building. Blue minarets crowned each separate corner. Before the entrance an extraordinary wide, green-striped canopy lettered HOTEL UMBERTO was guarded by two doormen stuffed into dazzling gold-buttoned uniforms. But Michael was not distracted by this splendor.

His practiced eye photographed the street in front of the hotel. He spotted at least ten bodyguards walking in couples, leaning against the iron railings. These men were not disguising their function. Unbuttoned jackets revealed weapons strapped to their bodies. Two of them, smoking thin cigars, blocked Michael's path for a moment when he came out of the car, scrutinizing him closely—measuring him for a grave. They ignored Inspector Velardi and the others.

As the group entered the hotel, the guards sealed off the entrance behind them. In the lobby, four more guards materialized and escorted them down a long corridor. These particular men had the proud looks of palace servants to an emperor.

The end of the corridor was barred by two massive oaken doors. A man seated in a high, thronelike chair stood up and unlocked the doors with a bronze key. He bowed, giving Father Benjamino a conspiratorial smile as he did so.

The doors opened into a magnificent suite of rooms, open French windows revealed a luxuriously deep garden beyond and the wind blew in the smell of lemon trees. As they entered, Michael could see two men posted inside the suite. Michael wondered why Don Croce was so heavily guarded. He was Guiliano's friend; he was the confidant of the minister of justice in Rome and therefore safe from the *carabinieri* who filled the town of Palermo. Then who, and what, did the great don fear? Who was his enemy?

The furniture in the living room of the suite had been originally designed for an Italian palace—gargantuan armchairs, sofas as long and as deep as small ships, massive marble tables that looked as if

they had been stolen from museums. They suitably framed the man who now came in from the garden to greet them.

His arms were held out to embrace Michael Corleone. Standing, Don Croce was almost as wide as he was tall. Thick gray hair, as crinkly as a Negro's and carefully barbered, crowned a head massively leonine. His eyes were lizard-dark, two raisins embedded on top of heavily fleshed cheeks. These cheeks were two great slabs of mahogany, the left side planed smooth, the other creased with overgrown flesh. The mouth was surprisingly delicate, and above it was a thin dandy's mustache. The thick, imperial spike of a nose nailed his face together.

But beneath that emperor's head, he was all peasant. Huge ill-fitting trousers encircled his enormous middle, and these were held up by wide off-white suspenders. His voluminous shirt was white and freshly laundered but not ironed. He wore no tie or coat, and his feet were bare on the marble floor.

He did not look like a man who "wet his beak" from every business enterprise in Palermo down to the lowly market stalls in the square. It was hard to believe that he was responsible for 1000 deaths. That he ruled western Sicily far more than did the government in Rome. And that he was richer than the dukes and barons who owned great Sicilian estates.

The embrace he gave Michael was swift and light as he said, "I knew your father when we were children. It is a joy to me that he has such a fine son." Then he inquired as to the comfort of his journey and his present necessities. Michael smiled and said he would enjoy a morsel of bread and a drop of wine. Don Croce immediately led him out into the garden, for like all Sicilians he ate his meals out of doors when he could.

A table had been set up by a lemon tree. It sparkled with polished glass and fine white linen. Wide bamboo chairs were pulled back by servants. Don Croce supervised the seating with a vivacious courtesy, younger than his age; he was now in his 60s. He sat Michael on his right and his brother, the priest, on his left. He placed Inspector Velardi and Stefan Andolini across from him and regarded them both with a certain coolness.

All Sicilians are good eaters, when there is food to be had, and one of the few jokes people dared to make about Don Croce was that he would rather eat well than kill an enemy. Now he sat with a smile of benign pleasure on his face, knife and fork in hand, as the servants brought out the food. Michael glanced around the garden. It was enclosed by a high stone wall and there were at least ten guards scattered around at their own small luncheon tables, but no more than two at each table and well away to give Don Croce and his companions privacy. The garden was filled with the fragrance of lemon trees and olive oil.

Don Croce served Michael personally, ladling roasted chicken and potatoes onto his plate, supervising the tossing of grated cheese on his little side dish of spaghetti, filling his wineglass with cloudy local white wine. He did this with an intense interest, a genuine concern that it was a matter of importance for his new friend to eat and drink well. Michael was hungry; he had not tasted food since dawn, and the don was kept busy replenishing his plate. He also kept a sharp eye on the plates of the other guests and, when necessary, made a gesture for a servant to fill a glass or cover an empty dish with food.

Finally they were done and, sipping his cup of espresso, the don was ready for business.

He said to Michael, "So you're going to help our friend Guiliano run off to America."

"Those are my instructions," Michael said. "I must make certain he enters America without misfortune."

Don Croce nodded. His massive mahogany face wore the sleepy, amiable look of the obese. His vibrant tenor voice was surprising from that face and his body. "It was all arranged between me and your father: I was to deliver Salvatore Guiliano to you. But nothing runs smooth in life; there is always the unexpected. It is now difficult to keep my part of the bargain." He held up his hand to keep Michael from interrupting. "Through no fault of my own. I have not changed. But Guiliano no longer trusts anyone, not even me. Five thousand Italian soldiers and field police are searching the mountains. Still he refuses to put himself in my hands."

"Then there is nothing I can do for him," Michael said. "My orders are to wait no more than seven days; then I must leave for America."

And even as he said this, he wondered why it was so important for his father to have Guiliano escape. Michael desperately wanted to get home after so many years of exile. Why was his father delaying his return? It could only be for something of the utmost importance connected with Guiliano.

Suddenly he was aware of Inspector Velardi's cold blue eyes studying him. The thin, aristocratic face was scornful, as if Michael had shown cowardice.

"Be patient," Don Croce said. He paused for a moment and smiled, a smile that did not break the massiveness of his cheeks. "I have been told of your plans. All of them." He said this with peculiar emphasis; but, Michael thought, he could not possibly know all the plans. The Godfather never told anyone all of anything.

Don Croce went on smoothly. "All of us who love Guiliano agree on two things. He can no longer stay in Sicily and he must emigrate to America. Inspector Velardi is in accord."

"That is strange even for Sicily," Michael said with a smile. "The inspector is head of the security police sworn to capture Guiliano."

Don Croce laughed, a short, mechanical laugh. "Who can understand Sicily? But this is simple. Rome prefers Guiliano happy in America, not screaming accusations from the witness cage in a Palermo court. It's all politics."

Michael was bewildered. He felt an acute discomfort. This was not going according to plan. "Why is it in Inspector Velardi's interest to have him escape? Guiliano dead is no danger."

Inspector Velardi answered in a contemptuous voice. "That would be my choice," he said. "But Don Croce loves him like a son."

Stefan Andolini stared at the inspector malevolently. Father Benjamino ducked his head as he drank from his glass. But Don Croce said sternly to the inspector, "We are all friends here; we must speak the truth to Michael. Guiliano holds a trump card. He has a diary he calls his testament. In it he gives proofs that the government in Rome, certain officials, have helped him during his years of banditry, for purposes of their own—political purposes. If that document becomes public, the Christian Democratic government would fall and we would have the Socialists and Communists ruling Italy. Inspector Velardi agrees with me that anything must be done to prevent that. So he is willing to help Guiliano to escape with the testament with the understanding that it will not be made public."

"Have you seen this testament?" Michael said. He wondered if his father knew about it. His instructions had never mentioned such a document.

"I know all of its contents," Don Croce said.

Inspector Velardi said sharply, "If I could make the decision, I would say kill Guiliano and be damned to his testament."

Stefan Andolini glared at the inspector with a look of hatred so naked and intense that for the first time, Michael realized that here was a man almost as dangerous as Don Croce himself. Andolini said, "Guiliano will never surrender and you are not a good enough man to put him in his grave. You would be much wiser to look after yourself."

Don Croce raised his hand slowly and there was silence at the table. He spoke slowly to Michael, ignoring the others. "It may be I cannot keep my promise to your father to deliver Guiliano to you. Why Don Corleone concerns himself in this affair, I can't tell you. Be assured he has

*(continued on page 238)*

*"Merciful heavens, madam! This is no time for extended orgasms!"*

*the stylish miss somers buries the hatchet and makes a picturesque peace with playboy*

# SUZANNE TAKE TWO

WHAT A DIFFERENCE a few years can make. The last time Suzanne Somers starred on these pages—back in February 1980—her show, *Three's Company*, was a certified hit and Suzanne herself had been crowned the jiggle queen of television. Suddenly, she was everywhere, from magazine covers to talk shows, as the public clamored to get a look at Hollywood's newest, prettiest face.

But to one PLAYBOY photographer, the face looked familiar. He remembered shooting a nude Playmate test with the same Suzanne Somers in May 1970 and passed that information along to ever-alert PLAYBOY archivists, who found the pictures.

If Suzanne thought that she had already gotten all the publicity a new sex symbol could get, she was mistaken. The PLAYBOY layout was a best seller and caused a public sensation. Suzanne wasn't happy about it. Her manager described her as "very, very hurt and embarrassed." Suzanne complained to *People* magazine, "It makes me want to cry."

Much has changed since then. *Three's Company* has faded into oblivion, but it did so without Suzanne's presence. She had gotten into a messy contract dispute with the producers in 1981 and found herself not only making headlines once again but *(text concluded on page 252)*

The last time Suzanne posed for PLAYBOY was 14 years ago, though the pictures languished in a file until our February 1980 issue. "I'm in much better physical shape now," claims Suzanne. "And I'm more self-confident. I was very insecure in those days, didn't think a lot of myself. That has changed."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

"I love flirtatious entertaining," admits Suzanne, who often entertains Servicemen overseas. "When you're standing in front of 6000 sailors, if you enjoy men, you'll be flirtatious about it. It's exciting."

HAIR AND MAKE-UP BY: STEVE REILEY

It's no secret that Suzanne was not fond of her last appearance in PLAYBOY. "It came at a time when people didn't know who I was or what I was really about," she explains. "I have many facets that I'm gradually discovering, layer by layer."

"You know, I'm still a small-town girl," says Suzanne. "I like to cook and I love to do all those things that I was raised to do. But there's another part of me that loves all that's going on in my life right now."

"I'm attracted to a powerful man," says Suzanne. "Someone self-confident, in control and very funny. I tell my son, 'Whomever you choose, make sure she has a sense of humor. Long after looks fade, you can still laugh.'"

TOURIST TRADE
when they spent the night together,
more than the earth moved

*fiction* **By ROBERT SILVERBERG**

AFTER A MOMENT, Eitel's eyes adjusted to the darkness and the glare of the clashing, crisscrossing spotlights. But he didn't need his eyes to tell him what sort of bizarre zoo he had walked into. His sensitive nostrils picked up the whole astonishing olfactory blast at once: a weird hodgepodge of extraterrestrial body odors, off-world pheromones, transgalactic cosmetics, the ozone radiation of personal-protection screens, minute quantities of unearthly atmospheres leaking out of breathing devices.

"Something wrong?" David asked.

"The odors. They overwhelm me."

"The smoking, eh? You hate it that much?"

"Not the tobacco, fool. The aliens! The E.T.s!"

"Ah. The smell of money, you mean. I agree, it is very overwhelming in here."

"For a shrewd man, you can sometimes be very stupid," Eitel muttered. "Unless you say such things deliberately, which you must, because I

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

have never known a stupid Moroccan."

"For a Moroccan, I am very stupid," said David serenely. "And so it was very stupid of you to choose me as your partner, eh? Your grandfathers in Zurich would be shamed if they knew. Eh?" He gave Eitel a maddeningly seraphic smile.

Eitel scowled. He was never sure when he had genuinely offended the slippery little Moroccan and when David was merely teasing. But somehow, David always came out of these interchanges a couple of points ahead.

Eitel turned and looked the place over, checking it out.

Plenty of humans, of course. This was the biggest gathering place for aliens in Morocco, the locus of the focus, and a lot of gawkers came to observe the action. Eitel ignored them. There was no sense doing business with humans anymore. There were probably some Interpol types in here, too, hoping to head off just the sort of deals Eitel was here to do. To hell with them. His hands were clean, more or less.

But the aliens! The aliens, the aliens, the aliens!

All over the room. Vast saucer eyes, spidery limbs, skins of grotesque textures and unnamable colors. Eitel felt the excitement rising in him, so un-Swiss of him, so thoroughly out of character.

"*Look* at them!" he whispered. "They're beautiful!"

"Beautiful? You think so?"

"Fantastic!"

The Moroccan shrugged. "Fantastic, yes. Beautiful, no. Blue skin, green skin, no skin, two heads, five heads: This is beauty? What is beautiful to me is the money. And the way they like to throw it away."

"You would never understand," said Eitel.

In fact, Eitel hardly understood it himself. He had discovered, not long after the first alien tourists had reached Earth, that they stirred unexpected areas of his soul: strange vistas opening, odd, incoherent, cosmic yearnings. To find at the age of 40 that there was more to him than Panamanian trusts and numbered bank accounts—that was a little troublesome, but it was delicious as well. He stood staring for a long, ecstatic, chaotic moment. Then he turned to David and said, "Where's your Centauran?"

"I don't see him."

"Neither do I."

"He swore he'd be here. Is a big place, Eitel. We go looking, and we find."

The air was thick with color, sound, fumes. Eitel moved carefully around a tableful of leathery-faced, pock-marked red Rigelians, burly, noisy, like a herd of American conventioneers out on the town. Behind them sat five sleek and sinuous Steropids, wearing cone-shaped breathers. Good. Steropids were easy marks. If something went wrong with this Centauran deal David had set up, he might want to have them as customers to fall back on.

Likewise that Arcturan trio: flat heads, grizzled green hair, triple eyes as bright as blue-white suns. Arcturans were wild spenders, though they weren't known to covet Eitel's usual merchandise, which was works of fine art or more-or-less-fine art. Perhaps they could be encouraged to. Eitel, going past, offered them a preliminary smile: Earthman establishing friendly contact, leading perhaps to more elaborate relationship. But the Arcturans didn't pick up on it. They looked through Eitel as though their eyes didn't function in the part of the spectrum he happened to inhabit.

"There," David said.

Yes. Far across the way, a turquoise creature, inordinately long and narrow, that appeared to be constructed of the finest grade of rubber, stretched over an awkwardly flung-together armature of short rods.

"There's a woman with him," Eitel said. "I wasn't expecting that. You didn't tell me."

David's eyes gleamed. "Ah, nice, very nice!"

She was more than very nice. She was splendid. But that wasn't the point. Her presence here could be a troublesome complication. A tour guide? An interpreter? Had the Centauran brought his own art expert along? Or was she some Interpol agent decked out to look like the highest priced of hookers? Or maybe even a real hooker? God help me, Eitel thought, if the Centauran has gotten involved in some kind of kinky infatuation that will distract him from the deal. No: God help David.

"You should have told me there was a woman," Eitel said.

"But I didn't know! I swear, Jesus Mary Moses, I never see her yesterday! But it will be all right. Jesus Mary Moses, go ahead, walk over." He smiled and winked and slipped off toward the bar. "I see you later, outside. You go for it, you hear? You hear me, Eitel? It will be all right."

•

The Centauran, seeing the red carnation in Eitel's lapel, lifted his arm in a gesture like the extending of a telescopic tube, and the woman smiled. It was an amazing smile, and it caught Eitel a little off guard, because for an instant, it made him wish that the Centauran were back on Centaurus and this woman were sitting here alone. He shook the thought off. He was here to do a deal, not to get into entanglements.

"Hans Eitel, of Zurich," he said.

"I am Anakhistos," said the Centauran. His voice was like something out of a synthesizer, which perhaps it was, and his face was utterly opaque, a flat, motionless mask. For vision, he had a single bright strip of receptors an inch wide around his forehead; for air intake, he had little vents on his cheeks; and for eating, he had a three-sided oral slot, like the swinging top of a trash basket. "We are very happied you have come," he said. "This is Agila."

Eitel allowed himself to look straight at her. It was dazzling but painful, a little like staring into the sun. Her hair was red and thick, her eyes were emerald and very far apart, her lips were full, her teeth were bright. She was wearing a vaguely futuristic metal-mesh sheath, green, supple, clinging. What she looked like was something that belonged on a 3-D billboard, one of those unreal, idealized women who turn up in the ads for cognac or skiing holidays in Gstaad. There was something a little freakish about such excessive beauty. A professional, he decided.

To the Centauran he said, "This is a great pleasure for me. To meet a collector of your stature, to know that I will be able to be of assistance——"

"And a pleasure also for ourself. You are greatly recommended to me. You are called knowledgeable, reliable, discreet——"

"The traditions of our family. I was bred to my métier."

"We are drinking mint tea," the woman said. "Will you drink mint tea with us?" Her voice was warm, deep, unfamiliar. Swedish? Did they have redheads in Sweden?

Eitel said, "Forgive me, but it's much too sweet for me. Perhaps a brandy instead——"

A waiter appeared as though by telepathic command. Eitel ordered a Courvoisier and the woman another round of tea. She is very smooth, very good, he thought. He imagined himself in bed with her, digging his fingers into that dense red mane, running his lips over her long, lean thighs. The fantasy was pleasing but undisturbing: an idle dream, cool, agreeable, giving him no palpitations, no frenzy. Good. After that first startled moment, he was getting himself under control. He wondered if she was charging the Centauran by the night or working at something bigger.

She said, "I love the Moroccan tea. It is so marvelous, the sweet. Sugar is my passion. I think I am addicted."

The waiter poured the tea in the traditional way, cascading it down into the glass from three feet up. Eitel repressed a shudder. He admired the elaborate Moroccan cuisine, but the tea appalled him: lethal, hypersaccharine stuff—instant diabetes.

"Do you also enjoy mint tea?" Eitel

*(continued on page 136)*

*"Where did you decide to hang the wreath, dear?"*

*drink*

By EMANUEL GREENBERG

# THE CLAUS THAT REFRESHES

***deck the board with mulls of jolly; hot wine drinks are coming to town***

SPIRITED SPICED WINES, traditionally warmed with the business end of a hot poker, are among our oldest holiday potions. The Pilgrims were partial to them for their "therapeutic effects"—or so they claimed—felicitously referring to them as "comforters, hearteners and chill chasers." And if anyone needs a chill chaser, it's jolly old Saint Nick. In the past few decades, mulled libations have taken a firm hold at winter resorts, serving a dual function—thawing icy extremities and abetting conviviality. There's nothing like a mug of hot cheer to welcome visitors on a cold night—or to warm a frigid friend. And, really, nothing could be simpler. As with any game, however, it helps to know the ground rules before you begin to play. So here are the A B Cs of the proper construction of mulled concoctions.

Each batch of hot drinks should be freshly made and served steaming hot. Tepid mixtures are tasteless. If some remains, don't keep it on the flame; reheat it just before serving. If you don't happen to have an iron poker among your bar utensils, all is not lost. You'll get splendid results using the kitchen range as the source of heat. Don't boil wine, ale, hard cider or other alcoholic beverages. Heat them in a glass or enamel pan or pot. Hold the brew below a simmer; alcohol vaporizes at about 173 degrees Fahrenheit and leaves the potion listless.

Hot drinks should be served in heat-resistant vessels—stoneware, porcelain, pottery or metal—with handles. Don't pour hot liquid into a cold glass. Preheat mugs by rinsing with boiling water to ensure maximum heat retention and to inhibit cracking. When using a glass cup, place a metal spoon in it before adding hot liquid. Measure ingredients when making drinks; too much hot tea or water, for example, will give you a vapid, flat drink. Mulls depend on a *balance* of flavors.

Just as you'd want fresh coffee, tea, cream or butter for your hot potions, insist on prime spices, too. Whole cloves, nutmeg, cardamom, cinnamon, etc., retain their quality much longer than the ground kind. The American Spice Trade Association suggests a sniff test before using last year's inventory. When you sniff the spice, the flavor should be intense—it should jump out of the package at you, not merely suggest the variety. Spicing is a matter of taste; feel free to vary, substituting allspice for cloves or whatever you prefer.

What goes with glöggs and mulls? The usual assortment of chewy fruit, nut and spice cookies, yeast cakes such as *Stollen*, and so on. For a surprise treat, complement your hot drinks with hot cinnamon toast or slices of toasted brioche. Superb! And a reminder: *(concluded on page 276)*



ILLUSTRATION BY GARY RUDDELL

# TOURIST TRADE

(continued from page 132)

*"He found himself speculating on whether or not there could be anything sexual going on."*

asked the alien.

"It is very wonderful," the Centauran said. "It is one of the most wonderful things on this wonderful planet."

Eitel had no idea how sincere the Centauran was. He had studied the psychology of extraterrestrials about as closely as anyone had in the decade since they had begun to descend on Earth en masse, after the lifting of the galactic quarantine, and he knew a lot about a lot of them; but he found it almost impossible to get a reading on Centaurans. If they gave any clues to their feelings at all, it was in the form of minute, perhaps imaginary fluctuations of the texture of their rubbery skins. It was Eitel's theory that the skin slackened when they were happy and went taut when they were tense, but the theory was only preliminary and he gave it little value.

"When did you arrive on Earth?" Eitel asked.

"It is the first week," the Centauran said. "Five days here in Fez, then we go to Rome, Paris and afterward the States United. Following which, other places. It is greatly exciting, your world. Such vigor, such raw force. I hope to see everything and take back much art. I am passionate collector, you know, of Earthesque objects."

"With a special interest in paintings."

"Paintings, yes, but I collect many other things."

That seemed a little blatant—unless Eitel misunderstood the meaning, but he doubted he had. He glanced at the woman, but she showed no reaction.

Carefully he said, "Such as?"

"Everything that is essential to the experience of your world! Everything fine, everything deeply Earthesque! Of course, I am most fastidious. I seek only the first-rate objects."

"I couldn't possibly agree more," said Eitel. "We share the same philosophy. The true connoisseur has no time for the tawdry, the trivial, the incompletely realized gesture, the insufficiently fulfilled impulse." His tone, carefully practiced over years of dealing with clients, was intended to skirt unctuousness and communicate nothing but warm and sincere approbation. Such nuances were probably lost on the Centauran, but Eitel never let himself underestimate a client. He looked suddenly toward the woman and said, "Surely that's your outlook also."

"Of course."

She took a long pull of her mint tea, letting the syrupy stuff slide down her throat like motor oil. Then she wriggled her shoulders in a curious way. Eitel saw flesh shift interestingly beneath the metal mesh. Surely she was professional. *Surely.* He found himself speculating on whether or not there could be anything sexual going on between these two. He doubted that it was possible, but you never could tell. More likely, though, she was merely one of the stellar pieces in Anakhistos' collection of the high-quality Earthesque: an object, an artifact. Eitel wondered how Anakhistos had managed to find her so fast. Was there some service that supplied visiting aliens with the finest of escorts, at the finest of prices?

He was picking up an aroma from her now, not unpleasant but very strange: caviar and cumin? Sturgeon poached in Chartreuse?

She signaled to the waiter for yet another tea. To Eitel she said, "The problem of the export certificates—do you think it is going to get worse?"

That was unexpected and very admirable, he thought. Discover what your client's concerns are, make them your own.

He said, "It is a great difficulty, is it not?"

"I think of little else," said the Centauran, leaping in as if he had been waiting for Agila to provide the cue. "To me it is an abomination. These restrictions on removing works of art from your planet, these humiliating inspections, this agitation, this outcry for even tighter limitations—what will it come to?"

Soothingly, Eitel said, "You must try to understand the nature of the panic. We are a small, backward world that has lived in isolation until just a few years ago. Suddenly we have stumbled into contact with the great galactic civilizations. You come among us, you are fascinated by us and by our artifacts, you wish to collect our things. But we can hardly supply the entire civilized universe. There are only a few Leonardos, a few Vermeers; and there are so many of you. So there is fear that you will sweep upon us with your immense wealth, with your vast numbers, with your hunger for our art, and buy everything of value that we have ever produced and carry it off to places a hundred light-years away. So these laws are being passed. It is natural."

"But I am not here to plunder! I am here to make legitimate purchase!"

"I understand completely," Eitel said. He risked putting his hand gently, compassionately, on the Centauran's arm. Some of the E.T.s resented any intimate contact of this sort with Earthfolk. But apparently the Centauran didn't mind. The alien's rubbery skin felt astonishingly soft and smooth, like the finest condom imaginable. "I'm altogether on your side," Eitel declared. "The export laws are absurd overreactions. There's a more than ample supply of art on this planet to meet the needs of sophisticated collectors like yourself. And by disseminating our culture among the star worlds, we bind ourselves inextricably into the fabric of galactic civilization. Which is why I do everything in my power to make our finest art available to our visitors."

"But can you provide valid export licenses?" Agila asked.

Eitel put his finger to his lips. "We don't need to discuss it further just now, eh? Let us enjoy the delights of this evening and save dreary matters of commerce for later, shall we?" He beamed. "May I offer you more tea?"

•

It was all going very smoothly, Eitel thought. Contact made, essential lines of agreement established. Even the woman was far less of a complication than he had anticipated. Time now to back off, relax, let rapport blossom and mature without forcing.

"Do you dance?" Agila said suddenly.

He looked toward the dance floor. The Rigelians were lurching around in a preposterously ponderous way, like dancing bears. Some Arcturans were on the dance floor, too, and a few Procyonites, bouncing up and down like bundles of shiny metal rods, and a Steropid doing an eerie *pas seul*, weaving in dreamy circles.

"Yes, of course," he said, a little startled.

"Please dance with me?"

He glanced uneasily toward the Centauran, who nodded benignly. She smiled and said, "Anakhistos does not dance. But I would like to. Would you oblige me?"

Eitel took her hand and led her out onto the floor. Once they were dancing, he was able to regain his calm. He moved easily and well. Some of the E.T.s were openly watching them—they had such *curiosity* about humans sometimes—but the staring didn't bother him. He found himself registering the pressure of her thighs against his thighs, her firm, heavy breasts against his chest, and for an instant he felt the old biochemical imperative trying to go roaring through his veins, telling him, "Follow her anywhere, promise anything, say anything, do anything." He brushed it back. There were other women: in Nice, in

(continued on page 277)

*exceptional goodies that make giving and getting a yule delight*

# PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

**Above center: The ultimate executive attaché case—a handmade Morabito/Duret model that holds three bottles of Jules Duret's exceptional cognac, plus four monogrammed engraved crystal snifters (one is shown) in its kidskin-lined interior, by Cavalier Selections, $1100. In the snifter is a 24-kt.-gold-plated Pro-Swizzler swizzle stick that screws together like a pool cue, from Class Act, Ltd., Chicago, $30, including a walnut carrying case. The huge goblet is a German-made ten-inch-tall Churchill, from Norm Thompson, Portland, Oregon, $40. Tungsten-alloy Cricket darts with sleek aluminum shafts, by Accudart, $50 for three.**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

# PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

**Right: We don't know whether or not you have 255 friends you'd wish to call; but if you do, the French-made Alpha X electronic telephone is your hookup—and there are no memory codes to remember, as all you do is type a name on the machine's keyboard and your call is placed; call on hold, mute and auto redial are part of the act, distributed by Panel Research and Development, $550. Below center: Talk about andiron one-upmanship! This English sterling-silver set consists of two 13"-tall lions holding a full complement of fireplace tools, from Asprey, New York, $33,000. Below left: Modern design never looked better than in this battery anodized-aluminum clock, from Hot House, New York, $192.**

**Left: Take me out to the ball game. The world's first flat-screen liquid-crystal-display color TV measures a mere 3.15" x 6.3" x 1.22" and has a two-inch diagonal screen and superfast electronic signal response—and it weighs in at just over a pound, by Epson America, $500. Below center: This nifty 5¢ A DANCE sign is a neon reproduction that waltzes right out of the roadhouse era and onto your wall, from Jukebox Junction, Des Moines, Iowa, $220. Below right: You say a little Dab will do you, or maybe it's just Miller time? Here's something to pull for—a hand-painted and scratchproof glazed-Mayolika two-tap beer fountain with solid-brass collar and base, from Steensen, St. Augustine, Florida, $638. (Beer fountains with as many as five taps are also available, and they can be customized with your own logo or design if you choose.)**

# PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Right: Nakamichi's formidable Dragon-CT direct-drive turntable utilizes the Absolute Center Search System, which eliminates "wow" and features double-cabinet construction that isolates a platter from surface and airborne vibrations, $1740 (not including the cartridge). Far right, top: Canton North America's gorgeous Ergo P speaker in a gloss mahogany finish, $2500 per pair. Far right, bottom: Old bumper cars never die; they're restored to former grandeur by Balboa Bumper Cars, Newport Beach, California. This stainless-steel-and-aluminum Lusse Auto Skooter goes for $6500—and, yes, the headlights work. Below: Actrix Computer, a dual floppy-disk-drive machine, offers 64K of standard memory, a telephone modem, high-speed dot-matrix printer and $2600 worth of software, all for just $1895.

# WHILE THE DEMOCRATS SLEPT

*article*

## By RON REAGAN

EARLY LAST SUMMER, the good folks at PLAYBOY approached me with the idea of covering the Democratic Convention in San Francisco. At first, I was a bit skeptical. Just what did they have in mind? Political analysis? *The Girls of the Iowa Delegation*? No, I was assured, something more personal.

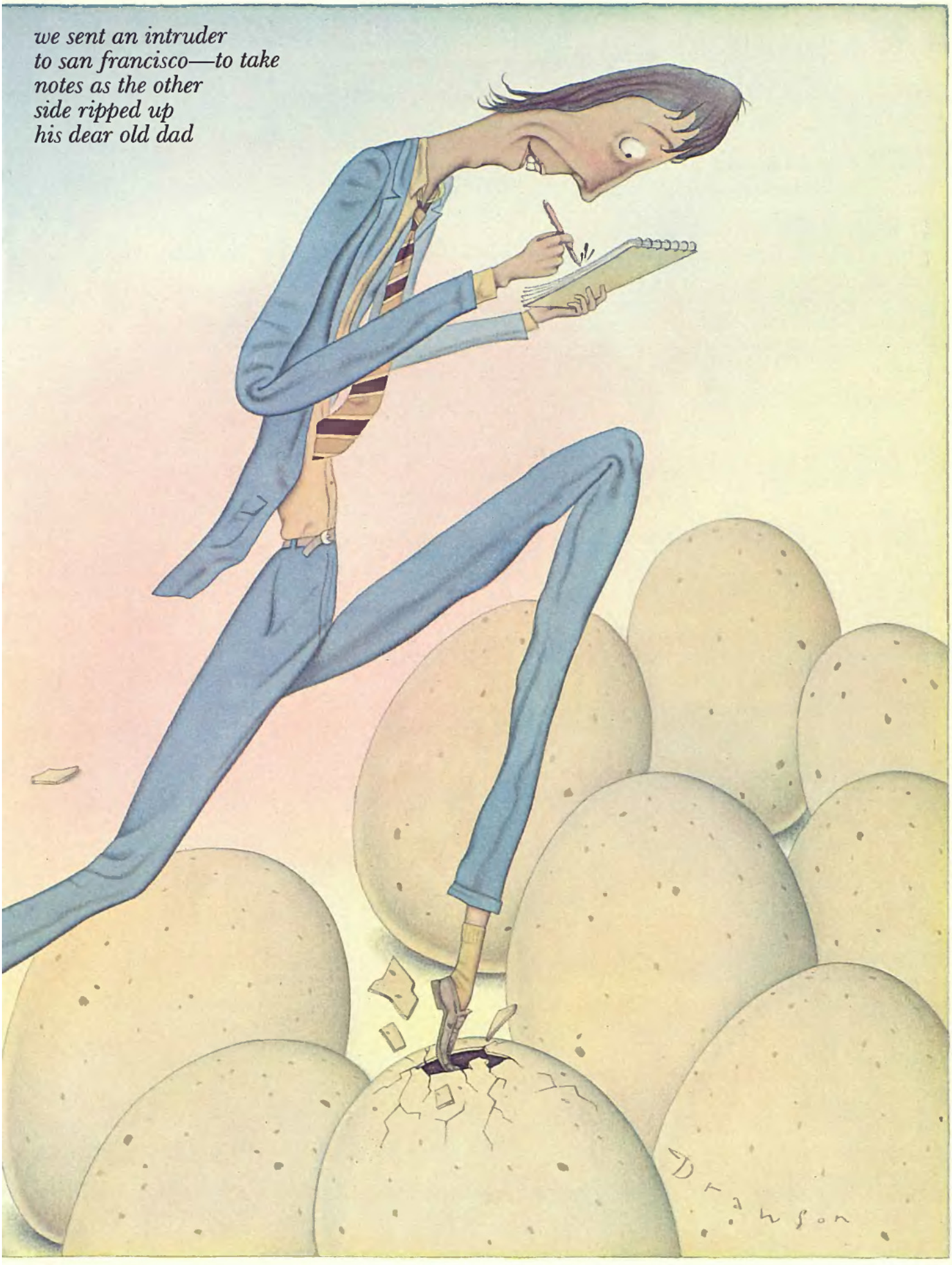
"Just imagine," said one editor, an odd gleam in his eyes, "four days in the Moscone Convention Center, listening to speaker after speaker vilify your father!"

"You're a sick guy," I told him. "I'll get back to you."

I slept on it. There was the danger factor to be considered. Conventions are an opportunity to whip the troops into a blood frenzy. With the prime target of their wrath, my father, out of reach, would the San Francisco delegates turn to the next best thing? I didn't relish being lynched by a bunch of putty-jowled rowdies wearing donkey hats.

For reasons I still don't fully understand, I said yes. "Great," said the editor. "And to show you we're all heart, we'll send someone *(continued on page 190)*

ILLUSTRATION BY BLAIR DRAWSON


we sent an intruder
to san francisco—to take
notes as the other
side ripped up
his dear old dad

# THINKING BIG

*for karen velez,*
*two's company, but 12 is ideal*

KAREN VELEZ had been in Los Angeles only a short time, but she had already found the Bodhi Tree Bookstore. The Bodhi Tree is stocked to the rafters with metaphysical tomes. Eastern philosophies, sorcery, ESP—anything with a "psycho" in front or an "ology" in back that can alter one's perception of reality.

Karen was there looking for *Peace of Mind, Volume One.* Naturally, it wasn't on the shelf, but we browsed and talked all the same.

"I don't think the average person would read anything that I've got on my bookshelves. I'm basically interested in things out of the

*Honesty is important to Karen Velez, starting with herself. "I don't put on a front. This is it. This is what you're going to get tomorrow. But who knows what I will be next year?"*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

*On a family outing to the Miami Seaquarium, Karen is introduced to Lolita, a killer whale, by her handler. Keeping a safe distance are (left to right) Karen's mother, stepfather and grandmother. Raised primarily in Miami, Karen says, "I was born in Rockville Centre, New York, but we moved so much when I was younger that I probably lived places I don't even remember."*

*From Florida, it's a short, pleasant trip on a cruise ship (above) to Nassau. Even nicer if you can pick up a little spending change in the ship's casino. On the other hand, if you happen to drop a little change there—as Karen did—it can still be a lot of fun. Since no one who carries a clip board does any work, it's hard to tell what her job was at Omni Terminals (right) in Miami. But whatever it was, she sure looked good doing it.*

ordinary. I like change. I don't like doing the same thing every Saturday night."

Karen knows about Saturday nights. In Miami, where she grew up, she sometimes had them on Tuesday or Thursday. That left little time for high school.

"By the time I was in ninth grade, I was skipping school and hanging out at my girlfriend's house, playing backgammon." By tenth grade, she dropped out.

"My mind gets to a point where it just stops, and I'm bored with everything. So I move on to something different."

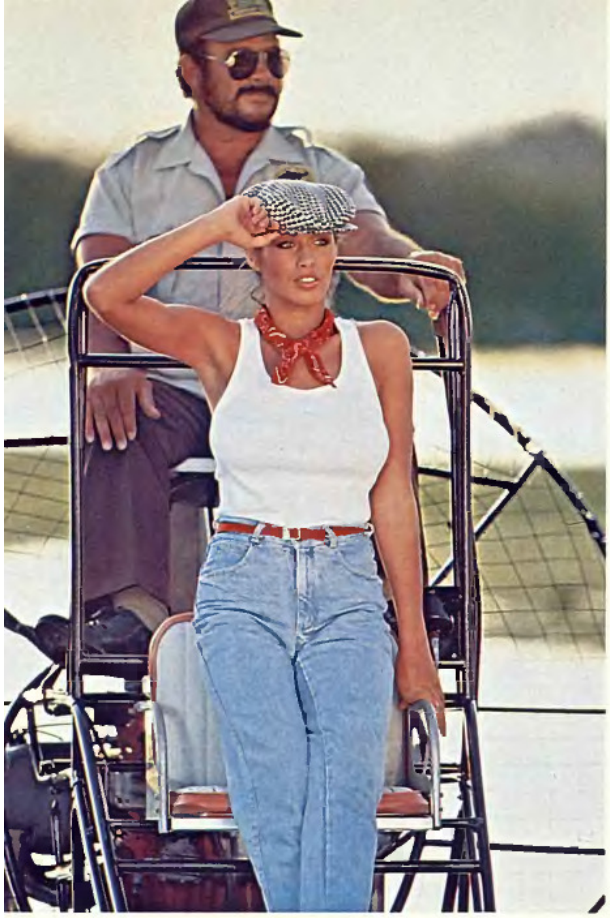
The "something different" that time was Omni Terminals, a shipping-container-repair firm, where she made "good money" and rose to the position of vice-president. But greener pastures beckoned, so after five years she left.

"Anyway, I did graduate. I went back last year and passed my G.E.D. with flying colors. Got my high school diploma. Took six years, but I did it."

Not surprising, really. Karen can do anything she puts her mind to, as long as she's not asked to be ordinary. She intends, for instance, to have ten kids.

"I want ten children, yes. And I want one of those ideal husbands who don't exist anymore—someone to talk to and say, 'Hey, something is bothering me. Can we talk about it?' "

Such an entreaty from such a lady would be hard to ignore. Five bucks says she gets the chat—and the ten children.



*Breezing around the Florida Everglades on a swamp buggy (left), Karen keeps an eye peeled for alligators or anything hungry. Back in Los Angeles (below), she finds eyes peeled for her. She's shopping for flowers in the plaza shops along Sunset Boulevard. The guy is just browsing.*

*Karen and her sister, Lisa, get a lesson in turkey stuffing from their grandmother (below). The two encouraged Karen to try out for Playmate.*

*In the cruise-ship* discothèque *(right), Karen thought the crowd was watching her because there was a photographer taking her picture. She was wrong. When the ship docks, Karen joins some divers (below) at the equipment shack on a small island off the coast of Nassau.*

*"Of course, I've gotten hurt in relationships. And it's not always someone else's fault when I do get hurt. In fact, it's my own fault most of the time. It's expectations. You always expect people to be just the way you think they should be, and when they're not, you get upset. But people are what they are, and you have to accept that. And if you don't like it, then you don't deal with it."*

*"Love takes time for me. I don't meet someone and fall in love a month later. Sometimes it's not until we break up that it hits me, 'I didn't know I loved him so.'"*

*Karen is in no rush to tie the knot. "I want to be sure about the man I get involved with. I'll be content waiting until I'm 30 to get married and have children, if that's how long it takes for me to find someone I feel comfortable marrying. Because, when I do marry, I want to look at him and say, 'I want to be with you for the rest of my life' and have him be able to say the same to me."*

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Karen Jeley

BUST: 37 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 1/27/61 BIRTHPLACE: Rockville Centre, N.Y.

AMBITIONS: To pursue a career that will enable me to be my own person & be financially independent!

TURN-ONS: The ocean & beach, sunshine, humorous quick-thinking people, animals

TURN-OFFS: Untruthful - egotistical people, Bills, Hangovers, Liars & Onions!

HOBBIES: Sailing, Horseback riding, Ceramics

FAVORITE AUTHORS: Jeffrey Archer, Stephen King Shirley MacLaine

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Stevie Nicks, Al Jarreau, Linda Ronstadt, Dan Fogelberg

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Anything with Joan Rivers, Dynasty, My Lifetime soaps, Hill Street Blues

FAVORITE CENTURY, AND WHY? 20th - Because women finally can pursue their own individuality & potential!

1 yr

What do you want from me?

4 yrs

Thanks for the straight bangs, Mom!

16 yrs

My favorite dress

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"My husband has taken to spending nights away in the bush," the wife of a hunting guide told the marriage counselor.

"That's part of his work, though, isn't it?" said the domestic-relations advisor.

"Professionally, yes. But on the level of his personal life, the bush I'm referring to doesn't happen to be mine!"

Maybe you've heard about the fellow who moved to San Francisco but didn't get to know anybody there until he came out of the closet. Now he's up to his ass in new friends.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *male hypocrite* as a fellow who says he wouldn't touch a particular girl with a ten-foot pole but is, in fact, perfectly willing to do so with a five-inch penis.

*She reacted, did novice whore Lee,*
*To her first fuck for dollars with glee!*
*She was bursting with pride:*
*"I'm in business," she cried,*
*"Since a John has his business in me!"*

"How do you choose to be punished," the chief of the savage tribe asked the two captured white explorers, "with death or with *babalooboo*?"

I'm too young to die, reflected one of the prisoners, so he replied, "I'll take my chances with that . . . that *babalooboo*, sir"—whereupon he was unmercifully buggered by a succession of warriors but managed to survive the ordeal.

"And what is your choice, other white interloper?" demanded the savage honcho.

I won't suffer that indignity, thought the second explorer, so he took a deep breath and answered, "I prefer death."

"Then you shall die!" shouted the chief. "Death it shall be! Death by *babalooboo*!"

It was a gourmet cook specializing in veal scaloppine who raised eyebrows in a bar when he was overheard inviting another drinker to come around sometime to see how he beat his meat.

Even if your client's wife were, in fact, inept at fellatio, how would that justify my granting him a divorce?" asked the judge.

"On the grounds, Your Honor," responded the attorney, "of dental cruelty."

If you've never driven to this secluded cabin in the woods before, won't you get lost?" objected the girl.

"Of course not," countered the fellow, "because I have a superb sense of erection."

A wealthy elderly widower returned to his luxury apartment one evening and surprised a young female intruder ransacking his bedroom. "Please don't do that, mister!" she urged as his hand moved toward the alarm button. "If you don't, I'll let you make love to me!"

The oldster's sense of outrage subsided, and he was soon naked on the bed with the girl. But age does have its infirmities, and after making repeated unsuccessful attempts, he finally toppled over onto his side, exhausted and embarrassed. "I'm sorry, young lady . . . but it's no use," he gasped. "I'm afraid . . . I'm going to have to . . . buzz the security office . . . after all."

The first porno film with an all-midget cast will, naturally enough, feature full runtal nudity.

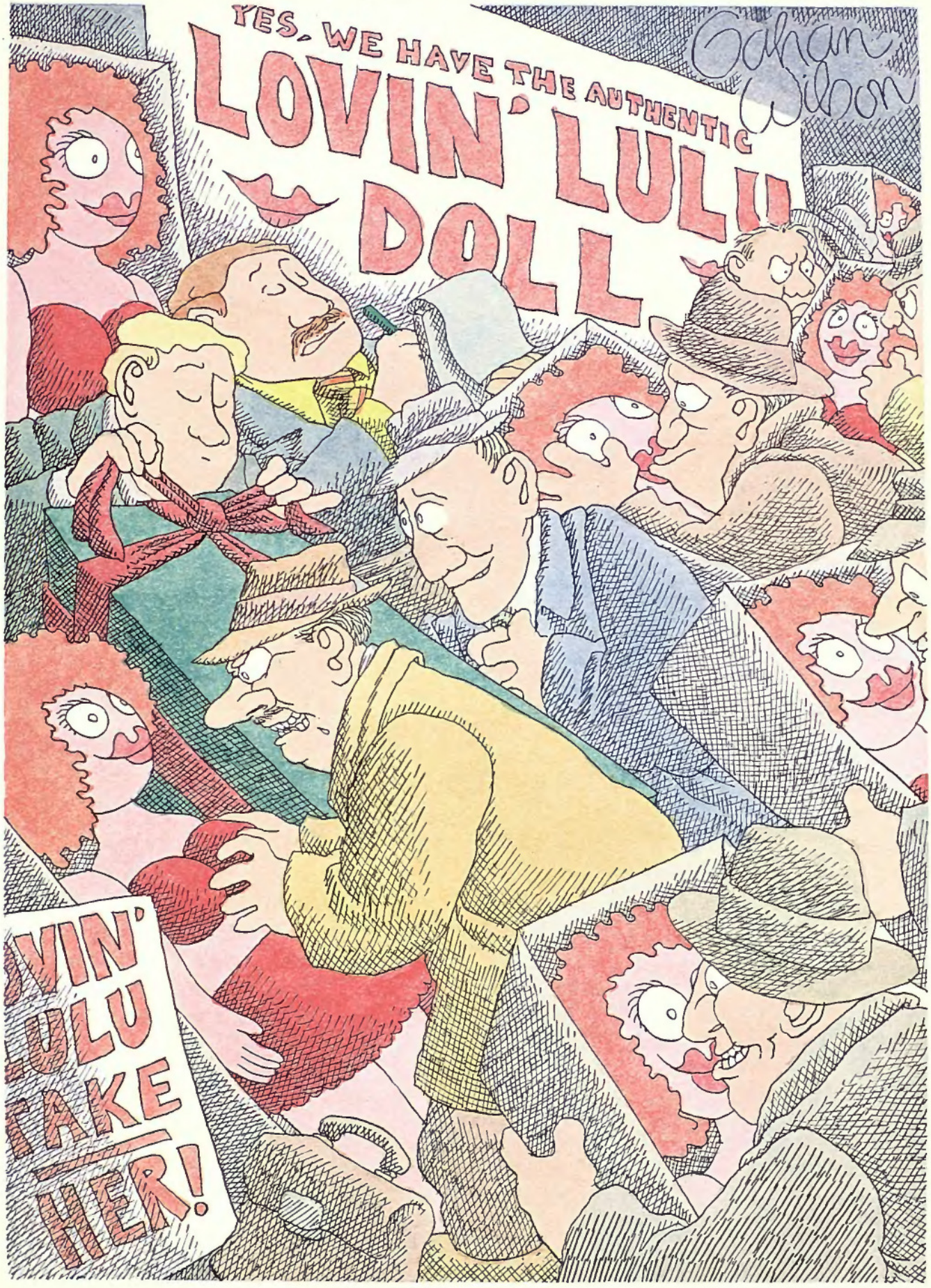
*At the Iron Horse Steam Baths, the cream*
*Of the gay rail elite live a dream!*
*How those Bruces are thrilled!*
*Their cabooses are drilled . . .*
*Then they're blown with a full head of steam!*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *hit man* as a fellow who goes to work when it's time to knock off.

Plans are reputedly being made for a topless-bathing beach for the exclusive use of society matrons. Its location? Sag Harbor, New York.

It's always the same," the girl sighed to her roommate after returning in the wee, small hours. "Afterward, I feel so compromised, so cheap, so soiled . . . so absolutely wonderful from head to toe!"

*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.*



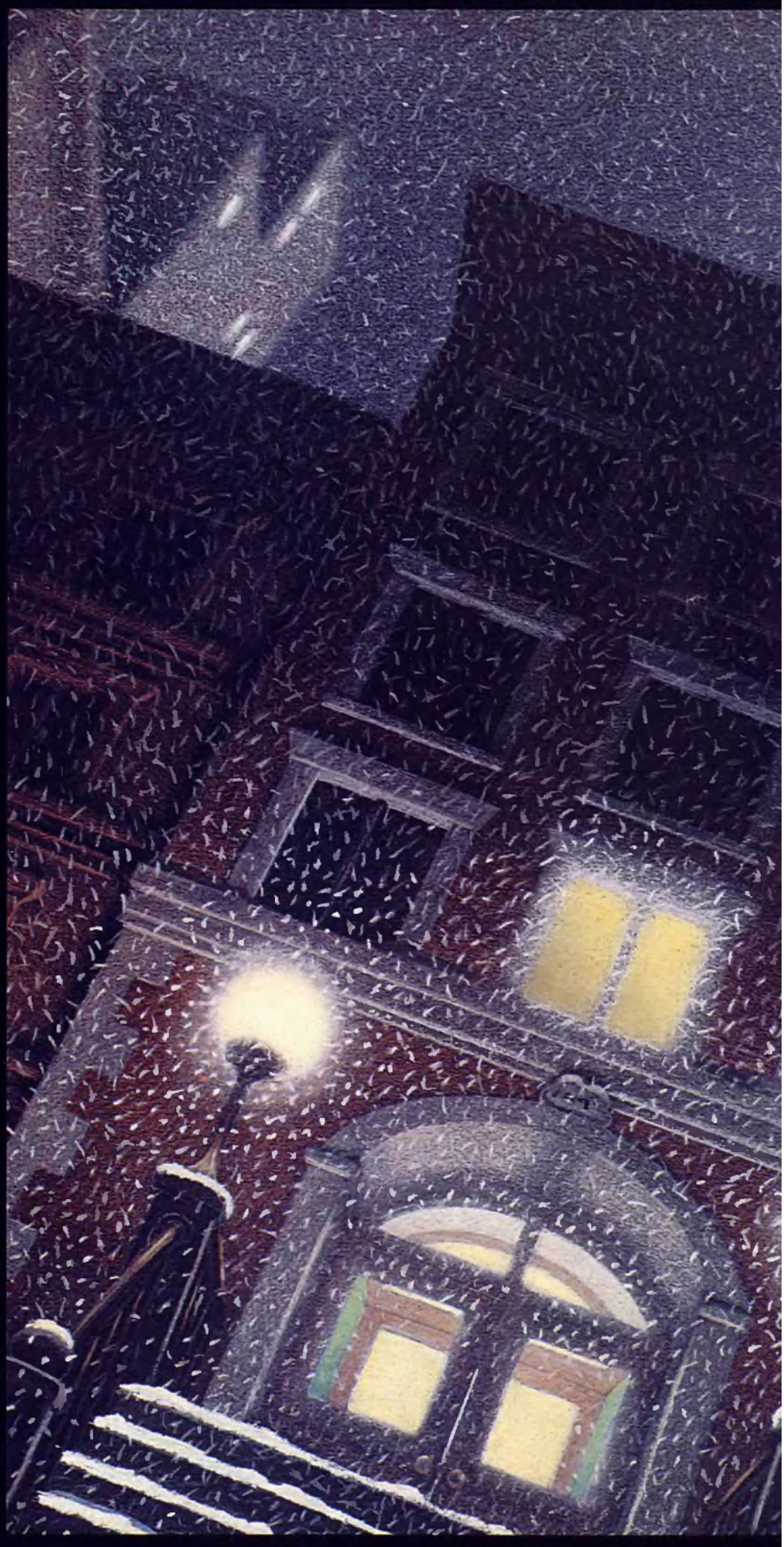

*"So last Christmas it was those Cabbage Patch Kids."*

# AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE

*an 87th precinct story*

BY ED McBAIN

*it was christmas eve, and crime was taking a strange kind of holiday*



DETECTIVE STEVE CARELLA was alone in the squad room. It was very quiet for a Christmas Eve.

Normally, all hell broke loose the moment the stores closed. But tonight the squad room and the entire station house seemed unusually still. No phones ringing. No typewriters clacking away. No patrolmen popping upstairs to ask if any coffee was brewing in the clerical office down the hall. Just Carella, sitting at his desk and rereading the D.D. report he'd just typed, checking it for errors. He'd misspelled the "armed" in "armed robbery." It had come out "aimed robbery." He overscored the I with a ballpoint pen, giving the felony its true title. Armed robbery. Little liquor store on Culver Avenue. Guy walked in with a .357 Magnum and an empty potato sack. The owner hit a silent alarm and the two uniforms riding Boy One apprehended the thief as he was leaving the store.

Carella separated the carbons and the triplicate pages—white one in the uppermost basket, pink one in the basket marked for Miscolo in clerical, yellow one for the lieutenant. He looked up at the clock. Ten-thirty. The graveyard shift would be relieving at a quarter to 12, maybe a bit earlier, since it was Christmas Eve.

God, it was quiet around here.

He got up from his desk and walked around the bank of high cabinets that partitioned the rest of the squad room from a small sink in the corner opposite the detention cage. Quiet night like this one, you could fall asleep on the job. He opened the

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS VAN ALLSBURG

faucet, filled his cupped hands with water and splashed it onto his face. He was a tall man and the mirror over the sink was set just a little too low to accommodate his height. The top of his head was missing. The mirror caught him just at his eyes, a shade darker than his brown hair and slanted slightly downward to give him a faintly Oriental appearance. He dried his face and hands with a paper towel, tossed the towel into the wastebasket under the sink and then yawned and looked at the clock again, unsurprised to discover that only two minutes had passed since the last time he'd looked at it. The silent nights got to you. He much preferred it when things were really jumping.

He walked to the windows on the far side of the squad room and looked down at the street. Things looked as quiet down there as they were up here. Not many cars moving, hardly a pedestrian in sight. Well, sure, they were all home already, putting the finishing touches on their Christmas trees. The forecasters had promised snow, but so far there wasn't so much as a flurry in the air. He was turning from the window when all of a sudden everything got bloody.

The first thing he saw was the blood streaming down the side of Cotton Hawes's face. Hawes was shoving two white men through the gate in the slatted rail divider that separated the squad room from the corridor outside. The men were cuffed at the wrist with a single pair of cuffs, right wrist to left wrist, and one of them was complaining that Hawes had made the cuff too tight.

"I'll give you tight," Hawes said and shoved again at both men. One of them went sprawling almost headlong into the squad room, dragging the other one with him. They were both considerably smaller than Hawes, who towered over them like a redheaded fury, his anger somehow pictorially exaggerated by the streak of white in the hair over his right temple, where a burglar had cut him and the hair had grown back white. The white was streaked with blood now from an open cut on his forehead. The cut streamed blood down the right side of his face. It seemed not to console Hawes at all that the two men with him were also bleeding.

"What the hell happened?" Carella asked.

He was already coming across the squad room as if someone had called in an assist officer, even though Hawes seemed to have the situation well in hand and this was, after all, a police station and not the big, bad streets outside. The two men Hawes had brought in were looking over the place as if deciding whether or not this was really where they wanted to spend Christmas Eve. The empty detention cage in the corner of the room did not look too terribly inviting to them. One of them kept glancing over his shoulder to see if Hawes was about to shove them again. Hawes looked as if he might throttle both of them at any moment.

"Sit down!" he yelled and then went to the mirror over the sink and looked at his face. He tore a paper towel loose from the holder, wet it and dabbed at the open cut on his forehead. The cut kept bleeding.

"I'd better phone for a meat wagon," Carella said.

"No, I don't need one," Hawes said.

"*We* need one," one of the two men said.

He was bleeding from a cut on his left cheek. The man handcuffed to him was bleeding from a cut just below his jaw line. His shirt was stained with blood, too, where it was slashed open over his rib cage.

Hawes turned suddenly from the sink. "What'd I do with that bag?" he said to Carella. "You see me come in here with a bag?"

"No," Carella said. "What happened?"

"I must've left it downstairs at the desk," Hawes said and went immediately to the phone. He picked up the receiver, dialed three numbers and then said, "Dave, this is Cotton. Did I leave a shopping bag down there at the desk?" He listened and then said, "Would you send one of the blues up with it, please? Thanks a lot." He put the receiver back on the cradle. "Trouble I went through to make this bust," he said, "I don't want to lose the goddamn evidence."

"You ain't got no evidence," the man bleeding from the cheek said.

"I thought I told you to shut up," Hawes said, going to him. "What's your name?"

"I'm supposed to shut up, how can I give you my name?" the man said.

"How would you like to give me your name through a mouthful of broken teeth?" Hawes said. Carella had never seen him this angry. The blood kept pouring down his cheek, as if in visible support of his anger. "What's your goddamn name?" he shouted.

"I'm calling an ambulance," Carella said.

"Good," the man bleeding from under his jaw line said.

"Who wants this?" a uniformed cop at the railing said.

"Bring it in here and put it on my desk," Hawes said. "What's your name?"

"Henry," the cop at the railing said.

"Not you," Hawes said.

"Which desk is yours?" the cop asked.

"Over there," Hawes said and gestured vaguely.

"What happened up here?" the cop asked, carrying the shopping bag in and putting it on the desk he assumed Hawes had indicated. The shopping bag was from one of the city's larger department stores. A green wreath and a red bow were printed on it. Carella, already on the phone, glanced at the shopping bag as he dialed Mercy General.

"Your name," Hawes said to the man bleeding from the cheek.

"I don't tell you nothing till you read me my rights," the man said.

"My name is Jimmy," the other man said.

"Jimmy what?"

"You dope, don't tell him nothin' till he reads you Miranda."

"You shut up," Hawes said. "Jimmy what?"

"Knowles. James Nelson Knowles."

"Now you done it," the man bleeding from the cheek said.

"It don't mean nothin' he's got my name," Knowles said.

"You gonna be anonymous all night?" Hawes said to the other man.

Into the phone, Carella said, "I'm telling you we've got three people bleeding up here."

"I don't need an ambulance," Hawes said.

"Well, make it as fast as you can, will you?" Carella said and hung up. "They're backed up till Easter, be a while before they can get here. Where's that first-aid kit?" he said and went to the filing cabinets. "Don't we have a first-aid kit up here?"

"This cut gets infected," the anonymous man said, "I'm gonna sue the city. I die in a police station, there's gonna be hell to pay. You better believe it."

"What name should we put on the death certificate?" Hawes asked.

"Who the hell filed this in the missing-persons drawer?" Carella said.

"Tell him your name already, willya?" Knowles said.

"Thomas Carmody, OK?" the other man said. He said it to Knowles, as if he would not allow himself the indignity of discussing it with a cop.

Carella handed the kit to Hawes. "Put a bandage on that, willya?" he said. "You look like hell."

"How about the *citizens*?" Carmody said. "You see that?" he said to Knowles. "They always take care of their own first."

"On your feet," Carella said.

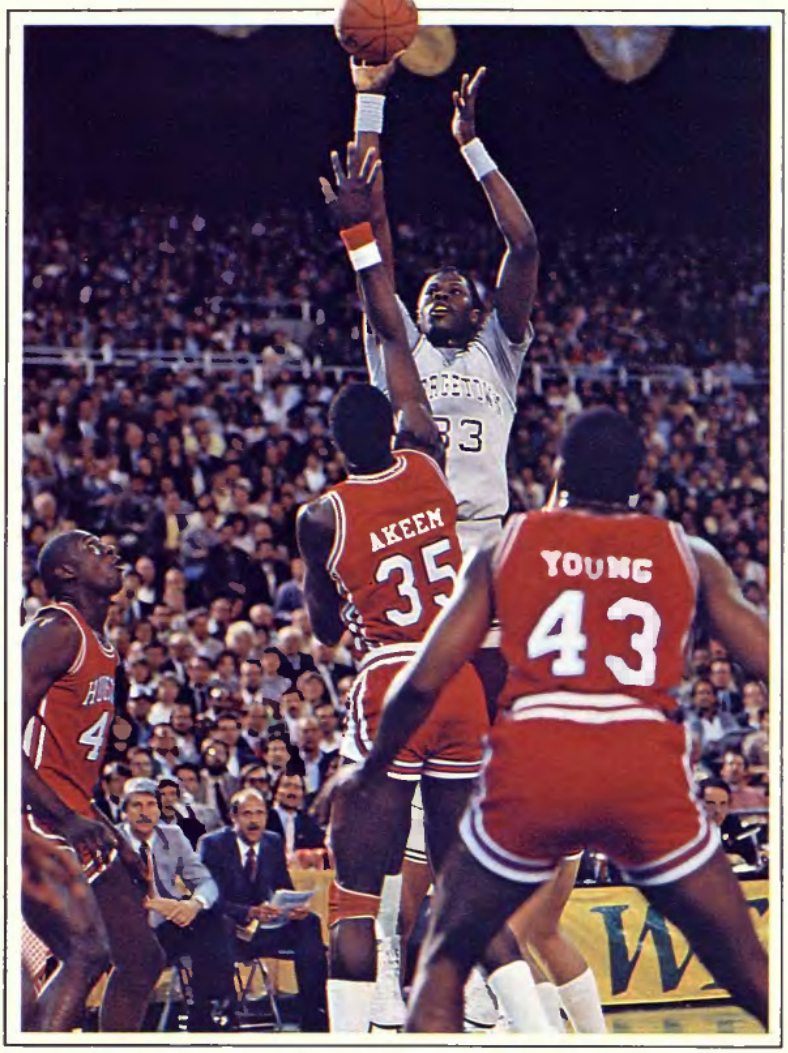
"Here comes the rubber hose," Carmody said.

Hawes carried the first-aid kit to the mirror. Carella led Carmody and Knowles to the detention cage. He threw back both bolts on the door, took the cuffs off them and said, "Inside, boys." Carmody and Knowles went into the cage. Carella double-bolted the door again. Both men looked around the cage as if deciding whether or not the accommodations suited their taste. There were bars on the cage and protective steel mesh. There was no

*(continued on page 174)*

# PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

*our pre-season picks for the country's top teams and talent*




Playboy All-America center Patrick Ewing of Geargetawn rose above Houston's Akeem Olajuwon in last year's N.C.A.A. finals. Ewing and the Hayas will be saaring again in 1984–1985.

*sports*

## By ANSON MOUNT

HAVE YOUR EYEBALLS been getting sore lately? It's a condition called half-court-offense optic-paralysis syndrome (HOOPS), and it threatens to become an epidemic if the current glut of televised college basketball games gets gluttier. And it will.

Television networks, operating on the theory that nothing succeeds like excess, are jamming the video channels with basketball. The damage goes beyond eyestrain. Boredom grips a rising number of former fanatics, and a drop in ratings and revenue could mean problems in the future.

College basketball is the first sport to suffer from television overexposure. Last season, the number of televised games increased by about 50 percent. Almost any evening of the week, you could turn the dial and get a game. The effects of overexposure were so severe that television-rights fees had to be renegotiated downward. Television cameras also have their effects on coaches prowling the side lines. They bring out the ham in some, the brat in others, with results that are often ugly and embarrassing. Bobby Knight, for example. (Hoosier fans, please hold your telegrams—see Mount's Top 20.)

But the prospects look brighter now. TV coverage of college basketball has been reduced for this season, so maybe more of us will brave sub-zero temperatures to watch our favorite team play.

Now, if someone will just figure out a way to have a tail-gate party in a snowdrift. . . .

### MOUNT'S TOP 20

1. Geargetown
2. Indiana
3. Oklahama
4. Duke
5. Washingtan
6. Illinais
7. Memphis State
8. Syracuse
9. Oregan State
10. Sauthern Methodist
11. Kentucky
12. St. John's
13. North Caralina
14. Arkansas
15. Lauisiana State
16. Nev.–Las Vegas
17. Virginia Tech
18. Arizona
19. North Caralina State
20. Lauisville

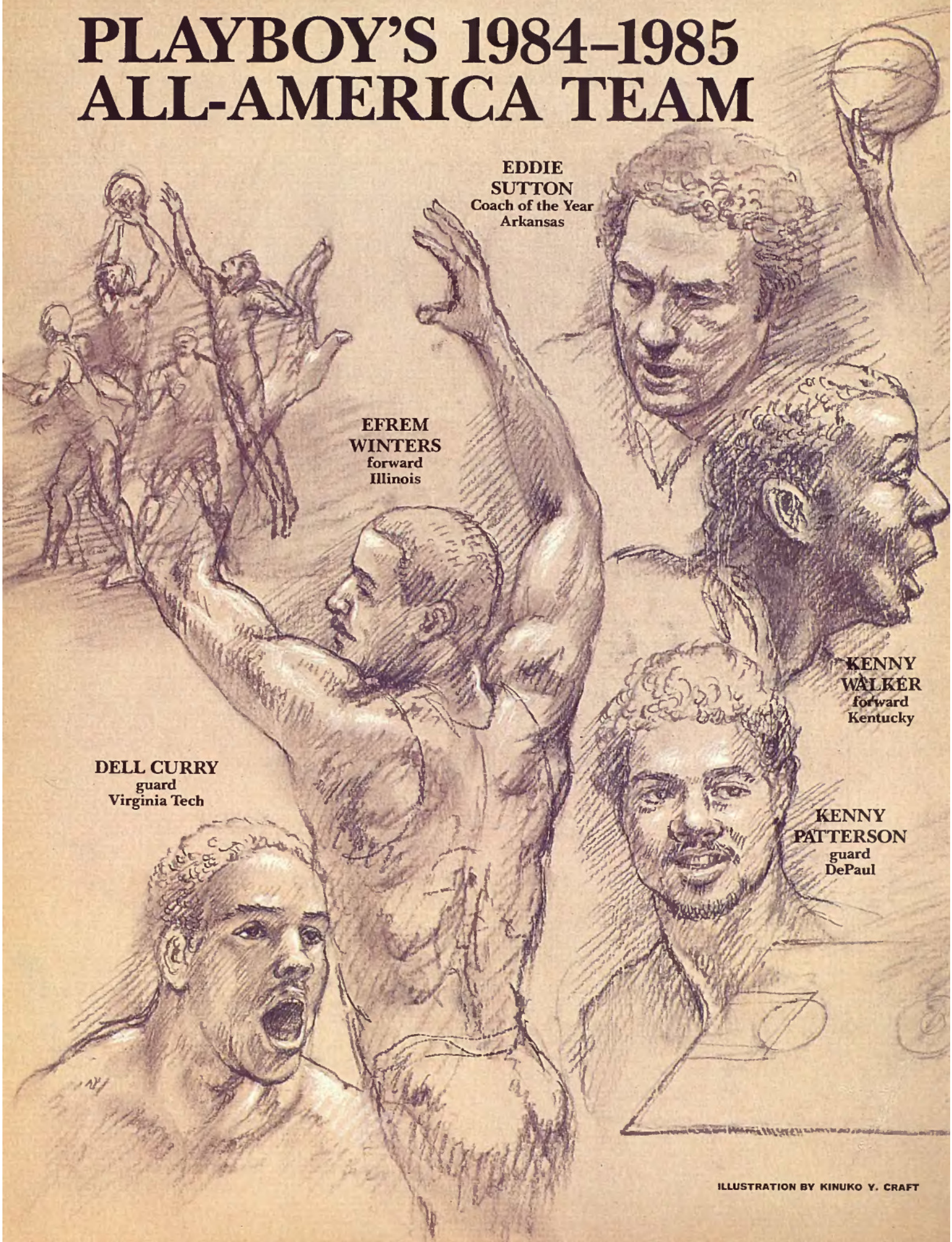
**Possible Breakthroughs**

DePaul, Oral Raberts, Kansas, Maryland, Notre Dame, Tulsa, Texas–El Paso, Georgе Washingtan, Houstan.

#### THE EAST

Ten returning lettermen and four touted freshmen give Georgetown a good chance to become the first team in more than a decade (UCLA was the last, in 1973) to repeat as N.C.A.A. basketball champions. In addition to experience, the Hoyas have size, depth and versatility. Center Patrick

# PLAYBOY'S 1984–1985 ALL-AMERICA TEAM



**EDDIE SUTTON**
Coach of the Year
Arkansas

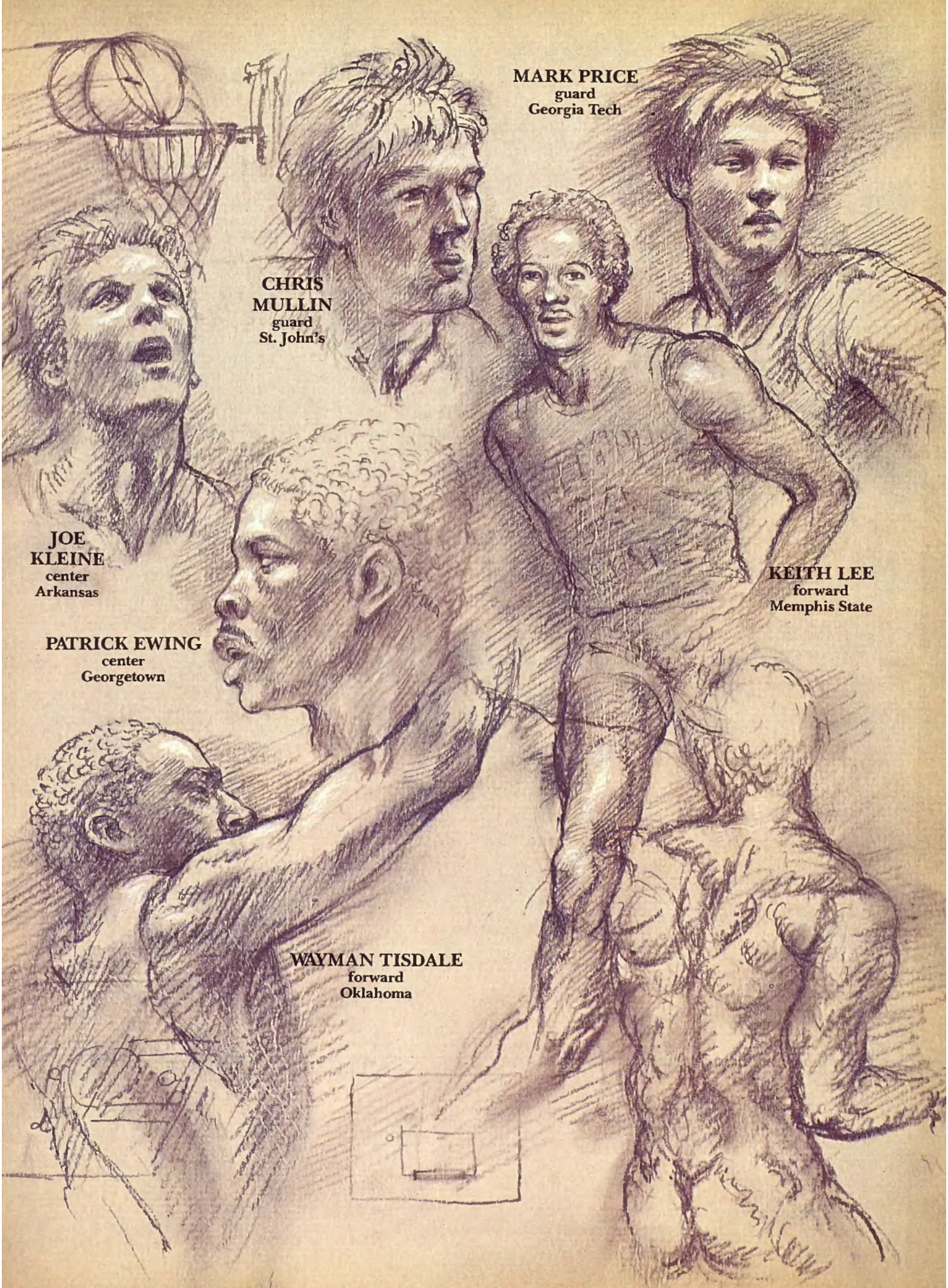
**EFREM WINTERS**
forward
Illinois

**KENNY WALKER**
forward
Kentucky

**DELL CURRY**
guard
Virginia Tech

**KENNY PATTERSON**
guard
DePaul

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT


MARK PRICE
guard
Georgia Tech
CHRIS
MULLIN
guard
St. John's
JOE
KLEINE
center
Arkansas
KEITH LEE
forward
Memphis State
PATRICK EWING
center
Georgetown
WAYMAN TISDALE
forward
Oklahoma

Ewing is at the core of the Hoyas' greatest strength—a tenacious, even vicious, defense. Georgetown's emotional strength may come from its reclusive, Masada-esque attitude toward outsiders. There are no white players on the Georgetown team, and coach John Thompson doesn't recruit any; he is frequently accused of racism. But Thompson, the ultimate father figure for the inner-city black kids, has built an us-against-them camaraderie among his players. Georgetown isn't likely to be challenged strongly for the Big East title; look for it to take it all again next March.

Syracuse will finish second. Last season was supposed to be a rebuilding one for the Orangemen, but instead they enjoyed a banner campaign. Dwayne Washington had a spectacular year as a freshman and should be even more brilliant this time around. Incoming freshman Michael Brown is the best of an excellent recruiting class that will give the Orange the depth it lacked last year.

Four of five starters return at St. John's—including Chris Mullin, who finally got some attention from the sports press during the Olympics. Mullin is intelligent, quiet and unselfish, no narcissistic prima donna—unlike many of the Mr. Wonderfuls in basketball. He will get much-needed help under the basket this year from junior college transfer Walter Berry. The Redmen will at last have the luxury of a bench that will help rather than hurt their chances for a winning slate.

Villanova is one win away from its 1000th victory. That should be no problem, because the Wildcats are basically the same team that made the N.C.A.A. tournament last winter. That experience will be a big plus in the coming campaign.

# THE BEST OF THE REST

(All of whom are likely to make someone's All-American team)

**FORWARDS:** Bill Martin (Georgetown), Alfredrick Hughes (Loyola of Chicago), Kenny Walker (Kentucky), Detlef Schrempf (Washington), A. C. Green (Oregon State), Greg Grant (Utah State)

**CENTERS:** Mike Brown (George Washington), Bobby Lee Hurt (Alabama), John Williams (Tulane), Dave Hoppen (Nebraska), Jon Koncak (Southern Methodist), Blair Rasmussen (Oregon), Richie Adams (Nevada–Las Vegas)

**GUARDS:** Dwayne Washington (Syracuse), John Battle (Rutgers), Bruce Douglas (Illinois), Steve Alford (Indiana), Kenny Patterson (DePaul), Johnny Dawkins (Duke), Bruce Dalrymple (Georgia Tech), Alvin Franklin (Houston)

# TOP NEWCOMERS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who will make big contributions to their teams)

| | |
|---|---|
| Max Blank, center/forward | George Washington |
| Walter Barry, forward | St. John's |
| John Kijonek, guard | Iona |
| Delray Brooks, guard | Indiana |
| Brad Sellers, forward | Ohio State |
| Andre Moore, center | Loyola of Chicago |
| David Rivers, guard | Notre Dame |
| Nate McMillan, guard | North Carolina State |
| Derrick Lewis, forward | Maryland |
| Ed Davender, guard | Kentucky |
| John Williams, forward | Louisiana State |
| Mark Gottfried, guard | Alabama |
| Kevin Walls, guard | Louisville |
| Eddie Collins, center | Alabama-Birmingham |
| Danny Manning, forward | Kansas |
| Leonard Taylor, forward | California |
| Craig McMillan, guard | Arizona |
| Alan Pollard, center/forward | Brigham Young |
| Anthony Jones, guard/forward | Nevada–Las Vegas |
| Ontario Johnson, guard | San Jose State |

Pittsburgh will again be young, but a stellar freshman class—led by forward Charles Smith—will give the Panthers much more height, speed and depth. They should be able to avoid a repeat of last year's roller-coaster performance.

Boston College faces an extremely difficult schedule. Three incoming recruits, Trevor Gordon, Tyrone Scott and Skip Barry, promise to bring a lot of help to the BC front court.

Connecticut suffered minimal graduation losses and will profit by the return to health of premier player Earl Kelley. Providence, on the other hand, will suffer withdrawal symptoms from the loss of superstar Otis Thorpe. Rookie Steve Wright will have to take up some of the slack. And a promising class of recruits will help Seton Hall overcome last year's lack of size and scattershot shooting.

The Atlantic Ten race looks like a three-way alley fight among George Washington, St. Joseph's and West Virginia. We'll go with George Washington on the strength of the coaching expertise of Gerry Gimelstob. The Colonials have everyone back from last year, and Gimelstob can boast a fourth consecutive recruiting bonanza. Also, senior center Mike Brown will be one of the nation's best rebounders.

St. Joseph's returns a solid backcourt, but the front court, hard hit by graduation, must be solidified. Blue-chip recruit Rodney Blake and '83–'84 redshirt Greg Mullee should be more than solid.

West Virginia will be handicapped by the lack of a talented man in the middle, but the Mountaineers will be tough everywhere else. They will again be an exciting, up-tempo bunch.

Key losses from last year's squad make this a rebuilding season at Temple. Granger Hall will once again be the mainstay of the team.

Rutgers could be dramatically improved and, with a little luck, may become the big surprise of the Atlantic Ten Conference. The play of guard John Battle, an explosive scorer, will be the key to the Scarlet Knights' season.

Neither St. Bonaventure nor Duquesne lost much to graduation. But both teams were beaten badly on the boards last year; their fortunes this winter will depend on front-court improvement.

There's rebuilding ahead for Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Not for Penn State, however. The Nittany Lions—the dregs of the conference last year, with a 5–22 record—will be even worse this year. It's a shame that a school with such an outstanding football tradition should neglect its basketball program. The situation probably won't change as long as football coach Joe Paterno, who suffers a little from inflammation of the ego, keeps calling the shots in the athletic department.

La Salle looks like a shoo-in for the Metro Atlantic *(continued on page 269)*

*"That's fine, but can it vacuum?"*

# EX-WIVES

*they're a malady of modern life, a cosmic curve ball that nobody ever told us how to handle—until now*

*article* **By BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN**

SUITS CAN BE discarded, cars traded and youthful mistakes forgotten, but an ex-wife never quite goes away. Sooner or later, she's bound to be heard from—like an old war wound.

What is it about an ex-wife (substitute ex-husband if you're of the Alan Alda persuasion) that makes an otherwise civilized man gnash his teeth and rail at the fates in frustration?

If Lebanon can be dealt with, why not the E.W.?

There's the money, of course; and the temptation is to go no further. The Government itself relents every now and then and begrudgingly mails off a refund. Francine, on the other hand, is unlikely to call and say, "I'm fine this month. Don't send a penny." Still, the economics are only mildly infuriating. The divorced fellow who borrows heavily, takes on an extra job or two and leads a Spartan life can scrape along very nicely.

There are darker reasons why the whole idea of an ex-wife is an emotional hot potato. Here are some disconsolate thoughts on the matter.

### WE DON'T FORGET

An ex-wife, rattling around in the world somewhere, is a living witness of your inadequacies. Your current partner no doubt assumes that you hit the ground suave, summoning up excellent tables and ordering Montrachet. She sees you as a fellow with a steady gaze, a carefully modulated voice. Your anecdotes are finely honed. You signal at intersections. Rarely have you tossed up a conversational air ball.

Your ex-wife knows better. She's seen you throw up at *bar mitzvahs* and total a Buick. She was on hand when you punched out a chorus boy. She's pulled your head out of salad bowls and watched you be led away by ball-park attendants. She knows that you've behaved disgracefully, with particular emphasis on sniveling and groveling. She was there when you were young and passionate and a bit of a mess. She may not wear an E.W. arm tattoo saying WE DON'T FORGET, but the record is there in her tragic eyes. She was right there at your side in Fruitcake City.

She witnessed your rookie years and, of course, this is unforgivable.

### "YOUR FAULT, FELLA"

Not since Nagasaki has there been a greater producer of guilt than the E.W. Never mind that she took on the Edmonton Oilers while you were at the dentist. Or ran up record credit-card bills while you worked a double shift at the post office. Or that she left you while you were having knee surgery—on the anniversary of your dog's death. Never mind all that. There's always the lingering possibility that you could have kept the marriage going. Perhaps you should have given her a *third* credit card. *(concluded on page 286)*

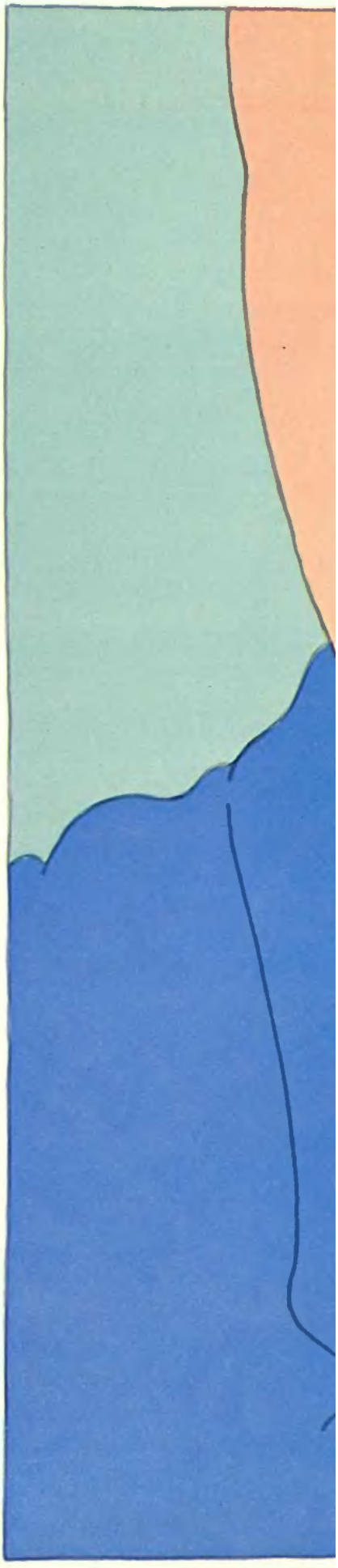
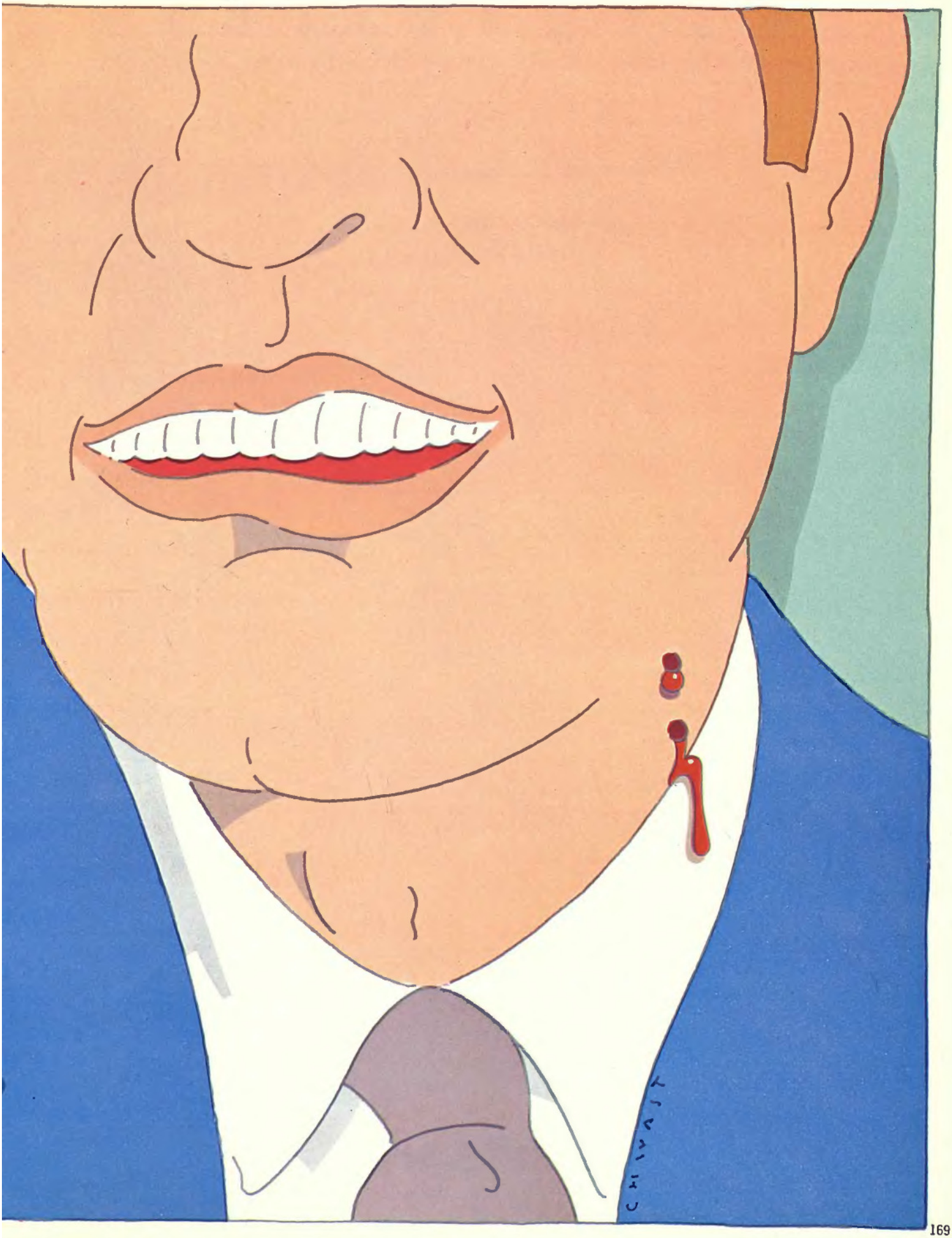




ILLUSTRATION BY SEYMOUR CHWAST



AFTER A POLITICAL SEASON *full of weighty issues, we hate to hit you with another one. But, frankly, we feel duty-bound to confront you with this before it's too late. It's an issue more volatile than arms control, more universal than religion, more insidious than FBI entrapment. At stake are the very hearts and minds of America. We're talking about celebrity worship, that peculiar collective*

# I'M SICK OF CELEBRITIES

*a normal guy says it's time to draw the line*

*article*
By ROY BLOUNT JR.

IT IS TRUE," *a great man once said (in a story by a noncelebrity named Tommaso Landolfi), "that I also have to pee, but for quite different reasons."*

A celebrity is someone distinguished for having been heard of by a whole lot of people. Wherever a whole lot of people get together, there have to be plenty of conspicuous, plainly lettered signs posted to keep them all from wetting their pants and falling over one another. That's what a celebrity is: a sign saying I HAVE BEEN TELEVISED. YOU WANT MY AUTOGRAPH. The only difference is that a celebrity *causes* people to wet their pants and fall over one another. Even if he is Charles Nelson Reilly.

Fair enough, I guess. Only, I remember a time when celebrities, like major-league baseball players, were fewer in number and you *knew* them. Maybe they weren't particularly accomplished, but they had done something more than garble their lines on purpose and grin more or less engagingly so as to appear on *Foul-ups, Bleeps & Blunders*. Maybe they were press agents' creations, but at least they felt obliged to display a measure of personality, however trumped up. They worked at fame—disrobed at openings, threw drinks on other celebrities, wore trademark toupees, stole wives.

But over the past decade or so, a celebrity has become someone whose name and/or face you have seen more than twice while flipping through magazines in the checkout-counter line or switching from channel to channel, searching in vain for intrinsic interest. You don't really care who they are, but—like certain French verbs when you are trying to satisfy your foreign-language requirement—they have popped up often enough that you feel vaguely as though you probably ought to know them.

Take the *(continued on page 236)*

# OUGH ALREADY?

***neurosis that has made* People *magazine the news weekly of record and created a career called Talk Show Guest. Celebrity worship is the new opium of the people, and it could well undermine the strength and individuality that made this country great. We ask you: Do they act like this in Japan? We think you know the answer. With that in mind, we offer the following as a public service.***

*a beautiful person defends his right to be adored*

## WELL, EXCUUUUUSE US!

*article*

By STEVE MARTIN

I NEVER ASKED to be called a "celebrity." It is, however, how some people refer to guys like me, so if I use the term while referring to myself, don't think I'm self-centered—which, of course, I am, since I believe it would be impractical to be centered anywhere else. I looked up celebrity in the dictionary and found the definition to be dull and uninteresting, probably written by a bunch of isolated lexicographers who wouldn't know a celebrity if a certain film maker walked up to them on the street with neon arrows pointing to his head flashing, WOODY, WOODY, WOODY.

So I will proffer my own definition of celebrity for the sake of this article: A celebrity is any well-known TV or movie star who looks like he spends more than two hours working on his hair. In women, it's the I-just-woke-up-and-did-nothing-to-my-hair look, which, upon reflection, you realize could never occur in nature in this or any other universe. In men, it is the born-again-and-sprayed look; if they were attacked by an ax murderer, the headline would read, "AX BROKEN BY MAN'S HAIR."

•

There are certain celebrities I will not defend, because they just don't need it. Robert Redford doesn't need it. Dustin Hoffman doesn't need it. Dusty can break my Kodak any day; he's already proved he's an artiste, and the only defending he might need is if he were found in the men's room at Grand Central Station dressed as Tootsie. So the type of celebrity I will be defending falls within these categories: (1) anyone appearing on *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*; (2) anyone having a name with unnatural spelling, such as Karon Smythe-Pthomson; and (3) anyone with a name containing a word that has never existed before, like Faron Glane.

I suppose the *(continued on page 234)*

# A GUIDE TO THE STARS

It's one of the sillier myths of our time that all celebrities are intrinsically fascinating. Sure, there are still people who have earned the respect of the public through their talent and achievements. Unfortunately, they're wildly outnumbered by the "personalities" who are famous without benefit of either talent *or* achievement. In any case, the cast has grown too big for any of us to deal with on our own. We can't care about *everyone* and still have time left for ourselves. What we need are priorities, and that's where the chart on this page comes in. You stargazers will find it a handy timesaving guide to just who really sparkles in the celebrity universe and who's bound for oblivion.

At the bottom of this cosmos is Celebritus Minor, a huge, vaporous cluster of bodies who—however dimly they shine—all think they're the center of the universe. Next, there's the transitory Nebula, a stormy, medium-bright field of waxing and waning stars held together by the hot, gaseous energy of—to paraphrase Carl Sagan—"Billions and billions of deals!" Then there's Celebritus Major, a small, brilliant, relatively stable constellation. On a clear night, many women claim to have seen Warren Beatty (just behind the Big Dipper). At the top, there's a tiny cluster of the most powerful stars in this galaxy: the Supernovas. They generate as many storms as Nebula, but the money here is millions of magnitudes more intense.

Finally, there's the Black Hole, a spinning, sucking vortex of energy turned inside out. Any star from any constellation can suddenly flame out and vanish into it. Those who have witnessed the phenomenon say it's a frightening sight—especially for the star's agent.

**ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK**
Bill Murray
John Candy
Richard Pryor
Robin Williams
Woody Allen
Lily Tomlin
Albert Brooks
Dan Aykroyd
Eddie Murphy
Steve Martin
David Letterman

**GOOD NEWS**
Diane Sawyer

**BAD NEWS**
Jerry Lee Lewis

**HEAVY HITTERS**
Larry Holmes
David Soul

**GUYS**
Martin Sheen
William Hurt
James Caan
Dudley Moore
Kevin Kline
Donald Sutherland
Christopher Walken
Roy Scheider
Malcolm McDowell
Gene Hackman
Ben Kingsley
Jeremy Irons

**AND DOLLS**
Jessica Lange
Teri Garr
Mary Kay Place
Joanne Woodward
Faye Dunaway
Sally Field
Jill Clayburgh
Sissy Spacek
Sigourney Weaver
Jacqueline Bisset
Mary Steenburgen
Julie Christie
Glenn Close

**NEEDS A LAUGH**
Mary Tyler Moore

**THE ZZZZZ-TEAM**
Charlton Heston
Ed Asner

***DYNASTY* EXTRAS**
Gerald Ford
Henry Kissinger

**LAST YEAR'S MODEL**
Brooke Shields

**THIS YEAR'S MODEL**
Boy George

**ELEVATOR MUSIC**
Marvin Hamlisch
Barry Manilow
Burt Bacharach
Billy Joel

**HUG-A-LUG**
Leo Buscaglia

**GOLD DIGGER**
Carl Lewis

**HOLIER THAN THOU**
Billy Graham
Jerry Falwell
Robert Schuller
Pat Robertson
Pat Boone
Anita Bryant

**ALL TALK**
Alex Comfort
Ruth Westheimer
Masters and Johnson
Nancy Friday
Shere Hite
Helen Gurley Brown
Phil Donahue

**TUBE BOOBS**
Morgan Fairchild
Linda Evans
Joyce DeWitt
Priscilla Barnes
Jaclyn Smith
Valerie Bertinelli
Donna Mills
Heather Locklear
Audrey Landers
Lisa Hartman
Kate Jackson
Linda Gray
Cathy Lee Crosby
Lindsay Wagner
Catherine Bach
Loni Anderson
Ann Jillian
Angie Dickinson
Cheryl Ladd

**DANCE FLASHES**
Jennifer Beals
Deney Terrio
Boogaloo Shrimp

ILLUSTRATION BY RON VILLANI

SUPERNOVAS
HOT CENTER
Michael Jackson
TIMELESS
Jacqueline Onassis
Mick Jagger
Elizabeth Taylor
Frank Sinatra
Johnny Carson
Barbra Streisand
Paul Newman
Robert Redford
The Kennedys
MAGNETIC FORCE
Richard Nixon
EGGHEADS
Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.
William F. Buckley, Jr.
John Kenneth Galbraith
Yul Brynner
GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN
Marilyn Monroe
John F. Kennedy
John Wayne
Elvis Presley
Alfred Hitchcock
Robert F. Kennedy
Martin Luther King, Jr.
Lenny Bruce
James Dean
CELEBRITUS MAJOR
DALLASTY
Larry Hagman
Joan Collins
COUNTRY SQUIRES
Kenny Rogers
Willie Nelson
LIVING LEGENDS
James Stewart
Cary Grant
Bette Davis
Fred Astaire
Lucille Ball
Laurence Olivier
Katharine Hepburn
John Huston
James Cagney
Barbara Stanwyck
Audrey Hepburn
Walter Cronkite
Muhammad Ali
FANTASY ISLANDS
Steven Spielberg
George Lucas
Hugh Hefner
O. J. Simpson
Reggie Jackson
BALLS
Kareem Abdul-Jabbar
Martina Navratilova
THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT
Jack Nicholson
Robert De Niro
Meryl Streep
Robert Duvall
Dustin Hoffman
Goldie Hawn
Diane Keaton
Al Pacino
Warren Beatty
Shirley MacLaine
TOP OF THE NEWS
Dan Rather
Tom Brokaw
Ted Koppel
HAVE TONGUE, WILL TRAVEL
Jesse Jackson
CULTURE CLUB
Gore Vidal
Luciano Pavarotti
Mikhail Baryshnikov
Norman Mailer
Itzhak Perlman
DIRTY OLD MEN
Bob Hope
George Burns
KISS MY RING
Pope John Paul II
Roone Arledge
THE WORLD'S A STAGE. . . .
Margaret Thatcher
Fidel Castro
Konstantin Chernenko
Francois Mitterrand
Lech Walesa
Mother Teresa
Ayatollah Khomeini
Deng Xiaoping
Yasir Arafat
Muammar el-Qaddafi
. . .WAKE ME AT INTERMISSION
Ronald Reagan
NEBULA
ADS INFINITUM
Bill Cosby
Karl Malden
John Houseman
Lauren Bacall
Robert Young
Orson Welles
Ella Fitzgerald
BOYFRIENDS
Andy Gibb
Jerry Brown
Liberace
TICKET TO RIOE
Geraldine Ferraro
BRAND NAMES
Calvin Klein
Gloria Vanderbilt
Yves Saint Laurent
Ralph Lauren
Frank Perdue
PUNKS
Sam Shepard
Bruce Springsteen
Robert Mitchum
Hunter Thompson
Elvis Costello
Keith Richards
David Bowie
James Woods
HUNKS
Mel Gibson
Nick Nolte
Billy Dee Williams
Burt Reynolds
Clint Eastwood
LUNKS
Sylvester Stallone
John Travolta
Arnold Schwarzenegger
Richard Gere
FUNKS
John McEnroe
Mary Decker
RUNNING JOKE
Walter Mondale
MISSING IN ACTION
J. D. Salinger
Thomas Pynchon
Greta Garbo
Bobby Fischer
MARRIED WELL
Princess Di
Linda McCartney
Yoko Ono
Rosalynn Carter
Priscilla Presley
Betsy Bloomingdale
Tom Hayden
DIVORCED WELL
Jane Wyman
POISED
Mario Cuomo
PUBLIC VILLAINS
George Steinbrenner
Rupert Murdoch
BIG SHOT
Lee Iacocca
HOT SHOT
Julius Erving
POT SHOT
Mike Wallace
GOT SHOT
Marvin Gaye
TENS
Bo Derek
Christie Brinkley
Cheryl Tiegs
Daryl Hannah
Nastassja Kinski
Rachel Ward
Jane Seymour
GIRLFRIENDS
Susan Anton
Mia Farrow
Linda Ronstadt
Billie Jean King
FORGOTTEN BUT NOT GONE
Sonny Bono
Alice Cooper
Lawrence Welk
BUSTS
Dolly Parton
Mariel Hemingway
John DeLorean
BURN, BABIES, BURN
Jane Fonda
Victoria Principal
Debbie Reynolds
Raquel Welch
Richard Simmons
PAST TENS
Brigitte Bardot
Sophia Loren
Ursula Andress
Rita Hayworth
Catherine Deneuve
Ann-Margret
ENOUGH SAID
Joan Rivers
Ed Koch
Howard Cosell
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR US LATELY?
Bob Dylan
Diana Ross
Ringo Starr
Richard Dreyfuss
BLACK HOLE
John Warner
Henry Winkler
Liz Ray
Fanne Fox
Jimmy Carter
Tiny Tim
Vanessa Williams
Dawn
Pia Zadora
Mary Cunningham
Bebe Rebozo
Joey Heatherton
Rod McKuen
James Watt
Tom Snyder
Werner Erhard
Ryan O'Neal
Geraldo Rivera
G. Gordon Liddy
CELEBRITUS MINOR
YOUR MONEY OR YOUR WIFE
John Zaccaro
YOUR 15 MINUTES ARE UP
Moon Unit Zappa
Margaux Hemingway
Deborah Harry
Mason Reese
Meat Loaf
ONE-TRICK PONIES
Talia Shire
Anthony Perkins
Sandy Dennis
Anthony Quinn
George Carlin
Bruce Dern
Rod Stewart
William Shatner
Leonard Nimoy
Swale
THE IRONIC WOMAN
Linda Ellerbee
SEQUELS
Tatum O'Neal
Debby Boone
Candice Bergen
Lorenzo Lamas
Liza Minnelli
Desi Arnaz, Jr.
Drew Barrymore
Jamie Lee Curtis
Jeff Bridges
Beau Bridges
Maureen Reagan
Carrie Fisher
Rob Reiner
Timothy Hutton
Stephanie Zimbalist
Natalie Cole
Amanda Plummer
THE NEXT JAMES DEAN
Matt Dillon
Sean Penn
Mickey Rourke
Sting
THANK GOD FOR LOVE BOAT
Carol Channing
Alexis Smith
Shirley Jones
Ray Bolger
Greer Garson
Keenan Wynn
Mary Martin
Gene Kelly
Gavin MacLeod
HOSTS
Richard Dawson
Chuck Barris
Bert Parks
Dick Clark
Bert Convy
Hugh Downs
Ricardo Montalban
KILLER NEROS
John W. Hinckley, Jr.
David Berkowitz
Sirhan Sirhan
Charles Manson
John Wayne Gacy
Mark David Chapman
Idi Amin
IN THE CHIPS
Steven Jobs
Steve Wozniak
Nolan Bushnell
TABLOID QUEENS
Joanna Carson
Roxanne Pulitzer
Princess Caroline
Connie Francis
Jodie Foster
NO SHAME
Wendy O. Williams
Ozzy Osbourne
Cyndi Lauper
Divine
Mr. T
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR US EVER?
Anthony Geary
Charo
Elliott Gould
Robby Benson
YOU HAD TO BE THERE
Milton Berle
Henny Youngman
Mel Brooks
Buddy Hackett
Shecky Greene
Phyllis Diller
LOW LIFE
Herve Villechaize
Emmanuel Lewis
Gary Coleman
Charlene Tilton
LEAVE IT TO BEAVER
Marilyn Chambers
Seka
PROFESSIONAL WOMEN
Gloria Steinem
Bella Abzug
Betty Friedan
Germaine Greer
Alan Alda
BOW TIE'S TOO TIGHT
Louis Farrakhan
ROYAL PAINS
Princess Anne
Prince Andrew
Prince
CON ARTISTS
Jack Henry Abbott
Christo
TUX FOR RENT
Julio Iglesias

## ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE *(continued from page 162)*

*"'There's enough pot in that bag to keep the whole city happy through New Year's Day.'"*

place to sit inside the cage. The two men walked around it, checking out the graffiti scribbled on the walls. Carella went to where Hawes was dabbing at his cut with a swab of cotton.

"Better put some peroxide on that," he said. "What happened?"

"Where's that shopping bag?" Hawes asked.

"On the desk there. What happened?"

"I was checking out a ten-twenty on Culver and Twelfth, guy went in and stole a television set this guy had wrapped up in his closet, he was giving it to his wife for Christmas, you know? They were next door with their friends, having a drink, burglar must've got in through the fire-escape window; anyway, the TV's gone. So I take down all the information—fat chance of ever getting it back—and then I go downstairs, and I'm heading for the car when there's this yelling and screaming up the street, so I go see what's the matter, and these two jerks are arguing over the shopping bag there on the desk."

"It was all your fault," Carmody said to Knowles.

"You're the one started it," Knowles said.

"Anyway, it ain't our shopping bag," Carmody said.

"I figure it's just two guys had too much to drink," Hawes said, putting a patch over the cut, "so I go over to tell them to cool it, go home and sleep it off, this is Christmas Eve, right? All of a sudden, there's a knife on the scene. One of them's got a knife in his hand."

"Not me," Carmody said from the detention cage.

"Not me, either," Knowles said.

"I don't know who started cutting who first," Hawes said, "but I'm looking at a lot of blood. Then the other guy gets hold of the knife some way, and *he* starts swinging away with it, and next thing I know, I'm in the middle of it, and *I'm* cut, too. What it turns out to be——"

"What knife?" Carmody said. "He's dreaming."

"Yeah, what knife?" Knowles said.

"The knife you threw down the sewer on the corner of Culver and Eleventh," Hawes said, "which the blues are out searching in the muck for right this minute. I need this on Christmas Eve," he said, studying the adhesive patch on his forehead. "I really need it."

Carella went to the detention cage, unbolted the door and handed the first-aid kit to Carmody. "Here," he said. "Use it."

"I'm waiting for the ambulance to come," Carmody said. "I want real medical treatment."

"Suit yourself," Carella said. "How about you?"

"If he wants to wait for the ambulance, then I want to wait for the ambulance, too," Knowles said.

Carella bolted the cage again and went back to where Hawes was wiping blood from his hair with a wet towel. "What were they arguing about?" he asked.

"Nobody was arguing," Carmody said.

"We're good friends," Knowles said.

"The stuff in the bag there," Hawes said.

"I never saw that bag in my life," Carmody said.

"Me, either," Knowles said.

"What's in the bag?" Carella asked.

"What do you think?" Hawes said.

"Frankincense," Carmody said.

"Myrrh," Knowles said, and both men burst out laughing.

"My ass," Hawes said. "There's enough pot in that bag to keep the whole city happy through New Year's Day."

"OK, let's go," a voice said from the railing.

Both detectives turned to see Meyer Meyer lead a kid through the gate in the railing. The kid looked about 14 years old, and he had a sheep on a leash. The sheep's wool was dirty and matted. The kid looked equally dirty and matted. Meyer, wearing a heavy overcoat and no hat, looked pristinely bald and sartorial by contrast.

"I got us a shepherd," he said. His blue eyes were twinkling; his cheeks were ruddy from the cold outside. "Beginning to snow out there," he said.

"I ain't no shepherd," the kid said.

"No, what you are is a thief, is what you are," Meyer said, taking off his overcoat and hanging it on the rack to the left of the railing. "Sit down over there. Give your sheep a seat, too."

"Sheeps carry all kinds of diseases," Carmody said from the detention cage.

"Who asked you?" Meyer said.

"I catch some kind of disease from that animal, I'll sue the city," Carmody said.

In response, the sheep shit on the floor.

"Terrific," Meyer said. "Whyn't you steal something clean, like a snake, you dummy?"

"My sister wanted a sheep for Christmas," the kid said.

"Steals a goddamn sheep from the farm in the zoo, can you believe it?" Meyer said. "You know what you can get for stealing a sheep? They can send you to jail for twenty years, you steal a sheep."

"*Fifty* years," Hawes said.

"My sister wanted a sheep," the kid said and shrugged.

"His sister is Little Bopeep," Meyer said. "What happened to your head?"

"I ran into a big-time dope operation," Hawes said.

"That ain't our dope in that bag there," Carmody said.

"That ain't even our bag there," Knowles said.

"When do we get a lawyer here?" Carmody said.

"Shut up," Hawes said.

"Don't tell them nothin' till they read you your rights, kid," Carmody said.

"Who's gonna clean up this sheep dip on the floor?" Carella asked.

"Anybody want coffee?" Miscolo said from outside the railing. "I got a fresh pot brewing in the office." He was wearing a blue sweater over regulation blue trousers, and there was a smile on his face until he saw the sheep. His eyes opened wide. "What's that?" he asked. "A deer?"

"It's Rudolph," Carmody said from the detention cage.

"No kidding, is that a *deer* in here?" Miscolo asked.

"It's a raccoon," Knowles said.

"It's my sister's Christmas present," the kid said.

"I'm pretty sure that's against regulations, a deer up here in the squad room," Miscolo said. "Who wants coffee?"

"I wouldn't mind a cup," Carmody said.

"I'd advise against it," Meyer said.

"Even on Christmas Eve, I have to take crap about my coffee," Miscolo said, shaking his head. "You want some, it's down the hall."

"I already told you I want some," Carmody said.

"You ain't in jail yet," Miscolo said. "This ain't a free soup kitchen."

"Christmas Eve," Carmody said, "he won't give us a cup of coffee."

"You better get that animal out of here," Miscolo said to no one and went off down the corridor.

"Why won't you let me take the sheep to my sister?" the kid asked.

"'Cause it ain't your sheep," Meyer said. "It belongs to the zoo. You stole it from the zoo."

"The zoo belongs to everybody in this city," the kid said.

"Tell 'im," Carmody said.

"What's this I hear?" Bert Kling said from the railing. "Inside, mister." His blond hair was wet with snow. He was carrying a huge valise in one hand, and his free hand was on the shoulder of a tall black man whose wrists were handcuffed behind his back. The black man was wearing a red-plaid Mackinaw, its shoulders

*(continued on page 296)*

# Quarterly Reports

*a timely accounting of timeless principles of personal finance*

By ANDREW TOBIAS

# DEAL ME IN

*how to spot that tax-shelter deal that'll stand up to the elements—and to the irs*

THIS IS A COLUMN about some of the deals I'm in, and it's tricky. If I write it wrong, you'll think I'm rich. Nobody likes the rich. Or you'll think I'm poor. A poor financial writer is like a dermatologist with acne. Or you'll think I'm bragging. A couple of the deals have worked out. Or you'll think I'm bitter. Me? Bitter?

Much is written about the little liquid investments we can make—$1200 here, $4300 there—in stocks and bonds and options. And much is written about the *big* investments some people make—T. Boone Pickens buying Gulf Oil (almost) or Rupert Murdoch buying Warner Communications (not quite) or D. K. Ludwig blowing a billion dollars trying to cultivate Brazil. But where are the articles about the little deals? The $1,000,000 deals split 30 ways. The ones that may still be out of your league—you'd rather blow the $35,000 on a Porsche—but that you can be sure your anesthesiologist has a piece of.

Most of these deals are tax-motivated, but the guy presenting this one to you, whom you've known since you were sophomores together in college, says, hey, *forget about the tax advantages!*—he's putting his *grandmother* into this deal (and he probably is). She's got zero use for tax shelter, he says, but this deal's so good that even without the tax advantage, blah-blah-blah, blah-blah-blah, yuppety-yup-yup-yup.

### DEAL NUMBER ONE—<br>YOUR COLLEGE BUDDY'S GRANDMOTHER

My first such deal had amazing credentials. There were, to begin with, my college buddy's grandmother and his Harvard Business School degree. Then there was the general partner. Years earlier, he had been at the top of his Yale Law School class. (When you or I invest from the comfort of our vibrating recliners, we are limited partners. The fellow we send our checks to, or the legal entity erected to protect him, is the general partner.)

And there was the sensible way the deal had been structured. Seven wells would be drilled, not one—low-risk development wells, not wildcats—to assure that the law of averages would be on our side. If the price of oil held firm or rose, we'd be flush. This deal wore sensible shoes.

The leverage in the deal came if the seven wells lived up to expectations. Then, secured by their value, we would borrow enough for a second set of seven. That would give us twice the tax deduction and, down the road, twice the royalties. We had to sign personally for the loans, but where was the risk? The cash would be borrowed only *after* the bank had been satisfied as to the value of the first set of wells.

Sure, the prospectus talked about potential conflicts of interest and at least 100 other reasons not to invest, but that's what prospectuses do. For the best deals and the worst deals, they all read maddeningly alike. What really matters are the people. A college buddy, a brilliant Yale Law grad, a grandmother. How could it miss?

What was truly extraordinary (hey, I was young) was that one of the seven wells had already been drilled, even though not all the money had been raised (I never did quite understand this), and—*wow!*—it looked as if it could carry the whole program by itself. That was why my buddy was putting his grandmother into the deal.

Finally, even though the minimum unit was $50,000—it said so right in the prospectus—he *thought* he could get the general partner to make an accommodation and sell me a half unit. Sadly, he was right.

The wells were drilled; they looked promising just long enough to secure the bank loan; seven more wells were drilled; and then all 14 wells dripped and dribbled at a rate the general partner eventually admitted might get us out of hock to the bank in 14 years but would never return a dime of our investment. (In theory, the loan to drill the second seven wells would not be drawn down unless the flow from the first seven warranted it. But the bank was hardly going to quibble over geology when it had 35 financially robust signatures guaranteeing principal and interest at two and a half percent over prime. It was not loans like this that brought down the Penn Square and Continental banks. Don't blame *me* for the near collapse of the Western world.)

The important point to make is that, while some oil deals hit nicely (I'm in two) and while most bomb (I'm in four), this story is not unusual—it's the norm. As it turns out, they've *always* just drilled one of the wells, even though the cash has not all *(continued on page 266)*

# CITIZEN HUGHES

## PART II

*whatever he wanted, he pursued obsessively—be it power, wealth or his maddest midnight schemes*

*article* By MICHAEL DROSNIN

THE BOGEYMAN. Right there in his room.

A huge gargoyle of a blackamoor, horribly greased and dripping filth, a savage threatening unspeakable crimes had violated his sanctum sanctorum, slipping past the locked doors, the armed sentry and the phalanx of Mormons, through the one unguarded opening.

Howard Hughes, sick with fear and revulsion, cried out in the night to his right-hand man, Robert Maheu.

"I hate to disturb you this late," he wrote in a shaken scrawl, "but I just saw something on TV that litterally and actually physically made me nauseated and I still am!

"I saw a show on NBC in which the biggest ugliest negro you ever saw in your life was covered—litterally covered from head to foot with vaseline almost ¼ of an inch thick. It made you sick just to look at this man.

"Bob, the producers must have deliberately tried to make this man as repulsive as possible. Anyway, he walked over next to an immaculately dressed white woman—sort of an English noblewoman type.

"Well, when this repulsive gob of grease came close to this clean carefully dressed white woman, all I could think was, 'Jesus, don't let that woman touch him.' "

But it was too late. Not even Hughes could protect the purity of white womanhood from the potent forces of

ILLUSTRATION BY DON IVAN PUNCHATZ

blackness. While the helpless billionaire watched in horror, the gob of grease did his worst.

"So, after a minute or two of talk this man grabbed this woman, opened his mouth as wide as possible and kissed this woman in a way that would have been cut out of any movie even if the people involved had both been of the same race."

His *Mandingo* complex fully aroused, the outraged Hughes was ready to call out a lynch mob. But no, the crime could not be punished.

"Bob, this show seems to be the presentation of the Broadway version of the Oscar, so I imagine the scene I described was a scene taken at random from the winning play.

"I was all for making a pro-test to some congressional committee over this," Hughes continued, "but now that I see it is the Tony Awards, I feel it is even more shocking, but I suppose one should approach it with caution."

Another great white hope unfulfilled. The "repulsive gob of grease" was, in fact, James Earl Jones, playing prize fighter Jack Johnson in *The Great White Hope*, a segment of which was televised in the awards presentation. That realization did nothing to still Hughes's sense of transgression.

"However, Bob," he concluded, "I dont care if this was the re-enactment of the Last Supper, that first scene is going to cause some comment."

•

Alone in his bedroom, besieged by phantoms of his own creation, Howard Hughes manned the barricades not merely against big ugly blacks but against the entire world outside. Consumed by a nameless dread, he projected his fears onto a variety of unseen enemies. Sometimes they paraded before him in blackface—a minstrel show of his subconscious mind—but, in the end, *everything* beyond his bedroom seemed a threat.

Ten years earlier, he had fled the world and gone into hiding. But he was not yet safe. And now the same terrors that had driven him into seclusion also drove him to control the world.

He plotted the entire campaign from his penthouse hide-out atop the Desert Inn, a gaudy gambling emporium smack in the middle of the Las Vegas Strip, perhaps the most garish, most public place on earth. It was certainly no Hole-in-the-Wall, no Walden Pond, but it was somehow just right.

The Wizard of Oz had come to the Emerald City.

Hughes had slipped into Las Vegas on Thanksgiving weekend in 1966 and never once emerged from his bedroom until he slipped out on Thanksgiving eve four years later.

Indeed, he rarely left his bed. And yet, in those four years, Hughes had his greatest impact on the nation, making his presence felt in corporate board rooms, in political back rooms, even in the Oval Office of the White House.

Hughes was at the height of his wealth and power, despite his invisibility. He was now a billionaire, with $750,000,000 in cash on hand and other assets worth at least that much. *Fortune* magazine would soon name him, along with J. Paul Getty, the richest man in America. And he had power beyond his vast wealth. He was the sole owner of the Hughes Tool Company, with its monopoly on the device needed to drill all oil wells. He was sole trustee of the Hughes Aircraft Company, a top-ten defense contractor with strong CIA ties, manufacturer of spy satellites and of the first U.S. spacecraft that landed on the moon. And beyond his real power was the power of his myth.

The vision was of an archvillain in his hidden domain, surrounded by war-room electronics and gleaming computer banks, his eyes fixed on a huge blinking map of

Bob—

I hate to disturb you this late, but I just saw something on TV that litterally and actually physically made me nauseated and I still am!

I saw a show on NBC in which the biggest ugliest negro you ever saw in your life was covered — litterally covered from head to foot with vaseline almost ¼ of an inch thick. It made you sick just to look at this man.

Bob, the producers must have deliberately tried to make this man as repulsive as possible. Anyway, he walked over next to an immaculately dressed white woman — sort of an English noblewoman type.

Well, when this repulsive gob of grease came close to this clean carefully dressed white woman, all I could think was "Jesus, don't let that woman touch him."

So, after a minute or two

During his years of seclusion in Las Vegas, Howard Hughes committed to paper his thoughts and schemes—the "confidential, almost sacred information as to my very innermost activities."

the world, his fingers at the controls of an array of technology that commanded vast private armies.

In reality, there was Hughes, naked in his bedroom, unwashed and disheveled, his hair halfway down his back, sprawled on a bed insulated with paper towels, staring at his overworked television set with no device at hand more sophisticated than its remote-control unit. Next door, his command center was a hotel living room manned by five Mormon nursemaids—ex–potato-chip salesmen, construction workers and factory hands, lackeys with no special skills—equipped only with one console telephone, an electric typewriter and a four-drawer filing cabinet.

The real Mr. Big was surrounded only by filth and disorder. Mountains of newspapers, brittle with age, spread in a widening semicircle on the floor around his bed, creeping under the furniture and spilling into the corners of his 15′ x 17′ room, mixing haphazardly with other debris.

A narrow path had been cleared from his bed to the bathroom, then lined with paper towels, but the tide of trash overran even that, topping it off with numberless wads of Kleenex the billionaire used to wipe off everything within reach, then casually cast upon the accumulated rubbish. The debris was covered with a thick layer of dust that had settled in over the years. The room was never once cleaned.

Amid this incredible clutter, set apart in pristine splendor, stood stack after stack of neatly piled documents. They covered every available surface. Thousands of yellow legal-pad pages and white typewritten memos piled with absolute precision on the dresser, two night tables and an overstuffed armchair, all within reach of Hughes on his bed. He compulsively stacked and restacked these papers, often for hours at a time, taking a sheaf and whacking it down to align one side after another, endlessly repeating the process until not a page was a millimeter out of place. That was vital.

Those special papers were the instruments of his power.

For the four years Hughes remained in Las Vegas, he commanded his empire by correspondence. It was the only time in his entire life that the world's most secretive man regularly risked writing down his orders, plans, thoughts, fears and desires, "the very most confidential, almost sacred information as to my very innermost activities."

Secure that his secrets were safe with his Mormons, that his dispatches could not possibly fall into hostile hands, Hughes daily scrawled out orders on reams of yellow paper, unleashing a blizzard of memorandums, sometimes more than 100 pages in a single day, scheming through sleepless nights to control a world he feared to face.

But he had been spying on that world all the while—through television.

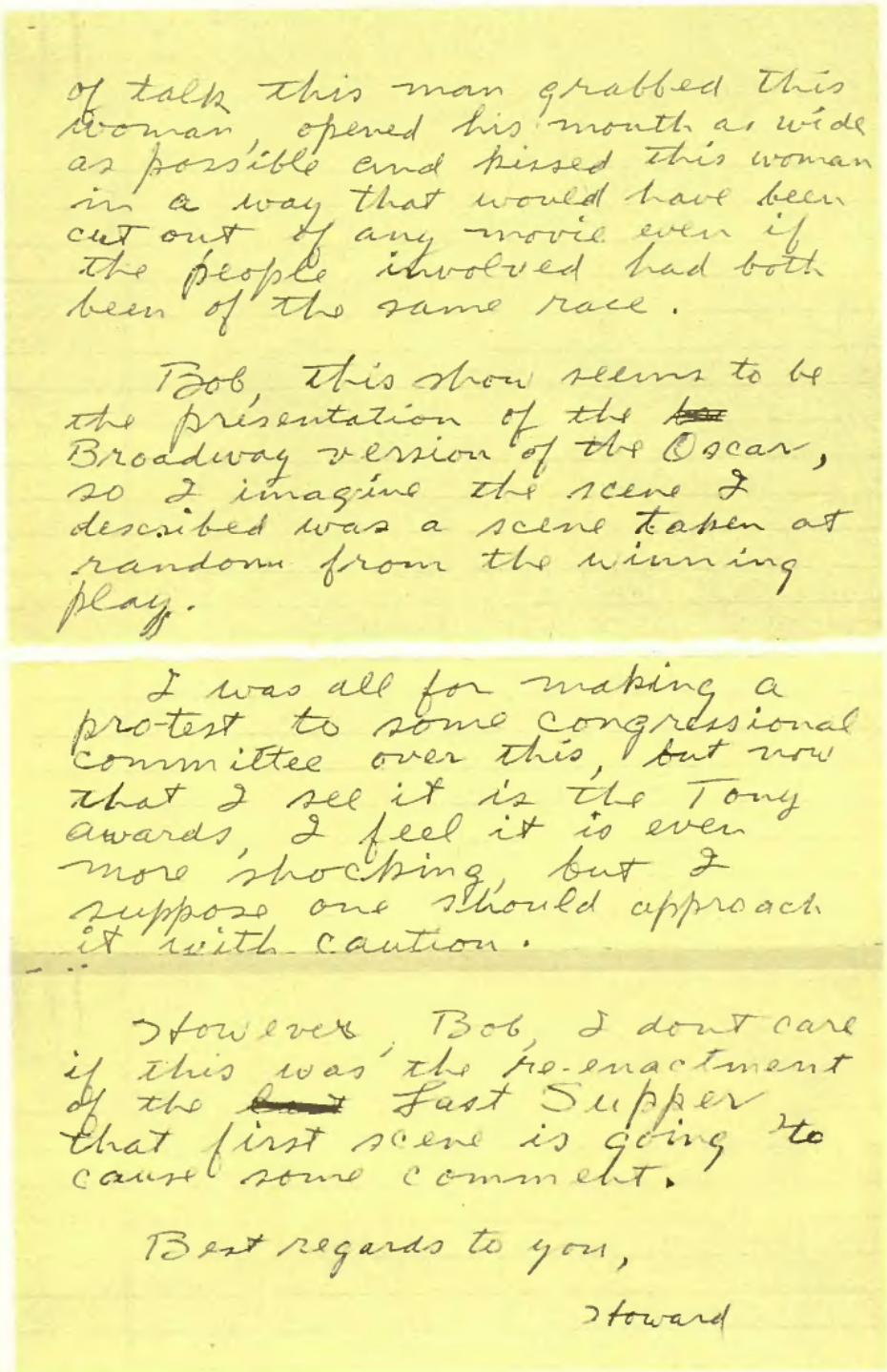
•

It was Saturday night. Date night. Howard Hughes, alone with his television set, stared blankly at the square of light.

"From Hollywood . . . the dating capital of the world . . . in color . . . it's *The Dating Game*!" A fanfare. Wild applause. A half-enclosed round stage turned, coming full circle to reveal the grinning host of the show. All teeth and double knits, he stepped off the revolving disk as the music swelled in crescendo.

"I feel I should have walked onstage with a *Band-Aid* across my mouth this evening, because we have so many *secrets* up our sleeve," announced the show's host, with a teasing pull at his cuff links. "Why all the *mystery*?" he asked with a sinister chuckle. "*That*'s a mystery, too!"

Hughes watched silently. The audience tittered, then roared, but the billionaire didn't smile. Neither the TV show nor the incongruity of his listening to its fatuous m.c. simper and smirk about secrets seemed to amuse him. *(continued on page 254)*



of talk this man grabbed this woman, opened his mouth as wide as possible and kissed this woman in a way that would have been cut out of any movie even if the people involved had both been of the same race.

Bob, this show seems to be the presentation of the ~~best~~ Broadway version of the Oscar, so I imagine the scene I described was a scene taken at random from the winning play.

I was all for making a pro-test to some congressional committee over this, but now that I see it is the Tony awards, I feel it is even more shocking, but I suppose one should approach it with caution.

However, Bob, I don't care if this was the re-enactment of the ~~last~~ Last Supper that first scene is going to cause some comment.

Best regards to you,

Howard

Hidden away in his penthouse prison, Hughes monitored the world through TV, relying on it for his news and information, making key political and business decisions on the basis of what he viewed.

# PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

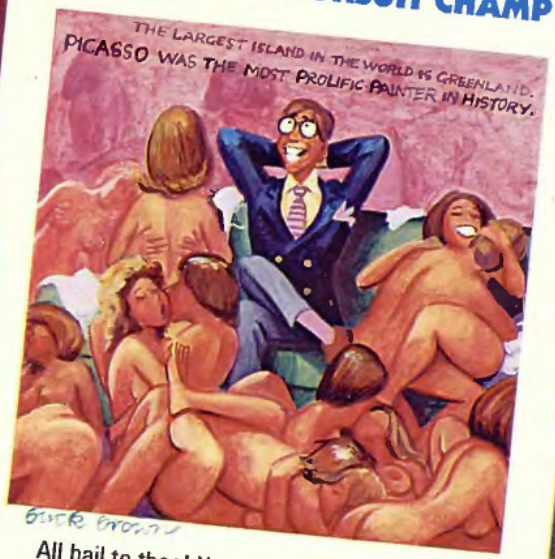
*missives and missiles for the jolly season*

*verse* **By TOM KOCH**

## TO JERRY MATHERS

Our blessings on thee, Beaver boy;
Your comeback's not a sham.
Though Ward, poor Dad, has bit the dust
And Lumpy died in 'Nam,
You stumble on; you're still the Beav
We cleave to—yes, indeed!
You've grown up, just like all your fans . . .
And gone a bit to seed.

## TO A TRIVIAL PURSUIT CHAMP




All hail to thee! Your victory
Has left us quite impressed.
You knew when Spain had sunk the Maine;
You've passed each acid test:
Hank Aaron's marks, our national parks,
The tallest king of Greece,
The date Rome fell. (You knew that well.
Your wonders never cease.)
But though you whiz through every quiz
To rise above the mob,
One wonders why so bright a guy
Can't seem to find a job.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CRAIG

TO BOY GEORGE
Greetings, Boy with cheek of white,
Twinkling, ruby-lipped delight.
With thy tresses blowing free,
You're our year-round Christmas tree.
Each new day, you've brought us cheer;
Still, we wonder, Georgie dear—
'Neath thy pleated locks so dread,
Hast thou lost thy maiden head?
Christopher Browne
TO JOHN MC ENROE
You threatened half the fans with death;
Each foe you dubbed a turd.
You called the umpire "Smegma Breath"
And shot the queen the bird.
But since you play a winner's game,
You may decline to fret.
While adding to your boorish fame,
You hardly lost a set.
TO A LOTTERY WINNER
Though most attest that you've been blessed,
You've had a price to pay.
You're plagued with guests and other pests
Who can't be shooed oway.
Just tell them there's no hurry
As you shed a Lotto tear—
Takes time to spend a million
At a hundred bucks a year.

Every woman has at least two sides (no, not her front and back—we're talking *moods* here), and her undies should reflect that. Take this duet of tie-side French lace panties by Valeria (above), for instance. On the left you have naughty and on the right you have nice.

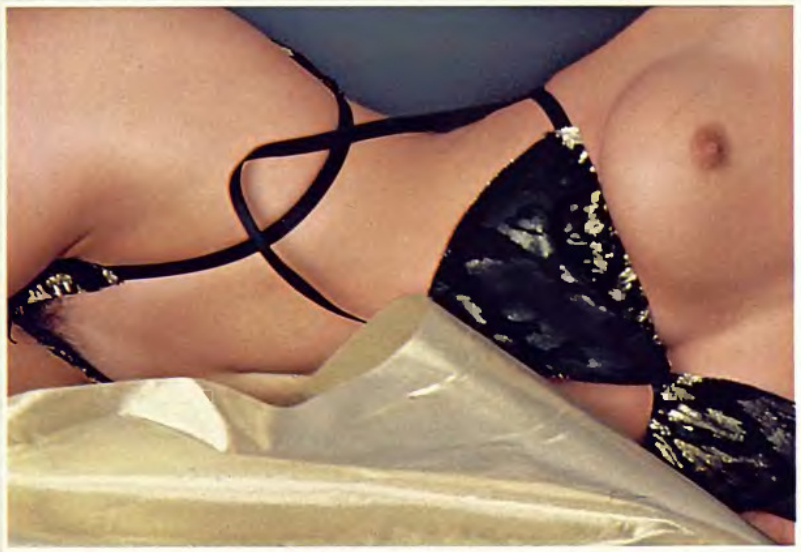
# Sweet Nothings

*you've come a long way, baby, from the days your undergarments were unmentionables*

SOME SAY THAT clothes make the man, but a woman *definitely* makes her underwear. Which is to say that Raquel Welch can do a lot more for a black garter belt than can Shelley Winters. Or, put more simply, behind every great-looking negligee is a greater-looking lady. That's why we bring you eight pages of beautiful underthings worn by beautiful women. We want you to *pay attention*. It's Christmastime, and there's no more intimate gift for your favorite female than a set of gorgeous undies. Why? Because sexy women love wearing sexy underwear. Why? We don't know. But it's true. Take our word for it. Long after you've lost your voice in admiration of her, her sweet nothings will keep right on whispering for you, "You're beautiful."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STAN MALINOWSKI

In controst to other orticles of clothing, which we expect to stay where we put them, the best women's underwear always appears to hove a life of its own. Sometimes it seems to want to slip down, as do the bikini ponties by Donna Giambrone (below) ond the gold-lamé bikini bra by Jockie Rogers (bottom). Other items, such os the Calvin Klein man-style briefs at right, tend to ride up (or in, os the case moy be).



Calvin Klein

Here we have three excellent examples of live underwear, beginning with the bra and panties by Lejaby at left. Note that the bra is already lasing its restraint and that our lovely young madel is having to clutch her underpants to keep them from escaping. The light and lacy French undies by Danna Giambrone (belaw) tend to float upward, while the bikini panties by Jackie Ragers (battom) always try to snuggle close.

In ladies' underwear, fit isn't as important as function. After a long, hat day at work, your lady will appreciate these rather loose chiffon-top pants by Donna Giambrone. Their airy roominess makes them extremely comfortable as she converses with you on the phone.

 *(continued from page 142)*

*"We need passes that will get us anywhere, any time. It's time to call in some chips."*

with you." My companion, it turned out, was a veteran journalist known to casual acquaintances as the Ranger. He had seen action in such hot spots as East Berlin, Saigon and the jungles of Cambodia, and his reputation indicated an utter disregard for personal safety and hygiene. On this trip, his job would be to show me the ropes, introduce me to the right people and, most important to PLAYBOY, make sure I didn't take the easy way out and watch the whole show on TV. We were scheduled to rendezvous and begin our coverage on July 14.

SAN FRANCISCO: SATURDAY, JULY 14

*Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley: "We're not here to beat up on each other but to beat up on Ronald Reagan."*
—San Francisco Examiner

The Ranger and I are ensconced in a strange little bar off the lobby of the Manx Hotel, sipping watery beer and listening to a couple of belly dancers enthuse over the arrival of the Democratic Convention. The belly dancers are right. There is an edge, a visceral thrill running through San Francisco's streets. An electricity that has nothing to do with cable cars, electric buses or even politics is immediately evident. Hookers, hawkers, street vendors, tourists, cops and journalists, hangers-on of every description are swarming over the hills. Cartoon donkeys leap out of billboards, while stuffed varieties, in decorator colors, kick up their heels among the cups, mugs, ashtrays, hats and T-shirts, all loudly proclaiming the event—the Democratic Convention.

There are no candidates staying at the Manx, no big-shot network anchor men. I did ride the elevator this afternoon with a skittish-looking Nigerian journalist; but as far as I know, PLAYBOY is the only major American publication with the gall to book anyone here. From the outside, the Manx looks like a Petri dish, its puke-green façade and crusty neon sign promising nothing but mildew and despair. On closer inspection, it turns out to be OK. The rooms are high and dry, and if the phone is often dead, well . . . I don't like phones much anyway. The Ranger and I, upon nearly sober reflection, decide that being slightly removed from the main arena is a good policy after all. The lobbies of the larger, posher hotels—the Meridien, the Hyatt—are as crowded as subway stations at quitting time. There are long lines for the elevators and the ice machines. Besides, Mondale may have his $1500-a-night suite with a private sauna; we have belly dancers in the bar.

After soaking us for every $4.50 glass of water they can, *les* danseuses move on to greener wallets. Through the gloom I can see hungry-looking men in rumpled suits hugging the bar, their narrow eyes reflecting the fragmented light of a dusty mirror ball. The decor in here is a hallucinatory mixture of colonial India, '49er and Fifties trash.

What about our press credentials? The Ranger frowns and his dark mustache bristles. Since PLAYBOY is a monthly publication, it has been allotted only two so-so passes—one labeled PRESS, the other, PRESS PERIMETER. Better than nothing. At least we'll be able to get in the door. Without those rectangular paper badges, we'd be left in the parking lot with the cops and the Hare Krishnas. But credentials like those also mean standing in line for hours, awaiting a brief opportunity to roam the convention floor. That won't do. We need passes that will get us anywhere, any time. It's time to call in some chips.

It just so happens that I know a guy—let's call him Deep Pockets—who can get us all the credentials we need. Better yet, he owes me. A few years back, we attended a cocktail party together. In the wee hours, after far too many shots of tequila, Deep Pockets became obstreperous. Thinking himself humorous, he made several abusive remarks about my mother. I let it go. I could have hauled him outside and tap-danced on his face, but . . . I let it go. The next day he apologized and, at the same time, claiming an urgent need for exercise, asked to borrow my bicycle, a ten-speed Peugeot of which I was very fond. Later that afternoon, in what must have been a desperate act of contrition, he launched himself down a steep grade at nearly 40 miles per hour, jammed on the *front* brake and sailed over the handle bars. He survived; my bike didn't.

I leave the Ranger contemplating his suds while I give Deep Pockets a call. After all this time, his embarrassment is still acute. One mention of my bike and he's offering apartments overlooking the bay. "Forget it," I tell him. "Just get us those credentials." We agree to meet at Josephine's Restaurant, where he'll fill me in on the details.

Back in the bar, the Ranger looks forlorn. The awful reality of our puny credentials has begun to sink in.

"God," he moans, "what if Walter Mondale calls for a pre-emptive nuke strike against South Africa while we're in line under the bleachers?"

"Relax," I tell him. "One more beer and we're going to dinner."

Deep Pockets enters the restaurant surrounded by a coterie intimately connected to the Democratic proceedings. The company looks grim. Of course! Bert Lance! The news is full of Mondale's decision to name him chairman of the Democratic National Committee. No wonder everyone's acting as if he's been kicked in the groin. Lance even looks sleazy—like Boss Tweed with a shave.

Deep Pockets is rumbling like a dark cloud. "You remember Super Tuesday? That's when this Fritz-Bert deal was cut." Behind him, a large, jovial black woman is pounding out something by Duke Ellington on a stand-up piano. Deep Pockets raises his voice over the music. "Mondale needed to win two states, right? Georgia and Alabama. Otherwise, he was old news. Career over. Lance was the man to deliver those states. In return, he gets resurrected in the major leagues. Disgusting." He shakes his head.

I just nod. Who knows? Maybe Bert and Fritz are just fishing buddies. I've always figured that delving into the business of political favors is like eating at McDonald's. Stick around long enough and you'll smell like a Big Mac.

As we leave Josephine's, Deep Pockets pulls me aside. "Tomorrow, around noon, you'll meet a guy in the lobby of the Mark Hopkins Intercontinental Hotel. He'll tell you how to get VIP passes. They won't get you onto the floor, but you'll be able to get free drinks and food in the upstairs lounge."

"What about floor passes?" I ask. He hands me a small slip of paper with a number written on it.

"That's a room at the San Francisco Hilton. Be there at 12:15 Monday afternoon." With that, he turns toward a waiting cab.

"Wait a minute! How will I recognize the guy at the Mark Hopkins?"

Deep Pockets looks back slowly and shoots me a wicked grin. "Easy. He's got an eye patch and a hook."

SUNDAY, JULY 15

*About 200 Democratic delegates in jogging shorts ran in circles . . . when the lady on the bicycle blew her big assignment.*
—STEVE RUBENSTEIN,
San Francisco Chronicle

The morning sun is just beginning to warm the pavement as the Ranger and I hit the streets. Not a cloud to be seen. Mark Twain, who remarked that the coldest winter he had endured was summertime in San Francisco, simply arrived a

*(continued on page 288)*

# BERNARD and HUEY

# TIRED

## THE LONG LIFE & SLOW TIMES OF BOB WOODWARD

JOHN BELUSHI

*parody*

# By JOHN ESKOW

EDITOR'S NOTE: *When the spirit of John Belushi first approached us with the idea of writing a biography of Bob Woodward, we responded warily. For one thing, as far as we knew, Belushi had had no formal training in journalism; for another, he'd been dead for more than two years. But the comic brushed aside both of our reservations with a jaunty grin, a knowing chuckle and a karate chop that splintered a $600 vase.*

*"Hey, man," he said, "I played a reporter in 'Continental Divide,' didn't I? OK, so maybe the film itself sucked tooth fillings, but I spent a lot of time with Chicago news hawks, and they're the sharpest ones in the country, right?"*

*Fair enough, we said—but what about this death business?*

*"Oh, man," he said, "death is so overrated. Dying from an O.D. is this idiotic practical joke, like sitting on a cosmic whoopie cushion or something. It's embarrassing for a while, but then you accept the fact that it happened and get on with your work."*

*We began to see his logic on both counts: In a world that accepts David Hartman as a journalist, surely John Belushi deserves a shot. And in our commitment to equal-opportunity hiring practices, we could see the merit of employing the dead. (Actually, we almost broke that barrier a few years ago, when we considered doing a think piece by George Will.) Our last reservation was perhaps the most serious. "Parry this, if you will, Mr. Comedy Meteor," we said. "How can you write an in-depth biography of a man you never even met?"*

*Ever the jokester, Belushi pointed in the direction of his groin and said, "Parry this! He never met me, either!" At that point, the comic began to stoop and squint like an elderly grade school teacher, shaking his finger and reminding us in a dry, cracked voice, "Turnabout is fair play!"*

*That old saw cinched it. And we didn't regret our decision for a moment. The spirit of Belushi was a model employee; perhaps, as one friend says, "death has mellowed him." Yet his legendary work drive remains as strong as ever—as it turned out, he'd begun to study Woodward even before he contacted us.*

*"Bob Woodward is a riddle wrapped inside an enigma and wedged sideways into a mystery," Belushi said, yawning for satirical purposes, "so I had to get started early. I first visited him in 1983, when he was halfway into his book on me. . . ."*

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I FUCKING can't *believe* this guy! The night is still young, it's maybe six A.M., the sun is up—I *think* it's the sun, but maybe it's a Tensor lamp; things are just a *bit* out of kilter from this angle—and Woodward's *already* stacking 3" x 5" file cards on his desk! Look at that face—it's the face of the runner-up for student-council treasurer, the face of the kid who always volunteers to be blackboard monitor—but it's drawn and pale now from months of research, and the high forehead is bulging with half-digested information. Once, he'd co-authored stories that could topple Presidents; now he's sorting out reports about my puking. He's so manic in his card stacking that he doesn't even hear his favorite song blaring from the tape deck—*Mandy*, by Barry Manilow. Too rushed to eat a real breakfast, he's dipping his finger into what's often called a Geek's Speedball—a jar's worth of Cheez Whiz spiked with Bac-o-Bits. His desk is a wasteland of *tiny facts*—times of phone calls, details of film deals, itemized hotel bills—*factoids*, as Norman Mailer called them. Close friends have known for several years that Woodward has a factoid Jones. When this manic info lust was directed toward high officials of the Government, it seemed to have a *point*, but now he's just feeding his Jones, roaring through a research binge.

Suddenly, a fist knocks feebly on his study door. Eyes flashing, Woodward leaps from his chair and runs over to open up. In walks a sweaty, tangle-haired part-time factoid dealer named Cathy Jones. A far cry from the Deep Throat of *All the President's Men*, Jones is a washed-up economic forecaster who's been scraping out a living as a stringer for *U.S. News & World Report*. To supplement her meager income, she deals factoids—and Woodward's been dying for her to arrive.

"Hey—*easy does it*, baby," she protests as he grabs the notes from her hands. But then she begins to smile that smug dealer's smile as she watches her prize customer riffle through his fresh supply.

"Yeah—oh, *yeah*," Woodward sighs, feeling the sweet rush as he scans a report of coke snorting at The Beverly Hills Hotel. "*Primo*," he murmurs in the glow of a new Dan Aykroyd quote. What will he *do* with all this information once he's scarfed it up? What *insights* will he draw from it? Ah, but, as Cathy Jones knows, you don't ask those questions when you're in the euphoric rush of a factoid hit. No, you just grin emptily, as Woodward is doing now, blissfully unaware of how junked out he looks, with the fumes of Liquid Paper swirling up into his nostrils and a faint dust of Ko-Rec-Type powder on his finger tips. He takes another taste of Geek's Speedball and rewinds *Mandy* back to the start. He's cleared out many a party with this Manilow tune; but this morning, Cathy Jones decides to stick around and watch. Even she can't help wondering, How did it come to this?

•

Woodward has made a big deal of the fact that we both come from Wheaton, Illinois, so I went back there in search of clues. I hoped to piece together a Little Archie portrait of the reporter so that I could see more deeply into his adult character. So I asked his white-haired grandma what special things she remembered about Woodward as a kid.

She got a wistful look on her face, thought it over for a long time and finally said, "Nothing." Come *on*, I said—I'm not splitting from this little screened-in porch until you come up with something. She puzzled it out for a few more minutes, and then, at last, she brightened. "Oh! He liked fudge!"

Not much of a clue, I thought, but at least we've got the *hint* of common ground here. "Did he *love* fudge?" I asked her. "Did he fucking *crave* fudge? Did he have a fudge monkey on his freckled back? Did he ever hire people to keep fudge *away* from him and spend endless nights in a kind of inner Peter Lorre torment: *Want* to fudge, *mustn't* fudge, *want* to fudge, *mustn't* fudge. . . . DID HE EVER WRESTLE THE BEAST OF FUDGE UNTIL THE LAST DROP OF BITTER SWEAT WAS WRUNG OUT OF HIS BODY AND HIS SOUL WAS PINNED TO A BED OF FUCKING NAILS, MAN?"

"No," his grandma said. "And stop *shaking* me like that!" I caught myself just in time—her sweet little head was flipping back and forth like a Styrofoam ornament on a rearview mirror. "No, he did *not* do any of those crazy things! He just liked fudge pretty well. Like any *normal* boy."

She was looking to scold me by the way she hit the word normal, but I just thought, *Lighten up, Grandma, I've been scolded by pros.*

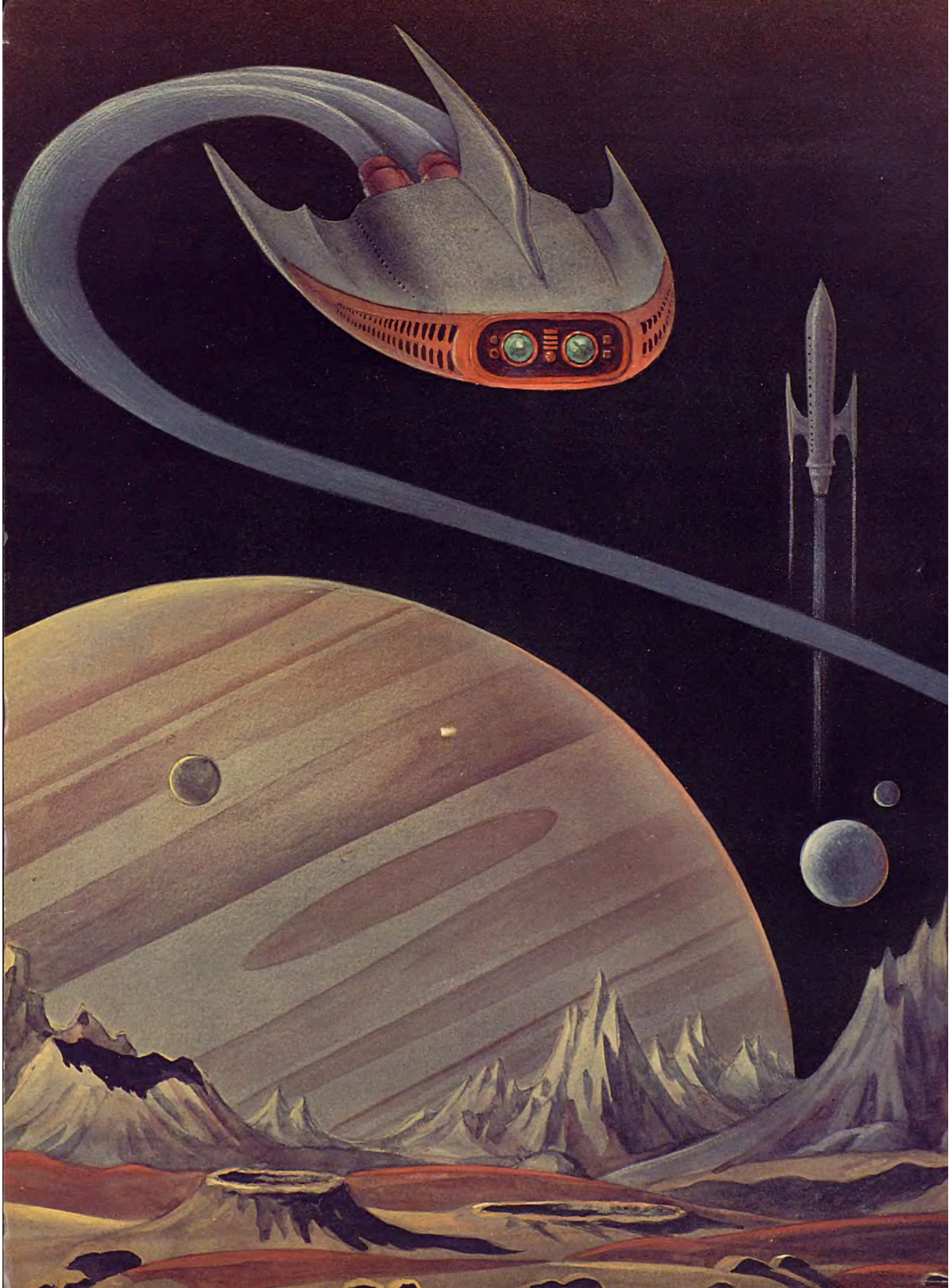
Later that day, I realized that Woodward's grandma had buried a vital clue deep in that musty fudge memory: *normal*. As I continued my research, that deadly adjective—normal—would bird-dog Woodward like a private dick on Methedrine.

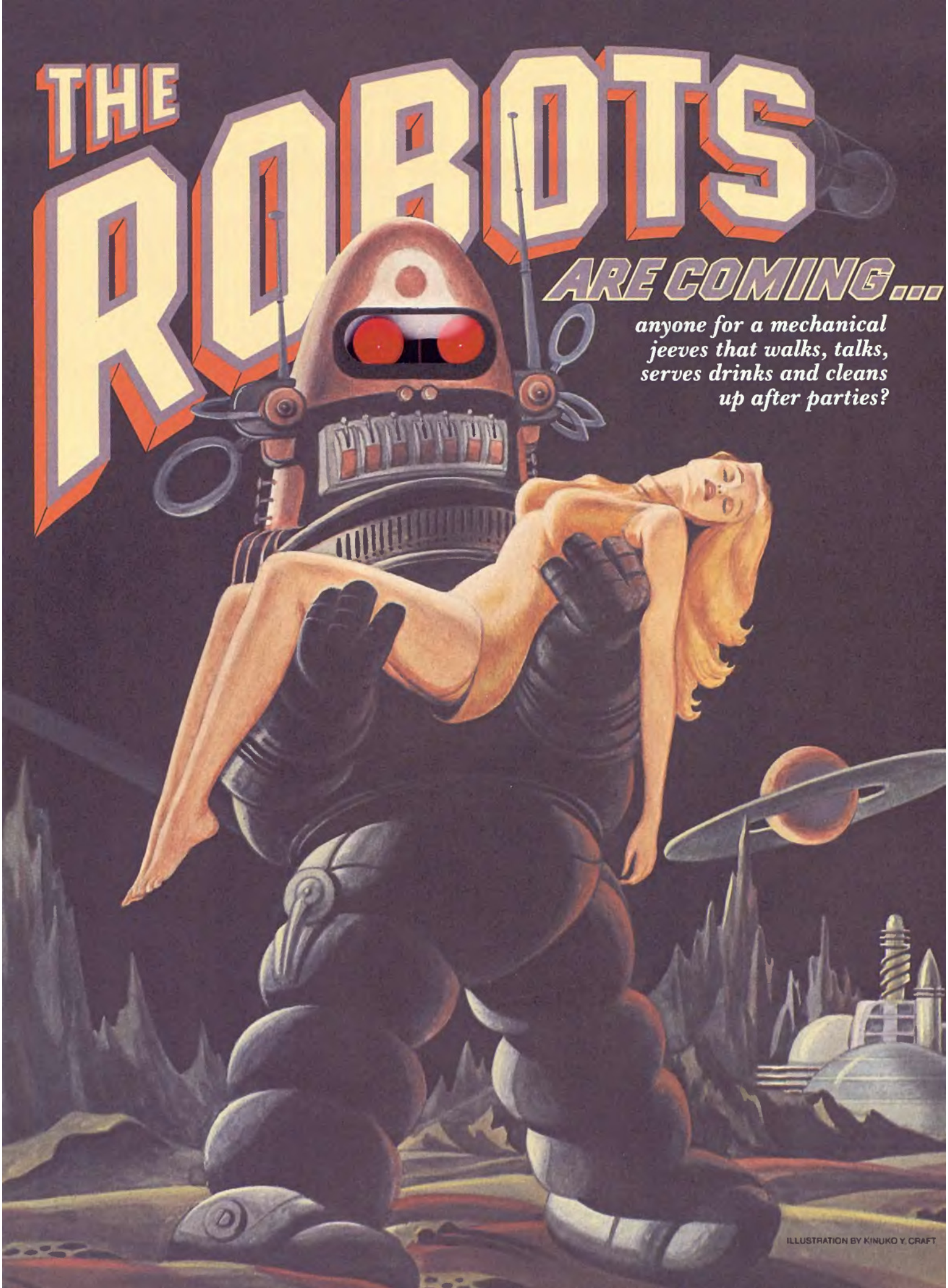
"Normal teenager," said Jack Wardell, who served as cochairman of the high school camera club with Woodward. "Maybe a bit *too* normal, if you ask me." Wardell could remember only one direct quote from the budding journalist. "One day, a bunch of us photography nuts were sitting around in the yearbook darkroom, talking about girls, and Woodward said, 'You don't have to *pet* to be *popular*.' "

Hey, man, *(concluded on page 236)*



ILLUSTRATION BY JANE MEREDITH




THE ROBOTS
ARE COMING...
anyone for a mechanical jeeves that walks, talks, serves drinks and cleans up after parties?
ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

# YOU RANG, MASTER?

*modern living* By DANNY GOODMAN

SCIENCE-FICTION FLICKS of yesteryear filled our imagination with mechanical monsters snatching unsuspecting earthlings off to the wind-swept seas of Venus. Elsewhere, armies of androids assumed the guise of our neighbors and slowly infiltrated our ranks with the hope of enslaving the human race. There are, indeed, armies of robots out there, but they're not

Above: The Tom Thumb of robots is Tomy's battery-powered Dingbot, a wacky little party stopper only five inches tall, that skitters along, stopping and chattering as it checks the road map it's carrying before moving on, $10.

Below left: Equipped with sonar bumpers, an infrared system and an on-board computer, RB5X can sense when its batteries are low and automatically return to its charging station, by RB Robot Corporation, $2295, plus $1495 for the optional RB arm shown. Below center: Forty-four-inch-tall Hubot houses a SysCon personal computer, a 12-inch black-and-white TV and an AM/FM cassette, by Hubotics, $3495. Below right: ComRo's Tot stands three feet tall; features include a rotating head, a spotlight eye and such accessories as a carpet sweeper and a tray, $4495.

Above: Tomy's Omnibot can fetch a martini, wake you each morning and much more, $275. Below: Hero Jr., a 19"-tall robot, sings, plays games and walks sentry duty; a 17-key keypad makes for easy modification, by Heath/Zenith, $1000.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

quite so menacing . . . at least, not yet. They're the inventions of anything-but-mad scientists who believe that incorporating today's high technology into robots for the home may relieve us of some of the physical drudgery that devours our free moments. Other robots are designed in a lighter vein, behaving more like entertainers at parties and capable of scooting around a corner to scare the hell out of a guest. They're just toys now, but they are doing things that may revolutionize the way housework is done in the future. Let's see just who—or what—is gently rapping, so mechanically tapping at our chamber door.

After talking with several personal-robot designers, we find one thing very clear: Hardly any of them agree on what a home robot's role should be. One school of thought looks upon a robot as a personal convenience that will become a perceived necessity, just as the automatic dishwasher has revolutionized the work flow in the kitchen over the past 20 years. In contrast, other designers don't envision home robots as slaves or utility machines at all. Instead, they prefer them to have a kind of intellectual utility, behaving like a well-trained pet or a carefully selected friend whose personality complements its owner's.

In the meantime, personal robots (as distinguished from the industrial kind that assemble automobiles) have become roughly stratified into three categories: (1) education and hobbies; (2) personal automation; and (3) entertainment and toys. In a way, this segmentation is similar to what happened in the early days of personal computers, when we had hobby kits, consumer-oriented computers, such as the Apple II, and low-cost computer-video-game systems, such as the Odyssey, Atari VCS and Bally Arcade.

One robot that has already walked into a lot of people's lives is Robot's RB5X, a model whose shape closely resembles that of the whistling, smart-aleck R2-D2 of *Star Wars*. The top of RB5X's clear-plastic domed head reaches 23 inches from the floor, while its cylindrical body is 13 inches in diameter. Readily visible under its dome is a circuit board containing nine red and green lights. Surrounding the blue body is a belt of eight white touch-sensitive bumper panels. These panels are sometimes used as a way of communicating with RB5X—touching one or more of its bumpers sends programming signals to the internal brain. They can also be used as sensors to help RB5X maneuver its way around a room. When it bumps into a piece of furniture, pressure on the sensor tells it to stop, say "Excuse me" and turn away.

Getting RB5X to speak—or do just about anything, for that matter—takes a bit of programming expertise and a personal computer with serial-communications capability. After connecting the computer to the robot, you use the computer to type in a series of commands in a language that closely resembles BASIC. Once the program is written, you sever the umbilical cord and RB5X goes on about the series of tasks you've set for it.

Optional plug-in modules with prewritten programs are also available for special purposes, though most are for educational and children's-entertainment environments. One module is dual purpose. Not only does it enable RB5X to sing *On a Bicycle Built for Two* (though not as well as HAL does it in *2001: A Space Odyssey*) but it also programs the robot's sonar motion-detection system to alert you, with alarm and voice, to any intruders moving within 35 feet of it. RB5X sells for $2295.

If you care to learn the programming language Forth, you can sit at the keyboard of your Apple IIe or Commodore 64 computer and command Androbot's Topo II ($1595) through infrared wireless remote control. The three-foot-high robot can remember a string of instructions, including orders to talk or sing, and execute them even out of range of your computer.

For those with a knowledge of electronics, the Heathkit Hero I robot will give you plenty of practice in understanding the fundamentals of robot design and programming. Available either as a kit ($1200) or fully assembled ($2200), Hero I comes with a five-axis arm that can grip up to one pound. Programming Hero I to use its sonar and voice systems takes some patience, but a companion home-study robotics course provides a number of experiments in those areas. Hero I also has a wired remote control that you can use to put the robot's arm and body movements through their paces, while all the time the robot remembers the movements so it can repeat them.

But Heath also offers a home robot—one that can be used right out of the box without the slightest bit of electronic or programming knowledge. Called Hero Jr., the $1000 fully assembled robot looks a lot like its bigger brother but without the arm. When you turn on Hero Jr., its behavior displays one of what Heath calls "personality traits." Actually, they are more like individual tasks that have been preprogrammed into the robot at the factory. It will sing a song, speak some English phrases, play games, roam around the room (trying to avoid obstacles), yammer unrecognizable sounds in its own language or spout a nursery rhyme. Each of those tasks can be called up specifically from Hero Jr.'s keypad, on its head. Press one button and Hero Jr. follows you around like a slow but well-trained dog. Heath and other companies are planning to produce preprogrammed plug-in cartridges to equip Hero Jr. with a variety of other talents. And if you have a home computer, you can also program Hero Jr. with its own version of BASIC by linking the robot and your computer together.

On a more practical side, you can program Hero Jr. to wake you up in the morning. Its sound sensor then listens for evidence of activity. If there is none after ten minutes, it rousts you out of bed again. Programmed as a security guard, Hero Jr. senses sound and motion. Not only does it sound an alarm when it detects an intruder but it can even send a radio signal to activate one of Heath's home-alarm systems.

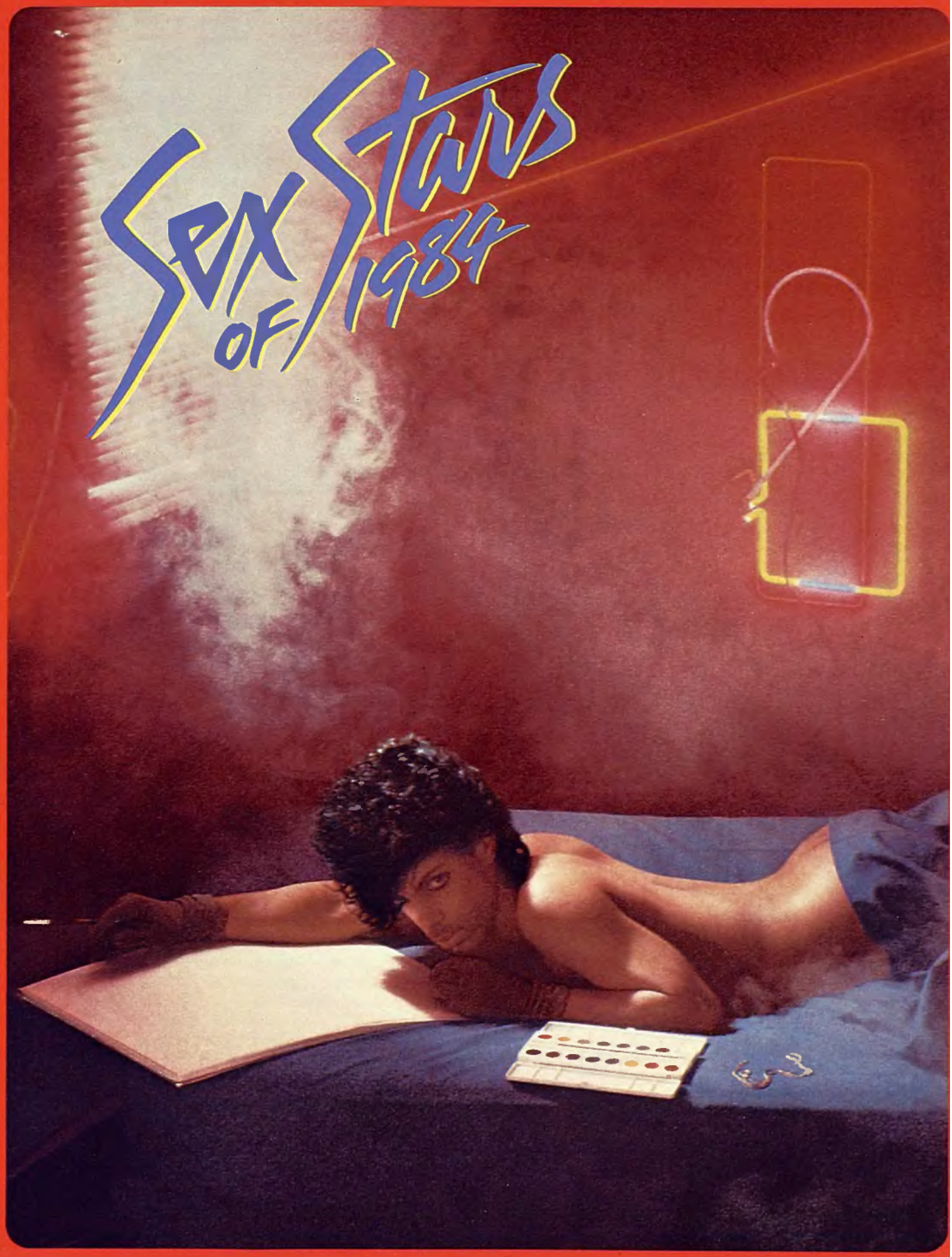
While Hero Jr.'s first job is to entertain, ComRo Inc.'s Tot seems to arrive on your doorstep ready for housework. The standard 50-pound, three-foot-high droid ($2992) comes with several accessories that may make it useful around the house, provided you take the time to train it properly (programming experience is helpful). A manual carpet-sweeper attachment may not get the corners, but it can do a once-over in open spaces before guests arrive. We especially like the tray that you can place in one of Tot's movable arms to take drinks or snacks to your guests. Tot is also the only robot we know of that is practically made to order, including your choice of six colors.

If there is one robot company determined to make a home robot a practical companion and easy to use at the same time, it is Hubotics, Inc., with its *Wunderkind* Hubot ($3495). Measuring 44 inches high, its standard-equipment list reads like the sticker of a stretch limo's rear compartment—a fully featured 64K personal computer with one disk drive; a 12-inch black-and-white television/computer monitor; an AM/FM stereo auto-reverse cassette player with four-band equalizer and dual two-way speakers; and an Atari 2600 video-game system.

As you might guess, Hubot is a rolling home electronics center, complete with an ability to remember a pathway through the house. The good news is that programming Hubot doesn't require any knowledge of computer languages. Essential commands have been reduced to onscreen lists controlled by the on-board computer. By pressing only two keys on the keyboard, you can select an intricate sequence of commands—including ordering it to move and to turn on or off any of its entertainment features. So, if you like, you can instruct Hubot to wheel itself into your bedroom in the morning, say a few gentle

*(concluded on page 275)*

*"And just as I start up the chimney, a voice sez, 'Just a moment, Santa, I've a little something for you!' "*


SEX STARS OF 1984

just when androgyny seemed triumphant, along came prince—and the olympics—to restore our faith in bikes, bodies and the american way

*text by* JIM HARWOOD Arms outstretched, she spread her legs wide. He stood there, chest heaving. The girl grasped the short, firm pole caringly, longingly, then shared it with the other girl. Buttocks taut, he writhed, twisting from side to side, eager to cram every possible excitement into the moments that would never be the same again. . . .

Every four years, it's good to have this kind of stuff back on television, even if only for a couple of weeks during the Olympics. True, some people really do care whether or not *(text continued on page 210)*

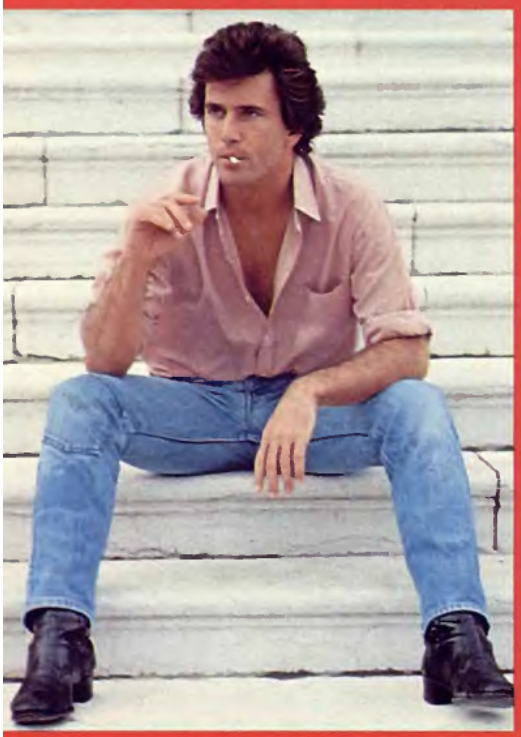
**RIGHT ON:** Prince, electrifying in *Purple Rain*, has muscled Michael Jackson right out of first place in our Sex Star derby. That's the liner photo from his earlier album, *1999*, opposite. Daryl Hannah (below) blanketed screens with *Splash*, *Reckless* and *The Pope of Greenwich Village* in '84 release, while Kathleen Turner (right), the defrosted novelist of *Romancing the Stone*, returned in *A Breed Apart* and *Crimes of Passion*.

**SAVAGES:** Enough to bring out the beast in all of us are these popular stars, all in varying degrees of skin. Some say Grace Jones (above left) is the best thing in *Conan the Destroyer*; others give the nod to Conan himself, Arnold Schwarzenegger (left). PLAYBOY cover girl Sybil Danning (above center), who sizzles in *The Seven Magnificent Gladiators*, will coproduce and star in *Nemesis: Goddess of Revenge* and, swears her press agent, is to be "history's first blonde werewolf" in the forthcoming *The Howling II*. Tanya Roberts, another PLAYBOY cover favorite, went blonde (and had more fun than she did in *The Beastmaster*) playing the durable comic-strip queen in *Sheena* (above right), and French actor Christopher Lambert daubed on dirt for *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes* (right).

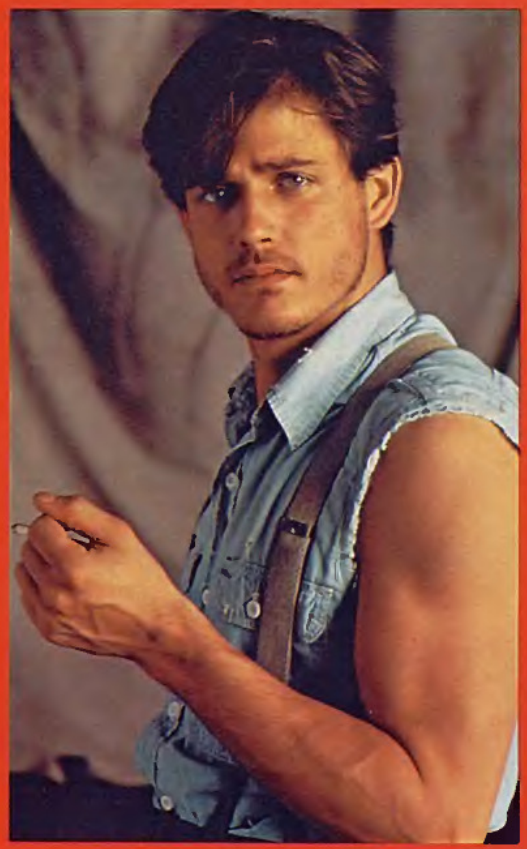
**UNISEX SYMBOLS:** What with androgyny and cross dressing, gender confusion abounds in showbiz these days. Take Michael Jackson (right), who sometimes resembles Diana Ross's twin sister but nevertheless rakes in the bucks with records, videos and concert tours. Another rocker, Sting of The Police, reminds us, at least in his *Dune* film persona (below right), of David Bowie. Anne Carlisle plays both male and female roles in the cult-film favorite *Liquid Sky* but below is her own feminine self for PLAYBOY. The reigning example of sexual ambiguity, of course, is Boy George—but, we thought, why label *him* a Sex Star by including him?

**COUPLING:** Good news, hetero movie fans—we may have seen the end of the buddy picture. On this page are a quartet of duets in steamy scenes. At left, Tom Berenger nuzzles Melanie Griffith in *Fear City*; above, Barbara Williams clinches with Steven Bauer (Melanie's real-life husband) in *Thief of Hearts*; below, Ornella Muti and Jeremy Irons in *Swann in Love*; below left, Rachel Ward and Jeff Bridges in *Against All Odds*.

**COMING ACROSS:** Movies were, after all, the first jet setters, and films—and their stars—continue to crisscross the globe. Swedish-born, U.S.-seasoned model Mia Nygren (above left) inhabits the title role in *Emmanuelle 4*; Brazil's Claudia Ohana (above center) dittos in *Erendira*, filmed in Mexico from a story by Colombia's Nobel Prize–winning author Gabriel García Márquez. Our favorite Dutch treat (and Mia's predecessor as Emmanuelle), Sylvia Kristel (above right), is the seductive spy in *Mata Hari*. At far left below is England's ravishing Kelly (*The Woman in Red*) LeBrock; at near left below is Mel Gibson, who was born in the U.S. but made his reputation in Australian films; his next feature, *The River*, is billed as "pure Americana." Sissy Spacek co-stars. Below center is another Brazilian bombshell, Sonia Braga of *Gabriela* and *Kiss of the Spider Woman*; below right is that hunk from Holland, Rutger Hauer, whose latest releases are *A Breed Apart* and *Flesh + Blood*.



**COMING OF AGE:** We could have done an entire feature on the younger generation of stars who are peopling today's movie and TV screens. Here's a sampling of the hottest (clockwise, from above): Brooke Shields, everybody's favorite college sophomore, whose star aura helped her survive *Sahara*; Diane Lane, here in *Streets of Fire* but due momentarily in *The Cotton Club*; Linda Blair, who has done four films this year; Michael Paré, who stands out in *Streets of Fire* and *The Philadelphia Experiment*; Tom Hanks, whose comic touch sparks *Splash* and *Bachelor Party*; the increasingly gorgeous Jamie Lee Curtis, of *Love Letters* and *Grandview, U.S.A.* fame, who's opposite John Travolta in the forthcoming *Perfect!*, a picture about fitness; and our very own Miss June 1980, Ola Ray, who appears in the chiller *Fear City*.



**MINT CONDITION:** In Hollywood, fitness sells. TV superstar Tom (*Magnum, P.I.*) Selleck (above) hopes for a big-screen hit in *Runaway*; supermodel Christie Brinkley is diversifying into sportswear, a sample of which she wears at right. Robert Redford (below right) shows in *The Natural* that he's still got that old appeal. And while Richard Gere (below) couldn't resuscitate *Breathless*, he may shine in *The Cotton Club*.

**COVER STORIES:** Here are five news makers whose appearances on PLAYBOY covers boosted their careers (and our sales). In February 1983, we (plus Sean Connery, George Plimpton, Bob Fosse and others) predicted stardom for Kim Basinger (far left); she proved us right in *Never Say Never Again*, *The Man Who Loved Women* and *The Natural* and is due soon in *9½ Weeks*, based on a PLAYBOY story. Terry Moore (left) came out of virtual retirement to pose for our August 1984 issue; she has since made *Hellhole* and plans a TV movie, *Welcome Back, McGrath*. Nastassja Kinski (below left), May 1983's cover girl, had five films and a baby in 1984. Most controversial picture of the year was *Bolero*, with four-time cover star Bo Derek (right); greatest staying power was exhibited by *Dynasty*'s Joan Collins (below), our December 1983 cover.

one fellow gets his bicycle out in front of another's for a hundredth of a second. But there are equally good reasons for watching, and, for millions who will admit it and millions more who won't, the Olympic participants were truly the Sex Stars of 1984. You simply can't put that many perfect male and female bodies in skimpy garments and have it otherwise. The flame burns eternal.

The Olympics arrived just in time, fortunately, for it was getting a wee bit confusing elsewhere. Almost impossible to spell and equally hard to understand, androgyny took over the middle ground in the war between the sexes, with **Boy George** and **Michael Jackson** at one end and **Grace Jones** and **Anne Carlisle** at the other. Happily, though, there was a host of hetero holdouts, tenaciously exemplified by the likes of **Tom Selleck**, who protected himself with a lot of casual dating before showing serious interest in British actress **Jillie Mack**, and **Kathleen Turner**, who confessed (shortly before walking down the aisle with New York real-estate developer **Jay Weiss**) that she had a tendency to fall in and out of love with her leading men. Nothing, however, has been reported from the set of *Crimes of Passion*, in which Turner plays a kinky cruiser opposite **Anthony Perkins**.

Frankly, we have been waiting several years for Jackson to mature into full Sex Stardom, but the young man just seems to show no interest in growing up. And as loose as they are, we do have our standards, which include some reservations about a Sex Star who doesn't protest when people say he looks like **Diana Ross's** twin sister. Young master Jackson, however, must be paid homage after a phenomenal year of pleasing millions. Whatever he's putting out, the young ladies—and gentlemen—love it. Grace Jones thinks the far-out parents from the Sixties may simply have spawned even more adventuresome kids for the Eighties. Jones herself certainly looked adventuresome while filming *Conan the Destroyer*, landing several fellow cast members in the hospital with minor injuries from her enthusiastic interpretation of an Amazon warrior. She even made her brawny co-star, **Arnold Schwarzenegger**, nervous. "She really hits hard," he lamented.

Jackson himself remains quietly religious, with no overt romantic interests. Boy George has conceded, "I just do not have a heavy sex life," while the most outrageous cross dresser of them all, the megaplump **Divine**, claims he doesn't have much time for men or women. "I'd rather go shopping," he insists.

Is this sort of thing catching? It's hard to say, but we were talking with one of Hollywood's lovelies the other day and she was revealing what her private love life had become. It seems that on an average evening, she and her handsome, charming boyfriend go out to dinner before returning home for a bit of romancing. Just as she's getting turned on, however, he excuses himself and leaves the room, returning in a wig, nightgown, high heels and stockings. A modern girl, our friend readily accepts all this but confesses to some confusion about who is doing what in the bedroom—or, at least, who thinks who's doing what.

Alas, when we related all this to another starlet the very next night, she didn't seem surprised at all. One of *her* gentlemen callers, it seems, likes to bring *his* dress over and—after she's done his hair and makeup—suck her toes.

**Sarah Douglas** of *Falcon Crest* acknowledged that she had a bit of a problem explaining her transvestite friends to her mother. "I talked to my mom on the phone and I told her Kevin and Katy were there. 'Oh, they're a nice couple, are they?' said Mom. I said, 'Oh, it's the same person. Kevin by day, Katy by night. But he's getting it lopped off next week.'"

Onscreen, the sex changes that started a couple of years back continued, causing their own confusions among performers. Playing a young man in *Yentl*, for example, **Barbra Streisand** was somewhat hesitant about having to plant a big kiss on **Amy Irving**. But, as Irving related later, it wasn't so bad. "It's like kissing an arm," Barbra told Amy, which may have surprised **Steven Spielberg**, Irving's former fiancé and still-frequent companion.

Psychiatrists say this is all just an adjustment to sexual role playing and probably harmless enough if not overdone. For the sake of the straight-thinking, however, it was still heartening to note that Jackson's popularity was challenged by **Prince**, who bears a resemblance to Michael but has a mustache, a motorcycle and more all-round masculinity to go with them, especially when in passionate pursuit of lovely **Apollonia Kotero** in *Purple Rain*.

Ah, Apollonia. What a name. What a face. What a body. Her film debut in that picture made an impression to rival **Bo Derek's** a few years back in *"10"*. "Before the night is through, you will see my point of view," Prince said; but the boys in the audience had caught on long before that.

Speaking of Bo (and aren't we always?), Hollywood had been waiting to see how the public would react to her latest, *Bolero*, at first rumored to be too sexy to release without an X rating. But then the film's financiers disclosed that they weren't bothered by the fact that the sex might be pornographic; they worried that it was just plain stupid, blaming hubby/director **John Derek** for overindulgence in photographing Bo's bod. So far, however, that's the kind of indulgence audiences seem to think cannot be overed. Certainly, an appearance by Bo in July's PLAYBOY wasn't ignored.

Even Walt Disney's studios matured (with a new, mature name, Touchstone Films) and decided to flesh out those cute, nippleless little mermaids that used to grace the cartoons. Chosen for the chore, fortunately, was gorgeous **Daryl Hannah**, who had had some previous experience with nudity in *Reckless* and *Summer Lovers*. Still, Daryl didn't doff readily, pasting Band-Aids over her nipples and packing make-up over that.

Hannah's triumph in *Splash* was no comfort for **Diane Lane**, who had competed with Daryl for leads in that picture and in *Streets of Fire*, losing one but winning the other. "Great! She'll show her chest and I'll sing," Lane commented somewhat superciliously about the competitive split. As it turned out, not only did *Fire* fizzle but Lane's singing was dubbed by **Laurie Sargent** and **Holly Sherwood**, among others.

Whatever the trend of the moment, the public itself simply refuses to become too jaded. Nudity remains sexy, as PLAYBOY has proved repeatedly. Recent layouts of the likes of **Joan Collins**, **Kim Basinger**, **Terry Moore**, **Mariel Hemingway**, **Nastassja Kinski** and **Tanya Roberts** helped them tap into new levels of popularity never achieved with excessive modesty.

For the entire year, in fact, there was little to rival the revelation that Miss America, **Vanessa Williams**, had posed nude before winning the title. Although PLAYBOY passed up a chance to print the sexplicit pictures, we were far from surprised at the crowds lined up for a look when they did appear elsewhere. The hubbub forced Vanessa to give up her crown, but it may have assured her of a showbiz career.

Even near nudity can be troublesome, as **Alice Zook** discovered out there in Bartonville, Illinois. A gym teacher for 20 years, poor Alice lost her job at the Limestone Community High School for showing her girls' phys-ed classes a video tape of exercises as performed by the male strippers at Chippendales, one of those nighteries that flourish by teasing womenfolk.

Indeed, the females are still insisting on seeing their fair share of skin, even though, for a change, **Richard Gere** did not strip in a movie this year. But while touring Japan, **Rick Springfield** did respond dramatically to a female reporter's query as to whether or not he wore underwear: He dropped his trousers at the press conference. (Less dramatically, the answer was, he did.) And getting to the bottom of things, the fan mags discovered that **John Travolta** also wears undies, but inside out, so the tags don't scratch.

Panties, however, remain preferred for truly suggestive attire, as newcomer **Kelly LeBrock** proves wonderfully in *The Woman in Red*. Borrowing from the famed **Marilyn Monroe** photo, LeBrock lets the air from a strategically placed vent in a garage blow her skirt high above her head and dances delightfully, going back for an encore.

And for her big film debut in *Scarface*, **Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio** teases audiences in a flimsy robe that seems sure to

*(concluded on page 214)*

## mistletoe-madness

by J. Michael Leonard

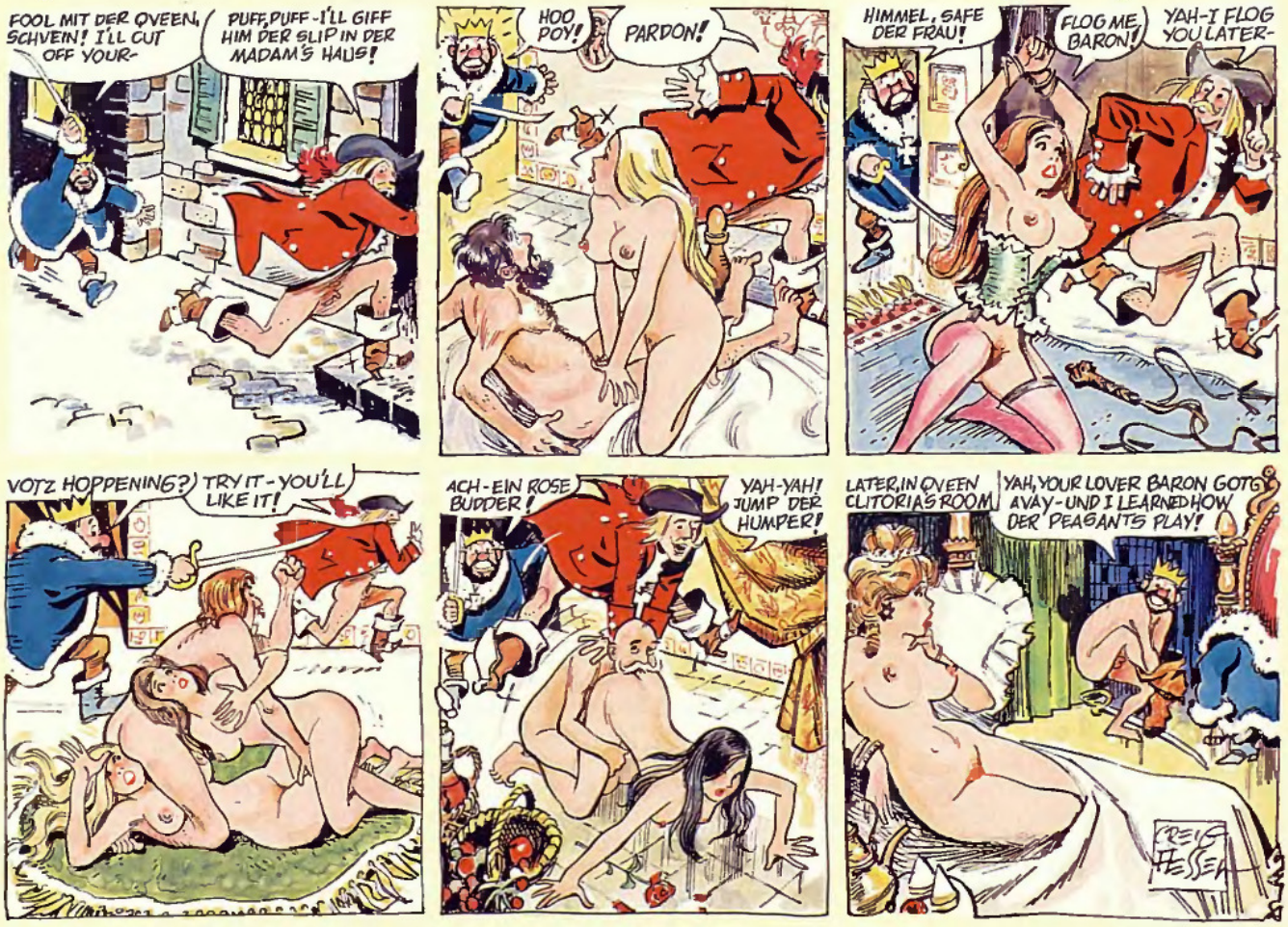
Betsy, you know you don't really want that fruitcake. You're just eating it because you're unhappy. Instead of dealing with your problems, you go out and buy cake.
Mom sent me this cake for the holidays. It's not my fault it's here.
We ate most of it last night, so you might as well finish it now.
No fruitcake for me. I eat only when I'm hungry. Why don't you face your problems like I do? Be honest about it. Anyway, Jill might want some.
CALDER
NO CAL
Not me. This is the second day of my diet.
!
So...who'd you eat the fruitcake with last night, Betsy?
Ooh...we had a friend who crashed here last night.
Whose friend? Jill's? Yours?
Oh, just somebody you don't know.
Harry & David
Who was it? Was it a woman? Was it a man?
Just an old friend. There's no point in telling you. You'd just get upset.
You don't know how I'd react. What's the problem? You think I can't handle it? I'm tough. I face my problems head on. Now, c'mon, Betsy, who was here?
My English lit. professor.
MUNCH, GOBBLE!
CALDER
Sarah Downs

# BORN TOULOUS

Christopher Browne

## The Tales of Baron Von Furstinbed

By Creig Flessel




## 5 CENT MARY

BY E N O S

# SEX STARS

(continued from page 210)

*"Leave it to Linda Ronstadt to come up with one of the year's most interesting romances, with George Lucas."*

fall open any moment as she oozes obscenities at big brother **Al Pacino** in one of the year's more unusual scenes.

On television, of course, *everything* is suggestion, and even too much of that is forbidden. Dealing with incest in *Something About Amelia*, ABC laid down firm rules about how the father, **Ted Danson**, should behave around the daughter, **Roxana Zal**: Certainly, the network said, they should never be shown in bed together.

TV censors certainly have to think clearly, given the medium's continuing determination to sell sex in one form or another. Or, as former ABC executive **Lou Rudolph** put it (reinforcing something said here earlier), "You can never underestimate the horniness of the American public."

This year, TV's emphasis was on how *others* sell sex, sending so many aspiring actresses into the streets to talk with hookers that the Johns couldn't get close to the curb. Their research (and the networks' interest) may have been inspired by the box-office success of *Angel*, whose star, **Donna Wilkes**, spent hours on the street, talking with the girls about picking up tricks of the trade. Returning to the small screen for the first time in three years, **Farrah Fawcett** had a ratings hit as a madam in *The Red Light Sting*. Others who played prostitutes included **Loni Anderson** in *My Mother's Secret Life*, **Veronica Hamel** in *Sessions*, **Phoebe Cates** in *Lace* and **Jennifer Jason-Leigh** and **Ann Jillian** in *Girls of the White Orchid*. Even demure **Debby Boone** joined **Barbara Carrera** and **Kim Cattrall** in *Sins of the Past*. (Don't you just love those titles?)

Naturally enough, the networks had another rule for all these shows: Hooking does not bring happiness. The ladies involved had to either repent and get out or suffer terrible consequences.

Either way, many women viewers protested that prostitution is not an ideal occupation, and the clamor continued for more shows about working girls of a different sort. This generated television's idea of a socially redeeming response, e.g., the female detectives in *Cagney & Lacey* (**Tyne Daly** and **Sharon Gless**), *Partners in Crime* (**Loni Anderson** and **Lynda Carter**) and such crime-busting stepsisters as police psychiatrist **Lindsay Wagner** in *Jessie*. Other TV cops were real cuties, like luscious **Heather Locklear** on *T. J. Hooker*. Although willing to try a padded bra, Heather drew the line at padded panties and bikinis, saying she's not wild about scenes designed "strictly to show off what's under the uniform." Fortunately, she didn't win all her battles.

Although their pique is often understandable, young actresses do have a way of quickly forgetting why they were hired for a show in the first place. Over on the decidedly male *A-Team*, pretty **Melinda Culea** kept demanding more important duties and soon found herself replaced (the so-called **Suzanne Somers** solution to a producer's problem). Luckily, **Heather Thomas** understands her station on *The Fall Guy* better and has been content to remain as **Lee Majors'** side-kick. "I'm lucky to be working," said she wisely.

Offscreen, of course, the women were holding their own in all sorts of relationships, none of them establishing a trend but all seeming to share a fundamental wariness of their mates.

Perhaps **Morgan Fairchild** summed it up best, explaining why she and **Craig Denault** don't live together after divorces for each. "You have to give up too much freedom," said she. "You put up with a man's bad moods, wash his socks, clean up his dinner plates—hell, if I loved someone that much, I'd marry him."

And there may be additional significance in the fact that sexy **Maria Conchita Alonso**, who was happy to share a bathtub with **Robin Williams** in *Moscow on the Hudson*, lives alone in a one-bedroom apartment in West Hollywood, papered with pictures of herself on magazine covers. "I've always wanted to be the center of attention," she explains.

Or the balance **Julie** (*Educating Rita*) **Walters** finds in her small flat in London: "I have phases of being promiscuous and phases of being celibate. When I'm not working, I'm more interested in sex and blokes."

Such candor, of course, is not always commonplace among the foreign ladies, who have a flair for the mysterious. After steadfastly refusing to identify the father during her pregnancy, **Nastassja Kinski** acknowledged after the birth of a boy that Dad was **Ibrahim Moussa**. (They made it legal a few weeks later.) One of the suspected fathers had been old beau **Roman Polanski**, who keeps turning up in the lives of many lovelies. Polanski also acted a small part in the directorial debut of beautiful **Arielle Dombasle**, raising questions about their relationship, but Arielle wasn't talking.

British rock star **Adam Ant** has a tattoo on his upper arm with a heart inscribed PURE SEX. And somewhere on the same arm was draped **Jamie Lee Curtis**, who got antsy for him after her breakup with longtime fiancé **Michael Riva**.

More romantically, **Tom Cruise** and **Rebecca De Mornay** followed through on their commercially based romance in *Risky Business* by deciding to live together, with Tom apparently having re-evaluated his initial decision that their love scenes in the movie "weren't all that much."

Another screen couple, **Michael Paré** and **Nancy Allen**, also followed their romance in *The Philadelphia Experiment* with one in real life, though Paré at the time had the embarrassment of a wife, who filed for divorce. And, after posturing as one of the industry's more arrogant newcomers, Paré suffered the additional embarrassment of having *Philadelphia* prove to be as big a flop as his first two pictures, *Eddie and the Cruisers* and *Streets of Fire*.

Although noting "I'm not very promiscuous," Daryl Hannah shared a house Platonically with one man, writer **David Stenn**, while continuing her long affair with rocker **Jackson Browne** while he was divorcing his second wife, **Lynne Sweeney**.

For others, marriage was as durable as their careers. **Robert Redford** celebrated his 25th wedding anniversary and the success of another picture, *The Natural*, while **James Brolin** chalked up an 18th year of wedded bliss and his comeback in a new TV series, *Hotel*.

Leave it to **Linda Ronstadt**, though, to come up with one of the year's most interesting romances, taking up with producer-director **George Lucas** after he split from his wife, film editor **Marcia Lucas**. After California governor **Jerry Brown**, writer **Pete Hamill** and songwriter **J. D. Souther**, Ronstadt found in Lucas another reclusive personality to match her own. And with multimillions coming in from nearly a score of hot-selling records, Linda need not fear that George would think she just loved him for his *Star Wars* millions (not to mention a few more of his nickels from *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*).

Speaking of those megahits, they all have something in common besides Lucas: **Harrison Ford**. And if Linda had been looking for a hermit, he would not have been a bad choice. Ford has been so successful in avoiding publicity—especially about his private life—that in a recent national poll, only one out of five people knew who he was. He was left out of this layout, in fact, because there just weren't suitable photos available.

Ford's zealous passion for privacy, unfortunately, is fraught with danger, mainly because it leaves the field open for people like us to speculate. Maybe he's secretly androgynous. Maybe he once posed nude or, even worse, appeared partially clothed on Alice Zook's video tape out there in Bartonville.

If so, it's certainly easy to understand why the high school–gym girls might have been crushed when the tape was seized by their elders. But they probably got over it soon enough. After all, they still had the Olympics to look forward to.

PLAYBOY GUIDE

# ELECTRONIC ENTERTAINMENT

**NEW CAMERAS,**
REMOTE VCRS
SET THE MOOD

**STEREO TV**
DOUBLE SOUND,
LOTS OF FURY

**GREATEST HITS**
BURT REYNOLDS
JACLYN SMITH

# WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT COULD TRIGGER A REVOLUTION IN SOUND.

Remember when laser technology was the stuff that made for good science fiction?

Well, it isn't fiction anymore.

Because Pioneer has harnessed the same laser that used to blow space creatures away, to blow you away.

With the P-D70. A compact disc player that reproduces music so realistically you'll think you were at the original recording session.

Since a sophisticated optical laser never makes contact with the disc, all surface noise from dust and scratches is eliminated.

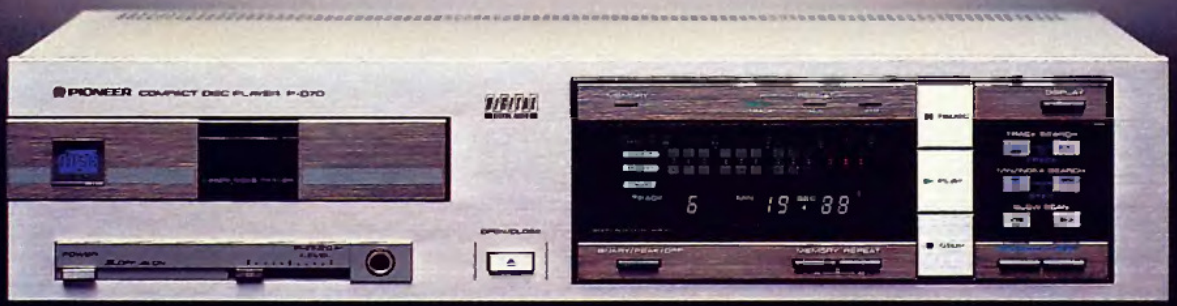
And because the music is processed digitally, distortion is essentially nonexistent, resulting in the drama of a live performance.

In addition, the P-D70 contains all the ultra-convenience features of a player so sophisticated and futuristic.

But of course, it's what you should expect from a compact disc player from Pioneer.

After all, we developed laser optics and digital electronic technology for our revolutionary LaserDisc™ brand video disc player.

And that was back when most people were of the opinion that lasers were more fiction than science.

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# PREVIEW

WAY BACK when all this started—back there in the late Seventies—there were the doubters. Videotape recorders for the home? Nah. They were just too big, too expensive and too unproved. Early on, there was some truth in that. The first commercial VCR, made by Ampex in 1956, was about the size of the average living room and cost around $50,000—a little steep for a weekend rental of *Emmanuelle*.

It took more than ten years for Sony to come out with the first portable. In truth, it was portable only if you were very strong or had many friends. The first Betamax wasn't introduced until 1975. Two years later, RCA presented the first VHS machine, and the revolution was on. Those first machines were dinosaurs—very large, very basic and very expensive. They weighed slightly less than a full-sized television and cost two or three times as much. The average price for VCRs back then was between $1000 and $1200. A relative handful of pioneers bought them. Most others waited.

Fast forward to 1984. VCRs today are half the size and weight of the oldies, and they do twice as much. The best news, though, is the price. At the right discount store, you can now get a very serviceable VCR for less than $500—less than $400 if you're a good shopper. And the price breakthroughs seem to be fueling the revolution. VCR sales in 1983 jumped 100 percent over 1982. More than 4,000,000 units were sold. Industry experts tell us that by the time 1984 is finished, you can add 7,000,000 more machines sold. That means that one out of every five homes in America will have a VCR.

Pricing has had similar effects on the rest of the video industry. Prerecorded cassettes that used to go for $80 or more are now moving well at $30. With video shops popping up quicker than chocolate-chip-cookie franchises, you can now rent your favorite movie for about two bucks a night—either at the video place in the mall or, the way things are going, at the video counter of your local supermarket, right down the aisle from the processed cheese. And blank tapes, which used to retail for between $15 and $20, are now easily available for six or seven dollars.

All of this has given birth to a new industry term: pillow theater. While the kids continue to make Steven Spielberg rich, many more adults are leaving theater seats vacant for the comfort of home, where you can stop the action for phone calls and get popcorn a lot cheaper.

As VCRs have become more practical, so have home-video cameras. There are those of good quality and reasonable price that easily fit into the palm of your hand, and now there are those that don't need life-support systems. That was always the trouble with video cameras. For those of us who grew up popping Super-8 cassettes into old Bell & Howells, they were good news and bad news—good because we could see the results immediately; bad because we had to lug half a TV studio around on our shoulder to do it.

But last year, Sony introduced the BetaMovie. And this year there's JVC's VHS VideoMovie, with others on its heels. The industry calls them camcorders. They are cameras that record without any cords; you don't need to be connected to a home-base VCR. In many cases, the camera itself doubles as a VCR. Most of these lightweight, easy-to-use cameras offer excellent performance in low illumination, such as the dim lights of your bedroom—which allows you the ultimate videographic freedom.

To show you the versatility of these new products, we've geared a good deal of our coverage to bedroom use—not that their portability and remote control don't make them just as easy to use in other parts of your home. It's just that the bedroom has always been our favorite. And if you're about to enter the exciting new world of pillow theater, we can't think of a better place to start.

Mary Z Levy

Editor, *Playboy Guides*

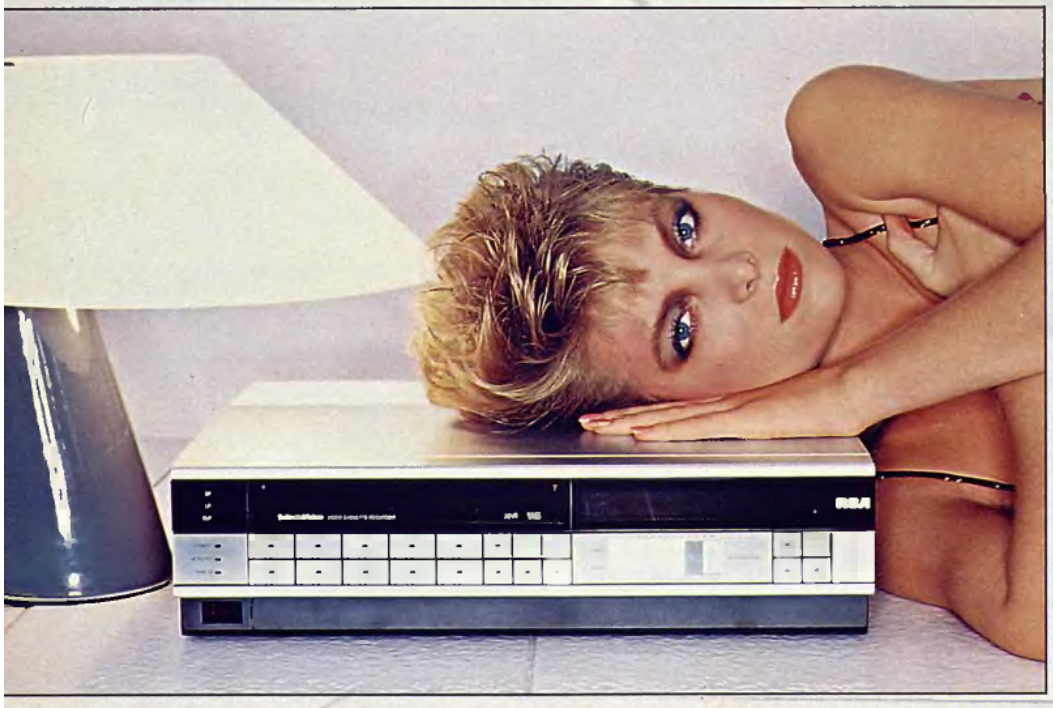


PLAYBOY GUIDE COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM MATUSIK

# VIDEO GOES TO BED

## *one-piece cameras and remote vcrs signal the ultimate freedom*

THERE'S A NEW FREEDOM in video now that may well change the way we all think about home-entertainment systems. Take JVC's VideoMovie (shown on the *Guide* cover, $1595) as a perfect example. It weighs a mere 4.3 pounds, but it's a real powerhouse. It needs no cords or wires to record on a miniature 20-minute cassette and can play back from the camcorder unit itself directly to your television. With small, simple units like this, in addition to remote VCRs, you can now create your own video programing anywhere, any time. And with anyone.



RCA's VKT650 VHS hi-fi VCR (above) lets you capture a midnight fantasy without getting out of bed. With a push of a button on the wireless remote, you can program eight events over one year, with your commands appearing on the screen. The VKT650 also has video- and audio-dubbing capability and a 133-channel cable-ready tuner, $1295. Sony has added a new twist to Beta Hi-Fi with its SL-HFR30 (above center) Betamax VCR. It's equipped with seven-day/six-event programmability and wireless remote, $650. To add hi-fi stereo recording and playback, you need the matching HFP-100 Beta Hi-Fi processor (below center), $250. When harsh lighting will spoil an intimate mood, a low-light camera such as Canon's VC-30A (far right), with an amazing ten-lux-rated sensitivity, is in order. Infrared auto focus lets you set up a scene and then get into the action yourself. The five-pound camera includes an 8:1 variable-speed zoom lens, a built-in title generator and a one-inch black-and-white electronic view finder, $1395. Its mate is the Canon VR-40A portable VCR with VHS hi-fi and wireless remote, about $1000. It docks with the VT-50A tuner/timer to form a compact tabletop system with 14-day/eight-event programmability. The tuner is cable-ready and can receive up to 139 channels, $570.

SONY
SONY

A Betamovie camcorder gives the ultimate in mobility. The NEC BM-22EU (below) has auta focus with a 6:1 power zoom. It uses standard Beta cassettes and provides up to three and a third hours of recording. It weighs abaut seven paunds, including cassette and battery, $1595.

Mitsubishi's CS-2061R monitor/receiver (left) sets the stage. The 20-inch flat-screen model has stereo-broadcast-reception capability, wireless remote, a 139-channel cable-ready tuner and a sleep timer, $820. On the screen is the front-loading Magnavox VR8445SL VHS hi-fi VCR, with wireless remote, 14-day/eight-event programmability, a cable-ready tuner and a full complement of special effects, $1399. The miniaturized Konica CV-301 camera (below) weighs a mere 1.6 pounds and has a built-in microphone and 3:1 zoom, $599.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM MATUSIK

# JVC'S LATEST BREAKTHROUGH IN VIDEO IS AUDIO.

Listen to this.

Introducing the Hi-Fi VHS system from JVC—a video deck that not only gives you a picture of astounding clarity, but also sound of such high fidelity that it surpasses even the most advanced analog systems.

JVC set out to develop a revolutionary recording process that would give listeners the feeling of being in

a live performance. And do it without affecting picture quality.

We designed a way to record the audio portion deep into the tape's magnetic coating. Then, the video signal is recorded on a shallower level. JVC's Hi-Fi VHS has a frequency response of 20-20,000 Hz and a dynamic range of more than 80 dB.

When played through your speakers, the resulting sound represents a true quantum leap in audio performance. It's a lot more than a VCR stereo system. It can actually enhance the quality of your current audio equipment.

The Hi-Fi VHS system is perhaps the most complete video deck JVC has ever made. Beyond the audio advances, its video capabilities are also highly evolved. You will enjoy time shift viewing, one touch immediate recording and a collection of special effects.

When you see it, you won't believe your ears.

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Hi-Fi VIDSTAR™ VHS

JVC COMPANY OF AMERICA, Consumer Video Division, 41 Slater Drive, Elmwood Park, N.J. 07407 JVC CANADA LTD., Scarborough, Ont.

# VIDEO GOES STEREO

## *how to gear up for the latest in sight and sound*

IT'S BEEN SAID that Johnny Carson's monologs have been the prelude to more lovemaking than all the sonnets ever written. And this year, thanks to the wonders of modern electronics, Johnny's jokes will be more seductive than ever. Carson, you see, is going stereo. According to NBC, *The Tonight Show* will be one of the first network programs to be broadcast using the recently approved BTSC (Zenith/dbx) multiplex stereo broadcasting technique. Don't be confused by the alphabet soup. Just take note: Stereo TV is one hell of an improvement over standard mono, and not just because Ed McMahon's laughter from stage right will be heard in the proper spatial perspective. The frequency range and dynamics of stereo TV can be as good as those of a high-quality FM radio broadcast, provided your TV set is equipped with a multiplex decoder.

It's a shame, really, that the first generation of VHS hi-fi VCRs, just on the market, are not equipped to decode stereo TV broadcasts. (Several Beta Hi-Fi decks have stereo OUT jacks, so you can retrofit them to record broadcast fare in stereo.) But that's hardly a reason to put off buying one of these incredible new machines. Hi-fi video recording, as you may already know, is about the biggest revolution to hit the VCR industry since the appearance of the first Betamax. It puts the performance of most open-reel audio recorders to shame and—in frequency response, dynamic range and absence of wow and flutter—is almost the equal of digital.

A hi-fi VCR lets you roll your own high-quality video sound tracks via simulcast inputs. That is, should you want to tape a music video in full stereo, you just route the output from your FM receiver to the VCR and press the deck's simulcast switch, and the VCR will ignore the mono TV sound track in favor of the high-fidelity stereo sound track from your receiver. Best of all, your local video-rental stores should be well stocked with prerecorded feature films encoded with hi-fi sound tracks. And yes, for those long evenings in bed when getting up to switch cassettes or flip over an LP becomes a tedious chore, a hi-fi VCR should really come in handy. Remember, your music video tapes can run as long as eight hours. If you've got the stamina, the VCR will supply the sound.

But making the most of stereo TV requires one more crucial step. The sound-quality explosion is hard to appreciate through the three-inch transistor-radio squawkers built into most TV sets. What you need is a good pair of genuinely high-fidelity loud-speakers. The trouble is that in the bedroom, especially, you'll probably want to push them up close to the set both to save space and to keep the sonic image in proportion to the visual one. The problem: Just about any decent woofer has a magnet strong enough to mess up the color on a nearby television screen. Lately, this has given rise to a new breed of speakers with magnetically shielded drivers for video purity to match their audio purity.

Such speakers are best used in conjunction with video components engineered to take full advantage of their superior performance. Those include hi-fi VCRs, LaserDisc players and the like, as well as separate TV tuners and video monitors and combination monitor/receivers (with built-in tuners) instead of conventional television sets. Monitor/receivers seldom require more space than regular TV sets and, therefore, are the most appealing choice for the bedroom, but they typically provide most of the benefits of true separates, including outputs for connecting external loud-speakers and, where the ultimate in performance is desired, an outboard amplifier to replace the monitor's low-power internal amp. Many current monitor/receivers contain circuitry for decoding stereo TV transmissions, and most of the other new models at least have provisions for attaching an auxiliary stereo demultiplexer.

The wealth of programing available on video cassette, video disc, cable and broadcast TV ensures that you will have a good time with all the goodies described here—particularly if you take the extra step of pulling together an integrated audio-video system capable of delivering all the superb sound quality now available.

On the next two pages, we've put together a smart sampling of some of the top audio-video aids around.

polk audio

To help you gear up for stereo video, we present some of the latest achievements in components. Clockwise from lower left is the Jensen AVS-5250 magnetically shielded Audio+Video speaker, designed to match a 25-inch monitor, $250 per pair. Standing behind it are Polk Audio's VS-19 speakers, which take advantage of the 11-inch-plus depth of most sets to increase the internal volume of the speakers for better bass response, $300 per pair. Next, RCA's 19-inch ColorTrak monitor/receiver, which features audio and video inputs and wireless remote, $570. The Toshiba CZ-2084 20-inch monitor/receiver, at right, has built-in stereo sound capability, as well as connections for external speakers. When not in use, the wireless remote slips in to become the control panel, $999. Next to the second Jensen speaker are 8&W's VM-2 shielded speakers, $500 per pair. The most compact entry (right foreground) is Boston Acoustics' A-40V shielded speakers, $165 per pair.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL COREY

It does wonders for your image.

No matter how good your conventional color television is, our AVM 258 Monitor/Receiver is probably better. A lot better. Because even the best standard TVs usually have only a 260-line resolution, while the AVM 258 has the definition of a 320-line image. And a breathtaking 400-line resolution from direct video or cable input. Plus, it's all controlled by an advanced 17-button remote. To appreciate the AVM 258's razor-sharp resolution, make it a point to see it yourself. Then, picture how well it'll fit your image.

SANYO

THE MODERN ART OF ELECTRONICS.

# HOT HOOKUPS

## *the very latest from the electronic frontier*

With the holidays at hand, we take the wraps off some of the season's best finds. New for your desktop is Panasonic's TRF-438P AM/FM clock-radio-television (below). Just six and a half inches deep, it has a four-inch screen, $210. Marantz' powerful 100-watt-per-channel SR 940 audio receiver (bottom) cashes in on the romance of remote control with its three presettable volume positions and built-in clock/timer that can turn the system on and off automatically, $640. You've got the whole world in your lap with Epson's Geneva personal computer (right). The four-pound battery-operated CP/M unit has an eight-line-by-80-character LCD display, 64K RAM and 32K ROM and comes with Portable Wordstar, Portable Calc and Portable Scheduler programs, $995. If you've got the trivia bug, Professional Software's Trivia Fever (center) can be played as a board game or as a computer game with different skill levels, $40. Now you can have digital music in your car. Compact discs hit the road with Sony's CDX-5 car stereo (bottom right), about $700.

For room-filling sound from your personol stereo, plug in o poir of Bose RoomMotes (left). The 9"x6" speokers hove o built-in power amp ond speciol distortion-limiting circuitry, $260 per pair. Yomaha and the Porsche Design group hove combined the best of sound and design in the foldable, lightweight YHL-006 headphones (center), which sound os greot os they look, $40. Okidoto's low-cost Okimote 10 color printer (bottom left) is speciolly designed for Atori and Commodore computers. Its color capacity is great for charts, and it can print out o respectoble 240 words o minute, $239. To ensure high-quolity sound with the new hi-fi VCRs, some leading manufocturers ore producing o new breed of video cassette (below). Speciol processes moke these hi-fi tapes virtuolly dropout-free, with superbinders thot keep mognetic cootings firmly in ploce. Code-A-Phone's 2570 answering mochine (bottom) does oll but breok o dote. It hos o dual-microcossette tronsport, beeperless remote, voice-activoted recording ond o built-in phone with automotic dioling, $280.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARLES SHOTWELL

# Luxman brings music home to Burt Bacharach and Carole Bayer Sager

The living room of Burt Bacharach and Carole Bayer Sager with the Luxman T-240, K-240 and L-430 High Fidelity Components.

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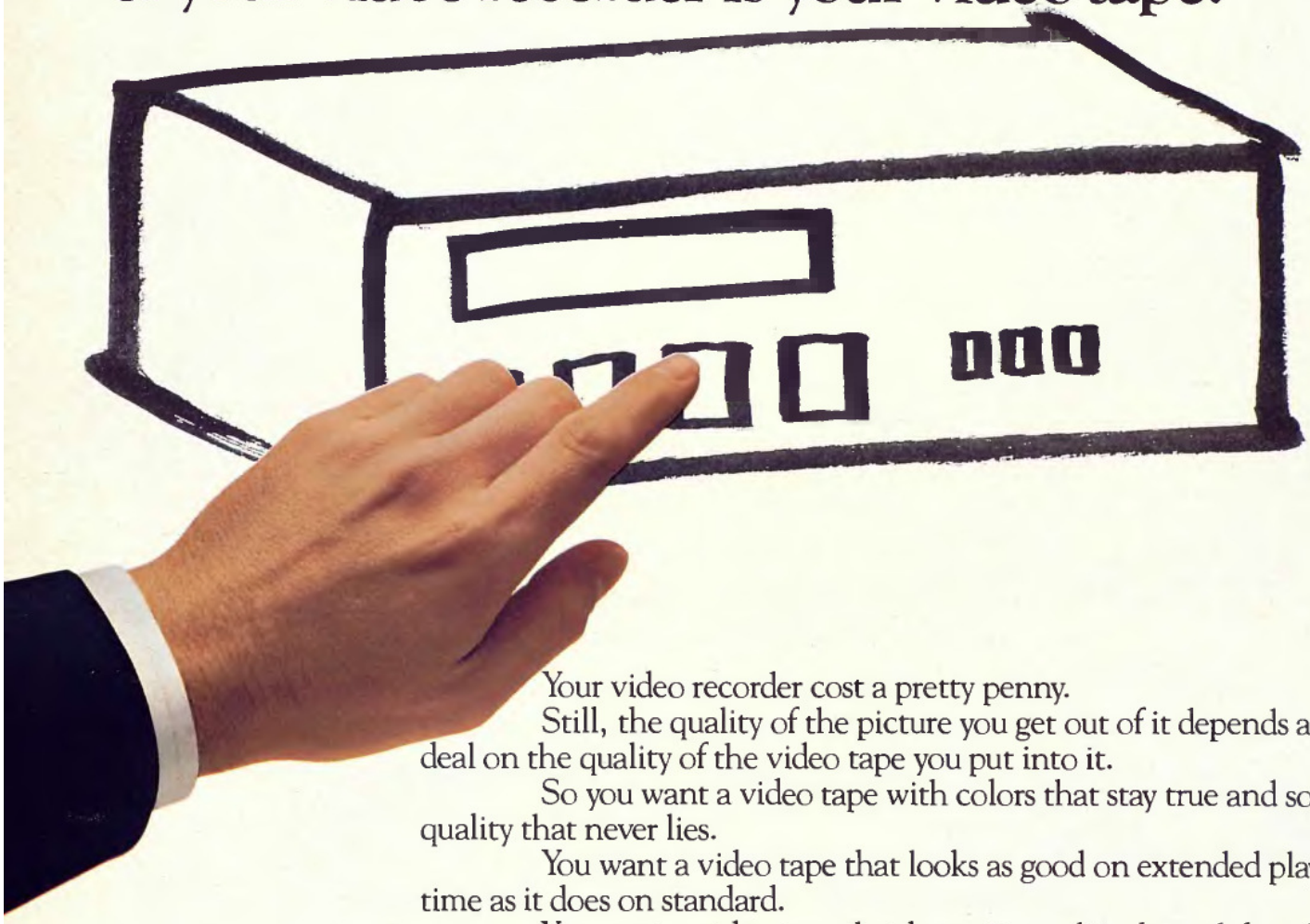
# The most important part of your video recorder is your video tape.



Your video recorder cost a pretty penny.

Still, the quality of the picture you get out of it depends a great deal on the quality of the video tape you put into it.

So you want a video tape with colors that stay true and sound quality that never lies.

You want a video tape that looks as good on extended playing time as it does on standard.

You want a video tape that keeps its quality through hundreds of replays.

You want a video tape that stands up to all the tricks your recorder can do, like freeze-frame and slow motion. You want a video tape made so well it won't endanger those valuable recording heads that make your machine so expensive in the first place.

What you want, in short, is Fuji video tape.

Because if you want to get the best out of your video recorder, it only makes sense to put the best into it.

**FUJI.**

Nobody gives you better performance.

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# FLASH

## *software you can eat and other special treats*

### ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF BITING SATIRE

Here's some software that's compatible with any user with a sweet tooth. It's a quarter pound of Karl Bissinger's French Confections milk chocolate, $5.50 each, plus $2 for postage and handling, for a minimum order of two. From Hi-Tech Choc, 350 Sharon Park Drive, Menlo Park, California 94025. The chocolate comes with no memory, just calories.

### WE'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BOOT RICHARD SIMMONS

For those of you who have been spending tons of time at the computer console, worry no more about getting a bad back or hacker's hernia. Verbatim, a software company, has put together exercises to keep you from getting soft, including:

***The windmill.*** Sit in a chair. Place your feet apart on the floor. Bend over and touch your right hand to your left foot, with your left arm extended up. Alternate sides repeatedly. Trims waist and hips.

***The derrière firmer.*** Sit in a chair. Place your hands on the chair, feet flat on floor, and lift up your hips and buttocks. Hold for five seconds, then sit back and relax. Repeat twice.

***The pectoral stretch.*** Grasp your hands behind your neck and press your elbows back as far as you can. Return to starting position and drop arms to relax. This keeps you from slouching, stretches your chest and makes co-workers horny as hell.

***The knee kiss.*** Sit in a chair. Pull one leg to your chest, grasp it with both hands and hold it for the count of five. Repeat with the opposite leg. This benefits the hamstrings.

### GAMES FOR GROWNUPS

Just in case you still think the world of serious computers is all spread sheets and no play, here's a sampling of recreational programs we thought you might enjoy. *We* did.

**Archon** (Electronic Arts). The forces of good and evil (in this case, light and dark) battle to claim power points. If you liked the monster chess game in *Star Wars*, you'll love this one.

**Beyond Castle Wolfenstein** (Muse). Now even computer programs have sequels. In case you missed the excitement of World War Two, here's your chance to battle Nazi storm troopers and stick a bomb in Hitler's conference room.

**Flight Simulator II** (SubLogic). As close as you'll get to flying a plane with both feet on the ground. Pilot a Piper through realistic high-resolution screens into more than 80 airports, through all kinds of weather.

**Graphics Magician** (Penguin). If you've ever had an urge to design your own game, here's what the pros use to paint pictures and create animation. Basic computer graphics at its best.

**Music Construction Set** (Electronic Arts). Make your own kind of music without knowing how to read a note. You write the songs that your computer can play through your stereo. A great aid is Sweet Micro Systems' Mockingboard.

**The Print Shop** (Broderbund). A well-titled program. You can create everything from personalized letterheads to original greeting cards with the help of eight type fonts and five dozen predrawn designs.

**Sorcerer** (Infocom). This is part two of the Enchanter trilogy. It's a true test of logic, with the input capability of full-sentence commands to a program that talks back to you from a 1000-word-plus vocabulary.

**Strip Poker** (Artworx). A tough game of five-card draw, with all the rules and some of the excitement of the real thing. The graphically computerized women, each with her own personality and skill level, are pretty cagey about taking it all off. There are also computerized men, if you'd rather.

## DESERT ISLAND DISCS

This one's simple. We went to some famous folks and asked them to lend us their ears. Their assignment: to play disc jockey, with one catch—they're on a desert island and they can have only five records with them. *Desert Island Discs*, running for many years on the BBC (it's one of the most prestigious shows to be invited on in Great Britain), was a major motif in Tom Stoppard's recent Tony Award–winning play *The Real Thing*.

### Jaclyn Smith

*Sailing*, Christopher Cross
*Swan Lake*, Tchaikovsky
*I'll Never Fall in Love Again*, Dionne Warwick
*I Say a Little Prayer*, Dionne Warwick
*Here You Come Again*, Dolly Parton

### Burt Reynolds

*Songs for Young Lovers*, Frank Sinatra
*Stardust*, Willie Nelson
*Nilsson Schmilsson*, Harry Nilsson
*What's New*, Linda Ronstadt
*Live on the Sunset Strip*, Richard Pryor

### Kathleen Turner

Tchaikovsky's *First Piano Concerto in B Flat*
*Too Low for Zero*, Elton John
*Alison*, Elvis Costello
*The Friends of Mr. Cairo*, Jon and Vangelis
*Limelight*, Grover Washington, Jr.

### Jeremy Irons

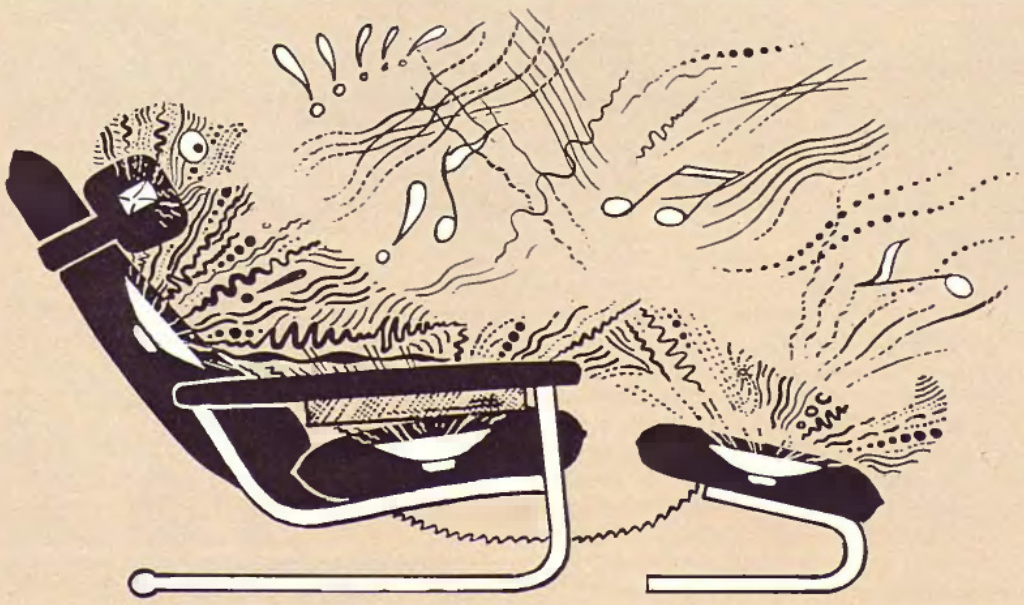
*Menemsha*, Carly Simon
*Behind the Garden, Behind the Wall, Under the Tree*, Andres Vollenweider
*First Born*, Anna and Kate McGarrigle
*He's So Beautiful*, Cleo Laine and John Williams
*If I Had My Time Again*, Julie Covington

### Mel Brooks

*From Monday On*, Paul Whiteman and his orchestra with Bix Beiderbecke and Bing Crosby
*Ain't Misbehavin'*, Louis Armstrong
*This Year's Kisses*, Billie Holiday
*After You've Gone*, Benny Goodman
*Whispering*, Tommy Dorsey Orchestra featuring Frank Sinatra

### John Candy

*Great Balls of Fire*, Jerry Lee Lewis
"The Dance of the Sugarplum Fairy," from *The Nutcracker Suite*, Tchaikovsky
Rice Krispies commercial
*The Fuehrer's Face*, Spike Jones
*I Got You (I Feel Good)*, James Brown



## I GOT THE MUSIC IN ME

From Pioneer Video, the folks who gave us the LaserDisc, it's the BodySonic chair. Speakers surround the headrest; a self-contained stereo amplifier and control unit are mounted in one armrest. There's even an optional synthesized surround sound system and ottoman. The BodySonic connects to any hi-fi system and delivers sound vibrations all over your body. The chair costs $800; the ottoman, $130. No slot for quarters, though.

# With Canon's new home video system, your pictures look like network pictures.

Simulated pictures.

Pictures that look broadcast quality.

That's what Canon's new portable home video system gives you. Because Canon Accu-Vision™ incorporates the same advanced precision optics as the Canon equipment used by the networks.

So it's not surprising you get sharp, high resolution pictures and vivid color.

Canon's new VC-30A video camera is small, streamlined and highly sophisticated. It has Canon's computer-designed f/1.4 8X power zoom lens, ⅔" high-band Saticon® tube for outstanding resolution, an exclusive infrared automatic focus system developed by Canon, 10-lux minimum illumination for shooting in very low light and a built-in character/time-lapse controller for greater flexibility.

For even more mobility, there's Canon's new, amazingly small VC-200A color video camera. It weighs only 3 lbs. 5 ozs., yet incorporates an outstanding list of features including a Canon f/1.2 6X power zoom lens and a new ½" high-band Saticon® pickup tube for superb picture resolution.

At a mere 7 lbs., Canon's new VR-30A portable recorder has four heads for crystal clear special effects, Dolby* stereo, high speed search capability and can tape up to eight hours.

The new Canon VT-50A tuner/timer can record as many as eight programs two weeks in advance. Plus it has 139 cable-ready channels and a built-in battery recharger. Together the VR-30A recorder and slim VT-50A tuner/timer form the new Canon DeckMate,™ a unique docking system that allows convenient stacking to create a compact console VCR.

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# EXCUUUUUSE US! *(continued from page 171)*

*"A celebrity, no matter how big, is at the mercy of the whims of the President."*

biggest complaint about celebrities, as defined here, is that we do things that many sophisticated people consider dumb. Naturally, they would rather be watching a TV interview with Jonas Salk; but, instead, they get Mo Mo from *Hawaii Alert* sitting by his pool, talking about his co-star, Jace Jarbman: "A wonderful human being and really great to work with; it's fun!" *Of course* we may not sound all that bright. What do we do for a living? We drive cars off cliffs and shoot people with rubber guns! When the interview is with someone who rose to fame for having large bouncing breasts, don't be surprised if the responses turn to sludge when the questions get off the subject of large bouncing breasts. In this case, there are only two legitimate questions: "What's it like to have large bouncing breasts?" and "What are your large bouncing breasts going to do next?" There is also the possibility that many celebrities are actually smarter than they act. You don't know how close I came to calling this article "*Apologia pro Celebritate*," just to prove it. It would have looked great in the magazine and been pretty impressive. I dropped it only when I couldn't think of any justification for having the title in Latin while everything else was in English.

•

One complaint people have about celebrities is that some of them receive incredible press coverage and attention that are incommensurate with their accomplishments. This is true.

When I saw Joan Collins interviewed on *A Barbara Walters Special*, she was sitting in front of 50 or so Perma-Plaqued magazine covers of herself, and I thought it was rather tacky. But later, I recognized not only her right but her brilliance in doing so. Having your face on so many magazines is actually quite an accomplishment. Whether or not some snob thinks it's meaningless is unimportant: *It's real.* It shows that a personality has exerted some force on society, and for us folks from humble beginnings who had very little hope for success, it's damned gratifying. I immediately started searching through my clippings for magazine covers, which I stupidly hadn't Perma-Plaqued, and found they were folded or faded and way beyond the Perma-Plaque stage. To take them in now would be to risk having the Perma-Plaquers laugh in my face. Now, while Joan has hers beautifully displayed, I've got mine stuffed in the bottom of a cardboard box; and if I'm ever in a position to have to remind someone I may be trying to impress that I was on 50 magazine covers, I have to shuffle back to a lousy Bekins box, while all Joan has to do is walk into the den and—wham!—there they are, in living color and fresh as the day they were published. I'm singing a tune of regret these days, and I'll bet a lot of these complaining journalists have their own little stories stuffed away somewhere, and I'll bet a lot of them wish they had had them laminated.

Another gripe is that all celebrities wear fancy jewelry and gold chains. *Of course* they wear fancy jewelry and gold chains; wouldn't you? Go ahead and tell me that if you were going to be interviewed on *Entertainment Tonight*, you wouldn't put on your best stuff, including whatever fancy jewelry you might have. The only reason a lot of celebrities have fancy jewelry in the *first* place is that it was given to them as bribes by journalists wanting to get that exclusive interview, and the poor celebrity is obliged to wear it on TV to show Rupert Murdoch that it was actually received. And what about all the times we see celebrities in sloppy old shirts and jeans? Unfortunately, it's usually on *The Tonight Show* or at some black-tie affair, but they wear them just the same. I have personally seen many celebrities actually lounge around their houses in faded clothes, just like everybody else. What difference does it make if their clothes are prefaded? The only real difference between you and them is a famous puss.

•

There is an unwritten rule that a star must never publicly grieve over his fame and fortune. Nothing is more irritating than watching a celeb lean back on a sofa the average person would kill for, then prance around his neo-Tudor mansion under the palms, pause under the Simbari painting and complain about how he can't go out anymore for fear of being mobbed. "Well, go get in your pool spa, you jerk! Go sit in the Rolls and smell the leather! Get a little party up with Sly or Burt or Frank! I'll trade places with you any day!"

But at the risk of sounding like an ingrate myself, I will mention a few of the drawbacks that you may not have considered. It's true that many restaurants give celebrities their best tables. But imagine walking in one night and finding that your special table is unavailable because Ronald Reagan happened to come in, or imagine being at a party where you are the center of attention when suddenly Reagan decides to pop over. A celebrity, no matter how big, is at the mercy of the whims of the President. You can be the biggest thing in town and if the President walks in, you're dead. If you think it's bad having your show canceled, think what it's like to

*"Actually, an orgasm wasn't the type of reflex I was expecting."*

have it happen to your personality. Suddenly, the women are no longer interested in Steve, and you can almost smell the excuses being concocted so that they can get themselves over to Ron.

Besides the constant danger of having the President take your table, there is the little matter of valet parking. Most restaurants in L.A. have it, and there is a posted fee of $1.50. Well, if you forget and don't put the exact amount in your pocket ahead of time, you've just lost 50 cents. You can't stand next to your Mercedes waiting for change from two dollars. You've got to casually toss in the extra 50 cents like you don't even care, and I don't need to remind you, that's a 33 percent tip! The result is that the noncelebrity can park ten times to the celebrity's seven, and I still believe that while you are eating, the valets put your car up on blocks and swap your engine.

And speaking of eating, I don't know of one celebrity who minds giving autographs, especially at mealtime. After all, it's the public who put you where you are, and the least you can do is give them the courtesy of a legible signature. Many times, however, celebrities are asked for autographs by people who have no idea who they are. Many autograph seekers have just a vague idea that they've seen you somewhere before, and only after getting the autograph and taking a quick peek *right in front of you* do they know you're David Hasselhoff and not Norman Mailer. You also get the feeling that some of these autograph chasers haven't paid to see you in 15 years; celebrities should have the right to see recently validated movie-ticket stubs.

I was walking down the street one day and heard a woman whisper about me, "Look, there's Eddie Murphy!" I swore that if she asked me for an autograph, I was going to sign my own name and stand my ground no matter how persuasively she might argue that I wasn't me. I waffled, however, and signed Eddie's name just to avoid problems, and I'm sure the next time she sees Eddie on TV, she'll lean over to her husband and whisper, "He's actually white."

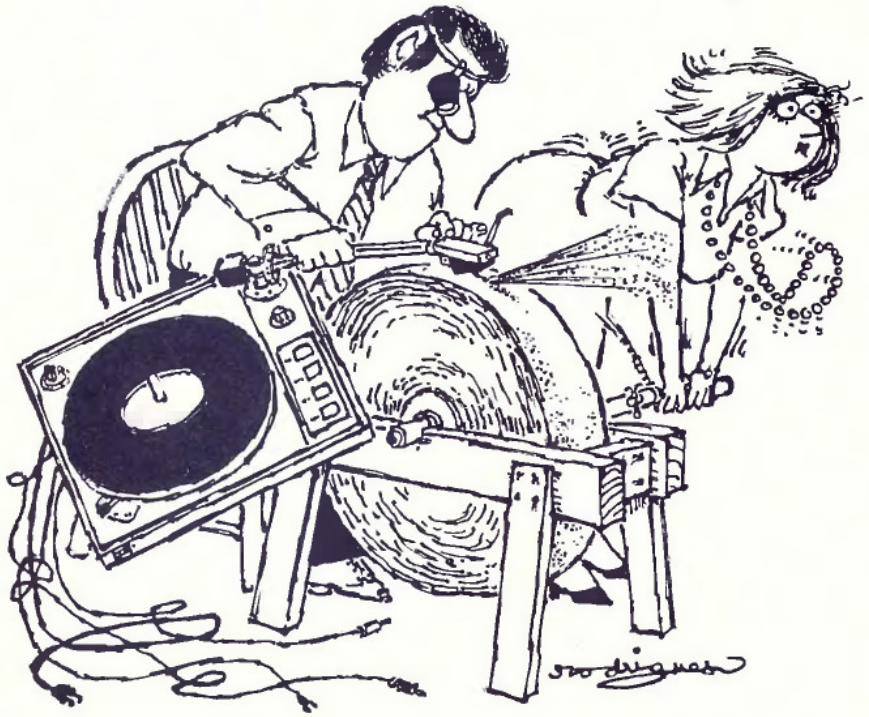
•

I am now going to tell you something that you may find hard to believe but that is common knowledge here in Hollywood. Behind virtually every form of celebrity behavior that seems graceless, or just downright dumb, there is a horrifying truth: *Most celebrities are actually scholars in philosophy who have been captured and hypnotized by the Argentine Mafia.* Proof abounds, but if you want to see some for yourself, look at a rerun of the *Barbara Walters Special* in which Christie Brinkley did her impression of Shirley Temple singing *On the Good Ship Lollipop*. Just before she asks her to do it, Barbara places her right arm on the edge of the sofa. Her hand then curls over the edge, where Christie can see Barbara's ring, which contains a mysterious stone. Barbara's hand begins to rock subtly, and then and only then does Christie begin to sing.

So the next time you're put off by a celebrated person, think twice before you throw stones. Would you be so great sitting on the hot seat on *The Tonight Show*—especially if Johnny were rocking his ring, sending you into a trance originally induced at the Argentine Mafia brainwashing camp just outside Nevada? If you were making ten grand a week, might you not go out and get one little ol' car with your initials on it? Can't you see yourself with 200 pairs of shoes? Might you not like to punch a photographer after he took that one last shot of you with your finger up your nose? Tonight, as you're lying in bed watching Johnny, I want you to imagine yourself sitting across from him, with the lights glaring and millions of people watching, and try to answer this question: "So what's next for [your name here]?"

If that doesn't make you sympathize with celebrities just a little, then what about this: Imagine yourself waking up, one, five or ten years from now, as many celebrities do, and saying to yourself, "Hey, where *is* everybody?"


# When it's time for a new stylus...



A good stereo can last a lifetime. Except for the phono stylus. It wears out. And, worn too far, it destroys priceless records.

Replacing your stylus regularly is good advice. But we have a better idea. This time, add just a few dollars and enjoy the benefits of a new Audio-Technica Vector-Aligned™ phono cartridge.

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# TIRED

*(continued from page 193)*

wait a second, I said—we used to hear that old *Dear Abby* line all the time in high school.

Wardell said, "Yeah, but that was the only time I ever heard a *guy* say it."

Well, I did a lot more research after that—I swear to God I did—and I typed it up into a giant manuscript that was even bigger than Woodward's book on me. And then you know what happened? The *dog* ate it! I swear to God! But I can sum it up. Bob Woodward lived a terminally normal life until he teamed up with a flashy dude named Carl Bernstein and broke the Watergate story and won the Pulitzer Prize. What a taste! Majestic high! Then Woodward and Bernstein went back for another shot, *The Final Days*, but the high wasn't quite as strong; and then Bernstein split, and Woodward wrote a book about the Supreme Court called *The Brethren*. Sounds like a horror novel, but it was sober and adult—it was a decent follow-up, but it had precious little *juice*, man! Zero juice—how *dry* Woodward must've felt! Like sitting in an airport lounge at daybreak and being slowly covered up by flakes of laundry detergent! Yow! Anything but that.

So he sniffed around for a source of new juice and found it in my life and death. But since he couldn't make any sense of it—as the would-be student-council treasurer can't ever make sense of the local hell raiser—he began to skin-pop raw information. (Sometimes he wished to God he could quit. When a student in a journalism seminar shouted out a question about factoids, Woodward said, "Stay away from 'em. They've made my life a living heck.")

I can hear readers asking, Why dwell on Woodward's tragedy? He's just another rich young phenom who burned out on his drug of choice; why should we care about him? Well, if by telling his story I can save *one* promising reporter from sinking down into the pit of scandalmongering, where hundreds of biographers fight it out for the rights to the next celebrity O.D., then my work will have served its purpose.

Like so many others, Woodward thought he could gain some wisdom by ingesting more and more data—and he wound up in a musty, littered study with a thousand stacks of 3″ x 5″ cards and a seedy dealer named Cathy Jones. As she cradles his long head in her arms, I finally decide to make myself visible. Woodward looks at me in anguish, gesturing around the room. "I know I missed your essence," he says. "But I can't figure out where I went wrong! Look at this *research*! Look how *hard* I worked! This is cold, hard *reality*, John—why doesn't it explain anything?"

I'll tell you what you never learned, Bob.

Reality is only a means to an end.

*"No thanks, Miss—I think I've had enough holiday cheer."*

# SICK OF CELEBRITIES

*(continued from page 170)*

case of Julio Iglesias. I could not pick Julio Iglesias—by his face or by his voice—from a boatload of soccer players, and yet his name is lodged in my consciousness. Because he paid to have it lodged there.

Two years ago, Iglesias—a megastar Spanish crooner with a huge following in South America—regretted deeply that North America did not know him from a bale of hay. So he paid Rogers and Cowan, a PR megafirm, something like $2,000,000 to make him mega above the Rio Grande. America's Next Lover was what he wanted to be.

I don't love him. But I do know, and so do major numbers of other gringos, that he sang a duet with Willie Nelson on the Country Music Association awards show last year. (Andy Warhol's prophecy that eventually everyone will be famous for 15 minutes may never pan out, but it does appear that everyone will in time sing a duet with Willie Nelson.) I don't know whether or not Rogers and Cowan arranged that performance, but I have heard the record that resulted when Willie and Julio went into the studio to do the song they sang on TV that night.

And when I heard it, I cried, "No, Willie! Sing a duet with Rosemary Clooney! Sing a duet with Freddy Fender! Sing a duet with any number of persons who, while working as many tough rooms as you have, became more good than celebrated! Do not sing a duet with this road-show Engelbert Humperdinck!"

But the thing had been done. Julio Iglesias was a giant in the industry. Celebrity in its essence.

It is hardly a new development that fame is more lucrative than workmanship. But there used to be more of a connection between the two. It also used to be that when a President looked at the nation from the television screen, part of his expression said, "Well, hell, I'm doing the best I can. But being President is *hard*, goddamn it." Presidents strove to be real. Now we have a President with a knack for simplified celebrity.

In its recent tenth-anniversary issue, *People* magazine picked the top celebrity of each year from 1974 through 1983. The first was Richard Nixon. The last was Ronald Reagan. I would not choose either man as America's Next Lover, but Nixon hit it big by dint of political workmanship and hard-earned expertise in domestic and foreign affairs. Reagan is a kind of logo, who knows as much about how the nation or the world functions as Betty Crocker knows about baking.

And yet Reagan works, in the thespian sense. He communicates serenity, because he has no shame. He has a two-year-old grandchild he's never seen, and he once called his own dog by the wrong name in front of the dog and reporters. Yet he represents abiding values to millions of

people. He shrugs and grins and doesn't put himself out. He *must have* paid his dues, because there he is. I would call it voodoo ascendancy, except that voodoo *gets down*. Celebrities today just loom large, like parade floats.

•

And yet I think more and more people are asking, "Who do celebrities think they are, anyway?" Celebrities today seem monumentally richer and more familiar. You'd think that a celebrity would feel obliged to be amazing, or at least colorful, but too many of them are content with being sufficiently famous that they don't have to be interesting. So who needs them?

"What I want to know," says my friend Jim Seay, the poet, "is how come every day it says in the paper that today is Bill Bixby's birthday. Or Tom Jones's. Or Loni Anderson's. How come it never says today is my mother's birthday? Or one of my uncles'? Or—I've got sisters, too. How come it never says it's one of their birthdays? That's what I'm interested in. I don't *care* if it's Tom Jones's birthday."

Seay comes from a county in Mississippi where the paper will have a picture of Mrs. Rainie Hazelrigs, who has grown a particularly large vegetable, and another one of Newland Fobes, who has killed three great big snakes. Mrs. Hazelrigs and Newland will be pointing to what they have grown or killed. The reasons for the pictures. Celebrities, to get their pictures in the paper, don't have to have done anything. They can just be standing there.

Today's celebrity is someone who has never allowed TV cameras into his home before, but he is making an exception this time, for *PM Magazine*. Here's some good footage of him fixing himself a salad, just like a normal individual. Today's celebrity is someone who is a very private person, really, who is uncomfortable with all the glamor and acclaim. Prefers simple pleasures, like ironing. Any normal person who said he or she liked ironing would seem crazy. But celebrities get *credit* for liking to iron. I want you to read this from a recent story about Jackie Onassis in *People*:

> She eschews bodyguards and entourages and sometimes travels alone on Doubleday business. "I walk fast," Jackie explained. On a trip to Paris, she registered at the Hotel Crillon as "Mrs. Lancaster." She met photographer Deborah Turbeville for a tour of the dusty back rooms at Versailles, which Turbeville later photographed for the 1981 book *Unseen Versailles*. "One time she leaned out of the limo window to ask directions," says Turbeville. "She didn't cringe in the car, making a big deal about it, like 'No one should see me, I'm Jacqueline Onassis.'"

Well, hell, most people would feel unreasonably privileged to be able to afford to register at the Hotel Crillon as anybody. Most people eschew bodyguards and entourages without even thinking about it, and not because bodyguards and entourages don't walk fast enough for them, either. Personally, if I had an entourage, I'd say, "Listen, y'all, I'm going to pick up the pace now," and if they couldn't keep up, I'd find me an entourage that could.

Now, I will say this: The way *People* puts it, it sounds as though Jackie Onassis *toured through the palace of Versailles in a limousine*. If she did, well, OK, that is interesting. My hat is off to anybody who would ride in an automobile of any kind right up the steps into a palace. My friends Slick Lawson, Susan Scott and Greg Jaynes and I never did that, but we did close the castle of Versailles one night. We lurked around, hoping we'd get locked in, so we could sleep over in Marie Antoinette's bed. That wouldn't have been as interesting as tooling down the back halls in a big old long black car, but it would have been worth telling about if we'd managed to do it. But some Frenchmen made a sweep through the castle before locking up, and they made us leave.

I don't think Mrs. Onassis actually got limoed from room to room at Versailles, though (saying, "Driver, that looks like an interesting torture chamber; pull over there"). I think what *People* means is that Jackie Onassis stuck her head out of a limo and asked how to get to Versailles. Actually, as I remember, the roads are pretty well marked. In fact, the way the franc is now, it's a surprisingly cheap cab ride from Paris to Versailles. I know because Slick, Susan, Greg and I missed the tour bus that night and took a cab back. I think it was just about $20, which split four ways is not bad at all. But nobody saw fit to write us up for getting a good deal like that. I have mentioned it myself a number of times, because I welcome the opportunity to let people know that I've been to France. Because it gives me a feeling of being snazzy. And people realize that I am trying to get them to help me feel snazzy, so they don't look impressed. A celebrity, though, can stick her head out of a limo in France and people will rush to regard it as just-an-ordinary-Joe behavior, which is to say another star in her crown.

Incidentally, according to *People*, Jackie Onassis recently "scored a major publishing coup by signing up Michael Jackson to write his memoirs."

Jackie K. Onassis signs Michael "*Beat It*" Jackson. All right! We're talking *elements*. That's like the Hydrogen Sisters' getting on the horn to Dr. Oxygen and saying, "Let's make water." The only thing is, do you think there is an actual book here? I mean even an actual nonbook? And if there is, do you think Michael Jackson is going to write it? I believe he could *sing and dance* his memoirs, and I would pay to see him do it; but I don't see how it could take him very long. How old is he, nine? Even if he were Joan Collins' age, I have an inkling he would be, as a memoirist, no Joan Collins.

Of course, I've heard of celebrities, in the sports world, who never even read their autobiographies. Just went over the pictures carefully. I talked to somebody the other day who had talked to a photographer who had taken pictures of Michael Jackson. The photographer wondered what Michael Jackson would be like, between pictures. He reported that between pictures, Michael Jackson just stood there, with one glove on.

Which is fine with me. Michael Jackson puts out when he's oncamera and keeps to himself when he's off. That's the way an icon ought to be. I don't want him telling us what he's really like. The next thing you know, Jackie Onassis will be signing up the Mona Lisa to write her memoirs. "I remember one day Da Vinch—I called him Leo Da Vinch, we would kid like that, he was just really very mellow—said to me, 'M.L. . . .'"

Can you believe there is a TV show called *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*? Actually, the lifestyle of the rich and famous consists of appearing as themselves on television. When they aren't appearing on *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*, they are appearing on *$25,000 Pyramid* or *Celebrity Hot Potato*. Can you believe there's a game show called *Celebrity Hot Potato*? Lainie Kazan and Jan Murray were scheduled recently. I have never watched *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*, but I know what the celebrities do on it. They talk about how busy they are (busy appearing on shows like *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*), so busy they hardly have time to just kick off their shoes and throw a couple of mahogany table legs on the fire, or maybe a couple of bodyguards, and relax like everybody else.

•

I think celebrities ought to have second thoughts about trying to make a virtue out of being like everybody else. Celebrities can lose their sheen, just like everybody else. Recently, I heard about a guy who got thrown into the drunk tank and tried to get out by exclaiming loudly that he played guitar with a big country-music star, which was true.

Finally, he got somebody's attention. A jailer went back and looked at him through the bars and said, "You really play guitar with Doowayna Wheatstraw [not her real name]?"

"Yep," said the guy.

The jailer looked at him for a minute. "I fucked her maid," the jailer said, and then he walked away.

# THE SICILIAN (continued from page 118)

*"'Sicily is a tragic land. There is no trust. There is no order. Only violence and treachery.'"*

his reasons and that those reasons are good. But what can I do? This afternoon you go to Guiliano's parents, convince them their son must trust me and remind those dear people that it was I who had them released from prison." He paused for a moment. "Then perhaps we can help their son."

In his years of exile and hiding, Michael had developed an animal instinct for danger. He disliked Inspector Velardi; he feared the murderous Andolini; Father Benjamino gave him the creeps. But most of all, Don Croce sent alarm signals clanging through his brain.

All the men at the table hushed their voices when they spoke to Don Croce, even his own brother, Father Benjamino. They leaned toward him with bowed heads, waiting for his speech; they even stopped chewing their food. The servants circled around him as if he were a sun, the bodyguards scattered around the garden constantly keeping their eyes on him, ready to spring forward at his command and tear everyone to pieces.

Michael said carefully, "Don Croce, I am here to follow your every wish."

The don nodded his huge head in benediction, folded his well-shaped hands over his stomach and said in his powerful tenor voice, "We must be absolutely frank with each other. Tell me, what are your plans for Guiliano's escape? Speak to me as a son to his father."

Michael glanced quickly at Inspector Velardi. He would never speak frankly before the head of the security police of Sicily. Don Croce understood immediately. "Inspector Velardi is completely guided by my advice," he said. "You may trust him as you do me."

Michael raised his glass of wine to drink. Over it he could see the guards watching them, spectators at a play. He could see Inspector Velardi grimace, not liking even the diplomacy of the don's speech, the message being clear that Don Croce ruled him and his office. He saw the frown on the murderous huge-lipped face of Andolini. Only Father Benjamino refused to meet his gaze and bowed his head. Michael drank the glass of cloudy white wine and a servant immediately refilled it. Suddenly the garden seemed a dangerous place.

He knew in his bones that what Don Croce had said could not be true. Why should any of them at this table trust the head of the security police of Sicily? Would Guiliano? The history of Sicily was larded with treachery, Michael thought sourly. Don Croce was the top man of the Mafia. He had the most powerful connections in Rome and, indeed, served as its unofficial deputy here in Sicily. Then what did Don Croce fear? It could only be Guiliano.

But the don was watching. Michael tried to speak with the utmost sincerity. "My plans are simple: I am to wait in Trapani until Salvatore Guiliano is delivered to me by you and your people. A fast ship will take us to Africa. We will, of course, have the necessary papers of identity. From Africa, we fly to America, where it has been arranged for us to enter without the usual formalities. I hope it will be as easy as they have made it sound." He paused for a moment. "Unless you have another counsel."

The don sighed and drank from his glass. Then he fixed his lizardlike eyes on Michael. He started to speak slowly and impressively. "Sicily is a tragic land," he said. "There is no trust. There is no order. Only violence and treachery in abundance. You look wary, my young friend, and you have every right. Perhaps I should say, in all fairness, go home to America without Guiliano." The don paused for a moment and sighed again. "But, of course, you are our only hope, and I must beg you to stay and help our cause. I will assist in every way; I will never desert Guiliano." Don Croce raised his wineglass. "May he live a thousand years."

They all drank and Michael calculated. Did the don want him to stay or desert Guiliano? Andolini spoke. "Remember, we have promised the parents of Guiliano that Michael will visit them in Montelepre."

"By all means," Don Croce said gently. "We must give his parents some hope."

Father Benjamino said with a humble insistence, "And perhaps they will know something about the testament."

•

The road from Palermo to Montelepre was no more than a one-hour drive, but in that hour Michael and Andolini went from the civilization of a city to the primitive culture of the Sicilian countryside. Andolini drove the tiny Fiat, and in the afternoon sun his close-shaved cheeks and chin blazed with countless grains of scarlet hair roots. The Fiat panted as if short of breath as it wound uphill through the enormous range of mountains.

At five points they were stopped by roadblocks of the national police, platoons of at least 12 men backed by an armored car bristling with machine guns. Andolini's papers got them through.

It was strange to Michael that the country could become so wild and primitive such a short distance from the great city of Palermo. They passed tiny villages of stone houses that were precariously balanced on steep slopes. These slopes were carefully gardened by terraced narrow fields that bristled with neat rows of spiky green plants. Small hills were studded with countless huge white boulders half buried in moss and bamboo stalks; in the distance they looked like vast unsculptured cemeteries.

Suddenly Andolini asked, "Do you really think you can help Turi Guiliano escape?"

"I don't know," Michael said. "After lunch with the inspector and Don Croce, I don't know what anything means. Do they want me to help? My father said Don Croce would do so. He never mentioned the inspector."

Andolini brushed back his thinning hair. Unconsciously he pressed his foot down on the gas pedal and the Fiat scooted forward. "Guiliano and Don Croce are enemies now," he said. "But we have made plans without Don Croce. Turi and his parents count on you. They know your father has never been false to a friend."

Michael said, "And whose side are you on?"

Andolini sighed. "I fight for Guiliano," he said. "We have been comrades for the past five years, and before that he spared my life. But I live in Sicily and so cannot defy Don Croce to his face. I walk a tightrope between the two, but I will never betray Guiliano." Michael thought, What the hell is the man saying? Why couldn't he get a straight answer from any of them? Because this was Sicily, he thought. Sicilians had a horror of truth.

He would have to find his own way, Michael thought, or perhaps abandon the mission and hurry home. He was on dangerous ground here; there was obviously some sort of vendetta between Guiliano and Don Croce, and to be caught in the vortex of a Sicilian vendetta was suicidal. For the Sicilian believes that vengeance is the only true justice and that it is always merciless. On this Catholic island, with statues of a weeping Jesus in every home, Christian forgiveness was a contemptible refuge of the coward.

Suddenly the car seemed to drop almost vertically; the road was descending out of the mountains into a valley. They passed the ruins of a Norman castle, built to terrorize the countryside 1200 years ago and now crawling with harmless lizards and a few stray goats. Down below, Michael could see the town of Montelepre.

It was buried deep in the closely surrounding mountains, as if it were a bucket hanging in the bottom of a well. It formed a perfect circle—there were no outlying houses—and the late-afternoon sun bathed the stones of its walls with dark-red fire. Now the Fiat was coasting down a narrow, twisting street and Andolini braked it to a stop where a roadblock

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manned by a platoon of *carabinieri* barred their way. One motioned with his rifle for them to get out of the car.

Michael watched Andolini show his documents to the police. He saw the special red-bordered pass that he knew could be issued only by the minister of justice in Rome. Michael had one himself that he had been instructed to show only as a last resort. How had a man like Andolini gotten such a powerful document?

The Fiat stopped in front of a row of attached houses, one of which was painted a bright blue, with a gate in which the grillwork formed the letter G. The gate was opened by a small, wiry man of about 60 who wore an American suit, dark and striped, a white shirt and a black tie. This was Guiliano's father. He gave Andolini a quick but affectionate embrace. He patted Michael on the shoulder almost gratefully as he ushered them into the house.

Guiliano's father had the face of a man suffering the awaited death of a terminally ill loved one. It was obvious that he was controlling his emotions very strictly, but his hand went up to his face as if to force his features to keep their shape. His body was rigid, moving stiffly, yet wavering slightly.

They entered a large sitting room, luxurious for a Sicilian home in this small town. Dominating the room was a huge enlargement of a photograph, framed in oval cream-colored wood. Michael knew immediately this must be Salvatore Guiliano. Beneath, on a small, round black table, was a votive light. The face was extraordinarily handsome, like that of a Grecian statue, the features a little heavy, as though wrought in marble, the lips full and sensuous, the eyes oval, with half-closed lids set wide apart. It was a face of a man without self-doubt, determined to impose himself upon the world. But what no one had prepared Michael for was the extraordinary good-humored sweetness of that handsome face.

Guiliano's father led them into the kitchen. Guiliano's mother turned from the cooking stove to greet them. Maria Lombardo Guiliano's polite smile was like a rictus on the bone-set exhaustion of her face, her skin chapped and rough. Her hair was long and full over her shoulders but streaked with heavy ropes of gray. What was startling was her eyes. They were almost black with an impersonal hatred of this world that was crushing her and her son.

She ignored her husband and Stefan Andolini; she spoke directly to Michael: "Have you come to help my son or not?" The two other men looked embarrassed at the rudeness of her question, but Michael smiled at her gravely.

"Yes, I am with you."

Some of the tension went out of her, and she bowed her head into her hands as if she had expected a blow. Andolini said to her in a soothing voice, "Father Benjamino asked to come. I told him you did not wish it."

Maria Lombardo raised her head, and Michael marveled at how her face showed every emotion she felt. The scorn, the hatred, the fear, the irony of her words matching the flinty smile, the grimaces she could not repress. "Oh, Father Benjamino has a good heart, without a doubt," she said. "And with that good heart of his, he is like the plague; he brings death to an entire village. He is like the sisal plant: Brush against him and you will bleed. And he brings the secrets of the confessional to his brother; he sells the souls in his keeping to the Devil."

Guiliano's father said with quiet reasonableness, as if he were trying to quiet a madman, "Don Croce is our friend. He had us released from prison."

Guiliano's mother burst out furiously, "Ah, Don Croce, the Good Soul, how kind he is always. But let me tell you Don Croce is a serpent. He aims a gun forward and slaughters his friend by his side. He and our son were going to rule Sicily together, and now Turi is hiding alone in the mountains and the Good Soul is free as air in Palermo with his whores. Don Croce has only to whistle and Rome licks his feet. And yet he committed more crimes than our Turi. He is evil and our son is good. Ah, if I were a man, like you, I would kill Don Croce. I would put the Good Soul to rest." She made a gesture of disgust. "You men understand nothing."

Guiliano's father said impatiently, "I understand our guest must be on the road in a few hours and that he must eat something before we can talk."

Guiliano's mother suddenly became solicitous. "Poor man, you've traveled all day to see us, you had to listen to Don Croce's lies and my ravings. Where do you go?"

"I must be in Trapani by morning," Michael said. "I stay with friends of my father until your son comes to me."

There was a stillness in the room. He sensed they all knew his history. Guiliano's mother came to him and gave him a quick embrace.

"Have a glass of wine," she said. "Then you go for a walk through the town. Food will be waiting on the table within the hour. And by that time, Turi's friends will have arrived and we can talk sensibly."

As they walked down the Via Bella, Michael saw that the town was ideally built for ambush and guerrilla warfare. The streets were so narrow that only one motor vehicle could pass through, and many were wide enough for only the small carts and donkeys Sicilians still used for transport of goods. A few men could hold back any invading force and then escape to the white-limestone mountains that encircled the town.

They descended into the central square. Andolini pointed to the small church that dominated it and said, "It was in that church Turi hid when the national police tried to capture him that very first time. Since then, he has been a ghost." The three men watched the church door as if Salvatore Guiliano might appear before them.

The sun dropped behind the mountains and they returned to the house just before curfew. Two strange men were waiting inside for them, strangers only to Michael, for they embraced Guiliano's father and shook Andolini's hand.

One was a slim young man with extremely pale skin and huge, dark, feverish eyes. He had a dandyish mustache and an almost feminine prettiness, but he was in no way effeminate-looking. He had the air of proud cruelty that comes to a man with a will to command at any cost.

When he was introduced as Gaspare Pisciotta, Michael was astonished. Pisciotta was Turi Guiliano's second-in-command, his cousin and his dearest friend. Next to Guiliano, he was the most wanted man in Sicily, with a price of 5,000,000 lire on his head. From the legends Michael had heard, the name Gaspare Pisciotta conjured up a more dangerous and evil-looking man. And yet here he stood, so slender and with the feverish flush of the consumptive on his face—here in Montelepre, surrounded by 2000 of Rome's military police.

The other man, so small that he could be taken for a dwarf, was elegant, or as elegant as a very short man could be. He had a craggy, handsome face with a generous but sensitively curved mouth.

He recognized Michael's discomfort and greeted him with an ironic but kindly smile. He was introduced as Professor Hector Adonis.

Maria Lombardo had dinner set out on the table in the kitchen. They ate by a window near the balcony where they could see the red-streaked sky, the darkness of night snuffing out the surrounding mountains. Michael ate slowly, aware they were all watching him, judging him. The food was very plain but good: spaghetti with the black, inky sauce of squid; rabbit stew, hot with red-pepper tomato sauce. Finally Pisciotta spoke in the local Sicilian dialect. "So, you are the son of Vito Corleone, who is greater even than our own Don Croce, they tell me. And it is you who will save our Turi."

His voice had a cool, mocking tone, a tone that invited you to take offense if you dared. His smile seemed to question the motive behind every action, as if to say, "Yes, it's true you are doing a good deed, but for what purpose of your own?" Yet it was not at all disrespectful: He knew Michael's history; they were fellow murderers.

Michael said, "I follow my father's orders. I am to wait in Trapani until Guiliano comes to me. Then I will take him to America."

Pisciotta said more seriously, "And once Turi is in your hands, you guarantee his

safety? You can protect him against Rome, their thousands of police and soldiers, against Don Croce himself?"

Michael was aware of Guiliano's mother watching him intently, her face strained with anxiety. He said carefully, "As much as a man can guarantee anything against fate. Yes, I'm confident."

He saw the mother's face relax, but Pisciotta said harshly, "I am not. I want to know your plan of escape." He saw Michael hesitate. "Speak freely. If the people in this room cannot be trusted, then there is no hope for Turi."

The little man, Hector Adonis, spoke for the first time. He had an extraordinarily rich voice, the voice of a born orator, a natural persuader of men. "My dear Michael, you must understand that Don Croce is Turi Guiliano's enemy. Your father's information is behind the times. Obviously we can't deliver Turi to you without taking precautions." He spoke the elegant Italian of Rome, not the Sicilian dialect.

Guiliano's father broke in. "I trust Don Corleone's promise to help my son. Of that there can be no question."

Adonis said, "I insist, we must know your plans."

"I can tell you what I told Don Croce," Michael said. "But why should I tell anyone my other plans? If I asked you where Turi Guiliano was hiding now, would you tell me?"

Michael saw Pisciotta smile with genuine approval of his answer. But Adonis said, "It's not the same thing. You have no reason for knowing where Turi hides; we must know your plans to help."

They were all waiting for him to answer. Michael knew he must tell them something. Guiliano's mother was staring at him intently. He spoke directly to her. "It's very simple," Michael said. "First, I must warn you I can wait no longer than seven days. I have been away from home too long and my father needs my help in troubles of his own. Of course you understand how anxious I am to return to my family. But it is my father's wish that I help your son. My last instructions from the courier were that I visit Don Croce here, then proceed to Trapani. There I stay at the villa of the local don. Waiting there will be men from America whom I can trust absolutely. Qualified men." He paused for a moment. The word qualified had a special meaning in Sicily, usually applied to high-ranking Mafia executioners. He went on. "Once Turi comes to me, he will be safe. The villa is a fortress. And within a few hours, we will board a fast ship to a city in Africa. There a special plane waits to take us immediately to America, and there he will be under my father's protection and you need fear for him no more."

Suddenly Guiliano's mother burst into tears. "My poor Turi trusts no one any longer. He will not go to Trapani."

"Then I can't help him," Michael said coldly.

Guiliano's mother seemed to fold up with despair. It was Pisciotta, unexpectedly, who went to comfort her. He kissed her and held her in his arms. "Maria Lombardo, don't worry," he said. "Turi still listens to me. I will tell him we all believe in this man from America; isn't that true?" He looked at the other men inquiringly and they nodded. "I will take Turi to Trapani myself."

Everyone seemed content. Michael realized that his cold reply was what had persuaded them to trust him. Sicilians all, they were suspicious of a too warm and human generosity. On his part, he was impatient with their carefulness and the disarray of his father's plans. Don Croce was now an enemy; Guiliano might not come to him quickly—indeed, might not come at all. After all, what was Turi Guiliano to him? For that matter, he wondered, what was Guiliano to his father?

Michael said cautiously, "There is a testament written by Turi Guiliano. Where is it now?"

There was a long silence.

Finally Adonis spoke. "He started writing it on my advice and I helped him with it. Every page is signed by Turi. All the secret alliances with Don Croce, with the government in Rome. If it were made public, the government must surely fall. It is Guiliano's last card to play if things come to the worst."

"I hope, then, you have it in a safe place," Michael said.

Pisciotta said, "Yes, Don Croce would like to get his hands on the testament."

Guiliano's mother said, "At the proper time, we will arrange to have the testament delivered to you."

Michael rose and said his goodbyes. He was surprised when Guiliano's mother gave him a warm embrace.

"You remind me of my son," she said. "I trust you." She went to the mantel and took down a wooden statue of the Virgin Mary. It was black. The features were Negroid. "Take this as a gift; it is the only thing I own worthy to give you." Michael tried to refuse, but she pressed it on him.

Adonis said, "There are only a few of those statues left in Sicily. Curious, but we are very close to Africa."

Guiliano's mother said, "It doesn't matter what she looks like; you can pray to her."

"Yes," Pisciotta said. "She can do as

*"Martha! Why didn't you tell me that you just painted the toilet seat for Christmas?"*

much good as the other." There was contempt in his voice.

They said their goodbyes. Michael watched Pisciotta take his leave of Guiliano's mother. He could see the real affection between them. Pisciotta kissed her on both cheeks and patted her reassuringly. But she put her head on his shoulder for a brief moment and said, "Aspanu, Aspanu, I love you as I love my son. Don't let them kill Turi." She was weeping.

Pisciotta lost all his coldness, his body seemed to crumple, his dark, bony face softened. "You will all grow old in America," he said.

Then he turned to Michael. "I will bring Turi to you within the week," he said.

•

The Fiat skirted the town of Trapani and took a road along the beach. Michael Corleone and Stefan Andolini came to a villa, larger than most, with three outlying houses. There was a wall around the villa with only a gap left on the beach side. The gate to the villa was guarded by two men and, just inside, Michael could see a wide fat man dressed in clothes that looked alien in this landscape: a sports jacket and slacks with an open-knit polo shirt. As they waited for the gate to open, Michael saw the grin on the man's broad face and was astonished to see that he was Peter Clemenza.

Clemenza was the chief underling of Michael Corleone's father back in America. What was he doing here? Michael had last seen him that fatal night when Clemenza had handed him the gun to assassinate the police captain and the Turk, Solazzo. He had remembered the look of pity and sadness on Clemenza's face at that moment two years ago. Now Clemenza was genuinely overjoyed to see Michael. He almost pulled him out of the tiny Fiat and crushed him in a bear hug.

"Michael, it's great to see you. I've been waiting for years to tell you how proud I am of you. What a great job you did. And now all your troubles are over. In a week you'll be with the family; there'll be a great feast." He stared into Michael's face fondly while holding him within his two massive arms and, as he did so, made an assessment. This was no longer just the young war hero. During his time in Sicily, the boy had grown into a man. That is to say, Michael's face was no longer open; it had the proud, closed look of the born Sicilian. Michael was ready to take his rightful place in the family.

Michael was happy to see Clemenza's huge, bulky form, his broad, heavy-featured face. He asked for news of his family. His father had recovered from the assassination attempt but his health was not as good. Clemenza shook his head mournfully. "It never does anybody any good when he gets holes punched in his body, no matter how good he recovers. But it's not the first time your father was shot. He's like an ox. He'll be OK. Sonny getting killed, that's what did the damage to him and your mother. It was brutal, Mikey, they cut him to pieces with machine guns. That wasn't right; they didn't have to do that. That was spite work. But we're making plans. Your father will tell you when we get you home. Everybody is happy you're coming back."

Andolini nodded to Clemenza; they obviously had met before. He shook hands with Michael and said he had to leave; there were things he had to do back in Montelepre. "Remember this, whatever you may hear," he said, "that I always remained faithful to Turi Guiliano and that he trusted me to the end. If he is betrayed, it is not I who will have betrayed him." He stuttered with sincerity. "And I will not betray you."

Clemenza led Michael across the open grounds to the main villa. There were armed men patrolling the walls and the beach, where the estate was open to the sea. A small dock stretched toward the faraway coast of Africa, and tethered to the dock was a large, sleek motorboat flying the flag of Italy.

Inside the villa were two old crones dressed in black, without one trace of color or light on their persons, their skin dark walnut with the sun, black shawls over their heads. Clemenza asked them to take a bowl of fruit to Michael's bedroom.

The terrace of the bedroom looked over the blue Mediterranean Sea, which seemed to part in the middle when hit by a shaft of morning sunlight. Fishing boats with bright blue and red sails bobbed on the horizon like balls skipping over the water. There was a small table covered with a heavy dark-brown cloth on the terrace, and the two men sat on the chairs around it. There was a pot of espresso and a jug of red wine.

"You look tired," Clemenza said. "Get some sleep and then I'll spell everything out for you in detail."

"I could use it," Michael said. "But first, tell me, is my mother all right?"

"She's fine," Clemenza said. "She's waiting for you to get home. We can't disappoint her; it would be too much for her after Sonny. And your father is just waiting for you to get home, Mike. He's got big plans for you. We can't let him down. So don't worry too much about Guiliano; if he shows up, we'll take him with us. If he keeps screwing off, we leave him here."

"Are those my father's orders?" Michael asked.

Clemenza said, "A courier comes by air every day to Tunis and I go over by boat to talk to him. Those were my orders yesterday. At first, Don Croce was supposed to help us, or so your father told me before I left the States. But you know what happened in Palermo after you left yesterday? Somebody tried to knock off Croce. He came over the wall of the garden and killed four of his bodyguards. But Croce got away. So what the hell is going on?"

Michael said, "Jesus." He remembered the precautions Don Croce had taken around the hotel. "I think that was the handiwork of our friend Guiliano. I hope you and my father know what you're doing."

Michael continued, "That guy that brought me here, Andolini; do you know him, Pete?"

Clemenza shrugged. "He's your father's cousin. He's one of Guiliano's right-hand men for the past five years. But before that he was close with Don Croce. Who knows? He's dangerous."

He rose and patted Michael on the shoulder. "Mikey, get some sleep."

Michael had not slept for more than 30 hours, yet his mind jumped and would not let his body rest.

There were plans and conspiracies spinning out to their final conclusions that he, Michael, could not be aware of and so must be wary of. For Michael Corleone did not want to die in Sicily. He was not part of this particular myth.

•

When Michael awoke, he was surprised to find Hector Adonis at the villa. He walked with him down to the beach.

The July sun was very hot and the sea so blue and so still that the sun reflected off it as if it were metal. Michael and Adonis sat on two chairs on the pier.

"I have a final instruction for you," Adonis said quietly. "It is the most important thing that you can do for Guiliano."

"With all my heart," Michael said.

"You must send Guiliano's testament to America immediately, to your father," Adonis said. "He will know how to use it. He will make sure that Don Croce and the government in Rome know it is safely in America and then they will not dare harm Guiliano. They will let him emigrate safely."

"Do you have it with you?" Michael asked.

The little man smiled at him slyly and then laughed. "You have it," he said.

Michael was astonished. "You've been misinformed," he said. "No one has given it to me."

"Yes, they have," Hector Adonis said. He put a friendly hand on Michael's arm and Michael noticed how small and dainty his fingers were, like a child's. "Maria Lombardo, Guiliano's mother, gave it to you. Only she and myself know where it is; not even Pisciotta knows."

He saw Michael's uncomprehending look. "It's in the black Madonna," Adonis said. "It's true the Madonna has been in the family for generations and is valuable. Everybody knows about it. But Guiliano was given a replica. It is hollow. The testament is written on very thin paper, and each sheet has Guiliano's signature. I helped him compose it over the past few years. There are also some incriminating documents. Turi always knew what the end might be and wanted to be prepared. For a young man, he has a great sense of

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strategy."

Michael laughed. "And his mother is a great actress."

"All Sicilians are," Adonis said. "We trust no one and dissemble before everyone. Guiliano's father is certainly trustworthy, but he might be indiscreet. Pisciotta has been Guiliano's truest friend since their childhood; Stefan Andolini has saved Guiliano's life in battle with the *carabinieri*; but men change with time or under torture. So it's best they do not know."

"But he trusted you," Michael said.

"I am blessed," Hector Adonis said simply. "But you see how clever Guiliano can be? He trusts only me with the testament and he trusts only Pisciotta with his life. Both of us must betray him if he is to fail."

•

Michael Corleone and Hector Adonis walked back to the villa and sat under a lemon tree with Clemenza. Michael was eager to read the testament, but Adonis said that he had to return to Montelepre.

Michael said, "Do you mind if we go on and read the testament without you? How do you open it?"

Adonis said, "Of course not. As for opening it, there's no trick. It is carved out of solid wood. The head was soldered on after Turi put the papers inside. You simply chop off the head."

Michael and Clemenza went up to Michael's bedroom. The statue was still in Michael's jacket; he had completely forgotten it. When he took it out, both men stared at the black Virgin Mary. The features were definitely African, yet the expression was exactly that of the white Madonnas that decorated almost every poor household in Sicily. Michael turned it over in his hands. It was very heavy; you could not guess that it was hollow.

Clemenza went to the door and shouted an order down to one of the women servants to bring a kitchen cleaver.

Michael held the black Madonna on the heavy wooden dresser top. He grasped the disc carved into the bottom with one hand. Clemenza carefully put the cleaver to the neck of the Madonna, raised his arm and, with a quick, powerful stroke of his burly arm, chopped off the head and sent it flying across the room. A sheaf of papers bound with a piece of soft gray leather sprouted out of the hollow neck.

Michael ceremoniously poured two glasses of wine from the jug on the night table and handed one to Clemenza. They drank and then started to read the testament.

It took them almost two hours to finish.

Michael marveled that Turi Guiliano, so young, so idealistic, had lived through these treacheries. Michael knew enough of the world to imagine that Guiliano harbored his own cunning, his own scheme of power in order to remain dedicated to his mission. Michael was filled with an enormous sense of identification and commitment to the cause of Guiliano's escape.

It was not so much Guiliano's diary, which recounted his history for the past seven years, as the documents supporting it that could surely topple the Christian Democratic government in Rome. How could these powerful men have been so foolish? Michael wondered: a note signed by the cardinal, a letter sent by the minister of justice to Don Croce.

There were also copies of operational plans prepared by high officials of the *carabinieri* to capture Guiliano—plans that had been turned over to Guiliano in exchange for services rendered.

"No wonder they don't want to catch Guiliano," Michael said. "He can blow them all up with these papers."

Clemenza said, "I'm taking this stuff to Tunis right away. By tomorrow night, it'll be in your father's safe."

He picked up the headless Madonna and stuffed the papers back inside. He put the statue into his pocket and said to Michael, "Let's get going. If I start now, I can be back here tomorrow morning." The testament would be in America within 24 hours and Guiliano would be safe.

•

Michael was deep in sleep, then suddenly came awake. It was as if he had wrenched his body out of a pit. The bedroom was completely black; he had closed the wooden shutters to bar the pale-lemon light of the moon. There was no sound, just an eerie stillness broken now by the racing of his heart. He could feel the presence of someone else in the room.

He turned over in the bed and it seemed to him there was a lighter pool of blackness on the floor near his bed. He reached over and turned on the bedside lamp. The pool became the severed head of the black Madonna. He thought it had fallen off the table and the sound had brought him awake. He relaxed and smiled with relief. At that moment, he heard a small rustling sound at the door. He turned toward it, and in the shadows the dim orange light of the lamp did not quite reach, he could see the dark, bony face of Aspanu Pisciotta.

He was sitting on the floor with his back against the door. The mustached mouth was spread in a triumphant grin, as if to say, "So much for your guards; so much for the security of your sanctuary."

Michael looked at his wrist watch on the night table. It was three o'clock. "You keep strange hours; what were you waiting for?" He got out of bed and dressed quickly, then opened the shutters. The moonlight entered the room like a ghost, appearing and disappearing. "Why didn't you wake me up?" Michael said.

Pisciotta rolled to his feet like a snake raising its head on its body to strike. "I like to watch people sleep. Sometimes in their dreams they shout out their secrets."

"I never tell secrets," Michael said. "Not even in my dreams." He stepped out onto the terrace and offered Pisciotta a cigarette. They smoked together. Michael could hear Pisciotta's chest rattle with suppressed coughs; and, indeed, his face looked ghastly in the moonlight, the bones skeletal, the skin so pale it was almost beautiful.

They were silent. Then Pisciotta said, "Did you ever get the testament?"

"Yes," Michael said.

Pisciotta sighed. "Turi trusts me more than anyone on earth, he trusts me with his life, I am the only person who can find him now. But he did not trust me with the testament. Do you have it?"

Michael hesitated for a moment. Pisciotta laughed. "You are like Turi," he said.

"The testament is in America," Michael said. "It is safe with my father." He did not want Pisciotta to know it was on its way to Tunis simply because he did not want anyone to know.

Michael almost dreaded to ask the next question. There could only be one reason for Pisciotta to be visiting him so secretly. Only one reason he had risked evading the guards surrounding the villa. It could only be that Guiliano was finally ready to appear. "When is Guiliano coming?" he said.

"Tomorrow night," Pisciotta said. "But not here."

"Why not?" Michael asked. "This is safe ground."

Pisciotta laughed. "But I got in here, didn't I?"

Michael was irritated by this truth. He wondered if Pisciotta had been passed in by the guards under the order of Clemenza. "It's for Guiliano to decide," he said.

"No," Pisciotta said. "I must decide for him. You promised his family he will be safe. But Don Croce knows you are here; so does Inspector Velardi. Their spies are everywhere. What do you plan for Guiliano? A wedding? A birthday party? A funeral? What kind of foolishness do you tell us? Do you think we are all donkeys here in Sicily?" He said this in a cold, dangerous tone.

"I'm not going to tell you my plan of escape," Michael said. "You can trust me or not, as you choose. Tell me where you will deliver Guiliano and I will be there. Don't tell me and tomorrow night I will be safe in America, while you and Guiliano are still running for your lives."

Pisciotta laughed and said, "Spoken like a true Sicilian; you haven't wasted the years in this country."

They went back into the bedroom and Michael closed the shutters. Pisciotta picked the severed head of the black Madonna up off the floor and handed it to Michael. "I threw this on the floor to wake you," he said. "The testament was inside, isn't that true?"

"Yes," Michael said.

Pisciotta's face sagged. "Maria Lombardo lied to me. I asked her if she

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had it. She said no. Then she gave it to you in front of my very eyes." He laughed bitterly. "I have been like a son to her." He paused for a moment and then said, "And she has been like a mother to me."

Pisciotta asked for another cigarette. There was still some wine left in the jug on the night table. Michael poured a glass for each of them and Pisciotta drank it gratefully. "Thank you," he said. "Now we must get down to our business. I will turn Guiliano over to you outside the town of Castelvetrano. Ride in an open car so that I can recognize you, and go directly on the road from Trapani. I will intercept you at a point of my own choosing. If there is danger, wear a cap and we will not appear. The time will be as soon as dawn breaks. Do you think you can manage that?"

"Yes," Michael said. "Everything is arranged."

He added impulsively, "Come with us to America."

Pisciotta shook his head. "I have lived in Sicily all of my life and I have loved my life. And so I must die in Sicily if I must. But thank you."

Michael was strangely moved by these words. Even with his scant knowledge of Pisciotta, he sensed that this was a man who could never be transplanted from the earth and mountains of Sicily. He was too fierce, too bloodthirsty; his coloring, his voice were of Sicily. He could never trust a strange land.

•

Michael and Clemenza had an early supper together. If they were to make the dawn meeting hour, the operation to collect Guiliano would have to start at dusk. They went over the plan again and added one detail: Michael was not to be armed. If something went wrong and the *carabinieri* or the security police arrested them, no charges could be brought against Michael, and he could leave Sicily no matter what happened.

They had a jug of lemon and wine in the garden, and then it was time to go.

They boarded the motor launch, which was already full of armed men. The boat would make its way around the southwestern point of Sicily and lay out over the horizon until the dawn started to break, when it would zoom into the port of Mazara. Cars and men would be waiting for them. From there, it would not be more than a half-hour drive to Castelvetrano, despite the swing they would have to take north to meet the Trapani road that led to where Pisciotta would intercept them.

When they docked, there were three cars waiting. Clemenza led Michael to the lead vehicle, an open and ancient touring car that held only the driver. Clemenza got into the front seat and Michael got into the back. Clemenza said to Michael, "If we get stopped by a *carabinieri* patrol, you duck down to the floor. We can't fuck around here on the road; we just gotta blow them away and make our run."

The three wide-bodied touring cars were moving in the pale, pale early sunlight through a countryside almost unchanged since the birth of Christ. Ancient aqueducts and pipes spouted water over the fields. The sound of countless insects rose above the roar of the car motors. It was already warm and humid, and the air was filled with the smell of flowers beginning to rot in the heat of the Sicilian summer. They were passing through the Selinunte, the ruins of the ancient Greek city, and Michael could see from time to time the ruined columns of ancient marble temples scattered over western Sicily by the Greek colonists 2000 years before. Those columns loomed eerily in a yellow light, their fragments of roof dripping blackly like rain against the blue sky. The rich black earth foamed up against a wall of granite cliffs; ancient ruins were toppled into mounds of huge marble. There was not a house, not an animal, not a man to be seen. It was a landscape created by the slash of a giant sword.

Then they swung north to hit the Trapani-Castelvetrano road. And now Michael and Clemenza were more alert; it was along this road that Pisciotta would intercept them and take them to Guiliano. Michael felt an intense excitement. The three touring cars went more slowly now. Clemenza had a machine pistol lying on the seat on his left side so he could bring it up quickly over the car door. His hands were positioned on it. The sun had climbed into its rightful dominance, and its rays were a hot gold. The cars kept slowly on; they were almost upon the town of Castelvetrano.

Clemenza ordered the driver to go even more slowly. He and Michael watched for any sign of Pisciotta. They were now on the outskirts of Castelvetrano, ascending a hilly road and stopping so that they could look down the main street of the town lying below them.

From their high vantage point, Michael could see the road from Palermo clogged with vehicles—military vehicles. The streets were swarming with *carabinieri* in their black uniforms with white piping. There was the wail of many sirens that did not seem to scatter the crowds of people in the main street. Overhead, two small planes were circling.

Michael felt a sick feeling at the pit of his stomach. He said to Clemenza, "How many men do you have waiting for us in town?"

"Not enough," Clemenza said sourly. His face had an almost frightened look. "Mike, we have to get out of here. We have to get back to the boat."

"Wait," Michael said, now seeing cart and donkey toiling slowly up the hill toward them. The driver was an old man with a straw hat pulled down tight around his head. The cart was painted with legends on the wheels, the shaft and the sides. It halted alongside of them. The driver's face was wrinkled and showed no expression, and his arms, incongruously muscled, were bare to his shoulders, for he wore only a black vest over his wide canvas trousers. He came abreast of their car and said, "Don Clemenza, is that you?"

There was relief in Clemenza's voice. "Zu Peppino, what the hell is going on there? Why didn't my men come out and warn me?"

Zu Peppino's stony, wrinkled face did not change expression. "You can go back to America," he said. "They have massacred Turi Guiliano."

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Michael found himself strangely dizzy. Suddenly, at that moment, the light seemed to fall out of the sky. He thought of the old mother and father, of Aspanu Pisciotta and Stefan Andolini. Of Hector Adonis. For Turi Guiliano had been the starlight of their lives, and it was not possible that his light no longer existed.

"Are you sure it's him?" Clemenza asked harshly.

The old man shrugged. "He's still lying in the courtyard where they killed him. There are already newspapermen from Palermo here with their cameras taking pictures of everybody, even my donkey. So believe what you like."

Michael was feeling ill, but he managed to say, "We'll have to go in and look. I have to make sure."

Clemenza said harshly, "Alive or dead, we can't help him anymore. I'm taking you home, Mike."

"No," Michael said softly. "We have to go in. Maybe Pisciotta is waiting for us, or Andolini, to tell us what to do. Maybe it's not him; I can't believe it's him. He couldn't die, not when he was this close to getting away. Not when his testament is safe in America."

Clemenza sighed and ordered his men to park their cars and to follow him. Then he and Michael walked down the rest of the street, which was crowded with people. They were gathered around the entrance to a side street that was filled with army cars and blocked by a cordon of *carabinieri*.

Clemenza took Michael by the arm and led him out of the crowd to one of the small houses on the side streets. This house, too, had a small courtyard and was only about 20 houses from where the crowd had gathered. Clemenza left Michael there with four men, and then he and two others went back into the town. They were gone for an hour, and when Clemenza came back, he was obviously badly shaken.

"It looks bad, Mike," he said. "They're bringing Guiliano's mother from Montelepre to identify the body. Colonel

*"Maybe I should have told you that Henry joined in with me to buy you this necklace."*

Luca is here, the commander of the army to repress banditry. And journalists from all over the world are flying in, even from the States. This town is going to be a madhouse. We gotta get outa here."

"Tomorrow," Michael said. "We'll run tomorrow. Now let's go out and see what we can do."

Against Clemenza's protest, they went out into the street. The whole town seemed to be covered with *carabinieri*. There must be at least a thousand of them, Michael thought. And there were literally hundreds of photographers. The street was clogged with vans and automobiles, and there was no way of getting near the courtyard. The town streets were so dense with people that they could hardly move.

They ate dinner in an open-air café that had a blaring radio giving news reports of Guiliano's death. The story was that the police had surrounded a house in which they believed Guiliano to be hiding. When he came out, he was ordered to surrender. He had immediately opened fire. Captain Perenze, Colonel Luca's chief of staff, was giving interviews on the radio to a panel of journalists. He told how Guiliano had started to run and he, Captain Perenze, had followed him and cornered him in the courtyard. Guiliano had turned like a lion at bay, Captain Perenze said, and he had returned fire and killed him. Everybody in the restaurant was listening to the radio. Nobody was eating. Clemenza turned to Michael and said, "The whole thing is fishy. We leave tonight."

But at that moment, the street in front of the café filled with security police. An official car pulled up to the curb, and out of it stepped Inspector Velardi. He came up to their table and placed his hand on Michael's shoulder. "You are under arrest," he said. He fastened his icy blue eyes on Clemenza. "And for good luck, we'll take you with him. A word of advice. I have a hundred men around this café. Don't make a fuss or you'll join Guiliano in hell."

A police van had pulled up to the curb. Michael and Clemenza were swarmed over by security police, searched and then pushed roughly into the van. Some newspaper photographers in the café jumped up with their cameras and were immediately clubbed back by the security police. Inspector Velardi watched all this with a grim, satisfied smile.

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Michael Corleone and Peter Clemenza were transported to the Palermo jail right after their arrest. From there they were taken to Inspector Velardi's office to be interrogated.

Velardi had six *carabinieri*, fully armed, with him. He greeted Michael and Clemenza with a cold courtesy and spoke to Clemenza first. "You are an American citizen," he said. "You have a passport that says you have come here to pay your brother a visit. Don Domenic Clemenza of Trapani. A very respectable man, they tell me. A man of respect." He said the traditional phrase with obvious sarcasm. "We find you with this Michael Corleone, and you are armed with lethal weapons in the town where Turi Guiliano has met his death just a few hours earlier. Would you care to make a statement?"

Clemenza said, "I was out hunting; we were looking for rabbits and foxes. Then we saw all the commotion in Castelvetrano when we stopped at a café for our morning coffee. So we went to see what had happened."

"In America, do you shoot rabbits with a machine pistol?" Inspector Velardi asked. He turned to Michael Corleone. "We have met before, you and I; we know what you are here for. And your fat friend knows, too. But things have changed since we had that charming lunch with Don Croce seven days ago. Guiliano is dead. You are an accomplice in a criminal conspiracy to effect his escape. I am no longer required to treat scum like you as if you were human. Confessions are being prepared, which I recommend you sign."

At that moment, a *carabinière* came into the room and whispered into Inspector Velardi's ear. Velardi said curtly, "Let him enter."

It was Don Croce, no better dressed than Michael remembered him from that famous lunch. His mahogany face was just as impassive. He waddled over to Michael and embraced him. He shook hands with Clemenza. Then he turned and, still standing, stared Inspector Velardi full in the face without saying a word. A brute force emanated from that hulk of a man. Power radiated from his face and eyes. "These two men are my friends," he said. "What possible reason do you have to treat them with disrespect?" There was no anger in that voice, no emotion. It seemed merely to be a question demanding an answer with facts. It was also a voice that stated that there was no fact that could justify their arrest.

Inspector Velardi shrugged. "They will

*"Real momma who's cooked her last Christmas dinner wants out of kitchen but still has hot stove and good legs. Wants to meet young gentleman to share far-out Christmas with all the trimmings."*

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appear before the magistrate and he will settle the matter."

Don Croce sat down in one of the armchairs next to Inspector Velardi's desk. He mopped his brow. He said in a quiet voice that again seemed to hold no threat, "Out of respect for our friendship, call Minister Trezza and ask his opinion on this matter. You will be rendering me a service."

Inspector Velardi shook his head. The blue eyes were no longer cold but blazing with hatred. "We were never friends," he said. "I acted under orders that are no longer binding now that Guiliano is dead. These two men will go before the magistrate. If it were within my power, you would appear with them."

At that moment, the phone on Inspector Velardi's desk rang. He ignored it, waiting for Don Croce's answer. Don Croce said, "Answer your telephone; that will be Minister Trezza."

The inspector slowly picked up the phone, his eyes watching Don Croce. He said, "Pronto," listened for about five minutes, then said, "Yes, your Excellency," and hung up the phone. He slumped down in his chair and then said to Michael and Clemenza, "You are free to go."

Don Croce rose to his feet and shepherded Michael and Clemenza out of the room with a shooing motion, as if they were chickens entrapped in a yard. Then he turned to Inspector Velardi. "I have treated you with every courtesy this past year, though you are a foreigner in my Sicily. And yet here in front of friends and in front of your fellow officers you have shown disrespect to my person. But I'm not the man to hold a grudge. I hope in the near future we can have dinner together and renew our friendship with a clearer understanding." Five days later, in broad daylight, Inspector Frederico Velardi was shot to death on the main boulevard of Palermo.

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Two days later, Michael was home. There was a family feast; his brother Fredo flew in from Vegas; there was Connie and her husband, Carlo, and their baby; Clemenza and his wife; Tom Hagen and his wife. They hugged and toasted Michael and commented on how well he looked. It was a family homecoming party, as if he had been away to college or on a long vacation. He was seated on his father's right hand. Finally he was safe.

The next morning, he slept late, his first truly restful sleep in three years. His mother had breakfast waiting and kissed him when he sat down at the table, an unusual sign of affection from her. She had done it only once before, when he had returned from the war. He remembered that she had kissed him the first time she served him breakfast then.

When he had finished eating, he went to the library and found his father waiting for him.

Don Corleone ceremoniously poured out two glasses of anisette and handed one to Michael. "To our partnership," the don said.

Michael raised his glass. "Thank you," he said. "I have a lot to learn."

"Yes," Don Corleone said. "But we have plenty of time and I'm here to teach you."

"I will learn," Michael said. "But don't you think we should clear up the Guiliano business first?"

The don sat down heavily and wiped his mouth of the liqueur. "Yes," he said. "A sad business. I was hoping he would escape. His father and mother were my good friends."

Michael said, "I never really understood what the hell was happening; I never could get the sides right. You told me to trust Don Croce, but Guiliano hated him. I thought the testament's being held by you would keep them from killing Guiliano, but they killed him anyway. Why did they do it? We have the testament, which proves the government was hand in glove with Guiliano. The Italian government will fall when the papers print what we give them. It doesn't make any sense at all."

The don smiled slightly and said, "The testament will remain hidden. We won't give it to them."

It took a full minute for Michael to grasp what his father had said and what it meant. Then, for the first time in his life, he was truly angry with his father. His face white, he said, "Does that mean we were working with Don Croce all the time? Does that mean I was betraying Guiliano instead of helping him? That I was lying to his parents? That you betrayed your friends and led their son to his death? That you used me like a fool, a Judas goat? Pop, my God, Guiliano was a good man, a true hero to the poor people of Sicily. We must release the testament."

His father let him speak, then rose from his chair and put his hands on Michael's shoulders. "Listen to me," he said. "Everything was prepared for Guiliano's escape. I made no bargain with Don Croce to betray Guiliano. The plane was waiting; Clemenza and his men were instructed to help you in every way. Don Croce did want Guiliano to escape; it was the easiest way. But Guiliano swore a vendetta against him and lingered, hoping to fulfill it. He could have come to you within a few days, but he stayed away to make a final try. That is what undid him."

Michael walked away from his father and sat in one of the leather armchairs. "There's a reason you're not making the testament public," he said. "You made a deal."

"Yes," Don Corleone said. "I had to be absolutely sure you came home safely. So I made a deal with Don Croce. He protected you, and in return I promised that I would persuade Guiliano not to publish the testament when he escaped to America."

With a sickening shock, Michael recalled the night he had told Pisciotta that the testament was safe in America. In that moment, he had sealed Guiliano's fate. Michael sighed. "We owe it to his mother and father," he said. "We betray his father and mother if we do not publish the testament."

"No," Don Corleone said. "I've learned something over the years here in America. You have to be reasonable, negotiate. What good would publishing the testament do? Probably the Italian government would fall, but maybe it would not. Would publishing the testament help Guiliano's mother and father or his friends? The government would go after them, put them in jail, persecute them in many ways. Far worse, Don Croce might put them in his bad books. Let them have peace in their old age. I'll make a deal with the government and Don Croce to protect them. And so my holding the testament will be useful."

Michael said sardonically, "And useful to us if we should need it some day in Sicily."

"I can't help that," his father said with a twitch of a smile.

Michael said quietly after a long silence, "I don't know; it seems dishonorable. Guiliano was a true hero; he is already a legend. We should help his memory, not let that memory go down in defeat."

For the first time, the don showed annoyance. He poured himself another glass of anisette and drank it down. He pointed a finger at his son. "You wanted to learn," he said. "Now listen to me. A man's first duty is to keep himself alive. Then comes what everyone calls honor. The dishonor, as you call it, I willingly take upon myself; I did it to save your life as you once took on dishonor to save mine. You would never have left Sicily alive without Don Croce's protection. So be it. Do you want to be a hero like Guiliano, a legend? And dead? I love him as the son of my dear friends, but I do not envy him his fame. You are alive and he is dead. Always remember that and live your life not to be a hero but to remain alive. With time, heroes seem a little foolish."

Michael sighed. "Guiliano had no choice," he said.

"We are more fortunate," the don said.

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It was the first lesson Michael received from his father and the one he learned best. It was to color his future life, persuade him to make terrible decisions he could never have dreamed of making before. It changed his perception of honor and his awe of heroism. It helped him survive but it made him unhappy. For despite the fact that his father did not envy Guiliano, Michael did.

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# SUZANNE SOMERS *(continued from page 120)*

*"'I suggested this should be an everyone-nude shooting. No one thought it was a good idea but me.'"*

also faced with a crisis that threatened to destroy her career.

In retrospect, the fates were kinder to Suzanne than they were to the show. She found immediate success with a brand-new career as a night-club headliner, and her Las Vegas revue is so successful that she often plays there 20 weeks a year. At the Las Vegas Hilton, where she now performs, she has broken all the house records except the one that is held—most likely in perpetuity—by the late Elvis Presley.

And, as you can see, something else has changed. Our most famous Playmate candidate is back in the fold at 36.

"This time, it seemed like a good idea," explains Suzanne. "I never thought the other pictures were very flattering. In fact, I was a little on the chubby side then. But I'm looking good now. I've been on the road with my night-club act, and that gets you into shape without your even knowing it. I felt that if I were ever going to pose, this would be the time."

Suzanne's manager/husband, Alan Hamel, a onetime Canadian talk-show host and commercial pitchman who quit his job to guide his wife's career, admits that when he learned that PLAYBOY was running Suzanne's Playmate test shots, he was "furious"—but not for long.

"After one week, I realized, Hey, this ain't all bad. From that moment on, I worked as hard as I could to turn it into a positive experience. In judo, you take the thrust of your opponent and use it against him. We did that with the publicity, which was enormous. I think it gave Suzanne a texture that she hadn't had before the pictorial ran."

Suzanne has even incorporated her PLAYBOY debut into her act. "I had a song written about it," she says. "It's about the struggle of getting into show business, and one line is 'I was exposed to art but, being green, got exposed in PLAYBOY magazine.' "

Alan's strategy of accentuating the positive paid off. "The reality is that if you were to walk down the street right now and ask the first hundred people you met who they remember from PLAYBOY, I'll bet an awful lot of them would remember Suzanne," he says.

Now even more people will have a chance to remember her. The new pictorial, shot in Hawaii and at the couple's Palm Springs hideaway, is something that Suzanne is doing just for the fun of it.

"Alan persuaded me to do it," she admits. "By the time we finished talking, I thought, This could be fun, because I know I look terrific."

"We didn't sit down and search our souls on this one," explains Alan. "We really look at this as a great romp. Also, we like to do things that are a little unexpected. Just when everyone thinks that Suzanne is going to make a left turn, it's nice to have her make a right."

The type of photograph involved also appealed to Suzanne. "I've not often been photographed in a natural setting," she maintains. "Most of my pictures over the past ten years have been very commercial and have had me in heavy make-up. I've not had pictures taken for which you really clean your face off—you know, just a little mascara, but that's it. And that intrigued me."

She was also intrigued by the fact that she would be posing nude for the first time in 14 years. "I found something really interesting while we were taking these pictures—that I feel sexier with my clothes on. There's some safety net to wearing clothes—there's something between you and me, and that's your garments and my garments.

"At first, I felt so vulnerable that I suggested to the photographer that maybe this should be an everyone-nude shooting, so that I wouldn't be the only one without any clothes on. No one thought it was a good idea but me."

That vulnerability was short-lived. "Nudity becomes very natural after you've spent four or five days with people and you're the only one nude. I realize when I look at some of the pictures today that it didn't even cross my mind that I was nude while they were being taken."

For Suzanne and Alan, the photo session was only the beginning of the fun. At this point, the couple is so used to controversy that a second round with the media about PLAYBOY is almost a sporting event.

"We know that the press is going to come knocking at our door and ask, 'Why did you do this when you bitched and screamed so loudly five years ago?' " Alan smiles. "It's going to be a great deal of fun dealing with the media."

Besides the media, Suzanne also has to deal with her family, including two stepchildren, Leslie, 23, and Stephen, 20, from Alan's first marriage, and her own son, Bruce, 18, from a previous marriage. Years ago, after her Playmate test session, Suzanne was informed by PLAYBOY that she had been selected as a Playmate. The magazine sent her a ticket from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

"One consideration that kept gnawing at me on the plane trip down was how I would feel about my son's seeing this in ten years," she says.

Alan, who had just begun dating Suzanne, drove her to the Playboy Building on the Sunset Strip. "I got out of the car, walked to the door, grabbed hold of the handle, stood there, turned around, got back into the car, and then I went to a phone booth and called to say, 'I won't be coming in, now or forever.' "

Forever proved to be shorter than Suzanne might have anticipated. And her worries about Bruce proved groundless. "As it turns out," she explains, "he saw the pictures anyway when PLAYBOY ran the test shots. You know what he said? He said, 'Mom, I think you look great.' "

This time, his response should be even more enthusiastic.

*"When you said it would be a stag party, I thought. . . ."*

R C A

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TECHNOLOGY THAT EXCITES THE SENSES.

Model VKP950

V C R

# CITIZEN HUGHES

*(continued from page 179)*

*"Women no longer interested him. But now something happened that definitely piqued his interest."*

"I *can* tell you that game one brings to our *Dating Game* stage one of television's brightest *young* actors," the announcer continued, bursting with the secret to which he alone was privy. But he was not yet ready to divulge it. Instead, leering, he introduced a "swinging threesome" of starlets "designed to gladden any *young* bachelor's heart." Once more the stage turned, this time to bring into view the mystery bachelor's three potential dates—"an actress who loves to cook," a dancer (who also loved to cook) and a Playboy Bunny.

Hughes watched the display impassively. Women no longer interested him. But now something happened that definitely piqued his interest. From offstage came the "*young* bachelor," arriving to the rising laughter of the studio audience, finally let in on the secret.

A small black child walked across the stage. Hughes stared at him in dismay.

The game-show host prattled on, enjoying the joke, never knowing the incredible impact that his secret would have on one viewer who had some secrets of his own—who was, in fact, at that very moment, in the spring of 1969, secretly deciding the fate of the TV announcer's entire network.

•

A network of his own—the idea had become an obsession. During his years in Nevada, Hughes watched television compulsively, around the clock, day in and day out, tuning in everything from *Sunrise Semester* (which he detested) to the *Late Show* (which he loved). He watched until the stations shut down, and even then often left his set on, falling asleep to the pictureless hum, waking up to test patterns.

Television was not only his sole source of entertainment but his chief source of information. Hughes literally monitored the world through TV. It was as if he had a closed-circuit system spying on the feared outside, and virtually all he knew of the alien planet beyond his bedroom was the flickering images on the video glass.

The TV, always on and always at top volume, was his constant companion. He frequently wrote memos manipulating national policy or making multimillion-dollar deals while sitcoms or B movies boomed in the background, sometimes making momentous decisions solely on the basis of a chance encounter with a news broadcast, a commercial, even a game show.

Memo after memo would begin, "I just saw something on TV," to be followed by an order, a complaint or a plan of action.

Once, Hughes proposed selling a major segment of his empire, the Hughes Aircraft Company, to a firm he knew only from a TV commercial: "I saw a broadcast today with some advertising for a company called AVCO, and it seemed to me that they are in just about every business under the sun except making toilet bowls. So, maybe AVCO would be a good prospect."

And often his viewing habits would have consequences far beyond his own domain. Seeing the world through television brought it down to a manageable size, and Hughes was intent on controlling the little people who paraded across his screen.

"I hear nothing but politics on TV," he wrote to Maheu with childlike petulance.

"You are in charge of all political activities for my companies and me. . . .

"Yet I have had no single word from you as to which of the many political aspirants is someone we want in office and which is not.

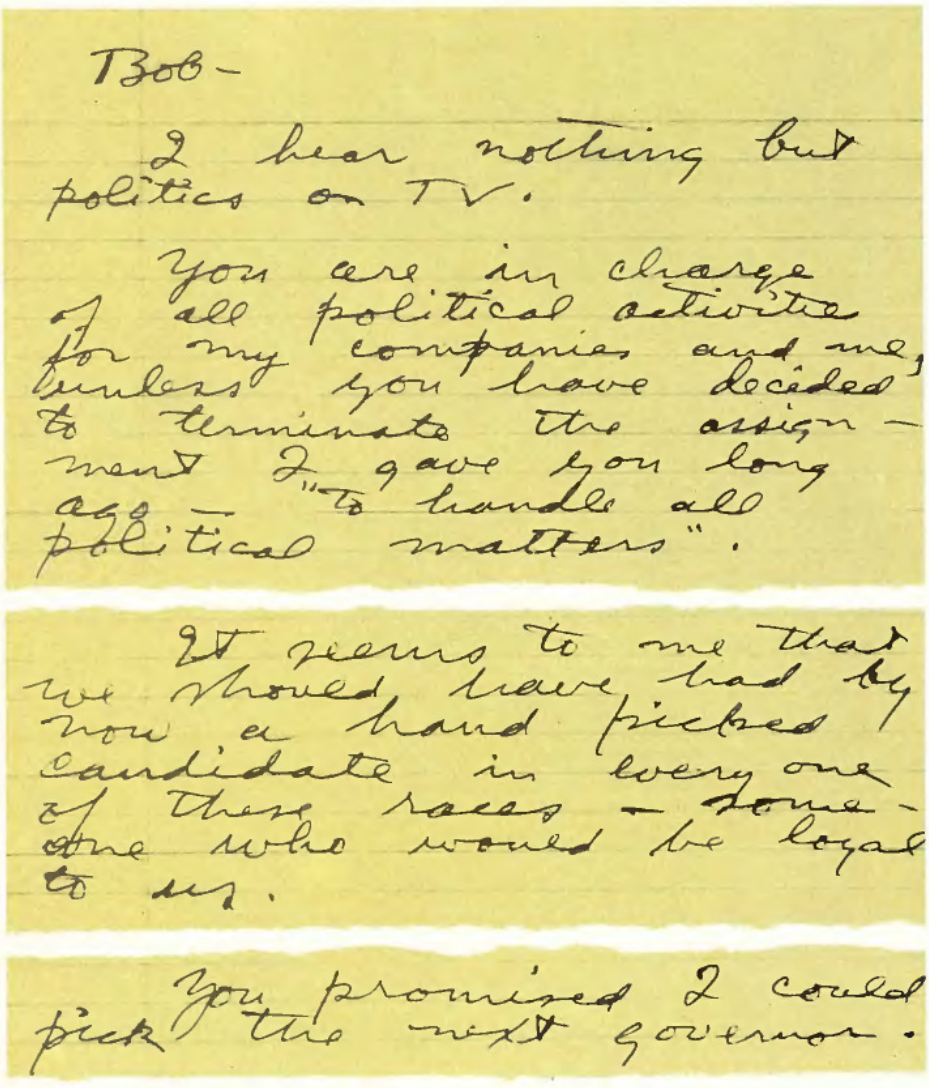
"It seems to me that we should have had by now a hand picked candidate in every one of these races—someone who would be loyal to us.

"You promised I could pick the next governor."

Yet for all his efforts to control the world through television, Hughes himself was ultimately held in thrall by it. He was as trapped in its beam as in his penthouse prison, the true dimensions of his cell not the confines of the hotel room but the 19-inch diagonal of the TV screen.

Television was a narcotic. Hughes needed it to blunt the pain of both his paranoid visions and his actual condition. Certainly, his most deadening addiction, after money and power, was not the codeine he injected into his arms, legs and groin but the TV he shot into his brain in quantities sufficient to overdose and overwhelm even a well-balanced mind.

And, indeed, Hughes clung to his TV set like an addict to his spike. Although he usually had several sets in reserve, the need to send one out for repair was almost more than he could bear. Never fully satisfied, however, he was constantly changing




Hughes's viewing habits had far-reaching consequences. His memos often referred to something he had just seen on TV, followed by plans to manipulate public policy or to make business deals.

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sets, always wanting a sharper picture, better color, higher audio and, especially, more remote control.

With more money than anyone else in the country, perhaps in all history, Hughes wanted no personal possessions, no luxuries, nothing but a really good color TV. And still the perfect set eluded him. At times, there was a veritable showroom of discarded RCAs, Zeniths and Sylvanias—fallen idols gathering dust in and around his room. And still he would send his aides in search of the ideal television.

"Lets get a brand-new very latest type portable," Hughes instructed the Mormons.

"When we have a *really* perfect result lets get rid of all the miscellaneous sets we have here and across the hall. Leaving only 2 of the very latest. Lets see if we can get a set with remote contrast or brightness. I am forever wanting this. Also I understand they have an auto fine tuning adjustment now. They claimed the remote had more functions than any other.

"Lets really try to get the best.

"Before we close the deal," he added, in this as in all his business affairs retaining final authority, "I want to know the price and the discount."

Before long, Hughes would have what he wanted. But, as it turned out, the price was $3,650,000. And there was no discount.

Still, he should have been happy. KLAS-TV, the local CBS affiliate, was his new "number one machine." Hughes had been dickering to buy the station almost from the moment he arrived in Las Vegas, and now it was his.

Treating KLAS as if it were his private TV set, Hughes not only demanded final say on all programing decisions, personally selecting the late-night movies, but actually spent hours poring over lists detailing each episode of each series running on the station. And just as the perfect television set had eluded him, the billionaire soon came to recognize that owning a TV station was not the answer, either.

Locked in a struggle to control television itself—and, thus, to control his world—Hughes would have to reach still higher. He would need to buy an entire network.

"Do you realize I am going to be faced with making a $200,000,000 decision today?" he wrote.

It was 6:30 Sunday morning, June 30, 1968. Hughes squinted uneasily at the long string of zeros he had just scrawled on his yellow legal pad. He had not slept through the entire weekend, bedeviled by second thoughts and obsessed with last-minute details. The magnitude of the impending deal daunted even him.

Hughes was about to buy ABC.

No one had ever owned more than a small fraction of a major television network, but the man sprawled amid a mass of memos on his unmade bed was determined to take a controlling interest. And to take it by surprise. He had been plotting the move for more than a year. ABC, foundering in third place, far behind both CBS and NBC in the ratings and desperately short of cash, seemed the perfect target.

This time, it was not late-night movies that interested Hughes but raw political power.

"I want to know confidentially and most accurately just how significant a position in the formulation of U.S. public opinion would be afforded us by the acquisition of ABC," he wrote to Maheu. "Anyway, my attitude is very simple. My objective is the ABC News Service and what can be done with it."

The *ABC Evening News* with Howard Hughes—behind the scenes, of course. Even as he sought Maheu's reassurance, the billionaire had no real doubt that one-man control of a national television network could give him tremendous clout.

"Although ABC may be the weakest of the 3, if a really strong position could be achieved, permitting a predictable candidate attitude, this network might very likely turn out to be the balance of power."

The balance of power. With growing excitement, Hughes watched the price of ABC stock, saw it plummet, waited until it reached a record low. Then he pounced.

On Monday, July 1, 1968, just before the opening bell of the New York Stock Exchange sounded, Hughes announced his take-over bid, catching both ABC and Wall Street by surprise. Within two weeks, 1,600,000 shares—more than a third of all the stock—had been tendered. A naked madman, eager to mold mass opinion and manipulate national politics, had just been offered the most powerful position in broadcast history.

There was only one catch—Hughes would have to appear in person before the FCC to claim his prize. It was the one thing he would not, could not do. On July 16, without explanation, Hughes rejected the stock. And his bid to take over ABC seemed to disappear as suddenly and mysteriously as it had been announced.

But his dream of owning a national network did not die.

"I have finally decided to *go* on ABC," Hughes exulted in late March of 1969, hardly able to contain himself. It was technological ecstasy. With a passion he could feel for nothing human, he now coveted the network he had so recently rejected.

> Bob, what appeals to me about ABC is its tremendous mechanical machine. There is an ABC outlet in almost every city in the US that has a CBS or NBC station.
>
> This tremendous giant of mechanical and technical perfection is just lying there going to waste. Being used daily for the transmission of the biggest pile of pure undiluted horse-shit that was ever assembled on one role of tape.
>
> Bob, ABC can only go one way, and that is up. I promise you that a 7 year old child could do a better job of running it than is being done today. That is what intrigues me—this huge slumbering giant of technical perfection that needs only to be waked up to come to life.

Lost for a moment in his dream of arousing this genie, Hughes did not lose sight of the mission he had in mind for the "slumbering giant," an exercise of enormous political influence.

"Dont forget that every White house or congressional press conference will, by custom, require the issuance of an invitation to the ABC news correspondant in co equal position . . ." he concluded. "And also a co equal position in reporting every election from now on—not after you build a network up, but right now."

The White House. Congress. Every election. A network of his own. Right now. With renewed and growing excitement, he again began to plot his take-over of ABC.

This time, he would not try to seize control. With the right approach, Hughes was certain he could now arrange a friendly business deal. And if ABC, still in dire financial straits, would go along quietly, so might the FCC. There was a new Administration. Richard Nixon wanted an "elevating" Hughes network, and now he could have one. Besides, some of the FCC commissioners were afraid that without an immediate infusion of capital, ABC, which had already been forced to cut back its programing, might actually go under.

Unfortunately, Hughes, too, was in something of a bind for cash, but he

### A NOTE ON AUTHENTICITY

On June 5, 1974, unknown burglars staged a break-in at 7000 Romaine Street in Hollywood—the supposedly impregnable headquarters of Howard Hughes. Before dawn, they had escaped with nearly 10,000 of the secret papers of the world's most secretive man. The stolen Hughes papers will be published this month in *Citizen Hughes*, a book by Michael Drosnin, and are presented here in PLAYBOY for the first time.

The authenticity of these documents was established by proof of their origins, confirmed by six years of research and also by a series of handwriting, typewriting and other tests performed by two of the nation's leading experts—Ordway Hilton, the man hired by the Hughes organization to prove Clifford Irving a fraud, and John J. Harris, the man hired by the Hughes estate to prove Melvin Dummar's "Mormon will" a forgery. Harris, who examined all of the Hughes memos published here, declared, "I am of the firm opinion that all the documents I examined were written by Howard Hughes."

wanted ABC, and he wanted it badly. If need be, he decided, he would sell the Hughes Tool Company—the golden goose he had inherited, the foundation of his entire fortune—in order to control television once and for all.

Then, just a week after announcing his final decision to "*go* on ABC," Hughes suddenly changed his mind once again.

It was Saturday night. His penthouse retreat was filled with the sound of raucous laughter. Not that Hughes was happy. In fact, he was deeply upset.

The unwelcome laughter boomed from his TV set, tuned to the network he had decided to buy. But what Hughes now saw on ABC was clearly no cause for mirth. He watched in grim silence and growing dismay. By the time the show was over, he knew he had made a terrible mistake. He reached for his legal pad.

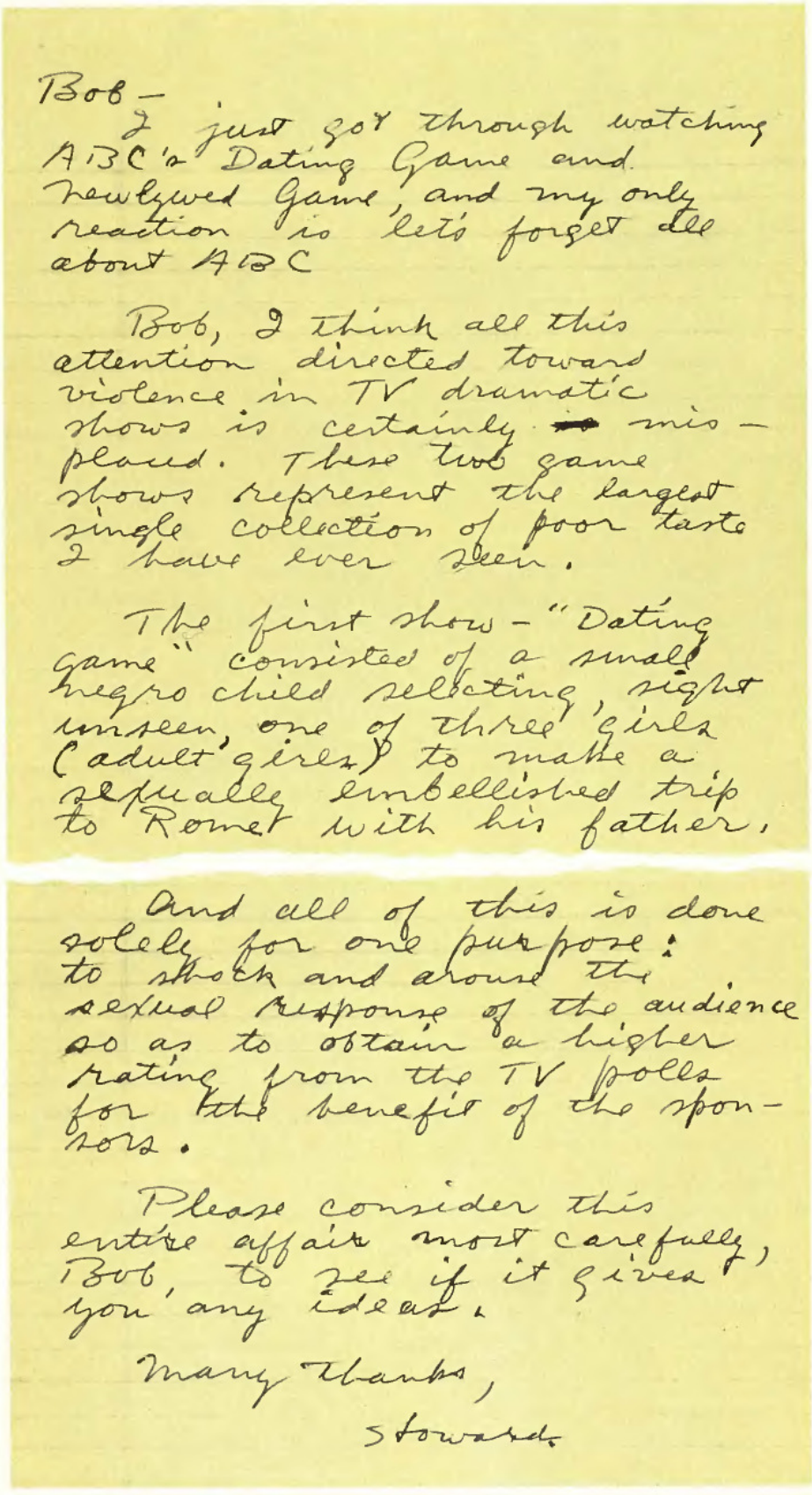
"I just got through watching ABC's Dating Game and Newlywed Game," wrote Hughes, "and my only reaction is let's forget all about ABC.

"Bob, I think all this attention directed toward violence in TV dramatic shows is certainly misplaced. These two game shows represent the largest single collection of poor taste I have ever seen."

But it was more than poor taste that riled the recluse into his sudden about-face. It was the horrendous violation he had witnessed on TV.

> The first show—"Dating game" consisted of a small negro child selecting, sight unseen, one of three girls (adult girls) to make a sexually embellished trip to Rome with his father.
>
> Two of the girls were negro and one was a very beautiful and attractive white girl. The child chose the white girl, who then was introduced to the negro father of the child and informed that she (the white girl) was to make an all expense paid vacation trip to Rome on TWA.
>
> Bob, the entire handling of the show was, in every way carried out in a manner best calculated to titilate and arouse the sexual response of the audience. The whole show was of such a marginal character, sex-wise, that, if it had been presented as a motion picture to the governing body of the movie industry, its acceptance would have been very uncertain at best.
>
> But, let me explain that I make the above comment based upon the subject matter and the treatment of the show, without any consideration whatsoever of the racial issue.
>
> Then, on top of the very marginal show of miserable taste, which I have attempted to describe above, they have to compound the abuse of any conceivable moral standard by arranging a sexual rendezvous between a beautiful white girl and a negro man in Rome, which may even be in violation of the law.
>
> And all of this is done solely for one purpose: to shock and arouse the sexual response of the audience so as to obtain a higher rating from the TV polls for the benefit of the sponsors.
>
> Please consider this entire affair most carefully, Bob, to see if it gives you any ideas.

The $200,000,000 ABC deal was dead. After months of frenzied effort, after all



Bob—
I just got through watching ABC's Dating Game and Newlywed Game, and my only reaction is 'let's forget all about ABC

Bob, I think all this attention directed toward violence in TV dramatic shows is certainly ~~is~~ mis-placed. These two game shows represent the largest single collection of poor taste I have ever seen.

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Please consider this entire affair most carefully, Bob, to see if it gives you any ideas.

Many thanks,

Howard

No one had ever owned more than a fraction of a major TV network when Hughes sought control of ABC. But after months of effort, he abandoned his plans in disgust at an ABC game show.

the sleepless nights, after plotting to seize the balance of power, after planning to auction off the most profitable part of his empire, Howard Hughes had finally abandoned his grand quest for a national television network because of a game show.

It was the collision of pure *kitsch* with pure power, a twilight-zone encounter between low camp and high finance.

Everything had come full circle. Hughes's struggle to control television, his dream of controlling the world through television, all coming to nought because, in the end, he was himself controlled by television.

It was as if he had finally actually entered the TV set he watched so compulsively, passing through its screen like Alice through the looking glass, the real "mystery bachelor" stepping from his isolation booth to join *The Dating Game*. And only to discover that his chosen dream date—ABC—was soiled merchandise.

There was, moreover, one last twist, a fateful irony that Hughes never discovered. Had he but known, an entire network might well have fallen into his hands.

The "beautiful white girl" whose race-mixing Roman rendezvous had so outraged Hughes was, in reality, a light-skinned black.

•

Alone in his bedroom, surrounded by his memos, seeing the world only through television, Hughes had a separate reality—but also had the power to impose that reality on the world beyond.

Whether the object of his attention was of national importance (the buying of a television network) or entirely trivial (the changing of a street name in Las Vegas), he was equally intent that his will be done.

And the same meticulous attention to detail that he applied to taking over ABC or the White House, he also applied to the maddest of his midnight schemes.

"I once told you I was interested in acquiring one of the bookmaking establishments in town," he wrote to Maheu one evening, musing about his plan for a global Las Vegas with Hughes himself at the center, bookie to the world.

> Well, I dont see any point of buying just one of these books. . . .
>
> It is my hope that the damndest book operation anyone ever conceived of can be developed.
>
> Bob, are you aware that any of dozens of business men in this country can pick up the telephone and call their broker, either at his office, or at home, or even out at a restaurant, and say: "Charley, buy me 50,000 U.S. Steel at the market."
>
> So, what I have in mind is a system of credit research, by which every man of substance, in the entirety of the U.S., will be catalogued and listed with all the truly significant information necessary to appraise his ability to pay and his integrity.
>
> Bob, I want to see a development under which a wealthy man can phone from London to a certain phone number in Las Vegas and identify himself and place a bet on just about anything—a horse race at Hollywood Park, a track meet in Florida, a football game in New York, an election, at the state or national level, the passage or failure of some bill up for consideration by congress, just about anything.
>
> Also, I want to see a development which will permit a man to phone from London and, after placing a bet on some event, such as mentioned above, to say "put $10,000 on the line at the Sands. . . ."
>
> In fact, when the man on the phone requests the bet, the clerk could hit one of those recording timers. . . . So, the exact instant of the bet would be recorded, and the clerk could say over the phone to the customer: "your bet is made, at 12:36:04." Then, a few seconds later, the clerk could say: "Your play occurred at 12:36:12—you won with a natural, eleven. Do you want to bet again? . . ."
>
> There are many refinements of this deal that could be worked out as you go along.
>
> Do you know why I think this kind of play would catch on? Because men, simply, by nature, like to show off. I can just see some minor league V.I.P. out to dinner with some very attractive young protagonist of the opposite sex, and he picks up the phone, brought to his table at twenty one, and he makes a five or ten thousand dollar bet over the phone. Then he turns to his girl and says: "Well, I just won ten thousand in Vegas—let's spend it."
>
> Look how that would impress the female! She would reason that he must be a pretty wealthy and a pretty trustworthy man to be able to persuade the Las Vegas gambling fraternity to extend credit and take his bet orally, by phone, all the way across the country. . . .
>
> Now, Bob, I urge you not disclose anything—not even the slightest hint—of this play by phone concept.

Rereading his memo, squinting at his own scrawl, Hughes now wondered why his grand scheme had never gone anywhere. It all seemed to make such perfect sense, laid out so plainly in such meticulous detail. He made a mental note to get it back on track and, meanwhile, continued to rummage through his papers, grabbing another thick sheaf from the night table.

Hughes was getting tired, but he could not sleep. He usually stayed up until dawn. His body flagged, but his mind reeled on, a runaway engine that could not stop and therefore *had* to find something, *anything*, to work on, work over, work to death. He seemed to believe that he worked best at the outer limits of his endurance, often pushing himself for days at a time without sleep, as if his mind, by feeding on his emaciated body, consuming it, gained some special power.

> I work around the clock, holidays mean very little to me, since I work just about all the time.
>
> I have absolutely nothing but my work. When things dont go well, it can be very empty indeed. . . .
>
> I do not indulge in sports, night clubs, or other recreational activities, and, since, in fact, I do not do much of anything else at all, except my work, just what do you suggest I do, crawl off in a corner some place and die?

That was, of course, pretty much what he had done. And quite often, Hughes was not really working at all. He was simply caught in a catatonic daze, playing with his long hair, pulling it up over the top of his head, then letting it fall, or stacking and restacking his memos. When he was working, it was often furious but wasted motion, spinning his wheels, digging himself deeper into a rut on some entirely trivial or imaginary matter. But he was always torturing himself, and at that he worked very hard.

Sometimes, he would reach into his stacks of memos and torture himself with memories. Here was one. A close encounter with grave danger only narrowly escaped. God, it was horrifying even to recall it! Still, he picked up the memo and went back in time. It was the day Lyndon Johnson abdicated, and while Hughes had mentioned in passing something about picking a new President, he was instead fixated on a real crisis much closer to home.

All his enemies were conspiring against him.

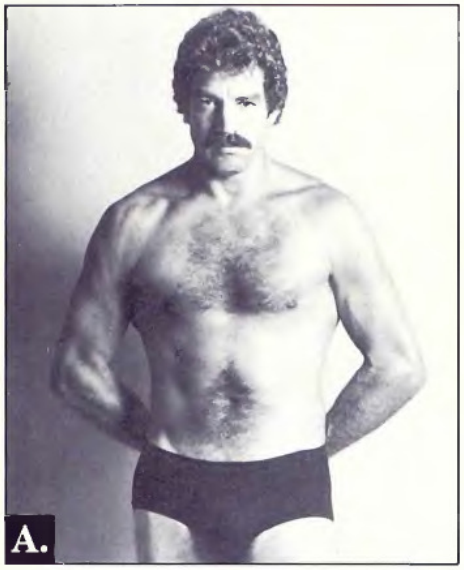
"Please dont declare war upon me so early in the day," Hughes had written that morning in a plea to Maheu. "I am well aware that this is not anything that is important to you, but merely something you were pressured into doing by certain groups here. I am speaking of the Easter Egg Hunt."

Yes. The Easter Egg Hunt. There were plans—no, a plot!—to hold it at his hideout, the Desert Inn.

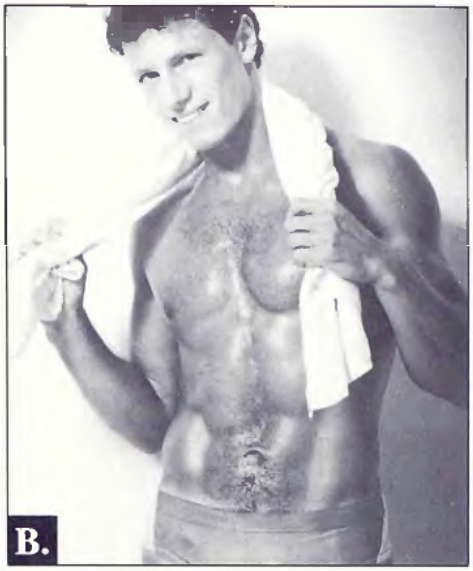
> I have been told, however, that although there are a number of people in Las Vegas who favor this event, there is a more powerful group who are dedicated to discrediting me and that this second group will stop at nothing.
>
> I am told that they intend to build a gossip campaign. . . . The substance of this story (and it has already been fed to certain Hollywood columnists, who very fortunately are friends of

*"My God—it's December 28th!"*

# WHO GETS YOUR VOTE AS THE PLAYBOY BRIEFS* 1985 BRIEFMAN?

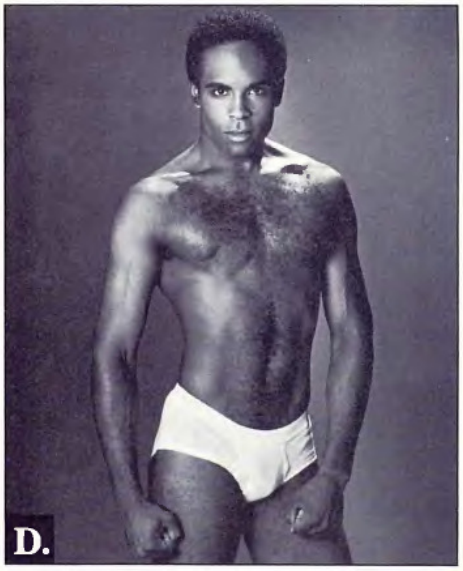



A. David Cirks

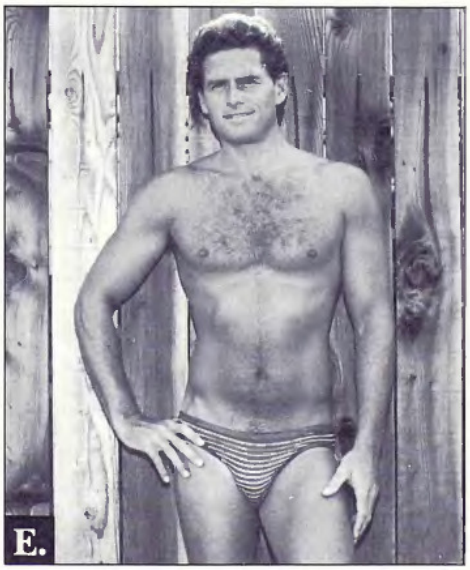



B. Jaime Brenkus

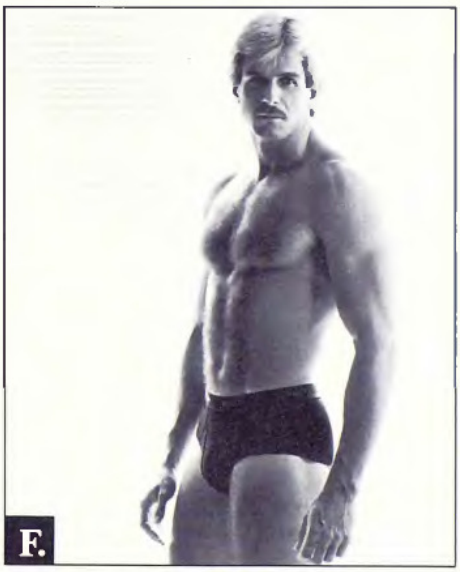
C. William Searcy




D. André E. Carthen




E. Mike McNamara




F. Peter Bramm

Just complete and mail the ballot below to register your vote for the Playboy Briefs* 1985 Briefman. Ballots are also available at participating menswear retailers and department stores. All ballots must be postmarked no later than March 31, 1985. The winner will be announced June 1, 1985.

Circle your first choice:

A B C D E F

Mail to: 1985 Playboy Briefs*
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New York, N.Y. 10156

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mine from my motion picture days) the substance is that: I am ashamed for my sinful past (adventures with females, etc.) and I am having a back-lash here, manafest in my extreme isolation from social contact, presumably for the purpose of putting temptation out of reach, and an intensive and very expensive campaign to reform the morals of Las Vegas. . . . I am supposedly waiting . . . to start a real all-out war against the normal customs of Las Vegas—such as: topless show girls etc. etc., dirty jokes, dirty advertisements etc.

Now, I am further informed, and this is what really has me worried, that this militant group plans to stage a really viscious all-out juvenile riot at our Easter party. . . .

I am not eager to have a repetition, in the D.I., of what happened at Juvenile Hall when the ever-lovin little darlings tore the place apart. I am sure your reply to that will be that, with our better-trained security force, such a thing just could not happen. However, my information is to the effect that our opponents hope we do set this riot down, because they feel they can get more publicity if we do.

Hughes somehow escaped that dreaded event, but there were dangers everywhere. His was no ordinary paranoia. It had sweep and grandeur but could also focus its full intensity on the smallest incident. And while it encompassed virtually everything, it really zeroed in on all forms of "contamination."

Unwashed and living in filth, he was forever cleaning the space around him. Nothing obsessed him more than the purity of fluids, and he had discovered something shocking about the Las Vegas water supply. It was all set out in another anguished memo.

> This water system will comprise the only water system in the world where the outlet of the sewage disposal plant plus tons of raw, untreated sewage flows right into a small, stagnant pool of water, and then flows right back out again, through a screen to remove the turds, and then into our homes to be consumed by us as drinking water, washing water, and water to cook with.
>
> It is not so much the technical purity or impurity, it is the revolting, vomitous unattractiveness of the whole thing. It is sort of like serving an expensive New York Cut steak in one of our showrooms and having the waiter bring the steak into a customer in a beautiful plate, but, instead of the usual parsley and half a slice of lemon and the usual trimmings to make the steak attractive—instead of this, there is a small pile of soft shit right next to the steak. Now, maybe technically the shit does not touch the steak, but how much do you think the patron is going to enjoy eating the steak?
>
> I think he would lose his appetite fast.

Hughes himself never had much of an appetite. He generally ate only once a day, at some odd predawn hour, and took forever to get down his meal, often requiring that a bowl of soup be reheated several times. Sometimes, he did not eat for days; other times, he subsisted for weeks on desserts alone. But he was very picky about the preparation of his food, especially about any possible contamination. His long-standing fear of bacteria was now out of control. It dominated his life.

Years before, Hughes had cut off all human contact—everyone except for his clean-living Mormon guards was seen as a dangerous carrier. And even they had to follow stringent rules designed to prevent what he called "the backflow of germs."

The few who dealt with him personally or handled anything he was to handle first had to engage in a 30-minute purification ritual called processing—"wash four distinct and separate times, using lots of lather each time from individual bars of soap"—and then don white-cotton gloves.

Not even that was sufficient. Finally, Hughes demanded that everything his Mormons delivered to him with their processed and gloved hands also be wrapped in Kleenex or Scott paper towels.

But he was hardly yet safe from the invisible threat. The billionaire dictated a complete "procedures manual," a series of meticulously detailed memos codifying such rules as the number of layers of tissues required in handling particular items, such as the clothes he now almost never wore.

"Mr. Hughes would like you to bring a box of shirts, a box of trousers and a box of shoes," began one typical "operating memorandum" titled "Taking Clothing to HRH."

> He wants you to obtain a brand new knife, never used, to open a new box of Kleenex using the knife to open the slot.
>
> After the box is open you are to take the little tag and the first piece of Kleenex and destroy them; then using two fingers of the left hand and two fingers of the right hand take each piece of Kleenex out of the box and place it on an unopened newspaper and repeat this until approximately 50 sheets are neatly stacked. You then have a paddle for one hand. You are then to make another for the other hand, making a total of two paddles of Kleenex to use in handling these three boxes.
>
> Mr. Hughes wanted you to remember to keep your head at a 45 degree angle from the various things you would touch, such as the Kleenex box itself, the knife, the Kleenex paddles.

Hughes himself, of course, could never be touched—not by naked or even scrubbed-and-gloved hands. On the rare occasions when contact was necessary, as with a wake-up ritual he devised, full insulation was required:

"Call Roy and have him come up to the house and awaken HRH at 10:15 AM sharp if HRH is not awake by that time," he instructed. "With 8 thicknesses of Kleenex he is to pinch HRH's toes until he awakens, increasing the pressure each time."

This germ-warfare campaign had continued for a full decade before Hughes came to Nevada, and by now his elaborate rituals filled a thick and constantly updated loose-leaf binder that he kept in his penthouse.

But the battle was far from over.

•

In the past, Hughes himself had been the only victim of his fears. His entire ten-year battle against contamination had been waged within the confines of his blacked-out bedrooms. The fight had been to keep the world from getting in—a purely defensive struggle. Now he went on the offense. Now the same terrors that had driven him into seclusion drove him to control the world outside.

He tried to decontaminate all of Las Vegas; his obsession with its impure water quickly spread to every aspect of the city and its environment. Indeed, all of Nevada and, finally, all of America became the targets of his runaway fears. But even as he struggled to keep his environment pure, there was a new threat looming, far more menacing than all the others.

It was already well into the evening of a very bad day when Hughes finally reached for his afternoon newspaper, carefully extracting the middle copy from a pile of three, thus avoiding contamination from the two that were exposed.

Peering through his "peepstone," a battery-powered magnifying glass that illuminated the page, Hughes prepared to scrutinize the paper, his deep-sunk eyes narrowed to catch every threatening nuance hidden in small print.

The huge headline hit him without warning: "HISTORY'S MIGHTIEST A-BLAST NEAR VEGAS." It leaped into focus through his lens and struck him with megaton force.

"This is the last straw," he scribbled in a rush of fear and anger.

"I just this minute read that they are going to shoot off the largest nuclear explosion ever detonated in the U.S. And right here at the Vegas Test Site."

It was April 16, 1968. And it was war.

"When we came here, you will remember it was a close decision between this area and one other," he wrote, reminding Maheu that he had almost gone to the Bahamas instead. "I finally chose this one,

oddly enough to avoid the hurricanes. Well I promise you I did not come here to avoid hurricanes only to be molested by some stupid ass-holes making like earthquakes."

More threatening still was the unfelt, silent enemy—atomic radiation. Yet another form of contamination, it was all the more terrifying because, like bacteria, it was invisible. There was no way to ward off the deadly rays, no possible insulation. Kleenex and paper towels could protect Hughes from germs. Isolation, armed guards and loyal Mormons could protect him from people. But nothing could protect him from the radiation.

A feared threat and a hated rival, the bomb was also bad for business.

> I have insisted from the start that any damage would be in the form of destruction to the attraction of this community as a peaceful paradise-like resort, at which people could get away from, and not be reminded of the gruesome, ever-present, over hanging threat of the ghastly image of the scarred and mutilated bodies which remained after the nuclear bombing of Hiroshima.
>
> As I say, the future image of this area should, hopefully, represent a vacation resort of the very ultimate quality—not a military experimental testing ground for exterminating devices.

Ahead of his time, even prophetic in recognizing the dangers of nuclear experimentation, Hughes, however, was not opposed to nuclear weapons, nor was he really opposed to nuclear tests. He was opposed only to testing those weapons in his own neighborhood.

In fact, the bomb was merely the focus for all his diffused fears. It gathered the dread into a critical mass, then released it all in a chain reaction of rampant paranoia.

And under that strain, Howard Hughes became a Mad Prophet of Doom. He already looked the part: the long, straggly gray hair and beard, the deeply sunken eyes, the emaciated frame. Had he been a man of equal madness, lesser means and greater moral fervor, Hughes might have taken to the streets, become a sidewalk savior, waving a placard, carrying the message of impending devastation to the masses.

Instead, he remained in hiding and scrawled his apocalyptic visions on his bedside legal pad:

> If the gigantic nuclear explosion is detonated, then, in the fraction of a second follow-ing the pressing of that fateful button, thousands and thousands, and hundreds of thousands of cubic yards of good potentially fertile Nevada soil and underlying water and minerals and other substances are forever poisoned beyond the most ghastly nightmare. A gigantic abyss too horrible to imagine filled with poisonous gases and debris will have been created just beneath the surface. . . .
>
> I say Nevada is no longer so desperate for mere existence that it has to accept and swallow with a smile poisonous, contaminated radio-active waste material more horrible than human excrement.

Lost for a moment in his nightmare, Hughes suddenly remembered an impending blast only ten days distant, and abruptly shifted his focus.

"Well," he concluded, once again the cold-eyed realist, "none of this is getting us any closer to stopping this shameful program. Now, how do we go about it?

"We must find a way to close them down."

Hughes would take his battle through every level of government and finally into the White House, trying to buy the nuclear cease-fire that no President—not even Richard Nixon—could sell him.

The bombing continued.

•

The utopian dream that had brought Hughes to Las Vegas was crumbling, the dream that he could remake Nevada, indeed America, to his own perfect vision. It had been crumbling for years. Now, in September 1969, the Nixon bomb blasts destroyed it completely. His kingdom was no longer safe.

"Bob," wrote Hughes in the grip of nuclear terror, "my future plans are in a state of complete chaos, as a result of what is happening.

"I will want you to come here to Las Vegas to supervise a massive sale of practically all of my Nevada assets."

It was time to escape from the complications, the contamination, to flee Nevada, to find a new Eden.

Day after day, he tried to make good his getaway, but each step was terrifying. For three years, he had not left his blacked-out bedroom, had not once even looked out his window, and by now the entire world outside was a dangerous unknown. He could hardly bear to think about the perils, much less actually walk out into them.

He was afraid to go, afraid to stay.

For weeks on end, he found one reason after another to put off the trip, but he never let the planning or the alertness flag for a minute. Each day, he made a definite plan and a certain decision to leave the next day, or surely the day after, but there were so many important details to work out, so many dangers to consider.

"Only one feature of this trip causes me to hold off until Monday," he informed his Mormons after months of delay.

> I want someone to make the trip from the D.I. to the point where the airplane will be parked here, and someone else to make the movement from an airplane to the door of the apartment at the destination, and both take along some kind of an air temperature measuring device, and both men to report maximum tempt. encountered during the entire transition process, and duration of any high temperature encountered.
>
> Also, freedom from insects at destination *without* using spray.
>
> Also, same measurement to be made in apartment at destination without our man spending any time therein other than the momentary period in the region just inside the front door necessary to measure temperature and check absence of insects.

"I definitely want to leave no later than Tuesday," added Hughes, quite confident now that he had scouted ahead for bugs and bad weather, "and prefer Monday in order to have a day of leeway in event of some unforeseen circumstances."

But the circumstances he had not foreseen always required more leeway than he had anticipated. And no wonder. The world outside often seemed like a vast conspiracy aimed at preventing his getaway.

"Please give this message careful consideration, as I am on the verge of making a decision concerning our departure," he wrote days later, ready to go but again sensing real danger.

"It seems to me the most important issue is the event scheduled for Wednesday. There is going to be a huge anti-Vietnam affair next week, and if the far left crowd should get wind of the fact I am in transit on this trip at that particular time, they might attempt some kind of public demonstration or protest, due to my symbolic representation of the military-industrial complex, etc.

"It seems to me it would be highly desirable for us to arrive before this affair," he continued, not at all eager to head into a mass of angry demonstrators.

"If we are en route, it could add to the problem should the press learn that I am on the way and where we are going. I can just visualize some bitter publicity by the leftist factions pointing to our destination and suggesting that it is a pleasure trip—which it is *not*, but I am sure they would use that approach.

"One thing is certain, I do not want a situation where the press is going to learn I am en route and descend on the train en masse at the end of the trip and insist on seeing me. This could develop to a point where they might demand to see me and really press the issue."

Trapped in his penthouse, trying to summon up the courage to make his daring getaway, Hughes could only picture himself trapped in his private railroad car, surrounded by swarming insects, angry antiwar demonstrators and hordes of reporters ready to expose him to the entire hostile world.

And it *was* hostile. He could see that even from his blacked-out bedroom, watching warily through his TV screen.

"Every news broadcast seems to suggest

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Kings: 9 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—100's Men: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'84

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

increasing fear over the risk of prominent Americans being molested while travelling," he noted with alarm.

"Today, for the first time, reference was made to the potential kidnapping and execution of tourists as well as diplomats.

"I know the easiest thing for you to do is to say to me, 'Well, lets play it safe and forget the trip.'

"But this is not what I want," added Hughes, though he made no move to go.

"What I want is the very most careful and dilligent all-out effort to advise me of the extent of the risk and what can be done about it, and all this without discussing it with anyone whomsoever, *and I mean this in the very strongest terms*.

"The surest way to encourage somebody to dream up some wierd plot like this would be for even the slightest trace of a hint to leak out, suggesting that we have been talking about this or that I might be concerned."

Hughes was, of course, concerned. Yet even as he sat in bed compiling a catalog of the dangers outside his closed world, he continued just as feverishly to plan his escape from the dangers within.

By now, he had a vast array of getaway vehicles on stand-by. Chartered jets under guard at remote airfields. Private railroad cars pulling in to obscure junctions. Yachts being appraised at distant ports. Mobile homes being outfitted for cross-country travel. Fleets of unmarked cars and limousines and customized vans waiting for his go signal.

Train schedules and flight-condition reports, weather reports and road maps littered his bedroom. And his loyal Mormons stood on alert, packed to go ever since Hughes first decided to make his escape.

But the billionaire could not budge.

•

August 1970. Howard Hughes lay sprawled on his bed, watching the 11-o'clock news, when the utter desperation of his sorry situation suddenly crystallized on the TV screen, hitting him as it never had before.

Almost a year had passed since Hughes first planned his big getaway, month after month of frantic stop-and-go preparations, but at last he was actually ready. It was finally time to escape to paradise—Paradise Island, in the Bahamas.

Not one but two entire floors in two hotels were reserved, sealed, under guard and awaiting his arrival. Hughes was, in fact, about to close a deal to buy the whole enchanted island.

But now, late on the evening of Friday, August seventh, right there on his television, came the shocking news. Nerve gas! Sixty-six tons of lethal nerve gas, one ninth of the Pentagon's poisonous stockpile, 12,500 decomposing old M-55 rockets encased in concrete "coffins," all being loaded onto trains at Army depots in Kentucky and Alabama, trains headed for U.S. Navy ships in North Carolina, ships that would carry the thousands of leaking canisters south and dump the entire deadly cargo into the Atlantic Ocean, sink it all right off the coast of the Bahamas—just 150 miles from Paradise Island.

Hughes watched the incredible spectacle in stunned horror. What he saw was far beyond his worst paranoid vision.

Tons of GB and VX gas, gas so lethal that a few pounds could kill thousands in minutes, gas so deadly that one ten-thousandth of an ounce could destroy the central nervous system, simply dissolve the enzymes that transmit nerve impulses, leave a man twitching horribly and choking for air until he finally just stopped breathing and died—all that gas was right now headed straight for his secret haven.

The one place fit for his exile was about to be irrevocably poisoned by another invisible plague. A plague fully as terrifying as atomic radiation—indeed, even more insidious, more threatening to a man obsessed with the purity of fluids.

Hughes grabbed his bedside legal pad and scrawled an urgent all-points bulletin to all his key aides and executives.

"Bob——

"Chester——

"*Roy*——

"George——

"John——

"& Bill Gay in Los Angeles——

"I want this to be an all, all-out effort beyond anything we have ever mounted before on anything, and putting aside all considerations of expense," wrote Hughes, mobilizing his Mormons and their leader, Bill Gay, calling in his chief counsel, Chester Davis, no longer willing to rely on Maheu alone, Maheu, who had failed to protect him from the bomb.

"I want you to hire one of those Washington or N.Y. public relations firms that specializes in single difficult emergency political problems such as this," Hughes continued, mapping out his antigas campaign. . . .

"I want every available avenue of effort to be pursued, but I think the most effective is to persuade the Bahamian Govt. to lodge a *really strong* demand.

"I know they have already complained, but not to any-where near the extent that can be done.

"If we have even 1/10th the amount of influence with the Bahamian Govt. that you have assured me we have, then a really strong new complaint can be lodged and somehow a way must be found to publicize this to the high heavens.

"I assure you that if hundreds of TV stations all over the world starting right now during the weekend can be induced to start in ballyhooing this issue and playing up the black vs. white aspect of it, I think there is a real chance of success.

"Nixon, with his well-publicized attitude toward the black race, is a natural target for this kind of campaign," continued Hughes, now zeroing in on his unlikely nemesis, the ingrate he had so generously supported all these years, the man he had chosen to be President.

Nixon was calling down strikes on all his positions. Bombing him in Nevada. Gassing him in the Bahamas. Forcing him out of his kingdom. Now cutting off his escape route. It was time to strike back.

"I can just see a cartoon of the Bahama Islands with a carricature of a thick-lipped black boy, of the typical Calypso-singing-variety, and Mr. Nixon descending on him with his bulging container of nerve-gas," wrote Hughes, relishing his counterattack on the treacherous Commander in Chief.

"I am positive Nixon will be more responsive to a plea from another government, particularly a negro government, than he ever would be to pressures from within.

"I beg you to move like lightning on this. I am sure you agree that the most difficult problem we face is *time*."

•

Finally, three months later, on Thanksgiving eve 1970, almost four years to the day from his arrival in Las Vegas, Howard Hughes made his Great Escape.

He did not walk down the stairs or take the elevator but, instead, sneaked down a rear fire escape. Or, rather, he was carried down, a grand invalid held aloft by his loyal Mormons, as they slowly descended eight narrow flights.

The billionaire lay on a stretcher, dressed for the first time since he arrived, again in blue pajamas, his arms and legs poking out bone-thin, a 6′4″ near skeleton weighing just over 100 pounds, his scraggly beard reaching down past a sunken chest, his yellowed-gray hair, uncut for four years, nearly two feet long—rakishly topped by a snap-brim brown fedora. It was the kind he had worn in his daredevil youth, when he was breaking world flying records.

Now, he instead took flight down the fire escape, was slipped into an unmarked van and finally carried aboard a private jet, while his pilots, as ordered, walked off into the darkness. The plane flew its unidentified passenger directly to the Bahamas.

Early the next morning, Hughes was safely ensconced in another blacked-out bedroom of another ninth-floor penthouse in the Britannia Beach Hotel on Paradise Island.

His big getaway was a great success. Howard Hughes had escaped, unseen, from one self-made prison and locked himself in another.

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# DEAL ME IN *(continued from page 175)*

*"Research-and-development deals are another fine way to feel good losing money."*

been raised, and—confidentially—it's *always* a zinger! What's more, these deals are made up *mostly* of grandmothers who need no tax shelter—or so it sounds (somehow, their names never wind up with yours in the list of limited partners).

And the funny thing is, your college buddy really meant to do well by you and took the commission he made selling you and the rest of the frat house and invested in a half unit himself. The general partner, too, was eager for you to succeed, not least because he retained a 25 percent interest in the wells. If they bombed, he made only a fee for drilling them and a fee for maintaining them and a fee for trying to rescue them and a fee for putting the deal together in the first place.

My college buddy has long since gone on to bigger and better things and last year made more money than the President of the United States. The general partner has moved to even plusher offices and sends us the bad news more or less on time every quarter. He doesn't write to us directly; he has a much-abused vice-president of investor relations for that. He's had five of them since we started.

DEAL NUMBER TWO—PAPER CASTLES

Some real-estate deals are erected entirely on tax opinions. I avoid the ones that promise a three-to-one write-off (invest $60,000, write off $180,000, save $90,000 in taxes), in part because they'd make me feel slimy and in part because I haven't the faintest notion whether or not the tax opinions will ultimately stand up. The prospectus goes on endlessly about there being "no assurance" the IRS will allow the deductions; the tax-shelter promoter goes on endlessly about all prospectuses' having to say that . . . but.

I also avoid deals marketed by the major investment houses. The imprimatur of a huge brokerage firm suggests legitimacy, and that's no small thing. But one somehow feels that the choicest deals will not be reserved for the retail accounts and that only part of the motivation in structuring the deal is to make the investors rich.

I've been a tiny partner in a couple of New York City co-op conversions, where by doing some paperwork and paying some attorneys' fees (and being patient), you turn a $350,000 brownstone with five rental apartments into exactly the same brownstone with five *cooperative* apartments that you sell for $600,000. (This is not a $250,000 profit on a $350,000 investment, it's a $250,000 profit on a *$100,000* investment, because the rest of the purchase price is financed by the bank.)

But by and large, I feel more comfortable seeing my dollars go actually to *build* something. This can be risky. We took a run-down eight-story building, gutted it, put in a new elevator and eight new apartments, sold them—which was not easy in 1982—and, after two and a half years, barely broke even. Such was the leverage in that deal (the bank having put up most of the money) that had we just hung on for another year before selling—which, by gritting our teeth a little harder, we could have afforded to do—we would have gotten 30 percent or 40 percent more for each apartment and, instead of breaking even, tripled our cash.

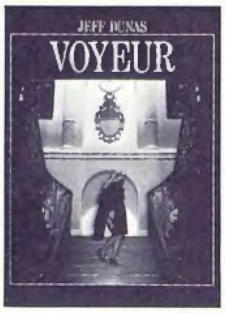
Another deal involved building 200 rental units in Longview, Texas. I've never seen Longview, Texas, but the deal came highly recommended by someone I trust. And to the substantial credit of the general partner, the project was built on time, on budget; the units were fully rented on time, on budget; and the first checks we received were in excess of projection. Then a nearby steel mill laid off 3000 people. There have been no cash distributions since. However this investment ultimately turns out, the point is that we did at least build 200 attractive housing units. (Well, a bunch of hard-working guys I've never met built the units; but we paid them.)

*"From what you've told me about her, I'd suggest you dump the little bitch. . . ."*

DEAL NUMBER THREE—
YOUR SHIP FINALLY COMES IN

Research-and-development deals are another fine way to feel good losing money. Almost all these deals fail, but you get to write off your investment in the year you make it, much as if it were a charitable contribution; and any money that should come back (dream on, sucker) is likely to come back as a lightly taxed capital gain. More than that, you have the feeling that, technodunce though you may be, you've attempted something worth while. The development of a more efficient electric engine, the construction of a revolutionary ultralight graphite fuselage, the design of an improved solar collector, the development of a machine that eats tires and excretes energy, the development of specialty silicone lubricants (for diffusion pumps, not recreation), the development of power-transmission fault indicators (we

# COLLECTOR'S EDITIONS



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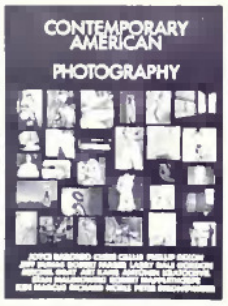

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had a big order from Argentine Electric just before the Falklands war forced cancellation; since then, business has been slow), and so on.

I'm in a few of these deals and retain distant hopes for the tire eater, but otherwise my success has been limited to one venture—and even that was limited. A group of us who had only the vaguest idea what monoclonal antibodies were put up $1,800,000 so that a handful of people who knew as well as anyone in the world what they were (and who had several months earlier invested $500,000) could develop a new kind of diagnostic kit. The kit would assist hospital pathologists in making rapid analyses of suspect tissues. Not only was the cause worth while, if it succeeded, we were guaranteed three times our money back or (at our option) twice our money back and ten percent of the company. It was the latter option that made the deal particularly intriguing, because although only a tiny percentage of high-risk deals like these succeed, those that do can succeed on a grand scale.

This one was succeeding on only a fairly grand scale and was running out of cash just as some powerful competitors were bestirring, when, happily, after a mere 18 months, Johnson & Johnson agreed to buy it for $18,000,000. This may or may not have been the most acute strategic move Johnson & Johnson ever made, but it was a blessing for us.

Now, here was the rub. For all its girth, the sheaf of papers underlying our $1,800,000 investment did not specifically deal with how such an $18,000,000 prize should be split up.

Obviously, the folks who had invested $500,000 and, more to the point, their extraordinary talents deserved the lion's share of the bonanza. They were the entrepreneurs; their brains were prime assets. All we had done was risk $1,800,000 to pay their salaries and expenses, which hardly seems like much of a contribution after a deal has turned to gold. (Try raising it beforehand, however.)

So the general partner decided it would be fair to split the $18,000,000 this way: We would get back our $1,800,000, plus a $900,000 profit; he and his colleagues would get back their $500,000, plus a $14,800,000 profit. For us, a 50 percent return on our money; for them, a 2900 percent return.

After much howling by the limited partners and much pointing to what would appear to have been his contractual obligation to give us at least three times our money in the event of success, he upped our return from one and a half times our investment to double—two dollars back for every dollar risked—but no more.

Double your money in less than two years, with tax advantages to boot, he felt was more than an adequate return. Many of the limiteds (certainly, those of us who are suing the son of a bitch) felt that, while marvelous in the abstract, such a return was unfair in context. If nine out of ten such deals fail—and the number is probably higher—then when you finally have one that hits big, the return has to be awfully high to justify the risk.

All we really wanted him to do was live up to the terms of the prospectus. But as the prospectus did not deal specifically with a buy-out, it is something he has not yet had to do—and perhaps never will.

•

Now, I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, Where does he *find* such great deals? Where can *I* find such great deals?

As I've tried to suggest, it's not at all clear that you should be looking. But chances are, if you can afford them, they'll be looking for you. Your accountant will be suggesting them, your broker will be suggesting them, friends who can't afford a full unit themselves and want to split one will be suggesting them; and once you go into one deal where your name shows up down at the courthouse as one of the limited partners, even strangers will be calling to suggest them to you.

Did you go to college? Did you have buddies in college? Are their grandmothers still living? If you can answer yes to all three, you should be all set. The prospectuses should be pouring in. Even so, the three basic rules of tax-advantaged investing are worth repeating.

1. Never go into a deal that isn't attractive *apart* from tax considerations.

2. Never go into a deal you don't feel you, or your advisor, are truly competent to evaluate. (And that eliminates most of them.)

3. Never go into a deal out of desperation at the end of the year. They know you're desperate. That's figured into the price.

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*"By season's end, the Buckeyes will be the most improved team in the Big Ten."*

championship and could be one of the nation's surprise teams. Team stalwart Ralph Lewis returns and the La Salle bench will be much stronger this winter. Freshman redshirt Richie Tarr should make a big splash his first season.

Iona's fortunes could depend on how quickly prime recruit John Kijonek meshes with the rest of the team. He could be one of the league's best guards in this, his freshman year.

Fordham will also base its hopes on the development of one player—center Goran Skoko of Yugoslavia, who ought to keep Fordham fans slavishly devoted.

Manhattan and Fairfield will be the most improved teams in the Metro Atlantic Conference. Manhattan newcomers Leo Parent and Tom Chance will both make hefty contributions their first year. Freshman forward Aaron Brown is the big plus at Fairfield.

Thirteen returning lettermen could lead Army to a winning season—if all the Cadets can stay healthy. But Holy Cross, nearly wiped out by graduation, will have to start over from scratch. Transfer Jim McCaffrey is a good bet to emerge as one of the best guards in the East.

The race for laurels in the Ivy League should be a dead heat between Cornell and Harvard. The boys from Ithaca had their first winning season since 1968 last year, and the freshman class coming in will make the Big Red even stronger this time. Harvard's game will revolve around the shooting prowess of Joe Carrabino. The Crimson's success may be determined by its ability to avoid injuries.

Both Pennsylvania and Princeton will be dependent on the performance of hot-shot newcomers. Guard Perry Bromwell will be the new kid on the block at Pennsylvania, and John Thompson III (he's tall, he's strong, he's the son of someone famous) will succeed Brooke Shields as the celebrity freshperson at Princeton.

The George Mason team had its best record ever last year and, with *primo* playmakers Carlos Yates and Ricky Wilson returning, this season figures to be even better for the Patriots.

Navy will have to sink or swim with center David Robinson. A relative newcomer to the game, Robinson has enormous potential, but the Middies shouldn't expect him to make too many waves right away.

### THE EAST

**BIG EAST CONFERENCE**

1. Georgetown
2. Syracuse
3. St. John's
4. Villanova
5. Pittsburgh
6. Boston College
7. Connecticut
8. Providence
9. Seton Hall

**ATLANTIC TEN**

1. George Washington
2. St. Joseph's
3. West Virginia
4. Temple
5. Rutgers
6. St. Bonaventure
7. Duquesne
8. Massachusetts
9. Rhode Island
10. Penn State

**METRO ATLANTIC CONFERENCE**

1. La Salle
2. Iona
3. Fordham
4. St. Peter's
5. Manhattan
6. Fairfield
7. Army
8. Holy Cross

**IVY LEAGUE**

1. Cornell
2. Harvard
3. Pennsylvania
4. Princeton
5. Brown
6. Columbia
7. Yale
8. Dartmouth

**OTHERS**

1. George Mason
2. Navy
3. Canisius
4. William & Mary
5. James Madison
6. Niagara

STARS IN THE EAST: Ewing, Martin, Wingate (Georgetown); Washington, Addison (Syracuse); Mullin, Berry (St. John's); Pinckney (Villanova); Aiken (Pittsburgh); Adams (Boston College); Kelley (Connecticut); Brown (Providence); McCloud (Seton Hall); Brown (George Washington); Martin (St. Joseph's); Rowe (West Virginia); Hall (Temple); Battle (Rutgers); Mungar (St. Bonaventure); Sellers (Duquesne); Smith (Massachusetts); Bozeman (Rhode Island); Collins (Penn State); Lewis (La Salle); Hargraves, Kijonek (Iona); McIntosh, Samuels (Fordham); Gibbs (St. Peter's); Cain (Manhattan); George (Fairfield); Cozzens (Army); McCaffrey (Holy Cross); Bantum (Cornell); Carrabino (Harvard); Bromwell (Pennsylvania); Levy (Princeton); Langs (Brown); Meikle (Columbia); Kelly (Yale); Kilroy (Dartmouth); Yates, Wilson (George Mason); Butler (Navy); R. Hall (Canisius); Cieplicki (William & Mary); Brent (James Madison); Henry (Niagara).

THE MIDWEST

Last year, one of the youngest teams in Indiana history finished 22–9. Virtually the entire squad returns, and this year's Hurryin' Hoosiers are bolstered by a freshman class that includes prize catches Delray Brooks and Brian Sloan. The Hoosiers could go all the way to the N.C.A.A. finals if they'd just learn to play on Saturdays and Sundays. All nine of their losses last year came on weekends.

Illinois will be Indiana's cofavorite for the Big Ten title. The Illini have the best coach in the league in Lou Henson, their four best players from last year (along with Anthony Welch, who would have been a starter if he hadn't been hurt) and four heralded rookies—two of whom happen to be seven-foot West Germans. One of the imports is Olaf Blab, brother of Indiana's Uwe Blab, who may have been acting on his brother's advice when he opted for Henson over Bobby Knight and Indiana.

Michigan's N.I.T.-championship team will sorely miss Tim McCormick, Eric Turner and Dan Pelekoudas, who graduated. The resulting loss of leadership will make the task of the Wolverines' main man, center Roy Tarpley, tougher than ever.

Ohio State's big problem last season was a small front court, but that problem is solved by newcomer Brad Sellers—a seven-foot transfer from Wisconsin—and 6'9" freshman John Anderson. By season's end, the Buckeyes will be the most improved team in the Big Ten.

Purdue's commencement casualties were many, but coach Gene Keady had a fabulous recruiting year. The fab two are freshman guard Troy Lewis and transfer center Robert Littlejohn. Don't be surprised if Keady produces another group of hard-working overachievers; Littlejohn's development at center will be the key to the Boilermakers' success.

The Iowa Hawkeyes will be better, because the players have had a year to get acquainted with the methods of second-year-coach George Raveling. The Hawks' main stumbling block is imbalance. There are forwards and centers all over campus, but where are the guards?

Minnesota's Golden Gophers will be young. The squad's only senior, guard Tommy Davis, will have to carry the load while the youngsters mature. Help is on the way from transfer Tyrone Thomas and

### THE MIDWEST

**BIG TEN**

1. Indiana
2. Illinois
3. Michigan
4. Ohio State
5. Purdue
6. Iowa
7. Minnesota
8. Michigan State
9. Wisconsin
10. Northwestern

**MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE**

1. Ohio University
2. Toledo
3. Miami University
4. Kent State
5. Central Michigan
6. Bowling Green
7. Eastern Michigan
8. Northern Illinois
9. Western Michigan
10. Ball State

**MIDWESTERN CITY CONFERENCE**

1. Oral Roberts
2. Loyola of Chicago
3. Xavier
4. St. Louis
5. Evansville
6. Butler
7. Detroit
8. Oklahoma City

**OTHERS**

1. Notre Dame
2. DePaul
3. Marquette
4. Dayton

MID-STATES GREATS: Alford, Blab (Indiana); Douglas, Winters (Illinois); Tarpley (Michigan); Sellers (Ohio State); Reid (Purdue); Stokes (Iowa); Davis (Minnesota); Vincent (Michigan State); Olson (Wisconsin); Watts (Northwestern); Alexander (Ohio University); Epperson (Toledo); Harper (Miami University); Grier (Kent State); Boldon (Central Michigan); Miller (Bowling Green); Cofield (Eastern Michigan); Waller (Northern Illinois); James (Western Michigan); Rowray (Ball State); M. Acres, Potter (Oral Roberts); Hughes, Golston (Loyola of Chicago); Donnelly (Xavier); Burden (St. Louis); Johnson (Evansville); Haseley (Butler); Gray (Detroit); Wiedower (Oklahoma City); Kempton, Barlow (Notre Dame); Corbin, Patterson (DePaul); Copa (Marquette); Young (Dayton).

seven-foot redshirt freshman forward/center Dave Holmgren.

Michigan State has an excellent backcourt duo in Sam Vincent and Scott Skiles, but none of the players up front will be very tall. The Spartans will be hard pressed to keep up with the big men in the Big Ten.

The Wisconsin Badgers have finished in the conference cellar the past three years, but prospects look a little brighter. Nearly everyone returns, plus three quality recruits, the best of whom is forward Robert Barnes.

Northwestern's main Cat this winter will be forward Andre Goode. Sophomore guards Shawn Watts, Chris Berg and Elliot Fullen will provide the ball-handling skills conspicuously absent last season.

With four returning starters and gigantic transfer Rich Stanfel (he's 6'10", 250 pounds), too, Ohio is the best choice to take the Mid-American Conference title.

If the Bobcats falter, Toledo could pocket the marbles, but only if another good scorer can take the pressure off forward Ken Epperson.

Four Miami starters graduated, so new coach Jerry Peirson won't duplicate last year's best-ever record. Peirson did have a good recruiting year, and two freshman guards, Todd Staker and Eddie Schilling, may be immediate starters.

With nearly everybody back, Kent State could make a run for the M.A.C. title. Guard Anthony Grier will be the Flashes' flashiest.

The Northern Illinois gym should be called the De Kalb Romper Room this winter. The squad features eight freshmen and three sophomores.

Western Michigan will be the M.A.C.'s most improved team, but since it won only four games last season, that doesn't mean it will make the N.C.A.A. final four.

With acres of talent on hand, Oral Roberts is a sure bet to repeat in the Midwestern City Conference. Dick Acres is the coach and his sons Mark and Jeff are the team's two best players. The Titans had the country's fifth most potent offense last year, and 93 percent of it returns.

If any team can challenge Oral Roberts, it will be Loyola. Alfredrick Hughes is one of the country's finest forwards. And watch incoming transfer center Andre Moore—he's a spectacular dunker.

Xavier was wiped out by graduation, so this will be a remodeling year in Cincinnati. Rookie center Andy Donnelly will jam a lot of slams his first year.

With all of its top players coming back, St. Louis will be the league's surprise team. Despite all those returnees, fabulous freshman forward Tony Brown will probably get a starting job for Christmas.

Evansville's fortunes will depend largely on what kind of relief the starters can get from seven freshmen who will spell them. One of the rookies, forward Paul Barber, is an Ace in the hole.

This will be the most exciting Irish team in years. Notre Dame has long been strong up front, but the outside shooting has been a sin. All's forgiven now, though, thanks to the arrival of a superlative freshman, jet-quick point guard David Rivers.

DePaul has a new coach—old coach Ray Meyer's son Joey—but the Blue Demon transition will be the smoothest in the history of the game. The Demons have depth and a wealth of talent, plus much more experience than last year. Their no-superstars system makes them a *team* in the best sense of the word.

Marquette and Dayton fans are smiling at their teams' minimal graduation losses and promising transfers. Walter Downing will add *mucho* muscle to the Marquette front court; Dave Colbert will be the quality center Dayton has needed.

THE SOUTH

Duke is a slight favorite to take the Atlantic Coast Conference title. The Blue Devils have their six best players from last year returning. The big six are joined by two prized recruits, Billy King and Kevin Strickland. The backcourt will again be one of the country's quickest.

North Carolina lost its three best players, including a couple of consensus all-Americans. But don't let this year's lack of established superstars fool you. Half a dozen prime prospects have been waiting in the wings to get into the limelight. Curtis Hunter, Warren Martin and Kenny Smith could all be household names by season's end.

North Carolina State's Jim Valvano has done a quick rebuilding job after winning the N.C.A.A. championship two years ago. The Wolfpack will be back with all of its top players, plus one of the country's best crops of recruits. Any of five newcomers (guard Nate McMillan is the best) could displace better-known veterans.

Maryland will also contend for the A.C.C. championship. Swing man Adrian Branch gets most of the publicity, but forward Len Bias is the Terps' M.V.P. He will probably be paired this year with hotshot freshman forward Derrick Lewis.

## THE SOUTH

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

1. Duke
2. North Carolina
3. North Carolina State
4. Maryland
5. Georgia Tech
6. Wake Forest
7. Virginia
8. Clemson

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

1. Kentucky
2. Louisiana State
3. Tennessee
4. Alabama
5. Auburn
6. Florida
7. Vanderbilt
8. Georgia
9. Mississippi
10. Mississippi State

METRO CONFERENCE

1. Memphis State
2. Virginia Tech
3. Louisville
4. Florida State
5. Tulane
6. Southern Mississippi
7. South Carolina
8. Cincinnati

SUN BELT CONFERENCE

1. Old Dominion
2. Alabama-Birmingham
3. Virginia Commonwealth
4. South Alabama
5. Jacksonville
6. Western Kentucky
7. South Florida
8. UNC Charlotte

REBEL-ROUSERS: Dawkins, Alarie (Duke); Smith (North Carolina); Charles, McMillan (North Carolina State); Bias, Branch (Maryland); Price, Dalrymple (Georgia Tech); Green (Wake Forest); Polynice (Virginia); Hamilton (Clemson); Walker, Bennett (Kentucky); Reynolds (Louisiana State); Jenkins (Tennessee); Hurt, Johnson (Alabama); Person (Auburn); McDowell (Florida); Cox (Vanderbilt); Crosby (Georgia); Laird (Mississippi); Harvey (Mississippi State); Lee (Memphis State); Curry (Virginia Tech); Wagner (Louisville); Gipson (Florida State); Williams (Tulane); Williams (Southern Mississippi); Brittain (South Carolina); McMillan (Cincinnati); Smith, Davis (Old Dominion); Mitchell (Alabama-Birmingham); Duncan (Virginia Commonwealth); Catledge (South Alabama); Murphy (Jacksonville); K. Johnson (Western Kentucky); Bradley (South Florida); Williams (UNC Charlotte).

*"I'm a lover, not a fighter."*

Georgia Tech could be the most interesting team in the A.C.C., thanks to the presence of two excellent guards (Mark Price and Bruce Dalrymple) and a pair of 6'11" inside players (Yvon Joseph and John Salley). Last year's creaky bench will be fixed by several recruits with impressive credentials. Freshman Duane Ferrell could be an immediate starter.

Wake Forest will have a tough time overcoming graduation losses, but don't sell the Deacons short. Kenny Green is one of the top offensive players in the country, and he'll get a lot of help with the scoring from Kentucky transfer Todd May.

Virginia post-Sampson has been a guard-oriented team, but this season the front court will carry most of the load. Center Olden Polynice will double as the Cavaliers' best name and best player.

It's tough for a merely good team to get much respect in the A.C.C. Ask Clemson fans. This year, the Tigers will model several new looks, including new coach Cliff Ellis and his up-tempo playing style. Forward Horace Grant is a sleeper. He could become one of the league's best players by tournament time.

Kentucky's graduation losses were staggering. A talent hemorrhage like that would wipe out most teams. But coach Joe B. Hall has so many stars jumping off the bench (plus the best assemblage of recruits—by far—in the country) that Wildcat fans may have forgotten the late, lamented names by season's end. Of the five golden freshmen, guard Ed Davender has the best shot at the starting line-up. If the Wildcats can overcome their inexperience, they'll go to the final four.

The big news in Baton Rouge is the arrival of freshman forward John Williams. Amid much controversy and dark-of-the-night intrigue, Williams has forsaken the wasteland of Los Angeles for the lush Louisiana bayous. He is joined there by another superrookie, 7'1" Zoran Jovanovich of Yugoslavia. While they learn to speak Cajun, Williams and Jovanovich will make the Bengals one of the best teams in the Southeastern Conference.

Tennessee's glaring weakness last year was the absence of outside offense. That should be cured by the return from academic exile of Michael Brooks. The Vols' most heralded recruit is post player Stacey Thomas, who could be a starter by December.

Alabama's ebb last winter was owed to a lack of depth on the bench, but scores should be settled by transfer Mark Gottfried and freshmen Paul Stewart and Derrick McKey.

Auburn's losses were severe, but forward Chuck Person returns, and he'll be joined by a group of up-front bruiser types. Chris Morris and Darren "Godzilla" Guest are the best freshmen Auburn has had in years.

Florida can boast one of the most talented backcourts in the nation—because last year's excellent guard tandem will be backed up by superfrosh Vernon Maxwell and Ronnie Montgomery. Eugene McDowell is one of the best big men in the S.E.C.

Vanderbilt will be slow again. At least Phil Cox is there to be the main man—the Commodores' shooting, mediocre last year, will improve. Redshirt freshman Byron Ball will help, too.

Georgia lost two all-Americans. The scoring burden this season will fall on guard Gerald Crosby, one of the South's best shooters. David Dunn, a transfer from Georgetown, strengthens the front line.

Coming off an 8–20 season, the Mississippi Rebels have a long way to go. Five freshmen were starters last year; one will lose his job to junior college all-American Curtis Ritchwood.

Another junior college hot-shot, Ervin Dillon, will give Mississippi State the punch the Bulldogs need. He is just one of a tall batch of signees who make the Bulldogs' future much brighter than their recent past.

The Memphis State team will be of, by and for forward Keith Lee. As Lee goes, so will go the Tigers. Their only real weakness is in the backcourt, where one of three freshmen will have to step in.

One challenge to Memphis State's dominance in the Metro Conference will come from Virginia Tech. The Hokies' central problem has been solved by the signing of centers Roy Brow and Dave Burgess. Brow will be a superstar, and returnee Dell Curry may be the best shooting guard in the country.

Louisville lost only two players from last year, but those two (Lancaster Gordon and Charles Jones) were the irreplaceable ones. The Cardinals will depend on freshmen Kevin Walls, Mike Abram and Herbert Crook. It could be a slow regular season in Louisville, but wait until tournament time. The Cardinals could be the sleepers.

Florida State has a grade-A starting five—led by Alton Lee Gipson and Randy Allen—but that's all. There are only 12 players, and five are brand-new.

John Williams will be the force at Tulane. Depth will be the problem, especially in the backcourt. The Greenies will have an easy nonconference schedule, so their record won't suffer too much.

Four of Southern Mississippi's top seven were freshmen last year, so the Eagles will

*"There is no Santa Claus!"*

be older, if not a lot better.

Center Mike Brittain, a seven-footer, will be South Carolina's tower of strength. The Gamecocks' headaches should be made tolerable by six good recruits.

Eight quality rookies make Cincinnati the most improved Metro team, but the Bearcats may still have a hard climb to get out of the conference cellar. All five starters could be new faces.

The Sun Belt race should be a photo finish featuring Old Dominion, Alabama-Birmingham and Virginia Commonwealth. Old Dominion looks like the best bet, because the Monarchs have all their top players back, plus an impressive crop of recruits that includes Frank Smith, a sought-after point guard.

**THE NEAR WEST**

BIG EIGHT

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Oklahoma | 5. Kansas State |
| 2. Kansas | 6. Oklahoma State |
| 3. Nebraska | 7. Iowa State |
| 4. Missouri | 8. Colorado |

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Southern Methodist | 6. Rice |
| 2. Arkansas | 7. Texas Christian |
| 3. Houston | 8. Texas |
| 4. Texas A & M | 9. Baylor |
| 5. Texas Tech | |

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Tulsa | 6. Indiana State |
| 2. Wichita State | 7. Bradley |
| 3. Creighton | 8. Drake |
| 4. Southern Illinois | 9. West Texas State |
| 5. Illinois State | |

BEST OF THE NEAR WEST: Tisdale, McCalister (Oklahoma); Manning (Kansas); Hoppen (Nebraska); Thomas, Cavener (Missouri); Alfaro (Kansas State); Atkinson (Oklahoma State); Stevens (Iowa State); Stivrins (Colorado); Koncak, Wright (Southern Methodist); Kleine (Arkansas); Franklin (Houston); Brown (Texas A & M); Jennings (Texas Tech); Barnett (Rice); Nutt (Texas Christian); Cooper (Texas); Brown (Baylor); Harris (Tulsa); McDaniel (Wichita State); Benjamin (Creighton); Bufford (Southern Illinois); Johnson (Illinois State); Williams (Indiana State); Winters (Bradley); Mathis (Drake); Kirkland (West Texas State).

With Wayman Tisdale and Tim McCalister returning, Oklahoma will, sooner or later, make a run for number one this year. Junior college transfers Anthony Bowie and Linwood Davis will bring a talent infusion to an already potent squad. This year's edition will be the best Sooner team in history.

Second-year Kansas coach Larry Brown has molded a disciplined club with no prima donnas—which means the Jayhawks will once again win more games than most folks expect. Brown harvested one of the country's best crops of recruits, including prize forwards Danny Manning and Tyrone Jones.

The key to Nebraska's success will be the amount of help the other Huskers give center Dave Hoppen. This year's recruiting class brings several players capable of helping Hoppen, the best of whom are Bill Jackman and Chris Logan.

Missouri will also benefit from the skills of newcomers. Three blue chippers who will chip in a lot their first year are Dan Bingenheimer, Jeff Strong and Derrick Chievous.

Kansas State is looking for a dominator in the middle and a grade-A point guard. A year's added maturity should also help the Wildcats in the meantime.

With four returning starters and a pair of outstanding junior college recruits (swing men Ray Alford and Terry Faggins), Oklahoma State could be the sleeper team of the Big Eight.

Iowa State's Cyclones had their best record in 12 years last season, despite an alarming lack of depth. They will have a lean bench, but they could be even more robust offensively this year than last.

Last season, Colorado was a fast-break team. This season, with recruits providing a lot more muscle, the Buffs will be more deliberate on offense. Best of the beefy rookies is swing man Mike Flory.

Southern Methodist coach Dave Bliss has built a top-20 contender in just four years by recruiting good young players and giving them a lot of playing time right away. Bliss has taken some lumps for playing so many freshmen, but his baby-boom strategy is now paying off. Everyone is back from last year, including superb center Jon Koncak, and the Mustangs will be reinforced by yet another Blissful bunch.

Many of Arkansas' Southwest Conference foes expect the Razorbacks to be much punier—four of last year's top six players are missing. Don't bet on it. By season's end, the Hogs will be pigging out on the opposition. Joe Kleine may already be the best center in the country, Patrick Ewing notwithstanding. Three gem-quality newcomers—Kenny Hutchinson, William Mills and Andrew Lang—should all be immediate starters. Lang will become one of Arkansas' all-time greats before he graduates. Coach Eddie Sutton has done such a superb job of building the Razorbacks into a stable—and perennial—basketball powerhouse that we have selected him Playboy's Coach of the Year.

Is there life after Olajuwon? Yes; it just won't be so fulfilling for Houston fans. More bad news: The Cougars will miss Michael Young almost as much as Akeem. Although this will be one of the smallest Houston teams in recent history, the scoring should again be excellent, due to the return of Alvin Franklin and Reid Gettys.

Four starters return at Texas A & M. Combined with three fine junior college transfers, they will give the Aggies the depth and experience so noticeably lacking last year.

Texas Tech will be a senior-dominated club, with lots of experience, depth and good outside shooting. The Red Raiders don't have a dominating big man under the basket, however, and the schedule is tough.

Rice will be immensely improved because of the arrival of four blue-chip recruits—center Dave Ramer, forward Carl Daniels, forward Jeff Crawford and guard Michael Irving.

The most intriguing question posed by this year's Southwest Conference race is not who will win the title but which team will wind up in the cellar. All three of last year's weakest teams will be dramatically improved.

Texas Christian, for example, has lost none of its superb outside shooting. The Horned Frogs' inside play, last year's weakness, will take a jump in effectiveness with freshman Norman Anderson.

All five Texas starters return and are bolstered by prize transfer (from North Carolina) John Brownlee. The Longhorns will be bigger, smarter, deeper and more explosive than a year ago. Look for them to pull off some big surprises this winter.

Baylor could also bushwhack a few unwary opponents. The Bears won only one conference game last season, but a recruiting bonanza will inject new life into the program. Best of the newcomers is guard Eric Johnson, from (get this) New York City. He'll spend a lot of time looking for the Waco subway system.

Tulsa will feature a nearly perfect run-and-gun attack and has to be favored to be the best in the Missouri Valley Conference, but not by as much as last year.

Wichita State has the best chance of dethroning Tulsa. Xavier McDaniel is one of the best rebounders in the country. He'll hold court under the basket with seven-foot transfer center John Askew.

Creighton also has a seven-footer—Benoit Benjamin—who will be markedly improved with a year's experience. Graduation losses were minimal, so the Jays could be the sleeping giant team in the M.V.C.

Ditto Southern Illinois. All five starters return, and the Salukis have their own resident skyscraper, Kenny Perry. The M.V.C. should issue an alert to low-flying planes.

Illinois State lost two of its best players to graduation and none of the recruits promises much immediate help. Yugoslav forward Lou Stefanovic will be the Redbirds' main man, so the ISU battle cry will be "Yugo first!"

Only two starters return at Indiana State. They will join prize transfers Johnny Edwards and Tim Abrams—Edwards is the inside bruiser the Sycamores have needed since a fellow named Bird was pulling down rebounds in Terre Haute.

Drake will be improved, because last season's injury plague can't possibly recur. Freshman guard Glenn Martin will be the answer to the Bulldogs' scoring questions. Both Bradley and West Texas State lost several stars to graduation. West Texas State, however, could still be stronger (should we say less weak?) than last year, because new coach Gary Moss

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recruited a battalion of junior college transfers.

## THE FAR WEST

### PACIFIC TEN

1. Washington
2. Oregon State
3. Arizona
4. UCLA
5. Oregon
6. Arizona State
7. Stanford
8. Washington State
9. Southern California
10. California

### WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

1. Texas–El Paso
2. Colorado State
3. Wyoming
4. New Mexico
5. Brigham Young
6. San Diego State
7. Utah
8. Hawaii
9. Air Force

### PACIFIC COAST ASSOCIATION

1. Nevada–Las Vegas
2. Fresno State
3. Utah State
4. San Jose State
5. Irvine
6. Fullerton State
7. Santa Barbara
8. Long Beach State
9. New Mexico State
10. Pacific

### WEST COAST CONFERENCE

1. Santa Clara
2. San Diego
3. Loyola Marymount
4. Gonzaga
5. Portland
6. St. Mary's
7. Pepperdine

### BIG SKY CONFERENCE

1. Nevada–Reno
2. Weber State
3. Boise State
4. Montana
5. Northern Arizona
6. Montana State
7. Idaho State
8. Idaho

WESTERN HEROES: Schrempf, Welp (Washington); Green, Woodside (Oregon State); Williams, McMillan (Arizona); Maloncon (UCLA); Rasmussen (Oregon); Beck (Arizona State); Reveno (Stanford); Morrison (Washington State); Carlander (Southern California); Washington (California); Goodwin (Texas–El Paso); Strong (Colorado State); Hosey (Wyoming); Scarborough (New Mexico); Sinek (Brigham Young); Watson (San Diego State); Upshaw (Utah); Jones (Hawaii); McDonald (Air Force); Adams, Jones (Nevada–Las Vegas); Barnes (Fresno State); Grant (Utah State); Evans (San Jose State); Murphy (Irvine); Boagni (Fullerton State); Henry (Santa Barbara); Adams (Long Beach State); Patterson (New Mexico State); Franklin (Pacific); Keeling (Santa Clara); Reuss (San Diego); McKenzie (Loyola Marymount); McPhee (Gonzaga); Jenkins (Portland); Pickett (St. Mary's); Gondrezick (Pepperdine); High (Nevada–Reno); Worster (Weber State); Jackson (Boise State); Krystkowiak (Montana); Allen (Northern Arizona); Epperly (Montana State); Peterson (Idaho State); Stalick (Idaho).

Washington had its best record (24–7) in 31 years in 1983–1984. The primary reasons for that showing were forward Detlef Schrempf and center Christian Welp. Both return, along with most of their supporting cast. If a dependable point guard turns up, the Huskies will take the Pacific Ten crown.

Oregon State, having displaced UCLA as the perennial basketball power in the West, will be Washington's toughest competition. The Beavers, having lost two starters and gained six quality freshmen, will present a new look this season, with forward A. C. Green as the Beavers' pivotal player.

Arizona will be the most improved team in the Pac 10 and should be a solid contender for the championship. Last year's top seven players return and are joined by the Pac 10's best crop of recruits. The top newcomer is guard Craig McMillan.

UCLA has a big minus (last year's three best players) and a big plus (new coach Walt Hazzard). The Bruins' ongoing problem is a collection of dingbat "supporters" of the basketball program, who make life miserable for any coach who fails to win the N.C.A.A. championship every year. If the funny-farm candidates leave former hero Hazzard alone, he'll get the Bruins back on top by 1988 or so.

The Oregon Ducks will again build the team around center Blair Rasmussen. Two freshman guards, Anthony Taylor and Rick Osborn, will make big contributions, too.

Arizona State's shortcoming last winter was the lack of a true center. That problem has apparently become history with the arrival of transfer Jon Taylor. Defense will be the strength of this year's Sun Devil squad. With a little luck, it could sneak up on the better teams in the Pac 10.

Stanford enjoyed its first winning season since 1973 last year, but now it's back to the drawing board for Cardinals coach Tom Davis. Graduation losses were devastating. Shooting guard Steve Brown will have to carry most of the burden.

Washington State will be better—four of five starters return. Keith Morrison and Chris Winkler constitute one of the West's best guard combos. Sophomore Ken Mathia, a seven-footer, now has a year's experience and could answer the Cougars' prayers for a dependable big man.

Southern California's disappointing record last year (11–20) was caused by youth, injuries and illnesses. The first problem will be solved by experience and the latter two probably won't strike again with such severity. Soph Derrick Dowell is a gutsy player, a future star.

California has an excellent young backcourt tandem (Chris Washington and Kevin Johnson) and one of the league's most prized recruits (forward Leonard Taylor). But with last year's two best players gone, the Bears face a rebuilding year in Berkeley.

Texas–El Paso will be much the same team that won 27 games last time around. Its main challenge in the Western Athletic Conference will come from a Colorado State team that's much improved.

Wyoming's luck, presumably, will improve. Last season's injury blight probably won't recur, and a jackpot recruiting season will make the Cowboys the dark horses of the W.A.C. Best of the newcomers is Fennis Dembo. Remember that name.

New Mexico lost four of last year's first five and will depend largely on redshirts and incoming recruits. Johnny Brown, who could play defensive tackle on the football team, is the best of the latter group.

Brigham Young also lost four starters—two to the pros and two to church missions. But don't count the Cougars out—for every missionary who leaves for Outer Mongolia, another returns. This year's prime returning proselytizer is forward Alan Pollard. More help will come from Finnish convert Timo Saarelainen.

No one expected Nevada–Las Vegas to be half as good as it was last year (29–6), and the Red Rebels should be even stronger this time. The transfers and redshirts waiting in the wings last winter were better players than some of the starters. So look for the Rebs to make a run for the final four. Swing man Anthony Jones (a transfer from Georgetown) will be the best of Jerry Tarkanian's new players.

Despite many goodbyes at graduation ceremonies, Fresno State will again be a challenger for the Pacific Coast title. Two imports from Holland, Jos Kuipers and Peter van Noord, will make an immediate impact.

As in the past two seasons, Utah State's prospects can be summarized in two words: Greg Grant. He does everything better than anyone else on the team, but there's only one of him—too bad Mrs. Grant didn't have quints.

With no graduation losses and a net gain named Ontario Johnson, San Jose State will be the P.C.A.'s most improved team.

Both Irvine and Fullerton State were staggered by commencement. Center Johnny Rogers at Irvine and Fullerton State's Kerry Boagni will be the key newcomers.

Santa Clara has the best shot at the West Coast Conference title, because the Broncos' two main strengths—guard Harold Keeling and 7′2″ center Nick Vanos—return, along with several other irreplaceable players.

San Diego was the surprise of the W.C.C. last season, because of the play of forward Anthony Reuss and center Scott Thompson. They're both back, so the Toreros will be even stronger in 1984–1985.

The prospects are bright at Loyola Marymount. With nearly everyone returning and with the arrival of 7′2″ transfer center Larry Irwin, the Lions will have their best chance to roar since they last won the conference title, in 1961.

Nevada–Reno, with an average player height of 6′3″, was the unlikeliest of entrants in the N.C.A.A. tournament last winter. The Wolf Pack made up for its disadvantages under the basket by deft utilization of the steal. The players' stealth was so effective that opponents suggested they change the team nickname to the Two-Armed Bandits. Four of five starters return, to join a batch of recruits who plan to displace some of the veterans.

Weber State lost last season's two best guards, but the replacements are top grade—look for the Wildcats to battle Reno for the Big Sky championship.

# ROBOTS ARE COMING

*(continued from page 198)*

*"If you're not sure you're ready for a full-scale robot, then you may be better off with a toy Jeeves."*

words of encouragement and then blast you out of bed with a hard-rock station.

The on-board computer is a real CP/M–format model on which you can run business applications such as WordStar (and print with an optional printer). When you're done with that, you can send Hubot on its way across the house to meet you later for a game of Pac-Man in the living room. Its electronic voice can announce it, and the robot's sonar sensor prevents it from running into an unforeseen obstacle.

Like many other robot manufacturers, Hubotics talks a lot about the future of its creation. Soon to come are a voice-command module (which lets Hubot respond to voice commands), navigation software (so it can work its way around obstacles instead of simply stopping), an automatic charging circuit that sends Hubot back to its wall charger when the battery needs juice, and a cordless telephone, so Hubot can bring the phone to you when you call for it.

But if you're not quite sure you're ready for a full-scale, do-everything robot, yet you still want to own a mechanical Jeeves, then you may be better off in the toy category of home robots. In this area, Tomy has filled every niche with your choice of three models.

The most advanced of the trio is Omnibot. It not only operates via radio remote control but, as you command it to move forward or backward or turn, it remembers the steps it has taken, storing the movements on cassette tape on the built-in tape player. You can even record a voice message onto the tape from the remote-control unit. Therefore, you can preprogram Omnibot to greet a guest at the door in a real human voice and then lead her into the living room or wherever that mischievous droid may choose. You can also store up to seven programs on tape and have them performed up to seven days later. Omnibot also comes with one gripper hand and a clever serving tray to carry pretzels out to the crowd in the video room. At only $250, this little robot is priced like a toy but has some grown-up features built in.

The second of Tomy's new robots is the voice-activated Verbot. First, you train Verbot to accept your words for its eight built-in functions: move forward, stop, move backward, turn left, turn right, pick up an object, drop an object and flash all its lights. Once it knows your voice and individual commands, you can order it to perform any of those functions in any order. At about $60, Verbot is one of the first truly voice-activated home robots to hit the market.

Finally, there's Dingbot. It's not too bright, but it could easily become the Pet Rock of the 1984 Christmas season. It's only five inches tall, and as it zooms around, it's bound to run into something sooner or later. When it does, it stops, turns its head from side to side, lets out some cybernetic expletive, turns and heads off again. Dingbot may not be state of the art in robot technology, but for ten dollars, it's a real party stopper.

Of course, our expectations of personal robots have been heightened by the *Star Wars* kinds of mechanical marvels you see on the big screen. In truth, a stair-climbing, talking, understanding, human-like robot is decades away. But robots that do the kinds of things for which R2-D2 is known aren't all that far off.

The challenge for the future is not so much the hardware—the physical pieces that make up the trash-can-looking body. Where the serious work is being done is in the software—the programs that bring all those pieces together and make the hunk of parts appear to have intelligent characteristics. You don't necessarily need or want a robot with human characteristics, of course. If a robot could successfully imitate a loyal pet, that would be well received—especially since you wouldn't have to walk it at midnight in the rain.

In our exploration of this barely nascent consumer-product area, we encountered many future-thinking companies, such as the one in Northern California's Silicon Valley that is planning a small, inexpensive, dancing home robot that has a modifiable personality. Using a combination of sonar and light-sensing technologies, this lovable companion will probably play a 21st Century version of cops and robbers with light pistols.

In Berkeley, California, the owner of a pioneering robot retail store, Amarobot, plans not only to offer franchises but also to manufacture home robots with personalities. One will be a male, the other a female, and they will be named George and Martha, after our first President and First Lady.

It's quite likely that tomorrow's home robots will also evolve into information gofers for their owners. Why not command your robot to go to the computer room and fetch the latest financial news from the Dow Jones News/Retrieval data base? That's not much different from R2-D2's plugging into the Death Star's computer to extract a map of its vulnerabilities. Eventually, instead of fearing the invasion of the robots, we'll probably depend on a little mechanical creature to take care of time-consuming chores while we attend to activities for which humans were originally intended—such as watching the Steelers on a satellite TV set.

*"Season's greetings, gov'nor—how'd you like to nibble on one of our little tarts?"*

# CLAUS THAT REFRESHES *(continued from page 134)*

*"Cortina, Italy's noted ski resort, boasts 20 lifts and Saint John's wine."*

Hot drinks are to be sipped slowly, not gulped or tossed back. Enjoy them.

SANTA'S GLÖGG
*(For six to eight)*

Good ol' Santa is glowing in anticipation of the pleasures lurking in the punch bowl. Guests will react similarly.

1 bottle (750 ml.) full-bodied red table wine
3 tablespoons superfine sugar, or to taste
1 piece stick cinnamon
2 slices each orange, lemon, lime
Whole cloves

Heat wine, sugar and cinnamon in enamel saucepan to just below simmer; stir occasionally to dissolve sugar. While mixture is heating, stud fruit slices with 2 or 3 cloves each. Place in warmed punch bowl and add wine. Make another batch immediately, in case Santa shows early.

SAINT JOHN'S WINE
*(For two to three)*

Cortina, Italy's noted ski resort, boasts 20 lifts and Saint John's wine.

¼ liter Italian white wine
2 teaspoons sugar, or to taste
Peel of ½ lemon, zest only
2 ozs. Cointreau, warmed

Warm wine, sugar and lemon peel to just below simmer, stirring. Remove pan from heat; discard peel. Ignite Cointreau; add to pan. Douse flame after a moment; stir and pour into prewarmed cups.

LA MONGIE HIGH
*(For 12 to 14)*

Formulated by Christian Clement, a top French chef, and served at La Mongie, a Pyrenees resort hotel.

2 bottles Partager, or other French red table wine
⅓ cup superfine sugar, or to taste
4 or 5 cardamom pods, split
Peel of 1 lemon, zest only—in 1 strip
Peel of 1 orange, zest only—in 1 strip
White pepper, several grinds

Heat one bottle wine with sugar and seeds from cardamom pods, stirring occasionally until sugar is dissolved. Add remaining bottle of wine, citrus peels and ground pepper. Bring to simmer; stir once or twice. Serve piping hot.

SIZZLING WINE BULLSHOT
*(For three to four)*

1 can (10½ ozs.) condensed beef bouillon
10 ozs. full-bodied red wine
1½ ozs. port wine
Pepper, optional
Lemon wedges

In saucepan, heat beef bouillon and wines to just below simmer. Divide among 3 or 4 prewarmed heat-resistant glass cups. Add grind of pepper to each, if desired; stir. Garnish each portion with lemon wedge.

ALPENTINE

A heady warmer from the new Deer Valley ski resort, Park City, Utah.

4 ozs. California red wine, such as Gamay
2 teaspoons sugar, or to taste
1-in. piece stick cinnamon
1 oz. dark rum
1 strip orange peel, 1¼" x 2"
3 whole cloves

Heat wine, sugar and cinnamon in enamel saucepan; do not boil. Add rum and immediately remove pan from fire. Remove cinnamon stick and pour into large heat-resistant glass. Stud orange peel with cloves and place in glass.

POIMIROO PLUNGE
*(For six to eight)*

1 bottle California Pinot Noir
6 ozs. Chambord liqueur
1 tablespoon curacao liqueur
Dash orange bitters
Juice of ½ lemon
½ cup sugar
California brandy
1 lemon, sliced in rounds

Combine all ingredients except brandy and lemon slices in 2-quart saucepan; heat to simmer. Stir. Pour into warmed cups or mugs. Add lemon slice to each portion. Top each mug with a nip of brandy, to taste.

VIN CHAUD
*(For 12)*

Peel of 1 lemon, cut in strips
8 cardamom pods, split
2 small pieces stick cinnamon
¼ cup superfine sugar, or to taste
1½ cups water
Juice of 1 lemon
1 liter dry red wine

In 2-quart enamel or glass pan, combine lemon peel, spices, sugar and water. Bring to a boil, then reduce heat; simmer 10 minutes. Remove spices and peel from pan; add lemon juice and wine. Heat mixture to just below simmer. Serve in heat-resistant punch cups.

SNUGGLER'S NOTCH
*(For six to eight)*

1 bottle (750 ml.) full-bodied red wine
1 oz. brandy
Juice of 1 orange
Juice of ½ lemon
3 tablespoons brown sugar, or to taste
Several pieces stick cinnamon
Strips of orange peel

In 1½-quart enamel saucepan, heat all ingredients but orange peel. Bring to just below simmer; don't boil. Remove cinnamon sticks. Pour mixture into prewarmed cups. Decorate each serving with strip of orange peel.

GINGERY WINE TODDY
*(For two)*

2 thick slices lemon
6 whole cloves
6 ozs. Stone's Ginger Wine
Boiling water

Stud lemon slices with 3 cloves each. Rinse 2 cups or mugs with very hot water; place prepared lemon slice in each. Divide ginger wine between cups. At the last, add 2 to 3 ozs. boiling water to each cup. Stir quickly and serve.

COLONEL NEGUS

A hot potion attributed to Colonel Francis Negus, who roamed London's smart spots during the time of Queen Anne.

3 ozs. port wine or sweet sherry
1 cube sugar
1 lemon
Boiling water, optional
Nutmeg

Slowly heat wine in enamel pot to just below simmer. Meanwhile, rub sugar briskly against lemon to pick up flavor oils. Place in heat-resistant punch cup and cover with warmed wine. Stir to dissolve sugar. Add tot of boiling water, if you like. Stir once. Lightly grate or sprinkle nutmeg over surface.

COMMUNARD'S MULL
*(For two)*

8 ozs. red Bordeaux wine
1 oz. crème de cassis
1 thick slice orange, halved
Boiling water, optional

In enamel saucepan, heat wine and liqueur to just below simmer. Divide hot mixture between 2 prewarmed cups. Add orange piece to each. Serve with small pitcher of hot water—to be used at drinker's discretion.

If you require further encouragement to get going on our hot quaffs, consider this bit of New England philosophy:

*Full many a man, both young and old,*
*Is brought to his sarcophagus*
*By pouring water icy cold*
*Down his warm esophagus.*

Cheers!

# TOURIST TRADE *(continued from page 136)*

*"He was full of questions—who was she, how had she hooked up with the Centauran, what was her deal?"*

Rome, in Athens. When he was done with this deal, he would go to one of them.

He said, "Agila is an interesting name. Israeli, is it?"

"No," she said.

The way she said it, serenely and very finally, left him without room to maneuver. He was full of questions—who was she, how had she hooked up with the Centauran, what was her deal, how well did she think Eitel's own deal with the Centauran was likely to go? But that one cool syllable seemed to have slammed a curtain down. He concentrated on dancing instead. She was supple, responsive, skillful. And yet, the way she danced was as strange as everything else about her: She moved almost as if her feet were some inches off the floor. Odd. And her voice—an accent, but what kind? He had been everywhere, and nothing in his experience matched her way of speaking, a certain liquidity in the vowels, a certain resonance in the phrasing, as though she were hearing echoes as she spoke. She had to be something truly exotic—a Rumanian, a Finn, a Bulgar, and even those did not seem exotic enough. Albanian? Lithuanian?

Most perplexing of all was her aroma. Eitel was gifted with a sense of smell worthy of a perfumer, and he heeded a woman's fragrance the way more ordinary men studied the curves of hip or bosom or thigh. Out of the pores and the axillae and the orifices came the truths of the body, he believed, the deepest, the most trustworthy, the most exciting communications; he studied them with rabbinical fervor and the most minute scientific zeal. But he had never smelled anything like this, a juxtaposition of incongruous spices, a totally baffling mix of flavors. Some amazing new perfume? Something imported from Arcturus or Capella, perhaps? Maybe so, though it was hard to imagine an effect like this being achieved by mere chemicals. It had to be *her*. But what mysterious glandular outpouring brought him that subtle hint of sea urchin mingled with honey? What hidden duct sent thyme and raisins coursing together through her blood stream? Why did the crystalline line of light perspiration on her flawless upper lip carry those grace notes of pomegranate, tarragon and ginger?

He looked for answers in her eyes: deep green pools, calm, cool, unearthly. They seemed as bewildering as the rest of her.

And then he understood. He realized now that the answer, impossible and implausible and terrifying, had been beckoning to him all evening and that he could no longer go on rejecting it, impossible or not. And in the moment of accepting it, he heard a sound within himself much like that of a wind beginning to rise, a hurricane being born on some far-off isle.

Eitel began to tremble. He had never felt himself so totally defenseless before.

He said, "It's amazing how human you seem to be."

"*Seem* to be?"

"Outwardly identical in every way. I didn't think it was possible for life forms of such a degree of similarity to evolve on different worlds."

"It isn't," she said.

"You're not from Earth, though."

She was smiling. She seemed almost pleased, he thought, that he had seen through her masquerade.

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"Centauran."

Eitel closed his eyes a moment. The wind was a gale within him; he swayed and struggled to keep his balance. He was starting to feel as though he were conducting this conversation from a point somewhere behind his own right ear. "But Centaurans look like——"

"Like Anakhistos? Yes, of course we do, when we are at home. But I am not at home now."

"I don't understand."

"This is my traveling body," she said.

"What?"

"It is not comfortable, visiting certain places in one's own body. The air is sharp; the light hurts the eyes; eating is very troublesome."

"So you simply put on a different body?"

"Some of us do. There are those, like

*"Oh, shit!"*

Anakhistos, who are indifferent to the discomforts or who actually regard them as part of the purpose of traveling. But I am of the sort that prefers to transfer into a traveling body when going to other worlds."

"Ah," Eitel said. "Yes." He continued to move through the rhythms of the dance in a numb, dazed way. It's all just a costume, he told himself. What she really looks like is a bunch of rigid struts with a rubber sheet draped over them. Cheek vents for breathing, three-sided slot for eating, receptor strip instead of eyes. "And these bodies?" he asked. "Where do you get them?"

"Why, they make them for us. Several companies do it. The human models are only just now becoming available. Very expensive, you understand."

"Yes," he said. "Of course."

"Tell me: When was it that you first saw through my disguise?"

"I felt right away that something was wrong. But it wasn't until a moment ago that I figured it out."

"No one else has guessed, I think. It is an extremely excellent Earth body, would you not say?"

"Extremely," Eitel said.

"After each trip I always regret, at first, returning to my real body. This one seems quite genuine to me by now. You like it very much, yes?"

"Yes," Eitel said helplessly.

•

He found David out in the cab line, lounging against his taxi with one arm around a Moroccan boy of about 16 and the other hand exploring the breasts of a swarthy French-looking woman. It was hard to tell which one he had selected for the late hours of the night: both, maybe. David's cheerfully polymorphous ways were a little hard for Eitel to take, sometimes. But Eitel knew it wasn't necessary to approve of David in order to work with him. Whenever Eitel showed up in Fez with new merchandise, David was able to finger a customer for him within 24 hours; and at a five percent commission, he was probably the wealthiest taxi driver in Morocco after two years as Eitel's point man among the E.T.s.

"Everything's set," Eitel said. "Take me over to get the stuff."

David flashed his glittering gold-toothed grin. He patted the woman's rump, lightly slapped the boy's cheek, pushed them both on their way and opened the door of his cab for Eitel. The merchandise was at Eitel's hotel, the Palais Jamai, on the edge of the native quarter. But Eitel never did business at his own hotel: It was handy to have David to take him back and forth between the Jamai and the Hotel Merinides, out here beyond the city wall by the ancient royal tombs, where most of the aliens preferred to stay.

The night was mild, fragrant, with palm trees rustling in the soft breeze and huge bunches of red geranium blossoms looking almost black in the moonlight. As they drove toward the old town, with its maze of winding medieval streets, its walls and gates straight out of *The Arabian Nights*, David said, "You mind I tell you something? One thing worries me."

"Go ahead."

"Inside, I watched you. Staring more at the woman than at the E.T. You got to concentrate on the deal and forget the woman, Eitel."

Eitel resented being told by a kid half his age how to conduct his operations. But he kept himself in check. To David, young and until recently poor, certain nuances were incomprehensible. Not that David lacked an interest in beauty. But beauty was just an abstraction; money was money. Eitel did not attempt to explain what time would surely teach.

He said, "*You* tell *me*, 'Forget the woman'?"

"Is a time for women, is a time for business. Separate times. You know that, Eitel. A Swiss, he is almost a Moroccan when it comes to business."

Eitel laughed. "Thanks."

"I am being serious. You be careful. If she confuse you, it can cost you. Can cost *me*. I am in for percentage, remember. Even if you are Swiss, maybe you need to know: Business and women must be kept separate things."

"I know."

"You remember it, yes?"

"Don't worry about me," Eitel said.

The cab pulled up outside the Jamai. Eitel, upstairs, withdrew four paintings and an Olmec jade statuette from the false compartment of his suitcase. The paintings were all unframed, small, genuine and unimportant. After a moment, he selected *The Madonna of the Palms*, from the atelier of Lorenzo Bellini: plainly apprentice work but enchanting, serene, pure, not bad, easily a $20,000 painting. He slipped it into a carrying case, put the others back—all but the statuette, which he fondled for a moment and put down on the dresser, in front of the mirror, as though setting up a little shrine. To beauty, he thought. He started to put it away and changed his mind. It looked so lovely there that he decided to take his chances. Taking your chances, he thought, is sometimes good for the health.

He went back to the cab.

"Is a good painting?" David asked.

"It's pretty. Trivial but pretty."

"I don't mean good that way. I mean, is it real?"

"Of course," Eitel said, perhaps too sharply. "Do we have to have this discussion again, David? You know damned well I sell only genuine paintings. Overpriced a little, but always genuine."

"One thing I never can understand. Why you not sell them fakes?"

Startled, Eitel said, "You think I'm crooked, David?"

"Sure I do."

"You say it so lightheartedly. I don't like your humor sometimes."

"Humor? What humor? Is against law to sell valuable Earth works of art to aliens. You sell them. Makes you crook, right? Is no insult. Is only description."

"I don't believe this," Eitel said. "What are you trying to start here?"

"I only want to know why you sell them real stuff. Is against the law to sell real ones, is probably not against the law to sell them fakes. You see? For two years I wonder this. We make just as much money, we run less risk."

"My family has dealt in art for more than a hundred years, David. No Eitel has ever knowingly sold a fake. None ever will." It was a touchy point with him. "Look," he said, "maybe you like playing these games with me, but you could go too far. All right?"

"You forgive me, Eitel?"

"If you shut up."

"You know better than that. Shutting up I am very bad at. Can I tell you one more thing, and then I shut up really?"

"Go ahead," Eitel said, sighing.

"I tell you this: You a very confused man. You a crook who thinks he not a crook, you know what I mean? Which is bad thinking. But is all right. I like you. I respect you, even. I think you are excellent businessman. So you forgive rude remarks?"

"You give me a great pain," Eitel said.

"I bet I do. You forget I said anything. Go make deal, many millions, tomorrow we have mint tea together and you give me my cut and everybody happy."

"I don't like mint tea."

"Is all right. We have some anyway."

•

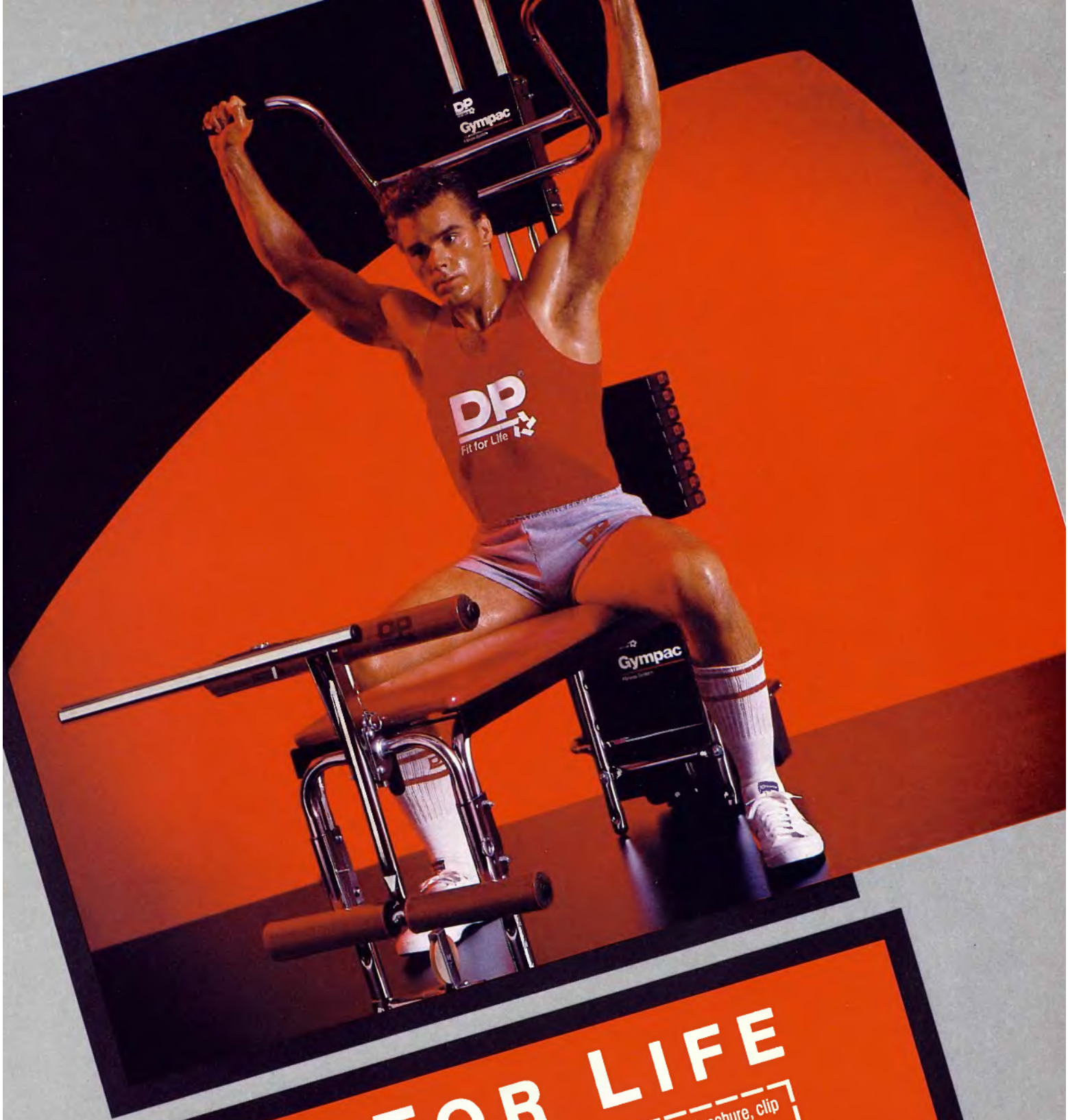
Seeing Agila standing in the doorway of her hotel room, Eitel was startled again by the impact of her presence, the overwhelming physical power of her beauty. *If she confuse you, it can cost you.* What you see is all artificial, he told himself. It's just a mask. Eitel looked from Agila to Anakhistos, who sat oddly folded, like a giant umbrella. That's what she really is, Eitel thought. She's Mrs. Anakhistos from Centaurus, and her skin is like rubber and her mouth is a hinged slot and this body that she happens to be wearing right now was made in a laboratory. And yet, and yet, and yet . . . the wind was roaring; he was tossing wildly about——

*What the hell is happening to me?*

"Show us what you have for us," Anakhistos said.

Eitel slipped the little painting from its case. His hands were shaking ever so slightly. In the closeness of the room, he picked up two strong fragrances, something dry and musty coming from Anakhistos and the strange, irresistible mixtures of incongruous spices that Agila's synthetic body emanated.

"*The Madonna of the Palms*, Lorenzo

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Bellini, Venice, fifteen ninety-seven," Eitel said. "Very fine work."

"Bellini is extremely famous, I know."

"The famous ones are Giovanni and Gentile. This is Giovanni's grandson. He's just as good but not well known. I couldn't possibly get you paintings by Giovanni or Gentile. No one on Earth could."

"This is quite fine," said Anakhistos. "True Renaissance beauty. And very Earthesque. Of course it is genuine?"

Eitel said stiffly, "Only a fool would try to sell a fake to a connoisseur such as yourself. But it would be easy enough for us to arrange a spectroscopic analysis in Casablanca if——"

"Ah, no, no, no, I meant no suspicioning of your reputation. You are impeccable. We unquestion the genuinity. But what is done about the export certificate?"

"Easy. I have a document that says this is a recent copy, done by a student in Paris. They are not applying chemical tests of age to the paintings, not yet. You will be able to take the painting from Earth with such a certificate."

"And the price?" said Anakhistos.

Eitel took a deep breath. It was meant to steady him, but it dizzied him instead, for it filled his lungs with Agila.

He said, "If the deal is straight cash, the price is four million dollars."

"And otherwise?" Agila asked.

"I'd prefer to talk to you about that alone," he said to her.

"Whatever you want to say, you can say in front of Anakhistos. We are absolute mates. We have complete trust."

"I'd still prefer to speak more privately."

She shrugged. "All right. The balcony."

Outside, where the sweetness of night-blooming flowers filled the air, her fragrance was less overpowering. It made no difference. Looking straight at her only with difficulty, he said, "If I can spend the rest of this night making love to you, the price will be three million."

"This is a joke?"

"In fact, no. Not at all."

"It is worth a million dollars to have sexual contact with me?"

Eitel imagined how his father would have answered that question, his grandfather, his great-grandfather. Their accumulated wisdom pressed on him like a hump. To hell with them, he thought.

He said, listening in wonder to his own words, "Yes. It is."

"You know that this body is not my real body."

"I know."

"I am an alien being."

"Yes. I know."

She studied him in silence a long while. Then she said, "Why did you make me come outside to ask me this?"

"On Earth, men sometimes become quite angry when strangers ask their wives to go to bed with them. I didn't know how Anakhistos would react. I don't have any real idea how Centaurans react to anything."

"I am Centauran also," she pointed out.

"You don't seem as alien to me."

She smiled quickly, on-off. "I see. Well, let us confer with Anakhistos."

But the conference, it turned out, did not include Eitel. He stood by, feeling rash and foolish, while Agila and Anakhistos exchanged bursts of harsh, rapid words in their own language, a buzzing, eerie tongue that was quite literally like nothing on Earth. He searched their faces for some understanding of the flow of conversation. Was Anakhistos shocked? Outraged? Amused? And she? Even wearing human guise, she was opaque to him, too. Did she feel contempt for Eitel's bumptious lusts? Indifference? Did she see him as quaintly primitive, bestial, anthropoid? Or was she eagerly cajoling her husband into letting her have her little adventure? Eitel had no idea. He felt far out of his depth, a sensation as unfamiliar as it was unwelcome. Dry throat, sweaty palms, brain in turmoil; but there was no turning back now.

At last, Agila turned to him and said, "It is agreed. The painting is ours at three million. And I am yours until dawn."

•

David was still waiting. He grinned a knowing grin when Eitel emerged from the Merinides with Agila on his arm but said nothing. I have lost points with him, Eitel thought. He thinks I have allowed the nonsense of the flesh to interfere with a business decision, and now I have made myself frivolous in his eyes. It is more complicated than that, but David would never understand. *Business and women must be kept separate things.* To the taxi driver, Eitel knew, Helen of Troy herself would be as nothing next to $1,000,000: mere meat, mere heat. So be it, he told himself. David would never understand. What David would understand, Eitel thought guiltily, was that in cutting the deal with Agila, he had also cut $50,000 off David's commission. But he did not intend to let him know anything about that.

When they were in Eitel's room, Agila said, "First, I would please like to have some mint tea, yes? It is my addiction, you know. My aphrodisiac."

Sizzling impatience seared Eitel's soul. God only knew how long it might take room service to fetch a pot of tea at this hour, and at $1,000,000 a night, he preferred not to waste even a minute. But there was no way to refuse. He could not allow himself to seem like some panting schoolboy.

"Of course," he said.

After he had phoned, he walked around behind her as she stood by the window, peering into the mists of the night. He put his lips to the nape of her neck and cupped his hands over her breasts. This is very crazy, he thought. I am not touching her real body. This is only some synthetic mock-up, a statue of flesh, a mere androidal shell.

No matter. No matter. He was able to resist her beauty, that illusion, that figment. That beauty, astonishing and unreal, was what had drawn him at first, but it was the dark, secret alien underneath that ruled him now. That was what he hoped to reach: the alien, the star-woman, the unfathomable being from the black interstellar deeps. He would touch what no man of Earth had ever touched before.

He inhaled her fragrance until he felt himself swaying. She was making an odd purring sound that he hoped was one of pleasure.

There was a knock at the door. "The tea is here," she said.

The waiter—a boy in native costume, sleepy, openly envious of Eitel for having a woman like Agila in his room—took forever to set up the glasses and pour the tea, an infinitely slow process of raising the pot, aiming, letting the thick tea trickle down through the air. But at last he left. Agila drank greedily and beckoned to Eitel to have some also. He smiled and shook his head.

She said, "But you must. I love it so—you must share it. It is a ritual of love between us, eh?"

He did not choose to make an issue of it. A glass of mint tea must not get in the way, not now.

"To us," she said, and touched her glass to his.

He managed to drink a little. It was like pure liquid sugar. She had a second glass and then, maddeningly, a third. He pretended to sip at his. Then, at last, she touched her hand to a clasp on her shoulder and her metal-mesh sheath fell away.

They had done their research properly in the body-making labs of Centaurus. She was flawless, sheer fantasy: heavy breasts that defied gravity; slender waist; hips that would drive a Moroccan camel driver berserk; buttocks like pale hemispheres. They had given her a navel, pubic hair, erectile nipples, dimples here and there, the hint of blue veins in her thighs. Unreal, yes, Eitel thought, but magnificent.

"It is my fifth traveling body," she said. "I have been Arcturan, Steropid, Denebian, Mizarian—and each time it has been hard, hard, hard! After the transfer is done, there is a long training period, and it is always very difficult. But one learns. A moment finally comes when the body feels natural and true. I will miss this one very much."

"So will I," Eitel said.

Quickly he undressed. She came to him, touched her lips lightly to his, grazed his chest with her nipples.

"And now you must give me a gift," she said.

"What?"

"It is the custom before making love. An exchange of gifts." She took from

*"What's got me pissed off is that he now considers her his number-one helper."*

between her breasts the pendant she was wearing, a bit of bright crystal carved in disturbing alien swirls. "This is for you. And for me——"

Oh, God in heaven, he thought. No!

Her hand closed over the Olmec jade figurine that still was sitting on the dresser.

"This," she said.

It sickened him. That little statuette was $80,000 on the international antiquities market, maybe $1,000,000 or $2,000,000 to the right E.T. buyer. A gift? A love token? He saw the gleam in her eye and knew he was trapped. Refuse, and everything else might be lost. He dare not show any trace of pettiness. Yes. So be it. Let her have the damned thing. We are being romantic tonight. We are making grand gestures. We are not going to behave like a *petit bourgeois* Swiss art peddler. *If she confuse you, it can cost you*, David had said. Eitel took a deep breath.

"My pleasure," he said magnificently.

•

He was an experienced and expert lover; supreme beauty always inspired the best in him, and pride alone made him want to send her back to Centaurus with incandescent memories of the erotic arts of Earth. His performance that night—and performance was the only word he could apply to it—might well have been the finest of his life.

With the lips and tongue, first. Everywhere. With the fingers, slowly, patiently, searching for the little secret key places, the unexpected triggering points. With the breath against the skin, and the fingernails, ever so lightly, and the eyelashes and even the newly sprouting stubble of the cheek. These were all things that Eitel loved doing, not merely for the effects they produced in his bed partners but because they were delightful in and of themselves; yet he had never done them with greater dedication and skill.

And now, he thought, perhaps she will show me some of *her* skills.

But she lay there like a wax doll. Occasionally she stirred; occasionally she moved her hips a little. When he went into her, he found her warm and moist—why had they built that capacity in? Eitel wondered—but he felt no response from her, none at all.

He moved her this way, that, running through the gamut of positions as though he and she were making a training film for newlyweds. Now and then she smiled. Her eyes were always open: She was fascinated. Eitel felt anger rising. She was ever the tourist, even here in his bed. Getting some firsthand knowledge of the quaint sexual techniques of the primitive Earthmen.

Knowing he was being foolish, that he was compounding a foolishness, he drove his body with frantic intensity, rocking rhythmically above her, grimly pushing her on and on. *Come on*, he thought. *Give me a little sigh, a moan, a wriggle. Anything.* He wasn't asking her to come. There was no reason they should have built *that* capacity in, was there? The only thing he wanted now was to get some sort of acknowledgment of his existence from her, some quiver of assent.

He went on working at it, knowing he would not get it. But then, to his surprise, something actually seemed to be happening. Her face grew flushed and her eyes narrowed and took on a new gleam and her breath began to come in harsh little bursts and her breasts heaved and her nipples grew hard. All the signs, yes: Eitel had seen them so many times, and they had never been more welcome than at this moment. He knew what to do. The unslackening rhythm now, the steady building of tension, carrying her onward, steadily higher, leading her toward that magical moment of overload when the watchful conscious mind at last surrenders to the surging deeper forces. Yes. Yes. The valiant Earthman giving his all for the sake of transgalactic passion, laboring like a galley slave to show the star-woman what the communion of the sexes is all about.

She seemed almost there. Some panting now, even a little gasping. Eitel smiled in pleasant self-congratulation. Swiss precision, he thought: Never underestimate it.

And then, somehow, she managed to slip free of him, between one thrust and the next, and she rolled to the side, so that he collapsed in amazement into the pillow as she left the bed. He sat up and looked at her, stunned, gaping, numbed.

"Excuse me," she said, in the most casual way. "I thought I'd have a little more tea. Shall I get some for you?"

Eitel could barely speak. "No," he said hoarsely.

She poured herself a glass, drank, grimaced. "It doesn't taste as good as when it's warm," she said, returning to the bed. "Well, shall we go on?" she asked.

Silently he reached for her. Somehow he was able to start again. But this time a distance of a thousand light-years seemed to separate him from her. There was no rekindling that brief flame, and after a few moments he gave up. He felt himself forever shut away from the inwardness of her, as Earth is shut away from the stars. Cold, weary, more furious with himself than with her, he let himself come. He kept his eyes open as long as he could, staring icily into hers, but the sensations were unexpectedly powerful, and in the end he sank down against her breasts, clinging to her as the impact thundered through him.

In that bleak moment came a surprise. For as he shook and quivered in the force of that dismal ejaculation, something opened between them—a barrier, a gate—and the hotel melted and disappeared and he saw himself in the midst of a bizarre landscape. The sky was a rich golden green; the sun was deep green and hot; the trees and plants and flowers were like nothing he had ever seen on Earth. The air was heavy, aromatic and of a piercing flavor that stung his nostrils. Flying creatures that were not birds soared unhurriedly overhead, and some iridescent beasts that looked like red-velvet pillows mounted on tripods were grazing on the lower branches of furry-limbed trees. On the horizon Eitel saw three jagged naked mountains of some yellow-brown stone that gleamed like polished metal in the sunlight. He trembled. Wonder and awe engulfed his spirit. This is a park, he realized, the most beautiful park in the world. But this is not *this* world. He found a little path that led over a gentle hill, and when he came to the far side, he looked down to see Centaurans strolling two by two, hand in hand, through an elegantly contoured garden.

Oh, my God, Eitel thought. Oh, my God in heaven!

Then it all began to fade, growing thin, turning to something no more substantial than smoke, and in a moment more it was all gone. He lay still, breathing raggedly, by her side, watching her breasts slowly rise and fall.

He lifted his head. She was studying him. "You liked that?"

"Liked what?"

"What you saw."

"So you know?"

She seemed surprised. "Of course! You thought it was an accident? It was my gift for you."

"Ah." The picture postcard of the home world, bestowed on the earnest native for his diligent services. "It was extraordinary. I've never seen anything so beautiful."

"It is very beautiful, yes," she said complacently. Then, smiling, "That was interesting, what you did there at the end, when you were breathing so hard. Can you do that again?" she asked, as though he had just executed some intricate juggling maneuver.

Bleakly, he shook his head and turned away. He could not bear to look into those magnificent eyes any longer. Somehow—he would never have any way of knowing when it had happened, except that it was somewhere between "Can you do that again?" and the dawn—he fell asleep. She was shaking him gently awake then. The light of a brilliant morning came bursting through the fragile old silken draperies.

"I am leaving now," she whispered. "But I wish to thank you. It has been a night I shall never forget."

"Nor I," said Eitel.

"To experience the reality of Earthian ways at such close range—with such intimacy, such immediacy——"

"Yes. Of course. It must have been extraordinary for you."

"If ever you come to Centaurus——"

"Certainly. I'll look you up."

She kissed him lightly, tip of nose, forehead, lips. Then she walked toward the door. With her hand on the knob, she

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turned and said, "Oh, one little thing that may amuse you. I meant to tell you last night. We don't have that kind of thing on our world, you know—that concept of owning one's mate's body. And in any case, Anakhistos is not male and I am not female, not exactly. We mate, but our sex distinctions are not so well defined as that. It is with us more like the way it is with your oysters, I think. So it is not quite right to say that Anakhistos is my husband or that I am his wife. I thought you would like to know." She blew him a kiss. "It has been very lovely," she said. "Goodbye."

•

When she was gone, he went to the window and stared into the garden for a long while without looking at anything in particular. He felt weary and burned out, and there was a taste of straw in his mouth. After a time, he turned away.

When he emerged from the hotel later that morning, David's car was waiting out front.

"Get in," he said.

They drove in silence to a café that Eitel had never seen before, in the new quarter of town. David said something in Arabic to the proprietor and he brought mint tea for two.

"I don't like mint tea," Eitel said.

"Drink. It washes away bad tastes. How did it go last night?"

"Fine. Just fine."

"You and the woman, ficky-ficky?"

"None of your ficky-ficky business."

"Try some tea," David urged. "It not so good last night, eh?"

"What makes you think so?"

"You not look so happy. You not sound so happy."

"For once, you're wrong," Eitel said. "I got everything I wanted to get. Do you understand me? I got everything I wanted to get." His tone might have been a little too loud, a little too aggressive, for it drew a quizzical, searching look from the Moroccan.

"Yes. Sure. And what size deal? That *is* my business, yes?"

"Three million cash."

"Only three?"

"Three," Eitel said. "I owe you a hundred fifty thousand. You're doing all right, a hundred fifty for a couple of hours' work. I'm making you a rich man."

"Yes. Very rich. But no more deals, Eitel."

"What?"

"You find another boy, all right? I will work now with someone else, maybe. There are plenty of others, you know? I will be more comfortable with them. Is very bad when one does not trust a partner."

"I don't follow you."

"What you did last night, going off with the woman, was very stupid. Poor business, you know? I wonder, did you have to pay her? And did you pay her some of my money, too?"

David was smiling, as always. But sometimes his smiles were amiable and sometimes they were just smiles. Eitel had a sudden vision of himself in a back alley of the old town, bleeding. He had another vision of himself undergoing interrogation by the customs men. David had a lot of power over him, he realized.

Eitel took a deep breath and said, "I resent the insinuation that I've cheated you. I've treated you very honorably from the start. You know that. And if you think I bought the woman, let me tell you this: She isn't a woman at all. She's an alien. Some of them wear human bodies when they travel. Underneath all that gorgeous flesh, she's a Centauran, David."

"And you touched her?"

"Yes."

"You put yourself inside her?"

"Yes," Eitel said.

David stood up. He looked as though he had just found a rat embryo in his tea. "I am very glad we are no longer partners, then. Deliver the money to me in the usual way. And then please stay away from me when you are in this city."

"Wait," Eitel said. "Take me back to the Merinides. I've got three more paintings to sell."

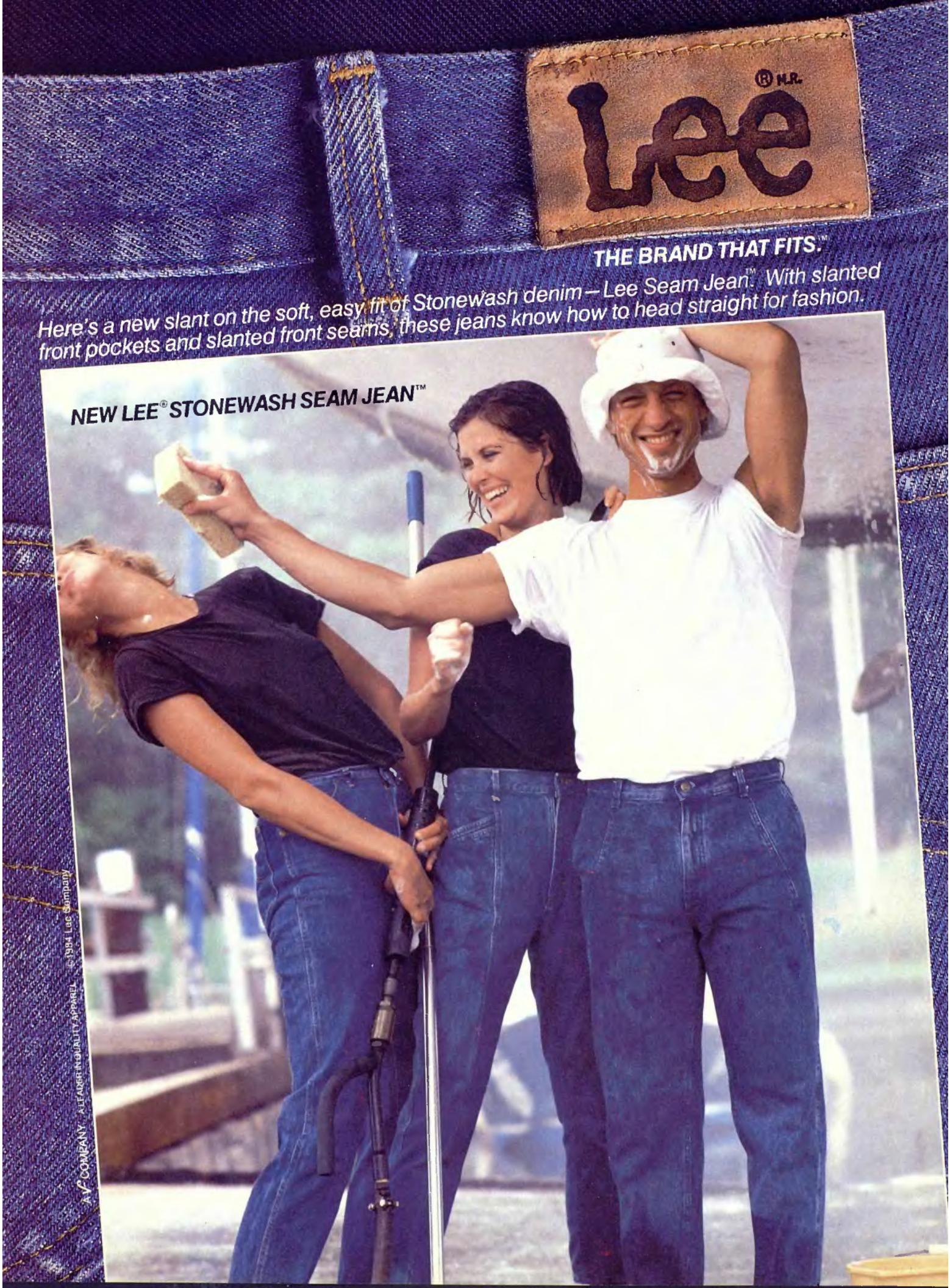
"There are plenty of taxi drivers in this city," said David.

When he was gone, Eitel peered into his mint tea for a while and wondered if David meant to make trouble for him. Then he stopped thinking about him and thought about that glimpse of a green sun and a golden landscape that Agila had given him. His hands felt cold; his fingers were quivering a little. He became aware that he wanted more than anything else to see those things again. Could any Centauran make that happen for him, he wondered, or was it only Agila's little trick? What about other aliens? He imagined himself prowling the night club, hustling for action, pressing himself up against this slithery thing or that one, desperately trying to re-enact that weird orgasmic moment that had carried him to the stars. A new perversion, he thought. One that even David found disgusting.

He wondered what it was like to go to bed with a Vegan or an Arcturan or a Steropid. God in heaven! Could he do it? Yes, he told himself, thinking of green suns and the unforgettable fragrance of that alien air. Yes. Yes. Of course he could. Of course.

There was a sudden strange sweetness in his mouth. He realized that he had taken a deep gulp of the mint tea without paying attention to what he was doing. Eitel smiled. It hadn't made him sick, had it? Had it? He took another swig. Then, in a slow, determined way, he finished the rest of it and scattered some coins on the counter and went outside to look for a cab.

*"Sorry, Santa, I gave at the office."*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# EX-WIVES

*(continued from page 168)*

*"Blind rage might be an excellent tactic if we lived in a society that tolerated casual strangling."*

Or been a little more understanding about her summer in Gstaad with a dance therapist. So she laughed at your thigh fat a few times. And referred to the "Big Guy" as the "Little Fella." Everyone makes mistakes. Didn't you chuckle at her hats?

The implication is that if only you'd done this, if only you'd done that, the marriage—though tattered and moth-eaten—would still be around, like the British Empire.

In her martyred silence, the ex-wife cries out to the world, "It's all your fault, fella."

### A RETURN TO SAN QUENTIN

One reason the ex-wife is never quite out of your thoughts is that you may still be slightly in love with her. This unnerving realization generally comes when the battlefield is calm, the body count is in and the last lawyer has skipped off to deposit his gains.

How can I still be in love with her? you ask. This is absurd. After all, we're talking *Cynthia* here, who left me groveling on the patio. And ran off with Pepe. And then rented billboards so she could announce it to everyone who hadn't heard. Where did I go wrong? And what do I do now?

Nothing drastic. Above all, don't send flowers. You did that already, and look what happened. What you're feeling is normal or only slightly depraved. Man has always been fascinated by the bizarre. Think Diane Arbus. And there's a bit of a masochist in all of us. Many a long-term prisoner—out on parole—has been known to commit a crime so he can return to the comfort of San Quentin. In the annals of holocaust literature, there are instances of survivors' longing for their prison-camp tormentors.

*How I miss that old gauleiter of mine.*
*How I miss his lash.*

Your old life represents the security of unhappiness. The comfort of unrelieved gloom. What lies ahead for you may very well be happiness, a tough pill for the uninitiated.

### A NEAT DESK

Ex-wives, finally, are inconvenient. There's no need to refer to them as one of life's loose ends, but is there any doubt that they're always out there somewhere, flapping about and eventually having to be dealt with? More specifically, there's always a document that involves them. A certificate that needs two signatures. Or a child who insists on having both parents at some function. And back comes the E.W. into the picture.

This is not to suggest that they all be rounded up and shipped off somewhere. Who would condone such a dreadful procedure? But there should be some way to close out the books on them. And there isn't.

This can be disconcerting, particularly for the fellow who likes a fresh crease in his trousers and a neat desk.

•

Some men accept their ex-wives stoically and slog along in the preposterous hope that relief is on the way. Others take on yet another E.W., which is very much like Hitler's cheerfully contemplating a two-front war. A third group faces the issue squarely by pissing and moaning a lot.

Clearly, what's needed is a balanced game plan, somewhere between the candlelit dinner and the contract killing. Of course, there is no sure-fire way of dealing with an E.W. No man has ever seen or spoken with one and come away whistling show tunes. At best, it's a holding action, like El Salvador. But following these few shaky guidelines will give you a chance to take your place in society as an only moderately depressed fellow.

### KEEP HER TAPPING

Control your anger. Blind rage might be an excellent tactic if we lived in a society that tolerated casual strangling. Until that day arrives, it can only deplete your energy, which you are bound to need in the long struggle ahead. A better approach is to clench your teeth, take a deep breath and think of your ex-wife as a human being—not necessarily a *fellow* human being but one with her own hopes, fears and aspirations, however weird they may be. After all, she may not be out to get you. Not full time. She might have other things to do. Many an E.W. has become a useful, functioning member of the community. She may very well have taken up something—tap dancing, for example. While your back was turned, she could have started up a school devoted to that lost art. Why not help her along? There's no need to drop down and take lessons, but is there any harm in wishing her well? An ex who is up on her toes, tip-tap-tapping her way through life, is an ex you probably won't hear from for a while.

### FIRST OF THE MONTH

Make all payments on time. After all, you've agreed to make them. What good does it do to shriek like a dying animal each time you write out the check? Besides, it's *thinking* about paying the money that hurts. Once you part with it, you may experience a certain giddiness and lightness of step that will serve you well as you set about saving up some more money. After all, what would you have done with it anyway? Had some fun? Hasn't it been proved time and time again that fun is transitory?

So send that check on time and let *her* be stuck with fun. (Note: Ignore this advice when interest rates are high.)

### LOW PROFILE

It may be true that your ex has set aside an hour or two each day for throwing darts at your effigy. But this does not preclude her being jealous of your current life, which she may imagine is splendid. For that reason, it's a wise idea to conceal any outward display of good fortune. This is not to suggest that you send her bulletins about your failing prostate. Just don't flaunt any signs of happiness.

Very often, it's the *kind* of news you pass along that causes trouble. She may not mind hearing about a few pathetic gains you've made in the bat-guano market or a poem you've placed in the local newspaper. But if you take up with a 19-year-old coffee heiress, it's probably best to keep it under wraps.

### A VISIT FROM SVEN

It's a swinish thought, but you might consider having a lecherous old friend drop around to see how she's getting along. No doubt your E.W. is still a handsome woman—a ripened version of the wench you spotted at the prom—and probably not all that long in the tooth. We're not talking Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini here. A romance could be good for her, good for you and—who knows?—maybe good for old Sven. Keep him out of the discos.

### KEEP YOUR DISTANCE

Think about taking your E.W. to dinner. A charming little French place, soft lights, a little music, a little duck *à l'orange*.

Think about it, and then, for God's sake, *don't do it*. It won't work. Something will come up. She'll knock your haircut. You'll have a few choice words about her lawyer. Things will wind up being thrown. Or, worse yet, something *won't* come up. It will work out nicely and you'll be sucked in again. So keep your distance. Out of sight, out of harm's way. You've let Poland be Poland. Let your ex *be* your ex.

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 *(continued from page 190)*

*"Every hour's TV programing leads off with a music video called 'Rap Master Ronnie.'"*

century or so too early. Macy's employees have seized the balmy moment to launch a strike. It seems that Macy's wants to freeze salaries, and the workers don't think that's such a good idea. They woke me up this morning, stamping down the sidewalk. Now they're circling outside the store, berating customers. One old woman stands nervously just beyond their ranks. She's experiencing a powerful urge to shop but can't figure out how to run the gantlet. Finally, unable to contain herself, she scuttles for the door. She's almost home when one of the strikers spots her. An angry cry arises: "Anyone shopping at Macy's is shiftless scum!" The old woman's body sags visibly as she topples inside the store.

At the junction of Powell and Market, where 12,000-pound cable cars rotate on giant Lazy Susans for the return trip up Nob Hill, things are heating up. Above the din of street bands and the low rumble of the crowd, voices propelled by bullhorns can be heard barking commands. A vast army of union members—50,000, maybe 100,000—is on the move. Banners with such slogans as SUPPORT LOCAL 1100 sail past. Scurrying around with their bullhorns, keeping everyone in line, the march organizers somehow miss an elderly woman in a gold hat who wanders among them, saying she's the true representative of the cross.

The Ranger is towing me around through the marble and plush of the Fairmont Hotel lobby, sniffing for action. Rumor has it that Bert Lance and the man he's supposed to replace at the D.N.C., Charles Manatt, are, at this moment, meeting somewhere in the hotel. Rounding a corner, we run into a gaggle of camera crews clustered around a bank of elevators. Lance and Manatt, they tell us, are on the 23rd floor. What's more, Jimmy Carter may be on the way to help smooth feathers.

The Ranger and I give it about 15 minutes before deciding on an end run. Nothing is happening, so we may as well force the issue: We'll simply get on the elevator and head for floor 23. It's probably futile, but if we can avoid getting shot, it'll be worth it just to stretch our legs.

When the elevator doors part, we're staring at a pert woman with a list of names, a gnarly-looking guard and the biggest phone set I've ever seen—at least 50 extensions. "We're here for the meeting," says the Ranger, assuming a commanding tone. They don't buy it for a second. The woman doesn't even check her list. For his part, the guard has decided we may be dangerous. He's coming around the end of the table, his hand sliding toward the flap on his holster. Can't blame him. I'm wearing jeans and a T-shirt, and six months' worth of hair falls near my shoulders. The Ranger has the dark gleam of a Turkish terrorist with six pounds of *plastique* taped to each thigh. If we weren't on the same side, I'd probably shoot him myself. Clearly, it is time for a strategic retreat.

The Mark Hopkins is a Mecca for the liberal chic. Stretch limos circle like sharks before beaching themselves on the red-brick apron of the driveway. Suave couples slide out and file up the marble steps. Inside, beyond the mirrored walls and the potted palms, the D.N.C. is meeting to discuss finances. Mixing with money are the politicians. Birch Bayh is here with his wife, Kitty. Tom McMillen, of the Washington Bullets, towers over the crowd. "He wants to be the next Bill Bradley," laughs the Ranger.

A certain Congressman from Southern Illinois hurries through with a big grin, heading for the mezzanine stairs. Taking advantage of the confused flurries that attend comings and goings, we tail him all the way into an upstairs meeting room. Serious-looking people are seated at a long, rectangular table. No one seems to notice as we press up against a wall. This is a PAC meeting, I realize with a small jolt. I've never been to one of these. Never felt deprived, either. But it occurs to me that this is a good chance to see a politician with his hair down or his pants off, as the case may be.

With his wife looking on, beaming proudly, the Congressman glad-hands his way to the head of the table. His butt has barely hit the chair when he starts talking about Stinger missile sales to Saudi Arabia and how his opponent is selling out Israel. Apparently, this is a Jewish PAC. After the spiel is finished, the gathering looks decidedly unimpressed. A gray-haired man who seems to be in charge leans forward, staring unsmilingly. "We don't think you're pushing the money hard enough," he says, not a shred of respect in his voice.

The Congressman starts to sweat. "Well," he chokes, "we'll certainly work on that. Get on it right away." His wife looks like she's been gutshot. Jesus, these PAC folks don't pull any punches. If he doesn't "push the money" where it's supposed to go, the poor slob will be hung out to dry. As we slip out, he's still yammering about "getting on that immediately."

After nearly four bleary hours, during which time I nearly fuse with a Leatherette sofa, our contact finally arrives, striding through the lobby with a sheaf of papers clamped in one steel grip. He has little to tell us. We're on the A list, whatever that means, and we should show up in the ballroom tomorrow at ten A.M. Swell. For this we missed Sister Boom-Boom—a guy who wears a nun's habit and heavy make-up and exhorts people through a bullhorn—and the Gay Parade.

On the way back to the Manx, I learn two things. One: If Jimmy Breslin could canonize Geraldine Ferraro's husband, John Zaccaro, he would. The Ranger and I run into Breslin and Studs Terkel outside an ice-cream parlor. Breslin is confirmedly and volubly of the opinion that Zaccaro is the New American Man or some such thing. As he sees it, any real-estate magnate who doesn't go off the deep end when his wife runs for Vice-President is OK.

My other revelation concerns the Ranger. The man cannot eat an ice-cream cone. Within three minutes, his mustache looks like an Eskimo Pie. Half a block later, brown chocolate gunk is running down his pants onto his shoes. The question arises as to just who will be looking after whom on this enterprise.

The evening's parties are an integral part of the story here, particularly those thrown by news organizations. Not only do they offer journalists the opportunity to blow off steam but the day's gossip can be hashed and rehashed with colleagues. *Time* magazine is playing host tonight at the World Trade Club. Editor in chief Henry A. Grunwald welcomes some 800 people into a banquet room with a dandy view of the bay. Trouble is, the room was designed for only 500. By the time we arrive, the temperature must be 125 degrees in the punch bowl. I'm not fond of hordes and I prefer not to perspire inordinately. You can imagine how I feel about big, sweaty parties.

While I'm wandering abound, shirt stuck to my back, looking for anyone I know, the Ranger is discovering any number of long-lost friends. He's in heaven. Two hours later, when the party breaks up, he's disappointed. I can't wait to breathe fresh air.

Back in my room, I switch on CTV, the in-house convention coverage. Every hour's programing leads off with a music video called *Rap Master Ronnie*. "My youngest son grew up in tights," crows the actor playing my father.

MONDAY, JULY 16

*I'm in love with Mario Cuomo. He's Adlai Stevenson with balls.*

—NORA EPHRON,
San Francisco Chronicle

The scene at the Mark Hopkins is daunting. In the ballroom, folding tables

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# Newport

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stand at the perimeter. The lines at each table where Democratic National Committee and assorted VIP credentials are handed out is long and slow-moving. The Ranger and I are engaged in our first credentials scam—it seems as if it's all journalists talk about: "What kind of pass did *you* get?"—and our names don't appear on anyone's list. Finally, we find ourselves nose to nose with a harried young woman.

"Name?"

"Ron Reagan."

There is a bristling of her neck hairs. Without looking up, she scribbles down my name. "You don't know how I *hate* writing this name," she says grimly.

Still, we haven't gotten the credentials we need. I need a rest. I abandon the Ranger and head for the bar with a vague plan to suck down a gallon of orange juice.

Meanwhile, back at ground zero, something has awakened in the primitive portion of the Ranger's brain. The frustration and general nastiness have rekindled a living memory—some life-or-death struggle, perhaps, in a Cambodian jungle. He's become a dervish, spinning from table to table, threatening, cajoling, wheedling and intimidating. I remember that this is the guy who, figuring even Communists wouldn't shoot infants, strapped a baby to his chest before crossing into East Berlin. By the time I return, our VIP passes are in hand. Now it's time for the *real* credentials—for the convention floor itself.

(The vast majority of journalists will be confined to the outer fringe of the convention floor with hall passes. A lucky few will be given a chance to go onto the floor for 30 minutes at a time, provided they stand in line for 45 minutes each time they want to do so. A select handful get go-anywhere floor passes like those given to delegates, millionaire TV reporters and multimillionaire D.N.C. contributors.)

We stand nervously in the hallway, listening to the raucous, oddly high-pitched laughter coming from inside the room. It is *the* room. I've checked the little slip of paper Deep Pockets gave me just to be sure. I knock. The hooting and squealing die immediately. The peephole darkens as an eye scrutinizes us, blinking once, twice. Presently, the chain is unlatched, the dead bolt thrown back. The door swings open to reveal a nine-year-old boy. Perfect! Great cover. But when we get inside, I realize that, of the four other people in the room, none is over 14. Playing cards are scattered across one bed. These *children* have been playing draw poker with floor passes that cost the networks and D.N.C. sugar daddies up to $10,000. A tall, dark-haired kid, apparently the leader, hands me an envelope with two passes. "These are only good for one day," he warns. "Come back tomorrow if you want more."

I look at the credentials. Beneath the small holographic patches, designed to prevent counterfeiting, they read D.N.C. MEMBER.

A section of the parking lot outside the Moscone Center has been designated "free space." It's sort of a safety valve intended to keep the weird at bay. At the moment, the gathering is harmless. White-robed devotees of obscure religious sects corner those too naïve or enfeebled to flee. One fellow is handing out strips of cloth he calls "ribbons against Reagan." Another, the sign around his neck identifying him as AMERICA'S SAKHAROV, has pitched camp with a clear view of the break dancers.

The Moscone Center was not intended for conventions. Boat shows, maybe, but not large gatherings of humanity. Long, low and stiflingly hot, it looks like a Zeppelin hangar. The interior has been transformed, to the extent possible, into a giant television studio. The predominant color scheme is TV blue. Giant video screens hang over the podium, and facing the rostrum at oblique angles are giant, monolithic network booths.

In the CBS booth, sequestered in his own three-by-five cubicle, sits Mark Siegel. A longtime member of the D.N.C., he is working with CBS, identifying the faces on his monitor to the anchor booth upstairs. From Mark's perch, we can see that Gary Hart's forces have scored a stunning visual coup. His red, high-tech-lettered signs stand out against the blue. Mondale's placards, like the candidate himself, simply fade into the background.

During a lull in the action, the Ranger makes a big mistake. He tries to strike up a conversation with one of the directors in the booth. The guy turns and looks at us as if we were a couple of cat turds. "What are you doing in here?" he demands. Then, without waiting for an answer, "Get the hell out!" These booths are a bastion of privilege reserved for television people only. The idea that strangers—*print journalists* at that—could wander right in is more than this fellow can stand. He's still screaming as the door slams behind us.

Jimmy Carter has never been what you would call an electrifying speaker. Vacillating between plaintive whines and scolding admonitions, his speeches tend to die a-borning. What a contrast to Mario Cuomo, whose ripsnorting keynote address has the delegates smelling blood. This is the real beginning of a four-day bash-Reagan fest. Speaker after speaker vies with his cohorts in painting the most vivid picture of my father as a coldhearted fascist warmonger. It's imperative that the delegates and, ideally, the public at large be made to believe that Ronald Reagan plans to put the elderly and the handicapped to work barbecuing minority children on the South Lawn while he and his fat-cat country-club cronies sit back, licking their fingers. From now until November and probably beyond, Reagan will be the liberal Democrats' great Satan.

I'm in my room dressing for the *Washington Post* party when the Ranger calls from the Westin St. Francis. He's having a drink with the doctor of Gonzo Journalism, Dr. Hunter S. Thompson. Early in my discussions with PLAYBOY, it was proposed that I think along the lines of Gonzo Journalism. Not wanting to piss off Hunter, whose work I admired and who has been known to pack a .44 Magnum, I countered with the idea of Bonzo journalism. The Ranger and I have since adopted Bonzo as a password, using it after two knocks and a pause at either of our hotel-room doors.

When I arrive, Hunter is seated behind a line of gin and tonics—his first order, it turns out—spilling tales of dark loathing. The night before, in a fit of pique, he had called newswoman Linda Ellerbee a slut and subsequently got into a fistfight with her camera crew. The evening ended with Hunter punching out a wall. His hand still looks like a slab of tenderized beef.

The doctor won't be joining us at the *Post* party, but it's agreed we'll share a cab as far as Tosca, a linoleum-floored bar in North Beach from which Hunter plans to do some serious reporting. After dropping Hunter off, our cabby asks, "Was that *the* Dr. Thompson?" Cabbies are a well-read group in San Francisco. When the Ranger, sitting in back, says that it was, the cabby mentions an item in that day's paper by Herb Caen, the city's longtime chronicler. My quote about Bonzo journalism has been picked up and made to sound as if I'd made a mistake, not a joke, about Gonzo Journalism. The cabby wonders whether young Ron has a sense of humor or is just dim. From the front seat, unrecognized in my six months of hair, I mention that I've often wondered the same thing about this young Reagan fellow.

The *Post* party at Levi's Plaza is a vast improvement over the one held by *Time*. They've rented a huge room, for one thing, and the temperature remains tolerable. And the food! They're offering everything from grilled chicken to *sushi*. Good food is *important*: The more people eat, the more they can safely drink. It can mean the difference between a dignified gathering and a drunken row. I confess, though, I have trouble picturing Katharine Graham waving a broken bottle in anyone's face under any circumstances.

Celebrities are everywhere: Richard Reeves, Warren Beatty, Governor Richard Lamm of Colorado. Off in a corner, I spot a woman high up in the Hart campaign. Hart has sounded spunky all week. In fact, he's making noises as if he still has a shot at the nomination. "Yeah, they still think he can win," Hart's campaign worker says. "They're crazy, is what I think."

When things start to thin out, a few of us squeeze into *Los Angeles Times* reporter Robert Scheer's rented car, heading for the Cadillac Bar and a bash thrown by *Mother Jones*. There I'm met with a mixture of curiosity and suspicion. As an earnest young man tells me, "This is the last bastion of the New Left," and they're not sure

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whether I'm a spy, a convert or someone they should toss out just to be on the safe side. Oddly enough, the *Post* party was easier to get into. You gave your name to a woman at the door and waltzed right in. *Mother Jones* requires guests to wear a special button and pass muster with a gang of security guards. Leave it to the New Left to turn right at the drop of a credential.

Two A.M. I'm back in my room trying to fall asleep. Someone below my window is playing *Rock-a-Bye Baby* on a trumpet.

TUESDAY, JULY 17

*ABC decided part of Tuesday night's Convention was a "dinosaur event" and cut away to a rerun mystery program.*

—BEN BROWN,
USA Today

This morning comes the first hint that violence may erupt on the fringes of the festivities. A group protesting the possible arrival of the Ku Klux Klan has gathered in front of a drugstore near the convention. The Klan, a group leader suggests, relinquishes its right to free speech, since it arms its members against Jews and blacks. The only appropriate response, he continues, is paramilitary action by militant blacks. I make a mental note to watch any Klan rally from the top of a tall building.

On our way into the Moscone Center, the Ranger and I run into Hunter, Pat Caddell and actress Margot Kidder, a.k.a. Lois Lane, who is on assignment to *Vogue*. A flimsy rumor is floating around that Mondale is losing delegates. Supposedly, he's now 20 short of the 1967 needed for nomination. As Hart's pollster, Caddell ought to know, but he's not talking. Watching him stride into Hart's command central, a sort of trailer camp in the back of the hall, I get the impression of a fragmentation grenade about to blow. I have an impulse to throw a lead blanket over him and hit the deck.

Margot, running a bit hyper, is wired for any action. Thinking herself "incognito" in revealing white jump suit and big shades, she's been tailing delegates and using her connections to infiltrate every camp. "Hell, I've donated lots of money to their campaigns," she laughs. Sitting on the floor outside the Railroad Lounge, a watering hole for the press, she takes about 30 seconds to run down her act: "Hart's an asshole. I'm for the freeze; that's my emotional commitment. I interviewed Hart. I said the D5 is an offensive weapon; he said no it's not, it's launched underwater. Can you believe that? What a liar. I really went after him, but he just walked away. . . . I'm really dry. . . . I like your sister. We met over the freeze. She's great. I don't understand Hunter. He just wants to drink beer and watch it all on TV. . . . This is the first thing I've ever done—2500 words for *Vogue*. Can you believe that? What am I supposed to do with 2500 words? I've been following delegates. . . . Let's get a drink."

Ugliness erupts on the convention floor. Jesse Jackson has proposed an amendment to the party platform that would outlaw runoff primaries when no candidate has 50 percent of the vote. The idea is to help black candidates get elected, particularly in the South. Andrew Young has risen to speak for the opposition and is being viciously jeered. For a fleeting moment, it seems some of the more physical Jackson delegates may climb right up onto the podium and kick Young's ass.

Jackson's first order of business in an emotional speech is to apologize to everyone he's infuriated over the past year. That's a lot of "I'm sorrys." Apologia extended, Jackson launches into his familiar rolling, rhyming cadence. Tears begin to flow among his delegates. Cries of "Preach, Jesse, preach" ring out. The acoustics in the hall are so bad that even down front, 50 feet from the podium, I can hardly make out what's being said. Fortunately, two men in front of me are excitedly repeating every word.

The speech over, I make a break for the exit. A wall of people is blocking the way and I end up standing in front of a short, rotund but powerfully built black woman. "Get out of the way," she snaps.

At this point, I'm hemmed in, unable to move. "Don't worry," I try to assure her, "there's nothing to see at the moment."

She's not convinced. "There's plenty for me to see and it ain't the back of your head!" I move. I can see the headline: "REAGAN'S SON DISRUPTS CONVENTION, IS STOMPED TO DEATH BY DELEGATE."

Otis Chandler stands in the doorway, granitelike, welcoming people to a party thrown by his newspaper, the *Los Angeles Times*. Big names file past: Tom Brokaw, Walter Cronkite, David Broder. These parties have become the central arena. The convention, it sometimes seems, is a peripheral event, a mere excuse for the larger media get-together. Consider that there are more than 14,000 journalists in town, as opposed to 4000 conventioneers, and the idea doesn't seem farfetched.

One of the drawbacks to these gatherings is the presence of gossip columnists. Before I know it, I'm going *mano a mano* with a woman who's wondering which designer made my suit and would I take off my shoes and point my ex-dancer's feet? I'm saved by the arrival of Hunter Thompson. Hunter radiates a powerful energy that draws people to him. Even network anchor men, themselves used to being the centers of attention, pay court. Unfortunately, so does the gossip columnist. She's not even sure who Hunter is, but he's obviously *someone*, so she's interested. Starting with the old "Who made your suit?" routine, she quickly gets down to brass tacks and before long is actually on the floor, grappling with one of Thompson's shins. God knows what she's after there. Tattoos?

The Hooker's Ball, scheduled after tonight's convention proceedings, should offer the kind of buoyant decadence worthy of Fellini. Instead, we have a grim, tawdry affair reminiscent of Fassbinder. Fifty bucks gets you in the door, but we manage to strike a deal whereby we can stay for 15 minutes, free. Inside, drunken photographers reel through the haze, attached to sleepy prostitutes. The women are pleasant enough; after all, they're collecting money for their parent organization, COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics). But it's too obviously a professional hustle. When our 15 minutes are up, they are decidedly *up*; the woman who let us in is practiced at keeping time and says we gotta go, business is business. As we leave, I ask one of the hookers how good business *has* been during the convention. "Are you kidding?" she snorts. "Business sucks. This isn't like the Republican Convention would be. The Democrats are all out fucking each *other*."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18

*A man who had been asked to sit down last night while Jesse Jackson addressed the Democratic National Convention bit three delegates on the convention floor, police said.*

—San Francisco Chronicle

When the going gets tough, the tough go shopping. Or so I've heard. Anyway, it sounds like a good idea. Instead of building to a peak as these things should, this convention is fizzling early. The conclusion is undramatically foregone. Reporters, tired of chasing nonexistent stories, have taken to the curio shops and long lunches. Delegates are plodding along more from habit than from fervor. This great exercise in democracy is gradually, entropically grinding to a close.

I spend the day wandering about Chinatown, scorching my innards with "the hottest Hunan in town" and picking up souvenirs. If you let your vision blur, parts of that neighborhood look like Hong Kong. English is definitely a second language and the street life is marvelously un-American. After four days of politics and finger food, the vegetable markets and kung-fu theaters are a blessed relief.

Back at the Moscone Center, Aaron Copland's *Fanfare for the Common Man* gives way to the strains of the Marlboro theme. Gary Hart is at the podium, milking applause. After five minutes, there's not much more to milk, but that doesn't deter Hart. Every time the scattered huzzahs dwindle to inaudibility, he nods with a "Thank you" to a hard-core cadre down front that takes up the cry again. This goes on for ten, 15, 20 minutes, until Hart is right where he wants to be—smack in the middle of prime time. I've long had a suspicion that Hart is a few bricks short of a full load. He seems uncomfortable, not only with people in general but with himself as well. There is

*"Oh, Mr. Ortiz—could I borrow your finger?"*

something coldly reptilian in his demeanor. His speech does nothing to dispel this notion. Through binoculars I can almost see the forked tongue flicking out, the translucent inner lids sliding over his eyes.

The text of the speech itself, reportedly crafted by Kennedy speechwriter Ted Sorensen, looks pretty good on paper but drops dead from Hart's lips. The boredom, however, is just beginning. Next: nominating speeches. The prospect of hearing the candidates' praises sung for two more hours is almost unbearably painful. This is a sentiment shared by many among the folks seated near me, and the sense of ennui soon reaches a desperate pitch. Faced with monumental tedium, people will babble about anything. When the subject of ex-governor Jerry Brown's foreplay technique is broached, I know it's time to flee.

At Tosca, CBS' Ed Bradley is regaling a select crowd with tales from the convention floor. The action in the back room, an invitation-only pool hall, is swift and mean. The brand of pool being played here would offend the likes of Minnesota Fats. For one thing, the room is too small for the table. All kinds of sawed-off cues must be used. Then there's the fact that the players, frustrated by their inadequacy, tend to resort to violence. Comedian Robin Williams, also hanging out, wisely assenting to rack the balls only, dubs the game slam pool.

Hunter Thompson and I team up against a couple of locals. I haven't touched a cue in about five years, but, for some reason, all my shots are dropping. We're running away with the game. The local boys are not taking it well. Bad losers. One in particular, a drunken fire smoldering behind his eyes, is circling the table, looking for an opening. Suddenly, holding his cue as if lining up an angle, he lashes out at Hunter with a vicious groin shot. The doctor, his reflexes amazingly sharp after a lifetime of abuse, manages to side-step the blow. It's an unwritten rule in this room that underhanded tactics like these be allowed to pass without mention. But when the local begins splintering beer bottles against the walls, Hunter takes offense. "You filthy, swine-sucking bastard!" he screams, brandishing his cue like a javelin. The awful carnage about to ensue is forestalled only by the arrival of another round of beers.

When the two-A.M. curfew forces us to leave, the Ranger and I wander toward the Manx through darkened streets. Five days down, one to go.

THURSDAY, JULY 19

*Mondale can not, whatever he does, kiss her [Ferraro].*

—PATRICK H. CADDELL,
*Democratic poll taker*

*Jimmy Carter never touched me.*

—WALTER MONDALE,
*former Vice-President, quoted by Maureen Dowd in* The New York Times

Tonight belongs to Geraldine Ferraro. She could get up on the podium and do half an hour of shadow puppets, and the roof would still come down. But when she says her nomination has meant more for women than anything Ronald Reagan has done in three and a half years, she's not just blowing steam. Nothing else, not even Sandra Day O'Connor's appointment to the Supreme Court, carries such symbolic weight. Her speech, though, is less than electrifying. Someone, probably from the Mondale camp, has slowed her staccato Queens delivery. Her rhythm is unnaturally measured. But the delegates don't care. The women, in particular, tears streaming, are beside themselves with joy.

Following Ferraro, we're treated to one of those made-for-TV campaign films designed to show us that the candidate, in this case Mondale, is just like you and me—only a good deal more saintly. Here's Fritz wandering through lush woods, musing in familiar, nasal tones about trees, fishing and peace on earth. There's Fritz lakeside, chomping into an ear of corn and ruminating about family, togetherness and a balanced budget. He demonstrates an astounding lack of screen presence.

Originally, Ted Kennedy was supposed to introduce the film. Now, Teddy may embody any number of unattractive qualities, but he's no sucker. He's thinking about 1988. No way is he going to play m.c. to a strip of celluloid. This is his opportunity to show the Democratic Party that Mondale is a second-rater headed for the party's ash heap. After a hammy, old-fashioned stem-winder of a speech, the crowd, primed by Ferraro, ends up in the palm of Ted's hand.

The strategy works. Mondale enters to the theme from *Rocky* and delivers probably the best speech of *his* career—a cautious appeal to middle-of-the-roaders. But the enthusiasm of the crowd seems forced. Most of the delegates I've spoken with admit a sense of futility. "Wait until '88," they say . . . and the name that pops up most often is Mario Cuomo's.

I am suddenly seized by a curious notion: What did Mondale's opponent in the general election think of his speech? Ducking through the crowd, I make my way back to the CBS booth and con my way inside. On Mark Siegel's private hotline, I place the call to the White House. My father, having heard Mondale's speech, is just about to turn in.

"Well?" I ask.

"On or off the record?" he responds. Dad has caught on quick to my new line of work.

"OK, off."

His answer is both funny and unprintable. Now I know what it's like to be a reporter with a hot quote he can't use.

Back in the Railroad Lounge, Jimmy Breslin is chewing the end off a cigar and telling me about an incident of the night before. Riding in a van, part of an official motorcade headed for the convention, Breslin saw his vehicle fall out of line. No big deal, he figured; we'll just catch up. A motorcycle cop, taking the van for an uninvited intruder, had other ideas. Pulling his revolver, he threatened to blow the driver's head off. Breslin gives every indication of longing to track down the cop and administer his own style of corporal punishment. Me, I'm used to edgy security guys.

The Ranger and I walk up and out of the Moscone Center into the evening air. The show is over, and the fog, notably absent for days, is now rushing over the hills from the sea. We have one last stop to make: the Washington Square Bar & Grill. The Washbag, as it's known to familiar patrons, has long been a hangout for the upper crust of political journalists. Tonight, they'll be there for a final blast.

The scene outside the restaurant is unremittingly bizarre. A crowd of about 100 people, gripped by celebrity fever, has gathered outside, noses pressed to the windows. Inside, Walter Cronkite, George F. Will and Art Buchwald, to name a few, are trying to eat without succumbing to stage fright. It's hard to tell if anyone in the Washbag is actually enjoying being treated like performing goldfish. Lesser lights, seated against the windows, have a nervous, hunted look. Why would anyone subject himself to such madness? The Ranger and I come up with a black-hole theory of fame. Once the number of celebrities in a given place reaches critical mass, a magnetic force is generated, pulling in other celebrities. Nothing else can explain the strangeness at the Washington Square Bar & Grill.

We're packing it in early, heading back to the Manx along now-familiar avenues. "Well," asks the Ranger, "what did you think of all this?"

"Fun," I reply. "More so than I'd expected."

"Think you'd like to do it again?" he continues.

I shake my head. "Not likely. I can see why they're only held once every four years."

I'm suddenly seized with an undeniable need to relieve myself. Not one to habitually pee on public streets, I can nevertheless recognize an emergency. Fortunately, there's a dark alley handy. Buttoning up my Levi's, I become aware of another presence nearby.

"Psst!" Oh, great: "REAGAN'S SON ARRESTED FOR INDECENT EXPOSURE." "Psst!"

Turning around, I see a man half hidden behind some trash cans, a PLAYBOY insignia barely visible on his blazer pocket. Christ, they're worse than the CIA.

"What do you want?" My hands are balling into fists.

"I was just wondering," he purrs, teeth gleaming in the dark, "have you ever been to Dallas?"

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## ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE *(continued from page 174)*

*"Everyone in the squad room was looking at the clock. It was only half an hour before Christmas."*

wet. Snowflakes still glistened in his curly black hair. Kling looked at the sheep. "Miscolo told me it was a deer," he said.

"Miscolo's a city boy," Carella said.

"So am I," Kling said, "but I know a sheep from a deer." He looked down. "Who made on the floor?" he asked.

"The sheep," Meyer said.

"My sister's present," the kid said.

Kling put down the heavy valise and led the black man to the detention cage. "OK, back away," he said to Carmody and Knowles and waited for them to move away from the door. He unbolted the door, took the cuffs off his prisoner and said, "Make yourself at home." He bolted the door again. "Snowing up a storm out there," he said and went to the coatrack. "Any coffee brewing?"

"In the clerical office," Carella said.

"I meant *real* coffee," Kling said, taking off his coat and hanging it up.

"What's in the valise?" Hawes asked. "Looks like a steamer trunk you got there."

"Silver and gold," Kling said. "My friend there in the cage ripped off a pawnshop on The Stem. Guy was just about to close, he walks in with a sawed-off shotgun, wants everything in the store. I got a guitar downstairs in the car. You play guitar?" he asked the black man in the cage.

The black man said nothing.

"Enough jewelry in here to make the queen of England happy," Kling said.

"Where's the shotgun?" Meyer asked.

"In the car," Kling said. "I only got two hands." He looked at Hawes. "What happened to your head?" he asked.

"I'm getting tired of telling people what happened to my head," Hawes said.

"When's that ambulance coming?" Carmody asked. "I'm bleeding to death here."

"So use the kit," Carella said.

"And jeopardize my case against the city?" Carmody said. "No way."

Hawes walked to the windows.

"Really coming down out there," he said.

"Think the shift'll have trouble getting in?" Meyer said.

"Maybe. Three inches out there already, looks like."

Hawes turned to look at the clock.

Meyer looked at the clock, too.

All at once, everyone in the squad room was looking at the clock.

The detectives were thinking the heavy snow would delay the graveyard shift and cause them to get home later than they were hoping. The men in the detention cage were thinking the snow might somehow delay the process of criminal justice. The kid sitting at Meyer's desk was thinking it was only half an hour before Christmas and his sister wasn't going to get the sheep she wanted. The squad room was almost as silent as when Carella had been alone in it.

And then Andy Parker arrived with his prisoners.

"Move it," he said and opened the gate in the railing.

Parker was wearing a leather jacket that made him look like a biker. Under the jacket, he was wearing a plaid-woolen shirt and a red muffler. The blue-woolen watch cap on his head was covered with snow. His blue-corduroy trousers were covered with snow. Even the three-day beard stubble on his face had snowflakes clinging to it. His prisoners looked equally white, their faces pale and frightened.

The young man was wearing a rumpled black suit, sprinkled with snow that was rapidly melting as he stood uncertainly in the opening to the squad room. Under the suit, he wore only a shirt open at the collar, no tie. Carella guessed he was 20 years old. The young woman with him—*girl*, more accurately—couldn't have been older than 16. She was wearing a lightweight spring coat open over what Carella's mother used to call a house dress, a printed-cotton thing with buttons at the throat. Her long black hair was dusted with snow. Her brown eyes were wide in her face. She stood shivering just inside the railing, looking more terrified than any human being Carella had ever seen.

She also looked enormously pregnant.

As Carella watched her, she suddenly clutched her belly and grimaced in pain. He realized all at once that she was already in labor.

"I said *move* it," Parker said, and it seemed to Carella that he actually would *push* the pregnant girl into the squad room. Instead, he shoved past the couple and went directly to the coatrack. "Sit down over there," he said, taking off his jacket and hat. "What the hell is that, a sheep?"

"That's my sister's Christmas present," the kid said, though Parker hadn't been addressing him.

"Lucky her," Parker said.

There was only one chair alongside his desk. The young man in the soggy black suit held it out for the girl, and she sat in it. He stood alongside her as Parker took a seat behind the desk and rolled a sheaf of D.D. forms into the typewriter.

"I hope you all got chains on your cars," he said to no one and then turned to the girl. "What's your name, sister?" he asked.

"Maria Garcia Lopez," the girl said and winced again in pain.

"She's in labor," Carella said and went quickly to the telephone.

"You're a doctor all of a sudden?" Parker said and turned to the girl again. "How old are you, Maria?" he asked.

"Sixteen."

"Where do you live, Maria?"

"Well, thass the pro'lem," the young man said.

"Who's talking to you?" Parker said.

"You were assin' Maria——"

"Listen, you understand English?" Parker said. "When I'm talkin' to this girl here, I don't need no help from——"

"You wann' to know where we live——"

"I want an address for this *girl* here, is what I——"

"You wann' the address where we *s'pose*' to be livin'?" the young man said.

"All right, what's *your* name, wise guy?" Parker said.

"José Lopez."

"The famous bullfighter?" Parker said and turned to look at Carella, hoping for a laugh.

Carella was on the telephone. Into the receiver, he said, "I *know* I already called you, but now we've got a pregnant woman up here. Can you send that ambulance in a hurry?"

"I ain' no bullfighter," José said to Parker.

"What are you, then?"

"I wass cut sugar cane in Puerto Rico, but now I don' have no job. Thass why my wife an' me we come here this city, to fine a job. Before d' baby comes."

"So what were you doing in that abandoned building?" Parker said and turned to Carella again. "I found them in an abandoned building on South Sixth, huddled around this fire they built."

Carella had just hung up the phone. "Nothing's moving out there," he said. "They don't know *when* the ambulance'll be here."

"You know it's against the law to take up residence in a building owned by the city?" Parker said. "That's called squatting, José, you know what squatting is? You also know it's against the law to set fires inside buildings? That's called arson, José, you know what arson is?"

"We wass cold," José said.

"Ahhh, the poor kids were cold," Parker said.

"Ease off," Carella said softly. "It's Christmas Eve."

"So what? That's supposed to mean you can break the law, it's Christmas Eve?"

"The girl's in labor," Carella said. "She may have the baby any damn minute. Ease off."

Parker stared at him for a moment and then turned back to José. "OK," he said,

"you came up here from Puerto Rico looking for a job——"

"*Si, señor.*"

"Talk English. And don't interrupt me. You came up here lookin' for a job; you think jobs grow on trees here?"

"My cousin says he hass a job for me. D' factory where he works, he says there's a job there. He says come up."

"Oh, now there's a cousin," Parker said to Hawes, hoping for a more receptive audience than he'd found in Carella. "What's your cousin's name?" he asked José.

"Cirilo Lopez."

"Another bullfighter?" Parker said and winked at Hawes. Hawes did not wink back.

"Whyn't you leave him alone?" Carmody said from the cage.

Parker swiveled his chair around to face the cage. "Who said that?" he asked and looked at the black man. "You the one who said that?"

The black man did not answer.

"I'm the one said it," Carmody admitted.

"What are you in that cage for?"

"Holding frankincense and myrrh," Carmody said and laughed. Knowles laughed with him. The black man in the cage did not crack a smile.

"How about you?" Parker asked, looking directly at him.

"He's mine," Kling said. "That big valise there is full of hot goods."

"Nice little crowd we get here," Parker said and swiveled his chair back to the desk. "I'm still waitin' for an address from you two," he said. "A *legal* address."

"We wass s'pose' to stay with my cousin," José said. "He says he hass a room for us."

"Where's that?" Parker asked.

"Eleven twenny-four Mason Avenue, apar'men' thirty-two."

"But there's no room for us," Maria said. "Cirilo, he's——" She caught her breath. Her face contorted in pain again.

José took her hand. She looked up at him. "D' lady lives ness door," he said to Parker, "she tells us Cirilo hass move away."

"When's the last time you heard from him?"

"Lass' month."

"So you don't think to check, huh? You come all the way up from Puerto Rico without checkin' to see your cousin's still here or not? Brilliant. You hear this, Bert?" he said to Kling. "Jet-set travelers we got here; they come to the city in their summer clothes in December, they end up in an abandoned building."

"They thought the cousin was still here, that's all," Kling said, watching the girl, whose hands were now spread wide on her belly.

"OK, what's the big emergency here?" someone said from the railing.

The man standing there was carrying a small black satchel. He was wearing a heavy black overcoat over white trousers and tunic. The snow on the shoulders of the coat and dusted onto his bare head was as white as the tunic and pants. "Mercy General at your service," he said. "Sorry to be so late; it's been a busy night. Not to mention two feet of snow out there. Where's the patient?"

"You'd better take a look at the girl," Carella said. "She's in——"

"Right here," Carmody said from the cage.

"Me, too," Knowles said.

"Somebody want to let them out?" the intern said. "One at a time, please."

Hawes went to the cage and threw back the bolts on the door.

"Who's first?" the intern said.

Carella started to say, "The girl over there is in la——"

"Free at last," Carmody interrupted, coming out of the cage.

"Don't hold your breath," Hawes said and bolted the door again.

The intern was passing Parker's desk when Maria suddenly gasped.

"You OK, miss?" he said at once.

Maria clutched her belly.

"Miss?" he said.

Maria gasped again and sucked in a deep breath of air.

Meyer rolled his eyes. He and Miscolo had delivered a baby right here in the

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squad room not too long ago, and he was grateful for the intern's presence.

"This woman is in *labor*!" the intern said.

"Comes the dawn," Carella said, sighing.

"Iss it d' baby comin'?" José asked.

"Looks that way, mister," the intern said. "Somebody get a blanket or something. You got any blankets up here?"

Kling was already on his way out of the squad room.

"Just take it easy, miss," the intern said. "Everything's gonna be fine." He looked at Meyer and said, "This is my first baby."

Terrific, Meyer thought, but he said nothing.

"You need some hot water?" Hawes asked.

"That's for the movies," the intern said.

"Get some hot water," Carmody said.

"I don't need hot water," the intern said. "I just need someplace for her to lie down." He thought about this for a moment. "Maybe I *do* need hot water," he said.

Hawes ran out of the squad room, almost colliding with Kling, who was on his way back with a pair of blankets he'd found in the clerical office. Miscolo was right behind him.

"Another baby coming?" he asked Meyer. He seemed eager to deliver it.

"We got a professional here," Meyer said.

"You need any help," Miscolo said to the intern, "just ask, OK?"

"I won't need any help," the intern said, somewhat snottily, Miscolo thought. "Put those blankets down someplace. You OK, miss?" He suddenly looked very nervous.

Maria nodded and then gasped again and clutched her belly and stifled a scream. Kling was spreading one of the blankets on the floor to the left of the detention cage, near the hissing radiator. Knowles and the black man moved to the side of the cage nearest the radiator.

"Give her some privacy," Carella said softly. "Over there, Bert. Behind the filing cabinets."

Kling spread the blanket behind the cabinets.

"She's gonna have her baby right here," Knowles said.

The black man said nothing.

"I never experienced nothin' like this in my life," Knowles said, shaking his head.

The black man still said nothing.

"Maria?" José said.

Maria nodded and then screamed.

"Try to keep it down, willya?" Parker said. He looked as nervous as the intern did.

"Just come with me, miss," the intern said, easing Maria out of the chair, taking her elbow and guiding her to where Kling had spread the blanket behind the cabinets. "Easy, now," he said. "Everything's gonna be fine."

Hawes was back with a kettle of hot water. "Where do you want——" he started to say, just as Maria and the intern disappeared from view behind the bank of high cabinets.

It was three minutes to midnight, three minutes to Christmas Day.

From behind the filing cabinets, there came only the sounds of Maria's labored breathing and the intern's gentle assurances that everything was going to be all right. The kid kept staring at the clock as it threw the minutes before Christmas into the room. Behind the filing cabinets, a 16-year-old girl and an inexperienced intern struggled to bring a life into the world.

There was a sudden sharp cry from behind the cabinets.

The hands of the clock stood straight up.

It was Christmas Day.

"Is it OK?" Parker asked. There was something like concern in his voice.

"Fine baby boy," the intern said, as if repeating a line he'd heard in a movie. "Where's that water? Get me some towels. You've got a fine, healthy boy, miss," he said to Maria and covered her with the second blanket.

Hawes carried the kettle of hot water to him.

Carella brought him paper towels from the rack over the sink.

"Just going to wash him off a little, miss," the intern said.

"You got a fine baby boy," Meyer said to José, smiling.

José nodded.

"What're you gonna name him?" Kling asked.

The black man, who'd been silent since he'd entered the squad room, suddenly said in a deep and sonorous voice, " 'Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and his name shall be called Emmanuel.' "

"Amen," Knowles said.

The detectives were gathered in a knot around the bank of filing cabinets now, their backs to Carmody. Carmody could have made a run for it, but he didn't. Instead, he picked up first the shopping bag of pot he and Knowles had been busted for and then the valise containing the loot Kling had recovered when he'd collared the black man. He carried them to where Maria lay behind the cabinets, the baby on her breast. He knelt at her feet. He dipped his hand into the bag, grabbed a handful of pot and sprinkled it onto the blanket. He opened the valise. There were golden rings and silver plates in the valise, bracelets and necklaces, rubies and diamonds and sapphires that glittered in the pale, snow-reflected light that streamed through the corner windows.

"*Gracias*," Maria said softly. "*Muchas gracias*."

Carella, standing closest to the windows, looked up at the sky, where the snow still swirled furiously.

"That's not a bad name," Meyer said to José. "Emmanuel."

"I will name him Carlos," José said. "After my father."

Carella turned from the windows.

"What'd you expect to see out there?" Parker asked. "A star in the East?"

*"And not only that, Santa, but right up until my operation, I was a very good boy."*

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## GAMES

# LET'S ROD-TWIST AGAIN. . . .

Out in the arcades, the ice screams are coming from the vicinity of Chexx, a bubble-domed rod-action hockey game (including a boo button, no less) that pits the United States against Russia. But back home, the serious slap-shot enthusiast is putting his money ($900) on TableHockey, a 24"x55" acrylic rink that's built like Gordie Howe and features slick-sliding stainless-steel rods and springs that whip the puck like Wayne Gretzky. The game is the child of New Yorker Rick Benej, who said, "Puck it" to his job as a graphic artist/designer in favor of hand-crafting TableHockeys. Judging from the way fans have been slapping down their money, we'd say he's got the market iced.

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JIM IMBROGNO

# CHRISTMAS RAPPING FOR THE FAIR SEX

Sure, candy is dandy and diamonds are a girl's best friend, but what a foxy lady really wants come Christmas morn is a little token of your personal esteem that says she's something special. To get you in a buying mood, we've done some early-bird shopping and have come up with a sleighful of largess. Our selections range from a punk-look stereo radio/cassette recorder (it goes well with stiletto heels and visor shades) to a Paloma Picasso perfume that we're sure she'll want to dab on all those young, familiar places. And if you're a liquor-is-quicker kind of guy, there's even Delamain cognac in a crystal bottle that will look great on her bar long after the holiday hoopla is over.

Far left to right: An English-made solid-brass easel picture holder, from Mark Cross, Chicago, $140. Next to it: A funky QT-50 streamlined stereo radio/cassette player, by Sharp, $99.95. The smell of success—Paloma Picasso perfume, housed in a blown-glass ball, by Parfums Paloma Picasso, $160 for one ounce. Quasar's Fashion Accents–series ten-inch color TV weighs only 16 pounds and comes in a variety of unexpected colors, including rouge red, winter white, primrose pink (shown) and autumn almond, $319.95. Atop it: The Kelly watch, a replica of an Hermès lock fitted with a watch movement, is available with a black, red or brown leather strap, from Compass International, New York, $750. Last, Delamain's Pale & Dry cognac, housed in a Daum lead-crystal decanter, imported by Julius Wile Sons and Company, about $350.

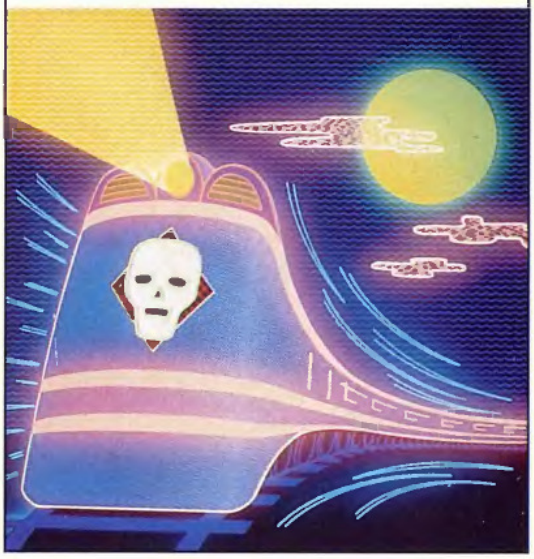
DAVE JORDANO

## OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL RAG DOLL

Bid your feathers, beads, grass skirt or bikini goodbye if you're going native in the tropics this winter. Milady's hot-weather wardrobe can consist of nothing but a Bag of Rags—a collection of "flirty, floaty featherweight fashion ties in a rainbow of tints," says the manufacturer, Bag of Rags, at 208 West 29th Street, New York 10001. A booklet included with the Bag gives the owner 18 tying tips, but most wearers have some pretty wild and crazy wrap sessions of their own. And the $15 price is as sinfully cheap as the Bag of Rags is sexy. Enjoy!

## EVIL RIDES THE RAILS

Everybody knows that Amtrak trains can be murder, but now the 20th Century Railroad Club, 509 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago 60607, regularly perpetrates an ersatz crime on rails in the form of Murder on the 20th Century—an overnight mystery train trip to Indianapolis (with a stay at a hotel), plus first-class dining and bar service and *death*—all for $225. Don't want to play sleuth? Just go for the ride.



## THE QUESTION OF ROCK

The trivia craze just keeps rocking and rolling along. We now have two new competitions—the Solid Gold Music Trivia Game and Vintage Rock 'N Roll Trivia—that should have musicologists' noggins humming over such questions as "What is the only song in which the background singers repeat the word mush?" The Solid Gold game is played with a board that resembles a jukebox, and the price is a song—about $15 at most game and department stores. Vintage Rock 'N Roll Trivia is in the form of a cassette with 12 complete games of 25 questions each, plus score pads as part of the $10.95 price. A voice asks the question, gives the point value and—after a pause—gives the correct answer. Orders for Vintage Rock 'N Roll Trivia should be sent to Literary Games, Inc., P.O. Box 416, Lake Bluff, Illinois 60044. (Trivia answer: Johnny Horton's *North to Alaska*. *Everybody* knows that.)

## SOMETHING TO PINE FOR

O *Tannenbaum*, you look lovely when you're trimmed, but all that shopping and *schlepping* leave much to be desired. That's where the wood choppers at Brookfield Nursery and Tree Plantation come in, as they'll ship you a five-foot-tall white-pine Christmas tree, boxed and guaranteed fresh, for only $29.95, including U.P.S. delivery. Their address is P.O. Box 151, Blacksburg, Virginia 24060, or call 703-552-TREE and put it on plastic. At last, a reason to be jolly.

## MORE BEAR MARKET

Abiner Smoothie, protagonist of Dennis Kyte's *The Last Elegant Bear*, the instant classic published months ago by Simon & Schuster, definitely hasn't gone into hibernation. His elegance has returned and he's now a 20"-tall stuffed bear by Gund that comes dressed in a wing-collar shirt, black tie and dressing gown—plus the ever-present chocolate-chip cookie in his paw. Talk about cute! One young lady we know swore she'd even mug a child to own one. And the price is nothing to growl at: $65 in better toy and department stores. You old softy, you.

## THRILLA GODZILLA

Just when you thought it was safe to go out on the street again, here's Godzilla, back in time to celebrate his 30th anniversary in the form of an eight-inch-tall radio-controlled monster that loves to rush about at parties, snapping at ladies' ankles. Godzilla is $47.50, postpaid (including batteries), from The Afton Toy Shop, P.O. Box 98P2, Afton, Minnesota 55001. And that price includes a cardboard Eiffel Tower that he can knock over. More Godzilla news: Rumor has it the Japanese are releasing a son of Godzilla soon. We can hardly wait.

## WASHINGTON SHUFFLE

Pick a card, any card, from a Politicards deck and you've dealt yourself a winner—maybe. On each card is a devastating caricature, done by artist Donald Gates, of one of our nation's biggies. Reagan, Bush, Mondale and Kennedy are kings; Nixon, Ford, Byrd and O'Neill are aces; and Roger Mudd and Dan Rather are jokers. The price is also a laugh—$10 sent to The Kamber Group, 1899 L Street N.W., Suite 800, Washington, D.C. 20036. Wayne Newton's the five of spades. What's *Newton* doing in politics? Doesn't he own the country?

## HOLLYWOOD FRAME-UP

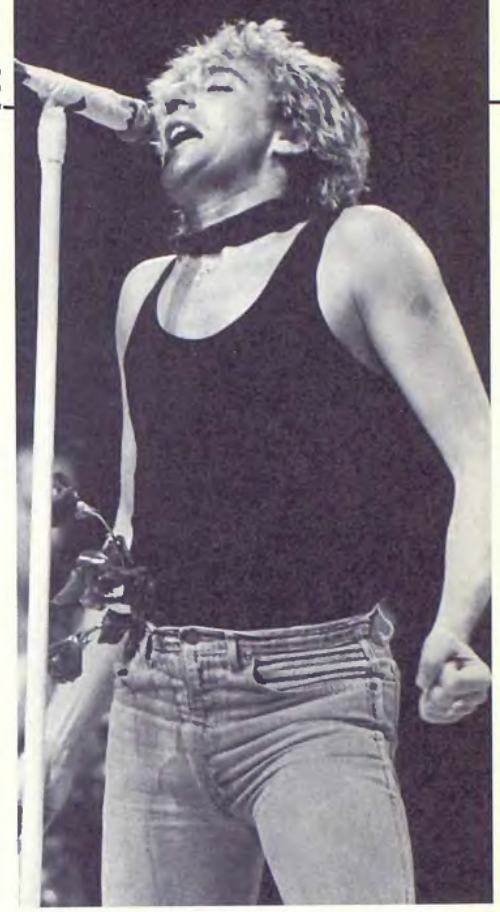
There's gold in them thar Hollywood Hills, and it's in the form of the old posters that have ended up in the Motion Picture Arts Gallery—a store at 133 East 58th Street, New York 10022, that merchandises former flick flacks' work as it would old masters. The Belgian-released *Casablanca* poster pictured here is $800, but for a mere 50 grand you can have a 1929 Austrian poster of Louise Brooks in *Diary of a Lost Girl*. We'll take two.

## ENGLAND SPOKEN HERE

For all you Anglophiles too lazy to take advantage of the dollar-to-pound ratio, there's *London Outlook*, a bloody good eight-page newsletter published ten times a year. Food, drink, shopping, theater—there are more than enough tips and tidbits to keep all but the most jaded armchair traveler from nodding off by the fire. *London Outlook*'s Stateside address is Janic Productions, Inc., P.O. Box 498, Millwood, New York 10546. The price: $45 annually—a blooming bargain.

## One of the Weavers

We think SIGOURNEY WEAVER is an exceptionally fine-looking woman and an actress of increasing range. So last summer, when she KOed the competition in two arenas, it came as no surprise to us. *Ghostbusters* was a big hit onscreen and *Hurlyburly* made it to Broadway. Weaver is our celebrity breast of the month. To *all* her recent achievements—bravo!



## War of the Roses

What would you do if you were singing onstage and a bunch of girls kept coming up during your song and giving you flowers? Where to put them? ROD STEWART solved this concert-etiquette problem neatly while touring to support his *Camouflage* album. Would a rose by any other name smell so sweet?

## Getting to Nona

Here's what singer NONA HENDRYX says about herself: "I don't think of myself as a female. I don't think of myself as a black female, and I don't think of myself as a rock artist. I'm interested in the new and the untried, and I don't mind accepting the consequences." With Nona, what you see is what you get!

## Hanging Out at a *Barre* with Linn

**This beautiful young woman makes a strong case for heredity *and* environment. LINN ULLMANN is the daughter of actress Liv Ullmann and director Ingmar Bergman, so her flair for the theater arts comes naturally. Currently modeling as well as studying acting and dance, Linn has her eye on the future. We've got our eye on her and now you will, too.**

## The Galloping Gourmand

**This adorable fellow is called FATTY BUSTER BLOODVESSEL, and he's the lead singer in the group Bad Manners. We don't think either name is a mistake. Fatty says his one serious aim in life is to eat 30 Big Macs in one sitting. We'll let the picture speak for itself. It looks as if he's on his way to a world record.**

## Rags to Riches

**Let's hear it for LITTLE STEVEN, a.k.a. Miami Steve, a.k.a. the Boss's main muse. He may be dressing like a gypsy, but he's writing songs like a prince. If you've listened to *Voice of America*, you know we're right. About the duds: We call it New Jersey chic.**

# COMING NEXT: PLAYBOY'S GALA 31ST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

PLAYMATE REVIEW

SMART REDEFINED

NAGEL REMEMBERED

HOT ROCKERS

**"REDEFINING SMART"**—DOES KNOWLEDGE TODAY MEAN RECOGNIZING THE NAMES IN *PEOPLE* MAGAZINE? AN INQUIRY BY **WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.**

**"ROCK-'N'-ROLL SWEETHEARTS"**—BE HONEST, NOW: HAVEN'T YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE **JUNE POINTER, FRIEDA PARTON** AND **TERRI NUNN** IN *PLAYBOY*?

**"COMPANIONS: THE WOMEN AND DOGS IN MY LIFE"**—A SWEET CELEBRATION OF TRULY MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIPS—BY **WILLIE MORRIS**

**"PAT NAGEL RECALLED"**—BEFORE HIS LIFE WAS CUT SHORT THIS PAST FEBRUARY, HE WAS ONE OF *PLAYBOY*'S FAVORITE ARTISTS. A TRIBUTE

**"TRAPPINGS OF SUCCESS"**—WHAT ONE POSSESSION MAKES YOU FEEL YOU'VE MADE IT, AND WHY? **JEAN COX PENN** PUT THAT QUESTION TO **TOM BROKAW, GORE VIDAL, MARVIN MITCHELSON** AND OTHERS. THEIR ANSWERS MAY SURPRISE YOU

**"YOU MUST REMEMBER THIS"**—AN EROTIC RETELLING OF THE *CASABLANCA* STORY—BY **ROBERT COOVER**

**"IF YOU KNEW SUSAN"**—A WORDS-AND-PICTURES VISIT WITH HOLLYWOOD'S MISS **BLAKELY**

**PLUS:** A LOOK AT **"SEXUAL AMBIGUITY IN AMERICA,"** BY **JAMES BALDWIN; DAVID HALBERSTAM'S** PORTRAIT OF THAT RARE MODERN ATHLETE, **"THE AMATEUR"; HARRY CREWS'S** VIEWS ON **"SONS"; "TO HELL WITH WHOLESOME,"** A REPORT ON THOSE NEW PURITANS, BY **LARRY L. KING;** FICTION BY **RAY BRADBURY** AND **ELMORE LEONARD; "20 QUESTIONS"** WITH **DIANE LANE;** THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF **"LITTLE ANNIE FANNY";** AND **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"**

**COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD:** NEWS-MAKING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS** WITH **WAYNE GRETZKY, KRIS KRISTOFFERSON, JOHN HUSTON, MIKE WALLACE** AND **BOY GEORGE;** RIVETING FICTION BY **GEORGE V. HIGGINS** AND **DONALD E. WESTLAKE; "DISTANT REPLAY,"** REMEMBRANCES OF GAMES PAST, BY **JERRY KRAMER** AND **DICK SCHAAP; "EXCAVATIONS: THE DRAMA OF OPEN-HEART SURGERY,"** BY **WAYNE FIELDS; "THE LAST DAYS OF VIETNAM,"** RE-CREATED ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PULL-OUT, BY **DAVID BUTLER;** AND MORE

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