

**INTERVIEW: NOW JOAN COLLINS BARES HER MIND**

# PLAYBOY

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# PLAYBILL

IT'S SPRING TRAINING for all of us this month. After one of the coldest winters in history, things are just now heating up as the thoughts of men drift from blizzard and frost to sizzle, spark and irresistible lust. Speaking of such goodies, **Joan Collins** is the subject of **Lawrence Grobel's** *Playboy Interview* in this issue. As the scheming Alexis, she puts the nasty into ABC's *Dynasty*. As an *Interviewee*, she puts nerve and verve into one of the chattiest, cattiest *Playboy Interviews* ever. We feel certain this is the only major interview this month that will address the timeless question "Do most directors suck?"

**Roy Scheider**, a first-time *PLAYBOY* writer and a two-time Academy Award nominee, gives his baseball skills mixed reviews in *The Method vs. the Fastball*, an account of his preparation for the role of aging slugger Billy Young in Disney's new film *Tiger Town*. **John O'Leary** connected for a grand-slam illustration.

This month's fiction entry, Senior Staff Writer **Walter Lowe, Jr.'s**, *The Devil and Doodazle Dakins*, illustrated by **Ernie Barnes**, also involves a sporting proposition—one between Satan and an N.B.A. superstar.

*Playboy Guides* Editor **Maury Z. Levy** hooked **Daniel J. Travanti** and **Veronica Hamel** for this spring's installment of *Playboy's Fashion Guide*, so we rushed to include the stars of *Hill Street Blues* in *Playbill*. Thanks, Frank and Joyce, for all the fine drama. Now, about these parking tickets. . .

Having devoted this month's *Interview* to the torrid Joan Collins, we thought it only fair to balance things with **E. Jean Carroll's** *Frigid Women*. Carroll approaches her subjects anatomically, dealing in turn with the Ice Mind, the Ice Body and the Ice Box—all to help the man who finds himself in a chilly embrace prepare for the day the Ice Woman cometh. Now that she's finished with *Frigid Women*, Carroll is "defrosting."

Ever think the world's a mine field and you're stuck with an outdated map? Step softly, then, into **Harry Crews's** *The Violence That Finds Us*, a look into the reasons some people seem predisposed to violent acts while others just seem predisposed to be disposed. Crews's missiles are strikingly illustrated by **Don Baum**. *The Violence That Finds Us* suggests that the world may, indeed, be a mine field but that we may be the mines.

Feel like whistling in the dark—or the daylight, for that matter? Then turn straight to *Playboy Music '84*. Associate Editor **Kate Nolan** and Associate Art Director **Skip Williamson** found it a pretty violent scene at times, what with slam dancing, heavy metal and a clash within the Clash, but they didn't have to look far to find a pretty young thing dancing his way through it all. This was **Michael Jackson's** year, and our special Jackson attraction is a step-by-step guide to his "moon walk" that's going to turn critics into fans and fans into lunatics.

Computers don't dance, but many technophiles think humans will have little to do but jitterbug once artificial intelligence turns us into second-class software. "Disk wash," says San Francisco computer debunker **Lee Gomes** in *The Mind of a New Machine* (illustrated by **Karl Wirsum**). Gomes thinks computer enthusiasts may be pulling the silicon over their own eyes—he doesn't care a bit for the hardware hard sell.

And that's hardly all we've got to offer this April. Contributing Editor **David Rensin** asked **Martin Mull** 20 hard Questions and got a score of strange answers to mull over. **Emanuel Greenberg** tells you all you need to know to have *Bar Smarts*; Contributing Photographer **Steve Wayda** put Playmate **Les Ann Pedriana** in both unparalleled and unappared poses. Staff Photographer **Pompeo Posar** found that diamonds are dandy but *Playmates* are *Forever!* Readers with long memories will recall our first such feature, back in December 1979). And world-renowned lensman **Jonville** put a touching finish on a startling photographic affair he calls *Mistress*. Is it hard to believe we have even more than that? Turn the page; that's the way to go.



COLLINS, GROBEL



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O'LEARY



HAMEL, LEVY, TRAVANTI



LOWE



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vol. 31, no. 4—april, 1984

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Durable Playmates

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Miss April

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**COVER STORY** Found the Rabbit Head yet? While you're looking, let us inform you that our April cover, produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski and shot by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag, features the aptly named Kathy Shower. Kathy'd be great to take home, if you needed some moving company. Everybody knows April Showers bring Mayflowers.

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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*

## SONG THROUGH IN HONG KONG

What has perfect pitch and folds three ways? Chicagoans might say the White Sox, but the correct answer is The Playmates, who just finished a two-and-a-half-week singing gig at The I Club that set Hong Kong on its ear. Below (from left), Susie Scott, Kimberly McArthur, Denise McConnell and Barbara Edwards.



## HUGH HEFNER . . . THIS IS YOUR LIFE!

Ralph Edwards never looked like this. Hef and 30th Anniversary Playmate Penny Baker took time out from their hectic schedules not long ago to celebrate 30 years of PLAYBOY at a reception at the L.A. Playboy Club. Both of them seem to improve with age, presaging even better things ahead.

## X-RAY VERSION

In *R.S.V.P.*, Chuck Vincent's new movie for The Playboy Channel, Miss July 1982, Lynda Wiesmeier (below right), plays a woman whom Adam Mills (below left)—fortunately for film viewers—often imagines in the nude.



## TURNOFFS: RUST, PIGEONS, LOCAL CURMUDGEONS

In order to "bring culture" to local parks, a Connecticut group called Parkfriends installed J. Seward Johnson, Jr.'s bronze *Playmates* (above) in New Haven's Wooster Square. The piece, which captures one of the best moments of unfolding youth, was removed after bluenoses called it "tasteless."

## FROM WALL STREET TO OUR STREET

Money guru Louis Rukeyser, author of the new *What's Ahead for the Economy*, went to Playboy Mansion West recently for a tête-à-tête with the head of the house (right) and allowed that he wouldn't mind at all being in *The World of Playboy*. Was Rukeyser just a touch envious of his host? He joked in his March 1982 *20 Questions* that *his* groupies were all "over 80 and living on fixed incomes."





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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### DIGNIFIED DAN

Although I have always liked Dan Rather as a television personality, the *Playboy Interview* with him (January) disappointed me. His reluctance (or inability) to commit himself on any issue gives me the impression that he really is two-dimensional. I expected more from him. I'd rather have another interview with Sam Donaldson.

J. J. Tierney, Jr.  
Verona, Pennsylvania

Dan Rather refers to his \$65,000-a-year income of ten or 15 years ago—when he was raising two children—as “a long way from being especially well paid.” In his desire to keep in touch with the rest of us, and notwithstanding what he earns today, perhaps it would be enlightening for him to learn how few American families earn as much as \$35,000 *today*, even with both spouses employed full time. As for the need to watch the *CBS Evening News* and see what's happening to be informed, that's too silly for words.

Martin Fass  
Rochester, New York

Rather's comments just strengthen my conviction that men who have no guts receive no glory. Rather has guts.

Michael P. McGuckin  
Albuquerque, New Mexico

As a lifelong newspaperman, now retired, I beg to differ with Rather's opinion that “if anything, journalists bear slightly to the right of center.” In my experience—which includes covering every Republican and Democratic national convention from 1948 to 1976 and considerable hobnobbing in the exalted clime of Washington—most journalists stand to the left of center. A poll based on personal interviews with 240 journalists and broadcasters—including the television networks—published by *Public Opinion* magazine revealed the following: In 1964, just six percent voted for

Barry Goldwater, compared with 38 percent of the electorate; in 1968, it was 13 percent for Nixon, compared with 43 percent; in 1972, it was an astounding 19 percent for Nixon, while 61 percent of the people voted for him. And in 1976, 19 percent backed Gerald Ford, though Ford got 49 percent of the vote. Useful data to keep in mind when a newsman says he and his colleagues are “right of center.”

Edward B. Simmons  
Yarmouth, Maine

After reading your *Interview*, why do I feel that Rather could straddle a fence without having a picket touch his behind?

Phil Templeman  
Buffalo, New York

### PENNY FROM HEAVEN

Your 30th Anniversary Issue is the best ever, and 30th Anniversary Playmate Penny Baker is exquisite! If Penny is a hint of what's in store, then 1984 is going to be a very, very good year.

James F. Walloch  
Greendale, Wisconsin

Having gone to high school with Penny Baker, I was overwhelmed by our “reunion.” Thanks for treating her with class, and good luck on your next 30 years.

Rich Filarecki  
Cortland, New York

In response to PLAYBOY's January exposure of Springville's own Penny Baker, the following resolution was offered by the village board but failed for lack of a second: “Whereas Springville is a tiny and remote village on a plateau of the Alleghenies and inhabited, to a large extent, by the descendants of agriculturalists. . . . And whereas it has existed in the hearts and minds of countless persons for a century and a half. . . . And its sons have gone forth into the world to distinguish themselves. . . . And whereas there is a movement in this great land to define the rights



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of daughters as equal to that of sons where they may distinguish themselves and call attention to our community. . . . Be it resolved that the village board memorialize that young lady who appears in the pages of PLAYBOY by, in her honor, unveiling a bronze bust."

Alan V. Manchester  
Village Trustee  
Springville, New York

*Penny already did that.*

I just received my 30th Anniversary Issue. I opened the cover to see a most beautiful woman by the name of Penny Baker. Next, I turned to the Contents Page to find that Miss Baker is your 30th Anniversary Playmate. I then rapidly flipped to the centerfold to gaze at the most gorgeous female ever to grace your magazine. I don't know who your Playmate of the Year for 1984 is going to be, but I know who's going to be Playmate of the Year for 1985. My only complaint is that Penny's pictorial had to end.

Scott Saunders  
San Jose, California

*But it didn't! Here's a 30th Anniversary*



*encore for all of you who flipped for Penny. Rest assured she'll soon turn up again.*

#### TREASURE HUNT

My eyes are now screwed back into my head and I have regained enough composure to pick up a pen and send you this response. As I glanced through *The Great 30th Anniversary Playmate Search* (PLAYBOY, January), I saw the most beautiful woman I have glanced upon in my life! Although Alexis Bushman was not chosen as your 30th Anniversary Playmate, she's at the top of my list.

Stephen Bates  
Queen Creek, Arizona

#### EATING OUT

As a proud holder of a 50-point score from Cynthia Heimel's quiz on oral-sex

prohess (*Women*, PLAYBOY, January), I am with "rampant enthusiasm" and blazing pen sending you this short letter with the essential information she requested for her friends. I realize it is not very likely that any of her friends is a frequent visitor to Omaha but thought they would all appreciate knowing that the modern male is alive and well in Nebraska. Unfortunately, the modern female is not in great supply.

Roger S. Freeman  
Omaha, Nebraska

One evening, several of my friends and I were relaxing over a couple of drinks after a dance performance and we happened upon your *Women* column on oral sex. We were quite entranced by Heimel's test. It proved to be a rewarding experience. We did fairly well: Three of us scored 60s (without cheating or female help, no less), and the two others scored 50 and 40. With that in mind, we'd like to invite Heimel to Ohio to meet some of the people destined to be the future leaders of America.

Steve Wooley  
Granville, Ohio

#### REVISIONIST HISTORY

At first I didn't believe Buck Henry's *How I Invented Playboy* (PLAYBOY, January), but after further research, I am convinced he is in truth "Mr. Playboy." I am shocked that "Ner" has not acknowledged his mentor/financier. The least he should do is instruct Buck on proper pipe procedure and provide a tobacco trust of \$10,000,000 to keep him puffing. By the way, I am Buck's long-lost son.

Mike Harwick  
El Toro, California

#### ONCE THE CHAMP. . . .

Mark Kram's piece on Muhammad Ali (*Shadowboxer*, PLAYBOY, January) is some of the most beautiful and moving writing to come my way in any magazine. What a fine feeling Kram has for the man! Thank you for the sad and noble pleasure.

Jeremy Larner  
Berkeley, California

I met Ali once—between the Spinks fights. He was waiting for his luggage at O'Hare airport and was surrounded by a throng of admiring children. I was 30 years old, but I lined up, too, to shake his hand. He was in his glory then, carrying on just as though Howard Cosell were right next to him. I got his autograph, and I cherish it. I prefer to remember him as he was.

Steve Carlson  
Bensenville, Illinois

#### THE BRADBURY CHRONICLES

I discovered Ray Bradbury when I was 14. He took me on a journey millions of years into the past to witness the death of a butterfly. Now, 15 years later, he takes me into the future to witness a rebirth (*The*

*Toynbee Convector*, PLAYBOY, January). Bradbury will always be magical, always right on target, always number one.

Ken Hunley  
Seattle, Washington

#### VENUS OBSERVED

In the course of a series of lectures I shall give about the ways in which people respond to art and images in general, I am going to make the rather obvious point that if we are to understand the ways in which men in the past responded to pictures, we must attend to present responses as well. In my first lecture, I am going to refer to Titian's *Venus of Urbino*. Would it be possible for a member of your staff to find for me as close as possible a parallel to this picture from your magazine? You may be interested to know that scholars in the past—in their typically rarefied way—have insisted that Titian's painting has nothing whatever to do with carnality, that it shows some kind of celestial Venus; but it has recently been discovered, not surprisingly, that the man who commissioned it simply wanted it as the 16th Century equivalent of a pinup. I hope this is not too difficult a request. Many thanks for your attention.

Dr. David Freedberg  
London, England

*We're always interested in furthering the cause of higher education (see "Girls of the Atlantic Coast Conference" in our September 1983 issue), and Dr. Freedberg holds the most prestigious chair in fine art in all of*



*Britain—the Slade Professorship at Oxford. How could we refuse? Above is Titian's "Venus" (1537); below is*



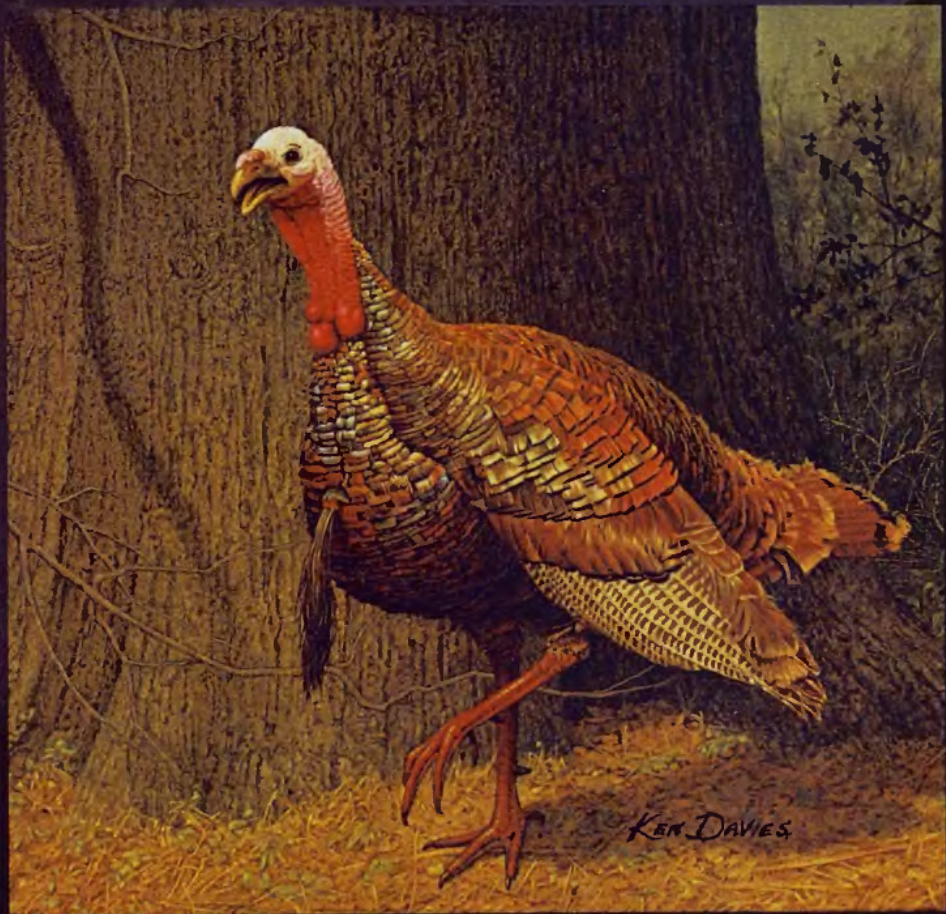
*Dinah Willis (Miss December 1965). Times change, but beauty and our responses to it seem to endure.*





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A man and a woman are posed against a rustic wooden wall. The man, in the foreground, has his arms crossed and is wearing a light blue polo shirt with a small red logo on the chest and white pleated trousers with a blue belt. The woman, behind him, has her hand on her chin and is wearing a blue and red striped polo shirt. The lighting is warm and directional, coming from the upper left.

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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## THAI CLASP

U.P.I. reports that 1202 beau Thais celebrated King Bhumibol Adulyadej's 56th birthday in December with "free vasectomies performed by 50 doctors and 85 nurses at the rate of two per minute." The program, we hear, has already made a *vas deferens* in Thailand's efforts to control population growth.

Hmm. We'll take a little bit of everything: An ad for a caterer in Washington, D.C., offers "complete entertaining services specializing in Intimate American Cuisine."

## WISECRACK

Diane Gadoury—Miss New Hampshire to you—is sure that what won her a trip to this May's Miss U.S.A. pageant was her fresh-water-clam costume. Seems the N.H. competition features a segment in which contestants dress up in something symbolic of their districts. The victorious costume was a six-foot purple shell, lined in white satin, that when parted, revealed Diane in a pink leotard.

## A GIRL AND HER ORGAN

Meet Judy Tenuta, a Chicago stand-up comedienne who wears ratty taffeta prom dresses from an AMVETS thrift shop and plays the accordion. We recently caught her act, in which she seems to compensate for a troubled youth by heaping surreal indignation on the Second City's Slavic ethnics. She reflected on romance: "My boyfriend, Tobar—he's like you, except he has a pulse—is still in the food-gathering stage. He told me he wants to get married. He said behind every good man is a good woman. I said, 'That just proves that good men don't know how to do it.'" Musical selections for the evening included her wistful composition *I Want a Guy with a Mobile Home, Louie, Louie* (with the dirty parts), a primal-scream

interpretation of *Come Together* and our favorite toe tapper, *It's My Mattress and I'll Cry if I Want To (You Would Cry, Too, if Your Box Springs Were New)*. This girl's got a future.

An ad in the San Mateo, California, *Times* urges us to "Develop interpersonal conversational skills by learning to talk good."

Dick Smith Electronics of Australia has THE ELECTRONIC DICK proudly painted on its trucks. For emotional pain only?

Hotheads, take note: A Singapore hair salon run by Japanese stylist George Hasegawa offers a haircut performed with a 750-degree blowtorch. It costs \$95, excluding insurance.

Readers of *The Orlando Sentinel TV Time* had the opportunity to watch "*Law-*

*less Frontier* (1935). John Wayne. Outlaws ruled the frontier in the early days when the men were men and the sheep were scared."

The late George Halas, on the fleeting nature of pleasurable experiences: "You can have a good time with a woman for 20 minutes and get stiff with the boys for a couple of hours, but winning in the N.F.L.—that lasts a week!"

## LAYING CLAIMS

The National Insurance Consumer Organization put out a report called "A Study of the Effects on Rating of Substituting Mileage for Gender Classification in Insurance." Despite its spectacular assertion that women are being overcharged a billion dollars a year for auto insurance, the report got little coverage in the media. So the group decided to try again. The report has been reissued under the title "Sex and Cars."

Headline of the month (and we think you'd rather *not* know the whole story) comes from Toronto's *Globe and Mail*: "S. AFRICANS TESTY OVER GONAD LAW."

## RACY STUFF

An obvious but still rather personal headline appeared in the *Milwaukee Journal* sports section: "ANDRETTI IS HOTTEST IN HEAT." The article went on to describe in lurid detail how driver Mario Andretti took the, um, pole position: "Andretti's hot lap earned [him] the inside spot. . . ." And some people find auto racing dull.

Nature note: The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has granted Ozzy Osbourne a lifetime membership. You may recall that Osbourne used to bite the heads off birds and, in an effort to







## POLITICAL TELEVISION

With the success of MTV, even politicians have seen the potential of video music. Videot savant (and Associate Editor) Kevin Cook collected these award-winning videos that, last November, kicked off the Presidential campaign.

### RON'S DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS) / Ronald Reagan

[Sung to *Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This)*]

Ron dreams and dreams of ewes  
Leapin' *National Reviews!*  
All the world is singin' blues.  
Keep it waitin', he's hibernatin'.

Lebanon's in the toilet,  
Lost some more Marines today,  
Caspar said, "Kiev? Charbroil it!"  
Andropov's got Kurds and Hué.

Hey, hey.

Ron dreams of jelly beans,  
Little candied death machines  
Launched from U.S. submarines.  
Trick or treat, world, ain't it a sweet world?

Turkey's revoked our leases;  
Nancy's bought the Hebrides;  
Baker hates Meese to pieces;  
Quiet, please, Ron needs his Zs.

Hold your head up (movin' on)  
One more minute (movin' on).

### ASTRONAUT / John Glenn

[Sung to *Maniac*]

He's an astronaut, astronaut in a tie.  
For a Democrat, he's Reagan's kind of guy,  
And he trained for this by flyin' through the sky.

He's an astronaut, astronaut in a tie.  
He's a mathlete, he's a calculating guy.  
And he's cookin' up some pi for every sky.

Righteous stuff, you can't dispute—  
When he launches, girls salute.  
When he splashes down, his crewcut shines so cute.

He's an astronaut, astronaut in a tie.  
Should we vote for him or that Ed Harris guy?

### SING IT / Jesse Jackson

[Sung to *Beat It*]

They told him, "Jesse, don't you come around here.

You'll only split the vote; why don't you disappear?"

But then a voice said  
In the back of his head,

"Just sing it, just sing it.

"You better run, you better do what you can.

The light folks so respectful of a preacher man.

You're young; you're high-strung,  
Got a golden-tip tongue, so sing it,  
Just sing it.

"Sing it, sing it, sing it, sing it,  
Strive, arrive and Martin Luther King it.

"You wanna inspire?

Better lead a new, committed-to-the-notion-all-men-and-women-born-equal-but-only-T-has-more-charisma choir,  
And sing it  
And fling it."

### PUTTIN' ON THE FRITZ /

Walter Mondale

[Sung to *Puttin' On the Ritz*]

They said they'd forget me not;  
Now they love that astronaut,  
Those hype-ocrites  
Puttin' on the Fritz.

This time, we won't have to be so fancy,

Hexin' all that Reagan necromancy.  
(Nancy, schmancy!)

When we go to nominate,  
That's the night I'll dominate.  
Don't lay your bets  
On the space cadets

Wedged into a billion-dollar tower,  
Tryin' hard to look like Eisenhower.  
(Meteor shower!)

Glenn's in the ejector seat.  
Pompous pilots can't compete  
With delegates  
Pushin' for the Fritz.

downplay the bad rap, donated \$2000 to the society. His publicity people were so thankful for the award, they issued a release that gushed, "Ozzy is quite the animal lover. Included in the menagerie found on his English farm is a donkey named Sally, several chickens, geese, pigs, two silky terriers and a huge Labrador retriever." Notice there isn't an exact number for the chickens or the geese?

If you imagine the theme song from *Jaws* every time you go swimming, just keep your hair clean and you'll stand a good chance of being safe from shark attack. University of Miami researchers Samuel Gruber and Elisha Zlotkin found that a detergent used in many shampoos—sodium dodecyl sulphate—outperformed the Navy's Shark Chaser as a repellent. But will it leave hair soft and shiny?

*Canada Weekly*, a publication of the Canadian Department of External Affairs, reports what we've always known: "Beaver pie—an intriguing new gourmet specialty."

A friend sent us a Korean-language newspaper, published in Los Angeles, intriguingly named *The Dong—A Daily News*. As soon as we learn Korean, we'll let you in on the long and short of it.

## PRACTICE MAKES IMPERFECT

San Francisco's Roman Catholic archdiocese has tried to provide guidelines for gay Catholics, despite obvious ambivalence over embracing the subject. To put the matter straight, the archdiocese has issued a briefing called "Ministry and Sexuality in the Archdiocese of San Francisco," and it's a kind of reverse Kinsey report. It says that "the homosexual orientation is not held to be a sinful condition," and that a gay Catholic need not change sexual preferences. On the other hand, the priests say that gays can't *engage* in their sexual preferences.

"Gradualism" and "direction," as the Church calls it, is, however, OK. What that means is that in the face of loneliness, gays should form close unions with other gays. "Homosexual people fall in love," says an archdiocese spokesman, conceding that "as long as this is so, sexual activity may occasionally occur.

"Objectively, the Church teaches that homosexual activity in such unions, or in any situation, is morally unacceptable," he continues. Gradualism, however, leaves a little room for fooling around without risking purgatory. So, if there's a close relationship and the couple slips into a little "genital activity," then the individuals will be judged not on the basis of the slip but on the "basis of direction," that over-all effort toward being a good Catholic.



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2. Sweepstakes is open to U.S. residents at least 21 years of age. Employees and their immediate families of American Brands, Inc. its subsidiaries, affiliates, divisions, advertising agencies and Marden-Kane, Inc. are ineligible. Void where prohibited, taxed, licensed, regulated or otherwise restricted by law. All Federal, State and local laws and regulations apply.
3. Winners of the Grand and Second Prizes will be selected in a random drawing from among all entries received by Marden-Kane, Inc., on or about June 15, 1984. Decisions are final and binding. Odds of winning the Grand and Second Prizes depend on total number of entries received. No prize substitutions or transfers.
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## By TONY SCHWARTZ

GOODBYE FOR NOW. They're going to make me a star. Maybe.

I'd been on television a few times before. Even, once, on *Donahue* (to talk about TV). My friends watched and told me I was a natural. I wanted to believe them. I may criticize television for a living, but I'm as star-struck as the next guy.

It all began because I asked Dan Rather questions about local television news as part of the January *Playboy Interview*. He insisted that WCBS, the CBS station in New York, was going respectable. That seemed intriguing in a city where local news has long meant fires, murders or fluff. I started watching, and sure enough, he was right. Perhaps I could write a column about this novel turn of events. I called the head of the station and made a lunch date with him and his news director. We got together. But before I could start asking questions, they had one for me: How would I feel about joining the station as a media critic on the five-P.M. news? "Say what?" I wanted to say. Instead, I tried to act cool and collected. You don't see Rather or Tom Brokaw get excited.

I agreed to audition by appearing on the air as a guest, live. What I forgot was that rush hour coincides with the five-P.M. news. There were no cabs in sight. It was also about 92 degrees in the shade. And humid. I dashed for a subway, praying it wasn't a breakdown day. Live television waits for no one. When I arrived, with four minutes to spare, my shirt was dripping wet and my hair—what there is left of it—was matted and miserable.

But being late had its compensations. There was no time to get nervous. No sooner had I been touched up than I was out in the studio, sitting in a stuffed swivel chair. Next to me was Michele Marsh, the pretty, perfectly put-together young anchor woman I was used to watching from bed—when she delivered the news at 11. But now she was asking me perky questions. Perky answers—mine, I later realized—bubbled back at her.

Then, presto, it was over. Everyone told me it had gone wonderfully. A few days later, I was offered a job.

This is going to be a breeze, I thought.

It didn't dawn on me until several weeks later that I was not only cavalier but also hopelessly naïve. Specifically, that dawning occurred on the day before I was scheduled to debut. Until then, my biggest worry had been what to wear. But then, suddenly, I realized I hadn't the faintest idea how to do this new job. It was one thing to answer a few questions as a guest and another to write a short essay, find pictures to illustrate it, read it on the air and then respond to questions.



Our man elects to be on TV, instead of just writing about it.

Fortunately, there was a natural opening topic: the TV movie *The Day After*, which was scheduled to air during my first week. I wrote a review, took it in and the producer started marking up the left margin. He wrote words such as ADDA and TRACK UP and ENG. Sheepishly, I confessed that they meant nothing to me.

"Don't worry," he said. "Just watch the tall lady on the floor of the studio; she'll cue you when to start talking and when to stop. In between, we'll run some clips from the movie."

I asked if I might try a dry run—a small matter of my never having read off a TelePrompTer and all. The director looked at me as if I were an oddball relative whose weird whims had to be indulged occasionally. Sure, he said. After my reading, I asked what he thought.

"Fine," he said. "Just remember to hold your chin down, tilt your glasses up slightly, lean forward a little and keep your head perpendicular to the rest of your body." Fair enough, I thought. Only I got dizzy trying to keep his instructions straight. Then I remembered what my friends had told me: I was a natural. I decided not to worry.

By the time I went on, my heart was beating so hard I feared that the microphone clipped to my tie would pick up the thumps. I read my words as they came up on the TelePrompTer, but for all they meant to me, I might as well have been reciting recipes. Afterward, everyone told me it had gone wonderfully, that I didn't seem nervous at all. I went home and looked

at myself on tape. It showed my head cocked at such a sharp angle that my hair was nearly touching my left shoulder. It showed a smile so sickly and self-conscious that it seemed I had hemorrhoids and was trying desperately to cover up.

Some natural.

The anchors, seasoned by disaster, told me not to rely too much on the TelePrompTer. Keep your script in your lap and follow along, they warned. Because sometimes the technology fails. I knew it was good advice, and I knew I couldn't possibly follow it. I was barely managing to read; forget looking down. Thankfully, weeks went by without a problem. Then one night, an excerpt from a show I was reviewing was running on the monitor. When the tape ended, I looked up at the TelePrompTer. It was filled with words I'd never seen before. A feeling of horror enveloped me. Mercifully, it was brief. I looked down at my lap. By some miracle, the right page was on top. I got through, barely missing a beat. A rite of passage, TV style.

For half a lifetime, I've written about how television news is superficial, how you can't possibly say anything worth while in two or three minutes. One night, I went home and watched the tape of one of my pieces. It ran two minutes and 20 seconds. About two thirds of the way through, I found myself feeling itchy. Distracted. Bored. Enough already, I thought. And vowed then and there never to do such a long piece again. Not without plenty of pictures, anyway.

Sorting out illusion and reality is no simple matter in television news. The idea, I began to realize, is to seem natural. But that doesn't necessarily mean *being* natural, because that can look too casual and laid back. Better to be animated, since the point is to grab the viewer's attention. But you don't want to be too animated, because then it may seem as if you're pitching instead of just talking casually.

Of course, what you're really doing is reading from a script, acting a role.

I realize I'm not the world's best reader, but I comforted myself that I wasn't hired for my skills as a performer. After all, I'm a writer. So I tried to make the writing count. One night, I used the phrase revisionist debunkers. That'll show 'em, I figured. And it did. A few days later, the news director mentioned it to me.

"Very nice writing," he said. "For a newspaper. Just one problem: You're on television now. Use a phrase like revisionist debunker and viewers are going to have to spend an extra second or two processing the concept. By the time they do, you'll have lost them."

So much for the advantages of a print background.

One of the side benefits of being on TV,



I figured, is the license to be vain. Looking good is part of the job, so now I had a reason to get dressed up. The first day, I wore a lavender tie. It prompted numerous comments; I assumed people were admiring. A few days later, I wore a bright, multicolored tie. More comments, but this time, the tone was a tad more irreverent. Then one day, I wore a bold-blue-striped shirt under a patterned sweater vest. Dapper stuff, I thought. That night, I ran into the general manager of the station at an office party. "Jesus," he said, "get rid of that sweater. It looks terrible. And do me a favor: Stick with solids."

So much for my wardrobe.

I began to get better at reading. I underlined words to remind myself where I wanted the emphasis. I even began to know what I was reading. But that required a great deal of concentration. One night, I finished my best rendition yet and turned to my colleague, Carol Martin. She asked me a perfectly logical question. Unfortunately, I was still daydreaming about how well I'd just read. The question completely passed me by.

But this was television, not a dinner party, and so I couldn't say the one thing I most wanted to—"Pardon me, but would you mind repeating that?" Instead, I tried to buy time with babble like "Well, to the extent that what you're saying is true. . . ." Finally, the question registered and an answer formed. A second bridge had been crossed.

I was doing another review that included a taped excerpt from a show. As the tape was ending, I looked over to the floor director for a cue to start reading again. None came. The tape stopped. Deadly silence enveloped the studio. I decided to take the matter into my own hands—and started to read. The director signaled wildly for me to stop. And then start again. She thought my microphone had been off the first time.

No such luck. Viewers had the unexpected pleasure of hearing me read the very same paragraph twice.

It was the night before I was going to write this column. I was on the air and the TelePrompTer broke down. I couldn't find my place in the script, so I had to start ad-libbing. All I could think to talk about was how difficult I found my job. I wasn't cool, I wasn't collected and, in fact, I barely made any sense at all. When I came off the air, the news director called me into his office. "I'm sorry, Tony," he said, "but you're fired."

Then I woke up. It was a nightmare. It hasn't happened. Yet. Nor, sadly, has the instant fame I'd expected when I gave up writing about television to be on it. After two months, not a single stranger had stopped me in the street. Then one day, I got into a cab and the driver, an Oriental, turned around for a second look. "I see you on television," he said. I couldn't help beaming. "You Bill Kurtis, right?"

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# MOVIES

## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

LOOKING GREAT and pushing 60 (well, he's 59), Paul Newman co-authored, coproduced, directed and stars in *Harry & Son* (Orion). If good intentions were enough, he'd rate high marks for his efforts. But Newman's instincts were right when he initially resisted taking the title role as a demolition-crane operator, widowed, depressed, in poor health. He's also making life difficult for his son (Robby Benson), who works at a car wash but hankers to be a writer. Benson is a talented young actor who overdoes the ingratiatingly boyish bit, particularly when he's given a role pre-soaked with sentimentality. Besides being misunderstood by Dad, he falls for a girl who's about to become an unmarried mother—played with appealing directness by Ellen Barkin. Joanne Woodward plays her mother, and there's just a hint of budding romance between the two single parents—kinda cute but not helpful to credibility, since the entire civilized world knows Paul and Joanne as Mr. and Mrs. *Harry* offers some affectingly tender moments and obviously aspires to tug our heartstrings, like a father-son reprise of *Terms of Endearment*. The difference is that Newman never pulls the audience along, because his family conflicts seem flimsily motivated, right up to the final lump-in-your-throat fade-out.  $\forall\forall\frac{1}{2}$

How it will affect the tuney-boppers glued to cable television's MTV, I cannot quite predict, but *This Is Spinal Tap* (Embassy) has my vote as a refreshing, hilarious "rockumentary" that sends up what the Beatles started with *A Hard Day's Night* in 1964. Directed by TV's Rob Reiner, doubling as a moviemaker named Marty DiBergi who's a loyal follower of "England's loudest band," *Spinal Tap* is the satirical chronicle of the last, disastrous U.S. tour of a British-bred group of "pale young boys." Patrick (The *Avengers*) MacNee plays Sir Denis Eton-Hogg of Polymer Records, the band's sponsor, with Tony Hendra as the harassed manager suffering frequent cancellations, indifferent fans, blasts from the critics, interfering wives, groupies, drugs and an inescapable shortage of talent wedded to massive egos. As *Spinal Tap*'s two leaders, Christopher Guest and Michael McKean (he's better known as Lenny in *Laverne and Shirley*) sound so low English you'll swear that Nigel and David are kissing cousins to Mick, Rod, Ringo, Keith and a host of other durable rock stars. Their band has had countless different drummers, one of whom "exploded onstage," and the musicians augment their crotch-clinging trousers with cucumbers. Reiner, Guest, McKean and Harry Shearer group-noodled the gags and mu-



Robby Benson, Paul Newman, as the son and Harry, bickering over lifestyle.

Newman goes sudsy,  
Reiner spoofs rock  
and Tom Conti triumphs.



*Spinal Tap*'s Shearer, Guest, McKean.



*Reuben*'s Conti, thinking.

sical numbers—inspired spoofs with titles such as *Big Bottom* and *Sex Farm Woman*. So far, there's been nothing funnier to take the edge off the sobering thought that 1984 is here.  $\forall\forall\frac{1}{2}$

A tantalizing combination of lewdness, wit and literacy renders *Reuben, Reuben* (Fox International Classics) a must for intelligent moviegoers whose fantasies are verbal as well as carnal. Adapted from a Peter DeVries novel, part of which became a Herman Shumlin play called *Spofford*, the film is top-heavy with fine credentials, including a screenplay by Julius J. Epstein, a Hollywood veteran who won an Oscar for his work on *Casablanca*. Added to that, *Reuben, Reuben*—the title role belongs not to the hero but to an English bulldog—stars Tom Conti, the staggeringly talented actor who plays a Scottish writer named Gowan McGland. Conti is unconditionally brilliant, simultaneously summoning up images of Brendan Behan, the late Irish literary roustabout, and that wild Welsh genius Dylan Thomas. McGland is a drunken, lusty literary light on the lecture circuit in a New England college town, where he screws every frustrated wife he can squeeze into his crowded schedule (Cynthia Harris and E. Katherine Kerr portray two of his most breathlessly eager victims). He also has an estranged wife (Kara Wilson), who's writing a tell-all biography, and a chicken-rancher friend named Spofford (Roberts Blossom), whose winsome granddaughter (an auspicious debut by Kelly McGillis, a golden movie newcomer) becomes his last romantic obsession. "There's no aphrodisiac like innocence," says McGland. Director Robert Ellis Miller, a TV alumna on his hottest film gig to date, brings out the wicked, bookish mischief of *Reuben, Reuben*, while Conti crowns it all with





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another personal triumph. Moviedom may soon discover that this man is a bona fide star. **YYY**<sup>1/2</sup>

The spaceship sets previously used in three other s-f potboilers (*Forbidden World*, *Battle Beyond the Stars* and *Galaxy of Terror*, if you're into trivia) are utilized to advantage in director Aaron Lipstadt's cheeky *Android* (Island Alive). Don Opper, co-author of the screenplay, also plays the key role as Max 404, an android drifting through the galaxy aboard a space station circa 2036 A.D. Fascinated by life on Earth, Max studies old movies and human anatomy and tries his first sexual experiments wearing a hat like those he remembers on Jimmy Stewart and Bogart. His master, Dr. Daniel (Klaus Kinski), is a kind of Frankenstein at work on a female android named Cassandra (Kendra Kirchner), and Max can hardly wait. He's still waiting when three Earthlings, one of them female, arrive to thicken the plot. As s-f adventure, *Android* just gets by. As spoofery, however, it has exuberant style, helped a lot by Opper, who plays Max with such goofy warmth he's virtually certain to be wired up for a sequel. **YY**<sup>1/2</sup>

The granddaddy of modern spy novelists, Erskine Childers, wrote *The Riddle of the Sands* (Satori) around the turn of the century. That landmark fiction made an exciting case for the possibility—which became a clear and present danger during two world wars—of a German invasion of England's eastern coast. British writer-director Tony Maylam's film based on the book, much of it shot on location at sea, projects a bracingly salty air even though the level of suspense is mild and late Victorian. Michael York, Simon MacCorkindale and Jenny Agutter are the front-and-center trio, with Alan Badel as the treacherous master spy. All combine able seamanship with able showmanship, making what they can of an interesting but unexceptional period piece. **YY**

Reel life and real life intermingle bewitchingly in *Strangers Kiss* (Orion Classics), a featherweight movie-within-a-movie romance made to order for insatiable cinéastes. Set in Hollywood as well as stuck on Hollywood, the screenplay (co-authored by director Matthew Chapman) is the precocious brain child of protean writer-actor Blaine Novak, a decidedly offbeat but agreeable leading man (who produced and had a featured role in Peter Bogdanovich's *They All Laughed*). Novak plays an actor named Stevie, portraying a boxer named Billy in a black-and-white 1955 B movie about a fighter in love with a would-be dancer whose body and soul seem to belong to a tough New York night-club owner. As the girl, Victoria Tennant—she played Robert Mitchum's mistress in TV's *The Winds of War*—is a cool but provocative blonde of



Opper as Max, the titular *Android*.

Check these: A horny robot, a movie movie and a seeworthy *Ship*.



*Stranger* Victoria Tennant.



All aboard with Fellini.

the special breed that Alfred Hitchcock used to groom for stardom. Life

begins to imitate art with an off-camera love triangle that the harried director (Peter Coyote, chalking up another small triumph of characterization) cannot control simply by yelling, "Cut!" Dan Shor as the timid young producer and Richard Romanus as the possessive money man add some nice shading—yet *Strangers* is primarily a minor explosion of local color. Disguised as a rueful love story, it's really all about Hollywood sound stages, props and costumes, movie magic, the sheer let's pretend of a film in the making, packaged to please. **YY**<sup>1/2</sup>

While a giant ocean liner plows through the high seas in July 1914, dinner is served to the first-class passengers by a corps of Chaplinesque waiters juggling their trays in tempo to the strains of Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*. World War One is about to begin, but the purpose of this voyage is to scatter the ashes of a late, great opera star near the island of her birth. Opera stars, showbiz biggies, culture buffs and a portly European archduke are aboard for Federico Fellini's strange but wondrous *And the Ship Sails On* (Triumph). It is a typical Fellini conceit that everything seems unreal because everything is unreal—when one female character comments that the glorious sunset looks as if it were painted on, we're looking at a painted sky over a shimmering artificial sea from a ship on a gigantic sound stage. Fellini finally exposes the artifice by pulling back to show the camera and crew, as well as the complex engineering devices that make his ship roll.

Meanwhile, *And the Ship Sails On* is both a puzzlement and a triumph. Sometimes the entire cast bursts into song, and the operatic style of the picture proceeds full tilt when, for example, the singers perform arias for the sweat hogs in the boiler room. "Where are all these Beautiful People going?" asks a host journalist (played by Freddie Jones, an English character actor) who talks to the audience but doesn't tell us much. Fellini seems to be spinning a tongue-in-cheek ode to a vanished era of beauty and art, which ends in violence when a German battleship appears under the cardboard moon to demand custody of some Serbian stowaways whose singing and dancing does not absolve them of complicity in a terrorist assassination at Sarajevo. The movie ends with the journalist in a lifeboat along with a sick rhinoceros that has been hoisted out of the hold, and I'm not sure what that mysterious bit of symbolism signifies—unless Fellini's simply suggesting there's nothing in the world so beastly that a journalist won't milk it for laughs or a scoop or a light lunch. As Italy's official entry for a 1983 Oscar as best foreign film, *Ship* isn't always easy going. But for loyal Fellini fans—and please count me in—to watch this mighty maestro make waves beats any number of trips dreamed up by lesser talents. **YYY**



## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

- And the Ship Sails On** (Reviewed this month) Fellini at the helm. ★★★
- Android** (Reviewed this month) Fun and games with s-f spoof. ★★½
- La Balance** Mean streets with French accent, very taut and exciting. ★★★
- Blame It on Rio** May-December sex comedy, a coup for Caine. ★★★
- Confidentially Yours** Truffaut's homage to Forties crime flicks. ★★★
- Crackers** Thieves fall in with Donald Sutherland and Sean Penn. ★★
- Erendira** Irene Papas' premium ham spices comedy by García Márquez. ★★
- Experience Preferred . . . but Not Essential** Rare Welsh bit. ★★½
- Gorky Park** A smashing East-meets-West-in-Moscow thriller based on the book, starring William Hurt. ★★½
- Harry & Son** (Reviewed this month) Newman, Benson come to terms. ★★½
- The Keep** And you can have it. Heavy-handed. ★
- Love Letters** The real sender here is sexy Jamie Lee Curtis. ★★
- The Man Who Loved Women** Burt and Kim by Blake with Julie, and not bad. ★★½
- El Norte** Moving minor drama of L.A. nonwelcome to Latinos. ★★
- Privates on Parade** British men at war, but mostly at showbiz. ★★½
- Reuben, Reuben** (Reviewed this month) Tom Conti as a horny writer on the lecher circuit. ★★½
- The Riddle of the Sands** (Reviewed this month) Spying, way back when. ★★
- The Right Stuff** Sky-high adventure of space era, not getting the attention it richly earns. ★★½
- Scandalous** Gielgud with Hays, OK but a long way from *Arthur*. ★★
- Scarface** De Palma's blood-and-guts drama masquerading as *The Godfather*, with Al Pacino snorting away. ★★
- Strangers Kiss** (Reviewed this month) Offbeat movie-movie romance. ★★½
- Sudden Impact** Clint & Sondra & Dirty Harry together again. ★★
- Terms of Endearment** Oscar's gonna love it, MacLaine winning in a walk, with Nicholson close behind. ★★½
- This Is Spinal Tap** (Reviewed this month) Snappy tongue-in-cheek rockumentary. ★★½
- To Be or Not to Be** Mel Brooks's remake of the Lubitsch classic. Take your pick, but make mine Lubitsch. ★★
- Two of a Kind** Beware of being trampled at the exits. ★
- Uncommon Valor** Gene Hackman as a vigilante. ★★

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

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Whose idea was it to invent the rock-'n'-roll novel, anyway? Just the thing to breathe life into an English-department syllabus when enrollments dip, but it hasn't done much to convince any of us that rock 'n' roll was the Spanish Civil War of the Sixties and Seventies. And that's what's wrong with Jane Smiley's *Duplicate Keys* (Knopf), a mystery concerned with fingering the murderer of two musicians. Smiley, not an altogether insensitive writer, witnesses death, mourning and police inquisition in compelling ways. However, every time she adjusts the color for rock 'n' roll, up pops drivel. How about this passage, right after a glass of water has been spilled onstage: "His guitar was on and he had one hand around the neck and he reached for one of the dials and lifted his foot. I opened my mouth to call out to him and shit if he didn't step to one side of the water. . . . I thought to myself, There's a lucky guy, there's the classic example of a lucky guy." So much for the rigors of rock.

Dick Francis' mystery stories are like the race horses he so frequently describes—each has its own characteristics, but all are essentially the same shape, made up of the same basic parts. So it goes with *The Danger* (Putnam's). Once again, Francis gives us the elusive evildoer, the provincial, slightly abashed protagonist, the race tracks, the slippery businessmen and the young girls. If it seems that Francis is stuck in a rut, we can say at least that the stories, like the horses, move along at a brisk pace, with graceful, economical, sometimes stylish strides.

Ever notice that almost every former pol writes a book? Ever read one? Most are impeachable offenses, but Ron Nessen's *The Hour* (Morrow) is a cut above. Nessen, Gerald Ford's press secretary, is no prose stylist, but he knows the news biz. Strictly episodic and as linear as a press release, *The Hour* concerns a Mike Wallace-style TV anchor man who manipulates the hell out of a story to pump up ratings of his *60 Minutes*-style magazine show. If that sounds like sour grapes on the author's part, it probably is. But it's fun to recognize Nessen's characters as thinly disguised Arledges and Paleys. It's fun to see tough reporter Mitch Crawford swallow some of his own medicine. It's fun to root for the good guys and to discover Nessen's surprisingly ambiguous ending. Nice job, Ron.

Barbara W. Tuchman has given us some of the best history written in our time (*The Guns of August*, *A Distant Mirror*), but her latest offering, *The March of Folly* (Knopf), is not quite up to par. Certainly, her thesis is worthy. Tuchman



*Duplicate Keys* but locked out.

War, baseball, Dick Francis, rock 'n' roll and Bella Abzug. Not bad for one month.



In Tuchman's *Folly*, war marches on.

wants to examine the reason governments follow policies that are essentially self-destructive. "Why do holders of high office so often act contrary to the way reason points and enlightened self-interest suggests?" she asks. She then focuses on the Popes' contributions to the Protestant secession from the Catholic Church, the British loss of American colonies and the blunders of the U.S. in Vietnam. Those episodes and eras do not fit comfortably together between covers, especially when Tuchman tries to cram too many sketchy biographies into each chapter and when her bottom line seems to be that human

folly produces historical disaster—something we knew already.

*One Police Plaza* (Crown) is a first-class first novel by William J. Caunitz, a New York Police Department detective lieutenant. The characters and the story have the feel of the real stuff. Detective Lieutenant Dan Malone begins a routine investigation of the brutal murder of a young woman and is suddenly halted by a hands-off order from above. At great risk to himself and his men, Malone ignores the order and finds a conspiracy. *One Police Plaza* is a helluva book, and you won't be able to put it down. Really.

## BOOK BAG

*Rotisserie League Baseball* (Bantam): Daniel Okrent and his fellow authors call their sport "the greatest game for baseball fans since baseball," but they're all known for modesty. Rotisserie ball enables weekend Steinbrenners to draft real major-league players, whose performances on the field determine the standings of their own mythical teams. As the one way a regular guy can play owner without \$10,000,000, this is also the greatest game for egomaniacs since politics.

*Gender Gap* (Houghton Mifflin), by Bella Abzug with Mim Kelber: A shrewd description of how women can organize to make the difference in the 1984 election, accompanied by some cogent analyses of male/female voting preferences.

*Freedom and Other Fictions* (Knopf), by William Ferguson: Twelve odd but well-written stories with a surreal touch.

*Machine* (Delacorte), by Denis Hamill: Pete's brother gives us a fictional map of old-time Democratic politics dragged, kicking and screaming, into the Eighties. Brooklyn's power broker is assassinated and his estranged and modern son shows up to set things right. A pleasant pastiche of political science and storytelling, despite occasional stiffness in the dialog.

*Arsenal: Understanding Weapons in the Nuclear Age* (Simon & Schuster), by Kosta Tsiapis: A wise and distinguished physicist speaks out, in layman's terms, about the hardware of our nuclear age and the deathly threat it embodies.

*Group Therapy* (Atheneum), by Shelby Hearon: Texan Lutie Sayre tries to find herself by leaving home. She succeeds in a most entertaining way. Take this novel on vacation; you'll enjoy the trip.

*Stengel: His Life and Times* (Simon & Schuster), by Robert W. Creamer: Read it for the details of the mighty Casey's playing and managing career, from 1910 through the Amazin' Mets. Or skim it for such great quotes as "I made up my mind, but I made it up both ways" and "Most people my age are dead at the present time." If you're a baseball fan, get it.





**QUIET RIOT:** Here it is backstage in Chicago, presumably inviting us to cum on feel the noise, though the bad spelling is merely implied. But attitude is everything, right? We tried to silence it and then went to see Rob Reiner's wacky film *This Is Spinal Tap*, the only known antidote to Q.R.

**PECKS AND HUGS AND ROCK 'N' ROLL:** "I've thrown a couple of chairs around once or twice," Kelly (no last name), lead guitarist for Girlschool, was telling us. But, she insisted, she's never trashed a hotel room. Such restrained dues paying comes unexpectedly from a member of the band that looks like a Frazetta painting come to life: four females in assorted black-leather and denim pants and jackets, silver studs and shagbark hairdos.

"We're normal, regular women. We just happen to have chosen this as a job—it's a lot easier than people imagine," she calmly explained, dismissing all the finely honed rationalizations for rock-tour violence.

But, Kelly, we persisted, you go onstage in an outfit that reminds us of famous pornography. Your fans can't possibly view you as a normal, regular woman.

"Ninety-eight percent of our fans are male and they do try to get backstage," she admitted, "but their intentions are very sweet; they're not like the girl groupies. When they do meet us, they just say, 'Hi, how are you?' The most they want is a kiss."

And, she insisted, that's all they'll get. Kelly's mom, are you getting all this?

**AUDIOPHILE RICHARD THOMPSON:** There is no one to whom we wouldn't recommend former Fairport Convention-er Richard Thompson's *oeuvre*. And now we not only can recommend it, we can tell you where to buy a high-quality chunk of it. Carthage Records is marketing six out-of-print Thompson albums, some featur-

ing vocals by his talented ex-wife, Linda. The audiophile pressings offered on Teldec vinyl are *Sunnyvista*, *Pour Down Like Silver*, *Henry the Human Fly*, *I Want to See the Bright Lights Tonight*, *Hokey-Pokey and Morris On*, which includes Thompson and other musicians on what the catalog describes as "a Celtic *Saturday Night Fever*." The discs cost \$8.95 for the first and \$7.50 for subsequent ones on the same order. You can order them from Carthage Records, Inc., 611 Broadway, Suite 415, New York, New York 10012.

**DOLBY PULLS THE PLUG:** As the techno-whiz behind the hit *She Blinded Me with Science*, Thomas Dolby carved a niche for himself at the very forefront of Britain's synth-pop movement. But call him a knob twiddler no more, because as fast as you can say deprogram, he has forsaken synthesizers to record an album of what he calls "postelectronic" music, utilizing "real" instruments such as—gasp—acoustic guitars and horns.

"Some people think I'm slitting my commercial wrists by not doing parts two through ten of *Science*," said Dolby. "But if I've established anything, it's to expect the unexpected. That song was different from anything I'd done before, and it'll be different from anything I do in the future."

There's no question that Dolby, who has played for Lene Lovich, the Thompson Twins and Joan Armatrading, among others, is a tad sensitive about the computer-head image with which he was tagged and that his move to a new sound

owes something to the resentment he ultimately felt.

"Because I've denied myself the *macho* image that goes with flashy clothes and guitars, people choose to view me as someone who sits up all night at the circuit board," he said. "Well, I actually have more in common with Van Morrison and Joni Mitchell, traditional singer-songwriters, than I do with the current wave of synthesizer bands. My more sensitive critics have always recognized the enormous difference between me and the others."

Take that, Depeche Mode.

## REVIEWS

Imagine the Go-Go's with evilly savvy, bitchy lyrics and you've got *Sleep It Off* (PolyGram), by Cristina. Except that there are no hooks. The words are worth the price of admission, but somebody forgot to bring the music. *Don't Mutilate My Mink*, though, merits a listen. It's the best *double-entendre* title of the year.

Now that Chic's Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards are working day jobs—cutting first-rate solo LPs and producing other artists—their contributions to the mother ship are beginning to falter. Try as we may, it's hard to believe in as average a record as *Believer* (Atlantic)—or in the band's long-term future.

There's no point in giving Menudo a bad review for *A Todo Rock* (RCA). These boys can't sing or play, but they're so

## TRUST US



**HOT**

1. Kool & the Gang / *In the Heart*
2. The English Beat / *What Is Beat?*
3. *The Best of the Alan Parsons Project*
4. Womack & Womack / *Love Wars*
5. Yes / *90125*



**NOT**

Ozzy Osbourne / *Bark at the Moon*



cuuuute! *Indianapolis* won't replace *Back Home Again in Indiana* as the official song of the Indy 500—the only English words in it are Indianapolis, gasoline and vroom—but it's a good reminder that only the loudest things in our culture seem to make much of an impression on the rest of the world.

As a little experiment, we gave our favorite country-and-western reviewer a copy of Billy Idol's album *Rebel Yell* (Chrysalis) just to see what would happen. Here is his report: "What the hell is this? There's not a rebel yell on either side of this sumbitch—just car-wreck noise and what sounds like the howls of a punk rocker having his gonads trimmed. I'll tell you what to do with this record. You take it and copy it on a cassette tape. Then you dub that tape onto a microcassette tape. Then you destroy the record and the copy and you shove the little bitty microcassette where the sun don't shine. I'm trying to make it easy on you." Uh, thanks.

Jazz and funk and a kitchen sinkful of other sounds and musical shapes have never before been blended with the awesome inventiveness and emotive power that run through the breakthrough Ronald Shannon Jackson LP *Barbeque Dog* (Antilles). To take a bite out of it is to know just how good fusion can taste.

*Touch* (RCA), the second Eurythmics album, offers nothing quite as catchy as Lennox and Stewart's number-one song *Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This)*. Its best tracks, *Who's That Girl?* and *Regrets*, are too sultry and menacing to be sweet; they're what dangerous dreams are made of. *Touch* is more soulful, more experimental and generally more accomplished than the *Sweet Dreams* album. And Annie Lennox, if not the voice for all the Eighties, is already more hypnotic than Mesmer ever was.

#### SHORT CUTS

**Handel / Operatic Airs** (Erato): Marilyn Horne goes for baroque—and comes up a winner.

**Leontyne Price and Marilyn Horne / In Concert at the Met** (RCA): A double disc of the famous 1982 concert. It's wonderful to listen to these two throw their vocal weight around.

**Opening Nights at the New Met** (RCA): Leontyne Price, Placido Domingo, Montserrat Caballé and Sherrill Milnes, among others, re-create their roles in season openers—usually Verdi. This is an album you dress up for.

**Simon Townshend / Sweet Sound** (Polydor/21): Remember the first time you heard Frank Sinatra, Jr.? Simon Townshend's first album is like that—weakly reminiscent of a much better and more important sound. *Sweet Sound* is well produced, though—by Pete, who is Simon's big brother.

## FAST TRACKS



**X MARKS THE SPOT DEPARTMENT:** Our quote for the month comes from Exene, vocalist for X, the most articulate New Wave band from L.A. The subject? Morality, what else? "I don't believe in anything that's morally right. My friend the poet Lydia Lunch said she believes in beauty, truth and filth. That about says it all." We're fairly certain that this quote won't be showing up in *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* any time real soon. Isn't that right?

**HAVIN' FUN IN THE WARM CALIFORNIA SUN:** Delegates to this summer's Democratic Convention in San Francisco may be greeted with indoor fireworks and a laser light show. Or colorful concrete rainbows. Techniques to give the hall a contemporary look have been submitted by FM Productions, which designed special effects for both the *Stones'* and *David Bowie's* concerts. Rock 'n' roll is here to stay.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** Martin Scorsese's new film, *The Last Temptation of Christ*, will include *Mike Been* of *The Call* as Saint John and *Sting* as Pontius Pilate. . . . A film crew is following *David Bowie* around on his world tour, but we don't yet know whether it's for TV, video or a feature-length concert movie. Stay tuned. . . . *Keith Richards* has been offered a movie role he just may take, that of British musical-comedy star *Max Miller* in *Absolute Beginners*. The film is described as an "English *West Side Story*" and will include music by *Squeeze* and *General Public*. Miller died 20 years ago, at the peak of his career. He was the highest-paid comic in Britain, though he was banned by the BBC because of his material. If *Keith* accepts the role, he'll be joining *Ray Davies* in the cast.

**NEWSBREAKS:** *Dave Edmunds* is producing the new *Everly Brothers* album. . . . The new *Springsteen* album, due out any minute, is composed of material from more than 100 songs the Boss has ready. A tour begins any day and is supposed to last for *two years*. . . . Part of the *Stones'* new record contract calls for *Jagger* to do a solo album. . . . *Kool & the Gang* are touring now because, according to bass player *Robert Bell*,

"We want to make sure we're out of the way when *Michael Jackson* and his brothers hit the road." . . . *Elton* is hitting the road without *Rod Stewart*. He began a world tour in March in Australia and will be coming to a concert hall near you this year. . . . You can own *Heart Play—Unfinished Dialog*, a spoken-word documentary on Polydor from the *Playboy Interview* tapes of *John Lennon* and *Yoko Ono*. It's eerie and heartbreaking and special. Another piece of Lennon news: Wall paintings by John were discovered by workmen renovating a former Liverpool night spot, the Jacaranda Club, where the group played its first concert as the *Silver Beatles*. Lennon and the then drummer, *Stu Sutcliffe*, were paid about \$35 for painting the club's walls. The new owner called in experts to find out the best way to preserve the work. "I'm determined to keep them," he said. . . . A note to our readers: Do you want the real poop? Rock critic *Dave Marsh*, author of the recently published book about *The Who*, *Before I Get Old*, has a nifty monthly newsletter called *Rock & Roll Confidential*. It's a steal at \$15 per year, and you can get it with a check or money order sent to Duke & Duchess Ventures, Department Eight, Box 1073, Maywood, New Jersey 07607. Or, for two bucks, you can get a back issue and check it out. We got all the details on the *Louie, Louie* Marathon from *Dave's* rag. . . . *Joan Jett and the Blackhearts* were named honorary deputy sheriffs of Davidson County when they played Nashville recently. Said Jett, "Now I can body search anyone legally." And that's rock 'n' roll, and we like it.

—BARBARA NELLIS



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H A S S E L B L A D



# ☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

## By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

**IDOL GOSSIP:** Katharine Hepburn and Nick Nolte co-star in MGM/UA's dark comedy *The Ultimate Solution of Grace Quigley*, the story of a lonely old lady (Hepburn) who, having had her fill of life, hires a reluctant hit man (Nolte) to do her in painlessly. Problems arise when Quigley's elderly cronies decide they'd like to participate in the last rites. Directed by Anthony (The Lion in Winter) Harvey, the film has been a pet project of Hepburn's for the past ten years. . . . Roy Scheider, John (The World According to Garp) Lithgow and Bob (Absence of Malice) Balaban will play the three astronauts in



Hepburn Nolte

search of HAL's vanished spacecraft in *2010: Odyssey Two*, sequel to the 1968 classic *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Peter (Outland) Hyams directs from his own script; special effects will be overseen by *Star Wars* alumnus Richard Edlund. . . . Costa-Gavras' next project will be *War Day*, a tale involving survivors of a nuclear holocaust. . . . On the drawing board for Mel Brooks is an s-f spoof tentatively called *Planet Moron*. . . . Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds will team up for the first time ever (along with Marsha Mason) in Blake Edwards' *Kansas City Jazz*, a mystery set in the Forties. . . . William Katt and Sean (Blade Runner) Young play a young couple who chance upon a family of living dinosaurs while on a routine archaeological trek in Africa in Walt Disney Pictures' *Baby*. Special effects will include a state-of-the-art Audio Animatronics—you guessed it—dinosaur. . . . Michael Cimino will direct Dustin Hoffman in Columbia's *The Yellow Jersey*, a story that revolves around the famous 3000-mile bicycle race the Tour de France. (The yellow jersey is awarded to the leading cyclist with the best over-all time.) The film will mark Cimino's first feature since the ill-fated *Heaven's Gate*.

**EXTRASENSORY DEPRIVATION:** Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd and Harold Ramis play three oddball parapsychology professors at NYU who lose their research grants and decide to go into business ridding New York City of its ghost problems. That, in a nutshell, is the plot of Columbia's *Ghostbusters*, one of the most expensive comedies to come down the Tinseltown pike since

1941, and the first big-screen coupling of Aykroyd and Murray. Based on an original script by Aykroyd and Ramis, the flick co-stars Sigourney Weaver as one of the spirit-smashing trio's first clients and Murray's eventual love interest, and SCTV's Rick Moranis as Weaver's swinging accountant neighbor. Columbia is apparently pulling out all the stops for this one—a \$1,000,000 set of a New York rooftop, complete with panoramic Manhattan skyline, has been constructed on the lot for



Aykroyd Murray

shooting some of the ghost-chasing scenes. And, of course, we will see ghosts—courtesy of the team that created them for *Poltergeist*.

**A MOO MOO HERE AND A MOO MOO THERE:** Nineteen eighty-four may well go down in history as the year Hollywood discovered farming—this year, moviegoers will be treated to not one but two major motion pictures on the subject, a veritable bumper crop. One of these, mentioned in an earlier column, is Universal's *The River*, starring Mel Gibson and Sissy Spacek. It's about the plight of the modern-day small farmer. The other is Disney Pictures' *Country*, starring Sam (The Right Stuff) Shepard and Jessica Lange. It's also about the plight of the modern-day small farmer. Will all these farmers survive bad weather, a troubled economy and Government bureaucracy?



Shepard Lange

Will the American moviegoing public survive two films on farming in the same year? Maybe the Reagan Administration ought to consider a farm-movie subsidy program in which producers would be paid *not* to make films on the subject.

**RESOUCED:** "I never thought I'd get to play Lily Tomlin," says Steve Martin, referring

to his role in Universal's *All of Me*, a flick with such a weird twist it makes *The Man with Two Brains* look like a documentary. Tomlin plays Edwina Cutwater, a rich, eccentric, bedridden spinster who hires a Far Eastern mystic to transplant her soul into the nubile body of her stablehand's daughter (Victoria Tennant). The transfer is just about to take place when who should walk in but Roger Cobb (Martin), a junior member of the law firm Edwina has hired. The mystic gets her wires crossed, and happy, horny Roger ends up housing the soul of prim, proper Edwina. Says Martin, "I have to play Roger and Edwina simultaneously—male on the left, female on the right. Sometimes I look in the mirror and see Edwina's face. Sometimes I speak and her voice comes out. The most trying part, though, is when I take her along on dates."



Martin Tomlin

But the film does seem to have its serious side. Says Tomlin, "What attracted me to the role was Edwina's character and the premise of an afterlife. Confined to celibacy all her life, Edwina is suddenly vulnerable to love for the first time—even though she has to find it as half of Steve Martin's body." Set for a midsummer release, *All of Me* is directed by—who else?—Carl Reiner.

**SPACE CADETS:** Low-budget film maker John (Return of the Secaucus Seven) Sayles's latest inexpensive venture is *The Brother from Another Planet*, a \$350,000 parody of s-f films. TV actor Joe (Another World) Morton stars as a black alien from outer space who, pursued by two white bounty hunters, crashes his spacecraft on Ellis Island and proceeds to make his way through Harlem and the rest of New York City. Along the way, he gets a job in a video-game arcade (extraterrestrial powers make him able to fix a video game merely by touching it) and falls in love with a jazz singer, played by Deedee Bridgewater. In addition to directing the film, Sayles appears in the role of Uno, one of the bounty hunters pursuing the alien. Uno's partner, incidentally, is named Dos. A spring release is tentatively set.





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By ASA BABER

"THE COLONEL wants the shields off, Lieutenant," Gunny Door yelled to me from the fire-direction center. It was almost dusk. I was standing in a ravine, trying to line up eight 105 howitzers in the proper firing direction. "We've got to strip 'em. The colonel wants them ready for chopper transport." The gunny looked at me with his chiseled face and crooked grin. His eyes glistened the way they always did when he heard an order that he thought was crazy.

Gunnery Sergeant Door had been in the Marine Corps for almost 30 years. From the things he had told me after I gained his confidence, he had encountered some strange commanding officers in his time. But the gentleman who ran the battalion now seemed especially aggressive. The colonel had taken command with an efficiency that bordered on vengeance, and although he was not an artillery officer, he had proceeded to revamp our procedures in the field and in garrison. I am sure he thought he was putting his stamp of leadership on his troops. The gunny and I thought he didn't know what he was doing.

It is never really peacetime in the artillery. You are always firing live ammunition. Hanging around high explosives has a way of focusing your energies on the job at hand, and the idea that we were being ordered to cut safety put me in a strange position. Taking the protective shields off a howitzer exposed the gun crew to much more danger.

"What's he up to, Gunny?" I asked as I thought out loud. "There's not a chopper near here." This was in the early Sixties and we were moving howitzers by trucks, not helicopters. "We've had some bad ammo. If we get a muzzle burst and we don't have our shields, we'll lose some people."

A lot of thoughts went through my mind. I was a young man in conflict, no question about that. Not too long before, I had been as aggressive and mean and tough as anybody I worked with. But I was going through a quantum change in my thinking about life and manhood. Originally gung ho, I now found myself trying to save lives, not take them. I had become a very independent Marine, indeed. Caution, stealth, safety, a cold look at the odds in each situation, a refusal to do anything blindly, life, not death, as a goal—those had become my methods.

Two things had happened to me between boot camp and my final months in the corps. First, I had been sent overseas before most of the world knew we were overseas, and I had been unnerved by the casual way politicians had committed military men to tasks that were unachievable. That experience affected me deeply. I



## THE ROOTS OF AGGRESSION: PART TWO

"One brief moment of genuine love between my father and me had shown me that I was not just a killer and a competitor."

could see a major war shaping up. Even in those early days, friends of mine were killed in the jungles of Southeast Asia. War was not a theoretical issue for me anymore. War cost.

I know now that my instincts at the time—instincts that made me uncomfortable, because I felt it must be unmanly to be opposed to war—were the right ones, and I will always believe that if the thousands of men who died in the Vietnam war could speak today, most of them would speak against such aggression.

But another event in my life had an even greater impact on my thinking as I wrestled with my urge to disobey the order I'd been given: Shortly before he died, my father and I had made our peace with each other. As we shook hands for the last time, my father had smiled and said, "Well, I hope you make it, kid." I remember that I was very sad at that moment but that I did not show my sadness. I remember also that I knew then that my father and I loved each other and had traveled beyond aggression. Such traveling is hard for men to do, but unless we learn how to do it, the

role of the male in this culture will not improve.

I had been raised in a tense and aggressive atmosphere at home, schooled in a peculiarly polite brand of aggression in the Ivy League, trained as a Marine to attack and destroy. Yet one brief moment of genuine love between my father and me had shown me that I was not just a killer and a competitor. Warm and kind relationships between me and my fellow men had been few and far apart until then. Once that happened—and I admit that it happened at an awkward time for the aggressive Marine I was supposed to be—it was impossible for me to look on men as disposable cannon fodder.

As men, we are taught from an early age that male-on-male aggression is natural and acceptable. We see it in cartoons, news reports, movies, TV shows, boxing matches, football games. We are raised on a steady diet of male killings and maimings. Indeed, one of the tests of manhood can be to demonstrate how fully we subscribe to the cheapness of male life. The fuller, the manlier—so the thinking goes.

Sooner or later, men are going to come to the understanding that it is as foul for us to hurt and kill one another as it is to hurt and kill women and children. The aggression that has been primed in us by the barrage of signals from our society will be seen as dangerous. And we will set about learning to unlearn aggression.

My father's spirit moved in me. "Leave the shields on, Gunny," I said.

"Yes, sir," he saluted.

We fired our howitzers on through the night: high explosives, white phosphorus, illumination rounds. The battalion commander never came into our position and my act of rebellion was not discovered. But I was not at ease. After all, I had disobeyed an order.

About three in the morning, word came on the radio that there had been a muzzle burst in a nearby battery. They hadn't had their shields on. Several men had been killed. We were to put our shields back on and not to fire until then.

In the more than 20 years since his death, my father has come to stand for kindness and love. He may have knocked me around, but that's because he was trapped inside a male myth. I know now that he wanted out. He just didn't know the way. I don't, either—not completely. But I am damn well looking for it, and I believe many other men are, too.

Let's think for ourselves and not undervalue male life and health. Let's not be so afraid of genuine friendship. Above all else, when there's a choice and we can either sacrifice men or shield them, let's do the latter.

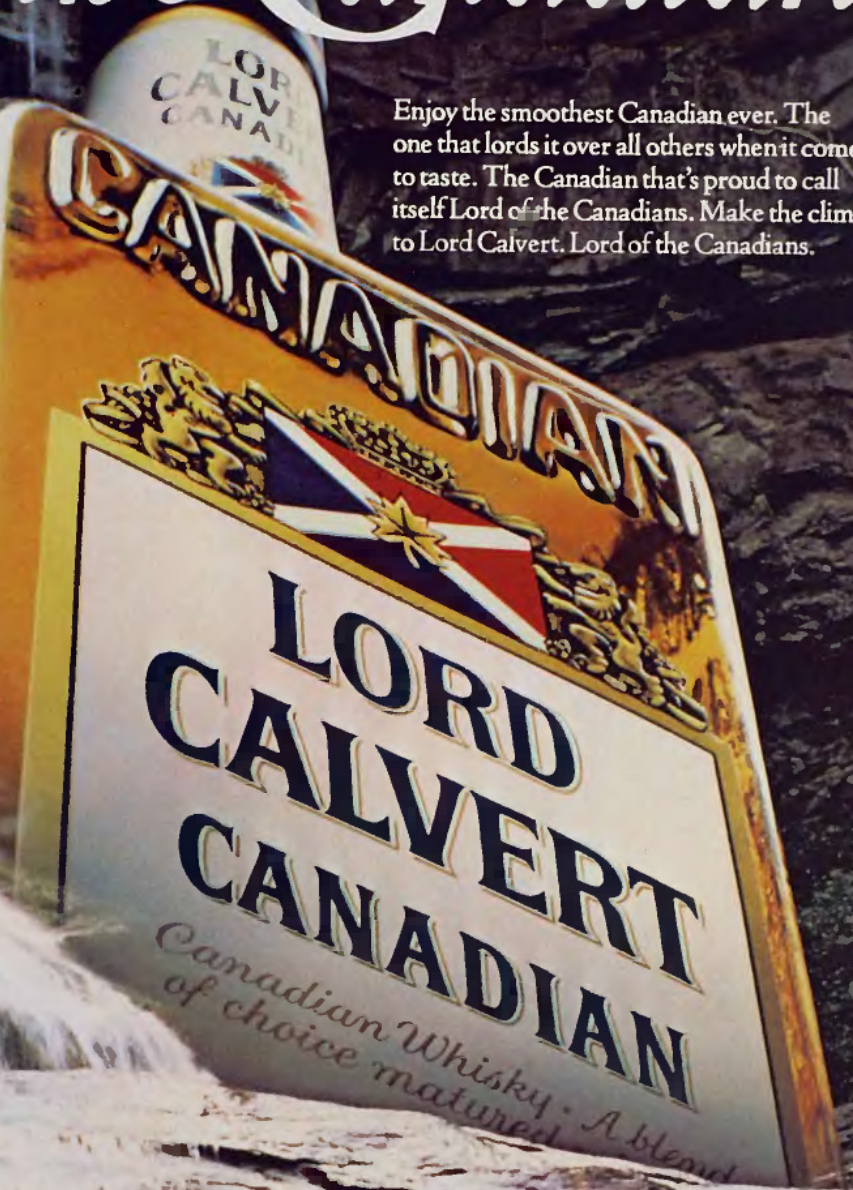
Who knows? The lives we save may be our own.





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## By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

YOU KNOW HOW these things happen: You've been dating the most wonderful girl in the world for several weeks, even several months, when something untoward happens. Maybe something small, like her starting to wear a particularly rancid brand of perfume, or maybe something major, like her informing you that she was only kidding when she said she adored football. Whatever. All you know is that the thrill has ebbed. Your dreams of this girl are no longer feverish. Your finger seems loath to dial her number; you become re-enamored of airline stewardesses. The love affair is, in fact, history.

That middle period of relationships, that perilous time between the starry-eyed first moments and the cozy, settled period when you may even have the nerve to fart in bed, is always fraught. It's tricky business, getting to know each other, a pitfall-a-minute affair. And we women can be just as finicky as men. Strike the wrong note and we have a tendency to go off our feed completely.

Therefore, having several complaining women at my finger tips, I'm going to list their most common grievances—the things that make their eyes go opaque and cause them to stop returning phone calls. Do what you will with the information.

1. *Playing hard to get.* If a man constantly breaks dates at the last minute and is often seen squiring different blondes around town, a woman will quickly tire of him. We've all played that game called I don't like you as much as you like me, usually in junior high school. A few of us will play this game unceasingly, but most of us have better things to do with our time, such as crocheting doilies. So don't say you're going to call when you're not, don't leave lipstick-stained cigarette butts in your ashtrays, don't disappear for weeks at a time. We'll only yawn.

2. *Playing easy to get.* We don't like this, either. (Goddamn, we're picky!) There is something off-putting about a man who brings up marriage and children during the first weeks of courtship, who discusses adjoining burial plots on the first date or who professes undying love with lightning speed. A human door mat is neither amusing nor attractive. And we all know (too well) that a man who is too intense too soon has no staying power: He is in love with love and not with us.

3. *Refusing to gossip, especially after a juicy party.* This is crucial. Most women will forgive a man anything—trampling her flower beds, ignoring her nipples, forgetting her birthday—if only he will stop



## PRESSURE POINTS

"It takes us, I don't know, approximately 11.7 minutes to become fully aroused. We like to be fondled, we like to be kissed, we like to be told how gorgeous we are."

pretending not to enjoy a good gossip. There is nothing in the world more irritating than a man who preserves a stony silence in the car ride home from a dinner party where Gladys pulled Myrna's husband into the broom closet while Myrna decided it would be fun to launch into an impromptu cancan right after George announced his sexual preference for Lithuanian bus boys.

4. *Forgetting foreplay.* One must never, as John Cleese put it, stampede the clitoris. All men know this during their dispassionate, reflective moments, but when sexual lust rears its insistent head, some men become stricken with amnesia and think they can just hop on and go at it. They can't. It takes us, I don't know, approximately 11.7 minutes to become fully aroused. We like to be fondled, we like to be kissed, we like to be told how gorgeous we are, we crave more than a bare minimum of caresses. Otherwise, we become cold and hard, which is not the way you want us.

5. *A plethora of after-shave.* Or, God forbid, cologne. I personally prefer the smell of clean, honest sweat above all else, but many women delight in a hint of subtle fragrance. None of us, however, is partial to an overpowering, mind-numbing, sticky-sweet odor, so be gentle with your Brut. And eschew all "essential oils" purporting to smell like strawberries.

6. *Telling dirty jokes to get us in the mood.* No, we are not interested in the antics of the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter, though we may be vaguely intrigued to learn what the bishop said to the actress. The trouble is, most dirty jokes are not funny. They are simply slimy, smutty, smarmy and stupid. These things do not, somehow, turn us on.

7. *Plying us with drinks and drugs to get us in the mood.* We will not respect you for this clichéd ploy. We may even become contrary.

8. *Plying yourself with drinks and drugs.* I have a good friend who often tells the story of a man who, after knowing her for two weeks, decided it would be fun for her to see him at his worst. He was a wonderful, brilliant, witty man, but she wasn't prepared to deal with him as a Romilar and Wild Turkey-saturated psychopath.

9. *Bad laundry habits.* There are men who forget to wash their sheets for months on end. They think they're being clever buying that dark paisley pattern, but the nose, unfortunately, knows. Clothes must also be washed occasionally—it's no good taking a shower only to climb into clothes exuding petrified body odor.

10. *A pronuclear stance.* Admittedly, there are some weirdos among us, but most women will run screaming from any room in which a man is proclaiming that we must keep ahead of the goddamned Russkies. We have a certain saccharine streak that makes us fond of green growing things, of blue skies, of pretty sunsets, of healthy babies. And it seems to us that nuclear escalation puts those things in jeopardy. If you happen to be misguided enough to feel differently, keep those feelings to yourself or, better yet, change. And if you think Ronald Reagan is a hell of a President, remain mum—most of us preferred him in *Bedtime for Bonzo*.

11. *Being overly critical.* Too much criticism makes anyone want to curl up into a ball. In fact, I think I'd better call a halt to this column, or you may become discouraged. Next month (I promise), I'll delve into all that is wonderful about the male sex. There's plenty.





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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've been dating a woman for about a month and a half now, and our sex life is very strong, except that she will not allow herself to have an orgasm, at least not with a man. I gave her a vibrator and she reaches orgasm very quickly with it (in the privacy of her home), and she has had orgasms with men before. So the problem is apparently not physiological.

Several times, I've almost gotten her off by going down on her, but she stops me. Her only explanation is that she's afraid of being "easy" and that she really doesn't know why she denies herself. I'm afraid the situation is becoming something of an obsession with me. Can you give me any insight into what the problem might be and the best way for me to handle it, including how I might gradually help her relax with me and achieve orgasm?—A. M., Tarpon Springs, Florida.

*Since you haven't been dating for very long, it could be that your girlfriend is not yet secure enough with you to let herself go sexually. In addition to denying herself, she is denying you sexual satisfaction as well. This reluctance can sometimes be an unconscious attempt to exert control over the relationship, or it can be a way of demonstrating lack of commitment or trust. And if she is accustomed to using a vibrator, it may take some adjustment for her to learn how to respond to and consistently enjoy a sexual partner.*

**M**y father was a home-movie buff, and as a result, we have reels and reels of the family on picnics, at Christmas, etc. The problem is that the films are beginning to fade, and most have been spliced so often, you can watch only a few minutes at a time before the film breaks. Is it possible to have them transferred to new celluloid so that my kids can watch them?—M. O., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

*You could have the film reprinted, but then you'd have the same problem when your grandchildren came along. Film just wasn't meant to last forever. But video tape was. It doesn't fade and it wears only when you play it. Any number of film-processing labs can transfer your old home movies to cassettes, with no loss of quality, at fairly reasonable prices. You may even lower those costs by supplying your own cassettes. If you ask the lab, it can even expunge those shots of you on the bearskin rug. It's not necessary to preserve everything for posterity.*

**W**hen I first met my boyfriend, he told me never to fall in love with him. Now, almost two years later, he admits there is love between us. I want children in my future, but he says he doesn't want any. There are too many things he wants to do.



He says he's selfish and he seems set. Should I wait to see whether or not he changes his mind? He is 31 and I am 22.—Miss M. L., Phoenix, Arizona.

*What you should do is find someone else. This is too serious a matter to disagree upon. No matter what you do, one of you is bound to be unhappy. He is old enough to know what he wants, and so are you.*

**I**n regard to your request for information on how orgasm was achieved or was learned, I have discovered a successful method that never fails for me.

When my man gets one of those unexpected erections that take him less time than for me to intensify my own clitoral erectile stimulus, I first look at it and think of the heat and the power emanating from it, from the head right down to the shaft; then I concentrate on the other dominant masculinities, such as the hair on his chest, the hardness of his thighs, the testicles, where that sweet sperm is waiting, or the desire in his eyes—in other words, the whole man! I envision and acknowledge his strength superseding my own. In that, I find admiration and my first feelings of queasy vulnerability. I then feel him begin to mount me; I put my hands on his rib cage to feel the muscles and the heaving of his body and feel my love for him enter my heart. I close my eyes, place a hand on each buttock and gently spread them while he is inside me (this makes me feel as if I am beginning to take control of his body, and also he is able to thrust deeper within me. This is when I think of myself in terms of pulsation—the vulva, labia, vagina and clitoris). I squeeze my vagina tightly, with the thought of resistance to

him; that tightens pressure on his penis. At this point, I envision myself winning the victory of resisting him with the strength in my vaginal walls and picture my vagina drinking his warm semen; then I elevate my hips slightly to receive him and slowly pull my pelvis in a downward motion, as though I were nursing the head of his cock with a vaginal sucking motion, with the thought of tasting his sperm with my pussy. As I feel the heat rise, mine does also, and the victory is almost always a mutual explosion of orgasm. The formula: observation, respect, admiration, fear, battle, love, compromise, *victory!* I can honestly say I have never felt short-changed, and though I haven't related this sexually satisfying theory to my man, he always says, "You can get me so hot so fast it's unbelievable!"

I have discovered through experience that if a woman suffers from insecurity, it can inhibit orgasm. Once you find your self-esteem as a loving, sensuous, responsive and honest woman, you will see and feel those closed, stubborn doors opening up for you. You will also feel that the orgasm you receive is a gift bestowed rather than one received. In other words, you excite me, I want you, I feel for you, I give you me, wrapped in the wetness of my feelings, surrounded by the warmth of my vagina to enfold your sperm into my safe-keeping. And your man's orgasm is also a gift bestowed rather than a gift received. Well, **PLAYBOY**, those are my thoughts and experiences on the subject, as you requested. I hope they have helped give a little insight into the problem and a lot of happy orgasms for those who try and succeed. I will just add this: Romanticism never dies, it just gets a little rushed on occasion; but women who care will always keep it alive, no matter what corners they must cut. I have always believed that he who hesitates is lost. Wouldn't you agree?—Miss S. L. W., Lake Worth, Florida.

*Yes. Thanks.*

**M**y old auto is on its last legs. It has given me nearly ten years of reliable service, but it's obvious that a new one is necessary. Since I haven't shopped for one in a long time, I was simply bowled over by the new crop, with its mind-boggling array of add-ons, electronics and computers, etc. I liked it when things were simpler, but that's living in the past. How do I bring myself up to date without taking a degree in automotive engineering?—S. P., Omaha, Nebraska.

*If you think about it, you'll realize that going 55 with a digital speedometer is similar to going 55 with the old analog speedometer. A car with racing stripes does not*



handle better than one without racing stripes. Once you eliminate the cosmetics and whiz-bang technology, you'll have a machine that simply takes you where you want to go. And that's how you should shop for a car. Forget what's "in" on your block, what's hot off the drawing boards and what's the latest in high tech. Figure out what it is you want the car to do and find the car that does it best. For instance, ask yourself: Do I need acceleration for freeway travel? Do I need handling for twisting mountain roads? Do I need a car that will go in snow and ice? Do I need a car with more space for luggage or for passengers? Do I need interior comfort for long hauls? Do I need reliability or can I afford my own mechanic? Answering any one of those questions will narrow your choices considerably. No matter how complicated the auto, when you step on the accelerator, it should go; when you hit the brake, it should stop; and when you slam the door, it should go "Thunk." Once you have a basic configuration in mind, you can then think about amenities and add-ons. That way, you won't be intimidated by fast talk and advertising claims. And by the way, before you sign on the dotted line, give yourself that one last bit of satisfaction and give the tires a good swift kick.

**M**y girlfriend and I have been going together for a little more than a year now, and I would say with all confidence that we are very much in love. We enjoy doing everything together and have always had a very open relationship. About six months into our relationship, we discussed the desire to make love. It was clear that it was what we both wanted, and we covered the topic quite thoroughly, including the details of birth control and feelings. Let me not forget to state that we were both virgins. The problem is that six months later, we still are. For the past six months, we have tried very hard to make love, but it just hasn't worked. We have at times gotten very frustrated but have always gotten over it quickly and attempted to have sex again.

We are both aware that in a small percentage of cases, a woman's hymen requires simple surgery to open the passage into the vagina, but we both doubt that this is the problem. We engage in oral sex often. We have agreed that in May, if things haven't worked out, she will see a gynecologist. However, this is a last resort, since she feels very reticent about that type of thing, and I also feel uncomfortable asking her to make that sacrifice, knowing the way she feels, even though she insists that she will do it for us. What can we do about this problem?—R. H., Claremont, California.

*We think your ladyfriend should consult a gynecologist about the difficulties the two of you are having. We see no point in waiting until May, and she would not be making a "sacrifice" by going. She should have confidence in her doctor and be able*

*to discuss private matters with him or her. Urge her to make an appointment. Then proceed together gently into the night.*

**I**'m trying to buy a new camera, a 35mm single-lens reflex, and I've reduced the field to three, all with pretty much the same features and expandability. And I'm stuck right there. In fact, there is no one feature in any of them that sets it above the rest. So how do I choose? Is it really just a coin flip?—M. M., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

*A coin flip might work, but you'd have to find a coin with three sides. If you intend to get heavily into photography, you'll find that your camera must be almost a part of your body. It's an extension of your hands and eyes. If you have to fumble with the controls, you're going to miss a number of good shots. So it's best to choose a camera that feels good in your hands. The major differences in similar-priced and similar-priced cameras are in where the controls are and how they operate. The most used controls should fall readily to hand and should operate smoothly without your having to look at them. Gauges and scales should be easy to read and quickly deciphered. Surfaces should allow a sure grip, and the weight should strike a balance between a heft that is comfortable and a lightness that doesn't seem to detach the camera from your control. No one but you and your body can judge these things, and that makes picking the right camera truly a hands-on experience.*

**M**y girlfriend and I are in a relationship that has degenerated to a state alternating between indifference and hostility. Our emotional, financial and intellectual interests and pursuits seem to clash in a no-holds-barred argument practically every day. Our energy levels and recreational activities are so different (she is not a physically active person, I am) that we spend time together only when we're eating or arguing. Our sex life, of course, has not existed for months.

"Why are you still with her?" you ask. First, her parents treat me as a son and have been only kind and generous to me. They hint about and anticipate our marriage in what they hope is the near future. Second, my girlfriend has not really cultivated either friends or possible boyfriend candidates who could support her emotionally should we break up. Last, my once-beautiful girlfriend has put on weight to the point where she would not easily be able to attract the caliber of man she would want to attract. I am therefore caught between my craving for a new and peaceful existence—alone, if need be, since I have not developed any stand-by relationships—and my wish to be kind to my present partner. I do not want to leave her high and dry, but we can't waste our lives like this. We are both in our late 20s. Please advise.—J. K., Houston, Texas.

*Ultimately, this is a decision you'll have to make, but since you ask our opinion, this sounds like a no-win situation for both of you. The relationship doesn't appear to be working for either of you, but you're hanging on primarily out of fear of change. Your desire not to hurt your girlfriend is commendable but could be an excuse for not facing life alone. Re-evaluate the relationship one more time and consider making a clean break. In the long run, it will be best for you both. She can become a whole person after you're gone. She can lose weight. She can meet people. It's not your job to make her whole. It's not your job to make up the difference. Forget her parents' expectations and get around to living your own. Life has more to offer than this, believe us.*

**I** am an old-fashioned guy who is involved in a modern lovers' triangle. A friend (female) of two women to whom I'm emotionally attached told me very confidentially that she had walked in on them making love one day. It was a shock that really hurt, though I knew the two were close friends. Since then, I've seen a lot of indications that they are lovers. At the same time, my relationship with them has been strained, to say the least. My question is this: Should I discuss the situation with them and clear the air, or should I continue to keep their secret to myself? One of the two, an ex-lover of mine, knows they were seen in the act. The other corner of the triangle, a gal for whom I was head over heels, doesn't know their privacy was invaded.—H. A., Norman, Oklahoma.

*First, why is it so important to you to clear the air? All you have as evidence is a report by a friend. If you have been lied to by one or both women, you have a problem. However, if there have been no commitments (only hopes), then it is none of your business. There is no tactful way to bring this subject up, so we suggest that you don't. And if you're really upset about the sexual practices of these women, you don't have to deal with them. Homosexuality and bisexuality are facts of life, and we all should accept people as they are.*

*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.*

*If you want to read almost everything you know about sex, try "The Playboy Advisor on Love & Sex." It's available at bookstores or for \$10.95 from The Putnam Publishing Group, Department PBM-5, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016.*





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# DEAR PLAYMATES

The readers of this column aren't fools. They want the real skinny from our Playmates on even the most sensitive subjects. On their behalf, we're always willing to rush in where angels fear to tread. Our readers want to know about sexual performance and how important it is in the total picture.

The question for the month:

**How important to you is a man's sexual prowess?**

On a scale from one to ten, probably a five. It's important, a little. However, if I really admire a man and respect him and he has a nice personality, I'm not going to kick him out of bed for eating crackers, so to speak. You've got to think about sex a lot to keep the steam up. If it's not on your mind, you stop producing the energy. You can have great sex with someone you don't know too well. It's mysterious then, and that can make up for a lot of so-so performances.



*Cathy Larmouth*

CATHY LARMOUTH  
JUNE 1981

I think it's very important. I recently had an encounter with a man who was madly in love with me, but we had no sex life. That drove me out of my mind. Why? Because I think sexual contact and physical closeness with a man is very important. It helps build a relationship. It brings you closer together. It's the glue. If there's no sexual relationship, the couple will get bored and things will eventually fall apart. Making love—and wanting to—moves a relationship along.



*Lorraine Michaels*

LORRAINE MICHAELS  
APRIL 1981

Well, I wouldn't judge the first time. When you first make love to someone, you're both a little nervous, a little tense. You don't know his body and he doesn't know yours. You haven't discovered what feels good to either of you yet. That takes time. I like to feel that the man I'm with is attentive to my needs and interested in pleasing me. I also feel you get what you give in a relationship and in lovemaking. Being in tune with each other sexually is what is important; the rest grows with the relationship.



*Susie Scott*

SUSIE SCOTT  
MAY 1983

Well, I can't actually rate sexual performance on a scale from one to ten, but I know for me it's of major importance. I love sex. It's such a perfect way to express how you feel about the one special person in your life. Of course, other things are important, too, such as how he acts around other people, how he acts toward me in front of other people, if he can be a friend *and* a lover. But to me, a good sexual performance is the best way to go to sleep at night!



*Marlene Janssen*

MARLENE JANSSEN  
NOVEMBER 1982

Very important. I like a lot of attention, so to me a great lover is an attentive one. It's hard to answer a question like this, even harder than taking my clothes off to be photographed. These questions are so personal. You ask about the kinds of things I wouldn't even tell my friends. I don't think the man in my life would approve, and if I spoke in general and not about our relationship, he'd probably say, "Oh, yeah? When was that?" So let's just leave it at very important, OK?



*Marianne Gravatte*

MARIANNE GRAVATTE  
OCTOBER 1982

It's of medium importance to me. I've found that it's not the instrument, it's not even what he does with it; it's the feeling a man can convey that he's reaching out and touching my very soul. To me, that's as close as you can get to real intimacy. I'm more interested in the touching, the caressing, the caring. That turns me on. That stimulates me. And that can be five minutes and I can say that the performance was wonderful. And it can be two hours and I can say that it was a drag. I've had both.



*Azizi Johari*

AZIZI JOHARI  
JUNE 1975

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*

## TAXING SIN

As I'm sure you're aware, Arizona has passed a law requiring sellers of illegal drugs to purchase a \$100 license and affix tax stamps to all containers of illegal drugs at the time of sale. The tax on marijuana is ten dollars an ounce; on drugs such as cocaine and heroin, it's \$125 an ounce.

Arizona tax officials admit that they don't seriously expect anyone to purchase a license or buy stamps. The idea, however, is that the tax folks can press their claims against busted drug sellers even if criminal charges are dropped.

Sounds like *Catch-22*. Arizona now has a way to nail people with a law that it knows no one will comply with. In an odd way, it may also have hit upon a unique new source of revenue. It seems the revenue stamps, unlikely to see much (if any) legitimate use, could become hot collector's items.

Can this be the start of a new trend by tax officials to try to recover funds from all sorts of illegal activities that go unreported at tax time? Are weekend sporting bets and passionate evenings for hire next on the taxman's hit list?

J. Paul Brockert  
Dayton, Ohio

*We published an item on that interesting tax law in February's "Forum News-front" and would only point out that Federal, state and local governments have been taxing sin for quite a while. But we like your idea of appropriate tax stamps that have collectors' interest. We can imagine an interesting one for prostitution, for instance. The possibilities are endless.*

## WILDLIFE

The letter from nature enthusiast James L. Massey advocating the control of long arms instead of handguns (*The Playboy Forum*, October) showed more ignorance than humor on his part. Through Pittman-Roberts funds, hunters have been protecting wildlife for years. Ducks Unlimited, an organization founded by hunters, has been very effective in protecting wetlands for waterfowl. Another hunters organization, the Foundation for North American Wild Sheep, is conserving our sheep. This includes protecting habitat and reclaiming lost habitat. Hunters long have been the most active and successful conservationists.

The news media made a big deal last year about Cleveland Amory's group's rescuing deer in Florida whose habitat was being flooded out. What received almost no publicity was the fact that of the

very few deer "rescued," many died of shock after capture, a common problem with trapped animals. The Florida Game Commission allowed a special hunt, but it was restricted under pressure from emotional people who had seen *Bambi* too many times. Such departments in every state are made up of professionals devoting their working lives to the management of our wildlife and doing an excellent job

---

*"Arizona now has a way to nail people with a law that it knows no one will comply with."*

---

of it. They should be left alone by politicians and people such as Amory.

Martin Hunter  
Louisiana, Missouri

## POPEYE OR PISTOL?

Regarding the letter from Donnamarie Martinek in the November *Playboy Forum*, I would like to know why she is so sure that her 95-pound pit bull, Popeye, won't go off accidentally. Here in California, children have been mauled seriously enough by pit bulls (which she says, "exclude life") to require plastic surgery.



As for the statistics of encounters between law-abiding citizens and criminals and lunatics, we can only assume that the ones she quotes are those provided by the National Coalition to Ban Handguns. That is the humanitarian group whose favorite expression, "To save one life," is contradicted by the words of its director, who, after the two-to-one defeat of anti-gun Proposition 15 in California, said that that setback "will prove to be a temporary glitch. I hate to say it, but one well-publicized homicide will wipe that out."

Let Martinek keep her pit bull (as long as she keeps it away from my family) and I'll keep my handguns. They may "spew death and know no loyalty," but if an armed intruder breaks into my home in the middle of the night, I'll give odds on which one of us comes out on top.

L. R. Shay  
Sacramento, California

*Hey, let's at least give Donnamarie a little credit for recognizing her own psychological limitations as a gunslinger.*

## THE BOLLES CASE

Our student magazine, *The Current*, has been following the Max Dunlap/Don Bolles story, since the owner of one of the corporations being investigated by Bolles in 1976 has since seen fit to donate \$1,000,000 to the State University of New York at Buffalo and to endow two faculty chairs. This is a matter of some controversy here, and we would like permission to reprint the *Playboy Casebook* feature that appears in your November issue. We found it most clarifying and enlightening on both the historical and the current level and relevant to the debate over the propriety of accepting this donation.

Steve Leisman, Editor in Chief  
*The Current*  
State University of New York  
at Buffalo  
Buffalo, New York

*Permission granted.*

## DOWN WITH MODERATION

Like Glen Allport in the January *Playboy Forum*, I would like to see PLAYBOY "come out of the closet" and endorse libertarianism. I had feared that moderation was setting in, and when William J. Helmer reviewed the great and controversial history of PLAYBOY and its philosophy in that issue, my fears were confirmed. Helmer admits that PLAYBOY is "neither upper-case Liberal nor upper-case Conservative but a libertarian blend of the



two." PLAYBOY's reply to Allport ("We'll root for you") screams with *moderation*, just like your reply to James T. Crowe, Jr., in the December issue, in which he proposed a beautiful Free Enterprise Amendment. It's time PLAYBOY "purified" itself and realized that its great philosophy is directly in line with the philosophy of libertarianism; i.e., the philosophy that supports individual rights—the rights to life, liberty, property and the pursuit of happiness.

PLAYBOY itself has argued to the effect that a man who stands consistently behind his virtuous philosophy can be called nothing but a virtuous man. Can PLAYBOY remain virtuous when it becomes "moderate" and is no longer on the cutting edge of its own philosophy?

Treg D. Loyden  
University of Central Florida  
Orlando, Florida

*Libertarianism as a philosophy is a fine*

*thing that we wish more political realists would adopt. Meanwhile, we don't consider moderation intrinsically bad, especially if that image advances our plan for world domination. We may be considered moderate by today's standards, but we're pretty fanatical about it.*

#### DOUBLETHINK

"War is peace," "Freedom is slavery" and "Ignorance is strength" are the three slogans of George Orwell's fictitious totalitarian regime in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. How does 1984 look so far?

The bad news is that Big Brother's catch phrases apply to parts of our daily life. The American-Soviet nuclear-arms race is crippling the world economy and is threatening the existence of all life in the name of peace. The Shi'ite Moslems of Iran and the Bible Belt Christians of America advocate abolition of personal choice in the name of freedom. And the

Reaganites shun health, education and welfare in the name of strength.

A fresh example of Orwellian doublethink is in the news. The United States Coalition for Life has issued its religious "hit list" to the White House. This group charges that organizations and persons who promote higher living standards by advocating planned parenthood and population control are threats to American security. A peculiar logic, indeed, but truth is stranger than fiction. Already, Dr. Stephen Mumford, a research scientist, has been fired from Family Health International of North Carolina for disputing the virtues of poverty, starvation and illiteracy resulting from vast overpopulation.

The good news is that *The Playboy Forum* is surviving and providing free-thinking persons around America with humane concepts of peace, freedom and strength. You are fueling a successful battle against would-be tyrants and for a brighter future. Bravo!

Andre Bacard, Editor  
*Affirmist Newsletter*  
Novato, California

## LAWS OF THE LAND

By Louis F. Linden

Reading various legal journals, I note that our enlightened lawmakers continue to plead for the adoption of the "guilty but insane" verdict. That's so they can send an insane defendant to a mental institution until he can appreciate what's happening when they electrocute him. I know a lawyer who is suggesting similar pleadings in other areas of the criminal law. He recommends such pleas as "guilty but has a broken leg" (for the clumsy second-story burglar), "guilty but has herpes" (for the unfortunate John), "guilty but greedy, gullible and stupid" (for legislators on the take).

A brief look at recent Congressional activity proves educational. For instance, Senator Grassley of Iowa introduced a bill to penalize persons who obtain controlled substances from pharmacists by terror, force or violence. I don't know about where you live, but where I practice law, there's already a name for that. Robbery.

A broader crime-control measure springs from the fertile mind of Senator Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania, who would reduce violent crime by aiming one percent of the annual national budget for the next ten years at career criminals. Assuming an annual budget of 250 billion dollars and 100,000 career criminals, we could either pay each career criminal \$25,000 a year or give him his own personal prosecutor. How's that for improving unemployment statistics?

Meanwhile, Representative Fortney Stark of California introduced a bill to

impose a Federal tax on bullets capable of penetrating body armor. I haven't been able to discover whether this would be a use tax, a value-added tax or a sales tax, but Senator Specter is undoubtedly glad to know that we are developing new ways to finance the war on career criminals.

But our state legislatures are not to be outdone. In a one-month period, at least four of them were considering bills outlawing substances falsely represented to be controlled substances. Score another one for America's consumer advocates.

Hawaii has a bill that adds the element of intent to the state's sodomy statute as it relates to deviate sexual intercourse with a person under 14. It will no longer be illegal to have deviate sexual intercourse with a person under 14 by accident! And Idaho, disdaining the wimpishness of lethal injection, may start providing its condemned with the more spectacular and dramatic firing squad. Meanwhile, Illinois is creating the crime of ethnic intimidation. That's all right; I've never tried to beat anyone to death with a Polish joke, and even if I did try, it certainly wouldn't be in Chicago. But my favorite is the Missouri get-tough statute making it illegal to hijack a bus. Never again will Missourians have to hear those terrifying words "Turn this bus around! We're going to Cuba!"

*Louis Linden is executive director of the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers.*

#### MISSILE MADNESS

I believe the United States Government should be penalized 15 yards and loss of down for unsportsmanlike conduct for deploying medium-range missiles in Western Europe during negotiations with the Soviet Union on the limitation of medium-range missiles.

Barbara B. Thornton  
Glencoe, Oklahoma

*We understand the deployment is part of the Reagan Administration's crazier-than-thou approach to foreign relations, which is a refinement on the old balance-of-terror concept. They shoot down a civilian 747, we conclude they're dangerously crazy. We escalate the missile threat, they think we're dangerously crazy. Nobody wants to provoke somebody who's obviously dangerous and obviously crazy. Right?*

#### ABORTION

I was raped at 13 and became pregnant. My parents were totally unequipped to deal with the matter, and so was I. What to do?

The doctor to whom my mother finally took me said that no evaluation of my state of pregnancy could be made until after three months—too long a delay, of course. What was my mother going to do? What was my father going to do?

What happened was that I myself arranged for an illegal abortion. It was awful. I'm still so upset by it that I can't even type this without a million mistakes. Finally, I had labor, which lasted 24 hours. I banged my head against the wall and finally gave birth (excuse me, please, I'm crying) to a four-month-old fetus, which was flushed down the toilet. The entire experience ruined any possibility of any happiness in sex for me. I can't stop



# FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

## SUBSTITOOT

LAWRENCE, KANSAS—Cocaine users will be delighted to know that their drug of choice is, among quite a few other things, a "substitute for women." After a study that has led to the book "Cocaine Users: A Representative Case



Approach," University of Kansas psychology professor Franklin Shontz said that all of the heavy users he studied tended to be male, ambitious, strongly self-centered and lacking in a capacity for intimacy with women. The drug, he says, provides "the promise of satisfaction, the promise of fulfillment, the promise of joy, the intense ecstasy," but doesn't keep its promises.

## DOCTOR'S ORDERS

HOUSTON—Under a revised state law, any Texans who know they have gonorrhea or syphilis and who expose someone else to their disease are now committing a criminal offense punishable by up to a year in prison and a \$1000 fine. An administrator for Houston's V.D.-control program said the law should make it more likely that patients would follow their doctors' orders and not screw around.

## PLASTER PARAMOUR

EL PASO—When police roused a young couple in a car parked in a local lovers' lane, they discovered that the female half of the couple was a mannequin. Laughing at the joke, they cut the perpetrator loose and went about their business of hassling bona fide parkers. Later, they learned that the dummy was probably one of two stolen from a clothing shop.

## JAILED FOR ABORTION

EL PASO—A 55-year-old physician has been found guilty of murdering a fetus during a hospital abortion in 1979 and has been sentenced to 15 years in prison. Former hospital employees testified that the fetus showed signs of life following the procedure but was destroyed by the doctor, whose attorney told the jury that the physician had been singled out as a scapegoat for anti-abortion sentiment. He has been freed on \$200,000 bond pending appeal.

## IN YOUR EAR

FLINT, MICHIGAN—Genesee County and several of its officials are being sued for punitive and compensatory damages exceeding \$1,000,000 by an overnight jail inmate who claims he has become mentally incapacitated by a county cockroach that crawled into his ear while he was sleeping. The suit contends that efforts to extract the creature only caused it to burrow deeper, that a guard told him to "lay down and shut up" and that surgery was ultimately required to remove the roach, presumably deceased. The suit further argues that the whole jail and roach experience caused the inmate such severe mental and physical distress that he has since been diagnosed as a psychotic.

## SCREWED AGAIN

HIGHWOOD, ILLINOIS—A local woman called the police to stop her husband from beating up the man he caught in bed with her in their apartment. He was charged with assault and battery. A week later, the same husband caught the same man in the same bed with the same wife but, having learned his lesson, advised police that he wished to sign a complaint. The police said no, explaining that the lover was his wife's invited guest.

## OVERKILL

SEATTLE—If some drug smugglers thought they could discourage a thorough search for contraband by hiding it in thoroughly disgusting cargo, narcotics agents proved that they should have thought twice. The officers went through cartons of frozen octopus, containers of hogs' blood, batches of raw fish innards and fish oil, some unidentified green vegetables, a frozen pig and a frozen goat and turned up an estimated \$37,000 worth of marijuana and cocaine.

## DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

OLYMPIA—The Washington Supreme Court has ruled unanimously that the state's mental institutions and, presumably, individual psychiatrists can be found negligent and liable if they fail to take proper precautions against "the dangerous propensities" of mental patients. The decision upheld a \$250,000 award granted to a motorist injured in a collision with a car driven by a man who had been committed to a hospital for treatment of a drug-related mental problem and, the suit claimed, released too soon. The medical director of one community mental-health center cautioned that in situations in which a patient is moved among different institutions for different types of treatment, responsibility for his later actions may be difficult to assign, especially when an act of violence may not be related to the mental disorder.

## IDOL THREAT

UTICA, MICHIGAN—Caving in to pressure from a minister and several parents, the local high school track team has agreed to abandon its apparent idol worship. The idol in question was an 18-inch-high ceramic figure of a rotund Oriental man picked up some 14 years ago by the school's track coach and adopted as a kind of mascot around which students danced and



chanted before sporting events. That particularly annoyed the minister, who thought the use of the statue, called Ho Tai, was teaching trust in luck instead of in God. The coach has assured everyone that Ho Tai "has nothing to do with our undefeated record last year."



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Profit	289625	312241	354025

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thinking about it, and any relationship I have is discolored by that experience.

Whatever business all these people have in trying to restrict legal abortions is totally incomprehensible. What right do they have to judge a situation like mine? Have they no humanity at all? My former brother-in-law said to me once that such a child would have been a good candidate for adoption. Does he think we're cows?

The way some legislators are behaving about this matter is so unfeeling as to abrogate their rights as feeling human beings. Why, may I ask, should a young woman at the beginning of puberty be subjected to such a horror? I was a virgin, and that was how my virginity ended.

(Name withheld by request)  
New York, New York

PLAYBOY's position on abortion is pure sophistry. Never do you seek to establish that abortion is not the killing of a human being, which is, after all, the fundamental point. It is obvious to every high school biology student that abortion is a way of killing human beings. The only question is: Are children to be protected by the law from parents who abuse or seek to murder them? Given the fact that life is produced

by sex, your calumny that pro-lifers are antisex is absurd. Good sex neither necessitates nor calls for the murder of one's offspring.

The call to the majority to assert itself is similarly irrelevant. In 1964, the minority was black and was getting bombed and hanged whenever it asserted its equal rights to the majority. In 1968, the minority was against the Vietnam war because it did not believe that bombing hospitals and napalming children were the correct solutions to a political conflict. Those young, helpless human beings who are being murdered now without the concern of PLAYBOY's editorial staff still have the natural right to the protection of law.

Kenneth H. Post, Vice-President  
Hamilton Right-to-Life  
Hamilton, Ontario

*With due respect for your concern for human life, we must say you're quite a sophist yourself. "Human life" is a biological concept that ranges from fertilization of an egg to its implantation to its fetal development to its viability and birth; "human being" is a legal concept, involving the laws of man, not of God, and we wish only that the "Right-to-Lifers" understood the difference in jurisdictions. The "natural*

*right" that you mention applies equally to female human beings, who we believe have a right not to bear babies. And, please, stop using the term murder. That also is a legal term that has nothing to do with the issue. We opposed the war and the killing in Vietnam long before any other national publication, and we did so not out of any mystical or theological concern for fetal life.*

#### "EXTENDED" FAMILY

In 1980, I was living in a cramped studio apartment, making ends meet by selling my car and turning the money over to my former wife for child support. Then I learned from my sons that she was using some of the money to support her late father's married mistress and her son as well. My ex and her "extended" family were living a good deal better than I was, and under Arizona law, there was nothing I could do about it without going to jail for nonsupport.

The solution has been to leave the Grand Canyon State (my home for 22 years), start over in another state and set up a trust fund for my kids. It hasn't been easy, but I can see no good in subjecting myself to fraud condoned by the letter of the law.

(Name and address  
withheld by request)

## FORUM FOLLIES

*The ballad below (according to the letter that came with it) tells the story of a fellow who once visited his uncle's farm in Iowa, discovered a field of wild Cannabis and was arrested after harvesting 80 pounds of it. He got off with three months in jail, during which time some songwriting friends came to visit and, with the sheriff's amused permission, entertained the inmates. The performance was taped by a deputy, who played it over the police radio at night to antagonize the unpopular state narc who had made the bust. It may not merit a national award, but at least it demonstrates that cops, too, have a sense of humor.*

### THE WAPELLO COUNTY JAIL

*You all have heard of Dillinger  
And the terrible Barrow mob.  
They plundered all across Iowa state;  
They kidnaped, killed and robbed.  
Everywhere these badmen went,  
They left a bloody trail.  
The only fate these outlaws feared  
Was the Wapello County Jail.*

*Ottumwa has its low-down bars,  
With women, booze and brawls,  
But the bars in the Wapello County  
Jail  
Are the toughest bars of all.  
Killers and crooks from far and wide  
Know Wapello County's fame,  
But one of them failed to get the word.  
McDonald was his name.*

*Somewhere near Ottumwa town  
Is a field that's gone to seed,  
And on this land is a virgin stand  
Of the well-known locoweed.*

*McDonald recognized this crop  
That once was raised for rope.  
He helped a farmer clear his field,  
Picked 80 pounds of dope.*

*Now, Iowa has its farmers,  
Its cows and pigs and corn.  
One pig turned out to be a narc—  
The meanest ever born.  
Some folks say he's a top lawman,  
With a badge, a gun and guts.  
Some folks say he tries too hard  
And seems a little nuts.*

*'Most anything can hang a man  
If tied around his neck;  
McDonald, he did hang himself  
With the hemp he did collect.  
You can cuss and spit in I-o-way  
And live to tell the tale;  
But pick its grass and it'll slam your  
ass  
In the Wapello County Jail.*

#### VIEWS ON DRUGS

The writer of the letter titled "Drug Laws" in the November *Playboy Forum* blames the "social ills" associated with the "drug problem" on stiff drug laws, and thereby puts his cart before the horse. Drug laws, stiff and otherwise, reflect society's efforts to deal with the venal, sociopathic people among us who prey on the weaknesses of others. True, the problems associated with drugs are not solely a result of their pharmacological properties. They derive in large measure from the tendency of people to use drugs to their own and others' disadvantage. That is a problem of human nature itself. And since we do not know enough about that nature to deal with it directly, we deal with it indirectly, with proscriptive laws and prisons.

While our legal system is far from perfect, it can be said to reflect the imperfect people who build and use it. And it is not improved much by foggy-headed thinkers like the nameless correspondent from Lubbock, Texas.

B. Jefferson LeBlanc  
Pasadena, California

#### POT TEST

The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws has filed a petition with the Food and Drug Administration requesting that it refuse to allow the sale of an over-the-counter marijuana-use urine test that has been scheduled for sale in drugstores. In the petition, we



note that the test ranges in inaccuracy from five percent to 50 percent, will show positive when an individual is using certain prescription drugs or teas and cannot distinguish between a marijuana user and someone who unintentionally inhales the smoke. Most important, the test cannot distinguish between an adolescent who tries marijuana once and one who is a chronic user. It's our concern that this test, promoted in connection with antimarijuana campaigns aimed at parents, could be used to force people into drug-treatment programs when none is needed.

NORML is opposed to adolescent drug use, including the use of marijuana, but we fear that this test will cause more problems than it solves.

Kevin Zeese, National Director  
NORML  
Washington, D.C.

#### COCK TALK

I had never thought that having a foreskin was important until I began following the debate in *The Playboy Forum*. I've given this some thought and have decided there's no reason that it should be too late for a man who had his foreskin sliced and diced to lead a normal life. The President should appoint a commission to consider establishing a National Foreskin Bank, so that unhappily circumcised men could obtain implants. Donating a foreskin could be very simple. The states that facilitate the donation of vital organs with forms on the backs of driver's licenses could add FORESKIN. A Foreskin Crisis Hotline (1-800-FOR-SKIN) could be implemented to answer the millions of "imponderable" questions everyone must be asking himself, just like poor John Lattimer's in the December issue. My only response to his question is, If the Supreme Court were to rule that a foreskin did have a soul and possessed civil rights under the Constitution, maybe the IRS should allow uncircumcised males to claim their foreskins as exemptions on income-tax returns.

John A. Landry  
Tacoma, Washington

If by soul Lattimer means the principle or force that animates life and living things, then the answer to his question Does the foreskin have a soul? is yes.

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

John Erickson  
Biloxi, Mississippi

#### SUPPORT YOUR PARAMEDICS

As a fire-department paramedic who in four years has delivered 11 babies under emergency circumstances, I find myself wanting to tell somebody about my own moral and emotional confusion. I love my job because of the excitement of emergency situations and the sense I get of helping people. I am feeling worried because I am coming to feel hatred and contempt for too

many of the people I am helping. They are animals. All they do is fuck, cut and shoot one another, and then expect me and other civil servants not only to pick up the pieces but to diplomatically deal with hostile drunks and congenital fools who want to hammer on anybody in a uniform. These animals will let their own people die for the pleasure of expressing their hostility toward the uniformed establishment. They make no distinction among fire fighters, paramedics and the hated

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*"Does the younger generation understand at all the trauma of trying to buy rubbers nowadays?"*

---

cops. These people deserve absolutely no city services.

That's my feeling at the moment. That feeling changes once I'm talking to somebody badly injured or otherwise needing help. Then I feel appreciated and I'll bust my butt. I only wish the general public better understood and gave us a little more backup.

(Name and address  
withheld by request)

#### PUNISHING SIN

An incident that recently took place here has so incensed me that I decided I must write to you. According to a *Minneapolis Star and Tribune* article, about 100 women ransacked a local adult bookstore and theater, protesting pornography. Their acts included slashing theater seats and dumping pornographic magazines on the floor. Although I do not personally prefer to view the material these establishments offer, as a libertarian, I find these acts express intolerance of free speech. These individuals apparently believe that since they have decided that sexually explicit material is offensive, they are a law unto themselves and have the right to engage in vandalism and other disruptive activities. With that kind of mentality, I wonder what's next? Arson?

Paul Talbot  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

*Not to give anyone ideas, but a Right-to-Lifer demonstrating outside a burned abortion clinic in Everett, Washington, was quoted as saying, "We believe if enough Christians stand up against this, the Lord will shut it down."*

#### DEATH PENALTY

In reference to your editorial "The Punishment of Death" in the March 1983 *Playboy Forum*, I offer a quote from George Bernard Shaw: "Murder and cap-

ital punishment are not opposites that cancel out one another but similars that breed their kind."

Steven Perosino  
Nashua, New Hampshire

#### VALUE SYSTEMS

The problem of racial injustice is one that should concern us all, but I am not so sure that race is the principal basis for much of the prejudice that divides the people of our country and of the world. Nor do I believe it is class—the haves versus the have-nots. Black and white, wealthy and poor seem to be able to coexist amicably to the extent that they share the same value systems. The respectable and responsible white person is as antagonistic toward (and as fearful of) "white trash" as his black counterpart is toward "niggers," though both are suspicious of each other and tend to use those pejorative terms only among themselves. Whites, of course, have less of a problem distancing themselves from their riffraff relatives than do blacks, and that is where much injustice lies. Blacks and whites can live together in the same neighborhood and even develop neighborly bonds once each discovers that the other pays his bills, cuts his grass, paints his house, is honest and, in short, shares the same prejudices against assholes, regardless of race, religion or wealth.

Robb Santoyana  
Los Angeles, California

#### BUYING RUBBERS

Does the younger generation understand at all the trauma of trying to buy rubbers nowadays? Most of the big drugstores have women clerks—young and attractive women clerks. It's a real trial for an aging bachelor who ordinarily does not have to confront this problem.

I do believe that *The Playboy Forum* has fallen down on the job by not exploring this area of human sexual activity. Would it be too much to ask that your reporters assemble an article wherein young women clerks at drugstores across the country are interviewed about their feelings when men—particularly us "senior citizens"—buy rubbers? It might make it easier on me and other mature satyrs if we knew that cute young clerks viewed us as interesting instead of as dirty old men.

Philip Jenkins  
Portland, Maine

*Sounds more like a job for "Candid Camera." Our policy here is to always buy a package of a dozen, smile and leave one as a tip.*

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*"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.*





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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOAN COLLINS

*a candid and delightfully fearless conversation with television's naughtiest lady about her scandalous past and colorful present*

When the Emmy nominations for Outstanding Lead Actress in a Drama Series were announced last August, Joan Collins was not among the nominees. Linda Evans, who plays the other leading female role in their hit nighttime soap, "Dynasty," was nominated. So was John Forsythe, her ex- and Linda's current husband on the show. Joan was more than a little disappointed. Downright angry would be more like it. Everyone had been telling her for months that not only would she be nominated but she was practically a shoo-in for the Emmy. After all, her friends reasoned, wasn't it she, as bitchy Alexis Carrington, who had turned "Dynasty" around, taking it from so-so ratings to the very top?

Her popularity on the show was nothing short of phenomenal. Critics compared Alexis to J. R. Ewing, her equivalent played by Larry Hagman on the rival series "Dallas," and many felt that she could outmanipulate, outconnive and outfox J.R., hands down.

What had Alexis done to earn such accolades?

In a nutshell: She secretly shot off a gun, spooking the horse that pregnant Krystle (Evans) was riding, causing her to lose

her baby; she paid her daughter-in-law to get out of her son's life; she married her ex-husband's archrival on his deathbed and took over his oil company when he died; she hired a detective to find Krystle's ex-husband, Mark, then flew to New York to tell him Krystle needed him, as part of her plan to ruin Krystle's marriage to Blake (Forsythe); then, when Mark fell for her own daughter, Alexis feigned an assignation with him, making sure that her daughter caught them in bed together; when a Congressman double-crossed her, she ruined his career by giving scandalous information to the press; she tried to pay off Krystle to get out of Blake's life. She. . . .

Well, you get the picture. It's soap opera, all right. And in Alexis, Joan Collins has the meatiest role of her career.

That career began in London near the end of World War Two, when, at the tender age of nine, she appeared briefly (as a boy) in Ibsen's "A Doll's House." Her father was a partner in a theatrical agency with Lew Grade, and Joan grew up surrounded by show-business types.

When she was 15, she quit school and enrolled in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. A year later, she was chosen as a

model and shortly thereafter appeared on her first magazine cover and in her first major movie, "I Believe in You," with Laurence Harvey. The year was 1952, and Joan Collins was on her way to becoming a household name in England.

Other films quickly followed, and in 1955, she was signed to a seven-year contract with 20th Century-Fox in Hollywood. Her first picture for Fox was "The Virgin Queen," which starred Bette Davis. Her second was "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing," which landed her on the cover of Life.

In the years that followed, Joan made more than 50 movies, appearing with such actors as Richard Burton, James Mason, Gregory Peck, Paul Newman—even with Bob Hope and Bing Crosby in their last "Road" picture.

Despite that impressive list of leading men, none of the films in which she appeared was memorable. Yet Joan Collins endured. When TV called, she answered, appearing in more than 30 series, including "Star Trek" and "Batman." It was when she played Cleopatra on an episode of "Fantasy Island" that producer Aaron Spelling noticed her and tagged her for the role of Alexis in



"Every tacky starlet in England who's written 'My Night with . . .' always mentions the same 'fab five' everybody's fucked: George Hamilton, Warren Beatty, Ryan O'Neal, Rod Stewart, David Bowie."



"Listen, if I hadn't looked good in PLAYBOY, I wouldn't have posed. I'm far too vain and too intelligent to stand there with a big, fat belly. So I thought, Fuck it! But people said, 'Oh, Joan, shocking girl!'"



"Most movie stars are dumb. TV stars, too. I met one the other day, the star of . . . our competition. This man talked like the character he plays; he was overbearing and stupid, with a phony accent."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI



"Dynasty." A star, at long last, was born.

But it is probably less her career than her private life that has piqued her public's attention. In 1978, she published her autobiography, "Past Imperfect," but it was sold only in England. In it, she detailed her many affairs, tangled relationships and three marriages. (A tamer version will soon be published in the U.S.)

Her first husband was actor Maxwell Reed. He was 33, she was 17 when the marriage began, as pathetically as it ended. He drugged and raped her on their first date; the relationship was finished when he tried to sell her to an Arab sheik for a night.

Then followed affairs with Sydney Chaplin, Arthur Loew, Jr., Nicky Hilton, Terence Stamp, Harry Belafonte, George Englund and Warren Beatty (to whom she was engaged) and marriage to Anthony Newley. That one lasted seven years and produced a daughter and a son.

At the end of her second marriage, she had an affair with Ryan O'Neal, then met and married record producer Ron Kass, who was then head of the Beatles' Apple corporation. Ten years and another daughter later, that marriage ended and, as she says today, Joan is a free woman for the first time since she was 17.

Besides her autobiography, she has written a beauty book and a memoir detailing her painful experience when her younger daughter, Katy, was hit by a car and it was predicted that she would suffer permanent brain damage. Joan's younger sister, Jackie Collins, is the author of a number of best-selling steamy novels.

To interview this on- and offscreen siren, PLAYBOY sent Contributing Editor Lawrence Grobel (who also interviewed such larger-than-life women as Barbra Streisand and Dolly Parton). His report:

"When the call came to make a specific date, her schedule was so demanding, we decided to make the 'Interview' one long night's journey into light.

"Joan suggested we get acquainted over dinner. I was to furnish the Beluga caviar and the Louis Roederer Cristal champagne; she would provide the baked potatoes and salad.

"I arrived at dusk, just as Joan was returning from a shopping spree along Rodeo Drive. She was elegantly clothed in a short red dress and a wide-brimmed hat, and we had our first glass of champagne by the bar in her den.

"She then changed into something more comfortable—a breezy, fashionable sleeveless dress—and I took off my sports coat. Moving to the couch, I set out my tape recorder, which stayed on through our candlelit caviar dinner . . . and on into the early morning. She lost her temper only once, when she couldn't find any 'fucking matches' to light her cigarettes, but a lighter turned up and she calmed down.

"She lives in a large multistoried house off Coldwater Canyon in Beverly Hills

with 11-year-old Katy and a young couple who look after it. The walls are filled with pictures, magazine covers and paintings that chronicle her life from a teenager to the 50-year-old woman she is today.

"As we began our talk, we were interrupted by Joan's secretary with a message that co-star John Forsythe was trying to reach her."

**COLLINS:** John Forsythe is trying to reach me? It must be something to do with Linda [Evans]. I'd better call him back. [She makes the call but doesn't reach him] Linda is sick. She had her eye scratched by a cat. I talked with her today. She was sleeping with her cat. [Pauses] I guess that's what you get for playing with your pussy.

**PLAYBOY:** You mean we're going to start out catty?

**COLLINS:** Are you on?

**PLAYBOY:** We're on.

**COLLINS:** Oh, shit! [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** Before we really get going, do you think you can ask your service to answer the phone for you, so we won't

*"We're so fucking soft, it makes me puke. I think all young men should be slung into the Army at 16 or 17 to shape them up."*

have any interruptions?

**COLLINS:** Oh, you mean I'm not allowed to speak on the phone?

**PLAYBOY:** Well, you wouldn't want your end of the conversations to go into the *Interview*, would you? You might be annoyed later on.

**COLLINS:** I wouldn't be annoyed. After all, we just have a job to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Not a bad job, either—interviewing one of the sexiest ladies around.

**COLLINS:** Should I go upstairs and put on a nice suspender belt and garters and a see-through bra, heavily slinging a loose lynx coat over my shoulders, with a chauffeur's cap rakishly tilted over one eye?

**PLAYBOY:** That would be nice. Though it wouldn't be the first time you've posed in something provocative. In fact, your walls are covered with magazine covers on which you've appeared through the years. How far back do they go?

**COLLINS:** I was 16 when I first appeared on a cover. Somebody came to my school and wanted to see the 12 prettiest girls. He picked me out of the 12 as the prettiest. Then there was my first gig in Hollywood, a few years after that. [Points to a

1955 cover of a British magazine] There it is up there—God, I had a big ass! You know, I was a P.T. back then. Do you know what that is?

**PLAYBOY:** A prick teaser? We call it a C.T.

**COLLINS:** Well, that's what the boys called me, because they all wanted to do it with me, but I wouldn't.

**PLAYBOY:** We should probably get right to the subject of your most famous cover, which appeared just a few months ago. That's when your PLAYBOY pictorial appeared, with you on the December 1983 cover. Were you pleased with it?

**COLLINS:** Extremely pleased. I've gotten a lot of letters from women over 35 who said, "Hurray! You've shown everybody that women over a particular age can still be attractive—particularly in this magazine, of all magazines!" It's one thing to be in *Harper's Bazaar* or *Vogue*, which caters to the older woman, but PLAYBOY—PLAYBOY appeals to young guys. Also, I found everyone in Hollywood talking about it—I was the talk of the town for a month. Bette Midler went on the Johnny Carson show and did a whole thing about how great my body was, and everybody applauded. Then I went on *The Merv Griffin Show* and the Carson show with Joan Rivers, and they both did a whole thing about how I looked pretty good.

**PLAYBOY:** You also told Rivers that you did it for feminism. Was that an afterthought?

**COLLINS:** It was in my mind. I didn't know how the photo spread was going to be taken, but I saw it as a step ahead for the feminist movement—which is involved not just in equal pay but in proving that a woman can be attractive at any age.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you received any adverse reaction to your posing?

**COLLINS:** Not at all; believe me, it's been incredibly positive! Even my father and my son and my daughters. In fact, I think it's done a lot for my career.

**PLAYBOY:** How?

**COLLINS:** It's made me more popular.

**PLAYBOY:** How did the *Dynasty* crew react?

**COLLINS:** The day it came out, we were shooting at the airport and about 25 crew members came walking toward me holding their copies of PLAYBOY open to my photo spread. God, it was like a great phalanx of walking PLAYBOYS!

**PLAYBOY:** Would you do it again?

**COLLINS:** What for? PLAYBOY wouldn't have me again, and there's no other magazine that's as good as PLAYBOY.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you'll start a trend for women over 50 to pose in the buff?

**COLLINS:** It depends. When it appeared, I said to a friend at a party, "I think I've decided to become notorious." And he said, "What do you mean, *decided*? You've *always* been notorious." Listen, if I hadn't looked good in PLAYBOY, I wouldn't have done it. I'm far too vain.



I've too much pride and I'm much too intelligent to stand there with fat arms and a big, fat belly. To me, I've got a great body. Sometimes it looks terrific, and if it's photographed right, it can look absolutely great. So I thought, Fuck it, what the hell? Before it came out, people who heard about it said, "Oh, Joan, shocking girl! There she goes again, always doing the wrong thing, always shocking everybody!" But it's like having an affair. That sort of talk means nothing to me. I do what I want.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you tempted to reveal even more than you did?

**COLLINS:** No. I learned something from Candy Barr, the famous stripper, when we made a movie together years ago—*Seven Thieves*. She taught me that the less you reveal, the more exciting it is. Her art was eroticism that involved taking off just her stockings, her long gloves, unzipping her dress, sliding out of it. She taught me how to move and how to look. There was a dance she did that I learned and can still do. I have to say that I became a pretty expert stripper. She was quite a contributing figure in my continuing quest to be a sex symbol—I joke! I jest!

**PLAYBOY:** You don't have to try very hard to get attention these days, do you? How do you like being recognized everywhere you go?

**COLLINS:** I'll tell you something: I've become aware of it only within the past year. It suddenly hit me. I was walking out of a restaurant, and suddenly these people kept coming up—not fans, people in "the biz," agents, producers, directors, writers, actors—saying, "Joan, how great it is to see you! I'm so happy about your success!" And I thought, Well, gee, my success. When did this suddenly happen? I thought it was kind of indicative, because one of my former agents told me that if I ever became really successful, the "woodwork people" would come out. And that has happened.

**PLAYBOY:** Who are they?

**COLLINS:** I don't mean to insult them by saying this, but there are people who actually pursue people of ephemeral fame and success, inviting them to their dinners and their parties. And I know perfectly well that it's only because I'm successful in this TV series at this moment. But, hell, I'm enjoying it. I'm in a top television show playing a tough, meaty, wonderful role, and I'm not going to go around crying in my beer because people are snapping my picture. When I go into a restaurant now, it's like the Red Sea parts. I'm not going to say that I don't enjoy that. I'm not going to say I'd much rather sit at the bar and wait while the maître d' treats me like some piece of shit. Who am I kidding? I want to go in and get my table. I like it.

**PLAYBOY:** Is this, then, a kind of peak for you?

**COLLINS:** Who was it who said, "It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive"? Who-

ever it was was a fucking genius. I don't want to think that I'm at the peak. In my own mind, I'm not. I feel I'm still traveling hopefully, and I don't want to get there yet, because my head is not in the right place to be able to handle it all.

**PLAYBOY:** Why? Could you go haywire?

**COLLINS:** I'm not going to go haywire; I'm far too old and experienced and clever to do that. I've seen them come and go. I just don't want to get big-headed and become like those surly creatures who make ridiculous demands and have everybody hate them. It is ephemeral, I know it is. My ambition now is to solidify my acting reputation so that I can come out of *Dynasty* and get other shots. I want to play all those parts I've wanted all those years and haven't been able to get.

**PLAYBOY:** But isn't the role of Alexis one of the juiciest parts you could ever hope to find?

**COLLINS:** There's a certain satisfaction in saying that I did 52 movies in a period of 30 years—most of which were crap—and managed to stay in the mainstream and get a good role in a television series. And it was not a hot series when I joined it. It was number 38 in the ratings and very much a road-company rip-off of *Dallas*. Yet I managed to make something out of the material. But I can't compare myself with an actress who has had the kind of material that Glenda Jackson, Jane Fonda, Diane Keaton, Meryl Streep, Faye Dunaway, Dyan Cannon or Natalie Wood has had. None of the movie material I've had has been good. But of everything I've done, the basic, raw material I have to work with in *Dynasty* is an actor's dream. Some of it is over the top, it's overly melodramatic, it's larger than life, it can be unbelievable. But it's given me a chance to stretch myself.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you instrumental in developing Alexis' look and character?

**COLLINS:** Yes. I knew I had to make an impact. I don't watch very much television. I'd seen *Dallas* a few times, *Hart to Hart*, *Charlie's Angels*, and I realized all those women, as beautiful as some of them were, dressed and acted pretty much like everybody else did. I thought, I must put into this part a European kind of attitude and a certain way of dressing, a certain look that is not à la mode right now. I wanted to make a statement with my clothes: In the Forties and Fifties, women looked great, with suits and hats and gloves and expensive jewelry. So I started to develop a look, and a lot of my success is based on that. Now I hear that there's a bunch of older actresses who watch me in *Dynasty* and make favorable remarks. They probably don't realize that they're watching somebody who watched *them* as a child and is doing today what *they* were doing in 1950.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there envy among the other members of the show? You're smiling.

**COLLINS:** [Laughs] Do you think I'm going to answer that question? But, no, the tab-

loids make up these ludicrous stories about how I've been out with Linda Evans' boyfriend—totally untrue—or they report that I say things about her and she says things about me. I've never said *anything* against Linda. I adore her. We have a lot in common. We're survivors in this business. We both started off with the stigma of being beautiful sex objects. We live on the same street. We both drive Mercedeses. And we both believe that anything is possible if you believe strongly enough in it.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you gotten used to being weekly fodder for the tabloids?

**COLLINS:** It's like living your life in a fish bowl. And the press loves to pretend your real life is like your television life. But it is just a soap opera. I'm not knocking it. It's my bread and butter—or my broccoli-and-cream-cheese dip—but I don't think people care that much. See, most movie stars—I hate that term—are not very bright. They are dumb. The same goes for television stars. I met one the other day, the star of a major television series. I shan't name him.

**PLAYBOY:** How about naming the series?

**COLLINS:** Well . . . our competition. And this man was talking like and acting like the character that he plays. He was just so overbearing and so stupid, using a phony accent, which I know he doesn't have, asking me if I *allowed* people to smoke on our set. I said, "Well, sure." He said, "You've got enough clout not to let them. I don't allow anybody to smoke on *my* set." [Director] Billy Wilder overheard us and asked me later, "Who is that asshole?" I said, "You obviously don't watch TV, Billy; he's a very famous star." The man has totally believed his own publicity.

**PLAYBOY:** Since you're obviously talking about Larry Hagman—

**COLLINS:** I'm not saying who it is.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, let's acknowledge that Hagman is on your rival series, *Dallas*, and has a well-known aversion to smoking—

**COLLINS:** Well, I didn't say it.

**PLAYBOY:** Anyway, didn't you and Hagman co-star in a film in 1970?

**COLLINS:** *Three in the Cellar*, yeah.

**PLAYBOY:** What was he like then?

**COLLINS:** I knew him earlier than that, when he was going to school in England for a time, and we dated once. He was a very shy young boy of 19 or 20. I was 16 or 17. We were reminiscing about that the other day. He came over to me at a dinner party recently and I said, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could be guests on each other's shows?" He said he'd love to do it. I said I'd create havoc in *Dallas* while he created havoc in Denver. But our producers would never go for it. Anyway, Larry was different back when I met him. He was always a touch crazy, but he certainly didn't have the Southern accent he uses in real life now.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there a real competitive feeling between *Dynasty* and *Dallas*?



**COLLINS:** Yes, there is.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you compare the two villains in the shows—your Alexis and Hagman's J.R.?

**COLLINS:** I don't watch *Dallas*, so it would be hard for me to draw a comparison. I do know that Alexis would never kill and I know J.R. would. Alexis has a tremendous love for children; I don't think J.R. has any love for anybody other than himself. J.R. has a good sense of humor; I'd like Alexis to have a better sense of humor.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true that Sophia Loren was offered Alexis before you?

**COLLINS:** Yes. They had endless conversations with [Loren's husband, producer Carlo] Ponti.

**PLAYBOY:** Could she have played it as bitchy as you?

**COLLINS:** Sure. It's easy to play a bitch.

**PLAYBOY:** In fact, you did it even before *Dynasty*, when you starred in a film called *The Bitch* in 1979.

**COLLINS:** I hate, hate, hate that film! It was just a cheap imitation of *The Stud*. I didn't like the script, I didn't like the director.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't your sister, Jackie, write the script?

**COLLINS:** Yeah, but it wasn't nearly as good as *The Stud*. It was just an utter rip-off. It didn't have the rawness and the kind of modern vulgarity that *The Stud* had. And I hated, loathed and detested the title with such a passion that I practically went down on my knees begging the producers not to use it. They wanted the ads to say, JOAN COLLINS IS THE BITCH. I wanted them to be JOAN COLLINS AS THE BITCH. I remember I was in the south of France when one of those planes flew by at the Cannes Film Festival with a banner that read JOAN COLLINS IS THE BITCH. I thought then, I'm in trouble here; this is going to stick. And it did. It's one thing to play a part, but it's another for it to become your nickname. Now it's Princess Di and The Bitch.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you always had a bitchy, intimidating sort of look?

**COLLINS:** Not at all. I was told when I was a little girl that I looked like Loretta Young. There is a certain type of big-eyed, wide-apart-eyes look: Jean Simmons also looked a bit like me; Lesley-Anne Down looks like a younger version of me; I looked a bit like Elizabeth Taylor at a certain time; and Natalie Wood and I had a look of each other in the Sixties. None of them was particularly intimidating.

**PLAYBOY:** When you were 22, weren't you voted the girl with the most beautiful face in England?

**COLLINS:** You know, the papers asked my father what he thought when I was voted the most beautiful girl, and he said, "I can't see that. She's got a nice face and she has a nice personality, but I wouldn't say that she was particularly beautiful." He always had this good knack of bringing us down to earth. But I felt very irritated that he couldn't just say, "Yes, she is; she's

wonderful and beautiful and gorgeous!"

**PLAYBOY:** Your father was an agent; were you surrounded by actors and actresses when you grew up?

**COLLINS:** No, he represented variety acts, not stage ones. They were mostly comedians, singers, jugglers, conjurers, ventriloquists. My dad has two sisters in the business, too. One was a chorus girl who had an affair with [musical-comedy actor] Jack Buchanan. He was, I suppose, the Warren Beatty of his day. My other aunt was an agent, too. She's 75 and is a wonderful character, always getting into taxis and saying, "Do you know who I am? I'm Joan Collins' aunt!" She often gets to ride free, which she likes a lot.

**PLAYBOY:** What about your mother? Didn't she always tell you that men were no good?

**COLLINS:** She didn't say men were no good, she said *sex* was no good. I think what my mother was trying to tell me was that sex for a man is much less important than it is for a woman. I'm generalizing, but I think, on the whole, it is a more important emotional experience for women than it is for men. That's really what my mother was trying to say. Certainly, she was right about *me*.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true that your mother refused to tell you what the word fuck meant?

**COLLINS:** I see you've read my book.

**PLAYBOY:** Yes, your autobiography, *Past Imperfect*. But it's the uncensored British edition.

**COLLINS:** It's true, she didn't want to tell me. And she said that if Daddy said that word, she would divorce him, it was such a bad word.

**PLAYBOY:** Was your mother timid?

**COLLINS:** Yeah. I like women with balls, with guts. My mother was the most wonderful, sweet, *tender*, motherly woman you would ever wish to find, as well as being beautiful. But she didn't stand up for herself, and I had a certain lack of respect for her because of that, particularly in my teens. She was such a slave. She thought of herself as so secondary to Daddy, who had a wild temper with us kids.

**PLAYBOY:** You're referring to your younger sister, Jackie, who has become a best-selling novelist. Did you each grow up wanting to be what you now are?

**COLLINS:** She used to write stories when we were kids and I used to illustrate them, because I was very tempted to become a dress designer. I was torn between that and being an actress. You know, Jackie's book [*Hollywood Wives*] was a best seller and I'm one of the most popular TV actresses. What do you suppose the odds are that two English sisters would make it this big here in America, where the competition is so fierce? I'd say billions to one! I think that had a lot to do with how our father and mother brought us up, don't you think? It wasn't just in the genes.

**PLAYBOY:** Your sister writes very steamy novels; has she ever used you as a model

for any of her characters?

**COLLINS:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you sure?

**COLLINS:** I'm positive.

**PLAYBOY:** Your book was pretty steamy in its own right. What made you decide to write *Past Imperfect*?

**COLLINS:** I was in dire need of bread at the time. And [agent] Swifty Lazar talked me into it, because I'd had a very interesting life and was still relatively young and nobody else had written her memoirs at such an early age. I also wanted to talk about the misconceptions of female sexuality—something still not considered quite right by middle America.

**PLAYBOY:** In what way?

**COLLINS:** Oh, that it is all right for men to have sex indiscriminately or with a lot of partners, but it isn't for women. So, in a way, I tried to explain that in the book.

**PLAYBOY:** You certainly gave it a try. The list of men you say you slept with has a lot of famous names.

**COLLINS:** But, see, I don't think I shopped anybody in my book.

**PLAYBOY:** You mean put down?

**COLLINS:** No, shopped is British for selling people out, using things you know about them to make them grist for your mill. Anything I said about Warren Beatty, for instance, is pretty well known, right?

**PLAYBOY:** You said you and he went at it five times a day; other women have claimed less or more—it depends on who's kissing and telling.

**COLLINS:** There's a sort of mystique that's grown up about Warren. Every girl, every tacky starlet in England who's gotten £25,000 for writing *My Night with . . .* always mentions the same guys. It's always George Hamilton, Warren Beatty, Ryan O'Neal, Rod Stewart, David Bowie. The same "fab five" that *everybody's* fucked. But I didn't think when I wrote mine that it would be considered a kiss-and-tell book. If it had, there were names I could have put in that would have made it a much hotter seller.

**PLAYBOY:** Such as?

**COLLINS:** I'm not going to tell you. Jesus Christ, you're shitty!

**PLAYBOY:** We had to ask.

**COLLINS:** I know you did. The people I wrote about were people who had a real effect on my life at that particular time. There was an *importance* there. The mistake I made with the book, which was a mistake that I made in my life, was that my heart ruled me rather than my ambition to succeed as an actress. And that is now reversed. My ambition as an actress is ruling and superseding any feelings that I have about romantic entanglement.

**PLAYBOY:** Will the new version being published here reflect that?

**COLLINS:** Yeah, I have 75 pages of new manuscript of the continuing saga of Joan Collins' *Past Imperfect* that I wrote last summer. As you've said, I've also censored certain things.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?



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**COLLINS:** Certain descriptions were a bit too graphic. There was too much concentration on men and not enough on career or how I really felt.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you still tease readers?

**COLLINS:** I? Tease? How *dare* you! My God!

**PLAYBOY:** Well, when you wrote about Harry Belafonte as your lover, you didn't use his name; you called him the "King of Calypso."

**COLLINS:** It's all changed for America. Belafonte's not in it. It wasn't a very important part.

**PLAYBOY:** Not even the part where you say his body was the best male body you had ever seen?

**COLLINS:** I didn't write that.

**PLAYBOY:** Yes, you did.

**COLLINS:** Listen, bodies have changed a great deal since then. A good body in the Fifties is very different from a good body in the Eighties.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you also censor the part about Nicky Hilton, who used to keep a scoreboard next to his bed to record each consummation?

**COLLINS:** Who wants to know about him? That's too *boring*. He's not going to be in the book.

**PLAYBOY:** He's out, too? Well, it *did* sound bizarre, what with the pill bottles, porno books, crucifix and gun on his night table.

**COLLINS:** I was just trying to give a little flavor, you know—a little description of him as a person.

**PLAYBOY:** Would it upset you if all the men you wrote about wrote their own books with graphic descriptions of you?

**COLLINS:** It would bother me if they *all* did it. But if one or two did it, I wouldn't mind. I mean, it would bother me if Warren wrote a book and I *wasn't* included in it. I would think it was pretty curious. But why are you so fascinated with this fucking book? I wrote a beauty book, too. I've written three books.

**PLAYBOY:** Because your autobiography caused a scandal in England, then got more notoriety in the U.S., when you returned a \$100,000 advance rather than publish it as it was here. That makes it a curiosity, at least. Why *did* you stop it from being published here?

**COLLINS:** Because of the absolute fucking outcry from everybody in England about this "shocking" book. And those people *know* me! The English have known me since I was 16—I've always been sort of a household name in England, even when I was not as successful. I thought, If they do this to me in England, God knows what they're going to do in America, which is a much more puritanical country. I mean, the British have three newspapers that feature nude girls every day and report the sexual exploits of everybody from prime ministers to pop stars, and there's a great deal of advertising based on sex. So I was astonished at the flak I took just because I talked rather frankly about sex and about

women's attitudes toward it. God, did I get flak! I got insulted on television shows. I mean, they made me cry. It was as if I had done something obscene. And all I was doing was being honest.

**PLAYBOY:** Painfully honest. You wrote about your first boyfriend, who wouldn't take your virginity even though you were willing. You described it as a sado-masochistic relationship.

**COLLINS:** I took all that out here.

**PLAYBOY:** Why? It seemed a courageous thing to have written.

**COLLINS:** My editors at Simon & Schuster didn't want that. Maybe because he was gay. They gave me definite advice about what they didn't want. But it's true. I was a girl of 16 who felt the time was ripe to "do it," as we used to say in those days, and the chap I wanted to do it with was unable to do it. Of course, I didn't know. I never even saw a naked man until I got married.

**PLAYBOY:** Whatever happened to him?

**COLLINS:** I heard ten years later that he became an actor, did fairly well, had a nervous breakdown onstage one day. He was carried off screaming and yelling. He was sent to a mental home for a year. Probably all to do with the fact that he realized he had missed his chance with me.

**PLAYBOY:** It was around that time that you appeared in your first major film, *I Believe in You*, with Laurence Harvey. What was that like?

**COLLINS:** It was awesome. I was very much in awe of simply everybody. I tested for that part three times. Every young actress in England had been after it, and I got it. I didn't know how to act, I didn't know what to do, I didn't know what a camera was. I stumbled and stuttered my way through.

**PLAYBOY:** Did your urge to "do it" include your first leading man?

**COLLINS:** How can I say what I was like when I was 16? I can't say I said, "Hey, Larry Harvey, I want you to fuck me!" It wasn't that at all.

**PLAYBOY:** You *did* write that he had a "deep sadness" because he wasn't "all the man" he should have been.

**COLLINS:** Did I say that? Oh, God, hoisted by my own petard!

**PLAYBOY:** You became friends, though, didn't you?

**COLLINS:** Yeah, he introduced me to my husband.

**PLAYBOY:** And the first time you went out with him—Maxwell Reed—he deceived you, drugged and raped you, didn't he?

**COLLINS:** Um-hmm. He told me we were going to a private club, so I walked up five flights of steps to the apartment of a man I didn't know, who had been a famous movie star in England. It was our first date and I was terrified, feeling that I didn't in any way measure up to what he expected. I was 17 and he was 33.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you feel after you realized he had taken advantage of you?

**COLLINS:** Disgusted. It was just like my mother said: the pits. She always told me it was going to be awful, that it was dreadful. She was absolutely right. But I went out with him later on because I wanted to prove that she was wrong.

**PLAYBOY:** Was she?

**COLLINS:** She was, because we saw each other again, and he finally asked me to marry him. So I was able to prove that my mother's attitude toward men and sex was wrong.

**PLAYBOY:** Your description of that first time with Reed is horrifying: You kept throwing up and he kept sticking your head into a bucket, and then he put a "strange, soft object" into your mouth.

**COLLINS:** Oh, God, don't talk about that! That's out. That is out, out, out.

**PLAYBOY:** You also describe how later on in the marriage, he had a slipped disk and became very cruel and sadistic. What did you feel when you realized you were married to a man who couldn't get aroused unless he beat you up?

**COLLINS:** Fear. Just fear. Fear of failure. Fear of upsetting my father, of having a failure at marriage.

**PLAYBOY:** Then there was the time you were at a night club and Reed met an Arab sheik and agreed to sell you to him for one night. Was he serious?

**COLLINS:** Yes, he was bloody serious. He was exceedingly serious. Dead serious. The Arab had offered him £10,000 to bed me for the evening. I said, "You've got to be joking. No way." He said, "You're a stupid little fool. We could buy a cottage, we could go to Hollywood and make our fortune."

**PLAYBOY:** What happened then?

**COLLINS:** I left him. That minute. I got a taxi, in tears, and went home to Mommy. That was the end of the marriage.

**PLAYBOY:** But some years later, he tried to blackmail you with nude pictures he had taken of you when you were together.

**COLLINS:** Yes. I paid him for the pictures, but he gave me different ones—though he never used the real ones. He's dead. Maxwell Reed's dead.

**PLAYBOY:** Other men continued to try to use you, especially producers and studio executives. You wrote that after moving to Hollywood, you had a run-in with Darryl F. Zanuck, who was head of production at 20th Century-Fox when you were under contract there. What happened when he grabbed you in a hotel corridor?

**COLLINS:** He grabbed me in the hallway one day with a cigar sticking out of his face, got me up against the wall, pressing his . . . well, he made a rather overt pass at me, saying things like what a great lover he was and why did I bother wasting my time with those callow boys I was going out with when he could show me a good time? I laughed at him. It's a good trick—a man can't stand to be laughed at.

**PLAYBOY:** Have such attacks happened often?

**COLLINS:** Yeah, among certain men,



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particularly older ones. Younger men don't do that.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you would have had better roles in movies if you'd gone along with some of those men?

**COLLINS:** Absolutely. I *know* I would have. I would have gotten *Cleopatra* if I had gone along with [Spyros] Skouras' [chairman of the board at Fox] advances. I'm sure I would have. I was pretty upset when Elizabeth Taylor got the part.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you regret having resisted?

**COLLINS:** Never. I have never, ever compromised myself in that way, and I never will. It's very important that you put that in. Because it's the truth.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think your career would have changed had you done *Cleopatra*?

**COLLINS:** Well, I wouldn't have fallen in love with Richard Burton. I think that the film would have been just another sort of period schlock potboiler, like *Esther and the King* and those things that I did.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of Burton, didn't he come on to you when you starred opposite him in *Sea Wife* in 1956?

**COLLINS:** Burton came on to *everyone*. It's like saying the Pope is Catholic. I told him I don't mess around. Quite frankly, I didn't fancy him. He was quite arrogant. He was also married and his wife was there, and I was in love with somebody. I

really don't find it a terrific turn-on when somebody says, "I have made love to every one of my leading ladies—don't break my record." That's not guaranteed to send me galloping between the satin sheets.

**PLAYBOY:** You did do some galloping around with Sydney Chaplin, son of Charlie Chaplin, didn't you?

**COLLINS:** Sydney was very funny. He had a scurrilous wit that was almost sacrilegious. He was the life and soul of parties.

**PLAYBOY:** Did he really do comedy routines during your lovemaking?

**COLLINS:** Yeah. We both did. We had great fun. For the first time, I was on my own and running with this fast, cosmopolitan European crowd. We used to stay up all night drinking absinthe and playing games—a very exciting, kind of Scott Fitzgeraldish time. Rome in the Fifties was amazing. It was the full *dolce vita*, it really was. And those particular people were extremely exciting. There were writers and producers—and Brigitte Bardot, the new girl in town. She was with Roger Vadim. I disapprove of what she says about herself now. I think it's shocking.

**PLAYBOY:** What's that?

**COLLINS:** Oh, she's so stupid. She says, "I'm 49 years old now and I'm no longer pretty or attractive and I won't be seen in a bikini, because nobody wants to see me. My flesh is rotting." It's so pathetic. I don't think women should think that way about themselves!

**PLAYBOY:** Perhaps she feels that way. Look at what Greta Garbo did when she retired from public life.

**COLLINS:** Garbo's about 100, isn't she?

**PLAYBOY:** Not quite.

**COLLINS:** I never thought she was either very beautiful or a very good actress. But she had mystery. Something *I'm* not going to have when this *Interview* comes out.

**PLAYBOY:** You'll have—

**COLLINS:** Celebrity I've already got.

**PLAYBOY:** Notoriety.

**COLLINS:** But I want to have *mystery*!

**PLAYBOY:** Have another glass of champagne. Back to Sydney Chaplin. You met his father, Charlie; what was your impression of him?

**COLLINS:** He reminded me of my own father. Austere. Kind of dull. Patriarchal. I sensed a tremendous coldness and a surprising lack of humor. Sydney had all the humor in the family. I felt a certain disapproval of me. But then, I *always* felt everybody had a disapproval of me.

**PLAYBOY:** That may not be surprising; most actors are insecure people.

**COLLINS:** Do you think I'm insecure?

**PLAYBOY:** It's too early to tell.

**COLLINS:** We've been talking for five fucking hours, for Christ's sake! You don't know yet whether I'm insecure? I've told you everything except how many times a day I go to the loo.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel you're insecure?

**COLLINS:** Obviously, one is insecure about certain things. And now you're going to ask me what they are.

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**PLAYBOY:** Well. . .

**COLLINS:** I'm kind of insecure and cocky at the same time. I'm very secure about the way I look. I'm quite secure about the way I act, in terms of performing—though I was tremendously insecure about my talent when I was a girl of 16, with no experience at all, thrown onto the screen in a major leading role, with a huge publicity build-up. And the kid didn't know how to act! I got a lot of really rotten reviews, and they've lingered. People still say, "Oh, my God, you were so good in that; I didn't know you could act!" I'm also insecure about the fact that I left school at such an early age, so I feel insecure about my intellect. I'm not as well read as I'd like to be. My children are shocked by me. They say, "Mommy, why do you read *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* when you could be reading. . . ?" I say, "Look, I have to read my scripts, I have to work, I don't want to educate my brain! My relaxation is reading *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* and *Us* and *People*, thank you very much." So I'm insecure about that. But not insecure enough to do something about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's go back to Sydney. How did that chapter of your life end?

**COLLINS:** It was kind of funny, in a way. We were going up to Palm Springs and he was going before me, because I was working on *The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing*. He said he would drive my car and meet me at the airport if I took the plane from

L.A. to Palm Springs, which is not a pleasant flight. So I arrived at the airport at seven and no Sydney. I hailed a taxi and figured he'd be at the Racquet Club. By that time, I was really steaming. Sydney was sitting there with Gene Kelly and a bunch of cronies and they had been drinking all afternoon. They were absolutely smashed. I stood there bristling and said, in my high little voice, "Sydney, I have been working at the studio all day. You took my car, you promised to pick me up, I had to find a taxi, it's 105 degrees." He just ignored me, took another drink. "Fuck you, Sydney!" I cried. "Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you! *Fuck you!*" He looked at me and said, very slowly, "And fuck you, too, honey." I said, "Sydney, that is the last time that you will ever fuck me." And I turned around and got on the next plane back to Los Angeles.

**PLAYBOY:** You've had some good exit lines, haven't you?

**COLLINS:** [*Laughs*] A bit crude.

**PLAYBOY:** After Sydney came Arthur Loew, Jr., scion of one of the royal Hollywood families.

**COLLINS:** What is this, the story of my life?

**PLAYBOY:** You are the subject of this *Interview*.

**COLLINS:** He's a very small part of my life, very unimportant.

**PLAYBOY:** OK, we'll pass him right by.

**COLLINS:** [*Laughs*] OK, good. Though I

*did* have another good exit line with him, now that you mention it.


**PLAYBOY:** Well?

**COLLINS:** Arthur and I were dancing at a New Year's Eve party and were having a row, and he said, "You are a fucking bore." And I said, "And you are a boring fuck!" And that was that. Pretty witty, huh? We broke up after that.

**PLAYBOY:** You got to know James Dean around that time, shortly before he died. What did you think of him?

**COLLINS:** Intense, moody, incredible charisma. He was short, myopic, not good-looking in life, really. He was very close to Oscar Levant, who was the town wit at the time. Billy Wilder is now the town wit, but then it was Levant, the aged sage, the guru of the Nick Adams set: Natalie Wood, Nick Adams, Sal Mineo, Jimmy Dean, me, Arthur Loew, Paul Newman—always sitting with a can of beer—George Englund, Marlon Brando. Errol Flynn used to come over, too. Flynn was an old man to us. Probably 45, but we considered him positively geriatric. And he used to do shtick to amuse us kids. He'd get on the floor on all fours and bark like a dog. Dean and the rest of us would go into hoots of laughter.

I drove with Jimmy in his new red Porsche once. We were pissed [drunk] and went down Sunset and I was scared. He had the windows open, the music up, driving really fast. He died in that same



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Porsche two or three months later. You know who he was like? A young, better-looking Woody Allen, in a way. He had those same qualities of shyness, uncertainty and insecurity. I saw Woody Allen not long ago coming out of Elaine's with his head down, being escorted out by Elaine. I went up to him and said, "Mr. Allen, I just wanted to say hello because I admire you and think you're a great talent and brilliant and I really empathize with you about a certain facet of your character, which is that you're shy—because I'm shy, too." He looked me over and said quietly, "Well, you could have fooled me."

**PLAYBOY:** Were you shy when you met Brando in 1955, at the height of his career?

**COLLINS:** Oh, total awe and admiration. He was fascinating, scary. Not somebody I would want to get involved with for one second.

**PLAYBOY:** Was he at all shy around you?

**COLLINS:** No, Brando is not shy. Brando is smart enough not to come on to a woman unless he thinks that he's going to get somewhere. I was involved with his best friend at the time—

**PLAYBOY:** George Englund?

**COLLINS:** Yes. So we had a sort of passing relationship. I admired him and listened to him when he talked. But you know, I don't think people are so interested in Brando anymore. They're much more interested in Tom Selleck, Larry Hagman. Movie stars aren't where it's at today.

**PLAYBOY:** Spoken like a true TV star.

**COLLINS:** Well, I'm not in the movie business anymore. I'm in the television business. You see, Brando was the most wonderful actor once. The thing I think is terribly depressing about him is that he hates everything to do with this business so much. It's really sad. I read your *Interview* with him. I don't think he really feels there are no artists and acting is trivial. I think he felt it was a good way to make an impact. It's certainly totally different. I mean, you start off by wearing a torn T-shirt when everybody's in blue three-piece suits; then you balloon to 300 pounds and tell an interviewer there are no artists since Picasso.

He was right about there being no great men, no great leaders. Not since De Gaulle, Churchill and Kennedy. Other than Mrs. Thatcher. I adore her. She is the savior of Britain. But I remember reading the Brando *Interview* and thinking, This man is *so* unhappy. I'm totally the opposite of him. I think this is a wonderful profession to be in if you happen to be successful. When you think that 99 and nine tenths of our profession are clawing for a living, to be successful and make money at it, to be able not only to feed and house your family but to go down to Rodeo Drive and drop a couple of thou in an afternoon and live well is a great bonus. Because I'm getting paid for some-

thing I wanted to do since I was eight years old. And I was able to go through the really fallow periods, of which there have been a lot, without clinging to drugs, booze, men or any of those other things.

**PLAYBOY:** Wait a minute. You've never taken drugs or resorted to alcohol?

**COLLINS:** I am very hot on the old Cristal and white wine. But drugs? No. They're an absolute no. I abhor what they do to people. I was given some cocaine in St.-Tropez in the Sixties and it just freaked me. I was at a disco and danced until about six in the morning and didn't sleep for three nights. Then I had a postnasal drip for three weeks, and I thought, *Fuck this* for a laugh.

And, yeah, I've smoked a joint, but it has a very bad effect on me. Of course, I wouldn't today—I'm terrified of getting herpes. I never smoke a cigarette from somebody's lips or even drink from somebody's glass anymore. There's a moral laxity around. Herpes and AIDS have come as the great plagues to teach us all a lesson. It was fine to have sexual freedom, but it was abused. Apparently, the original AIDS sufferers were having 500 or 600 contacts a year, and they are now inflicting it on heterosexuals. That's bloody scary. A good reason for celibacy. It's like the Roman Empire. Wasn't everybody running around just covered in syphilis? And then it was destroyed by the volcano.

**PLAYBOY:** That's bending public health and ancient history a little out of shape, but let's get back to your life history. *Was* George Englund the love of your life?

**COLLINS:** The love of my life—I haven't met him yet. [*Sighs. Long pause*] I suppose up until I met Ron [Kass], yes. And then I thought that Ron was.

**PLAYBOY:** You called that time the most traumatic and emotionally upsetting of your life.

**COLLINS:** Well, I was in love with a married man, which I would not advocate to anybody. He was brilliant and witty, charming, urbane, good-looking and clever, very successful. Had a wife and three children. He was also a Cancer who wanted to keep both things going.

**PLAYBOY:** You wrote that his influence was so great that you would have skated naked around Rockefeller Center if he'd asked you to.

**COLLINS:** Are you really going to continue asking me questions out of the book? Read me your questions! I want to hear more of this crap you've got written down there!

**PLAYBOY:** Crap? This is your life.

**COLLINS:** [*Gets up, goes toward interviewer*] Let me see those. Let me see. Come on.

**PLAYBOY:** You're not supposed to *read* them. They're written to be asked in the natural course of our conversation.

**COLLINS:** Let me see! I just want to see *one*. God, you're terrible to me!

**PLAYBOY:** Has this *Interview* been so painful so far?

**COLLINS:** It's work. Actually, I'm enjoying this. Dreadful! People *do* like to talk about themselves, don't they? It's like fishing or catching a butterfly, isn't it?

**PLAYBOY:** There's one last Englund story that may give an insight into your personality. It has to do with the diamond necklace Rafael Trujillo, Jr., gave you after a romantic evening on his yacht. When Englund got upset about it, didn't you do something your character Alexis would have been proud of?

**COLLINS:** George got very upset the night I wore the necklace and he ripped it off at Romanoff's, throwing it across the floor in front of half of Hollywood. I scrambled around on my hands and knees, trying to get all the bits of diamonds. A few months later, I was in New York and I saw a jewelry shop called Jolie Gabor, and one of its imitation necklaces looked terribly like mine. I bought it for \$150, and a week later, I was walking with George along the beach in Malibu on a very romantic moonlit night. I delved into my purse and pulled out this necklace and said, "I've been thinking about what you said about the necklace, and because I love you so much, *this* is what I'm going to do with it." And I chucked it into the ocean, to be swallowed by some passing whale or seal. He was absolutely flabbergasted. He yelled, "You've just thrown \$15,000 away." I said, "Yes, but I know how much it upset you, and I want you to know that your love means more to me." It was a pretty good scene.

**PLAYBOY:** Did he ever find out?

**COLLINS:** He will now.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't Beatty also give you a piece of jewelry in an interesting way?

**COLLINS:** Chopped liver was our favorite snack. One day, Warren wanted me to get some chopped liver for him while he watched television. I got it and opened it up, and there was this ring—gold, studded with diamonds and pearls. "What's this?" I asked. "It's for you," he said. "That's your engagement ring, fool." He had a certain throwaway way with a gift.

**PLAYBOY:** What happened to the ring?

**COLLINS:** It's in my safe-deposit box along with all the others.

**PLAYBOY:** How many rings are there?

**COLLINS:** There are a few.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you really think you'd marry Beatty?

**COLLINS:** At the time? Yeah. I was engaged. I had a wedding dress made. But we were just having such terrible fights that I realized it was absolute stupidity. There's no point in marrying somebody whom you're arguing with four hours a day. I don't want to talk about Warren—I want to talk about *me*.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, he was once very much a part of *your* story.

**COLLINS:** Yeah, we were sort of the latter-day Troy Donahue and Sandra Dee. For a brief moment in time, we conquered the fan mags. We would go and eat a health-burger at the Aware Inn and meander





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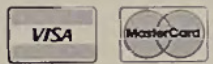
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down to the corner drugstore and flip through dozens of magazines and look at our pictures. I'll tell you something: Most actors still read those magazines, except that they buy them rather than flip through the pages. We'd buy only the ones that we thought we looked good in.

**PLAYBOY:** You got pregnant in that relationship and had an abortion. Did you both think it best to have it? Did he talk you into it? Did you feel it would hurt your career to have the baby?

**COLLINS:** Yeah, all of those things. [Laughs] Everybody talks about Warren. Let him remain an enigma. He should play Howard Hughes. Perfect. Listen, I haven't seen Warren for ages. He's a totally different person from when I knew him. I don't know what he's like. I knew him in his 20s; he's now in his 40s. He's immensely ambitious, very smart, almost calculating. But very shy. When I knew him, he was certainly running after the people in town who could be of benefit to him in his career. Bloody clever. I think he's much better as a producer and an entrepreneur than as an actor. I'm totally uninterested in anything he has to say or do. I don't even see his movies.

**PLAYBOY:** Really? He makes good ones.

**COLLINS:** I lie. I did see *Reds*. Lost a fortune, didn't it?

**PLAYBOY:** Did you see *Shampoo*?

**COLLINS:** Yes. I guess I *have* seen his movies. He's now, what? Forty-six? He has an immature look. And he still seems to be concerned with his looks. He's not like Paul Newman or Sean Connery. I think Sean is utterly wonderful, both as an actor and in what he does, which is kind of "So I'm bald and ten pounds overweight; so what?" He's still the most attractive man on the screen. I don't think Warren can do that; he doesn't have the confidence in himself. You have to be very confident to be able to say, "OK, so I've got a few wrinkles now, and maybe my hair is receding, and maybe I can't pull the 18-year-old girls off that I used to be able to." Warren's brilliance is that even after losing a fortune on *Reds*, he still could get millions of dollars in up-front money to make a movie if he wished. Very clever. Now, ask me original questions.

**PLAYBOY:** OK. It seems to us that you come off as strong and tough—until you meet a man. Then you lose that strength. Is that a fair assumption?

**COLLINS:** That's the best thing you've asked in half an hour. [Laughs] Yes, I would say that I do. And I hate myself for it, but it's perfectly true. Basically, I become a wimpy clinging violet. At least, that was the way I *used* to be. I don't know whether or not I'm ever going to get involved in a relationship again. It totally terrifies me. I think the type of man I'd like to get into a relationship with doesn't exist!

**PLAYBOY:** Who would be the perfect man for you?

**COLLINS:** Well . . . oh, no, you're not going

to catch me on that one, darling. No way. This is the first time in my life I've been free since I was 17, that I have had nobody to answer to. My head rules my heart a lot more now. I'm much more logical. I hate the word calculating, but I mean, once burned, twice shy, right? I've been married three times and have had quite a few relationships. Maybe one gets more discerning as one gets older. Since I've been a free woman, I have not been having very many temper tantrums. I'm much more calm and relaxed. So maybe I'm just meant to live alone.

**PLAYBOY:** Have the men in your life always made career decisions for you?

**COLLINS:** Yes. [Sighs] I just don't understand men. I just fail to understand them. Maybe they're not sensitive enough.

**PLAYBOY:** All men?

**COLLINS:** That's true, there *are* some good ones. I just happened to have picked wrongly.

**PLAYBOY:** When you were married to Anthony Newley—

**COLLINS:** I don't understand why you're asking me all these questions about all these men! Why are you doing this?

**PLAYBOY:** How can we not ask you about Tony Newley? You were married to him for seven years; you had two children—

**COLLINS:** Oh, yeah. Tony! Great. Genius.

**PLAYBOY:** Come on, Joan.

**COLLINS:** All right: He reminded me of Charlie Chaplin. I went to see him in *Stop the World, I Want to Get Off* and I was absolutely mesmerized. I thought he was spectacularly talented and witty. There's a certain fun that Brits have with one another that you don't get with you Yanks. I'd just broken up with Warren about two weeks previously, so it was sort of from the frying pan into the fire. I realized after a while that given the way he felt about sex outside of marriage, I couldn't continue being married. Look, fidelity is important in a marriage, but it's not *that* important. Most men, according to my sister, the expert, stray. And sex doesn't mean anything to most men. It's like going off and having, as Paul Newman said, hamburger instead of steak. But when, as Tony felt, it's a way of life and a necessity, I think a woman's got to take stock of whether or not she wants to live another 30 or 40 years with a man with those aspirations. And that was that.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet you had an affair with Ryan O'Neal while married to Newley and said you enjoyed being an adulteress.

**COLLINS:** I enjoyed being an adulteress at that time because my marriage was falling apart, and I was taking a certain vengeance for the fact that my husband was not being faithful. And fidelity to me is rather important, actually. It sounds a bit square, doesn't it? Have you ever been unfaithful to your wife?

**PLAYBOY:** More champagne?

**COLLINS:** You wouldn't tell me if you had. She'll probably read this. [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** Newley was one of Barbra

Streisand's flings; you've had a few men in common with her and have known her quite a while, haven't you?

**COLLINS:** Yes. When she got the movie *Funny Girl*, she used to pick my brain about things like lighting and make-up and hair and angles. She's an absolute sponge. She and Brando are very similar. He's a sponge, too. They soak things up. I'm a sieve—things go in and they go out immediately.

**PLAYBOY:** She's also the opposite of you when it comes to posing for photographers.

**COLLINS:** I can understand why: I've seen pictures of her in English papers; she was wearing a Zeppo Marx suit.

**PLAYBOY:** You both are also art-deco and *art nouveau* collectors, aren't you?

**COLLINS:** Barbra came to my house in London about ten years ago. She was so funny. She wanted to see my collection of art deco and *art nouveau*. So we went around the house and she asked me how much each piece was. I told her and she always said, "Oh, my God, I bought that for . . ." and it would usually be half of what I paid.

**PLAYBOY:** Streisand told us that she usually knocks off 30 percent of any price given her, since she figures that's how much they jack it up when they know it's her.

**COLLINS:** Does she? Well, I'm only *half* Jewish.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, we've just about come to the end of the known men in your life. How did you meet your last husband, Ron Kass?

**COLLINS:** One of my best friends had a friend named Ron Kass, who was the head of the Apple corporation, the Beatles' company in London. I said to my friend, "You're always so mean with your friends. I've introduced you to mine; why don't you introduce me to this bloke?" So he brought him over to the house one night. My marriage to Tony was foundering badly at that time, and Ron seemed to be all the things that I had wanted in a man. He was born on the same day as Sydney and Warren; interesting, huh? We were both married, so it was very tricky.

**PLAYBOY:** And what happened?

**COLLINS:** This is the part that I shall not discuss.

**PLAYBOY:** Is he still a sore point?

**COLLINS:** He isn't a sore point. He's the father of my daughter, and I made a pact with my daughter's therapist that I'd never discuss Ron.

**PLAYBOY:** All right. You and Ron were in Paris when your daughter, Katy, was hit by a car in England. It was a major trauma in your lives, wasn't it?

**COLLINS:** Her accident was a major, major, major trauma. Major. We were told she had a less than 40 percent chance of living. When she survived the first 72 hours, we were told that her chances of being normal—walking, talking, being anything other than a brain-injured, hopelessly



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handicapped child—were very, very small. And Ron and I just refused to believe that. Coma is the next step to death, and every day you're in a coma you're losing some more of life. I was able to muddle through it with my eternal optimism, which is what I've been blessed with. We hired a caravan and lived on the hospital grounds for six weeks. I talked to her those six weeks in the hospital. I held her, touched her, played records for her, put smells under her nose, onions, lemons, perfume. I told her stories. I bought mobiles and put them all over. The most difficult thing was watching her physiotherapy, because she was really like a little animal. Ron gave me the strength to do what I had to do. He kept the really dire truth from me.

**PLAYBOY:** Which was?

**COLLINS:** That she was going to have brain damage and she might have to be institutionalized. But he kept that from me and just gave me the positive things. The first time I realized that she was aware was when she was lying on my bed, about two months after the accident. Ron and I were joking about something, some kind of scurrilous joke. I think we used the word shit, and she started to laugh. We realized that she understood what we were saying. About a week after that, she said her first word, which was horseshoe.

**PLAYBOY:** Has she recovered fully in the three years since the accident?

**COLLINS:** She's recovered close to 100 percent. She still has certain problems with balance and memory.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel that the responsibility of your daughter has changed you?

**COLLINS:** I've only started to become mature in the past few years. I was really a kid. It must have something to do with being Gemini. We are just children. Look at Bob Hope, Judy Garland, Marilyn Monroe. There's a tremendous childishness about us.

**PLAYBOY:** What have been your biggest mistakes?

**COLLINS:** The biggest mistake that I've made in my life is staying with people I should have got rid of—whether it was a maid, a nanny, a husband or a lover. I'm not a very good judge of people.

**PLAYBOY:** Does aging scare you?

**COLLINS:** No. Death scares me. I don't care how long I live, as long as it's got quality. I don't want to spend the last 15 years of my life sitting in bed watching TV, thank you very much. I've got the kind of metabolism that's going to hold up well against the ravages of time. Too much emphasis is placed on chronological age. I would rather be older and look younger than be younger and look older. I think of myself as a woman of 35. That's how I dress, act, behave. Thirty-eight is the dangerous age for a woman; that's when it all starts to fall apart if she doesn't take care of herself.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever had cosmetic surgery?

**COLLINS:** Absolutely not. There's something horrid about a face lift.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you exercise much to keep your figure?

**COLLINS:** Do me a favor: Jane Fonda's thing of an hour and a half working yourself to death? It's a bit of a hype. I do 15 minutes a day. Fifty sit-ups, 25 push-ups, some weights. Enough.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about analysis?

**COLLINS:** I went into analysis because it was the thing to do, like getting your nails wrapped. I found out I had some kind of built-in distrust of men because of my father. And I found out that I was a pretty nice person.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the worst picture you ever made?

**COLLINS:** *Empire of the Ants*.

**PLAYBOY:** And the best?

**COLLINS:** I haven't made it yet.

**PLAYBOY:** What about *The Stud*, which Jackie wrote, you starred in and two of your husbands produced?

**COLLINS:** I liked some of the things in that. In England, it made more than \$20,000,000. I did it for \$25,000—isn't that sick?—plus a hefty percentage. I wanted to make it successful; that's why I exploited myself. I thought it would get me back on the track of being a commercial actress.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of Alfred Hitchcock's famous remark that all actors are cattle?

**COLLINS:** Most directors suck! They do. Most directors haven't a clue how to direct traffic. If Hitchcock said that, he was a fat, chauvinistic pig of the first order, and I hate him. I used to be an admirer, but he just lost a fan.

**PLAYBOY:** Who do you think are America's best actors?

**COLLINS:** It's obvious: Al Pacino and Robert De Niro. I prefer Pacino. What he did in *The Godfather* was amazing, considering how young he was. He's got such menace. De Niro's a brilliant actor, though Jerry Lewis wiped the floor with him in *The King of Comedy*. The two actors I'd most like to work with are Sean Connery, who is the best screen actor, and Michael Caine. It sounds chauvinistic, but the actors I'd most like to work with are British. Albert Finney, Dudley Moore. I've worked with Paul Newman; wouldn't mind working with him again.

**PLAYBOY:** Who is America's sexiest actor?

**COLLINS:** I suppose Richard Gere, really. I think he's too busy flashing his balls. On the screen, I mean.

**PLAYBOY:** You've done some commercials for television; what do you think about U.S. TV commercials in general?

**COLLINS:** The commercials in this country are nothing short of appalling. I mean, people seriously stand there and do those things about hemorrhoids. They're an abomination to the intelligence of the human race! That's why I can't watch TV. TV is such crap. It really is. The

average family in America has dinner together, maybe with the TV on, then goes and watches TV from seven until ten. People don't play games, they don't sing songs, they don't have conversations. The art of conversation is lost. There's not enough stretching of the mind. And TV actors all look alike; I can't tell half of them apart. They've all got that blow-dried hair. It's extraordinary.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's be fair; is it any different in England?

**COLLINS:** I am nauseated by the attitude of people in my country, too. All they want to do is lie around and watch TV. They don't want to work, they expect the state to support them. We're all so fucking soft, it makes me puke. See, I believe in things like conscription. I think all young men should be taken at 16 or 17 and slung in the army for a couple of years to shape them up.

**PLAYBOY:** You feel that way about your own son?

**COLLINS:** It would do him a world of good. He'd probably keep his bedroom tidy.

**PLAYBOY:** Any other geopolitical opinions?

**COLLINS:** Not many. I don't understand American politics. I think Winston Churchill was the greatest statesman ever. I was interested in politics when John and Jackie Kennedy were sort of running the world. They had incredible glamor. After that, you had Lyndon Johnson, who made speeches while sitting in the loo. And the klutz who always fell down, Gerald Ford.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you once meet Henry Kissinger?

**COLLINS:** Yes. He was a charm boy. But I think he's a bit of a fascist, isn't he? I don't think this country should be run by fascists.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, we're almost done. You're certainly a woman who's not afraid to voice an opinion.

**COLLINS:** Ten glasses of champagne and talking into the wee hours, I'll say anything. But, listen, you've made me see that I'm more complex than I thought. The compartment that's easy to put me in is "freethinking, sexy broad with a dirty mouth, who pretty much does what she wants." But there's more to me than that.

**PLAYBOY:** Yes, well, that's it. It's been fun.

**COLLINS:** Oh, God, no! I can't believe it's over. Why don't we do some more? God, it's like finishing with your analyst—abandoned!

**PLAYBOY:** Sorry. Your time's up, Joan.

**COLLINS:** I'm in your hands. I'm sure that you will present me as this wonderful, warm, fabulous human being!

**PLAYBOY:** Good night, Joan.

**COLLINS:** Two bottles of Cristal champagne; I won't forget that in a hurry.

**PLAYBOY:** Sleep tight, Joan.

**COLLINS:** So . . . you think people will buy my book?







*"I could go for something Gordon's"*

*The possibilities are endless*





**R**OY," SHE SAID, "how would you like to go to Detroit to work six days on a film for The Disney Channel called *Tiger Town*, written and directed by a 25-year-old director, Alan Shapiro?"

"Sounds awful," I said.

It was an old production-assistant friend, Susan Landau, calling me in New York. She's now a full-fledged producer, and I could detect an angle in her voice.

"Very funny," she said. "Your co-star would be the kid from *Kramer vs. Kramer*, Justin Henry. In *Tiger Town*, he idolizes you."

"Why?"

"Because in the story, you play an aging right fielder who, in the last weeks of the season, gets hot and wins the pennant for the Tigers."

"I'm a ballplayer?"

"One of the all-time greats!"

"I play with the Detroit Tigers?"

"You'll work out with the team for three days and shoot for three."

Pause. Then: "I'll do it."

"I can only pay you scale."

Longer pause: "I'll do it anyway."

She had made me an offer no red-blooded 48-year-old American boy could refuse.

Within a day, I had two gloves, four hardballs and a Lou Whitaker (Tiger second baseman) Louisville Slugger bat. I

*article*

By **ROY SCHEIDER**

# THE METHOD VS. THE FAST BALL

*in baseball, as in acting,  
the play's the thing*

was off to Central Park to badger some kids I knew played there daily. They were perfectly happy by themselves, but I convinced them they could contribute to film history by playing a little pepper with me. Luckily, a few of them had just seen *Blue Thunder*. It didn't, however, stop one potential Nolan Ryan from trying to make raw meat out of my left hand. Although





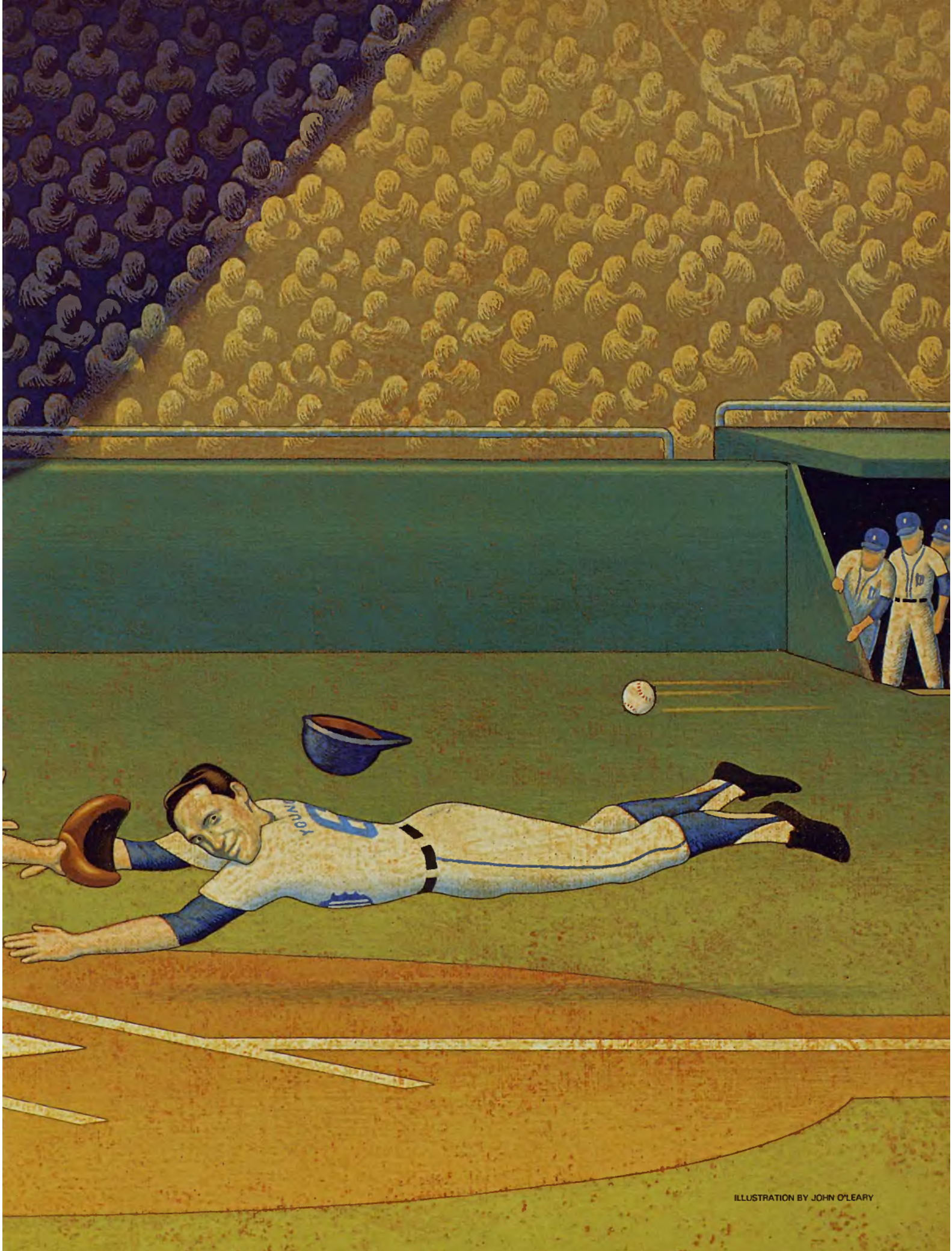


ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN O'LEARY



today's gloves have webbings as wide as a football field, I was still trying to catch the ball in the center of the mitt. I got out of that habit quickly. All this reminded me of those long, lazy summer twilights when my father spent hours trying to teach me to throw and catch. "Not up here, not down there, but right *here*—chest high!" he would bellow, and threaten to go back into the house if I didn't straighten my aim.

I bought Ted Williams' *The Science of Hitting*. He wasn't kidding. He kept saying that the hardest thing to do in sports was to hit a ball with a round stick. Big Ted had scientifically broken down his strike zone into molecular areas that guaranteed him from a .230 to a .400 batting average, according to where he swung his bat. The guy was fiendish in his desire to annihilate any pitcher he faced. My blood was beginning to run. I viewed myself in the bedroom mirror as I fluidly swung my bat again and again. I was awesome!

Tiger Stadium. An oasis of green in the midst of cement, downtown Detroit. As I stood on the second tier, overlooking home plate, the empty park felt pastoral and safe. A "hitter's ball park," they called it. Small and cozy, like Fenway in Boston. The first- and third-base lines are snug against the boxes and the stands, giving the fans a real intimacy with the players. Except for the swish of the sprinklers placed around the infield, our voices were the only sounds to be heard.

"Damn it, they painted the old green seats blue," said this little guy next to me, the director Alan Shapiro. He was wearing a Tigers cap and looked like a 20-year-old Dominican shortstop. "But other than that, it's all the same as when I was a kid!"

"A kid?" I said, looking at his wide-eyed enthusiasm. "That was only yesterday."

"You're right," he laughed. "Boy, do I envy you. Tomorrow, you'll be on that field, running and throwing and hitting. One of the last real grass diamonds in baseball—just think!" I did think. And I wasn't feeling awesome. I hadn't played softball for three years, hardball for 20. I was scared. This was going to take a hell of a performance.

In the Tiger Press Room, Scheider and Justin Henry meet the Detroit press.

REPORTER: Mr. Scheider, were you ever a ballplayer?

SCHIEDER: No one ever accused me of that.

REPORTER: Why Detroit?

SCHIEDER: It's the director's home town; he wrote the screenplay.

REPORTER: What's your favorite team?

SCHIEDER: Used to be the New York Giants. Then, I suppose, the Mets. [Laughter]

REPORTER: No Yankees?

SCHIEDER: With Steinbrenner?

REPORTER: Mr. Henry, yours is the leading role. How do you like it?

HENRY: [Calmly sitting in a big leather chair, wearing his Tigers cap] This part is my transitional role from child star to young leading man.

I had no excuse. I just loved baseball.

Clad only in shorts, T-shirt and shower clogs, Sparky Anderson sat back comfortably in his office swivel chair, puffing on his pipe. The Tiger skipper had just the craggy, tanned, fatherly face you'd want your leader to have. The Marlboro Man as manager. Colorful I expected; but the fast 30 minutes Sparky did on the state of the national pastime was candid beyond expectation:

"This is not my first movie, you know; we did the Ron LeFlore story for CBS—did you see it? The folks here in Detroit really deserve a pennant. They're really supportive and give this young team a hell of a boost. We'll be in it all the way. [They were, too, finishing second to Baltimore in the American League East.] Anybody could have managed that Cincinnati team [the Big Red Machine that won five pennants and four world series with Sparky's guidance]. Hell, we had a future Hall-of-Famer at every position. Guys like Bench, Perez, Rose, Morgan, Griffey. Double M.V.P.s. Pete Rose will kill you with his glove, his bat or his mouth. The fiercest competitor since Ty Cobb. Drugs? Sure, some. But in baseball, a player performs every day. After three weeks or so, it becomes visible. The team knows when a guy is off his game. Big money? Listen, I knew we were in trouble one time down in Houston when one of our million-dollar-a-year kids bought 11 pairs of hand-tooled boots. For Christ's sake, you can't break in four pairs of boots in a lifetime!"

"Hey, Sparky!" somebody yelled. "Gates is here!"

William "Gates" Brown is the batting coach for the Tigers. In his prime, he was the premier pinch hitter in baseball, with statistics that gave pitchers headaches. The nickname is purported to come from a little time he had done in the slammer. A barrel of a man, about 5'10", built like a fireplug, with strong arms and legs, he seemed a bit shy as he shook my hand, but he was quick to name the movies I had done that he liked. (Ballplayers are great movie fans. A lot of that lonely time on the road is spent watching movies.) His smile was quick, but his eyes were sad. Not gloomy, just sad, like those of a great jazz musician who had seen more than he wanted to.

"Well, my man," Gates said to me, "we gonna knock out a few?"

"Sure. Don't expect too much."

"We'll see. Ever play any ball?"

"Only as a kid."

"Don't worry. You can move. I've seen your movies. Get here around two-thirty and we'll get your shit together."

"Thanks, you're on."

I had requested, that first night, to go out to a batting range to get in a few licks. Susan, Alan and Justin went along. We all stepped into cages and faced the machines for about an hour. I was inconsistent at all speeds, batting above, below, early and late. After 200 or so pitches, my back was beginning to ache and my eyes were getting blurry and my fingers were beginning to numb. I kept glancing over at my co-star, Justin, in the next cage. He seemed relaxed, having some fun.

"Hey!" I said. "You're looking pretty good."

"Sure," he shot back. "I don't have to hit in the movie!"

Gates was waiting for me in the clubhouse at 2:30 sharp. I was surprised to see four or five Tiger regulars arriving that early. They were attending to their fresh uniforms, signing baseballs and answering fan mail. I was introduced to Enos Cabell, Lou Whitaker, Bill Fahey and Chet Lemon. I was struck by the size of these guys, the smallest of whom was Whitaker—and he was an inch taller and 30 pounds heavier than I was. They looked like the varsity football team. Again, they were all familiar with my films—I was able to congratulate them on their terrific record so far this year. But in front of those pros, I felt a little foolish donning the Tigers' home whites. They all giggled a bit as I struggled through the ritual of putting on socks, pants, underblues and, finally, a Tigers cap. As Gates and I talked about gloves and picked out a few bats, I became very aware of the clubhouse coming alive. Fresh uniforms were being placed around. They were polyester, tough, very white, but heavy, stiff and very, very warm.

Within minutes, the atmosphere was becoming chaotic—for me, that is. Two television sets began to broadcast simultaneously last night's tape of the Tigers and the Angels. If you had had a lousy night, there it was for the world to see. Another set showed whatever was available to the Detroit area from around the American League. Then several personal radios started up. Now a rock number was coming over the main speakers. Soon I couldn't hear a word Gates was saying. Trays of sandwiches, candy, health snacks were laid out, more trays of all kinds of chewing tobacco, three varieties of bubble gum and *real* cigarette samples. In one

(continued on page 84)





*"And I swear by the virtue of my sister. . . . No, better make that, I swear by the beard of my father. . . ."*







*a gifted french photographer trains  
his eye on one of his country's cherished traditions*



# MISTRESS

JEAN-FRANÇOIS JONVELLE was born in the south of France, and he has come to be known as one of the foremost advertising photographers and TV-commercial directors there. He started off shooting fashion for *Elle*, *Marie-Claire*, French *Cosmopolitan* and German *Vogue*, and his commercial clients include Levi-France and Charles of the Ritz. *Mistress* (Melrose, distributed by Grove Press) is a collection of black-and-white photographs of several women who have found their way into his life. Frenchmen take such excursions very seriously. Note Jonvelle's adoration of women: "The most beautiful thing imaginable is to live with somebody you love, to share the little things." Happily, his pictures are more specific.

Mistresses can come in all shapes and sizes—though those found in France usually have terrific figures. A mistress is not thought of as "the other woman." She is often, in fact, the only woman—sometimes, she may also be the wife.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS JONVELLE





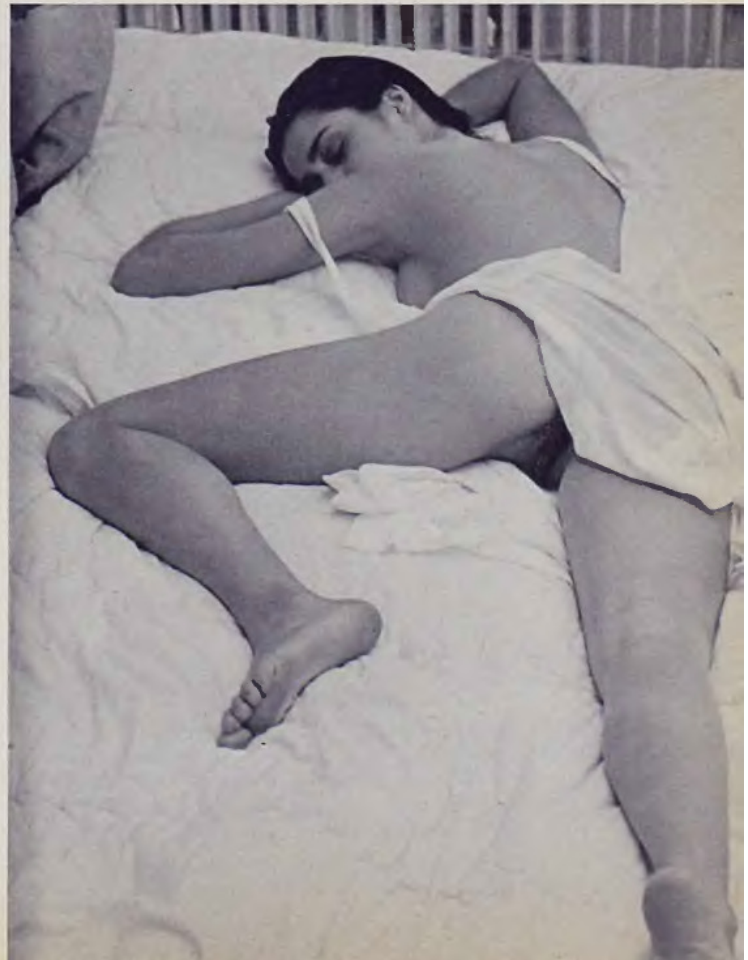
Mistresses are exquisitely passionate. They enjoy being loved and they're not shy about letting their lovers know they are enjoying themselves. They are open all night and don't mind if you drop in on them unexpectedly. Sometimes, when the lucky man is not around, they pass the time by sharing their most powerful emotions with each other.







Mistresses are often aggressively friendly. They would rather that their intentions be absolutely understood than have them remain buttoned up. Mistresses take extra time to polish their smiles. Although they seem to need less sleep than other people, they do take their rest periods seriously. They even acquire a wardrobe specially designed for naps.





Mistresses think nothing of taking long trips on public transportation to visit their boyfriends. On those trips, they pack very lightly; but that doesn't mean they arrive unprepared. It surprises some people that mistresses are as vulnerable in their bones as they are in their hearts. But when they break, they mend quickly and look great while they do.

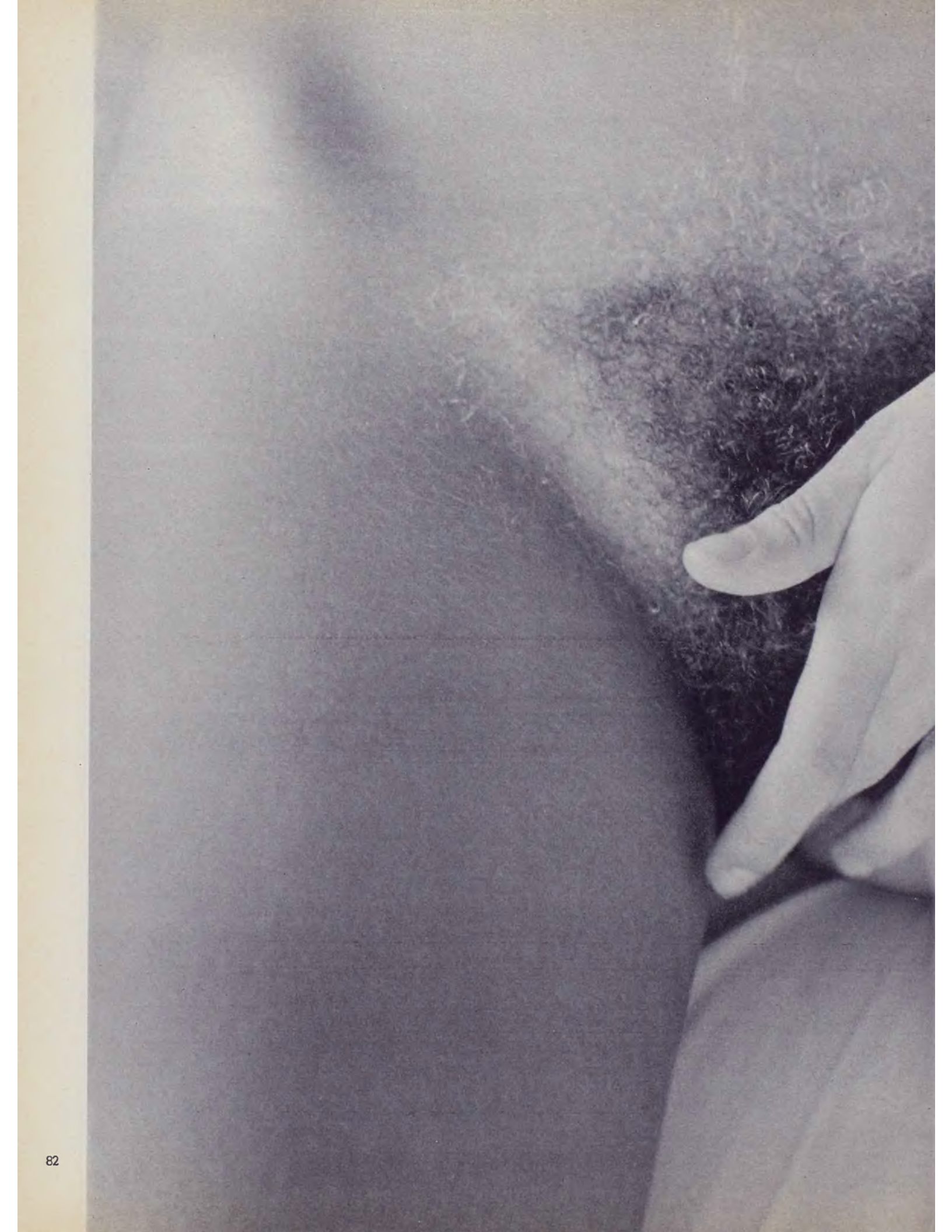


Mistresses are inquisitive and poke their way into real life as though there were nothing to be afraid of. For them, life must be a series of pleasant surprises. The more they discover about themselves, the more they know about the world outside them. Mistresses open up new territory for all of us and are gracious enough to share their discoveries.















# THE METHOD

(continued from page 74)

*"Gates then gave me the single best piece of advice about hitting he could offer."*

corner was a huge beverage dispenser that had handles to draw out Coke, Pepsi, diet sodas, fruit drinks, club soda and water. (With the field at 102 degrees, water soon became my favorite.) All this, plus coffee and tea. Now the phones were ringing and voices were yelling out messages. I asked Gates how anybody could concentrate on baseball. "They'll do it when they get on the field," he said. "This is where the guys relax." Relax?

A cage had been set up behind home plate. Fahey had agreed to pitch to me while Gates observed. First we had a little hand-eye-coordination session using a rubber stand that held a ball, like a golf tee, waist-high. You tried to level your swing and hit the ball without making the end of the stand move. Not so easy. Ten or 15 swipes before I hit *just* the ball.

"OK," said Gates, "into the cage." As we both strode to the plate, the vastness of Tiger Stadium made me swallow hard. Three hundred forty feet down the left-field line, 440 feet in center field and 325 in right. The stands looked almost a mile away.

"How fast do you want 'em?" yelled Fahey on the mound. He had a big box full of balls next to him.

Gates: "Give 'im some about 40 to 50 [mph]."

I positioned myself in the batter's box and got ready. The first pitch came in very high, but old eager beaver reached up and slapped it back to the pitcher. The second was around my knees and faster. Swung right over that one. The next was low, inside. I caught it on the handle of the bat and dribbled it toward the imaginary shortstop. My hands stung like hell.

"Hold it!" said Gates. "That hurt, didn't it? I picked that bat with a fat end and thin handle to make sure you swing only at stuff over the plate. If you try for that inside garbage, the thin handle will kill your hands. Try to hit in your power zone, you know, where you can get the fat part of the bat on the ball, and then it'll really go. You got a nice natural swing, but you don't want to mess it up going for balls out of your strong area. Of course, if you got two strikes on you, you gotta swing at the pitcher's *hat* if he throws it."

I did try to wait for the pitches in my strong area of the plate, but I swung too hard and, again, I was either early or late.

Gates then gave me the single best piece of advice about hitting he could offer. "What you want to play," he said, extending my bat over the plate, "is watch-the-ball-hit-the-bat—not watch-the-bat-hit-the-ball. First of all, if you don't, you'll never get the bat around fast enough on fast pitches, and you'll get lost goin' for the low ones. See, you got to get out front of the plate quick; shit, you only got about a third of a second to do it!"

A few pitches later, I could feel my bat coming around better and I was actually lofting a few over second base. But when I missed, oh, how the ribs ached as all those muscles around the rib cage were being pulled. Missing is harder than hitting. More about that later.

"You see," said Gates, his huge arms making the bat look like a toothpick, "if you pivot on your back foot, keep your head out front always watchin' the ball, your body will move as a mass. It'll put some beef into your arms. You see, you gotta keep your platform steady. That applies in all sports—golf, tennis, football, even darts. You'll look smooth and easy and only the feet will be makin' the adjustments. Only a trained eye can see the adjustments."

"That's you, right?"

"Sure, that's what they pay me for. I don't like to mess with a player's natural swing, 'cause we're all different. But I do mess with a guy when he's being suckered into fucking up his platform by bad pitches. You see Reggie Jackson last night swingin' out over the plate? He's got a short, tight power zone, and when he stretches past it, he looks bad. He's got to get back on his platform."

When we finished that afternoon, I had to hurry back to the hotel to shower and dress for the game that night against the Angels. I did my usual 30-minute routine of exercises. I was aware of some soreness in my ribs, but I went through the workout anyway. Definitely a mistake.

The Detroit management had arranged for me to sit in a seat in a box right next to the Tigers' dugout. Gates stood on the step near my seat and pointed out a few of the subtleties of the game to me as it progressed. It was a great opportunity for me to observe dugout behavior as well. As an actor, I found it invaluable to catch the ballplayers in repose. Their personal peculiarities were all evident. Each player had his brand of dugout cool that covered

various forms of anxiety. It seemed that if you were hitting next, for example, picking out your bat, rubbing it down and going into the on-deck circle were all preceded by a blank stare at the opposing pitcher to get down his moves. If you've been benched, it's difficult to hold on to your soured dissatisfaction and still root for the team. There was tobacco chewing, bubble-gum chewing, fussing with hats, jackets, going to the water cooler, spitting, making small talk and not talking at all. And, surprisingly, sneaking puffs on a cigarette at the opposite end of the dugout, away from the manager. My head went continually from the action on the field to what was going on in the dugout. Since the game went 14 innings, that was a lot of head turning. That, coupled with the generous folks in my box insisting on buying me 16-ounce beers all night, sent me home with a stiff neck and a light head. The Tigers had won with a walk and a double in the 14th. With victory in my heart, I slept well.

The temperature in Detroit the next day shot up to 98 degrees, making it about 110 degrees on the field. The sweat was rolling into my eyes after a short game of pepper with Gates. The ribs were aching and my stomach was full of too much beverage from that nifty soda fountain in the clubhouse. Anyway, into the batting cage I went. I was feeling pretty loose and doing a fair job of keeping my platform level when something happened. Something uncanny.

While routinely hitting a few shots over second base, I was getting annoyed with my inability to really pop one. So I started to shorten the arc of my swing, to come around faster with a little more snap. Then I caught a fast ball cutting the plate in half. Crack! Following through with my eye on the ball, I watched and waited as it soared high down the left-field line, stayed fair by about five feet and went smack against the top of the left-field wall, just missing going into the bleachers. The numbers on the wall read 340 FEET! As the ball careened back onto the field, I dumfoundedly watched it come to a standstill. Suddenly, as if I had put my arms into a hot flame, I instinctively yanked my bat back from its follow-through position and pressed it to my chest. Turning to Gates, I blurted, "Oh, my God—what did I do?"

I actually thought I had done something wrong! I *couldn't* have done what I just saw. But I had. I even felt embarrassed.

"You feel that?" asked Gates.

"I didn't feel a thing," I answered.

"Like cream cheese, right? I told you, man. Good shot. You got some good wood on it. Really goes, doesn't it?"

"It sure as hell does." I was turning

(concluded on page 178)





*"That's your idea of kinky—wearing my leg warmers?"*



N





# FRIGID WOMEN

article By E. JEAN CARROLL

*the difference between  
great sex and no sex is only  
a matter of degrees*

A WOMAN HAS PLACES in her body that exist secretly, and when cold penetrates them, they lose heat and exist no more.

Nicole West is sitting in a sex therapist's office on Park Avenue with her husband, Rich, a psychoanalyst, listening to the sex therapist explain what he wants them to do. She is smoking a joint and wearing shorts; Rich is not so well built. They have been married 13 years. During that period, they have had sex 25 times. The sex therapist wants Nicole to tell him precisely what it is she doesn't like, what it is she *really*, precisely doesn't like, and Nicole says she doesn't like Rich to touch her, and the sex therapist says, well, they'll start out with some nonsexual touching, and Nicole says Rich is hairy, she doesn't like his hair, and the sex therapist says, well, they'll start out with some nice foot massaging and says, well, Nicole, take off your sandals. Rich's hands are already starting to sweat, and Nicole—sullenly, gracefully twisting her long body—reaches behind him for an ashtray and flips her roach into it.

"Did the foot massage get things going?" I ask.

"No," says Nicole.

"Why not?"

"If there's one thing Rich *hates*," says Nicole, "it is feet."

This is an article about frigid women. From time to time, I am actually going to try to talk about frigid women (I've changed the names in the case studies), but it is not going to be easy, because it's vague, frigidity. It's a fog that rolls in, spreads, thickens, smothers everything, then recedes. You can't attack it directly, because nothing is there. It's a subject about emptiness fertile with ambiguity.

Sixty to 70 percent of American women experience difficulty having orgasms in intercourse. Thirty percent rarely have orgasms or they have



extreme difficulty having them. Using certain techniques, women can overcome the difficulty. The techniques are close at hand and will be dealt with in a minute. But they don't interest me as much as what goes on between the overcoming and the coming, and this is getting suspiciously near what frigidity may be about: the groaning of the bedframe, the burning groin, the gathering gall, the steady glide from the afterglow to the afterglare.

Nora Harlow, author of the book *Lover to Lover*, and her husband, Dr. Gene Abel, the director of the Sexual Behavior Clinic of the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University, do not like the word frigid. "First of all," says Harlow, "there is no such thing. The word is wrong. There is no such condition. There are women who are cold as hell and can have orgasms in two minutes. Frigidity does not exist. We ought to talk about what does exist."

"What exists," says Dr. Abel, "are women who have deficits in their ability to fantasize, in their ability to learn how their bodies should be touched and to teach others how to touch their bodies. There are women who have difficulty teaching themselves how to orgasm and, therefore, teaching their lovers how to bring them to orgasm. There are women who have these deficits. We don't argue with that."

The Abels' apartment is on Riverside Drive and is painted white, and Harlow is dressed in white and Abel is in gray with a greenish tie; they are a handsome pair. Harlow is an expert on desire, and while we are talking I am thinking about Harlow and Abel in bed and wondering whether Harlow has any deficits and Abel any desire.

"Let me tell you something about biology," says Harlow. "So you have your woman who is all ice. She has never had an orgasm in her life, right? She owns 20 cats and is hostile to men. OK. Now, let me tell you what happens when she goes to sleep. Her vagina fills with blood and she lubricates *six* times a night. And every woman is exactly like her."

"Just like men," says Abel, "who can't have erections during the day due to behavior factors; they have six erections during the night in the rapid-eye-movement stage. All men do."

"So frigid women do not exist," says Harlow. "However, 47 percent of happily married women *do* have difficulty having orgasms. Almost half of married women! It is surprising. It is not only surprising, it is unbelievable, because it's so easy to change. Sex therapy is the only area of medicine where we have cures and people do not use them. It is perfectly phenomenal."

"And the reason people don't do anything about sex problems," says Abel, "is that they're dumb. Dumb. I'm sorry."

"Thirty-five percent of happily married men say they have premature ejaculations," says Harlow. "You can cure premature ejaculation in a matter of *hours*. It should be extinct. *Nobody* should have it. And there is a *high* correspondence between women's having sexual difficulties and lovers who ejaculate quickly."

"The flash is," says Abel, "it is relatively easy to correct problems. That's the flash."

"Now, one of the biggest problems women have is lack of desire," says Harlow. "This has *nothing* to do with whether they're hot or cold. When couples first get together and they're really, *really* getting it on, they start out with a hundred erotic activities. And then, as time passes, they begin to feel that they just want to get right to it—'Honey, I'm so wild about you, I just want to *do* it'—and that's fine and that's great and that's how we get into this *very fast sex*, but it does something: It wreaks *havoc* with the erotic system. Because desire, we have now discovered, comes from behavior. From *activity*. So if lovers cut right to getting to it very quickly, the woman's desire level is going to go down, down, down, down."

"It is like this," says Abel. "New lovers start out with sexual activities A through Z. Then they begin just doing what they enjoy best, and that's X, Y, Z—those things closest to orgasm. So they drop A, B, C and D. And those things don't get associated with orgasm anymore. Instead, just the things very close to orgasm occur. But if they do just X, Y, Z again and again and again, they lose interest. If you like Häagen-Dazs Swiss-chocolate-almond ice cream and you eat a quart every day, you think, Hey, this is really great, the first week; but two months later, you won't like it."

"And there's another reason women lose desire," says Harlow. "It's because their actual body sensations change. If they had an erotic experience that drove them crazy on their honeymoon and try to have the same erotic experience on their third anniversary, it will vary, because they do not have the same body. That's a mistake lovers make. They think, I found it out once, and I know everything about her, but they don't. That person has a new body. You have to find out what that lover's body feels like *right now*."

Harlow is a very pretty woman with dark, curly hair and rosy skin, and a person can listen to only so much of this.

"Do you still desire Dr. Abel?" I ask.

She smiles and looks away from him.

"Of course. I mean, I'm no fool."

"And when you met, was it love at first sight?"

Silence.

"Were you sexually attracted?"

Silence.

"I don't like the direction this is going," says Abel.

"No, it's all right," I say.

He smiles and pulls his tie between his thumb and forefinger. "Do you want to turn that off?" he asks, looking at the tape recorder.

"No."

"Oh. You're not going to turn it off?"

"No."

"Then you're not going to get any information."

"No?"

Silence.

"I'll bet you two have a fantastic sex life."

"Well——" Pause. "I don't like the direction——"

Harlow's brow is pure. Her eyes are lifted. A vein at her temple stands out and throbs, throbs, throbs. "If you know techniques that make you more passionate," says Harlow, "what idiot wouldn't use them? I mean, is Richard Simmons thin?"

"We've been to other shrinks," says Nicole after talking about the foot massage. "Rich was sleeping nude, and he would really be all over me, which I couldn't *stand*. God! He was creepy. His hands were nervous. His body was sticky. I hated the way he touched me, so one of the shrinks said maybe Rich should wear some clothes, so we went home, and pretty soon I had him *completely* covered. From his head to his toes, every inch, so I would not have to touch him . . . *anywhere*."

Nicole's attractions are huge. Her voice has a sudden drop to it and she is tall and powerful-looking and has dark brown-black hair and straight, dark eyebrows, and there is an expression in her eyes that says, I have nothing to offer but my own confusion. "But I loved him," she says, "insanely. I had just graduated from Radcliffe and had started modeling and was in a lot of magazines and men were *throwing* themselves at me, and Rich came along and was cool, and intellectually it was a great match. Physically, we were in mortal combat. The first time we made love, it was over before I knew what was going on. He was *very* fast at it. He said it would get better. I believed him. He was a *shrink*, my God!

"But then he started telling me that women didn't want foreplay. He said there was something juvenile about all that. He knew that I liked to do it. He knew that I'd spent a lot of time doing it when I was in school, and I had, and I *loved* it; but Rich thought now that I was an adult, it was a stupid thing, and it was probably a little weird. He sold me on that for a long time. I really wondered if I had had an abnormal adolescence.

"So the first year we were married, we had sex four times. There were certain places where he didn't want to be touched. His nipples, for one thing. He hated his

(continued on page 180)



# BAR SMARTS

*shake up your liquor cabinet with a savvy blend of the right bottles, glassware and mixing equipment*

*drink*

By EMANUEL GREENBERG

A HOUSE IS NOT A HOME, it's been said, unless it boasts a superlative array of liquor that both reflects and anticipates fashions in drinking. That's what most of us strive for, and largely achieve, when we take on potable cargo prior to Christmas and New Year's. But you know what happens. Holiday hospitality puts a hell of a dent in your inventory; incursions from random entertaining and your own indulgence further deplete your spirituous supplies. If you have the courage, check the current state of your bar. Chances are you'll find a few holiday leftovers, one or two glittering gift packages and a mixed bag of bottles that nobody drinks. That, *(continued on page 172)*



here's all the stuff george orwell neglected to warn us about

# PLAYBOY

## THE YEAR IN MUSIC

thrillers and chillers and rock 'n' roll

**BREAK-DANCE FEVER:** Sure, *Jane Fonda's Workout* is still on the charts, but how can you call that an exercise program after you've witnessed the Rock Steady Crew, the Dynamic Breakers or the New York City Breakers? Those are the hottest break-dance crews in New York, headquarters for this athletic boogie in which teams of dancers perform splits, dives and spins on their shoulders, necks and heads to the rhythm of rap and scratch tracks. It's likely you've seen breakers, though, without even going to New York. The Rock Steady Crew cameoed in *Flashdance*, and some of the other crews appear in music videos by Gladys Knight and the Pips, Billy Joel, the Gap Band and others. Be prepared for more, because the music industry is having a rap attack as major labels sign more rap groups. Also, keep an eye out for the break-dance films *Wild Style*; *Beat Street*, produced by Harry Belafonte; and *Shootout*, produced and directed by Sidney Poitier. Gee, we'll probably see the new Richard Simmons break-dance video, too.



BUT IS HE HAPPY?

### GOOD TONGUE: The Year in Quotes

- "One-night stands don't have to be tacky." —Andy Summers
- "Pop music is definitely going through a silly stage." —David Bowie
- "Jesus himself only preached for three years." —Bob Dylan
- "We've all made assholes of ourselves." —Bernie Taupin

### BEIRUT PUNK:

The police in Christian East Beirut have cracked down on punk rockers, charging them with violent public behavior. The cops have been swinging clubs and raiding discos with a vengeance. But we wonder, How do they distinguish violent punk behavior from all the other violent behavior?

### THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF DONNA SUMMER

Disco Diva Donna mooned for 12 minutes on vinyl and a star was born. She said she'd love to love ya, baby. The audience came.



Disco Diva searched for another image. All that sex began to wear her out. She took a fast pass at country. It didn't last.



Disco Diva found God, now she sings His song. What kind of music does He like? A heavy bass line and some brass!



Disco Diva buys a pink uniform. She makes a video. Now the working girl gets a moment of glory. What's next? Stay tuned...





# MUSIC & ART

## THE JOHN CANDY MAKE-OVER

*"sctv's" master of disguise gets culture*



EVA RICHTER/COSTUME DESIGN JUDI COOPER/SEALY/HAIR BEVERLEY SCHECTER/MAKE-UP

**JOHN CANDY** has impersonated countless public figures, from Tip O'Neill to Divine. But why Boy George, and why now? "He is unique. Chicks dig a guy in weird clothes and kabuki face. If you can pick up a chick dressed like that, I say give it a shot." If Boy George is passé tomorrow, will Candy still dress like him? "Not a chance. You wouldn't catch me dead in that garb. It took me four hours to get that look. I don't have that kind of time." Why dress up in the first place? "I'm trying to find out who I am. Last week, I was George Bush. Next week, I intend to be Eddie Arcaro."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STRUAN





# THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE SO WHAT

some ideas make sense,

some make dollars, some make us wonder

**C30, C60, C90, GO:** A study by the Recording Industry Association of America says home taping results in lost sales of records and prerecorded tapes worth 325,000,000 albums annually.



**ON THE REVERSE SIDE:** The Walkman and its clones have created a prerecorded-tape boom. In 1983, for the first time ever, sales of new prerecorded tapes equaled those of new discs.



**NIGHTHAWKS OF 1984:** If you didn't like Tom Waits's last album, just wait—he's been going through as many changes as Menudo does teenagers. He wrote the sound track for *One from the Heart*, appears in both *Rumble Fish* and *The Cotton Club*. Next, he'll open an off-Broadway burlesque show he'll call *Martini Plans* or *Bad Directions*.

**AND NANNY NANNY DOO DOO TO YOU, TOO:** What is a Pee-Wee Herman and why is your radio station playing his single, *I Know You Are, but What Am I?* Answers: Pee-Wee is what Gerald McBoing-Boing aspired to be, and radio programmers are not healthy people.



**TRADING STARS:** Last year, EMI's biggest talent was Kenny Rogers and RCA's was David Bowie. By midyear, Bowie had signed with EMI for a reported \$17,500,000, while Rogers had gone to RCA for a figure said to be about \$20,000,000.

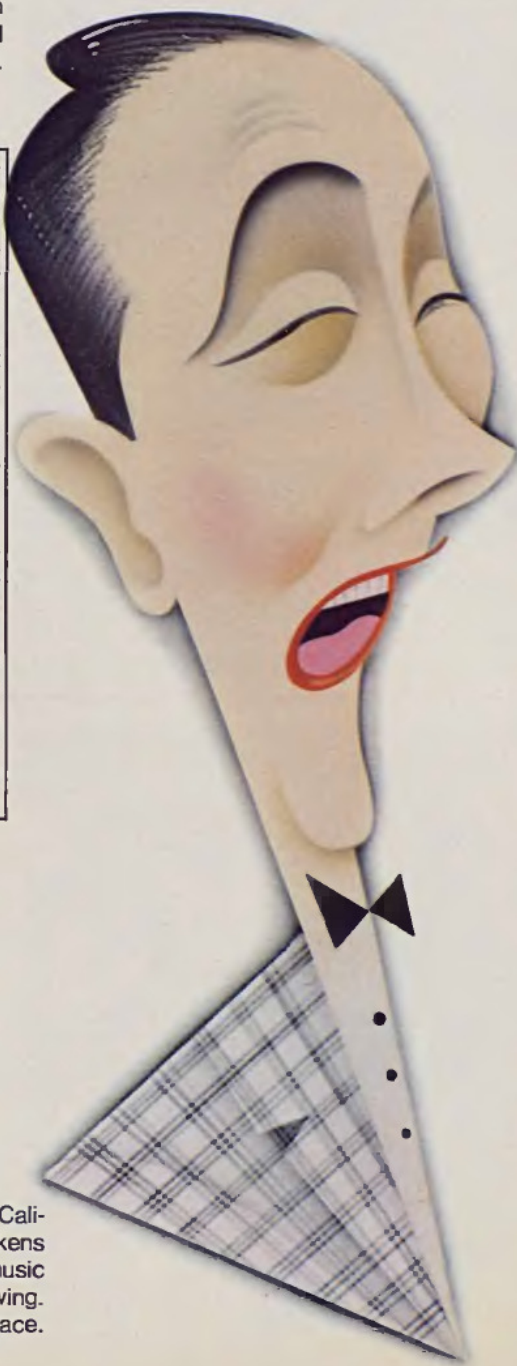


**GOOD IDEAS:** *Thriller*, the album that has sold more than 20,000,000 units world-wide; Eurythmicist Annie Lennox' tangerine-Marine coif; *Motown: Yesterday, Today, Forever*; Sony Video 45s; *Say Amen, Somebody*—the year's best musical; RCA's re-signing Alabama, the only country band to go platinum in '83; Michael Jackson's dancing on *Motown: Yesterday, Today, Forever*.

**BAD IDEAS:** *Flashdance* fashions; teen-throb group Menudo's learning to sing in English; J. Geils Band minus Peter Wolf; rock-video's atomic mushroom clouds; The US Festival; Joe Elliott of Def Leppard's calling El Paso "a town of greasy Mexicans"; Adam Ant's dancing on *Motown: Yesterday, Today...*



**SHRINK ROCK:** Psychologists Alan Elms and Bruce Heller of the University of California are studying the psychological effects of Elvis Presley on his fans. Elms likens Presley to a political figure in terms of charisma. But, he points out, "Look into his music and you'll find something original. . . . It's the musical core that attracted his following. After all, no one studies Fabian." At least we know the doctor's heart is in the right place.





# MICHAEL JACKSON MADE EASY

pay attention: if craig vetter can do this, anybody can do this. sort of



Actually, somebody's lying a little bit here. This is not easy. If you saw Michael Jackson on the 25th-anniversary Motown special, you know he is a dancer the likes of whom we haven't seen in a long time. Fred Astaire said he was "a hell of a mover." Choreographer Michael Peters said he was "a dancer in his soul." Well, I'm a dancer in my soul, too. It doesn't always get all the way down to my feet, but it's in there somewhere, and it's probably in you, too. So get up. Slap *Billie Jean* on the machine and let's kick out some slats. You'll need the clothes to get the feeling, you may want to grease your hair till it shines and it won't hurt to watch



a tape of M.J.'s performance about 1000 times in *very* slow motion. And when you get to the crux move, the floating-backward moon walk, don't despair. It's an illusion and it can be learned. Of course, when Michael Jackson does it, it's a miracle, and nobody can teach you that. But if you get even close, you'll never have to put a lamp shade on your head again. Think about *that*.



# THE YEAR IN MUSIC VIDEO

*eye candy or astigmatism? here's the way we see music tv*



**N**inety percent of everything is pure crap," a learned man said; video music is no exception. These were the best of the rest—the ones we'd put on our play list four times a day.

**Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This) / Eurythmics.** Great song, great video. Too bad AM radio and MTV played them both a million times.

**Beat It / Michael Jackson.** So far, the best directed of all.

**Every Breath You Take / The Police.** A soft, slow reaction to the cellophane slickness of too much MTV.

**Billie Jean / Michael Jackson.** It was a good season all round for white sox, and Michael had a hit every time.

**Rockit / Herbie Hancock.** Best special effects, especially the one that got it on MTV—no black faces.

**"THE STONES ARE ALMOST BLACK" AWARD:** To MTV—until recently, South Africa's favorite network.

**ALL THE NUDES THAT'S FIT TO PRANCE AWARD:** To The Playboy Channel's undeniably hot *Hot Rocks* program.

When its picture jiggles, there's nothing wrong with your TV. **RUBE TUBE AWARD:** To MTV, for starting its phenomenon between the coasts and then taking L.A. and N.Y.C. by storm. And thanks, MTV, for the best spots on network TV.

**LONGEST MUSIC VIDEO:** *Flashdance*.

**MOST EFFECTIVE USE OF SYMBOLISM:** Everything falls somewhat short of F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*, but since this is a real category in *Billboard's* Video Music Awards, we'd give this award to Denny Terrio's gold medallion.

**CHOREOGRAPHER OF THE YEAR:** Michael Peters for his work on *Beat It*, *Love Is a Battlefield* and *Thriller*.

**TEN FAMOUS PEOPLE WHO NEVER WATCH VIDEOS:** Margaret Thatcher, Yuri Andropov, Mother Teresa, Sirhan Sirhan, Stevie Wonder, Ronald Reagan (Sr.), Elie Wiesel, John Kenneth Galbraith, E.T., Jim Morrison.

## RECOGNITION FOR VALOR

### THE CIRCUIT-BREAKER AWARD:

To the Beach Boys, now minus Dennis Wilson, for prompting James Watt to shoot off his mouth and hit his foot. The then-Interior Secretary protested the B.B.s' July fourth booking in D.C. The President told Watt to go catch a wave.

### THE TECHNOLOY AWARD:

To past MIT technodaring Raymond Kurzweil, for his Kurzweil 250 keyboard synthesizer, revolutionizing synth rock by not only creating a vast catalog of weird effects but actually sounding like real musical instruments when it attempts to mimic them.



*for service above and beneath the call of duty*

### CHOPPED-LIVER AWARD:

Not everyone can be Sly Stallone, and nobody's more convinced than his brother Frank, who rocked in *Staying Alive*, earning the right to ask, "So what am I, chopped liver?"







In the September 1976 *Playboy Interview*, David Bowie told us, "I haven't a clue where I'm gonna be in a year. A raving nut, a flower child or a dictator, some kind of reverend—I don't know. That's what keeps me from getting bored." Since then, he's been a lot of things—and that's what keeps us from getting bored. In his splashy success story, Bowie has been a folkie, a glam rocker, a soul singer, a masterful entertainer, an actor and now, as he becomes our 1984 Hall of Famer, a sort of elder statesman. (Don't worry, David; you still get to bleach your hair.)

Over the years, we've watched with wonder as he's invented and shed chichi fashions and personas as neatly and imaginatively as Liz does husbands. We've also watched with wonder as his contributions to pop music have stacked up. He's been fearless. Early on, he tackled synthesizers; later, he turned to out-Franking Sinatra onstage; last year, he gave us the best live concert of the season; and he gave us the first anthem for this epochal year, *1984*. He's eclectic, all right—a true renaissance man for the Eighties. And we thank him for that.



# PLAYBOY READERS' CHOICES

## R&B



## POP/ROCK



### POP/ROCK

1. Keyboards: **Billy Joel**  
Composer/Songwriter: **Billy Joel**
2. Bass: **Paul McCartney**
3. Female Vocalist: **Stevie Nicks**
4. Male Vocalist: **Michael Jackson**

### R&B

5. Group: **The Police**
6. Drums: **Phil Collins**
7. Guitar: **Carlos Santana**

### R&B

1. Group: **Earth, Wind & Fire**
2. Male Vocalist: **Michael Jackson**

### JAZZ

3. Female Vocalist: **Donna Summer**
4. Composer/Songwriter: **Lionel Richie, Jr.**

### JAZZ

1. Guitar: **George Benson**
2. Keyboards: **Herbie Hancock**



C&W



JAZZ

UTTERBACK

- 3. Percussion: **Buddy Rich**
- 4. Male Vocalist: **Al Jarreau**
- 5. Female Vocalist: **Ella Fitzgerald**
- 6. Group: **Manhattan Transfer**
- 7. Woodwinds: **Grover Washington, Jr.**

C&W

- 8. Bass: **Stanley Clarke**
- 9. Brass: **Chuck Mangione**
- 10. Vibes: **Lionel Hampton**
- 11. Composer/Songwriter: **Quincy Jones**
- 1. Group: **Alabama**

- 2. String Instrumentalist: **Roy Clark**
- 3. Female Vocalist: **Dolly Parton**
- 4. Male Vocalist: **Kenny Rogers**
- 5. Composer/Songwriter: **Willie Nelson**

(For complete Poll results, see page 193.)



# THE VIOLENCE THAT FINDS US

*in a world of random mayhem,  
why do some people seem destined to give—  
and others to receive?*

article **By HARRY CREWS**

IN 1958, I was on the Going to the Sun highway in Montana, headed toward Canada on a 650-c.c. Triumph motorcycle. It was after dark, and despite the fact that it was August, it was cold. Consequently, when I saw a little place with a restaurant sign out front, I stopped. The dirt parking lot was filled with pickup trucks and old cars. I went inside and had to stand for a minute or two before I found an empty table, because the place was pretty much filled. A few people were eating, but *everybody* was drinking. The air was heavy with loud talk and laughter and smoke. The smell of burned grease could not quite beat down the unmistakable odor of sweat and male musk. There was a whole bunch of folks packed in there who had not seen a bathtub in a long, long time. A battered jukebox in a far corner wailed about love gone wrong and lost. I felt completely and wonderfully at home for the first time since I'd started this trip some months back.

There was no menu, and I was sitting there smoking a cigarette, glad to be in out of the cold, when a one-legged man using a crutch swung up to my table with marvelous agility and stopped. His stump was cut off above the knee, and he stood there saying nothing. He was wearing a pointed boot, Levi's and a tailored shirt. I looked *(continued on page 186)*







# SPONTANEOUS IMPROVISATION

*there's rarely a predictable moment around our  
miss april, lesa ann pedriana*



*"Part of my sexiness is my spontaneity. If I were on a date with a guy, we'd be riding in his car, going to some ritzy-ditzy place, and when he least expected it, I'd take off all my clothes and say, 'Let's pull over on a side street.' That I consider sexy."*

IT'S A SUNNY AFTERNOON in Los Angeles, and Lesa Ann Pedriana is restless. This is not a day to be inside. While strolling through Ocean Park, she comes upon an exercise area with rings suspended from a swing frame; Lesa Ann suddenly grabs the rings, kips up and does a neat back flip. Then, without a word about it, she continues the conversation. It occurs to you that the last girl you were with never did that.

After a while, though, you learn to accept such outrageous behavior from Lesa Ann. She's so positive and cheerful about things that you'd gladly follow her over a cliff, declaring that it's a perfect day for a free fall. The girl is impulsive. She thrives on variety. The clothes she wears, and those she designs, are as unrestrained and as creative as she is. And her idea of a good time is your idea of a good time.

It was during The Great 30th Anniversary Playmate Search that Lesa Ann materialized. Our search had taken us to Hawaii, a well-known hormonal proving ground and libidinal laboratory. Ironically, the girl who caught our lens turned out to be a mainland expatriate (since repatriated) who was born in Milwaukee and raised under the palms of Anaheim, California. She had a diploma from a beauty school in her pocket, a make-up artist's portfolio under her arm and a weekend gig as a rock jock at a local radio station in case the first two didn't work out. We took some perfunctory Polaroids, but it was clear right away that Lesa Ann was a Playmate.

That was not exactly what she had in mind. "My intention was to do make-up for









*What's a day on Oahu without a stop at Matsumoto's (above) for a shaved-ice cone? Lesa Ann may just skip a few days before her next one, since she had to consume parts of nearly 20 cones for this shot. They were melting faster than we could click the shutter.*



*That's our heroine, Miss P (top left) of the Sea Urchin D Team, meditating on the dive boat before plunging into the turquoise waters off the Kona Coast (above). Later, Lesa Ann joins scuba buddies from the D Team for a group shot (right). She's philosophical about adventure: "A bruise will go away, but the good memories last a lifetime."*



PLAYBOY. When I was in high school, I thought being a Playmate was far too . . . I mean, I couldn't even see that. But I could see doing make-up. You open the book and you see women from Hawaii, women from Switzerland, and I thought, Great! They'll send me to Hawaii and Switzerland and I'll get to do make-up on beautiful women. Especially when I read about Cathy St. George [PLAYBOY make-up artist and Miss August 1982], I thought, That's what I want to do. So that was my original intention."

We don't argue with fate. Shortly after her Playmate test, Lesa Ann began working as a make-up artist for PLAYBOY in L.A.

"I called my girlfriend the first day on the job and said, 'Karen, I'm doing make-up for PLAYBOY!' and she said, 'Yeah, I know, you're



*On the air at KPOI (above) on Oahu, morning jock Mike Evans and sexy weekend deejay Lesa Ann get the island hopping with rock and chatter. Relaxing on a lanai (left), Lesa Ann greets an unexpected visitor.*







shooting for Playmate,' and I said, 'No, I'm doing make-up for Playmates, too!' I was much more excited about doing make-up for the company than about appearing on the centerfold! One of the advantages I have in doing a model's make-up is that I've been in her place. I know what it's like to be sitting in the chair. I can make the girl feel more comfortable about it."

LesAnn does have a comforting effect, and not just on women. Men like having her around, and she returns the interest. "I just like men. I like knowing about them and learning from them. I like dating men who are quite different from me just to learn about them. I don't want to go out with someone just because I have a pretty face."

Concentrating on her looks alone would be a mistake; LesAnn has plenty of interests. She's been a gymnast, a cheerleader and played flag football. She'll talk about falconry, the ferret she plans to buy or the 50 pedigreed dwarf rabbits she bred in a backyard hutch. Any man would do well to just match her enthusiasm. An experience with LesAnn is a fine way to appreciate the unpredictable.

*"I like men who, first of all, are bigger than I am. It makes me feel more feminine. They should also be athletic. Not necessarily health nuts, but healthy. You can't have sex with some guy who can't huff and puff along with you."*















*"I usually dress for myself and for the situation. I never dress for men. If I did, I probably wouldn't be wearing anything."*





*"I don't think I will ever have pictures that are this good. PLAYBOY has taken the most beautiful pictures of me that will ever be taken. From my point of view, the make-up is a real part of it. It makes you feel good about yourself."*









MISS APRIL PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Jessa Ann Ledwiana

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 108

BIRTH DATE: 11/24/62 BIRTHPLACE: Milwaukee, Wis.

AMBITIONS: To be very successful, secure and happy in my profession.

TURN-ONS: Men, romance, love, creative animals, imaginative people, clothing.

TURN-OFFS: Crowds, noise, insecure people, traffic

FAVORITE BOOKS: The Right Stuff, Dead Zone

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Madness, Berlin, Susan Saxon, Dusty Street on TROQ.

FAVORITE PLACE: Next to a fire on the beach

IDEAL MAN: An older man who's adventurous with a sense of spontaneity, an English accent

SECRET FANTASY: A safari in Africa with my ideal man.  
2 yrs                      2nd grade                      15 yrs



Before Playboy w/ my bunny



Mom's idea of a hair style



my first sexy suit



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**A** sailor is marooned on a desert island with a female sheep and a male Doberman for companionship. The animals soon get it on sexually, and all goes well until the man becomes unbearably horny and makes his move for the ewe, at which point the dog interposes himself, snarling, fangs bared.

Days later, a raft drifts into sight. The sailor swims out, finds a beautiful girl on it, takes her to shore and feeds and comforts her. "You are so good to me," she responds gratefully. "I'd do absolutely anything to show my gratitude."

"Would you?" smiles the sailor as he unfastens the length of rope that holds up his ragged pants. "Well, then, here—use this as a leash and take that damn dog for a walk!"

**M**y husband, much too fast he shoots off in the bed," complained the immigrant housewife.

"How fast?" asked the marital counselor.  
"From him I never get a piece's minute!"



**W**orking for a female boss can have its drawbacks," the fellow remarked to a pub acquaintance. "Like, today, I couldn't take a phone call from my girlfriend because my tongue was still numb."

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *Smurf sex* as screwing until you're blue in the face.

It's rumored that an updated version of one of Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer novels will be retitled *I, the Hung Jury*.

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *bulldozer* as a sleepy butch lesbian.

**M**y golf-buff girlfriend lets me bang her regularly at some point on the course," the fellow confided, "but the other day, she firmly refused me. I don't know what to make of it."

"That time," chuckled his listener, "you simply were stuck with an unpliant lay."

**A** massage-parlor mogul named *Drew*  
Insists that it's probably true  
He established the specs  
For masseuse-furnished sex  
With the slogan "We're pulling for you!"

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *cunnilingus on silk sheets* as the lap, lap, lap of luxury.

**I** have a confession to make," the recently released convict's wife told him. "You were gone so long that I went to bed with, well—maybe a dozen guys."

"That's OK, honey," reacted her husband.  
"I'm five or six guys up on you."

**M**y wife has made arrangements for an *au pair* girl from Europe to help with the children," remarked the elegant drinker.

"Yes," his buddy responded, "my wife did the same, but the girl who turned up turned out to have no pair at all!"

**W**ith balloons, one can twist, bend and force  
Shapes of all sorts of creatures, of course;  
But an artist named *Fred*  
Worked with condoms, instead,  
And constructed a new *Trojan horse!*

**N**ow that I've finally succumbed here in New York," the stewardess sighed to the embarrassed pilot, "it seems that you left your hard in San Francisco."

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *Caribbean floozy* as a limbo bimbo.

**A** sexagenarian couple had just moved from the North into their new Florida home. As the man emerged naked from the shower, his wife jokingly said, "Henry, is that all you've managed to save for retirement?"

"Not by a long shot, Louise," answered her husband. "My personal bank account here will continue to grow as long as you apply interest regularly."



**T**here's a new, specialized term for oral sex performed by a young woman who is undergoing orthodontia. It's *febracio*.

**D**oing decoy duty in a crackdown on male prostitution, the plainclothes vice officer was cruising in an unmarked car when a young man gave him the high sign, so he pulled to the curb and opened the door.

"Care to date?" inquired the hustler.

"For how much?" countered the cop.

"If it's at your place for maybe an hour, I'd expect forty bucks."

"That's fine with me. Let's go."

No sooner had they gotten in the car than the vice man grabbed and handcuffed the hustler. "All right if you feel you have to do this," the latter reacted, "but I get ten bucks more with bondage."

*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.*





*"While we're waiting for the entree, why don't you feel me up under the table?"*



IT'S A WELL-KNOWN FACT that the angels of God wage an eternal war with the minions of Satan for the souls of men. Less well known is the means by which that war is conducted. The literature of ancient mythology generally depicts the battle as bombastic, if not bloody (angels and demons don't bleed when defeated, as we know, but tend to disappear in clouds of light and puffs of smoke, respectively): The heavenly host hurls down thunderbolts and the denizens of hell fling fireballs up into the firmament. These tales are entertaining but terribly outdated.

Actually, ever since 1950, the heavenly war has been fought with an astral basketball.

To be specific, the Almighty, in His infinite wisdom, decreed that thenceforth (or until He changed His mind) the cosmic duel of good and evil would be decided by a game of basketball to be played by two teams, one from heaven and one from hell. The divine team He named the Cloudwalkers and the demonic team He named the Hot Shots.

According to the rules He laid down, the basketball would be a luminous transparent sphere. The face of the person whose soul was to be played for would appear in the sphere and remain there until his fate was decided by which basket he was shot through. That is, if the Cloudwalkers put the sphere of light through the Hot Shots' basket, the soul would be destined for heaven upon its departure from earth. If, on the other hand, the Hot Shots sank the sphere, the soul would be speedily transported to the fire pits. Then another person's face would appear in the globe and the team that had just lost the point would make the in-bounds pass.

Taking an individual soul's spiritual condition into account (because, after all, He is fair), He further decreed that the relative goodness or sinfulness of a man's life would affect the game in this way: If a man lived a progressively sinful life, the odds increased that his soul would come up when the Hot Shots were shooting a free throw; conversely, if a man lived an increasingly virtuous life, the odds increased that his soul would appear when the Cloudwalkers were shooting a free throw. The soul possessing a more or less middling number of both vices and virtues

would most likely come into the game while the ball was in regular play.

And, finally, because no great basketball player had ever attained either angelhood or demonhood, the Almighty, to ensure the highest level of competition, commanded that when the soul of any human basketball player was scored by either side, his skills at round ball would be absorbed by the angel or the demon who had made the shot. It was not necessary that the human ballplayer be dead already but merely that his eventual destination already be determined.

The Cloudwalkers, with the angel Gabriel at center, got the hang of the game faster, despite having to play in long white robes. The Hot Shots, with Lucifer at center, were so evil-tempered when the game began that they couldn't cooperate with one another. As a result, the Cloudwalkers, through superior teamwork, quickly took the lead and also won the skills of several professional basketball stars, while the demons were able to win only the skills of a few college players.

By the mid-Sixties, the Cloudwalkers' lead in souls scored seemed insurmountable. But over the next 15 years, drugs, loose women, gambling and six-digit salaries took their toll on the moral condition of America's professional basketball players, and some of them—some of the best, in fact—lived such sinful lives that their souls increasingly began to come up on free throws by the Hot Shots.

Both teams were extremely accurate on free throws, but the best percentage was owned by the demon Lucifer, who was averaging 99 out of 100. He sank so many professional basketball stars (and absorbed their skills) during the Seventies that he soon became the Hot Shots' most potent offensive weapon. He was *so* good (at basketball, of course) that he single-handedly brought hell's team back into serious contention.

One Christmas Day, when the Lord declared that the game be suspended for 24 hours in honor of His son's birthday, Lucifer, after ruminating in the Hot Shots' sauna (the coolest part of their locker room, the rest being composed of blazing coals), concluded that he needed the soul of one more player to put the Hot Shots in the *(continued on page 122)*

# THE DEVIL AND DOODAZZLE DAKINS

*he was an n.b.a. superstar—  
with one hell of a shot*

*fiction* **BY WALTER LOWE, JR.**







# JOHNNY, WE HARDLY KNOW YOU

*splashy ways to jazz up the bath*



Left: Talk about fun in the round! This Italian-made circular shower of fiberglass-reinforced metacrylic includes a thermostatically controlled shower head and a separate hand spray, plus a coiled-stainless-steel towel holder/warmer so that you can dry yourself in its cozy see-through confines, by Hastings Tile & Il Bagno Collection, \$2740. (Towels are kept dry by a clear sliding panel.) Above: No, that's not an outtake from *Flashdance*. It's an English-made chrome-plated-brass overhead shower with a ten-inch diameter that's identical to the ones installed in



*modern living*

**T**HE ROMANS HAD communal baths, the Victorians performed their daily ablutions in the most commodious of surroundings and the Japanese submerge themselves in chin-deep tubs filled with water that's almost hot enough to poach a fish. But in some people's minds, the bath still takes a back seat to other rooms when it comes to splashy, imaginative styling and



London's Savoy Hotel, from Bathwares, Inc., Chicago, \$150; three-inch chrome-plated-brass pipe and reducing bushing, \$10. Right: *Everything* you need in the bathroom—as Ed McMahon would undoubtedly say—can be housed in a Carlo Urbinati-designed Pipedo: a square Plexiglas cabinet that pivots on its own base to reveal four sides that include two drawers, two cupboards with smoked-glass doors, clothes hangers, towel racks, a laundry basket and a full-length mirror, by Hastings Tile & Il Bagno Collection, \$1170. How can you go wrong?

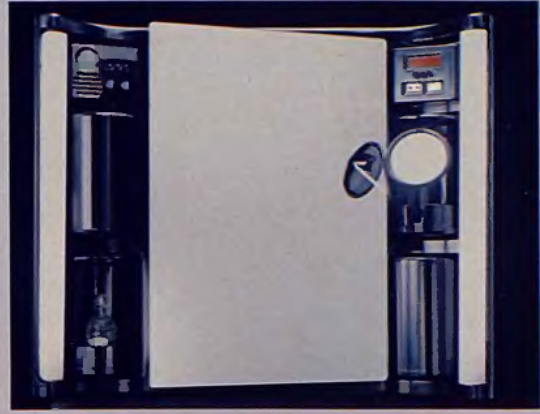


innovative design. Flush that notion, gentlemen—fast. Bathroom fixtures and accessories, from a simple shower clock that doesn't fog up to a whirlpool tub for two, are whetting everyone's interest. (If a two-for-tub doesn't rub you the right way, we'd say your social life is definitely going down the drain.) The Italians have slipped into the bath-fixture picture with a slick circular shower that incorporates a stainless-steel heated towel rack and a separate hand spray. And for high-tech types, there's even the infrared Optima No Hands System, which automatically turns itself on whenever someone's hands get near. We know a girl like that. No, her name isn't Farrah Fawcett.

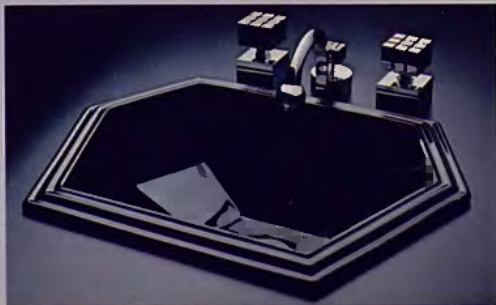


Right: After a tough day at the office, try something bubbly in the bubbly—a Kallimer bath-tub for two incorporating eight individually controlled whirlpool jets and a spectacular gold-plated Niagara faucet that delivers a broad stream of water, from Rozmallin, Chicago, \$7700.





Above left: The Optima No Hands System operates by means of a continuous infrared light beam; as the user's hands draw near—*voilà!*—water automatically flows at a preset temperature, by Sloan Valve Co., \$325. Above right: Lighted wall vanity containing three shelves, four rotating compartments and a built-in radio/digital clock, by Hastings Tile & Il Bagno Collection, \$1150.



Left: A Sherle Wagner black-porcelain hexagonal washbasin, \$410, and accompanying polished-chrome faucets with an arched spout, \$810, bath from RJ Randolph/Hally Hunt, Chicago. Right: Battery-powered shower clock that's designed never to fog up, by VDO Instruments, \$30.





## DOODAZZLE DAKINS

(continued from page 116)

*"He'd just spearheaded the Bulls to their 16th consecutive win, leading both teams in scoring."*

win column; and not just a good player, a player with an *unstoppable* shot.

With his supernatural vision, he scanned the N.B.A. for the man he wanted. His gaze fell upon a tall, lanky, dark-brown figure wearing the colors of the Chicago Bulls. He'd never seen this man before, so Lucifer assumed he was a rookie. At the moment, the player was dribbling down-court through a full-court press applied by the Boston Celtics. He weaved through the defenders with a nifty combination of dribbling techniques. Then, as he approached the basket, he soared into the air like a black falcon, arms outspread, the ball held firmly in his right hand. With Celtics surrounding him, he raised his right arm as if to shoot, drawing an ill-timed leap from the man directly in front of him, then switched the ball behind his back to his left hand, double pumped, swiveling his body 180 degrees to the left, tossed the ball from his left hand to his right and released a soft, high-arching hook shot that didn't shake the net when it pierced the rim.

"God damn!" shouted Lucifer. The temperature in the sauna suddenly increased by 1000 degrees.

"Ahhh, Your ass!" he shouted to heaven, leaping up and clutching his smoldering buttocks.

Thus did the Devil first become aware of Danny "Doodazzle" Dakins and his unstoppable shot, the Doodazzler. And he *wanted* it.

Knowing that God knows all things, including the latest poop on any creature's spiritual condition, Lucifer petitioned the Lord for the morning line on Daniel S. Dakins, Afro-American, age 22.

"He has not lived a holy life or even a very good one," replied the Lord, "but his sins don't yet weigh heavily against him. It's unlikely that he'll come up in a free-throw situation for your side if he keeps living the way he has thus far."

"But he won't," vowed Lucifer. And with a gleam in his beady red eyes, he vanished, bound for earth and the Chicago Stadium.

•  
Six-foot-eight-inch Danny Dakins ducked his head and blinked at the television-camera lights as he emerged from the players' entrance to the cheers of 300 waiting fans. He'd just spearheaded the Bulls to their 16th consecutive win, leading both teams in scoring and rebounds. The day before, the Bulls' management had torn up his contract and

given him another worth \$1,000,000 a year for five years. It was a good investment, because the stadium was packed every night with folks who came from as far as Madison just to see Dakins play; more specifically, to see *his shot*, the shot the other players were already trying to imitate but couldn't: the Doodazzler.

"Doodazzle! Doodazzle!" they yelled, closing in around his white rented limo. He slipped his long legs across the back seat, slammed the door, pulled down the shades and said to the chauffeur, "Take me home."

The driver began inching the massive automobile through the crowd, and before he was out of the parking lot, Dakins was already pouring himself a shot of cognac from the back-seat bar and thinking about how he would look on the television film clips when he got home. He'd scored 48 points and won the game with a spectacular Doodazzler at the buzzer that left Celtics forward Larry Bird sprawled on the floor.

When the chauffeur stopped the limo in front of Dakins' lake-front apartment building, the doorman opened the limousine door, said, "Good evening, Mr. Dakins" and stood at attention. Dakins stepped out, slipped him a buck and turned to the chauffeur with another one. But the chauffeur, whom Dakins couldn't recall ever seeing before, was holding a large gift-wrapped box out of the car window.

"Mr. Dakins," he said, "I've been a fan of yours ever since you were at DePaul, and I'm honored to meet you. I just want to give you this little Christmas present to show my appreciation for the excitement you've brought this great city."

His words tumbled out so fast, and with such urgency, that Dakins hesitated.

The driver, a swarthy man with thick arched eyebrows and thin, nearly non-existent lips, looked up at him, and their eyes locked. The man's gaze was penetrating, hypnotic. In the glow of the streetlights, his pupils seemed red, the color of burning embers.

"Please take the gift, Mr. Dakins," he insisted, extending it toward the basketball star. "If you take it," he added, his lips curling slightly, "it will make me *very* happy."

Dakins reluctantly accepted the package, saying, "Well, hey, man. I always like to make my fans happy."

"Oh, *thank* you for accepting it, sir," said the driver. "I hope you enjoy it." He put the car into gear and, as he pulled

away, said, "It's imported from very far away."

Upstairs in his penthouse living room overlooking Belmont Harbor, Dakins poured himself a cognac, popped a tape into his quadraphonic sound system, turned on the fake fireplace and changed into a red-satin robe given to him by one of his lucky female fans. It said DOODAZZLE in white-velvet letters on the back. Then, while sitting on the deep-pile burgundy carpet, waiting for the sports news, he opened the box and was surprised to discover a large, ornately carved water pipe inside. It was made of dull-golden metal that he presumed to be brass, and it was coated with greasy, acrid soot, as though it had been retrieved from a fire. While inspecting the pipe bowl, which was engraved with strange symbols, he found a crimson ball the size of a pea inside. Thinking it was perhaps hashish or opium, he sniffed it and quickly recoiled from an odor so pungent that it made his eyes water.

"Phew!" he exclaimed. "The only hip Christmas present anybody gives me and it stinks like hell."

Nonetheless, since he had nothing else to do until the sports news, he decided to polish it up and smoke the remainder of a bag of sinsemilla he'd stashed away for special occasions. He got a rag and started rubbing the pipe bowl vigorously. To his amazement, a thin stream of fog began seeping from the pipe and quickly took the form of a beautiful black woman.

"Holy smoke!" he said, backing away from the apparition.

"Not exactly," replied his unexpected visitor. The upper half of her body had begun to solidify, but her thighs, calves and feet were still a funnel of mist.

"Well, I'll be damned," whispered Dakins, circling the floating figure, blinking and pinching himself.

"Now you're on the right track," she said, laughing wickedly. Her body was now complete except for her feet. She wore only a white jeweled headband, a thin veil over her face and a diaphanous golden skirt through which Dakins could clearly see her shapely legs and buttocks. Her bare breasts seemed luminous, so silky and perfectly round that he knew they had not been created on this earth. Her arms, slender and as smooth as polished ebony, moved sinuously around her body, as though she were covered with live snakes. As Dakins looked closer, he realized that she actually had four arms.

"Saints alive," he uttered, awe-struck.

"Shhh!" she hissed, putting one of 16 ring-laden fingers to her lips. "Don't let Lucifer hear you say that."

"Who's Lucifer?" Dakins asked. "And who are you?"

"Who's *Lucifer*?" she replied with astonishment. "You mean you never heard

(continued on page 206)





*"I never dreamed Internal Revenue could be so flexible!"*







# 20 QUESTIONS: MARTIN MULL

can a guy find fame as actor, comedian and artist—  
and still have his ego fit into a shoe box?

Onstage or oncamera, Martin Mull perhaps best epitomizes that smug, smarmy, self-righteous know-it-all you'd most like to punch in the mouth. Unless he's on your side. Mull's current incarnation of Mr. Sincerity can be seen in the CBS midseason-replacement sitcom "Domestic Life." When Contributing Editor David Rensin knocked on the front door of Mull's Hollywood Hills home, the suave actor/comedian/painter was surprised that he had made it that far despite the attack dog. The pair talked in Mull's Metropolitan Home living room. The dog lurked outside.

1.

PLAYBOY: Several years ago, a magazine article described you as "almost famous." Are you famous yet?

MULL: My mailman is a guy named Rayfield Dupree. He was a finalist in the triple jump at the Montreal Olympics. To me, he's famous; but to the guy down the street, he's just the mailman. So it's relative. Being famous has about as much to do with my well-being as do my nipples. I take that back. My nipples are handy for helping me find my cigarettes when I'm drunk.

2.

PLAYBOY: What about you should impress people the most when they meet you?

MULL: That I get away with all this. No. It's a good question that pretty much goes to the deepest, realest part of me. So I'd have to say—my clothes. Actually, if I could change anything in my life, it would be my clothes. I cannot wear them. If you're not 40 inches in the chest and 26 in the waist, you can't wear today's clothes. I always feel that if I bent over, even if I were in a tux, the crack of my ass would be showing.

3.

PLAYBOY: Your stage persona is thought of as, well, smug. Who is your smug ideal?

MULL: *Moi*? It's hard to say, since my stage persona is based on various parts of people's personalities that I have observed for many years. I picked up a lot of it when I lived in a singles apartment complex, one of those word-of-mouth immediate-occupancy places. It was half filled with stewardesses and half with weight lifters. I used to hear a lot of things around the pool, like, "I don't believe that asshole

said that!" But I'll tell you one guy who really bothers me on that level: Fred Rogers. He has that holier-than-thou attitude about how his neighborhood is so friendly. And you just know it isn't.

4.

PLAYBOY: Some critics have suggested that your character is, in fact, a forerunner of David Letterman's. Even of Steve Martin's. If that's true, where did you steal your chops?

MULL: From Bob and Ray. But your statement isn't true. There is a collective unconscious, as per Carl Jung. Steve and I are both Anglo-Saxon Protestants, who have that incredible rootlessness. It's your typical Rexall-drugstore upbringing. We can't fall back on being Italian or Jewish. We're also roughly the same age and grew up in the same income bracket. Letterman is from pretty much the same cloth. So why wouldn't we have the same inputs? Maybe the bottom line is just that I'm older.

5.

PLAYBOY: If you were to teach a college class in pop sociology 20 years from now, how would you explain your success?

MULL: Would the word fluke still be in our vocabulary? Let's hope so. It's simple. A lot of what is put out there for mass consumption is so homogenized that it comes out as safe as milk. But I believe there's an intrinsic irreverence in the American psyche, and when something comes along that offers even an echo of that irreverence, people respond to it.

6.

PLAYBOY: Where are you when you think of your most outrageous lines, song titles and ideas?

MULL: Often, it happens when I'm driving—which is why my wife, Wendy, does most of the driving. I tend to ramble inside myself. Because of my training as a painter, I'm much more interested in the kind of green the light is than that it means to go or that the guy behind me is leaning on his horn. Another "place" is my favorite time in life: that little twilight zone between dreaming and waking up, before you realize, Jesus, it's 9:30 and I've got to take a shower, because I've got an appointment at ten. There are about ten minutes there that make very little sense. The other morning, I thought of a whole film where a guy marries the wrong girl.

He's really in love with one of the attendants. It's called *Bridesmaid Revisited*.

7.

PLAYBOY: How long have you loved yourself? And how well?

MULL: Loving myself doesn't usually take that long. The parts of me that I like best are the parts that surprise me. But in the classical sense of the word, I'm not sure that I do love myself. I tolerate myself. For example, I tolerate my lack of interest in lots of things because of what I do. Given a choice between speaking out about some social issue and doing the *New York Times* Sunday crossword puzzle, I'd do the latter. It's part of my training as a painter. I learned in art school that one has to put himself in a state of imbalance. If you're painting for eight to ten hours a day, there's got to be nothing more important than the goddamn apple and the bowl. The distance between the edge of the bowl and the edge of the canvas is every bit as important as the Gaza strip. So it's in those moments when I'm either so out of touch with myself or so in touch with myself that other things just float through me that I like myself best. When I get on the bathroom scale, I hate myself.

8.

PLAYBOY: Describe a recurrent dream.

MULL: It's a strange one. It's as if I'm looking into a shoe box set on edge with the open portion facing me. There are holes punched in both narrow ends and a string running between them. The string seems to be moving, as if it's being pulled through, but I can't be sure, because my field of vision is restricted to the shoe box, almost like a TV screen. And it goes and goes and goes, until all of a sudden, it backlashes, like a fishing line. Then it unties and keeps going. I don't know what it means, though it probably has something to do with the concept of continuity versus chaos, with the idea of ebb and flow. There are no shoe salesmen in my family.

9.

PLAYBOY: Are you often grateful that your parents didn't name you Norman?

MULL: Yes. But it would have been worse if they'd named me Abner.

10.


PLAYBOY: You hosted both *Fernwood 2-Night* and (concluded on page 144)





ILLUSTRATION BY KARI WIRSUM





*can the science of artificial intelligence  
produce a computer that's smarter  
than the men who build it?*

## THE MIND OF A NEW MACHINE

*A group of university scientists spent years working on the ultimate computer, a machine with so much knowledge and so much calculating power that it could answer the questions that had vexed mankind for centuries. Finally, the day came when they were ready to plug in their creation. One of them pushed the ON button and, standing nervously at a terminal, typed in the first question.*

*"Is there a God?" he asked.*

*The machine thundered back, without hesitation, "There is now."*

JOKES LIKE THAT were current in the Fifties and Sixties, when computers were vaguely sinister, if invisible, machines that hid out in the basements of huge Government agencies or powerful corporations. It was a time of technological progress and a sense of predestination about that progress. Cars were getting bigger, planes faster; why wouldn't computers just keep getting smarter, until the day—*probably really soon*—when they would be smarter than any person? That faith presented new ethical questions. (Do computers have souls?) It also led quickly to the familiar science-fiction territory where a computer calculates that it knows more than the fools who tend it and decides to seize control.

That fear of runaway computers has eased in recent years as the machines have become commonplace in the office and the home. But the notions that scientists will one day turn out truly intelligent machines and that intelligence

*article*

BY LEE GOMES



can, indeed, be mechanized remain truisms of the age in which we live. Everything about our experience with computers—in fact, our very idea of progress—leads us to those conclusions. Nowadays, it seems, we are bombarded by stories about computers' outperforming people in areas long regarded as uniquely human. The Japanese have earned considerable attention with their Fifth Generation computer project, an enormous research effort aimed at producing an intelligent machine by 1990. Computers—unerring, tireless, astonishingly swift—seem to have a terrific head start on the road to superintelligence, and we appear to be proceeding at a steady clip toward that goal. Consider the bright tomorrow when we can fill some electronic Einstein with the contents of the Library of Congress and then have the machine sift through it all and tell us things about ourselves we had yet to figure out. Imagine how the world will be turned upside down with the advent of an intelligence of *our* creation—yet greater than our own.

It would be unbelievable.

Getting computers to do more than routine data-processing tasks, such as printing out payroll checks, is the province of an area of computer science called artificial intelligence, or A.I. The phrase was coined during the Fifties, A.I.'s early years, and has troubled some in the field ever since. "It sounds like something ersatz," says one researcher, "like artificial flowers, or something unpleasant to contemplate, like artificial insemination."

But a more significant problem came from the use of the word intelligence. It seemed to assume what had yet to be demonstrated—that a machine could, in fact, work like the human brain. As a result, expectations were raised early on about how much A.I. would be able to deliver. That trend was generally encouraged by A.I. workers, who were caught up, along with most Americans, in the can-do, all-American optimism of the postwar years. One researcher predicted in 1957 that within ten years, computers would be writing critically acclaimed music. A lot of time has since been spent living down the excesses of the young science.

The initials A.I. also presented definitional problems. What would constitute an intelligent computer? Just what is intelligence, anyway? The most famous way of answering that question came from a British mathematician named Alan Turing, in what has come to be called the Turing test. In one version of the test, a person is placed in a room with two terminals, one of them connected to a computer, the other to a person in the next room. After "conversing" via the keyboards with both entities, the test taker must decide

which was the computer and which was the fellow human. If he can't decide, or if he guesses wrong, then the computer is declared to be, for all intents and purposes, intelligent. (The existence of the Turing test has given rise to the coffee-house game of trying to come up with the most "revealing" question to put forward in a test if you had only one question to ask. Douglas R. Hofstadter, the computer scientist and writer, suggested it be "If you had only one question to ask a computer in a Turing test. . . .")

A.I. scientists don't really spend any time trying to build a machine that can pass the Turing test, and they tend to view discussions of it as the domain of laymen; they have their "semantic networks" and "heuristically guided searches" to keep them busy. Still, inquiring about the test is convenient shorthand for getting A.I. researchers' opinions about how smart they think computers can eventually become. Lately, they seem to be growing increasingly noncommittal about when, if ever, a machine will actually succeed at the task. Answers tend to be along the lines of "Sometime between the next ten and 1000 years." While there may be disagreement on when a computer will be able to take on the Turing test, there's no disputing that, so far, no machine anywhere has even come close to passing.

Or has one?

Consider the following: Some years ago, the vice-president of a Boston computer company went into his office on a Saturday morning to catch up on work. He wanted to use the computer but thought that an employee in another room was logged on. So he sat down at a terminal and, thinking that he was talking to one of his workers, had the following exchange:

*Do you think I can use the computer this morning?*

WHY DO YOU ASK?

*I might be able to make some additional sales.*

WHY AREN'T YOU SURE?

*My customers have never seen a demonstration of the system.*

DOES THIS MEAN VERY MUCH TO YOU?

*Of course it does.*

YOU SEEM VERY POSITIVE ABOUT THAT.

*This is ridiculous.*

WHAT DO YOU MEAN THIS IS RIDICULOUS?

*Please dial me up at 491.*

No one called, of course, since the vice-president wasn't communicating with anyone at all but with a computer program called ELIZA that had been left running by mistake. ELIZA was written by an MIT computer scientist named Joseph Weizenbaum and was designed to conduct itself much as a psychiatrist does in the initial interview with a patient. The program spent most of its time asking questions about the operator's previous

response, trying to draw the "patient" out of himself. That process, in a therapist's hands, involves training, insight and skill. Lacking those, ELIZA operated through a series of clever ruses supplied by Weizenbaum. For example, it would look for certain stock phrases, such as "I am," and then spit back some automatic reply, such as HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT BEING . . . ? If ELIZA didn't recognize any pattern in the words it was given, it replied with canned shrink talk, such as I SEE OR WHAT DOES THAT SUGGEST TO YOU? So saying "Help, I've set my clothes on fire" might prompt the computer to reply, PLEASE CONTINUE. To an unwitting observer, like the Boston executive, ELIZA did a more than convincing job of imitating a human being. But underneath, it was all a con.

No one knew that better than Weizenbaum. Like many A.I. researchers, he was interested in language and was curious to see how well he could get the *appearance* of a conversation going between a computer program and a person. Since the two needed something to talk about, he structured the program around the kinds of exchanges that routinely come up in a psychiatrist's office. But the computer/human dialog could just as easily have been about cooking eggs, he said. Weizenbaum expressly denied that any psychological, or even linguistic, "understanding" was taking place in his program. As far as he was concerned, ELIZA was an interesting bit of A.I. research that could be used in the real world as, say, a parlor game.

But to his great surprise, a lot of the real world saw it differently. Weizenbaum's secretary asked to be alone in the computer room so she could talk to ELIZA. He got phone calls from desperate people eager for a little time with the program so they could work out their problems. A psychologist wrote that while "further work must be done before the program will be ready for clinical use," ELIZA would soon take its rightful place in psychiatric work. If drugs and electric shock couldn't empty out the psych wards, perhaps time-sharing would.

Of course, ELIZA was in such demand partly for the same reason we so often talk to ourselves—humans tend to be more willing to speak freely if they think no one is listening. But the episode also demonstrated a common fallacy: that computers and people go about their business the same way. It looked as though ELIZA were working as a skilled and understanding therapist. But in reality, the program was merely searching through strings of letters for key words and then replying with stored phrases that had a high probability of being appreciated. Those who believed in ELIZA were making one of the biggest mistakes people make when they get around computers. They figured that if a machine acts like a person on the

*(continued on page 194)*



# Playmates Forever!

## PART TWO

*you loved 'em before, so we bring back another delightful dozen of our most memorable gatefold girls*

WE HAVE A saying at PLAYBOY: "Once a Playmate, always a Playmate." It means we don't refer to our gatefold girls as "former Playmates." Each is more than just this month's model; all capture a certain style and beauty that is long-lasting. Face it, you've fantasized about settling down with a Playmate. What would it be like to wake up next to her five, ten or even 20 years later? Here, updated for PLAYBOY readers by veteran Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar, are a dozen answers.



DONNA MICHELLE



MESINA MILLER



MARILYN COLE



SHAY KNUTH



JANET LUPO



BEBE BUELL



CYNDI WOOD



MAJKEN HAUGEDAL



CATHY ROWLAND



ANGELA DORIAN



CAROL VITALE



PAMELA ZINSZER





*Miss December 1963*  
DONNA MICHELLE

Donna Michelle (left) became Playmate of the Year five months after her centerfold appearance. Pompeo Posar shot her doing gymnastics in and out of a white leotard. Was Donna the mother of the Jane Fonda workout? Perhaps. These days, she lives in a house in the woods, 60 miles north of Santa Rosa.

*Miss January 1972*  
MARILYN COLE

We titled Marilyn Cole's pictorial *Body English*. Marilyn (right) was the lovely Bunny from London doing public relations for the Thamestown Playboy Club. She was also one of our most popular Playmates of the Year, as well as a life-sized jigsaw puzzle. Marilyn is now busy working for a new club in London.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
POMPEO POSAR











*Miss September 1969*  
SHAY KNUTH

Shay (left) was a student at the University of the Americas in Mexico City when we photographed her as Playmate and cover girl. Since that time, she has continued her studies as a sociology major at the University of Wisconsin and worked as a party coordinator at New York City's Studio 54. Put on your red shoes.

*Miss August 1971*  
CATHY ROWLAND

Cathy (below left) was a Texas Christian University music major. When we first photographed her, she had her sights set on a singing career and seems to have done it her way. "I have started my recording career with a song titled *I Want a Piece of Your Love*." That's sure to be a popular sentiment among our readers.

*Miss February 1973*  
CYNDI WOOD

More than 11 years ago, Cyndi Wood (right) stood in a doorway at dawn, and Pompeo Posar caught one of the most beautiful centerfolds the magazine has ever presented, earning Cyndi, not surprisingly, 1974's Playmate of the Year title. Cyndi listed her ambition as singer/actress, and she is still working at it.







*Miss September 1967*  
ANGELA DORIAN

We dubbed Angela (left) a *Screen Gem* in 1967. An actress whose publicist had named her after an Italian shipwreck, she had already been in 26 TV shows when we photographed her. You've probably seen her either as Angela or under her real name, Victoria Vetri, in films such as *Rosemary's Baby* and TV reruns.

*Miss October 1968*  
MAJKEN HAUGEDAL

Her first name is pronounced Mike-en. You've had almost 16 years to practice it, so get it right. Majken (right) was our *Danish Import*, a beauty from Scandinavia by way of Montreal. Nowadays, she shuttles between her two favorite cities, Montreal and London (where she models), and Denmark (where she visits relatives).











Miss November 1975  
JANET LUPO

Janet (left) was one of our most reluctant Playmates. One after another, PLAYBOY photographers had approached this lovely and aristocratic Bunny at the Playboy Resort in Great Gorge, only to be turned down. Pompeo met her and 20 minutes later had the young woman convinced she should pose. Thanks, Pompeo.

Miss July 1974  
CAROL VITALE

Carol Vitale (below left) finally left her adopted home, Miami (her pictorial was called *Beach Blonde*), but not before leaving a mark. She appeared in several films and commercials, as well as hosting *Disco Magic*—a TV show that was syndicated all over the country. In 1979, she moved to Southern California.

Miss September 1975  
MESINA MILLER

What's this? A nude photo of Linda Ronstadt? Linda should be so lucky. This (right) is a photo of Mesina Miller, a lady whose gatefold story was titled *High-Flying Homebody*. The last time we checked in with her, she was working for a radio station in the City of Angels. She's at home on the airwaves.







*Miss November 1974*  
BEBE BUELL

Bebe Buell (left) lists her occupation as pop singer. It figures. When we first photographed her, she was Todd Rundgren's girlfriend, and she was later linked with other musicians, including Rod Stewart. Bebe now lives in Maine. Her ambitions: to have a hit record and to win an Oscar. She obviously has drive.

*Miss March 1974*  
PAMELA ZINSZER

Pam Zinszer (right) keeps herself busy. She works as a part-time model and does sales and promotion for a building firm. In her free time, she likes to keep up on her skiing, travel, weight lifting, running, painting, interior designing and yoga. Is she ever tired? Never. Pam has a positive, go-for-it attitude. Success is hers.







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toward power. Not away from it.



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# PLAYBOY



## Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON



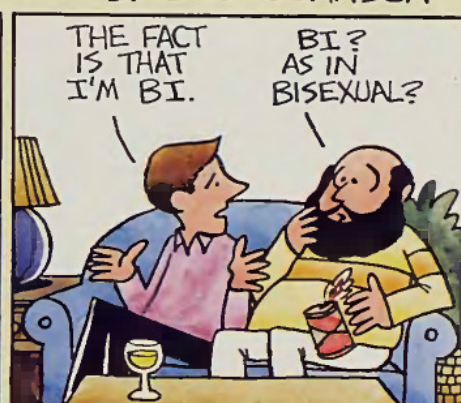
HOW LONG HAVE WE KNOWN EACH OTHER, MAX?

A LONG TIME. EVER SINCE WE PLEDGED TOGETHER AT THE FRATERNITY.



THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO TELL YOU BUT WAS ASHAMED TO TALK ABOUT.

HEY— YOU CAN TELL ME ANYTHING.



THE FACT IS THAT I'M BI.

BI? AS IN BISEXUAL?



THAT'S RIGHT. I'M ATTRACTED TO BOTH MEN AND WOMEN.

COME ON. YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?



NO, IT'S TRUE. I'VE KNOWN IT SINCE I WAS A TEENAGER.

IT CAN'T BE! I'M YOUR FRIEND. I'D HAVE NOTICED.



DO YOU THINK WE CAN STILL BE FRIENDS?

I DON'T KNOW. I JUST REALIZED YOU'VE BEEN CHEATING ON ME ALL THESE YEARS.

## 5 CENT MARY

BY E N D S



WE'VE GOT TO RAISE OUR PRICES, GIRLS!

RIGHT!

HOW ABOUT IT, LADIES?

FORGET IT!

YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!

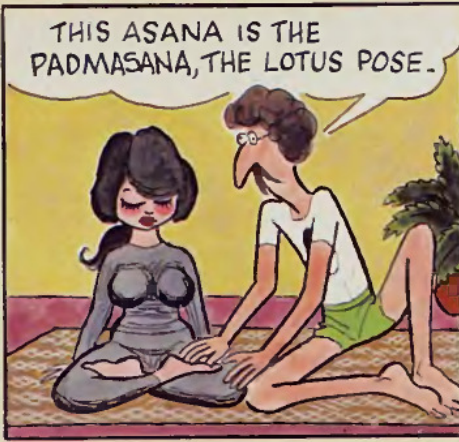
WHO'S FOR A DRINK AT MY PLACE?

SO MUCH FOR ORGANIZED LABOR.



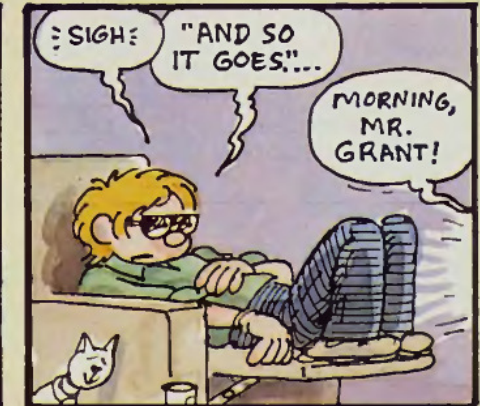
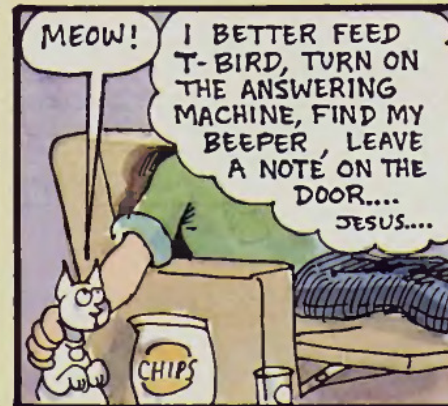
# holistic harry

by J. Delmar



# CRUISER

Christopher Browne





## MARTIN MULL

(continued from page 125)

*"Most of dentists' conversations are one-way. They get answers like 'Hranglerlydoplk.'"*

America 2-Night. Name your ideal talk-show panel.

MULL: Steve and Eydie. That is, Steve Allen and Idi Amin. Or Steve Garvey and Edy Williams. Edie Sedgwick and Steve Martin? A whole evening of Steve and Edies.

I might also have Bob and Ray. And Fred Willard. I once had Fred for a guest when I hosted *The Tonight Show*. That's pre-Joan Rivers—yes, I know many think I should have gotten the permanent slot, but I think they went through college transcripts and I just hadn't taken the right courses. Boy, that college degree is important. Anyway, there was some nervousness in the NBC offices about Fred and me. They thought we'd just be doing *Fernwood*. But I said, "Absolutely not," so they let us do it. Now, I was really trying to be aboveboard with Fred. I introduced him, said what a pleasure it had been working with him. When he sat down, I asked what he'd been doing. A nice, open question; no joke, no twinkle in the eye, no *segue* into something we had planned. He said, "Well, I've been very busy. I've been working on a novel." And I thought, Thank God, we're out of hot water. He's actually going to talk and be real. So I said, "Really, Fred?" And he said, "Yeah. Those things take forever to read." That's when it got silly. For the next five minutes, it was *Fernwood 2-Night*.

11.

PLAYBOY: What are your favorite gag items?

MULL: There were times in my life that would have been highly punctuated had the person across from me been offered his martini in a dribble glass. I would have been thrilled. Another gag item I am very fond of is the small rug you sometimes see in abandoned gas stations that depicts Washington crossing the Delaware, the moon landing, Elvis, J.F.K. No one should be without one.

12.

PLAYBOY: What does everyone expect from you that you hate giving?

MULL: Something my wife gets all the time when she's with somebody who knows me only through the media is "Is he constantly funny?" Most people who know my work wouldn't ask that. But some people just expect me to always give a clever retort off the top of my head, as if there were a button one could push and out would come hilarity. That's unfair. To expect me to be funny instantly is the same

as saying, if I go to a party with a friend who happens to be a plumber, "OK, you tell us this joke, and meanwhile, Roy, why don't you go into the kitchen and get that fucking sink unstopped? OK?" Another thing I hate giving is spare change. To me, it's a contradiction in terms.

13.

PLAYBOY: What scares you?

MULL: Every once in a while, I'll take a look at the world. I'll read the entire newspaper or watch hours of TV news, and I'll feel as if the whole planet may well be getting a little dumber and feeding its own dumbness, as if life is getting cheaper. I like what Lily Tomlin says: Why does history repeat itself? Because nobody listens the first time. Realizing you can be blown out of the sky or find the neighbors' kid in the garbage can, wrapped in newspaper—that scares me. My own driving also scares me. But what really looms over everyone's head is what it would be like if California had blue laws and you couldn't buy booze on Sunday.

14.

PLAYBOY: You're sitting in a Mexican restaurant. You're on your second double margarita. The woman with you apparently believes most of what you're saying. What do you do when the *mariaichis* come over?

MULL: I'd very heatedly start talking in German, to the point where they'd realize there was going to be no communication and no tip and it was time to move on. Actually, with my Ohio stomach, I wouldn't be in a Mexican restaurant unless I were also in a sitz bath of Maalox.

15.

PLAYBOY: Defend dentistry.

MULL: You know that dentists have the highest suicide rate of anyone. No? Then you heard it here first—and possibly last. We even deal with that simple premise in an episode of *Domestic Life*. My wife, who is played by Judith Marie Bergan, reads in the paper about dentists' suicide rate. And, quite frankly, that settles it. We have our dentist over for dinner. Of course, when the man comes by, he already has one foot off the Golden Gate. We keep the table knives away from him.

I've looked into the phenomenon and I've found that, number one, dentists usually work in very small spaces. Dentists' offices are not palatial; certainly not the room with the chair. Number two, most of

dentists' conversations are one-way. They get answers like "Hranglerlydoplk." Number three, people usually feel worse when they leave than when they arrive. The list is endless. I guess I haven't actually defended dentists. I simply justify. However, I do defend their right to kill themselves. The right to life and the right to dentistry are very similar. Defending the right to dentistry is one of the few things that would take me away from my painting and the Sunday crossword.

16.

PLAYBOY: What can we learn from looking at paintings?

MULL: After leaving an exhibition, I'll find that my perception of the outside world has been changed. Instantly. My experience has been altered by the artist's vision, and I will see things that I haven't seen before. Most visual art is, to some extent, distillation. You've drawn perimeters; the canvas gives you a top, bottom and sides. But those edges aren't there when you walk down the street. So if the real world is orange juice, then art is like orange-juice concentrate. Like a guide dog, paintings help you see.

17.

PLAYBOY: Your artwork has appeared in national magazines. You've had exhibitions. Why aren't you painting for a living?

MULL: Needless to say, it's very difficult to buy that Bel Air mansion going door to door with your drawings, saying, "This one or the dog? What do you think?" Or "I'll draw your dog. You don't have one? I'll get you one." Most of us in the fine arts have what are known as day gigs. Instead of driving a cab to get enough money for my oils, I was able to host a talk show and be in films. The remuneration for cab driving was not even comparable.

18.

PLAYBOY: Describe ultimate sex.

MULL: Ultimate sex would probably be dying right when you came. Wouldn't you say? Anything else is penultimate. Of course, I hope this doesn't set off another rash of dead dentists.

19.

PLAYBOY: What does a man of culture never do?

MULL: I think licking the sink in a public rest room is out. Have we reached the 20th question yet?

20.

PLAYBOY: This is it. You've been called a master of timing. Name three instances in life where timing is crucial.

MULL: Can I get back to you on that tomorrow? Or perhaps the day after?





PLAYBOY GUIDE

# FASHION

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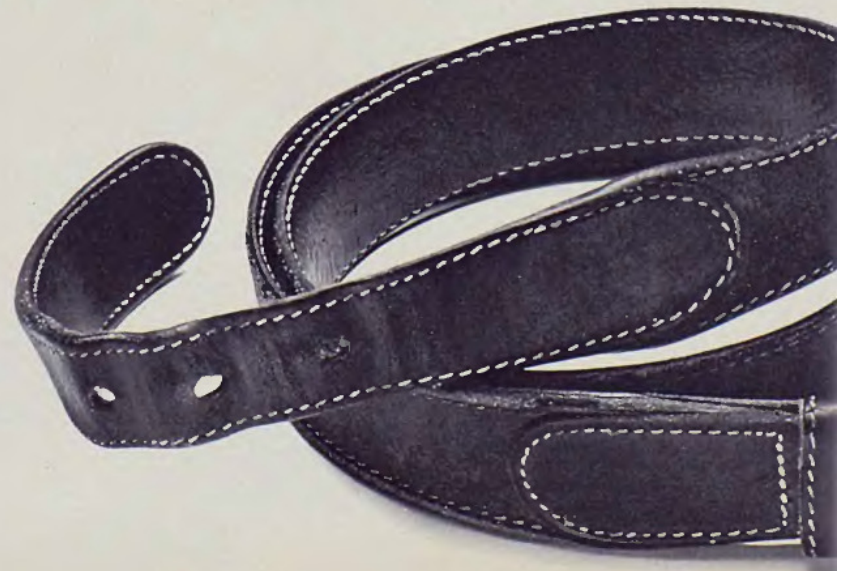
**OUR SPRING/SUMMER  
FASHION PREVIEW**

**THE MR. T  
MAKE-OVER**

**HOW TO KEEP COOL,  
TRIM A TIE,  
SAVE YOUR FACE**

HILL STREET BLUES'  
HAMEL AND TRAVANTI







# CLOTHES YOU HAVE TO WEAR VS. CLOTHES YOU LOVE TO WEAR.

The way we figure it, clothes you have to wear make up about half of your wardrobe.

It's suits, and sports jackets, and shirts, and ties, and certain styles of shoes.

These are all clothes that, because of business requirements or social functions, you have to wear. Whether you feel like it or not.

But it's the other half of your wardrobe that we're interested in.

It's the clothes that you can't wait to get into when you can't wait to get out of the clothes you have to wear.

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# PREVIEW

## SPRING/SUMMER 1984



IT'S a strange business, fashion. If you ever bought a Nehru jacket or a pair of Beatles boots, you know about the strange part. And either you've learned some hard lessons from it or you're about to go out and buy an expensive shirt that has Japanese writing on the front. OK, then, let's get down to business.

Remember the good old days when each September we eagerly awaited the annual car unveilings? Well, the folks in Detroit finally caught on that changes had to be significant. We wanted style, not fleeting fads. That's why, in all likelihood, the car you're currently driving does not have tail fins. Which is probably more than you can say for some of your suits.

You see, there are those in the fashion business who would gladly sell you an Edsel this year. The business, especially for men, has become very predictable. If this is a new season and you're a fashion designer, you'd better have a new line ready. In some cases, it's that simple—planned obsolescence. Ties were narrow last year, make them wide this year. And that's what they'll wear. But wait a minute. Just who are "they"? And shouldn't they be us? Easily said. But how can we, as above-average guys, tell what's fashion and what's fad? It takes some perspective and some thought and some sense of personal style.

For instance, we're going to show you some double-breasted jackets on these pages. That doesn't mean you should run out and buy one right away. Perhaps you don't look good in a double-breasted jacket. You may feel too short or too broad or just not comfortable with all those buttons. Fine. That's why we'll also show you alternatives. And alternatives to those al-

ternatives. And we'll explain why we think certain things work. So if all you need to know about fashion is that the hot colors this year are red and black, you're in the wrong magazine. But if you want some direction in making intelligent decisions about the way you look and the way others see you, then stick with us.

Some of your favorite fabrics, such as seersucker and linen, are around again this season. Lots of linen, in everything from sports jackets to casual trousers. It's a comfortable look—one that's very acceptable when slightly rumpled. Colors, on the whole, are more conservative. Last year's bubble-gum fad has burst. You'd be wise to stick with more muted tones (tan, khaki) and softer pastels. There are a lot of inky darks around if you like a European influence.

Vertical stripes (that seersucker feeling) seem as though they're here to stay for a while. You'll see them in sports jackets, dress shirts and active sportswear. And there'll be a lot of soft overplaids and even madras. Those of you still watching *Dobie Gillis* reruns will feel right at home.

Layering continues to be a functional fashion. The right cotton vest or sweater not only can look great on its own for casualwear but can do a lot to punch up a sports jacket or a suit.

If you're on a reasonably limited budget, you needn't buy the whole bag. The idea is to look at what's being offered and tailor it to fit your personal style. If you're the sort of guy who must have a shopping list, we've put together this inventory of best buys for the coming season:

- A double-breasted suit or sports jacket (but only if you're built for it);
- Linen trousers;

- A cotton knit Argyle vest;
- A dark or pastel plaid pocket square;
- Shirts with vertical stripes or madras patterns;
- Two ties; linen in a berry color and a silk madras plaid;
- Two pairs of "new" gym shorts—they're great for activewear and can double as swim trunks;
- A pair of drawstring pants in a sweat fabric or a soft striped cotton;
- A cotton knit boat-neck sweater to be worn over a polo shirt.

If you want to stick with the styles that are selling, take note that most dressy trousers have pleats. Most double-breasted jackets have no back vent. Lapels on single-breasted jackets are starting to get a bit wider—a trend that will probably continue. And when you get to the bottom of it all, this is not a big year for cuffs.

On the whole, the fit and the feel of both casual and tailored clothes will be ample and comfortable. And that's the way it should be. In the words of Veronica Hamel, "You wear the clothes. They can't wear you." Makes sense.

Maury Z Levy

Editor, *Playboy Guides*



# TAILORED

FASHION EDITOR: HOLLIS WAYNE



YOU SHOULD KNOW right off that you don't have to give up old favorites to stay in style. If you're comfortable with trusted summer fabrics, such as seersucker, or if you have the need to dress a bit more conservatively than a game-show host, we have good news for you: Sticking with staples is not only perfectly acceptable but highly fashionable. What we offer here are some suggestions for elegant updating. The two keys are color and accessories. Adding color,

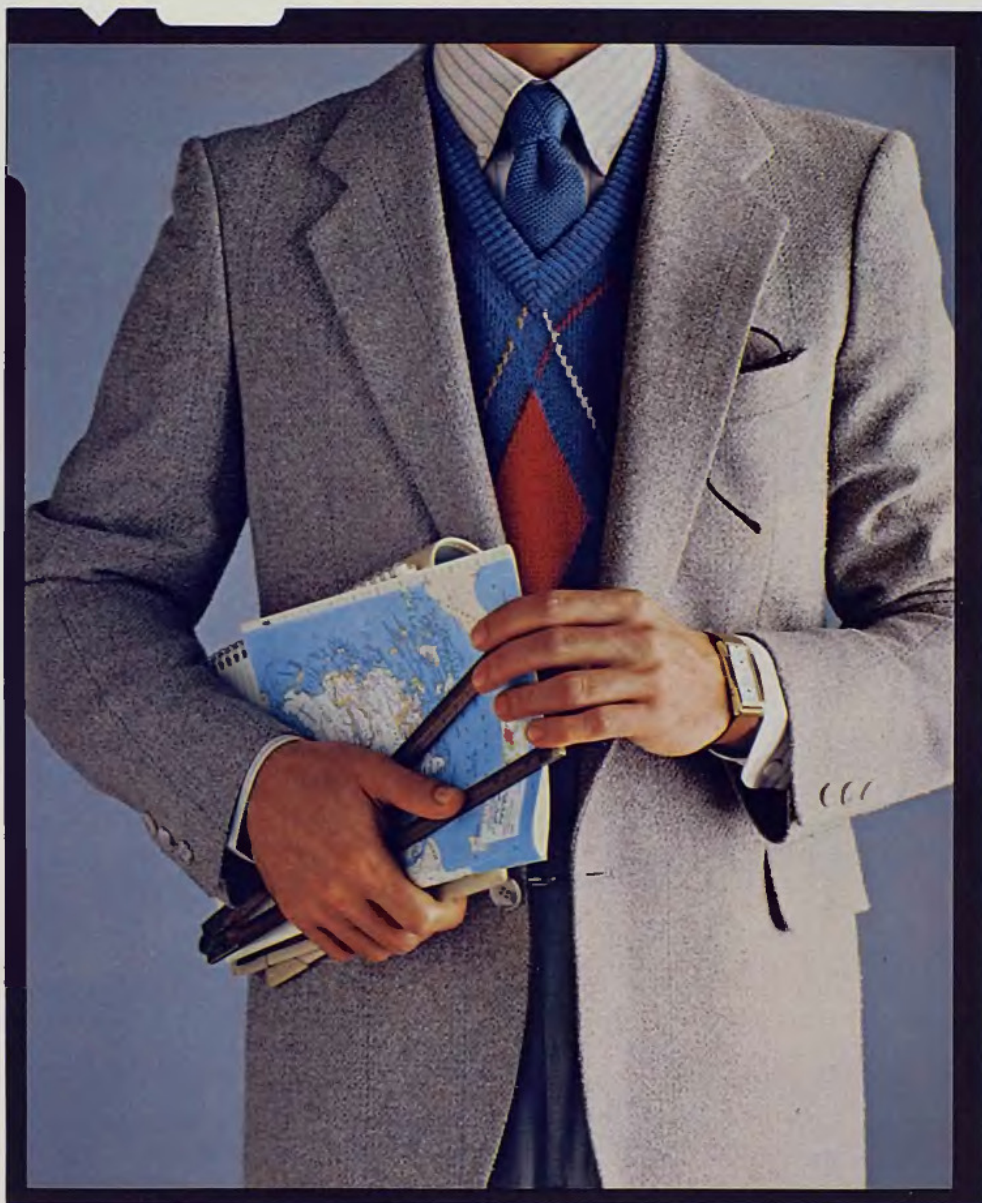
When you think seersucker, you probably think blue-and-white stripes. Think again. Seersucker can be a lot more elegant. Above: This six-button double-breasted suit with peaked lapels has all the flair of linen. The tie is another fabric surprise, silk modras. Teamed with the striped dress shirt, it gives an odd shot of color. Tan cotton seersucker suit, by Country Britches, \$230; cotton shirt, by Ike Behar, \$65; tie, by Hathaway, \$16.50; collar bar, by J. P. Graytok, \$8. Watch, from Jaz Paris, \$135; lighter by Braun.

The glen-plaid suit at right is subtly shot with threads of color. We've dressed it up with a shirt with a contrasting European spread collar. The knit tie adds texture, while the striped pocket square adds flair. Wool/silk suit, by Austin Reed of Regent Street, about \$295; striped combed-cotton shirt, by Hilditch & Key, \$80; burgundy cotton knit necktie, from Oleg Cassini by Burma Bibas, \$12.50; linen pocket square, by Alexander Julian, \$27.50. Cuff links, by Pierre Cordin for Swank, \$22; Seiko Lossole watch, \$495.









whether it's a bright knit or a subtle overplaid, will liven up your look. But the use of color can be tricky. The secret to choosing the right accessories, such as shirts and ties, is to complement the accent colors in the suit or sports jacket. Beyond that, there's some simple styling magic. French cuffs add class. Six buttons on a double-breasted jacket look dressier than four. There are lots of options. You see four outfits here. Variations on these themes follow.

A light-colored sports jacket is always a staple, but there's no reason it has to be a solid. The fabric of the neutral jacket above gives it a highly textured feel, while a faint overplaid offers a more colorful look. The bold vest helps make a more vibrant statement. Jacket, \$185, and shirt, \$26.50, both by Henry Grethel; linen/cotton vest, \$52.50, and blended trousers, \$52, both from Colours by Alexander Julian. Watch, by Emerich Meerson, \$300; agenda book by Jon Hart Design; antique ruler from Henri Bendel.

You could call this outfit (right) European preppie. The blazer has a flared cut. And we've played with the standard blue button-down. This one's chambray. The added vibrancy in the tie helps punch up an "inky," dark look. Linen/polyester sports jacket, by Robert Stock, \$145; shirt, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, \$27; linen tie, \$20, and silk paisley pocket square, \$12.50, by Robert Stock; pleated linen trousers, by Tassel, Ltd., \$97.50. Watch, from Matisse by The Expert Team, Ltd., \$140; computer from NEC.







# PLAYBOY GUIDE

Accessorizing is one key. Left, the seersucker suit is dressed up with a crisp white pin-collar shirt, by Van Heusen, \$20, and rep tie, by Resilio, \$30. The linen pocket square, by Alexander Julian, \$27.50, picks up colors in the suit and shirt and adds more texture. Right, the basic business suit goes casual as we add a cardigan, by Puritan, \$45, a less formal button-down shirt, by Hathaway, \$31, and a linen tie, by Vicky Davis, \$13.50, for texture and contrast. Note how we've picked up the black, white and red of the suit as the accessory colors.



Below left, we've taken away the bold vest for a softer look. The colors of the shirt, from Acorn by Bob Goldfeder, \$50, and tie, by Resilio, \$16.50, are picked up from the jacket and pocket square, by Alexander Julian, \$27.50. Lighter trousers, by Jaymar Ruby, \$50, give a muted effect. Below right, the striped jacket becomes a basic blazer. This more classic look is created by subtle tones of a cotton shirt, \$40, and an Argyle sweater vest, \$65, both from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, tie, by Vicky Davis, \$13.50, and trousers, by Cordovan & Grey, Ltd., \$55.







# The 60's was the wild look.



# The 70's was the let it be look.

# The 80's is the neat look.

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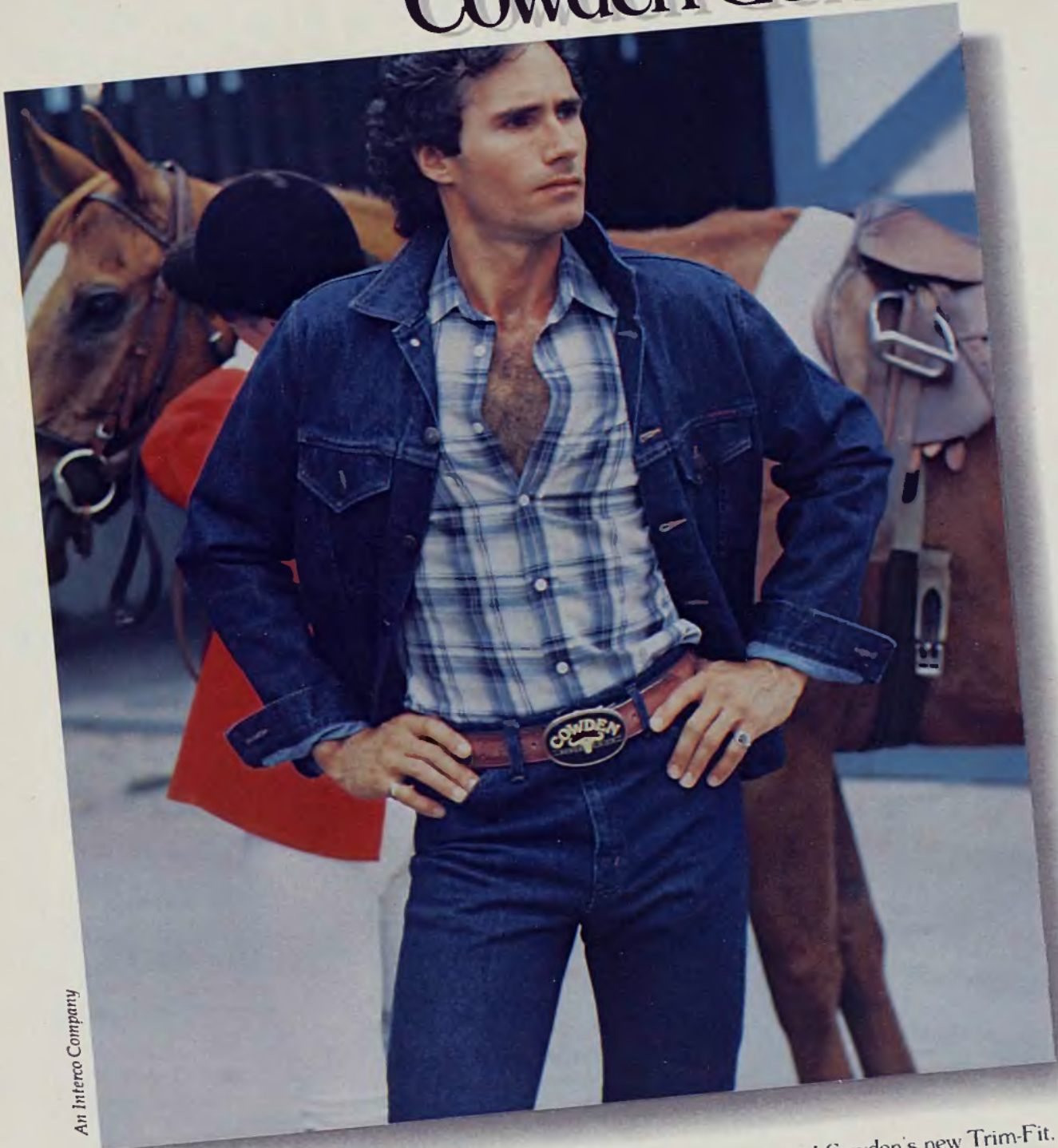
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# ACTIVE



YOU NO DOUBT already have jeans. And we'd never think of telling you not to wear them for active or casual occasions—especially when it's taken you ages to wear them in just right. But now weekendwear is going well beyond jeans and polo shirts to a dressier feeling. There's a double dose of good news in that. First, you don't have to sacrifice comfort. While the new looks are a bit more tailored than in the recent past, they're roomy and amply cut. And second, they offer a crisper feel—a touch of elegance for your casual wardrobe.

This season, there's an added touch of convertibility in both form and function. There are lots of tops with zip-off sleeves and pop-off hoods, many reversible shorts that go easily from beach to barbecue. Then there are drawstring pants that are perfect for play but, with a cotton sweater or a light jacket, are easily dressed up and ready to go.

So this is what they mean by the dog days of summer. Comfortable clothing is in order. Above, the first fellow is wearing a cotton zip-front vest with drawstring hood, by Boston Traders, \$39; a reversible cotton T-shirt, from Calvin Klein, \$18; and cotton corded-chambray pants with drawstring waist, by Bleachers, \$37.50. Going toward the dog is a cotton paplin jacket with zip-off sleeves, by Facannable, \$300. It's worn over a cotton crew-neck sweater, by Kenneth Gordon, New Orleans, \$55; a cotton madras buttondown shirt, by Boston Traders, \$24; and cotton pinstripe pants with elastic waist, by Bleachers, \$37.50.

Cutting the mustard (right) is a denim jacket with a fleece hood, by Gene Pressman & Lance Karesh for BASCO, \$105; a striped cotton shirt with solid collar, by Bleachers, \$30; and shorts with drawstring waist, from Sahara Club, \$20.







The word active describes more than just the intended function of these clothes. Actually, if you just want to sit around and be passive in them, we'll never tell. There is, though, a very active feel to a lot of the fabrics—a breathability and a durability that should keep these outfits in shape and style for some time to come. And so, with the rules of casual dress having changed dramatically, we offer some nonuniforms for the new sporting life. Clockwise from top left: A linen mesh boat-neck, from British Khaki by Robert Lighton, \$68; a cotton shirt, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, \$27.50; cotton pleated walk shorts, by Merona Sport, \$39.

The next scene features a cotton boat-neck sweater (complete with boats), by Robert Stock, \$130; a cotton/polyester sport shirt, by Jantzen, \$24; and cotton reversible shorts, by Robert Stock, \$35. Then there's a bleached cotton vest, by Konstantin, \$24; worn over a boldly striped cotton crew-neck, by Puritan, \$28.50; a combed-cotton shirt, by Jockey Intl., \$22; cotton canvas pull-on pants, by Henry Grethel, \$42.50.

Next, the umpire strikes back in a cotton jersey with a baseball collar, by Next Bi Ebe, \$34; a cotton T-shirt, from Work Out Wear by Jockey Intl., \$8; and cotton knit pull-on pants, by Greenline, \$28. At bat, a ramie/cotton knit regimental-stripe modified boat-neck, by Merona Sport, \$52; a cotton/polyester sport shirt with twill taping, by Jontzen, \$28; cotton knit sweat pants with elastic waistband and cuffs, by Jockey Intl., \$28.

Sliding in very safely is a cotton jersey komikaze shirt (perhaps he should have slid head-first), by YSL Sport, \$34; a striped cotton sport shirt, \$28, and cotton knit pants with elastic waistband and drawstring, \$39, both by Boston Troders.











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# KING OF THE HILL

*daniel j. travanti on fashion, fitness and females*

WHEN THE SHOOTING was over, Frank Furillo took off his three-piece gray suit and white shirt and black tie and once again, for a few short hours, became Dan Travanti. It was 9:30 P.M. on a workday that had begun 14 hours earlier. He put on a tan T-shirt and khaki running shorts and zipped out to his silver-blue Mercedes two-seater to leave the stars of Hollywood Boulevard for his home in Santa Monica.

The ample breasts that awaited him were soft and succulent. After such a long day, when a man needed them most, there they were, ready for the taking. "God," Travanti whispered, touching them tenderly, "they're good enough to eat."

"You see," he said, lifting the hot pot, "when you cook a chicken, always cook it breast down. Much juicier that way."

He smirked, ripped off a piece of white meat and savored it slowly. "Mmmm," he said. "This baby, she's a good one."

For Daniel J. Travanti, star of *Hill Street Blues*, it was just another one of those wild showbiz nights. After he finished with the chicken he'd started cooking that morning, he went up to his study and wrote some checks to pay some bills. Then he jumped onto his stationary bike to do ten tough miles. Somewhere out there in the Hollywood hills, there were parties going on, where people drank and did drugs and talked about taking meetings. But that's not Travanti's style. He'd rather spend what was left of the night with an old friend—his bike.

"The bike helped save my life," he says, breaking into a slight sweat. "During the idle days of my career, I'd just get on the

bike and ride and dream. That's when I started taking care of myself. I had coasted for a long time. I'd smoked and drunk way too much. I was on the way out. In big trouble. See, I'm the kind of guy who can't sit still. People don't know that about me when they watch Furillo. But I'm acting. That guy's very self-contained, and I'm not. It was six years ago that I started channeling my energy, six years ago that I

stopped feeling sorry for myself and started going to the gym. And look at me now."

He is a solid sight—much bigger than he appears on the screen, even in the bedroom scenes. At 6'1", 190 pounds, his weight is almost all muscle. A former football player, he has the shoulders of a linebacker, the thighs of a wide receiver. And a stomach like a rock. He pounds it a lot,

proudly. The only signs of his 43 years are a few wiry gray hairs. He doesn't worry about them, though. He has plenty of other things to keep him busy now—his exercising, his cooking ("Make sure the skin is off the chicken"), his gardening (the roses he planted should be in fullest bloom soon) and the reading and writing of short stories (John Cheever is a favorite).

His house is very comfortable, though modest by Hollywood standards. It's a simple two-story built in 1926, in a residential section of Santa Monica, a mile and a half from the beach. The oak floors are highly polished. The furniture is mostly modern—polished cottons, leather and chrome—mixed with some English and Irish antiques. Upstairs, at one end of the almost all-white bedroom, the one with the fully mirrored wall, are two walk-in closets. He's a bit of a clotheshorse, this Travanti. There are 42 pairs of shoes lined up next to the European-style sports jackets that Frank Furillo would never wear. A tan Armani bomber jacket hangs next to a navy *Hill Street Blues* satin one.

The TV in the study is topped by two Emmys facing a Golden Globe award. The Emmys are



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW SU AND PLAYBOY GUIDE COVER: PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARCO GLAVIANO/STYLING BY FRANCIE MDDRE HIS CLOTHES FROM BOSTON TRADERS/HER CLOTHES FROM THEODORE, BEVERLY HILLS



# PLAYBOY GUIDE

just as heavy as everyone makes them out to be. And around the corner from the stationary bike is a wall of framed press clips, awards and photographs. One of them is a shot from the show—an over-the-shoulder photo of Travanti with co-star Veronica Hamel. She is holding his head and staring into his eyes. The inscription, written in black felt-tip pen, reads, TO DANIEL, MY DREAM MAN. WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET. LOVE YOU, VERONICA.

Are the two of them really a hot item offscreen as well? Maybe. Maybe not. But the fact that folks would even speculate on it shows that Daniel J. Travanti has come

master's degree in English literature at Loyola Marymount University, while doing some part-time acting to keep the money coming in. By 1979, he made it back to television, this time with a steady role in *General Hospital*.

In early 1980, Travanti was one of more than 50 actors to audition for the part of Captain Furillo in the *Hill Street* pilot. The producers had never heard of him, but they liked him and kept calling him back. They had a gut feeling that he was right for the character.

The script of that pilot (then called *Hill Street Station*) sits bound in Travanti's

mulated some very nice clothes. I figured out it had to do with self-worth. Clothes should be fun, though. I never wanted to take any of it too seriously. Clothes were materialism. I thought I really didn't like that, but maybe I did. Maybe it was Freudian. Now I go on binges. I'm compulsive. In two weeks, I bought 16 pairs of shoes. All at a discount, mind you. See these? Arnaldo Marcella, \$225. I got 'em for \$60. I just hate to buy retail. I guess it's the Italian peasant kid in me. I have very basic values."

Travanti is finally finding his sense of personal style. Influenced by Hamel, who wears black, white, gray or beige almost exclusively, he says he's given up the screaming yellows and reds. "But I keep them," he says. "I figure maybe there's a time when they'll come back and Veronica won't sneer at me."

Although Hamel admits to trying to influence him—either with sneers or with gifts—it doesn't always work. One Christmas, she bought him a fancy scarf. Beige. He exchanged it for a burgundy one.

"Dan looks wonderful in colors," she laughs. "But you don't have to wear five at once. I kid him about that. Look, fashion is intimidating to certain men unless someone tells them what's right. And designers aren't the ones who should tell a man what's right. I told that to Daniel. If you feel awkward, if you're not comfortable in it, it doesn't matter who made it. Forget it. You wear the clothes. They can't wear you."

Travanti makes sure that what he wears fits him well. He's in incredible shape. He's always moving. If he's not on his bike or at the gym, he's running up the steps. Or parking at the far end of the lot at the supermarket and walking briskly to the door.

He sees everything he does as exercise. His shooting schedule for the show makes it hard for him to keep a rigid regimen, and he likes it that way. He tries to make the most efficient use of the time he has without being a fanatic about it. He works on his arms and legs and does lots of special sit-ups to keep his middle tight.

"I dread getting these," he says, grabbing imaginary love handles. "I'm just too vain, but I don't kill myself. I see guys on their programs and they're so determined to get all of it in every day. I don't need that. I already have enough tension. Exercise is my way of unwinding. It should be fun, not work."

Some people would call Travanti a fanatic about his diet. His palms are a strange shade of yellow-orange from eating so many carrots. He pops vitamins the way some men pop Tic Tacs.

"Did you read the new thing," he asks, "about carrots (concluded on page 171)



a long way. He's a man who had a bad bout with drinking some ten years ago. The recovery was slow but sure. A once tough street kid, Travanti knew he could beat this thing.

He is from Kenosha, Wisconsin, which until recently was famous only as the home of Jockey underwear. His father was an auto worker, his mother a housewife. He was the youngest of five kids. A straight-A student and a football star in high school, he went on to the University of Wisconsin, from which he graduated Phi Beta Kappa, then to Yale School of Drama on a fellowship. But soon he dropped out to enlist in the Army; afterward, he started working. He played some small parts on TV—in *East Side, West Side, Route 66, Kojak*. After a try at regional theater, he went back and got a

study. What would be his first appearance came on page seven, after roll call. The character is described briefly: "Captain Francis 'Frank' Furillo, late 30s, a 15-year veteran of the force whose natural good looks betray too many symptoms of overwork. In keeping with the division's policy of image, his suit is conservative three-piece."

Travanti laughs at that now. "I'm sure people watch the show and think that I'm really like that guy Furillo," he says, "three-piece suits and all. It's funny, I never owned a three-piece suit. I was used to running around in shorts and tank tops and T-shirts. And very bright colors. That's what I wore to work. And Veronica would just sneer at me. She said my clothes were silly. I started to think about that, and in the past six months, I've accu-





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# FLASH

*news, views and something  
about shoes*

## WHY A BIKINI IS CALLED A BIKINI

The skimpy two-piece swimsuit was introduced in Paris in 1946, the same time a series of atomic tests began at Bikini atoll in the Pacific. The thought was that the bombs and the swimsuit caused similar shock waves. Later, the same name was adopted for men's briefs. The fashion world can only be grateful to the warmongers that the testing wasn't started at Eniwetok.



## THE END OF CIVILIZATION AS WE KNOW IT

It started with a pair of tennis shoes. The president of one of the big athletic-shoe companies was playing a big match one day and went to tie his shoes, and—pop!—the laces broke. He went to his research-and-development people to find out if there was something more reliable than laces to fasten shoes. Velcro straps, they told him, would be more durable and would adjust to the pressure points of the foot for better fit. And now, look—everybody's doing it. Pictured here are Velcro models from (left to right) Patrick, Adidas, Converse, Nike, Puma and Pony. We even found a ritzy nursery school in New York that won't accept kids unless they wear Velcro shoes. This way, the teachers can spend more of their time on more important things—like teaching the kids how to read digital watches.

LAURIE RUBIN



ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

## THE FIRST MR. T MAKE-OVER: BE THERE!

Hey, chump. Listen up! People sayin', "Mr. T, you been to the White House. Nancy Reagan sat on your lap. You're the main man, Mr. T." And they're right. Everybody loves Mr. T. Little kids. Old folks. So now Mr. T's gonna run for office. Maybe President. Maybe somethin' bigger. That means Mr. T needs a new look. These chains been doin' nothin' but weighin' down my neck anyway. You hear what I'm sayin'? I need to dress for success. Nice suit. Shirt and tie. Let my hair grow. Shave my face. Look like Gary Coleman all grown up.

## WHY MEN ARE DIFFERENT FROM WOMEN

Ever wonder why men's coats, jackets and shirts button left over right while women's button right over left? God knows we've spent many sleepless nights pondering that thorny question.

Well, you can finally rest easy. Here's the answer. Make that answers. The first explanation dates back to the 13th Century, when women who had the big bucks





## PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL BEST-DRESSED LIST

were generally dressed by right-handed maids, who preferred buttoning right over left. Real men didn't use maids and buttoned themselves, left over right.

Another theory dates to the Middle Ages. It was thought that men who fastened right over left were putting themselves in great jeopardy when they drew their swords, worn on the left. There was concern over getting one's cuff tangled in the front closure of the garment.

Yet a third explanation is that the custom was started by the famous English tailor Joshua French, who had lost a hand in battle and could button only left over right. Some say that French, a real trend-setter, also came up with a way to keep his empty shirt sleeve from flapping in the wind: French folded it over and fastened it with a stapler. It was a look that caught on all over Europe, bearing, of course, the name of its originator. It became known as the French cuff.

### THERE'S ONE FEWER USE FOR THE BIBLE

In England, where it began, The British Filofax System is simply called The Book. Available in exotic skins and leather, it has 200 varieties of paper inserts—making it a datebook, a diary, a graph-book, a ledger. And it comes with tradition. More than 60 years old, the Filofax served as the datebook for the British Climbing Expedition's conquest of Mount Everest. And during the D-day landings on Normandy, The Book saved the life of a young Army captain when its thickness and sturdiness stopped a bullet from hitting his heart. This life-support system is available at Saks Fifth Avenue and Bloomingdale's. It costs \$150 or more, depending on cover and inserts chosen. Sure, it's expensive; but look at all the money you'll save on flak vests.



LAURIE RUBIN

It's not what you wear, it's how you wear it. That's why we don't look so much for fashion punch as for men who are personal-style knockouts. In previous

years, our *Fashion Guide* touts have included everyone from Cary Grant to Gerry Cooney. Here are this year's top contenders.



**Dave Winfield.** Off the field, elegance is his long suit. He takes a great deal of pride in his custom-made clothes. He's a man who was made for pinstripes.



**Johnny Carson.** He looks great in a tux, and his choice of suits and sports jackets is certainly no laughing matter. His appearance is always cool. How cool is it? . . .



**Michael Jackson.** His sense of style goes a lot deeper than what you see on the music videos. He's the epitome of dash and flair—even before the nose job.



**Pat Riley.** His is the antithesis of the sloppy-jock look. Whether he's screaming at a ref or out on Tinseltown, the Lakers' head coach has all the right moves.



**Louis Rukeyser.** He proves that the Wall Street look can be anything but boring. Bucking a conservative image, he's very bullish on style. A rather rakish raconteur.



**Paul Newman.** When you can look fantastic stepping out of a gritty race car, you have something special going for you. His ace (besides the baby blues) is casual elegance.



**John Glenn.** We'll avoid telling you that he wears the right stuff. While his crisp, clean lines may not make him President, they top our dress-for-success poll.



**Kevin Kline.** He looks super in a suit and just as good when he throws together something totally funky for offbeat casual wear. Don't you just hate guys like that?



**Peter Jennings.** One good look will tell you that a committee of TV image makers didn't put him together. His style comes naturally, with a sense of foreign intrigue.



**Mark Harmon.** This former college quarterback is now the sex symbol of NBC's *St. Elsewhere*. When he's out of his scrubs, he sets the tone for the California casual look.



# The Baron



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It pays to be in his shoes.



## HOW TO DO ALMOST EVERYTHING

*from narrowing your ties to saving your skin,*

*here's what you need to know*

### TIED AND TRUE

When you're choosing a suitable tie to go with your suit, its width is just as important as its pattern and color. So how do you know if it's the proper width? Simple: Hold it up to your jacket lapel. The widest part of the tie should be about the same width as the lapel at its widest point. Consider also the button placement on your jacket. A jacket with a low button stance dictates a wider tie.

### EXERCISING YOUR OPTIONS

Is heavy exercise wearing out your skin? We have some tips for smoother workouts.

- Shave *after* exercise, not before. Perspiration can irritate clean-shaven skin.

- Use fragrance products and moisturizers after exercise as well—and always on clean skin.

- After showering, wait a few minutes before applying powder or an antiperspirant to allow skin to dry completely.

- If acne's a problem, be sure to cleanse skin more frequently. Some dermatologists believe the salt from perspiration can aggravate acne.

### HOW TO DRESS FOR SUMMER SPORTS

If you're a dedicated athlete, it'll take more than a little heat to slow you down. But you'll go a lot farther faster if you're properly dressed for the weather.

- Clothing should be loose and lightweight. Don't wear anything that can limit movement or the flow of air.

- Look for absorbent natural fibers, such as cotton.

Loosely woven fabrics allow air to circulate, evaporating moisture and cooling the body.

- Avoid plastic or rubberized materials. Air can't penetrate those nonporous substances, and that inhibits the body's normal cooling process. Even athletic shoes should have uppers made of leather, nylon mesh or some other breathable material.

- Wear light-colored clothing, since it reflects sunlight. Darker colors absorb the sun's rays, making you feel warmer.

- Even though it's hot out, cover up. Exposed skin is susceptible to sunburn.

- Wear a hat to shade you from the sun.

Wet it before going outdoors and you'll stay even cooler.

- If the heat and humidity are extreme—say, the temperature is higher than 80 degrees—save your workout for very early or very late in the day. Exercise conditions are usually better before nine A.M. or after four P.M., provided you're not jogging through rush-hour traffic.

### MIRACLE WORKER

When that special silk tie is hopelessly outdated or stained beyond repair, don't give up. Tiecrafters, Inc., a New York City firm, can work miracles. It specializes in ties alone, and in 31 years of business it has salvaged more than 3,000,000 neckpieces. From cleaning to alterations—narrowing, shortening, lengthening, relining—Tiecrafters can make almost any tie look new. Dry cleaners throughout the country send ties here, and now you can, too.

For orders or information, contact Tiecrafters, Inc., 116 East 27th Street, New York, New York 10016, 212-867-7676. There's a four-tie minimum order. Cleaning, \$2.50 per tie; narrowing, \$6 per tie; and other alteration services, \$5 per tie. Add \$2 for return postage; \$3 for more than nine ties.

### DIAL-A-FORECAST

Want to know how to dress for that meeting in Boston on Tuesday or the conference in L.A. on Thursday? Your TV weatherman, in between Carmen Miranda outfits, isn't likely to give you that info. But a call to the National Weather Service in New York City will. It can give you a five-day forecast for any area




ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEE CSICSKO



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of the United States and same-day weather reports for European cities. From eight to four Monday through Friday, your call will be answered in person. The number is 212-399-5561.

#### HAT CHECK

You saw a snappy fedora in a mail-order catalog, but how do you know what size to order? Not all hats come in small, medium or large, so if you can't try it on, you have to know your proper size. To determine hat size, take a piece of string and wrap it around your forehead. Snip the string where the ends meet and measure it. This is the circumference of your head. Now match it with the hat sizes below. Whenever possible, try the hat on, since styles vary and no two heads are alike—except Richard Nixon's and Henry Kissinger's.

HEAD CIRCUMFERENCE (IN INCHES)	HAT SIZE
21½	6½
21½	6½
21½	7
22¼	7½
22½	7½
23	7½
23½	7½
23½	7½
24¼	7½
24¼	7½
24¼	7½

small  
medium  
large  
X-large  
XX-large

#### TRY THIS WITH A SMALL BOTTLE, IF YOU'D LATHER

Is frequent warm-weather washing drying out your hair? There's an easy solution: Use less shampoo. Split a bottle of your favorite formula in half and dilute with tap water. Then shampoo as usual.

#### TEA FOR TWO

When your face is hot and your skin parched from too much sun, place cool, wet tea bags over your eyelids.

#### THE END

If plastic shoelace tips break before you're ready for a new pair, dip the ends into white glue or a friend's clear nail polish.

#### A FINGER TIP

To give nails a natural gloss without using polish, just rub with small soap shavings.

#### INK-A-DINK-A-DON'T

To remove ballpoint-ink stains from washable fabrics, spray with hair spray, then blot up the spot.

#### TOP BRASS

Want to add some polish to your metal blazer buttons? Clean them with a soft cloth moistened with white vinegar.





# KING OF THE HILL

(continued from page 162)

and vitamin A and how they will prevent anything? They also say the same about broccoli and Brussels sprouts, both of which I love. But they make your skin green. Of course, there's no guarantee with all this. You eat all this healthy food and then you go home and have a heart attack. But that's the cynical side of me. All I know is that I feel great."

And to many female fans of *Hill Street Blues*, he's become one hell of a sex symbol. He had some trouble dealing with that at first. "Hey, I'm a guy who needs a special nose lens," he says. "Sometimes, on profile shots, I obscure Veronica completely. Me, a sex symbol? Come on. I'll be honest with you, though. I may not understand it—but I love it.

"I think it has to do with the show and the character and the women in his life. It makes me nervous sometimes when women come on in real life, because that sex-symbol image is hard to live up to. I don't want to have to. But I can deal with it now the same way I can deal with success. It's a great relief. I finally broke through that barrier of anonymity—I think. I'm not even sure about it from day to day. Fame comes fast, and it can go just as fast. The important thing is to remember who you are. If there's a sex symbol here, it's Furillo. He's the character. And he's not really me. I'm Travanti. Plain and simple. Always was, always will be. And as someone very close to me once said, 'What you see is what you get.'"

## THE OFFICIAL DANIEL J. TRAVANTI LOSE-THE-FITNESS- BLUES SIT-UP

Travanti does this exercise many times a day. He suggests you go easy the first few times you try it. Lie on your back and anchor your feet. Nothing fancy—the bottom of a sofa will do. Don't lie on too hard a surface. Putting a towel underneath you will prevent your rear from getting sore. Now bend your knees and keep your hands folded above your belly. Raise your torso off the floor so you feel tension in your abdominal muscles, *not* in your lower back. An involuntary rippling of those muscles lets you know you've hit it right. Now just stay there. Try to hold it for a count of ten, working up to a count of 20. You should bob back and forth a little but never sit all the way up or go all the way down. If you can hold it to a count of 50, Veronica Hamel will be banging your door down.

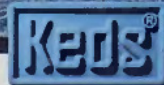


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# CANADIAN MIST



CANADA AT ITS BEST®

LIGHT, SMOOTH, MELLOW.

## BAR SMARTS

(continued from page 89)

chums, is *not* what's meant by the term liquor cabinet. It won't help you win friends and impress people or be much of an asset—whether you're contriving an intimate soiree or hosting an epic lift-off. Time to restock! But *don't* rush out and grab every bottle you can lay your hands on. This is not a numbers game but a matter of common sense and sophistication, based on three principles. The first is quality—not simply palatable liquors but instantly recognizable, deluxe national brands. They're smooth, consistent and reassuring—a signal to guests that they're important. Balance is the second prerequisite. It may seem to be the ultimate generosity to have everyone's favorite spirits on hand, but that's cumbersome—and can become a game of stump the host. What you want is a manageable assortment to handle classic cocktails, trendy favorites and maybe a house specialty. The third, and easily the most crucial, consideration is people—specifically, the tastes and the style preferences of yourself and friends. If you all loathe Chartreuse, for example, why give it cabinet space? Contrarily, if aquavit is big in your circle, why not have two kinds? Regional leanings also come into play when you're planning a home bar. Go heavier on bourbon and Tennessee whiskey in the South; tequila in the Southwest; blended whiskey, rum and Scotch in the East; California brandy in the West and the Midwest; and vodka just about everywhere. Seasonal considerations are also factors. When Christmas comes, you just have to add dark rum and perhaps a bottle of advocaat.

Important as they are, a home bar deserving of the name encompasses more than bottles—a lot more. There's the matter of bar tools and equipment, mixers, modifiers and embellishers, glassware, care and handling, plus other enlightenments that might be summarized as bar smarts. You'll find all the necessary information following.

### PERT APPURTENANCES

Your kitchen can probably provide such items as measuring implements, cutting board, paring knife, citrus juicers, long-handled stirring spoons, bottle opener, can punch and more. Nevertheless, it's preferable to have a separate setup for the bar so that you don't have to raid the pantry every time you fix a drink. A heavy-duty blender and a mechanical ice crusher are almost necessities. Other worthy additions include a well-insulated ice bucket, a 16-ounce shaker with a tight-fitting stainless-steel cap, a 24-ounce mixing glass, a coil-spring bar strainer and a measuring glass marked off in half ounces. Buy the best tools—professional equipment, if available.

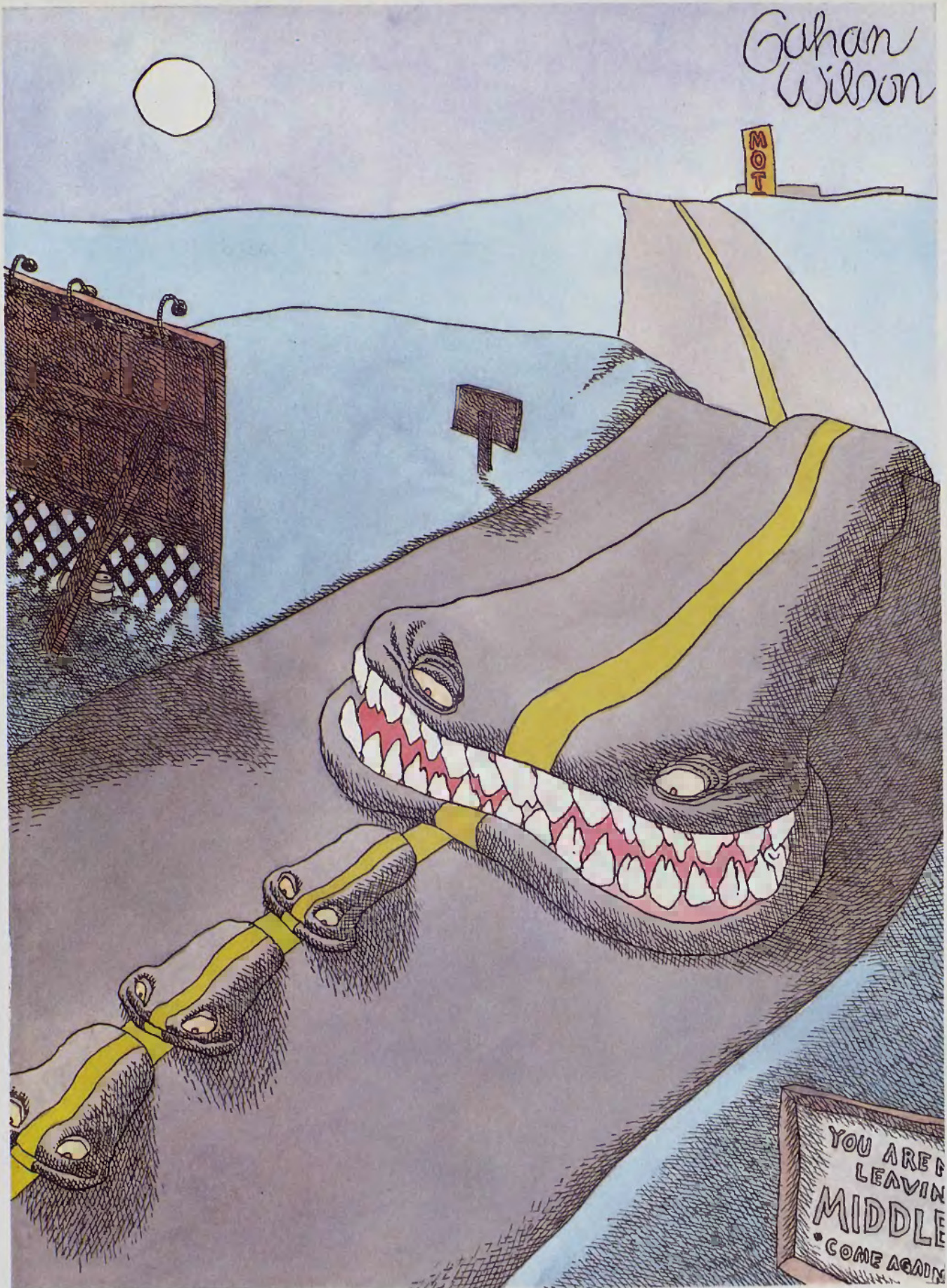
A rolling refrigerator on casters is both functional and luxurious. It ought to have

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an alcohol-proof surface and should be fitted to hold bottles and glassware as well as ice trays. And a crystal syphon, ensconced in a chrome- or silver-plated mesh jacket, is a spiffy touch. Be sure to get spare CO<sub>2</sub> cartridges; a box of ten will last quite a while.

#### GLASS ACT

A drink looks better and tastes better when served in the correct glass. There are as many types of glasses as there are drinks, but a dozen of each of the following will see you through almost any situation: four-ounce stemmed cocktail glasses; six-to-eight-ounce solid, heavy-bottomed old fashioned glasses; eight-to-ten-ounce highball glasses; seven-ounce all-purpose wineglasses. If you do a house specialty that calls for a particular container—say a chimney glass, a saucer champagne glass or an elliptical stemmed shot glass—by all means, add it to the inventory. Choose clear, well-balanced glassware; the cutesy tinted and patterned kind loses its charm quickly.

The inclusion of wineglasses may surprise you, since they are not traditional to a spirits-bar setup. But they're versatile and useful for a variety of drinks: sours, marys, blender drinks, juice-spirit combinations, frappés and after-dinner brandy. They also hold many cocktails more comfortably than the standard widemouthed cocktail glass. Additionally, there's the growing popularity of white wine as a pre-prandial sip, which naturally calls for a wineglass.

Store glassware so the mouth is uncovered, permitting soap or detergent fumes to drift off. Don't stack in columns or invert on a shelf, mouth down.

#### THE BIG CHILL

A resourceful host can rise above any problem except a shortage of ice, so arrange for a supply—or even an over-supply. Ice should be hard-frozen to minimize dilution. After it's been in the freezer awhile, ice picks up food odors; if it's more than a week old, dump it. If the guest list is modest, you can probably accumulate enough cubes from your own freezer. As trays freeze, empty cubes into heavy-plastic bags or doubled brown grocery bags, seal tightly and return to the freezer. For larger affairs, or simply for the convenience, pick up ice from a vending machine or a supermarket. Note the location of the nearest vending machine in the event of a late-night emergency. Machines never close. At the bar, store ice in a well-insulated ice bucket or a container with a tight lid. How much ice will you need? Three cubes per drink should take care of ice for pitcher or shaker and glass—but for ease of mind, make it four. You can never have too much ice.

#### PASSING THE BAR EXAM

You needn't become a repository of bar lore, but there are bits of wisdom that will

impart professional snap to your performance. Rubbing the rim of a liquor bottle with wax paper will minimize dripping. An occasional rub will do it. Drink recipes call for various measurements, but the precise amounts are not always clear. A jigger is one and a half ounces, a pony is one ounce, a tablespoon is a half ounce and a dash is six to eight drops. Add ice to glass first, to avoid splashing. Use large cubes; they melt slower than small cubes and reduce dilution. Add carbonated beverages to a drink last, to prolong effervescence. Stopper mixers immediately when not in use, for the same reason. Don't overpour mixers for guests. They can always add more if they want to. Prepare garnishes in advance, arrange on a flat plate and cover tightly with plastic wrap. They'll hold perfectly in the refrigerator until needed. Spear smaller edible garnishes—olive, onion, cherry—on a pick before placing in a drink. They're easier to handle that way.

#### MIXERS, MODIFIERS, EMBELLISHERS

The standard mixers include club soda from a bottle or a syphon, tonic water, ginger ale, ginger beer, citrus juices, cola, lemon-lime sodas, diet soda, possibly prepared collins or sour mixers. You'll also want tomato juice or V-8 for bloody marys, bouillon for bullshots and uncarbonated mineral water (*sin gas*) for the antibubble faction.

Cranberry-juice cocktail, lemonade, pineapple juice and apple juice—though familiar—are often overlooked. They blend most agreeably with spirits and

deserve to be used more. Something unusual—tropical nectars such as guava or soursop, or white-Catawba-grape juice, for example—can make an intriguing difference in a drink, but don't serve them to anyone without advance notice.

An apt modifier or flavor accent will also add distinction to a drink. Every bar has Angostura bitters, grenadine, sweetened lime juice, Tabasco, Worcestershire or A.1. sauce and perhaps rock-candy syrup and a frothing agent. But the more restrained Peychaud's bitters are a subtle change from Angostura; orange bitters brighten gin drinks; orgeat, Falernum or passion-fruit syrup lends a mystic note to tropical coolers. If you're experimental, try *myrtille*, coconut and black-currant syrups. The *myrtille*, or bilberry, is akin to the blueberry.

Garnishes are modest embellishments, not necessities—but discreetly handled, they add grace notes to your drinks. Beyond lemons, limes and oranges, there are pitted morello cherries for manhattans, preserved clementines or calamondins in liqueur for sours, pineapple sticks in syrup for old fashioned, tiny baby corn for bourbon on rocks, pickled button mushrooms—rinsed—in martinis. Invent your own combinations. One request, please: no vanda orchids, gardenias, little parasols or other such garish touches. That's for tour groups.

#### PARTY ARITHMETIC, PARTY GEOGRAPHY

There's no way to calculate the precise quantity of liquor you'll need for an event. Party professionals, such as caterers,



*"I knew it would come to this. Now we've got to send them a video tape of us screwing."*



figure on a 750-milliliter bottle for every four people, with 40 people consuming ten bottles. That's based on an assumed *average* consumption of four drinks per person and one and a half ounces of liquor per pop. Any experienced host will tell you that's cutting it pretty fine.

To be safe, allowing for spillage and the inevitable heavy hitters, increase the caterer's rule of thumb substantially—more like 15 bottles for every 40 people. The

more generous allowance also permits a greater diversity of types. Then you can consider anything that remains a head start on your next happening. By the way, be sure to ask your liquor merchant about a case discount if you buy that much. It's customary, except in state stores.

Does it make a difference where you set up the bar? It sure does! If you can, keep the bar outside the main room and apart from the food—to encourage circulation

and socialization among guests. This arrangement also provides an excuse to walk away from a bore—presumably to fetch a fresh drink or munch.

#### CARE AND HANDLING

Spirits are much hardier than wines, the higher alcohol content acting as protection. Nevertheless, there are practices that will extend the time your stock remains in prime condition. Unlike wines, spirits should be stored upright. If bottles are laid down, exposure to the alcohol may cause their closures to deteriorate. Keep bottles away from sources of heat such as radiators.

After opening, spirits should be securely capped when not in use. Unless they're poured frequently, transfer fine cognacs, Armagnacs and fruit brandies to smaller containers when the original is half depleted. It will help preserve some of the delicate sensory qualities. With exceptions, liqueurs are not as sturdy as other spirits. Color can fade and flavor decline in some liqueurs when they're exposed to sunlight, heat or air for prolonged periods. Smaller sizes—375 or 500 milliliters—are often wiser purchases, even if they're a bit costlier ounce for ounce. Low-proof liqueurs, such as *crème de cassis* or the new cream liqueurs, should be stored in the refrigerator after they've been opened. Even unopened, their shelf life is limited compared with those of spirits and stronger liqueurs.

A complete inventory of all your liquor can be a timesaver and useful when planning parties or new purchases. And a Lazy Susan inside your liquor cabinet, holding the most popular items, will make them easy to reach.

#### COMES THE DAWN

Sensible citizens know their capacity and handle the grog deftly. But once in a while, someone miscalculates. How do you spell relief? Here are remedies for the morning-after blahs that have staunch adherents: half a shot of tamarind syrup in a glass of club soda; ½ oz. Angostura bitters over ice, lemon twist, 4 ozs. water; equal parts of Fernet Branca and cognac downed in one gulp; prairie-oyster cocktail: yolk of 1 egg, teaspoon tomato catsup, teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, teaspoon lemon juice, sprinkle of pepper also downed in one gulp (do not break the yolk); Savoy corpse reviver: one third brandy, one third Fernet Branca, one third white *crème de menthe*—shake and strain into cocktail glass; black velvet: equal parts champagne and stout, very cold.

Then there's the bartender who received a two-a.m. phone call from a doctor patron with a big head and a mouth full of feathers. What to do? In his most clinical tones, the barman advised, "Take two ounces of Scotch and call me in the morning."

## THE CONNOISSEUR'S LIQUOR CABINET

Here are the ingredients for a working bar capable of handling all reasonable requests—and some that are unreasonable. Flexibility is a consideration, so that substitutions can be made when necessary. Tip: It's good practice to lay in a backup bottle when one in stock is half depleted.

**Aperitif:** Dry sherry or Campari; both make excellent appetite stimulators.

**Bourbon:** One bottle of 86, 90 or 101 proof for splashing over rocks or in highballs; one bottle of 80 proof, primarily for bourbon sours, manhattans and other mixed drinks.

**Brandy:** V.S.O.P. cognac; all-purpose, midway between three-star and Napoleon in quality.

**California brandy:** Light, fruity—good in mixed drinks and on the rocks.

**Gin:** Domestic for gin and tonics and other mixed drinks; imported for sipping neat and cold from the freezer.

**Liqueurs:** Vast range of flavors, but amaretto, chocolate, coffee, cream, peppermint schnapps and triple sec (orange) will cover you against most contingencies.

**Rum:** Virtually all the white rums from Puerto Rico or the Virgin Islands are acceptable.

**Scotch:** A good premium blend.

**Tequila:** White or claro, for margarita and sunrise cocktails.

**Vermouth:** You'll want a white (dry) for martinis and a red (sweet) for manhattans, *negrónis* and such. Buy the half-bottle size unless you pour vermouth as an aperitif.

**Vodka:** Two types—a domestic for mixing and an import for downing neat from the freezer.

**Whiskey blends:** An American or a premium Canadian.

#### OPULENT ADDITIONS

Lavish supplements to gratify the most luxurious or curious palates.

**Applejack:** Straight, 100-proof American apple brandy, a prime ingredient in the Jack Rose cocktail.

**Aquavit:** From any of the Scandinavian countries. Most are tanged with caraway, but there's also a dill-scented aquavit—*Jubilaeums*—worth seeking out.

**Brandy:** Armagnac—an aged vintage one if available.

**Eaux de vie:** *Poire*, *framboise*, kirsch and mirabelle—pear, raspberry, cherry and plum, respectively—are the most esteemed. If you go in for oddities, try *houx*—distilled from holly berries, of all things.

**Irish whiskey:** Today's Irish whiskey is light and smooth. It's agreeable over the rocks or in mixed drinks.

**Liqueurs:** A clutch of distinctive examples that illustrate the broad range of liqueur flavors; all are proprietaries, made to secret formulas: Grand Marnier or Cointreau, Drambuie, Southern Comfort, B & B, Strega and Frangelico are a good beginning.

**Pernod or Ricard:** Intense anise flavor. What Parisian *boulevardiers* enjoy at outdoor cafés along the Champs Élysées.

**Rum:** A dark rum from Jamaica or Martinique for punches, nogs and tropical drinks.

**Scotch:** Single malt (unblended), to enjoy in a snifter, like cognac, or with a tot of water.

**Unicum:** Classed as a bitters but also used as an after-dinner digestive. Other digestives, such as Fernet Branca and Boonekamp, are out-and-out bitters.





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# THE METHOD

(continued from page 84)

*"Unbeknown to me, unlike running in a straight line, circling the bases means just that."*

dizzily in the batter's box, looking into the stands, checking the field. Did anybody see that shot? The only face I saw besides Gates's was that of the pitcher, Fahey, and he was grinning ear to ear.

"You want to hit some more?" he yelled.

"Fuck, no," I said. "After that? I'm retiring for the day." I just wanted to walk away feeling as good as I felt that moment.

Of course, later, I quizzed Gates as to whether the left fielder could have caught it. "Don't think so," he said. "Looked too high up."

He was trying to be serious, but my delirium was infectious. "Hell," he said,

"if the wall wasn't there, it would have gone at least 400 feet. How much you say you weigh? Shit, man, you're a powerhouse!"

Filming began the next morning and hit me square in the ribs. They were really sore now, and there was going to be no time to rest them. My character in the film, Billy Young (modeled on Al Kaline), had to look bad at the plate in the early sequences. Taking cut after cut and missing only heightened the pain. This is an instance when acting becomes sheer hell. We needed every minute in that stadium, and we couldn't just skip on to another scene and come back. Why? Because we had the grandstands filled with Detroit

fans who had volunteered to come out and be our crowd for not much more than lunch and a chance to watch movie people work. We also knew their lot would dwindle soon because of the heat and the sheer boredom of waiting 25 to 30 minutes between setups.

During those two days, I suffered. I didn't realize I had set another trap for myself. I had insisted that for the final sequence, Billy hit an inside-the-park home run instead of one that went out of the park. That meant the not-so-young Young would have to haul his ass around all the bases at top speed in order to score. Besides not being skilled at running bases, I would now have to go at top speed.

Unbeknown to me, unlike running in a straight line, circling the bases means just that. This "great circle route" requires you to run with your left leg dragging in for speed and your right leg slightly splayed out to keep your balance. Consequently, the muscles in your groin are pulled and stretched in a way they know nothing about.

By the last day, Saturday afternoon and early evening, I was verging on becoming a cripple. Besides the master shots, done from higher up, each section of this sprint from base to base had to be covered again and again in medium and close-up shots—that is, if you wanted to see Young's face and body go through the torment of getting home with the winning run. I was going to have to push through the pain. No Stanislavsky sense memory here; this was the agony and the ecstasy. I moved it.

Having said all this, I should point out that actors have a macabre sense about themselves that the closer they come to death, the better the performance is. The final headfirst (another of my bright ideas) slide was the leap of relief. Home at last. Safe. The end of the journey. The hero's welcome. The completion of the film.

I staggered into the locker room exhausted, unable to turn my upper torso, legs bowed out like a drunken cowboy's. It would take me almost a month to be able to bend over or move quickly without pain.

When I saw the final product, though, damn it, I really looked like a ballplayer! I had satisfied the director, the producer and, mostly, myself. The ballplaying scenes in *Tiger Town* are truly first-rate, something to be proud of. In my mind, the Tigers had really won the pennant and I'd had a terrific time. I think the Detroit team will be pleased by the director's work and my performance; but most of all, there is Gates.

Thanks, Coach. I'll never forget that shot down the left-field line, a boyhood dream come true. And, man, you were right—it was just like cream cheese.



*"We couldn't get a psychiatrist, but perhaps you'd like to talk about your skin. Dr. Perry here is a dermatologist."*







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## FRIGID WOMEN

(continued from page 88)

“When we reached that edge when things got very steamy, I could see her fighting herself.”

nipples' being touched. He wasn't very good at telling me what he liked. He treated it as if it were something disgusting and gross I was doing. I thought, Well, maybe I am not attractive to him. Maybe I should do something. So I went to Bloomingdale's and bought this black nightgown, this very sexy black nightgown, and I washed my hair and took the gown out of the box and put it on in the bathroom, and meanwhile, Rich was in bed, reading. Something on mental disease. Propped up in bed. So I came in kind of nervous, and in order to get into bed I have to crawl over him, because there's no room on my side, and I came walking in, frightened, excited, you know, thinking, This is going to be it. And he looked up at me. He put down the book on mental disease and looked at me, up and down, and said, 'What are you trying to prove?' I was standing there in a see-through black nightgown—a see-through black nightgown!—and I stood there a long time. And in that time, every part of me that had any relation with sexuality completely shut down.”

The person I want is sitting in front of a

rubber female he has taken out of a drawer to show me where this is and that is, and the truth is, I don't know much about female bodies, even though his finger disappears into places that ring a bell.

I am here to ask him why some women don't like sex. He is here because he is Sherwin A. Kaufman, M.D., attending gynecologist, Lenox Hill Hospital, New York City, author of *Sexual Sabotage* and a collaborator on Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan's *The Evaluation of Sexual Disorders*, and he has the look of a man who rarely fails to give satisfaction.

“Well,” he says, “there are a few reasons. Fear of pregnancy, fear of disease, fear of pain, fear of pleasure, fear of being naked, fear of male impotence, fear of not reaching orgasm, fear of reaching orgasm, fear of penetration, fear of sin, fear of looking fat, fear of looking small-breasted, fear of not lubricating, fear of smelling bad, fear of not exciting the male, fear of losing the male's respect, fear of guilt, fear of faking orgasm, fear of being caught, fear of surrender, fear of letting go.”

“Thank you, doctor,” I say.

“You're welcome. This interview, I

must say, has been very pleasurable for me.”

Bob is nice-looking but blocky, and it was almost love at first sight for Lisa, except for the first couple of minutes, when she was afraid he might be a professional athlete, but then it turned out he owned a big advertising agency. “I was screwing around a lot,” says Bob. “I was in a period of not forming any attachments. I was *amazed* that Lisa was so attracted to me. I mean, she is the type of girl that gets a *tremendous* amount of attention.”

“Well, Bob was very sensual,” says Lisa.

“Very animal,” says Bob.

“Very animal,” says Lisa. “*Very* sexy. We moved in together right away. But we had a very stormy first two years. When we made love, I wasn't having orgasms. I was lubricating. I was doing everything. Except I was holding back. I liked sex. I loved Bob. I am the classic case. I think my lovers before just *assumed* I was having orgasms. I was putting on a great show.”

Lisa is tall, bosomy, 28, works in interior design and has been with Bob five years. “She is so totally attractive,” says Bob, who is 38, “the level of envy that my friends feel is just *incredible*.”

“But I couldn't climax,” says Lisa. “Whenever we had sex, it was like my genitals and I were separated. It was like they belonged to another person. My legs felt like wood. It was like a shield closed over my pelvis.”

“It was *very* frustrating,” says Bob.

“When Bob massaged my breasts, it would be like it was happening to another person,” says Lisa. “The times when I'd really start to feel it, whenever it got to the point when I felt it was time to climax, something would happen to me. No man, no hand, *nothing* could get me to climax.”

“I would watch her fighting herself,” says Bob. “When we reached that edge when things got very steamy, I could see her fighting herself, and it was like she wanted *me* to help her fight.”

“So trying to have an orgasm got to be a huge *drama*,” says Lisa. “The more I focused on having an orgasm, the harder it became. I was afraid. I did not trust myself. I could not let myself out. I did not know what was going to happen to me. I thought it might kill me or swallow me up.”

“And as we got closer and closer,” says Bob, “I would get upset that she wouldn't orgasm. I thought it was a rejection of me.”

“And, of course, it was,” says Lisa. “I would lie there afterward completely frustrated while he snored. But I finally got to the point where I said, ‘Why am I doing this to myself?’ There was a lot of rage there, but I didn't realize it. I was a very nice person. I was a very agreeable person, very sweet. Sweet is the word I'm



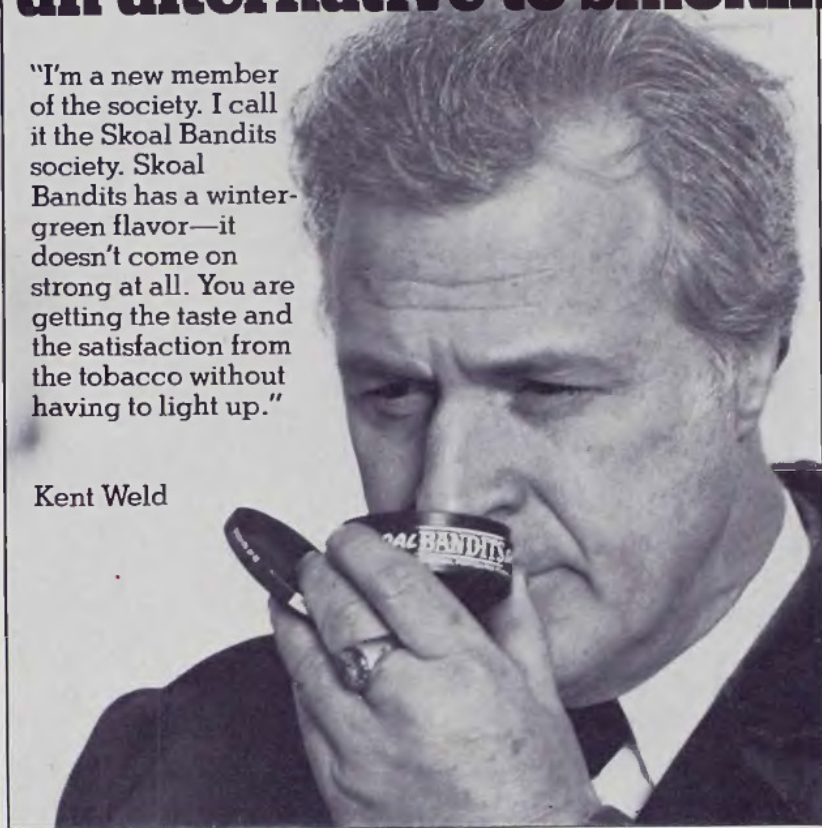
“Are you going to sit there and expect us to believe that eight tiny reindeer ate all this hay?”



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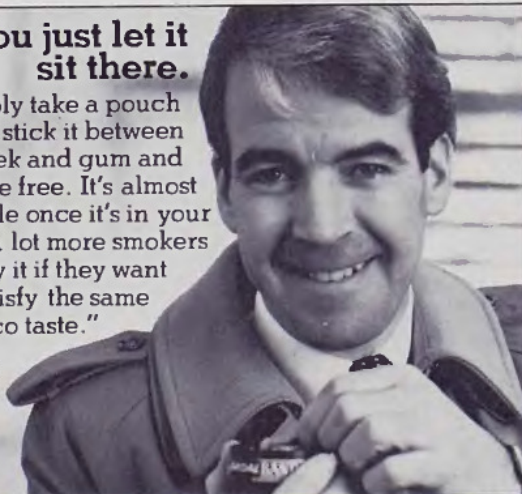
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most often described as. Nice and sweet. And who can orgasm under *those* circumstances? I didn't have what it took to hold up my end. I didn't have any sense of what I was entitled to. I thought, As long as the man comes, *that's* the important thing. That real old-world kind of shit. Well, I had been under the bed long enough already. *It was time to come out.*"

Bob is getting excited and wants to tell the story about how Lisa started going to a class called the Self-Expression Workshop, but I interrupt him. He is a fervent, openhearted man and doesn't need to be asked many questions, but there is something I long to know.

"Have you ever run into this before?" I ask.

"Why, yes," he says. "My ex-wife, right after we divorced, said she'd been faking orgasms for seven years."

Women have two notions, among others: One is that there is nothing better than being cold and having no sex and the other is that life would be a little less loathsome if they had sex all the time. Dominique, the co-owner of the Harmony Theatre, New York City's only legitimate burlesque hall, and a professional photographer and New York State mud-wrestling champion, is wearing jeans and a bed jacket and has a really extremely pretty face and rubs her breasts as she asks me to name her one guy who doesn't want to fuck a broad, and says that's all they want to do—and that she herself was nearly fucked to death and that every guy who looked at her wanted to fuck her and they still want to fuck her, but now that she's 36, she doesn't want to fuck anymore.

So that's why she said, "Fuck this shit,

I don't want to get laid all the time." So I say, Why not? And she says she wants only one guy. She wants a total relationship or nothing, and that's why she stopped fucking; it was too much of a drain on her, it really was a horrible drain, because you go to bed with somebody and then you grow fond of him and then he's not fond of you anymore, because when guys like to fuck you, they get all the fucking that they can get and then they move on to the next one, so she says it's too much for her to deal with; fucking interferes with her work; fucking interferes with her making money and she earns a vast amount of money, and money is what really makes her happy, and she says when guys just fuck the belly off her and then say goodbye, she's a woman and she gets emotional over that.

"So how are things going now?" I ask.

"Well, ever since I stopped fucking and got into making money, I'm very happy," says Dominique.

Bret Lyon, director of the Self-Expression Workshop in Santa Monica, California, guesses that about 70 percent of the women who take the class are having difficulties with sex. One of his students was Lisa. Lyon says she had a lot of tension, and he got her to be more aware of her body.

"She got very sexual in the classes," he says. "She started getting into these wonderful animallike interactions. You see, the main thing I do is get people to accept pleasure. I get them to the point where they can just allow things to come out. We start with subtle movements of the body. Then we work on breathing, involving all the muscles. Then we deal with sound,

allowing whatever sound that wants to come out, to come out. Both men and women usually start with little sounds. Then they build very quickly to a lot of sound and a lot of emotional release. A lot of crying. A lot of laughing. A lot of hysterical laughing. Hysterical laughing happens to be my favorite."

Lyon and I are talking long-distance. I don't know what it is I want from this interview, but I assume that I'm listening to a California nutball and yearn for the icy tones of Nora Harlow to hail down on me. But Lisa says sex therapists were advising her to use a vibrator, and she tried vibrators, and they didn't feel good. And with a psychotherapist, all she would have done was talk about it. "But in Bret's class, I really got to *do* things," she says. "I was *rolling* these guys around on the floor. I was growling at them. We'd be trading sounds back and forth, and I might start hissing or moaning or laughing or screaming or whatever. And these *scenes* would evolve. Fight scenes, love scenes. Coming close and pushing away. So I got to experiment with that. Nowhere else in the world could I have had a chance to experiment like that. I learned to be vulnerable. I learned to be angry. It was scary at first, but it broadened my repertoire of what was possible.

"I went into the workshop with this vision of having the big O. That it was a tremendous feat. That it was like breaking through a brick wall. And it felt like that. But Bret Lyon said, 'No. It is not a brick wall. It is papier-mâché.'"

When women have had enough of either not having sex or having a lot of it, it always ends up being too much or too little, because with sex you can never reach the point of absolute gratification. Just when women think they've had enough, they seldom have. A Manhattan publisher, wealthy, blonde, small, fluffy, has enjoyed more than 1000 men in her time. She once kept track, she says.

So how long did she not have sex? I ask, and she says she can't quite remember, but it was *very* interesting to say to a man, "By the way, I want you to know I don't have sex." So why did she stop? I ask, and she says she was tired of men who weren't worth taking her clothes off for and says she felt that after 600 or 700, why bother? So she didn't have any relations at all? I ask.

"Well, eventually, I hired a masseur," she says.

"And what did he do?"

"He would arrive every afternoon, give me oral sex, I would come, then he would take his money and leave."

"You call that not having sex?"

"He was a big Polish guy."

"Your idea of not having sex is having oral sex with a big Polish masseur?"

"Yes," she says with an amazed glance. "So what? I wasn't going to bed with



"Sorry, warden, he's still got the sniffles. He won't be healthy enough to execute for at least another week."





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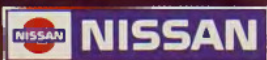
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anybody and taking off my clothes and being disappointed.”

“It was amazing!” cries Bob. “It was incredible! The first really striking thing was how much angrier Lisa started getting at me. It used to be I was a good yeller. I would yell at her and she would run and hide in the bed. And then she started the class and began yelling back at me *twice* as loud. She started to stick up for herself. At first, it really freaked me out. I felt *very* threatened. Very confused. But the side benefits were so high. The sex! She’d yell, and then we’d end up making love like crazy! Then she started being much more explicit about what she wanted. My God! She was totally changed!”

“And the sex became much more exciting to me. Before, she used to want me to lick her and I’d do it, but it was like a chore. It didn’t feel good. I wasn’t attracted. And then she started heating up. I mean, she *literally* became warmer. And I found myself at her all the time. I was *drawn*. The whole area became like a magnet.

“And then she had her first orgasm as I was caressing her—then it happened with my mouth, then with actual intercourse. It was wonderful! I think I was more thrilled than she was.”

“It seemed a lot bigger in his mind,” says Lisa. “After my first orgasm, I wondered what all the fuss had been about.”

“Well, it was very important to me,” says Bob. “I wanted us to have gratification together. I had always felt something was missing. It was like she was holding things back from me. The orgasm was the symbol of it. *Not* orgasming was the symbol of not being fully with me. I used to feel vaguely abusive. I didn’t feel I was abusing her, but somehow she was being abused. I felt bad about it. Then came the orgasm. It was unbelievable. I felt I was a better person. I was able to be good to her in ways I couldn’t be good to her before. In love relationships, we have a real need to be good to each other. And if we can’t fulfill that, if the other person won’t let us be good to her, we can get very upset. So now do you understand why I was so happy? *It was wonderful to feel her so much closer to me.*”

Dr. Ruth Westheimer, the tiny sex therapist who is on *Letterman* and *The Tonight Show* and who is the author of *Dr. Ruth’s Guide to Good Sex* and a consultant at Bellevue Hospital and an adjunct associate professor at New York Hospital-Cornell University and an associate fellow of The New York Academy of Medicine, has a red dress on, a dark, flaming-red color flaring and swishing as she walks across 73rd Street to Jack’s restaurant, where we are going to have a bite. “I’ve never *worn* such a thing,” says Dr. Ruth, laughing gaily. “I put this on for *PLAYBOY*.” Jack’s kitchen is closed because it is only five o’clock, but Dr. Ruth says

she can’t talk about sex on an empty stomach, so the waitress says she’ll see what she can do, and meanwhile, Dr. Ruth has a Perrier and tells me how young I look and I turn up the tape recorder, because this is more or less what I like to hear, and then Dr. Ruth sits forward and bends her mind to the business at hand.

“For me, there is no frigid woman,” she says. “There is a woman who doesn’t want to give herself permission to have an orgasm. In our society, about 30 percent of women have orgasms during intercourse. Another 30 percent have orgasms with masturbation or with their lovers’ touching their clitorises during intercourse. Then there is another 30 percent who have no orgasms or much difficulty having orgasms. Another five percent are so depressed or have some other problem that it is impossible for them to have orgasms. I send them to psychiatrists. Then there’s five percent who can just have erotic thoughts and tighten their thighs and have orgasms.”

“They are having a very good time,” I say.

“That’s right,” says Dr. Ruth. “Now, first, I would like to say loud and clear to the *PLAYBOY* reader that the adage ‘There are no frigid women, only lousy lovers’ is incorrect. That I, Dr. Ruth Westheimer, sex therapist, blah, blah, blah, do not agree with that.”

“No?”

“The best lover in the world cannot give an orgasm to a woman against her wishes. First, she has to learn to give herself an orgasm. Now, that doesn’t mean she has to masturbate the rest of her life. She just has to learn to give herself pleasure. Then she has to take her lover’s hand and just say, ‘This is how it is good.’ Now, women have been trained not to let men know these things. So I would say to the *PLAYBOY* reader, take her out to dinner. Then say to her, ‘Tonight, let’s do something different. Tonight, you are going to show me. Tonight, I don’t even want to have an orgasm. Tonight, all I want is—I am so interested in you and I really like you and I really love you—and tonight all I want is for you to show me where it feels good.’”

“Now, some women are afraid to tell men what they want, because they are frightened of hurting the male ego. I don’t care about the male ego so much. I am not so *concerned* about the male ego. I don’t really think the male ego is so fragile or— Oh! Ah! Ahhhhhhhh!”

A man in a suit has brought out a tray of cheese and raspberries. Behind him stands the young chef.

“Terrific!” cries Dr. Ruth, turning the tray around in front of her. “Where’s the chef? Where’s the chef? I want to give him a hug! [*Holding out her arms*] Come here! Bend down! Bend down! [*Kissing him*] You have saved us! We were starving!”

The young chef is very tall and good-looking and dark red and his hat has been knocked over one eye, and when he goes

back to the kitchen, I ask Dr. Ruth if she thinks women come from birth knowing how to build and destroy the male ego.

“No,” she says.

“Women don’t do it naturally? For protection?”

Dr. Ruth is small but her legs are strong-looking, and she steadily and earnestly swings the left or the right, I don’t remember, when she makes a point.

“No.”

“Did you learn it as a girl?”

She shakes her head. Her leg is shapely, like a majorette’s.

“I can’t talk about me,” she says, smiling. “I’ll tell you why. I was raised in a very conservative Jewish Orthodox home. Before I became a professor and a sex therapist, if you had told me I would sit here with *PLAYBOY* in a red dress, and that the chef would personally prepare something to eat for us, and that I would talk to you in a restaurant about orgasms, I would have said to you, ‘You had better go and have your head examined!’”

She motions me toward the raspberries, but I lavish the whole plate on her, I love her so.

“And then I divorced Rich,” says Nicole, “and met Tom. Tom is a longshoreman. He and I made love more times the first night than Rich and I did the first year. And it was *wonderful*! And Tom has a body! And then I started having orgasms. Oh! I didn’t believe it. Stuff I didn’t even know existed! And what’s more, my ex-husband is living with a seamstress and she *loves* the way he makes love! She hates foreplay. She hates kissing. Just loves to screw. But listen! Tom and I. What’s been happening lately is Tom brings me up to a peak and I start to orgasm and it just goes on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . .”

And so it goes.

Bob says Lisa is much nicer now that she’s not so busy being nice, and that makes me wonder about a little matter, so just before we end the interview, I ask Lisa if she likes fellating Bob.

“Oh, yes!” she says.

“Did you like to before you started having orgasms?” I ask.

“Well, actually, I did it *more* before I became orgasmic.”

“I don’t think it would be real good to print that,” I say.

“I was overcompensating,” says Lisa.

“I don’t think *PLAYBOY* readers are going to love hearing this,” I say.

“But I *did* do it more before.”

“Well, thanks for your time.”

“It’s just personal taste. I still enjoy it.”

“Right. Right. Thanks again.”

“It’s just that now I love to make love *thoroughly*.”





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# VIOLENCE

(continued from page 99)

*"But violence sometimes finds you at the most inconvenient moments, when you don't need it."*

back at him, not knowing what to say.

"What you want?" he said.

"Oh," I said, "you taking my order?"

He smiled. His teeth were incredibly white. "Yeah," he said, "I'm taking your order."

"Four scrambled eggs," I said, "and bacon and any kind of beer in a bottle."

Without even looking, he took a plate off a table a couple of feet away and set it in front of me. Somebody had had scrambled eggs but had not eaten them all. I sat looking at the eggs caught in a thin gauze of congealed lard, wondering what the hell was going on, thinking maybe it was a joke of some sort.

"There's your eggs," he said.

Whatever else it was, I knew it was no joke.

"Not my eggs," I said.

"You ordered eggs, you got eggs. Eat 'm."

Things were suddenly quiet, and for the first time, I looked—really looked—at the other people in the place, mostly men, and realized that every last one of them was an Indian. I didn't know they were Blackfoot Indians, and I didn't know that I was on a Blackfoot reservation. But I did know I was in deep shit.

I said, "I don't know what your problem is, friend. . . ."

"I'm not your friend. Eat the goddamn eggs."

There was a lifting in my heart, an elation. I watched him for a moment. I didn't think *he* meant to do anything. We looked to be about the same size, 160 pounds, six feet tall, but the fucking guy had one leg,

he was on a crutch, so I figured he'd step away from the table and somebody else would take it up, finish it.

"Hey, man," I said, "I been on a motorcycle all day. Does it have to be this way?"

For an answer, he threw his crutch to the side and—as they say in Georgia—reached and took me. The son of a bitch—on that one leg—was like a Pogo stick. Incredible balance and incredibly strong. If I could have got free of him, things might have turned out differently. But I was wearing a heavy denim jacket, and once he got hold of it, he never turned loose, and I couldn't make him. He pogoed me all over the place, his friends moving tables out of the way, and he bounced me off the walls, butting me in the face with a head that felt like a sledge hammer. I could feel the blood running on my face. He had no difficulty with me whatsoever, and when he'd finished, his friends threw me out the front door. I lay out there looking at my motorcycle from ground level, wondering if anything was broken. There was—my nose and a rib. Finally, I got up and went over and leaned on my bike. The cold felt good. The stars in the sky looked brighter and more wondrous than any I'd ever seen. The elation I'd felt earlier at the table, when I knew what was coming down, had turned to euphoria. I was at one with myself and at peace with the world. It was a way I had not been for a long time, and the reason was standing back in the restaurant on one leg and a crutch.

•

Are you plagued with a sourceless anxiety? Do you worry about God and the order of the universe? Or do you worry about the existence of God and whether or not there is order in the universe? Are you unhappy for no apparent reason? Do you obsess over the future of your children?

If the answer to any of the above is yes, *then go out and get your ass kicked*. It is the ultimate refreshment. You will be purified and holy. I give you my word that you will not be plagued by anxiety or worried about God, the universe or your children. Nose-to-nose combat is better than a psychiatrist, is never as humiliating and is not nearly so expensive.

I was on that motorcycle to start with because I'd been out of the Marine Corps for two years, during which time I'd been attending a university. And two years of watching petrified men riding petrified horses had filled me with a sense of doom and a crushing anxiety. So I got on a motorcycle and headed West. That very day, I'd been riding up out of Wyoming, a state filled with God's Wonders, and through Montana, a state so ruggedly and brutally beautiful that to look at it was enough to make me feel my own insignificance in the Grand Scheme of Things.

When I wandered into that Indian restaurant, I still carried a residue of doom and anxiety from the university, and I was sick to death of God's Wonders and the Grand Scheme of Things, and I sure as hell was tired of contemplating my own insignificance. That was the reason I felt elation when I knew I was about to go nose to nose; that was the reason for the euphoria when I leaned, bleeding, against my bike. I had gone in sick and the Indian had cured me. That he had been the better fighter and the superior athlete was of no consequence. Winning or losing has nothing to do with it. The point is to lock up and get back in touch with yourself. Nothing gets you back in touch with yourself like a little of your own blood. A broken nose or a broken rib centers a man emotionally and mentally like nothing else can.

(I hear voices out there whispering, *masochistic, macho, male insecurity*. I can only answer that I do what I need to do to get through the world and also that I will not lose any sleep tonight or any other night because of the voices that have been whispering at my back for as long as I can remember, voices inevitably taking issue with my behavior. Paranoid, you say? If I am, make the most of it.)

But violence sometimes finds you at the most inconvenient moments, moments when you don't need it and can't use it. I can't remember the year, but once, I was assigned to look into the difficulties of Oklahoma preacher Billy James Hargis. The good preacher had allegedly fucked two members of his congregation, a young woman and a young man, whom he subsequently joined in the bonds of holy matrimony. (Hey, don't get your back up; this



*"Sir, may I have the afternoon off to cheat on my wife?"*



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# Newport

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# What's a Rusty Nail?



a) the thing that made Dr. Tetanus famous.



b) a rain of terror.



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

thing is about violence.) And I had a horrible layover in the Dallas-Fort Worth airport. So I went outside and found a taxi.

"Is there a pool hall anywhere near here?" I asked.

"Sure," the driver said. "Thirty, forty minutes."

"Let's do it," I said.

When we got to the pool hall, I found a game with a boy about 25, a Mexican American. Truthfully, though, that he was a Mexican American never occurred to me until three guys came in wearing the Texas state costume: Stetsons, little pointy boots, cowboy shirts and Levi's. They stopped at the table next to ours. I took one look at them and knew they had never been nearer a horse than a John Wayne movie. But they were good-sized boys and holding a lot of mouth. They didn't say a thing to me, but they proceeded to get on my partner's game.

"You wipe the grease off your hand, you'll shoot a better stick," one of them said.

The boy I was shooting with looked up briefly but said nothing. He went on shooting.

"Speak it in spick, Luther," another of them said. "He probably don't understand."

My game was ruined, because I didn't know what might happen next and I had a plane to catch.

"I cain't speak spick," Luther said. "My momma wasn't a whore. Your momma's got to be a whore to speak spick."

As if it had been choreographed, the boy I was shooting with went right over the table and caught the guy just as he said the last word, went right over the table and caught him flush in the face with a cue ball. The guy went down like a sack of wet laundry, but to give him his due, he came right back to his feet, blood pouring out of his mouth and nose. Then the three of them swarmed over the boy and brought him down. He could never get up, and they put the boots to him. I backed away and watched. It wasn't my fight, I told myself. I had a plane to catch, I told myself. But he was taking some really bad leather there on the floor, and the cowboys didn't look as if they meant to stop. I should have stayed out of it, I probably should have, but I touched one of the cowboys on the shoulder and stepped between him and the boy on the floor.

"You've hurt him bad enough," I said. "You're gonna kill him."

I saw the cue stick coming, but I never felt it. The lights went out. When they came back on, the heat was there, the heat I fear most in the world, Texas cops. Guess who went to jail? But you already know, don't you? The cops handcuffed me and the kid. Personally, I had never been fitted to a pair of cuffs like that. To understand how it was done, put your right hand over your right ear. Now slide the hand back and straight down between

your shoulder blades. Put your left hand on your left kidney. Now slide it up between your shoulder blades, where your right hand should be waiting. Even if you're something of a contortionist, it is difficult to do and hurts like hell.

They hustled us out to the waiting car. I was concentrating on not going down, because when your hands are cuffed between your shoulder blades like that, you lose whatever balance you ever might have had. As he was putting me into the back of the car, I don't know whether the cop pushed me or I just fell; but once I was down on the street, I was having a hell of a time getting up with my hands fixed like that. I also don't know whether it was on purpose or by accident, but in helping me up, he managed to step on me about 15 times. I know what I think, but then, I'm prejudiced in the matter.

Once in the back of the car, the kid went nuts. He was yelling and screaming, and I kept trying to quiet him down.

"Shut up, man," I said. "They got us. They got us, man, cool it."

I was mindful of what a writer—Dashiell Hammett, I think—said: "Your civil rights end at the precinct door."

But the kid was having none of it. "I went goddamn it to goddamn Vietnam and fought for this fucking country and I come home to be treated like a goddamn dog."

In the front seat, neither cop turned his head. But one of them, in that marvelous, slow Western voice all of us have come to know and love, said, "Just what we need in Texas, another greaser. Too bad you didn't get killed."

That did nothing to shut the kid up. He was just as wild and crazy when they took him out of the car as when they put him in. After they took us inside, emptied our pockets, took our belts and shoelaces and booked us, they put me in a cell by myself and I never saw the kid again. They let me bail myself out the next morning, but during much of the night, I listened to somebody screaming somewhere down the cell block, screaming as though he were being beaten or in a nightmare. I don't to this day know what was going on. I know what I think, but then, I'm prejudiced in the matter.

Violence, like many other things in this world, comes in various and sundry flavors. Perhaps the bitterest of them has to do with rites of passage, that small period when a boy is supposed to become a man. I don't know a hell of a lot about manhood, wherein it lies or what it's made of. I'll leave that question to better minds than mine—the fem libbers, for instance. They could tell you in a New York minute. But whatever it is, a good part of it seems to be bound up with violence of one kind or another, on football fields, high school and college wrestling mats, karate dojos and—God help us all—the Armed



Don Madden



"Shh!"



Forces that defend this land of ours.

In 1953, when I was 17, my brother was already in Korea, and feeling was fairly high in this country—or at least in south Georgia—that it was our duty to save Korea from communism. It was a good, simple time when young men wanted to go out and kill a gook for democracy. So I went to the nearest post office and found the friendly recruiter.

Later, I was on a train going down to South Carolina with some other recruits. When the train stopped at Port Royal, a whole gang of Marines swarmed into the cars and started pushing us and screaming at the top of their voices about spitting out chewing gum and throwing away cigarettes and standing up straight, all the usual bullshit that we expected, so it didn't bother us very much. We were herded into buses and taken to Parris Island.

One of the guys who had come down on the train with us was a slender, very pale boy with red hair who continuously smiled. Or at least he looked as though he were smiling. I think now that it was just the way his face was made and he couldn't help it. It made him look retarded, which he may have been, but I don't think so.

"You goddamn civilian turd, wipe that smile off your face!" screamed a buck sergeant. He was frothing at the mouth, and his eyes were starting from his head in a web of veins.

The redheaded kid only smiled back at the sergeant and then turned to look out the window of the bus. The D.I. had been screaming about the smile ever since he first saw it on the train. He'd worked himself into such a frenzy that none of us thought it was real. I mean, who's going to

chew his lips until they bleed because of a goddamn smile on somebody else's face? So we weren't prepared for what happened when the bus stopped.

The sergeant jumped off the bus and was waiting when the kid came down the steps. He jerked off his helmet, grabbed the kid by his shirt, spun him once and started beating him over the head. The first time he struck him, his head splattered and blood was all over the kid's face. It didn't seem to concern the sergeant at all. He just kept pounding. The other Marines didn't even watch. They were too busy kicking ass and slapping us and getting us lined up. When we went running off across the drill field, we left the kid lying there, bleeding like a pig. I never saw him again.

They took us to a warehouse, where they made us stand on one foot while they issued us an enormous seabag full of clothing and boots and all manner of other shit that didn't fit. Then they made us strip and put everything we owned into a bag they said would be sent home. Finally, we ran across another field to a barracks and were left in a squad bay, standing at attention. We had not as yet met the men who would see us through Parris Island. But we were about to.

We'd been standing at attention for a long time when three men came screaming through the door. The senior D.I., a staff sergeant, grabbed the recruit next to me and started beating him in the face.

"You goddamn black bastard!" he screamed, spit flying from his lips. (They all slobbered a lot on Parris Island.) "You think I give a shit if you're a nigger? You think I care if you're a black monkey?"

The whole time he was screaming, he was slapping and punching him, screaming, "You think I'm prejudiced because you're a goddamn nigger, don't you? I don't give a shit if your skin is green or blue or black."

He beat the kid all the way around the squad bay and back to the place he'd started. Then he came toward me. That's when I saw how big his wrists were. He had the biggest, most brutal wrists I've ever seen on a human being. They had ropes tattooed around them.

I never saw the hand coming. My head exploded and my right ear rang like a bell tower.

"You degenerate turd, look what you've done!" he screamed at me. "You've pissed on yourself!"

I looked down and, sure enough, old Harry Crews's bladder had got out of control and pissed both britches' legs full. And even though I was made a squad leader in the platoon, I continued to piss on myself occasionally. The drill instructor had great experience with young Marines, though, and he saw that I was a high-strung type and that my defective bladder was the result of nerves and not of cowardice. I still am not so sure of it myself, but that was his opinion.

"In my opinion, Crews, you are a high-strung type and that is why you keep giving water the way you do," he said.

"Sir, yes, sir!" I screamed at the top of my voice. On Parris Island, the first word out of your mouth and the last word out of your mouth has to be sir. You also have to scream at the top of your voice. It means you have balls. That is the theory. *Sound like you got a pair!*

"Don't scream so goddamn loud in here!" he shouted.

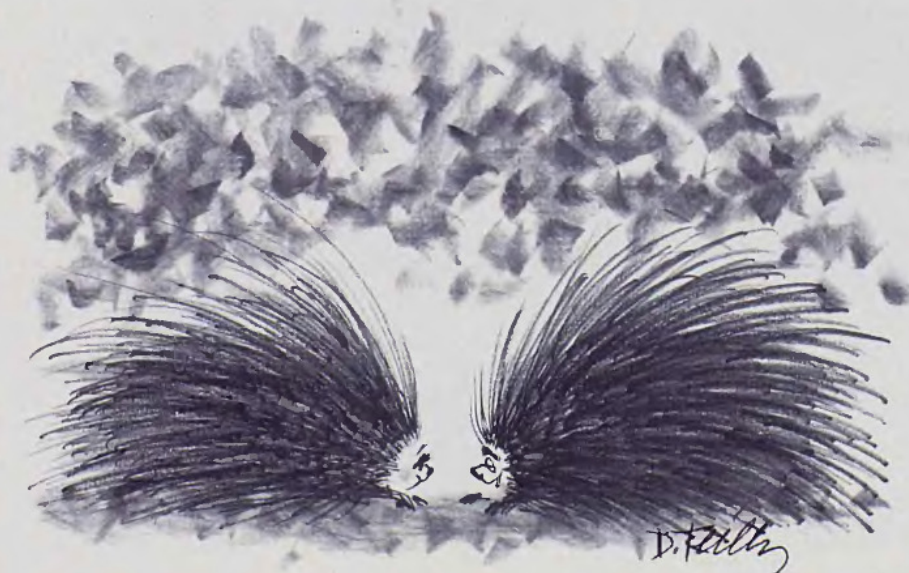
"Sir, no, sir!" I shouted back.

We were in his tiny, airless office, a closetlike room right off the squad bay, where the platoon slept. The rest of the platoon was out on the drill field. I had been out on the drill field, too, five minutes before, but one of the junior drill instructors had sneaked up behind me and slammed me on the side of my head and I'd pissed on myself, and that had embarrassed the hell out of the senior drill instructor, because I was a squad leader and, as such, I was hand-picked by the senior drill instructor, which meant I was supposed to be able to take my beatings and stuff, just like I... like I... well, *like I had a pair*. So when I pissed on myself, the senior drill instructor had screamed and chased me across the drill field here to his steaming little office not to beat me good, as I had thought, but to have an almost fatherly talk with me.

"See," he said, "you're a Marine now."

"Sir, yes, sir!" I screamed.

He'd been leaning on a file cabinet. He came over to stand in front of me. He was no more than a foot from me. "I want to talk to you. Don't say anything else. I've



"Hey—don't change a hair for me—not if you care for me. . . ."





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got a headache anyway. Don't scream anymore."

"Sir, no, sir!" I screamed.

"Goddamn you!"

He hit me right between the eyes with his fist. I went straight back, slammed into the wall and slid down it until I was sitting on the floor. I could hear him above me. His face swam for a moment, and then I could see he was smiling down upon me, his face radiant.

"Crews!" he screamed. "You didn't do it!"

I looked down at myself and waited for my eyes to focus. He was right. I wanted to tell him that I'd seen the lick coming, and that was why I didn't give water. But I couldn't talk. He picked me up and slapped me twice in the face. He stepped back, and we both looked down to check me out. I hadn't. He hugged me. My nose was bleeding. He got some of the blood on the side of his face. He held me so I couldn't fall. He punched me in the jaw and then hit me in the stomach. Still my bladder held.

He was ecstatic. "Goddamn it, I knowed I knowed a Marine when I seen one."

He hugged me again and then beat me for a long time to prove to me that I could take it. Later, when we left the office, he told me I'd gone in there a boy and come out a man. And I believed him. But, of course, now, 30 years later, I don't. I only believe that I got the knack of not pissing on myself. That is a very big thing to get the knack of in the Marine Corps. It has nothing to do with manhood, but it will do until something else comes along.

Violence sometimes comes not from one's own predisposition for it, or from prejudice of one kind or another, or from the misfortune of joining the wrong branch of the Service; rather, it comes from turning a corner one day and walking square into the face of madness.

Right now, I'm holding a scar—an ugly one—under my left arm, about six inches above the elbow. The scar is a little more than two months old. I was sitting on a bench in a little park close to the room I use for writing. I rent the room for no other purpose and, consequently, it has only a desk for my typewriter, a couch and two chairs. There is a tiny bath off it but no kitchen. When I plan to stay the day, I take sandwiches and a semihuge container of whiskey and water and have lunch in the little park.

I was sitting there on the bench, working on a sandwich and sipping the whiskey, when a young man suddenly appeared. I hadn't seen him coming because he had approached from behind me. He was smiling, tanned, neatly dressed, maybe 20 years old.

"You're Harry Crews," he said.

"Guilty," I said.

"I've read your books," he said. "All your books. I really like what you do."

Well, shit, man. I don't get much of

that, and I frankly admit that I need more of it than comes my way. I immediately liked the guy.

"All right if I sit down?" he said.

"Sit," I said.

We talked for a while, and he really had read the books. It was a relaxed and pleasant time. Right in the middle of talking about something in a book, he stopped and said, "How's it feel to be famous?"

"You'd have to ask somebody else about that," I said.

"Oh, you're famous," he said. "I know you."

Well, what the hell, I thought, he's young. "I'm not," I said, "but since you asked the question, I think being famous would just be one long pain in the ass."

He frowned. "But you can't believe that. You've spent your whole life trying to be famous."

He was young, but that was hardly an excuse for such bullshit. I said nothing and opened the whiskey again.

"I smell that whiskey," he said.

"Yep," I said, "whiskey's what you smell."

"Could I have a drink?"

I looked at him. He'd asked for it like a child asking for a piece of candy. The container had a two-cap top. I poured him a drink. He drank it right down and beamed upon me.

"I've had a drink with Harry Crews."

"Yeah, with that and fifty cents you can—"

"You're making fun of me."

"No, I'm not making fun of you. But, tell you what, I got to go back to work."

"I'm boring you."

"No," I said, "just got to get back to it."

The boy was suddenly on his feet, and I saw his hand flash and then felt something under my arm about half as bad as a bee sting. I was wearing a short-sleeved white shirt, and when I looked down, the

whole left side of the shirt, from arm to waist, was full of blood. The boy leaned toward me, his eyes bright, and there crept into his face an expression quite unlike any I'd ever seen before—part idiocy, part triumph. Then he bolted across the park at a dead run. He need not have hurried. I was not about to chase him. Anybody who chases madness deserves what he catches.

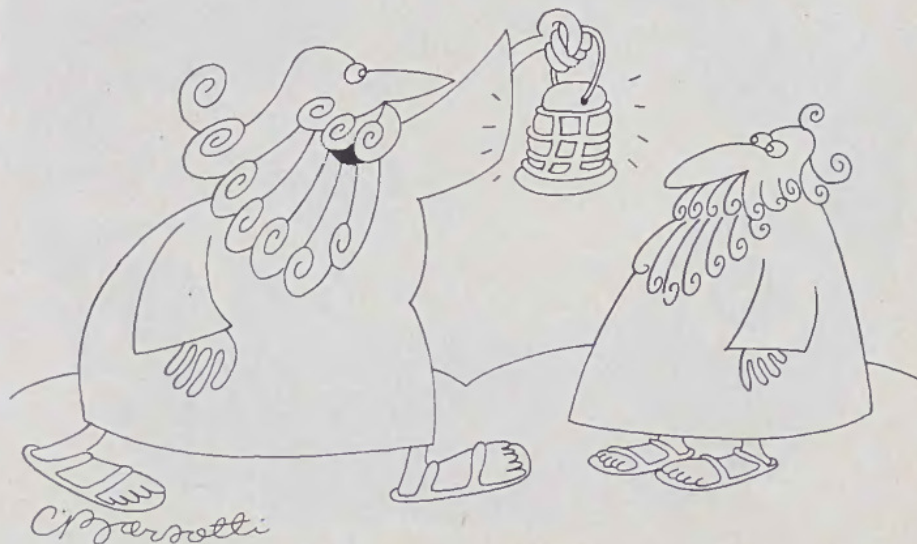
A screwy, inexplicable act, right? Wrong. I think it more common than not. I live in a small town, and there is an incredible amount of shit about my name in the street. It is not unusual for somebody I don't know to walk up to me in a bar and ask me about a story he's heard about something I did, a story of absurdity or violence or drunkenness. Rarely are the stories true, and when I was younger, I used to try to correct them. But not anymore. It's all too boring. I just shrug and let it slide.

The boy in the park that day had bought an illusion without substance. He had conjured a notion about me that had no basis in reality. Nonetheless, the notion was true for him, and he wanted—for whatever reason—to join himself to it, to become part of the illusion. Nothing joins like blood. Wherever he is now, he knows I'm carrying his scar.

Fortunately, my ball of wax is very small. Only a little blood was needed. Had I been more accomplished or more widely known, he might have thought it necessary to kill me, inasmuch as murderer and murdered are joined in an ultimate bond.

But such maimings do not account for the majority of random violence among people, or so I have come to believe. When real human potential is stifled by social circumstance, the result is spilled blood and rent flesh. Examples abound everywhere, but we conveniently do not see them, or else we make something out of them that is not true.

When I was 16 years old, I knew three



"An honest man? No, I'm looking to get laid."



brothers from south Georgia who were legendary for their willingness, their eagerness, to fight. Casts, wired jaws, bandages and sutured wounds were their habitual decorations. The sap was just beginning to rise in me, and I was deeply pleased and honored to find myself in their company one Friday night, the four of us already half in a bag from a Mason jar of moonshine, roaring along a dirt road toward a roadhouse just outside Waycross. We'd been all day in the woods with cross-cut saws and axes, and that night after supper, the oldest brother, named Justin but called Cooter, looked across the table at me and said, "Boy, you want to go with us tonight?"

"Where'bouts you going?" I said. Not that I cared. I was 16, and I desperately wanted to see how it was on the other side of the stories they told and the stories I'd heard about them.

Cooter winked at his brothers and then

said to me, "It may be that we can find some old girl that'll lift a leg for you." I tried to be cool as hell about it, but I was dead on ready, so horny in those days, I could bump into a table and come.

"I wouldn't mind taking a little ride," I said.

Dreaming as I was of lifted legs, I was not prepared for what happened when we walked into the roadhouse. The place was only about as big as a corncrib, furnished with a rough plank bar, scarred tables and ladder-back chairs. Cooter stopped just inside the door and his brothers came up to stand on either side of him. He took off his hat, the same sweat-stained hat he'd worn all day in the woods, and sailed it out into the room.

"There's my hat, you sumbitches," Cooter said in a voice I'd never heard before. "Is anybody in here man enough to step on it?"

Everything went quiet as men looked

up from the beer they were drinking or the Prince Albert cigarettes they were rolling. Finally, a tall boy, big-boned and lanky, got up from his table and walked over to where the hat lay. He looked at the hat for what seemed a very long time, and then he looked at Cooter.

"We gon' see whose ass is the blackest," the lanky boy said and stepped squarely on the hat.

I don't know exactly what happened after that or how long it took. The room seemed to explode. There was a lot of screaming and cursing and chairs flying about. But I awoke in the back seat of Cooter's old Dodge with a terrible pain in my stomach from ruptured blood vessels that would cause my belly to be black for weeks. Cooter had lost a tooth, and one of his brothers had a flap of scalp torn loose that was bloodying the whole inside of the car. The three of them were chuckling and talking, incredibly calm and contained. They had found the release they had been looking for and were now happily returning to the farm they tended together. The next morning, they were back at their axes and saws, cutting pulpwood. I was in bed with a towel full of ice on my stomach, wondering what the hell had happened.

Strange to say, but these men were well thought of in the countryside. They were hard workers and men of their word. If a farmer got hurt and was laid up, they would appear, unasked, to do whatever needed doing.

Why, then, was it their habit to come home, sometimes twice a week, busted up and bloodyed? I understand it imperfectly, but I have come to believe the reasons are centered in the fact that they were locked into social circumstances that resulted in a kind of raging frustration that found its outlet in rank violence. They were men of great native intelligence but no education. They were natural leaders with nobody to lead. And, perhaps worst of all, they were sensitive and perceptive enough to see that they were in a cul-de-sac from which there could never be an escape. They probably would never have admitted, or been able to admit, to any of that, but I've seen too much in my life in too many places not to believe such was the case. In that respect, they were blood brothers to Mexican Americans starving in El Paso and to black Americans in ghettos across the land and—not surprisingly—to men and women from "good" suburban families whose spirits have been smothered by a sea of material things they do not need and cannot use.

I wouldn't want to be caught saying that violence is good, if for no other reason than that Cooter and his brothers went out one night and died in a hail of double-aught buckshot. But violence, for all manner of reasons, finds some of us. I would maintain it doesn't make us bad, it only makes us human.



"Spooning is fun, but how about a little forking?"





# PLAYBOY MUSIC '84

(continued from page 97)

## RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST POP / ROCK LP

1. *Synchronicity* / The Police (A&M)
2. *Thriller* / Michael Jackson (Epic)
3. *Let's Dance* / David Bowie (EMI America)
4. *Pyromania* / Def Leppard (Mercury)
5. *The Wild Heart* / Stevie Nicks (Modern)
6. *Eliminator* / ZZ Top (Warner Bros.)
7. *Frontiers* / Journey (Columbia)
8. *The Principle of Moments* / Robert Plant (Atlantic)
9. *Speaking in Tongues* / Talking Heads (Sire Records)
9. *H<sub>2</sub>O* / Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

1. *Thriller* / Michael Jackson (Epic)
2. *1999* / Prince (Warner Bros.)
3. *Lionel Richie* (Motown)
4. *She Works Hard for the Money* / Donna Summer (Mercury/PolyGram)

5. *Ross* / Diana Ross (RCA)
6. *In Your Eyes* / George Benson (Warner Bros.)
7. *Texas Flood* / Stevie Ray Vaughan and Double Trouble (Epic)
8. *Midnight Love* / Marvin Gaye (Columbia)
9. *Killer on the Rampage* / Eddy Grant (Portrait/Epic)
10. *Jarreau* / Al Jarreau (Warner Bros.)

BEST JAZZ LP

1. *Jarreau* / Al Jarreau (Warner Bros.)
2. *In Your Eyes* / George Benson (Warner Bros.)
3. *Travels* / Pat Metheny Group (ECM/Warner Bros.)
4. *City Kids* / Spyro Gyra (MCA)
5. *Future Shock* / Herbie Hancock (Columbia)
6. *Scenario* / Al DiMeola (Columbia)
7. *The Best Is Yet to Come* / Grover Washington, Jr. (Elektra)
8. *Think of One* / Wynton Marsalis (Columbia)

9. *Procession* / Weather Report (Columbia)
9. *Star People* / Miles Davis (Columbia)

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP

1. *The Closer You Get* / Alabama (RCA)
2. *Poncho & Lefty* / Merle Haggard and Willie Nelson (Epic)
3. *Strong Stuff* / Hank Williams, Jr. (Elektra/Curb)
4. *Highways and Heartaches* / Ricky Skaggs (Epic)
5. *Tougher than Leather* / Willie Nelson (Columbia)
6. *We've Got Tonight* / Kenny Rogers (Liberty)
7. *Greatest Hits* / Kenny Rogers (Liberty)
8. *Keyed Up* / Ronnie Milsap (RCA)
9. *Eyes That See in the Dark* / Kenny Rogers (RCA)
9. *WW II* / Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson (RCA)

## HALL OF FAME

- |                    |                 |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| 1. David Bowie     | 6. Stevie Nicks |
| 2. Michael Jackson | 7. Sting        |
| 3. Billy Joel      | 8. Kenny Rogers |
| 4. Bob Seger       | 9. Jimmy Page   |
| 5. Robert Plant    | 10. Neil Young  |

## BEST MUSICIANS

### POP/ROCK

#### MALE VOCALIST

1. Michael Jackson
2. David Bowie
3. Sting
4. Billy Joel
5. Robert Plant
6. Bob Seger
7. Steve Perry
8. Paul McCartney
9. Daryl Hall
10. Bruce Springsteen

#### FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Stevie Nicks
2. Pat Benatar
3. Olivia Newton-John
4. Sheena Easton
5. Lionel Richie
6. Chrissie Hynde
7. Rickie Lee Jones
8. Joan Jett
9. Martha Davis
10. Ann Wilson

#### COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

1. Billy Joel
2. Daryl Hall & John Oates
3. Michael Jackson
4. Bob Seger
5. David Bowie
6. Stevie Nicks
7. Paul McCartney
8. Peter Townshend
9. Stevie Wonder
10. Bruce Springsteen

#### GROUP

1. Police
2. Daryl Hall & John Oates
3. Journey
4. Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band
5. Who
6. Fleetwood Mac
7. Rolling Stones
8. Pink Floyd
9. Talking Heads
10. Stray Cats

### RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

#### MALE VOCALIST

1. Michael Jackson
2. George Benson
3. Prince
4. Stevie Wonder
5. Eddy Grand
6. B. B. King
7. Ray Charles
8. Marvin Gaye
9. Smokey Robinson
10. Rick James

#### FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Ella Fitzgerald
2. Patti Austin
3. Phoebe Snow
4. Nancy Wilson
5. Lena Horne
6. Angela Bofill
7. Sarah Vaughan

#### FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Donna Summer
2. Diana Ross
3. Aretha Franklin
4. Roberta Flack
5. Chaka Khan
6. Gladys Knight
7. Phyllis Hyman
8. Millie Jackson
9. Linda Clifford
10. Grace Jones

#### COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

1. Lionel Richie, Jr.
2. Michael Jackson
3. Stevie Wonder
4. Prince
5. Smokey Robinson
6. Ray Parker, Jr.
7. Nickolas Ashford-Valerie Simpson
8. James Brown
9. George Clinton
10. Eugene McDaniels

#### GROUP

1. Earth, Wind & Fire
2. Commodores
3. Pointer Sisters
4. Gap Band
5. Kool & the Gang
6. Temptations
7. Gladys Knight and the Pips
8. Isley Brothers
9. Black Uhuru
10. Dazz Band

#### JAZZ

##### MALE VOCALIST

1. Al Jarreau
2. George Benson
3. Lou Rawls
4. Ray Charles
5. Frank Sinatra
6. Mel Tormé
7. Tony Bennett
8. Michael Franks
9. Gil Scott-Heron
10. Moses Allison

##### FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Ella Fitzgerald
2. Patti Austin
3. Phoebe Snow
4. Nancy Wilson
5. Lena Horne
6. Angela Bofill
7. Sarah Vaughan

8. Cleo Laine
9. Flora Purim
9. Della Reese

#### BRASS

1. Chuck Mongione
2. Herb Alpert
3. Miles Davis
4. Doc Severinsen
5. Dizzy Gillespie
6. Maynard Ferguson
7. Wynton Marsalis
8. Randy Brecker
9. Tom Browne
10. Donald Byrd

#### WOODWINDS

1. Grover Washington, Jr.
2. Benny Goodman
3. David Sanborn
4. Sonny Rollins
5. Woody Herman
6. John Klemmer
7. Zoot Sims
8. Ronnie Laws
9. Gerry Mulligan
10. Phil Woods

#### KEYBOARDS

1. Herbie Hancock
2. Chick Corea
3. Dave Brubeck
4. Bob James
5. Keith Jarrett
6. Ramsey Lewis
7. George Duke
8. Oscar Peterson
9. Joe Sample
10. Ahmad Jamal

7. Charlie Byrd
8. Herb Ellis
9. Jim Hall
10. Joe Pass

#### BASS

1. Stanley Clarke
2. Ray Brown
3. Bob Cranshaw
4. Jaco Pastorius
5. Ron Carter
6. Rufus Reid
7. Monk Montgomery
8. Eddie Gomez
9. Art Davis
10. Joe Byrd

#### PERCUSSION

1. Buddy Rich
2. Steve Gadd
3. Billy Cobham
4. Stix Hooper
5. Lenny White
6. Ralph MacDonald
7. Willie Bobo
8. Mongo Santamaria
9. Art Blakey
10. Tony Williams

#### COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

1. Quincy Jones
2. Chuck Mangione
3. Grover Washington, Jr.
4. Herbie Hancock
5. Miles Davis
6. Dave Brubeck
7. Bob James
8. Chick Corea
9. Gil Scott-Heron
10. Stanley Clarke

#### GROUP

1. Manhattan Transfer
2. Spyro Gyra
3. Chuck Mangione
4. Weather Report
5. Ray Charles
6. Herbie Hancock
7. Count Basie
8. Crusaders
9. Buddy Rich
10. Maynard Ferguson

### COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

#### MALE VOCALIST

1. Kenny Rogers
2. Willie Nelson
3. Charlie Daniels

4. Hank Williams, Jr.
5. Ronnie Milsap
6. Eddie Rabbitt
7. Waylon Jennings
8. Johnny Cash
9. Merle Haggard
9. Ricky Skaggs

#### FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Dolly Parton
2. Crystal Gayle
3. Emmylou Harris
4. Barbara Mandrell
5. Sylvia
6. Rita Coolidge
7. Rosanne Cash
8. Janie Fricke
9. Lacy J. Dalton
10. Charly McClain

#### STRING INSTRUMENTALIST

1. Roy Clark
2. Jerry Reed
3. Chet Atkins
4. Ricky Skaggs
5. Ry Cooder
6. Earl Scruggs
7. Doc Watson
8. John Hartford
9. David Grisman
10. Sonny James

#### COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

1. Willie Nelson
2. Dolly Parton
3. Hank Williams, Jr.
4. Waylon Jennings
5. Merle Haggard
6. Tom T. Hall
7. Rodney Crowell
8. Don Williams
9. Rosanne Cash
9. Mel Tillis

#### GROUP

1. Alabama
2. Charlie Daniels Band
3. Oak Ridge Boys
4. Hank Williams, Jr., & the Bama Band
5. Dirt Band
6. Asleep at the Wheel
7. Waylon Jennings & the Wailors
8. Larry Gatlin & the Gatlin Brothers Band
9. Merle Haggard & the Strangers
10. Statler Brothers



# A NEW MACHINE (continued from page 128)

*"The Russian translation of 'Time flies like an arrow' might come out 'Clock insects enjoy a weapon.'"*

outside, then it acts like one on the inside—that it has all the complexity and, well, *intelligence* that people have.

That's one of the subplots to the A.I. story, and lately, it seems to have been forgotten.

*In five or six years, portable, quasi-human brains will be commonplace. They will be an intelligent electronic race, working as partners with the human race. We will carry these small creatures around with us everywhere—little electronic friends that can solve all your problems.*

—ROBERT JASTROW, 1982

Around 1970, a few years after the ELIZA stir, a young MIT graduate student named Terry Winograd was finishing a program he called SHRDLU. Winograd shared Weizenbaum's interest in language, but he wanted to write a pro-

gram that actually "understood" English sentences rather than just acted as though it did. Like Weizenbaum, Winograd needed to have something to talk with the computer about, so he chose a tabletop full of toy wooden blocks. After three years of work, he had prepared SHRDLU to have conversations such as this one:

*Pick up a big red block.*

OK.

*Find a block that is taller than the one you are holding and put it into the box.*

BY "IT" I ASSUME YOU MEAN THE BLOCK THAT IS TALLER THAN THE ONE I AM HOLDING. OK.

*How many things are on top of green cubes?*

THREE.

While ELIZA used a few tricks to mimic understanding, SHRDLU was far more complex. It attacked each sentence

like a ransacking thief, ripping it apart, searching for patterns, comparing what it found against what it knew and then figuring out the sequence of actions needed to do what it had been told. There was no obvious ELIZAlite rigidity here; if it didn't know what its human user had on his mind, SHRDLU didn't hesitate to say so. Despite the fact that SHRDLU's "universe" was only a bunch of blocks, A.I. enthusiasts, eager for some demonstrable advance to silence a growing number of skeptics, hailed the program as a breakthrough that pointed the way to even better things to come. Today, more than a decade after its completion, SHRDLU is still frequently cited as one of A.I.'s outstanding achievements.

It was especially admirable considering the lack of success that earlier A.I. projects had had with language. Back in the Fifties, one of the first problems taken on by researchers was computerized translation. That would be, it was reasoned at the time, a simple task: Just put all English words into a computer, along with the corresponding words in, say, Russian. The mechanical dictionary, as it was called, would then go about its work like a giant decoder ring and would be able to spit out an English version of *Pravda* in a minute. Of course, it wasn't quite that simple. The Russian translation of "Time flies like an arrow" might come out "Clock insects enjoy a weapon." Who knows what "By and large, it's pretty eye-catching" would look like in Russian? The mechanical dictionary ignored most of the important aspects of language; and after millions were spent on it by the U.S. Government, the project was scrapped, with the A.I. community a little wiser as a result.

SHRDLU produced much more than a word-by-word translation of what a human operator sent it, and the program appeared to be a major step toward computers that actually "understood" people. Winograd had made an enviable start at an academic career, and the A.I. community watched as he set out on the next logical step in his research—expanding his program. There was quite a gap between what SHRDLU could talk about and what human beings can discuss. But by the conventional wisdom of the day, that gap should have methodically narrowed as Winograd went about his work.

But it didn't, and soon, something odd happened. "I started bumping up against a problem," Winograd said. "After working for a while, I wasn't very comfortable that I was getting where I wanted to go. I didn't see that gap closing." The problem he encountered can be illustrated by this sentence: "John was depressed, so he jumped off the Golden Gate Bridge." It's not explicitly stated, but any person listening knows that John ended the day by meeting his Maker; he doesn't need to be told that depressed people sometimes try to kill themselves or that the Golden Gate Bridge is high enough to get the job



*"It's perfectly normal and healthy, son—providing you don't do it to excess, or have perverted or neurotic thoughts while doing it, or do it with other kids, or use foreign objects, or make a mess on the bed, or neglect to wash yourself afterward, or let Mommy or sister catch you doing it, or. . ."*



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CHARCOAL  
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●  
DROPS

BY DROP

done most of the time. It turns out there are huge—arguably, infinite—reservoirs of similarly unstated information we draw from every day, nearly every time we use language. But unless you specifically tell it, a computer has none of that knowledge. Even if it “understands” the dictionary meaning of all the words in a sentence, it doesn't know that a person who asks, “Can you spare a dime?” wants cash, not a financial statement. And those “hidden” aspects of language are essential.

Winograd realized that a sentence doesn't transport its meaning the way a truck carries its cargo; instead, it is more like a blueprint that lets the listener, using his own knowledge, reconstruct what is being said. How, then, could computers use language the way people do if they lacked the sorts of information about the way the world works that every human has? Winograd, one of the field's most promising researchers, concluded that they couldn't.

He had run into one form of what A.I. researchers now call the “common-sense problem.” It turns out that the aspect of human intelligence most difficult to duplicate is not our ability to solve complicated problems in physics or mathematics but the way we can talk with a neighbor or read a newspaper or cross the street. The astounding feats of memory and manipulation that computers dazzle us with turn out to be almost trivial when compared with the simplest acts every human performs every day. Yet those commonplaces are the cornerstones of every bit of “advanced” thought. In trying to expand his work, Winograd had helped kick out one of A.I.'s intellectual foundations. The simplest use of language turned out to have a complexity that had been unimagined even by linguists, much less by A.I. workers eager to turn their machines loose on the world. How would intelligence be possible without language? What about the many other hurdles—such as pattern recognition or inductive reasoning—that researchers would need to clear on the way to their “intelligent” machine? There was now every reason to believe they would turn out to be equally troublesome. Clearly, A.I. was going to be a lot harder than anyone had ever imagined.

●  
*[In the next two decades] there remains the real chance that computers will be seen as deities, and if they evolve into Ultra-intelligent Machines, there may even be an element of truth in the belief.*

—CHRISTOPHER EVANS, *The Micro Millennium*

So A.I. researchers learned that they couldn't have the whole world just yet; they would have to be content with a microworld—a carefully limited, clearly defined slice of real life. Winograd's

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Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.






*"Tell them I'm willing to surrender, but to a somewhat smaller contingent."*



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blocks were a microworld, which is why SHRDLU performed as well as it did. A.I. workers realized that microworlds could be considerably larger than a table full of blocks; that, in fact, one could comprise a fairly elaborate body of knowledge. With expectations scaled down to more realistic levels, an impressive collection of A.I. work has resulted.

Logic students go through exercises in which they have to translate statements such as "If it rains, then there's no game" into symbolic equations, such as "If R, then not G." A computer doesn't need to know anything about wet playing fields to be able to store that proposition or to link it up with any number of others. Give a computer enough of those rules joined into a network and it will likely do well at predicting when the opening pitch will or will not be thrown. Of course, the rules can be about a topic of more commercial import than sporting events. That's the basis for an increasingly significant A.I. field called expert systems.

In 1976, a group of A.I. researchers from SRI International in Menlo Park, California, began talking with geologists. They wanted to extract from the scientists all they knew about minerals and mining and then write that knowledge up into a system of rules that a computer program could understand. In a series of long, technical sessions, they forced the geologists to think explicitly about the way they put facts and theories together to reach conclusions. *If you spot some potassic alteration, for instance, what's the chance of then finding porphyry mineralization?* Over several years, much of the knowledge that a group of geologists had about a few minerals in a few areas was being deposited onto a computer program. It was a kind of mental mining, part of what A.I. workers call knowledge engineering.

Eventually, a system of rules for geological expertise was put together into a program called PROSPECTOR. Then the Menlo Park workers got hold of some survey information from around Mount Tolman, in the eastern part of Washington state. PROSPECTOR chewed over the data and reported back that there was molybdenum in them there hills. While not exactly a vital cog in the wheel of American industry, molybdenum has its uses—sparkplug points and furnaces among them. A mining company drilled where PROSPECTOR told it to and found deposits worth about \$100,000,000.

That's a lot of sparkplugs, certainly enough to impress those concerned with matters of profit and loss. "I've got stacks of calling cards from people who have visited here—Chevron, Standard, Shell, even some that I've never heard of," says René Reboh, who headed up the PROSPECTOR project. Usually, the large companies have heard enough about A.I. to know they somehow want to be involved in the field, perhaps just by buying a new



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program to run on their big main-frame IBM. But after looking around SRI, Reboh says, they're usually sufficiently impressed that "the decision they make is to start their own A.I. group."

A number of major companies are now heavily involved in A.I., many of them working on expert systems. One that has made the biggest commitment is Schlumberger, Ltd., a multinational oil-services company that regularly interprets the results of test drillings for oil and gas. Since there are more down-hole samples than human experts to examine them, Schlumberger hopes to speed up the work by developing a computerized expert system for the job. Elf Aquitaine, a company exploring for oil in the North Sea, has commissioned an expert system to help explain why its drill bits get stuck—a piece of information of no small value when down time on offshore rigs costs \$100,000 a day. In Boston, the Digital Equipment Corporation uses an expert system to help configure its VAX-11 line of computers. The machines have so many components that company salesmen frequently made mistakes in putting through orders. The Luddites of this world may take pleasure in the fact that among the first persons to have their jobs threatened by a computerized expert system were computer salesmen.

A.I. researchers have not yet come up with a way of using *computers* to put together expert systems. That task, which must be done largely by hand, is both time-consuming and expensive. One estimate has a typical expert system taking between two and five man-years and between \$300,000 and \$1,500,000 to prepare. Since not every enterprise that could use an in-house expert system can afford a new research-and-development wing for the job, there are expert-system companies that will program one for you. Most were started by A.I. researchers attached to major universities and have grown sufficiently large to make A.I. one of the financial community's newest high-tech glamor industries. The phenomenon is reminiscent of the recent flight of biologists out of the academy and into genetic-engineering firms, and it leaves some observers worrying what will happen to basic A.I. research if the best minds in the field are out chasing venture capital instead of visions.

Employers who contemplate a double whammy of expert systems and robots to wipe out their work force should know that the systems have rather severe limitations. Without extensive human reprogramming, for example, they can't learn from their mistakes. They will work only in areas where all the assumptions that go into making a decision can be spelled out in advance, in detailed "if . . . then" rules. That keeps the programs confined to essentially technical areas and away from problems that involve human behavior in all its wonderful unpredictability. No one

yet knows how to build an expert system that will close a sale or deal with an irate customer or, for that matter, do what ELIZA was supposed to have been doing.

But still, their fields of expertise can be large. Already, the world's best analyst of mass spectrograph patterns, which reveal a sample's chemical composition, is not a chemist but an expert system developed by A.I. workers at Stanford University. In a few narrow areas of medicine, such as diagnosing blood infections, computerized expert systems have become so adept that attending physicians are often reduced to giving the machine's print-out a quick once-over before approving its diagnosis as their own. A much more ambitious medical expert system, covering the entire field of internal medicine, is now being developed at the University of Pittsburgh. Initial tests show that while the program holds its own against human doctors in a number of areas, it is still very far from the point where you and I would want to entrust ourselves to its care.

Stories about expert systems even run to the poignant. At a seminar conducted recently by Teknowledge, a Palo Alto company that is a leader in the knowledge-engineering field, one executive in attendance, the head of a paper-milling concern, told how he was looking into an expert system to monitor a special machine used to make a fancy and rare grade of paper. He said he had only one employee left who was able to run the necessary equipment, and that man was about to retire, leaving no one—save, possibly, a computer—with the skill needed to keep the craft alive.

●

*There are now in the world machines that think, that learn and that create. Moreover, their ability to do these things is going to increase rapidly until the range of problems they can handle will be coextensive with the range to which the human mind has been applied.*

—HERBERT SIMON, 1957

The discovery of A.I. by business in the past few years has prompted a new round of press attention to the field. Many of the articles accept without question most popularly held notions of the inevitability, if not the actual existence, of an intelligent machine. Stories routinely assume that the thinking computer is already here, and some go on as though there are now machines spending their days in piercing moments of insight and wondrous fits of creation. Magazines and newspapers have recently described computers almost as if we'll soon be having them over for dinner, brandy and cigars. But there's usually quite a difference between how these programs are described in press accounts and what they actually do. Frequently, it's a case of the ELIZA error revisited, of thinking that a computer is doing more than it actually is.

MIT researchers have developed a program that is an experiment in duplicating the human process of reasoning by analogy. It is routinely described as being able to read, understand and then compare Shakespeare's plays; one writer was impressed by its ability "to extract general insights about human behavior." But the program is hardly doing the same thing a college student does when he sweats through an essay exam in English lit. Instead, it is fed highly schematized descriptions of Shakespearean plots. By churning through all the possible combinations of those statements, it can come up with matches between two plays. Rather than bring anything resembling human intelligence to bear on the problem, its only real ability is to do algebra-like manipulations of internally stored equations. If you asked it about the role that guilt or madness plays in *Macbeth* or *Hamlet*, you'd get a blank screen, since it was told nothing of them. The program doesn't know Shakespeare but merely a list of statement/equations with a thin Shakespearean veneer—statements that could as easily have been about nursery rhymes or molybdenum deposits.

Yale researchers have created a program called BORIS that is often said to be able to understand stories about everyday human relationships and to answer questions about them, as well. BORIS can be told, WHEN PAUL WALKED INTO THE BEDROOM AND FOUND SARAH WITH ANOTHER MAN, HE ALMOST HAD A HEART ATTACK. If you then ask it, HOW DID PAUL FEEL? it will answer, PAUL WAS SURPRISED. Maybe even speechless. Actually, the program can understand (process?) only two stories, and only because its programmers have prepped it by feeding in specific rules that anticipate what happens in the stories. One rule says that if a man and a woman are in bed together, it should be inferred they are having sex; another says that if a person sees others in an act that ordinarily requires secrecy, then that person is "surprised." Equipped with that thicket of rules, BORIS will be able to remark on Paul's surprise at his wife's infidelity. But change the story ever so slightly to introduce a situation not covered by the rules—say, by putting Paul in bed with another man—and it will be BORIS, not Sarah, that will be surprised into speechlessness.

Few people outside A.I. pay attention to a computer program that was able to talk about blocks on a table. Yet programs that *seem* to deal with human behavior command widespread attention. But in an important sense, there's little difference between SHRDLU's cubes and BORIS' husband and wife. Both are microworlds, and both have rigid rules that determine in advance how much the program will be able to understand. The key difference is that in the case of programs such as BORIS, we are tempted, as people were



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with ELIZA, to think that the computer responds as it does because it shares our understanding of all of the complexities of the real world. Actually, only a handful of those complexities exist in the program, and in rigid, reductionist form. We're projecting our *own* intelligence onto a collection of silicon, wires and flashing lights.

For human beings, words—be they molybdenum or murder—have their meaning only because they invoke an almost endless network of internal associations. The word itself is only a kind of shorthand. But for a computer, a word is just a stored token; there is nothing "behind" it. You can no more say that a computer "knows" what it is talking about than you can say that an adding machine "knows" about mathematics or that a slot machine "knows" about fruit because it can spin out combinations of oranges, cherries and plums. When printed by a computer, a word like surprised is to human language what a Hollywood façade is to a building.

None of this is to suggest any guile on the part of A.I. workers, who know the current limitations of their systems better than anyone. Programs like BORIS are attempts at developing computerized models of the way people think and act, and they may turn out to be first steps toward computers that actually do that. But it's also important to remember, as the direction of A.I. work shifts away from blocks and toward human beings, that computers are still very far from that goal. Hubert L. Dreyfus, a Berkeley philosophy professor who has been A.I.'s most persistent critic over the years, has written that the history of A.I. is strewn with examples of the "first-step fallacy," in which an initial bit of success at solving a problem is confused with the problem's full-fledged solution. The medieval alchemists, Dreyfus noted, thought they had found a way of using chemistry to change dirt into quicksilver; they labored unsuccessfully for centuries to do the same with lead and gold.

*Wetware is the brain, and I don't see anything in wetware that can't be duplicated in hardware with the right software running on it.*

—AN A.I. PROGRAMMER

But if it bears remembering what computers haven't done, the opposite is also true. A.I. workers have been able to come up with ways to formalize, codify and then stuff into a machine a number of endeavors once thought to be uniquely human. Dreyfus once doubted that a computer would ever be able to beat an average human player at chess. Although computer programs today can beat all but the world's very best players, he was, in a sense, correct, for they are playing almost two different games. A computer doesn't go about chess the same way a human does; instead, it usually looks through as many moves as possible, assigns a value to each

one and then picks the move with the highest score. If you left your queen wide-open in the middle of the board, the computer wouldn't immediately "see" the opportunity the way a person would; instead, it would stumble across your blunder only in the course of investigating millions of other possibilities. But it ends up playing chess, and with a vengeance.

Computers can't always do the job the same way people do, but they can get the job done, nonetheless. At IBM, for example, researchers have discovered that because most business letters are written in the same style, a computer program has a surprising degree of success in "understanding" them. The company hopes one day to create a system that will help out in the office by reading and summarizing incoming mail, possibly even flagging what it considers important. The system would need constant human oversight and wouldn't work some of the time and would be useless with anything not written in businessese. But what busy manager, buried in memos, wouldn't want one around just the same?

Along with expert systems, these stabs at solving small parts of the "natural language problem" have been among A.I.'s recent success stories. While remaining every bit as complex as Winograd found it to be with SHRDLU, human language has yielded part of itself to the computer. The most striking example is in the area of query systems, those bizarre codes we must use in place of conversational English to get information out of a machine.

At a Sunnyvale, California, company called Symantec, where they are not immune to Silicon Valley's propensity for high-tech punning, a group of A.I. workers is building a program that lets people use everyday English to talk to their computers. This is not state-of-the-art A.I. work; such systems already run on mainframes for large companies that pay \$50,000 and up for the service. But at Symantec, they are putting together a system that will sell for around \$750 and will run on personal computers. *A.I. for the masses.*

Gary Hendrix, the head of the company, makes it clear that the system can't handle all of English. For starters, aside from a few special commands such as LIST or PRINT, the program understands only two verbs: be and have.

"That sounds at first to be a terrible limitation, but it turns out to be not so bad," Hendrix says. "You can say WHO IS THE OWNER OF FIDO? instead of WHO OWNS FIDO? It takes a few minutes to get used to that, but then you're off and running."

Hendrix showed me a prototype of the system on an IBM Personal Computer. When we started, the program knew only about the employees of an imaginary company—their names, sexes, salaries and the like. I suggested that the best test of its abilities would be for me to use my own natural English to ask the questions. "How many female employees are there?" I wanted to know. Hendrix typed that sentence into the machine. There was

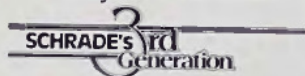


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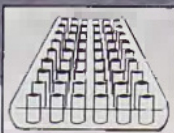
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a pause of a few seconds, and then a list of women's names appeared on the screen. At the bottom, the computer typed the words FEMALE EMPLOYEES—11.

Then Hendrix showed how information can be added to the program. THE LENGTH OF THE LAFAYETTE IS 500 FEET, he keyed in. I wanted to know what the Lafayette was. "I'm glad you asked that question," he said, "because look at what the system asked." On the screen were the words WHAT SORT OF THING IS THE LAFAYETTE? "For both of you," Hendrix said, "the Lafayette is a ship," and he typed in those words.

The program now knew that the Lafayette was a ship and that it had 500 "feet" worth of something called "length." For future reference, it wanted to know what the adjectival form of the word length was, as well as the word's opposite. To help it appear more conversational later on, it also wanted to know which was correct—longer or more long. After being told that "Mary is the captain of the Fox" (another ship, this one shorter than the Lafayette), the program was able to deal with the request PLEASE LIST THE DEPARTMENT, SALARY, LOCATION AND SEX OF THE LONGEST SHIP'S CAPTAIN'S MANAGER.

The computer still didn't "know" anything about salaries or ships or sex. In fact, it has no knowledge of the world at all and will quite happily store the proposition that "Mount Everest is three feet tall" or "The semcloe is a beregi." In one sense, it's nothing but a very complex exercise in filling in the blanks. But the program can manipulate huge numbers of those blanks in a way that will usually look very much like what we call English. And that, in turn, lets people take advantage of the enormous powers of computers with an ease that was once impossible.

This sort of applied artificial intelligence may seem pedestrian to most of us, nursed as we have been on science-fiction dystopias full of malevolent computers escaping human control. But if A.I. affects our lives in the coming years, it won't be by depositing some full-blown sentient being on our doorstep and leaving us the problem of contending with it. Instead, it will likely be by delivering tools designed to make it easier to deal with the simple tasks we face each day.

While it's easy to show what A.I. hasn't done and how the wild claims of A.I. boosters, such as those that begin each section of this article, have had little basis in reality, it would be less than wise to try to predict how far the field can ultimately go. A.I. workers have a knack for finding structures for human activities once thought to be spontaneous and unchartable. Even if their goal of capturing the mind forever eludes them, it's likely we'll be impressed at how much ground they can claim in the effort.







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## DOODAZZLE DAKINS

(continued from page 122)

of the fallen angel?"

"Mnn," said Dakins, "yeah, I remember Grandma told me something like that. He's supposed to be the Devil, right?"

"Well, there's others," she said, "like Asmodeus and Satan and Leviathan, but Lucifer's about as bad as they get. He's bad."

"And who are you?" asked Dakins, somewhat puzzled by her speech, which not only wasn't foreign as he'd somehow expected but was definitely from back home.

"Lady Fatima," she said, tilting her chin proudly.

"And *what* are you?"

"You're really an ignorant dude, you know that? What do you *think* I am?"

"A genie?"

"A jinni, really, which is what the Moslems call us. Jinn are lots of fun, or haven't you heard?" As she said this, she batted her long eyelashes and pursed her glistening lips invitingly.

"Uh, no, I hadn't heard," said Dakins, suddenly wanting to touch her, "but I'd like to find out for myself."

"My wish is your command," she said, sliding her hands down her thighs, across her breasts and up her stomach at the same time.

"Well, then, come on out of the bottle," said Dakins, untying his robe. "I'm ready."

"I can see that," she cooed lasciviously, "except I can't get completely out of the bottle unless you smoke that little red ball you found in the pipe."

"Why not?"

"Lucifer's rules, honey, not mine."

"But that little ball stinks. If you can do magic, why don't you change it into some base or some hash or something?"

"I can't do that," she sighed. "But let me tell you, if you want to get high, you won't get no higher on *anything* than you will on *that* stuff. Talk about high, you'll be in the *stratosphere*, baby."

"Oh, yeah? What is it?"

"Well, I can't tell you exactly. But let's just say this is the stuff that makes the *Devil* high. So you know it's got to be some wicked shit."

"You're joking."

"Serious as a heart attack."

Dakins reflected upon his predicament for a moment, then reached into the mist at the bottom of her legs. "You mind?"

"Go right ahead."

He extracted the little red ball and sniffed it again, hoping that perhaps it wouldn't smell as bad as he remembered. It smelled worse. He dropped it back into the pipe.

"I don't smoke anything that I don't know what it is or where it came from. And I particularly don't smoke stuff that smells as bad as *that*. I can buy the best

grass and coke in the world. Why should I smoke this shit?"

"Because then you and me can have some fun," she said, parting her gossamer skirt to reveal her naked thighs. She undulated her hips, made little sipping noises with her tongue and beckoned to him with two of her hands.

Dakins suddenly chuckled and shook his head.

"What's so funny?" she demanded, puzzled and slightly embarrassed.

Dakins kept chuckling as he switched on the television. "You see, I always wondered whether the Devil was a white dude or a black dude. And now I know."

"Oh?" said Fatima with a raised eyebrow. "Which is he?"

"He's gotta be white," said Dakins, settling down to watch the late-night-news replays of the game, "and very old. Only a very old white man would try to buy a nigger's soul these days with a four-armed belly dancer and a ball of stinky dope. You and whoever sent you here ought to get hip to the Eighties, baby. I mean, do you know who *I am*? Look there on the television. That's me with number twenty-six. You see that white dude jumping up and down in my face? That's Larry Bird. He's a fucking *machine*, do you hear me? The ultimate basketball robot."

Fatima's aura dimmed. She sulked. Dakins was completely absorbed in the television and she had never been so utterly ignored.

"Now watch this move I put on him. See that? He don't understand that shit. Look at 'im, all confused. Now watch this. . . ." He leaped to his feet and clapped his hands as he watched himself leap over Bird's outstretched arms, dumping the shot and Bird in one motion. "Good *God* Amighty, did you see . . . what the . . . ?"

His loud invocation of the Deity had caused the jinni to shriek as if in great pain, and acrid smoke began pouring from her ears.

"Hey, baby, what's the matter? How come you're doing that? You're gonna stink up my crib."

"Then *please*, don't ever shout that word again," she said, quivering as though expecting another bolt of pain. "It makes Lucifer mad, and he sometimes takes it out on me real bad."

"What do you mean he takes it out on you?"

"Better you don't know," she sighed. "Just promise that you won't call His"—she pointed up with one hand—"name or His son's name again in my presence."

Dakins turned off the television and sat on the carpet facing the jinni. She had begun to return to her normal glow, and there was no more smoke coming from her ears.

"Feel better?"

She wiped away her tears and nodded.

"Good, but we got a problem. Or should I say *you* got a problem. Now that





*"I've been noticing, Mr. Carlson, that a lot of your men are into leather."*



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I see how serious this dude Lucifer can get, you can be *damn* sure I ain't gonna smoke that stuff. On the other hand, if you just want to come on out and have some good lovin', here I am. I don't know how a jinni's sex drive works, but it seems to me that an ordinary woman would get pretty horny being locked up in a water pipe for . . . how long?"

"None of your *business*," she said, her eyes blazing with anger, "and I *told* you, unless you smoke, you can't stroke."

"Listen, Duchess Fatima, or whoever you are," Dakins retorted, leaping to his feet and slapping his chest, "I'm Danny Dakins. I'm worth a million bucks a year. All I got to do is score thirty points a game and I can get all the cars, dope and two-armed chicks a man could ever want *without* the Devil's help. And that's good enough for me. Get on back in the pipe, baby."

With a sudden flash of light, two of her arms disappeared.

"Is that better?" she asked with a conciliatory smile, adding, "The other two are optional. Some like 'em, some don't."

"I like that better, yeah," said Dakins, "but I'm still not smoking that stinkball. Now, get back in the pipe, woman, before I take a bellows to your ass."

In a split second, she vanished, sucked back into the pipe in a whirlwind of mist.

As soon as she disappeared, Dakins snatched up the pipe, opened the glass door that led to the balcony adjoining his living room and was about to heave the pipe down onto the street, 26 stories below, when curiosity about what secrets the jinni might hold got the better of him.

He went back into his living room and rubbed the pipe a few times, then stood back as the jinni began to take shape.

"You summoned Lady Fatima?" she asked coolly.

"Yeah, I summoned *Lady Fatima*," said Dakins, mocking her, "and I want Lady Fatima to answer me a few questions."

"If it is within my power, I will answer whatever you ask."

"OK, then, tell me why Lucifer wants me to smoke the stinkball."

"Because you have something he wants. That's all I can tell you."

"You mean," said Dakins, swallowing hard, "my . . . my soul?"

"Well, of *course* he wants your soul, dummy, but that's not as important as something else. Now, don't ask me about what Lucifer wants no more. 'Cause I'm not gonna answer."

"Well, then," said Dakins, his voice rising with exasperation, "just tell me what Lucifer can do to me if I *don't* smoke that thing." He didn't really want to know, but he had to ask.

"You ever hear the song *If It Weren't for Bad Luck, I Wouldn't Have No Luck*



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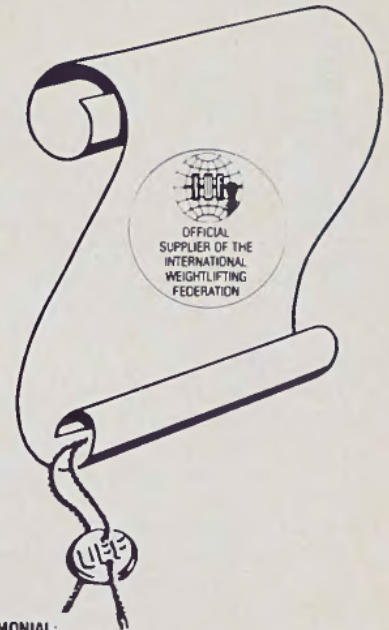
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at All? That's gonna be you, baby, for days. I mean some *baaad* luck. I've seen him give men bad luck for two, three years straight. But usually, they come to him in six months, begging to give him anything he wants. The brave ones off themselves, but then he gets them anyway, suicide being a major sin."

"But why *me*?" shouted Dakins, throwing his hands up. "I mean, I ain't never fucked over nobody bad enough to deserve this kind of shit. All I ever did was play ball and try to get my black ass out of the ghetto. Moses Malone did the same thing, and so did Magic Johnson. . . ."

"Magic who? Is he a jinni?"

"No, never mind. The point is, how come the Devil didn't send the pipe to one of *them*? Why *me*?"

"Like I said," replied the jinni, folding all four arms across her luminous breasts, "'cause *you* got something he *wants*."

Dakins pondered upon what he possessed that a Devil could possibly want. There were thousands of richer men in the world, hundreds more famous, millions

more virtuous. Certainly, the Devil didn't want to be 6'8" tall, nor could he possibly want to be black. Completely stumped, he decided to try a different approach.

"Uh, listen here, Lady Fatima," he said, circling the pipe with his hands folded behind his back, like a defense attorney who thinks he has a witness for the prosecution by the short hairs. "You have to tell me anything I command you to tell me except exactly what Lucifer wants, right?"

"Right."

"OK. So tell me your real name. The name you had *before* you got put in the pipe."

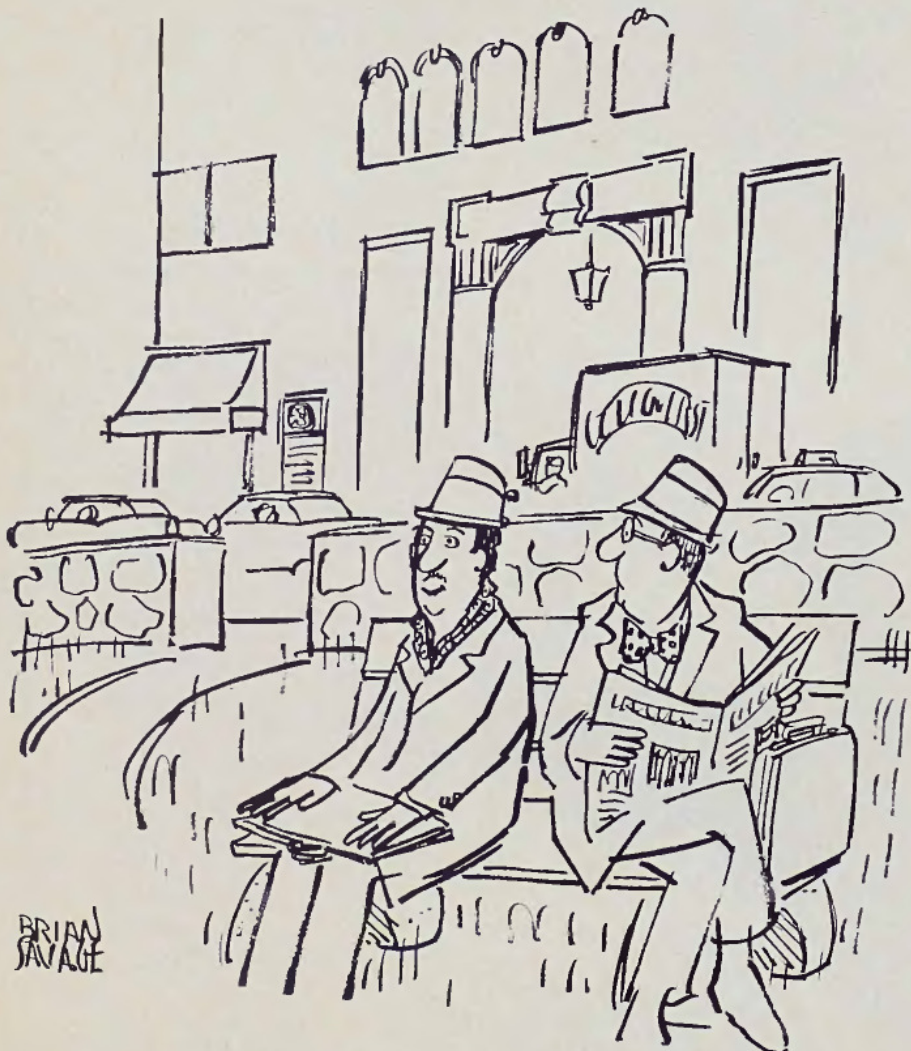
Her shining body suddenly emitted a shower of infrared sparks, and she angrily put her hands on her hips and turned away from him. He waited.

"Yvonne Brown," she whispered.

"And when was the last time you had an ordinary body, Yvonne?"

"Nineteen forty-six, in New Orleans."

"And how did Lucifer come into possession of you?"



BRIAN SAVAGE

*"Of course a nuclear holocaust would be horrible! But as a lawyer, I'd probably have more work than I could handle!"*

"Well"—her shoulders slumped and the light emanating from her skin diminished somewhat—"I asked him to take me over." She laughed bitterly and shook her head. "I actually worshiped him, the bastard."

"Why?"

"Oh, it's a long story. I was raised in a strict family of Holy Rollers. My father was a preacher and my mother was, too, in her own way. She preached at me all the time about sin. They made me feel so guilty that I started worshipping the Devil just to get back at them. One night, when I was seventeen, I sneaked out of the house, went to my father's church, hung the cross over the altar upside down and performed a ceremony to make the Devil come and take me. He did."

"And what did you get out of the deal?"

"Well, I get to live until the end of the universe as long as I stay in this pipe, and every few years or so I get to make love to some very powerful, rich or famous man who has a heavy jones for stacked black women."

"In other words, you're a special temptation that Lucifer sends men who already have the things that most people would sell their souls for."

"Well, yeah," she sighed, "me and the red ball. The red ball goes along with me."

"Mnn. Now tell me just a couple more things," said Dakins. "Do jinn have hungers like ordinary people? Like for food and sex?"

She paused a moment before she answered. "Yes, but only when we're out of the bottle."

"Good," exclaimed Dakins, smiling triumphantly. "It just so happens that tonight, I'm going on a three-week road trip. I command you to stay out of the pipe until I return."

Again, she sent forth a shower of infrared sparks. "You can't do that to me! That's torture! I'll go crazy!"

But Dakins ignored her and went to his bedroom to pack his suitcase. When he looked in on her just before he left, she was still floating there, arms folded over her beautiful breasts, sulking.

When he returned home, he immediately went to the living room to check on her. The pipe still sat where he had left it, but the jinni was gone. He began to panic; then he heard a tiny voice squeak, "Danny? Is that you? I'm in the pipe bowl."

He bent over and, sure enough, there she was, no bigger than the tip of his little finger.

"How come you're so small?"

"It helps keep down the desires of the body if the body is very small, so I made myself this size."

"I see," laughed Dakins, picking up the pipe. He set it down on the kitchen table and began rustling around in a large paper bag he'd brought home. "I stopped



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at the Soul Queen and picked up a feast. We've got ham hocks and greens, black-eyed peas and rice, corn bread and pecan pie. Will you join me?"

She refused to speak to him, so he made himself a generous plate and sat down to eat, smacking his lips loudly. When he'd finished his first helping, he reached over to the pipe and dropped a tiny morsel of ham hock into it, then began serving himself a second helping. In a moment, she enlarged to about three inches and floated out of the pipe. Even in such a tiny face, no one could mistake the look of hunger. He speared some greens and a larger piece of meat on a fork and held it in front of her.

"You want more?"

She nodded, her eyes riveted to the fork.

"First tell me what I want to know."

"But if I tell you, he'll torture me in the fire pits for a thousand years," she cried out, and began to weep uncontrollably.

"Look, if I tell you to stay outside the pipe for a thousand years, you'll have to do that, too, and that's a long time to be horny and hungry. Tell me what I want to know. Maybe there's some way I can help you out of this mess."

"I only wish you could," she sobbed, "but you can't. You're only a man and Lucifer is a demon. You can't imagine how powerful demons are."

"Oh, no, you're wrong about *that*, sugar," said Dakins ruefully. "I found out how powerful the son of a bitch can be on this road trip. I can't even *tell* you all the shit that happened to me. I fouled out of five games in the first quarter, I missed two planes and got fined three grand by the team, I got busted with a joint in my car in Philly and the newspapers made a big thing out of it and, worst of all, I averaged only ten points a game for the whole sixteen-game trip. The sportswriters are getting all over my ass: They say I'm overrated and overpaid, and the coach told the *Tribune* he was thinking about benching me. Benching *me*, Danny Dakins!"

"I . . . I'm not surprised," she said, lowering her eyes. "And you may not believe this, but I'm very sorry."

"Well, if you're really sorry, tell me what he wants," pleaded Dakins. "Maybe if I know what he wants, I can work out a deal for you and me both. If, that is, you want to live a life lasting only sixty or seventy years, like the rest of us."

"I'd give anything to be an ordinary woman again," she said, wiping her tears away with her veil, "but I wouldn't ask you to give up what he wants for me."

"Well, damn it, *what is it?*" yelled Dakins, slamming his fist on the table. He snatched the pipe and brought her face within inches of his. She blinked at him in awe, for he must have seemed a giant to her; seeing fear in her eyes for the first time, he took pity on her. He gave her the bite of ham hocks and greens.

As soon as she finished what he'd given her, she grew a foot larger. He gave her more and in a few minutes, she had resumed her normal size. He handed her her own plate and fork.

"You know," she said, smiling sheepishly at him, "I didn't think you were going to let me eat. Thank you. I want to repay you, so I'll tell you one more thing that you don't know. Lucifer is coming to get you, me and the pipe in exactly ten days."

Dakins suddenly felt ill. He rushed to the sink, thinking he would gag, and splashed cold water on his face. When the queasiness subsided, he turned to face her. "Give me the red ball," he said.

She smiled sadly and her eyes misted over for a moment. "I thought, somehow, you might be different," she sighed, then reached into the pipe beneath her ankles and handed him the red ball.

Dakins looked her straight in the eyes, said, "I *am* different," dropped the ball into the garbage disposal and flipped the switch. Her eyes grew wide with amazement.

"Now," he commanded, "tell me what it was."

"Well, since you've done that, I suppose I might as well. It was the Devil's pride."

"Pride?"

"Pride is what you might call the free base of the demons. They smoke it in big brass pipes, like this one, and it gives them the courage to duke with God. Without it, they're all wimps. When an ordinary dude takes just one hit off the demons' pipe, he becomes like a demon himself. Hitler smoked some, you know. And, as your grandmamma might have told you, pride is one of the seven big sins. Ordinary human pride can put you in purgatory for centuries, but once you inhale the Devil's pride, you're guaranteed to barbecue for the duration."

Realizing how close he'd come to taking just one little hit of the red ball, Dakins shuddered. And when he thought about what awaited him ten days hence, he shuddered again. He was lost in thought when Yvonne floated around behind him and began massaging his shoulders. Her hands emitted a penetrating warmth that soothed his deepest muscles.

"Boy, you sure would make some man a hell of a wife with an act like this."

"You know," she whispered huskily, "I wouldn't mind being somebody's wife."

"Somebody's wife? Just *anybody's* wife?" teased Dakins.

"Welllll . . . no. How about Mr. Doodazzle Dakins' wife?"

"Oh, *please*. Not Doodazzle. I hate that name. That's the dumbest name I could imagine being pegged with."

"Really?" she said, genuinely surprised. "I thought you gave that name to yourself."

"Good grief," groaned Dakins, "I must seem as big-headed as the sportswriters

say I am. No, baby, that wasn't my idea. I got the name after my college team, DePaul, won the N.C.A.A. championship. Some television interviewer asked me if I thought I was the greatest college player of all time. It was an asinine question, so I gave him an asinine answer. I said, 'No, but I *do* dazzle, don't I?' The next morning, I bought a paper with the headline 'DOODAZZLE DAKINS LEADS DEPAUL TO VICTORY.' Nearly lost my breakfast."

Fatima broke into laughter and clapped her hands with delight. "That's the cutest story I've heard since I've been a jinni!" she said, then hugged him again and whispered into his ear, "Suppose we leave out the Doodazzle and just make it Mrs. Daniel S. Dakins?"

She slipped her hand into his shirt, caressed his chest lightly and kissed him on the nape of his neck. She smelled like roasted cinnamon.

The next day, Dakins awoke to find her lying beside him, minus her veil and skirt, which lay like streams of firelight across the foot of his bed.

"I'm going to tell you what Lucifer wants from you, Danny. I don't care what happens to me anymore. I just want you to be prepared. He wants your shot."

"My *shot*? The Doodazzler?" He sat up in the bed. "I'll be damned if I'll give him my shot!" Then, after thinking about it a moment, he asked, "Why would Lucifer need a basketball move?"

She explained the whole thing to him: the divine game, Lucifer's role in it and why the addition of the Doodazzler to his repertoire of moves might mean the difference between victory and defeat for the forces of evil.

Dakins whistled loudly. "Well, I'll be damned."

"I wish you wouldn't keep saying that, honey," she said. "It makes me nervous."

He began chuckling deep in his throat and soon let forth a bellowing belly roar that nearly convulsed his giant body.

"Danny? Are you all right, Danny?"

"I . . . I'm fine," he said, wiping the tears from his cheeks and still chuckling. "But it's funny. This whole thing's very funny. I wish you'd told me this in the first place. It wouldn't have changed anything, I suppose, except that I wouldn't have had to worry so much. I know exactly what to do now."

"What are you going to do?"

"The only thing I *can* do. Just answer one more question. If you could get free of Lucifer, if you could be a normal woman again and not a jinni, are you *sure* you would want to be married to a guy who's six-eight and is out of town a lot?"

"Only if he took me out of town with him sometimes."

"You got a deal," said Dakins.

They still talk of it in heaven and they probably always will, the day Danny Dakins played Lucifer a game of 21, one



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on one for his soul, his woman and his shot. As the story is told, Lucifer appeared to Dakins and Yvonne promptly at midnight on the tenth day. Dakins challenged him to the match and Lucifer accepted. They played it on a nearby high school basketball court that Lucifer conveniently clothed in a shroud of invisibility until the game was over. Dakins put up a tremendous battle, blocking Lucifer's shots, stealing the ball from him and snatching rebounds from him with nearly the same grace as the angel Gabriel. But Lucifer played just as fiercely. He astonished Dakins repeatedly by transforming himself into the replicas of the various basketball stars whose souls he had absorbed. Dakins, unnerved by having to play against an entire host of his former idols, missed two consecutive shots, allowing Lucifer to get a basket up on him. They traded baskets until the score was 20-19, and Dakins put on a brilliant display of defense, but Lucifer summoned up all the skills within him for his final assault on the basket, and although Dakins blocked three consecutive shots, the fourth time Lucifer leaped to shoot, Dakins was suddenly felled by a violent cramp in his left leg. The ball went through the hoop, and

Lucifer immediately claimed both Dakins' soul and his shot, as well as the soul of Yvonne.

But, as the angels recount it, the Lord, having looked upon the game with interest, having been moved to compassion by the nearly superhuman effort of Dakins and knowing that Lucifer had cheated Dakins at the last moment by crippling him, decreed that the bet was only temporarily won; that the eternal disposition of Dakins' soul would, like that of all other souls, be decided by a free throw in the eternal divine game. Lucifer readily agreed to this, as he had no doubt that he would sink it.

And so Dakins and Yvonne were transported to heaven, where they sat in the bleachers with the heavenly host to watch Lucifer shoot a free throw for Dakins' soul.

But first, Lucifer had to show off his newly gained acquisition, the Doodazzler. For he had temporarily absorbed Dakins' basketball skills upon winning the game of 21. Grinning malevolently, he shouted to the heavens that the tide was about to turn; that he, Lucifer, now held the weapon he needed to defeat God's team: the Doodazzler.

Then, in a flawless imitation of Dakins, he dribbled the length of the court, leaped into the air with his arms outspread and, holding the ball in his right hand, faked a shot, switched the ball behind his back to his left hand, double pumped while swiveling his body 180 degrees to the left, tossed the ball from his left hand to his right and lofted a high-arching hook shot that barely touched the net.

The heavenly host was silent. The angels frowned. The demons in hell began applauding wildly, sending plumes of brimstone and smoke into the celestial sphere in celebration.

And the angels tell of how Dakins hung his head when he realized what his secret weapon had become in the hands of pure evil.

They tell of how Lucifer finally stepped to the free-throw line to seal Dakins' fate and forever own the Doodazzler, and how the heavenly host held its breath as he bounced the luminous globe containing the face of Danny Dakins three times. They remember how Lucifer's eyes glistened and how wicked was his laugh as he aimed at the basket.

And even today, the angels tell of how Lucifer released the ball and how it rolled around the basket three times and then fell out.

And they laugh and sing divine songs about how Lucifer cursed the heavens and exploded in a black cloud of acrid smoke, while Dakins and Yvonne were immediately transported back to earth, where Yvonne became a normal woman and married Dakins the next day.

And when the angels finish telling this marvelous tale, they rejoice in the infinite wisdom of the Lord. For He had seen fit to equip Danny Dakins with every essential basketball skill except one, which was shooting free throws. Dakins was, in fact, the worst free-throw shooter in the history of basketball, a fact Lucifer would have known if he'd done better research. At any rate, Lucifer had absorbed not only Dakins' skills but his one stupendous deficit as well. And it cost him not only two souls but the greatest shot of all time.

Danny Dakins' playing career lasted another 14 years, but from that day on, he was a different player. He permanently retired the Doodazzler; it was never seen again. He became much better defensively, a better team player and much less of a loner. He and Yvonne had two children, bought a house in Chatham and had the happiest of marriages. The one mark on his otherwise sterling career was that he never was able to shoot free throws worth a damn. A newspaper reporter once asked him how, with his otherwise complete mastery of the game, he could be so abysmal at this one fundamental art.

Dakins merely smiled and replied, "Beats the Devil out of me."



*"Front desk? Look, I hate to sound like a prude, but the folks in room 614 seem to be having an excessive number of orgasms."*





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VICEROY Rich Lights Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine;  
VICEROY Kings, 15 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per  
cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '83.

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# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### GEAR

## A CHIP OFF IBM'S BLOCK

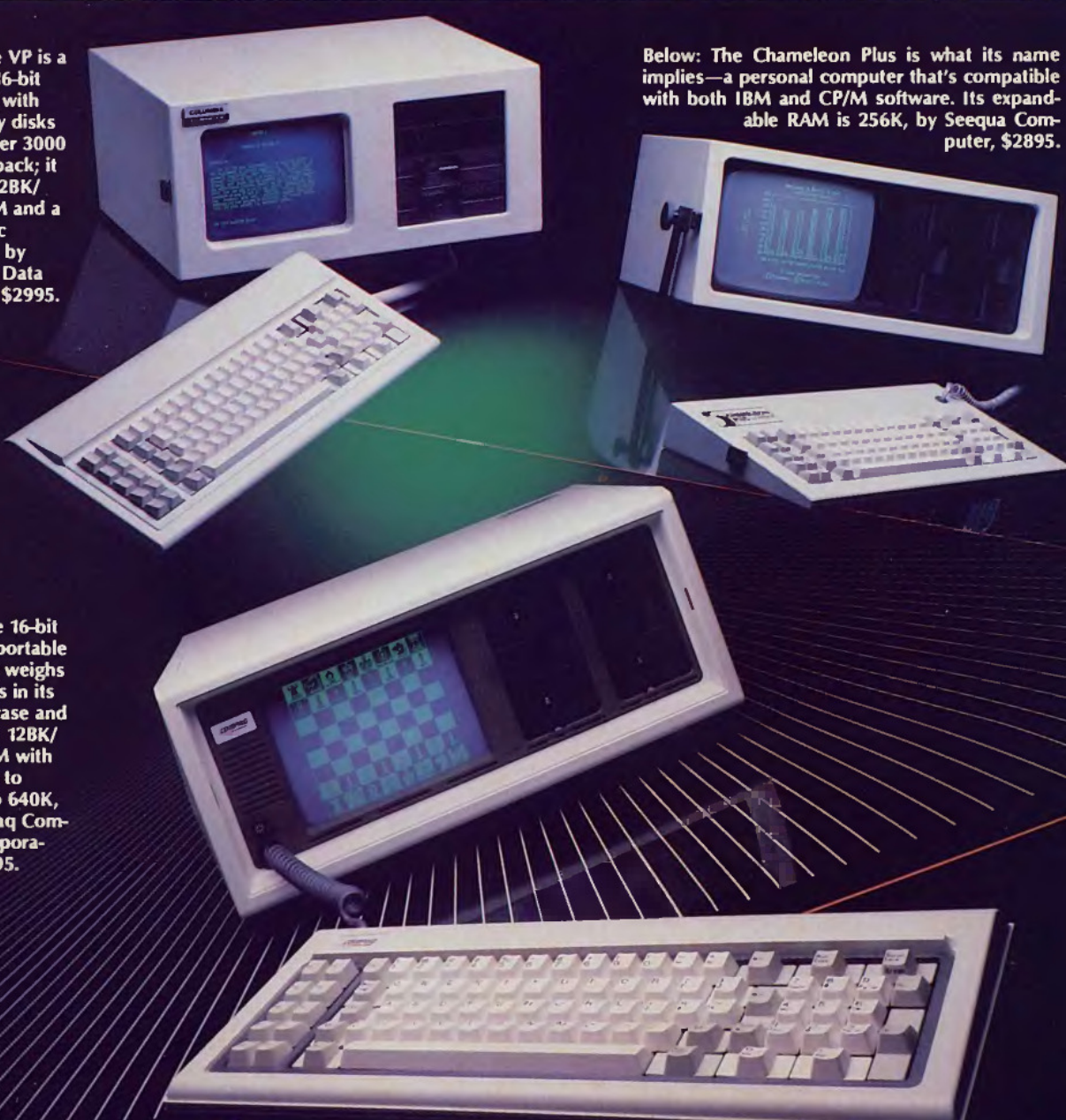
Ever since big, bad IBM huffed and puffed and shook little Apple's house down, the question among people who own or lust for a computer has been "Who can compete with those guys?" Here are three answers that are personal, portable, IBM compatible and less costly than the mother ship. Each unit comes complete and ready to run.

Nine-inch monitors are standard, as are disk drives. The software that has been created for the PC will run on these—without adjustments—the way God and IBM intended it to. Among these machines, the Columbia has a slight edge in finish and feel and software package, but each will do the job. If you're living in the fast lane, these are good company.

Right: The VP is a portable 16-bit computer with two floppy disks and a Super 3000 software pack; it features 128K/256K RAM and a Key Tronic keyboard, by Columbia Data Products, \$2995.

Below: The Chameleon Plus is what its name implies—a personal computer that's compatible with both IBM and CP/M software. Its expandable RAM is 256K, by Seequa Computer, \$2895.

Right: The 16-bit Compaq portable computer weighs 28 pounds in its carrying case and features a 128K/256K RAM with an option to expand to 640K, by Compaq Computer Corporation, \$2995.





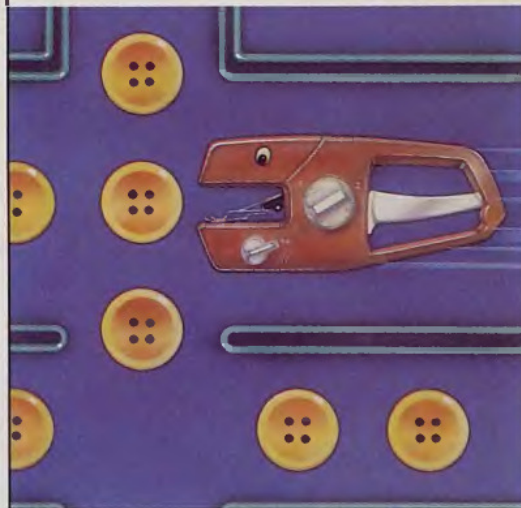


## COME FLY WITH ME

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack jump over the candlestick—or maybe even the car—on a Jetstar, a West German-made exercise device of high-impact plastic and robust, special springs that resembles a pogo stick but performs more like a rocket. Just hop aboard a Jetstar and—boing! boing! boing!—you're off and flying while improving your heart and lungs and building up your legs. Trileen, Inc., 711 West 17th Street, Costa Mesa, California 92627, sells the Jetstar for \$133, postpaid, in three spring sizes to match your body weight—100, 150 and 200 pounds. Colors available are red and blue. Hop to it.

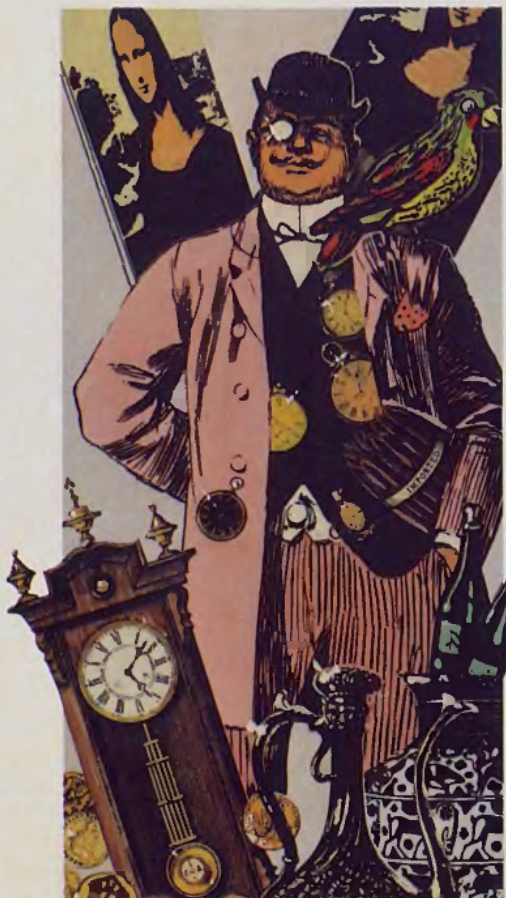
## NO BUTTONS MISSING

The bane of all bachelors is that recalcitrant button that never fails to pop its moorings when you're late for a date. But now you don't have to curse the darkness of that empty space, as The Singer Company has come out with a portable machine called Button Magic that even the most fumble-fingered nonsewer can use to reattach a button in less than two minutes. The price is \$29.95 in major department stores. Sorry, chauvinists, there's not an attachment that buttons female lips.



## FOR ARMCHAIR SMUGGLERS ONLY

Paladin Press is one of those companies that specialize in macho hard- and softcover publications, such as *Saloon Survival*, *Living in Troubled Lands* and *Mantrapping*. Now it has come out with *The Complete Book of International Smuggling*, by M. C. Finn, who claims to have been an operations officer with the Central Intelligence Agency, among other, less meritorious, things. If you've ever envisioned yourself going through Customs with a wristful of fake Rolexes or a kilo of Cuban cigars in your luggage, at least check this book out to learn whether you're likely to meet up with what's left of the Black Tuna Gang (many of them already are in the slammer) or the Feds. It's \$15, sent to Paladin at P.O. Box 1307, Boulder, Colorado 80306. Read it and reap—or maybe weep.



## BUCKS TO GO

The question of whether that's a wad of cash in your pocket or you're happy to see someone won't occur if you're toting a German-made Kascha set that consists of a slim crocodile wallet with places for credit cards and a special glue that enables you to stick your greenbacks together—and pull them apart—just as if they were a note pad. F. McArthur, 896 S. W. Ninth Street, Circle Three, Boca Raton, Florida 33432, will send you a Kascha for \$59, postpaid. Get one, go out on the town and spend, spend, spend.







### NEW BOND ISSUE

James Bond is back—again—and this time we can all get into his act with a collection of role-playing games and supplementary equipment that's available from Victory Games, 4517-Z Harford Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21214. The basic game goes for \$14.25 (all prices postpaid). Then you can get an optional Q Manual (an illustrated guide to the world's finest armory) for \$10.95 and a Goldfinger or Octopussy game pack for \$7.75 each. One to four people can play, and the only qualifications are being able to point and go bang, bang, bang.

### SLIP, SLIDIN' AWAY

Aerobic exercise is anything that gets your heart started, right? Well, you can watch the world-class women in *Skiercise* (a video cassette "Alpine Adventure in Aerobic Exercise") and cardiovascular ecstasy will be yours. First, you see some beautiful women—including Playmate Alana Soares—warming up, then you watch them in some terrific downhill sequences. It's available in VHS and Beta from Sports World Cinema, P.O. Box 17022, Salt Lake City, Utah 84117, for \$49.95.



### THE BUY'S THE LIMIT

Want to reach out and touch someone differently? KiliKomo's Exports, Box 351, Pahoa, Hawaii 96778, will send 12 heart-shaped anthurium flowers anywhere in the States for \$29.95, postpaid. Or you can order a 14"-tall stuffed Teddygram (a Teddy bear in its own crate) from Teddygrams, 1433 Santa Monica Boulevard, Santa Monica, California 90404, for \$35. Last, there's a Pastagram: eight pounds of pasta from Gourmet Bazaar, 214 S. E. Sixth Avenue, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33301, for \$34.95. So order *something*.



### TAKING THE WATER

Single-malt Scotch is traditionally drunk neat or with a little water. But all too often, the local H<sub>2</sub>O tastes as if it just oozed out of the LaBrea tar pit rather than off the heather on the hill. So if you'd like to taste what *real* Scotch and water is all about, pick up a bottle of Tiroran Scottish water that's been purified by high-intensity ultraviolet light so that it retains its peaty flavor. A liter sells for about \$1.60 in package stores. For Scotchniks, it's a bonny good buy.



### CLEAN SWEEP

If exotic soaps leave you in a lather, then you'll be up to your eyeballs in bubbles after checking out Soap Show, a store at 411 Rose Avenue, Venice, California 90291, that modestly boasts that it carries "every soap in the world." French violet soaps, Greek olive-oil soaps, even an East Indies soap—Soap Show (which takes mail orders) has them at slippery prices. There's also a Soap Show Super—a three-foot basket that contains 72 bars for \$275. Slick!







**Taking Up the Veil**

Anyone who looks like GINA MARIE PITRELLO and has appeared in films such as *The Last American Virgin* has our vote for up-and-coming celebrity breast. We had no idea there were any American virgins left. But, seriously, watch for her in *This Is Spinal Tap* and buy her album.

**The Boy and His Band**

Now that he's battled Joan Rivers to a draw on *The Tonight Show*, even middle America knows about BOY GEORGE and Culture Club. Their music is hot, and behind the bangles is a hip guy. Says Boy, "Everyone wants to look beautiful." He does.



**Filling Out the Blanks**

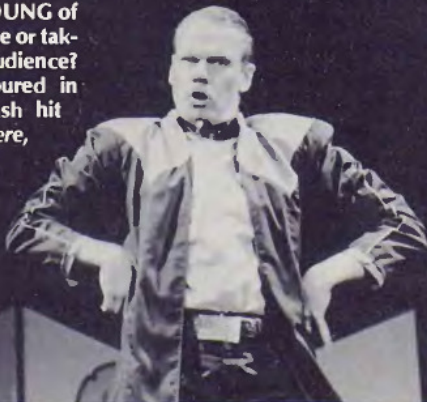
MARY LYNN BLANKS plays Annie Ward on the TV soap *As the World Turns* and herself on a Pro Arts poster. Look for it; we will.



**Rock 'n Roll  
SEX DRUGS**

**Curtain Call**

Is vocalist JAMES YOUNG of Styx running for office or taking heat from the audience? When the band toured in support of its smash hit album *Kilroy Was Here*, people wanted to know more about his platform. He wouldn't tell and we won't, either.



© 1983 ROCK MAGAZINE

KEN SCHERER - GACEY ASSOCI





DEGRIE / GALLERIA LTD.

## Revelations

ANGIE DICKINSON has been teasing the public for years. She's got great legs and a wonderful face, and when she appears on a talk show, she acts as though she were about to reveal some intimate detail. Her sex-in-the-taxi scene in *Dressed to Kill* fueled a few fantasies in this office. So now we bring you the real goods. Angie's our celebrity breast of the month.

## What—No Pearls?

MARTHA RAYE wanted to see what RANDI BROOKS's flame Tom Wopat sees in her. Clearly, Martha's impressed. But then, a Hollywood charity bash is a long way from Mel's Diner, where Raye spends her TV time. Randi likes to . . . well, hang out.



© 1984 LYNN GOLDSMITH / LOR

## Stung

This is not your average sex symbol. Next to Michael Jackson, STING and his cohorts, The Police, were pop music last year. Soon you can see him at the movies in *Dune*. But right now you can see him here, playing with his toy.

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## NEXT MONTH:



COUPLES

MOVIES

SHOTS

BASEBALL

**"YOUNG KENNEDYS: THE NEW LOST GENERATION"**—IT'S BEEN SAID THAT AFTER THE DEATHS OF JACK AND BOBBY, THE COUNTRY LOST ITS MOORINGS. THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED WITH WHAT HAPPENED *INSIDE THE KENNEDY FAMILY*—BY PETER COLLIER AND DAVID HOROWITZ

**"THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK"**—IN AN EXCERPT FROM HIS NEWEST NOVEL, THE AUTHOR OF *RABBIT IS RICH* INTRODUCES A SUBURBAN COVEN (RUB-A-DUB-DUB, THREE SORCERESSES IN A HOT TUB)—BY JOHN UPDIKE

**"THE YEAR IN MOVIES"**—ONCE AGAIN, A REPRIS OF THE BEST, THE WORST, THE STARS AND THE MOVIES WE'D PICK IF WE AWARDED THE OSCARS

**"THE BIG LEAGUE POINT OF VIEW"**—YOU THINK YOU KNOW HOW TO WATCH A BASEBALL GAME? SO DID THE AUTHOR, ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S TOP SPORTSWRITERS, UNTIL HE TALKED WITH A FEW PLAYERS—BY THOMAS BOSWELL

**"LOVING COUPLES"**—IT'S THE PHENOMENON OF THE EIGHTIES: THE MATURE WOMAN INVOLVED WITH THE YOUNGER MAN. YOU'LL RECOGNIZE SOME OF THE MIXED DOUBLES WE SHOW GETTING IT ON IN A SIZZLING PICTORIAL

**"TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT"**—A SAMPLING OF SPIRITS TO SIP NEAT (HOLD THE BRANCH WATER, BARTENDER), POURED FOR YOU BY OUR RESIDENT EXPERT, EMANUEL GREENBERG

**"TEN THINGS YOU SHOULD NEVER ASK YOUR LOVER"**—WE ALREADY ASSUME YOU'RE SMART ENOUGH TO AVOID "DIDJA COME?" BUT HERE ARE SOME OTHER GAUCHE QUESTIONS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED TO PUT ANY ROMANCE RIGHT INTO THE DEEP-FREEZE—BY JAMES R. PETERSEN AND KATE NOLAN

**CALVIN KLEIN TALKS ABOUT HIS CHILDHOOD, HIS ASTOUNDING BUSINESS SUCCESS AND THE KIDNAPING OF HIS DAUGHTER IN AN EYE-OPENING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**



# The Spirit of America



*Mabry Mill, Virginia by Clyde H. Smith*

*Where the woodland farmer flourished, the miller was not far behind. Independent and enterprising, he signalled the coming of trade and prosperity. And looking to the future, he relaxed at day's end with America's native whiskey: Kentucky Bourbon. Old Grand-Dad still makes that Bourbon much as we did 100 years ago. It's the spirit of America.*

*For a 19" x 26" print of Mabry Mill, send a check or money order for \$4.95 to Spirit of America offer, P.O. Box 183V, Carle Place, N.Y. 11514.*

## Old Grand-Dad

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, KY ©1983 National Distillers







Come to where  
the flavor is.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—  
you get a lot to like.

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

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