

WHAT MEN AND WOMEN REALLY WANT FROM EACH OTHER

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1984 • \$3.00

Pictorials
BABES OF
BROADWAY
OUR RAVE
REVIEW

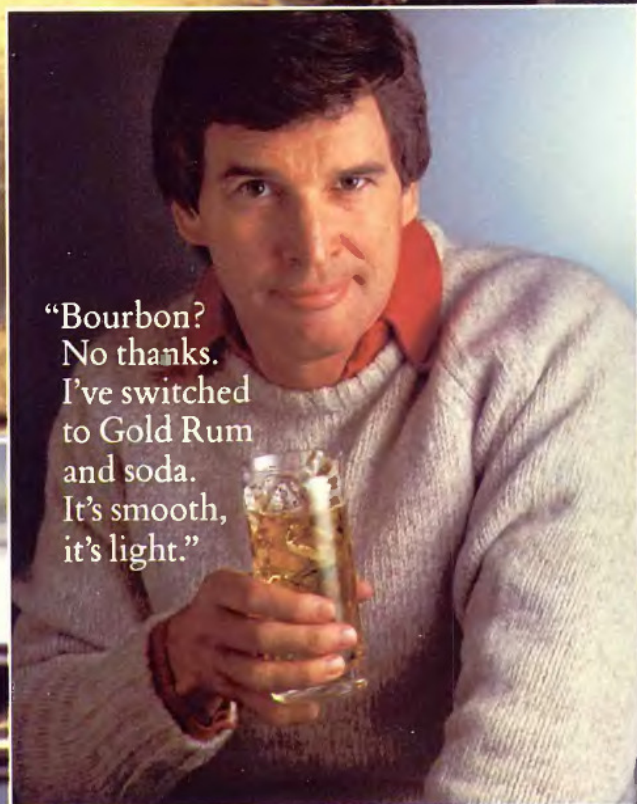
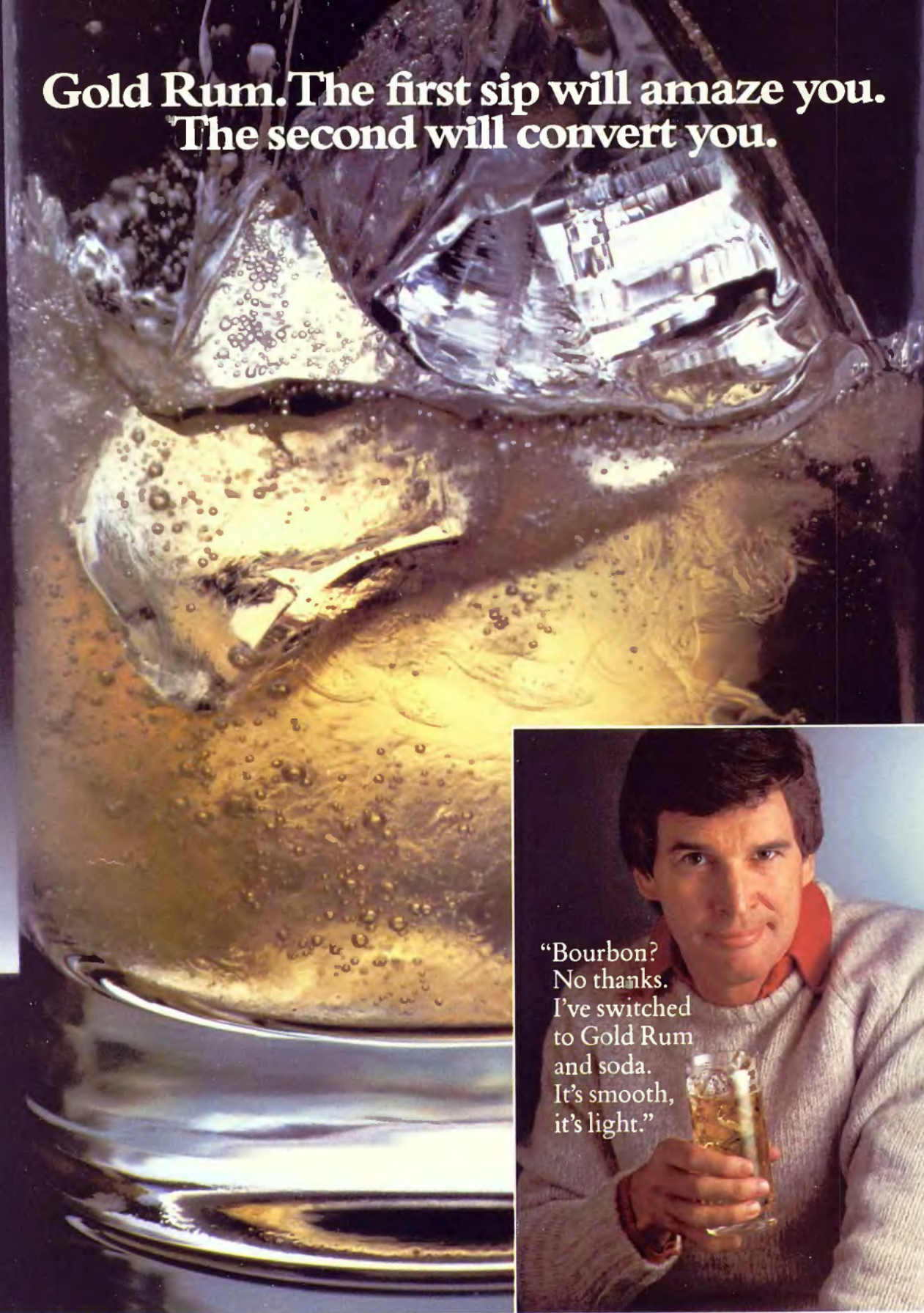
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IS SEXY!

Interview
TV'S ZANY
DAVID
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Playboy's
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Guide
Looking
Good
This Fall



**Gold Rum. The first sip will amaze you.
The second will convert you.**



“Bourbon?
No thanks.
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and soda.
It’s smooth,
it’s light.”

People everywhere are switching to Puerto Rican gold rum. Because it has the lightness people prefer today. Because it’s so mixable.

You’ll find that gold rum makes an exceptionally smooth drink—on the rocks, with soda or ginger ale, or with your favorite mixer.

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THE GOLD RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

Panasonic presents the SoundBand.TM An FM stereo the size of a postage stamp. Sound the size of a symphony.

Introducing SoundBand. World's smallest FM stereo headphone radio. But its small size is not the only reason you'll love it.

Through a miracle of technology called TriTexTM circuitry, Panasonic has reduced an entire FM stereo radio to the size of a postage stamp. And built the whole unit onto ultralight earphones.

The entire unit weighs a mere 2.5 ounces. Batteries included. But the sound it puts out is really heavy. Sound

the size of a symphony. Even if you're just listening to a one man band.

And there's nothing to get in the way of pure enjoyment. Because Panasonic has cut the cord. No more cords. No more tangles. So now it's even easier to take your music on the run. Or walk. Or wherever.

And when you're not listening. Which won't be often. The SoundBand even folds up to store in the smallest places.

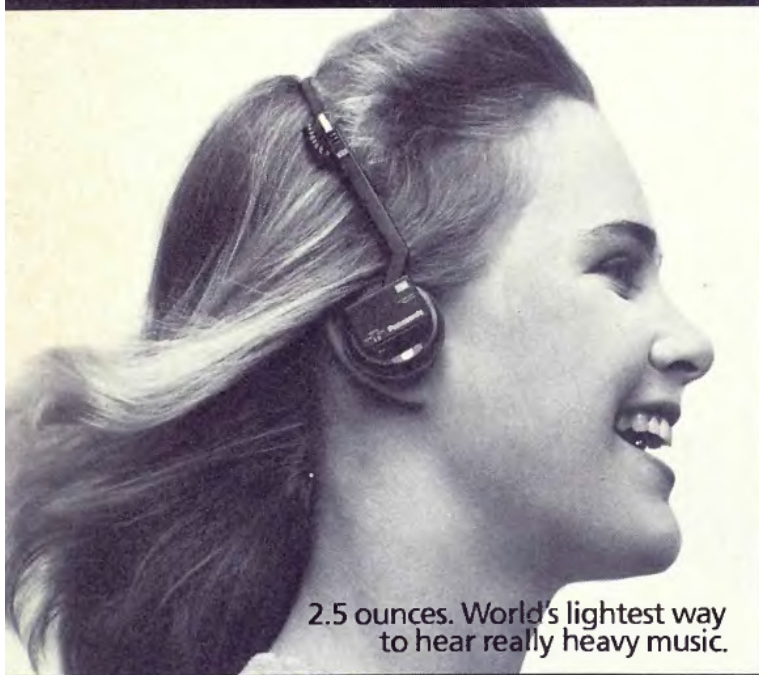
SoundBand. The sound will really go to your head.



The Panasonic Las Vegas Invitational Pro-Am.
Golf's richest. \$1,122,500 in prize money. \$162,500 to the winner.
September 19-23, 1984. Watch it on ESPN.

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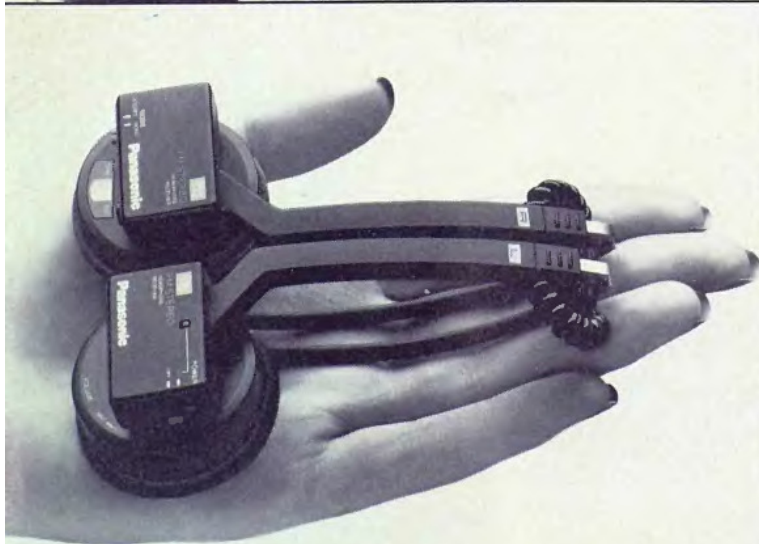
just slightly ahead of our time.



2.5 ounces. World's lightest way
to hear really heavy music.



No more tangles.
Because no more cords.



Folds to fit in the smallest places.
Now music's easier than ever to take.



Patented TriTex circuitry reduces
this radio to the size of a postage stamp.

The shoes are



Some colors not in all stores.
Prices slightly higher in Hawaii.

from Thom McAn



Michael's shoes come in Black, Grey and Beige. Leather uppers. — \$34.99.

Thom McAn

How to tempt your lover without wearing a fig leaf.



First there was light. Followed soon thereafter by man and woman, a.k.a. Adam and Eve. Then came the business with the apple, and before you could say "You snake in the grass," five zillion years went by. But all wasn't for naught, because that fateful faux pas not only altered the history of haberdashery but also inspired the creation

of DeKuyper® Original Apple Barrel® Schnapps.

While the advent of apparel is certainly appreciated, especially in sub-zero surroundings, the birth of DeKuyper Apple Barrel Schnapps is universally ballyhooed.

All it takes is one teeny-weeny taste to convince you that this refreshingly crisp blend selected from nine apple varieties is the most sinfully delicious thing to happen to apples since day one.

Whether you're throwing a posh garden party or entertaining a party of one, succumb to the temptation of DeKuyper Apple Barrel Schnapps. It makes every Eve feel a little special.



DeKuyper Original Apple Barrel Schnapps

PLAYBILL

AS WE BECOME ACCUSTOMED to fall, we see that life takes on a sharper, quicker pace. The air has a certain starch to it now that helps us consider issues too serious to interrupt a pleasant summer stupor. One such issue is persistent: Shell-shocked from the sexual revolutions of the past decade, men and women have a hard time knowing what's really on their minds. **E. Jean Carroll** travels to darkest California, where, natch, there is a seminar that is supposed to sort all that out. What she finds *When Real Men Meet Real Women* is the subject of her startling and funny bipartisan report. **Dave Calver's** illustration accompanies the piece.

And if thinking about such weighty issues keeps us up at night, thank goodness for that gap-toothed, tongue-in-cheek **David Letterman**. His late-night show is the best thing to happen to thoughtful insomniacs since integral calculus. In this month's *Playboy Interview*, this very funny man explains to **Sam Merrill** the challenge of drinking every beer in the world, the special burden of growing up in Indiana and why he doesn't like jokes about sex, drugs or bodily functions. Letterman may be uptight about his body, but health-club pioneer **Jack La Lanne** certainly isn't. In a vigorous *20 Questions*, he celebrates our ability to change the way we are, to cheat the clock and the Grim Reaper. Contributing Editor **David Rensin** does his best to keep up with him.

What is a veteran slugger, one who played in seven all-star games and four world series, doing playing for Japan's Yomiuri Giants? Well, he's doing it for about \$1,000,000 a year; but, as baseball fan **David Halberstam** tells us in *The Education of Reggie Smith*, being a living legend in the Land of the Rising Sun is not all a piece of rice cake.

New York's theater season is under way, and our smash pictorial *Babes of Broadway*, shot by Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag**, is going to lengthen the lines to the box office. Meet some of the women who put the sizzle into *42nd Street* and *A Chorus Line* and a guy who kicks up his high heels in *La Cage aux Folles*.

With Halloween around the corner, **Gahan Wilson's** macabre sense of things is especially appropriate. We are all familiar with his ghoulish cartoons, but we don't often get a chance to savor his disquieting prose. His story *A Gift of the Gods* (illustrated by **Blair Dawson**) is about a boy who discovers an animalskin in the park. He takes a liking to it; but, more important, the skin seems to take a liking to him. **Donald E. Westlake's** *A Good Story* tells the tale of a drug smuggler high in the Andes who shoots off his mouth and pays through the nose for it. "The same thing happened to my aunt," Westlake tells us.

Elsewhere on this warm continent are wonders of an entirely different sort. Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley** brings us two very spicy Brazilian film stars, **Sonia Braga** and **Claudia Ohana**. Latins make lovely movie lovers, as you'll see.

As we go into the stretch of this political year, **Gerald Gardner** provides us with *Playboy's Scrapbook of Political Sex*. Among those who think we can make fun of politics but not food is our thoroughly modern West Coast Editor, **Stephen Randall**. *In Praise of Frozen Food* is his moving apologia for the thrills and chills of the cuisine we pop into the toaster or squeeze from a pouch.

This fall, there are clotheshorses of several colors to choose from. **Hollis Wayne**, our Fashion Editor, takes us on a tour of what will wow and wear well in the *Playboy Guide to Fashion*.

In case Third World debt is hanging heavily on your mind, **Emanuel Greenberg** urges us all to welcome the immigration of Mexico's most sensible export in *Señorita Margarita! Encore!!* **M. A. Enriquez** did the illustration.

New York is wonderful in the fall, especially when the Big Apple takes a shine to you. Miss October, **Deborah Nicolle Johnson**, has made the move to Gotham, and it appears that the natives are excited about our newest Playmate's brand of urban renewal.

There's more, of course. You can save this magazine, or you can turn the page. Or both.



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ENRIQUEZ

IF YOUR VIDEO INVESTMENT IS SHOWING DIMINISHING RETURNS,

your picture could be suffering from dropouts, bleeding colors, and other annoying problems. Before you point the finger at your video deck, think about this! An inexpensive video cassette can turn your investment into a loss.

That's the way the system works. Friction can cause oxide particles to shed, and drag parts of the picture along with them. You're left with dropouts. Or bleeding colors caused by poor signal-to-noise ratio. Or even worse.

THE SOLUTION IS SUPER AVILYN.

For the first few plays, all quality video tapes usually perform well. Crisp images. Bright colors. A steady picture. But after they're played time after time, the problems can start. That's when one video cassette really starts to show its worth. TDK.

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Surrounding the tape is TDK's super precision mechanism. It gives jam-proof performance and excellent tape-to-head contact.

With all this going for us, it should come as no



surprise that TDK knows video inside out. And it stands to reason Super Avilyn is always compatible with any VCR you can buy.

TDK video cassettes are available in VHS and Beta formats, with a wide range of recording times and lengths, in two formulations: Standard Super Avilyn and Extra High Grade.

Look at it this way. The future of your video investment really depends on the video tape. With TDK Super Avilyn, you'll see the dividends, again and again.



TDK
DON'T JUST TAPE IT.
TDK IT.

AVAILABLE IN VHS & BETA FORMATS

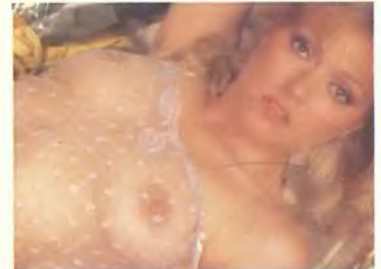
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PLAYBOY®

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COVER STORY

Like Miss April 1984, Lesa Ann Pedriana—doubled over for our cover shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda—we've bent over as far as we can to attract you to this month's PLAYBOY. If you've a bent toward imaginative fiction, artful articles and revealing dishabille, lean forward and curl up with us. P.S.: If you can't find the Rabbit Head, you've never been to a white sale.

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

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

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Gotten a speeding ticket lately? Read this.



This...

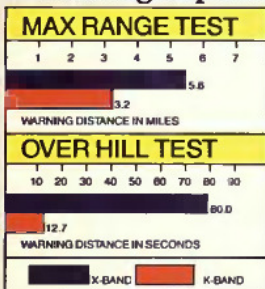


instead of these.

Last year, more than 8 million* citations were issued for driving over 55 mph on US highways.

If you were unfortunate enough to receive one of these tickets, maybe it's time to protect yourself. With the Whistler® Spectrum™ radar receiver.

Gives you earliest possible warning of police radar.



© Motor Trend, Aug. 1983

When Direct Response, Inc. started looking for a radar detector to offer our customers, we went to the experts first: car magazines. Their opinion was nearly unanimous. **Motor Trend, Auto-week, and BMW Roundel** had all recently completed independent, comprehensive tests of all the leading radar detectors. And all had picked a winner: the Whistler Spectrum. **Motor Trend** said "The Whistler Spectrum resides at the top of the list. A world-class radar detector."

Whistler is also first choice of truckers and other professional drivers. Whistler

Spectrum detects all kinds of speed radar. Stationary - moving - trigger - even pulsed radar. On the straightaway - from behind - over hills and around curves. If there's police radar in the area, Spectrum lets you know. Long before radar can lock onto you.

Spectrum cuts down on annoying false alarms.

Unfortunately, the FCC authorizes some security systems and traffic signals to also operate on police frequencies. And any sensitive radar detector will report these signals.

That's why Spectrum developed two features not available in any other radar detector: **The Filter Mode™** and **Pollution Solution.™** Both features cut down on false alarms.

For city driving (where microwave intrusions are frequent) switch to the **Filter Mode**. You'll get the same early warning - but it will be quieter, less urgent. When the microwave signal reaches a critical speed radar level, you'll see the amber warning light switch to a flashing red. And hear the soft tone gear up to a high-frequency, geiger-effect sound.

Most other radar detectors give off false signals. Spectrum's **Pollution Solution**, built into each unit, can tell the difference between these signals and real police radar. Spectrum automatically screens the polluters out - you'll never even hear them.

Dash/Visor or Remote model.

You have your choice of two top-line Spectrum models - both reliable performers.



Filter Mode for city driving.

The Spectrum Dash/Visor model is portable and compact. It plugs into the cigarette lighter socket, and mounts easily on dash or visor. It's quickly removed for use in another car, or to prevent theft.



Remote receiver hides behind car grille.

The Spectrum Remote gives you the same great radar protection. But it's hidden from view. The weather-proof receiver installs behind your car grille. And the small console fits handily in, on, or under the dash. You can install the Remote in about 30 minutes. After that, you're in operation every time you turn on the ignition.

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We tested it. Now you can test it yourself. Use your Spectrum for 30 days. If not completely satisfied, return for a full refund.

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Ask for Operator 32



Dash/Visor



Remote console

SOUTHERN COMFORT

Southern Comfort Corp., 80-100 Proof Liqueur, St. Louis, Mo. © 1983.



*"My Plantation
consists of exactly
six tomato plants
out behind the garage.
But with a cool evening
breeze rustling through
the leaves and a couple
of O J Comforts
up here on the deck,
I know what good old
Southern Hospitality
is all about.
That's Comfort."*



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



A COUPLE OF WOLF-WHISTLE STOPS WITH THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

When 1984 Playmate of the Year Barbara Edwards makes a whistle stop, the whistles never stop. Barbara was introduced to the press—and the press was duly impressed—at a May first cocktail party, hosted by Hef and attended by a bevy of Playmates, at Playboy Mansion West (above). Another great Southern California institution, USC's Sigma Chi fraternity, made Barbara (right) an honorary Sweetheart of Sigma Chi (from the song of the same title). If that's Greek to you, suffice it to say that it's almost as sweet as being named Playmate of the Year.



OLDER VIKKI, YOUNGER LOVER

When Phil Donahue tackled the issue of older women/younger men relationships, who better to turn to than Vikki La Motta and Peter Athas (below right), featured in May's *Hello, Young Lovers* pictorial? So what do you think, folks? We want to hear from you. Is it all an elaborate hoax, or is Vikki actually 53 years old?



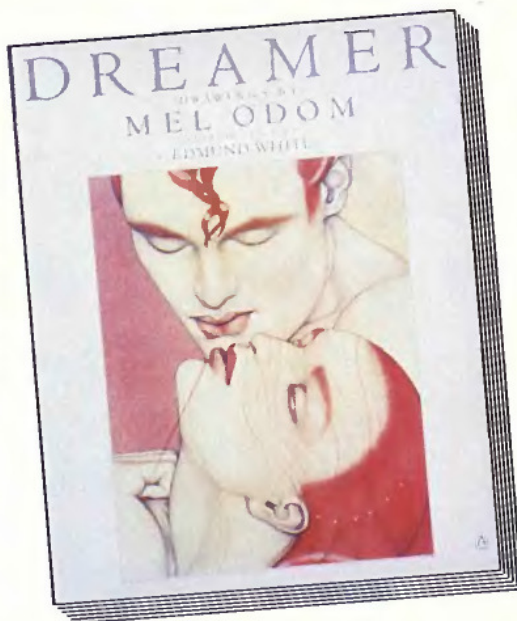
WHY DO YOU THINK THEY CALL THEM NERDS?

In the current movie *Revenge of the Nerds*, Lisa Welch (below right, in a scene from the film, with Julie Montgomery, and at right, in her gatefold incarnation) plays a cheerleader. Now, most high schoolers consider cheerleaders members of a non-nerd elite. Does that mean the nerds don't like 1980's Miss September? Good luck, nerds, but we're going to be rooting for Lisa.



HAZZARDOUS DUTY FOR RHONDA AND DAINA

Here's how to watch *The Dukes of Hazzard*: Ignore the flying metal and look for Rhonda Shear (above)—disqualified as Louisiana's Miss Floral Trail queen for appearing (clothed!) in our *Girls of the New South* (April 1977)—and Miss January 1976, Daina House (below).



THE ILLUSTRIOUS ODOM'S BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

Unless your fingers have been sleepwalking through PLAYBOY, you're familiar with Mel Odom's ethereal gifts. He's one of our finest illustrators, and his new book—*Dreamer*—will be published by Penguin in November.



LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, KING: 17 mg. "tar",
1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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You've got what it takes.

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*Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.*

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



THE INDECENT CRUSADE

"Pressure groups such as the N.F.D. would like all American media to present a single, approved ideology."



TUPELO, MISSISSIPPI (population 20,471), has given the world two media stars in 25 years. Elvis was one. The Reverend Donald Wildmon, a United Methodist minister who founded the National Federation for Decency (N.F.D.), is the other. Beyond sharing a home town, watching a lot of TV and inspiring their fans to roll in the aisles, the two men never had much in common. Wildmon, for instance, can't stand sex, drugs or rock 'n' roll. The late king of rock 'n' roll didn't like people to use the Lord's name in vain, which, in a way, is what Wildmon does.

Eight years ago, Wildmon, his wife and their four children settled down for a long winter's night of TV. The first show they tuned in was, in Wildmon's words, "filled with sexual comments and skin scenes." The next contained "earthy" language. The next was "violent." "Right then," Wildmon would write later, "I made up my mind to try to make TV suitable for family entertainment."

Shortly thereafter, he founded the N.F.D., to help man "be saved from his sins and live a godly life."

The N.F.D. boasts about 20,000 members. Its first and best-known project involved monitoring prime-time television for proframing that might appeal to "man's prurient nature." Wildmon recruited teams of monitors from his flock. Each monitor spent one night a week tallying televised incidents of violence, profanity and "skin." As *The Wall Street Journal* reported at the time, "One monitor, a woman, cited the September 13 episode of *Charlie's Angels* for 23 'jiggly' scenes. Another monitor, also a woman, didn't note any such scenes. Mr. Wildmon says, 'I'd just use the higher estimate and not bother with the other one.'"

Wildmon used the results to attack the sponsors of shows his monitors ranked high in violence, profanity and skin. From January 1982 through May 1983 alone, his organization condemned 116 companies for advertising in 60 TV movies, 39 TV series, one radio show and your favorite magazine. He instructed his flock to boycott *all* the products sold by those companies, including Peter Pan peanut butter, Butterball turkeys, and, alas, every Elvis Presley record on the racks.

The boycotts had little effect; it's hard to ruin RCA or a major magazine when you speak for less than one hundredth of one percent of the population. The companies on Wildmon's list motored through the recession and the boycotts into the recovery. Now that the first wave of N.F.D. activity has passed, though, this seems as sane a time as any to respond to what Wildmon and his group represent.

The Reverend Wildmon represents 20,000 people. The Reverend Cotton Mather represented a smaller number when he led the cry for witch trials in Salem almost 300 years ago, but Mather was dangerous—people were found guilty of witchcraft and condemned to death in Salem. Wildmon is merely irritating—companies are found guilty of prurience and condemned to boycott in Tupelo. Still, pious bullies haven't seemed to change much over time.

Both Mather and Wildmon represent what might be called religious imperialism—a philosophy dedicated to imposing one's religious beliefs on as many other people as possible. Since this isn't the 17th Century, Wildmon isn't a powerful threat to those who hold different opinions, but

the principles behind his organization nevertheless run counter to democratic ideals. Wildmon didn't tell his constituents how often his monitors caught Alan Alda saying "crap" in the fall of 1982. He simply told them *M*A*S*H* was the most "profanity-oriented" TV show of all. He told them not to watch *M*A*S*H*. He didn't tell them what to think *about*; he told them what to *think*.

The forgotten factor in this equation may be the advertisers, who at the moment are caught in the middle. Whether or not pressure groups have a right to force changes in the content of television programs and magazines, the question remains: Do they have a right to prevent advertisers from doing their job?

An advertiser's job is to reach a particular segment of the population as efficiently as possible. If, for example, a shampoo manufacturer can reach more women aged 18 to 34 by taking out an ad during *M*A*S*H* than during *Today in Bible Prophecy*, must that company decide whether or not *M*A*S*H* is morally inferior to *Today in Bible Prophecy*? Or is that judgment best left to viewers, networks, critics and the courts?

Was *M*A*S*H* unclean because it contained profanity, or was its relatively realistic depiction of war vital to its peaceful message? Whose criteria do we use? Right now, we use yours. You can watch the program or you can turn it off.

Pressure groups such as the N.F.D. would like all American media to present a single, approved ideology. For an example of the kinds of media that leads to, we refer the N.F.D. to *Pravda* and *Tass*.

The Reverend Wildmon, by claiming divine justification for a series of boycotts that have achieved little but a modest celebrity for the Reverend Wildmon, has come close to taking the Lord's name in vain. Fellow Tupelan Elvis Presley wasn't speaking of Wildmon and *PLAYBOY* when he sang "You ain't never caught a Rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine." He could have been. For all his posturing and condemning, Wildmon has yet to prove he *knows* how a man should lead a godly life.

Given the choice, we'd boycott the religious imperialists and buy up all the Elvis records. Fortunately, here in the land of the free, we have that choice.



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BO'S ART

Thank you for *Brava, Bo!* (PLAYBOY, July)—not only an enticing pictorial but an enjoyable interview as well. John Derek's answer to the criticism regarding the lack of a plot in his new film (it tells a story with a "fucking beginning, middle and end") strikes an agreeable chord in me. I, for one, look forward to seeing the Dereks' film.

Paul Nunes
New Bedford, Massachusetts

It is a little amusing to read about John Derek's distaste for being left standing stark-naked at the end of an adventure, taking the money and then being too ashamed to walk the effing streets. Doesn't he see that that's exactly what Bo is facing after the movie's release? John speaks of integrity. While they're cashing in their profits, will John say to Bo, "Well, I still have my integrity. How about you?"

Danielle LeVeque
Newport Beach, California

STIR CRAZY

Reggie Jackson may be Mr. October, but he's sure not Mr. Memory. In the June PLAYBOY (*My Life in Pinstripes*), Reggie and Mike Lupica say a number of things about me: First, Reggie says I told him I wanted to write a "nice, upbeat piece" on him. Sorry, pal, I don't use flack words like upbeat. He did ask me what kind of piece I wanted to do, and I told him what I tell anybody who asks. I said, "I'm here to set the record straight." If he took that to mean it was going to be upbeat, that's his problem.

Second, Mr. October stirs the drink some more by saying that I persisted in hassling him for several days to get an interview until he "actually began to feel sorry" for me. The way I remember it, the second after I said I was there to set the record straight, he agreed to do the interview.

Reggie also says I sensationalized his

quote about Thurman Munson. His version of what he said is, "Maybe I've got the kind of personality that can jump into a drink like that and stir things up and get it all going." Self-effacing, good-natured Reg! A Gandhi kind of guy, Reggie—only thinking of the team. I heard him say, "You know, this team . . . it all flows from me. I'm the straw that stirs the drink. It all comes back to me. Maybe I should say me and Munson, but really he doesn't enter into it. He's being so damned insecure about the whole thing. I've overheard him talking about me. Munson thinks he can stir the drink, but he can only stir it bad."

In the summer and fall of 1977, in interviews with Roger Kahn and Pete Axthelm in *Time* and *Newsweek*, Reggie never denied that quote. He did tell Kahn, "Whatever I said was off the record." I found that particularly amusing, because I had given him a chance to get the monkey off his back at the bar. In the middle of his windy pronouncements, I had stopped him and said, "Hey, this is heavy stuff you're saying, man. You sure you want it published?" He beat his big fist on the table and said, "Print it! I want to see it in print!"

Let me ask PLAYBOY's readers one thing: If you had been Reggie Jackson in 1977 and a reporter had treated you as unfairly as Reggie now—seven years later—says I did, wouldn't you have called a press conference right then and there, denying everything? I know if I were innocent, I would have made my statement then!

Robert Ward
Washington, D.C.

THE WAR LORD

I have always considered Walid Jumblatt one of the most colorful figures in today's world. In reading July's *Playboy Interview* with him, I found that his unique sense of humor and honesty—which people in his capacity often seem to lack—

Smirnoff

VARIATIONS ON A THEME



THE FINAL NOTE

After rehearsal, in a tall glass filled with ice, pour 1½ oz. Smirnoff. Fill with equal parts of cranberry and orange juice. Garnish with orange slice.



BACKSTAGE PUNCH

At the backstage party, combine 4 cups Smirnoff Vodka, one 16 oz. can crushed pineapple with syrup, one 11 oz. can mandarin oranges, one 6 oz. can frozen pineapple juice, pour over block of ice in punch bowl. Just before serving, add 2 qts. ginger ale. Stir gently. Serves 30.



MIMOSA

While savoring the reviews, in a chilled stem glass, add 3 oz. Champagne, 3 oz. orange juice and a splash (½ oz.) of Smirnoff Vodka. Gently stir the chilled ingredients and garnish with a strawberry.



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confirmed my feelings about him. A great *Interview* that sheds some light on the conflict in Lebanon today.

William Jesse
Point Claire, Quebec

Thanks for publishing July's *Playboy Interview* with Jumblatt. Now I know who he is and what the Druse are. Prior to your *Interview*, I hadn't known anything about them. I think that's partly the fault of television news, which seems to assume that I have always known all about the Druse and their leader. TV news can learn a lot from your magazine.

Thomas James
Lebanon, Illinois

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Gee, Walid Jumblatt, you don't look Druish!

Jerry Axelrod
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MONEY MATTERS

I'd like to congratulate Andrew Tobias on *Money 101: Terms of Enrichment* (PLAYBOY, July). As a senior at Tulane University, majoring in economics, I was quite impressed. If a novice investor were to study this article forward and backward, not only would he hold his own at a cocktail party (which is important), he would also be able to show a broker he means business—and that's *very* important. Keep up the good work.

David Gray
New Orleans, Louisiana

If Tobias' *Money 101: Terms of Enrichment* became required reading in the third grade of every elementary school in America, we could expect a stable economy by the turn of the century. If it had been required reading 20 years ago, I'd be rich.

Jay H. Lehr
Worthington, Ohio

OCCUPYIN' THE SKY

Kosta Tsipis is good at the old magician's trick of warning you to watch one hand very closely, so that he can fool you with the other hand. For example, he says in his essay in the June PLAYBOY (*Viewpoint: Why Reagan's "Star Wars" Plan Won't Work*) that anti-ballistic-missile systems were impractical in the Sixties. So they were. He says that "it has never been either technically or economically possible to build . . . an ABM system." Still right. Then he adds that this "is still true today." Well, maybe. But we're talking about a system that is being researched today and will be built in the future. See the sleight of hand? He allows you to convince yourself that it will be impossible to build an ABM system in the future, without ever saying as much. Next, he quotes the Scowcroft commission's suggestion that no ABM system should proceed "beyond the stage of technology development." Which is exactly what Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative (i.e., *Star*

Wars) is set up to do. Nobody's claiming we ought to start launching ABM satellites this afternoon. Years of research and technology development come first; then we will decide if the gadgetry works well enough to put it to use. By the end of the piece, Tsipis has stopped voicing doubts about the technology and states flatly that it won't work at all. Clever. As Joe Palooka used to say, "Tch!" In the mid-Fifties, we had to race hard to match the Russian lead in intercontinental ballistic missiles. Today we live under the threat of those hydrogen-bomb-armed missiles. What will we do if, in a few years, we see the Russians building the very defenses that Tsipis and his ilk claim are impossible? I think that a magazine of PLAYBOY's influence owes its readers a more balanced view of this critical issue than Tsipis gives. After all, our lives—and the lives of our children—depend on the decisions we make here.

Ben Bova
West Hartford, Connecticut

Tsipis replies:

Mr. Bova's accusation of intellectual pretidigitation reveals his ignorance of the technical obstacles to a perfect defense system—the only one that would spare the country nuclear devastation. Defense against ICBMs was, is and will remain unable to protect our population and industry against nuclear weapons, because to do so, it would have to be 100 percent reliable. That is physically impossible.

In the real world of science and technology, we do not conduct research—especially research that costs tens of billions of dollars—when we already know the answer. Such research is at best foolish and at worst self-serving.

FAULTY WIRING

Regarding Bob Woodward's *Wired* (PLAYBOY, July), it's a shame that the tragic conclusion that seems so obvious in retrospect went unrecognized by the people who were part of the story. Was it a case of the snow-blind leading the snow-blind?

Bill LeBouvier
Huntington Beach, California

John Belushi dug his own grave. Charging Cathy Smith with murder is just another example of the judicial stupidity that is prevalent these days. Belushi was dead before he met her—he just hadn't quit breathing yet.

Carl Brewer
Starkville, Mississippi

LADIES AND GENTS

Regarding Asa "Men" Baber and Cynthia "Women" Heibel: Since each is clearly an expert on the opposite sex, how about a contest to see who can pick up the most members of the other sex in one night in a favorite singles bar? Each contestant shall be armed only with his or her best-selling line; each shall be conservatively dressed and each dead sober. The winner

gets one year's free treatment by the psychiatrist of his or her choice.

Tom Ward
Chicago, Illinois

THANKS, YOUR HONOR

Thank you for the *Playboy Interview* with the Reverend Jesse Jackson (June). I found it extremely interesting and very informative.

Mayor Harold Washington
Chicago, Illinois

THIN LIZZIE

If Miss July, Liz Stewart, ever teaches an attitude-improvement course, I will be her first pupil! There is so much to be learned from the lady: confidence, independence, motivation, beauty. I wish I could arrange seven or eight sessions of *20 Questions* with Miss Stewart, but I doubt that I could learn enough even then. PLAYBOY, you have found the perfect woman for the Eighties. Please keep me up to date on the next Playmate of the Year and the first Playmate of the Decade.

Mike Lancaster
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Liz Stewart is your greatest discovery in recent years—maybe ever!

Pat Clerkin
Columbus, Indiana

SAILING, SAILING

With this letter, I send you a picture in which you can see the most beautiful Windsurfer sail you will ever find. The black Rabbit Head makes it exquisite! I had this sail made by Powerflex Sails in Holland for my very exclusive wooden windsurf speedboard. This sail is unique!

H. A. Flederus
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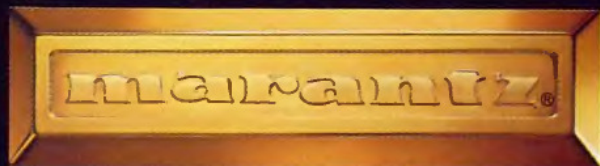
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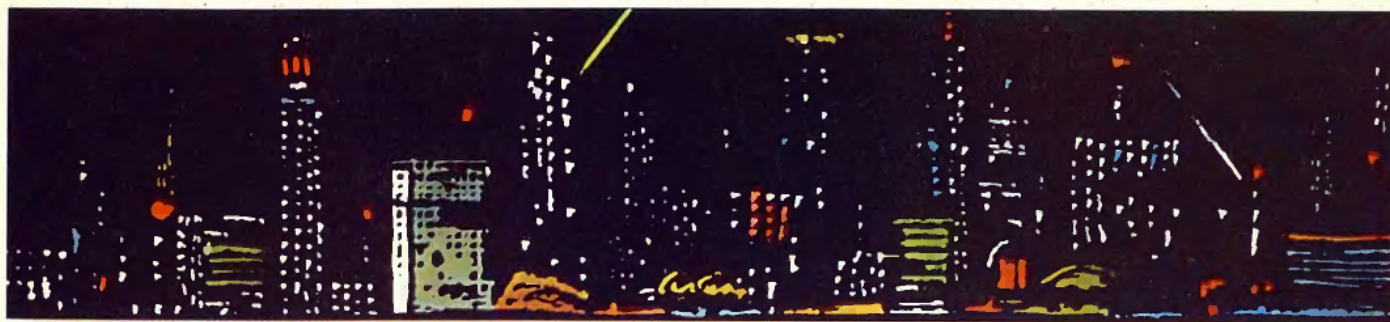
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



SPECIAL DELIVERY

Dr. George Thorngate, writing in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, reminisced about difficult pregnancies he had seen to term. One in particular stuck out. As a medical missionary in China, Dr. Thorngate had recommended a Caesarean section for one patient. The expectant mother's family objected to the procedure, took the woman home and "chunged" her: Two women held her arms, another her feet, and the trio shook her violently until the baby came out.

We don't even care what the story is about; we just like the headline in the *San Francisco Examiner*: "MILLION-DOLLAR BONER GAVE ELWAY A START."

Perfect California story number 356: San Jose-area Democratic assemblyman John Vasconcellos introduced a bill in the California legislature that would establish a commission on self-esteem, consisting of 22 members and funded at \$750,000 a year. "It may sound like High California," said Vasconcellos. "Increased self-esteem tends to make people become more achievement oriented, confident, creative, productive and successful." According to the bill, low self-esteem is responsible for, among other things, "the dramatically increased rate of teenage pregnancies." Watch this space for developments.

Now we're sorry we can't go. We noticed an ad in *Variety* for the "14th International Horror & Science Fiction Film Festival" in Paris this November. What caught our eye was that the event is being presented by Alain Schlockoff.

A friend showed us a Pierre Cardin sales tag that identified the garment as being 55 percent cotton and 45 percent "pory-

ester." When we saw that the item was made in Taiwan, we concluded that it was a form of synthetic fiber peculiar to the Far East.

The card read: ENEMA SERVICE BY QUALIFIED NURSES IN PRIVATE ROOMS. It went on to say that the service was available in The Kahler Hotel of Rochester, Minnesota. The note that accompanied the card read: "Obviously, this is one hotel where they don't have to worry about the guests' stealing the towels."

LOVE IN THE FAST LANE

The Hillsborough County, Florida, Child Enforcement Division recently won a decision for a woman in a paternity suit. The father's lawyer dutifully followed up sending a list of questions to the division. Because of a clerical foul-up, the list he sent pertained to a traffic accident.

The mix-up didn't slip by without a

worker in the division's deciding to have some fun. He answered the lawyer: "I seriously doubt that you want the complaining witness in a paternity action to 'describe the point of impact, giving the distances in feet from the curb line or the speed in mph at the instant of impact.'

"Although your questions regarding whether or not she 'applied the brakes' and for how long may be relevant, I feel in the best interest of judicial decorum they might be rephrased."

Luckily, we didn't need a lift. Driving north from Chicago on I-94, we spotted a four-wheel-drive vehicle with HERNIA ERECTION COMPANY inscribed on the tail gate. Perhaps it's the latest in a pickup truss?

The Rocky Ford, Colorado, *Daily Gazette* ran an ad for Anthony's Casino. It read, "Dance to the music of Mighty Quick. Anthony's come-early special, no cover charge, plus beer and sloe screws one dollar each."

Can I Get a Witness Department: Sister Estelle Gomarín, a 55-year-old nun from Saints Peter and Paul Roman Catholic convent in Miami, has no intention of giving up the prize she won at a fund-raising dinner—a romantic vacation for two in Aruba. She's taking another nun along for company and says, "I plan to do lots of swimming. If I have enough pocket money, I'll go to the casinos."

YAWN ORDER

In the opinion of Judge Arthur Meredith of New Jersey, it is not better to let sleeping cops lie. Franklin Township patrolman Robert Lenart appealed a four-month suspension he'd received for sleeping in his parked patrol car while assigned to observe traffic. Lenart claimed that he



Alumni Notes

In case you haven't been keeping up with your alumni publication or are too young to have had the pleasure of emerging from an advanced academic institution, here is a typical batch of alumni notes. These are from the class of '74 at venerated Musk University.

Suzie Forward—Hey, everybody, I've settled down now and got hitched, so, please, no more cracks about how "friendly" I used to be. My husband, Ray Z. Dorp, is a professional wrestler, the beloved Disemboweler. We met in the most romantic way—I was spending the night at the arena, and before I knew it, I had climbed through the ropes and made a passionate rush at his spandex trunks. The rest is just a transcendent blur; and, contrary to what one gossip columnist wrote, I did not know the event was being televised.

"Micro" Michaelson—Fellas, I want you all to know that since those fun-filled days in Crutchinson Gym—you know, those silly days with the high-jinks and the impromptu anatomy lessons—that, well, it's grown a lot.

Pete Binn—I've been in the capital since being named the new head of the Agriculture Department's Goat Implant Program. Before my promotion, I held an obscure Government job.

John Zowoon—In school, I was not. Today, I am. I am One. That is my name and the name of my organization. I am the sole member, but that is enough, for we are all One. Everything is One. This is the paradox. So come join me. And stay the hell away.

Steve Rush—Ah, remember those great days when I set up all the mixers? Well, that experience has sure helped me as director of operations for Grand Central Hospital, a for-profit institution. Coordination is the key. You can't let these patients linger in surgery; and if an operation is running overtime, I'll just tell the surgeon to sew 'im up and wheel 'im out. No slackers here, and my soon-to-be-released book, *The One-Minute Surgeon*, explains how. Our hospital now has the highest P.P.O. (profit per organ) rate in the U.S.

Dale Ewing—My law firm is doing well, and I just had the good fortune to have an article published in the *Sioux Falls Law Journal* titled "Delay Tactics III: Losing the Evidence."

C. J. Peckinpah—I'm assistant director of corporate communications for IBM—just 146,000 heartbeats away from the presidency, as I like to think of

it. When a reporter calls, I'm the one who rushes to the line and personally hangs up the phone. (By the way—just between us—I'm sick of Charlie Chaplin.)

Lance Mucilage—I run a successful boutique, Stormy Leather.

Danny Dennison—I've just been named a partner in the salvage business started by my father and his brother, and the firm has been renamed to reflect my advancement. It is now known as Dennison, Dennison & Dork. I've also given a Madison Avenue face lift to our slogan and made it speak more to our times and our customers. Our new motto: "Selling garbage to garbage."

Jack Simpster—My job at Mobil is going well, and I recently made a major lifestyle decision. I purchased a brownstone in a marginal New York area, determined to restore the building to its former glory. So far, my minority neighbors have been extremely friendly. They gather by my bedroom window to educate me about their music. These three-a.m. tutorial sessions help me get a head start on the day.

Bernie Bluesdale—I am a Philadelphia building inspector, and I am pleased to report that in the past month, I was blessed by the arrival of my second daughter and fourth acquittal.

Danny Ringer—I am an accountant and lead singer with the rock group Danny and the Deductions. We recently performed at New York's Bottom Line, and one reviewer called the show "terrifyingly believable." Another praised our act with the words "less sleazy than you would expect."

Ollie Logan—Amtrak has just made me a vice-president and transferred me to Djakarta, Indonesia, where I am to conduct a feasibility study for a proposed rail link between this beautiful city and Boston. Some of you may be amused by this, but we at Amtrak take the fast track very seriously.

Jan Voodooonik—Hey, folks, I'm a broker with Merrill Lynch, and I'm not going to hand you any bullshit. I'm doing all right, blah, blah, blah. I hope everyone's happy, blah, blah, blah. So: Why not send me all your money?

—ANDREW FEINBERG

had not been snoozing; he had been entranced by "highway hypnosis." Judge Meredith found that "interesting but speculative" and upheld the suspension.

Next candidate, please. If you want to be a cop in Aviles, Spain, there's no use applying if you are "extremely ugly," "slovenly or dirty in the extreme," toothless, have hearing problems or have "atrophied testicles or [are] without them."

A prison in Pompano Beach, Florida, is an institution where justice—at least the poetic variety—prevails. One of the inmates, serving a sentence for armed robbery, was recently relieved of his stereo, radio and TV by a gunman who broke into the prison dormitory. What those folks need is a good alarm system.

JOINT VENTURE

"Wrap your joint in cool blue" suggests a recent catalog from the Yak Works, an outdoor-equipment supplier in Seattle. The joint wrap "stays where you place it to work on swelling immediately!" More important, there's "no dripping, no slipping." And, for masters, there's another item in the first-aid section of the catalog, the "Advanced Joint Wrap."

According to a U.P.I. dispatch from Sacramento, "It may soon be legal in California to spit in public or seduce a virgin with a promise of marriage." Presumably, only the spitting may be done in public.

PIG IN A POKE

A Canadian firm tried to market two video films: *Miss Piggy Goes Porno* and *The Sex Life of Miss Piggy*. Jim Henson, creator of the pulchritudinous porker, sought and received an injunction against the firm, Gabriel Richard, in a Quebec court. Perhaps Henson thought the films would be boaring.

BREACH OF CONTACT

When a woman Al Hamburg had been dating stopped making payments on the car he'd sold her, the Torrington, Wyoming, resident took her to court. The chart he'd given her, on which payments were marked by gold stars, clearly showed that she'd paid only 66 percent of the price. But, according to Hamburg, Justice of the Peace Gerald Murray "got all excited and started calling me names," then threw out Hamburg's lawsuit. It seems the agreed-upon currency was 50 sexual favors, but after posting 33 "love stars" the woman "got tired." Although the J.P. rather vehemently pointed out that in Wyoming it's illegal to barter property for sex, Hamburg plans to appeal; he says the woman still has the car, which he noted—ungallantly, we think—was worth \$500.

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BOOKS

On the eve of his 75th birthday, January 1, 1987, Harold "Kim" Philby receives a hand-delivered note from the general secretary of the Communist Party. What, exactly, had Comrade Philby meant, the note inquires, by his recent comment that "the political stability of Great Britain is constantly overestimated here in Moscow . . . never more so than at the present time"? And what, exactly, should be done? In the opening round of Frederick Forsyth's latest intrigue, *The Fourth Protocol* (Viking), Philby advocates a big-bang finale to the Cold War. The British Labor Party has been infiltrated by ultraleftists, he tells his leader, and the country is unsettled by the antinukes. One piddling nuclear "accident" (near an American military compound, natch) could put Labor over the top in the 1988 Parliamentary elections. The plans are drawn and the groundwork begun—and then Margaret Thatcher bumps the elections to June 1987. A dozen miscues and calibrations later serve to prove that Forsyth (*The Day of the Jackal*, *The Dogs of War*) remains the master of prodigious detail.

It was Jagger and Richards who said, "You can't always get what you want, but if you try sometime . . . you get what you need." Author Stanley Booth now provides all you'll ever need to know about The Rolling Stones in *Dance with the Devil* (Random House). It's not a pretty sight, the inside of a rock tour with the glitter stripped away. Booth weaves in all the beauty and terror. You sit right beside him on the amps at Altamont, watching a murder. If you've never bought a book about rock 'n' roll, no matter—this is the one you've been waiting for.

Hey, wait a minute; John Madden, former head coach of those West Coast bad boys the Oakland (now Los Angeles) Raiders, star of beer commercials and CBS Sports commentator, wrote a book and it is called—no kidding—*Hey, Wait a Minute (I Wrote a Book!)* (Villard). Dave Anderson helped him, but Madden's manic side comes through clearly as he bounces through all three careers. Together, the fellas manage to give us a tremendous number of anecdotes from on and off the football field, all told in Madden's warm, breezy style.

Bruce Jay Friedman is America's premier wise guy. His new collection, *Let's Hear It for a Beautiful Guy and Other Works of Short Fiction* (Donald I. Fine), includes hilarious stories that lash out at celebrity, psychiatry, automotive salesmanship and the IRS. His method, of course, is soft irony, typed with a lead hand. He, like all real lonely guys, doesn't want to get



Forsyth's big-bang finale.

Intrigue from Forsyth and Mailer, the computer book and The Rolling Stones unmasked.

caught with some poignancy running down the front of his shirt. And there's quite a spread of voices and attentions here: Our favorites are the detective story "Our Lady of the Lockers" and the title piece, which will make Sammy Davis Jr. unhappy right down to his Bojangles. Friedman is in top form.

"At any moment, 100,000,000 tons of oil are at sea, most of them threading half a dozen relatively narrow sea lanes," writes Godfrey Hodgson in *Lloyd's of London* (Viking). Most of the tankers that carry that oil are insured by Lloyd's, but if you think that Lloyd's business is restricted to insuring ships at sea, read this book. Pirates, scuttled ships, unethical businessmen, computer capers, international intrigue: It's all here in exquisite detail.

Figuring out which personal computer to buy—or, at least, drool over—was bad enough. Then the book-publishing business showed that it knew how to overdo a good thing when it saw one and published a few thousand computer books. Now it's impossible simply to figure out which computer book to buy. Not to worry; Pantheon has given us *Book Bytes*, Chris Popenoe's guide to 1200 microcomputer books. We—overstimulated, underinformed technodarlings that we are—are glad to have it. Popenoe gives a brief review of, and opinion on, guides to hardware, software and programming. He summarizes strengths and weaknesses and

describes enough of each book to let you know in a minute what it might take you an hour to find out after you got it home. In a world where learning time is precious, that's nice. Even nicer is the price. Every time you turn around in a computer store, it seems you're writing a fat check. Not this time. This book is \$9.95. It's a genuine user-friendly deal.

When we left Fast Eddie Felson in *The Hustler*, he had just skinned Minnesota Fats in American fiction's best pool match. But that was 20 years ago. Now, in Walter Tevis' *The Color of Money* (Warner), Eddie's a graying pool-hall proprietor with nothing to recommend him but his past. Nobody even plays his game anymore. Straight pool's a dying art. All the kids, even the great ones, play nine ball. So Eddie's behind the eight ball. Still, with the inspiration of Fats and a tony divorcee named Arabella, he sets out on the comeback trail. Tevis is no stylist, but he's one of our best and most versatile storytellers; and while this sequel has its shortcomings, fans of *The Hustler* will applaud the comeback of Fast Eddie.

In *Tough Guys Don't Dance* (Random House), aging *mal vivant* Tim Madden digs out the truth about a murder he may have committed. Checking up on his marijuana stash, which is buried in the dark, wet woods outside Provincetown, he finds the head of a woman who may be his wife. Or is it the head of his lover of the night before? He has a weakness for beautiful blonde bitches, after all, and years of booze, cocaine and THC have left sinkholes in his memory. As Madden's amateur sleuthing turns up more and more evidence—and one more severed head—we follow him into a whirlwind of sex, bloody murder, intricate plots and echoes of the supernatural. What does it all mean? It means that Norman Mailer has brought us a thriller, a punch-out with the author's two-fisted Muse. *Tough Guys* is a wild, preposterous, ballsy success.

BOOK BAG

The Computer Dictionary (Wallaby), by Mort Gerberg: 1. A funny, savvy lexicon for the silicon set. 2. A gift for any hacker to whom you have access.

Composing Music: A New Approach (Prentice-Hall), by William Russo, with Jeffrey Ainis and David Stevenson: You don't have to be another McCartney or Mozart to string some melodious pearls. This easy-to-follow guide tells you how, even if you haven't taken a piano lesson in years.

Missile Envy: The Arms Race & Nuclear War (Morrow), by Dr. Helen Caldicott: Everything you need to know to hate militarists, and what to do to oppose them, by the eloquent and caring Australian pediatrician.

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MUSIC



We can only say that it's a miracle that good ol' boys Moe Bandy and Joe Stampley have taken to women's wear to promote their Boy George spoof, *Where's the Dress?* But they're not the only ones in Mom's closet. Rhino Records has released *The Kosher Club*, a four-cut compilation featuring Oy George (inset). Some people just can't wait for Halloween to trick or treat.

INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE: Last winter, I was in India, listening to the Vienna Art Orchestra, led by Swiss composer Matthias Rugg, in his arrangement of *Blue Day*, a blues by His Majesty, the king of Thailand, Bhumibol Adulyadej. That was a typical offering at **JazzYatra 1984**, the festival held biennially in Bombay (this year, simultaneously in Delhi) since 1978 that seems to answer the modern jazz fan's eternal question: How international can you get? JazzYatra may be the most eclectic music festival in the world. Vienna Art's set also included creative use of an alpenhorn, wordless vocalizing by Lauren Newton and a Rugg composition titled *Jelly Roll, but Mingus Rolls Better*.

There was also the Bitter Funeral Beer Band from Sweden, playing the funeral music of Ghana, a forerunner of the New Orleans funeral tradition. Sitting in with the band on his Pakistani pocket trumpet was Don Cherry, just returned from Madras, where he had been studying flute with Carnatic master N. Ramani. Cherry, who was voted M.V.P. at the festival's conclusion, was literally all over the place. He led his own group, which included Indian musicians; sat in with the Russian band *Allegro*; and, in Delhi, improvised with *tabla* player Latif Khan.

In the space of three days, one heard trombonist Steve Turre, of Woody Shaw's group, doubling on conch shells; trumpeter Jon Eardley (formerly with the Gerry Mulligan sextet and expatriated from the U.S. since the early Sixties) swinging with the WDR Radio Cologne Big Band; Italy's Roberto Laneri singing in two voices simultaneously in front of

his Rainbow Memory band; and soprano saxophonist-clarinetist Bob Wilber igniting Bombay's Brabourne Stadium with his *Bechet Legacy*.

Added to all of that were sets by Indian classical musicians. When flutist Hari Prasad Chaurasia blew his bamboo cylinder, a listener could feel as if he were a tree in the forest and Chaurasia were the breeze. Everything was transmitted through the most accurate sound system I've ever encountered at an outdoor event. The equipment was given to the festival promoters by The Police, who played India a few years ago. Unfortunately, as eclectic, international and acoustically perfect as this event is, the only way you'll ever hear it is by going there. As yet, no recordings or films are available, despite the fact that such eminently recordable artists as Sonny Rollins, Ravi Shankar and Yehudi Menuhin are associated with the festival. It all seems so . . . un-American.

—IRA GITLER

RICK ROCK: Rick Derringer produces the wacky musical mayhem of Weird Al Yankovic, but he deftly deflected our recent queries about Al's inner weirdness, musical or otherwise. Derringer, whose 17-year résumé includes *Hang on Sloopy*, platinum and gold productions for Edgar and Johnny Winter and *Rock and Roll Hoochie Koo*, takes it all pretty seriously. He doesn't even get snared by such setups as "Uh, Rick, does producing for the accordion come naturally to you?" According to him, "producing doesn't come naturally for anybody. On Al's first LP, we really wanted to show that he was an accordion player and, in some ways, the king of the

nerds. On the latest one, *In 3-D*, we wanted to downplay the accordion and use Al the keyboard player, the singer, show his potential in the modern sounds and sell more records."

What, no more weirdness? "I don't know if Al thinks a lot about having his original nonparody writing accepted as much as the parodies, but I do."

—LAURA FISSINGER

REVIEWS

Duke Ellington was ever on the move until we lost him to cancer in 1974. He loved the road; the one-nighter circuit here and abroad very often brought out the best in him and his unique orchestra. A pair of two-record sets, recently released, undeniably make that point. They have the edge and immediacy we associate with high-level live recording—that and a sense of relaxation and expressiveness that grows out of that just right, fun situation. **Duke Ellington and His Orchestra; First Annual Tour of the Pacific Northwest, Spring 1952** (Folkways), the work of an orchestra in transition, mirrors Ellington's capacity to speak through his musicians, mixing their language with his while retaining the natural playfulness, fire, color and communicativeness particular to all editions of his orchestra. **Duke Ellington: All Star Road Band** (Doctor Jazz) provides telling excerpts from a memorable evening—a dance, circa 1957, in Carroltown, Pennsylvania. A virtual treasury of excellence that showcases Ellingtonia and standard repertory, this album is a powerful blend of characteristic Dukeish tone colors and

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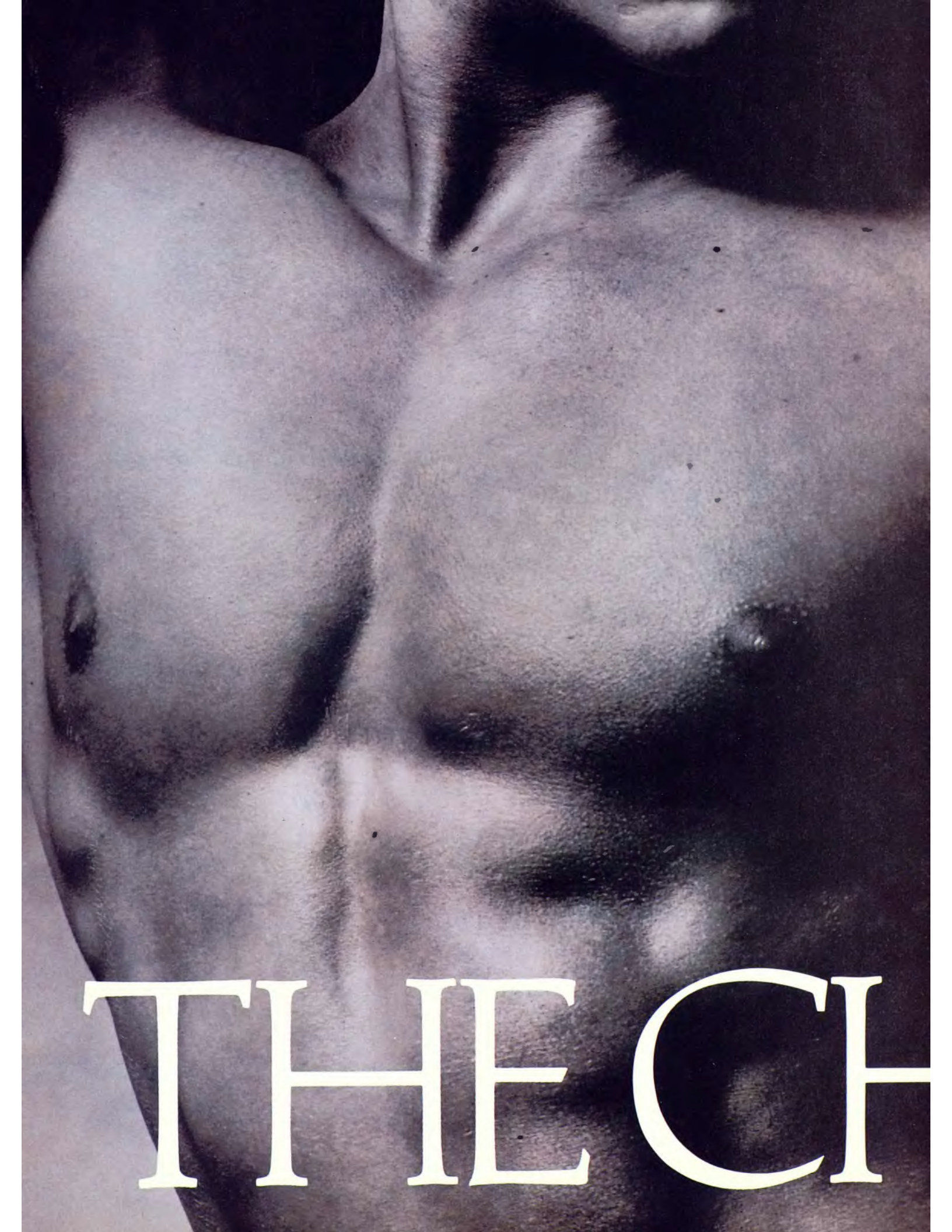
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WALK LIKE A MAN DEPARTMENT: As you read this, Sting is somewhere in the Himalayas, looking for the Abominable Snowman. The odds are that the Snowman, if found, won't say, "Hey, didn't you write *Every Breath You Take*?" A Scots explorer, Bill Grant, is leading the expedition. When asked how all this had come to be, Grant said, "I met Sting in Glasgow on his last tour with The Police. He said he wanted to come with me." They'll search for four weeks on foot. If found, the Snowman would make one hell of a special effect.

A PICTURE WOULD BE WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS: The Tubes members **Michael Cotten**, **Prairie Prince** and former Tube **Re Styles** performed the first rock concert ever held on Bora Bora. Cotten claims that the Tahitian sound will be the "next big thing," and if anyone has any doubts, he's got "pictures to prove it."

REELING AND ROCKING: Rick Wakeman, who scored **Ken Russell's** movie *Lisztomania*, performed the same duty for Russell's new film, *Crimes of Passion*. . . . A sequel to *Breakin'* called *Electric Boogaloo—Breakin' II* should be in the theaters soon. It will have even more dancing and a possible romance between **Lucinda Dickey** and **Shabba-Doo**. We liked *Breakin'* a lot. . . . **Loudon Wainwright III** makes his film debut in **Neil Simon's** *The Slugger's Wife* in a small role as the leader of a rock-'n'-roll band. . . . After director **William Friedkin** made his first music video for **Laura Branigan**, he signed her to co-star in his upcoming feature *Sea Trial*. . . . **Dolly Parton's** song *Single Women* is being turned into an ABC-TV movie. Former *Saturday Night Live* writer **Michael O'Donoghue**, who wrote the song, is co-executive producer of the movie.

NEWSBREAKS: **Cyndi Lauper** has written *The Indigestion Cookbook*. The title comes from her fast-paced life and is "aimed at people like me, who have to eat a four-course meal in seven minutes," says Lauper. . . . You can get ready for 1985 with *The First Official Rolling Stones Calendar* (\$8.95, postpaid) by ordering now from Stoller Productions, Inc., Box 691323, Los Angeles 90069. . . . **Kenny Rogers** will host the 18th annual Country Music Awards this month. . . . A new musical written by **David Johansen**

has been performed in an off-Broadway workshop. Johansen and a cast of five act in *The Poet's Café*, set in Greenwich Village. They hope to take it to Broadway. . . . **Waylon Jennings** is entering the tourist business in Nashville by opening a museum that contains everything from **Buddy Holly's** motorcycle to **Muhammad Ali's** boxing gloves. Let's hear it for showbiz. . . . **Larry Gatlin** is making the big leap from commercials to acting. Look for him this winter on your small screen in an episode of *Hardcastle & McCormick*. . . . **Daryl Hall** is recording with **Diana Ross** on her next album. . . . The producers of *Imagine*, the NBC-TV movie on **John and Yoko**, will feature previously unheard **Lennon** recordings. . . . **Tom Waits** is turning one of his songs, *Frank's Wild Years*, into a play. . . . **Eddie Money** is going to try his hand at rock criticism for a new L.A.-based magazine. Critics, beware! . . . **Michael Jackson** has wisely decided that no footage from the summer tour will be available for home-video or pay-TV programs. Even he knows he's overexposed. A documentary film of the tour will be made for Jackson's personal use. So for those of you who missed the tour, our advice is to make friends with Michael. . . . **The Stones' Bill Wyman** has bought the rights to about 35 hours of rare film of rock music shown only in Europe between 1965 and 1972. He's planning to incorporate newsreel material and interviews into the film and turn it into 40 half-hour TV shows called *Those Were the Years That Rocked*. . . . Finally, **Ray Thomas** of **The Moody Blues** says that critics "used to say we were pretentious. Now that we've outlived them all, we can say it's true." —BARBARA NELLIS

atmosphere, rhythmic provocation and extraordinary soloing by Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, Paul Gonsalves, Shorty Baker, Clark Terry, Ray Nance, Britt Woodman and the underestimated pianist in the ensemble, one E. K. Ellington. Listen! Ellington is forever.

Cuban alto saxophonist-composer Paquito D'Rivera, who defected to this country via Spain in 1980, is rapidly becoming a factor in jazz. His third album, *Paquito D'Rivera Live at Keystone Korner* (Columbia), recorded in San Francisco, shows him to be a resourceful and energetic modern player, with Latin roots and a love and ability for jazz improvisation. He makes a strong case for combining the rhythms and melodic flavors of one with the thrust and history of the other. With his five talented collaborators, he offers a contemporary form of expression that is hot and often thoughtful.

The best surprise in Deniece Williams' latest album, *Let's Hear It for the Boy* (Columbia), is that the title cut is no fluke. The up-tempo songs are the ones to remember, especially a number called *Blind Dating*. Our advice to Niecy? Rock on.

The Olympics are over, but if you're still carrying a torch, you can at least keep the memory alive with *The Official Music of the XXIIIrd Olympiad Los Angeles 1984* (Columbia), an anthology of pieces composed and recorded by some of the great lights in pop music in honor of said event. Quincy Jones, Foreigner, John Williams and Herbie Hancock, among others, have actually created listenable and even sometimes inspiring themes, each dedicated to a specific area of competition. A good tape for runners.

There's not much you need to say about Elvis Costello and the Attractions' *Goodbye Cruel World* (Columbia). It's great. Buy it. It may be the best so far from ol' four-eyes. It's thick with synth funk and features harmonies by Daryl Hall. There are 13 tunes here, and not one misses.

SHORT CUTS

Stevie Ray Vaughan and Double Trouble / Couldn't Stand the Weather (Epic): This second LP by one of the most interesting blues guitarists around shows a healthy respect for such masters as Jimi Hendrix and Guitar Slim, plus new-found strength in Vaughan's vocals.

Willie Colón / Tiempo Pa' Matar (Fania): The Latino star's last one for Fania before he turned to RCA and a crack at Julio Iglesias' market. He ought to drop Willie Nelson a line.

Smokey Robinson / Essar (Tamla): This man keeps on writing pretty songs as he sings the baby-boom generation into maturity. A good dance LP with great lyrics.



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By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

CLINT EASTWOOD, to his credit, keeps trying roles that challenge the traditional strong-silent-hero image his legions of fans expect. In *Tightrope* (Warner), he's a divorced New Orleans detective with a definite kinky streak—raising two young daughters by himself because his wife has left him, clearly hostile to women and going off to the seedy side of the French Quarter from time to time for a bit of fun. When the moon is full, his notion of fun may be to handcuff a bimbo to a bed; he also commits acts of violence in his dreams. Thus, *Tightrope's* plot quickens when a sex-mad strangler begins to wipe out party girls (as well as one party boy), including a couple the detective has known more than casually. Through a kind of sick symbiosis between hunter and killer, Clint starts to identify with his quarry, while the maniac zeroes in on the cop's kids and his new ladyfriend (Genevieve Bujold, conveniently playing the militant head of a rape-crisis center). Considering the colorful New Orleans locations, writer-director Richard Tuggle might have been wise to make the movie look a little less dank—he's much too literal about dramatizing murky psychological motivations on the right side of the law. But Clint commands attention through the gloom and an occasional slack spot, and *Tightrope*, in a studied way, turns out to be tense and unnerving. ★★★½

Unlike Eastwood, superstar Burt Reynolds generally takes the line of least resistance, making bad movies for big bucks in any slapdash manner that he and director Hal Needham can dream up. Cronyism—good old buddies' getting together for laughs in a hell-and-gone road movie—is absolutely *all* that's going on in *Cannonball Run II* (Warner). Among the famous faces invited to Burt's cinematic luau you'll spot Susan Anton, Sid Caesar, Catherine Bach, Dom DeLuise, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jr., Marilu Henner, Telly Savalas, Frank Sinatra and Shirley MacLaine. They appear to be having a high old time. Unfortunately, the fun is seldom, if ever, contagious. ✎

The winner of eight 1983 Australian film awards, *Careful, He Might Hear You* (TLC Films) indubitably deserved them all, beginning with Best Picture. It's a child's garden of unfathomable grown-up misery, seen from the viewpoint of a boy (Nicholas Gledhill) caught in a fierce custody battle between two aunts. While Robyn Nevin wins sympathy as his sweetly suburban Aunt Lila, Wendy Hughes (Best Actress) commands attention as the rich,



Eastwood walks a fine line in *Tightrope*.

Eastwood achieves perfect balance; Aussies wage custody battle; *Top Secret!*, a madcap comedy.



Gledhill surrounded by affectionate grownups.



Kilmer gyrates through *Top Secret!*

worldly, unloved and unloving Aunt Vanessa. Hughes might walk away with the movie except for young Gledhill, an irresistible seven-year-old who lisp-

slightly and can wring the hardest of hearts with a sidelong glance. As the tyke's ne'er-do-well father, John Hargreaves turns his paternal moment of truth into yet another poignant episode. Finally, every performer scores under the sensitive eye of Carl Schultz (Best Director) in a screenplay adapted from the novel by Sumner Locke Elliott. *Careful* has been called Australia's *Kramer vs. Kramer*, but I'd ignore that if I were you. Rich in Thirties period color and emotional nuances, this finely tuned family drama can stand on its own, thanks. ★★★½

Among the villains on tap in *Top Secret!* (Paramount) is "a moron who knows only what he reads in the *New York Post*." Brought to you by the madcap guys who made *Airplane!*, *Secret!* is a hit-or-miss spoof codirected by Jim Abrahams with David and Jerry Zucker (also co-authors, with Martyn Burke, of the screenplay). Val Kilmer sparkles as a Presleyish rock star invited to East Germany, where he meets a fetching damsel in distress (Lucy Gutteridge), a British secret agent (Omar Sharif) and, inexplicably, a band of French Resistance types left over from World War Two espionage dramas. The heroic Frenchmen make no sense here, but *Top Secret!* doesn't aim to make sense—it aims to make fun of every East-West spy story that ever had a kidnaped scientist, plus an escape plane leaving a remote airfield at 1800 hours under heavy fire behind enemy lines. Part mock-Hitchcock and part pure nonsense, this camp comedy is a million laughs—if you're in a good mood and not keeping count too carefully. ★★★

Several kinds of screwball comedy, none of it working quite right, are mixed up with a probably specious ethnic fable and some black humor about African revolutionaries in *The Gods Must Be Crazy* (TLC Films). Made in Botswana by writer-producer-director Jamie Uys, it begins in the Kalahari Desert, where a native Bushman named Xi (played by N!xau, whose name is translated into English with an exclamation point) finds a Coca-Cola bottle dropped by a careless airplane pilot—and learns the hard way that "the evil thing" revolutionizes life in his simple tribe. *Gods* also has a budding romance between an absent-minded microbiologist (Marius Weyers) and a blonde teacher (Sandra Prinsloo). There's more going on here than any two movies could comfortably encompass, but *Gods Must Be Crazy* has been running for three years in one Paris theater and has become a box-office hit from Canada to Japan. Why? I think the answer lies in glimpses of an exotic life-style in a faraway wilderness where we

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Charlotte Kemp*

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don't expect to find either natives or white settlers carrying a slapstick. ★★★½

Muscle man Arnold Schwarzenegger is joined by Grace Jones, a pop singer, Wilt Chamberlain, a basketball star, and English actress Sarah Douglas in *Conan the Destroyer* (Universal). Although not advertised as an entertainment for the mentally deficient, this sequel to *Conan the Barbarian* sends Schwarzenegger on a quest with a spoiled princess (Olivia D'Abo), under secret orders to bring her back "with the treasure and her virginity intact." Schwarzenegger, who's gentle with virgins, fells camels and horses with a hard right jab. But it appears that everyone present has been directed (by Richard Fleischer) to perform simple tasks accompanied by monosyllabic dialog a trained seal might deliver without strain. ★

Any admirer of George Lucas' *Star Wars* ought to be fascinated by *The Hidden Fortress* (R5/S8), a samurai adventure drama made in 1958 by Japanese movie master Akira Kurosawa. Never before shown in the U.S. in this original uncut version, more than two hours long, *Fortress* is the epic publicly acknowledged by Lucas as his inspiration for *Star Wars*. With Japan's top male star, Toshiro Mifune, as a sort of samurai Han Solo, there's even a captive princess (Misa Uehara), plus two squabbling peasant farmers—one short, one tall—who might well pass for the R2-D2 and C-3PO of an earlier time. Quite aside from its value as a cinematic curio, however, *Fortress* has pitched battles, pursuits and daring rescues to spare, all photographed in black and white in a barren, ancient landscape that Lucas didn't have to change much when he re-created it for the space age. Kurosawa's rediscovered work is no masterpiece compared with his greatest films, but it's bravura entertainment in its own right, also mesmerizing as the source for a pop-art classic that has made movie history. ★★★½

A sexy Manhattan-born soprano named Julia Migenes-Johnson, already famous in Europe, should top all her previous successes with the U.S. release of *Carmen* (Triumph). Filmed largely on location in Spain, Italian director Francesco Rosi's sumptuous but somewhat stolid movie version of the Bizet opera looks splendid and sounds fabulous, making the soundtrack album a must. The film zings right along whenever Migenes-Johnson swaggers on to upstage the scenery and overpower her co-stars—incomparable Plácido Domingo, as Don José, the corporal undone by his headlong passion for a strumpet, and the Met's Ruggero Raimondi, as the toreador Escamillo. Rosi's brand of cinematic *verismo*, especially with English subtitles, tends to show up the essential silliness of a romantic opera



Schwarzenegger gives Chamberlain a primitive but long-lasting facial in *Conan the Destroyer*.

Conan on the warpath;
Japanese daddy of *Star Wars*;
Domingo hits high note.



Pre-*Star Wars* stars in *Hidden Fortress*.



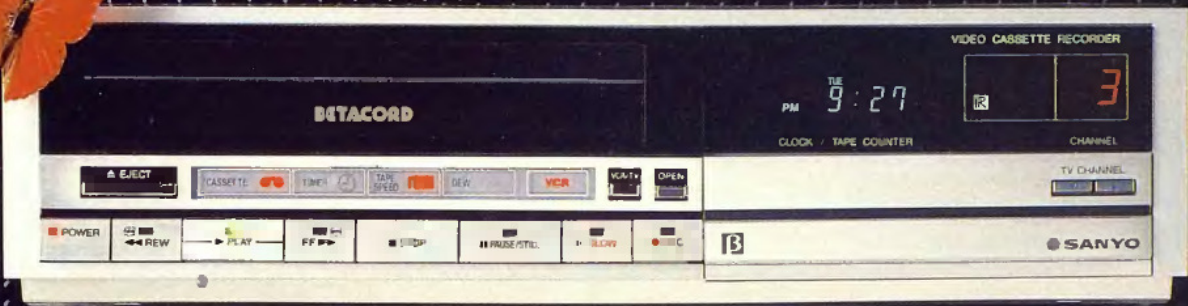
Domingo, Migenes-Johnson in *Carmen*.

steeped in sentimentality. We have been overrun by *Carmens* recently, from Peter Brook's truncated *La Tragédie de Carmen*

on Broadway to a modern flamenco-dance film version by Carlos Saura. Let all those Bizet bodies make way for Julia. Although her beauty is as unconventional as Barbra Streisand's, she's a fireball femme fatale without a shred of inhibition when it comes to tarting up the classics. ¡Olé! ★★★

The Sundance Institute for Independent Filmmakers, founded by Robert Redford, was the breeding ground where 24-year-old writer-director Marisa Silver got *Old Enough* (Orion Classics) under way. A promising start for both Sundance and Silver, *Old Enough* is an honest, winsome coming-of-age comedy in a minor key—about two New York girls whose backgrounds are vastly different, though their home addresses are separated by only a few city blocks. Lonnie (Sarah Boyd) is scarcely 12 and lives in a chic town house. Karen (Rainbow Harvest) is a voluptuous 14-year-old street kid from an Italian Catholic family crowded into a storefront apartment in a building where her father (Danny Aiello) is the superintendent. Karen is incredulous when she first learns that Lonnie's family occupies the *entire* house. What binds the twosome in friendship is their common interest in beauty, boys and sex. They live vicariously for the most part, except for Lonnie's brief flirtation with Karen's handsome brother Johnny (Neill Barry), a 15-year-old who's soon distracted by a sexy beautician in the apartment upstairs. Nothing much happens in *Old Enough*, which is mostly a collection of detailed observations—acted with beguiling innocence, directed and photographed with a knowing eye on New York. ★★★

Art imitates life much too patly and predictably in *Sam's Son* (Invictus), a semi-autobiographical movie written and directed by Michael Landon about his New Jersey boyhood, his love for his father and his early prowess as a javelin thrower



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during his senior year as a high school athlete. Since his father's name was Sam Orowitz, the title is both a fond tribute in memoriam and a play on words—because Michael, then Gene Orowitz, had a superstitious belief that long hair gave him strength. Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson portray his parents in a rich emotional style appropriate to the over-all tone of *Sam's Son*, a warm but somewhat unctuous film that seems pretty well saturated with sincerity. Timothy Patrick Murphy plays young Gene, looking like a reasonable facsimile of the lad who went West to become a big TV star (of *Bonanza* and *Little House on the Prairie*) after his film debut in *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*. That's another story entirely, and it may be for the best if Landon doesn't make a movie about it. **YY**

The sexual chemistry between Dolly Parton and Sylvester Stallone brings up nary a bubble in a misbegotten musical comedy called *Rhinestone* (Fox). Dolly plays a night-club singer who bets her crass manager (Ron Leibman) that she can transform a rugged New York cabdriver into a successful country singer within two weeks. While Stallone shows himself to be a passable singer, *Rhinestone* raises a question about his ability as an actor of light comedy. The answer is no. Stallone's performance is embarrassing, made more so by peekaboo shirts that seem to challenge Parton in a battle of the cleavage. Dolly does her easygoing best against crushing odds, yet *Rhinestone in toto* looks as phony as a \$1.98 dime-store choker. **Y**

Some Teddy Pendergrass vocals on the sound track establish the mood of Alan Rudolph's *Choose Me* (Island Alive), a rueful little roundelay for lovers or would-be lovers who drift in and out of a big-city gin mill known as Eve's. Lesley Ann Warren, as the vulnerable Eve, Genevieve Bujold, as the frustrated sexpert who gives advice to young lovers on a radio talk show, and Rae Dawn Chong, as a girl on the make, are all fair game for Keith Carradine. He's a pathological liar and a mental patient on the lam. *Choose Me's* lyrical opening sequence, a dreamy minimusical, has echoes in a wordless, amazingly eloquent semifinal love scene between Warren and Carradine. There's real moviemaking magic at work here, yet the movie as a whole bogs down now and then in self-conscious artiness and eccentricity. Writer-director Rudolph, a former assistant to Robert Altman, has the master's touch at giving moviegoers a bumpy run for their money. Thus far, his films—from *Welcome to L.A.* and *Roadie to Endangered Species*—are elusive, original and doggedly minor. One of these days, I suspect, he'll hit us with a really big one. Meanwhile, *Choose Me* exudes an air of high promise never quite fulfilled. **YY½**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- After the Rehearsal** Ingmar Bergman's psychodrama about a famed director. **YY½**
- All of Me** Reincarnation for kicks, with Lily Tomlin as a rich old lady returning in Steve Martin's body. **YY½**
- Bachelor Party** Standard low-down high-jinks almost saved by Tom Hanks. **YY**
- Beat Street** Music, music, music—but where's the movie? **YY**
- Cannonball Run II** (See review) Reynolds rap with road runners. **Y**
- Careful He Might Hear You** (See review) A child's garden of guardians. **YY½**
- Carmen** (See review) The Bizet opera, with Domingo and scxpot soprano. **YY**
- Choose Me** (See review) Romance and neurosis in a neighborhood bar. **YY½**
- Conan the Destroyer** (See review) Able-bodied but feeble-minded. **Y**
- Ghostbusters** Aykroyd and Murray as Manhattan exorcists—a real treat. **YY**
- The Gods Must Be Crazy** (See review) Screwball comedy, African style. **YY½**
- Gremlins** A new wave of comic horrors from Santa Spielberg's toyshop. **YY**
- The Hidden Fortress** (See review) Japanese forebear of *Star Wars*. **YY½**
- The Karate Kid** Teenager with a black belt reliving *Rocky's* triumphs. **YY½**
- The Last Starfighter** Some much bigger space epics amiably spoofed. **YY½**
- The Muppets Take Manhattan** All getting together to put on a Broadway show. **YY½**
- Old Enough** (See review) Girls surviving puberty blues in New York. **YY**
- Once upon a Time in America** Sergio Leone's dim Jewish *Godfather*. **Y**
- Phar Lap** Enthralling film bio of a legendary Aussie race horse. **YY**
- The Pope of Greenwich Village** Overacted but OK. Recap of the book—with Eric Roberts and Mickey Rourke. **YY**
- Rhinestone** (See review) Stallone's folly, somewhat alleviated by Dolly. **Y**
- Sam's Son** (See review) You heard right, the early life of Michael Landon. **YY**
- Star Trek III: The Search for Spock** That gang's all there, giving Trekkies good cause to rejoice. **YY**
- Sugar Cane Alley** To be poor, gifted and black down in Martinique. **YY**
- Swann in Love** A Proustian core sample with Jeremy Irons, Ornella Muti. **YY**
- Tightrope** (See review) Eastwood on his toes as a kinky detective. **YY½**
- Top Secret!** (See review) Spy spoof from the guys who got *Airplane!* aloft. **YY**
- Under the Volcano** Finney and Bisset doing Lowry novel for Huston. **YY½**
- YY** Don't miss **YY** Worth a look
YY Good show **Y** Forget it

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COMING ATTRACTIONS

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

IDOL GOSSIP: Daryl Hannah, who played the annoyingly long-haired mermaid in *Splash*, has been signed to star in the film version of Jean M. Auel's best seller *The Clan of the Cave Bear*. If we're lucky, they'll trim her tresses for the role. . . . Dino De Laurentiis is planning a remake of Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. . . . Gary Busey, who recently completed the role of Bear Bryant in *The Bear*, will portray another sports hero, Joe DiMaggio, in the film version of Terry Johnson's play *Insignificance*. Also cast are Theresa Russell as Marilyn Monroe and—if you can believe this—Tony Curtis as Senator Joe McCarthy. . . . Columbia Pictures is planning to make a series of *Three Stooges* films and will hold a nationwide talent search to find three guys to play Moe, Larry and Curly. . . . Aussie actor Jack (Breaker Morant) Thompson, Barbara Hershey and Michael (Flashdance) Nouri will be in 20th Century-Fox's *Sea Trial*, a suspense thriller based on Frank De Felitta's novel about a couple who charter a sailboat and find themselves in a survival situation. William Friedkin has been set to direct.

HOW MUCH ARE THE GUCCI HANDCUFFS? Aside from any other merits it may have, Paramount's *Beverly Hills Cop* is noteworthy in that it represents one of the most unusual casting substitutions in recent memory. Sylvester Stallone was originally supposed to star but bowed out and was replaced by Eddie Murphy. On the surface, that sounds like an odd shuffle, but the film's plot seems to justify either actor in the lead. Billed as a "contemporary action comedy," *Cop* has Murphy portray Detroit police detective Axel Foley, a cop known for his blunt approach and unique *modus operandi*, whose best pal is mysteriously murdered. Seems the guy was mixed up with some illicit bonds in Beverly Hills, so Foley heads out to La La Land to solve the case. Much of the comedy seems to stem from the contrast of Foley's gruff approach with the refined ways of Beverly Hills—kind of the same basic device that gave *Columbo* its yuks. Directed by Martin (Going in Style) Brest, the flick is due out at Christmas.

DUDLEY THE BIGAMIST: Blake Edwards and Dudley Moore have reunited for the first time in five years (their first collaboration was the enormously successful "10") in Columbia's *Mickey & Maude*, a comedy about modern romantic foibles and fantasies. Dudley plays Rob Salinger, a reporter for a TV news-magazine show. He's got a wife named Mickey (Ann Reinking), who's a successful lawyer, and a mistress named Maude (Amy Irving), who's a successful



Baby and *Dune* are two action-packed blockbusters that promise to provide moviegoers with dazzling special effects. William Katt and Sean Young (above) star in *Baby* as a young couple whose discovery of a prehistoric hatchling—a baby brontosaurus—puts their lives in peril. Francesca Annis and supporting cast (below) appear in the science-fiction thriller *Dune*. The scene is set for the deadly battle between the young leader, commanding an army of 6,000,000 warriors, and the tyrannical force that threatens to enslave the universe.



cellist. Sounds like the ideal setup, except that Maude wants a husband and Rob wants a baby. To make a long story short, Maude gets pregnant and Rob marries her; then Mickey gets pregnant and Rob stays married to her. All of a sudden, he's a man with two wives and two babies. Naturally, neither wife knows about the other, and poor old Dudley is compelled to lead a double life. *Mickey & Maude* is scheduled for a 1985 premiere.

ONE FOR THE LITTLE GUY: 20th Century-Fox's *Turk 182!*, in spite of its odd title, is one of those little-guy-takes-on-the-system-and-

wins flicks. Timothy Hutton plays the little guy, who wages battle against a city bureaucracy in behalf of his older brother, a disabled fire fighter who was injured while rescuing a child from a burning building only to have city hall deny him his pension. Turk 182 refers to the code name by which Hutton is known as his exploits against city hall begin to surface, causing the entire city to rally behind him. Co-starring with Hutton are Kim (Police Academy) Cattrall and Darren McGavin. *Turk 182!* is directed by Bob (Rhinestone) Clark. Look for it in February.



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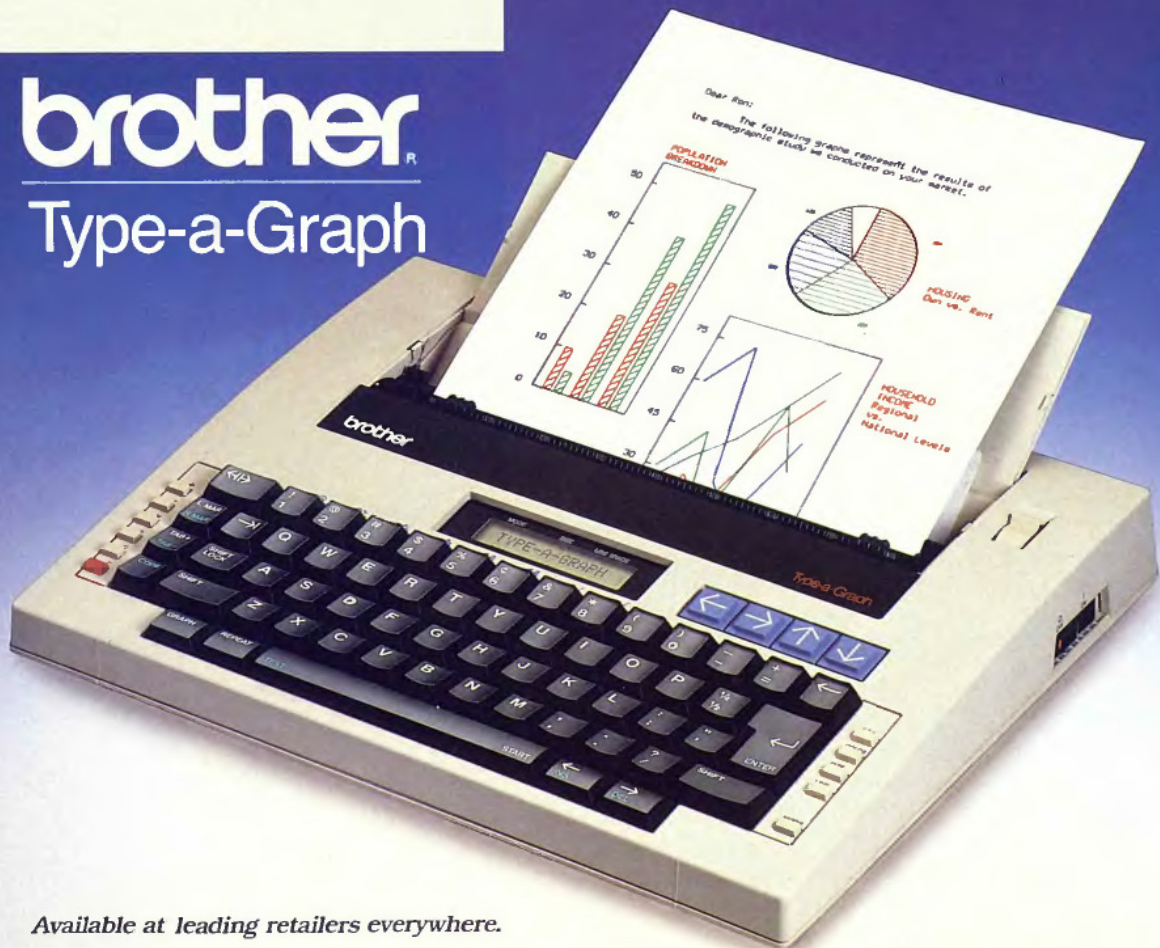
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By ASA BABER

YOU PROBABLY won't believe this, but I have a Martian friend named Grob. He's really a pretty good guy for a Martian. Grob is 3'2" tall and purple. He has a huge head and a skinny neck and an aluminum-foil cape that says VISIT MARS. Grob looks like E.T.'s cousin, but he claims there's no relationship. He's a little miffed that E.T. gets all the publicity while other space people are ignored.

Grob and I were having a late lunch the other day. He was curious about everything, as usual. You know the kinds of questions Martians ask. I didn't realize it at the time, but when he stared at me with his neon eyes and asked innocently, "What's it like trying to make a living these days?" he was starting a conversation that almost got out of control.

"Look over there"—I pointed to the building where I lived, across the street—"on the 37th floor on the southeast corner. I was free to buy that condo. I function in a system of economic freedom, and I'm damned glad I do."

Grob nodded. "Then I assume you are also free *not* to buy something like that."

"It's not that simple," I said. "I had to buy something. The tax laws are structured so that I have to go deeply into debt if I want to write off interest payments and reduce my taxable income."

"But that sounds like blackmail!" Grob exclaimed.

I took a breath and reminded myself that he was from another planet. "You don't understand," I said, smiling. "All of us have to work for several months each year just to pay our taxes. The average guy works until mid-April before he's earning income for himself. Soon it will be May or June. But if you play your cards right, you can cut back on that. Tax shelters help. So does a lot of debt."

"Freedom is indebtedness, then?"

I gritted my teeth. "I'm free as soon as I've worked long enough to pay the Government what I owe it."

"Free to do what?" Grob asked.

"Free to go make a living and feed myself and my family," I said. "Until I pay the Government that protects me, why should I be able to go out and work for myself and my kids?"

"Hmmm," Grob said. He rubbed his very large nose. Grob could snort a pitcher of beer in seconds. Rarely did he sneeze, but when he did, it was a real mess.

"Look," I said, "I know that as a Martian, you find this difficult to understand; but in our free economy, the average man is expected to know a lot." I paused to think of an example. "For one thing, he'd better know the price of gold. That affects a lot of things. And the direction of that price? Boy, oh, boy, he'd better have some



BREADWINNING IN THE EIGHTIES

"I decided I'd never met a Martian I really liked. But I let him buy me the beer. And lunch."

idea. He can't very well plan his own affairs if he bets wrong on that one. It could be a disaster."

"How can the average man know all about gold?"

"It takes work," I said, nodding knowingly.

"What do they pay him for that work?"

"Nothing."

"What else does the average man have to do for nothing?"

"The Fed," I said. "He has to keep track of the Fed, the money supply, M1, M2—stuff like that. The Fed's actions determine interest rates, and you can't buy a house or a car wisely unless you know what you'll have to pay for the money."

"So you call the Fed and ask it what it will do?"

"Come on, Grob," I yelled, "don't you know anything? The Fed is a group of secretive and powerful people who meet behind closed doors to determine how much money we can have."

"Ah," he said, smiling. "Freedom."

"What's that supposed to mean?" I was feeling very defensive.

"I'm merely trying to learn your system. It seems to me the average man has to be an economics expert. Not only that but the average man is expected to take risks that are far beyond his means! Going deeply

into debt so that he can avoid taxes? Why, if I proposed that on Mars, I'd be run off the planet. What happens if the economy falters? What does he do if interest rates change or the banks fail?"

"When the going gets tough, the tough get going," I said.

"Where do they go?" Grob asked.

"That's just a saying!" I screamed. I am sorry that I screamed, but I lost my patience. I'd been up since four A.M. getting the gold fix from London and charting interest rates. My banker had called for the mortgage money, and I had stock and commodities margin calls. The pressure was on, as it always is. I'd had an IRS audit that morning, and in the middle of that, my kid wanted to talk with me about his camping trip. There I was, juggling all those decisions, and the little bastard wanted some of my time. I gave him an 800 number to call. My wife thought I was being too harsh.

"After all, he is a tax deduction," she said when she called from Europe. She was there on business.

"When are you coming home?" I asked.

"It's been a year and a half."

"As soon as I can. Bye, darling."

I was wrong to yell at Grob, but we're all stretched fairly thin these days. "Grob," I said, "it's very simple. Once you get a handle on inflation and recession and unemployment and the deficit and bracket creep and changing tax codes and Third World loans and basic fuel-and-energy questions and whipsawing commodities markets and potential trade wars and the money supply and foreign affairs and weather forecasts and the sardine catch off Chile, you're free to do whatever you want."

"But it would take a genius to do all of that!" Grob said.

"Sure, it takes some smarts," I said.

"Win a few, lose a few."

"I would find it exhausting to do so much work for nothing."

"It can get to you," I admitted. "But when you guess right"—I hit my palm with my fist—"there's no feeling like it in the world."

"May I buy you a beer?" Grob asked.

"Sure," I said.

"Do you mind if we switch to another brand?"

"Why do that?" I asked.

"I'm working a little arbitrage on the yen-dollar spread. I'll save three cents per bottle, as I figure it."

He punched some numbers into the computer on his belt. "Make that four cents," he said, "if we drink it fast."

That's when I decided I'd never met a Martian I really liked. But I let him buy me the beer. And lunch.

Hey, you take what you can get.





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- 1-1/2 oz. Cuervo Premium Tequila
- 1 oz. Triple Sec
- 1 oz. Lime Juice

Rub rim of cocktail glass with rind of lemon or lime, dip rim in salt. Shake ingredients with ice and strain in cocktail glass. Garnish with lime slice.

TACO LEAVES

- 2 California Avocados, sliced into crescents
- 2 Tbs. lemon juice
- 2 heads Iceberg lettuce
- 1-1/3 cups (10-oz. can) enchilada sauce
- 1/2 tsp. garlic salt
- 1/2 tsp. ground cumin
- 3 cups shredded, cooked chicken
- 1 cup (8-1/4-oz. can) refried beans
- 1/2 cup (2-oz.) shredded Cheddar cheese

Sprinkle avocado crescents with lemon juice. Separate outer lettuce leaves. Cut larger leaves into 4-inch cups. Cook enchilada sauce, garlic salt, cumin and chicken in large saucepan until bubbly hot. Stir in beans. Heat thoroughly. To serve, place about 1/4 cup chicken mixture on lettuce leaf. Top with avocado crescents. Sprinkle on cheese. Fold taco style. Makes 8 to 10 appetizer servings.



TEQUILA SUNRISE

- 2 oz. Cuervo Premium Tequila
- 4 oz. Orange Juice
- 3/4 oz. Grenadine

Stir tequila and orange juice with ice and strain into a glass. Add ice cubes. Pour in grenadine slowly and allow to settle. Stir.



SNAPPY SALSA

Sprinkle avocado chunks with lemon juice. Serve on picks to dip in your favorite salsa.

SPIKE

- 1-1/2 oz. Cuervo Especial
 - 4 oz. Grapefruit Juice
- Pour tequila over ice. Add grapefruit juice. Stir.



GUACAMOLE

2 California Avocados, halved, pitted, peeled
2 Tbs. lemon juice
1/2 tsp. seasoned salt
1/4 tsp. garlic powder
1/8 tsp. hot pepper sauce
5 slices bacon, cooked, crumbled

Mash avocados together with lemon juice, seasoned salt, garlic powder and hot pepper sauce. Cover. Chill thoroughly. Stir in all but 1 Tbs. bacon. Garnish with reserved bacon. Makes 2 cups.

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1 California Avocado, diced 1 cup medium hot taco sauce
1 Tbs. lemon juice Tortilla chips
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Sprinkle avocado chunks with lemon juice. Beat cream cheese with 3 Tbs. taco sauce until smooth. Spread in 8-inch circle on serving plate. Sprinkle avocado chunks on top. Arrange tortilla chips around edge. Spoon on remaining taco sauce. Makes 8 to 10 appetizer servings.

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By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

WILLIE WAS DOING all our favorite tunes, and Rita and I sat rapt as he warbled through *My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys*, *Red Headed Stranger* and *On the Road Again*.

"Goddamn," said Rita, "he's so cute, I could just eat him with a spoon." Being Texan, she talks like that.

I wanted to eat him with a spoon, too, and we had the time of our lives until the cataclysm occurred: Willie Nelson sang his hit song *To All the Girls I've Loved Before*. This is an awful, syrupy, glutinous confection, the sentiment of which involves Willie's former love life—how he really loved all those girls from his past but had to up and leave them, because he just couldn't hang around; he's that kind of guy. But he absolutely did love all of them—no kidding.

"Maudlin, bathetic horseshit," I said to Rita.

"And that's just the words," she said. "The music's lousy, too. I think Willie's finally got himself too much money. He's too comfortable to write about real stuff anymore."

The audience, predominantly male, didn't agree with us. They were shrieking and yahooping and making noises like chickens.

"Sounds like we got some mean desperadoes in the audience," Rita remarked.

"They love it," I said. "Why do they love it?"

"I think they think they're cowboys," she said.

Then the hissing started. Feminine hissing. It started way up in the balconies and worked its way to the orchestra. The women were not taking kindly to this anti-commitment tune. Somehow, they hadn't minded when Willie sang about how the redheaded stranger shot a woman for touching his horse, but now they were pissed off. This was interesting.

Here's what I think: It's a romantic notion, being a cowboy. American men, spoon-fed John Wayne movies in their formative years, have taken the cowboy myth to heart. Thousands of them are under the vast delusion that, give or take a few small details, they are exactly like Pretty Boy Floyd or, possibly, Butch Cassidy—living a simple life of campfires, beans, cattle rustlers and vast orange-pink sunsets. From that heady assumption, it is but a small hop, skip and jump to uttering such sentences as "Listen, little gal, I'm jst a ramblin' man, no woman can hold me fer long, 'cause I got to be movin' on down that long, lonesome road, and I'm easy to love but I'm hard to hold, and I'd rather give you my soul than diamonds or gold—but jst fer a minute."

Here's what else I think: Any of you guys want to behave as if you were a cowboy, you damn well better *be* a cowboy.



SO YOU WANT TO BE A COWBOY

"A cowboy doesn't jog. He doesn't wear a wrist chronometer or \$50 running shoes or a silly velour suit. . . . He doesn't swim laps if he can help it."

Some facts:

A cowboy doesn't jog. He doesn't wear a wrist chronometer or \$50 running shoes or a silly velour suit. He has never joined a health club or willingly partaken of a sauna. He doesn't swim laps if he can help it. He doesn't play squash or racquetball, and he knows for sure that tennis is a game for pussies.

Cowboys don't go to Bloomingdale's. What use have they for Irish-linen shirts? You can't cowpunch in Ralph Lauren. A cowboy wouldn't buy a Cuisinart or a designer bath towel or a Haitian-cotton-covered love seat. He doesn't need a pair of Italian-leather loafers.

A cowboy isn't proud of his audio components. You'll never find him playing with his 12-band graphic equalizer. He has never been interested in computerized turntables, even with remote control. Compact discs mean nothing to him. He doesn't hang remote disco tweeters from his bedroom ceiling and has never decided to freak out his neighbors with his suhaudio woofers.

A cowboy has never experienced an anxiety attack. In his entire life, he has never felt the need for a Valium. He has never reclined on a couch to discuss his hostili-

ties toward his mother. He has never uncovered deep feelings of inadequacy. Women do not thrill to his sensitivity to their inner needs.

A cowboy doesn't have brunch. He has never heard of a mimosa, and although he has a passing acquaintance with bloody marys, he has never imbibed them in a fern-encrusted, pink-napkined restaurant riddled with waiters named Bruce.

A cowboy doesn't wear a tie to work. He has never in his life dictated a letter to his secretary. What secretary? He has no clients; he attends no board meetings. He never commutes; he has no expense account, no credit cards. He will never go to a convention and wear a name tag.

A cowboy has never taken out a life-insurance policy. A cowboy doesn't covet his neighbor's Mercedes 350SL. A cowboy has never eaten *pesto*. A cowboy never gets tickets to the opera. A cowboy does not floss his teeth.

Here's what a cowboy does:

He falls in love with barmaids named Lil. He likes to munch on the worm at the bottom of a bottle of mescal. He sleeps with a machete next to his bed. He carries a shotgun in his pickup truck. He leaves town by dawn. He defends the farm from mean *hombres*. He kisses his horse. He drifts. He eats armadillo meat. He evades posses.

When a cowboy gets shot in the leg, he takes his knife out of his boot, spits on it to kill any germs and then removes the bullet with it. He squints a lot while doing this, but he doesn't sob or whimper.

If a cowboy is short of funds, he rounds up a few of his friends, and they all get on their horses and chase a train. When they catch it, they jump off their galloping horses and onto the roof of the moving train. Then they shimmy through the windows and rob all the passengers at gunpoint.

Are you a cowboy? Perhaps not. Chances are you floss your teeth and have never evaded a posse in your life. It therefore sadly follows that if you've got problems committing yourself to the woman of your choice, you'd be better off deromanticizing your plight. You're not living a red-blooded myth, you're suffering from a personality disorder.

"The thing is," I said to Rita as we left the concert, "I can understand commitment problems. I am not a stranger to fears of intimacy. I fully comprehend ambivalence. I know the feeling of getting too close and wanting to run away. But I've never been able to feel proud of those emotions."

"What we need," said Rita, "is a female John Wayne."

"Mae West?" I wondered.

"Oh, who cares?" she said. "They're both dead, anyway."



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AGAINST THE WIND

By **CRAIG VETTER**

MY FRIEND Riggs slunk out of the Sixties, like me, with a nice little marijuana habit as part of his baggage, and though he has always considered it a fairly benign addiction, he's been forced lately to think it through in tougher, more particular terms.

His ex-wife called him to say that their 16-year-old son was smoking it pretty heavily and was generally stoned much too much of the time. She wanted to know if he wouldn't please talk to the kid on his next visit, maybe straighten him out a little bit.

Riggs said he'd seen a moment like this coming from a long way off. He'd smoked his daily pot in front of his son from the time the kid was born till the marriage broke up, which was ten years. He says it never occurred to him that he ought to cheat the child out of certain fundamental truths: The sun rises in the east. Your father likes his weed. It's the sort of honesty that also came out of the Sixties before we realized that telling the simple-minded truth can weave almost as tangled a web as lying.

"I'm not sorry I was open with the kid about it," Riggs told me. "But I knew I was in a little trouble with the whole theory one day—he was seven—when I fired up, leaned back and he said to me, 'Dad, could I have a hit off your joint? It won't be my first.'"

Riggs told him no and tried to be calm. "Seven," he said, holding up that many fingers. Then he said something that was his father talking and his father's father, which made him feel stupid and connected down the generations at the same time. "When you're 18, we'll have one together. Till then, I don't want you fooling with it."

Riggs and I talked about the whole thing not long before he made the trip to see his son, and the question we wrestled with wasn't so much what to tell the kid as what we're telling ourselves these days about our several addictions.

Nobody, including the scientists, knows much about the why of habits like these. It turns out to be very elusive stuff, and though they're chasing some interesting new microclues, the last big study I saw went through hundreds of pages, through hundreds of subjects, trying to find something common among addictive personalities, and for all the hard work, its conclusion can pretty much be put this way: Some people are just like that.

In fact, Riggs and I decided, there are entire groups that are like that. Athletes, for instance—at least, the ones I've known well. Most of them, not some. Of the climbers, skiers, hang-gliders, surfers and white-water daredevils—the most gifted



WRESTLING WITH THE MONKEY

"Life as the straight world lives it is more painful to them than if you'd torn their thumbs off."

sportsmen I know—most have abused whiskey or pot or acid or cocaine with the same intensity they bring to their sports.

I don't know any baseball, basketball or football players well, but I have friends who do, and the locker-room bruit I get from them adds up to the same thing. A sportswriter I know likes to tell the story about the first time he wore his pass into a major-league clubhouse. He was young and very excited, and as he went through the door, the first person he saw, an outfielder hero of his, looked up from the bench he was sitting on and said, "Hey, kid. You got any speed?"


It's not real surprising that the neckties who own and run professional sports talk about "a few bad apples" and imagine urine tests to be a solution, but that's twaddle—unless you believe that any one

of them would have taken the bat out of Babe Ruth's hands and benched him because he drank too much.

Riggs and I traded stories about guys we knew who ate acid and then muscled up 5.11 cracks in Yosemite, in tennis shoes, at night; about a man who went down to Peru, strapped on his skis and ran through the traps at world-record speed with a head full of mushrooms. They weren't doing it to overcome their fear, either—the opposite, sometimes. They did it to sharpen the edge that had grown dull for them, to get it back the way they had had it when they were rookies. It wasn't trouble and danger they were trying to escape. It was the ordinary they couldn't stand. "Life as the straight world lives it is more painful to them than if you'd torn their thumbs off," Riggs put it.

Some people are just like that.

"So what did you tell your son?" I asked when Riggs got back from his trip.

"Well," he said, "he denied he had a problem, of course. So I said, 'OK, let's say you had a habit, like I have a habit, and let's say you asked me what to do about it. I've thought about this, worked up a little speech, and I hate to waste it even if I'm delivering it to myself as much as you. So here it is. All the drinkers and dopers I've known can be put into two groups: those who struggle against their monkey and those who give in to it. The ones who struggle usually do all right. The ones who don't get eaten up. That's it.'" 

Announcing

THE NATIONAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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SEX NEWS

ONE DAY last summer, a very pretty foot was sticking out of a car window in the VIP parking lot just after the Chicago Cubs had won their first double-header in almost four years. A well-oiled fan gently patted it as he waddled by and noted, "Nice foot."

It was a better day for Cubs fans than many of them may have realized. The appendage in question was and is attached to the more widely acclaimed corpus proper of Seka, a.k.a. the Platinum Princess, star of such erotic classics as *Lust at First Bite*, *Inside Seka* and, recently, *Sunny Days*. She's a baseball fan, for God's sake.

Seka is not your average down-at-the-heels porn actress. She markets her own line of erotic products (Pearl Productions, Ltd., 664 North Michigan Avenue, Suite 1010, Chicago, Illinois 60611). Most of all, she is a bona fide video phenomenon—just like Boy George and stereo television.

As she explains it, Seka experienced the transcendent financial pleasure of being in the right place at the right time. She starred in a group of films produced by Caballero Control when the home-video market began to boom, about five years ago. Caballero unleashed nearly all of its titles on the video market and, suddenly—in video stores, at least—Seka's films outnumbered those by Marilyn Chambers and other sex deities by a wide margin.

At the same time, maintains Seka, another pertinent phenomenon was in the budding stage: Women had begun to rent and buy erotic videos. While no one seems to keep track of those sales figures, Jimmie Johnson, president of the Adult Film Association of America, claims that women have formed a substantial chunk of the porn audience since the mid-Sixties. Johnson did a marketing survey of his own California theater chain, Pussycat Theaters, and found that more than half of his customers were couples. He claims that female viewership was way up last year for the theatrical release of *Talk Dirty to Me*, directed by Sam Westin, whose first flash of fame came from producing the award-winning nonerotic film *One Potato, Two Potato* in the Sixties. Our own informal poll of video-rental outlets revealed that both women alone and couples are renting video porn in substantial numbers. Female rental clerks said that female customers often ask them to suggest titles. Male porn stars Jamie Gillis, John Leslie and Richard Pacheco draw huge female crowds at personal appearances, and Seka claims that 40 percent of her fan mail comes from women, usually asking for advice. One point on which porn-industry insiders agree is that producers of erotica would be fools to ignore the female market today.

That's why Seka is exploring a new genre of film—erotica that is made to appeal to women. Her title role in *Sunny Days* is her first attempt to reach a female audience.



DAUGHTER OF THE VIDEO REVOLUTION

According to erotic-cinema owners these days, sex is a four-letter word:

Seka. Her name on a marquee guarantees profits. Meanwhile, her films, videos and erotic products reap a six-figure annual income. Now she's out to swell that figure by proving that girls just wanna have fun . . . and porn.

She'll soon produce her own feature, tentatively titled *Goodbye, Dolly*.

When we invited her to talk about her new projects, Seka arrived looking less like a porn star than like the Presbyterian-church-league pitcher she once was. The trademark Harlow-colored hair had been cropped short and sat like a perky meringue above her ingénue's face. She has very pretty ears and hands and, as the Cubs fan noticed, nice feet. She looked slender and boyish in striped peg pants, but her lucrative curves showed as the stripes curled around a firm set of buttocks and angled drastically toward a firm and narrow midsection, above which her ample bosom projected memorably. She

wore a safari shirt. No lace. No garters.

It's not surprising that the first female touch in *Sunny Days* (which boasts a female producer) that Seka mentioned was the everyday clothes worn by the actresses. "The women aren't little Barbie dolls running around in garter belts and nylons. They wear jeans and shirts—like the girl next door. There's more realism in this film than in any I've seen in a long time. And that adds to the fantasy, because it becomes something that is not outside the realm of possibility."

The realm of possibility may interest some women, but others would lock up all erotica for its sexual politics. Seka says politics is not the problem.

"I do what I want on film. Men have had the upper hand in erotic films for a long time, but that's really changing with the presence of female producers and directors. The antiporn groups seem to be made up of women who simply don't understand sexuality. They don't understand the concept of being turned on mentally. I don't think they're aware of themselves sexually."

Maybe that's true. Maybe Seka and Women Against Porn are pursuing the same end—a comfortable sexual atmosphere for both sexes.

"Women in porn can't be dummies anymore," Seka said, explaining how the female image is changing in porn films. "They know how to please themselves not only sexually but in their nonerotic onscreen lives as well. You get a whole person—not just a body. That appeals to me and to other women. It appeals to men, too."


Wasn't there some risk, we wondered, that if films appealed to women too specifically, their partners might prefer to watch a baseball game?

Echoing what the sex experts say about female sex fantasies, Seka agreed that the difference between male and female erotic tastes boils down to the fact that women want to see a story, while men can get off on wall-to-wall-sex films.

"I've made some of those films," she said. "No beginning, middle or end—just hello, how are you, let's fool around. That type of film doesn't do anything for me." But men are not so limited, she added. Many are excited by the very fact that a woman can pick out a porn video.

"A couple can watch it together and the man will get off on it because the woman is getting off on it," she said. And that's how Seka envisions her films' being used—by couples who want to be turned on together.

"The highest compliment I get is from the fan who says, 'I liked that film and it was very good—but it took us three days to finish watching it.'"

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

In the past two weekends, my friend and I have experienced something different in our lives. In search of beautiful women, we have come to find that many of them shop in large malls on the weekends. Many shop alone and dress in very expensive clothing. Our first question is, Do you feel that these women are looking for men in these malls—or do they have a look-but-don't-touch attitude? The second question is, How do we go about asking out one of them without her being afraid of being asked by a total stranger?—B. F., Evergreen, Colorado.

Some of those women are undoubtedly in the malls strictly for shopping, whereas some may be interested in checking out the men. There's only one way to find out, and that must be handled fairly delicately. You might try asking a woman's opinion on a particular item in a store. Shoppers do have to eat, and you might be able to strike up a conversation with one of the fairer sex in a restaurant or café on the premises. In any event, stop gapping and invite her to a midnight screening of "Dawn of the Dead." It's a light romantic comedy set in a shopping mall.

What makes a new car smell like a new car, and is there anything about the odor that's potentially harmful?—G. N., Deerfield, Illinois.

That new-car smell is a combination of odors given off by the materials—plastics, vinyls, solvents, sealers, adhesives, upholstery and carpeting fabrics—used in the car's interior. (Today's luxury-car leather interiors, of course, have their own sweet essence.) When those materials are new, they give off minute particles that the human nose is sensitive enough to notice. And, no, they're not harmful; rumors to that effect that surfaced a few years ago were proved definitely false. We recall that distinctive smell from our youth as part of the thrill of a brand-new car, and it seemed to last for months. Nowadays, with the selection of materials available to interior designers growing more sophisticated, a new car's smell is weaker and, unfortunately, is soon replaced by essence of cigarette smoke, dripped ice cream and spilled beer. About all we notice anymore in our press-test cars is the stench left by some cigar-smoking wretch who always seems to drive them before we do. To keep your car's interior smelling fresh, clean up anything that's spilled right away, crack a window for extra ventilation if you smoke and (as we learned in college) never make love on the seat and leave the car out in the sun the next day.

The other day, I saw a video tape of a porn movie that showed the first new sex trick I've seen in years. At an orgy, the



men took foot-long strips of adhesive tape and applied them to different parts of a woman's body: along the thigh and on either side of her breast. Then, as she approached orgasm, they pulled the tape off, causing her to writhe in ecstasy or pain or both. Probably the best thing about the scene was the suspense—you knew they were going to pull off the tape; you just didn't know when. I'd like to try it; but, just to be on the safe side, is it dangerous?—J. R., San Francisco, California.

You survived childhood, didn't you? As for the suspense, you left out the crucial fact—whether to pull it off fast or slowly.

Recently, I bought a pair of what the audio industry jokingly calls bookshelf-sized speakers. They are 2' x 2' x 1' and weigh more than 25 pounds each. Even if I had space on my already crowded bookshelves, I would not put them there, because they probably would cause sagging, or worse. On the other hand, I cannot abide their appearance simply plunked down on the floor. Someone has suggested putting them on small stands; someone else advises suspending them from the ceiling. Which of those methods do you prefer and why?—A. P., Boston, Massachusetts.

It is obvious that the normal bookshelf is not the most appropriate place for the kind of speakers you own. Those speakers were never intended to be plunked right down on the floor, either. Aside from visual considerations, they sound better when raised off the floor. For one thing, the bass can become overly heavy when such a speaker is placed on the floor (or very close to any large reflecting

surface). For another, the treble dispersion is improved when the speaker is raised. Finally, if you have neighbors downstairs, there is far less chance of thumping noises from your speakers annoying them if the speakers are raised. For most rooms, raising such speakers by placing them on pedestals or low benches is the best solution. Suspending them from the ceiling is also a good trick, but use heavy-duty chains, the same kind you would use for hanging a heavy light fixture or chandelier. Make sure that your ceiling will securely hold whatever bolts or screw hooks you use for hanging the chains. Whether you suspend the speakers or mount them on stands, position them so that the distances between them and the floor and the ceiling are not the same—unequal distances are better for the sound. You also should check the owner's manual for any recommendation about aiming them toward the main listening area, which is more easily done with speakers on stands than with them hung from the ceiling.

I would like a shot at telling how a man should go about making love to a big-breasted woman. If the woman is experienced—and most big-breasted women are, because men tend to choose them out of the field of possibilities—then you have the other men's way of dealing with her to overcome. Most men give a few kisses and jump for the breasts. The true answer is to leave them alone: Work on loving her back, her ankles, her kneecaps, her shoulders, her ear lobes—any place but the breasts and *never* the nipples. Why? Because that area has been used and abused—let it rest. A woman likes the tender touch; when foreplay is into five play—when the inside of the thigh is warm to the touch—then the breast may be approached, tenderly, finger tips first, caressing, drawing lines from the outer edge of the breast toward the nipple. Don't touch the nipple yet. Never grab it like a joy stick. Nibbling, kissing, sucking are fine, but leave the nipples alone. Finally, on seven or eight play, the nipples are touched and kissed and sucked.—A. E. R., Youngtown, Arizona.

Thanks for the helpful hints: Yours appears to be a sound strategy, in theory. However, don't overlook the fact that every woman, regardless of her assets, has her own preferences in the pleasuring department.

Until recently, my morning regimen included a leisurely roll out of bed and a blurry scan of the morning newspaper over a cup of coffee. But now I've seen the light and I intend to spring out of bed and, after a few stretching exercises, hit the road for a mile or two of jogging. The trouble is, I don't feel too springy early in the morning unless I've had a cup of coffee. Somehow, a fitness program and a shot of caffeine don't seem compatible. Is

there any reason I can't indulge myself before exercising?—M. P., Boston, Massachusetts.

The fact is, coffee has been used in athletic-training programs both in the U.S. and abroad. Some athletes feel that it improves their performance and makes training easier. But most of those people are in pretty good shape to begin with. Remember that caffeine is an artificial stimulant. As such, it is likely to make you think you can do more than you actually can. It masks fatigue just when you need to be aware of it. It can also play havoc with your digestive tract and give your nervous system a good jogging, too. Why not try to jog without it for a while? It could be that you simply have a minor addiction to the stuff rather than a real need for it. Let your adrenal glands provide the kick you need. The point of exercising is to get your body to the point where it works well naturally. Adding stimulants defeats that purpose.

My wife and I are having an argument, and I hope you can help clear it up. She loves cunnilingus, but ever since I have been doing it, she says that the stomach contractions she experiences when she is in the process of coming make her stomach fat. I say that is ridiculous and that, if anything, the contractions should act as a stomach tightener. The upshot is that she lets me perform oral sex on her only about once a month, leaving both of us unhappy.—W. R., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

You're right—an active sex life may actually help tone the pelvic and stomach muscles but certainly will not add inches to the waistline. If your wife is concerned about that part of her body, it's possible that she needs to start an exercise program and/or lose some weight. One thing is for sure: Being sexually active is not the cause.

Most of the small computers on the market seem to me to be pretty much the same, at least in their basic operation—and a good deal of the software is the same or interchangeable. So how do I go about making a decision as to what is best for me?—A. P., Norman, Oklahoma.

You're right. When the basics are the same, the differences become much more important. When it gets down to a choice between two machines, you may want to consider two other factors: ergonomics and cosmetics. Ergonomics is the relationship between your body and the machine—essentially, how well they work together. Naturally, you want a machine that is comfortable to use. Your keyboard, for instance, must be easy to type on for long periods of time. Small keyboards with funny-looking keys may cramp more than your style. The feel of the keys, too, is important. You will have to decide if you want a soft, mushy feel, a sharp, clicky feel or no feel at all. Your keyboard should also be the best for your purpose. For example, if you're going to work a lot with numbers, you would prefer a numerical keypad rather than the normal typewriter style. Your screen should also be

comfortable to watch. It should be adjustable so that you don't have to crane your neck to see it and so you can vary its position to avoid fatigue. You should also like what you see on the screen. That means a clear, readable typeface. You're going to be staring at it for some time to come. You should also like the typeface of your printer. It's possible that you can get a better-quality type with a printer different from the one usually "bundled" with the machine. Finally, you should like the over-all look of the machine. Your setup should be as pleasing to the eye as it is to your body for maximum enjoyment.

Like a lot of people, I'm having sexual problems. I'll skip the bullshit and get to each point.

I'm a woman who's bored with her sex life. "So what else is new?" you ask. I know what I want sexually, but how do I get it without reading a dozen sex manuals that won't tell me a damn thing? I've got a growing hunger for group sex—from a group of three to a full-on, heavy-breathin' orgy. I've expressed my desire for it, but my boyfriend doesn't really understand why. He's never seen this side of me—and to tell you the truth, no one has. Not even me. I'm 19; so is my boyfriend. We've been living together for seven months, and he's only seen the "sweet, innocent" me. Our sex life is like high school sex—kissing, touching, fondling, cunnilingus, fellatio and intercourse. That may be fine for some, but for me, it's boring! I've been having these crazy dreams, too—recently, I've been dreaming of a *ménage à trois* with my boyfriend and one of his two friends who keep popping up in my dreams. Occasionally, it's a dream about a group of friends, and I engage in sex with females as well as males. All day at work, I think, Something will come of it tonight, but it never happens. Then I found out my boyfriend's best friend had a dream in which he got together with me—and I had had a dream in which I got together with him. He didn't tell me directly; he was sort of freaked, because the first time it happened, I told him he'd been in my dream. That was my *first* dream of the cycle; now, every night, it's the same message, different plot. The strange thing was, one morning, when I saw him, he looked at me as never before; he acted the same as always, but I could read it in his eyes—there was no doubt. Neither was there any doubt about the look in my eyes. My boyfriend didn't know of this visual exchange; and that night, when I came home, they were both here, watching basketball, and the look in his friend's (my friend, too) eyes was still the same. My desire was equal to that look. So I jumped into a hot bubble bath; my boyfriend always jumps in with me—and this time, he invited his friend to join us. I crossed my fingers, but, hesitantly, he declined. My heart sank!

My boyfriend says he wants sex with me and another female. I've said sure. It's just that I don't know any willing females—

not in this state. But in the meantime, I have an opportunity to have sex with two males. What more can I say to convince my boyfriend that it's purely sexual desire, it's not emotional and it's nothing to feel guilt or doubt about if I have sex with two males? And what can I do to get his friend to comply? I know he wants to, but could it be he's afraid he'll screw up their friendship? Can you tell me how or give me advice—please?—Miss S. K. L., Sausalito, California.

We think your boyfriend is more liberated than you give him credit for being. Inviting his friend to join you in the bathtub shows that his mind is working in the same direction as yours. The only way you can get what you want sexually is by asking for it. Quit relying on the look in your eyes. People aren't always as perceptive as you think they are.

I'm at my wit's end. No matter what I try, my girlfriend does not reach orgasm through intercourse. Is it my problem?—E. W., New York, New York.

Not really. An orgasm is not something you give another person. It is something the other person shares with you. Or, to put it another way, God helps those who help themselves. The April 1984 issue of Archives of Sexual Behavior published an interesting study on orgasmic women that supports that notion. Virtually all of the women studied said that they had "some level of conscious control over their orgasmic response" and that "they needed to participate in reaching orgasm in some meaningful way." When asked to cite the actions that facilitated their own orgasm, the women gave the following suggestions: Get into right position (56 percent); get right stimulation (52 percent); concentrate on sensation/good feelings (48 percent); fantasize/visualize, including talk (44 percent); get right rhythm/speed (33 percent); concentrate on area of stimulation (30 percent); listen to partner/self for reassurance (30 percent); move with partner (30 percent); relax (30 percent); tell partner what you want (26 percent); kiss/hug (15 percent); think about experiencing orgasm (15 percent). In addition, a few women cited "decide to reach orgasm, breathe faster or deeper, flex vaginal muscles, stimulate partner, stimulate self during intercourse." (Note: In the list, "right" means what the woman thinks or knows will produce orgasm for her.) So the point is that your partner should find out what works and use it.

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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DEAR PLAYMATES

You remember the old expression "Talk is cheap," don't you? Well, that may be especially true when you're trying to romance a woman. It seems that most women these days have heard all the good lines. We asked our Playmate advisors to tell us how they separate the phonies from the genuine articles.

The question for the month:

How can a man convince you that he really loves you?

I need romance and gestures to convince me. He can tell me, he can call me, he can send flowers, he can show little kindnesses.

Once, a guy slept on my front doorstep to prove to me that he loved me, and the next morning, I must admit I was convinced. I let him in. I believed he was through with a former lover. So what could I say? I said, "Good morning—and don't forget the newspaper." That was pretty romantic, don't you think?



Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

He can convince me by accepting me as I am, and that includes being bitchy, moody and not always perfectly put together. There are days when I'm just a country girl. I get pleasure out of sitting on the back porch with my legs open, you know? Those are my roots. The performer, Playmate side of me is there, too, but not always. I want to be free within the confines of a relationship. I realize that's difficult, so I need a very secure individual.



Azizi Johari

AZIZI JOHARI
JUNE 1975

He can't do it with words, but he can do it with his behavior. He can impress me with his seriousness by sending me flowers, writing me poems, thinking of really romantic things to do. I'm not especially impressed by material things, but I am impressed by the way a man treats me in front of other people. I also think I can tell about a man's real feelings by the way he acts sexually or by what his eyes say to me. The convincing comes from all kinds of behavior, not from anything in particular. It would come from something I sensed about his feelings.



Alana Soares

ALANA SOARES
MARCH 1983

He can convince me he loves me by not being jealous. He can convince me by letting me be my own person and helping me be my own person. See, it's kind of tricky. In the first few months of a relationship, nobody wants any freedom. You're too wrapped up in the newness and the thrill. Then, all of a sudden, you may wake up and say, "I want to go to Acapulco with my girlfriends," and he says no, because you never said that to him before. He has to trust you and you have to trust him. If he doesn't, who is he in love with, anyway?



Tracy Vaccaro

TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

Don't tell me that you love me all the time. That actually bothers me. Show me instead. How? By trying to get to know me, by being interested in me. I haven't been in love very often. As I get older, I'm finding out more about love. It goes both ways: He accepts you; you accept him. You have to talk about everything and have common interests. I like attention, flowers and little cards, for instance. But I don't like the word convince. If it's love, then great, let's go for it. I don't think love needs "convincing."



Marlene Janssen

MARLENE JANSSEN
NOVEMBER 1982

The best way to prove your love for me is by being monogamous. It's perfectly OK to look—it would be unnatural not to—but be faithful to me. I'd much rather have a man show me he loves me than tell me. We don't have to sit down and make a lot of rules, such as "I'm not going to date anyone else." We just don't date anyone else. I treat him the way I want to be treated, and vice versa. I never stop trying to keep the relationship fresh, and I hope he'll be working to bring new things to the relationship, too.



Susie Scott

SUSIE SCOTT
MAY 1983

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



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

COMMUNICATIONS GAP

Concerning rubbers (*The Playboy Forum*, April and July): I'd be willing to face a woman any time I wanted to make a purchase—thanks to my first experience.

My wife and I had been married just a month when we decided it was time for her to get off birth-control pills. We were out with some good friends of ours and got onto the subject of condoms. Having never had to buy any, I had zero experience in the matter. The four of us drove around town for an hour until I decided I had enough courage to go into a drugstore and make the purchase.

At the counter were three women buying this and that, and finally it was my turn. A male pharmacist said, "What do ya need?"

I replied in a soft voice, "I'd like to buy a box of condoms, please."

"What?" he said loudly. I raised my voice a little as I repeated my request. He looked me square in the eye and said, "What size?"

Please remember, I had no knowledge of rubbers and did not know that they came in various sizes. I thought about it for a moment and tried to figure whether I needed small, medium or large. I shrugged and said, "Large, I guess" (what any healthy 20-year-old male would answer to that question, right?). He reached over to his left and handed me a large box of rubbers. I grabbed the box out of his grasp and rushed to the front counter to pay and leave.

The cashier rang it up and said, "\$19.50, please."

All I had was five bucks. I looked at my buddy with a "You gotta do something fast" look. Fortunately, he had a 20 in his pocket. I snapped it from his fingers, threw it at the gal and took off.

Had the man said, "What size *box* would you like?" I would have kept my cool, given a matter-of-fact response and been done with it.

Scott Griffith
Spokane, Washington

THE RIGHT'S WRONGS

The February *Playboy Forum* contains a humorous and somewhat insightful letter from Jim Garcia of San Antonio concerning prayer in public schools. However, school prayer is only the first item on the New Right's educational agenda—one that is far from funny.

The issue here is not prayer or

creationism. It is a battle over who will control the minds of our children. Teaching students what to think, instead of how to think, is the real objective. For years, many New Right fanatics have tried to use censorship and harassment to eliminate questioning, comparison, use of logic and problem-solving processes. In their own schools, they use negative reinforcements

*"These are not the
kinds of people I want
teaching my kids or
running my Government."*

as part of their operant conditioning to cripple the decision-making process.

The crisis in education is the fact that these people are actively working to subvert our school systems as we have known them for the past 200 years. If they are successful, the result will be an entire generation of adults who will have faulty scientific information, rigid values inapplicable to modern society and a false sense of righteous superiority. Otherwise, I agree wholeheartedly with Garcia. These are not the kinds of people I want teaching my kids or running my Government.

Mark Molello
Denver, Colorado



WAR ON DRUGS

Lately, whenever I pick up a newspaper or a weekly magazine, I run across an article on the great success of another drug investigation and bust. Chalk one up for the war on drugs.

I am serving time on a marijuana charge. I am considered a narcotics dealer, because marijuana is considered not a controlled substance but a narcotic. What does that mean to someone in the marijuana business? It means "Why mess with such large bulk and smell if you can deal coke and you won't get any more time?" The profits are much higher and the chances of getting caught are fewer. Any businessman with sense sees that the choice is easy.

That's the real story of the "cocaine epidemic" in this country.

The large exporters in South and Central America are primarily planting coca and are not fooling with marijuana. The price of cocaine has been cut drastically in just the past year. Small planes that once carried ten to 50 pounds are now being packed to gross weight of 500 to 1000 pounds. The availability of cocaine and its price on the streets have never been so good.

So all of us parents can sleep well knowing that our sons and daughters aren't smoking pot—they're just doing a few lines or basing up a couple of grams. I'm sure glad the war on drugs has been so successful.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

ZERO TOLERANCE

A few thoughts about the "Zero Tolerance" letters in the July *Playboy Forum*.

The comment that too much money is spent to punish, demoralize and humiliate instead of rehabilitate is bullshit! There is an ongoing effort to rehab those who come forward and say, "I'm a drug abuser and I want help." The only people who get punished, demoralized or humiliated are the sneaky sons of bitches who think that they will never be caught but eventually are. As far as the poor training of some sailors is concerned, a reason for that may be drug abuse and the money that has to be spent first to combat that problem.

Your Marine correspondent, who admits that he does drugs, says, "I have watched many friends become victims of the zero-tolerance program." I'm sure he has if his friends' conduct is like his own. His remaining in the Marines is due to the fact that the program is set up to

have redundant testing to ensure that at least two independent positive results are achieved before a positive report is given.

The guy on the *Enterprise* is typical of those who get caught. The first words out of their mouths are "I never take drugs!" This soon becomes "I took drugs only once!" To be fair, the Navy's sampling methods are not foolproof—very few things in life are. I doubt that the percentage of those falsely accused and punished by the Navy is any larger than the percentage of those falsely accused and punished by civilian courts.

To sum up: The word is out, sailors—the word is zero tolerance on drug abuse, and I think that the man is serious. Passive rehab doesn't work to eliminate drug abuse; it cures only those who come forward and want help.

It takes only one positive result to let your shipmates know that you aren't a shipmate—you're really an asshole who doesn't give a shit about their lives and can't be relied upon to do your job when it has to be done.

John P. Murphy, MMI (ss)

U.S.S. George C. Marshall SSBN 654(g)
FPO New York, New York

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER DOLLAR

Last year, I earned a little more than \$20,000. That isn't a large sum of money, but in my case, it was adequate and provided my family with shelter, food, clothing, an occasional evening out and a weekend vacation now and then. Thirteen years ago, when I began my working career, \$20,000 seemed an incredible sum. I never dreamed that if I had that much money, I would actually have to worry about budgeting and having enough.

Not only did I keep my family relatively comfortable last year, I also contributed my share to the Government to throw into that graphic pie we always see in textbooks or on the network news that helps us visualize how the U.S. can spend so many dollars in only 365 days. And, as you know, the Feds grind up money like so much wastepaper; but have you actually tried to visualize a billion dollars?

A billion is 1,000,000,000. If you placed 1000 millionaires in one room, took away their personal fortunes and gave them to the Government, you would have enough money to feed the Defense Department for a little more than a day—1000 millionaires going down the tube every day. So where does my \$20,000 a year fit in with the tremendous glut of weaponry we are creating?

For the sake of analogy, assume that my ability to earn \$20,000 a year is infinite. Assume further that I am immortal and that I have the tenacity to work indefinitely every year, forever. What could I buy if I dumped all my income into buying weapons? How long would I have to work to rise above the level of mere Infantry gear, to call myself a possessor of formidable strategic armament?

My Defense Department shopping list includes all manner and type of electronic gadgetry coupled with massive destructive force. If I wanted to apply my \$20,000 a year to the purchase price of a Bradley Infantry fighting vehicle, which the Army is currently developing at a cost of \$2,000,000 each, I would have to work 100 years to buy just one. The Army is planning to pick up 6882 of them.

If I chose to work a bit longer, say 135 years, I could buy one 60-ton M1 Abrams battle tank at \$2,700,000. Or, if I really wanted to gut it out, I could work 700 years earning my basic \$20,000 per and pick up one Apache attack helicopter at \$14,000,000.

True, the figures are staggering. But

*"If I chose to work
135 years, I could
buy one 60-ton
Abrams battle tank."*

think of the time in terms of human energy it takes to amass enough money to buy just one of those "superweapons." Imagine working at the office every day for 700 years, dragging yourself home after retiring to present your family with the total fruit of your years of labor: an attack helicopter!

However, if you had some Methuselah in you, you could opt for the really big stuff. You could stay on awhile longer, and in 1125 years, you could buy an F/A Hornet Navy fighter for \$22,500,000 and buzz the neighborhood. And, for the truly immortal worker, one option is nearly irresistible. You could sign on for the 15,000-year plan and, \$300,000,000 later, be the proud owner of a B-1 bomber.

But it's cooperative effort that gets us what we really need. Grayling, Michigan, where I live, probably has 1000 working residents. All of us could dump our incomes into a community pot, and instead of having one of us work for aeons, we could all work for several years, buy an aircraft carrier and put the town's name on it.

Michael Delp
Grayling, Michigan

KEEPING THE NOSE CLEAN

I'm writing in response to the letter from Chauncey L. Greene in the February *Playboy Forum*. Ironically, when that issue came out, I was on an extended sojourn in Mexico.

The point of entry for my friend and me was Guadalajara, flying from Vancouver. We spent the whole time in southern Mexico, covering approximately 4200 miles. We never went near a border town or a

tourist resort, and we found the Mexican people to be the nicest, most beautiful and friendliest people we've ever met.

Mexico has, in the past, had a reputation for corruption within the government; no one is denying that. The Mexicans realize this and are trying to do something about it. Because it has been such a big problem for so long, it cannot be expected to be cleaned up in a matter of two or three years, but the people are making headway. Since the bottom fell out of the oil market, their economy is more dependent than ever on the tourist dollar.

The "ugly Americans" who frequent the border towns and the resort areas are no more typical than the Mexicans who prey on them. I'm not, of course, implying that Greene is one of those; but these unfortunate incidents *do* still happen. All I'm saying is that the entire population shouldn't be condemned for the actions of a few.

The best way to stay out of a Mexican jail (or a Canadian or a U.S. one, for that matter) is to keep your nose clean.

Cameron C. McLean
Campbell Rivers, British Columbia

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

Of course you hadn't thought of it. The letter from P. R. Duncan in the June *Playboy Forum* tries to convince you that teats on a boar are necessary, and you fell for it. But, in defense of your response to Edwin L. Tice ("Mountains from Molehills," *The Playboy Forum*, March), teats on a boar are useless. Boars don't need teats; sows do.

I wonder if Duncan knows the difference between a boar (an uncastrated male pig), a barrow (a castrated male pig), a gilt (a chaste female pig) and a sow (a bred female pig).

The only ones for which teats are important are gilts and sows.

E. S. Blum
Sarasota, Florida

This isn't an issue we particularly wanted to pursue, but we're sure there are some boring cocktail parties out there that could use a guest to enliven them with just this sort of fascinating information—once the conversation can be worked around to pig farming. (In defense of Duncan, we believe he was viewing boars' teats as an indication only of genetic qualities—not of suckling capabilities.)

SOME NEWS TRAVELS SLOWLY

The July *Forum Newsfront* includes an item regarding the suit filed by a 22-year-old woman against the archdiocese of Los Angeles and seven Roman Catholic priests accused of sexually exploiting her, impregnating her and sending her to the Philippines for "Confinement" and subsequent delivery of the baby. You are to be congratulated for being the only member of the "popular press" to publish that story, at least in this area. Evidently, the Church is powerful enough to intimidate

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—*The Fourth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals has upheld damages of \$70,000 to a former Navy wife and \$30,000 to her ex-husband after she was "counseled" by a physician's assistant at a Navy clinic into having a sexual*



affair with him as a means of curing her of what he diagnosed as chronic depression. When the woman revealed the treatment to her then-husband, he suffered a bit of depression himself, the marriage broke up and the two decided this time to stick it to the Government.

SCREWED AGAIN

NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS—*A man accused of having had extramarital sex has been ordered to pay his lover's now-divorced husband nearly \$60,000 in a civil action for "negligently and intentionally committed adultery," which led to the breakup of the marriage. Commenting on the case, considered unusual in the annals of law, a lawyer said it might make "boyfriends . . . think twice now."*

POT LOSES OUT

SACRAMENTO—*California has decided to make yet more additions to its ever-increasing list of state symbols, which already includes the redwood as the state tree, an extinct species of grizzly bear as the state animal, the golden poppy as the state flower, a type of trout as the state fish, gold as the state mineral and serpentine as the state rock. A rare blue crystal called benitoite has been proposed as the state gem stone, and legislators joked that the appropriate state grass should be marijuana—which, however, lost out to a more respectable grass used to feed cattle. Only the day before that vote, a senate committee had approved the square dance*

as the state dance, prompting one legislator to ask how many symbols California needs.

TAX-DEDUCTIBLE DRUGS

THE HAGUE—*The Dutch Finance Ministry has decided that, in some cases, the parents of young addicts who support their children's drug habits may deduct the cost of the illegal drugs from their taxes. Such a deduction was permitted in the case of a father who convinced the agency that unless he contributed money for drug buys, his son would have no choice but to engage in criminal acts.*

TRUTH HURTS

"The dirty little secret of feminism" is what New York sociologist and author William R. Beer calls the practice of "liberated women in the workplace" having "unliberated women cleaning their houses for them"; and usually, the cleaning person is "nonwhite and working-class." In his book "Househusbands: Men and Housework in American Families," he observes that this is "true all over" among white, upper-middle-class Americans of both sexes but that pointing it out as being true for female professionals as well as for men has not made him any friends in the women's movement.

ZAP ART

SANTA CLARA—*Opponents of capital punishment were less than pleased by an art-museum exhibit titled "Electric Chair," which invited viewers to pay a quarter to "execute" a robot. The exhibit, at the Triton Museum, was part of a "Crime and Punishment" show; and for 25 cents, a patron of the arts manipulated two switches to make a hooded robot—strapped into a chair by the knees and wrists—twitch and shudder to dimming lights and the sound of current humming.*

GOD'S PUNISHMENT

FORT LAUDERDALE—*A 21-year-old gunman who tried to hold up a church congregation during evening prayer services was jumped by several worshippers. He was disarmed and arrested and died of a heart attack in police custody two hours later. The robber might have gotten away with his crime but finally angered several of his victims by continuing to ask for money.*

HETEROSEXUAL DISCRIMINATION

VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA—*A 30-year-old leasing-company executive is threatening to go to court over a lesbian night club's "Woman Night Only" policy, which kept him from enjoying a beer in his own neighborhood on a Wednesday evening.*

He said he had had an idea that the bar catered to lesbians but preferred to drink there so he wouldn't have to drive home afterward. When an armed male guard turned him away, he noted that a recent state Supreme Court ruling had forced another restaurant to open its curtained booths to lesbian customers and said he might have to go to court over the issue of sexual discrimination.

BACK TO SCIENCE

EL PASO—*On the advice of the state attorney general, the Texas board of education has repealed a decade-old rule that required textbooks used in the state's public schools to describe evolution as "only one of several explanations" of the origin of man and to present it as "theory rather than fact." The move was made reluctantly after the state's top legal officer declared that the requirement was an unconstitutional intrusion of religion into state matters and indicated that he would not defend the board against an expected lawsuit challenging the rule. The board also was under pressure from many Texas political and business leaders who were uneasy over criticism of Texas schools. Critics had charged that national textbook publishers had to water down their treatment of evolution in books sold all over the country if they wanted to sell textbooks in*



Texas, the fourth-largest market in the country. A spokesman for The American Way, which had pressed for the ruling, called it a "national victory for science education, religious liberty and the First Amendment." An Arkansas law requiring equal time in the classroom for evolution and creationism was struck down by a court in 1982, and a creationism law is currently being challenged in Louisiana.

**Did Czar Nicholas quibble with Carl Fabergé
over the price of eggs?**



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the newspapers. Keep up the good work. We depend upon you to keep the press "free" and to inform us of what is really going on.

George B. Wolfer
Carefree, Arizona

ROD REGISTRATION

Last night on TV, a Senator, I think he was ("Toothy," I'll call him), delivered a fit of some magnitude about pistols. And before you get your panties in a wad, let me state right here and now that I ain't some kinda redneck gun nut.

Toothy claimed that any man with a gun in his hand was pretty much a Neanderthal. I'd have to agree with that, especially about peace officers. He painted pictures of raving maniacs running about blasting folks right and left, mostly on the left, and he had figured out that by registering all the pistols in the United States, you would simply do away with all that shooting business. Only the nice people would get to keep their guns. He never did make clear who was going to sort out the nice people from the bad people. I sure wish I knew who the sorter was, because I'd like to inquire about my mother-in-law and see if she is going to go completely crazy in the next 15 or 20 years.

Toothy has all the credentials of a smart man, got the big V on his forehead that validates him as a wise man. However, if you are going to discuss one of the big three—murder, rape and robbery—the second crime in line is the one that makes me nervous and makes me question Toothy's wisdom.

I've talked with a lady who has had the misfortune to be a victim of rape and has also been shot. She claims that of the two, she'd rather get shot. It seems there is more class in getting shot than in getting raped. Nobody talks bad about you afterward. Nobody thinks you brought it on yourself. Most of all, after you heal up, you don't feel dirty. You may jump some when you hear a loud noise, but by and large, getting shot is a damn sight nicer than getting raped. That's her position, anyway.

I'm sure everybody has figured out what I'm leading up to. If Toothy gets his kind of gun bill passed, you menfolks may just as well get ready to get your rod out and have it photographed, tattooed and registered. Yes, sir, there will be no more rape if everybody has a registered rod, and I suppose the same feller in charge of the guns will figure out who uses the other item.

We've all heard the old saw that "guns don't kill people; people kill people." Rods, like pistols, are mindless—inoffensive things at rest, belligerent-looking when pointed at somebody. One nice thing about rods is they hardly ever go off accidentally. Most of them are fairly blunt. They can't do much harm themselves unless the rest of the body agrees and decides to hurt somebody. It's doubt-

ful that rods are much worse than pistols.

There are more rapes than murders, so we must assume that there are more rapists than killers. Obviously, we need to be working on the rape problem first.

So before you red-mouthed Senators get all in an uproar and vote with old Toothy,

I'm going to tell you something right now. You ain't tattooing my rod, and now that I think about it, you ain't registering my pistol, either.

Keith Dickson
Anton, Texas
(continued overleaf)

DON'T BANK ON IT

By Rod Davis

The overinformationalization of America must stop. So much is being written by so many for so few that the average reader no longer has either the time or the energy to sort through vast oyster beds of bullshit for rare pearls of wisdom. And I use that incredible metaphor only to illustrate the problem.

There's a way out of this information glut, and it derives from the solution to another American glut—the result of the national inclination to produce too much food.

Recent history: By the Fifties, U.S. farmers, having survived the dust bowl and several Washington Administrations, had become so productive that America was the breadbasket of the world. We had enough spare wheat to feed all the world and half the N.F.L. So what happened? Grain prices dropped lower than an Iowa creek bed. Realizing that they had performed not wisely but too well, farmers talked Congress into setting up the Soil Bank Program, in which the Government would keep prices firm by paying farmers *not* to plant crops.

The time has come to apply the same logic to the banality boom. It is time for the *Writers'* Soil Bank Program (W.S.B.P.).

In order to clear bookstore shelves and overstacked end tables, the Reagan Administration must declare an emergency and immediately implement a plan to seek out professional writers and pay them not to ply their trade. Administrative funding, possibly diverted from old-age pensions or school lunch programs, could be funneled into the National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH), which, having been properly humbled, would be eager for new work. The agency would set up a national quota of written material to be produced in the United States each year, based on population, G.N.P. and estimates of Soviet literary production. Allotments would be made to individual writers on the basis of their previous work. New writers would have to apprentice themselves for a suitable period before becoming eligible to



fill vacancies resulting from normal attrition.

Prohibitions on market entry would also be raised against Government employees and their relatives, as well as against all old grads

of Famous Writers School. Preliminary figures indicate that such a move would peremptorily cut 28 percent of the existing writers' pool, which would sell the plan to whoever replaces David Stockman. As a political sop, *The Atlantic* would be purchased by the Government Printing Office with food-stamp funds and its presses converted to the manufacture of coffee filters.

W.S.B.P. allocations and standards would be monitored not only by the NEH but also by the IRS, via the W.A.T. (writers' actuarial table), which is based on a complicated formula derived from the relation of P.W. (potential wordage) to N.E.P. (negative earning power). What that boils down to is that most pop-psychology, Gothic-romance and diet books would be abolished, the Book-of-the-Month Club would go annual and any manuscript titled *How to...* would be stored in vacant silos for potential retaliation in the event the Communists begin developing their own self-help magazines in Europe or the Middle East.

Institution of the W.S.B.P. would mean the withdrawal, at their sources, of billions of words from the market place, spurring a significant increase in the literacy rate. No longer deluged with written material, humankind would read again.

Writers would benefit, too. No longer pressed to fill the glut, they would stop drinking, stay married and find meaningful part-time jobs. Given time, they would develop self-esteem. Man would not only prevail but relax.

For a few lousy dollars, and with bold and daring action, we could relieve half the country's headaches and possibly reduce amblyopia (look it up). So draw up petitions. Go to the local bars and seek out your politicians. Invent slogans: "Beat pens into plowshares." "Write nothing you can't eat." There are clever people out there. You'll think of something.

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Occasionally, *The Playboy Forum* publishes a letter from some uptight soul who preaches about the evils of PLAYBOY. I would like to extend the infinite thanks of those of us males whom females find unacceptable. Without PLAYBOY's tasteful and elegant portrayal of beautiful women, we who are too poor, too ugly or too handicapped would never know the intimate charms of women.

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Chris J. Hans
El Segundo, California

NEXT QUESTION?

When will PLAYBOY demonstrate a tolerance of sexual variety and examine the various aspects of fetishism that interest far greater numbers of your readers than you imagine? I mean a serious article that goes beyond mind, personality and body in examining the sources of sexual attraction.

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

We'll take that one under advisement.

PUTTING THE MAKE ON MEN

As the director of Men's Rights, Inc. (an antisexist, nonprofit corporation that raises public awareness about men's problems), I find Asa Baber's column, *Men*, one of my favorite sections in PLAYBOY. His piece on his discomfort when a woman took the sexual initiative with him (PLAYBOY, June) touches on one of the most important issues faced by antisexist.

When I speak to public groups about equal rights, I spend a good deal of time on the importance of initiating relationships. The whole system of sexism rests on the male-female relationship; and the pattern of the male-female relationship is set by the initiating process.

I find that the need for women to share the burden of initiating makes them tremendously uncomfortable. It calls the bluff on female demands for equality, because it shifts the focus from society to actual people. It addresses an issue of equality that is traceable to day-to-day decisions by individual women and cannot be blamed on man-made laws. It forces women to share some of their own power, for it is obvious that the person who requests something (be it a relationship, a job or a favor) surrenders power to the person who grants something.

To avoid an equal share of the initiating responsibility, women tend to blame men: "You guys can't handle it when we put the make on you," the woman told Baber. The fact is that women can't handle it when they are rejected. Feminist rhetoric taught women that male roles are fun and easy and left them unprepared for their harsh realities. A woman just might have to experience the hundreds of rejections that a man experiences before she learns that "putting the make" on a person is a more subtle art than saying, "Wanna fuck?"

The step-by-step male equivalent of the

Model Expo, Inc. 1983

pickup technique employed by the woman in Baber's column would be to walk up to a strange woman, stick your face in hers, rest your hand against her breasts and invite her to have sex. Her problem, then, was not that she broke the rule against women's initiating sexual relationships but that she used an initiating technique with a low probability of success and was too accustomed to her female pedestal to handle an occasional failure.

In time, women will get better at initiating. They will realize that successful initiating involves catering to the sensitivities of their target. Forcing males to initiate all romance has long allowed women to set the standards for male-female relationships. The *macho* pickup works only on women who demand one.

In time, a man who rejects a brazen and suspicious woman will feel that he neither violated his masculinity nor wasted a chance of a lifetime. It is only by sharing roles, especially such fundamental roles as initiating relationships, that men and women will be able to communicate in the same language and establish a healthier way of life.

Frederic Hayward, Director
Men's Rights, Inc.
Sacramento, California

MAN'S ROLE

Men who oppose women's rights are obviously fools who have never looked at the psychology of male/female interaction. In most species, it is the female that builds the nest, gathers the food, raises the young. A male lion need only lie back in the shade, while the female goes out to hunt and kill and bring back the bounty to the relaxing male. Females are comfortable with this role. Men must accept their destiny as God intended it.

Modern man's misconceptions of this role have caused his sex life to deteriorate. Men have lost sight of what stimulates women. They read books, attempt to memorize complicated steps in the hopes of turning on their lover. All this because they have forgotten the simple fact that what excites a woman is exciting a man. Therefore, the ultimate kindness that a man can bestow upon a woman is to behave like a lion—just lie back and let your woman take care of your every whim, wish and desire.

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

So that's why you'd tell them that you're a strong supporter of the Equal Rights Amendment—right?

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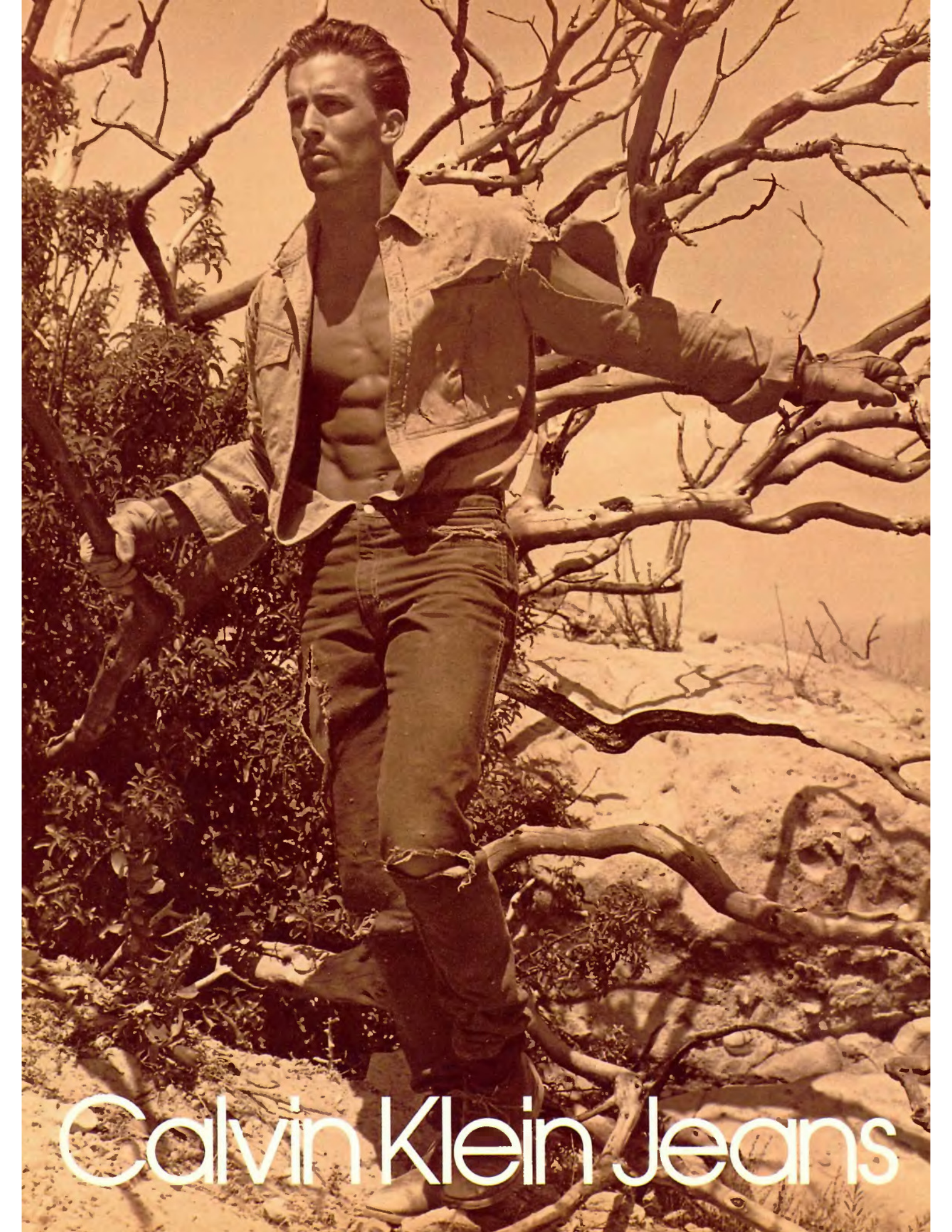


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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAVID LETTERMAN

a candid conversation with the gap-toothed prince of late-night television about his slightly bent mind, his odd guests and those stupid pet tricks

NBC's sixth floor at 30 Rockefeller Plaza is the birthplace of the modern television talk show. Steve Allen hosted "The Tonight Show" there for three years, followed by Jack Paar and Johnny Carson. In 1972, "The Tonight Show" went West, and a year and a half later, Tom Snyder moved in for an eight-year stint. Now Snyder is gone and a new breed of talk-show audience is filling studio 6A's 250 seats—with 4,000,000 more of the same new species watching at home. For the first time, the generation that was raised by television has its own network talk show, "Late Night with David Letterman."

According to the Nielsen people, an astonishing 60 percent of Letterman's viewers were born after World War Two, a demographic profile not even remotely approached by any previous talk show. And here they are now, dungareed and T-shirted, clapping hard and grinning with gleeful anticipation as Paul Shaffer's band explodes in an old R&B song and announcer Bill Wendell intones, "And now, a man who is frightened by the slightest change in air temperature, David Letterman." A door opens at the back of the stage and Letterman enters—followed by a cameraman holding a minicam directly over his shoulder. The three big floor cameras peel away toward the wings and Letterman, the

minicam hugging his shoulder, strides forth. The audience is momentarily startled and everyone scrambles for a peek at one of the overhead monitors; but in a twinkling, this audience is in on the joke—Letterman is letting us see the show from his point of view. Laughter and cheers wash over the stage. This is the video generation; they get this kind of stuff. If Carson pulled a stunt like this, most of his viewers would probably think something was wrong. Letterman is playing to an audience that loves to see the world stood on its head—the way Mad magazine used to do when they were children. But now they're grown and crowding a TV studio to watch a man The Washington Post described as "lankish, prankish, boyish and goyish" stand where Allen and Paar and Carson and Snyder used to stand—except this guy is showing them what it's like to be there. He's taking the magic out of television, and they love it.

Since it went on the air in February 1982, "Late Night with David Letterman" has welcomed such guests as Sidney Miller, Door-man of the Year; a gentleman who flew to an altitude of 15,000 feet in a lawn chair and was almost killed by a Delta Air Lines jet; a worm farmer; a man who died and came back to life; and a woman who claimed to have

gone shopping on Venus. The show's regular features include elevator races, viewer mail and stupid pet tricks. There have been such special features as an investigative report titled, "Alan Alda: A Man and His Chinese Food." When the show does have traditional celebrity guests, Letterman usually attempts to do something different with them. During an interview, Henry Winkler happened to mention that his 83-year-old father was in the lumber business. Letterman immediately produced a telephone and called Winkler's father to ask what he should do about the faded redwood siding on his Malibu home (Winkler's father recommended clear varnish). Comedian Robert Klein showed and hilariously narrated his bar mitzvah movies. Jet-set veteran Monique Van Vooren brought her 200 pairs of shoes, which went by on a conveyor belt while she provided anecdotes from her life—all related to the shoes she was wearing at the time.

Viewer reaction to this televised weirdness has not been a flash cult quickly followed by apathy but a firmly based and steadily rising Nielsen ground swell. Surveys have proved to network executives and sponsors alike that the baby-boom generation has at last found a talk-show host with a genuinely congenial sensibility. It is now also apparent that that



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BENNO FRIEDMAN

"I'm now relaxed enough to look around for the first time. One reason comics tend to be such an unhappy group is that it's always you onstage against the fucking world. Now the struggle is over."

"It's tough for me to put aside a problem on the show. I get depressed easily. I'd describe myself as having more apprehensions than the average person—or the average medium-sized American community."

"I love bad TV. And I must confess to loving the Jerry Lewis telethon. A volatile guy with no sleep in front of a live Las Vegas audience—you just don't get that kind of excitement anywhere else."

man is not a performer who relies on shtick. He views the world—through the eyes of his generation—afresh every day. Three TV critics, while reflecting separately in print on Letterman, used the same phrase to describe him: "He wears well." And in television, durability can be an even more important asset than talent.

David Michael Letterman was born in Indianapolis on April 12, 1947. His father owned a small flower shop. His mother was a church secretary. He had two sisters. There were chronic but never quite overwhelming financial problems. Letterman was shy, extremely self-conscious about his appearance ("I looked like a duck"), played a lot of baseball, did poorly in school and hung out with a tight group of friends whose primary interests were sports, beer and making one another laugh. In a high school speech class, he settled upon what was to remain his lifelong dream—to host a TV talk show.

In 1965, Letterman entered Ball State University in Muncie, Indiana, as a radio-TV major. He joined a fraternity, drank more beer, married his sweetheart and worked two summers as a replacement announcer on channel 13, the ABC affiliate in Indianapolis. After graduation, he landed a full-time job at channel 13. His duties included weatherman, Saturday-morning kiddie-show star, news anchor and late-night movie host. Experience and boredom accumulated, occasionally resulting in on-air pranks that gave Letterman an underground cult following—and eventually got him fired. Once, while doing the weather, he reported that the city was being pelted by "hailstones the size of canned hams." On another weather report, he announced that a tropical storm had just been upgraded to hurricane status, then congratulated the storm on its promotion.

After leaving channel 13 in 1974, Letterman remained in Indianapolis for another year as a radio talk-show host. By May 1975, he felt he was ready to grab for the brass ring. He and his wife packed their belongings into their battered red pickup truck and headed for L.A. Letterman had overcome his stage fright sufficiently to audition at The Comedy Store on Sunset Boulevard. On that fateful night, his career edged into Hollywood's fast lane. Although he was an unpolished stage performer (and obviously a nervous wreck), the unusual bent of Letterman's humor was immediately apparent to the club's owners, and they installed him in The Comedy Store's regular rotation.

Within days, Jimmie "J.J." Walker began paying Letterman \$150 per week to write jokes for his stand-up act. During his stint at The Comedy Store, other comedians, including Bob Hope and Paul Lynde, also hired him to write material for them. TV appearances and top club dates materialized quickly. So did a sad but civilized divorce.

In 1978, Letterman landed a job on Mary Tyler Moore's ill-fated variety hour "Mary." Although the show failed and his experience on it was not entirely pleasant ("They kept dressing me up in weird costumes and, worse, they made me *dance*"), two crucial, long-term

benefits did accrue to him: He made a fan of the show's producer, Grant Tinker, and he deepened his recent relationship with one of the writers, Merrill Markoe.

Then came a very strong first appearance on "The Tonight Show." Carson spontaneously decided to invite him up for a desk spot, and that's when Letterman, whom many critics consider the best reactive comedian, or "comeback artist," in the business today, really had a chance to shine. By early 1979, when Carson was thinking of leaving "The Tonight Show," Hollywood insiders placed Letterman, still a virtual unknown, among the handful of leading contenders for the throne. And then came something called "The David Letterman Show": 90 minutes of live talk and entertainment at ten o'clock every weekday morning. Although both Letterman and head writer Markoe won Emmys, the ratings were disastrous and the show was canceled as soon as alternate programing could be developed.

A period of deep depression followed (as distinct from the shallow depression that Letterman's friends claim is his normal emotional state). He justifiably felt that he'd had his shot at fulfilling his childhood fantasy

*"Privately, I think
that I'm not really
somebody who has a
network-television show.*

*I'm just a kid
trying to make
a living."*

and blown it. Then a "holding contract" arrived in the mail: Fred Silverman was offering him what has been variously reported as between \$625,000 and \$1,000,000 a year just to sit at home and wait for the network to come up with another show for him. The cloud was lifted. Late in 1981, Tom Snyder's "Tomorrow" show was canceled, and although Silverman had by then departed, the new boss at NBC was another Letterman fan, Grant Tinker. So "Late Night" was launched. The show was a critical, ratings and demographic success from the outset.

Today, as "Late Night" goes through its third year and Letterman's baby-boom following has demonstrated what appears to be a long-term commitment to him, NBC executives are no longer panic-stricken about the day Carson eventually calls it a career. Even Carson has been feeling the loss of leverage. One evening, after a lackluster monolog and a boring first guest, he sighed, peered resignedly into the camera and said, "Why don't I just go on home and we can bring in Letterman now?" The audience cheered wildly and the show went well from there. But the point was not lost amid the laughter. An heir apparent to America's talk-show throne has

finally emerged; and in this land of show-business royalty, that is the U.S. equivalent of the birth of a prince. So we felt the time had come to send veteran PLAYBOY interviewer Sam Merrill out for an extended chat with Letterman about his life and times in the talk-show wars. Merrill reports:

"David Letterman quickly agreed to do the 'Interview,' then proceeded to delay the first session for six months. During that time, the message would periodically be passed to me that 'David really wants to do the "Playboy Interview"; he's just a little nervous.' Letterman's nervous condition probably would have persisted to this day had deadlines not required me to notify him that if we didn't begin on a certain day a couple of months away, the 'Interview' was off. I was his last appointment on the afternoon of that day.

"Letterman's office at the RCA building in New York's Rockefeller Center looks, as one reporter put it, 'like he got the key yesterday.' Not that the place lacks human touches. There was a pair of pants on the sofa; various items of baseball equipment and memorabilia were strewn about; there were several pieces of New York kitsch; and there was Bob, one of Letterman's beloved dogs.

"We spoke for an hour that day, and he was as easy, gracious and forthcoming an 'Interview' subject as one could hope for. In fact, I was getting over a cold at the time and Letterman went out of his way to carry the conversation. It was difficult to imagine his fearing the interview process. But, as one friend put it, 'David fears everything.'

"During the next three weeks, we met constantly at Letterman's Malibu home. He had nothing else to do. I'd spoiled his vacation by giving him my cold."

PLAYBOY: Why has it taken the better part of six months for us to sit down together?

LETTERMAN: I've been afraid to get started. But I didn't want to say no, either. So I just sort of . . .

PLAYBOY: Jacked us around?

LETTERMAN: Well. . . .

PLAYBOY: What were you afraid of?

LETTERMAN: Appearing foolish. When I started doing *The Tonight Show*, I went from being somebody who had never had his name in print except in the phonebook to somebody who was being interviewed all the time. And it was great fun. I mean, to a recently anonymous nobody, that's a fantasy come true. But after a few months of it, I got tired of talking about myself. And then, one day, I was watching *Entertainment Tonight*, which often shows celebrities in their kitchens or woodshops, talking about what number file they use, then putting the finishing touches on an end table, and I thought, Jeez, these people are being silly. And if I think they're being silly, other people must think I'm being silly. And there's just no point in a grown man's going out of his way to be silly. So I pretty much stopped doing interviews. Also, it was mentioned to me that this PLAYBOY thing was going to run a little longer than your average interview—like 15 hours! And I thought, Good Lord,



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I can't do that. I have to finish my table.

PLAYBOY: Whether or not you give interviews, there's no getting away from the fact that having a network television show makes you a national celebrity. Has that changed the texture of your daily life?

LETTERMAN: No, but privately I think that I'm not really somebody who has a network television show. Celebrities are other people—Johnny Carson and Sylvester Stallone. I'm just a kid trying to make a living is the way I feel. Here I am, waiting for the fat kid to put unleaded gas in my car, and I'm asking him if I can do it, because he's having trouble resetting the pump, and I think, I'm not really that person on television. It always surprises me that what I do in New York between 5:30 and 6:30 P.M. will show up later that night in Albuquerque and Seattle. It's like tossing a rock into a pond and watching the ripples cross the water. I don't like to think about it—it's a little more responsibility than a guy would want.

PLAYBOY: Is that responsibility something you think about while doing the show?

LETTERMAN: At first, I feel nervous and forget the responsibility. There's so much excitement at the start of the show that if things go well, the excitement builds exponentially. I actually become happy—an all-too-rare occurrence in my life. But if something goes wrong early in the show, the nervousness returns. It's tough for me to put aside an early problem. I get depressed and lose energy. I feel, This is the only thing we have to do all day and already I've stepped on my own . . . whatever.

PLAYBOY: You get anxious fairly easily, don't you?

LETTERMAN: I'd describe myself as probably having more apprehensions than the average person—or the average medium-sized American community.

PLAYBOY: It's amazing that you decided to become a performer.

LETTERMAN: What I always wanted to do was be on the radio or on TV. I never wanted to appear in front of actual people.

PLAYBOY: So you always saw yourself as an "electronic performer"?

LETTERMAN: As a kid, I loved the image of Arthur Godfrey doing his radio-TV simulcasts, sitting behind a microphone wearing headphones—just talking. That was my fantasy: being able to communicate with folks without the unspeakable trauma of having them right there in the same room, scrutinizing me. Even later, when I did local radio and TV in Indianapolis, the thought of appearing live anywhere was just out of the question. People would say, "Hey, Dave, the Kiwanis Club wants you to come over and kiss their children," and I'd say, "No, I can't do that."

PLAYBOY: You do it now, though you've already mentioned how nervous you get on your own show. How is that nervousness manifested?

LETTERMAN: I used to drink an unbelievable quantity of coffee, thinking it would

calm me down, but that just made me more nervous, so I had to quit.

PLAYBOY: Do your knees knock? Do you grind your teeth?

LETTERMAN: No, nothing that obvious. And now I don't even chew my nails off. So all the damage is internal.

PLAYBOY: When Johnny Carson gets nervous at the start of his show, he says, his tongue turns white.

LETTERMAN: No, that's network policy. They have a guy back there who chalks your tongue just before you go out so you don't mispronounce words.

PLAYBOY: When does the nervousness—or let's call it excitement—really take hold?

LETTERMAN: About half an hour before air time—five P.M. That's when I become hyper. I put everything else out of my mind and just let that nervous energy surge through my body. I start talking faster and louder. My confidence comes up. It's actually a great feeling. Then I go out and do a little warm-up for the audience—just in case they're all from Portugal and don't speak a word of English, I want to be the first to know.

PLAYBOY: Are you aware that you're the only talk-show host who does his own warm-up?

LETTERMAN: To be precise, our announcer, Bill Wendell, does a longer warm-up before me; but, yes, I know the other guys don't show their face to the studio audience until the tape is rolling. But I like to know where the audience is. Are they up? Down? Are they mostly tourists? People from out of town are generally a bit more sedate than New Yorkers. That warm-up is really more for me than for the audience. It's like batting practice. And then, as I'm walking away from the audience, I have a clear, preconceived notion of how the show will go. I think, This is going to be a long fucking night. And then, suddenly, the band is playing and I'm walking back out and we just go.

PLAYBOY: We're currently sitting in your New York office, and on your desk you have not one but two brass Empire State Buildings—one is a bank, the other is a thermometer. There's a dog bone but, of course, Bob, the dog, is here nibbling my shoelace as we speak. There is a Big Apple salt-and-pepper set next to your telephone. Are you a collector of *kitsch*?

LETTERMAN: No. Beloved members of my staff have given me those things knowing that I would be irritated by them.

PLAYBOY: Are you actually a gentleman of impeccable taste?

LETTERMAN: I wouldn't go that far.

PLAYBOY: When you furnish a home, do people mistake it for Cary Grant's house?

LETTERMAN: I have a house in California that Merrill and I have been living in for five years, and if it were fixed up just a little bit nicer, when people walked in they would say, "Oh, I get it: You rented all this stuff." Actually, Merrill and I did take a decorator there once, and we told her, "We don't know what we're doing,

but we want the place to be comfortable and unpretentious and not too expensive." And she looked around and said, "Sure, this will be great. I'll do all the shopping and bring you samples and pull the whole thing together for \$30,000." So I strangled her and buried her next to the hot tub.

PLAYBOY: Assuming your show continues to be a hit for many years, will you eventually attempt to take it back to California?

LETTERMAN: Yes, California is my home now. And when the show is finally canceled—as all shows finally are, except *The Jeffersons*—I'll sell the Connecticut house. Connecticut is beautiful, but I've lived in the California house long enough to have a real fondness for it.

PLAYBOY: But you're not fond enough to furnish it.

LETTERMAN: No, not quite that fond.

PLAYBOY: Is your childhood in Indiana a happy memory?

LETTERMAN: Yeah. I think it was probably right on the money for lower-middle-class, mid-American family life, which is really a very pleasant and balanced way to grow up. Both of my grandfathers were miners turned farmers. My mother's father was a very funny man—a real smartass but irresistible. He'd have me sneak up on the watermelons because that was the only way you could pick them. So there would be this man in his 60s and me, a little kid, tiptoeing together through the watermelon patch, and we'd finally grab one and run like hell. My father was always joking around; and if she had a couple of beers, even my mom would get a little loopy. And my younger sister is very witty, too.

PLAYBOY: Was it a showbiz kind of funny family?

LETTERMAN: Oh, my Lord, no. [Laughs] If you hypnotized my mother and extracted from her every fantasy she has ever even mildly entertained in her entire life, not one of them would be to go backstage at Caesars Palace and greet Sammy Davis Jr. We weren't a paint-the-barn-and-put-on-musicals family. We just had fun.

PLAYBOY: Your father was a florist.

LETTERMAN: My dad, who passed away ten years ago, had a flower shop. When I was about ten or 11, business became a problem, and from then on, there was a lot of financial tension around the house. My mother had to work in the shop every day, then go home and take care of the kids. But we still got to do stuff and had clothes and took trips. There was just a sense of tightness.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned earlier that despite your anxieties and insecurities, you always wanted to be some kind of "electronic communicator."

LETTERMAN: What I'm doing right now represents the fulfillment of the only serious dream I've ever had. I knew I would be doing this from early on.

PLAYBOY: Being a talk-show host is a curiously specific childhood dream. How did you arrive at it?

LETTERMAN: At first, it was just a vague



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vision of me on television with a few friends, drinking a warm eight-pack of beer and chatting about the week's events. The vision didn't assume any greater clarity for several years. There were too many distractions. I fought with my parents and my grades stank and it was all just a miasma. Then I happened to sign up for a speech class in high school, because I had heard it was an easy C. And that's where the dream really took shape.

PLAYBOY: Were you a clown in high school?

LETTERMAN: No, most of the class clowns in my high school are doing time now.

PLAYBOY: Did you perform in high school?

LETTERMAN: Never; that would have been too nerve-racking. And I felt I looked so awful. I was much too shy to perform. I was looking through my high school yearbook recently. We all looked like guys who'd be hanging around with John Hinckley. I mean, basically, *everybody* in high school looks like a duck.

PLAYBOY: So with your dream of electronic stardom glistening before you, off you went to major in radio and television at . . . Ball State University. Why not Indiana University at Bloomington, or Northwestern? Those schools have top-notch communications departments.

LETTERMAN: I wanted to go to IU, and all my friends were going there, but they'd take me only on academic probation. I'd have had to maintain a C average my freshman year, and I figured, There's no way in hell I can do that. So I applied to Ball State, where, as the joke goes, I was admitted with honors.

PLAYBOY: Your college years were 1965 through 1969, the anti-Vietnam war protest era. Were you involved in the radical politics of that time?

LETTERMAN: Ball State was pretty much isolated from all of that. I'm not sure why, since Kent State was not far off or too different. And I was not what you would call politicized. While other campuses were staging major demonstrations, our biggest worry was "How are we gonna get beer for the big dance?" I was hardly aware of the Vietnam war until a friend of mine flunked out and was drafted and [*snap fingers*] was dead like that. One day, here's a guy setting fire to the housemother's panty hose, and the next day, he's gone. *That* got my attention.

PLAYBOY: Did you dodge the draft?

LETTERMAN: No. After graduation, I assumed I would go to Vietnam. My close friends were going, and I felt I was no different from them. But in the lottery, my birth date was drawn 346th, so I was free. Even then, I almost enlisted. The feeling of "Well, this is my country and war is war, after all," was surprisingly strong in many parts of middle America. And there was also that personal thing tugging at me: "Doug went; why shouldn't I?"

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about it now?

LETTERMAN: What I feel very bad about is that when those guys came back, I didn't have an inkling of the kind of ordeal they

had gone through. As a friend and neighbor, I wasn't functioning in a sensitive way. I treated them as if they'd been in Milwaukee for two years: "Great to see you. How you doing? Let's get a beer." And that was the extent of the debriefing. I didn't have a clue about what that war had done to them emotionally, psychologically. I . . . Well, many Americans, though that's no excuse, were so insensitive to those returning Vietnam veterans. It was a crime.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned beer at least half a dozen times already. We assume there's a reason for that.

LETTERMAN: In college, my friends and I pretty much structured our week around obtaining beer for the weekend. We loved almost every aspect of drinking beer, particularly the fact that we could, physically, get away with it. One of the remarkable things about being 19 is that you can break open a case of warm beer at midnight and still be wide-eyed and alert for your eight-A.M. class. And that gave me the false impression that my life would always be like that. I drank a lot of beer over an almost 20-year period—and I loved it. But now

*"What I'm doing right
now represents the
fulfillment of the
only serious dream
I've had."*

I've quit. No alcohol, no drugs, no coffee.

PLAYBOY: Were you heavily into drugs?

LETTERMAN: Only grass. I went through one period when I smoked a surprising, a really breath-taking, amount of grass almost every night.

PLAYBOY: When was that?

LETTERMAN: During the failed morning show, and it was only about a two-month period. I just got to the point where I'd be stoned and I'd wish I wasn't. So I quit. Since then, I've used marijuana very sporadically, hardly at all.

PLAYBOY: So pot was self-limiting for you, but beer wasn't.

LETTERMAN: That's right. I remember being surprised when I got out of college that the real world was unlike the fraternity house in one very important way: The people I was working with weren't drinking as much beer as I was. So I'd find the two or three guys who still were and they would be my friends. And we had plenty of fun being young adults loose on the town. We'd just go out every night after work and drink.

PLAYBOY: How much *did* you drink?

LETTERMAN: I never drank during the day, but six beers before dinner was common. Merrill and I went through a two-year period where we attempted to sample every beer in the entire world. She was bringing home beer from Korea, South America, Germany, Japan, Scotland, Italy, New Zealand. And I loved it. There is hardly any aspect of beer drinking that I don't love.

PLAYBOY: You look back over your beer-drinking years with such fondness—what made you stop? Are you an alcoholic?

LETTERMAN: I thought alcoholism was certainly a potential problem. But the thing that made me stop was the show. I had to feel I was doing everything in my power to make it a success. Otherwise, I'd have to answer to myself for the rest of my life for being a failure. I knew that if I woke up hung over, I couldn't do the best possible job on the show, so I had to quit. Also, I'd consumed a lot of beer for a lot of years, and I thought, That's enough. I've had my fun and I'm glad I quit. But I do look back on it with a great deal of relish.

PLAYBOY: You describe yourself during those years of local television and recreational beer drinking as a "young adult loose on the town," but, in fact, you were married throughout that period.

LETTERMAN: I got married in my senior year of college and remained married for seven years. And my wife and I suffered every emotional ailment a young couple could.

PLAYBOY: Then you moved to L.A., became a hit and got a divorce.

LETTERMAN: Our marriage would have come apart regardless of geography or career pursuits. And you've got your chronology backward. Ours was not a case of a wife's struggling to put her husband through medical school, after which he gets a position at a fine hospital and dumps her. Nor was it a case of my getting a taste of the fast life in show business and saying, "To hell with this old broad." When we divorced, my career was practically nonexistent. Our basic problem was that we'd just gotten married too young.

PLAYBOY: Anyway, after six years as a local broadcaster in Indiana, you made the big move to Hollywood in 1975 in the further pursuit of your childhood dream.

LETTERMAN: I told everyone, including myself, that I was going out there to become a TV scriptwriter. I thought that would be my best entry point into the business. But the thing you discover is that you can write all the scripts you want when you're living in Indianapolis. People aren't going to meet you at the L.A. city line saying, "Can we see those scripts? We're dying to get scripts from people who live in Indianapolis." It just doesn't work that way. I'd take my scripts around and they'd toss them into a warehouse, and every Thursday the guy with the fork lift would go by, pick up all the scripts and bury them near the river. I knew that if scriptwriting didn't get me moving in the direction I wanted to go, the next step was

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stand-up comedy. So, eventually, I got up the courage and went over to The Comedy Store for an audition.

PLAYBOY: Was that the first time you'd done stand-up comedy?

LETTERMAN: The first time. I found it very painful to get up in front of those people. And I wasn't exactly a big hit, either. But I achieved a real sense of self-confidence from that first attempt. I remember thinking, Jeez, I've come 2500 miles and gotten onstage in this dimly lit bar in front of these mutants and I'm telling jokes. This is a real step for me. And it was.

PLAYBOY: And you were hired.

LETTERMAN: I began performing four or

five nights a week. Then Jimmie Walker hired me to write jokes for him. I mean, who better to capsule the American black experience than a white guy from Indiana? But Jimmie was very, very nice. And very shrewd about his career, I thought. He realized that he'd be able to sustain himself in show business long after *Good Times* was gone through his stand-up act, so he hired punks out of the Midwest to keep building his material. Jimmie was paying me \$150 a week just to write 15 jokes. That money kept me going and was also a tremendous confidence builder. I'll always be grateful to Jimmie for that early support. And I'll always respect the way

he thought about his career in the long view.

PLAYBOY: While performing at The Comedy Store, you were discovered and signed by the prestigious management firm of Rollins, Joffe, Morra and Brezner.

LETTERMAN: That's right, though I have recently been talking with Colonel Tom Parker, so there may be a management shift in my future.

PLAYBOY: Seriously, to be just one of literally hundreds of aspiring comics working out at the Improv and Comedy Store and then suddenly be signed by a heavy-duty agency must have been an incredible ego boost for an insecure guy. Some people were seeing something very special in you.

LETTERMAN: It meant a great deal, of course, and then I began really working. I wrote for a couple of TV shows. I did a summer show with the Starland Vocal Band—of course, at that time, nobody realized they'd go on to such unbelievable success. I appeared on *The Liar's Club* as a "celebrity," which was a source of amusement. And then the Rollins, Joffe people got me a major job as a regular on *Mary*, the short-lived Mary Tyler Moore variety hour. After that, they got me a deal to do a syndicated afternoon talk show called—are you ready for this?—*Leave It to Dave*.

PLAYBOY: *Leave It to Dave*?

LETTERMAN: It was a disaster. I wanted to do a goofy kind of off-the-wall, innovative show, the show I've always wanted to do, the show I'm doing now. But the affiliates wanted an "afternoon show." The whole project was just a disaster from word one.

PLAYBOY: Meanwhile, throughout that Comedy Store period, you were a single guy—really for the first time in your life—presumably on the make in Hollywood. What was that like?

LETTERMAN: At first, I was like a kid in a candy shop. And I'm glad I went through that experience or I'd probably still be wondering what it's like to be afloat in a sea of Hollywood dollies.

PLAYBOY: Well?

LETTERMAN: It was not fun and I was not very good at it. I find it hard enough to manage my own life, let alone trying to live up to what is expected of a single show-business guy in Hollywood. For me, that whole experience produced more anxieties than pleasures—not that there weren't pleasures.

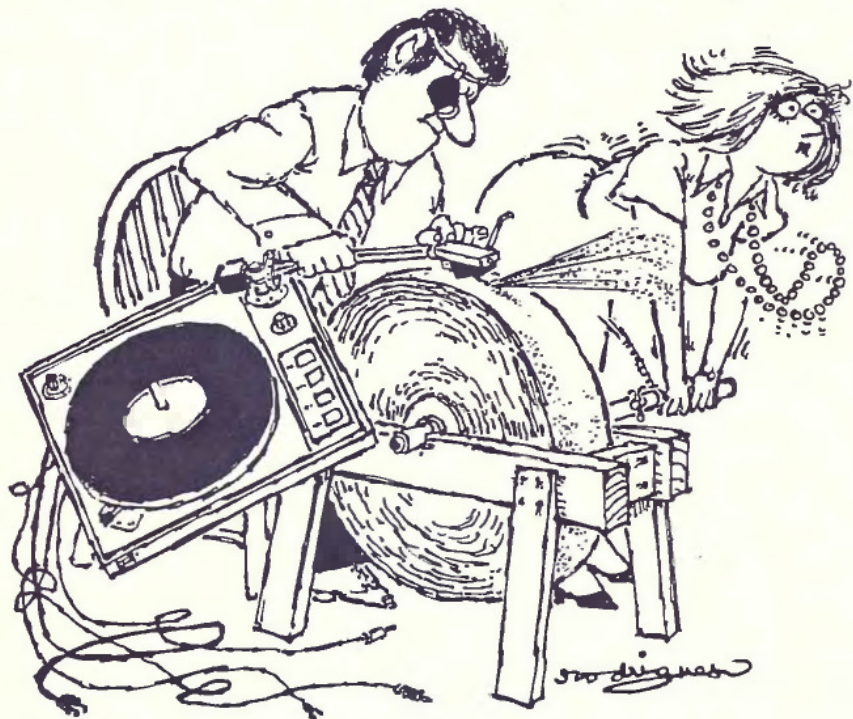
PLAYBOY: So, even in bed, all you could think about was what other people expected of you.

LETTERMAN: Well, maybe. But I think of it as a life experience that my wife and I missed because we got married in college. I experienced it later—which I needed to do—and I didn't like it.

PLAYBOY: When did you meet Merrill?

LETTERMAN: We met at The Comedy Store in 1977. Merrill was hanging around, buying drinks for comics, and... No, no. What am I saying? She was doing stand-up and we met and began dating. Then, coincidentally, she got a job writing for

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Mary and I was a regular in the cast. We've worked together ever since, until now. Last year, Merrill left *Late Night*, where she had been head writer, to go back to free-lancing.

PLAYBOY: So there was a lot of activity in your career after Rollins, Joffe signed you, but you didn't emerge as a public figure until November 1978, when you made your first *Tonight Show* appearance. How did that come about?

LETTERMAN: The people at *The Tonight Show* are very good at dealing with young comedians. They treat the Improv and The Comedy Store as a farm system. They want nothing more than to break another Freddie Prinze, and they keep track of everybody. In 1977, they came to me and said, "You're not ready." I said, "OK, that's fine." I was just thrilled they'd been watching me. And the last thing you want to do is go on and not be ready. So I kept working and building my act, and the next year, they called for me. I went back three times, and after the third time, they invited me to guest host. At the time, I saw that as a huge mistake on their part, but now I recognize it as an incredible bit of cosmic synchronization.

PLAYBOY: That was one of the periods when everybody was asking who would replace Johnny. And there you were, a rawboned, Midwestern "Carson type."

LETTERMAN: Oh, sure, I benefited from that enormously. I mean, there are guys at The

Comedy Store now with whom I started in 1975 who are funnier than I am and are on unemployment. So I know full well what the David Letterman story could have been, and without going into too many of the gory details, let's just say it would not have included you sitting here today interviewing me for *PLAYBOY*.

PLAYBOY: Given whatever performing gifts you feel you have but no luck, where do you think you'd be today?

LETTERMAN: I'd like to say back in Indianapolis with a steady job at a local station, but that's not what usually happens. Unfortunately, people generally tend to stay too long at The Comedy Store and the Improv. They keep thinking, Maybe next



week, Merv Griffin will come in and put me on *Dance Fever*. So they stay and stagnate and eventually come to be looked upon by the talent scouts as somehow tarnished. You know, who wants a guy who's been in junior high school for eight years? Those clubs are a stepping stone. They're not a career.

PLAYBOY: Do you sometimes feel a little guilty about having leapfrogged over your Comedy Store friends?

LETTERMAN: Not guilty, but I do feel an extra responsibility to help friends who deserve a break. But being able to do that is a mixed blessing. We've made the mistake of helping people who weren't ready, and it made them look bad and us look bad. So,

lately, I've taken my personal feelings and old friendships out of the process.

PLAYBOY: Did that cause some people to accuse you of turning your back on them?

LETTERMAN: I've alienated as many old friends as I've helped and, yes, sure, when our people go to comedy clubs today, we get badmouthed. But what can I do? My first concern is that we do a nice show. My second concern is that the guests benefit from their appearance. We don't want people going on who will not do well. But how do you tell an old friend that you just don't think he or she is funny? So, when I go to a comedy club today, I'm aware that a certain number of people are saying, "Oh, here comes that asshole Letterman. I can't get on his show, the son of a bitch."

PLAYBOY: Do any young comics you do approach ever say, "No, don't have me on; I'm not ready yet"?

LETTERMAN: I've heard that a few times, and those are people I'll always keep an eye on, because they have some sense of how a solid career should be built. And sense is not a quality most comedians are noted for, self included.

PLAYBOY: You're also not noted for enjoying your own performances, even when doing well. And that is unusual for a comic.

LETTERMAN: Night clubs scare me. They're dark and they stink and they're dangerous and everybody's drunk. The only good



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thing about night clubs is that a comfortable living can be made in them. I've always felt much more at home with the electronic trappings of broadcasting, where the studios are well lighted and the people are pleasant—and some of them are *not* drunk. But even on television, I'm not one of those comedians who'll stay on as long as you let them. Give Robin Williams five hours and he'll do five hours. Give me 20 minutes and I'll say, "Will you settle for 15?"

PLAYBOY: Let's talk a little about your morning show, the one that flopped so spectacularly in the ratings. After the disaster of *Leave It to Dave*, why did you go back to daytime TV?

LETTERMAN: Well, at that time, I just wanted to do any show. I loved the idea that it would be live and, unlike *Leave It to Dave*, this time, everyone agreed in advance that we'd be going for a silly, inventive, off-the-wall comedy show.

PLAYBOY: But was it ever explained to you that your audience would consist almost entirely of middle-aged housewives?

LETTERMAN: Not until we were in over our heads. Anyway, that wouldn't have deterred me. Our approach was to do the show we wanted and let the audience find us.

PLAYBOY: What was the first danger sign?

LETTERMAN: The producer quit three days before we went on the air. Merrill had to function as both head writer and producer until we could find someone else. She did a great job of holding things together; but through naïveté and inexperience, we made plenty of mistakes. After only a month, the show had been canceled in five markets, including Boston, Detroit and San Francisco. And after that, it was dominoes tumbling. Eventually, we hired Barry Sand to produce and Merrill went back to writing and the show really began to come together. The ratings in the remaining markets were improving, too. But it was too late. The network had to restore those affiliates, and the only way to do that was to cancel our show.

PLAYBOY: While your morning show was still on the air, it was best known for having already failed. That must have caused a hell of a morale problem.

LETTERMAN: It was odd. Every day, while we were struggling to put the show together, there'd be a story in the paper foretelling our doom. It eventually got to be fun. We created a kind of bunker mentality, trying to do as many unusual things as possible before the end came. But in reality, I thought I'd never be able to do a show again.

PLAYBOY: We heard you once had a fire on the set and, the show being what it was, the fire became the show.

LETTERMAN: Yeah, we were having a 40th anniversary party for a couple and—

PLAYBOY: That was your show? An anniversary party for a strange couple?

LETTERMAN: By the end, we were doing all kinds of wacky things. And this party was great. The couple had invited all their

friends, and it was catered and decorated. A band was playing. People were dancing. And while the couple were cutting the cake, we were dropping tulip petals on the entire aggregation. But we also had these giant sparklers going, and the sparklers began to ignite the flower petals. So, all of a sudden, everybody was standing around in these little pockets of flame. And then a stagehand came out with a fire extinguisher and that just made the fire spread. Plus, the studio audience suddenly thought they were about to become charred remains and all of this was going out over the air. In the end, of course, no one was hurt. But phrases like "ill-fated" were constantly being used to describe the morning show, and I don't think that's ever a good sign.

PLAYBOY: When the show was canceled, did your relationship with Merrill suffer?

LETTERMAN: It produced a lot of tension between us, yeah.

PLAYBOY: When did it begin to break?

LETTERMAN: After a couple of months—and it was nothing specific. We just got used to the sudden inactivity and frustration, and even though I thought I probably would never get another shot on TV, I eventually started saying to myself, "So what?" and went on with my life. But then, incredibly, NBC came to me with a new contract.

PLAYBOY: Did you get a raise?

LETTERMAN: No; but, of course, that is the way things seem to work in television, isn't it? You keep getting bigger and bigger money each time something fails.

PLAYBOY: From the moment that new contract arrived, you must have felt in your heart of hearts that what you really wanted was Tom Snyder's slot.

LETTERMAN: Yes, that's true. Everyone seemed to feel that my morning show would have fared much better later on. And I knew I didn't want the 11:30 job—too much pressure. So the *Tomorrow*-show time slot was definitely what I wanted. But it just didn't make sense to me that NBC would part company with Snyder. I always found him very entertaining. And I'm surprised that to date he has not resurfaced in a similar format, but he will.

PLAYBOY: But Snyder was forced out to make way for you. And *Late Night* was a tremendous hit from the start.

LETTERMAN: Well, we knew what we wanted to do and whom we wanted to do it with. We brought Barry Sand back as producer—he'd been producing *SCTV* in the meantime—and Merrill as head writer and Hal Gurnee, a wonderful and extremely creative guy who, incidentally, used to be Jack Paar's director, to direct. We hired a small staff of bright, funny, sensitive people who never want to go to the Polo Lounge for Perrier. In fact, the staff is so wonderful and we've all become so close that I can truly say I never feel the need to get away from the show and be with my friends. I'm always with friends. It's almost like being with family.

PLAYBOY: The first *Late Night*, with Bill

Murray as your guest, established an anything-can-happen-here attitude that you have hung on to. Was that the attitude you wanted to establish or did it just happen?

LETTERMAN: I want viewers to feel that anything can happen on our show. When there's real jeopardy, that's when the fun begins. But that first show might have been just a touch too unstructured.

PLAYBOY: Because of Murray?

LETTERMAN: Yeah. [*Laughs, tries to answer but laughs again*] When we asked Bill to be on our first show, he said he'd like to do something different: Could he come up to the office and talk with the writers and see what they could come up with together? I said, "Great." So he arrived one afternoon when Merrill and I were out shooting a remote and brought six half-gallon bottles of whatever tequila was on sale, and he and the entire staff proceeded to get shit-faced all afternoon. When I got back, the place was a shambles; everyone was dangerously drunk; all the lamps were hidden, because Bill had convinced them that the fluorescent lights were draining their vitamin E; nothing had been written; and the only explanation I could get out of anyone was "Bill was here." And when we did go on the air, Bill didn't want to do any of the things we had finally gotten around to preparing. Instead, he had a sudden urge to sing *Let's Get Physical* and do aerobics. So he did. And it was very funny.

PLAYBOY: You say you loved the fact that your afternoon show was live, but *Late Night* is taped. Why?

LETTERMAN: That's done only for logistics and not because we or the network have any interest in censoring the show or doing retakes. *Late Night* is a live show on video tape. You've got to keep the tape rolling no matter what; otherwise, you lose that element of jeopardy I mentioned before. And once that's gone, you may as well bring in props and sets and dancers and start doing *The Barbara Mandrell Show*. For example, we were supposed to have Levon Helm on and he was late. We could have stopped the tape and waited for him, but, instead, I brought out segment producer Gerard Mulligan and said, "Well, Gerard, if Levon had been here tonight, what would he have talked about?" And we did a whole interview that way. Then Gerard mentioned that Levon's manager was backstage, and I asked him to come out. But he didn't want to. So we went back into the greenroom and met him there. Then we talked with some of the staff and the others waiting to go on. I love stuff like that. When something collapses, it's fun to see what I can build out of the wreckage.

PLAYBOY: Have any guests or incidents made you want to stop the tape?

LETTERMAN: The only guest who really bothered me was Andy Rooney—and he was especially disappointing, because here was a man I'd admired for a long, long time. Years before *60 Minutes*, Andy had done a series of news specials that I think



represented American television at its best: entertaining, intelligent—absolutely state-of-the-art stuff. But when you actually meet the guy, you quickly discover that he doesn't just appear to be a nasty curmudgeon, he is a nasty curmudgeon.

PLAYBOY: What did he do?

LETTERMAN: The first thing he said when he sat down was "I don't do interviews, and from what I understand, you don't do them very well, so this should be quite a combination." And the segment went downhill from there. It's disappointing when you finally get to meet someone you admire and he conducts himself as a jerk.

PLAYBOY: Although your show has been both a critical and a popular success, many viewers have felt that interviewing is your weakest point.

LETTERMAN: I think some of that criticism has been unfair. We took Snyder's time slot but not his place. Our interviews aren't supposed to go any deeper than *The Tonight Show's*. We want our guests to be entertaining; we don't want to do *This Week with David Brinkley*. I'll take my full share of responsibility for being inept on any count, but part of the problem has been a difference in expectations.

PLAYBOY: But if you book a guest with something serious to say, as you sometimes do, and then try to conduct a superficial, entertaining interview, it won't work.

LETTERMAN: You're right, and we've definitely made mistakes with our bookings. For example, we had Gerry Spence, the attorney for Karen Silkwood's family, and we weren't tooled to handle him. I've spent most of my life trying to be funny, not studying political science. I'm just not that guy. So you won't see me steal Ted Koppel's guests again.

PLAYBOY: What else do you think has been wrong with your interviews?

LETTERMAN: When a guest stalls, I get nervous. Probably because I'm so shy by nature, when a person I'm with is low, I get low. If a guest doesn't want to put out, it's very difficult for me to whip him into shape. It's often said that an essential ability for a talk-show host is to get things going at all costs. But I just can't do that.

PLAYBOY: What else can't you do?

LETTERMAN: It frequently happens that a guest is on to plug a movie and I think that picture stinks. I'm supposed to say, "It was a marvelous cinematic work and you and the crew should be immortalized," but I can't and I don't. I also have trouble asking many of the traditional questions: "Is there a special guy or gal in your life? Which do you prefer doing, comedy or drama?" That makes me uncomfortable.

PLAYBOY: But overall, do you agree that your interviews have been weak?

LETTERMAN: Sometimes, sure. And I put a lot of time into improving them. I study the tapes and read the criticism very carefully. The interviews don't come second nature to me, so I have to keep monitoring that aspect of my work.

PLAYBOY: Many people feel that your best

moments have come when, almost like a kid, you say what everyone is thinking but no well-adjusted adult would dare come out with. For example, in the midst of an interview with the rather intimidating fight promoter Don King, who's as famous for his electric-shock Afro as he is for his extravagant promotions, you blurted out, "So, tell me, Don, what's the story with your hair?" It was a great moment. King was startled, and the audience's laughter was prolonged by his inability to reply.

LETTERMAN: That did work well, but more because of Don than because of me. I mean, here's an extremely nice man who's also a real showbiz salesman. He's full of crap and he knows it—and that's what I love about him. If you broke into Don's home in the middle of the night and awakened him out of a deep sleep—which I have done, by the way—I think he would be the first to admit that he learned early on how to sell the sizzle and not the steak.

PLAYBOY: You may be right about King's part in making that moment work, because when you asked the same question of Nastassja Kinski, it was a disaster.

LETTERMAN: I was nervous about her going in. I mean, what can you talk with her about? Her father is strange. We don't want to get into her teenage relationship with Roman Polanski. Then out she comes and it looks as if she has her hair wired around a nine iron. So I figured, Anyone who appears like that on television must be doing it for a joke. You've got to trust your instincts, and my instincts said, "This woman has a barn owl on her head; ask her about the barn owl." But the hairdo wasn't a joke, and she got insulted and withdrew. I felt really uncomfortable.

PLAYBOY: That'll teach you to go with your instincts.

LETTERMAN: No, I'll always do things like that. It's a good way to loosen the structure of the show. And if it fails, it fails.

PLAYBOY: Paul Shaffer's comical character provides a nice counterpoint to your cynicism. Was that something designed, or did it just happen?

LETTERMAN: Paul was originally hired solely for the music. We wanted old R&B stuff and good, solid rock 'n' roll—the kind of music you never hear on TV talk shows. But while we were talking with him, we were reminded of all the wonderful things he had done on *Saturday Night Live*, playing Don Kirshner and Marvin Hamlisch. And he is a very, very funny guy. So we just naturally began utilizing more and more of his talents.

PLAYBOY: But where did that character come from?

LETTERMAN: From Paul, who really does love showbiz *kitsch*. It's his hobby. He records *The Jerry Lewis Labor Day Telethon* and plays back Jerry introducing Chad Everett 100 times in a row. On vacations, he goes to Las Vegas and listens to lounge comics and lounge piano players and memorizes their clichés. It's not that he's making fun of it; he's fascinated by it.

PLAYBOY: What you say makes us wonder if the character he plays really is a character.

LETTERMAN: When people come up to me on the street, probably the most asked question is "Is Paul Shaffer for real?" What he does is an extension of an aspect of his personality. So it would not be inaccurate to say, "Yeah, that's him." But he's also a very nice man; a sweet, sensitive human being. See? Maybe it is impossible to describe Paul without lapsing into those stupid showbiz clichés. You know him, you love him, you can't live without him.

PLAYBOY: Whom have you been excited to have on the show—or excited to meet?

LETTERMAN: This may sound crazy, but I found myself really looking forward to meeting Johnny Bench. I was excited to meet Simon and Garfunkel, Steve Martin and Andy Rooney—and then very disappointed by *him*. Believe it or not, I was also excited to meet Howard Cosell, whom I've always admired.

PLAYBOY: An odd list.

LETTERMAN: Hey, I'm an odd guy, but you gotta love me.

PLAYBOY: You dress very nicely on the show; but outside the studio, we've yet to see you in anything but jeans and a T-shirt—

LETTERMAN: Merrill's mother says she watches just to see me in a suit.

PLAYBOY: This is an awkward question to ask an adult, but do you dress yourself?

LETTERMAN: The show has two gentlemen on staff whose job it is to do everything with clothes that I, after 37 years, am still unable to do. I just don't have my personal life sufficiently organized to know which shirts go with which pants and have them all cleaned and pressed at the same time. I have nothing but admiration for people who always seem to know that on Tuesday they pick up their slacks and on Thursday they pick up their shirts. I don't like doing it, I'm not any good at it and having people to do it for me is one of the *great* things about show business.

PLAYBOY: You've occasionally been criticized, particularly after vacations, for your hair's being somewhat unkempt.

LETTERMAN: Yes, yes. It's just that I never know when to get a haircut. I know that sounds odd, but if I get a haircut when I think I need one, I'm a week late. For a while, I was getting it cut every week, but that was too often. Hair, like clothing, is yet another aspect of life that after 37 years, I still haven't learned to manage by myself. Pretty pathetic, I'd say.

PLAYBOY: Recently, you appeared visibly angry at a stupid-pet-tricks contestant who used his puppy like a bowling ball.

LETTERMAN: Yeah, that was a mistake on our part. The dog wasn't hurt or even frightened, but we've been policing our stupid pet tricks a lot more carefully since then.

PLAYBOY: Do you have an all-time favorite stupid pet trick?

LETTERMAN: That would have to be the guy



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who trained his dog to go to the 7-Eleven store with a ten-dollar bill in a rubber band around its paw. The dog would pull a six-pack out of the freezer and put it on the counter. The cashier would take the money, put the beer and the change in a bag, and the dog would carry the bag home in its mouth.

PLAYBOY: Do your dogs, Bob and Stan, do any stupid pet tricks?

LETTERMAN: I like to think so. Bob sounds exactly the way I do when he eats potato chips. And if you give Stan the names of three early television comedienne—Bea Benaderet, Vivian Vance and Lucille Ball—the one he always chooses as his favorite is Lucille Ball. That comes, of course, not from watching Fifties television but from his association of the word ball with endless hours of fun. Nevertheless, it's a wonderfully stupid pet trick to sit Stan down and say, "OK, Stan, who did you like best? Did you like Bea Benaderet?" And, of course, there will be no response from Stan. So then you say, "How about Vivian Vance?" Again, nothing from Stan. "Stan, one more name: Lucille Ball." And suddenly he's up, running and jumping and making whelping noises. Now, you tell me: If that's not a network-quality stupid pet trick, what is?

PLAYBOY: Who is Larry "Bud" Melman, and what is he doing on your show?

LETTERMAN: He's an actor named Calvert DeForest who's done some theater and film work, but live TV is definitely not his strong suit. We thought he was a real odd touch and began looking for ways to incorporate him. I like the guy. He's not the best actor in the world, nor is he the best-looking man in the world, yet I find him genuinely entertaining.

PLAYBOY: Continuing with the theme of strange people on your show, Pee-wee Herman is a frequent guest despite the fact that a sizable chunk of the American viewing public finds him objectionable.

LETTERMAN: Pee-wee splits people right down the middle. They either really enjoy him or can't stand him. But to me, he's a great guest. A lot of brain power has gone into that little character he plays, and he executes some very witty material without straying from that context. He's a professional. He won't let you down. And you won't see Pee-wee Herman on *The Tonight Show*. In fact, I don't know where else you'll see him.

PLAYBOY: One of your regular guests, Andy Kaufman, passed away this year. Be honest: When you first heard about his illness, did you think it was a prank?

LETTERMAN: Yes, and so did the people who told me about it. Even after he was gone, people were saying, "Is Andy Kaufman really dead?" As sick as that sounds, I think that in a peculiar way, it's a tribute to Andy's unique talent. I think exaggerated eulogies are in poor taste, so I'm not going to pretend to have considered Andy America's best value for your entertainment dollar just because he's gone. But he

was one of my favorite guests and we had him on the show as often as we could get him, because I think it's important to have guests who annoy the public. It feels good to scream at the TV once in a while, to go to work the next day and tell everyone how annoyed you are. Andy was a real showman. And he was unique.

PLAYBOY: Do you watch much TV?

LETTERMAN: If there's a show I like, such as *Cheers*, I'll make a point of watching it. But I don't like too many others.

PLAYBOY: Do you follow *Dallas* or *Dynasty* or *Hill Street Blues*?

LETTERMAN: No, and I don't think I'd recognize Joan Collins if I backed up over her in my truck. But I must say I do enjoy watching *The Love Boat*. To me, that's American TV at its finest.

PLAYBOY: Because it's so bad?

LETTERMAN: I won't go on record saying *The Love Boat* is bad TV. It's solid American fare, and there's no mystery as to why it has succeeded. Every week, people from other television shows are thrown together in what's presented as a glamorous circumstance. And I get a kick out of that.

*"I just don't have
my personal life
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But I do love bad TV. And I, too, must confess to loving the Jerry Lewis telethon. One summer, Merrill and I had a house in the Hamptons and we couldn't get the channel the telethon was on. So I built a big roof antenna myself just to watch that one show. A volatile guy in a volatile circumstance with no sleep in front of a live Las Vegas audience at two in the morning—you just don't get that kind of excitement anywhere else.

PLAYBOY: Building your own antenna? You must be a pretty handy guy.

LETTERMAN: Yes, and I'm very resourceful. I'd be good in prison. I'd be good in a shipwreck. I'd make a great hostage. Oh, I have talents aplenty. Unfortunately, precious few of them have any redeeming social value.

PLAYBOY: Did you catch Jerry Lewis' talk show this past summer?

LETTERMAN: Oh, yes. And I think that if that show gets a fair shot this fall, it will find a wide audience. There apparently are millions of people in this country who have a reverential attitude toward show business and show-business personalities, and those people couldn't get a more crystallized offering than *The Jerry Lewis Show*.

Every single guest was treated with relentless adulation. I watched it every night and found it most entertaining.

PLAYBOY: Aside from comedy and baseball, what interests you?

LETTERMAN: Last night, I went to sleep thinking about the new solar system they've discovered. I did a sort of exercise in which I placed myself first on this planet, then in this solar system, then in this galaxy, then in the universe. It gave me a floating feeling of helplessness that I found curiously pleasant.

PLAYBOY: Why?

LETTERMAN: Because it took the pressure off. I mean, who am I fooling here? There are other things going on in the universe besides a nightly talk show. And there may even be other realities beyond this universe. For all we know, our entire universe may exist in a Styrofoam beer cooler in somebody's garage.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned Bill Murray and Pee-wee Herman. Who else makes you laugh?

LETTERMAN: That's a long list of folks, and I'd hate to just rattle off names, because I'll leave people out and feel bad later.

PLAYBOY: That said, all the people you don't mention can assume you love them but just happened to forget them today.

LETTERMAN: You don't know comedians; but, OK, here goes. John Candy always makes me laugh, regardless of what he's doing. When I was a kid, Jonathan Winters made me laugh really hard. Predictably, I always loved watching Steve Allen and Johnny Carson. I enjoy Bob Newhart's stand-up work, and I respect the fact that he's done successful TV shows over three decades. That *really* means something. Steve Martin is another guy who makes me laugh regardless of the context. And there's Bill Cosby, who's always good and has the special gift of making complex stand-up material seem effortless. Eugene Levy of *SCTV* has that same effortlessness in his comic acting. Richard Pryor's stuff is just flat-out state of the art. When I watch him, it's like a .180 hitter's watching Ted Williams take batting practice. Also in that class is George Carlin, because of his great technique, because he's so amazingly prolific and because he's gone from generation to generation and he's still right in there. Among the newer people, I like Jay Leno's observational comedy. I think he's very bright.

PLAYBOY: How about comic actors?

LETTERMAN: I have a lot of respect for Danny DeVito of *Taxi*, Andrea Martin of *SCTV*. . . . It's interesting: The more I think about it, the more people I think of—which I guess is a good sign.

PLAYBOY: Well, it certainly seems that for a basically depressed guy, you spend a lot of time laughing.

LETTERMAN: [Laughs] I suppose I do.

PLAYBOY: What kind of humor *don't* you like?

LETTERMAN: I don't like jokes about sex or



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bodily functions or drug use or the difference between New York and L.A. I never do any of that on our show. And I don't like stand-up comedy that requires a lot of props. I really respect people who can walk out onstage alone and with no other tool but their own minds and can make you laugh and maybe even think a little.

PLAYBOY: Are you now or have you ever been a fan of *Saturday Night Live*?

LETTERMAN: I rarely saw the original version, because I was always onstage at The Comedy Store at 11:30 Saturday nights, so my only clear memory of the original show is envy of those young performers who had such great jobs. Looking back at the reruns now, I think the underlying strength of the show was Dan Aykroyd's relentless pursuit of detail. Among the others, Jane Curtin had the gift of really going to work on things. Gilda Radner, of course, can pretty much do anything. You can put her in any situation and she's money in the bank. John Belushi brought a lot of energy to things. Bill Murray, as I've said, makes me laugh really hard every time out. I haven't seen the show enough since those days to comment on it.

PLAYBOY: Do you find yourself hanging out mostly with show-business people?

LETTERMAN: No, not at all.

PLAYBOY: You and Merrill have been together for more than seven years, you're both in your mid-30s and still have no kids. Can you see your life being happy and fulfilled if you never have children?

LETTERMAN: Probably not. The longer I'm in show business, the less I like it—and I know that's how America feels about me. So I've realized there are other things grownups should be and need to be concerned with—such as kids. A recent survey purports to prove that the majority of couples today who have children are sorry they had them. That certainly gives me pause. I'm also concerned that I won't be able to take care of a kid, God knows, I'm only marginally able to take care of myself. What if I suddenly got the kid's head caught in a revolving door? And having been married once, I'm perhaps a bit more shy to jump in again than Merrill is, who has never been married. But she's not as anxious as I am to start a family. So our relationship is sort of at a plateau.

PLAYBOY: Rumors were strong this past summer that you and Merrill had become engaged.

LETTERMAN: Well . . . I suppose we're engaged, yeah. When we get married, it will be to each other. We just can't seem to get around to getting married. We talk about it and make arrangements and then say, "Ahhh, let's wait a while." It's sad that at the age of 37 I can still be that silly about an important subject.

PLAYBOY: Do you vote?

LETTERMAN: No. With all this moving back and forth, my registration has lapsed and, well. . . .

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself politically interested to any extent?

LETTERMAN: If there were somebody who captured the interest of the people I respect, I'd probably be interested in voting for that person. But I know so little about politics that I'd never throw my support to one candidate or another. I'd hate to think there were people in America saying, "Well, hell, Letterman likes him; let's vote for the son of a bitch."

PLAYBOY: Do you now consider yourself successful?

LETTERMAN: No, but I am at the end of the road I always dreamed of traveling. For better or worse, this is the property I picked out of the catalog; I'm finally here.

PLAYBOY: That must feel good.

LETTERMAN: It removes a lot of self-imposed pressure. I'm relaxed enough to look around for the first time and perhaps explore those regions of the world that exist outside show business. Until now, I couldn't. One reason comics in particular tend to be such a peculiar and unhappy and not very well-adjusted group is that it's always you against the fucking world. When you're onstage, it's you against the audience. When you're at The Comedy Store, it's you against the other

*"I hate the notion
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a showbiz asshole."*

comedians—always that single-minded struggle. Now, suddenly, the struggle is over and I want to be involved in other things. I want to find out what real people do for a life. I want to be married and have a family and go on vacation—just do normal things.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

LETTERMAN: Like maybe even do something totally different for a living.

PLAYBOY: Sell insurance, perhaps?

LETTERMAN: Well, I'm having some work done on the house we own in Connecticut, and I find that fills me with endless glee. When I was a kid, a friend and I had a tree house that we never stopped building, because it was the work we loved, not the tree house. I could be a carpenter—just go down to the union hall and sign up for day labor. That would be nice. Merrill hates all that stuff, but I find it exhilarating. Maybe someday I'll quit show business and throw up a development of low-income tree houses.

PLAYBOY: Do you handle your own financial affairs?

LETTERMAN: No, I have people who do that for me, but nothing is done without my

knowledge. I haven't just turned over a tubful of dough to these people and said, "Here you go, boys. Anything you want."

PLAYBOY: Isn't that a little frightening, to give other people control of your money?

LETTERMAN: Yeah, but on the other hand, when I was handling my own money, even when I wasn't making very much, I got myself into enough trouble to know that I'd be a fool to continue on a larger scale. Now people are going to read this and say, "That wimp. What a weasel!" Sure, it is embarrassing that a grown man can't look after his own affairs. But on the other hand, somebody's got to entertain this country.

Let me assure you that by TV standards, I don't make a hell of a lot of money. I just make a lot of money by real-life standards. That stuff is for the prime-time guys. The thing you really have to avoid—aside from going to prison for fucking up your taxes—is letting the money and the recognition a performer naturally receives make you feel like an especially worthwhile person. I have no evidence that I should feel anything but lucky for what has happened to me, and I certainly have no evidence that I'm a better person than anyone else. But most successful performers seem eventually to come to the conclusion that they *are* better people. It's amazing. And it's very silly.

PLAYBOY: But the money is nice, and a famous name and face can make daily life a little bit easier for the celebrity than for the average person. What was it like for you when you started getting that recognition?

LETTERMAN: I can remember being home for the holidays soon after I'd first hosted *The Tonight Show*. An old friend and I were doing Christmas shopping in Indianapolis, and some of the people who went by recognized me. One said, "Oh, look, there's Dave Letterman." And another said, "Are we supposed to be impressed?" And I remember thinking, You're *right*. You're not supposed to be impressed. If you happened to see me perform and I happened to make you laugh, great. That's all I'm in it for.

PLAYBOY: Don't you like being recognized?

LETTERMAN: Sure, I love being recognized as a guy who sometimes makes you laugh on those occasions when you've got nothing better to do than tune in to my show. But I hate the notion that celebrities deserve to be treated with some kind of deference. I guess what I'm saying is that I don't want to be a showbiz asshole. There are enough of them already. I don't mind being accused of being a bad comedian and I don't even mind being accused of being a bad talk-show host, but I never want to be accused of being an arrogant, pompous showbiz asshole.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you're writing your epitaph.

LETTERMAN: I couldn't hope for a better one: DAVE LETTERMAN. HE WASN'T FUNNY, BUT HE WASN'T AN ASSHOLE.





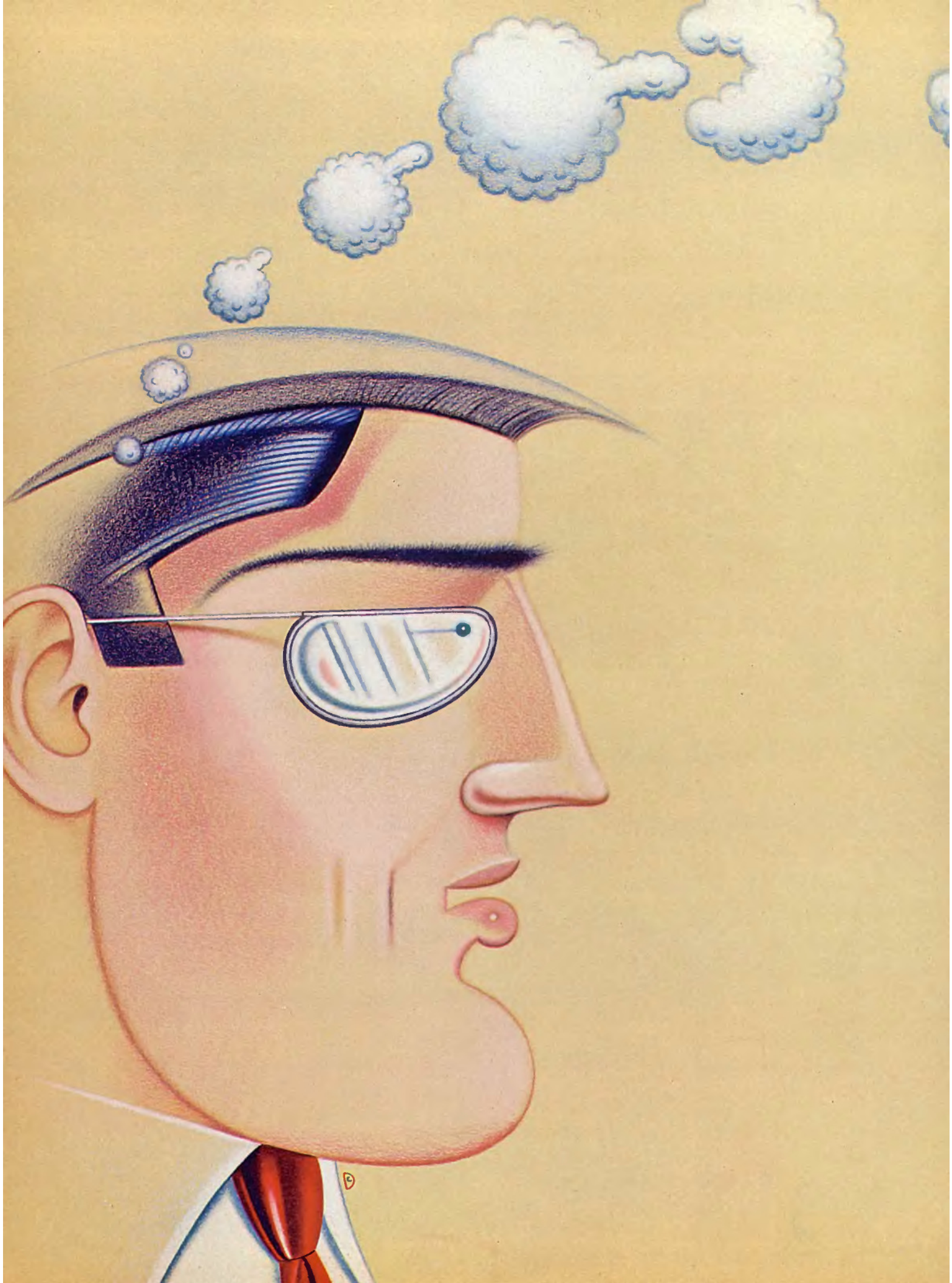
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WHEN REAL MEN MEET REAL WOMEN

*in this california
encounter, they come
together to lay most of
the cards on the table*

article by
E. JEAN CARROLL

THIS IS going to be heavy."
"Right."
"If you publish it, there
could be a problem."

"Fine."

"So I am going to tell you," he
says.

"Right," I say.

"And if you fuck me over, I'll kill
you."

"Right. Fine."

He leans across the kitchen table. "Eighteen years ago," Jerry Lipkin says, "I was nicknamed the Frog Prince. I went to Cornell and became a lawyer. I shed that skin and left the water. I began doing good works. I saw that men and women had bitched at each other for centuries. I started tearing down the walls between the sexes. I began breaking people down into Generic Man and Generic Woman. I discovered a way men could find out what women want—and women could find out what men want. People started flocking. We began the Real Men/Real Women workshops. Since then, I have developed something of a Messiah complex. I am not the Messiah. I do not have anything to do with the Messiah. But if you scripted this, I am what the Messiah would look like."

He is a handsome man with a bad figure. "I am a forceful personality," he says. "I want to win the Nobel Peace Prize by 1988."

"So what does Generic Woman want?" I say.

"Generic Woman wants a generic piece of ass," he says.

"And Generic Man?"

"Generic Man," he says. "Generic Man wants a little mettle, a



little housekeeping, a little chicken soup and a good blow job."

I am petrified with pleasure.

"I'm going to have to use that thing about your complex," I say.

"Sure," he says, getting up from the table. He is a tall, thin man, narrow-chested, splayfoot, wearing a purple-rayon shirt.

"Sure," he says, smiling and stepping backward. "What am I but the true PLAYBOY Messiah?"

This is a tale about what women want and what men want and what happens when they start telling each other what it is. Of course, if there weren't *some* silence between men and women, enjoyment would be impossible. (A few of the people I spoke with preferred semisilence: They asked that I change their names.)

Maria Arapakis, cofounder with Jerry Lipkin of the Real Men/Real Women workshops, is standing in the activities room of Alderwood Hall on the campus of Mills College in Oakland, California, telling 25 women to be assertive. The women are sitting on the floor in groups, and each group has a tablet, and Maria tells them to be assertive and write down any messages they want to send to the men. It is the second day of the three-day workshop, and the women are not being assertive. Assertive women are women with bad manners. These women are not assertive. These women have had experience with men. These women are aggressive.

"So what do you want our messages to the men to be?" says Suzette to her group, over by the couch.

"Don't be such assholes," says Sandra.

Suzette starts writing.

"Stop peeing on the toilet seat," says Lorraine.

"These sound sort of hostile," says Suzette.

"Stop slobbering on my mouth while you're kissing me," says Freda. Freda has a small, beautifully built rear and a Ph.D. in psychology and has written a book called *Hypnosis with Friends and Lovers* and says she is taking Real Men/Real Women because she wants to meet men and is interested in "exploring intimacy at the deepest levels of consciousness."

"Let's think of something nice," says Suzette.

"Stop losing your erections," says Sandra.

"Stop having erections when I don't want you to," says Freda.

"Well, you guys," says Suzette, writing.

"Stop snoring," says Lorraine.

"Stop farting," says Sandra.

Suzette pauses. She is a soft-voiced, white-skinned, full-bosomed woman and has just "come out of a relationship" and is taking the workshop because, she says, the main thing women want is to find out what men want.

"I have one," she says softly.

The women in the group do not cease talking. Outside in the courtyard, the rhododendrons darken in the electric light and the rancid odor of the goldfish pool comes in through the open windows.

"Stop refusing to go down on me when I have my period," says Suzette, over their voices.

The women burst into a sitting ovation. "Wait—listen," says Sandra, pulling her legs in and grasping her ankles. She is blonde and good-looking and used to be a model, and now she owns her own resource-and-development business and makes a pile of money and drives a Mercedes and has a flashy wardrobe and is at Real Men/Real Women to discover why men don't take up with her.

"The first man who ever went down on me," she says, squeezing her ankles together, "I had a tampon inside me and he put the string between his teeth and pulled it out and flung it across the room."

Freda clasps her hands, drops her chin and rolls her eyes up, and Suzette and Lorraine maintain a deathlike silence out of respect, and then Maria says it is time for everyone to practice the song they are going to sing to the men tomorrow night, and after the song practice everybody is supposed to light a candle and tell about her passage into womanhood, but first Maria reads aloud the questions the women want to ask the men tomorrow morning, and the first question is "Why are some men threatened by successful, well-integrated, together women?"

"I don't know about men," says a woman, "but I'm threatened by them."

Gary and Guy are Real Men and are ready to talk about women. Guy is a spinologist and keeps a spine in the corner of his office, where Gary and I are meeting him, and there is a spine on top of his desk and a drawing of a spine behind his desk and a book opened to a spine illustration by the window. Guy and Gary have taken the workshop. They know what they want in women and like to talk about elegant topics. Guy says he wants a smart woman who is sexy. "I like women to fall on top of me in a big puddle," says Guy, "and just kind of flow all over me. Whew! That gives me chills down my spine."

"Yeah," says Gary. "When I make love to a woman, I want that look."

I ask what look.

"The one that says, 'You do it for me, baby,'" says Gary.

"Lord have mercy on me," says Guy, pounding his desk.

Guy is 29, has been married twice, is tall and blond and wears a blue tie with red dots and a tie tack in the shape of two hands holding a spinal cord.

"So what flaws will you put up with in a woman?" I ask.

Gary is sitting across the desk from Guy,

leaning on his elbows. They ask what I mean by flaws.

"A short temper?" I ask.

"Yes"; a temper is OK, they say.

"Messy housekeeping?"

"Yes."

"Cursing?"

"Yes."

"Smelling?"

Silence.

"Boy!" says Gary. "She's getting down, huh?"

"Wheew!" says Guy.

"I want to know," I say. "I want to know about women and their smell."

Gary pulls his chair around so he can stretch his legs out. He is 6'4" or 6'5", has a powder-blue sports coat and is quite an attractive specimen.

"So tell me about women and their smell," I say.

"Clean hair," says Gary. "Clean clothes—I love to peel beautiful clean clothes off a woman. And I like the smell of a woman's body. A woman's genital odor. I must have a faint scent of it."

"Yeah," says Guy. "I start following it."

"Yeah," says Gary.

"It's got to be a clean odor, though," says Guy.

"It can't be rotten," says Gary.

"Not too strong," says Guy.

"If she smells, I don't want anything to do with her," says Gary.

"God, no!" says Guy.

I have been turning my neck looking from Guy to Gary and get a crook—no, I always have a crook; I get a bigger one—and Guy suddenly forgets about women and their smell and fixes his eyes on me.

"Is something wrong with your neck?"

"These pictures of all these spines around!" I cry. "They're driving me crazy!"

"I'll give you the name of a spinologist.

You can call him when you get back to New York," Guy says happily, opening a little book.

"I'll never use it," I say. "I hate doctors."

His face falls. Only his nostrils seem inflated.

"OK, I won't give it to you," he says, closing the book. "Hey. . . ." He smiles.

"It's your spine! It's your life!"

An abstract expressionist named Barbara is staying upstairs in Alderwood Hall during the Real Men/Real Women workshop, and so is a man called Larry, an editor. The second night, Larry invites Barbara, who is pretty, to his room, which has twin beds. Larry looks to be in his mid-30s and has never married; but he says it would not take an exceptional woman: "Not at all," says Larry. "It would just take if I could look in a woman's face and see my soul."

Barbara says does he mind if she opens the corn chips. Larry says to go ahead, and

(continued on page 92)



Rowland
Wilson

"OK! That's it! No more Mr. Nice Guy!"



THE GIRLS FROM BRAZIL

text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON

TRYING TO analyze the chemistry of Sonia Braga's sex appeal is no simple task. It may be easier to explain electricity by trapping fireflies in a bottle. The quick solution, perhaps, is to steal a line from the late Kenneth Tynan, the acerbic but perceptive English critic, whose first face-to-face encounter with Greta Garbo moved him to rhapsodize, "What, when drunk, one sees in other women, one sees in Garbo sober." Substitute Braga for Garbo and you're getting warm.

Indeed, warm is too cool a word to summarize the accolades from journalists smitten by Sonia. After she brought the Cannes Film Festival to its knees in 1981, *Newsweek's* Jack Kroll hailed her as "the most life-enhancing movie star in the world." Later, Kevin Thomas of the *Los Angeles Times* extolled her "blinding sexuality," a hint that any man might plunge gladly into darkness if he could grope his way to Sonia.

My own first glimpse of Braga was at New York's Studio 54 in 1978. She wore a long, black, glittery gown held up by thin spaghetti straps that seemed to beg to be nibbled away. She danced like a panther in heat, jet hair flailing her shoulders, and all the dark young *caballeros* around her looked as frenzied as Latin lovers are supposed to be. The occasion was a party to celebrate the New York premiere of *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*, a comedy largely responsible for bringing Brazilian movies into (text continued on page 214)



Co-starred with Raul Julia (above) in *Kiss of the Spider Woman*, Sonia calls him beautiful. "I do a movie within the movie, about the Forties. I based my character on Dale Arden in *Flash Gordon* comics. You remember?"

in their new films and in this tandem photo exclusive, sultry sonia braga and claudia ohana reveal what makes cinema novo sizzle

TO CALL Claudia Ohana a “new” Sonia Braga would be unfair to both actresses, yet there are obvious parallels in their careers. Both became national idols in their native Brazil by starring in TV soap operas. Braga’s was the original TV version of *Gabriela*, which established for the first time that an earthy, frizzy-haired native Brazilian woman might be accepted as a sex symbol in a land where gentlemen traditionally prefer blue-eyed Nordic blondes. Ohana’s breakthrough was—and is—in another television saga called *Love Is Paid with Love* (or *Amor com Amor se Paga*, sounding better, somehow, in Portuguese). She’s still shooting the series and seemed to be heartily sick of it when she showed up in New York on a brief promotional junket. “I’m the star,” Claudia sighed, “an innocent girl who always sacrifices herself, which is not very interesting”—except to millions of Brazilians, that is.

Her fifth feature film, *Erendira*, had yet to be released in Rio de Janeiro but was already establishing Ohana as a new world-class wow in much the way that *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands* had made Braga synonymous with steam-heated sensuousness. Claudia’s title role, in a screenplay written by the Nobel Prize-winning Colombian author Gabriel García Márquez, features her as a teenager forced into prostitution by her greedy, flamboyant grandmother (Irene Papas). Directed by Ruy Guerra, the movie got mixed reviews in (text concluded on page 214)



In her title role as Erendira, a legendary teen-aged prostitute, Claudia Ohana meets an amorous lad named Ulysses (Oliver Wehe) and discovers the healthy joys of nonprofit sex. The kinky script is by Gabriel García Márquez.



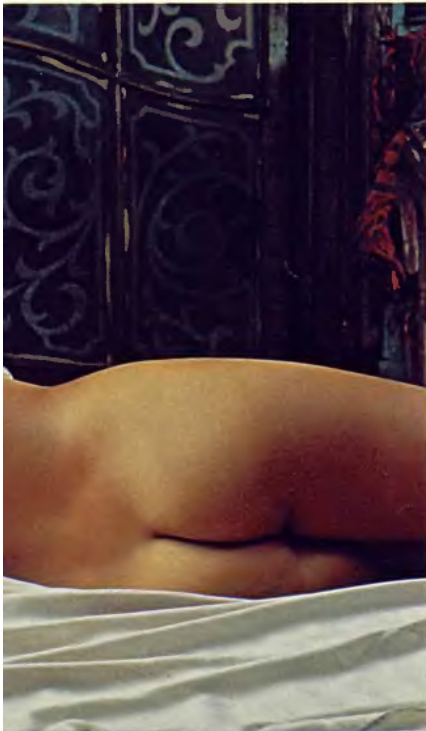
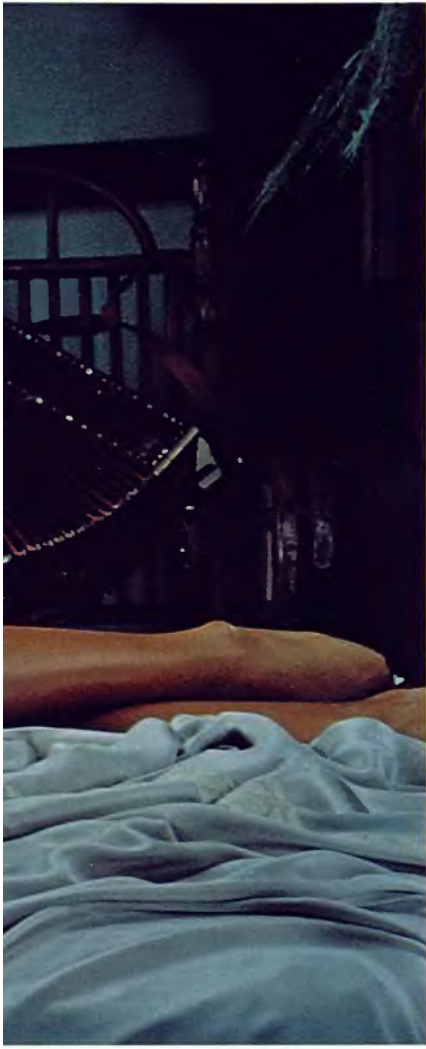




Made in Manhattan by Richard Fegley, these photographs illustrate the reason a brand-new tropical heat wave seems to be building up around Claudia Ohana (above and left). Even when she cools it, Claudia's pretty hot. While filming *Erendira* in Mexico, she was chained to a bed, stark-naked, in a sunny public square. Did that faze her? "Not much, though people came to stare," says Claudia. Wouldn't you?



Fegley's photo sessions with Sonia Broga (above) are a languid montage of *la dolce vita* by a Brazilian boom-boom girl who's terribly fond of Rome. She's also mad about Fellini: "His *Nights of Cabiria* is my all-time-favorite film. Yes, I have a dream—to do a movie with Fellini." Meanwhile, Sonia has few regrets; one of them is that her *Spider Woman* role doesn't give her a single scene opposite sexy William Hurt.



Sonia's success springs from more than luck. Says she, "All my life, intuition has put me in the right place at the right time."



REAL MEN/REAL WOMEN (continued from page 84)

"The prospect of men and women telling each other the truth should strike anyone of sense with awe."

Barbara sits down on one of the beds.

"God knows I shouldn't eat them," says Larry. "I have to clean my teeth an hour every night as it is. You name it, I do it. Boy, it's from floss to tooth paste to periodontal aids. My whole mouth is fucked."

Larry has his name tag on and a brown Shetland V-neck and jeans and is what women call nice-looking. He sits down across from Barbara on the other bed, cocks up a leg and takes off his shoe.

"Women are here to find out what men want. Men are here to find out what women want," he says. "But I already know what women want. They want men to pay *attention*."

"Yes!" says Barbara.

"There are actually times," says Larry, "before I go out on a date with a woman that I run through a litany: Pay attention to her. Listen to her. Compliment her if there is a reason."

"Women love that," says Barbara.

"Yeah," says Larry, cocking his other leg. "I *know* what women want. They want men who are smart, sexy, funny, dangerous and who pay *attention*."

"The man who has those qualities," says Barbara, wiping her lips, "he could have any woman he likes."

"I have all those qualities," says Larry. "I'm dangerous."

"There must be one you haven't got," says Barbara.

Larry sits forward and gazes at the chips.

"There must be one you don't have," says Barbara.

"Pardon me?" says Larry.

Gary is driving me back to my hotel from Guy's office and there is a heart glued to the top of his gearshift and he says it is to remind him to drive with care, and then he says, "I'll be real honest with you, Jean. If you were living around here, I'd ask you to go out."

He casts a bashful look at me.

"Do you have lots of money?" I say, smiling (hoping to restore him to his senses).

(Laughing, taking in a breath.) "Do I have lots of money?" he says.

"That's what I want to know."

"How much money is a lot?" he asks, his voice dropping.

"Well, I don't know."

"Well . . ." he says. A great bead of sweat falls down from his sideburn. "I have enough to do the things I want."

"Well, that could be enough," I say.

"You know, women really like money."

"Hey! That's not what they tell us," he

says excitedly.

"Well, they're lying."

His right ear twitches in real belief, and he blasts the car along.

"Well, tell me about it!" he says.

The prospect of men and women telling each other the truth should strike anyone of sense with awe, even horror; but on the morning of the third day of the Real Men/Real Women workshop, the men are sitting on one side of the activities room, the women are sitting on the other, and Jerry Lipkin and Maria Arapakis have addressed them ("The women will ask a question first. Then the men will have a chance to respond and give their varying points of view. When you stand and share your view, please speak only from your own experience . . ."). Things go nicely for a stretch, and then the men ask the women what a penis feels like in a vagina. Maria is one of the first to stand up.

"Two things come to mind," she says.

"It feels warm and alive."

The men like this and they like Maria, though they are afraid of her. She is dark and dressed up, her hair pointed, almost pronged on her neck, and wearing bracelets, black-and-bone earrings, a cobalt star on her cheek and pants that fit tight around the ankles. Maria's son, Mark, a college boy, is sitting with the men and levels his eyes at the carpet.

"What's also fun," adds Maria, "is if a man has a kind of half-on and he gets hard while he's inside me." Her son is wound tight, and his whole existence and function seem aimed at one spot on the carpet. "That feels good, too," says Maria.

Eight or nine more women stand and tell how a penis feels in a vagina, which seems to blow the whole penis-in-a-vagina experience out of proportion, but then, women think a penis in a vagina *should* be blown out of proportion. After a while, they run out of things to say.

"What is the sexiest thing a woman can do to you?" they ask the men next.

Arthur, who is short and portly, bearded, an ex-CBS journalist, with a hairy chest and a grayish-lavender shirt, and is now marketing director of a computer-communications company, stands with his hands in his pockets and waits for attention with one foot slightly forward.

"One of the towering experiences of my life," he says, "was when I was driving a woman across the Golden Gate Bridge during commute hour. We got stuck. And out of nowhere came a wig, which she put on her head. She unzipped me and

attacked me, just at the moment I was paying the toll." The men break into applause. "That is high on my list of sexy things."

The men are still applauding. Arthur fans out his collar wings with his thumb and index finger, and behind the noise, a small voice starts talking.

"To hear you say that in front of all these people—"

Maria's face and neck suddenly flush red.

"I can't understand it."

It is Mark, and he is on his feet.

"I know," says his mother softly.

"I never felt this way."

"I know," she says more softly.

"To hear you say how a penis felt in front of all these people—"

He lifts his face toward her. His forehead looks as if it has been smeared with something white and jellylike.

"I'm angry about it," he says in a low voice. "And I need to leave the room."

Stan, the sexologist, gets up and follows him. Nobody else moves. It is as if everyone is sitting at a dinner party, and the dinner party has been jovial and stimulating, and suddenly one of the guests gorges himself on pig guano.

"It was hard for me not to rescue him," says Maria shortly after the door closes. Her hand is at her waist and pressing into her belt buckle.

"It took courage for Mark to share," says Freda.

"What is also interesting to me," says Maria, "is that I didn't think twice about saying it. He's been in the workshop before. I've never watched what I said. He's seen me for 15 years as a single woman. I never watched what I did, either."

She laughs nervously.

Larry casts an uncertain glance at her, wondering whether or not to take his turn; and then a rattle is heard, the door bangs and Mark walks back into the room. The men rise to their feet and begin clapping. Mark, who is, with one or two exceptions, taller than any of the other males, goes to his chair but does not sit down.

"I can listen to all these people," he says, "but when you say it—" He looks at his mother.

Maria's face and neck are still red and tense, and she is sitting straight up in her chair.

"Intellectually, I know you have sex," says Mark, "but there is something more than intellectual going on."

"Yes, I know," says Maria quietly.

"And I just want to say"—he glances over at the women—"I don't like the question. It's a little too porno. And that's my view of it. And I am ready to continue."

He sits down, folds his hands in his lap, crosses his ankle over his knee and fixes his eyes on the carpet. The men and women are silent. Ten or 15 seconds pass.

(continued on page 208)



"Hey, this one looks interesting and it says, 'Easy to assemble!'"

fiction
By GAHAN WILSON

A GIFT OF THE GODS

*stop, henry.
you don't know what
you're getting yourself into*

SPRING ALWAYS snuck up on the children in Lakeside. The winters were so convincing and so durable that we eventually forgot about other possibilities, about a chance of change.

Then, always without warning, there were tender new leaves on the bushes surrounding the apartment buildings; a fresh, clayey smell of earth everywhere; birds picking up broom and mop fragments for making nests; summer vacation becoming an actual possibility; the bravest new flies crawling out from their hiding places along the edges of windows and wandering on the sunny panes—and the children began taking ruminative walks, going places they wouldn't ordinarily go and observing things they would ordinarily ignore.

It was the time of exploration come again, and the taste and feel of new adventure were *(continued on page 148)*



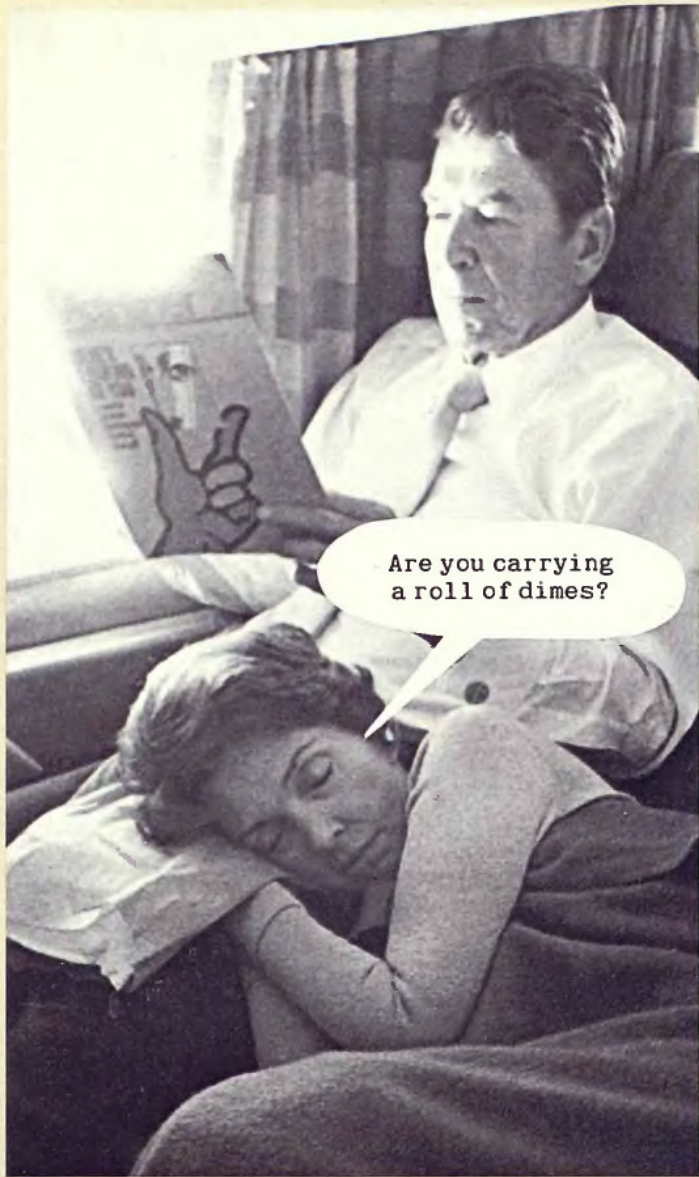


great moments in the one campaign that never ends

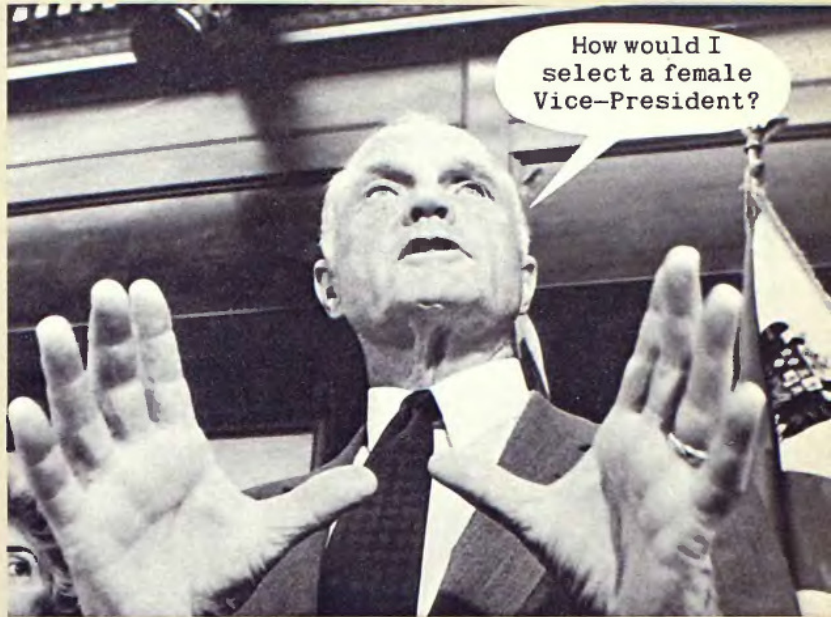
PLAYBOY'S SCRAPBOOK OF POLITICAL SEX

humor
By GERALD GARDNER





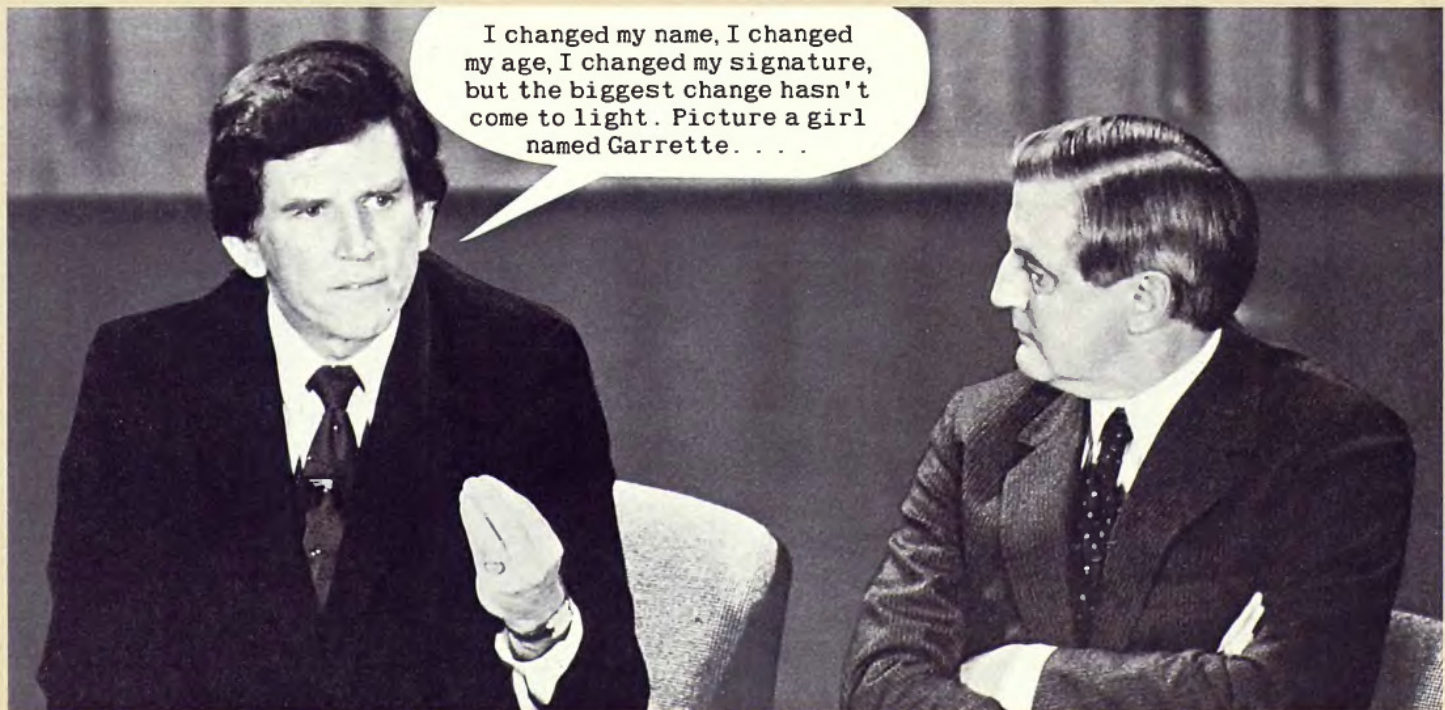
Are you carrying a roll of dimes?



How would I select a female Vice-President?



Want to see something?



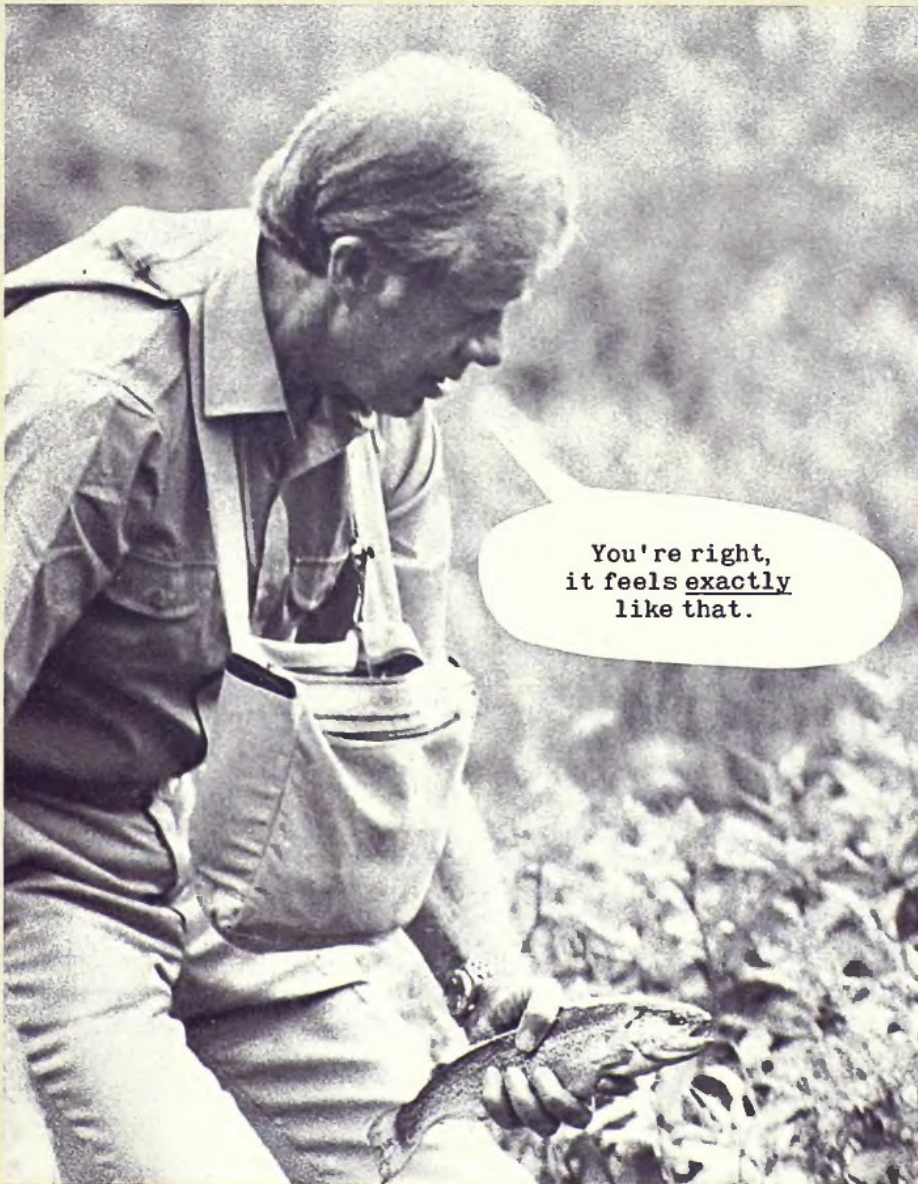
I changed my name, I changed my age, I changed my signature, but the biggest change hasn't come to light. Picture a girl named Garrette. . . .



And someday you'll have your own illegitimate children.



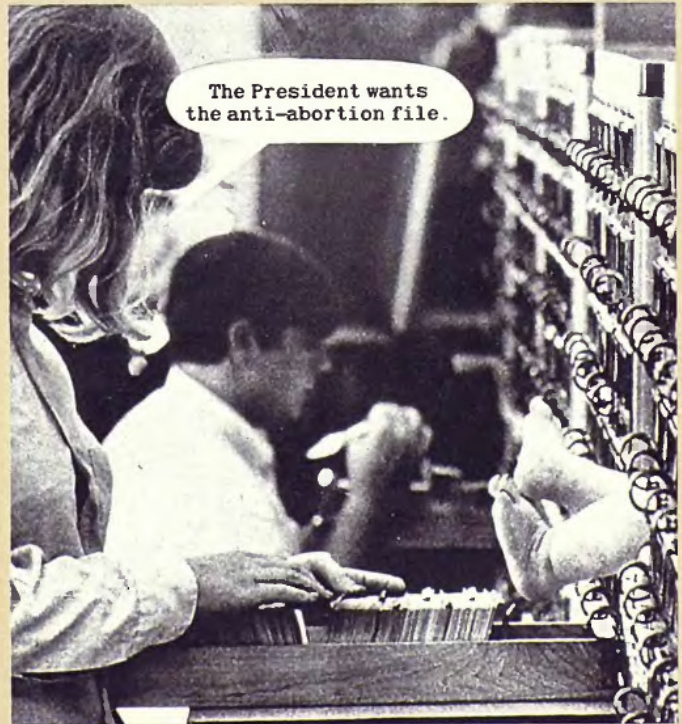
Now, how many would prefer female pages?



You're right, it feels exactly like that.



It's not what it looks like. Your wife and I are just good friends.



HE CAME down the clubhouse ramp at Korakuen Stadium, limping slightly, his knee already bothering him, though the season was still young. Once of the Boston Red Sox, then the St. Louis Cardinals, the Los Angeles Dodgers and finally the San Francisco Giants, a veteran of seven all-star games and four world series, now the highest-paid baseball player in the history of Japanese baseball, Reggie Smith managed to look more than a little out of place. A burly, powerful man in any setting, he seemed immense here alongside his Japanese teammates, as if he were not just a bigger ballplayer but of an entirely different species.

The prevailing hair style of his teammates, befitting the most somber and most establishment baseball team in Japan, was a Marine Corps crewcut worthy of the early Pete Rose or the middle Haldeman. Smith's was early Afro (circa 1967), though thinning at the top. He wore a mustache, which was not unusual for a ballplayer on most American teams, but this was the first mustache ever sprouted by a member of the Yomiuri Giants. When Smith was about to sign with Yomiuri, the mustache became the subject of a great deal of discussion in the Japanese press. His contract, after all, was the largest ever signed in Japan by any player, American or Japanese (between \$800,000 and \$1,000,000); Sadaharu Oh, the great home-run hitter, had made only \$400,000 and only at the tail end of his career, and that had been the previous top salary. But the Giants had never permitted facial hair in the past. In a country like this and on a team like this, which was the pride of Japanese baseball, rules were important; minor rules were the same as major rules; there was no difference. Otherwise, all the discipline of a team might unravel and the Yomiuri tradition would be spoiled; and, worse, all Japan might soon follow. But Smith had made it clear that the mustache

stayed; it was a part of his personal statement as a man, and that was important. (Besides, during the 1978 world series, when his old friend and nemesis Tom Seaver was announcing the games for ABC, he said on the air one day that he'd been trying to figure out why Reggie Smith seemed less intimidating in this series and had finally decided it was because he had shaved off his mustache. That act alone, Seaver said, had made him seem more benign. Since the last thing Smith wanted was to lose any element of intimidation, he had immediately gone back to the mustache.) He had let the Yomiuri executives know this: Facial hair was nonnegotiable.

The Giants had wanted him badly. They had not made the Japanese world series in the previous year, and even more than the old New York Yankees, they were supposed to win. In the truest sense, they were Japan's team. Indeed, partisans of the other teams in Japanese baseball sometimes thought that the entire sport existed so that their teams could lose to the Giants. Once, in fact, when the Hiroshima Carp had won the Japanese championship, they were cautioned the following spring by their owner not to try quite so hard; the owner, it turned out, was a Giants fan at heart. So in the miraculous way that the Japanese do business, the subject of hair had come up but had also never come up, and Smith had been able to keep both the money and the hair.

Reggie Smith was 38 now; his son, Reggie, Jr., was 15, almost as big as his father was when he broke into the minor leagues. The father was in the twilight of a career, playing it out in Japan, where he was better paid and a good deal lonelier than if he had stayed at home.

He came out of the park and the Japanese fans, among the most intense in the world, began to follow him. A few young fans wanted autographs and he patiently signed them and then, suddenly, a young man crossed (continued on page 128)

THE EDUCATION OF REGGIE SMITH

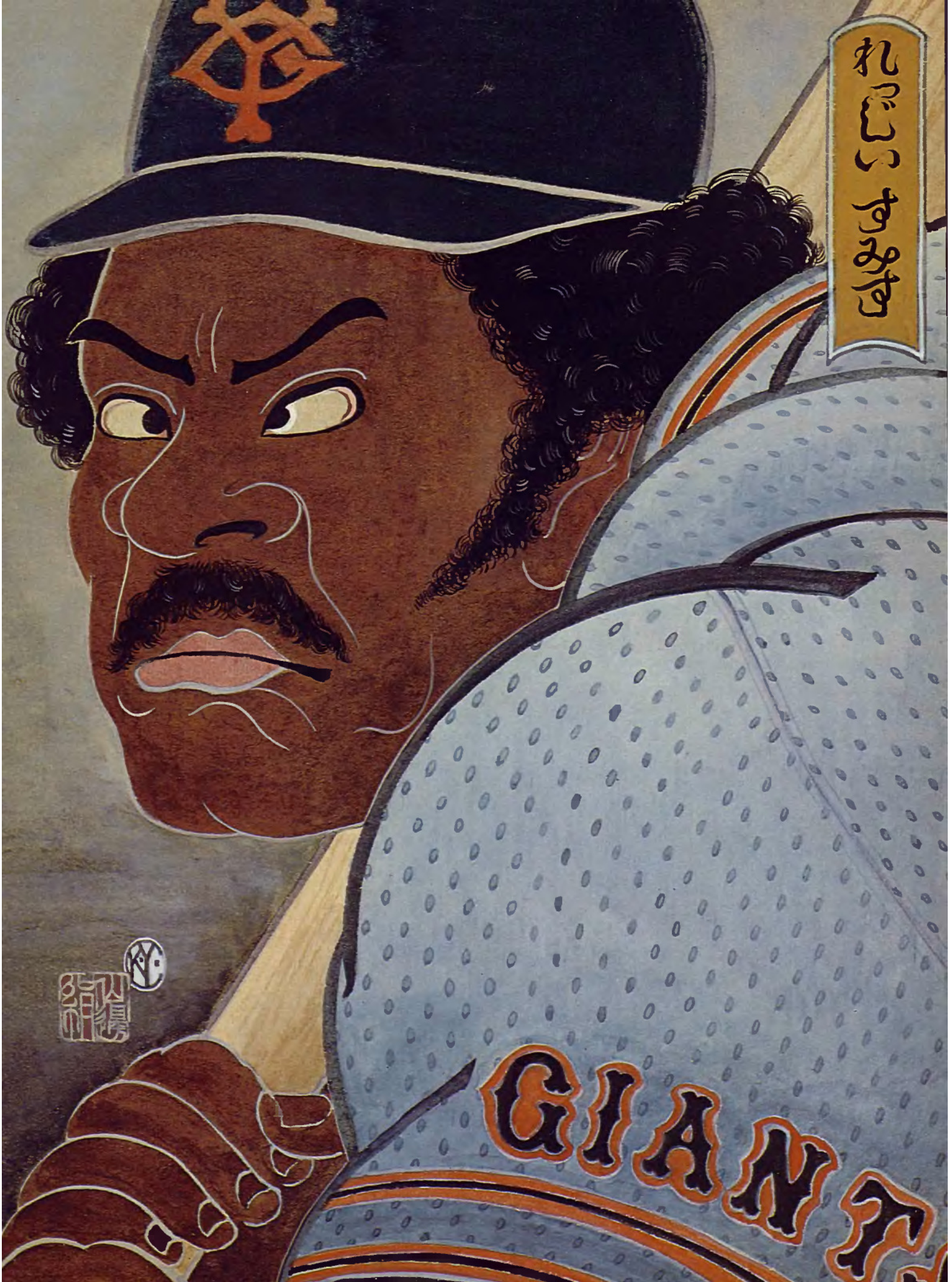
*for an american
slugger, japanese baseball
raises questions about
what it means to be an
athlete—and a man*

article

By DAVID HALBERSTAM

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

れんじやま



れんじやま



Deborah's Song

when miss johnson saunters along manhattan streets, the natives are more than restless

DEBORAH NICOLLE JOHNSON is moving along the sidewalks of New York, singing, "Oooh wah, oooh wah, bebop ditty / Talkin' 'bout the girl from New York City." "Maybe you could work that into the title of the Playmate pictorial, hey? Well, if not the title, how about the opening paragraph?" Consider it done. Heads are turning, and Miss October is literally stopping traffic.

A 14-year-old boy stops in his tracks and shouts, "You are a real woman. The rest are imitations."

Debi laughs, then chides herself for reacting. "It's hard living in this city. I get lots of comments. I try not to react. If you say the right thing, they

"I first saw PLAYBOY when I was 12. What's that—sixth grade? A kid was passing around a copy. I thought the Playmate was the epitome of beauty. I always hoped I would grow up to be special enough to be chosen."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR





"There is such a difference between expectation and reality in New York City. You've seen 'That Girl,' with Marlo Thomas. She lived in an apartment by herself. It was clean. Right! When I moved to this city, I lived with five girls. Finally, I found a place and lived by myself—with no furniture. Just one skinny mattress in the corner. After a year, I was able to buy a coffee table."



Debi works for a company that sells children's clothes to major stores. At left, she practices a sales pitch on a co-worker. "I'm definitely not the hard-sell type. I ask, 'Do you like this?' I don't like to be intimidating and I don't like to be intimidated. When the product is good, the client can see that it is." Above, she makes her rounds.



come after you. If you say the wrong thing, they come after you. I have never learned how to flirt. If I see something I want, I go after it. But I listen. I guess I'm still insecure. When you stop hearing compliments, it means you're dead." Where were we? Oh, yes, talking about the girl from New York City. "Well, originally, I'm from Torrance, California. My father was a hod carrier. I grew up with a lot of love, in a very protected atmosphere. I have three brothers. Two are policemen; the third is a Marine Corps drill sergeant. They used to sit on the front porch, cleaning their BB guns, when my dates came over." After high school, Debi got a job as a flight attendant with TWA. "I saw all of the United States, plus Mexico, the Bahamas, Aruba; you name it. What no one realizes is that the job is very lonely. You spend a lot of time in hotel rooms, exhausted." She changed careers to selling children's clothes, and now her days are filled with people. "I make customer contacts, do line presentations and take orders. Then I usually go to the health club. I follow a very rigorous workout schedule: 45 minutes of talking,

"The most amazing thing about New York is the street life. Maybe so many people are out because they live in tiny apartments. If there's no room at home, they hit the streets. I could spend the rest of my life sidewalk shopping, watching the action on Columbus Avenue."



Above, Miss October hangs out with a few of the boys of summer—Ron Darling and Doug Sisk of the New York Mets. "I don't consider myself an athlete. I exercise and snorkel. The sports that men play I leave to the men. I like to watch."

Debi describes herself as very romantic, emotional, caring, considerate and loving. Her idea of an ideal evening: "A candlelight dinner, slow dancing and cuddling up in strong, warm arms. I like being soft, subtle, feminine. Fantastic."



"I think femininity is a feeling. If I want to be sexy, I have to feel sexy. I will wear lingerie all day, the finest lingerie I can afford. It's a secret sensuous feeling. I'm not one of those sporty types who wear men's boxer shorts. No way. I like style, what can happen with clothes. Look at these pictures. You can see what happened to my clothes. I took them off." We see her point. There are the five basic senses. And then there is the fashion sense. Miss October has it.

then 15 minutes of exercise." She laughs. "No, I really do exercise, but it's very social. I like to jog and to ride my bicycle through Central Park. Then, depending on my mood, I will eat, shop or take a long walk. I love to watch people, and the Upper West Side is the best theater in town. Every now and then, I see stars from soap operas. I'm so curious, I look to see what they're eating or what they're buying. I know it's silly, but I can't help it." Has she ever considered an acting career? "No, not really. You know what I'm really interested in? Make-up and special effects. When I saw *The Exorcist* and the rest of the audience was throwing up and screaming, I was asking myself, 'How are they doing that?' When the arrow went through the guy's chest in *Friday the 13th*, it was terrific. I went out and bought some books that explained how such effects are achieved." The conversation turns our thoughts to lunch. We ask Miss October if she can recommend any great New York restaurants. "I'm not one for great food," she responds. "Give me a hamburger any day. Or frozen yogurt. I'm a fool for frozen yogurt. I could spend all evening at some of those sidewalk cafés—watching, being watched." We







"I wanted the pictorial to focus on a fireplace, a bearskin rug, champagne and snow. Doesn't that sound romantic?" Even without the fireplace, the bearskin rug, the champagne or the light snow, it sounds good to us.



"High school was very difficult for me. I was going from child to woman. The change in my body was uncomfortable. It caused so much attention. It's taken me years to get used to looking this way. I'm really quite shy. I don't do drugs, smoke or sleep around. About the worst I could be accused of is this bit of decent exposure."



ask Debi what made her audition to be a Playmate. "I saw the ad for the 30th Anniversary Playmate Search and thought, What the hell. I can still remember the day Robert Fowler passed a copy of PLAYBOY around the classroom. My nickname back then was Lurch. I took a look at the Playmate and thought for sure I would grow up to look like that. If Robert is still out there, reading this, hi. It was worth the wait. This has been an incredible experience for me." And for the rest of us. We watch her leave. She walks down the streets with the same energy John Travolta had in *Staying Alive*. Heads turn. People talk about her, the girl from New York City.



MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Debra Nicole Johnson

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: debi nicolle johnson

BUST: 35 WAIST: 21 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5 WEIGHT: 102

BIRTH DATE: march 13, 1958 BIRTHPLACE: torrance, California

AMBITIONS: to travel and experience as much of the world as possible

TURN-ONS: roses, diamonds, champagne, summer nights, being treated like a lady

TURN-OFFS: needles or any kind of shot, humidity, being rushed

FAVORITE MOVIES: fantasia, the wizard of oz, the hunchback of notre dame, the graduate, e.t., rocky

FAVORITE FOODS: strawberries, quiche, tortellini alla panna, veal marsala, Cheesecake and a good hamburger

FAVORITE PLACE: the french riviera

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: ann-margret, dan fogelberg, donald fagen, lionel richie

BIGGEST JOY: to have been honored with the title of miss october.

2



mom's idea of "room for growth"

14



isnt puberty wonderful?

22



my 1st glamor picture

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Has your purchase of a king-sized water bed improved your sexual relationship with your wife?" the therapist asked his patient.

"Not really, I'm sorry to report," answered the man. "Now she insists that she has to wait for the tide to come."

Our Unabashed French-English Dictionary defines *B-girl bistro* as a *café au lay*.

Why are you hitting on me?" the girl in the singles bar inquired.

"I suppose it's narcissism, in a way," the fellow replied.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I see a lot of myself in you!"



A burglar who disposes of his loot through a contact he meets under cover of gay group-sex sessions could be said, we suppose, to have a daisy-chain-link fence.

*While Cecilia, called Cess, will undress,
She may then, says her boyfriend, regress:
And if asked what he'll do
When she's nude but won't screw,
"I'm successful," he grins, "sucking Cess!"*

I happen to have come across the most wonderful specialized sex shop!" one spinster excitedly told another. "It features inflatable lap dogs!"

Word has reached us about an outwardly demure young lady who, when aroused, is more than willing and even insists in a repeat sexual performance from a date. Her nickname among guys in the know is Little Goody Two Screws.

*Says an airlining wanton named Vi:
"I'm a pantylesse stew when I fly.
To a muffer's delight,
I'll take head on a flight,
So the guy can have pie in the sky."*

And, when this Oriental stunner began to disrobe," the tourist recounted, "a current of electricity shot through me!"

What working-class British gays use for outings is, of course, a peter lorry.

Perhaps you've read about the school-system-assignment official who faces charges of eating a sub in his office.

I'm very much afraid," the woman told the marital counselor, "that we've reached a point where food is more important to my husband than sex."

"And how is that manifested?" intoned the domestic-problems guru.

"The bum has just had the walls of the dining room lined with mirrors!"

What was it like for you, baby?" the young man inquired smugly over a postcoital cigarette.

"I'd say like December seventh, 1941," said the girl in the motel room.

"Because I bombed you sexually out of your mind, right?"

"Well—not exactly. It's because this one with you has been a date that will live in infamy!"

It isn't widely known, but the most skilled American dildo makers are the peckerwood whittlers of the rural South.

The defendant plastic surgeon did a poor breast job on my client," the attorney stated in court, "so now, when she's finished removing her blouse and bra, I'll offer in evidence exhibits A and B."

What makes you say that the groom must be a once-a-night man?" was the question.

"Because, look," was the reply, "the bride is carrying a bouquet of batteries!"



*A shrewd little cocksman named Canning
Haunts singles bars, carefully scanning
All the girls in a hunt
For a pushover cunt,
Which he says is "cuntingency planning."*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *paleface* as oral sex performed by an albino.

Just a minute—why have you taken out your penis?" demanded the young woman in the parked car.

"I just want to give it a breath of fresh air," replied the young man smugly.

"I guess it needs some, at that," retorted his date, "because it strikes me as being somewhat short of breadth."

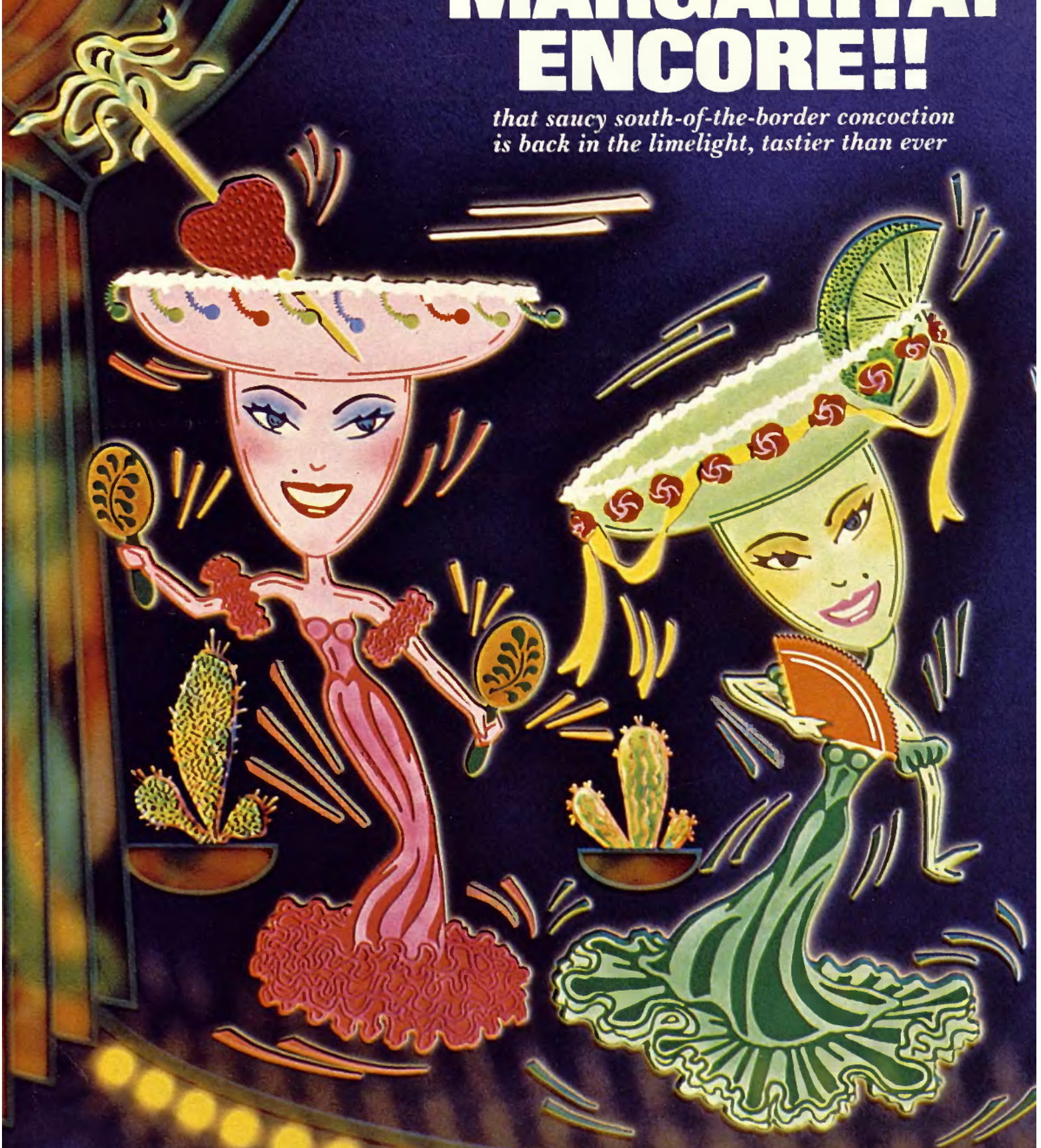
Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I'm so glad you could meet my folks!"

SEÑORITA MARGARITA! ENCORE!!

*that saucy south-of-the-border concoction
is back in the limelight, tastier than ever*



drink **By EMANUEL GREENBERG**

SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED to the margarita and it's to the good. Oh, the classic margarita is alive and well; in fact, thriving. But a new dimension has been added to this perennial favorite—flavor! Better make that plural—flavors—because if you're so inclined, you can have a boysenberry margarita, a tutti-frutti margarita, a melon margarita, a coffee margarita, a strawberry margarita, an orange-coconut margarita or any of 30-odd distinctively flavored margaritas, many available in such Mexican restaurants as the El Torito and The Red Onion chains or in other eateries featuring Tex-Mex cuisine. You can even have margaritas tailored to your personal taste, such as amaretto or apple pie—whatever (concluded on page 194)



ILLUSTRATION BY M. A. ENRIQUEZ



20 QUESTIONS: JACK LA LANNE

the elder statesman of fitness on his workout (ugh!), nutritional breakfasts (yuck!), gays (gulp!) and better sex (aah!)

Physical fitness has America in an iron grip. With that in mind, we asked Contributing Editor David Rensin to speak with one of the few legends of health-and-body conditioning and the founder of the modern-day health salon, Jack La Lanne, on the eve of his 70th birthday. Says Rensin:

"When the interview began in La Lanne's living room at 8:30 A.M., he had already been awake for five hours. He'd exercised, had breakfast and donned a red jump suit.

"Most people know La Lanne only from his TV show. It's the least of his achievements. On each birthday, La Lanne performs a muscle-numbing feat. At 45, he did 1000 push-ups and 1000 chin-ups in an hour and 22 minutes. At 60, he swam from Alcatraz to Fisherman's Wharf—handcuffed, shackled and towing a 1000-pound boat. At 66, La Lanne swam more than a mile—handcuffed, feet shackled, towing ten boats carrying 77 people. In 48 minutes.

"Most of us have trouble just turning on a tape recorder. Happy birthday, Jack."

1.

PLAYBOY: What incredible feat are you planning to do to celebrate turning 70?

LA LANNE: I'm planning to swim underwater from Catalina Island to Los Angeles. That's 26 miles. I'll do it in less than 24 hours. But what I really wanted to do was carry a 350-pound bar bell on my shoulders down Hollywood Boulevard to protest all the male and female prostitution, all the dope and crap. I wanted to show people that there are better things in life, that you can be fit at any age. Can you imagine 350 pounds on your back for half an hour? All your muscles contract simultaneously. That's plain pain. And I would challenge anyone in the world to do that and give him \$10,000 if he did. But I can't do it now. Some kid hit my new Porsche 924 head on. About \$15,000 damage. I had to have surgery on my knee to take cartilage out, and that took care of that. But I got a new Porsche 944 recently. It's a pistol. I had it up to 130 the other day.

2.

PLAYBOY: Why do you often handcuff and shackle yourself for your swims?

LA LANNE: Because it makes them ten times more difficult. Otherwise, anyone would be doing these things.

3.

PLAYBOY: What's your secret? Wheaties?

LA LANNE: Sometimes I have a Jack La Lanne Diet Shake, a product I've had out for about 20 years now. Or one of the

five Jack La Lanne breakfast cereals. They're all natural grains—no white sugar, no white flour, no salt, no fats. I'm more and more into grains these days; also raw fish. I eat sashimi almost every day—though not for breakfast. But mainly, I have about 400 vitamin supplements for breakfast right after I work out. I put them in a blender and make a high-protein drink. I use a quart of carrot and celery juice, half and half, then put in two heaping tablespoons of wheat germ, two more of nonfat-milk solids, two more of high-strain brewers' yeast, then a heaping tablespoon of bone meal and a banana. Then I put in 100 liver-yeast tablets, 15,000 milligrams of vitamin C, 2000 units of B, some boron and some zinc; also 75 alfalfa-and-kelp tablets. Then I blend it and drink it. It's one of the worst-tasting health drinks you could have, but I still drink it, because it's the perfect breakfast. It's got about 40 grams of protein, all the B-complex vitamins, everything that's natural from the carrot and celery juices, the enzymes, the trace elements, calcium and potassium from the bone meal. And it's very low in calories. After you work out like me, you're not hungry; you're thirsty.

4.

PLAYBOY: What are your workouts like?

LA LANNE: I believe in vigorous, violent, daily, systematic exercise to the point of muscle failure. I'm usually up each day at 3:30 A.M. I hit the gym at four A.M. I'm out at 6:30 A.M. I do it seven days a week and have ever since I can remember. Sometimes I hit the gym without having gotten any sleep, like when I've done a lecture or a seminar.

My top priority in life is my workout. Regardless of what happens, I hit that gym. Even when I was in the hospital twice with serious knee operations: Right after I came out of anesthesia, there was a chin bar over my head and dumbbells. I worked out immediately.

It's very easy to rationalize, however, and say, "What the hell. I didn't get enough sleep" or "I'm too busy" or "I've got this little ache or pain." That's all bullcrap. You do it. It's tough. It's hard. I'd rather take a beating sometimes than get in that gym every morning. Anyone who gets up that early and says he likes it is a goddamned liar. The only good thing about it is that when I'm finished, I look at myself in the mirror and say, "Jack, you've done it again!" I've won another battle over myself, and that's what it's all about: conquering *me*. If I didn't do it, I'd be

lying to myself. If I lie to me, I lie to you and wreck everything that Jack La Lanne stands for. If I'm not an example of my philosophy, it sure isn't going to turn anyone else on. That's why Jesus made such a big impact. He practiced what he preached. He also did miracles to call attention to his philosophies. That's why I do incredible things on my birthdays.

5.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider sex an exercise?

LA LANNE: Absolutely. What's more physical? We're sensuous creatures. Sex is the greatest driving force on this planet. Christ, why are we living if we can't have a little fun? Sex is giving, and the more you give, the better lover you are. But if you don't have it to give, well, that's why physical fitness is so great. What group of people are the sexiest of all these days? Athletes! They've got the health, the energy; they can give of themselves. And if you love sex, you've got to have something to give. Look, if you're sick, are you thinking of sex? That's what I try to tell the guys. Some have three or four extra inches on their waistline, yet they like to be proud of themselves in the sack. I say, "Look, for every two inches you take off up there, it makes your business down there look an inch longer. Isn't everything relative? If you have a six-inch tool and a 50-inch waistline, the thing doesn't look very big, does it?" That's my incentive.

It's simple: You've got to appeal to the pride in people. When a woman is flabby and soft, she's unattractive. When you married a beautiful girl and all of a sudden you start seeing her tits down to here and her breath stinks and she's not clean anymore and has no pride in herself, you can't love her. You may bullshit yourself, but you can't. Energy makes people beautiful. That's what charisma is. You don't want to be close to someone who is dead and crapped out all the time, who's bitching that it's a lousy fucking world and "Christ, my ulcers are killing me." Maybe 50 or 60 percent of all divorces are predicated on someone's being physically unfit. Who wants to live with negativism? Love goes out the window.

6.

PLAYBOY: Are all kinds of sex healthy?

LA LANNE: It's up to the individual. Sex has to do with imagination, so the sky is the limit. If you're not doing bodily harm, why shouldn't you do what turns you on? I'm not a prude who thinks everything should be done the (continued on page 190)

A GOOD STORY

she was a drop-dead ice blonde and he wanted to impress her. that was a mistake

fiction

By DONALD E. WESTLAKE

THE BIG SNAKE moved in its cage, getting hungry. Flat eyes watched Leon walk through and out of the barn; Leon pretended not to notice. There'd been nothing in the mail today, so he was free. He walked past the cages and cotes, past the sawdust-smelling shed where the crates were hammered together, past the long, low main house, with its mutter of air conditioning, and on down the dry dirt road into town, where he bought a beer in the cantina next to the church and stepped outside to enjoy the day.

The sun in the plaza was bright, the air clean and hot, and when he tilted the bottle and put his head back, the lukewarm beer foamed in his mouth. Stripped to the waist, T-shirt dangling from the back pocket of his cutoff jeans, moccasins padding on the baked brown earth, Leon strolled around the plaza, smiling up at the distant crown of the Andes.

Slowly he sipped his beer, enjoying the sensations. This town was so high above sea level, the air so thin, that perspiration dried on him as soon as it appeared. Eight months ago, when he'd first come to Ixialta, Leon had found that creepy and disconcerting, but now he liked the dry crackle and tingle on his flesh, the accre-

tion of salt that he could later brush off like talcum powder.

Eight months; no time at all. The work he did was easy and the money terrific, and the temptation to just drift along with it was very strong—that's what Jaime-Ortiz counted on, he knew that much—but he'd promised himself to give it no more than a year. Tops; one year. Go home rich and clean and 24, with the world before him. Leon grinned, a tall, sloping boy with wiry arms and the hard-muscled legs of a jogger, and was still grinning when the car appeared.

Except for Jaime-Ortiz' six vehicles, cars were a rarity in Ixialta. The dirt road winding up the jungled mountainside was a mere spur from the trans-Andean highway, dead-ending in this public square, surrounded by low stucco buildings.

In the past eight months, how many strangers had been here? A government tax man had come to talk with Jaime-Ortiz, had stopped for lunch and a bribe and had departed. A couple of closemouthed Americans had brought up the new satellite dish, hooked it up and showed Jaime-Ortiz how it worked.

And who else? A pair of British girls working for the UN on some hunger sur-

vey; two sets of dopers searching for peyote, going away disappointed; a couple of American big-game hunters who'd stayed three days, shot one alpaca and contracted dysentery; and one or two more. Maybe seven interventions from the outside world in all this time.

And now here was number eight, a dusty maroon rental Honda with a pair of Americans aboard. The 30ish woman who got out on the passenger side was an absolute drop-dead ice blonde. In khaki slacks, thonged sandals, pale-blue blouse and leather shoulder bag, she was some expensive designer's idea of a girl foreign correspondent. The big dark sunglasses, though, were an error; only Jackie O., in Leon's opinion, could wear Jackie O. sunglasses without loss of status. Still, this was a dream walking.

The man was something else. Wide-rumped in stiff new jeans, he wore office-style brown oxfords and a *long-sleeved* buttondown shirt. He was an office worker, a professor of ancient languages, a bank teller, and he didn't belong on this mountain. Nor with that woman.

Leon approached, smiling, planning his opening remark, but the woman spoke first, frowning (*continued on page 188*)





STUCK ON MEMPHIS

putting fun and funkiness back into furniture

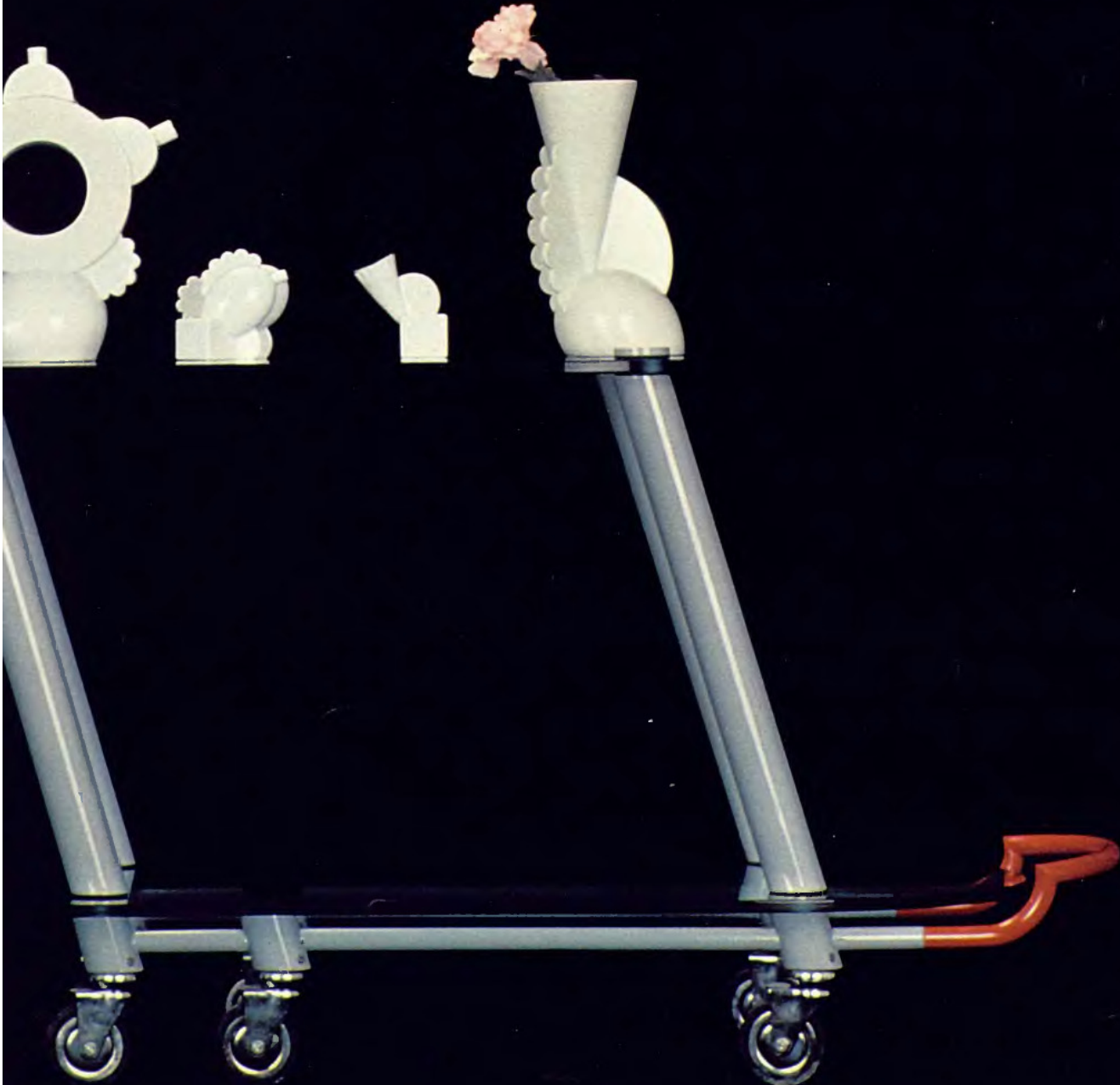
modern living

Above right is the canted Hilton cart, \$2650. On the top shelf is a series of porcelain objects designed by Mattea Thun, including, left to right, an improbably shaped Chad teapot, \$320; a cloudlike Michigan salt shaker, \$80, and Ontario pepper box, \$80; a Superior toothpick holder, \$80; and a Ladoga vase, \$200. The lady, of course, is Susie Scatt.

IN 1981, a collaboration of about 30 international designers started a movement of Fifties-inspired, one-of-a-kind furniture that took the name Memphis. Ettore Sottsass, the group's leader, says its point was to "get rid of institutional rhetoric." (The name comes from the Bob Dylan lyric "Stuck inside of Mobile with these Memphis blues again.") It was also intended to introduce into the home objects that are unstrained and fanciful—not unlike the sleek lines of 1983 Playmate of the Year Marianne Gravatte and Playmate Susie Scott. Memphis' materials are an unlikely marriage of such things as marble, glass and plastic. Colors are a frenzied rainbow. This is furniture you can sink your eyeteeth into.



Above: Gentlemen, be seated on this Michele de Lucchi-designed Lido sofa that's finished in plastic laminate, painted wood and metal. The sofa's seat (not Marianne's and Susie's), back and armrests are upholstered in cotton, \$6300.





Above: Michele de Lucchi's metal Oceanic table lamp will throw light on just about any nook or cranny you—or Marianne—would like to see lighted, \$930.





Above: Behold the Peter Shire—designed Bel Air chair, an adventure in fantasy furniture that will, like Marianne, turn an sitters and laakers alike, \$6700. Left: The old racking chair will na longer get you after you've settled dawn with Marianne and Susie in this George James Sowden—designed Oberai chair, \$3120.

REGGIE SMITH (continued from page 100)

“‘Small baseball,’ he said of the Japanese game, ‘they play small baseball.’”

a certain barrier as the Japanese fans sometimes do, for foreigners are still regarded, if not as exotic, certainly as oddities, and he touched Smith as if he were something different and strange. It was not a pleasant moment and the player resented it, for the fans do not do this with their own players—they are cautious and respectful with them and do not take such liberties lightly. Smith very firmly removed the hand of the young Japanese. “I am not your damn freak,” he said, giving vent to a feeling that many Americans, especially black Americans, have had about being in a country where foreigners are considered strange.

Smith was not in a good mood. His knee was hurting and he could not run full out. In addition, he was completely frustrated by his failure to see any fast balls. On this day, against the Hanshin Tigers, he had not seen a single one, and he had barely seen anything in the strike zone. Desperate to show these fans what he was capable of, he had swung hard anyway, raising two immense pop-ups and grounding out twice. He had also heard the Tigers’ manager yell to his pitcher to walk Smith-san and to give him nothing to hit.

“I’m a fish out of water here,” Smith told a friend. “They pay me all this money to do a certain thing and it’s supposed to be something they love, and then they won’t let me do it. I just don’t know if I belong here.”

He was facing this season with increasing melancholia. For although he had known that Japan would be different, he had not known, like many a *gaijin* (or foreigner) before him, that it would be *this* different, nor had he known that he might never again see a real fast ball.

The confrontation of baseball was what Smith missed most, a power hitter against a power pitcher. For him, that was the real excitement of the game, a challenge of the most personal kind. But he had come to believe that the Japanese game, like the society itself, was designed to avoid challenge and confrontation. If there were a way of avoiding a confrontation, the Japanese would find it. In his case, it meant throwing him junk balls out of the strike zone. Dinky shit, he called it. If he walked, so be it. No one threw him fast balls; no one threw him anything out over the plate. They walked him consistently. In the first weeks of the season, he walked three times with the bases loaded, twice on four straight pitches. All of that took a great deal of pleasure out of his work, for

Smith, a proud, outspoken player, found that he could not do what he was supposed to do. It was as if they were paying him a great deal of money but in the process stealing something even more precious from him.

Often, now, he came to daydream about the past and, of all things, about confrontations with Nolan Ryan, Steve Carlton and Seaver, power pitchers all, men whom other hitters often feared to face and men who had given Smith as good as he had given them. He even recalled now a game in which Ryan, by then with Houston, had disposed of him with three pitches, each seeming to come in a little faster and each rising a little higher in the strike zone. The Dead Red, players called it, meaning pure heat. The third pitch had been blindingly fast and Smith knew he had been beaten by a master. He had screamed in a kind of instinctive primal anguish, then had tipped his cap to Ryan, who had tipped his cap in turn. The Houston bench had seemed surprised, not understanding this was a personal thing, a war within a war, and that on this occasion Ryan had won.

Batting against Carlton was equally challenging; he was so excellent and complete a player that he was known simply as Lefty, needing neither first name nor last. Carlton was simply the best pitcher in baseball right now, Smith believed, a man of supreme physical gifts and, perhaps more important, awesome mental ones. Lefty had an almost perfect harmony of mental and physical strength, Smith thought. His concentration was complete. That gave him a special spiritual toughness that was rare in any aspect of life, including baseball. Lefty, Smith believed, liked to control a weaker person and create a certain doubt in the hitter. The hitter came to bat knowing how strong Lefty was, and how smart, and knowing, too, that, unlike the hitter, Lefty knew exactly where the pitch would be. In most cases, that made for a mismatch, but Smith enjoyed the combat. He knew that when he beat Carlton, he had beaten the best.

But Lefty was back in Philly and Ryan was in Houston, both of them caught up in their own competition for the all-time strike-out record. And Reggie Smith was in Tokyo, looking vainly for a fast ball.

Earlier in the season, an opposing pitcher had mistakenly come into the strike zone with a nice fat pitch and Smith had hit a monstrous home run, and at the end of the inning, the Japanese pitcher, returning to the dugout virtually in tears,

had to be consoled by his manager. It was very clear that the Japanese pitchers were under orders that this highly paid American should not demonstrate his power (and, thus, figuratively, American superiority) against them. So on this day, though it had been a big game—the hated Hanshin Tigers against the Giants, the huge stadium filled hours before the game—Smith’s frustration did not abate. He simply could not find a pitcher to challenge him, could not get a pitch to hit.

“Small baseball,” he said, “they play small baseball.”

He did not say this disparagingly but as a statement of fact. He was, in truth, on his best behavior here, accommodating to the Japanese press, careful and sensitive with his teammates, ready to give tips on hitting but careful, given the importance of the hierarchy in Japanese society, not to intrude on the territory of the hitting coaches, who were more numerous, more influential and more meddling here than in the United States. Jim Lefebvre, the former Dodger, had told mutual friends that Smith, who had a reputation for being at the very least blunt and outspoken (and, to some critics, a clubhouse lawyer), would not last four months here.

He was trying to be a good ambassador, a good baseball player and a good teammate, but it was getting harder all the time. In his mind, he was cooperating, trying to do his best; but the entire nature of the Japanese game, of small baseball, was stacked against him.

By small baseball, Smith meant a precise definition of the game. Small baseball was a game tailored to the needs, both physical and cultural, of the Japanese. Because the Japanese, by and large, did not have powerful throwing arms, they made the relays better than Americans, and they were very good at hitting the cut-off man. Because the society was oriented toward the group instead of toward the individual and because hierarchy prevailed, the manager and his strategy were far more important. There was much more playing for one run and, starting in the first inning, the infield always seemed to be drawn in, trying to cut off a run.

All baseball leagues had different styles, Smith believed. The American League, in his early years, was a slow, almost stagnant league, modeled on the great Yankee teams of the Fifties. Its stars were largely power hitters, they were white and their teammates waited upon their mighty swings. They did not, in his opinion, play a hard-edged game of modern baseball in which speed and power were combined. The prototypical American League star during the era when Smith broke in was Harmon Killebrew, a kind, gentle player who generated offense only through his awesome swing. By contrast, the National League was the blacker league. Its tempo

(continued on page 196)




"It seems all our troubles began when I gave her that membership to that gym."

**FROZEN
BEEF
ENCHILADAS**

INGRED
BEEF, F





epicurean pervert or thoroughly modern man? the author risks all to stand by the meals he loves

IN PRAISE OF FROZEN FOOD

IF YOU REALLY LOVED ME," I remember hearing my mother say to my father when I was just learning to eavesdrop, "you'd buy me a house that has no kitchen."

My father was asleep in his Barcalounger at the time and didn't respond, so my mother returned to the kitchen to fix dinner. She hated cooking more than anything else in the world. More than cockroaches. More than my terrible habit of leaving Kleenex in my dirty clothes to ruin her nice clean wash. More than the fact that my father slept through at least half their conversations.

She kept cooking, of course—that seemed to be some unwritten law of the paleolithic Fifties—but she had her short cuts. I remember the one time she came home from the market without her usual grumbling. She had discovered something in the freezer department that looked too good to be true, something called boil-in-the-pouch: one plastic bag of turkey slices and one bag containing a frozen glob of gravy. You could cook this stuff right in the bag, she told us as she put a pan of water on the stove to boil. My younger brother and I stood by like two junior mad scientists, watching our experiment boil and bounce. My mother, showing a certain enthusiasm that was out of character for the kitchen, plucked the bags from the boiling water with tongs, cut them open and served up the contents on two pieces of white bread, open-faced, just like a hot-turkey sandwich in a coffee shop.

Unfortunately, it didn't taste very good. It wasn't even enough of an occasion to wake up Dad. But that hardly mattered. I had entered into the 20th Century of food, and I had no intention of turning back.

Some mothers encouraged their kids to try new foods; my brother and I were urged on in the direction of new food technologies. Mother had a special affinity for the word *(continued on page 180)*

article

By STEPHEN RANDALL

SARD

ST. JAMES

EXT

Babes of BROADWAY



RAOR

new york, new york . . . where some glamorous go-getters give their all to prove what the song says: if you can make it there, you'll make it anywhere

text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON



WHEN PLAYBOY editors began to beat the publicity drums about a proposed feature called *Babes of Broadway*, we weren't sure what kind of response to expect. Would we be shunned as sexists invading the Great White Way, or would stars and starlets throng to us like moths to a flame? Or would we merely be inundated by off-off-Broadway hopefuls and part-time waitresses who save their tips to subsidize acting-singing-dancing lessons? To all the above questions, the answer turned out to be yes. We were turned down, turned on, knocked in the aisles, bowled over and sent to our thesaurus to dig up new adjectives in praise of the beautiful (also comely, exquisite, fair, the thesaurus said), talented (also accomplished, gifted, endowed) and exciting (also alluring, bewitching, fetching, enticing) young showstoppers who agreed to show and tell us what it's like to be a Broadway baby circa 1984.

Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag, in effect our casting director, had to pick the likeliest babes from a long, delectable list. He gave his chosen subjects the kind of collective rave review they might dream of getting from an influential theater critic. Says Arny, "I can't remember when I've photographed a group of women so vital and exciting. They're *involved* in so many things and really have their acts together. Working with them was a pleasure."

Showtime, folks—meaning time to raise the curtain on some babes taking bows in front of Freytag's camera.

Click.

Well into the second act of *42nd Street*, a (text continued on page 142)

There may be a broken heart for every light on Broadway, but you'd never guess it while ogling the leggy, live-wire would-be stars gathered a stone's throw from Sardi's on West 44th Street, locale of many a smash hit. Heading our cast is Karen Ziemba (left center), who has the lead role in David Merrick's lang-running musical *42nd Street*. In the show, she finds sudden success. Life does imitate art. Anna Nicholas (at Karen's left elbow and in photo above) muses with flute, learning patience while she waits for her big break.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





"You're going out there a youngster, but you've got to come back a star!" So says Jerry Orbach to Karen Ziemba in *42nd Street* (above). Karen's overnight success onstage exudes some of the pixy quality she reveals for *PLAYBOY* (at left). "A kind of sexy innocence," she calls it. And who'd argue with an ingénue who's already got a star on her dressing-room door?



When she isn't inspiring standing ovations eight shows a week, Karen (below, in blue) studies voice and acting, relaxes by playing softball in Central Park with the Broadway Show League. Ziemba at bat (above) looks due for another hit, this time a clean single that helped defeat a semi-tough team from *La Cage aux Folles*.





The fine-feathered bird at right (and onstage, above) struts her stuff as one of the showstopping Cagelles in *La Cage aux Folles*, a baffle big-time musical comedy based on the French movie about two très gay lovers running a transvestite night club on the Riviera. But boys will be girls. By the way, did we mention that this bewitching beauty's first name is Sam?



The Broadway babe on deck is actually Sam Singhaus (below at far right, with *La Cage* star George Hearn). While auditioning for the show, says Sam, "I pretended to be Miss Florida and secretly called myself Bunny." Hmm. Above, in catcher's position behind Karen Ziemba, Sam finds that he still enjoys being a guy.





Laine Jastram (left) has been making ends meet with movie jobs, from *Beat Street* to *The Muppets Take Manhattan*. Married to a New York dentist, Laine calls her *PLAYBOY* debut "a total turn-on for him." Sultry Ivy Frank (below and bottom) runs her own dance studio and performs with a group called The New York High-Voltage Broadway Cheerleaders. Have pampons, will travel. Obviously a body electric, at work or play, Ivy likes to move.



Stylish, petite Donno Williams (right) is an actress with big dreams and a small, successful side line as a clothing designer. Both Bloomingdale's and Henri Bendel buy her line. "I like eveningwear . . . very, very sexy but elegant," soys Donno, who tries out ideas on a mannequin (below) and enjoys slipping into something attractively loose. She also did costumes for the movie *New York Nights*.







Another New York High-Voltage Cheerleader, well-rounded Lindo Russo (left), improvises between gigs. Maryland-born Catherine Cooper (above), here purring through a delectable fantasy in the back seat of a Rolls, understudies three top roles in *A Chorus Line*. Color her lucky.



Unstoppable enthusiasm keeps actress-singer Kosey Comeron (below) in top form, "doing a lot of body work" while she studies, makes rounds and models lingerie to pay the rent. Her routine includes checking "the trodes" (above, with actress Anna Nicholas) for clues to jobs.





A statuesque showroom model when she finds nothing better to do, New Jersey-bred actress Christina Belton (above) claims distant kinship to Joyné Kennedy. Seems logical. Lead dancers Belinda Andretti (below left) and Cindi Thomas (seated) do two shows a night in a topless revue at Manhattan's glittery Café Versailles, hoping *that's* how to succeed until Broadway or Hollywood beckons. Says Cindi, "I didn't work and done away my childhood, then go to New York, to wait on tables."



Blonde and buxom Debbie Hinchcliffe (above and right) is a delightful, definitive Broadway babe with a strong competitive streak. Says Debbie, "I don't give up. My mother started me dancing at the age of three. She's really thrilled about my being in *PLAYBOY*, but she's scored about my being in New York. I have to phone home every night." Home is Connecticut. Debbie has auditioned for *42nd Street* and *Sugar Babies*. But her heartfelt goal is "to do the tits-and-ass number in *A Chorus Line*."





tap-happy smash hit in its fifth year on Broadway, the wide-eyed heroine tells a hard-bitten director, "Show business isn't for me. I'm going back to Allentown."

The director (played by Jerry Orbach) looks as stung as if his ungrateful ingénue has threatened to set fire to the flag. "What was that word you said? Allentown? I'm offering you a chance to star in the biggest musical Broadway has seen in 20 years, and you say *Allentown*?"

That's the cue for one of the big production numbers, the vintage take-home tune *Lullaby of Broadway* (words by Al Dubin, music by Harry Warren) and a golden opportunity for Michigan-born Karen Ziemba to grab the spotlight, dancing her way to "the hip-hooray and ballyhoo" that are the essence of showbiz. As the third Peggy Sawyer since *42nd Street* opened in 1980—chorus girl Peggy zooms to stardom because the leading lady's leg is in a cast—Karen herself has enjoyed a meteoric career since her arrival in Manhattan some five years ago. "This is the best role on Broadway," she declares with enthusiasm. "It's what theater is all about. I'm not from Allentown, but virtually the same sort of thing has happened to me."

Today, she's starring in the Big Apple, yet Karen served her apprenticeship in the classic manner, taking bread-and-butter jobs as waitress and theater usher before she landed in the chorus of a touring company of *My Fair Lady*. Then came the national company of *A Chorus Line* and her first Broadway gig in the same show, cast against type as the Hispanic hooper named Morales. She moved up to *42nd Street* about a year ago, when the Peggy Sawyer in residence left to have a baby. "Everybody's having babies," Karen notes, "but I'm not ready for that. I've got too much to do." She was recently married, however, to actor Bill Tatum, a regular in the TV soap opera *Edge of Night*. They met in an Equity Library Theater production of *Seesaw*. "He had the lead. I was just a chorus girl and had to help him with the dancing. I'd hate to say Bill's not coordinated, but he's no Baryshnikov." With unfailing humor, Karen recalls their first liaison. "I wore a garter belt and hose, because I wanted him to think I was sexy. And when I got undressed, he said, 'What's this with the hardware?'"

As the granddaughter of retired New York City Opera mezzo-soprano Winifred Heidt, who was also a singing star on radio, Karen considers her talent a family heritage. "My grandmother sacrificed a lot to become an opera singer. And my mother is a beautiful woman who always encouraged me but taught me humility at the same time—too much so, my husband thinks. He says you've got to let people know what you're worth. Well, I'm a very good dancer and actress. And right now, my ambition is to originate *that* role. Not

just to take someone else's place."

Click.

Enter Catherine Cooper, a sultry blonde who earns top pay but lower billing at a theater down the block, where she's understudy for three key roles in *A Chorus Line*, Broadway's longest-running show—and where she used to share a dressing room with Karen Ziemba. "Catherine is a terrific actress," notes Karen.

Catherine won't argue the point. When she isn't playing Cassie, Val or Sheila, she's singing backup vocals in an offstage booth. "People say they think of me as an actress who happens to dance very well," says Catherine, who studies hard and bides her time. "I played a barfly character named Harmony Devine on a soap, *One Life to Live*. I've spent so many years of my life dancing, now I really much prefer to act. As Val says in the show, 'It's fabulous to find out you can talk, too.'"

Born in Maryland, Catherine attended the same ballet school that claims Shirley MacLaine as an alumna. She joined a ballet troupe, got married, divorced, migrated to Manhattan (not necessarily in that order) and nowadays considers *A Chorus Line* a solid base for professional upward mobility. "Life is more giddy if you're on the road. People are thrown together; there's more sleeping around. In New York, you just go to work and lead your own life. I'm generally at home asleep by midnight, but I'm not *here* for the social whirl. If that's all I wanted, I'd go somewhere else."

Meanwhile, Catherine's photo fantasy for *PLAYBOY* allowed her to vent some of the energy she usually channels into hard work. "Who *wouldn't* want to be wearing an expensive fur in the back of a Rolls-Royce? That's Joan Collins time, the kind of stuff that makes people tune in to *Dynasty*."

Click.

Unique among the babes of Broadway because he is, in fact, a guy, Sam Singhaus danced for three years at Radio City Music Hall ("I partnered Rockettes") before he got his first legit role as one of the suitors in *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*. (That musical, a resounding flop, starred Debby Boone.) When he got to the final auditions for *La Cage aux Folles*, Singhaus had to dance all day wearing high-heeled shoes and a girlfriend's dress. "With *Tootsie*, *Torch Song Trilogy* and *Boy George*," he notes, "this is the age of gender confusion. You get used to it."

Sam declares he felt "honored" at being picked as the Cagelle to appear in *PLAYBOY*. "I couldn't wait to tell my father and all his golf buddies." Sam's dad used to be a football coach in Florida, which may explain why Sam feels that playing in the Broadway Show League with the *Cage* baseball nine "helps balance things out." Even so, he admits to being drawn to fashion magazines nowadays, studying the

way top models do their make-up. Sam does his own. Eventually, he expects to get out of drag and into pop music. "For now, though, the show has opened a lot of doors. And as our director, Arthur Laurents, keeps reminding us, we're *not* drag queens; we're actors playing women."

Click.

She's taking her bar exam, just in case, but Anna Nicholas moved to New York from Boston because "I want desperately to do theater. . . . You have to develop that part of you that makes you a real actress, which means working in a fine play with a strong director." Meanwhile, like many of her peers, Anna has to settle for what she can get—recently, a youth-oriented comedy called *Hot Resort*, filmed on the Caribbean island of St. Kitts. "I'm the brainiest of four girls who go there on a cruise ship full of geriatric cases."

As an actress, Anna still doesn't have an agent, though she was signed by a prestigious modeling agency after *Cosmopolitan* picked her to be a make-over subject. "Someone from the magazine stopped me on the street and said, 'Hey, we can make you look really exotic.' Since then, I've done a slew of commercials."

Click.

"I get work because I hustle to find it," declares Laine Jastram, "and once they hire me, I'm usually upgraded to a speaking role or what's known as a silent bit." Laine's film credits so far include the latest Muppets movie ("I'm the blonde producer who goes screaming down the hall, with Animal chasing me"), *Beat Street* ("I don't know why I keep getting into these break-dance movies") and something called *Model Behavior* ("It's not X-rated or anything, more like a sex spoof. I play a showgirl who just has a real good time").

Although Laine herself has near-perfect teeth and a figure to match, she met her dentist husband in New York while having a cavity filled. "He *loves* my appearing in *PLAYBOY*. His ideal for years has been to be with a girl who's been in *PLAYBOY*, and now he's got his wish."

Click.

Before she joined The New York High-Voltage Broadway Cheerleaders, who have entertained Mayor Edward Koch and performed in a Cavalcade of Stars benefit at Madison Square Garden, native New Yorker Ivy Frank danced solo on a Pacific Air Force tour of Korea, Japan, Okinawa and the Philippines. "It was hectic," she recalls. "Those guys hadn't seen a girl in a long time. I couldn't even go to the bathroom without being cornered. But PAC-AF had made me an honorary general in the Air Force, thank God, so I outranked most of them."

Linda Russo also dances with The High-Voltage Cheerleaders, "going anywhere that has anything to do with New York." Between bookings, she takes modeling assignments and works as a hostess in a
(concluded on page 146)



Playboy FUNNIES

ASK DR. DUMB

BY BUD JONES

Share the wisdom of this kindly country doctor as he answers questions asked by folks just like you.

A WIDOWER FROM MIAMI WRITES, "I AM VERY WEALTHY AND YOUNG WOMEN KEEP TRYING TO BUTTER ME UP - WHAT SHOULD I DO?"

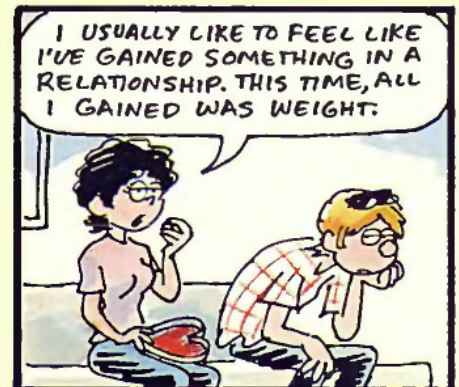
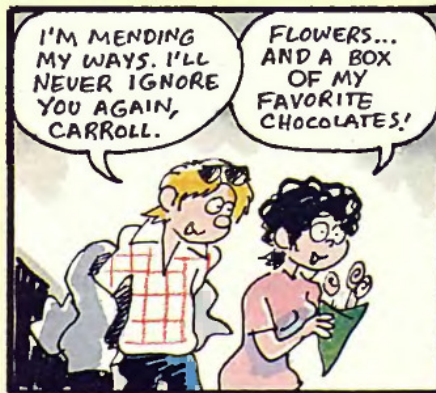
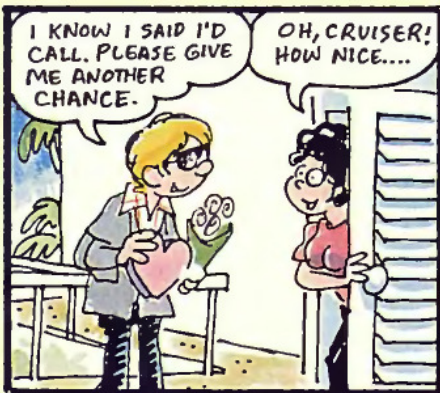


SOUNDS LIKE KINKY SEX TO ME - TELL THEM TO TAKE THEIR BUTTER AND GO HOME!



CRUISER

Christopher Browne



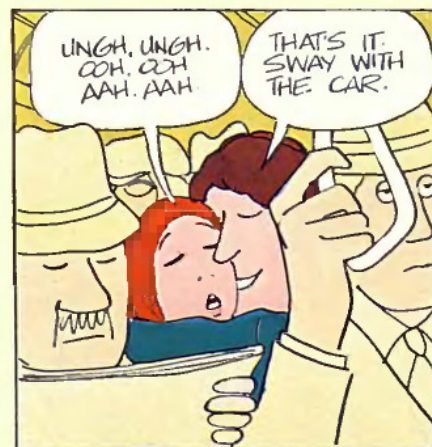
HOLISTIC HARRY

BY JOHN DEMPSEY



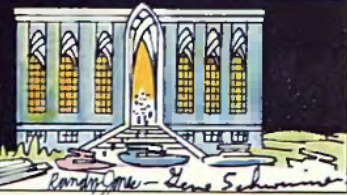
Our Secret Fantasies

by Mort Gerberg



**THROUGH SPACE AND TIME
WITH
SCHWIMMER
AND
JONES**

THIS MONTH:
"LITTÉRATURE d'AMOUR"



TODAY, WE FIND OUR HEROES AT A GATHERING AT THE CONGLOMERATION EMBASSY ON TUZIA, WHERE IT WOULD SEEM JONES HAS MADE A CONQUEST....

I UNDERSTAND YOU ARE FROM EARTH, MR. JONES!

YES, COUNTESS! I WAS BORN IN CANADA - A MIGHTY NATION!



I'VE ALWAYS ADMIRERD THE WRITERS OF YOUR PLANET - TOLSTOY, FITZGERALD...

YES, THOUGH I'VE ALWAYS PREFERRED ROBBINS, SPILLANE...

ROBBINS? SPILLANE? THOSE NAMES ARE NOT FAMILIAR!

THEY WERE TWO OF EARTH'S GREATEST WRITERS!

I SEE... UH... PERHAPS WE COULD CONTINUE THIS DISCUSSION IN MORE PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS.

OK!

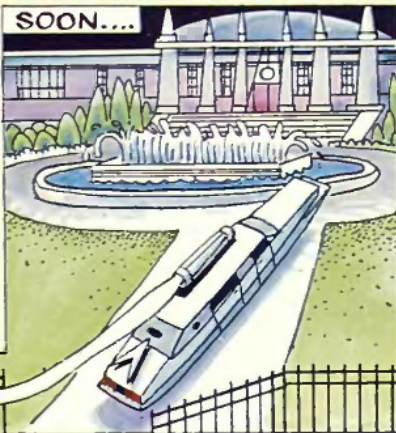


MINUTES LATER....

HOME, BRYXL!

YES, MADAM!

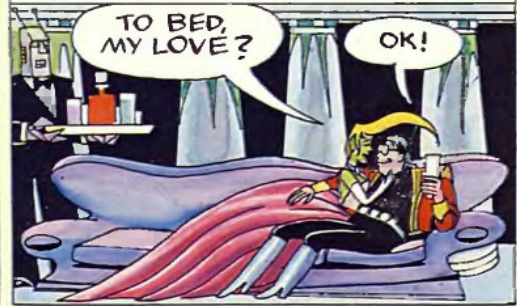
SOON....



NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE COUNTESS IS POWERLESS AGAINST THE MASCULINE CHARMS OF RANDY JONES! INEVITABLY, ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER....

TO BED, MY LOVE?

OK!



ONE OF MY FAVORITE EARTH WRITERS, ANTOINE de SAINT-EXUPERY, ONCE WROTE SOMETHING VERY BEAUTIFUL. HE WROTE, "LOVE DOES NOT CONSIST IN GAZING AT EACH OTHER BUT IN LOOKING OUTWARD TOGETHER IN THE SAME DIRECTION!"

I AGREE!

YOU DO?

YES!



SOMEHOW, I DON'T THINK THIS IS WHAT SAINT-EXUPERY HAD IN MIND!



"I've been dancing for 18 years. What I want now is to dance and be happy and get paid for it."

restaurant called Hobeau's. The dance group's immediate aim is to become city mascots representing the Big Apple. Mecca, of course, still means Broadway. Ivy sums it up succinctly: "I'm ready. I've paid my dues. At 27, I've been dancing for 18 years. What I want now is to dance and be happy and get paid for it."

Click.

Down in a Greenwich Village loft, Donna Williams thrives as a superchic latter-day bohemian who divides her time between acting and designing *haute couture*. She doesn't like to name them, but several rreally big pop stars perform while wearing her threads. So far, Donna prefers her fashion sense to her film credits (*The Bubble Gum Murders* wasn't really her style). She speaks Japanese fluently and had a TV following in Tokyo. "I worked on *The Taka Chan Show*, a comedy that was like a Japanese spoof of *Superman*." The money she makes as an actress, says Donna, "gives me an overwhelming feeling." You might call it her favorite yen.

Click.

Working at Ben Benson's Steak House on 52nd Street is only a stopgap job for ambitious, effervescent Kasey Cameron. "I'm not going to be a waitress my whole life, I swear. I'm a good actress and a terrific singer. I have a big, phenomenal

voice, like Barbra Streisand's and Liza Minnelli's. But people see me and think I'm an ingénue."

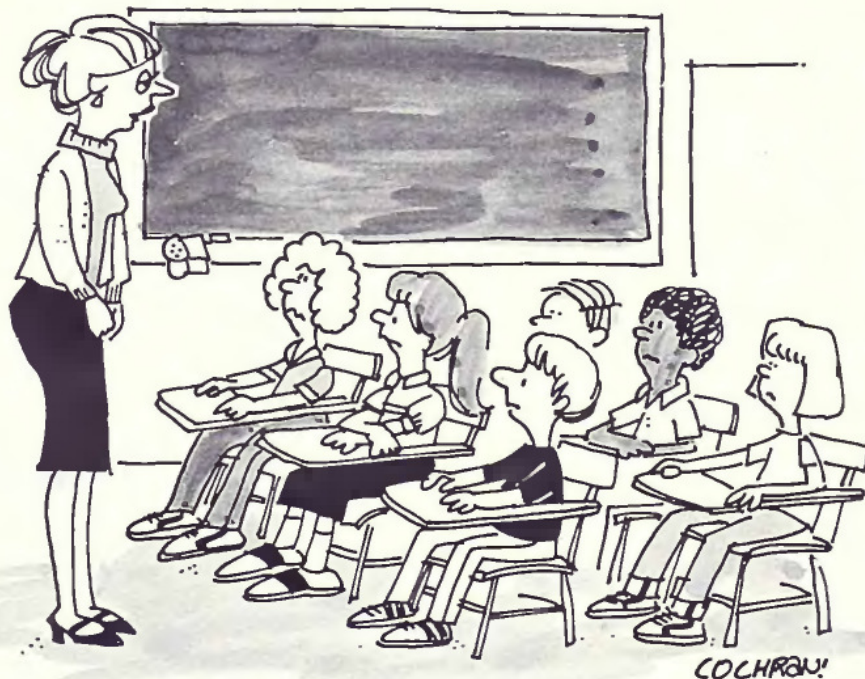
Ambitious though she is, a girl has to draw the line somewhere. "I turned down a role in *Porky's* because they wanted me to soap up a flaccid penis," Kasey reports. "But I do lingerie modeling for Berlei, and I'll tell you why I'm here in PLAYBOY. Because I hope someone will see me and think, Well, this girl has a good body . . . maybe she has some talent, too."

Click.

Like countless actress-models who have to be ready for anything and everything, Christina Belton itemizes "special skills" on her professional résumé. Among her listed talents are "roller skating, tennis, mime, baton twirling, Southern, street and West Indian dialects, licensed to drive standard-shift car and motorcycle." Thus far, her limited credits include such film bits as "attending Miss Piggy's wedding" and "being a mourner in *S.O.B.*"

Physically, Christina appears to be richly endowed, though one old acquaintance claims she has no head for business, "or she could have been a star a long time ago." Even so, in showbiz, a girl can go pretty far with Belton's basic equipment.

Click.



"My name is Miss Jenkins. Don't give me any lip. I'm a mud wrestler on weekends."

Dancing for tourists and tired businessmen in an ooh-la-la cabaret show called *Paris, Je t'aime* isn't quite the same as being the toast of Broadway; but at the Café Versailles, blonde Belinda Andretti occasionally gets mash notes, phone calls or bottles of vintage champagne from stage-door Johnnies. "If a waiter says some guy wants to meet me, I peek through the curtain first," says Belinda. "Of course, if he's ugly, I don't go out." Generally, she's too tired to be a girl about town. She'd rather be Debra Winger or Meryl Streep. "And I'd love to be in a James Bond movie." Meanwhile, she studies at the Lee Strasberg studio to get ready for the time when "your knees go. . . I'm tired of dancing, anyway, and want to do movies or straight theater."

Belinda's sentiments are echoed by Cindi Thomas, who shares the Versailles spotlight and never dreamed she'd wind up in New York dancing topless. "Two years ago, I said I'd never be able to do it. But you can't be embarrassed about anything you do and still do it full out. Now I find it's nice, rather sensuous." Cindi is married to a male performer in the show and figures she has another decade to dance. "This fall, I'll start auditioning for Broadway, because you can be an actress for the rest of your life."

Click.

Debbie Hinchcliffe tap-dances a bit and practices plenty but goes to auditions ("I pound the streets in cold, sleet and rain") hoping no one will ask her to sing. "Not with *this* voice; the only thing I could really sing well would be *Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend*." That notion elicits a giggle and a squeak from Debbie, whose high-pitched vocal beep tones are like nothing heard onstage, onscreen or elsewhere since the late Judy Holliday knocked 'em dead in *Born Yesterday*. If they ever get around to putting PLAYBOY's *Little Annie Fanny* on film, Hinchcliffe ought to be a front runner for the title role.

"People typecast me in sexy dumb-blonde roles, which I'm pretty good at. But I'm *not* dumb," says Debbie, who worked in the computer industry and spent a year on Wall Street, sneaking off to auditions during lunch hours until she realized she was a babe whose heart belonged to Broadway—her first love. "Romance? Forget it. I don't have time for that stuff. I don't want children. I want an Afghan hound and an Akita and two parrots. *Men* will always be there, even when I'm 50. I'll still have a figure and can get a face lift if I have to."

Debbie strikes a theme common among Broadway's ambitious, dedicated new generation of women, who put marriage low on their list of priorities. In general, they prefer top billing to top cooing. And if you think that's something new in actresses, fella, better check your program.





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mild.



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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

GIFT OF THE GODS (continued from page 94)

"Something with shiny, dark eyes was watching him and was thinking how Henry Laird would taste."

everywhere, infusing the world, and none of the implications of any of it was lost on Henry Laird.

He had been walking, for no conscious reason, along the broad quietness of Harmon Avenue, gazing at the fine old trees and the low hills of the lawns and the looming bulks of the old mansions that lined its sides, when he found he had come to the little park that sat at the end of Main Street and faced the great spread of the lake.

The park was a small jewel of design, with its gardens gracious even now, before their real blooming; and its budding trees, waiting for their new leaves, stood composed in smooth, stylish curves and clumpings.

In the center of the park, or, rather, just enough off its center to make its location more interesting, was a small Grecian temple of the open, pillared style. Henry climbed the western steps and stood on the porch like a lost prince come at last to his kingdom.

The air from the lake wafted as gently over his face as a deliberately loving stroke, so he pulled his wool cap from his head in order to let the breeze caress more of him. He closed his eyes for a long moment and after some time, let them flutter open. At first, he looked about dazedly, enjoying the faint, odd, golden gleam that everything about him had taken on; but then he began to observe his surroundings in some detail, looking around in the manner of one who has returned home after a long and hazardous voyage.

It was then, for the first time, that he saw the greasy paper sack.

A thing as ugly as that had no business being in such surroundings. It belonged in a dingy alley next to garbage cans. It was not proper that such an object be in such a place as this. Henry advanced to the brown sack and, after a moment's hesitation over its really spectacular filthiness, bent down and picked the thing up with both his hands.

It was nowhere near as heavy as its bulk seemed to indicate. Although it was jammed full, almost to bursting, it could not weigh a full three pounds. A rich animal reek exuded from the sack, and Henry pecked down into its gaping mouth and saw that it seemed to be stuffed full of grayish-black hair. He would remove the disreputable, odious thing.

But just before he left the park—just before he stepped from its grass to the sidewalk that would lead him back into the 20th Century maze of concrete and asphalt that made up the basic webbing of this

modern world—he became aware of being observed.

Something, he knew it, something with shiny, dark eyes was watching him, was carefully taking his measure as a hunter does of a rabbit or a lion of a zebra colt; and it was thinking, he could feel it in his own mouth, how Henry Laird would taste if you sunk your teeth into his shoulder until the skin split and the muscles tore and the blood spurted into your maw. And it was enjoying the taste, enjoying it very much.

So Henry quit the little park with more speed than he ordinarily might have used, and he was very glad when he reached his apartment building with his shoulder still unsplit and whole, and he was even gladder when he had gained the safety of his bedroom, having gotten past his mother, who, thank God, was busy making Jell-O with fruit in it and so hadn't caught as much as a glimpse of him or what he bore.

In his room, on his desk, the sack looked even worse than it had before. Its splotchings were more numerous and varied now, it seemed, and the disreputable, furtive look of it, its sullen poverty, made it stand out starkly against its present comfortable surroundings.

Henry took hold of the long, dark hair that poked from the sack's mouth, and when he tugged, it slithered forth and cascaded smoothly to the floor almost like liquid, like thick blood or oil. Henry tossed the sack aside and went to his knees, smoothing the fur with his hands, spreading it out; and then, with a silent gasp and a widening of his eyes, he saw what he had got.

From its head (for it certainly had a head) to the sharp, curving claws of its hind feet (for it had them, too), it was a kind of nightmare costume made of, as far as Henry could see, one single pelt for all its six-foot length and the wide stretch of its arms or upper legs.

It was animalskin, no doubt of it, bestial for certain, and yet there was an extremely disquieting suggestion of the human about it, too. It seemed to have been scalped from something between species, something caught in the middle of an evolutionary leap or fall.

The ears were animal in shape, pointed and high-peaked, with the wide cupping given to wild things that they might better hear their prey or would-be killer padding in the dark, and yet the placement of them, their relation to the forehead, was entirely human. And was that a nose or a snout?

It was hard to say, too, whether the appendages at the ends of its arms or forelegs

were claws or hands, since they had something of the qualities of both. The cruelty in their design strongly suggested an anatomy too brutal to be human, yet the thumbs and the forefingers were clearly opposable, and there was something about the formation of the palms that denied their being exclusively animal.

Of course, in their present condition, these last were neither hands nor claws; they were gloves. Large gloves—far too large for the hands of Henry Laird, for instance—but gloves all the same.

Henry held his left hand over the left glove of the costume. Yes, it was far, far too small to fill that hairy, clawed container. The fingers of them were inches too long. If he slipped his fingers into them—it was a strangely disquieting thought that made all of his own skin tingle and crawl—the gloves would dangle limply hollow from the first knuckle.

Still, Henry would try; and he moved his hand down in a kind of slow swoop to where the skin gaped in a slit just under the costume's palm and slid his hand in, noting how smoothly and effortlessly it seemed to glide; and when it was in, entirely in, the glove, with an odd noise something like a cat's hiss, shrank in against the fingers and back and palm of Henry's hand until it fit him like a second skin.

Henry gave a kind of muffled shriek, stifling it with his unclad hand, and then pulled frantically at the glove. He expected a horrible resistance, but no such thing; it slid off most cooperatively—shot off, really, since he had pulled it so hard—and when Henry saw that his hand seemed none the worse for having worn it, he slipped the glove on and off again a few more experimental times.

Now it seemed that Henry's wearing of the glove had permanently affected it, for it remained his exact size, whether he had it on or not, which meant it was now ludicrously small for its opposite partner; so Henry, after giving the matter a little thought, slipped his other hand into the other glove with identical effect and the end result that the two were now precisely the same size—which is to say Henry's size.

The implications of this singular phenomenon gave Henry a clear challenge that very few boys his age could have resisted, and certainly Henry did not; and so, after going very quietly to the door and peeking out of it and listening carefully to make sure that his mother was still immersed in making fruit Jell-O, Henry picked up the costume and, with just a slight grating of his teeth and squinching up of his face, slipped it on.

He started with the legs, slipping into them as he would into pants, and gasped slightly as they shrank instantly to accommodate his size, again with that catlike hissing sound; and then he hunched into the arms, and they, hissing, fitted to him; and then there was a very alarming moment when the torso of the costume curled

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round his own and shrank to coat him smoothly, this with the loudest hissing of all; and then, by far the worst, the whole thing sealed up, the openings withering down to slits and the slits healing to unbroken skin, until his whole body was covered and wrapped with the dark-gray pelt.

Except for his head, that is. Henry had left the head for the last, just as he would have done with a Halloween costume.

He walked over to the mirror set into the door and gazed at himself in wonder, his pink face staring above the dark, hairy body, a mad scientist's transplant. He moved his arms and legs, experimentally at first, and watched their reflections make little, cautious movements. He reached out with one hand to touch the mirror and thrilled when he realized that he was actually feeling the glass not through the skin, as one does when wearing a glove, but *with* the skin!

After a time of touching and moving and carefully watching, Henry reached up behind him, groping for the mask, which was dangling down his back like a hood, and took hold of it and, very slowly and cautiously, watching anxiously all the time, slipped it over the top of his head and then his forehead; and then, closing his eyes—somehow, he did not want them to be open when they would be blind and covered—he pulled the mask completely down until the fur of its neck met the fur of the costume's chest, and he shuddered violently when he felt, with his lids still firmly closed, the whole business squeeze gently in, molding itself to the flesh of his face; and only when the catlike hissing had faded away entirely did he dare open his eyes.

There, facing him from the mirror of his own bedroom, with his desk covered with homework and a hanging model airplane for its background, was a monster—a small monster, true, but no less frightening for that.

Henry crouched a little as he studied his reflection. It seemed more comfortable that way. He moved his face closer to the glass. The nostrils worked as he breathed.

He lifted his head slightly and inhaled deeply and found he could smell the Jell-O his mother was making way off in the kitchen more clearly than he would ordinarily be able to do if he put his nose close enough to the pot to feel the heat.

He looked back at his reflection and studied his eyes intently. They were his eyes, no doubt of that, though the blueness of them was strange in their present setting. Then he opened his mouth and nearly fainted.

It was in no way the mouth of Henry Laird. It had fangs, for one thing, for the most obvious thing, but the differences did not stop there. All its teeth were as sharp as needles, every single tooth; and moving in and around them and lapping over them, constantly on the move, was a long, lean, curling tongue. Not Henry Laird's tongue. Not even a human tongue.

Without giving any thought to it, Henry pulled the skin costume from his head, his arms, his whole body, and threw it to the floor.

Again he studied himself in the mirror, touching his forehead, feeling his arms, wiggling his fingers; and then, only after all those preliminary tests, he opened his mouth and nearly cried aloud in his relief in seeing nothing more formidable in it than the ordinary incisors and molars with the occasional filling put here and there by Dr. Mineke, the family dentist, because of Mounds bars and licorice.

The skin was returned to its filthy paper sack, the sack was stuffed into the rear of the bottom drawer of his bureau and Henry took the most meticulous shower of his life and scrubbed his mouth three times in a row with Stripe tooth paste.

About ten that night, when Henry was just about to go to bed and had almost convinced himself that there was nothing waiting in his room, the doorbell rang and his father got out of his easy chair with a grunt and pushed the button by the doorbell so that he could talk with whomever it was downstairs and said, "Yes? Yes? Who's there?"

At first, there was nothing but breathing from downstairs; then they all heard a voice, Henry and his father and his mother—a deep, growly sort of voice.

"I want it back," the voice said, muffled and distorted.

"What?" asked Henry's father. "What did you say?"

"You give it back," the voice said, louder; and this time you could hear the saliva in it, the drool. "It's mine, you! They gave it to me, see?"

"Look here," said Henry's father, "I don't know who you are or what you're trying to say."

"Who is that, dear?" asked Henry's mother. "What does he want?"

Now there was only breathing, heavier than before and with the hiss of spittle.

"You're going to have to speak up," said Henry's father. "I can't make out a word you're saying."

But now the breathing was gone and there was only the sound of rain, near and insistent as it battered and spattered against the windows of the apartment. Henry quietly gathered up his books from the table where he had been doing his homework.

"Hello? Hello?" said Henry's father, pressing impatiently on the LISTEN button. "I think he's some drunk."

Henry started down the hall, holding his schoolbooks to his chest.

"Whoever he was, he seems to have gone," said Henry's father, and the rain, which had suddenly grown much fiercer, began throwing itself against the windows in alarming, angry-seeming gusts.

"Well, he certainly doesn't sound like anyone we know," said Henry's mother, and his father, chewing his lip a little,



"I don't feel like it anymore."

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casting a glance or two at the front-hall door of the apartment, settled again into his easy chair.

Lying in his bed, staring up at a ceiling too dark to be seen, Henry listened to the roaring wind and considered the situation.

Outside, in the wet wildness of this awful night, prowled a being dangerous to Henry and his family. It would not do just to give back what was asked for. Wearing the skin had roused something in Henry that knew all that and relished what it now made necessary.

When it seemed from the stillness of the apartment that his parents were asleep, Henry rose, carefully and quietly, padded across the floor to his bureau, extracted the skin from its double confinement of sack and drawer and slipped it on.

The cat hissings merged into one smooth, unbroken cry when he donned the costume all at once, going from a kind of throaty purr to a final yowl of triumph as the mask sealed on, but all blended into the sound of the rain. Henry was sure his parents had heard none of it.

His passage through the apartment to the kitchen was so near to silent that even his hearing, heightened astoundingly by its joining with the high-peaked ears of what he wore, was unable to detect any of it save for the tiniest clicking as he turned the back-door lock. He took a deep breath, opened and closed the door as quickly and softly as he could, and he was standing in the wind and pelting rain on the apartment's back porch.

He rested his claws—for they were claws, not hands—on the wooden railing of the porch and peered down and around three stories below at the apartment's huge back yard.

There were occasional lights mounted here and there, none too solidly from the wild way they swayed in the wind: some on posts, spewing their swaying beams on parked cars; some fixed to the brick walls of the building, making a dancing shine on dark, wet windows or creating ominous shiftings of shadows in the depths of basement entrances; but none of them did much to dispel the dank gloom all about.

Henry lifted his snout and inhaled deeply and questingly and got a wild medley of night odors: rain and cinders; something strong blown in from the lake; a nest hidden on a nearby roof whose smell of new eggs and bird flesh made his mouth, with its needle-sharp teeth and long, lolling tongue, water—but not a whiff of his enemy.

He began to trot quietly down the rain-slicked wooden steps, glancing sharply about with his incongruous blue eyes as he moved.

He did not stop at the foot of the steps—there was a revealing pool of light from a lamp—but ducked quickly into a sooty patch of shadow before he crouched and sucked in great pulls of air, analyzing each one carefully before turning an inch or so

to sample again. Then, suddenly, he froze and blinked and inhaled again without moving, this time even deeper, and a snarling kind of chuckle came from his throat, and his teeth were bared in a human, if singularly cruel, grin.

Bent low, ducking craftily from shadow to shadow, Henry dodged his way nearer and nearer to the wide gap in the wooden fence that led to the alley in back of the building.

He pressed himself against the wall, listening with his animal ears and feeling the rain exactly as though it were falling on his own bare skin. He could make out the motor of a far-distant car; someone in an apartment was playing dance music on a radio and humming to it; there was a muffled mewling from a covered nest of kittens; and there was the harsh, slurred breathing of his enemy.

He was near. His smell was mixed with garbage smells: moldering oranges and lamb bones gone bad mingled with a hot hate smell, a killing smell out there in the dark. He was very likely watching the opening in the fence. Henry slowly backed up along the fence away from the opening until it joined a porch. After a listening pause to make sure the enemy had not moved, he stealthily climbed the porch's side, which gave him a perch just overlooking the alley.

The tar of the alley gleamed like black enamel in the rain from the light of the bare bulb mounted over the rear door of the apartment building opposite. The first sweep of his glance seemed to indicate that the alley was innocent of anything save a tidy army of garbage cans beside the building's concrete landing and a less respectable accumulation of cans and rubbish just outside the back yard of a private house farther down, but a squinting second look showed an ominous bulk hunkered down between the second batch of garbage and a low wooden fence.

Silently, hurrying as fast as he could so as not to give the enemy time to mull things over and change position, Henry made his way through his building and around the block so that he could approach the alley fence of the private house from its rear. Once in the house's back yard, he dropped to all fours and inhaled deeply. He grinned again, and this time the grin was significantly less human than it had been before. His prey was still there.

The impulse to rush with all speed so that he might throw himself at once upon his enemy and rip his skin and drink his spurting blood was so devastatingly strong that the flesh of Henry's flanks rippled suppressing it. He hunched down, pulling from the effort of wresting control from the sudden killing urge. He could not let such a thing master him. A blind scurry forward might undo all his cleverness so far. He had done well as a neophyte; he must continue to do so.

But still the smell of the enemy, the rich meatiness of it, was maddening. It seemed



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he could even detect the pulsings in the veins and arteries!

He forced himself into calmness, hunching low into the wet grass. He took a deep snuff of the earth scent in an attempt to clear his head and then began to work his way slowly and silently forward toward where the pile of garbage and his victim were lumped together on the fence's other side.

But as he drew nearer, he became aware of some confusion. It seemed the garbage stench was growing stronger than his victim's. Then it crossed his mind that that might well have been the reason that place had been chosen. He was, after all, dealing with someone far more experienced than himse—

Then there was a terrific shock and a sidewise lurch, and Henry's head exploded in a searing blast of light followed by a great, black rushing that threw him into a confusion of motion, not himself moving but himself being moved, roughly, brutally, and he screamed because of the awful, horrible pain—someone was tearing the skin from his face, ripping it off him, roots and all, and now his scalp and now the flesh of his neck—and he screamed and screamed and cried out, "Please, please stop!" but the tearing of the flesh from his body did not stop, only went on and on; and with each violent ripping and rending of himself from himself, the raw agony burned over more and more of him, until he was nothing but a scorched, stripped leaving thrown aside.

He lay naked on the wet grass, confusing his tears with the rain running over his body, and was profoundly grateful for the tears and the rain, for they were cooling and healing the rawness of him so that he was becoming aware of something other than pain, aware of the night and of movement before him.

There was the enemy before him, the victor, not the victim, huge and smelling—even to Henry's human nose, the stench of him was clear enough—hunched down and pulling this way and that at something in his hands.

"You spoiled it, goddamn, you little bastard!" the enemy sobbed and, leaning over, huge and dark in the night, sent a pale fist lashing out and knocked Henry's head back painfully against the fence. "You fucked it up, you little prick!"

Henry curled closer into himself and for the first time realized that the thing the enemy was tugging at was the costume. He did it with such absorption and violence that at one point his hat fell from his head and the rain streaked his long, black hair in curling ribbons down his furrowed forehead without his noticing.

The enemy's eyes were shiny and black, as Henry had sensed they were back in the park with the Grecian temple, and his teeth, though human, seemed much more

pointed than the norm, the canines longer and sharper. All were bared in alternate snarling and sobbing, for the enemy was desperate. At length, he threw the costume down in fury and then lunged at Henry, taking him by the shoulders and shaking him hard enough to make his teeth rattle.

"It's all gone small, you little son of a bitch!" he shouted into Henry's face, and the stink of his breath made Henry gag. "What did you do, hah, you fucker? How did you make it shrink, you shit?"

"I put it on!" Henry sobbed, his head bouncing crazily as the enemy continued to shake him. "I put it on!"

A crafty look sprang into the enemy's face. He held Henry still for a long second, staring closely at his face.

"Yeah," he said. "Yeah, I remember. It changed when they gave it to me!"

He threw Henry hard against the fence and clawed up the skin, holding it spread open before him like a huge, soggy bat.

"Yeah," said the foe to himself, his wet face gleaming, his long canines shining. "Yeah!"

Then, with a growling chuckle, he lifted the costume's arm, pushed his huge hand into the skin glove of it and grinned wider and wider until it seemed that all of his teeth, his not really human teeth, were showing. The glove had stretched easily, and that which had been a small claw when Henry wore it was now something like a grizzly's paw.

He held his hand wearing the glove high into the rain in savage triumph, the rest of the costume trailing from it like a shaggy banner, and then he thrust it in front of Henry, waving it as a fist under his nose.

"You wait, you little piece of shit!" he crowed. "You wait till you see what I do to your face with this!"

He pulled on the other glove with equal ease, then stood and stepped into the hairy costume with his long, powerful legs, roaring with laughter when they slid in smoothly. A great flash of lightning made Henry blink, and when he opened his eyes, it was to see the costume curling round his enemy's chest, fitting it with a loving closeness.

His foe looked down at him with a grin of hate that made Henry shudder, and then, as a sudden crash of thunder made the ground jump, the grizzly paws took hold of the costume's mask, pulling it over the brutal, laughing face, so that the following volley of crackling lightning showed the monster standing there complete, towering awesomely over Henry, striding toward him, bending down and picking him up with a paw clutching either side of his throat. "I got you now, you little fuck!" the monster said, and Henry felt his weight making the long claws dig into his neck as he was swung in a high arc close to the hairy face grinning with fangs of such a fearsome length and sharpness that he almost vomited at the sight of them.

Then the monster suddenly froze position, and as Henry watched, the ghastly maw's grin made a weird, rapid transition, faltering, twisting and finally turning to a wide gape of dismay.

"Naw!" his enemy snarled. "Naaaw!"

And then came a shocking crash of thunder, loud enough to make the very ground of Lakeside shudder, and as it pealed and pealed, rolling round in the sky, Henry saw the monster's eyes bulge impossibly, and then the paws released him with a spastic gesture and he landed with a hard thump on the ground to stare up in astonishment.

Lit by endless lightning, all sound of him drowned out by the ceaseless, merciless, air-flung cacophony, the monster pranced wildly in a crazy dance, arms and legs swinging like a mad jumping jack's, and from the gape of his horrible jaws and the spewing of blood and saliva, his screams must have been bloodcurdlingly ghastly could they have been heard.

But they could not; thunder censored all—and so it was in a kind of earsplitting silence that Henry saw the monster's eyes bulge more and more until the roundness of them projected entirely outside the sockets of the mask, and then they were violently ejected in a double spray of blood, and Henry found himself staring unbelievably at the extraordinary sight of his blinded enemy beginning to shrink before him!

At first, the process was uneven, one huge paw shriveling at a time, an arm bunching oddly and then shortening in a jerky telescopic fashion; but then, almost as if getting the feel of it, the whole creature began to reduce itself in step, so to speak; and as Henry watched in appalled fascination but with an undeniable undertone of profound satisfaction, he saw the being crushed down by stages, dancing and screaming all the while, kept alive and conscious by some horrendous magic until it was no larger than he had been while in the costume—until, that is, the costume had returned itself to a perfect fit for Henry Laird. Only then, and not before, was the suffering of his enemy terminated and the creature allowed to drop to the rain- and blood-soaked grass on which it had danced these last awful minutes.

Its murderous readjustments completed, the costume opened its various slits and slowly disgorged Henry's enemy, now only a shapeless, glistening redness, washing itself carefully in the pouring rain after it did so. When it was entirely free of all traces of its recent tenant, and not before, it slithered smoothly over to Henry's curled and shivering legs, very much as a cat will work its way to the side of a beloved master, and, snuggling close to him, waited to see what he wanted to do next.



PLAYBOY GUIDE

FASHION

THE NEW CLASSICS

WE PREVIEW
THE SEASON'S
TOP LOOKS

POWERFUL SUITS,
RUGGED SWEATERS

HOW TO CHOOSE
THE RIGHT SHIRT

FINAL TOUCHES:
ACCESSORIES
THAT MAKE
THE DIFFERENCE

"WHY I WEAR
WHAT I WEAR":
THE STARS
TELL ALL





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PREVIEW

FALL/WINTER 1984



IT SEEMED LIKE a good idea at the time. The salesman in the clothes store said the suit would last me a lifetime, that it would be an investment I would never regret. Still, it was a tough decision: Buy a wonderful suit or pay the next two months' rent? The suit was very tweedy and highly hand-tailored and very well made—which was more than I could say for my apartment. I bought the suit. What the hell; I could always find another place to live.

What made the decision so momentous was that, like so many of the guys I grew up with, I had a working-class mentality when it came to clothing. (We didn't dare call it fashion back then. Fashion was something only women could enjoy.) We each owned one good suit. At least, the guy at Robert Hall had always told us it was a good suit—good for weddings and funerals. None of us were in the business world yet, and none could afford to go to the kind of restaurant where you'd wear a good suit. So we bought what clothes we had on sale at cheap stores. And, we would learn much too late, we got what we paid for.

It was frustration with the shiny thighs of those so-called good suits that I bought every year that finally made me give in and buy the hand-tailored tweed. That was a good eight or nine years ago. Funny thing: I still have that suit. And I still wear it. I've had the lapels narrowed a bit and the pants legs tapered, but the suit still fits like a glove and I still get compliments on it.

The moral of this tailoring tale is the theme of this *Fashion Guide*: Buy good stuff. Clothes count. What you wear should be a statement of your success. Your suits and shirts and ties, when picked properly, should be investments that carry you through the years. And, unless you're

just starting job interviews, they should be a step above cookie-cutter conservative. They should be statements of personal style. And bold men should make bold statements.

We're not talking fads here. You won't see any Japanese kimono jackets in this *Fashion Guide*. But you will see the added flair of peaked lapels on both single- and double-breasted styles. You'll see wider lapels and deeper-cut gorges (that's the V of the lapel line that shows off your shirt).

We'll show you the growing dominance of European spread collars in dress shirts; but we'll also tell you why you shouldn't wear that style if it doesn't suit your face. We'll offer collar suggestions for every facial structure.

We'll show you how certain fashion flairs become wardrobe staples. Some three years ago, when we started showing you pleated trousers, they probably seemed pretty avant-garde. Today, a solid one third of all trousers sold in this country are pleated.

We've been telling you about double-breasted jackets for some time now, too, while warning you not to buy them blindly, because they weren't right for every man. Well, the designers have finally caught on. This season, in addition to the six-button numbers, there's an abundance

of four- and two-button double-breasted that will look just fine on men who are a little shorter than your average fashion model.

Colorwise, this autumn brings a refreshing change. After a number of seasons of black and white all over, the warm browns are back. You'll also see a lot of rich-toned grays and blues in highly textured fabrics. Many have bolder accents of sapphire, emerald and ruby.

Overall, bold is big. Whether it's with a dashing Perry Ellis polka-dot tie or a forcefully patterned hand-knit sweater, men of style will become a little more adventurous again. That's perhaps most apparent in our sweater feature. We go into that one assuming you already own the basic brown, blue and red crew-necks. So we start from second base with gutsier colors and bolder designs. We'll show you how to mix and layer while still looking rugged. And, with the right colors and patterns, we'll take you to the cutting edge of fashion—fashion for men. After all, why should women have all the fun?

Murray Levy

Editor, *Playboy Guides*

SUITS

new classics

FASHION EDITOR
HOLLIS WAYNE

This season, classic also means classy. On the cover is a subtly striped wool suit with notched lapels and ventless back, \$765, worn with a cotton spaced-pinstripe shirt, \$100, a silk tie with a subtle-rep pattern, \$42.50, and a silk patterned pocket square, \$35, all from Alexander Julian. The double-pleated trousers with watch pocket help make this an updated classic.

Refreshingly styled tailored clothing now becomes a solid investment for a truly successful man. Here, a wool tweed suit, \$545, with peaked lapels, offering a creative design counterpoint. Double-pleated trousers complete the look. A spread-collar cotton broadcloth shirt, \$72.50, is worn with a silk glen-plaid tie, \$32.50, by Polo/Ralph Lauren.



A four-button double-breasted suit allows for a deeper gorge, as well as a more Continental feel. This wool herringbone with peaked lapels and ventless back is by Gary E. Miller for Hans Baumlner, \$350; the cotton shirt with tab collar is from Hugo Boss, \$70; the silk tie with duck motif is from Hiroko Koshino Neckwear, \$40; the finishing touch is a paisley pocket square, by Imperial, \$11.

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PLAYBOY GUIDE

Whether it's for board-room boldness or a dressy night out on the town, this wool chalk-stripe suit with ventless back helps redefine dressing for success. The suit with double-pleated trousers is by Calvin Klein, \$435; the ecru polyester/cotton shirt with Burgundy accent stripes is by Geoffrey Beene, \$26.50; the new power look is finished off with a silk club tie, by Hathaway, \$22.50.

DOCUMENT BRIEF BY PORSCHE DESIGN





For a sportier, bolder but no less successful look, here are a Saxony-wool awning-stripe four-button double-breasted sports jacket with peaked lapels and ventless back, by Pierre Cardin, \$250; cotton/polyester buttondown, by Nino Cerruti, \$26; silk tie, by Alan Flusser, \$22.50; wool flannel trousers with double pleats and extended front tab, by Jean-Paul Germain, \$70. Notched lapels add flair to a single-breasted look. A lamb's-wool sports jacket with tattersall overplaid, by Country Britches, \$290, is worn with a double-breasted Shetland vest, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, \$55; polyester/cotton buttondown, by Hennessy, \$25; silk tie, by Alan Flusser, \$32.50; pocket square, by Imperial, \$11; wool pleated trousers, by Gilberto Doardi, \$135.

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SHIRTS

freedom of choice

As collar styles become more varied, you should be less interested in what "they" are wearing this year and more concerned with the shirt collar that suits your face best. The three most important considerations are point length, spread width and band height. A low collar band will make the collar sit lower on the neck, giving a longer, thinner look. If you're long-necked, a higher collar band will reverse the effect. Long collars and moderate spreads complement long faces. A thin face is best set off by a collar with a wide spread and short points. For a heavy-set face, try a narrower spread with longer points. Also key to the right look is the size and shape of the tie knot. A single Windsor looks best with wide spread and short points. Try a thin four-in-hand knot for a narrow spread with longer points. But if your body is shorter than average, you may do well with a Windsor knot: It'll use up the tie length. Proportion is important, too. Narrower ties go with shorter collars and smaller knots with narrow spreads. The strong fashion look this fall is a tightly tied four-in-hand. Our shirt sampling here includes (first row down): A gray cotton/polyester end on end with pinstripes and medium-spread collar, by Nino Cerruti Shirts, \$26. Next, a pinstripe cotton broadcloth with detachable collar, by Kenneth Gordon, New Orleans, \$45; silk tie, by Hiroko Koshino Neckwear, \$40; gold collar bar, by George Graham Galleries, \$100; diamond inset tie tack, by Ivan Gregorovitch, \$300. Then, a polyester/cotton chombroy tattersoll button-down, by Van Heusen 417, \$21.50. Second row down: A brown-and-white-cotton pinstripe shirt with white contrasting buttondown collar, \$52, and striped silk tie, \$22, both by Addison on Madison. Next, a cotton/polyester tab-collar dress shirt with muted stripes, by Hathaway, \$33; large-dot silk twill tie, by Perry Ellis Men, \$30; gold tie bar, by Penny Preville, \$210. Last, a cotton striped shirt with contrasting Windsor-spread collar and French cuffs, by Alan Flusser, \$65; cuff links, by Ted Wolter, \$70.



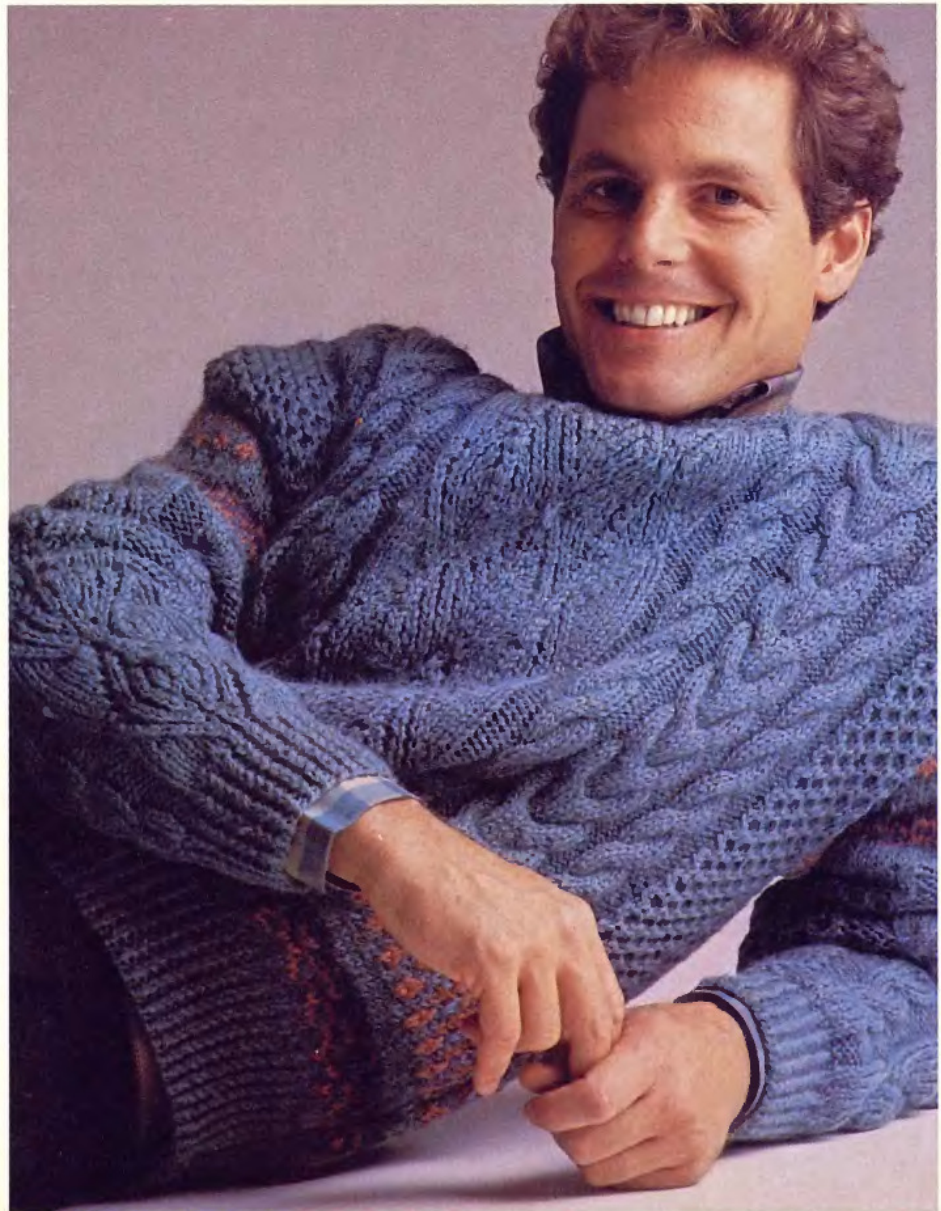
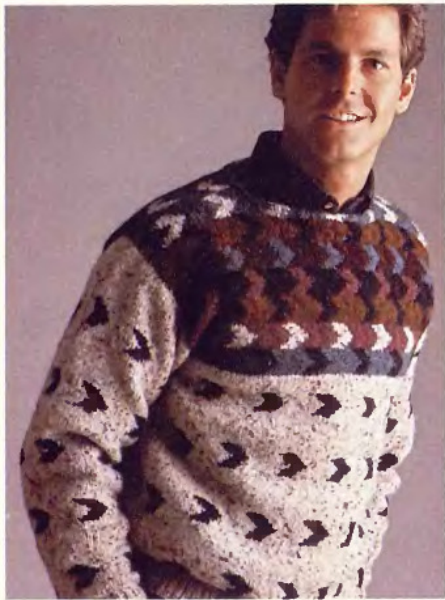
SWEATERS

brave new knits



This season's sweaters are creative, rugged and bold. Here are some forceful favorites that should make you want to pull the wool over your eyes. Top row: Wool hand-knit button-front vest over multicolored coordinating crew-neck, both from Tijuca by Laura Pearson, each about \$195; cream-wool pullover with crossover mock turtleneck, cabled front and ribbed sleeves, by Valentino, \$225; natural-wool crew-neck with all-over Pac-Man design, about \$160, worn over striped cotton flannel button-down shirt, \$27, both by Robert Stock; crew-neck, \$260, worn over plaid cotton shirt, \$90, both by Perry Ellis Men; navy-and-white wool crew-neck with Chesapeake design, \$145, over cotton-knit turtleneck, \$32, both from Palo by Ralph Lauren. On the end are multicolor-wool pullaver with crossover turn-down collar and textured cables, by Henry Grethel, \$250; suede-chamois shirt, by Golden Bear, \$250. Middle row: Shetland crew-neck with multicolor pattern on front, by Alexander Julian, \$245; wool scarf, by Day of the Unicorn, \$12; wool-tweed cardigan with multicolor flecks, \$115, over wool ribbed turtleneck with geometric design, \$200, both by Yves Saint Laurent Menswear; hearty wool football-inspired cardigan, by Robert Stock, \$260. Bottom row: Hand-knit pullaver in brown leather, from Uno Ltd. by Arnold Blye, \$80; beneath it are striped cotton shirt, by Robert Lightan for British Khaki, \$44; alpaca-blend overplaid sweater jacket with zipper front and corduroy storm closure, \$280, over wool-blend crew-neck, \$100, both from Cerruti 1881 Sportswear; hand-knit worsted-wool crew-neck with cabled front and Fair Isle-patterned bands, \$165, over cotton madras shirt, \$42.50, both by Jeffrey Banks.





Weatherproof the wet and



2212

1212

812

Nothing's worse than cold or wet feet when you're stalking game or working. Now, there's a boot that'll keep your feet comfortable in the roughest weather. Red Wing's new Waterproof/Insulated Irish Setter.

It's really dry—made with Thundar leather, a unique silicone-treated leather that sheds water, yet breathes like ordinary cowhide. In fact, it's *the most waterproof leather boot you can buy!* And we guarantee it in writing with every pair.

And truly warm—it's fully lined with quilted Thinsulate®/Cambrelle® to block out the cold and absorb sweat. Even the insole is fully covered with soft insulation materials.

859 Waterproof/Insulated
Irish Setter



Insulated Red

Made in U.S.A.

your feet against cold.



The Waterproof Irish Setter is a comfortable, long-wearing boot you can wear anywhere—in mud, slush or water.

Who knows more about making premium, outdoor boots than Red Wing? We've been doing it since 1905. Insulated Red Wings come in your choice of styles from sport boots to safety toe pull-ons with a variety of sole patterns. They're made with full-grain, water-repellent leather and fully lined with insulation materials including Thinsulate® and Urethane foam.

Weatherproof your feet with Insulated Red Wings. Stop in and try on a pair at your Red Wing Dealer. He'll give your feet a nice, warm welcome!



Wings

These Red Wing dealers will give your feet a warm reception.

ARIZONA

- MESA Red Wing Shoe Store, 1846 W. Broadway
- PRESCOTT Stewarts Family Shoe, 112 W. Gurley
- YUMA Yuma Masa Shoe Repair, 1665 - 4th Ave.

CALIFORNIA

- ALAMEDA Red Wing Shoe Store, 1414 Park St.
- ALPINE Alpina Creek Boot Shop, 1347 Tavern Rd.
- ANAHEIM Red Wing Shoe Store, 941 N. Euclid Ave.
- ANTIOCH Red Wing Shoe Store, 2641 Somersville Rd.
- BAKERSFIELD Red Wing Shoe Store, 2025 Chester Ave., Downtown
Red Wing Shoe Store, 4429 Ming Ave., Across St. from Best
- BELLFLOWER Red Wing Shoe Store, 17838 Bellflower Blvd.
- BURBANK Red Wing Shoe Store, 521 N. San Fernando Blvd.
- CANOGA PARK Red Wing Shoe Store, 7235 Topanga Canyon Blvd.
- CASTRO VALLEY Fraziers Boot Shop, 20683 Rustic Dr.
- CHULA VISTA Red Wing Shoe Store, 1048 Third Ave.
- CONCORD Red Wing Shoe Store, Park "N" Shop Center
- CORONA Karl's Shoes, 510 Corona Mall
- COVINA Red Wing Shoe Store, 114 Shoppers Lane
- CULVER CITY Red Wing Shoe Store, 10714 Wash Blvd.
- DUBLIN Red Wing Shoe Store, 7066 Village Parkway
- EL CAJON Red Wing Shoe Store, 941 Broadway
- EL CENTRO Odom's Boots & Shoes, 552 Main St.
- EL MONTE Red Wing Shoe Store, 10845 Valley Mall
- ESCONOUIDO D'Agosta's Shoe Store, 105 E. Grand Ave.
- EUREKA Redwood Bootery, 423 F. St.
- FAIRFIELD Red Wing Shoe Store, 1117 W. Texas
- FONTANA Red Wing Shoe Store, 10042 Sierra Ave.
- FORTUNA Redwood Bootery, 1055 Main St.
- FREMONT Red Wing Shoe Store, 40972 Fremont Blvd.
- FRESNO Red Wing Shoe Store, 5351 North Blackstone
Red Wing Shoe Store, 5818 E. Kings Canyon—Next to Payless
- GLENOALE Red Wing Shoe Store, 1247 E. Colorado
- HAYWARD Red Wing Shoe Store, 1013 "B" St.
- LA HABRA Neno's Shoes, 1921 W. La Habra Blvd.
- LANCASTER Lansdale Shoe, 658 W. Lancaster
- LONG BEACH Red Wing Shoe Store, 853 Pine Ave.
- LOS ANGELES Red Wing Shoe Store, 216 East 8th St.
- MERCED Red Wing Shoe Store, 637 W. Main St.
- MODESTO Red Wing Shoe Store, 1211 "J" St.
- MONTEREY Red Wing Shoe Store, 734 Lighthouse Ave.
- MONTEREY PARK Red Wing Shoe Store, 2335 S. Garfield
- MT. VIEW Red Wing Shoe Store, 642 San Antonio Rd.
- NATIONAL CITY Gibson's, 1820 Highland Ave.
- NORTHRIDGE Red Wing Shoe Store, 9157 Reseda Blvd.
- NORWALK Red Wing Shoe Store, 11864 Rosecrans
- OAKLAND Binneweg's Boot Shop, 2519 Telegraph Ave.
- OCEANSIDE Red Wing Shoe Store, 1759-D S. Oceanside Blvd.
- ORANGE Red Wing Shoe Store, 1412 E. Katella
- E. PASAONA Red Wing Shoe Store, 3573 East Colorado
- PLEASANTON Christesen's, 633 Main St.
- POMONA Red Wing Shoe Store, 1611 Indian Hill
- RANCHO CUCAMONGA Red Wing Shoe Store, 9223 "F" Archibald Ave.
- REDDING Red Wing Shoe Store, 1416 Yube Street Downtown Mall
- REDWOOD CITY Red Wing Shoe Store, 2327 Broadway
- RICHMONO Red Wing Shoe Store, 12557 San Pablo Ave.
- RIVERSIDE Red Wing Shoe Store, 10491 Magnolia Ave.
Joe's Red Wing Shoes, 3760—Ninth Street
- ROSEVILLE Richardson's, 1129 Roseville Square

- SACRAMENTO Mr. Big & Tall, 4408 Florin Road
Mr. Big & Tall, 1327 Jay St.—Downtown
Mr. Big & Tall, 3364 El Camino Ave.
Country Club Center
 - SALINAS Beck's Shoe Store, 354 Main St.
 - SAN BERNARDINO Red Wing Shoe Store, 1460 E. Highland Ave.
 - SAN BRUNO Red Wing Shoe Store, 430 San Mateo Ave.
 - SAN DIEGO Red Wing Shoe Store, 8199 Clairemont Blvd.
Walt's Red Wing, 5229 El Cajon Blvd.
 - SAN FERNANDO Red Wing Shoe Store, 1019 Truman
 - SAN JOSE Red Wing Shoe Store, 88 Almaden
Red Wing Shoe Store, 3687 Union Ave.
Red Wing Shoe Store, 658 Blossom Hill
Red Wing Shoe Store, 3074 Landess Ave.
Red Wing Shoe Store, 1600 Saratoga Ave.
 - SAN LEANDRO Red Wing Shoe Store, 1375 E. 14th Street
 - SAN MATEO Red Wing Shoe Store, 179 West 25th Ave.
 - SAN RAFAEL Red Wing Shoe Store, 703 4th Street
 - SANTA BARBARA Red Wing Shoe Store, 3018 State St.
 - SANTA CRUZ Harris Bros., 1212 Pacific Ave.
 - SANTA MARIA Red Wing Shoe Store, 1523 S. Broadway
 - SANTA ROSA Red Wing Shoe Store, 2200 Cleveland Av.
 - SONOMA Eraldis Mens Store, 475 1st St. W.
 - STOCKTON Red Wing Shoe Store, 237 E. Miner Ave.
Red Wing Shoe Store, 5940 B Pacific Ave.
 - SUNNYVALE Red Wing Shoe Store, 775 E. El Camino
 - THOUSAND OAKS Red Wing Shoe Store, 235 N. Moorpark
 - TORRANCE Red Wing Shoe Store, 1439 Marcellina
 - VALLEJO Red Wing Shoe Store, 3630 Sonoma Blvd.
 - VAN NUYS Red Wing Shoe Store, 6352 Van Nuys Blvd.
 - VISALIA Red Wing Shoe Store, 3320 A So. Mooney Blvd.
 - WATSONVILLE Van's Shoe Store, 14 E. Lake St.
 - WESTCHESTER Red Wing Shoe Store, 8716 S. Sepulveda Blvd.
 - WHITTIER Red Wing Shoe Store, 13104 E. Philadelphia St.
- ## NEVADA
- CARSON CITY Red Wing Shoe Store, Warehouse Market Center, 1976 Hiway 50 E.
 - ELKO Elko Shoe Shop, 592 Commercial
 - RENO Red Wing Shoe Store, 347 East Plumb Lane, Shoppers Square Annex
 - SPARKS Red Wing Shoe Store, 2219 Oddie Blvd., K-Mart Center
- ## OREGON
- ALOHA Red Wing Shoe Store, 18045 S.W. Tuatatin Hwy.
 - COOS BAY Jennie's Fashion Shoe Store, 262 Central, P.O. Box 479
 - MEOFORO Norris Shoe Co., 221 E. Main
Red Wing Shoe Store, 1110 Biddle Road
 - MILTON-FREEWATER Saager's Shoe Shop, 613 North Main Street
 - MILWAUKIE Red Wing Shoe Store, 14668 S.E. McLoughlin Blvd.
 - ONTARIO Hudson's Shoes, West Park Plaza
 - PORTLAND Red Wing Shoe Store, 12130 S.E. Division
 - ROSEBURG Howard's Men's Wear, 507 S.E. Jackson Street
The Shoe Tree, 426 S.E. Jackson
 - SALEM Les Newman's, 179 N. Commercial
Shoe Box, 145 N.E. Liberty
- ## UTAH
- OREM Red Wing Shoe Store, 62 W. Center
 - PAROWAN Parowan Trading Center
 - SALT LAKE CITY Red Wing Shoe Store, 4371 South State
Red Wing Shoe Store, 2109 So. 1100 East (Sugarhouse)
Vaughn Johnson Shoes, 135 E. 3rd So.
 - WEST VALLEY Red Wing Shoe Store, 3670 W. 3500 So.



High Tech vs. High Fashion

If you've been wrestling with a decision whether to buy a high tech watch or a high fashion watch—you can relax. Casio, the world leader in digital watches, has just introduced a line of watches that combines high tech with high fashion. A line of men's and women's watches, behind whose timeless, classical faces hum the latest in quartz movements.

The men's watches, besides their hands, have a digital readout that can be set separately—handy for time-telling in two zones. It also gives you the month, date and day, as well as stopwatch and alarm functions.

What's more, several of our men's watches—like the one on the left in the photo above—are guaranteed to function underwater—to a depth of 150 feet.

Our selection of women's watches is wide, elegantly thin and all are as stunningly accurate as they are good looking.

But the most amazing ability these watches have—both men's and women's—is their affordability.

If we've made your decision of which watch to buy any easier, we're glad. But now comes an even harder one: Which Casio?



CASIO
Where miracles never cease

WHY I WEAR WHAT I WEAR

four celebrity nonconformists talk about their personal styles



HOWIE MANDEL

"I think my sense of style emerged when I was about 14 or 15," says the co-star of NBC-TV's *St. Elsewhere*. "I'd go to all the Army-surplus stores and buy their more interesting stuff, like marching-band uniforms with fringes and badges and epaulets. And I always loved bright colors, especially red. The only problem was that I'm color-blind, so brown looked red, green looked red, *everything* looked red. And pretty soon, people were coming up to me and asking very seriously, 'Why are you wearing those colors together?' But I thought that was great. I loved the attention. So I stuck with the look instead of correcting it.

"I still dress like that. I don't own any conventional clothes—no suits, no tuxedos, no plain jeans, no tweeds. I just figure I'm different, so my clothes should be different. I want my clothes to make me giggle when I walk past the mirror. If I had to describe it, I'd say I probably dress like a clown.

"My favorite outfit now is something I wore on *The Tonight Show*: red parachute pants, a black-nylon bomber jacket, a wing-collar shirt with a red bow tie and silver Nikes. I think Doc Severinsen really liked it."

LYLE ALZADO

"One thing I'll never do when it comes to clothes," says the secretary of defense for the world-champion Los Angeles Raiders, "is wear something just because it's 'in.' I'm a confident man. I think I can be trusted to put my own clothes together. When I wear my tuxedo shirt with my jeans, for example, it looks terrific. And, most important, it's my own personal statement.

"What I'm really drawn to in clothes, though, is comfort—especially now, living in Los Angeles, which is a real casual town. So mostly I'll wear jeans with cowboy boots or Italian-made boots and blousy, easy-styled shirts. Giorgio Armani makes some beautiful casual shirts. I have

some of those. I also like these new pants, which I bought at Chanin's in Westwood. They've got baggy pockets in the front and buttons down the back, and they're loose and comfortable.

"Of course, I often have to go to colder climates during the football season, so I'm always ready for that, too. I love Calvin Klein's corduroy pants. They look good and they keep me warm. And I do have a full-length mink coat. I saw it in a store and liked it so much that I swapped the coyote jacket I was wearing for it. They did make me throw some cash into the deal, but no future draft picks. I walked right out of the store with that coat on. To this day, it's still my favorite. I don't think I could go on the road without it. And to be certain I can't possibly get cold, I also make sure I've got a nice lady with me."



PLAYBOY GUIDE



TOM HANKS

"When it comes to clothes," says the star of *Splash*, "I don't get real carried away. I don't particularly like dressing up, though sometimes I have to—for meetings or talk-show appearances. That's when the wardrobe department comes in handy. What I do is use the clothes I've kept from movie or TV roles. They're one of the better perks.

"What I really like, though, are jive clothes. Levi's 501s, for example, are the best. I wear them all the time. The fit and the ease and the comfort—you just can't beat it. And with them, I'll wear T-shirts or cotton long-sleeved shirts. They have to be cotton, though—no synthetics. My real favorites now are Japanese baseball jerseys. They're not easy to find, but they're well worth the trouble.

"I used to love wearing plaid-flannel shirts, but I can't anymore. Every homosexual in New York started to wear them, and it got to be too much. I had to stop. Some people thought I was strange enough as it was after what I wore on *Bosom Buddies*.

"What I will wear, though, especially in fall and winter, is the stuff I get from Army and Navy stores. I have two peacoats I wear all the time—one from the Navy and one from the Coast Guard. The color and fabric are great, and the quality is terrific.

Then I've got some British-army sweaters—beautifully made stuff. I even have a complete British-army uniform. It's really sharp but a little too heavy to wear when you live in L.A.

"And then there are the vintage Navy bell bottoms—the ones with the 13 buttons and the ties in the back. They're fabulous. They just don't make them like that anymore."

PHIL COLLINS

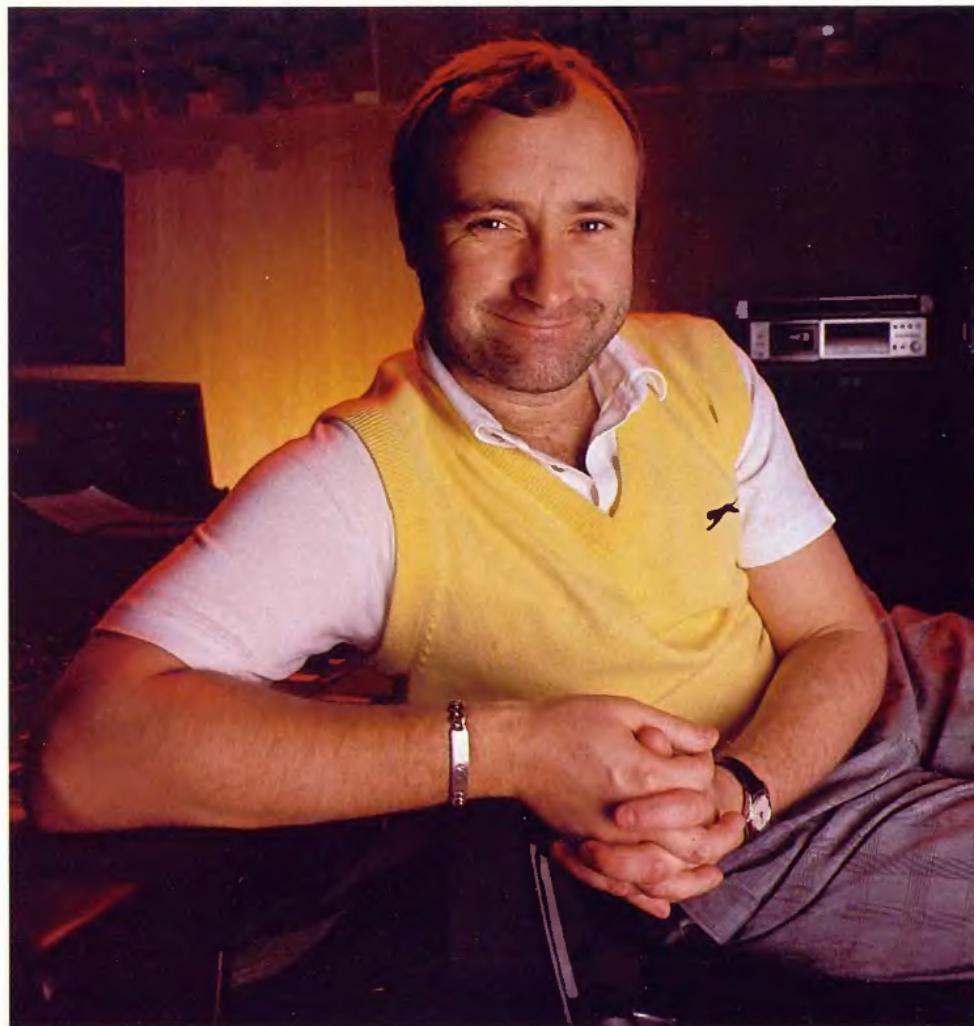
"Because I work so much at my music," says the Genesis lead vocalist—*cum*—hot rocker, "I have to wear things that are comfortable. Anything that's too nice gets messed up: You eat a sandwich, it falls on your trousers—that sort of thing. So I tend to dress casually. But no jeans. I may be the only person in the world who doesn't own any. I usually wear green Army parachute pants. They're called Sting pants now. Ever since he started wearing them with The Police, everybody ran out to buy some. They're indestructible and have lots of pockets to stick things in.

"I buy a lot of my clothes while we're on

tour. In cities like Chicago and Toronto, I spend a lot of my spare time shopping. I buy lots of simple sport shirts—nothing fancy, just cotton short-sleeved ones that I can keep on the assembly line. You know, wash them and put them back on.

"Lately, though, I've gotten some fancier things. Eric Clapton put me on to them. He's an old mate of mine and we recently worked together. He has smartened up his act a lot stylewise, so now the two of us can go shopping together. We went to Giorgio Armani together and I got some shirts and trousers and this sharp, lightweight suit. It's so fashionable. You put it on and it creases straightaway. The mum would have a fit. She always taught me to keep my clothes pressed, and now I'm walking around in these wrinkled trousers.

"I think fashion is great fun. When Eric and I were in the studio together, we had a 'smart day,' when we both got all dressed up, and a 'baggy day,' for wearing all of our baggy clothes, and then a 'casual day,' for dressing the way I usually dress. It really kept things interesting, got us in good moods and maybe even made the music better."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRUCE AYRES

Burnt FRYES.

Burnt Sugar. Burnt Charcoal.
Burnt Cherry.

Deep, sizzling colors with
dark, rich undertones.

It takes hours of staining,
burnishing and polishing to
achieve this exclusive Frye
look on leather.

Imagine how good it will
look on you.



PLAYBOY GUIDE

SURE SHOTS

accessories that leave little to chance



To add polish to any fashion statement, here are some finishing touches that give you the winning edge. On the table: Stainless-steel moon-phase watch, by Seiko, \$350; ruby Cartier must pen, \$210; blue pen, by Mark Cross, \$42; Karabu notebook, by Polo Leathergoods, \$140; tortoise-shell glasses, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, \$75; cowhide braces, by Bernardo, \$35; silk pocket square, by Imperial, \$11; calfskin envelope with brown trim, by Mark Cross, \$250; tan-ostrich desk agenda, by Hermès, \$745; fedora, from Worth & Worth, \$65; 22-kt.-gold-plated sunglasses, by Cartier, \$275. On the board: Brown-ostrich pocket secretary, by Polo Leathergoods, \$345; shoehorn, \$20, and brown-wool socks, \$12.50, by George Graham Galleries; crocodile loafers, by Cole Hoon, \$450; snakeskin belts, by Roberto Cavaro, \$60 each; orange/green-wool socks, by Laura Pearson,

\$15; tasseled loafers, by Walter Steiger, \$190; tan wing-tip shoes, by Arfango, \$175; wine deer-leather gloves, by Hermès, \$110; gold-leather gloves, by Elmer Little, \$45; wooden box, by George Graham, \$85; address book, \$60, and ten-kt.-gold-filled fountain pen, \$80, by Mark Cross; column lighter, by J. P. Graytok, \$22.50; calendar watch, by Ixiz, \$230; beneath it, gold-plated watch, by Hermès, \$595; lapis Gemline lighter, from Alfred Dunhill of London, \$340; button cuff links, by Jean Casanove, \$75; malachite cuff links, from Dunhill, \$95; 14-kt.-gold money clip, by Cartier, \$325; ostrich key case, by Hermès, \$195; Burgundy lighter, by Cartier, \$350; lizard cigarette case, from Dunhill, \$110; hand-woven cotton/rayon/silk scarf, by Ron Splude, \$140; gold-wool scarf, by Day of the Unicorn, \$12; plaid-cashmere scarf, by Ermenegildo Zegna, \$95.



Suddenly, every exercise bench you've ever seen just became obsolete.

Introducing the Pro MX[®].

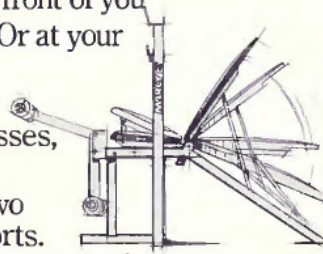
With bench and military press workouts done in opposite directions. So that the weight bar is always properly positioned in front of you

Not behind your neck. Or at your throat.

With a four-way adjustable support. For incline presses, decline presses and sit-ups.

With three width and two height settings for bar supports. And the flexibility of wide or narrow grips.

With a two-position adjustable thigh support. Providing proper isolation of quadricep and hamstring muscles in leg flexion and extension



exercises. As well as straight-leg or bent-knee sit-ups.

With 2 x 4" and 2 x 2" rectangular heavy gauge welded steel tubing. And an optional padded curl support.

All at an affordable price.

Look for the Pro MX[®] at better sporting goods stores everywhere. Or call **1-800-62-MARCY** ext. 31 for information.

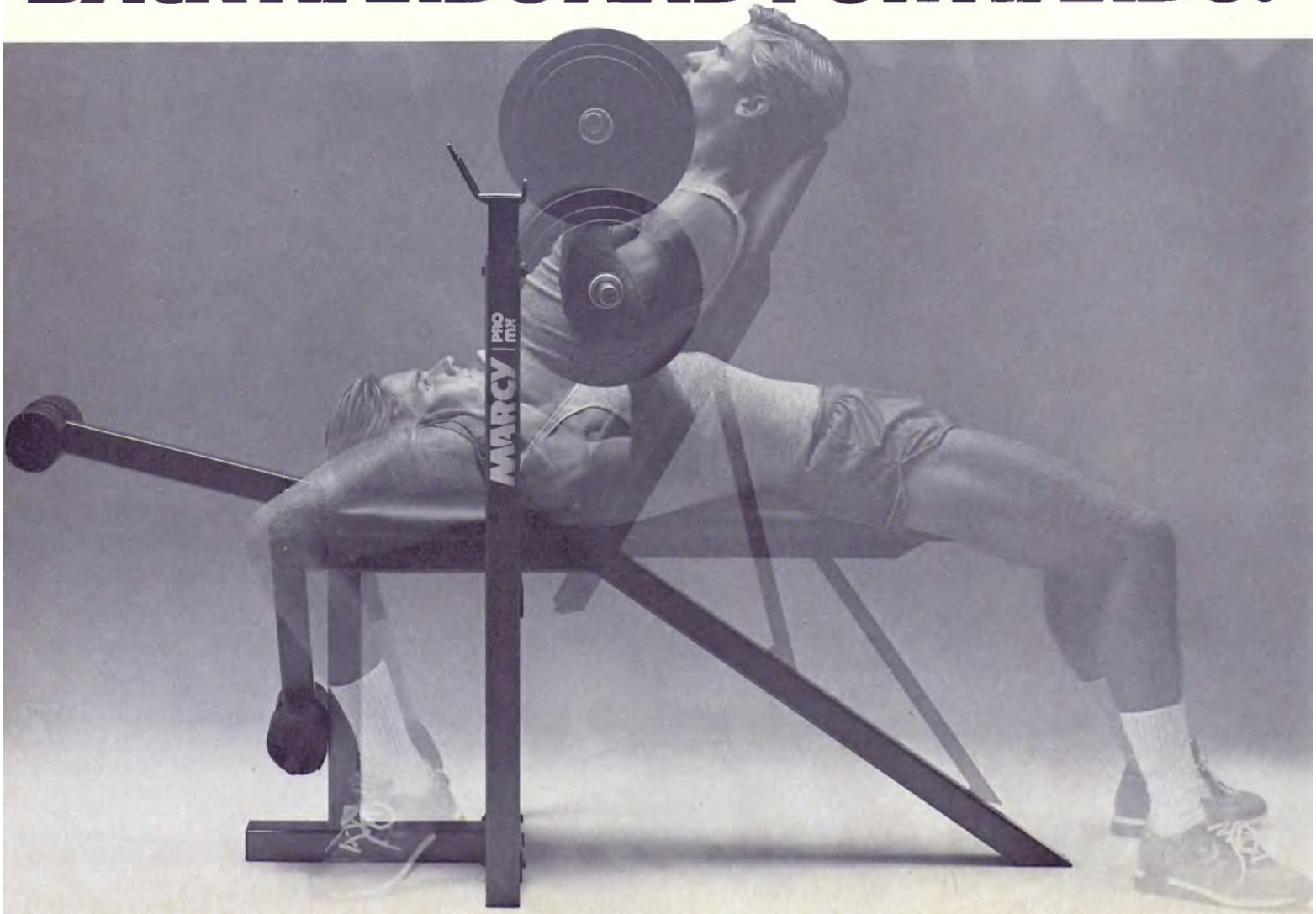
Institutional quality. From the people with nearly 40 years experience in institutional fitness equipment.



MARCY[®]
**WHEN YOU FINALLY
GET SERIOUS.**



WE KNOW EXERCISE BENCHES BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS.



FLASH

HOW TO FOLD A POCKET SQUARE

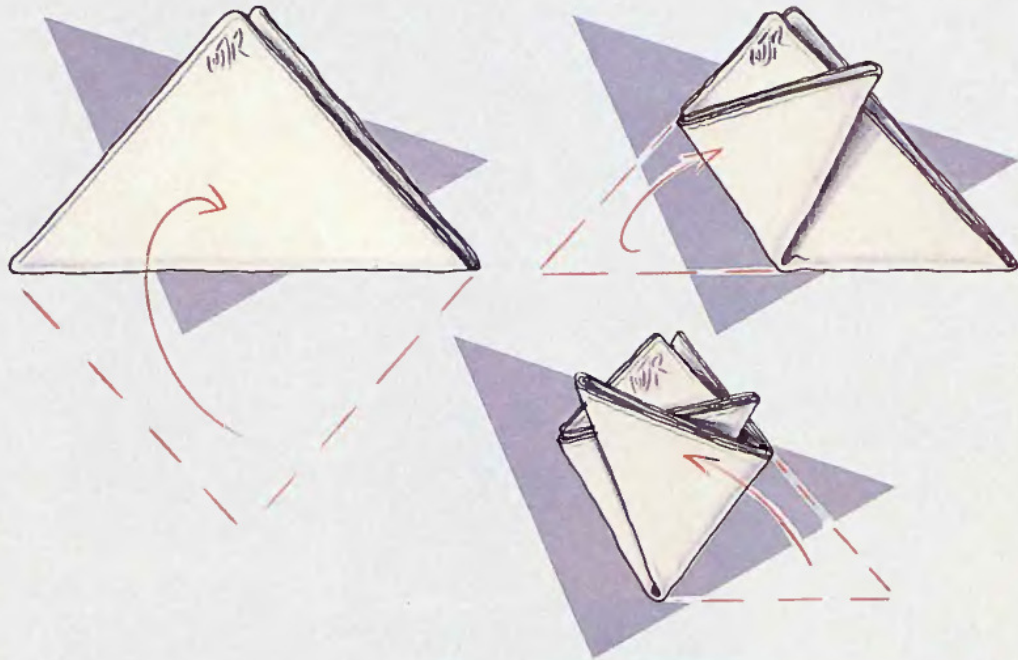
For a touch of class, try adding a pocket square. The four-point fold is our choice for this season's look. Here's how to get it right.

1. Fold the square on the diagonal to form an imperfect triangle.

2. Place one side of the triangle over the top points.

3. Repeat with the other side.

4. Fold the bottom half of the fabric under the top half and place inside your pocket, arranging the points. The fabric should stick out only one to one and a half inches.



HERE'S AN OFF-THE-WALL ITEM

Art is where you find it. New York designer Willi Smith found a guy named Zephyr in an I.R.T. number-one local subway car with a can of spray paint in his hand. Smith signed Zephyr and a small stable of

other inventive artists to create the latest in wearable art—designer T-shirts. They sell for \$25 at a trendy store near you. Smith says he signed Zephyr because he knew how to turn a subway car into “a lively, moving fresco.” The cops who used to chase him weren't so ebullient.



A HANDFUL OF HISTORY

Quick, who wore the first glove? If you said Honus Wagner, you're in the wrong section. The earliest gloves on record (this was before cassettes) were worn by the cave dwellers for protection and warmth. They looked much like bags back then. It was the ancient Egyptians who gave gloves the fingers. The modern glove is traced most directly to 11th Century England. After the Norman Conquest, richly jeweled and ornamented gloves were worn by royalty as a badge of distinction. Which brings us to Michael Jackson.

Until the 12th Century, gloves were worn only by men—and aristocratic men at that. Gloves became a meaningful symbol. They were gauntlets to be flung at the feet of an adversary, challenging him to defend his honor and integrity in a duel. Sometime during the 12th Century, women started to wear gloves, and then somebody invented Isotoners, and then it was all over.



DOS AND DON'TS

Here's a new feature for you. It's what happens when you combine a *Playboy Fashion Guide* with *Candid Camera*. You catch real people making real fashion mistakes. And you find a few people—very few—doing things right. To inaugurate this heavy investigative reporting, we took our hidden cameras to Chicago. So those of you who live elsewhere are safe this time. But be careful. Somewhere, sometime, when you least expect it, someone may walk up to you and say, "Hey, your pants are too long."

Don't wear your collar outside your suit coat unless you're at a disco or a remember-1968 bash.



Don't wear old wide ties—especially in Chicago. One good gust and this guy's in the lake.

Do wear a collar pin for an extra dash of class.



Don't wear your tie this short. It should come down to your belt line. Practice this if you must.



Don't wear your pants this short. It's a look that works only in Johnstown during the rainy season.

Don't wear running shoes with a business look, no matter how casual.



Do wear a brighter, more daring tie with a very conservative suit. The added splash of color shows individuality.

Don't wear pants tucked into boots. Ever.

WHAT THE WORLD'S BEEN WAITING FOR

From Everlast. Leather boxing trunks. Eighty bucks. Everlast also makes leather warm-up pants and a leather sweat shirt. *No mas, no mas.*

FINALLY, YOU CAN ENJOY GHETTO FASHION IN THE COMFORT OF THE SUBURBS

Look, we went along with the specialty-shoe business to a point. Tennis shoes replaced sneakers. Then came racquetball shoes and aerobics shoes. And now, just when you thought it was safe to lace up your Keds again, here come break-dancing shoes. These high-top babies are from Vans, P.O. Box 729, Anaheim, California 92805. They cost \$45 and are specially designed with a flat, smooth sole for moon walking and a higher rise for ankle support during those critical poppin' moves. For those who want to play it a bit more conservatively, Nike now offers an active shoe with pinstripes—perfect for making those end runs in the board room.





ROCSHORTS,
THE LIGHTWEIGHT CASUALS
FAMOUS FOR COMFORT,
HAVE JUST BEEN DRESSED UP.



INTRODUCING
DRESSSPORTS.

Now there's a dress shoe that's as light and comfortable as our own RocSports. Our own DresSports.

You see, beneath their classic leather uppers, DresSports are RocSports. Made with the Rockport Walk Support System™ —the unique synthesis of running shoe technology, space-age materials and innovative design that gives RocSports and DresSports the light weight, solid support, and bouncy comfort of a running shoe.

And DresSports come in several styles and colors that you can comfortably wear to the office or out on the town.

Try on a pair of DresSports. You'll see that when we dress RocSports up, you can take them anywhere.

Full-grain calfskin leather upper Lightly padded comfort collar



Rocker sole profile aids natural walking motion Super-light shock absorbing Vibram™ sole

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INNOVATIONS IN COMFORT

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FROZEN FOOD

(continued from page 131)

“Unless you really appreciate good food, how can you consider yourself a sensuous person?”

instant. We drank instant hot chocolate. We ate instant mashed potatoes. We were the first on our block to drink Carnation Instant Breakfast every morning, starting the moment my mother saw the TV commercial that claimed that one glass of Instant Breakfast contained the same amount of protein as an egg and two strips of bacon.

Being ahead of her time and not in the least apologetic about her kitchen phobia, my mother found herself castigated. America in general and my grandmothers in particular frowned at her disdain for cooking. “She actually feeds you Instant Breakfast in the morning?” one grandmother asked accusingly.

“And toast,” I added quickly. My mother is a sensitive woman. I didn’t want to see her suffer too much.

In a sense, I’ve come to understand her suffering. Her cause has become *my* cause. By comparison, I’ve had it easy, of course, since the world never seems so disapproving of men who can’t cook, and technology has taken us light-years beyond that anemic boil-in-the-pouch turkey meal my mother bought. But the path to this victory is littered with bodies just like my mother’s.

You see, I like frozen food. In fact, I *love* it. Not only that but I am convinced that Stouffer’s is far and away the most important, forward-thinking, thoroughly modern company in America today. You can say what you will about personal computers, cellular telephones, automatic-teller machines and music videos, but when we’re talking about Stouffer’s, we’re talking about progress, a kind of progress so influential and beneficial that Gary Hart might have won if he had dropped the timeworn image of Atari Democrat and become a Stouffer’s one instead.

What is it that Stouffer’s has done? By perfecting the frozen meal, it has liberated all of us who can’t or don’t want to cook from a lifetime of cheesy coffee shops and lousy TV dinners. Single people, senior citizens, working couples, single parents, tired parents, just plain lazy people can now enjoy a dinner of better-than-average lasagna without even owning proper kitchen utensils.

What’s even better is that Stouffer’s has started a trend. There’s Le Menu, Dinner Classics from Armour, Green Giant Entrees and Stouffer’s own little sister, Lean Cuisine. Edible instant meals are no longer a novelty, they’re an industry. This development is so significant that if my

mother were raising a family today, she’d be a happy woman. Unless you know my mother, you have no idea what a bold statement that is.

You’re probably snickering right now. A lot of my friends snicker when I talk about frozen food. I am cursed with friends who either like to cook (cook seriously, that is, making things from scratch, using fresh vegetables, whipping up soufflés, serving it all on real china) or know the good restaurants (where they order cartoon animals, like ducks and bunnies, wax ecstatic about such things as anchovy butter and *shiitake* mushrooms and spend hours with the wine list). I even know a very nice couple who work so hard during the day that they barely have the energy to pour themselves a cold cereal each for dinner. And even *they* make fun of me for liking frozen food.

“You have absolutely no soul,” one friend told me.

Another demanded, “Unless you really appreciate good food, how can you consider yourself a sensuous person?” Often, I’ve discovered that people who say these things to me have either spare tires suitable for a Checker cab or thighs the size of pier pilings, neither of which strikes me as sensuous.

Still, with gourmets running amuck, I realize I’ve taken the minority position. “You know,” another friend said of my favorite foods, “they’re really nothing more than TV dinners.” Even respectable newspapers echo that charge. *The Washington Post* called Stouffer’s Lean Cuisine and products like it “the HBO of TV dinners.”

I find it difficult to believe that any of these people have actually eaten a TV dinner lately. R. Gordon McGovern, the president of the Campbell Soup Company, which owns Swanson TV dinners, told reporters last year that some of his products were “junk food.” I’m no masochist when it comes to frozen dinners, but comparing Swanson to Stouffer’s is like comparing a Plymouth Champ to the Concorde. TV dinners are generally so bad that even my mother wouldn’t serve them.

My love for Stouffer’s goes beyond taste and convenience. It’s become a matter of trust. Like many other totally urbanized people, I’m far more comfortable eating a meal that has been supervised by experts than one prepared by amateurs. One of my co-workers, Leigh, is a nice enough person, but she has a few Sixties-style quirks that I had hoped had died with love

beads, bell bottoms and Lee Michaels albums. She lives in rustic splendor deep in Topanga Canyon—an enclave for both unreconstructed hippies and Manson-type mass murderers—where she raises chickens. Her chickens, she claims, lay eggs. Leigh talks about her chickens and their eggs around the office. Even worse, she once brought me half a dozen free samples.

“These are your Easter present,” she told me, putting six home-grown white things on my desk. “My hens laid them this morning.”

I began to feel faint. “Certainly there’s someone here in the building more deserving,” I countered, mopping beads of sweat from my forehead. “You know, someone who appreciates those subtleties of the organic lifestyle.”

“No,” she said sternly (Leigh is never more stern than when talking about her eggs). “You eat shit all the time. You virtually live on frozen food and chili dogs. I want you to taste how good something truly fresh can be.”

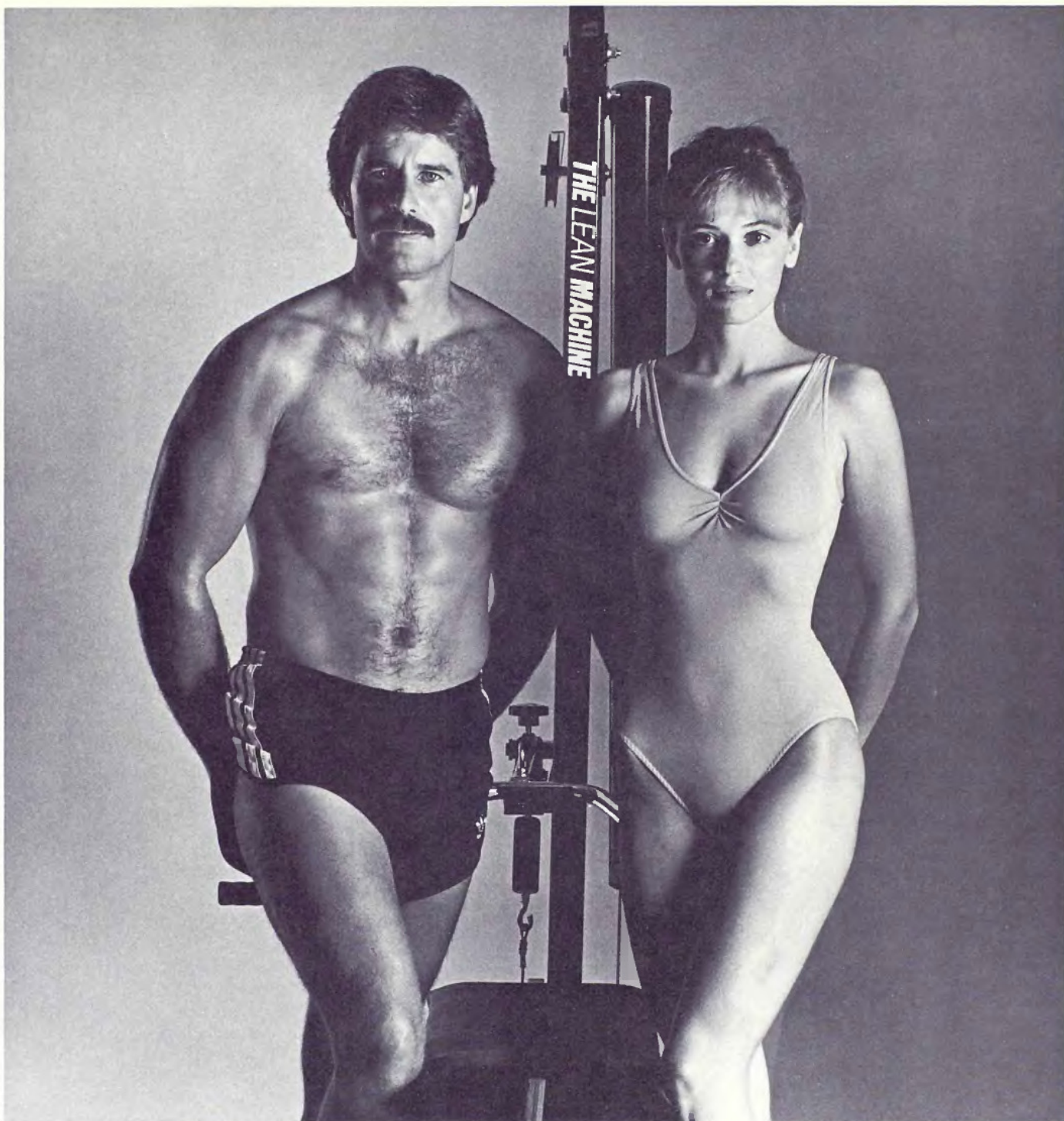
“How do I know your chickens aren’t sick?” I asked. Those fresh eggs were giving off the sickliest vibes I’d ever felt.

“What do you mean, sick? I take great care of my birds. I *love* them.” Hell hath no fury like an organic nutritionist scorned. “Take these home,” she ordered. “Crack one open and crack open one of your store-bought eggs. Look at the color of the yolks. If that doesn’t convince you, nothing will.”

I thought it would only make matters worse to mention that I didn’t have any eggs at home. I had some Scramblers, a frozen egg substitute, in the freezer, but I didn’t think that was the comparison she had in mind.

“Leigh, there are certain things you do well and that I trust you on implicitly. Office gossip, for one. You’re never wrong, and I admire and respect you for that. But chickens and eggs are part of the world of science. You don’t have a veterinarian at your house. You wouldn’t know if your hens had some exotic and fatal disease with hardly any symptoms. The eggs I buy at the store have been supervised by experts with years of training and a lot at stake. If they slip up and send out one batch of diseased eggs, it’s curtains for them. Safeway will blackball them; thousands of customers will file a class-action lawsuit; they’ll be ruined. They have thousands of chickens; you have only a few. If one of theirs looks the least bit questionable, they just throw it into the chicken shredder and forget about it. You give yours names and talk to them. I know you like some of them better than you do me.”

She didn’t dispute that last point, but she did parry with a bunch of clichés about professional egg ranches. “They pump



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their birds full of hormones. Is that what you want? They pack them in like sardines so that they can barely move. And you should see what they feed them." Her face was red.

"You're too cynical," I said. "Those egg people know what they're doing. We all need a few hormones now and then; and as for overcrowding, no one is squeezed in any tighter than the Japanese, and they're doing fine." I was fighting a lost cause. I knew I would have to take the eggs home. I knew I would crack one open. I knew it would turn my stomach.

"OK, I'll put these in the refrigerator until I go home," I said, relenting.

"You don't have to refrigerate them," she said. "They're fresh. Just leave them here in your office." My knees felt weak. I even refrigerate unopened canned goods.

"Whatever you say," I said.

Call it fate, call it luck; somehow, those eggs never made it home with me.

I am even more leery of meat and vegetables than I am of eggs. Eggs come in their own package, which makes me feel slightly more secure, but vegetables grow in the dirt, which I distinctly remember from my childhood as being an unappetizing subject. Worse yet, meat comes from animals. I saw a cow once, and it had flies around it. Flies don't do much for my appetite, either.

I figure that if you grow your own vegetables and eat them, there is no one to save you from some mysterious fungus that they might pick up from the dirt. If you buy fresh produce from a store, you're a little better off. At least a couple of trained eyes have looked at it. But if you get a total meal from Stouffer's or the Green Giant or Le Menu, you're getting food that has been carefully scrutinized by people with advanced degrees and handled according to the latest scientific techniques.

Despite the fact that frozen foods are obviously the best, safest, least diseased, cleanest, most closely examined foods you can buy, people seem locked into a heaping amount of distrust, as if something terrible were going on behind those closed factory gates. I decided that perhaps it was something I should check out personally.

When you start researching the frozen-food game, certain stories pop up again and again. How Clarence Birdseye, on a U.S. Geological Service expedition to Labrador, discovered that fish and caribou meat frozen by the severe Arctic chill tasted perfectly normal when thawed and cooked months later. And how Mahala Stouffer's lunches at her family's restaurant were so popular as take-out items that her sons Vernon and Gordon experimented with freezing them so that they could be eaten weeks later.

If you live in Los Angeles, as I do, you

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YOU ARE.



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hear about a company named Kold Kist. Kold Kist was founded in 1937 by the Jarvis brothers, Edwin, a salesman, and Hy, a refrigeration expert. The meals were concocted by a New York chef and sold by Edwin door to door from the insulated trunk of his Packard. Instant meals—in this case, at least—meant instant failure. A few years later, Edwin hired his wife, Virginia, to prepare some home-style cooking and persuaded a few grocers to let him sell his wares out of the ice-cream freezer—the only freezer any market had at the time. The company has been humming along ever since and is now owned by Edwin and Virginia's daughter Merrie Ann.

Even though Kold Kist is a speck in Stouffer's shadow, doing about \$5,500,000 a year while Stouffer's does more than \$300,000,000 on Lean Cuisine alone, I decided to make a pilgrimage there. Besides, I had been eating Kold Kist sirloin tips in mushroom sauce for as long as I could remember, and everyone who really cares about such things knows that Kold Kist, under the brand name of Jimi's, was the first to perfect the frozen burrito.

Merrie Ann, obviously moved both by my dedication to her sirloin tips and by my tales of my childhood ("You tell your mother that I love her. You hear me? She's my type of woman"), volunteered to lead me on a tour of the plant. She even picked the day when they were making sirloin tips. "You know," she said, giving me a paper hat in case we ran into the resident Federal inspector, "this may cure you of your love for frozen food."

Our first stop was the meat locker, which I had feared would look like an animal-carnage scene out of *Conan the Barbarian*. Fortunately for me, the meat arrives at Kold Kist in bulk form: big, solid, cinder-block-sized chunks of red meat (with just the right amount—or so they say—of fat and other stuff). A predetermined mixture of this is thrown into a big grinder, then cubed, seasoned and cooked, ending up as the sirloin tips I've come to know and love. It waits around in large stainless-steel vats, looking, to tell you the truth, like gigantic bowls of dog food. However, the smell is terrific. Even better are the vats of mushroom sauce, simmering away while long metal blades slowly stir the mixture.

Machines transport a measured amount of sirloin tips to the assembly line and dump them into a boil-in-the-pouch bag, which then slides down the line for a healthy shot of mushroom sauce. At its next stop, the bag is sealed, then boxed and carted over to the blast freezer.

The entire process—from raw meat to cooking to assembly line—involves space-age-looking equipment and lots of self-assured people wearing hospital whites

and gloves. It made me feel confident.

I tried to stall in the cooking room by asking questions. Actually, I just liked the smell. Instead of being turned off, I was ravenously hungry from seeing my favorite sirloin tips go from cradle to bag. I was about to ask for a sample fresh from the vat when I was ushered into the blast freezer.

There are several ways of freezing food, Merrie Ann told me, but the important thing is that it be done fast. Sometimes chemicals are used, but not at Kold Kist. Here it's just the good old-fashioned cold that Clarence Birdseye felt in Labrador—a big room that's 35 degrees below zero, with the air whipping around like a Chicago wind. Package after package of sirloin tips sat nobly on racks.

"Other companies use preservatives, but we don't," Merrie Ann mentioned as my teeth started to chatter. "Freezing is what preserves the food."

As Merrie Ann and I made our way to the storage freezer (where the temperature is kept at zero degrees, the perfect temperature for storing frozen food anywhere at any time), I realized that no one had asked me to put on my paper hat. Where was the Federal inspector in charge of keeping my hair from falling into someone's boil-in-the-pouch sauce?

Merrie Ann wasn't sure. She explained that Kold Kist, like all food-processing companies, has its very own full-time resident Federal inspector. A new one is assigned every six months, partially to keep a company from bribing him and also because each inspector has his own special interest—sanitation, for example, or weights and measures. After a few inspectors, each company has been pretty well covered. I make a mental note to mention this to Leigh back at the office. How many Federal inspectors have seen her chickens lately?

When I got married, several years back, my friends thought the more civilizing aspects of marriage would take me out of my frozen-food phase and put me on the restaurant circuit, where I belonged. They didn't know my wife, Gail.

The one time, while we were dating, that she attempted to cook me a meal was not under the best of circumstances. It happened the week I lost my job, my psychotherapist disappeared to undergo triple-bypass surgery, my dog was attacked by a coyote and I totaled my car. I called Gail from the scene of the car accident, and she dutifully came to get me, taking me to a local emergency room for X rays and pain pills and then back to her parents' house, where she was then living. She cooked me some chicken, but I, distracted by my misfortune, had only enough energy to pick at it. As I was part

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way through one chicken breast, Gail's mother came home, took one look at my plate and shrieked, "My God, you're feeding him raw chicken!" She grabbed the food away and ran off to the kitchen to recook it.

"I'm sorry," Gail said. "I was worried about your accident." She was, too. Despite my misery and pain, I had a fleeting thought: How many meals have been ruined by a cook whose mind was legitimately elsewhere? I thought of the staff at Stouffer's, who were probably so dedicated to their jobs, like doctors or the people who run nuclear power plants, that their personal lives would never interfere with their work. It seemed that in our moment of stress, I would have been better served if Gail had popped a Stouffer's into the oven. Thank God, I had my pain pills.

As Gail and I got to know each other better, conventional eating paled when compared with the wonders of frozen food. A friend at one point described us as a perfect couple: "She doesn't enjoy cooking and he doesn't enjoy eating." But that wasn't entirely accurate. I liked to eat frozen food. Gail liked to cook it.

In fact, Gail branched out farther than I ever would have gone on my own. She started patronizing the local *charcuteries*, bringing home elaborate French meals—albeit frozen ones—for special occasions. Better yet, she fully understands and can recognize dreaded freezer burn. I haven't even fully grasped the concept yet, and God knows how many tainted meals I ate before she was there to save me.

Those same friends who were sure that marriage would tame my taste in food were positive that what marriage couldn't accomplish, the arrival of my son, Nicholas, certainly would.

"What are you going to do, Randall, put Stouffer's in a blender for Nicholas?" asked my friend Susan. Susan's reaction was moderate compared with others'. Many people—almost all of them nonparents, ironically—redirected their venom from Stouffer's to Gerber.

"Don't you know there's corn syrup in baby food?" demanded Julie accusingly. Yes, corn syrup, the deadliest substance this side of dioxin. Entire towns in Iowa have been quarantined by the Government for detoxification.

I haven't had the nerve to mention it to any of my friends, but Nicholas has alternated successfully between real food and Gerber (with a decided preference for Gerber), and now, as he approaches his first birthday, he has a complete menu that includes not only home cooking and baby food but—please don't call the social workers just yet—a handful of his very own frozen favorites as well. He seems unusually fond, for instance, of Stouffer's spinach soufflé, and this is a kid who has

an inherited hatred of all green vegetables that goes back four generations. He also eats a lot of Morton macaroni and cheese. I think Nick is taking the low road here, to be perfectly honest. I've always found the more expensive Stouffer's to taste better, but Nick has an even more pedestrian palate than I do. As soon as he learns to talk, I intend to argue him out of Morton and into the good stuff.

The Morton-Stouffer's disagreement notwithstanding, it's nice to think that you can share something like this with your son, giving him bites of a cheese soufflé straight from the aluminum tray, slipping him a little bit of broccoli and cream sauce. Apparently, if you watch enough TV, you'll realize I'm not alone on this. Aunt Jemima, maker of frozen waffles and frozen French toast, has adopted an ad campaign that I can relate to. It's a bit of a rip-off from *Kramer vs. Kramer*, and it shows a harried dad trying to make a waffle—a *real* waffle—for his son while his wife is away. He spills the batter on his suit, burns the waffle and generally does all the inept fatherly things while his savvy son secretly pops an Aunt Jemima frozen waffle into the toaster.

As it happens, I'm a fairly regular user of Aunt Jemima products myself. I'm partial to the French toast, which has as its directions, "Place Aunt Jemima French

toast in the toaster; heat until it pops up. If it is not quite hot, toast a little longer." Life should be simple, especially before noon.

Aunt Jemima even exploits the father-son theme on the box, which shows a picture of a happy dad, in his tie and vest, digging into his stack of French toast next to his son, in a rugby shirt, attacking his fresh-from-the-toaster breakfast. It's touching, in a sappy sort of way, and for a company so obviously in the forefront of the new food technology, it includes a heart-tugging tribute to basic family values. The caption says, *JUST LIKE MOMMY MAKES.*

I'm looking forward to re-enacting that scene with Nicholas when he gets older. We'll sit around the glow of a warm toaster, or maybe a humming microwave, and I'll tell him about the bad old days when all I had to eat was a glass of Instant Breakfast and toast. Or how primitive the early boil-in-the-pouch turkey was. Then, when the waffle or the French toast pops up, we'll grab the syrup and settle in for breakfast.

"Is it good?" I'll ask him.

"Sure is," he'll say. "Just like Mommy makes."

Of course, he won't be paying me a compliment. He'll just be stating a fact.



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A GOOD STORY

(continued from page 122)

as though he were the doorman: "What place is this?"

"Ixialta," he told her.

"The high Ixi," she said, unexpectedly. There was a faint roughness in her voice, not at all unpleasant. "What's an Ixi?"

"Maybe a god." Leon had never asked that question.

The man had draped himself with cameras. Blinking through clip-on sunglasses over his spectacles, he said, "Look at those cornices! Look at that door!"

"Yes, Frank," she said, uninterested, and pointed at Leon's beer. "That looks good."

"I'll get you one."

"And shade," she said, looking around.

"Table beside the cantina." He pointed.

"In the shade, in the air, you can watch the world go by."

"Good." Setting off across the plaza, Leon beside her, the woman said, "Much of the world go by here?"

"You're it, so far."

Two small round white-metal tables leaned on the cobblestones beside the cantina, furnished with teetery ice-cream-parlor chairs and shaded by the bulk of San Sebastian next door. The woman chose the table without a sleeping dog under it, while Leon went inside. The few customers in the dark and ill-smelling place stopped muttering when he walked in, as they always did, and sat looking at their thick hands or bare feet. Leon finished his beer and bought two more. Putting his T-shirt on, he paid and carried the bottles outside.

Across the way, Frank was taking photos of cornices and doors. The woman had pushed her big sunglasses up on top of her head and was studying her face in a round compact mirror. She had good, level gray eyes, with something cool in them. Sitting across from her, he placed both bottles on the table and said, "I'm Leon."

"Ruth." She put the compact away and looked out at the empty plaza. "Lively spot."

"Come back on Sunday," Leon invited.

"What happens Sunday?"

"Paseo." Leon waved his arm in a great circle. "The boys walk around that way, the girls come the other way, give each other the eye. They come from all around the mountain here."

"The mating ritual," she said, picking up the bottle.

Leon shrugged. "It's the way they do it. All the Indian boys and girls." Across the way, Frank sat in the sunny dust, taking a picture of a stone step.

Ruth drank, head tipped back, throat sweet and vulnerable; Leon wanted to nibble on it. The thought must have showed on his face, because, when she lowered the

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bottle, the smile she gave him was knowing but distanced. "You're no Indian," she said.

"I'm an Indian's secretary," he said and laughed at the joke.

"How does that work?"

"There's a rich man up here. Owns a lot of land, has everything he wants."

"And he lives here?" The skepticism was light, faintly mocking.

"This is where his money comes from."

"He's a farmer, then."

"He sells animals."

"Cattle?" Confusion was making her irritable, on the verge of boredom.

"No, no," Leon said, "wild animals. Jaime-Ortiz sells them to zoos, circuses, animal trainers all around the world. That's why he needs a secretary, somebody to write the letters in English, handle the business details."

She looked faintly repelled. "What kind of animals?"

"All sorts. This whole range around here—Peru, Bolivia, Paraguay—it's one of the last great wildlife areas. We've got puma, jaguar, all kinds of monkeys, llamas, snakes—"

"Ugh," she said. "What kind of snakes?"

"Rattlers. Anaconda. Boa constrictor. We got a huge boa up in the barn now, all ready to go."

She drank beer and shivered. "Some way to make a living."

"Jaime-Ortiz does OK," Leon assured her and grinned at what he was leaving unsaid.

She seemed to sense there was more to the story. Watching herself move the bottle around on the scarred metal top, she said, "And you do OK, too, I guess."

"Do I look like I'm complaining?"

She glanced at him sidelong. "No," she said, slow and thoughtful. "You look quite pleased with yourself."

Was she making fun? A bit defensive through the lightness, he said, "It's an interesting job here. More than you know."

"How'd you get it? Answer a want ad?"

Leon grinned, on surer ground. "Jaime-Ortiz doesn't put any want ads. He doesn't want some stranger poking around in his business."

"You already knew him, then."

"Family connection. Somebody in the business at the other end."

"An uncle," she said and smiled, showing all her teeth, as though he were a kid she didn't have to compose her face for.

"OK, an uncle," he said, getting really annoyed now. "That doesn't make me just a nephew."

Looking contrite but still smiling, she reached out to touch the tips of two red fingernails to the back of his hand, the nails slightly indenting the flesh. "Don't be mad, Leon," she said. "Take a joke."

Frank and his cameras were still across the plaza. Leon turned his hand, closed it

with gentle pressure on her fingers. "I like to joke," he said.

"The wild-animal trainer." She withdrew her hand. "I'd get bored, playing zoo."

"There's better stuff." Suddenly nervous, he gulped beer, and when he lowered the bottle, she was looking at him.

Some instinct of caution made him hesitate. But the English girls had been very impressed. And what difference did it make if he talked? The strangers came and went, forgetting the very name of Ixialta. Looking away toward the mountains, he said, "This is also where the coca bush grows. All around here."

"Cocaine," she said, getting it, but then frowned: "What about the law?"

"Around here? You're kidding."

"No, the States, when you smuggle it in."

"That's the beauty," he told her, grinning. "You take your white powder, you see? You put it in your glassine envelopes. You feed your envelopes to your monkey."

"Monkey? But he'll digest it; he'll—"

"No," Leon said. "Because then you feed your monkey to your boa constrictor."

"Oh," she said.

"There isn't a Customs man in the world gonna look to see what's inside a monkey inside a boa constrictor."

"I wouldn't."

"The monkey has to go into the snake alive," Leon said, glad to see her eyes widen. "It takes the snake seven days to digest the monkey but only two days to be flown to Wilkinson, the wild-animal dealer in Florida." It was such a good story that he laughed all over again every time he told it. "As the fella says, it's all in the packaging."

"Yes," she said, her expression suddenly enigmatic. She stood, turning away, calling, "Frank! Frank!"

Leon said, "Look, uh. . ."

"Just a minute." She was brisk and businesslike, utterly different.

Baffled, Leon got to his feet as Frank came trotting across the plaza, holding his cameras down with both hands. "Yeah?"

Nodding at Leon, Ruth said, "He's the one."

Frank looked surprised. "You sure?"

"He just told it to me."

"Well, that was quick," Frank said. His manner was suddenly also changed, less fussy, more self-assured. He walked toward Leon, making a fist. Leon was so bewildered he didn't even duck.

Someone pulled his hair. Leon jerked, trying to stand, but was held down, rough ropes holding him to a chair. He opened his eyes, and Jaime-Ortiz stood in front of him, along with Paco and a couple of the other workers. They were all in the big barn, where the air was always cool, rich with animal stink, the hard-packed-earth

floor crosshatched with broom lines.

Against the far wall, under the dim bulbs, stood the cages, only a few occupied. A red-furred howler monkey, big-shouldered and half the size of a man, sat with its back to everybody, the hairless tip of its long tail curled negligently around a lower bar, while next door a golden guanaco pranced nervously, its delicate ears back and eyes rolling. Farther from the light, the big, skinny boa, pale brown with darker crossbars, its scaly head rearing up nearly three feet in the air, showed yellow underbelly as it stared through the bars and wire at everything that moved.

"Jaime?" Leon tugged at the hairy ropes, tasting old blood in his mouth, feeling the sharp stings around his puffy lips. "Jaime? What—"

"I got to be disappointed in you, Leon," Jaime-Ortiz said. He was a big, heavy man with a broad, round face and liquid-brown eyes that could look as soulful as that guanaco's—or as cold as stones. "You," he said, pointing a thick, stubby finger at Leon. "You got to be one real disappointment to me." He shook his head, a fatalistic man.

"But what did I— What's—"

"Little stories going around," Jaime-Ortiz said. He wagged the fingers of both hands up above his head, like a man trying to describe birds in flight. "Somebody talking about our business, Leon. Yours and mine. Making trouble for you and me."

"Jaime, please—"

"All of a sudden," Jaime-Ortiz said, "these drug agents, they come to our friend Wilkinson, they got a paper from a judge."

"Oh, my God." Leon closed his eyes, licking his sore lips. The rope was tied very hard and tight; he could barely feel his hands and feet.

"Who would make trouble for you and me and Wilkinson? Leon? Who?"

Eyes shut, Leon shook his head back and forth. "I'm sorry, Jaime. I'm sorry."

"Friends in New York ask me this," Jaime-Ortiz said. "I say it's not me, it's not Leon, it's not Paco. We all got too much to lose. They say they send somebody down, walk around, see who likes to tell stories."

"Jaime, I'll never, never—"

"Oh, I know that," Jaime-Ortiz said. "You can't be around here no more, Leon. I got to send you back to the States."

Hope stirred in Leon. He stared up at Jaime-Ortiz. "Jaime, I promise, I won't say a word, I'll never—"

"That's right," Jaime-Ortiz said. "You will never say a word. Not the way you're going back to the States."

Leon didn't get it until he saw Paco come toward him with the glassine envelope in his hand. "Open wide," Paco said.



JACK LA LANNE (continued from page 121)

"I had to have help, because I couldn't give up my cakes and pies and ice cream. I was addicted."

Jack La Lanne way. All I want you to do is follow my method of fitness: Eat properly. Think right. Exercise more. What you do with your new-found energy and vitality is your own business.

7.

PLAYBOY: Is sex still good at 70?

LA LANNE: The biggest bunch of bullshit is that it's not. Use it or lose it, I say. I've got friends who are 70, 80, 90, and, Christ, they're horny bastards. Three or four times a week is nothing to them.

8.

PLAYBOY: By now, you've probably seen all the health-and-fitness videos put out by such people as Jane Fonda, Richard Simmons and Debbie Reynolds. Would you care to offer a quick critique?

LA LANNE: They're all about the same; they're all jumping around. Some of it's good; some of it's bad. But 90 percent of the exercises in those things are for your calves. There's too much stretching for the lower back and calves while ignoring the rest of you. What are they doing for your shoulders, arms, chest, waist? Now, I'm going to be coming out with ten audio-visual tapes for home consumption. They'll be good ones. They'll concentrate on all the problem areas. I'll do one for kids, one for executives, a motivational tape, one on nutrition. Another thing: I've just built a television studio in my new home in Morro Bay. I'm going to do a syndicated show from there called *Jack La Lanne and Friends*. I'll get celebrities like Bob Hope and Phyllis Diller, big sports celebrities, anyone who's recognizable. I'll put people up overnight at my home. I have a maid who will take care of their food and drinks. Then we'll shoot a show together, a real comprehensive thing. I'll find out what they're having for breakfast, lunch and dinner, what their exercise habits are, their sex habits, their hobbies, their problems. And then I'll give them an exercise for their problem areas and get them right there on the floor exercising with me. And I'll recommend what foods they should eat: a real in-depth thing.

9.

PLAYBOY: For most people, food equals pleasure. Yet diet programs usually leave you hungry, and it's difficult to stick to a diet when you go to a restaurant. What do you eat when you eat out?

LA LANNE: I've never told my stomach I'm a poor man. Lots of my contemporaries go into a restaurant and figure they can cheat just this one time. What the hell, they

don't want to *bother* anyone. Not me. I call over the chef or the maître d'. I ask for the right food and he respects me for it. Some people complain about taste. They'll look at a squid and go, "God!" So they eat chicken. But chickens are some of the world's filthiest creatures. They eat *anything*. I lived on a ranch as a kid. When the sheep died, they'd get maggots. We'd throw the carcasses into the chicken yard, and within two hours they'd be down to the bone. The pigs would defecate and the chickens would eat it up! But people *love* chicken. So the chickens I eat are organically grown with special care. I know the source of everything I eat.

10.

PLAYBOY: Lots of people work out during the week; then, on weekends, they do drugs, drink wine and indulge in vigorous self-abuse. Are they just fooling themselves? Is there a wine that goes well with wheat germ, so to speak?

LA LANNE: They've earned the right. It's just like, goddamn, if you write a check for \$1000 but have only \$500 in the bank, you're bankrupt. But if you have \$5000 in the bank, you can afford it. Who are the greatest dissipaters in the world? Professional athletes. They're in such good shape that they can drink, they can screw, they can smoke. What you put into life you can take out. Look, you've got to have a little fun. We're living in a promiscuous society now. People want sex; they want drugs; they want lots of things. I know we all hear that we shouldn't smoke, shouldn't drink, but you've never heard me say that. I would rather see you drink moderately than not drink at all. Any kind of wine is great. Most restaurants have good food, but the only *natural* food you'll get at the whole damn meal is wine. It's never been cooked, heated or had anything taken away from it. It was picked at maturity and nothing was added. It gives you a nice little euphoria and opens the blood vessels. It adds extra vitamins and minerals. That's helping yourself and having fun at the same time. Complete abstainers' life spans are shorter than those of people who indulge moderately. My next-door neighbor just died recently. He was 102. He had two martinis for lunch; later a few more; wine. But he was active. I had a program of exercises for him that he did until damn near two months before he died. Now, I'm definitely not into this heroin or coke or any of that stuff—well, maybe coke; it depends on how you eat and how you exercise. And marijuana—nobody knows too much

about it except that it's definitely not habit-forming, so it would probably be better for someone to have a joint once in a while on the weekends than to drink booze to excess. I mean, you wouldn't eat 100 apples a day, would you?

11.

PLAYBOY: Can vitamins cure a hangover?

LA LANNE: I don't know; but if you're going to drink a lot of alcohol, then I think you should take extra B complex, liver and yeast. If you smoke, you need extra vitamin C. Caffeine destroys E. Candy and sweets destroy B complex. Air and water pollution destroy C. So many things destroy A, which can prevent cancer. Marijuana and cocaine destroy vitamins C and E. When you take coke, you get a lot of energy, but you pay for it. When you're taking pot into your lungs, that's smoke. The damn coke destroys your nasal septum, so I would suggest you take an extra tablespoon of bone meal to replace the calcium.

But basically, I think you should treat your body like a Rolls-Royce. You wouldn't put water into the gas tank. So you cannot put all those artificial flavorings and colorings and sugar and crap into your body. It's got to take its toll. How many Americans got up this morning and had a breakfast of coffee, a doughnut and a cigarette? It's damn near the standard American diet. Most Americans are arthritic, have hemorrhoids, stink, are psychotic. The men can't get hard-ons. People do it to themselves. Would you get your dog up in the morning and give him coffee, a doughnut and a cigarette?

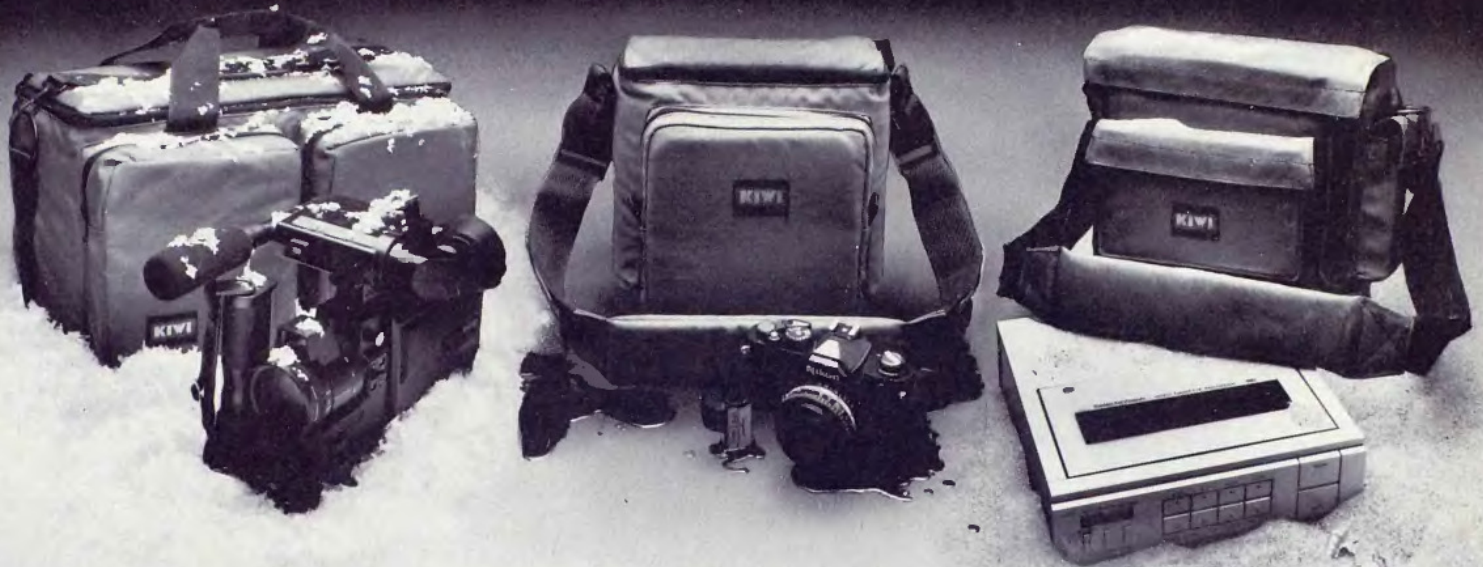
12.

PLAYBOY: You were once a 98-pound weakling. What changed you?

LA LANNE: I was the weakest-looking kid you ever saw. The kids at school took turns beating me up; even the girls. My parents took me out of school at 14, thinking a rest would improve my health. Instead, I was considering suicide. I couldn't stand the humiliation. I used to bang my head against the wall. I got blinding headaches. I couldn't sleep. I got failing grades and had an uncontrollable temper and even tried to kill my brother. I was a shut-in. I couldn't hack it anymore.

Then my mother heard about this nutrition lecture by Paul Bragg at the Oakland Women's City Club. We were late getting in and had to sit on the stage. Bragg told the audience, "I don't care what your age or present physical condition is; if you obey nature's laws, you can be born again." I went to his dressing room afterward and we talked until three A.M. about exercise, nutrition, white sugar and white flour; about how he was a vegetarian. I went home that night and prayed—I had to have help, because I couldn't give up my cakes, pies and ice cream. I was addicted. But I could also begin to envision myself with a terrific physique, going out for sports. So I stuck with it. I was a

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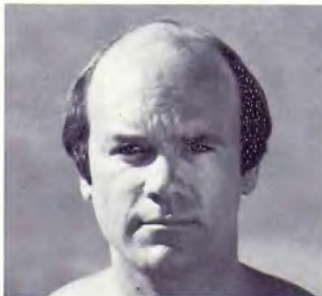
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vegetarian for six years. It took pride and discipline. I'm no genius, but I am a disciplinarian. The guys who are tough survive. It was a religious experience.

13.

PLAYBOY: What convinced you there was money in the physical-fitness business?

LA LANNE: I had been winning physique contests and had gotten a reputation as a terrific athlete but also as a nut and a crackpot. People would say, "See that muscle-bound ass?" Then, when I opened my first spa in Oakland, in 1936, the articles started appearing in the paper: "Don't go to Jack La Lanne's. You'll get muscle-bound. You'll slow down, lose your sex drive, get hemorrhoids, have heart attacks." The women were warned that they'd look like men. So even though I was paying only \$45 a month rent in a great location, I was going broke. Nobody would come to my place.

I had to do something. In those days, I was very shy. If I had to give a talk, I'd freeze. But since I had this reputation as a strong man, I decided to go to all the local high schools wearing a tight-fitting T-shirt and walk up to the skinniest kid I could find and introduce myself, despite my fear. I'd ask the kid how he'd like to gain about 40 pounds and go out for football. He'd say, "Sure. I'm damn sick of having everyone beat me up." So I'd get his name and address. Then I'd pick out the fattest kid, pull in my gut and ask if he'd like to get rid of all that fat. Then I'd get his name and address. At night, I'd go to those kids' homes. First, I'd walk around the block five or six times to get up the nerve; but finally, I'd push the doorbell and the parents would ask me in.

Usually, fathers like to refer to their sons as chips off the old block. "Hey, isn't he terrific, Jack? Captain of the basketball team, straight A's and really makes out with the women." But what's a father going to say about an emaciated kid—that he takes after his mother? So if I went to 100 homes, I'd sign up 100 kids.

After a few months, you wouldn't believe the results. Some kids gained 40 or 50 pounds. Then I took 111 pounds off one kid in eight months. He'd even been to the Mayo Clinic. And word got around like wildfire. "There's Jack La Lanne, the miracle man. He's taken skinny kids and built them up. He's taken fat kids, kids on dope, bums, kids who get failing grades and completely changed their lives." I'd get into these kids personally. I knew when they masturbated and when they had cakes and pies. I'd tell them how to cut their hair and what clothes to wear. I'd make them stay in school and get good grades. They had pride and discipline.

Pretty soon, I started getting phone calls from the fathers. "Hey, Jack, this is Dr. Jones. Don't tell anyone I've called, but my kid can do more push-ups and chin-ups than me. He can outrun me. I

feel kind of inadequate. I've got to keep up with him. Can you take me at five in the morning? Name the price. I don't care what it costs." After less than a year, I had to shut down the men's membership.

Then I started getting calls from the wives. "Hey, Jack, don't tell anyone I'm calling, but my husband finally had to tell me what he was up to. My God, he's got that old romantic nip back again. He's got the same measurements as when he was in college. I've got to keep this honeymoon going. I'm getting a little matronly. Can you take me at two in the afternoon?" Soon, I shut down the women's membership. Later, I added a health-food store and a health-food restaurant in the building. I was 30 years ahead of everybody. Truth is stranger than fiction.

14.

PLAYBOY: How do you react to the notion that gays have ruined health clubs for heterosexuals? At what point does all this physical culture become narcissistic and, to some minds, gay?

LA LANNE: This is bullshit! I was the first one to start health clubs, right? In 1936. I had guys coming to me who were the pillars of society. Bank presidents, lawyers, judges. I won't mention any names, but they were all homosexuals. Nobody knew about it but me, because during the first year, I had to massage to stay in business. And these guys used to offer me money, you know, if they could just blow me or have love with me. I'd tell them, "What-

ever you want to do is your business. But you could write me a check for \$1,000,000 and I would never let a man touch me. This is the way I am." But I'm a great believer in live and let live. The only thing that gets me is if they try to force themselves on me or if one of these old queens takes 12-, 13-, 14-year-olds, gives them money and forces them to go around with his friends. But Christ, I know guys, shit, they dig women, dogs, cats, anything. But who knows? Read the Bible. Read Socrates and Plato. Christ, this stuff's been going on forever. But one thing I'll tell you about the gays: Look at how they dress. Narcissistic? It's survival. It's being smart. Look at the animal kingdom. Ever see a dirty dog or cat or monkey or bird? They preen each other. They exercise for themselves. They want to appeal to the opposite sex. Is that narcissistic? No. It's having pride. Homosexuals love to look good. They're clean, neat. They're fastidious, well mannered and well educated. They like aesthetic things. They like good, firm, tight bodies. Health. They want to attract other guys. What's wrong with that? Why be slobs? You've got to be insane to suggest that because someone looks good, he must be gay. That's envy.

15.

PLAYBOY: That's not quite what we were suggesting. However, we should all envy your measurements. What are they?

LA LANNE: My chest is 47 and a half inches. My waist is 27 and a half. My neck is 17. I



"I'm going to have to work in a little real jogging, Darline. My wife is noticing that I'm not wearing out my Adidas!"

never let my waist get bigger. Your waist is your lifeline, and it should never be larger than when you were in your prime. If it is, two things have happened: The muscles have lost their tone and there's extra fat. Most scales lie. A guy may weigh the same at 30 as at 18, but chances are he's lost ten pounds in the shoulders and arms and gained ten in fat around the waist.

16.

PLAYBOY: What do you see when you look in the mirror?

LA LANNE: I think I look shitty. But I don't look at myself narcissistically, just constructively. I want to get better. Most of the beautiful men and women I've known have inferiority complexes. I've never been satisfied with myself, ever. But I feel good about myself, because I'm truthful. I don't corrupt myself. I put everything about Jack La Lanne right on the table. Jack La Lanne and Jack La Lanne are god-damned good friends. I'm also a perfectionist. I'm very impatient. I've got energy and drive and I can't stand ineffi-

ciency in people. And I can't stand dumb people. When I talk with someone, I always anticipate what he's going to say. That's why all the people I associate with have to be smart. Why surround yourself with people who are going to tie you down? I don't suffer fools. One of my closest friends is Franco Columbo. I have never met a sharper, quicker-witted, more observant guy. Arnold Schwarzenegger is no dumbbell, either. Steve Garvey and Vince Ferragamo are sharp guys. Vic Tanny, who copied my original gym in Oakland, has a genius I.Q.

17.

PLAYBOY: Where do you get your jump suits?

LA LANNE: I have them made, along with my slacks and shirts. My waist is so small and my chest so large that I have a hell of a time getting clothes.

18.

PLAYBOY: Who's the healthiest person you know?

LA LANNE: Me. Not true. The most outstanding, fit human alive is a guy from San Francisco named Walt Stack. He's in his 70s now. He does Pikes Peak. He runs marathons. He runs from San Francisco to San Rafael and back every day. That's about 30 miles. He swims in San Francisco Bay. He works out with weights. He rides a bicycle. Walt was a hod carrier, someone who carries mortar up to bricklayers. He's a real pistol, boy. He likes to drink and has never taken a vitamin. I really admire him.

19.

PLAYBOY: Since you've made the swim from Alcatraz to San Francisco, do you think Frank Morris, the one convict alleged to have successfully escaped, really made it?

LA LANNE: Hell, no. If you don't know the tides, it's the most treacherous body of water in the world. The tide can get up to seven knots, plus, the water is only 54 degrees. Neither Morris nor the two guys who escaped with him were ever found. Later, the newspapers called me and asked me to simulate the escape. I didn't even do it handicapped with chains. I just dove off of Alcatraz and it took me half an hour just to break away from the island. And you know I'm a goddamned strong swimmer. After I broke away, I was going six or seven knots. They pulled me up right under the Golden Gate Bridge, going out to sea. Morris didn't live. The sharks would have gotten him, if nothing else. I'm in top shape, but even knowing about the water and the tides, I couldn't do it.

20.

PLAYBOY: How long do you think you'll live?

LA LANNE: I really don't give a damn how long I live, but I want to *live* while I'm living. I want to be productive. I've started a singing career with Connie Haines. We're planning to go to Las Vegas. It's a new challenge that helps my memory, my diction and my pride. It makes me grow. Stop growing and you're in the casket. I'm also aiming to get my golf handicap down to three. I play at four or five now, but I want to enter the U.S. Amateur Championships. I'm also writing six books simultaneously.

I think we call our own shots and make our own destiny. Every creature—dog, horse, cat—lives to about six times its age of maturity. Dogs mature at two and live to 12 or 14. Man matures at 25. And some of the Russians and Chinese who are 150 or 160 years old have proved it can be done. Even the number of people in the United States who have surpassed 100 has increased 400 percent in the past six years. How long will I live? The earth will go first.



Hendel Meiser

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Beyond the Ordinary.

SEÑORITA MARGARITA! *(continued from page 119)*

"Unlike other popular cocktails, the vast majority of margaritas are consumed in clubs, cafés and bars."

happens to be your heart's desire. There's only one absolute: The irreplaceable ingredient is tequila. Without it, you do not have a margarita. Tequila was the first spirit distilled on the North American continent, and it's enveloped in myth. It is commonly thought to be a fiery, lethal drink, but anyone who has sipped a properly fashioned margarita knows better.

Appropriately, there's a touch of mystery attached to the margarita as well as to its basic spirit. No one really knows the margarita's origins, though there's no dearth of opinions. Buller's Professional Course in Bartending insists it was created by a Los Angeles bartender for a drink competition sponsored by tequila bottlers in 1954. Others claim the drink emerged from the Tail o' the Cock restaurant in Los Angeles in the mid-Fifties.

The *Tequila Book* lists three versions involving ravishing creatures named Margarita, while Dallas restaurateur Mariano Martinez says his father found the recipe in a San Antonio speak-easy around 1939. Still, there's little doubt as to the margarita's bloodlines. It stems from the traditional Mexican way with the spirit—a lick of salt, a bite of lime and a shot of tequila, all followed by a gasp for air. Somewhere along the line, a nip of triple sec was added, perhaps in deference to sensitive Anglo tonsils. The tequila, lime juice and orange liqueur are shaken with ice, strained into a salt-rimmed glass and—*caramba*—a margarita!

In most drink-wise watering spots, a margarita consists of 1½ ozs. white tequila, ½ oz. Cointreau or triple sec and ½ oz. fresh lime juice—cold and straight up in the obligatory salt-rimmed glass.

However, proportions vary, sometimes considerably, by region, place and the barman's artistic sensibilities. In Texas and the Southwest, the drink is apt to be sweeter and lighter: less tequila, more liqueur and more citrus—and it's frozen. Californians prefer lemon to lime. Harry's New York Bar in Paris uses equal parts of the three ingredients—sort of a Mexican sidecar. On the East Coast, as well as in Mexico, drier margaritas are the rule. Herb Lee, who heads The Association of Tequila Producers, offers this as "the best margarita recipe going": 1½ ozs. white tequila, ½ oz. triple sec and 1 oz. freshly squeezed lime juice. Shake well; strain into a stemmed glass rimmed with coarse salt.

Salting can be a tricky business. You want just a smidgen, either sitting atop the rim or forming a narrow band around the outside of the glass. Sprinkle a thin layer of

table salt onto a flat dish. With a lime wedge or juice, lightly moisten only the area you want to frost. Invert glass and place on salt; do not rotate. Lift glass and tap to knock off excess salt. Many bars use coarse or kosher salt for appearance, and some add pizzazz with special glassware. Chili's, a restaurant chain, pours frozen margaritas into 10-oz. frosted beer mugs; Mariano's uses an 11½-oz. stubby Pilsener type; and lots of places have adopted the saucer champagne glass.

Unlike other popular cocktails, the vast majority of margaritas are consumed on the premises in clubs, cafés, bars and restaurants. Mariano, a devout margarita-ophile and a canny entrepreneur, vowed to correct that imbalance. To that end, he contrived a margarita mix in a bucket—a stroke of merchandising genius epitomizing the generous, celebratory quality of the tippie. The gallon bucket contains 97 ozs. of margarita makings—everything but the tequila. Simply by adding a bottle of the spirit, then stashing the bucket in a freezer for 16 hours, you have a mother lode of 25 to 30 frozen margaritas. Instant party! Competitive buckets are now appearing on the shelves of supermarkets, groceries and liquor stores. Up the margarita!

STRAWBERRY MARGARITA

1½ ozs. white tequila
½ oz. triple sec
½ oz. strawberry liqueur
¼ oz. lime juice
5 ripe strawberries, cut up
½ cup finely crushed ice

Add all ingredients to chilled blender container; buzz until almost smooth. Pour into large, salt-rimmed wineglass.

24-KT. MARGARITA

1½ ozs. gold tequila
½ oz. Grand Marnier
¼ oz. lemon juice
Lemon slice for garnish

Briskly shake all ingredients but garnish with cracked ice. Strain into salt-rimmed glass. Hang lemon wheel on rim.

FROZEN MARGARITA

From Pancho Villa's Mexican Restaurant, New York.

1½ ozs. tequila
¾ oz. Cointreau
¾ oz. lemon juice
6 ozs. finely crushed ice
Lemon slice for garnish

Add all ingredients but garnish to chilled blender container; buzz until slushy or snowy, as you prefer. Pour into salt-rimmed wineglass. Garnish with lemon wheel.

P & P PINEAPPLE MARGARITA

From Manhattan's Pen & Pencil Restaurant, a hangout for media people.

1½ ozs. white tequila
¾ oz. Cointreau
½ oz. lemon juice
2 canned pineapple slices, chilled

1 tablespoon pineapple syrup
½ to ½ cup crushed ice

Cherry, ½ pineapple slice, for garnish

Combine all ingredients but garnish in chilled blender container; buzz until almost smooth. Pour into salt-rimmed glass. Garnish with fruit.

FIVE-LIME MARGARITA

1½ ozs. white tequila
¾ oz. Monin Triple Lime liqueur
1 teaspoon fresh lime juice
Lime slice for garnish

Briskly shake all ingredients but garnish with ice. Strain into salt-rimmed cocktail glass. Garnish with lime wheel.

KAHLÚA MARGARITA

1 oz. white tequila
1 oz. Kahlúa
2 ozs. lime juice
1 teaspoon egg white (optional)
½ cup crushed ice

Add all ingredients to chilled blender container; buzz until just smooth. Pour into chilled, salt-rimmed wineglass. The drink will have a foamier head if you use the egg white. Fairly tart drink with a lingering taste of coffee.

MARGARITA ROSE

1½ ozs. white tequila
½ oz. Rose's lime juice
½ oz. triple sec

Briskly shake all ingredients with ice. Strain into salt-rimmed cocktail glass or saucer champagne glass.

MARGARITA BLUES

1½ ozs. white tequila
½ oz. blue curaçao
2 ozs. sweet-sour mix
½ cup finely crushed ice
Lemon slice for garnish

Combine all ingredients but garnish in chilled blender container; buzz until fairly smooth. Pour into salt-rimmed wineglass. Hang lemon wheel on rim of glass. Enjoy the drink and its lovely aquamarine hue.

MAGGIE ON THE ROCKS

2 ozs. white tequila
1 oz. Cointreau
½ lime, seeded

Pour tequila and Cointreau over ice cubes in salt-rimmed old fashioned glass. Squeeze in juice of lime; add rind. Stir well. This is deceptively potent.

Here's the best toast to accompany a margarita: *¡Salud, dinero y amor—y tiempo para gustarlos!* (Health, money and love—and time to enjoy them!)





"Is this going to be a simple survey or an in-depth probe?"

REGGIE SMITH (continued from page 128)

“Man, I’m not ready for Japan yet,” he told them. Then they began to negotiate in earnest.”

reflected speed combined with power and, Smith believed, with a certain barely disguised black rage.

The typical National League player was Frank Robinson, who was intense about *everything*. Robinson helped transform the American League, Smith believed, when he was traded to the Orioles. He changed the Orioles, and as he changed them, the entire league began to change. There was something about Robinson—the ferocity with which he played the game and his attitude about winning—that was almost frightening. His was an unrelenting presence, and teammates and opponents alike feared to cross him. Once, when Smith was a young player with the Red Sox, he had watched Robinson run out a ground ball and, noticing the man’s odd, almost spindly legs, had made a smart remark: “Pump those wheels.” It was the way that black players often teased one another in those days. They were brothers, after all. But Robinson, enraged by the remark, had gone past the Boston bench on his way back to the dugout and had pointed a finger at Smith and said, “*You don’t know me that goddamn well.*” Later, after the game, Robinson came and told him that next

time the teams played, maybe they could go to dinner. But there was no doubt of the warning that had been issued or of the man’s transcending hardness.

To Smith, the National League was about power, complete power, the power to hit for distance and to run with speed. It was also about territory; each man’s success—indeed, his edge—came at the expense of someone else, and it seemed to Smith that those edges, no matter how small, were more reluctantly conceded in the National than in the American League. It was a game far more exciting than the American League version, constantly pitting power against power.

The Japanese game, by contrast, seemed to avoid power, to avoid the confrontation between hitter and pitcher. Much of the game, Smith believed, was not so much assertive strategy and tactics as it was an attempt to avoid making mistakes or taking responsibility. It was a cautious game and it probably suited their physical and psychic needs, but it did not suit him. It was, therefore, small.

Sometimes, now, Smith wondered whether or not he had made the right deci-

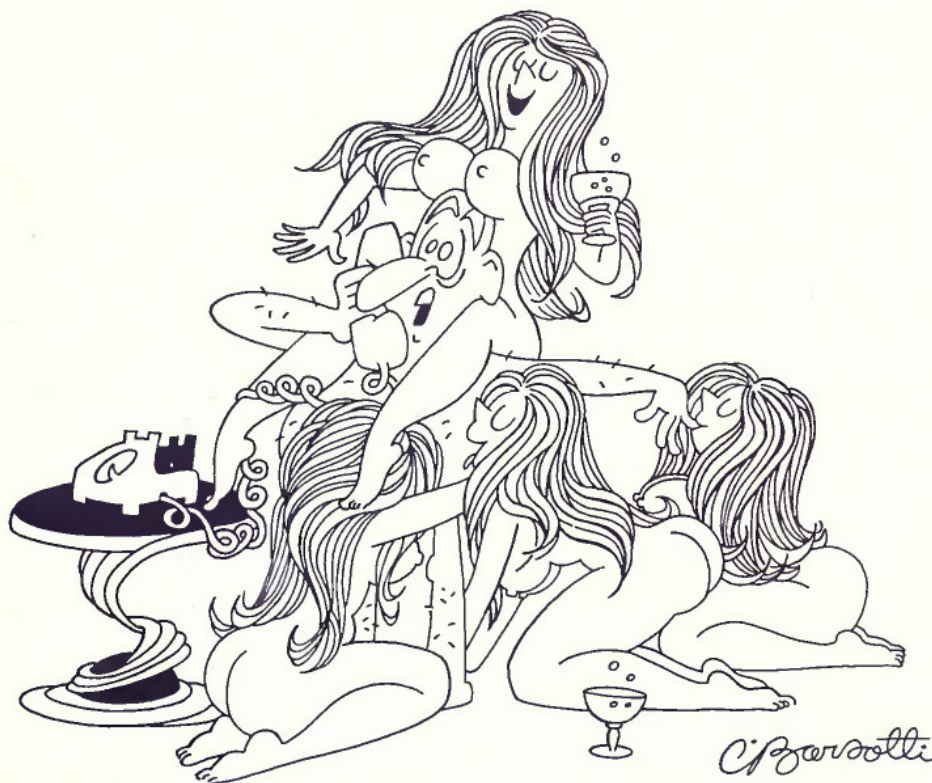
sion in signing. Two years earlier, when he was a free agent, the Yankees had made a handsome offer, something well over \$1,000,000 for three years. Although that would only have made him one of about five first basemen and seven designated hitters on the team, he had been tempted by the deal. There was, after all, enough doubt about his physical condition, particularly about his arm, to limit his bargaining power. But there was something about the negotiations, a certain imperiousness to the Yankee bargaining style, that put him off—that, plus George Steinbrenner’s reputation for paying athletes well and then believing he was entitled to play with them.

In that sense, Smith thought, the modern owner was not unlike the modern fan; there was more psychic tension than ever before between him and the star player. The relationship was not as it had been in his early days on the Red Sox, a shared relationship between star and owner, but, rather, a new, instant relationship in which the owner shared the spotlight in the moment of signing and felt freer than ever to attack the star. If the star failed, it was not the owner’s fault, for he could show how much he had paid; he remained a good owner who had hired a bad player.

In the end, Smith signed with the San Francisco Giants for the 1982 season and enjoyed a surprisingly good year, with 18 home runs and 56 R.B.I.s in some 350 at bats. After the season, he began negotiating with the Giants with marginal success, but they had their eyes on Steve Garvey. And when it became clear that the American Giants would pay Garvey more than three times as much as Smith, he began to take the Japanese Giants more seriously.

In the beginning, he was amused by the cultural differences when the Yomiuri representatives came to him and asked if he wanted to sign with them. He responded in the good American tradition by asking how much they were willing to pay. They, in turn, said, “Tell us whether or not you’ll sign and then we’ll tell you how much we’ll pay.” He responded that he wanted a close idea of their offer before he committed himself. They replied that they could not make him such an offer, because if they made it and he turned it down, they would lose face. “Man, I’m not ready for Japan yet,” he told them. Then they began to negotiate in earnest.

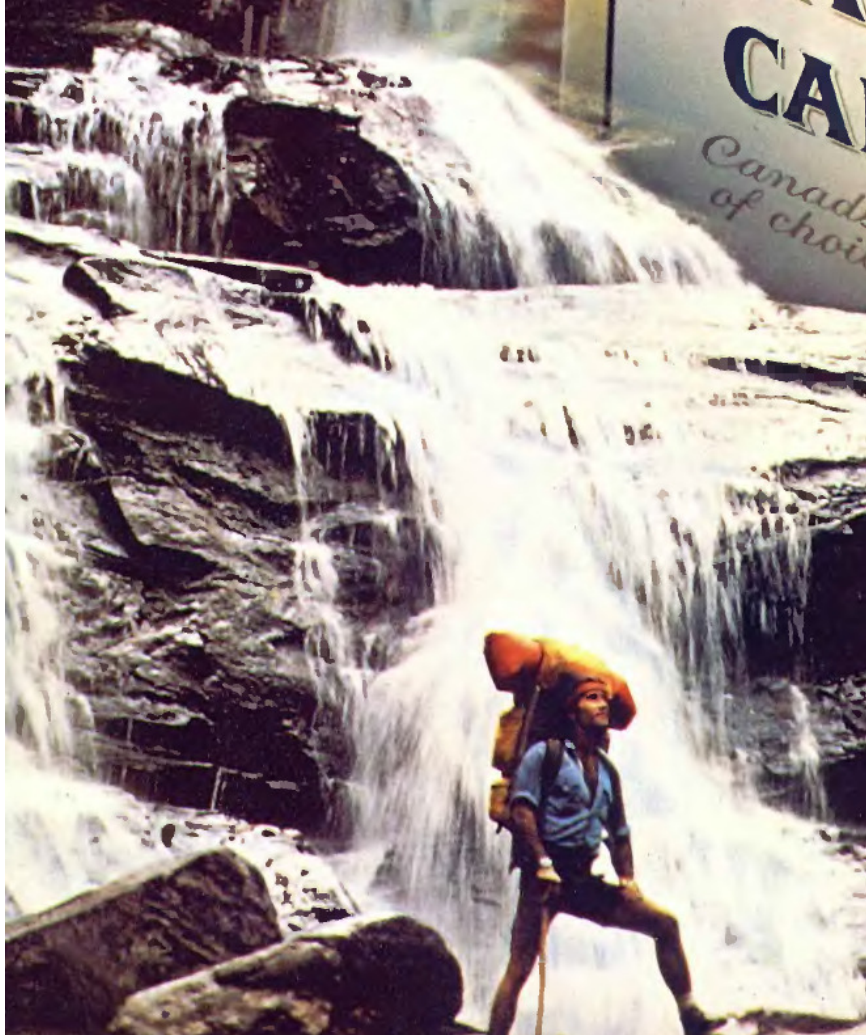
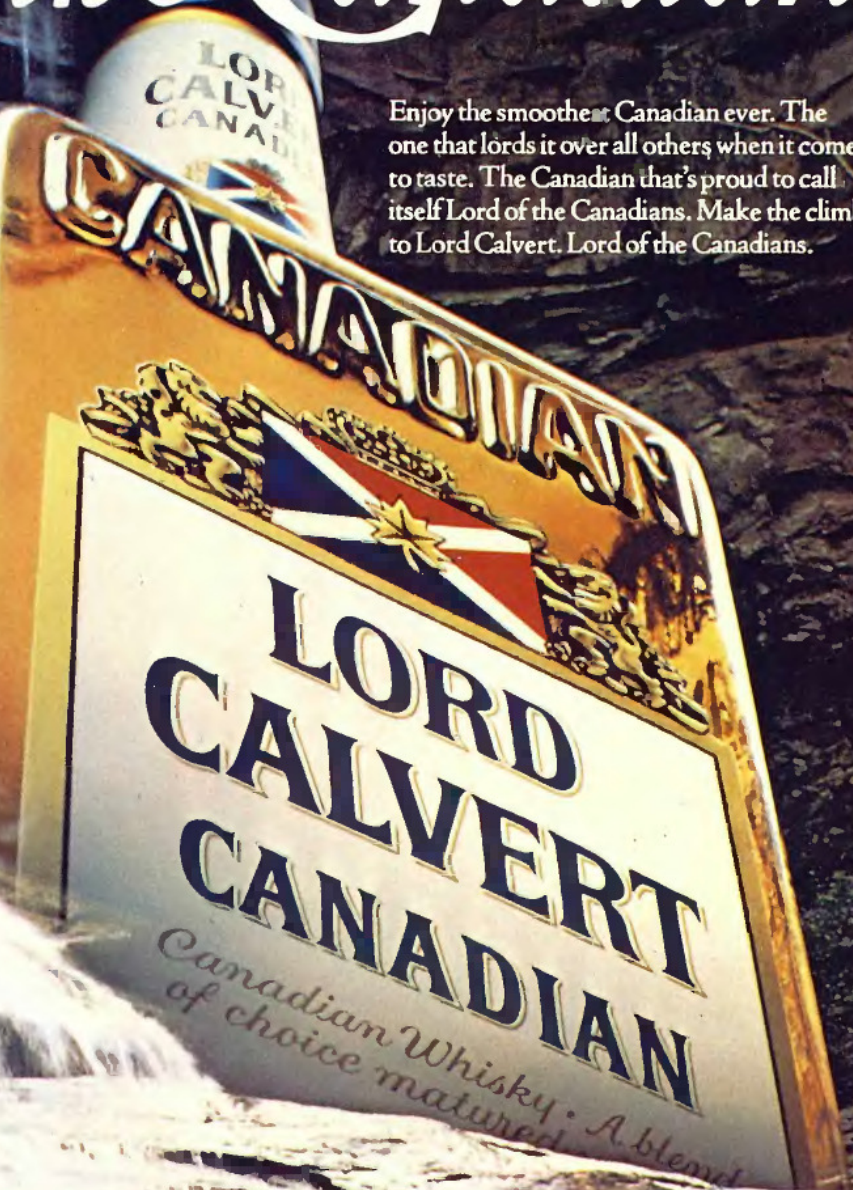
Soon one of the Giants’ negotiators told him they wanted him to have a very good year, to hit perhaps .270 with 20 home runs, but not to have a better year than their own stars, particularly Tatsunori Hara, their talented young third baseman, who had hit 33 home runs the previous season. “That’s really weird,” Smith had said. He enjoyed the negotiations, however. They went on for some three months and, as they got more and more serious, Smith noticed a certain cultural progression, most apparent in the ascending level of sophistication of the clothes worn by emissaries of the Giants. The sports



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clothes quickly gave way to suits. Then the suits got progressively darker, the shirts whiter and crisper, the ties more subdued. At the higher levels, the men began to wear leather watch straps. When he finally got to meet Toru Shoriki, the owner of the team, Smith was waiting in a lounge having a drink; suddenly, a Giants executive materialized out of nowhere and, without even asking, snatched the drink away. "You should not be drinking when Shoriki-san comes in," he said. Just then, Shoriki himself walked in, an elegant man in a beautiful, understated black suit and the most subtle white shirt Smith had ever seen. "That's the boss," he decided.

Now he was sitting around having a postgame drink with a man named Robert Whiting. Whiting, a young American who had gone to college in Japan, stayed around after graduation and, because of his special interest in both Japanese culture and American baseball, ended up writing a book about Japanese baseball called *The Chrysanthemum and the Bat*, one of the best of all books on modern Japan. In it, Whiting details the hard times Japanese baseball has often inflicted upon its American participants, the *gaijins*, and the equally hard time the *gaijins* have inflicted on the Japanese—times so hard that some Americans have in recent years come to be known as *Pepitones* (a derogatory name in honor of the former Yankee first baseman Joe Pepitone, who took so much money, caused so many problems and played so few games that he became the dubious standard against which other ballplayers were measured). One of the high points of the Whiting book is a description of the 1965 season, in which Daryl Spencer, once a San Francisco Giant, was making a run for the Japanese Pacific League home-run title and virtually every opposing pitcher in the league began to walk him on four pitches. All of this, Whiting was now telling Smith, was a reflection of the schizophrenic Japanese relationship with the Western world. They wanted to be like the West—were, in fact, the world's foremost imitators of Western customs—and they wanted just as badly to be left completely alone, unblemished by foreign influence. So, Whiting said, they know they need the *gaijins* and want them, on occasion, to do well, but they do not want them to do *too* well. Of course, the *gaijins* are also very handy in case a team begins to do poorly. They can always be blamed. That, he noted, might become Smith's role if things did not go well this year.

Indeed, the real belief of the people who run Japanese baseball is that as long as there are *gaijin* players, Japanese baseball cannot really be considered first class. The current commissioner has asked all clubs to be rid of their Americans in five years.

"Last year," said Whiting, "Tony Solaita, the former Yankee and Toronto Blue Jay, had a great year. Everything went right. Led the league in home runs and R.B.I.s. Led the league in game-

winning hits. In the second half of the season, he got 14 of his 17 game-winning hits." Whiting paused. "He finished a distant third in the M.V.P. voting. His manager told all the writers to vote for one of the other guys. So I told Solaita what happened and he was really pissed and he called the manager, who said, 'I'm sorry; I didn't know you wanted it. Besides, you weren't here.' Solaita had a hard year. He was in the race for the home-run title, and the Japanese are still sensitive about *that* title, because it means power, and they're more touchy about power than about average. So in the last part of the season, the opposing pitchers started walking him all the time. He got desperate and asked his manager to argue with the umpires, and the manager did. Then he asked if Solaita wanted him to walk the other home-run hitter. Solaita said, 'No, it's unprofessional.' But in the last appearance of the last game, he took himself out."

Smith listened carefully as Whiting spoke. He had been warned.

A day later, Smith was frustrated even further. Sliding into third base, he hurt his

knee badly. It would be at least a month before he could run hard again. If he were lucky, he would be able to pinch-hit in about two weeks. It would be even harder now to perform here the way he wanted.

A career for an athlete was an elusive thing, he thought. Only when it was virtually over, when the physical powers were diminishing, was it possible to have any genuine insight into what made a career—not a season but a complete career, the signature of a man. He saw himself now as a contemporary not so much of certain teammates from the Red Sox or Cardinals or Dodgers but, rather, of a handful of players who had entered the major leagues in one era, the mid-Sixties, and lasted through an entirely different one, the early Eighties. The first era had been harder; the game was tougher, the pay was smaller and a rookie was always a threat to a teammate's job. Smith himself had been paid \$6500 in his rookie season. It was a world without guarantees. The players were forced to be much tougher, both mentally and physically (particularly, he believed, the black players, who had all spent time in vicious little Southern towns



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and who later, in the bigs, faced a more subtle kind of racism, an attitude that allowed a black player to be accepted as long as he was unquestioning of authority and was not different and did not complain. As long, in Reggie Smith's view, as he remained as white as he could be).

That era had gradually come to an end in the late Seventies with the advent of free agency. By the early Eighties, even mediocre players were signing huge contracts with so many built-in guarantees that the pressure on players to maximize their talents had eased. Only in exceptional cases, he believed, did pride goad a young player into higher levels of excellence. Hunger, he was convinced, had diminished.

He remembered, now, with almost astonishing clarity, the beginning of his own career—not just the hard times in Wytheville, Virginia, where he had encountered a racial prejudice unlike any he had known before, but far more clearly the time when he showed up at Red Sox spring-training camp in Scottsdale in 1964. He had been a rookie, and rookies were still almost subhuman in those days, referred to by the veterans as "Bush," existing to be seen but not heard. If, in conversation, a rookie volunteered some experience of his—a minor-league moment, of course—the veterans would say, "Yeah, Bush, you hit .300 in Appalachia. We all hit .300 back there."

Spring training with the Red Sox had been almost as much dream as reality. There had been Ted Williams prowling the field, his intensity and instinct for confrontation not dimmed by three years of retirement. It was amazing, Smith thought, that the man had been away from the game all those years and was still stalking pitchers. He noticed that wherever Williams went, the Boston players began almost unconsciously to edge away, particularly the pitchers. Williams liked to taunt pitchers; it was a challenge he carried over from his days as a hitter. Pitchers, he said, "couldn't goddamn help themselves. They're just dumb by breed."

Williams loved to study young hitters. He was like a drill sergeant and he taught them, above all else, concentration.

"Bush, where was that pitch?"

"It was outside, Mr. Williams."

"Where outside?"

"About two inches."

"What do you mean about? Don't you know?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bush," he would say in disgust, "you're too dumb to be a hitter."

That spring, Williams had told reporters that a kid named Reggie Smith looked like a ballplayer, and that had been sweet.

In some ways, the real education of Reggie Smith had begun in that, his 19th year. Boston had assigned him to room with Earl Wilson, the Red Sox' only other black player, an immense power pitcher. Wilson's legend preceded him; he was not to be trifled with. In the previous season,

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he had pitched a no-hitter, and he was said to have only marginal tolerance for rookies. On the first day of spring training, Smith, determined to be respectful and not to behave like a rookie, had carried his suitcases down the hall, practicing all the while how he would greet this legend. He would prove to Wilson that he was a serious young man, not some brash rookie, since he was in truth a brash rookie. He finally knocked on the door and a huge voice told him to come in.

"Hello, Mr. Wilson, my name is . . ." he began.

An enormous black form began to rise out of the bed. "Get the fuck out of here!" he shouted. "My name is Earl."

So Smith left the room, knocked again, entered and said, "Hello, Earl." With that, he decided many years later, his education had commenced.

Not until long after both he and Wilson left Boston did he truly understand how generous Wilson had been. For Wilson, virtually alone on a mostly white team, had taken him in hand and made sure that he did not waste such exceptional natural gifts, particularly in an organization that had not yet become an equal-opportunity employer. That was not always easy or painless, for Wilson was educating a relatively soft young man for a harder world.

"You're so young, Bush," he had said to him in that first week, "that you don't even have your man muscles yet."

That spring, Wilson was pitching batting practice to Smith, who had power but did not yet know how to pull the ball. Wilson threw an inside pitch and Smith hit it sharply through the box. Wilson just managed to duck out of the ball's way.

Dick Radatz, the mammoth relief pitcher, began to get on Wilson. "You going to let that little kid get away with that, Earl?" he shouted. The next pitch, very fast, hit Smith in the back.

"Now hit that one back the middle," Wilson said. So Smith started trying to hit everything through the middle and Wilson, in turn, finally threw right at his head. That made Smith even angrier, though his anger was directed at Radatz, who, he decided, had started all the trouble. Earl, after all, was his friend. So he started yelling at Radatz; then Wilson came in and grabbed him by the collar. A hand had never seemed so large.

"Hey, Road," Wilson said, using a nickname for a roommate, "you're out of line. This is the big leagues, and you've got to learn to pull pitches like that."

A few minutes later, Smith was sitting in the dugout, still fuming, when a huge foot belonging to Radatz suddenly appeared in front of him, blocking all else from view. It was surely the largest foot that Reggie Smith had ever seen. "You mad at me?" a voice that was in some way connected to the foot had asked. This man, Smith thought, is huge. Just huge.

"No, I think I'm over it now," he answered.

"I'm very glad of that," the voice said, and both it and the foot disappeared.

Later that day at Korakuen Stadium, Smith recalled an incident from his boyhood in California, a very long way from Japan. He had been about 15 and was driving back from a semipro game with his father when they had spotted Willie Mays doing a promotion in a tire store. Reggie had walked up to Mays and told him that he, too, was a ballplayer. Mays, to his surprise, had not asked him whether he batted lefty or righty or which position he played. The only thing he had said was, "Do you know how to duck?" Now Smith finally understood what Mays had meant.

Earl Wilson understood, too, by the time he spotted the immense raw talent in Smith. "He's in the Clemente/Mays class," Wilson would say, and he loved, that first spring, to show him off. Once, when Boston played the Giants in an exhibition game, he went over to the San Francisco bench and took Mays aside. "Willie," he said, "you think you've got an arm. Now watch this kid." Wilson worried about Smith, about his instinct for defiance in a profession not much given to contention ("Reggie reminded me a lot of me," he later said), and he had worked to protect him. Smith remembered now how Earl had told him once, when the younger player was depressed, that he was not allowed to get down nor to let his temper diminish his talent. "Reggie," he had said, "you've got to make it. You are the best young prospect ever to come along in the Boston organization. You've got the best chance and so you've got to make it. Not just for yourself but for all of us."

It happened very quickly. By 1967, he was in his rookie season and having a wonderful year. At first, he'd taken pleasure from the status, from simply being in the big leagues, and he had done the usual rookie things: bought the requisite T-bird, endowed it with REGGIE plates and enjoyed it when he was recognized on the streets of Boston. He had learned to time it, to watch the excitement in the face of the surprised citizens, and had learned to be very cool under the glare of that attention.

His natural gifts had shown through from the start, and he loved it when opposing teams gathered in front of their dugouts to watch him throw from the outfield during pregame practice. Roberto Clemente, who had been one of his heroes, said that Smith had the best arm in baseball. Carl Yastrzemski had taken him under his wing that first year, and that had been both generous and unusual, since Yaz usually stood apart from the others. But in 1967, the ball club came together. It was a young team, and it did something no team had done in 20 years—it went from last place in one season to first place in the next one. Baseball was sheer pleasure for Smith, and it generated a sense of excitement he had not known before. He simply could not wait to get to the ball

park every day. In the morning, there was always an impatience, a feeling that they should skip the pregame drills and just play the game.

That summer, he watched his friend Yastrzemski with an admiration that was complete. Yaz had always been an exceptional teacher, not so much by what he said as by what he did (the lessons were there if you wanted them, but you had to ask; he did not volunteer anything). From Yaz had come not only his own shrewd insights about hitting but the distilled lessons of Ted Williams as well, for Yaz had listened carefully to Williams and shared with him that intensity of concentration, as if in life, baseball alone mattered.

If that was normally true, then it was even more true in the summer of 1967. During the pennant run, Yaz started taking extra batting practice after home games, something he had picked up from Williams. Soon he asked Smith and a few others to join him, and there was a special pleasure in those hours, a rare sense of camaraderie among big-leaguers. There they were, staying behind after everyone else had gone home, men playing like boys, exulting in the dual pleasures of their manhood and their boyhood.

Eventually, Boston went sour for Smith. There were divisions on the team; he was in the Yaz group, and the people who did not like Yaz took out their frustration on him, not on the superstar. There were racial tensions with fans and sportswriters, for the Boston sports press in the late Sixties was not entirely ready for a brash young black player who seemed to lack what some sportswriters felt was the requisite gratitude of a black player to a white newspaperman. Then, in the early Seventies, there were the beginnings of his injuries, and with them he became more of a target for the Red Sox fans.

At the end of the 1973 season, he was traded to the Cardinals. He was glad to go, glad to get out of Boston, where he had stayed too long, he thought, and where there was still a curious reluctance to accept a black star. He was also glad to be going to the National League, where he was sure his game would be more natural.

He loved the National League immediately. It was a far better place to utilize his skills. He felt liberated there, able to play the game all out as he had not been able to in Boston. (With a similar number of games played in each league, Smith made the all-star team five times from the National League and only twice from the American.) Speed was of the essence here; he was aware of that the moment he walked into the Cardinals' locker room. No one symbolized it more than Lou Brock. He might seem like a perfect gentleman on the outside, but there was an intensity with which he exploited his speed and pressured the opposition with his running that was almost frightening. No one was going to stand in the way of what he wanted. Brock's preparation for a game



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reminded Smith of nothing so much as a razor being sharpened and then sharpened again. Brock had exceptional speed, but what gave him his edge—it was all about edge, no matter how small—was his intelligence and passion. Smith worked with Brock, helping time opposing pitchers and catchers on their moves, and he decided they were all part of the same generation. They were the lineal descendants of Jackie Robinson, all in their own ways fighting the stereotype that blacks had talent but not intelligence. They were hard men, Smith decided later, because they were always proving themselves.

The Cardinals were an organization in transition, and Smith enjoyed playing there but eventually got into a contract hassle with Augie Busch and, to his delight, was traded to the Dodgers. He was pleased to be going back to California, which was his home, and delighted to be playing for the Dodgers. They were, he thought, just one player—and a certain amount of toughness—away from being a great team. He was fascinated by the Dodgers as an organization; it did all the little things well: It scouted the minor leagues carefully; it taught fundamentals; and it looked for the type of player who would fit in with the new clean-cut, California Dodger tradition, which was, of course, different from the older, flintier Brooklyn one, for the tradition must fit the locale. Dodger Blue—the idea that they were not only cleaner but somehow spiritually superior to other baseball players—sold well. The seats were always filled and the teams were good, albeit not quite good enough. They lacked the inherent meanness of some of their opponents. Tommy Lasorda was a good front for it all, a man of the organization who not only articulated the team's myth but propagated it himself. Walking Eagle, some of the older players called him, meaning that he was so full of shit he could not fly. It was a handsome new media team for the brave new media world.

Smith was always amused by the idea of Dodger Blue and Dodger harmony; in its own way, it was one of the most divided teams he had ever known, as much wrought with truly petty jealousies as any team could be. Still, he admired the organization, the sheer professionalism of it on every level. He knew that Al Campanis had understood free agency before any other general manager in baseball and had signed all of his relatively young players to what seemed like generous long-term contracts. Generous they were the day they were signed; but within a few years, \$300,000 a year was what utility players were being paid. As the contracts were about to run out in the past year or two, Smith had tried to warn his friends on the team that the Dodgers would not re-sign them, that they would turn to the younger players they had been stockpiling in the minors. But none of them really believed him. They were *Dodgers*, men of the organ-

ization; Walking Eagle was their buddy and they had been good to the organization, and they were now sure that it, in turn, would reward them. Smith was right, of course, and the Dodgers did not even try to sign Steve Garvey when he became a free agent. Soon Ron Cey and Davey Lopes were also gone, as was Reggie Smith.

It was a tough, well-run organization, Smith understood, a place absolutely without illusion or loyalty.

A month after he twisted his knee, it was still giving him a lot of pain. He was pinch-hitting now, which meant that instead of seeing bad pitches four or five times a game, he was seeing them only once. And that meant he was pressing even more.

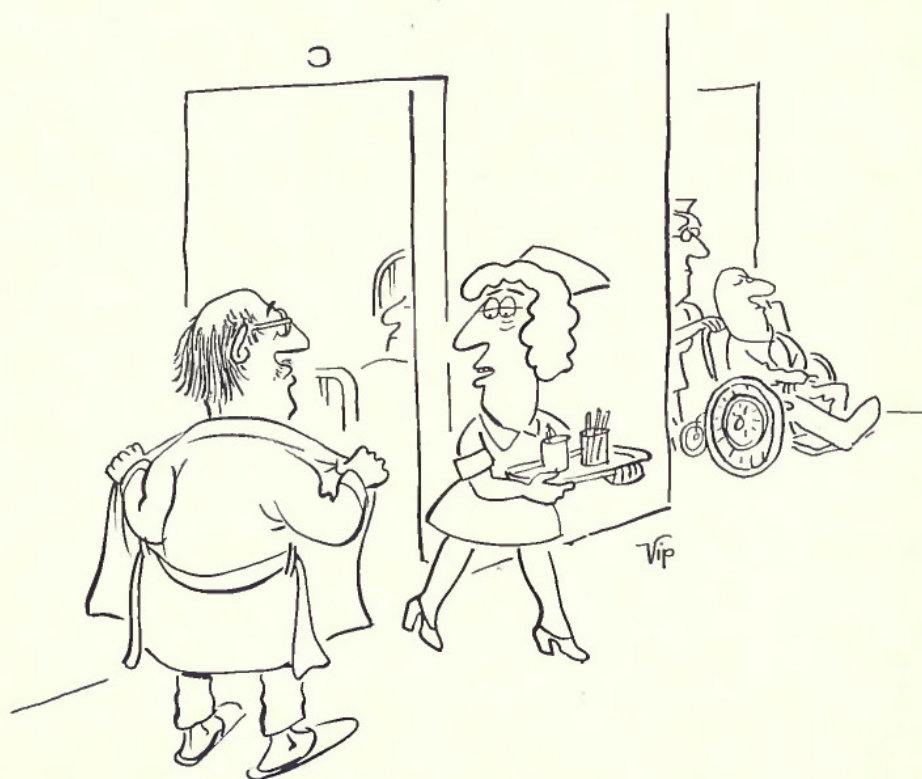
The Japanese press was beginning to needle him. There were references to him as "the million-dollar pinch hitter." It was too bad, one sportswriter noted, that his body was so old, because he was certainly trying hard. "But, fortunately, our young Japanese players are so good that we do not need Smith-san."

"It's getting harder and harder for me," he was saying as he got ready to go to the ball park in Osaka. "I can't show what I can do. I keep wondering why they brought me here. Why did they want me so badly? If they want their Japanese counterparts to be bigger stars, then OK, but I could have stayed in America. I pop up now and they spend half the paper writing about it, discussing it, analyzing

my swing." He paused. "You know, one of the reasons they told me they signed me was that they wanted to measure their best against genuine American stars. But then they back away from it. Sometimes I think the most paralyzing thing in this game—probably in this country—is the fear of failure. They would rather not try at all than try and fail. But to be an *athlete*, I mean a real athlete, you have to have the courage to try, which means the courage to fail." He shook his head.

Hector Cruz, one of the three Cruz brothers and Smith's one *gaijin* teammate, met him in the lobby. They got into a cab and headed for the ball park. "Reggie," said Cruz, "you are the best I've ever seen at getting around in Japan. You never get lost. You just get in a cab and they look at you and take you to the ball park. Maybe it's the haircut."

Cruz was having an even harder time than Smith. Part of it was language. Smith spoke English and, thus, the interpreter could readily connect him to the team. But Hector spoke Spanglish, and on the way from his native Spanish to their Japanese, a great deal got lost. Then there was the cultural difference exhibited in style, attitude and body language. The Japanese were formal, disciplined; indeed, tight. Their body language was unbelievably formal. Even the baseball players seemed as if they should be wearing blue suits. Cruz, by contrast, was loose. Everything about him was loose—his body movement, his attitude. Japan was not easy for



"That's an ugly swelling you have there, Mr. Cosgriff."

Hector; nor, for that matter, for his brother Tommy, who had played the year before for the Nippon Ham Fighters. The time a batting coach tried to correct Tommy's swing, he simply looked at him, dropped his bat on the plate and left the ball park. On another occasion, there was some difference of opinion on whether or not the team was going to pay Tommy Cruz's utility bill, as his contract promised. He showed up for a game one night quite angry because the bill had not been taken care of. He would not, he insisted, play in the six-P.M. game unless it was done. No one took him very seriously. At 5:45, he returned to the clubhouse, dressed and left the ball park. They caught up with him outside the park and persuaded him to come back. But Japan had not been easy on the Cruz family, nor had the Cruz family been easy on Japan. Hector had been injured early in the season, but now he was ready to play. The team was winning, however, so there was no need to replace a Japanese player with a *gaijin*.

Smith and Cruz arrived at the ball park already dressed; the facilities were too primitive to shower there. There were still more than three hours to kill before the game. The Japanese sportswriters filled the Giants' dugout, so Smith and Cruz sprinted to the outfield. The sportswriters were eager to talk with an American colleague about visiting baseball teams of the past, particularly the old Yankees.

"We were very excited when Mr. Yogi was going to come here," one of the sportswriters was saying, "because we heard a great deal about Mr. Yogi and how funny he was. But then he came here and we did not think he was very funny. We wanted him to say funny things, but mostly he told us to get out of his way. We do not think Mr. Yogi liked Japanese people."

Another sportswriter mentioned Mickey Mantle. "Mantle-san," he said, "liked the Ginza very much, we think. He and Mr. Billy Martin went to the Ginza and they stayed in Ginza all night, and the next day, Mantle-san struck out three times. A real Ginza swing."

At the ball park, Smith and Cruz seemed distinctly apart from their teammates. They stayed, after all, at different hotels and they did different pregame drills. The Japanese were deadly serious about their practices; they ran hard and exercised hard, and a good practice was considered important, a sign that a player was ready to have a good game. The *gaijins* didn't work that way; by nature, they coasted through practice, assuming that what they were capable of doing was a given. It was part of the sticking point between the *gaijins* and the Japanese. The far larger roles of the manager and the coaches in the Japanese game irritated Smith. There were 13 coaches on the Giants and 14 on the Hanshin Tigers. To

his mind, that was far too much meddling.

That evening during batting practice, for instance, an American player named Steve Stroughter was getting instruction from a Tiger coach. "Look at that!" Smith said. "Just look at that. That batting coach is full of shit. Doesn't know a damn thing about what he's saying, but he's going to tinker anyway. The kid has been swinging that way all his life, but he's going to play with him anyway. Just a coach anxious to screw someone up." He checked the coach's number. "Hey, Ichi," he called to the team interpreter, Ichiro Tanuma, "who's number 84?"

"Katsura Yokomizo," said Tanuma.

"He ever play Japanese baseball?" Smith asked. The distaste was palpable.

"He played outfield for Hiroshima," Tanuma answered.

"Sure he did," Smith said. "A great star there."

It was not a good game for Smith. In the fourth inning, with the bases loaded and one out, he was sent up to pinch-hit. He grabbed a bat, but first he told Sadaharu Oh, now a Giant coach, that it was too early in the game to use him. "It is never too early to hit a home run," Oh said.

The first pitch caught Smith by surprise. He had been expecting the Hanshin pitcher to waste two or three and, instead, it was the best pitch he had seen in two weeks, right over the plate. He hit a soft pop-up to shortstop. He was not pleased with himself. The game, which did not have a lot of hits, took more than four hours and ended with Yomiuri's winning 5-4. To the Americans, the Japanese game seemed interminable; by contrast, the Japanese do not like telecasts of American games, which they find far too short.

Smith had hoped to be playing regularly by early June, but when he finally tried, his knee buckled completely. He would be a pinch hitter, it appeared, for quite a while, if not the entire season. Now the Japanese press was riding him hard. One paper thought he did not smile enough. Another quoted the Giants' general manager about how fortunate it was that Smith had only a one-year contract.

"That's mild," Bob Whiting remarked, like a veteran family counselor, involuntarily expert at watching the breakup of Japanese-American baseball marriages. "It won't get really good for another two weeks," he said. Two weeks later to the day, Whiting phoned. "It's begun," he said. "You have to know how to look for it. The tip-off came all last week. The camera on the televised games kept showing Smith and Cruz in the dugout. No one ever said anything, but the implication was always that they weren't paying attention and that they didn't care about the team. What they really feel is that Smith should be more contrite, that his face and manner should show more obligation—that he should be more Japanese. So today it's

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finally hit one of the tabloids."

"FIRE SMITH" was the headline. "The Japanese have a *gaijin* complex," the story said, "and it is being taken advantage of. The *gaijins* come here and don't do anything and Japan has become the laughing-stock of the world because of it. What is a powerful economic giant like Japan doing hiring someone like Reggie Smith? We're one of the seven advanced nations of the world. Occasionally, he'll come to bat and get a hit as a pinch hitter and management will say thank you, and he'll answer with a superior smile, 'I'm a major-leaguer.'"

Only if the Giants fired Smith and sent him home to America, the paper said, would the rest of the world respect Japan.

By late June, after a month of that sort of thing, Smith would sometimes wait in the locker room for more than an hour after the game, until everyone else was gone. This particular night, the Giants had taken an early lead, and so he did not even have to pinch-hit, and now, as he got on the subway with some friends, he said, "You know, it looks like baseball, it smells like baseball, but it isn't baseball at all."

Slowly, he began to heal. In July, he returned to the line-up full time. He was pressing, and he struck out often and complained angrily about what he called the *gaijin* strike zone, a pitcher's delight. In Hiroshima, after being called out on strikes, he smashed up a couple of lockers. The Japanese were not amused. Nor was he; he was convinced that the Giant coaches not only did not back him up but rooted against him. Then, a little later, Oh benched him because he was "too nervous." The Japanese press loved it. It looked more and more as if he would not last the season.

Shortly after that, he tried to reverse the tide of his fortunes by having a "backward

day," putting his entire uniform on backward, from underwear to shoes. The Giant players loved it, but the coaches were angry. He thought he was mocking himself, but they thought he was mocking something almost sacred, Japanese baseball. They ordered him to go in and change for batting practice. He refused. "I'll take batting practice in my mind," he said. Perhaps the Zen b.p. helped, for he hit a home run and a double that night. But overall, things were not going well for him, nor for the Giants, who were in the process of blowing a ten-game lead to the Hiroshima Carp.

A few days later, he was involved in a major incident in a game against the Carp. The Hiroshima bench began to get on him in a way that he could only partly understand: "*Gaijin, gaijin!*" they shouted, and then added some incomprehensible words in Japanese. Of the words in Japanese, he imagined the worst. To him, that was insulting. In his mind, they were all double-A ballplayers. Double-A players did not have the right to ride someone from the bigs. He started yelling "Fuck you" at them. The Carp pitcher retaliated with a brush-back pitch. The umpire did nothing. The Carp pitcher threw another. Smith used his bat to flip some dirt in the catcher's face. "If you want to fight," the umpire said, pointing his finger at Smith, "do it outside the stadium."

"If I wanted to fight," Smith answered, "he'd be lying on his ass on the ground right now."

The next night, before the game, he went over to the Carp bench and told them in a very cool and lightly ominous way to lay off the razzing and lay off the bean balls. Otherwise, he would protect himself. He suddenly looked very much bigger than they did. Late in the game,

with two men on, the Carp catcher called for a brush-back pitch; the pitcher refused and threw it on the outside corner. Smith reached out and hit a three-run homer that won the game and also ended a run the Carp had been making at the pennant.

Some of his friends had thought that he'd come to the end of the road, but after that night, things began to change for the better. He and Oh, whom he respected, had a long dinner that helped clear the air, and the umpires seemed to ease up and give him more of a strike zone (there were quite reliable reports that the sainted Oh had talked to them). He began to get better pitches and he began to hit. He shortened his swing to match the style of Japanese baseball—hands right in front of his face. Suddenly, he was not just hitting, he was carrying the team. That was important; earlier, when the Giants seemed to have the pennant locked up, they had not needed him. Now, when they were making a run, he was dominating the game, going in the process from bad *gaijin* to good *gaijin*. By the end of the season, he had 28 homers and 72 R.B.I.s in only 261 at bats. (Tatsunori Hara, the team's star, who benefited from having Smith hit behind him, had 31 homers and 103 R.B.I.s in almost twice as many at bats.)

Soon after Smith got hot, the Japanese press was writing positively about him. The Giants clinched the pennant on a day in which he hit three home runs. A series of articles in a Japanese sports paper featured his tips on hitting and referred to him as Professor Smith. There were even some commercial endorsements, which was unheard of for an American player. He finished second in the most-valuable-player voting, behind Hara. The owner of the team, Shoriki, referred to Smith's salary as a bargain. Smith himself began to talk of what he would do when he came back in 1984 and about the advice he would give a new *gaijin* player ("Forget everything you thought you knew about baseball and strike zones and strategy . . ."). Appreciated by the Japanese, he in turn became more appreciative of them, of how much they had created out of so little. Everyone seemed to relax a bit more. Acceptance bred acceptance. For the first time, there was on their part a recognition of how passionately he had wanted to excel.

In the end, some of the Giants' front-office people spoke of the fact that the team could not have won the pennant without him. Newspapers said that Smith was not like the other *gaijins*, who had come over only for the money. Instead, he had played hard and well under difficult conditions. Even a *gaijin*, it seemed, could learn something new about an old game.



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REAL MEN/REAL WOMEN

(continued from page 92)

Nowhere else on earth is life as moribund as it is in this activities room.

He stands back up.

"I just want to make it clear," he says, raising one shoulder, "that I'm not going to have any more problems with questions about sex. I don't want everybody to be inhibited." A thin, quiet smile appears on his lips. "And don't worry about hurting me," he lowers his head, "because I'm ready, you know, to take part. And, ah, the thing I like about a woman," he raises his eyes, "is, ahhhhh, you know, her tits and her ass."

My old flame, Mike Troy, the famous boy, the Olympic gold medalist, immortal of the Big Ten and god of Indiana University, whom I have not seen for 20 years and who formed, absolutely and finally, every ideal I will ever want in a man, calls, and we make a date for dinner. Then I call my friend Marsha back in New York.

"Whattya wearin'?" she says. I say I am going to wear the black velvet and the leather. Marsha considers this.

"That should do it," she says.

In the Bay Area, a beautiful woman who is a graduate of Real Men/Real Women is standing in the doorway of her office with a book in her hand.

"Three things I *must* have," she says by way of greeting. "A man who is great at oral sex. A man who is passionate. And a man with some size."

I ask her to define size.

"OK. Let me say this. A thin dick turns me off."

I ask her about length. We move inside.

"Well, I'm uncertain . . ." she says, walking over to her desk. She has long legs and a ponytail. She sighs and frowns.

"So, what is the range you find acceptable?" I ask.

She sits down, crosses her thighs and lapses into thought.

After a minute, I penetrate the silence.

"Well, what do you say to five inches?"

"Five inches?" she says reflectively.

"Five inches. Five inches. Five inches."

She opens a drawer and gets out a ruler.

"I assume you mean erect," she says.

She lays the ruler on her knee and marks off five inches between her thumbs. "Well . . ." she says. "Five inches might do if it weren't too skinny."

"Let me see," I say.

I walk over to look. She holds the ruler between us with a serious, even a straight, face, with her thumbs on the marks.

"Jeez!" I cry. "Five inches is *up* there!"

"Yeah!"

"No—here. . . . God!" I say. She is holding her left thumb at the bottom of the ruler, on the blank space, instead of at the one-inch line.

"Eeeeeeeeeeek!" she screams. "OK. OK." She moves her thumb up to the one-



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inch mark. "OK. Here's five."

"OK," I say. "Forget five. Move up."

"OK. Here's six—so *that's* six."

Her eyes widen. She shoots her thumb to eight in a reckless, lavish gesture and, indeed, seems ready to squander the entire ruler.

"If men knew women did this, they would die," I say.

She looks up and laughs in a deep, velvety chuckle, and taps the ruler against her thigh.

"But *who* would ever tell them?" she says. "We have to keep men's egos up, or they couldn't perform at all!"

Jerry says there is time for one more round before lunch, so the women ask the men, "Why are women important to you?"

The men think about it a few moments. Larry takes the floor. "There is something different about you," he says.

The women smile politely.

"Something—magic." He runs his thumbs around the inside of his waistband and hitches his pants slightly, and suddenly his voice goes up beyond his normal range. "Something I can't live without."

His words are ardent. The women stop smiling and glance at one another.

He sits down abruptly. The corners of his mouth tighten and his nose enlarges. He covers his face with his hand. Guy, the spinologist, goes over and gets a box of tissues. Larry removes his glasses, hunches over and wipes his eyes. Then he stops and gazes across at the women. His face is wet and amorous. The women encourage him. He grows looser, rounder, flabbier, more tender. This drama is of short duration. A moment later, a second man stands up and says why women are important to him and breaks down; then a third breaks down sooner than the second did; then a doctor remains entirely dry-eyed and merely opens his mouth, presses his hand to his breast and pantomimes ripping out of his skin the heart that has grown so mellow; and the more miserable the men appear, the more masculine they become—for to be a man and go off your nut over women is nothing; and to be a man and go off your nut over women in front of women is also nothing; but to be a man and go off your nut over women than the last man who went off his nut over women in front of women is a competition, and *that* smacks of balls.

"Maria and I have been in a relationship for three years," says Jerry Lipkin, "so I didn't feel so great when she started talking about a penis."

"Even though she was talking about your penis?" I say.

"As it turns out, she *was* talking about my penis."

"So why does that bother you?"

"I didn't know it was my penis."

"Oh."

"How would I know?"

"You're saying there was no way of

knowing it was your penis in particular."

"No way."

"Because she just said *a* penis?"

"Exactly," says Jerry with the note of sadness that mingles with a man's enthusiasm when he speaks of his penis. "I was in . . . the . . . dark."

"This is where the men and women walk around and drink in the incredible unity that exists right now in this room," says Maria after the question-and-answer period is over. "So if you would please push the chairs back and, *without* physical contact or verbal contact, just spend some time connecting and making—*no hugging! no hugging!*—eye contact. OK. Let's move the chairs."

People move the chairs, and then a song is played on the stereo cassette recorder and they slowly walk toward one another. Gazing into the eyes of Californians has an unpleasant effect on me. I am standing outside the room, behind the door, when Arthur finds me.

"I've seen people cry today," he says. "I've seen people laugh. And I've seen no emotion on your face."

I smile at him.

"I wonder," he says, "what you, as a journalist, think of this."

"Ahhh!" I am surprised.

"All right," he says. "I was wondering if you, as a woman, were getting what was going on." He raises an eyebrow and looks through the doorway toward the side of the room where the men were sitting.

I concentrate my thoughts in that direction. This dampens my fervor. No, I say, I do not know if I'm getting it.

"You mean, as a woman," he says, putting his hands in his pockets, "you don't understand men." He starts jingling some change, and suddenly I remember what he said about the wig, the toll booth and the towering experience.

I switch my eyes back to his face.

He drops his eyebrow. He is a nervous and sensitive man with a head in the shape of a boiled potato. I think of the woman in the wig. My imagination presents a vivid glimpse of her "unzipping" and "attacking" Arthur, and the thought crosses my mind, if one in my position can talk of thoughts, that no woman understands a man until she undresses him or no woman undresses a man until she understands him. One or the other. I do not understand men, in spite of everything, and do not know which.

"*Be assertive!*" Maria's voice comes through the door. "*Spend your lunch hour how you want to!*"

Mike Troy and I drive to Tiburon and have dinner. I gaze into his face. I say his skin looks good. He writes something down in my notebook. We drive back to the city and have a drink at Lefty O'Doul's. At 2:30 A.M., we walk to the door of my hotel. He turns to go. He turns back. We crash into each other's arms. His chest

hits mine with such force that I feel a flash of the old Troy, the butterfly, the boy in the bursting racing brief, and for a moment—the only bearable one in the entire evening—I burn with the same fire that aroused me to such riot in my resplendent youth. Then he goes. I walk upstairs to my room. I lie down on the bed. I remember he wrote some lines in my notebook. I get up and find it in my purse. I lie back down. I open it to the page with his handwriting:

EUGERIN
SKIN CREAM.
FROM ANY
PHARMACY.
GET IT OR
BE OLD.

After lunch, everybody goes back to the activities room and Jerry talks about the Nobel Peace Prize, and then there is a break and after the break is the Love Theater. "This is a really special time we reserve for each of you to come up in front of the group and enjoy all the *power* of amplified voice," says Maria. "The way we work it is you get the microphone and express anything you want." After about 20 people express themselves, Maria says the expressing has to be cut short because "the closing ceremonies are so beautiful."

Stan and Helen Dale, the famous sexologists, have each other, and Stan also has Janet and Helen has Don.

"We have what men and women want," says Stan.

"Yes," says Helen. "I have a date with Don this weekend. He's 20 years younger than I am."

"And I hope she has a *great* time," says Stan.

"Oh, come on!" I say.

Stan and Helen are eating at the Hyatt. Helen is freckled and has a short blonde page boy, a black kimono, gold earrings, gold bracelets and glasses on a chain around her neck and has been married to Stan, a transactional analyst, for 27 years. Stan is fat, potbellied, with a large head, gray hair, long, bluish eyebrows, a big nose and square glasses; he wears a navy-blue blazer and a white zip nylon shirt and has had a relationship with Janet for the past seven years.

"Look, Jean," says Stan, "everything that comes out of my mouth will be total honesty. And if you don't buy it, guess what? I can still love you. I can still love the essence of a woman called Jean, who is exciting, who is beautiful—"

"Thank you."

"I'm not talking physically."

"Oh."

"Who is this delicious woman, so try not to find everything I say impossible to believe."

"Good. Fine. Now, what does Janet think of Helen?" I say.

"*Totally* supportive," says Stan.

Helen smiles and takes off one of her earrings.

"See, everybody knows everybody,"

says Stan. "Helen knows Janet. I know Don. Don knows Janet. I know Janet's boyfriend Orv. Orv knows Helen—"

"We are the wave of the future," says Helen, taking an eyebrow plucker out of her make-up bag. "What men and women are going to want—is to be us."

"Hey!" says Stan. "We're not lying to you! OK, I admit I've had twinges of jealousy. The most recent one was when Janet was with Orv, this absolutely gorgeous man. Gorgeous! A physically gorgeous man. A water skier! He has the right body. The right penis. Larger than mine, probably, you know—so now, that twinge comes. They were having delicious sex. But now they're *both* in my life."

"So what happens when Janet is having delicious sex with Orv and Helen is having delicious sex with Don? Don't you get lonely?" I ask.

"But I'm at home with one of the most delicious guys in the world!" says Stan. "I'm at home with a man I love, I respect, I admire. And I have *wonderful* sex with him. I can have the most glorious, wonderful time with myself!" He has a low, excited voice with a rich hollowness and a bass echo. "As I think of it now," he says, "my body is tingling."

"Don't you have any flaws?" I say.

"No," he says. "If I did, you see, I would work on it."

"He doesn't have any flaws?" I say to Helen.

Helen is fooling with the eyebrow plucker, trying to fix the back of her earring with it, and looks up at Stan.

"No," she says.

"Are you sure?"

She puts down the plucker and looks straight into his face. He does not smile, as I think he will.

"No," she says.

She blushes. She has a pink complexion and is a far from unattractive woman.

"Does Helen have any flaws?" I say.

"Yes—" says Stan.

The check comes. Stan looks at it and suddenly stops speaking. We glance at each other at the same moment.

"I never get blown out of shape when a woman pays for me, Jean," he says.

I reach for my purse. Unzip the top. Deposit my notebook. Zip it back up.

"I love for a woman to pay for me as much as you love a man to pay for you," he says. "Janet paid for a Caribbean cruise for me a couple of months ago. *And* she had to go into debt to do it. *And* she is now probably going into hock further, because the money she withdrew is income-taxable; you know, that kind of thing. So it's a double whammy. But that's fine. I don't argue. It's what Janet wants. You know. And Helen. She's paying for this weekend."

"That's nice," I say.

"Yeah," says Stan. "The only thing that prevents the juice of life is fear."

On the way down to the lobby, Stan and Helen tell me this could be my life and

that Stan has multiple orgasms, and then we reach the inner lobby and it is time to say goodbye. Stan starts to put his arms around me. I pat his shoulders.

"That's called burping," says Stan. "Don't hugs feel good to you?"

I say hugs feel good with someone I know well.

"Well, what's the difference between my hug and someone's you know well?"

He advances toward me.

"There's a difference," I say, stepping back.

"What is it?" he says, advancing again. "Fear?"

I step backward.

"Were your parents huggers?" he says.

"Yes."

"Did they enjoy hugging?"

"Yes."

"Did you feel suffocated when they hugged you?"

"No."

I am nearly to the door.

"So, somewhere along the line, you have developed a decision not to hug."

His face is close to mine, and the long blue hairs in his eyebrows stand up.

"I cannot hug you and write about you," I say.

"Oh, yes, you can. You have my total permission to be as subjective and objective as you wish."

"Thank you very much."

I shake his hand.

Alfronted, he drops to his knee and kisses my fingers. Helen says goodbye and Stan says he loves me and I am delicious; and I wave to them both again through the glass of the door.

Barbara, the artist, emerges from the bathroom while the closing ceremonies are going on and meets Elizabeth, a writer, at the coffee urn.

Barbara clasps Elizabeth's wrist in the delicacy of her sentiments. "I can't stand it!" she says.

"What's the matter?" says Elizabeth.

"It's too much!" cries Barbara. "I had to splash myself with cold water."

"My stars," says Elizabeth.

"That man I was standing next to—the physician," says Barbara.

"He's a nice-looking man," says Elizabeth.

"He's attracted to me," says Barbara.

"He's a very attractive man," says Elizabeth.

"What?" says Barbara.

"He's a very attractive man," says Elizabeth.

"I'm attracted to him, too," says Barbara. Two white spots appear on Barbara's cheeks.

"Go back to him," says Elizabeth. "Wait!" she says. "Let me see how you look."

Barbara's face is wet, her eyes inflamed. Elizabeth wavers. A long silence follows.

"What's the matter?" says Barbara, her voice sinking. Elizabeth shakes her head. . . . Barbara squeezes her hand and

hurries back to the activities room.

A cake for Jerry Lipkin's birthday is brought out during the closing ceremonies, and Bea, a publicist, a tallish, curvy woman with a lovely, sharp bust and a flat stomach, and Malcolm, a video photographer, are in the act of sharing a slice.

"I hope you learned something from this weekend," says Malcolm.

"Like what?" says Bea.

"Like you have to stop running after men you can't have," says Malcolm, who is tall and balding, with a long beard and glasses. "The reason I'm hitting you with this, Bea, is that I've known you for five years, and I've seen you fucked over by one man right after another."

Bea laughs softly, but a wrathful flush the color of peachblossoms covers her face.

"The trouble is, men like me initially," she says. "They're *incredibly* drawn to me."

"Because of your looks," says Malcolm, "and your power areas. You're a *very* powerful woman. A very bright woman. Sharp. Sexy. Alert. Pa dum! Pa dum! Pa dum!"

"And then something inside me *freaks them out*," says Bea. "They get real cold and rejecting. And instead of leaving, I hang in there."

"That's because you always think there's hope when there isn't," says Malcolm.

"I always think there's hope when I love somebody," says Bea.

She is disheartened and, dropping her eyes, goes on smiling.

Malcolm is moved.

"That's called whipping a dead horse," he says gently.

"What do men want?" asks Glenn, a genetic scientist who has been to Real Men/Real Women four times. "I don't know what men want. I want too much from women. I want everything. Absolutely *everything*. You name it, I want it. I am not stupid enough to want only a little bit. So whenever I get involved with a woman, I always have a sinking feeling. *Always* have it. Because she doesn't have everything. Everyone has flaws. I'm perfectly aware everyone has flaws. And that is what makes it so *impossible*."

"What do women want? Well, I like it when a man is *hot* for me," says Patsy. "Like this one man I've dated for a year and a half. He loves me. He's *crazy* for me. Whenever he sees me, he has a hard-on. He's talking to me on the telephone, he's got a hard-on. He's driving over to see me, he's got a hard-on. When he's with me, we make love three times a day."

"Geez!" says Bea.

There are six of us in Bea's apartment: five Real Women and myself.

"His name is Rick," says Patsy. "Three times a day."

Patsy is an executive secretary and is



"Hey, Mac—you know you got a flat?"

milky- and dewy-faced, with red lips and a fawn-tweed business suit.

"He picks me up and carries me around," she says, sitting forward on her chair and holding her feet close together. "If we have a fight and I'm mad at him and I don't want to talk to him, he picks me up and puts me in bed. I get up. He picks me up and puts me back in bed. I get up. He sits on me. He won't let me up till he's kissed me and made love to me passionately and until I finally acquiesce and give in to him."

"You are describing the primitive man," says Bea.

"He is primitive," says Patsy. "He's an animal. And I fight. I fight and he makes me orgasm."

"But is he smart?" asks Bea. "Has he evolved a brain?"

"Oh! He's *extremely* brilliant," says Patsy. "Very high I.Q. Very sensitive."

And she holds her head to one side, like a doe.

"This is enough to make you puke," says one of the women.

"And he's rich," says Patsy. "His house alone is worth \$750,000."

She dips down and opens up her pocket-book and takes out a picture and hands it to Bea.

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"I have almost *passed out* at least two or three times from my orgasms with him."

Bea examines the picture. "He is not bad-looking," she says.

"I don't care what he looks like," says a woman. "The man is a demigod."

"He's shown me six bankbooks," says Patsy.

"This is what women want," says Bea.

"So help me, God, he's shown me six bankbooks. He won't leave me alone," says Patsy.

"Women want this," says Bea.

"When we get in the car—I am not exaggerating—if I don't put on my seat belt, he won't drive."

"Lord knows," says Bea, "you can't help wishing men would be something like this."

The women have serenaded the men and the men have serenaded the women and the men and women have made two concentric circles and beamed their love at each other, and now everybody is connected. I am putting away my tape recorder when Jerry comes up.

"Hello, Hugh," he says into the recorder. Then he says, "You know who I'd like to have take this workshop?"

"Who?"

"Hugh."

"Hugh who?"

"Hugh! Hugh!"

"Hugh *Hefner* at Real Men/Real Women?"

"Yes," says Jerry. "*Hugh amid all the love.*"

"But there is a battle scene going on out there," says Bea, bringing in more cookies and putting them on her coffee table. "And we women have been brainwashed. All these workshops, encounter groups and Real Men/Real Women weekends. They tell us the way to get a man is to be open and vulnerable. And let out our hearts. So we talk about our feelings. Yak. Yak. Yak. And the men shit on us without exception."

"Yes," I say. "A woman should have her secrets."

"Absolutely," says Patsy.

"A woman must *keep* her secrets," I say.

"Absolutely. Absolutely," says Patsy.

"Above everything—above sex, even—males want females who are mysterious," I say.

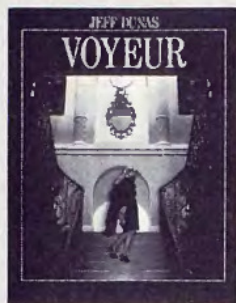
The doorbell rings. My date, Richard, arrives. Bea invites him in. He is a handsome man, and the women make room for him on the couch, and then Patsy says to him, "So what have you always wanted to know about women? Now's your chance."

Richard shakes his head.

"Naw," he says. "Jean's already told me everything."



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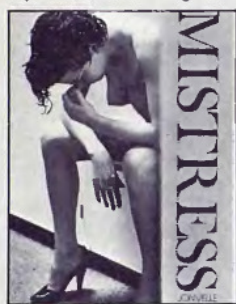
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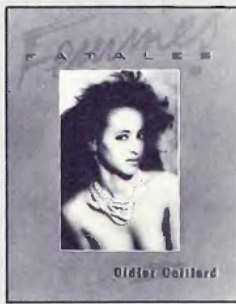
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CLAUDIA OHANA

(continued from page 87)

the U.S., though Claudia was OK'd by critical consensus as "charming . . . exquisite . . . gorgeous . . . soulful," and lots more, all of it true.

A discreet journalist does not ask Ohana her opinion of Braga, or vice versa. Officially, they are not rivals. They are simply two irresistible forces emanating from a physically immense country once known mainly for exporting fruit, nuts, coffee and bad news. Even so, you look at Claudia and remember Sonia. They might be sisters—soul sisters, for certain. Claudia, at 21, is more than a dozen years younger—dark and graceful, with luminous eyes and a dewy bloom on her cheeks.

Innocence, however, is not what Claudia is all about. She has a child with director Guerra, who's 53; their daughter, Dandara, is named after the wife of a black Brazilian revolutionary. Shrugging off conventional queries about unconventional lifestyles, Claudia laughs a bit derisively about her last role before *Erendira*. The movie was called *Paraíba no Rio*. "Again, I was pure and wholesome. I played a blind flower girl who's kind to a poor man, like the girl with Chaplin in *City Lights*."

Erendira may be the key to changing all that. Claudia had a film offer in France last year but couldn't accept it because she was pregnant, and her portfolio contains some photographs taken in Italy for another tenuous project with director Lina Wertmüller. There's also an American director keenly interested in her. But Claudia would like her next move to be in theater. "A film actor limits himself too much. To be a great actress, you need to go on the stage, too. In my profession, I'm not here yet. I have just arrived, maybe."

All available evidence suggests that Ohana has arrived on the right track. Born into a family on the inside fringe of show business—her father is a painter, her mother a prominent film editor who died five years ago—she's not yet seasoned enough to seriously challenge a bombshell such as Braga. But there is plenty of room in the movie world for more than one South American sensation. As demonstrated in their own words and in Richard Fegley's exclusive photographs for *PLAYBOY*, both Braga and Ohana are articulate, exceptional stars whose screen triumphs may do much to reshuffle the balance of trade between Beverly Hills and Rio.



SONIA BRAGA

(continued from page 86)

the mainstream and making Braga an instant international star. Her subsequent films have been *The Lady on the Bus*, Arnaldo Jabor's provocative *I Love You* and the recent *Gabriela*, opposite Marcello Mastroianni. Despite mixed reviews for the pictures, her public is still aroused whenever Braga lets off steam. The next scheduled eruption will be *Kiss of the Spider Woman*, made in English in Brazil, starring Sonia in several roles as a movie-within-a-movie dream girl who fires up the fantasies of two jailbirds, played by Raul Julia and William Hurt.

Why do we dig her? Let me count the ways. I'll go back and recall the third (or was it the fourth?) time I met her, while doing a cable-TV interview in a New York hotel suite a couple of years ago. We had an offcamera translator, a serious language problem and a cameraman so entranced by Sonia's body English (well, body Portuguese, to be exact) that he had us hang around afterward while he spent ten minutes just photographing her hands. Her hands are exquisite, and she uses them—palms up, for the most part—as signal flags indicating everything from "So what?" to "God help us" and "Gimme a break."

We talked, back then, about her reputation as the Marilyn Monroe of South America. Palms raised, Sonia acknowledged some kinship. "I've always been inspired by what you call sex symbols, especially Marilyn Monroe. Mostly, I identify with her off the screen, as someone who was a frail, simple, fragile person, really very shy."

Like MM, Sonia also created a minor sensation early in her career by taking off her clothes. That historic unveiling was not for a calendar, however, but in a Brazilian stage production of *Hair*. "My grandfather came to see *Hair*. I was 18, performing nude, and he was the first person to stand up in the theater and applaud me."

She concluded that interview by talking about men, women, love and marriage. "When I speak of an ex-husband, it doesn't mean I was married, with a piece of paper. All my exes are friends. I have a lot of friends. But I'm not sure I'll marry. The qualities I look for in men are the same ones I like to find in women—for a man, coping with his fragility; for a woman, coping with her virility. So fragility and virility cannot be used as weapons against each other. In terms of motherhood, I don't know. I wouldn't peer into a crystal ball. I'm ready and able. But the point is, I don't believe in independent production when it comes to maternity."

Flash forward to early 1984 and a fast, frenetic stopover at Kennedy Airport. En route to a holiday in Rome, Sonia had just



"Honestly, Norman, you choose the damnedest times for 'knock-knock' jokes."



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gotten off a plane from Los Angeles, where she'd been doing her PLAYBOY layout and looping her voice onto the sound track of *Spider Woman*. She was dressed in khaki traveling clothes, with a sleeveless T-shirt, complaining—in vastly improved English—that she was “jet-lagged.” To me, she looked as vibrant as ever.

She was also slightly high from having seen 40 minutes of the unfinished *Spider Woman*. “It’s a surprise how good it is. I think it will be the best movie I ever made. Have you read this *Spider Woman*, a famous book in Brazil? They also made it into a play. William Hurt and Raul Julia together are great. Can you imagine a man like Hurt pretending to be gay? He’s a homosexual in jail with Raul, a political prisoner. The Brazilian people will love it. Brazilian people love things that are political and things that are gay.”

Her uninhibited flow of conversation was hardly affected by TWA’s announcement that her Rome flight was over-

booked. Sonia airily dismissed the threat, positive that everything would be all right (and it was). She was holding some seminude Polaroids up to the light, oblivious of the eager, curious stares of several male fellow travelers.

“These I like very much, *these* not so much. . . . Did you see the pictures of me published in Italy? I was not amused . . . they made me so angry.” She referred to an Italian men’s magazine full of outrageous misinformation, among other things. “They have me saying I fuck all my leading men in my movies! What crazy lies; they just *invent* everything!”

Our audience of eavesdroppers was raptly attentive by the time Sonia switched subjects to speak of Brazilian politics. While her films have successfully challenged a once rigid tradition of censorship, Sonia continues to be an outspoken advocate of freedom in every form—a defender of women’s rights, actors’ rights, workers’ unions and every individual’s right to self-

fulfillment. Jet lag or no jet lag, by take-off time, she had improvised a vivid personal manifesto worthy of Jane Fonda.

Her mood was relatively calm when we met again for lunch in a Manhattan restaurant one sweltering summer day. She was just back from Rome and thought she might want to move there for a while. But first, she’d spend a month in New York polishing her English (which was getting better all the time). Sonia was wearing jeans now, with a printed beige blouse, and had a long gold snake snapped onto her left ear. “You like this snake biting my ear? It’s very expensive. I bought it in Rome. But I bought only one.”

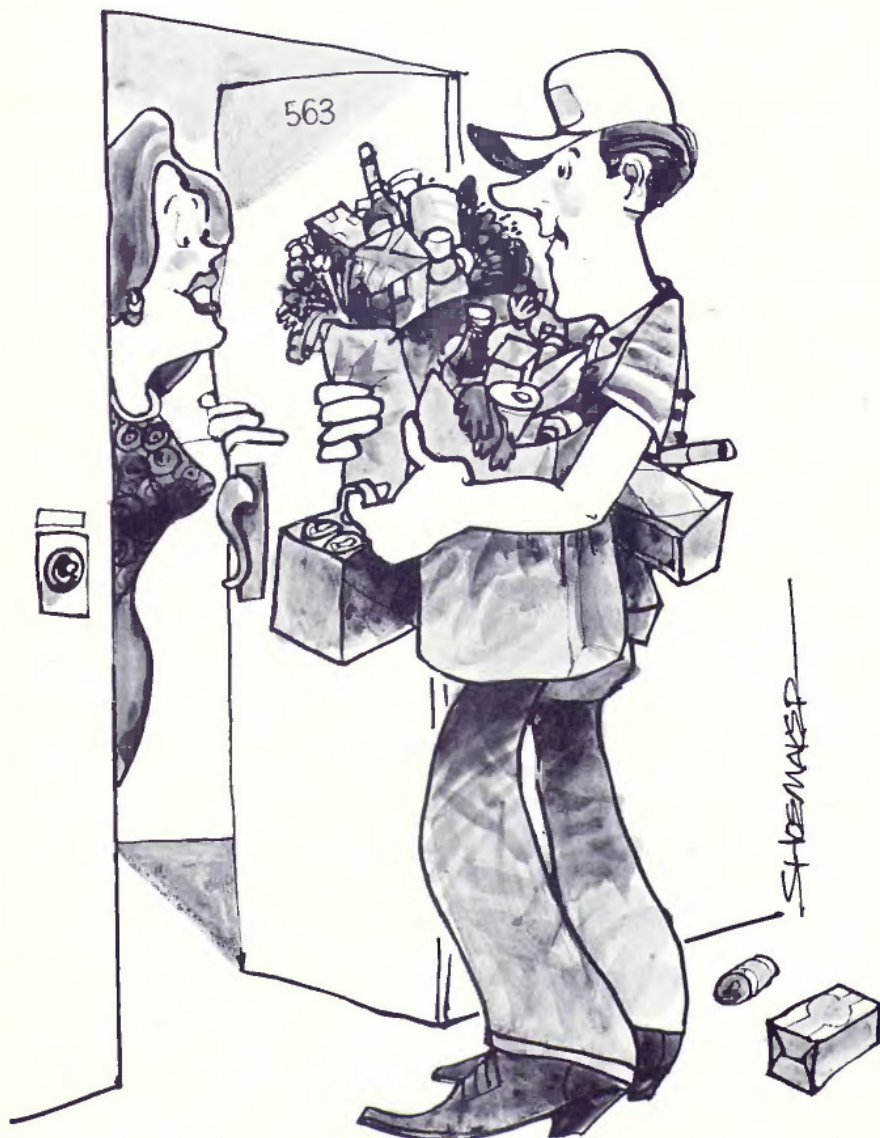
Rome, she confided, ought to be good for her, because everyone there was crazy about soccer. “They’re just like Brazilians. In my country, you cry when you lose. It’s like losing your father, losing a friend. The loss is a metaphor.”

While she might make a lightweight subject sound serious, Sonia also had a knack for treating serious subjects lightly. Group therapy, when she described it, unexpectedly assumed the air of a weekend outing. “I live alone in Rio and had to go to see what it *was*. I went one day a week for six months, because we talked, talked, talked so much—and I *love* to talk. Besides, I must learn everything through experience. I had no school after I was 14. My college was movies, just movies.”

Her fondness for talk propels Sonia into conversations with travelers, fans, even total strangers who approach her on the street. Here’s one star who doesn’t mind going public. “People don’t bother me. Maybe I bother people with my talk. I *am* the people. When a person like me becomes an actor and begins to live life as a star, it’s no longer real. I *love* it when people stop and recognize me.”

In the wide-open world of Sonia Braga, even she sometimes seems like another person to the woman behind the myth. “That one up on the screen, my professional self, she’s not me. She’s like my best friend sometimes. *She* thinks about her career, about sex, many things . . . she knows what she did for me also, and I know it. Too many actors think all the time about I, I, I . . . only themselves. Better to speak of the economy, philosophy, flowers. But not drugs. I am against drugs. Look at me. I have energy. I speak, I dance, I get high on life. . . .” She paused, swiftly pressing a slender palm to her cheek. “Oh, my God, you don’t wear a watch. You will miss your next appointment. What time is it?”

Much too late. But who cared? Getting high on Braga is fantastically easy to do. And before Sonia’s through with you, all the effusive praise of her sexy, spontaneous, life-enhancing aura begins to smack of simple common sense.



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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GEAR

FIFTY-YARD BASH

Buckle down, Winsock; and bulldog, bulldog, rah, rah, rah! Pregame football roistering has its own set of liquid ground rules—and, of course, that includes toasts to great gridiron victories of the past and bad luck to your current collegiate enemies. Some dedicated tail-gaters even tote candelabras and crystal to the festivities. While that's not

everyone's cup of cheer, it is more fun to watch a game when armed with the right bibbing accouterments. A thermoelectric refrigerator that plugs into your car's cigarette lighter ensures that your case of frosties won't lose its chill before the end of the first half. And for those diehards who never make it to the grandstand, there's even a portable TV. Boola! Boola!

Below: That white box at 12 o'clock is a thermoelectric refrigerator/warmer that operates on A.C. or your car battery, by Brinsdon, \$139.95. Continuing clockwise: Porto-Vino holds two bottles and includes a chiller and two glasses, by Ingrid, \$40. Next are three glass flasks with drinking-cup tops that all fit into an Italian-leather zippered case with COGNAC, GIN and WHISKY embossed on it, from "i santi," Chicago, \$56. Toshiba's Model CA-045 monitor color TV, with a

four-and-one-half-inch screen, features electronic tuning with a color-search LED indicator, \$459.95. That stainless-steel vacuum bottle holds one quart and has a wide mouth for ice cubes, by Nissan, \$40, including an adjustable carrying strap. Le Petite Barrique, a Limousin-oak-and-brass barrel, holds 1.75 liters of A. Hardy grand-fine-extra cognac, from Chateaux Brands, Pomona, New York, \$275. (Wool blanket from Eddie Bauer, Chicago.)



GROOMING

DOLLARS AND SCENTS

There's something potent about a man with the scent of success. His aroma wasn't built in a day and, we hasten to add, he knows that wearing no cologne at all is not the way to convince the world that he's stinking rich. Our tour of uncommon scents spans a price and potency spectrum. Guerlain's Imperiale eau de cologne

is a fresh, citrusy splash that's \$33 for about eight ounces, while the myrrh, sandalwood and other oils and essences found in Bijan, Perfume for Men make it the king of dollars and scents. The price: 1500 big ones for six ounces in a numbered Baccarat crystal bottle. At \$250 per ounce, it tallies up to not much less than the price of gold. Get a whiff of that!



From far left to right: Guerlain's Imperiale eau de cologne in a Napoleonic *flacon*, \$33 for about eight ounces. A black flask of citrus-scented Eau d'Osman, from Jean Laporte, L'Artisan Parfumeur, New York, \$25 for about two ounces. Bijan, Perfume for Men, \$1500 for six ounces, comes with a Lloyd's of London individual insurance certificate that covers the bottle and the perfume against theft or damage. Eau de Toilette Santos de Cartier, a scent in a brushed-steel-and-gilt case that protects a refillable crystal *flacon*, from Cartier, New York, \$100 for about three ounces. Patou Pour Homme Cologne, a woody, spicy splash, by Jean Patou, \$50 for four ounces. Hermès' Equipage, an eau de toilette of herbs and spices, \$40 for 6.5 ounces. Last, J.H.L. custom-blended cologne, by Aramis, \$60 for five ounces.

DAVID JORDANO





ROCK VIDEO OF AGES

Those of you who want to add *Throbbing Gristle Live at Kezar*, *Public Image Live in Tokyo* or *The Residents in The Mole Show / Whatever Happened to "Vileness Fats"* to your burgeoning rock-video collection can contact Playings Hard to Get, P.O. Box 50493, Pasadena, California 91105. It's a mail-order firm that boasts the "largest selection of music video tapes legally available," and its \$3 catalog certainly attests to that. In addition, it offers tapes of music-oriented flicks such as *The Wild, Wild World of Jayne Mansfield*, *The James Dean Story* and *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini*, the last featuring four—count 'em, four—PLAYBOY Playmates. Yecoww!



ANYONE FEEL A DRAFT?

The next time you and the gang get together for an afternoon of pro pigskin and brews, try adding a little financial excitement to the proceedings with the American Draft Game, in which up to six "coaches" "draft" teams from the entire N.F.L. pool of players. Week-to-week standings are tabulated on the basis of the accumulated points scored by the players on each coach's "team," and the championship goes to the coach who has an eye for the top potential players on the basis of their previous performance. Best of all, the game is simple and the price is right: \$14.95, sent to American Draft Game, 233 Southeast Rogue River Highway, Grants Pass, Oregon 97527. We'll take Walter Payton, Walter Payton, Walter Payton and Walter Payton. Your turn, Bubba.

TRAVELER'S CHECK LIST

Tales for Travellers is an idea whose time has come: a decent dozen unabridged short stories—including Rudyard Kipling's *The Gardener*, William Trevor's *Going Home* and Edith Wharton's *Roman Fever*—packaged in a box set, with each folded like a road map for easy commuter reading. What's even more pleasant is the price: just \$9.50, postpaid, sent to *Tales for Travellers*, 333 Randolph Street, Napa, California 94559. How civilized.



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Man's second-oldest outdoor sport—flinging a flat rock across a body of water—has gone high tech in the form of Orbiter World-Class Skipping Stones, molded, silver-dollar-sized skimmers that take off like flying fish and skip 25 to 35 times before going under. A container of 20 stones, plus a rubber mold for you to make more, is only \$7.95, sent to Orbiter Stones, P.O. Box 1161, Tacoma, Washington 98401. Hop to it.





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If you've ever wanted to take off and make like a junior birdman aboard a military jet, have we got a two-day junket for you. For \$2500, Chapin Chalmer Travel Services, P.O. Box 1509, Placentia, California 92670, will put you aboard an AT-6 military trainer (flown by a veteran pilot) for a day-one orientation program of formation take-offs and flying. Day two is when the fun really begins; that's when you climb aboard a two-place T-33 jet fighter for an aerial adventure that includes a simulated combat sortie. We'll watch.

LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH

"The end of childhood is when things cease to astonish us," wrote Eugène Ionesco; and if that's true, anyone who writes away for *The Whole Mirth Catalog* is going to be young forever. One dollar sent to it at 1034 Page Street, San Francisco 94117, gets you two mail-order catalogs crammed with more goofy yoks than a Three Stooges movie. Ron Reagan paper dollars, a giraffe mitten, an asparagus pen, a fairy-godmother rubber stamp—say, who owns this company, anyway? Jerry Lewis?



RABID TO THE RESCUE

No burglar would believe a sign that reads DANGER! MAN TRAPS, but he just might think twice before going for the family jewels found on a premises posted with BREAK IN/MAKE HIS DAY!—an 11" x 14" metal sign depicting a rabid-looking Doberman, which B & D Associates, P.O. Box 13230, Las Vegas, Nevada 89112, is selling for \$6.95, postpaid. For the wild bunch, B & D also stocks a cold-eyed gentleman staring you down with a snub-nosed revolver while issuing the invitation BREAK IN/MAKE MY DAY! It seems like overkill to us.

BREAK IN



MAKE HIS DAY!

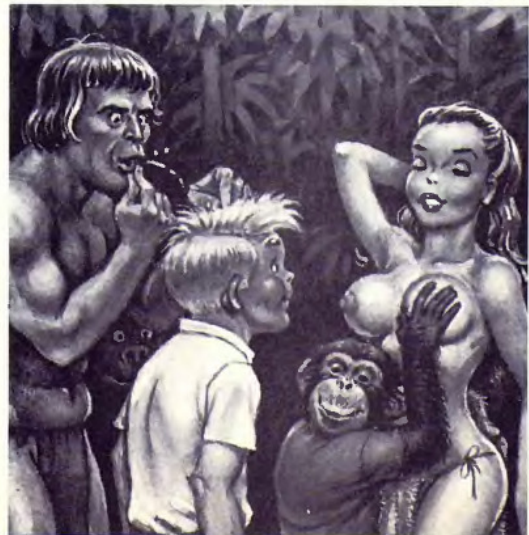
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EAGER BEAVER

Before *Little Annie Fanny*, there was *Goodman Beaver*, a young, blond and naïve man-child whom Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder brought to life in *Help!* magazine back in the early Sixties. Kitchen Sink Press, Two Swamp Road, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968, has republished four black-and-white Beaver stories, parodying such diverse topics as Tarzan, TV, Superman and America's fascination with guns, in a softcover volume for \$10.95 or a signed-and-numbered hardcover one for \$26. We all know that from little acorns, bouncy, buxom blondes doth grow.



Gloria in Excelsis

As most of you know, author/editor/feminist GLORIA STEINEM had a 50th birthday party, which was also a fund raiser for the Ms. Foundation, last spring in New York. It was a very chic gathering as well as a sentimental one, though the photographers were out in droves. More than one of them caught this happy moment between Steinem and her sister. You'll get no editorializing from us. If 50 looks like this, we say, "Right on!"



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Idol Threat

Say what you will about his act, but BILLY IDOL is hot. It started with *Rebel Yell*—the song and the video—and kicked into high gear last summer, when he had three albums on the charts at the same time and a tour that broke records all over the country. He was even seen autographing a fan's breast. Ah, fame!



A Miller's Tale

We'll let you take a good long look at actress MINDI MILLER and decide for yourselves: Is it environment or heredity? Miller appeared on TV in *Flamingo Road* and in the films *Paternity*, *Hercules 1983* and Brian de Palma's new *Body Double*. Now that we've seen her again, she'll be appearing regularly in our fantasies.

JOHN BALF



Say Hello to the Boys and Their Toys

This slightly disreputable group of guys is the SCORPIONS, a heavy-metal band whose most recent album, *Love at First Sting*, reached the top ten last spring. In spite of the fact that the band has had trouble with airplay because of questionable lyrics, singer Klaus Meine says, "We all like girls. . . Sometimes, though, the animal does come out."

© TIM BODIS HARRING

OK, Let's Hit It: We Wanna Alana

You'd think that she would be gun-shy, but ALANA HAMILTON STEWART says she wants a new husband and another child. "I want a bigger family, and I will never go back to the life I had with Rod. Living out of suitcases wasn't for me," she says.



© TIM JANET GOUGH CELEBRITY PHOTO

It's Better to Gibb

This wet look belongs to actress CYNTHIA GIBB. If you missed her on *Search for Tomorrow* and haven't yet spotted her on *Fame*, discover her now and feel better.



DAVID MULLIKIN H&M



© TIM JOEL BELMAN

Ann, for the Jillianth Time

We've developed a soft spot for actress ANN JILLIAN. She's so cute that we always feel like giving her, er, cheeks a pinch. You have to begin somewhere, right?

NEXT MONTH



SEA LORE



CHRISTIE BRINKLEY



CINEMA SEX



LIFE ITSELF

"CITIZEN HUGHES, PART ONE"—YOU'VE READ ALL THE FACTUAL—AND FANCIFUL—ACCOUNTS OF THE BIZARRE BILLIONAIRE'S LIFE AND TIMES, BUT NONE IS MORE ASTONISHING THAN THIS PORTRAIT OF POWER GONE WILD. AN EXPOSÉ THAT'S SURE TO HAVE POLITICAL REPERCUSSIONS IN THIS ELECTION YEAR—BY **MICHAEL DROSNIN**

"SEX IN CINEMA—1984"—OUR ANNUAL GUIDE TO WHAT'S BEEN GOOD, BAD AND BEAUTIFUL ON THE SILVER SCREEN, FROM MARIA CONCHITA ALONSO TO PIA ZADORA. BRING YOUR OWN POPCORN!

"WHAT I LEARNED AT SEA"—HE HAD THE BEST JOB ON EARTH—*PLAYBOY'S* TRAVEL EDITOR—AND CHUCKED IT TO SAIL AROUND THE PLANET. A WISE AND WONDERFUL REPORT ON EVERY MAN'S FANTASY ADVENTURE—BY **REG POTTERTON**

SUPERAGENT **LEIGH STEINBERG** TELLS HOW HE MADE QUARTERBACK **STEVE YOUNG** FISCALLY FIT IN A MILLION-DOLLAR **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"LIFE ITS OWNSELF"—IN A TALL TEXAS TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF *SEMI-TOUGH*, **BILLY CLYDE PUCKETT** RETURNS TO HELP RECRUIT A MOBILE HEISMAN TROPHY NAMED **TONSILLITIS JOHNSON**—BY **DAN JENKINS**

"VETERANS OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION"—IT'S TIME WE HONORED THE HEROES OF THE LEAST CIVIL WAR SINCE THE ONE BETWEEN THE STATES, SAYS **WILLIAM J. HELMER**

"THE BIG KILL"—DREAMS DIE HARD, BUT THE WORK ETHIC THAT HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE BASIS OF THE AMERICAN DREAM IS BEING REPLACED BY THE DRIVE TO HIT IT BIG *JUST ONCE*—IN THE SINGLE STROKE OF GENIUS THAT CAN TURN A PET ROCK INTO AN AVALANCHE OF GOLD—BY **WILLIAM BRASHLER**

PLUS: A NEWS-MAKING *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW WITH SALVADORAN PRESIDENT **JOSÉ NAPOLEÓN DUARTE**; **"VEDDY BRITISH, VEDDY BRINKLEY,"** STARRING THE FASHIONABLE **CHRISTIE BRINKLEY**; *PLAYBOY'S* MUSIC POLL 1984; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE



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