

PLAYBOY



ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1983 • \$3.00

NURSES ARE PEOPLE, TOO

**WOMEN IN WHITE
OUT OF UNIFORM**

**SEX IN THE
AGE OF
NEGOTIATION**

**PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW:
KENNY ROGERS**

**SEX IN CINEMA
THE SILVER
SCREEN SIZZLES**

**HOW TO
IMPROVE YOUR
RACQUETBALL**

**WE ASKED
BUBBA SMITH
20 QUESTIONS
(AND WE SAID SIR)**

NEWEST RELEASE!

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

U.S. Gov't Report:

Carlton Box—Lowest Tar King. No Brand Listed Lower

Less than 0.5 mg. tar, 0.05 mg. nicotine

Carlton—Lowest Tar Menthol

Less than 0.5 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine

Carlton—Lowest Tar 120's

Regular & Menthol—6 mg. tar, 0.6 mg. nicotine

Carlton 100's Regular & Menthol

Less tar than over 160 brands—4 mg. tar, 0.4 mg. nicotine



19th Consecutive Report: No Brand Listed Lower Than Carlton.

Carlton Box 100's

Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine

*Read the numbers
on the packs* →



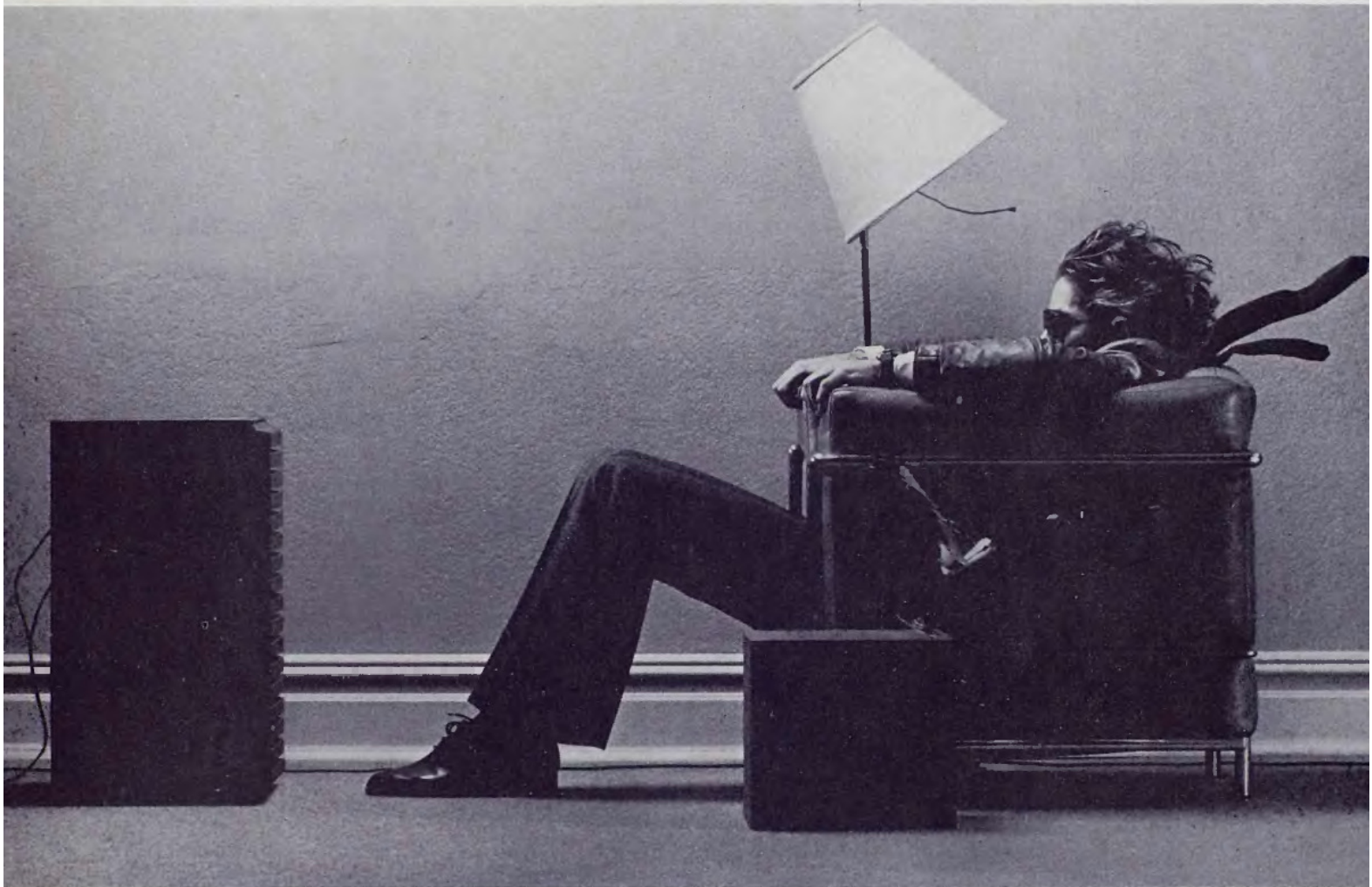
Box King—lowest of all brands—less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic.

Carlton is lowest.



Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Menthol: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine;
Soft Pack and 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100's Soft Pack and 100's Menthol: 4 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine;
120's: 6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '83.

AFTER 500 PLAYS OUR HIGH FIDELITY TAPE STILL DELIVERS HIGH FIDELITY.



If your old favorites don't sound as good as they used to, the problem could be your recording tape.

Some tapes show their age more than others. And when a tape ages prematurely, the music on it does too.

What can happen is, the oxide particles that are bound onto tape loosen and fall off, taking some of your music with them.

At Maxell, we've developed a binding process that helps to prevent this. When oxide particles are bound onto our tape, they stay put. And so does your music.

So even after a Maxell recording is 500 plays old, you'll swear it's not a play over five.



IT'S WORTH IT.

ST/O/P

HOW IT WORKS

CHAPTER 1: "PASSIVE" TECHNOLOGY

The first radar detectors were of a very simple technology called "passive." These units had a very limited range, and weren't very selective about what signals they would detect, so they were only marginal even when police radar was unsophisticated. And after the advent of low power, instant-on, and pulsed radar, and the proliferation of the higher frequency K band, passive detectors became virtually useless.

CHAPTER 2: SUPERHETERODYNE TECHNOLOGY

In the late seventies, detector technology was advanced by a more sophisticated type of circuitry called superheterodyne (ESCORT was the first high performance superheterodyne radar detector). This "active" technology carries a much higher cost, but has many advantages.

Properly designed, it can amplify an incoming signal several hundred times (increasing the range of a detector significantly), as well as be very selective about which incoming signals are detected (by ignoring signals outside the police bands). Superheterodyne detectors were a remarkable advance over passive technology.

CHAPTER 3: ST/O/P DIGITAL PROCESSOR TECHNOLOGY

But today superheterodyne alone is not enough. A new type of imported radar detector flooding the highways transmits in the same bands as police radar, and sets off any other radar detector in the vicinity. Until now.

ESCORT's new ST/O/P circuitry does much more than superheterodyne can by itself. ST/O/P digitally analyzes signals and can eliminate those from "polluting detectors" — even though the "polluting" signals are in the police bands! Let's look at each type of signal and show how ST/O/P works.

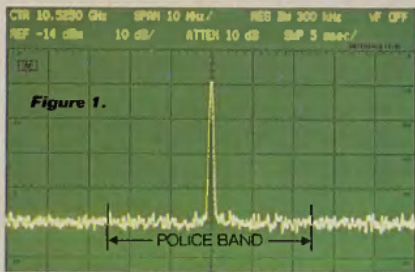


Figure 1 shows an X band police radar signal (displayed on a digital spectrum analyzer). The entire band allowed for X band police radar (10.500 to 10.550 GHz) is shown by the arrows below the illustration.

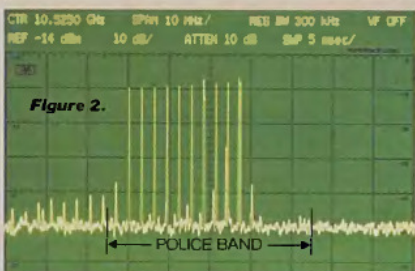


Figure 2 shows the X band signal that emits from a "polluting detector." ST/O/P digitally analyzes patterns in the frequency/amplitude/time characteristics of all signals and recognizes patterns exclusive to each, whether from a "polluting detector" or police radar. Other radar detectors without ESCORT's pattern recognition technology simply can't tell the difference.

With ST/O/P, ESCORT is redefining radar detection. Again.



ESCORT WINS AGAIN! JULY 1983 BMWCCA ROUNDEL TEST

"...the filter (ST/O/P) ESCORT is simply outstanding. ...unit decreased non-police alerts by over 90%. ...a price far below that of many other detector units. The ESCORT simply keeps getting better."

ESCORT WINS MAY 1983 CAR and DRIVER TEST

"The Escort looks so comfortable, contented, and familiar at the top of the heap that it's hard to see that something new and special has been added... live with a new Escort for a while and you'll realize it has advanced new circuitry that should go down as a genuine breakthrough."

ESCORT WINS NOV 1982 CAR and DRIVER TEST

"The Escort, a perennial favorite of these black-box comparisons, is still the best radar detector money can buy. The Escort is a quality piece of hardware."

ESCORT WINS DEC 1981 BMWCCA ROUNDEL TEST

"The Escort is a highly sophisticated and sensitive detector that has been steadily improved over the years... In terms of what all it does, nothing else comes close."

ESCORT WINS SEPT 1980 CAR and DRIVER TEST

"Ranked according to performance, the Escort is first choice... The Escort boasts the most careful and clever planning, the most pleasing packaging, and the most solid construction of the lot."

ESCORT WINS MAY 1980 BMWCCA ROUNDEL TEST

"This unit... consistently outperformed the other products and is the standard to which the others are compared. If you want the best, this is it. There is nothing else like it."

ESCORT WINS FEB 1979 CAR and DRIVER TEST

"Only one model, the Escort, truly stood out from the rest... once you try the Escort, all the rest seem a bit primitive. In no test did any of the other detectors even come close."

Talkback with Jerry Galvin

Tune in:
America's New Weekly Satellite Call-In Comedy Talk Show.
"Mr. Galvin is a master... his show is so unusual that people actually set aside time to listen..." (The Wall Street Journal)
Sunday evenings on public radio stations. Check local listings.

ST/O/P**THE
FIRST
RADAR
DETECTION
ADVANCE
SINCE
SUPERHETERODYNE**

ESCORT: "A GENUINE BREAKTHROUGH"

—CAR and DRIVER

If you keep up with magazine tests, you know that ESCORT does more than just outperform other radar detectors. In its most recent evaluation, Car and Driver concluded: "The Escort radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..." But performance, as measured by warning distance, is *not* the new breakthrough. After all, ESCORT has been beating all comers since its introduction in 1978.

Now There's More To It

While long detection range is obviously essential it does *nothing* to solve a problem that has cropped up in the last year. In fact, increasing range by itself just makes the problem worse. If you already have a good superheterodyne unit, you know what we mean. A new generation of imported detector transmits radar signals, and can set off your unit as far as a mile away. The longer the range of your unit, the farther away you find them. As Car and Driver pointed out last November: "Since there are far more detectors on the road than police radar units, interference... could become a genuine nuisance."

Low Level Contamination

At first it was just an irritation. At least ESCORT owners had a way of distinguishing the polluters from the real thing. Our unique audio warning differentiates between the two police radar bands: it "beeps" for X band and "braps" for K band. The polluters' trashy signals triggered both warnings at once, and made a new sound—different than the sounds for police radar. (The rest of the industry didn't even know there was a new problem. Their detectors were making the same sounds as always, just more often.)

Radar Epidemic

As more and more of the "polluting detectors" hit the streets, the problem became more serious. If one of the "polluters" is approaching in an oncoming lane, the alarm from your detector is brief. But if it's traveling the same direction as you, your alarm can go on for miles. And the offending detector doesn't have to be in the car right next to yours. It can be ahead or behind, and up to a mile away. A very serious problem indeed.

Pollution Clean-Up

The problem required an entirely new approach. Examining the interference from these imports, our engineers discovered a subtle difference between their signals and those of police radar, even though they were on the same frequency. The solution, then, was to design new circuitry that would reject the pollution while—and this was the hard part—maintaining ESCORT's industry-leading response to pulsed and instant-on radar. We named it ST/O/P™ (STatistical Operations Processor), and it consists of a CMOS digital processor with built-in memory. ST/O/P is not simple, and it's not cheap. But it is, in our opinion, the most important breakthrough in radar detection since superheterodyne. Car and Driver would seem to agree: "Now, all the world's Radio Shack detectors can hum right by your car in full microwave broadcast mode and your Escort will sit on your dash as politely and silently as a canary-fed cat."



**THE RADAR
DEFENSE
KIT**

Peace of Mind

With ST/O/P, we've put the complications necessary to cope with today's radar problems inside—where they work automatically. Just install ESCORT, plug it into your cigar lighter, and turn it on. ESCORT does the rest. If you encounter a signal from a "polluting detector," ESCORT keeps quiet while maintaining its lookout for police radar. If the signal is the real thing, ESCORT immediately alerts you both audibly and visually. And, unlike other detectors that keep you guessing about the radar's location, ESCORT's signal-strength meter moves upscale as you approach and its variable-rate beeper/brapper pulses faster. You get the full story.

It's Simple

If you want the best, there's no reason to look anywhere else. But don't take our word for it. Try ESCORT at *no risk*. Open the box, install ESCORT on your dash or visor, and take 30 days to test it. If you're not absolutely satisfied, we'll refund your purchase and pay for the postage costs to return it. You can't lose. ESCORT is sold factory direct, so knowledgeable support and professional service are only a phone call or parcel delivery away. And we back ESCORT with a full one year limited warranty. Order today and let ESCORT change radar for you forever.

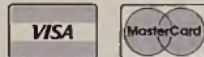
Do It Today

It's easy to order an ESCORT, by mail or by phone.

By Phone: Call us toll free. A member of our sales staff will be glad to answer any questions and take your order. (Please have your Visa or MasterCard at hand when you call).

CALL TOLL FREE . . . 800-543-1608
IN OHIO CALL 800-582-2696

By Mail: We'll need to know your name and street address, daytime phone number, and how many ESCORTs you want. Please enclose a check, money order, or the card number and expiration date from your Visa or MasterCard.



ESCORT (Includes Everything) . . \$245.00
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If you order with a bank check, money order, credit card, or wire transfer, your order is processed for shipment immediately. Personal or company checks require an additional 18 days.

ESCORT
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 1107
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45242-9502

FOR ESCORT OWNERS ONLY:

The new ST/O/P technology incorporated in all new ESCORTs is adaptable to all ESCORTs from serial number 200,000 to 399,999. The "ST/O/P Retrofit" costs \$75, and includes adding the ST/O/P digital circuitry with memory and totally retuning and realigning the unit. The ESCORT's one year limited warranty will also be extended to a date one year after the conversion, and of course the shipping costs to return the unit to you are included.

To insure efficient and prompt service, we will use a special reservation system for scheduling the "ST/O/P Retrofit" service. **DO NOT SEND YOUR ESCORT**, but please send a card or letter (no phone calls, please) with your name, address, and serial number to the following special processing address:
ST/O/P Reservations, P.O. Box 228, Mason, Ohio 45040. We will then send you a special shipping label and details on how and when you can send us your ESCORT.

“First I switched to rum. Then I graduated to the flavor of Myers’s Original Dark.”

“If you’ve grown to appreciate the finer things in life, you’ll welcome the difference of Myers’s Original Dark, the world’s finest Jamaican rum.

The flavor is deep, rich and adventurous... pleasingly dry. Because Myers’s takes the time to make it that way... following the same high standards they set in 1879. And what Myers’s flavor does for the juice of the orange is nothing short of wondrous.

You’ll see, once you graduate to the flavor of Original Dark, there’s just no turning back.”

MYERS’S ORIGINAL DARK.
From the Myers’s Collection
of Luxury Rums.



MYERS'S RUM 80 PROOF, IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY THE FRED L. MYERS & SON CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

PLAYBILL

IT BEGAN at breakfast. Associate Articles Editor **Rob Fleder** and occasional **PLAYBOY** contributor **Laurence Shames** were catching up, discussing the state of the world and the state of their social lives. Both had noticed a change in their personal relationships: "Call it the negotiator's tango." It was that moment of instant recognition—that *aha!* experience—the making of a serious, useful connection. On one hand, you have best-selling books, including *Getting to Yes*, by Roger Fisher and William Ury of the Harvard Negotiation Project, and *You Can Negotiate Anything*, by Herb Cohen. On the other hand, you have those disturbing discussions with your intended: What about privacy? What about fidelity? The tactics of the board room have moved to the bedroom, and Shames, in *Sex in the Age of Negotiation* (illustrated by **Dennis Mukai**), analyzes that negotiator's tango.

There are times when that *aha!* experience can be the first sign of encroaching paranoia or, worse, justifiable terror. Sometimes, they *are* after you. **Carl Oglesby**, a former president of SDS, makes his first appearance in **PLAYBOY** with the chilling *My Dinners with Audrey: A True Story of the Cold War* (illustrated by **Seymour Chwast**). Oglesby found himself working in Washington, D.C., on the J.F.K./Martin Luther King, Jr., assassination investigations when he was approached by a K.G.B. agent. A series of dinner engagements and somewhat innocent conversations about recent Soviet defectors leads to a startling conclusion.

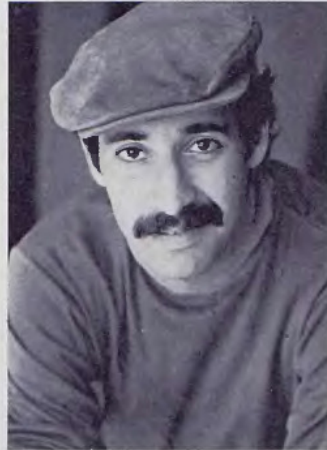
Arthur Shay escalates the conflict and takes us to a place where some of us have, unfortunately, found ourselves before—a racquetball court. Shay, a Veteran Golden Masters champion, points out that more than half of the 10,000,000 players in the country are competing at the A or the B level. He provides the tips that make for upward mobility in *High-Voltage Racquetball*.

For those of you who like your entertainment in dark rooms, as opposed to bright courts, we recommend **Arthur Knight's** yearly report, with plenty of photos, *Sex in Cinema—1983*. (No matter how advanced the technology, there are some things that video terminals will never replace.) Still, if you must get down to business, part two of **Peter A. McWilliams'** computer primer, *Where the Joys Are*, gets down to BASIC.

Rounding out the nonfiction, we have two interviews. **David Rensin** talked with **Kenny Rogers**, entertainer, moviemaker and one-man money machine. Once and for all, we wanted to know when to hold 'em and when to fold 'em. (No, we were not asking about Playmates.) **Craig Modderno** interrogated **Bubba Smith** for a *20 Questions*. Why? Well, Smith has a book coming out this month, from Simon & Schuster, called *Kill, Bubba, Kill!* He thought an interview would be a good idea to promote his book. Hey, if Bubba wants an interview, Bubba gets an interview.

Another football hero, the Washington Redskins' **Joe Theismann**, is the guy showing us how to score off the field in *Winning Grooming*, by **Kennedy Flynn**.

When a piece of fiction comes in to the magazine, we often circulate it and solicit opinions. **John Morressy's** science-fiction-detective story *Glory*, *Glory* garnered this comment from one jaded editor: "Oh, God—wonderful premise, cleverly done, funny and intelligent." Read it and you'll see why we had to publish it. We're suckers for a good detective tale, and it seemed a perfect tie-in to our service features on topcoats, *Cold Flash!* (photographed by **Stan Malinowski**), and Scotch. In *Heather Weather* (art by **Herb Davidson**), **Emanuel Greenberg** describes the honey bear and various other heart-warming Scotch drinks. Cheered by all that, light up a good cigar, as prescribed in *Gentlemen, You May Smoke*, by **David Abrahamson** (whose *Ultimate Cigar Book* is due out next year), pour yourself a stiff one and curl up with **Veronica Gamba**, Playmate *extraordinaire*. If that's not enough, check in for a checkup with *Women in White*, a pictorial of some of the best and the brightest workers in medical professions. These are women who are proud of the work they do and of the way they look. Sound like a good mix? You bet.



SHAMES



MUKAI



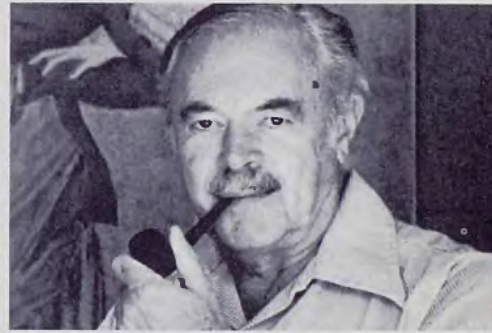
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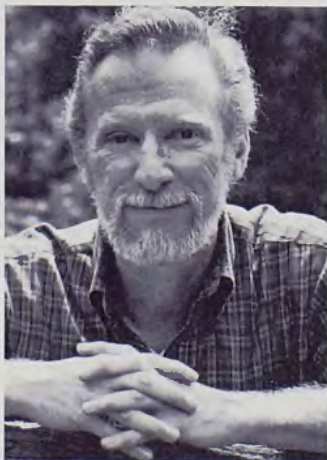
CHWAST



SHAY



KNIGHT



MORRESSY



RENSIN




MODDERNO



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**IF YOU EVER WANTED
TO CLIMB MT. RAINIER,
YOU'RE A NATURAL
BACKWOODS MAN.**

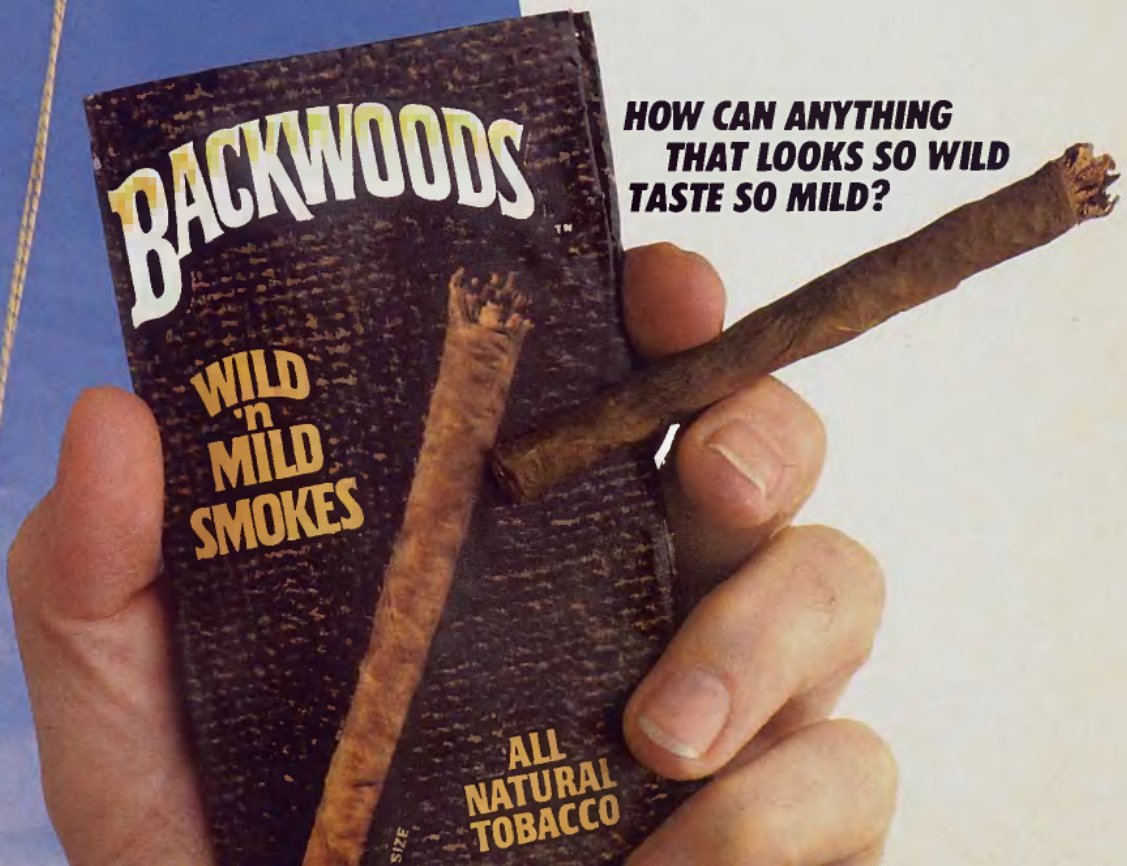
For an experience that's strictly wild, you can't top a climb like this.

But for one that's wild and mild, pack along Backwoods Smokes.

Backwoods are all natural tobacco; with genuine Broadleaf wrapper aged one full year to bring out its natural sweetness.

Backwoods Smokes. For the man who likes his pleasures wild and mild.

ALL NATURAL TOBACCO



BACKWOODS

**WILD
in
MILD
SMOKES**

**ALL
NATURAL
TOBACCO**

**HOW CAN ANYTHING
THAT LOOKS SO WILD
TASTE SO MILD?**

PLAYBOY

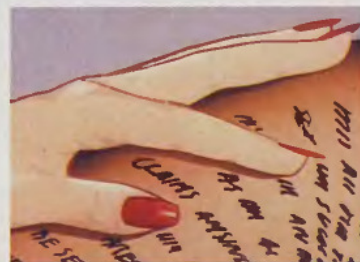
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COVER STORY

Women in white are the subjects of our featured pictorial this month, and capping it off on our cover is Chicago madel Danna Ann, who, in addition to being one of Playboy Madels' hot properties, is studying—you guessed it—nursing. The shot was produced and photographed by PLAYBOY Art Director Tom Staebler and, no, we don't have any plans to market that pin with the familiar face, but Playboy Products does offer something similar.



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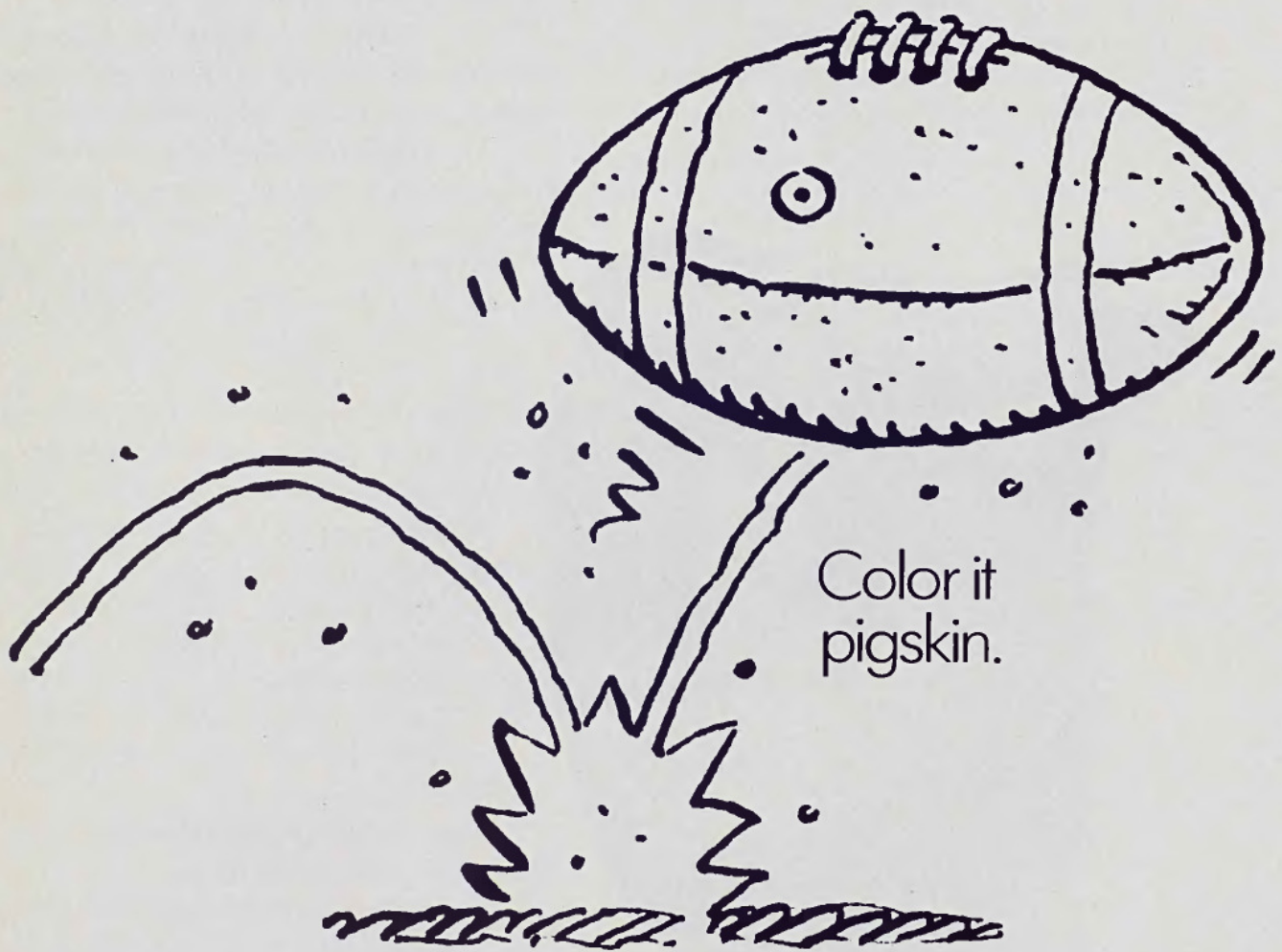
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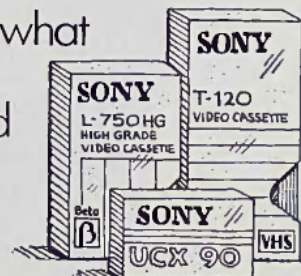
Sony Tape. The Perfect Blank.



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Bring home a Sony Audio or Video Tape and what do you get? The perfect blank.

Electronically designed to capture more sound than you can hear, more color than you can see.



THE LOGIC OF LIGHTWEIGHT COMPANY INSTEAD OF A R

The logic, you might say, is impeccable. Because who would know more about what it takes to build a rugged, long-lasting, lightweight hiking boot than a company that's been building rugged, long-lasting boots for years.

A company like Timberland®.

We know, for instance, the importance of dry feet to people who spend hours outdoors.

Our sole is a special 2-density polyurethane compound. It remains flexible to temperatures you should seriously consider whether you want to be out in anyway.



So whereas Nike® and New Balance® lightweight hikers aren't waterproof, Timberland's are guaranteed 100% waterproof.

The sole is another place where we've made great strides over running shoe companies.

The problem? Finding one sole that combines two distinctly different qualities. Extremely durable, yet extremely lightweight.

The solution: a 2-density polyurethane compound from England, developed originally for Norwegian Army arctic boots. Hence, it remains flexible to 40°F below zero, yet weighs a fraction of what a traditional hiking sole weighs.

Comfort is something else we didn't take lightly.

To protect your ankles from any hard-edged rocks, and to provide a snug fit so pebbles or snow can't sneak in, the collar is fully padded.

To provide support, there are premolded counters in the heels.

And to act as a sort of shock absorber between your feet and the ground, there's a 3-layer orthotic innersole.

In fact, we could go on and on about seams coated with two coats of latex to ensure their waterproofing.

And two different types of insulation to ensure that your feet stay warm.

And how all this was accomplished in boots that weigh only 24 oz. each.

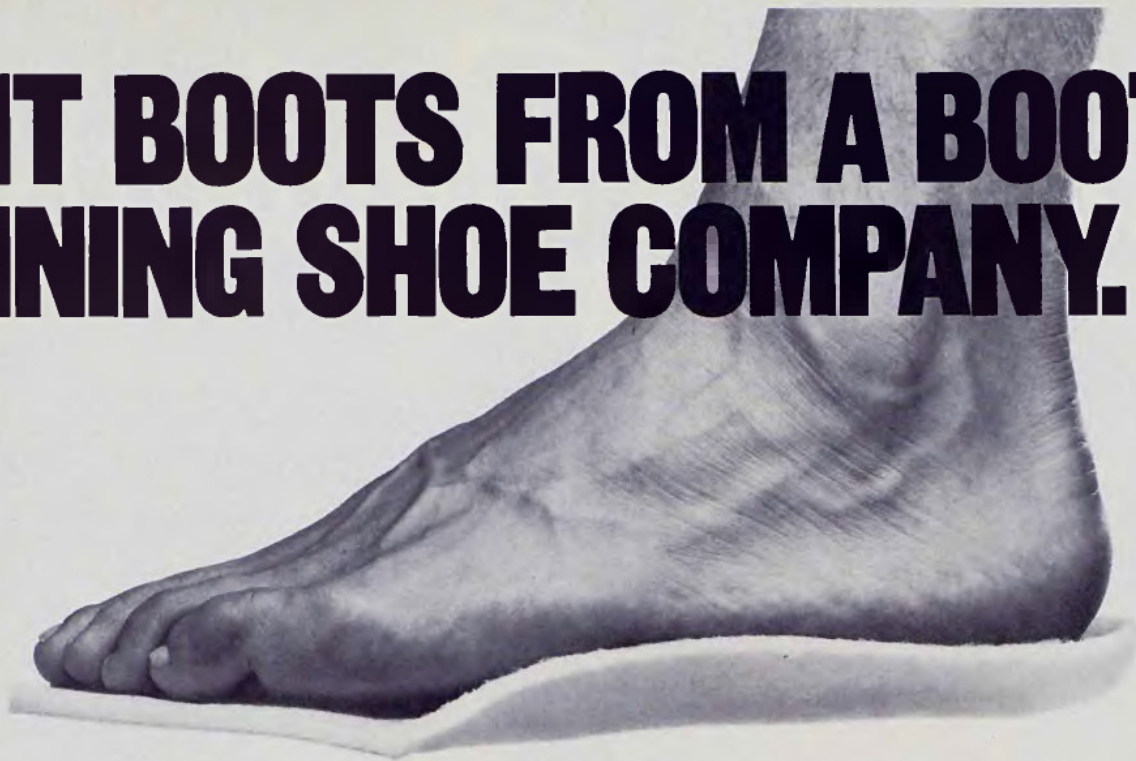
Yes, we could go on and on about the virtues of our lightweight hikers over our competitors'.

But we wouldn't want to weigh you down with too many facts.

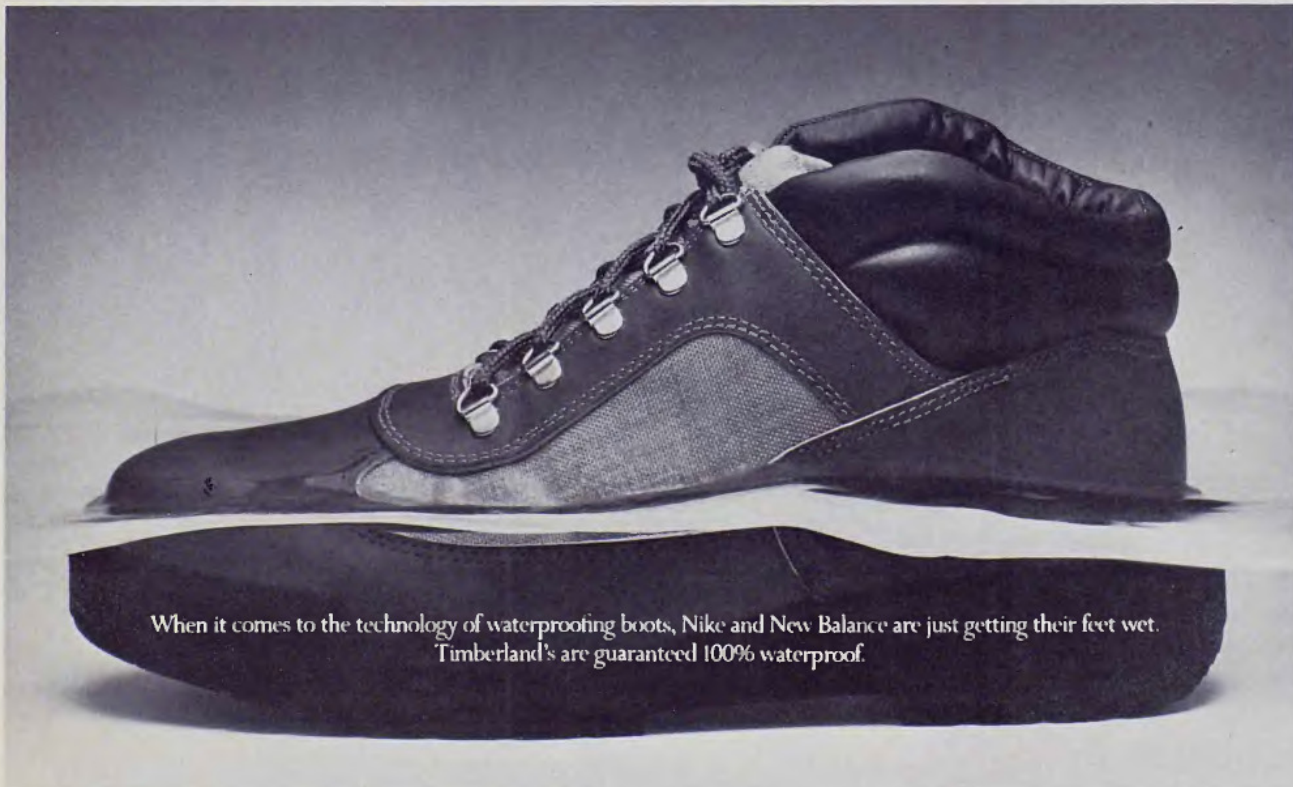
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BETTER BOOTS FROM A BOOT MAKING SHOE COMPANY.



To cushion your feet from life's rockier roads, Timberland® provides a 3-layer orthotic innersole. Something our competitors apparently don't think you deserve.



When it comes to the technology of waterproofing boots, Nike and New Balance are just getting their feet wet. Timberland's are guaranteed 100% waterproof.

Available at: Abercrombie & Fitch; Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.; Eddie Bauer; Marshall Fields; Nordstrom.

Lord of the Canadians

Enjoy the smoothest Canadian ever. The one that lords it over all others when it comes to taste. The Canadian that's proud to call itself Lord of the Canadians. Set your course for Lord Calvert. Lord of the Canadians.



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

A FIFTH OF FESTIVITY AT HOLLYWOOD BOWL

Doc Severinsen (below) blows brassy blue notes for the first of two days of overflow crowds attending the fifth annual Playboy Jazz Festival at Hollywood Bowl. At left, m.c. Bill Cosby doubles on drums behind Hubert Laws; at right, Hef takes time out from toe tapping to pen a few autographs. Thanks for the thrill, Hef—you signed our sister page in the program.



THE EAGLE HAS LANDED AN H.M.H. AWARD

Despite intimidation by local Neanderthal arsonists whose quest for fire has centered on their building, Tom and Pat Gish press on with the Whitesburg, Kentucky, *Mountain Eagle*. Below, author Studs Terkel presents the Gishes with 1983's Hugh M. Hefner Award for Outstanding Community Leadership. Other winners honored were A.C.L.U. counsel Mark Lynch and the late civil libertarian Osmond K. Fraenkel.



NOW, THAT'S WHAT WE CALL JAILBAIT

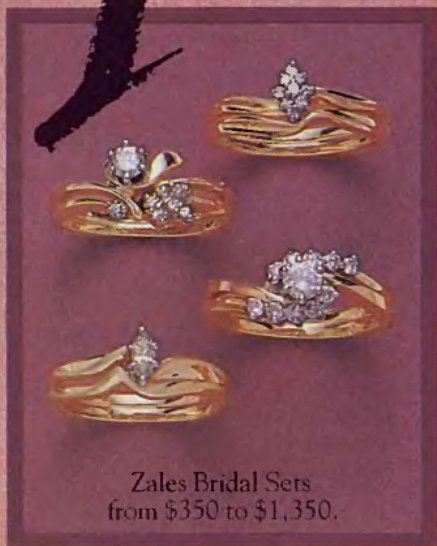
Above left: Adrienne Barbeau—we'd pay to watch her breathe. Above right: Miss September 1978, Rosanne Katon, who co-stars in *Women Behind Bars*, the play that's driving L.A. stir crazy. Women behind bars are like other women—except instead of ordering vanity license plates, they make them.

IN AMERICA, SHE'D HAVE A PORSCHE TO DRIVE

Last time we saw Ayers Rock, Princess Di was scrambling down it. This is another kind of royalty—Australian Playmate of the Year Amanda Dole, running through a tour of her country's outback. Photographer Rennie Ellis didn't know why she was in such a hurry, but we suspect some rampaging kangaroos—the photo came to us by pouch.



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But experience in buying diamond jewelry is harder to come by. After all, it's not the kind of thing you do every day.

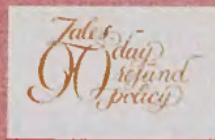
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Of course, if inexperience still makes you feel edgy, we'll show you the way around every facet of diamond technology. Even though all you really need to know is the way to your nearest Zales.



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CAPTAIN RAMPAGEOUS

I hope every American who has ever entertained positive thoughts of what Ted Turner would bring to politics will read the August *Playboy Interview*. With eyes as big as saucers and jaw dropping, I read the words of a man who has fondered on power and success. I can only imagine whom Captain Outrageous would choose as his running mate—probably someone like Colonel Qaddafi.

Alison Nowakowski
Genesee, Idaho

I was hoping to learn what makes Ted tick. Instead, thanks to interviewer Peter Ross Range's obnoxious aggressiveness, I learned only what ticks Ted off. After letting the magazine sit for a week and rereading the *Interview* as an attempt at fairness, I still agree with of Terrible Ted.

Earl F. Greene
New York, New York

Turner's mindless rantings make the powers that be at the three commercial networks seem as wise as Solomon and as thoughtful as Socrates. I haven't read such antifemale bunk for years. If this violent and antisocial creature feels that an unnatural death looms on his horizon, it will probably be at the hands of his long-suffering wife—when she finally gets fed up with her sexist, racist idiot husband.

Peggy M. Johnson
Houston, Texas

I don't blame Turner for ripping up Range's equipment; I wanted to myself.

Julie Redding
Tallahassee, Florida

Turner reminds me of what are reported to have been the final stages in the life of the late Howard Hughes: fleeting moments of insight, followed by lengthy hours of incoherent babbling. However, you should take your hat off to

Turner for bringing sex and violence to the *Playboy Interview*. I haven't had so much fun since Jimmy Carter let it all hang out.

Clyde M. Phillips
Parkville, Missouri

I had placed Turner on a pedestal as a modern American hero, bigmouth or not. Now I see that he's reduced himself to wallowing in a quagmire of self-importance. Putting one's foot in one's mouth is OK, even forgivable, but to swallow it clear to the crotch is sheer lunacy. Hey, Ted—expletive deleted!

Robert Simmons, Jr.
San Jose, California

COUNSEL FOR THE OFFENSE

As an attorney who defended one of those charged with causing the death of Paul Terrice, I read with interest Bruce Henderson's article *Today's Navy—Not a Job, an Adventure* (PLAYBOY, August). Although the article is largely factually correct, its tenor is totally misleading. It implies that the Navy protected those involved. The contrary is true. Those who were tried by general court-martial were, at the time of Terrice's death, running the U.S.S. Ranger C.C.U. [Correctional Custody Unit] in the exact manner prescribed by Navy orders. Whether or not Terrice's death from the idiopathic disease heat-stroke could actually have been prevented is arguable. What is not questionable, however, is that the Navy purposely ruined the lives and the careers of good officers and men in a futile effort to protect itself and its institutions from criticism. The conviction rate at general courts-martial is around 95 percent. The fact that nearly all the accused were acquitted—by the Navy's own hand-picked jury—bespeaks their innocence.

E. Paul Gibson

North Charleston, South Carolina

We suggest that you reread the Navy's own words, quoted on page 190 of the article,



Own a bottle.

It's worth the price to have at least one thing in your life that's absolutely perfect.

Tanqueray Gin. A singular experience.

IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN, 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 94.6 PROOF,
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from a report prepared by the Office of the Judge Advocate General: "Airman Recruit Trerice's death resulted from a combination of errors in judgment, dereliction of duty, dereliction that rises to the level of negligence and culpable negligence."

When I read Henderson's *Today's Navy—Not a Job, an Adventure*, my heart went out to Trerice and his family. As an ex-sailor, I can hardly imagine the sadistic and inhuman treatment he received. The very rights that Trerice was out there defending were the ones denied him not only as a sailor and a citizen but, most vital of all, as a human being.

Míceal D. Drohan
Monrovia, California

HIKING TILL IT HURTS

James R. Petersen's article *A Walk on the Wild Side* (PLAYBOY, August) is super. The illustration, by Olivia De Berardinis, is a masterpiece. I will have to visit New York, the country's sex capital, more often.

Marshall Hanson
Troy, New York

I read Petersen's *A Walk on the Wild Side* with concurrent feelings of fascination and revulsion. But isn't that what S/M is all about? I admire Petersen's candor and his courage. Thanks for a look into places I would never dare venture myself.

David S. Goldstein
Riverside, California

Petersen's *A Walk on the Wild Side* is very interesting. His account of the events at the Hellfire Club and at other New York S/M establishments makes for exciting reading, especially for a square like me, whose major sexual activity is salivating over the Playmate of the Month.

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

VERY IMPORTANT PERSSON

I generally don't feel compelled to write to you about Playmates of the Month, since they are all at about the same high level of attractiveness. However, once in a while a Playmate comes along who is truly at a much higher level than most. Such is the case with Carina Persson, your (maybe I should say *my*) Miss August. Not since March 1982's Karen Witter has a Playmate been so outstanding. Congratulations to Kerry Morris and Ken Marcus for a job well done. Why not make Miss Persson the Playmate of the Year right now? If not, how about one more look?

Robert F. Wagner
Simon Fraser University
Burnaby, British Columbia

Carina Persson, Miss August, is without a doubt the most beautiful Playmate ever. Her face, her body—everything about her is sheer perfection. Why don't you send a

photographer to Sweden and see if there are more like her?

Ken Elrod
Oxnard, California

It has taken the radiant beauty of Carina Persson to trigger my first letter to you since I began collecting PLAYBOY in 1968. She's gorgeous. She's voluptuous. She has warmth and intelligence. What a Persson!

Werner Carlson
Irvine, California

Hats off to Kerry Morris and Ken Marcus for the wonderfully erotic photographs of the lovely Carina Persson! Unfortunately, valuable space was wasted on the monthly candid, clothed, out-in-the-world photos. Those shots are just plain dull! Please reward loyal PLAYBOY readers all over the world by cutting back on the candid, clothed, etc., photos. Could you also print one more interesting picture of her?

Scott Jordan
San Jose, California

This is the most interesting picture of



Carina we could come up with. You hardly ever see aquamarine shoes anymore.

HERMON HARRUMPHS

As a result of Stephen King's horrible remarks regarding our town that appear in June's *Playboy Interview* ["We were living in Hermon, Maine, which, if not the asshole of the universe, is at least within farting distance of it"], plans for a Stephen King Day and for a King Museum on his old trailer pad are terminated.

E. W. Aronoff, Town Manager
Hermon, Maine

MEN AND WOMEN

PLAYBOY has made a wise decision in making the *Women* column, by Cynthia Heimel, a regular feature. On the basis of the first installment, "Why Are Women So Angry All the Time?" (August), I think *Women* will be both informative and helpful.

Charles W. Edwards
Birmingham, Alabama

Heimel's "Why Are Women So Angry All the Time?" erroneously concludes that men just got fed up with feminism because of the demands it made upon them. What actually happened was that men realized that while feminists demanded independence and equality, most weren't willing to

assume completely or consistently the concomitant responsibilities; they continued to retreat behind their petticoats, if I may sound so chauvinistic, and to play upon all the traditional feminine advantages and prerogatives—when convenient.

Steve Jacques
Beverly Hills, California

SYBIL THE BARBARIENNE

Congratulations on a superb August issue! It's the best issue this year, thanks mostly to Miss Sybil Danning. If you ever run a contest in which the winner gets to photograph her, use this letter as my entry. I am an amateur photographer, and it would be my pleasure to photograph the most beautiful star to ever shine on your pages.

Robert Chaffee
Long Island, New York

If anyone can come up with a better description of your photos of Sybil than "goddamn devastating," I'd like to hear it.

Sonny Wisecarver
Antioch, California

I send my compliments to Ken Marcus for his pictorial *Sybil*, starring Sybil Danning. I like his lighting techniques, and he has some unique props. I also send my compliments to Sybil, who enlightened me. She, too, has some unique props.

Kelly Michelle
Asheboro, North Carolina

YES, SIR, THAT'S MY BABER

Congratulations, Asa Baber—and that is meant sincerely and without sarcasm. You have finally made the great discovery—namely, that it is a pure and unmitigated bummer to find yourself held up to a standard of performance and behavior that must necessarily overlook and denigrate your strengths and virtues in favor of your weaknesses and flaws. You have arrived at the source of the problem and at its solution in your *Men* column. Fish aren't measured by the carat and bees aren't measured by the mile—so why should either sex be used as the human mean? These past 20 years of sexual unrest have been the pay-back—long overdue and, I am tempted to say, well deserved—for a few thousand years of women's being hammered into molds that men have made for us. Men have just lately gotten the slightest taste of their own medicine and, predictably and understandably, they have not liked it. It is, indeed, an honorable thing to be a man. The estate of womanhood is likewise an honorable one. When we have all reached an unquestioning acceptance of both premises, the war will be over.

L. M. Johnson
Watauga, Texas



Take a Hippopotamus on a safari.



Whether it's the urban jungle or the wilds of your favorite country place, this all-leather boot is worth the adventure at under \$65. Shown: "Tomahawk" in soft pleated leather. In brown, taupe, black, navy, tan and black cherry. Available in the United States, Puerto Rico, Canada, the Caribbean. Hippopotamus by Interior Trade Inc., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10112.

HipOppo'Tamus
by Interior Trade Inc.

It pays to be in his boots.



EIGHT PERFECTLY LEGITIMATE REASONS TO BUY A SAAB.

In the interests of the inherent human need to rationalize everything, Saab presents everything your intellect needs to confirm what your emotions tell you about the heart-pounding, toe-curling automobile pictured cutting a swath across the opposite page.

1.

Automatic Performance Control (APC). Phrased wood-ently, APC is a Saab Turbo engineering exclusive. Phrased in engineering terms, it monitors variables such as driving conditions and fuel quality and adjusts turbo boost accordingly; i.e., it increases boost to get maximum use from high-octane fuels and decreases it to protect the engine from low-octane fuels. In the language of efficiency experts, it results in a Saab that goes faster on less gas.*

Phrased any way, it comes out as the boredom of the technocrat. Which is precisely the point: Bore your intellect to death and it'll never dream you're the type to buy a car for the kicks.

2.

Kids. The Saab 900 has a back seat that fits three kids very easily, as evidenced by the fact there's a middle seat belt.

3.

Groceries. Peat moss. Suitcases. Beer kegs. Or anything else you happen to be carting around. Because the other good thing about Saab's

back seat is that it flips down to make 56.5 cubic feet of luggage space (53.0 in the 4-door model). Which, not incidentally, is more than you'll get from a BMW, Audi, and Volvo combined. Combined? Combined. (How is that possible? Aren't those other cars supposed to be big cars?)

4.

Extras. Or rather, the fact that on the Saab 900 Turbo, most aren't. Such features as electrically operated windows, central door locking, aluminum alloy wheels, Pirelli tires, sunroof, and air conditioning are all included in the base price. Plus one of the best radios around.

5.

Safety. Passive safety: the construction. Active safety: the handling, the braking, and the acceleration of the Turbo itself.

6.

Snow and rain and hail and gloom of night. You handle the first three with Saab's front-wheel drive. Not front-wheel drive that suddenly appeared on a Saab after an exhaustive marketing study. Rather, front-wheel drive that was originated by Saab back in 1949. And refined and refined and refined and refined and refined ever since to give you quick, precise steering in any weather.

As for gloom of night, Saab has a more recent innovation:

side guidance lights. When you signal for a turn or go into reverse, they illuminate alongside your car.

7.

Kudos. Maybe you couldn't care less how many times the Saab 900 Turbo was named the best this or that by the buff books.

But The Times? The stately New York Times? Surely you care what The Times said. It said: "A well-used '67 model was the first Saab I ever knew, and it was a case of love at first sight. . . . Now I am in love again, this time with the Saab Turbo."

8.

Warmth and comfort. The toastiest Saab feature is indisputably its heated front seats. This is not solely to make you feel good, however. Studies have shown that a warmer winter driver is a more alert driver, too.

The seats themselves are orthopedically molded for back support and dished inward for lateral support. As *Rallye* magazine said, "One could drive a 900 Turbo all day long and walk out of it refreshed, like you had only driven across town."

Speaking of drives across town, you could take one right now in the Saab 900 Turbo.

Then the above list will either be of great help while you rationalize your decision, or no help at all because you'll buy a Saab just because it feels good.

*Saab 900 5-speed APC Turbo: (21) EPA estimated mpg, 34 estimated highway mpg. Use estimated mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

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The most intelligent car ever built.

The blessings of nature,
and a dash of divine inspiration.



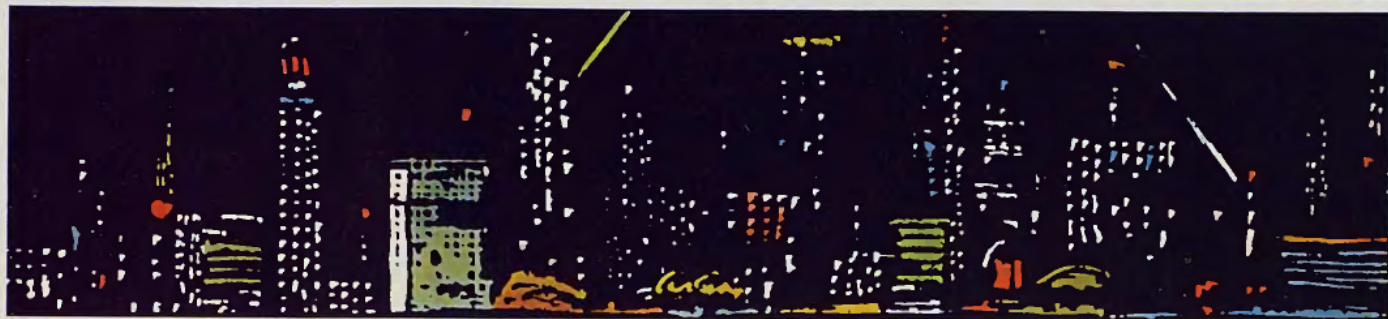
The exquisite Italian liqueur created

from wild nuts, berries and herbs.

Frangelico

Imported by William Grant & Sons, Inc., NY, NY • 56 proof • Produced and bottled by Barbero S.P.A., Canale, Italy • About fifteen dollars a bottle.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



HIGH-TECH

We like a computer programmer with a sense of humor. Recently, a friend was toiling away at Haunted House, one of those games for true technonerdz that can take days—even weeks—to play. After 15 hours of frustration during which time the computer had foiled his every move, he got angry. “FUCK YOU,” he typed into his Apple II. “YOUR PLACE OR MINE?” the machine shot back.

A Roman Catholic nun was arrested in Naples for helping jailed Mobsters exchange messages by carrying encoded notes inside her Bible. An Italian news agency said that when Sister Alvina Murelli corresponded with Raffaele Cutolo, head of the Camorra crime family, she addressed him as God. His sister Rosetta was the Virgin Mary and Cutolo’s associates were the saints.

In Los Angeles, we spotted a pair of his-and-hers vanity license plates nestled together in a cozy two-car garage. His read TAB A. SLOT B was on hers.

According to the tabloid *Globe*, a dentist in New York administered a general anesthetic to a female patient and then was alarmed when she placed a viselike grip on his testicles. In spite of that assault, the woman successfully sued the dentist for \$500, because he had had to break one of her fingers to extricate himself.

News flash: The leader of the guerrillas on the Southeast Asian island of Timor is named Sha Na Na.

Our favorite from the Associated Press collection of great quotes by Illinois lawmakers comes from State Senator LeRoy Lemke of Chicago: “I don’t think this is

gonna affect revenue one bit. But what it’s gonna affect is our truth and velocity with the citizens.”

Jeff Noack, a Lakewood, New Jersey, resident, was acquitted of a drunk-driving charge when he explained that at the time he was forced to undergo tests to determine his sobriety, he had defecated in his pants.

TYING THE KNOT

Tehching “Sam” Hsieh and Linda Montano are performance artists. They express ideas by using their bodies rather than by creating objects. Their new project is going to tie them up for a year—literally. They will be connected by an eight-foot nylon cord. They are also going



to tape all their conversations during the period to document their art project. Charles Dexter, a film maker, remarked, “I’m amazed. It’s like a wedding. They’re officially tied together. It makes you think about your own life.”

Jane Fisher, an art student, said, “I just hope they like the same movies.”

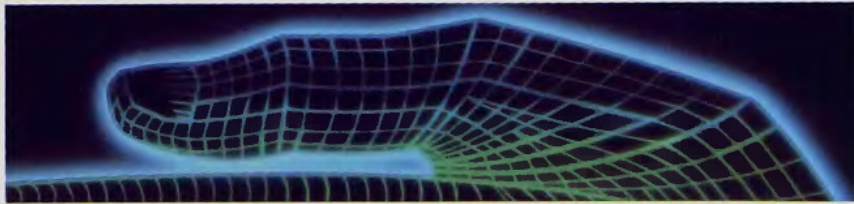
Chicago d.j. Steve Dahl spotted some cops who had stopped a motorist for running a red light and described on the air how the motorist had gotten out of the ticket by opening the trunk of his car and giving the cops a bunch of record albums. Dahl, who met the motorist later, said, “The cops will probably go looking for the guy when they find out what kind of junk records they got.”

A young woman wrote out a check at a clothing store in Marina del Rey, California, but was unable to give corroborating identification. Someone, she discovered, had stolen her wallet. But she did have another kind of identification: “I was the May 1983 centerfold in *PLAYBOY*,” she said. “And I have a copy to prove it.” The owner happened to walk by just then, recognized Playmate Susie Scott as a regular customer and OKed the check.

Laughter Is the Next Best Medicine Department: The phone number of the V.D. hotline in San Francisco’s gay district is 495-OGOD.

STUFFED AND SHOCKED

It had to happen. Patrick Barrett, 34, of Toledo, Ohio, is believed to be the first male to file a toxic-shock-syndrome lawsuit. He claims that his T.S.S. resulted from packing stuffed in his nasal cavity during surgery for a deviated septum. One of the packing materials, according to his attorney, contained an absorbent polymer



RULES OF THUMB

A rule of thumb is a recipe that people use to make up for a lack of facts. A rule of thumb may not tell you the best way to do something, but it will help you guess and get away with it. For several years, Tom Parker has been collecting such rules from around the world. His book "Rules of Thumb" will be published this fall by Houghton Mifflin.

PLANNING A DINNER: As many as 25 percent of the guests at a university dinner party can come from the economics department without spoiling the conversation. —M. F. Riche, economist

AVOIDING A CRASH IN A CAR RACE: Aim your car at the spot where you see an accident start—chances are the accident will have moved by the time you get there. —Joie Chitwood, former Indy driver, thrill-show owner

PLAYING POKER: Don't enter a poker game unless you have 40 times the betting limit in your pocket. If you plan to play poker for a living, start with a bank roll at least 200 times the maximum bet.

—Edwin Silberstang, games expert

HANDLING TEST EQUIPMENT: Don't tap the face of a sticky gauge any harder than you would tap the bridge of your nose.

—Steve Parker, aerospace engineer

RENTING A TUXEDO: Tuxedos last a long time and rarely go out of style. If you need to wear one even once a year, it pays to buy and avoid the ordeal of renting. —Doug Weaver, accountant

POULITICAL CAMPAIGNS: For every person who gets involved in your campaign by contributing money, putting up a lawn sign, distributing literature or signing an endorsement letter, expect 10 to 15 votes on election day.

—Tom Wilbur, county commissioner

HAVING AN INTERVIEW: During a job interview, never spend more than 60 seconds answering a question.

—Cheryl Russell, demographer

TAKING A FEDERAL EXAM: On any Government multiple-choice test, the longest answer is usually the correct one.

—Michael F. Brown, patent attorney

MANAGING THINGS: No manager or supervisor should have responsibility for more than six activities.

—Lester R. Bittel,

management consultant

SERVING DRINKS: When you are planning drinks for a party, figure two drinks per guest for the first half hour and one drink per hour after that.

—Lisa Dahl, conference organizer

MAKING CRIME PAY: Commit a Federal crime rather than a state crime. Federal judges are more worldly and less likely

to send you to jail, or for as long. Also, Federal prisons are nicer places to stay.

—Stephen Gillers, journalist

HITCHHIKING IN AFRICA: Allow one week to hitchhike 1000 kilometers in Africa.

—Henning Pape, traveler

SETTING UP AN OFFICE: Provide 250 square feet of floor space for each vice-president (200 for middle managers, 175 for clerks).

—T. U. Powell, architect

BATHTUB TOYS: Bathtub toys from Singapore generally last longer than those from Taiwan. —Norman Bloom

FINDING A JOB: Plan on spending one week job hunting for every \$2000 in salary and benefits you received in your last job. If your qualifications are particularly high, deduct 20 percent from your search time; if they are low, add 50 percent. If you want to keep your job hunt a secret, multiply your final time by two.

—Robert Half, career consultant and author

COOKING AN OSTRICH EGG: One ostrich egg will serve 24 people for brunch.

—Joy of Cooking

WRITING A SCREENPLAY: One page of an average screenplay equals about one minute of screen time. Therefore, the script for a typical feature film should be about 100 pages long. In fact, many studios won't look at screenplays much longer than 100 pages.

—John Griesemer, writer and actor

CHOKING ON FOOD: If a choking person can verbally request the Heimlich maneuver, he doesn't need it.

—James Macmillan, M.D.

SPOTTING A SPY: One out of every three Soviet or Soviet-bloc diplomats in this country is a spy or has some sort of intelligence-gathering responsibility.

—William H. Webster, FBI director

CAPTURING GIANT SNAKES: If you are attempting to capture an African python, it is wise to have one person for every four or five feet of snake.

—Donald R. Gentner

WRITING COMPUTER SOFTWARE: A software writer can generate about ten lines of debugged, high-order language a day.

—Anonymous systems engineer

resembling those used in the tampons that have been linked to T.S.S. in women. Barrett, a heavy-equipment operator, has recovered sufficiently to return to work. Appropriately enough, however, he still suffers from what his attorney calls "periodic cramps."

HINEY HOAX

An Arlington, Texas, marketing firm wants to sell its ass off. One hundred and forty radio stations all over the country pay Dorsey and Donnelly Enterprises, Inc., for the opportunity to air commercials for a product that doesn't exist—a select group of potables from the Hiney Winery: red Hiney, dry Hiney, white Hiney and top-of-the-line Derrière. Apparently, people have actually gone into liquor stores and asked for the products, whose slogans include "Even with your eyes closed, you know it's a Hiney." General manager Mike Steinhilper of WSSL says the campaign is popular in Pelzer, South Carolina, where he tells his advertisers, "That's what we do for an imaginary product. Just think what we can do for your business." Do we have to?

John Crisman, 71, was arguing a malpractice case against two doctors when he was stricken by a heart attack and was resuscitated by the defendants. Said one of them, Dr. Ala al-Mashat, "It's a good thing you sued good doctors."

BUSTED

An 18-year-old Portsmouth, Virginia, woman was booked for forgery after she was identified from a picture taken of her at the bank where she tried to cash a stolen check. An interesting feature of the arrest was that the woman had not been correctly positioned in front of the camera, so only her breasts appeared in the picture. But while sitting in a squad car examining the photo, Detective D. D. Tester and the theft victim spotted a familiar-looking pair, ah, bouncing by. It must have been a case of arresting development.

THE RUN-AROUND

Nedra Weaver, 36, and Donald Osborne, 47, have a serious case of the runs. So the Waterloo, New York, couple planned a sweaty little wedding that went like this:

Weaver, in a lace-trimmed sweat suit, entered to the anthem *Chariots of Fire* and met Osborne at the altar (he was in an orange warm-up), where they exchanged vows. After a five-mile jog to the reception, they carbo-loaded on cake (yes, it was topped with jogger statuettes), then headed for a British Columbia honeymoon complete with a morning-after marathon run.

The wedding night, presumably, was measured in personal bests.

They must be shakers, too, then. We saw a truck from Chicago with BIG O MOVERS proudly painted on the side.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

DON'T LET THE TITLE put you off or lead you to expect a gangland melodrama; *The Big Chill* (Columbia) is a crackling contemporary comedy—worldly, warm-blooded and wonderfully put together. Writer-director Lawrence Kasdan (here with Barbara Benedek as co-author of the screenplay) is the man who wrote *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *Return of the Jedi*, wrote and directed *Body Heat*. He must be doing something right. *Big Chill* exudes Kasdan's skill and confidence. You know you're in good hands from the moment it begins—in a poky Southern town where eight friends stage a kind of class reunion after the suicide of their friend Alex. Seven of them are University of Michigan alumni, Sixties rebels who have become affluent, unsettled, unsure of what motivated their youthful idealism and zeal. "I hate to think it was all just *fashion*," one muses.

Although the screenplay occasionally seems somewhat spelled out and schematic, Kasdan studies these reluctant signees to the social contract with unwavering compassion as well as humor. All are sharply observed, played on a keen edge by Glenn Close and Kevin Kline as the married host and hostess (she had an affair with the deceased; he's an amiable tycoon who has made a fortune in running shoes); Tom Berenger as a handsome TV idol who'd like to believe his career really matters (he's playing a Tom Selleck clone and no mistake); JoBeth Williams as a frustrated creative type who has settled for housewifery in Detroit; Mary Kay Place as a lawyer who wants a child; Jeff Goldblum as a hustling writer for *People* magazine; William Hurt as a misfit who has traded his high hopes for drug deals and staying stoned; Meg Tilly as the dead man's last fling, a simple-minded hanger-on whose sensitivity takes the entire crowd by surprise. *Big Chill* is not, as you might guess, a movie about the Sixties, despite its superficial resemblance to *Return of the Secaucus Seven*. Kasdan's concerns are disillusion, growing up, measuring yourself against the harsh truths of the real world. Yet music makes the world go round for every generation, and it supplements this movie's emotional wallop throughout—whether it's the whole cast improvising an after-dinner dance-in while tidying up or a poignant rendition of the Stones' *You Can't Always Get What You Want*, played with funereal solemnity on a church organ. All hail Kasdan. Until now, 1983 has not been a banner year for adult moviegoers. *Chill's* a welcome change. ★★★

Nicaragua in 1979, just before the takeover by *Sandinista* revolutionaries, is the setting for *Under Fire* (Orion), the most timely and cogent movie about journalism



Breaking bread with the *Chill* gang.

Kasdan scores again with *Big Chill*; *Under Fire*, *Zelig* earn praise.



Hackman, Cassidy, Nolte *Under Fire*.



Woody, as Zelig, sees Paris.

since *All the President's Men*. Gene Hackman, Nick Nolte and Joanna Cassidy occupy the obligatory love triangle, with Hackman and Cassidy as a pair of foreign correspondents whose relationship is on the wane and Nolte as a prize-winning photojournalist who generally tries not to involve himself with anything. "I don't take sides—I take pictures," he declares. But *Under Fire* forces its three pivotal characters to feel the heat of conviction in a beleaguered country where the future may hang on the fate of one rebel hero—Rafael, a fictional composite of several *Sandinistas*. That's the political underpinning for an exciting adventure/drama inspired, in part, by the 1979 murder of an American newsman in Nicaragua. And the actors seem really into it, all on a hot streak with their best performances in a long, long while.

It will not give away too much of the plot to note that Ronald Shelton's screenplay (with credit to an "original screenplay" by Clayton Frohman) is intelligently cynical and sharp throughout. The threesome huddled in a lurid night spot in Somozaland exchange flip professional banter, summed up in Cassidy's knowing aside "You're gonna love this war—good guys, bad guys and cheap shrimp." Roger Spottiswoode's workmanlike direction is not quite equal to the writing or the performing, but *Under Fire* grabs you because it poses important questions that deflect easy or obvious answers. No Saturday-night escapism here, but precious few popcorn movies offer so much wit, relevance and food for thought. ★★★

The early wave of rave reviews for Woody Allen's *Zelig* (Orion/Warner) sounds like a consensus vote for instant canonization of Allen, or at least a ticker-tape parade down Broadway. Well, Woody's latest may not be *that* great, but it is a work of breath-taking virtuosity. By now, millions have stood in line to discover *Zelig*, in which Woody plays the title role, as a landmark spoof of documentary movies, psychiatry, the fickle finger of fame and much, much more. *Zelig* is a so-called chameleon man whose low self-esteem makes him assume other people's physical characteristics because "I want to be safe. . . . I want to be liked." His odd psychological aberration enables him to pop up in old newsreel footage or in photographs with Eugene O'Neill, Jack Dempsey, even Adolf Hitler—and at one point, he appears twice in the same Twenties speakeasy, looking like a *mafioso* and a black jazz musician. Mia Farrow, Allen's current offscreen companion, pleasantly plays the shrink who cures Zelig and ultimately falls in love with him in black-and-white sequences almost perfectly matched

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to the grainy golden-oldy material (ace cinematographer Gordon Willis can take another bow and is dead certain to grab another Oscar nomination as well).

Now for the bad news. What's wrong with *Zelig*, in case you find yourself curiously unmoved on leaving the theater, is that the movie has no heart. A brilliant blend of fact and film fakery, Allen's gigantic conceit is fiendishly clever but ultimately more amazing than amusing. While *Zelig* scores as an original, somewhat cerebral tour de force, audiences should not flock to it expecting outright miracles. ★★★½

Man meets Canis lupus in *Never Cry Wolf* (Buena Vista), an astonishing adventure epic filmed in the arctic high country by Carroll Ballard, director of the visually dazzling *Black Stallion*. This time out, Ballard leaves his mark on *Wolf* as a movable feast of sights, sounds and extraordinary physical excitement. In fact, the movie, based on a book by Farley Mowat about his experiences in the wild, gets a bit swollen with ecological pretentiousness toward the end. But long before the message starts to fog the screen, you're bound to be hooked, as I was—if there's any spirit of dauntless youth left in you—by Charles Martin Smith, as the somewhat nebbishy hero who ventures alone into an icy wasteland and begins "to feel wonder again." Highly subjective, the film nudges a viewer into Smith's consciousness while he settles down as next-door neighbor to a den of wolves. Native Eskimos and white exploiters intrude from time to time, but they seem to heighten the sense of solitude in this vast tundra, simultaneously providing such essential services as comic relief. Without an occasional giggle, the great outdoors might be *too* bloody awesome. ★★★

Must have been slim pickings at this year's Cannes International Film Festival, where *Cross Creek* (Universal) was heaped with praise. At best, I'd say that director Martin Ritt's movie version of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' autobiography is not bad. At worst, it is all too familiar and predictable as the tale of a recently divorced city mouse who finds herself—as well as a subject for her novels—when she moves South to a rustic hovel in central Florida in 1928. Underplaying to a fault, Mary Steenburgen as Marjorie has to carry the burden of some very cumbersome narration, telling us of her discovery that she's not just a writer but "a wife, a friend, a part of the earth." Solid supporting performances by Alfre Woodard as Rawlings' loyal black housekeeper, Rip Torn as a country neighbor and Peter Coyote—confidently virile and straightforward as the local hotelkeeper who becomes Rawlings' second husband—play against the prevailingly passive mode of *Cross Creek*. The lush Florida swampland is another asset—lots of scenery to ogle while the Rawlings



Charles Martin Smith and caribou companions in *Never Cry Wolf*.

Mother Nature stars in *Never Cry Wolf*, gives a needed assist to *Cross Creek*.



Cross Creek's Coyote, Steenburgen.

character shares memories that might be summed up as "How I Wrote *The Yearling*." Overall, well intended but middling, with an embarrassing cameo by Malcolm McDowell (Steenburgen's husband, you see) as the famed book editor Maxwell Perkins, who stops by the swamp on his way to visit "Ernest" in Key West. ★★

Two finely tuned performances by Mandy Patinkin and Lindsay Crouse, as Paul and Rochelle Isaacson, do a lot for *Daniel* (Paramount). Both actors bring zealous, slightly askew political passion to characters inspired by Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, tried and executed three decades ago for conspiracy to pass atomic secrets to the Soviets. Either the Rosenbergs were up to their necks in espionage or they were inept Communist dupes—sacrificial lambs during America's Cold War hysteria of the early Fifties. But don't look for an answer here. Adapted by E. L. Doctorow from his novel *The Book of Daniel*, director Sidney Lumet's unwieldy film version is bound to baffle anyone who missed both the book and the actual save-the-Rosenbergs move-

ment. *Daniel*, with Timothy Hutton in the relatively thankless title role, jumps back and forth through time, always intelligent but often infuriating. I kept waiting for the movie as a whole to explode dramatically, politically or psychologically. We are left with random scenes from a dense, probing novel that stubbornly refuses to shape up on the screen. ★★

Writer-director Paul Brickman (whose first full-length screenplay was for Jonathan Demme's *Citizens Band*, a.k.a. *Handle with Care*) makes a promising directorial debut with *Risky Business* (Warner). Totally amoral and cheeky, Brickman's nose-thumbing comedy stars Tom Cruise—one of the hottest young teen idols since Matt Dillon—as an enterprising schoolboy from an affluent suburb of Chicago. While his parents are away on vacation, Cruise explores the American dream after getting involved with a sleek callgirl (played with lots of casual flair by Rebecca De Mornay). It's the hooker's idea to turn the family manse into a brothel. Cruise's instantly corruptible innocence is so engaging that *Risky Business* never seems as crude and tasteless as it must sound in summary. Brickman cannot be said to set a shining example for today's youth, but why should he? With uptight conservatism on the upsurge all around us, his brand of irreverence deserves to be encouraged. ★★

Buried within the bone heap of *Staying Alive* (Paramount) is one rare moment of truth when a dancer declares, "This is bullshit!" That remark pretty accurately sums up the slipshod sequel to *Saturday Night Fever* directed by Sylvester Stallone, with John Travolta back as Tony Manero trying to make it as a Broadway hooper. The opening, though badly botched, is stolen whole from *All That Jazz*. The rest of it suggests amateur-night imitations of *Fever*, *Flashdance*, *Rocky* and every boy-loses-girl musical ever made to be forgotten. Cynthia Rhodes and Finola Hughes play the swivel-hipped unfortunates who fight over Travolta while rehearsing for a hit show called *Satan's Alley*. Looked to me like a full-fledged fiasco that would close in Philly, and I say to hell with it. ★

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Big Chill (Reviewed this month)
Kasdan's smashing all-star salute to sex, fun and friendship. ★★★

Cross Creek (Reviewed this month)
Woman writer roughs it in swamp. ★★

Daniel (Reviewed this month) The Rosenbergs revisited in a disappointing movie based on Doctorow's novel. ★★

Easy Money A small debit for Dangerfield. ★

Eddie and the Cruisers Watch a guy named Paré. ★★★

Educating Rita A latter-day *My Fair Lady*; Michael Caine grade A as the drunken prof and tough tutor. ★★★

Fanny & Alexander Warm, masterful comedy by Ingmar Bergman. ★★★

Gabriela Braga meets Mastroianni—a tropical heat wave. ★★★½

Heart Like a Wheel Bonnie Bedelia as a race-car champion. ★★★½

Heat and Dust Racy vintage romance about British colonials in India—with Julie Christie, Shashi Kapoor. ★★★½

Krull Forgettable futuristic film-flam. ★

Loose Joints Movie spoofery, hit or miss but amusing just often enough. ★★

Never Cry Wolf (Reviewed this month) It's a howler in the great outdoors. ★★★

Octopussy Roger Moore as 007, Maud Adams as the title number. ★★★½

Pauline at the Beach Summer romance, with a subtle French flavor. ★★★

Puberty Blues Bruce Beresford's wry ode to Aussie surfside groupies. ★★★½

Risky Business (Reviewed this month) The best little whorehouse in suburban Chicago, with Tom Cruise. ★★

The Star Chamber Vigilante justice is decreed by L.A. judges. Uh-huh. ★★

Staying Alive (Reviewed this month) Travolta in a misbegotten sequel. ★

Strange Invaders Minor but promising s-f set in a *strange* small town. ★★

Trading Places Murphy and Aykroyd in a first-rate comedy—with Jamie Lee Curtis. ★★★½

La Traviata You don't have to be an opera buff to enjoy this lush *Camille* according to Verdi and Zeffirelli. ★★★

Under Fire (Reviewed this month) Provocative political drama. ★★★

WarGames Computer whiz kid pushes the button by mistake. ★★★½

Zelig (Reviewed this month) Woody's dandy deadpan send-up of documentary movies. ★★★½

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

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BOOKS

And now, for those of you who enjoy the quiet sort of nitwit humor that always seems to go for the chuckle rather than the belly laugh, the kind of comedy that is, finally, more American than Oklahoma City, Atheneum presents *From Approximately Coast to Coast . . . It's the Bob and Ray Show*, a collection of radio scripts by Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding, perhaps the most semicelebrated comedy team in living memory. Share the intensity of "General Pharmacy" . . . "the dramatic story of handsome young druggist Ross Flecknoy and his struggle to save humanity at the prescription counter of a pharmacy still technically owned by his aging father." Further, note the incisive sports-interview techniques of Biff Burns as he grills Edgar Barnhorst, who is proposing that the N.B.A. lower the basket two feet so that "any middle-aged man standing 5'6" should have enough talent to play pro ball." We say enjoy, and thank you, Bob and Ray, for quiet parody in an otherwise noisy place.

In baseball, a long throw is a rainbow. In football, it's a bomb. Those who love the way our games reveal themselves by their vocabularies will also love Tim Considine's *The Language of Sport* (World Almanac). It's a dictionary of sports terms from ace (shared by baseball, golf and tennis) to zone (shared, of course, by football, hockey and the Los Angeles Lakers)—a valuable reference for sportswriters, bar bettors and just plain fans.

Jamie leaves her husband, takes their two kids and gets on an eastbound Greyhound at Oakland with little money and fewer plans. A tattooed drifter named Bill Houston is on that bus with beer and bourbon, easy talk and easier money. The country spreads out like a rash for Jamie and Bill as they scratch their way back across it, from a sad hotel in Pittsburgh to a pitiless stretch of Arizona desert, in Denis Johnson's splendid novel *Angels* (Knopf). Bill's got family in Phoenix—a father in prison, a brother on smack, another on parole—and there's talk of work, something about a bank. Johnson's spirits roam the suburbs of disaster, armed with a sense of impending doom and moments of real clarity. *Angels* is one of the finest first novels we've read.

On the night of February 17, 1970, the wife and two daughters of U.S. Army physician Jeffrey MacDonald were brutally murdered in the family apartment at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. The 26-year-old Dr. MacDonald, an all-American success story if there ever was one (attractive, a former high school quarterback, attendance at schools such as Princeton University and Northwestern Medical and



It's the Bob and Ray Show.

Bob and Ray reprised, a new Larry McMurtry novel and a look at sports lingo.



A flower in the Vegas desert.

internship at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, a Green Beret officer), was found lying face down next to the body of his wife, his head on her chest, one arm around her. The doctor was alive, and as the military police began to investigate the scene, he claimed that four Manson-type hippies chanting "Acid is groovy. . . Kill the pigs" had broken in and attacked him and his family. MacDonald had some wounds of questionable severity, and for a

time his story held together. *Fatal Vision* (Putnam's), by Joe McGinniss, is a riveting piece of reporting that traces how MacDonald's version of that night began to unravel and what happened afterward. Seven hundred-plus pages that you'll want to read in one sitting, *Fatal Vision* is first-rate and frightening.

The Desert Rose (Simon & Schuster), Larry McMurtry's tenth novel, is a charmer set in Las Vegas and BimboLand. The title beauty and bimbo is Harmony, a 39-year-old Vegas showgirl who lives in a duplex out in the desert. Harmony, who keeps peacocks that tend to keel over in the heat, lives with her knockout of a 16-year-old daughter, Pepper. As we learn alternately from Harmony and Pepper, Harmony's having less and less luck with Pepper, worse luck with her low-rent boyfriends and no luck at work, where her boss wants to fire her and hire—who else?—Pepper in her place. For Pepper, everything's coming up—you got it. But what could have been a pat exercise in wheel-of-fortune "I'm down, you're up" is anything but. Harmony and Pepper are splendidly dumb about certain things but as wise as can be about others. A mother-and-daughter team worth knowing.

BOOK BAG

James Cagney: The Authorized Biography (St. Martin's), by Doug Warren with James Cagney: The Yankee-Doodle Dandy has his say and we're glad.

Caretakers (Macmillan), by Tabitha King: Some novelists have trouble getting published. Tabitha King has a husband named Stephen. Stephen has zillions of readers. *Caretakers* will bring even more of them to the King family.

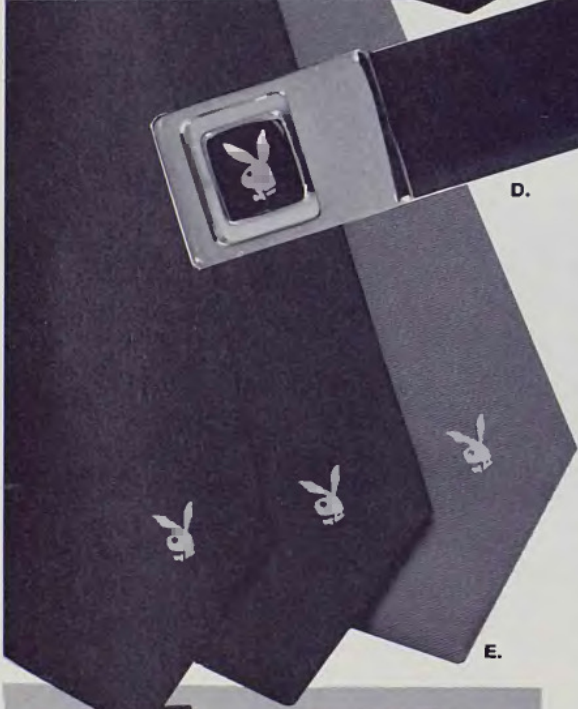
Electronic Life: How to Think About Computers (Knopf), by Michael Crichton: A solid—but very elementary—guide to personal computing by the author of *The Andromeda Strain*. If you already know the difference between a bit and a byte, we'd advise you not to bite.

Scandal! (Dell), by Janet Street-Porter: If you've been too busy over the years to read the sleazoid press, here in one convenient volume is all the delicious dirt about the famous, from Fatty Arbuckle to Fanne Foxe. Even the paper has the reassuring look and feel of the real thing.

Modern Manners (Dell), by P. J. O'Rourke: The funniest and smartest theme book yet. We read out loud some of the sections on sex, clothes and table manners—even to people in the office who didn't really need the information.

American Beat (Atheneum), by Bob Greene: It's been said that water covers two thirds of the earth and Bob Greene covers the rest. This is a collection of his columns on subjects ranging from Richard Nixon to Richard Speck. It's the work of a top reporter at the top of his form.

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CLASSICAL HOT LICKS: Last year, when classical musician **Richard Stoltzman** performed the first solo clarinet recital ever held in Carnegie Hall, Benny Goodman led the audience in a standing ovation. After five encores, Stoltzman ended with a spine-tingling rendition of *Amazing Grace*, not exactly a classical staple. The critics went nuts. *The New York Times* praised his "exceptionally personal approach to every piece he plays" and *The Boston Globe* drooled over his "gorgeous sweetness." As if parrying with his admirers, Stoltzman later moaned, "The only thing I'm thinking about when the performance is over is that I didn't die up on that stage!"

Could it be that he was remembering back to the Sixties, when, as an Ohio State undergrad, Stoltzman played for beers in a group called The Embers? An enthusiastic early fan and drinking buddy booked Carnegie Recital Hall one night and flew The Embers and their entourage to New York. For that performance, Stoltzman admits to helping lug an eight-foot comb onto the stage for atmosphere, slicking his hair back, putting on a custom-made jump suit and sliding downstage on his knees to blow notes that he is proud were never recorded.

Now ostensibly a grownup, Stoltzman still manages to keep some version of that eight-foot comb with him when he performs. Maybe his tux is velvet in the dead of summer, or else he's got a weird electronic pin in his lapel. In one way or another, his impish enthusiasm tests the seams of his otherwise cool and correct dinner jacket.

He tried to explain: "I practiced all my scales and arpeggios. I pointed my staccatos and smoothed my legatos, and I tried to be as good a classical musician as I could, but I've always had this urge to improvise. . . ."

By the looks of full classical houses from New York to Vienna to Tokyo, as well as the enthusiasm of his jazz fans, Stoltzman

is about to be universally acclaimed as an eccentric, eclectic genius. He's now slated for several more Carnegie Hall recitals next year that will probably include a tribute to Thelonious Monk, performed with bassist Eddie Gomez.

But in the rigid world of classical music, Stoltzman has predictable problems with those who think he's too much of a virtuoso. After all, he's not just a clarinetist who gets ovations for Mozart and Webern but one who brings on Goodman, Monk and his old friend pianist Bill Douglas.

Even his label, RCA Red Seal, has been reluctant to let him record improvisational music in the past. But now that he has won his first Grammy (for *Brahms Sonatas for Clarinet and Piano*), maybe RCA will let him record some of his swingier material. His astonishing version of *There Will Never Be Another You*, previously performed live with Douglas, would be a splendid place to start. —SUSAN MARGOLIS

REVIEWS

Jimmy Buffett, the king of Gulf & Western music, has been exploring new oceans lately—personally and musically. He has

fallen in love with Tahiti and environs, for one thing; and he's got a whole new band, for another, with *three* percussionists, including a steel drummer from Trinidad and Little Feat's former conga player, plus Timothy Schmit, late of The Eagles, on guitar. Anyone who saw Buffett's summer tour will agree that these guys *rock*—especially on Rodney Crowell's *Stars on the Water* and Van Morrison's *Brown Eyed Girl*. Both are on Buffett's new album, *One Particular Harbour* (MCA), with some changes in latitudes, if not attitudes, from the originals. The title cut strikes out toward more exotic regions than he's gone before, and there's one cut he told us is "sung by a wino in the year 2020." Buffett's still sailing away.

In simpler times, Aretha Franklin gave us a lesson in *Respect*, a few reasons to *Think*, a *Dr.* to make us *Feelgood*. Her leonine voice took us back to the Gospel lair. We called her the Queen of Soul. A couple of years ago, after a hiatus from the hit parade, Aretha hit the studios with writer-producer Luther Vandross. Their second effort together, *Get It Right* (Arista), is awash with synthesizers and backup vocalists gentling each song into oblivion. Except for the dynamic *I Wish It Would Rain*—in which Aretha solos with a funky bass just long enough to whet our appetite for soul food—Vandross' soft-focus soulfulness obscures the talents of his star. Now we've heard the impossible—an Aretha Franklin album that *doesn't* make you want to dance.

It hasn't been easy for Carlene Carter to get out from under the shadow of the Grand Ole Opry. Like stepsister Rosanne Cash, Carter gets a little punkier with each album. Unfortunately, *C'est C Bon* (Epic) places her in the gray area of pop/punk that has taken up public hypnosis where disco left off. The songs—most of them written or co-written by Carter—catalog

TRUST US



Warning: The editor who makes these choices has lately taken to staring disconsolately at the turntable, calling the time lady and reading firearms manuals. We strongly recommend that you stay away from the stuff on the Not list.



HOT

1. **Gus Hardin**
2. **Bernard Edwards / Glad to Be Here**
3. **Diana Ross / Ross**
4. **Mel Tormé / Songs of New York** (previously released material)
5. **King Sunny Adé / Synchro System**

NOT

1. **Scott Baio / The Boys Are Out Tonight**
2. **Bobby Braddock / Hardpore Cornography**
3. **Shooting Star / Burning**
4. **Rage / Nice 'n' Dirty**
5. **Motivation**

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BRIGHT



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and leaves you with a
clean, fresh taste.

FAST TRACKS



WHO WROTE THE BOOK OF LOVE? DEPARTMENT: As if the phenomenal success of The Police's latest album, *Synchronicity*, and a summer of sold-out concert tours weren't enough, it turns out that Andy Summers is a terrific photographer. The shot you see here is from his forthcoming book, *Throb*, published by William Morrow. While The Police traveled the world, Summers clicked away at the scenes of road life. Then he went onstage and played the guts out of his guitar. We don't know about you, but we're very impressed!

SETTING THE SCENE: The lights dim, the overture begins, the curtain rises and what do you see? Vegetables, rats and weasels. What's going on here? This is Broadway, after all, not some punk club on the Lower East Side. Relax, folks; it's opening night on the Great White Way for the most inventive Mother of them all, **Frank Zappa**. The only resemblance of this high-tech extravaganza to a typical Broadway show, says Frank, is that it will run in a legit theater. The characters from his various songs will have roles in the production, which Zappa is writing and producing but *not* performing in. Who'd want to compete on stage with a rutabaga, anyway?

REELING AND ROCKING: Film rights to **Michael Jackson's** song *Billie Jean* are being discussed with **Shep Gordon**, head of Alive Enterprises, and **Chris Blackwell** of Island Records. . . . **Steel Breeze**, **Rick Wakeman**, **Leo Sayer** and **Rick Derringer** have contributed music to an animated rock film, *20,001 B.C.*, described as a send-up of the dawn of man. . . . **Willie Nelson** is busy with movie commitments, in addition to his recording schedule and concert stops. After filming *Songwriter* with **Kris Kristofferson**, Willie expects to portray a rodeo bull rider in *The Life and Legend of Freckles Brown*. He'll write and sing the score, which is hardly unexpected, but he'll also shave and cut his hair, which is news. . . . **Dudley Moore** plans to star in a film based on the career of pop impresario **Simon Napier Bell**, who managed the careers of **Marc Bolan** and the **Yardbirds**, among others.

NEWSBREAKS: We Americans have something called The War College, so it only stands to reason that we should also have a **Peace Museum**. It's located in Chicago and a current exhibit called *Give Peace a Chance* runs through January 1984. Some 25 leading musicians, including **Yoko**, **Joan Baez**, **Stevie**

Wonder, **Laura Nyro**, **Randy Newman**, **Laurie Anderson** and **Pete Seeger**, have contributed materials from their personal collections—original manuscripts, instruments (**John Lennon's** guitar), artwork, photos, memorabilia and gold records. If you're in the Midwest this fall and winter, come and take a look. . . . November is the time and St. Louis, Memphis, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Atlanta and Greensboro, North Carolina, are the places to check out the *Marlboro Country Music Tour*, featuring **Barbara Mandrell**, **Ronnie Milsap** and **Ricky Skaggs**. . . . Album news: Look for a studio LP, described as rock 'n' roll, from those two fun guys from the Great White North, **Bob and Doug McKenzie**. The latest **Stones'** should be upon us and also a touch of nostalgia from the San Francisco Bay Area called *A Wing and a Prayer*, recorded by **Matthew Kelly**, formerly of the **Kingfish**, and including nearly all the **Grateful Dead**, **Mike Bloomfield**, **Keith Godchaux**, **John Cipollina** and **Nicky Hopkins**. . . . It's really no surprise that video rock and the TV channels that show it have caused a lot of criticism and commentary. After all, it's new and it's hot stuff with the viewers. Contrary to what you might expect, though, rock artists are not making money from having their clips on TV—and now some labels want the cost of videos to come out of the artists' royalties. Another issue being debated is whether TV outlets should continue to get the clips free or should have to ante up. One person who isn't impressed with the quality of cable's MTV channel is Arista head **Clive Davis**, who said he was not at all interested in the "thespian qualities" of a bass player. One thing is certain: Based on sales last summer, video rock is selling records in large numbers again. So, if the fans are buying, how come that isn't enough for the moguls?

—BARBARA NELLIS

monosyllabic couplets (guy/cry, be/me, man/can) against comatose instrumentation. And while she has a fine, strong voice, she chews up all the lyrics looking for the heart of that pogo-stick beat. Other than a delightful *Third Time Charm*, *C'est C Bon n'est pas bon*.

Remember the American Fool? The Hoosier who made us hurt so good? Well, John Cougar went back to the studio in his beloved Seymour, Indiana—this time as a producer—and gave the world Mitch Ryder's *Never Kick a Sleeping Dog* (PolyGram). Which might just as well have been called *American Fool II*. Ryder had established himself as a hard-drivin', hard-lovin' kind of guy before he teamed up with Joe Mellencamp. But the Cougar influence on *Dog* goes beyond the point of collaboration. This album will make you want to tune up a Harley just to get oily.

Pillows & Prayers (Cherry Red) is a 17-song British anthology that sells for a mere five dollars at those hip New Wave record stores. Both its price and its rich mix of little-known Brit bands recommend it. The Marine Girls sing of losing love; The Passage gives bright, infectious melody with philosophical lyrics; Attila the Stockbroker rants humorously about punky English kids. After 16 tunes of driven, New Wave-folky music, mirthful wag Quentin Crisp ends the compilation with this whiny, prophetic monolog: "Unless this music is stopped now, the human race . . . will . . . die." Ah, the English, so droll.

If anyone has ever doubted the pernicious influence of pop, rock and disco on country music, he need but cock an ear at some recent releases: **Ronnie Milsap's** *Keyed Up* (RCA), **Conway Twitty's** *Lost in the Feeling* (Warner) and the venerable **Eddy Arnold's** *Close Enough to Lose* (RCA). Eddy is to be forgiven; he was crooning to Grandma back on 78s. But his corrupted colleagues have virtually abandoned good ol' string-band laments for strange variations on the Wayne Newton leisure-suit sound. On some cuts, the tragedy is compounded by Mantovani orchestration and backups reminiscent of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. Maybe they're good at what they do, but so what?

Ralph Towner is a brilliant guitarist; we knew that. What we didn't know, and what *Blue Sun* (ECM) abundantly proves, is that he's an eclectically original composer/arranger. Here he's created intricate settings for his supple, lyrical guitar lines. Building from repeated, vaguely Eastern synthesizer patterns, adding richly romantic piano chordings, Towner completes the effect by tossing in some brightly colored horn parts. The elements bounce off one another with dynamic and rhythmic shifts ranging from the extremely subtle to the

sweepingly cinematic. Call it late-20th Century polyrhythmic counterpoint. Did we mention he plays all the other instruments, too? Amazing.

If you've never had your metabolism altered by that man-made eruption known as Tito Puente's big band, you can get a taste of that *salsa* on **Tito Puente and His Latin Ensemble / On Broadway** (Concord/Picante). The sound is not that of Puente's marvelous big band but that of a smaller group, and it provides a few hints of greatness. The bonding of Latin rhythms and jazz can be the best of both souls, as it is when Puente's crew attacks Milton Nascimento's *Soul Song* or Puente's own *T.P.'s Especial*. But overall, this is restrained, a timid sampler of what the maestro can generate. We hope that next time, Concord will assemble the whole band and let it explode for the benefit of those gringos who have never been warmed by its fire.

Before his days as a jazz singer and as a pop-soul singer, Lou Rawls was a Gospel singer. That's where the infectious warmth of his style was formed. His latest album, **When the Night Comes** (Epic), is not disappointing in that respect. There are a bunch of up-tempo pop tunes, plus a strong lyric contributed by our own good friend Shel Silverstein. P.S.: When Lou hits the low notes, he really gets down.

Some critics have always maintained that Jerry Lee Lewis isn't a real rockabilly cat, because he plays piano rather than guitar. Those malcontents will have a hard time with The Blasters' **Non Fiction** (Slash/Warner), which relies heavily on roughnecking piano that sometimes dips as far south as the Mississippi delta. This peppy swagger down memory lane equals the West Coast group's first rockabilly venture for pure energy and cat licks but leans in a bluesier direction. It has a bigger, more contemporary sound the purists won't like, but don't let that stop you.

SHORT CUTS

Al Jarreau / Jarreau (Warner): Smooth, tasteful and seamless. If we hadn't gotten a review copy, we'd have gone out and bought one.

The Creatures / Feast (Wonderland/Polydor U.K.): Siouxsie (recall the Banshees?) gets together with Hawaiian folk musicians for lots of powerful, rhythmic chanting, some honest, naïve poetry but not enough melody.

Spyro Gyra / City Kids (MCA): Classy, sunny, smart jazz. Keyboardist Tom Schuman tried his hand at writing this time and came up with the funky five-star title track.

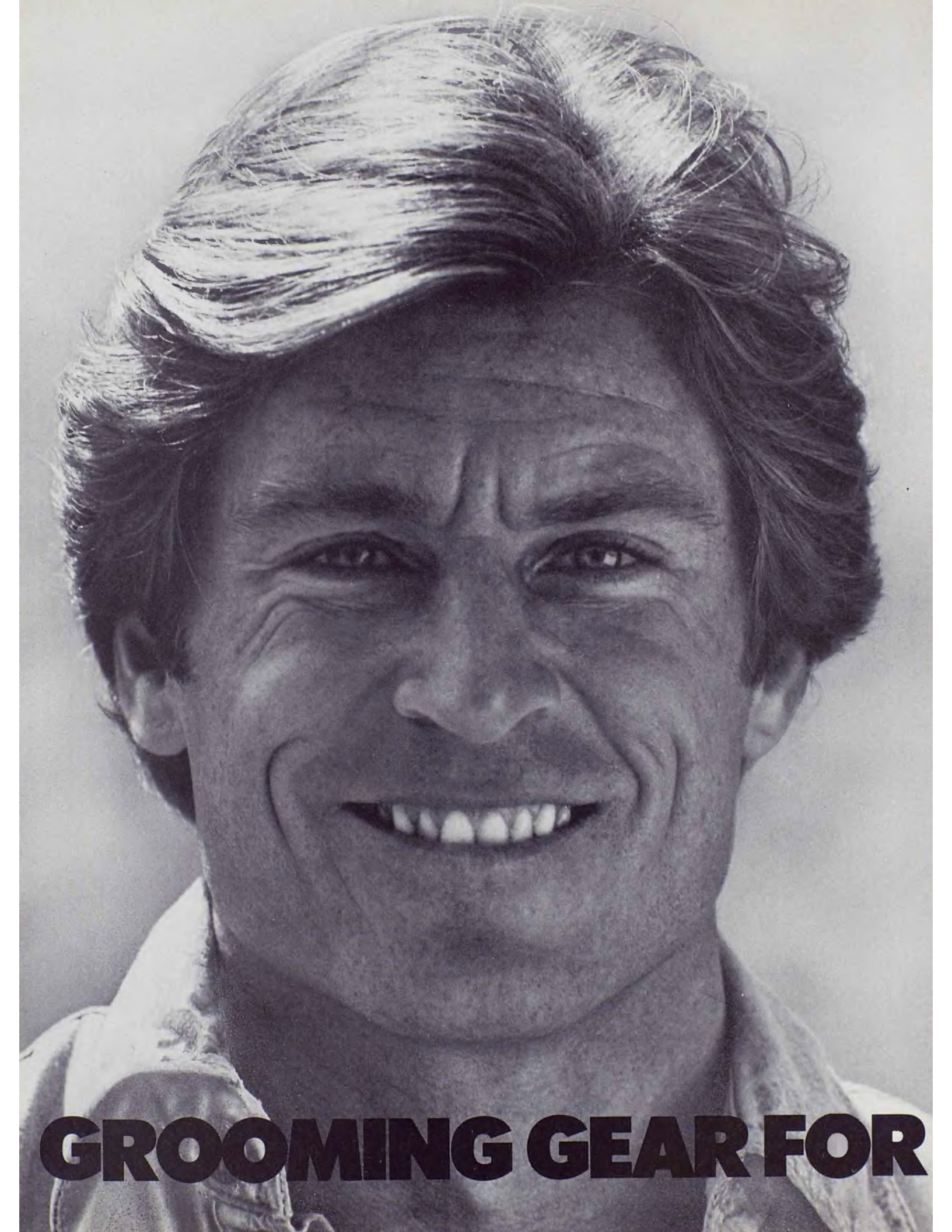
Augustus Pablo / Earth's Rightful Ruler (Message): *Reggae* master Pablo and his melodica are shy, intense, religious and musically inventive, if sometimes surprisingly subdued. Lots of new sounds here.

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TELEVISION

By TONY SCHWARTZ

YOU CAN *have* the new shows. As the fall season gets under way this month, I won't be holding my breath. Whom are we kidding? Sure, a dozen spanking-new and very expensive shows will be launched, as always. But nearly all of them will fail fast and deservedly. The one or two that survive aren't likely to be the most experimental ones. Last season's biggest hit, after all, was *The A-Team*.

Still, there is something about the fall season that makes me faintly (and prudently) breathless with anticipation. That's the prospect of seeing a lot of high-powered television careers on the line. Familiar faces (and a few unfamiliar ones) are poised to fall flat—or hit it bigger than ever. Therein lies the season's most compelling drama. What follows is a guide to the main players—some of them behind the scenes, others oncamera—and how to assess their performances.

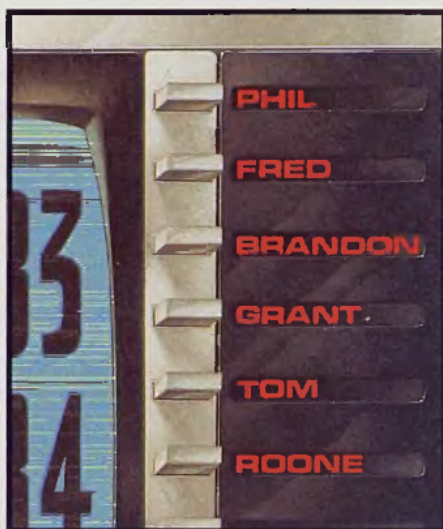
Fred Silverman. When NBC dumped him more than two years ago, the erstwhile network-programming genius seemed to go into hibernation. Actually, he migrated to Hollywood and turned producer—a humbling experience for a big man more accustomed to being pitched than to doing the pitching.

Not long ago, Silverman gave a speech exhorting the networks to be more experimental if they hoped to compete effectively in the new video age. But the man who virtually invented the word spin-off isn't about to jump first into the new frontier. The more publicized of his two new projects for the fall is *Thicke of the Night*, a talk show starring a Canadian comedian named Alan Thicke. Many stations are pitting *Thicke of the Night* against *The Tonight Show*, which is creaking slightly in its middle age.

But it's Silverman's other entry that should generate controversy. Titled *We Got It Made*, the show is a half-hour situation comedy for NBC that is easily the dumbest and most exploitive concept scheduled for a new fall show. It's about two bachelors who hire a gorgeous dumb blonde to be their live-in maid. Sound familiar? Whatever happens, it will be entertaining to have feisty Fred back.

Brandon Tartikoff and **Grant Tinker.** The honeymoon is over. After replacing Silverman last summer, Tinker got a year's grace on the basis of his record as a producer of quality shows. Tartikoff, Silverman's protégé and NBC's programming chief, got *his* grace on the ground that he'd never had a chance to operate independently. Last season, NBC emphasized quality and won kudos but not better ratings.

Now, given the brutal competitiveness of television, it's put-up-or-shut-up time, and both men know it. NBC is tossing in a



Who's going up? Who's going down? Tune in for the season's career capers.

fair measure of schlock this fall, led by the Silverman entry. Tartikoff says that NBC needs some hits to support the better shows that take more time to find an audience. If the ploy works and NBC creeps up to second place after all these cellar years, Tartikoff and Tinker will be forgiven for a little pandering and remembered for turning NBC around. For Tartikoff, the *Wonderkind* who has yet to deliver, that would have to be a special relief.

Steven Bochco. The cocreator and executive producer of *Hill Street Blues*, the only show I'd watch even if I weren't writing about television, Bochco has parlayed his success into a second NBC show this fall: *Bay City Blues*, a comedy about a minor-league baseball team. The drama lies in whether he'll make of that another ground-breaking hit show (something akin to making consecutive holes in one) or whether both shows will suffer from his divided energies. Even the best series have a half life, and already *Hill Street Blues* has moments of melodramatic self-parody. The challenge for Bochco is not to become so mesmerized by his past success that he imitates himself instead of innovating.

Roone Arledge. Wearing his ABC Sports-chief hat, Arledge can scarcely go wrong this season. The 1984 Olympics, which ABC will cover with exhaustive and unprecedented resources this winter and next summer, is destined to be the most spectacular television sports event ever. Arledge's fortunes in his more prestigious domain—as head of ABC News—are much less certain. After a strong, sus-

tained comeback, ABC News has been hurting recently. Its evening news program has always lacked a star-quality anchor man and the Canadian-born Peter Jennings may or may not grow into that role.

Phil Donahue. Among all the prominent television personalities at a crossroads, Donahue may be the leader. The syndicated *Donahue* show is still very successful, but after so many years, the number of hot issues worth getting histrionic about is diminishing. Donahue himself has said that he doesn't want to keep doing the same thing forever. Still, his other recent efforts—interviews for *Today* on NBC and for *The Last Word* on ABC—have seemed like pale versions of his main event.

It's hard to imagine Donahue doing something as radical as moving into an anchor role someday, but stranger things have happened. In any case, it's time for a bold move by Donahue.

Tom Brokaw. Here's a man who should be kicking himself for turning down Arledge's offer last year to make him a big star at ABC News. Instead, Brokaw stayed at NBC for a lot of money and a co-anchor slot on the *Nightly News* with Roger Mudd, a match-up that proved much less successful than the solo Dan Rather at CBS—so much less so that Mudd was unceremoniously dropped in July. NBC News remains the least exciting among the three network news divisions, and Brokaw has acknowledged as much in interviews.

The test for Brokaw this season is whether or not he can use his considerable clout to build a news division that meets his own expectations. One of the first victims of such a power struggle could be NBC News president Reuven Frank, a thoughtful man but one whose languid style seems sorely out of touch with the times.

Mike Wallace. What now for the *60 Minutes* standard-bearer? With the show under more scrutiny, Wallace has taken his lumps during the past several years. He has made mistakes, but his visibility has magnified them; Wallace remains unquestionably the best investigative reporter on television. Like Donahue, however, he must be asking himself whether or not the formula (15 minutes a week to track down the villain and triumph over evil) is wearing thin. *60 Minutes* would be well served by doing some experimentation—and so would Wallace.

Do you really want to do yourself a favor this fall? Turn off the TV for a while and read a new book called *Inside Prime Time*, by Todd Gitlin. It's a fascinating study of why what we watch on television has so little to do with the world we know. One of the best things I can say for television is that its shortcomings inspired this book.

☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

IDOL GOSSIP: Maureen Stapleton and NBC-TV's *Saturday Night Live* Joe Piscopo have been signed to join Michael Keaton in 20th Century-Fox's spoof of Thirties gangster movies, *Johnny Dangerously*. Stapleton is set to play a character named Mom Kelly, while Piscopo will portray the Keaton character's archrival, Danny Vermin. . . . **Michael Douglas** and **Kathleen Turner** will top-line *Romancing the Stone*, a romantic comedy-adventure about a successful authoress of adventure novels who suddenly finds herself thrust into a real-life romantic adventure in South America. . . . **Blake Edwards** will direct **Richard Pryor** and **Burt Reynolds** in *The Music Box*, a film inspired by a Laurel and Hardy short that won an Oscar in 1932. Edwards is also set to write the screenplay. . . . **Jason Robards** will play the title role in HBO's *Sakharov*, a made-for-cable biopic of the dissident Soviet physicist. Also on HBO's shooting schedule are *Draw!*, a Western



Stapleton

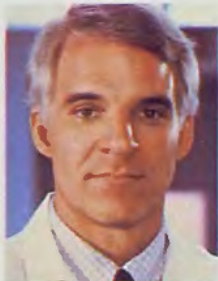


Piscopo

starring **Kirk Douglas** and **James Coburn**, and *To Catch a King*, a World War Two spy thriller with **Teri Garr** and **Robert Wagner**. . . . **Robin Williams** will play a Russian saxophonist in **Paul Mazursky's** *Moscow on the Hudson*. More on this one as events develop. . . . **Francis Ford Coppola** will direct *The Cotton Club*, the story of the famous Harlem night spot, set in the Twenties. The flick will star **Richard Gere** and **Gregory Hines**. . . . After several years of false casting announcements, *The Pope of Greenwich Village*, based on the best seller by **Vincent Patrick**, will go before the cameras with **Eric Roberts** in the lead role. . . . **Dan Aykroyd** will star in *Empire Man*, the tale of a Texas evangelist who runs for political office.

A WILD AND CRAZY LONER: Bruce Jay Friedman's Seventies guide *The Lonely Guy's Book of Life* is being brought to the big screen, retitled *The Lonely Guy* and starring **Steve Martin**, **Charles Grodin**, **Robyn Douglass**, **Judith** (*Harry & Son*) **Ivey** and **Steve Lawrence**. Martin plays Larry Hubbard, a struggling young New York writer who one day finds his live-in girlfriend (Douglass) in bed with another man. Crushed, he moves out of the apartment but soon finds himself somewhat inept at dealing with his new status. Along comes veteran loner Grodin, who takes Martin

under his wing and instructs him in the nuances of doing things solo. To make matters even more depressing, each time Martin feels especially low, he seems to bump into his pal Jack (Lawrence), a suave, successful man about town who always has at least two beautiful women on his arms.



Martin



Grodin

Eventually, however, things start looking up—our hero writes a book for lonely guys that becomes an instant best seller and, natch, falls in love. *The Lonely Guy* is produced and directed by **Arthur Hiller**. The script—and this part's a little odd—was written by *Taxi* alumni **Ed Weinberger** and **Stan Daniels**, from an adaptation by **Neil Simon**. What that *seems* to imply is that Simon wrote a first draft that was rewritten by Weinberger and Daniels.

GROWING UP: Paramount's *Racing with the Moon*, starring **Sean Penn**, **Elizabeth McGovern** and **Nicolas** (*Rumble Fish*) **Cage**, is a rite-of-passage film set against the backdrop of World War Two. Taking place over a six-week period in the winter of 1942 in a small coastal town in Northern California, the loosely plotted film involves the love and friendship experienced by three young people just before the conflict of war manages to intrude upon and alter their lives. Penn and Cage play two close buddies, Hopper and Nicky, both of whom are awaiting entry into the Marine Corps.



Penn



McGovern

They've got six short weeks of civilian life left and, to borrow from the title, they're racing with the moon to cram as much adventure as they can into that short period. The adventure includes, of course, a passionate love affair between Penn and McGovern. All this takes place against the familiar war background of air-raid drills, dim-outs, scrap drives, U.S.O. dances

and gas and food rationing. *Racing with the Moon* (as mentioned here previously, **Sherry Lansing's** first production since leaving Fox) is directed by **Richard Benjamin**.

YULETIDE WRAP-UP: Coming to your local Bijou this Christmas are the following offerings by the major studios. Columbia will release *The Dresser*, *The Man Who Loved Women*, starring **Burt Reynolds** and **Julie Andrews**, and *Christine*, based on the best seller by **Stephen King**. MGM/UA has *A Christmas Story*, *Sahara*, starring **Brooke Shields**, and **Barbra Streisand's** *Yentl*; *Gorky Park*, top-lining **William Hurt**, and **Paul Newman's** *Harry & Son* fill out Orion's roster; Paramount presents *Uncommon Valor*, with **Gene Hackman**, *Terms of Endearment*, with **Shirley MacLaine** and **Debra Winger**, and *The Keep*, with **Scott Glen** and **Jürgen Prochnow**; the **John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John** starrer *Two of a Kind*, **Mel Brooks's** *To Be or Not to Be* and *Silkwood*, featuring **Meryl Streep**, constitute 20th Century-Fox's pro-



Newton-John



Travolta

gram; Universal will feature *The Lonely Guy* and **Al Pacino** in *Scarface*. And last but not least is Warner Bros., with the **Clint Eastwood** release *Sudden Impact*, *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes* and *Once upon a Time in America*, featuring **Robert De Niro** and **Treat Williams**. Lots of tinsel from Tinseltown.

PIRATES FROM OUTER SPACE: In the hallowed tradition of *Krull* comes MGM/UA's *Ice Pirates*, a science-fiction-fantasy film involving space buccaneers in search of a water planet. **Robert Urich** plays Jason, the pirate leader who swashbuckles his way through time and space in search of a mythical seventh planet. Long ago, apparently, a galactic war destroyed six water planets, leaving a seventh that seems to have disappeared. It's called the Seventh World and is said to have lakes and streams and rain. *Ice Pirates*, set for a 1984 release, co-stars—are you ready for this?—**John Matuszak** as Killjoy, a thief who aids the good pirates, **Anjelica Huston** as Maida, a pirate lady, **John Carradine** as the Knight Templar and **Mary Crosby** as the Princess Karina, daughter of the famed Count Vasco of Argon.



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By ASA BABER

IT WAS 90 degrees in the shade. I took advantage of Chicago's first truly hot weekend of the summer of '83 by going to Oak Street Beach, one of my favorite hangouts.

On the dog days, that beach is always packed with people, a cross section of the city's population that would make a pollster proud: high school kids with radios blaring; construction workers hiding beer cans in brown-paper bags; airline stewardesses; bodybuilders; couples and singles, young and middle-aged, people from all classes and races and neighborhoods. What you have on that curve of shore line that hugs Lake Shore Drive is a combination suntan parlor, *discothèque*, jogging track, Frisbee headquarters, dating service, hot-dog stand and swimming hole.

I got there about noon.

For most of us men, picking a spot on a beach is a weighty decision. We want sun, yes, but we also want a view, that special piece of beach that will give a feast to our eyes and a thump to our hearts. A male entering a crowded beach makes more calculations per second than a computer on a space shuttle.

I saw a circle of sand halfway between the steps and the lake. At the top of the circle, 12 o'clock high, there was a Peugeot ten-speed bike lying on its side, a water bottle, a pair of jogging shoes and a person. For a moment, I could not tell whether it was a man or a woman.

Peter Pan, I thought. That was what she reminded me of. She was lying on her stomach, no halter top, carrot-colored hair that was close to punk, slim, a dancer's body, freckles, purple bikini bottom, elbows propped so that I could see her breasts if I looked, which I did for a moment. No, I'm not sorry that I did and, no, I don't think I'm an evil, sexist pig because I did. She had small, attractive breasts, by the way.

So there was this elf, this pixy, this imp, and I did not want to bother her. I spread out my blanket and put on my tanning lotion and sat. The beach is a haven for me, and I treat it as such.

I turned her way as she flipped over onto her back. She didn't put on her halter top. No, sir. She simply turned over in the sun. It was a simple, beautiful act, and I admit that I stared at her for a second—stared at her simple, beautiful presence. "Far out," I laughed to myself.

Those of you reading this on the French Riviera or in the West Indies or certain neighborhoods in California or Hawaii may not immediately relate to the drama here, because you've worked this problem out. But Chicago is not Middle America for nothing, and topless bathing is not the order of the day in this city.



THE LIBERATION OF OAK STREET BEACH

"She didn't put on her halter top. No, sir. She simply turned over in the sun. It was a simple, beautiful act."

I was more interested in the reactions of the people on the beach than I was in eyeballing Peter Pan. The story was out there: How were people handling this act of liberation?

The guys did fine. There was some quiet laughter at first, some gesturing and nudging, but it was good-natured, not mean, and none of them tried to embarrass her. There was no male who sauntered over and hassled her, no *macho* man who decided that she had to be signaling him. The males on Oak Street Beach, including the lifeguards in the stands and the police cruising by, made no fuss at all. They didn't even stare. "Let it be" was the opinion among the men.

But three blonde women lying due east, attractive, in their mid-30s, didn't handle the situation so well. Two of them had been lying topless on their stomachs, but when their partner, who was watching Peter Pan with hostile eyes, poked them and muttered something, they acted as if they'd seen a tidal wave coming. They went through that contortionist's act of retying bikini tops while lying face down: backs bowed, necks straining, fingers fumbling with the strings, awkwardness in the service of supposed modesty. As soon

as the three of them faced me, the challenge was obvious. "Why, have you ever? No, I never," was the signal. They pointed several times; their eyes met mine: "Are you just going to sit there and enjoy the view?" was the subtext in their angry looks across the sand at me. Yep.

Peter Pan seemed oblivious. She had headphones on. Her eyes were closed. A slim spirit in the sun, she wasn't flaunting anything. She was sun-bathing in the same amount of clothes I had on—that's all! Eventually, after she had put on her halter top and had gone down to the lake for a swim and come back, we began to talk.

"Congratulations on trying to liberate Oak Street Beach," I laughed.

She laughed, too. "From a distance, they can't tell if I'm a boy or a girl," she said. "That's why I can get away with it."

She took off her top again, lay down facing me and we had a long talk across a short distance. She was 22 years old. She'd spent a lot of time in California. She'd gotten in with a bad crowd, done too much cocaine, lost her way. But life, as is its habit, straightened her out. Her mother became fatally ill and Peter Pan returned to Chicago.

"My mom and I didn't get along for years," she said. "She got mad at me and told my dad she never wanted me in the house again. But we made up this year. I came back and nursed her. We got to talk for hours. It was really important to me. And to her. She died this week."

I said I was sorry. "The spookiest thing," Peter Pan said, "is that now I think I have cancer, just like she did. I mean, I don't have cancer, but I imagine I do, I dream I do."

I talked about the death of my father when I was in my early 20s. "Believe me," I said, "you're not alone. It's normal as hell to think you'll die the way your parents did. Especially the parent of the same sex. We identify: fathers and sons, mothers and daughters."

As we talked, it occurred to me that someone might formally complain about Peter Pan and there could be trouble, but that set me thinking: Why can't women be bare-breasted if they choose? What are the assumptions behind the laws that prohibit it, and why are those who are so easily offended by the human body the ones who write our laws?

We talked for a couple of hours. The folks on the beach went back to their dozing and reading and chatting. The three blonde women departed in a huff.

I left Peter Pan in the late afternoon, thinking that she was a wonderful imp, a sprightly, rebellious, lively character who was going to bounce back from her mother's death with a flair. I also thought I had proof once again that most people are far ahead of the laws that bind them. Peter Pan knew that.

Here's looking at you, elf.



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By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

"ICED TEA, quick," said Cleo to the waitress as she collapsed into a chair. "Here you go, doll," she said, handing me a bouquet of flowers. "Happy birthday!"

It was my birthday and we were having a girls' birthday lunch, but I had ulterior motives. The other day, I met a man at a party who said, "The one thing that every man wants to do is to be a fly on the wall in the powder room, or at a ladies' lunch, when the women talk about us. What do you *really* say about men when you let your hair down?"

So this birthday lunch seemed the perfect opportunity to spy for you guys and let you know the truth. I resolved to perk my ears for juicy tidbits.

"I've gotta perfect my serve," Cleo panted. "I got creamed at tennis this morning. Jesus."

"You were probably preoccupied with men or something," I said, fishing.

"Men?" she wondered.

"Double-tequila bloody mary, straight up," said Rita upon her entrance. She tossed me a P. G. Wodehouse book.

"Gee, thanks," I chirped. "Cleo and I were just talking about men—weren't we, Cleo?"

"Sure," said Cleo.

"Men, huh?" said Rita, looking distracted. I waited hopefully.

"I could kill 'em," she said finally.

"Men?"

"Men? Nah. Agents. Slimy scum bags, the lot of them. How is a girl supposed to finish a book proposal, a movie treatment and a sitcom pilot all at the same time?"

"Tell me about it," said Marta as she sat down. "I've got my entire fall line to do in the next two weeks. I'm up to my eyes."

"Had any good sex lately?" I asked after thanking her for a pair of pretty earrings.

"Sex," mused Marta. "Isn't that where you and a man take off your clothes and he puts his penis inside you and moves it around a lot?"

"I've heard tell of such goings on," said Rita casually. "But, seriously, what am I going to do? I'm heading for a nervous breakdown. I haven't done my laundry in three weeks."

They went on in such a vein—agents, laundry, hemlines, tennis elbow and, of all things, accountants—until I called them to order.

"Men!" I screamed in no uncertain terms. "It's my birthday and I want to talk about men."

"It's that column she writes," said Rita, now on her third tequila bloody mary.

"Addled what little brain she once had," Cleo decided.

"Men," said Marta. "You know what I wish? I wish they wouldn't leave those awful little hairs in the sink. Would it be so hard for them to swab out the sink when they're finished shaving?"



LADIES' LUNCH

"The one thing that every man wants to do is to be a fly on the wall in the powder room. . . . What do you really say about men. . . ?"

"And will they never learn to put the cap back on the tooth paste?" asked Cleo.

"Of course they won't," said Rita. "Leaving the cap off the tooth paste is a secondary sex characteristic. What I simply cannot understand is why they persist in leaving wet towels in a heap on the bathroom floor, where they get all mildewed and horrible and make your house smell like an old washcloth."

"That's if they don't leave the wet towels on the bed," said Marta, "along with their balled-up socks."

"That's it?" I cried, aghast. "Balled-up socks? Wet towels? Tooth-paste caps, forsooth! What are we, housekeepers? What about love? What about sex? What about the anguish and the ecstasy of romance?"

"Definitely dropped on her head as an infant," said Cleo sadly.

"Listen, hon," said Rita, "I know what you're getting at, and I don't want to play. I just simply cannot bring myself to discuss in depth the wonderful man I met at the screening the other day—what I said to him, what he said to me, what I wish I had said to him, whether or not I should date him, whether I should sleep with him, whether he'll be a good fuck, whether he'll break my heart. . . ."

"Did you meet a wonderful man at a screening the other day?" I asked.

"Yes, I did. But I have absolutely nothing to say about the event. I am sick, sick of talking about men. If all the time I spent talking about men were placed end to end, I could have raised a child and gotten myself a law degree instead."

"Absolutely right," said Marta. "As far as time wasters go, nothing beats worrying about men. Here we are modern women. We're autonomous, independent and creative. And I, for one, don't have time to lie around twiddling my clitoris and wondering whether or not he'll call me."

Cleo giggled. "Remember Marta during her Roger period?" she asked. "Remember, Marta, how you went on a carrot-juice-and-mackerel diet and ran ten miles a day, because Roger said he liked women with supple thighs?"

"Oh, God, yes," said Marta. "But that was nothing, Cleo, compared with you when you were in the throes with James. I seem to remember \$1000 a month spent in air fare, a certain \$200 silk negligee, not to mention those suicidal phone calls at four A.M. because he had pulled one of his famous disappearing acts."

"And then, of course, there was Rita here," said Cleo, "always in love with two men at once, always petrified that one of them would leave her. Rushing from lie to lie and apartment to apartment and heartbreak to heartbreak with the dizzying speed of a spastic colon."

"And what about our columnist here and her New Zealander?" Rita challenged. "She suddenly became a compendium of knowledge about Maoris and kiwi birds and sheep dipping. *Sheep dipping!*"

"An extremely crucial process," I said primly.

"God, we were such victims then," said Marta.

"You'd almost think we enjoyed it," said Cleo.

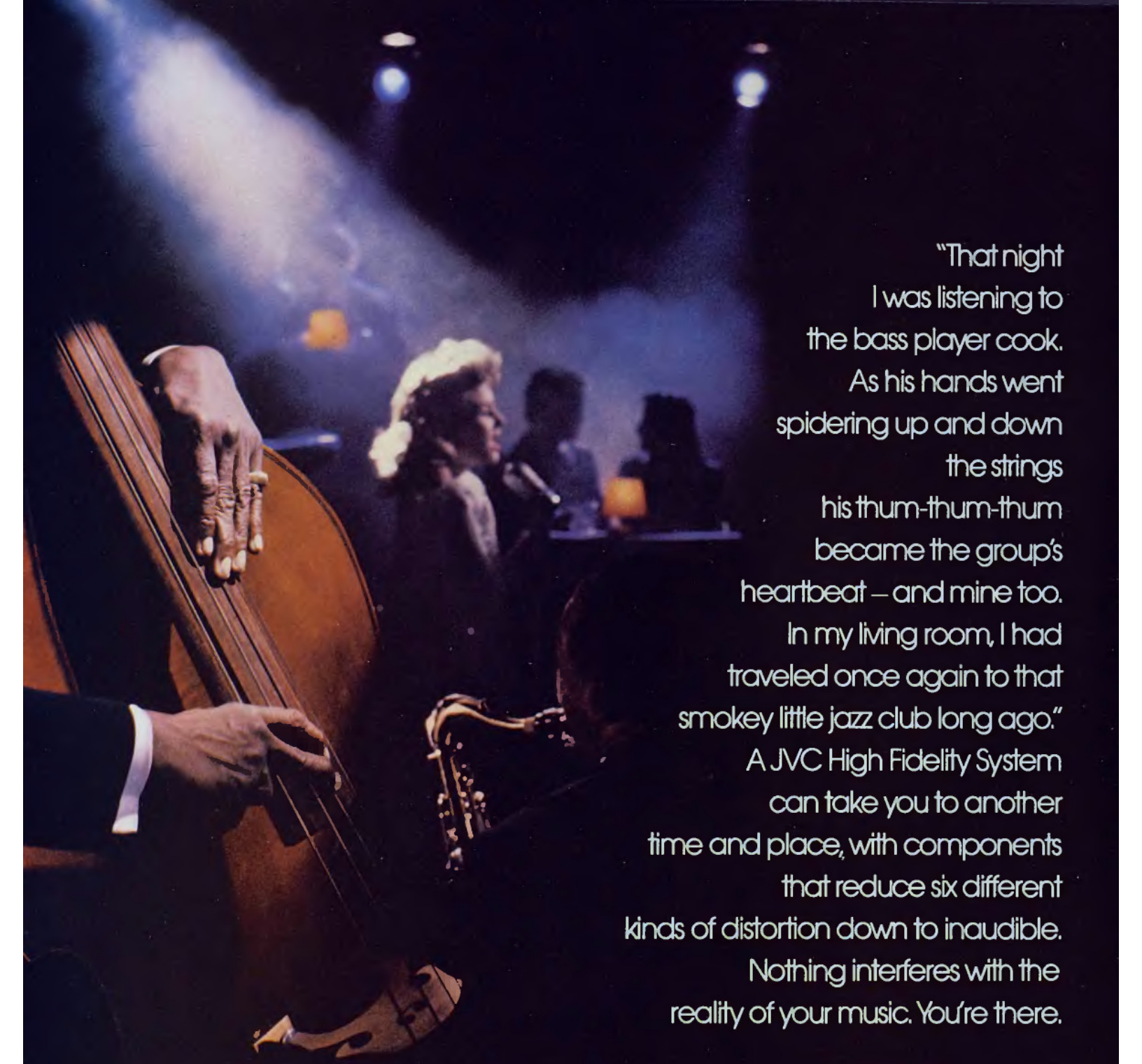
"Thank God we're cured," said Rita. "Thank God I don't have to go into excruciating detail about the man at the screening."

"Oh, go ahead, Rita, what the hell. For old times' sake."

"Well, since you put it like that," said Rita. "He was tall, with such gorgeous blue eyes, and he walked up to me and said. . . ."

Hey, what the hell. We're only human.





"That night
I was listening to
the bass player cook.
As his hands went
spidering up and down
the strings
his thum-thum-thum
became the group's
heartbeat – and mine too.

In my living room, I had
traveled once again to that
smokey little jazz club long ago."

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girlfriend recently had the occasion to go to bed with a former lover, which confirmed her memory that regular old missionary-style intercourse with him gives her a rapid and effortless orgasm. She always has an orgasm when we make love, but we have to work much harder at it and she feels incompletely satisfied. She misses the effortless experience that she gets with him. Emotion does not seem to be at issue here, since she says the psychological part of lovemaking is great with me and marginal with him. Fingers do not seem to help. Our best hypothesis is that my relative slimmness means I have no flabby abdomen to jiggle against her sensitive parts. Do you have any less drastic suggestions, or will I have to get fat for her to get happy?—L. S., St. Louis, Missouri.

We think that more is going on here than a difference in sexual styles. Female orgasm is the criterion by which we measure the success of the sexual act (see "The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey, Part Five," PLAYBOY, October). In "For Each Other," sex therapist Lonnie Barbach describes some of the factors that can affect a woman's orgasmic potential: "Some women find that withholding their orgasm is a way to protect themselves from becoming too intimate too quickly. To prevent the emotional relationship with our partner from deepening too rapidly, we may hold back sexually. In doing so, we create an emotional distance that offsets the sexual intimacy. . . . If we give ourselves sexually to reward our partner, we may withhold sexually when we are not getting what we want. Most women tend to do this either by not feeling turned on or by not having orgasms. Withholding our own sexual enjoyment, rather than refraining from sexual participation altogether, may occur because we have been indoctrinated with the belief that a man's sexual rights are inviolable. Or we may fear that if we withhold sex completely, our partner will find his sexual satisfaction outside the relationship. Withholding our enjoyment and pleasure gets the point across, it spoils our partner's enjoyment of the sexual experience, and often makes our partner feel inadequate at the same time." Sound familiar? We suggest a good heart to heart. Obviously, your girlfriend is not completely at ease with your relationship (otherwise, why would she have gone back for more with her former flame?). As for her contention that having an orgasm with you is too much work—isn't getting there half the fun?

I've heard that camera film can be damaged by going through airport X-ray machines. Can you tell me the best way to protect the film so that the X rays can't get at it?—L. B., Butte, Montana.

Ordinary film is not subject to fogging or damage when it is X-rayed by machines in domestic airports, though high-speed films



such as ASA 400 can develop fogging after repeated exposure to airport X rays. However, the new high-speed color film, designated ASA 1000, can be ruined after a brief encounter with security machines. The FAA has recommended that passengers carrying such film remove it from their carry-on luggage before it is placed on the X-ray conveyor. It emphasizes that that is necessary for only the high-speed film, so if you're not into photographing bullets in flight at midnight, you needn't worry.

All right. I was looking through a back issue of PLAYBOY (September 1982) and saw an Advisor answer that gave figures for the average length of the penises of white college males (or at least the white college males who were interviewed by Kinsey). Everyone knows that girth is what it's worth. How about figures for circumference?—D. S., Seattle, Washington.

The Alfred C. Kinsey Institute for Sex Research reviewed its data from the Forties and found that those same white college males, when asked to measure the maximum circumference of their erect penises, found the following: .3 percent checked in at 1.5 inches, .4 percent at 1.75 inches, .4 percent at 2 inches, .2 percent at 2.25 inches, .3 percent at 2.5 inches, .3 percent at 2.75 inches, .4 percent at 3 inches, .4 percent at 3.25 inches, .9 percent at 3.5 inches, 1.1 percent at 3.75 inches, 6.3 percent at 4 inches, 6.3 percent at 4.25 inches. The bulk of the responses were in the next few categories: 17.1 percent measured 4.5 inches; 11.7 percent, 4.75 inches; 24.1 percent, 5 inches; 9.9 percent, 5.25 inches; 11.5 percent, 5.5 inches. There were a few fire hydrants tossed in: 3 percent at 5.75 inches, 3.9 percent at 6 inches, .5 percent at 6.25 inches, .5 percent at 6.5 inches and .1 percent at 6.75 inches. If

you believe these figures (respondents pulled out their rulers in private), now what? Do you guys realize how hard it is to type that many numbers? It's all right if you have a home computer and nothing better to do with an evening, but really now. . . . That's it for statistics.

I purchased a prerecorded audio cassette that had the usual disclaimer that the extra tape on one side was necessary to preserve the "sequence of the album." Well, that extra tape amounted to about two minutes of dead silence! Since I have an auto-reverse deck, I was obliged to listen to it or get up and fast-forward to the end. With the reversing operation and the leader tape on the other side, it was days before I heard music again. Isn't there a better way to make tapes?—M. G., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

We can understand your consternation. Depending on what you're doing, not having a sound track for two minutes can blow your rhythm altogether. If you're waiting for the tape producers to make a change, though, better pack a big lunch. Discs are still the favorite son and tapes the stepchild in the recording business. But there's no reason you can't do something at home. Remember that you can tape as well as play back on prerecorded cassettes if you cover the anti-erasure holes at the top of the cassette with a couple of strips of adhesive tape. Simply time the blank space with a stop watch, find something in your disc library that's compatible with the music or the mood on the tape and lay it in. The same solution also works for getting rid of an unwanted selection on a prerecorded tape—since there is usually one clunker on every album. As for the time you spend waiting for the machine to reverse, we suggest that you keep a harmonica at the bedside.

I'm dating a beautiful woman, 28 years old and with two lovely children. (I'm 26 years old.) We're both divorced and both date other people. I've known her for about one year, and we have grown very close. Before we met each other, she was seeing another man who has since gotten married. And—ah, yes—they are still seeing each other. Now, every time we're together, I hear all about the problems they are having. Most of the time, she agrees with me that their relationship isn't worth the short-term benefits, but the next time he calls, it's open arms again. I've expressed my feelings of sincere concern and care for her and on one occasion told her I was in love with her. Her response was that she couldn't deal with her married lover; therefore, she was unable to love another until that situation was resolved. What's a guy to do? We continue to go out

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and I do enjoy being with her, but I don't want our friendship simply based on my being her big brother to cry to. By the way, a great deal of our conversation about the two of them deals with their sexual encounters. She and I have never had sex together, and it's really hard hearing about their problems when we've never experienced each other. I'm really crazy about her, but this can't go on.—B. M., Greenville, South Carolina.

As you've already summed up, it appears that this woman is using you as a confidant and a big brother, with no intention of letting the relationship develop further. Since you've already expressed your feelings to her, you really have no choice but to ease out of her life until (or unless) she realizes how important you are to her. Get on with your own life.

We've been having a debate at the frat house about the coming nuclear holocaust. One of the guys keeps talking about E.M.P. I don't want to sound misinformed, so I've never asked him what it means. Can you tell me?—J. R., San Francisco, California.

It's a drug we took at the last Grateful Dead concert. No? Your friend is talking about a little-known side effect of thermonuclear war. It seems that when a nuclear device is exploded in the atmosphere at an altitude of 50 to 75 miles, an intense burst of electromagnetic energy (the electromagnetic pulse) bathes an entire continent at the speed of light. Experts say the pulse could go as high as 100,000 volts. Anything built on solid-state circuitry would melt down. According to one expert, "In a worst-case scenario, the powerful surge of E.M.P. would trip circuit breakers throughout the nation's network of power lines, silence telephone lines, lobotomize computer memory banks and throw the Armed Forces into disarray. Civilian and military planes alike, their solid-state controls and radios knocked out, would attempt—perhaps successfully—to make emergency landings. Most of the military would be out of electricity and, thus, out of action."

However, there is a silver lining to the mushroom cloud. Since the E.M.P. would lobotomize computer memory banks, your local retailer would be unable to check your credit-card limit with the master computer. Which means that, facing the end of the world, we have a choice: Do we fuck or do we shop?

What is the most tactful way to tell your lover you'd like him to engage in oral sex? We both enjoy the acts of giving and receiving, but sometimes I'd like him to do the giving at a more opportune time. I don't think telling him to eat me would do the trick. Any suggestions?—Miss P. G., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

A great deal depends on how comfortable you are with your partner and how easily you can communicate your wants and needs to him. As crass as it may sound, "Eat me" is simple, direct and can turn on a man enough

to get the desired results, especially if you are armed at the time. You may prefer something more subtle but no less honest, such as "It would drive me wild if you went down on me right now." You can also try maneuvering yourself during foreplay so that your desire is rather obvious. If all else fails, a conversation or two outside the bedroom about preferences may allow you to drop a number of hints about when you find oral sex most stimulating. If your lover is paying attention and has any kind of memory, he'll remember. In the meantime, however, you have nothing to gain by keeping your wants and needs a secret.

I think it would be a good idea if you started a column for your readers to write letters explaining the special things that we do with our lovers to make our lives more exciting. The letters wouldn't have to deal with sex or be as elaborate as some I have read but could be about anything that life presents us with. We all know that we are not going to be able to think of everything by ourselves. To show you exactly what I mean, I would like to be the first one to offer an idea. My suggestion just happens to deal with sex.

Have you ever taken a shower with an exciting person *in the dark*? I have found that the proper music, wine and lack of lighting in the shower are an absolute turn-on. Sometimes, depending on how you feel, very slight lighting is much better. Moonlight, for example, presents just the right amount of shadows and glimpses to excite me to the point of no return. If you need someone to handle this new department for you. . . —B. W., New York, New York.

Thanks. We'll keep your letter on file. As for your suggestion, we found it worked wonders. Our date wasn't turned off by the ring around the bathtub, and we had a meaningful encounter with the shower curtain.

Just when I had learned to appreciate a turbocharger, I began hearing about something called an intercooler that supposedly made a turbo work better. Apparently, they're going to be included on some new models. What is an intercooler?—S. Y., Indianapolis, Indiana.

One thing it's not is new. It's just that, in order to get one, you've needed an oil-company sponsor and at least seven patches on your jacket. What an intercooler does is cool the air that's been compressed by the turbocharger before it goes to the engine intake. Cooled air, you see, gives you more efficient combustion, which means more power. The race-bred radiators have been tamed for the street, and you can expect to see a lot more of them, even though their owners wear nothing more exotic than Harris tweed.

I've been reading a lot about AIDS, but nothing seems to answer my biggest question: As a 27-year-old heterosexual man



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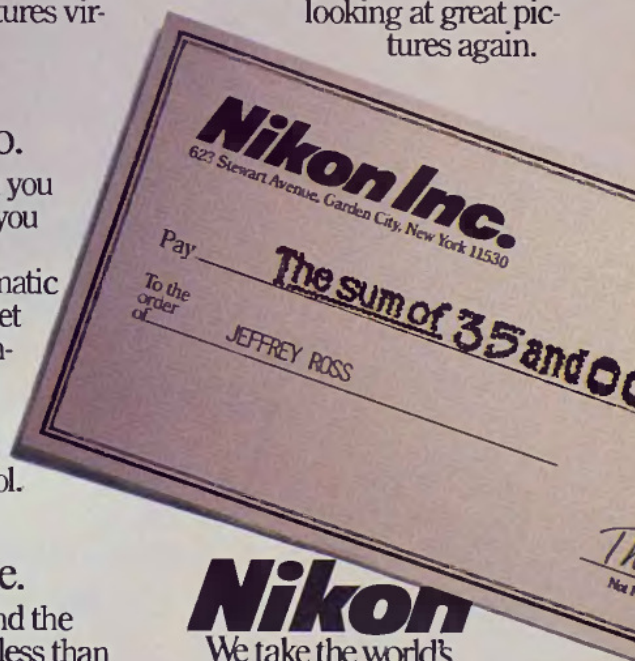
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who is sexually active, am I in any danger? If I am, what are the symptoms and are there any precautions I should be taking?—S. A., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Good news: Nine out of ten doctors agree that the most contagious thing about AIDS—acquired-immune-deficiency syndrome—these days is panic over catching it. So far, AIDS has been limited largely to clearly identifiable groups: sexually active gay or bisexual men, I.V.-drug users, Haitians and hemophiliacs. Only six percent of the cases have occurred outside these groups, in people with no known risk factor. While there's good evidence that AIDS is sexually transmitted, we don't know what causes it and have no clear evidence that you can get it from one contact. In fact, doctors have termed it "one of the least contagious" of contagious diseases. Symptoms include chronic swollen glands, unexplained weight loss, fevers or night sweats, persistent diarrhea or cough, extreme tiredness or a pattern of chronic infections. Some AIDS patients develop dark-purple spots, usually painless, on the skin or inside the mouth or the rectum. That's what the experts agree on; when it comes to precautions, they start at the ridiculous and go from there. Some doctors have nixed all sex that includes "exchanging bodily fluids" (General Jack D. Ripper, where are you?). But because that covers most of the bases—or at least the most interesting ones—other suggestions seem more reasonable: Avoid partners who have any of the above symptoms, take I.V. drugs or have open cuts or skin wounds. In general, the heavier the sex, the higher the risk. Anilingus is probably riskier than cunnilingus. Avoid sex that might lead to cuts; in anal intercourse, use adequate lubrication. Some doctors suggest condoms. Others note that the more partners you have, the higher your risk for all sexually transmitted diseases. Their theory boils down to a numbers game: You don't buy a bushel of tickets for a lottery you don't want to win (for that they went to med school?). The best doctors are saying what every Jewish mother worth her matzohs has told us for years: Take care of your overall health, diet and stress level and you reduce your risk of disease. Reduce recreational drug use—especially of injectables—during sex. It's no surprise that experts are recommending that you get to know your partners, their health and their sexual preferences beforehand—but then, you don't need a degree in medicine to know that better communication always makes for better sex. The moral? If you're a heterosexual man in good health and don't use I.V. drugs, the biggest thing you have to fear from AIDS is fear itself.

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





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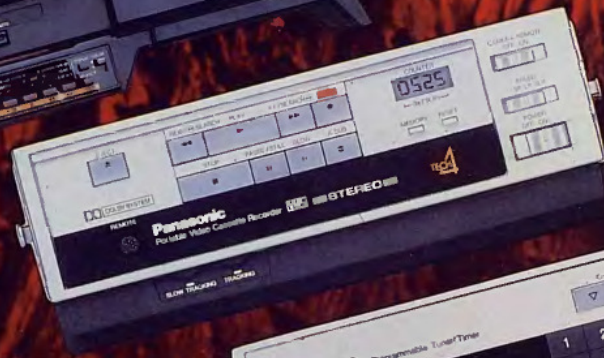
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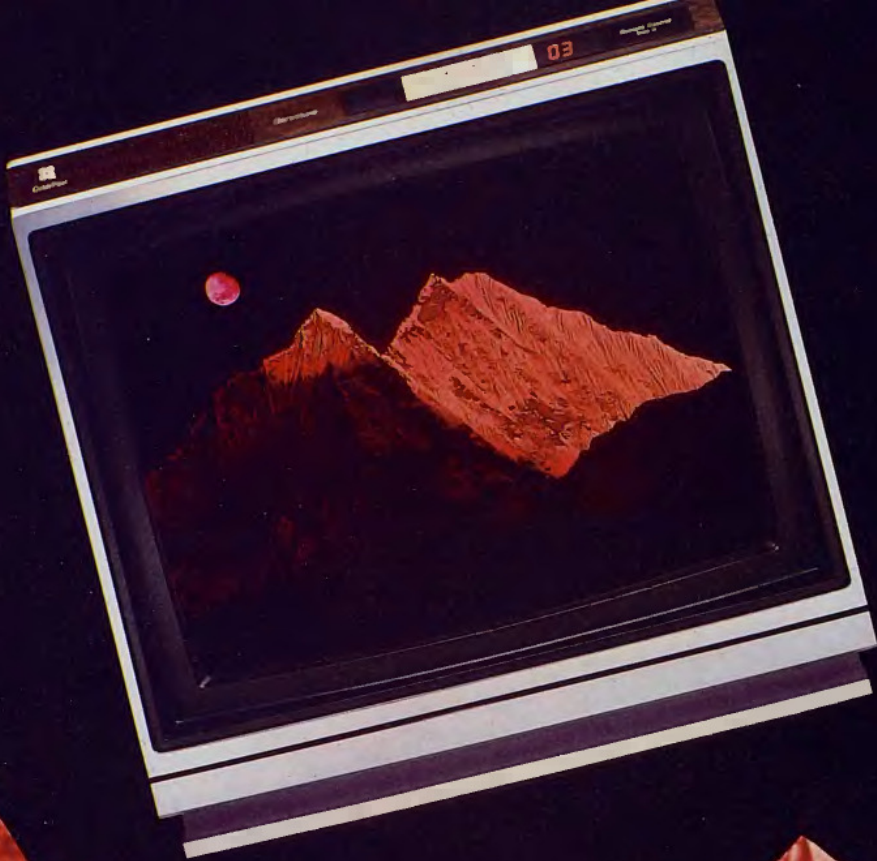
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DEAR PLAYMATES

One question that seems to pop up regularly in the *Dear Playmates* mailbag is about anger. Our readers want to know if there are some things most men do that irritate women. And guess what? There are.

The question for the month:

Is there anything about the way men in general behave toward women that makes you see red?

When I first meet a man and things are going well and we're having a good conversation and it seems like an attraction is developing but nothing very personal has happened between us, it annoys me when all of a sudden he's touching me. I don't like public affection. By that, I don't mean putting an arm around me; I mean a lot of kissing that makes it seem like we're very involved. I would rather have a sincere relationship develop before I would let that other kind of affection be seen in public.



Marlene Janssen

MARLENE JANSSEN
NOVEMBER 1982

The thing that bugs me the most is when a man assumes he knows what kind of person I am without bothering to get to know me at all. A man will make the assumption, based on how I look or on my Playboy connection, that I am easy to get a date with, easy to get in bed with or just that I am very available. I don't like those kinds of quick assumptions. I think a man should get to know a girl before he jumps to a lot of conclusions. That kind of thing bothers me a lot.



Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

Iwould have to say that I really hate it when a man I don't know just assumes I'd love to be with him. I was at a spa one time and a guy asked me if I wanted to get into the whirlpool with him. I said, "No, thanks." He asked if he could see my left hand (I do wear a band). Then he said, "Oh, I see why." And I said, "That wouldn't make any difference."



He assumed that if I didn't have the ring on, I would get right into the whirlpool with him. When I said that ring or no ring, I still wasn't interested, the look on his face was amazing, as if his ego had been slapped. I also absolutely hate it when a man looks at my boobs when he's talking to me. That's very obnoxious.

Denise McConnell

DENISE MCCONNELL
MARCH 1979

Men don't believe that women know what they're talking about, especially if the subject is in the realm of things that women aren't supposed to know about, such as sports, fixing a car, fishing—you know, a man's world. Anything that has a *macho* image. I was a tomboy when I was growing up. I'm good at sports. I can fix a car. I know things that women aren't expected to know. I hate it when men won't allow us that. Women can be as intelligent as we appear. That kind of condescension really irks me. Since I know how to do a lot of things myself, I am looking for a man who *can* teach me something—but also for a man who appreciates what *I* know.



Azizi Johari

AZIZI JOHARI
JUNE 1975

One thing comes to mind right away. If I'm alone in a public place—like a restaurant or cocktail lounge—men assume I'm looking for company. Occasionally, I *am* looking for someone to talk to, but I like to go out to dinner and enjoy my *own* company, too, without being approached by men who think I'm there to be picked up. If I say, "No, no one is meeting me," they think I'm fair game. If a woman is alone, it doesn't mean she's lonely. Sometimes it just means she wants to be alone and have some time by herself. That kind of thing bugs me more than anything else.



Susie Scott

SUSIE SCOTT
MAY 1983

Men are never satisfied. They can be engaged or married to a Playmate or even a traditional sex symbol like Raquel Welch, and they will still be on the quest. They will still be eyeballing girls on the street. They never seem to come to the point where they're satisfied with the commitment they've made. The little wheels still turn in their heads—you know, that old "the grass is always greener" business. They are continually ready to conquer, and even if they don't actually do anything, they're still thinking about it all the time.



Cathy Larmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

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



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3. Winners will be selected in random drawings from all correct and eligible entries received by H. Olsen & Company, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Barton Brands reserves the publicity rights to use names and pictures of winners without compensation. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received.
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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

FEMALE FREEDOM

Artificial contraception has, for the first time in history, allowed women the freedom to be something other than celibates or baby factories. The female work force has increased dramatically, but the most drastic, horrible consequence is the effect this new-found freedom has had on the male ego. In the good old days, no matter how lousy a lover a man may have been, a woman didn't think to complain. That two-second spurt, however inadequate, was still sufficient to affect her life profoundly by creating a new life; therefore, the last thing on her mind was to be sexually satisfied. Now men are expected not just to be able to impregnate but to satisfy, demands to which many are not equal, thus making their lives miserable, eventually driving them crazy and hastening the collapse of civilization.

Timothy R. Higgins
Attorney at Law
St. Louis, Missouri

Are you for all this or against it or just trying to start an argument?

UNPLANNED FATHERHOOD

After quietly enjoying *PLAYBOY* for better than two decades, I have been shocked out of my complacency by reading the two letters titled "Trojan War" in the June *Playboy Forum* that hold men to blame for unwanted parenthood. I would estimate that three quarters of the women I have had relationships with have tried to become pregnant by me without my knowledge or consent, usually on such grounds—they told me later—as "I wanted a part of you forever."

Mari Williams' comment about adolescent thinking is itself poorly thought out. I was an adolescent (14) when I first encountered this problem. The woman was 21. The result of that fiasco is a girl who will never know who her father is.

Williams' statement "A woman does not force, trap or lure a man into having sex" has very little to do with tricking him into the more permanent condition of fatherhood. More important is the question of trust in a relationship. In none of those cases did I just jump into bed without considering protection or discussing the matter with my partner.

I find P. Kathy Wardlow's doubt that the writer from Torrance, California, was tricked into fatherhood to be both naïve and chauvinistic. In the same breath, she delivers an insult to the intelligence of all men with her implication that a man would be dumb to be so tricked. You've

come a long way, baby, but you haven't learned much.

I will not argue the question of abortion, but if that choice is available to women, it should be available to men also. If the woman does not wish to have an abortion or to give the child up for adoption, then she should take full responsibility for it. Admittedly, women were long treated

"Three quarters of the women I have had relationships with have tried to become pregnant by me without my knowledge or consent."

unfairly. That has changed drastically in my lifetime. Now women like Williams and Wardlow are blatantly suppressing the rights of men. If I had gotten a 14-year-old girl pregnant when I was 21, I would still be in prison, and it would be women like those who made sure I stayed there.

D. L. Reitz
Seattle, Washington

SAY AGAIN?

Bless the Illinois circuit judge who ordered the plaintiff to reimburse the McDonald's Corporation \$1,800,000 it had spent defending itself in a nuisance suit (*Forum Newsfront*, July).

One problem in California is too many

out-of-work ambulance chasers. We have insurance for everything, but I have had to spend money to defend myself in a lawsuit because one of my business partners was "unable to produce" for a prostitute.

Don Davis
Long Beach, California

Just what business are you in?

FETUS FRACAS

Basically, I believe that the right of a fetus to survive should depend primarily on its capability of existing independently of another human being. If the fetus cannot survive outside the womb, and if the host organism does not desire to have her body parasitically infested by another human life, then the rights of that organism should take precedence over those of the fetus. If the fetus can survive after removal, then it, too, has rights as an independent creature. I believe the argument over abortion should be stated thus.

Paul R. Megibow, M.D.
Fort Lee, New Jersey

Methinks Hugo Carl Koch (*The Playboy Forum*, August) should study Robert Gunning's *Technique of Clear Writing*. In what dictionary does Koch find the word pabulum—*Gerber's Guide to Garbling*?

Sure, my assertion that the start of life is at the moment of birth is simplistic; I like it that way. Why further complicate something that no one can understand?

Besides, I don't buy what Koch says—that a human is "an organism capable of being subsumed under the genus *Homo* and the species *sapiens*." If I understand him correctly, he might include a diseased appendix, which means we'd have to hang a lot of surgeons for murder.

Richard Zacher
Oceanside, California

Don't confuse organism with organ or you'll have Koch back on us again. And you can find pabulum right after pabulous in your big Webster's Second.

I read the letter in the July *Playboy Forum* by Van D. Smith, which gives a superb explanation of how a person—not necessarily Smith himself—could take a stand against a law permitting the option of abortion without having his opinion influenced by religion.

The question of whether or not the unborn child is a person is one that probably will never be answered. But one thing will never change: The prospective mother is definitely human. Because of that fact, I find no sensible reason to force a woman



through nine months of pregnancy, childbirth and costs resulting therefrom. It is not fair to treat a woman like that even though she might be killing a person.

Why is it that the people who are so glad to see a child enter the world continuously ignore all those who don't have enough to eat, don't have a place to live, don't have adequate schooling or clothing and don't have caring parents?

William Edward Murphy
Cincinnati, Ohio

The point made by Smith is a sound one that does, indeed, explain how even a non-religious person who considers a fetus a human being cannot help viewing its destruction as murder and cannot stand idly by while that supposed murder takes place. We still believe that position to be grounded in theological feelings if not in specific religious beliefs—and to be one that may be legitimately promoted through persuasion but should not be enforced by criminal law.

PRICE OF DEATH

Over the past year or so, several men convicted of murder were later—sometimes many years later—exonerated and released. They were lucky. Many other innocent men were not so lucky and went to their deaths—despite the assurances of such as Professor Walter Berns of the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research that such mistakes don't happen in this country.

Professor Berns is wrong. I have been able to document nearly 100 wrongful executions since the late 19th Century, to which must be added an unknown number of wrongful imprisonments for the same offense. Added to all other costs, the execution of innocent persons is part of the price we pay to maintain a policy of capital punishment.

James C. Rogers
Richmond, Virginia

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

Victims of crime, the current *cause célèbre*, are most likely to be secondarily victimized by the very system that seeks to ameliorate their problems. The majority of jurisdictions possessing a victims' bill of rights have become quagmires of red tape with little or no compensation to victims.

Crime is viewed as being epidemic yet may be endemic due to such salient factors as politics and capitalism. Police, prosecutors, defense attorneys, jurists and correctional personnel are all confined by judicial decrees and administrative policies, but without such, the criminal-justice system would run rampant and would become similar to the Star Chamber. Rights and due-process procedures established to protect alleged offenders are also established to protect victims and the public in general. Recipients of those rights and procedural safeguards can be easily interchanged.

Although it is difficult to write briefly about the subject without alluding to spe-

cific instances, cases and studies, it is time to counteract the deluge of sophomoric attitudes and opinions that regularly appear in *The Playboy Forum* claiming to understand and answer the problems of the system. The criminal-justice system runs the entire gamut from initial perpetration of a violation to the complete release or exoneration of an individual. Contrary to popular belief, there are no simple solutions to such a complex problem. Even with its flaws, ours is the best system of justice for our society.

Richard McCauley
Oakland, California

FORESKIN FOLLIES

It strikes me as sad that the bizarre letters of Russell B. deBeauclair and Steven E. Gilbert occupy places of prominence in *The Playboy Forum* (July). I certainly feel that the continued practice of infant circumcision is cruel and irresponsible.

In medical literature, it is well established that routine infant circumcision is devoid of demonstrable health benefits. You just cannot cut into any healthy organ and expect to improve on it. John Muir once said, "Any fool can destroy a tree." Likewise, any fool can destroy the foreskin of a helpless infant.

Mark Hulstrunk
Rexford, New York

In publishing the letter of Russell B. deBeauclair you did the integrity of your fine magazine injustice. Granted, the conditions in the front lines of World War One were not the best and it would have been possible for an infection of his grandfather's penis to develop, but for the head of it to fall off in the mud is preposterous. With blood poisoning or gangrene, the man would have died first.

J. Scott Campbell
Bentonville, Arkansas

DeBeauclair was pulling your leg—or maybe your pud.

DRUG LAWS

The various studies connecting crime to heroin use should warn us about our present drug policies. Not only are they archaic and repressive but they are also counterproductive—economically, medically and socially.

Economically, harsh drug laws cost billions to try to enforce. What is more important, as well as most misunderstood, is that harsher laws result in *more* violent crimes, not fewer. As the laws become stiffer (e.g., mandatory life sentences), the risks become greater for the supplier. Simple supply and demand dictates that increased risks necessitate greater profits, which means higher prices for the user, which, in turn, translates into crimes to cover the costs of the user's addiction.

In 1915, the lead sentence in a lead article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* said this of opiates: "If the entire materia medica at our disposal were

limited to the choice of only one drug, I am sure that a great many, if not the majority, of us would choose opium."

The contention that our drug laws help people save themselves from themselves or that opiate users are somehow inherently criminal or sick just doesn't hold water if the historical facts are examined. Dr. William Stewart Halsted, founder of the first school of surgery at Johns Hopkins, used cocaine in large doses during a phenomenally successful surgical career. He is just one of the famous people who, if alive today, would be classified as sick because of their self-medication.

In sum, the social ills associated with the "drug problem," such as poverty, crime and disease, are not caused by the pharmacological properties of the drugs themselves; rather, they are a direct result of our current laws against those drugs.

(Name withheld by request)
Lubbock, Texas

WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND

A gun would not protect my home in my absence; a burglar could steal it, along with the rest of my possessions. If I kept it accessible, it could endanger my young nephew when he spent the night at my place. If I carried it with me, it could be wrested from my reasonable hands by a criminal or a lunatic who could turn it against me in accordance with the statistics of such encounters.

So I don't have a gun. I have Popeye, a 95-pound pit-bull cross, instead. He eats like a pig, is as big as a horse and as ugly as a wildebeest and is worth his weight in silver bullets for the freedom and the security he provides. If I had a gun instead of a dog, I wouldn't have vet and dog-food bills, nor would I have to search for a landlord who will rent to a dog owner. What I'd have instead would be a piece of metal that spewed death and knew no loyalty. Popeye exudes life and will protect me and mine against any kind of attack. He takes his duties very seriously. Yet this same potential killer obeys the commands of my little nephew, accepts playful clobbering with his tail still wagging and doesn't go off accidentally.

Donnamarie Martinek
West Los Angeles, California

Regarding the comments of M. Richardson on social justice (*The Playboy Forum*, January), no organization has been more in favor of increasing police and court powers to successfully prosecute armed criminals than the National Rifle Association. It is the "so-called liberals," as reader Richardson refers to them—notably the American Civil Liberties Union—that have kept such a protective eye on the rights of the accused and of convicted criminals. I often wonder about the sincerity of their concern for homicide victims.

Richard Wilson
Farmington, New Mexico

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BIG DEAL

ROGUE RIVER, OREGON—Ten local high school girls, their chaperon and their principal found themselves in hot water with the school board after the students reserved the school library and hired a male stripper to perform at a surprise party for



one of their classmates. The girls had gone through the proper channels and the stripper had kept his shorts on, but a school-board member said they had received numerous complaints. The girls' mothers had approved of the idea, and one of them had her own complaint: "People just don't have any sense of humor. All it was was a bunch of giggly high school girls playing a joke on a friend."

FAT FRAUD

SAN FRANCISCO—Promoters of the Mark Eden Bust Developer and a variety of purported waistline slimmers have agreed to pay \$1,100,000 in settlement of a mail-fraud case. The defendants also had promoted the Cambridge Diet and had sold the Astro-Trimmer, the Astro Jogger, the Sauna Belt Waistline Reducer, Slim-Skins, Vacu-Pants, Hot Pants, Trim Jeans, Dream Wrap and other mail-order antifat devices of dubious merit.

LITTLE LOOPHOLE

LONDON, ONTARIO—A 64-year-old man has been acquitted on two charges of sexually assaulting his 12-year-old granddaughter after a judge ruled that the girl did not demonstrate the religious background necessary to understand the nature and the consequences of taking an oath. As a consequence, the judge decided, the girl could not give the sworn testimony needed to successfully prosecute her grandfather, and he instructed the jurors that, like it or not, they would have to return a verdict of not guilty.

PARTHENOGENESIS

LONDON—A human embryo spontaneously developed in a laboratory without being fertilized by sperm, according to the prestigious British weekly *Nature*. The report was written by members of Britain's Medical Research Council, who said the embryo was found to contain only maternal chromosomes but had divided three times to reach the eight-cell stage. The director of the council said that the event occurred during research on the high failure rate of fertilized eggs after they are implanted in the womb. He speculated that the egg might have been triggered to divide by the presence of sperm but said that the sperm's male chromosomes were not incorporated into it.

POT SHOPS

NEW YORK CITY—The New York Police Department has been finding it impossible to combat the spread of small stores openly selling pot, sometimes without even the pretext of offering groceries, health foods, tobacco or video games. "Smoke shops are taking over our streets," says the city's special narcotics prosecutor. "No neighborhood in New York City is immune to them any longer." Another official noted that "judges know how overcrowded the jails are. They don't want to add to the jail crisis by locking up people for selling marijuana. It's not considered a major offense."

SCREWED AGAIN

ALBANY—Frank Serpico, a former police officer whose fight against departmental corruption in New York City inspired a hit movie, has been ordered to support his girlfriend's illegitimate child, whom he says was conceived through calculated deceit. The state's highest appellate court held that the mother's alleged assertion that she was "on the pill" had no bearing on his obligation as the child's father.

ORAL SEX?

CHICAGO—The Illinois Appellate Court has reinstated criminal charges against a suburban oral surgeon accused of making "insulting sexual contact" with several female patients while they were under anesthesia. The court called a judge's dismissal of the charges without a trial an "abuse of discretion."

DIVORCE AMERICAN STYLE

BRAINERD, MINNESOTA—Two men have been released on three years' probation after kidnaping their mutual ex-wife to protect her from a third man. Both pleaded guilty to a reduced charge of false imprisonment only to learn that while they were in jail, their ex and their rival had gotten married.

BARROOM ABOMINATIONS

WARWICK, RHODE ISLAND—Two women have been convicted of committing the "abominable and detestable crime against nature"—oral sex—on five men at a bachelor party in a Richmond, Rhode Island, bar. The women's attorney told the jury, "It's an abomination and a disgrace that the state brings charges like this," and said that the case was a good example of the double standard of justice that has existed "ever since Eve took the rap in the Garden." The male crime victims were not charged, he noted.

COKE HABITS

PARIS—Three phony nuns were arrested at Charles de Gaulle Airport carrying 63.8 pounds of cocaine under their habits. French authorities said that the women were picked up on a tip from foreign police and that the street value of the drug was about \$9,500,000.

POLICEMAN'S REVENGE

BILLINGS, MONTANA—An irate motorist is probably wishing he'd paid his speeding ticket and let it go at that. Instead, he decided to sue the supervisor of the ticketing highway patrolman for \$1,000,000. The suit was quickly dismissed but the motorist persisted, filing a series of 100-year liens to attach the supervisor's and his wife's personal property and assets. At that point, the officer, himself a bit irritated, countersued and won



a default judgment when the motorist failed to show up in court. The case was appealed all the way to the Montana Supreme Court, whose justices, also miffed at the motorist and at nuisance suits in general, upheld the \$200,000 award, plus court costs. The motorist had no comment.



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POSTSCRIPT TO A REPORTER'S MURDER

max dunlap didn't belong on death row; now he's suing the people who put him there

In June 1976, a car bomb transformed Phoenix newspaperman Don Bolles from a bothersome local reporter into a martyred investigative journalist. The dying Bolles was able to implicate one of his killers, who later plea-bargained for his life by naming two alleged accomplices. Both were convicted and received death sentences that have since been reversed. One, James Robison, remains in prison on an unrelated conviction. The other, Max Dunlap, is free and is suing the city and the police for \$605,000,000. The confessed killer, John Harvey Adamson, may yet go free on the proverbial legal technicality, which would leave one of the country's most spectacular murder cases officially unsolved, due largely to monumental blundering by the police and the role played by a hanging press.

That the city of Phoenix and 19 of its police officers knowingly violated their constitutional duty and conspired to suppress exculpatory evidence is the principal charge in Dunlap's \$605,000,000 lawsuit. Phoenix attorney Murray Miller, who will try the suit, called the police investigation "a massive cover-up." While his once-respected client waited on death row, Miller told the court that "Dunlap has been in prison for over a year and has maintained his innocence every waking moment of his incarceration; he and his family have suffered indescribable and unspeakable humiliation, torment and grief."

It would be two more years before the state supreme court would rule, and when it did, *The American Lawyer* pub-

turned it down. But when more policework led to his arrest and confession, he still was able to trade his promised testimony for 20 years and for immunity from prosecution in many other serious crimes.

The confessed bomber was an accomplished local hoodlum and con man named John Harvey Adamson, known in local tavern circles as the "friendly neighborhood assassin." His testimony in the Dunlap-Robison trial derived from statements given to police by an implicated friend, Phoenix attorney Neal Roberts, who had gotten Adamson out of town by chartered plane as soon as word was out that the dying Bolles had named him. Roberts' theory—which would earn him limited immunity—pinned the murder on a Phoenix millionaire who had once been investigated by Bolles and who supposedly bore the reporter a deadly grudge. One of that man's close friends was Dunlap.

Dunlap openly admitted that he had delivered some \$6000 to another attorney's office where he had found Adamson himself waiting but said he had done it strictly as a favor for a high school classmate—Roberts. Roberts denied that, and the prosecution called the money partial payment for the murder. Robison, whom Dunlap didn't know and who had underworld friends, was named by Adamson as the man who had triggered the bomb by radio control. Roberts took the stand in the joint trial but also took the Fifth Amendment, refusing to answer questions on the grounds of possible self-incrimination. He was later tried three times and finally acquitted in connection with a different bomb plot.

Roberts' original theory, supported by Adamson's later confession, had the effect of directing the homicide investigation away from the corporations, individuals and politicians whom Bolles was investigating at the time of his death, who had the strongest motives for his murder and who, some claim, were associated with attorney Roberts himself. By recklessly granting immunities and cutting deals, the prosecution and the police boxed themselves in, says Miller, by clinging to the belief that attorney Roberts and star witness Adamson were truthful. As he reminded the court later, "The state has never seen fit to give Mr. Adamson a polygraph test. This in spite of the fact that his closest friend . . . told



Private investigator Lake Headley (left) and PLAYBOY Senior Editor Bill Helmer talk with Max Dunlap and Jim Robison at Arizona State Prison. Both murder convictions were later reversed.

If Max Dunlap had not been a prominent and popular businessman with a clean record and had not had many wealthy friends, he and Robison, a local poet-philosopher-plumber, almost certainly would have died by now in the Arizona gas chamber, victims of a police stampede whipped along by public outrage and by the murdered reporter's own newspapers. But because of the costly defense investigation financed by Dunlap's supporters, the state supreme court unanimously overturned the convictions in the Don Bolles homicide case and granted new trials; however, Adamson refused to testify and the charges were dismissed. The court ruled not on the new evidence as such but on the narrow point of appellate law that the trial judge had not allowed the defense to properly cross-examine the prosecution's star witness—the confessed bomber himself—which "might have uncovered ties with individuals who the defense claimed were responsible for the murder."

lished a long article on the Bolles case that described the "mounting evidence that [Dunlap's and Robison's] convictions and death sentences could have been the greatest miscarriage of justice since the 1927 executions of Sacco and Vanzetti."

As Miller and members of the defense team recall the case:

So eager were the police and the Phoenix press to solve the crime that a number of strange events occurred soon after the bombing. The publishers of *The Arizona Republic* and *The Phoenix Gazette* secretly put up \$100,000 that the Phoenix chief of police, through his subordinates, offered to the main suspect if he would talk. That offer has since been admitted in sworn depositions from police officers, including the head of the Bolles investigation, who characterized it as "unnecessary," "dumb" and "stupid." The suspect apparently took the offer to mean that the police lacked evidence and

the Phoenix police department that Adamson lied to them and was in substance perjuring himself." If ever a witness deserved microscopic scrutiny on the issue of credibility, said Miller, it was Adamson. Adamson's friend was given a police lie-detector test and passed it.

The job of getting the Dunlap-Robison convictions was greatly simplified by a new law that conveniently made Arizona one of the few states that do not require corroboration of accomplice testimony. Against Dunlap was Adamson's word alone, for Dunlap had explained in detail his connection with the money. Against Robison was Adamson, together with an admitted perjurer and a witness who failed two lie-detector tests in placing him near the crime scene. Supposedly, Adamson was later asked by a cellmate why he had framed Dunlap and Robison, and he answered, "Because my people don't give immunity."

THE RAILROAD STATION

Death row is the railroad station where condemned men wait while the courts decide their final destination. The track leading to the gas chamber lies rusted from years of disuse, while the ones that carry local traffic back and forth to court gleam from argument and endless rhetoric. One of the rails is the public cry of frustrated revenge. The other is the failure of a judicial system that feeds on its own hypocrisy. After waiting in the railroad station month upon endless month, I cannot help but feel the train should run on time or the trip should be canceled.

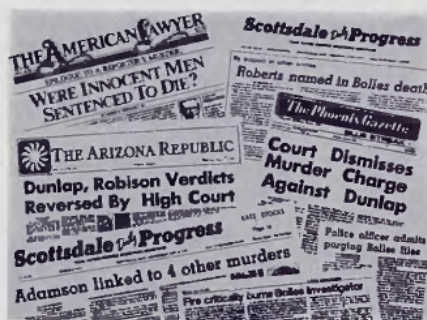
—JAMES ROBISON, Death Row
Arizona State Prison, 1979

Like the police, the Phoenix press had accepted the Roberts theory uncritically from the start and had reported on the case in a manner that left little doubt in the minds of readers that some hard-nosed justice was coming down. The convictions of Dunlap and Robison were celebrated in the newsroom and brought a collective sigh of relief in both law-enforcement and political circles, as well as in the community. Case closed.

But the case was still wide-open to Dunlap's many friends, who formed a defense committee and hired Lake Headley, a onetime Las Vegas police officer turned private detective who has worked with PLAYBOY as a researcher on several cases. Headley began developing the leads neglected by the police. He soon had enough new information to support Dunlap's appeal and to interest the Playboy Foundation. Meanwhile, he had found an ally in reporter Don Devereux of the *Scottsdale Daily Progress*, the only paper to doubt early on that Dunlap and Robison were

guilty. To the dismay of the authorities and the contented Phoenix press, the two began turning up rumors and circumstantial evidence that one of the principals in the bomb plot might be Roberts himself, presumably acting in behalf of interests involved in the dog racing and land fraud that Bolles had been trying to expose. Bolles, some believed, had been close to forging a link between organized crime and several of Arizona's most prominent political families. During that period, Headley was hassled by police for conducting his investigation on an out-of-state license; and he and his girlfriend, Terri, nearly died when a suspicious fire destroyed their apartment. Devereux was threatened, and one night, a truck was driven at him.

One thing Headley learned was that some of his new information was already known to police. Despite the law of discovery, much exculpatory evidence had not been turned over to the defense, because the police had secretly purged their own files. Statements, reports, interviews and tape recordings implicating certain



parties simply were intentionally destroyed or conveniently lost, including a police officer's personal diary documenting the purge. Deliberate concealment of discoverable information is charged in Dunlap's suit.

Headley is now an investigator for Gentile & Massi, a prominent Las Vegas law firm, but the Bolles case has been kept alive by Devereux and his publisher, Jonathan Marshall—much to the annoyance of the Phoenix press, which now reports, in tones ranging from impatience to exasperation, only what it can't ignore in the *Progress*. For example, Dunlap's lawsuit—one of the largest in Arizona history—was mentioned in a short item on an inside page days after it was filed.

In one curious way, the justice system has worked—or half worked. But the same clout and private funds that permitted Dunlap's successful appeal and his pending lawsuit have completely unraveled the prosecution's pat case, and now it's unlikely that long-promised additional arrests can ever be made. Adamson, his plea bargain revoked for his refusal to testify in any retrials, has himself been retried and sentenced to death, which he may yet successfully appeal on grounds of double jeopardy.

GET IT RIGHT!

I laughed when I read Bill Loren's "Fire! vs. 'Fuck!'" letter in the June *Playboy Forum* and cracked up at Bill Deming's search for a nicer word than fuck two issues later. From our office bulletin board, I submit the attached:

FUCK YOU!!

Perhaps one of the most interesting and colorful words in the English language today is the word fuck. It is the one magical word that just by its sound can describe pain, pleasure, hate and love.

Fuck falls into many grammatical categories. It can be used as a verb, both transitive (John fucked Mary) and intransitive (Mary was fucked by John). It can be an active verb (John really gives a fuck) or a passive verb (Mary really doesn't give a fuck), an adverb (Mary is fucking interested in John) and a noun (Mary is a fine fuck). It can be used as an adjective (Mary is fucking beautiful). It should be obvious now that there are not many words as versatile as fuck.

(Name withheld by request)
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

That document nearly sent our Copy Editor out the window. She points out that when the anonymous author says transitive and intransitive, he means active and passive; his supposed active and passive verbs are both noun objects; and in his last example, beautiful is the adjective while fucking is the adverb—and he should be fucking ashamed of himself.

I have just finished reading Bill Deming's letter about his search for a nicer-sounding substitute for the word fuck as used "in any loving context" (*The Playboy Forum*, August) and propose the word wank. Isn't that preferable to both the just-plain-homely fuck and the sickly, pale and puritanical "make love"?

The word is of uncertain etymology; I thought I had made it up myself during my penultimate year at Michigan State University, but that was later brought into doubt when a young woman told me she'd heard the word in England, as in wanking off. Alas, she'd also heard what I thought was my newly coined word blobacious, to describe large and perfectly round breasts.

Anyway, I just want to promote this small contribution to the language and see if it finds the support of the disconsolate and romantic Deming.

Mark W. Jones

Manitou Springs, Colorado

Wank you very much.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: KENNY ROGERS

a candid conversation about music, wealth and the good things in life with the man currently considered the most popular singer in America

No one would linger outside a Fargo, North Dakota, hotel side entrance on a frigid April morning, clutching an Instamatic, without a very good reason. The same can be said of the group huddling at the edge of a snow-swept Duluth runway, waiting for the passengers in a private jet named Marianne to disembark. And of the two coeds in a Porsche whose relentless pursuit of a singer's limousine forced the man to pull over and hand out passes for his show that night.

If you're thinking the singer was Bowie or Jagger, forget it. The unlikely but compelling reason in each case was a middle-aged, middle-of-the-road balladeer, Kenny Rogers.

And here's why: Each evening, dressed in one of his many three-piece suits, Rogers circumnavigates his octagonal stage in the center of a sellout crowd and sings 90 minutes of hit after hit. You can name them in your sleep: "Lucille," "The Gambler," "Ruby, Don't Take Your Love to Town," "Coward of the County," "Love Lifted Me," "Love Will Turn You Around," "Through the Years," "Lady" and more.

Between songs, Rogers' folksy, familiar patter makes the audience feel as if they're in his living room for a cozy get-together. He even shows home movies featuring his wife, Marianne, and a year in the life—from birth

to first steps—of their son, Christopher Cody. Meanwhile, silhouetted in the dark, Dad softly croons "You Are So Beautiful" and means it. If Christopher happens to be at the show, he's handed onstage for a bow. It may be too sentimental for some, but it's undeniable that out there in the crowd, couples are intertwining fingers and family members are getting misty-eyed, sharing in Kenny Rogers' version of the good life.

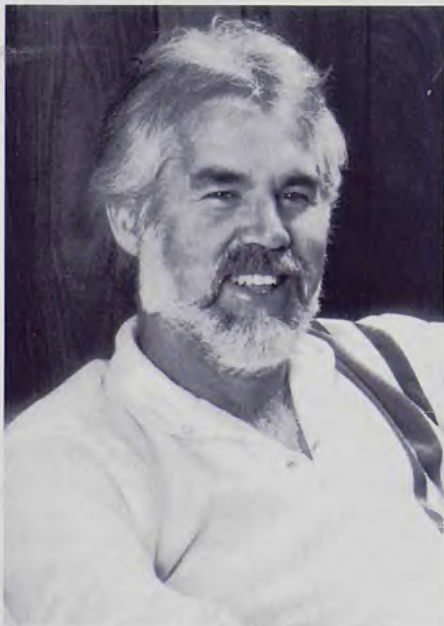
After a 25-year-long roller-coaster ride, Rogers, 45, has come to a full stop atop the music business' highest peak. He's rich, successful, a model citizen and, yes, loved. And he did it his way. For three years in a row, Rogers was voted top male musical performer in the People's Choice Awards, which are based on a Gallup-conducted survey. Even pop critics who once reviled his huge common-denominator appeal have begun to recant, undone by the overwhelming fact of his music's popularity. And of its profits.

Since 1977, Rogers has sold nearly \$250,000,000 worth of records. His "Greatest Hits" package is one of the top ten best-selling albums in history. On its strength, he recently signed a five-year pact with a new label, RCA Records, for more than \$20,000,000. He has done three network TV specials and two TV movies. One, "The

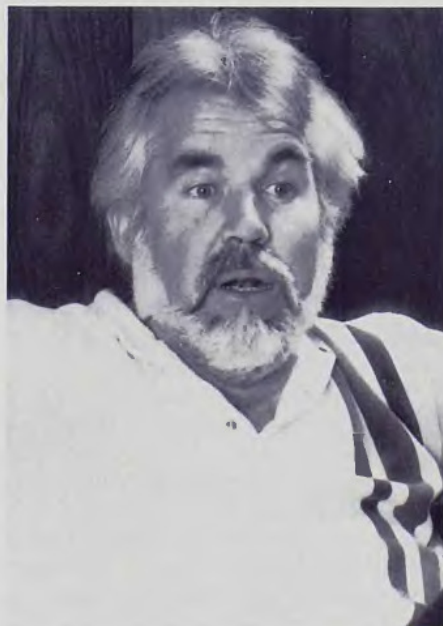
Gambler," was the highest-rated TV movie of the 1979-1980 season. "The Gambler II," co-starring Linda Evans and Bruce Boxleitner, is due on the tube this month.

Rogers' substantial income, which was more than \$20,000,000 last year, is plowed mostly into real estate. He owns a 1200-acre farm in Georgia, where he breeds Arabian horses and cattle. He has bought and is remodeling adjacent office buildings on L.A.'s Sunset Strip that will become the Rogers Entertainment Center. He also has a house in Malibu, one in Bel Air and one in Beverly Hills, the former Dino De Laurentiis residence, which had a price tag of \$14,500,000, not including the current re-designing costs. Rogers also boasts his own recording studio in L.A., called, appropriately, Lion Share. Two hundred employees—from tour personnel to architects, construction crews and security teams—are needed to run Mr. Rogers' neighborhood.

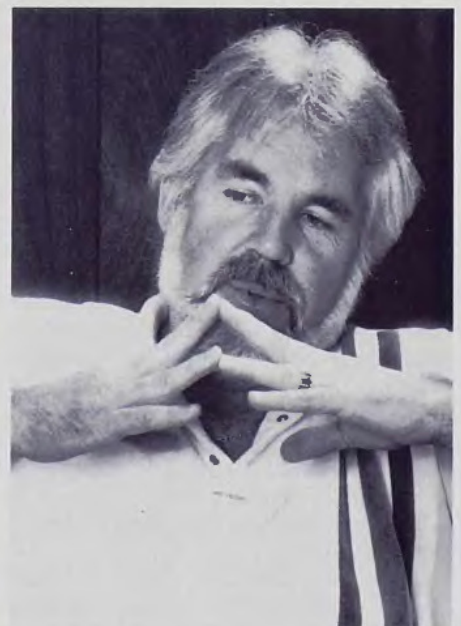
Rogers was born, decidedly without a silver spoon, on August 21, 1938, in Houston. His father was a carpenter and a shipyard worker, his mother a housewife and a sometime practical nurse. He was the second son and the fourth of eight children. For a time, the family lived in a \$35-a-month Federal housing-project apartment in Houston Heights.



"I think people need—and I'm uncomfortable with this word—heroes. I represent two things. One is the importance of family life. The other is the ability—the possibility—in this country of succeeding from nothing."



"I don't expect to stay at this peak for the rest of my life. But what would hurt would be to feel that people didn't care anymore. When the power and the hit songs are gone, who will be left to care for me?"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. VERSER ENGELHARO

"I'm a pretty boring guy. However, I think that to be as boring as I am and to have done what I have is pretty incredible. It gives hope to other boring people, telling them if they bust their ass, it can happen."

Rogers was musically gifted as a child. For singing "You Are My Sunshine" to the old folks at a local nursing home, he got 25 cents and a pat on the head. In high school, he formed a band called The Scholars, which played local dates and dances. He then recorded a couple of singles produced by his brother Lelan. One, "That Crazy Feeling," sold well enough to earn Rogers an appearance on "American Bandstand." But he had nothing with which to follow his single and his solo career stalled.

Yet he remained committed to music: He hung out at Houston bars and night clubs and eventually joined the jazzy Bobby Doyle Trio as an upright-bass player. The trio became an acclaimed local attraction and recorded an album. Six and a half years later, Rogers was playing the Las Vegas lounges with another group, The Kirby Stone Four. He credits Stone with sparking his interest in photography (Rogers has done several album covers and shoots models regularly) and with teaching him that "there was more to this business than wet towels and naked girls."

Eager to stay out of Houston, Rogers soon joined The New Christy Minstrels. But by 1967, their folk sound was already outdated, so he and three other members defected to form The First Edition. They scored with their second single, the pseudo-psychedelic "Just Dropped In (To See What Condition My Condition Was In)." Their other hits include "Reuben James," "Something's Burning," "Heed the Call" and "Ruby." Released under the name of Kenny Rogers and The First Edition, "Ruby" set the stage for Rogers as a lead singer and a front man, and money increased accordingly, with Rogers taking home \$125,000 a year at the band's height. But the group finally disbanded in financial disarray, leaving him \$65,000 in debt.

It wasn't his only problem. His third marriage was on the rocks, sacrificed, he says, to an insatiable drive for success and acceptance—as his first two marriages had been. He persisted in his career, doing TV ads for mail-order guitar lessons, co-authoring a how-to book titled "Making It with Music," then going to Nashville, where he established his pop-flavored country style and built a grass-roots following that is still loyal today. Soon, he signed a record deal as a solo artist with United Artists Records, hired a band and had a respectable hit with "Love Lifted Me." In June 1977, "Lucille" reached the number-five spot on "Billboard's" Hot 100 chart, and Rogers' career has been sailing ever since. He has recorded duets with Kim Carnes, Dottie West, Sheena Easton and Dolly Parton and has worked with such notable writer-producers as Lionel Richie, Jr., and Barry Gibb.

Rogers was also luckier in love the fourth time around. In 1977, he married actress ("Hee Haw") and model Marianne Gordon. He cites their compatibility and stability as a major contribution to his current fortunes. All told, he was well on his way to fulfilling a promise he had made to his band during their first, everyone-in-one-rental-car tour: "Stick with me, please, and I promise that next time,

we'll be able to afford two rental cars." Today, Rogers could own his own car-rental company and attract almost as much attention for his wealth and his spending habits as he does for his music.

We sent Contributing Editor David Rensin (his last "Playboy Interview" was with Larry "J. R. Ewing" Hagman, in November 1980) to talk with Rogers during a two-week concert tour of the Midwest. He reports:

"Kenny Rogers is fond of saying that perhaps his best quality is that he is who he presents himself to be and that he will answer any questions put to him, because he has nothing to hide. You find out it's true—when you finally get to him. Rogers is a difficult man to pin down. His time is carefully budgeted between work and family, and the sheer hours required for the 'Playboy Interview' seemed to involve an unusually drastic commitment for him. So even though he was available to me constantly and invited me to fly between cities on his private jet, I found securing our agreed-upon time a frustrating exercise. His time on the plane was reserved for solitary thought and naps. After shows, when most performers are too wired to sleep,

"I'm not a great singer or a vocal technician. I have a familiar voice with a certain honesty and distinction."

Rogers watched tennis matches, called his wife or dozed—if he stayed out at all. Most nights, he was out of the arena before the applause stopped, in his limousine, speeding to the airport and on his plane, flying home.

"Despite Rogers' elusiveness, when we were together he concentrated on answering every question fearlessly. But after a few sessions, even though we had warmed to each other, it seemed that he was responding to each query carefully, treading a narrow emotional corridor. Although he presumably didn't feel the same way about his estranged son and a new record deal, he talked in the same tone about both. That provided the central theme of our conversation.

"Mostly, he was the perfect host. Besides being offered the fun of flying with him on his jet (outfitted in green velour, wood and brass, like a railroad gambling car), I was invited back to his Georgia farm with the band after one concert and woke up the next morning with horses grazing outside my window. When that evening's show was canceled because of snow, everyone got to relax under clear skies and indulge in the many escapist activities the farm offered: His six-bedroom guest house had a home computer with an array of games; the refrigerator and the cabinets were always fully stocked. And, as a special treat, I took advantage of Rogers' col-

lection of four-wheel Honda go-carts, spinning around the red-clay track circling the farm. The environment is so impressive that some band members call the place Six Flags over Kenny Rogers. Rogers himself is referred to, fondly, as King Faisal al-Kenny.

"When I first met him, backstage at a concert in Fargo, North Dakota, he was playing a card game called UNO with drummer Bobby Daniels and, much to Daniels' chagrin, was winning. 'That's because I make up the rules and can change them any time I want,' said Rogers with a sly grin before returning, poker-faced, to the slaughter. The scene provided the appropriate opening hand for our first session."

PLAYBOY: Once and for all: When do you hold 'em and when do you fold 'em?

ROGERS: [Laughs] I've never really been asked that question before. But I've played enough cards in Vegas to know that you follow the trend. When you're winning, hold 'em. When you're losing, fold 'em. Believe it or not, any gambler will tell you that cards do run in streaks.

PLAYBOY: Your luck has certainly been holding these past few years. Since 1977, you've sold 35,000,000 albums. In 1982, you did 140 shows and earned in excess of \$20,000,000. What are you doing right?

ROGERS: It's probably easier to analyze failure. When you're dealing with the arts, when your success depends completely on someone else's taste, there are no absolutes. I'm not a great singer or a vocal technician, like Barbra Streisand or Kenny Loggins or Kenny Rankin. I probably sing better than I give myself credit for, but actually, my talent is sort of unobvious. I'm a stylist. An entertainer. I have a familiar voice with a certain honesty and distinction. The trademark helps. But beyond that, I have nothing specific to offer except professionalism and commerciality.

PLAYBOY: Those are not unique qualities, nor do they alone guarantee success. What do you think you have that's special?

ROGERS: Well, I guess people relate to what I'm saying in my songs and to me as an individual. I deal with the man on the street. We all share an emotional common denominator. We all want someone to care for us. We all fear rejection. We'd all like to think that love lasts forever. I've always believed that if I could touch on those emotional issues—personally, socially, in whatever way—I'd be successful. I'm also consistent and mainstream. I'm not fad-oriented or into subculture stuff. But I'm not out of touch, either. I like groups such as Duran Duran, the Go-Go's, lots of Top 40 stuff. There's absolutely a place for all of the new music. It's just not what I do.

I also believe it's crucial not to be a follower. Lots of artists say, "What's out there that the people like that I can improve upon?" I say, "What's not out there?" Consequently, whenever I've had

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a major hit, like *Ruby, Don't Take Your Love to Town* or *Lucille*, it's come when there was nothing else like it out there at the time. Both were country songs. *Ruby* came in the midst of acid rock, *Lucille* in the midst of everything *but* country.

PLAYBOY: You spent six and a half years in a Houston jazz group, changed to folk, then to rock, then to country and ended up, at least for now, right in the middle of the road. Why all the leapfrogging?

ROGERS: The minute I become predictable, my time at the top is limited. As soon as people know I'm going to do another ballad and another and another, it's over. Each album I've done has been different from the one before. Yet there *are* common denominators I try to maintain, because there are an automatic 750,000 to 1,000,000 people who buy my albums the moment they're released. I want to keep that audience. Any other people I'd like to buy my records, I have to *sell* to. So I try different stuff, things unusual for me. If I get lucky with the new material and have a hit, it opens up new areas. If I don't get lucky, it doesn't hurt, because most people tend not to remember songs they don't like. You just have to know when to stick your neck out and when to pull it back. My thing is controlled experimentation.

PLAYBOY: What are some examples?

ROGERS: Well, Lionel Richie wouldn't accept the way I originally wanted to sing his song *Lady*. So I had to learn it his way,

line by line. Then I sang it my way, keeping his directions in mind. The final product was 80 percent Lionel; it was also one of my best vocals ever. More recently, with Barry Gibb, I thought contrasting my voice with the Bee Gees' type of track would be magic. But I told him I'd also have to have some country songs to satisfy my main audience. Beyond that, he could do calypsos if he wanted to.

PLAYBOY: How did that project develop?

ROGERS: It was my idea. A couple of years ago, I was going to make an album on which I would sing duets with several people: Dolly Parton, Willie Nelson, Barry Gibb, and others. But it never panned out. When my project with Richie was done and I was looking around for new collaborators, I remembered a song Barry had sent me that turned out to be a decent country hit for him. So I called him.

PLAYBOY: Whom will you be calling next?

ROGERS: Well... I've not even approached the man, so if I'm rejected, I'm leaving myself wide-open, but I'm planning to talk with Paul McCartney. Most likely, he won't be interested. He may have heard *Ruby*, but he probably doesn't know me from Adam.

PLAYBOY: Does getting respect from him concern you?

ROGERS: It would be easy to accept the fact that he didn't respect my music. Anyone can say, "I don't like it." But it would be hard to accept the fact that he didn't re-

spect my success. That would give me a certain credibility going in. But if McCartney said no, that we were into totally different things and he wouldn't know where to begin, I'd just say, "Thanks, anyway."

PLAYBOY: What some of your fans may not know is that in the Sixties and the Seventies, you were friends with many of today's hipper stars, including former Eagles drummer Don Henley. How did you meet?

ROGERS: I discovered a group in Texas called Felicity. Henley was in it. I took him to California, and he lived with me for about six months. And I produced an album for the group.

PLAYBOY: How did it turn out?

ROGERS: It was a horrible album. In fact, Don has said it was the worst album he's ever done, and he tried to buy all the masters back. That really hurt my feelings, because he failed to mention that it was *their* first album and the first one *I'd* ever produced. I didn't know what I was doing. I guess it hurt because when I was so down, he was getting so big. And one of the things I held on to when the Eagles were the biggest thing in this business was that I helped this kid. I used to sing Henley's *Desperado* in Las Vegas lounges and say, "A friend of mine wrote this." But then, when he got superhip acceptance by *Rolling Stone*, for example, he started cutting me down. He didn't want to associate with me, though it's gotten OK since then. It's the same thing Michael Murphy did to

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me. That's always been a real sore spot, people I help who then feel I'm not hip enough to associate with.

PLAYBOY: Despite experimentation with different styles, you go to great lengths to identify yourself as a country singer. Why?

ROGERS: Because I *am* basically a country singer who's capable of doing other things. I've had a lot of influences, but I can't lose my Texas twang. Country people are very real to me. I'll always cater to them first.

PLAYBOY: That's not necessarily what the country-music organizations think, is it?

ROGERS: One year, some of the groups said the reason I hadn't won more country awards was that I wasn't really a country singer. What's funny is that two months later, when they published the amount of money country music had made that year, they decided to include my income in their figures. I made well over 50 percent of that total.

PLAYBOY: But you've never won the Country Music Association's Entertainer of the Year Award.

ROGERS: Right.

PLAYBOY: Are you upset about that?

ROGERS: Well, no. But I guess I just don't understand their criteria. I mean, I can play any game they want. If an organization says, "Do this, that and the other and you *will* be the Entertainer of the Year," then if I do it, I kind of expect the award. I read a few years ago where some country artists claimed that my kind of country

music wasn't country anymore. Well, my contention is that country music is what country people *buy*.

PLAYBOY: Earlier, you said your success was also based on people's being able to relate to you as an individual. What did you mean?

ROGERS: I think people need—and I'm very uncomfortable with this word—heroes. I represent two things. One is the importance of family life. People know that when they see the film I show at my concerts of my wife and our new son. The other thing is that I guess I represent the ability—the possibility—in this country of succeeding from nothing.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't it still surprise you that your success has been so spectacular?

ROGERS: I'm as amazed at the *degree* of my success as anyone. Success itself doesn't surprise me, because I've learned that I'm a survivor. I could go into another business tomorrow and use the same principles I've applied in this one. I might not reach the same heights, but I'd survive.

PLAYBOY: Your manager says that you make a career decision by asking yourself what Frank Sinatra would do. Is that true?

ROGERS: Not just Sinatra. I respect longevity. I wonder whether or not a move I'm considering is something the Colonel [Tom Parker, Elvis Presley's manager] would have let Elvis do. When you've never been at a particular plateau of success, you have to look to examples of

people who've been there before you. My level is largely uncharted, and it's often frightening, because I have no one to lean on.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you often negotiate your own record contracts?

ROGERS: I've negotiated almost all of my original contracts. I know what I'm willing to give, and I know what I'm willing to live with. I think I'm good at it, because I really want what's fair for both parties. If I make too much from a record company, it's no good. I heard of one particular deal where a major artist is actually suffering because his deal is so good: The more records he sells, the more money the company loses because they offered him bonuses tied to sales; they don't even try to promote him anymore.

PLAYBOY: You recently signed a long-term contract with RCA, but your original negotiations were with CBS, and a deal there was announced. What happened?

ROGERS: I thought I had a deal with CBS. I was dealing directly with CBS Records president Walter Yetnikoff. We sat down one night in New York and talked it over. Negotiating with him was fun. I was buying a helicopter at the time, and I said, half-jokingly, that he'd have to get me one if I signed. He said OK, though I guarantee you he got value for it on the other end. I felt we could agree on the spot without waiting for the attorneys. When we were through, we shook hands. Then all of a

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sudden, I got calls saying that I'd leaked an agreement I hadn't even known was supposed to be secret, that my deal was now affecting Walter's other deals. Supposedly, Neil Diamond had called and said, "When am I going to get my helicopter?" Later, I talked with Walter, and though it turned out the leak had probably started somewhere in *his* company, he said that because of the publicity and the problems, he wasn't going to live up to the deal. So we didn't sign the contract.

PLAYBOY: Is there bad blood between you?

ROGERS: No. The episode is history. I was disappointed at the time, but things work out for the best.

PLAYBOY: Such as a \$20,000,000 RCA deal?

ROGERS: More than that, really. It was a *major* deal.

PLAYBOY: Although you've signed up with RCA for many years and your popularity seems assured, you've been quoted as saying that your success couldn't last more than two or three years. Why the cautious—or negative—attitude?

ROGERS: Yeah, one writer called it my "prophylactic pessimism." I'm not so much predicting my demise as talking about career life expectancy. Music runs in cycles. The record-buying-public's taste changes about every three years. So even major artists who have accomplished phenomenal things, who you think will be

around forever, just don't last in most cases. That doesn't mean that I've given up. I'd like to believe that I won't be back working the lounges. But I don't expect to stay at this peak for the rest of my life. I'm willing to accept that. It only gets you in trouble to think you're the exception. So I don't. I wouldn't even mind being *this* successful if it was by my own choosing. What *would* hurt would be to feel that people didn't care anymore. One thing that drives people in this business is that we never *really* believe that people care about us. It's easy for me to accept the fact that people like my music and what I stand for, but do they really care about me, Kenny Rogers? When the power and the hit songs are gone, is there going to be someone to care for me? That's what we're all looking for. There's not a person in the world, I'm sure, who wouldn't like to have what I've got. But there's nothing worse than having *been* someone and then one day *not* being someone. You have to prepare yourself for that. Those who don't, suffer terribly.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you know something about that.

ROGERS: In a way. I think having my group, The First Edition, crumble beneath me when I was counting on it to take me through my whole life really made me aware of how temporary success is. It can just *go*. You're never safe. [Pauses] I remember a day when The First Edition was

still together. We'd had our sixth hit in a row and I thought we'd stumbled onto a magic success formula. I figured that day that our success would last forever. Five years later, after the group had disbanded and I was \$65,000 in debt, I relived that moment and wondered where I had gone wrong. I've since learned that my attitude was unrealistic. This business is like mountain climbing. You don't just stay on the top. But if it's been fun, you've got a reason to keep trying. That's what most people need.

PLAYBOY: What did success mean to you when you started?

ROGERS: I wanted peer approval. When I was with The Bobby Doyle Trio, I wanted to impress members of other jazz groups. When I went national with The New Christy Minstrels, I joined *because* they were an accepted group and so I'd be accepted, too. The same with The First Edition. Ironically, peer approval mattered more to me than public acceptance.

PLAYBOY: Why ironically?

ROGERS: As I began to realize that I wasn't going to be artistically accepted, that it wasn't my strength or calling, I realized that the public was more important than anything. That's why today, even though I've won lots of awards, I'm most gratified at getting the People's Choice Award. Today, public acclaim is first, peer approval is second and critical acceptance,

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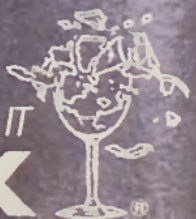
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though nice to have, is third.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you really saying that when your creative musical abilities weren't appreciated either by critics or by your peers, you saw public acceptance as your answer?

ROGERS: Not *just* that. Public successes last longer than critical successes. And I still feel I am a creative person. I just use the term loosely, because I also feel that I've sold my creativity short and allowed my commerciality to carry the weight.

PLAYBOY: Does that bother you?

ROGERS: It bothers me that I don't have the discipline. But I've just never taken my talent that seriously. I've always been so lucky and successful, kind of joking my way through, half-singing. I have a decent voice. At one time, I had a three-and-a-half-octave range and sang the high parts in the jazz group. But now I don't use it, because I don't have to. If Muhammad Ali and Larry Holmes can beat anyone without training fully, why train?

PLAYBOY: You can probably answer that.

ROGERS: Of course. It saddens me to see myself taking the short cut. It bothers me that I'm not using my full potential.

PLAYBOY: So why don't you?

ROGERS: I enjoy my personal life so much that I had to ask whether or not forfeiting it—which I did for many years to *become* successful—was still worth it. How much did I need for my ego?

PLAYBOY: And the envelope, please?

ROGERS: OK. At this point, I'm *not* willing to give up my personal life to satisfy my ego. That's one reason it was so hard for me to stop and take the time to do this interview. I know it's important, but committing the time was a tough decision.

PLAYBOY: We're glad you saw it our way.

ROGERS: But, truthfully, I'd rather be out taking pictures or playing tennis. I enjoy my life *so* much. If I get hit by a truck tomorrow, I've had a great life.

PLAYBOY: Despite your rationale, a lot of critics dismiss you for failing to challenge the current limits of pop. It's almost as if they want to wish your success on someone they consider more deserving. How do you react to that?

ROGERS: It's not as if what you're saying is a big surprise. I'm not thinking. You mean, not everyone out there loves me? But I feel I have a choice. I can succumb to those pressures and try to please the critics or I can be honest about who I am and what I present. What I present is who I am. Pleasing critics is not why I got in this business in the first place! I know I'm not a purist in *anything*, and that offends most critics. I've also always said that this is a business, and *that* seems to take some of the magic out of it. If anything, I'm beyond the *pain* of pop criticism. But that's OK with me. Yet critics seem to resent me for not really having to work too hard for my commercial success. And to tell you the truth, I don't put that great an

effort into it. I don't have the problems of most entertainers. I probably don't spend more than 25 nights a year away from home. I fly home from almost every show.

PLAYBOY: On your private jet.

ROGERS: Right. I had only one tour this year when I couldn't be back on the farm in Georgia every night.

PLAYBOY: To judge from your press, it would seem you're better known for your material success than for your music.

ROGERS: What else is there to write about me? The press needs sensational topics. I don't run around on my wife. I don't drink or do drugs. I know I have at times fed information about my money and possessions to the press in order to get their attention. And I know that I can't expect to be upset when their writing about me is no longer in my interest. I don't necessarily like it, but I live with it. Yet even papers like *The Star* and the *National Enquirer* have been very nice to me. I've seen only one or two situations where they've put just enough truth in a story so it could be twisted to the point that I asked, "Why did you do that?"

PLAYBOY: For instance?

ROGERS: The ex-husband of my wife, Marianne, is a close friend. He runs my movie-production company. It's to our credit that we can all be friends, under the circumstances. But some papers have

PERMANENCE



made a big, dirty deal out of nothing.

PLAYBOY: So clear it up. What really goes on?

ROGERS: [Laughs] That's exactly what the papers said. We have a guesthouse on our property in Los Angeles. Marianne's ex is building his own place and staying in our guesthouse until it's complete. Simple. But the headlines were "MARIANNE'S EX-HUSBAND MOVES IN!" Who needs all those rumors?

PLAYBOY: Care to try a few more for size?

ROGERS: Go ahead.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that during The First Edition's last days, the band had to play Las Vegas for free because of gambling debts you had incurred.

ROGERS: Oh, no! The most I've ever lost gambling was \$2500, and I almost had a heart attack. I'm not a gambler, but I gamble within my means. And I defy anyone to come forth with information confirming that rumor.

PLAYBOY: Here's another: Kenny Rogers had a big hit with The First Edition's acid-rock song *Just Dropped In (To See What Condition My Condition Was In)*. Therefore, Kenny Rogers must do drugs.

ROGERS: I have not done any drugs in ten years. None whatsoever. And what I did before was nominal. I probably smoked marijuana ten times. And those were very controlled situations. When I was with The Bobby Doyle Trio, I sometimes took a Dexedrine or something. But that was because I was into golf! We used to work until three in the morning, and the golf course was so crowded that the only time I could play was at six A.M. Since I had rehearsal at 11 A.M., I'd take half a Dexamyl and run around the course—bam, bam, bam. I did it for three months. I think my teeth are ground down a quarter inch from all that. As for alcohol, I don't drink, either. I've never had Scotch in my body. It's not a moral thing. There are very few things I frown on. I just don't like abuse. Being able to control what you do is crucial.

PLAYBOY: But you *did* take LSD, didn't you, around the time the band had that hit?

ROGERS: It was mescaline. It was an interesting experience. We took too much. Maybe it was a good thing we did, because I can see how people can get involved with the stuff. The first eight hours were unbelievable. I remember listening to Cat Stevens singing *Sad Lisa*, and I was hearing all *kinds* of things I'd never heard on a record before! The next eight hours were very frightening. Looking back, I'm glad I did it. Now I have a certain expertise to talk with my children about it. And the effects scared me away from doing more.

PLAYBOY: Having disposed of the rumors, shall we go back to what the papers love to write about—your money?

ROGERS: As I said, there's not much else to write about. I've put restrictions on the subject in interviews, but it invariably comes up.

PLAYBOY: Would you rather not discuss it?

ROGERS: I have nothing to hide. It's just

that I'd like to believe that there's more to me than that. I mean, I *know* there is, but I guess I haven't yet found a way to bring it to the surface. Management has always told me to play down the subject of money. But if I do talk about it, it's not to brag; I just want to share a genuine enthusiasm for a country that provides me—and everyone else—with the opportunity to make it. I'm not a flag waver. It's just important that people know what's happened to me in the past seven years. They don't need all the details, just a sense of what's possible. And that I've done it without stepping on people. I defy you to name one person I've done that to.

PLAYBOY: All right. We just happen to—

ROGERS: Have a list of people? They're not ex-wives, are they?

PLAYBOY: Just kidding. But will you reveal how much money you make?

ROGERS: How much money I make is not what's crucial. It's only a way of gauging success. My concern is not how much I can make in a year, anyway. It's how many years I can survive. But half the fun of all this is trying to make more.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you've branched out

"I don't think there's any question that my job broke up all three marriages."

into selling Western clothes?

ROGERS: I'm trying to follow Arnold Palmer's lead. He makes a tremendous living because he's got such good endorsements. People pay attention to value. So as long as I associate myself with quality goods, my name *keeps* its value.

PLAYBOY: Have you been asked to endorse any interesting schlock?

ROGERS: I cannot tell you how many things I could have gotten into: key chains, matchbooks, earrings with my face on them. Some of the stuff has been incredible.

PLAYBOY: What was the first thing you bought when you had enough money to buy anything you wanted?

ROGERS: A house. I enjoy investing in land. I guess it's because my parents never owned any. My father once told me that if he had made note payments instead of rent payments, he could have owned the entire block we lived on in Houston. It was very depressing to him.

PLAYBOY: The De Laurentiis house in Beverly Hills cost you \$14,500,000 and has been called the most expensive residential purchase ever. What was its attraction?

ROGERS: I like it. I thought it would be a great investment. By the way, it's called the Knoll. I figure since I paid that much, I don't have to call it the De Laurentiis house anymore.

PLAYBOY: Do you get asked for handouts?

ROGERS: Yeah. A lot of people write to me

and say, "I'm having a lot of trouble. If you'll just loan me \$100,000, I'll pay you back and give you five percent interest. I can get it, Mr. Rogers." One lady asked me to buy her a house and have it decorated. A moderately priced, say \$200,000, home in Los Angeles would have been sufficient for her. She wrote with what seemed like honest intent and expectation, as if she really thought I might consider doing it. That amazes me. I would never, ever consider asking that of anyone.

PLAYBOY: What about your employees, who depend on you for their living—do you ever feel financially used by them?

ROGERS: It would be foolish and naïve not to assume that they say, "As long as he's healthy, I've got a job." But that's not unreasonable. I may be a money machine, but I don't feel like one. In fact, my relationship with my employees is kind of patriarchal. I enjoy it. They care about me because I care about them. I often sit down with individuals in the organization who are having personal problems and counsel them.

PLAYBOY: To wrap up the subject of money, would you say that having it is worth what you've had to do for it?

ROGERS: There are lots of pressures. I have 200 people to support, a residential crisis to eliminate, critics, etc. Still, it's worth it. I have brought happiness into lots of people's lives. But what's more important is that some of my happiest times were when I was absolutely broke and Marianne and I didn't know what we were going to do for money. A \$50 rent increase was traumatic. But we lived from day to day, and I learned that money and success were not the most important ingredients for happiness. Instead, it was having a relationship that was willing to give back to me as much as I was willing to put in.

PLAYBOY: What if you lost it all?

ROGERS: It could be harder than Marianne or I realize if all of a sudden it were gone. But I know we'd adjust. That's a strong point of my marriage. Marianne was with me when I had nothing. She's with me for the right reasons. She could never have anticipated anything like this happening. When we met, my hair was down to my shoulders; I wore a gold earring and bronzed sunglasses. On that day, I was wearing a Levi's jacket with mink tails hanging off the sleeves. She *couldn't* have known.

PLAYBOY: What do you get from Marianne that is so important?

ROGERS: What I look for, and what she offers, is consistency. It's the single word that sums me up. I hate turmoil and conflict. I do everything in my power to avoid them. I like to know that when I get up in the morning, if I haven't done anything to bring on trouble, I will get a smile; I will start my day off properly. And if I don't do anything wrong that day, I'm not going to go through any garbage, OK? When Marianne gets up in the morning, she's in a good mood. She doesn't put me through any hassles unless I deserve them. And as

long as I do the things I tell her I will and give to her what I say I will, she has no right to bitch. She agrees. That's what I like.

PLAYBOY: Are you neat around the house?

ROGERS: I'm the Felix Unger of *The Odd Couple*. I drop my clothes on the floor—but I have to pick them up sooner or later. In fact, I go around behind guests, picking up napkins they don't use, wiping off the tables, throwing stuff in the garbage.

PLAYBOY: What went wrong with your three previous attempts at matrimony?

ROGERS: Looking back, I think the failures were 85 percent my fault. If success—and I'm not talking about dollars but about professional acceptance—had been less important, if I'd been willing to give to Janice, Jean and Margo what I'm willing to give to Marianne, I could probably have stayed with any of the three others. But success *was* more important than my marriages. I wanted to get out of Houston and stop being just a local musician. When I was married to Margo, I went on a solid nine-month tour with *The New Christy Minstrels* because I'd be playing on a national level. It was a crucial move for me. Margo didn't want me to go, and being away that long *was* unfair.

PLAYBOY: But you went anyway.

ROGERS: I thought it was wrong for any wife to keep her husband from doing what he had to do in his job to his full capacity. I've always believed that whatever I earn is half my wife's. I just don't want my ability to earn to be hampered. Unfortunately, some women test relationships. They say, "I don't want you to do this." And if you do it anyway, it's because you don't love them, not because it's right or wrong. I hate that. A wife who really cares will try to help her man reach his full potential as long as he understands that he can't totally ignore *her* needs.

I don't think there's any question that my job broke up all three marriages. I know I didn't beat my wives; they didn't hit me. They were all good people. They had to be special for me to marry them. I just wasn't willing to give myself in the way I am now. I can't blame anyone else for my lack of ability.

PLAYBOY: What do you think you've found this time around?

ROGERS: What Marianne and I have that I lacked with my three other wives—and, again, it's partly my fault—is communication. We've talked things over for hours. We've probably raised our voices at each other maybe five times in eight years, and that may be overstating the case.

When I met Marianne, I had just gone through a transformation. I was becoming more comfortable with myself. I remember I wrote a song when *The First Edition* broke up called *Sweet Music Man*. Barbi Benton had asked me to write it for her, and it was done from a woman's point of view. The last verse is, "You try to stay young, but the songs you've sung to so many people have begun to come back on you." Writing that was like a purging. I

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realized exactly what had been wrong with my life. I was trying to be something I could never be. I was trying to be young forever. The next morning, I took the earring out of my ear. I took off all my leather clothes. I went from a fabricated situation into which I was trying to fit to one in which I was comfortable being myself. I realized that if I couldn't be myself, it wasn't worth it anymore. I stopped grasping.

PLAYBOY: For a guy whose image involves family and traditional values, it's surprising that you've been married four times.

ROGERS: Yeah. Maybe it goes back to my parents, who taught me a sense of responsibility and that for every act—including sex—there are repercussions. That was always my problem, in a way. I could never really get involved with someone without marrying her. Consequently, I'm on my fourth marriage. My whole sexual thing in junior high and high school was the build-up, the build-up, the build-up. I enjoyed the petting, the conversation, the seeing if I could, and then, when I knew I could, the teasing. But I could never bring myself to go all the way. I loved the romance, but I was worried about the repercussions, the pregnancy. Well, maybe not worried, but I felt a moral obligation to stop short.

My first wife, Janice, was my first affair. I remember when I got married to her, I said to my dad, "Boy, I'll be able to have sex every night!" He said, "Sooner or later, you'll have to get out of bed." It was the hardest thing to understand. Now I realize he was just telling me that sex is important in a marriage only if it's bad. Then it's a major event. If it's good, it takes care of itself.

PLAYBOY: Would you leave a marriage because the sex was bad?

ROGERS: I don't know. I wonder if you have control over those things. Maybe I'm easily satisfied, because it's never been *that* bad. I feel like Woody Allen: The worst I ever had was wonderful. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Did you have groupies as a high school musician?

ROGERS: So to speak. That was half the fun. The other half was the social acceptance. But I had the greatest ploy in the world for getting women.

PLAYBOY: What was that?

ROGERS: I was the singer. Every time we'd play at a school, I'd get its yearbook, take it home, look through it and find a girl I liked. Then I would pick out a guy who was popular—they listed those things—and call that girl. I'd say, "Well, this guy is a good friend of mine and he asked me to call you." Now, even if she didn't know him, she knew who he was. It gave me instant credibility. Then, after I'd dated her a few times, I'd say, "I never met that guy before," but it didn't matter, because by then, I was already in the door.

PLAYBOY: In the door but not *in* the door.

ROGERS: In the door but not locked. I had

to have some form of credibility. I couldn't just call up and say, "Hi, I'm Kenny Rogers."

PLAYBOY: What about recent groupies?

ROGERS: At the risk of disappointing you and everyone else, I never got into them. Sex is a very personal thing. I just cannot get sexually involved with someone I don't care about. I've had opportunities, women coming to the door in hotels. One night, Marianne was with me. This was before we started having hotel security. I had been telling her how boring it had been on the road. I said, "I do my show, I go to bed, I get up, I play tennis." Just then, three girls knocked on the door and yelled,

"We're coming in whether you like it or not!" So Marianne said, "It sounds *very* boring out here." Groupies are like anything else. If you're susceptible to them, they're there.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of family, what was your relationship like with your father?

ROGERS: My dad had the greatest sense of humor of anyone I've ever met. I really enjoyed being around him. He was such a sweet, sweet man. Now I feel so sorry that he didn't accomplish the things he would have liked to. But through it all, he kept his sense of humor. Late in his life, the only job he could get was as a watchman. He was 60 and had to wear a gun and it scared



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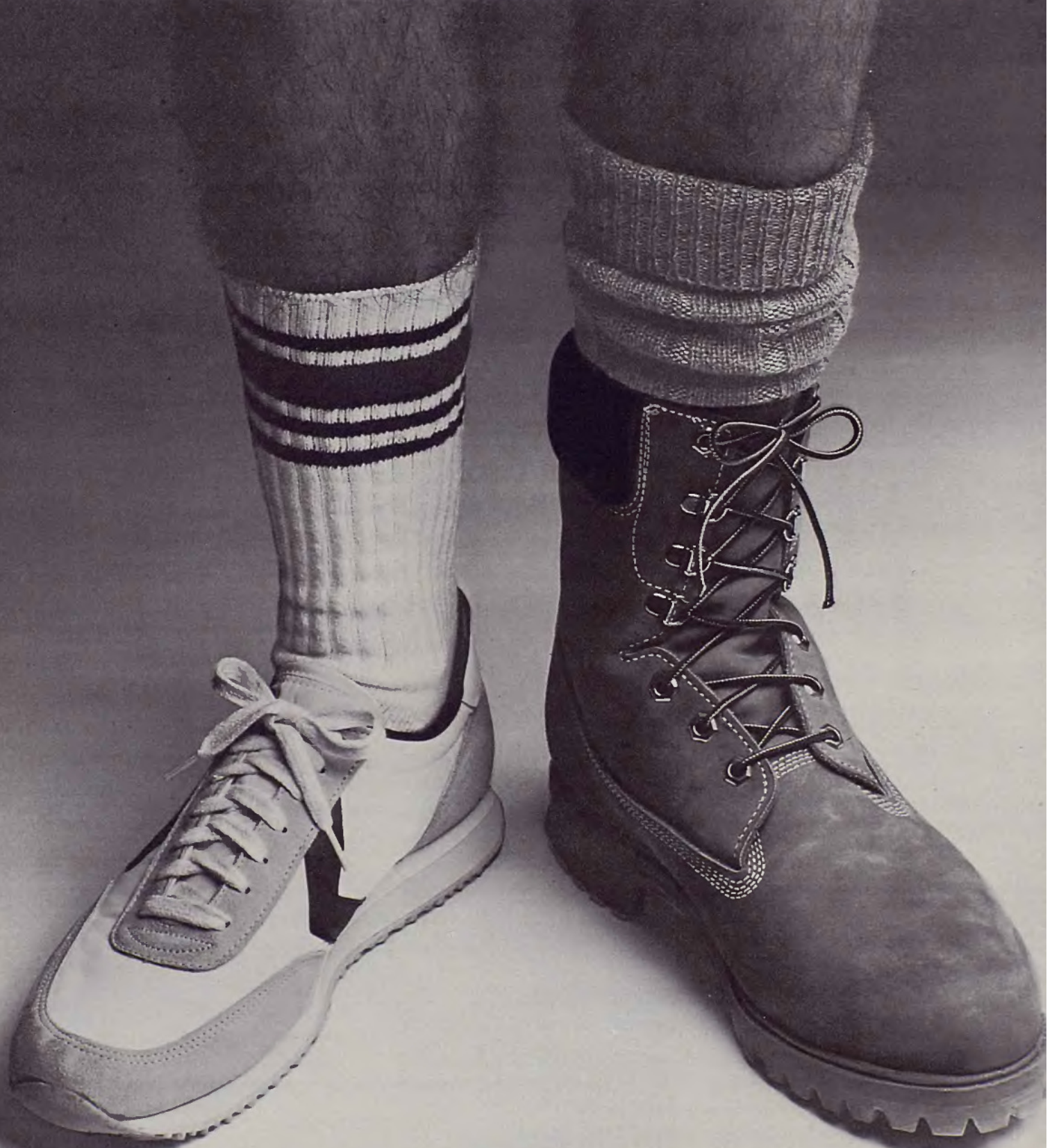
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him to death. That was about the time *The Andy Griffith Show* was on TV. Andy's deputy, Barney Fife, would never put bullets in his gun. Well, my dad would go to work and carry his bullets in his pocket. And as he left for work, all the kids would lean up against the window and yell, "Go get 'em, Barney!" We teased him and he took it. It was such a warm thing.

PLAYBOY: We've read that you did something unusual at his funeral.

ROGERS: What made our relationship nice toward the end was that I had the money to indulge the games we played. One game he especially enjoyed was seeing, in a good-natured way, how much money he could get from his kids when they went to visit. Once, my older brother Lelan had flown in from Los Angeles, rented a car and driven 110 miles to see my father. He took my parents out to dinner two or three days in a row. And as he was leaving, my father kind of stuck his hand out, like a maître d'. That burned Lelan. He said, "It's really upsetting to me that all you ever seem to want from me is money. I don't know whether you realize it or not, but it cost me \$300 to fly here, I rented a car for a week—I have about \$600 invested in this trip. But you want cash. Would you rather I'd just sent the money and didn't come?" My dad stepped back and said, mock-seriously, "Oh, Lelan, please don't make me choose!" It was so great. Lelan died laughing. And that was the moment I really learned to appreciate my dad's humor. He played the game with me, too. I always gave him money, though not ever big amounts. So when he died and was in his casket, I walked up, took a dollar out of my pocket, rolled it up and stuck it in his pocket and said, "This is the last dollar you're ever going to get out of me." It was a very special moment.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about death?

ROGERS: I've always been afraid of being old, alone and broke. I don't think that will happen at this point. But premature death . . . I don't like to dwell on it. I also am wary because I'm a public figure, and I keep thinking about Mark Chapman. You know, he didn't *care* about the repercussions. It was his big chance to go down in history. That kind of thing is very frightening to me. It's very real when you're a public figure. If you're in the top 60 and coming up, it doesn't matter. But when you get into the top ten, top 15, top 20, all of a sudden it matters.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk for a moment about your children. You're often photographed with your new son, Christopher, and you've seen a lot of your daughter, Carole, by your first marriage, to Janice. But there's also a Kenny Rogers, Jr., the son of your marriage to Margo. How is your relationship with him?

ROGERS: I understand he lives with Margo at home. I think Margo is more bitter toward me than Janice or Jean. She was with me during the main struggling period of my career, and we sacrificed our marriage

so that I could be successful. I know Margo well enough to know that as long as Kenny lives in the same house with her, she will never allow him to see me or have a relationship with me.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ROGERS: For all of her good points, she's a vindictive person. That's the only way she can hurt me. I'm sure she doesn't sit up at night wondering how to hurt me, of course, but I do believe that if she really cared about our son, she would allow him to have a relationship with me. But I know the truth, if only because she has the same attitude about her daughter and her ex-husband. I just have to assume that one day it will instinctively be important for my son to find out what I'm all about.

PLAYBOY: You mean you haven't spoken to him at all?

ROGERS: No.

PLAYBOY: Well, he must be able to pick up interviews and read how you feel about the situation.

ROGERS: Yeah. It's not like he's got a foreign name, either. But I had what I think were 12 good years with him, and I believe

"I am basically narrow emotionally. I cut off the highs so I can avoid the lows. It's self-protection."

it's the first three or four where you lay your foundation. That was even prior to *The New Christy Minstrels*. So I can't help believing that one day, I'll get a chance to tell my side of the story.

PLAYBOY: Let's change the subject and talk about your film career. Your opening analogy about cards' running in streaks seems to apply there also. Your first two films, *The Gambler* and *Coward of the County*, were big winners on television. The third, *Six Pack*, didn't fare too well as a theatrical film. Why not?

ROGERS: Probably, the truth is that I got too caught up in my moral responsibilities and cut the guts out of it.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

ROGERS: I cut the language way back because I felt it was a kids' movie. *Six Pack* was originally more like *The Bad News Bears*, maybe even stronger. But I have a responsibility to the people who see my films, so my input probably made it less commercial and, ultimately, less valuable.

PLAYBOY: Did you lose money?

ROGERS: We needed \$20,000,000 to break even, and we got it. In that respect, it wasn't a failure. It just didn't have the impact of other things I've done.

PLAYBOY: Are you going to quit tampering with scripts?

ROGERS: No. I like it. I have something to offer. The two directors I've worked with

will tell you that. And I *do* have to make sure that any script I accept doesn't have things in it that blatantly offend or scare me.

PLAYBOY: Your manager has said that he sees you as having the opportunity to be a sort of John Wayne character in films. Do you agree?

ROGERS: As long as I don't get into a flag-waving situation. I'm not good at it and I think it's hypocritical. This is an incredible country, but once someone starts waving the flag and singing *America* too much, he starts losing credibility. It's the old protest-too-much theory. Frankly, for me to do movies in which I didn't have *some* weaknesses would be a problem. I like guys who have flaws and somehow overcome them. There's a place for what I do as an actor. I just try not to kid myself about my abilities.

PLAYBOY: Would you consider a challenging role in a film if it were a meaty character part—one that stretched those acting abilities even if it weren't a starring role?

ROGERS: The problem is monetary. I can't afford to take time off to do something that doesn't compensate me as much as what I can make otherwise. And it makes no sense if it takes my career nowhere.

PLAYBOY: So money is the operative factor?

ROGERS: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: You place so much emphasis on money that it's almost startling. How did you *get* so hungry?

ROGERS: I'd be kidding you if I didn't say it's really my own ego that needs acceptance. The money itself means nothing. But I do feel I owe Marianne and my family security down the line. It's depressing to see older people on Social Security who didn't prepare for their future, by choice or accident. I don't know; maybe my hunger came from having three sisters and four brothers. It was always "You kids get outside." Never "Kenny"—or "Kenneth," as I was called until I was 18—"come here." My mother worked nights and my father took extra jobs to get me the money to go to the University of Houston. I was the first person in my family to finish high school, much less go to college. So when I quit college to become a musician, my parents couldn't understand my motivation. To them, musicians were alcoholics who worked in bars playing guitars for quarters and dimes. I was the family's ray of hope. My older brother and my sisters had to quit school to help with the income. So maybe I just put a lot of pressure on myself. Success became inordinately important.

PLAYBOY: One thing we've noticed in talking with you is that your emotional range rarely fluctuates. You talk about your estranged son and your new record album in the same tone of voice. Why?

ROGERS: I've said this from day one: I am basically narrow emotionally. I cut off the highs so I can avoid the lows. It's self-protection. Having those incredible rushes at moments like winning Grammys and

BENSON & HEDGES

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PLAYBOY: Other entertainers? You mean *you've* never had depressions?

ROGERS: I can't tell you when in my life I've ever been depressed. I'm very future oriented. The past doesn't mean anything to me other than a collection of experiences that I can draw on to alter the future. Most people who get depressed are people who live in the past. I'm the eternal optimist. I live in the future.

PLAYBOY: Come on. Everyone gets depressed.

ROGERS: Never. You can ask my mother. I have been . . . *stymied* from time to time, when I didn't know how I was going to move to the next plateau, but I knew I would find a way. It was part of the game; and part of the fun of the game has always been trying to find out what I need to do to get out of stalemates.

PLAYBOY: Are you sure the reason you'll admit only to being occasionally "stymied" isn't that you're simply unwilling to let other people know how you're feeling?

ROGERS: Absolutely not. It's not that at all. I've told you more than I've ever told most people. I also know that what I say will be literally transcribed, so the minute I avoid answering a question, it looks worse than if I'd answered it. I've always believed that if you don't hide anything, there's nothing to dig for. So ask me anything you want, with any tone you want, and if you make me mad enough, maybe you'll get an emotion I'm not used to.

PLAYBOY: Does our persistence on the emotional issue annoy you?

ROGERS: No. I know the reasons you're asking. I know what your editors would prefer to have me say. It's just not me. Unfortunately, I'm a pretty boring, happy guy. That's as honest as I can be. There are lots of people who will say, "He gets up, plays tennis all day, naps, goes to work and sings his songs and goes to sleep. What a boring life. He *could* be doing drugs and having lots of girls." It's just not something I'm interested in. So I apologize that I'm not Mick Jagger with all these incredible things to expose. I'm just happy, and that's what amazes most people.

PLAYBOY: What do you think most people find hardest to accept about you?

ROGERS: That I'm happy! That I really enjoy every day of my life! People say that even my high moments are guarded; they say, "You've done all these things and still don't get excited?" The truth is, yes, I get excited. Dottie West and I had this same conversation the night before we were up for a Grammy. She said, "My hands are sweating and I'm a nervous wreck. Why aren't you nervous?" I said, "Dottie, if we get real excited about winning and then don't win, it's going to be very depressing. I say, 'Let's go out and see if we win or not and *then* deal with the emotions.'" Getting the Grammy is a very nice moment; but it's certainly not something worth my

sweating over and then having to feign disappointment or elation if I lose or win.

PLAYBOY: What is worth sweating over?

ROGERS: When Christopher was in the hospital, sick, just after he was born, it was very, very upsetting. Even more than that. I know I pretended to be in complete control at all times, because that was my character. But the truth is that I was very nervous. I was with him day and night. And I feel sort of guilty when I say things like this, because it sounds like I don't care about my two other children. But it's not that at all. They're just past that stage of vulnerability. Christopher isn't. When I sit onstage and watch that movie of him that I show each night at my concerts, I can't tell you how frequently those thoughts go through my head. I'm sure it's a typical father attitude. Anyone would say that. But I tell you, if anything happened to that child, because he is such a special, special child, then I don't know how I would handle it. Then you would see the side of me that everybody wants to see. But I would hate to think I had to *do* that to show that side. Yeah, there are things that touch me, but how much I let

*"I apologize that I'm not
Mick Jagger with all these
incredible things to expose.
I'm just happy, and that's
what amazes most people."*

them touch me. [*Pauses to regain composure*] I just don't see any sense in running this incredible range of emotions. I don't need depressions and the highs are so temporary. I feel the way I present myself is what I'm really all about. If that's not exciting enough, then it's not. Truthfully, the reason I have trouble getting major articles done about me is that I'm a pretty boring guy. However, I think that to be as boring as I am and to have *done* what I've done is pretty incredible. It gives hope to other boring people—it tells them that if they get out there and bust their asses, it can happen to them.

PLAYBOY: So you're at peace with yourself.

ROGERS: Very much. I guess the single thing that bothers me in my life is that everything has been *so* perfect. I've always been taught that sooner or later, it has to balance out. That scares me. [*Pauses*] Maybe perfect is the wrong word. I'm just saying that everything has been so good—my marriage, my great son, my monetary situation, my professional standing—that I wonder where the equalizing blow will come from. I look over my shoulder and say, "What will it be?" I look at the film of Christopher and say, "Please, God, not that!" *That* scares me. That's the thing.

My cross to bear is wondering when I'm going to have to pay for all the goodness I've acquired.

PLAYBOY: OK, change of mood. Here's a key question we almost forgot to ask: Do you sing in the shower?

ROGERS: No, I don't. I seldom sing other than onstage or in the studio. Music has been my life for so long, it would be like tennis players' playing a few sets for fun. Well, evidently they do: Bjorn Borg came to my house and hit a few with me for my birthday. It was very nice of him. But I said, "I hope you don't expect me to go to your house and sing for you on your birthday." [*Laughs*]

I love singing, but I'm pretty used to having my band behind me, so I think I sound pretty sick without them. But there's one interesting incident I do remember. I went to Kentucky governor John Y. Brown's birthday party in L.A. A dozen of us were sitting around a table, and a piano player was playing. I'd had a very bad throat for about two weeks, and I'd had to cancel three shows because of it. Suddenly, the pianist starts playing *Lady*. So I hum it to myself just to see if my throat is any good. Gradually, I start singing softly, and Phyllis George Brown, who's to my right, starts singing, too. I'm getting more confidence, but with Phyllis singing, I *can't* quit. Then everybody at the table starts singing. So I do the whole song. Afterward, Phyllis says, "You've got to do *She Believes in Me*. It's my favorite song." The piano player starts in, and he actually plays the right changes, the way my band does. So I sing it, too. Marianne was stunned. It was so unlike me.

PLAYBOY: Aside from such surprise inspiration, you seem to be very pragmatic in your approach to your singing and your personal life. But the one thing you haven't really talked about is an emotional connection to the music. What do you *feel* for the music that apparently moves so many people? What do you feel as you wait to go onstage?

ROGERS: It never ceases to excite me. There have been nights when I felt like doing anything *but* going onstage. But once I start down that aisle, the game has begun. I get an electric charge. When I hit the first steps—*boom!* There's something about that. I walk up the steps and turn around and everybody's clapping and standing there. For *me*. And that's what it's all about. Aside from the money. That's why I did it when there was *no* money. It's tremendously satisfying. It's everything I've ever wanted.

PLAYBOY: So what do your friends give you—the man who already has everything?

ROGERS: I enjoy little gifts. Last year, Marianne was at a loss about what to get me for Christmas. So I said, "I know it's a dumb thing, honey, but for God's sake, get me some ties."



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CALL IT the negotiator's tango.

It's the mating dance of choice these days, the perfect step for a pragmatic and businesslike era, and it goes something like this: Boy approaches girl (or vice versa) and the ritual begins. As the music heats up, the pair lock eyes, exchange come-hither glances and



SEX IN THE AGE OF NEGOTIATION

article By LAURENCE SHAMES

proceed to state their terms as they glide across the floor. Commitment? she purrs, warm but inaccessible until she has her answer. So soon? he replies, sidling nearer. For now, let's call it serious intent. His partner pouts, considers, moves on to other issues. What about privacy? What about fidelity? And



the bedroom is like the board room these days—to make a merger, you've got to talk your way to the bottom line

what about separate vacations? And when will you be ready to leave this city and really lay down roots somewhere?

And so it tends to go when men and women try to get together in this age of negotiation. They talk and then they do it or they talk and then they don't—but either way, they talk. They haggle over ground rules before the game begins. They spell out needs and limits, rules and taboos. They make notes, weigh the upside and the downside. These days, people seem not so much to fall in love or into bed as to *arrive* there, in the sense that you arrive at a solution after a long series of calculations or consultations.

Not that the current style of intergender bargaining has been evolving in a vacuum. The tango is, in fact, just one of many dances that people are doing during this negotiator's heyday. Have you looked at the paperback best-seller list lately? The hottest attractions in that traveling medicine show are tomes elucidating the fine art of getting to yes. Negotiation is the last word in helping us poor, suffering mortals get control of our lives; it transcends and supersedes all previous last words on the subject, from the golden rule right up to *Winning Through Intimidation*. Armed with good negotiating skills, none of us need ever again be cringing schlemiels capitulating to threats or high-pressure tactics. The shining ideal of "win-win" bargaining—that miraculous system whereby parties with diametrically opposed interests *both* get what they want and come out loving each other besides—is within the grasp of anyone with \$3.95 to spend and a little spare reading time in the john.

Which is all well and good if the negotiations in question pertain to convincing your tightfisted boss that you are due for a raise or persuading members of a terrorist organization that they really should let the women and children leave the airport. But are those same techniques—which are, let's face it, a species of manipulation—really applicable to the way people run their love lives? Tessa Albert Warschaw, author of *Winning by Negotiation*, does not blush to tell us that they are. "If you approached negotiations for sex, love and romance as you approach a business negotiation," she writes, "you would soon find yourself making better 'deals.'"

Deals? Pardon my sordid interpretation, but that word has always suggested to me the exchange of a certain amount of cash for certain services rendered. I'd thought that courtship and seduction, not to mention love, called for a somewhat tenderer or at least more tactful vocabulary. But you can't fight the paperback best-seller list. Irrespective of how much wisdom or passion or even humanity resides in the negotiator's approach to matters of the heart and the glands, the fact remains that it is a strategy more and more in favor.

Someday soon, you may need an agent to negotiate your sex life.

"I've been feeling like I'm at a goddamn job interview" is the way a buddy of mine describes a couple of dates he's been on lately. "Why did I bother with the dinners, the show tickets, all the *schlepping* and expense? I could just as easily have stopped by their offices and dropped off résumés. Those women didn't want to gaze into my eyes, make witty chatter and see if bells would ring. No, they wanted to get right down to my qualifications. Was I truly available? Could I deal with a woman who had a demanding career? I hardly *knew* those women. I hadn't been to bed with them; I'd barely kissed them. So how the hell should I know if I could deal with them at all?"

Well, I don't know how he should know, but something tells me that both of us had better find out, because with the recently changed rhythms of the mating dance, questions like that are getting asked up front with greater and greater frequency.

"Your real world is a giant negotiating table," says Herb Cohen, author of *You Can Negotiate Anything*, "and like it or not, you're a participant." It would behoove us all, then, to be adept participants, because, says Cohen, "how you handle these encounters can determine not only whether you prosper but whether you can enjoy a full, pleasurable, satisfying life."

Has it always been that way? Back in the days when courtship moved slower, getting to know each other and getting to bed were both somewhat subtler processes—less a matter of debate than of accruing intuition and eroding resistance. Then, in the Sixties, people started taking short cuts to the boudoir; if the sex was good, they'd get to know each other eventually; if the sex was bad, what did it matter, anyway? These days, with life (and, especially, women's lives) busier than ever, people are again looking for short cuts—but this time, what they're looking for short cuts *to* is reassurance, clarity. The implicit question dangling over every conversation is, What's the deal here? We're too harried to let the mysteries unfold in their own sweet time; we've grown too cautious to proceed with the mysteries still intact. So we resort to that most efficient but least romantic form of conversation, the negotiator's Q. and A.

I recently spoke with a woman friend about where this drive to be so businesslike was really coming from. I suggested that it could, in fact, be seen as a sort of neoprudishness, a sly new socially sanctioned way for women to say no. This pissed her off just enough that I knew it was at least partly right. But only partly.

"Look," she told me, "I'm 29 years old and I've had my share of recreational sex. I have no regrets about that, but I don't have a hell of a lot to show for it, either.

What I *do* have to feel good about are the things I've worked out for myself. I have a career that takes 50 or 60 hours of my week. I have a gym I go to and friends I hang out with. I have a nice routine, and if I'm gonna disrupt it to take a lover, I want some assurance that it's going to count for something.

"I'll let you in on a little secret: It is different for women. I'm not saying my hormones go haywire every time I take someone to my bed, but it does rile me; my feelings do get yanked around in certain ways. And I'm not willing to put myself through that unless there's the chance of something happening that's appropriate to my 29-year-old self—and if you think I'm talking about marriage or, at least, living together, you're right. So I have no qualms about asking a guy where he stands. If it's someone I'm really interested in, I'll even argue with him about where he *should* stand. And if I don't get the answers I need to hear, I'll walk away. Not without regret, mind you. It's just that I'm at the point where I feel I'd be a jerk if I didn't do what I could to minimize the risk of being disappointed."

But that raises a ticklish, unbeggable question: How far *can* that risk be minimized? Seduction and romance have always been a dicey business. Define the game as you will, there's no such thing as an airtight set of rules. Roger Fisher and William Ury, authors of *Getting to Yes*, define *their* game as "principled negotiation." It is, they claim, an approach that allows you "to decide issues on their merits rather than through a haggling process" and "to obtain what you are entitled to and still be decent." A worthy ideal, to be sure, and one at dramatic variance with human behavior through the ages. The thing is, negotiations between men and women did not begin when people started *calling* them that; the "haggling process" actually predates the trendy vocabulary by around 40,000 years.

Picture, for example, a young couple scrambling around in the back seat of a 1953 De Soto. What is going on may appear to be a wrestling match but is really a species of negotiation: getting to yes in the Eisenhower years. The young lady has her knees pressed staunchly together and she is telling her partner, with tearful sincerity, that the only way she could possibly open them would be if he really loved her and would take her for his wife. That is a negotiating technique known as blackmail, and men became very adept at parrying it with a negotiating technique known as lying. He'd offer some mealy-mouthed promise, she'd relent and—boom!—there went another reputation and another set of velvet-plush upholstery.

Thus it was back in the days when being a successful seducer/negotiator consisted

(concluded on page 100)



"It looks messy, but we'll straighten it out!"

WOMEN IN WHITE

*their work is taxing, their training arduous, the aura surrounding them often mysterious—
but these professionals have an off-duty identity as well*

WORK only with extreme trauma and emergencies: gunshot wounds, knife wounds, car accidents, appendectomies. Mostly, it's street trauma—wounded people off the street. I worked through the big Miami riot late last year. The night it broke out, I hadn't been listening to the radio and I didn't know what was happening as I drove to work. About a block from the hospital, there was a police roadblock. They said they weren't letting anyone through because it was dangerous. I said, 'I've got to get to the hospital. They need me in the emergency room.' They let me go through. You don't want to know what it was like in the operating room that night."

That slice of reality is brought to you by Kathlyne Markham, a 26-year-old Florida nurse who, along with hundreds of others from around the country, contacted us when we publicized our intention to run a pictorial on nurses. And thanks to Kathlyne, her colleagues in nursing and in other allied professions whom you'll meet in this pictorial and many others who sent us their thoughts and feelings about their work, we received quite an education. First of all, we learned that these women are uniformly vocal in their demand for more respect and less stereotyping from both the general public and the medical profession. The second thing we learned was how little the general public understands how stressful and demanding nursing can be, even in the best-run hospitals. And the third thing: We were reminded that nurses are people, too. Away from their jobs, they are individuals as unique as they are similar when in uniform. They also happen to be, as a



"Any step we can take to give nurses more recognition should be taken, no matter what the risk," says Oklohomo City R.N. Susie Owens. "I think most nurses are tired of being stereotyped as submissive, silent, humorless and sexless."

Actually," says Sonya, "even with maximum voltage, the body shows only the slightest movement, if any."

A more significant illusion, and a far more common one, is that nurses often get romantically involved with doctors or patients. Rhonda LeSuer, a Mississippi R.N., echoed the words of nearly every nurse we interviewed: "Most patients aren't in the hospital to love; they're in there to *live*. And the nurses have too much stress even to *think* about getting involved with a patient."

Susan Blake, a four-year R.N. currently working in a Louisiana hospital's general surgical unit, described how unromantic it usually is when a nurse *does* run (text concluded on page 224)

group, perhaps the most expressive, eloquent and sophisticated women we've ever had the good fortune to photograph. For that reason, we're going to let *them* tell you about their lives. Along the way, you'll probably relinquish a few misconceptions about nurses garnered from grade-B movies and soap operas. And you'll see beauty on every page. But let's let the women enlighten you.

The first thing they'd like you to know is that some things you see nurses do on television bear no resemblance to reality. Sonya Montgomery, a Miami R.N., worked in a coronary intensive-care unit for two years and had many opportunities to work with the defibrillator—the device used to shock a patient's heart back to its normal rhythm—and she says the television portrayals are usually overacted. "On TV, when the paddles carrying the voltage are placed on the patient's chest, the body gets thrown around as if it were in an earthquake.



On this page, women in white at work and play. Floridian Nikki Nickerson, 28 (above left), became a registered nurse earlier this year after working for six years as a certified surgical technician, an emergency medical technologist and a registered medical assistant. She specializes in surgical nursing and spends her off hours practicing photography and ballet. Mississippi R.N. Rhonda LeSuer, 23 (above center), works in an intensive-care unit, as does licensed practical nurse Natalie Mahaffey, 28 (above right), shown regulating the flow of an I.V. solution en route to a Michigan hospital.



California R.N. Fatima Souza, 23, is also a professional stunt woman and has often been hired in a dual role. Above left, she attends to an injured actor. Above right, San Rafael student nurse Lisa Dalrymple, 21 (left), jogs over the Golden Gate Bridge with Toni Basey, 24, an R.N. in a surgical intensive-care unit. Texas licensed vocational nurse Margareta Jackson, 28 (below left), has worked in emergency rooms for five years. R.N. Kathlyne Markham, 26 (below center), works in the trauma unit of a Florida hospital. Susan Blake, R.N. (below right), is a New Orleans surgical nurse.



When she's off duty, Rhonda LeSuer (right) is an amateur artist. She also studies ballet. Sonya Montgomery (opposite page, top) is an R.N. on a cruise ship sailing from Miami.



Lisa McGlone, 25 (above), is a Massachusetts R.N. whose hobbies are photography and heavy-duty exercise. California's Lisa Dalrymple (opposite page, left) wants to specialize in genetic and family-planning counseling. Bree Jesser (opposite page, right) is a 28-year-old California L.V.N. who has spent most of her career on staff in mental-health centers. She's also an official Trekkie (Star Trek fanatic) who has her own personal Star Trek uniform.









Toni Basey (far left) spends her time off practicing and teaching gymnastics. She's also a cross-country runner. Fatima Souza (below) keeps herself in shape for the rigors of being a nurse and a stunt woman by weight lifting, jogging, swimming and aerobic dance. Margareta Jackson (left) likes to spend her spare time dancing, traveling and riding. She plans to return to school to get a degree in journalism.







Theresa Taylor, 28 (left), is a medical secretary who spends non-office hours swimming and painting water calars. Natalie Mahaffey (above) loves to play softball and says she's a "health nut": "Nurses should look healthy," she says, "because we set an example for our patients." Kathylyne Markham (right) is a nurse by night and a model by day. As far the myth that nurses are attracted to male patients, she says, "Nat true at all. When a nurse is working, she's all business. I sure am. The hospital is no place to look for love." Susan Blake (below) is a bodybuilder.





Maria Baan, 32 (above), is a New York R.N. who also has a flourishing career as an actress (you saw her as a hostage in *Nighthawks*, with Sylvester Stallone). She likes to work off the tensions of her work by playing tennis and racquetball. Maureen O'Neely, 23 (below left), is a nuclear-medicine technologist from Indianapolis whose hobby is gourmet cooking. She's also an accomplished pianist. Nikki Nickerson (below right) is photographed as she sun-bathes on Caladesi Island, off the coast of Florida. Susie Owens (opposite page) likes to relax with dance aerobics.









HEATHER WEATHER

*for roamin'
in the autumnal gloamin',
scotch cocktails are
a bonny choice*

drink

By EMANUEL GREENBERG

UNTIL RECENTLY, tempering Scotch whisky with mixers was considered a sacrilege. Despite the occasional Rob Roy or rusty nail, *real* men imbibed their Scotch neat or on the rocks. Not so in the mother country. British quaffers treat their smoky brew with more nonchalance—and a measure of imagination. Ginger ale, soda and lemonade (in England, a fizzy, lemon-flavored soft drink) are favorite mixers. Scotch whisky and cola—don't wince—makes it with the younger crowd. Traditional drinks, such as sours, old fashioned and milk punches, are not unknown, and many an angler casting his bait on the waters of the River Tay or the Strath Oykell—one of the queen mother's favorite salmon streams—packs a container of Gaelic coffee: Scotch whisky, hot Java, cream and a “wee pickle o’ sugar.”

Bell's, the leading Scotch-whisky brand in the U.K., attributes much of its vanguard position to use in mixed potions. There are indications that that tilt toward mixing has not gone unnoticed in the United States. A number of first-rate local bars have taken to featuring Scotch-based specialty drinks—to the evident delight of their savvy clientele. The communications and finance wizards who crowd the spacious bar at *(continued on page 226)*

AGE OF NEGOTIATION

(continued from page 86)

"It doesn't matter so much what you're getting so long as you feel you're getting something."

largely of knowing what the right answers were and having the *sang-froid* to pronounce them with a straight face. I can't help wondering whether our supposedly new style of negotiation isn't carrying us back toward that dubious ideal. "Ask no questions, hear no lies" goes the bromide, and it's just possible that the current emphasis on asking every question is pulling us back toward a naïve belief in promises made under duress, ushering in a second golden age of the irresistibly reassuring fib.

Sad to say, the negotiator's tango does not wind to a passionate resolution as soon as a man and a woman hit the sack. Not by a long shot. In fact, that's when the dance really starts cooking. One takes a woman to bed, novelist Ford Madox Ford observed, for the privilege of finishing a conversation with her. And in the age of negotiation, what consummation signals is the privilege of moving ahead to even subtler, more multifaceted forms of bargaining.

Those later stages of negotiation have some pretty compelling reasons behind them—reasons like the full-scale emergence of women in the market place, like the unignorable ticking of the biological clock, like the baffling array of options available to couples who can see each other exclusively or not, live together monogamously or otherwise, or marry, eternally or in the meantime. And on top of those large social issues are the many smaller personal problems, the ones that needle the hell out of you from day to day. If she has her place and you have yours, what kind of shuttle diplomacy do you work out so that both partners can hang on to a sense of home and access to fresh socks? If working schedules conflict, how do you finagle time for socializing and lovemaking without one or both partners' breaking down from sleep deprivation?

The answer, broadly, is that you negotiate. If you are a mature and compassionate individual, you negotiate calmly, judiciously, with a generous eye toward the other person's prerogatives; if you're like the rest of us, you negotiate in fits and sulk, driven by spasms of frustration and rage, pondering the mystery of why you're feeling so lousy about something that ought to feel so good. At odd moments, you break through to flashes of what passes for progress.

"Sometimes I picture us as a pair of crazed Persians at a bazaar," says a guy I know of his dealings with his live-in lover.

"We haggle over everything; it's second nature by now. I'll give you an example. She gets up for work an hour earlier than I do, and we used to have a really dreary time deciding how late we should stay up making love. I'd be looking at her ass; she'd be looking at the clock. What we ended up deciding was that it really wasn't any good for either of us to go without, but if the festivities went beyond a certain hour, then I'd take care of shopping and dinner the next day, so she could just kick back after work. Was it a perfect solution? No. There are still times when she lets me know she's just too zonked or when I feel, frankly, that the trade-off isn't worth the bother just then. But there's something I've learned about these negotiated settlements: It doesn't matter so much *what* you're getting so long as you feel you're getting *something*. You can put up with a lot as long as you preserve your sense of fair play."

Now, far be it from me to come out in favor of *unfair* play, but I can't help feeling that this emphasis on *quid pro quo* is a rather gray priority. Negotiated whoopee time? Negotiated privacy? Negotiated boundaries on intimacy and desire? Whatever happened to lust and impulse, to the ecstatic third-reel yielding of a man and a woman to something bigger than both of them? Whatever happened, in a word, to spontaneity?

I asked my aforementioned friend that question. In response, he said one of the most stinging, abashing things that one human being can say to another: He told me that my sentiments were out of fashion. The obsession with spontaneity, he informed me, was a historical aberration of the Sixties and the Seventies; all but the most unreconstructed children of those decades had outgrown it.

Perhaps he's right. But I remember a time not so long ago when what was meant by negotiations between men and women were the discussions about who claimed the dining-room set and who retained the Breuer chairs in an impending divorce. Back then, disasters were negotiated, and anything short of disaster was muddled through, possibly even enjoyed. Maybe too little was talked about then; maybe too many grievances were left to fester. But at least a greater trust was placed in intuition; a greater delicacy obtained that prevented lovers from confronting each other like attorneys in a court of law.

I have a confession to make, however. At least part of my skepticism about this whole negotiating business probably has

to do with the fact that I'm so bad at it. That was made painfully clear to me recently on the occasion of a date I had with a certain young woman, a 30-year-old lawyer who is nobody's fool.

We were out for dinner, and it seemed to me that things were going swimmingly. Conversation was animated; we laughed a lot. It was so damn pleasant sipping wine and sitting there across the table from her face that I didn't realize I was being quizzed. I thought we were just talking. At some point, the conversation came around to how we felt about living in Manhattan. My companion said she didn't really like it much and looked forward to the day when she could buy a little house in Connecticut and commute; I didn't hold that against her in the least, but I did tell her that I would personally prefer a slow, painful death. Later, in some well-masked context, she found a way to mention children and, hoping to charm her with my wry insouciance, I admitted that I couldn't stand them. Later still, in a way that deftly avoided being crass, she inquired as to the advancement opportunities in my field; I responded simply with a self-derisive snort.

But here's the thing: I *still* thought everything was going great. We were looking into each other's eyes and *grinning*; I was blowing it, yes, but who knew? As the after-dinner snifters were being drained, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to ask her to go home with me. But there I made my biggest blunder of all by not asking her for *more* than that, not tying it in to a package deal. I could've mentioned that maybe I'd reconsider commuting from Connecticut; I could have hinted that my feelings about babies might change if I were with a woman I truly loved; I could've suggested that, having taken on the responsibilities of a family man and homeowner, I might find my way into a more reliable line of work. I had all sorts of bargaining chips, and I didn't play a single one. I pissed away my chance to offer up a deal that might be acceptable to her.

She turned me down, of course. Gallant if not suave, I took her home in a taxi. At her door, she kissed me on the cheek. The kiss said not now, not ever: negotiations suspended indefinitely.

I walked home, playing the evening back in my mind, asking myself the age-old question: Was it something I said? No, it was *everything* I said. Not since the Allies ceded the Sudetenland had a negotiation been more thoroughly bungled. But, OK, live and learn. I'd improve. I'd already bought the books. I'd even looked them over in the john. Now all I had to do was bone up on my cold-bloodedness in order to put their wisdom, principled or otherwise, into practice.

Or maybe I'd save myself the trouble and, next time, just take my agent along.





*"Sweetie, let's skip the X movie on cable TV tonight.
The Bradleys are going into the whirlpool."*



MY DINNERS WITH ANDREY A True Story of the Cold War

the plan called for entrees with the soviet and coffee with the feds—but u.s. intelligence paid the steepest tab



memoir **By CARL OGLESBY** FIRST I NOTICED his glossy nails; then his clean, small hands; then the bright-white calling card with the elegant black script that read, ANDREY N. SUVOROV, THIRD SECRETARY OF THE EMBASSY OF THE UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS, WASHINGTON, D.C.

"Let me introduce myself," he said. I turned to see the amused blue eyes of a sturdy man of 30 or 35, well turned out in a soft-gray wool suit, a blond forelock boyishly draping his wide, pale brow, his cheekbones high, his cheeks rosy.

I looked at his card again. "I'm honored," I said.

He waved his hand and smiled. "Third secretary is nothing," he said. "It is a very junior diplomatic post. I am glorified errand boy. This is just to tell you"—and here he

suggested, with a slight stiffening, an understated bow—"who I am."

That was almost six years ago, early in 1978. I had been staring out of a second-story window across a little Capitol Hill park as Valentine's Day dusk settled and the afternoon's drizzle hardened into a cold, fine rain. I was wondering unhappily how to get back to DuPont Circle dry without spending money I didn't have for a cab, hating myself for having decided on impulse to come to this affair. It was a wine-and-cheese reception at a small office with a big name, the National Center for Security Studies, a liberal think tank housed in what had once been a bit of a mansion with curving stairs, white woodwork and blue carpets. But the rooms on the upper floor were tiny and stuffed with files and desks, overheated now by the crowd of youngish Washingtonians of the near left nibbling brie and sipping Chablis and trading bits of political gossip, I among them nibbling, sipping and gossiping and basically doing what I was always doing those days, trying to find support for the organization I helped run, the Assassination Information Bureau. The A.I.B. had been formed in 1973 by a small group of Cambridge writers pushing to reopen the John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr., murder cases. We moved the A.I.B. to Washington in 1977 after the House set up the Select Committee on Assassinations. We were a duly certified tax-exempt public-education group, in town as watchdog to the new committee.

There are always lots of little outfits like the A.I.B. in Washington. The pauperized codirectors (such was my title) of the more or less left-wing ones always show up at liberal occasions such as this reception, and the sound of us all crowded together could be depressing. The stomach says to stay home. But then you think, No, this schooling at brie is part of your chosen job; you may get to make a point or a contact or a deal. So, suddenly, you go after all, and you forget your umbrella. The pay-off comes when a young staff aide, commenting on the importance of your work, says, "We think you'd do better with UFOs."

I had gone off to stare in a sulk out the window at the rain, and that was when the tiny glint of a man's well-manicured thumbnail gave me my first inkling of the third secretary.

"You are a journalist, if I may ask?" he said. That was close enough. I let it stand. "While I am in your country, as a kind of hobby, you see, something I do on my own time, I want to study political groups outside the Government. You see? Not Democrats or Republicans. Would you please to be so good some time during next weeks to let me take you to dinner, so that we can discuss about this?"

If you were a child of Cointelpro and Watergate, you could not fail to assume that this man was being watched. You would also be watched if you had dinner with this man. Did the A.I.B. need an entry in its FBI file linking one of its codirectors to a Soviet diplomat? Would my having dinner with Andrey Suvorov help me or the A.I.B. do what we were trying to do? Was my interest in this person motivated by anything higher than common curiosity?

The answer was no on all counts. But my answer to his invitation was "Sure. That would be interesting. Do you want to set a date?"

He said he would prefer to check his schedule. He asked for my phone number and wrote it down with a silver ballpoint in a black-leather notebook. He took a short step back, again with the merest hint of a bow, a slight stiffening of the upper body. He said he was sorry he must leave so soon but that previous obligations summoned him. "Please, you should not try to call me at the Soviet embassy," he said, pulling on his trench coat. His eyes were hooded and droll. "The girls, you know, at the switchboard—they don't speak so good English. They probably would not recognize my name."

I could see him through the window as he walked to the curb. A car came along and picked him up, right away. A few seconds later, another car slid up the street behind it with its lights out in the rainy dusk. I felt a flutter of sanity: What's going on here? What does a third secretary want from me? What do I want from a third secretary? Who else is playing?

I was out of town when Suvorov phoned. "Your Russian friend called," said my officemate Jeff Goldberg. He was curious. Uneasily, I put him off.

Suvorov and I connected two weeks later, his high voice unmistakable over a scratchy connection: "Where do you suggest we meet?"

Mr. Eagen's is a small, dark pub below DuPont Circle. I thought of it because it was nearby and because I'd had a drink there the day before with a former Army Intelligence officer with whom I'd been discussing a book project. Going there the next day with Suvorov appealed to my taste for vulgar irony.

I was there well ahead of time, three P.M., waiting in a dark booth toward the back with a clear view of the front door, sipping a Jameson's. Andrey strode in ten minutes late and said right away that we should go up the avenue to a place he knew we would like better.

We went out into a dark, windy afternoon shot with sudden brightenings. A gust blew Suvorov's blond hair across his face and made him squint. "Have you read newspapers this morning?" he said.

The big story that day was news from the Soviet Union of a sudden across-the-

board doubling of consumer prices. "This means very little," he said. "We sometimes really do experience failure, and then we do not deny it. But this is technical adjustment. Your papers exaggerate our problems all the time, you see?"

I did not see, though I was sure he could make a case; but there's a moment in a relationship with someone of another faith—of another faith *servently held*—when you say "Give me a break" or else you say nothing. If you want to understand that other faith, you suffer its truisms. So I nodded yes to Andrey, made a sympathetic face and assured him that I, a veteran of the Sixties' New Left, knew what it was like to be trashed by the Western press.

He led us up Connecticut Avenue to a cozy Italian restaurant called Anna Maria's, where I enjoyed, courtesy of the Bolshevik Revolution, an early dinner with wine as I mainly listened to Suvorov tell me more about himself. He had been born in Moscow at the end of World War Two and still lived there. He had been trained as an economist. He had been in the army. He had studied at the prestigious Foreign Service Institute. He had been at the Washington embassy since late 1977, after a period in Moscow. His wife, Marie, was with him in Washington. They had no children. They were homesick for Moscow. The U.S.A. was hard duty. "You are constantly subjected to harassment. Everyone is suspicious of you. Everyone is hostile."

I was taking all this in with what I meant to be a friendly face, happy to eat and listen; then he took me off guard.

"What you are doing is dangerous," he said abruptly, though with no change in vocal expression.

"You mean meeting with you?" I said.

"About Kennedy," he said. "What if there really was a conspiracy? What if you are getting too close to it?"

"Many people are getting close to it together. There's no special danger to me."

He hesitated. "How can you succeed without a new source of information?"

I hesitated. "Do you know of a new source?"

"Oh, no," he chuckled. "I am not expert about this."

"But someone in your country is. Isn't it time for the Soviet government to tell what it really knows about Oswald?"


"What do you mean?"

"Your K.G.B. still insists that it never interrogated Oswald."

"But this is true," said Andrey with a puzzled smile, "is it not?"

"Maybe so, but it doesn't ring true. You know what I mean?" He still seemed puzzled. I said, "People in the United States tend to think that the K.G.B., which is known for its great skill, would not let an interesting person such as Oswald slip by

(continued on page 128)

A photograph of a woman's back and right arm. She is wearing a brown leather cigar holder that contains ten cigars. The cigars are arranged in a row, and each has a small red and white label. The woman's right hand is holding a single cigar. The background is a clear blue sky.

*the
lore and
lure of
selecting
a fine
cigar*

GENTLEMEN, YOU MAY SMOKE

APPROXIMATELY 15 billion cigars are manufactured every year. Of that number, less than two percent constitutes the world's output of premium, hand-rolled cigars. Behind the terms premium and hand-rolled lie a thousand variables that can account for anything from an acceptable smoke to a masterpiece. At the very least, the core, or filler, of a fine cigar must consist of whole leaves laid lengthwise, not chopped and (continued on page 182)

modern living **By DAVID ABRAHAMSON**

a user-friendly computer primer

part two

COMPUTERS



WHERE THE JOYS ARE



By PETER A. MCWILLIAMS

*right now, computers in households are more fun than useful—
but for businesses, they're so useful they make working fun*

LAST MONTH, we took a look at what personal computers are. This month, we'll explore what they can—and cannot—do.

To ease our exploration, let's divide the use of personal computers into two categories: home and business. This follows the generally accepted cliché that we spend one third of our lives at home, one third of our lives at the office and one third of our lives in bed.

We'll skip the bed third. Computers are worthless there. What's worth while in bed is covered (complete with photographs, diagrams, graphic prose and Oriental woodcuts) in other parts of *PLAYBOY*.

In the remaining two thirds of life, personal computers are decidedly more useful in business than in the home.

Never one to avoid the obvious, I'd like to state that computers compute. Computing is adding and subtracting, multiplying and dividing, watching over numbers the way a shepherd watches over sheep.

The question is, How many numbers in the average home need shepherding? Not many. Certainly not as many as in the average office. (Computers reduce everything to numbers. Binary numbers, to be sure, but still numbers. Words, people, parts—everything gets a number, then the computer manipulates the numbers.) There may be as much going on in a four-person home as there is in a four-person office—if not more—but the office has more of the repetitive, predictable, easily reduced-to-numbers activities that computers adore.

Balancing a personal checkbook on a personal computer, for example, is a waste of time. You can add a deposit or subtract a withdrawal by hand (with the help of a pocket calculator, if you're like me) and have the entire process completed before you can get the proper disk into the computer and turn it on.

In addition, pocket calculators cost five dollars. Checkbook programs for personal computers cost \$30. A record of your checks kept in your checkbook is portable. Records kept in your computer are not. Your checkbook will accept anything for a date: 11/5, Nov. 5, the 5th, the first Saturday in November, one week later—whatever you find helpful.

Computer programs require a specific format, such as MM-DD-YY (computer talk for month-month, date-date, year-year).

The same is true for many of the highly advertised uses of computers around the home. You can file recipes better with a 99-cent card file and 3" x 5" cards than you can on a \$3000 computer. Addresses are better managed in a little black book than on a little black disk. A three-dollar appointment calendar is far more practical for one's personal life than the most elaborate scheduling program. And all that talk about putting the household budget on a computer: Do you know anyone who even *has* a household budget?

There is no point in putting information into a computer unless you plan to manipulate that information elaborately and frequently. Businesses tend to do that with names, numbers, addresses and words. Households do not.

Eventually, however, personal computers will find a way into almost every home. In ten or 20 years, they will be as invaluable as telephones. Telephones were first installed as emergency devices, to summon aid. It was years before people used them to "reach out, reach out and just say hi." There wasn't a telephone in the Oval Office until Herbert Hoover.

But even today, at the dawn of its usefulness in the home, there are three good reasons for putting a personal computer in the home: (1) games, (2) kids, (3) curiosity.

Computers play games very well, from chess to backgammon to a new genre of recreational activity called, appropriately enough, computer games. They provide worthy opponents for solo play or impartial refereeing and accurate scorekeeping for paired combat.

There are mental games, strategy games, action games, even X-rated games. Computer games are marvelous recreation. Far from viewing them as a waste of time, I tend to go along with Professor Harold Hill, who once said in defense of billiards, "I consider that the hours I spend with a cue in my hand are golden. Help you cultivate horse sense and a cool head and a keen eye." The same could be said of joy sticks today.

But then, there are those who are of another opinion. As Bette Midler said, "I was invited over to a guy's house for an evening of Donkey Kong. Boy, was I disappointed to find out it was only a game." (Midler, in fact, cannot understand the computer revolution. "I got into show business," she says, "so I wouldn't have to *do* data processing.")

Kids love computers. Not just because of the games, either, but because they are the latest thing, the state of the art. And, as usual, this newest technological development has created a bit of a generation gap. Indoor plumbing, central heating, movies, radio, television—each had its friends and enemies on opposite ends of the age spectrum. Today, it's computers and computer games. Whatever it is that their parents can't possibly understand, kids will usually embrace.

Computers hold a fascination, too, because, for the first time, kids can make the TV do what *they* want it to. All their lives, they have watched television come *at* them. Hook a computer up to the TV and, finally, they have control. Pac-Man goes where they tell him to go. They can help Indiana Jones find the lost ark. Kids can write programs that make the TV say or do anything. While adults balk at learning programming languages, kids feel that if that's what it takes to communicate with their new friend, they'll learn them. Parents ask, "What's the point?" Kids ask, "How can I make the screen turn blue?"

Despite their legions of young followers, computers are still *educational*. At least, that's what every kid and every computer company would like every parent to believe. In truth, computers are currently good only at teaching things by rote—spelling, multiplication tables, and the like—expensive electronic versions of the old flash cards. That will change as computer memories increase and more programs are written.

Of course, you don't need children to get a home computer. For those of us in the older generation (the ones, now approaching 40, who said never trust anyone over 30), it may be the love of gadgetry that will get us to buy one.

For others, it's (continued on page 176)





PRINCESS FROM THE PAMPAS

don't cry for her, argentina

WHEN I GO to France, they think I'm French. When I go to Italy, they think I'm Italian. Anywhere I go, that's where they think I'm from. It's amazing!" Veronica Gamba is deceived. We were talking with her in California, and she clearly wasn't from there. Such exotica is rarely home-grown. She is, as you may suspect, imported—from Argentina. Indeed, her ancestors were among the founders of the Argentine Republic, which makes her sort of a princess of the pampas. Her mother, who was living in Germany, met Veronica's father on a holiday in Argentina. Their subsequent marriage extended her vacation, and two little Gambas, Veronica

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



and her brother, cemented the union. When her father died, the family moved to New Rochelle, New York, and later to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, where Veronica and her mother still live. Veronica has just wrapped her second decade. Since high school, she has been a fashion model working an international circuit that has included Houston, New York, France and Italy. Most of the time, she travels with her mother. The two are practically inseparable. "She's my best friend," Veronica gushes. "She's always for me, whatever I want to do. Anything! I can go to her and tell her anything. She gives me advice, I give her advice; that kind of a relationship. I think it's nice to have a friend, not just a parent."

The relationship does come in handy. For obvious reasons, there aren't too many girls who want to hang out with Veronica. "I get along much better with men than with women," she admits. "Women always think I'm out to get their boyfriends. I mean, I don't even have to open my mouth. All I have to do is walk down the street and they give me dirty looks. It's a weird feeling." We can see the problem. Veronica is intimidating. She's bright and self-assured. Her travels have left her with an insight that comes close to sophistication. Besides English, she speaks Spanish and Italian well enough to get by. And because she thought at one time that she would like to be a news anchor, she studied communications at Brown Institute for a year. However, when we met her, she had already decided that movie acting was a better game. So far, she has appeared in two small parts: one in *Smokey and the Bandit Part III* and the other in *Ladies' Night*, (text concluded on page 186)

Veronica proves she can handle both sides of the camera (below) in broadcasting class at Brown Institute. She already has her FCC permit. At right, pedestrian traffic backs up when she heads for the beach.



Cooling her bod on a hot day at Fort Lauderdale beach (above), Veronica somehow makes us a little warmer. The 'Vette at left makes a handy, if not quite private, dressing room for some minor suit adjustments. Riding the waves with a friend's strong hand at the tiller (right), she proves more than seeworthy while getting set for a Hobie Cat regatta. Some crew members work, apparently, and some are content to inspire working.

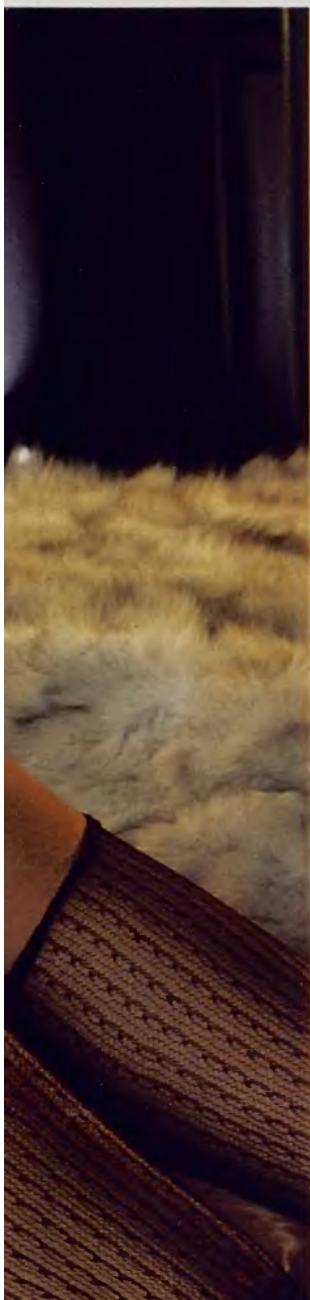


At right, Veronica is prepped by Footlights agency head Donna Phillips for a turn before fashion photographer Sandy McKee's camera in West Palm Beach. Below, fantasytime on the shore.






"My brother used to get PLAYBOY and hide it under his bed. I used to crawl under there and get it when he went to school. Then my girlfriend and I would look at it and laugh hysterically at the pictures. It's not that they were funny; it's just that that's what little girls do. I thought, Me get undressed? I'd never do nudes!"







"I like being a woman. I enjoy the idea of being pampered and of having that feminine quality. But I often wonder what it's like being a man."

"I sometimes wonder if I'm ever going to get married. I think I will, but I can't see it right now. I really can't. I can't even see the next guy I'm going to date. I'm a very picky person. But I'm not concerned about it, because right now, my career means more to me, and I wouldn't want to hurt the relationship because of it. I don't think a lot of people in show business can handle marriage."







MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Veronica Lambr

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 112

BIRTH DATE: 10/28/63 BIRTHPLACE: Buenos Aires, Argentina

AMBITIONS: To become an Oscar-winning actress.

TURN-ONS: A well-defined body, fast cars, all types of dancing.

TURN-OFFS: Lima beans, rude people, waiting in line

FAVORITE MOVIES: Flashdance!!! Rocky III, E.T., Sound of Music, Tess

FAVORITE FOODS: Burritos, lobster, shrimp Wiener Schnitzel (PRETZELS with MUSTARD!)

FAVORITE PLACE: Southern California

IDEAL EVENING: Watching car races with friends

BIGGEST JOY: To be complimented on a job well done.

1 1/2 years old

8 years old

17 years old



Practicing already for a gatefold.

Hollywood, here I come!!

Goodbye, high school days!! 😊

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

What grounds do you think you have?" asked the attorney whom the woman was consulting about a divorce.

"My husband keeps bringing his work home with him night after night!" exclaimed his client.

"But that's hardly grounds for divorce," smiled the man of the law. "Why, I do that myself."

"Sure, I can see a man doing it if he's a busy lawyer," snapped the woman, "but my husband happens to be a pimp!"



If Marie Antoinette had been sly,
She'd have lived till the sweet by-and-by.
She'd have saved her poor head
Through some mob head, instead,
If she'd only said, "Let them eat pie!"

The San Francisco police are nothing if not responsive to the feelings of the local electorate. The word is that Dirty Harry has been replaced by Bitchy Gerald.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *glee-club groupie* as a girl who's into choral sex.

We've been told about a bordello that was the target of a recent drug raid—which only goes to prove that people who work in ass houses shouldn't get stoned.

As for weirdness, the guy who's the tops
Is a kinky old butcher called Pops.
Since he thinks it's effete
To be beating his meat,
What he's into is licking his chops.

It was while they were parked that the girl announced, "I'm hungry," and her date grinned and proceeded to unzip and display his organ.

"No dice, smartass!" snapped the girl. "I was thinking of something more filling."

Conceivably, you've heard the sad story of the Greek sailor who got his upper torso wedged in a porthole and couldn't get it out to save his ass.

Was it—well, you know, good for you, too?" inquired the young man rather tentatively as they were dressing in the motel room.

"What you should have asked for in that drug-store on the way here," responded the girl, "was a pack of amateurphylactics."

Young woman, I can certainly appreciate your wanting to change your surname if it's Dildo," stated the judge. "What name do you want to change it to?"

"Adcock," said the girl.

A nurse once replied, with a laugh,
"You nerd!" to a doc on the staff
Who'd proposed, with a whine,
"If you don't sixty-nine,
I'd accept thirty-four and a half."

How can you leave me?" asked the rejected lover. "I'm like putty in your hands!"

"Precisely," replied the girl.

Look at me!" an elderly health faddist boasted to visitors. "I've aged like a fine old, carefully stored wine!"

"I certainly have to agree with that," confirmed the man's wife, with a shrug. "Henry's cork has been stationary for years."

There's a sports-minded coed named Sue
Who's been coxing the varsity crew.
In the shell, Sue is great,
But her boyfriend's irate
When she calls out the stroke as they screw.

A favorite delicacy on Fire Island last summer was reportedly cocked fruit tail.



The most intriguing new church we've been told about is one the ecclesiastical authorities enigmatically decided to name Saint Frederick's of Hollywood.

My wife and I have been having some—well, some problems in bed," the drinker told the bartender, "so I knocked off work early this afternoon to go home and ask her to try out a completely new position. But when I got there," he went on morosely, "that position was already filled."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a post-card, 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.



"Imagine. This all started with tea for two."

COLD FLASH!

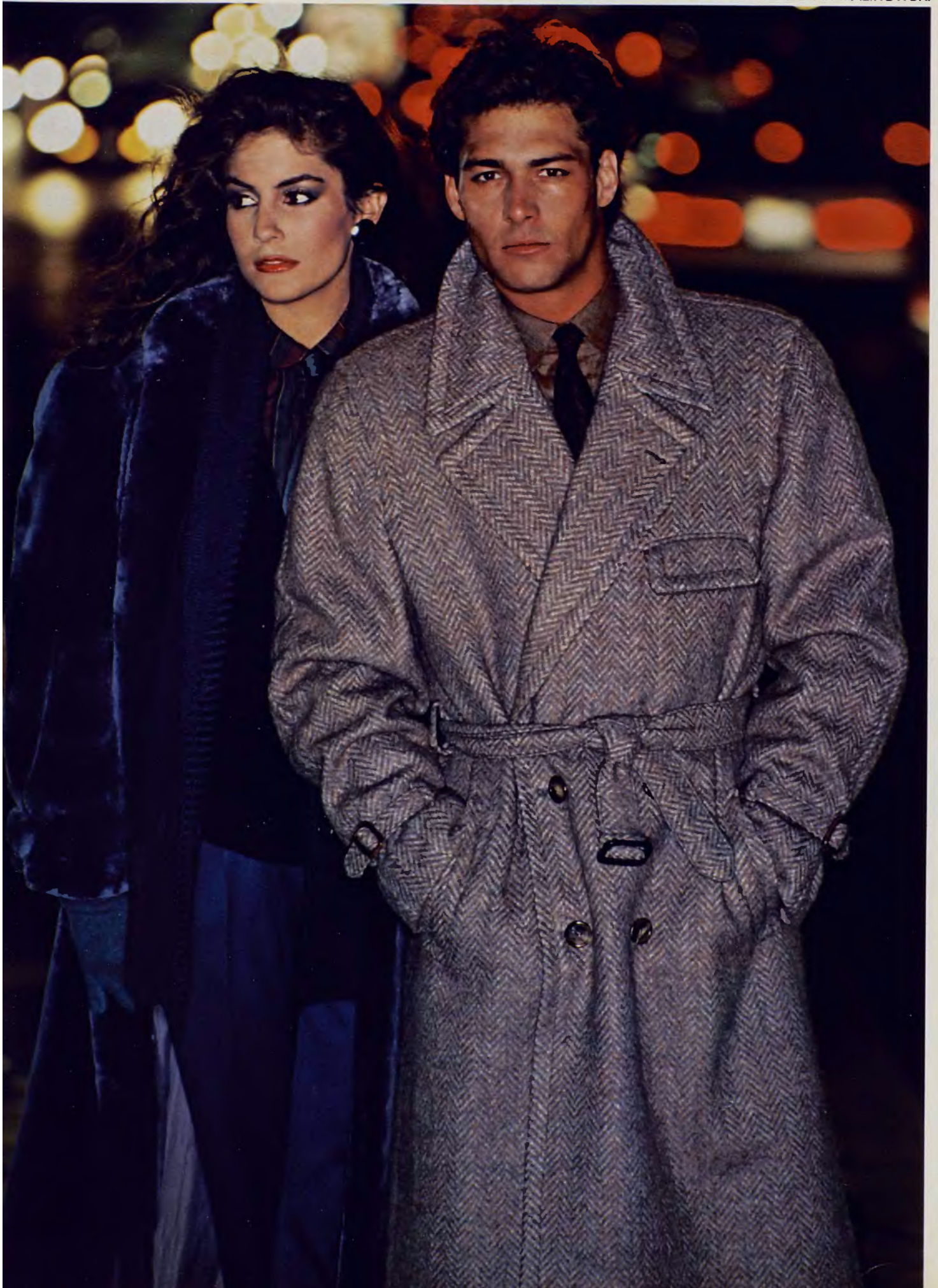
topcoats go to great lengths to bring old man winter to his knees

attire By HOLLIS WAYNE

WE DON'T KNOW WHETHER it's the upturn in the economy or the memory of last year's blustery days and frigid nights, but coats in a variety of fabrics and styles, from black leather to the classic double-breasted camel's hair, are very much a part of this fall and winter's fashion picture. The lengths, in general, are longer—not so much to keep your knees warm as to create an over-all polished appearance. Coat lengths are relative, however; so if you're on the short side, make your selection with an eye to balance. Too long a coat on a short man comes off more Chaplinesque than classy. Because a coat is a major expenditure, put your money on one that will serve double duty for both formal and casual occasions. The aforementioned black-leather storm coat looks elegant over an evening suit, yet it's also right at home atop more sporty clothes, including jeans and a turtleneck or a tweed sports jacket and slacks. When you go shopping, save a few extra shekels for a long multicolor muffler that can be thrown over your shoulder or tucked inside your coat, depending on your mood. Winter's almost here, gang. Step lively.

Below: Those cold city nights look a little brighter in (left) a wool tweed balmacoon overcoat, by Gene Pressmon and Lance Karesh for Bosco Sportswear, \$450; a shawl scarf, by Janice & Jennifer, about \$100; and (right) a classic camel's-hair coat, \$900, plus a wool crew-neck, \$235, and a brushed-cotton shirt \$87.50, all by Perry Ellis Men Ltd.; and an alpaca tie, by Suson Horton, \$24. (Her dress by Gil Aimbez for Static.) Right: Wool herringbone trench coat, \$950, cotton shirt, \$135, and wool tie, \$30, all by DiMitri Couture Ltd. (The lady's coat by Pat Luto for York Furrier.)







Left: The solid look of leather-backed shearling cut in a trench-coat style, \$1200, that's worn over a cotton ploid shirt, about \$40, both by Jeffrey Banks; and a silk foulard tie, by Hathaway Neckwear, \$16.50. (His date's dress is by Patti Cappalli; her coat by Veronica Ryan for York Furrier.) Below: The cool of these guys' evening includes (left) a Donegal tweed overcoat, by Pierre Cardin's Men's Coats, about \$300; an alpaca muffler, by Ron Splude, \$105; and a velour fedora, by Peter Borton's Closet, \$75; and (right) an imported wool overcoat, from Chester Barrie by Hartmorx, about \$650; a dress shirt, by Nino Cerruti Shirts, \$26; a silk tie, by Austin Reed of Regent Street Neckwear, \$16.50; and a silk tweed muffler, by Ron Splude, \$90. (The lady's coat by Bill Bloss for York Furrier.) Right: Black tie and black leather include this storm coat, by Ron Chereskin, \$900; and suede woven scarf, by Samelson & Abrams, about \$150; a wool dinner jacket and trousers, \$325, and a formal shirt, about \$50, both by Bill Bloss; plus a cotton bow tie, by Vicky Davis, \$10. (His friend is wearing a coat by Kasper for York Furrier.)





"At issue was the integrity of the U.S. intelligence system. Are there moles in our secret gardens?"

without so much as an interview."

"I am not expert," he smiled with soft eyes and spread hands. "But I know that Oswald was not a Soviet agent. My country did not want to kill your President."

I believed that, too, but that didn't mean they'd told the truth about Oswald. Most probably, the K.G.B. had milked him dry about the U-2, forgot about him and then, after November 22, 1963, could not bring itself to admit having had a relationship with him.

"Of course, you may be correct in your suspicions," said Suvorov. "Because, I mean, I am only third secretary, you see." He smiled. "What do I know? But I think this man Nosenko told your Government everything about this. Not true?"

Yuri Nosenko is one of the most enigmatic of the secondary figures in the Kennedy case, a K.G.B. colonel who defected in place to the United States in 1962 and came over bodily early in 1964. Nosenko claimed to have worked in the K.G.B. department responsible for the file on Lee Harvey Oswald. He said he was in a position to know that Oswald had not been questioned by the K.G.B., not recruited by it, not dispatched by it and, above all, not commanded by it to kill J.F.K.

Some people in the CIA doubted that Nosenko's story could be true. Those skeptics believed that he was, in fact, a dispatched agent of the very K.G.B. he was pretending to have betrayed and that his mission was to mislead us as to the nature of the Soviet relationship with Oswald.

Chief among those skeptics was James Angleton, head of CIA counterintelligence. Angleton believed that an important Soviet stratagem for penetrating the CIA was the bogus defector. Defectors in those years were customarily met here with credulous gratitude. Angleton, in fact, was deeply committed to a K.G.B. defector of his own, one Anatoli M. Golitsin, code named Stone. Still, Angleton was now concerned that among subsequent defectors there might be a fake, a double agent, a mole. He believed that Nosenko was such a mole. And Angleton had Nosenko in his power.

For almost three years, Angleton subjected Nosenko to an interrogation that descended to naked psychological torture. Many discrepancies in Nosenko's story were established by this means, but Nosenko did not change his main story about Oswald.

Then, in mid-1966, Richard Helms became director of the CIA. One of his first acts was to order an intensive review of the Nosenko case; it was potentially explosive

and it needed to be defused. The ultimate result of that review was that in 1968 the CIA reversed itself, accepted Nosenko as a bona fide defector, gave him back pay for the trouble Angleton's interrogators had put him through and hired him as an instructor in Soviet counterintelligence methods.

Nosenko's vindication was due also to the support received from no less than J. Edgar Hoover, who had believed him all the time. That was because Hoover also had a trusted K.G.B. defector, a man named (as came out much later) Victor Lessiovski (code named Fedora), who assured him that Nosenko was an honest traitor. So the question of Nosenko's bona fides came down to a dispute between Angleton's K.G.B. defector and Hoover's: two K.G.B. officers debating each other over the authenticity of a third's act of treason, all three of them self-declared enemies of their country.

The Nosenko story was developing an amazing sequel even as Suvorov and I discussed it. But only much later, four years after my episode with Andrew was over, could I realize that he and I had brushed the fringes of a serious struggle under way on many fronts—within the FBI, within the CIA, between the FBI and the CIA and between U.S. intelligence and Soviet intelligence—over the bona fides, or the quality of the treachery, of those three Red rovers crossed over. At issue was the integrity of the U.S. intelligence system. Are there moles in our secret gardens?

Suvorov picked up the check while suggesting that I think of writing something on J.F.K. for publication in a Soviet magazine. "Publication could be anonymous, naturally," he said. I nodded and agreed that it was an engaging thought. He asked if he could call me soon. I said I wouldn't mind. I had enjoyed preaching to him about Oswald. He hadn't been terribly defensive. I had to give him points for that. Why not do it again? Maybe I would even keep a few notes.

Wednesday, March 22. I answered the A.I.B. phone. The connection was crackly, but I could make out Suvorov's voice saying, "Hello? Is this Carl?"

"Yes, is this—"

He cut me off: "Hello, Carl, this is Andrew."

I listened to the static for a moment. Then I said, "Yes, Andrew."

He spoke deliberately. "Can you meet me for dinner tonight? At seven o'clock? By the fountain in DuPont Circle?"

"See you there," I said.

He was ten minutes late but in a jovial

mood, laughing about calling himself Andrew. "This was just in case someone is listening into your telephone," he said. "They would not know who I was. You caught on quickly."

I beamed but sensed that he had checked off an item on a list of moves.

He led us to a place called Agostino's. It had plastic ivy and orange light but quiet tables and huge, philosophical drinks.

Andrew took a gulp of margarita and loosened his tie. The imitation candlelight ruddied his cheeks.

"Are you married?" he said.

"Not now," I answered.

"Marriage is sometimes difficult, you know," he said with a wry chuckle. His wife was having problems with D.C. life. "After all," he said, "I have my work. My work is often more than I can do without working many hours all the time. But, you know, you have to worry about how your wife feels, too. Marie wants to go home."

He waved off my sympathy with a sad smile and changed the subject. "You have never been to Soviet Union?" he said.

"It's my loss, I'm sure."

"Ah, you should come," he said. "A whole new world would open up to you." He smiled. "You have not seen the world if you have not seen Russia."

"It's tragic," I said, feeling pompous, "that modern people are so cut off from one another."

"Soviet Union is very large country. Very many different kinds of people."

"So one hears," I said, thinking he wouldn't hear the sarcastic edge. But he caught it and shot me a questioning look. I tried to make amends (I didn't want to offend him) by being more direct.

"Could I go to your country," I said, "and visit rebellious groups? Could I meet freely with Soviet dissidents?"

"But you are being unfair to a great nation," he said, "to see us all by these few troubled people. You hear only one side."

"No offense," I said, "but to dismiss criticism of the Soviet state as the problem of a few troubled people." I paused.

"Yes?" he said.

"You really should be proud of the dissidents, you know."

He gave me an amused tilt of the head. "They are all troublemakers," he said.

"Don't you think there are times when it's right to make trouble?"

He said, "You see the dissidents as martyrs to liberty because you don't know the facts." He said that pleasantly. "You don't know that these people are really antisocial thugs. And hooligans. Some of them are mad."

"Do you personally think that anyone who criticizes the Soviet government has to be crazy?"

"Of course not. You cannot think such a thing, really. There is much to criticize, much to improve. We drink too much vodka. Our workers are too slow. The black
(continued on page 200)

BERNARD and HUEY

HEY, BERNARD, WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE SIXTIES CHICK?



RADICAL IN THE STREETS.

EXPERIMENTAL IN BED.



SO INDEPENDENT SHE'D FUCK ANYBODY.



SO FEMINIST SHE DIDN'T CARE ANY MORE FOR ME THAN I DID FOR HER.



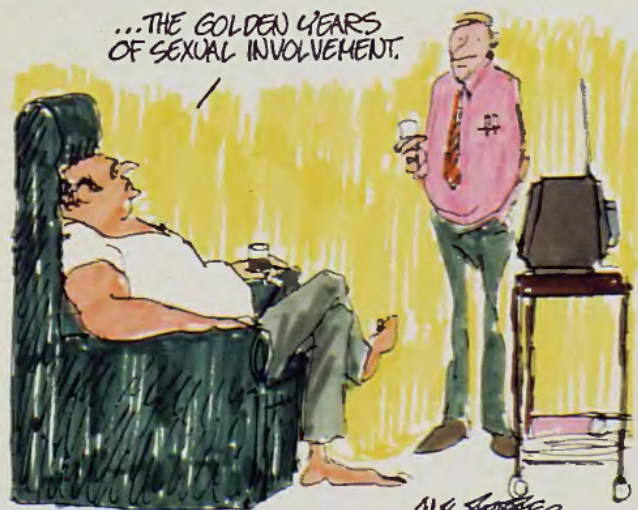
SO REMOTE I COULD TRY ANYTHING AND SHE'D JUST LIGHT ANOTHER JOINT.



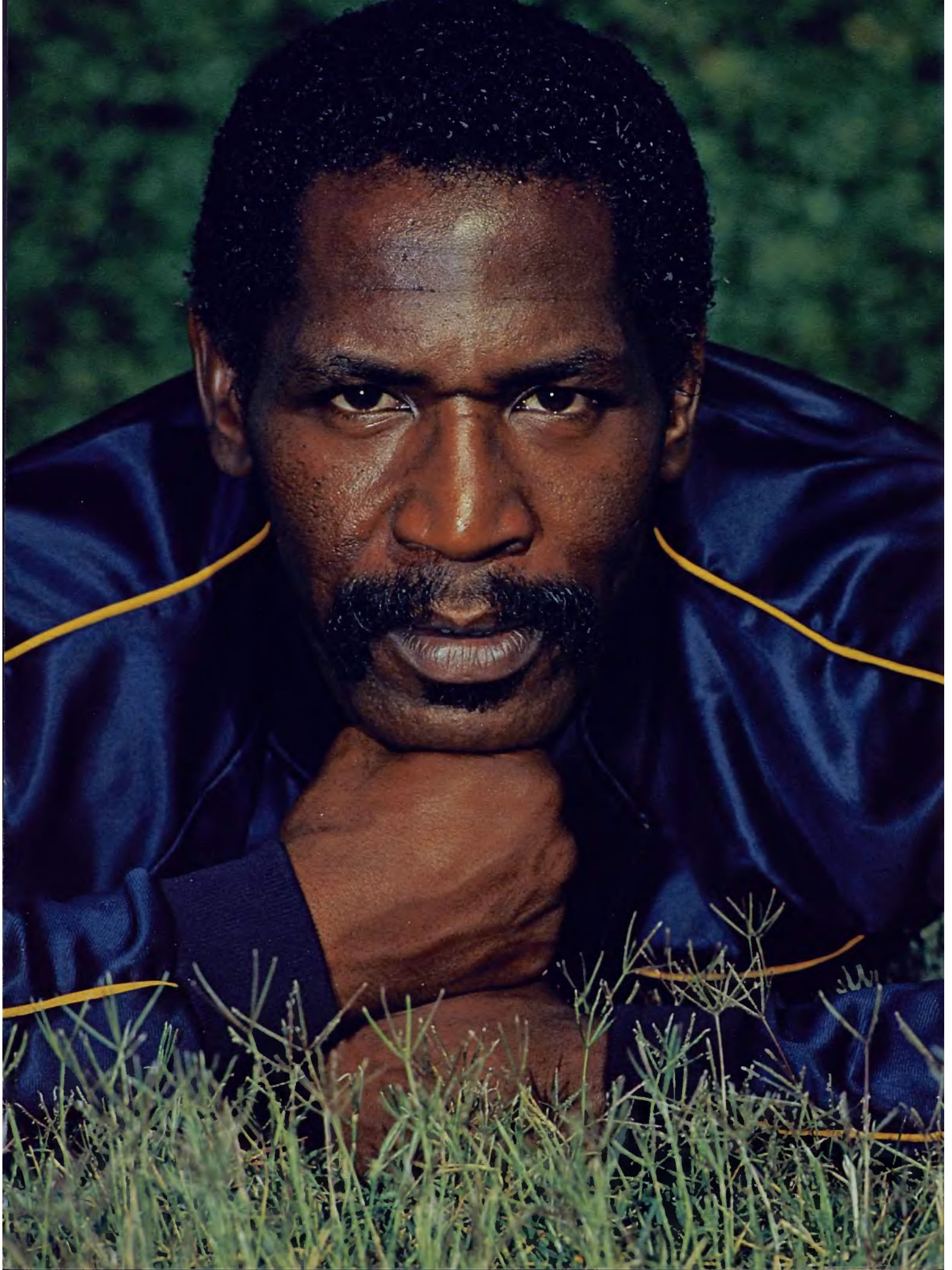
THEN CAME THE SEVENTIES AND SHE WAS GONE.



...THE GOLDEN YEARS OF SEXUAL INVOLVEMENT.



WAS BOTTLED



20 QUESTIONS: BUBBA SMITH

the ex-football heavy with the lite television touch—on watermelon, women and his charge that n.f.l. games were rigged

When Bubba Smith does his Miller Lite Beer commercials, the public sees a self-parodying giant. Opponents who faced the former Baltimore Colts All-Pro defensive end saw a different person—a football player whose just-published autobiography “Kill, Bubba, Kill!” is not inappropriately titled. Craig Moddero met with Bubba in Toronto, where he was filming the movie “Police Academy.” His report: “Bubba is funny, shy, bright, soft-spoken and calls everyone Babe. His idea of a fun night on the town is taking a writer to a gym, asking the journalist his weight and then bench pressing twice that amount. People mispronounce his first name, but nobody ever makes fun of it.”

1.

PLAYBOY: In your book, you imply that the 1969 Super Bowl game between the Colts and the New York Jets was fixed. What makes you think so?

SMITH: We went into the game an 18-point favorite. The Jets weren't fit to be on the field with us. We had just set a record as the best defensive team in the N.F.L. I knew something was wrong the morning of the game. We got inside the 20- or 30-yard line three times the first half and came away with no points. A bookie in New York and members of the N.F.L. Players Association told me that the game was set up, because if the old A.F.L. didn't establish credibility with the N.F.L. by a certain year, the merger would never take place. That Super Bowl game, which we lost by nine points, was the critical year. The game just seemed too odd to me. Everything was out of place. I tried to rationalize that our coach, Don Shula, got outcoached, but that wasn't the case. I don't know if any of my teammates were in on the fix. I've never said anything to them about my suspicions, because I didn't want to believe it and I still don't. I love football.

2.

PLAYBOY: How difficult would it be to fix a pro football game today?

SMITH: You'd need at least two key members of the offense to be in on it: a flanker to drop a few passes or fumble in a key moment and a quarterback to throw a key interception or to fumble. On the other hand, a defensive back's slipping at a key moment can result in an important touch-down for the offense. A missed downfield tackle can have the same effect. Everybody

can fail. That's why fans don't question errors on the playing field.

3.

PLAYBOY: Has organized crime infiltrated pro football?

SMITH: [Shakes head, pauses] You know just like I know, and everyone else does, too. Bookies know everyone who is hurt the day before the game, and that's not supposed to get out. How do you think they establish the betting odds? The owners control everything that happens in the N.F.L. If Pete Rozelle gets out of line and causes waves, the owners will fire him. I was told that the then-Baltimore Colts owner, Carroll Rosenbloom, bet \$1,000,000 on the Jets in the 1969 Super Bowl. It was ironic that the next year, the Colts joined the American Football Conference, one of only three established N.F.L. franchises to do so. Where was Rozelle during all that? But the N.F.L. has been very good to me. It just happened that I was part of something I didn't think was right. There are no sour grapes on my part about that game, because later, we won the Super Bowl.

4.

PLAYBOY: You filed a negligence lawsuit against the N.F.L. for a knee injury you received while running into a down marker during a Colts game against the Steelers. Were you amazed at the negative response you got from your fellow athletes?

SMITH: I saw people I admired lie for the N.F.L. Somebody was bought off. The judge had to keep telling the witnesses to make sure not to perjure themselves. I was a loyal Colt. When you put everything into an organization, as I did with the Colts, and you find out that it doesn't care, man, that shit hurts. The Colts knew I was damaged goods when they traded me to the Raiders. The league knew that also. The Colts had me practice the day I was traded. As soon as I tackled the quarterback, the coach screamed at me not to hurt myself. Later that night, I had to show rookie linemen how to tackle the quarterback for two hours. All this happened before they told me I was traded. And when I went to court, I realized why my salary tripled when I got traded. The N.F.L. claimed I was making my highest salary at the time I was saying I was hurt. [Raiders owner Al] Davis had to know I was dam-

aged goods when he traded for me. Ed Garvey, the former head of the N.F.L. Players Association, wouldn't testify on my behalf, even though he was staying only 20 miles away. The Players Association should be happy that it's finally gotten rid of Garvey. In my opinion, he acted as if the N.F.L. owners owned him.

5.

PLAYBOY: How widespread are payments to college athletes by alumni? Do some college jocks make more money than professional athletes?

SMITH: That depends on whom they have negotiating for them. Any university that's winning ball games is giving its athletes something extra to make college life easier. When I was 16, the University of Iowa lent me a car for a week and gave me money so I would put in a good word to my older brother Beaver to attend it. The schools make a lot of money from television on their athletic programs. I remember that after my junior year at Michigan State, three of my teammates had Dodge Darts. My football coach claimed that he didn't know where they had gotten them, but they sure couldn't afford them. College teams today are just like the pros. They go after the best athletes money can buy.

6.

PLAYBOY: Is the sexual drawing power of N.F.L. players exaggerated?

SMITH: If you're a ballplayer of any status, you run across at least three women in every city who want to play with you. When I was a young player, I had sex with more than 1000 women. It was an ego thing. When Mel Farr and I were roommates at the College All-Star game, a girl came up to our room. She told us she had been out with Jim Brown at a previous All-Star game. We couldn't have sex with her after that. We realized she was too old for us.

7.

PLAYBOY: Can sex before a game sap a player's strength?

SMITH: It never did mine. I had a theory that in order for me to be loose, I had to have sex the night before a game. If I was with a woman, it took my mind away from the tension or the importance of the game. If a girl ever got in a locker room during half time and had sex with a player, it wouldn't last (continued on page 172)

IT WAS a warm spring evening. I was alone at home, sitting, standing and lying around my apartment, reading, watching the tube, going over the accounts and working a two-month-old *Times* Triple Crostic—I had fallen a little behind—when the outercom buzzer gave my signal.

"I'll get it!" I shouted simultaneously, but since I was closest, I took it.

"Joe Kilborn speaking," I said.

"Which Joe Kilborn is this?" a guarded voice asked.

That was the standard opener. It didn't bother me²⁴ anymore, but

I¹³ still got annoyed sometimes. "There's only one, mister, and you're speaking to him," I said.

"Have I got the right number? Is this zone 709, area 266, line 3581, outercom 944-302-1513?"

"You know it is, mister. The Lucky Clover Detective Agency, Joe Kilborn sole owner and proprietor. What's your problem?"

He hesitated. They usually do. While I waited, I asked, "Who is it?"

I covered the speaker with my hand. "A client, maybe."

"Another dumb solo," I said irritably. *(continued on page 136)*

fiction

By JOHN MORRESSY



GLORY, GLORY

"there's only one of me," i said.

"i just happen to have eight arms and four heads"

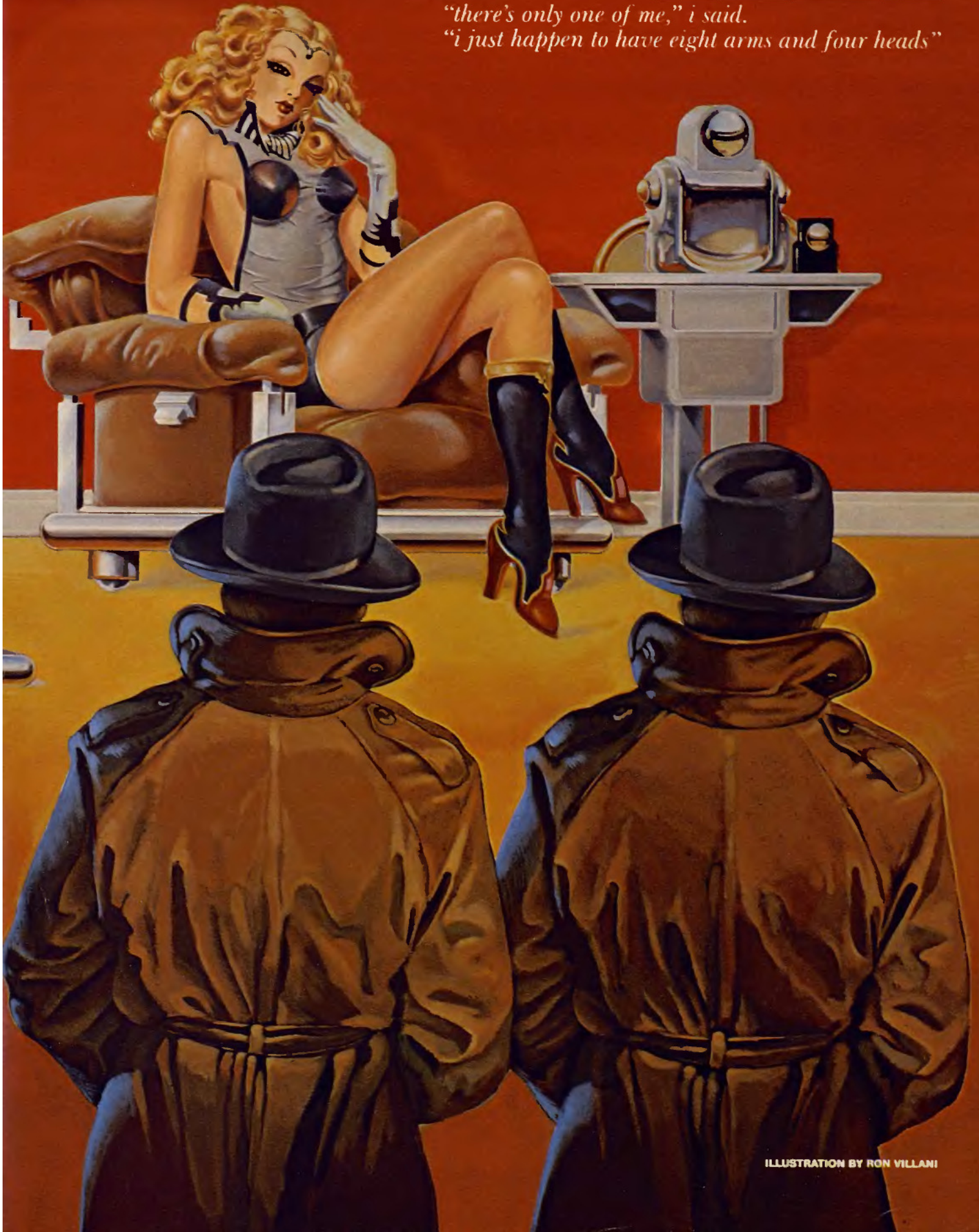


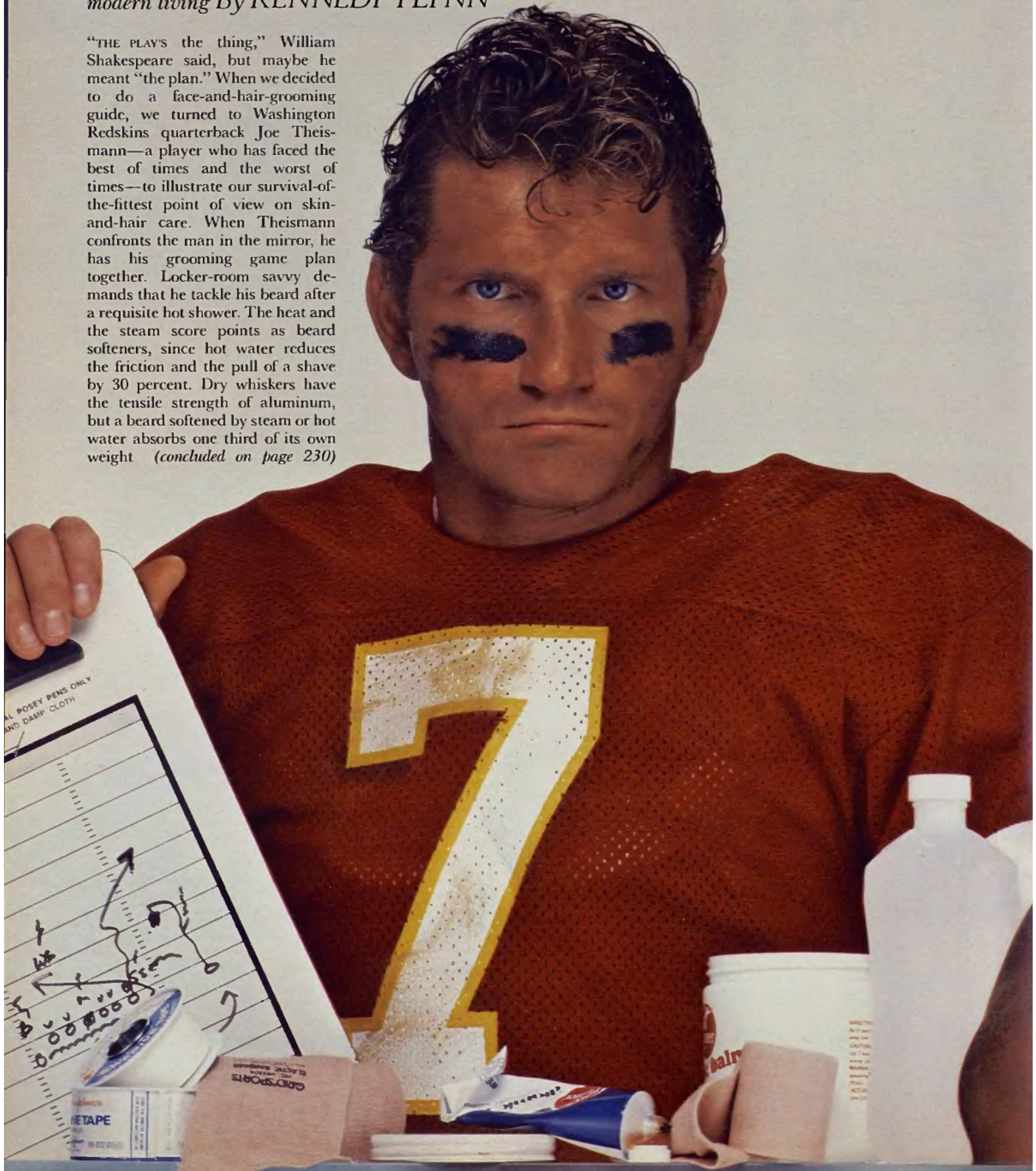
ILLUSTRATION BY RON VILLANI

W I N N I N G

theismann award—winning tips for face and follicles

modern living By KENNEDY FLYNN

"THE PLAY'S the thing," William Shakespeare said, but maybe he meant "the plan." When we decided to do a face-and-hair-grooming guide, we turned to Washington Redskins quarterback Joe Theismann—a player who has faced the best of times and the worst of times—to illustrate our survival-of-the-fittest point of view on skin-and-hair care. When Theismann confronts the man in the mirror, he has his grooming game plan together. Locker-room savvy demands that he tackle his beard after a requisite hot shower. The heat and the steam score points as beard softeners, since hot water reduces the friction and the pull of a shave by 30 percent. Dry whiskers have the tensile strength of aluminum, but a beard softened by steam or hot water absorbs one third of its own weight (concluded on page 230)



G R O O M I N G

Left: Next to the heavyweight "Hogs" who saved Joe Theismann's skin in many a play during last year's Super Bowl, the line-up he likes best for tanning up face and hair consists of the grooming products in front of him. They are, from left to right: Blue Caspian Sea Phase II Skin Toner for Oily Skin, by Jan Stuart Natural Skin Care for Men, \$9; Klinger Moisturizer for Men, by Geargette Klinger, \$18.50; Marbert Man Face Fitness Mask, \$23.50; Paco Rabanne Pour Homme after-shave, \$19.50; Gambler cologne for men, by Jovan, \$14; Yves Saint Laurent Pour Homme Face Protection Cream, \$10.50; Chanel for Men conditioning shampoo, \$7.50; Eau Sauvage After Shave Balm, by Christian Dior, \$20; Brut 33 Crème Shave, by Fabergé, \$2; RK Prescription for Men Essential Moisture Shampoo, by Redken Laboratories, \$3.95; Clinique Skin Supplies for Men face soap, by Clinique Laboratories, \$8.50; Aramis Maltplexx natural hair gel, \$7.50; and Saxon Aftershave Skin Conditioner, by Richardsan-Vicks, about \$3.50.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIO SHARPE



GLORY, GLORY

(continued from page 132)

"I've been trying to keep it quiet, but last night was the fourth attempt. I can't handle it by myself any longer."

"Be tolerant," I¹ replied.

"I'm sorry, Kilborn," the caller said, sounding as if he meant it. "I'm pretty edgy since. . . I've got a bad problem, and you're the only ones—the only one—who can help me. Can you come to my place right away?"

"Depends on where your place is. And who you are."

"I'm Anthony Sibbrel, and the address is 614 Level 97, Eastblock."

"Sibbrel? Are you any relation to—"

"She's my daughter, Kilborn. I can't say any more over the outercom. Are you interested?"

If Glory Sibbrel is your daughter, you don't have to say more. People are interested.

I^{1,2,4} saw my³ eyebrows go up and started crowding around me¹. I³ raised a hand, shook my³ head and said, "Interested, Sibbrel. I'll be right over."

I caught a roller just outside the building and reached Sibbrel's place before dark. Eastblock was a class neighborhood, and 97 was the classiest level in Eastblock. Even the security men at the entrance looked as if they could read and write. I tried them out with my license.

The sergeant took a quick glance and asked, "Which one of you guys is Joe Kilborn?"

"I am," I said as one man.

"Now, wait a minute," he said, reaching for his needler.

"Read the license," I² said. "It's all there."

He glared at me², but he read it, and the light dawned. "Clones!"

"A clone, actually," I¹ corrected him politely.

"What do you mean? There's four of you."

"There's only one of me," I¹ said. He stared up, uncomprehending, and I² added, "I just happen to have eight arms and four heads. They come in handy sometimes."

The sergeant looked back and forth from me¹ to the picture on the license, then back to me^{2,3} again. He shook his head, threw up his hands and said, "I'll tell Mr. Sibbrel you're here."

Sibbrel was eager. He answered the intercom a split second after it was connected, and I was soon on my way up, with four armed guards to escort me right to his door. He opened it himself.

"Come in, Kilborn. Come right in and make yourselves—make yourself—comfortable," Sibbrel said. He was trying hard.

I sank into a soft air chair, settled at both ends of a sofa and perched on the edge of what looked like a genuine wooden table. Sibbrel was jumpy. While he paced the rug and wrung his hands, I took a fast look around.

The room looked like the Official Glory Sibbrel Shrine and Museum. Cabinets were packed with her trophies, medals and awards. Scrolls, honorary degrees, pictures—both flats and hollies—and assorted memorabilia covered the walls. Everywhere I looked there was evidence of a grateful world and an adoring father.

Between the two huge north windows, where Sibbrel could see it when he looked up from his desk, was a life-sized hollie of the famous picture taken on America's Glory Day, just three months before. Probably more people in the world had seen that picture than had seen the noon-day sun.

It was the homecoming scene. Glory was just back from Europe, still in her skintight blue flying gear. It was her first flight since the near-tragic accident a year earlier. She'd beaten Parobochek for the world chess championship earlier in the week and had stopped off at Stockholm to pick up her Nobel Prize for her discoveries in plasma physics—something to do with magnetohydrodynamic containment; I¹ vaguely understood it, but it was a mystery to me^{1,2,3}.

The President was waiting to greet her and to receive her report on the meetings with the Russian leaders. The photographer had tried to be kind to the President, but all the same, she had faded into the background, dim and dumpy. Other women always looked that way around Glory Sibbrel. She was the first day of spring, set in gold.

"Someone's after my daughter, Kilborn," Sibbrel blurted in a shaky voice. He cleared his throat and went on. "I've been trying to keep it quiet, but last night was the fourth attempt. I can't handle it by myself any longer."

"Kidnapers? Extortionists?" I^{1,3} asked.

"Snip-and-runners," he said.

I^{2,3} gave a low whistle and I¹ said, "They're bad people to have after you. Professionals, every one, and they get what they go after."

"They haven't, so far. I want you to make sure it stays that way."

"Are you positive? Snip-and-runners have ways of—"

I¹ began.

"I'm positive," Sibbrel broke in.

"Where's Miss Sibbrel now?" I¹ asked.

"She's right here in the apartment, safe."

"I'd like to talk to her," I¹ said.

"She can't be disturbed, Kilborn. Doctor's strict orders. She was a little shaken up last night. It was close."

"There's an easy solution to the problem," I¹ said. "You must have standing offers from every major cloning corporation in the world. Why not just accept the best offer? An authorized, legitimate duper gives its originals the best protection available. You can bet that Dittocorp or Mimix or any of the others would have an army of guards up here as soon as Miss Sibbrel signed an exclusive with them."

Sibbrel shook his head, staring off at Glory's picture. "There's more to this than just fear of a snip-and-run attack, Kilborn. Glory's protected by some of the best bodyguards in the business. She never even knew about the first three attempts. No, this is something bigger." He paused, gnawed at his lip and looked agonized. He didn't want to say any more, but he knew he had to. "What I'm telling you now is in the strictest confidence. Not a word of this is to leak, Kilborn."

"It won't," I said simultaneously.

"Last month, Glory became engaged to H. H. Harrington. She had turned him down four times before her accident, but he's a persistent man. Last month, he asked again and she said yes."

Right then, my professional ethics pinched. For this news, I could name my price to any fax in the business. I could picture the flash line: "WORLD'S MOST LOVED WOMAN TO MARRY WORLD'S RICHEST MAN." But confidential means confidential, whatever the price. I sighed and nodded in perfect unison.

"I suppose you're aware of Harrington's opinions on cloning," Sibbrel went on. "He doesn't keep them hidden."

"When he's in a good mood, cloning is 'an abomination' or 'a perversion of nature.' Usually, he's not that pleasant," I² said.

"That's right. I'm sorry, Kilborn. Harrington's not a bad man, but he has a bad blind spot. I happen not to share his views on the subject. In fact, some of my best—"

"Never mind, Sibbrel," I² cut in.

"Of course. Well. . . ." Sibbrel swallowed, looked uncomfortable, then went ahead with his story. "It comes down to this. If Harrington thinks that a snip-and-runner has taken a cutting of Glory, the marriage will be off. If we contract for a legitimate cloning, it's off even faster. And as soon as word gets out, Glory's life and career are ruined."

"I'm afraid I don't follow your logic, Sibbrel," I¹ said.

"The whole mystique of Glory Sibbrel is that she's an ordinary woman, a solo who's accomplished more in a young life

(continued on page 194)

sports **By ARTHUR SHAY**



HIGH-VOLTAGE RACQUETBALL

*with half of the country's players
now at the a or b level, here are
some tools to help hot-wire your game*

WHACK! Born in the Sixties and just ending a wild growth spurt in adolescence, racquetball is the world's fastest-rising sport. It won't be played at the 1984 Olympics (it's several countries short of the 25 required for eventhood), but the little blue ball will probably make its first international bounce at the 1987 Pan American Games.

Meanwhile, back in the friendly confines of 30,000 American courts, the one-and-a-half-billion-dollar racquetball industry serves 10,000,000 panting participants. As it gets older, the game seems only to be getting better. A recent industry survey reveals that for the first time, more than half

of all racquetballers play at the A and B levels. What that means is that the level of play is rising faster than a well-struck ceiling shot. Now that they outnumber the duffers, that hard core of 5,000,000 A and B players is looking to ascend competitive ladders at clubs all over the country.

But as Butch and the Kid might have said, peering through Plexiglas goggles, "Who are those guys?" Who are all those ardent A and B players swinging airplane-grade-graphite racquets and darting around on white-soled shoes? Are you one of them? If so, you've reached a point at which you're better than most C players and the novices, but are you really *that* good?

The answer from racquetball insiders is: No, you're really not. You probably crush your weekend competition and do pretty well at home-club tournaments. But then you sign up for an intraclub or city meet, falter badly and lose to inferior—but more methodical—players.

Does that scenario sound familiar? If so, what's the matter with you?

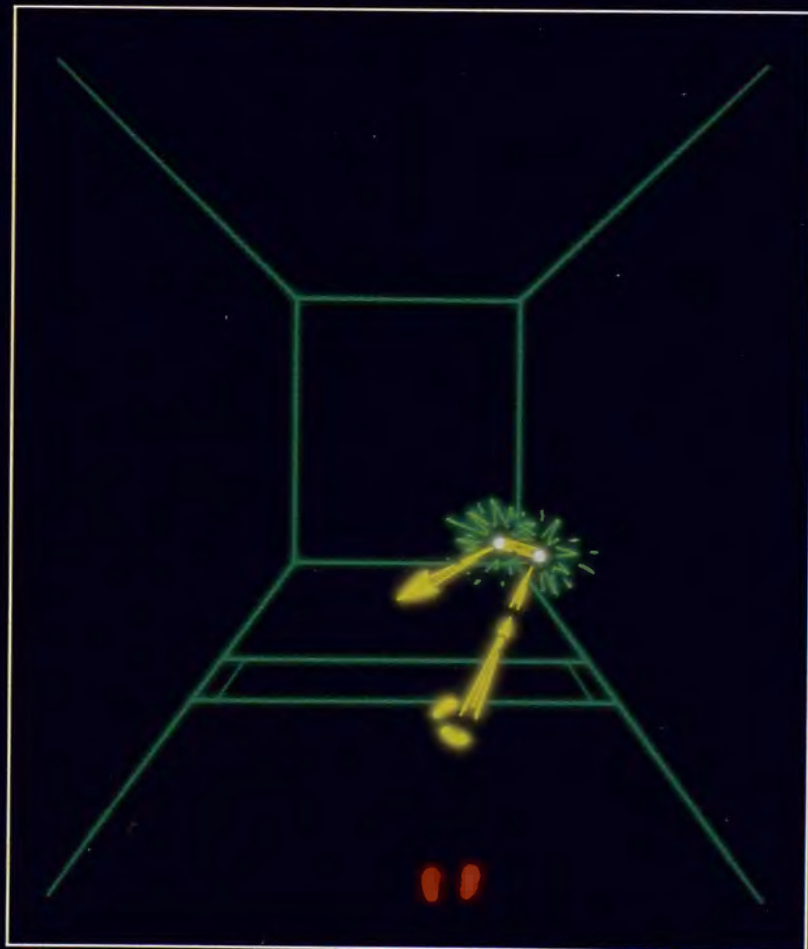
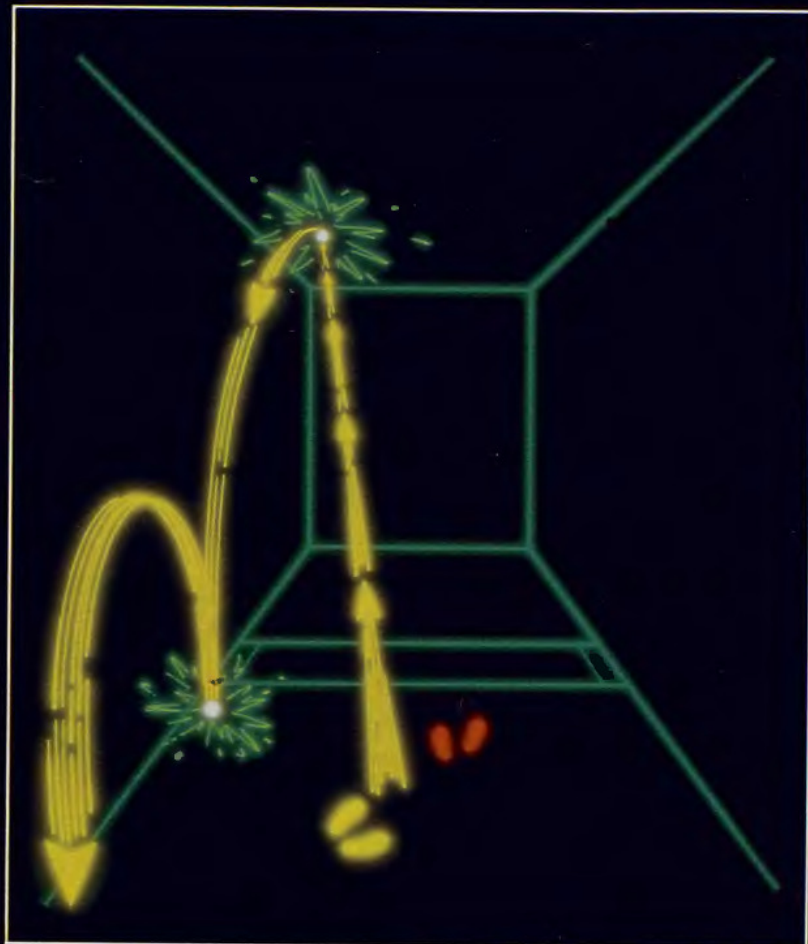
What's the matter is that, all too often, even good players make too many unforced errors, miss shots they know they should put away and ground balls they know they'd return against their regular home-club competition.

What can be done? Can our vast army of A and B players find salvation in better fundamentals?

"Of course!" says Chuck Sheftel, head of the American Professional Racquetball Organization. "Even though the quality of play has risen markedly in the past two years, there's plenty of room for improvement."

Part of the problem, according to Sheftel, is that racquetball is such an easy game to pick up. After five minutes of practice, most tennis players, squash players and even ping-pongers find they can keep a racquetball winging around the court with surprising skill. "Racquetball is such a forgiving game," he says, "that fun has begun to pass for proficiency. A lot of that B- and A-level proficiency—those wild charges in which a shot is barely returned to the front wall—is built on poor foundations. Many players have never worked on their fundamentals: forehand, backhand, hard serve, soft serve. They came to the courts with minimal instruction. If a player like that has a knack for handling the racquet and chasing the ball and, God forbid, *wins*, that's when you have a problem. You get a player who will improve only up to a certain point. Bad habits will harden into his or her regular game."

You can guess what happens then. Against solid competition, such a player won't get (continued on page 186)





THE PINCH (far left, below): You're close to center court. Your opponent, knowing and fearing all those straight-back passing shots you hit, stands tensed for yet another. Instead, you fire the ball off the side wall. It angles to the front and dies or skitters out of reach. The pinch is an excellent change-of-pace shot. **THE CEILING SHOT** (far left, above): You're deep in the court and your foe expects an easy setup. But you just drive the ball to the ceiling, within six feet of the front wall. The ball kisses the ceiling, caroms off the front wall, loops down the side line, bounces once, then, ideally, dies deep in a back corner. The ceiling shot is offensive and defensive, giving tired players a chance to rest. **THE MOVING SERVE** (left): You've got the ball in your hand, so you may as well do something offensive. Starting near the left wall, take a step or two toward mid-court. From there, you can drive your serve into either corner. And since you're moving as you serve, you have to block your opponent's view momentarily. Too bad.

We found a Lightning Man to strut the stuff electrifying racquetball is made of (right), but using your latent body power, you can learn to strike the same way. Set up as shown, legs a stride apart, knees flexed. The moment the incoming ball enters your hitting zone, your forward foot thrusts wallward, your torso and shoulders uncoil and—most crucial—you snap your wrist into the ball. The wrist is your body's bridge for getting its power transferred to the ball. The arrow in the picture represents that vital wrist snap—racquetball's power line. Many of the most successful players say the wrist snap constitutes more than 50 percent of their game!





*"But where is all this leading us, Senator—'60 Minutes,'
'20/20,' 'CBS Reports' . . . ?"*

"AMONG ALL women," said Yonosuke, "a young widow is perhaps the easiest to seduce. Consider her state of mind as the months pass by after the funeral. She walks about with vacant eyes. On stormy nights, when the thunder rolls and the rain beats down, there are leaks everywhere, because she has forgotten to have the roof mended. She awakes from a bad dream and remembers how she used to nestle close to her husband. She thinks of suicide or even of becoming a nun.

"I myself," Yonosuke added, "was once able to help one of these poor creatures on the road to recovery. Perhaps you would care to hear the story?"

"I had just come out of the playhouse after seeing a good ballad drama, and I was in a beneficent mood. Suddenly, on the street, a young woman accosted me, saying, '*Moshi, moshi*, please, sir, may I speak with you privately about a most urgent matter?' She was decently dressed and respectable in appearance, and so I took her off to a nearby tearoom to hear her story."

When they were seated, he said, she began, in a low voice: "I must beg your pardon for disturbing you so. I am a waiting maid in the service of a young lady recently bereaved. My mistress has no friends or family nearby, and now that she is under the evil spell of one who has come into her life only recently, we must find help. She knows you by reputation, Yonosuke-san, and she has admired your strong and handsome appearance from afar. She craves your assistance to rid her of her terrible enslavement, and if you consent to help, she will be grateful forever."

"I am moved to know that the lady has chosen me to be her rescuer, but, please, may I know what task it is I am being asked to perform?"

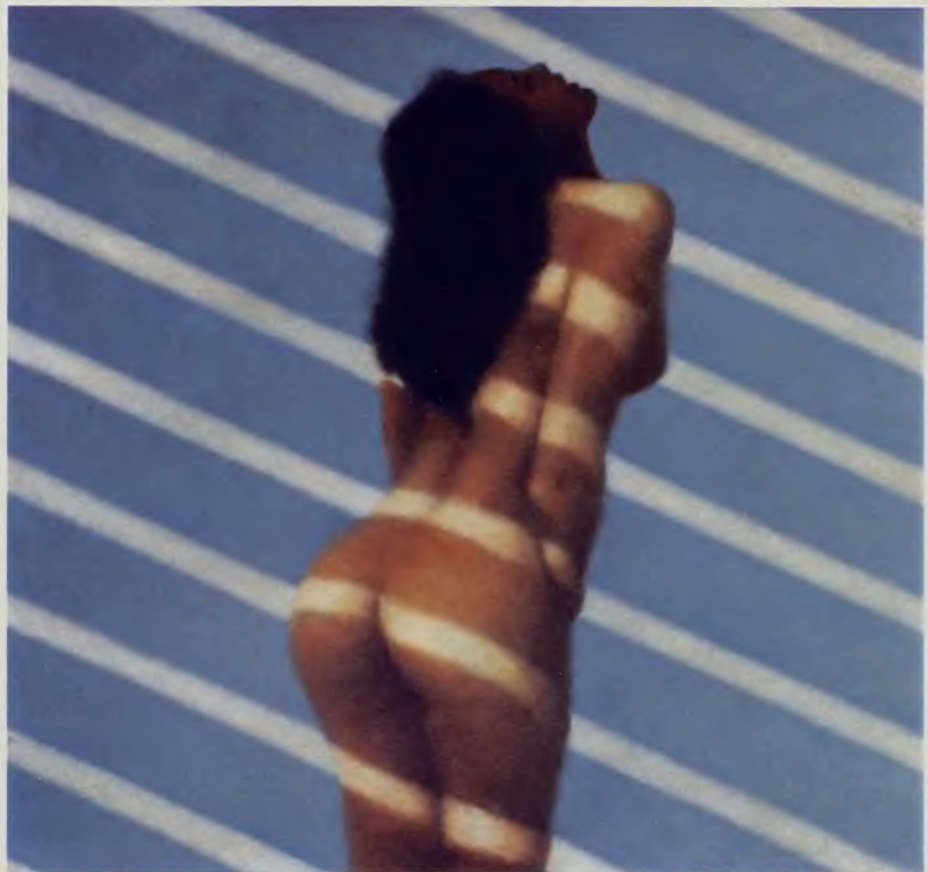
"She requires you for a duel. You must kill her enemy. Then you must wield his power yourself."

That, Yonosuke related, was a powerful appeal to his sense of chivalry. He could not ignore or reject a request so desperately put. He accepted and bade the girl induce the enemy to appear within the hour at the meadow near the Ryosan temple.

Yonosuke returned to his quarters and put on his armor. He tied a white sweatband around his head. He tested his sword for the sharpness of its edge. Then he set off for the meeting.

To his surprise, the maid was seated all alone when he arrived at the dueling place.

Yonosuke called out to her, "Where is he? Who is this enemy and what is his name? Has he not agreed to appear?"



The maid placed a small brocade bag in Yonosuke's hand and, in a small voice, said, "Here he is. Open it and see for yourself." Then she hid her face in the flowing sleeve of her kimono.

In astonishment, Yonosuke opened the bag; before his startled eyes was a large, white, perfect male penis. It was carved of ivory and it was so cleverly made, even to the texture of the skin and the little swellings of the veins, that it seemed to be alive.

Yonosuke's face flushed with anger. "You have tricked me," he said. "Here am I, a gentleman responding to a plea of distress from a lady. And I show myself willing to risk my life. And now you and your mistress have lied to me and made a fool of me!"

The maid's face showed a mingling of fear and shame. She knelt before him and began to cry. "Please believe me—my mistress is not to blame. This is quite my own scheme. You see, some weeks after her husband died, she found a merchant who would sell her this object. She brought it home with her, and soon it had become her worst habit, her greatest need, the enemy under her own roof that dominated her thoughts day and night.

"Kind sir, I could not tell you the truth about the form of this enemy or you would

have laughed at me. Therefore, I was forced to pretend that the enemy was a warrior. Forgive me, and believe that the menace is no less real."

Yonosuke was tormented with indecision and stood staring at the maid. Shyly, she drew from her bag a handful of gold coins and put them in his hand. "When you have killed the enemy, we shall expect you at"—and here she named the address—"tomorrow evening." She smiled for the first time, turned and, with little running steps, crossed the meadow and was out of sight.

Yonosuke looked at the thing in one hand and at the gold in the other and cursed himself. He was a fool who had been taken in by a little maid! And now, a fool who had been paid to become a male concubine! It was outrageous. But then he began to think about his rendezvous with the pretty widow. Should he, perhaps, overlook the trickery?

A little boy crossing the meadow a few minutes later had a great fright and ran home. He told his parents that he had seen a man in the field busily chopping up a penis with a sword. His mother and his father told him sternly to stop making up such revolting lies.

—Retold by Ken Matsuda



*Sex in
Cinema
1983*



COMEDIES, TEEN SAGAS AND
NEWLY POPULAR FOREIGN FILMS
HEAT UP THE SCREEN THIS YEAR

article **By ARTHUR KNIGHT** Any year that brings us not one but two James Bond movies—one starring the urbane Roger Moore, the other the unflappable Sean Connery—can't be all bad. On the other hand, any year that brings us better than a dozen cartoon-strip *Star Wars* spin-offs, in which not only the animation but also the plots seem computer produced, has a lot to answer for. Sex, it would seem, has been temporarily shelved in favor of special effects, at least in the megabuck attractions that have been luring the kids to the wickets, with George Lucas' *Return of the Jedi* already pegged as one of the biggest grossers ever. True, in that opus, Princess Leia is briefly threatened with ravishment by the monstrous Jabba the Hutt (looking for all the world like a huge beached walrus); but the *modus operandi* of such a union is as baffling and unlikely as that of King Kong with Jessica Lange. And even though Carrie Fisher is garbed in a slinky, seductive gown, one has the feeling that old Jabba could do better than Leia, while her romantic interlude with Harrison Ford is as idyllic as a shampoo commercial—and just about as brief.

What seems to be happening is a deliberate return to films fashioned for the 12-year-old mentality, with everything geared for action and escape, not unlike *(text continued on page 160)*

THE RIGHT MOVES: There's nothing like a hot beat to set audiences' juices flowing—and, studios hope, the turnstiles whirling. Marine Jahan (left) does the fancy stepping for Jennifer Beals in *Flashdance*; John Travolta (right) strives to keep Tony Manero on top in *Staying Alive*.





FORMULA FUN: We know what to expect from a *Star Wars* installment or a James Bond thriller: The real action takes place out of bed. Carrie Fisher displays more than usual for Jabba the Hutt in *Return of the Jedi*; Suzanne Jerome massages Maud Adams in *Octopussy* (below); and Sean Connery dallies with Barbara Carrera in *Never Say Never Again* (bottom).





HOT & HEAVY: Chemical reactions bubble in (clockwise from top) *Breathless*, with Richard Gere taking a dive for Valerie Kaprisky; *Chained Heat*, a women's-prison feature with Sybil Danning (left) and Linda Blair; *Fanny Hill*, a classy update of the classic, with Lisa Raines in the title role, here goading her meal ticket, Mr. H. (Neil Phelps); *Eureka*, with Rutger Hauer and Theresa Russell; *The Hunger*, in which Susan Sarandon (left) and Catherine Deneuve engage in racy rites of blood sisterhood; and *The Lonely Lady*, featuring the ever-popular Pia Zadora (here in carnal conference with Joseph Cali).





CRAZY KID STUFF: Skin is still in when it comes to youth-market pictures, as exemplified by (clockwise from left) *Hot Dog*, starring PLAYBOY's own 1982 Playmate of the Year, Shannon Tweed, here splashing around with Patrick Houser; the largely acclaimed *Valley Girl*, with Elizabeth Daily and Michael Bowen as supporting players in a contemporary twist on *Romeo and Juliet*; *Private School*, featuring Michael Zorek donning drag, the better to peek into the girls' showers; *Joysticks*, in which Miss May 1982, Kym Malin (left), Scott McGinnis and Kim G. Michel appear in the story of teenagers trying to save a video arcade; and *Spring Break*, a Florida-beach-front T-and-A extravaganza, title self-explanatory.





OLDER WOMEN: Nobody's calling them dirty old ladies yet, but Jacqueline Bisset carries on an affair with a kid who's her son's prep school roommate (Andrew McCarthy) in *Class* (top); Joan Collins goes after Michael Morgan in *Homework* (above); and *Ladies' Night's* Lesley Ann Warren tries unsuccessfully to divert her attention from go-go-dancing hunk Christopher Atkins (below).





FOREIGN INTRIGUES: Red-blooded American moviegoers had reason to be grateful to film makers from abroad in '83. Examples, clockwise from above: France's *Tendres Cousines* (the David Hamilton picture previewed in a July 1981 pictorial, which at last is headed for these shores); Brazil's *Gabriela*, steamily teaming Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni; *La Nuit de Varennes*, a kind of French Revolutionary road movie, with Jean-Louis Barrault as the writer Restif de la Bretonne checking out *femme de la nuit* Annie Bell; *Heat of Desire*, originally released as *Plein Sud*, in which Clio Goldsmith turns Patrick Dewaere into a man of action; and a sizzling scene from *Nana*, latest rendition of the Zola classic; and the first big hit to reach this country from New Zealand, *Smash Palace*, starring Anna Jemison and Bruno Lawrence in the story of a marriage disintegrating amid junk-yard auto wreckage.



X-PLOITS: A cut above the average adult feature are *In Love*, a romance directed by Chuck (Roommates) Vincent and starring Kelly Nichols and Jerry Butler (below), and *Blonde Goddess* (bottom), with Jonathan Ford as a Clark Kent-ish type who dreams up encounters with Susanna Britton.







ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH: Sex with a smile is the rule in some of the year's funnier films. On the opposite page, we have *The Wicked Lady* (top left), with John Gielgud as highwaywoman Faye Dunaway's Bible-spouting servant Hogarth chastising a pair of bridesmaids he has caught in a compromising position; *Monty Python's The Meaning of Life* (at top right, Graham Chapman is surrounded by heavenly chorus girls); *The Missionary* (bottom right), in which Python Michael Palin ministers to ladies of the evening; and *The Man with Two Brains* (bottom left), with Steve Martin checking out Randi Brooks (he's looking for a suitable body to house the brain with which he's fallen in love). On this page, the summer's comedy hit *Trading Places*, with Eddie Murphy and Barbra Streisand (above left); Dan Aykroyd and Jamie Lee Curtis (above right). Curtis (bottom) is a knockout as a helpful hooker.



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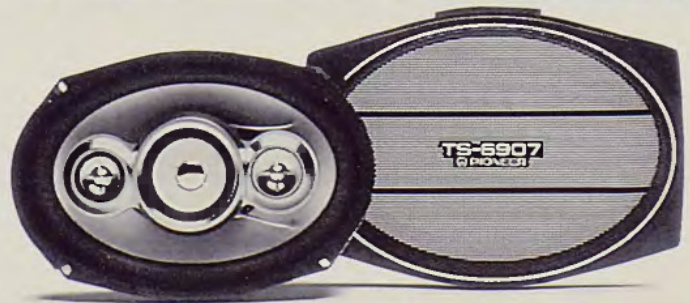
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M U S I C P O L L



is rock 'n' roll king? you tell us

IF YOU WEREN'T DANCING this year, don't say that nobody told you to. While David Bowie proposed *Let's Dance*, the durable Kinks doubled back with *Come Dancing* and *Don't Forget to Dance*. And just about everybody was tripping down *Electric Avenue*. No wonder all the women were wearing Danskins this year. If you're able to stop long enough to catch your breath, you can register your opinion of all this bopping floor-board action in the annual Playboy Music Poll. You'll find our suggestions listed at right; if we've missed your favorite, a write-in is fine. But, please, if you're voting for someone whose name does appear on the list, help our ballot counters and use the number beside the name. When you've finished side one, flip the ballot over and make your choices for Hall of Fame and Best LP categories. Only official ballots count, and they must be postmarked before midnight, November 1, 1983. For the beat on how you voted, look at our April 1984 issue. Meanwhile, keep on dancing.

LIST YOUR CHOICES IN THE 1984 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL
BY NUMBER ON THE ACCOMPANYING BALLOT

POP/ROCK

Male Vocalist

1. David Bowie
2. Jimmy Buffett
3. Elvis Costello
4. John Cougar
5. Marshall Crenshaw
6. Roger Daltrey
7. Ray Davies
8. Bob Dylan
9. Daryl Hall
10. Michael Jackson
11. Mick Jagger
12. Billy Joel
13. Paul McCartney
14. Steve Perry
15. Tom Petty
16. Robert Plant
17. Bob Seger
18. Bruce Springsteen
19. Billy Squier
20. Rod Stewart
21. Sting
22. George Thorogood
23. Peter Wolf

Female Vocalist

1. Pat Benatar
2. Karla Bonoff
3. Belinda Carlisle
4. Carlene Carter
5. Martha Davis
6. Sheena Easton
7. Marianne Faithfull
8. Deborah Harry
9. Chrissie Hynde
10. Joan Jett
11. Rickie Lee Jones
12. Melissa Manchester
13. Bette Midler
14. Joni Mitchell
15. Juice Newton
16. Olivia Newton-John
17. Stevie Nicks
18. Linda Ronstadt
19. Carly Simon
20. Grace Slick
21. Ann Wilson

Guitar

1. Adrian Belew
2. Eric Clapton
3. Ry Cooder
4. Steve Cropper
5. Glenn Frey
6. Jerry Garcia
7. Mark Knopfler
8. David Lindley
9. Ted Nugent
10. Jimmy Page
11. Robert Quine
12. Bonnie Raitt
13. Keith Richards
14. Carlos Santana
15. Richard Thompson
16. Peter Townshend
17. James "Blood" Ulmer
18. Waddy Wachtel
19. Joe Walsh
20. Frank Zappa

Keyboards

1. Roy Bittan
2. Jackson Browne
3. Keith Emerson
4. Brian Eno
5. Nicky Hopkins
6. Joe Jackson
7. Billy Joel
8. Jerry Lee Lewis
9. Bill Payne
10. Mac Rebennack
11. Todd Rundgren
12. Allen Toussaint
13. Neil Young

Drums

1. Carmine Appice
2. Phil Collins

3. Stewart Copeland
4. Mick Fleetwood
5. Bill Kreutzmann
6. Russ Kunkel
7. Stan Lynch
8. David Teegarden
9. Joe Vitale
10. Charlie Watts
11. Max Weinberg
12. Pick Withers

Bass

1. Jack Bruce
2. Stanley Clarke
3. Donald "Duck" Dunn
4. John Entwistle
5. Bob Glaub
6. John Paul Jones
7. Greg Lake
8. Phil Lesh
9. Paul McCartney
10. John McVie
11. Lee Sklar
12. Garry Tallent
13. Klaus Voormann
14. Tina Weymouth
15. Bill Wyman

Composer/Songwriter

1. Becker/Fagen
2. Karla Bonoff
3. David Bowie
4. Jackson Browne
5. Jimmy Buffett
6. Marshall Crenshaw
7. Ray Davies
8. Bob Dylan
9. Brian Eno
10. Robert Fripp
11. Daryl Hall & John Oates
12. Michael Jackson
13. Billy Joel
14. Rickie Lee Jones
15. Mark Knopfler
16. Paul McCartney
17. Joni Mitchell
18. Randy Newman
19. Stevie Nicks
20. Ric Ocasek
21. Tom Petty
22. Bob Seger
23. Paul Simon
24. Bruce Springsteen
25. Strummer/Jones
26. Peter Townshend
27. Stevie Wonder

Group

1. Asia
2. B-52's
3. Cars
4. Clash
5. Dire Straits
6. Fleetwood Mac
7. J. Geils Band
8. Girlschool
9. Go-Go's
10. Grateful Dead
11. Daryl Hall & John Oates
12. Heart
13. Jefferson Starship
14. Journey
15. Kinks
16. Motels
17. Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers
18. Pink Floyd
19. Police
20. Pretenders
21. Quarterflash
22. Rolling Stones
23. Santana
24. Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band
25. Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band
26. Steely Dan
27. Stray Cats

28. Talking Heads
29. Van Halen
30. Who

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

Male Vocalist

1. George Benson
2. James Brown
3. Peabo Bryson
4. Ray Charles
5. Jimmy Cliff
6. Marvin Gaye
7. Eddy Grant
8. Michael Henderson
9. Jermaine Jackson
10. Michael Jackson
11. Rick James
12. B. B. King
13. Prince
14. Smokey Robinson
15. Narada Michael Walden
16. Stevie Wonder

Female Vocalist

1. Linda Clifford
2. Roberta Flack
3. Aretha Franklin
4. Phyllis Hyman
5. Millie Jackson
6. Chaka Khan
7. Gladys Knight
8. Diana Ross
9. Donna Summer

Composer/Songwriter

1. Nickolas Ashford—Valerie Simpson
2. Thom Bell
3. James Brown
4. George Clinton
5. Michael Jackson
6. Eugene McDaniels
7. Ray Parker, Jr.
8. Prince
9. Lionel Richie, Jr.
10. Smokey Robinson
11. William Salter
12. Norman Whitfield
13. Stevie Wonder

Group

1. Ashford & Simpson
2. Black Uhuru
3. Chic
4. Commodores
5. Dazz Band
6. Earth, Wind & Fire
7. Gap Band
8. Isley Brothers
9. Gladys Knight & the Pips
10. Kool & the Gang
11. Manhattans
12. Parliament/Funkadelic
13. Pointer Sisters
14. Sister Sledge
15. Steel Pulse
16. Temptations

JAZZ

Male Vocalist

1. Mose Allison
2. Tony Bennett
3. George Benson
4. Ray Charles
5. Bob Dorough
6. Billy Eckstine
7. Michael Franks
8. Al Jarreau
9. Bobby McFerrin
10. Milton Nascimento
11. Lou Rawls
12. Gil Scott-Heron
13. Frank Sinatra
14. Mel Tormé
15. Joe Williams

B A L L O T

Put down the **NUMBERS** of listed candidates you choose. To vote for a person not appearing on our list, write in full name; only one in each category.

POP/ROCK

- MALE VOCALIST _____
- FEMALE VOCALIST _____
- GUITAR _____
- KEYBOARDS _____
- DRUMS _____
- BASS _____
- COMPOSER/SONGWRITER _____
- GROUP _____

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

- MALE VOCALIST _____
- FEMALE VOCALIST _____
- COMPOSER/SONGWRITER _____
- GROUP _____

JAZZ

- MALE VOCALIST _____
- FEMALE VOCALIST _____
- BRASS _____
- WOODWINDS _____
- KEYBOARDS _____
- VIBES _____
- GUITAR _____
- BASS _____
- PERCUSSION _____
- COMPOSER/SONGWRITER _____
- GROUP _____

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

- MALE VOCALIST _____
- FEMALE VOCALIST _____
- STRING INSTRUMENTALIST _____
- COMPOSER/SONGWRITER _____
- GROUP _____

THE LIST OF NAMES ACCOMPANYING THIS BALLOT IS INTENDED ONLY AS A GUIDE TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR CHOICES

CUT ALONG THIS LINE



PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST POP/ROCK LP

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

BEST JAZZ LP

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP

PLAYBOY HALL OF FAME

Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible. Artists previously elected (Duane Allman, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, John Bonham, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, Eric Clapton, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, George Harrison, Jimi Hendrix, Mick Jagger, Elton John, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Keith Moon, Jim Morrison, Willie Nelson, Elvis Presley, Linda Ronstadt, Frank Sinatra, Bruce Springsteen, Ringo Starr, Peter Townshend, Stevie Wonder) are not eligible.

HALL OF FAME CHOICE

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip Code _____

Name and address must be printed above to authenticate ballot.

(Mail to: Playboy Music Poll, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.)

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

Female Vocalist

1. Patti Austin
2. Angela Bofill
3. Dee Dee Bridgewater
4. Betty Carter
5. Urszula Dudziak
6. Ella Fitzgerald
7. Lena Horne
8. Cleo Laine
9. Carmen McRae
10. Flora Purim
11. Della Reese
12. Phoebe Snow
13. Sarah Vaughan
14. Nancy Wilson

Brass

1. Nat Adderley
2. Herb Alpert
3. Chet Baker
4. Lester Bowie
5. Randy Brecker
6. Tom Browne
7. Donald Byrd
8. Don Cherry
9. Miles Davis
10. Jon Faddis
11. Maynard Ferguson
12. Dizzy Gillespie
13. Freddie Hubbard
14. J. J. Johnson
15. Chuck Mangione
16. Wynton Marsalis
17. Doc Severinsen
18. Clark Terry
19. Bill Watrous

Woodwinds

1. Joe Farrell
2. Wilton Felder
3. Chico Freeman
4. Benny Goodman
5. Dexter Gordon
6. Johnny Griffin
7. Eddie Harris
8. Woody Herman
9. John Klemmer
10. Yusuf Lateef
11. Hubert Laws
12. Ronnie Laws
13. Gerry Mulligan
14. Sonny Rollins
15. David Sanborn
16. Wayne Shorter
17. Zoot Sims
18. Stanley Turrentine
19. Grover Washington, Jr.
20. Sadao Watanabe
21. Paul Winter
22. Phil Woods

Keyboards

1. Kenny Barron
2. Dave Brubeck
3. Chick Corea
4. George Duke
5. Herbie Hancock
6. Ahmad Jamal
7. Bob James
8. Keith Jarrett
9. Ramsey Lewis
10. Oscar Peterson
11. Patrice Rushen
12. Joe Sample
13. Cecil Taylor
14. McCoy Tyner
15. George Winston
16. Joe Zawinul

Vibes

1. Roy Ayers
2. Gary Burton
3. Victor Feldman
4. David Friedman
5. Terry Gibbs
6. Lionel Hampton
7. Jay Hoggard
8. Bobby Hutcherson
9. Milt Jackson
10. Mike Mainieri

11. Buddy Montgomery
12. Red Norvo
13. David Samuels
14. Keith Underwood
15. Tommy Vig

Guitar

1. John Abercrombie
2. George Benson
3. Kenny Burrell
4. Charlie Byrd
5. Larry Coryell
6. Al DiMeola
7. Herb Ellis
8. Eric Gale
9. Jim Hall
10. Earl Klugh
11. John McLaughlin
12. Pat Metheny
13. Joe Pass
14. Lee Ritenour
15. Ralph Towner

Bass

1. Ray Brown
2. Mike Bruce
3. Joe Byrd
4. Ron Carter
5. Stanley Clarke
6. Bob Cranshaw
7. Art Davis
8. Eddie Gomez
9. Percy Heath
10. Carol Kaye
11. Cecil McBee
12. Monk Montgomery
13. Jaco Pastorius
14. Rufus Reid
15. Miroslav Vitous

Percussion

1. Art Blakey
2. Willie Bobo
3. Billy Cobham
4. Norman Connors
5. Jack DeJohnette
6. Steve Gadd
7. Stix Hooper
8. Elvin Jones
9. Ralph MacDonald
10. Alphonse Mouzon
11. Buddy Rich
12. Max Roach
13. Mongo Santamaria
14. Lenny White
15. Tony Williams

Composer/Songwriter

1. Toshiko Akiyoshi
2. Carla Bley
3. Dave Brubeck
4. Stanley Clarke
5. Chick Corea
6. Miles Davis
7. Herbie Hancock
8. Bob James
9. Keith Jarrett
10. Quincy Jones
11. Michel Legrand
12. Chuck Mangione
13. Gil Scott-Heron
14. Grover Washington, Jr.
15. Joe Zawinul

Group

1. Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band
2. Count Basie
3. Big Sky Mudflaps
4. Ray Charles
5. Crusaders
6. Maynard Ferguson
7. Free Flight
8. Herbie Hancock
9. Hiroshima
10. Jeff Lorber Fusion
11. Chuck Mangione
12. Manhattan Transfer
13. Oregon
14. Buddy Rich

15. Spyro Gyra
16. Weather Report

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

Male Vocalist

1. Johnny Cash
2. Charlie Daniels
3. Larry Gatlin
4. Merle Haggard
5. Waylon Jennings
6. George Jones
7. Jerry Lee Lewis
8. Ronnie Milsap
9. Willie Nelson
10. Eddie Rabbitt
11. Jerry Reed
12. Kenny Rogers
13. Ricky Skaggs
14. Don Williams
15. Hank Williams, Jr.

Female Vocalist

1. Rosanne Cash
2. Rita Coolidge
3. Lacy J. Dalton
4. Janie Fricke
5. Crystal Gayle
6. Terri Gibbs
7. Emmylou Harris
8. Loretta Lynn
9. Barbara Mandrell
10. Charly McClain
11. Reba McEntire
12. Dolly Parton
13. Sylvia
14. Dottie West
15. Tammy Wynette

String Instrumentalist

1. Chet Atkins
2. Roy Clark
3. Roy Cooder
4. Amos Garrett
5. Johnny Gimble
6. David Grisman
7. John Hartford
8. Sonny James
9. Charlie McCoy
10. John McEuen
11. Bill Monroe
12. Jerry Reed
13. Earl Scruggs
14. Ricky Skaggs
15. Doc Watson

Composer/Songwriter

1. Bobby Braddock
2. Rosanne Cash
3. Rodney Crowell
4. Dean Dillon
5. Merle Haggard
6. Tom T. Hall
7. Waylon Jennings
8. Willie Nelson
9. Dolly Parton
10. Billy Joe Shaver
11. Shel Silverstein
12. Sonny Throckmorton
13. Mel Tillis
14. Don Williams
15. Hank Williams, Jr.

Group

1. Alabama
2. Asleep at the Wheel
3. Calamity Jane
4. Johnny Cash & the Tennessee Three
5. Charlie Daniels Band
6. Dirt Band
7. Larry Gatlin & the Gatlin Brothers Band
8. Merle Haggard & the Strangers
9. Waylon Jennings & the Waylors
10. Kendalls
11. Oak Ridge Boys
12. Statler Brothers
13. Hank Williams, Jr. & the Bama Band

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SKIP WILLIAMSON

annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard

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WELL, YOUR HONOR - THIS GENTLEMAN WAS SMOKING A CIGAR AND FILLING THE AIR WITH NOXIOUS FUMES -

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I SIMPLY CARRIED THE OFFENDING CIGAR OUTSIDE AND SMUSHED IT UNDERFOOT.

DEFENDANT

YOUR HONOR! THE CIGAR WAS IN MY MOUTH AT THE TIME!

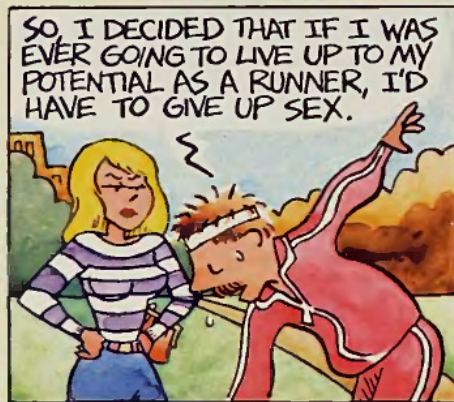
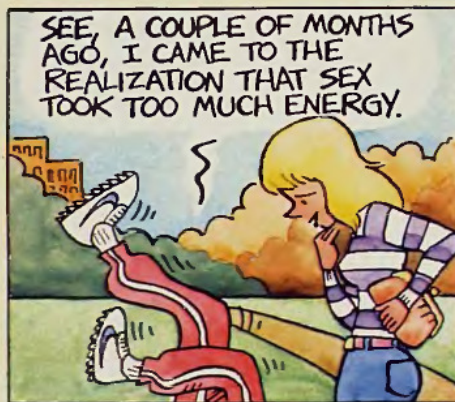
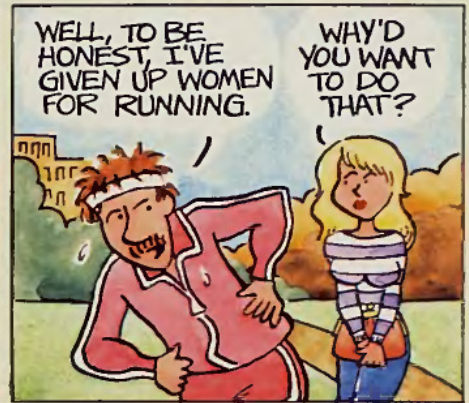
PLAINTIFF

DEFENDANT

You SHOULD'A LET GO!

Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON



Sex in Cinema (continued from page 143)

"Perhaps because their budgets were lower, comedies were given considerably more leeway to go for the outrageous."

the Saturday-afternoon serials and Westerns of our youth (a comparison that Lucas himself would accept as valid). But where once, in the grisly years of the production code, moviemakers had a reasonable excuse for avoiding the earthier aspects of human behavior, today's motivation is essentially monetary. Lucas tapped a gold mine in *Star Wars*, and every prospector in town has been rushing in with pick and shovel to work the same vein. Staggering production costs, of course, have added to the trend. With today's bigger pictures in the \$15,000,000-to-\$40,000,000 price range, producers are hardly eager to take chances. They go where the money is. And today's big spenders, all too obviously, are the kids who haunt the video-game parlors—and boast that they've seen *Jedi* a dozen times.

But that is only part of the story. Peering over the kids' shoulders is a significant portion of the adult population, sucked in by a wave of nostalgia for these action-filled adventures that remind them so strongly of the movies of their own childhood, though executed on a far grander, far more spectacular scale. Sociologists might well ponder the significance of this *recherche du temps perdu*. Is it a search for a lost innocence? A gut-level response to the age-old battle between good and evil? A natural curiosity about the future? Or is it something more profound, a remote stirring of the myths that have shaped our culture? The studios couldn't care less. As long as the audiences keep turning up, they'll keep turning them out—as evidenced by Lucasfilm's top-budgeted sequel to Steven Spielberg's *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*, currently in production.

Further evidence is to be found in the extraordinary number of remakes and sequels either released in 1983 or now before the cameras for next year's delectation. *Octopussy* is the 13th James Bond movie, *Never Say Never Again* the 14th. We've had *Superman III*, *Smokey and the Bandit Part III*, *Jaws 3-D*, *Psycho II* and *Porky's II: The Next Day*; we'll probably see *Cannonball II*, *Conan: King of Thieves*, *First Blood II*, *Star Trek III: In Search of Spock* and *Rocky IV* within the next 12 months—and, just possibly, *The Godfather III* and *2010: Odyssey Two* may follow. From the comic strips, with more than a passing nod to Lucas (and to last year's *Annie*), will come *Sheena*, *Queen of the Jungle*, *Dick Tracy*, *Mandrake the Magician*—and *Annie II*.

What has all this to do with sex in cinema? Nothing, except by way of explanation of why there was so little of it in the bigger-budgeted movies of 1983. Even

Octopussy (rated PG) limits Bond's sacktime to a brief, oblique encounter with lovely Maud Adams. Oddly enough, the kind of sexiness we usually associate with the decorative handmaidens in the James Bond movies is to be found in *excelsis* in Pamela Stephenson's *Superman III* portrait of a not-so-dumb blonde, monopolist Robert Vaughn's coconspirator. The girls in *Octopussy*, on the other hand—with the toothsome exception of Kristina Wayborn, who spins herself out of her sari—are surprisingly decorous.

One searches in vain for even those *divertissements*, however, in such multimillion-dollar spectacles as John Badham's thriller *WarGames*, in the 3-D *Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone* (a singularly zestless carbon of *The Road Warrior*), or in all four segments of *Twilight Zone—The Movie*. *High Road to China*, said to have cost \$20,000,000, has the virtue of introducing TV's handsome Tom Selleck to the big screen but little else. Selleck, who displays much of the brash charm and presence of Clark Gable, is largely wasted in this hackneyed adventure movie, and his scenes with a shrewish Bess Armstrong never catch fire. All of these films, not coincidentally, were rated PG. Of the year's major high-tech productions, only *Blue Thunder* (also directed by *WarGames*' Badham) ventures into the R category—and that, presumably, because Roy Scheider parks his helicopter for a few moments outside the window of a shapely miss doing her aerobics in the nude. Even so, *Thunder* remains memorable less for its peekaboo sex than for its superbly staged dogfights over and among Los Angeles' far-flung freeways and sparkingly new skyscrapers.

Perhaps because their budgets were lower, comedies were given considerably more leeway to go for the outrageous—and for the R. Certainly, nothing in the year was more far out than *Monty Python's The Meaning of Life*. It's a wacky, often gross but marvelously entertaining film that lampoons *everything*—religion, education, war, sex, with a musical number on birth control calculated to incense both priests and physicians. In *Still Smokin'*, however, Cheech and Chong demonstrate how to run bad taste into the ground. Their gags, centering on drugs, excrement and animal intercourse, are raunchy enough but neither clever nor disciplined enough to pay off—unless you're still smokin' the same stuff they are.

Similarly, it would take an especially staunch Steve Martin fan to be enchanted by his *Man with Two Brains*, in which he plays a skilled neurosurgeon who contrives

to implant a sympathetic brain in the sexy body of his nagging, unresponsive wife (Kathleen Turner). Martin is a comedian who works best in the short bursts afforded by *The Tonight Show*, not in the sustained reaches of a feature film. In fact, he may be the kind of stand-up comic that *The King of Comedy*'s Rupert Pupkin dreams of becoming. Pupkin, played by Robert De Niro, kidnaps talk-show host Jerry Lewis to get a spot on his show. The plot chills when Sandra Bernhard, a wealthy and not particularly attractive fan of the show, strips before the bound and gagged Lewis and attempts to seduce him. Lewis panics—and the entire audience is on his side.

In *Doctor Detroit*, comedian Dan Aykroyd finds himself in much the same predicament as Martin; He's fine from moment to moment but is unable to sustain the laugh quotient—even when given a glitzy wardrobe and a huge shock of hair to mark his transition from college professor to reluctant pimp. His girls—Fran Drescher, blonde Donna Dixon, black Lynn Whitfield and Oriental Lydia Lei—are all beauties; but Aykroyd never seems to relate to them (even though, offscreen, he married Dixon). *Airplane II*, *Porky's II* and *Screwballs* (which *Variety* aptly labeled *Porky's 1½*) all demonstrate the law of diminishing returns. Fitfully funny, occasionally raunchy, they seem determined to give sex comedies a bad name—as when, in *Screwballs*, a hapless young bowler manages to entangle the ball in his privates and goes on to score a strike.

Two comics who sold themselves solid in 1983, however, are Richard Pryor and young (22) Eddie Murphy. Pryor, who starred in his own salty *Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip* and co-starred with Jackie Gleason in *The Toy* and with Christopher Reeve in *Superman III*, signed a five-year contract with Columbia for upwards of \$40,000,000 to produce four movies of his own choosing—plus a guaranteed average of \$5,000,000 for each of a minimum of three pictures that he stars in and a percentage of the gross. Who says it doesn't pay to be funny? And Murphy, on the basis of his successes in *48 HRS.* and *Trading Places*, was signed to a similar deal by Paramount—though he gets only about \$1,000,000 per picture. But the kid's still young; he can scrimp along on that. *Trading Places*, in which Murphy co-stars with Aykroyd (with a sexy assist from Jamie Lee Curtis as a goodhearted hooker), proved to be the comedy hit of this past summer. Nobody seemed to notice that the competition, at least in the laughs category, wasn't keen. But *The Wicked Lady*, starring scrumptious Faye Dunaway in (and frequently out of) 17th Century costumes, at least suggested that the male sex has no corner on comedy. While Dunaway deadpans her way through this spoof of nocturnal highwaymen (and -women) in jolly old England, playing an elegant lady who robs stagecoaches by night, she makes the

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celluloid sizzle in her more passionate moments with Alan Bates—and that's more than Pryor or Murphy can do.

If sex has been ruled out as topic A in the big-budget movies, it's still to be found in fair supply in what might be termed the middle-income pictures—those with budgets that are comfortably large but not so stratospheric that they have to make it in the blockbuster category. Burt Reynolds' \$5,000,000 pay check alone sends any film in which he stars into the upper brackets; but with considerable belt tightening in the other departments, his pictures generally end up as winners—and *Stroker Ace* promises to be no exception. As Stroker, he plays his amiable, fast-living self, a stock-car driver (one of Reynolds' own hobbies) who divides his time between winning races and maneuvering the virginal Loni Anderson, making an auspicious screen debut, into his bed. It's hardly giving the plot away to reveal that he succeeds in both.

Richard Gere, on the other hand, instead of building on the strong, sympathetic role he created in *An Officer and a Gentleman*, has chosen for his follow-up a throwback to the cold, existential hero of *American Gigolo*. In *Breathless*, based on Jean-Luc Godard's 1959 classic (but transported from the boulevards of Paris to the streets of Los Angeles), he plays a guy on the lam. Hiding out in the apartment of UCLA student Valerie Kaprisky, he manages to convince her—and himself—that he really loves her. Their sex scenes together, including full frontal nudity by both parties, are pretty convincing in themselves, and Gere is now firmly

established as an authentic sex star. French-born Kaprisky isn't bad, either.

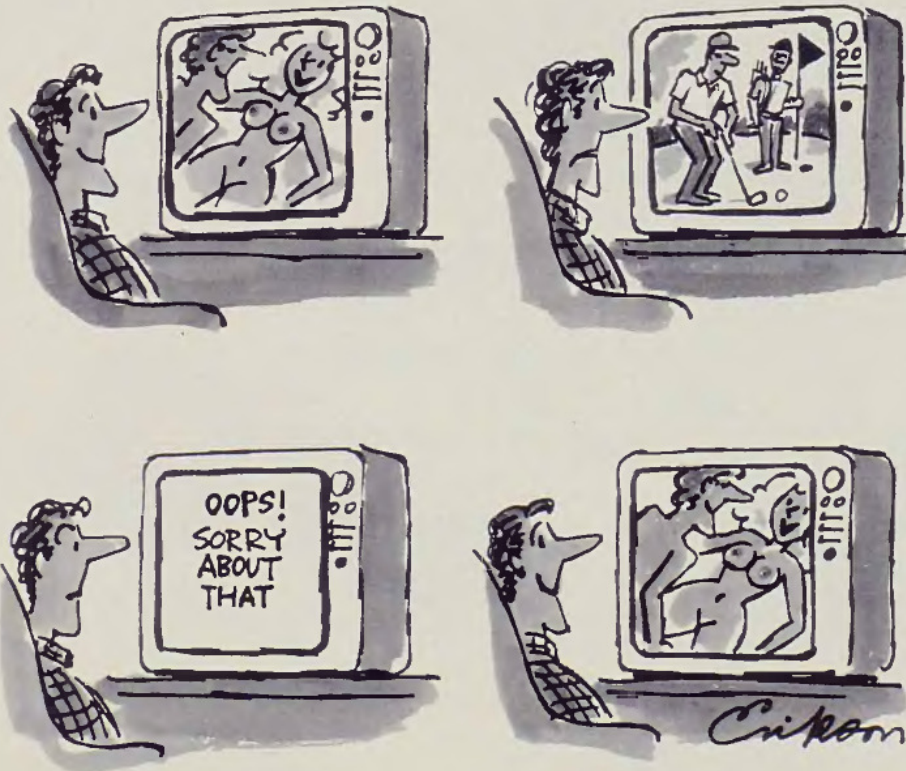
One of the strangest films to come from a major studio this year is James Toback's *Exposed*, co-starring Nastassia Kinski and ballet great Rudolf Nureyev—strange because Toback (who also wrote the script) has cast the exotic Kinski as a Wisconsin farm girl and Nureyev as a concert violinist. Further, he lets Kinski, who becomes a top fashion model, perform an autoerotic solo in her studio apartment, but Nureyev just fiddles around, at one point using his bow suggestively all over her lithe body. Kinski looks beautiful but understandably bewildered, while Nureyev performs with all the manufactured ardor of a ballet prince wooing the prima ballerina. The public was not enraptured. Nor did it respond with fervor to the belated appearance of MGM's *The Hunger*, despite some lesbian lovemaking between Catherine Deneuve, as an ageless vampire, and wide-eyed Susan Sarandon, improbably cast as a scientist studying ways to slow down the aging process. David Bowie, who desperately needs her expertise, disappears from the screen early on, having aged from 30 to about 80 in a couple of days; but while he's still fresh, his androgynous appeal makes a startlingly effective foil for Deneuve's bisexual eternal woman. Visually stunning, intellectually baffling, daringly erotic and insistently gory, *The Hunger* managed to fall between two stools, those of the art-house patrons and the horror-show fanatics, leaving a crimson stain not only on the screen but also on MGM's balance sheets.

Sheer sexiness accounts for the success of Paramount's *Flashdance*, a surprise hit

of the summer season. As the critics were quick to point out, there was almost no story and the cast was notably lacking in marquee value. Who ever heard of Jennifer Beals and Michael Nouri? No matter. Beals has a lithe, trim body and moves well—even though she didn't perform the torchy, quicksilver dances that highlight the film. (Marine Jahan did them, uncredited, and seems to be launching a whole new career on her belated recognition.) If the steamy dances have nothing to do with ballet, neither does *Flashdance* have anything to do with art. It's a sex-greased money machine that just happens to have hit the jackpot, an ordinary exploitation movie that soared into the big time by virtue of the vitality and the blatant vulgarity of its choreography.

Unfortunately, those are not virtues shared by Sylvester Stallone's eagerly awaited *Staying Alive*, signaling the return of John Travolta's Tony Manero character from *Saturday Night Fever*. While Travolta himself, slathered with baby oil to emphasize each rippling muscle and quivering tendon, seems fairly comfortable in his role as a chorus boy who's more heel than toe, the story that he's been handed by writer-producer-director Stallone and Norman Wexler is simply a rock variation on a backstage saga that dates back to the original *Broadway Melody*—and maybe even beyond. Tony, still as ambitious and rambunctious as when he left Bay Ridge nearly six years ago, has trouble deciding between singer-dancer Cynthia Rhodes, who helps him land a job as dancer in a Broadway musical she's rehearsing, and the show's glamorous star, gorgeous Finola Hughes (who dances up a terrific storm). Both girls are beauties, so it's not hard to understand Tony's dilemma.

Moving down a notch, ever since *Animal House* and *Porky's* demonstrated how gross they could get without losing that all-important youth market, producers of sexploitation pictures have been vying with one another to establish new lows. The suggestively titled *Joysticks* is a good example, with a video arcade substituting for the drive-in of yesteryear as the kids' main place for hanging out and making out. As in its antecedents, there is a superabundance of soft-core sex, a superabundance of phallic jokes and a great deal of farting (which, despite Mel Brooks, has never been all that funny). *Joysticks* dimly reflects real life, insofar as the parents of River City (represented by stalwart Joe Don Baker) are determined to shut down the town's video parlor, while the youngsters are equally determined to keep it open. *Porky's II* has a similar plot premise, with the oldsters, rednecks all, objecting to a student production of *Romeo and Juliet* partly because of Shakespeare's "lewdness," partly because a Seminole Indian has been chosen to play Romeo. Once again, the kids are aroused—just as they were in the old *Beach Blanket* movies, in which the parents (if there were any)





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were always wrong. The glory days of Annette Funicello are also recalled, if with more baring of breasts, in *Spring Break*, a look-see at the uninhibited doings on the beaches of Fort Lauderdale—wet-T-shirt contests, teeny-weeny-bikini contests and the like—when that resort area braces for its annual invasion by the college crowd; and in *Spring Fever*, with teenaged Carling Bassett as a would-be national junior tennis champ who is shunned because her mother (Susan Anton) is a Las Vegas showgirl.

That films in this genre don't necessarily have to be exploitative was, one would have thought, convincingly demonstrated by the critical and popular success of Martha Coolidge's *Valley Girl*. Although never at the top of the charts in either category, it explores seriously and well the culture conflict between a middle-class teenager (Deborah Foreman) and the Hollywood punker (Nicolas Cage) she meets at a party he has crashed. What makes their conflict all the more interesting is the fact that her parents (cameo appearances by Colleen Camp and Frederic Forrest) are ex-swingers. With an assist from the song of the same title, a liberal lacing of the Valley-girl patois, a fair amount of nudity and strong performances from the two young leads, *Valley Girl* emerges as a contemporary slice of life. Coolidge, formerly a documentary film maker, displays a strong feeling for character and place, as does writer-director Amy Jones in *My Love Letters*, with Jamie Lee Curtis playing a disc jockey who falls in love with an older, married man (James Keach).

It would be nice to be able to say that these efforts by distaff directors are opening our eyes wider to a woman's sensibilities. But pleasing as it is to see the directorial ranks swelled by newcomers from the opposite sex, the fact is that the year's most sensitive and probing studies of ladies in an emotional bind have come from writer-director John Sayles (he of the low-budgeted *Return of the Secaucus Seven*). First in *Lianna*, then in *Baby, It's You*, Sayles (who made his movie debut as a writer of exploitation features) displays an ability to get inside his characters that one more often associates with novelists than with film makers. Lianna is the wife of a college film professor. He has a roving eye; she has two kids to look after. Unsatisfied with her life, she insists on taking night classes at the university and soon is deeply in love with her teacher—a woman. The lesbian scenes are handled frankly but with delicacy. *Baby, It's You*, made for Paramount on an obviously bigger budget, also centers on a woman—more precisely, a high school girl (Rosanna Arquette)—who is pursued relentlessly by a greasy-haired Italian (Vincent Spano) whose other obsession is to become Frank Sinatra. Eventually, she yields to his persistent wooing, only to find that he's still not her type. It's a story of the wrong guy for the wrong girl, and

Sayles lets us understand what makes both of them tick. Still in his mid-30s, he's a director to be watched.

He might, for example, profitably try his hand at the latest plot wrinkle to surface on the silver screen—that of the young boy's being initiated into the joys of sex by an older woman. Mostly, these films have been concerned with turning the boy into a man (as if it ever were that simple); just possibly, Sayles might want to explore what the woman gets out of it. Why would a beauty such as Sylvia Kristel want—or need—to give “private lessons” to a gangling adolescent in last year's movie of that title? When that admittedly minor entry racked up a gross of \$12,500,000, producers didn't bother to ask; they simply rushed more of the same in front of the cameras, including *Private School* (with Kristel again on hand as a shy sex-education teacher at the Cherryvale Academy for Women, which is constantly being invaded by boys from the neighboring Freemount Academy for Men). In *My Tutor*, lush, 30ish Caren Kaye is hired by Kevin McCarthy to tutor his teenaged son (Matt Lattanzi) in French. Given to moonlit skinny-dips in the family pool, she soon has both father and son burning the midnight oil. But it's the boy who gets to take the advanced course. In *Class*, lovely Jacqueline Bisset seduces her son's prep school roommate (though it's hard to imagine Bisset's ever being an older woman). In *Ladies' Night* (title at presstime), beautiful Lesley Ann Warren goes for young Christopher Atkins (of *The Blue Lagoon*), a male stripper.

It's a theme that has recurred throughout the year, often as a subplot in the innumerable teenage sex comedies such as *Porky's II*, *Losin' It* and *The Last American Virgin*, in which Louisa Moritz plays a housewife who inducts not one but three young boys into the mystic rite of passage. It turns up again as a subplot in *Valley Girl*, with housewife Lee Purcell as the seductress, and in *The First Time*, with Jane Badler doing the honors. No doubt this trend represents some wishful thinking on the part of the (mostly male) writers of these films, but their eager acceptance suggests that an awful lot of young men are wishing the same thing.

While we're touring the wilder shores of love, it is interesting to note that homosexuality, which gained increasing prominence in the films of the past few years, all but disappeared from the American-made movies of 1983. Although not, as the German *Quevelle* reminds us, from European screens. Rainer Werner Fassbinder's final film before his untimely death from a drug overdose, it's based on a novel by Jean Genet whose hero is a latent homosexual (Brad Davis), a sailor on shore leave. What obviously attracted Fassbinder was the opportunity to film with startling explicitness the story's homosexual acts. Reminiscent of Genet is *The Wounded Man*, an official French entry at the

Cannes International Film Festival earlier this year. In it, young Jean-Hughes Anglade, living in the bowels of a large train station, develops a homosexual passion for hulking Vittorio Mezzogiorno and is himself stalked by homosexual doctor Roland Bertin. There is at least the strong suggestion of a homosexual attraction between David Bowie, a British officer in a Japanese wartime prison camp, and Ryuichi Sakamoto, the camp's commander, in the large-scale New Zealand-British-Japanese coproduction *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence*, which scored a hit at Cannes. And from Italy—albeit in English—comes *Montgomery Clift*, an illuminating documentary on the career of that ill-fated actor that discusses with considerable candor his bisexuality and his later dependence on drink and drugs.

In contrast, when American movies touched on the theme at all this year, it was generally as just another titillating detail in such prison shockers as *Bad Boys* and *Chained Heat*.

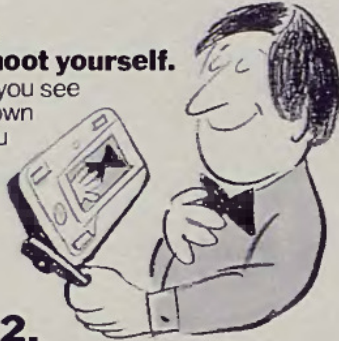
Also down in 1983 was the number of horror films, which often manage to sprinkle more than a little sex into the gore. In 1982, according to *Variety's* count, “61 new fright pictures”—or approximately one third of the year's total product—“were released domestically.” But by 1983, the trend had begun to fizzle. Of the out-and-out shockers, only *Psycho II* made it to the big bucks, and on a relatively modest \$4,000,000 budget at that. While not as electrifying as the Hitchcock version, perhaps because we have all become a bit more case-hardened through frequent exposure to scare pictures, *Psycho II* has more than its fair share of mayhem, plus a marvelously ambiguous performance by Tony Perkins, reprising his role as Norman. For once, it's a sequel worthy of its predecessor.

Meanwhile, the parade of anything-for-a-chill cheapies continues to stagger along, augmented by a number of earlier entries exhumed to cash in on the cycle, such as the catchily retitled *I Dismember Mama*, originally presented a decade ago as *Poor Albert and Little Annie*. *Mama's* nutcake hero makes his escape from a mental institution after his guardians refuse to let him run stag films in his room and sets out to avenge himself on his wealthy mother, who has had him locked away. He's the kind of psycho who kills when the moon rises, and the big question is whether or not he'll go after little Annie, the housekeeper's daughter. Despite the title, *Mama* remains intact. In *Mausoleum*, it's sexy Bobbie Bresee who's possessed after wandering into the family crypt and is inspired to take off on a killing spree, using her abundantly revealed charms to attract her victims. *A Taste of Sin* is more in the Hitchcock mold, with Suzanna Love as a woman whose psyche became twisted when, in her childhood, she watched as her prostitute mother was tortured and killed by a sadistic GI. Now, though married,

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she plies her mother's trade near London Bridge and kills off her customers. When the bridge moves to Arizona, so does she—and so does the carnage. *Curtains* offers Samantha Eggar as a dedicated actress so determined to play a madwoman that she permits her director to commit her to an insane asylum, where he abandons her. Mysteriously released and still determined, she makes her way to the director's baroque mansion, where seven aspirants for the same role are spending the weekend. Within no time, the cast is whittled down (literally) to two, with lots of gore and some nudity along the way.

At once the most original and the most terrifying of 1983's low-budget horrors, *Videodrome* comes, as might be expected, from Canada's devilishly gifted David Cronenberg. Its happy conceit is that somebody in Pittsburgh is sending out video signals that consist mostly of women, in various stages of undress, being tortured. James Woods, who operates a cable-TV station in Toronto, is intrigued by the show and, aided by pretty Deborah Harry, attempts to track it to its source. It's a one-way horror trip, and apparently there are still customers eager to take it.

For audiences that prefer their horror less fanciful, Universal has obliged with *Jaws 3-D*, reprising pretty much the story, action and improbabilities of *Jaws* and *Jaws II*, but this time with glasses. Just when you thought it was safe to go into the water the damn things start slipping.

Monsters are by no means confined to horror shows, however. There are also human monsters, and sometimes they're even more frightening—like the sex maniac in Charles Bronson's *10 to Midnight*, who hacks young women to death on camera. From Canada comes *Cross Country*, again featuring a deranged killer (Richard Beymer), a prime suspect in the brutal murder of a callgirl, who terrorizes a young model (Nina Axelrod) and her boyfriend (Brent Carver), whom he has casually picked up on the road, with his sedan becoming a cut-rate version of the old dark house.

On a considerably higher plane but still freighted with horror is *The Lords of Discipline*, based on Pat Conroy's novel about the sadistic treatment, climaxing in a narrowly averted castration, accorded the first black recruit at a Southern military academy in 1964. As is so often the case in films of this kind, the ultraviolence is denounced as obscene and demeaning, but the film makers—and the audiences—clearly enjoy each sick and sickening sensation. *Chacun à son gruc*.

Because Hollywood's mainstream movies have registered so low on the sexual Richter scale this year, the torch for torchiness has passed, almost by default, to more broad-minded (and, with the founding of "classics" divisions by nearly every major U.S. studio, more broadly distributed) foreign films. None of the foreign-

ers, apparently, is more broad-minded than Brazil's Bruno Barreto, who directed luscious Sonia Braga in her earlier success *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands* and now has managed to top that with the steamy *Gabriela*. Based on a classic Brazilian novel by Jorge Amado, it introduces Braga as the new cook in Marcello Mastroianni's small-town bar around 1925. Despite the woman's grimy, sweaty exterior, Mastroianni is gradually captivated by her passionate sexuality. And before the film is over, she has taught all the women in the town the meaning of sexual liberation. Of course, they don't all look like Braga—and Barreto has taken great pains to show us in intimate detail exactly what Braga looks like. As the August *Playboy's Roving Eye* reveals, the woman is not reluctant to display her charms. Some measure of her international popularity can be deduced from the fact that the great Mastroianni was willing to leave his native Italy, where he's now something of a god, to co-star with her.

Spain, which has been relaxing its official censorship in recent years, signaled the change by entering Carlos Saura's sensuous and often sexy version of *Carmen* at the Cannes festival this year. Graced with the (offscreen) presence of Joan Sutherland and Mario del Monaco, this isn't a canned opera, like Franco Zeffirelli's *La Traviata* earlier this year, but a rehearsal of the opera, with generous asides for the burgeoning love of choreographer Antonio Gades and Laura del Sol, the girl chosen to play Carmen. While incorporating most of the opera's highlights, this *Carmen* climaxes repeatedly with its sizzling flamenco numbers.

The French have also been helpful in heating up our screens, with gorgeous Isabelle Adjani represented by two—and possibly, before year's end, three—gratifying entries. In *Next Year if All Goes Well*, a rather bland romantic comedy, she displays a hitherto-unsuspected knack for comic acting as an independent young woman who, unable to get along with her live-in lover (Thierry Lhermitte), is quite willing to experiment. Adjani is on more familiar ground in *Deadly Circuit* (based on an American thriller, *Eye of the Beholder*); as a man-hating adventuress, she first seduces, then slaughters a series of rich young men. (She had an unhappy childhood, the script informs us, plus an impotent father.) Adjani shines again in *One Deadly Summer*, which she personally transformed into one of the hits of the Cannes festival with her performance as a girl seeking to avenge her mother's rape.

Nor can one dismiss Isabelle Huppert, who gave of herself so generously in the ill-fated *Heaven's Gate*, even though she's somewhat more circumspect as Philippe Noiret's easygoing mistress in the well-received *Coup de Torchon*—or *Clean Slate* (the distributors use both titles). Huppert

is seen to better advantage as the wife of passive, possibly impotent Jean-Louis Trintignant in *Deep Waters*, in which she finds fulfillment in a series of extramarital affairs until friend husband grows murderously incensed. Best of all is her role in *La Truite*, directed by Joseph Losey; in it, married to a homosexual, she makes her way into high society through the good offices of financier Jean-Pierre Cassel and his wife, Jeanne Moreau. From that point, she's on her own, leaping from bedroom to bedroom with a fine abandon—though somehow, the film implies, managing to retain her virginity throughout. Whether she does or not, she's a joy to behold.

So is Clio Goldsmith, new to these shores, as a callgirl offered as a going-away present to mousy banker Pierre Mondy in *The Gift*. He's on his way to Italy for a final business trip, leaving behind in Paris his beautiful wife (Claudia Cardinale). Against a Venetian backdrop, all kinds of hell break loose—of the door-slammng variety so dear to the writers of French farces. The scenery is glorious, but when Goldsmith and Cardinale are in front of it, all else fades. Scenery, alas, proves to be the main attraction in the much-touted *Forever Emmanuelle*, a Franco-Italian production shot in the Philippines a few years ago and starring its author (and director, though uncredited), lissome Emmanuelle Arsan. Most of the anticipated nudity, however, is supplied by co-star Annie Bell, a blonde bombshell who shucks her clothes with equal abandon in a Manila bedroom or on a jungle trek. Also disappointing was Roger Vadim's *Surprise Party*, a Gallic imitation of *American Graffiti*—though, as one might expect of Vadim, considerably sexier. But the director, who made a star out of Brigitte Bardot in *And God Created Woman* and a sexpot out of Jane Fonda in *Barbavella*, here seems just to be going through the motions as he fleshes out the loves, longings and lusts of kids in a provincial French town in the Fifties.

All of the malaise that Vadim may have felt in looking back to his glory days has been masterfully subsumed by Italian director Michelangelo Antonioni in his elegant, elusive *Identification of a Woman*. It's about a film maker (Tomas Milian) who is trying to put together a picture about an ideal woman; his ideal, however, refuses to come into focus. He's also trying to find such a woman to lend meaning and continuity to his own life, and his persistent exploration produces some of the steamiest sex scenes since Antonioni's own *Blow-Up*, made back in 1966. On the other hand, Italian director Marco Ferreri, making use of an international cast that includes Ben Gazzara, Ornella Muti, Susan Tyrrell and Katia Berger, concocts in *Tales of Ordinary Madness* sex scenes that are less steamy than seamy. Shot in Los Angeles and Rome, the film presents Gazzara as a hard-living, hard-drinking, hell-raising writer whose proclivities bend

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Ferreri has followed *Tales of Ordinary Madness*, loosely based on the life and works of Los Angeles writer Charles Bukowski, with *Story of Piera*, which is explicitly based on the life of Italian actress Piera Degli Esposti and her incestuous relationship with her mother. The mother, played by Hanna Schygulla (who won the best-actress award at Cannes for her performance), takes little Piera along on her numerous assignations. The woman indulges herself freely, even though she's married to a respected professor (Mastroianni). As the years go by, both husband and wife veer toward madness, and the man is institutionalized, while Piera (now played by the ubiquitous Huppert) becomes a famous actress. Visiting her father in the asylum, she reluctantly agrees to have sex with him. Meanwhile, the mother is also in a clinic. Piera visits her as well, and the film ends with the two of them, naked, embracing on a beach.

But sex scenes alone do not a sex film make. Sexuality is such a basic part of all of us that it not only colors our lives but motivates much of our drama. No one is more aware of this than British playwright Harold Pinter, and nowhere has he expressed it more clearly than in his script (based on his play) for *Betrayal*. To be sure, there's a bed scene (though the lady—Patricia Hodge—remains discreetly covered); but what Pinter has tried to do, by intriguingly telling his story in reverse, is describe the passions that can lead a woman to two-time a seemingly loving husband and a man to cheat with the wife of his best friend.

Working with a far more complex

theme, one that also requires an unconventional editing structure, James Ivory in *Heat and Dust* intercuts the stories of two young Englishwomen of different eras—one (Julie Christie) thoroughly modern, the other her great-aunt as a young girl (newcomer Greta Scacchi)—to underline both the timelessness of India and the changing attitudes of Britain's colonials. Christie arrives in India to learn about her late great-aunt and discovers that, though married to a staid Britisher, she had had an affair with a handsome Indian potentate, precipitating a scandal. Meanwhile, Christie is having an affair of her own with a local youth, becoming pregnant in the process, as did the great-aunt before her. The difference is that where the great-aunt chose abortion and disgrace, Christie proudly decides to have her child out of wedlock.

England's Nicolas Roeg is a director who probably couldn't tell a story in sequence if he wanted to—and he never has. Critics have already compared his latest effort, *Eureka*, to *Citizen Kane*, though less in terms of its content than of its style. As in most Roeg films, the central character, well played by Gene Hackman, is an obsessed man, a prospector for gold who strikes it rich early in the picture, buys himself an island in the Caribbean, then retires to it with his wife and comely daughter (Theresa Russell) and spends the rest of his life defending his possessions, driving his wife to drink and his daughter into the arms of a man (Rutger Hauer) he assumes to be an adventurer. The nature of his possessiveness is boldly suggested in a scene in which Hackman bursts in on Russell and her lover, both

naked in bed, and furiously tries to drive the young man away. Although it's hardly intrinsic to his story, Roeg throws in a terrific Caribbean orgy to entertain the eye.

England, of course, has also contributed its fair share of lighter entertainments to the world's screens this year and none of them more droll or deliciously wicked than Michael Palin's *The Missionary*, with Palin himself, a temporary fugitive from the Monty Python band, in the title role. Just back from Africa, he opens a home for fallen women under the patronage first of the Church of England, then of aristocratic Maggie Smith, whose interest in the young man isn't wholly philanthropic. As luck would have it, he's soon seduced by the young ladies in his establishment as well—to his ever-decreasing chagrin and our ever-increasing amusement. Edwardian costumes and attitudes add to the charm. Another period piece, this one set in the 17th Century, is *The Draughtsman's Contract*, a lusty, bawdy movie that is part murder mystery, part Restoration comedy. Anthony Higgins plays the artist summoned by aristocratic Janet Suzman to sketch her country estate, with her sexual favors implicit in the agreement. Her daughter soon gets in on the act, too.

But the year's honors must be reserved for a film that contains a touch of just about everything mentioned above—lusty humor, some nudity, sharp and tender insights into human (including sexual) relationships, a bit of Gothic horror, a pinch of the supernatural, even a little farting. The film is Ingmar Bergman's touching autobiographical *Fanny & Alexander*, an apotheosis of his career as a director filled with his childhood memories of family, friends and his own nascent interest in things theatrical. The setting is Uppsala, his home town, in 1907 (about ten years before Bergman himself was born). At an enormous Christmas party, we meet the entire Ekdahl clan, presided over by the charming patrician grandmother (Gunn Wållgren), a wise and worldly woman, a former actress who still controls the purse strings of the family-owned theater. Her second son (Allan Edwall) is a manager and an actor—but not a very good one—in the family theater and is the father of Fanny and Alexander; his untimely death propels his lovely wife (Ewa Fröling), also an actress, into the sanctimonious arms of Bishop Vergérus (Jan Malmsjö). The youngest Ekdahl (Jarl Kulle) is a successful restaurateur, happily married—mainly because his wife (Mona Malm) has no objections to his carrying on an affair with one of the housemaids. (One of the pleasant surprises in this generally sunny film is the fact that wife and mistress get along quite comfortably, the wife even looking out for the mistress' welfare after her husband has made the girl pregnant.)

The film turns somber when Fröling and her two children move into the bishop's puritanical household, where she



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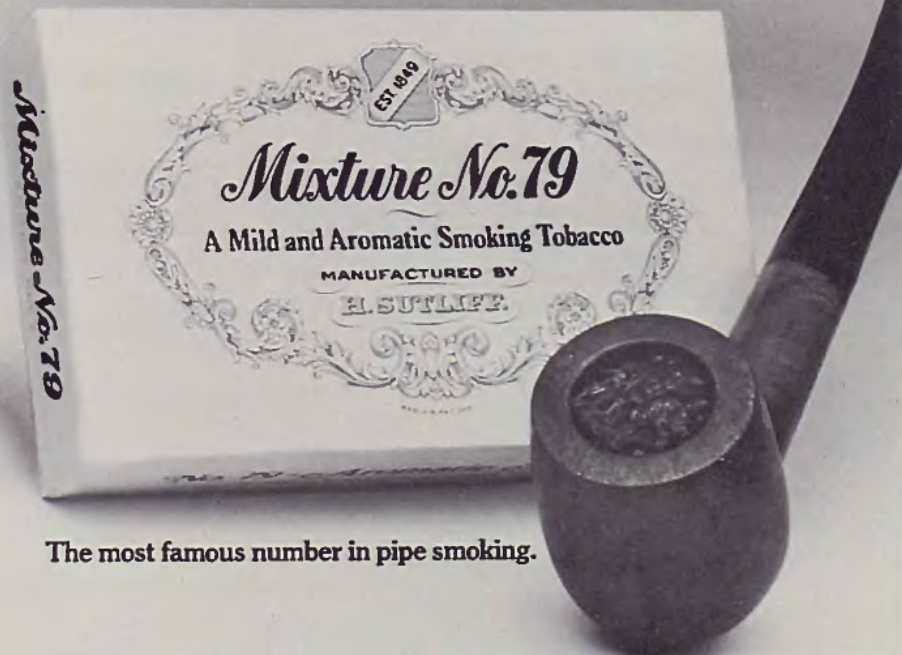
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soon discovers that she has married a sadistic tyrant. The solution, contrived by the grandmother's old lover and friend, a Jewish antiques dealer (Erland Josephson), is literally magical, a flash of cutting that leaves both the bishop and the viewer wondering just what has happened. Alexander spends a chilling night in the old Jew's house, wandering among marionettes that come to life, trembling as God Himself threatens to emerge from behind a door and meeting the man's disturbed androgynous nephew, who claims to have magic powers—perhaps strong enough, it develops, to burn the bishop to a crisp.

As always in a Bergman movie, both the casting and the performances are beyond reproach; but outstanding in *Fanny & Alexander* is a newcomer to his familiar repertory company—the beautiful Fröling. With her blonde leonine mane, full, sensuous mouth and straight yet lissome figure, she is reminiscent of the youthful Melina Mercouri or Lauren Bacall, though far more feminine than either. Outstanding, too, is Gunn Wällgren (who, unfortunately, died of cancer soon after the picture was completed). Looking for all the world like Katharine Cornell in her prime, she presents an autumnal portrait of the grandmother that serves as a reminder that the fires of youth bank slowly. Nor can one overlook Pernilla Wällgren's busy maid, the object of Kulle's unconfessed lust; nor Mona Malm, Kulle's pleasure-loving wife—she's especially loving of the pleasures of the bed.

But the film has a further significance: It was partly funded by Swedish television and ended up as a five-hour film, from which Bergman carved this three-hour theatrical version. In Sweden, England, France, Germany, Italy, Japan—almost everywhere except in the United States—television, whether government-owned or privately operated, is emerging as a major sponsor of motion pictures. While it is common for American TV movies of the week to be released theatrically abroad, very rarely do they make it to Stateside moviehouses. With the advent of pay cable, however, the pattern seems to be changing. Both studios and independents are entering into deals with cable networks for partial financing of their feature films. Obviously, sex films have a certain advantage where cable is concerned. Between cable and the rapidly expanding field of video cassettes, the producers of adult movies have never had it so good, often shooting their films in as many as three versions—hard-core for the porno houses, soft-core for cable and cassettes and R-rated for pictures that might have a crossover potential in regular theaters (like Chuck Vincent's *Roommates*, which swept this year's Adult Film Association of America's Erotica awards). It's all very promising. But will any of the adult-film makers come up with next year's *Fanny & Alexander*? Will President Reagan balance the budget?



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"Watermelon was considered the steak of the ghetto. A lot of blacks were just about brought up on it."

more than a few seconds. Players' minds are on other things. One summer, I bet my roommate I could have sex with more women than he could. I was averaging three women a day. After a while, it became tiresome. Sometimes, you reach a point where you're about to climax, then you shoot a blank. That happened to me, and it got scary. When you have to prove your manhood during sex, you start to lose interest. Who needs the hassle or the pressure?

8.

PLAYBOY: Does sex with a cheerleader enhance team spirit?

SMITH: I've never had sex with a cheerleader. I'm allergic to pompons.

9.

PLAYBOY: Can a homosexual player find happiness in the N.F.L.?

SMITH: Not if he goes looking for it in my hotel room. I had a teammate, a wide receiver on a pro team, who was a homosexual. I didn't know it for a long time. He had a hard-on all the time in the shower—and that's not normal in a shower room filled with guys who've practiced in the hot sun for a few hours. So I asked him about it. He told me he always got a hard-on when the water was really hot. I tried that and nearly burned my dick off. You know a player's gay if he's got a hard-on in the shower after the team loses.

10.

PLAYBOY: How does a pro football coach motivate his players?

SMITH: He has to be a great actor. Coaches usually put you to sleep with their speeches. The players are pros. They know what they have to do to win. But they'll pay attention to a coach who's a little crazy. John Madden, who coached me at Oakland, is a super actor. He would make me laugh at half time. He'd say stuff like, "Let's go out and kick ass, like the Raiders of old." One day after I had just joined the Raiders and was trying to learn their system, Madden told me to watch him. He went over to the offensive unit and went crazy. He yelled, "What the fuck is this? Who the fuck do you think we're playing? We're playing Kansas City, you motherfuckers! You don't give a shit if we win." I was standing there thinking, What's *wrong* with this man? Then he screamed for them to get in a huddle and run a play. *Everybody* kicked ass on the play. Madden turned to me and said, "How was I?" I freaked out.

Davis used to shake his head at the players after practice to shame us into thinking

we did badly and should play harder. So one time, I told him I was having some trouble with my old lady. You know what he told me? "What's she look like? The only thing you have to do is tell me and we can find one just like her." Was he going to clone my woman? Al said that would be no problem. Life with the Raiders was a strange head trip!

11.

PLAYBOY: Describe a filming of a Lite Beer commercial.

SMITH: Filming the alumni commercial, where everybody is there, is like going to training camp. We're filming and partying for five days. It's a good time. The night before we did one commercial, I was assigned to look after Yankees manager Billy Martin. We were at a bar, and Billy had six vodka martinis. He was talking weird! I figured the only way I was going to understand him was to get on the same wave length with him, so I drank vodka real quick. Before I knew it, I had about ten drinks. Now I was starting to understand Billy, which was strange. We closed the bar and tried to find our rooms. I was so hung over the next day, I played some tricks on him. He was asleep on the set, so I put Tabasco sauce on his mouth. He woke up licking his lips and called me something you don't call a cat from the street.

12.

PLAYBOY: Does Rodney Dangerfield get any respect? Or is he too Hollywood?

SMITH: I like Rodney, but he thinks he's a star. We might have an eight-o'clock call on the set, but Rodney wouldn't show up until ten. One day, he was late and everyone was pissed. Boom Boom Geoffrion said he was gonna kick his ass. You don't screw around with hockey players, 'cause you never know where they're hiding their stick. I went outside and I saw Rodney coming in. I said, "Rodney, the troops are a little pissed off." He started playing with his tie and making excuses. I told him I'd take care of everything. I went back and told the guys, "Rodney doesn't care that he's late." [Grins] I just wanted to get some trouble started. Rodney came in and yelled Boom Boom's name. He suddenly got real tense. Everybody got quiet. Rodney said, "Boom Boom, I think I went out with your sister last night. Is her name Bang Bang?"

In one of the commercials, Dick Butkus and I had to grab Rodney. He was supposed to say, "I tell you, I get no respect." We shocked him so much by *where* we

grabbed him that he yelled, "I tell you, I don't *deserve* no respect."

13.

PLAYBOY: How tough is Dick Butkus?

SMITH: When Dick was playing football, he was the toughest player I'd ever seen. People don't realize that he's now studying to be a minister. We're also planning to do a television series together. The show will run for a long time, because it takes Dick a long time to learn his lines. He was on another planet when he was playing. He once said that he wanted to hit a player so hard that his head would fall off and roll down the field. To me, that's a heavy dude.

14.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything about being black that white people would enjoy?

SMITH: The sexual myth. The way that black people dance. It's more fun spitting watermelon seeds if you're black. I've always been proud of the gap in my teeth because I can blow out the seeds through it. At one time, watermelon was considered the steak of the ghetto. A lot of blacks were just about brought up on it. Just because you got money doesn't mean that watermelon ain't good for you. I eat it all the time. You have to have a certain amount of class to spit out a watermelon seed properly.

15.

PLAYBOY: What are the differences between white and black women?

SMITH: They're no different during sex except for their sound effects. White women are less vocal. It's the same when white women laugh. They'll go "Ha, ha, ha" and then suddenly stop. Black people often laugh not to be sad. And because black people know laughter is cheap.

16.

PLAYBOY: What pisses off black people?

SMITH: Saying bad things about your mother. I don't care if you're Superman or Superfly, you go on the streets and talk that trash and you're history!

17.

PLAYBOY: Tell us—is what goes on in the locker room as juvenile as we suspect it is?

SMITH: When I was with Houston, we used to line guys' underwear with some red-hot stuff. When a guy fell asleep in the whirlpool, we'd always throw electrical things at him. We got rid of a lot of rookies that way. When I was with Baltimore, some other players and I ate some marijuana brownies left by accident in the locker room. We were taking a shower and one of the players said, "Man, look how big these drops of water are!" I felt the same way. Guys in the locker room will do anything to create trouble. Also, players always tried to get women into their rooms the night before the game. In New York, I made a girl go out on the ledge. We were

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12 floors up. The coaches checked everywhere. If I had been caught, it would have been a \$2000 fine. The girl was a little cold when she got back inside. She was probably scared, too, but she was a good sport.

18.

PLAYBOY: Many fans who watch *Monday Night Football* aggressively dislike Howard Cosell. Will you come to his defense?

SMITH: Yeah. Howard is probably the best thing to happen to black athletes. Before Howard, nobody in the media talked about Grambling University or Jackson State. TV sports didn't do profiles on black athletes. Howard made O. J. Simpson bigger than life. He made you stay on top of your game, especially on *Monday Night Football*. You knew that if you were screwing up or getting beat on the line, Howard would tell the nation. If you shined, he would magnify your star regardless of your color. I walked into a restaurant one night where Howard and his wife were dining. His wife is a good friend and a great lady, considering she has to put up with him. I kissed her hello. Howard stood up and started screaming, "Where is the manager? Who is this black man kissing my wife?" I wasn't ready for that response, but that was Howard's way of having a good time.

19.

PLAYBOY: For athletes, is there life after Astroturf?

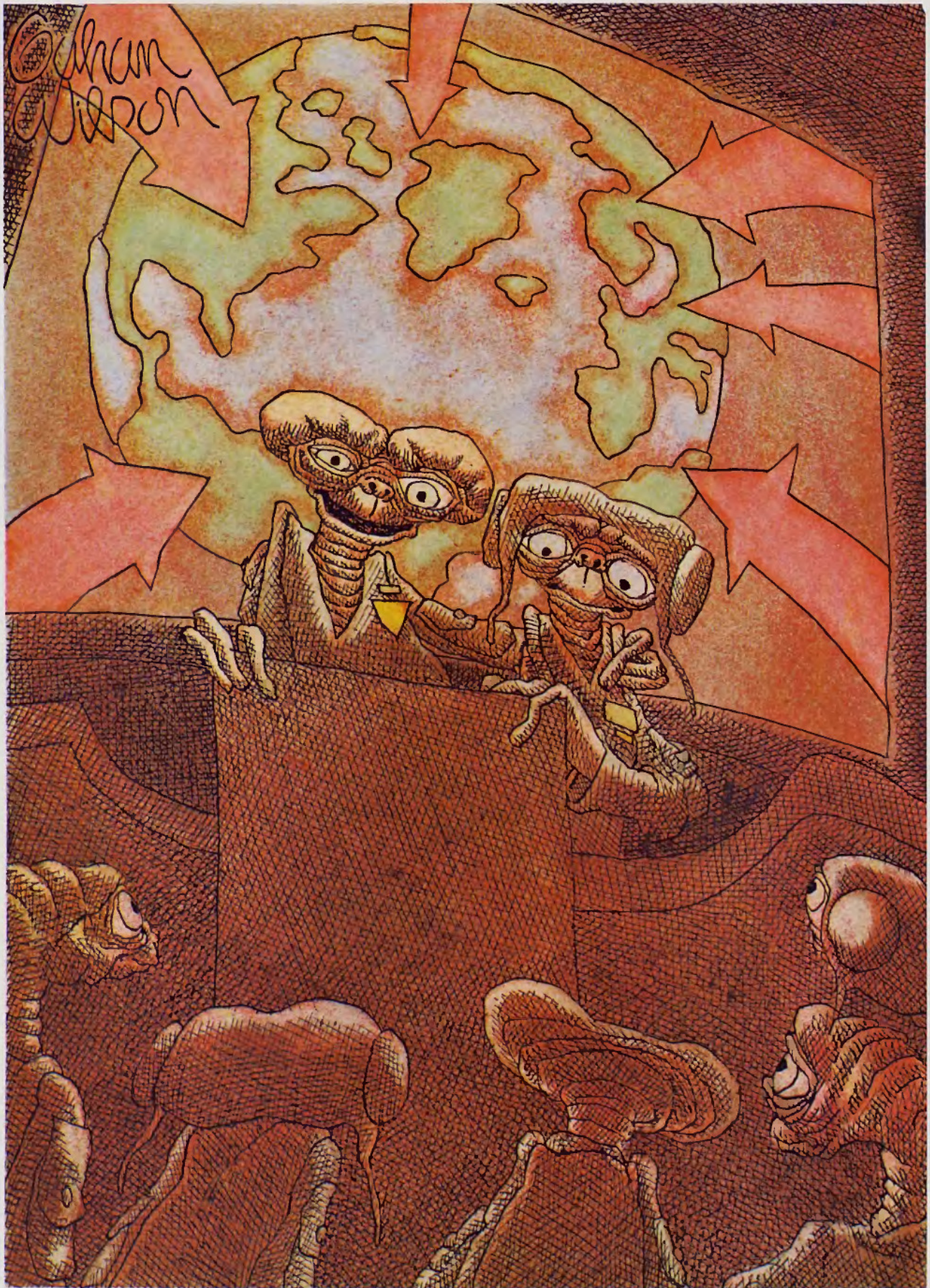
SMITH: I don't think there's anything after Astroturf. When it's 90 degrees outside, it's 130 degrees on Astroturf. If a nuclear bomb is ever dropped on this country, the only things I'm certain will survive are Astroturf and Don Shula. Shula's about as hard emotionally as Astroturf. I call him the thug of pro football. That's not to take away from his brilliance as a coach. He'll find an opposing team's weakness and he'll run at that weakness until you make adjustments or die. You don't have to like Shula, but you have to respect what he does and can do to you. That's the same attitude I had toward Astroturf.

20.

PLAYBOY: What things scare you?

SMITH: I was frightened the first time I was given some lines. That's lines of dialog to say in a movie, not cocaine. I'm scared of strangers' laughing unintentionally at what I do, be it either football or acting. The movie *The Exorcist* scared me. The idea that one could be possessed by Satan is a bitch. After seeing that film, I went home, got out my gun and set it on the night stand. That film did weird things to my head. The people living above me had a dog that I could hear walking across the floor. Man, I shot up the ceiling and almost killed the dog. Seeing *The Exorcist* scared me so much that I slept with the lights on all night. Let me tell you something: Big bad Bubba never sleeps with the lights on!





"Before we begin the invasion, let us congratulate General Nchh on a brilliant propaganda coup!"

"You will never need to learn how to program a computer in order to operate one."

simply curiosity: What *are* those television/typewriters, anyway? As those late-night public-service announcements about foreign-exchange students say, there's no better way to find out than to invite one into your home. A few hundred dollars invested in an inexpensive home computer, and a few evenings of fiddling with it, will provide you with enough information to become a first citizen of the computer age.

You will never, by the way, need to learn how to program a computer in order to operate one. Writing computer programs is a creative act and an exciting one for many; but then, so is making a movie. Most of us buy tickets and watch other people's movies, and most of us will buy software and run other people's programs. I can't program my computer to do anything practical, but I can buy programs that make it do practical things, and that's good enough for me.

I think computers, for most homes, are the food processors of the Eighties. For gourmet cooks, food processors are marvelous. For the rest of us, they can't even make a decent milk shake. The number of food processors in suburban kitchens collecting suburban dust will be surpassed sometime in 1984 by that of personal computers stuffing overstuffed closets.

However dim my view of computers in the home, I am optimistic about personal computers' finding a home in business—all businesses, large and small.

In the United States, large computers do the work each day of three *trillion* clerical workers. Naturally, the large computers do that work for the large companies that can afford them. Small computers offer the same edge to small businesses.

But big businesses have not taken that equalizing of competition lying down; oh, no. They are buying personal computers for their managers and middle managers and secretaries and janitors and anyone else they think may be able to use some increased efficiency. In big business, those are now known as *personnel* computers.

A bit of history: One hundred years ago, the population of the United States was growing so fast that the 1880 census took eight years to process. It was estimated that the 1890 census would take 12 years. At that rate, we would know by 1985 what the population had been in 1930. A better way of counting people had to be found, and it was: the 1890 census machine.

It was the brain child of John Shaw Billings and Herman Hollerith. Hollerith

distributed to the census takers dollar-bill holders and preprinted punch cards. (The dollar-bill holder had already been invented; hence, the size and the shape of computer punch cards for generations to come was determined by the dimensions of the 1890 dollar bill. There's an irony in there somewhere.)

The census taker would put a punch card into the holder, punch holes in the appropriate locations while conducting the census and send the completed cards to Washington. There they were fed into a machine that read the holes and tabulated the results. The 1890 census took only three years, and Hollerith was a hero.

To market his invention (now called The Tabulating Machine), he turned to big business. The consumer public was, after all, having enough trouble accepting such recent inventions as the light bulb, the phonograph, the automobile, the telephone and indoor plumbing. Hollerith joined a company that eventually called itself International Business Machines.

In 1939, IBM joined with Harvard and created the first electromechanical computer, the Mark I. It was the size of a 7-Eleven and had 530 miles of wire and 765,299 parts, including 3304 relays. This behemoth could add, subtract, multiply, divide and, most important, prepare mathematical tables for the forthcoming World War.

By the mid-Fifties, there were Univacs and IBMs all over the big-business landscape. Digital came along with its cheaper computers (a mere \$120,000 per) in 1960, and while most of America was deciding whether or not to invest \$500 in a color TV, thousands of businesses were buying computers.

The late Seventies started a new chapter in computer history: the personal computer. Some small-business people started using personal computers for accounting or word processing or cost projection. The big computer companies weren't interested in such small fish, but Radio Shack and Apple and a few others started making a lot of money, and the big computer companies had a change of heart. IBM introduced a small computer and the other big computer companies said, but of course we have one, too. And so personal computers were firmly established in business, and they all lived happily ever after. End of story.

What is it about personal computers that makes them so irresistible to businesses, both large and small? Well,

they're cheap, for one thing. Sure, \$2000, \$3000, \$4000, \$5000 is expensive for you and me, but for a business it's not much, especially when you consider what that business gets for its money.

In these days of increasing labor costs and decreasing labor skills, personal computers have become the Mighty Mouse of business ("Here I come to save the day . . ."). Computers do their work reliably, uncomplainingly, 24 hours a day, if necessary, with no vacations, sick leaves, unions, salary or coffee breaks.

Besides, computers are best at the kind of work human beings hate: mechanical, repetitive manipulation of words and numbers. A personal computer can sort a mailing list of 10,000 into Zip Code order in about ten minutes. Can you imagine how long that would take a human? And how painfully dull the process would be?

But the computer doesn't care. You can tell it to re-sort the list in alphabetical order by last name, and ten minutes later, a new list of 10,000 alphabetized names is ready. Want the name of a person who lives on Elizabeth Court? Ask it to find Elizabeth Court and it will—within minutes. (Given a mailing list of 10,000, that's roughly equivalent to examining every article in this magazine looking for a single word.)

Those are extreme examples, showing how a single personal computer can eliminate hours, if not days, of tedious work. Not everything the computer does telescopes two days into ten minutes. But if a personal computer only doubled the efficiency of the person using it, it would pay for itself in six months (and that's including two months of training and transition time).

Let's look at some of the things personal computers do well in business.

Word processing. When I sent around my manuscript for *The Word Processing Book* two years ago, the New York publishers asked, "What's word processing?" Today, even people who claim to know nothing about computers know that word processing is using a computer to write with.

I can't spell and I'm a terrible typist, so when I heard about a marvelous machine that would correct my spelling and never again make me retype anything, I knew I had to have one. That was my introduction to personal computers.

Four years later, I can't imagine writing, or running a business, without one. Letters, articles and reports can be revised and retyped (reprinted, actually) in a matter of minutes, not hours. Personally "typed" form letters can be churned out at the rate of one per minute. Labels for our hypothetical 10,000-person mailing list can be printed in less than a day. Over and over, time is saved and tedium reduced.

Word processing, in fact, goes on in the human mind. The various tools of word processing—pens, pencils, typewriters—

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are simply there to remind one of what has already been processed. A personal computer outfitted with a word-processing program is the best tool to date for assisting the word-processing mind.

To demonstrate, let's turn to *The Word Processing Book* and take the work of that beloved poet Isadora Goose, known affectionately to all as Mother. Let's suppose that the well-known journal of poetics *Humpty Dumpty* has asked us to update a few of Mrs. Goose's better known poems. We will do it very much as Isadora herself might if she were alive today with a word processor at her peck and call. Let's take the classic *Little Miss Muffet*.

*Little Miss Muffet
Sat on her tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey.
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away.*

Now, we know we'll have to keep the basic structure of the piece, maintaining the natural rhythm and as many rhymes as possible. Our job is to update, not rewrite.

The first word that stands out is tuffet. A tuffet, in this context, might be either a mound of grass or a stool. Mother's meaning is not certain here. She states that Miss Muffet *owned* the tuffet when she says "sat on her tuffet." However, the word *little* seems to imply that Miss Muffet may be too young to be a landowner; hence, tuffet may refer to a stool, or a seat. Nonetheless, spiders are more commonly found out of doors on grassy tuffets. It is a puzzlement, and great books have been written on this very subject by men and women far more learned than I.

The point is that you don't hear the word tuffet used very much in either context anymore. Real-estate salespersons do not extol the beauty of a garden "with flower beds, beautiful shrubbery and several very nice tuffets." And advertisements do not appear saying, "Dining-room set complete with break front, table and six tuffets." No, tuffet will have to go.

But what to replace it with? I like the idea that Ma Goose meant tuffet to mean stool. Too many poems have been written outside, going on and on about the beauty of the out of doors. We need more poems about the beauty of the in of doors. The two-syllable word nearest to stool, remembering that we must keep the Goose's meter, is barstool. Everyone knows what a barstool is—even the readers of *Humpty Dumpty*.

With the press of a few buttons on our word processor, we find that the first two lines have become:

*Little Miss Muffet
Sat on her barstool, . . .*

The Muffet part must go. It no longer rhymes. The Miss will, of course, become Ms. In that light, little seems a bit sexist, too. The entire first line needs an overhaul.

What's a contemporary rhyme for barstool? Why, of course, car pool. Wonderful. Teach the kids the importance of conservation from grade one. Miss Muffet is now Ms. Car Pool. We've lost an alliteration, though: the two Ms in Miss Muffet. And what about little? What adjective describes this truly contemporary Ms. Car Pool and begins with an M? Why, of course, modern.

*Modern Ms. Car Pool
Sat on her barstool,
Eating her curds and whey. . . .*

Curds and whey are the solid and the liquid parts of milk when it curdles. It was very popular back when people sat around on tuffets. It has since lost its popularity. It is very doubtful that our modern Ms. Car Pool would be sitting at a bar eating curdled milk. A banana daiquiri, maybe; curdled milk, no. We are, however, writing for a children's magazine, so we can't make this *too* contemporary. She'll have to be eating some healthy dairy product.

Further, whatever she's eating will have to rhyme with whey, because we want to keep as many of the original rhymes as possible, and we've already departed from that in the first two lines. Muffet does not rhyme with car pool, no matter how far we stretch it.

What rhymes with whey and is a healthy dairy product? Simple: Yoplait, the brand name for a kind of yogurt. Yoplait yogurt, unfortunately, does not rhyme with curds and whey. We must invoke our poetic license and switch Yoplait and yogurt around, very easy to do on a word processor.

*Modern Ms. Car Pool
Sat on her barstool,
Eating her yogurt Yoplait.
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her. . . .*

The stuff about the spider is OK. I mean, it's traditional. Besides, spider and beside her make a great rhyme. Then we come to the last line: "And frightened Miss Muffet away."

The obvious thing to do is to change Miss Muffet to Ms. Car Pool and collect one's box of crayons. But, no: There is something very wrong with that line. In the first place, would "modern" Ms. Car Pool really be frightened away by a spider? I doubt it. She might not appreciate his company as much as, say, John Travolta's, but to be frightened away? We could end the poem with, "Said she, 'Would you please go away?'" making Ms. Car Pool the graduate of an assertiveness-training group, but that, too, skirts the real issue.

Yes, the disparity is a deeper one. It goes to the very core of one of our primary cultural taboos: unjustified prejudice against spiders. Justified prejudice I can understand. People are prejudiced against

mosquitoes. Who can blame them? But where is the justification for the prejudice against spiders? A few black widows may kill a few Sierra Club members every year, but so what? Cars kill 50,000 people each year and we *love* cars. No, the prejudice against spiders is unjustified.

Beyond that, spiders actually do good. They eat mosquitoes and flies and all those other creepy-crawly things that we have justifiable prejudices against. It's time we changed, and change must come through education, and education begins at bedtime, with nursery rhymes. Let's make the spider an ordinary sort of guy!

So here we have our scenario: Ms. Car Pool is sitting at a bar, eating yogurt. A spider comes along and sits down next to her; since he's a regular, normal person, what does he do? Why, he orders something to eat, just like Ms. Car Pool.

But what would a spider order? "I'll have a Yoplait mosquito yogurt, please." No: Spiders don't eat yogurt. People eat yogurt. No point in making this a Walt Disney movie. Spiders eat bugs. But going into a bar and ordering a plate of bugs is rather unappetizing, so how do we add a little class to the situation and, being locked into a rhyme pattern, rhyme his order with Yoplait?

Let's make this a gourmet spider. That means he will have to order bugs prepared in some French-sounding way, such as sauté or flambé. Eating bugs is a bit weird, so we'll modify that just a bit, too. We add this last line to our Mother Goose computerized update and, *voilà!*

*Modern Ms. Car Pool
Sat on her barstool,
Eating her yogurt Yoplait.
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her
And ordered an insect soufflé.*

There are 26 words in the original poem. By changing only 11 of them—fewer than half—we transformed the entire poem into something quite different. Fifteen words remained the same. With a word processor, there was no need to retype even one of them.

Let's continue with other uses for the personal computer in business.

Accounting. Accounts payable, accounts receivable, invoicing, payroll, general ledger, inventory control—all those things that are handled by the data-processing departments of large companies—can now be moved from piles of books to piles of disks in small companies.

Computers love playing with numbers. Your bookkeeper may not, at first, enjoy becoming a computer keeper, but once he or she writes the first invoice with only 12 key strokes and marvels as the information is automatically posted to accounts receivable or general ledger and the invoiced items are simultaneously removed from

inventory, resistance will melt.

Cost projection. On a computer, this is known as electronic spread-sheeting or electronic work-sheeting. It's putting information in rows and columns and then playing the game What if? What if the cost of goods goes up five percent; how much will we have to raise the retail price? What if the cost of goods goes up five percent but sales go up seven percent? What if we charged \$1.95; how many widgets would we have to sell before showing a profit?

Those questions once took spread sheeters hours to answer with paper and hand-held calculator. A personal computer answers them in seconds. Electronic spread-sheeting allows one to be creative with numbers. You can play What if? for an hour and consider more options than can be considered otherwise in a week.

Data banks. Data banks are like money banks, except that they hold data instead of money. You contact a data bank using a personal computer, a modem and a telephone. You can get up-to-the-minute stock-market quotations, financial histories of any traded stock, read A.P. and U.P.I. stories before Dan Rather does, make travel arrangements, do research, etc. The three most popular data banks are Dow Jones News/Retrieval, CompuServe and The Source.

Electronic mail. Electronic mail allows information to be sent across the country in seven seconds, not seven days. ("And

on the seventh day, the postmaster said, 'It will do,' and he rested.") Letters, memos, reports, charts—anything that can be displayed on a video screen—can be sent to any other connected computer (again, through modems and phone lines) almost instantly.

That costs a bit more than a first-class letter but far less than Federal Express. Many computers and modems have auto-send and auto-recv capabilities. A letter can be sent and received at three A.M., when phone rates are cheap and when the computer is not likely to be in use. No one needs to be at either end; the computers will take care of it all. An average letter takes only a few seconds to transmit, and the information is stored on a disk.

Electronic mail can not only speed communication around the country, it can also speed communication around the office. Memos, letters, reports, etc., can be sent directly to the "in basket" of one's personal computer. Their headings can be checked from time to time: URGENT MESSAGE OF INDECENT PROPOSITION may get faster attention than 14TH REVISION OF FARM REPORT.

Another version of electronic mail is teleconferencing, which allows computers in various parts of the world to be connected for a conference. It can happen in "real" time—that is, everyone can be on line at the same time—or it can happen over a longer period, with the conference participants checking in occasionally,

reading what's been said, making comments and checking out.

Graphs. Some companies have entire art departments that do nothing but prepare bar graphs and pie charts. Computers can make them in minutes, not hours, and in color, if necessary.

That gives the small business its own art department. And while the large business will no doubt retain its art department to produce bars and pies for corporate reports, the daily flow of graphs from screen to screen and (when printed) from hand to hand should increase dramatically in board rooms across this great land of ours. (Someone may even do a bar graph charting the increase.)

Vertical markets. Although PLAYBOY prefers dealing with horizontal markets, let's briefly discuss vertical ones.

Vertical markets refers to the specialized uses of computers for different professions. The banker can amortize mortgages on his computer. The doctor can schedule patients and fill out insurance forms. The lawyer can bill clients and do legal research. The minister can write sermons and mind the flock.

The number of programs available for professionals is vast and is getting vaster every day. Whatever your profession—from the oldest to the youngest—the chances are that someone has written a program just for you.

If any of this has whetted your appetite, don't run out and buy a computer—at least, not yet. Next month, we complete our three-part extravaganza on computers with a buying guide. Yes, in the tradition of the Sixties, I'm going to get down, name names and tell it like it is.

We'll explore not only the best computer to buy but also how to buy it. Which are the best values and which are the worst? How can you get discounts? Is mail order worth while? How much should you spend and how low can you go?

All that in next month's Gala Christmas Issue of PLAYBOY. (It may even have pictures of naked ladies draped across the most sexy computers. I can't wait.)

If you have any questions between now and then, may I direct you to four marvelous books on computers, all of them written, of course, by me. For general information about personal computers, I recommend *The Personal Computer Book*. (Catchy title, huh?) For information on personal computers in business, there's *The Personal Computer in Business Book*. If you're interested in word processing, there's (you guessed it) *The Word Processing Book* and its sequel, *Questions & Answers on Word Processing*.

Well, I've gotten in my plug and I've plugged PLAYBOY's Gala Christmas Issue and I've told you what personal computers do well and don't do well (yet), so I guess I'm through. See you next month.



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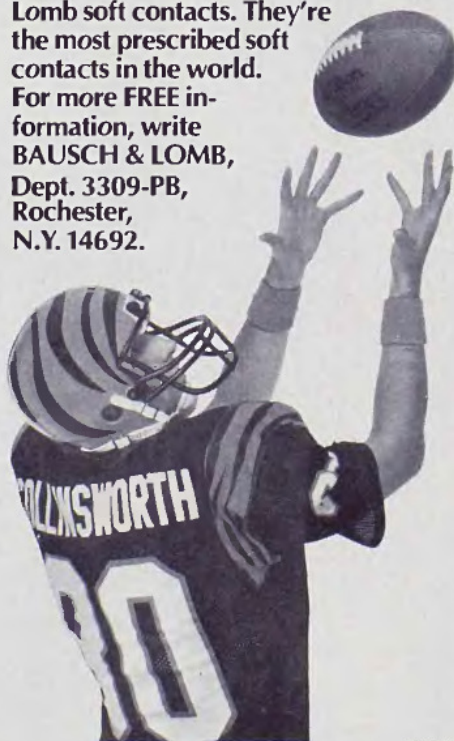
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GENTLEMEN, YOU MAY SMOKE

(continued from page 105)

shredded as they are in a cigarette. The binder that surrounds the filler must be natural leaf, not the processed tobacco sheet, made from tobacco pulp, that is found in most machine-made cigars. The outer covering, or wrapper, must be rolled onto the cigar by hand, and it, too, must be of natural leaf, selected for its appearance, flavor and elasticity. Simple enough criteria. Yet, except for the work of a dying breed—one- and two-man cigar rollers hidden away on the side streets of Miami, New York and other major American cities—that definition excludes any cigar made in the United States today. Not that patriotism has meant much, judging by the reported preferences of patriots from John F. Kennedy to Henry Kissinger—men given to upholding the Cuban-trade embargo on one hand while fondling their favorite H. Upmann or Montecristo in the other.

"By the cigars they smoke and the composers they love," wrote Nobel laureate John Galsworthy, "ye shall know the texture of men's souls." Soulful textures, of course, may be stretching the point a bit, but there is something to be said for selecting your own fine cigar on the basis of informed choice. Properly grounded, the experience of buying a premium cigar can be a pleasant one. With that goal in mind, settle back, light up a cherished cheroot and learn how to pick and choose among the 300 or so brands of select smokes available at cigar stores nationwide.

JUDGING QUALITY

Analogies between fine wine and fine cigars are plentiful. The role of nicotine in a cigar is similar to that of alcohol in wine; the cigar's aroma is like a wine's bouquet. As with wine, there are vintage and non-vintage years for cigars. For the informed smoker, however, vintage-year information is rarely of practical value, because most manufacturers use a blend of two to five years' crops in every cigar. "Certain types of tobacco," says David Lacey, Consolidated Cigar's manufacturing chief, "such as the heavier Dominican Cuban Seed, simply must be aged at least 30 months." Furthermore, the date of manufacture is hardly ever stamped on the box. A pity.

Nevertheless, there are a number of ways to judge an individual cigar's quality both before and after purchase and before and after lighting up.

Appearance: A cigar's wrapper should be clean, with a uniform color and an even grain. A smooth, firmly wound wrapper with no loose ends is a thing of beauty and an indication of an excellent smoke. It should have no tears or cuts that could affect the cigar's draw, and there should be no cracks—a telltale sign of past or present dryness. The ribs, or veins, in the wrapper leaf should be small and flexible; even though those components make up

one third of the weight of raw leaf, a conscientious *tabaquero* will avoid the "bony" portions of the leaf when cutting the wrapper strip, thereby preventing an irregular burn. There also should be no lumps in the wrapper. A few small spots can be overlooked; they are caused by rain, soil or fertilizer spilled onto the leaf. But if the discoloration resembles a wallpaper stain, it may be mold—and should not be ignored.

The cigar's head should be smoothly finished. Constructed with proper care, it will be perfectly symmetrical, with no trace of the rough swirl left by cigar-making machinery. The cigar band should have no excessive glue attaching it to the wrapper, which might tear upon removal of the band. When you're buying by the box, look for a close match of wrapper colors among the cigars. It is also a good idea to inspect the bottom row as well as the top.

Condition: When it is squeezed between thumb and forefinger, a well-cared-for cigar should feel firm but not hard, neither too stiff nor too yielding. It must feel elastic to the touch, springing back to its original shape when released. Another way to check the proper moisture and condition of a cigar is to "listen to the band." Gently roll the cigar between thumb and forefinger, close to your ear. If it's completely silent, it may be too wet; if it produces a crackling sound, it may be too dry. The ideal is a soft, rustling noise, whisper-quiet.

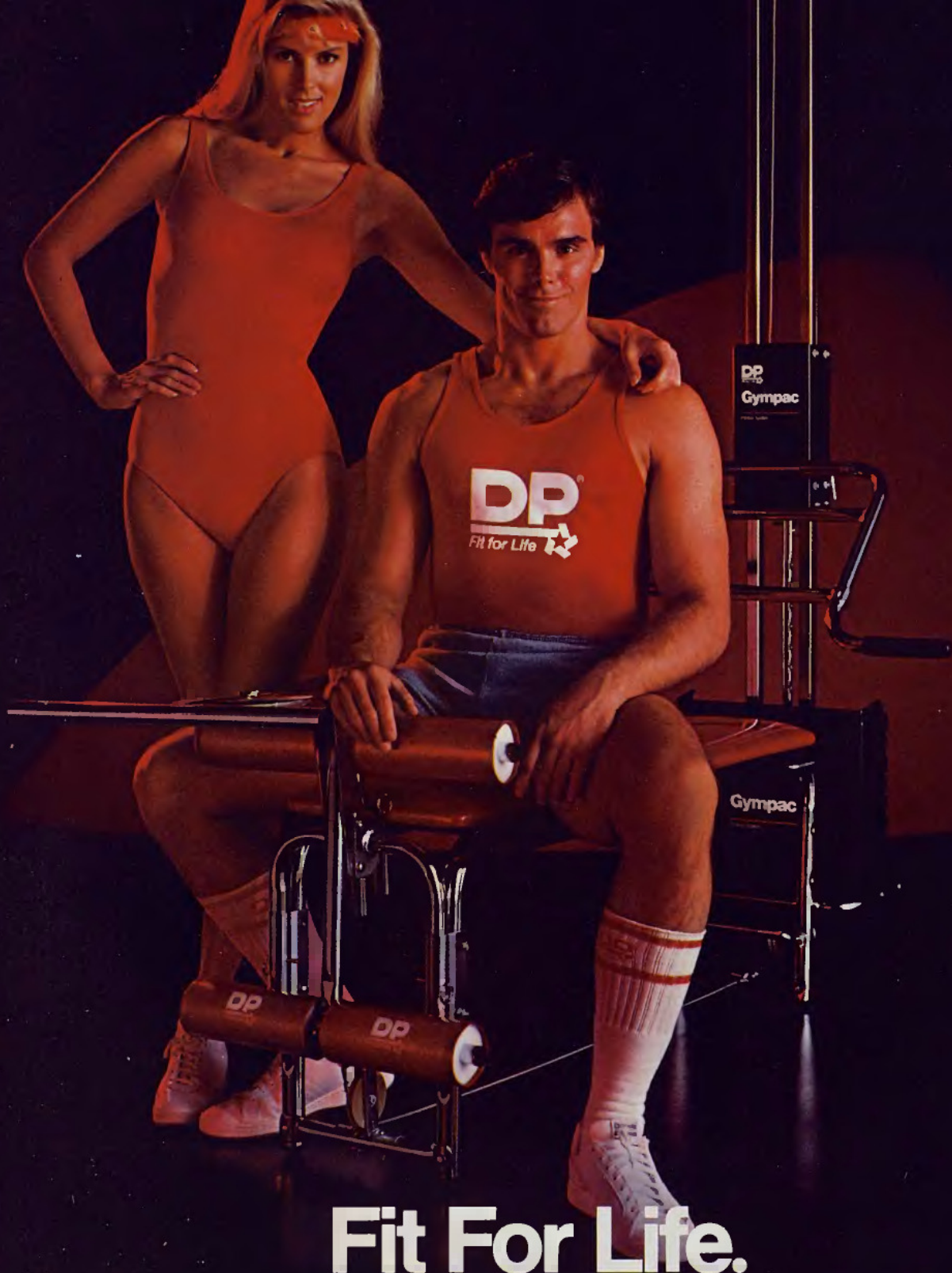
Next, feel along the length of the cigar, looking for knots in the filler that might burn irregularly and injure the cigar's draw. If a small knot is found, it can sometimes be loosened and broken up by rolling the cigar gently between the fingers. As a final part of the inspection ceremony, savor the scent of the unlighted cigar. That is probably the most enjoyable part of selecting a premium cigar, even if it is not a totally reliable guide to quality.

Draw: The draw of a cigar should be moderately easy, but it will vary not only with the density of the filler but also with the shape of the cutting tool used to open the head. If the draw is too difficult, the cigar may not stay lighted; if too easy, it may smoke too hot. That latter consideration is important because the composition of the smoke—and, therefore, its taste—is dependent on the cigar's rate of burn.

Burn: An excellent cigar will form a uniform *anillo de combustión* between the ash and the unburned tobacco. This band of combustion may have a slight rise or wrinkle to it, but it must not blister or separate the wrapper. A cigar that commits that crime is said to burn with a lip. It should also burn evenly, without developing an appendage of ash in advance of the main ember. If that occurs, it is the result of either irregularities in the filler or a poor balance between the wrapper and the filler leaf. (For example, a very thin wrapper

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will not burn well in combination with thick, heavy filler tobacco.) Overall, a fine cigar will burn slowly and steadily without excessive heat. It should stay lighted if puffed once per minute. And, of course, a well-made cigar will burn completely.

Ash: The correct color for a cigar ash ranges from off-white to dark gray. A white ash is certainly a joy to behold, but it does not indicate a better cigar. On the other hand, avoid any cigars that produce a decidedly brown or black ash, for something is wrong. "A black, uneven ash," says Consolidated's Lacey, "is a sign of improperly aged tobacco—and in cigar tobaccos, immaturity is synonymous with crudity."

When held horizontally, a good cigar should comfortably support a fine one-inch ash, a sign of high-quality binder leaf. An unsightly split in a cigar ash is a sign of a poor filler. When the ash falls or is gently knocked off, it should leave a sharp, glowing point. That indicates uniform density of the filler, and it's the basis for the widely held aphorism "The sharper the point, the better the cigar."

GOOD TASTE

The essence of a cigar's sensory reward involves three distinct qualities: strength, aroma and taste. Each provides a different yardstick for the merits of a particular cigar's tobacco.

Strength: Most cigars get stronger as they are smoked. If the increase in strength becomes unpleasant before a cigar is half smoked, the cigar is simply too strong for you.

Aroma: The smoking fragrance of a cigar is a quality crucial to a connoisseur. For most people, subtle shadings of smell elude

definition, but it is possible to differentiate between the faint and the assertive, the pungent and the sweet, the straightforward and the alluringly complex. A cigar's aroma is the product of the dry distillation of the leaf's resinous oils immediately aft of the ash. Hold a well-lighted cigar three or four inches from your nose and savor the character of its particular aroma. With a little experience, you'll find that the aromatic differences among different cigars become noticeably apparent.

Taste: This is a highly personal subject, what Mark Twain once called "a matter of suspicion." But a good cigar should taste better or, at least, remain the same, the longer you smoke it. Analyzing taste is a complicated matter. Judging the result of that analysis is even more difficult. More than 685 chemical compounds are known to occur in leaf tobacco and tobacco smoke. What you taste when smoking—the nicotine, the tars, the alkalinity—is greatly affected by the cigar's burning rate and combustion conditions, the moisture content of the tobacco, the puff length, and so on. In truth, science does not know what makes tasty tobacco tasty.

But perhaps an anecdote about Thomas A. Edison best sums up the question of taste. Edison loved expensive Havana cigars. Tired of uninvited guests' helping themselves to his office humidor, he decided to lay in a supply of garbage stogies to discourage free-loaders. Time passed, but the bogus cigars never arrived, and Edison's stock of Havanas continued to diminish. When he finally inquired, the matter was traced to his office manager, who dutifully reported that, yes, some un-

marked cigars had arrived and he had, as a matter of course, packed them in the boss's valise prior to his departure for a month in California. "Good Lord," Edison huffed, "I smoked every one of those damned cigars myself!"

A VARIETY OF VITOLAS

Every fine cigar properly has three names: its brand, its shape (which includes its size) and its wrapper color. For example, a particular product of the Dominican Republic is known as the Montecruz Number 210 Double Claro. The last two appellations together are called the cigar's front mark—from the days when they were branded on the front of the cigar box. In Spanish cultures, the size and the shape of an individual cigar are called its *vitola*, a name derived from the Cuban word for a cigar mold.

Constant change has marked the fashion of cigar shapes over the years. First one *vitola* seems to be in favor, then another. For the most part, fine cigars have always tended to be slightly larger than their inexpensive counterparts.

YOU ARE WHAT YOU SMOKE

The choice of a favorite cigar shape is in large part a matter of aesthetics. But once you've picked a width (the technical term for it is ring gauge) you like, simply select the longest version of it that you would feel comfortable carrying, freshly lighted, into your next class-reunion party. It will be the correct choice.

COLOR AND STRENGTH

No attribute of the cigar is more misunderstood than that of strength. One of the more persistent myths about cigars is that a light-green *candela* wrapper will not be as strong as, say, a natural wrapper. But it is simply not true. A tobacco leaf's smoking strength—which can and must be differentiated from its taste and its aroma—is a specific sensory property felt in the smoker's throat, as well as on the lips and the tongue and in the rest of the mouth. It is directly related to the tobacco's nicotine content, not to its color. And there is no relationship between tobacco color and strength of nicotine.

Another myth about strength that often interferes with the intelligent choice of a cigar is that a small, thin style will be milder than a large, thick one. Again, remember that strength is based on nicotine content, and the type of leaf is as important as the *amount* of leaf. In fact, because thin cigars are often more tightly packed than their thicker brethren, they may seem harsher, because they require a harder draw. Moreover, small, thin cigars offer less tobacco between the glowing ash and the smoker's lips to filter out the nicotine.

And now, as Edward VII allegedly announced at the first banquet after the death of his tobaccophobic mother, Queen Victoria, "Gentlemen, you may smoke."



"So now they have fire. That still doesn't make either of them more interesting as people."

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PAMPAS PRINCESS

(continued from page 110)

in which she portrays one of Christopher Atkins' girlfriends. She's no dilettante in the performing arts, either. She's done children's theater, studied ballet for many years and is an accomplished tap dancer.

"I would like someday to win an Oscar," she declares. "I'd like to be given the opportunity to read for a role that might give me that, instead of having producers say, 'OK, the girl has a nice body. Let's stick her in a bathing suit and put her in a hot tub with eight guys.' I don't want those roles."

Frankly, Veronica hasn't had much luck with even one guy. She blames her travels for half the problem, her own jealousy for the balance. "I'm a very jealous person. Stupid jealous. I think it's a sickness. It's OK for me to look at other guys but not for my boyfriend to look at other girls. It's so sick. I should be put away!"

In the meantime, she gets her kicks from cars—the faster, the better. "I have fantasies about being a race-car driver," she

confides. "It's not only the speed, it's the enjoyment I get out of just looking at a car. I have very strange feelings when I look at a car that I like. It's a turn-on, kind of. I'm, like, awed by it. I've driven as fast as 120 miles an hour. It's like I'm going to die at any second; like I'm going to explode. I used to love to drive on the autobahn. Cars go by you like—*shuuuum!*"

"So far, I've gotten only one speeding ticket, and that was for doing 42 in a 30-mile zone. It wasn't even worth getting a ticket at that speed!"

We'll lay odds that it'll be a long time before Veronica settles down. "I just don't really know what I want yet. I'd like a relationship. I've always had a good one to one with my mother, and I'd like that with a man. But I also want to be independent. I'm not the type who can just marry a millionaire for his money. If I like somebody, it's for himself. If it came to that, I'd rather be the one with the money. I want my own, you know what I mean?"



HIGH-VOLTAGE RACQUETBALL

(continued from page 138)

away with scattered shots and weak returns. His fatal, unforced bobbles skipping down the floor become demoralizing. He'll lose to even a lesser player—possibly to a beginner who runs no better than Tip O'Neill but who has control. The serious A or B player must, like the pros, learn to control that eccentric little spheroid.

The trend in pro play now is "serve and kill." We'll come back to the serve after setting your game's foundation, but keep in mind that if you learn to serve well, you won't have to worry so much about kill shots. A deceptive serve can hold your whole game together. At the same time, if you learn to kill efficiently, you won't have to rely so much on the serve.

How should the erratic A or B player shore up his game's foundation? He should start with the two biggest building blocks of all—the forehand and the backhand.

HITTING FOREHANDS

The forehand is racquetball's basic stroke. It is generally a player's most potent weapon. You'll use it 70 percent of the time against players who can't place the ball to your (probably weaker) backhand.

Racquetball is a sideways game, and the forehand is a sideways stroke. In execution, it's like the golf drive and the baseball line drive. If you're a right-hander hitting a forehand to the front wall, you're facing the right wall. Your legs are a long stride apart, knees slightly flexed, body coiled like a spring. As the ball comes toward you, bring the racquet *way* back. Pro coaches call that E.R.P.—early racquet preparation. If you're serious about killing, you should try to become an early-draw Wyatt E.R.P. As your arm pulls the racquet back, your elbow comes up until it's ear-high. Your front foot should point to the place you want to hit the ball. As the ball comes into your hitting zone—which can be any height from ankle to shoulder—uncoil your body and throw all your weight onto your front foot. At the moment you hit the ball, your racquet strings *must* be parallel to the front wall.

The most difficult of racquetball's secrets comes into play right here, at mid-swing. Your wrist, which has been cocked backward to get the racquet up high, must uncock and snap through at the moment of contact with the ball. If you do it right, the ball lashes out for an unreturnable kill shot or a passing shot that comes off the wall so fast your opponent stands transfixed.

The wrist snap is worth hours of practice to any A or B player who really wants to improve. Once you master it, kill shots and hard passes will come into your arsenal naturally, not as lucky surprises. Five-time national champ Marty Hogan does wrist curls with ten-pound weights to



"Julie's got a new job. The way it works, apparently, is they call her several times an evening when they need her."

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strengthen his wrists. "The wrist is 70 percent of my game," he says. He'll also sit around with a newspaper held by its corner with his right hand. Using only his fingers, he rolls the page into a palm-sized ball. Try it—it's harder than it sounds, and it's terrific work for the racquet wrist.

Charlie Brumfield, the Babe Ruth of racquetball, says the wrist snap is 50 percent of his game. Both he and Hogan liken it to a snap throw across a baseball infield or the snap of a wet towel. This year's national champion, Mike Yellen, says, "My wrist is finally snapping like a cobra." His cobra defanged Hogan's in Chicago and again in Atlanta earlier this year, breaking Hogan's five-year hegemony. With a flick of the wrist! What all these superstars are after is a snake-fast uncocking of that racquet wrist—the kind that enabled a 125-pound golfer like Ben Hogan to drive 280 yards. Dr. Bud Muehleisen, racquetball's first great coach, has his students practice the vital wrist snap by dropping the ball just off the front foot and hitting it "using *only* a full wrist cock and very little follow-through."

HITTING BACKHANDS

For the backhand, a right-hander will face the left wall. Your body action is pretty much a mirror image of forehand preparation. You should allow a little extra elbow room, since the backhand wind-up brings the racquet arm all the way across

the body. As always, your front foot should point where you want the ball to go.

Professionals have been arguing for years over whether or not to alter the basic forehand grip when hitting a backhand. Hogan compensates by changing his body position a little. Most pros find it easier to rotate the forehand grip about a quarter inch—moving the thumb a quarter inch toward the floor during the backswing. The amount of grip correction is something each player will have to work out for himself. If your natural grip sends the ball rifling straight to the floor, for instance, move your thumb down a fraction of an inch so that your racquet's strings are parallel to the front wall when you strike the ball. Obviously, some experimentation should be done in practice sessions.

The simple drop-and-hit exercise—a fundamental drill—can be the best way to decide how or whether to alter your basic shake-hands-with-the-racquet grip. Keep dropping and hitting backhands with various grips until you can consistently hit with your strings parallel to the front wall.

Like most sports, racquetball is a game of inches. A racquet that's a fraction off parallel at impact makes the difference between a winning kill and a sad, short skip to the floor. Let's take an example: If you're 20 feet from the front wall and you hit the ball with your strings parallel, the ball is certain to stay on line. You'll get the shot you want. However, if you make a

mistake in as little as five degrees of angle, the same shot will hit the wall *two feet* from where you wanted it. Since the ideal target is the lowest two feet of the front wall, that five degrees means life or death. Get those strings parallel at impact!

The higher you raise the racquet on your backswing and the more you coil your body, the more power, ball speed and accuracy you can generate. The idea in refining your swing—whether forehand or backhand—is to find the smoothest groove you can. The only way to do that is with practice. The more often you repeat the motion, the closer to the groove you'll come. Eventually, you'll cut down on those unkindest cuts, the unforced errors.

Now that you've grooved your swing with dedicated practice, is there anything else to keep you from filling Hogan's or Yellen's shoes? There's plenty, but much of it can be boiled down to five important reminders. That's not so bad, is it? That's only half as many as there are Commandments, and these are easier to keep:

- *Glue your eyes to the ball.* Not literally, of course. Goggles are still the recommended eye protection. But to hit consistently good shots, you have to remember sportscasting's hoariest cliché: "He missed it because he took his eye off the ball." Keep your eye on the ball as you're hitting it. Then watch the point of impact for an extra beat *after* you hit it. Gluing your eyes

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Crush me.
Splat me.
Kill me. I'll stay forever
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to the ball prevents last-second lurches of the head and the shoulders that throw off otherwise good strokes. Handball immortal Paul Haber once said, "I always keep my eye on the ball—even during time outs."

• *Hit with a smooth, swift arc.* While stroke analysis breaks the swing down into many parts, the sum of those parts should be a long, smooth swing of the racquet. Contact the ball at mid-arc and never swat, muscle or punch a shot. Everyone takes the occasional uncoordinated swat when he's on the run, but it's important to work the tendency toward short, choppy swings out of your game. It takes only a moment to set up sideways and stroke, using the whole body. The cardinal error of many jocks who come to racquetball from other sports is hitting with only the shoulders and the arms, which account for a mere fifth of your body's power.

• *Look up and live.* Good players utilize the ceiling for offense as well as defense. Ideally, the ball hits the ceiling about six feet from where the ceiling joins the front wall. Then it skitters down your opponent's weaker side, bounces just past the serve zone and dies in a deep corner. The very best kind of ceiling shot is the "wall-paper ball," one that hugs the wall all the way back, forcing your foe to break his racquet on the wall while going for a return.

• *Keep an eye on your overhead.* This is a bromide that works as well for racquetballers as for retailers. The overhead smash, which is hit much like a tennis serve, has recently caught on with the pros. It's ideal for hitting hard ceiling shots. It is also a formidable kill shot from deep court if you hit it past your opponent into a front corner. Good eye contact is essential to the overhead, since it is executed higher than other shots, often making you stare into distracting ceiling lights.

• *Love thyself as thyself.* It's impossible to carry out all these instructions every time. Even new champ Yellen hits one off his foot now and then. So give yourself credit for trying. When you do miss, don't get consumed with self-loathing. Anger often brings on a second miss, then a third. Swallow the anguish; concentrate on the ball. Anger from one shot carried over into the next point is choking. Choke and your game dies at B level.

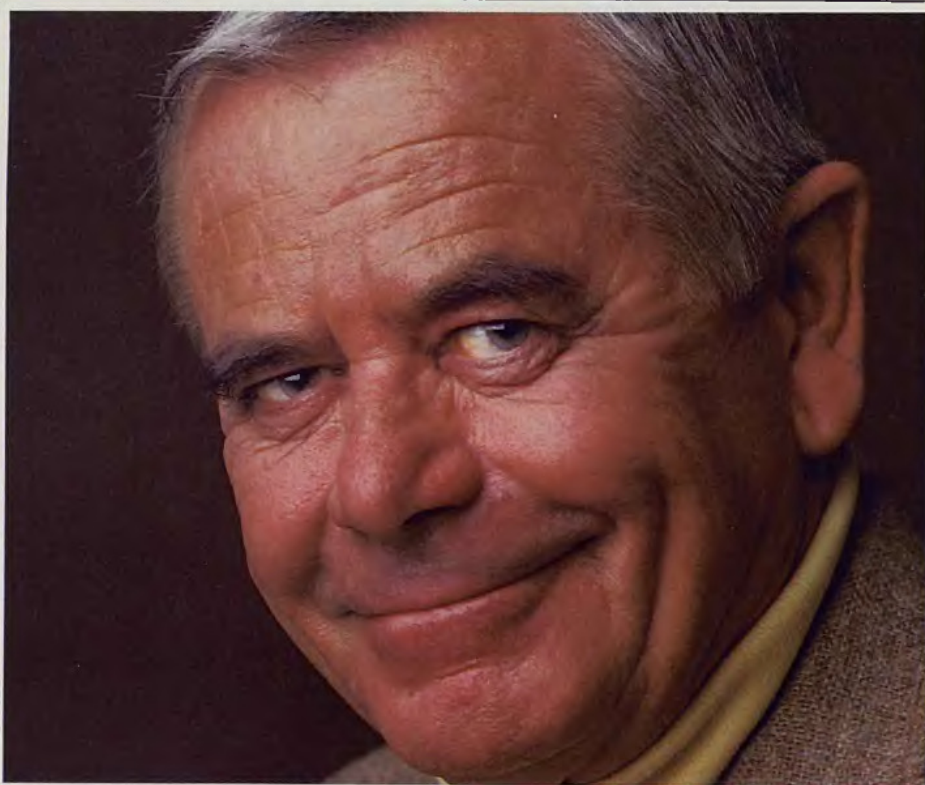
Racquetball's good news is that you really *can* master all the techniques we've been talking about. The bad news is that your challenges will only increase with success. The good A player will challenge the toughest competition at his home courts, seek out tournaments, even get a pro to test him to the limit. In practice, the pros think nothing of trying a bothersome shot 200 or 300 times. For the A player, a series of 25 forehands, 25 backhands, 25 serves, a round of overheads, ceiling balls and attempted kills should be *de rigueur*.

And then there's conditioning. While some wiry junior players of either sex can wrist snap 125-mph boomers right out of


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the crib, most of us need wrist curls or Hogan's newspaper crinkle to strengthen our wrists. For stamina, a two- or three-mile jog or a long swim every other day is perfect. Nautilus and Universal machines, used regularly, will strengthen your legs and pump up the power you apply to the ball at the moment of truth.

For the new player—the once-a-weeker with no great desire to climb his club's ladder—racquetball is simply a great way to pass an aerobic hour and burn as many as 800 calories. Running, swinging and changing directions all the time make for a great deal of fun. Serious A and B players, though, understand that it's necessary to jog, swim and even pump some iron in order to play at higher levels. Their fun comes with *winning*.

If you're serious about the game and heed the instructions we've talked about so far, you'll soon be a better player. You'll be having a great time on the court. If you want to refine things even further to take that big step to stardom, read on.

Most players develop a hard first serve and fall back on a lob second serve. They seldom vary the pattern. Generally, such players are orderly people, the kind who fold up their sweaty gym suits and practically blister-pack them for transport home. Predictable servers can be easy prey. You don't want to be one of them, so try to get away from the routine of hard serve, soft serve—all to your opponent's backhand. Try to develop a tricky bag of serves.

Most servers start from a static stance. Right-handers will park themselves about five feet from the left wall and let fly. Try something different—serve on the move, the way the pros do. Start from the same position or even a couple of steps closer to the left wall. Toss the ball three to six feet out. Take one or two strides into it, then whip it left, right or in a Z around the court. (The Z serve is hit head-high four feet from the right corner of the front wall. It follows a Z pattern and dies on the last, short leg of the Z, in the deep left corner.) Serving on the move will throw off your opponent's timing, balance and preparation, leading to service winners for you.

The ambulatory serve also gives you the last-second option of hitting a surprise serve to your opponent's strong side. If you serve past your own body to his left, you'll momentarily (but legally) obscure the ball from your victim's view. That is *not* a screen ball, which you'd have to do over. You will have to keep your serve a legal 18 inches from your body as it passes you coming off the front wall. If you don't, that is a screen ball.

Don't neglect alternating speedy serves with soft, high lobs and Z serves. The garbage serve can also be a deceptive winner. It was originally practiced with garbage cans in each rear corner—the server would lob a serve that bounced once and fell into one of the cans. It works even better without the cans. With an occasional

garbage serve, you can literally drive your opponents up the wall.

After you've got a diversified repertoire of serves, turn to the back wall to find another friend. Hugh Morgan, the 49-year-old publisher of *National Racquetball* and a B player on the rise, says it was the rear wall that wooed him from tennis to racquetball. "That wall keeps the ball from skittering away to the next court," says Morgan. "It speeds up your entire exercise program, compared with tennis. After the rear wall stops driving you crazy, it becomes a good friend. I moved from C to B in a few weeks when I stopped crashing into it on a wild charge, hoping to retrieve a shot before it hit the rear wall and went God knows where."

"The first thing to realize about the rear wall is its inherent danger," says Jean Sausser, racquetball pro for Ektelon and the author of five books on the game. "If you hit a drive or a lob off the front wall and it doesn't die politely in deep court, it will spurt up and out from the rear wall and a good player will put it away for a winner. You will be dispensing setup after setup. Plums, they're called."

Squash champ Heather McKay had back-wall trouble for an entire year when playing then-racquetball champion Shannon Wright. It wasn't until she stopped giving Wright squishy plums off the back wall that McKay began winning. "That racquetball is bouncy," she observes. "I learned to keep it low in the back court."

Sausser recommends conquering the rear wall with solo practice: "You stand about five feet from the back wall and toss the ball into the rear corners alternately, letting it spurt back at you. Then—backhand and forehand, left and right—you practice returning the ball to the front wall as briskly as possible."

Just for starters, this simple drill will give you instant exercise of judgment, practice on your shifts in footwork and familiarity with the back wall's vagaries. You can advance the drill by tossing the ball off the back wall or into the corners at various heights and speeds. Your body will quickly become accustomed to whirling around and getting set *fast* for a good return. The mental calculations are almost the same as those a hockey or billiards player makes in adjusting to a carom shot.

Another shot to practice comes up in every racquetball game. Your opponent has boomed one back. It bounces on the floor and hurtles past you too fast for you to hit a forehand or a backhand. Now you must instantly *think of the back wall as the front wall*. Hit the ball hard into the back wall, about chest-high and at a slight angle—so the rebound doesn't hit you. The ball will traverse the court and will finally reach the front wall. It's only a save and may be a plum for your opponent, but it's better than a miss. A third of all points lost in racquetball involve the back wall. Get to know it and you'll have a friend for life.

As in tennis, of course, the idea in rac-

quetball is to place the ball out of your opponent's reach more often than he can place it out of yours. If each shot were perfect, racquetball wouldn't be much of a sport. Still, it is possible to flirt with perfection. Most A and B players attending pro tournaments are awed by the number of times the pros kill the ball with perfect roll-outs. They're astonished by the frequency with which the pros *go for it*.

You can go for it, too, taking risks and racking up kills. Emboldened by improving control, the serious A or B player should become more daring, more aggressive. If you've practiced your way into a grooved, consistent swing, chances are you'll soon be surprising yourself with successful kills that come from low, sweeping swings at velocities that increase as you master that crucial wrist snap.

Almost as effective as the roll-out kill shot and easier to learn is the pros' second-favorite shot, the pinch. Instead of heading directly for the front wall, the pinch goes into one side wall or the other. Then it rebounds to the front wall and angles away from the opponent, whose body is set for a straight-back drive or a passing shot.

Pinches are great change-up shots. Using them is good strategy when you have been slugging it out from center court during a long rally. Just wait for a chance to get set, thrust that compasslike front foot toward one of the side walls and, with backhand or forehand, smack the ball hard into that side wall for the pinch.

The pinch kill is a shot that hits the side wall within a few feet of the front wall, kisses off the front wall and skips or rolls away for a winner. You can also hit pinch kills from front wall to side wall, using the same technique. Until your proficiency is formidable, you won't want to try them as often as the more mundane pinches, but they're good secondary weapons.

Now that you know how to climb the ladder to greatness, what happens when you stumble into a slump? All athletes hit them. Most just keep playing until things improve, often not even knowing what they're trying to correct. If you find yourself in a slump, chances are you can blame it on one or more of racquetball's mortal sins—an erratic swing, planting the front foot too soon, hitting only with the arm and shoulder, a mistimed wrist snap, offering too many plums off the back wall, not killing or pinching enough and *taking your eye off the ball*. If you can combine a lot of enthusiasm with a little dedication, you can recognize those problems and start correcting them. Your slump can be over by the time the other guy comes back from the water fountain.

One more thing—don't forget to warm up. Tight muscles can only inhibit the kind of swing you want to develop. So try a few stretches and knee bends, then rally awhile before you begin keeping score. (The pros warm up until they sweat.) Now go to the head of your racquetball class.



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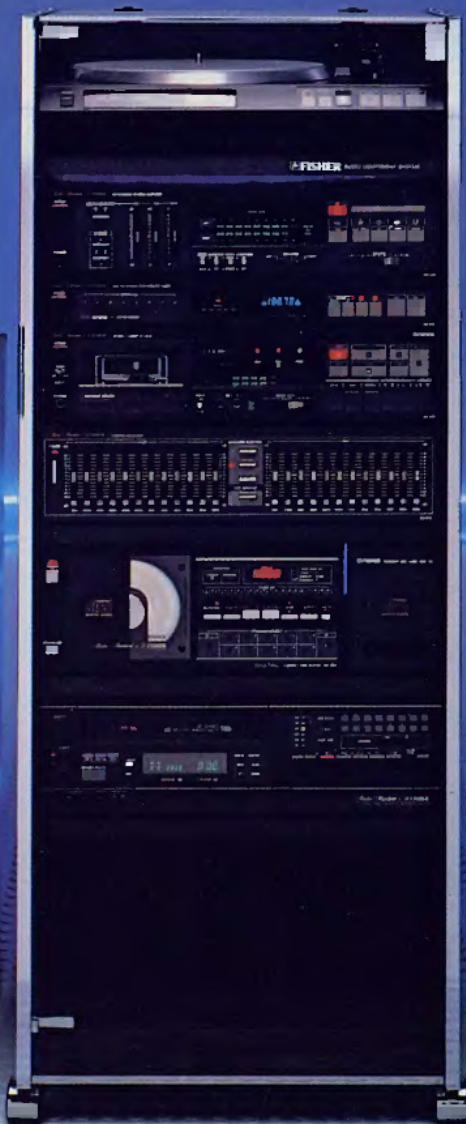


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What's a Rusty Nail?



a) something Noah had plenty of.



b) a quill from a wet porcupine.



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

GLORY, GLORY

(continued from page 136)

than most declones. If there's even the faintest suggestion that she's not unique, it's all over."

I²³ shook my²³ head. "If she's a solo, she's a solo," I³ said. "It's easy to prove."

"Harrington's paranoid on the subject. He'd never believe lab results once he had a notion fixed in his head," Sibbrel said. "All he has to do is suspect that someone close to him is connected in some way with cloning—sorry, Kilborn, but that's the way he feels—and he'll go all out to destroy that person. He can do it, too."

"Sweet guy your daughter has," I² said through clenched teeth.

"On any other subject, yes. Harrington's given billions to charity. The people who work for him love him. But on this subject. . . ." Sibbrel shrugged. "It's a fixation, and he's never been able to shake it."

"Harrington's first wife was one of triplets, as I recall," I¹ observed.

"That's right. The others were both hollie stars. They led pretty gaudy lives, and the constant sight of them with their latest lovers. . . well, it got to Harrington. Before long, he couldn't believe that his wife was herself and not one of the others. It ruined his marriage. Tragic, in a way."

I¹ gave a dry little laugh. "He took it like a real man. Blamed the whole thing on clones. You won't get much pity for H. H. Harrington from me, I'm afraid."

"I hope your daughter will be happy with him, Sibbrel. May they have triplets. Two sets," I² said, rising.

Sibbrel nearly jumped out of his skin. "Don't walk out on me, Kilborn, please! Nobody else can handle this right. I'll pay whatever you like. All I'm asking is ten days. That's all. In ten days they'll be married, and she'll be protected for the rest of her life. It's for Glory's happiness, not for me. Sit down, please. Have a drink," he said, hustling to a well-stocked bar. "We all need a drink."

"Both," I² corrected him.

I¹ don't drink, but I^{1,23} had Scotch: neat, on the rocks and with soda. In a more relaxed atmosphere, I¹ said, "You may be worrying prematurely. Even if the snip-and-runners reached her tonight, it would take three years to produce a working adult. By then, Miss Sibbrel might have brought Harrington around to a more reasonable frame of mind."

"I'm afraid Harrington is the one who brings people around, Kilborn."

"Actually, she'd have a lot more than three years, unless they used forced growth," I¹ pointed out. "It's best not to rush the process."

"I've heard that some of the really top bootleg dittomen are using a hot-radiation process that will produce a full-grown adult in less than a year," Sibbrel said.

"It'll be a pretty damned unstable adult," I¹ said.

"Do you think they care? If they could turn out ten thousand Glory Sibbrels, they wouldn't care if every one of them fell to pieces in a few years! They'd be billionaires!" Sibbrel cried.

"A point well taken," I¹ admitted.

"Can't you see what that would do to a man with Harrington's fixation? Before he's married a year, he sees his wife everywhere he looks. Every night, thousands of men make love to Glory Sibbrel—and every Glory is the original! Harrington would go out of his mind. Glory would lose her husband, her career, everything. I can't let that happen, Kilborn."

"All right, Sibbrel. I'll take the case. Starting now. I'll stay here and keep an eye on things, and meanwhile, I'll ask a few questions around," I¹ said.

"I'd better get some sleep. I'll be working round-the-clock shifts until this is done, and I'll have to be in the office to dig out what I can from the data banks," I¹ said.

Sibbrel grabbed my^{1,3} hands and shook them fervently. "Thanks, Kilborn. If anyone can keep Glory safe until the wedding, it's you. Now I can relax a little." He smiled thinly and shook his head. "This has really upset me. I've been talking to myself since last night."

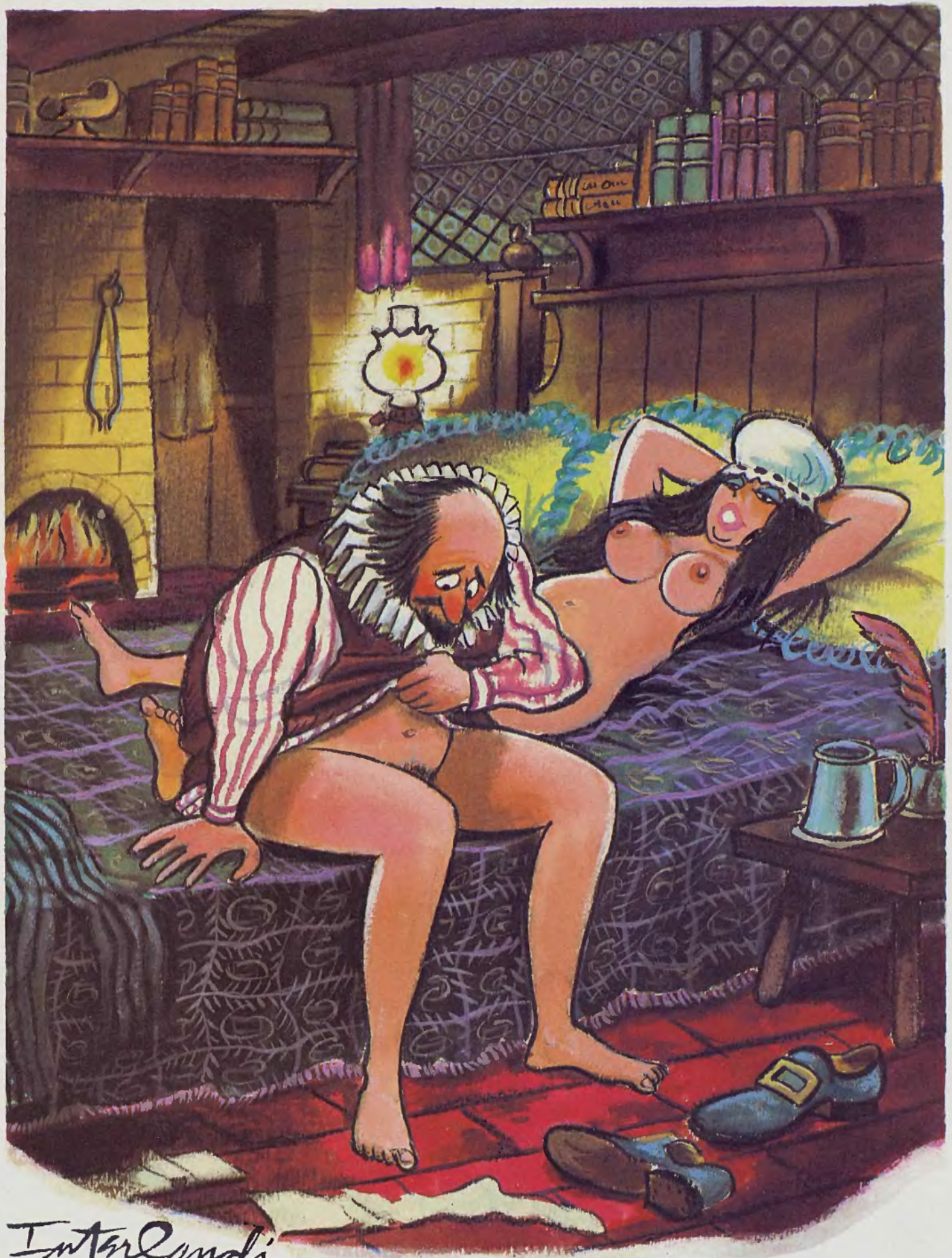
"What's wrong with that?" I² asked. "I do it all the time."

For the first few days, the Glory Sibbrel case was strictly routine. I^{2,3} took 12-hour turns as bodyguard while I^{1,4} made the rounds of my contacts and went through everything in the data banks. I^{1,4} was more surprised by what I^{1,4} couldn't find than by what turned up. And I^{2,3} found Glory Sibbrel more and more difficult to figure out.

First night on the case, she slept right through. Next morning, I² flew with her to London, where she was lecturing at the Tate on Turner, Pollock and the neofragmentists. She was strictly business all the way: no small talk, no questions, not a word beyond a bare-bones account of the snip-and-run attacks that didn't add a thing to her father's story. All her attention was on the lecture. I² was a bit of luggage, no more. Coming back, she was stony silence for the entire 90 minutes of the flight. Delayed shock, I² told myself. She hates to admit to needing help. She likes privacy. She prefers the company of richer men. Whatever it was, I² wasn't winning her over. I² was still nothing but luggage.

We landed at a private airport. When we reached the apartment, I³ was waiting to take over from me². That's when it became clear just how far I^{2,3} wasn't winning Glory over.

Once inside the apartment, Glory looked back and forth at me^{2,3} and, with her most dazzling smile, said, "I simply can't understand how you people tell yourselves apart. Which one is really Joe Kilborn? Do you know?"



Interlandi

"Well, Mr. 'To Be or Not to Be,' is it to be or not to be?"

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When someone calls me *you people*, I know there's unpleasantness on the way. As calmly as I² could, I² said, "Save that for your boyfriend, Miss Sibbrel. He likes it. I don't."

"I² Did you say I²? What does that word mean to a clone?" she asked, still smiling innocently.

"Same as it means to you. Or to H. H. Harrington," I² said.

"I doubt that very much. I don't think creatures like you have anything in common with normal human beings."

I³ bit my³ tongue and kept quiet, but I² had to reply to that. "What would you know about normal human beings, Miss Sibbrel?" I² asked coolly.

She gave me² a blast from those big, beautiful hazel eyes that would have withered a small forest. She held it for a moment, then, in an icy voice, said, "Tell me, clone—what does it feel like when you die and still go on living? Do you know? Do you ever talk about it when you get together with others like yourselves? I'd really be interested to know."

That's a question a solo really shouldn't ask, and most of them have the good sense not to. It's a touchy point among clones. Trying to keep my voice calm, I² said, "It's not so bad, I'm told. You feel a little lighter, that's all."

"A little lighter," she repeated, as if the words were tainted. "So death is no more than a diet to you people. God, I'll be so glad when H. H. gets back and we can be married!"

"Until then, I'll be around to watch over you," I³ said cheerfully.

"Keep your distance. You're my father's idea, not mine. I don't need creatures like you to protect me. I'm a crack shot, and I hold black belts in three martial arts you probably can't pronounce."

"I have four black belts myself," I² said.

She slammed the door to her bedroom in my² face. I^{2,3} exchanged a quick, puzzled glance. Whatever Glory Sibbrel's other talents, she was not a convincing actress. But I^{2,3} couldn't figure out why she had put on this little scene at all.

In the meantime, I¹ was coming up with nothing from my¹ contacts. If snip-and-runners were after Glory Sibbrel, they weren't a known gang.

Curiously enough, the feeling among the bootleg dittomen—whether or not Sibbrel wanted to believe it—was that Glory was just too big to touch. Her popularity—the very factor that attracted dittomen in the first place—made her dangerous. It could cause public outrage, and that always meant trouble.

There were stiff laws on the books, but enforcement was easygoing. Other crimes bothered the public more, so snip-and-runners seldom got more than a token fine. But cutting for an illicit ditto of Glory Sibbrel was messing with a national treasure. People who tried it might find themselves on the losing end of a crusade. The im-

mediate gain, enormous though it could be, simply wasn't worth the risk.

Actually, that wasn't altogether good news. It could mean that a bunch of one-cut amateurs were behind this, hoping to make a bundle in a single big operation. Neither Glory herself nor her father nor any of the bodyguards could give me¹ a description of the snip-and-runners. I¹ had no leads at all.

I¹ wasn't getting any help from the data banks, either. They were so clean that it hurt my¹ eyes to look at the screen. And that was odd.

A little more than a year before, Glory Sibbrel had been flying back from the Russian premiere of her *Suite for Ion Guitar, Capacitors and Solar Flute* when she disappeared. Weeks later, the world learned that she had gone down in Baffin Bay. She was badly smashed up, and when Sibbrel's own ship finally found her, days after the crash, she was a shallow breath away from being dead.

They brought her back. Sibbrel may not have been in H. H. Harrington's financial league, but he had plenty. He used it all to save Glory's life. She not only survived, she came out looking better than ever. It was close to being a miracle. And, as is often the case with miracles, the facts were hard to trace. I¹ couldn't find a thing.

Sibbrel wouldn't talk about the accident or the recovery period. "Too painful," he said, and shut up like a stillbooth. That went double for Glory herself. So I¹ looked elsewhere.

Glory Sibbrel's career was a matter of extremely public record. The daily faxes had material on her from the time she had won the Tchaikovsky competition at six to the latest hour's flash. All the faxes—newsies, nasties, snobbies, sobbies, scandals, brainies—were available to the point of eyestrain. But I¹ studied them all. Sometimes the right answers are so obvious they're invisible until you've stared at them for a few days.

The story got foggier as I¹ moved farther from her public life, though. When I¹ started combing medical records, it vanished.

My¹ specialty is digging up facts that other people—for all kinds of reasons—don't want dug up. I¹ know where to look, and I¹ know how. If it's in a data bank, I'll find it. But after eight days of digging, it was clear that all I¹ was going to get for my¹ digging this time was sore fingers. Sibbrel had hidden everything to do with the real facts of Glory's recovery too deep.

My¹ eyes were burning. I¹ shut down, slumped in a chair and let my¹ mind drift while the office grew dark. Poor Sibbrel. On the subject of cloning, he was as spooked as Harrington, though he was decent enough to be a social hypocrite. Glory's accident must have been a devoted father's worst nightmare come true. In a coma, sedated for weeks on end, she'd be helpless in the hands of anyone who decided to nip a few cells and go into the



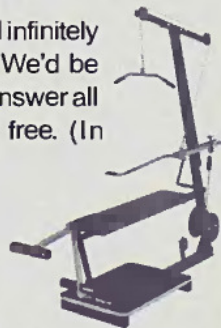
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Glory Sibbrel business for himself. The thought of that must have tormented poor Sibbrel. His daughter smashed up so badly that even he couldn't recognize her. . . .

And that was his answer. It had to be.

Nobody had ever touched Glory Sibbrel. People worked on Miss X, or Jane Doe, or whatever name Sibbrel came up with. And who bothers doing a snip-and-run on Jane Doe? Who cares about her medical records?

It was the perfect solution, elegantly simple, and it explained the absence of medical information. There had never been anything on Glory Sibbrel in the first place. The big medical miracle wasn't made public until Glory was out of the hands of the emergency medics and was safe with familiar, trusted people on the family payroll. Then the news was turned out by Sibbrel's fax representatives, who were used to giving the public just what they were dying to hear about Glory.

I sat there in the office, dark and silent now, thinking of how Sibbrel must have felt in those first moments, faced with the possible loss of the person most precious to him. He didn't have time to ponder. He had to think fast and act fast. If Glory had died in that crash. . . .

And then everything came clear at once. A few minor points were still slightly fuzzy, but I knew just how to check them out. No trouble at all. I'd get the rest of my answers from Sibbrel.

It was past two o'clock in the morning when I arrived at Sibbrel's apartment, but he was as accommodating as ever. If I had awakened him, he didn't show any sign of resentment.

I asked for information about two of his big holdings; necessary background data, I said. He fudged. I followed with a very precise question about one of his overseas investments. He waffled. So I asked him outright about the condition of two very shaky companies in which he was a partner, and he lied. All the time, he was friendly and no more jittery than usual. But when I led Glory into the room, he exploded.

"What the hell are you up to, Kilborn? What do you mean, waking up my daughter and dragging her in here?" he bellowed.

"Relax, Mr. Sibbrel. I have a few questions for her, that's all," I said.

"I don't want Glory questioned, understand? And I won't answer any more questions myself. In fact, if you don't stick to what I'm paying you for, I'll drop you and hire someone else to protect my daughter."

Glory strutted to his side and glanced around at me with disdain. "Why don't you sack this bunch of amateurs here and now, Daddy? Pay them off and hire some real men to guard me," she said.

I decided to let them have it. "Sorry, but it's too late. I can't walk out on a murder."

"Murder?" Sibbrel said. His voice cracked a little, but he swallowed loudly and demanded, "Are you crazy, Kilborn? Who do you think's been murdered?"

"Glory Sibbrel," I said.

Sibbrel collapsed in his chair and slumped forward over the desktop with his face in his hands. When he looked up, he was a lot older. He shook his head and murmured, "No, not murder, Kilborn. Never murder. It wasn't supposed to. . . ."

I didn't mean for her to die, I swear it. I only wanted her out of the way for a while. . . ."

"Until Glory could marry Harrington," I said.

"Why not?" Glory said defiantly. "He kept crawling after her, and she kept turning him down because he wasn't saintly enough for her. Daddy needed money, and she wouldn't give him a cent—her and her charities and her benefits and her good-will tours. Now I'm everything she was, and I know what to do with it."

"How long would Harrington have lasted?" I asked. "Six months? A year?"

"Not more than a year," I said. "Harrington wanted to have a big family the old-fashioned way. It was important to his cause. And clones are sterile. When Glory didn't get pregnant quick, he'd call in a platoon of specialists to find out why. Once they found out why, it would all be over."

Glory gave a cold, contemptuous laugh. "Six months is generous. I would have had everything Harrington owned signed over to me in a week, and after that, he'd be on borrowed time."

Sibbrel reached out his hands and looked at me with tear-filled eyes. "Kilborn, please. I was desperate. I needed money or I was ruined. I never meant for her to die. She was my daughter, for God's sake!"

"But you tampered with her plane," I said.

"I rigged the power cells, that's all. I thought I had it set exactly—she'd have to make a landing in Greenland, and I had men waiting. She'd think it was a kidnaping. By the time they let her escape, we'd have the Harrington money. But she was a better pilot than anyone knew. She managed to keep the plane up when no one else could have. She almost made it across Baffin Bay. I never thought she'd get that far."

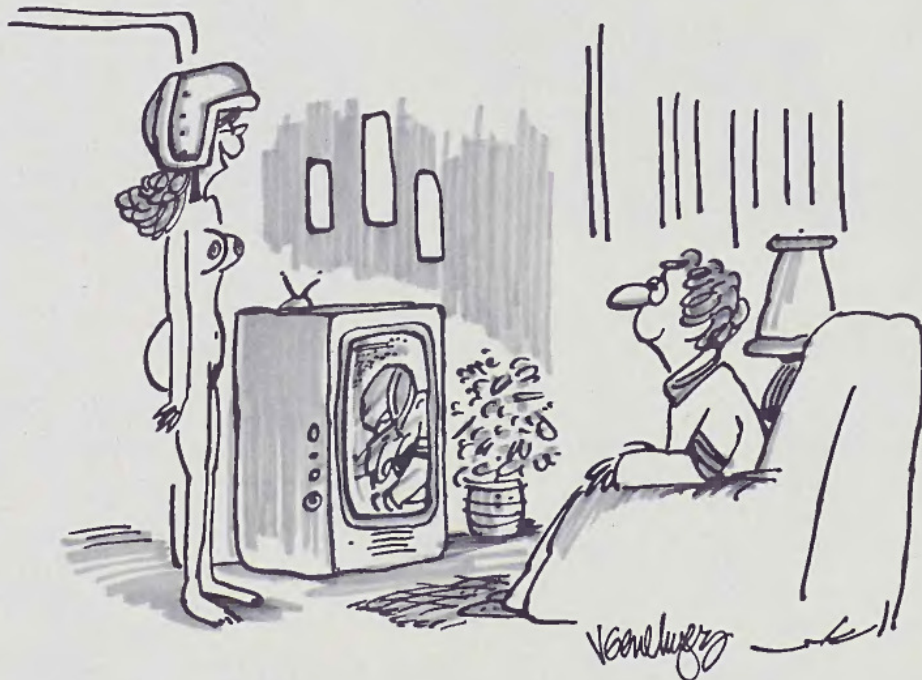
"Even if it had worked out, don't you think she might have suspected?" I asked.

"Not Glory. She would have believed whatever I told her. With all her accomplishments, all her genius, she was . . . she was an innocent."

No one spoke for a moment. Then Glory stepped before the desk. She folded her arms, looked at me one by one and in that deep, musical voice said, "It could still work." I didn't reply, and she elaborated. "All you have to do is keep your mouths shut. Daddy and I will readjust your fee. What would you say to ten million—each?"

I shook my head in perfect unison. It wasn't easy, even though I knew she had no intention of paying me or anyone.

She smiled that incredible smile and brushed back her luminous golden hair. Even under these circumstances, I felt my heart beat faster and my knees go weak at the sight of such beauty. "It doesn't hurt to try," she said and returned slowly to the other side of the desk. She stepped



"How'd you like to come off the bench for a little while?"

back and stood against the wall, silent, arms folded.

"She's right, Kilborn," Sibbrel said. "It could still work if you keep quiet."

"No deal," I^{2,3} said, and I⁴ nodded in agreement.

"All right, then, no deal. So what will you do?" The broken, teary-eyed Sibbrel had abruptly vanished. I was talking to a much cooler customer now. Maybe this was the real one. "Can you find the plane? Can you find the body? Can you prove that this woman isn't Glory Sibbrel? Come on, Kilborn—what can you do with your suspicions except make a fool of yourself?"

"Not suspicions, Sibbrel. I know you did it," I⁴ said.

"So it's your word against mine. And clones can't corroborate one another's testimony, so you're a single, unsupported witness. It's a joke, Kilborn."

"The evidence is all there, Sibbrel," I⁴ said.

"It won't be for long. You're not as smart as you think you are, Kilborn. You've told me just where to clean out the data banks, and I'll have it done before you get back to your apartment. Thanks for your help."

I^{2,3} started for him, but Glory² raised a wide-angle needler and I^{2,3} froze in my^{2,3} tracks. I⁴ didn't move. She could cut me to pieces with a single burst at this range.

"So it's a standoff," I² said.

"Standoff?" Sibbrel laughed loudly and unpleasantly. "It's no standoff. It's victory for me and defeat for you. You did exactly what I wanted you to do, Kilborn. You went out and dug up all the evidence that could hurt me, and you handed it to me on a silver platter. I think I ought to pay you a bonus."

"Why me, Sibbrel?" I² asked.

"The Lucky Clover agency has a reputation for honesty. I knew you'd do a thorough job," he said and laughed again.

"You're a pretty thorough man yourself," I² said, glancing at Glory². "How many more of her have you got stashed away in case this one doesn't work out?"

"None!" she cried, enraged. "I'm Glory Sibbrel, and there's no other anywhere!"

"Are you sure? A smart man like your daddy always has a backup," I² said.

I⁴ added, "As I see it, Miss Sibbrel, you're not more than two years old. Forced growth under hot radiation, wasn't it?"

"What about it?" she snapped.

"It's a very unstable process, I'm sorry to say. Very soon, you—"

"Shut up, Kilborn," Sibbrel snapped.

"No, Daddy, let him talk. Go ahead, you," said Glory².

"You'll suffer internal breakdown," I⁴ went on. "It usually starts with the digestive system. At first, you'll think it's indigestion or ulcers."

"You may have hallucinations," I⁴ added. "Eventually, you'll have psychotic episodes."

"It spreads to the vital organs very quickly. And once the kidneys or the liver or the heart starts to degenerate. . . ." I⁴ shrugged and shook my⁴ head.

"Very dramatic. But that won't happen to me. Daddy has a process. He can fix me when I start to slip back. Nobody else can, but he has a new process. Tell them, Daddy. Tell them!"

I³ kept my³ eyes on Glory², but I^{1,2,4} turned to look hard at Sibbrel. He was paler now and didn't seem quite so confident.

"Nobody has a process, Glory," I⁴ said. "There isn't anything anyone can do. You were made too quickly, and you won't last."

"Daddy . . . ?" she said in a little-girl voice.

"They're trying to scare you, Glory. I'll have it. When you need me, I'll be there, Glory. I won't let anything—"

She let out a shriek of wild, pure animal hatred and opened up on Sibbrel. He slammed back as if he had been hit by a fast-moving roller, and I moved all at once. I² took a short burst as Glory² turned, but I^{3,4} was on her² before I² hit the floor.

She put up no struggle at all. The ambulance and the police were very prompt to answer a call from Eastblock. Glory² didn't say a word all the time we waited. She just stared at that picture of her homecoming.

Clones learn a lot about sympathy pains. I^{1,3,4} felt just as bad looking down on me² in that hospital bed as I² felt looking up at my^{1,3,4} mournful face and aching where the surgeons had pulled 31 pellets

out of me². But at least I was still—figuratively, anyway—all in one piece.

"How are we feeling?" I³ asked.

I² opened my² eyes and nodded weakly. It was hard to talk, but I² wanted to know how things had come out. "I'm OK. What happened to the Sibbrels?"

"Daddy's dead," I¹ said. "Glory² won't make it to trial. Degeneration has already set in. She hasn't got two months left."

"You spotted her as a forced-growth job," I² said to me⁴. "That was pretty good judgment. No one else even suspected it."

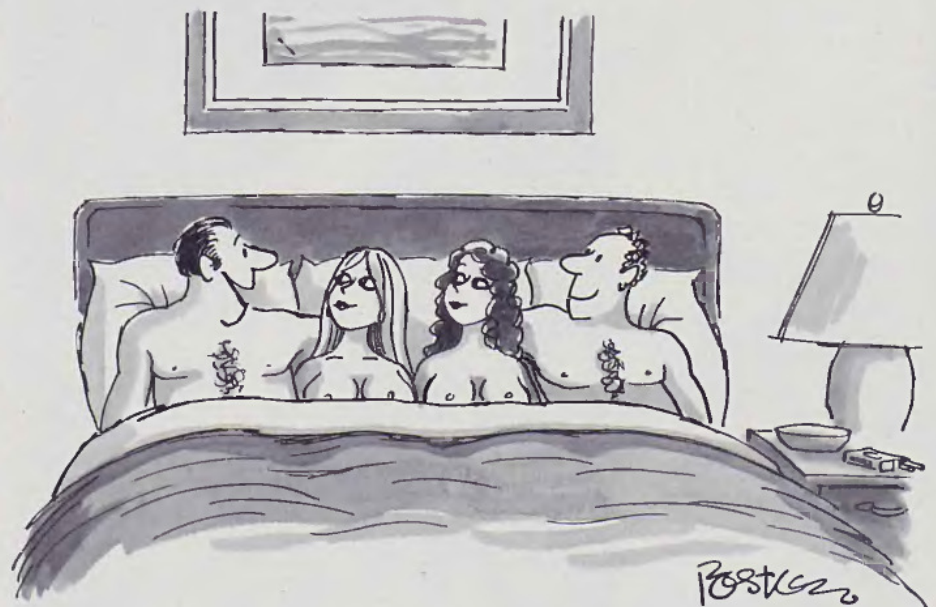
"She just wasn't behaving the way Glory Sibbrel ought to behave. If she was a forced-growth clone approaching the degeneration point, that could explain the aberrant behavior. I made a lucky guess."

"And Sibbrel waited too long to bring in Glory³," I³ pointed out.

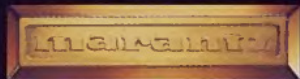
"Yes, that helped. But, actually, it was a lucky guess. In fact, almost everything I threw at Sibbrel was guesswork. It fit together, but there wasn't a shred of hard evidence," I⁴ admitted.

I² was getting tired and I^{3,4} had a lot to do at the office, so I^{1,3,4} said goodbye and left me² to rest while I^{1,3,4} caught up on the work. It was just beginning to rain when I^{1,3,4} left the hospital, and I^{1,3} decided to catch a roller and split the fare. I¹ preferred to walk. I⁴ wanted to do some thinking, and I⁴ always think better in the rain.

But all the way back to the office, I⁴ kept thinking of only one thing: What a relief it was not to have to change the name of the Lucky Clover agency to the Shamrock agency. Not that I have anything against the Irish. Four heads are better than three, that's all.



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DINNERS WITH ANDREY

(continued from page 128)

market is too big. Too many petty officials have been corrupted."

"And as for political liberties?"

He leaned toward me with his elbows on the table and his glass in both hands, held below his chin. "You don't ask for things to be the way they are," he said. "One must live a life of service. Must! There is no other way. I want to be a good person. I must serve my country."

I sighed and sagged my shoulders just a bit and held his eye for two blinks and then looked away and said, "Well, there's truth on both sides, Andrew. I know what you mean. I feel much the same way."

And with that we got back to center, to our right faces and correct attitudes, and were soon buzzing smoothly on about Nosenko, moles, triple agents and other arcana of the spy trade, which appeared to fascinate him no less than me.

Friday, March 31. Nine days after my second dinner with Andrey. A cocktail party in the Rayburn Building to kick off a new organizing campaign for nuclear disarmament. I was looking for Gary Thomas, a journalist and former U.S. Army Intelligence officer with whom I had almost launched a book project.

I found him with the other journalists at the free bar and drew him aside with a fresh double vodka. Thomas was a large, shambling man of 30 with bushy hair and mustache.

"I need a favor," I said.

"How come?"

"There's a Russian diplomat named Andrey Suvorov, a third secretary. I think he's trying to romance me."

"Do tell."

"He's taken me to dinner twice and he's asked me to write something for a Soviet magazine."

"Suvorov."

"Andrey. A young guy."

"What do you make of him?"

"I assume he's not a free spirit. He seems to want to make friends. That might interest your old friends in the Justice Department, but if I approached them cold, they'd be suspicious. Can you help?"

"Would you talk to them?"

"Isn't it the right thing to do?"

He gave me a bit of a look, but I didn't feel I had to answer for his surprise. I let my question stand. "Sure," he finally said. "Let me get back to you."

A week later, over mugs of dark beer at Columbia Station Bar and Grill, Thomas told me that, in fact, his friends had a keen appetite for information on the third secretary. "They think he may be important," he said.

"So what happens next?" I said.

"Sit on it. They have to open up a case. That takes a few days. Someone from Justice will be in touch with you."

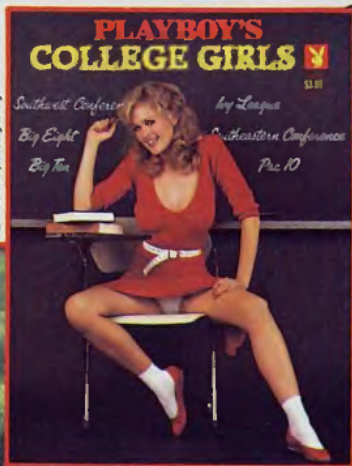
The first to get in touch, though, was

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Suvorov, who called the A.I.B. office in mid-April and got Jeff. When I got in, Jeff said, "The diplomat called. He said he'd call back. He called himself Andrew."

"He likes to do that."

"What's up with him?"

"I don't know, but I've been meaning to tell you that I'm going to talk to the FBI about him."

Jeff's dark brows came together. "Why would you do that?"

"It's obscure, but it feels right."

"How right?"

"Fifty-one percent."

"That much?"

"Easily."

"What about your reputation?"

"What reputation?"

"On the left."

"What left?"

"Come on."

"I think that being on the left in America shouldn't mean that you're indifferent to the Stalinism of the Soviet Union."

Jeff said, "I believe it's a serious mistake for you to get in over your head between

two Cold War professionals who are basically trying to destroy each other." I had known beforehand that he wouldn't like it, but still I had to tell him about it. He was too sharp not to see that I was up to something. Besides, I needed someone to know what I was doing. Jeff might think I was nuts, but I knew he was totally on my side.

Andrey had not called back a few days later when a young woman with what Jeff called "a very sweet voice" called for me. She talked briefly with him about when I'd be back but wouldn't leave her name. She just said she would call again.

It wasn't until mid-May that we made a hookup. I was alone in the office early in the morning when her call came. From her hello, I knew it was the same woman Jeff had talked with. "Jeannie Sawyer," she said her name was, "from the Justice Department. I'm so happy that I've finally reached you." I immediately felt the surge of a new interest in this escapade. But then she said, "Would you please hold the line for Mr. Stassinov?"

"Oh," I said. "Sure."

A click and then, "Hello, this is Jim Stassinov speaking." His not a sweet voice but a gruff, chesty one that made you wish you'd worn a necktie. He would calm down later, but now he was as nervous as I was. "I understand," he said, "that we have a friend in common."

"I'm your guy," I said.

"Do you think we could meet?"

"Sure, but I haven't heard from this friend since the middle of March. He may have lost interest."

"I'd still like to discuss him with you."

I found him waiting for me at lunchtime the next day at Mr. Eagen's, with a pack of filter cigarettes and a cup of black coffee before him on the booth table. He was a short, dark, solidly built man with black, curly hair flecked with gray, curly gray sideburns, an olive complexion, round, liquid brown eyes and a skeptical, one-sided smile. He wore a blue blazer and gray checkered slacks with flared cuffs. Stassinov was a little younger than I was, a little older than Suvorov. His hands were small and thick, with stubby, hairy fingers. He smelled of after-shave, but his cheeks were dark with eager new growth.

"Jim Stassinov, FBI," he said, standing and offering his hand. "It's good of you to meet with us," he said, though he was alone. His voice now much lowered and a little raspy. A bit of the thug in the forward slouch of his heavy shoulders. But his brown eyes twinkled and looked straight at me, so it felt good to sit down with him.

"The pleasure is mine," I said.

He gave me a chance to order coffee but kept his eyes on me, friendly but direct. "I move we skip the ceremonies and go right to the point," he said.

I agreed. He pulled an envelope from his inside pocket. "Let's make sure we're talking about the same character," he said. He took out a black-and-white photo and turned it my way on the table.

The photo had been taken from an elevation of two or three stories across the diagonal of a downtown Washington intersection. It showed Suvorov striding off the curb at a crosswalk and turning toward the camera to check the traffic behind him. He was caught in a shaft of sunlight and his features were distinct. His face wore a sober, concentrated frown. "It's him," I said.

"And what is the nature of your contact?"

"He introduced himself last February at a public function on the Hill. He called later to ask me to dinner. He's taken me to dinner twice and seems to want something ongoing. But I haven't seen him for almost two months."

"He paid?"

"For dinner? Damn straight."

"Could I ask you how he paid?"

"Like, plastic or cash? Fresh twenties."

Stassinov had his hand-size spiral notebook out and with a black drugstore ballpoint zipped off two quick lines.

"OK," he said, clicking his pen, looking



"Harold, did ya ever think that maybe some morning you might try buryin' your nose in the sports page?"



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up, "we are definitely interested in talking with you about this person. We've been looking at him since he came on duty last year. It's been hard to get anything substantial, but check this out." From the same envelope, he now took a photocopy of a *Washington Post* story from the previous summer. The lead was: "On July 13 [1977], a Soviet operative concealing his identity showed up at the Library of Congress in quest of an unpublished comparison of U.S.-Soviet military strength—an example of the bold intelligence game played by the Russians." Three paragraphs down, the story identified the bold intelligencer: "Andrey Suvorov, third secretary of the Soviet embassy, appeared unannounced at 12:35 P.M. on July 13 on deck A of the Library of Congress, site of the foreign-affairs and national-defense section. Suvorov, suspected of K.G.B. connections, did not identify himself but asked for the U.S.-Soviet defense study prepared by [Congressional Research Service] analyst John Collins for the Senate Armed Services Committee. That report, detailing relative U.S. weakness, had been suppressed by the Senate committee's staff."

Stassinis offered an amended account. "The guy wanders right into the classified stacks," he said, a flash of gleeful admiration in his eyes. "Somebody comes across him and says, 'Who the hell are you?' He says, 'Hi. My name is Andy. I'm the librarian. Can I help you?' Ha! With this accent straight from Mother Volga!"

Third Secretary Suvorov had attracted the FBI's attention before then, primarily because of his lifestyle. Said Stassinis, "Most of the lower-level staff at the Soviet embassy, like Andy, they have to live very meager social lives. They don't make a lot of money and they have to send a lot of what they do make back home. Andy, on the other hand, moves around an awful lot for a third secretary. And has he talked about his wife?"

"Her name is Marie and he says she hates living here."

Stassinis chuckled. "I guess that's why she has to run amuck at Bloomie's twice a week," he said. "This is Marie."

Another photo, full length, of an attractive brunette in her late 20s wearing a dark, chic hostess gown and strappy shoes in a well-furnished interior that Stassinis would not confirm was within the Soviet embassy. "Andy and Marie," he said, "appear to be members of the White Russian elite within the Communist Party. He's the son of wellborn, well-to-do Muscovites, both of whom were public figures. His mother was a ballerina, and today she runs a dance school in Moscow. His father was a diplomat or a government official of some kind who was able to send Andy to the best schools. The signs are that he's an important person, not just a lowly third secretary. But is he a legitimate diplomat or a secret agent? We don't know."

"Now, when you say 'we,' of course," I

said, "you mean—" I stopped, waiting for him to finish the sentence.

"You'd like to know who the hell I am, right?" he said with a little laugh. "Fair enough. I am a special agent of the FBI in the field of counterintelligence. I work out of the Washington station office at Buzzard's Point, and this is my I.D. The purpose of our C.I. work is to keep foreign secret agents from operating in the U.S. My group's special job is to watch the staff of the Soviet embassy. There are more than 700 people in the Soviet compound here, and 47 are diplomats. About 100 have diplomatic immunity. We believe that as many as a third of them may be illegal secret agents, people whose real base of operation is the K.G.B. and whose purpose is to carry out K.G.B.-directed espionage missions. We have to figure out which of them are the most probable spies and then try to figure out what they're doing and keep them from doing it in peace."

"You think Andy is one of those spies?"

"We don't like to reach unfounded conclusions as to such things," he said, sounding professional. "You tend to think, Why take a chance; if the cocksucker's at all funny-looking, assume he's K.G.B. and put him under a lamp. But you soon realize that you don't have those kinds of capabilities or all the legal space you'd like. So you try harder to make sure about the funny ones, like Andy. It would mean just as much to us to find out that he's a bona fide diplomat as to prove that he's really a spy. The expensive thing is not knowing."

"So, back to your question," he said—quickly making sure again that we were still alone in the back of the pub. "What we're getting from sources is that the K.G.B. is now operating a very large-scale penetration mission in this country, working mainly through the UN in New York and the Soviet embassy in Washington. So the bottom line is that we don't know a fucking thing for a fact, but the guy fits the picture. Does that bother you?"

"Why should it bother me?" I said with genuine innocence.

"Some people would get bothered dick-ing around with a dude who might be a James Bond of the K.G.B."

"What's he gonna do bad to me if he is?"

"Most likely, not a thing. The question is, How happy can you be with a 'most likely'? These are grown-up kids."

"Are you encouraging me to be apathetic, officer?" I said.

He grinned and shrugged. "You don't have to get involved at all, you know."

"I thought you guys were in favor of good citizenship."

"Sure," he said with a trace of a smirk.

"So why are you so hot to get me out of this? Don't you want to get a line on him?"

"Yeah," he said, not missing a beat, "but what do you want?"

Suvorov's words came to mind at that

moment. It gave me a dark joy to make them mine in this dialog with the special agent. "I want to be a good person," I said. "I want to serve my country."

Stassinis gave me a detached, appraising look, not unfriendly. He said, "You are identical, as I understand, with a man by the same name who was a president of the SDS in the Sixties."

"Yes."

"I thought all you bums hated the FBI."

"That's about right," I said cheerfully. "Why shouldn't we, since the FBI played us so dirty?"

"Hey," he said quietly, turning up his hands.

"You went after King and you went after the movement," I said—calmly, I thought—"not just to keep an eye on us but to destroy us, which is different and worse. And you didn't do that because we were subversive but because an anal-compulsive Napoleon type named J. Edgar Hoover disagreed with our politics."

Stassinis slowly tamped out his cigarette and gave the ashes a long, sober look. He said, "A lot of people are down on Hoover now. In the bureau, too. Personally, I could've lived with him OK. But I think almost everyone realizes now that there were excesses on both sides during that period of time. I was sorry to learn of the bureau's contribution to it. In any event, here you are, talking to me."

"And you're wondering why?"

"Maybe you smell a good story," he said with a crooked, questioning smile. "Maybe you're in cahoots with the Russian. Maybe you've figured out some new smartass way to embarrass the FBI."

I liked his manner. "Maybe I've just figured out that it's you assholes or nobody," I said. "I mean, move over, pal; it's my FBI, too."


He grinned. "Bear in mind that it's completely your decision. Any relationship between you and the bureau is purely voluntary and uncompensated on your part. But if you do go on seeing this man and if you are willing to continue talking him over with us, then I can say we'd appreciate it. He'll buy you steak and champagne, and we'll spring for coffee."

"Ideal," I said.

Three days later, May 15, a Monday evening, Andrey called to set up a dinner date for the next night. I informed Stassinis by phone the next morning, an excuse for five seconds with Jeannie's voice. Stassinis seemed unsurprised that Andy was continuing the thing.


The next night, at 7:30, I stood waiting for Suvorov outside Kramer's coffeehouse near DuPont Circle. He showed up five minutes late, handsome and trim in a tan blazer and a dark-green wool tie, and took us walking up Connecticut Avenue to Ellen's Irish Pub, a place with a



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dart-throwing atmosphere, like Mr. Eagen's. Maybe Andy thought I liked working-class situations. I ordered a Jameson's and ale and he ordered a Johnnie Walker Black Label and water.

He had prepared his opening and played it as soon as we were settled in a booth in the nearly empty back room. "There is certain information that I am trying to have," he said, staring at me intently. "I think it is in the Library of Congress. Tell me, do you think a Soviet diplomat such as myself can go to this Library of Congress and do some research?"

I assumed that that was to find out whether or not I had seen the *Washington Post* story. My correct answer, I thought, was to show not the least flicker of recognition, and I assume I succeeded, because he relaxed and dropped it.

Our drinks arrived, we raised a small toast and in a warm, friendly way he said that he had been thinking a lot about our last conversation. He was afraid, he said, that anti-Soviet propaganda had poisoned my mind. Not all or even many Soviet intellectuals became dissidents, and the Soviet people were not uncivilized, boorish slaves.

"So you must come to Soviet Union," he said, "to see for yourself what the Soviet people are like. It would open your eyes."

"I agree, my friend," I said, "but I have no way to do that."

"Ah!" he said, smiling. "But you see you are wrong about this. You have a friend." He indicated himself with a two-handed gesture and a warm smile. "I have friends in Intourist. There would be no problem with visa at all."

"Andrey, you ask me to be blunt with you. I'm a poor free-lance writer. Jeff and I run the A.I.B. office on a shoestring. My salary is tiny. There's no way—"

"No," he said, breaking in, lowering his voice, a frown of reassurance on his face. "Money is not a problem," he said. Then he smiled and quickly added, "I mean, it is a problem, but it is *not* a problem. Do you see?"

"You mean a trip could be arranged? I would be a guest?"

"I think, you know, maybe this is possible."

"But the problem that is a problem," I told him, "is that I have commitments to the J.F.K. case. Congressional hearings begin in a few months. I've been with this since 1973 and the case has never been closer to a breakthrough. This is no time for me to leave it."

"But you must realize you have found out all you will ever know. You cannot accomplish more without a new source."

"Tell your government about that. You could release the K.G.B.'s file on Oswald, which you say does not exist. Besides, we have accomplished things without new sources. The committee has already said it sees evidence of a conspiracy of some kind in the murder of King. It will say much the same thing about Kennedy this fall."

Andrey considered that, rubbing his

chin, and said, "But sometimes, you understand, a writer should move on to other themes, don't you agree?"

He sure knew how to needle a guy. I had several friends who thought my absorption in the J.F.K. issue had become unhealthily obsessive.

But of all people, I thought, Suvorov ought to understand the objective grounds for that obsession. If a full-out Congressional investigation were about to reverse Warren and assert that Oswald had been part of a conspiracy, then Oswald's murky ties to the Soviet Union were about to become by magnitudes more sinister. Even now, I argued to Andrey, Nosenko was once again being grilled by Congressional staff attorneys convinced that his story was shot through with fatal contradictions. Even if Andrey were only a third secretary, how could he be so uninterested in that drama? "I think you're missing a big bet," I told him. "You should care more than you seem to do about this."

But Andrey was looking away. A lean, tough-looking, middle-aged black man in fresh, faded jeans and a dark-plaid shirt with a jacket slung over his shoulder had staggered drunkenly into the back of the pub, where Andrey and I sat alone except for two oblivious sweethearts across the room. The black guy swayed up to the jukebox, fed it, then swayed back to wait for his quarters to take effect. Disco. This I was dimly aware of as a blur off to my left. The blur should now, by rights, have teetered off back to the bar in the front room. But instead, he took two careening steps sideways and backward and, with arms flailing the air for balance, came wheeling down upon our table. With a final pirouetting surrender to gravity, he plopped down heavily right next to Andrey, leaned himself full into Andrey's shoulder and gave him a long grin of large, white teeth showing crowns of gold.

"Hey, baby, my man," he said to Andrey in a thick street dialect, "what's happening?"

Andrey was in a state of Red alert. He had pulled himself back into the corner of his seat, as far away from our uninvited guest as he could be, trying manfully to smile and go along with the joke but clearly not sure that a joke was what it was.

"Who in the name of hell are you?" he said at last, the only time I ever heard him curse. I thought he did it well, the problem of an outmoded idiom in this case offering a small rhetorical triumph.

"Me?" said the black guy with a sharp smile. "Who am I?"

"What do you want?"

"My name is Jim, Jim. You dig? I wanna cigarette."

"Jim? Your name is Jim?"

"Hey, Jim, how ya been, baby!" He waved one hand in Andrey's face, magicianlike, while with the other he groped at his chest, displacing the handsome green tie. "I wanna cigarette, Jim."

"Jim?" said Andrey, trying to laugh.

He gave me a lost look. I wriggled in my seat and moved my mouth, started several gestures as though I were about to say something that would break the spell, but I couldn't find the handle.

"Hey, Jim," said Jim in a crooning tenor, "you got a smoke for a veteran?"

Jim reached for Andy's pack of cigarettes on the table.

"I have only one left," said Andrey. He rescued his remaining cigarette with a fine, deft, unanswerable snatch. Jim never had a chance for it.

"Hey, baby," sang Jim in a soothing, drawn-out tone into Andrey's ear, "lemme ax you sumpin'."

"Pardon me?" said Andrey, trying to speak with great correctness but giggling little puffs of voiceless, unamused laughter.

"Are you a Slav?" said Jim to Andrey in a cultivated voice.

Andrey did a double take. "A Slav?"

Jim only looked at him. He did not repeat the question or try to improve upon it.

Andrey looked at me desperately, then down at Jim. "Yes," he said finally, deepening his voice, "I am a Slav."

I, too, was startled by the question and the sudden change of manner.

"Why do you ask him that?" I said.

"Why not?" said Jim.

"I mean, what do you especially know about Slavs?"

Jim measured me with a long look, seeming less and less drunk by the second, though he still leaned up against Andrey.

"I know about Slavic peoples," said Jim in a mellow, deep voice. He was older than I had thought, over 50. He turned from me to peer directly at Andrey. "I was a friend of Milovan Djilas. You know the name."

Andrey pretended not to understand. Djilas was a Yugoslav revolutionary hero of World War Two who later broke with Soviet communism and wrote several powerful and influential attacks on Stalin and the Soviet system. I thought it was a cute trick but that it blew the whole thing. Andrey now knew—or had to assume—that Jim was a plant. But then, maybe, that was the point.

"Excuse me," said Andrey with a grim face, his cheeks flushed; and when Jim didn't move quickly enough, he gave him a shove, which I thought was pretty brave.

"Hey, baby," said Jim with a laugh, dropping back into street speech, "don' be blue, I ain't gon' do nothin' bad to you!"

"I'm getting some cigarettes," said Andrey. He did not want physical confrontation. There were several obvious reasons for avoiding that. Yet he was not about to accept being crowded this way. "Please!" he said sharply.

Jim jumped. "Be cool, be cool!" he laughed in a high shuffler's voice, sliding gracefully out of the booth and making way for Andrey, who gave me a nod toward the door. I wondered whether or not I should wave to Jim, but he was already back into his drunk routine, reeling

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gracefully toward the men's room.

Andrey was nervous, and I could see why. Jim might well be a random guy from the neighborhood. On the other hand, Andrey was under a kind of primal obligation to assume for the sake of argument that Jim was a counterintelligence operative playing a little game with his head. The message of the game was that Andrey must be living within a much tighter surveillance net than he had thought. Or that something was wrong with his spycraft. Or that someone was snitching. Would the thought cross his mind that his problem might be me?

He said as we walked toward DuPont Circle that the evening's episode was a perfect example of the harassment to which he was continually subjected here. He felt depressed and disappointed. His wife was miserable. "She is bored and homesick for Moscow," he said. "And I, too, am homesick. I have too much work to do. I have to follow the U.S. Congress, you know, and I have to follow dissident groups and individuals, and I think it is too much. Marie and I, we do not even know if we should have our first child. So I think it is time to take vacation."

We had reached his car, parked on a cross street. He forced a smile he seemed not to feel. "I will be in touch with you again about middle of September," he said. "I hope you have good fortune with your projects. And after summer, maybe we can meet again to discuss politics?"

I assured him I'd still be there. We shook hands. He got in, waved, started off, then stopped and lowered the window. He said, "It must be dangerous for you to meet with me. Maybe someone will try to do you harm?"

I thanked him for his concern and said I doubted that I was in any danger. He smiled softly, more genuinely than before, perhaps reassured that he had done nothing to endanger me. Did he care about that? Or was I wrong?

"See you in September," I said, and we shook again. Then he drove off.

I walked home under a waxing moon and told Jeff that the whole thing was over. Andrey had been startled by his shadow and had pulled out of the game.

The next afternoon, I told Stassinios approximately the same thing but more hotly. "What was the point of giving Andy a reason to be suspicious of me?"

"You're being paranoid," he said. He was amused by Andy's problems with Jim.

"I thought you told me we were playing with grown-up kids here."

"You can make yourself crazy this way, my friend. This guy Jim was not our man, I promise you that. He was not FBI."

"If Jim wasn't FBI, what was he?" I said.

"Hey, big guy, the world is filled with private maniacs."

"Stass, please," I said with what I took to be a weary sigh, "remember that I'm older and more experienced than you.

Stop lecturing me on life. Just tell me what I want to know."

"Yes, and what's that?" he said with a little smirk.

"If Jim *was* somebody's guy—OK?—and if he was *not* the FBI's guy—OK?—then whose guy might he have been?"

Stass looked at me and chuckled. "Army? Navy? Air Force? Marines?"

I had to laugh. "It's that nutty?"

He smiled pleasantly. "Can you live with it?"

"Since the whole thing's all over, anyway," I snapped, "sure. Since the Army or the Navy or the Air Force or the Marines or the CIA or the DIA or the NSA has already scared the fish away."

Stassinios said, "He'll be back."

"You seem serenely confident."

"Because to him, *you're* the fish."

•

It was, in fact, July when Andrey called next, two months ahead of schedule. He wanted to meet right away, that night, at a French restaurant called Alouette out in Arlington, Virginia, beyond the wild Potomac. That was new with him. Before, he had always agreed to meet me someplace within easy walking distance of my office at DuPont Circle. And it turned out not to be the only thing that was new.

Right away, he was bitching, but in a cheerful, energetic way. He couldn't make his vacation, after all, though he had left Washington in June, after our last strange session. He was still working too much and Marie was ready to quit. But since he was here, he was here; and one of the good sides of it, he said, was that we could resume our friendship.

After bitching was security. "Do you

think," he asked, "that your group or you yourself are under surveillance?" I threw up my hands. He said, "We should be taking more precautions."

By that time, we were settled, drinks in hand, and he could begin his main moves.

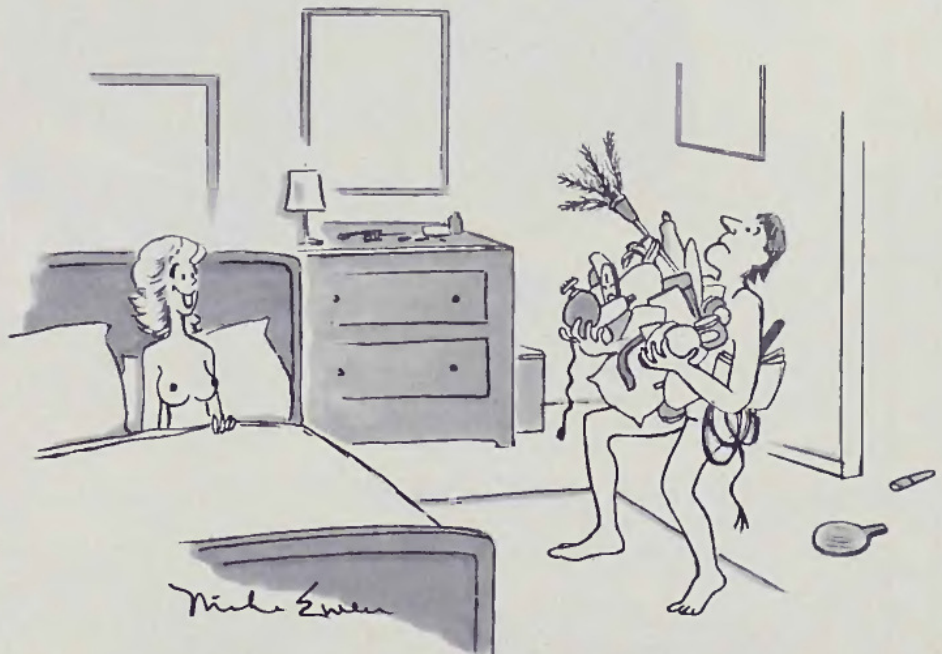
First, he said with excitement, the idea of my taking a long trip to the Soviet Union had been officially approved. The ticket would be provided and my expenses taken care of. Definitely. He seemed pleased. I believe I seemed pleased.

Second, how would I like a front-row seat at the Moscow Olympics of 1980? Then, after the Olympics, I could travel for two or three months in the Soviet Union. I could spend the last two weeks of my stay in Moscow as Andrey's guest, vodka and ladies the main agenda items.

Then he asked me what it would cost me to get to the restaurant and back and could he please reimburse me, since it was for his benefit that we had met in Arlington. What was it, a buck or so for the Metro? Maybe six bucks for a cab ride back? "It is my fault," he said casually, reaching for his wallet, "for making you come so far. Let me repay you for these expenses."

I cheerfully declined.

Stassinios said, when we met the next day, that I was silly not to have taken the money. "For once, Andy's right. He made you go a long way out of your way to meet with him where he wanted to meet. He cost you a little pocket change. It would've been reasonable for you to take his dough. That's what he was playing for. That's why he had you go way the hell to meet him—just so it would be so reasonable for you to take his dough. That's exactly what he wanted you to do. Start getting used to



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taking money from him. It's part of the recruitment process."

Stassinis had met me at the Capital South Metro station. "You've changed your appearance," he said as he came on foot up First Street, noticing that I had had my annual haircut since I'd seen him last. We walked a block to his big green Buick. "Our friend prowls this part of the Hill," he said, "so we'll get out of here."

There was a new man this time, waiting for us in the car. Much older than Stassinis and (so Stassinis said) an expert analyst in the Soviet-embassy section of the FBI's counterintelligence group, Elmer Rawls was a large man with a massive, bald head and a pale, gloomy face etched all over with little lines. He said little as we drove to a restaurant in Foggy Bottom named The Pagoda. He sipped once or twice at a black coffee while I told my story and answered Stassinis' questions—about Andrey's early return, his news about my trip to the Olympics, his eagerness to put money in my hand.

Finally, Rawls cleared his throat. Stassinis and I both turned to him right away, a sign that his antlers were bigger than ours. Rawls's voice was a quiet rumble and there was a schoolmasterish clip to his words. He carefully folded, unfolded and refolded his napkin as he talked.

"We definitely believe Suvorov is an agent of the K.G.B.," he said. "He is young, of course, and relatively inexperienced. But he's pretty good. He's got a little flair. He seems to be gutsy. He's very good at shaking a tail in a car. He's apparently made a mistake in judgment about you, but he is talking routinely with several other people who are not talking to us. Stass could tell you this as well as I. I've come along especially to say that the information you've given us is helpful, and though there's nothing we can do in return, we hope you'll continue in this relationship."

"You mean, go to Russia as a guest of the Revolution?"

"Of course, it's your own decision."

I agreed with him about that and suggested we wait and see what happened.

Two and a half months later, I awaited Andrey outside the Rive Gauche in Georgetown for drinks. He was his usual ten minutes late. He came striding up the street in a three-piece pinstripe suit and said we must go to another place. We wound up at a bar called Mitchell's.

He put it up front that he had already had a few drinks. It was his birthday. He was 32. Marie had fixed a little something, so he could stay only a few minutes.

"But"—and here he put his elbows on the table, came in closer, put a serious frown on his face and looked slowly to one side and then to the other—"I am very glad that you see me tonight. I have decided that I am going to write a magazine article for publication in the Soviet

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Union—in some magazine, I don't know which one—to go through the Kennedy assassination, you see, especially about Yuri Nosenko." He wanted anything I could give him on Nosenko, and he wanted it fast. Could I please meet him tomorrow with the requested documents?

"Well," I said, "but I have a ticket to go to Boston tomorrow."

His jaw dropped a foot and his cheeks had a mottled, stung blush. He looked away for a second, then, collecting himself, back at me. He badly needed the Nosenko documents so that he could begin his article. Could I stay in D.C. long enough to supply him with the papers he needed?

"I leave early in the morning."

He looked at me. "Tomorrow?"

"*Au matin*," I said. "Early."

"Yes," he said. "I understand."

I think he was at that moment a little tired of me. He gave a despairing shrug. Consoling, I said, "Why do you need the stuff so fast? I'll be back in a week."

"Do you understand, the magazine, they give me a deadline."

"I thought you said you didn't know yet which magazine this was for."

"It is very complicated." He gave a short, mirthless chuckle. "It is very hard to explain."

"Well, look," I said. "Maybe I can get on a later flight." I knew for a fact that I could. And it didn't matter when I got to Boston, anyway. The A.I.B. files had the documents he absolutely had to have in order to get up to speed on Nosenko. The only problem would be to copy them.

Andrey's relief was a thing to behold. But he cut the celebration short with a panicky look at his watch. He gulped his drink and stood up. Would I please meet him tomorrow night at nine at the Saigon Inn, well beyond the Metro lines in Falls Church, Virginia? He was sorry he once again had to ask me to go so far, but it was safer this way, and I would just have to take a cab and let him reimburse me.

"Please?"

"OK."

By that time, we were crossing the street. As we waited between two parked cars, I felt his hand take mine and close my fingers around a small wad of paper. Still looking away from me up the street, he said, "You *must* allow me. Just to pay your cab fare. It is nothing."

At least that much was the truth. I met briefly with Stassinis the next day so the FBI could copy the documents I had pulled for Suvorov. On the drive to his office, I showed him what Suvorov had given me—four bucks.

"My first trick," I said.

Stassinis laughed and said, "Be glad it's for your country."

At nine sharp that night, for my country, I stepped out of a cab at the Saigon Inn in Falls Church. When the cab had disappeared and the vast, darkened parking lot had been still for a few moments, I heard the click of Andrey's heels, and then

there he was, and he took my hand warmly and said how much he appreciated this. He wouldn't forget it.

As soon as we were seated in the dark, almost empty restaurant, he said, "So? Were you able to find documents for me?"

"Have I got some red-hot docs for you, my friend!" I said and reached into my tote bag for the neatly taped-up manila envelope I'd brought for him.

"No, no!" he whispered sharply, restraining my hand and giving the room a quick check. "Not here! Later!"

He held himself stiffly a moment; then, satisfied that no one had caught my blunder, he relaxed and smiled one-sidedly. He said with hooded eyes, "There are simple precautions, you understand, that should become a habit for us. We do not want to be photographed trading things, you see. So we do not do such things as these in public places."

"You know there's nothing classified in these documents," I said, half wondering if he did actually know that.

"Yes, but you can see how it might be manipulated by a liar with a camera," he said. "I feel harassed all the time," he said, drawing on a cigarette. "You don't know! They think I am a spy! The FBI says I am K.G.B.! Can you believe it?"

"Isn't it just part of the duty tour?" I said. "Weren't you prepared for it?"

"Listen to me," he said. "I am simple kind of guy. I love my country, I love my people, I love my wife. I worry about when we can have babies, not about American military secrets or something like that. They treat us both like we are spies. They follow Marie wherever she goes. I'm telling you, such thing would not happen in Moscow."

He smiled, reminding himself of a happier subject, and stopped to tell me that the details of my trip were being worked out and that I would probably hear something next month. But I thought he was not just pretending to be upset. His English got bad. He picked at his meal and frequently cast his eyes around the room. Then, all at once, he put his napkin on the table and took out his wallet.

"I am terribly sorry," he said, "but we must leave at once."

"Really?" I said. I'd been savoring the spicy beef and had half my plate to go.

"Please come," he said quietly, with a little smile but with eyes that said move. He tossed a generous amount of money onto the table and pushed back his chair. He already had his coat on while I was still trying to wash down one last morsel.

As soon as we reached the darkness of the parking lot, he said to me, "Please. I am going to drive you back to Washington. To DuPont Circle, OK? But once we are inside the car, you understand, please do not speak anything. OK? Perfect silence, you see?" I nodded. He continued, "When we are in the car, you will please simply leave the package of documents on the seat. And the envelope that I put on the seat,

you see, you must pick that one up. OK? And put it right away in your pocket. OK?"

His car looked like the most bare-bones Ford you could buy, but the motor jumped to life and hummed with great inner strength. He switched on the radio and turned it up loud. It was tuned to a country-and-western station that happened to be on a Hank Williams kick. In the darkness of the car, locked in my little vow of silence as we slipped back into Washington, I could fondle my envelope of the people's rubles while listening to *Your Cheatin' Heart*.

Stassinis was impressed the next morning at breakfast in a downtown diner when I showed him and Rawls the crisp new 20 Andy had given me. "Big bucks!" he said. "That's a 500 percent increase over your first payoff! Hell, the next time you could be looking at three figures! Not bad! This guy's really hot for you!"

They were impressed most of all that Suvorov had trusted me inside his car. Along with the passing of money for favors and the adopting of low-level security measures, that relative confidence was, they thought, another step in the K.G.B. recruitment process.

Rawls said he thought we were now well launched into deep water. "They think they've got their hands on a usable person here. They don't find that many."

"Why would the K.G.B. be so interested in me?"

"Why not?" said Stassinis. "They know your record. Count on it, the K.G.B. has a bigger file on you than we have."

But I couldn't believe Suvorov had gone to that party looking for me in particular.

"You're right," said Stassinis. "Andy went to a fishing hole and he got a nibble out of you, and then he went back to his computer and found out that you were a pretty good fish."

"Are you trying to swell my head?"

"I'm calling you a fish."

Rawls had been looking me over intently through this exchange. Now he said, "Would you go to the Soviet Union as Suvorov's guest?"

"I'm not burning to. If you thought it would be useful, I'd think about it."

Rawls looked at Stassinis and said, "Maybe we should get more aggressive with Andrey."

"Like how?" I said.

"For a start, we might find some more Nosenko documents to his liking."

He asked me when I'd be back from Boston. I said in a week. He said he and Stassinis would spend some time thinking and that we'd talk more when I got back.

•

The House Select Committee's revision yet again of Nosenko's bona fides had implications equally significant for the K.G.B. and the FBI. Each side would finally realize that. Yet, at first, neither Andy nor Stass would listen to me when I blathered about it. Why not? Because both accepted the shared consensus of their

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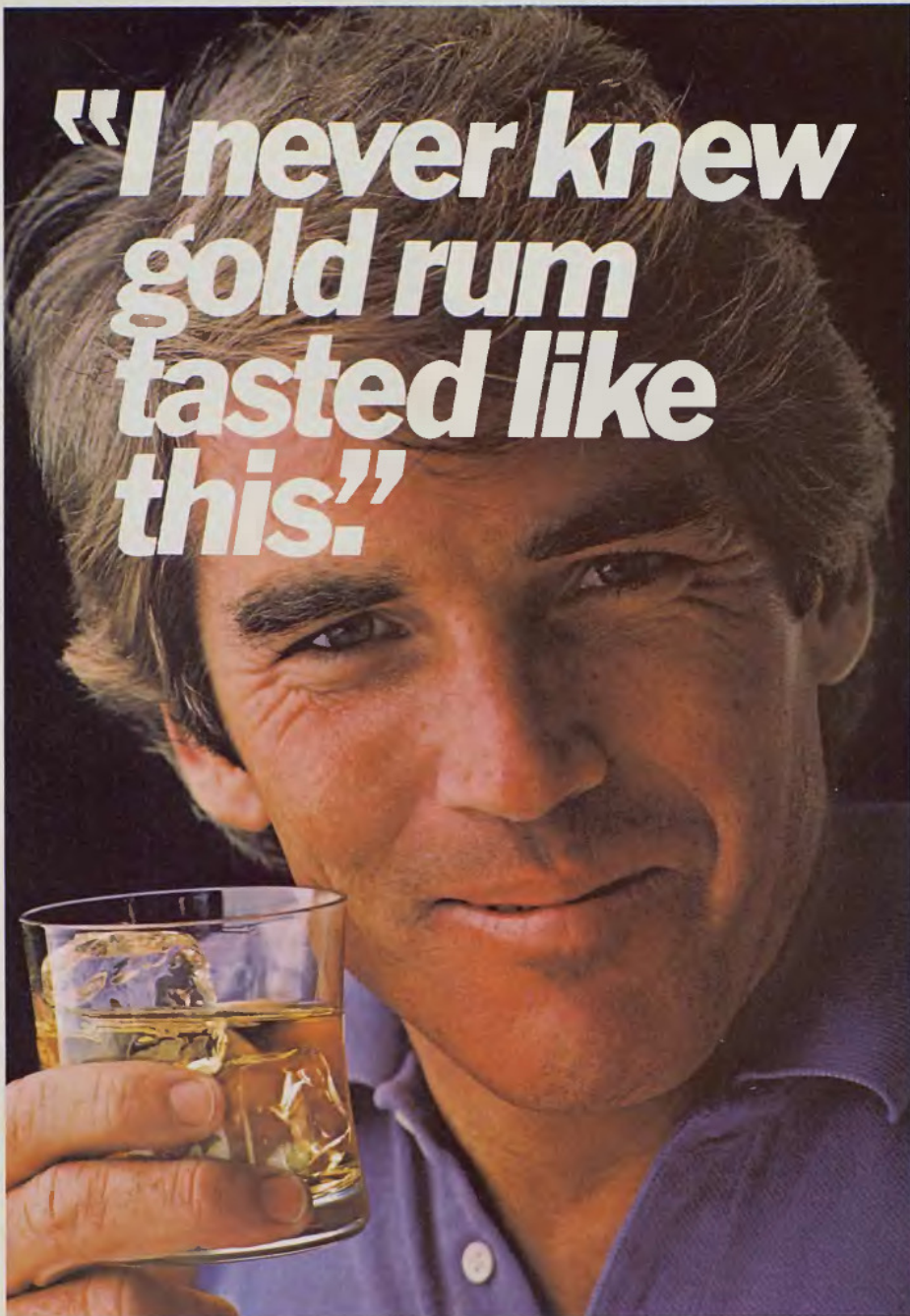
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institutions that the Kennedy assassination, politically speaking, was insignificant. They both believed that addicts of Dallas conspiracy theories were mere eccentrics. Both Stassinis and Suvorov had a use for me, but at first neither one could believe me—no matter how I said what I had to say. The question in my mind then was whether it would be Andy or Stass who caught on first. Now, with Andy's announced intention to do a magazine article on Nosenko, it was obvious that he was firmly on course. He would read the history of Nosenko's treatment within the CIA since 1964 and, being a bright person, he would see that the issue with Nosenko was no longer the status of Oswald but, rather, the integrity of U.S. intelligence agencies against Soviet penetration efforts. If Nosenko were a mole, then what about that *other* defector, the good and trusted one—code named Fedora—in whom the FBI of Hoover and beyond had placed its trust since the early Sixties? If Fedora were a mole, then the FBI had been led around by the nose by Soviet intelligence for about 16 years.

At our next meeting, Andy had reserved us a front-row table for belly-dance night at the Greek Islands Taverna on Pennsylvania Avenue, a few blocks from the White House. He was in an exuberant mood. The dancers were gorgeous. The Greek salad was the best ever. We did in several bottles of *retsina*. He cut off my feeble efforts, tossed out between dancers or courses or bottles, to start what I supposed to be the mandatory political conversation. We staggered down the steps several hours after we had bounded up them without having said anything of substance except that he and Marie had just about decided to go ahead and have a kid and let the Devil worry about it.

But the merriment ceased as soon as we found the shadows of the side street where his car was parked. Now he straightened up, stopped weaving and slurring his speech.

We were walking slowly. Washington can be warm in November. He said, "The information you have given me."

"Yeah?" I said, still into the drunken-buddy mood.

"It is very helpful, you know."

I looked at him. He was looking at me. I felt myself straighten. "I'm glad to hear it," I said. "I hope your article is coming along well."

"It is not exactly an article."

"Oh, no?"

"It is more like what you would call a paper. An academic paper."

"Very good, Andy. I'm proud of you. You're actually going to deliver a paper?"

"Yes," he said, quite pleased. "And all because of you, my friend!"

"At an academic conference?"

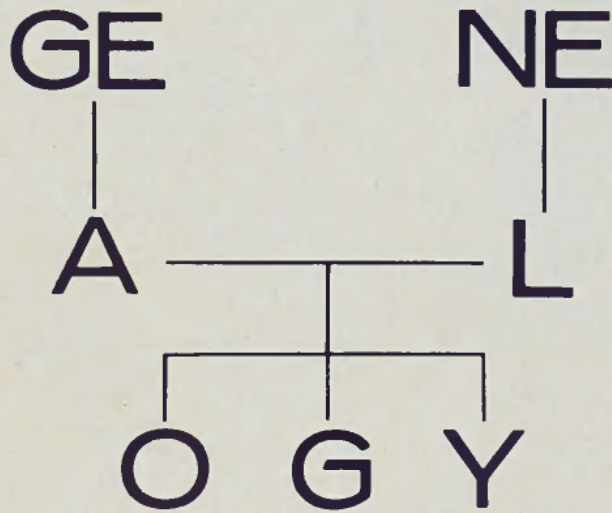
"Well," he said, pulling a bit of a smirk and hooding his eyes, "perhaps academic

(continued on page 214)

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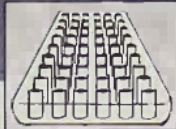
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is not correct. It will be in Armenia."

"Oh? Soon?"

"Within the month. We are awaiting word. We are packed. Marie is very excited. Also, I am very excited. It is our vacation. It is a ski resort in Armenia. We will spend two weeks there before going to Moscow. At the ski resort, you see, I will give a paper about Mr. Yuri Nosenko."

"To a group of scholars on skis?"

"Well, you could say it will be a group of about 30 very sophisticated people."

"Very sophisticated?"

"Yes. And so I must ask you once again, my friend, for more help, so that I will do a good job in Armenia and not play the fool out of myself."

"Hey," I said, "anything you need."

"Yes! OK! Hey!" he said with a laugh. He was happily excited. "Now! Do you have any more documents about Nosenko that you have not yet given me?"

"Not primary documents but side stuff with a few odd details. Maybe a few pieces. I'd have to go through our index."

"Could you? Please? You know, I will pay for your expenses and your trouble."

"No problem."

"Now. Could you introduce me to your friends on the Select Committee?"

Compute it. I'd have to tell them, too, about the FBI. "I might see what can be arranged," I said, killing it.

"Good. Now. Also. What can you give me to read about these two other people, Fedora and Stone?"

That cinched it. Andrey had grasped the meaning of Nosenko's current plight. There wasn't much I could give him on Stone or Fedora—some book references, some obscure articles we happened to have in the A.I.B. files. The main thing, to me, was that Andrey was already asking for this stuff to present it to 30 "sophisticated" people in Armenia while I was still trying to get Stassinis to concede that I might have a point.

Andrey and I agreed to meet in two days at the Independence Avenue entrance of the Hirshhorn museum. The day before that, I saw Stassinis for a few minutes to pick up the documents the FBI had found for Andy and to tell him of Andy's surging interest in Nosenko. The documents were uncensored FBI reports on Nosenko from 1964. Useless. As for Andy's enthusiasm, Stassinis assured me that he was just leading me on. "Have it your way, Stass," I said.

The next day was springlike, drenched in sun and cooled by pleasant breezes. Andrey and I wandered among the sculpture strewn across the Hirshhorn's plaza, and then, under a gigantic space frame, he stood at arm's length and asked for the package I had brought him. Still at arm's length, he opened the package and took out the three documents, holding them up in a fan as though to show a third eye that this particular deck contained three cards. Then he put the documents back in the package, nodding his head in evident

approval of what he had seen. And when that was done (as I stood mesmerized by the display, which systematically flouted every little trick of spycraft I thought he'd been trying to teach me), he reached inside his breast pocket and produced an ordinary white envelope, business size. He held it out before him like an m.c. on a game show, opened its flap, withdrew two \$20 bills, looked at me with a smile, returned the bills to the envelope and handed the envelope to me. I shut my mouth in time to take it and say, "You're very kind. I see we have new security procedures."

He laughed. "Can you meet me here again in a month with the new documents you mentioned?"

"No problem. I mean, it is a problem, but it is *not* a problem." So we set up for three o'clock at the Hirshhorn again, December 14, 1978.

One month later, minus a day, I met Stassinis briefly to pick up the new FBI reports that he and Rawls had found for Andy. Late that night, Jeff and I were at the A.I.B. office, trying to get our newsletter out. Jeff finished his chores first and sat back to check out this latest FBI package. I was dimly aware that he was leafing through the pages; and then he stood up, scratched his balding head and shot me a heavy look. I tried not to notice, but then I said irritably, "Jeff, please. I'm trying to do this intro. What is it?"

"Did you look at this?" he said in a soft but ultimately defiant voice.

"What?" I said. "You saw me just get back here, same time as you."

"Well," he said, "come and look at it."

I sighed my best deliver-me-from-nonsense sigh and went over to the table where he had laid out the four documents that Stassinis had given to me earlier.

"Look at those," Jeff said.

I looked.

"Don't you see anything weird?"

They were uncensored versions of four FBI documents that the FBI had previously released in censored form, each spread out fanwise. I saw nothing weird.

"Don't read it," he said, "look at it."

He was right. As soon as you *looked* at, rather than *read*, the pages spread out before you, you saw that each of the four title pages differed from all the other pages in bearing a light-gray copying mark, or blemish, in the shape of a childish drawn cloud. Of the some 150 pages, only the four title pages had that mark. It was differently placed on each one.

Jeff said, "I'm sitting here thinking the FBI could afford a better copier than this and I'm casually leafing ahead to find something else to sneer about; and suddenly, I realize that the rest of this copying is really clean. And just by coincidence, I suppose, each one of those pages happens to be the top page. You see what I mean?"

"Tell me what you mean," I said without irony.

"What I'm saying," said Jeff, "is what is this? Is this a way to identify a document

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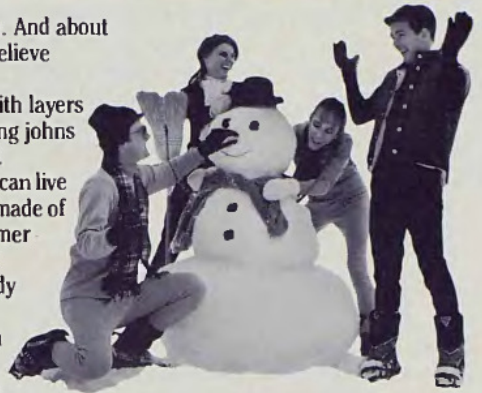
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and follow its circulation through a distribution network? Is it a way to see who Andy's plugged into?"

I spent the balance of the night in fitful, deflated meditation, chagrined to think that I had managed both to be made a fool of and to be put in obscure jeopardy. I was annoyed—metaphysically, transcendently annoyed—at the people at Buzzard's Point. I felt that I had played out my string with Stass and Andy alike, to no one's edification, least of all my own.

So I stalked to the office early the next morning in a cold, drizzly mood. Before coffee, I called the airlines for a seat to Boston that day, getting, by chance, a flight that left at the precise moment at which I was to have met Andrey at the Hirshhorn. Nice, I thought. Then I called the FBI, wanting to chew Stassinis out and hoping even within my cold, clammy anger for a few seconds of sunshine with Jeannie. Instead, I got a gruff young man who told me that Mr. Stassinis was not available. What a bring down. "Please tell Stassinis," I said, "that he plays crummy games. Tell him that I left town and stood up our friend. Tell him that he will answer to heaven for his sins. Now say it all back to me." The guy got it in one, gruff voice and all. "Thanks, soldier," I said, feeling free and real, and rang off to head for Boston, wondering, like a happy fugitive, how many had been hired to watch me not show up at the Hirshhorn.

But, finally, I could see no reason why the FBI should want to cashier me to the K.G.B. I decided that if the FBI had handed me documents capable of arousing the K.G.B.'s suspicions, it must have been through clumsiness, not malice.

So I had already made up my mind to go back to the thing if Andrey should phone again. And on the tenth of February 1979, a Saturday, a bit less than two months after I'd stood him up and four days short of the anniversary of our first

meeting, he did. He thought we should celebrate our anniversary, he said. He mentioned nothing about the aborted Hirshhorn date.

So now I had to talk with Stassinis. I still had the four FBI documents with the interesting cover pages that he had given me for Andrey in December. The issue had to be confronted and straightened out, because if I had to lie to *both* sides, then what did I think I was doing and for whom did I think I was doing it?

Stassinis met me the next day at Mr. Eagen's. It was not one of our nicer sessions. I more or less slapped the offending documents down on the table in front of him and demanded to know how the FBI could be so unprofessional. He rejoined that I had a vivid imagination and was always seeing plots. My answer was that he had no imagination at all and couldn't see a conspiracy if it advertised in *The Wall Street Journal*.

He scooped up the documents from the table and said, "Look, I can see what your problem is with these blips. I promise you I'll look into it. And we'll get new title pages. OK?"

He rapped the papers endwise on the table to give his final utterance on the subject a bit of a thump. *Inadvertently*—he was, after all, in the act of confessing past problems, and for him to have knowingly risked a new problem at that very moment implied a level of perversity of which I thought him incapable—*inadvertently*, I assumed at the time, he had scooped up my notebook along with the documents. I reached for it as he was about to shovel it into his attaché case. "Hey, my notebook!"

It fell open on the floor. "Sorry about that," said Stass. He bent quickly to retrieve it. I flashed on Andy going after his last cigarette. "Ha!" said Stass. "I see you can spell my name!" He scanned the open page quickly.

"OK, fella, hand it over," I said, giving

what I meant to sound like a friendly order. I lifted it out of his hands. He was smiling in amused disbelief.

"How far back does that go?" he said.

"To the beginning, what else?" I said. "Why? Didn't you yourself tell me it was a good idea?"

"To keep notes on Andrey, yes."

"For me, it was the whole thing."

"You've kept notes on me, too?"

"Why not? Haven't you kept notes on me?" I smiled.

He paused. He rubbed his nose. "You probably shouldn't do that."

"Why not?"

"Why would you want to have notes on me?" he said.

"Because you're a colorful character."

"You going to write this shit up?"

"Maybe someday. You want to play yourself in the movie?"

He gave me a level look. "Well, as you know, you're on your own here. I can't stop you. But if you're just in this for the story you can get out of it, I have to say you're making me look like a pretty piss-poor judge of character."

"You and Andy both, right? He thought I would buy into Stalinism for the sake of the Revolution. And you thought I had no personal viewpoint. You're a fine pair of lads. A little poker game together would be a lot of fun. But let me put your mind at ease about it. I'm not doing this thing with you and Andy because I'm trying to make out. I'm doing it because I'm trying to make a point."

"And what is that point?"

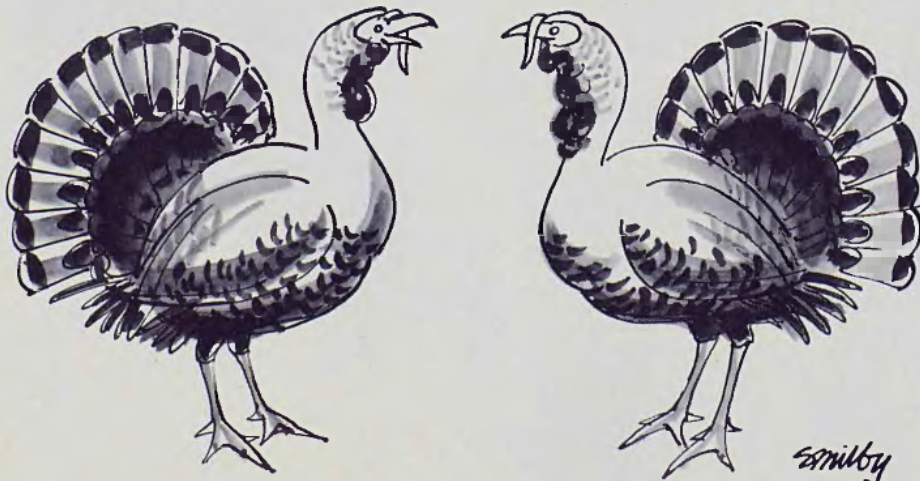
I gave him a level look. "I'll tell you when I find out."

I met Stass the next day to pick up the recopied documents and sat in his car at a bus stop just long enough to check out the new title pages. They seemed OK, but I took them back to my office to run them past Jeff. He looked, compared, held the new pages up beside the old pages and nodded.

Andrey was at our rendezvous ahead of me for the first time ever, even though I was my usual five minutes early. He intercepted me two blocks from the meeting point—again we were in Arlington—and led me to a different restaurant, O'Carroll's, a seafood place.

His return to Europe had done him good. I never saw him so jaunty. He was wearing a shaggy scarf and heavy leather gloves and a tan British driving cap and a deep-brown jacket over a maroon turtleneck and a new pair of prefaded Levi's jeans. It was a cold day, but, unlike the numbing drench of the Valentine's Day of a year before, today we had bright sun. Andrey's cheeks were rosy and his eyes twinkled against bright piles of new snow.

His report to the sophisticated group of 30 at the Armenian ski resort could not possibly have been better received, he said. He would have use for any documents



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or other information on Nosenko and related characters that I might come across in the future, always with the understanding that his government would cover my costs. He even had a list of particular items he wanted to see. The list included everything I had mentioned before of any passing relevance to the Nosenko bona fides controversy.

"You're in luck," I said, leaning toward him and lowering my voice. "Resting against the leg of my chair is a package of documents that I had ready for you back in December when last-minute changes forced me to miss our date. Those documents apply to your interest in Nosenko. They are uncensored FBI file reports available to me through my contacts on the staff of the Select Committee."

I could see concealed ecstasy in his eyes.

"Your trip to the Soviet Union," he said, "is now totally approved. I personally, when I was in Moscow last month, have seen the required signatures on all the papers. You will have a big seat at the Olympics. You will be the guest of my government. And when the games are over, we will take you on a trip all over our country, two or three months if you like, whatever is best thing for you. OK? Then you come to Moscow. I will be in Moscow then, too. Marie and I will show you a *Russian* Moscow," he said proudly, bringing out his baritone voice. How young he seemed then. How much more exuberant and naïve than Stassinios. You wanted it not to be the Cold War.

•

That took us into a period about two months long, rather like a cruise phase, in which our dinners were routine almost to the point of formal design. I would arrive five minutes early. He would arrive ten minutes late. Sometimes, by car, he would take me to a restaurant other than the one at which we met. I would never say a word inside his car, and always he had loud C&W music on the radio. Once we were settled at our drinks—he never drank vodka—he would tell me about some new praise he had won for his Nosenko work. I would dole out another document or two, all in the most secretive possible manner (he never repeated his strange performance at the Hirshhorn). There would be an envelope by the napkin or on the car seat with one or two 20s—never more. There would be some new reassurance about my Olympics trip, some new laugh about the drunken, womanizing good time we were going to have in Moscow.

Two events from that otherwise smooth period were precursors of the ending of it all, which would first trickle and then flood. Both involved Stassinios.

The next time he picked me up for the usual debriefing with coffee, Stass drove us into the suburbs and picked an instant-burger joint in the mostly empty parking lot of an immense shopping mall. He parked his car—the dirty green Buick with a ride like a water bed—far from the res-

taurant and far from any other cars. He locked up, then opened the lid of the trunk and tossed his topcoat and attaché case inside. "Why don't we just grab a bite first," he said, "then come back to the car to go over your notes? That way, we don't get mustard on things. OK?"

"Sure," I said and tossed my topcoat in beside his.

"You can leave your notebook, too. It'll be safe. Come on, I'll spring for deluxe. We'll do business later."

"What if the Russians come and steal your car?" I laughed.

"Suit yourself," he said. He slammed the trunk lid down sharply, as though miffed at me for tittering at his little trick.

That incident made me resolve to find a secure place for my notebook. It had been my habit till then to leave it openly about, usually on a corner of my desk or in an unlocked drawer. It was no secret from Jeff. No one else was ever in the office without one of us also being there. Who needed more security than that? But now I decided that I did. I wanted the notebook handy, because I often jotted in it. So I taped a label on the front reading MEDICAL EVIDENCE IN THE ROBERT KENNEDY CASE and put the notebook with three others exactly like it, also filled with scribbles of mine but on matters completely unrelated to Stass and Andy, into an oversize manila envelope, identical to seven others, similarly stuffed. All eight envelopes were marked A.I.B. DRAFTS, and each had a volume number. My notebook was in volume six. The entire series was in the second drawer down of the fourth of five four-drawer filing cabinets that stood along one wall. The office overflowed with papers and folders and envelopes in sometimes towering stacks. The security of my secret notebook was that of the needle in the haystack.

The other thing that happened then, and gave the quality of the encounter a strange turn, came near the end of this cruise phase, in late March 1979. I had met with Suvorov the day before: a few more documents of ever more questionable use to him, a few more rubles for me, a few more huzzas to the magnificent feast awaiting us in the motherland. Now I was in the back seat of the cushy green Buick, going over my notes. Stass was in the front passenger seat, scribbling in his steno pad with a 29-cent ballpoint pen. Behind the wheel was the young man I knew only as Dave, large, square-shouldered and clean-cut, who had carried the documents in and out that day at Buzzard's Point when the FBI had done its first bit of copying for me.

Presently, Stass complained to Dave that taking notes in a moving car was no fun. Could we pull off the beltway and park someplace?

Dave found a turnoff into a huge shopping mall and was smoothly pulling the overpowered Buick into an empty part of the lot when, suddenly, under his breath, he said, "Jesus Christ, will you look at

that!" There was urgency in it. Because I was sitting directly behind him, I couldn't see what he was looking at.

"I don't fucking believe it!" said Stassinios. "Get the fuck out of here!"

Dave did as he was told. He had been introduced to me as a former jet pilot. Now he seemed to kick in the afterburner and lay the big, sloppy bomber of a car way over on its side and then power out of the threatened fishtail with a straight, full-throttle shot up the on ramp into an open patch in the expressway traffic.

Stassinios looked at me and laughed. He said, "Hey, my friend, that was close!"

"What?" I said. "What's happening?"

"Can you believe that it was *his* car back there? In the parking lot?"

"His?"

"Our friend's."

I suppose I gaped. "You mean you just saw Andy's car?"

Dave said, "You got it. I almost parked by it."

"Did you see him?" I said.

"No," Stassinios said, then asked Dave, "Did you?"

"I didn't see him," Dave said, "but I saw his car. I read his plate." He had by now got us up to altitude and back down to cruising speed.

"They *never* come out here," Stass said.

"I see," I said.

"But you know," he said, turning to Dave, "the Russians are inveterate shoppers. They're crazy about big sales. We could go back there—not that we're gonna—and find a sale of flat goods or something, I guarantee." Stass looked pretty satisfied with that explanation.

He had his mouth open and his hand moving to say something else on the same theme when, as abruptly as before but now a lot louder, Dave cried, "My God! God damn it!" He quickly yawned the heavy Buick in behind the diesel rig we had been just about to pass. An exit came right up and Dave had us on it in a split second. "It was another Soviet car!" he said, jerking his thumb back toward the beltway.

"No shit," said Stass quietly, shaking his head.

Said I with honest wonder, "There sure are a lot of Russians around here."

"See?" Stass said with a surge of feeling.

"They cut our funds, cut back our capabilities, and next thing you know, you're finding these people all over the place. There's just no way to tell now where you're not gonna run into these people."

I said, "Would they recognize our cars as well as our people recognize their cars? Could we have been spotted on the beltway by Marx and Engels fans?"

"My friend," said Stassinios with a dark little laugh, "you will never have a way of knowing that."

"We have no way to know what they know?"

"The trouble with the fucking Russians," said Stassinios, suddenly a touch angry again and looking away from me,

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"is that they are so much like us fucking Americans that we could wipe each other's asses and never know the difference. It's what makes all this so unpredictable."

It was Jeff's suspicion, when I filled him in on it, that the entire run-in with the "Soviet cars" might have been staged for my benefit. But neither of us could imagine what the Feds might have been trying to prove.

My last dinner with Andrey was on a Saturday in mid-April 1979, at Le Jardin, a pleasant, leafy place near Washington Circle, where he had the *boeuf* Robespierre and I the swordfish Danton. If he or his shopping companions had seen us on the beltway, he gave no sign of it. The only thing different, I thought, was that I was at the bottom of my Nosenko barrel and he was beginning to murmur polite disappointment with the quality of the most recent contributions.

"I will call you in a month," he said cheerfully.

I said, "I look forward to it," also cheerfully. There was so little to report to Stassinov that I handled it by phone.

The adventure seemed to be settling of itself. In two more weeks, the bottom dropped out.

I went to the office early that morning, because I wanted to add a few lines to the notebook. I opened the second drawer of the fourth file and pulled out the envelope marked A.I.B. DRAFTS, VOL. 6, noticing right away that the envelope was too loose. Inside were three notebooks instead of four. The one I wanted, naturally—the Stass-and-Andy book—was the missing one.

My first thought, facing such a void, is generally of the form Where could I have put it? Gradually, a more frenzied attitude evolves. Over and over in the next three days, I retraced my steps back to the last time I could remember having the book in my hand. I searched all the other places I had been. I looked in all the other envelopes in the drawer, in all the other drawers, in all the other filing cabinets, in and on and under my desk and Jeff's, everywhere, over and over. I could not convince myself that I had simply mislaid it. It was always too much on my mind for that. By the end of day three, I was sold on the thought that someone had taken it.

I could see only three suspects. Of the three, Suvorov would have the most to learn from the book but could have only general reasons to think it might exist. He had never seen it or heard me talk about it. Jeff was a theoretical suspect, but he said he hadn't done it, and I believed him.

That cut the list down to Stass and company. Since Stass first realized he was in my little book, he had been obsessive and negative about it. He didn't know where I kept it at the office, but he knew what it looked like. How simple for a confederate of his to see me go into my office carrying it and come out later not carrying it.

But I knew what Stass would say. My paranoia was acting up because I had lost the notebook. And losing it was better, anyway; why did I need it? Good riddance, he would say.

Even so, I decided to tell him that the thing was gone and seemed stolen, since his was the only FBI in town. I had already picked up the phone when I thought, for form's sake, that I should make one more basic tour through the now ritualized stations of my search, starting with the place where the notebook should have been—envelope six, drawer two, cabinet four. That was so I could convincingly say to Stass's challenge that, yes, I had just looked again and it was gone.

But then there it was, just where it was supposed to be—one of four spiral-bound notebooks neatly filling an envelope marked A.I.B. DRAFTS, VOL. 6, square in the middle of drawer two, cabinet four.

I called Jeff, who was still back at the house. "This thing was missing, was it not? You, too, looked in the place where it belonged and saw that it was not there?" Confirmed by Jeff in those basics, I dialed Stassinov with great righteousness.

Jeannie's angelically simple, unadorned, sweetened, morning-sunshiny voice—she could effortlessly get all that into "Hi, there!"—restored my spirits and made me feel lucky. I might have drawn the gruff voice.

"I have to talk to Stass," I said, "and it should be soon."

"He's not at his desk, but he'll be glad you called. Can I give him a message?"

"Just tell him there was a note of despair in my voice and that I was calling from the ledge outside the tenth floor of the Soviet embassy."

She giggled, sunshine sparkling on the morning dew. "I believe the Soviet embassy is only three stories tall."

"Then tell him whatever he'll believe. I need him."

In less than two minutes, Stass rang. "What's the matter, big guy?" he said, sounding concerned.

"Nothing physical, but I've got a problem that just developed and I want to talk with you about it."

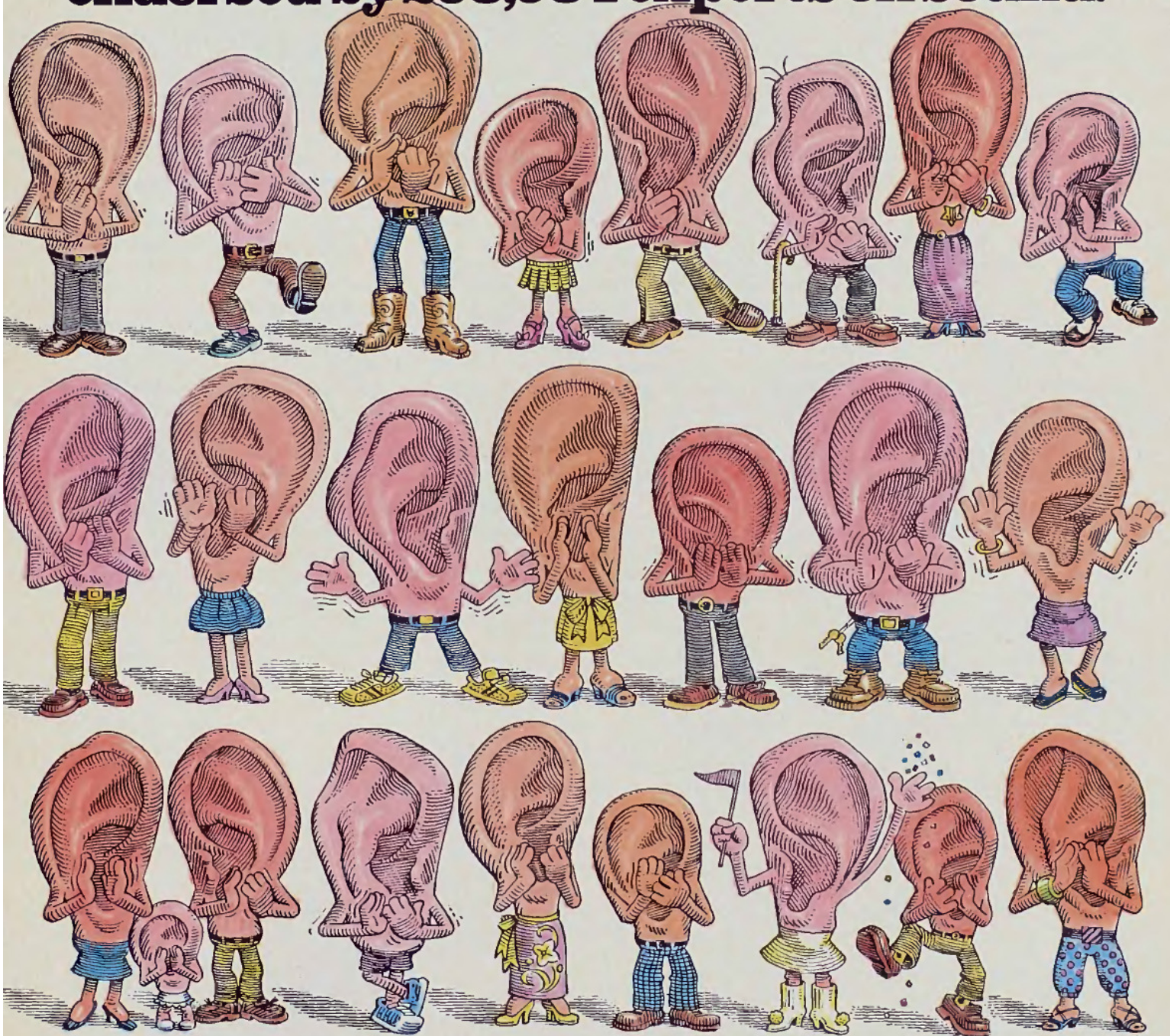
"Be at the drugstore in a half hour."

He pulled up in the Buick. Someone was in the back seat. It was Rawls, the large, dour man with the massive head who, months before, had pronounced Andy a spy, not a diplomat, and had put an elder's blessing on Stassinov's emerging relationship with me. It would have been a little easier with just Stass, but the presence of Rawls would make it definitive.

Stass drove us to a shady spot on a quiet street in the embassy section. It was a bright morning early in May.

"Try to believe this," I said. "I'm sure you remember my notebook on Andy and you. I know it's your favorite thing of mine. Four days ago, I discovered that it was missing from the place where I had hidden it. I searched for it everywhere and

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couldn't find it. Then, this morning, mysteriously, I found it back where it belonged. To me, that raises the question, Who could be doing this to my notebook? It has to be you or the other guy. Let me finish. If you're the ones who took it, then it's a cheap trick, but it doesn't change anything, because if you read it, the only thing you found out is that I've been straight with you, even if I have also counted the moles on your faces. But if it was Andy or a pal of his who took it, then a true cat has got out of the bag, and I would have to worry about that. Am I wrong?"

"I can see what you mean," Stass said solemnly.

I looked from him to Rawls. Both men had their impassive G-man faces on. I think they wondered whether or not I was putting a sting on the FBI. So I said, looking at Rawls, "All right, take it as hypothetical. Just suppose things happened the way I said. What inferences would you draw from such events?"

Stassinis said quietly, "I don't know what to tell you."

But I was looking at Rawls, who finally said in his deep voice, "Many mysteries in life, you know, are never cleared up."

"Begging your indulgence, sir," I said, "but very few of them *have* to be. This one is not like that. This is not a mystery that I can live with."

"Well," said Rawls, stirring a bit, "if this is what you're asking, let me assure you that the FBI has not burglarized your office, nor would we consider it."

Stassinis said, "If it were our job, you would never have known it."

I said, "And if Andy did it?"

Stassinis said, "He doesn't work that way."

"What if he knows somebody who *does* work that way?"

"You're being hypothetical again."

"It's the only way I can get you to talk about anything real. Besides, it's not hypothetical to me. My mind is clear and settled. This notebook was first there, then not there, and then there again, and that could not happen by magic. If you insist that the borrowing of the notebook was not an FBI project, then I have to choose one of two nasty explanations. Either you guys are lying to me or Andy knows that I've been talking to you. And I can't accept either. Can you see that?"

They both nodded gravely. Stassinis said, "What if your premise is wrong and it was a third party?"

I said, "You mean as in Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines?"

He shrugged. "You could wait and see if Andy's behavior changes."

"Is that what *you* would do?"

"In your place? I might try living in another town."

"My very sentiments," I said. "I'm getting out. Here's the last batch of your pseudo documents back. Andy finds this stuff boring, and I can't blame him. Anyway, I'm not going to see him again. The

next time he calls, I will give one excuse after another."

"And your big trip to the Olympics?" said Stass.

"I spit in the milk of my big trip."

Rawls rumbled and stirred in the back seat. "This notebook," he said. "Is it in your possession again?"

"Who knows?" I said. "Maybe somebody stole it again since I've been with you guys. If not, then, yes, I have it."

Said Rawls, "What you have told us about Mr. Suvorov this past year has been very helpful to us. You have our thanks for that cooperation. Your help has been, of course, strictly voluntary and uncompensated, nor have we entered into any kind of written or unwritten agreement. If you choose now to terminate the arrangement, that is your decision entirely and the bureau respects your right to do so. We will ask, however, that you do continue to maintain discretion."

"And that means," said Stass quickly, "get rid of that fucking notebook!"

"All right," I said, "bend over."

He laughed. He knew he shouldn't have said it. He had an odd twinkle in his eye. Sometimes, I wonder if he said it because he sensed that Rawls was about to and he knew that it would be better for me to say no to him than to Rawls. At other times, I'm sure Stass thought I made the whole thing up. "Look," I said, "don't worry about it. I'm in no hurry to explain you to my friends."

They dropped me where they had picked me up.

I left D.C. soon to begin a new job in Boston. In mid-July, I went back to Washington and found at the office a message to call Jeannie. In melodious harp tones, she informed me that Stassinis was not at his desk at just that time, but she was sure he'd call me back quite soon. The entire adventure, I thought while listening to Jeannie with the light-brown voice, was so I could hear this woman on the telephone; Jeannie must be the secret heroine of this otherwise pointless and disappointing Cold War story. "How does the FBI dare speak with such a voice?" I noted on one of the last pages of my notebook.

July 18, 1979. Stassinis called, wanting to meet in an hour.

We cruised the quiet embassy area. He'd been thinking a lot about all that had happened, he said. He was sure I meant only the best. But that notebook of mine was something he wished did not exist.

"I had to stick my neck out for you with my superiors," he said. "I hope you don't prove me a bad judge of character."

"You've said that before," I said. "I couldn't care less that you stuck your neck out, which I never asked you to do. And I don't understand why you're pretending to sweat this so bad. If I yelled out the whole story from the rooftops tomorrow, the only one who'd really be hurt would be Andy—provided, that is, that you're right about him and he really is a K.G.B. spy. If

you're wrong, he gets a big laugh and you look silly. Where is the great harm in either case?"

"You're telling me you're going to write this up and publish it?"

"I'm telling you to lighten up. You were so sure I could live with my doubts about who stole my notes. OK. You can live with yours about what I mean to do with them."

He smiled ruefully and stared out the car window at the hot, breezy day. "Maybe you and me," he said, "we ought to go off somewhere and tie one on."

I laughed in surprise. "Your bottle or mine?"

It never happened. That was the last time I saw Stass. I talked with him by phone once more. I had called in a message, hoping to hear earth chimes again, but my luck had run out and I got gruff throat instead. Stass returned my call in a half hour.

That was in early August 1979. Jeff and I had just heard that morning from our contact on the Select Committee staff that Nosenko had given way and was now admitting that he was a mole, that he had been lying for all those years about the K.G.B. and Oswald. The K.G.B. *had* talked extensively with Oswald.

"I thought you should be among the first to know about this," I told Stass.

He was quiet. "How sure are you?"

"I am a hundred percent sure that this is what I just heard from somebody whom I believe to be in a position to know. I'm sure you'll see the implications."

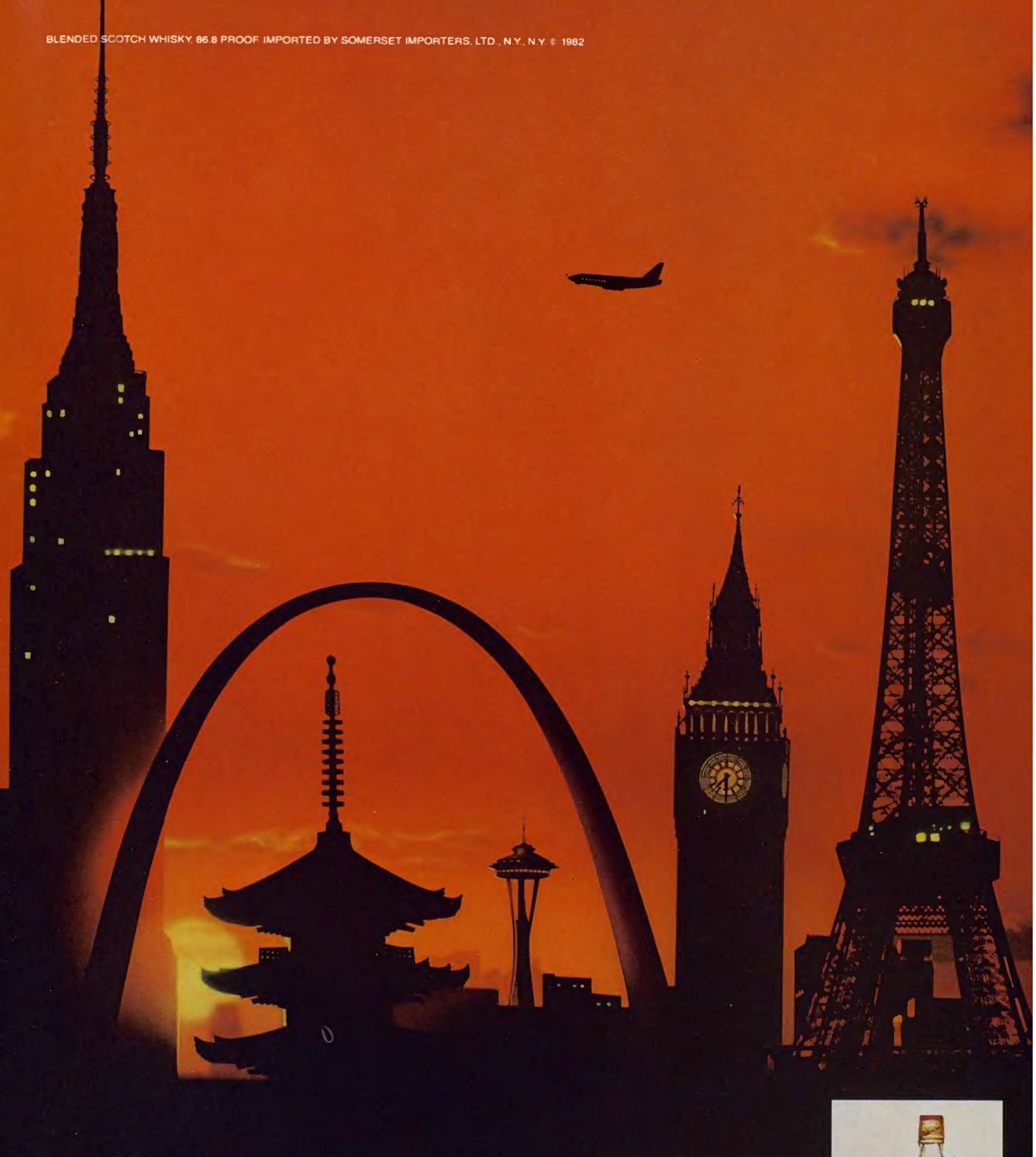
I said it not merely to gloat. I thought it was important for the FBI to think about it. Stass seemed bored but thanked me for the info and asked if there had been any further word from Andy. I told him no and repeated the old promises.

At the end of that year, on December 27, 1979, the Soviet army invaded Afghanistan, and shortly I became just one of many Americans who would not go to the Moscow Olympics. The contact Andy promised from a Soviet travel agent never happened.

Two years later, in the fall of 1981, two respected journalists with independent sources inside the FBI, Henry Hurt of *Reader's Digest* and George Lardner, Jr., of *The Washington Post*, reported that the FBI now believed that Fedora was a mole, after all, loyal all along to the Soviet Union and the K.G.B., while whispering sweet nothings into Hoover's ear. I wondered whether or not Stassinis or Rawls—or Suvorov—would remember our conversations when they reflected on that news.

My little improvised gesture of patriotism, by sheerest coincidence, might thus have had a small, practical effect on the much larger story of the search for the putative mole in the U.S. intelligence system—if the FBI had been able to take seriously a word I said. That it could not is, to me, a great, rich irony—the irony that the Cold War has come to be about.





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into a former patient when she's off duty. "This guy introduced himself at my health club—I didn't remember him, but he remembered me—and we struck up a conversation. But right away, he started telling me how he had had a hard time going to the bathroom after his surgery; he went into all the details. It *really* turned me off. When I'm off duty, I need to forget about nursing and *relax*."

As for the myth that most of them are hoping to marry doctors, nearly all those we interviewed scoffed. Natalie Mahaffey, a licensed practical nurse in Michigan, puts it this way: "Some nurses fantasize about marrying a doctor when they're just out of nursing school, but the fantasy rarely lasts more than a year. After you've called enough doctors at four in the morning or while they're on a vacation or while they're at a big family picnic and seen them drop everything to come to the hospital, you realize that those guys are more devoted to their patients than to their families. If you're hoping to marry a man who'll be home for dinner, who'll spend plenty of time with you and the children, you realize that a doctor isn't the best possibility."

And the last misconception the nurses we interviewed would like you to get rid of is the idea that most of them are, to use the words of Susie Owens, an Oklahoma City R.N., "all ironclad white, submissive, silent, humorless and sexless. The classic question," she says, "when someone sees me away from work with my hair down is 'Are you *really* a nurse?'"

The best example of what we're *supposed* to think nurses should look like comes from Maria Baan, a New York R.N. who is also an actress (she has had roles in TV's *CHiPs* and the movie *Nighthawks*, among others). "I had been called by casting for a television show called *Nurse*, with Michael Learned and Robert Reed. I had originally been chosen to play a nurse, but when I got onto the set, the director stopped me and said, 'Whoa, wait a minute. I want a real nurse.' I said, 'I *am* a real nurse.' He said I didn't look like a nurse to him, so they gave me the part of a woman physician. That's happened to me twice. I've started looking at TV very closely to see exactly what a nurse 'should' look like. Most of the women cast aren't too attractive: plain, plump, middle-aged and rather

custodial-looking." We have no doubt that this pictorial will debunk forever the myth that nurses aren't attractive.

So now that you know what nurses are not, they want you to know what they *are*. The first thing they are is under stress. If there was one theme that was repeated often in interviews and the letters we received from nurses across the country, it was that they were under more daily stress than most people could endure.

Margareta Jackson, a licensed vocational nurse in Texas, speaks for most of her peers when she says, "The nursing field has suffered and will continue to suffer a tremendous rate of attrition until the pay and the working conditions of nurses compensate for the stress we have to endure." Part of the problem, says Jackson, is the tension that exists between nurses and doctors. "In many hospitals," she explains, "the relationships between doctors and nurses haven't changed in 50 years. There is no sense of family, of team."

Or, as Markham puts it bluntly, "A lot of doctors treat nurses like peons. But," she adds, "some of that is beginning to change, mainly because women won't put up with it anymore."

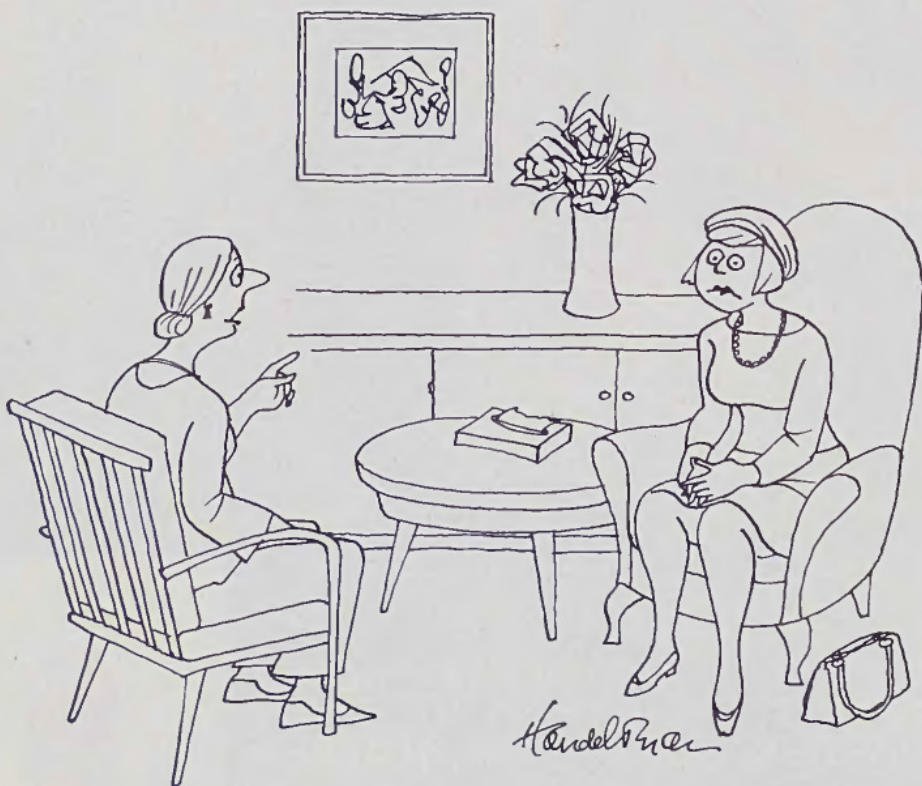
The other stress factor is built into the work itself. Sometimes it can be terrifying, as Bree Jesser, a California L.V.N., discovered: "Once, during my first week on the job at a new mental-health center, I was assigned to guard several patients while they went outside for exercise. I was teamed with another nurse, but she left to go to the washroom, and while she was gone, a female patient attacked me. She came at me with a flying karate kick, knocked me down and then started beating on my head. Fortunately, another patient ran into the hospital and told a nurse's aide that I was in trouble. He came to my rescue. But I had headaches and was very depressed for weeks after that."

And sometimes the stress comes from the constant struggle to confront death bravely. Nikki Nickerson, a Florida R.N., says, "The most upsetting part of my job is when a patient dies on the operating table. It's best to cry and not be ashamed to share your sadness with the other nurses and doctors. That helps you keep going."

We could go on, but we think by now you've gotten the point. These are strong and thoughtful women. That they're beautiful is almost secondary once you get to know them. But the fact is that they are. And they don't mind your knowing it.

"We work hard and rarely get much recognition," says Montgomery. "I don't think this pictorial will hurt the nurse's image as long as you let us tell our point of view. If you do, I think it could be a nice tribute to us. And you know what? We deserve it."

Sonya, we couldn't agree more.



"Bear in mind, Mrs. Davis, that you've come to me for counseling, not therapy. That means I do most of the talking."

HEATHER WEATHER

(continued from page 99)

"At Oscar Taylor's Phoenix, bartenders combine Scotch with crème de cassis to make a purple heather."

Manhattan's Four Seasons relish the restaurant's original mixture of Scotch, Grand Marnier and dry vermouth. Tony Vallone, proprietor of Tony's in Houston, created the Texas bellini—Scotch, champagne and fresh peach juice—to titillate his Texas oil-tycoon patrons. Scotch cocktails have even penetrated the Sun Belt. At Oscar Taylor's Phoenix, bartenders combine Scotch with crème de cassis to make a purple heather. And New York's "21" Club is selling more honey bears than ever, according to veteran barman Bru Danger. The drink is essentially a Scotch sour—sweetened with honey rather than sugar.

But, it's fair to ask, why should you want to mix anything with Scotch whisky in the first place? For the same reason you'd sip it neat or on the rocks—for the crisp, dry, peaty tang unique to Scotch. That assertive note carries over to the cocktail, complementing the mixer rather than losing its identity. Therefore, Scotch combinations have complexity, character, depth and excellent balance.

If you've been assuming that lighter Scotches are more suitable for mixing pur-

poses, you may want to reconsider. Scotch regulars use the same brand or style in the shaker that they take neat or over ice. After all, it's the same palate you want to please. Logic aside, there are many with a preference for Scotch cocktails who draw the line at mixing with such exalted specimens as Chivas Royal Salute, Ballantine's 30-year-old, Johnnie Walker Black Label and Swing, Dewar's Ancestor, Royal Ages and unblended malt whiskies.

Unimpeachable examples of classic and contemporary Scotch-based drinks follow. Add them to your repertoire of bracing drinks with a burr.

THE FANS

1 oz. Scotch
½ oz. triple sec
2 ozs. grapefruit juice
½ slice orange

Pour Scotch and triple sec over ice cubes in old fashioned glass; stir briskly to blend. Pour in fruit juice; stir quickly. Hang orange slice on rim of glass.

BLUE NILE

We're indebted to Fergus McLarty, ex-

ecutive secretary of The Saint Andrews Society of the State of New York, for this drink. You wouldn't want a finer recommendation.

1½ ozs. Scotch
¾ oz. Rose's Lime Juice

Place ice cubes in old fashioned glass. Add whisky and lime juice; stir well to chill.

PURPLE HEATHER

Purple heather the way they grow it in Arizona.

1½ ozs. Scotch
½ oz. crème de cassis
Club soda, chilled

Shake Scotch and liqueur briskly with cracked ice. Pour unstrained into tall glass. Add soda, to taste; stir quickly.

MAMIE TAYLOR

½ lime

2 ozs. Scotch

Ginger ale, chilled

Place ice cubes in highball glass. Squeeze in lime juice; add peel. Pour in whisky; stir. Add ginger ale, to taste.

Note: This drink is served with ginger beer instead of ginger ale on occasion.

THE GODFATHER

1¼ ozs. Scotch

½ oz. amaretto

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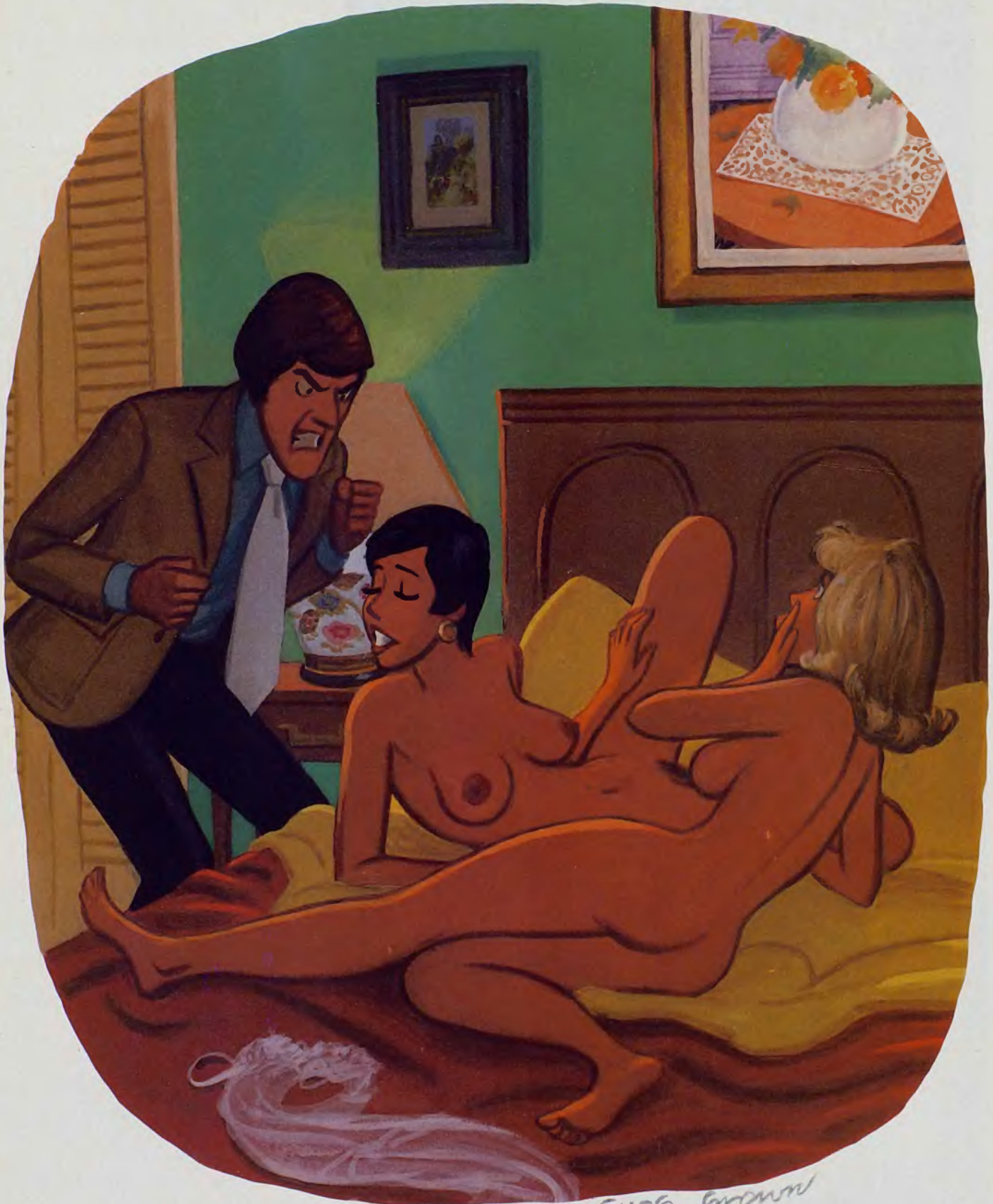
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For a free recipe booklet, write Hiram Walker Cordials, P.O. Box 2235, Farmington Hills, MI 48018. Amaretto & Cognac. 50 Proof. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., San Francisco, CA. © 1982.

Pour ingredients over ice cubes in old fashioned glass. Stir very well to combine and chill.

THE FOUR SEASONS FRENCH ROB

2¾ ozs. Scotch
¼ oz. dry vermouth
Generous dash Grand Marnier
Lemon-peel strip

Stir Scotch, vermouth and Grand Marnier with ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass. Twist peel over drink and add to glass.

ENGLISH CHANNEL

From Dan Beck, head bartender at Keen Restaurant, Manhattan.

¾ oz. Scotch
¾ oz. Irish cream liqueur
½ oz. Cointreau

All ingredients should be chilled. Pour gently back and forth between two chilled containers. Pour into chilled glass over one ice cube. Garnish with strip of orange peel if you like.

LOCH NESS

A favorite at the Hilton International, London. The green and red cherries presumably symbolize the monster's eyes.

1½ ozs. Scotch
½ oz. ginger wine
Slice orange
Slice lemon
Green cherry
Red cherry

Pour whisky and ginger wine over ice in old fashioned glass. Stir well. Garnish with fruit.

SCOTCH ORANGE

1½ ozs. Scotch
3 ozs. orange juice, chilled
Orange slice or pineapple chunk
Pour whisky and juice over ice in highball glass. Stir. Garnish with fruit.

DOUBLE SCOTCH

An embellishment on the rusty nail.
1½ ozs. Scotch whisky
¾ oz. Scotch liqueur (Drambuie, Lochan Ora, Glayva)
2 dashes orange bitters
Orange-peel strip
Pour whisky and liqueur over ice cubes in old fashioned glass. Dash in orange bitters. Stir well to chill. Twist peel over drink, then drop into glass.

Early fall is an opportune time to explore the matter of Scotch cocktails. The weather turns brisk and your body craves something more invigorating than a screwdriver or a collins. Find another body with the same craving and have a scholarly seminar on the versatility of Scotch.



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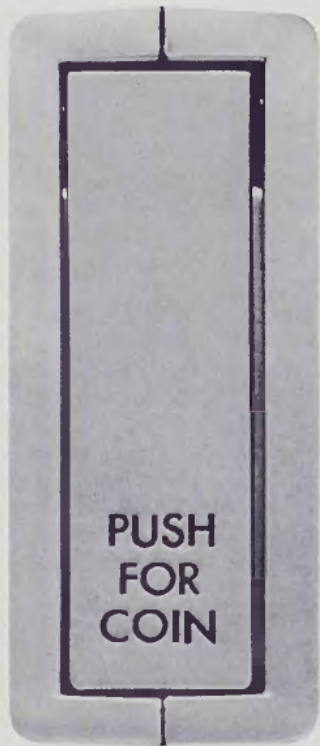
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"Select a shampoo that is custom-tailored to your scalp's condition. Begin by reading labels."

and becomes more receptive to the blade. Mem's Cambridge After Shave for Sensitive Skin will fend off the effects of wind and weather and guard skin from pollutants. Skin-care expert Ilona of Hungary, whose salons tend to the hides of fans of the Chicago Bears, the Houston Oilers, the New York Jets and the Denver Broncos, gave PLAYBOY her face-saving credo:

Point one: After whiskers have been softened, slather on a rich, nonrunning lather that enables your blade to glide.

Point two: Never be miserly when it comes to saving face. Timeworn blades cause nicks and scratches. Teflon and platinum coatings are designed to make blades last longer. Stay sharp and dispose of disposable razors pronto.

Point three: Shaving against the grain does not provide a closer shave. It can cause rashes, irritations and ingrown hairs. Go with the flow and shave twice a day if five-o'clock shadow is your nemesis.

Point four: Rinse, rinse and rinse again. The soap residue you may leave on your skin can cause chapping in the winter and rashes in the summer.

Point five: Face up to protection. Complete your facial care with a nongreasy, protective cream.

Two-minute warnings: Constantly shaving over a wart, a bump or a skin protuberance can cause long-term skin irritation. Dr. Peter Bela Fodor, a New York plastic surgeon who reports that

about 50 percent of his patients are men, says, "Breakthroughs in medical expertise make attending to facial flaws a one-visit procedure in most big cities, and the result is worth it in self-esteem." Dr. Fodor continues, "Responsible sun-tanning today can prevent skin-related problems tomorrow." So, although the bronzed look may have right-now appeal, moderation and PABA-enriched tanning lotions will keep you looking younger longer.

HEROIC HAIR—HOW TO HAVE IT

Man was never intended to shampoo with locker-room soap, since the residue is one of the most difficult substances to remove from human hair follicles. Contemporary shampoos designed with a man's hair in mind have been specially formulated to gently lift out grease, grime and the day's accumulation of air pollution. Hats and helmets cause the scalp to perspire and more grime to accumulate. Select a shampoo that is custom-tailored to your scalp's condition. Begin by reading labels. From coast to coast, Redken salons specialize in giving their clients analyses of their hair and prescriptions for its improvement. Get a professional opinion on controlling your kind of dandruff, but shampoos and conditioners are specially designed to cope with the problem, which many experts in the field maintain is related to stress.

Philip Kingsley, a leading trichologist

and the author of *The Complete Hair Book*, maintains that "dandruff arrives in direct response to stress. In its own way, dandruff is nature's way of telling you to slow down, back off, calm down." And Georgette Klinger, whose salons lend tender loving care to men's scalps, believes that a well-massaged scalp leads to hair health. Massage stimulates the scalp by bringing blood to the hair roots. Klinger recommends a home scalp massage that you can make part of your shower routine:

1. Put one hand on your hairline and press your finger tips (not your nails) onto your scalp.

2. Place your other hand on your scalp at the nape of your neck. Grasp your scalp with your finger tips.

3. Move your scalp with both hands at once, as if it were a piece of dough. Do that in several places around your head.

When your hair is clean and dry, follow with a brushing massage that will add sheen to your hair and a healthy tingle to your scalp. The hair-care experts at René Furterer's Fifth Avenue headquarters have perfected the brushing massage that keeps the fans of the New York Jets in tiptop condition. Try this once a week:

1. Perform this five-minute workout using two natural-bristle brushes, preferably round or semicircular. They should have very soft bristles for fine hair, hard bristles for normal hair and very hard bristles for thick hair. Brushes should be washed daily, so that natural oils accumulated one day will not carry over to your clean hair the next day.

2. Holding a brush in each hand, first brush the hair from the nape of the neck upward to the forehead, then brush the sides upward to the crown. Finally, brush the front hair back. It is essential to brush the hair without pulling it or breaking it.

Don't panic when some of your precious strands appear in the brushes. Even healthy hair falls out at the rate of 40 to 70 hairs every day and is constantly replacing itself, unless balding is one of your woes. Brushing massage is one of the best ways to keep your hair physically fit.

SCENT: GOING FOR THE BIG FINISH

The scent you wear is as personal as your signature, as much of an I.D. as the number on a football jersey. Select a scent you really like and carry the theme through the other products you buy to avoid the mixed signals of scents fighting with one another for attention. After-shaves, moisturizers and soaps have a lighter concentration of scent and impart a pleasant sense of well-being. Your options are many—woody, herbal, citrus, musky—to identify your special environment.

And, like Joe Theismann, you'll find that getting all your gear together can have spectacular results. The Monday-morning hero in your bathroom mirror will be you!



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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

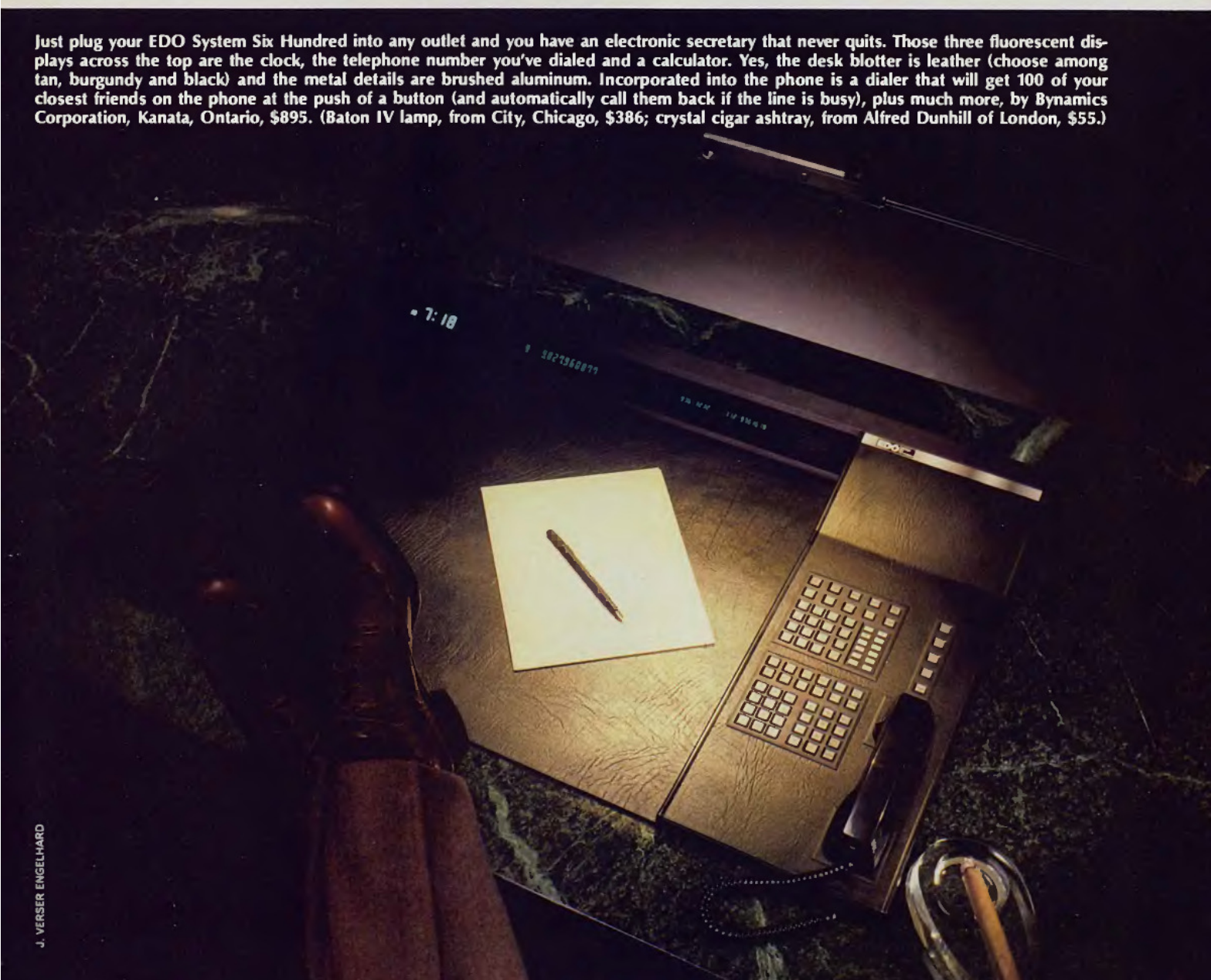
OFFICE

THE POWER DESK

Life at the corporate top calls for big decisions, and if your executive responsibilities land you in the fast lane, where mega phone calls and financial calculations are S.O.P., then cancel that request for a battery of secretaries and invest in an EDO System Six Hundred instead. For \$895 (that's the cost of a few weeks of temporary

help), you get a 38"x24" leather-and-brushed-aluminum electronic desktop assistant that combines telephone communications, calculator, calendar and timing functions in one sleek unit. You like to walk while you're wheeling and dealing? Set the phone in the hands-free mode and you can carry on a call with no voice clipping. Sorry, J.B.—it doesn't make coffee.

Just plug your EDO System Six Hundred into any outlet and you have an electronic secretary that never quits. Those three fluorescent displays across the top are the clock, the telephone number you've dialed and a calculator. Yes, the desk blotter is leather (choose among tan, burgundy and black) and the metal details are brushed aluminum. Incorporated into the phone is a dialer that will get 100 of your closest friends on the phone at the push of a button (and automatically call them back if the line is busy), plus much more, by Bynamics Corporation, Kanata, Ontario, \$895. (Baton IV lamp, from City, Chicago, \$386; crystal cigar ashtray, from Alfred Dunhill of London, \$55.)



NOW YOU'RE COOKING!

Aside from not eating quiche, real men also have an aversion to slaving over a hot stove when they're throwing a party. That's where *The Clock Watcher's Cookbook* comes to the rescue. Its authors, Judy Duncan and Allison McCance, have selected more than 175 recipes that are easy to make and divided them into cooking times and preparation times. You do the dirty in advance and, come party time—*voilà!*—you're a guest at your own bash. Yankee Publishing, Depot Square, Peterborough, New Hampshire 03458, sells the book for \$9.95, postpaid. Eat up!



REFLECTING ART

Seagram's has put something special under glass besides fine liquor: four legendary sports events—the first Army-Navy game (shown), the Walking Derby, a Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance play and Canada vs. Russia in hockey, 1972—as reproduced from original oil paintings commissioned by Seagram's. Each is on a 17 1/4" x 20 1/4" mirror framed in wood and is available from Seagram's Seven Crowns of Sports Mirror Offer, P.O. Box 1607, F.D.R. Station, New York, New York 10150, for only \$19.95 per item, postpaid. Hang one up and hang one on.



THE WINNING HAND

We've got to hand it to the people who manufacture Hand on der Shticks. This crazy soft sculpture of a flexible hand on a stick (the fingers move any way you want them to) is good for anything from hailing a cab to a wild goose chase in an elevator. Satin sleeves and knit cuffs come in a variety of jazzy colors, and, no, the manufacturer (Kate's Way, P.O. Box 7645, Mammoth Lakes, California 93546) can't be held responsible if you flip out and flip a cop the bird. They're only \$15 each, so you may want to purchase a dirty dozen and organize a group grope or take 100 to a University of Texas football game, bend down the middle fingers and "Hook 'em, Horns!"



GREEN GROWS THE FOOTBALL SEASON

This fall, instead of sitting slumped in your easy chair, pick up financial yardage with Pigskin Vegas, a game for anyone who can tell a pass from a punt and who wants to add a little Nevada-type action to his gridiron predictions. Jokari/US Inc., 4715 McEwen Road, Dallas, Texas 75234, sells Pigskin Vegas (which comes in a handsome vinyl briefcase-type box) for \$24.95, postpaid, and that includes 120 chips. Since the game allows you to bet on every play, we recommend that you not sit in with anyone named Anson Mount.

BREATHE EASY

Oenophiles know that many wines benefit from being allowed to breathe before being served, but now Concept Development Associates, P.O. Box 30405, Bethesda, Maryland 20814, has gone one step further and has engineered the Rhyton Wine Breather—an electronic device that oxidizes tannins and drives off vino mustiness in minutes rather than hours. The cost: \$62.50, postpaid. Jeeves, this wine needs another 20 seconds under the Breather.



EXOTIC TOUR DE FORCE

The siren call of faraway places, from the Azores to Zamboanga, will be even louder after you've subscribed to *Unique & Exotic Travel Reporter*, a monthly newsletter available from P.O. Box 98833, Tacoma, Washington 98499, for \$24 a year. Recent issues cover a camel safari in Rajasthan, a junket to the volcanoes of the Northwest and Hilton International's first Gourmet Europe Tour. Guess which we picked.



WING IT!

No, this isn't the White Rock logo; it's *Psyche*, the allegorical personification of the human soul that Paul Thumann painted a few years before the 1893 Chicago World's Fair, where it was later displayed. Although no one knows what happened to the original painting (do you have a *Psyche* in your attic?), B. Anthony Collection, P.O. Drawer 279, Elberta, Alabama 36530, is selling 28½" x 21½" reproductions pulled from a stone litho for only \$29.50, postpaid. In mythology, you'll remember, the god Cupid also had the hots for Psyche. We can see why.



CHIP SHOT

The next time a social or business situation calls for an exchange of cards, instead of handing over a crinkled piece of cardboard, try one made from real wood. Not only will everyone think you're in the chips but nobody throws a wood card away. The manufacturer, Elegance in Wood, 230 Pinehurst Avenue, Los Gatos, California 95030, offers about 100 of them, from mesquite to walnut and eastern red cedar to dogwood, at prices even Paul Bunyan could afford: \$35 per 100 for name only. (Write for info on the cost of addresses and logos.) "A wooden card! Say, isn't good old Davey a lumber baron?"

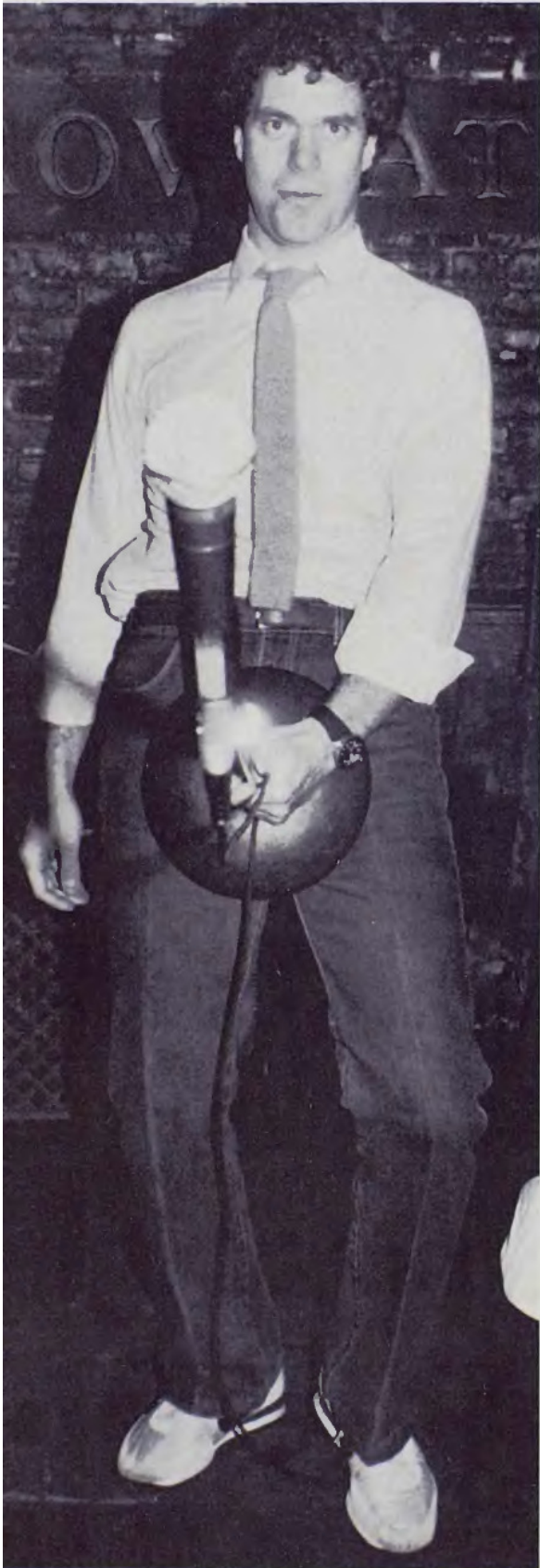
COLD CACHE

Looking for a place to stash your hard-earned lettuce? Try a head of lettuce. Lett-us-Hide looks like the real McCoy, but you can pack enough long green in it to choke a rabbit. It's only \$17, postpaid, from F. Frank Company, 17520 Daphne Avenue, Torrance, California 90504. The same company also sells U-Can-Hides, jars that only you know don't contain grape jam, mayonnaise, chili sauce or mustard. (The interiors of the jars are painted to make them opaque.) They're \$15 each or \$45 for the complete set. Spread the word.



He Talks Big

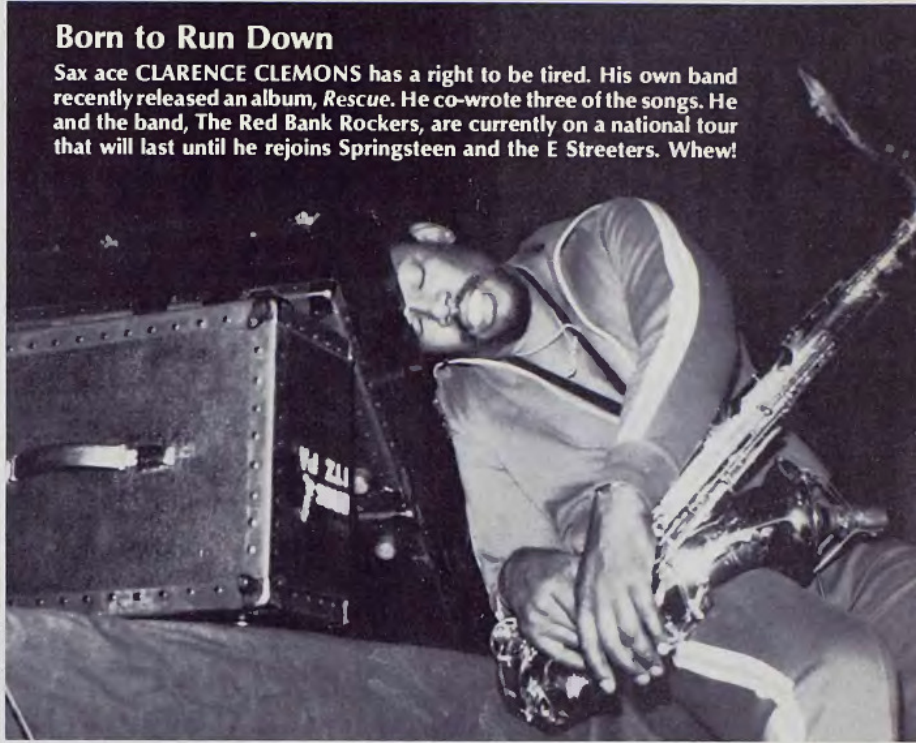
JOE PISCOPO needs a lot of power to reach his syndicated-radio-show audience. *Joe Piscopo at Large* can now be heard on 250 stations. If you're planning to flash the airwaves, you've got to be well hung.



© 1983 JOHN BOCCA, LTD.

Born to Run Down

Sax ace **CLARENCE CLEMONS** has a right to be tired. His own band recently released an album, *Rescue*. He co-wrote three of the songs. He and the band, *The Red Bank Rockers*, are currently on a national tour that will last until he rejoins Springsteen and the *E Streeters*. Whew!



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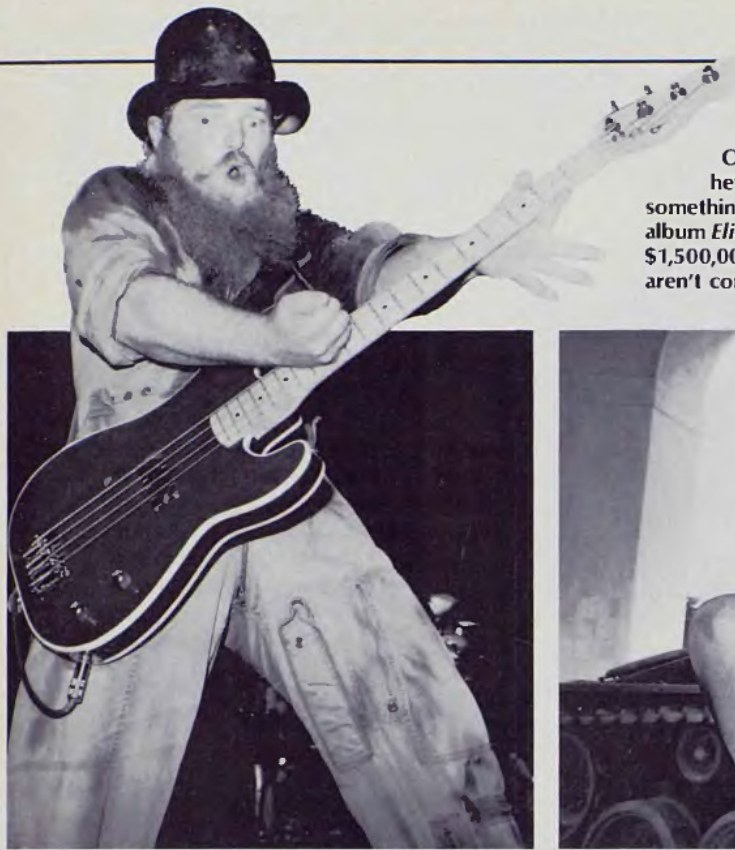
Sweet Cheeks

Actress **RANDI BROOKS** showed up at a charity do to sample some of Mrs. Fields's delicious cookies. When she's not indulging, Brooks can often be found on TV and in the upcoming Chevy Chase epic *Deal of the Century*. We don't know about you, but we'd accept a nibble from this stranger any time.

© 1983 RON GALELLA



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Tanked Up

On the left, we have ZZ Top bass player DUSTY HILL, who looks like he's on something. On the right, we have VAN HALEN, who are on something. What does it all mean? Heavy metal is alive and well. ZZ Top's album *Eliminator* rode high on the charts, and Van Halen were reportedly paid \$1,500,000 for an afternoon's work at last summer's US Festival. So these guys aren't complaining. But their neighbors might.



© 1983 LYNN GOLDSMITH / EGI

Face That Launched 1000 Quips

Last summer, a new magazine called *The Movies* appeared, and actress/comedienne LILY TOMLIN graced the cover of the first issue. But as you can see from this photo, Ernestine, that authoritative voice of the communications industry, didn't think much of it.



© 1983 MICHAEL JACOBS

Heels over Head

VICTORIA JACKSON is a comedienne, a gymnast, a poet and a highly unusual entertainer. You've seen her on *The Tonight Show*. You saw her last summer on the *½ Hour Comedy Hour*. You may even have seen her in a club. Here's what happens: She comes onstage, does a few warm-up cart wheels, flips into a handstand and begins to recite her free-form stuff. Either you laugh or you wonder. We laughed. After all, when's the last time you saw gymnastics done in high heels?



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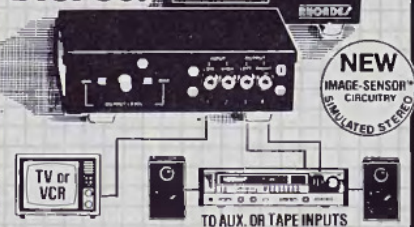
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GEORGE V. HIGGINS HELPS US EAVESDROP ON AN UNUSUALLY REVEALING OFFICE-GIRL CONVERSATION IN "DEVLIN'S WAKE"

DAN RATHER TALKS ABOUT THE NEWS AND HIS FIRST TWO YEARS IN WALTER CRONKITE'S CATBIRD SEAT IN A NO-HOLDS-BARRED PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

PHILIP GARNER, CREATOR OF THE *BETTER LIVING CATALOG*, GOES BELOW THE BELT TO DEVISE A SEXIER VERSION, THE "BETTER LOVING CATALOG"

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER WEAVES A TALE OF LOVE, WAR AND POLITICS IN POLAND CIRCA WORLD WAR TWO; YOU WON'T FORGET ZINA IN "REMNANTS"

DR. HUNTER S. THOMPSON TAKES US ON A REAL TRIP, TO HAWAII FOR CHRISTMAS, AS THE GUEST OF THE ANCIENT GOD OF EXCESS AND ABUNDANCE IN "THE CURSE OF LONO"

DAVID HALBERSTAM MUSES ABOUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO SPORTS SINCE THE BASIC IDEA CHANGED FROM MAKING A GREAT PLAY TO MAKING A GOOD BUCK IN "THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE FAN"

CRAIG VETTER ADDRESSES THE QUESTION OF THE DECADE—CAN THE MEDIA KILL SEX?—IN "THE DESEXING OF AMERICA"

BARBARA LEAMING ETCHES A PORTRAIT OF HOLLYWOOD'S LARGEST LIVING LEGEND IN "GENIUS WITHOUT PORTFOLIO: ORSON WELLES IN TINSULTOWN" (THE GOOD NEWS: HE'S WORKING ON A PICTURE AGAIN)

ANSON MOUNT RETURNS FOR ANOTHER PERFECT SHOT IN "PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW"

DONALD E. WESTLAKE BEAMS US ABOARD THE SPACESHIP HOPEFUL IN SEARCH OF A LOST COLONY IN "DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A WAR ON?"

IRWIN SHAW, AS HE EASES INTO HIS EIGHTH DECADE, SUMS IT ALL UP IN "WHAT I'VE LEARNED ABOUT BEING A MAN"

DAVID SHEFF REPORTS ON THE WILD STORIES AND THE PARANOIA THAT SURROUND JOHN LENNON'S MEMORY, WITH EXCLUSIVE REACTIONS FROM HIS WIDOW, IN "THE TRASHING OF JOHN AND YOKO"

BUCK HENRY TELLS US "HOW I INVENTED PLAYBOY"

PLUS: "SEX STARS OF 1983"; A VISIT WITH MUHAMMAD ALI BY MARK KRAM; "PARTING ADVICE" FROM THE FATHERS OF DAVID CARRADINE, GEORGE PATTON, JR., PATRICK WAYNE, ARLO GUTHRIE, KATHY CRONKITE, PETER FONDA AND OTHERS; "LITTLE ANNIE FANNY'S EXERCISE BOOK"; "PLAYBOY'S ELECTRONICS GUIDE"; "THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE HUNT"; FICTION BY ANTON CHEKHOV, GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ AND RAY BRADBURY AND POETRY BY JOHN UPDIKE; ANOTHER LOOK AT CHARLES MARTIGNETTE'S COLLECTION OF EROTIC ART; "PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS" AND "THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS"; KURT VONNEGUT'S THOUGHTS ON CENSORSHIP; A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH OF MARILYN MONROE; "CHOICE CARTOONS OF CHRISTMAS PAST"; A TRIBUTE TO THE LOST ART OF SCREWING UP BY ROY BLOUNT JR.; A PREVIEW OF *STAR 80*, BOB FOSSE'S NEW MOVIE ABOUT THE DOROTHY STRATTEN TRAGEDY; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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