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SHOWS ALL

**PAUL SIMON
INTERVIEW:
LOVE, HATE AND
ART GARFUNKEL**

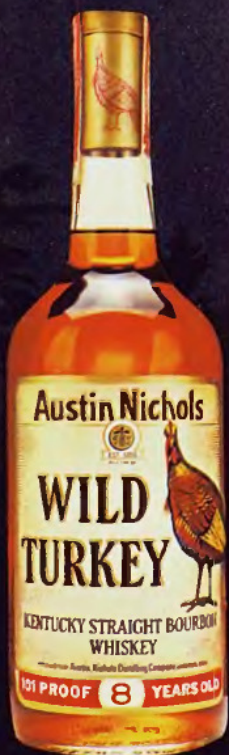
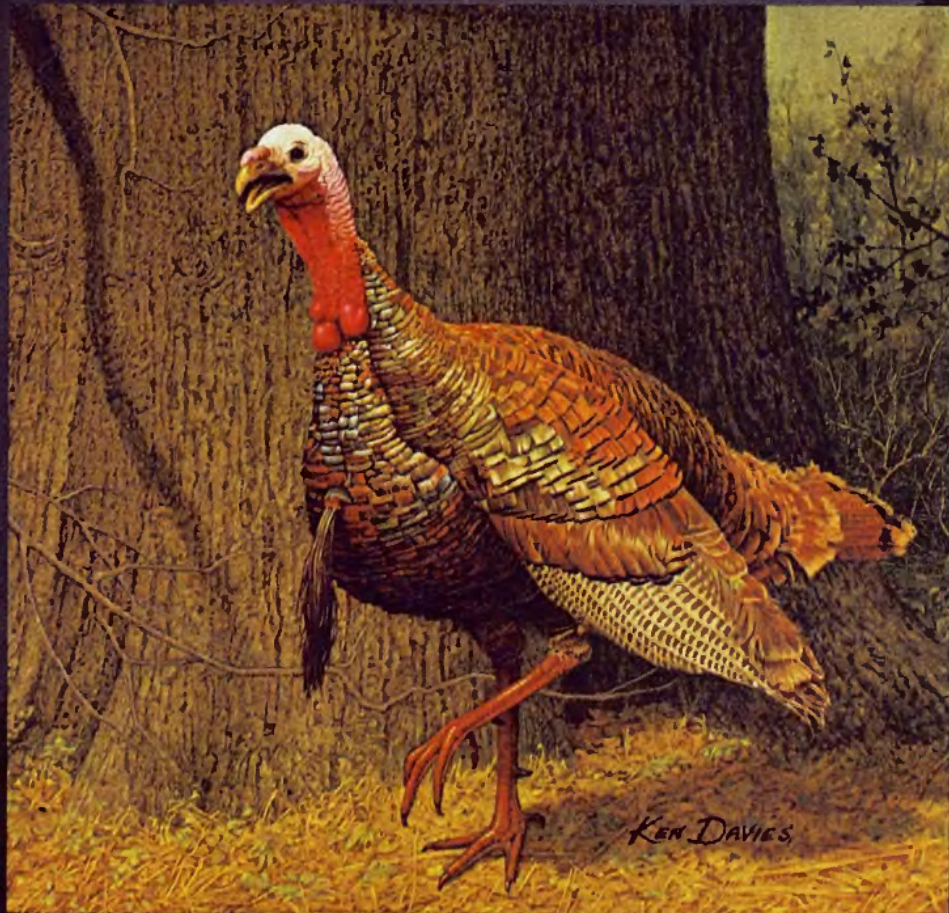
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PLAYBILL

FOOTBALL IS AN AMERICAN passion and gambling is an American religion. During Super Bowl XVIII, bookies will pass the collection plates to a congregation of holy high rollers. According to some experts, as much as ten billion dollars will be wagered on that game. **Peter Gent**, former Dallas Cowboy and author of *The Franchise* and *North Dallas Forty*, suggested during a *Sports* interview conducted by **John A. Walsh** that every week, half of this nation of gamblers is renewed by the ritual of pro ball. That's what betting is: "God loves me. I'm going to cover the spread." A more chilling portrait of the effects of gambling is offered in *The Self-Destruction of an All-American*, by **Art Schlichter** with **Dick Schaap**. Schlichter had it all—he was a star at Ohio State, a quarterback for the Baltimore Colts. He was in the heat of the action, but his quest for more cost him almost \$1,000,000 in gambling debts. The accompanying art, by **Teresa Fasolino**, gives you a seat on the 50-yard line. A lighter side of pro football is presented in *The Dancing Bears*, in which Contributing Editor **Asa Baber**, the author of our regular *Men* column, speculates on what would happen if the Chicago Bears hired a ballerina as coach. Imagine kickoffs to Bartók, blocks and tackles and passes to Bizet and Bach and Mozart, all the way to the Super Bowl.

By the time you clean up the wreckage from Super Bowl weekend, you'll be ready for the Winter Olympics. You may not know it, but the Americans have the best ski team in the world. **Herbert Burkholz** hung out with *The Snow Gods* for a year, including the warm-ups at Sarajevo, Yugoslavia. He reports on the action both on and off the slope. Go for it, Phil, Steve, Tamara, Cindy and Billy. Those of you who prefer warm-blooded sports should check out *Women of Steel*, competitors who are both sexy and strong, compiled by Senior Photography Editor **Jeff Cohen**, Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley** and Associate Staff Photographer **David Mecey**. They'll pump you up in no time.

Joseph R. Mancuso is the president of the Center for Entrepreneurial Management in New York, the largest association of its kind in the country. His *Entrepreneur Quiz*, illustrated by **Lonnie Sue Johnson**, will tell you whether or not you have the right stuff to "manage, organize and assume the risk of a business enterprise." *Forky*, a short story by **Andre Dubus III**, describes another kind of entrepreneur—the armed-robber kind. Apart from sports, business and crime, there is one other area in which individual enterprise is rewarded: the arts. This month, we present interviews and profiles of four people at the top. Contributing Editor **Tony Schwartz** conducts our *Playboy Interview* with the not-at-all-simple **Paul Simon**. (You may know of him as Princess Leia's husband.) **Robert Crane** in *20 Questions* checks in with **Shelley Long** of *Cheers*. And **E. Jean Carroll** gives us a peek at the heart of superstar **William Hurt** in *So Hot, So Cool, So Hurt* (illustrated by **Matt Mahurin**). This is Carroll's first appearance in *PLAYBOY*. She recently moved from Montana to New York City, where she is trying to understand the "vague, blurred, dispassionate ways of the New York male." She is working on a book, to be published by Bantam next fall, on the subject of women "who act strange." One of our favorites in that genre is **Carol Wayne**, the sassy, sexy, wonderful, wacky "Matinee Lady" who won America's hearts and minds, etc., on *The Tonight Show*. One look at her stunning pictorial and you'll know that it wasn't Johnny Carson's monolog you were waiting up for all those nights.

It's the time of year when we try to figure out what makes the world go round. Senior Editor **Gretchen McNeese**, Assistant Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet**, Associate Art Director **Bruce Hansen**, Associate Editor **Kevin Cook**, Assistant Editor **David Nimmons** and Editorial Assistant **Lynn Borkon** worked long hard hours on our annual *The Year in Sex*. After that, check out **Jim Morgan's** spoof of *Macho Sushi*, as well as introductions to American wines, Italian furniture, dressy sweaters and Playmate **Justine Greiner**. Just another championship year.



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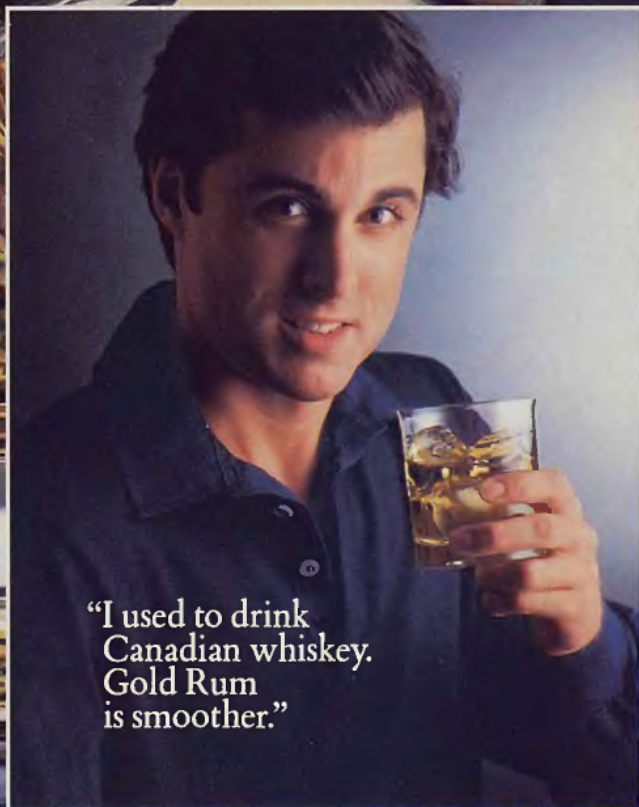
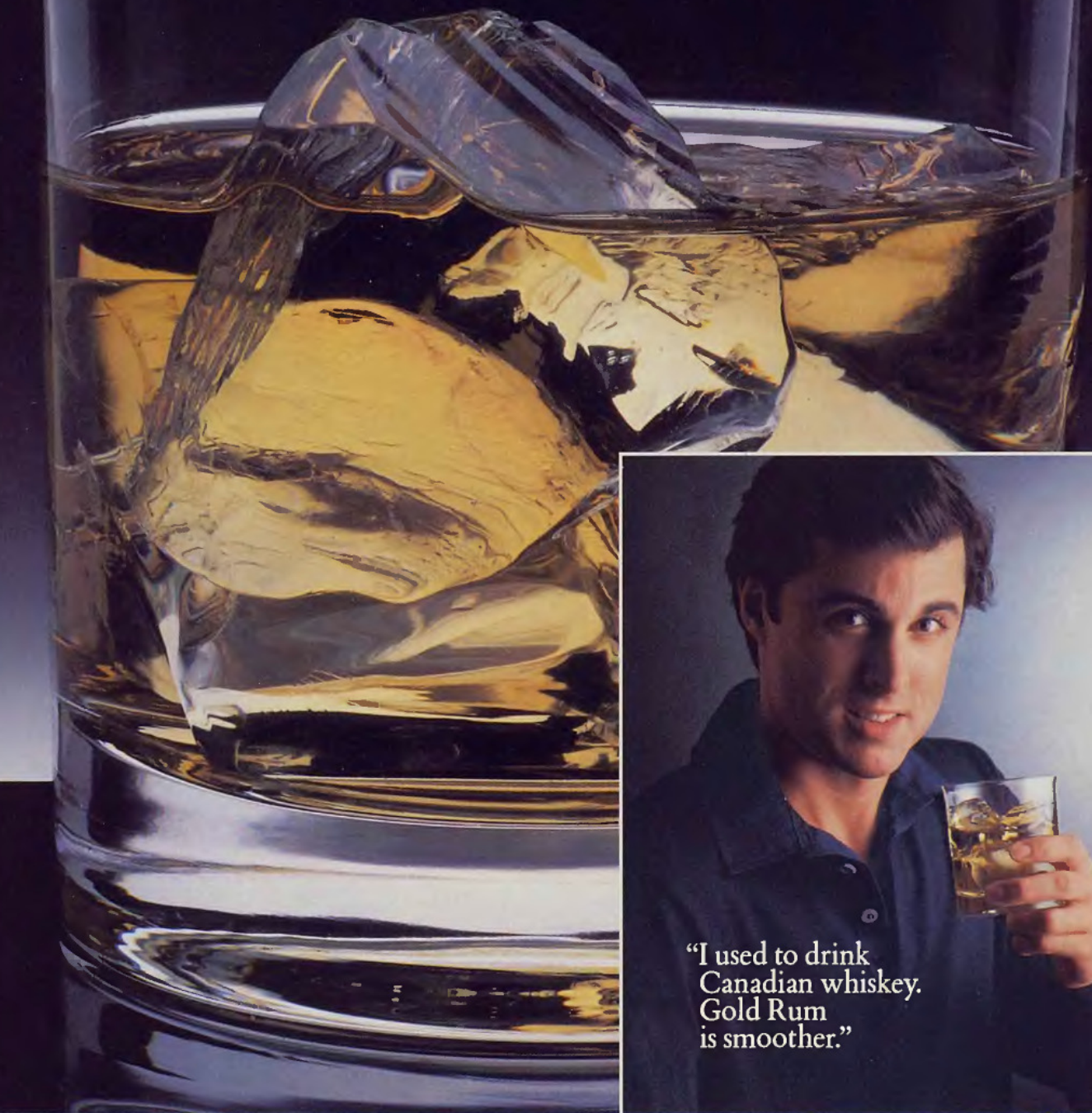


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vol. 31, no. 2—february, 1984

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Tough Cookies

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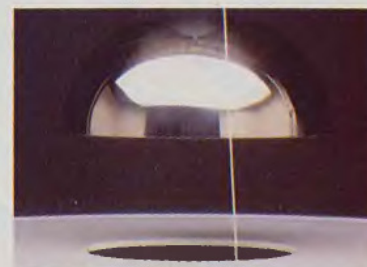
All-American

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Miss February

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Italian Connection

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COVER STORY In olden days, a glimpse of stocking was shocking. Now, heaven knows, everything shows. But o frill here and a gorter there still lend a flair, as Miss January 1982, Kimberly McArthur, showed photographer J. Frederick Smith. Kim's 19th Century corset and brooch were provided by Lydio-vestiti antichi, of New York. The photo was produced by Associate Photo Editor Janice Moses.

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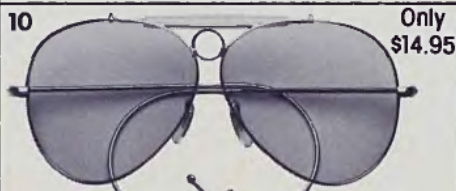
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

FROM PRIME RIB TO PRIME TIME

When we first saw Barbara Bosson, she was busting her cottontail as a Bunny in our New York Playboy Club. Now, as Fay Furillo in NBC's *Hill Street Blues*, she takes orders from nobody, not even the captain. One of the subjects of last October's *Playboy Interview*, Barbara has already received three Emmy nominations. Win or lose next time, we think she looks great under any set of rabbit ears.



SHAKE THOSE KNEES

Under *IDEAL MAN* on her Playmate Data Sheet, Linda Rhys Vaughn wrote, "Someone who makes my knees shake!" Well, Miss April 1982 became Mrs. Walt Wieme not long ago and then—sure enough—showed off a quaking patella. Breathes there a Playmate who needs "a *World of Playboy* writer"?



FRIDAY'S NIGHT VIDEO

Playboy President Christie Hefner and author Nancy Friday (below) met in New York's Russian Tea Room recently to announce a one-of-a-kind series for The Playboy Channel. *The Friday Files* examines the sexual fantasies and realities of life in a beach-front resort hotel.



GOOD SPORTS

The second annual Playmate Challenge Cup went off beautifully at Hef's place, and The Playboy Channel was there to capture all the thrill of victory and the agony of sunburn. Hef dropped in for the pipe-balancing event (above) and for a little conviviality as Miss July 1981, Heidi Sorenson, tugged at America's heartstrings (right). After this, the L.A. Olympics are sure to be an anticlimax.



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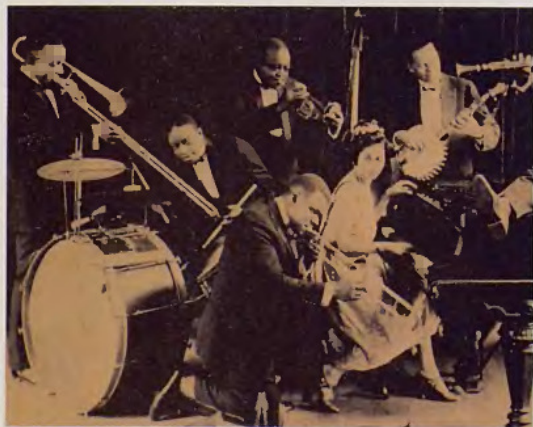
This unprecedented collection is being issued by the Institute of Jazz Studies, home of the world's largest archive of original jazz recordings. It will include the most important recordings of every major jazz artist who ever lived. And it will span all periods . . . all labels . . . all the great styles that have made jazz the most inventive and exciting music of our century.

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Louis Armstrong, Stan Getz: Photos by Robert Parent; Ella Fitzgerald: Photo by Raymond Ross; Lionel Hampton, Dave Brubeck: David Redfern/Retna Ltd.; Benny Goodman: Rex Features Ltd.; King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band: Courtesy of the Tulane University Jazz Archive.

jazz, as it flourished in each generation. The greatest music from the *golden age*—the dazzling trumpet solos of Louis Armstrong, the biting elegance of Bix Beiderbecke's cornet, and the vital, vibrant piano styles of Fats Waller.

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This is a collection that could not be duplicated by any individual. For it draws upon a wealth of rare recordings which belong to the Jazz Institute—including important material just uncovered in the last few years.

Some of these recordings, such as Teddy Wilson's solo piano version of 'Somebody Loves Me,' have actually never been issued before. Others have been unavailable for decades—such as Art Tatum's 'Chloe.' And among the most fascinating of all are the previously unreleased studio "takes" of well-known numbers like 'Benny's Bugle' by Charlie Christian and 'I Can't Get Started' by Bunny Berigan.

And all the *classics and hits* of jazz will be here. Unforgettable performances of 'St. James Infirmary' by Jack Teagarden, 'China Boy' by Eddie Condon, and 'Star Dust' by Lionel Hampton.

The superior sound of proof-quality records

The sound quality of each record will be a revelation. For every vintage recording will first undergo a painstaking restoration. Each will be electronically "cleaned," groove by groove . . . bring-

ing you closer to the actual performance than was previously possible.

Furthermore, the Institute of Jazz Studies has appointed The Franklin Mint Record Society, one of America's leading producers of high-quality records, to press the records for this collection. And they will use a special vinyl compound containing its own anti-static element. In addition, each record will be pressed in an atmosphere controlled "clean room." The result—a pressing of superior fidelity that is also more durable and resistant to dust. A record of true *proof-quality*.

The records will be issued in hard-bound albums. Each album will hold a set of four 12" long-playing records. And each will present a specially conceived *program of selections*, which brings together related performances in a way unique to this collection. Accompanying each album will be an expert commentary, written under the supervision of Institute Director Dan Morgenstern.

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rediscovering jazz: realizing anew what a vital musical form it is. If you have a love for jazz . . . whether you follow it avidly or remember it with nostalgia . . . this is an opportunity not to be missed.

The collection is available *only* by subscription. Albums will be shipped at the rate of one every other month, and the price of \$10.75 for each proof-quality record will be *guaranteed* throughout your subscription period.

To subscribe now, mail the accompanying application to The Franklin Mint Record Society, Franklin Center, PA 19091, by February 29, 1984.

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ROUND-THE-CLOCK NEGOTIATIONS

Congratulations. Laurence Shames's *Sex in the Age of Negotiation* (PLAYBOY, November) is a thought-provoking commentary on the changing face of man-woman relationships. We're weary of the fast lane and we're looking for people who will be around for a while, who have similar ideals and goals—people with whom we can really *share* at least part of our lives. Marriage isn't mandatory. Good communication is.

Veronica Fraga
West New York, New Jersey

Sex in the Age of Negotiation causes me, as a female reader, to wince. Lying is, after all, not negotiation; lying is lying. Many women today will not react to lies with silent tears, and some of their reactions will be strong enough to be downright uncomfortable to men. There are women who prefer casual sex and appreciate its lack of complications—those drunken laments at dawn, those shouting matches at the curb—as much as any man. An honest synchronization of expectations not only makes sense, it is also a humane approach to sex. There's nothing wrong with knowing what you want and accepting only that, but *using* someone who wants something you know you can't give is unethical—as Shames should know.

Ruth Walker Ansara
Portland, Oregon

THE FAIR SEXES

Your *Men* and *Women* segments are the best parts of PLAYBOY. Asa Baber represents the best characteristics—emotional competence, an angry questioning of roles and sensitivity to women and other men—that feminism has produced in men, though I'm sure he would not indulge in the conceit of claiming to be "liberated," whatever that is. Cynthia Heimel is clearly a front-line veteran of the war between the sexes. She is witty, urbane, angry, even cynical but still in there fighting the

good fight for Everywoman. And both of them are capable of great charm. Whatever you do, don't let them meet each other. They'd probably make the perfect couple, which would take the scathe right out of their commentary.

Robert A. Cohen
Springfield, Massachusetts

FEEL BETTER NOW?

As an educator in a major metropolitan hospital, I was delighted to find your homage to nurses (*Women in White*) in the November issue. And as a longtime subscriber to PLAYBOY, I note that my colleagues compare quite favorably with women from other vocations you have featured in the past. I am also heartened that so many of the nurses I know reacted in a positive way to the article and pictorial. Thanks again for a thoughtful and attractive look at the women who prompted me to get into health care in the first place.

John P. Potter
Huntington Beach, California

Women in White is a masterpiece. The text is intelligent and informative, and the women are truly beautiful.

C. P. Douglas
Monterey, California

I am a 29-year-old registered nurse who is extremely offended by *Women in White*. Granted, the women in your pictorial are all lovely and all have off-duty identities. But why couldn't you simply have shown that side of them? Why drag the profession of nursing into it? In an age in which anyone with respect for professionalism tries to dispel the myth of the nurse as sex symbol, you attempt to perpetuate it. Please—we get enough exploitation on television and in the movies.

Peggy Maiuro, R.N.
Wharton, New Jersey

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The materials in our kit may be better than those used in the original *Swift*. The keel section and frames are pre-cut plywood, ready for quick assembly. The *Swift*'s hull is planked twice; once with thick, flexible limewood for strength, then overlaid with planks of African walnut for lasting beauty.

You won't have to make the fittings—we've done that for you. Our kit contains ready-to-use blocks and deadeyes of rare, yellow boxwood. We include eyelets, bracers and belaying pins—over 70 parts of solid brass! Even the cabin door hinges are brass, as are the 250 miniature nails you'll use to fasten the plank-



ing to the hull and deck. And, since the original wooden *Swift* had no plastic parts, our kit doesn't either—*anywhere!* Creative? And how! Overwhelming? Not a bit! But be prepared for hours of the most challenging, engrossing, relaxing fun you've ever had.



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in your November issue. The public needs to be aware of the large numbers of gifted, intelligent nurses leaving the profession because of poor pay and lack of recognition. Unless nurses assert their rights, this trend will continue, to the detriment of all people.

Teresa M. Webster, R.N.
Huntsville, Alabama

Unfortunately, your "nice tribute" to women in white simply reinforces the ill-deserved sexual typing of an entire profession. This sexism is a disease that has plagued nursing for some time, and I suggest that the media are the cause of the illness. You see, we deal with human bodies on a life-and-death basis; your playful pictorial is grossly inappropriate in light of what we are really about. Incidentally, in rare instances, you do find a nurse who is romantically involved with a doctor. My wife is a physician.

Robert Hess, R.N., C.C.R.N.
East Orange General Hospital
East Orange, New Jersey

Women in White is unsurpassed by any other pictorial I have seen. These women are not only gorgeous, they're smart. I feel weak.

Eric Wood
Bellevue, Washington

I am outraged and disgusted by your pictorial *Women in White*. It is degrading to women in general and to women in the nursing profession specifically. It is blatantly sexist and serves only to perpetuate a disgusting attitude. The nurses who participated in your feature are naïve if they think that this kind of nauseating journalism can ever enhance nursing's professional image. This is utter rape of a professional group, and I am outraged, as I happen to be one of its members!

Margaret A. Smerlinski, R.N.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Of all those who wrote to us in response to our ad seeking candidates to pose for "Women in White," Jackie Simmons, a doctoral candidate at Rush University's College of Nursing, came closest to the spirit we hoped to portray: "Why shouldn't a sexy, appealing nurse be able to pose for your magazine without being condemned by her professional peers to wear a scarlet letter? Nurses have seen themselves as unattractive handmaidens for too long. I admire you for trying to portray us in a different light."

LESS IS MORE

As a manufacturer of portable computers, we must take exception to a reply in the July *Playboy Advisor* about using those machines on a plane. Not all portable computers give off radio signals that interfere with a plane's instruments. Some

portables now on the market use six-volt batteries, which are much less likely to interfere with the operation of a plane than the 110-volt batteries earlier models required. We would, however, encourage owners of portable computers to declare them upon boarding a commercial aircraft so that the pilot can make the final decision on their use during the flight. Contrary to your comments, portable computers are now available that are no bigger than this magazine page and light enough to be carried in a briefcase. Some machines—ours among them—can run up to 50 hours without recharging.

Bob Walker
Epson America, Inc.
Los Angeles, California

TIED UP IN NOTS

In my *Playboy Interview* (December), you quote me as saying that while I do not think my political opinions should count more because I'm an actor, they should count *less*. What I said, of course, was that I feel they should *not* count any less.

Tom Selleck
Los Angeles, California

Right you are, Tom. Sorry for the slip.

WE ADMIRE HIS HOUSE

If you admire Kenny Rogers' (*Playboy Interview*, November) wealth, status, looks or vocal ability, you are way off base. Call it presumptuous, but I feel I can speak for a lot of women who adore the man simply because he appears to have a sincere, down-to-earth perspective on himself. No flash. No glitter. No arrogance. Just warmth and charm that are conveyed openly and intelligently. He is, simply, what he is. And I think that is damn sexy.

Dana Harwood
Madison, Wisconsin

Kenny Rogers is a nice man, but as even he will admit, he's boring. Give David Rensin someone like Boy George of Culture Club to interview.

Vince Kelly
Hermosa Beach, California

WONDER BREADTH

An interesting statistic I always seem to find in my reading material is the old 80-20 rule. That is, 80 percent of the business is done by 20 percent of the salespeople. The lower 80 percent share the leftover 20 percent of the business. When I read the statistics on erect-penis circumferences in November's *Playboy Advisor*, I found out where I stood on nonbusiness skills. Applying the percentages you give, I was pleased to find that I was in the top 20 percent, with a five-and-a-half-inch circumference of my erect penis. With a little more information on penis-length

statistics, I'll bet I could show you that 20 percent of the male population is hung with 80 percent of the meat.

(Name withheld by request)
Lubbock, Texas

But why would you want to? It's not the meat, it's the emotion.

LA GAMBA

I've never written to a magazine before, but after one glimpse of November Playmate Veronica Gamba, I can't resist. Congratulations and many thanks to Army Freytag for his fine photographs of a heart-stopping beauty.

David N. Ward
Fort Riley, Kansas

Veronica Gamba is the most beautiful woman you have ever featured. Her pictures serve as perfect wall ornaments here at the Penn State dormitories. Let's see more of her so all of us students will have something to study harder for.

Ronald H. Betz
Bethel Park, Pennsylvania

Because of my extreme nervousness while typing this letter, please excuse any spelling or grammatical errors. The reason I'm nervous? I can't keep my eyes off the shattering photographs of Veronica Gamba in your November issue. She undoubtedly possesses the greatest set of *gluteus maximus* muscles in the universe. The exquisite beauty and sensuousness of the lady—and Army Freytag's matchless photography—have just about reduced me to a trembling, wild-eyed idiot.

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

Just about? Then maybe one more look at the matchless Veronica will push you to



total vegetability. Lanny? Are you still photosensitive?



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You see, we know how difficult it is to buy a camera or stereo component, or any precision gear. Every store has different prices so you feel obligated to shop around. Then you have to wait for a salesman. He may not know much about the products or may try to get you to choose another brand. And the week after you buy, they go on sale.

We don't want any middlemen speaking for us. The ESCORT is a precision microwave receiver made to warn you of police radar. On that sort of purchase, we think you'd prefer to deal with experts. When you dial our toll-free number, you're talking to the factory: **One Microwave Plaza**. All of our engineering, manufacturing, sales and service happen under this one roof. The buck stops here, you might say. And you always know where to find us.

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If you've ever taken any high-tech equipment back for service, you may have noticed another problem with retail distribution. Once in a great while, the dealer can fix the equipment. But sometimes they fix it wrong, or say they can't get parts and try to sell you a replacement.

Or you find they "don't carry that brand anymore." Then you're stuck with the task of tracking down another dealer, or trying to deal direct with a factory that isn't set up to serve consumers. And if the manufacturer happens to be in another country, well, you get the picture.



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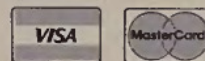
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



MARITAL SPLAT

Yilong, a 42-year-old, four-ton elephant in China's Canton Zoo, came into heat last summer. But when Baibao, a 53-year-old, six-ton male that had previously sired four of Yilong's offspring, decided he had a headache, the jilted lover grew determined to give him a real one.

Yilong began butting the male with her head. Baibao lost his balance and fell into the moat surrounding the elephants' enclosure on his back. Yilong, perhaps in a fit of passion, then fell on top of him. And before 100 rescuers could extricate the pair, both struggled so hard they couldn't breathe. In a tragedy that carried even more weight than *Romeo and Juliet*, the elephants died.

A Canton newspaper reported that the two will be stuffed and "mounted for display." In what position hasn't yet been decided.

At the University of Georgia, it seems there was some question as to whether or not athletes were afforded special academic consideration. UG's vice-president for academic affairs, Dr. Virginia Trotter, explained why she decided on an academic exception for some athletes: "I would rather err on the side of making a mistake."

"BUSH REMARK IRKS FEMINISTS" read the headline in the Quincy, Massachusetts, *Patriot Ledger*. Careful readers learned that the Vice-President should watch his mouth.

A male dancer in the London Festival Ballet, fired because he lacked the strength to lift ballerinas, is suing. Artistic director John Field explained to an industrial court that Geoffrey Wynne's "appearance onstage was rather effeminate. While some dancers are not exactly manly, they

must portray a virility that was not in Geoffrey." The tribunal chairman later announced that Wynne's dismissal was unfair because he could have been demoted to the ballet corps, but allowed for further hearings.

In the West Bend, Wisconsin, *News's* "120 Years Ago" column, we ran across this: "We today received from Missouri a shipment of the largest hickory nuts we ever saw. The average is five and a half inches in circumference, the largest is seven and five-eighths inches. If there is any man in this state who has larger nuts, we should like to hear from him." As far as we know, the offer still stands.

SWAT TEAM

Why bother to build a better fly swatter when all you have to do is change the way you swat? Some useful new advice (based on a letter in *Nature*) comes from the

Chemical & Engineering News. A fly has a high-speed reflex system in its visual-brain motor arrangement that allows it to take off at an avoiding angle as soon as a threatening swat comes into view. The solution is to approach the fly from two directions at once, thus short-circuiting its central nervous system, which is set up to avoid approaching movement from only one direction at a time. The researcher recommends taking a piece of tissue in each hand and keeping the hands equidistant from the target, then pouncing with them simultaneously. Isn't science fun?

Royal treatment: Queen Elizabeth's youngest, Prince Edward, is studying at Cambridge now, and his head porter, John Haycock, has the responsibility of keeping the lad in check. And what does he do when the prince is misbehaving? He tells him, "Sir, you are a worm." It always seems to work."

Don't know what to do with your nights alone with that certain someone? Try having *An Enchanted Evening*. This board game (with four sets of cards) is supposed to guarantee a romantic time for newlyweds and those "involved in a loving relationship." The players are required to give compliments, fulfill secret wishes and engage in soft, sensuous touching. The game's manufacturer says it's even prescribed by psychologists for couples in marital therapy to help them unleash their inhibitions. It's all yours if you want to unleash \$20 to Games Partnerships, P.O. Box 306, Half Moon Bay, California 94019. Otherwise, you may just blow it.

A REVOLTING PERFORMANCE

John Teasley, a guitarist with the McDowell County Line band, really seemed to be getting down during a concert in Orange County, California. In the



ANCIENT EQUIVOCATIONS

Storing as much information as possible in the smallest available space has always been one of man's preoccupations. The ancients—those born before the floppy disk—had to make do with the aphorism, an eternal truth packed into a one-liner so pithy even a son-in-law could remember it. Not only were aphorisms memorable, they were infinitely flexible; no matter which side of an argument one was on, one could always find a bit of wisdom with which to cover one's posterior, an aphorism to battle an aphorism. We asked Lenny Kleinfeld for examples.

Opportunity knocks but once. —ANONYMOUS	Look before you leap. —SAMUEL BUTLER
Never look a gift horse in the mouth. —SAINT JEROME	Beware of Greeks bearing gifts. —VIRGIL
Absence makes the heart grow fonder. —SEXTUS AURELIUS	Out of sight is out of mind. —ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH
Haste makes waste. —JOHN HEYWOOD	He who hesitates is lost. —ANONYMOUS
Love conquers all things. —VIRGIL	Never sleep with a woman whose troubles are worse than your own. —NELSON ALGREN
Absolute power corrupts absolutely. —LORD ACTON	God helps them that helps themselves. —BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
Forgive and forget. —CERVANTES	An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. —EXODUS
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. —CERVANTES	Nothing ventured, nothing gained. —ANONYMOUS
Nothing endures but change. —HERACLITUS	The more things change, the more they remain the same. —ALPHONSE KARR
No evil can happen to a good man. —PLATO	Nice guys finish last. —LEO DUROCHER
There is no sin but ignorance. —CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE	Ignorance is bliss. —THOMAS GRAY
All heiresses are beautiful. —JOHN DRYDEN	Let sleeping dogs lie. —CHARLES DICKENS
If the path be beautiful, let us not ask where it leads. —ANATOLE FRANCE	Fools rush in where angels fear to tread. —ALEXANDER POPE
Let your conscience be your guide. —POPE	Conscience doth make cowards of us all. —WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Turn the other cheek. —JESUS CHRIST	Walk softly and carry a big stick. —THEODORE ROOSEVELT
It's not whether you win or lose but how you played the game. —GRANTLAND RICE	The ends justify the means. —after MATTHEW PRIOR
Better to light one candle than to curse the darkness. —MOTTO, CHRISTOPHER SOCIETY	What you don't know can't hurt you. —ANONYMOUS
If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. —WILLIAM EDWARD HICKSON	No use beating a dead horse. —ANONYMOUS
Discretion is the better part of valor. —SHAKESPEARE	Audacity, and again audacity, and always audacity. —GEORGES JACQUES DANTON
There is no proverb that is not true. —CERVANTES	General notions are generally wrong. —LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

middle of a spirited number, the musician, known professionally as John T., appeared to fling himself off the stage some 30 feet into the audience, where he began writhing madly. The crowd went nuts, cheering and applauding.

John T. was, however, in the process of getting fried. Someone had spilled beer on an amplifier, and the guitarist's gyrations were caused by electrical current megalomaniacally chording through his body.

Teasley tried to call out for help but found he couldn't speak. Then he remembered that his father had told him, should he ever get caught up in electricity, to hurl himself free of the current. His dive off the stage eventually pulled all the plugs loose.

"I've done some pretty wild things onstage before," said a shocked John T., "but nothing can top that. It was a night to remember, I'll tell you."

The right stuffing: Margaret Thatcher agreed to lend her childhood Teddy bear, Humphrey, for a Teddy bears' picnic at Belvoir Castle, according to the *London Daily Telegraph*.

Tired of filthy phone conversations? The Telephone Aromatizer—all the way from Peking—is the answer. It fits onto the mouthpiece of the phone, killing odors and germs for 30 days. The Aromatizer comes in red, pink, blue and green and in fragrances that probably include spring roll and garlic chicken.

Especially if she's smiling: According to a study on human behavior by New York University professor Dr. Samuel Marc, if a woman has wrinkles at the corners of her mouth, it indicates she enjoys sex.

In Portsmouth, Virginia, there is the Loving & Gay Funeral Home.

The *Detroit Free Press* can take a bow for its headline "FHA CAN BE SUED FOR BUM INSPECTIONS." Particularly if the parties have not been properly introduced.

Villagers in southern Bangladesh were outraged when 104-year-old Ali Azam, an Islamic priest, married his fifth wife, 16-year-old Marium Begum. They contend that he violated Islamic law, which sets a four-wife limit. The priest defended himself by insisting that he had married the girl only to save her from starvation.

CORRECTION

The New Chinatown Restaurant ad that ran in Sunday's *Journal* was incorrect.

It read: 新華埠酒家

It should have read: 新華埠酒家

We regret any inconvenience this may have caused.

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17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'83

After five bruising years catching passes for the Dallas Cowboys, **Peter Gent** wrote "North Dallas Forty," a novel about the underside of pro football that knocked the N.F.L. for a loop. John A. Walsh recently caught up with Gent, who once again has stirred up the football world with "The Franchise," a novel about corruption and gambling in the professional game.

PLAYBOY: What tells you that an ex-football player has made the adjustment to civilian life?

GENT: Football is a performing art where you have this tremendous high. Lots of guys will get into businesses—oil, real estate—that give them the sense of adventure, excitement and chase. But I don't know a lot of guys who don't miss football. They don't miss the game, they miss the guys, that sense of shared adventure.

PLAYBOY: What are the classic signs of maladjustment?

GENT: It actually starts when you're playing. You're maladjusted as a player—that's why you play; you're maladjusted to society. Society doesn't work in those peaks and valleys. Athletes are like manic-depressives, reaching extreme highs followed by extreme lows.

PLAYBOY: But in real life, what signs do ex-football players give off?

GENT: Heavy drinking. A continued interest in the actual playing of the game. It's almost as if they believe that they're going to get to go around again. The guys who adjust don't go back to the games; they don't even watch them much. The guys who have gone into the business world have replaced the thrill of playing with the thrill of betting. Key signs are that a lot of marriages break up and alcohol becomes a real problem. At one time, I think, the union was saying that half the players leaving the game were alcoholics.

A large percentage of the families are devastated. The change and the pressure are so great: Sunday is no longer the justification for Daddy's existence. It takes a very strong family tie and a very deep commitment to one another to get through it. And that can take a long time. I'll bet the divorce rate is about 75 percent.

PLAYBOY: When you talk with former players, do they talk about that much?

GENT: A lot. That's usually the first thing you find out: who's still married.

One of the greatest stresses is that the player can finally share the secrets he's carried with him in the game, such as what he did to keep going that he didn't think his wife would approve of—whether it was drugs, drinking, women, whatever. Often, under the strain of the player's disjointed feeling of no longer being anybody, as he tries to explain himself, part of the explaining process is a confession.

PLAYBOY: Did you know players who bet?



A former Dallas Cowboy answers questions the N.F.L. wishes we'd never asked.

GENT: Yeah. A lot of guys like to gamble. I never did. I related it to religion. That's what betting is: "God loves me; I'm going to cover the spread." It seemed that the guys who liked to bet were the guys who had a strong religious upbringing.

PLAYBOY: If you knew a teammate who bet, what was he like?

GENT: Some players would talk about the spread for an upcoming game, but bets weren't made in the locker room. There was one quarterback who bet a lot—\$3000 or \$4000—on his team. They were favored by so many points and he bet below the spread. He claimed to have thrown an interception—and had to throw it twice; the guy dropped the first one. His team still won the game. His story, which I heard while sitting at a bar after both of us had quit playing, was that when the guy got in, he looked back at his bench and about half the guys were standing there cheering for him. So they had bet the spread, too. Whether or not that event is inflated, I have no way of knowing. But all in all, I think betting in the N.F.L. was and is on a very small scale.

PLAYBOY: What's the real feeling among N.F.L. players today about drugs?

GENT: In about 1967, amyl nitrite was an over-the-counter drug for people who suffered from angina. I talked to several doctors who told me it basically didn't do any damage; it speeded up your heart and pumped a lot of oxygen to your brain, which puts you in another level of con-

sciousness. At camp, I explained that this drug was legal and cheap—it cost about two dollars for 12 ampules of it—everybody tried it and went crazy on it. All you had to say was "The doctor says it's fine." And what you'd see were players who were strongly against illegal drugs go on what was like an acid trip for about two minutes. There were no qualms about doing it in public. I remember a bar where the maître d' came over and told us that if we didn't stop throwing the empty ampules at the customers, we were going to have to leave. But it was legal, and nobody felt he was damaging himself and everybody had a wonderful time.

When it became a prescription drug and went up to about nine dollars a box, there was hysteria. The guys who were antidrug immediately returned to the antidrug position of "Well, we can't do that anymore." It never entered their minds to question who made that rule and why.

The arbitrary line between use of drugs to perform a specific task—those prescribed by team doctors—and use of drugs socially makes the player generally cynical.

PLAYBOY: Why are only black football players being busted for drugs?

GENT: I don't think it's racially motivated. It just happens that a lot of the superstars getting all this money are black. And because they're black, they can't blend in as easily in the elite white night club where half the patrons are doing cocaine. Also, because of their ghetto roots, many of them go back to the old neighborhood to get their drugs, and there's bound to be a snitch on the corner watching a buy go down. There are probably more DEA agents working in the ghettos than in the big, expensive night clubs in Dallas where the white player is likely to make his connection. It's a reflection of the culture.

PLAYBOY: Is Commissioner Rozelle doing what he should?

GENT: I'm not so sure that the suspensions were what he wanted to do. They might have been forced on him. Second, the detox programs—that's another scam, another bureaucracy setting itself up. That's Calvin Hill going around taking your urine. At what point do we stop dehumanizing these guys?

PLAYBOY: When you researched *The Franchise*, what were the most surprising discoveries you made about football?

GENT: The politics in Washington—how political tie-ins there are so important to the league because of antitrust. *Deep* ties. The ties to organized crime. And the ways bureaucracies in sports function, a good example being the union. And what franchising is, which is creation of wealth from nothing. Just standing up and saying, "We're going to put a franchise here and create all this artificial wealth by writing numbers on pieces of paper and attaching

values to men's bodies." To see how close we are now, with pay TV, to billion-dollar gates for the Super Bowl. How networks are going to be built around software and how football players are software. Athletic events are much cheaper to put on than dramatic events.

PLAYBOY: What did you find out about the connections between organized crime and football?

GENT: Large-scale scalping. There are groups that offer services to the teams years ahead: "If you win the Super Bowl, we will supply the travel arrangements for your fans, block book the rooms, get the tickets." That means somebody is telling them, before it's announced where the Super Bowl will be, where to get the hotel rooms. Who controls that? I mean, if you're going to get a billion-dollar gate for one Super Bowl, a lot of people are going to fight over that: the union, the owners, the TV people. And the players sit there and think they make all the money when, in reality, they get a smaller percentage of the total income now than they ever did. In this last agreement, they pretty much crippled themselves.

PLAYBOY: How did you research fixing a game?

GENT: I talked with about 20 players who had been in games they thought might have been fixed. I'm beginning to think I may have been in a fixed game. I'm not accusing Tom Landry or anybody of fixing a game, but I remember once when something happened that never happened before or since. I've mentioned this several times before, and there's never been a response to it. It was fourth down, 17 seconds to go, no time outs, and the play was a pass to Frank Clarke at split end; and as the team broke the huddle, in came Bobby Hayes. Hayes never came in on the goal line—ever. Now, I assumed he was sent in by Landry, and so did Clarke, and everybody had been so trained. Clarke ran off the field before Don Meredith could get him. Well, Hayes didn't know how to run the play and it ended with an interception. It was a key play in a championship game. And it probably cost us at least a tie to go into overtime.

PLAYBOY: What are other signs of fixing?

GENT: Late flags. It doesn't take many 15-yard flags to change a game's complexion.

PLAYBOY: Do you still watch the games much on TV?

GENT: Not much. One reason is that the announcers are so distracting. They're not describing what's happening on the field. They're describing what they think they're seeing. Even when I'm watching the Cowboys, by the third quarter, I find myself reading the newspaper. I think about football at times every day. I guess I'll always be an athlete. I stayed true to myself and to the game and played five years in the N.F.L. with a good football team and played well. No matter how sore I am every morning when I get up, I still have that; they can't take it away from me.

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LIFE GETS BETTER: Graham Parker gets good ink. Ever since his debut with the Rumour, back in the pop Sahara of the mid-Seventies, Parker's records have gotten the kind of surgical analysis that screams from music pages everywhere, "Keep slugging, bucko; we're out here listening." Nice rubs of attention, sure, but hardly important. Critics are the grace notes in a musician's career. They love and hate on paper and get their records free.

And reviews have precious little effect on record sales. Look at Air Supply and REO Speedwagon and Asia. For all of Parker's critical recognition, he doesn't make the top-ten charts. His mid-size following hasn't grown much over the years, and none of his albums turn gold. It's a curious situation for an artist of considerable talent, but not altogether unaccountable. Parker's a clever poet and occasionally a profound observer. His music is a mixture of R&B and British pop, reggae and blue-eyed soul. Which is to say, it's hard to classify. No hooks and jingles, no mainstream appeal.

But things have settled down for Parker on *The Real Macaw* (Arista), his latest album, a strikingly commercial piece of work. It's also his best so far. Anger and cynicism have given way to a savvy spirit of anarchy. On a few songs, he sounds downright happy.

"I have so many serious album titles," he says. "You know, *Squeezing out Sparks* and *Another Grey Area*. They're a bit self-important. It's time for something light-hearted." Parker huddles to one side of an overstuffed chair in a hotel lounge in Chicago. His wiry, 5'5" body is draped in dark, loose-fitting clothes. He wears sunglasses despite the poor lighting and sips water. He is luminously pale. At first glance, he's hardly a portrait of lightheartedness. But as he talks, fashioning earnest

explanations peppered with wry humor, this is surely the guy who just wrote a song called *Life Gets Better*.

He tells a story about his concert at Park West in Chicago. "I sang one verse to *Just Like a Man* three times," he says. "And I saw these two girls down front singing along. I was grinning at them, like, 'You know the words, but I don't.'"

"Sometimes you get blasé when you tour too much. I've done that in the past. It gets to be just a blur of faces. But now they've come back into focus real clearly for me."

And that's good news, because Parker's focus has been untracked more than once by the business side of his music making. He believes that he hasn't been promoted enough. "How am I supposed to sell a lot of albums," he has wondered aloud to record-company moguls, "if I don't get some promotion?" In the record business, promotion is a reward. That's what you get when you bring your label one of those attractive platinum wall hangings. Or when you sound like someone who might. The system is fickle—all head, no heart. So if you're Parker, with tantalized critics and tenuous sales, you may as well get used to economy class and a certain degree of anonymity.

In the past, Parker has moaned out loud about the system; he even recorded *Mercury Poisoning* as his last contractual obligation to his former record company, Mercury. But now, as his life gets better, Parker manages to sound at least resigned: "There's Graham Parker promotion and there's Jackson Browne promotion," he says quickly. "It's not the same league."

"What would I do if I could promote myself?" Parker is amused by the question. "What I'd like to see with a record is visibility," he says. "Like stickers, you know, that you walk around sticking on the subway. I'm thinking of something

sort of... sneaky..." He gazes across the lounge in search of something sort of sneaky. In a minute, his bony face brightens with a smile and he turns back the trademark sunglasses in triumph. "Giant macaws," he says. "Giant macaws—airplanes towing them. That would be great."

—PAMELA MARIN

REVIEWS

Maybe it's just coincidence, but two new Warner albums—*Slow Burn*, by T. G. Sheppard, and *Cage the Songbird*, by Crystal Gayle—appear to respect the tendency of some country music to evolve naturally from highly structured honky-tonk to a more contemporary sound that doesn't try to compete with rock. That is fine: As long as the lyrics are a bit naïve, the appeal unsophisticated and the sentiments a little maudlin, C&W can retain its identity despite different styles. These albums have a similar mellow quality that makes for nice travelin' music, as in the old car stereo.

Free Flight, a quartet of extraordinary musicians—Jim Walker (flutes and piccolo), Milcho Leviev (keyboards and synthesizers), Jim Lacefield (acoustic and electric basses) and Ralph Humphrey (drums and percussion)—commands your attention. The group offers a distinctly modern fusion of jazz and classical concepts and techniques on *Soaring* (Palo Alto). Virtuosity is the key; the foursome moves with ease through material ranging

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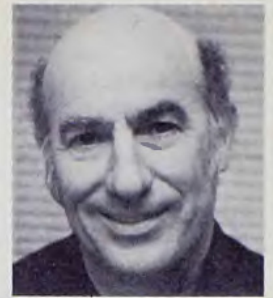
1. Cyndi Lauper / *She's So Unusual*
2. Carly Simon / *Hello Big Man*
3. T-Bone Burnett / *Proof Through the Night*
4. Michael Bloomfield / *Bloomfield: A Retrospective*
5. Al Di Meola / *Scenario*



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from straight jazz to classical works utilizing jazz rhythms and coloration. The music comes at you in a rush, enhanced by an impressive assortment of electronic and instrumental sounds. You wonder if it all isn't too busy, too facile, too controlled and slick. But wait. The fully realized pieces, such as *Adagio*, a reworking of Joaquin Rodrigo's famed *Concierto de Aranjuez*, are so beautiful and convincing they're impossible to dismiss.

Don St. Was and David St. Was have now demonstrated that two white boys from Detroit can successfully blend such divergent elements of their roots as the very smoothest R&B and screaming rock 'n' roll with high tech to produce a very clean machine, indeed. *Born to Laugh at Tornadoes* (Geffen) is no Edsel. Side one proves that Was (Not Was) can pull off ferocious licks with the best of them and is, incidentally, a strange place to find Mitch Ryder at his best, in *Bow Wow Wow Wow*. The album's first track, *Knocked Down, Made Small (Treated Like a Rubber Ball)*, could be the anthem for the state of alienation. Side two proves that Was (Not Was) can do almost anything else. *The Party Broke Up* is an electronic rap for the discombobulated ("Someone began to discuss paranoia / When lightning destroyed / Half the room / With one blast"). *Zaz Turned Blue* comes crooooned, beautifully but not without parody—not without hearts-and-flowers strings and a sweet solo piano—by none other than Mel Tormé. Tony Bennett, we must assume, may soon be sitting in with EBN-OZN. It's a lounge song for those who see lizards that aren't really there. Strange little narratives in strange voices, backed by music that alternates synthesizer baloney, the Motown sound and a synthesis of the best in new music—that's Was (Not Was). We'll forgive them their overuse of parentheses if they keep making records like this.

Albert King, a giant of a man who sings and plays dynamite guitar, makes the blues everybody's business. *Albert King—San Francisco '83* (Fantasy) marks this great artist's return to records after an absence of a few years. Focusing on a repertoire of the old and the new, he sings and talks the blues warmly and with considerable charm—the basic flavor, down-home Southern. His guitarwork, as expected, is full of juice.

SHORT CUTS

Ronnie Laws / Mr. Nice Guy (Capitol): Nice and easy, nice and rough—Ronnie delivers the funk, plus a cool stroll through Junior Walker's classic *What Does It Take*.

Pat Benatar / Live from Earth (Chrysalis): Don't sell Benatar short—she can help us all remember how bad 1977 was. But the real Betty Boop is still better.



THE I DID IT MY WAY DEPARTMENT: And you thought the question of Pia Zadora's future was of no interest to you. Think again, bunky. Pia is about to invade the world of rock 'n' roll—literally. She's set to play a teenaged heroine involved with a creature from outer space who hangs out with her crowd at school. The movie's called—are you ready?—*Attack of the Rock 'n' Roll Aliens*. We don't know about you, but we're going to follow this development closely.

PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL: An open audition for Prince's love interest in his upcoming film, *Purple Rain*, was held in New York. According to the casting director, they are looking for a voluptuous brunette between 18 and 21, 5'4" or under, with "an open, ripe look." We figure there must be thousands of young women who fit that description. If they aren't able to find her in New York, they'll look in L.A. We don't know how to tell them, but there are no brunettes in L.A.

NEWSBREAKS: Album notes: **Merle Haggard** plans to record with **Linda Ronstadt**. **Robert Plant** wants **Dave Stewart** and **Annie Lennox** of *Eurythmics* to contribute a song or two to his next album, the *Go-Go's* third will be out shortly and **Michael Jackson** is considering three songs by **Thomas Dolby** for his next record. . . . **Al Jarreau** plans to star in a TV movie about **Nat "King" Cole** and do all the singing. . . . **Rick James** says he's going to give up touring "for at least four or five years" and concentrate on his budding movie career. . . . **Jerry Hopkins** is at work on a bio of **David Bowie**. . . . Some of the top free-lance rock photographers met to discuss fighting some recent concert developments that they say are threatening their ability to make a living. The lensmen say that certain band managers are insisting on final picture approval, removing them from the photo pit after the first three songs and forcing them to sign agreements stating that they'll sell pics to only one publication. That limits their possible sources of income and makes it hard for magazines and newspapers to get the shots they want. . . . **The Ventures** have filmed a TV special that features

the instrumental rock group playing its biggest hits, with a revolving cast of guest musicians who were influenced by the group. For example, **Peter Frampton** and **Chris Spedding** join in on *Pipeline*, **Rick Derringer** plays *Memphis*, **Josie Cotton** sings *Secret Agent Man*. The special, called *Walk Don't Run*, will also include vintage film footage of *The Ventures*. In addition, such artists as **Marshall Crenshaw**, **The Cars**, **J. Geils** and **Johnny Ramone** will discuss *The Ventures*' musical influence on them. . . . **Michael Jackson** and director **John Landis** are trying to work out the financing for a ten-minute video clip for *Thriller*, and if they're successful, you can expect to see it at the movies or on TV. . . . Here's a rumor we like: Talks are progressing between the *Stones* and Olympic officials. The group would like to perform in L.A. at an outdoor ceremony in front of a world-wide TV audience estimated at one billion people. . . . **Marty Balin** is shopping for a new record label after successfully recording a single in Japan with Japanese musicians. . . . **Smokey Robinson's** wife, **Claudette**, herself a former *Miracle*, is doing the book version of her life.

REELING AND ROCKING: Director **Hal Ashby's** feature-length concert documentary *Neil Young's Trans Solo Tour* was shot mostly at a Dayton, Ohio, concert. Neil is joined by his band, **The Shocking Pinks**. . . . **Neal Schon** of *Journey* may play **Mike Bloomfield** onscreen. . . . **Martin Scorsese** saw *The Call's* video *The Walls Came Down* on MTV and liked it so much he's considering leader **Mike Been** for a role in his next film. Now, that's the way to get discovered.

—BARBARA NELLIS

BOOKS

Writing humor has long been recognized as the riskiest literary shot you can take, because, to paraphrase Dorothy Parker, any damn fool can rear up with no more credentials than a birth certificate and announce, "I don't think that's funny." And what's true for the writer is also true for the editor who decides to collect short humorous pieces into an anthology such as *The Best of Modern Humor* (Knopf)—in this case, Mordecai Richler. Forced to rate the funny *vs.* the stupid among these selections (get out your birth certificates), we'd call it about 50-50. There are more than 60 writers here trying to amuse you, so the odds are good somebody will make you laugh. Dorothy Parker's missing, because, as Richler tells us in his introduction, he just doesn't think she's funny anymore. At least she saw it coming.

Think of Paul Fussell's *Class: A Guide Through the American Status System* (Summit) as a thinking man's *Official Preppy Handbook*—a book he both quotes and takes to task. Fussell recognizes that class exists in America and that everyone tries to ignore it. He saves us a lot of tedium by holding all classes in uniform contempt: The Uppers are too dull and uncurious; the Middles, too frightened and herdish; the proles, too beaten and taste-free. F. Scott Fitzgerald and John O'Hara took class to laughable extremes; Jimmy Carter and Richard Nixon didn't take it seriously enough. One is condemned to a class, but Fussell describes a way out, an X category of person whose freedom comes from the enjoyment of his own thoughtfulness. He also recognizes that the *real* issue is quality—a commodity that's exponentially rarer every day.

Meet Joseph Shapiro, a wealthy, worldly man with an expensive wife and an expensive mistress. Meet him several years later, an impoverished Hasid with a religious wife and three children. How Joseph gets from A to B is the strongly moral story of *The Penitent* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Frankly, Joseph, we'll take your former life any time.

A deeply placed agent who has been sending vital East German financial information to London for 20 years wants out. Bernard Samson, a British operative with little regard for the bureaucratic formalities of spying, is the logical choice to help Brahm's Four—as the agent is called—escape. Trouble is, there's a leak somewhere. It could be coming from a disgruntled, slightly shady Berlin agent or from the philandering head of the Berlin station or from a high-ranking mole in London



Many of the laughs fit to print.

Thrills from Len Deighton, spills in *The Oil Follies* and the best laughs around.



Deighton scales the Berlin Wall.

Central. Len Deighton's *Berlin Game* (Knopf) teases us with the possibilities. Deighton writes with the crisp, cynical observations that make the grit of espionage seem real. Here's further proof that he's a master of the spy thriller.

When the Lord handed out wit, British writer Malcolm Bradbury was near the front of the line. His *Rates of Exchange* (Knopf) is a masterpiece of subtle comic genius and literary sophistication, re-

counting the adventures of naïve British exchange scholar Angus Petworth (garbled variously into Pitwit and Pervert by his foreign hosts), who lurches as gracefully as possible through the bewildering intrigues and red tape of police-state bureaucracy in an unstable Soviet-bloc country called Slaka. Bradbury prepares every word to be savored.

"If there is anything the oil industry has been, it is consistent—consistent in its pretension, its deceitfulness, its heavy-handedness, its arrogance," writes Robert Sherrill in *The Oil Follies of 1970-1980* (Anchor). And on a year-by-year basis, Sherrill does a good job of backing up his angry claim, showing that OPEC spelled backward is conspiracy, that the shortages we suffered through were manipulated, that governments waltz through investigations using data received from the oil companies and little else. So what's the problem for the reader? Well, we've heard all this before, for one thing. And for another, the energy crisis seems to have faded for the moment. So save this book for the next time we've got gas lines and scare tactics: It'll make great reading then.

BOOK BAG

The File (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich), by Penn Kimball: Imagine that you are a model citizen—distinguished journalist, college professor, public servant, ex-Marine—and you suddenly discover that 30 years ago, the Government quietly declared you a national-security risk and has been keeping tabs on you ever since. The author of this chilling account didn't have to imagine all that; it was right there in his FBI file—an instructive document to examine in this, the year of Orwell.

Bill Kurtis: On Assignment (Rand McNally), by Bill Kurtis: The *CBS Morning News* anchor man and TV journalist discusses his coverage of crises in Iran, Vietnam, El Salvador, Africa and Poland in readable, informative, exciting fashion, with some of his own fine photographs.

Washington (Congdon & Weed), by Mark Alan Stamaty: Political satire of a high order. Learn of the candidacy of Bob Forehead. Watch charismatics and perceptual engineers work their magic on him. Marvel at how the underprivileged will probably remain that way. This book is one more thing to laugh about this election year.

The Ultimate Seduction (Doubleday), by Charlotte Chandler: It's the positive power of work, the author concludes in this book based on interviews with the rich and famous, many of them (e.g., Mae West, Pablo Picasso) now dead. Not surprisingly, these people had a lot to say about sex.

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

TOO BAD the producers of *Gorky Park* (Orion) were not permitted to shoot Martin Cruz Smith's exhilarating best seller in Moscow. As a substitute, Helsinki in winter serves very well, and the novel is well served on all counts in Dennis Potter's brisk adaptation, directed by Michael Apted with cinematographer Ralf Bode as his inventive collaborator (the two also did fine work together on *Coal Miner's Daughter*). While anyone who has read the book may be slower to take the hook than I was, I am working my way up to telling you this is one hell of a movie—the sharpest, most provocative edge-of-your-seat thriller in the past decade or so. Audiences nowadays seem to snub films with a strong political slant, so let's set the record straight on *Gorky Park*—it's a whodunit about three grisly murders, with more to follow. It takes place in a heady milieu of international intrigue and danger, crawling with K.G.B. men, would-be defectors, traitors, con men and more than one ruthless killer. But the plot finally has more to do with contraband than with politics.

For full enjoyment of such a game, of course, it's necessary to surrender to the idea of Anglo-American actors' portraying Russian characters without heavy iron-curtain accents. The one striking exception is Polish-born newcomer Joanna Pacula, in a knockout debut as the girl in the case. As the hero, a top investigator with the Moscow militia, William Hurt soon convinced me that he was, indeed, Russian, then went on to wrap up the part in other respects. He's a cool, composed actor with so much natural impact on the screen that he can risk submerging his star personality. There is a lot of subtlety beneath the surface excitement throughout *Gorky Park*, which never preaches but reveals plenty about a closed Soviet society in sly asides—the way telephones are automatically jammed to sabotage wire-tap devices, a chase scene set against the background of an outdoor bandstand where heavily mittened Muscovites stand in the snow applauding a Western rock concert. Lee Marvin, Brian Dennehy and Ian Bannen are commendable as friends or foes, all up to their eyeballs in delectable treachery. ♣♣♣

Among the usual rush of late-breaking Oscar contenders for 1983, another formidable bid is entered by last year's best actress, Meryl Streep, coming back strong in *Silkwood* (Fox). The real Karen Gay Silkwood was just a down-home gal, made famous posthumously as a kind of antinuclear Norma Rae. A dogged union activist vs. the powerful Kerr-McGee Corporation, she was contaminated by plutonium but died in a car crash—accidentally or otherwise—while preparing her case



Joanna Pacula, William Hurt in chilling, intricately crafted thriller *Gorky Park*.

Three good screen bets:
Gorky Park, *Silkwood* and
Terms of Endearment.



Streep blown away in *Silkwood*.



MacLaine, Winger, Nicholson in *Endearment*.

against the company. The touchier legal questions are avoided here. Still, the movie is topical, directed with warmth and grit by Mike Nichols and fine as far as it goes—though an erratic screenplay by Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen seldom goes quite far enough. Streep is a revelation as the earthy Oklahoma worker with a lesbian roommate (Cher, in top form), though Silkwood herself has a definite yen for men (Kurt Russell's fine as her favorite). But her finely etched portrait of Karen as "a stand-up girl" is flawed when an abysmally sentimental ending frames her as a saint, complete with epitaph and voice-over hymn. ♣♣♣

Take out your handkerchiefs for *Terms of Endearment* (Paramount) while I lay odds that the tears you shed will clinch Oscar nominations for Shirley MacLaine and Debra Winger. Adapted by writer-director James L. Brooks from a novel by Larry (The Last Picture Show) McMurry, this mother-daughter soap opera develops surprising depth along with wryly ribald human comedy as an ode to love, sex, friendship, family, infidelity and all the other complexities of relating to one another. *Endearment* gets off to a slow start, laying the groundwork for two decades in the life of an uptight, well-heeled Houston widow with no visible source of income and no particular interest in men. Her least favorite male is the sexy, shallow English teacher (Jeff Daniels) who marries the daughter she dotes on and moves her away to Iowa to become a child breeder and *Hausfrau*.

To divulge the plot would tell too much and too little about *Terms of Endearment*, which is primarily a movie about people whose frailties bind them together in ways that all of us can recognize. MacLaine, aging visibly in her transformation from icy bitch to a beautifully seasoned, if

reluctant, grandma, gives everything she's got—and turns out to be hilarious, heartbreaking, emotionally naked. Winger's easygoing earthiness is the perfect counterpoint. She's superb, and so is Jack Nicholson as a onetime NASA astronaut, Shirley's next-door neighbor, whose "right stuff" has been reprogrammed for a beer belly, booze and bimbos. Daniels as Winger's husband, John Lithgow as her lover and Lisa Hart Carroll as a life-long friend stand tall in a roster of memorable characters. Even the child actors are uncanny when the time comes to move from precocity to pathos. MacLaine hereby qualifies as queen mom of the tear-jerkers, but she dignifies the title with attractive new wrinkles as well as pungent lines. ■

Two riveting performances by Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay are the main reasons to see *The Dresser* (Columbia). Producer-director Peter Yates has done a marvelous job of preserving for posterity Ronald Harwood's play, a substantial hit from London to Broadway—and an unabashed example of bravura theatrical acting at its peak. Courtenay brilliantly repeats the title role he originated as the intense, asexual dresser for a seasoned old ham who's on tour in the provinces in wartime England, about to give his 227th performance as King Lear. Finney acts up a storm in every sense as the half-mad, half-drunk genius raging against man, woman, fate, Hitler and imminent death. While his life is a shambles, there's redemption and a kind of moral grandeur in his art. Such backstage drama probably lacks mass appeal, but the verbal volleys and the human follies of Finney, Courtenay and company are the cinematic go-for-broke showbiz equivalent of the finals at Wimbledon. ♣♣

Buccaneering South Seas adventure is played largely for laughs in *Nate and Hayes* (Paramount), with Michael O'Keefe and Tommy Lee Jones in the title roles, both trying to rescue a captive damsel (Jenny Seagrove) whose love they seek. She's a kidnaped bride, bartered by leering pirates to island savages and in imminent danger of becoming a sacrificial virgin before her suitors show up to save her. Sounds like fun in summary, yet this handsome seagoing spoof never seems to skim along at full sail. That elusive balance between high camp and cinema classic that made *Raiders of the Lost Ark* a milestone isn't easy to emulate, and neither director Ferdinand Fairfax nor his writers have discovered the secret leading to Steven Spielberg's treasure. Probably Spielberg memorized it and burned the map. Try again, guys. You're warm, but still several degrees north of pay dirt. ♣♣

Produced and directed by Barbra Streisand. Screenplay by Jack Rosenthal



A near thing for Jenny.

A pirate spoof, a French pastry and an album disguised as a movie.



Yentl's Streisand, Irving, Patinkin.

and Barbra Streisand. And starring—guess who? After her long, highly publicized battle to make a movie based on a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, Streisand has taken charge and come up with *Yentl* (MGM/UA), a ridiculous—and no doubt costly—little fable set in Eastern Europe circa 1904, about a bright, innocent young Jewish girl who disguises herself as a boy to enter a Yeshiva because she yearns to study the Talmud, which is forbidden for women. Well, the locations in Czechoslovakia are quite colorful, but the good news ends right there. Barbra's masquerade as a beardless boy barely out of his teens is a lot to swallow and becomes absurd when she falls in love with a fellow student (Mandy Patinkin, a first-rate performer despite the odds against him), then marries his true love (Amy Irving) to set off several of the most sexually screwed-up seriocomic scenes in screen history. You don't want to hear about Streisand and Irving on their wedding night. The utter silliness of *Yentl* is sadly compounded by

Streisand's decision to make this a musical—more precisely, a brand-new hit album with the movie tucked around it. From first to last, it's a vanity production, with superstar lighting on Barbra while she affects boyish modesty and sings—as the inimitable big-screen belter she is—a slew of lush romantic ballads by Michel Legrand, words by Alan and Marilyn Bergman. Although seemingly meant to be taken seriously, the score has pure Beverly Hills roots with an ethnic resonance best described as Fiddler on the Patio. And the finale—Yentl aboard a ship bound for women's lib and the land of opportunity—is a forthright steal from *Don't Rain on My Parade*, a Streisand classic. This time around, Barbra's one-woman band is all out of step. ♣♣

Writer-director Henry Jaglom's meandering *Can She Bake a Cherry Pie?* (Worldwide Classics) has a what-the-hell air of improvisation about it. Two oddball people poke around, observing the New York scene while they get acquainted, go to bed and talk interminably about how they feel. Karen Black plays the woman, recently jilted, with great dash and spontaneity, as if she were inventing her role on the spot. It's her zingiest part in years, and Karen pummels it into shape as a one-woman black comedy. Opposite her, Michael Emil (Jaglom's brother) is baldish, easygoing and by any measure the least likely leading man of the year. The movie is so personal that some Jaglom family-album photos are jimmied into the narrative, yet *Cherry Pie* never really works except as a showcase for two offbeat performers. ♣♣

The influx of small French films leaps up in quality with *Entre Nous* (UA Classics), by writer-director Diane Kurys, whose two previous features about teenagers (*Peppermint Soda* and *Cocktail Molotov*) add up to an engaging autobiography. *Entre Nous* is an original, oddly poignant story about the lifelong friendship of two women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou Miou) who ultimately desert their mates and disrupt their families in order to be together. As Huppert's volatile husband (the couple is presumably patterned to some extent on Kurys' own parents), Guy Marchand does a wonderful job of being simultaneously macho, vulnerable and angry, playing a decent man who is simply unable to understand the forces that tear his world apart. Both superb as well as sympathetic, Huppert and Miou Miou persuasively portray people in love without letting the audience regard them, in any conventional sense, as lesbians. Although *Entre Nous* seems overlong and cluttered with needless detail in its early scenes, *Mlle.* Kurys earns a high score for bringing taste, intelligence and delicacy to a most unusual domestic drama. ♣♣♣

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

All the Right Moves Tom Cruise scoring again. **YYY½**

Basileus Quartet Chamber music and sex appeal, charmingly blended. **YYY**

The Big Chill All-star cast at a reunion of Sixties rebels. **YYYY**

Can She Bake a Cherry Pie? (Reviewed this month) Uh . . . it needs something. **YY**

Carmen Bizet's opera recycled as dance drama. **YYY**

The Dresser (Reviewed this month) Finney and Courtenay are tops. **YYY**

Entre Nous (Reviewed this month) Women in love, French style. **YYY**

Gorky Park (Reviewed this month) Like the book, big-time suspense. **YYYY**

Heart Like a Wheel Honest, exciting bio of female hot-rod champion. **YYY½**

Nate and Hayes (Reviewed this month) Pirates of yore, not quite yare. **YY**

Never Cry Wolf Man meets Canis lupus in an enthralling outdoor drama. **YYY**

Never Say Never Again Connery's back as Bond, but the movie sags a bit. **YY**

Return Engagement Leary meets Liddy on the lecture circuit. Eerie. **YYY½**

Richard Pryor Here and Now Off drugs, dried out, but still making it as the world's funniest one-man show. **YYY**

The Right Stuff The magnificent Mercury seven, spacy and socko. **YYYY**

Silkwood (Reviewed this month) Meryl makes her move for 1983. **YYY**

Star 80 Mariel Hemingway as Dorothy Stratten in harrowing Fosse film. **YYY**

Streamers More strong stuff by Robert Altman—on homosexual man's inhumanity in an Army camp. **YYY**

Terms of Endearment (Reviewed this month) Soapy but superlative, with MacLaine and Winger just grand. **YYY½**

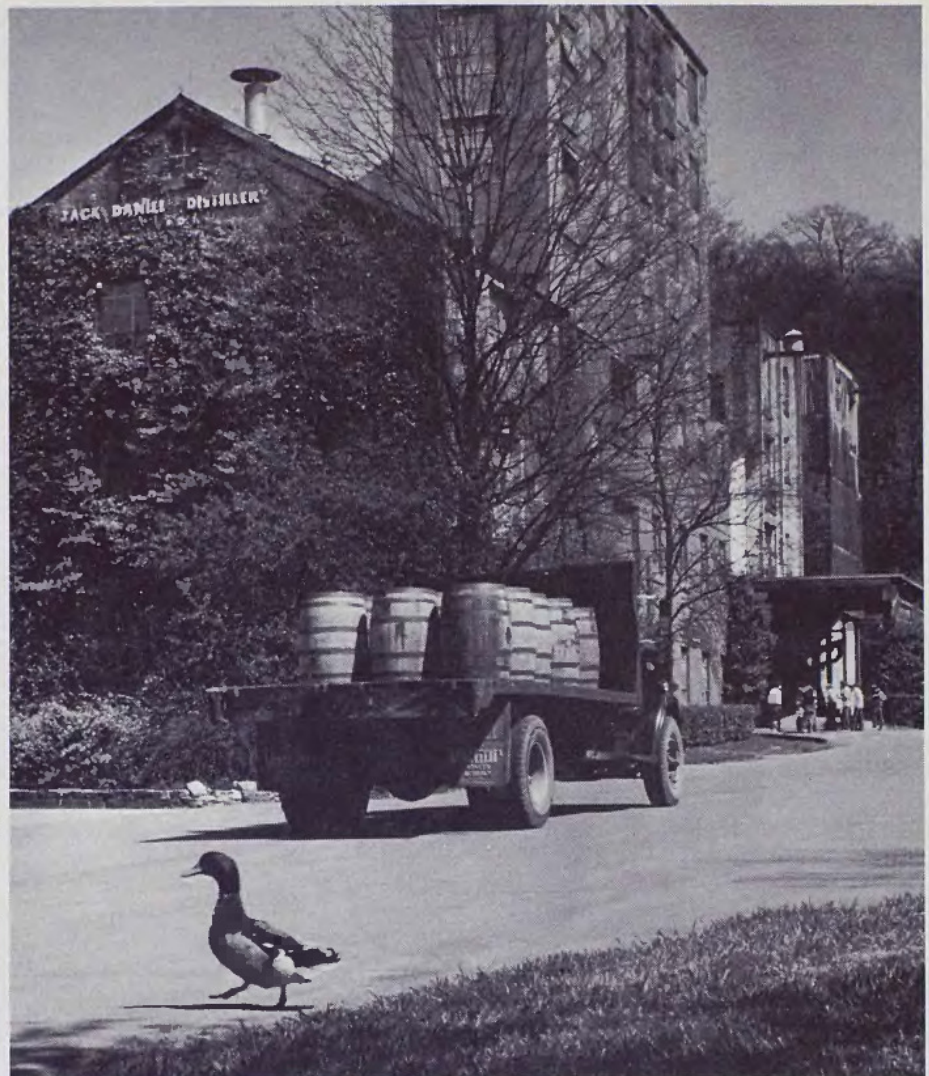
Testament A homemaker's view of nuclear war. **Y**

Under Fire Nicaragua before the Sandinistas—hot headline drama with Hackman, Nolte and Joanna Cassidy. **YYY**

Yentl (Reviewed this month) Barbra breathes some Bel Air into Isaac Bashevis Singer. But who needs it? **YY**

YYYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look

YYY Good show **Y** Forget it



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★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

IDOL GOSSIP: Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek and Scott (The Right Stuff) Glenn have been set to star in Universal's *The River*, a sort of contemporary *Grapes of Wrath* about a corn-belt farm family's struggle for survival against economic obstacles and the elements. Word has it that several well-known actors (including Harrison Ford) wanted the Gibson role, but the Aussie actor was chosen by director Mark Rydell after demonstrating his ability to speak with an American accent (not surprising, since Gibson was born in Upstate New York and didn't move to Australia until he was 12). *The River*, which is being shot in Tennessee, is Gibson's first American film. . . . Speaking of Australians, down-under director Peter Weir has been signed to helm Warner Bros.' adaptation of Paul Theroux's novel *The Mosquito Coast*. Scripted by Paul Schrader, the flick involves a New England man who abandons modern American society and relocates his family in the tropics. . . . French film maker Claude Lelouch will make a sequel to the 1966 classic *A Man and a Woman*. Set to start shooting in 1985, it will be titled *Twenty Years After*. . . . George Segal and Morgan Fairchild co-star in CBS' spoof *The Zany Adventures of Robin Hood*, a send-up of the Errol Flynn classic. . . . Paramount is planning a sequel to *Flashdance*, but Jennifer Beals won't be starring in it.



Gibson



Spacek

She has decided to continue her studies at Yale rather than reprise the role. . . . "Break dancing," "rapping," "electric boogie" and "sci-fi street sounds" will highlight Orion's *Beat Street*, a musical scripted by *The Village Voice* writer Steve Hager, who has been keeping track of the street-dance phenomenon since it began. . . . Gary Busey has been signed to play the lead in *The Bear*, a biopic about the late Paul "Bear" Bryant. Busey will portray the University of Alabama football coach from 18 to his death at 69.

SWEET SIXTEEN: *National Lampoon's Joy of Sex* has nothing whatever to do with the book of the same title, other than the fact that one of the movie's characters mentions the sex manual once or twice. Directed by Martha (Valley Girl) Coolidge,

the Paramount film features *Valley Girl* co-stars Michelle Meyrink, Cameron Dye and Colleen Camp, Ernie (Spacehunter) Hudson and Christopher (Taxi) Lloyd. Plotwise, it goes something like this: Leslie (Meyrink) is a high school senior who is dying to get



Lloyd



Camp

some firsthand education about sex but has a problem—her father (Lloyd) is extremely overprotective and won't let boys near her. Alan (Dye) is also a high school senior dying to learn about sex, but he's too shy to get anywhere. Camp plays a well-endowed narc who infiltrates the school and becomes Alan's first big crush. Hudson is a former military-academy headmaster who becomes the high school's principal, but hasn't quite figured out how to handle coeds.

RUSSIAN DRESSING: Robin Williams as a Russian circus musician who defects to the U.S. while shopping at Bloomingdale's? That's the basic premise of Paul Mazursky's new comedy *Moscow on the Hudson*. Williams plays Vladimir Ivanoff, a saxophonist with the Russian circus, who lives in a one-bedroom apartment in Moscow with his parents, grandfather and sister, stands in line for toilet paper and shoes and is threatened by the K.G.B. When the circus visits New York, Vlad defects and is befriended by a Bloomingdale's security guard (Cleavant Derricks), who takes him



Conchita



Williams

home to Harlem. So much for the plot. Mazursky has put together an interesting supporting cast: Venezuelan star Maria Conchita plays Vlad's Italian-born girlfriend; Alejandro Rey is his immigration lawyer; Elya Baskin, formerly of the Moscow Comedy Theatre Company, portrays Vlad's best friend, Anatoly the clown; Savely Kramarov, known as the Jerry Lewis

of Russia, plays a K.G.B. agent. Williams, incidentally, grew a beard, learned to speak Russian and took saxophone lessons in preparation for the role.

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, BUCKY? *Buckaroo Banzai* is one of those quirky films that defy concise explanation. Peter Weller plays the titular character (that's right, Buckaroo Banzai is a person), a modern renaissance man who practices neurosurgery, experiments in particle physics, tests jet cars and sings with a rock band called the Hong Kong Cavaliers. Seems our boy is the son of a Japanese and an American scientist—hence his many talents and peculiar name. I'm told the film will look and sound like nothing that has ever been on the screen before, thanks to freaky sets, odd costum-



Barkin



Weller

ing and weird visual effects. Billed as a "contemporary adventure-comedy with action and surprise," *Buckaroo Banzai* co-stars John Lithgow, Ellen Barkin, Jeff Goldblum and Christopher Lloyd.

YOU DIRTY RAT: Faithful readers of this column already know the casting of 20th Century-Fox's gangster-film send-up *Johnny Dangerously*, but what of the plot? It ought to sound familiar enough to movie buffs: Johnny Kelly (Michael Keaton) is a poor but honest newsboy who joins the Mob to pay for pancreatic surgery for his mother (Maureen Stapleton). He becomes a top crook and puts his kid brother through law school only to have the kid become a crime-busting D.A. Natch, Johnny's sent up the river but escapes to vindicate himself—only he's too late and gets shot in what I'm told is one heck of a death scene. Along the way, of course, he meets all sorts of oddballs, including a crazed killer named Danny Vermin (Joe Piscopo); a corrupt D.A. (Danny DeVito); the tough, vulnerable, Harlowesque Lil (Marilyn Hener); and Jocko Dundee, head of the Mob (Peter Boyle). "We're making it like *The Public Enemy*," says producer Michael Hertzberg. "The key to making it work as comedy is that we're not shooting it as comedy. Everyone plays it straight." The film also stars Griffin Dunne, Richard Dimitri and Glynnis O'Connor, with cameos by Dom DeLuise (as the Pope) and Dick Butkus (as a corpse).





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By ASA BABER

FUBAR is one of my best buddies, but he never gets the word. I try to help him. Ruth, his ex-wife, tries to help him. Even his kids try to help him. But Fubar just doesn't understand the times. For a man of 35, he's retarded. No wonder he never gets laid. He worries too much, and he doesn't know how to deal with women.

"I guess I just do everything wrong," Fubar said the other night. We were having a few beers in a singles bar. He was wearing an *aloha* shirt and *puka* shells and Levi's. He looked like a baby bear.

"I've been telling you that for years," I said.

"I know, I know," he said. "But I don't understand it. I try really hard to talk to women. I want to be friends with them. What do they want?"

"Ask her," I said. I pointed to a blonde in a suit. She had high cheekbones and glittering eyes, the face and features of a model.

It took him a while, but since she was standing right next to us, Fubar finally tapped her on the shoulder. "Uh, excuse me, miss," he said, "but could you tell me what you want?" She looked right through him, laughed once and went back to her conversation. "See?" he said to me. "I try to be up front and honest, I try not to play games and to be myself, and all I get is rejected."

"Fubar, you are so fucked up," I said. "This is 1984, man."

"Well, I just don't get it," he said. "I always screw things up with women these days."

"Things are tough," I said. I took out my gold charge card and my commodities charts and my running shoes. "Watch," I said.

I caught the blonde's eye. "Didn't I see you at that tax-shelter seminar last July?" I asked her. I let my suit jacket fall open so she could see the Polo label.

"The one on real estate?" she smiled.

"Yeah," I nodded. As I talked, I was filling out the credit application I always carry with me in case I meet a woman I like. "You ran in the marathon that morning and ate vegetarian that night. You're looking great. Where do you work out these days?"

"Oh, a lot of places," she said. She was reading my credit application carefully. "You own a seat on the board? You don't just lease it?"

"No," I said, "I own it. I'm in the soy-bean pit. Cleared a cool million last year. Beans were burning up. I rode them for all they were worth." I did the whole Eighties gig: We talked about clothing and business and her M.B.A. and my scam with commodities options and our divorces



SLOGANS FOR THE EIGHTIES

"Fubar just doesn't understand the times. For a man of 35, he's retarded. No wonder he never gets laid."

and how we weren't looking for anything too close or claustrophobic in our relationships. She took my business card and I took hers and we allowed as how we ought to have lunch one day soon. We shook hands and she went back to her date. He wasn't angry. He was trying to sell the redhead from the insurance company a word processor for her home.

"That's the way to do it?" Fubar asked. "That's as cold as hell. You'll never hear from her again."

"Of course I will," I said, "after she checks my credit."

"You talked to her like you'd talk to a man."

"Of course. That's what they want."

"Women want to be men?"

"You got it," I said. "Look around, Fubar. You think you're going to impress these females with warmth and romance? Nothing makes them more paranoid, man. Women want to be men. They are very busy proving they're just as tough, just as mean, just as removed. All you have to do is play up to it. 'Dress for success, never confess, hide all your mess, pass every test.' Those are the slogans for the Eighties, Fubar, like it or not."

"Jeez," he said, "just after I learned to be loving and vulnerable."

"Yucky," I said. "Strictly nauseating for women these days. Wimp City. Wusserville. You come on as a nice, vulnerable guy, they'll puke on your boots, man."

"That's why women try to push me off the sidewalk?"

"You got it. You may have a belt in karate and a Golden Gloves award, but they don't care. They're out to prove they're killers."

"You know, that reminds me," Fubar said. "When Ruth left, she said she wouldn't really mind if I died. She said she hoped somebody would put bamboo spikes under my fingernails."

"Yeah, that's normal. She was proving how tough she is."

"I asked her, 'Ruth, did you ever see somebody do that? Did you ever sit through a really mean interrogation where the guy is screaming like a banshee and your balls curl up at the sound and the smell stays with you forever?'"

"Oh, Fubar," I said, "you blew it. You can't talk to women like that. You can't call them on it. They haven't been through what we've been through. They're like we used to be. They're *macho* without portfolio."

"Well, shit," Fubar said. He looked around the bar. "They buy the gig more than we buy it, you know that? They don't want to be loved, they want to be promoted. They don't question the system or what it's doing to them. They've bought off on it."

"All the way," I said. "More than we have, a lot of times." Fubar was looking very sad. That made me nervous. "Come on," I nudged him, "smile. Talk happy talk. You're cramping my style, Fubar. Don't look sensitive, look successful." I took out a Krugerrand and watched it glow.

"I want a woman I can talk to about everything, who doesn't laugh at me when I wake up from nightmares, who is willing to share, to nurture, to make this world a little warmer—"

"Fubar," I interrupted, "that is so out of date, I can't believe it. Get with the times, will you?"

Just then, the blonde came back.


She was smiling. "Triple-A rating, my attorney tells me," she said. "Your credit is as good as gold." She handed me an empty bottle.

"Same to you," I smiled. I handed her a bottle, too. "See you in five," I said.

Fubar looked confused, as he so often did. "What's that about?" he asked me.

"First the urologist," I said, "then we negotiate. You don't waste time before the lab tests, Fubar. Time is money."

I don't know why, but Fubar stumbled out of there like burning tumbleweed.

Some people just never get the word. 



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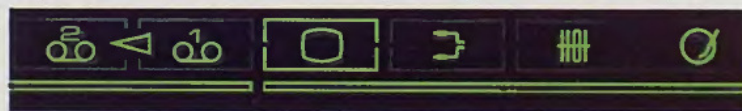
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By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

IT WAS the middle of winter. I was sweaty and hot.

"Come on, Cynthia," yelled Rita, "get that goddamned ball over the net for a change. Pretend it's an editor's head."

I hit the goddamned ball and seven subsequent ones and then decided to collapse in the sand and soak up some rays. The Marina Del Rey volleyball team could get along without me.

I lay on the beach silently for at least five minutes, staring up at the beautiful blue sky, listening to the gentle whispers of the ocean. Gulls frolicked about my head. The world was, in a word, idyllic.

Then I became aware of a minor tornado standing next to me. Rita was stamping her feet, flapping her arms and making noises like a frustrated Doberman.

"You're kicking sand in my face, you shrew," I said.

"Gimme a cigarette," Rita said as she lowered her 6'1", redheaded frame next to mine and sighed. She pointed toward the game.

"See that cocksucker over there?" she asked, pointing to a grubby little fellow falling face down into the sand. "I am going to hire a hit man and have that little wart rubbed out. I will not have him fouling this beautiful earth. Do you know what that little scum has done? He has wormed his way into my affections."

"Whatever next?" I wondered.

"I must be crazy!" Rita railed to the gulls, which took fright and shrieked back. "How could I ever let a Hollywood man into my life? I'm supposed to know better! I'm a 32-year-old knockout, not some wimpy girl! Do you know what that lout just said to me? 'I gotta work on my screenplay tonight.' The utter gall of that little twit."

"Sounds like the little twit's very industrious," I mentioned calmly.

"The little twit's not even a goddamned writer!" she yelled. "He's a goddamned boom operator!"

"But he's writing a screenplay?" I was new to all this. I'm just a New York girl who happened to be out in Hollywood for a week because some ex-student-activist head of a studio wanted *me* to write a screenplay. They had given me a car for a week, a rented hotel room, the works. Plus I got to see all my L.A. buddies on their home turf. Life was fine.

I even liked the ex-hippie studio head. He was disarmingly honest. He knew I was a feminist, yet he sat there in his monster office, twiddling his thumbs, and told me that he didn't like women directors. "They never get their teeth into anything," he said. "They always pussyfoot around the outside of issues. They don't know how to take risks. But we'll try to



L.A. BLUES

"Compared with the L.A. variety, all other men are Mother Teresa."
"And they're all writing screenplays."

find you a good one for your movie."

Rita was still babbling. "Honey, you don't *know* L.A. men. They come on as vulnerable as kittens, but they'll cut your heart out with a rusty knife. All they care about is business. There is no such thing as a social life to an L.A. man. Even at some dingy bar at three A.M., he just wants to know who you are, whether your daddy's the head of a studio and what you can do for him. They never let up."

"And you know why?" said Ginny, who had just sat down. "Because they're all transplanted New Yorkers, and they all left their parents behind in Brooklyn. They've come out here figuring they can get away with anything."

"You know how everybody in New York is worried about selling out?" asked Rita. "How people sit in that Russian Tea restaurant for hours, moaning about how they have to keep their integrity?"

"Sure," I said, "because they're all guilty as hell with the suspicion that they've sold out years ago."

"But at least they still talk about it," said Ginny, adjusting her bikini. "Out here, the concept of selling out doesn't even exist. One sells out as a matter of routine. One is *expected* to sell out. One is *obligated* to sell out."

"And they don't even know how to flirt," complained Rita. "They try to throw some cocaine up your nose and then expect you to open your legs. It's pitiful.

When the cocaine ploy doesn't work, they get all wistful and goopy and say to you, 'I just want to be held.' *I just want to be held.* What kind of bullshit is that? Hold *this*, motherfucker."

"You know how suddenly everybody's discovering how all men are narcissists and don't care about anybody but themselves and don't want to grow up and take responsibilities?" asked Ginny. "Well, compared with the L.A. variety, all other men are Mother Teresa."

"And they're all writing screenplays," said Rita. It was her leitmotiv.

"What about L.A. women?" I wondered.

"Well," said Ginny, "none of us wear enough clothes, and some of us can be cold, hard and plastic, but not a one of us would have the nerve to be that self-absorbed. Let's face it; all women have an essential humanity."

I went out on a semidate that night. Some guy who worked in the story department of a studio asked me to some sort of women-in-film symposium. We took my car. The first person I saw when I entered the room was my ex-hippie studio head. He was onstage, twiddling his thumbs. Then he spoke.

"Nobody's been paying enough attention to women film directors," he said, "but *I* think that women film directors are this town's least exploited commodity. I deplore this sort of sexism."

"His last picture grossed \$80,000,000," whispered my date. "Let's go out and smoke a joint."

We sat in my car and my date told me all about himself. He had arrived from New York two years ago. He liked the weather in California; he loved his new car but found the people too superficial.

"It's true," I said, "all they seem to care about is work."

"Exactly!" he said. "That's what my screenplay is about."

"Your screenplay?" I asked, starting my car.

"I'd like you to read it," he said wistfully. "I'd be interested in your input."

"Your brake is on," said my car.


"My God!" I said. "My car is speaking!"

"It's about these guys who work in a factory," my date continued, "and they have tremendous pressures on them to be strong and *macho*, but really, all they want is to be *held*."

"Fasten your seat belts, please," said my car.

"Listen," I said, "this is terribly important. My car seems to be chatting. I don't understand."

"I'm having a little trouble with the ending," said my date.

"Get out of town before it's too late," said my car. It was a new model. 



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Women are always complaining that intercourse does not give the clitoris enough stimulation. They insist that men use their fingers to masturbate it. Why hasn't anyone suggested the obvious—that instead of inserting the penis, the man use it to stimulate the clitoris directly, holding it in his hand? What do you think?—R. F., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

It has possibilities. Edgar Gregersen, the author of "Sexual Practices," describes a similar activity in two Oceanic tribes: "The Trukese . . . call their coital technique wechewechen chuuk, 'Trukese striking.' The man sits on the ground with his legs wide-open and stretched out in front of him. The woman faces him, kneeling. The man places the head of his penis just inside the opening of her vagina. He does not really insert it but moves his penis up and down with his hand in order to stimulate her clitoris. As the couple approach climax, the man draws the woman toward him and finally completes the insertion of his penis. Before climax, as the partners become more and more excited, the woman may poke a finger into the man's ear.

"A Yapese variant called gichigich is not used by a man with his wife, because she would insist on it all the time and this would wear him out, making it impossible for him to work like other men. Nor could the woman work as she should. Consequently, as soon as a couple marry—even though they may have practiced gichigich before as lovers—the man substitutes the standard marital form: none other than the missionary position.

"The description of . . . gichigich is one of the most graphic . . . : The man just barely inserts his penis between the woman's outer sexual lips as she sits on his lap. The head of the penis is moved up, down and sideways for a period of time, which can be quite long. The rate of this movement varies and can become . . . intricately contrapuntal. All this is said to make the woman frenzied, weak and helpless. . . .

"Coincidence, I think, accounts for the fact that the Yapese, with this rather strenuous, frenetic sexual technique, have one of the lowest rates of frequency for intercourse found in the world."

I recently acquired a video-cassette recorder. Quite naturally, I purchased a few erotic movies. The results were far from what I had anticipated. Most of the movies were junk. Is there any way I can improve the odds?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

Theodore Sturgeon once said that 90 percent of everything is crud. Why should erotic movies be any different from the rest of life? According to one source, there have been more than 8000 adult films made



over the years, and approximately 2000 are available on video cassettes. One of the most comprehensive guides to those erotic masterpieces is "Adult Movies," a paperback guide to the top 200 adult movies. (It's available for \$3.95 from Pocket Books, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020.) That should narrow the field somewhat. But, as we say around the Playboy Video Lounge, half the fun is in not knowing what to expect. You have to keep your sense of humor about these things. As long as you aren't looking for the perfect video fantasy, every film has its moments.

I am a 25-year-old woman who is, unfortunately, not sexually active at present. I was involved with a young man for a few years and had quite a satisfying sex life. That relationship has ended, and now the most physical activity I get is a vigorous weight-lifting and aerobic workout. My question is this: Is it usual to have, or to come extremely close to, an orgasm during exercise? I was a dance student for many years and can remember once or twice nearing climax in class. Lately, I have been taking an aerobic-dance class, with virtually nonstop action for an hour, and find that nine times out of ten, I come very close to orgasm. I get quite flushed and my whole body pulsates. The only things that prevent actual climax are my consciousness of it and the lack of privacy needed to complete the picture. Needless to say, it's quite frustrating. I was wondering whether or not my abstinence from sex has increased my ability to climax in non-sexual activity. Is this normal? I can't believe a little exercise can bring so much pleas-

ure.—Miss L. B., New York, New York.

We have come extremely close to orgasm simply watching women lift weights. We're glad to find it's nice for you, too. Sex is exercise, and for many people, exercise is like sex. Your abstinence, as you point out, could be adding to the sexual tension, but since you experience those sensations in your dance class, it would appear that your body simply tends to link strenuous exercise with sexual excitement. As long as you're able to control yourself and avoid embarrassment, we think you should enjoy the pleasurable sensations.

Because of the recent crackdown on marijuana smoking aboard Navy ships, a lot of us have been worried about the accuracy of tests used to determine whether or not someone has smoked a joint. I don't smoke myself, but I'm often around when others are doing it. Am I likely to pick up enough out of the air to show up on a urine test? How long do you have to wait before all the T.H.C. is out of your body?—M. P., Long Beach, California.

There are so many variables involved in the urine-testing procedure that we can give only the broadest guidelines. For instance, urine volume and, therefore, T.H.C. concentration, is variable, depending on diet, exercise, age and individual metabolism. While the tests are said to be at least 95 percent accurate, even a positive one is not confirmation of performance impairment; it is only an indication of some prior use of the drug. You should know that 80 percent to 90 percent of the active ingredients in pot, primarily delta-9-T.H.C., are excreted within five days, about 20 percent in urine and 65 percent in feces. Prior use can be detected for up to two weeks in the casual user and possibly longer in the chronic user, due to accumulation of T.H.C. in body fat deposits. The bottom line is, if you're just around people who smoke, you needn't worry. Passive inhalation is not likely to produce a positive test result. But if you do take a toke, it can be detected for up to two weeks. Whether or not that will get you in trouble is, naturally, up to the powers that be.

At the age of 34, I didn't think I could be surprised; but recently, a lover informed me that I am a sexual aberration. I don't mind—in fact, I revel in it, if it's true. My nipples don't always get hard at the same time, and he said that that was very unusual. Is it? No one has ever mentioned this to me before.—Miss T. M., Anderson, Indiana.

We don't think that this constitutes a remarkable phenomenon or an abnormality. Haven't you ever heard of the movie "One Sings, the Other Doesn't"? It's

possible that one of your nipples is somewhat more sensitive than the other or that your partner is paying more attention to one than to the other. If that is the case, shame on him. Next time he brings it up, ask him how he becomes erect—from the top to the bottom, or the bottom to the top, or from both ends to the middle, or . . . Get the point? Too much spectating can kill a good thing.

After reading the letter from L.W. of Detroit, Michigan, in the June issue and your answer, I feel I must comment. I am not a sex therapist or counselor but simply a normal, 29-year-old single man with a very active (though not as active as I'd like, of course) sex life. I am also one who had to answer positively to *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey* question regarding faking an orgasm. I've been doing so on a fairly regular basis all my sexual life. What's more, I find that it's very easy to get away with it. It all started when I was 16 years old and had the wonderful pleasure of learning about sex from a girl who seemed to live for nothing but orgasms—her own. I suffered from premature ejaculation until she taught me some things to help me last longer. The problem was, she couldn't wait to have sex again. I couldn't last very long if I tried to come every time she did in a night spent with her. Even at the age of 16, I learned instead to fake it, which seemed to get her off even more. Eventually, I learned to fake approximately two out of three times. She couldn't tell, because we were so wet. Instead, she came to believe that I had become as insatiable as she.

Although I've never met anyone whose appetite for sex could match hers, I still fake orgasms. The primary reason is that I can usually make love for an indefinite period of time, and we reach a point at which the woman is exhausted, dry, going through the motions or just wondering when it's going to end. At that point, I may simply increase my speed, breathe faster, say, "I'm coming" with as much passion as I can muster and start rapidly flexing my penis. The only complaints I've received have been that chafing prevents another session until a day or two later. No partner has ever so much as hinted that she thought I'd faked it. The point is this: I do not fake orgasms because of so-called erectile dysfunction. I do not feel guilty about the deception, either, for obvious reasons. The only time my partner would ever know that I hadn't ejaculated was if she performed fellatio. That's one time I can't get away with faking it. I feel that it's perfectly natural to fake it under certain circumstances. It prevents my partner from feeling as if she doesn't turn me on enough and makes it much easier for me to get another erection as soon as she's ready. Lastly, it's a hell of a

lot better than premature ejaculation (which is something else that's impossible to fake).—R. W., Charleston, South Carolina.

Thank you.

Three or four times a year, I go someplace where I have to wear a tuxedo. Each time, I rent one; and each time, I promise myself that I'll buy one and save money. But it seems to me that tuxes are going through the same changes as suits these days, and I don't want to get stuck with something I wear infrequently that will be out of style in a year. What are the guidelines on when to rent and when to buy?—O. L., Los Angeles, California.

If you're renting a tux three times a year, you're paying what one would cost. We think your fears of obsolescence are unfounded. A good-quality, conservatively cut tuxedo can last you for as long as you care to wear it. Conservative means avoiding colors and fabrics that can date the suit. We suggest basic black with a minimum of ornamentation. You'll find that you can change the outfit considerably by adding accessories. Try wearing a cummerbund one time and a vest the next. Shirt colors and collar styles can also be changed, making the outfit more casual if you wish. Of course, the major advantage of owning a tux is that you can have it cut for you, avoiding size hassles at the rental shops. The basic tux hasn't changed in decades, and prices are generally below those of business suits. We say go for it.

I am a 26-year-old female dating a 25-year-old male. Believe it or not, he is a virgin. I, on the other hand, while not promiscuous, have some degree of sexual experience. His awareness of my past experience tends to intimidate him, and his lack of experience is very frustrating to me. How can I go about relieving some of the pressure he feels? I can honestly say I have not pushed him; we have not been to bed yet, and even a cheap feel is hard to come by. I am restraining my normal sexual aggressiveness, as I do not want to frighten him off. How do you deal with a virgin? What technique can I use to relax him or relieve some of the tension he feels? Any insight would be greatly appreciated.—Miss A. M. E., Paramus, New Jersey.

You'll have to take some of the initiative, even at the risk of scaring off your boyfriend. Besides, if sexual contact scares him off, you're only due for more frustration in this relationship. We don't think you have to restrain yourself; in fact, you should gently guide him to situations you find desirable and teach him the basics—what pleases you and how you can please him. You have found the last male in America who doesn't know that women are sexual creatures. Show him the culture. Take him to any Debra Winger movie. Give him good books about women in lust—from "Lady Chatterley's Lover" to "Ada."

You'll simply have to be the patient and guiding tutor. After a few "lessons," he should warm up considerably—and the give and take should eventually even out. If not, get out.

I am a 19-year-old male with a problem. I have been having sex since I was 14 and have had this problem just as long: I always reach orgasm before my partner, which leaves her less than satisfied. I have just ordered something called a desensitizer, which numbs the skin on the corona. Is that the best way to treat my problem? If not, what is? I would really appreciate any help you could provide.—J. K., New York, New York.

Desensitizers are not the answer. For one thing, they desensitize the woman also. The best solution is one we've recommended before: Find a copy of "Sexual Solutions," by Michael Castleman. There is an entire chapter devoted to techniques for curing involuntary ejaculation. Castleman writes, "There are two keys to lasting longer: Reduce tensions and become more comfortable with your body's sensual responsiveness. A body under stress for any reason looks for ways to relieve the pressure. If a man bottles up his emotions and denies himself other means of stress reduction, his body may decide that the only way out is to release the stress through ejaculation. Learning to last longer involves transferring stress reduction away from the penis to other parts of the body. In other words, expand sexuality to include sensuality." Among the techniques described are deep breathing (people under stress hold their breath), vocalizing to release tension (forget about being the strong, silent type) and various muscle-relaxation techniques (some men find that they can exert more control if they keep their buttock, anal and stomach muscles relaxed through love-play). Castleman provides exercises that you can practice during masturbation or intercourse. You can order "Sexual Solutions" from Self-Care Associates, 55 Sutter Street, Suite 645, San Francisco, California 94104, for \$9.95.

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.

You can hear a prerecorded message from *The Playboy Advisor* by dialing 312-976-4343. It's not dial-a-prayer, but it's close.

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DEAR PLAYMATES

As we read our *Dear Playmates* mail, we find that certain subjects come up on a regular basis. One of them is men and housework. So we asked the Playmates to give us their views.

The question for the month:

Could you go to work and have the man in your life run the house?

No, I don't think I could do that. My ideal relationship would be to have both of us working and traveling and then going home together. I wouldn't feel right if he were home all day playing the father and husband. I wouldn't like to be home all day, either. There is no way I could be a housewife and stay home. If I weren't working, I'd want to be playing or exercising or lunching with friends. I like to go out.



Marlene Janssen

MARLENE JANSSEN
NOVEMBER 1982

No. I would absolutely go out of my mind. I think a man's place is out of the home. It's nice to have his help at home but not to run my household. I'd go nuts. How would I find anything? When I'm ready, I want to be the wife, I want to participate in my home life. And while no one *wants* to do the laundry, it is part of the deal. If I turn out to have the minority opinion on this question, so be it.



Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

Definitely. Because I've been in the entertainment business, my environment consists mostly of athletes, models, actors and musicians. Men in those professions travel a lot and have to take care of themselves, and those are the men I've been dating. They don't seem to mind cooking or cleaning. My work takes me out of the house. I like exchanging roles.



I have a lot of energy and I need to burn it off, and the thought of having a househusband or a houseboyfriend to come home to is very appealing. For three years, I paid rent on an apartment that I was hardly ever in, and the thing I missed most was having someone to come home *to* when my work was done.

Azizi Johari

AZIZI JOHARI
JUNE 1975

Yes, I could. In fact, I've thought about this subject a lot. Right now, I'm pursuing my career so heavily that it has been difficult to find a man willing to put up with it. A man who is also busy at a job doesn't have any more time than I do to pursue a relationship. We're both doing our own things. Now, if he were willing—I'm not willing—to give up his career and stay home, I feel perfectly confident that I could bring in enough money someday to support two people. When I choose a mate, I won't be looking for a provider. I can concentrate on other qualities.



Susie Scott

SUSIE SCOTT
MAY 1983

My boyfriend helps out when I'm out of town. He never had to do it before, but now that I'm on the road more, he's doing it. We have a lot of pets, and the house needs to be vacuumed every day. He's been good about cleaning, and I think it helped him realize how messy he was. The first time I went out on a promotion and came home to a mess, I just flipped. He never let it happen again. One person can do only so much when he or she has to be on the road. The truth is, no one wants to live in chaos and it's not worth fighting about, either.



Marianne Gravatte

MARIANNE GRAVATTE
OCTOBER 1982

I think most people do what they have to do. If you're in a relationship with someone unemployed or self-employed and you have an out-of-the-house job, that's just the way it goes. I might get bothered if a man who had *no* desire to work outside the home—a man who wanted me to go to work for 35 years while he stayed home and raised the children—wanted to marry me. I'm relatively traditional about family life. I think the mother should raise the children. Not that mothers shouldn't work, but they should take more responsibility than the fathers for the children.



Cathy Larmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

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



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SEX, DRUGS AND ROCK 'N' ROLL

Here's a drug-paraphernalia case that may amuse your readers:

Louisiana accused my client, Warehouse Records and Tapes, Inc., probably the largest record store in the state, of selling pipes, papers, etc., that could, we suppose, be used in connection with certain infamous controlled substances. We conceded that possibility and left the state to prove "illegal intent." That would be a little like labeling PLAYBOY an item of "paraphernalia" if you intended readers to snort cocaine off its pages. (You don't, do you?) In the absence of evidence, the prosecution came up with this argument:

The State, at the hearing in this matter, brought forth testimony that the plaintiff is familiar with and sells records by such folks as Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix. These were very popular musicians who died as a result of drug overdoses. Many examples can be cited to show the link between the so-called "drug culture" and most popular music.

We always knew about sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll, but before my client was forced to remove the Frank Sinatra albums and most of his other stock, the court ruled that the state failed to prove this "strong link" by means of the Joplin and Hendrix examples.

If that argument comes up in another case, I'll be ready with my devastating Mama Cass defense. You'll recall that she O.D.d, tragically enough, on a ham sandwich, at least according to legend.

William E. Rittenberg
Attorney at Law
New Orleans, Louisiana

ADVANCED PRICK TEASING

It cannot have escaped your notice that women, for all their lip service to the concept of honest relationships, still widely engage in the time-honored practice of prick teasing. The style is a little different; it's no longer the old lead-'em-on-and-slap-their-face system, where the game is simply "What kind of girl do you think I am?" Instead, it's the woman's consciously promoting a casual or close-friend relationship to the point where the man starts wondering if such good friends ought not to enjoy some sex together.

Surprise! Comes suddenly the startled look reserved for such occasions of excessive male presumption and some classic feminist explanation that she wouldn't have allowed such an intimate relation-

ship to develop if she'd known he was only going to try to get into her pants. That seems to be part of the feminist doctrine that celibacy is an integral part of true male-female friendship. Whatever the rationale, it's a convenient means of establishing to a woman's satisfaction that she

"It's the feminist version of notches on the pistol grip."

is sexually desirable without her having to reciprocate. It's the feminist version of notches on the pistol grip. "Gotcha, you horny bastard!" says she and then probably masturbates herself to sleep fantasizing about some oil-field roughneck.

(Name withheld by request)
Baltimore, Maryland

Well, sir, the "Playboy Forum" wouldn't know anything about prick-teasing, feminist-type women, but the Playboy Advisor would, and he returned your letter with the scribbled note "Tell him to play queer. They can't stand it."

FLEEING THE GRINGOS

Perhaps you might like to warn your readers of a new wrinkle in the Mexican tourist racket. I encountered this one in Torreon last March. The policeman picked us out of a line of cars, curbed us,

demanding and got \$20 from each of us in return for our not being taken to jail. He would not consider the peso equivalent of \$20 but insisted on \$20 U.S. Fortunately, we were able to come up with an American \$20 for each one in the car, but he seemed very suspicious of one bill that was practically new. That was understandable; one cannot fully appreciate the term filthy lucre until one sees Mexican paper money.

So the gringo entering Mexico would be well advised to keep a supply of not-too-new \$20 bills in reserve for such emergencies. I saw one Mexican jail from the outside looking in, and it wasn't the Ritz. Twenty dollars not to be inside looking out was a bargain. But that was my third and last venture south of the border.

Chauncey L. Greene
Minneapolis, Minnesota

A few years ago, we were inundated with Mexican rip-off reports. We didn't know if the situation was improving or people were just getting used to it.

REMEMBER 'NAM

The fighting in El Salvador resembles the early days of the Vietnam war more and more. Whether or not this war escalates and American troops become involved will depend on "military intelligence"—the same "military intelligence" that got us so helplessly mired in Southeast Asia.

After the debacle of the 1968 Tet offensive, the American generals decided it was time to make a decisive move toward ending the war. Their plan, Operation Pegasus, was simple: The Third Marine Division would be inserted by helicopter into the demilitarized zone between North and South Vietnam and would then sweep the zone clear of the North Vietnamese army. Fire bases would be set up and patrols would stop infiltration from the north, leaving only pacification of the Viet Cong in the south.

Intelligence reports indicated that N.V.A. movement in the DMZ was minimal during the rainy season, so the plan called for an invasion then, when it would face minimal opposition. As a member of the Second Battalion's Echo Company, the advance unit whose job it was to clear landing zones, I can tell you about the monsoon season firsthand.

The day after we landed, some five miles inside the DMZ, the clouds were so thick that the helicopters couldn't fly. We were stuck on a mountaintop without resupply. After a week of constant rain



and sleeping in the mud, everyone had jungle rot, immersion foot and dysentery. We encountered the N.V.A. forces that weren't supposed to be there, and we had dead and wounded who could not be evacuated. The third week, we ran out of food. The brass aborted the mission. Finally, on the 33rd day, the clouds broke enough for the helicopters and we were evacuated—emaciated, disgusted and demoralized.

Operation Pegasus was a microcosm of the entire Vietnam war—generals making command decisions without going to the field to evaluate the truth of intelligence data or the effects their decisions would have on troops in the field.

El Salvador is essentially the same. The Salvadoran people are fighting a guerrilla war to overthrow a corrupt, despotic government. The U.S. Government supports that corrupt regime to preserve the status quo, fearful that a change would not be beneficial to American policy. Reagan's warnings of world-wide Communist takeovers are hollow. We can't afford to make the same Vietnam mistakes in El Salvador or anywhere else in the world.

Andy Jay McClure
Blairsville, Georgia

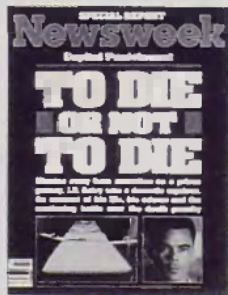
FALSE ALARM

An item in the October *Forum News-front* mentions a 34-year-old woman from Virginia who supposedly was raped three times on the steps of the Supreme Court building in New Orleans. It later turned out that she had made the story up. Police arrested her for filing a false crime report but later released her to return home. I thought this should be cleared up for the sake of that much-maligned city.

Tony Noto
Metairie, Louisiana

GLORY BOUND

I have mixed feelings about the death penalty—strong gut feelings for it and rational beliefs against it, thanks partly to PLAYBOY's well-reasoned editorials on the subject. Your arguments have carefully avoided the bleeding-heart humanitarianism of knee-jerk liberals in favor of pragmatic considerations. I've forgotten how you put it, but one point you made was that the screwed-up and violent lifestyle of many criminals is part of a self-destructive pattern into which capital punishment fits quite nicely. It's one last desperate way to terminate one's miserable existence in a blaze of glory, being ceremonially put to death by the state. An Austin attorney, Hugh Lowe, was quoted in *The Texas Observer* as calling capital punishment "a short cut to immortality," and nothing better illustrates that than *Newsweek's* devoting its cover to the near



execution of murderer James Autry, complete with his picture. In the *Newsweek* story, Autry, a case study in derangement, objected to the lethal-injection method because it wasn't "manly." His death-row hero was Utah murderer Gary Gilmore, who was the first to drop his appeals and go down in history for his stoic "Let's do it."

In wrestling with the death-penalty question, I've pretty much decided that state executions are counterproductive to society and perversely rewarding to the criminal but that there's something to be said for plain old-fashioned killing.

James Jones
San Marcos, Texas

As it happens, one of our editors wrote that piece in The Texas Observer and has asked attorney Lowe, who practices in Austin and lectures at the University of Texas there, to favor "The Playboy Forum" with some of his writing.

LIP SERVICE

I oppose prayer in public schools on principle; though as a practical matter, I don't think it does much harm to impressionable young psyches or much real damage to the church-state relationship. I think what most of us really object to are the kinds of people who think that having prayer in classrooms is necessary. I simply don't want that mentality teaching my children or running my Government.

This was no big problem in the past. Teachers didn't think about it much one way or the other. Prayers were simply a nice cultural ritual, like saying grace before meals, and were said with all the fervor and sincerity of the handshake before a boxing match. The kid who was Jewish or the child of principled intellectuals received some useful clues to the character of his community and the lip service it paid to some foggy concept of a deity. By tipping his hat to the native god—and that was all anyone really expected—he avoided a bit of grief.

I saw this in action with my own son in Texas years ago, when he was about five and was being bombarded in kindergarten with Easter stories, Christmas stories, perfunctory prayers, the works. I had been careful not to indoctrinate him with my own nontheism (I'm not even an atheist) but was mildly concerned when one of his regular Saturday-morning TV kiddie shows concluded with a nice, bland little prayer that seemed to get him excited. I asked him one time just what that prayer meant, and he said, "It means that Yogi Bear is coming on next!"

Made his daddy proud.

Jim Garcia
San Antonio, Texas

IMPROVING THE BREED

The pernicious influence not of religion as such but of much religious doctrine was never better illustrated than in the case of the little girl in Tennessee dying of cancer

because her parents, having converted to some bizarre brand of fundamentalism, insisted that she not receive medical treatment except from God. Too bad her grandparents had not subscribed to such a belief. Any number of treatable childhood afflictions might have carried away her fool parents before they reproduced, thereby improving the gene pool.

D. K. Fuller
Memphis, Tennessee

HARD TO PLEASE

I grew up next to Asilomar State Park, which houses a multimillion-dollar non-profit convention center. That concession dominates 70 percent of the public property with its buildings and asphalt, and the owners plan to build more. They found an official environmentalist and sand-dune ecologist who specializes in landscaping bare sand dunes. This guy associates the evil of erosion with the big feet of humans, and the corporation uses that logic to justify the construction of boardwalks all over the pristine sand dunes near my home. It calls this "dune restoration." It is negating the original reason for environmentalism, which was to allow Americans the opportunity to walk on the earth in its natural condition.

I have a friend who also has an interest in preserving his right to walk freely through the sand dunes without any barriers. Once in a while, he gets laid out there. I think that I also have a right to go into those dunes any time I want to. On occasion, I pronate or supinate myself upon the bare sand to allow the warm sun to caress my epidermis.

I have a petition to remove the first boardwalk and to rezone the dunes for open space. Any of your Bunnies can sign my petition any time.

Michael Bogatirev
Pacific Grove, California

WASTE MANAGEMENT

The Environmental Protection Agency might consider this system as an inducement to improved waste management: Require the executives of industrial firms to drink a jigger or two of their factories' effluents once a day—on the rocks, if they like. Also, a little of the smoke from the factories' stacks might be tapped into the air-conditioning systems.

Would there be any legal problems in drafting such a law?

Andy Williams
New York, New York

You just find a Congressman to introduce such a bill. We've got lots of good ideas.

SUSPICIOUS PLATE

One night, while on police-desk duty, I was reading one of the older issues of PLAYBOY that appear every so often and found something of interest in the May 1982 *Playboy Forum*. It was a letter about a personalized Massachusetts license plate

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

TEST ME

LOS ANGELES—*Sex with surveillance subjects may be a necessary duty of undercover cops, both to conceal their identity and to protect their lives, Los Angeles police chief Daryl Gates has declared. Explaining that drug dealers, terrorists and radicals often are sleazy*



characters who live freewheeling lifestyles, he said that if he prohibited such sex in the line of duty, "there is no reason why every undercover officer would not be tested in that fashion." He added, "If I were an undercover officer, I would rather have sex than lose my life." The A.C.L.U. is threatening to seek a court injunction.

UFO SUIT FAILS TO FLY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A Federal judge has dismissed an Alexandria, Virginia, man's lawsuit demanding that the Air Force turn over the occupants of crash-landed UFOs who allegedly have been kidnaped by the Government as part of a "cosmic Watergate conspiracy." After the plaintiff, the 45-year-old leader of a Washington group called Citizens Against UFO Secrecy, stated his case, an assistant U.S. Attorney moved for dismissal on a variety of points—including the argument that the court had no jurisdiction over beings from outer space who could not be located.*

CARVED PUMPKINS

MIAMI—*Customs inspectors at the Miami International Airport became suspicious of a 3000-kilo pumpkin shipment arriving by plane from Jamaica, especially in the absence of any Halloween market. An examination disclosed that some 400 of the pumpkins had been hollowed out and each contained a pound of marijuana.*

NICE TRY

READING, PENNSYLVANIA—*A jury did not buy the story of a 37-year-old former city constable who said that the marijuana he was growing in a city warehouse was a mutant strain of hemp used only in the making of a secret-formula salve he had developed for the treatment of hemorrhoids. He said the hemp-plant extract, mixed with two types of fungus and other ingredients, was originally conceived as a treatment for poison oak, poison ivy and poison sumac; and when a scoffing friend told him he should "shove it," he found it worked on hemorrhoids, too. The jury deliberated one and a half hours, found him guilty, and he could receive up to 16 years. While awaiting the verdict, he said to reporters, "Well, I'll be the only prisoner up at Berks County without hemorrhoids, anyway."*

REVERSE JUSTICE

BENSON, MINNESOTA—*A warning shot that halted a thief by ricocheting into his foot now has cost the theft victim \$75,000 in civil damages. "I don't think it was too unjust for what they done to me," said the plaintiff, who received probation on a guilty plea for burglary of a car in 1977. "For the \$150 or so worth of merchandise, it wasn't worth ruining a guy's foot for." The crime victim's mother disagreed: "He gets rewarded for committing a crime and we get punished for protecting our property." The defendant's attorney noted that two years after the shooting, the plaintiff was able to walk a mile in connection with a car theft, for which he has since been convicted.*

WALKING TALL

TEL AVIV—*An Israeli court has issued an injunction against a 16-year-old girl ordering her to stop walking around her house naked in front of her 80-year-old stepfather. The elderly man claims the parading is part of a plot by the girl and her mother to induce a heart attack so they can inherit his money.*

NO SENSE OF HUMOR

FERNDALE, MICHIGAN—*Sam's Jam, a new-and-used-record store, has caused a flap with its advertising slogan, "We Give Good Ear." Printed ads and a billboard displayed a woman licking the side of a record, and local women called to complain. Lamented the shop's owner, "If this were California, we wouldn't have any trouble."*

LIFE LOBBY

HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS—*A 31-year-old inmate sentenced to death for the slaying of a state trooper has registered with the Texas secretary of state as a lobbyist against capital punishment. He explained to reporters, "Basically, I did it because we suffered a real bad PR problem."*

NEW TACTIC

PHOENIX—*In a novel approach to the drug problem, Arizona is now requiring dealers of marijuana and other controlled substances to obtain a \$100 state license before doing business. In addition, the dealers must pay a tax of ten dollars per ounce on the sale of pot and \$125 per ounce on any other illegal drugs. The \$100 fee includes a license certificate suitable for framing, and state revenue officials are even printing stamps, similar to those on cigarette packs, in ounce, gram, pound and kilo denominations. The new law, officials say, could bring in millions, because the state can seize the property of pushers arrested with unstamped dope.*

ALL IN THE FAMILY

BOSTON—*A 26-year-old woman and her former father-in-law will be permitted to marry under the new Massachusetts marriage law. The old law, dating back to 1794, prohibited marriages between women and all sorts*



of nonblood relatives—father-in-law, stepfather, grandmother's husband, granddaughter's husband, husband's grandfather or husband's son—with equivalent prohibitions for men. In this case, the woman said she met her husband's father, who was divorcing his wife of 20 years, while her own divorce was in progress.

that read *SMEGMA*. The owner said he had returned the plate in order to avoid trouble, so out of curiosity, I ran it through the computer and it came back as being reported stolen on 8/11/81. I found that quite interesting. What do you think?

(Name withheld by request)
Norwalk, Connecticut

We think the owner didn't want hassles but did want to keep his nifty plate for a souvenir, is what we think.

'QUATTING THE POT

Back before the late Al Capp converted from a humanitarian liberal into a cranky

right winger, his comic strip *Li'l Abner* featured a character called Fearless Fosdick, patterned after the hero in *Dick Tracy*. I read it as a little kid and remember Capp's satirical detective trying to track down a can of poisoned beans before they could be eaten by some innocent family. Usually, what would happen was that he'd kick in the door, blow holes in everybody and then discover that the beans they were about to eat were harmless. He'd shrug and say something like, "Well, the joke's on me!"

The Government's efforts to spray paraquat on domestic marijuana reminds me

of those "comic" episodes. If the Feds don't arrest you or shoot you, they will try to poison you. *Real* poison, and if anybody thinks the "precautions" being taken by the sprayers mean a damn thing, he's got another think coming. That's public-relations bullshit to get the program going.

Fortunately, even us Southern hillbillies aren't completely ignorant of the hazards of paraquat or the bean logic of intentionally poisoned marijuana. To combat a "problem" by the essentially terrorist tactic of chemical warfare against a civilian population, even a misguided one, must make us look like utter fools to the rest of the civilized world.

(Name withheld by request)
Macon, Georgia

See the next letter.

THE WAGES OF SIN

In a New York case titled *In Re Alice D.*, a judge of the small-claims court decided just what is appropriate to say and do



when your lover becomes pregnant; and, perhaps even more important, he also set down, for possibly the first time, the standards, warranties and legal etiquette required of today's consenting adults.

Alice D. met William M. in 1979. Their relationship evolved from being "good" friends (as compared, I suppose, with being "bad" friends) to being lovers after two years. According to testimony at the trial, they discussed birth control. Alice had intended to use a diaphragm, but William persuaded her not to use it, assuring her that he suffered (so to speak) from hydrocele, a condition that made him sterile. Relying on his claim of sterility, they made love. Unfortunately, William was not very sterile and Alice became more than a little pregnant.

The pregnancy not only ended their love affair, it buried their friendship as well. Alice then sued William for the cost of her abortion, lost earnings, pain and suffering and for what the court referred to as "negative changes" in her physical appearance.

The prime legal questions appeared to be whether or not William's assertion to Alice that he was sterile was a fraudulent misrepresentation and what responsibility Alice had to confirm whether or not William was, indeed, sterile. According to the judge, "Considering such factors as the length of time the parties had known one another, the regularity with which they saw each other, the degree of intimacy between them and the seriousness to the claimant [Alice] of the issue of birth control and of an unwanted pregnancy,

I hold that she was entitled to trust the defendant's statement. Her reliance was reasonable and justified." He then added, after

casting doubt on the sterilizing influence of hydrocele, "Had their love-making resulted from a more casual encounter, I might have resolved the issue of reliance differently." What he seems to be saying is that in a casual encounter or a one-night stand, you roll the dice and you take your chances.

Once the issue of liability was resolved, the question became one of the amount of money that William would be ordered by the judge to pay Alice. Alice requested \$200 to reimburse her for the costs of the abortion. The judge agreed. She requested \$4.35 for taxi fare to the hospital. The judge agreed. She requested \$500 for lost wages. The judge ordered that \$210 be paid. Then she requested money to compensate her for her lost figure, for it seemed that Alice's breasts had begun to sag after the pregnancy and that her figure had taken "a turn for the worse," in the words of the court. Whether or not the judge examined the evidence carefully at that point is unclear from the record. What is clear, however, is that he was not convinced that those changes in her figure were due to her pregnancy or were irreversible. Therefore, he ordered that no money be paid her for her lost figure. To compensate her for her pain and suffering as a result of the emotional distress of being pregnant and having the abortion, William was ordered to pay her an additional \$150, bringing the total wages of sin to \$564.35.

—STEVEN J. J. WEISMAN

Weisman is an attorney and newspaper columnist in Amherst, Massachusetts.

POT RAIDERS

Last summer, the Reagan Administration advanced extreme police tactics to try to control marijuana cultivation, and NORML became active on both coasts in challenging those law-enforcement programs. The most publicized of them was the spraying of the herbicide paraquat in national forests. NORML was successful in bringing together a coalition of environmental groups that successfully sued with us in U.S. District Court to stop the spraying program.

However, a less publicized program is much more frightening. The residents of Denny, a small Northern California town, describe a military take-over of the town that included setting up a military base, the use of U.S. Army and California National Guard helicopters, roadblocks on all roads into town and numerous heavily armed, camouflaged men. While that event was reported in California, it received very little national media attention, even though officials claim it's a model for a planned nationwide effort. Happily, as a result of a lawsuit NORML filed last fall, no other "Denny sieges" have taken place.

Kevin Zeese, National Director
National Organization for the Reform
of Marijuana Laws
Washington, D.C.

From the sworn statements of Denny residents, it sounds as if the raiders comported themselves like nervous cowboys terrorizing a hostile community with grand displays of force and rudeness. But that's what uniforms can do to people.

SETTING HIGGINS STRAIGHT

Speaking as a woman reader of *PLAYBOY*, I find myself outraged at Timothy R. Higgins' comments (*The Playboy Forum*, November) on women's increasing "demands" for sexual gratification and their decreasing satisfaction with men who are lousy lovers.

In those "good old days" he talks about, women didn't complain about lousy lovers—i.e., their husbands—because they

had no standards for comparison. Furthermore, women were brought up with the idea that sex was something only the man enjoyed, and they just hoped they'd get pregnant quickly.

As a working wife and a mother of one child with another on the way, I am glad my husband cares enough about my needs and feelings to give more of himself than a "two-second squirt."

Higgins is right about one thing: With all the forms of birth control available, we no longer have to be either "celibates or baby factories," and now we, too, want recreational sex.

Wake up, my dear man! If our newfound freedom threatens your tender ego, you'd best stick with hookers. They won't make any demands, except to be paid.

Constance Dillner
Des Plaines, Illinois

Higgins is a St. Louis attorney who regularly does "The Playboy Forum" a service, of sorts, by intentionally outraging complacent readers, who rush to the typewriter and save us the effort of trying to reason with him. This is probably how he keeps in training for courtroom performances. This month, we have Higgins on politicians. Take it away, counselor.

BELOW REPROACH

There is much talk of legislators' improper acts, both past and present, but is it wise to eliminate from Government individuals who have human weaknesses and frailties? It would be nice to think that the people who were writing our laws could relate to the average nonsaintly citizen. By requiring all people who are prominent and associated with the Government to live a life above reproach, are we not driving away many good people who may not want it smeared across the media that they once tried to hustle the IRS or had more than a paying acquaintance with some masseuse?

This society must grow up and look to politicians not for personal moral example but for shrewdness. A decent, honest, kind man may easily waste billions of dollars that a crafty person may use effectively. Even if the hustler expects first-class accommodations and secretaries with big tits, catering to his tastes is probably much less expensive than having some honest nitwit make stupid budgetary decisions.

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

GUNS AGAIN

PLAYBOY has often pointed out that the gun-control fight is confusing, illogical, ideological and remote from problems it purports to address. That is the fault of all the major parties involved, the National Rifle Association included.

On the historical, sociological and criminological issues, the N.R.A. is basically correct. Groups such as Handgun Control and the National Coalition to Ban Hand-

guns are right about only one thing—that far too many Americans are needlessly killed or injured each year due to the misuse of firearms, especially handguns, and that people want that to stop. But their respectability ends there. From a deeply felt premise, they move on to distortions of crime statistics, current gun laws, Supreme Court decisions and the Bill of Rights, which, when it suits their cause, they are as ready to rewrite as any rabid anti-abortionist.

All told, they attempt to present a "humane" front for the promotion of a vague goal by means of unenforceable laws that invite widespread civil disobedience. (That is currently the case in Chicago, where a handgun "freeze" law has had the effect of deregistering hundreds of thousands of firearms.) Nevertheless, their sincere struggle to save lives and their courage in the face of numerous political defeats touches something in the spirit.

The N.R.A., on the other hand, is neither a body of intellectuals nor an organization conceptually averse to violence as a fact of life. Rather, it is a 2,000,000-plus-member national gun club. At their annual convention, most N.R.A. members will talk about guns, one another and, maybe, the folks who want to take guns away from them, but very few will talk

about ideas, historical trends or the motivations of their opponents. The N.R.A. feels, correctly, that it is under siege but makes little effort to understand why this cultural civil war is taking place. Instead of seriously attempting to understand the reasons for this destructive conflict, the hierarchy of the association, with few exceptions, has chosen to become more and more masturbatory—congratulating itself on its short-term success as a powerful pressure group that can turn out angry voters in a single-issue cause.

Worse, at the bottom line, the N.R.A. is hypocritical about its one serious political issue—legal gun ownership. If good ol' boys feel they've been wronged by a liberal politician, such as San Francisco mayor Dianne Feinstein, who wanted to send any resident handgun owners to jail, that's one thing. However, if the malcontents attempting to drive such a politician from office through a recall election are radical communitarian leftists, like the White Panther Party, then the N.R.A. won't help them. In short, the Second Amendment is important to the N.R.A. only if its own people are affected.

As it now stands, the N.R.A. leadership would rather rail about constitutional rights than take on the real issues that are a continuing source of strength for its equally dim-witted opponents.

Paul Stone
N.R.A. Life Member
San Francisco, California

Stone is former director of media relations and project development for the N.R.A.

SUM CASE

This case summary comes to us from Carl Mianecke of Palo Alto, California, who says it is making the bulletin-board circuit among insurance investigators in the San Francisco area.

MEDICAL MALPRACTICE

Plaintiff contended that in 1976, the defendant performed a tonsillectomy and that in the course of the procedure, the defendant noticed a growth on his uvula and removed the uvula.

It was further contended by the plaintiff that as a result of the removal of his uvula, he was unable to return to performing fellatio eight to 12 times per week, as he had prior to surgery; and that that inability was due solely to the negligent removal of his uvula by the defendant doctor.

Defendant contended that the uvula is an organ that serves no purpose and that the biopsing of the uvula could not possibly have caused the plaintiff's problem.

Defendant presented expert testimony from three ear-nose-and-throat physicians indicating that the plaintiff suffered from fellatio pharyngitis, an ailment that can be caused by overexerting oneself in the fellatio field.

Result: Defendant attorney reported that "the judge did not swallow the plaintiff's argument and ruled for the defendant."

CRIMES AGAINST PEOPLE

I would like to challenge the notion widely held by many liberals that there is a fundamental distinction between crimes against people and crimes against property. The burglary of a mom-and-pop grocery store may negate weeks or months of hard, honest work by some elderly couple. Theft of a color-television set or a car from someone who makes \$6.50 an hour steals some portion of that person's life. Crimes against property, in cases such as those, are crimes against the limited time that anyone has on earth. If anyone steals that from me, I'll let all the air out of that fucker's rib cage.

Alex Murray
Albuquerque, New Mexico

With such an illiberal and uncharitable attitude, you may not qualify for the crime-victim-restitution plan we understand they have up there in heaven.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.





Reach for a world of flavor.

MERIT

The low-tar cigarette that changed smoking.

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8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'83

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

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PAUL SIMON

a candid conversation about old friends, craziness and troubled waters with the intense singer-songwriter whose music has spanned two decades

Among pop-music stars, it isn't often that the crowd pleasers also manage to elicit praise from the critics. It is even rarer to find a singer-songwriter who was at the center of the Sixties' cultural explosion—indeed, who was a musical influence in that culture—creating new and original music in the Eighties. By these criteria alone, Paul Simon may be one of the most successful composers and performers in the history of pop music.

Now 42, he grew up in Queens influenced by rock 'n' roll but became internationally famous as a folk singer. In a profession that celebrates youth and exuberance, he is an anomaly: serious, introspective, low key. As a songwriter he is given to intensely personal, faintly literary lyrics but also to soaring, accessible melodies. He counts John Cheever and Saul Bellow among his heroes—but can't think of a more pleasurable evening than watching his beloved New York Yankees play a twi-night double-header at the stadium.

Given the burnout factor in the world of pop music, Simon's consistency has been remarkable. With his partner, Art Garfunkel, he went to the top in 1965 with "The Sounds of Silence"—and even a

sampling of what followed is extraordinary: "I Am a Rock," "Scarborough Fair," "Homeward Bound," "Mrs. Robinson," "America," "The Boxer" and the climactic Simon and Garfunkel anthem, "Bridge over Troubled Water." On his own, Simon's hits have included "Kodachrome," "Me and Julio Down by the Schoolyard," "Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover," "Late in the Evening" and "Still Crazy After All These Years"; the last won a Grammy award as the best album of the year in 1975. "Allergies," from his recently released album "Hearts and Bones," is his newest hit.

No Simon and Garfunkel or Paul Simon album has ever sold fewer than 500,000 copies, and most have gone platinum (1,000,000). Total album sales exceed 40,000,000 world-wide. "Bridge over Troubled Water" alone sold more than 13,000,000 copies and has been recorded by more than 200 artists—among them Simon's first hero, Elvis Presley. Because Simon owns all the publishing rights to his songs, and because he now commands a royalty in the neighborhood of \$1.50 per album, he is among the wealthiest of all pop musicians.

At the same time, Simon has resisted repeating past successes. "He has developed from a promising songwriter into a great one," wrote rock critic Stephen Holden after the release of "Still Crazy," in 1975. "He has continued to discover and refine evocative instrumental textures, integrating reggae, Gospel and jazz into his music with the smooth authority of an American classicist." Of "Hearts and Bones," Holden wrote more recently in The New York Times: "The new record makes by far the most convincing case for using rock 'n' roll as the basis of mature artistic expression. On 'Hearts and Bones' . . . the lyrics dwell obsessively on the conflict between feeling and thinking, while the music reflects Simon's abiding passion for the primitive spiritual fires of rock 'n' roll and his equally keen respect for the more refined expressions of art."

Simon's complex instincts can be traced to his childhood. His father was a professional musician who later earned his Ph.D. in education and taught at City College. When Paul was growing up in Forest Hills, his intellectual curiosity led him to read poetry, but his instincts drew him to listen to Alan Freed's rock-'n'-roll show.

He met Arthur Garfunkel in grade school



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALAN KLEINBERG

"The whole world was big Simon and Garfunkel fans. But I wasn't. We were a folk act and I'm a rock-'n'-roll kid. I liked the blend of our voices, but what we did was too sweet, too serious."

"On a certain level, Arthur doesn't like me. I don't know if he admits that. The same goes for me. Then, of course, there's a friendship that's 30 years old. The understanding and love parallel the abuse."

"I'm embarrassed to say I burst into tears when I wrote and first sang the line 'Like a bridge over troubled water, I will lay me down.' Now it's been sung so many times I have no feeling whatsoever for it."

and—inspired by the Everly Brothers—they began singing together. At the age of 15, under the name Tom and Jerry, they had a hit with their song “Hey! School-girl.” A series of flops followed; Simon went off to Queens College and, after graduation, moved to England in 1964. During a trip home the following year, he was reunited with Garfunkel. They ended up recording their first album, “Wednesday Morning 3 A.M.,” for Columbia. It included “The Sounds of Silence,” but only when the song was released augmented by drums and electric guitar did it become a hit—and launch their careers.

When “The Graduate,” a movie for which Simon wrote the songs, turned into a huge hit in 1966—and became a symbol of that alienated era—Simon and Garfunkel rode the tide. Then, shortly before the release of “Bridge over Troubled Water,” in 1970, Garfunkel went off to act in his first movie, “Catch-22.” A partnership that had always endured its share of conflict began to fall apart. “Bridge” became their biggest hit, but when Garfunkel opted to pursue his movie career, Simon decided to go out on his own.

In the 13 years that have followed, Simon has released seven solo albums—all successful, though none as big as “Bridge over Troubled Water.” Early in that period, he was married, to Peggy Harper, and they had a son, Harper, now 11. The marriage lasted five years. Late last year, Simon was married to actress Carrie Fisher.

Professionally, his major disappointment was “One-Trick Pony,” the movie he wrote and starred in, which was greeted by decidedly mixed notices on its release in 1980. It was in the aftermath of that experience that Simon and Garfunkel decided to reunite for a concert in Central Park in 1981, the success of which led to a full-scale if short-lived reunion.

To talk with Simon about the intertwining of his music and his life, PLAYBOY called on Contributing Editor Tony Schwartz, who conducted last month’s “Interview” with Dan Rather. His report:

“From the start, I was struck by two things about Paul Simon. The first was his remarkable capacity to speak about such complex concepts as art and creativity in simple, evocative terms. The other was his willingness to speak so openly about such sensitive subjects as his seesawing sense of self-worth and his bittersweet relationship with Art Garfunkel. Both capacities, of course, help explain why he has long created music that is both accessible and complex, personal yet universal.

“We met for the first time shortly after midnight in his hotel room in Vancouver, where he had just finished one of the final concerts on the Simon and Garfunkel tour. It was an emotionally turbulent time for Simon. Just a few days earlier, he had been married in New York to Carrie Fisher, a secret and sudden climax to four years of an on-again, off-again relationship. Also, he was in the midst of making the difficult

decision that he wasn’t going to include Garfunkel on his new album after all.

“Although Simon is not by nature a demonstrative man, it was evident from our first moments together that a certain intensity would characterize the conversations. There was little of the cautious bantering that often precedes these ‘Interviews,’ and more than once along the way, Simon mentioned that he felt our talks were more akin to psychiatric sessions.

“Over the next three weeks, we met nearly a dozen times, often for three hours at a stretch, in his suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel, in Carrie’s one-room log cabin in Laurel Canyon and, finally, in Simon’s breath-takingly beautiful duplex apartment overlooking Central Park.

“People meeting Simon for the first time invariably remark about his height—5’5”. I was more struck by how easily he commands whatever room he’s in. For a popular artist of his accomplishment, that partly comes with the territory. But he also gently exudes authority and clarity. He measures his words, edits as he speaks, and

“People thought that
Artie wrote our
songs. . . . And I think
that’s part of what
caused him anguish.”

his sentences often sound written.

“Although he usually dresses unprepossessingly in jeans and T-shirts, his taste in nearly everything is highly cultivated, whether it’s the art on his walls, the French pastel print fabric on his couches or the quality of the books on his shelves. His close friends are nearly all involved in the arts—among them, director Mike Nichols, actor Charles Grodin and producer Lorne Michaels—but few of them are pop musicians.

“The exception, of course, is Art Garfunkel, with whom Simon has his oldest, most competitive and most enduring relationship. Having gone their separate ways for more than a decade, they were reunited in Central Park. For a few moments, they seemed to be living proof that you can go home again. But, as I quickly discovered, that wasn’t quite so.”

PLAYBOY: To your fans, it seemed recently that Simon and Garfunkel had achieved something extraordinary: You reunited after an 11-year split and became a success all over again. The climax was to be a new album together. That didn’t happen. Why?

SIMON: This is going to feel like that Harold Pinter play *Betrayal*, because to start, we are going to have to unreel backward to late 1980. That was when I finished *One-Trick Pony*. The movie came out to mixed reviews—and the soundtrack album didn’t do nearly as well as I’d hoped. It was a period of great depression for me. I was immobilized. And it was about that time that I came under the influence of a man named Rod Gorney, who’s a teacher and a psychiatrist in Los Angeles. I heard about him from a friend and called him from New York.

PLAYBOY: Was your rapport instant?

SIMON: Well, I flew right out to California to see him and went directly to his house from the airport. We sat down and he said, “Why have you come?” I said, “I’m here because, given all the facts of my life, given the fact that I’m young and I’m in good health and I’m famous—that I have talent, I have money—given all these facts, I want to know why I’m so unhappy. That’s why I’m here.”

We began to talk, and among the things I said was “I can’t write anymore. I have a serious writer’s block, and this is the first time I can’t overcome it. I’ve always written slowly, but I never really had a block.” I was really depressed.

PLAYBOY: What made you feel so bad?

SIMON: It was many things, but essentially, it was my work and my relationship with Carrie. She and I were breaking up, which we were always doing. Faced with a problem that made us uncomfortable, we were inclined to say, “Hey, I don’t need this.” We were spoiled, because we were both used to being the center of attention.

PLAYBOY: And you felt you particularly needed attention at that point?

SIMON: Definitely. I had a severe loss of faith over the response to *One-Trick Pony*. Also, I had switched labels, from Columbia to Warner Bros., with great trauma. When I left CBS, it became company policy there to make life as difficult as possible for me. And that began a terrible personal battle between me and Walter Yetnikoff, the president of the company. It ended only when I threatened to subpoena people to testify that he had told them he was going to ruin my career.

PLAYBOY: Did you tell all that to your psychiatrist? What did he say?

SIMON: When I finished, he said, “I find what you say very interesting and I’d like you to come back and talk some more.” Then he asked if I’d noticed the guitar in the corner of his living room. I said I had, and he said, “Would you like to borrow it and take it with you to your hotel?” So I said, “Yes, sure.” And he said, “Maybe you’d like to write about what you’ve said today.” I thought, That’s an interesting ploy psychologically; so I said, “All right.”

PLAYBOY: And that did it for you?

SIMON: No, the first night, I never even opened the guitar case. The next day, he

asked what had happened, and I said, "You don't understand. It takes me months to write songs." He said, "I only expected you to begin to write a song." I went back to the hotel and I wrote on a piece of paper, "Allergies, maladies / Allergies to dust and grain / Allergies, remedies / Still these allergies remain." Just that, with a melody. Went back the next day really excited about it.

But that didn't make me feel the problem was solved. So we just kept talking about writing. And I said, "My problem is that I really don't see what difference it makes if I write or don't write." He said, "Do you want to make a difference?" And I said I did. He asked if I thought *Uncle Tom's Cabin* made a difference to people. I said yes, and he agreed. Then he said, "I think *Bridge over Troubled Water* made a difference to people. I'm interested in working with you, because I think that you can write things that people feel make a difference. That's the reason I want you writing again."

PLAYBOY: Practical fellow. But what he said doesn't seem particularly profound.

SIMON: He was able to penetrate someone whose defenses were seemingly impenetrable. He was able to make me feel that I wasn't there to work just for the satisfaction of having a hit but that there was a contribution to be made. Of course, the reason I'd been blocked was that I felt what I did was of absolutely no importance. He was able to say, "I'm telling you that the way to contribute is through your songs. And it's not for you to judge their merits, it's for you to write the songs." For me, that was brilliant—and liberating.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

SIMON: Three or four days later, I went home. And I began writing. Somewhere in the middle of that summer, I got a call from Ron Delsener, the main concert promoter in New York City. He said that the parks commissioner of New York wanted me to do a free concert in Central Park, and asked if I'd be interested. I said yes, but then I began to think it wouldn't work. I was still feeling a little shaky about *One-Trick Pony*. Then I thought, Why don't I ask Artie to join me? Not the usual thing where I sing and he comes out at the end and sings three songs with me. Maybe we'll do 20 minutes, half an hour, a full set. I called up Artie and he was in Switzerland. He travels all the time, loves to walk places. I asked if he wanted to do this concert and he said yeah. Then I realized that if we did half the show as Simon and Garfunkel and I did the second half alone, it just wouldn't work in show-business terms. Which meant I would have to open the show. Then I said, "I don't want to be an opening act for Simon and Garfunkel!" So I figured, Well, let's try to do a *whole* Simon and Garfunkel show.

PLAYBOY: What were you working on?

SIMON: I was on a real roll with my writing by then, but I stopped to go into rehearsal for the concert. And at the time,

we were all in very good spirits. Well, the rehearsals were just miserable. Artie and I fought *all* the time. He didn't want to do the show with my band; he just wanted me on acoustic guitar. I said, "I can't do that anymore. I can't just play the guitar for two hours." First, my hand had never fully recovered from when it was injured a few years ago, when I had calcium deposits. And second, a lot of the songs I've written in recent years weren't made to be played by one guitar. *Still Crazy After All These Years*, for example, is an electric-piano song. And *Late in the Evening* has to have horns. So we got a band.

PLAYBOY: Once you got onstage in Central Park, in front of 500,000 people, did your differences fade away?

SIMON: Yeah. We just did what we'd done when we were an act in the Sixties. We tried to blend our voices. I attempted to make the tempos work. I talked a little bit, too, but I found it impossible to hold a dialog with 500,000 people.

PLAYBOY: How did playing for a crowd that size feel?

SIMON: In a certain sense, it was numbing. It was so big, and it was happening only once. I didn't have much time for an overview while I was performing.

PLAYBOY: And afterward?

SIMON: Afterward, our first reaction was, I think, one of disappointment. Arthur's more than mine. He thought he didn't sing well. I didn't get what had happened—how big it was—until I went home, turned on the television and saw it on all the news, the people being interviewed, and later that night on the front pages of all the newspapers. Then I got it.

PLAYBOY: What made you decide to follow the concert with a tour together? To what extent was it just a way to make some easy bucks repackaging old material?

SIMON: Well, hey, it *was* old material. But it wasn't cynically done. It wasn't hype. It was done because there was an overwhelming demand. The thing that struck me was that people seemed to like those songs, which I found to be really surprising, because I felt they were dated.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the record produced from the concert?

SIMON: I don't particularly like it. I don't think that Simon and Garfunkel as a live act compares to Simon and Garfunkel as a studio act.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

SIMON: In terms of performing, I've never really been comfortable being a professional entertainer. For me, it's a secondary form of creativity. I'm not a creative performer. I'm a reproducer onstage of what I've already created. I guess everyone who goes on the stage is exhibitionistic, but there are limits to what I'll do to make a crowd respond.

PLAYBOY: What did you expect creatively from a Simon and Garfunkel tour?

SIMON: Nothing. I thought I was going to get an emotional experience from it. I felt I wasn't really present for Simon and

Garfunkel the first time around.

PLAYBOY: Where were you?

SIMON: I wasn't home, the same way that I wasn't present for the concert in the park when it was happening. I mean, a phenomenon occurs and it's recognized as a phenomenon. But because you're in the middle of it, you just think that it's your life—until it's over. And then you look back and say, "What an *unusual* thing happened to me in the Sixties."

So there it was. A chance to go and re-experience, to a certain degree, what I hadn't really experienced the first time. Some of those hits from the Sixties I just had no interest in anymore, musically. But I had an interest in experiencing what it was like being the person who wrote and sang those songs.

PLAYBOY: How was the experience?

SIMON: I liked it. And I began to think about the songs. I remember playing a concert somewhere in the middle of Germany. It's strange enough to be in Germany, and when I finished playing, I was thinking, I hate *Homeward Bound*. And then I thought, Why do I hate it? I said, "Oh, I hate the words." So I went over them. And then I remembered *where* I wrote it. I was in Liverpool, actually in a railway station. I'd just played a little folk job. The job of a folk singer in those days was to be Bob Dylan. You had to be a poet. That's what they wanted. And I thought that was a drag. And I wanted to get home to my girlfriend, Kathy, in London. I was 22. And then I thought, Well, that's not a bad song at all for a 22-year-old kid. It's actually quite touching now that I see it. So I wonder what's so embarrassing to me about it. Then I said, "I know! It's that I don't want to be singing that song as Simon and Garfunkel!"

PLAYBOY: Why not?

SIMON: Because Simon and Garfunkel, as Artie said to me just recently, was the songs of Paul Simon, which people liked, and the voices of Paul Simon and Arthur Garfunkel, which combined to make a sound that people *really* liked. And no question, without Arthur's voice, I never would have enjoyed that success. And so the whole world was big Simon and Garfunkel fans. But I wasn't.

Actually, I'm a rock-'n'-roll kid. I grew up with rock 'n' roll. My main influences in early music were Fifties R&B, Fifties doo-wop groups, Elvis Presley and the Everly Brothers. But Simon and Garfunkel was a folkie act. I liked the blend of our voices, but a significant part of me just wasn't a folkie. What we were doing was too sweet. It was too serious.

When I began making my own albums, the songs became funkier. They were more about the streets.

PLAYBOY: How did you and Artie get along on the European reunion tour?

SIMON: We were hardly speaking to each other. I'm not sure why not. It wasn't my choice. I felt he wasn't speaking to me.

(continued on page 163)



THE SELF-DESTRUCTION OF AN ALL-AMERICAN

*for the first time, the
clean-cut kid with the golden arm
tells how compulsive gambling
made him a quarterback on the run*


memoir by
ART SCHLICHTER with DICK SCHAAP

GEOFF HUSTON stood on the foul line with one second to play. He had two foul shots coming, and his team, the Cleveland Cavaliers, was losing by six points. The Cavaliers, one of the worst teams in pro basketball, were the underdogs by five and a half points. I had bet on the Cleveland Cavaliers. That tells you something about how sick I was.

All Geoff Huston had to do was make one of his two foul shots and Cleveland would lose by fewer than five and a half points and I would win my bet. It meant a lot to me. Between parlays and straight bets, it meant \$50,000, to be exact.

I was watching the game on television with my

50



mother and father in the rec room in the basement of our farmhouse in Bloomingburg, Ohio, less than an hour's drive from Columbus. I was surrounded by the trophies and mementos of my athletic career at Miami Trace High School and Ohio State University. I was the starting quarterback at Miami Trace for three years, and in three years, we never lost a game. I was all-state in football and in basketball, too. In the semifinal game of the state basketball championships, I scored 23 points, and the man who guarded me, John Paxson, went on to be an all-American at Notre Dame.

At Ohio State, in Columbus, I started 48 straight games at quarterback, every game from my freshman

through my senior year, no matter how banged up I was. If I was hurting, I took shots. I wanted to play. When I was a freshman, a doctor in Zanesville, Ohio, started the King Arthur Fan Club—a bunch of adults in a fan club for an 18-year-old kid. They wore shirts with my picture on them. When I was a sophomore, I was U.P.I.'s Player of the Year in the Big Ten, all-American in *The Sporting News* and fourth in the voting for the Heisman Trophy, the highest any sophomore had finished up till then. When I was a junior, a sportswriter wrote my biography. It came out when I was 21 years old. It was called *Straight Arrow*. It was a big book in Ohio.

When I was a senior, I set Ohio State records for passing yardage, touchdown passes and total offense, both for a single season and for a career. During my four college years, I threw for 50 touchdowns and ran for 35. I gained 8850 total yards, far beyond the old Ohio State record for total offense, set by Archie Griffin, who won the Heisman Trophy two years in a row in the Seventies. After my senior season, I was the fourth man selected in the National Football League draft, the first quarterback picked. The rec room in Bloomingburg was filled with scrapbooks and video tapes of my greatest games. But the only game I cared about right then, in January 1983, was the Cleveland Cavaliers' basketball game.

Geoff Huston missed the first foul shot. I sat there. I didn't move a muscle. I didn't say a word.

I had just finished my rookie year with the Baltimore Colts. I was supposed to have had a good season. I had a miserable one. I was the worst quarterback on the worst team in the N.F.L. We didn't win a game, and I completed only 17 of 37 passes all year, not one for a touchdown, not even one for a really long gain. I was so lousy that it got to the point, before the strike-shortened season ended, where I didn't care if I never called a play again. All I wanted to call was my bookmaker.

Huston missed the second foul shot. I was out \$50,000. I thought the top was going to blow off my head. But I didn't flinch. I didn't show any emotion. I just said good night to my mother and father and went up to my room, and for the next three hours, I puked. I threw up my guts.

The nightmares blur in my mind. I'm not even sure if Huston missed the two foul shots that night or the night I was driving down the highway, listening to a game on the radio—the night I thought seriously about driving off the road. Or maybe he missed the foul shots the night I got down on my knees and cried and prayed for everything to end. The gambling. The losing. The lying. The sleepless nights. The painful days. *Everything*. I wanted all of it to end. I wanted to go to

sleep and not get up, not face another day.

I had lost so much money gambling. I had used up the \$350,000 bonus I got for signing with the Colts. I had used up my \$140,000 rookie salary. I had gone into my parents' savings, and they had worked hard farming all their lives to make their money. I had borrowed from friends and strangers, relatives and banks. I must have lost \$1,000,000, I guess. Maybe more than a million. I don't know. I didn't keep track. The money wasn't important. Gambling, betting—that's what was important. Doing something wrong, something sneaky. All my life, people had been telling me what I should do, what I should say. Do this. Say that. Smile. Sign autographs. Answer dumb questions. Be a good guy. Be a nice guy. Be the straight arrow. Screw it.

Gambling was the one way I could say "Screw it, I can do whatever I want." It was my outlet, my release. I got high when I placed a bet. Not when I *won* a bet. When I placed it.

Right up until the time I went to the FBI last March and told them everything and then told the National Football League everything, turned myself in, got myself suspended *indefinitely*—which means for at least one season and maybe more—right up till then, I lied. I lied to my friends, to my parents, to myself. I was very good at lying. *It was the thing I learned best in college*. I had to to hide my gambling.

That's not easy for me to say. Not out loud. I'm used to hiding things like that inside me and just smiling and saying things like, "I learned to win at Ohio State . . . I learned character . . . I learned teamwork . . . I learned. . . ." Bullshit. I learned how to lie. I taught myself. Now I'm trying to learn how to tell the truth. To myself, first of all.

I almost wish I hadn't gone to Ohio State. Oh, I love the university. I guess I love the *idea* of Ohio State. I loved rooting for Ohio State before I went there, and I love rooting for Ohio State now. I even want to go back there. I want to finish my studies, get my degree. But I didn't love the four years I was there. I wasted those years in so many ways. I wasted them on the football field. And off.

I went to Ohio State because of Woody Hayes, because he was a legend in Ohio and he wanted me to go there and he came to Miami Trace High School and watched me play and made me feel like I was special, like I was very important. Best of all, he made me feel like he was going to change his style of coaching for me. Woody Hayes and Ohio State were known for the running game, not for the passing game, and no quarterback who played for him at Ohio State had ever made it big in the N.F.L.—not as a quarterback. But it was going to be different

for me. I was a passer, I had an arm and I was going to lead Woody Hayes and Ohio State into the modern age of football. Woody didn't promise me that I'd throw all the time, didn't even promise me that I'd play all the time. But he made me feel I was so special. Of course I'd play, of course I'd pass—no question about it.

Joe Paterno, the Penn State coach, came to Bloomingburg and tried to persuade me to go to his school. Michigan wanted me badly, and so did Stanford, which already had a reputation for preparing passers for pro football, and so did a hundred other schools I didn't even consider. But most of the people I knew wanted me to go up the road to Ohio State, where they could follow me, where they could cheer for me. I liked the idea, too.

I liked Hayes the one year I played for him, my freshman year. I admired him as a coach and as a man. I don't think he used me properly, but that might have been my fault as much as his. He started me at quarterback the first game my freshman year—he'd never started a freshman quarterback before—without telling the press or the public that I was going to start. He put me in ahead of a senior quarterback named Rod Gerald, who had been starting for two years. Gerald was black, and right from the beginning, I had trouble with my black teammates—trouble I hadn't caused—and with some of the white ones, too. It was a veteran team, a lot of fifth-year players, a pretty wild group, and I was an 18-year-old kid who didn't smoke, didn't drink, didn't do drugs, didn't even go out for a beer with the guys. I was a loner by nature, and the situation made me even more of a loner.

Still, I figured I was strong and I was good and I would prove myself on the field, and nothing else mattered. The first play from scrimmage, the first game, against Penn State, I threw a pass and completed it, and I thought it was a terrific omen. Then I threw five interceptions, and Penn State shut us out. That was the real omen. Woody wasn't used to being shut out, wasn't used to losing at all. I ended up throwing an average of fewer than 15 passes a game that season, and we lost four games.

The last game, in the Gator Bowl against Clemson, we lost our coach, too. Woody went off the deep end. On national television, he punched an opposing player, punched a Clemson linebacker who had just intercepted one of my passes. Woody was asked to resign—which might never have happened if I hadn't thrown the pass in the wrong spot—and the next season, Earle Bruce came in to coach Ohio State.

Right from the beginning, Earle and I didn't get along. I don't mean we fought or we hated each other. Nothing like that. We just didn't communicate. I never

(continued on page 134)



Buck R. Brown

"C'mon, Georgie, sit down; I promise to keep my hands to myself!"

101 NIGHTS WITH JOHNNY

actress carol wayne is more than the most outrageous guest on "the tonight show." much more

CAROL WAYNE is setting up an appointment on the phone. "When do you want to see me?" she asks. How about Thursday? comes the reply. "Thursday," she muses. "How do you spell that?" Who can blame the person on the other end of the line for wondering whether or not he's the victim of a put-on? But that's the effect—calculated or not—that Carol Wayne seems to have. She par-

layed her ample physical attributes, her high-pitched, cartoon-character voice and a talent for dizzy logic and *double-entendres* into 101 appearances on *The Tonight Show*, usually as the unsuspecting Matinee Lady to Johnny Carson's lecherous Art Fern, host of the "Tea Time Movie." Later in the show, when she joined the rest of the guests, the real Carol—such as she (text continued on page 160)



Carol, Johnny and substitute bondleader Tommy Newsom rehearse for a 1971 sketch (top, left and right). Above, Carson's eighth-anniversary show, in 1970, with guests (from left) George Burns, Joey Bishop, then-NBC president Julian Goodman, Dick Martin, Jerry Lewis, Carol, Johnny, Dinoh Shore, Ed McMahon and bondleader Doc Severinsen. "This was strictly the bedpan crowd," recalls Carol now. "The smell of Ben-Gay was in the air."



"I loved Jack Benny," says Carol. "He was always very kind to me." Right, she escorts him on-stage during a 1970 *Tonight Show* appearance. Of her *PLAYBOY* photo session, Carol maintains, "I never had any intention of showing everything. This was going to be peek-a-boo. I brought a trunkful of clothes but, obviously, none of them came out. Instead, it was ooh-la-la. I was so comfortable that I did it all the way."





"I used to read things about the women who posed for pictures like these who would say, 'Listen, I never come doing this. I always go home and cook dinner for my husband and three children. This is just a job to me.' Not me. I come," reports Carol. "It was nothing that anybody was saying or doing, it just happened." That's the kind of outspokenness that has been a trademark of Carol's career. "I'll tell you anything you want to know," she says, "and I'll always tell you the truth." We believe you, Carol, we believe you.



LINENS BY: FRETTE CALIFORNIA, INC.




F O R K Y

*i suck in my gut and show her my arms.
not bad after seven and a half years in jail*

fiction

By ANDRE DUBUS III





MY COFFEE'S GONE COLD and I look at her over the rim of my cup. I look at her throat, at the tiny part that moves as she talks. I listen to her life and I know when to nod my head and when to smile. But my stomach tightens as I try and look like I know what she's sayin'. I see her naked, her belly against mine. And I think how she was probably still intact my first year down.

Johnny looked too much like my brother Marty with his smooth face and small shoulders, and when I saw him that first time at the commissary, I knew I wouldn't let this kid fall, not this one. And I'd been in for four, three more to go. And nobody fucked with me after the first two. They called me Forky.

I was a first offender. And I never would've gone down if I had listened to Marty, if I hadn't a used the .38. But I did. And when that fat manager went for me, I turned and stuck it in his face, watched him turn to butter. And before

I knew it, I'd gone from County to the state pen at Canon. Five to ten for armed robbery. And I couldn't even cry.

That was the last time I saw Marty. An hour or so at County before Canon. He said to get a rep right away, to watch for the lifers. Then he said the words and I said 'em back. And I was glad I said 'em. And I thanked Jesus I said 'em after that letter came from my sister in Jersey, three years down the road.

I light her cigarette and watch my hand shake. And I know it's not the coffee, 'cause I drink a shitload of it. I'm wondering why she's takin' all this time with me, and I think it can't be the free drinks. She don't seem the type. And even though she ain't one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen, she's all right. And I want to tell her where I've been. But I wait.

It was my sixth day in the joint. And the word was out that I was Leroy and Wallace's lady in waiting. Wallace was the biggest. At mess, I looked and found his bald, brown head, shinin' like the corridors after lights out and lookin' just as hard. He was at the end of the table near the aisle, and lookin' back now, there wasn't nothin' to it at all.

They don't let you eat with metal. So I had to settle for plastic. And I knew I'd have to get a runnin' start to do the damage I wanted to do. So three tables before his, I lengthened my stride, picked up speed. And my heart was beatin' so fast I didn't think I'd be able to line it up right. But then Wallace looked up and his black eyes caught me and he flashed that gold-toothed smile, the one that says, "You's mine." And that's all I needed. I drove it in fast and twisted quick so that my fork broke off inside. Then Wallace was up with a kind of grunt-hiss, then a wail as he fell over backward off the bench. He wouldn't let go of my arm, and it was warm and wet with that shit from his eye. I wanted to wipe it off, but then there were the guards and it was lights out.

She asks me why I don't talk much, and I tell her I like to listen. Then I tell her she's beautiful and she gives me that look I ain't seen in seven and a half years. The one that says, "I don't believe you, but thanks anyway." I ask her to dance. It's a slow one, and I can't believe I'm smellin' a woman this close. And I remember junior high. Me and Be Bop Little. She had the biggest ones in school, and all the guys used to call her Be Bop Floppity Flop. Once, I got her for a slow dance and I had to pull away, I got so hard. I have to pull away from this one, too. Just a little. She looks up and gives me a half smile with her lips, but her eyes are beaming. And I swallow hard.

Johnny was a smart one. Even though I was older and bigger, sometimes he'd

make me feel young and small around him. He was always readin' a book. Always writin' to the warden and his P.O. Always talkin' a couple of dudes out of a fight and the hole. And he always had a string a top-notch jokes when we were drinkin' at night. I remember him after his first shot of tomato jack. Man, he hugged me like a sonuvabitch. Couldn't believe he wasn't gonna go five more years without a snort or two. Then he found out it was a secret formula. So he typed the recipe up one night and passed it out to all the Joes in B.

The number's over, and I'm so nervous, I jump off the wagon and switch over to a CC on the rocks, a double. She's not talkin' as much, and I think how I don't want her to get stiff. I don't want my first time to be with someone who's not gonna remember. So I down my drink and ask her if she wants to go for a walk. I get her a pack a cigarettes at the machine by the door. Then we're outside.

It's almost cold, not too bad, just enough to wake you up and clear your head. The stars are out and you can smell the snow, because it's city snow.

"Where'd you get a name like Forky?" she says.

I stop and look down at her, like it's the first thing I've heard her say all night, and I think how young she looks for havin' two kids already. Then I take a deep drag off my cigarette and look straight ahead as we walk.

I did 90 days in the hole for gouging Wallace. And in all that time, in all that emptiness and quiet, I never stopped being scared. And then the voices made it worse. And when I got out, I was so scared, I must've been the meanest motherfucker in Old Max. And then I found out about Wallace, about him almost killin' one of his own boys for usin' my name around him. And when I heard that, I knew I'd taken somethin' out of him. I knew he wouldn't come after me alone. So I got a shank.

We walk up the street and it's pretty quiet, 'cause it's a Tuesday night. There's still some ice on the walk, and I let her hold my arm so she don't slip. She smells nice, and I feel myself start to swell again. I think I should start talkin' more, so I start to ask her her kids' names. But when I do, my voice sounds phony, like it's in a deep hole that it's gotta shout at to get out of, but it's gotten so used to the hole that it don't even try anymore. So I leave it alone. She's come this far without it.

A bus swings around us on the corner of Fifth and Euclid. I see people in it. They're all starin' straight ahead, and their faces look gray in that light, like wax. And for an instant, I get a chill, deep, like a shock. I turn and pull her toward

me. She's got surprise on her face. But it ain't hard. It's soft. So I lean into her and she tastes like gin, but she's warm and she lets me use my tongue as she slides hers over and under mine. I feel a sudden weakness, but I'm hard and I pull her closer. I want her to feel it, to know it. And when she doesn't stiffen up on me, I feel like my soul is bein' offered back. And for a second, I see Ma washin' my hands for me, hers bigger than mine, all slippery and warm with the soap and water. And it feels like medicine.

It was rec time, and me and Johnny was in the yard. I had gotten him into my routine, and we had just finished, red and sweatin' like bastards. I straightened up to walk and Johnny headed for the fountain in the shadows of the tier. I had just started when I froze still. I remembered Leroy's face my sixth or seventh time around the yard, he and one of the brothers under the tier. And runnin' back toward it, I knew somethin' was goin' down, 'cause it was quiet, empty. And I knew they was in the blind, that corner no tower guard could see around.

By the time I got around it, I had my shank out, and when that first sonuvabitch turned his head, I sliced him clean right beneath the hairline. Then Leroy turned toward me, and that's when I saw Johnny, a flash of him, white as a ghost but breathin'. Leroy got in a crouch.

"Uh, big man, heah! Big man, Mothuh Fork! Watchoo want, Mothuh Fork?" His shank was catchin' the light of the sun as he turned it over in his hand. But I wasn't even there, man. I was five stories up, calm and together, watchin', waitin' for my move. Waitin' for the burn. And I didn't give a fuck. I wanted him. So I stopped and stood and let him come. And when he did, I shifted to the side and let him come into it himself. I aimed high and caught him in the shoulder.

"Cocksuh!"

He moved again, this time wildly, and I got ahold of his knife hand, then cut him again in the same place, jabbin' hard till I struck bone. His arm went limp against mine, and I butted him hard in the chin with my head. And down there in the dirt, breathin' hard and holdin' his own wound, he didn't have no fear in his eyes. But I could smell it, man. And I could feel it, too, cold and clammy. So could Johnny, 'cause that's when he came up from behind and gave him a good swift kick to the back of his head, snappin' Leroy's big mouth to his chest before he went out. Then we were outa there. Runnin' and laughin' like whores, fuckin' giddy with ourselves, man. Scared shitless.

Her place is small, and it smells like laundry and fruit. She pays the sitter, (continued on page 158)

A vertical photograph of a wine bottle. The cork is wrapped in a piece of paper with the stars and stripes of the American flag. Below the cork, the bottle neck is wrapped in a textured, condensation-covered sleeve. The bottle is set against a dark, reddish-brown background.

O
BEAUTIFUL
FOR
SPACIOUS
WINES....

*three cheers
for the red, white
and rosé*

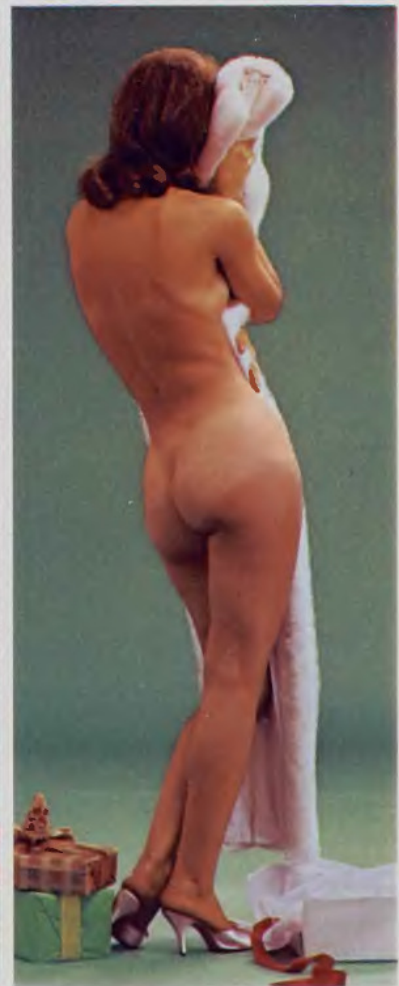
drink
By EMANUEL GREENBERG

COME FEBRUARY, many Playboy Clubs across the country will be saluting American wines with a month-long California Wine Festival. The event is both fitting and timely. It's barely half a century since the domestic wine industry was born again, starting from scratch, after the great Prohibition drought. Now, 50 years after repeal, wines are being produced commercially in 40 states, including such improbable ones as Arkansas, Georgia, Texas, Idaho and Virginia. But the fact remains that California, which accounts for more than 90 percent of home-grown ferments, is what American wine is all about. It also happens that the golden anniversary of repeal is a most opportune time to start a wine cellar from the Golden State—or to augment an existing cache. The five decades of experience, new plantings and frenzied experimentation by vintners and growers are now paying off—
with *(continued on page 150)*

COVER STORIES

a behind-the-scenes look at three decades of front-page uncoverage

THIRTY YEARS of covers represent in a small way the chapter headings of our history, how we became who we are. It started out well, of course. Marilyn Monroe was our cover girl on that first undated issue of late 1953. The Rabbit followed quickly—premiering in the second issue, in fact. Hef conceived of the Rabbit as a means of personalizing PLAYBOY. He avoided a human symbol—partly because of *Esquire's* Esky and *The New Yorker's* Eustace Tilley. Instead, he chose a formally attired Rabbit as an image of sophisticated sex that was, at the same time, self-satirical. When Art Director Art Paul drew the Rabbit emblem, it didn't occur to him that he was designing what was to become the second-most-recognized symbol in the world (the first is the Coca-Cola logo). "I probably spent all of half an hour on it," Paul remembers. But by 1959, a letter mailed from New York with only the Rabbit Head emblem on the envelope was promptly delivered to Playboy in Chicago. Since then, the Rabbit Head has figured in some way in the design of every PLAYBOY cover—whether as an obvious design feature or a subtle configuration of a telephone cord or a strategic wrinkle in a bed sheet. We even contorted Playmate Donna Michelle into a human Rabbit Head. Although PLAYBOY's covers maintain a certain consistency of attitude, our graphic and pictorial styles mirror the cultural weather around us. As you look at the covers on these pages—and the pictures that describe what went on during some of the shootings—you'll notice, we think, what we have all survived: the sexual silliness of the Fifties, the several liberations of the Sixties, the giddy glamor and self-absorption of the Seventies and the more engaging challenges of the early Eighties. Remember with us, then, 30 years of sights for sore eyes, always the best reason to visit a newsstand.





Above, our January 1976 cover brought together all the Playmates of the previous year. Art Director Tom Staebler clustered them in three separate shots, one word at a time. The letters were originally clear Plexiglas but didn't show up well against the black background. Painting them silver seemed to do the trick. That's February Playmate Laura Misch shrieking and pointing to April Playmate Victoria Cunningham above right, presumably telling her what's new. At left, long-maned Christine Maddox beams at us from her gatefold shot; below is her July 1974 cover, which made readers break out in sweat, too. That was the first time the PLAYBOY logo was not set in type but, rather, was a design feature of a prop. Below, we tried the August 1982 cover two ways: first with our Phi Beta Kappa Playmate, Vicki McCarty, giving us the eye, the other with the shades down.





There was an abundance of so many good things about December 1982 Playmate Charlotte Kemp, we brought her back to grace our October 1983 cover (right). Many recent covers refer to one of the features in the magazine. As is clear from the shots of Charlotte above, she really doesn't need an excuse to show up *anywhere* on our pages; however, last October, we ran our pictorial *Reds*—celebrating the auburn glories around us—and, well, she seemed to fit right in. It was not just because of her red hair that many of our readers told us she bore an amazing resemblance to Ann-Margret. Managing Art Director Kerig Pape designed the cover, which featured a crystal perfume decanter with Rabbit Head stopper. Below, we see what is sometimes the serious business of working with a wild-and-crazy guy who happens to be wearing diapers. After the session, a grateful Steve Martin sent an inscribed photograph (below) to Tam Staebler—who worked the camera on this shoot. "Tam," it reads, "thanks for getting me horny." The January 1980 cover, at right, launched the new decade with a laugh.





We featured three men on PLAYBOY covers. One of them was Steve Martin. The two others were comparably cooperative foils. In April 1964, Peter Sellers (below), looking very sheik, alerted readers to his hilarious pictorial inside. Above, classy clown Burt Reynolds gets some tail and ears from Playmate Gig Gangel for the October 1979 cover.



It's not all easy going when we want to put a superwoman such as Valerie Perrine on the cover, as we did in August 1981 (above). The fans and the smoke machine got a little overworked a few times. One of our most popular covers—and issues—ever was the one with Bo Derek and her amazing bikini (March 1980, below). To her lower left, Kim Basinger gives a sultry preview of her pictorial inside the February 1983 issue.



By E. JEAN CARROLL

SO HOT, SO COOL, SO HURT

*for america's most intense movie star,
real life is just another performance*

HERE WE ARE in the back booth of Café Des Artistes, New York.

"Café Des Artistes," says Hurt. "I mean, *come on.*"

"I'm having a great time," I say.

"Café Des Artistes," he says in his Richard II voice. "*What a fine place to take a fellow who feels he is an artist.*"

"I didn't even think of artists," I laugh.

Hurt smiles. "Well, fuck you," he says.

The waiter appears. "Do you want to begin now?" he says.

"I wasn't so hot to do you in the first place," I say.

Hurt smiles again. "Well," he says, "the comparative thing is that I am nobody."

"Right," I say.

"Nobody," he says again.

"OK."

"Nobody."

"OK. OK."

"Nobody."

Magazine profiles are not biographies, and this is not going to be one of Bill Hurt, born in Washington, D.C., on March 20, 1950; reared on the islands of Guam, Hawaii and Manhattan; stepson of Henry Luce III; graduate, *magna cum laude*, of Tufts; ex-husband of actress Mary Beth Hurt; consort of ballerina Sandra Jennings; New York stage performer (*Hamlet*, *Childe Byron*, *Richard II*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, etc.); and movie actor (*Altered States*, *Eyewitness*, *Body Heat* and, recently, *The Big Chill* and *Gorky Park*); neither are profiles done on nobody.

"The comparative thing," I say, "is that you are a movie star."

"Oh, is *that* who I am?" says Hurt, leaning forward. He is tall and has his temples shaved and his hair dyed dark for *Gorky Park* and wears a brown-tweed sports coat.

"I mean, is *that* who I represent?" he says. "Is that who I am here? So, who are you? Why am I being funneled through you? Why—"

"Well, really—*funneled!*"

"You never let me finish," he says. "You're always interrupting. You count the number of times you've—"

"I wouldn't dream—"

"You did dream."

He lights a cigarette. His legs are long and come a long way under the table. He holds the cigarette just in front of his lips. Doesn't move.

"Let me push you around," I say.

He raises his eyebrows.

"I can get away with nothing with you," I say.

His eyes are straight in their sockets. He opens them wide for an instant.

"Oh, we're getting away with something here," he says.

First day of rehearsal for *Gorky Park*. Hurt arrives in Helsinki. Christ! You've got an American playing a Russian. You've got two Americans playing two Americans. You've got a Polish woman playing a Russian woman. You've got Britons playing Russians. You've got Finns playing Russians—where is the stylistic integrity of the piece? So Hurt walks in with a Slavic accent. End of the day, Michael Apted, the director, says, I've noticed you've been using this thing. Hurt says, Well, I assume you've noticed it. Apted says, I noticed you were using a Slavic something or other. Hurt says, We're not going to go with it, are we? Apted says, Well, I noticed it. Next day, Hurt comes in with a British mid-Atlantic accent.

Twelve days before beginning *Gorky Park*, Hurt is winding up *The Big Chill*, a movie about a group of friends at the University of Michigan in the late Sixties who reconvene 14 years later, after one of them commits suicide. It stars Hurt, Kevin Kline, Glenn Close, Tom Berenger, Mary Kay Place, Meg Tilly, Jeff Goldblum and JoBeth Williams. It is, structurally, every great dream Hurt has ever had.

"So how are you in it?" I say.

"I don't exist," says Hurt.

"OK, you don't exist. So how is your performance?"

"The work exists."

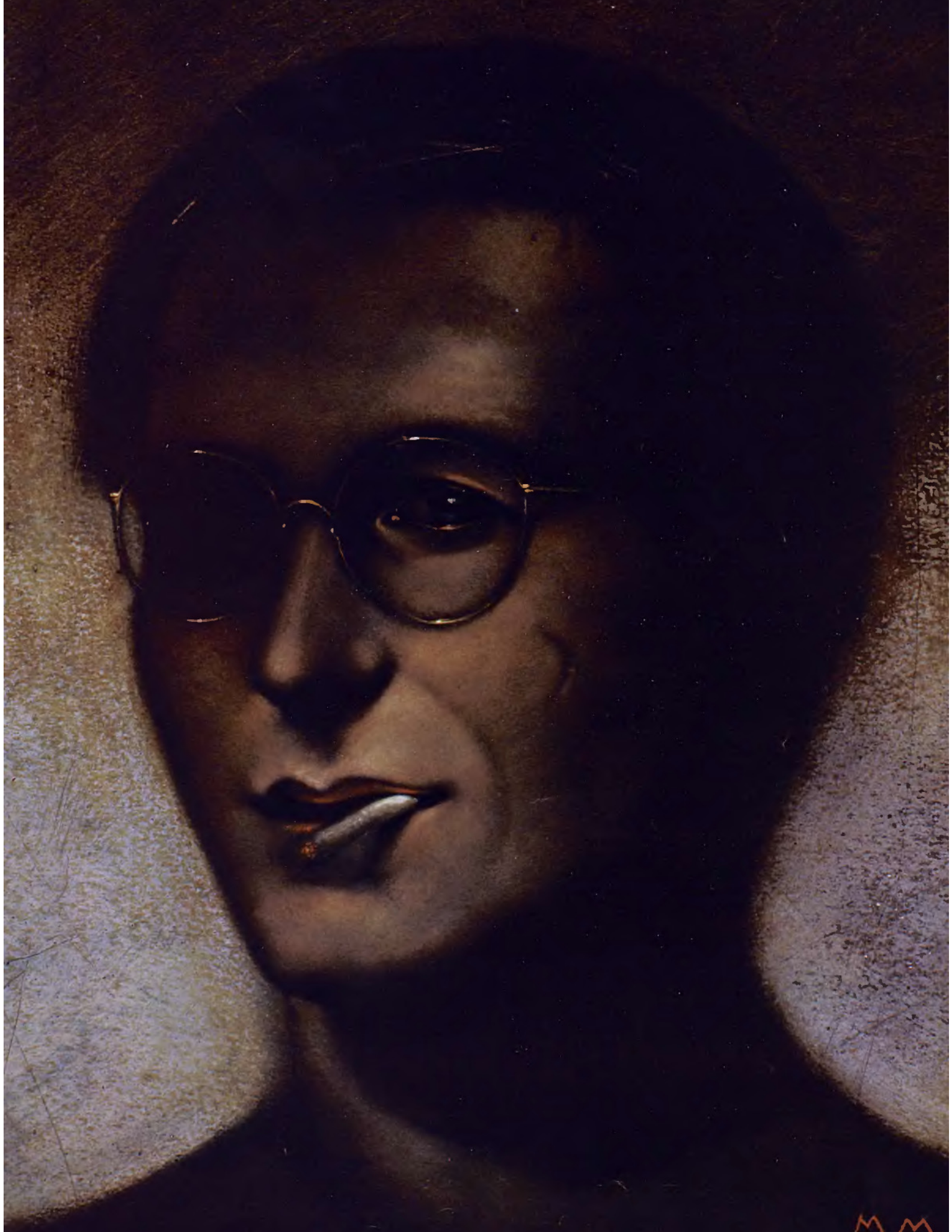
"How is your characterization?"

"The work is more than the actor."

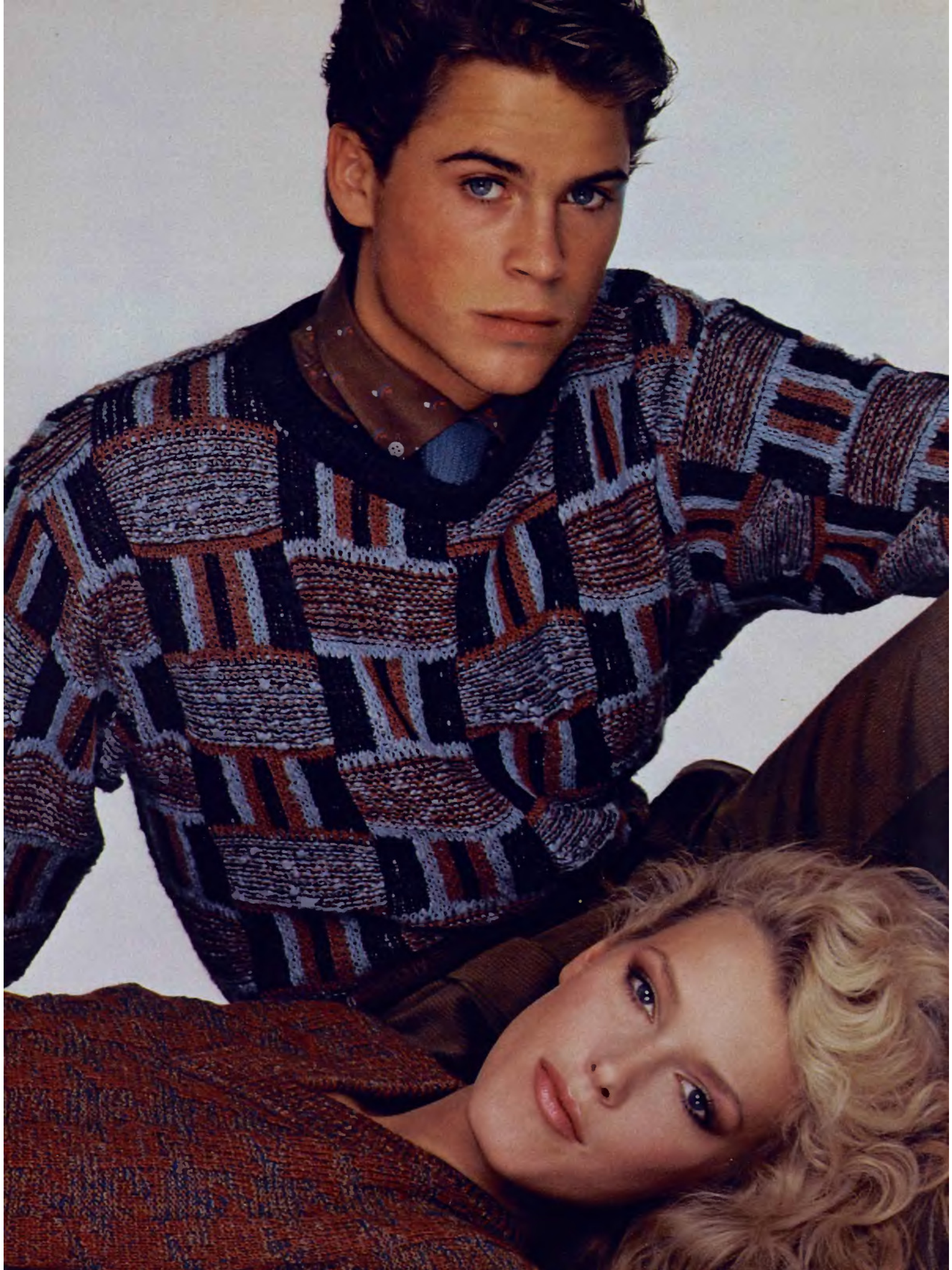
"Good. Fine. So how are you?"

"I'm all right," says Hurt, smiling. "I hold my own."

It is 3:30, four o'clock in the afternoon and Café Des Artistes is thinning out, but there are a couple of women at the bar and for a while they don't recognize Hurt because of the hair, and then one of them does, suddenly, and her face goes slack, the way a woman's face does when she (continued on page 78)



MM



THE LOWEDOWN ON SWEATERS

*in which we pull
the wool over rising
star rob lowe's eyes*
attire **By HOLLIS WAYNE**

SOME GUYS HAVE all the luck. Last summer, Rob Lowe co-starred with Jacqueline Bisset in *Class*, and next month, he's coming back to the big screen with Nastassia Kinski and Jodie Foster in *The Hotel New Hampshire*. As if that weren't enough of a good thing, on these pages we've teamed him with some more terrific-looking ladies to model the backbone of one's sportswear wardrobe—sweaters. The trend in pullovers—as in tailored clothes—is away from body hugging to a looser fit. Solid colors have faded to patterns, and traditional V- and crew-neck styles are supplemented with U- and

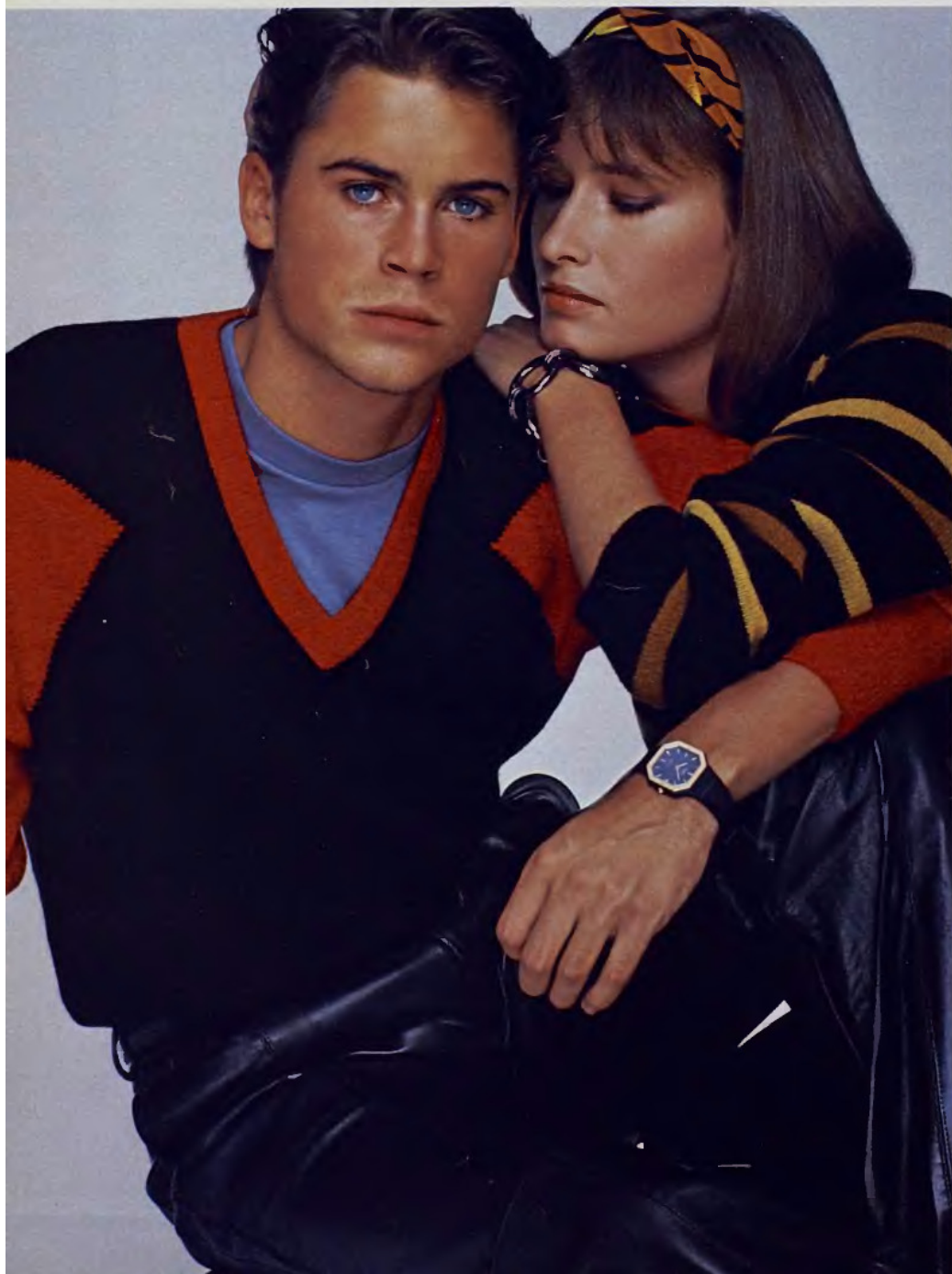
Left: Rob Lowe relaxes in a wool-and-silk-blend crew-neck (the name is derived from the style originally worn by British rowing crews) featuring a design that looks like a basket weave, by Ficce Uomo for R.G.F.M., \$140; cotton twill buttondown shirt, by Ron Chereskin, \$35; wool knit tie, from String Beans by Superba, about \$10; and cotton corduroy slacks, by Roger Forsythe, \$85. (His Tranel quartz watch is by Excelsior International, \$80. The lady's clothes are by Missoni.) Below: Lowe gets a lift from a cashmere "doodle" sweater that incorporates ten colors into its "wearable art" design, \$360, plus linen slacks, \$200, both by Alexander Julian. (His friend's outfit is by Julian, too.)



boat-neck shapes. Alan Flusser's classic Argyle sweater vest has the conservative vote; for a tougher, more trendy look, try tucking your sweater into your pants, as Lowe has done here with a Daniel Caron black-and-red-cashmere V-neck and a pair of black-leather slacks. What was Lowe's favorite sweater in this feature? Being the clever, diplomatic lad that he is, he claimed to like them all. But we did notice that he seemed inordinately fond of Alexander Julian's "doodle" sweater, pictured on page 75. Or maybe it was just the tiger of a lady on his broad shoulders. Only Rob Lowe knows for sure.

Below: Lowe has pulled on a black-and-red-cashmere sweater featuring color blocks on the sleeves that broaden his shoulders, by Daniel Caron Ltd., about \$215. It's been teamed with a T-shirt, by Jockey International, \$6.50; black-leather pleated pants, from Philippe Monet by Michael Shulmon, about \$200; and a lizard-skin belt, by Jeff Deegan Designs, \$148. (His Black Conquest watch is by Longines-Wittnauer, \$650. The lady's sweater is also by Daniel Caron.) Right: Alan Flusser's versatile Argyle sweater vest, \$250, is cut low to show more of Lowe's shirt, \$57.50; and wool challis tie, \$23.50, also by Flusser. The tweed slacks, \$125, and the lady's outfit are Flusser's, too.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GORDON MUNRO





WILLIAM HURT

(continued from page 72)

“The thing about Bill is that he has a base sexuality that never goes away. He’s solid.”

feels her uterus rise through her stomach. Hurt is not paying much attention, so I say I want to know if he thinks he is attractive to women, and he says, Not particularly, and I say, Well, don’t you think you’re generally attractive to women? and he says, Well, I wouldn’t say so, and I say, Well, don’t you think you’re sexually attractive to women? and he says, Oh, my God, there are some women I can imagine saying, How could anybody be attracted to that guy, you know?

“Well, women are trouble,” I say.

“Right,” says Hurt. “It’s tough to stay out of trouble. Everybody’s offering you cul-de-sacs. Everybody’s offering you a corner. Everybody’s offering you an opinion. I mean, what about restraint? Isn’t restraint an act of courage?”

“Let’s not hear about restraint,” I say. “This is 1983. Let’s be modern.”

“What’s being modern?” says Hurt, frowning. He is really funny and nice and says he used to be a wallflower and he still sometimes has a soft, delicate, childlike way, but now he is an actor and knows how to cover it up.

“Refined indulgence,” I say.

He looks down at his leg of lamb. “I indulged myself once,” he says.

“Once?”

“Once upon a time.” He picks up his knife.

“Indulged in what?” I say.

“Seductions,” says Hurt. “I indulged myself in seductions.” He rolls the leg over.

“In—everything?” I say.

He puts the knife down. “Well [pause], not everything.”

“But now you’re not?”

“No. Now I’m indulging myself in my family [he means Sandra Jennings and their infant son]. They are the vessel in which my love sails,” says Hurt.

He draws back his head. Laughs. “Something like that,” he says.

I look at the leg and wonder if he is going to finish it. It looks pretty tasty, but then I remember the last time we ate something at his apartment and he didn’t finish it and I said, Well, let me finish that sandwich, and he grinned and said, Go ahead, fatso, so I change my mind and ask him if Sandra Jennings doesn’t get jealous of the females in his movies.

“That used to come up,” says Hurt.

“Does it come up now?”

“No.”

“How do you stop?”

“I don’t think of that anymore,” he says, pushing back his plate and glancing at me.

“Oh.”

“No. Your work is not about *dames*.”

“But how do you escape?”

He wads up his napkin. Holds it in his hand. “Escape! You just do your work! Do your work! The work is other than what you are. It is *more* than what you are. You just do your work!”

Big money is involved with *Park and Chill*. Hurt doesn’t give a damn about the money. That is not the deal. The deal is, you cannot pay him more money to do something he believes in less. “You know *Eyewitness*?” he says. “Remember this movie, *Eyewitness*, I did?” I say I know *Eyewitness*. Well, Hurt makes this proposition to 20th Century-Fox. Says, Look, reduce my salary for *Eyewitness* by one third and give it to off-Broadway theater. Fox says, Are you kidding? and refuses to do it. Hurt says, In 50 years, nobody will have heard of these movies, so who gives a fuck. Says, See, the thing is, if they can burn the library at Alexandria, how important is a film? Says, *Come on*; Mother Teresa isn’t making these movies.

“There are scenes in *Eyewitness*,” says Steve Tesich, the Academy Award winner who wrote the script, “that I can’t imagine anybody doing as well as Bill. They needed an actor with enough humanity to throw it away. Bill has an *excess*. There aren’t many actors like that. With most actors, you’re afraid they’re going to run out. Bill won’t. When I write things, I imagine the performance but never by an actor. I make up people who don’t exist and see them doing my lines. And that is always the perfect performance. Because I invented it. But Bill’s was better than the one I invented.”

It is six o’clock, 6:30, and we have left Café Des Artistes and have walked down West 67th Street and have turned up Columbus Avenue, and Hurt is talking about his motorcycles and how they’re all named Burt, after his best friend from first grade, Burt Wallach, and if Burt reads this article for Burt to call him, and at West 77th Street, he slows down in front of a place with tables on the sidewalk.

“Want to stop in here?” says Hurt. He is in a good mood and is very charming.

“Oh, yes. All right,” I say.

“Let’s go in.”

“Looks swank.”

“It is. Let’s try it.”

A girl, well built but not classy, greets us at the door. “Dinner?” she says.

“Drinks,” says Hurt.

“Drinks?” she says, looking at me. “Yes—no?”

“He’s in charge,” I say. “I follow him around like a dog.”

The girl shakes back her hair, looks at Hurt. “Menus?” she says.

“She’s lying,” says Hurt.

“Where do you want to sit?” she asks.

Hurt rolls his shoulders forward.

“Wherever you think,” he says to me.

“This is your fulcrum as well as mine.”

“No, it’s your fulcrum,” I say.

“No. I’m sorry. Your fulcrum.”

“Oh. We’ve had the funnel. This is the fulcrum?”

Hurt smiles. He does not like doing interviews but is holding up well.

“That’s right,” he says. “It’s what happens between us that counts.”

Hurt is in rehearsal for his prep school production of *Under Milk Wood*. Gets to the love scene. The motivation goes flat. Hugh Fortmiller, the director, says, Bill, come back and kiss her. Hurt says, I’ll do it. I’ll do it. I’ll do it next time. I’ll do it. Fortmiller says, No, you do it *now*. Hurt hesitates. Fortmiller clears the cast off the stage. Now, kiss her, he says. Hurt looks at the girl. The blood leaves his forehead. His lungs deflate. The sweat freezes on his upper lip. He is 14, short, fat—

“You were nerdy?”

“Yeah.”

“Dorky?”

“Yeah.”

“Shy?”

“Yeah.”

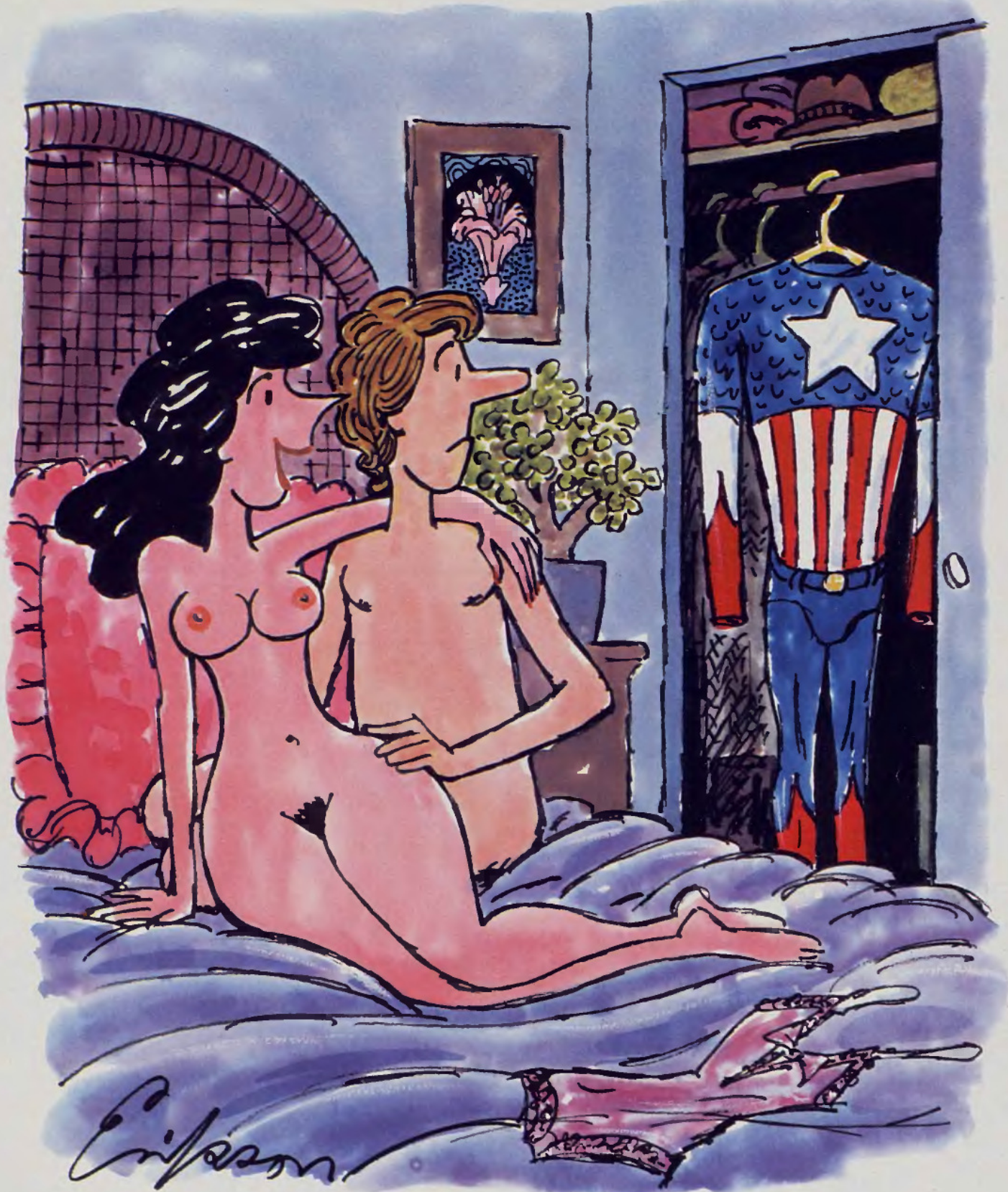
“Zoddy?”

“No, I was never a zod. I was not ever that.”

“The thing about Bill,” says Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote and directed *Body Heat* and *The Big Chill*, “is that he has a base sexuality that never goes away. He’s solid. He has enormous physical confidence. Just watch him breathe sometime! It doesn’t matter what he’s playing. He is at ease with his body. He always knows it is doing the right thing. He knows where his center is. He never fidgets. Watch his hands sometime! You get things from Bill you never expect and beyond what you ever hope.”

It is ten o’clock, 10:30, and Hurt has had the fried chicken and has called Sandra Jennings and said he’d be a little late, and then we have some more wine, and then we are going to have dessert. The waiter comes over and he is a nice-looking

(continued on page 174)



"Hey, relax. It's just my husband's new thermal underwear."



THE ENTREPRENEUR QUIZ

WHO IS the entrepreneur? What molds him and what motivates him? How does he differ from the nine-to-fiver, and where are those differences most telling? Why will one brother set out to build a business while another aspires to promotions and perks? Why does one stay up nights working on a business plan while the other brags about his pension plan? Is it brains? Luck? Hard work? Something else?

When most people think of entrepreneurs, such names as Henry Ford and Edwin Land and even Famous (Wally) Amos automatically come to mind. But, in fact, American entrepreneurs number in the millions. Of the approximately 16,000,000 businesses in this country, more than 12,000,000 are operated as sole proprietorships. And while not all of those businesses can be labeled "entrepreneurial ventures," a dictionary definition of an entrepreneur is "one who manages, organizes and assumes the risk of a business or enterprise."

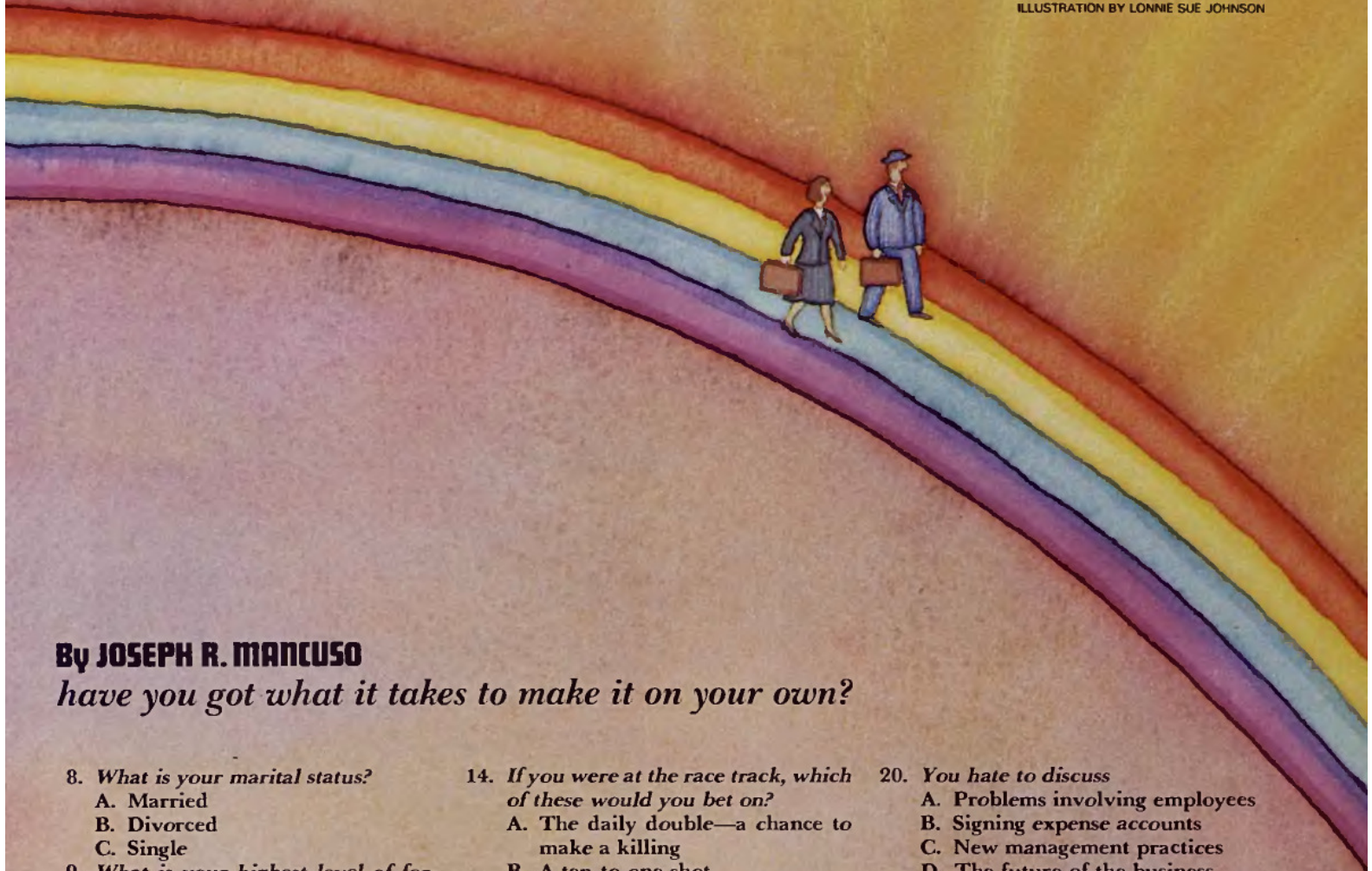
Why, then, do we think of the entrepreneur in almost mythical terms? The answer is easy. Like the cowboys of the old West, the entrepreneur represents freedom: freedom from the boss, freedom from the time clock and—with a lot of hard work and more than a little luck—freedom from the bank.

So who is the entrepreneur? Anyone who has ever looked at a problem and seen an opportunity as well as a solution is a likely prospect. The same goes

for anyone who feels his ambition is being held in check by corporate red tape. But it takes more than just cleverness and frustration to get an entrepreneurial venture off the ground. It takes guts, an indefatigable personality and nothing short of total dedication to a dream. On top of that, it takes the kind of person who can call working 90 hours a week fun.

While there is no single entrepreneurial archetype, there are certain character traits that indicate an entrepreneurial personality. In this quiz, developed from a series of questionnaire analyses performed by The Center for Entrepreneurial Management, of which I am president, we've concentrated on those indicators. If you've ever wondered whether or not you have what it takes to be an entrepreneur, here's your chance to find out.

1. *How were your parents employed?*
 - A. Both worked and were self-employed for most of their working lives
 - B. Both worked and were self-employed for some part of their working lives
 - C. One parent was self-employed for most of his or her working life
 - D. One parent was self-employed at some point in his or her working life
 - E. Neither parent was ever self-employed
2. *Have you ever been fired?*
 - A. Yes, more than once
 - B. Yes, once
 - C. No
3. *Are you an immigrant, or were your parents or grandparents immigrants?*
 - A. I was born outside the United States
 - B. One or both of my parents were born outside the United States
 - C. At least one of my grandparents was born outside the United States
 - D. Does not apply
4. *Your work career has been*
 - A. Primarily in small business (fewer than 100 employees)
 - B. Primarily in medium-sized business (100–500 employees)
 - C. Primarily in big business (more than 500 employees)
5. *How many businesses did you operate before you were 20?*
 - A. Many
 - B. A few
 - C. None
6. *What is your present age?*
 - A. 21–30
 - B. 31–40
 - C. 41–50
 - D. 51 or older
7. *You are the _____ child in the family.*
 - A. Oldest
 - B. Middle
 - C. Youngest
 - D. Other



By **JOSEPH R. MANCUSO**

have you got what it takes to make it on your own?

8. *What is your marital status?*
 - A. Married
 - B. Divorced
 - C. Single
9. *What is your highest level of formal education?*
 - A. Some high school
 - B. High school diploma
 - C. Bachelor's degree
 - D. Master's degree
 - E. Doctor's degree
10. *What is your primary motivation in starting a business?*
 - A. To make money
 - B. I don't like working for someone else
 - C. To be famous
 - D. To have an outlet for excess energy
11. *How was your relationship with the parent who provided most of the family's income?*
 - A. Strained
 - B. Comfortable
 - C. Competitive
 - D. Nonexistent
12. *How do you find the answers to difficult questions?*
 - A. By working hard
 - B. By working smart
 - C. Both
13. *On whom do you rely for critical management advice?*
 - A. Internal management teams
 - B. External management professionals
 - C. External financial professionals
 - D. No one except myself
14. *If you were at the race track, which of these would you bet on?*
 - A. The daily double—a chance to make a killing
 - B. A ten-to-one shot
 - C. A three-to-one shot
 - D. The two-to-one favorite
15. *The only ingredient that is both necessary and sufficient for starting a business is*
 - A. Money
 - B. Customers
 - C. An idea or a product
 - D. Motivation and hard work
16. *How do you behave at a cocktail party?*
 - A. I'm the life of the party
 - B. I never know what to say to people
 - C. I just fit into the crowd
 - D. I never go to cocktail parties
17. *You tend to "fall in love" too quickly with*
 - A. New product ideas
 - B. New employees
 - C. New manufacturing ideas
 - D. New financial plans
 - E. All of the above
18. *Which of the following personality types is best suited to be your right-hand person?*
 - A. Bright and energetic
 - B. Bright and lazy
 - C. Dumb and energetic
19. *You get things done better because*
 - A. You are always on time
 - B. You are superorganized
 - C. You keep good records
20. *You hate to discuss*
 - A. Problems involving employees
 - B. Signing expense accounts
 - C. New management practices
 - D. The future of the business
21. *Given a choice, you would prefer*
 - A. Rolling dice with a one-in-three chance of winning
 - B. Working on a problem with a one-in-three chance of solving it in the time allocated
22. *If you could choose among the following competitive professions, your choice would be*
 - A. Professional golf
 - B. Sales
 - C. Personnel counseling
 - D. Teaching
23. *If you had to choose between working with a partner who is a close friend and working with a stranger who is an expert in your field, you would choose*
 - A. The close friend
 - B. The expert
24. *In business situations that demand action, will clarifying who is in charge help produce results?*
 - A. Yes
 - B. Yes, with reservations
 - C. No
25. *In playing a competitive game, you are concerned with*
 - A. How well you play
 - B. Winning or losing
 - C. Both of the above
 - D. Neither of the above



KICKING BACK

our miss february has a case of the in-betweens; for her, it's best to take it easy and take stock

A YEAR AGO, Californian Justine Greiner underwent the kind of trauma only another Californian could understand: She went to Kansas. Her plan was to attend the University of Kansas in Lawrence. What she experienced there shook her to the core of her 5'9" frame. There were no palm trees. There was no ocean. The sun, when it dared to come out, shone down on some peculiar white stuff that covered

"If I need to be very independent, I can be. But I'm insecure enough to be lonely without someone to care for me. It's nice having a man for companionship."





Basically a homebody herself, Justine appreciates those who are well toned. "I just don't like to see people let themselves fall apart physically. I think that if you can look better than you do, you may as well. Because, whether people like it or not, everything is based on the first impression, and that usually sticks for a while."



the ground for acres around. Mars, they tell us, has more forbidding terrain, but the Kansas wheat fields were enough for Justine. At the end of her first term, she tucked her skate board under her arm and flew back West. By the time the first summer rays were hitting the Santa Monica beaches, a happy Justine wasn't in Kansas anymore.

"I was homesick, I really was," she admits. "I mean, people there are still wearing bell-bottom jeans! I made a lot of friends while I was there, but it wasn't the place for me at all."

Although she displays little loyalty to it now, Justine was born in Boston and actually spent the first half of her life in that area. That experience blurred to a few half-forgotten memories when the family hopped westward. In California, Justine found the perfect place for her easy-going personality: a sun-drenched hammock.

"You know how you can fall into a group of friends who tend to be wild or friends who tend to be studious?" Oh, do we! "Well, I think I had the wrong group of friends. I wasn't superradical, but I wasn't superstudious, either."

"I wish I'd divided my time more evenly, devoted more time to school and my family and also kept my partying and my friends. Instead, I



Gutsy Justine (above) executes the famous suicide slalom—so named because the skateboarder faces the camera, not where she's going.



Justine was first introduced to horses as a Four-H-club member in Massachusetts. This reintroduction came at the hot springs near June Lake in Mammoth, California. She reported that the horse was a little skittish because it mistook the white stuff on the ground for snow. It's actually mineral deposits. It was Justine's turn to be skittish when she was asked to pose in the pool at lower right. "There were leeches in the water and the bottom was mud. A ranger got in and swam around first to make sure it was safe. It seemed bottomless, and I was sinking in the mud fast." Fortunately, our photographer made a switch to faster film and the lady didn't vanish.







"Being a Playmate has made me more aware that I can be sexy. I think every woman should pose nude—a lot of women go their whole lives without having nude pictures taken. You can really look at yourself. It's an interesting experience. I've gotten to know my body better."

went for the partying and friends. I thought I was sooo bitchin'. Really. I just thought, Hey, it's cool.

"I didn't know I'd missed something until I ended up in Kansas, because then, I realized I could be going to a school in California. All my friends were going to Santa Barbara or San Diego or Berkeley or Chico—someplace like that. If I had just pulled a little harder, I could have gotten into one of those schools. Which would have been a lot better."

Before we continue, we should say that we've been to Kansas and had a nice time there. It's not heaven, but it's not a purgatory for Golden State underachievers, either. The lifestyle, though, is different; and in California, lifestyle is everything.

"If you do something different here," Justine explains, "people don't look at you; you're not even noticed. But if you do something different in Kansas, people say, 'Whoa, are you sure you know what you're doing?' When I told people I was from California, they'd look at me like I was crazy. My roommate, for instance, had never been out of Kansas. I think she'd been to Missouri, which is right next door, and she thought California was *on fire*, you know. Really. I'd tell her 'It's not like that; it's beautiful, the ocean and everything.' But some people have definite ideas about California."

Since she returned to the California womb, Justine has been doing what she does best and wants to do most:





"I really enjoy being by myself, but I need the stability of knowing that someone cares about me. I think I fall into the category of the kind of person who likes to be in love. Is that stupid?"

kicking back. For those unfamiliar with the term, kicking back is what you do to achieve a state known as laid back, which is the ultimate state of consciousness for a Californian. "To make it here," Justine instructs, "you have to have common sense. You should be aggressive but not too aggressive. Too-aggressive people belong in New York. They'd just get frustrated here, because they couldn't get anywhere (text concluded on page 160)

"I don't think I'm superattractive. I've always had the impression men are attracted to prettier girls than me. In terms of looks, I don't think you could say I'm a ten. Maybe an eight."







MISS FEBRUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Justine Khiner

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Justine Greiner

BUST: 36 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 11-19-63 BIRTHPLACE: Boston

AMBITIONS: to be successful, of course!

TURN-ONS: men's cologne, rainstorms

TURN-OFFS: people who eat like pigs at the dinner table!

FAVORITE MOVIES: Mel Brooks's Silent Movie, Cat People, 48 HRS.

FAVORITE FOODS: French toast, steak 'n' fries, Swiss almond vanilla Häagen-Dazs.

FAVORITE PLACE: Haiti

IDEAL EVENING: champagne, my boyfriend and a bubble bath.

BIGGEST JOY: staying home and watching a good movie on television.



starting early! sun-bathing senior portrait

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

During a morning coffee break, the would-be office Don Juan sauntered over to the new receptionist and remarked, "It has to be prophetic, baby. I had a dream about you last night. What I dreamed was that you were an automobile motor."

"That doesn't sound especially attractive," countered the girl.

"The hell it wasn't!" leered the fellow. "I was the dip stick!"

In the improbable event that the Bee Gees had teamed up with the Ink Spots to form a new group, it could have been called—just think—the Gee Spots!



We wonder if you know about the stockbroker's secretary who told her best office friend that Chrysler was up a quarter, that Du Pont was down an eighth—and that her boss had been up a good seven and a half?

When my husband climaxes," the woman complained to the marriage counselor, "his reaction includes an ear-shattering yell."

"All things considered," commented the advisor, "I should think that would be a certain source of satisfaction for you."

"Oh, it would," said the woman, "if it just didn't wake me up!"

*A dulcet-voiced callgirl named Shedd,
Who's cultured, well-spoken, well-bred,
Had achieved some renown
For her tone going down—
There's a nice civil tongue in her head.*

I think I should warn you that this is a pretty rough joint," the bar waitress remarked. "For example, the guys who come in here are likely to show their appreciation for good service by stuffing bills down the front of your blouse."

"That's pretty humiliating," declared the girl who had just been hired. "I sure hope the amount of tips makes it worth it."

"As a matter of fact, honey, it does," the veteran assured her. "In the course of last Saturday night, I went from a 36B to about a 40C."

What did your wife give you for your birthday this year?" a salesman who was on the road a lot was asked.

"The same thing she gives me each and every year," he replied. "The only thing is that this year, I noticed it was a full size larger."

What would you say to—well—a little oral activity?" ventured the horny young man in the singles bar.

"That all depends," parried the girl. "Your face or mine?"

My wife's having affairs with two guys at the same time, but I have no idea who the peckers servicing her belong to," the husband told the private eye, "so I want you to find out where in the hell she goes when she takes off for those parts unknown."

*An elderly jurist with notions
Ingested some monkey-gland potions.
But he froze when they'd sacked,
So his female clerk cracked,
"Mr. Justice, I'd entertain motions."*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *premature ejaculator* as a troubled shooter.

And then there was the girl who was told that she could join the local men's lodge—provided she let the members of the lodge's membership committee lodge their members in her.

I prefer natural blondes," explained the horny bachelor, "because I like to end the evening with a light supper."



In a recent survey on why some men are homosexual, 82 percent of the gay chaps responding said that either genetics or home environment was the principal factor. The remaining 18 percent revealed that they had been sucked into it.

Which of your parents do you resemble, Tommy?" asked the teacher.

"My hair is the very same color as my mother's," grinned the lad, "but I've got my father's fixtures."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bordello* as a toll-cookie house.

The distinction between an alarm clock and a penis, we've been informed, is that one goes off to get a guy up, whereas the other goes up to get a guy off.

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.



"My God, do you realize we only got it on two times this month?"

THE DANCING BEARS

*the bears started every year
with hype and hope,
but super bowl fame
always eluded them—
until a new coach
came along*

fiction

By ASA BABER

THAT FIRST MORNING at training camp was worse than Parris Island. We got no water, no salt pills, no breaks. Red Emerson stood up in the tower and yelled at us through the bullhorn like we was slaves building pyramids: "You fat bastards, nobody's in shape. I want another mile in full gear right now"—stuff like that.

You think I wasn't tired? I'd had a pony keg of beer the night before, for one thing, and I'd spent off season lying around the farm putting funny things up my nose and into my lungs. That, plus an extra 50 pounds I didn't need, made wind sprints feel like marathons, I'm here to tell you. Besides, I'd had a big fight with DeeAnn just before I drove up from Paris, Illinois, to Lakeshore College. She was on my case, and I didn't care for it. "I'm only dating you, lady," I told her. "You think just because you're a nurse you know everything. But what I do to my body is my business. I'll play myself into shape, like I always have, thank you very much."

DeeAnn just sat there and listened to my lungs wheeze. "You always do have to defeat yourself, don't you, Dewey?" she said to me. "If the rest of the Bears are treating themselves the way you are, you boys will never make the Super Bowl."

"We'll make it," I said. "Red Emerson's a hell of a coach. He'll get us there, mark my words." Well, we almost got there, but not with Red Emerson. That shows how much I knew.

"Bye, (continued on page 104)





THE ITALIAN CONNECTION

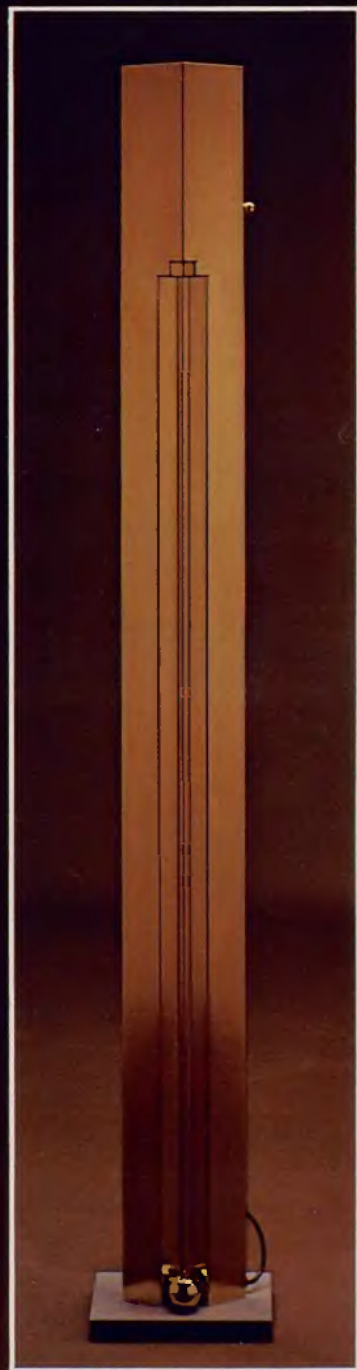
a class menagerie of innovative furnishings that travel well

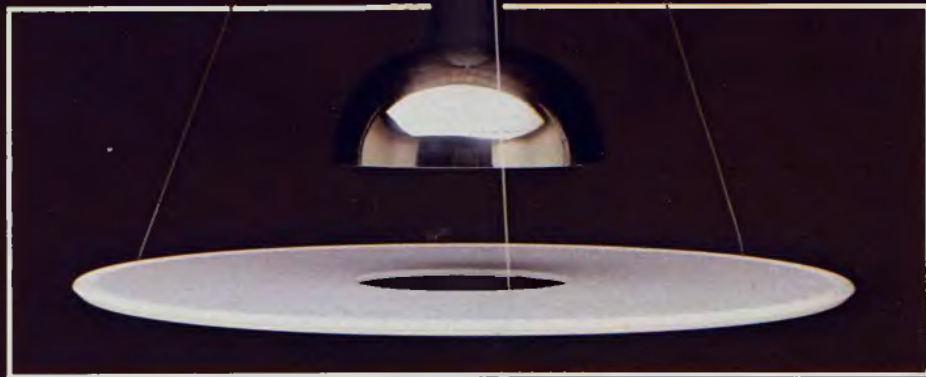
modern living



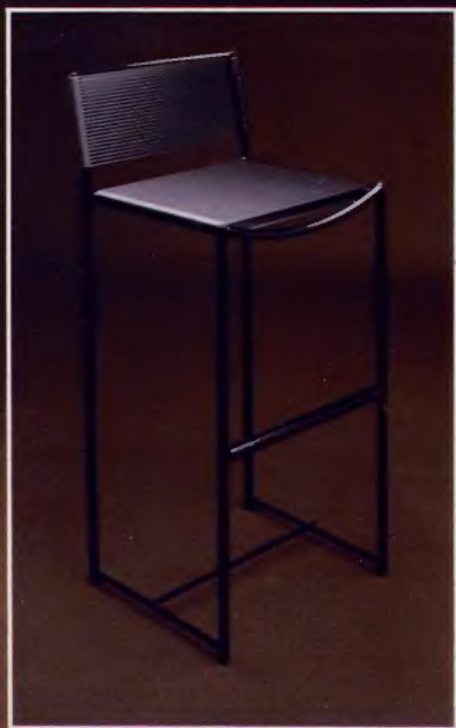
Left: This Italian goatskin-covered cocktail table, measuring 55" x 32" x 15", is appropriately designed; as you can see, it slides open to reveal a cavernous mirrored bar-storage area. No, you don't have to send it to the dry cleaner's if you spill your martini on the goatskin—it's protected by superthick clear epoxy. Place your order with Casa Bella Imports, \$6035.

FROM THE COUNTRY that brought you Michelangelo, the Lamborghini Countach and Sophia Loren comes some of the world's most innovative furniture, showcased each year at the *Salone del Mobile Italiano* in Milan. While not all of the fanciful, occasionally bizarre home furnishings on display to almost 250,000 visitors make it to the States, what does is almost invariably sleek and functional. (A chair that resembles a parrot roost may be aesthetically surprising, but not many Americans want to perch on it after a hard day at the office.) The leather Anfibia sofa, below, designed by Alessandro Becchi, for example, does double duty as a couch and a bed—which the signorina relaxing on it can share with us any time. It's available from International Contract Furnishings for \$5790. The six-foot-tall Tatem floor lamp, at right, designed by Kazuhide Takahama for Collezione Simon and available in brushed-gold metal (shown) or blue-black stainless steel, houses a tubular halogen bulb, hooked up to a rheostat that throws light skyward—perhaps to light the frescoes on your ceiling. InterGroup Collection lists it for \$913. (All furniture sources in this feature prefer to work through interior decorators. That means that the price you're charged may be considerably lower than the retail amounts we indicate.) *Bravissimo!*





Above: For a different lighting fling, try an Italian Frisbi lamp. The secret is an opal, translucent doughnut-shaped reflector/diffuser with a central hole that allows direct and diffused light to pass through it and reflected light to bounce off it, from Atelier International, \$450. Below: Designer Giandomenico Belotti noodled around and came up with the slick-looking Spaghetti barstool, a tubular-steel-and-P.V.C.-plastic seat, available from International Contract Furnishings, \$177, in a variety of colors.





Left: The Seconda Armchair, designed by Mario Botta, has a classic yet contemporary Italian look—its frame is made of silver or black steel tubing and the seat is of contrasting or matching perforated steel, while the circular back rest is made of charcoal-colored polyurethane. International Contract Furnishings is where you order. Sorry, the \$625 price doesn't include the lady. Below: This lacquered-polyurethane Planta coat-and-umbrella stand, designed by Gian Carlo Piretti, includes folding coathooks, umbrella holders and drip tray. It's \$250, from Castelli Furniture.



DANCING BEARS

(continued from page 98)

"I was the great Dewey Pinnell. The fans called me Gluey Dewey. I loved to hang all over quarterbacks."

Dewey," DeeAnn said. She patted me on my beer belly and put on her white nurse's cap and walked out the door. "Good luck."

"Bye," I waved at her after she'd gone.

Was I sad about us breaking up? Not really. In those days, I thought any woman who didn't want me showed extremely poor judgment. I was the great Dewey Pinnell. The fans called me Gluey Dewey. I loved to hang all over quarterbacks after I sacked them. Yours truly, God's gift to women and the N.F.L., starting left linebacker for the Chicago Bears, number 53 in your program, cocaptain of the defense, 6'2" tall and 230 pounds by midseason, two Pro Bowl nominations, able to bench press almost twice my weight and to crank off a 4.7 40 when I had to, 11 years in the game before I hung up my jock and came back here to farm. "Me?" I laughed to myself as I heard DeeAnn drive down the road that night. "Why should I worry about a skinny little E.R. nurse from Paris when I got beauty queens and Bunnies and Honey Bears running after me in the Windy City? I've played myself into shape every year since fourth grade, damn it."

But that first morning of practice almost killed me. There were guys passing out, throwing up, quitting. We all knew Red's job was on the line, of course. The Bears started every year with good hype and a lot of hope, but the Super Bowl always seemed beyond us, and Mr. Beaupray wanted a Super Bowl ring the way a junkie wants dope. So Red was out to get to the Super Bowl or have us die trying, and it was Merciless City that first morning, as I said.

I ate what I could at lunch, but two-a-days always did spook me, and what I wanted most was to sleep. It's funny that to this day, I remember the dream I had that noon: I was back in Paris, and DeeAnn was straddled over me with her hair down in my face, twisting like an eel and moaning my name.

That's what I was dreaming when Marshall Chambers sneaked up behind me and poured a pitcher of ice water onto my crotch. Lord, that hurt. One second I was bucking like a bronco under DeeAnn's thin hips, and the next second I had a refrigerated groin. I chased Marshall out the door on that one, I can tell you.

Marshall and me was real tight. He was a fine quarterback who could throw the football 70 yards on a line off his hind leg; and when he was hot, he could pick a

defense apart the way a kid scatters an anthill. We'd been with the Bears through thick and thin, Marshall and me.

I tackled him in the hall and sat on him like he was a whoopee cushion until he begged for mercy. Then I picked him up and dusted him off and poured him a glass of Gatorade. "You broke up my dream, Marshall," I said.

"Dewey, how can you sleep when your future's at stake?" he asked. "Don't you know what just happened? Red Emerson got fired this noon."

"They fired him on the first day of training camp?" I asked. "What's the sense in that? Give the guy a chance."

"I don't know," Marshall said. "Mr. Beaupray called down and told him he was out. Him and his staff. Said he'd had five years to prove himself and now it was goodbye."

"Who's the new coach?"

"I don't know," Marshall said. "Mr. Beaupray said he'd found somebody new, somebody perfect for the job."

"I'm going to miss Red," I said. "He was mean, but you knew where you stood with him." I meant it, too.

"The word is we practice as usual this afternoon," Marshall said. "Sweats only. Calisthenics. No contact."

"I don't mind," I said. "I can take an easy afternoon when I get one."

"New coach comes in tomorrow," Marshall said.

"Wonderful, wonderful," I laughed. "I can hardly wait."

Lakeshore College made a good place for a training camp. It was right by Lake Michigan, and on a clear day, you could see Chicago to the south. I liked to pause at the top of the steps before I went down to the practice field and look at the lake, the clouds, the sky. I'd think about how big the world is and how small we are, even us guys that are supposed to be such tanks, and it put things in perspective. Football don't mean much to a cloud. You can bring in all the PR people in the world and hype it like Gang Busters, but the fact is that football is about as important to the universe as a grain of sand.

I liked to think about things like that before I went down to get my brains scrambled. It set things right, somehow.

I confess I wasn't ready for what I saw that afternoon, though. As I looked down at the field from the top of the steps, I thought maybe I was in the wrong place. It was maximum weird. It was like somebody was getting ready for a rock concert. There was loud-speakers up and down

the side lines. And you should've seen the middle of the field. There was a whole bunch of banisters running smack down the middle of the turf from goal line to goal line right between the hash marks.

"What the fuck, over," Marshall said.

"What is this shit?" I asked.

We got down to the field and the whole team stood there, blinking in the hot sun, scuffling their cleats and making those sounds guys make when they have no idea what's going on.

"Break out the footballs, Sam," Marshall yelled to the equipment manager. "Let's get something started."

"No footballs, Marshall," Sam squeaked.

"The hell you say," Marshall said. He went over and dumped open a gunny sack of balls and picked one up.

"No footballs, Marshall!" Sam yelled in that high voice.

Marshall was about to throw me a pass when there was a whistle.

It was the meanest between-your-teeth-tuck-your-fingers-in-your-mouth whistle I'd ever heard in my life. Marshall's arm froze and I stopped jogging, and I'm here to tell you that none of us was ready for what we saw.

She was tall. She wasn't young and she wasn't old. She had on a blue jump suit, and there was a red ribbon that wrapped her head tight. Her hair looked like a shining helmet. I thought she was kind of pretty, but she also looked tough.

"No footballs, Mr. Chambers," she said.

"Say what, baby?" Marshall asked.

"We're not going to use footballs this afternoon, Mr. Chambers," she said.

"Is that a fact?" Marshall asked. He was doing his Rush Street walk. He was strutting like a rooster, flipping the ball from hand to hand. "Says who?"

"Says me," she smiled. Well, it was kind of a smile.

"And who are you, if you don't mind my asking?"

"Mr. Beaupray hired me to get you in shape, sir."

"Hey, I'm in shape, baby," Marshall grinned. "I'm in shape for whatever you want to do."

"Would you put the football down, please? We have a lot of work to do this afternoon."

Marshall was standing right next to her. He had his face in her face. I'd seen him do this routine a hundred times. "We sure do have work to do, hon. Where would you like to do it?" Usually, when he came out with that line, they either melted or walked away. This time, it was a little different.

It happened so fast we didn't really see it, but suddenly, the football was up in the air. The lady had kicked it right out of Marshall's hands. And to make it worse,

(continued on page 152)

BERNARD and HUEY

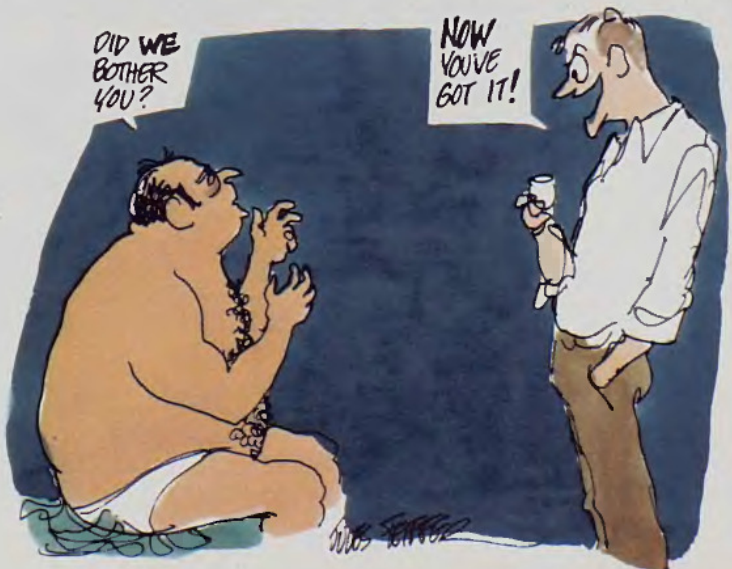




ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

sports **By HERBERT BURKHOLZ** THE STAR TURN of the Winter Olympics is Alpine skiing. Not everyone agrees with that, of course. The bobsledders and the luge nuts are partial to their own ways of traveling over ice and snow, as are the jumpers and the cross-country boys. The figure skaters live in a world of their own composed in equal parts of sport and dance, and the hockey fans are still caught up in that once-in-a-lifetime euphoria of the miracle at Lake Placid. But to most Americans, the thrill of the Olympics is the sight of young men and women skimming down mountains at breath-taking speeds on skis. That's Alpine skiing, and there are three ways that you can do it. You can race down at 80 miles an hour tucked low with your chin out over your knees, going balls out for speed in what has been described as a series of recoveries from impending disaster, pounding and pushing for the finish

THE SNOW GODS

*at sarajevo, the best
will ski as a
team—but each man
has his own stakes*



line below. You do it that way and they call it downhill racing. Or you can go down weaving through a complex series of gates at a much slower pace, a tightrope walker on snow and ice, a balletmaster dancing on knives, a measure of grace plus speed as you shift your edges with an exquisite precision that takes you once again to the banner at the finish line below. You do it that way and they call it a slalom. You can do it either of those ways, or you can combine the two and go down the mountain at almost the speed of the downhill, maneuvering gates with almost the precision of the slalom in an exhausting hybrid called G.S.—giant slalom—and that's Alpine skiing, too. It's all Alpine skiing when you go up on the mountain and then you ski down.

The two finest Alpine skiers in America and, arguably, in the world are a pair of twins from White Pass, Washington, named Phil and Steve Mahre, and taken together they are a unique and dramatic force in World Cup skiing, the major leagues of the sport. Fiercely competitive on the mountain, they are equally supportive of each other, and each acts as his brother's unofficial coach. The results have been impressive. For the past three years, Phil has been the winner of the over-all World Cup, while Steve is the reigning world champion in the giant slalom. Between them, they have won almost every honor in Alpine skiing, including an Olympic silver medal for Phil at Lake Placid, but the one prize that they have never won, and that historically has eluded every male American Alpine skier, is an Olympic gold. This month, the Mahre brothers will continue their quest for that gold at the XIV Olympic Winter Games, to be held in the improbable venue of Sarajevo, Yugoslavia.

Why Sarajevo? Well, why not? Set in the Dinaric range, it has mountains of Olympic proportions, including Bjelasnica, where the men's Alpine races will be run, and Jahorina, where the women will compete, plus a climate that promises snow 111 days a year to a depth of two to three meters. It has all the man-made facilities needed for Olympic competition: two indoor ice arenas and a speed-skating rink, meticulously constructed jumping hills, a slick-smooth serpentine for the bobsleds and the luges and a press center both functional and comfortable. Dozens of discos and hundreds of coffee shops dot the town for *après-ski* entertainment, and for the visiting shopper there is the *basarsija*, the old market area, with streets of coppersmiths, bookbinders and other fine craftsmen. It all seems to be there, and yet . . . why Sarajevo? To most of us, the name evokes the image of the slain Archduke Francis Ferdinand and the spark that ignited World War One. It does not bring to mind the picture of a conventional

ski town, complete with Alpine yodels and cowbells, *Schlagobers* of snow on the rooftops and mulled wine before a roaring fire in the evening.

Phil Mahre puts the question into perspective. "I don't understand how places like that get into the Olympics. Until this year, they never even had a World Cup race there, and now it's the Olympics."

He says the words without rancor. He goes where the races are held and he skis the mountains as they come to him; but the words are said as he sits, relaxed, in the lounge of the Post Hotel, St. Anton, in the Austrian Tyrol, and the comparison with Sarajevo is obvious. St. Anton is the quintessential ski town: Alpine, pristine and colorful. St. Anton is where it all started, with the legendary Hannes Schneider, with the Arlberg Ski Club, formed in 1901, and with the Arlberg-Kandahar race, the oldest and most prestigious of them all. In St. Anton, the racer feels a sense of historic continuity that exists no place else in the mountains, and perhaps because of that, the comparison with Sarajevo is unfair. Still, the comparison is there.

The Post Hotel is where the U.S. Ski Team is staying for the Arlberg-Kandahar races, and besides the Mahres in the lounge, there are other members of the men's team busily chatting up the girls, playing checkers, giving the video games a workout or just staring at their toes in a racer's contemplation. The Mahres, at 25, are the *doyens* of the team. Each is married, with one young child, and they travel with their families on the World Cup circuit, their presence lending a sense of stability to the younger, less experienced racers. They are intensely aware that time is running out for them in the youthful world of competitive skiing. The Olympics, another year, perhaps two at most, and then it will be over for them. For almost ten years, they have been the core of the team, and they wonder what it will be like once they are gone.

"I hope the team will produce some young kids who will take our places when we step down," says Steve, "but it's hard to say when. In the past, we had a lot of kids who showed potential and then just leveled off."

Phil nods in agreement. "We've got several good young racers this year. In the downhill, there's Steve Hegg and Jace Romick, there's Tris Cochrane and Andy Luhn. In the slalom, there's Danny Stripp, Tiger Shaw, Johnny Buxman. . . ."

His voice trails off. The Mahres are slalom specialists, as is Buxman, and they can imagine what it must be like for him to ski in their shadow.

Not that Buxman feels that way. The handsome 23-year-old from Vail, Colorado, is blunt about it. "I'm not skiing in anybody's shadow," he insists. "This isn't

meant disrespectfully—you have to respect what Steve and Phil have accomplished—but I feel that I'm as good as or better than they are. On any particular day, I can be the best slalom skier on the mountain."

Buxman isn't simply blowing steam or indulging in psychic pump priming. He really believes that. More important, so does head men's coach Konrad Rickenbach, whose primary areas of responsibility are slalom and giant slalom. "Bux has all the equipment," says Rickenbach, "the athletic ability and the technique. One of these days, he'll put it all together."

But that day has yet to come, and there are those on the team who fear it never will. Buxman's problem is that he doesn't finish races. He turns in outstanding training runs, but as of this day in St. Anton, he has finished only two races all year. Speed is no problem, but he constantly disqualifies himself by missing gates and, oddly enough, that most often happens at the very beginning of a run. Somewhere around the third, fourth or fifth gate, he'll miss the turn, and then his race is over before it has begun. It happens with depressing frequency. Some call it lack of concentration, but one of his downhill teammates disagrees, saying, "I could understand it if he blew out near the bottom, or even halfway down the hill, but how much concentration does it take to ski the first five gates?"

Rickenbach doesn't see it that way. To him, Buxman is like a novelist who knows what he wants to say but is too impatient to set the words down on paper one at a time. Not that he's lazy—anything but. He just hasn't learned yet that you ski a slalom course one gate at a time. When Buxman is standing in the starting gate, his head has already crossed the finish line. He has already skied the perfect slalom. Then he gets the start and he tries to do it all at once. In one explosive moment, he tries to run the entire race, top to bottom, and almost always, the result is a D.Q. (for disqualification) marked on his score sheet.

Buxman's family—father, mother and sister—are at St. Anton to watch him race in the Arlberg-Kandahar. The elder Buxman hopes that Rickenbach is right. "I hear the coaches say that John is basically the best skier on the team and I get goose bumps. But he doesn't seem to be able to finish. There has to be a reason for it."

Patience. Getting it all together. Concentration. Words.

With no Olympic experience and not a single World Cup race ever run on Bjelasnica, it was vital for Sarajevo to have a pre-Olympic tryout of the facilities during the 1983 season. Accordingly, a World Cup men's downhill was scheduled there for late January 1983, with other events to

(continued on page 110)

MACHO SUSHI

all you need is a little raw courage

OK, YOU SURVIVED the first wave. After that initial hesitation, you plunged right in and proved that you could eat all the raw fish those little guys behind the counter could dish out. Like John Wayne leading an assault on Guadalcanal, you rallied those in your crowd who were faint of heart: Squid? Watch this. Sea urchin? No sweat. Your girlfriend was very, very impressed.

But you should have known the Japanese, shouldn't you? Once again, they've lulled you into a false sense of security (though, clearly, any nation that can invent the Sony Walkman can make you dance to its beat). Did you know

that in some of Japan's *sushi* bars, they serve—illegally—the extremely poisonous kidney of the blowfish, or fugu? The idea is to get just enough of the poison to feel a kind of *sushi* rush but not enough so that you die. Every year, dozens of people cut it too close.

But now that you're in the game, you can't back down, can you? All you can do is wait and watch and try to be ready for the next wave. John Wayne would want you to do it that way, and so would your girlfriend. And, as the Japanese say, there are lots of fishes in the sea. Here are some you might expect.

humor By JIM MORGAN



ENIWINI

A school of guppies in seaweed



NIPYU

Piranha lips



WO

Sea horse



WHOOSHI

Blowfish cheeks



YUKKI

Toadfish fin with warts



SEMITOFU

Tofu on squid roe



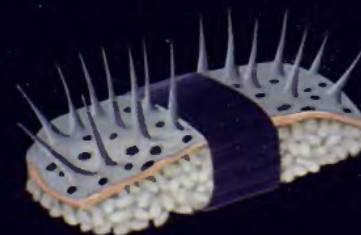
DUWAKADU

Hearts of sole



SNAFU

Octopus and cel, family style



OWI

Porcupine fish



BOHUNKA

Whale anus

SNOW GODS (continued from page 108)

"Sarajevo had to have its tryout, and so the race was run. Nobody was very happy about it."

follow in subsequent weeks. The eyes of the international skiing community turned to the capital city of Bosnia, curious journalists made the unfamiliar trip and the implacable eye of ABC's *Wide World of Sports* surveyed the scene. It was meant as a moment of triumph, but on the day of the race, Sarajevo came up snake-bit.

The problem was the weather, as it often is in skiing. Statistically, the snow stays on the ground around Sarajevo for almost a third of the year to a depth of several meters, and subfreezing temperatures ensure a solid base for skiing. On race day, there was plenty of snow on the mountains, but there was also a hot sun, a balmy breeze and a temperature of 36 degrees Fahrenheit that made the Dinaric range seem more like the site for the Summer Olympics than for the Winter Games. Spectators peeled off parkas and sweaters as the mountain melted away, streaks of black and brown dirt appeared on the *piste*, and in the hospitality section of the press area, the line was in front of the iced-Coca-Cola booth while the hot Ovaltine went begging. Never mind that the skiing weather had been uniformly bad all over Europe that winter. Never mind that the same situation existed across most of the United States. Never mind that what was happening was a statistical glitch that should never occur two years in a row. For all of that, Sarajevo was snake-bit. After a two-hour delay, the race was postponed until the following day.

For the rest of that day and well into the night, soldiers of the Yugoslav army worked in a desperate attempt to save the race. Fresh snow was collected, dumped onto the course, sprinkled with chemicals to ensure freezing and tamped down firmly to form a solid base. By morning, the mountain looked itself again; but as the sun rose, the temperature rose with it, and by noontime, the course was a mess once more. U.S. Alpine director Bill Marolt stood at the finish line, staring unhappily up at the mountain. He shook his head and said, "The hill isn't any better than it was yesterday, but they'll probably run it. They have to."

He was right. The ABC cameras were ready, Sarajevo had to have its tryout, and so the race was run. Nobody was very happy about it, least of all the skiers, and the times were unimpressive, since, as Canada's Ken Read put it, "I wasn't exactly risking life and limb out there today." The crowd, too, was singularly subdued. Many had left Sarajevo after the

postponement the day before, and those who stayed on seemed to lack the spirited enthusiasm traditional to a World Cup event. No clanging bells, no high-pitched yips as the racers sped by; only a passive acceptance of the results. Austria's Gerhard Pfaffenbichler and Franz Klammer took first and third, with the Canadian Steve Podborski sandwiched in between, and Sarajevo's Alpine tryout was an accomplished fact. After the race, many of the spectators stretched out in the sun to improve their tans.

The only American entered in the downhill at Sarajevo was Doug Powell of Chappaqua, New York, who finished a mildly respectable 20th. Powell was unhappy about the conditions on Bjelasnica, though he was too polite to put it into words. He didn't have to; his skis spoke for him. After the race, he showed them to Scott Shaver of Rossignol, one of five manufacturers' representatives who travel with the U.S. team and service the equipment.

"Will you look at that?" Powell said in dismay. There was a piece the size of his thumb gouged out of the bottom of one ski where a rock sticking up through the snow had slashed it. "Look, it goes right down to the base."

Shaver quickly slapped the bottoms together to hide the damage, muttering, "Thank God we didn't use the good skis today. This hill would have killed the R 'n' Rs."

To a downhill racer, R 'n' R equals rock 'n' roll, meaning the good skis that really move. A hot pair of slalom skis are similarly called discos. Shaver was not alone in his feelings. Very few racers were willing to risk their R 'n' Rs on Bjelasnica that day.

Billy Johnson wasn't at Sarajevo, but he is at St. Anton the following week for the running of the Arlberg-Kandahar. Unlike the slalom skier John Buxman, Johnson has finally put it all together. He is a hard-nosed, opinionated, thoroughly self-confident 23-year-old from Van Nuys, California, who is also a daring, flat-out downhill racer. In 1982, he was dropped from the team. Publicly, the coaches say that he showed up at training camp badly out of shape and made no attempt to correct the situation. Privately, they admit that it was his attitude as much as his physical condition that caused him to be dropped. Sitting at the bar at the Post Hotel, Johnson says otherwise.

"Training camp is a joke," he insists. "The coaches have already decided who's going to be on the team. What you do at camp doesn't mean a damn thing."

He takes a sip of beer, grins and points an indelicate finger upward. "But now they can't touch me. Not after what I've done this year."

What he has done so far this year is to win three out of four downhill races on the Europa Cup circuit and finish second in the fourth one. The Europa Cup tour ranks just below the World Cup, triple-A ball compared with the majors, and its downhill season ends early. Once that season was over, there was no question that the coaches would bring Johnson up for the rest of the World Cup tour, and with him came Andy Chambers, who finished second to Billy in his three victories.

Now it's the evening before the downhill at St. Anton, and Johnson is up in the big leagues, pitted against the finest downhillers in the world, men such as Peter Luescher, Podborski and Leonard Stock, who won the gold medal at Lake Placid in 1980. More, as a relative novice, Johnson will be starting far down the list, in 43rd position. In downhill racing, it is rare for anyone starting after the first 15 to win or even to turn in a ranking performance; after those first 15, the course is usually too chopped and rutted to post a good time. Still, it's enough for Johnson just to be up there again with the biggies. He orders a second beer from the girl in back of the bar, but he drinks only half of it before going up to bed. He may be a rebel, but he isn't a fool.

That same evening, the Arlberg Ski Club, the oldest such organization in the world, holds its annual dinner before the Arlberg-Kandahar race, and a visiting American is invited to enjoy "*einen gemütlichen Abend*." It is, indeed, an informal and congenial evening, and the only proper topic of conversation is skiing. The two-day Arlberg-Kandahar consists of a downhill and a slalom, the winner determined by a combination of the results, and the members argue hotly over the chances of the various Austrians entered. Austrians, mind you, no one else. Skiing is the national sport there, and to these people, the possibility of a foreigner's winning the Arlberg-Kandahar is as likely as the Tokyo Giants' beating Kansas City in the world series. Never mind that Steve Mahre won it last year. Never mind that Phil Mahre won it the year before. Accidents! Flukes! On a good day, even the Tokyo Giants could. . . .

So the Austrian names are juggled as the cigar smoke thickens and dirndl-dressed girls carrying pitchers of wine pass around again and again. Klammer? Stock? First-rate downhills, but can they score high enough in the slalom?

Christian Orlainsky? Franz Gruber?
(continued on page 120)

WOMEN OF STEEL

a foursome that's sexy and strong



IN THE third round of a fight for the Women's Bantamweight Boxing Championship of the World, Graciela Casillas—lean, compact, her dark eyes spitting fire—caught Debra Wright with a right cross to the jaw. Wright went down hard, her head bobbing on the sweaty canvas in the Tucson Auto Auction Building.

"I think of myself as a warrior when I step into the ring, an honorable warrior," Graciela says

later. "I never want to hurt anybody. If I were into hurting people, I could go out and pick a fight and just be a rowdy individual. But at the moment a knockout happens, it's very . . . exciting. There's a rush when you hit somebody with a clean, solid punch. You know your whole body *clicked*."

It was nine minutes before Wright got off the canvas. Graciela, the only athlete to hold world titles in both boxing and full-contact karate, had defended one of *(text concluded on page 144)*

Clockwise from top right: Graciela Casillas, 26, holds World Karate Association and International Women's Boxing Association bantamweight titles. Pam O'Neill, 21, is Buffalo's best bodyguard/wrist wrestler/cheerleader. Roberta Vasquez, 20, secures L.A.'s May Company. Anita Gandol, 26, is the bodybuilder with spellbinding eyes.



Anita has been iron-pumping for only three years—imagine how slick she'll look by 1987. Slickness, however, seems to be an occupational hazard of bodybuilding for show. "We always oil up and also use skin coloring," she tells us. "No matter how tan you think you are, you'll look like a ghost when you go under those lights. It's pretty greasy—you're a mess by the end of the contest."



"For a thin person," remembers Anita of her days before the iron age, "I wasn't very firm. I thought, I don't just want to be thin. I want to be bigger, rounder, curvier. So I started working out. By now, I've gained ten pounds. My arms and legs have increased and my waist and hips have decreased. From how I used to look to how I look now is really a big difference. At least to me."









"This is PLAYBOY, right?" asks Graciela. "And you haven't even asked me what kind of men I like. Well, I'll tell you. I like all men—I like mankind. When I get involved with a man, I'm attracted to something different each time, something new. Sometimes you like spaghetti, sometimes you like chocolate, you know? I'd say a man who wants to know me should approach me with courtesy and a warm smile. I always look at the eyes. Eyes tell a lot." And if she doesn't like the look of yours, she can close them.



When she's not cheering for Joe Ferguson and his fellow Bills from the side lines as o Buffalo Jill, Pam often hits the front lines of wrist warfare as the woman with a grip of steel. Nice nails, too.



Soon to be licensed as a professional bodyguard—which means she'll be able to carry concealed weapons—Pam will be more likely to perform strip searches than to submit to them. So you're getting a rare opportunity here. See? No concealed weapons. In New York, bodyguarding's best held a contest to find the number-one female protector. Pam won hands down.



"In California, you can get caught shoplifting hundreds of times and only have to pay a fine," Roberta says, though shoplifting laws are the least of her problems. "I've had guns and knives pulled on me, but the worst was one man I gave too much of a head start. He got in his car and rolled up the windows. So I was bangin' on the door, showing him my badge, and he backed up and started chasing me—in his car—all over the parking lot. Finally, I dived between two cars and he drove away. I got his license-plate number, and a little later, the police caught up with him." But for a moment there, as here, Roberta was fit to be tied.





SNOW GODS

(continued from page 110)

"In World Cup races, you get the best in the world and only the best, but in the Olympics. . . ."

The other side of the coin. Both are slalom specialists, but how will they do in the downhill?

Harti Weirather? Heads begin to nod. Sure, why not? He almost did it in '81. Weirather, he's just the boy who could do it this year.

The visiting American is asked what he thinks, but he is understandably reluctant to give his opinion. He is the only foreigner present—indeed, the only person from outside the precincts of the Arlberg—and the weight of skiing history is in this room. Karl Schranz, Austria's national hero, is waiting to hear what he has to say. Mrs. Franz Fahrner, whose father, Hannes Schneider, was also the father of Alpine skiing, is looking at him speculatively. Down the table, Rudi Matt, who won the world championship in slalom back in 1936, cocks an eyebrow, waiting. The visitor clears his throat nervously.

Phil Mahre. He says it softly and reluctantly.

A lot of frowns and shaking heads, wagging fingers and tongues clucking in disapproval. No, not this year, not again. A magnificent slalom skier, of course, but too weak in the downhill. It's going to take more than his usual 13th- or 14th-place finish, plus a good slalom, to win this weekend. Why, even the bookmakers—yes, Virginia, in Austria they bet on ski races—have Phil at 20 to one. Besides, he's had a bad year so far. No, no, forget what happened in 1981. On a good day, even the Tokyo Giants could. . . .

Phil Mahre. He repeats the name more confidently, because he knows something they don't know. They weren't out at the mountain the day before, when the first training run was called off because of poor visibility. That left the racers free to ski on their own, and his Austrian friends did not see Phil come down the downhill course and take off from the forbidding Kangaroo Jump to do a 360-degree turn in mid-air out of sheer exuberance. A stunt, a gag, but it means that he's relaxed, at one with the mountain. The visitor makes three pronouncements, each firm and distinct:

Phil Mahre will place within the top five in the downhill tomorrow.

Someone named Mahre will win the slalom on Sunday.

Phil Mahre will win the Arlberg-Kandahar combined.

Then he retreats behind his glass of wine as the arguments rage.

The people of Sarajevo wish the world would forget that World War One started

there. They figure that it's a bum rap to hang on a town, and they've been fighting it for years. They'll tell you that the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand was only one of the factors that triggered the war and that if Gavrilo Princip hadn't killed him, something else would have sparked the flames just as easily. Not that they are shy about the assassination. Yesterday's terrorist is tomorrow's freedom fighter, and so today there is a Gavrilo Princip Museum in town, and on the street where he stood to fire the shots are his footprints set in concrete, like a Bosnian version of Grauman's Chinese Theater. Still, they wish the world would forget, and they hope that the XIV Winter Olympiad will give another meaning to the name Sarajevo.

To that end, they have spruced up the town. New hotels have been built in the mountains, present facilities have been remodeled and the picturesque aspects of Sarajevo—the mosques and the minarets, the market places, the arching bridges over the Miljacka River—have been highlighted. During the Olympic weeks, artists from all over Yugoslavia will perform, including opera companies, theatrical troupes and local folk-music groups; while for filmgoers, there will be a reprise of the Belgrade International Film Festival in Sarajevo's 11 cinemas. An all-out effort has been made to coat this essentially provincial place with at least a thin veneer of Western amenities, and as the ultimate gesture in a city where the second language, if any, is German, the taxi drivers, porters, waiters and desk clerks have all been given a crash course in basic English to help them deal with the influx of 45,000 foreigners expected in February. It sounds good, but doubts begin to arise when you ask where all those people are going to sleep.

The 10,000 athletes, judges and officials will be housed in the Olympic Village. Good.

The 5000 journalists will be housed in a special block of houses. Good.

The 30,000 spectators will be accommodated in hotels and private homes.

Good—I think. How many hotel beds will be available?

Fifteen thousand.

That's when the doubt strikes home. A solid 50 percent of the total, 15,000 people, put up in private homes? What happens if Aunt Millie gets sick and the bed isn't available? What happens if Uncle Boris dies and the household goes into mourning? What happens if Grandpa

comes for dinner and stays for a week? What happens to all those beds?

The answer to all those questions is always *nema problema*, which can be taken to mean anything from "No problem" to "God will find a way" to "I prefer to think of myself as an optimist."

They may be right. It's better than worrying about it.

It has to be remembered that Sarajevo is not a ski town; it is a multicultural city, mostly Moslem in population, with mountains attached. Also attached is a modern industrial complex that provides the area with a cap of smog so thick that at times you cannot see the mountains from the town or the town from the mountains. Still, once above the smog line, the air is fine and clear and the mountains are of Olympic, if not quite World Cup, standards. The difference is important and deserves explanation. In almost every other sport, the Olympic standard is the highest, but not in Alpine skiing, where the measure of excellence is a World Cup mountain.

"In the Olympics, you really don't want an extremely difficult downhill course," says Al Greenberg of *Skiing*. "You see, you've got too many racers going on that course who aren't of world-class quality. In World Cup races, you get the best in the world and only the best, but in the Olympics, every nation gets to enter four people. You have skiers racing from places like Korea and China and Iran, people who have never been on a World Cup course in their lives. It would be unfair to them and dangerous, too."

So Bjelasnica qualifies as an Olympic mountain, but it took some hard work and an ingenious contrivance to get it into that category. The Olympic rules say that a downhill course must have a vertical drop, as distinguished from the over-all length, of at least 800 meters. When the International Olympic Committee measured Bjelasnica, it came up nine meters short and left it to the local organizers to provide a solution. In simplicity, the answer was worthy of Jimmy Durante, who once said, "Don't raise the bridge, men, lower the river." The organizers built a four-story restaurant on the very peak of the mountain, and its rooftop beer terrace is the starting ramp for the downhill run, with the skier descending a chute through the dining area and out onto the course.

"We were able to add nine more meters to the descent that way," says Drago Bozja, the sports director of the committee, and the result is the most unusual starting gate in ski racing.

Doug Powell confesses, "When I made my start, I was afraid I was going to hook somebody's beer stein with my ski tip."

You never know when a story is going to turn on its tail and smack you in the
(continued on page 146)



"But I thought you told me when I had visitors to leave my door open. . . ."



20 QUESTIONS: SHELLEY LONG

America's cheeriest sweetheart describes the dangers of Hollywood, the rewards for nice girls and the need for bedside toys

Robert Crane had lunch with the effervescent Shelley Long at Michael's in Los Angeles. He reports, "Shelley is so cute, so sweet that I figured it must be a façade, that there was a dark side to her waiting to get out. Her collegiate good looks and enthusiasm about everything make me long for the Fifties—when lunch was a lot cheaper."

1.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of women who go all the way on the first date?

LONG: Well, I love to travel, so far be it from me to judge anyone's traveling choices. Live in the moment. That allows you to make a decision based on how you feel. Having a passport doesn't hurt, either.

2.

PLAYBOY: Do nice girls finish last?

LONG: Are there any nice girls left? If nice means you're always worried about the other person more than yourself, you're going to be in big trouble. If it means that you have compassion and some sense of priorities, you're going to do fine.

3.

PLAYBOY: People do crazy things in college. What is something crazy you did that, perhaps, your parents never knew about?

LONG: I was artistically spontaneous, in the sense that I would talk to mailboxes. That came out of being in love. I once serenaded the people who were sitting in the lobby of the Palmer House hotel in Chicago. It came out of a real free spirit. I stood on the balcony of the mezzanine of the Palmer House, and the man that I was with at that time was sitting in the lobby and he was trying to hide under a newspaper, pretending not to know who I was. Somebody tapped me on the shoulder, and I turned around and it was Dick Shawn, and he said, "Are you a singer?" I said, "Sometimes." He said, "I'm doing a show here at the Empire Room. Would you like to come and see my show?" I said, "You see that guy who's hiding under the newspapers down there? I'm with him." He said, "Great. Bring him along. Come to my show." We did, and he came over to our table afterward and gave me some advice. I've always respected him.

4.

PLAYBOY: Since you've moved to Los Angeles, do you tell the truth as much as you did before?

LONG: More than ever, because people find it so hard to believe. I enjoy shocking people. When your life is very rich, there's no need to avoid the truth. It's as though I have this basket of goodies and it's all truth. I don't necessarily show the whole basket, but it's all there and it's real to me.

5.

PLAYBOY: What is the dirtiest thought you can conjure up?

LONG: That everyone sitting in this restaurant is really nude. The dirtiest thought that I can think of is the stack of laundry sitting at home. "Dirty" doesn't apply anymore. Isn't it nice that it's OK for a man and a woman to enjoy each other physically and emotionally? It doesn't have to be dirty anymore. It's just good lovin'.

6.

PLAYBOY: What are the dirtiest words you've ever whispered into a man's ear?

LONG: "Get off my foot."

7.

PLAYBOY: What was the most compromising situation you were ever in?

LONG: I made a hasty exit from one man's apartment and, in seeking refuge, inadvertently ran into the apartment of another man—whom I knew. They were friends, and I didn't want to create any more havoc than had already been created. I just wanted to get out of the building. I remember thinking, How did this happen?

8.

PLAYBOY: When you do a romantic scene, how do you prepare for it?

LONG: I bathe, and I'm usually very glad I did. I put some perfume on, because it makes me feel nice. I make it a rule to brush my teeth after every meal. You become as fastidious as you are in the early part of your courtship. You always floss. When you do a love scene, you do the same thing you do in other scenes: You let the character and the moment take over. Sometimes, it's surprising what can happen.

9.

PLAYBOY: Who is more apt to initiate sex, the Midwestern or the West Coast man?

LONG: Oh, they're going to kill me, but I

think Midwestern men are hornier. Or maybe West Coast men are a little more comfortable with women's being the initiators.

10.

PLAYBOY: What can a guy do to make a good girl go bad?

LONG: How does a guy get into a girl's pants? Is that what we're asking here? I'm a firm believer in two things: I like men to be men and I like them to care about me and to take care of me. I'm willing to let them do that. If a man wants to be a part of a lady's life, he needs to come on strong and come on caring and be prepared. The other part of that is beyond a man's or a woman's control. If something really special is going to happen, it's a product of who that man is and who that woman is. It's not going to be forced or fabricated. If that chemistry is there, you don't have to do anything—just let it happen.

11.

PLAYBOY: Nice girls do. Does that attitude detract from the notion that sex is filthy and disgusting?

LONG: Are you implying that that's an element that needs to be preserved? You know, it's all there. If you feel the necessity for something to be naughty and disgusting, I'm sure there's someone who'll convince you that it is—probably someone in Los Angeles.

12.

PLAYBOY: If we opened a drawer by your bed, would we be surprised by what we found?

LONG: I don't think so. Maybe. I keep a note pad by my bed. I write down my dreams. My unconscious knows more about what's going on with me than my conscious. We take a journey every night. The note pad is a passport back. I also have candles and a couple of toys. I won't describe them. I think we all need toys. I also keep Chap Stick in my drawer.

13.

PLAYBOY: You've read *Valley of the Dolls*. Can a sweet girl from a nice home find happiness in Tinseltown?

LONG: Yes. She has to learn a few things, though, along the way. Always keep the door open. Closed office doors are a real temptation. I used to laugh about that, but I got caught (concluded on page 162)

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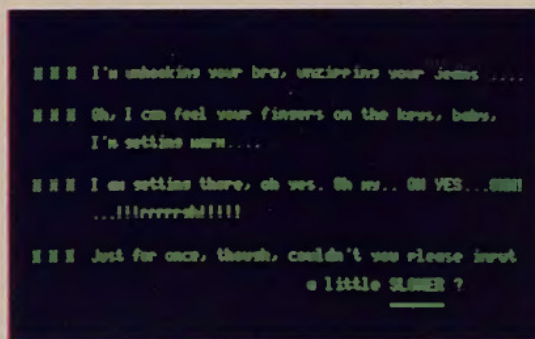
THE YEAR IN SEX

here we are again with our annual roundup of frolicking flesh. in 1983, a lot of the action was on screens: video, movie and computer-terminal. of course, congress didn't disappoint us, either

"OUT, DAMNED SPOT! Out, I say!" Lady Macbeth used to shout on the day she cleaned the sheets. There was no Wisk in the Middle Ages. Today, detergents can take care of even the most difficult wet spots with no wringing of hands, but sex is just as much in evidence as ever. Of course, there are always reactionaries trying to repress it. The ones who try hardest, however, often seem to *have* the very reactions they scream about most (viz., Springfield, Ohio's, city manager Thomas Bay—the man who in 1982 suspended policewoman Barbara Schantz for posing for *PLAYBOY*—who this past October had to resign his job after having been picked up for allegedly soliciting a prostitute. And Representative Dan Crane, who had portrayed himself in three successful Congressional campaigns as an ultraconservative Christian family man, was censured by the House for making it with a teenaged page). In 1983, one kind of repression even had a hand in spawning a new forum for libidinous art. Music videos, which everyone should know about by now, began as intra-industry promos for musical groups; some acts, most notably Britain's Duran Duran, first attracted U.S. attention through video rather than records or live performances. MTV picked up those tuneful ads and ran with them—24 hours a day. That's the good news. The bad news is that MTV moguls still make a habit of clipping out the most fun, most revealing—we may as well come right out and say it—most *arousing* parts of the tapes they beam to Anytown. That practice led to a new cable show on our own Playboy Channel, *Hot Rocks*, which earns its name each week with videos that are too hot for MTV's wires. We'll show you a few of those cuts here, as well as a lot of other frolic from 1983. Enough preface, though. "One, two—why, then 't is time to do 't," said Macbeth's lady once, disdaining extended foreplay. "You mar all with this starting."



JOY STICK NOT INCLUDED: All those ads on TV urge you to buy a computer to further Junior's education, but you didn't think that was all a console was for, did you? Neither do the makers of such strictly for-adults programs as *Bedtime Stories I*, an offering for \$24.95 from Computer Products International, Metairie, Louisiana. Strip poker and other games are available.



BYTE ME, BABY, BYTE ME: If you'd rather do it yourself, you can always "reach out and access someone," as Teresa Carpenter put it in *The Village Voice*. Computer networking may turn out to be the late-20th Century equivalent of the love letter. Wonder how Byron's sonnets would sound in BASIC.



I DREAMED I WENT ON TV IN MY.... It's not Maidenform, it's Berlei lingerie, bra and bikini, the lady's fooling around with above in what was billed as America's first nude commercial, shown across the land on cable television.

DOES YOUR SET HAVE RABBIT EARS? That's Rabbit with a capital R, and nearly 750,000 are lured to The Playboy Channel by such fare as *Shake It Sexy* (below).



WE MUST STOP MEETING LIKE THIS:

BEATS THE HELL OUT OF CHIN-UPS: We've been seeing a lot of Kitten Natividad lately, which only proves once again that Russ Meyer, who introduced her in *Up!* back in 1976, really knows how to pick 'em. Below, an invigorating routine from her new video cassette, *Eroticise*, a barer (and more buxom) version of the shape-'em-up stuff Jane Fonda does. That's Kitten in the inset.



EASY, RYDER: Putting up a good front in Mitch Ryder's video *When You Were Mine* (below) is (you guessed it) Kitten Natividad. A few frames later, cops stage a raid. Now, that's what we call a bust.



NOW YOU SEE IT, THEN YOU DIDN'T: Cable television's MTV runs music videos 24 hours a day, but what you see isn't all MTV got. Among those scissored were David Bowie's *China Girl* (above left), Duran Duran's *The Chauffeur* (above right), Peter Godwin's *Images of Heaven* (below left), Duran Duran's *Girls on Film* (below right). You *did* see some on Playboy's *Hot Rocks*.



KEEPING WARM IN LAP LAND: Lap dancing, as practiced above by G. B. and Dee Dee at Thee Doll House, has been banned down in Orlando, Florida.



NEWS FLASH: *Variety*'s Jim Harwood ribbed the Beverly Hilton for booking a Ms. Nude International press conference (above).

NUCLEAR FRIEZE: Art for disarmament's sake bursts out (below) at "the first all-woman antinuclear camp in West Germany," near a proposed missile site.



EVERYBODY INTO THE POOL: No more coming clean at The Club, a.k.a. Nero's Nook, in Fremont, California (below). Police closed the swingers' spa.



BUT IS IT ART?

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE: Actually, the artifact below is an exhibit from The Dildo Show at Chicago's W.P.A. Gallery, run by some feminists who noted that "*National Geo* shows a lot more tits than cocks."



COVERING YOUR ASS: Try Temptu, the paint-on system, for temporary derriere decor (above).

ROLL ME OVER, LAY ME DOWN AND PRINT ME AGAIN: Body painting with a difference (right) was showcased by Dixie Gay at Manhattan's Erotics Gallery. Sure beats linoleum blocks.



FEET-OF-CLAY DIVISION:



TURNING OVER A NEW PAGE IN WASHINGTON: There was fire behind the smoke of those rumors of Congressional high-jinks we reported last year, after all. Representative Dan Crane of Illinois (above left) admitted to having consorted with a 17-year-old female page back in 1980, while Representative Gerry Studds of Massachusetts (below left) admitted his homosexuality while confessing to a 1973 affair with a male page, also 17. Is that what they mean by D.C.? The scandal gave cartoonists a field day; see above right.



GOLD STANDARD LOWERED: Charged with raping a D.A.'s daughter, ten, ex-Brooklyn D.A. Eugene Gold (below) pleaded guilty to fondling.



YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT PLAY: Government employees in Virginia made 2509 calls last March, at state expense, to High Society's heavy-breathing phone number.

SOME DAY THEIR PRINTS WILL COME: Caught in an investigation of obscenity and child porn were a priest and a minister who had mailed some sex photos for developing (right).

Priest, minister part of probe

FBI pornography investigation swept nation

By Dan McGuire Staff Writer

Operation Paperhanger was the name of the FBI's operation to shut down dealers of obscenity and child pornography. It extended from California to New York to Missouri to North Carolina. And where it was over, agents said they netted the "processor of adult..."

investigation. They include a Catholic priest in Orange, a Seventh Day Adventist minister from Missouri and a newspaper reporter in North Carolina.

The Rev. John F. Harold, 37, is the priest from Orange. He was charged earlier this year with conspiracy and mailing obscenity. He is on sick leave from the Catholic Diocese...

more than a year ago. Diocese officials said. The U.S. Attorney's office in Syracuse said he abused young boys and sent pictures of nude boys to Spectra Photo of North Syracuse for processing.

The charges against Harold will be brought for about a year while he...

HOLY SMOKE:



SHE KNOWS HOW TO LOVE HIM: From Kellie Everts, our favorite Stripper for Christ (above): a book of sayings by the Virgin Mary.

MORAL MAJORITY REPORT



MINISTRY OF FEAR: The Reverend Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority Report, in a scare campaign focused on AIDS, which it labeled a "Gay Plague," implied that 97 percent of male homosexuals get diseases from eating shit. We find that hard to swallow.

RUDE ROOD: Baring a cross for a Manhattan filming, Screw's Al Goldstein was busted, with artist René "Lips" Moncada and two crewmen, for trespassing and disturbing the peace. Judge let 'em off.



FAMOUS FLESH:

STRIPPED GERE: Actor Richard Gere got himself ticketed for urinating in a Greenwich Village street.



RYAN GOES PUBIC: Ladies who looked carefully (and they did, they did) saw a fringe of the fuzz Farrah Fawcett loves to touch on this oh-so-cuddly People cover (left).

NO-PANTY SHIELDS: An appeals court ruled that Brooke Shields can't rescind permission her mom gave for these photos, taken by Gary Gross when Brooke was only ten.



LYON'S SHARE: The noted bodybuilder left her leotard behind for some photos in her book Lisa Lyon's Body Magic (below).



BLOW JOBS:

BETTE MAKES A BOOB OF HERSELF: Back on the road with the Harlettes (below), Bette Midler shows the divine effects of inflation on the stage of Radio City Music Hall. Bette was never underendowed, but *Newsweek* reported her shape "better than ever."



THIS PROTEST IS A LOT OF HOT AIR: Militant feminists picketing the Ms. Nude America pageant, featuring 30 unclad contestants in San Jose's Center for the Performing Arts, dubbed this dummy (right) Miss Congeniality. Funny—we'd say she is bubble-headed.



AMERICA'S CUPS, TEXAS STYLE: The Vulgar Boatmen, the crazy Texans below—bodies and spirits buoyed by inflatable party dolls—couldn't decide whether to call their flotation devices pontangs or pootoons.



SOMEBODY GIVE THIS GUY A HAND: Rock superstar David Bowie obviously has a leg up on the competition, which doesn't surprise us at all, given the fact that he had a hot video, a sell-out concert tour and even a couple of movies going for him in 1983. Some fellows have all the luck, if not necessarily all the body.

LET IT ALL HANG OUT:

RIIS'S PIECES: When New York State lawmakers banned nude sunbathing, protesters assembling in Riis Park (right) were arrested. Feds say they're "looking closely" at the case. We're not surprised.



STRICTLY FROM HUNGARY: Bourgeois decadence? That's how authorities view this nudist camp outside Budapest (above), but efforts to close it have flopped.



BARING WITNESS: It would have been a bum rap if this defendant in an antinudity trial in Clearwater, Florida (left), had been convicted, but the case was thrown out.

HOW YA GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM AFTER THEY'VE SEEN MISS NUDE PARIS? Nathalie (below) is 19 and wants to be the French Marilyn Monroe.



BRITONS NEVER, NEVER, NEVER SHALL BE SLAVES TO FASHION: English designers Patty Bell (left) and Jane Khan (right) join model Sue in displaying their outlandish creations, on sale in London and Birmingham.



THE MARVELS OF MEDICINE:



BUDDY, CAN YOU SPARE A LITTLE CHANGE? Eastern pilot Karen (né Kenneth) Ulane was fired but Bonnie Nora (once Ormus) Davenport is still on the beat in D.C. after sex-change surgery.

YOU CAN'T SMOKE AFTERWARD, EITHER: This unabashed rip-off of the Smokenders program (below) offers more than 50 ways to lose a lover (e.g., rub the D spot to make the ear ejaculate).



DON'T DO ANYTHING RASH: Where else but in the alternative newspaper the L.A. Reader would an ad like the one at left appear? And will the fact that females are charged half price for the service inspire still more sex-change operations? Stay tuned, or call 213-545-4042 Monday through Friday, 12 to eight P.M.; Saturdays from ten to two.

AS SEEN ON EYE-ON L.A.

Responsible Dating Service
will help you meet that special person who also has

HERPES
COMPLETELY CONFIDENTIAL
Females 1/2 price



YOU'LL JUST FEEL A LITTLE PRICK: When Elysium Institute, a clothing-optional center in Topanga, California, staged a blood drive (above), we were there to, ah, cover it.

TROJAN WAR: Marchers in San Francisco's Gay Pride Parade (below) distributed 100,000 condoms to combat the spread of AIDS. Note the directions for use on the envelope.



EAT ME, PLEASE:



HARD CORE: Artist René Moncada, who admittedly has an eye for labia, found more in an apple-juice label than the manufacturer intended, made a poster of it and put it in a show.

CARAMEL PORN: Cracker Jack's makers assured the public, after a West Virginia tot found a book on sexual positions in her box, that it couldn't happen again. But it did, in California, eight months later.



WE'LL HAVE ONE OF THE DANISH PASTRIES: Andrea Williams (right) is a semitopless waitress at Fat Daddy's in Thornton, Colorado.

SPORTING GOODIES:

THIS GUY SHOULD HAVE LITTLE TROUBLE GETTING TO FIRST BASE: You never know what will, er, stand out at San Diego's infamous annual World Championship Over-the-Line Tournament (right), an event at which just about anything goes.



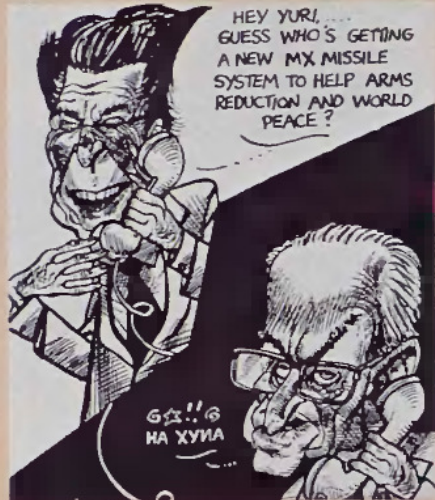
WHICH ONE'S THE COCKSWAIN? The folks at left are practicing a sport called canuding, increasingly popular with naturists, in New Jersey's Delaware Water Gap.

THESE GUYS TAKE A BACK SEAT TO NOBODY: In 1982, participants in the Fourth Annual White Water Wilderness Canoe trip down Texas' Guadalupe River sent us a shot like this. We didn't run it. Next time, 97 posed. Determination pays.



OOPS!

YURINALYSIS: Two-time Pulitzer Prize-winning cartoonist Paul Szep was suspended without pay for two weeks after the sketch below appeared in *The Boston Globe*. Seems the all-too-realistic dialog supplied by a fellow staffer for the mouth of Soviet leader Yuri Andropov spelled out the Russian equivalent of "Go fuck yourself."



MUSIC, MAESTRO:



OPERA BUFFS: In Memphis, protesters seeking equity for topless bars bared breasts (above) during a nude scene in the Metropolitan Opera's production of *Macbeth*.

ONLY HIS HAIRDRESSER KNOWS: Half the fun of watching Les Cagelles (right) in Broadway's hit musical *La Cage aux Folles* was guessing which two were real girls.

PETIT MAL: Nudity in choreographer Roland Petit's *Proust*, as presented by the touring National Ballet of Marseilles (right), inspired Guy Jaron, a Montreal politician and theater official, to stand up and boo the show, though staged in his own theater complex.



COMING AT A THEATER NEAR YOU:



NEW TWISTS ON THE OLD IN 'N' OUT: Enterprising producers for the adult-film market were not idle during the year. They brought forth *Puss 'n Boots*, a horny version of *Private Benjamin* (left); the long-awaited *The Devil in Miss Jones Part II*, with Jack Wrangler and Georgina Spelvin (below left); *In Love*, released in versions ranging from hard-core to R, which got accepted for advertising in *The New York Times* (below right); and the new late-night cult hit *Café Flesh* (right), about sex in the postnuclear age, wherein those who can't enjoy making love are reduced to watching those who can perform in a bizarre sort of cabaret.



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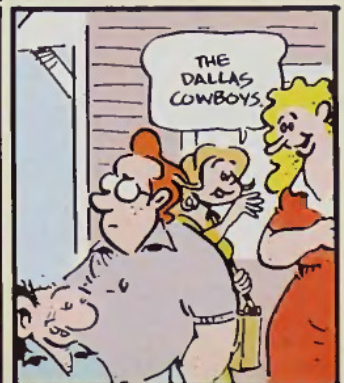
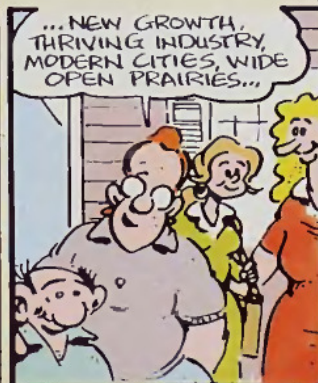
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annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard



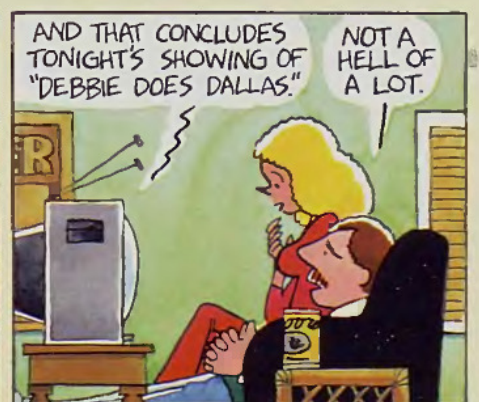
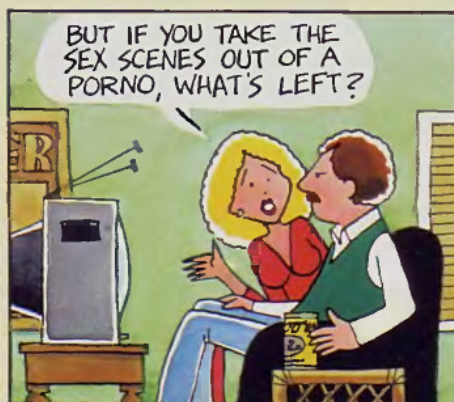
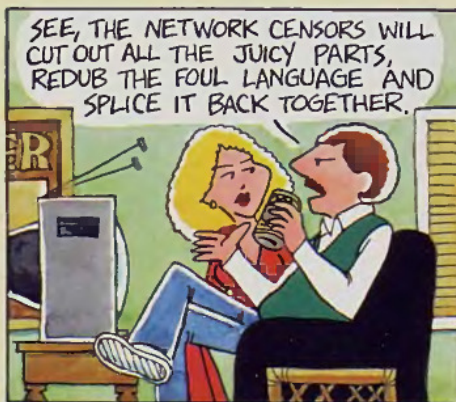
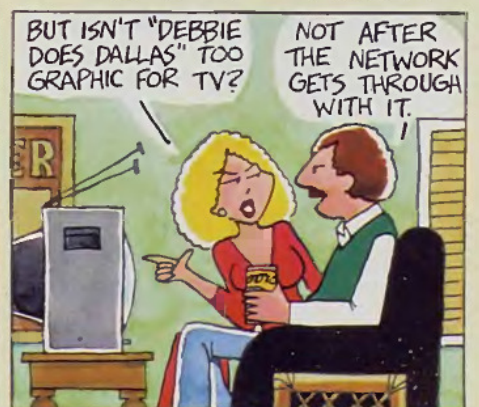
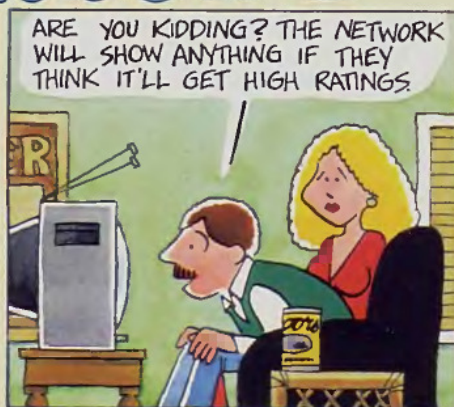
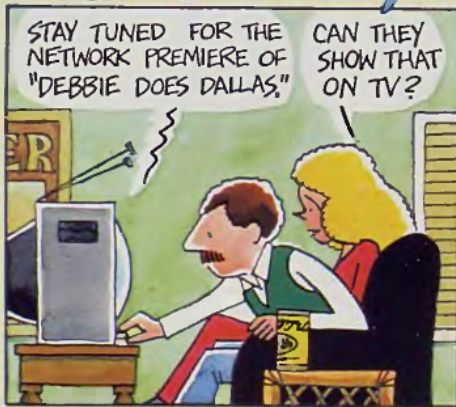
CRUISER

Christopher Browne



Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON



ALL-AMERICAN

(continued from page 54)

"I'd think my head was going to explode. I had to relieve the pressure, and I did it by gambling."

agreed with his philosophy, and he didn't seem to be interested in mine. We never threw. Oh, we threw a lot by Ohio State standards—almost 17 passes a game. But I wanted to throw 30 to 35 times a game, so by my standards, we *never* threw.

Still, Earle's first season, my sophomore season, was the best one I had at Ohio State. After our first few games, I was leading the nation in passing. An Ohio State quarterback leading the nation in passing. That happens about as often as the top running back comes from Harvard. Or from a girls' school.

We won our first 11 games, then went to the Rose Bowl and played a Southern California team that was the best college team I ever saw: two Heisman Trophy winners in the backfield—Charles White and Marcus Allen—and giants in the line. Fast, strong, tough giants. I never saw so much talent. Yet we were six points ahead with less than two minutes to play. I'd passed for almost 300 yards. Then Charles White scored, and they kicked the extra point and beat us by one. We would have been national champions if we'd won.

I was pretty well shielded from the press during the regular season, and when I did talk, what could I say? When you're winning, you don't complain, you don't rock the boat. Besides, I was being treated like some god. I was making all the right kinds of humble noises, bullshitting everybody—I should've been all-American in bullshitting—but I was almost ready to believe that stuff myself. It's a weird feeling. Everybody's telling you you're great and you want to believe it, and you do, up to a point. But somewhere inside, you're scared. You're afraid people are going to find out the truth: You're not really great, you're not even good enough.

Between my sophomore and junior seasons, the media barrage was unbelievable. Reporters came from all over the country to interview me. They came down to the farm, and my mother would feed them and my father would talk to them and I'd sit on the tractor, posing for pictures and saying all the right things.

I was getting incredible anxiety attacks. I wouldn't be able to concentrate on anything. I'd have headaches. I'd think my head was going to explode. I had to relieve the pressure, and I did it by gambling. At first, it was just the race track, usually Scioto Downs, harness racing, just outside

Columbus. I'd started going to the track when I was in high school. One of my best friends' fathers trained harness horses, and I loved being around the track. I started betting. Nothing serious. Two dollars. Five dollars. No problem. I had money. My father's farm was thriving, soybeans were booming and I'd saved some of the prize money from the Four-H steers I used to take to the fair.

Out at the track, I felt like a normal person. I could sit in a corner and eat a hot dog and drink a Coke and giggle and I wasn't a big football player, I was just another horse player. That was where I relaxed, where I got away from the bullshit. I took two of my teammates to the track the day before the Michigan game my sophomore season and we won \$1500. Pretty good for college kids. I took it in stride. I didn't get excited. I impressed the other guys.

Everybody knew I went to the track. It was no secret. Coach Bruce used to go, too. He'd see me there. My gambling was even mentioned in *Straight Arrow*: "I like to bet, sure," he says to those who inquire about his enjoyment of a sport at which gambling is legal."

What it didn't say in the book was that one of the reasons I was gambling was that I wasn't studying, I wasn't trying to learn. I didn't go to a lot of my classes, and when I did go, I was thinking about football and about girls. I wasn't really there. I cheated in school—and I cheated myself. Some straight arrow. I knew it was wrong. I was already on a serious guilt trip.

I wasn't participating in college life. I didn't even live in the dormitory room I was assigned. Most of the football players lived in one of two dorms, but I couldn't stay there. Girls would be knocking on the door at all hours. I had no privacy. I got a nice apartment in Arlington, not far from the campus. I wasn't supposed to be living there, but I didn't care. The rules weren't for me. I was special.

I went with one girl, a cheerleader, most of my last three years at Ohio State. She knew I could go out with just about any girl I wanted, and that made it tough on her and easy on me. I cheated and I lied and, probably worst of all, I never let her know me, never let her get close enough to know me. We went out for three years, and she never knew me. I was unfair to her.

One time, we went out to the race track, and I had a tip on a horse, a five-to-one shot, and I gave her \$400 to bet for me, \$400 to win on the number-six horse. I

didn't want people to see me place the bet, because they might think I knew something and that might drive the price down. So she went up to the window where we always bet, and she told the seller, "Art wants me to put \$400 on number six to win." The seller, who knew us pretty well, said, "The six doesn't have a chance. The four can't lose." He talked her into changing the bet. She put the whole \$400 on the four horse. Then the race went off, and they came to the stretch neck and neck, the four and the six. I wasn't showing any emotion, of course, but inside, I was screaming for the six. They ended up in a photo finish, and the six horse won. My girlfriend started crying. "What's the matter?" I said.

"I can't tell you," she said.

"Tell me."

She did. I was out \$2400. I just wanted to throw her out of the stands. It wasn't the money. It was the idea.

My junior year, I started betting on other sports—with a bookmaker. I didn't bet with the bookie myself, but I had a friend, and we'd make our selections and he'd place the bets. I never bet on an Ohio State game. I was dumb, but I wasn't that dumb. One time, some creep out at the race track came up to me and asked me about shaving points, about winning by less than the spread, and I went right to the coaches and then to the FBI, and they looked into the matter, and nothing ever happened. I guess the guy wasn't serious, but I wasn't going to take any chances.

I was betting basketball, college and pro, and *Monday Night Football*—things I could watch on TV. I didn't study, so I had all these nights with nothing to do but watch games on television. It made it more fun if I had a bet going. I wasn't a big bettor in college, but a couple of times, my parents had to bail me out. I was down \$3000 one time, I think, maybe \$5000 another. My parents were real upset. I told them I'd never bet again, I had learned my lesson. I lied up and down.

Maybe it was coincidence, maybe not, but I wasn't doing a whole lot better on the football field. The second game of my junior year, against Minnesota, after the big publicity build-up all summer, I passed only 11 times. It wasn't my choice. The coaches called all the plays, rotating guards and wide receivers to send in the plays. I was allowed to call audibles if I saw something in the defense, but only run audibles, not passes, except for one short-pass play. In the locker room after the Minnesota game, all the reporters were asking, "What do you think? Why aren't you throwing more, Art? Does it bother you?"

I lied. "Whatever Coach wants," I said. "I'm behind him 100 percent. All we want to do is win. That's all that matters."

Inside, it was just tearing me up. I walked out of the locker room, went over to my father and said, "Dad, I'm leaving;

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this is it. I'm going somewhere else."

Then our quarterback coach, Fred Zechman, who had been my high school coach at Miami Trace, talked me into staying at Ohio State for one more game. They let me throw the next week against Washington State, and I hit for 270 yards and three touchdowns, and I said, "OK, I'll stay." Then, the following week, UCLA just beat the shit out of us. I got sacked about eight times. I got knocked out. And from then on, the whole thing at Ohio State was miserable. I would have given anything to win the Heisman Trophy, but I didn't even come close.

The summer between my junior and senior years, I went on tour with five or six other college players, visiting cities around the country, promoting college football and the N.C.A.A. and ABC Sports. One of the others was Jim McMahon, the quarterback from Brigham Young. I hated him before I even met him, because he got to throw 35, 40 times every game. The other guys seemed to like the tour. McMahon, for instance, hadn't had that much exposure, and he loved it. I hated the whole thing. I'd had too much exposure already.

The day the tour ended, I couldn't wait to get home. The air controllers' strike was on, and I started home from the West Coast in the morning, went through Dallas, spent three or four hours sitting on the ground there, finally got to Columbus in the middle of the night. My girlfriend was waiting at the airport, but I couldn't find her, and I was so pissed off, all I wanted to do was get home, get into a pair of shorts, go down to the rec room and just breathe. I drove off from the airport at about 85 miles an hour and I got caught, got a ticket for speeding, and that speeding ticket ended up in headlines for weeks—because

I got let off pretty easily.

Some people acted like I was a murderer, like I deserved capital punishment or worse. And some others seemed to think I should be *allowed* to speed, because I was so special. That was the funny thing: Nobody ever felt neutral about me. People hated me or loved me, and it didn't make any difference that none of them really knew me, because they all prejudged me.

We lost three games my junior year and three more my senior year, terrible years by Ohio State standards. The last season, against Florida State, I had the kind of game I'd always dreamed of having. I threw 52 passes and completed 31 of them for 458 yards. It would have been great except that we lost the game, and I was passing so much largely because I was playing on a twisted ankle that hurt too much for me to run the option.

I had some hellacious statistics at Ohio State, but I never knew if the coaches respected me. They showed me no sense of security, no sense of gratitude, nothing. And I just lied all the time. I said I was proud to be there, proud to be at Ohio State. "Are you frustrated because you don't throw more?" reporters would always ask. Oh, no, not me. I never said a bad word about Earle. And I was so pissed off, I'd go home and scream at the top of my lungs, and I'd cry, but nothing did any good. I was miserable. I escaped the only way I knew how: by going to the race track. Gambling. Doing it to spite people, to spite everybody.

I was surprised when I was picked so high in the N.F.L. draft, when Baltimore made me the fourth choice. I didn't think I'd impressed many people in the post-season games. My arm was tired then, and I was disgusted. I felt I hadn't really

accomplished anything in my four years at Ohio State. I was all screwed up inside.

When it came time to go to training camp, I was in bad shape, physically and emotionally. I had lost the will power to work out, and I had broken up with my girlfriend. She had given up on me. I felt hurt. I felt as if I were being made fun of. I had it coming, but I couldn't take it.

Breaking up was painful but not so painful as quitting gambling. I kicked it cold turkey. I did it for my parents. They'd bailed me out again, and the farm was starting to have troubles, and so I told them I wasn't going to bet anymore. And I didn't for a while. Then the players went out on strike and I went home to Columbus, and I had nothing to do.

I started gambling again. It sure beat running or throwing or doing anything useful. For the first time, I began betting with a bookie myself. I had a code number—I was 270—and I started off slowly, \$1000 here, maybe \$2000 there. I lost \$10,000, \$20,000. It hurt, but I could cover it, and when the strike ended in November, I went back to Baltimore.

One night, I was with a girl I'd met who worked as a barmaid in a motel in Baltimore. I saw her once in a while. It was convenient. It was easy. She didn't mean anything to me till she mentioned one night that her ex-boyfriend used to take bets. That got me more excited than anything else she could have done.

His name was Sonny. Could she get in touch with him? Could she get a bet down? She could. I started betting in Baltimore through her. She'd call Sonny, get the line, call me with the line, I'd make my selections and get back to her. I took good care of her for helping me. Then I found out she was cheating me. I was \$300 ahead and I lost \$800 one night, betting through her; and the next night I couldn't reach her, so I called Sonny, explained who I was and asked him what my figure was. I wanted to know how I stood. He told me I was up \$300. She hadn't placed the bet the night before. If I had won, she would've told me she couldn't get the bet down, but since I lost, she was going to pocket the \$800 herself. She was going to tell me that I was down \$500 and then take that \$500 from me, plus the \$300 from Sonny.

I started betting with Sonny directly. My code name was Fred. I was betting college and pro basketball and *Monday Night Football*, and for a while, I was picking them pretty good. I wasn't playing much football for the Colts, and the gambling began to control me. It was all I could think about. I couldn't concentrate on anything except the next bet. I spent so much time on the phone in our locker room that my teammates, for a gag, moved all my gear into the phone booth one day. They thought it was very funny. They thought I was calling girls all over the country. They didn't have the slightest idea I was calling a bookmaker. It's not



"I don't mind the role reversals, but now she wants me to fake orgasms!"

the sort of vice you share with teammates. Drugs, alcohol, those are social vices; but not gambling. Nobody can know about that. It's got to be your own private hell.

I dreaded practicing. I dreaded going to meetings. At the meetings, the Colts gave me a new pen every day, because every day I chewed up the one they gave me. I ate it. The Colts thought I was just screwed up. They didn't know what was wrong. The more I bet, the less I played, and the less I played, the more I bet. When the season finally ended and I went home to Ohio, I hit a hot week. I was up \$120,000. I was ready to get out. I wasn't going to stop gambling; I just wasn't going to bet with Sonny anymore. I was going to move my action to Columbus. But Sonny warned me not to stop, that the guys he was passing the action to would be very upset. "You better keep playing," he said, "the same way you been playing, parlays and round robins and everything, or these guys'll think you took a pot shot at them."

Sonny was bullshitting me, but it didn't make any difference. If I hadn't lost it back to them, I would've lost it somewhere else. The next day, I bet two N.F.L. playoff games and lost \$20,000. Then I saw that Indiana was playing Ohio State in basketball and Kentucky was playing LSU, and I thought Indiana and Kentucky were the two locks of the goddamn century. I bet them in parlays and I bet them straight, and I got drilled. One lost outright and the other didn't cover the spread. I was on a roll. I lost \$200,000 in three days.

Suddenly, I owed \$80,000. "Bullshit," I said, "I'm not paying these guys. They weren't going to pay me." Then Sonny got out of the picture and the other guys moved in. They had the phone number of a friend of mine in Columbus—I wasn't going to give them the number at the farm—and they reached him and said they wanted to get in touch with me. I called them and said, "Look, I can't pay you that kind of money, and it's bullshit the way it happened."

"Well, you did it," one guy said. "You'd have gotten your money if you'd won."

They started threatening me. They were going to call my parents. They were going to call the Colts. They scared me. I borrowed money. I paid them, and I kept betting—crazy parlays, crazy things. I went days without hitting a winner, and when I had a winner, I'd parlay it with a loser. After a while, I just said, "Screw it, take all the chances you can, what's the difference? You're buried."

They figured out my betting tendencies, which didn't take much genius, and they began messing with the line. They knew that in the N.B.A., I went for the big teams—Boston, Philadelphia, L.A.—knew I liked them to cover. I'd see in the paper that Boston was favored by five, and I'd call Baltimore and they'd tell me that

in their line, the Celtics were favored by eight. They knew I wouldn't go the other way. They knew I wouldn't go against Boston. I'd give eight points when I should've only been giving five.

My losses kept getting bigger, and every time I fell behind, which was all the time, their threats got worse. They were going to break my right arm, my throwing arm. They were going to turn me in to the N.F.L. They said they were in tight with the N.F.L., that some of the guys in the N.F.L. security office were gamblers themselves. Which was bullshit. But I was scared and dumb and sick, an unbeatable parlay.

I was phoning in bets from my parents' house and I didn't want to get caught on the phone, so I'd just tell them to read the line to me real quick and I'd rattle back my picks even quicker. I'd thought about them a little bit in advance—I did check out the line in the papers—but I was past the point of trying very hard to figure out who would win. I'd bet anybody. I had to have action. Sometimes, I didn't even write down my picks. I had to take the bookmakers' word on whether I won or lost. I don't think they lied to me. They didn't have to.

I wanted these guys to be my friends. I wanted them to love me. Most of all, I wanted them to give me credit. And they did—to a point. But every time I got \$40,000 or \$50,000 or \$60,000 behind, which was too often, they wanted their money. I reached out, conned friends, conned anyone I could, said I was making important investments, big deals. I lied better and better. Three or four times, the guys from Baltimore flew into Columbus and I had a friend take the money to them, deliver it at the airport in a plain brown-paper bag. They never counted the cash at the airport, but they said if I was one penny short, they'd have my leg broken.

Finally, I used up every source I had, every friend, every possibility, and I was still down \$80,000. I took one more shot to get even—I had to bullshit the bookies to get them to take the action—and I lost another \$70,000. I hit bottom.

I went to Gil Kirk, a Columbus businessman, a real-estate investor who'd heard that my family was having some cash-flow problems with the farm. He wanted to be helpful. I told him we needed a lot of money very badly and very quickly. Instead of just giving me the money, the way a lot of people did, Kirk tried to figure out exactly what the problem was with the farm. And when he couldn't put his finger on any problem, he wasn't about to give me a dollar. He turned me down. I was finished. I was desperate. I told him the whole story. Almost the whole story. I lied a little. I didn't tell him all the people I owed money.

Kirk brought in a friend of his, a lawyer named Chuck Freiburger. They were teammates on a touch-football team, and

they said they were going to help me get straightened out. The next time the guys from Baltimore flew into Columbus, Freiburger went out to the airport to meet them—without any money. They were expecting a substantial payment, something like \$80,000. Chuck talked them into giving me two weeks to come up with the cash. But I hadn't told him about the money I owed the bookmaker in Columbus or about the rest of the money I owed the guys from Baltimore or about some of the loans I'd taken.

In the next week or two, I told Kirk and Freiburger more and more of the truth, and they realized there was no easy way out for me. They made me realize it, too. "They've got you," Kirk said. "You've got nothing left and no prospects." The next step might be that the bookmakers would try to pressure me to fix a game, and that would be one step too far. It all came down to one thing; I had no other options: I had to go to the FBI and tell them everything. No more lies. No more bullshit.

I didn't want to welsh. No gambler does. I wanted the bookmakers to be my buddies, not my enemies. But I had run out of money and friends. The bookies had put my back to the wall. I was being threatened. It was over.

I sat down with Tom Decker of the FBI, and he took charge. He was involved with a new FBI program, based in Washington, D.C., that was set up to work with professional teams on drug- and gambling-related problems. The FBI got in touch with the N.F.L. and asked Warren Welsh, the director of security for the league, to meet with Decker in Columbus on April 1, 1983.

I arranged for the guys from Baltimore to come to Columbus the same day, April Fools' Day. They flew in that morning. They thought their money would be waiting for them. Instead, Decker had more than a dozen FBI agents waiting. I was sitting in a car outside the terminal, listening to a two-way radio that was letting us know what was happening inside. It was all over quickly. The security was so tight the P.L.O. couldn't have gotten through. The agents arrested three bookmakers from Baltimore without the slightest trouble. I watched them drive by me on the way to the FBI headquarters in Columbus, an underground office. Then I went to the office and, scrunched down in sunglasses and a hat, identified the guys. I was scared shitless—I didn't feel good about turning anyone in—but, at the same time, I was so relieved. I felt like an enormous weight had been lifted off me.

That afternoon, Decker and I met with Welsh in a Columbus hotel room and told him what had happened, told him about my involvement with the bookies in Baltimore and Columbus. Shortly thereafter, a decision was made to bring in another lawyer, Jack Chester, who used to work

for President Nixon. A couple of weeks later, Welsh came back to Columbus and, with Chester and Freiburger present, took a more formal statement from me. I answered his questions as well as I could. Then, in May, I went to New York with Chester and Kirk and Freiburger to appear before Pete Rozelle, the commissioner of the N.F.L. We met in his conference room, and he went over the whole situation again, asking me questions, checking the story very carefully. The commissioner wanted to know every N.F.L. game I had bet on, and he wanted to make certain I had never bet on a Baltimore game. He was efficient, cordial, impressive. He seemed genuinely concerned for me as well as for the game.

Dr. Robert Custer attended that meeting, too. Dr. Custer works at the Veterans' Administration Hospital in Washington, D.C., and he is *the* expert on compulsive behavior. I had already begun seeing him and another expert, Dr. Thaddeus Kostubala in San Diego. They agreed I was sick, I was a compulsive gambler. I was an alcoholic who didn't drink, a junkie who didn't use drugs. I was hooked on gambling. I needed counseling. I needed guidance. And, most of all, I needed never to place a bet again.

The doctors advised the N.F.L. that, with the proper treatment, I could be rehabilitated, my sickness controlled. They recommended that I commit myself to South Oaks Hospital in Amityville, New York, a psychiatric institution specializing in compulsive behavior. I went in for four weeks, surrounded by gamblers, drug addicts and alcoholics. I sat through long group-therapy sessions, and at first, I sat very quietly. I was numb at the start. I had a long way to go. I thought I couldn't have feelings for anyone or anything ever again. Sometimes, my mind would start spinning 100 miles an hour, and I couldn't stop it the way I used to, by gambling. I just had to say "Whoa, horsy" and step back and take a deep breath and think about where I'd come from and where I wanted to go.

The other patients gradually drew me into the sessions. "What do *you* think, Art? How do you *feel*, Art?" I felt uncomfortable, which meant it was starting to work. I began to get in touch with my feelings, feelings I'd buried for years, about football and women, about cheating and lying, about being put up on a pedestal because of my athletic ability. I began to see how other people had created me, pushed me, molded me; how I hadn't been allowed to be myself.

I hoped the N.F.L. would see that I was in treatment and go easy on me, allow me to continue to play football, to earn a living, to try to begin paying off my enormous debts, the legitimate debts, which added up to more than \$750,000. But Commissioner Rozelle decided he had to suspend me and said he would review the

suspension in a year. The decision pained me, but I understood his ruling. He had to protect the image of the game, protect its integrity, and even though I never bet on a Baltimore game, never gave inside information to any gambler, never tried to influence the outcome of any game (except to win it), I was still in a vulnerable position. I was exposed. I was sick.

I won't pretend that I don't miss gambling. But I fight it. The first weekend of the 1983 N.F.L. season, I watched the Monday-night game between Washington and Dallas. I happened to see in the paper that Dallas was favored by two and a half points. I knew that if I were gambling, I'd go with the Cowboys. Dallas minus two and a half.

The Cowboys were down by 20 points at half time, but in the second half, they exploded, and with a minute to play, they were eight points ahead. The game was locked up. The spread wasn't. In the final minute, Washington drove for a touchdown, a "meaningless" one, as meaningless as Geoff Huston's free throws that had cost me \$50,000. The Redskins still lost, by one point. But they covered the spread. I knew that if I'd been betting, I'd have had Dallas and I'd have lost. I actually giggled when Washington scored, and I went to bed with a smile on my face, with a good feeling. I'm not a gambler anymore, I told myself, and, more important, I'm glad I'm not.

I've got to be careful that I don't get too cocky. I know I'm not cured. There's no such thing as a "cure" for compulsive gambling. It's something I'll have to fight to control for the rest of my life. Just about every day, I drive past Scioto Downs, the track between my home and Columbus. I feel it tugging at me, and I fight it. Dr. Custer isn't surprised. He says that's normal for someone who has gone through what I've gone through. He knows that my treatment is painful and that I'm not going to get better all at once.

The doctor has been unbelievably supportive. So have total strangers. I went to a high school football game one night and literally hundreds of people came down onto the field, asking for my autograph, wishing me luck. One guy stood a good distance away and kept yelling, "Hey, gambler, who do you like? What's the spread here?" But everyone else seemed to be on my side.

I've got a wonderful girlfriend now—she's in school in Santa Barbara—and she's helping me every way she can. She's the first woman I've ever allowed to know me. She's one of the very few people who know most of the things I've written here. Some of them have to be painful for her to read, as painful as they are for me to admit, but she understands that now, finally, I've got to be honest. No more lies.

Gil Kirk and Chuck Freiburger are the best friends I've made in a long time. I've

even joined their touch-football team, playing defensive end most of the time, not one of the glamor positions. Chuck, who was the first player inducted into the National Touch Football Hall of Fame—honestly—tells me I'm a pretty good defensive end. He doesn't think as much of me as a backup quarterback, maybe because I'm backing up a gray-haired 39-year-old lawyer named Freiburger. Touch football is pure fun, no pressure. It's relaxing. So are fishing, which I've taken up, and singing. Everybody in my family sings pretty well and—who knows?—with a little coaching, I might have a future as a country singer.

Kirk and Freiburger understand me, and when they're not helping me learn to relax, learn to appreciate leisure time, they're pushing me, driving me, prodding me to stay away from gambling and to get in shape physically and mentally. They want me to be completely prepared when I do get a chance to play football.

It isn't easy to work out by yourself, to do all the things you have to do to keep sharp as a quarterback, when you know you can't play for at least a year. But I'm trying. I'm lifting weights, more than I've ever lifted in my life, and I'm throwing. I'm in the best shape I've been in in years. I've got something to prove to a lot of people, and I've got the confidence I can prove it, and all I need is a place to play, in the N.F.L. or the United States Football League or somewhere else.

I know there are people rooting for me—and people rooting against me, people who think I haven't fallen far enough yet. Some of them are in Baltimore and some are in Columbus, and they'll do anything they can to drag me down: tempt me or taunt me or taint me with rumors, or just plain lies—such as the story that came out that I broke into somebody's home and stole a bookmaker's number and bet \$20,000 or \$30,000 on football games early this season. That's ridiculous. The people who spread those stories are people I cost a lot of money. They don't like me at all.

A vicious cartoon appeared in September in one of the student publications at Ohio State. The first panel showed me in my Ohio State uniform, and the caption said, THIS IS ART. The second caption said, SEE ART RUN. RUN, ART, RUN. SEE ART PASS. PASS, ART, PASS. The third said, SEE ART PLAY PRO FOOTBALL. SIT, ART, SIT. The fourth said, SEE ART GET BORED AND START TO GAMBLE. LOSE, ART, LOSE. The fifth said, SEE ART TURN IN HIS BOOKIE TO THE FBI. SING, ART, SING.

The caption under the final panel said, THIS IS ART. The drawing showed a tombstone with my name on it. I can't do much about the first five captions, no matter how much they hurt. All I can do now is try to make it a long and better time between the fifth panel and the last.





"Not only is he great in bed, he has a penetrating wit, too."

ENTREPRENEUR QUIZ (continued from page 81)

"The average age of entrepreneurs has been steadily falling since the late Fifties."

1. The independent way of life is not so much genetic as it is learned, and the first school for any entrepreneur is the home. It's only natural that a child who has grown up in a home where at least one parent is self-employed is more likely to try his hand at his own business than a child whose parents were in, say, the civil service. Research has shown that to be the case more than two thirds of the time.

Scoring: A.10; B.5; C.5; D.2; E.0

2. This question is tricky, because the independent-thinking entrepreneur will very often quit a job instead of waiting

around to get fired. However, the dynamics of the situation are the same: The impasse results from the entrepreneur's brashness and his almost compulsive need to be right. Steven Jobs and Steven Wozniak went ahead with Apple Computer when their project was rejected by their respective employers, Atari and Hewlett-Packard. And when Thomas Watson was fired by National Cash Register in 1913, he joined the Computer-Tabulating-Recording Company and ran it until a month before his death in 1956. He also changed the company's name to IBM. The need to



"First, gentlemen, let me emphasize that the urine test is not, in any sense, a competition."

be right very often turns rejection into courage and courage into authority.

Scoring: A.10; B.7; C.0

3. America is still the land of opportunity and a hotbed for entrepreneurship. The displaced people who arrive here every day—be they Cuban, Korean, Vietnamese or whatever—can still turn hard work and enthusiasm into successful business enterprises. Although it is far from a necessary ingredient for entrepreneurship, the need to succeed is often greater among those whose backgrounds contain an extra struggle to fit into society.

Scoring: A.5; B.4; C.3; D.0

4. It's been said that "inside every corporate body, there's an entrepreneur struggling to escape." However, small-business management is more than just a scaled-down version of big-business management. The skills needed to run a big business are altogether different from those needed to orchestrate an entrepreneurial venture. While the professional manager is skilled at protecting resources, the entrepreneurial manager is skilled at creating them.

Scoring: A.10; B.5; C.0

5. The enterprising adult first appears as the enterprising child. Coin and stamp collecting, mowing lawns, shoveling snow, promoting dances and rock concerts are all common examples of early business ventures. The paper route of today could be the Federal Express of tomorrow.

Scoring: A.10; B.7; C.0

6. The average age of entrepreneurs has been steadily falling since the late Fifties and early Sixties, when it was found to be between 40 and 45. Our most recent research puts the highest concentration of entrepreneurs in their 30s, but such people as Jobs and Wozniak, Ed DeCastro and Herb Richman of Data General and Fred Smith of Federal Express all got their businesses off the ground while still in their 20s. Although we look for those data to stabilize right around 30, there are always exceptions that leave us wondering. Computer whiz Jonathan Rotenberg is just such an exception. He currently presides over the 10,000-member Boston Computer Society, is the publisher of the slick magazine *Computer Update* and earns up to \$1500 a day as a consultant. In 1978, his advice was solicited by the promoter of an upcoming public computer show. After conferring with him several times on the phone, the promoter suggested they meet for a drink to continue their discussions. "I can't," Rotenberg replied. When asked, "Why not?" he answered, "Because I'm only 15." An established entrepreneur, Rotenberg is now all of 20 years old.

Scoring: A.8; B.10; C.5; D.2

7. The answer to this question is always the same. Entrepreneurs are most commonly the oldest children in a family.

With an average of 2.2 children per American family, the chances of being the first child are less than 50 percent. However, entrepreneurs tend to be the oldest children more than 60 percent of the time.

Scoring: A.15; B.2; C.0; D.0.

8. Our research concluded that the vast majority of entrepreneurs are married. But then, most men in their 30s are married, so that alone isn't a significant finding. However, follow-up studies have shown that most successful entrepreneurs have exceptionally supportive wives. (While our results didn't provide conclusive results on female entrepreneurs, we suspect that their husbands would have to be doubly supportive.) A supportive mate provides the love and stability necessary to balance the insecurity and stress of the job. A divorce or a strained marriage or love life will simply add too much pressure to an already strained business life.

It's also interesting to note that bankers and venture capitalists look a lot more favorably on entrepreneurs who are married than on those living with their mates without the benefit of clergy. As one venture capitalist told us, "If an entrepreneur isn't willing to make a commitment to the woman he loves, then I'll be damned if I'm going to make any financial commitment to him."

Scoring: A.10; B.2; C.2.

9. The question of formal education among entrepreneurs has always been controversial. Studies in the Fifties and Sixties showed that many entrepreneurs had failed to finish high school, not to mention college. Our data, however, conclude that the most common educational level achieved by entrepreneurs is the bachelor's degree, and the trend seems headed toward the M.B.A. Few entrepreneurs have the time or the patience to earn a doctorate.

Scoring: A.2; B.3; C.10; D.8; E.4

10. Entrepreneurs don't like working for anyone but themselves. While money is always a consideration, there are easier ways to make money than by going it alone. More often than not, money is a by-product of an entrepreneur's motivation rather than the motivation itself.

Scoring: A.0; B.15; C.0; D.0

11. These results really surprised us, because past studies, including our own, have always emphasized the strained or competitive relationship between the entrepreneur and the income-producing parent (usually the father). However, our latest study showed that a surprising percentage of the entrepreneurs we questioned had what they considered to be a comfortable relationship with that parent. To a large extent, we think that is directly related to the changing ages and educational backgrounds of the new entrepreneurs, who are children of the Fifties and

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Sixties, not children of the Depression. In most cases, they've been afforded the luxury of a college education, not forced to drop out of high school to help support the family; so the entrepreneur's innate independence hasn't come into such dramatic conflict with the father as it might have in the past. We still feel that a strained or competitive relationship best fits the entrepreneurial profile, though the nature of that relationship is no longer black and white.

Scoring: A.10; B.5; C.10; D.5

12. The difference between the hard worker and the smart worker is the difference between the hired hand and the boss. What's more, the entrepreneur usually enjoys what he's doing so much that he rarely notices how hard he's working. A decision is an action taken by an executive when the information he has is so incomplete that the answer doesn't suggest itself. The entrepreneur's job is to make sure the answers always suggest themselves.

Scoring: A.0; B.5; C.10

13. Entrepreneurs seldom rely on internal people for major policy decisions, because employees very often have pet projects to protect or personal axes to grind. Outside financial sources simply lack the imagination that characterizes most entrepreneurs. The most noble ambition of most bankers and accountants is to maintain the status quo. When it comes to critical decisions, then, entrepreneurs most often rely on outside management consultants and other entrepreneurs.

Scoring: A.0; B.10; C.0; D.5

14. Contrary to popular belief, entrepreneurs aren't high-risk takers. They tend to set realistic and achievable goals, and when they do take risks, they're usually calculated ones. Entrepreneurs are very confident in their own skills and are much more willing to bet on their tennis or golf game than they are to buy lottery tickets or to bet on spectator sports.

Scoring: A.0; B.2; C.10; D.3

15. All businesses begin with orders, and orders can come only from customers. You may think you're in business when you've developed a prototype or after you've raised capital, but bankers and venture capitalists buy only potential. It takes customers to buy product.

Scoring: A.0; B.10; C.0; D.0

16. Like billionaire Daniel Ludwig, many entrepreneurs will adamantly state that they have *no* hobbies. But that doesn't mean that they have no social life. In fact, the entrepreneur is a very social person and, more often than not, a very charming one. (Remember, an entrepreneur is someone who gets things done, and getting things done often involves charming the right banker or supplier.) And while he will often have difficulty talking about things other than himself or his business,

his enthusiasm is such that whatever he talks about sounds interesting.

Scoring: A.0; B.10; C.3; D.0

17. One of the biggest weaknesses that entrepreneurs face is their tendency to "fall in love" too easily. They go wild over new employees, products, suppliers, machines, methods and financial plans. Anything new excites them. But those love affairs usually don't last long; many of them are over almost as suddenly as they begin. The problem is that while they're going on, entrepreneurs can quite easily alienate their staffs, become stubborn about listening to opposing views and lose their objectivity.

Scoring: A.5; B.5; C.5; D.5; E.15

18. The answer to this question is easy: "Bright and energetic," right? Wrong. That describes a personality like your own. But stop and think a minute. You're the boss. Would you be happy—or for that matter, efficient—as someone else's right-hand man? Probably not. And you don't want to hire an entrepreneur to do a hired hand's job.

That's why the "bright and lazy" personality makes the best assistant. He's not out to prove himself, so he won't be butting heads with the entrepreneur at every turn. And while he's relieved at not having to make critical decisions, his delegating ability makes him a whiz when it comes to implementing them.

Scoring: A.2; B.10; C.0

19. Organization is the key to an entrepreneur's success. It is the fundamental principle on which all entrepreneurial ventures are based. Without it, no other principles matter. Some entrepreneurs keep lists on their desks, always crossing things off from the top and adding to the bottom. Others use note cards, keeping a file in their jacket pockets. Organizational systems may differ, but you'll never find an entrepreneur who's without one.

Scoring: A.5; B.15; C.5

20. The only thing an entrepreneur likes less than discussing employee problems is discussing petty-cash slips and expense accounts. Solving problems is what an entrepreneur does best, but problems involving employees seldom require his intervention, so discussing them is just an irritating distraction. Expense accounts are even worse. What an entrepreneur wants to know is how much his salespeople are selling, not how much they're padding their expense accounts.

Scoring: A.8; B.10; C.0; D.0

21. Entrepreneurs are participants, not observers; players, not fans. And to be an entrepreneur is to be an optimist: to believe that with the right amount of time and the right amount of money, you can do anything.

Of course, chance—being in the right place at the right time—plays a part in

anyone's career; but entrepreneurs have a tendency to make their own chances. There's the old story about the shoe manufacturer who sent his two sons to the Mediterranean to scout out new markets. One wired back, "No point in staying on. No one here wears shoes." The other son wired back, "Terrific opportunities. Thousands still without shoes." Who do you think inherited the business?

Scoring: A.0; B.15

22. Sales give instant feedback on your performance; it's the easiest job of all for measuring success. How does a personnel counselor or a teacher ever know if he's winning or losing? Entrepreneurs need immediate feedback and are always capable of adjusting their strategies in order to win. Some entrepreneurs brag that they play by the rules when they're winning and change the rules when they're losing. Although we don't endorse it (look what happened to John DeLorean), when it works, it's known as the win/win strategy.

Scoring: A.3; B.10; C.0; D.0

23. While friends are important, solving problems is clearly more important. Often, the best thing an entrepreneur can do for a friendship is spare it the extra strain of a working relationship.

Scoring: A.0; B.10

24. Everyone knows that a camel is a horse that was designed by a committee, and unless it's clear that one person is in charge, decisions are bound to suffer from a committee mentality.

Scoring: A.10; B.2; C.0

25. Vince Lombardi was famous for saying, "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing." An entrepreneur would agree with that, but he would also leave himself an emotional loophole. "We didn't lose any games last season," he might say; "we just ran out of time twice." Entrepreneurship is a competitive game, and an entrepreneur has to be able to bounce back.

Scoring: A.8; B.10; C.15; D.0

YOUR ENTREPRENEURIAL PROFILE

225-275	Successful entrepreneur*
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175-189	Latent entrepreneur
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WOMEN OF STEEL

(continued from page 111)

"Some people say bodybuilding is unfeminine, but they usually don't say it when they look at me."

her titles again.

In a Los Angeles branch of the May Company one day last year, security agent Roberta Vasquez spotted a woman who was stuffing her oversize fur jacket with expensive Polo shirts. "Those shirts are \$32.50 apiece," says Roberta, "and she was just slapping them in her jacket, completely goin' for it!"

Roberta, like Graciela a black belt in karate, followed the woman outside. A carload of men (a low-budget polo team?) waited at the curb. When Roberta grabbed the woman's sleeve, one of them unfolded his legs and rose from the car.

"This guy was about 6'5", 225—I mean, *huge*. So there I was in the parking lot, pulling on this woman's jacket, pulling her hair, trying to get her back in the store, and her boyfriend starts kicking me and beating on my back. I had to let go of her and start hitting *him*."

Back and forth they went as a crowd gathered to gawk. Roberta tugged the woman a few steps toward the store. The boyfriend pinned her arms and smacked her on the head. She elbowed him and went for the woman. The boyfriend wrestled her to the sidewalk. She kicked him and reached for the woman.

"It went on and on, until eventually she jumped into the car. She dove right through the window. But I was still pulling on her jacket. It came off, and all the polo shirts fell out, and her blouse came off, too. She wasn't wearing a bra or anything—that gave all the people something to look at. Then the guy jumped in the car and they drove off. But I got a handful of his hair. And I got all the polo shirts back."

Then there was the night she chased a drug-addled transvestite up a flight of concrete steps, only to have him punch her out and drag her back down. *Thump, thump, thump* went her head, but at the bottom she got up and held him until help came. "They gave me the next day off to spend at the beach," Roberta recalls with the smile of a native Angeleno.

Pamela O'Neill, formerly a Bunny in the Buffalo Playboy Club, is currently a Buffalo Jill, a cheerleader for the N.F.L.'s Buffalo Bills. She's also a bodyguard for highly paid executives whose bodies are, presumably, more valuable but less attractive than hers. Not long ago, Pam won the Women's Bodyguard Contest in Buffalo. She can bench-press 150 pounds, run an 11-second 100-yard dash and dash the hopes of much larger opponents in any wrist-wrestling competition. "Bodybuilding and the martial arts are my hobbies," she says. "I'm a bodyguard and a financial

consultant, but one of these days, I'd like to be a Broadway dancer."

Bodybuilder Anita Gandol strolled into a Pontiac, Michigan, spa three years ago and noticed she was "starting to get flabby." She stopped that right away, working out with free weights. "First, I just watched the men's bodybuilding contests, since that was about all there was. I like men's bodies. But I've been in seven women's contests since then."

Three of those ended in victories for Anita. She was Miss Detroit 1981 and Miss Midwest 1981 and 1982. "My last contest was the Ms. Olympia in Warrington, Pennsylvania. It's the most important bodybuilding competition for women, and I was in the best shape of my life. I ended up placing eleventh. There's a lot of politics. . . ."

What do these four well-defined young women have in common, other than an uncommon beauty and a rare dedication to their crafts? For one thing, they are all concerned that in the world's narrow view they seem somehow . . . well, butch.

Maybe the world should look again. While these four women are stronger than the next guy, they are no less feminine than the next *Cosmo* cover girl.

Graciela, the boxer, disdains boxing trunks for their everlasting formlessness. She designed the world's first boxing *skirt*, complete with sequins and chiffon. "Just because I step into the ring doesn't mean I lose my femininity," she jabs. "That skirt is my trademark. It's symbolic."

Anita, the bodybuilder, makes eyes pop when her muscles bulge, but otherwise she's a pleasant, occasionally giggly young Michigander. "Some people come to contests and say bodybuilding is unfeminine," she admits, "but they usually don't say it when they look at me."

Roberta, the security agent, has to tape her bust when she's on duty to keep the men she collars from getting the wrong idea. Still, she refuses to play the shrinking violet for anybody. "I like strong men," Roberta says, "but does that mean I shouldn't be able to take care of myself?"

Pam, as she breaks seven bricks with one karate chop, has an even sharper retort for those who presume to question her femininity. "I don't like rude people," she tells them.

Graciela, highest profile of the four, has a twice-broken nose that only adds character to the face that's slipped a thousand fists. She holds a master's degree in psychology from California Lutheran, has studied acting under Stella Adler and is one of the staunchest defenders of wom-

en's right to compete as women.

"The point is not to prove that we're better than men or that we can beat men," says the only woman ever to hold concurrent titles in two sports. "Men and women are different." She emphasizes her words with hand gestures that are almost too fast to follow; the listener has trouble deciding whether to watch the lightning in the hands or the lightning in the eyes. "Conditions in boxing are better for women now, but we're still far behind the men. That's not so new. Women have had to face that in every aspect of society, in every profession."

She faced it early in her career even when it came to fighting other women. She calls her signing for a 1979 fight with world champion Karen Bennett a "freak accident." It would be the first boxing match Graciela had ever fought.

"Bennett was going to defend her title two weeks later, and she needed an easy tune-up match," the current champ recalls. "I'd just been rejected for a match by the state of Texas as an 'inferior opponent.' So when Bennett needed an opponent, we had to doctor my record up. I would have done anything to get an opportunity to fight her, to be known. It wasn't even supposed to be a title fight, but I went in the ring and beat her so badly she announced her retirement that night. After that, they were really in a bind for the title fight two weeks later. They said I might as well go. I fought Ginger Kaufman, the number-two contender, and beat her in a unanimous decision. But it was a war."

Having won her boxing title and full-contact crown in 1979, and having held both ever since, Graciela is just about ready to retire from the wars. She studies acting harder than ever now, though she still trains every day, and would like to take on a few martial-arts films. Somewhere down the road, she would like to make Hollywood her corner. There's no reason to doubt her determination. Or her ambition.

"I've been in the martial-arts world for ten years now. It's been a real struggle, and I feel to this point I haven't gotten the recognition I should have. It was a surprise and an honor that PLAYBOY thought I was beautiful enough to be in the magazine, and I'm trying at this point to develop a very visible career. I've accomplished more than most male athletes. I hold two world titles in two sports. So why not go big, so the whole world will eventually know who I am?"

"Men are stronger than women," she says, getting up to leave for a flight to Los Angeles, where she was to spar with men that afternoon and kick-box with them that night. "But women have other natural gifts. One of them is endurance."

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Selec-Trac 2WD/4WD Available	YES	NO	NO



WHEN IT COMES TO 4-WHEEL DRIVE...ONE WORD SAYS IT ALL.

SNOW GODS

(continued from page 120)

"The numbers flash on the board, and they're low, too low. It has to be a mistake, but it isn't."

face. It happens time after time and you never get used to it.

Phil and Steve Mahre are technical skiers, which means that they specialize in slalom and giant slalom. They do not compete in downhill races unless the event, like the Arlberg-Kandahar, is tied to one of their specialties and gives them a chance to score combined points. Whenever that happens, Phil invariably does better than Steve in the downhill; but even so, he never finishes better than ninth, usually between tenth and 15th. Fair enough; you get World Cup points for finishing in the first 15, and he's not supposed to ski downhill, anyway. He wasn't trained for it and it's not expected of him. So Saturday morning at St. Anton, starting the downhill in the 16th spot, Phil drops down the Arlberg-Kandahar course like an elevator with its cable cut and comes in fifth behind Luescher, Silvano Meli, Weirather and Podborski, all of them top downhill racers, ahead of a host of other aces. It's a personal best for him, a triumph, and it puts him in a commanding position to cop the combined title the next day when the slalom is run. So there's your story, right?

Wrong.

By the time Billy Johnson is ready to make his run out of the 43rd spot, most of the people at the finish line have left to belly up to the booths selling *Würstchen* and beer and Schnaps. In the press area, the journalists are similarly occupied, the only difference being that their food and booze are on the house. The quality of the freebies varies erratically on the World Cup circuit, and everyone in the press area agrees that the Schnaps at St. Anton rates high. It's a good time of day, with a light snow falling, the sun still bright, the cowbells clanging merrily and the Schnaps going down like icy bullets. Nobody is paying much attention to the race anymore. In effect, it's over. After the first 15 or so skiers have chopped up the course, it becomes progressively more difficult to finish high in the standings, and after the first 30, it is impossible.

Over the public-address system, the announcer says, "Starting number 43, Billy Johnson of the U.S.A." The announcer is a professional who works the ski meets all over Austria, known for his ability to call out the numbers and the standings quickly in four languages. He is also somewhat of a cheerleader and a clown, able to whip up the crowd to a pitch of enthusiasm one minute and have them laughing the next.

The numbers begin to flash on the elec-

tronic scoreboard next to the finish line, hundredths of seconds ticking off as Johnson starts his run. He can't be seen from the finish line, but somewhere up there, he has left the starting gate at the top of Kapall to career down the Fasch-Schuss, negotiate the compression turn at Laviert-S, skitter across the Himmeleck, and now he's coming up to the Stall Passage, where his intermediate time will be registered. The numbers flash on the board, and they're low, too low. It has to be a mistake, but it isn't.

"*Achtung! Achtung!*" The announcer's voice goes up a couple of notches, gulping with excitement, and heads in the crowd whip around to see the board. Languages jumble together as he shouts, "*Achtung, hier kommt Billy Johnson, und he's coming like schnell.*"

By now, he's past the Bärensprung, over the Taja Schuss and coming up to the Kangaroo Jump, where the crowds are thick and the bells are booming. You can see the Kangaroo from the bottom and you can see him take it, grabbing air but not too much as he comes off the lip, holding his tuck, landing flat and dropping, like a stone, down the Moos-Zielschuss in the final run to the finish. A roar goes up as the numbers stop flashing and the computer registers his time and placement.

It's 2:05.50. Sixth place.

Sixth place starting from the 43rd spot against the best in the world. If you don't know World Cup racing, it doesn't sound like much, but it is and everybody on that mountain knows it. The cowbells are going crazy now, those who aren't shouting are laughing with delight and the entire U.S. team is around the kid and pounding him on the back. Even the Austrians from the Arlberg Club are grinning. It's an intensely emotional scene, but somehow you have the feeling that something is missing. Over the cheers of the crowd, the public address system should be playing Frank Sinatra singing, "I did it my way."

There are all kinds of coaches on the U.S. Ski Team. Alpine director Bill Marolt is the chairman of the board, responsible for the women's team as well as the men's, and his obligations keep him on the move. Andreas Rauch, the downhill coach, is an earnest motivator cast in the Austrian tradition. Tom Kelly, slalom and giant slalom, is silver-haired and ruddy-faced, at 50 an avuncular figure to the kids on the team. And then there is Konrad Rickenbach.

The head coach of the men's team was born in Switzerland, raised in California,

and at 28 he is only a few years older than the young men for whom he is responsible. In a sport in which neither the athletes nor the coaches are noted for their introspection, Rickenbach is an intense, almost angry purist, as much involved in the aesthetic as in the physical side of skiing. He is a mountain man in the truest sense, and his quiet ambition is to travel the range of the Andes from north to south in an anthropological study of the various cultures inhabiting the chain. Late at night, after the downhill race and on the eve of the slalom, he tries to sort out his feelings about the sport.

"Those of us who make a living out of skiing sometimes forget what it's all about and where it all started," he says sadly.

Someone suggests, "Maybe that's because you've never had to stand at the top of a hill and force yourself to ski it even though you were scared silly."

He nods his agreement. "That's true. We deal so much with excellence and fearlessness that we forget that skiing is based on a man's ability to overcome his basic fear of speed and high places, and the need to perform past the limitations that his body imposes on him."

And has he never felt that fear?

Rickenbach smiles but does not answer. He's been around too long to answer questions like that. Besides, he's got a sadness on him tonight.

Many things sadden Konrad Rickenbach, but what saddens him most is what he sees as the erosion of the standards of the sport he loves, and the erosive agent is, of course, television. Like everyone else, he knows that there are races run every year—at the wrong time of the day or under substandard conditions—that would never be run if it weren't for television.

"But you can't make television the villain of the piece," he points out. "It isn't as simple as that. Television isn't a Devil with horns and a tail; it doesn't force organizers to run dangerous races, like that one at Sarajevo. Television in sports is an abstract force, just as evil is. Television simply says, 'Look, you run a race and we'll pay you for the right to carry it. If you don't run a race, or if you don't run it when we say you should, then you don't get paid.' Television doesn't make the final decision."

"Which means that skiers are often forced to race under unsafe conditions?"

He looks disgusted at the need to put it into words. The year before, there had been rumors of a threatened strike, of certain teams' and certain coaches' refusing to race under certain conditions. Eventually, the talk had blown away and nothing had come of it. Now Rickenbach shrugs expressively and says, "Sure, that's what it means. What else could it mean?"

Too much *tristesse* for one evening, and with the slalom the next day, it's time to go to bed. On the skiing circuit, you don't

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stay up late on the night before a slalom, because a slalom starts at ten in the morning. A downhill is different. The downhill doesn't start until noon.

The American quest for an Olympic gold medal in Alpine skiing has been going on for almost a quarter of a century, beginning back in 1960 when Buddy Werner was the first American man ever conceded a chance to make it in what was then a totally European sport. But just before the games, Werner broke a leg in training and wound up watching the races on crutches. Death of a dream, phase one; and four years later, the dream seemed truly dead when Werner was killed in an avalanche. In that same year, 1964, Billy Kidd and Jimmy Heuga finished second and third in the slalom at Innsbruck, but that was the end of medal production until 1980 at Lake Placid, when Phil Mahre, coming back from a near-crippling broken ankle, took the silver medal in the slalom. For the Mahre brothers, now near the end of their racing careers, Sarajevo represents the last chance to fulfill their part of that quest for the gold, and until late last year, the one man most likely to stand in their way seemed to be Ingemar Stenmark of Sweden, who edged out Phil at the last Olympics and is the winner of 17 World

Cup skiing titles. Then, only three months before the start of the Olympics, the International Ski Federation declared him ineligible for the 1984 games. The federation's ruling stemmed from a special B license that Stenmark holds, allowing him to accept money directly from sponsors without losing his status for World Cup competition. Money going to skiers, such as the Mahre brothers, who do not have such a license must first be channeled through their national ski federation, which then rewards individual competitors. The B license, however, applies to World Cup races but not to the Olympics, and when Stenmark changed his status in 1980, it was assumed that he had given up thoughts of further Olympic competition.

Then, as Steve Mahre puts it, "The federation decided to let him compete at Sarajevo anyway, its attitude being that it would be a hollow Olympics without him. It wasn't right. Phil and I could have done the same thing and we would have made a lot more money that way over the past few years, but we didn't, because we wanted to continue to compete in the Olympics."

Steve was not the only one who felt it wasn't right, and as opposition mounted to the midstream change of course, the federation announced that Stenmark would not, after all, be allowed to compete in the

1984 games. The disqualification of the defending gold medalist in the slalom and giant slalom altered the complexion of the fields in those two events, promoting the chances of Stenmark's countryman Stig Strand, Andreas Wenzel of Lichtenstein, Yugoslavia's Bojan Krizaj, Max Julen and Pirmin Zurbriggen of Switzerland and Austria's Gruber, Orlainsky and Hans Enn. But as the date for the Olympics drew closer, everyone agreed that the games would not be quite the same without Stenmark carving his precise, mathematical turns on the mountainside.

But that is all in the future on this second day of the Arlberg-Kandahar race at St. Anton. The slalom section is run in two heats, the lowest combined time providing the winner. The first heat goes off promptly at ten in the morning, and when it is over, the leader is Andreas Wenzel of Liechtenstein, followed by Stenmark, then Steve and Phil Mahre. Buxman misses a gate at the top of the run and does not finish. He goes back to the hotel and has a quiet lunch with his family.

The course is reset for the afternoon run, and Tom Kelly comes down to report that it is "absolutely bulletproof," slick-hard with ice from being watered over and frozen. They do that in big-league skiing. Ice is the nemesis of the recreational skier, to be avoided at all costs; but if you can't ski on ice, then you can't ski slalom on the World Cup tour.

For the second run, they reverse the order of finish of the five best times, and at this point, Phil can take off some of the steam, since any decent finish in the slalom, combined with his fifth in the downhill the day before, will give him the Arlberg-Kandahar title. Instead, he attacks the course with his usual passion, slashing down the mountainside to finish with a combined time of 1:51.61. Then comes Steve, and the two look so much alike that it's like watching instant replay. The same drive, the same hot pursuit of time, but this time it's Steve who is a fraction faster, coming in at 1:51.44 to edge ahead of his brother.

"Achtung, Achtung," goes the P.A. system. "Ingemar Stenmark on the course."

Eyes up on the mountain as Stenmark comes into view, carving his precise, mathematical turns, and he's coming fast enough to make you gasp, because if he keeps it up, he's a winner for sure. Fast, too fast, he's whipping through the gates, and in that speck of time an evil thought forms, unsportsmanlike, unworthy, but your lips form the words as you silently say, *Fall down, goddamn it, fall down.*

And he falls down.

Just as you say it, he falls, not hurt, but he's out of it and it's all over. Wenzel slips in behind Steve to take second, but the rest of the field is out of contention, and it's another big day for the Mahre brothers. Phil has won the A-K combined and Steve



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has won the slalom. As predicted.

One by one, the Austrian friends come over to offer congratulations to the visiting American. Their handshakes are firm and their smiles are real. It's the skiing that counts, after all, and perhaps the unspoken thought that the Mahre twins won't be around to plague them much longer.

Later that afternoon, the U.S. Ski Team divides itself as it leaves St. Anton, the Mahre brothers going on to World Cup races in France and West Germany while the younger skiers head back home for the U.S. National Championships, where the twins will later join them. As the daylight fades, Phil Mahre is the first to leave, his wife and baby daughter beside him on the front seat of the Subaru team car that is his for the season. He looks tired, not just physically but worn by the pressures, and he admits that racing has not been the same for him this year. It's not as much fun anymore, and a fraction of the motivation may be missing. After all, he has accomplished so much. He has just won the Arlberg-Kandahar again, he is well on his way to capturing his third straight over-all World Cup championship and he has even developed a late-career proficiency in the downhill. No more worlds to conquer? Yes, the one that has always eluded him, and he will try for it once more next year in Sarajevo. One last hill to climb, one last mountain to ski.

Steve Mahre bustles out of the hotel to complete the loading of his car. His wife and daughter are in the front seat, waiting while he shoves a final package into the

back. The car looks like part of a gypsy caravan, loaded down with the impedimenta of a family living on the road. Steve pushes the package in firmly and slams the hatch shut, a satisfied man. Winning the slalom leg of the Arlberg-Kandahar has meant a lot to him. For years, he skied slightly obscured by the shadow of his twin; but now, at least in slalom and giant slalom, they stand together at the top and the gold in Sarajevo is within either man's reach. He slips behind the wheel, revs the engine once and pulls away.

The kids come out of the Post Hotel in small groups, shepherded by the coaches. As if by instinct, they flock around Billy Johnson; he's a leader now, part of the future. As a downhill specialist, he did not compete in the slalom today and so was not in contention for the combined medal, but this weekend has marked a quantum jump for him. No more starting in 43rd position; he'll be up with the big boys now, with a decent chance to win, and Sarajevo, which was a dream at the beginning of the season, has turned into reality.

To some of the others, Sarajevo is a question mark. Doug Powell, a veteran, wonders if he will even make the team. Andy Luhn wonders how fast his injuries will heal and if he will be ready. John Buxman wonders when all that natural athletic ability is going to coalesce and make him a winner. They walk to the cars, passing through pools of light, and the powder snow falls on their very young, very serious faces.



BEAUTIFUL WINES

(continued from page 65)

interest. Eavesdrop on a conclave of California wine professionals and you'll hear a lot about microclimates, clonal selections, budding over and drip irrigation. All of that trade jargon points up one supremely significant fact: West Coast vintners finally have a handle on matching particular soils, climates, grape varieties and viticultural practices for optimum results—a process that evolved over centuries in Europe. American wine makers today are also working with nobler grapes—more Cabernet, Chardonnay, Sauvignon Blanc, Pinot Noir, Merlot and fewer of the mediocre Burger, Chasselas and Thompson seedless. And the grapes themselves are more opulent, due to meticulous cloning—which sounds like something out of an s-f flick but simply means cultivating the most desirable strain of a particular grape. The cumulative effect of these advances, plus innovative technology, has led to a new California wine style.

It was at the legendary Paris tastings in 1976 that California wines won their world-class spurs, outpointing the native bottlings on their own turf. Impressive as they were, those intense, tannic entries presented consumers with problems. Being extremely forthright, they tended to overwhelm accompanying dishes and tired the palate quickly—and, even more disappointing, their life spans proved to be shorter than anticipated. The emerging California style—wines of the past half-dozen vintages—has tilted in a different direction. The whites are more subtle, with concentrated fruit and complex bouquets; the reds, balanced and well structured, are destined for a long, graceful maturity. The catch phrase among vintners for these new-generation vinos is food wines, the implication being that lighter, balanced wines are more amiable companions to standard luncheon or dinner dishes than the muscular monsters of the early Seventies.

Another inviting turn for those contemplating a California wine cellar is an increasingly favorable price-quality ratio. Translation: This is the best time in the past six or seven years for consumers to snag worthy wines at bargain prices, and opportunities will remain for a while. The reason is an excess of inventory all along the line, from the vineyards to retailers' shelves. Where will the bargains be? Pretty much across the board. Considerably more excellent varietal grapes are going into everyday selections—generic Burgundies, Chablis and those labeled simply red or white table wine. Robert Mondavi's Red Wine is 80 percent Cabernet, Franciscan's Cask 321 contains 76 percent Cabernet and Mirassou's White Burgundy is 80 percent Pinot Blanc. Rod Strong, Sonoma Vineyard's winemaker, expects



"I'd always heard you guys knew where to eat!"

exceptional values in the five-to-nine-dollar middle range, including Cabernets and Chardonnays. They may not have the finesse of the top bottlings, but they'll be interesting, engaging wines. As to the superpremiums, even vintners agree that many have been overpriced; nevertheless, changes in that group will be more erratic. The most illustrious labels, especially where production is modest, will hold the line—except on dealer close-outs. Be alert and bide your time, but remember, nothing's forever. Vintner Joseph Phelps sees a Cabernet crunch coming, because very few Cabernet vines have been planted lately.

Playing the price curve is not the only approach to wise wine buys. As in everything, there are fashions in wine. Right now, Chardonnay and Cabernet are considered chic, due in some degree to persistent press coverage. The aura increases the price one pays for those varieties. But Pinot Blanc, Sauvignon Blancs and the drier Chenin Blancs are agreeable stand-ins for Chardonnay. Zinfandel, now out of favor and therefore a push item, Merlots and aged Petite Sirahs can be acceptable alternatives to Cabernet Sauvignon. Barbera, Gamay, Syrah and Charbono are unsung reds that some vintners handle deftly. Along with the plums, distress merchandise will, inevitably, show up in liquor shops. Be wary of unfamiliar labels, manager's specials where the clientele is transient, dump bins and end-aisle displays. Always try one bottle before buying in volume. Perhaps your best bet for capitalizing on today's wine opportunities is to establish rapport with a knowledgeable, responsible merchant.

The term wine cellar in the context of contemporary habitations is an anachronism. What we're concerned with is a place to stash wine in a reasonably protected environment—not a subterranean dungeon. Given that realistic objective, it's feasible to improvise a wine cellar for almost any tight little urban apartment. Choice pieces of real estate for the purpose include unused or half-empty closets, cupboards and recessed areas, such as nooks under stairs and desks, or a corner of a den that's insulated. Light, heat, air and vibration are the natural enemies of wine, so shun kitchens, laundry rooms, hot-water or hot-air ducts and equipment such as washing machines and dishwashers. Sunlit places are taboo, and closet or cupboard doors should close readily to screen unwanted light. Guarding against air, which oxidizes wine—turning it brown and bitter—is a matter of laying bottles on their sides so that the corks remain moist and snug. While authoritative sources quote 55 degrees Fahrenheit (13 degrees Celsius) as the ideal storage temperature, wine survives under less than optimum

conditions. Alexis Lichine contends that it can handle temperatures up to 75 degrees Fahrenheit, though it will mature sooner at the higher level. What causes problems is a precipitous change in temperature—either up or down. You might leave the air conditioner on for your wines when you're on vacation.

There's no dearth of cunning racks, tube arrangements or even controlled-environment mechanical units that will hold your wine securely. But wine or spirit shipping cases with corrugated dividers are excellent temporary expedients. They'll take 12 bottles each and are compact and durable. Select sturdy cases and tuck in the top flaps for extra reinforcement. If you have that option, lay the more delicate whites on the bottom, where it's cooler; stack reds on top.

You'll want a cellar book to keep a record of your purchases and pertinent information on each wine, such as brand, color, variety, vintage, price, source and date of purchase and cellar location. Leave space under each entry to inscribe the date of opening and your sensory evaluation of the wine. A plain loose-leaf notebook is just right for the job.

Although California is indisputably America's wineland, the rest of the country is by no means a vinous desert. Therefore, we've included examples from a number of other states in our sidebar *Wines for an American Cellar*. The ones listed are the standouts—culled from more than 1000 tastings—bound to provide pleasure now and for years to come.

The red, white and rosé—long may they wave!



WINES FOR AN AMERICAN CELLAR

Recommendations span a multitude of price levels, qualities and pouring situations—but all are tops in class. Expect the prices listed to vary wildly by store, season and geography. All the wines listed below are from California, with the exception of those included in the "Other States" category.

UP TO \$4

WHITE: E. & J. Gallo Cellars Gewurztraminer; Gavilan French Colombar 1982; The Monterey Vineyard Pinot Blanc 1980; Joseph Phelps Napa Valley Vin Blanc. **RED:** Franciscan Cask 321 Burgundy; Louis Martini Barbera 1979; The Monterey Vineyard Classic Red 1980; Riverside Farm Zinfandel 1981. **ROSÉ:** Pedroncelli Zinfandel Rosé 1982.

\$4 TO \$6

WHITE: Paul Masson Pinot Chardonnay 1981; Mirassou Chenin Blanc 1982; Preston Cuvée de Fumé 1982, Dry Creek; Wente Monterey Pinot Blanc 1981. **RED:** Almaden Cabernet Sauvignon 1978, 1980; Beaulieu Napa Burgundy 1978, Estate Bottled; Charles F. Shaw Napa Gamay 1982; Sutter Home Zinfandel 1980, Amador County. **ROSÉ:** Simi Rosé of Cabernet Sauvignon 1982.

\$6 TO \$10.50

WHITE: Alexander Valley Vineyards Chardonnay 1981; Château St. Jean Sauvignon Blanc 1981, 1982; Edmeades Chardonnay Reserve 1980, 1981; Franciscan Chardonnay, Alexander Valley 1981; Jekel Johannisberg Riesling 1982, Monterey; Robert Mondavi Napa Fume Blanc 1982; Sonoma Vineyard Chardonnay 1980,

River West. **RED:** Beringer Cabernet Sauvignon 1979, State Lane Vineyard; Matanzas Creek Sonoma Merlot 1980; Robert Mondavi Cabernet Sauvignon 1979, Napa; Ridge Zinfandel Fiddletown 1980; Rutherford Hill Napa Merlot 1978, 1980; Sterling Merlot 1979, Napa; Ventana Monterey Petite Sirah 1979, 1981.

MORE THAN \$10.50

WHITE: Acacia Chardonnay 1981, all vineyards; Chalone Chardonnay 1981, Gavilan Mountains; Château St. Jean Chardonnay 1980, Hunter Ranch; Edna Valley Vineyards Chardonnay 1981, San Luis Obispo; Jekel Chardonnay 1981, Private Reserve; Robert Mondavi Napa Chardonnay 1981; Spring Mountain Chardonnay 1981, Napa Valley. **RED:** Buena Vista Cabernet Sauvignon 1979, Special Selection; Clos du Val Cabernet Sauvignon 1978, Reserve; Durney Cabernet Sauvignon 1978, 1979, Carmel Valley; Joseph Phelps Cabernet Sauvignon 1978, Eisele Vineyard; Smith & Hook Cabernet Sauvignon 1981, Monterey; Stag's Leap Cellars Cabernet Sauvignon 1978, Cask 23; Vichon Cabernet Sauvignon 1980, Volker Eisele Vineyards and Fay Vineyards; Jordan Cabernet Sauvignon 1979, Alexander Valley.

OTHER STATES

IDAHO: Ste. Chapelle Chardonnay 1981, \$10.50. **NEW YORK:** Gold Seal Chardonnay 1981, \$10; Great Western Seyval Blanc, \$4. **OREGON:** Knudsen-Erath Pinot Noir 1980, \$9.50. **VIRGINIA:** Barboursville Chardonnay 1982, \$6.50. **WASHINGTON:** Château Ste. Michelle Semillon 1981, 1982, \$4.65.

DANCING BEARS

(continued from page 104)

"She had us turning out our legs, stretching our hamstrings, pointing our toes."

he tried to grab her, but she flipped him over her shoulder, like a sack of grain, and he came down flat on his back.

It was as quiet as church for a second. Marshall moaned on the deck. We was waiting for the TV replay, I guess, because we didn't believe what we'd seen. Then I laughed, and everybody but Marshall laughed. Finally, he laughed. The lady didn't laugh. Marshall got up real slow, like an old man getting out of bed.

"Good shot," he said. "Where'd you learn that one?"

"Line up at the dance *barre*, please, gentlemen." She pointed at the banister on the field. "You will use that to steady yourselves as we go through the basic positions. Move it, gentlemen; we don't have all day. Sam? Music, please."

"Would you tell me what the fuck is going on?" Tubby whispered to me.

"She knows judo, man," Marshall chuckled.

"Get me a coach. Just get me a coach," Buster whined.

We heard some music. Soft, summer music. There was a lot of violins and things, which made us nervous. If it had been country or rock or punk, that would've been OK, but this was fruit music.

"*Swan Lake*," Geoff Ringer said.

"First position, gentlemen," the lady called.

We stared at her. "What she say?" Buster asked.

"First position, gentlemen. Heels together, feet turned out to make a single straight line. Like this." She stood like she wanted us to.

"I've had two knee operations," I said. "I'm not getting into that." Everybody started grumbling.

The music stopped. The lady walked up and down in front of us.

"Gentlemen, I have been hired by Mr. Beaupray to condition your bodies and your minds for movement. Notice I did not say football. I said movement. Since football involves movement, I am sure you understand that by conditioning yourselves for dance, you will also condition yourselves for football." She stooped down and plucked a blade of grass and chewed on it while she talked.

"Gentlemen, we are here to build the foundation for the Chicago Bears football team. It takes years for a dancer to turn his body into an instrument that can express true grace. Years. We have only a few months. But in that time, I will do my best to mold your bodies into some sort of shape." She stopped for a minute. "I

promise you this: If you will work with me, if you will do what I say, if you will follow my conditioning rules—and that includes rules for off the field as well as on—I will help you grow from a pedestrian and unimaginative football team into a troupe that is a reflection of the finest things on this earth."

"Say, lady, when do we get our real coach?" Marshall asked.

"Mr. Chambers, you will get your *real* coach when Mr. Beaupray decides, I suppose."

"OK," Marshall laughed.

"I will now show you the five fundamental positions as taught to all ballet students, gentlemen. We will do some warm-ups, some stretches, and then a little improvisation. First position, *comme ça*, do it along with me, please, gentlemen, and hold on to the *barre* if you must."

What can I tell you about that afternoon? She had us turning out our legs, stretching our hamstrings, pointing our toes, twinkling our feet. I hated fourth position *effacé* and I thought my knees would pop in fifth position. The *entrechat*, the *tour en l'air*, the *ronde de jambe*—we did them all, and damned if she didn't talk us into some simple *pas de deux*. If you had come over the ridge and seen that football field while we was practicing, you'd've thought you was at a fat farm for idiots. There was guys lifting each other and prancing around and doing toe-work, and after a while we sort of got into it.

Marshall Chambers was probably the best dancer we had. He took to it like a duck to water. He did a great *changement de pieds*.

She had us do a final drill to close up the day. "Gentlemen," she said, "I want the entire team, one at a time, to move down the field single file. The music will be Tchaikovsky. I want to see you stretch yourselves, express yourselves, improvise. Just move as the music moves you. We'll start with you, Mr. Drombowski, and then the rest can follow. An interval of ten yards, please."

Well, it was a sight, all right. I still laugh when I think of it. There we was, supposedly tough as nails, the meanest and the greatest, the guys who everybody had made a fuss over since we was big enough to play pony ball, the studs who the cheerleaders loved to hug, the speed takers and beer drinkers and coke snorters, and what we looked like as we tried to dance to that music was something else. Lord, we was awkward.

We stumbled and jumped and tripped

and fell and faked it, but the guys thought they was dancing up a storm. Junior Kirk started leaping all over the place like a castrated ape, bouncing into the dance *barre* and us and the lady, stinking up the field with his clumsiness, but believe it or not, she didn't care. She encouraged him. She ran right alongside him. "That's right, let yourself go, touch the sky, reach for it, use your body, feel it, every muscle, listen to your rhythms, let your body talk for once, don't worry, don't worry, you look fine!" Junior collapsed after about 60 yards of that shit, but he looked happy.

When the lady called us over to the bench for a final talk, she gave us a look that was laser:

"You may fancy that you are in good physical condition. Let me assure you that you are not. You may assume you understand movement. You know little of it. Flexibility? As we saw from the exercises I asked you to do, most of you could not touch the hem of Flexibility's garment. Endurance, timing, strength, perception, coordination? You show me few of those qualities. As of today, that changes. Life is a dance. Let us learn to dance." She paused. "Any questions?"

We was too tired to ask anything. We dragged ourselves off to the showers and dinner. Later that night, there was a lot of talk about the afternoon, but there was more talk about who the new coach would be. We had a betting pool on it.

"At ease, men, at ease," Mr. Beaupray smiled the next morning. He wore his usual suit and vest even in the hot weather. He was a tall man who looked like he combed his hair with money. He had steel-rimmed glasses and slicked-down hair and blue eyes and gray-blond eyebrows.

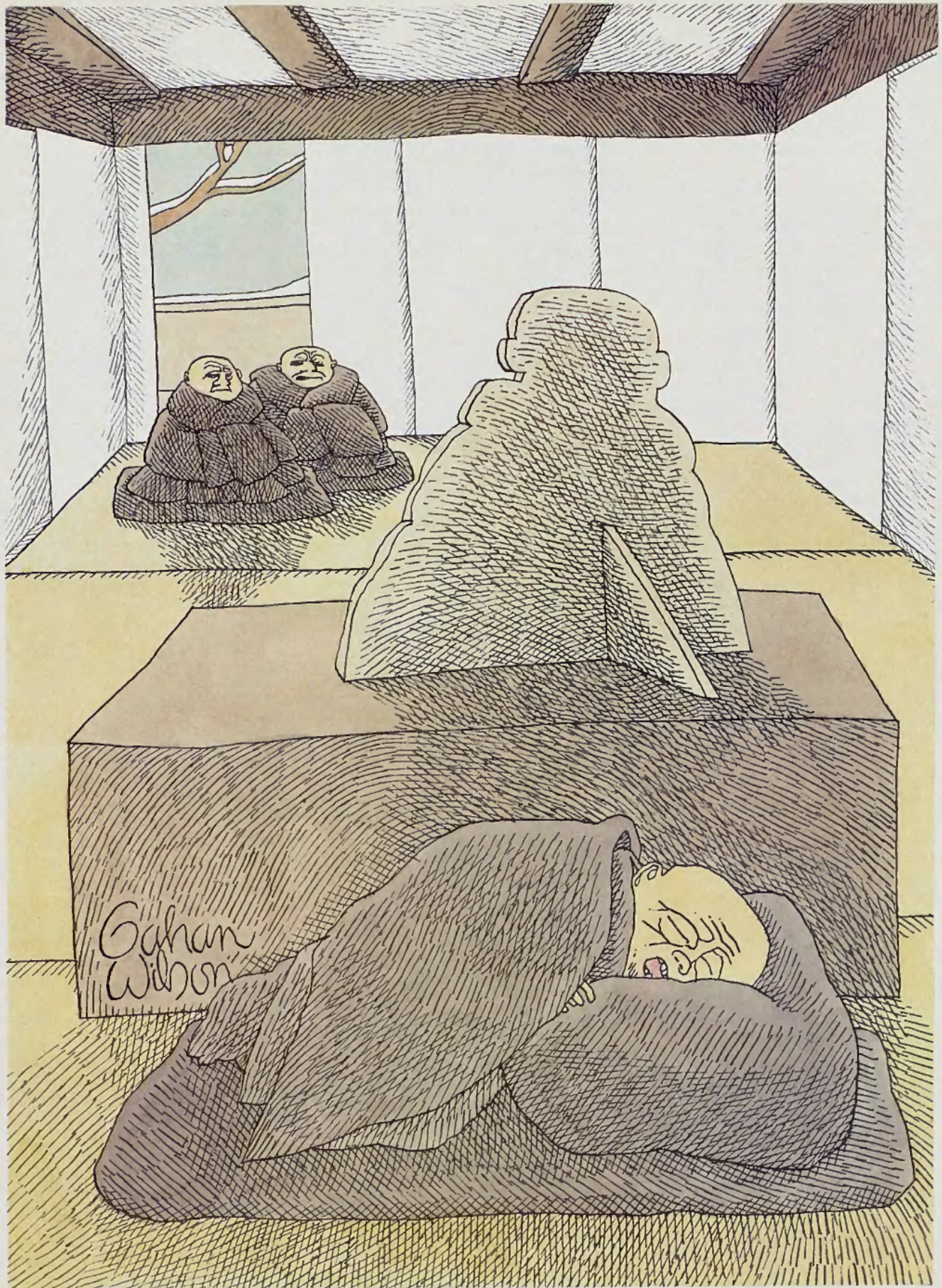
"Coldest fish in the ocean," Marshall whispered to me.

"And the richest," I whispered back.

"Men, I'm a man of few words, and as you know, I leave the coaching to the coaches. I'm proud to introduce your new coach this morning. Open the door, Sam," Mr. Beaupray said. Sam opened the door. In she walked, all gussied up in a suit, carrying a briefcase. Her nibs. The judo lady. The ballet bouncer. "Gentlemen, the new head coach of the Chicago Bears—Maria Dancing Bear."

I didn't know what to do. Neither did the rest of the team. Mr. Beaupray was clapping, and Sam was sort of clapping with him, but we was paralyzed. It was embarrassing. Mr. Beaupray made it worse by raising his hands before he spoke, as if there was something to silence.

"Coach Dancing Bear, it's an honor to welcome you aboard the Chicago Bears football team. I've watched you perform, read your fine book about dance, I've even worked out at your health spa in Arizona, and I am here to tell these men that you've changed my life, changed my perception of



"It is not for us to question why, on certain mornings, the master is silent."

what constitutes exercise, diet, sportsmanship—even manhood. It is fitting that you already are our namesake. A Dancing Bear to coach the Chicago Bears.” Mr. Beaupray applauded again, and we did, too, in sort of a half-assed way.

“Thank you,” Maria Dancing Bear said. “Gentlemen, I’ll see you on the practice field in half an hour. No pads. Any questions?”

Marshall jumped up, even though I was trying to hold him down. “Yeah, I got a question. What I want to know is, uh, what kind of offense will you put in?”

“It’ll be primarily the same, Mr. Chambers, but you won’t be allowed to scramble until you equalize your body,” she said.

“Say what?”

“It became clear to me yesterday afternoon that you are overdeveloped on your right side and quite weak on your left. Therefore, as the films show, you’re scrambling to your right ninety-three percent of the time, which gives the defense too much of an advantage. I expect you to work from the pocket until we get your body in shape, sir.”

“Uh-huh,” Marshall said, like he was shell-shocked.

“We’re going to run the receivers a little deeper, split the zone, wear the defense out. We’re going to move better than the other team and be in better shape than the other team.”

“Uh-huh.”

“You have a fine throwing arm, Mr. Chambers, but you’re quite constricted in your neck and shoulders, and it takes you too long to see all your receivers. You’re turning your entire body just to look from left to right. We’ll be doing some exercises to improve that condition. Your stride has lost a foot in the past two years, if my measurements from the films are correct. You need a lot of stretching at the dance *barre* before you’ll be allowed to do any more contact work. I don’t think you throw to your tight ends enough; but then I don’t think your tight ends are limber enough to get open when they should. It’s not the choice of formation that matters, if you follow me. It’s the grace with which that formation is executed.”

“Uh-huh.”

Marshall sat down very slowly, like he had just seen his own funeral.

“Any other questions?” Mr. Beaupray laughed. “No? Again, welcome aboard, Coach Dancing Bear.” He shook her hand and left the locker room. Sam followed. Then Coach Dancing Bear.

“Coach Dancing Bear?” Marshall whooped when the doors closed.

“I can’t do it!” Buster Slade yelled.

“A woman?” Tubby Reardon hit his locker. “A goddamn woman! I never let a woman tell me a goddamn thing all my life.”

“How’s she going to know the first thing?” Buster asked.

“Come on, boys,” Marshall said, “we could do worse. Let’s go out there and point our pretty little toes.”

Tubby and Buster stayed inside for the morning. I guess it was a protest on their part, but Coach Dancing Bear didn’t even ask about them. She just got down to the nitty-gritty.

I’ll tell you something: I’d trade 16 of Red Emerson’s practices to one of Coach Dancing Bear’s. That’s the truth. Red could make us sweat and bleed, but Maria Dancing Bear damned near made us die. I never knew how maximum hard it is to dance right. But by the end of the summer, I was in better shape than I ever was before. I could just feel it. I was slimmer but stronger, and I’d adjusted to Coach Dancing Bear’s new diet: corn on corn on corn, grains and fruits and nuts and herb teas and whole-wheat bread and nibbles but no gorging. “Losing weight is like losing poison for a healthy person,” Coach Dancing Bear preached at us.

Pre-season went OK. We was rusty. She was just getting the hang of it. We got a lot of delay-of-game penalties and shit like that. We warmed up to *Swan Lake* before the games, and that got a lot of laughs, but we didn’t care. We got to dance with the Honey Bears in the warm-ups. Most of them had taken a lot of ballet. They was good dancers, and they helped us. It’s a hell of a lot more fun to warm up with a beautiful woman than to have some asshole teammate breathing snuff on you and hitting your shoulder pads.

When the season started for real, we was running the same plays as usual, nothing fancy, but we was running them better. I was hitting crisper, cleaner, faster. The defense could move like smoke in the wind. And the offense was like a perpetual-motion machine. They scored and scored. Marshall was throwing long and short, in and out, bullets and balloons.

We could run most of the other teams into the ground. We didn’t have many injuries and we didn’t need time outs to catch our breath. So what if the fans thought we looked like fruitcakes when we warmed up? So what if they wanted the Honey Bears out of their leotards and back in their skimpy suits? And who gave a damn that a long, tall American Indian princess was coaching us? We got the job done, didn’t we?

We won our first five games. The fans in Soldier Field started to cheer us more than they booed us. That was a first. The city of Chicago began to take us for real. But we knew the acid test was just ahead. We had to beat the Dallas Cowboys to prove ourselves, and we hadn’t done that for a very long time.

Now, I work on the belief that Dallas does not have football players on its team. It has replicants dressed up like football players. They run on microchips. They

eat silicon for breakfast. They get produced in a secret factory near the King Ranch and they get shipped into Dallas by truck. There’s a big warehouse somewhere in that city with trunkfuls of replicants waiting to get wound up and sent out to play football for the Cowboys. Just thinking about playing Dallas put me in the middle of a dark place, I can tell you. I was even thinking about eating a lot of junk food and tanking up on beer and going back to free weights and bulk. I looked at the Dallas films and I wanted to tell Coach Dancing Bear that we was going to get waltzed right out of the stadium if we didn’t go back to our old ways in a hurry.

When I get depressed, I tend not to notice things, and I guess I was thinking too much about the Dallas game. That’s why I didn’t see the headphones in my helmet when I put it on for Monday’s practice. Then Sam came up to me. “Dewey,” he said, “you want to hook up, please?”

“Say what, Sam?”

“Hook up, Dewey.” He handed me a cable running from the back of my pants. He fed it up under my shoulder pads and connected it to the back of my helmet.

Lord, it was gorgeous. The music poured over me. I just stood there for a minute. Sam was grinning at me. Then I took my helmet off. Sure enough, there was a set of headphones inside. And the cable led down to a cassette player that had been built into my hip pads. Sam showed me how to turn it on and off by flipping the switch.

“Goddamn, Sam,” I said, “this is far out. Are all the Bears wearing these here things today?”

“You bet, Dewey.”

Well, that was the week that was, if you know what I mean. Coach Dancing Bear had gone and put headphones into our helmets and cassette players into our pants, and we got choreographed more than we got coached, let me tell you. We learned to synchronize the tapes, to run plays to music, to trap and block and tackle and run and catch to Bizet and Bach and Mozart and all them fellows. It was like we had cranked the game up to another level. We ran sweeps to Strauss, off-tackle plunges to Prokofiev, pass plays to Brahms. Kickoffs were by Bartók, because Milos Nagy, our Hungarian kicker, liked him best, but I’m here to tell you that Bartók is not easy to play to. I was on the suicide squad a few times, and Bartók messed me up with all his funny rhythms. We got a lot of offside penalties to Bartók. We worked with Copland and Stravinsky and Webern and, every once in a while, if we was way ahead, Debussy.

There were some problems, of course. On the day we first played the Cowboys and they realized what we was up to, they got their lawyers to call the commissioner of the N.F.L. and argue we was breaking



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the rules with our headsets. What rules? Every jogger in the world wears headphones these days. Why not football players? We weren't in radio communication with each other or nothing. The commissioner didn't bite. He let us play like we'd been practicing.

Technically, we smoothed out the kinks and didn't have too much trouble. If a cassette got busted in a collision, it was easy to replace. Same with the headphones. Once in a while, a tape would jam or speed up; but, hell, you could spot the person with that problem: He'd be out of sync.

What we had, good buddies, was a team that was coordinated down to the last eighth note. And that's why we beat the Cowboys the first time. We were precise, if you know what I mean.

After we beat the Cowboys 21-17, we went on to beat the Vikings, the Cardinals, the Giants, the 49ers, the Lions, the Eagles and the Packers and the Vikings again. We got into the play-offs for the Super Bowl, Super Bowl XX. And, yes, we found ourselves playing the Dallas Cowboys in the semifinals, and this time, it was in *their* stadium.

We flew down to the heart of Texas. I thought we had it made. I said as much when I talked to Howard Cosell on the day of the game. "We beat them once and we can do it again," I said. Howard allowed as how that was a perspicacious contention that he hoped would manifest itself in the turbulence we were about to witness. "What are you talking about, Howard?" I asked him, but they had to break for a commercial and I never did get an answer.

Then again, I forgot all about Howard Cosell right about that moment, because the Cowboys came onto the field for their first warm-ups, and I thought I was going to die. I swear my heart stopped. Because they didn't have no supercool coaches leading them. No, sir. And they didn't have no mascot, nobody dressed up like a cowboy, no cheerleader or oil baron. What they did have was the stadium loud-speakers blaring the music from Jerome Robbins' ballet *The Four Seasons*. And standing there behind the goal post, poised and pretty, almost naked in a grape-colored tunic, was somebody we all recognized by then: Mikhail Baryshnikov.

"Oh, shit," I said. "Them copycats done stole our idea."

Yes, sir, we might have done our warm-ups to *Swan Lake*, but Baryshnikov led the Cowboys out into Texas Stadium to do a much more complicated and tough piece of work. I never saw anything like it before, and I knew then that us Chicago Bears was going to have a long afternoon. The Cowboys was fighting fire with fire.

I have the warm-up on video tape. I run it back once in a while when it's the middle of winter and I'm snowed in here and

there's nothing to do but remember. Baryshnikov was dressed as Bacchus, and the Cowboys did a frenzied orgy kind of thing with the cheerleaders while he made moves that took the guts of a stunt man and the grace of a god. He did leaps and turns and grand pirouettes until I got dizzy, grand pirouettes with his knee bent at every angle and with *sautés* on his working leg. Sometimes he would stop in the middle of a pirouette, just hold it *à la seconde*, then go on spinning like a top. And the Cowboys was not doing a bad job of following him with the same goddamn moves. Tony Dorsett looked like Baryshnikov's shadow sometimes, I'll tell you.

Us Bears just stood and watched. Most of us was thinking about the Super Bowl ring we would never wear. It was just like them Cowboys to outdo and outspend us.

After warm-ups, we went back into the locker room to pout, but damned if Coach Dancing Bear wasn't smiling the biggest smile I ever saw. "Wasn't Baryshnikov terrific?" she grinned.

"Yeah," we all kind of grumbled.

"We've changed the game of football, gentlemen."

Credit to Marshall. He's the one who called her on her happiness. "So what, Coach?" Marshall stood up. "We're going to lose, probably. They got the best dancer in the world coaching them, all due respect. They got the bodies, they got the skills. They took our idea, and they'll run with it."

"Marshall, let me ask you a question: So what?"

Of course, Marshall didn't know what to do with that one, so he just sort of blinked and looked around for help. "Ma'am?" he asked.

"You say we'll probably lose this game. So what?"

"So we don't get to the Super Bowl. So we don't get the bread and the glory. You think I'm in this for the fun of it, Coach?"

"I think that's the only reason to be anywhere, Marshall." Coach Dancing Bear stared at him for a long time. It was real quiet. "I think you men saw this game of football grow to be fun again. Am I right? Well, why should that stop now? Because you're going to lose, perhaps? The score will take care of itself. You're going to be so interested in the movement of the game that you're not going to know the score." She paused. "Now get your bones out there and give us a game!"

Some people say it was the best game of football they ever saw, because both teams was in such good shape and had such coordination. And it wasn't a mean game. It is impossible to be really mean when you're surrounded by beautiful music and when you respect the human body. And the way Coach Dancing Bear had taught us, we did respect the other fellow, no matter the team he was on. There was no late hits, no spikes, no blind-side blocks, no head slaps.

The game flowed like a dance, which is what it was.

I admired the way the players moved and the cheerleaders danced and the referees floated through us, and damned if I didn't start to admire the movement in the crowd—the way a mother would tuck a baby on her hip while she walked up the stadium steps, the way a father would hug a son after a good play, the way the disabled vet by the oxygen tanks could wheel himself in pirouettes of his own making.

I grew a century in understanding in those few hours, and what I'll never forget is that I felt OK even while losing. I can honestly say that it was the game that mattered, not the score.

After we lost and we was all shaking hands and things, I suddenly realized that I was through with football, that I'd had it as good as it would ever get.

"I'm hanging it up," I told Coach Dancing Bear in the locker room.

"I may do that, too, Dewey," she smiled.

"I'm going back to the farm and fit into the dance," I said.

"Sounds good to me," she said.

"Every damn N.F.L. team will have a ballet coach next year," I said.

"Probably."

"They'll be doing TV commercials for credit cards and beer. Geoff will write a book about the season and go on tour with it. Marshall will cut an album. Do I need that? I just had the best afternoon of my life, Coach, and I don't need to ruin it."

This was after all the press interviews and confusion, but it was still noisy in the locker room. The guys wasn't hanging their heads. What the hell; we'd played like champions, and to ourselves, we *was* champions. The game was something we'd be proud to tell our kids about.

I hung around after my shower, after the locker room thinned out and nobody was left but Sam. I'd shaken hands with everybody and we'd all lied about how we'd keep in touch, about how we'd have a reunion of the Bears team that *almost* went to the Super Bowl. "Bye," I said to my gear. I confess I did take my helmet with me. I packed my ditty bag and walked out the door and came back here to Paris.

My dad and I farm 750 acres under contract. We raise corn and soybeans. DeeAnn, my wife now, has kept her job at the hospital, so we're staying alive.

Every once in a while, when nobody's looking, I climb to the top of the old windmill by the horse barn. I just hang there, listening to the wind, surveying the countryside. Sometimes I put on my old Bears helmet and crank up the cassette and listen to Mozart or Bach or Beethoven.

Life is a dance? You bet your booties it is.





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FORKY (continued from page 64)

"She hands me my drink and I think how much I like brown eyes, the way they take you deep down."

young and fat, chewin' gum. Then we're alone. In the kitchen, she pours us gin, and in this light, I see the crow's-feet at the corner of her eyes, the tiny hard look of her hands as she cuts the limes. I look at the walls, at all the kiddie drawings lining the room, and I see me and Marty sluggin' it out over a box of crayons. She hands me my drink and I think how much I like brown eyes, the way they take you deep down somewhere, and then it just comes out.

"I've spent the last seven years of my life in the joint." She don't say nothin'. Just looks at me.

"Prison," I say. For an instant, I see myself back on the street, breathin' the cold, headin' for the north side of town, back to my one room where I gotta keep the shades down so the streetlight don't keep me up. Then her eyes take me deeper.

"I've spent that time working and raising two kids, mostly alone."

"Yeah, but I was in jail."

"And I was married." We laugh, and I feel shaky again. She sees it. So we sit and drink our gin.

Johnny'd pulled all the boys together after mess and told 'em how short I was. A few of 'em came in one at a time during the night. Mac brought me a milk carton full of raisin jack. And he only stayed for a shot. He had eight more to go before parole, but he was warm, man.

"You motherfucker, Fork. Take care a yourself."

Valdez and Leary came in together. Valdez was like always, dark-eyed and quiet, but Leary was talkin' like a sonuvabitch.

"Man, it ain't gonna be the same, Forky. Who's gonna be the great white hope now, motherfucker? Who's gonna put it to 'em like you done?"

"Johnny's in trainin' for the spot, ain't ya, John boy?"

"Damn straight," Johnny said. Then he took a deep one off the jack. He looked so little there then, and I was sorry I said it. I offered them some jack, but they knew how tight me and Johnny was and they didn't want to work on our last bottle together.

"Well, what the hell, Fork." Leary gave me his hand. "Get some for me, man. Hot and juicy." On the way out, Valdez handed me his crucifix and gave me sort of a bow, like he was Chinese or somethin'.

Johnny passed me the carton and I had

all my shit taken care of, so I swallowed two or three times. Man, it was Mac's best, like brandy.

"You going back East, Forky?"

"I don't know, man. I been thinkin' about hangin' out on the eastern slope awhile. I mean, shit, Johnny. You're a short timer, too! Hell, almost as short as me! I was thinkin' about hangin' around till you're processed out. Then, what the hell, you and me go back East and let 'em know what's fuckin' what, you and me, Johnny."

I passed the jack back, feelin' for the first time a lot bigger and a little older, and it gave me a kind of shudder. That's when I handed him my shank. He had the carton held to his mouth, and when he saw it, he stopped. Then he looked straight ahead and drank.

"You use it, motherfucker."

He was smilin' at me.

"If the man comes, put it in his fuckin' gut. No hesitation."

He was sittin' there lookin' at me, lookin' small and wise again. And I knew that he'd keep it in his fuckin' house, that he wouldn't carry it.

"I ain't bullshittin', Johnny." He took another swig, then passed it back to me.

"Hey, Fork." He reached over and started scratchin' my head. "What's this?"

"It's your fuckin' ass-wipin' hand."

"Nope. It's a brain eater."

"Yeah, so?"

"What's it doing?"

"Beats me, Johnny boy." Then he looks me in the face, real serious, already a little glassy with the jack.

"Starvin'."

"What?"

"You heard me, Fork." I could see his face holdin' back the laugh.

"What's starvin'?" Then he let loose, laughin' like no tomorrow, rollin' backward on the bed.

"You're one sorry sonuvabitch, Forky!" He had his legs drawn up to his chest, and the veins were showin' in his forehead.

"Remind me never to send any of my brain-eating friends over to you for chow." He stretched out his legs, then went into his high-pitched laugh.

"I don't think they'd get by on cobwebs!"

I looked at his little body shakin' on the mattress. Then I got it but lifted the carton quick, so he couldn't see me smile.

I look at myself in the mirror. Not bad.

Still lean. I look at her deodorants and perfumes, her floss and skin cream, and I wonder how I got here. Then I find the pink razor and I use soap and hot water and shave as close as I can. But she uses it on her legs and I cut myself twice on the chin. And I feel the same way I did with Bertha back in Jersey 11 years ago. She was big and black, and she'd been takin' kids' cherries for years. The neighborhood man maker. Marty had it all fixed up, and I think I only spent two hours in the bathroom before. Shavin', zit cream, after-shave, mouthwash, deodorant, and I finally decided to keep my rubbers tucked in my skivvies for quick reference. I'm more than nervous, but there's somethin' else. I check my face. There's somethin' else. I wait until the blood stops, then I go to her room.

She's sittin' up in bed, smokin', the sheet coverin' her, and I like how small her shoulders look. But I'm rubbery all over, and I feel a sudden urge to just sit across the room and let somebody else do it.

"I thought people got fat in jail."

I suck in my gut, then show her my arms. She laughs. I drop my skivs and slide in next to her. She reaches over to the bedstand and passes me a drink. I see she's already got one.

"I need this," I say.

"Seven years is a long time."

"Seven and a half. I feel like Rip van Winkle." I laugh.

"You don't look it." She's smilin'. And I think how confident she looks knowin' she's gonna be the one to give it to me. I down the rest and pass her back my glass.

I woke up dry and heavy-eyed from the jack. And I'd already pissed and washed before it hit me all at once; hit me in my stomach, my finger tips and toes, my hung-over head that, man, I was never gonna wake up in this fuckin' place again! I was hyper as a sonuvabitch. Ripped the sheet and blanket off my bed. Rolled the mattress and put it against the wall. Folded the linen and put it on the springs. Then grabbed my shavin' kit and bounced on my toes a few times before the cells opened. My escort guard was late, so I decided to head down to processing myself.

D block had been mine. And movin' through it, I memorized the faces, the cells, the clean tile and gray brick. Some of the guys slapped me on the back or punched me light in the arm.

"Do it, motherfucker."

"Taste it, Fork."

And when I got to the passage at C, I fought it and didn't turn around. I was walkin' pretty fast, breathin' real easy, and I was halfway through C before I noticed. Nobody was around. Even slow Joe Fernandez was up and outa his cell.

But there was more. Somethin' else. And I did what I always did when I felt that way in the joint—I reached around and checked my shank. I felt my belt and my skin through my shirt. Then I remember and I'm runnin'. The first part a B is empty, too. Then I see 'em, all crowded around, a bunch a blue shirts, and I plow into 'em. Watch it, motherfucker! I'm pushin' to the center and I feel the way I used to get with Marty jumpin' the bridge for the bay; you're free-fallin' and you want to hurry up and hit, 'cause the weight of your whole body has moved up to your head, but at the same time, you don't want to stop movin'. Then I see his feet and I scream, "No, motherfucker! No!" And she's outa bed and she's holdin' me and I swing away from her and slam my head into her wall and it ain't brick, the fuckin' wall ain't brick! Then I'm up and reelin'. I'm in the cell and the first guard is still cuttin' Johnny's hands loose, and I scream, "No, motherfucker! No, motherfucker! No!" And his face is blue and gray, like candle wax, and his eyes are bulged out like a fuckin' fish, and I'm swingin' and she's sayin', "Shut up! My kids!" And the guards're holdin' me and I pull away and wrap my arms around little Johnny and he smells the way he did when I hugged him in the hall, when I said the words and he fuckin' said 'em back! Like a boy! Then the other smell hits me, and I know if the motherfuckers could write, it'd be TO FORKY, BEST WISHES, LEROY AND WALLACE. And I want to die. And I want them dead. And I want them dead through me, and the guards're holdin' me and the doc's puttin' it in my arm, and I scream, "No! No!" And she's dressed and she's pullin' me, the door's shut and I reach for the curtain, but the water's beatin' down on me cold and I think how they must've done it right after lights out. He's so cold, so fuckin' cold.

"Johnny, you sonuvabitch. You're almost as short as me, you sonuvabitch. Johnny. You sonuvabitch."

She's with me. All wet. And she's got eye make-up on her cheeks. She ain't dressed anymore, and I just keep cryin'. I see the letter about Marty. I kept it for almost a year and I thought I'd cry, but I never did. And I feel the weight of the hole, 90 days and still not a tear. I was ten and it was hot out. You had to have shoes on in the street, and you couldn't lean against the cars without a shirt. And I kept bringin' the bucket back into the kitchen, fillin' it up, then back outside and I'd throw half on my friend and he'd dump half on me, then I did it again and again. And Ma was sick and she came out smellin' funny and her hair was all messed up and her face was white and she slapped my face and said, "I hate you!" I ran outside, and it came out of me like a flood.



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KICKING BACK

(continued from page 90)

real quick." Justine herself isn't really interested in getting anywhere too quickly. She's currently on a regimen of introspection that includes lots of music, a little poetry, a daily journal and some deep meditation in front of the household fish tank. At the age of 20, there are things to think over, to sort out. It's an age that comes on abruptly, leaving you stunned and wondering how you got there.

"When I was younger," Justine remembers, "I don't know what I really saw myself becoming. I think I saw myself living in a nice house, with a nice car and a cute husband. That's how I always imagined myself. I don't think I ever imagined myself as being one certain thing. I thought I'd find that out later, that it would come to me. Something would hit me across the head and say, 'This is what you should be.' I never had something that I wanted to be or someone I wanted to be like.

"At one point, I was thinking about going into resort management. You know, get involved with Club Med or something like that. I'd still like to do that, I think. Modeling is easy, but that's not what I'd want to do forever. Right now, it's good for me, because my face is still young and I

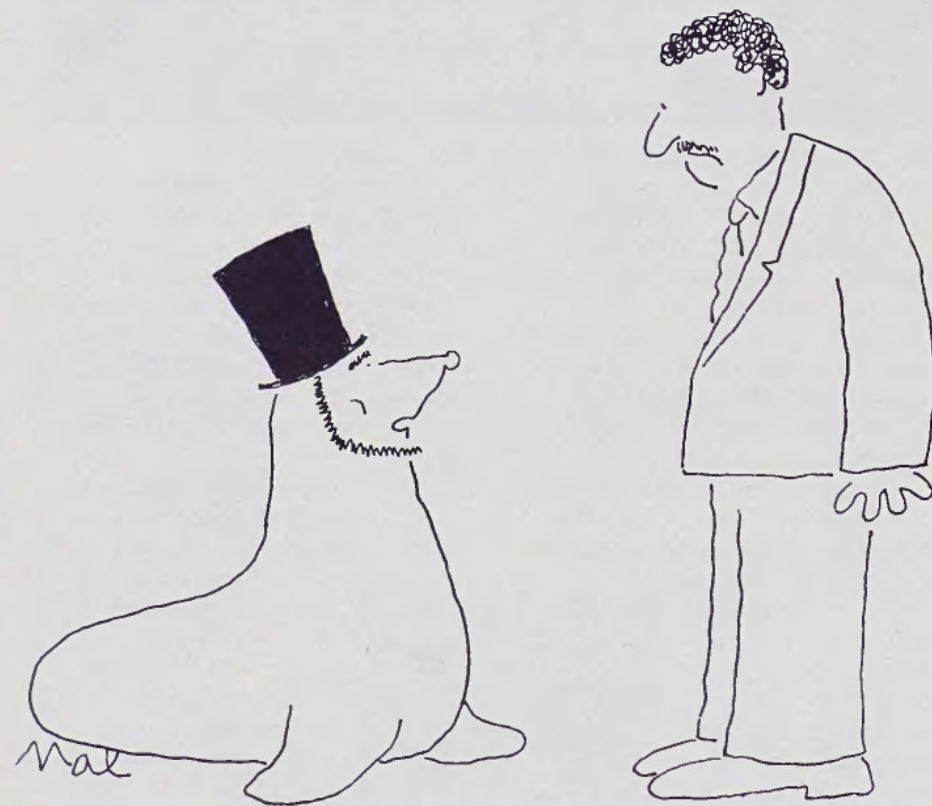
can work with it."

The truth is that her possibilities are endless, a condition that can be at once liberating and paralyzing. Justine, if she takes any steps at all, always takes them one at a time; stability is important to her now. She has pared her friends down to a few good ones. She is organizing her life. For the time being, she is content to be an observer, taking it all in and trying to make it relate to her.

"If you don't know yourself, you can't really do what will make you happy. I think I know myself pretty well, but there's definitely much for me to learn. As things come up and I see how I react to them, then I'll know myself better. I'm still learning, you know. There are a lot of people who don't even care about knowing themselves."

The process of self-discovery takes a lot of energy and time. Justine is long in both suits.

"I haven't heard any calls yet. Maybe next year," she laughs. "Soon, I suppose, something will strike me and I'll have to do something about it or just get frustrated. But nothing's really hit me yet. I mean, I feel my being here is important, but what it's important for hasn't yet been decided; it's yet to be determined."



"You act like you've never seen a Presidential seal before!"

101 NIGHTS WITH JOHNNY

(continued from page 56)

is—would surface.

Once, for instance, she was paired with Don Rickles. "How's your mother?" she asked him.

"She lives in a condo in Miami," he answered.

"Oh, Miami Beach," cooed Carol. "That's God's little waiting room." Rickles liked the line so much he had it needlepointed and framed and hung it on his mother's wall.

It was the strange mixture of the stereotypical dumb blonde who also has a penchant for the inspired and unpredictable one-liner that would leave the audience—and probably her fellow panelists—wondering just how much of Carol was real and how much was an act.

"This is not an act," she insists, sounding as if Little Annie Fanny had come to life. "This is it. This is who I am. It's no box of chocolates."

Perhaps her life is no Whitman's Sampler, but it's been a good living. Besides *The Tonight Show*, she has appeared in dozens of episodes of *Love, American Style*, *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, *I Spy* and numerous game shows and movies. "I'm also famous for being the bunny rabbit on *Bewitched*," she maintains. "Paul Lynde was Uncle Arthur, and he turned Tabitha's bunny into me."

Meryl Streep might not want to make that claim, but Carol is well suited to her career and reputation. "I'm a second answer on *Family Feud*," she says proudly. "They asked a family, 'Name five people in show business named Wayne.' I was second, right after John Wayne. I mean, Wayne Newton, Wayne Rogers, they were way down the line. I was second. That is, I have broad appeal"—she bats her eyelashes to emphasize the word *broad*. "That's what Fred Silverman said about me."

Much of that appeal—and that talent for *double-entendres*—was displayed at its best on *The Tonight Show*. "We were always pleased when the 'Tea Time Movie' sketch came along," claims Freddie de Cordova, the show's executive producer. "Carol is a thorough professional and much more intelligent than those silly parts she played."

It's a compliment she is quick to return. "Johnny's the best. He knows exactly what he's doing and he does it very well." Carol hasn't been on the show since Carson cut it back to one hour in 1981, but she says there are no hard feelings. "No, always soft and warm and toasty feelings. I thank him for what he's given me—he's given me the best past life.

"The amazing thing about being on *The Tonight Show* was that Johnny never actually figured me out," Carol explains. "I always threw him off, so it was always spontaneous. I don't have an act; I only

talk about myself and what's going on in my life. And I only tell the truth, because I talk in my sleep and everyone would know. I was always fresh to him, and I did it for 13 or 14 years.

"You live and die on that show. Even though you're pre-interviewed, it's never the same. Johnny has the audience all on his side. If he thinks you're funny, the whole audience thinks you're funny. You live and die with him. He's always loved me, and I've always loved him back. It's always been real good between us."

In fact, host and guest hit it off so well onstage, it seemed only logical they'd get together offstage. "There was always bad timing," sighs Carol, who, like Carson, has been married and split three times. "We were never not together when we were apart," she says, which translates from Wayneese into "We were never between spouses at the same time." She sighs again. "Maybe it was the *best* timing."

If pressed, Carol can get both mystical and misty about Johnny. "He loves me," she says. "I love him. It's an understanding, a given. He still sees me every day in his dreams. When he shuts his eyes, what does he see? Me."

What all that really means will probably never be clear—it's part of Carol's act that isn't really an act. And it's a situation that's enhanced by her unusual, sexy squeak of a voice, which can make innocent statements seem suggestive and suggestive statements almost Disneylike.

"My whole family has this voice," whispers Carol. "Now, this will be an amazing story to you. My sister, Nina—with *this* voice—is a telephone operator; in fact, almost a supervisor. To think that you get my sister as a super when you ask for help at the telephone company. . . ."

Nina, who is 12 months and 12 days younger than the 41-year-old Carol, was also in show business, appearing in the forgettable *Camp Runamuck* TV series. The two sisters were raised as virtual twins, sentenced to a life as performers by a worried mother.

"Remember the polio scare?" asks Carol. "My mother thought that no polio germs could live in an ice rink." Such healthful logic resulted in years of ice-skating lessons. "Our grandmother made all of our clothes. We were never in fashion. We were Chinese one year, Pilgrims another. We did shadow skating, and because we were tall and had long legs and stupid ponytails, we were offered a professional contract when we were 15 and 16. Yes, we didn't finish high school. Yes, zip education."

For three years, the "nerd Wayne sisters" did their 42-city tour with the Ice Capades—that is, until the big accident. "See this?" Carol says, pointing to a five-inch scar on her knee. "Sometimes, people would unconsciously or perhaps on purpose throw pennies that would stick on the ice and make you"—she claps her hands nursery-rhyme style—"all fall down. It

was a very unforgiving sport. When your blades hit something that wasn't meant to be, you crashed."

While she later returned to the Ice Capades to finish the tour, it was the end of the duo's skating career. For Carol, it was just as well. "When you train for something so young and become good at it, you never know if that's what you were meant to be or if it was just because it was someone else's idea. I missed a childhood because of it."

Nina and Carol found jobs in Las Vegas with the Folies-Bergère. "We were two pretty girls with no education. There was nothing else to do," Carol says.

Although there were probably few polio germs backstage at the Tropicana, their mother was not necessarily pleased. "Girls," she complained, "could you ask them for a couple more feathers?"

Las Vegas was close enough to Los Angeles to get the pair discovered by Hollywood. "My sister and I would always go to L.A. when we got off, so to speak," Carol explains. "One time, I went to a party and a man said to me, 'We're looking for a girl just like you.' I thought, Sure they are. He said, 'Meet me at Desilu studios in the morning,' and I did, just being silly. They gave me a screen test and I got the part. And I got all my parts ever since then."

Las Vegas had already introduced Carol to husband number one. Less than a year after the wedding, they split. "Skating taught me to be limber," she says cryptically, "but this marriage really taught me how to be flexible."

Hollywood was the scene for marriage number two, this one to rock artist and photographer Barry Feinstein. When they met, Feinstein was married to Mary Travers, of Peter, Paul and Mary (Carol still likes to refer to the trio as Peter, Paul and Scary). After he and Travers got a divorce, Carol found herself dividing her time among a brand-new son, Alex, the music world her husband inhabited as an

album designer and concert photographer and her acting career.

Seven years later, Carol claims, she tired of the rock existence—"the Frye boots, the Levi's—I couldn't stand the whole New York cowboy thing anymore." Feinstein became, in Carol's words, "my second-to-last ex-husband."

Her last ex-husband, provided she never marries and divorces again, was Burt Sugarman, who produced the long-running rock TV show *The Midnight Special*. That marriage ended in 1980.

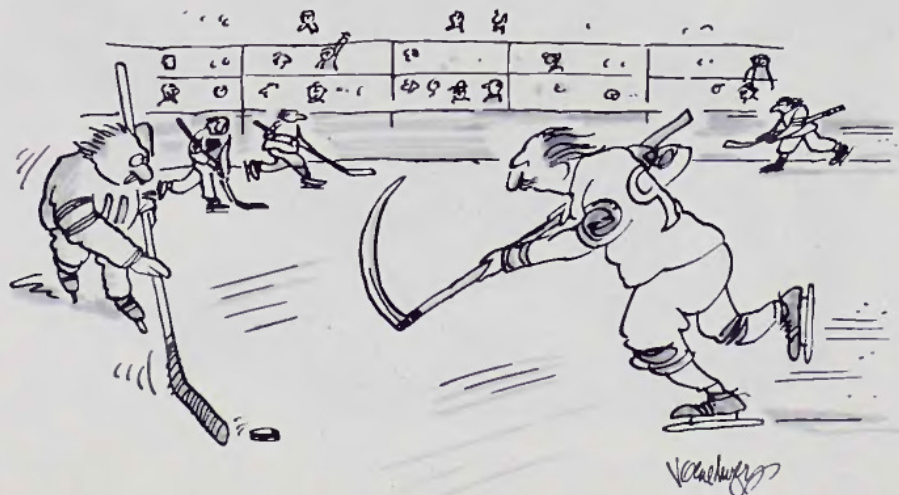
Today, Carol has neither *The Tonight Show* nor a husband to occupy her time. She still acts. "I'm on an airplane right now," she says, which means, of course, that a movie she's in, *Savannah Smiles*, is currently playing the upstairs transcontinental circuit. But it seems that she spends most of her time being corrupted by her 14-year-old son, Alex.

He goes to Beverly Hills High School, where, Carol remarks, "The kids all know how to spell omega but not cat. They all know the year of your Rolls-Royce but not that two dimes and a nickel make a quarter."

At Alex' suggestion, Carol has taken up smoking, but it's not what you may think. At irregular intervals, she will pull out a clove cigarette, the aroma of which is strong enough to get them banned from several local restaurants. "I decided I should get a new bad habit," she reports. "Alex said, 'Mommy, *cloves*. They will give you a good head rush.' So I've learned to smoke, except that I smell like Easter. Remember baked ham on Easter? Remember the cloves? That's what I smell like. I bought my first lighter today. I'm going to get an ashtray next."

And what will Alex say about his mother's appearance in *PLAYBOY*?

"Alex is cool," maintains Carol. "Obviously, there's no other mother in school who looks like me, anyway."



SHELLEY LONG

(continued from page 123)

"I think a sense of humor is so appropriate in bed. You roll with the punches, and it's all fun."

once. That kind of thing is still going on. You can still be nice and know when to put your foot down or your knee in the air. Being nice doesn't mean you have to let people walk all over you or push you around or force you into a situation that you have no desire to be in. It is difficult, because there's a sort of trusting attitude I grew up with. Not everyone can be trusted. I think we all have to be very selective about the people we trust. That's something that people earn. You don't have to give it away.

14.

PLAYBOY: You're in front of a raging fire,

cognac in hand, a guy's arm around your shoulder. Describe your check list before take-off.

LONG: Did I bathe? Did I change my underwear? My check list is "Does this feel right?" Get into the moment and "Does this feel right?"

15.

PLAYBOY: What is funny in bed?

LONG: Everything. I think a sense of humor is so appropriate in bed. We're full of surprises. You roll with the punches, and it's all fun. It's easy to get embarrassed, defensive and frightened, because

sex and intimacy are real powerful, but you have to realize that nothing is life or death.

16.

PLAYBOY: As part of your job, you must dine with producers, directors, writers and actors. Who has the worst table manners in Hollywood?

LONG: I understand that Rin Tin Tin can get very tacky. I take so few lunches, and all of them are with journalists who do more talking than eating. Look, it's hard to eat and talk at the same time, so I try not to judge. Don't count the stains on my tie and I won't count the stains on yours.

17.

PLAYBOY: When you want to be sexy, what do you or don't you put on?

LONG: Fig leaves, just as an example. Music. In my experience, putting something lovely and luxurious on can be more stimulating to a situation than taking something off.

18.

PLAYBOY: Is it wrong for us to imagine that some of your bedmates are stuffed?

LONG: Does that come out of *People* magazine? None of my bed companions are stuffed. The stuffed animals are gifts we've sort of accumulated. They're tokens of friendship from friends. The stuffed animals are kept in the den in their trunk. We have none in the bedroom. The bedroom is grown-up.

19.

PLAYBOY: Describe your compulsions.

LONG: Popcorn. I love popcorn. Sometimes, chocolate. Potato chips. If I allow myself that sort of uninhibited behavior, I love to watch a good basketball game on television. I really enjoy that, and if I happen to get into the rhythm of reaching and eating, I do find, oh, it's gone. *Guacamole* also. It's real hard to stop with *guacamole*. If I allow myself to finish the *guacamole* bowl, it's because I'm hungry and I'm entitled. I don't get a lot of pleasure out of overindulging in things anymore. I will allow myself to have sweets and naughty carbohydrates. But that's OK. There's no problem with that. I'm not so strict that I don't give myself some pleasures here and there.

20.

PLAYBOY: If real men don't eat quiche, what would you suggest they eat?

LONG: Oh, dear. Next question. Tsk, tsk, tsk. Actually, for some reason, lasagna comes to my mind. I have no idea why.



"Hi, there! . . . Moses is the name and morality's my game!"





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"I said to Artie, 'I think what we have here is the partnership that wasn't.'"

PLAYBOY: Didn't you ask him why?

SIMON: Yes. He was traveling alone; he likes to follow his own course. When I asked, he'd say, "Oh, look, don't be hurt by my behavior. Don't think that I don't like you." Of course, on a certain level, not too far from the surface, he *doesn't* like me. I don't even know if Arthur admits that. The same goes for me. And then, of course, you have to remember that there's something quite powerful between us. This is a friendship that is now 30 years old. And the feeling of understanding and love parallels the feeling of abuse. I think Artie's a very powerful and autonomous person until he comes into contact with me on a professional level. Then he loses a great degree of power. And it makes him very angry—at me.

Also, we're in the unfortunate position of being compared all the time. It's one of the things about the tour that were difficult. In the reviews, it's always comparisons: Simon was too pushy; Garfunkel sang out of tune; Simon sang out of tune; they didn't sing as well as they used to; they sing better now, but with less passion. . . . Even when the comparisons are complimentary, it's too many comparisons for comfort. As we followed our solo careers, it was the same thing. Add to that the fact that he felt, even more than I did, the frustration of having people ask, "Did you write the words or the music?" I used to feel, Oh, Christ. But at least I could say, "I wrote both." Arthur had to say, "I wrote neither." And that's a drag if people keep asking you. Because there's a sense of competition between us that dates from the beginnings of our friendship, at 12.

PLAYBOY: Does he articulate those feelings?

SIMON: Sometimes. Not exactly in those words. But he does. He'll say, "I'm the victim and you're the victimizer."

PLAYBOY: What do you say to that?

SIMON: "It's not so. You're not a victim and I'm not a victimizer, and stop saying that about me. How have I victimized you? What penalty have you paid because of me? What did I take away from you? I didn't take anything away from you."

PLAYBOY: And yet there's an underlying closeness?

SIMON: I think Arthur probably knows everything about my life. Not that we're real confidants on any regular basis, but he's in that group of really close friends of mine. Lorne Michaels is probably the closest. We've done projects together, and he lives in the apartment next to mine. Chuck Grodin. My brother, Eddie. Ian Hoblyn, who works with me. Mike Nichols. Perhaps Artie is the farthest out of the

group, but we go back the longest way together, and that counts for a lot.

PLAYBOY: Do you wish you could really talk about the tensions between you?

SIMON: That depends on what we hoped to achieve by doing it. I would be willing to do almost—that word almost is important—almost anything to make Art happy. I care about our friendship. The only thing I feel I won't do is change the essence of my work. That was the crux of our problem on this new album.

PLAYBOY: Because, in the end, your musical tastes are so different? What did you think about his solo albums?

SIMON: I think Artie made the kind of records that he wanted to make, and that's a real achievement. The drag of it was that people didn't buy them in sufficient numbers for him to feel that he was successful commercially. But *he* didn't have a sense of failure artistically.

PLAYBOY: But what did *you* think of his records?

SIMON: I myself didn't like them. I didn't like the songs. I thought they weren't really as bright as he was. He is much more complex than they were. He was singing songs that just didn't reflect that. He was more interested in making a sound with his voice that was pleasing. He didn't concern himself with the words too much, because he felt there wasn't that much of a choice of great words around. He's a singer, and he went for the sound in his voice.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of the quality of his voice?

SIMON: I thought it was too stylized. I liked the way he sang for Simon and Garfunkel better. In his albums, the proportion of stylization to conversational singing, which is my favorite, wasn't to my taste.

PLAYBOY: At what point in doing the new album together did problems develop?

SIMON: From the start. At first I thought, I really can't do it: These new songs are too much about my life—about Carrie—to have anybody else sing them. He had a good answer. He said, "Look, these aren't the events of my life, but I understand the emotions you're dealing with. I understand what it is to be in love, to be in pain, to feel joy. I'm a singer. I'm able to interpret. That's what I do." I said, "All right. Let's try. However, I have to produce this, because it's not like it was in the Sixties. I know what I want to say musically. So if that's all right with you, and I can have the decision on how to produce the tracks, then we can try." He said, "Well, you're dampening my enthusiasm because of your ambivalence."

PLAYBOY: Sounds like a Paul Simon song: "You're dampening my enthusiasm because of your ambivalence."

SIMON: No, that wouldn't be a Paul Simon song. I wouldn't say that. That's too on the money.

PLAYBOY: You'd be oblique?

SIMON: Yeah. Anyway, that's how we began, with my sense of ambivalence about the project and his frustration at the rules of the game being stated. It wasn't that different from the Sixties, but I became even more rigid, even more the guardian of my music than I had been. I'd finish the tracks and my vocals, and I'd say, "OK, Artie, let's go in and do your vocals." And he'd say, "I'm not ready. I'd like to write my parts. I want to take my Walkman. I'm going to walk through Switzerland and write my harmony."

The fact is that the songs were harmonically very different. You couldn't write the straight-ahead harmonies that you could in the early Simon and Garfunkel records. Artie finally said, "Look, the way I want to do this record is you sing the song, make the track and then leave me alone and I'll go into the studio and overlay my voice."

PLAYBOY: And you objected?

SIMON: Yes. I wanted to be there when it happened, because I knew that if what he did wasn't all right with me, I wasn't going to let it go. And that was the difference from the Sixties. What we didn't realize at first was how *big* a difference it was. It was huge. As wide as his solo records are from mine.

Meanwhile, we had a time limit. We were trying to get the record out, following the conventional wisdom, to precede the tour that was going to begin in the spring of 1983. We had the time, but it just didn't get done. Artie wasn't happy with his performances. Or he wanted to think more about the part. A year sailed by.

So now, not only was the work process painful, in that the personality clash was constant, but the artistic differences were becoming more articulated. I was getting to feel that I didn't want him to paint on my painting. Finally, I said, "This is not a good idea. I think what we have here is the partnership that wasn't."

PLAYBOY: Did you feel sad about it?

SIMON: It's too bad, because everybody wanted to have two guys who had their differences and split up and then came back together and resolved them and lived happily ever after. It was really a bitch to say, "Well, we didn't really get back together." The truth is, we were always able to sing and blend well together; that's our gift. And that was always a turn-on for both of us. But aside from that, we're really two different guys. As much as we wanted to be a partnership, we're not.

PLAYBOY: Much of this comes down to your protectiveness about what you've written. How have you managed to find the pop-song form—which seems on the face of it fairly limited—continuously challenging?

SIMON: It's not at all limited. It's the universe. I see a correlation between short stories and songs, because of their length and for what they're meant to evoke. What the song form has that the short-story form doesn't is melody. Melodies are inexplicable; they're magic. Combine certain words with melodies and it all becomes very moving. Separate the words and the melodies and it's not so moving.

PLAYBOY: Can the lyrics stand alone?

SIMON: Maybe on this new album, where the lyrics are my best. It's hard to say. I have very little comparative basis for judging, because although I was able to study music with teachers, I never studied lyric writing. I read poetry, and I read other lyricists. But they were never writing in the style or the form that I was interested in. They were very clever rhymers, but I don't find that to be most intriguing. To me, the person who wrote the most moving lyrics was Bob Dylan, in the early days. *Boots of Spanish Leather*. *Girl from the North Country*. *Don't Think Twice, It's All Right*. *Blowin' in the Wind*.

It's funny to hear myself saying that. It may be the first generous thing I've ever said about Bob Dylan. In the early days, I was always too angry about being compared with him. And then, he's hard to be generous to, because he's so ungenerous himself. I never felt comfortable with him. He didn't come at you straight. It's a big error to think that because you like some-

body's work, you're going to like *him*.

PLAYBOY: Are there any other lyricists you feel generous toward?

SIMON: John Lennon could do that, too. He evoked something very powerful with very few words. *Strawberry Fields Forever*. *I Am the Walrus*. *In My Life*. *Norwegian Wood*. Little stories that are enigmatic but very powerful.

PLAYBOY: Is that a description of what you try to do when you write?

SIMON: Yes. That, plus I try to open up my heart as much as I can and keep a real keen eye out that I don't get sentimental. I think we're all afraid to reveal our hearts. It's not at all in fashion, which I think is one of the reasons I don't like fashion. It's very heartless. So I feel I should try to reveal. And when you hit it right, you produce an emotional response in the listener that can be cathartic. And when you're wrong, you're soppy, sentimental. Or you can go the other way and try to be more enigmatic. When it works, that's good. It mystifies, like a good puzzle or a magic trick. When you miss, it's pretentious. I find it very painful to miss on either side.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't leave you much room in the middle.

SIMON: It doesn't matter. It's a gamble that you're supposed to take. I'd rather miss and be sentimental than cover up my heart. I mean, anybody can do bad work, but not everybody does good work.

PLAYBOY: What's wrong with sentimentali-

ty? For example, wasn't a song such as Billy Joel's *Just the Way You Are* sentimental and affecting, too—at least before it became a cliché?

SIMON: Maybe I picked the wrong word there, sentimentality. It's more like false innocence. I think *Just the Way You Are* contains a very true and kind human statement. And it seems to be sincere.

PLAYBOY: But Joel has not always won wide critical acclaim.

SIMON: Yeah, he's had some really bad stuff said about him. And it's funny, because he's a really likable guy. I mean, all the stuff about his being angry—he's not, really. He's a sweetheart. And he's supersensitive to criticism. He's a street kid, so he flashes back. But he's actually very big-hearted. He gave Carrie and me a jukebox for our wedding, which was nice. But what was really nice was that he personally filled it with a great collection of rock records. You know, the main reason that Billy has been criticized is that he's been very successful.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SIMON: Well, I don't want this to sound like a knock on him, because I usually like his records, but he's not my favorite songwriter. He's lyrically naïve.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

SIMON: He thinks about larger issues, but he doesn't think about them hard enough. Meanwhile, he makes very good, solid rock tracks and sings with a powerful,

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clear, cutting rock-'n'-roll voice. I think he's insufficiently credited for how good his voice is. In fact, part of his weakness is that his voice is so good, he's able to imitate—and I always felt that Billy should be stretching more to find out who Billy Joel is.

PLAYBOY: That's an interesting thesis.

SIMON: Being an artist doesn't mean that you're a good artist. It's just a certain type of person. And he is that type of person by temperament, a creator. That was the bargain I first made with myself: I'd say, I'm an artist, but I'm not really very good. And it took me many years—till the late Seventies, maybe—to say, "I think I *am* good, and I want to be even better." But Billy didn't like the artist idea. He thought it was elitist.

PLAYBOY: What is this artistic temperament to which you refer?

SIMON: I haven't really thought about it. I suppose an artist is someone who takes the elements of his life and rearranges them and then has them perceived by others as though they were the elements of their lives. That's just something that some people do. An artistic bent is innate. Then there are those who work on their technique, because good art has a lot to do with technique. And that *can* be learned.

PLAYBOY: But isn't being tough and street-wise part of the rock-'n'-roll ethic?

SIMON: Yeah. It's a profession where it's almost required to have that pose. Unso-

phisticated, working class, nonintellectual. Aside from Lennon and Dylan, who made a point of their working-class backgrounds—which turned out not to be true, anyway—the idea that rock could be an art form that people with a brain might work at was always treated with derision.

And that still exists. It turns out that there are a lot of smart guys in this profession, but they don't express that side. Kris Kristofferson was a Rhodes scholar, but he always plays shit kicker. Randy Newman is bright, of course, but he has never had that tremendous popular success. Mick Jagger, I think, went to the London School of Economics.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Jagger?

SIMON: He's not very interesting to me as an artist. I give him his due: I know how difficult it is to keep up your energy and to keep growing, and he has. I guess I don't like what he stands for. I mean, you can see his influence on almost every lead singer—a certain androgyny, or bisexuality, flaunted. And he did it in a way that was original, with a sense of irony. But what he really contributed was something of little value—the pose of anger and rebellion. He was sophisticated enough to use that to earn huge sums of money. But others took it to mean they should be rebellious, cruel, disdainful and misogynous.

I have the same feeling about Elvis Presley, only worse. For, as much as I idolized him, the lesson of his life—what

happens to people with tremendous gifts in their youth—was terrible. His lesson was that you go to Las Vegas and stop thinking and live in an insulated world where you can get as many drugs as you want. That's very destructive.

PLAYBOY: Who are your artistic heroes?

SIMON: My first thought was that I didn't really have any. Then I thought, Whom do I admire? And my brain said Woody Allen. I admire his tenaciousness, his talent, his integrity. I guess what bothers me about saying that is that he's so many people's hero. If I went a step further, I would say John Cheever. His work really touched me. And he seemed to have a very good heart, to have overcome enormous obstacles and achieved success quite late in life. He also wrote about a world that he made me feel I belonged to, even though it had nothing to do with me. That's a great achievement for an artist. I'd say the same about John Updike and Saul Bellow.

PLAYBOY: Who in the pop-music world is pursuing his own artistic vision?

SIMON: Well, Bruce Springsteen. When I first heard Bruce, I thought, Well, he's like Dylan and Van Morrison. But somehow, he's grown. Somehow, he's made those south Jersey highways, the cars, into an archetypal, almost mythic American form of expression. He's found a vocabulary to talk about what's on his mind and in his heart. He's found his people. I don't think that Springsteen himself rides along

on highways with a girl wondering where to go. But a part of him does, and always will, and so he's able to express himself very clearly in that vocabulary.

PLAYBOY: Are there any others you'd put in Springsteen's category?

SIMON: Yeah. Bob Seger is able to express something about the Midwest, to put it into his music and make someone who doesn't come from there understand and be attractive to foreigners. To speak on a mythic level. Not terribly different from what Sam Shepard does in his plays.

PLAYBOY: What about a current singer/songwriter such as Sting, of The Police?

SIMON: Well, I'm just beginning to be aware of him. Until now, their albums have seemed too smoothed down. There's a little too much fashion in it for me. Too much about haircuts. It's distracting to me. Not for what makes number one, mind you, because haircuts are fairly important for number one. Actually, I think it was very unusual about Simon and Garfunkel—their haircuts. We were never fashionable. We were incredibly popular, but we were always out of fashion in our hair and physical appearance. I don't know anyone else with whom that happened to the degree it did with us.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between writing something that is fashionable—or for that matter, merely factual—and writing something you'd consider artistic?

SIMON: I have a song on this new album called *Train in the Distance*. It's very factual about my life. What I discovered in writing recently is that facts, stated without color, are just potential energy. You don't know where they're going to go until you give them a direction. The song starts, "She was beautiful as Southern skies / The night he met her. She was married to someone." That's about Peggy, my first wife. And it's all true. Then it goes, "He was doggedly determined that he would get her / He was old, he was young." That's me. I was, you know, pretending I was sophisticated. I wasn't. "From time to time, he'd tip his heart / But each time, she withdrew." True, all true. All those are just facts. Then I add what is, I think, the artist's job: "Everybody loves the sound of a train in the distance / Everybody thinks it's true." That's not fact anymore. That's the comment. I told a story, and then I used the metaphor.

And then I thought, I don't think people are going to understand what I mean when I say, "Everybody loves the sound of a train in the distance / Everybody thinks it's true." And I don't want to be enigmatic. So I added: "What is the point of this story? What information pertains? / The thought that life could be better is woven indelibly into our hearts and our brains." And that was my writer's point of view. That we've survived by believing our life is going to get better. And I happened to use the train metaphor because I was sitting in a friend's house, near a railway station, and I heard a train. And I said,

"Oooh, that's nice." There's something about the sound of a train that's very romantic and nostalgic and hopeful. Anyway, I guess my point is that facts can be turned into art if one is artful enough.

PLAYBOY: Do you have to be an artist to have an emotional impact on people? What about Barry Manilow?

SIMON: No. You might be a liar. An innocent. A sentimentalist. But I question what emotion Manilow touches. People are entertained by him. But are they emotionally moved? By *Mandy*? By *I Write the Songs*? I don't think so. I don't believe anything that Barry Manilow sings.

PLAYBOY: But there are people who do.

SIMON: Not everyone has the opportunity to be sufficiently sensitized to what is genuine. If you were raised with a lack of exposure to quality, I think it would be more difficult to recognize it. If you just eat Big Macs all your life and someone serves you the finest French food, I don't think you will necessarily appreciate it.

PLAYBOY: How do you actually write?

SIMON: I wrote my new album, *Hearts and Bones*, in two summers—the summers of 1981 and 1982—out in Amagansett. The first song I wrote for this new album was *Song About the Moon*. I was playing that melody, and I didn't have any words.

PLAYBOY: How did you come to be playing that melody?

SIMON: I was playing the chords to it. What I was really doing was playing an old Sam Cooke song, *Bring It On Home to Me*. And I was singing it and altering the chords, making substitutions. Instead of making them simpler, I was making them more complex, just for the fun of it. This is one way that people write.

PLAYBOY: Where do you think the creative impulse comes from?

SIMON: I write from instinct, from an inexplicable sparkle. I don't know why I'm writing what I'm writing. Usually, I sit and I let my hands wander on my guitar. And I sing anything. I play anything. And I wait till I come across a pleasing accident. Then I start to develop it. Once you take a piece of musical information, there are certain implications that it automatically contains—the implication of that phrase elongated, contracted, inverted or in another time signature. So you start with an impulse and go to what your ear likes.

PLAYBOY: Is there a great pleasure when you find something your ear likes?

SIMON: Two things come to mind that are euphoric for me. One is the universal euphoric: sex, that period of time when you are at an absolute peak of sexual feeling. The other is when I create something that moves me. When I am the audience to my own creation and I'm moved. If it were a drug and I could buy it, I'd spend all my money on it.

PLAYBOY: Do you use drugs to write?

SIMON: Sometimes. I know a lot of writers who use various drugs. I wouldn't be surprised if the overwhelming majority of them used some sort of drug. I'll put alco-

hol in there. F. Scott Fitzgerald did it to write. Couldn't get loose enough. Guys in rock smoke a joint. To get the stuff out of you—especially if what you're dealing with is yourself—requires you to open up and touch tender spots. And to touch those tender spots, you have to be anesthetized a little bit. Of course, there's a penalty: You get the bill eventually. The currency you pay with is your health. You lose your health; possibly, you lose the length of your creative life. That's what they mean when they say someone's burned out.

PLAYBOY: What happens after euphoria?

SIMON: Well, the moment of euphoria is when you have the breakthrough and you say it, and then I can begin to shape and deal with what I've created. Once you name the unnamable, you get numb.

Not every song I write is ecstasy. And it can happen only one time. After that, when you sing the same melody and words, it's pleasure, but you don't get wiped out. I've burst into tears uncontrollably, on writing a song, because I realized that I was saying something that I had been keeping hidden for a long time.

PLAYBOY: What's an example?

SIMON: In a way, I'm embarrassed to say the one that comes to mind, because now I've disowned the song, it's such a cliché. But when I wrote and first sang the line "Like a bridge over troubled water, I will lay me down," it happened. The line came all at once. I didn't know it was coming. What I was saying was, "I'm going to do this act of generosity for you."

PLAYBOY: For whom?

SIMON: Well, I suspect I was thinking of Peggy. That I would lie down and be a bridge for her. It was an overwhelming feeling coupled with that melody. Now it's been sung so many times by so many people that I have no feeling whatsoever for it. But at the moment of creation, it was huge.

PLAYBOY: Do you always start with the melody when you compose?

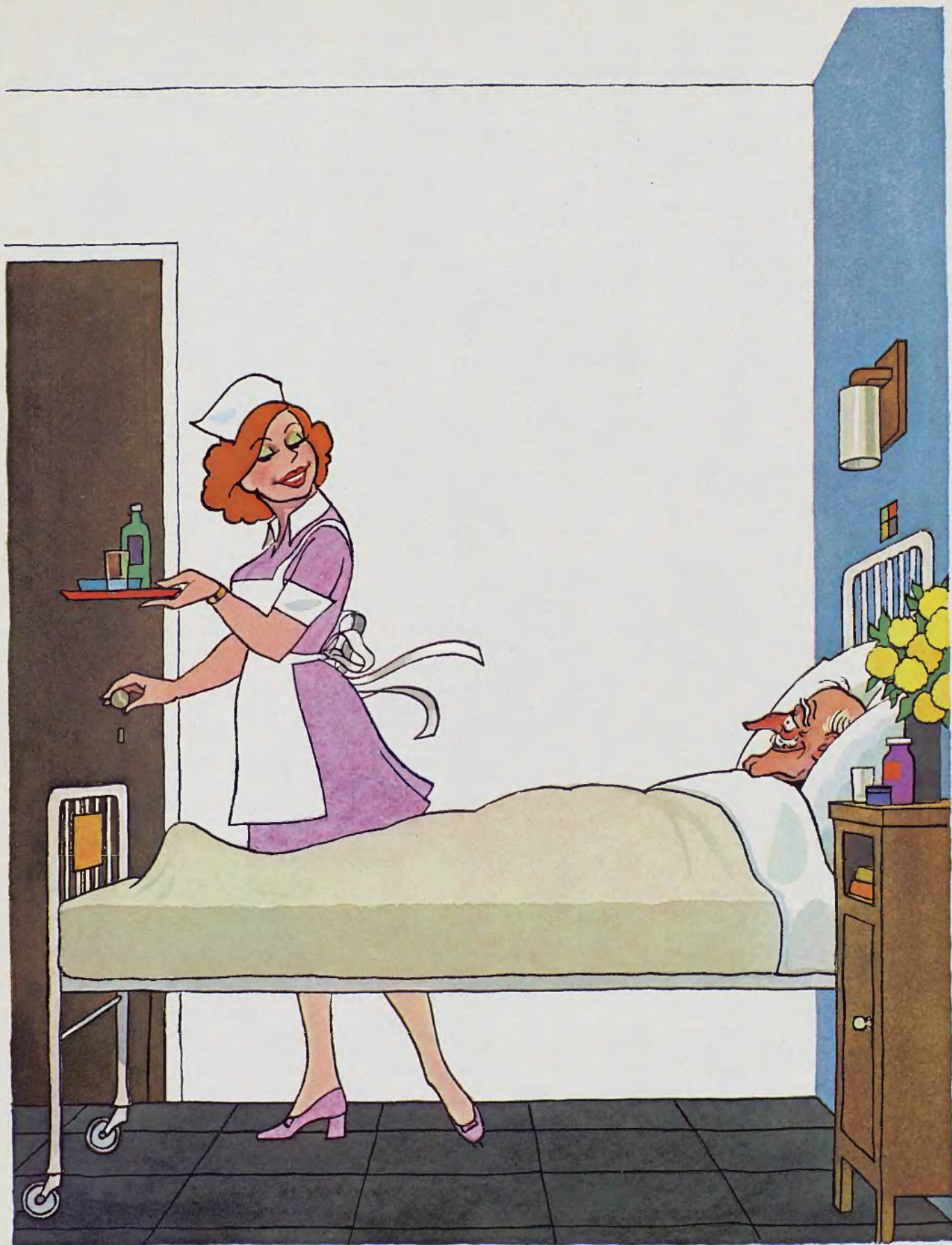
SIMON: Usually it's something musical—chords or a phrase. But sometimes I use a lyric. Like the song *René and Georgette Magritte with Their Dog After the War*. That was a caption of a photograph in a book I was reading, and I thought, That's an interesting title for a song.

PLAYBOY: Lucky you saw it first. Such an obvious title, after all.

SIMON: [Smiling] That's right. I leaped on it before it could be spotted by my contemporaries. After I got the phrase, I began to sing a melody that fit it. I didn't have an instrument. I just sang it. My voice is my improvisational instrument, the melody instrument. The guitar is harmonic structure. I'm not a good enough guitarist to improvise on it.

PLAYBOY: There seems to be a constant tension in your songs between the esoteric and the obvious.

SIMON: Isn't that when we're most moved? We don't really understand, but we half understand. Still, I don't want to lose



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"No, Mr. Bowman—I've already granted you three last requests this week, and you're overtaxing yourself."

people, and I think that often, people don't understand what I'm talking about in songs. In *Cars Are Cars*, I began by talking about the similarities between cars. Then I took the ironic approach to explaining the contrast I was setting up. I wrote, "But people are strangers / They change with the curve / From time zone to time zone / As we can observe / They shut down their borders / And think they're immune / They stand on their differences and shoot at the moon / But cars are cars / All over the world." Even then, I felt the song was too impersonal, it wasn't growing. The repetition of the thought was boring me: the idea that we're really all the same people—"engines in the front and jacks in the back." So I wrote, "I once had a car / That was more like a home / I lived in it, loved in it / Polished its chrome." Actually, I was thinking of my first car, a 1958 red Impala. Triple carburetor. A fast car.

PLAYBOY: So you returned, as usual, to the personal.

SIMON: Yeah. The car burned down eventually. It caught fire at the corner of Artie's block in Queens, as a matter of fact. And then I ended the song with "If some of my homes had been more like my car / I probably wouldn't have traveled this far." I find, basically, that it's very hard to stay away from domestic themes.

PLAYBOY: For all the personal themes in your songs, you've rarely written about your son, Harper. Why not?

SIMON: I tried to, but I was just too overwhelmed with love to write. I couldn't think of anything to write other than "You totally amaze and mesmerize me, I'm so in love with you I can't contain myself." And that just didn't seem like a healthy song to write, you know?

PLAYBOY: What about writing songs about broader social issues?

SIMON: Well, I don't find it very comfortable to address those issues head on. One of the only times I did it was in *He Was My Brother*, which was about Andrew Goodman, a college classmate who was killed in Mississippi during the civil rights movement. But usually, I address those issues obliquely.

PLAYBOY: You've never written songs in the *Blowin' in the Wind* tradition, have you?

SIMON: Well, I have. There's a song I wrote for this album and then threw out called *Citizen of the Planet*. It was a direct statement about nuclear disarmament. Too direct for me. It goes: "I am a citizen of the planet. I was born here. I'm going to die here. I am entitled by my birth to the treasures of the earth. No one should be denied these. No one should be denied." I'd like to give it to some disarmament groups for others to sing, because it's quite a good song, but it's just not my voice.

PLAYBOY: Since your reputation grows out of the intensely personal themes of your songs, let's talk about where the vision came from. You grew up in Forest Hills.

SIMON: Yeah, I lived in an attached house.

My father used to drive into the wrong driveway all the time. He'd say, "Damn it, how do you tell one of these houses from another?"

PLAYBOY: He was a musician, wasn't he?

SIMON: For most of his adult life, he was a bass player. He played on a couple of rock-'n'-roll records; he used to play on *The Garry Moore Show* and *The Arthur Godfrey Show*. Every once in a while, they'd show the band. We'd stay up and see Dad. I was very proud of him. I liked him, and I liked him as a musician. Ultimately, I think he got bored with it. In his 40s, he went back to school. He got his doctorate in education, and he ended up teaching at City College. I liked that, too. The academic side. His career couldn't have fit my life more perfectly.

PLAYBOY: So you had that rarest of commodities—a happy childhood?

SIMON: Yeah, it was. My mother was a teacher, but she quit to raise me and my younger brother. The thing about my mother was that she was extremely supportive. Not that my father wasn't, but my mother was the first nourishing person in my life. She made me feel as if I could take my needs very seriously, because she did. By the time I was 12 or 13, I felt that I was special, because I could play the guitar and write songs. That meant I could get girls I normally couldn't since I was shorter than everybody else.

The main thing about playing the guitar, though, was that I was able to sit by myself and play and dream. And I was always happy doing that. I used to go off into the bathroom, because the bathroom had tiles, so it was a slight echo chamber. I'd turn on the faucet so that water would run—I like that sound, it's very soothing to me—and I'd play. In the dark. "Hello, darkness, my old friend / I've come to talk with you again."

PLAYBOY: Is that where *The Sounds of Silence* came from?

SIMON: Well, that's the first line. Then it drifts off into some other things. I've always believed that you need a truthful first line to kick you off into a song. You have to say something emotionally true before you can let your imagination wander.

PLAYBOY: When did you meet Garfunkel?

SIMON: We knew each other in grade school. By the sixth grade, we were pretty friendly. We were in *Alice in Wonderland* together. Artie was the Cheshire Cat. I was the White Rabbit. Which is interesting, because Harper was recently in *Alice in Wonderland* at his school. He was the Mad Hatter. I sometimes think, Isn't it strange, life repeating and repeating itself? I mean, here's Carrie. Her parents [Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds] get married and it's on the front pages of papers all over the world. She's a movie star, he's a Jewish pop singer. Carrie and I get married and it's the same thing all over again. Anyway, that's how I met Artie. By then, he was already by far the

most famous singer in the neighborhood. My first recollection of him was in the fourth grade, when he sang in the assembly and all the girls were talking about him. After that, I decided to try singing, too. I said, "Hey, I want to cut in on some of this myself." That's the way most people start.

PLAYBOY: When did you and Garfunkel go public as a duo?

SIMON: It didn't take long. By 14, we were going around to record companies in New York, looking up the numbers of small companies in the phone book—many of them in 1619 Broadway, where I have my office now. A year later, we were making a demo in a studio and a man outside heard us. He said, "I'd like to sign you." We made a record with him. It was called *Hey! Schoolgirl*. Artie and I wrote it together. And it became a hit. Sid Prosen, the guy who discovered us, spent money on it. Those were the payola days, and he bought time on Alan Freed, who had the most popular radio show. I think it was \$200 a week. Then we got on *American Bandstand*, where kids would dance to a record and then rate it. We called ourselves Tom and Jerry. I was Jerry.

PLAYBOY: How did you get on *American Bandstand*?

SIMON: Well, Sid probably paid off for that, too.

We were pretty big in the neighborhood after *American Bandstand*. The record was top ten in New York City. So, yeah, we were quite a big deal. We made about \$2000 each. That was nice. I was able to buy a car, put money away. By the time I was 15, I was essentially independent. But nobody thought anything was going to come of it, and nothing did. We put out three or four records, and they were all flops. Then I started working for music publishers, making demos. I'd be paid \$25 for singing a song for an hour in the studio. And I'd get three or four demos a week. That's really how I learned to be a recording artist: how to stand in front of a microphone, sing background parts, learn about a control room, mike technique, how musicians treated one another.

My father always had a great respect for musicians, and he passed that on to me. I've always been at home with musicians. I have this attitude of semireverence. They're all my father. Artie's father was a traveling salesman, and he has very pleasant memories of trips he took. And now he likes to travel.

PLAYBOY: You are your past—there's a song in that.

SIMON: Yeah, well, Freud wrote that song. You don't want to cover Freud.

PLAYBOY: After the Tom and Jerry flops, did you and Garfunkel stop singing?

SIMON: Well, there is a significant thing here that I purposely refrained from mentioning, which is that during this time we were singing together, I made a solo record. And it made Artie very unhappy. He looked upon it as something of

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a betrayal. That sense of betrayal has remained with him. That solo record that I made at the age of 15 permanently colored our relationship. We were talking about it recently and I said, "Artie, for Christ's sake, I was 15 years old! How can you carry that betrayal for 25 years? Even if I was wrong, I was just a 15-year-old kid who wanted to be Elvis Presley for one moment instead of being the Everly Brothers with you. Even if you were hurt, let's drop it." But he won't.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

SIMON: He said, "You're still the same guy." And I think he thinks I am.

PLAYBOY: After college, you moved to Europe. Was that a happy time?

SIMON: There was a little valley of peace between the assassination of John Kennedy and the escalation of the war in Vietnam. I loved that time. I hitchhiked around Europe, sang in the streets, collected money. I lived a week under a bridge once, the Pont Neuf. Lived a week in a convent that took me in.

PLAYBOY: Why did you return to the U.S.?

SIMON: I still couldn't make the statement clearly that I wanted to be a songwriter and a singer. So I decided to go to law school, but essentially, I flunked out. I had no interest in it. Then, one day, I met Artie walking over a bridge in Queens. I hadn't seen him for years. We renewed our friendship—the one that had split up over my making the solo record at 15. I'd been writing, and we started to sing those songs, became fast friends, smoked our joints together.

PLAYBOY: And you did your first album for CBS, *Wednesday Morning, 3 A.M.* But it didn't take off until CBS released an overdubbed electric version of *The Sounds of Silence*. Were you back in England then?

SIMON: That's right. I remember getting a letter from Artie saying that they were very excited about the new release. And then I was doing some dates in Denmark a few weeks later, and I got a copy of *Cash Box*, and the song was number 59 with a bullet. I said to myself, "My life is irrevocably changed."

PLAYBOY: Three weeks later, the song was number one. What was that like?

SIMON: I was very happy, but it was weird. I had come back to New York, and I was staying in my old room at my parents' house. Artie was living at his parents' house, too. I remember Artie and I were sitting there in my car, parked on a street in Queens, and the announcer said, "Number one, Simon and Garfunkel." And Artie said to me, "That Simon and Garfunkel, they must be having a great time." Because there we were on a street corner in Queens, smoking a joint. We didn't know what to do with ourselves.

PLAYBOY: How were you and Artie getting along?

SIMON: Great. From 1966 to 1968, we had our best time ever. The hits just kept rolling in. There was one point where we

seemed to dominate the charts; the sound track from *The Graduate*, *Bookends*, *Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme* and *The Sounds of Silence*.

PLAYBOY: Do you still like any of the songs on those early albums?

SIMON: Not really, but I have an affection for them as part of my youth. *The Sounds of Silence* can be quite effective. It caught the mood of the time, alienation. I like *Scarborough Fair*.

PLAYBOY: How did success affect you?

SIMON: I think the way I treated all of it was with some bewilderment. This was the Sixties. It was *different* from the Eighties. In the Eighties, people are shrewd when they have success and they cash in with \$15,000,000 deals. In the Sixties, you didn't do that. You didn't separate yourself from the people. You didn't covet money. If it came to you, fine. It was an idealistic time.

PLAYBOY: When did you start writing the songs that endure for you?

SIMON: Well, *Bookends* was our first serious piece of work, I'd say. I still like the song *America*. *Mrs. Robinson* is a little dated now, but "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?" is an interesting line for a song that has nothing to do with Joe DiMaggio.

PLAYBOY: How about the line "Old friends . . . / Silently sharing the same fears"? Did that refer to anyone in particular?

SIMON: No. It came to be a good song for a Simon and Garfunkel reunion show 13 years later. And journalists always began their articles by quoting it. But at the time, I was just writing about the aging cycle, about old friends.

PLAYBOY: The next album was your biggest—*Bridge over Troubled Water*. Ironically, it was the last you made together.

SIMON: Some of the songs on that album I liked: *The Boxer* was a good song.

PLAYBOY: What inspired it?

SIMON: I think I was reading the Bible around that time. That's where I think phrases such as "workman's wages" came from. And "seeking out the poorer quarters." That was Biblical. I think the song was about *me*: Everybody's beating me up, and I'm telling you now I'm going to go away if you don't stop. By that time, we had encountered our first criticism. For the first few years, it was just pure praise. It took two or three years for people to realize that we weren't strange creatures that emerged from England but just two guys from Queens who used to sing rock 'n' roll. And maybe we weren't real folkies at all! Maybe we weren't even hippies!

PLAYBOY: What was happening to you and Artie during the period that preceded *Bridge over Troubled Water*?

SIMON: Artie was off in Mexico making *Catch-22*. I was writing. One of the songs was about his going away to act in that film: *The Only Living Boy in New York*. "Tom, get your plane right on time" was a reference to Tom and Jerry. "Fly down to Mexico. Here I am / The only living boy

in New York." I was alone.

PLAYBOY: When you wrote *Bridge over Troubled Water*, did you know immediately that you had written a hit?

SIMON: No, but I did say, "This is *very* special." I didn't think it was a hit, because I didn't think they'd play a five-minute song on the radio. Actually, I just wrote it to be two verses done on the piano. But when we got into the studio, Artie and Roy Halee, who coproduced our records, wanted to add a third verse and drums to make it huge. Their tendency was to make things bigger and lush and sweeter. Mine was to keep things more raw. And that mixture, I think, is what produced a lot of the hits. It probably would have been a hit with two verses on the piano, but it *wouldn't* have been the monster hit that it became. I think a lot of what people were responding to was that soaring melody at the end.

Funny, I'm reminded of the last verse. It was about Peggy, whom I was living with at the time: "Sail on, silver girl. . . / Your time has come to shine" was half a joke, because she was upset one day when she had found two or three gray hairs on her head.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the song today?

SIMON: Totally detached. I don't feel that *Bridge over Troubled Water* even belongs to me. When I think about it now, I think first of an elevator. It makes me laugh—it's nice to have any song that you write played in an elevator. It's not as good a feeling, though, as walking down the street and hearing somebody sing a song of yours. That, I think, is the best feeling for a songwriter.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever fear that your success—even the fact that you travel mostly in taxis and limousines—means that your experiences necessarily differ from those of the people who buy your records?

SIMON: No. I still feel very much in touch with my background and my childhood. On a certain level, I'm still thinking, Not bad for a kid from Queens. And so are my friends, I suspect. Mike Nichols is thinking, Not bad for a little boy from Berlin, which is where he was born. And Lorne is thinking, Hey, pretty good for a guy from Toronto. Michael Jackson must think, Pretty damned good for a guy from Gary, Indiana. You don't forget. Now, Harper Simon—I don't know if he'll be able to make that statement. He's starting from a different place.

PLAYBOY: What about Carrie? She had something like Harper's situation, being the child of famous parents.

SIMON: You know what she says? "Most of the movie-stars' kids I know are fucked up or dead. They killed themselves. I survived. And that makes me a success in life." She's right. Of course, she's also a success in her career.

PLAYBOY: Going back again, were you aware as you wrote *Bridge over Troubled*

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Water that Simon and Garfunkel were likely to break up?

SIMON: Definitely. That's essentially why I wrote *So Long*, Frank Lloyd Wright. For most people, it was about Frank Lloyd Wright. Even Artie didn't know what I was talking about. But it was directly about us: "So long, Frank Lloyd Wright." Artie had been an architecture student. "I can't believe your song is gone so soon / I barely learned the tune. . . . So long. So long." It was direct.

PLAYBOY: How did you break up then?

SIMON: Well, Artie waited until the album was finished to tell me that he was going to do *Carnal Knowledge*. I realized then that I was certainly going to follow my own instinct and make my own albums. We did our last concert at Forest Hills tennis stadium, shook hands and didn't see each other for years.

PLAYBOY: Were you hurt?

SIMON: Definitely, though I'm not sure I realized then how much. I felt as if Artie had fucked me over—not because he did the movies, which was our understanding, but because part of him saw those movies as an opportunity to fuck me over. It was as if he were saying, "Hey, I've always felt like a nobody. Now you're going to be the nobody." And he rammed that home.

PLAYBOY: How?

SIMON: By saying, "You can't come to the movie set. I'm really only interested in movies. Movies are the much more important art form. I'm into movies. I'm very good-looking. I look like a movie star. My friends are Jack Nicholson and Mike Nichols." I mean, he really made me feel bad. I understood his frustrations, but I hadn't done anything to him. I never said that our partnership had been unequal. Maybe that made it worse. I lied. He lied. We said, "We're Simon and Garfunkel; I write the songs, Artie arranges them." We would parade that. It was a joint statement all through the Sixties. Everyone believed it, and of course it was never true.

PLAYBOY: When it was clear that Simon and Garfunkel were finished, what did you do?

SIMON: I went to Clive Davis, who was the Columbia Records president at the time, and said, "I'm going to make a solo album." And he said, "You're making a tremendous mistake. You'll never be as popular. Don't do it." But I did, of course. And I wanted to get away from the big orchestrations, anyway, make simpler, funkier records. It made me nervous that I wasn't going to be a hit, but I set out on my own.

PLAYBOY: How did you find the going?

SIMON: I began to stretch as a songwriter. Before, I just wrote a song, and if it wasn't good, I'd say, "They can't all be good." Now I'd say, "Why didn't that work?" And I started exploring more kinds of music. I traveled to Jamaica to cut *Mother*

and *Child Reunion* as a reggae tune. I wasn't going to cut it with L.A. studio musicians and try to imitate, the way I might have with Simon and Garfunkel.

PLAYBOY: *Mother and Child Reunion* became a hit, and so did *Me and Julio Down by the Schoolyard*, from that first album. Were you happy?

SIMON: I was disappointed in its sales. I was used to Simon and Garfunkel albums' selling 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 copies. My solo sold about half that.

PLAYBOY: And your second, *There Goes Rhymin' Simon*?

SIMON: That sold better than the first album, and the writing developed. There was a hit on that album. I can't remember what it was. Shit. Oh, yeah. *Loves Me Like a Rock*. My first 1,000,000-selling single as a solo. I did *Loves Me* with a Gospel quartet. I was traveling around, playing music I really liked. I went to Alabama to play with the Muscle Shoals rhythm section. I was the first white pop artist to play with them. Until then, they'd cut all R&B with black artists.

PLAYBOY: Actually, you had two hits on that second album. The other was *Kodachrome*. Where did that come from?

SIMON: I started to write a song called *Going Home*. I was singing the melody, and then I decided, No, it's too trite an idea, but the sound of *Going Home* fit those notes perfectly. So I just let my mind slip into similar sounds. And one of them was Kodachrome. Also, I had that first line, the true one: "When I think back on all the crap I learned in high school / It's a wonder I can think at all." It was a good first line for a pop song.

PLAYBOY: You won a Grammy Award for your next album, *Still Crazy After All These Years*. Did you believe that it was your best work?

SIMON: I felt I was defining a real identity. Musically, I was beginning to put together a kind of New York rock, jazz influenced, with a certain kind of lyrical sophistication. It caught a moment in time, 1975–1976. *Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover* was a very hip song. Which is funny, because it had a lot to do with my son. I was teaching him about rhyming. "Slip out the back, Jack / Make a new plan, Stan"—they came out of rhymes I taught him.

PLAYBOY: You were talking with Garfunkel again by then. In fact, you recorded *My Little Town* with him, which was on *Still Crazy* and on his solo album, *Breakaway*.

SIMON: It was written originally for him. I said, "Art, I'm going to write a real nasty song for you, because you're singing a lot of sweet songs and it'll be good for you to sing a real nasty song." Then, when I'd actually written it, I said I'd sing it with him. And he said, "I know you. If you're going to sing on this, you're going to feel bad that it's just on my record. Why don't we put it out on both of our records?" And

I said, "You're right. Thanks a lot." It was quite an act of generosity.

PLAYBOY: The song *Still Crazy After All These Years* seems in some ways like the quintessential Paul Simon song. Was it as autobiographical as it seems?

SIMON: Yes, it was. I was staying in a Manhattan hotel. I had left my marriage. I had a 16-month-old son. I was pretty depressed, just sitting and looking out the window. That's all I used to do. Just sit and look out the window: "Now I sit by my window and I watch the cars. . . ."

PLAYBOY: What had gone wrong in the marriage?

SIMON: I wasn't ready. I didn't understand what marriage meant, really. I didn't understand that if things were uncomfortable or you were unhappy, you could work it out. I was young. Also, Peggy wasn't a rock-'n'-roll person, a show-business person. And, of course, I didn't think I was, either, but I was. That's all I ever was. All my friends were musicians, actors. And she could be critical. At first, I was attracted to it. I liked it that somebody was critical, because I felt that I was someone who was praised too much. And I thought, Finally, someone who's honest. But I began not to like it.

PLAYBOY: Depression is a thread that seems to be woven through your life.

SIMON: I didn't realize that until I'd left it behind. Then I realized there was a long stretch of time when I wasn't happy.

PLAYBOY: Beginning when?

SIMON: I'd say early Simon and Garfunkel times. That's when I started to experience it. In 1966, '67. By '69, it got so serious that I stopped smoking dope. I said, "This isn't helping; it's making things worse." I didn't smoke another joint for 11 years.

PLAYBOY: What depressed you so?

SIMON: Stuff I don't want to say.

PLAYBOY: That's a surprising answer from one who's been so candid until now.

SIMON: They were feelings about myself that were very negative. Most people could look at me and wonder, How could that guy be depressed? And I now feel that people were seeing a more accurate picture of me than I was. I eventually realized, Jesus, all I've been looking at is this thin slice of the pie that has got the bad news in it. And I'm disregarding the rest of the picture.

PLAYBOY: What bad news are you referring to? Being short?

SIMON: Being short. You could say that's bad news. Not having a voice that you want. Not looking the way you want to look. Having a bad relationship. Some of that is real. And if you start to roll it together, that's what you focus on. I was unable, fundamentally, to absorb the bounty that was in my life. Even when people would say—a simple statement that I used to hear countless times—"Hey, man, I love your music," you'd think that I'd begin to feel something good

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about my music, right? But that's a statement I would ignore. Totally ignore it.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SIMON: There's something in me—in a lot of people—that says, "Gee, if I admit that things are actually going well, maybe they'll stop." Or "If I admit I'm happy, maybe I won't be able to write." I think the psyche comes up with all kinds of contrivances to protect what it thinks is vulnerable. And sometimes those contrivances are that you stay in a state of unhappiness. Or victimization. It's almost saying, "Hey, don't get mad at me for being so successful and doing so well, because look how unhappy I am."

PLAYBOY: What changed that feeling?

SIMON: I think the success of *Still Crazy* loosened me up. Made me feel good about myself. My friendship with Lorne Michaels was very good. I could talk with him about anything, without any competitiveness.

Also, my relationship with Shelley Duvall, during that same period. While it wasn't ultimately satisfying, it was really something that I enjoyed. As much as I was frustrated by it—and, of course, ultimately we broke up—I was very pleased that I was going with Shelley. I truly admired her work. I really liked the way she looked. We just weren't a match in terms of personality. So I think despite my habitual looking at the negative as a form of protection, I began to get happy.

PLAYBOY: What role has being short played in the negative feelings?

SIMON: I think it had the most significant single effect on my existence, aside from my brain. In fact, it's part of an inferior-superior syndrome. I think I have a superior brain and an inferior stature, if you really want to get brutal about it. The concept goes much further than that, but that's where it starts. And the inferior-superior feeling goes back and forth so fast sometimes that it becomes a blur.

PLAYBOY: To what do you attribute the vacillation?

SIMON: Well, on the negative side, it's because I'm extremely critical of myself. On the positive, every once in a while, I'm amazed at what I can do. And the world confirms that I should be amazed. Then that's quickly knocked out by the critical side of me that says, "Look, what does the world know? It knows the guy who writes the songs. That's not Paul Simon. So let's not get carried away."

Then you have to add the fact that the lead singer in a rock group was defined by Elvis Presley and later redefined by Paul McCartney. And here I was, a rock-'n'-roll star who didn't look at all like a rock-'n'-roll star. I don't know if the world said that, but I thought it did. And that's why, in my opinion, people thought that Artie wrote our songs.

PLAYBOY: Because he looked as if he did?

SIMON: Yes. You know, he was angelic-looking, with fluffy blond hair. And he was tall and thin and he had this voice,

and it seemed right. He *should* have been the one who wrote the songs. That body *should* have contained that talent. And I think that's part of what caused him anguish, too. I think that's probably why our partnership was a good one. Between the two of us, we made one whole person. Or at least that was the feeling. And I think that's also part of why I felt, Hey, I've got to get out of rock 'n' roll.

PLAYBOY: Get out of rock 'n' roll so you could do what?

SIMON: Become invisible. But then, an astonishing thing happened. As I got older, I got better-looking. Which is the reverse of what happens to most people. And by the time I was in my late 30s, I was starring in a movie. Forget the fact that I had written it. I had to be able to carry it. I had to look enough of that part to star in a movie. Which I did. I played a leading man!

PLAYBOY: Did you do anything to make yourself look better?

SIMON: Well, I lost weight. I began to run. Lost 15 pounds. And I did something about my hair. I worked on my hair so it would look better. It also helps to shave off your mustache, if you have one. I basically began to take a professional interest in how I looked. Which I never had. And that was a healthy statement.

PLAYBOY: So, apparently, was your marriage to Carrie. How did that happen?

SIMON: It was Carrie's idea. She said, when we were touring last fall, "Let's do it right now. Let's agree that we'll solve our problems, we won't leave when we're frustrated or angry." And I, of course, said, "What? Get married in an odd-numbered year? Why not wait till '84?" My style is to procrastinate. It just made me real nervous. I had been married and divorced and found it really painful. But Carrie got frustrated, and she was preparing to leave again. And then I went to a two-night double-header at Yankee Stadium. I always get very calm with baseball. And by the seventh inning, it was eight to one, Yankees, and I said, "Even if Guidry gets in trouble, the Goose will save us."

So I was feeling very secure, on my second beer. And I thought, Well, come on, Paul; you're going to do it, you're going to do it! I'd always loved Carrie, even when we were most separated. After the game, I went home and said to her, "All right, let's do it." Five days later, we were married. And immediately, I felt a sense of relief.

PLAYBOY: So what now?

SIMON: I would like to take a year off and just try to live happily with Carrie. That's what we're planning to do.

PLAYBOY: So the *Interview* has a happy ending.

SIMON: Well . . . yes, you're right. It does have a happy ending. That's very hard for me to say. But that's the truth. And probably not the least of the accomplishments is that I'm able to recognize it.

WILLIAM HURT

(continued from page 78)

boy with a white shirt and white apron.

Hurt orders coffee.

"I'd like the Key lime pie and ice cream," I say.

"No ice cream," says the waiter.

"You don't have ice cream?" I say; they have mirrors, potted palms, blue-suede banquettes, blue linen, a chrome bar, birds of paradise and an overhanging balcony.

"No," says the waiter. "I'd have to [laughs] go around the corner to get it."

"Ah—just the pie, then."

Hurt is looking at nothing. He pushes out his lips. "I thought you wanted ice cream," he says.

The waiter rocks back on his heels. "I'd have to [laughs] go around the corner to get it," he says.

"Yeah. OK. OK," says Hurt, turning his head and looking at the waiter. "She'll have the Key lime pie and ice cream."

"You mean go around the corner?" says the waiter, stunned.

"Yeah," says Hurt quietly. "That's what I mean."

A waitress in a short black skirt, a white Ralph Lauren Polo shirt and a blue-cotton neckerchief comes over to the table. She has been listening.

"Like, we're new here," she says.

Hurt's eyebrows go down.

"So?" he smiles. It is a matter-of-fact smile, not sarcastic. "You can't go around the corner to get ice cream because you're new?"

"Well, we're not famous, like you," says the waitress, moving in front of the waiter. "We can't just, like, go out and go around the corner."

One of Hurt's eyebrows goes down again. The other stays exactly horizontal.

"Why not?" he says in a low voice.

"Oh! Well," says the waiter, rocking forward, "I'll do it."

"You better not," whispers the waitress, frightened, touching his arm. "You better not."

"No!" says the waiter. "I'll go!"

"No, really," I say. "I don't need ice cream."

"You want ice cream, Jean?" says Hurt. "You want some ice cream?"

"I'll go! I'll go!" says the waiter, snapping closed his order pad. "I'm going to go around the corner."

Hurt tilts his head forward, puts his hands in his pockets. "Well, don't do it just to be accommodating," he says.

"No, I want to," says the waiter. "I want to go around the corner and get it."

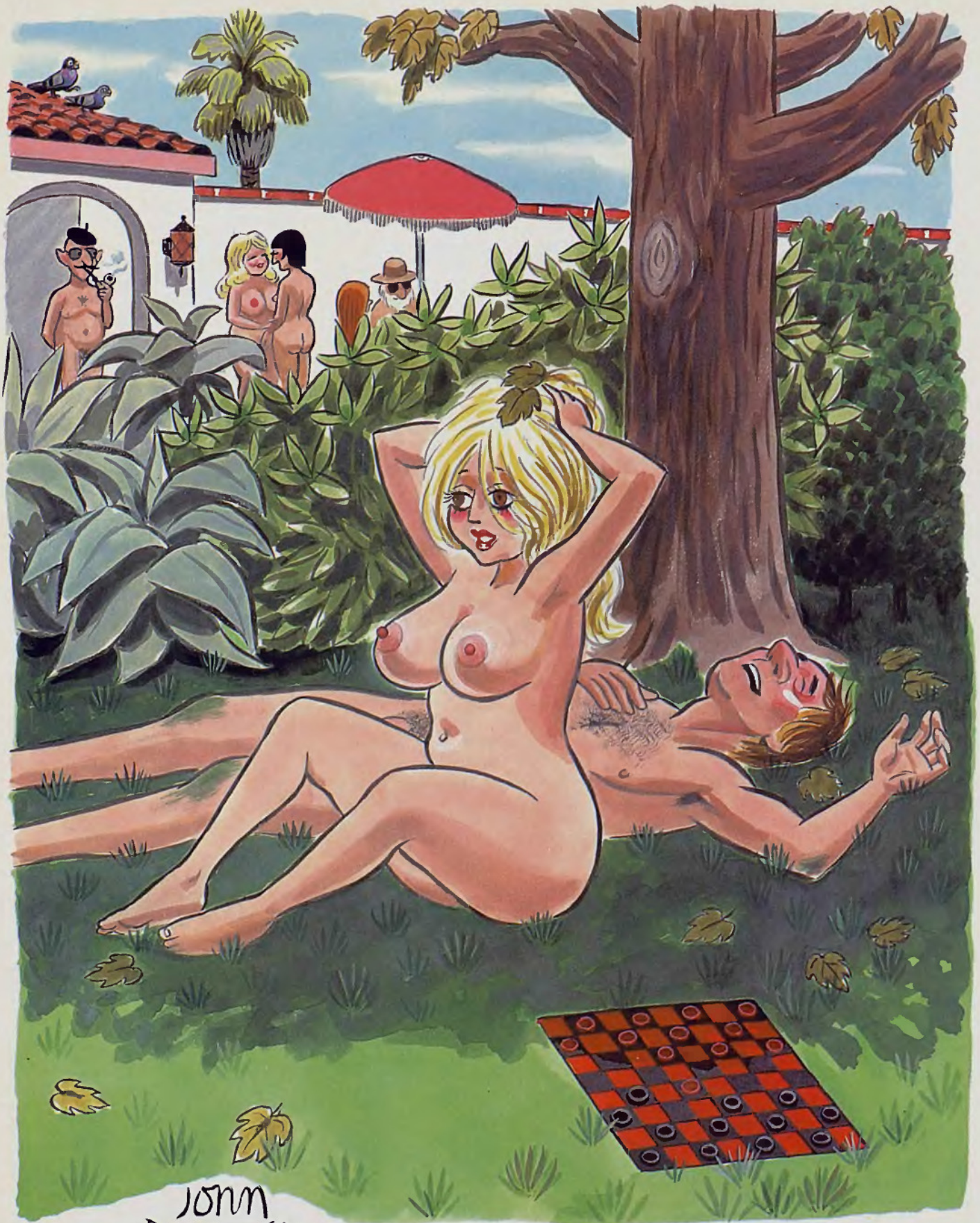
He leaves. Ten minutes later, he appears with the Key lime pie and ice cream. He puts it on the table. Steps back with his hands on his waist.

"Wonderful!" I say.

I look over at Hurt.

Hurt is sitting back, his legs lolling in





JOHN
Dempsen

"My God, Mr. Barrett—when you said you were going to jump me, I didn't expect. . . ."

the aisle, crossed at the ankles, his head back against the mirror, with a smile of satisfied, charming indifference.

"Hurt is a mysterious guy," says a studio executive. "He can make anybody feel anything." But Hurt's not interested in that. Doesn't want to make anybody feel anything. Fuck that. Says everybody's responsible for his own existence. Says everybody has a right to think what he wants to think and to give him the same right and give the audience the same right and stop typifying the shit out of him. Stop making him into a fantasy. Stop making him into a host. Stop making him into a social director. He's an actor. Actor. Actor. Actor. The man behind the mask. The fool in the forest, so don't put the onus on him. He doesn't need that shit. He needs peace. He needs quiet. He needs to work.

"What onus?" I say.

"The onus of being a myth in my time," says Hurt.

"Ah."

"I sound like an asshole, don't I?" says Hurt.

It is midnight, 12:30, and the bartender has come over and introduced herself—"How do you do? I'm the person who's getting you both plowed"—and Hurt has sung the lead and accompanied himself with the backup hand motions to *Ain't Too Proud to Beg*, by The Temptations, and has fascinated the people in the restaurant, because a white guy doing a perfect Temptations and laughing at himself is a weird and very attractive sight; and now we're having a lot of coffee and the waitress in the white Polo shirt walks over and tells Hurt he has a phone call.

Hurt is gone a long time, and when he comes back to the table, he sits down and doesn't say anything, and then he says:

"Sandra thought I'd be home by now."

It is hot in the restaurant and sweat has broken out on his forehead.

"Well, we're almost finished," I say. "You'd better go."

"I'll have one more. Then I'll go."

"OK."

"I mean, she *knew* I was just doing this interview."

The blood has left his face. His shoulders are loose and dropped forward. His voice has darkened, as if he'd been drinking oil paint.

"She thinks I've failed her," he says.

"Well, you've just been doing this interview," I say.

"Why does she think I've failed her?"

"I don't know. We've just been doing this interview."

And I am thinking, I know two things: There are not going to be any more interviews with William Hurt, and Sandra Jennings despises me.

"I mean, I haven't *done* anything," says Hurt. "Why is she calling?"

"I don't know."

"If you and I were together," says Hurt, "you wouldn't call me."

"Are you serious? I'd be out interviewing movie stars. I wouldn't have time to call you."

"Right. But if you and I were together," he says, "you wouldn't have stuck with me, like Sandy."

"Yeah, Sandy's great," I say.

The Temptations have come on with *Just My Imagination*, and I glance over at my companion and then I glance away, because there are tears in his eyes.

"I'd die if Sandy left me," he says.

"Well, you wouldn't die," I say.

He looks at me.

The thought crosses my mind that women will never understand men until we become mentally disturbed.

"You don't know me," he says. His eyes are as calm as a lemur's. "I would die."

Hurt and another actor are doing a scene in *Gorky Park*. The master's been shot. The other actor finishes his close-up. Time for Hurt's close-up. Well, the actor doesn't care about that. He says, How are the love scenes going? Hurt says, All scenes are love scenes. The actor says, No, I mean the nudity. Hurt says, All scenes are naked and all scenes are love scenes. The actor says, Am I destroying your concentration? Hurt says, You're trying.

"His concentration is so extreme," says Glenn Close, "that he can make everybody around him tense. He gets very angry with himself. He feels very strongly about what he's doing. But he's wonderfully unexpected. He doesn't know himself how wonderfully unexpected."

We sit around the restaurant another hour, and then Hurt says he's going to walk home, so we go out on Columbus Avenue; but instead of walking home, he goes into a phone booth across from the natural-history-museum park and makes a call and looks cocky afterward, which is good because I am one of those adolescent women who find sensitive men dippy; and then, instead of walking home, we walk through the park, which is almost empty even though it is a hot night, and Hurt says: "I've had fantasies about you."

"What kind?"

"What other kind are there?"

We pass under a park lamp. Then another. Then there are no others and Hurt stops. "I have to do this," he says. "Face me."

I turn. "I'm on the uphill side," I say.

"That's good," says Hurt.

A white dog bounds past. Hurt breaks away. "Hiya, fella!" He kneels down. "Hiya, boy! How ya doin'! How's the fella!" The dog trots off. Hurt stands up.

"I had you," he says, "and from every angle."

It is late, so instead of walking home, Hurt says he'll take a taxi.

"OK. You get a cab," I say. "I'm going to take the subway."

"No," he says. "No subway. Not at three in the morning."

"I always ride the subway at three in the morning," I say.

"No. Promise me. No subway."

"OK. I'll take a taxi. PLAYBOY's paying."

A cab drives up. Hurt opens the door. "Take care of yourself, E. Jean—take care." I get in and sit down on my bag.

"Where you going?" says the driver.

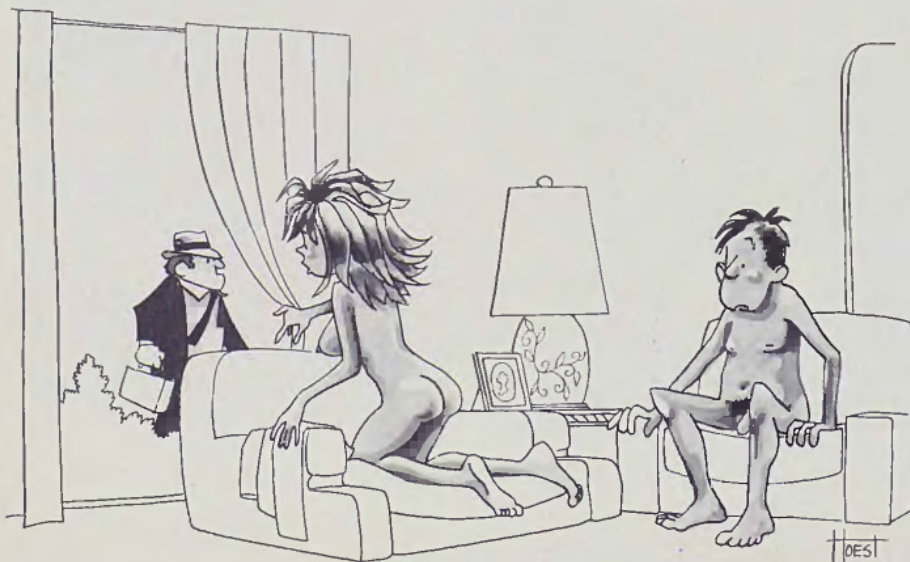
I am moving the bag out of the way.

"Where to?" says the cabbie.

Hurt slams the door.

"Where's she going?" says the cabbie.

Hurt looks in at the cabbie. "I . . . don't . . . know . . ." he says.



"Oh, oh . . . here comes my husband. Play dumb."

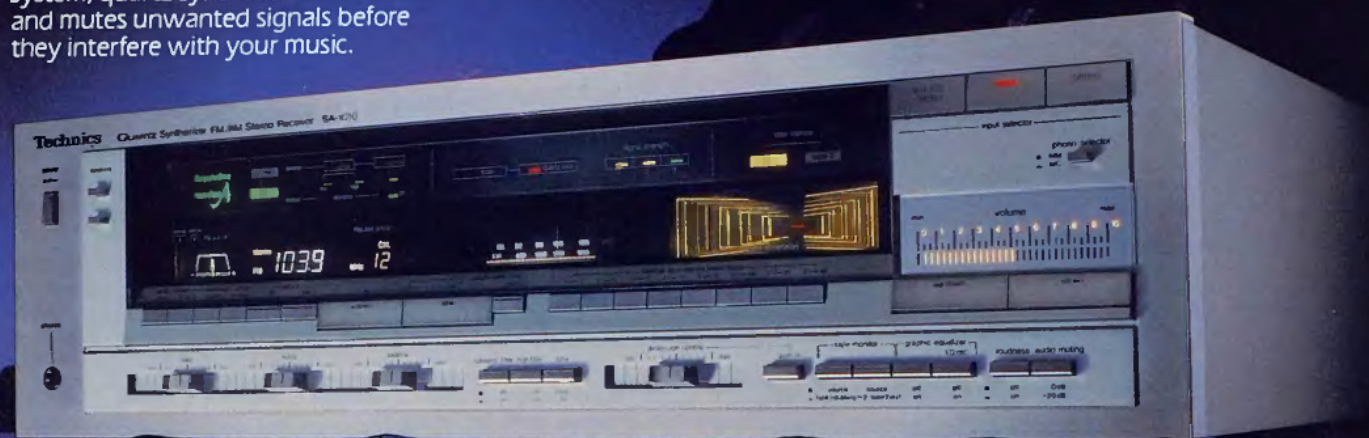


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Then there's the sheer power of the SA-1010: 120 watts per channel, minimum continuous RMS, both channels driven into 8 ohms, from 20Hz to 20kHz, with no more than 0.003% total harmonic distortion.

And of course, the SA-1010 is ready for digital. It will be able to reproduce the flawless sound of digital sources soon to come.

Power. Perfection. And performance. The awesome SA-1010 Computer-Drive Receiver. From Technics.

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Alive with pleasure!



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Newport

*After all,
if smoking isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*



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

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report March 1983.

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GEAR

GALLEY SLAVES

The good news about the current culinary market place is that it's a chef's surprise of innovative products—such as Farberware's Electronic Ultra Chef—that are designed to whisk you out of the hot-stove league and into the living room with your guests. (The Farberware unit, incidentally, can cook the fixings for a large sit-down dinner or just supper for one while you're researching the per-

fect martini.) When you do end up slaving over a hot microwave oven, make it Kenmore's latest model, which incorporates a five-inch color-TV set and a stereo cassette player in its sleek black cabinet. And for the moanin' after, Krups's digital wall-mounted coffee maker can be preprogrammed to brew java into a carafe. The bad news? Somebody still has to do the dishes.



CHARLES SHOTWELL

Above left: No, that's not a piece of extraterrestrial debris that fell off the last space shuttle; it's Farberware's Electronic Ultra Chef—a sophisticated new product that allows you to prepare recipes ordinarily requiring constant attention in a rotating cylinder that's fitted with an electronic monitoring system, \$450. Next to it is a fast-food-and-TV junkie's dream come true, a Kenmore microwave oven/color TV/cassette player featuring an LED readout on the oven that gives cooking instructions for 25 preprogrammed recipes, from Sears, Roebuck and Company, Chicago, \$1500. Atop the microwave: A programmable Café-thek eight-cup wall-mounted coffee/tea maker for easy wake-up or after-dinner serving, by Krups, \$190. At far right: Braun's Model MP-50 Multipress Juice Extractor, which pulverizes and depulps vegetables and noncitrus fruits in seconds, \$105.

BODY TONING—MORE THAN SKIN-DEEP

Tour the men's cosmetics section in your favorite department store or pharmacy and you'll find enough muscle soaks, shower gels and body lotions to keep a caliph fit and clean for 1001 nights. Body grooming is the name of this new skin game, and manufacturers are playing by a different set of rules from those in effect years ago, when one merely slapped on a deodorant and a body splash and went out to conquer the world. Such new products as Aramis' Foot Massage Cream and Chanel for Men's hand

cream are not pleasant-smelling placebos; the Foot Massage Cream, for example, contains lactic-acid salt, which helps relieve dry, cracked skin, and the hand cream also makes an ideal cold-weather moisturizer for elbows, feet and knees. Since one can be a lonely number when it's just you and a fresh can of Aramis' Muscle Soothing Soak or Paco Rabanne's body lotion, we recommend that you do your serious torso grooming with another body—preferably of the opposite sex. That idea rubs us the right way. —KENNEDY FLYNN



Give your eyeballs a rest, gentlemen, and check out the sampling of body-grooming products below, from left to right: Givenchy Gentleman Moisturizing Body Rub, which helps alleviate dryness after showering or exposure to the sun, by Parfums Givenchy, \$10; Pour Homme Soothing Eau de Toilette, a refreshing skin protectant, by Yves Saint Laurent, \$19; Polo by Ralph Lauren talcum powder, by Warner Cosmetics, \$7.50; English Leather after-shower talc, by Mem, \$2.75; Spring Green bath and shower *gèle*, which has the invigorating, woody scent of a fresh pine forest, by Vitabath, \$14;

Chanel for Men hand cream, which protects skin against exposure to the elements and is particularly effective in cold weather, \$6.50; Super-strength Foot Massage Cream, \$12, and Muscle Soothing Soak, \$16, both by Aramis; Eau Sauvage Deodorant spray, by Christian Dior, \$7.50; Active Body Exfoliating Cream (it removes callused skin and dead surface cells), by Marbert Man, \$22.50; Pour Homme Sport *Émulsion* body lotion, by Paco Rabanne, \$18; Pour Lui Soap Vitale, which promotes the healing of minor skin irritations, by Oscar de la Renta, \$12.50, including a handsome travel case.





INTO EACH LIFE A LITTLE PHONE MUST RISE

"Welcome to the exciting world of kinetic telephony!" read the instructions for Expansion Phone, a wacky piece of equipment that's sure to get a rise out of anyone. For all you doubting Thomas Edisons, here's what the Expansion Phone does: When you pick up the handset, the push-button portion descends from a height of five and a half feet to two feet; you can then place a call and, when you hang up, the push buttons ascend to their original height. Why, you ask? Because for \$399 sent to Expansion Phone, P.O. Box 6172, F.D.R. Station, New York 10150, you and your phone are guaranteed to be the talk of the town.



DRINKING WITH CHARLEY

If you think a Yard of Flannel is somebody's muffler and a Dog's Nose is what you check when you want to know if your pet has a fever, then you haven't read *Convivial Dickens: The Drinks of Dickens and His Time*, by Edward Hewett and W. F. Axton. These two sober gentlemen have scoured Victorian bartenders' manuals, butlers' guides and temperance tracts to compile "an entertaining look at the drinks and drinking customs of our Victorian grandsires, as they are reflected in the life, works and times of Charles Dickens." The publisher, Ohio University Press, Scott Quadrangle, Athens, Ohio 45701, sells the book for \$17.25, postpaid. And there's even a chapter on American cocktails, including one called the Rocky Mountain Sneezer that's made with real snow. Not yellow, we hope.

THE KNIGHT'S TALE

Dragon's Lair, a high-resolution animated laser-disc game by Don Bluth, the creator of *The Secret of NIMH*, has crept into video arcades across the country and has slain the competition with marvelous graphics wedded to computer technology. In *Dragon's Lair*, you're pitted against a castle full of animated menaces, including a flaming sword, tilting floors, skulls and slime. Obviously, this is not meant to be just kid stuff.



EXECUTIVE ENGINE THAT COULD

The difference between men and boys, as the saying goes, is the price of their toys, and if you've checked the shelves of children's stores lately, an executive DeWitt Clinton H.O.-scale train—including an engine and three skillfully detailed coaches, 45" x 36" of oval track and a power pack to run it—for only \$64.95, postpaid, seems like an incredible bargain. The Emporium, P.O. Box 1569, Glendale, California 91209, is where you write to place your order. Toot! Toot!





THE MASQUERADE'S NOT OVER

Aside from being head of COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics), an organization that's attempting to legalize prostitution, Margo St. James is also famous for the Masquerade Ball she held each fall where attendees engaged in some of the wildest carryings-on since Sodom and Gomorrah. The balls are gone, but the 20" x 30" poster from the last one lives on and is available for \$12 from John Berns, 1377 Seventh Avenue, San Francisco 94122. Sorry you missed the fun.

CLIPPED ACCENT

When Brian Margolis wound up wearing his canapés and vino at a party, he had a bright idea and invented the Buffet Maid, a plastic plate clip that attaches to an hors d'oeuvre platter and holds a wineglass or a stemmed cocktail glass, thus freeing one's other paw for shaking hands, smoking or patting the hostess on the fanny. The clips are available at two for \$3, post-paid, from Imagine Trading Company, 1810 Purdue Avenue, Suite 11, West Los Angeles, California 90025. That's cheaper than cleaners.



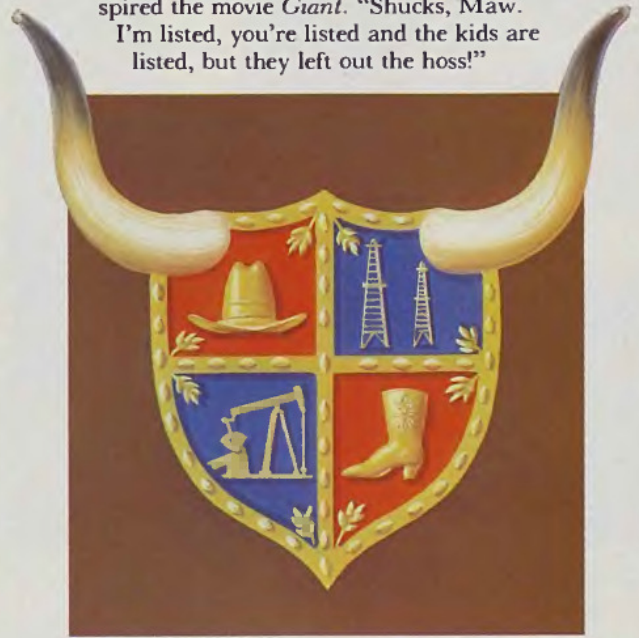
UGLY BUSINESS

Brace yourself for the worst, green thumbs: The World's Ugliest Plant (the name is so ugly, we can't bear to speak it) has just been introduced in starter-kit form for \$5, post-paid, by Mental Manufacturing, P.O. Box 22, Rockefeller Center Station, New York 10185. In the kit you get Ugly Seeds, an Ugly Starter Pot, Ugly Growing Instructions and an Ugly Bag to use when you entertain sensitive guests or can't take it anymore. We've even taken to wearing a bag so that if the Ugly Plant's bag blows off, we won't have to see it. Now, that's ugly.

LONE STAR SELLOUT

A ten-book regional survey of the untitled aristocracy of the United States by *Debrett's Peerage* has commenced, and the first volume, *Debrett's Texas Peerage* (Coward-McCann), has cow pokes from Amarillo to Laredo social-climbing all over one another to see if they're listed. A major portion of the \$25 book will chronicle the current lifestyles of blue-blooded Texans, and there will even be a chapter on the King family, who inspired the movie *Giant*. "Shucks, Maw.

I'm listed, you're listed and the kids are listed, but they left out the hoss!"



FRINGE BENEFITS

The next time you and your girlfriend want to spend a rainy Saturday afternoon playing "Me Tarzan, you Jane," skip the animalskins and have her slip into something more comfortable, such as a Tease Shirt. Made of 100 percent cotton and guaranteed to shrink, Tease Shirts come in small through extra large in hot and cold colors, from lavender and raspberry to white and black. At \$11.95 each sent to Tease Shirts, P.O. Box 224527, Dallas, Texas 75264, we're sure you'll want to order at least a dozen.





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Getting a Bead on It

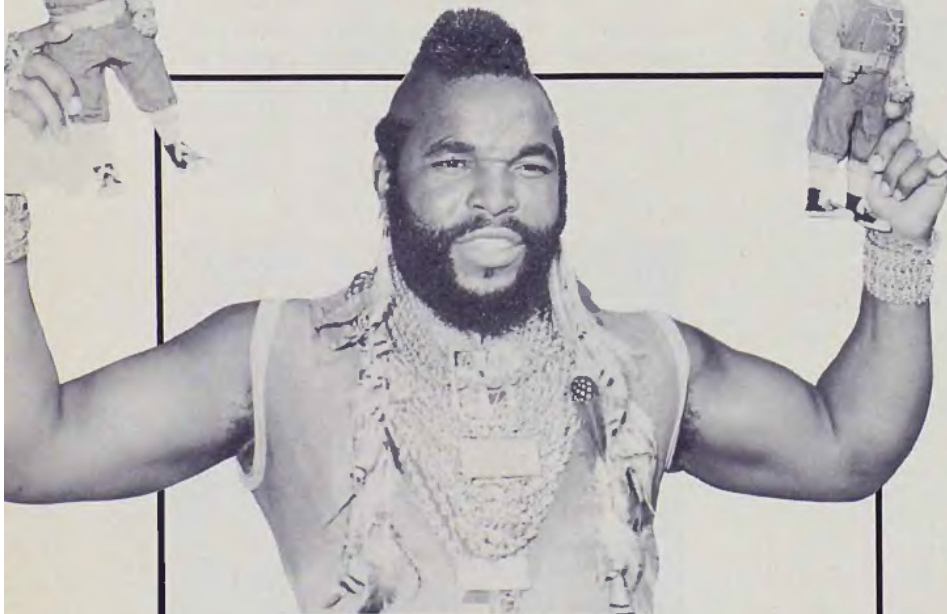
That's exactly what designer TONY CHASE has done to LORNA LUFT's outfit. Luft has a lot going on, from a part in the film *Where the Boys Are* to talk of a movie with sister Liza. Another star is born?



©1983 JOE BANGAY/PIX INT'L

Have Gun Will Travel

SUE SILVEY picked a distinctive outfit for her Grapevine debut. Actually, she's been playing a gangster's moll on British TV—and you know how the British love leather.



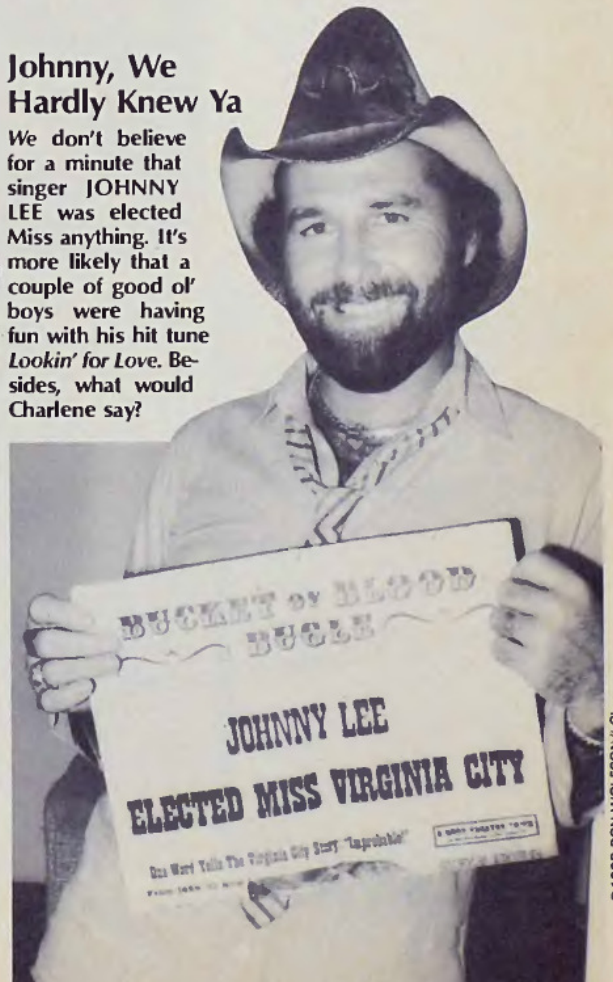
Two for T

We pity the poor fool who isn't hip to the MR. T phenomenon, and we suggest you get a couple of these new T dolls before he sends the A-Team over to dismantle your house. He may be harmless, but when he says *be there*, we show up.

©1983 SCOTT DOWNIE

Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ya

We don't believe for a minute that singer JOHNNY LEE was elected Miss anything. It's more likely that a couple of good ol' boys were having fun with his hit tune *Lookin' for Love*. Besides, what would Charlene say?



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Write if You Get Work

NILE RODGERS needs a big pencil. He's been working hard for his money, producing David Bowie and making music with Debbie Harry and Diana Ross. He even found a minute to do a solo album. For relaxation, Nile endorses his checks.



© 1983 JOE BANGAY/PIX INT'L

The Di Is Cast

We wanted you to know about the *other* **PRINCE CHARLES**. This one fronts a soul band called The City Beat. The princess is an impostor, but we had to look twice. Of his namesake, this bonny prince says, "People say he's a stuffed shirt, but I think he's a regular guy."

JIMMY SGRO/GAMMA-LIAISON

Sunny's Forecast

Actress **SUNNY JOHNSON** must certainly be the best thing to come out of Barstow, California. You might have noticed her in *Almost Summer* or *The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia*, but if you didn't, you'll surely remember her on ice skates in *Flashdance*. Now that we have seen her up close, she's our celebrity (to be) breast of the month.



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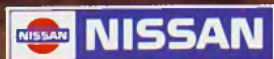
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