

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS JESSE JACKSON

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1984 • \$3.00

REGGIE JACKSON
LIFE WITH THE
YANKEES: A
GRAND SLAM
AT THE
BRONX ZOO

**STEAMY
BARBARA
EDWARDS**
**PLAYMATE
OF THE
YEAR**

**CRITICS'
CHOICE**
The 25 Best
Restaurants
In America



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PLAYBILL

IN JUNE, the world cuts loose. We've cut loose, too. There's something in this June PLAYBOY for everyone; don't let it make the rounds until you've seen your fill. Start with the Reverend **Jesse Jackson**—candidate for President, electrifying speaker, leader of the Rainbow Coalition. In this month's *Playboy Interview*, Jackson speaks with **Robert Scheer** about fighting racism, Reaganism and charges of anti-Semitism, his bouts of foot-in-mouth disease—even the ways PLAYBOY personifies America. At the very least, both stand for the pursuit of happiness.

Another candidate named **Jackson—Reggie**, who's running for the Hall of Fame—recalls his wild campaigns with the New York Yankees in *My Life in Pinstripes*, an excerpt from *Reggie*, soon to be published by Villard. Written with sports columnist **Mike Lupica** and illustrated by **Robert Risko**, Reggie's tale includes grand slams at **Billy Martin** and—surprise—**George Steinbrenner**.

Kosta Tsipis takes some grand slams at the President's latest schemes to make the world safe for nuclear war in "Why Reagan's *Star Wars* Plan Won't Work," this month's *Playboy Viewpoint*. The director of MIT's Program in Science and Technology for International Security, Tsipis is one of the nation's leading experts on nuclear policy. And he's scared.

Think social commentary in music has gone the way of black-light posters? Think again—punk. **Charles M. Young** examines the suburbanization of punk, down to the last tattoo, in *Skank or Die*, slam-illustrated by **Ed Koslow**. When Young asked why the Dicks' lead singer put liver in his underpants onstage, one of his sources explained, "To destroy capitalism." Makes sense.

Our June fiction, **Robert Silverberg's** *The Affair*, concerns a telepathic tryst carried on by a couple of psychics named Laurel and Chris. This could add a whole new wrinkle to the long-distance relationship.

Financial columnist **Andrew Tobias** gives you the business again this month, and so do **Jerry Sullivan** and **David Standish**. Tobias' *Quarterly Reports: The Best Investment Books Ever Written* sells the megatrenders and minute managers short, but he's bullish on the classics. In *Free Money*, Sullivan and Standish say it's time to deregulate cash and replace it with new, fun currencies. As economists, S and S are great humorists.

Where's the beef? Right here, with other great American dishes, in **John Mariani's** *Critics' Choice 1984: The Top Restaurants in America*. "Going to the top 25 restaurants in the U.S. took a lot of time and effort, but someone had to do it," says Mariani. "Thank God it was I."

That's what beautiful **Barbara Edwards** might well have said when told she was our Playmate of the Year for 1984. Forget the Jaguar and the \$100,000 check—what made her *really* happy was another chance to knock your eyes out. It took the talents of Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag**, West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski**, Make-up Artist **Clint Wheat** and Stylist **Jennifer Smith Ashley** to do justice to Barbara's *Playmate of the Year* pictorial, but in this case, justice is its own reward.

Movie critics **Gene Siskel** and **Roger Ebert**, hosts of the syndicated *At the Movies*, gave thumbs up to **Bill Zehme** for this month's *20 Questions*, in which they reveal their criticisms of each other. "These two ingest more popcorn in a day than the average person does in a year," says Zehme, reeling.

Even with all that to butter you up, shouldn't there be more in June's PLAYBOY? How about these winners? Double your pleasure with **Tricia Lange**, June's Playmate of the Month, caught in full flower by Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley**. Then multiply it still more with *three* stunning stars of *Emmanuelle IV*. Follow them with a special selection of gifts for *Dads and Grads*, then flip to *Dressed for the Quest*, in which tomorrow's Olympians model today's slickest swimwear. This is an issue that pullulates with politics and popcorn, punks, Playmates, passion and plenty of pictures. Go ahead and devour it.



SCHEER



JACKSON

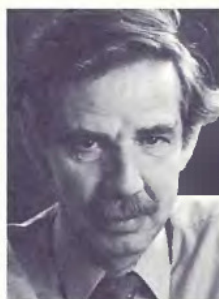
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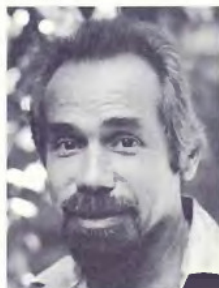
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PLAYBOY

vol. 31, no. 6—june, 1984

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COVER STORY


The lady's going places—Barbara Edwards is our Playmate of the Year for 1984. On the cover, shot by Contributing Photographer Army Freytag and produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, Barbara's getting into training. She won't have to do much more training, though. She's in excellent shape already (see page 134), and her prizes include a 1984 Jaguar XJS.

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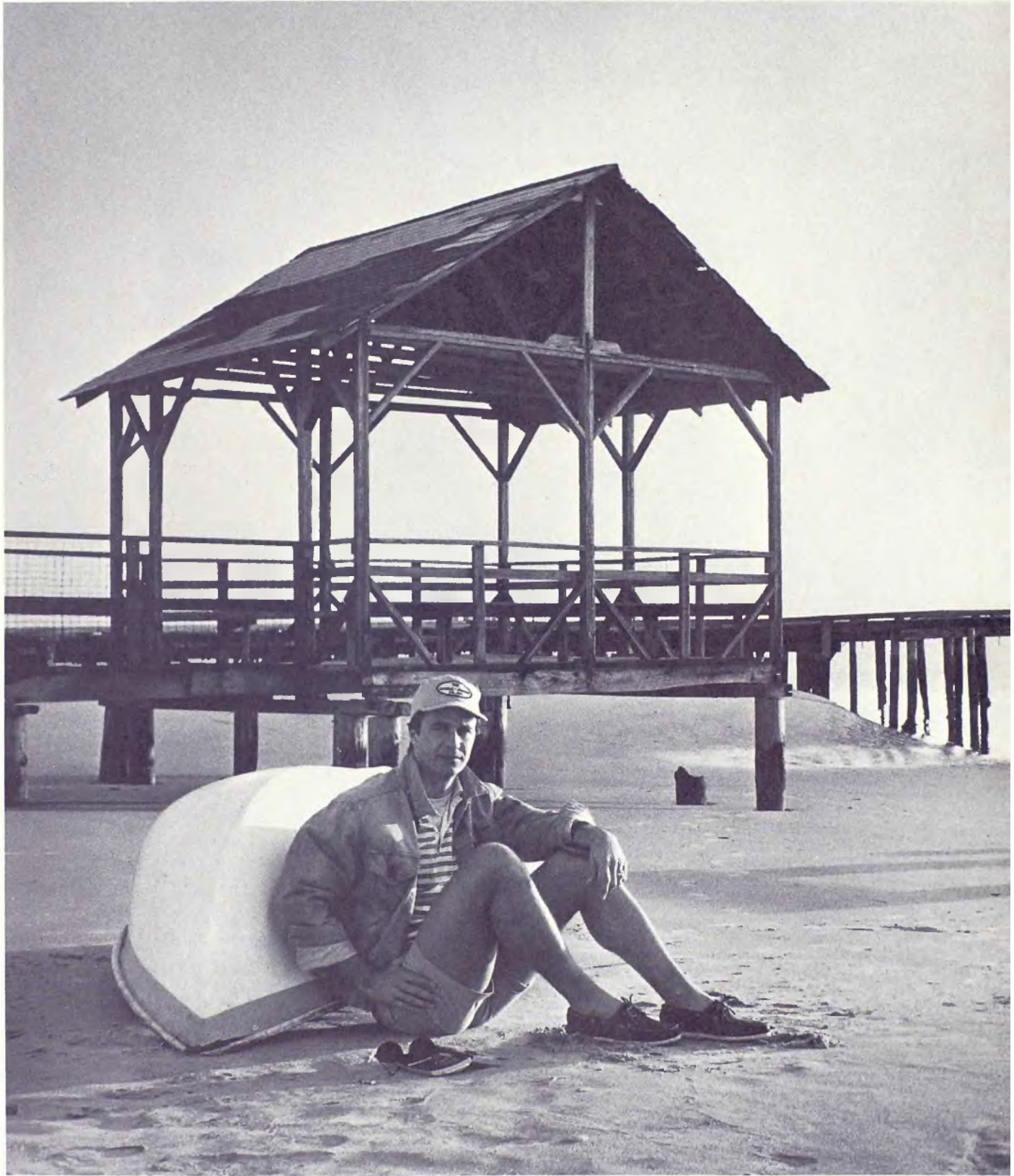
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



THE WORLD'S HER ENCHILADA

Former L.A. Bunny Maria Richwine (left) still works under rabbit ears but now delivers lines, not drinks, as Carmen in Norman Lear's latest ethnic comedy on ABC, a.k.a. *Pablo*. Below, she joins co-star Katy Jurado for an impromptu game of "How big a star is Pablo?"



A TICKER-TAPPING PARADE

Normally, the Orange Bowl parade is the biggest movable feast in Miami; but this year, the Bunny Brigade at our Playboy Club paraded through town to a new location not far from the city's international airport. Hop in the next time you touch down.



A FESTIVAL OF PLAYBOY JAZZ

Ndugu Chancler (left) and Eric Bobo (right) join George Wein to announce the 1984 Playboy Jazz Festival, opening June 16 with a tribute to Eric's late father, Willie. Wein, shown with a jazzy proclamation from L.A. mayor Tom Bradley, will again produce the fest.

ON YOUTH NIGHT OUT AT MANSION WEST, HOLLYWOOD'S HEARTTHROBS COME OUT TO PLAY

Actors Rob (Class) Lowe (left) and Michelle (Blame It on Rio) Johnson, here with *Class* production assistant Eric Breiman, were among the younger celebs at a party thrown by Hef. Lowe stars in Orion's new *The Hotel New Hampshire*; Michelle was one of the bright lights in *Rio*.



SHE'LL LEAVE YOU BREATHLESS

Men have always been moved by Miss August 1980, Victoria Cooke (right). Now they're exercising more than their eyes in her new traveling muscular-fitness class, *Men in Motion*. It has bowled over Redondo Beach, California (above), and parts of Florida and North Carolina. The results? They're startling. Some of these men even breathe easily when Victoria's near.



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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ECHOES OF DECEMBER 8, 1980

After reading David and Victoria Sheff's well-researched and important *The Betrayal of John Lennon* (PLAYBOY, March), about those who have been ghoulishly disloyal to Lennon and his loved ones, I can only say that my bitterness, anger and actual hatred of Bob Rosen and his ilk are equaled only by what I feel for Mark David Chapman. The article broke my heart.

Tom Brillisour
Logan, Utah

It shocks me that anyone would want to commit atrocities against the memory of someone like John Lennon, who lived a life of peace and gave us all so much pleasure. The revelation that John's cremation was filmed caused me to become physically ill. Let's all hope that Yoko, Sean and Julian Lennon are able to live the rest of their lives in the peace that John worked for all his life. God bless them.

Joyce Becker
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

The Betrayal of John Lennon is a sympathetic study, but it does beg the question "Was all the information provided by Yoko and associates for publication, or were the Sheffs part of the very problem they wrote of?" One ironic note: John Lennon's late father was a seaman named Fred. And the villain of *The Betrayal* . . . was Fred Seaman.

Martin E. Appel
White Plains, New York

The Beatles came to America the year my son was born. I wrote in his baby book, under IMPORTANT EVENTS OF 1964, "The Beatles are here." I am a person of very strong opinions. That trait, coupled with a strong streak of selfishness, put me in the vanguard of those who thought of Yoko Ono as the usurper, the ruin of a holy group. Never mind the evidence to the contrary, never mind John's apparent

happiness. *She did it.* The Beatles were finished. She took him away, changed his thinking, his manners, his looks. Never once did I see that what was happening was love. To read now of the aftermath of terror to which Yoko and her son have been subjected is horrible. Through it all, though, I see a woman who has lost a man she loved dearly but has not lost any of the life-affirming qualities both of them tried to give us all. Yoko is a living tribute to John. Why did it take so many of us so long to see that?

Bette Amsler
Venice, California

I am damned sick of hearing about the "legacy" of Lennon. While he may have been a decent musician, his overwhelming message was an endorsement of hard-drug abuse. Enjoy his music if you like, but don't rewrite history and turn him into a saint.

Edward Bartholemew
Scotts Valley, California

I have never been so moved by a magazine article. My heart aches for Yoko and Sean and the few genuine friends they have left. It amazes me how cruelly and sadistically the people in John and Yoko's employ treated her after his death. I think it is about time all these money-hungry people left this courageous woman and her innocent child alone.

Linda R. Price
Dover, New Jersey

NO SLOW MO

Your fine March *Playboy Interview* with Moses Malone brings many of his superb qualities to the surface. What a delight to see so fine an athlete who, when he asserts that he's paid what he's worth, is believable. Malone is a rare individual.

Tim J. Brusse
Portland, Oregon

The introduction to your *Interview* with Moses Malone contains the claim

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that Malone led the 'Sixers "to their first world championship (finally!) last June." How quickly you forget! Not only did the 1966-1967 'Sixers—with the likes of Wilt Chamberlain, Luke Jackson, Chet Walker, Hal Greer, Wally Jones and Billy Cunningham—win the world championship, they were voted the best N.B.A. team of all time!

Ernest J. Peacock
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

LARGE LOVELIES

How ironic that you publish an extremely pleasing pictorial on big, beautiful women (*Big & Beautiful*, PLAYBOY, March) just at the time I am entering into a heavy (excuse the pun) relationship with a big woman. I had never known the exquisite joys and incomparable fulfillment of loving a full-figured lady until I fell for Leilani, my current love. It is unlikely that I'll ever go back to skinny women. Thanks, PLAYBOY! You did it right.

Tom Souza
Pittsburg, California

At last I can come out of the closet (it was getting stuffy in there) and hold my lecherous head high. PLAYBOY, the undisputed connoisseur of the female form, has placed its royal stamp on my own secret passion: the voluptuous woman. I wanted—pardon my crudeness—to bury my face in your pages and wallow in unabashed gluttony. If you ever do pictures like these again, may I volunteer to help the photographers in any groveling way I can? Surely they can use someone to keep dust from alighting on the models—or something.

Mark Naples
Bristol, Pennsylvania

K.A.L. UMNIES

Asa Baber's "Killing Us Softly with Their Song" (*A Reporter's Notebook*, PLAYBOY, March), regarding the downing of Korean Air Lines flight 007, is excellent. Many of us in the American mainstream have asked the very same questions. However, the fact that the United States Government is passing out contradictory information is nothing new. As an American citizen, I am constantly in awe of the bull we are fed year after year concerning events that are surrounded by controversy. My thanks to Baber for his stand on the media and the Government, as well as for his insight into the workings of the incredible story of flight 007.

Richard Vittorioso
West Kingston, Rhode Island

Baber's *Reporter's Notebook*, which accuses the Government of covering up the real story of the K.A.L. 007 crash and the media of complicity in such a cover-up, is filled with misinformation and errors. I was in Asia during this affair. The effort

to get to the bottom of it was vigorous and the competition was fierce. It's true that there are many unanswered questions about this event, but maybe we would have been able to report more if the Russians hadn't lied, stonewalled and then done their best to prevent anyone from entering the crash area to gather evidence. I invite Baber to go to Moscow and pose some of his questions to the authorities there. Let's see how far he gets.

Arthur A. Lord, Director
Special News Operations
NBC News
Burbank, California

Thank you for Baber's *Reporter's Notebook*, "Killing Us Softly with Their Song." There seems to be hope for America yet. This is the first probing article on the probable truth of what happened to the Korean airliner. It does not assume that everything the Russians say is untrue while everything the Americans say is true. Please keep up your high standard of reporting.

Ignacio Cortes
London, England

Send glib Baber to write for trashy left-wing mags like *The Nation* and *The Village Voice*. His essay on the Korean airliner's destruction is pretentiously patronizing. Even though K.A.L. 007 was shot down by Russian pilots firing Russian missiles under Russian orders, you'd never know it from Baber. Without exception, *all* of his criticisms are directed at America. Not *one* of his rhetorical questions is put to the Soviets.

Greg Lanning
Vancouver, British Columbia

BOO!

Your February issue (*The Year in Sex*) quotes me quite incorrectly in relation to the Montreal appearance of Roland Petit's Ballet National de Marseille. The scene I booed had no nudity at all and nothing to do with nudity, for that matter. It dealt with a homosexual's being beaten by a bunch of *macho* types. I indeed objected to this unartistic use of cheap violence, as well as to the overused cliché of the homosexual as an old faggot.

Guy Joron, President
Société de la Place des Arts
Montreal, Quebec

We regret the error, which arose because we assumed Variety's report of the event was correct. Anybody with the gumption to boo a ballet in his own theater complex deserves to have his reason accurately reported.

LET'S FIX THEM UP

At a recent conference of the Midwest Federation of Library Associations, the guest banquet speaker was Isaac Bashevis

Singer. Before his presentation, this warm and charming man autographed his books and spoke with people. I gave him the December issue of *PLAYBOY*, containing one of his stories, to autograph. He signed and then began paging through the issue. "I don't think I've seen this number," he said. "Oh, *Joan Collins!*"

Robert H. Donahugh
Youngstown, Ohio

RIBALD REDUX

What's the deal? You re-used February Party Jokes in March. I'm referring to the homosexual-survey and birthday-present-being-a-size-larger jokes. Didn't think we would notice? Let's not get shoddy, now.

Bruce Jaquays
Newington, Connecticut

They were sequels.

FEEL LUCKY, READERS?

I knew when I got home and saw my mailbox smoking and the lid flapping that there had to be something good inside. Congratulations on Miss March, Dona Speir. Why, Dona blows the top off the one-to-ten scale! With beauty and an attitude like hers, she really should be our next Playmate of the Year. One more look, please. I'll be keeping an eye on my mailbox.

Steve Cramer
Ames, Iowa

Thank you, thank you, thank you. Miss March, Dona Speir, is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. It just so happens that my birthday is March eighth, and I couldn't have received a better present! If you want to make my day, you could show me one more picture of Dona.

Sean Reynolds
Conifer, Colorado

Happy to comply, but it's a good thing



you didn't say the same thing to Dirty Harry.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



UNSOLICITED LETTERS

The Harvard University Band used to exercise a free hand at half time. Whatever the kids felt like doing—heck, it was plain OK. So last fall, in a blaze of school spirit, the band's 250 members commented on the food at the freshman union by forming the word UNION and then rearranging themselves to spell PUKE.

Lately, the dean of students has taken an interest in half-time plans.

Among the odd titles at last year's Frankfurt Book Fair were *Practical Infectious Diseases*, *The Care and Feeding of Stuffed Animals* and *Wife-Battering: A Systems Theory Approach*. But the Soviet publishing house Mir won the award for the absolutely weird with its *Theory of Lengthwise Rolling*.

Profit motives: *The Wall Street Journal* reports that people under the age of 16 were barred from Softcon, a computer-software show in New Orleans—unless, of course, "the individual [was] the president or other executive officer of the exhibiting company."

OK, so we'll learn piano. *The Honolulu Star-Bulletin* ran the following classified ad: "Established casual band seeking keyboardist w/ own equipment, car. Variety music. Good head."

Hey, can't we have both? *The Magazine*, a British publication, ran a travel ad that asked the question "A planter's punch or a slow comfortable screw?"

K-9 MP KO'd

This year's David Crosby Extinguished Service Cross is awarded to Private Pasha, recently retired from active duty at Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Pasha, a German shepherd trained to sniff for coke, grass and smack, has apparently burned out her

nose. According to her commanding officer, Staff Sergeant Mark Robinson, "She just isn't interested in working in drugs anymore." Sounds like she'd make a perfect mascot for an N.F.L. or N.B.A. team.

An Orlando woman who found \$10,000 worth of stolen computer equipment in her home phoned the sheriff's office and asked that her two teenaged sons be arrested. "Let the chips fall where they may," she told the *Sarasota Herald-Tribune*.

The Standard Steel building company's ad in *The Texas Farmer-Stockman* might have sounded like the best news since Ma Bell diversified: "One phone call can give you a low-cost erection."

A 16-year-old St. Louis boy made three mistakes in trying to get a refund on a new pair of pants at a local department store, police said. The first was breaking into Barbara O'Connell's car trunk and steal-

ing the pants. The second was thinking he could get a \$35 cash refund simply because he "didn't like them." The third was not knowing that the person he was asking for a refund was O'Connell—the store's security chief. She said, "I almost felt sorry for him."

According to the *Chicago Tribune* "Inc." column, when Debbie Reynolds was taping her exercise video with Virginia Mayo, Dionne Warwick, Florence Henderson, Shelley Winters, Rose Marie and Terry Moore, Winters stopped mid-sweat and shouted, "How many women here have slept with Howard Hughes?" Everyone in the room raised a hand—except for Moore, who says that she and Hughes were once married. She stopped long enough to look around the room and take a count.

South Carolina's *Beaufort Gazette* included an ad for "Female companion around clock. Minimum days, negotiable nights. References."

Sex! Nudity! Insecticide! PBS' *Nova* sent out a release describing its episode "Locusts: War Without End" as "much more than a tale of battles against insect pests. It explores the amazing private life of the locust, much of it never before revealed on film. The screen is filled with dramatic close-ups of locusts shedding their skins, copulating and digging holes deep in the ground to lay their eggs."

URINE THE MONEY!

"Sir, what are you doing?"

That was the reaction of a groggy Stephanie Littleton of San Leandro, California, who, upon waking up from a nap on a National Airlines flight from San Francisco to Miami, found a man urinating on her. To make matters worse, the hoser, Ronald Lee Busboom, was a pilot, albeit from Pan American.





PLAYBOY'S TRIVIAL PURSUIT

and the topic is, natch, sex

When we heard that the makers of America's most popular new board game, Trivial Pursuit, were looking for a topic on which to base a set of brand-new question cards, how could we resist? After all, sex is a pretty broad subject. Here is a sample of some of the trickier questions put together by Contributing Editor John Blumenthal.

1. What did Catherine the Great's lover say when she asked him if he believed in kissing on the first date?
2. What is the British term describing a condition that results from too much oral sex?
3. What did Marlon Brando say to Rod Steiger in the famous cab scene in *On the Waterfront*?
4. What Shakespearean character got his name from a sexual practice?
5. What was Caligula's favorite hobby?
6. What is the most common result of chronic premature ejaculation?
7. Who coined the phrase "Politics make strange bedfellows"?
8. What are the three terms physicians most often use to describe the female breasts?
9. What Irish sportswoman is best remembered for her harsh tongue?
10. What is the scientific term for a porcupine's penis?
11. Where would you be most likely to find a "mound of Venus"?
12. What is the psychological term used to describe a sex maniac?
13. What is the first physical sign of sexual arousal in men?
14. In what part of North America do mammals lay the most eggs?

- Answers:
1. "Neigh"
 2. Stiff upper lip
 3. "Charley, I coulda been a pudenta"
 4. Fellatio
 5. Stamp collecting
 6. Divorce
 7. Fanne Foxe
 8. Charlies, hooters and honkers
 9. Connie Lingus
 10. Prick
 11. On an extraterrestrial baseball diamond
 12. All-American boy
 13. Drooling
 14. Hollywood



The incident happened in 1980 and recently resurfaced thanks to a settlement wherein Busboom agreed to pay Littleton \$33,750. That will cover the cost of the counseling she needed to combat the mental distress suffered afterward. It apparently also covers dry-cleaning expenses.

It seems that Busboom was aboard the National flight on a guest pass. According to fellow passengers, he had been drinking and was at least a couple of thousand feet above cruising altitude.

A witness described him as "making a lot of noise." He "stood up, lost his balance and fell over some passengers. He then began to urinate on the lady, who was asleep. She quickly woke up and yelled, 'Sir, what are you doing?'"

Busboom, who had been with Pan Am since 1966, was fired by the airline almost before the soggy National flight landed. The pilot, who is today self-employed, had no comment on the settlement, except to say the whole thing was "absurd." While not denying that the leakage had occurred, he added, "I'm just saying this settlement is ridiculous." Pan Am disagreed and is kicking in an extra \$7500.

We'll Be the Judge of That Department: The Newport Daily News listed this prime piece of Rhode Island real estate: "Charming 18th Century Colonial Cape on one-acre site—surrounded by open spaces for the indiscriminate!"

ANDROGYNOUS FAIRY TALE

Dr. Rosemary Wells, assistant professor of dental hygiene at Northwestern University, has conducted a survey of 2324 Americans aged 12 to 80. Of those polled, 74 percent thought of the tooth fairy—our first and only native-born fairy, according to Dr. Wells—as female. Only three percent thought the tooth fairy was male. Presumably, the remaining 23 percent of respondents paid little attention to the gender of the nation's most notorious nocturnal visitor, one associated with what Wells terms "the loss of a very important part of their anatomy."

Gee, think what she might have done if something had happened to James Brown! A Chicago woman, upset by unfounded rumors that Michael Jackson had died, slashed her throat and those of her infant children. The children are recovering; the woman is being held by police.

This we'd like to see: An ad in the Brunswick, Maine, *Times Record* declared, "Seven-day Caribbean cruise on Holland America's S.S. Veendam. Sailing from Tampa March third. Port stops: Cozumel, Montego Bay, Grand Canyon."

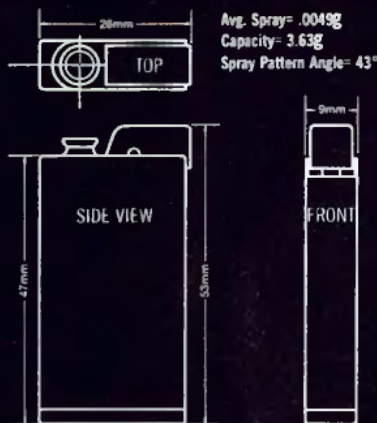
Lots of rhythm, not many blues: "HOOKER BOOGIES ON AT AGE 66" read the cheerful *Billboard* headline—above a story about John Lee Hooker.

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Ullman, Lauper.

BRIT WIT: Twenty years to the day after the Beatles invaded America, a quieter landing was made by **Tracey Ullman**, perhaps Britain's funniest export since Monty Python. Why are we talking about her in the *Music* section? Because this diverse actress and comedienne has released her first album, *You Broke My Heart in 17 Places* (MCA). While the record itself is a straight-ahead reread of late Fifties and early Sixties female white-bread pop styles, it does include some terrific songs (*They Don't Know*) and some forgettable ones (*Life Is a Rock*) *But the Radio Rolled Me*. Ullman herself is a one-off original. Her comic touch and ability to create characters have made her the *Variety Club's* television personality of the year in England for an *SCTV*-like show called *Three of a Kind*, which someone ought to have the good sense to import. She has also won awards for her acting in London's West End, and if she ever brings the demand for freshness and originality to her music that she applies to her acting, she'll be a force to be reckoned with. If not, we'll have to content ourselves with the funniest female to come along since Joan Rivers and Lily Tomlin.

HIT WIT: Speaking of wacko women and one-off originals, **Cyndi Lauper** has created only one character, herself, and that's plenty. Her first hit, *Girls Just Want to Have Fun*, from her *Portrait* album, *She's So Unusual*, has made plenty of people aware that this is a unique female rock-'n'-roller. The single is also the best introduction to this honest, self-described "instigator and natural irritant." The first time we met, she got me to overcome a bad case of oversurgeried skier's knees and join

her for a three-a.m., Bo Diddley-induced, hourlong aerobic workout. That was during her days with *Blue Angel*, a terrific band but an unfortunate victim of *Rock Bizness Pitfalls*.

Talking with Lauper is the intellectual equivalent of taking a roller-coaster ride through the fun-house hall of mirrors. The high-pitched, nasal New York accent suggests the late Judy Holliday as Lauper dishes out stories about her personal guru, Captain Lou Albano, a 300-pound wrestler you may have seen playing her father in the video of *Girls Just Want to Have Fun*. But the voice hides an intense, street-smart performer who has had the toughness to hang in there and wait for the world to catch up. We hope she ends up the rock equivalent of another famous New York redhead, Lucille Ball. She already has something Lucy never had: green highlights in her flaming hair.

—JOHN BERG

REVIEWS

Now that the *Rocky Horror* craze has at last gone the way of the Hula-Hoop, here comes *The Rocky Horror Picture Show Audience Par-Tic-I-Pation Album* (Ode). The good news is that the songs, good old rock 'n' roll sassily performed by a grand band of protopunks, are all intact. The bad news is that they've been padded into a two-record set that includes dialog from the movie, most of the classic audience responses ("Where's your fucking neck?" to Charles Gray, etc.) and even, on one of the record sleeves, such pious gems of *Rocky Horror* etiquette as *Never make fun of someone for dressing up. . . . The point is that their heart is in it and this might*

discourage them or others from ever returning in costume. And that's what this cult's all about, isn't it? The audience response to this album will probably be "Where's your fucking cult? Everybody's down the street at *Liquid Sky!*"

¡Queremos más cerveza! That's what we were shouting, anyway, on hearing Los Lobos' seven-song *albumita*, ". . . *and a time to dance.*" (Slash). This L.A.-based Tex-Mex quartet, complete with toddly accordion, makes you wish you were back in some border cantina in Mexicali, tearing your head off on tequila, salt and lime, with a cold beer chaser. It also offers evidence that the *true* spirit of Fifties rock may be hiding out in lively border-town music—the border now moved north to L.A., of course—like this. *¡No en vista!*—is that how you say "Outa sight!"?

Music has become too corporate: If a record won't sell as well as Michael Jackson's *Thriller*, forget it. The first casualties of this policy have been the singer-songwriters and the folkies. Even Tom Rush and Steve Goodman have taken to making and selling their own records, and they are established acts. Newcomers such as Sally Fingerett have had to take all the risk themselves. *Sally Fingerett Encl/sf* is a fine debut album, available from Amerra Records, P.O. Box 14953, Columbus, Ohio 43214. She writes of a singer, "Tourist attractions attract him," and of "having lunch with the ladies . . . who are proud to be crazy. / And they swear that they'll never have babies / So there'll be

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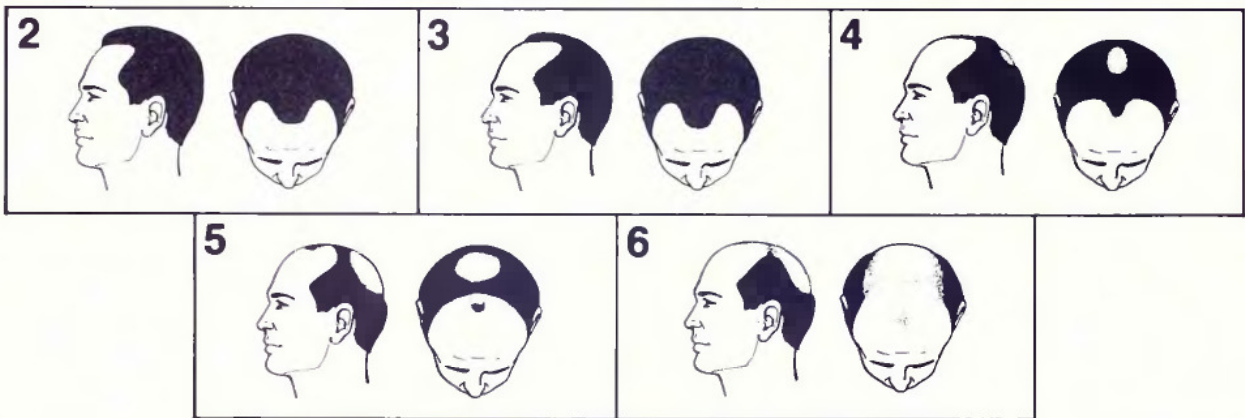
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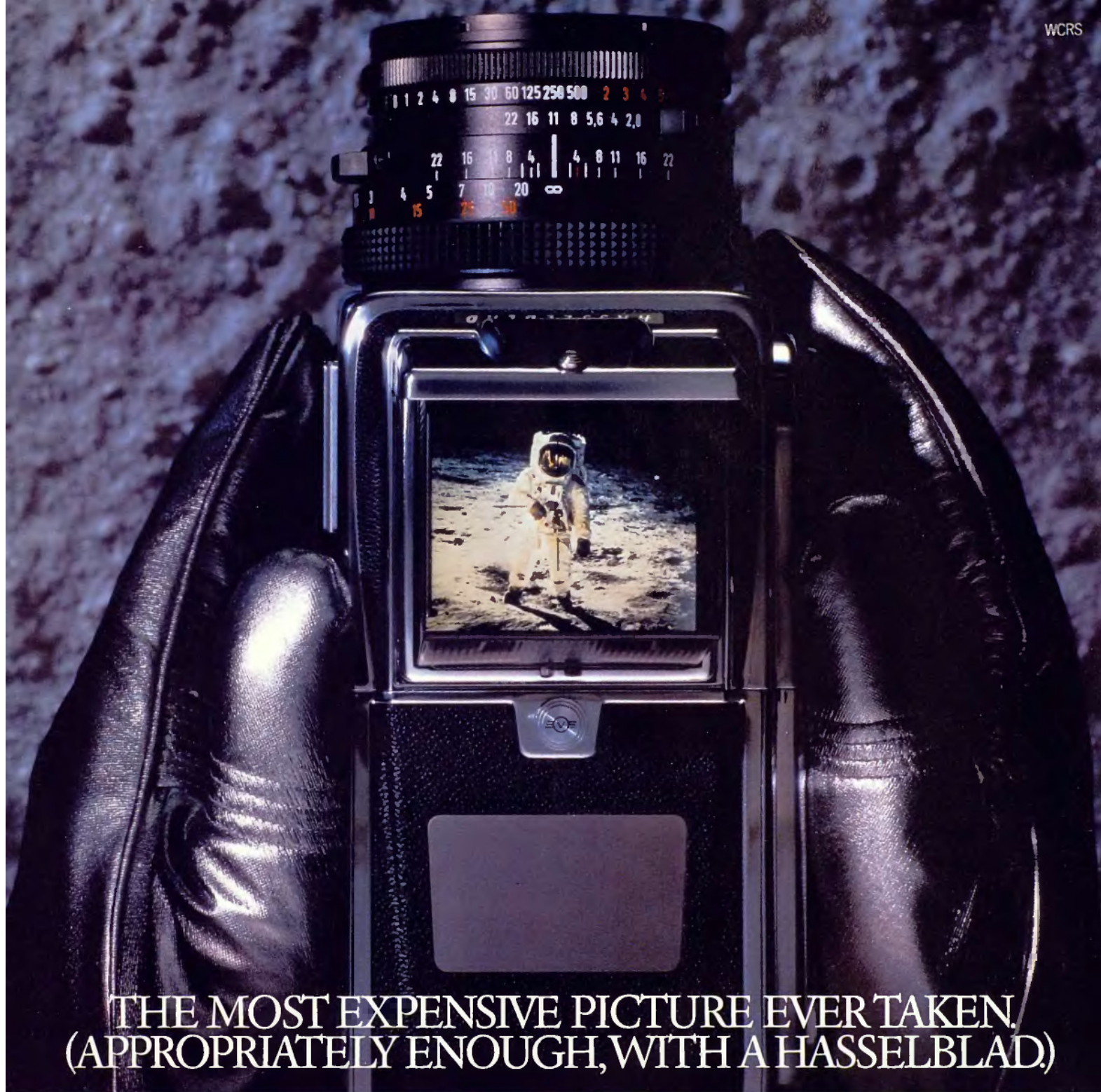
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H A S S E L B L A D

FAST TRACKS

plenty of time for lunch." Our favorite is *Ask Any Mermaid You Happen to See*, a female take on the country-and-ocean territory staked out by Jimmy Buffett. Take the risk; she's worth it.

Like a dog on a bone, Rodney Crowell is all over Larry Willoughby's debut album, *Building Bridges* (Atlantic America). Producer, sometime songwriter, backup vocalist, he even dragged in the little woman, Rosanne Cash, to sing backup on a few. That Willoughby isn't finally buried in all this Rodney is probably due to the fact that he's Crowell's first cousin, and they seem to be in the same groove. His version of Rodney's *Angel Eyes* sounds a little *thin* after Waylon's, and Dave Edmunds' *Sweet Little Lisa* sends off more sparks—but it's an impressive debut even if it does sound like a Rodney Crowell album by another name. How bad can that be?

Perhaps because Mink DeVille has never had a hit, or maybe because it just likes a wider, funkier range of music than most old rock-'n'-rollers, *Where Angels Fear to Tread* (Atlantic) is hard to get tired of. In fact, listening to this group go from roadhouse R&B to big-band *salsa* and then to root-cellar rock, you almost have to imagine the musicians changing costumes from track to track. Willy DeVille doesn't get nearly enough credit for his writing or his low-down voice or the sense he shares with Ry Cooder of how much eclectic fun rock 'n' roll ought to be.

With the death of a second bandmate somewhat balanced by the birth of her daughter, 1983 was a bittersweet year for Chrissie Hynde. It's therefore not surprising that much of The Pretenders' *Learning to Crawl* (Sire) is concerned with farewells and new beginnings—what's surprising is its vitality and assurance. Driving rockers such as *Middle of the Road* and *Time the Avenger* exorcise the pain of loss, while the more melodic mid-tempo *Show Me* and *2000 Miles* convey the healing potential of love. *Learning to Crawl* proves that The Pretenders have grown up without growing old. It's great to have them back.

SHORT CUTS

Golden Earring / N.E.W.S. (21 Records): You've heard of the second British invasion—Duran Duran, Culture Club, Eurythmics. This is Holland's second invasion, the first being by Droste's chocolate. Golden Earring is the top Dutch band, and *N.E.W.S.* is a treat.

African Image / Roots (Izimpande) (Grammavision): Sort of a King Sunny Adé knockoff—sweet, soulful vocals, American instrumentation and African lyrics that we can't understand. Unlike Adé's work, polyrhythms here give way to Pollyanna rhythms. But it's pretty.



SLAM, BAM, THANK YOU, MA'AM DEPARTMENT: You gotta feel bad for 46-year-old Mary Ann Spencer, who claims she was "tossed around like a human volleyball" by slam dancers at an X/Oingo Boingo concert in California last summer. Spencer was chaperoning her niece when she was struck by an airborne slam dancer and suffered a broken leg in the dance attack. She has filed suit against the bands and the venue where the incident occurred.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS DEPARTMENT: You probably didn't know this, but a 37-year-old man from Chesterfield, England, is running for a seat in Parliament on the *Elvis Presley Party* ticket. **Sid Shaw** says that if elected, he'll move to require I.Q. tests for all members, reinstate conscription (because Elvis was drafted) and replace property taxes with a tax on all **Cliff Richard** records. And oh, yes, don't step on his blue-suede shoes, either.

REELING AND ROCKING: Some movie news from **Rick James**: He's writing a script to star **James Brown** called *God Bless You, Mr. Washington* and he's going to co-star with **Eddie Murphy** in an autobiographical movie titled *Spice of Life*. . . . *The Natural*, starring **Roberts Redford** and **Duval** and **Glenn Close**, will have a musical score by **Randy Newman**. . . . **Led Zep's John Paul Jones** will write the score of the film *Scream for Help*. One song already recorded by **Yes** lead singer **Jon Anderson** has lyrics by Jones's 15-year-old daughter, **Lucinda**. . . . **Mark Knopfler** is writing the sound track for *The Cal* (look for a **Dire Straits** studio album and tour this fall). . . . **Jeffrey Hornaday**, the choreographer who has worked on **Michael Jackson**, **Paul McCartney** and **Stevie Nicks** videos as well as on *Flashdance*, has been signed to work on the movie version of *A Chorus Line*.

NEWSBREAKS: **Barbra Streisand** has asked **Boy George** to write a song for her. He's "thrilled." . . . Read all about it: The **Stones'** first manager, **Andrew Oldham**, is writing his memoirs and, of course, so is **Mick**; but if you want the best, look forward to **Stanley Booth's** upcoming book, *Dance with the Devil*:


The Rolling Stones and Their Times (Random House). **Diana Ross's** autobiography will be coming out as well. . . . **Peter Wolf** is reported to be working away on his solo album. . . . **Glenn Frey** is the lone **Eagles** holdout. The others would like to get together to do a tour and an album but can't reunite without him. . . . Look for **Dylan** on tour this month. . . . Did you know that **The Nashville Network** recently celebrated its first birthday? The network reaches more than 12,000,000 households and offers everything from a daily country-music sitcom to a live nightly entertainment series. . . . Here's our favorite item: Motown artist **Mary Wells** is going into the fast-food business. "I'm opening a chain of franchised hot-dog stands. Our stands will look like Cadillacs with platinum-and-gold wheels that resemble records. At the top, we'll have a rotating picture of me, as well as photos of myself with the **Beatles**, **Marvin Gaye**, **The Supremes** and other performers I've worked with. The quarter-pounder hot dog will be named My Guy, and if it's ordered with chili, it will be called a Motown. We'll serve all the popular soft drinks, including You Beat Me to the Punch punch." . . . Our favorite PR release begins, "Rhino continues its classic-reissue series with the release of two **Annette Funicello** albums." . . . **Clive Epstein**, younger brother of the late **Beatles** manager **Brian Epstein**, is reviving *Mersey Beat* music paper with its original editor, **Bill Harry**. The paper used to carry columns written by **Lennon**, **McCartney**, **Brian Epstein** and **Cilla Black**. Editor Harry plans to ask **Paul**, **George** and **Ringo** to contribute.

—BARBARA NELLIS

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BOOKS

A few years ago, Michael Castleman wrote one of the best common-sense sex manuals we've come across. Now he has turned to our second-most-frequent topic of conversation. *Crime Free* (Simon & Schuster) is a no-nonsense guide to crime prevention. Castleman presents strategies that will reduce the risk of assault, robbery and rape. "It's tragic that in our collective horror at the crime problem we have lost faith in our ability to take care of ourselves and each other. Instead, we have relegated the problem to the police, the courts and the social-welfare agencies." This book should be required reading for the urban male and female. It demystifies crime and shows what needs to be done to make life safe.

If you are the product of a normal American education, you probably learned that there are only five senses—sight, hearing, touch, taste and smell—and maybe a sixth, the sense of humor. Since you are reading *PLAYBOY*, we can assume that you are devoted to applying those senses to quality experience. Well, guess what—your teacher was wrong. At last count, there were 17 senses, according to *Deciphering the Senses* (Simon & Schuster), one of those books that will change the way you think about your body. Robert Rivlin and Karen Gravelle have written an owner's manual for sensualists. The book fits right in with the fitness movement, explaining the fascinating discoveries that research has made in the past decade. There are chapters on pain, visual perception, illusion and reality, and non-verbal communication, among others. What a piece of work is man.

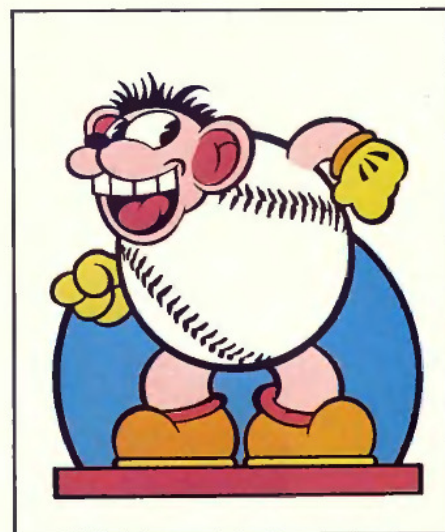
"So at the age of 47, I decided to become an athlete," writes John Jerome in *Staying with It* (Viking). Jerome makes no idle threat: He has a complete physical at Dr. Kenneth Cooper's Aerobic Center in Dallas and then goes into rigorous training as a swimmer. He swims between 5000 and 7000 meters per day at a swim camp, builds himself into a competitive racer and eventually swims in such events as the Y.M.C.A. Nationals. Along the way, Jerome describes what conditioning does, both mentally and physically, for the so-called aging athlete. He reaffirms the belief that physical inactivity is a curse worse than death—and that physical conditioning is a way to cheat death. An informative, optimistic book that makes you feel almost as good as if you'd just worked out.

Joan Didion writes novels as some people play video tapes—she backtracks, she fast-forwards, she replays. In her new novel, *Democracy* (Simon & Schuster), she gives us nonsequential bits of information



You can be a crime stopper!

New Joan Didion fiction, plus nonfiction on crime, sports and Vietnam.



Sportswit: Jock jokes.

about Inez Victor, member of a prominent Hawaiian family, wife of a prominent politician, mistress of a prominent illegal businessman, as her life, over a period of 25 or so years, spins into control. As always, Didion writes intelligently and concisely, but this time, in the shuffle of events, some of the parts seem more compelling than the whole.

Myra MacPherson's weighty *Long Time Passing: Vietnam and the Haunted Generation* (Doubleday) might also be called the oral history of a mess. This is no abstract, statistical treatment of our big mistake in

Southeast Asia. It is, rather, a first-person journey through the minds and experiences of hundreds of Americans irrevocably affected by the Vietnam trauma, including those who went to Canada instead. MacPherson is a seasoned *Washington Post* interviewer whose strength is a special ability to touch her subjects—and, thereby, her readers. Her book leaves the reader newly numbed by what happened more than a decade ago—and wondering about the aftermath. This is the first *emotional* history of the war.

Charles Fuller wants to be a writer; Stanley Kitchel waits to inherit a publishing house. Fuller and Kitchel meet at Oberlin College in William Goldman's *The Color of Light* (Warner) and develop a suffering artist/cynical benefactor relationship. Goldman has a great talent for dialog—and complementary success in screenwriting—but *Light* suffers from slapdash style and an excess of sunny repartee. "Anyone can be a writer," editor Kitchel tells his struggling scribe. "To be a good writer, you have to feel panic." Mr. Goldman, are you listening?

Now is the time when young men's fancies have turned to thoughts of baseball. Lee Green's *Sportswit* (Harper & Row) covers almost every earthly game, but its best lines come out of the mouths of Babes and Leftys and Dizzys. *Sportswit* isn't designed to be read straight through. It's a reference work, a *Bartlett's* full of ball-players—the perfect place to find that snappy Stengelism for any occasion. And Green deserves special commendation for including Abbott and Costello's hallowed "Who's on first?" routine. *The Sporting News Baseball Trivia Book* (Sporting News) deserves commendation as a fine, wonderfully illustrated run-through of baseball lore, but its title is a glaring error. What does the baseball bible think it's doing, calling Bobby Thomson's shot heard round the world and Willie Mays's over-the-shoulder catch on Vic Wertz *trivia*? If that's trivia, what's history?

BOOK BAG

Strip Search (Viking), by Rex Burns: This is the sixth mystery featuring Gabe Wager, a *chicano* detective working out of Denver. The story—about the murder of two exotic dancers—has sex, drugs, violence and excitement. A solid read.

Edisto (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by Padgett Powell: Simons Manigault is the teenaged narrator's name, "Something's happening, happening all the time" is his motto, a changing Hilton Head Island is his territory and he tells his story in an original, fascinating voice. A Southern *Catcher in the Rye*.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE ROGUISH family of eccentrics depicted in John Irving's best seller *The Hotel New Hampshire* (Orion) suffers an identity crisis on film. As the brother and sister who finally have to express their incestuous love in a cathartic orgy, Jodie Foster and Rob Lowe are provocative screen personalities tripped up by writer-director Tony Richardson's fussy, overstated adaptation. Nastassja Kinski, often dressed up in a bearskin, is altogether miscast as a family friend who believes she's ugly. Long on whimsy but woefully short on credibility, *Hotel* falters as cinema, whereas Irving's *The World According to Garp* largely succeeded in bringing a complex, episodic book down to screen size. Although handsomely made throughout, this Richardson-Irving hybrid mixes pet bears, a farting dog, precocious kids, rape, homosexuality, Austrian terrorists, speeded-up slapstick and literary allusions into chunks of supposed-to-be-heart-warming human comedy much too large for me to swallow. ♣♣

Local color abounds in *Kipperbang* (UA Classics), an unassuming comedy about a shy English schoolboy, Alan (John Albasiny), who's madly keen for a girl named Ann (Abigail Cruttenden). Yet Alan wants only to kiss her, not "the other things." That is sweet, for sure, and so is *Kipperbang*, which marks a return to basics for British director Michael Apted, better known here in connection with such major-league projects as *Coal Miner's Daughter* and *Gorky Park*. I'd call this the fish-and-chips of English cinema but not at all bad if you're in the mood for simple fare. ♣♣

Since 1912, Tarzan's adventures have been celebrated in dozens of books and stories by Edgar Rice Burroughs—published in 56 languages—and in more than 40 feature films. The dumb but disarming MGM series that launched Johnny Weissmuller as Tarzan in 1932 will surely remain a nostalgic favorite, but director Hugh (Chariots of Fire) Hudson's splendiferous *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes* (Warner) looks definitive. With breath-taking backgrounds filmed in Cameroon, West Africa, by cinematographer John Alcott (who shot *2001: A Space Odyssey* and *Barry Lyndon*), plus incredibly realistic ape costumes and choreography, the movie's lengthy first section is a savagely beautiful and enthralling epic about Tarzan as a feral child raised by a colony of apes. From the time he reaches young manhood and learns—presumably from a warlike Pygmy tribe—to cover his crotch with a loincloth, Tarzan is portrayed by broodingly handsome discovery



Hotel's Beau Bridges (left), Wallace Shawn and Nastassja Kinski, the real bear.

Hotel is not so grand, but *Greystoke* reveals new facets of the Tarzan tale.



Christopher Lambert, the newest Tarzan.

Christopher Lambert. In the second half of the film, after a jumpy transition, he trades his loincloth for a waistcoat and becomes the lost Earl of Greystoke.

Whether or not Burroughs would approve of a revisionist screenplay's taking Tarzan back to Scotland to reclaim his title is a moot question. Hudson treats the subject seriously, and Lambert deftly straddles a fine line between fantasy and near parody as an innocent discovering "the intricacies and complexities of this absurd society." His erratic behavior at

social functions with his grandfather (the late Ralph Richardson, shrewdly humorous in his last screen role) or in the boudoir of a young beauty (former model Andie MacDowell) is often startlingly funny—there's high risk for a screen lover who interrupts wooing to catch a fly or clambers over milady's bed muttering primal groans. As the sympathetic explorer who returns Tarzan to civilization, Ian Holm has a role spiritually akin to that of the coach he played in *Chariots of Fire*. Moviegoers who prefer "Me Tarzan—you Jane" palaver may resist *Greystoke*. There's more pleasure in surrendering to it as a thinking man's saga—intelligent, provocative and ecologically recycled for our time. ♣♣♣

The Stephen King school of cinema, a fast-growing body of work, comes to a standstill with *Children of the Corn* (New World). Based on a King story, this one exploits the familiar subject of spooky small fry in a Midwestern ghost town called Gatlin, where all the adults have been murdered. Unexpectedly detoured while just driving through, a young doctor (Peter Horton) and his lady (Linda Hamilton) discover what's up by ignoring all the rules of logical behavior under stress. Director Fritz Kiersch, intentionally or not, seems to have mounted a forceful argument for child abuse. Otherwise recommended only for audiences hooked on bloody murder and Devil cults. ♣

The Oscar contender *Le Bal* (Almi Classics), officially Algeria's entry as best foreign-language film, has conquered the language barrier: There's not a word of dialog spoken anywhere. Win or lose, Italian director Ettore Scola's brilliant adaptation of a hugely successful French stage production ranks among the most amazing



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and original musical movies ever made. A company of unfamiliar actors, reappearing in different guises from era to era, does nothing but dance, dance, dance—allowing an occasional break for an air raid during World War Two or for student riots in the Sixties. Within the confines of a single art-deco ballroom, they somehow transform their floorshow into a microcosm retelling modern history entirely through music from the Thirties to the present—with Vladimir Cosma's original score liberally augmented by everyone from Glenn Miller to Edith Piaf, Presley and The Platters.

The wordless communication between couples in the classic mating rituals that precede cutting a rug is a bit of artifice that takes getting used to. *Le Bal's* foot-loose performers are not all young, not all especially attractive, but their versatility is truly spectacular. Once they grab you—and they will—there's no letting go. My favorite sequence compresses the German Occupation, V-E Day and postwar Americanization into one vibrant song-and-dance psychodrama. Exquisitely photographed by Ricardo Aronovich and directed by Scola in a florid theatrical style reminiscent of vintage Fellini, *Le Bal* has rhythm as well as substance, written in an eloquent body language anyone can comprehend. ♣♣♣

Don't blame Brooke Shields for the excesses of *Sahara* (MGM/UA and Cannon). Brooke looks fabulous and does as well as she can with the sublimely foolish material given to her in an adventure drama directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. According to the movie's official press kit (which is almost funnier than the film itself), *Sahara* was "inspired by the disappearance of Mark Thatcher, son of British prime minister Margaret Thatcher, during an international car rally in the Sahara Desert several years ago." Brooke's rally is set back in the late Twenties. She's at the wheel of a vintage custom car designed by her dear, dead dad when she's kidnaped by a dashing desert chieftain (Lambert Wilson) who strives to put the bed back in Bedouin, evidently after poring over the films of Rudolph Valentino. Anyway, one has to reach back pretty far to find such choice lines as "Take her to my tent" and "Tonight, when the campfires are bright, you will come to me." You can bet your bullet-filled *bandolera* nothing like that ever happened to young Thatcher. A movie so exuberantly brainless wins my endorsement as top-drawer trash. Shameless camp. ♣♣

The bored upper-middle-class *Hausfrau* who finds herself by taking up prostitution is not a new character in movies. Making her story work, however, requires an impeccable leading lady. For his memorable *Belle de Jour*, the late Luis Buñuel had Catherine Deneuve. For *A Woman in Flames* (Libra Cinema 5), German film



Sahara's Shields with sheik Wilson.

Brooke is better served
by chic than by sheik, but
Garner's really overexposed.



Mathieu Carriere with flaming Landgrebe.



Thomas, Hackman in *Misunderstood*.

maker Robert van Ackeren has Gudrun Landgrebe, a coolly elegant beauty who gives some exciting new dimensions to decadence. When it comes to moral turpitude, Van Ackeren apparently believes that the female is more deadly than the male. "It frightens me to think what I'm

capable of," muses Gudrun, as an accomplished dominatrix who settles into semi-domesticity with a male hooker (Mathieu Carriere). He's got a lively list of male and female clients but yearns for respectability. She'll have none of it, and her single-minded struggle for sexual liberation has made *Woman in Flames* a huge box-office hit in Germany. I might admire the movie more if Van Ackeren had not dramatized the title quite so literally, letting the lady burn to shed light on his theme of puritanism *vs.* prurience. Fortunately, Gudrun survives the fire, all manner of men's excesses and the film's occasional lapses into foolishness. ♣♣

After opening with a funeral, *Misunderstood* (MGM/UA) meanders its way to an accident that tightens the strained family ties between a bereaved father (Gene Hackman) and his two young sons. "Blinded by my own sorrow" is Dad's trite, flimsy excuse for neglecting the lads following his wife's untimely death. Susan Anspach portrays the deceased mom in dreamy flashbacks while Hackman broods, and he's such a compellingly honest performer that you believe in his grief—though a lesser star might look glum to be stuck in a movie that's been handed on a platter to two precocious child actors. As Hackman's progeny, Henry Thomas (of *E.T.*) and Huckleberry Fox (the younger tyke in *Terms of Endearment*) have to work pretty hard at being engaging, because Barra Grant's feeble screenplay doesn't give them much else to do—and director Jerry Schatzberg's earnest efforts also seem disoriented. Filmed in Tunisia, *Misunderstood* is physically a very attractive picture; there's just about enough substance here for an hour of prime-time television. ♣♣

James Garner stars in *Tank* (Universal) as an active-duty Army noncom pitted against redneck law and disorder in a benighted Georgia town. Garner just happens to have his very own Sherman tank, a restored relic, which he wheels into action after local authorities slam his teenaged son (C. Thomas Howell) into jail on a trumped-up charge. I won't spell out all the contrivances of a god-awful screenplay that climaxes with a wounded Garner, in his tank, crashing through roadblocks accompanied by his son and a plucky callgirl (Jenilee Harrison), all en route to a dramatic confrontation with bigots behind badges at the state line. While thousands cheer. Of course. I wondered numbly why Jim hadn't passed up *Tank* in favor of another Polaroid commercial. Some pictures just don't turn out. ♣

Among the four writers given credit for *Splash* (Touchstone) is Bruce Jay Friedman, whose handiwork shows in a comedy brimful of wry, wet and inside urban

humor. There's gotta be something right about a movie that has a gorgeous mermaid in Manhattan getting her first legs, so to speak, and starting to take the town with the first important word she has learned in English: Bloomingdale's. As the mermaid, Daryl Hannah is appealingly bright opposite Tom Hanks, as the smitten man who provides her with bed, board and tub privileges before he begins to suspect anything fishy. As his horny and corpulent brother, John Candy has some of the best lines and knows how to run with them. Because *Splash* manages to seem both wildly romantic and amusing, it marks a major career upswing for 30-year-old actor turned director Ron Howard, the boyish alumnus of TV's *Happy Days*, who scored as a feature director with *Night Shift*. What that neglected comedy did for Michael Keaton, this featherweight farce should do as a personal coup for Howard, Hannah, Hanks and Candy. **★★★★**

The hero of *Preppies* (Platinum) is aptly named Robert "Chip" Thurston III. Dennis Drake plays Chip, whose problem seems to be that he stands to lose a \$50,000,000 trust fund if he flunks an exam while pursuing his real interests: sex, liquor and rock music. Chip's cousin Blackwel (Leonard Haas), next in line for the family fortune, hires three townie sex kittens to lure Chip and his chums (Peter Brady Reardon and Steven Holt) from books to bed and scholastic disaster. That ought to give you a general idea of what's going on in producer-director Chuck Vincent's energetic sex farce, made with the accent on youth. If *Porky's* struck box-office gold, can *Preppies* be far behind? Well, a little. Yet there's plenty of fast-paced idiocy afoot, which may keep a few kids off the street—or even buy time to let the tubes cool on MTV. **★★**

Singing and dancing talent seem inseparable from sex appeal for *The Courtesans of Bombay* (Almi). Producer-director Ismail Merchant's blithely free-form documentary about Bombay's notorious Pavanpul quarter provides a curious but compelling slice of life, some of it real, some of it reinvented by writer Ruth Praver Jhabvala. Women of Pavanpul occupy what a Westerner might see as the best and biggest conglomerate whorehouse in modern India, though prostitution is not necessarily their game. A cross between Japanese geishas and nautch dancers, meticulously trained from girlhood, Pavanpul's courtesans are social outcasts whose highest hope is to find a wealthy patron or, better yet, to become famous entertainers. Typical of the breed is Chinari, a graceful young novice rehearsing hard to assure her future. Exotic as well as subtly erotic, *Courtesans* illuminates one of the world's little-known fleshpots with wry humor and compassion. **★★**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Against All Odds** All in all, a losing proposition for Jeff Bridges. **★★**
And the Ship Sails On An opera company at sea, Fellini at the helm. **★★★★**
Le Bal (Reviewed this month) A wordless, marvelous import. **★★★★**
Broadway Danny Rose Woody and Mia poking fun at showbiz. **★★★★½**
Carmen Some Bizet bodies in Carlos Saura's operatic dance film. **★★★**
Champions John Hurt's fine as a stricken jockey back on the track. **★★**
Children of the Corn (Reviewed this month) It's Stephen King corn. **★**
The Courtesans of Bombay (Reviewed this month) Whose sari now? **★★**
Footloose This year's answer to *Flashdance*, but a lot less flashy. **★★**
Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes (Reviewed this month) The title tells you they're serious. **★★★**
The Hotel New Hampshire (Reviewed this month) Better to read the book. **★★**
Kipperbang (Reviewed this month) Growing pains in Great Britain. **★★**
Lassiter Just OK, but Selleck's socko. **★★½**
Liquid Sky Punky new cult classic—just watch for Anne Carlisle. **★★**
The Lonely Guy Offbeat funny business with Steve Martin, Charles Grodin. **★★★**
A Love in Germany With Schygulla, the sexiest. **★★★**
The Man Who Knew Too Much Nearly top in Hitchcock revivals. **★★★★½**
Mike's Murder Winger grounded in mediocrity. **★**
Misunderstood (Reviewed this month) Sons of widower Gene Hackman. **★★**
Preppies (Reviewed this month) Exuberant youth, know what I mean? **★★**
Racing with the Moon More young-at-heart stuff, with Sean Penn, Elizabeth McGovern, Nicolas Cage. **★★½**
Rear Window The best of vintage Hitchcock. **★★★★**
Reuben, Reuben Tom Conti richly earning his Oscar nomination as a writer on the lecher circuit. **★★★★½**
The Right Stuff An enthralling ode to astronauts, up, up and away. **★★★★**
Sahara (Reviewed this month) Shields meets Son of the Sheik. **★★**
Splash (Reviewed this month) Daryl Hannah as a mermaid in N.Y.C. **★★★**
Tank (Reviewed this month) Bret Maverick, where are you? **★**
This Is Spinal Tap Hilarious spoof of a rock group on tour. **★★★★½**
A Woman in Flames (Reviewed this month) A German *Belle de Jour*. **★★**

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

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COMING ATTRACTIONS

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

IDOL GOSSIP: Peter O'Toole and Mariel Hemingway have been signed for Universal's *Creator*, based on the best-selling novel by Jeremy Leven (who also penned the script). Directed by Ivan (Law and Disorder) Passer, the flick is a comedy about an eccentric Nobel-laureate biologist obsessed with his deceased wife; he learns a great deal about life from a sexy 19-year-old girl. . . . Melanie Griffith will play a porno-film queen who holds the key to a mysterious murder in Brian De Palma's erotic suspense thriller *Body Double*. Although De Palma's last film, *Scarface*, ran into some difficulty with the ratings board (it initially received an X, which was softened to an R), in *Body Double* he will attempt to avoid X territory. . . . Dudley Moore will play an elf in *Santa Claus—The Movie*, which will be brought to the big screen by the folks who gave us *Supermen I, II and III*. At press-time, the title role had not yet been cast. . . . Kris Kristofferson, Treat Williams, Tess Harper and Rip Torn headline the cast of Tri-Star's *Flashpoint*, an action-adventure about two border-patrol guards who unravel an old mystery after chancing upon a skeleton and a pile of money hidden in the Arizona desert.

ROMANCE DEPARTMENT: In *American Dreamer*, JoBeth (Poltergeist) Williams plays Cathy Palmer, an ordinary American housewife who wins a contest by writing a chapter in the style of Margaret McMann's Rebecca Ryan romance thrillers. The prize is a free trip to Paris, but on the way to her award luncheon, Cathy is hit by a car and knocked unconscious. When she wakes up, she is no longer Cathy Palmer, ordinary housewife; she is—you guessed it—Rebecca Ryan, romantic Mata Hari. Suddenly, intrigue and adventure erupt around her, spies come out of the woodwork and corpses start popping up all over the place. Tom (Reuben, Reuben) Conti plays English playboy Alan McMann, whom Cathy/Rebecca mistakes for her assistant, Dimitri; and Italian actor Giancarlo Giannini portrays French political figure Victor Marchand. *American Dreamer* is set for a fall release.

BO-DACIOUS: The Dereks, John and Bo, are raising the Hollywood term hyphenate to new heights. Between them, on their latest epic, *Bo-lero*, they've managed to accumulate no fewer than four hyphens, counting the one in the title. John is writer-director-cinematographer; Bo is producer-star. Billed as an adventure story, *Bo-lero* involves the exploits of a young American heiress named Pony (Bo), determined to experience the world. The



FLYING HIGH as Supergirl is Helen Slater (above), a 19-year-old graduate of New York City's High School of the Performing Arts, who had to go on a crash weight-gain-and-body-building program to develop convincing pecs out of what had been a 29-inch chest. From all reports, she's terrific in the July 13 release, coming from *Superman's* Alexander and Ilya Salkind. Fewer calisthenics, more flesh may be expected in *Swann in Love*, from the Proust classic, with Jeremy Irons opposite Ornella Muti (below, being attended by Bernadette Lesaché, as her maid). It's due in June.



time is 1928 and, inspired by Valentino movies, Pony and her side-kick Ashley (Ana Obregon) take off for the wilds of Morocco, vowing to find a dashing sheik to help them cross the threshold into womanhood. They manage to find one, but he doesn't deliver, so it's off to Spain and bullfighters. *Bo-lero* co-stars George Kennedy and Andrea Occhipinti (for a preview, see next month's PLAYBOY).

WILDER GETS WILDER: How far will the ordinary man go to sleep with the most beautiful woman in the world? That's the central question in *The Woman in Red*,

written and directed by and starring Gene Wilder. The answer, of course, is very, very far. Based loosely on the French film *Pardon Mon Affaire*, the picture co-stars Charles Grodin, Joseph Bologna, Judith Ivey, Gilda Radner, Michael Huddleston and, as the gorgeous gal in red, model and cover girl Kelly LeBrock. Says Wilder regarding the tough job of casting the title role, "I wanted to find someone who had such a quality about her that you could see how a man might follow her to the ends of the earth and then fall off." *The Woman in Red* is scheduled for an August release.



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MOVE AT THE SPEED OF SOUND

By ASA BABER

I AM STANDING in a room full of people. The home is Chicago North Shore posh, and we are there to celebrate the owner's recent purchase of several oil paintings.

As I walk into the atrium for a breath of fresh air, I glance toward the top of the circular staircase. Standing there, slim and tan and elegant, is a beautiful woman. She wears her blonde hair short, and it bounces like a golden helmet as she descends the stairs. I watch her. She does not take her eyes off me. Her gaze is direct, humorous, open. It is as if she thinks we have a secret contract.

"You're a very attractive man," she says as she reaches my side. Her skin is clear. She smells of flowers. She is wearing an off-the-shoulder summer dress that emphasizes her emerald eyes. "Why don't we go upstairs?" she murmurs as she leans close to me. "We could be alone." We have never met before, but her cheek touches my chest and the back of her hand rests lightly against my pants. "Wouldn't you like that?" she asks quietly.

You know what happens next, right? She presses against me. I react with excitement. "That's nice," she laughs. "Why don't we go do something about that?" We sidle up the stairs and we are linked before the bedroom door is firmly closed behind us. She is clean, athletic, sturdy, passionate. We fuck for hours.

Uh, no. That's not what happens next.

It is true that I am living through one of my favorite fantasies. This woman is leaning against me in the atrium's shadows. Her cheek does touch my chest and the back of her hand moves across my groin. I am not dreaming, even though it seems to be one of my dreams. In my dreams I am masterful when women throw themselves at me. Why can't I be masterful in Winnetka? This isn't fair. All my life I've waited to be directly approached and seduced, yet here I am, frozen in time.

"Well," I say, clearing my throat. It is the only word I can think of. It has come too late and in too strained a voice. I have a difficult time looking directly at her. Worst of all, my hesitation is angering her. I can feel her body grow tense.

"I only ask once," she says with some amusement, some defensiveness.

"Wait a minute," I say. I am filled with self-doubt. I wonder briefly if this incident is a setup. Are people watching and laughing in the living room?

There is distance between us now. "You don't know what to do with it, do you?" she asks. Standing there, she looks hurt, not swaggering. "You guys can't handle it when we put the make on you," she says with defiance.

"You've got that right," I nod. I think how true that is, how Eighties this is,



CLOSE ENCOUNTER

"This woman is leaning against me. . . . Her cheek touches my chest and the back of her hand moves across my groin."

filled with mixed signals in uncharted territory. She feels rejected. I feel foolish.

It occurs to me that I do not know how to say no. I never thought I would have to learn such a thing. The rule used to be that it was up to me to make the first move. That rule died, like most rules. We are all ad-libbing now, but we are not very good at it, no matter how shrewd or tough we pretend to be, and we function in improvisational discomfort. That is not bad by definition, but it makes one tense.

Standing there, we are two lost children in grown-up clothes. It really is that simple. Fortunately, we both start to laugh. I have spilled some of my drink in my awkwardness. Her bracelet has become unclasped and she is struggling to close it.

"I'm pretty cool, huh?" I smile.

"Supremely cool," she says.

For the first time, there is no pose. We are friends. "Yeah, well, see, I really know how to make women relax."

"I was so relaxed I almost went to sleep."

"I have that effect on most women," I say. "They look at me and they yawn."

We banter. Her name is Lisa. She was raised in Los Angeles and now lives and works in Chicago. Once married, now

divorced, no children. We exchange phone numbers, agree to a lunch, move away from each other with less embarrassment than when we met and foundered.

I talk to other people that evening, but I am preoccupied. I do not seem to have a vocabulary for today. How do you tell someone there have to be some rules or we'll all go crazy? There used to be a sexual waltz. It had its hypocrisies. But now there's a sexual stomp, a form of smash dancing. There are many injured, even though nobody's talking about it.

Over the next few months, Lisa and I have some good discussions. I used to be a stud; now I'm in a committed relationship. She used to be loyal; now she's a stud.

"I have a lot of lovers," she says. "I need that. I can't give that up." She is involved with a married man with two children. She is also juggling an affair with a younger man who knows nothing about the rest of her life. "It'll be disaster," she says, "when those two guys find out about each other." She says it as if disaster might be interesting. "I like living on the edge," she says. To hear her tell it, there have been uncountable one-night stands, quickie affairs, strange interludes. And yet this is a woman who still lives, at times, with her mother, who admits she uses sex to hide from herself, who speaks in a monotone, who fears boredom almost as much as she fears death.

I enjoy her company and we keep our signals clean. We are deep friends, not superficial lovers. But every once in a while, I find myself restless in her presence. I know what causes that. There is a part of me that judges me as unmanly for not taking her up on her first offer at the foot of the atrium stairs.

Maybe one day I'll learn how to say no without being harsh on myself. Like many men, I need to be able to do that in this strange new world.





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By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

WE HAD bad Super Bowl vibes in our house this winter. The kid was a big Redskins fan, whereas I have always been partial to the Raiders. Plus, I had this vague notion that I understood point spreads, so I bet the kid five bucks on the Raiders.

He thought it was a fun thing to do and woke me up many mornings before the game, saying, "Mom, you might as well give me that five dollars now, since you *know* the Redskins are gonna *kick ass*." When doing his homework, he would suddenly trill, "The Redskins rock the house!" The kid was into it.

Came the day of our annual Super Bowl party. We duly bought the traditional corn chips and beer and a few bags of confetti, all the better to rock the house with. We settled down to have a terrific time, just as we always do.

Way before half time, we were already in deep trouble. If Theismann got sacked or Riggins fucked up, I cheered halfheartedly. The kid just sat there glumly. By the time Marcus Allen made that spectacular touchdown, a sullen silence rocked the house. The kid was miserable; I was miserable, the corn chips just lay there.

It thus occurred to me that it doesn't matter if you win or lose, it's which team you happen to be rooting for. The kid and I had always been on the same side before, and we'd always had a terrific Super Bowl, win or lose.

The same sort of problem developed when my lover got back from England last month. Except the teams weren't on television; they were lurking right inside our tortured pea brains.

I hated him. I wanted my pound of flesh because he hadn't taken me with him, he had been foul-tempered before he left, he had called me collect too often, he hadn't said he missed me, etc., etc., blah, blah, blah. Those devastating wrongs percolated in my head. The guy couldn't do anything right. If he left the toilet seat up, I was after him with a machete.

Somehow, he noticed. Within moments, he hated me, too. If I smoked a cigarette, he opened every window in the apartment, coughed loudly and went out for a 12-mile walk. He looked at me in the morning and decided my eyes were puffy and horrible. My shoulder pads irritated him; my snobbery infuriated him.

The apartment turned into a living morgue. We became extremely polite to each other and conversed pleasantly about current events. But each smile was labored and aloof, each touch of the hand cold and counterfeit. I even stopped looking askance at the raised toilet seat and looked dreamily off into the distance instead. Cold hatred, so much more damaging than hot, had settled in.



UNIFORM TENDENCIES

"The problem is we see too many movies. And we believe them. Movies are bigger than life, and they are only two hours long."

Luckily for us, everything exploded. For three days, we fought bitterly. Every single vague and tiny grievance was hoisted into the air and saluted. I sobbed and slammed doors; he stomped around and threw things. When it was over, we liked each other again.

"It feels like we're back on the same team again," he told me.

"Yeah," I said, "it was as if we had changed uniforms at half time and, instead of both of us trying for that extra point, we were out for each other's blood."

A good team spirit is essential for an intimate relationship. If it goes, you may as well pack your bags.

Several years ago, I had a friend whose husband told her one night in a drunken stupor that he hated her legs and she complained too much. Instead of punching him playfully in the jaw and saying, "Gimme a break, pencil dick," which was what he deserved and was secretly expecting, she stewed. And hated. Her resentment festered. Every single flaw—flaws she had once found trivial and even slightly endearing—became magnified, hideous and grotesque.

What did she do? She took a lover. "Harry appreciates me, not like my pig of a husband," she said.

The pig of a husband found out about the affair and flipped out. Divorce followed. Another marriage bit the dust, and it had never become precisely clear why.

"Resentment," I told my friend, "is a killer."

"It sure the hell is," she said. "Here I am again, hitting the streets at my advanced age. Going on blind dates, for Christ's sake. Why couldn't we have talked about it? Worked it out? But no, I had to get even. Even!"

The problem is we see too many movies. And we believe them. Movies are bigger than life, and they are only two hours long. There is no time for improperly placed toilet seats. When Goldie Hawn and Burt Reynolds fill the screen, everything is vast love or enormous hatred.

But life is full of tiny frictions. In a small apartment, an unmade bed can be an act of aggression. Burt and Goldie never seem to care about such things, and therefore, we are unprepared when we do. We can't figure out what to do about those aggravations. If we wait too long, forgiveness becomes impossible, our fury becomes immutable and we're in the soup.

Here's what my lover and I have come up with:

We have a lot of sex. That was his idea, and it's a good one. Nothing makes small grievances and even hefty anger dissipate faster than an energetic tumble in bed. During sex, that line between love and anger becomes very thin and sometimes disappears.

We insult each other whenever we feel like it. He just came in, read what I'd written thus far and said, "Go ahead, tell your readers what a prince I am to live with such an unstable, emotionally out-of-control writer."

"I'll tell them what it's like to become involved with a pigheaded male supremacist from down under, you abysmal toad," I told him.


"Want a cup of tea, you horrible old tart?" he wondered.

"Yes, please, you unmentionably cal-low twit-faced wart hog," I responded.

Just a bit of healthy letting-off of steam. We are still in perfectly good humor with each other, even though I ordered him out of the house and he told me it would do me good to take a brisk monthlong hike in Bolivia. With all these insults flying around, we don't have time to be actually angry.

Sometimes, when all else fails, we sit down and talk things over. Neither one of us really wants to lose the other, so we do our best to be generous.

Who knows? It's worked so far. We're still wearing the team colors, which are only slightly obscured by mud.

The kid, on the other hand, is still miffed. He wants his five dollars back. 

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a 21-year-old male with some degree of sexual experience. However, I have been confronted with a problem and badly need some advice. Some people, especially Texans, say "The bigger the better!" But I have some reservations about that well-known saying. Personally, I believe that *smaller* breasts are more sensitive and sensuous than larger ones. Big breasts can sometimes be awkward. I have discussed this topic with close friends, and some say that if they're more than a handful, it's a waste, while others maintain that they would love to bury their faces in a vast mass of boobs. I realize that a woman's breasts have just as much right to be courted as the woman herself. My girlfriend has very large breasts, and I would love to provide her with all of the stimulation and satisfaction that she deserves. Other than the nipples, are there any erogenous zones of large breasts that I should know about? The ultimate question: As far as kissing, nibbling and sucking are concerned, how are large breasts *best* handled? Is it best to concentrate on tiny regions or cover as much surface area as possible? How are large breasts to be touched—do you grab them with a firm grip, as you would a video joy stick, or are they to be gently caressed? Your assistance will be greatly appreciated.—C. M. M., West Point, New York.

We think you may be putting us on, but if you're not, why not ask your girlfriend what her preferences are? Since she is the possessor of the breasts in question, she will certainly know the answers.

My VCR has given me no trouble since the day I bought it. I understand that that is very unusual. I'd like to keep it that way. The two problems I worry about most are cleaning the heads and demagnetizing them. How do I know when to do that?—B. S., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

First, head cleaning is such a delicate job that most experts suggest you do it only when it is necessary. In other words, preventive maintenance is unadvisable here. If your images are grainy, snowy or noisy, that's an indication that head cleaning is in order. You should always test the machine before doing any irreplaceable recording and clean as needed. Head demagnetization, or degaussing, is not so much of a problem, but it should be done by a professional. You know your heads are magnetized if you get a lot of picture distortion or signs of partial erasure. You can delay the process, however. Magnetization occurs when the machine is in the playback mode. If you use mostly prerecorded cassettes, you may have a problem. The solution is to run the machine in the record mode for an hour or so every couple of



weeks, even if you're not recording. That should reverse the magnetization. After that, cross your fingers.

I have a hard time reaching orgasm. I have tried masturbating with a vibrator, but it takes hours. Any suggestions?—Miss A. B., San Diego, California.

A little bedside reading may help. In "For Yourself: The Fulfillment of Female Sexuality," Lonnie Barbach describes the following exercise: "It used to take Jane one and a half hours of constant genital stimulation with a vibrator before she could have an orgasm. In the group, we suggested that the women experiment with some pornographic novels while masturbating. Jane came back in the next session reporting that with the aid of pornography, she could have an orgasm in ten minutes or less. The same results have been reported by other women who required a tremendous length of time to reach orgasm, either manually or through the use of a vibrator. This is not to say that your goal should be to have an orgasm as quickly as possible, but if you require over an hour of constant clitoral and genital stimulation in order to reach orgasm, it's very likely that it's because your head is elsewhere. Reading pornography can help to block out other distracting thoughts and worries while keeping your mind focused on the sexual stimulation."

Many photo manuals, as well as manufacturers of lenses and filters, recommend keeping a skylight filter over the lens at all times unless another filter is being used. They claim that eliminates the unwanted

blue cast evident in color photos shot in open shade and has the added benefit of always protecting the lens. Abiding by that rationale, I was recently very disappointed with some slides I took while on vacation—especially those containing a blue sky. The blue rendition in almost every one of the shots was pallid and washed out, lacking the richness so vivid in my memories of their respective scenes. Mind you, all my film was newly purchased and was processed within weeks.

Could it be that a skylight filter will eliminate desirable blue light in sunlit scenes? Should I restrict its use only to the shady situations for which it is primarily intended? It is curious that the literature never answers these questions, since a skylight filter, after all, does absorb blue light. Also, what do *your* esteemed photographers use to protect their 35mm lenses during general use (as if their subjects were ever general!)?—D. K., Dallas, Texas.

Yes, a skylight filter will eliminate some of the blue from a given scene—so if you want to retain all of the blue coloring, don't use the filter. The effect of a skylight filter on blue skies in a photo should be minimal, though in your vacation shots it was, indeed, noticeable. To bring out deep blues from the sky in nature shots, we suggest that you use a polarizer. As for our photographers, they occasionally use a UV haze filter on their lenses for protective purposes.

I am considering marriage to a 29-year-old self-employed businesswoman. However, she has one trait that is giving me second thoughts. She frequently tells me about her former lovers (21 at last count) and describes her relationships with them in the most intimate detail. I have often told her that I am not interested in hearing about her past, but to no avail. She stops discussing her former lovers for a few days and then slips into the topic again. Is this normal conversation for the modern woman? Am I overreacting when I consider breaking up because of this?—H. B., Richmond, Virginia.

Your girl's behavior seems peculiar to us, especially since you've told her to stop it. Either she is insecure and trying to make you jealous or she is trying to convey to you what her sexual preferences are. If that's the case, advise her to be more forthright and tell you exactly what she likes about your lovemaking and quit boring you with what should be water under the bridge. If her former lovers were so good, why isn't she still with one of them?

After exercising for several minutes, I invariably get a stitch, a sharp pain in my

side that usually forces me to stop exercising. After a while, the pain goes away and I can continue. Naturally, my question is, What's happening and how do I prevent it?—T. C., Durham, North Carolina.

Among the myriad questions that modern medical science cannot answer, such as why men have nipples, is what causes the common stitch. There are two possibilities: gas bubbles in the colon and a spasm or cramp in the diaphragm. If you think the problem is gas, the solution is to avoid gas-producing foods and increase your intake of fiber. It also helps to have a bowel movement before exercising. If you think the problem is cramps, the solution is to strengthen diaphragm muscles through exercise. In either case, you can often get temporary relief by bending over at the waist and exhaling slowly through pursed lips, something you would probably be doing anyway. Those are short-term solutions. The long-term outlook is better, since both of these annoyances should vanish if you continue your conditioning program and maintain a good nutritional regimen. You'll discover that a stitch, in time, will go away.

Please settle a dispute between my roommate and me. He says it is unusual that I can maintain an erection after ejaculation and through prolonged periods of intercourse (20 to 30 minutes). I believe that I am normal and he is just an underachiever. He believes it is virtually impossible for me to perform as I do. Please let us know quickly. Our five-year friendship is on the skids. Thank you.—J. G., Gainesville, Florida.

This is hardly a subject worth dissolving a friendship over. Different men are capable of different things. Both of you are normal in the strictest sense of the word, but your friend is probably closer to average. Most men lose their erections within minutes of ejaculation and need a period of time before they are able to again become erect. But there are fortunate men (such as yourself) who are able to maintain their erections for prolonged periods or after ejaculation. (The more stimulation before orgasm, the longer it takes to lose an erection.) We suspect you're on the young side, however—and you may find this ability slipping away from you in five to ten years. So enjoy it while it lasts.

I have a really nice stereo. I call it my megasystem. But I have found that when I turn it on without any music, I hear a hiss or other background noise—especially when I turn the volume control to about one o'clock high. It's very annoying. Is there some kind of gadget to eliminate all that noise?—M. E., Stamford, Connecticut.

When you turn the volume control to about one o'clock high, you are actually running your amplifier very near its maximum power output. The power does not increase linearly in direct proportion to

the setting of the volume control. Under those conditions, it is not unknown for some system noise to be audible through the speakers, especially in a high-powered system driving really sensitive speakers. Often the noise is caused by open jacks at the rear—little-known sources of such noise, for instance, would be phono-input jacks that have nothing connected to them. The usual remedy is to use a "shorting plug"—that costs a few cents at any electronics-parts shop—in the unused jacks.

If the noise persists even with all unused jacks fitted with shorting plugs, the amplifier should be checked by a component technician for defective circuit parts—possibly, in this case, a leaking capacitor in the power supply.

My fiancée and I practice a birth-control method that depends on my using a condom on most occasions. It has as its main advantage the pleasure of fucking enhanced by a sense of security. As most men realize, during sex with a condom the sensation is lessened by the lack of actual contact with the vagina. To compensate for this and to experience the natural feeling of penetration every time we fuck, I first slide in slowly, hold without thrusting for a few moments, then withdraw before penetrating again, sheathed.

So that putting the condom on is less distracting, my partner places it on me, which is very arousing for both of us. First she lubricates my penis with her saliva, so that when I am thrusting, I am less aware of wearing the condom. After coming, I like to stay in for a while, assuming the semen will be contained safely in the reservoir end. If I stay in and work up to a second climax, the sensation of thrusting in my own warm semen is close to the natural feeling of the vagina.

So far, we haven't had any problems with these practices. My question is, Are they safe—do they make sense?—or should we save the maximum pleasures of fucking for those occasions when it is not necessary for me to use a condom?—B. P., Washington, D.C.

It sounds as if you've solved some of the problems of condom use. However, we advise against your early unprotected penetration—the erect penis sometimes secretes seminal fluid before ejaculation. Not a lot but enough to make you a father.

My husband does wonderful things to me with a collection of "toys" that we use to supplement our God-given talents. Although he has assured me that it's as much fun for him as it is for me and that he's perfectly content with my more conventional means of pleasure-giving, I can't help feeling I'm getting the better end of the deal. Which leads me to my problem. I want to reciprocate. The trouble is, the only things we've found in our local sex shop designed expressly for men are cock rings and ass plugs (yuk! May be somebody's idea of a good time, but not ours!).

And, yes, we have tried my vibrators on him, and they just don't seem to do for him what they do for me. Have you come across something we don't know about—something on the market we've missed?—Mrs. B. N., San Francisco, California.

Maybe. Read the following letter.

We had been playing poker with friends until after midnight. Vodka had flowed abundantly and we were all relaxed and in an excellent mood. After our friends left, my wife went to take a shower, while I headed straight to the bedroom and undressed. I was about ready to dive under the covers when I spotted a bunch of bright-red oval stickers on my wife's dresser. They read SUPERSIZE in big letters, probably some advertising for an economy pack of laundry detergent. I spontaneously decided to alter the purpose of the advertising to my benefit: I wrapped one of the stickers around my cock and checked the effect in the mirror. The center of my body couldn't have been displayed more strikingly, and I burst into laughter at the sight of my glossily wrapped supersize. I was still posing laughingly in front of the mirror when my wife entered the bedroom. As soon as she saw my accomplishment, she started giggling and approached the supersize object with genuine curiosity.

The hilarity subsided somewhat when we tried to get the thing off. The glue on the back of the sticker proved to be very strong, and part of it had gotten stuck in my pubic hair. My wife knelt in front of me and tried to pull the sticker off as gently as possible. It hurt, tickled and aroused me at the same time, and my cock presently grew to a real supersize, slowly rising to its horizontal position. The glossy-red sticker had become a painful corset for my erect penis, and the fact that my wife was tantalizing its tip with her tongue, giggling endlessly, did not help my lustful agony. Finally, she grabbed the sticker at one end and tore it off with one vigorous pull, making me gasp from the sudden sharp pain. However, the pain gave way quickly to intense lust as my wife started sucking passionately on my tortured supersize. When she pushed me gently backward onto our bed, my spontaneous advertising campaign was already very close to its orgasmic end.—T. M., Long Beach, California.

Then again, maybe not.

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



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No conventional turntable delivers the accuracy and control of this one: Technics SL-6 Programmable Linear Tracking Turntable.

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Accuracy, control and musical pleasure beyond the conventional. The Technics SL-6 Programmable Linear Tracking Turntable. Just one of the sophisticated and "intelligent" turntables from Technics.

Technics
The science of sound

DEAR PLAYMATES

Most sex surveys, including our own, have noted that familiarity breeds a drop in adrenaline. The longer a couple stays together, the harder it is to keep the energy level high. We asked the Playmates for suggestions on how to combat this threat.

The question for the month:

How do you keep the sexual-energy level high in a long-term relationship?

To keep the energy high, I think you always have to want something new. You have to be thinking of new ways to turn your lover on, such as seducing him in a restaurant or in a store or maybe flashing him a bit of skin at a party—but subtly, so only he can see it. Eat something in a sexy way. Do things that you know will turn him on, and do them out in the open as well as in private. But be subtle; create this energy around the two of you. Express it without too many words. Show it.



Marlene Janssen

MARLENE JANSSEN
NOVEMBER 1982

Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

You have to try new things with each other. It's hard to be the one to suggest it; after all, you run the risk of having your mate wonder if he's not satisfying you, if you've found someone else. But if your communication is good, you will be able to tell him, "I've heard about this and I want to try it and you are the man I want to try it with." You need to keep him on his toes, and he needs to do the same thing with you. If you get too comfortable, you have a tendency not to try as hard.



Susie Scott

SUSIE SCOTT
MAY 1983

Don't feel that you have to have sex every night. Change the routine, wait a few days, do it in a new place, leave some of your clothes on, create a fantasy, make a little movie, do it in the backyard or in the car. Surprise him. Greet him at the door in a negligee, holding a bottle of champagne. All these little changes are important when it comes to sexual arousal. Be the kind of person who does the unexpected. That will keep the level of sexual energy high.



By being a master of spontaneity, by doing things impulsively, by keeping alive that energy that was there in the courtship stage of a relationship. By working at it—that's the bottom line. Otherwise, you just become a creature of habit. I'm the kind of person who can be so turned on that I want to make love every day. Then I can go through a stage where I don't make love for a month. It takes an unusual man to understand that, a man who is not ruled by his Johnson. So I know I've found the very best kind of relationship when I've found a man who understands my feelings and my rhythms and is willing to work on keeping things fresh.



Azizi Johari

AZIZI JOHARI
JUNE 1975

It takes both partners, working at it. One person can't keep it interesting if the other one isn't trying, too. After you've been with someone for a while, you need to try new things, travel, get away. Make love somewhere besides at home. You have to continue to grow and change, and so does he. A lot of relationships get old because of boredom. I say, use your fantasies or even watch dirty movies, anything that turns you on again. You have to keep changing your life.



Marianne Gravatte

MARIANNE GRAVATTE
OCTOBER 1982

You can't keep it routine. You can't always make love in the bedroom. Everyone needs variety, especially people who have been together for a while and have stopped working at discovering new things about each other. One of the ways I try to keep things fresh is to write to my boyfriend or send him a card. If he has to go out of town, I'll put a note in his suitcase. I try to be unexpected about sex and other aspects of our relationship. And, of course, I try to be positive.



Denise McConnell

DENISE MC CONNELL
MARCH 1979

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.



See the Pulsar One-Step Alarm and other Pulsar watches for men and women at these fine Jewelry and Department Stores:

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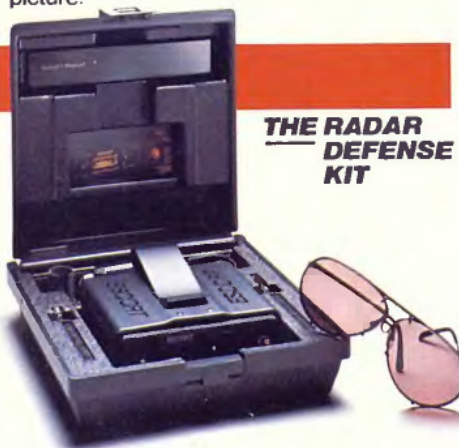
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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

DOOMSDAY DEFENSE

Now that both the Russian and the American scientists agree that even a small nuclear war would put enough particulate matter into the atmosphere to usher in a nuclear winter fatal to us all, we have the unprecedented opportunity to save a pile of money and really live the good life. We should take about half of our nuclear warheads and scatter them all over the United States in cheaply constructed, inconspicuous subsurface bunkers, and then we should dismantle the remaining bombs and all of our missiles. Simultaneously, we should announce to the rest of the world that, should any nation be so foolish as to begin any nuclear or conventional invasion of the United States, we will detonate all of those bombs and destroy the planet.

The Federal funds now spent on building, maintaining and modernizing our nuclear arsenal could then be diverted toward a number of projects beneficial to the American public. We could reduce deficit spending, thereby significantly slowing inflation. Perhaps we could even balance the budget. We could feed our citizens. We could even channel more funds into our conventional military, for it is unlikely that future Presidents will refrain from playing the conventional war games they love so much.

The idea of a doomsday machine is not a new one; however, in *Dr. Strangelove*, it was the Russians who built it, and the whole concept seemed a bit too fanciful back then. But the possibility is real now. If it is finally evident that nuclear war is global suicide, then we do not need the expensive equipment necessary to deliver death anywhere else but here at home. The humane thing to do, in fact, would be to situate enough of the bomb bunkers in our most densely populated areas so that, come the final confrontation, we might kill most of our population quickly and spare them the ravages of burns, radiation sickness, starvation and freezing death.

The United States now has the unique opportunity to break with the outmoded tactic of aggressive attack and retaliation and to embrace a new, truly defensive strategy of nuclear deterrence. And without scores of long- and medium-range missiles pointed at them, the Russians, too, would have incentive to build their own doomsday machinery and save their money for domestic improvements.

Fred Zengel
Ballwin, Missouri

PHONE SEX

The rampant growth of telephone-sex services has gained media attention, with President Reagan and the Federal Communications Commission having expressed concern over the increasing numbers of people using telephones for fantasy sex.

Dozens of men's magazines are offering readers the opportunity to call for a recorded message featuring a woman reading a script describing sex acts. Many parents have been shocked upon receiving high

"Is there any evidence to suggest that the availability of phone sex has cut down on obscene phone calls to women?"

phone bills due to their inquisitive children's calling long-distance to hear the sexy tapes. Additionally, taxpayers have been outraged upon learning of Federal and other public employees' calling the sex numbers for a titillating experience.

Even more provocative is the tremendous number of businesses offering telephone sex, in which a man calls a woman and is helped by her to fulfill his fantasies. At a cost of anywhere from \$20 to \$35 a

call, this means big business and profits.

I'm curious as to PLAYBOY's position on phone sex. Doesn't the growth of such services indicate that there are millions of lonely, frustrated men in America? Does it not indicate a failure of the sexual revolution of the Sixties to provide people with healthy sexual companionship, or is phone sex an outgrowth of an increased sense of sexual freedom that allows people to indulge in fantasies without guilt or legal restrictions? Is there any evidence to suggest that the availability of phone sex has cut down on obscene phone calls to women?

Mike Louisell
Kennewick, Washington

Here goes: We think it's tacky; we haven't seen the figures; that's possible; that's possible, too; that's not only possible but also an interesting question that we wish we could answer.

TO TELL THE TRUTH

As an agnostic of long standing, I am infuriated at the idea that only the religious can understand the nature and consequences of taking an oath (*Forum Newsfront*, November). I find it impossible to understand how a man accused of child molesting could be let go simply because the young victim did not fit the religious prejudices of a judge.

Although various factors (including the local persecution of non-Christians) prevent me from proclaiming my nonbelief, I have sworn to the truthfulness of my testimony more times than I can remember. Luckily, I have been required to say only "I do swear" or, simply, "Yes" to certify my sworn testimony or statements while holding up my right hand. Had I been required to repeat "So help me God" or to place my hand on a Bible, my conscience would have forced me to object.

An oath is simply a promise to tell the truth as it is known to an individual through his own experience.

Also, as a public official, I have found that the most audacious liars are preachers. Most are truthful, but the ones who are not can lie with the straightest of faces because they do so with pious intentions.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

STAYING OUT OF THE DRAFT

I registered for the draft last year instead of spending my valuable time in jail. I would rather not spend any time in the military. I don't consider the U.S.'s



relations with other governments any of my business. I once asked a friend his opinion on what should be done about the draft. He told me to close the window.

Carl Blemming
Scotia, New York

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

I like to think of my mind as an idea-processing machine—erratic, imperfect and easily distracted but one that I have been fine-tuning for my 20 years. Into my intake hopper I put facts, observations, preconceived notions, biases and other people's ideas, and out come my own beliefs and opinions. Consequently, I'm enraged if I am denied access to certain ideas because someone else has censored them. I will go out of my way to read censored books (of the 30 mentioned in the January PLAYBOY [*The Idea Killers*], I have read 25). I know that it is next to impossible to tell self-righteous censors anything, but wouldn't it be better to sit down with a child and go over the objectionable parts of a book with him than to loudly proclaim it forbidden? That is sure to send him under the covers with a flashlight to find out why.

Jeff Brock
Nevada, Missouri

ADVANCED THINKING?

I have come into possession of a 224-page book copyrighted in 1911, titled *The Science of Sex Regeneration*, by A. Gould and Dr. Franklin L. Dubois.

TENTH EDITION CONTAINS MUCH
NEW VALUABLE INSTRUCTION

THE SCIENCE OF SEX REGENERATION

HOW TO PRESERVE and STRENGTHEN
AND RETAIN THE VITAL POWERS

A STUDY OF THE SACRED LAWS
THAT GOVERN THE SEX FORCES

PRICELESS INFORMATION FOR
THOSE THAT ARE READY FOR
THE TRUE INNER TEACHINGS
ON CONTROLLING THE VITAL ES-
SENCE OF THE BODY. THE
SECRET OF REJUVENATION AND
REMAINING YOUNG and VIGOROUS

BY
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AND
Dr. FRANKLIN L. DUBOIS

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ENGLISH REPRESENTATIVE:
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7 IMPERIAL ARCADE, LUDGATE CIRCUS,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

It was published by the Advanced Thought Publishing Company in Chicago, and I've enclosed copies of several of the pages for your comment.

I'm wondering if the book was an

important one in its day, if these were respected authors and if it is rare.

Myles Giberson
Ottawa, Ontario

Neither the book nor its authors are valuable or memorable, and the publishing company's notion of advanced thought speaks for itself:

Men became slaves to the gratification which the act afforded and grew to perform it for the sake of that gratification, thus fostering sexual impulses and indulging in sexual pleasures to the more or less complete sacrifice of their health and powers. . . .

Married people are more prone to abuse their sex powers and waste their forces than unmarried, not only because of the opportunity but because, being married, they feel privileged to indulge to the full extent of their desire, ignorant of the fact that they are wasting their forces. The exercise of the function is, of course, unquestionably right if children are desired; if not, it is a detriment. This waste of the force in the conjugal relation is without doubt the cause of more unhappy marriages than any other influence that affects marriage. It is the very fact that before marriage these fluids were retained in the body that created the magnetism which made the man and the woman so attractive to each other.

It is impossible to waste our forces and not suffer. . . .

Sounds like a preoccupation with the "precious bodily fluids" in "Dr. Strange-love," which is mentioned in our lead letter this month.

TRIBUNE STRIKES BACK

As the target of William R. Pearson's potshots (*The Playboy Forum*, March), I wonder what put the burr under that fellow's gun belt.

A degenerate Wisconsinite told me about the letter complaining about our coverage of the California handgun-control vote. I never would have seen it without such a referral.

As managing editor of Pearson's "local rag," I relish new and mind-broadening experiences. Seeing a recent issue of PLAYBOY and having *The Hastings Tribune* called "a tiny oasis for the liberals who live in this desert of conservatism called Nebraska" are two such experiences.

My week-long search for a copy of the March issue confirmed my suspicion that most Nebraskans don't consider PLAYBOY to be among the top ten pillars of conservatism in the United States. At our "Bleeding Heart Bugle," we espouse such ultraliberal causes as a strong national defense, balanced Government budgets, stringent punishment for criminals and farm policies that give food producers a

fair shake in the world markets, as well as the right to own firearms and the responsibility to use them wisely.

I am eager to concede that PLAYBOY does a better job than the *Tribune* when it comes to covering most California crackpotism. I also eagerly concede to PLAYBOY its photo-content policy. PLAYBOY's editors will be relieved to learn that the *Tribune* has no plan to compete in those areas.

Our news coverage is geared to matters that have a direct impact on our readers' lives. Most ballot propositions in California lack such impact and are covered appropriately.

My thanks to PLAYBOY for the excellent placement of Pearson's letter. It was just below the treatise by a Maryland man who contends that something called "megaorgasms" contribute to the earth's energy field and help stabilize the planet, solar system, galaxy and universe. The intellectual fabrics of both letters seem to have been woven on a common loom.

Steve Harry, Managing Editor
The Hastings Tribune
Hastings, Nebraska

Pearson's point was that the wire services, and the press in general, enthusiastically reported that Californians were voting on an antihandgun referendum and then displayed little or no interest when voters shot it down by a margin of two to one. You guys stood accused of neglecting to report the outcome, is all, and thereby were branded "liberal." We're just happy that a degenerate Wisconsinite called the problem to your attention and that your week-long search for our March issue paid off in a letter that we could publish above the one that follows.

MEGAORGASMS

Give credit to Bill Loren (*The Playboy Forum*, March) for some serious research into megaorgasmic energies. It is surprising how few laymen know of the relationship between orgasm and field stability. And even fewer know that megaorgasm has been accepted by many physicists as the "missing link" in universal creation.

Loren seems to be of the big-bang-theory school of thought, which is, of course, the hypothesis that the universe was created when two bodies of energy engaged in penile-vaginal contact and exploded in a megaorgasm of cosmic proportions. I respect the opinions of Loren and others who subscribe to that theory, but I feel they have severely limited themselves in their research.

My own research has covered a much broader area: My colleagues and I have subsequently resolved our findings into the more plausible gang-bang theory. Under this theory, more than two energy forms engage in a variety of contacts, such as clitoral and/or penile-oral, clitoral/vaginal and/or penile-manual, penile-breast and countless other variations. Although these energy forms do not necessarily have to share an intense interest in

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

IF THE SHOE FITS

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON—Spokane County sheriff's detectives report finding hundreds of women's shoes believed stolen from Whitworth College dormitory rooms over the past eight years. The collection was discovered during a



search of a college employee's home and storage area and included, along with women's underwear, photographs, I.D. cards and driver's licenses, a notebook filled with women's names, phone numbers and shoe sizes.

THANKS BUT NO THANKS

ROYAL OAK, MICHIGAN—The pastor of a local Catholic church decided that a free divorce was not an appropriate item for parishioners to bid on at a fund-raising auction. That and other free legal services had been donated to the church by one of its members, a lawyer, and appeared in the auction catalog. The lawyer said he had included that particular legal service partly in jest but added, "There were a lot of disappointed people there last night, including a group of women who were going to bid on the divorce [in order to] hold it as a threat over their husbands."

SCHOOLS OF HARD KNOCKS

BOSTON—A year-long study of several Boston high schools determined that half the teachers and nearly 40 percent of the students had been victims of robbery, assault or larceny. One of the researchers for a subsidiary report said the most surprising discovery was that 30 percent of students sometimes carried weapons at school.

TARGET MISSED

DALLAS—An imaginative attempt to strike at the U.S. handgun industry through product-liability laws received a setback when a state district-court jury found the manufacturer and seller of a cheap Saturday-night special not responsible in an accidental shooting that left a 15-year-old boy paralyzed from the shoulders down. The damage suit, the first to be tried of some 80 that are pending in courts around the country, had asked \$43,000,000 from the gunmaker and retailer on grounds that such weapons serve "no socially acceptable usefulness whatsoever" and are hazardous to consumers. In exempting the companies, the jury instead found the classmate who had fired the gun liable for \$2,000,000 in damages.

PUNISHING SIN

MIAMI—A Florida appeals court has ruled that having sexual relations with a 12-year-old girl cannot be punished as a felony if she consented and if she was not a virgin. The two-to-one decision turned chiefly on the point that the girl had had at least one sexual relationship before engaging in sex several times with a 38-year-old man who was later charged with indecent assault, punishable by up to 15 years in prison. "We discern that the legislature did not intend to punish equally consensual intercourse with chaste and unchaste children," the majority held, citing a statutory-rape law that specifies felony charges only when a minor is "of previous chaste character." The prosecuting attorney complained afterward that the decision meant that minors lose the state's protection when they lose their virginity, though the defendant could have been, and may yet be, tried for a misdemeanor sexual offense against a consenting minor.

FONE FREAK

FORT LAUDERDALE—A persuasive weirdo has been telephoning women and threatening to kill a family member whom he supposedly holds hostage unless they undress in some nearby public place. Police say the male caller has struck at least 30 times in the past few months and always knows enough about his targets to seem believable. On different occasions, he has successfully ordered his naked victims to walk down streets, to stand in store windows and even to engage in sex with strangers.

MISTAKES COUNT

SAN FRANCISCO—Prior convictions of persons facing felony charges must be used as evidence against defendants under California's so-called victim's-bill-of-rights law. A three-judge panel held that proposition eight, passed by voter referendum in 1982 to strengthen prosecution powers, prevailed over an earlier California Supreme Court ruling that had banned the use of such evidence as unduly prejudicial.

DRUNK TESTING

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The measurement of blood alcohol by means of Breathalyzer, blood or urine tests may not reflect the actual degree of impairment among drinkers, according to researchers at the University of Colorado Alcohol Research Center. A six-year study of more than 100 subjects found that the responses of some were not adversely affected by the legal limit or even greater amounts of alcohol in their blood, while others became looped on small amounts of booze. In a few cases, subjects' mental and physical abilities actually improved during their three-hour laboratory benders, and some were able to perform equally well regardless of test readings. A pharmacologist involved in the study said it found individual responses to, and tolerance of, alcohol to vary widely and



the researchers suggested that while some standard is needed to define legal intoxication, the old techniques of making a driver walk a straight line and touch the tip of his nose may be the most reliable indicators of physical and mental performance.

one another, they are brought together with such tremendously lustful pressure that each achieves simultaneous *multiple* megaorgasms. Thus the universe was created, and science has one more theory to moot.

Michael McCary
Centralia, Missouri

REVERSE JUSTICE

I wish your item "Reverse Justice" (*Forum Newsfront*, February) gave more details. Had a thief collected \$75,000 from his victim in Alabama instead of Minnesota and had it happened 20 years ago, I simply would have assumed that the thief was white and the theft victim black. It's

comforting that such an assumption would not necessarily be valid here today, but your brief report should give us some understanding of the reasoning that went into such an award, as unreasonable as it may seem.

(Name withheld by request)
Montgomery, Alabama

The details didn't add anything. At issue in the civil action was the defendant's supposed negligence in causing the injury, not whether or not the plaintiff was a thief and deserved a sore foot. What surprised us was that the jury followed the letter of the law.

HARMED AND DANGEROUS

By Steven J. J. Weisman

The late Professor James Smith of Boston College Law School used to instruct his budding lawyers (including this writer) in the Purple Theory of practicing law. According to the Purple Theory, a good trial lawyer should use every argument he can imagine, unless he comes up with one that would make him turn purple with embarrassment.

Recently, the Michigan court of appeals, in a case that illustrates the Purple Theory in action, ruled that a wife is under no obligation to warn her lover of the danger presented to him by her jealous husband.

The case involved what the court itself referred to as a "love triangle" involving Bob, Marsha and her husband, Arthur. In 1979, Marsha, a waitress in a bowling alley, was having an affair with a man named Bob, and her husband, Arthur, knew of it. Disregarding the significance of the date, Marsha told Arthur on April Fool's Day that she wanted a divorce. According to the court records, "Arthur took the news calmly" and even helped Marsha move her things out of the house. Later that same day, however, the calm was apparently over. Arthur went to the bowling alley where Marsha worked and, upon finding Bob with her, opened up with a shotgun, seriously wounding him. He then turned the gun toward Marsha but was unable to bring himself to shoot. That night, Arthur committed suicide.

Seven months later, Bob divorced his wife and married Marsha. But old wounds have a tendency to linger in more ways than one, and 16 months after their wedding, he sued her for compensation for the injuries he suffered in the shooting. Actually, Bob's real target was Marsha's homeowner's insurance policy, for Arthur and Marsha's insurance company might



be made to pay the cost of Bob's injuries if Arthur's action in shooting him could be claimed unintentional, the act of an insane person.

Unfortunately for Bob, Arthur's insurance company could not be readily convinced of this.

Undaunted, plaintiff Bob then developed the theory that Marsha was responsible for his injuries, due to her negligence in allowing Arthur to drink too much, allowing him to use barbiturates, not urging him to undergo psychotherapy, not getting sufficient therapy herself to guide her in knowing how to deal with him, allowing a shotgun to be available to him, intentionally provoking him through her affair and, most important, failing to warn Bob of the risk presented to him by her jealous husband.

Evidently, such creative legal arguments induced purpleness in the trial judge, who dismissed Bob's lawsuit. Bob took his case to the Michigan court of appeals, where it also was received with less than great enthusiasm. Indeed, during the presentation of his case, as his attorney was describing how Arthur entered the bowling alley and shot him, one judge was overheard to remark, under his breath, that shooting them both might not have been such a bad idea.

The Michigan court of appeals unanimously ruled against Bob's lawsuit. The panel held that Marsha was under no obligation to warn him of the potential violent reactions of her husband and, in conclusion, said, "The trial court correctly held that a married woman has no duty to urge her husband to seek psychotherapy or spiritual guidance for the benefit of the man with whom she is having an affair."

Weisman is an attorney and writer living in Amherst, Massachusetts.

GUN RIGHTS

For the past 16 years, I have bought or subscribed to *PLAYBOY* and have witnessed your defense of both convicted and alleged criminals. You have championed such causes as women's lib, pot smoking, abortion, gay lib and others, some of which I do not totally agree with. However, I am disappointed and frustrated that you do not speak out in defense of the right of every law-abiding citizen to own a handgun.

Your not taking a stand on this issue is hypocritical. Therefore, I have decided to terminate my subscription.

Martin L. Broom

North Weymouth, Massachusetts

It's too bad that defending rights is often construed as championing causes. Gun ownership is one of the many rights we defend, but we don't consider it a "cause" to be championed.

LESS IS MORE

I've written many long and brilliantly reasoned letters to *The Playboy Forum* in so-far-vain attempts to enlighten your readers. What do I have to do to get you guys to print some of them?

R. Davis

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Keeping them just that short will help.

COWBOYS AND GOOD OL' BOYS

I enjoy rodeos, Western music, horses and dancing close enough to polish my "great big belt buckle." I also like parties, drinking and "good ol' girls," so I guess you would say I fit the categories of both cowboy and good ol' boy. To answer Sandi Hoffer's lopsided, misinformed Yankee statement about good ol' boys (*March Playboy Forum*), as well as *PLAYBOY*'s notion of what makes a cowboy: (A) I do not have a "little bitty peter"; (B) the president of the Norman Bates Fan Club is too cum-drunk to speak for the rest of us.

James L. Diez
Lovelady, Texas

This letter is in response to Hoffer's letter and, more specifically, to your editorial response.

Let me begin by saying that for a magazine that professes one of the more liberal editorial viewpoints, you do not hesitate to castigate and alienate (in one fell swoop)



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the cowboy and his lifestyle—a lifestyle I'm sure you and Hoffer know nothing about.

Let me assure you that the cowboys here in the United States will not sit idly by while you and your editorial staff make us the butt of your sick jokes. My father was a member in good standing of the American National Cattlemen's Association. When he passed on three years ago, his membership went on to me. Were it not for him and millions of other hard-working, honest Americans, you would be hard pressed to find a steak in this good old U.S. of A.—or even, I would venture to say, a U.S.A.!

A copy of Hoffer's letter and your response has been forwarded to the editor of our Cattlemen's Association newspaper, where it will be read by thousands of cowboys who have done nothing more than work hard for a living. I've also sent copies to each of the professional rodeo cowboys' periodicals. I'm sure these men would like to know where you get off casting slurs in their direction.

In the future, when you make loose, irresponsible comments to your frustrated readers, leave those good folk out of it!

I think you owe an apology to these people, and I think it should be made at

the scene of the crime, in *The Playboy Forum*. Being a fair man, I will see that that apology is reprinted in the same papers that will be publishing your offensive remark.

Marvin Mutch
San Luis Obispo, California

Looks like we stepped in it that time, if only in assuming that everyone knew that "a great big belt buckle and a little bitty peter" is the punch line to an old joke widely told by cowboys about other cowboys and generally taken in the affectionate spirit intended. Indeed, it was Hoffer's reckless misapplication of that joke to good ol' boys that we simply couldn't let pass uncorrected. We thought William J. Helmer's article "A Cowboy's Lament" (PLAYBOY, September 1980) demonstrated our respect for the true Western lifestyle that for a time was being trivialized by urban-cowboyism.

BETWEEN THE EXTREMES

Much argument is bandied in your pages between the pro-life and pro-choice elements in the battle of abortion. The middle is rarely heard from. I hope I can speak for those who are unable to subscribe completely to the doctrines of either side but who can see a little sense in each position. The problem, in a nutshell, is this: It is unthinkable that a modern democracy should oblige women to undergo the physical and emotional trauma of childbirth without their having made a rational choice to do so. It is equally unthinkable that on grounds of mere convenience, society, which is already alarmingly casual about the value of human life, should encourage the snuffing out of lives that have progressed (to no matter what degree) from the potential to the actual.

While it seems clear that decent, rational people may agree that abortion is necessary, it seems equally clear that decent, rational people have no wish to kill babies. Therefore, it is logical to conclude that people aren't arguing about killing fetuses, really; they are arguing about something else: sex.

The essence of the pro-choice position is that women ought to be able to enjoy sexual congress with the same degree of freedom from undesired consequences that men do. The obvious methods of achieving that freedom are contraception and abortion. The pro-lifers are a little disingenuous: They claim to be interested only in stopping abortion, without addressing the question of sexual equality. However, they are usually identified with the opponents of sexual liberty and equality who want to compel doctors to disclose to parents the prescription of contraceptives to minors or to grant special funds to groups that discourage premarital sex. Plainly, the struggle over abortion is really a struggle over sex. The opposite sides come closer to addressing the real issues when, in conversation, the pro-life advocate concedes that in his view, the prospect of

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unwanted pregnancies is a deterrent to sexual activity, and the pro-choice advocate concedes that for her, the decision to have an abortion would not be an easy one.

By focusing on the true nature of the issues, perhaps we can avoid the formation of a national policy at one extreme or the other—both being demonstrably bad. If we make it a crime (as President Reagan has suggested he wishes to do) to undergo or perform an abortion, we commit national and local law-enforcement resources to the pursuit of an unlikely class of criminals: surgeons and pregnant women who have made a tragic choice. If we subscribe to a program of funded abortion on demand, then we not only ride roughshod over the ethical and religious sensibilities of a substantial segment of our society, we also institutionalize a degree of disrespect for our own humanity.

Is there a way out? Perhaps. We might start by agreeing that it is not necessary, even in these days of manifold regulations, that the Government prohibit or sanction anything. We might agree to treat abortion as a matter of individual conscience. If there must be a decision to have an abortion, let it be made after consideration of all the ethical implications. The Government need neither encourage nor forbid; through education, it need only urge that a thoughtful decision be taken. We

might seek to obviate abortion by committing our Government to a program of education rather than denial; instead of spending tax dollars to stymie the work of such groups as Planned Parenthood, we might encourage them. We need not urge unmarried or underage persons to have sex (since that is evidently offensive to a significant part of our society); we need only recognize the probability that they will do so and equip them to act responsibly by teaching them about contraceptives and making contraceptives available to them. (Here I have ignored the view held by some that contraception is not distinguishable from abortion, except in degree. I believe there is a distinction but doubt I could convince those who think otherwise. To them I can only say that I respect their freedom to choose and hope they respect mine.)

President Reagan said in his State of the Union address that he is searching for a moderate solution to the "tragedy of abortion." If he was telling the truth and is willing to seek ways of making abortion unnecessary, and is not simply hoping to repeal the sexual revolution by criminalizing abortion, he'll garner the support of a large number of us who view the possibility of abortion as necessary but the actual event as sad.

Richard H. Williams
Spokane, Washington

A President for whom abortion is "tragedy" does not, we may safely assume, accept moderate solutions, as his record on this issue makes abundantly clear. But our compliments to you on such a clear articulation of this troublesome issue.

WE HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT

In the March *Playboy Forum*, you use an example in your response to the question from Edwin L. Tice ("Mountains from Molehills") that could not be further from the truth. I'm referring to Dr. Naismith's simile "useless as tits on a boar hog." One of the most important requirements of purebred-hog breeders is that a boar have a minimum of 12 teats, six to a side. And to the owner of a registered purebred, his boar is certainly worth more money than some farmyard scalawag with only ten nipples. So, in actuality, a complete set of 12 teats can be one of the most valuable assets a boar has.

P. R. Duncan
Winfield, Iowa

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WHY REAGAN'S "STAR WARS" PLAN WON'T WORK

By KOSTA TSIPI

Department of Physics, MIT

IN *Star Wars*, one laser shot destroyed the evil Empire's Death Star. President Reagan apparently has a similar vision for resolving conflicts with the Soviets. He has proposed that the United States build space-based defensive weapons that could shoot down Soviet intercontinental ballistic missiles carrying nuclear warheads. That, he said, would "free the world from the threat of nuclear war." An alluring script—but no script is further from reality.

Reagan's desire for an anti-ballistic-missile (ABM) system to shoot down incoming nuclear weapons is understandable. No world leader wants nuclear weapons reducing his or her country to smoldering radioactive rubble. Yet what is truly alarming is that apparently there is no one near the President able or willing to tell him the truth—that there is no practical ABM system.

Over the years, successive Administrations have looked to scientists and engineers to devise the perfect defensive system to protect U.S. cities from nuclear attack. Unfortunately, it has never been either technically or economically possible to build such an ABM system. That was true in the Sixties, when we spent billions on a useless one in Grand Forks, North Dakota. It is still true today.

Even the President's own Commission on Strategic Forces—the Scowcroft commission—advised against the kind of crash program suggested by Reagan, writing, "The commission believes that no ABM technologies appear to combine practicality, survivability, low cost and technical effectiveness sufficiently to justify proceeding beyond the stage of technology development."

Nuclear weapons are so awesomely destructive that each one can annihilate a city. Only a few have to slip through our ABM defenses to devastate the United States. If the U.S. could manage the incredible technical feat of putting in place around the earth a laser defense system that was 95 percent effective,



that system would be able to shoot down 9500 out of 10,000 Russian warheads. Even though this high level of performance is technically unrealistic—what complex machine works with 95 percent reliability?—it would still let through 500 nuclear bombs that could destroy up to an equal number of cities in the United States. So unless an ABM system were 100 percent effective, all the Soviets would have to do to defeat it is increase the size of their already huge nuclear arsenal. That is what is so futile and dangerous about attempting to develop anti-ballistic-missile defenses: Since such defenses cannot be perfect, they induce the opponent to build more offensive weapons in order to be certain of penetrating them.

So the Russians will start building more nuclear weapons and will work on their own anti-ballistic-missile defenses for fear they may be perceived as inferior. Naturally, then, the U.S. will accelerate the deployment of its own new nuclear weapons that the present opposition—both public and Congressional—to the arms race has slowed down.

The result would be a triple arms race: We would build more strategic nuclear warheads in excess of the 10,000 or so we now have; we would compete with the Russians in the development of grotesquely expensive space-based weapons that both nations would know from the start wouldn't work; and we would build anti-anti-missiles, to defeat the other side's ABM system, out of the fear that it may work better than expected.

Four types of ABMs have been mentioned in conjunction with Reagan's *Star Wars* speech: charged-particle-beam weapons, neutral-particle-beam weapons, laser weapons and guided-missile-carrying satellites. None of these futuristic weapons can work inside the atmosphere, so they would have to be deployed over the Soviet Union in outer space or launched upon warning of attack and made ready to attack

Russian missiles as they rise from their silos and travel above the atmosphere; once their rocket motors shut off, they become difficult to find. In other words, these ABM weapons must either orbit the earth on large satellites that would be vulnerable to relatively inexpensive Soviet antisatellite weapons or be able to come within firing distance of the Soviet missiles within a few seconds after the warning. Since such U.S. ABM satellites would orbit the earth at speeds approaching five miles per second, any one of them would be over Soviet ballistic-missile silos no more than 20 minutes or so in each orbit. That means we would need 50 to 100 beam-weapons-carrying satellites lofted into outer space to keep the Soviet Union covered all the time. Waiting until the Soviets launched their missiles to deploy our defenses, on the other hand, would mean launching massive devices that must reach the vicinity of the Soviet Union in seconds, which is not feasible.

In truth, all four systems are flawed for one reason or another:

Charged-particle beams are streams

of high-energy electrons or protons, the basic constituents of matter. Such beams can never work in the airless vacuum of outer space. Since similar charges repel one another, the charged particles of such a beam will spread out and fizzle—the beam will destroy itself before it destroys any Soviet missiles. In addition, the earth's magnetic field will bend a charged-particle beam in unpredictable ways, making it impossible to aim at a distant, fast-moving target.

Neutral particles are those without a charge, such as neutrons or hydrogen atoms. A neutral-particle beam that will not spread out uselessly after it leaves the beam accelerator is very difficult to generate. It would be virtually impossible to aim such a beam at large numbers of missiles traveling thousands of feet per second in a few minutes, and the Soviets could dissipate neutral-particle beams without too much trouble, rendering them useless, or they could easily confuse or blind the sensitive target-detection and tracking systems on the ABM satellites.

Guided missiles on satellites can be easily overwhelmed by a massive Soviet missile launch, even though one scheme proposed by a retired Air Force general requires a mere 456 satellites roving the earth. Many more U.S. satellites would be needed if this scheme were to have even a chance of offering some small amount of enduring protection. And like all anti-ballistic-missile systems requiring satellites, this remarkably expensive system would be a sitting duck for Soviet antisatellite weapons that are at least ten times as cheap as the satellites they destroy.

Laser-based systems are the most promising of the four proposed ABM systems. The only virtue of laser weapons is that they can, in principle, work. Lasers can melt holes in metals on the earth, and there is no law of physics that forbids their operation in outer space. But the lasers we have now are unsuitable for shooting down ballistic missiles. They would require enormous, rugged yet exquisitely maneuverable mirrors, plus staggering supplies of fuel: Half a ton would be needed for each shot fired against a missile. Several shots would be needed to destroy each missile, and the Soviets have more than 1000 missiles, so each laser weapon would need several thousand tons of fuel. With 50 to 100 laser-bearing satellite weapons in orbit around the earth, we would have to lift many hundreds of thousands of tons of fuel alone into space. Each shuttle trip can carry only 32 tons, so with four shuttles each making four trips a year, it would take several hundred years just to move the necessary fuel into space to power the weapons Reagan envisions.

Ten or 20 or 50 years from now, we may be able to invent effective lasers that will need much less fuel. But such a system could easily be defeated by the Soviets. As with all the other systems, the satellites carrying the lasers could be de-

stroyed cheaply and without difficulty. Also, the countermeasures available to the Soviets are virtually endless. Lasers are merely concentrated beams of light directed toward their target by a movable mirror. The Soviets could, for starters, cover their missiles with a reflective coating similar to the laser's own mirror, which would harmlessly deflect the light, or they could develop a heat-resistant substance similar to the space shuttle's impressive tiles to protect their missiles.

The latest of the proposed science-fiction schemes involves putting a nuclear weapon on a satellite, exploding it and using the energy released to power a laser that produces a beam of X rays. Even though possible in principle, this scheme has two fatal flaws: The nuclear explosion not only will vaporize the satellite but will also incapacitate all satellites exposed to the explosion's radiation, whether or not those satellites are carrying X-ray lasers. So the system self-destructs with the first shot it fires. Also, the X-ray laser can be easily countermeasured: A protective coat of a quarter inch of foam rubber faced with a sheet of aluminum foil will effectively protect a missile from an X-ray laser.

All of these anti-ballistic-missile systems have a still more insurmountable problem. They have to be reliable. Since the proposed *Star Wars* defenses are predictably unworkable, what reasons could there be to proceed with them? Some of the fascination with these systems clearly stems from their high-tech "video-game" approach to defending the nation. Yet fascination with high technology does not adequately explain the desire for space-based ABM systems.

Some have blamed the military-industrial complex for the interest in space-based ABM systems. After all, an axiom of murder-mystery sleuthing is *Cui bono?* (Who benefits?). Production of such systems would benefit the aerospace industry, it is true. *The International Herald Tribune* reported on June 2, 1983, "These so-called *Star Wars* weapons offer the prospect of half a trillion dollars in potential business to the aerospace industry." With the Apollo project for putting a man on the moon and the space shuttle completed, the aerospace industry is in need of a new, major engineering initiative in outer space in order to continue making profits. So it would not be surprising, if it is true, that some large California aerospace companies are trying to stampede the National Security Council—which boasts no natural scientists among its members—into recommending to the President that the U.S. make a large-scale commitment to *Star Wars* weapons.

Another constituency that could benefit from a *Star Wars* approach to our national security would be the U.S. Air Force. This vast conglomerate of missions, commands and weapons is by no means a bureaucratic monolith about which one can make

sweeping statements. As Thomas Karas has documented in his book *The New High Ground*, a cadre of middle-level Air Force officers aspire to be the Billy Mitchells of the 21st Century and spearhead the creation of a new Service, the Space Force. The top echelon of the Air Force leadership seems still preoccupied with the traditional missions, but one can see how it could become worried by several developing trends. First of all, we have the anti-nuclear movement, which has made life increasingly difficult for the strategic branch of the Air Force. In the past, it would come up with a new weapons system and on most occasions could sell it to Congress and the public with little trouble. But now, as the public has become wary of nuclear weapons and those weapons have more or less reached their ultimate performance capabilities and have grown to 10,000 in number, the Air Force has had trouble selling its programs to Congress.

Such a predicament would not be unlike the situation a large corporation would find itself in if its products and services were not selling well anymore, while the competition was increasingly successful at making inroads into its business. What would a competent manager do on such an occasion? He would most probably attempt to change the product line and move the corporation's activities into new business areas.

The unavoidable competition with the Soviet Union in space-based defenses would provide the rationale for an unlimited increase in U.S. offensive strategic weapons, the Air Force's current line of business. Outer space is the exclusive province of the Air Force; therefore, competition from other Services for missions there would be eliminated. The Air Force has already proposed, and the Navy has rejected, that all U.S. military activities in space be subsumed under an Air Force-dominated "unified space command." Also, space weapons are attractive on a number of counts. Since they do not threaten the public with immediate annihilation, they would be noncontroversial.

Most important, space weapons are attractive because of their glamor and their "magical" qualities. To judge by the fairy tales of yesteryear and their contemporary counterpart science fiction, people have always been fascinated with the concept of the little magical device that bestows almost supernatural powers on its owner: the good fairy's magic wand, Aladdin's lamp and, more recently, Flash Gordon's death ray, the phaser of *Star Trek* and the beam weapons of *Star Wars*. What Congressperson would dare not vote for funds for such magical weapons that in the public's mind could protect the country from the evil "Empire"?

For the aerospace industry and the Air Force, *Star Wars* weapons would be almost too good to be true. But are they good for the country? Many people will

argue that certainly they are not bad. At worst, since they wouldn't work anyway, they would be a waste of money; besides, they might shift the arms race from the earth's surface to outer space, where no one would get hurt if things heated up.

Unfortunately, it's not going to happen that way. Any attempt at erecting ABM defenses either on the surface of the earth or in outer space will induce an intensification of the arms race in offensive nuclear weapons, and the money to be spent on space weapons will have to come out of somewhere. The military budget is large but not infinite. So if we enter into a precipitous large-scale effort to develop *Star Wars* gadgets, tremendous sums of money will have to be syphoned from other military programs or the civilian part of the budget, or additional taxes will have to be levied. Money for exotic weapons would have to come out of our conventional defenses, needed in Europe, the Middle East, the Far East and elsewhere; such a shift in funds allocation will not increase the security of the country.

A well-thought-out, well-paced program of research and development of large lasers might possibly be useful for the country in a number of ways, but a crash program to build laser weapons would certainly be ill advised. It would perpetuate one of the most damaging fallacies this country labors under—the fallacy of the technological fix. We have always wanted to believe that any problem, be it economic, political or diplomatic, can be solved if only we spend enough money and effort to find the right technological answer. Thus, technology has often been the enemy of negotiations when it comes to our problems with the Russians. Forty years of technological exertions, 40 years of arms racing, should have taught us that the only way to resolve our conflict with them is by negotiation and not by magical devices. "Magic" has never worked, not when it was multiple independent-re-entry vehicles (MIRVs), not when it was submarine-launched ballistic missiles and jet bombers and not when it was the first atomic bomb, almost 40 years ago.

Despite all its flaws, there is a good chance that Reagan's proposal for *Star Wars* defenses will go ahead unless the public and Congress oppose it vigorously. But Congress and the public are preoccupied with the MX, the nuclear freeze, the START negotiations and the deployment of new nuclear missiles in Europe. By the time they understand why those weapons don't work, the space-weapons program may have slipped through Congress, gained momentum and elicited a response in kind from the Soviet Union. Then, of course, we'll hear that "we are falling behind the Russians" in Flash Gordon gadgets, a cry that no Congress has resisted. So a new arms race will be on while the old one is rekindled with a vengeance.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JESSE JACKSON

a candid conversation with the preacher and presidential candidate about his controversial views and the leadership of black america

No matter what eventually happens at the Democratic Convention this summer in San Francisco, Jesse Jackson has already won some big prizes. Since he announced for the Presidency last November, the panache, pace and ever-present controversy of his candidacy have transformed the sharp-dressing, eloquent 42-year-old Baptist minister and civil rights activist from a party irritant to a force at large.

Jackson has been prominent on the national scene ever since his days as a college activist in his native South during the Sixties, when he followed the call of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., to complete the emancipation of blacks through nonviolent civil disobedience. Born to segregation in Greenville, South Carolina, Jackson emerged in his college days as a hero to those intimidated by racists and Southern sheriffs and as a firebrand to those who found segregation less offensive than the turmoil of the civil rights movement.

He was with Dr. King in Memphis at the time of his assassination and moved forcibly—some thought too forcibly—to provide leadership to a movement suddenly deprived of King's overshadowing presence. Returning to his base in Chicago to

organize the poor for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the then-27-year-old minister came to be known for a fiery rhetoric that did not always seem to jibe with the Gandhian philosophy of non-violence, which Jackson espouses.

His experiences in the early civil rights movement and later in PUSH, the anti-poverty and self-help organization he founded, left Jackson with many admirers and detractors—but few who are indifferent. To many, especially in the black community, he is talked about with a reverence and adulation that would seem appropriate for a combination of saint and rock star. To many others—surprisingly, as much among liberals as in the strongholds of white racism—he is seen as a scourge and an opportunist.

Now, in the 1984 Presidential campaign, Jackson is a player on the highest level. Mixing Bible Belt moralizing with a fierce commitment to dispossessed constituencies—from gays to Indians and, some would add, Arabs—he sparked the Democratic race with both his candidacy and his daring mission to Syria to free a captured airman, Lieutenant Robert Goodman, Jr. Before Senator Gary Hart began to give Walter Mondale a run for

his money in New Hampshire, columnist Jack Anderson wrote, "The Reverend Jesse Jackson, bless his heart, has succeeded singlehandedly in lifting the Democratic Presidential race out of the terminal doldrums that threaten to bore us all to death." Others who concede the effectiveness of Jackson's thundering oratory nevertheless charge that his style smacks of demagoguery. "In passing out misinformation, the Democrats now have their own Ronald Reagan," wrote The Washington Post's Richard Cohen.

Like it or not, Jackson reached center stage, representing not only blacks but a much larger constituency within the Democratic Party. As The New York Times put it recently, "Jackson is now making history, not as a black Presidential candidate but as a 'serious' black Presidential candidate. That development alone is likely to have far-reaching effects on the American political scene by energizing the black vote and by altering the perceptions among whites of black candidates for elective office."

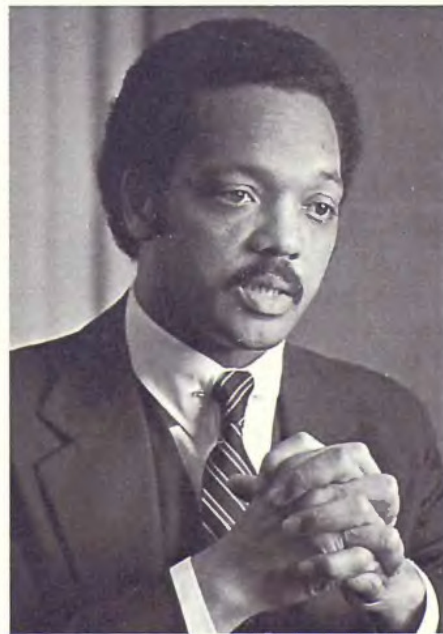
But the Times indicated that the real prize lay beyond electoral politics and concerns, involving nothing less than the mantle of black leadership, one passed



"The biggest contribution one could make to Israel would be to get her neighbors to recognize her. Now, through all the chaos and confusion, I emerge with the capacity to talk to both sides."



"America looks upon the Third World with arrogance. Some of our contempt is based upon their poverty, some upon their color, some upon our relationship with the oppressors of those societies."



"Many whites did, temporarily, what blacks must do eternally—fight for equality. Some whites say, 'I marched in Selma.' It was an experience to write home about. But some of us had to stay after the march."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON SEYMOUR

around or, more accurately, grasped at but never comfortably worn since an assassin's bullet killed King 16 years ago. What Jackson "really seeks to be," the Times noted, is "the nation's premier black leader: a mover and shaker with a constituency within the Democratic Party."

Jackson denies that he wants to be the predominant black leader and dutifully ticks off the names of the scores of elected black officials he holds in high esteem. But whatever his intentions, the enormous publicity surrounding his campaign, as well as his proven ability to attract what he calls the Rainbow Coalition of supporters—including many whites—makes Jackson a man for more than just this electoral season. (In fact, this is his second appearance in the "Playboy Interview" slot. His first was in November 1969, just over a year and a half after King's death.)

Jackson watching is not a placid journalistic assignment. The reverend has a lot of ups and downs, with contretemps dotting his candidacy at almost every stop.

Just what significance should be attached to the various charges ranging from financial mismanagement of PUSH to "tainted" contributions from the Arab League? Why does Jackson say the things he says? Is he against whites? Is he against Jews? And if not, what is the fuss in the media all about? Could it be, as the reverend thinks, that he has been subjected to a double standard of criticism because he is the first black to run seriously for the Presidency?

Given Jackson's prominence, the answers to those questions will remain important long after the election. To try to get some of them, PLAYBOY assigned Robert Scheer, whose political reporting for PLAYBOY ("Interview" with Jerry Brown and Jimmy Carter, profiles of Nelson Rockefeller and Ronald Reagan) is well known to its readers. Scheer, a national reporter for the Los Angeles Times, followed Jackson through the early primaries and filed the following report:

"Jesse Jackson is hard to ignore. He is tall, muscular, bright and quick and uses all of that to let an interviewer know that he intends to finish his thoughts. Looking down on the questioner, he rears back and rocks a bit, punctuating the air with his finger while the cadenced statements roll on and on until the point to be made is wrapped and delivered. Then, and only then, another question. Jackson takes questions cheerfully but with the air of one who has heard most of them before. And he has. All of his adult life has been spent parrying questions about blacks and politics, and he knows what he knows. He does not require issues experts, pollsters and media analysts to figure out his stance.

"Jackson most often listens to a question

with his head slightly tilted to suggest a cocked ear and with just the barest hint of a condescending smile about to flicker across his otherwise passive face. On those occasions when the question is not familiar, a suspicion as to the interviewer's motives may mark his manner, and the mood can get tense—not threatening but suddenly more serious and personal than one had bargained for. It's less a matter of intimidation than one of the force of personality and presence of someone who's battle-scarred.

"Like Ronald Reagan, whom I have also interviewed at some length, Jackson is a veteran of past battles over issues that truly matter to him. And while he may—again, like Reagan—occasionally get some facts wrong and exaggerate others, he remains committed to core beliefs.

"For Jackson, those beliefs revolve around whatever he feels is necessary for the advancement of blacks, and while one may take issue with his preoccupation and/or his prescriptions for change, personal exposure to the man did not, in my case, support a cynical view of his level of commitment.

*"Ultimately, the poor
do not just want
liberal friends, they
want to be
empowered."*

"Both Jackson and Reagan are clearly in the political arena to do serious battle over the social direction of this country, no matter what other material and psychological rewards may be provided by the exercise. For both, it has been a long and not always fashionable political struggle.

"Neither gentleman is of the school of the modern politician touted by hip pollsters and committed only to winning. Jackson and Reagan may say and do wrong things, but when they do, it is with the altruistic aplomb of the true believer certain of the virtue of his ends and convinced that he is not driven by personal political ambition. And when they do commit a grand gaffe, they find it next to impossible to offer a profound apology, because soul-searching and doubt are simply alien to their make-up. But they are not shallow. Both have paid their dues, anguishing over causes rather than over the political style of the moment.

"There the similarity ends. Indeed, what is perhaps most interesting about Jackson is that he has risen to challenge the assumptions of Reaganism as a political philosophy more directly and energetically than has any of the other candidates.

"After hours of interviews with Jackson, I found myself fantasizing about Reagan's

taking my place in the room. Let them argue about the truly needy, about affirmative action, civil disobedience and the Third World. Let them match programs for ending poverty and crime in Chicago and bringing peace to the Middle East. Do we need more weapons or fewer? More social programs or fewer? Is God, whom they both invoke incessantly, a staunch free enterpriser or a closet liberal? Now, that would be the debate for this election year.

"But Jackson will not just go away after this election any more than Reagan did following his many times out on the hustings. Both have a constituency. Jackson may not have succeeded in building his Rainbow Coalition, but his campaign has demonstrated his basic appeal to the growing number of black voters. Thus, what Jackson has to say in this campaign and in this 'Interview' warrants serious attention, for it will likely present itself again and with even greater force in the future."

PLAYBOY: As we speak, it looks as if either Hart or Mondale will be the Democratic nominee. What do you see as the difference between you and them?

JACKSON: As Democrats, we share many common social values. But I believe they represent liberalism, which is advocacy for change; I represent liberation, which is action for change. They hoped Goodman would be released from Syria; I went to get him. They supported the voting-rights act; I marched for it. They call for U.S. corporations to become more responsive; I had to boycott them to get change. They say they have no objection to a woman as Vice-President; I say, "Put one on the ticket."

PLAYBOY: But will those differences stop you from backing either of them if one is the Democratic nominee?

JACKSON: No. I'm not trying to impeach their characters; I'm just drawing a distinction. I'm saying that within the framework of the Democratic Party, I've paid heavier dues in the struggle for social justice than either of those two men.

PLAYBOY: However you fare in the Presidential race, your Rainbow Coalition calls for unity among the poor, women, the handicapped, gays, people of all colors. Is that realistic?

JACKSON: Yes. I guess what's impressed me, what's almost seemed miraculous, is that there is less static about the Rainbow Coalition than there was about integration. Somehow, many groups are very threatened by integration—it conjures up so many fears and negative conceptions—yet the message in the Rainbow Coalition is the same: It's just that you can be black, brown, yellow or red or gay or rich or poor and you still fit in the spectrum without being threatened.

PLAYBOY: You're claiming to be more than

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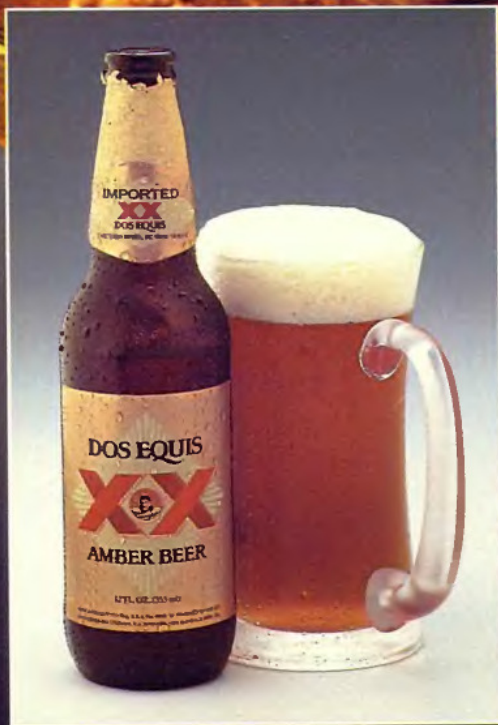
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a black candidate. Why are you optimistic that white America would support a black?

JACKSON: Well, since Reagan took office, the nation has undergone a devastating period of racial and class polarization and a kind of willful perpetuation of the gender gap. Most Americans find that distasteful. The sense of selfishness and greed of the present Administration has set a climate in the country that most Americans don't identify with in their heart of hearts. So there is a search now by people to go another way, to seek a new course. When I walked through the plant of *The Boston Globe* recently, you could hear workers, many of whom had Archie Bunker as a frame of reference, cheering, telling me, "I'm glad you brought the boy [Lieutenant Goodman] back home!" We are growing up as a nation. Those guys probably didn't want Sam Jethroe to play baseball for the Boston Braves, probably heckled Sam Jones and K. C. Jones when they played for the Celtics. And though Boston went through a period of Louise Day Hicks-type polarization, the city obviously prefers the image of Mel King and the Rainbow Coalition to that of Hicks and the rocks and the buses.

Another reason the Rainbow Coalition isn't threatening is that there are no psychological or sexual hang-ups, as there are in integration. There *are* deep-seated fears in this country, perpetuated over a long period of time, that are based on sexual myths, on the fear of interracial marriage. It's the old Archie Bunker thing: We can work together and you can play ball with us and go to school with us, even socialize with us, but don't come home with us. The Rainbow Coalition is made up of independent groups—you don't have to lose your group's identity to another group. It's not threatening on the personal level.

PLAYBOY: One group that *does* feel threatened is the Jewish community. In fact, a couple of your statements about Jews have nearly derailed your campaign. Let's settle them once and for all. Why did you use the word Hymies in referring to Jews?

JACKSON: It was unfortunate. That word never had a negative meaning to it, either politically or religiously. It was an unfortunate use of words, but no different from someone's saying he's going up to Harlem to see "Mose" or "Mosela." You know, said with a lighthearted ring. And at least some people realized that. When I spoke recently in Tallahassee, there were some Jewish people holding up a big 12' x 12' sign saying, **HYMIES LOVE JESSE.**

Historically, the word kike was equivalent to the word nigger, which is a very offensive term. If I had been angry and said, "You kike," or "You nigger," that would have been different. But it was blown up into something far beyond . . . well, we'll almost have to put the word Hymie into the dictionary now, because it's taken on so much meaning.

And I do regret the pain it caused people because of the way the press played it.

The disadvantage was the personal hurt to these people. But there's been an advantage: There is now a dialog under way that hasn't existed in a decade. And that's a consolation I find sufficient, because strong leaders are not perfect, we're public servants. When Jimmy Carter made his statement about ethnic purity, people forgave him, because they realized that didn't reflect his basic character. Last summer, Ted Koppel referred to some politicians as "Amos and Andy." It was an unfortunate use of words, but that's not his basic character. Just recently, Bill Moyers referred to me on TV as the "Kingfish of black politicians." When I pointed out that the word Kingfish might be seen as insensitive because of the Kingfish character in the *Amos 'N Andy* show, he said he was referring to Huey Long. You see how sensitive people can be?

PLAYBOY: You said the flap over your remarks had a good side to it. Are you serious?

JACKSON: I hope we can seize the moment. There's been more interest in meetings between blacks and Jews in the past eight or ten days than there has been in the past eight or ten years. But, of course, until now, it's just been a war of quotations—who said what last, which is very unhealthy. It's been a period of great agony, but I think we're going to come out of it.

PLAYBOY: You've portrayed yourself as a potential mediator among Jews, blacks and Arabs. Especially now, though, would most Jewish groups ever accept your position on the Mideast?

JACKSON: Well, I may never accept the Israeli position on South Africa, either; but we can talk. We can agree to disagree. You know, a number of Jewish people here and in Israel have written to me, asking for help in getting their relatives out of Syria. OK? Now, the people who don't talk with their perceived enemies can't help them; isn't that right? Mondale, Glenn, Hart. The idea of not talking with a friend's enemies is not a wise strategy. The biggest contribution one could make to Israel would be to get her neighbors to recognize her, to end the armed struggle, to end the holy war. And now, through all the chaos and confusion, I emerge with the capacity to talk to both sides.

PLAYBOY: Including the P.L.O.?

JACKSON: I think the P.L.O. has to recognize Israel's right to exist. But I don't think either Israel or the P.L.O. can initiate the talks that would be required for each side to recognize the other, the way Israel and Egypt couldn't do it themselves. They needed a mediator. If we had the strength of leadership to negotiate that strategy, the P.L.O. would change its position of not recognizing Israel.

PLAYBOY: Even though it's written into the covenant of the P.L.O. that Israel should

be destroyed?

JACKSON: Nasser made a statement 20 to 25 years ago about driving the Jews into the sea, and the nation of the guy who made that statement has now signed a peace treaty with Israel. If you keep digging up last year's rhetoric about a given situation, you'll never move forward to forgiveness and redemption. There have been some pretty cruel things said about each other by both sides, which is standard for people who are angry at each other.

PLAYBOY: Which brings us back to another of the things you said about Jews. Why did you say you were tired of hearing about the Jewish holocaust?

JACKSON: It was a statement taken completely out of context. In 1971 or 1972, I was in Africa with my wife and the Staple Singers and Roberta Flack. We decided to go see where the slaves had been kept. We were taken to some caves. They were damp and ugly, and what had started out as a tourist visit became quietness and then singing and prayers and tears. By the time we got out at the other end, there was a kind of anger, a real resentment among us. But then I said to my wife, "You know, if we rehearsed this slavery ritual every day, or often, we could develop the kind of resentment toward the blacks who sold us and the whites who captured and then enslaved us that would never lend itself to making human progress. I would just be so *bitter!*"

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Later, in a private talk with two guys, I referred to the Jewish holocaust in *that* context. We had seen several references to the holocaust on television that year, and I said that while I appreciated the memory of it as a basis for saying "Never again," we really had to move beyond that and not linger at the graveside. That was analogous to our own experience, having come through the holocaust of slavery, having lost 30,000,000 or 40,000,000 people in slavery. My remark was one of personal experience, not one that was designed to be negative or hostile. That was the context of that statement, because I, too, am a member of a race that has known a holocaust and has known subjugation in this land, not just as a matter of history but as a matter of personal experience. I look at those striped uniforms that the Jews wore in those Nazi camps and I recall that I grew up watching the police act like Nazis every weekend and lock up blacks, charging them with vagrancy, making them wear striped uniforms and putting chains on their ankles. What they really were looking for were street cleaners they wouldn't have to pay, and they'd sentence a black to ten days in prison for being drunk on his own porch and stuff like that. So it wasn't the first time I had seen those striped uniforms.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, didn't you also call Zionism a "poisonous weed"?

JACKSON: Again, it was out of context. That was said during a debate about Zionism, which is built upon the premise of race, while Judaism is built upon faith. Now, there's been an attempt by some to equate the two. But the state of Israel is *not* the state of Judaism. Zionism is not a religion, it's a political philosophy. Many Zionists are, in fact, agnostics and atheists. Judaism is built upon faith and forgiveness and is really an optimistic view of the future, and Zionism tends to be much more narrow than that. Having said that, I believe Jews have a right to be Zionist politically, but one need not equate Judaism and Zionism. And I accept the right of Israel to exist. The fact is that from a religious standpoint, there is something about Judaism that appeals to me. I'm Judeo-Christian; my religious roots are there. There is a kind of boldness, a kind of universality, espoused in the faith that is eternal. And I just don't equate the two.

PLAYBOY: Then what does it mean to say that Zionism is a poisonous weed?

JACKSON: If people lose religious faith, which is eternal, and begin to put their faith in a political arrangement, which is temporary, well, one to me represents oxygen and flowering and growth, while the other represents the choking of that growth. To the extent that my description was offensive, I regret it, because my point is not to be offensive.

PLAYBOY: But to some people, your denunciation of Zionism was another way of denying Israel's legitimacy.

JACKSON: Well, to the extent that it was misunderstood, I regret it. Right now, of course, we're going well beyond the context we were in when I said it. Many Jews, as you know, reject Zionism. They see it as very bad, so it's not just a personal position I have. And historically, the best experience of the Jewish people has been in their religious faith, the chastising, courageous strength of the prophets who challenged their own politicians. I mean, historically, a guy like Menachem Begin would have been challenged far more strongly by the Jewish prophets, and maybe the prophetic voice in Israel today tends to be that of the Peace Now movement.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about the leftist coalition in Israel—but a lot of them would consider themselves Zionists, too, so you wouldn't get much support there. It seems as if politicians get deeper in trouble when they try to explain things away instead of just admitting they made a mistake. Wouldn't it be better to just say that your use of the phrase poisonous weed was a lousy choice of words?

JACKSON: I don't know what your point is. You almost sound as if you're trying to chastise me, which I'm beginning to resent. I'm trying to say, as clearly as I can, that my point is that Zionism and Judaism are different things. Why keep wrestling with it?

PLAYBOY: That's precisely *our* point. You keep wrestling with a phrase that most people think is anti-Israeli, if not anti-Semitic, instead of saying it was a mistake and being done with it.

JACKSON: I've said that about five times a night. I mean, to the extent to which it's offensive, I regret it, because that was not what my intent was. And I think that the more that journalists like yourself keep dwelling on that—

PLAYBOY: We're trying to clear it up, not dwell on it.

JACKSON: OK. Well, I made a mistake. There is a sensitivity to the phrase that I underestimated, frankly. You simply walk into buzz saws by hitting the wrong buzz words. Even with most people I know who are in conflict with Jewish people on a given issue, that conflict is not for the most part philosophical, it's usually political.

PLAYBOY: That's true, but since the Peace Now people in Israel consider themselves Zionists, they don't consider Zionism a poisonous weed. That was what we were trying to clarify.

JACKSON: I understand.

PLAYBOY: And if you said to one of them, "Zionism is a poisonous weed," it would be the end of the dialog, because they see themselves as Zionists who are nonetheless in favor of such moves as returning the West Bank to the Arabs.

JACKSON: I agree. And I tend to identify with their politics, because I think there is righteousness there, a quest for fair play. I think that they will be capable of coexisting with the Palestinians in ways that will be beneficial for them as well as for world

peace. The talks we had with them when we were in Israel were enjoyable experiences that have etched a lasting place in my memory.

PLAYBOY: Do you regret having been caught up in all this?

JACKSON: No, I tremble from the pain of it all, but I see a silver lining beyond the dark cloud. The whole period has been a crucifying experience for all of us. I think that joy is coming in the morning. It's almost like you have to go through a crucifixion before you can get to a resurrection. I can feel the stone being rolled away.

PLAYBOY: You've said that other experiences etched in your memory are responsible for your view of the world. Back when segregation was widespread, was there one experience that had a profound effect on you?

JACKSON: Yes. There was a store in Greenville, South Carolina, that was typical of the black South. It was owned by whites, because black people seldom owned any stores, and the owner's children grew up with the rest of us, so you were allowed to play with them. But as they grew to replace their father in business, they began to grow in their father's ways. They began to take on the likeness of the master. I used to play with the children of Jack, the store owner.

This particular day, I was in a hurry, because my grandfather was outside and he gave me a nickel to get some Mary Janes and cookies or something. There were eight or ten black people in there, and I said, "Jack, can I have a cookie?" He had been cutting bologna or something. I whistled for his attention. Suddenly, he was on me with a gun pointed at my head. He said, "Never whistle at me again!" The thing that stood out in my mind was that the other blacks who were in the store acted as if they didn't see it. They stayed busy. They had a deep and abiding fear. I was not so much afraid of the gun as I was of what my father would do. He had just gotten back from World War Two, and I knew he had not only a temper but a mind that had been opened up after being exposed to Europe during the war. He had become more resentful of the system. I knew that if my father heard about it, he'd either kill Jack or get killed. So I suppressed it. It came out many years later. But that was the nature of life in the occupied zone.

PLAYBOY: You've kept your own resentments fairly well suppressed through this campaign. In fact, overall, your views are a lot less strident than they were during your first *Interview* with us. You were pretty tough on the white establishment in 1969. You were only 28 then, right?

JACKSON: Yes.

PLAYBOY: You were a kid.

JACKSON: Yes. In many ways.

PLAYBOY: How have you changed?

JACKSON: I've matured, obviously. People mature or they rot. I've been blessed. A lot of people have allowed me to grow, have

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been tolerant of my mistakes. I've maintained my will to work, but I've needed a lot of help from people in keeping my equilibrium. I've grown up in a goldfish bowl, with the temptations and oppressions of this job, learning to use public admiration and prestige with prudence and discipline.

PLAYBOY: When you say you grew up in a goldfish bowl, do you mean you've held a prominent position since you were young?

JACKSON: Yes. I was a big deal in hometown football at 13; you know, being the quarterback and hearing your name over the loud-speaker. That was a kind of public exposure. Then there was college football and student activities, all that. And in Greensboro, I became prominent in the civil rights movement, went to jail as sort of a hero in 1965. So it's been almost 30 years of that life, nonstop. There've been lots of opportunities and a lot of growing up to do. I'm glad I chose this work, glad this work chose me.

PLAYBOY: What do you actually do about the pressure, the tension? You don't drink; do you exercise, work out?

JACKSON: I play basketball sometimes. I read. No, I *think*. I've been blessed with a creative mind, you know, and while some people tend to read in their spare time, I think in mine. Reading is looking back and wrestling with other people's ideas. But when you think, you can focus on

your own ideas. A big difference.

PLAYBOY: What's an example?

JACKSON: Take the election of Harold Washington, Chicago's first black mayor. Before the election, Walter Mondale came to town to support Richard Daley's son, while Ted Kennedy came to support then-mayor Jane Byrne. In other words, the progressive wing of the Democratic Party was moving to the right. What could we do? Most people got upset. I said, "We've got to figure a way out of this. Think. Hear me? *Think!*" Now, we couldn't just wring our hands and act as if Jack, the old store owner back in Greenville, were holding a gun to our heads and we couldn't tell our daddy: This time, we had to have a



plan! Our liberal allies, Kennedy and Mondale, come riding into town with smoking guns, supporting party regulars over the progressive black candidate. Most folks looked at it and pretended it didn't happen. But it *did* happen. If Kennedy and Mondale had had their way, Washington wouldn't have won. If it had been left to them, the rise of the black political movement would have been stopped, still-born. So what do you do? You can't go Republican; that's too devastatingly right wing. Can't stay with the Democrats as they are, right? So . . . take them on in the primaries! Aha! The best of both worlds. You can *act*, challenge the Democrats in their own primaries, challenge the Repub-

licans in the general election, do all of it! *Think*. I couldn't have gotten that reading a book. There hasn't *been* any book written on this.

PLAYBOY: So that's really the origin of your campaign—trying to counter what you see as Kennedy's and Mondale's defections?

JACKSON: Yes. I heard about it on the news. I couldn't believe it. How can progressive Democrats make a commitment to Chicago—which is 40 percent black and 15 percent Hispanic and only *three* percent Irish—and choose two Irish candidates over the black candidate? But I'm not angry now; look what the result was: this campaign. It's like a child born out of wedlock, as I was—you aren't angry forever that your father isn't around. If it's negative that he's not there, it's positive that you were *born*. So you focus on the positive and keep on steppin'.

PLAYBOY: And this campaign, no matter what happens at the convention, is positive as far as blacks are concerned?

JACKSON: Blacks will never again be taken for granted. Politics in America is quite different tonight from what it was a year ago. Quite different.

PLAYBOY: All right, back to your candidacy. As a civil rights activist, you've never even held public office. Isn't it presumptuous of you to run for President? Do you think you're equipped to deal with substantial foreign-policy matters?

JACKSON: The media projection of me as



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being not involved in foreign policy, not aware of what our options are, is a misperception of reality. I've met with most African heads of state, most Arab heads of state, and I've traveled throughout Europe. I went down to Panama, trying to get the Panama Canal treaty through. I made major presentations on SALT II, trying to get that passed. Our leaders have an obligation to meet the other leaders of the world to establish rapport. Everybody knows that the personal relationship between Kennedy and Khrushchev was crucial in that period. All of life really *does* boil down to personal relationships. Legend says that war and peace often start and end in the bedroom. The woman asks the man, "Are you going to take that from that guy?" So the guy declares war. If Andropov and Reagan had met each other and communicated and expressed their common desire to avoid mutual annihilation, with a real desire to do it, those two men could have relieved tension in this world, but they didn't know each other. So they talked *at* each other rather than relate *to* each other, and that violent noncommunication has us on the brink of disaster.

PLAYBOY: It's your view of the Third World that separates you from most other leaders in this country. How would you change America's relationship with it?

JACKSON: Well, America looks upon the Third World with a lot of arrogance and contempt. Some of our contempt for Third World nations is based upon their poverty, some of it is based upon their color, some of it is built upon our relationship with the oppressors of those societies. Some of it is based upon our corporations' exploitative relationship with those nations. The reasons we do this are essentially immoral or contemptuous. The Third World is mostly poor, uneducated, diseased, desperate for human rights, desperate for economic development, more inclined toward America than toward the Soviet Union. It's mostly black, brown, yellow, red, non-Christian, non-English-speaking. So why waste all the time on the East-West, U.S.A.-and-U.S.S.R. aspect of the problem?

PLAYBOY: So you'd agree with George McGovern that we have a fixation on communism?

JACKSON: Oh, he's right about that. As opposed to affirming our point of view, we've found ourselves running *from* another point of view. Anybody who rebels we call a Communist. In the South, we were fighting for civil rights, basic public accommodations. We were called Communists. Fighting for the right to vote, we were called Communists. So if the peasants fight to overcome the landed gentry, calling them Communists does not make them so. And even when they get desperate—when we refuse support because they're also getting aid from another area—that doesn't mean that they agree with that other viewpoint. If a man is drowning, he'll reach for any raft; it's his only way of surviving. We should be put-

ting life rafts into the water rather than toxic waste.

PLAYBOY: But communism is a fact of life in some parts of Latin America. What would you do about it?

JACKSON: We should open a dialog with Cuba and normalize relations. Among other things, Cuba is 90 miles away. If we can relate to Soviet communism, we certainly can relate to Cuba's. Also, by ignoring Cuba, we make it bigger; we make Castro bigger than he really is. We allowed ourselves to be put in the position of Goliath, with Castro as David, and the longer we boycott him and he survives without us, the longer it makes him the hero of South, Central and Latin America and the Caribbean. For the most part, I am convinced, Cubans would rather relate to this country than to the Soviet Union. Among other reasons, we're hemispheric partners. I think we make a mistake in not opening up trade with Cuba.

PLAYBOY: What about Nicaragua and the *Sandinistas*?

JACKSON: I cannot separate the Nicaraguan revolution from the tyranny of [former dictator] Somoza and our investment in his tyranny. We should recognize Nicaragua, we should open up dialog with its leaders, we should stop supporting the rebels militarily, because we're losing the war and losing prestige. We are losing that war and losing credibility throughout the Third World because we're engaging in that war. We ought to be more patient with Third World nations in their transitions for development. After all, there was a ten- or 12-year difference between General George Washington and President George Washington. We ourselves had to evolve into a more mature democracy. A substantial number of people got the right to vote 100 years after that. So for us to try to make them do in three years what we didn't do in 12 years is unfair. And we ought to help stabilize that government, help correct through diplomacy and trade the wrongs that are there and not disrupt the people of that government with an attempted military overthrow.

PLAYBOY: When Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., first criticized U.S. foreign policy—i.e., the Vietnam war—he encountered more controversy than he'd known as a civil rights leader. Did his experience make it easier for you to speak out?

JACKSON: Oh, I'm convinced of that. I remember very well the adverse reaction to Dr. King's decision to come out against the Vietnam war in 1967. I read his remarks in the Hilton Hotel for the first time the morning he made his speech—all the reasons we should get out of Vietnam. I remember that after the speech, we went on an 11-city tour we'd planned with Aretha Franklin and Harry Belafonte to raise money for civil rights causes. Well, we broke even in only one city, because Lyndon Johnson put so much pressure on both black and white Democratic Party

structures. We hit the stage in Oakland—imagine, with both Aretha Franklin and Harry Belafonte—and, unbelievably, the place was only one fourth full. We went on to Houston. We stepped onto the stage. All of a sudden, there was gas in the air-supply system and we had to evacuate the auditorium. It was a very violent atmosphere, and it continued that way until King was assassinated.

Many blacks, some of them his classmates, publicly disavowed him, because he really was breaking new ground. He moved us from the civil rights struggle to a global outlook on the human-rights struggle. Prior to that time, it was considered a kind of treason to challenge the country's war policies. King opened up that window for everybody.

PLAYBOY: Which black leaders told him not to criticize the Vietnam war?

JACKSON: I remember Roy Wilkins of the NAACP, Whitney Young of the Urban League and many other civil rights leaders who castigated King for dividing the civil rights movement. But King's point was, you couldn't separate the two—money that had been designated for the War on Poverty was going to the war in Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: Now that there's a national holiday for King, do you think we tend to remember him for his more acceptable achievements rather than for his more controversial positions?

JACKSON: All societies emasculate their martyrs in time. If those martyrs had been as socially acceptable in life as they are in death, they wouldn't have died the way they did. They were really on the cutting edge of change; they were engaging in social *change*, not just in social service. They were victims of a character assassination that preceded their physical assassination. The big issue, of course, in the case of King, is that the U.S. Government was involved in it. One of J. Edgar Hoover's memos said the Government's purpose was to destroy the black movement and to stop the rise of the black messiah. Hoover called King a liar and a Communist. Given the FBI's role in trying to discredit him, it's not difficult to believe that it was also involved in destroying him.

PLAYBOY: How?

JACKSON: Well, given Hoover's personal hatred of him, there is no limit to what role the FBI may have had in his assassination. James Earl Ray was able to get out of Memphis, and then out of the country, very easily. I believe he was the fall guy in a much bigger scheme. King was seen not only by paranoid FBI agents but by hawks of that day as a threat to national security. It was absurd, but that's how they perceived him.

PLAYBOY: After King's death, you became very bitter about whites. You said in your first *Playboy Interview*, less than two years after King's death, that white students didn't have to worry about poverty, because their fathers sent them to school

and they could avoid the draft; that they weren't really serious about civil rights; they didn't support Operation Breadbasket and projects of that sort.

JACKSON: Well, many whites in the South did, temporarily, what blacks must do eternally—fight for rights, fight for equality. I see a lot of them today who say, "I went to Selma; I was in such and such a march." Yes, that *was* an experience to write home about. But some of us had to stay when the march was over.

PLAYBOY: Some whites died.

JACKSON: Indeed, some whites died. Some blacks died and some whites died. As to how I felt after King's death, I'm not sure I was as bitter as I was hurt. I mean, I saw our leadership wasted, and I also saw the Government turn its back on us. The Johnson Administration, which blacks had voted for and had high hopes for, turned its back on us. That caused a great deal of pain. Many of the members of our civil rights alliance who had helped became very unkind as we sought to move up. As long as everything was horizontal, it was fine, but they fought vertical movement. They wanted to remove the shame of apartheid, but they did not want to share the *power*. The Bakke reverse-discrimination suit was a major turning point for relations in the coalition that made the civil rights gains of the Sixties possible.

PLAYBOY: Would you use a word such as betrayal about former civil rights allies?

JACKSON: I don't choose to use that word, only because it would not serve a good end. Our friends simply went so far but did not go far enough. Ultimately, the poor do not just want friends, they want to be *empowered*. And when you start speaking of empowering the poor, then you have to redistribute the power of those who already have it. And some of those who already had it may have been our close allies.

Maybe we had to go through a period of adjustment, moving from liberalism to liberation. We had to break the dependency syndrome. I remember in Gary, Indiana, we had a white guy who was basically a liberal as the mayor. But Richard Hatcher said our time has come, so what you had was a struggle between liberals and blacks for the mayor's office—conservatives had *already* fled town. And as blacks began to win, it changed the fundamental relationship. We moved from one born of paternalism to one of power. But for the most part, blacks in city government and in Congress replaced liberals, not conservatives.

PLAYBOY: All right, but didn't black extremists make some pretty large mistakes along the way? Wasn't there a costly, unnecessary alienation?

JACKSON: When you have a new life, like a baby coming into the world, you're going to have some pain. After so many years of swelling up, as we had, the water breaks and the blood flies and the mother sighs

(continued on page 132)

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MY LIFE IN PINSTRIPES

memoir By REGGIE JACKSON with MIKE LUPICA

IT WAS APRIL 27, 1982, and to tell you the truth, I didn't feel much like Mr. October. After five years with the New York Yankees, after all the home runs and the fighting with George and the fighting with Billy, after the whole crazy story with me right in the middle of it all the time, I was coming back to Yankee Stadium and number 44 was on the back of a California Angels uniform. The problem was, I needed a home run, and I didn't know if I could hit one. After all the nights when I had come to the stadium carrying my black bat like it was a .44 Magnum, it felt like a cap pistol now. All in all, I figured it was a

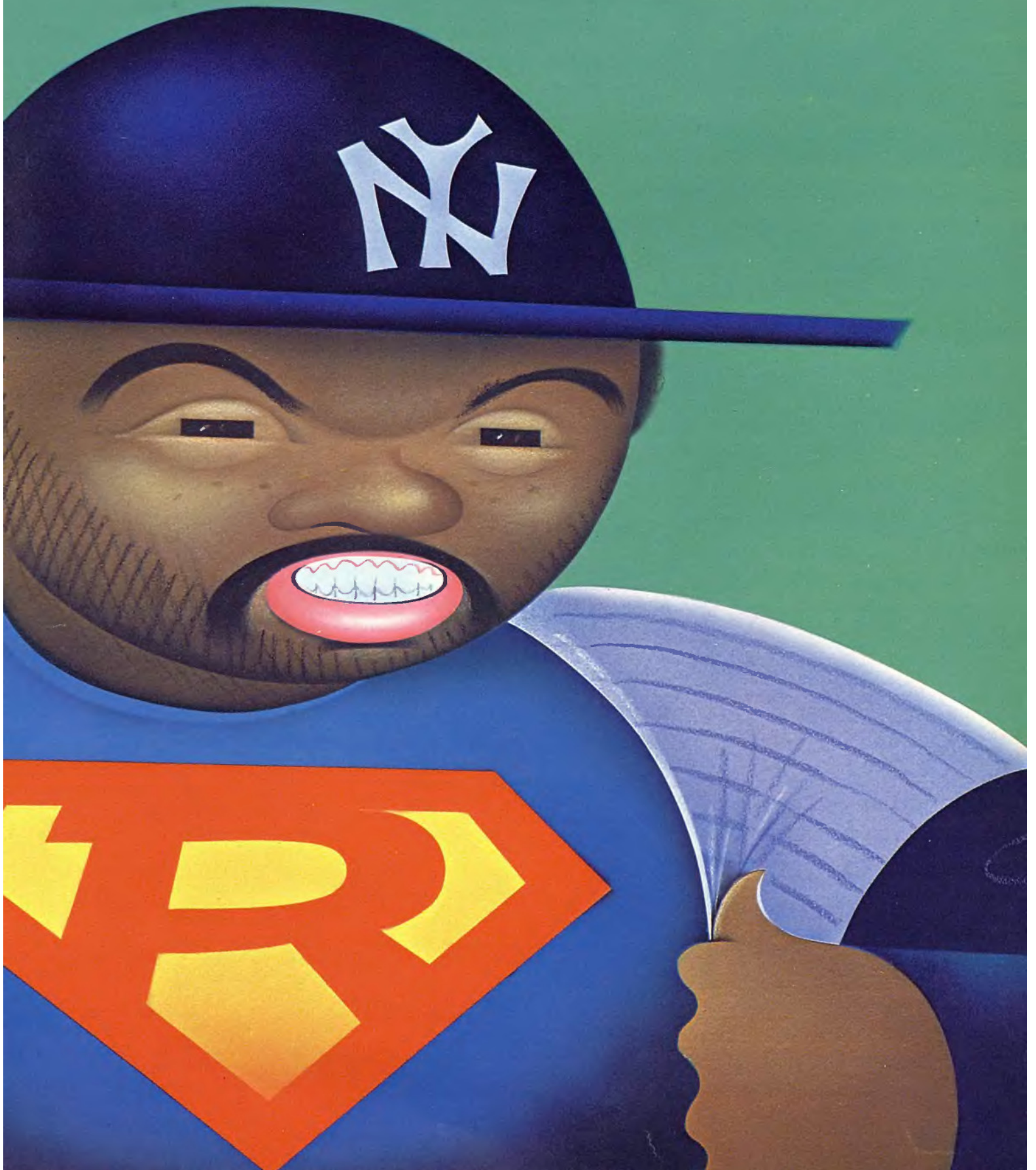
hell of a situation for Reginald Martinez Jackson to be in.

There was always one thing I was supposed to be able to do: rise to the occasion. Rise to it and rise above it. And I've always done that, maybe better than anyone, at least during my generation in the big leagues. I'll admit that I've always had trouble in meaningless situations. But if you put the meat in the seats and made the game count, then I wanted to play.

People knocked me down, and I got up and hit home runs. That's who I always thought Reggie was.

But now it was April of 1982. I had





signed with the Angels as a free agent when George Steinbrenner didn't think I could play anymore. After the first month or so of the season, I was making Steinbrenner look pretty smart. I was hitting .173 when I came into the stadium. I had no home runs.

It had been an April of cap pistols.

I was coming back to the stadium where, for five years, we had put on the greatest baseball show on earth—perhaps the greatest sports show, period. There had been two world championships, three pennants, four divisional titles. Some of it had been good, some of it had been bad, a lot had been just plain ludicrous. There had never been a show quite like it, and I had been the lightning rod somehow, the center of the storms. Now I was coming back, and one more time, I had a lot to prove. I figured that if I couldn't hit one out in this situation—a Reggie Situation if there ever was one—then maybe I couldn't do it anymore.

On top of everything else about this night, Ron Guidry was pitching against us. I'd always been proud to play with Guidry. I used to call him the truest Yankee, because he seemed to *belong* in pinstripes. Guidry never bitched. He just said, "Gimme the ball." Now he was on the other side. I had never faced him before in a game. I knew he'd come after me with left-handed sliders and fast balls, and I wanted to take him deep.

I thought, It would *have* to be Guidry.

By the time I came to bat in the seventh, with the Angels winning 2-1, I felt ready. I was comfortable, and the fans were making me feel more welcome every time I came to the plate. I could feel them rooting for me. Rooting for a dinger (that's what I call a home run). Guidry hung a slider. I just exploded all over it. I mean, it was *kissed*. I hadn't hit the ball good in a month. I felt like a dam at Niagara Falls had burst: for me, for the fans, even for the Yankees. I knew the Yankees felt good for me. (After the game, Guidry got in trouble with Steinbrenner for saying, "It was the only fun I had all night.") They had seen me do it before. Now they were seeing me do it at a time when they knew I needed to do it, and the chant really went up.

"Reg-gie! Reg-gie!"

I got back into the dugout, and the Angels mobbed me, and then it happened. All the fans in the lower part of the stands turned and looked up at Steinbrenner's private box near the press box, and they all started pointing. And chanting.

"Steinbrenner sucks! Steinbrenner sucks!"

They were telling him, finally, what they thought about his letting me get away. There were 35,000 of them.

"Steinbrenner sucks! Steinbrenner sucks!" It was like a celebration for me, a funeral dirge for him.

After the game, I was one of the last

people to leave our clubhouse. I really wasn't in too big a hurry to let the night end. When I'd showered and dressed, I walked through the tunnel toward the front gate. The lobby was full of people waiting for me, and through the door I could see fans still lined up against the police barricades, waiting in the rain, chanting my name.

Something odd happened then. Something I would think was sad when I thought about it afterward. I was still in the lobby, talking to some of the security cops. Behind me, the elevator door opened, and there was Steinbrenner. Only he wouldn't come out of the elevator. He just let the door shut and let the elevator go back up.

I didn't think anything of it. I mean, he could have forgotten something and gone back to get it. I was still in no hurry, so I kept chatting, shaking hands. After a few minutes, the elevator door opened again. Steinbrenner saw that I was still there. He let it close again. Amazing.

After all we'd been through, whether we were together or at odds, he couldn't come over and say, "Hey, big guy, I figured you'd do something like this—hit a home run on me tonight." He couldn't come over and shake my hand. I would've respected him more if he just walked by me with his head up and ignored me.

I'd done all that crashing and bashing for the man, given him all that publicity. I might add right here that George and I also made a whole lot of money in the process. And on a night when the process seemed to come full circle, the last chapter for the two of us was an elevator door opening and George not being able to say a word to me.

The show was really something while it lasted, though, even when it wasn't all fun and games. It has been *some* ride from Wyncote, Pennsylvania, where it all started for me. Celebrity has embraced me most of my life, but I have never returned the embrace with quite the same feeling. I can be completely comfortable in front of 50,000 screaming people when a ball game needs to be won, but I've never been at ease in any crowd away from a stadium.

They call me Mr. October, but I've got to tell you something: The other months have not exactly been uneventful.

•

When Dave Winfield signed with the Yankees, he said, "I'm no country bumpkin." I was.

I know, I know. I'd said that if I ever played in New York, they'd name a candy bar after me. I had played on three championship teams in Oakland. I'd hit my home runs. What I'm trying to get across is this: By the time I signed with the Yankees, I'd already put some numbers in the books, already made a name for myself.

When I became a free agent after the 1976 season, Montreal offered me the best

deal by far. Gary Walker, my agent, had begged me to sign with the Expos. I wanted to play in New York, though, and I thought I'd be welcome there. The Yankees had made the world series in '76, but then they'd gotten blown away by Cincinnati in four straight. I thought I might be the extra something that would make the difference for them. I didn't think they were going to give me the key to the city or anything, but I did think the prevailing attitude would be "Nice to have you aboard, big guy."

Didn't work out that way.

I wasn't ready for New York. And New York wasn't ready for me.

There's this big electric fence surrounding the city of New York, you see, and they want it to be tough for you to get over that fence. When someone who's good in a particular field says he's moving to New York, New Yorkers say, "Great choice. Great decision. Take your best shot." But as soon as you walk away, they grin, shake their heads and say, "He's got no idea. That poor s.o.b. has got *no idea* what it's going to be like trying to make it here."

I had no idea.

I found out that the city was a close-knit fraternity, same as the Yankees. Before I came to the Yankees, I'd always thought of myself as a fun-loving guy. I could coin a phrase. I could bullshit with you. I could raise some hell. That all changed in New York. I couldn't say things off the cuff. I couldn't put you on. Every sentence, every paragraph was looked on as the potential Big Headline. Where people had always thought of me as being smart, now it was different. Now I was a *smartass*.

Let me put it to you this way: I didn't know I was such a raging egomaniac until they told me in New York.

I found out very, very quickly that my teammates hated the fact that I had a good rapport with the press, for example. They got offended that the media people were always around me. Behind my back, they made snide comments about how I was always seeking out the attention. Graig Nettles used to say that if a reporter tried to get past my locker without talking to me, I'd trip him to get his attention.

And that was all bullshit. But it was never perceived that way, not from my first day with the Yankees, even before the team came north to New York.

To this day, I can't figure why my coming to the Yankees was laced with such blatant bitterness. But it was. I don't know why the clubhouse atmosphere was so strained. The Oakland clubhouse had been a frat house. No cliques. No racism. Blacks and whites together. Boys being boys, not taking anything personally. But I noticed right away in Fort Lauderdale that first spring with the Yankees that the blacks all lockered in one section of the room. Willie Randolph. Roy White.

(continued on page 122)



Interlander

"The gentleman at the other end of the bar would like to buy you a drink. The gentleman at this end of the bar would like to fuck you."

meet three of the extraordinary women from

EMMANUELLE IV

THE INVENTIVE FRENCH are unleashing another in the series of *Emmanuelle* movies, again directed by top photographer Francis Giacobetti. The formula remains much the same: Young woman undergoes a convulsive initiation into the joys of love, sex and *haute couture*. This time, Mia Nygren—whom you see on this page—starts a sexual safari with

requisite stops at all the capitals of love: Paris, Biarritz, Rio, an Amazonian forest and the stunning Château de Larraldia, in its first nonarchitectural role. Mia gets in and out of tight spots and in and out of her laundry. And yet, in French hands, it comes off more as a serious inquiry into the nature of desire than as an episode in *Bateau d'Amour*.





Mia Nygren is 24 and further proof that Sweden is a wonderful place to come from. She is in real life a model who has been shot by photographers on both sides of the Atlantic, and it was her work for the house of Cacharel that got her noticed by the movie people. She likes plants and writes the Swedish equivalent of poems.





Dominique Troyes is a 24-year-old French person who comes to life in the stretch. She participates in one of the film's steamiest scenes, in which she and her admirer go for a swing during a rainstorm, sample some of that not-so-nouvelle cuisine and end up in a very muddied affair. Below, Dominique is perfectly clean in a Kenzo poncho, with boots by Paris' favorite foot man, Charles Jourdan. She hopes to do non-X-rated films. We wish her well but hope she will continue to model Japanese *couture*.



PHOTOS BY FRANCIS GIACOBETTI ©LUI



Meet Sophie Berger. She's 22, French and has wonderful hair. In the movie, she plays Maria, queen of the Brazilian jet setters, who has dedicated her life to the pursuit of physical pleasure. Nice work if you can get it. At left, Emmanuelle examines her ribs, trying to determine Sophie's choice. She has, in real life, a good-luck mouse tattooed on her right dorsal cheek—slightly out of view in this photo. Careful viewers will notice that she and Dominique share their boots—a nice comment on the French film community's spirit.







T H E A F F A I R

his strange talent held her in a serpentine embrace—sensuous, erotic and adulterous

fiction By **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

HE FOUND HER by accident, the way it usually happens, after he had more or less given up searching. For years, he had been sending out impulses like messages in bottles; random waves of telepathic energy; *hello, hello, hello*, one forlorn S O S after another from the desert isle of the soul on which he was a castaway. Occasionally, messages came back; but all they

amounted to was lunacy, strident nonsense, static, spiritual noise, gabble up and down the mind band. There were, he knew, a good many like him out there—a boy in Topeka, an old woman in Buenos Aires, another one in Fort Lauderdale, someone of indeterminate sex in Manitoba and plenty of others, each alone, each lonely. He fell into short-lived contact with them, because they were, after all,

people of his special kind. But they tended to be cranky, warped, weird, often simply crazy, all of them deformed by their bizarre gift, and they could not give him what he wanted, which was communion, harmony, the marriage of true minds. Then one Thursday afternoon, when he was absent-mindedly broadcasting his identity wave—not in any way purposefully trolling the seas of perception but

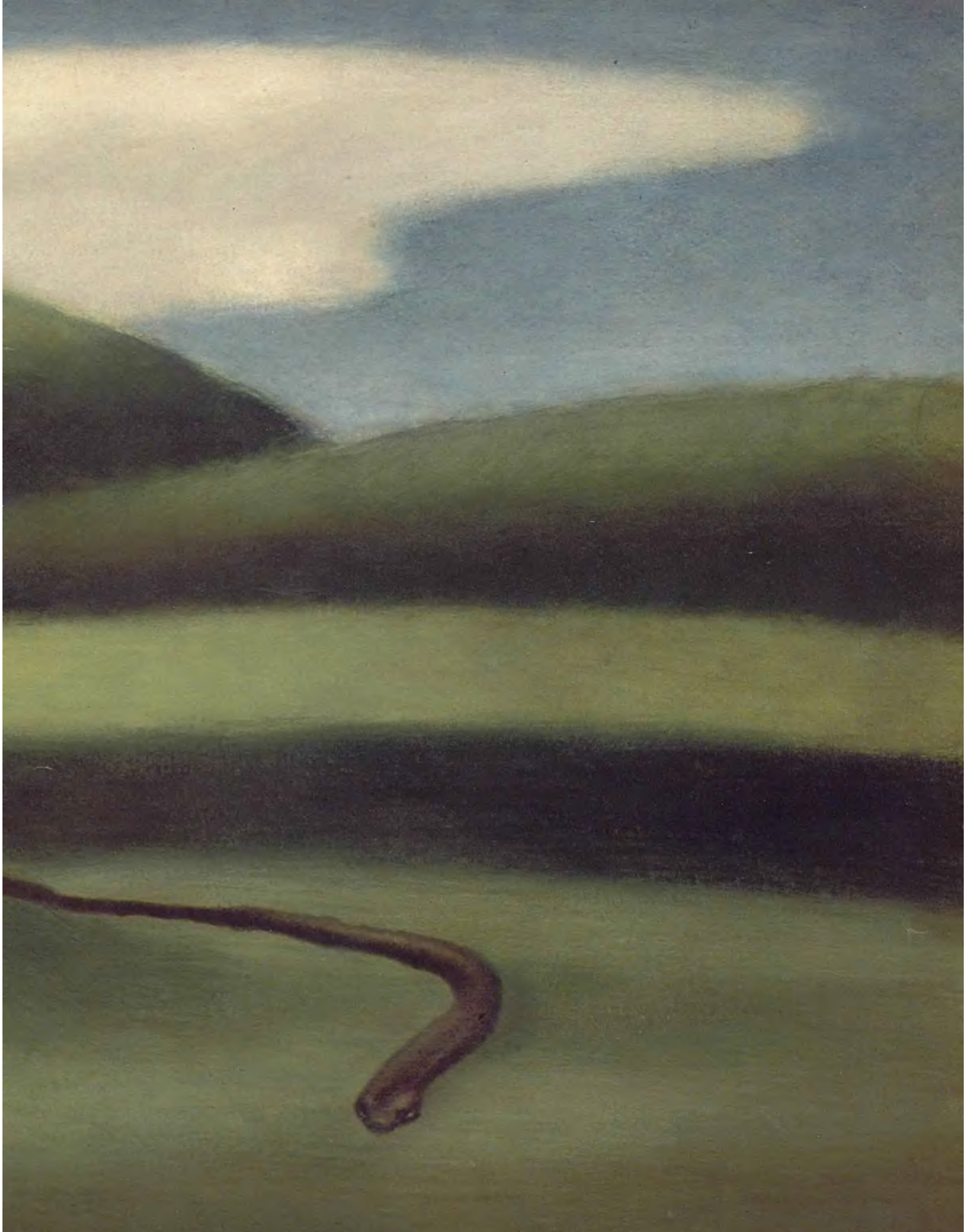


ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

only humming, so to speak—he felt a sudden startling *click* as of perfectly machined parts locking into place. Out of the grayness in his mind an unmistakably warm, eager image blossomed, a dazzling giant yellow flower unfolding on the limb of a gnarled, spiny cactus, and the image translated itself instantly into *Hi, there. Where've you been all my life?*

He hesitated to send an answering signal, because he knew that he had found what he was looking for and he was aware of how much of a threat that was to the fabric of the life he had constructed for himself. He was 37 years old, stable, settled. He had a wife who tried her best to be wonderful for him, never knowing quite what it was that she lacked but seeking to compensate for it anyway, and two small, pleasing children, who had not inherited his abnormality, and a comfortable house in the hills east of San Francisco and a comfortable job as an analyst for one of the big brokerage houses. It was not the life he had imagined in his old romantic fantasies, but it was not a bad life, either, and it was *his* life, familiar and in its way rewarding; and he knew he was about to rip an irreparable hole in it. So he hesitated. And then he transmitted an image as vivid as the one he had received: a solitary white gull soaring in enormous sweeps over the broad blue breast of the Pacific.

The reply came at once: the same gull, joined by a second one that swooped out of a cloudless sky and flew tirelessly at its side. He knew that if he responded to that, there could be no turning back; but that was all right. With uncharacteristic recklessness, he switched to the verbal mode.

—OK. Who are you?

—Laurel Hammett. I'm in Phoenix. I read you clearly. This is better than the telephone.

—Cheaper, too. Chris Maitland. San Francisco.

—That's far enough away, I guess.

He didn't understand, then, what she meant by that. But he let the point pass.

—You're the first one I've found who sends images, Laurel.

—I found one once, eight years ago, in Boston. But he was crazy. Most of us are crazy, Chris.

—I'm not crazy.

—Oh, I know! Oh, God, I know!

So that was the beginning. He got very little work done that afternoon. He was supposed to be preparing a report on oil-royalty trusts, and after 15 minutes of zinging interchanges with her, he actually did beg off; she broke contact with a dazzling series of visuals, many of them cryptic, snowflakes and geometrical diagrams and fields of blazing red poppies. Depletion percentages and windfall-profits-tax recapture were impossible to deal with while those brilliant pictures burned in

his mind. Although he had promised not to reach toward her again until tomorrow—judicious self-denial, she observed, is the fuel of love—he finally did send out a flicker of abashed energy and drew from her a mingling of irritation and delight. For five minutes, they told each other it was best to go slow, to let it develop gradually, and again they vowed to keep mental silence until the next day. But when he was crossing the Bay Bridge a couple of hours later, heading for home, she tickled him suddenly with a quick flash of her presence and gave him a wondrous view of the Arizona sunset, harsh chocolate-brown hills under a purple-and-gold sky. That evening, he felt shamefully and transparently adulterous, as if he had come home flushed and rumped, with lipstick on his shirt. He pretended to be edgy and wearied by some fictitious episode of office politics and helped himself to two drinks before dinner and was more than usually curious about the details of his wife's day—the little suburban crises, the small challenges, the tiny triumphs. Jan was playful, amiable, almost kittenish. That told him she had not seen through him to the betrayal within, however blatant it seemed to him. She was no actress; there was nothing devious about her.

The transformation of their marriage that had taken place that afternoon saddened him, yet not deeply, because it was an inevitable one. He and Jan were not really of the same species. He had loved her as well and as honestly as was possible for him, but what he had really wanted was someone of his kind, with whom he could join mind and soul as well as body, and it was only because he had not been able to find her that he had settled for Jan. And now he had found her. Where that would lead, and what it meant for Jan and him, he had no idea yet. Possibly he would be able to go on sharing with her the part of his life that they were able to share, while secretly he got from the other woman those things that Jan had never been able to give him; possibly. When they went to bed, he turned to her with abrupt, passionate ferocity, as he had not for a long time, but even so, he could not help wondering what Laurel was doing now, in her bed a thousand miles to the east, and with whom.

During the morning commute, Laurel came to him with stunning images of desert landscapes, eroded geological strata, mysterious dark mesas, distant flame-colored sandstone walls. He sent her Pacific surf, cypresses bending to the wind, tide pools swarming with anemones and red starfish. Then, timidly, he sent her a kiss and had one from her in return; and then, as he was crossing the toll plaza of the bridge, she shifted to words.

—What do you do?

—Securities analyst. I read reports and make forecasts.

—Sounds terribly dull. Is it?

—If it is, I don't let myself notice. It's OK work. What about you?

—I'm a potter. I'm a very good one. You'd like my stuff.

—Where can I see it?

—There's a gallery in Santa Fe. And one in Tucson. And, of course, Phoenix. But you mustn't come to Phoenix.

—Are you married?

There was a pause.

—Yes. But that isn't why you mustn't come here.

—I'm married, too.

—I thought you were. You feel like a married sort of man.

—Oh? I do?

—That isn't an insult. You have a very stable vibe, do you know what I mean?

—I think so. Do you have children?

—No. Do you?

—Two. Little girls. How long have you been married, Laurel?

—Six years.

—Nine.

—We must be about the same age.

—I'm thirty-seven.

—I'm thirty-four.

—Close enough. Do you want to know my sign?

—Not really.

She laughed and sent him a complex, awesome image: the entire wheel of the zodiac, which flowered into the shape of the Aztec calendar stone, which became the glowing rose window of a Gothic cathedral. An undercurrent of warmth and love and amusement rode with it. Then she was gone, leaving him on the bridge in a silence so sharp it rang like iron.

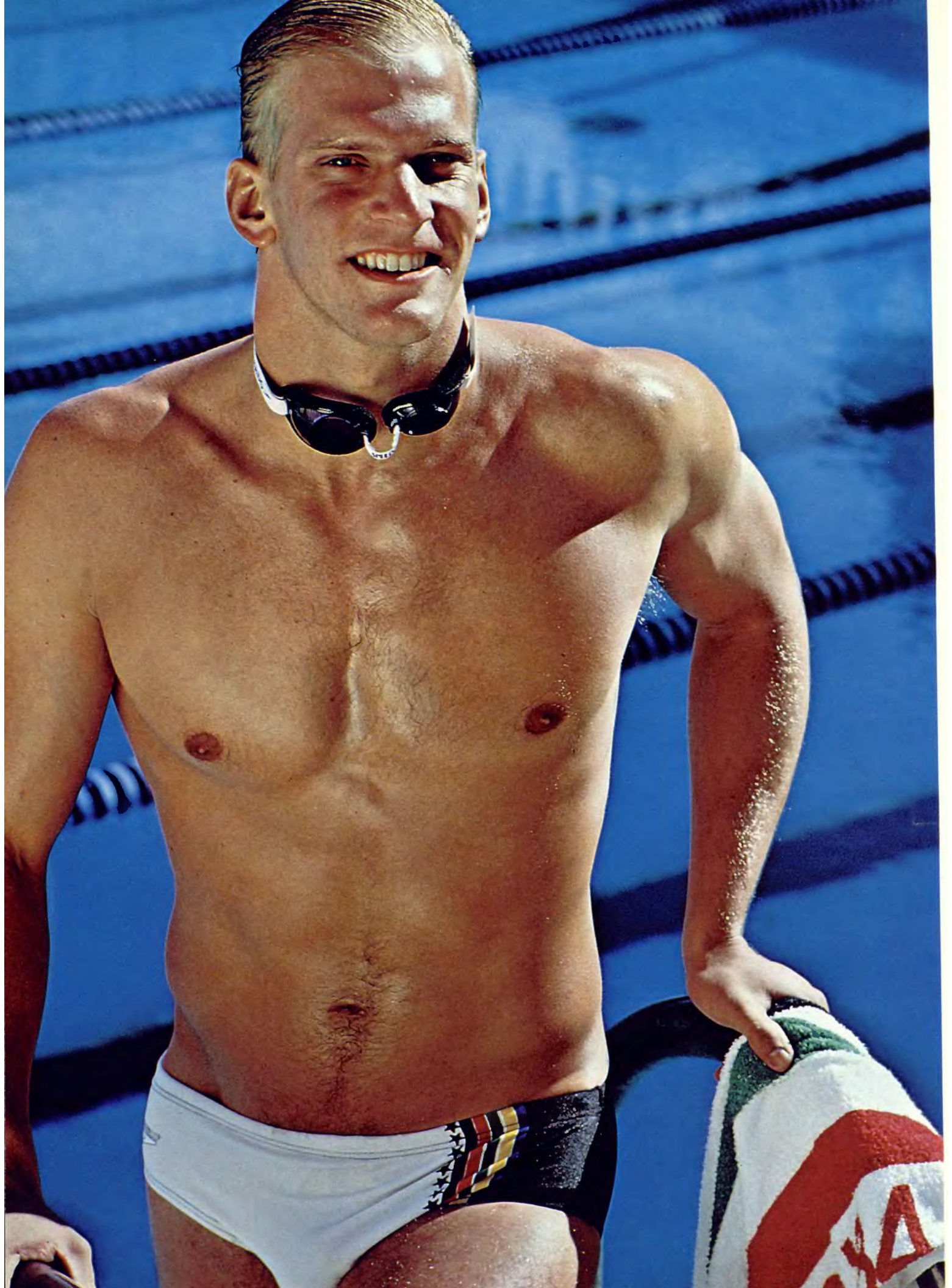
He did not reach toward her but drove on into the city in a mellow haze, wondering what she looked like. Her mental "voice" sounded to him like that of a tall, clear-eyed, straight-backed woman with long brown hair, but he knew better than to put much faith in that; he had played the same game with people's telephone voices and he had always been wrong. For all he knew, Laurel was squat and greasy. He doubted that; he saw no way that she could be ugly. But why, then, was she so determined not to have him come to Phoenix? Perhaps she was an invalid; perhaps she was painfully shy; perhaps she feared the intrusion of any sort of reality into their long-distance romance.

At lunchtime, he tuned himself to her wave length and sent her an image of the first page of the report he had written last week on Exxon. She replied with a glimpse of a tall, olive-hued porcelain jar of a form both elegant and sturdy. Her work in exchange for his; he liked that. Everything was going to be perfect.

A week later, he went out to Salt Lake City for a couple of days to do some field
(continued on page 166)



"Nancy, are you really interested in me or in all my video games?"



DRESSED FOR THE QUEST

four olympic hopefuls go for the gold in swimwear

HERE'S A DOUBLE DIP—the latest in trunks and tops *and* a look at four strong contenders for the U.S. Olympic swimming team: Steve Lundquist, Robin Leamy, Bill Barrett and Rowdy Gaines. (The names of our female models, just in case you've already peeked ahead, are Anna Bjorn and Melissa Lang. Sorry, we don't give out phone numbers.) So wet's new in men's swimwear? The bikini, for one thing, is staging a comeback, brief or otherwise, perhaps influenced by the 1984 Olympics and the fact



that more and more guys of all ages are into body building, aerobics and other exercises that both tone the body and improve one's cardiovascular system. Boxer trunks continue to be runaway favorites in running shorts, and many guys wear a bikini under them so they can strip down for a plunge in the surf. (Nylon swim briefs also dry faster than cotton boxer trunks.) Bright stripes, both horizontal and vertical, are currently popular and, in case you wish to relive the Sixties, madras and seersucker have returned with solid

attire

By **HOLLIS WAYNE**

Left: No, this isn't the view from the front row at Chippendale's! It's only Steve Lundquist in a nylon/Lycra racing suit, \$21, and swimming goggles, \$6, both by Speedo Americo. Below: Americo's potential Olympic swimming-team line-up includes (from left to right) Robin Leamy in a nylon tank top, \$13, and nylon tricot trunks, \$14, both by Loguna; Bill Barrett in "water magic" nylon trunks, by Jantzen, \$24; Steve Lundquist in cotton madras trunks, by Sundek, \$18; and Rowdy Gaines in a terycloth and seersucker jacket, \$50, and seersucker trunks, \$25, both from Bill Blass by Loguna.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAN BALIOTTI



WOMEN'S SWIMWEAR BY COLE OF CALIFORNIA
 APPEARANCE OF ATHLETES WITH PERMISSION OF U.S. SWIMMING

beach-blanket endorsements. Jantzen has even introduced a "water magic" nylon suit that's a solid color when dry and a shark tone-on-tone print when wet. Frankie Avalon would love it. The rest



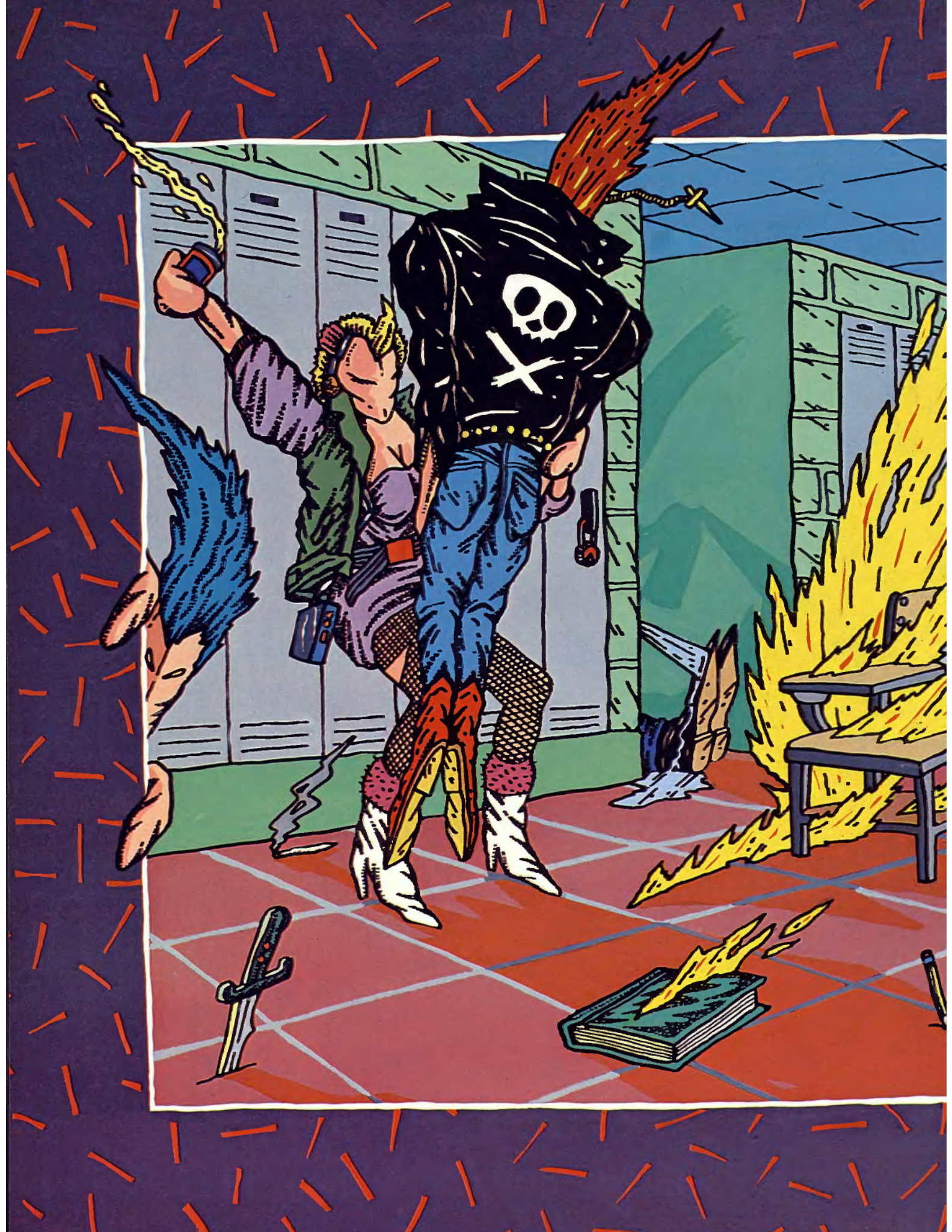
of this summer's cover-up is easy: Tops will often coordinate with trunks; and beach robes, such as the athletic-gray sweat-cloth style shown here, are perfect for home or dorm wear. Now let's pool our interests and concentrate on getting more gold.

Left: Still think Olympic training is all work and no play? Tell that to Rabin Leamy (or, better yet, tell it to our madel, Anna Bjorn) pictured here in a cotton/Lycra knit surfer short with horizontal stripes, by Artie & Cheech, \$28. Right: Steve Lundquist receives staunch Olympic backing from model Melissa Lang; his trunks are of polyester/cotton with diagonal pinstripes and twill taping and feature a front zipper pocket, by Daniel Axel, \$19.



Right: Steve Lundquist, Jonesboro, Georgia's, favorite son, in a French cotton terry hooded robe with drop shoulders, self-belt and front pockets, plus denim piping at the neck, by Gene Pressman & Lance Karesh for BASCO Sportswear, \$102; worn over a stretch nylon brief, by Fila, \$38. (His terrycloth towel is by Descamps, about \$25.)





SKANK OR DIE

*punk didn't vanish,
it just snarled and
thrashed its way out to the
suburbs, promoting
youth pissed-offedness*

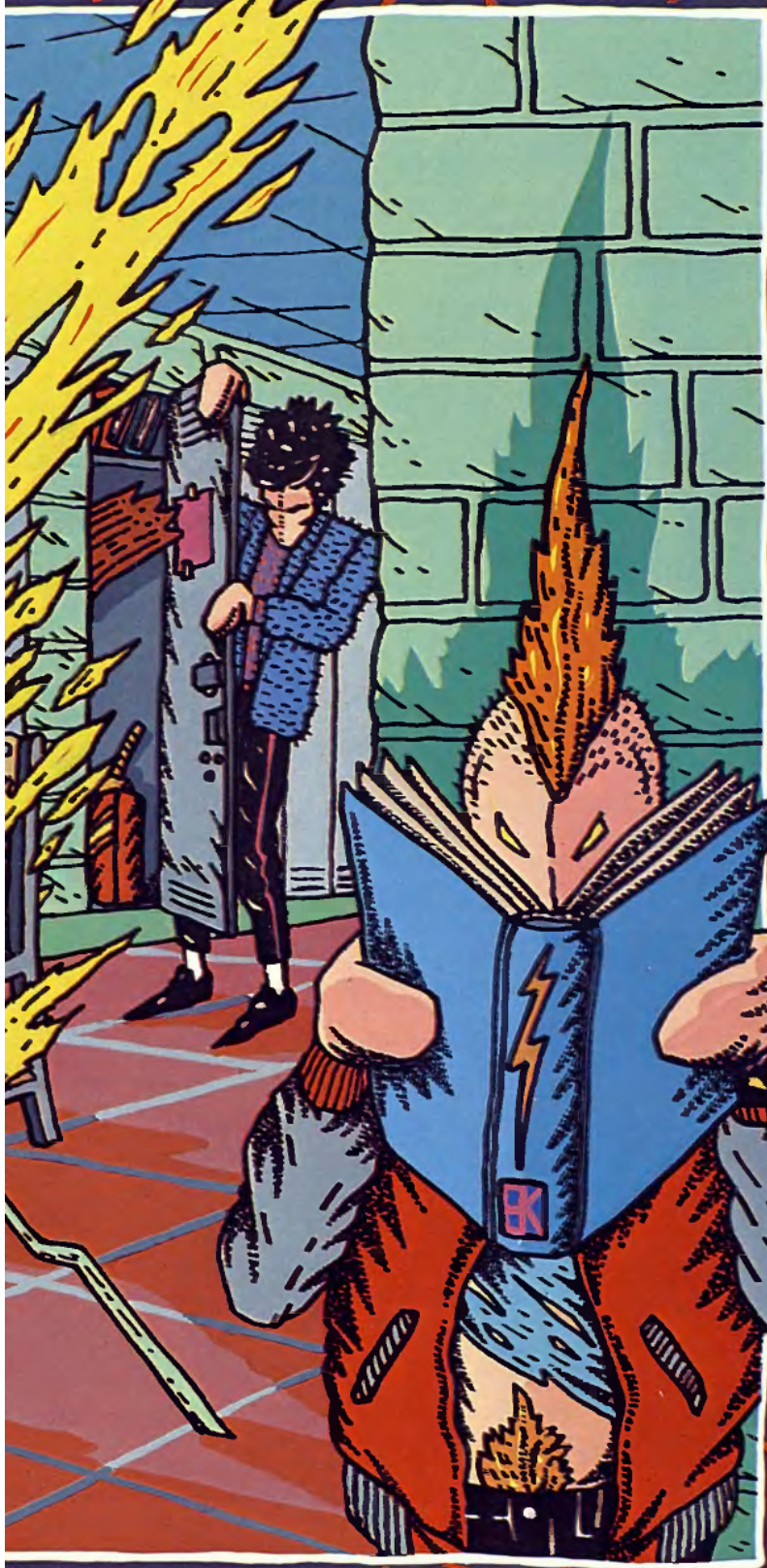
article

BY CHARLES M. YOUNG

"WE WANT TO break down the barrier between performer and audience," Michael Vraney calmly explains as a few hundred early-arriving teenaged boys chant, "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" while pounding on the glass doors of The Beacon Theater on upper Broadway in New York City. "You'll notice the stage is as bare as we can make it. No floor monitors or cables. Just two amplifiers and two mike stands. We don't want anyone tripping on obstructions. You'll see. It does look like fighting. Sometimes we have more kids onstage than in the audience. But it's all under control."

Manager of a traveling rupture in the social fabric called the Dead Kennedys, Vraney seems an odd throwback to California mellow, except for the pallid skin and the dark circles under the eyes that have been watching the evolution of punk over the past few years. No, it isn't extinct. Sure, you watched it move from English working-class-youth movement to American fashion image, and then you lost sight of punk around 1979 as it became a small cult religion. But now this armadillo of sociomusical evolution is emerging rabid and snarling from under a rock in suburbia, much as the hippies slithered out in 1966 or so.

You don't *(continued on page 190)*



article **By JOHN MARIANI**

IN JUNE 1980, PLAYBOY ran the first national survey to determine, once and for all, the 25 greatest restaurants in America. By polling the country's most respected food critics, writers and gourmets, we avoided the usual route of reviewing restaurants solely on the basis of one critic's opinion. So our *Critics' Choice* became a classic, the list against which other best-restaurant lists are measured.

Well, four years seemed a long enough time for any group of champions to bask in the glory of the winner's circle. We also knew that there is no such thing as once and for all in the restaurant business. So we decided that the PLAYBOY *Critics' Choice*, like the election of a President and the Olympic games, should be a quadrennial event.

We again approached the 140 people who know dining best and asked them for their choices of America's finest restaurants without regard to cost or location. Each gave us five ranked selections, and the results were totaled and given to a statistician, who tabulated the final list. Our experts—from New York to California, New Orleans to Seattle—turn out to be a very fair-minded bunch. Stan Sesser, restaurant critic of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, voted for restaurants in New York, Illinois and Louisiana, as well as California. *New York Times* food writer Pierre Franey praised dining rooms in California and Illinois, as well as those closer to home. But the competition for the top spots was so stiff that we decided to expand our survey to include a second list of "regional favorites"—those that missed our top 25 by a few points and those that were less well known nationally but received enthusiastic support from critics locally. Besides the new national rankings, which will be cause for more than a few heated dinner-party arguments, there are a

couple of differences in the way the survey was conducted. This time, we decided not to let restaurateurs or their chefs cast ballots. Although the chefs who may have voted for their own establishments in 1980 weren't statistically significant enough to have changed the rankings that year, we felt it would be simpler to exclude them this time. We also made sure there wouldn't be any conflict of interest in the cases of critics who have a consulting relationship with a restaurant.

So, putting aside methodology, what's new since 1980 in the dignified and cutthroat world of fine eating? For one thing, nearly half the restaurants are new to the list, and some in the top ten didn't even exist four years ago. Our first poll listed only one Italian restaurant, while this year there are four, which tells you just how fast and far Italian restaurants have come in this country in both cuisine and design. Oriental restaurants missed the list entirely (The Mandarin in San Francisco was number 19 last time but missed the cut this year), mainly because our

experts noted how inconsistent Chinese, Japanese, Indian and Thai eateries can be from year to year.

Deluxe French restaurants still dominate our list, and for good reason: French restaurateurs and chefs are competing at the top of their form in this country and still serve as models of sophistication and the grand tradition of service and atmosphere. There are still very few restaurants in the world as great as Lutèce or L'Ermitage.

La nouvelle cuisine—the Seventies ideology that revolutionized dining rooms in France by abandoning clichéd classic dishes and promoting experimentation with locally available ingredients—was barely represented in our 1980 poll. But this time, almost every restaurant on our list has in some way been influenced by *la nouvelle*. The most important offshoot is the "new American cuisine," in which young American chefs began adapting new French methods to the American larder, so that

a Pacific salmon might be served with American sturgeon caviar and a *beurre blanc*, accompanied by a Cabernet Sauvignon from California's Napa Valley.

This renaissance of American cooking—from innovators such as Berkeley's Chez Panisse to traditionalists such as New York's Coach House—is the most important culinary movement of the Eighties. The appearance on our list of K-Paul's Louisiana Kitchen, The Quilted Giraffe, Commander's Palace, Michael's and The Four Seasons indicates how strong the trend is.

Finally, our poll acknowledges the advent of the superstar chef—such as Spago's Wolfgang Puck, Le Français' Jean Banchet, Ernie's Jacky Robert and others whose talents have made them sought after as consultants, commentators and cookbook authors. These folks make six-figure salaries, drive Mercedes

and, if they do not own their restaurants outright, have no lack of backers ready to bank-roll what has become one of the most glamorous professions around. A superstar chef can break a restaurateur's heart when he is lured away. When Larry Forgione left Brooklyn's River Café last September, every one of our critics who had voted that restaurant onto our list withdrew his support to await further visits, leaving the place without a single vote.

We think *Critics' Choice 1984* reflects some changes in American gastronomy and demonstrates the staying power of true excellence. Stick around. Four years from now, the number-three position may be taken by a 22-year-old *chicano* chef whose genius has transformed enchiladas into something sublime. But for now, here are the 25 to beat, and our congratulations to them all.

1. LUTÈCE—249 East 50th Street, New York, New York (212-752-2225). For the second time, Lutèce stands solidly at

1. LUTÈCE, New York, New York
2. THE FOUR SEASONS, New York, New York
3. LE FRANÇAIS, Wheeling, Illinois
4. CHEZ PANISSE, Berkeley, California
5. LE CIRQUE, New York, New York
6. K-PAUL'S LOUISIANA KITCHEN, New Orleans, Louisiana
7. THE QUILTED GIRAFFE, New York, New York
8. LE PERROQUET, Chicago, Illinois
9. LA CÔTE BASQUE, New York, New York
10. COMMANDER'S PALACE, New Orleans, Louisiana
11. L'ERMITAGE, Los Angeles, California
12. THE COACH HOUSE, New York, New York
13. LA GRENOUILLE, New York, New York
14. LE BEC-FIN, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
15. MICHAEL'S, Santa Monica, California
16. LE LION D'OR, Washington, D.C.
17. MA MAISON, Los Angeles, California
18. REX—IL RISTORANTE, Los Angeles, California
19. SPAGO, Los Angeles, California
20. VALENTINO, Santa Monica, California
21. ERNIE'S, San Francisco, California
22. IL NIDO, New York, New York
23. FELIDIA, New York, New York
24. JEAN-LOUIS, Washington, D.C.
25. PARIOLI ROMANISSIMO, New York, New York

Critics' Choice
The 25 Greatest Restaurants
in America



the top of our list, far outscoring its nearest rival. Lutèce's undisputed greatness lies not merely in the classic but imaginative cuisine of chef-owner André Soltner, nor in its 20,000-bottle wine cellar, nor in its restrained atmosphere and dignified service. What makes Lutèce unique is Soltner's ability to balance all those elements in perfect equilibrium, so that you are not overwhelmed with decor, badgered by too much service or wiped out by extravagant dishes. Lutèce is not a restaurant with strengths or weaknesses: Across the board, from its *pâtés* to its pastries, from its zinc bar to its skylighted garden room, from its crisp linen to its heavy silverware, everything is of the finest quality. Although Soltner and sous-chef Christian Bertrand can come up with complex culinary artistry, they can also stun you with a simple roast chicken or an apple tart based on Soltner's mother's recipe. They may bring in *foie gras* from Upstate New York or fresh crab meat from Maryland and make even the staunchest French gourmet admit its superiority. Speaking of whom, France's toughest critics, Christian Millau and Henri Gault, have pronounced Lutèce "the best restaurant in New York"; its unassailable position in American gastronomy is borne out by its again being elected our number-one restaurant.

2. THE FOUR SEASONS—99 East 52nd Street, New York, New York (212-754-9494). You pass through the basement doors of the magnificent Seagram Building into a foyer decorated with enormous color photos of the passing seasons. You check your coat and see that the person waiting to check his is Ted Kennedy. You walk up a grand staircase into the Grill Room, an expanse of dark woods and tall windows hung with draperies of metal beads. Here sit most of New York's publishing executives, talking deals with John Irving or Swifty Lazar. You may then pass through a hallway into the Pool Room, whose central fountain is surrounded by tables filled daily with anyone from Beverly Sills to whoever was on the cover of *Fortune* last week. All of it was designed by America's foremost architect, Philip Johnson, to impress the hell out of you, and it does. So you wouldn't think owners Tom Margittai and Paul Kovi, who have run the place since 1973 (it opened in 1959), would need to hire one of the most innovative chefs in the country—Seppi Renggli, a Swiss whose restless spirit is also among the most disciplined in any kitchen. Aside from being an exemplary master of the grill, Renggli is constantly coming up with such items as seafood *risotto*, sweetbreads with saffron and melon, grapefruit and tequila *sorbet* and an array of chocolate desserts to make your teeth throb. The Four Seasons has always been a forum of massive clout among the business community, but its

more recent reputation as a great kitchen puts it in a category all by itself.

3. LE FRANÇAIS—269 South Milwaukee Avenue, Wheeling, Illinois (312-541-7470). Forget the 40-minute drive from downtown Chicago. Forget the suburban decor, the pretentious menu language and the way uncooked specials are displayed under plastic wrap. Concentrate instead on Jean Banchet's extraordinary cuisine, at which the printed menu and daily specials only hint. No chef in America has more young idolaters, and no chef in America has done more to teach, promote and graduate more brilliant young cooks than Banchet, who somehow finds time to consult for other restaurants around the country. No one will ever accuse Banchet of skimping on ingredients or portions, for on any given night, you'll be offered six or more *pâtés* and terrines, duck consommé with a dome of pastry, salmon and avocado in aspic with a vinaigrette and a tomato *coulis*, loin of lamb *en croûte* with tarragon, sea bass in puff pastry, strawberry *sablé*, an assortment of *sorbets* and about 40 other dishes to choose among. The pricey wine list has depth and the tab will be very high—figure about \$150 for two people—but you won't find food to match Banchet's at many places.

4. CHEZ PANISSE—1517 Shattuck Avenue, Berkeley, California (415-548-5525). Serious eaters have long credited Alice Waters, formerly a student of French culture at the University of California at Berkeley, with rescuing California cooking from the entrenched passion for burgers, brownies and carrot cake. Just about the time the free-speech movement and the hippies went on the wane in the late Sixties, Waters turned her own energies and iconoclastic spirit to good food—a reasonable outgrowth of the natural-foods movement that was also spawned in California. The result was Chez Panisse, opened in 1972 near the university and manned by friends and neighbors who started getting heavily into the distinctions between *shiitake* and *enoki* mushrooms. Today, Waters and her still-young crew turn out an endless array of traditional and innovative dishes based on the very freshest and finest ingredients available in the market place. That means Canadian golden caviar, Sonoma Valley goat cheese and plum tarts served with angelica-flavored ice cream. There's not much choice in the daily menu—everyone eats the same thing here in highly democratic Berkeley—but the results are wondrous, and the price for a five-course meal is \$40 (up from about \$18 four years ago), still modest for food of this high caliber.

5. LE CIRQUE—58 East 65th Street, New York, New York (212-794-9292). To say that Le Cirque is the most fashionable restaurant in New York is to suggest that Jackie Onassis is a celebrity. The current First Lady, Nancy Reagan, took her

husband here for lunch, and on any given night it's a good bet you'll run into Henry Kissinger, Paloma Picasso, Barbara Walters or, better, Frank Perdue on your way to your table in this bright, cheery dining room. But New York has no dearth of celebrity restaurants; Le Cirque is different. Its suave owner, Sirio Maccioni, works the dining room, while chef Alain Sailliac is master of the kitchen. So while the too-rich and too-thin luncheon ladies nibble at plain fillet of sole, true gastronomes are feasting on caviar folded in a crepe or *foie gras* with endive or salmon in sorrel or partridge in Swiss chard. Maccioni himself created pasta *primavera*, now a staple of American restaurants, back in 1975, but he'd prefer to serve you fresh fettuccini doused with slices of white truffle he's just brought back from Italy. A simple little dish that will astonish you—just as the restaurant itself does.

6. K-PAUL'S LOUISIANA KITCHEN—416 Chartres Street, New Orleans, Louisiana (504-524-7394). Paul Prudhomme, owner with his wife, K., of K-Paul's, is larger than life. Indeed, at well over 400 pounds, he is nearly larger than the door to his own restaurant in New Orleans' Vieux Carré. But his reputation is even bigger among food writers, who credit him with singlehandedly championing the virtues of Cajun cuisine while creating his own dishes out of the tradition of Louisiana backwoods cooking. He was one of the star chefs at the economic summit conference held last year in Williamsburg, where he served blackened redfish and duck with pecans to such dignitaries as François Mitterrand and Margaret Thatcher. Prudhomme learned what he knows from his mother and became the chef at Commander's Palace (number ten on our list), where he perfected his ingenious style of down-home cooking. He opened K-Paul's five years ago, and people have been lining up around the block to get into his tiny storefront restaurant with its Formica tables, paper napkins and terrific waitresses. From the turtle soup to the Cajun popcorn (fried crawfish tails) to the rabbit-and-*andouille*-sausage jambalaya and eggplant with crawfish and cream, this is one of the most astonishing restaurants you'll ever run across, and as American as the luncheonette it resembles.

7. THE QUILTED GIRAFFE—955 Second Avenue, New York, New York (212-753-5355). It's too bad Barry Wine didn't name his lovely small restaurant after himself instead of calling it The Quilted Giraffe—it just doesn't sound like a restaurant that takes itself seriously. But then, The Quilted Giraffe (so-called because of the whimsical use of giraffe quiltings and figurines) wasn't a restaurant many critics took very seriously in the first place. It began in a New York suburb and

(continued on page 118)



"I think it's his beeper."



*thoroughly modern tricia lange
prefers old-style pleasures*

RENAISSANCE WOMAN



YOU KNOW WHAT I feel like? I feel like a race car right now that's revving up its engine and just waiting for the flag to drop. My rpms are way up." The sound coming from Tricia Lange's power plant is really more of a purr than a roar, but the analogy is apt, nonetheless. She has been at cruising speed ever since she left UCLA with a B.A. in English literature and began to pursue a career as a model and actress. With the confidence her sheepskin gave her, she was willing to invest everything in her pursuit. "I spent my last pennies on getting good pictures for my portfolio, because I knew that if I had enough to pay my rent, everything after that was going into my career. I especially want to do comedies. It's really harder, I think, to do comedy and slapstick than it is to do serious drama. You have to be smart to do it, because it's all in the timing." Tricia's long association with the world of letters hasn't gone to waste. "I keep a journal. I write songs. Sometimes, something funny happens and I think it would make a great scene for a movie, so I write it down." Career isn't everything for Tricia, though. For instance, she loves to

"People who are not in this business can't understand how tough it is and why it takes so long to be successful in it. But my time is coming. Every job I get is bigger. They say that each year, fifty percent of your competitors just bow out of the picture."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



With longtime best friend Laurie Martin (in striped shirt), Tricia returns to the scene of her undergraduate crimes, the UCLA campus (left and below), where she picked up a degree in English literature. Nowadays, she takes her education where she can find it, such as (bottom of page) on the set of ABC-TV's "Matt Houston," with Lee Horsley, star of the series.



decorate, and her apartment is done in a delicate, feminine, old-world style: lots of lace, oak furniture and airy paintings of fantasy scenes. You get the impression that a fairy princess lives there—or, at least, a good witch. In a kitchen cabinet are her potions: bottles and bottles of vitamins, minerals and who knows what else. Perhaps frog toes. This, after all, is a girl who has her own costume set aside just for attending the local Renaissance Faire. She is also a student of what she calls "esoteric knowledge, things like astrology, yoga, meditation,

psychics, tarot cards and all that nonlogical, nonscientific knowledge." Her affinity for the ancient is an enigma, since she is thoroughly modern in every other way. While she wouldn't subscribe to the notion that she lived a previous life as a medieval maiden, her fantasies are clearly anachronistic and her pleasures unusual for someone born in Hollywood. "I don't spend much time in the sun. I love days that everyone else thinks are dreary. I belong in





She's a maniac, this one, a real dancing fool. Tricia stays in shape for health and career (left) by moving it on the dance floor in the disco or studio. With years of ballet training under her belt, the footwork comes easy. "For disco, I go to the Nairobi Room downtown. I take dancing classes when I can, too."

At work (below), or, at least, what Tricia calls work, she turns on a "Buy me!" smile for photographer Bob Seidman while they block out a shot for Honda Fashions. She appears in the 1983 and 1984 catalogs. "The difficult part of modeling isn't lack of work, it's that from one minute to another, I don't know what I'll be doing. You can't plan anything. You have plans to go to dinner at eight and at nine you are still shooting."








"I don't really know how to put this, but inside I'm a lot different from the outside. I know I don't look like a serious person, but I am very serious and very intellectual. Nothing turns me on like a good conversation."

England, in a lighthouse or a castle overlooking the cliffs somewhere. I might have liked to live during the days of King Arthur, Lancelot and Guinevere. I think armor could be a good turn-on. Really. There's a fantasy: a guy riding up on a white horse with armor on!" Perhaps it's the romance of the era that Tricia relates to. She is, after all, something of a romantic fantasy herself.



"I feel that I'm bringing a lot to being a Playmate. I've accomplished a lot already and I don't see how the added exposure could do anything but help my career."





"A good relationship is more than physical and more than money and material things. It's somebody to talk to. Somebody who listens to you, somebody you can give advice to or get advice from. And, of course, an intellectually stimulating person. That's the best; that's what I want."





MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Lucia Lange

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Tricia Lange

BUST: 36" WAIST: 22" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 4-24-57 BIRTHPLACE: Hollywood, California

AMBITIONS: To accomplish what I set out to do. To make the most out of life.

TURN-ONS: Eye contact, smiles, intelligent minds, warm water, rock-n-roll music, fast cars.

TURN-OFFS: Cigarette smoke, traffic, smog, insensitive, insincere people.

FAVORITE BOOKS: The Ebony Tower (Fowles), Changing (Ullmann), The World According to Garp (Irving)

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Sting, David Lee Roth, Bowie, Michael Jackson, Billy Squire, Joe Elliott.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Skating, football, boxing.

IDEAL MAN: Sensitive, sincere, intelligent, stimulating, creative, successful : fun.

SECRET FANTASY: The power to turn fantasies into reality.



1 yr. old
All cheeks!



10 yrs. old
Keeping on my toes!



20 yrs. old
College girl!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

What was the highlight of your vacation on that remote South Seas island?" the adventurous traveler was asked.

"Reversing an ancient tradition with a lovely maiden there," he replied, grinning.

"Just what did you do?"

"I pushed a volcano into a virgin!"

And this is Wanda, the veteran here," said the madam while introducing the new girl around the sexual establishment. "Wanda is—and has—one tough cookie."



We've had our attention called to an article about a creative central European scientist whose penis was so huge that he had to resort to self-abuse. Its title is *Dr. Yankenstein's Monster*.

*There are really few singers a match
For a baritone cocksman named Hatch,
Who can belt out a song
As he pumps with his dong,
After earlier humming a snatch.*

Our Unabashed Yiddish Dictionary defines *free love* as sex without gelt.

Writer's block and a frigid wife are a hell of a combination," the author sighed to a drinking buddy. "During the day, I face a blank piece of paper . . . and then, at night, I face a blank piece of ass."

An enterprising pharmaceutical firm has developed an aphrodisiac for men in soft-drink form. It's called Doctored Pecker.

We take our hat off to a shrewd fellow who convinced his date that his roommate had lent him his vasectomy for the evening.

Perhaps you've heard about the teenager who never went to any of her girlfriends' slumber parties because she was too busy slumbering around.

IT'S MIDNIGHT," read the station-break flash on the X-rated cable-TV channel. "DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR EROGENOUS ZONES ARE?"

A frontier tavern displayed a sign that read, \$20 TO ANY PATRON WHO CAN MAKE THE MULE OUT BACK LAUGH. The traveler had a drink, went outside, then called for the proprietor, who found the mule guffawing. "You seem to have a way with animals," the owner remarked when they were back at the bar.

"I reckon I kin make that beast do anything," responded the stranger.

"OK, then—for double or nothing, how about trying to make him cry?"

The stranger agreed, went back outside, then called again for the owner, who found the animal weeping copiously. "However did you do it," he asked incredulously, "first the laughing and then the crying?"

"It was simple," replied the stranger. "The first time, I told that there mule I had a whang bigger than his . . . and the second time, I showed it to him."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *queer magician* as a gay deceiver.

*Said a girl TV anchor named Hughes,
"My device to boost ratings can't lose!
While a news flash is hot,
It is taped to my twat,
And each night, I'm there spreading the news!"*



The major problem with my marriage," the man told the counselor, "is that in situations of great emotion, my wife keeps her head—instead of giving it."

Visiting a whorehouse after a lengthy stretch in the slammer, the ex-con asked the girl he'd selected if she'd mind if he first just "looked a little."

"Be my guest," shrugged the pro.

"I simply can't get over it," the man remarked after a lingering inspection. "Why, there's been practically no change since '64!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a post-card, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"What's new since 1980 in the dignified and cutthroat world of fine eating? Nearly half the restaurants."

moved in 1979 to Manhattan, where it quickly established itself as a quirky place serving some of the more eccentric forms of *la nouvelle cuisine*—lots of strange fruit sauces and combinations of spices, meat and fish that didn't always click. But since our last survey, critics agree the restaurant has come into its own. The service is formal without being pretentious and the food is exciting. You may encounter lamb sausage with couscous or lobster and smoked scallops with a julienne of vegetables. How about an old-fashioned potpie with a new-fashioned filling of wild mushrooms, *foie gras* and smoked beef? Or a chocolate sundae with halvah? The place is a lot of fun, though the prices aren't, and time will tell just what new direction Wine will take. Make reservations weeks in advance.

8. LE PERROQUET—70 East Walton Street, Chicago, Illinois (312-944-7990). James Villas, food editor of *Town & Country* and author of *American Taste*, has called Jovan Trbojevic, owner of Chicago's esteemed Le Perroquet, "positively, absolutely the greatest restaurateur in America," and a lot of people agree with him. Trbojevic, now in his 60s, opened Le Perroquet (the parrot) in 1972, and today it still reigns as one of the most discreetly designed and sophisticated dining rooms in the U.S. The restaurant is on the third floor of an office/apartment building, and you reach the premises by private elevator, by which time the maître d', who has already noted your name, leads you to a smartly set, uncluttered table in front of a deep-red banquette. The menu is brief, buoyed by a few specials and knowledgeably explained by a captain who never intrudes upon your meal. You might begin with a tart of wild mushrooms or mussels cuddled in vermouth, then move on to duck legs cooked in zinfandel or monkfish in a white butter sauce, then end the evening with a raspberry soufflé or a perfect floating island. The atmosphere is quiet and romantic. You almost take places like Le Perroquet for granted; but, especially for a first visit, it's a revelation of just how fine the experience of dining out can be.

9. LA CÔTE BASQUE—5 East 55th Street, New York, New York (212-688-6525). Even the best restaurants sometimes grow tired and then grow tiresome, and that is precisely what happened to La Côte Basque in the late Seventies. It lost its glamor, it lost its allure and, finally, it lost its customers. It took the canny professionalism of new owner Jean-Jacques Rachou to turn things around, starting with a

freshening of the delightful Basque murals and a revamping of the kitchen, which he staffed entirely with young Americans. Soon the regulars came back, and so did the critics—with high praise—and in the four years since our last poll, La Côte Basque has again been placed near the top. It certainly has sizzle, from the moment you push through the revolving doors just off Fifth Avenue and look down a narrow row of banquettes crammed with VIPs. Rachou's is a rich and varied menu, and the offerings are all heavily enriched with some of the most luscious sauces this side of Paris—a casserole of lobster and scallops in cream; salmon and bass in a lobster sauce and a champagne sauce; and sumptuous desserts such as cassis cake, mocha, vanilla and chocolate *dacquoise* and the best soufflés in New York.

10. COMMANDER'S PALACE—1403 Washington Avenue, New Orleans, Louisiana (504-899-8231). Commander's Palace has been the real show place of New Orleans since 1880, and it is still that—not only because of its gracious Victorian grandeur but because it is here that the owners, the Brennan family (Ella, Dick, John and Dottie), have elevated Creole cooking to the highest levels of gastronomy. Paul Prudhomme (now owner of our number-six restaurant) was chef at Commander's and became the catalyst for what the Brennans now call "*haute Creole*," the combining of New Orleans classics with lighter fare. The result is such exquisite dishes as oysters Trufant, made with local oysters poached in their own liquor with cream and topped with caviar; trout studded with tiny pecans and drawn butter; Creole cream-cheese ice cream; and bread-pudding soufflé. Commander's is enormous, and it bustles the way you'd hope in this kind of town. The American-wine list is great, and the Brennans are the epitome of Southern gentility.

11. L'ERMITAGE—730 North La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles, California (213-652-5840). Four years ago, L'Ermitage was elected to a place high on our list just at the time that chef-owner Jean Bertranou died, and there were fears in the food community that no one could replace him. Happily, L'Ermitage is still here. Bertranou's widow, Lillian, and nephew, Patrick, now manage the elegant premises with its fireplaces, suede-fabric walls, upholstered chairs and sumptuous table settings, while the responsibility for the cuisine is in the hands of Michel Blanchet, who was Bertranou's protégé. L'Ermitage was Los Angeles' first world-class

restaurant for deluxe dining and, with just a nod toward what has been called "*nouveau-L.A. cuisine*," Blanchet remains dedicated to the proposition that fancier is better—and more delicious. This is a place you go to not for a slice of pounded veal and a glass of Perrier but for a *jambonnette* of chicken—that is, a leg that has been deboned, stuffed with *foie gras* and truffles and served with a butter-cream sauce dotted with sweetbreads and wild mushrooms. And that's just one course. If anyone needs a lesson in how remarkably fine *grande cuisine* can be, head for L'Ermitage—and take about \$120 for two.

12. THE COACH HOUSE—110 Waverly Place, New York, New York (212-777-0303). For 35 years, The Coach House has reigned in Greenwich Village as the quintessential American restaurant—even if the menu includes superb renditions of baked clams *provençal* and *coupe aux marrons*. The glory of The Coach House's deceptively simple menu is in the quality of ingredients and their preparation by a brigade of mostly Cuban cooks under the eye of one of New York's most venerable restaurateurs, a Greek named Leon Lianides. Here, amid rich wood panels and fine paintings, you can dine on the best roast prime ribs, chicken potpie, fresh Maryland crab meat and roast duck with brandied plums and wild rice you'll encounter. This is what traditional American food is *supposed* to taste like, and it is to Lianides' credit that he is, after more than three decades, still improving and experimenting. The Coach House, with its black waiters, Cuban chefs and Greek owner, is as close as you'll come to finding the best of America's melting pot.

13. LA GRENOUILLE—3 East 52nd Street, New York, New York (212-752-1495). Romantic? It's said that no woman who ever sat on one of the red banquettes in La Grenouille and stared across the dining room, with its pale-green walls, expansive mirrors and enough flowers to stock a royal wedding, has ever felt less than beautiful. The people who eat here look as if they grew up here—lots of old money and a good number of trust-fund preppies line the crowded walls each night—and Madame Charles Masson nods knowingly to her clientele as she passes by each table. To be sure, there was some concern when her husband died in 1975, but her sons Philippe and Charles, Jr., took up the reins and, working with longtime chef André Joanlanne, have kept La Grenouille (which means "the frog" and which regulars call "the frog pond") fresh, bright and as classic as ever. This devotion to classicism in the menu has caused La Grenouille to be criticized by many gourmets as out of touch with the trend toward *nouvelle cuisine*, but no one seriously debates the quality of the

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Dads & Grads



1. Handmade of specially selected wood cut from 150-200-year-old Honduras mahogany trees and incredibly handsome, this 4" x 5" Special-model Deardorff camera body is a smaller version of the 8" x 10" one PLAYBOY uses to shoot centerfolds; it will take 5" x 7" film as well as Polaroid sheet and pack film, \$1815; 4" x 5" revolving back, \$412; Nikkor W Series f/5.6, 240mm lens, \$1184.

2. Seiko's two-component Data 2000 doubles as a quartz alarm chronograph and an electronic note pad/phone directory; the light-weight keyboard enables you to store up to 200 lines of data for instant recall, about \$200.



3. At last, color goes pint-sized in Panasonic's portable CT-101 Trovelvision with a screen that measures only 1 1/2" diagonally; the unit operates on A.C., rechargeable batteries, dry-cell batteries or D.C. or adapter cord and even incorporates electronic auto search, about \$470, including a magnifying lens.



4. The Quadrunner LT185, Suzuki's sure-footed 185-c.c. four-wheel machine, loves to dune-hop in a single bound and comes equipped with flotation tires, five-speed transmission (plus power low), independent double-A-frame front suspension with oil-damped shocks, dirt-protected, fully enclosed drive chain and brake drum, plus odometer and trip meter, \$1579. 5. Another way to ease on down the road is with a racy friend aboard a Santana Sovereign 18-speed tandem bike outfitted with Shimano Deore-XT cantilever brakes, 48-spoke wheels and Avocet touring saddles that are designed for both comfort and speed (lucky you), by Santono Cycles, \$2675. 6. All you do is hang on to the corrosion-free 20-inch-long DV-3 miniature underwater vehicle and it tows you through the water for up to one and one half hours on a full charge, by Tekna, \$595.



7. Styled with the familiar gold front panel, Marantz' compact-disc player model CD-54 features digital filtering, which helps prevent listener fatigue, 24 programmable selections, elapsed-time counter and a dynamic range of 90 dB, \$649.95. (Look small? It is—only 3½" high.) 8. Yamaha's Music 'N Motion theftproof motorcycle stereo system fastens right to the mirror mounts on your motorcycle and blasts out 50 watts of pure power; yes, the unit is water-resistant, and the price—\$259.95—includes a Toshiba KTS3 FM personal stereo. (If you want Music 'N Motion without the attached personal stereo, it's about \$195.) Who could ask for anything more?





9. The ultimate urban barbecue grill—a portable propane-gas-powered tabletop model with adjustable flame control and lightweight rustproof aluminum body, by NordicWare, \$135. (The decorative insulated base conceals the disposable gas cylinder.) 10. The Apple of your eye, perhaps? Apple's supereasy latest computer, the Macintosh, weighs less than 20 pounds and contains a 32-bit microprocessor, a built-in 3½" disk drive, 64K of ROM and 128K of RAM, plus a detachable keyboard and a mouse pointing device that selects functions represented in symbols on the screen, \$2495. 11. Let the good times roll with two Jim Beam porcelain decanters; one's a model of a 1930 fire engine, about \$80, and the other is a replica of a 1929 police car, about \$70. Both came loaded with good old 80-proof, 100-month-old Kentucky straight bourbon. Drive an!



12. You don't have to be a native New Yorker to appreciate the style and pageantry of that classic Gotham structure the Brooklyn Bridge—and now you can even put it in your pocket in the form of a sterling-silver money clip created to commemorate its centennial (1883–1983), from Tiffany & Co., \$35. 13. The Memphis martini glass of acrylic stands on a 2" stem that curls around and up to form its own attached straw from the base, \$7.50; also available (not shown) is a Screwball highball glass with a similar integrated straw, \$6.50 each, from Straight Lines, New York, in an assortment of colors with matching or contrasting straws. (Yes, bibbing purists, the glasses also come clear.)



LIFE IN PINSTRIPES (continued from page 80)

"If I'd had any idea what it was going to be like in New York, I never would have signed with the Yankees."

Carlos May. Mickey Rivers. Now me.

I remember one March day in 1977 when Ken Holtzman was running his laps in the outfield. I was at the bat rack in the dugout. Martin, Thurman Munson, Nettles, Sparky Lyle and Dick Tidrow were in a giggly group at the other end, pointing at Holtzman. I sidled down to listen.

They were making Jewish jokes about Holtzman. Crude, juvenile stuff. I shook my head and walked away.

I wasn't one of *them*.

The year 1977 would turn out to be the worst of my life. When I tell you this, I tell you the truth: If I'd had any idea what it was going to be like in New York, I never would have signed with the Yankees. Not a living chance.

The writer's name was Robert Ward. He had dark hair and was sort of nondescript, harmless-looking. He showed up in Fort Lauderdale the first week of spring training, smiled at me, put out his hand and told me he wanted to do a nice, upbeat story about my coming to the Yankees. Said the story was for *Sport* magazine.

I smiled right back and told him I really didn't want to cooperate with *Sport*, because I felt I'd been burned by them in the past. I had only been in the Yankee clubhouse for a couple of days, but I already sensed enough trouble with my new teammates. I didn't need any help from *Sport*. He persisted for several days and, after a while, I actually started to feel sorry for the guy. He kept telling me it wasn't going to look very good for him if he went back without anything. So when he showed up at the Banana Boat bar late one afternoon, I basically said, "What the hell." I told him to sit down and have a beer.

What I should have done was run for my car.

Because, of all the damaging things that happened to me in 1977—particularly in the way I related to the Yankees and they related to me—the most damaging of all turned out to be the *Sport* story. I'd been worried about them sensationalizing, and that is exactly what I got.

This particular day, Ward and I just started talking about baseball, shooting the bull. It was something I'd enjoyed doing in the past, and I thought I'd made myself clear about not wanting to do a story. So we talked. Naïvely, I assumed we were just talking. Ward seemed to understand that. He never asked a leading question. He never took a note.

After we'd been chatting for a couple of hours, he asked me what I thought I could

mean to the Yankees in the '77 season.

I said, "Well, everywhere I've been, I've been lucky enough to be the center of influence on the club offensively. I'm the kind of power hitter who fits the last piece into the puzzle. I can be the kind of guy who puts a team over the top."

Then I held up a glass and compared the Yankees to one of those complicated drinks a bartender can mix—a planter's punch, something like that. I talked about all my teammates and about what they all could contribute. And I said, "Maybe I've got the kind of personality that can jump into a drink like that and stir things up and get it all going."

It didn't come out quite that way in the story. Maybe you heard. It was in all the papers. Here is the fateful—or fatal—quote from the story in *Sport*:

You know, this team . . . it all flows from me. I've got to keep it all going. I'm the straw that stirs the drink. It all comes back to me. Maybe I should say me and Munson . . . but he doesn't enter into it. He's being so damned insecure about the whole thing.

Later, there was this quote: "Munson thinks he can be the straw that stirs the drink, but he can only stir it bad."

The story came out on May 23. We were playing the Red Sox at home. The season was just six weeks old, and still I felt no less an outcast, an intruder, than I had the first day of spring training. I didn't know how bad it was until I got to the clubhouse late that afternoon.

All around the room there were players in groups of threes and fours, reading, muttering, occasionally glaring at me. Very pleasant. Like a picnic—with sharks. Thurman walked by with the magazine sticking out of his back pocket. No one, not even the players with lockers next to mine, came anywhere near me.

A little later, something happened in another part of the clubhouse that I wasn't aware of at the time. Fran Healy, a backup catcher and my closest ally on the team, was standing at his locker when he got word that Thurman wanted to see him in the doctor's room. When Fran got there, Thurman began to read the *Sport* piece aloud for his benefit. He paused for a moment to catch his breath.

"Maybe he was quoted out of context," Fran said.

Thurman snapped back, "Quoted out of context for three fuckin' pages?"

It was official now. It was in black and

white, everything they'd wanted to believe about me since the first day of spring training, and there wasn't going to be any court of appeals. I thought I was better than they were.

I was the straw that stirred the drink, at least in my own mind.

The next day, Carlos May and Mickey Rivers moved their lockers away from mine. The day after that, I showed up for a doubleheader and I found a note left in the back pocket of my uniform by one of my teammates that said, "Suck my ass."

It was in the open now. I was the alien. After the *Sport* story came out, Chris Chambliss, for instance, never really loosened up around me again but spoke to me only when necessary. I could never tell how it affected my relationship with Billy Martin, whether or not it had anything to do with things that happened later on, because Billy and I didn't have a good relationship from the start.

I've gone over and over this in my mind, wondering if I could have made things smoother, and it reminds me of an old joke about poor, pitiful Pearl. She's a bag lady, and she's walking down the street, carrying all her belongings in a shopping bag and screaming to the heavens. "Why me?" Pearl screams. "My house has burned down, my kids have forgotten I'm alive. Why did this happen? Why to me?"

Suddenly, there is a thunderclap and Pearl hears the voice of God.

"I don't know, Pearl," He says. "There's just something about you that has always pissed me off."

There was something about me that always pissed Billy Martin off.

Martin is one of the most complex people I've ever met. He's nice, he's mean. He's good and he's bad. He's kind and he's cruel. He would be a fascinating character study for someone who knows a lot more about psychology than I do. There were times when he was as sweet to me as a man could be, and there were times when he went as far out of his way as possible to hurt me as a ballplayer and as a man.

But one thing was always obvious. He did not want Reggie Jackson to be a Yankee in 1977. That part I do understand. I think it always bothered him that he wasn't consulted about my signing with the Yankees. In Billy's eyes, I was always "George's boy." That was his pet expression for Yankee free agents: George's boys. When it was announced that I was signing with New York instead of Montreal, Billy said, "I'm going to show him who's boss around here. One of George's boys isn't going to come in and run the show."

We kind of went from there.

And on a Saturday afternoon in 1977 at Fenway Park—on national television—Billy and I became about as famous as a

(continued on page 150)

Quarterly Reports

a timely accounting of timeless principles of personal finance

article

By ANDREW TOBIAS

THE BEST INVESTMENT BOOKS EVER WRITTEN

you'll find more profitable advice in these few classics
than in all the world's get-rich-quick best sellers

ONLY FOUR great investment books have ever been written, and I will tell you which they are.

Well, five, maybe, or six, but wait a moment while we get this in perspective. It's *tough* to get rich reading books. Tougher still, ironically, if you choose current ones. Current books are conceived with great insight. Written at a feverish pace to share that insight, they are still of some interest when submitted for publication. Nine months later, when current books appear, they are embarrassingly out of date. The book on buying strategic metals appears at the height of the strategic-metals boom (so you should be *selling* metals, not buying them); the book on buying high-tech stocks appears just as Apple is cresting at 63 (so you should be *selling* high-tech stocks, not buying them). It's an old story, retold every season. Just now, there's William Grace's *The Phoenix Approach*, a fine new book—but published when Chrysler, far from in ashes, has risen tenfold.

People may someday look back on Douglas Casey's *Crisis Investing*, the enormous 1980 best seller that foretold complete economic collapse by 1983, or on Robert Allen's *Creating Wealth*, the enormous 1983 best seller that advised everyone to think positively and buy two rental properties a year, as classics. But for honing one's investment savvy, it may be best to seek out books of statelier vintage.

The *greatest* investment book ever written I was introduced to years ago at business school. I was researching a term paper on chain letters (no less) and my faculty advisor—right off the top of his head—suggested I seek out a volume called *Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Krauts*, by Charles Mackay, published, he said, in 1841. My God, I was impressed. What esoterica! (I was also astonished by the title and surprised to learn that Germans, even back in 1841, were called Krauts—or that anyone would have called them that on a book jacket.) I subsequently learned that *any* business professor worth his salt would have had this

book at tongue's tip. And that it had to do with the madness of *crowds*.

Should you run off to the library to read it—it is, after all, the greatest money book ever written, never mind that it is 143 years old and not the sort of tome you'd want to underline with a yellow Magic Marker—you will read of alchemists and crusaders, of witches and geomancers, of animal magnetizers and fortunetellers: forerunners, all, of the modern investment analyst. And you will read about tulips. As you probably know, tulips became the object of such insane and unreasoning desire in 17th Century Holland that a single bulb about the size and shape of an onion could fetch a small fortune on any of the several exchanges that had sprung up to trade them. (The author describes one unfortunate Dutch sailor who, having a taste for onions and having been sent down to a rich man's kitchen for breakfast, actually *consumed* one of the priceless bulbs in error.)

As with any true classic, once *Extraordinary Popular Delusions* is read, it is hard to imagine *not* having known of it—and there is the compulsion to recommend it to others. Thus did financier Bernard Baruch, who claimed it saved him millions, recommend the book in his charming foreword of 1932. (I was asked to write a foreword to a more recent edition—both are readily available in paperback—which is why, to a few readers, these words may sound more than a little familiar.)

"Have you ever seen," Baruch quoted an unnamed contemporary, "in some wood, on a sunny quiet day, a cloud of flying midges—thousands of them—hovering, apparently motionless, in a sunbeam? . . . Yes? . . . Well, did you ever see the whole flight—each mite apparently preserving its distance from all others—suddenly move, say three feet, to one side or the other? Well, *what made them do that?* A breeze? I said a *quiet* day. But try to recall—did you ever see them move directly back again in the same unison? Well, *what made them do that?* Great human mass movements are slower of inception but much more effective."

Suddenly, a few years back, everyone in New York and California was on roller (continued on page 206)

GRAND PRIX DE MONACO:

GENTLEMEN, START YOUR LIBIDOS

all the action during monte carlo's race week isn't on four wheels; here's the inside line on off-track bedding



article **By FRED FERRETTI**

IT PROBABLY wouldn't please its namesake to know that Monte Carlo's version of a strip—a long arc of lawn-lined, palm-planted street anchored at one end by the showgirl-filled lobby bar of the Loews Monte-Carlo Hotel and at the other by Jimmy's, Régine's mirrored art-deco cellar disco in the Monte Carlo Sporting Club—just happens to be named Avenue Princess Grace. And although Grace Kel-

ly's avenue is certainly not a street made gaudy with neon nor one suitable for open trolling (which in Monte Carlo is generally an indoor diversion), it is a strip nevertheless. For it is where the clubs are, and in Monte Carlo, where the clubs are is where the girls are, in season and out, though more so each spring, when the Grand Prix de Monaco gets in gear.

Drivers such as last year's Grand Prix winner, Keke Rosberg, and a few of those who finished behind him, such as Nelson

Piquet, Alain Prost and Patrick Tambay, are true celebrities on the European Grand Prix circuit; but during that week in Monaco, they are kings or, at the very least, princes, and for many of them the girls, often referred to as racing junkies, are their royal perks.

You see them T-shirted, hanging around the racing pits along Monaco's old port, or bikinied, stretched out on the pebbled beaches of Grace's avenue, or as unclothed as their whimsy will lead them

to be, lazing about on the tiny patch of cement beside the pier just off the Monte Carlo Beach Club. They amble along the cobbled streets near the Hôtel de Paris, nibbling on *pan bagnat*, the Riviera's version of the hoagie, crammed with tuna, black olives, radishes and olive oil; and they look. Over in Cannes, their topless preserve is the stretch of beach in front of the Carlton Hotel, split by a small pier running out into the sea.

The Carlton's terrace, cool after the sun has set, is an early-evening spot, and if you don't mind competing with wealthy Arabs or a sheik or two, you may meet an interesting companion. Ditto for the Carlton's elegant competitor nearby, the Majestic, which positively oozes Saudis and oil money. And women. Check out the Blue Moon disco in Cannes, but don't miss Circus, Circus, which is precisely what its name implies. It is a playground for whatever sexual persuasion is preferred, and with its lighting effects that change the look of the place every 30 seconds or so and a continuous slide show projected on its walls, it is very much a place to be. If you just care to look, there's a tiny balcony in back of Circus, Circus—sort of a voyeurs' grandstand.

In St.-Tropez, you also might try a little bit of transplanted Middle Eastern luxury called Byblos. There are 59 rooms, more like *salons*, in this hotel-bazaar-sauna-nightclub, which is set up like a miniature casbah, with Persian rugs on the ceilings, no less. It is an outrageous place whose lamps are imitation palm trees with bulbs, and it is where everything happens, particularly in its night club.

If you're lucky and arrive in Monte Carlo at the change of night-club seasons, you will get to see both Jimmy's clubs, perhaps being changed over by Régine herself who may be in Monaco during race week. From September to June, Jimmy's is Jimmy's d'Hiver, a dark-blue-lacquered circular grotto in the Café de Paris on the Place du Casino, full of mirrors and barrel-shaped chairs that really don't seem to be made for people to sit in. And perhaps they aren't. You're supposed to circulate at Jimmy's, hang out at the bar,

Opposite page: The curvy streets of Monaco provide some of the most interesting twists and turns on the Grand Prix circuit. This sort of excitement attracts a certain kind of onlooker: Girls as ripe as sun-warmed mangoes dot the beaches, the cafés, the clubs, the yachts berthed at Le Port (right)—and they keep very few physical secrets. They come with props (usually dogs) that can quickly be discarded at a moment's notice. They're here to go fast—and you can rest assured that before race week is over, they'll get their wish.





buy drinks (at about \$12 a throw). In July and August, Régine moves her Jimmy'z road show out along Avenue Princess Grace to the water level of the Monte Carlo Sporting Club, where it is called Jimmy'z de la Mer, and the round mirrored cave becomes black lacquered and purple. Ask your friendly cabby which Jimmy'z is open, and where.

You go down into one of Régine's cellars in a mirrored elevator. It opens and a beautiful hostess in a long black gown says hello and leads you along a hall into the club, which looks out over a palm-lined

lagoon and several jetting fountains set into rocks in the middle of the Sporting Club grounds. Ahead is the red dance floor, surrounded by those round chairs and tiny tables. Up three steps to the right is the bar, all mirrors and glass mosaics, recognized as the singles' preserve, its little booths for nightly rendezvous.

A short walk away, down another level, is Parady'z, another, newer Sporting Club outpost, open only during July and August. As you might expect in something sleek and new, the crowd at Parady'z is young, the girls 18 or thereabouts.

Natives of Monaco have a name for themselves—Monegasques—and whether the bikinied locals are launching a boat off the beach (above) or are dressed to the nines for a night of roulette in the private gambling room of the Casino de Monte Carlo (right), it's a sure bet that artist LeRoy Neiman will be there to capture on canvas his impressions of the moment. Neiman, as you probably guessed, has yet to turn down an assignment that would take him to where the girls are.





Jimmy'z and Parady'z are owned, as is just about everything else in Monte Carlo, by the Société des Bains de Mer, Prince Rainier's golden holding company. But the people who go there don't think ownership; they think disco, and the clubs are places to go to after dinner.

There is a night club in the Loews Hotel called Edward's, but the Lobby Lounge is somewhat more of a club, and if you manage to wedge your way in comfortably among the Folie Russe showgirls who congregate there to compare their

gigs in Amsterdam, Rio, Paris, Vegas and Atlantic City, you'll probably make a friend. The best time to get to the small, circular bar with its mirrored ceiling and its windows on the Mediterranean and Vladimir Ferrari—yes, that's Vladimir Ferrari noodling on the piano—is about nine o'clock, for that's when the girls come out. They've danced the night before, watched the sun come up and then gone to sleep, and the evening is their morning.

When you leave Loews, if you take a hard left just before going onto Avenue
(concluded on page 214)

During Grand Prix race week, the world's upper crust congregates to leave its crumbs here. At the entrance to Le Casino and the Hôtel de Paris in Monte Carlo (above), the titled and the entitled arrive in liveried splendor for a night at the tables. Later, you're likely to find them counting their winnings or licking their wounds at Jimmy'z, The Living Room, Le Tiffany's, La Boccaccio, Gregory's . . . After Dark or one of the other intimate night clubs on or off Avenue Princess Grace.



Hurrell / '34

20 QUESTIONS: SISKEL AND EBERT

*tv's top team of movie critics on noisy theaters,
perfect popcorn and actresses they'd like to see nude*

Gene Siskel is taller and balder than Roger Ebert, who is heavier and more nearsighted. Together, they host the popular movie-review program "At the Movies." Separately, Siskel criticizes films for the Chicago Tribune, while Ebert does the same for the Chicago Sun-Times. Bill Zehme spent several weeks trailing them and reports: "Gene likes to call Roger 'Big Boy.' Roger likes to call Gene 'Old Paralysis Tongue.' They bicker constantly and hate sharing popcorn. Nevertheless, they do have a secret handshake: They clasp each other's wrists and check their pulses. It's a beautiful kind of friendship rarely seen outside of Lite Beer commercials."

1.

PLAYBOY: Be brutally honest. Review each other for us.

SISKEL: Roger is a lot of fun to be around—for limited amounts of time. He tends to hold court, and that can be oppressive if you don't like to be a subject. At the same time, he has a very good heart.

Professionally, Roger is one of the best in the country. He's a wonderful writer, and I like his ability to detect structural flaws in a film. On the other hand, he doesn't understand acting at all. And he often can get carried away liking one element of a film. Roger is more likely to enjoy slapstick than he is a head comedy. He has more of a country sense of humor. I have more of an urban sense of humor. Which makes sense, since that's where we're from.

EBERT: There are two Gene Siskels: sort of a Dr. Siskel and Mr. Gene. It's as if he has a work mode and a human-being mode. When he's in the work mode, he's competitive almost to a fault. He is so competitive with me, in terms of our two newspapers, that he would go to almost any length to get what he fancies to be a scoop interview with a movie star. He's cutthroat. It's fun occasionally to send him off on a wild-goose chase.

When he's in the human-being mode, he's a real pleasure to have around. He turns into a big, corny pushover. The fact that he's had a baby girl, for example, has changed his outlook on things. He's a good critic and I think he has pretty good taste. If he has a weakness, it may be a kind of perfectionism that spoils his ability to enjoy a whole movie once he's found something in it that he thinks doesn't quite work.

2.

PLAYBOY: What's his most annoying habit?
SISKEL: Roger is not circumspect. For example, he doesn't realize how loud he shouts at people. He's not aware of his behavior. I think I'm more measured. I talk more quietly; I'm aware of not intruding on someone else's space. Roger just behaves, if you will. That, of course, will come from his being an only child, the smartest kid in his class, a little king at his newspaper and single. He's never had anyone in his life tell him when to shut up. Whereas I come from a large family, the youngest of six. I've had my head stepped on all my life.

EBERT: And I thought you were balding naturally. Gene's greatest flaw is circumspection bordering on paranoia. I love it when we're on the set of *At the Movies* and we're miked up. Before Gene will ask me what time it is, he will cover his microphone with his hand. I think he would feel right at home in the Soviet Union. In the bathroom, he always flushes the toilet before he clears his throat. I think he takes himself too seriously.

3.

PLAYBOY: How about a random sampling of the all-time greatest Siskel and Ebert bald and fat jokes?

EBERT: I often tell Gene that his hair is out of place. No, no, the other hair. But seriously, he is, as you know, the world's baldest film critic. Did you know that a study at Harvard indicated that thinking deeply about the movies will grow hair on your head? At least I can't be seen in satellite photographs when I'm not wearing a hat. They once took a close-up of Gene's forehead and NBC inserted it into a documentary about Three Mile Island.

SISKEL: It's dangerous for Roger to wear brown sweaters on the show. People flashing by the channel real fast may think that they're watching a mud slide. I have a standing offer that I'll give \$1000 to the cameraman who *cannot* take a close-up of Roger. I frequently introduce him as the world's largest film critic. In fact, he was recently considered for an automobile ad. Yeah, it would show him *alone* getting out of a Volkswagen.

Let me tell you a true story. Roger and I were once seated at a table in a Chicago restaurant with Jack Lemmon. An older lady recognized me and came over, asking, "Are you Gene Siskel? Can I have your autograph? This makes my

day!" So I gave her the autograph. Then I said, "Look who's sitting next to me." So she took a couple of steps over and said, "Ooooh, Jack Lemmon! Oh, this really makes my day!" Then I said, "If you think your day is made, look who's sitting over there," pointing to Roger. She looked at him and then exclaimed, "Ooooooh! Buddy Hackett!"

4.

PLAYBOY: Many people don't know that Siskel owns the white suit John Travolta wore in *Saturday Night Fever*. How do you think you look in his pants?

SISKEL: I've never put them on. I didn't buy the suit to wear it. I bought it for \$2000 at an auction and outbid Jane Fonda, whose best offer was \$1900. I loved that movie and I wanted a part of it. I bought it for the same reason Steven Spielberg bought the sled from *Citizen Kane*, only he paid \$60,000 for it. I don't have that kind of money to throw around. But surely any movie fan can understand the appeal of buying that suit. Right now, though, it remains in a garment bag in my closet.

EBERT: Actually, the suit is at the tailor's right now, where the crotch is being taken in. Buying the suit was probably a very good investment for him. One of the great sights America has been denied—in fact, I would pay a lot of money at a charity benefit to see it—is Gene Siskel in the Travolta suit disco dancing to the hits from *Saturday Night Fever*.

5.

PLAYBOY: Are the Oscars fixed?

EBERT: No, they don't need to be. The entire selection process is biased toward a kind of applause for success. A box-office loser will very rarely get nominated and will never win. I lost faith in the Oscars the first year I was a movie critic—the year that *Bonnie and Clyde* didn't win.

SISKEL: The awards are overrated. Nominations can be bought with advertising. Critics have more right than the academy to pick the Oscars. They've given their lives over to films, and their choices would be based on more interesting criteria than the average academy voter's. And we have one important advantage over the people who now vote: We've seen all the movies.

6.

PLAYBOY: Which movie star do you think you look like?

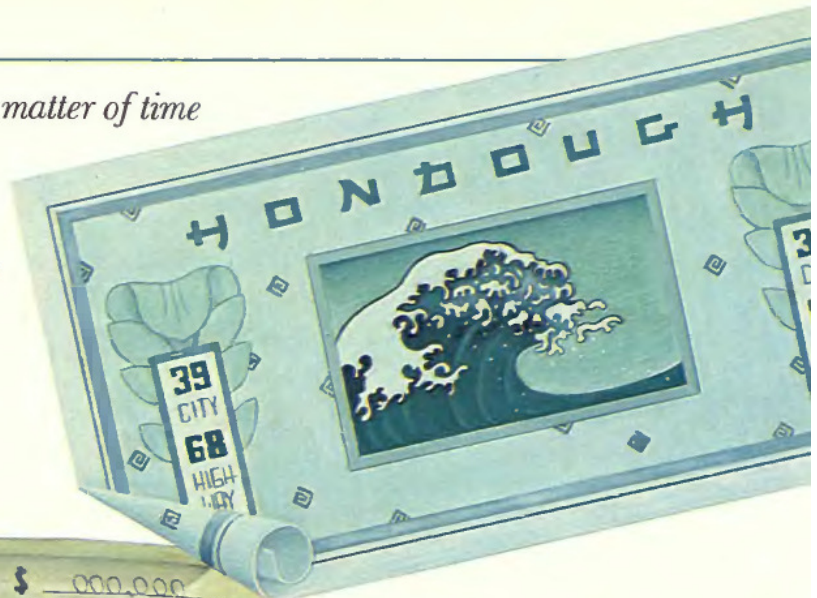
SISKEL: Elliott Gould. When I was younger, I used to be (continued on page 176)

with deregulation so trendy, it was only a matter of time

FREE MONEY

humor

By JERRY SULLIVAN
and DAVID STANDISH



In shopping centers up and down the West Coast, Hondough, the no-frills, high-mileage money with the unmistakable Japanese flair, is going *mano a mano* with Sears's low-cost but stodgy Robux.

It takes an all-American to tackle this money. If you top 220 in your jock and can run the 40 in 4.4, this buck's for you.

JUST ONE YEAR after President Reagan's startling decision to deregulate the nation's money, the free market is generating a stunning array of currencies—all contending for the favor of consumers.

How did it come about?

A Treasury Department official put it this way: "We claimed to believe in the free market, but here was the Government with a monopoly on the most precious commodity in the market—money. It was socialism at its worst."

Deregulation was adumbrated late last year when *The New York Times* reported plans for unspecified changes in the color and design of our paper money. When that trial balloon attracted no flak, the Reaganauts in the Treasury Department decided to go ahead with the plan: Get the Government out of the currency business. Let anyone who cared issue all the money he could, by any method from photocopying to hand carving.

"We'll let the market decide whose money is good and whose isn't," the President said.

America is responding to the challenge. Today, the stylish consumer can tip the maître d' for his alfresco repast using everything from the popular Sears Robux to the Reverend Rex Jim Bob's line of aluminum silver dollars, with

hundreds of choices in between.

Citibank's line of Stan Miller Good Money has captured a big piece of the Eastern market on the strength of its issuer's wealth and on the warm, family-oriented theme in the currency's graphics. Each bill features Stan, his wife, their children and their dog standing in front of a ranch house. Below are the words *MADE IN AMERICA BY FOLKS JUST LIKE YOU*.

Having a good deal less success is the Republican National Committee's Great Negro Americans series, issued in a frank attempt to get black support for Republicans. The series hasn't gotten past its first number, a two-dollar bill featuring an engraving of Sammy Davis Jr.

Another disappointment is Wonder Bread's Loaf of Tens, a completely organic currency sold in a convenient loaf. Made of recycled kelp, oak shavings, coconut husks and a touch of honey, the loaf's crumbly nature and tendency to be eaten by mice have almost taken it out of the market despite an excellent slogan—"They don't call it bread for nothing"—and a network of bakeries that can deliver fresh money daily.

The hottest thing in the subteen market is Paulie Monie: concept by Paul McCartney, color pictures by Linda

McCartney, lettering by their nine-year-old daughter and a guest appearance by Michael Jackson on the \$20 denomination. (Biggest flop on the teen scene is Slash Records' Punk Pounds, bills printed on old, artistically torn underwear bearing the slogan "There ain't no future.")

The classiest bills in circulation are those in the Museum of Modern Art series called MO'MONEY. From Andy Warhol's witty one-dollar bill—a painstakingly exact replica of an old-fashioned George Washington greenback—to Claes Oldenburg's highly sought *Stiff \$20*, a stainless-steel bill hinged in the middle to fit a wallet, MO'MONEY's fresh and tasteful approach seems to be doing especially well with doctors' wives and former liberal-arts majors.

The one ominous (bank) note in the market comes, as you might expect, from the Japanese. This year's Zen Yen—which takes whatever value the holder chooses to put on it—has proved too confusing for Americans unaccustomed to the delicate balances of Japanese life. But now the Japanese, in their methodical way, are designing cash exclusively for distribution in the U.S. If we Americans don't watch out, we may lose this market, too!



Who would have thought that urbane Manhattanites would turn to Crazy Eddie Money as their currency of choice? Dick Cavett, an inveterate user, says, "We studied this at Yale. And I've talked with Woody, Yoko and Lenny, and they agree."



The goal was a one-cent coin, but unanticipated cost overruns have pushed the Pentagon Penny over the billion-dollar mark. When it becomes operational—in 1989—it may go for twice that.



Frederick's of Fort Knox wins the support of Plato's Retreaters and nude beachgoers. When you can't carry a wallet, you can always wear Filthy Lucre.



Predictably, McDonald's McMoney has grabbed a big chunk of the fast-buck market, easily outdistancing both the bulky and the ultimately sloppy three-dollar Whopper and Kentucky Fried Chicken's Extra Crispy Finger Lickin' Five.



Hef put it this way: "Printing our own money is something we've always wanted to do—and it's so much easier than the publishing business. We think of it as the money for sophisticated grownups."

"There is a place to be between being completely pro-choice and completely pro-life."

and the baby cries. But then you clean up the afterbirth material; you accept new life as the reality. I remember when there was so much tension about my running in the Democratic primaries—it would traumatize the party, traumatize every candidate, including blacks, they said. It would divide the country, they said. But now they see the positive effects. The progressive wing of the party is alive again, and the only chance the Democratic Party has of winning is with the margin of new voters I bring to the banquet tables. The party's expanding, not dividing. There's creative tension; issues are being raised that otherwise would not be raised. We've brought an excitement to the campaign and a style of campaigning that mobilizes people. So, you know, sometimes our worst fears are never realized, and we grow up and we move on.

PLAYBOY: Let us move on to your well-publicized dealings with Syria. Although its release of Lieutenant Goodman helped your campaign, would you agree it's an extremely repressive country?

JACKSON: Oh, it certainly is. Absolutely, you should apply the same standards everywhere, anywhere.

PLAYBOY: You don't disagree, then, that Syria, Libya and Saudi Arabia all have repressive regimes?

JACKSON: Well, to the extent to which they have them, they must be challenged. It doesn't serve any good end, it seems to me, *just* to call them repressive. We must make our position clear and link our relationship and our support to the enforcement of human rights. If Reagan's constructive engagement with South Africa meant that it would be used to change conditions there, that would be all right. I think that as a superpower, we ought to relate to *all* these countries. But we should then use our leverage to bring about change, because we will end up on one side of history or the other—either with those who are denying human rights or with those who are supporting them.

PLAYBOY: All right, but when you accept money from the Arab League, some people feel you can't claim you're merely supporting human rights for Arabs; you are actually doing business with some very repressive Arab regimes, including Syria's. It's a contradiction for someone who's concerned about human rights to be accepting that sort of support.

JACKSON: Well, the fact is, the Israelis are

holding people under occupation and annexing territory and engaging in expansion, building settlements in violation of the law. At some point, that has to give way to a more democratic relationship with neighbors.

PLAYBOY: We'll get back to the Middle East, but the heart of your campaign has been a call for more Federal programs rather than fewer. Yet one thing we've heard from other Democratic candidates this year is that the social programs of the Sixties that you favored simply didn't work.

JACKSON: Well, the fact is that the War on Poverty really never had a chance! The money that was to be directed to rebuild America was spent on Vietnam! That brought in this new era of inflation, which hurt the economy. So lunch counters were closing as we were getting the right to sit at them; a cutback in funds for education came generally about the time we were getting the chance to get into schools in the first place. Social progress was taking place at the same time as the collapse in the auto, steel, electronics, rubber and textile industries. So we got the right to vote at about the time we lost our jobs. We got the right to vote for politicians, but we don't have the right to vote on whether or not the plants will close.

PLAYBOY: You once were a strong advocate of putting pressure on private business. Have you put that aside for now?

JACKSON: This is a political movement, and we're fighting for our share of participation in the *public* economy. But that does not mean that we can let private America off the hook. After all, the private economy is a three-trillion-dollar economy, and it has been crueler to women, Hispanics, blacks and Asians than the Government has. These corporations have denied entry, they have denied promotions, they refuse to share in contracts for trade. They've gotten Government subsidies in taxes, Government contracts without obligation. If I were to list a series of priorities for black and poor people, they would be, first, to own a private business; second, to have a private job; third, to have a public job; fourth, to have public aid.

PLAYBOY: Do you favor Government planning to direct corporate activities?

JACKSON: We must exert more influence over corporate behavior in this country—at least commensurate with our investment in those corporations. If we give a corporation a tax subsidy, we must then demand some return on our investment. If

you put \$1000 in the bank, you expect to make X amount of interest. A bank can open in your community, take your money and then reserve the right to not reinvest in that community. There should be a greater sense of economic planning in this country—or a more fundamental covenant among labor, business and Government.

Now, planning does not always mean controlling something; it means *directing*. When Reagan talks about establishing enterprise zones to end urban blight, which is his plan, he does not attach a budget to it, so he is not serious about it. But it *is* a plan. Reagan planned to use unemployment to fight inflation; that's why unemployment went up to almost 11 percent. His plan reduced inflation, but unemployment cost the country 30 billion dollars for every percentage point it went up. There are plans every day; the question is, What are we planning? Right now, we are *not* planning to feed the hungry—there are 3,000,000 more children not nourished; there are 5,000,000 more people in poverty.

PLAYBOY: Do you identify with the European social-democratic tradition?

JACKSON: I don't know enough about it to say I identify with it; I know that I tend to identify with people who are maximizing a commitment to children and women and poor people, people who are fighting for peace, for justice, people who are fighting for the collective good—that appeals to me. But that comes under different labels everywhere, and the label is not as important to me as the essence of it is.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned women as participants in your Rainbow Coalition. What do women, as a group, have at stake in the struggle of poor blacks?

JACKSON: It is clear that the E.R.A. will not become a reality so long as it remains narrowly defined and dominated by white women. White women, black women, Hispanic women, underprivileged women must see their common interest in the E.R.A. as an economic-rights amendment that protects their adulthood as well as their need to have adequate wages and opportunities to protect their children, because most poor children are in a house headed by a woman without a man. In the past ten years, we've proved that we can survive without one another, but we've not proved we can win without one another.

PLAYBOY: What is your position on abortion?

JACKSON: I do not favor a legal ban on abortion, but it's a complex issue. There is a place to be between being completely pro-choice and completely pro-life. Part of my problem with it is my sensitivity about just how precious children are who are born in the lower economic strata. If my mother had had to make a case for her

(continued on page 186)

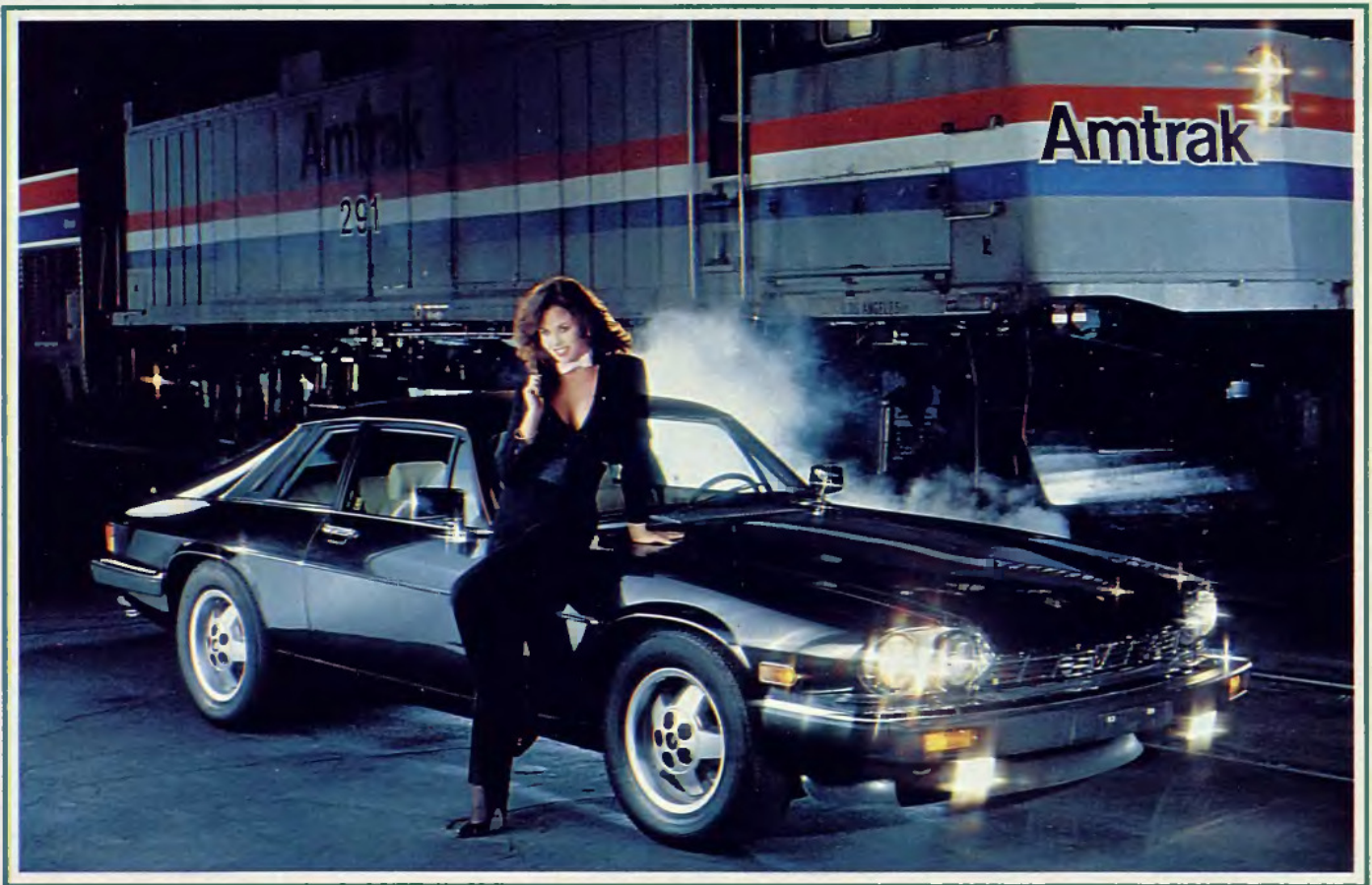


*"Well! If that isn't the most extraordinary
little chrysalis I've ever seen!"*



*barbara edwards' reign
begins in a steamy fantasy
aboard a classic train*

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR



ALL ABOARD! Step lively; you don't want to miss this train. It's the PLAYBOY Express. And the principal passenger: none other than the 1984 Playmate of the Year, Barbara Edwards. She's about to embark on the fantasy adventure of her life, and yours, aboard a vintage rail car bound for . . . well, who cares where? Why not ride along? The railroad buffs among you will remember Barbara, an artist and model, as our Amtrakking September Playmate. Buff buffs will remember her as our coonskinned coed in her ivy-draped centerfold. In either case, she was clearly unforgettable. And when it came time to choose the choicest of the choice, the memory lingered on.

When we first encountered Barbara, she was just discovering her talent as an artist and exploring her possibilities as a model. There was really never any doubt of either, but she takes some convincing: Yes, Barbara, you have artistic talent. Yes, Barbara, you are beautiful. Yes,

As Playmate of the Year, one should arrive at the station in style. We've taken care of that by giving Barbara one of the hottest machines around, the 12-cylinder Jaguar XJ-S—and a check for \$100,000 from Playboy Enterprises. Then her fantasy tour in a luxurious private car begins.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

When the lady in red boarded, it was clear she was no ordinary tourist. But she never spoke, and so they could only speculate. A contessa, perhaps? A baroness? And then there were the roses. From an admirer, no doubt. But the lady seemed to be alone. Was she? Smiling mysteriously, the lady vanished. Some said she was in 3C. But no one knew.



Barbara, you are the Playmate of the Year.

"You're kidding," Barbara exclaimed when informed of our choice. "You guys are kidding. I can't believe it. I'm going to call you back. Are you telling me the truth?" Then, she told us later, she hung up and cried.

When we saw her a month later at her West Hollywood apartment, three weeks of dawn-to-way-past-dusk picture taking had left her exhausted. Still, she was ecstatic. Things had been going extraordinarily well for her lately. Since we last checked with her, she had joined the Playmates, our singing group, in their latest edition. We thought she might have a few stories to tell.

"Oh, yeah, boy, I have stories to tell!" she laughed. "Where should I begin? Ah, just got back from Hong Kong. We were on tour there for three weeks. It was a nightmare at the beginning.

"You see, we had a really bad communication gap with the people over there. They didn't speak English and we didn't speak Chinese. Well, the first night, the sound man didn't turn on the music background for our show. We did the whole show a *cappella*—with egg on our faces."

Just the recollection has Barbara doubled up in gales of laughter.

"But that's nothing. I'll tell you, we've been so humiliated, I think Hef should make a special medal for us. Have you ever heard of the Alan Thicke show, *Thicke of the Night*? We did that show with three of our (text concluded on page 214)







Outside 3C, the scenery sped by at 80 miles per hour. Inside, things picked up a bit, too. Our lady was obviously in a relaxed mood. The porter delivered a bucket of ice but said he saw nothing.



A while later, one of the passengers passed by on the pretext of looking for the conductor. He listened at the door for some time. He said he heard a soft voice singing, and there was laughter. No, he couldn't say for certain he heard a man's voice coming from 3C. But she was singing, and, after all, there was only one thing that could make a woman laugh like that. Wasn't there?





The mystery deepened as midnight arrived. The sound of two berths opening was distinctly heard in the adjoining car. Yet the lights were still on. They could be seen reflected on the hillside out the window. One thing was certain. No one in 3C was sleeping.



When the porter brought the towels, the door was opened a crack, and he noticed the lady's suitcase on the top berth. Rumors flew anew. Could she have lifted the heavy case by herself? Was the top berth, then, not to be used? There'd be no answers that night.









Inside 3C, there was no mystery. The lady knew who she was. She also knew her destination. And as for the identity of her traveling companion, if any, that was most definitely no one's business but her own.







Back panel connectors ready for digital cassettes or compact disc players.

Dual mode illuminated control panel (shown in tuner mode). Switch to tape and there's a whole new set of icons to figure out.

Tuning mode: 18 station pre-sets — 12 FM, 6 AM. Tape mode: program tape deck functions.

Volume up.

Volume down.

Automatic mute function.

AM/FM selector in tuner mode, direction/release in tape mode.

Up/down tuning in tuner mode, FF/Rewind in tape mode.

Full graphic equalizer lets you shape sound the way you like it.



IT EVEN KNOWS WHEN YOU ROLL DOWN THE WINDOW.

Balance/bass/treble, local scan and more behind flip-down control panel.

Activates quartz clock.

Radio Program Timer lets you pre-program up to two different stations at two different times.

Memory select in tuner mode, music repeat in tape mode.

Selects cassette mode and changes display.

Selects tuner mode and tuner command display shown.

Station scan in tuner mode, bi-directional scan in tape mode.

Auto Sound Levelizer—adjusts interior music level to differing road conditions. Roll down a window, the volume goes up. Pull off the freeway, the volume goes down.



Pioneer's new Centrate offers you more sophisticated functions and features than you'll find in any other auto stereo in the world. (One Centrate Graphic Equalizer, for instance, even features a sensor that adjusts the volume when you roll the window down. Or up.)

So it's also one of the most expensive auto stereos in the world.

What you see here—just the Centrate AM/FM Stereo Cassette unit and Graphic Equalizer—cost \$850.00 and \$240.00 respectively.

The complete Centrate System—including amplifier, sub-woofer, remote control, four speakers and installation—could

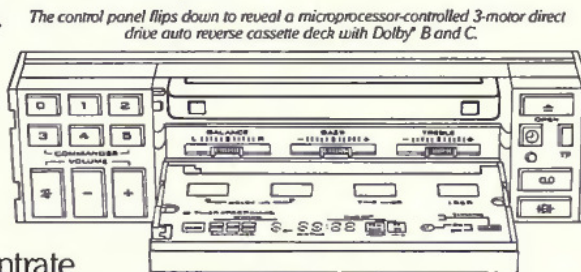
cost \$2,000 to \$3,000.

But even though Centrate may not be on everybody's shopping list, we present it all the same to impart a bit of data you might actually use:

Even after we told our engineers to go-for-broke, damn-the-cost, build-the-best-of-

everything into Centrate, the tuner component they chose was the very same Supertuner™ III available in a whole line of eminently affordable Pioneer models.

Which is another way of saying you can't buy a better car stereo. Even if you spend more for the stereo than you spent for the car.



PIONEER
Because the music matters.

"I wanted good footing on the carpet, because when Billy got back, I was going to fight him."

player and his manager can be.

We had been on the road for a while, and we had finally started to play, and I had started to hit. We were in first place when we went into Boston on the 17th of June to play a three-game series—one of those summer weekends when you can't imagine a more perfect setting for baseball than the little emerald on Lansdowne Street near Kenmore Square.

Things had eased up slightly between Thurman and me. We weren't going to the movies or anything, but we were at least shaking hands after one of us hit a home run. Things had not improved at all between Mr. Martin and Mr. Jackson, however. There was still no open hostility, no face-to-face confrontations, but the tension was always there. The least little incident would set Billy off. He's lived his whole life that way, I gather, smiling one minute, cocking his fist the next.

The explosion between Billy and me was ignited by a little Texas-league double by Jim Rice that dropped in front of me during a game we would end up losing 10-4. I could have played the ball better, no doubt about it. To this day, I'm sure Billy thinks I just didn't hustle. To this day, he's wrong.

The show started then.

Billy came out to the mound, ready to replace Mike Torrez with Sparky Lyle. When he took the ball from Torrez, he said, "I'm going to get that son of a bitch for not hustling."

I found that out later. He meant me.

I didn't know any of that was going on. Waiting for Sparky to come in from the bullpen, I walked back to the outfield wall and chatted with Fran Healy. When I turned around, I saw Paul Blair, one of our backup outfielders, running out to take my position.

It's funny now, looking back on it, because as I ran toward the dugout, I must have been the only person in Fenway Park who didn't see what Billy was trying to do. I've played baseball all my life, and to this day, I've never seen a player get yanked defensively in the middle of an inning quite that way. This was Billy the Kid doing his *macho* routine to the extreme, showing me up to my team, the fans, even a national television audience. He wanted me to take a big fall. Maybe he'd wanted that from the start.

When I got to the top step of the dugout, I could see there was a fury about him, and it was all directed toward me. When Billy starts to lose it, the veins in his neck become very prominent. Now they were standing at attention.

I headed for the corner of the dugout

opposite where he was. He screamed over to me, "What the fuck do you think you're doing out there?"

I looked at him. I said, "What do you mean? What are you talking about?"

He started coming toward me.

"You know what the fuck I'm talking about!" he said. "You want to show me up by loafing on me? Fine. But then I'm going to show your ass up. Nobody who doesn't hustle plays for me."

Considering the fact that Billy was in the process of going around the bend at this point, I was relatively calm.

"I wasn't loafing, Bill," I said. "But I'm sure that doesn't matter to you. Nothing I could ever do would please you. You never wanted me on this team in the first place." The distance between us had shortened considerably. Elston Howard was trying to get between us. Yogi Berra was there, and Jimmy Wynn. Billy was still screaming.

"I ought to kick your fucking ass!" was the next thing I heard.

And then I'd had enough. I'd been holding myself back all season, and now this 49-year-old man was telling me he was going to whip me in a fistfight.

I stopped being placid then.

"Who the fuck do you think you're talking to, old man?" I snapped, just about spitting out the words.

"What?" Billy yelled. "Who's an old man? Who are you calling an old man?"

I guess in Billy's mind, he's still 25 years old and the toughest kid on the block. He came for me. Elston and Yogi grabbed him. Wynn grabbed me. I'd find this out later, but by now, NBC was having *some* show. They had one camera trained on us from the end of the dugout and another from across the field.

Yogi still had Billy in a bear hug, which was lucky for Billy. I was livid. I walked past everybody and headed for the clubhouse. I could still hear Billy screaming behind me. I just shook my head and thought, The man has totally lost it.

I also thought this: When the game is over, I'll give him a chance to fight.

Torrez was in the training room, icing his arm. Healy had come running down from the bullpen. My locker was right next to Billy's office. I took my uniform jersey off but left my T-shirt on, and my spikes. I wanted good footing on the carpet, because when Billy got back, I was going to fight him.

Healy was having none of that. It's not Fran's style, which was always a lucky thing for me. He sometimes had to have enough common sense for the two of us.

"Listen," he said. "I knew something

like this was going to happen. You should know something like this was bound to happen." I was pacing around in front of my locker. "The best thing for you to do is get a shower and get the hell out of here. If you stay, the only thing that can happen is that you'll make things worse than they are already."

Fran just kept telling me over and over, in different ways, to leave. He always did have a lot of Henry Kissinger in him. So I showered and dressed, then I left the clubhouse and made the long walk back to the Sheraton-Boston.

Of course, the war wasn't over yet.

From March until October, a ballplayer spends more of his waking hours around the clubhouse than he does around his own home. You get there three, four hours before a game, you stick around for a couple of hours afterward. You're supposed to feel safe there. The clubhouse is one of those seductive charms of baseball, a place where you don't have to grow up. It's like a college frat house. You're not supposed to dread walking in there. You're supposed to be part of the fraternity.

That house was never my home.

Every day I would walk in, and it was like there were imaginary arrows showing me the way to my locker. Walk to the middle of the room, stop before I got to the buffet table, take a military-sharp left turn, sit down, get dressed. Keep the mouth shut. Get ready to go out and try to take it all out on a pitcher.

As they say in show business, it was a tough room to work.

I would be drawn into clubhouse banter only indirectly, and then in a mean-spirited way. I would always be hearing from the writers about some new remark that Nettles had made that was getting a big play in the papers. Nettles has been a great third baseman for the Yankees, one of the most elegant fielders ever to play that position. He's spent a career in New York turning doubles into double plays. And he has the justified reputation of being baseball's master of the one-liner.

I always felt that Graig Nettles was uncomfortable with himself. He was certainly uncomfortable with me. For reasons I could never fathom, there is something that eats at Nettles. I never got to know him well enough to discover what that thing is or why it's there. One thing that may have eaten at him over the years is that he never really got the credit he should have as a ballplayer. He was always in the shadow of either Brooks Robinson or one of the higher-paid Yankees. Come to think of it, money may have been the cause of some of his bitterness, too. He was never paid what he deserved as a key member of those championship teams.

One day in the spring of 1979, Nettles took off after Henry Hecht, a gifted baseball writer for the *New York Post* who happens to be Jewish. Some of the

(continued on page 154)

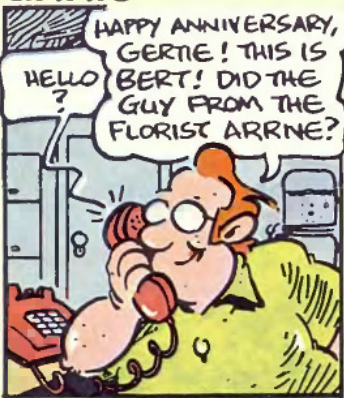


Playboy FUNNIES

annie

& albert

by J. Michael Leonard



ASK DR. DUMB
BY BUD JONES

Share the wisdom of this kindly country doctor as he answers questions asked by folks just like you.



CRUISER

Christopher Browne



Where are my glasses?
I'll be late to class.

Help me make the bed. We must hide the stains.



If class only knew we're here, naked.

Have you got everything, Seymour?

Lecture notes, books, attendance sheet... and your scent!



SNIF!

I'll get out of the cab two blocks before you. We don't want students to see us... Do I look normal? Is my mouth red?



If only they knew we've been French kissing.

Hi, Betsy. What's happening? Looks like the prof's late again.

Hi, Donnie.

If you only knew why.



He's probably got something going on the side. You think he fools around? Girls go for that authentic ruffled look... You know... patches on his elbows because he needs them?



YEAH.

He's probably gay.

Sorry, I'm late. Glad to see no one's fallen asleep yet-



HAH, if he only knew.

Let's begin with one of my favorites. Byron. Page 210. "When we two parted In silence and tears Half broken-hearted To sever for years"



I hear he has a drinking problem.

Donnie's such a dummy.

"Pale grew thy cheek"

Seymour's talking about us. What if they knew he is my lover...? Oh, Gawd. It's probably written all over my face.... Who cares.... I'm his -



and he's mine.

If they only knew.

Sarah Downs

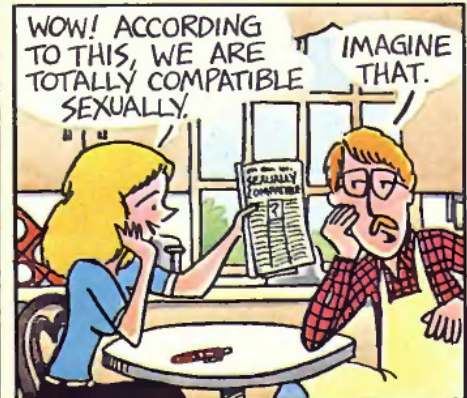
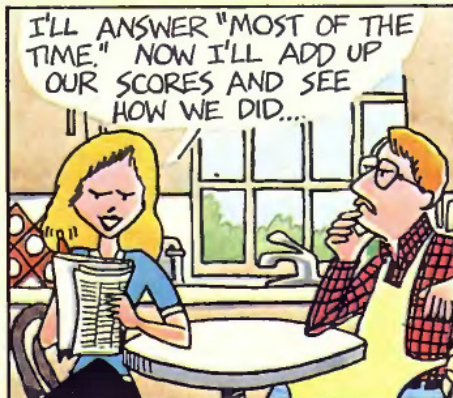
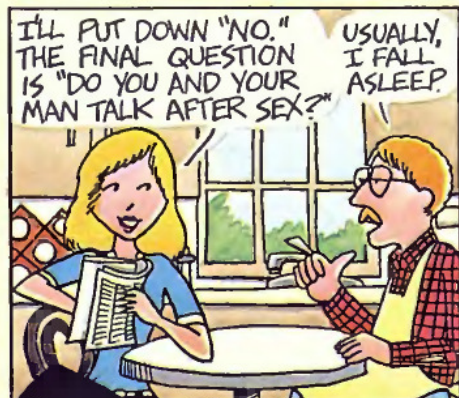
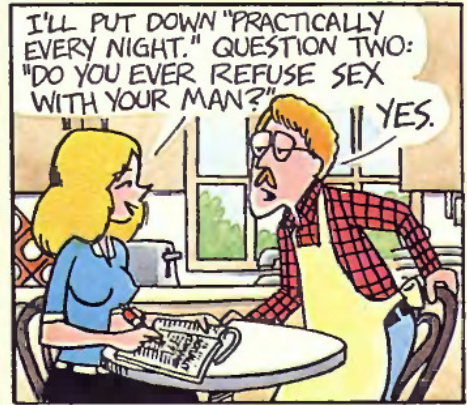
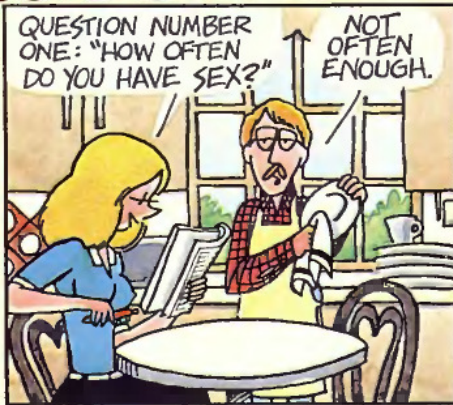
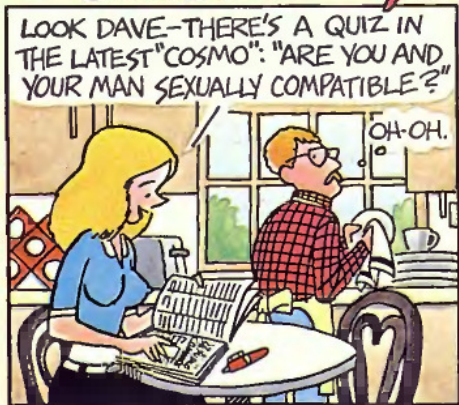
The Tales of Baron Von Furstinbed

By Craig Flessel



Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON



"Sparky Lyle is a crude, self-serving son of a bitch. I had no respect for him."

Yankees had been caught breaking curfew a couple of nights before, and Hecht had put their names in the paper. Nettles apparently thought that was some breach of newspaper etiquette. Hecht came to the visitors' clubhouse at Al Lang Field that day, and Nettles was waiting for him.

He tore into Hecht, real verbal abuse. And in the middle of his outburst, he screamed, "You know what you are, Hecht? You're nothing but a backstabbing Jew cocksucker!" I was dumfounded, not because Nettles said it—I was used to that; it was the way he thought. I had heard it that day in Fort Lauderdale in 1977 when he stood around with the others and told Jewish jokes about Ken Holtzman. I had heard it at various times in the clubhouse when Nettles would have

an outburst about one of the writers covering the team. It would be "Jew" this or "Jew" that. But I was shocked that he would blow his cover that way in front of an outsider. It was as if he were saying, "Just in case you have any doubts, this is where I'm coming from."

Nettles and I played together for five years, and I always worried about turning my back on him. I always had the feeling he was behind me, ready to turn the knife with an eminently quotable remark:

"The best thing about being a Yankee is getting to watch Reggie Jackson play every day. The worst thing about being a Yankee? Getting to watch Reggie Jackson play every day."

Ah, yes. It was definitely a diverse group, the Yankees of '77. You had Net-

ties, who was close to Munson, who was close to Lyle. That was the strongest clique on the team, one that Billy was very fond of. I never tried to break that clique. Couldn't have done it if I wanted to. I did get close to Thurman before his death. That just happened naturally.

I would never have wanted to be close to Sparky Lyle. Lyle is a crude, self-serving son of a bitch. I had no respect for him. It bothered me that he went out of his way to make me the villain in his book, *The Bronx Zoo*. I barely knew Sparky, had very little contact with him, but he really slammed me. It always seemed like just a sensationalistic way to sell his book.

Lou Piniella was different. He was the master politician of the team. He's dark and good-looking and can be extremely affable. Piniella adapted and adjusted to New York better than anyone else on the team. He could handle the city and the pressure and the media. He could handle Steinbrenner. He took care of himself, made sure he preserved Lou Piniella. But, hell, that was the only way to cope with being a Yankee. Now he clearly seems to be one of Steinbrenner's fair-haired boys. My guess is he'll be in the Yankee organization for many years to come.

We had quiet men, too, like Roy White, who was getting toward the end of his playing days and didn't want to ruffle any feathers (it didn't help; he would end his career playing in Japan anyway). Besides, he was an old-fashioned Yankee, and old-fashioned Yankee *black guys* were taught to be seen and not heard.

But every so often, after I'd gotten up on my soapbox about not being accepted because I was black, White would sidle up to me at the batting cage and quietly say, "It's about time somebody said something like that around here." Roy had just been conditioned differently. He didn't want to say things publicly that needed to be said.

Willie Randolph was the same way when he came up. Didn't say boo. In my later New York years, I would come to like Randolph enormously. But even at the beginning, you could see it bothered him that he never got enough credit for being an integral part of the ball club. You could see it eating at him, because Randolph could play the game.

Bucky Dent could play, too. He was the perfect shortstop for that Yankee team. Bucky wasn't flashy the way Nettles was, but he could make the routine plays all the time and the great plays often enough. He never missed a ball right at him. If there was a double-play ball, we would get the double play. He got his bunts down. He drove in 40 to 50 runs a year. He was outstanding at doing a necessary, if unappreciated, job.

Crazy team. Crazy chemistry. Ship of fools one day, sleek luxury liner the next. Perhaps the most interesting character of all was Mickey Rivers. He was a comic figure on the field, full of nerves and



"Somebody's been at the peanuts!"



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BE A PART OF IT.

Canadian Club



twitches, twirling his bat like a baton when he took a big swing and missed. But Mickey could play. He was difficult to understand a lot of the time, because he spoke in a sort of frantic mumble. Some players made fun of him and delighted in telling Rivers stories to the press, and he got a reputation as a Fetchitlike character.

But he wasn't dumb. He was a street-smart kid from Miami with a terrific sense of humor and a distinctive way with words. It was almost as if he reveled in having everybody play him for the fool.

There was a very subtle form of racism at work here, another way for people to deal with a talented black star. OK, Rivers has a lot of talent. OK, he makes good money. OK, he dresses well. OK, no one on this team can do what he does physically. But let's not forget that he's not real bright and that he's black. That was Mickey Rivers' image, and it bothered the hell out of me that he didn't fight it at all. He let his problems with money and race tracks make him into something of a caricature for the newspaper guys. This kind of thing happens in sports sometimes. I'm not saying it's always deliberate; often it's subconscious. But it's something blacks have to be aware of.

With me, the rap was never ignorance. It was arrogance. It's just another form of prejudice. I've always been aware of it. I saw it even more clearly when I came to the Yankees. They dealt with me one way, with Rivers another. We just didn't fit the mold, at least not in that clubhouse.

But, then, George had smashed the mold all to hell when he put the team together. He wasn't really interested in sociology lessons or human relationships.

Just the all-important loss column, as we say in baseball.

There were really two world series in 1977 against the Dodgers. First there was the one played over the first five games. We led 3-2 after that one. It was the series, but there was nothing dramatic or startling about those games.

Who could have known that the second world series, the one played in game six, was going to be mine? Don Larsen had his perfect game in 1956. I had mine in '77. Three swings. Three dingers.

I should have known in batting practice. I cannot ever remember having one like it. I hit maybe 40 balls during my time in the cage. I must have hit 25 into the seats. By the time the game started, I hadn't spilled any of my adrenaline. Even when Burt Hooton walked me on four straight pitches my first time up, I wasn't deflated. I still felt *good*. I was going to be ready when he threw me a strike.

He threw me one in the fourth. Nobody out. Thurman on first. I figured Hooton would try to pitch me up and in. That's always been the book on me. Well, he got it up, but not far enough in. I got it all. We were ahead 4-3.

One.

When I came up in the fifth, Hooton was out of the game and Elias Sosa was in. He threw me a fast ball right through the front door. I call them mattress pitches, because if you're feeling right, you can lay all over them. That was the hardest ball I hit that night, a screaming line drive into the right-field seats.

Two.

The crowd really started to come to me then. We were winning the game that could give the Yankees their first championship since 1962. I had swung the bat just twice, and I already had two dingers. The people in the stadium knew there was a chance to be part of some history.

"Reg-gie! Reg-gie!"

Finally, it was the bottom of the eighth. We were ahead 7-4. Tommy Lasorda, the Dodger manager, had brought in Charlie Hough, a knuckle-baller, to pitch. I stood watching him warm up and I wanted to yell over to Lasorda, "Tommy, don't you know how I love to hit knucklers?"

I just wanted Hough to throw me one damn knuckle ball. I had nothing to lose, even if I struck out.

He threw me a knuckler. It didn't knuckle. I crushed it nearly 500 feet into the black, those beautiful empty sections of the bleachers in center field.

As I began to move around the bases, I felt so . . . vindicated. Completely vindicated. When I passed first, I smiled at Steve Garvey and he smiled back; he'd tell me later he was so excited for me he was pounding a fist inside his mitt, so no one would see. I felt so light on my feet, floating on the noise. It was the happiest moment of my career. It is the happiest moment of my career. I had been on a ball and chain all year—at least in my mind—and now, suddenly, I didn't care.

I had three.

I went into the '78 season like a sophomore in college. I had grown up a lot my freshman year. I had survived all the hazing. I ended up with good grades. On the last day of school, I made dean's list. I figured sophomore year would be a breeze.

Unfortunately, when the season began, I got off to a slow start. So did almost everyone else. Now, I generally don't worry about slow starts, because I always seem to have them. I've always assumed that when the weather got warm, so would I. I also think a slow start is a natural by-product of a championship season for a team. You go into opening day with this thought: One hundred and sixty-two games is a marathon; there's no need to break any records the first mile.

Problem was, these were the Yankees, and in George Steinbrenner's view of the Yankees, there is only one way for them to go: George wants to win all 162.

So he got mad about the slow start and, of course, didn't keep it to himself. He began showing up in the clubhouse, screaming that we were embarrassing him and embarrassing New York and that he

would clean house and bring kids up from the minors if we didn't start producing; it was a familiar theme. And it became obvious that he was putting a lot of pressure on Billy, who when under pressure in those years usually did three things:

1. Got mad.
2. Went to the bar.
3. Went after me.

With Billy, the players didn't get to see a lot of the actual drinking, only the results, meaning hangovers. By July of '78, he was showing up later and later at the ball park, looking shakier and shakier when he did, wearing his sunglasses more and more often for the afternoon games. Billy has always had atrocious work habits, especially in areas like preparation and being on time. Most managers will show up four or five hours before a game for meetings, to go over statistics about tendencies of various hitters against the opposing team's pitcher. Not Billy. Most managers have the batting order posted long before batting practice. Not Billy. As Boston began to pull away from us, it was nothing for Billy to show up at 12:30 for a two-o'clock game. When he did show up, he wouldn't go near anybody.

Once again, he and I had no relationship at all unless we showed up in the same newspaper story. The only time Billy and I spoke was if we happened to be walking through the clubhouse door at the same time. I thought winning would give us at least some mutual respect and grounds for being civil to each other. But winning had changed nothing. As far as Billy and Reggie were concerned, it was the same old nightmare.

I began to read that Fred Stanley, our backup shortstop, was more of a Yankee than I was. Or so Billy said.

Billy began to attack my fielding.

Billy began to D.H. me again. Sometimes he would D.H. me only against left-handers, which made no sense.

Billy began to sit me down when the spirit moved him. And it moved him with no real rhyme or reason.

Now, understand: I was proud of what I had done the season before. I came back not expecting things to be perfect, but I sure expected them to be better. I had made myself one promise during the off season: I wasn't going to go through anything like 1977 ever again. So now, as the bullshit got to high tide again, I decided I really was going to get out.

It was on July 18, when we were 14 games out of first place, that I got the official word: The Yankees suspended me after I'd set off World War Three with Billy by flagrantly ignoring his order *not* to bunt in a game against Kansas City. The sentence was five days without pay. I was hoping for 30. I was really hoping that they'd kick me out for the rest of the year, because I couldn't stomach the thought of being back in the same atmosphere with Martin. I was just never going to win with Billy around. I would always

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A LEGEND AT SEA. A CLASSIC ON LAND.

be the uppity one; he would always be the darling of the fans, gummy little number one, the feisty street fighter.

But George said, "Just get him back in uniform." He wanted to be Mr. Fixit; it's another one of George's favorite roles. I sometimes think that when he shaves in the morning, he looks in the mirror and sees five or six faces staring back at him. George the patriarch. George the sportsman. George the tycoon. Tough George. Fair George. And you can take it from me, there *are* a lot of Georges.

I was to rejoin the team in Chicago on the 23rd of July. I decided to take a cab to the ball park, trying to avoid the media. While traveling the abandoned streets of Chicago, I realized I was a beaten man. I was melancholy, depressed. The silence in the cab was interrupted by the clicking of the meter measuring miles and money. My thoughts shifted to how I was going to deal with my teammates, who probably couldn't have cared less whether or not I showed up. I knew I owed them an apology and decided I would give it to them as soon as I got to the park.

I got there late, and because I was behind schedule, my teammates were already drifting out to the field, to batting practice. So my apology would have to wait until the next night in Kansas City. Of course, I had no idea that it would be pre-empted by an earth-shaking episode starring Billy Martin.

The Yanks had won four in a row without me, so no one could lay a hand on Billy

for not playing me in Chicago that night. In the dugout, he never spoke to me, never looked at me. After the game, I showered, dressed, answered some questions, got onto the team bus and went to the airport. I bought a couple of papers and magazines, then went to an airport refreshment stand with Fran to get a milk shake. While we were talking, Yankee G.M. Cedric Tallis came by in a frenzy. He paused momentarily to tell us—and anyone else who would listen—about something that Billy had just said.

Cedric was gone as quickly as he'd arrived. Then came Henry Hecht of the *New York Post*. He explained to me exactly what had happened. He and Murray Chass of *The New York Times* had run into Billy, who was apparently enraged that I hadn't apologized to him. When the two reporters asked him about the situation, Billy had said, "One's a born liar and the other's convicted." He was talking about me and George. I was the born liar; George was the convict (a reference to his 1974 felony conviction for making illegal campaign contributions to Richard Nixon).

Hecht then said that they'd asked Billy if he wanted that statement printed. Billy said to go ahead and put it in the story.

At that moment, I was still so depressed that the full impact of Billy's statement hadn't yet sunk in. But as I began to walk toward the plane, it started to become clear. I realized the fatal potential of Billy's rash comments. I made an immediate

decision to stay as quiet as possible on the subject. I wouldn't say anything, wouldn't step back into the storm. I didn't need it, couldn't handle it. For the first time in my career, I'd bit my tongue and shut up.

I wasn't on the plane two minutes when Chass, who was sitting across the aisle from me, said he wanted to get my comments. I switched seats to move closer to him. In my mind, I heard the words echo: "No comment." And that's exactly what came out of my mouth.

The next day in Kansas City, Billy held a press conference and tearfully told the world he was resigning. Every writer, every coach, every player knew differently. George Steinbrenner had fired him.

Hot damn. I felt like I'd won the lottery. I'd get to feel that way for almost a week, until I lost my lottery ticket on Old-Timers' Day the following Saturday.

I should have seen it coming in Kansas City as I watched Billy's press conference on television before we went to the ball park that night. It was such a great act, such a brilliant demonstration of public relations. It was almost sickening schmaltz, but it worked. There were the tears. There was Billy's speech about the Yankee pinstripes. There was his statement about how he wouldn't answer any questions about his resignation. It was about as much a resignation as a man being pushed out of a speeding car.

Billy is not an intellectual, but there is a cunning level to him that is something to behold. I watched and thought, Shit, he's turned the whole thing around. He's become the victim!

George apparently saw it that way. During the following week, he held secret meetings with Billy and rehired him to manage the team again beginning in 1980. George would play the news for all it was worth, announcing it melodramatically before the old-timers game in New York on Saturday.

Meanwhile, Bob Lemon arrived in Kansas City to replace Billy. Lem was exactly what we needed at the time, a tough old baseball veteran with an even disposition who immediately seemed to throw a blanket of calm over all the smoldering fires Billy had left behind. The day Lem showed up, we were ten and a half games behind the Red Sox. We won that night and cut it to nine and a half.

I didn't know at the time that we were starting out on the road to a miracle.

Lem wasn't one for making speeches or having meetings. He was a Californian who was laid back before anyone invented laid back. One day in August, after we'd ripped off another four in a row, he said to me, "This is the way I like it. You guys play, and I sit in the dugout and enjoy."

We played. He enjoyed. And suddenly we had the Red Sox in our sights.

It was, well, just one of those things. The way the Miracle Braves of 1914 were one of those things. The way the Giants' catching the Dodgers in 1951 after being



"The maiden could sue, of course. But the prince would appeal, and it would be years before she could collect, if ever."



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13 games back was one of those things.

From the time Lem showed up in Kansas City, we went 48-20 down the stretch. We won 12 of 15 in one streak and 12 of 14 in another, and once we got our nose in front of the Red Sox at the top of the stretch, we kept it there until the last day of the regular season, when we lost to the Indians while the Sox won up in Boston, forcing a one-game play-off for the American League East title.

Game number 163 for the Yankees and the Red Sox in 1978 was something kind of special. Afterward, some people would call it the greatest game ever played. That was for the writers and the fans. Ballplayers don't think that way. But it did all come down to that beautiful Indian-summer day in Boston, with Guidry doing his thing.

By the seventh, we were losing 2-0. Mike Torrez, who'd been traded to Boston that year and who had one win in the past six weeks, was making us look bad. There were two out and two on in the seventh when Bucky Dent came up. On the second pitch Torrez threw him, Bucky fouled one off his foot and went down. No one was saying much in the dugout while the trainer went out to spray some pain-killer on Bucky's foot. We were all watching Bucky. Except for Mickey Rivers. He was staring out at Bucky's bat.

"He cracked his bat," Mickey said.

Someone, I forget who, said, "What?"

Rivers repeated, "Cracked his bat." Then he went down to the rack, got one of his own—Bucky had been using Mickey's bats—and handed it to the bat boy.

It was sort of significant.

Because on the next pitch, Torrez threw a fast ball down the middle and Bucky hit this fly ball to left that just happened to stay in the air long enough to land in the screen over the Green Monster—that just happened to become one of the most famous home runs in baseball history.

The play-offs and the world series could have been anticlimactic after that. It was the Royals again in the play-offs, after all, followed by the Dodgers again in the series—a replay of '77. But after the comeback, we weren't about to leave the season with anything less than the big trophy. We took care of the Royals in four games in the play-offs, then the Dodgers in six in the series.

As for myself, I didn't feel the same sense of relief and redemption that I'd felt at the end of the '77 season. As bizarre as the early and middle parts of '78 were, as much as we all felt like we'd landed in the cuckoo's nest, nothing was ever going to compare with my first Yankee season, if we're talking about ordeals. But I did walk away from the '78 season with my credentials as Mr. October intact.

In the 1977 post-season, I'd been in 11 games and hit .306, with five homers and nine R.B.I.s. In the world series, I'd broken nine batting records and tied a bunch of others. In the 1978 post-season, I was

better. No brag. Fact. In 10 games, I hit .416, with four dingers. I drove in 14 runs.

Coming on the heels of 1977, it was like getting a 20-minute coffee break between world wars, both of which you won.

The first tragedy of the '79 season came just ten days after we won the '78 series. While the rest of us were sitting back and smiling a lot and letting the scope of what we'd accomplished sink in, Bob Lemon's youngest son, Jerry, was killed in a jeep accident. It was said afterward that Jerry was particularly close to Lem, a chip off the old block. I don't know about that. I just know that when I called Lem with my condolences, he sounded like a man who'd had his heart cut out.

It was obvious in spring training that Lem was a changed man. He had been such a happy-go-lucky guy the year before. But in Fort Lauderdale, there was such a sadness about him. It should have been a good time for everyone as we tried to go for three in a row. Except that Jerry Lemon was dead, and something had died in his father.

I remember sitting with Lem in his office one day and hearing him say, "Meat"—he called all his players Meat—"I just wonder if it's worth it anymore."

What do you say? I told him to hang with us; maybe we could give him something back for the way he'd saved us the previous summer. I hoped that I would never have to go through what he was going through as we stumbled along, crippled by injuries, in the early stages of the 1979 season.

Steinbrenner, of course, was already getting antsy, as only he could. No one knew at the time—early June—that George was having phone conversations and secret meetings with Billy about him coming back to manage ahead of schedule. Even with all that had happened, with key injuries to people like Goose Gossage and me, none of the players were ready to hit the panic button. But George was.

It was in mid-June, during a three-city trip, that the phone in my hotel room started ringing after midnight. Writers calling. "Billy's coming back early, Reggie, and what do you think about that?"

I called Lem's room and told him I wanted to talk to him. In a tired voice, he said, "Come ahead, Meat. I think I know what you want to talk about."

He was wearing his pajamas and holding a healthy-looking drink when he opened the door. He didn't look defeated. He just looked like Lem.

I sat down and said, "Is it true?"

Lem just smiled at me. "It's true, Meat. They're kicking me upstairs. Except they're really sending me home. Maybe it's best for everyone."

Here was this big, proud man, one of the most admired pitchers of his time, a manager whose skills were never really appreciated by George or anyone else, sitting in his pajamas in the middle of the

night in a Texas hotel room, drinking his drink and talking about going home to California, where the memories would, unfortunately, be more bad than good.

"Every whore has his price, Meat," he said quietly. "I guess I found mine. They're going to keep paying me, so I take it like a man and keep my mouth shut."

Every whore has his price. Lem said he had his. I was starting to think that if I stuck around the Yankees and kept watching George write this crazy script again and again, maybe I had mine, too.

I woke up with an oxygen mask slapping me in the face, like my father telling me it was time for school. It wasn't a dream, though. I was in one of the passenger seats in Thurman Munson's baby, his twin-engine Cessna Citation.

Thurman had convinced Graig Nettles and me to fly with him from Seattle to Anaheim in the middle of our West Coast swing. Our wars were behind us by then, and if we weren't best friends, I at least thought of us as battle-scarred comrades who'd finally achieved a warm measure of respect. It was July 12, 1979, five days before the All-Star break.

There were four of us: Thurman at the controls, a copilot, Nettles, me. Thurman made a big production out of telling me where to sit. He told me later that the joke was supposed to be on me. One of the oxygen masks wasn't working too well, and during the flight he'd planned on telling me to put it on.

Problem was, when the mask came down, it was for real. While I was dozing, its release mechanism was triggered automatically. Still a little groggy, I heard Thurman say, "Nothing in this damn thing ever works completely right." I straightened up in my seat, the grogginess a thing of the past, and noticed that the instrument panel was lit up like a Christmas tree. There was a lot of blinking going on. I am no aeronautical expert, but I used to own a twin-engine, and I was pretty sure that what I was seeing in Thurman's Cessna was a definite excess of blinking.

I said, "Is anything the matter, captain?"

He said, "The altimeter seems to be off. I think that's why the masks came down. I've got to get this whole thing checked out during the All-Star break."

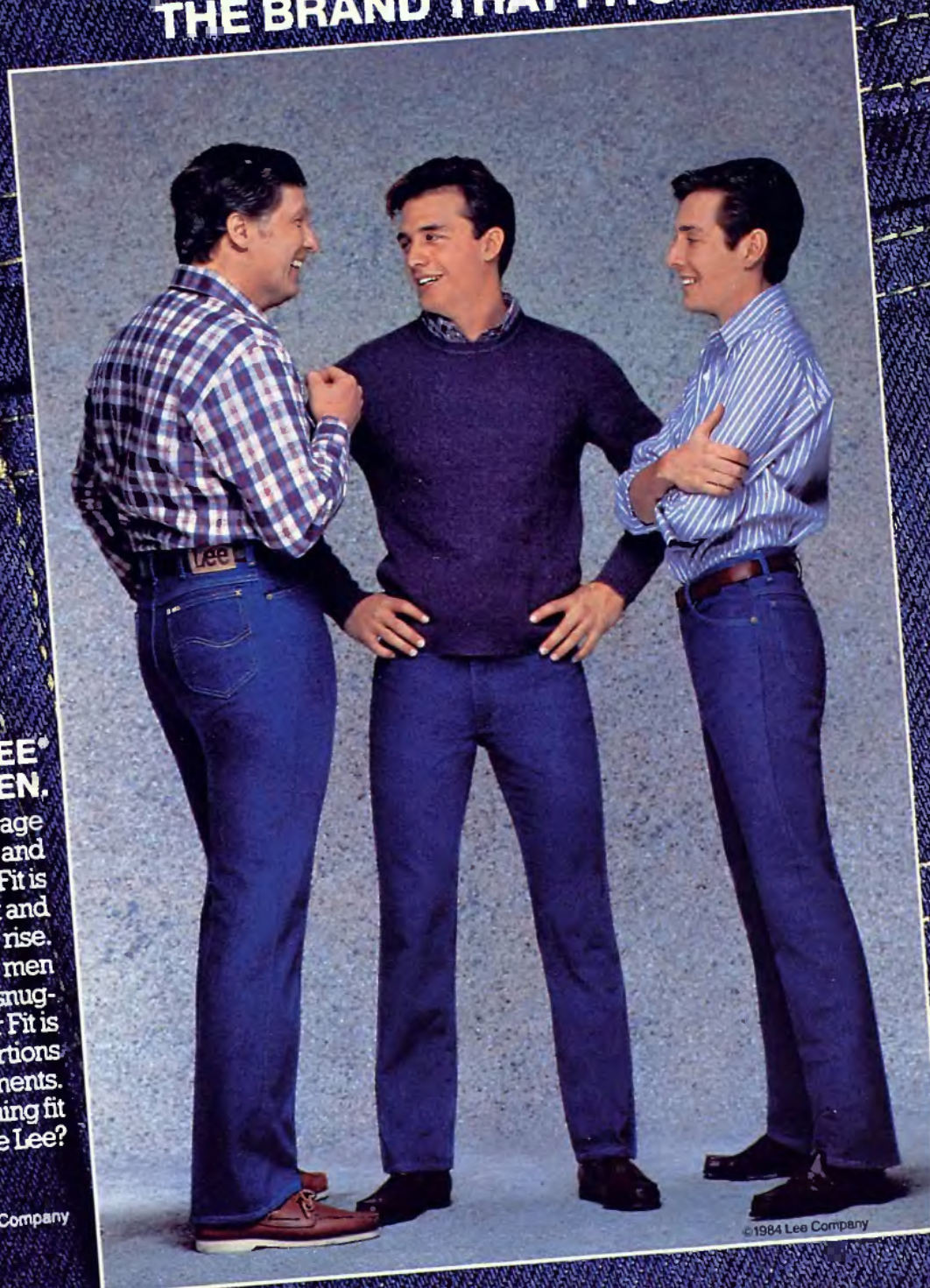
Thurman and I had a running debate about his flying. I always told him that it was terrific to have a plane of his own, but he didn't have to fly it. Thurman would grin his crooked grin and shake his head from side to side. "I like to fly myself," he'd say.

Our debate always ended the same way. I wish to hell now I'd been a better debater. You think about that kind of thing afterward. When it's too late.

So there we were. Nettles and I were watching the blinking, and Thurman told us that we were just a few miles from the

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Orange County Airport. He said that the fog had come in and visibility wasn't too good, so we might have to make one pass at the airport before landing. I refastened the oxygen mask to the ceiling and told him to wake me when it was over.

He couldn't take it down first pass. The fog really was thick. I asked Thurman how low we'd gone.

"About six hundred feet," he said. "No problem."

A few minutes later, we landed. I was dating a stewardess who lived down in Orange County at the time, and I'd arranged for her to pick me up. When we got to the car, she was white as a sheet.

"Who was flying that thing?" she asked.

I said, "Thurman. You knew that."

"Well, why did he buzz the field?"

"What are you talking about?" I said.

"We were six hundred feet up."

She said, "Like hell you were. Try a hundred. When he took it down that first time, he scared the daylights out of us."

Three weeks later, on August first, we played a night game in Chicago. Thurman had the plane at Midway Airport; he was leaving for his home in Canton, Ohio, right after the game to be with his wife, Diane, and the kids. He wanted me to spend the day with him in Canton, then fly to New York. He tried to get Piniella and Bobby Murcer to go with him, too. He was excited about getting his captain's license.

Said he'd be practicing touch-and-go landings.

Said he wanted me to come watch.

Bobby and Lou and I all passed. Bobby said that maybe if we all kept after him, we could get him to give up the flying thing once and for all. "It doesn't make any sense," Murcer said.

After my own experience in Anaheim, I figured he had that right.

While practicing touch-and-go landings

in Canton the next afternoon, Thurman crashed his Cessna and died.

In the clubhouse the next night, it was as if we were all in suspended animation, locked in time, forced to be a part of a nightmare. Thurman's mask was in his locker. His uniform. Everything. And no one wanted to look at any of it. You didn't want to be in the room. This was a baseball place. A place for games. People got hurt in baseball. They had slumps. They lost pennants. They yelled at each other and got into fights. But there was always another day to play. Another game. *People didn't die.*

It was so freaky to be in the room that night. I can't remember a silence like it in my life, not before or since. We all moved around in a trance. Then we were on the field and the game was starting. A message that George had written about Thurman appeared on the scoreboard. Then the people in the stadium began an ovation that went on and on, an eerie ovation that just would not stop. I was standing at my position in right field, and I just broke down. The message was about "our captain" and about how he would always be with us.

Thurman: smiling the crooked grin and talking about flying and that damned million-dollar airplane.

Thurman: the one who gave me the nickname Mr. October, even if he did it sarcastically at the time. It was right at the start of the '77 world series and I'd had a terrible play-off against the Royals. Someone asked Thurman about the latest turmoil and he said, "I guess Billy isn't aware that Reggie is Mr. October." Then I finished with the three dingers and he came up afterward and, putting an arm around my shoulder, said, "See, I knew what I was doing when I gave you the nickname, you big coon." Maybe things started to turn around for us right then.

Seasons can go wrong for so many dif-

ferent reasons, especially when a team is coming off two world championships and what people were calling the best comeback ever. A season can go wrong because guys get hurt or get old or because the big guns just don't produce. Sometimes another team comes along and is just plain better. Sometimes there is complacency. Sometimes it's a combination.

In 1979, there was this awful combination: Jerry Lemon died. George decided to replace Lem with Billy ahead of the 1980 timetable. Thurman crashed his plane.

In retrospect, we were lucky to finish fourth. The final standings were the least important aspect of the season. With all the craziness off the field the two previous years, we had always had baseball—the game—to bail us out. In a strange kind of way, it was the game itself that was our reality, certainly our haven of sanity.

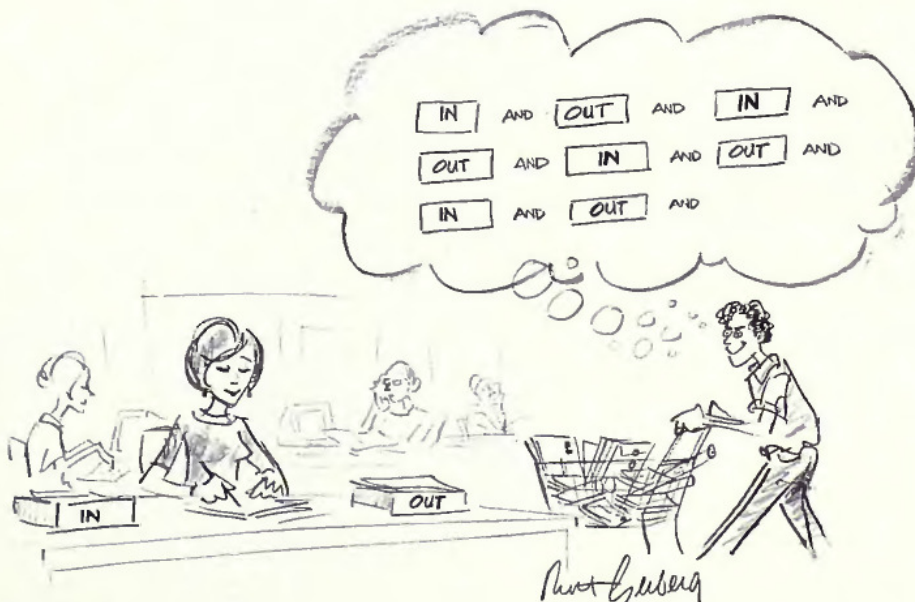
With Thurman's death, though, it seemed like there was no sanity left. Anywhere.

You've heard of that movie *The Big Chill*? In 1980, I really felt like I was getting The Big Stroke from just about everyone except George. And with that kind of support from the town and the team, I knew I could handle him. Plus, I had Dick Howser, who'd been named manager after Billy was fired during the off season for punching a marshmallow salesman. Howser was simply one of the best men I ever played for. No fuss. No big heart-to-heart chats. No nonsense. Howser treated me with respect, the way Earl Weaver had in Baltimore. He just put my name into the fourth slot in the batting order and left it there from April until October. The result was that I had my best regular season since 1969, when I'd hit the 47 dingers in Oakland. We won 103 games and I hit 41 dingers, had 111 R.B.I.s. And I hit .300 for the first time in my major-league career, a milestone of which I was very proud.

The season would be marred at the end, when we didn't make the world series. I really wanted to go all the way for Howser. But maybe it was inevitable that the Royals would finally get us in the play-offs. Maybe it was just their time.

And maybe we all finally got so sick and tired of George Steinbrenner's badgering that we died on the man. The Royals would sweep us three straight in the 1980 play-offs, and never in my professional life have I seen a team that was so relieved to get a season over with.

The league championship series opened in Kansas City. We lost two in a row and Steinbrenner snapped. We'd barely got into the clubhouse when he came storming in. He must have broken his own seat-to-clubhouse record getting there, and as soon as I took a look at him, I knew it was trouble. Face red, screwed into this painful grimace. Big chest heaving. I've always



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thought that George, being as overweight as he is, doesn't fit the image he wants to project. He wants to exude power. He wants to look like a military man, all spit and polish.

So now he walked to the middle of the clubhouse, ready to explode, and he went ahead and did it.

And no one cared.

No one was listening to him. We didn't want any more of his silly psychological games. We were tired of all his front running, of having him tell us we were fabulous when we won and lousy when we lost. The guys just wanted to go home. We were tired of George's hot air, just tired of it all. It was like something had died in the room, like you could actually hear the balloon deflating.

That isn't supposed to happen in October, not to the Yankees, not to me. But there it was. If George hadn't broken everybody's spirit, he sure had put a dent in it.

The next night in New York, George Brett hit a home run ten miles off Goose Gossage and that was that. No pennant. No world series. It was over for everybody except Dick Howser.

George waited about a month before firing him.

I was 35 years old and was about to become a two-time free agent when the 1981 baseball strike began. We were out for 52 games. When we came back, we found we'd already won the A.L. East, because the powers that be had decided to split the season. The Yankees were in first place when the strike began. The Yankees were in the play-offs. Simple.

So there was no big incentive for us in the second half, and the result was that we played listless, .500 ball. I won all the listless awards. I could not get out of the funk, no matter how hard I tried. My average remained around .200. I went three weeks without a dinger.

During the depths of my slump, I showed up at the park early one day and found a typewritten message from Cedric Tallis informing me that the team was invoking its contractual right to demand that I take a full physical.

I read it. I reread it. I went upstairs to talk to Cedric. I was so angry I couldn't see straight (which was sort of ironic, since one of the tests they wanted me to undergo the next day was an ophthalmological exam). It wasn't enough that Steinbrenner had jerked me around during the winter with the phony tease of a new long-term contract, a contract that never came. Now, in a free-agent season that had already gone so wrong for me, he wanted to plant seeds of doubt around the league about my physical well-being. His game had gotten even dirtier than usual.

After I passed the obligatory medical exam, I called George, who'd wanted me to fly to Tampa to see him. When he got on the line, he wanted to know what had

happened with the physical.

"Fuck the physical, George." I spit the words into the phone. "I've got a plane to catch, so I don't have a lot of time. Maybe I had given up on the season before yesterday and today. Maybe the way I've been playing is my own fault. Maybe you don't think I can play anymore. Well, I am going to play my ass off the rest of the season, and I'm going to show you and everybody else that there isn't a player in the world further from being washed up than me. I'm not comin' to Tampa, 'cause we don't have anything to talk about. I'm goin' to Chicago to play some ball and do my job. Then it's goodbye. 'Cause I'm gone!"

The conversation was over. I had a plane to catch.

I started playing my ass off the next night against the White Sox. I went into Chicago hitting .217. From that point until the end of the regular season, I hit .265 with nine dingers and 26 R.B.I.s, which was right there with any September I'd had as a Yankee. For about the 900th time in New York, I was answering with the best weapon I've ever had: my bat.

It was not a dull post-season.

They never were.

We won the first two games of the A.L. East miniseries against Milwaukee. And I began to think, Damn, we're going to pull ourselves together and win again. And I began to think that there was a special survival instinct in the Yankee clubhouse that came from playing for someone like George. Then a funny thing happened.

We lost the third game, on Friday night at the stadium.

We lost the fourth game on Saturday afternoon, and George began another series of clubhouse tantrums and public pronouncements that now seemed like reruns of an old sitcom I'd already seen too many times.

Suddenly, it was 1978 all over again. Yankee Stadium, a Sunday night this time, instead of a Monday afternoon in Boston. But the stakes were the same: One game to decide the championship of the American League East.

And the game? We won it, of course. The score was 7-3. I hit a big dinger, in the middle of a 3-for-4 night.

After that, we beat the Oakland A's three straight for the pennant. Even though it was Yankees *vs.* Billyball, Reggie *vs.* Billy, the series turned out to be anticlimactic after that fifth game against the Brewers. Billyball had been all the rage when the A's got off to a great start, but the team hadn't been much during the second half. You could see that Billy had "Martinized" another pitching staff. He'd worn his kid starters out during the season—teaching them all to throw spitters, never going to the bullpen—and by the time they got to October, they were done. We pounded them pretty good.

We opened the world series in New

York, winning two in a row. It became a blur of comedy after that. We went to Los Angeles and lost three straight games, with George bitching and meddling all the way. The Dodgers beat Guidry on Sunday afternoon with a couple of late home runs. George showed up with his hand in a cast—and a very fat lip—Monday morning, saying he'd gotten into an elevator brawl with a couple of drunk Dodger fans. He said they'd been bad-mouthing New York and the Yankees. Said he had to uphold our honor by busting them up.

We all thought it was hilarious.

If this was a frantic effort to motivate us after the way he'd gone about screwing the series, it wasn't going to work; the series had gotten away from us. Los Angeles blew us out in game six. The Dodgers, who'd lost the last four games to us in '78, finally had their revenge.

The crowning irony had to do with Steinbrenner. Always he had screamed at us about embarrassing New York. Always he had screamed at me about embarrassing the Yankees. In five October days in 1981, he had become the biggest embarrassment of all. Before we even left the clubhouse after the game, he had issued his infamous statement apologizing to the city of New York for the Yankee loss.

George Steinbrenner should have apologized for himself. No one else. I had watched him play the fool for the last time, on my dime, anyway.

I rode to Yankee Stadium the next day to clear out my locker. I knew it was the last time I would go there as a Yankee.

It was a gray October day as I made the ride up Madison Avenue, the same ride I had made so often over the years, in good times and bad, sometimes driving faster than I should have because I couldn't wait to get to the park and get a bat in my hands, sometimes crying, as I had one terrible day in 1977. I remembered all the summer afternoons when there'd been groups of black kids on the corner as I got farther and farther uptown, recognizing the Rolls, yelling out my name, coming over and slapping me five through an open window when I stopped at a light on my way to the Madison Avenue Bridge. I remembered driving the same drive the night I hit the three dingers against the Dodgers and hearing on the radio that Steinbrenner had sweetened Billy's contract with a bonus.

Lots of rides. To the big ball park.

I thought that day about having been a Yankee, and how even though we'd been the greatest show on earth, we'd made the image of the Yankees go wrong somehow. The Yankees are the most famous team in the world. Hell, the nickname for Americans is Yankees. I was grateful to have been a Yankee, will always feel that a part of me is a Yankee. But as I rode up Madison Avenue that day, I wished we all could have done it better.



BERNARD and HUEY

...SO I WAS BY FAR THE OLDEST PERSON AT THE PARTY.



AND THEY WERENT PLAYING MUSIC I UNDERSTOOD. AND MOST OF THE MEN WORE EARRINGS.

AND AROUND MIDNIGHT THEY STARTED SNOORTING COKE.



WELL, I'M ANTI-COKE; I'M PROBOOZE. SO I FAKED IT.

BUT THEN EVERYONE STARTED TELLING DEALER STORIES. EVERYONE AT THE PARTY HAD A COLORFUL DRUG DEALER.



BUT I DONT HAVE A DEALER. SO WHEN IT CAME MY TURN, I TOLD A STORY ABOUT MY CHIROPRACTOR. BUT I TURNED HIM INTO A DEALER.

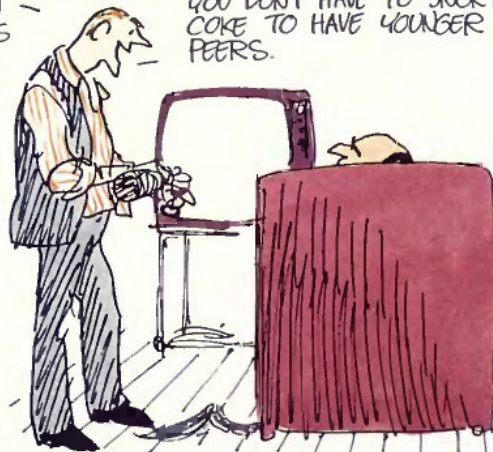


AND ALL THE KIDS SAID IT WAS THE BEST STORY OF THE EVENING! —



IT'S A GOOD LESSON FOR US OLDER GUYS, HUEY:

WITH A LITTLE ADJUSTMENT, YOU DONT HAVE TO SNOORT COKE TO HAVE YOUNGER PEERS.



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"For us, anything's possible. Even sex across seven hundred miles. Did you like it?"

research on a mining company headquartered there. He took an early-morning flight, had lunch with three earnest young Mormon executives overflowing with joy at the bounty of God as manifested by the mineral wealth of the Overthrust Belt in Wyoming, spent the afternoon leafing through geologists' survey sheets and had dinner alone at his hotel. Afterward, he put in his obligatory call to Jan, worked up his notes of the day's conferences and watched TV for an hour, hoping it would make him drowsy. Maitland didn't mind these business trips, but he slept badly when he slept alone, and any sort of time-zone change, even a trifling one like this, disrupted his internal clock. He was still wide-awake when he got into bed about 11.

He thought of Laurel. He felt very near to her, out here in this spacious, mountain-ringed city with the wide, bland streets. Probably Salt Lake City was not significantly closer to Phoenix than San Francisco was, but he regarded both Utah and Arizona as the true wild West, while his own suburban and manicured part of California, paradoxically, did not seem Western to him at all. Somewhere due south of here, just on the far side of all these cliffs and canyons, was the unknown woman he loved.

As though on cue, she was in his mind:

—Lonely?

—You bet.

—I've been thinking of you all day. Poor Chris, sitting around with those businessmen, talking all that depletion gibberish.

—I'm a businessman, too.

—You're different. You're a businessman outside and a freak inside.

—Don't say that.

—It's what we are, Chris. Face it. Flukes, anomalies, sports, change-lings—

—Please stop, Laurel. Please.

—I'm sorry.

A silence. He thought she was gone, taking flight at his rebuke. But then:

—Are you *very* lonely?

—Very. Dull, empty city; dull, empty bed.

—You're in it.

—But you aren't.

—Is that what you want? Right now?

—I wish we could, Laurel.

—Let's try this.

He felt a sudden astounding intensifying of her mental signal, as if she had leaped the hundreds of miles and lay curled against him here. There was a sense of physical proximity, of warmth,

even the light perfume of her skin, and into his mind swept an image so acutely clear that it eclipsed for him the drab realities of his room: the shore of a tropical ocean, fine pink sand, gentle pale-green water, a dense line of heavy-crowned palms.

—Go on, Chris. Into the water.

He waded into the calm wavelets until the delicate sandy bottom was far below his dangling feet and he floated effortlessly in an all-encompassing warmth, in an amniotic bath of placid, soothing fluid. Placid but not motionless, for he felt, as he drifted, tiny convulsive quivers about him, an electric oceanic caress, pulsations of the water against his bare skin, intimate, tender, searching. He began to tingle. As he moved farther out from shore, so far now that the land was gone and the world was all warm water to the horizon, the pressure of those rhythmic pulsations became more forceful, deeply pleasurable: The ocean was a giant hand lightly squeezing him. He trembled and made soft sighing sounds that grew steadily more vehement and closed his eyes and let ecstasy overwhelm him in the ocean's benignly insistent grip. Then he grunted and his heart thumped and his body went rigid and then lax, and moments later he sat up, blinking, astonished, eerily tranquil.

—I didn't think anything like that was possible.

—For us, anything's possible. Even sex across seven hundred miles. I wasn't sure it would work, but I guess it did, didn't it? Did you like it?

—Do you need an answer, Laurel?

—I feel so happy.

—How did you do it? What was the trick?

—No trick. Just the usual trick, Chris, a little more intense than usual. I hated the idea that you were all alone, horny, unable to sleep.

—It was absolutely marvelous.

—And now we're lovers. Even though we've never met.

—No. Not altogether lovers, not yet. Let me try to do it to you, Laurel. It's only fair.

—Later, OK? Not now.

—I want to.

—It takes a lot of energy. You ought to get some sleep, and I can wait. Just lie there and glow and don't worry about me. You can try it with me another time.

—An hour? Two hours?

—Whenever you want. But not now. Rest now. Enjoy. Good night, love.

—Good night, Laurel.

He was alone. He lay staring up into

the darkness, stunned. He had been unfaithful to Jan three times before, not bad for nine years, and always the same innocuous pattern: a business trip far from home, a couple of solitary nights, then an official dinner with some woman executive, too many drinks, the usual half-serious banter turning serious, a blurry one-night stand, remorse in the morning and never any follow-up. Meaningless, fragmentary stuff. But this—this long-distance event with a woman he had never even seen—seemed infinitely more explosive. For he had the power and Jan did not and Laurel did; and Jan's mind was closed to his and his to hers, and they could only stagger around blindly trying to find each other, while he and Laurel could unite at will in a communion whose richness was unknown to ordinary humans. He wondered if he could go on living with Jan at all now. He felt no less love for her than before, and powerful ties of affection and sharing held him to her; but yet—even so—

In guilt and confusion, Maitland drifted off into sleep. It was still dark when he woke—3:13 A.M., said the clock on the dresser—and he felt different guilt, different confusion, for it was of Laurel now that he thought. He had taken pleasure from her, and then he had collapsed into postorgasmic stupor. Never mind that she had told him to do just that. He felt, and always had, a peculiarly puritanical obligation to give pleasure for pleasure, and unpaid debts were troublesome to him. Taking a deep breath, he sent strands of consciousness through the night toward the south, over the fire-hued mountains of central Utah, over the silent splendor of the Grand Canyon, down past the palm trees into torrid Phoenix, and touched Laurel's warm, sleepy mind.

—Hnhh.

—It's me. I want to, now.

—All right. Yes.

The image she had chosen was a warm sea, the great mother, the all-encompassing womb. He, reaching unhesitatingly for a male equivalent, sent her a vision of himself coming forth on a hot, dry summer day into a quiet landscape of grassy hills as round as tawny breasts. Cradled in his arms he held her gleaming porcelain jar, the one she had shown him. He bent, tipping it, pouring forth from it an enormous snake, long and powerful but not in any way frightening, that flowed like a dark rivulet across the land, seeking her, finding, gliding up across her thighs, her belly. Too obvious? Too coarsely phallic? He wavered for a moment but only a moment, for he heard her moan and whimper, and she reached with her mind for the serpent as it seemed he was withdrawing it; he drove back his qualms and gave her all the energy at his command, seizing the initiative as he sensed her complete surrender. Her signal shivered and lost focus. Her breathing grew ragged and hoarse, and

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then into his mind came a quick, surprising sound, a strange, low growling that terminated in a swift, sharp gasp.

—Oh, love. Oh. Oh. Thank you.

—It wasn't scary?

—Scare me like that as often as you want, Chris.

He smiled across the darkness of the miles. All was well. A fair exchange: symbol for symbol, metaphor for metaphor, delight for delight.

—Sleep well, Laurel.

—You too, love. Mmm.

This time, Jan knew that something had happened while he was away. He saw it on her face, which meant that she saw it on his; but she voiced no suspicions, and when they made love the first night of his return, it was as good as ever. Was it possible, he wondered, to be bigamous, to take part with Laurel in a literally superhuman oneness while remaining Jan's devoted husband and companion? He would, at any rate, try. Laurel had shared his soul as no one ever had and Jan never could, yet she was a phantom, faceless, remote, scarcely real; and Jan, cut off from him as most humans are from all others, nevertheless was his wife, his partner, his bedmate, the mother of his children. He would try.

So he took the office gossip home to her as always and went out with her twice a week to the restaurants they loved and sat beside her at night watching cassettes of operas and movies and Shakespeare, and on weekends they did their weekend things, boating on the bay and tennis and picnics in the park and dinner with their friends, and everything was fine. Everything was very fine. And yet he managed to do the other thing, too, as often as he

could. Just as he had successfully hidden from Jan the enigmatic secret mechanism within his mind that he did not dare reveal to anyone not of his sort, so, too, now did he hide the second marriage, rich and strange, that that mechanism had brought him.

His lovemaking with Laurel had to be furtive, of course, a thing of stolen moments. She could hardly draw him into that warm, voluptuous ocean while he lay beside Jan. But there were the business trips—he was careful not to increase their frequency, which would have been suspicious, but she came to him every night while he was away—and there was the occasional Saturday afternoon when he lay drowsing in the sun of the garden and found that whispering transparent surf beckoning to him, and once she enlivened a lunchtime for him on a working day. He roused the snake within his soul as often as he dared; and nearly always she accepted it, though there were times when she told him no, not now, the moment was wrong. They had elaborate signals to indicate a clear coast. And for the ordinary conversation of the day, there were no limits; they popped into each other's consciousness a thousand times a day, quick, flickering interchanges, a joke, a bit of news, a job triumphantly accomplished, an image of beauty too potent to withhold. As he was crossing the bridge, entering his office, reaching for the telephone, unfolding a napkin—suddenly, there she was, often for the briefest flare of contact, a tag touch and gone. He loved that. He loved her. It was a marriage.

He snooped in Mountain Bell directories at the library and found her telephone number, which he hardly needed, and her address, which at least confirmed that she really did exist in tangible, actual Phoe-

nix. He manufactured a trip to Albuquerque to appraise the earnings prospects of a small electronics company and slipped off up the freeway to Santa Fe to visit the gallery that showed her pottery: eight or ten superb pieces, sleek, wondrously skilled. He bought one of the smaller ones. "You don't have any information about the artist, do you?" he asked the proprietor, trying to be casual, heart pounding, hoping to be shown a photograph.

The proprietor thought there might be a press release in the files and rummaged for it. "She lives down Phoenix way," she said. "Comes up here once or twice a year with her new work. I think it's museum quality, don't you?" But she could not find the press release. When Laurel flashed into his mind that night back in Albuquerque, he did not tell her he owned one of her jars or that he had been researching her. But he wondered desperately what she looked like. He played with the idea of visiting Phoenix and somehow getting to meet her without telling her who he was. So long as he kept his mind sheathed, she would never know, he thought. But it seemed sneaky and treacherous; and it might be dangerous, too. She had told him often enough not to come to her city.

In the fourth month of their relationship, he could no longer control his curiosity. She sent him a view of her studio, amazingly neat, the clay, the wheels, the kiln, the little bowls of pigment and glaze all fastidiously in their proper places.

—You left one thing out, Laurel.

—What's that?

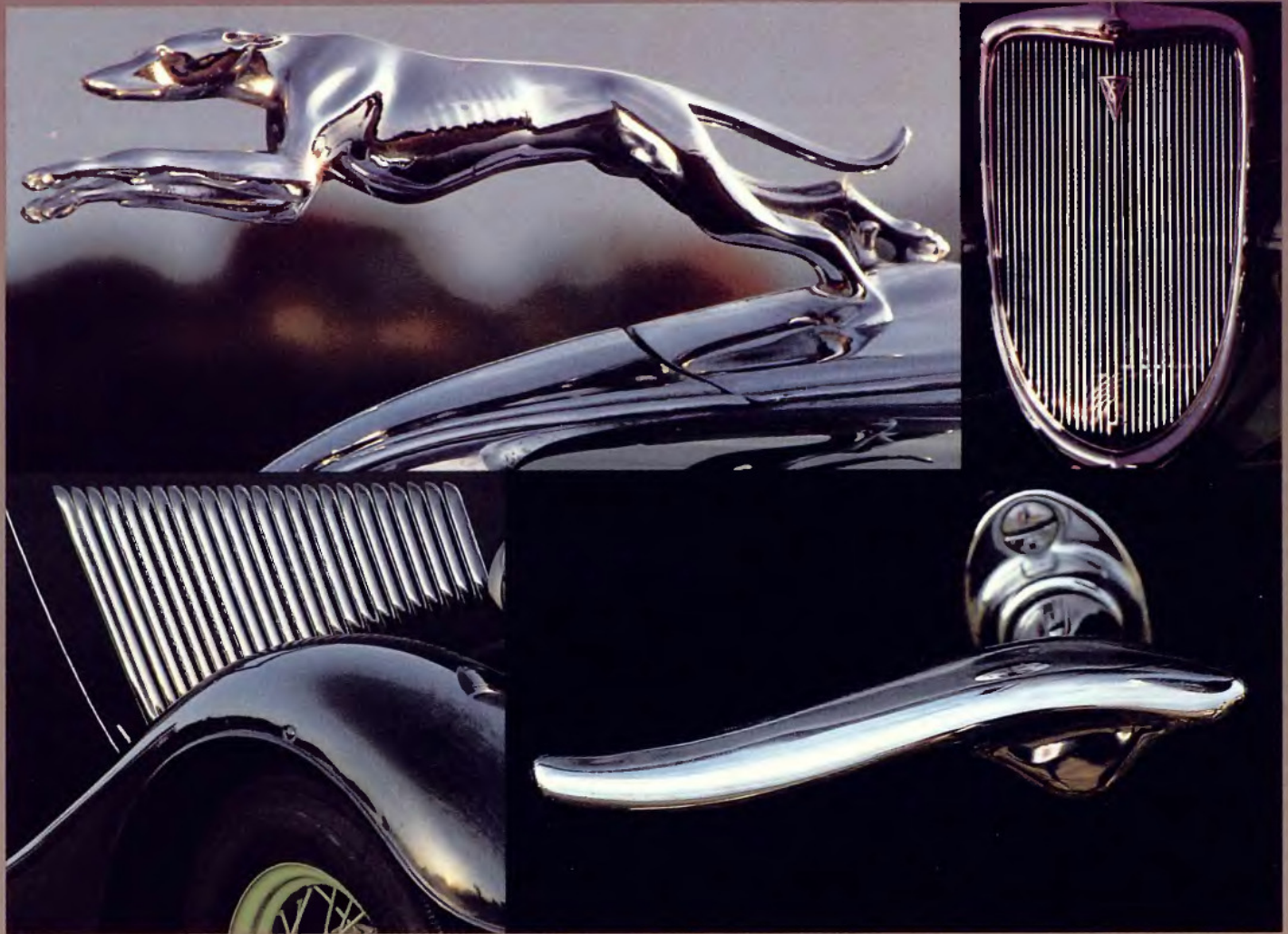
—The potter herself. You didn't show me her.

—Oh, Chris.

—What's the matter? Aren't you ever curious about what I look like? We've been all over each other's minds and



"My place, your place or here?"



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bodies for months and I still don't have any idea what you look like. That's absurd.

—It's so much more abstract and pure this way.

—Wonderful. Abstract love! I want to see you.

—I have to confess. I want to see you, too.

—Here, then. Now.

He sent her, before she could demur, a mental snapshot of his face, trying not to retouch and enhance it. The nose a trifle too long, the cleft chin absurdly Hollywood, the dark hair thinning a bit at the part line. Not a perfect face but good

enough, pleasant, honest, nothing to apologize for, he thought. It brought silence.

—Well? Am I remotely what you expected?

—Exactly, Chris. Steady-looking, strong, decent—no surprise at all. I like your face. I'm very pleased.

—Your turn.

—You'll promise not to be disappointed?

—Stop being silly.

—All right.

She flared in his mind, not just her face but all of her, long-legged, broad-shouldered, a woman of physical presence and strength, with straightforward open fea-

tures, wide-set brown eyes, a good smile, a blunt nose, conspicuous cheekbones. She was not far from the woman he had imagined, and one aspect, the dark, thick, straight hair falling past her shoulders, was amazingly as he had thought.

—You're beautiful.

—No, not really. But I'm OK.

—Are you an Indian?

—I must have sent you a good picture, then. I'm half. My mother was Navaho.

—You learned your pottery from her?

—No, dopey. Navahos make rugs. Pueblos make pottery. I learned mine in New York, Greenwich Village. I studied with Hideki Shinoda.

—Doesn't sound Pueblo.

—Isn't. Little Japanese man with marvelous hands.

—I'm glad we did this, Laurel.

—So am I.

But seeing her in the eye of his mind, while gratifying one curiosity, had only intensified another. He wanted to meet her. He wanted to touch her. He wanted to hold her.

Snake. Ocean. They were practiced lovers now, a year of constant mental communion behind them. She came to him as a starfish, thousands of tiny suction-cup feet and a startling devouring mouth, and at another time as a moist, voluptuous mass of warm, smooth white clay and as a whirlpool and as a great, coy, lighthearted amoeba; and he manifested himself to her as a flash flood roaring down a red-rock canyon and as a glistening vine coiling through a tropic night and as a spaceship plunging in eternal free fall between worlds. All of these were effective, for they needed only to touch each other with their minds to bring pleasure; and each new access of ingenuity brought an abstract pleasure of its own. But even so, they tended often to revert to the original modes, snake and ocean, ocean and snake, the way one might return to a familiar and modest hotel where one had spent a joyous weekend at the beginning of an affair, and somehow it was always best that way.

Their skill at pleasuring each other struck them both as extraordinary. They liked to tell each other that the kind of lovemaking they had invented and of which they were perhaps the sole practitioners in the history of humanity was infinitely superior to the old-fashioned type, which was so blatant, so obvious, so coarse, so messy. Even so, even as he said things like that, he knew he was lying. He wanted her skin against his skin, her breath on his breath.

She was no longer so coy about her life outside their relationship. Maitland knew now that her husband was an artist from Chicago, not very successful, a little envious of her career. She showed him some of his work, unremarkable abstract-expressionist stuff. Maitland was jealous of the fact that this man—Tim, his name was—

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shared her bed and enjoyed her proximity, but he realized that he had no jealousy of the marriage itself. It was all right that she was married. Maitland had no wish to live with her. He wanted to go on living with Jan, to play tennis with her and go to restaurants with her and even to make love with her; what he wanted from Laurel was just what he was getting from her, that cool, amused, intelligent voice in his mind, and now and then the strange ecstasy that her playful spirit was able to kindle in his loins across such great distances. That much was true. Yet also he wanted to be her lover in the old, blatant, obvious, coarse, messy way, at least once, once at least. Because he knew it was a perilous subject, he stayed away from it as long as he could, but at last it broke into the open one night in Seattle, late, after the snake had returned to its jar and the lapping waves had retreated and he lay sweaty and alone in his hotel-room bed.

—When are we finally going to meet?

—Please, Chris.

—I think it's time to discuss it. You told me a couple of times, early on, that I must never come to Phoenix. OK. But couldn't we get together somewhere else? Tucson, San Diego, the Grand Canyon?

—It isn't the place that matters.

—What is it, then?

—Being close. Being too close.

—I don't understand. We're so close already.

—I mean physically close. Not emotionally, not even sexually. I just mean that if we came within close range of each other, we'd do bad things to each other.

—That's crazy, Laurel.

—Have you ever been close to another telepath? As close as ten feet, say?

—I don't think so.

—You'd know it if you had. When you and I talk long-distance, it's just like talking on the phone, right, plus pictures? We tell each other only what we want to tell each other, and nothing else gets through. It's not like that close up.

—Oh?

—There's a kind of radiation, an aura. We broadcast all sorts of stuff automatically. All that foul, stinking, nasty cesspool stuff that's at the bottom of everybody's mind, the crazy prehistoric garbage that's in us. It comes swarming out like a shriek.

—How do you know that?

—I've experienced it.

—Oh. Boston, years ago?

—Yes. Yes. I told you, I did this once before.

—But he was crazy, you said.

—In a way. But the craziness isn't what brought the other stuff up. I felt it once another time, too, and *she* wasn't crazy. It's unavoidable.

—I want to see you.

—Don't you think I want to see you, too, Chris? But we can't risk it. Suppose we met and the garbage got out and we

hated each other ever afterward?

—We could control it.

—Maybe. Maybe not.

—Or else we could make allowances for it. Bring ourselves to understand that this stuff, whatever it is that you say is there, is normal, just the gunk of the mind, nothing personal, nothing that we ought to take seriously.

—I'm scared. Let's not try.

He let the issue drop. When it came up again, four months later, it was Laurel who revived it. She had been thinking about his idea of controlling the sinister emanation, throttling it back, shielding each other. Possibly it could be done. The

temptation to meet him in the flesh, she said, was overwhelming. Perhaps they could get together and suppress all telepathic contact, meet just like ordinary humans having a little illicit rendezvous, keep their minds rigidly walled off and that way at last consummate the intimacy that had joined their souls for a year and a half.

—I'd love to, Laurel.

—But promise me this. Swear it to me.

When we do get together, if we can't hold back the bad stuff, if we feel it coming out, that we go away from each other instantly. That we don't negotiate, we don't try to work it out, we don't look for angles—we

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just split, fast, if either of us says we have to. Swear?

—I swear.

He flew to Denver and spent a fidgety hour and a half having cocktails in the lounge at the Brown Palace Hotel. Her flight from Phoenix was supposed to have landed only half an hour after his, and he wondered if she had backed out at the last minute. He got up to call the airport when he saw her come in, unmistakably her, taller than he expected, a big, handsome woman in black jeans and a sheepskin wrap. There were flecks of melting snow in her hair.

He sensed an aura.

It wasn't loathsome, it wasn't hideous, but it was there, a kind of dull, whining, grinding thing, as of improperly oiled machinery in use three blocks away. Even as he detected it, he felt it diminish until it was barely perceptible. He struggled to rein in whatever output he might be giving off himself.

She saw him and came straight toward him, smiling nervously, cheeks rigid, eyes worried.

"Chris."

He took her hand in his. "You're cold, Laurel."

"It's snowing. That's why I'm late. I haven't seen snow in years."

"Can I get you a drink?"

"No. Yes. Yes, please. Scotch on the rocks."

"Are you picking up anything bad?"

"No," she said. "Not really. There was just a little twinge when I walked in—a kind of squeak in my mind."

"I felt it, too. But then it faded."

"I'm fighting to keep it damped down. I want this to work."

"So do I. We mustn't use the power at all today."

"We don't need to. The old snake can have the day off. Are you scared?"

"A little."

"Me, too." She gulped her drink. "Oh, Chris."

"Is it hard work, keeping the power damped down?"

"Yes. It really is."

"For me, too. But we have to."

"Yes," she said. "Do you have a room yet?"

He nodded.

"Let's go upstairs, then."

Like any unfaithful husband having his first rendezvous with a new lover, he walked stiffly and somberly through the lobby, convinced that everyone was staring at them. That was ridiculous, he knew; they were more truly married, in their way, than anybody else in Denver. But yet—but yet—

They were silent in the elevator. As they approached their floor, the aura of her burst forth again, briefly, a fast, sour vibration in his bones, and then it was gone altogether, shut off as though by a switch. He worked at holding his down, too. She smiled at him. He winked. "To the left," he said. They went into the room. Heavy snowflakes splashed against the window; the wide bed was turned down. She was trembling. "Come on," he said. "I love you. You know that. Everything's all right."

They kissed and undressed. Her body was lean, athletic, with small, high breasts, a flat belly, a dark appendectomy scar. He drew her toward the bed. It seemed strange, almost perverse, to be doing things in this antiquated fleshly way, no snake, no ocean, no meeting of the minds. He was afraid for a moment that in

the excitement of their coupling, they would lose control of their mental barriers and let their inner selves come flooding out, fierce, intense, a contact too powerful to handle at such short range. But there was no loss of control. He kept the power locked behind the walls of his skull; she did the same; there were only the tiniest leakages of current. But there was no excitement, either, in their lovemaking. He ran his hands over her breasts and trapped her nipples between his fingers and gently parted her thighs with his knee and pressed himself against her as though he had not been with a woman in a year, but the excitement seemed to be all in his head, not in his nerve endings. Even when she ran her lips down his chest and belly and teased him for a moment and then took him fiercely and suddenly into her mouth, it was the *idea* that they were finally doing this, rather than what they were actually doing, that resonated within him. They sighed a little and moaned a little and finally he slipped into her, admiring the tightness of her and the rhythms of her hips and all that, but nevertheless, it was as though this had happened between them a thousand times before: He moved, she moved, they did all the standard things and traveled along to the standard result. Not enough was real between them; that was the trouble. He knew her better than he had ever known anyone, yet in some ways he knew her not at all, and that was what had spoiled things. That and holding so much in check. He wished he could look into her mind now. But that was forbidden and probably unwise, too; he guessed that she was annoyed with him for having insisted on this foolish and foredoomed meeting, that she held him responsible for having spoiled things between them, and he did not want to see those thoughts in her mind.

When it was over, they whispered to each other and stroked each other and gave each other little nibbling kisses, and he pretended it had been marvelous, but his real impulse was to pull away and light a cigarette and stare out the window at the snow, and he wasn't even a smoker. It was simply the way he felt. It had been only a mechanical thing, only a hotel-room screw, not remotely anything like snake and ocean: a joining of flesh of the sort that a pair of rabbits might have accomplished, or a pair of apes, without content, without fire, without joy. He and she knew an ever so much better way of doing it.

He took care to hide his disappointment.

"I'm so glad I came here, Chris," she said, smiling, kissing him, taking care to hide her disappointment, too, he guessed. He knew that if he entered her mind, he would find it bleak and ashen. But, of course, he could not do that. "I wish I could stay the night," she said. "My plane's at nine. We could have dinner



"When you said we were going to depend on our guns for food, I thought. . . ."



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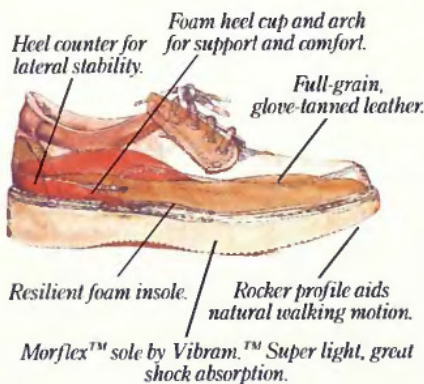
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downstairs, though."

"Is it a terrible strain, keeping the power back?"

"It isn't easy."

"No. It isn't."

"I'm so glad we did this, Chris."

"Are you?"

"Yes. Yes. Of course."

They had an early dinner. The snow had stopped by the time he saw her to her cab. So: You fly up to Denver for a couple of hours of lust and steak, you fly back home, and that's that. He had a brandy in the lounge and went to his room. For a long while, he lay staring at the ceiling, sure that she would come to him with the ocean and make amends for the unsatisfactory thing they had done that afternoon. She did not. He wondered if he ought to send her the snake as she dozed on her plane and did not want to. He felt timid about any sort of contact with her now. It had all been a terrible mistake, he knew. Not because of that emanation from the dirty depths of the psyche that she had so feared but only because it had been so anticlimactic, so meaningless. He waited for a sending from her, some bright little flash out of Arizona. She must surely be home now. Nothing came. He went on waiting, not daring to reach toward her, and finally he fell asleep.

Jan said nothing to him about the Denver trip. He was moody and strange, but she let him be. When the silence out of Phoenix continued into the next day and the next, he grew even more grim and skulked about wrapped in black isolation. Gradually, it occurred to him that he was not going to hear from Laurel again, that they had broken something in that hotel room in Denver and that it was irreparable, and, oddly, the knowledge of that gave

him some ease: If he did not expect to hear from her, he did not have to lament her silence. A week, two, three and nothing. So it was over. That hollow little grunting hour had ruined it.

Somehow he picked up the rhythms of his life: work, home, wife, kids, friends, tennis, dinner. He did an extensive analysis of Southwestern electric utilities that brought him a commendation from on high, and he felt only a mild twinge of anguish while doing his discussion of the prospects for Arizona Public Service as reflected in the municipal growth of the city of Phoenix. He missed the little tickle in his mind immensely, but he was encapsulating it, containing it, and after a fashion, he was healing.

One day a month and a half later, he found himself idly scanning the mind-noise band again, as he had not done for a long while, just to see who else was out there. He picked up the loony babble out of Fort Lauderdale and the epicene static from Manitoba, and then he encountered someone new, a bright, clear signal as intense as Laurel's, and for a dazzled instant a sudden fantasy of a new relationship blossomed in him, but then he heard the nonsense syllables, the slow, firm, strong-willed stream of gibberish. There were no replacements for Laurel.

Two months later, in Chicago, where he had been sent to do a survey of natural-gas companies, he began talking to a youngish woman at the Art Institute, and by easy stages some chatter about Monet and Sisley turned into a dinner invitation and a night in his hotel room. That was all right. Certainly, it was simpler and easier and less depressing than Denver. But it was a bore, it was empty and foolish, and he regretted it deeply by breakfast time, even while he was taking down her num-

ber and promising to call the next time he was in the Midwest. Maitland saw the post-Laurel pattern of his life closing about him now: the Christmas bonus, the trip to Hawaii with Jan, braces for the kids, the new house five years from now, the occasional quickie romance in far-off hotel rooms. That was all right. That was the original bargain he had made, long ago, entering adult life: not much ecstasy, not much grief.

On the long flight home that day, he thought without rancor or distress about his year and a half with Laurel and told himself that the important thing was not that it had ended but that it had happened at all. He felt peaceful and accepting and was almost tempted to reach out to Laurel to thank her for her love and wish her well. But he was afraid—afraid that if he touched her mind in any way, she would pull away, timid, fearful of contact in the wake of that inexplicably sundering day in Denver. She was close by now, he knew, for the captain had just told them that they were passing over the Grand Canyon. Maitland did not lean to the window, as everyone else was doing, to look down. He sat back, eyes closed, tired, calm.

And felt warmth, heard the lapping of surf, saw in the center of his mind the vast ocean in which Laurel had so many times engulfed him. Really? Was it happening? He let himself slide into it. A little flustered, he hid himself behind a facade of newspapers, the *Chicago Tribune*, *The Wall Street Journal*. His face grew flushed. His breathing became rougher. Ah. Ah. It was happening, yes, she had reached to him, she had made the gesture at last. Tears of gratitude and relief came to him, and he let her sweep him off to a sharp and pounding fulfillment five miles above Arizona.

—Hello, Chris.

—Laurel.

—Did you mind? I felt you near me and I couldn't hold back anymore. I know you don't want to hear from me, but—

—What gave you that idea?

—I thought—it seemed to me—

—No. I thought you were the one who wanted to break it up.

—I? I missed you so much, Chris. But I was sure you'd pull away.

—So was I, about you.

—Silly.

—Laurel. Laurel. I'm so glad you took the chance, then.

—So am I.

—Let me have the snake, Chris.

—Yes. Yes.

He stepped out into the tawny sunbaked hills with the heavy porcelain jar and tipped it and let the snake glide toward her. It was all right after all. They had made mistakes, but they were the mistakes of too much love, and they had survived them. It was going to be all right: snake and ocean, ocean and snake, now and always.



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SISKEL AND EBERT

(continued from page 129)

"The only thing I remember about 'Debbie Does Dallas' is that Debbie should have cleaned her fingernails."

compared to Jimmy Stewart a lot. But that doesn't seem to happen anymore.

EBERT: Let me put it this way: I resemble a handsome Buddy Hackett. Gene is more of an ugly Elliott Gould. Actually, Gene looks exactly like George Gershwin. They have the same profile, the same lack of hair. We're often called the Laurel and Hardy or the Abbott and Costello of film criticism. We really have to thank our lucky stars that there were three Stooges.

7.

PLAYBOY: To which movie star do you relate most closely?

SISKEL: I love Jack Nicholson. I identify especially with his characters in the early Seventies. I've always felt a kinship with him. Gene Hackman once told me, "I always go to a Nicholson movie thinking he knows something about life, about girls, and he's going to tell me the secret in the movie, but he never does. And I still keep coming back."

EBERT: Marcello Mastroianni in *La Dolce Vita*, playing a gossip columnist in Rome. That character is the character in the movies most like me, not in terms of physical details but in terms of his spiritual



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dilemma: being torn between getting out the daily piece and writing that great novel that he knows he has in him. I'd like to write a novel someday. It would be about a frustrated Midwestern movie critic who thinks he's Jack Nicholson.

8.

PLAYBOY: If it were consistent with the dramatic intent of a film, which actress would you most like to see shed her clothes?

SISKEL: Nastassja Kinski excites me sexually more than any other person in the movies today. I think she is capable of unbridled lust. And she looks great without her clothes on. I had the pleasure of interviewing her over breakfast in the coffee shop of the Sherry-Netherland Hotel. I drank 12 cups of coffee and almost passed out afterward. She was not as hot in person, though, as she is on the screen. But who would be? Movie critics, for some reason, don't often talk about the erotic elements in films—maybe because they're embarrassed to admit they got sexually aroused by a movie. But, clearly, you don't get neutered when you become a movie critic.

EBERT: I object to that question. You have to ask what *character* you would like to see drop her clothes, otherwise you're just turning it into a flesh market. I recently interviewed Joanna Pacula, the young Polish actress who was in *Gorky Park*, and she explained with real pain in her voice how hard it was for her to do the sex scene in that movie. As I heard the tone of her voice, I realized that it's altogether too easy for movie audiences to sit back in their chairs, like judges at a livestock auction, and watch people take off their clothes. At the point when an actress takes off her clothes, something very strange happens. We are no longer looking at a fiction film; we are now looking at a documentary. These are real people. So to sit back and talk about what actress I'd like to see lose her laundry is, I think, extremely distasteful, and I'm disappointed in Gene for having that kind of attitude toward Nastassja Kinski or anyone else.

9.

PLAYBOY: How many porno films do you see? How would you improve them?

EBERT: I see fewer than one a year. They're boring. The only thing I remember about *Debbie Does Dallas* is that Debbie should have cleaned her fingernails.

I would improve hard-core movies by making them soft-core. Graphic detail is not erotic. What's erotic is character, situation and suggestion, along with attractive nudity. A new trend in erotic movies is dialog in bed. You get a promising situation and then the characters talk. The French know better than that. They don't do a lot of talking during sex scenes. But it's almost as if an American star can't get into bed without delivering a few wisecracks or pseudo-significant psychological

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insights. Eroticism comes out of situation, not dialog.

SISKEL: I don't go to many porno films. I see some on cable at home, but they are really kind of boring.

To help eroticism, you have to reduce the number of elements: Remove dialog, put music on the sound track and repeat action. Allow people to concentrate on the sex taking place. The most erotic moments for me in movies, typically, are quiet, simple moments with more and more intense lovemaking stretched out over time. Don't cut away from the action. Let it play. Let people get into a trancelike state, into some kind of sexual fantasy. You do that by simplifying. Most porno films are over-cut. All the cutting to the various body parts, oddly enough, works against the eroticism.

10.

PLAYBOY: How do you shut up an obnoxious movie talker or a crying baby?

SISKEL: The general decline of manners in society is reflected in the limited society called the movie theater. And that's too bad. Movie talkers are really unaware of how well they can be heard. My solution is to say, "Excuse me, I'm a movie critic." I show them my note pad and say, "Believe it or not, I'm working here, and if you could whisper more quietly, I'd appreciate it." People respond to that. They understand trying to make a living.

As for the crying baby, that's my number-one pet peeve. Throw him out. He doesn't belong there. Hire a baby sitter or leave the kids at home alone. I have a standing offer of ten dollars to any usher who will throw a crying baby out of a theater with his mother. That's a lot for someone who gets paid three bucks an hour. I've paid off only once in ten years. So all of you ushers out there, I may be in your theater tomorrow.

EBERT: I get up and change seats. People have been raised on television. They think they're home in their living rooms. Appropriate noise in a movie theater is part of the fun: when people are laughing or screaming together or when they think something is ridiculous together. But the chronic talker is an incurable condition, and the only thing you can do is get away from him—babies included.

11.

PLAYBOY: Some critics are much more vicious than you. Who goes too far?

EBERT: Critics who are cruel are probably extremely lacking in self-confidence. John Simon has as little self-confidence as any human being I've met. He absolutely vibrates in reaction to any perceived challenge to his stature. He is obsessed by what people think about him.

I wouldn't name anybody else in particular. There is a point at which you are describing a movie and there is a point at which you are trying to hurt somebody. There are just too many people working

on a movie to be able to single anyone out in that way.

SISKEL: It pays nothing to knock your colleagues, and a question such as this almost puts a positive spin on the word vicious. There are so many critics in New York that some of them—in an effort to have their voices heard—may feel a need to shout, positively or negatively, a little more loudly than they would if they were writing someplace else. And that's unfortunate, because so many of the New York critics are excellent. They have great minds and they love movies intensely. But the environment can force some of them to speak to one another instead of to the general moviegoer.

12.

PLAYBOY: Neither of you owns home-video equipment. Are you holding out for a clearance sale?

SISKEL: I have an aversion to technology in general. Until last year, I had the 12-inch Sony TV set I bought in 1970. I have never owned a record player. I go out to the movies, and when I go home I prefer to read. I am just a mechanical nincompoop. I suspect I will get some of the stuff. Frankly, we need it for our work. You can study films; it's great preparation. I mean, there's a real business use here that is going to compel me to—

EBERT: Sounds like you're hoping this will get into print to justify your tax return, right? Well, I'll have a lot of business use for a cassette player, too. In fact, I probably won't use it except for business. Probably the main advantage for both of us in seeing movies in a theater is that a professional projectionist turns on the machine. I don't have an audio tape deck, but I do have a turntable. I mean, I do know how to put a record on and start the needle at the right end of it. But I'm baffled by a lot of this stuff. I'll probably get a VCR, but I'm going to have to have somebody install it and paste little labels on all the buttons for me.

13.

PLAYBOY: When that happens, which films would you most like to own?

EBERT: The first movie: the Beatles' *A Hard Day's Night*. Every time I've seen it—and I must have seen it a dozen times—it's been delightful. I'll probably buy *Pink Floyd: The Wall*. Also *Citizen Kane* and *Casablanca*, to watch a couple of times a year.

SISKEL: I'd build a collection of silent movies. I would like to study them more. That grows out of an interview I did with Fellini, in which he told me that he felt the cinema art had not progressed beyond the silent era. I suspect he's right. One of my favorite films is *City Lights*. I would want a copy of that.

14.

PLAYBOY: Did you lose it at the movies?

SISKEL: No. What Pauline Kael may have

meant in titling her book *I Lost It at the Movies* is that she lost her innocence. The world came rushing in through the movies. The world did not come rushing in for me there. However, there were a couple of movie experiences that told me the way the world was. I remember the anger in the sound track in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. I just remember people yelling as I had never heard before, because I came from a nice family. I remember the colors in *A Star Is Born* and the fantasy in *Peter Pan* and *Song of the South*. I remember being carried away. But I'd be stretching a point to say I lost it at the movies.

EBERT: I think I probably lost more of my innocence at the movies than Gene did, because I grew up in a sophisticated but nevertheless small town in downstate Illinois. Movies were my window into the adult world. There were things that went on that adults understood, such as mixing cocktails or smoking or business meetings. But kids always felt as if the door were being closed on them. At the movies, the door was always open and you were allowed to sit there and uncritically take it all in and think about it later. A lot of us in this country got our lessons on how to behave from the movies. *I Lost It at the Movies* is a brilliant title not only because of what we did lose at the movies but also because of what we found there.

15.

PLAYBOY: What about the other kind of innocence? For instance, the movie *Diner* immortalized the "popcorn surprise." Are there other lascivious tricks you can play on movie-going companions that we should know about?

EBERT: First of all, the popcorn surprise has been around as long as popcorn. I think the ancient Egyptians had the same trick, except they used pine nuts. The pine-nut surprise. As far as I'm concerned, it's an apocryphal story.

But I remember the anxiety over whether or not you were going to hold hands. You know, her hand was kind of down on her leg; yours was on your leg. An eighth of an inch by an eighth of an inch, the two hands would slink toward each other until finally one tentative little finger reached out to make contact with alien flesh. And there was a jerk. She straightened up; then you straightened up. You both looked at the movie. Then—creep, creep, creep—you tried again. They had to have double features back then, because it took you three hours to get those hands together.

The first time I ever went to the movies with a girl, we saw *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. To this day, whenever I think of Alec Guinness, I get a little excited.

SISKEL: The only thing I can recall is the old stretch, where you yawned so you could let your arm drape around a girl. It's been used for years, and it works. That was one of my all-time-favorite

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plays. I was *always* stretching in the movies. And then came the dangerous letting-the-hand-drop-over-the-shoulder, hoping to feel . . . Angora.

16.

PLAYBOY: Let's play doctor to the stars. Name patients, diagnoses and remedies.

EBERT: The doctors are in, and we're g.p.s. Burt Reynolds: He could improve his career by never again answering the phone if the caller were Hal Needham, the man who makes all those movies in which Burt co-stars with the contents of Honest John's used-car lot. Meryl Streep: It's time for her to make a comedy with Jack Nicholson. Richard Gere: I think he should be assigned obligatory underwear to be painted on before he begins any movie. Woody Allen: The more autobiographical he is, the better he is. Chevy Chase: He started out as a writer, so the first time he ever stepped in front of a camera he was poking fun at himself, sort of saying, "I'm not really an actor; I'm kidding you, I'm really a writer." If he's going to go any further in the movies, he's going to have to give that up and just be an actor.

SISKEL: OK, let's operate. Steve Martin: He would do better as a writer; his comedies don't build. Dudley Moore: Stay as sweet as you are. I have no negative advice for him—just reach for bigger and better things. Bo Derek: I think she should take her clothes off in every movie she does. She has a fabulous body, and I would pay five bucks to see it any time. Eddie Murphy: He could do anything; his next move ought to be to take the risk and go for a more dramatic role. Robert Redford and Al Pacino: Don't try to be the head honcho; try playing a smaller, supporting role just to get back to being an actor—à la Jack Nicholson in *Terms of Endearment*.

It was a gutsy move for a very big star, and it's going to supercharge Nicholson's career for the next few years.

17.

PLAYBOY: How do you get perfect popcorn?

EBERT: First, get a black-cast-iron skillet, the kind with a heavy lid. The heavier the lid, the more the moisture will be trapped inside, causing more succulent kernels. You have to use real butter, real salt and good popcorn. Melt some butter in the skillet, throw in the popcorn and put on the lid. The moment you hear the first eight or nine kernels pop, start to slide it back and forth on the fire. Then, when it really starts to pop, you've got to go like crazy, banging it on top of the stove. You're not making popcorn unless people in the next room can't have a conversation because you're banging that pan so hard. SISKEL: I know where to *buy* perfect popcorn, the kind not even *Roger* can make. I buy it at Garrett's popcorn shop in downtown Chicago. Garrett's has never given me a bag, so this is no trade-off here. It makes very good caramel corn, and I like it hot and gooey. Then I have the clerk mix it—this is going to sound absolutely disgusting—with cheese corn, so you get a sweet-and-sour combination that's fabulous, and I love it. I buy that stuff before I go to the movie to avoid the prepackaged imitation popcorn that's been sitting for a week or more. People get ripped off in the quality of popcorn in the theaters.

18.

PLAYBOY: Is popcorn tax deductible?

SISKEL: Whenever I buy popcorn, it goes right on my expense account at the *Chicago Tribune*. That's part of my arrangement. I said that it's an occupational

hazard. I can't control my buying the stuff. The smell is intoxicating.

EBERT: That's fabulous. You know, back when he was dating, he'd tell the girl, "Come on, have a popcorn and a Coke—I can put it on my expense account." The last of the big-time spenders. I don't have an arrangement like that at my paper. They said, "Frankly, with the amount of popcorn you're likely to eat, we couldn't afford to pick up the tab. We'll just give you a car." Only joking.

19.

PLAYBOY: Why do we get the feeling you like each other a lot more than most people would imagine?

SISKEL: You know that old line "The more you know a person, the harder it is for you to dislike him"? That's absolutely true. Roger and I intensely disliked each other. We perceived each other as a threat to our well-being, to our professional security. And we were thrown together a few years ago, but we couldn't keep our distance. We got closer. At this point, the only person who knows him better is his mother.

I wish that I got to know more people at the level at which I know Roger—because I do care for him. I would feel terrible if his life didn't turn out well, and I will gain great joy if we're both hanging around 30 years from now and having a good time. We have shared a sort of magical time together, talking about one of the things we love so much: the movies.

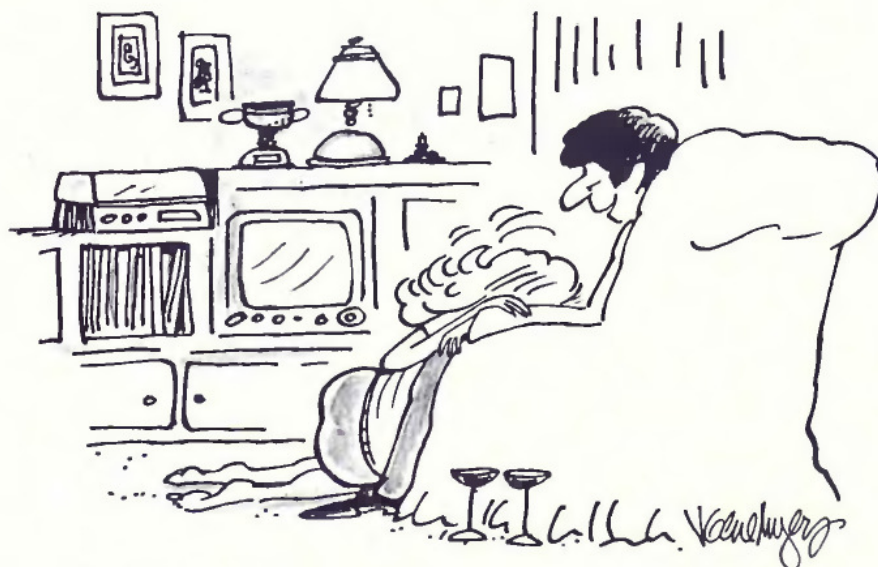
EBERT: I would agree with what Gene said. It is true that when he started out, I didn't like him too much, because I was the youngest film critic in Chicago, the hot-shot. And suddenly they had this kid over at the *Tribune*—a Yale graduate, no less. Of course, that was a strike against him right away. And he was a few years younger, so I perceived him as a threat. One of the peculiar things about working in any profession is that, as you get into your work, more and more you do it by yourself. Certainly, movie critics may read other critics, but they do not collaborate with them in any way. So when we started doing this show, we found that we had never had a serious conversation with each other about the movies. I realized that I respected the guy and that I enjoyed his company. We've been through a lot over the past six or seven years. During that time, he has gotten married and now he's a parent. I've been able to share his joy over those developments. So, yes, at the present moment, I do treasure his friendship. Nevertheless, that doesn't mean that we hang out together. In fact, he still has never invited me to his house for dinner.

20.

PLAYBOY: What's the most fun you can have in the dark?

SISKEL: Sex.

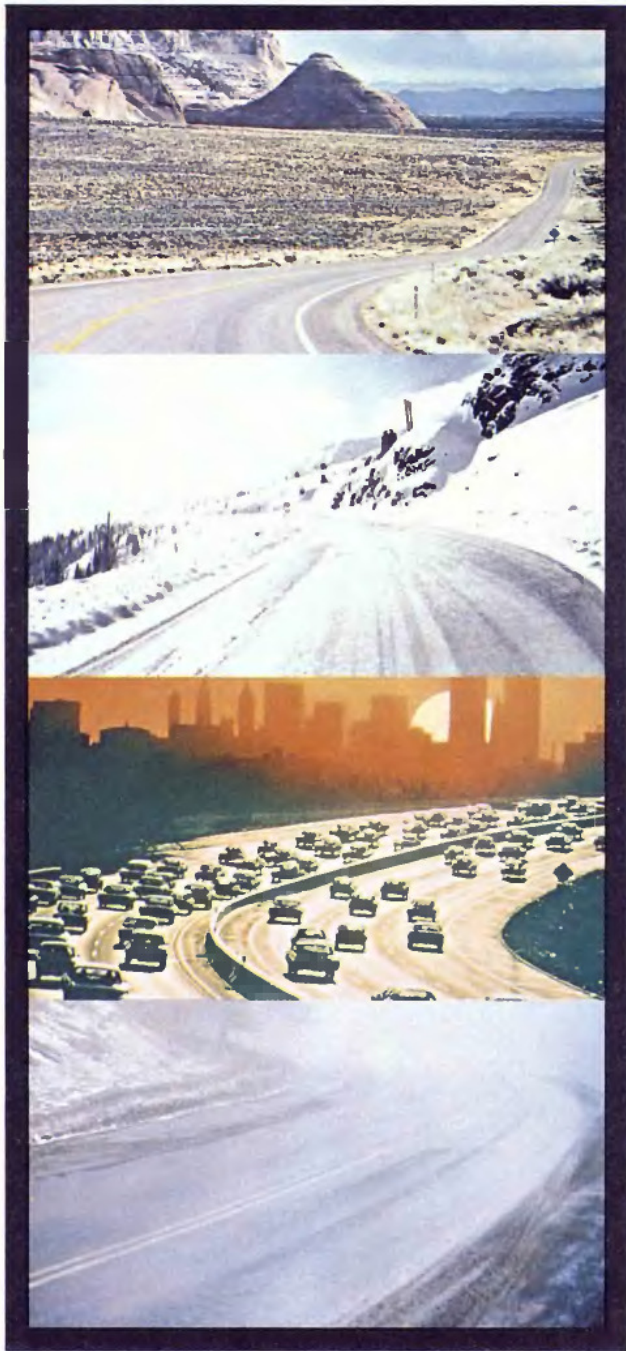
EBERT: Shouting "Start the movie!"



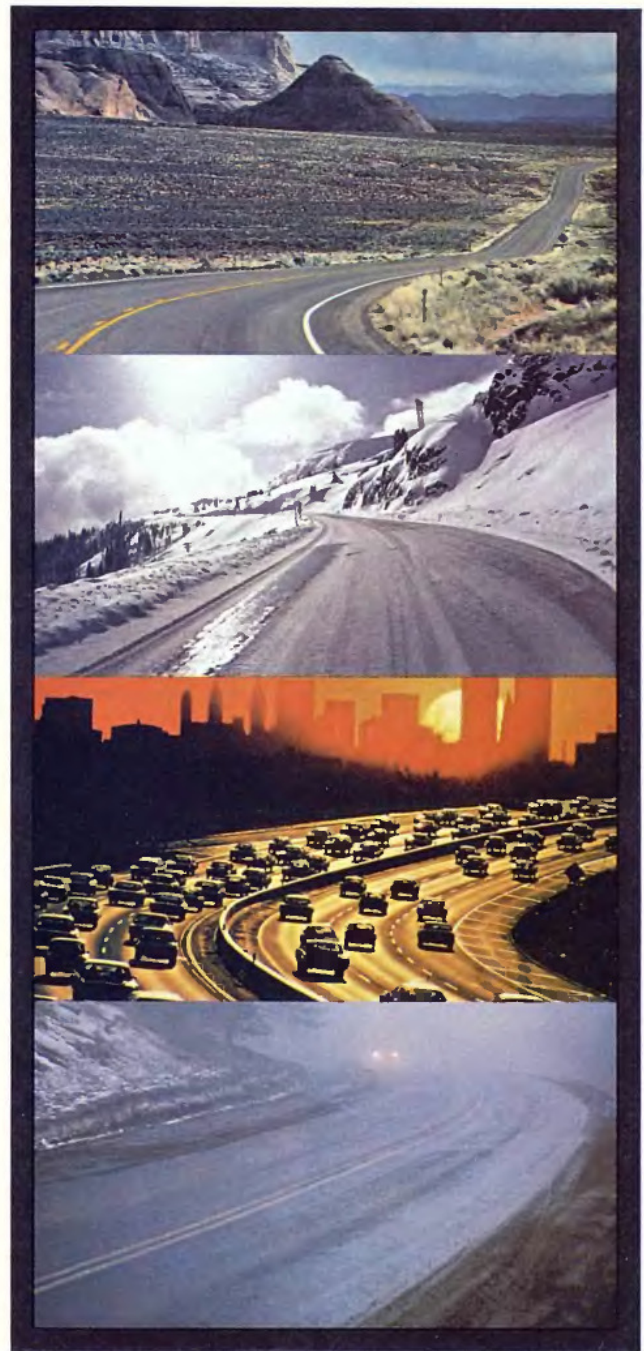
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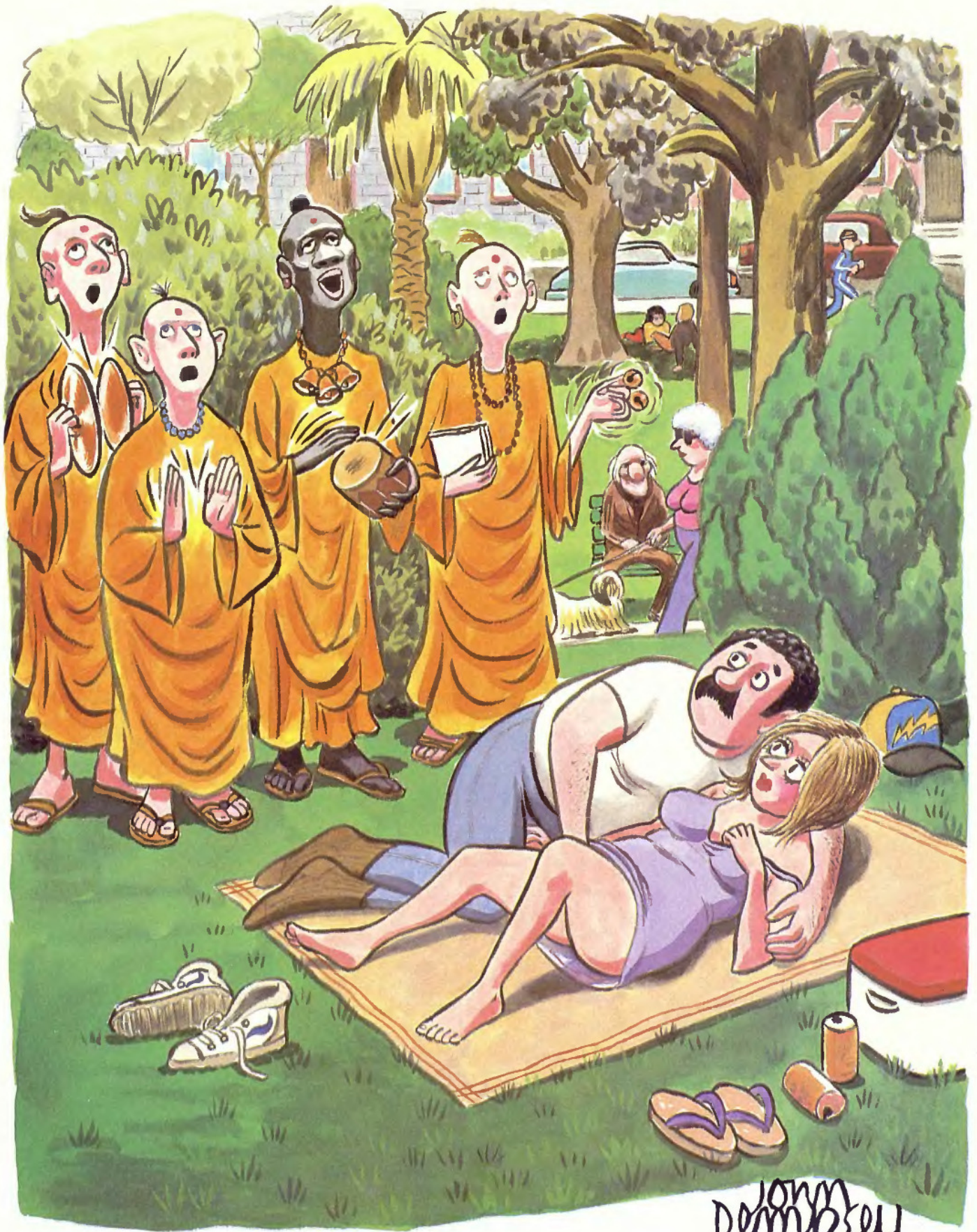
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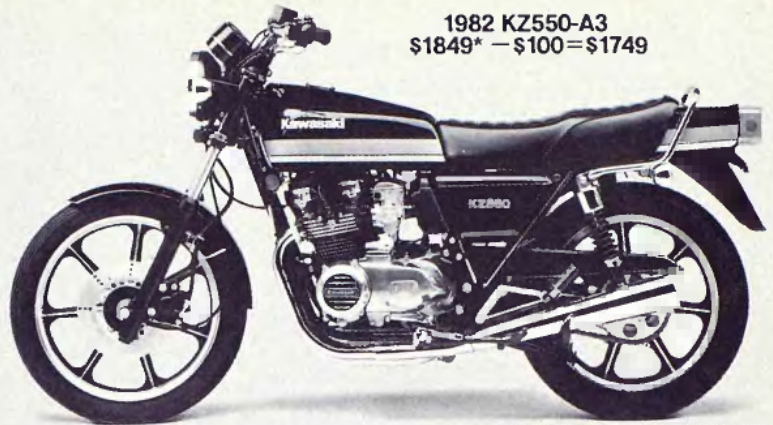
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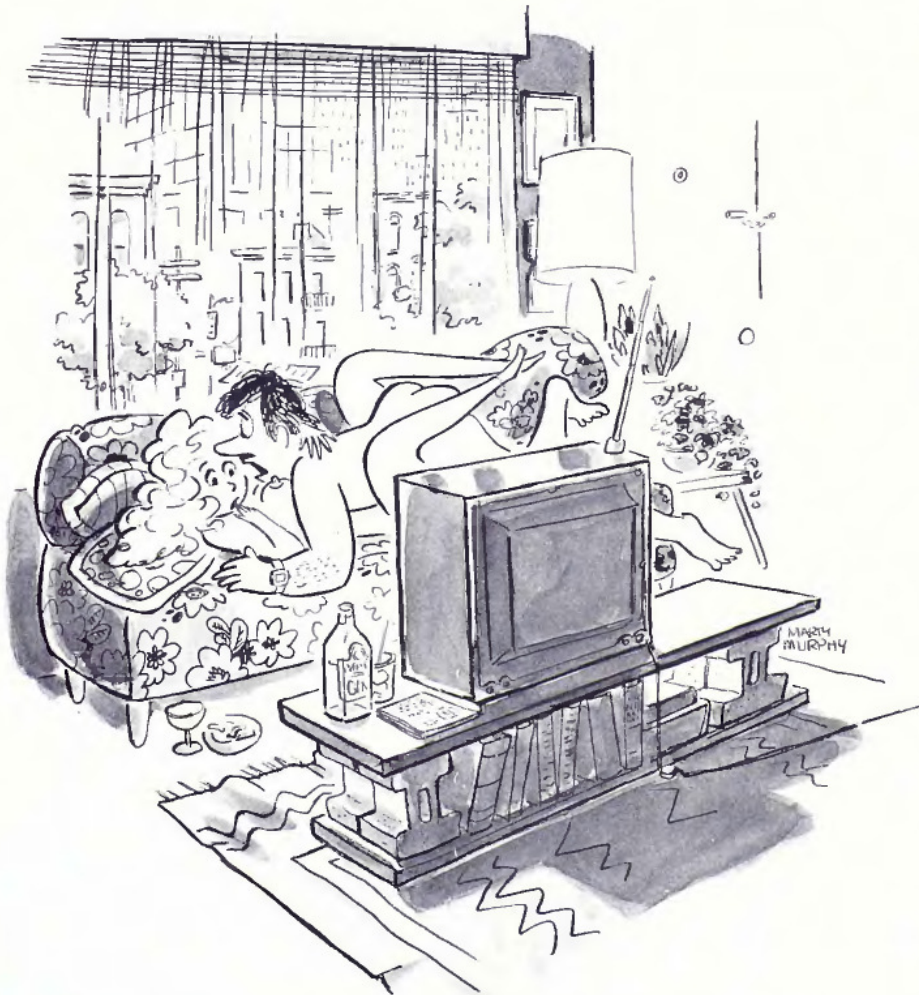
"Reagan exploits our high regard for prayer. He also exploits our sense of patriotism."

economic stability before having a baby, I wouldn't have been born—or if she'd had to prove there was a father in the home, which she couldn't. I'm sensitive to what that represents. On the other hand, my daughter was born six months after my wife and I were married. I understand the tensions and dynamics in these questions, so I think that to demand that people have unequivocal stands on the issue just polarizes things.

It's strange: One group says, "We love babies so much, we insist that people take no measures to prevent their being born." Another group says, "We love babies so much, they must be born under any circumstances." Yet another group says, "We love babies so much, they should arrive only under certain circumstances—

certainly not without parents' having proper housing and job and so forth." So which group loves babies the most?

One solution is to begin serious education in the formative years on the power of your body. The controversy over abortion is a little like the question of nuclear war—do you react the day after or do you take measures the day before? Educate the kids the day before and you'll reduce the chances of a day after. On the other hand—it gets so strange!—what does it mean to be pro-life, to say you love life so much, and then vote against prenatal care, health care, food stamps? So it's easy to play one crowd off against another. It's ringing people's bells. Our job is to find the true common ground between pro-choice and pro-life.



"These 'nooners' used to be a lot more fun before you got hooked on 'As the World Turns.'"

PLAYBOY: You've tried to enlist gays in your coalition. But you are a Baptist minister, and many Baptists regard homosexuality as a sin. Isn't that right?

JACKSON: Well, there's a growing maturity among clergymen and a belief that we should allow God to be the ultimate judge. We must support freedom of choice, but we must remind people that they must live with the consequences of their choices. God gives us freedom of choice—that's why you have so many different denominations—and people have the right to be religious or not religious.

PLAYBOY: Well, we do and we don't. You know, we had Jimmy Carter, who told us he prayed 20 or 40 times a day; Reagan is talking again about making kids pray in school; and here you are, a Baptist minister. Do we ever get enough of you guys?

JACKSON: One can have a commitment to modern imperatives without imposing one's religious persuasion upon other people. I've found in religion, whether I'm with Hindus or Buddhists or Jews or Christians or Moslems, that I try to search for the common ground, the ecumenical spirit. Prayer is a form of discipline that I engage in and it works for me, but this is a secular nation. We have a sacred obligation to welcome the outcast, to feed the hungry and to help the needy—that is a sacred obligation—but our nation lives by the Constitution, not by the Bible.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any fears that this injection of religion into politics will get out of hand?

JACKSON: No, my fear is that secularism and indifference will get out of hand. We cannot become too obsessed with caring for the poor and the disabled and the needy and the rejected, but we can become obsessed with making money and measuring strength by military might.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Reagan's invoking religious appeals all the time? You're a Baptist minister, yet he's the one calling for prayer in the schools.

JACKSON: But it's hypocritical. Reagan's call is to prayer without moral obligation. We are taught in the Bible when anyone says, "Lord, Lord, am I getting to the kingdom?" that a tree shall be known by the fruit that it bears, not by the bark it wears. So Reagan, on the one hand, is for prayer in the schools, while on the other hand, he cuts the school-lunch program. He's for prayer in the schools but *not* for providing food for children who are poor and malnourished. The religious mandate is to feed the hungry, clothe the naked and liberate the captive and to be judged by how you treat the least of those. And my impression is that Reagan exploits people's high regard for prayer. He also exploits our sense of patriotism. When he calls upon us to be patriotic, he knows Americans are patriotic and have good reason to be. Being patriotic and dying in Lebanon should not be seen as one and the

same. You can be patriotic without being foolish.

PLAYBOY: Incidentally, as a Baptist minister, do you have any qualms about appearing in *PLAYBOY*? Some in your faith feel somewhat puritanical.

JACKSON: This puritanical age is also a very punitive age. And it has gone to the logical conclusion. It has chosen superstition over science. But I think our country's strength has always relied on certain kinds of equal combinations—the secular and the spiritual. I think that in some sense, *PLAYBOY* has had this strange combination of the universal appeal of sex on the one hand and its challenging intellectual appeal—these classic *Interviews*—on the other; it attracts an interesting, an unusual mix of people. It's similar to this country's strength: Many people who take pride in the freedom of our secular society reject the fact that this is a secular state. To find a balance—that's the challenge of the miracle of the American experience.

PLAYBOY: Back to more mundane matters. You've expressed some bitterness about how the press has treated you—

JACKSON: I'm not sure I'm bitter about it. People generally are distrustful of the American press, because each night, for the most part, a handful of journalists impose their will on the American public. Most places you go, if you make any kind of joke or crack about the press, people start laughing or hissing or booing, because it's as if they don't have a way to strike back.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel your ties to the Arab world have been unfairly picked on? When the issue of payments by the Arab League to *PUSH* came up on the front page of *The New York Times*, some people around you felt that it was done deliberately. They claim *The New York Times* was out to get you. How do you assess that?

JACKSON: I don't know. Many people at *The New York Times* itself feel it was vindictive and overkill. After all, when I went to Syria, *The New York Times* was scathing about me in its editorials. And when I brought Goodman back, it was ungracious. It *still* found something wrong with my going to Syria. Even though it was within the law, the *Times* was less gracious than President Reagan was—far less gracious. As I recall, it did not put the photograph of Goodman on the front page, as most other papers in the world did. It has taken a definite attitude toward my campaign and what I stand for. [*The New York Times* did, in fact, run the picture of Goodman on its front page.]

PLAYBOY: Why do you think the *Times* has done that?

JACKSON: I think it's self-evident what the *Times* is doing. I just hope that the warfare will end and there will be more congenial relations.

PLAYBOY: Yet your adversaries on the



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question of your Arab ties will say you fired the first shot by embracing Yasir Arafat and adopting a strong pro-Arab stance during your Middle East trips.

JACKSON: When I went to the Middle East, I went to meet with Prime Minister Begin; he refused to meet with me. I wanted to meet with Arafat as well, and I went to see him to appeal to *both* sides for mutual recognition of the P.L.O. and Israel. The price that both sides are paying for their refusal to recognize each other is just expanded brutality—murder. No one would have thought that Begin and Sadat could sit around a table and end up with their arms outstretched to each other, all because of a personal relationship. That happened only because a leader took an aggressive position and saw more advantages in peace than in fighting.

PLAYBOY: Columnist George Will wrote a column that accused you of ignoring Syrian repression and of apologizing for President Assad—

JACKSON: I *didn't* apologize for Assad! That's not true! George Will was so visibly shook up by the success of the Goodman rescue mission that he was incoherent. He's *not* a good source. Will was hoping that we would fail, which meant he hoped Goodman would remain in jail; if he had remained in jail, he would have been war bait. *That* meant he could very well have been a stimulus to expand conflict between America and Syria. So Will's reaction was wholly irrational. It reminds me of people's criticizing the successful mission of Jesus when he healed a blind man one Sabbath; they complained because of the upset—they were not accustomed to reporting such news. Except for the blind man: *He* could see. When all of the dust clears away, you can always say that Goodman was once in jail and now he is free. As a result, Reagan sent Assad a letter to express his thanks, and then Ambassador Donald Rumsfeld met with Assad for the first time. So our mission was to relieve the pressure—to try to open up a dialog—and we were successful.

PLAYBOY: Ever since your Syrian mission, you've had a pretty large press contingent following you. But we notice that there's a high percentage of black reporters; do you find it easier to relate to them?

JACKSON: Not necessarily. I have nothing to do with it, because I don't assign the reporters. But the black reporters do understand the nuances in the black community much better than white reporters do, for the most part. The white reporters have much to learn from black reporters on certain beats—and vice versa.

PLAYBOY: Do you think black reporters try to prove themselves by showing that they are tough and independent—and then cut you down? It was a black *Washington Post* reporter, Milton Coleman, who broke the news about your calling Jews Hymies, wasn't it?

JACKSON: Yes, and it was unfortunate, because it was a private, colloquial talk. That's why it wasn't even reported directly in the first story. There were a couple of other words he may have heard, too. Why didn't he report them?

PLAYBOY: Such as?

JACKSON: In that conversation and others, I heard people laughingly refer to "Ay-rabs" and niggers—not in a derogatory sense, almost affectionately.

PLAYBOY: But you're not saying that if we heard Gary Hart use the word nigger that we shouldn't report it, are you?

JACKSON: No, if you heard any number of words like that you should report them all. But it's a matter of context. All I'm saying is that I want people to play by one set of rules.

PLAYBOY: We don't understand what you're saying. You agree we should report it if Hart were to say Ay-rab or nigger, right?

JACKSON: Sure.

PLAYBOY: So shouldn't we report your using the word Hymie?

JACKSON: My point is, you should report *all* of what is said, so if you report private, colloquial use of language about Jewish people, you should also report your *own* use of language about black people and Arabs.

PLAYBOY: You mean the reporter used those terms.

JACKSON: Sure. Except one term is more insulting than the other.

PLAYBOY: Not to belabor this, but where did you first hear the word Hymie?

JACKSON: In South Carolina. I grew up all my life using words like Hymie, Stymie, Buckwheat—all those characters.

PLAYBOY: Buckwheat was black; Hymie was Jewish, what was Stymie?

JACKSON: I don't know. The point is, there was nothing particularly offensive about Hymie when it was used. There's a friend we have called Hymie Johnson. Since this whole thing happened, a number of Jewish people have called me to tell me that their children and cousins are named Hymie. People have to stretch to make it offensive. As literate as you are, you had to ask me what it means. Which is the point.

PLAYBOY: You clearly are the black American with the greatest recognition right now. Even though you stress that you are just a vehicle for the aspirations of your coalition, isn't it a fact that one result of this campaign will be that you will be the acknowledged national black leader?

JACKSON: No.

PLAYBOY: It's not even something you can accept or reject; isn't it just a matter of name recognition?

JACKSON: No. I'm leading the Rainbow Coalition. This is not an ethnic march; this is a political movement to pull together the strength of rejected groups so they may be able to serve more effectively and

be served better by their Government. That's what the real point is.

PLAYBOY: When you were in the civil rights movement, did you think you would have to go around to young blacks one day to get them to say, "I am somebody," or did you feel that simply ending legal discrimination would solve the problem?

JACKSON: One day, James Meredith came to meet with Dr. King, Ralph Abernathy and some of the rest of us and announced he was going to lead a march in Mississippi against fear. They thought he was crazy—a march against fear? Who can see fear, who can touch fear? But he led the march down the road and got shot. Remember that? He was trying to affirm something.

I was standing on the back of a truck one day in Resurrection City during the Poor People's March in 1968, and on that particular morning, it was raining, Dr. King was dead, Robert Kennedy was dead, we were really in despair. I looked down from that truck and saw black women, white women, Indian women, most of them with their babies, very few men—one boy died—some of them catching hepatitis, the Government had turned its back on us; just us, nobodies! And I told those people, "Don't let them break your spirit! Repeat after me: 'I am somebody!' Say, 'I may be poor, but I am somebody. I may be on welfare, I may be unskilled, I am somebody. Respect me!' Say, 'I am more than what you see. The me that makes me me, my essence, is important; I am God's child, I am somebody!'" And it became a battle cry. People began to gain strength. Now, around the world, people have chanted that battle cry.

PLAYBOY: If this Presidential race is hopeless in practical terms, will you feel personally bitter?

JACKSON: I don't have any hatred, I don't have any bitterness, and I have participated in enough victories in my life to feel good. If we were still in the back of the bus, I might be bitter. Who won that fight? We had big opposition—the Woolworth Company and its lunch counter—but we won that fight. Who won the fight against the Greyhound and Trailways bus policies? Vietnam? Open housing? Who won those fights? George Wallace stood in the door and said, "Segregation now, tomorrow and forever." We won *that* fight. In Little Rock, we won that fight. So, really, there are a series of victories that are so inspirational they should remove any bitterness. Our main hope is that we can keep winning.

PLAYBOY: Even if you don't win conventionally? Because if there's one thing that's said about you, it's that you don't play politics in the standard way, that you're a wild card. Anything to that?

JACKSON: I don't know. But wild cards usually beat aces, don't they?



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SKANK OR DIE (continued from page 97)

"Punks get very offended when normal people get offended by their offensiveness."

believe it? Go to the mirror. If you think your hair's a little long, it's because punks have redefined the haircut. Turn on your radio. If you aren't hearing REO Speedwagon, it's because punks broke down the door for new music (without ever actually profiting from it). Take a walk down the avenue. If the suburban window-shopping housewives are sporting fake leopard blouses and magenta hair, where do you think they got the idea? More to the point, take a good look at your girlfriend. If she looks like shit—and you don't care anymore—it's because punks created an alternative to Farrah Fawcett that even Farrah Fawcett was eventually forced into when she cut off her tresses. You saw it. You

bought it. You owe it all to the punks—and you didn't even know hard core had a meaning outside of pornography.

Hard-core punk. It has its own martyr in the corpse of Sid Vicious and in several hundred thousand true believers scattered around the country. And it resembles early Christian Gnosticism in that there is no central, unchangeable Scripture. Adherents are encouraged to experience the Truth for themselves and to write their own Gospel in photocopied fan magazines—called fanzines or 'zines—or scream it over their own dissonant guitars, as opposed to accepting their Gospel on faith from a priest or Mick Jagger. While there is much disagreement over detail,

this Truth seems to amount to an extreme distrust of the world the punks were born into and an intense desire to reject it before it rejects them.

This tendency to reject makes punk highly elitist but at the same time creates problems in discerning who the Chosen People are. Guys with purple Mohawks are denounced for conforming to a fashion and guys with normal hair are looked on with the same disdain that short-haired weekend hippies got in Haight-Ashbury. Which makes nobody elite. Which makes punk democratic. Easier to discern are the Unclean: heavy-metal enthusiasts, jocks (skate-boarding being the only Chosen Sport), parents, Republicans and anyone who does anything for money. Even so, punks often endorse Unclean sentiments just to be offensive to other punks. Which is what their Aesthetic of the Grotesque is about in the first place. Which is a good way to be identified as one of the Chosen. And if that's too much paradox for you, you can just fuck off.

I mean, here I am following around the Dead Kennedys, who would be the elite of the elite if punks had an elite, which they do and don't, but anyway, I'm standing here in this vortex of contempt for all civilized behavior, trying to make sense out of it for you, because you probably thought punk was just another bump on the historiograph of fads between the Nehru suit and Pia Zadora. Then again, how could you know it was alive and thrashing? Punks get very offended when normal people get offended by their offensiveness, and therefore they are one very isolated embattled minority, and therefore not many normal people are aware just how offensive they're trying to be. I concede the point. But that's still no excuse for you to expect logic.

"Did you see that episode of *Quincy* last week?" Vraney asks as the security guards decide that the growing horde of punks on Broadway could be bad public relations and open the doors to a riot of T-shirts: screaming mouths advising VOICE YOUR OPINION; logos for the MULTI-DEATH CORPORATION; pictures of Reagan with swastikas over the face; Magic Marker scrawls warning WAKE UP OR DIE. "It was about some maniac who goes to a punk club to stab people with an ice pick. The whole point was 'This music kills.' With that kind of publicity, we'll probably get a few weirdos tonight, but we've had only one serious fight the whole tour. We just stopped the show and told them to quit. We are antiviolence. The whole point is getting people to think."

Selling T-shirts at a table in the lobby before the show, Dave—just Dave—has a serene look about the eyes, a shaved head, a small asymmetric patch of hair at the base of his skull and apparent pride in a recent two-day jail stint for writing CANCER IS MACHO on a subway poster of the

THE ANNOTATED PUNK

you are what you wear—and vice versa

True punk fashion is determined by your attitude toward your apparel, not by the apparel per se. If you wear it to conform to other punks, you're an asshole. If you wear it to offend other people—even other punks—you're *really* an asshole, and that's cool.

MOHAWK HAIRCUT. If it's long, it can't be natural. Glue is *de rigueur*.

LOGO. Here, that of the Dead Kennedys; but any other offensive band name will do.

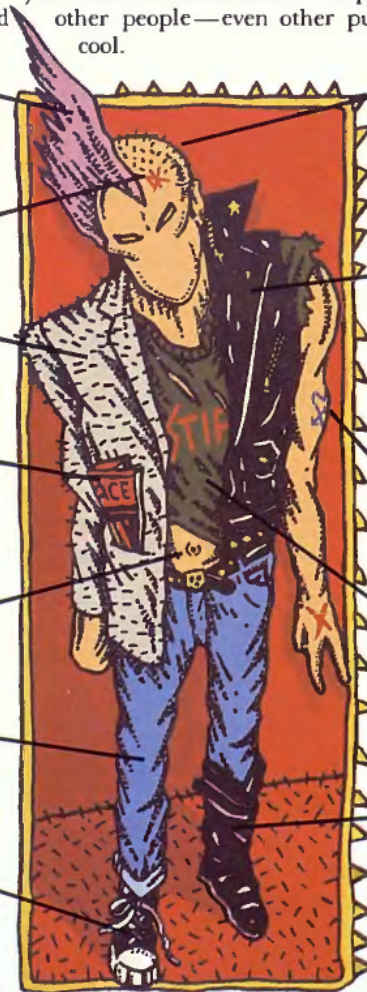
SPORTS JACKET. Secondhand polyester, misshapen and disgusting.

'ZINE. Preferably photocopied and certainly nothing with a circulation of more than a few thousand.

BELLY BUTTON. Anything homely and biological is to be flaunted.

BLUE JEANS. Like black leather, a little suspicious but acceptable if properly decrepit.

BEAT-UP CANVAS SNEAKERS. Boots don't cut it for skateboarding, the only punk-approved sport.



STUBBLE. If you shave your head, it should be at irregular intervals lest you give the impression of actually grooming.

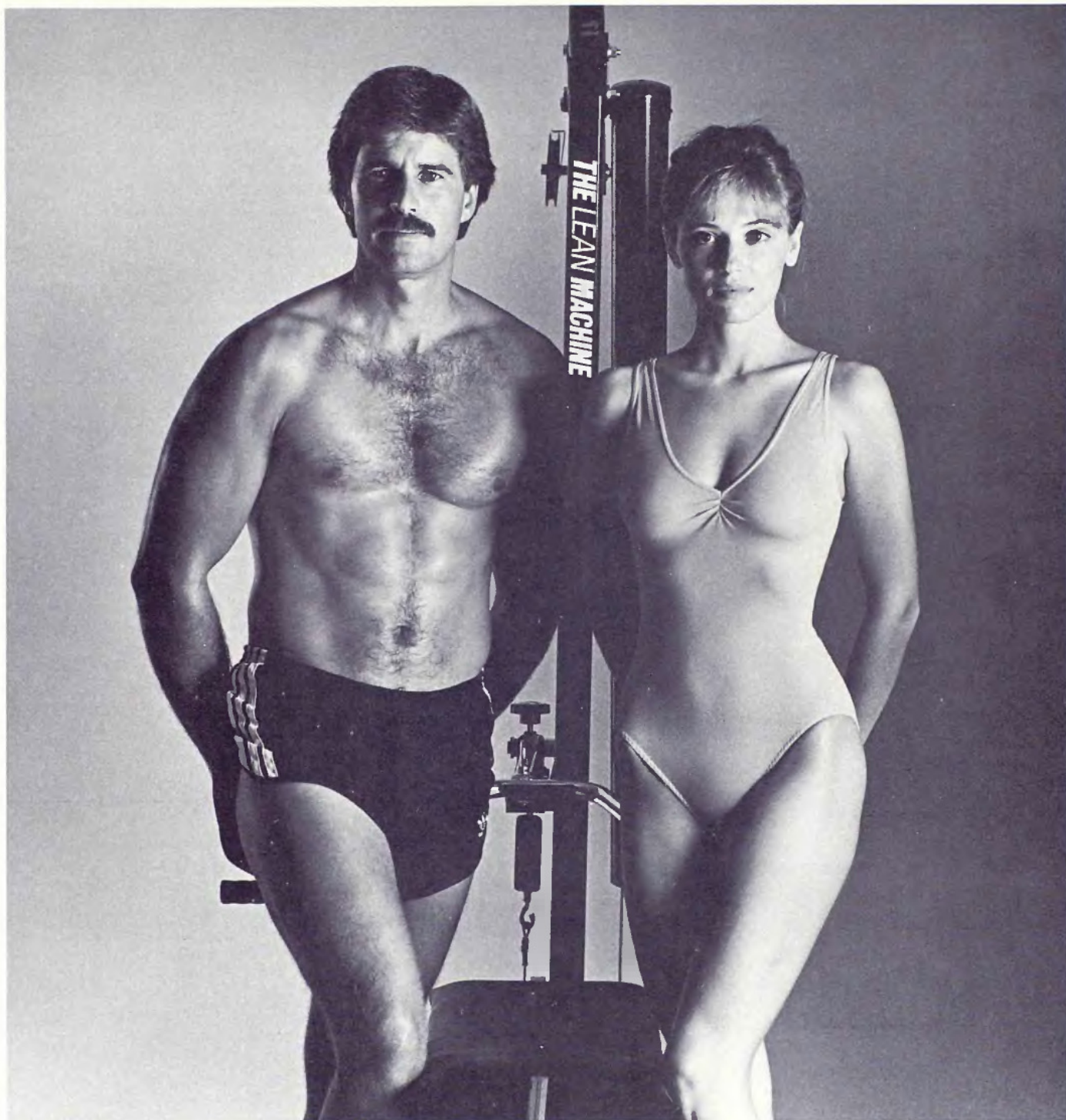
BLACK LEATHER. A little suspicious, since it is popular among heavy-metal fans, but honorable due to historic roots (Marlon Brando).

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T-SHIRT. If it's new, it's got to be ugly. If it's old and shredded, it can be anything but an athletic jersey, which is reminiscent of The Eagles.

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—CHARLES M. YOUNG



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Marlboro Man. "To the police, I was just Mr. Dead Cops," says Dave, who is lead singer for Millions of Dead Cops, one of four bands opening for the D.K.s. "They made me sit next to a guy who got arrested for attacking a 16-year-old girl with a machete and raping her on her birthday. It was a dose of cold reality—the police really are homophobic, brutal and racist—but I value the experience, because I'm singing about repression."

Such idealism I haven't heard since my former roommate burned off his eyebrows trying to make a fire bomb to protest the invasion of Cambodia. Could it be that for all the surface differences, this is just one more generation of nerds succumbing to the Angry Young Man archetype for a few years? Are these guys warmed-over hippies salted down with a little student-radical rhetoric?

"We don't want to get sucked into the consumer cycle of spending that knocked off the Sixties generation," Dave says.

"We're saying, 'Look beyond your own needs.' Reagan elitists are destroying the Third World. We don't want all those people to hate us. Freedom to consume is not freedom. It's economic slavery."

Like the Dead Kennedys, Millions of Dead Cops espouse liberal-to-radical opinions when they aren't just being offensive and are distinguished from punk's nihilist center by their willingness not to reject everything (women, for example). They started out a few years ago, as the Stains, at the University of Texas, where they participated in anti-Klan and antinuke activities. "We wanted to make a radical art statement," says Dave. "We seek to promote youth pissed-offedness."

"This guy has a huge following," says a handsome, non-punk-looking boy who identifies himself as Tommy Guhn, president of the junior class at John Jay Senior High School in Katonah, New York. "All the Westchester hard-core scene is into M.D.C. I play bass for the Young Repub-

licans, and we do his music. This guy's got the attitude. Read his lyrics. He should be a politician."

"Dave is showing us the way," concurs Raoul Duke, vocalist for the Young Republicans and a fan of Hunter Thompson's. "In Katonah, there's burnouts, jocks and hard-core. If you're hard-core, you're fucking shunned upon, man. They think we're juvenile delinquents. They don't realize we're serious."

"Fuck you!" shouts a kid with a red bandanna tied around his neck. "You don't support the bands. You're just weekend punks. If you were real punks, you'd be here every day. You're probably here just because you saw *Quincy*."

"We can't be here every day," says Tommy Guhn. "We still live at home."

"What does that have to do with it?" the kid spits. "You're no better than stoned-out hippies."

"We ain't stoned. We got the straight edge," says Tommy Guhn, "straight edge" being the no-drugs-or-alcohol movement within the punk scene.

"You can't do this to be different," the kid insists. "You can't do this to rebel against your parents. You have to know this is serious!"

"We are serious!" shouts the Westchester contingent.

"You aren't serious!" shouts the kid.

"We are!"

"You aren't!"

Tommy Guhn, a strapping lad, clenches his fists. "We are serious," he says.

"Yeah, well, most of these people I've never even seen before." The kid backs off. "They're shit. They're just here because they heard the Dead Kennedys were a big band. I'm here for Minor Threat, and they aren't even playing."

"Maybe we won't change anything," says Tommy Guhn, "but at least we'll make them think. You can't come to a show like this and not think."

In the beginning—1976—there were the Ramones for laughs and the Sex Pistols for rage. I saw them both, wrote about them a lot, thought they were great. Then Sid Vicious murdered his girlfriend and overdosed on heroin. Sid had been one of the most charming guys I ever interviewed (that was before he fried his brain with drugs), and somehow the experience soured me on the romance of self-destruction. Those were the dark days of punk, in 1979. Entertainment conglomerates had figured out that it was not The Next Big Thing and, even worse, that it could not be controlled. They dropped punk completely. So did I, for that matter. But certain second-generation bands, such as the D.K.s, picked up the fallen banner and rallied the troops in a few small clubs on both coasts, creating a genuine grassroots movement among teenagers in need



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of music that Mom couldn't listen to. Thus isolated from compromise, punk became all speed and dissonance and fractured 16th notes with no back beat, no harmony and no whining about unrequited love. By the early Eighties, there were the Dead Kennedys for politics, Christian Death for nihilism, Black Flag for hard-core, Minor Threat for straight edge, the Anti-Nowhere League for fuck-youism (some punks consider this a heavy-metal band), the Circle Jerks for skank or die and the Butthole Surfers for God only knows, among a myriad of others who never got on the radio.

"Personally, I'm into the Dicks," says Dave, pointing to a cover story in the fanzine *Maximum Rock 'N' Roll*. "They're a Commie-fag band. Their lead singer is a 275-pound gay transvestite who puts raw liver in his underpants and lets it drip out so it looks like he's shitting."

Why does he do that?

"To destroy capitalism. He's a Maoist."

Dave, it turns out, really knows how to shred his vocal cords, and M.D.C. can orchestrate some major-league chaos with songs such as *John Wayne Was a Nazi*, *Radioactive Chocolate* and *Corporate Deathburger*. The Westchester contingent rises to the occasion with some fine stage diving, occasionally grabbing the mike and howling along with Dave, who finally exits with a nice "We are pissed off and we are here to talk about it."

Of the five bands playing tonight, only Bad Posture—notable for its seven-foot singer—is not political. "Boy, do they suck," says Duke, stomping back into the lobby. "Did you see what that guy is wearing? *Pink tights*. I mean, I don't want to get to know him as a human being."

"We're a drug-edge band," says 4-Way, towering vocalist of Bad Posture, taking up most of the aisle. "All our songs are about getting fucked up."

After four hours of No Thanks, Bad Posture, False Prophets and Millions of Dead Cops, one might assume that an audience would get tired. That would be to underestimate the power of skank, or slam dancing, as it is called in cities where skank still means an ugly girl with crabs. Skanking is one third pogo, one third truckin' and one third free-form flail. When 300 or 400 boys (rarely girls) with mange haircuts skank, it does look like a riot and makes for sensational television when commentators wish to bewail self-destruction among the young.

To understand its appeal, one must either do it—not recommended for adults whose bodies have begun to betray them—or remember the football or boxing of one's youth and summon up the incomparable high of getting punched in the nose. Combine that blast of adrenaline with the sheer joy of being allowed to violate anyone's personal space with impunity (sort of like mass Rolfing) and you've got enough energy to last right through puber-

ty. Or at least through four opening acts.

The Dead Kennedys take the stage with the house lights all the way down, leaving band and audience in pitch-blackness. "What better way to celebrate your future?" Jello Biafra snarls with brutal sarcasm (his other vocal mode being righteous denunciation) as Klaus Fluoride lays down probably the most dismal bass line ever conceived outside hell. The house lights come up as D. H. Peligro (who, with his baby dreadlocks, looks like the first black to integrate the University of Mars) throttles his drums with amphetamine-fueled fury, and East Bay Ray punctures about 6000 eardrums with his power-dissonance guitar.

The fans summon up all their rite-of-passage energy, knowing that if they sit there and *think*, instead of skank, they will be immobilized with depression for the entire development of their secondary sexual characteristics. Personally speaking, I've already gone near comatose with guilt over squandering my life not killing Republicans. An upside-down cross shaved around his navel, Biafra seems the offspring of some unholy union between Dionysius and John Calvin, pouring out his message of doom with no escape except the skank. "A Hitler youth in a jogging suit!" he screams, leaping for the first of about 30 times onto the dancers. "Smiling face banded round his arm / Says 'Line up, you've got work to do / We need dog food for the poor.'"

"You watch!" shouts the kid with the red bandanna around his neck as a couple of his buddies dive off the 20-foot speaker towers. "If anybody falls down, they'll stop and pick him up. This isn't some *Quincy* bullshit."

It is nearly show time as small clumps of punks gather on the street outside the Lansburgh Cultural Center in Washington, D.C., on the 15th anniversary of Robert F. Kennedy's assassination. More of the T-shirts seem to be homemade than in New York, expressing a variety of philosophical (SOCIALISM IN THE MATERIAL, ANARCHY IN THE INTELLECTUAL), religious (JESUS PENIS), economic (HAVE YOU HUGGED YOUR MORTGAGE BANKER TODAY?) and alimentary (BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS) concerns. But in attitude there seems to be a certain similarity.

"They are all naïve teenaged twats trying to offend their parents," says Jeff, vocalist for No Trend, one of three opening acts for the D.K.s (the others are *Scream and Void*). "They're just like hippies. What started out as a movement has become a fashion."

"We used to be into hard-core," says Chris, the No Trend bassist. "But it evolved into just another teen youth subculture with an even stricter system of social status."

"No Trend isn't part of any trend," says Jeff.



"He's well behaved when he isn't horny."

"We're anticonformist," says Chris. "We're just noise."

"Kiss Ass to Your Peer Group—that's the world's anthem," says Jeff. "These assholes are just trying to outdo one another with fashion. When they walk down the street, housewives laugh."

"What matters," says Chris, "is motives."

Jeff shudders and screams, "These people are nauseating me!" and runs into the building.

Lots of kids selling fanzines through the crowd for prices ranging from 25 cents to \$1.25. *Truly Needy* (volume two, number two) has a heartfelt letter from a girl explaining why it might be demeaning to women to chant, "Girls are poop" at a Social Suicide concert, an interview with The French Are from Hell ("We're too heavy for Washington") and about 4,000,000 reviews. *Thrillseeker* (issue number two) prints NBC's address for complaints about *Quincy*.

No Trend hits the stage but is not entirely visible, because the promoter (a kid named Steve Plush) forgot to get spotlights and the overhead fluorescents do a better job illuminating the audience than the band. Jeff wears a ski mask and pours a can of Coke onto the front row, declaring, "You're as disgusting as your parents." His band does, indeed, play anticonformist noise, its members refusing even to conform to each other's tuning.

"Fuck you!" shouts a middle-linebacker type in a flannel shirt toward the rear.

Jeff pulls off his ski mask to reveal a face squashed by a nylon stocking tied in a topknot for a nice Genghis Khan effect. As near as I can tell, he is screaming either "We spread lies" or "We spread lice."

"You suck!" shouts the middle linebacker.

"Now you're ready for the real world!" snarls Jeff. "You're fucked up the ass!"

"You're fucked!" shouts the middle linebacker.

"I hate life," Jeff moans, leaving the crowd too confused to skank. "I wish I was dead."

"So die, motherfucker!" shouts the middle linebacker.

A short fat girl with a Mohawk and black eye make-up speaks briefly to the middle linebacker, who spits on her. She throws her beer in his face. He pushes her. Her boyfriend, the only guy in the hall bigger than the middle linebacker, punches him in the face, knocking his glasses about 20 feet across the floor. They throw headlocks on each other and roll around in the spilled beer for a while—flannel shirt versus black-leather jacket—much to the amusement of onlookers.

"He said No Trend suck," says the indignant girl. "He should have been listening. Their lyrics are deep."

"Yeah, I spit on her," says the middle linebacker later (it turns out he's a strawberry farmer from Virginia). "What are

you supposed to do at a Dead Kennedys concert?"

"I'm a future dentist," says his friend, who won't identify himself by name, either. "I'm here because I totally agree with the Dead Kennedys when they sing *Kill the Poor*. Fucking drop the bomb on the bastards. And blow the Commies off the earth while you're at it. Ronald Reagan ought to use the Dead Kennedys in his next election campaign."

There it is: Today's youth takes responsibility for itself, and it can't figure out the irony in *Kill the Poor*, but what the hell?

"The Dead Kennedys are total anarchy, so you can think any way you want," says the future dentist. "Preparing for a profession has forced me to notice that people with money have all the power, so my interpretations have become more conservative."

Void gets halfway through its second song before a D.C. fire inspector, one T. R. Gardner, pulls the plug and rousts the promoter for not having the right permits. "Get on the P.A. and tell them the show is over," says Gardner, far to the rear of the crowd. "It's as simple as that."

"We have to play, or they'll take it out on the building," says Biafra, managing to project both reasonableness and urgency.

"The promoter doesn't have enough money to make refunds. All we're concerned with is crowd safety."

"I'm concerned with life safety, sir," says Gardner. "You show me a certificate of occupancy and a crowd-capacity card or you clear the building. Most of the exit doors are locked. What do you think would happen if there was a fire?"

The D.C. punks seem to know instinctively to sit on the floor and save the threat of violence for a last resort. They are, nonetheless, very close to the last resort. The faces of the dozen or so cops change from horrified fascination with the female-punk aesthetic to barely concealed fear that their precinct is about to get thrashed. Gardner locks himself in a side room. Rumors sweep the crowd: The D.K.s never showed up; the promoter ran off with the money; a rival promoter informed on them to the fire inspector

"This is a test," Biafra finally tells the crowd between blasts of feedback from a bass amp the band has managed to get working. "We can't lose our tempers or they'll make it impossible for us at other shows. The fire inspector says the show is over, for whatever reason. Even the police have pleaded with him. I'm sorry. We came all the way from California and we can't play."

The building's manager, a tall black



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man with a straw hat, motions for the microphone as the crowd boos. "We have someone negotiating with the fire marshal," he quakes. "We called him up at home and got him out of bed. We think we can work out some kind of compromise, so just be cool. *Please* be cool."

The crowd cheers and Biafra takes the mike back to lead them in a group sing *a cappella* until negotiations are complete: "If you've come to fight, get outa here," 1000 punks sing as one. "You ain't no better than the bouncers / We ain't trying to be police / When you ape the cops it ain't anarchy / Nazi punks / Nazi punks / Nazi punks—fuck off!" (The D.K.s are, in fact, later allowed to play for 40 minutes.)

"You've probably noticed I've kind of been avoiding you," says Jello Biafra in the parking lot of a flea-bag motel in Waltham, Massachusetts, a Boston suburb. It is four A.M., but Biafra's adrenaline hasn't quite filtered out of his bloodstream after a way-beyond-intense show at the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers Hall and a long radio interview at Brandeis University. "There is a conflict within the band and the scene as a whole about how far to take things. On the one hand, there is more meaningful thought in the lyrics of punk bands than in any other form of music right now. On the other hand, if you pander to big-business entertainment machinery—talking to the press—to get the message out there, you can wind up bringing in so many people who look on you as a zoo object that you destroy it for people who are trying to absorb what you're saying. Being portrayed as rock heroes to be worshipped would attract thousands of jocks wanting to hear songs like *Too Drunk to Fuck*."

Biafra grew up in Boulder, Colorado, and recalls being an extremely willful child, unable to accept anyone's word for anything once he discovered that Americans—as well as the ostensibly evil Russians—were capable of rewriting history for propaganda purposes. Still extremely willful in his opinions, he believes, among other unique ideas, that the neutron bomb was developed to kill poor people in America's inner cities. Fine points of political analysis are not, however, the message. "Our philosophy boils down to one sentence: Get people to think for themselves," says Biafra, filling the empty words of a thousand grade school principals with fresh meaning. Underneath his usual bristling paranoia, righteous creeds and occasional charm, the guy's just an American who takes his ideals seriously. "Use your *own* head instead of being told what to do and being used by others," he says. "We are very opinionated onstage, but we do listen to other people. If someone has a better idea, please tell us."

Well, maybe I would and maybe I wouldn't. Biafra is a great deal more

admirable than likable; not the sort of guy you'd confide in unless you were damn sure he was in a good mood, lest you find your feelings in a bloody heap on the floor. It's been a flaw of the righteous throughout recorded history: unpredictable fits of temper when the world doesn't live up to their standards. Even Jesus could curse a fig tree. Whether or not Biafra, by sheer force of his righteous will power, can leave behind a few people who can think—I'd have to predict yes. What the hippies looked for in drugs and the student radicals in cant, the punks really are seeking in themselves. The first step in that direction is not being their parents—metaphorically and biologically—and if they have to shave their heads and be fools to do it, well, that takes courage. So, no, these guys aren't warmed-over hippies. They're punks, and they've learned an important lesson from history. They have learned that you, reader, and I can fuck off.

"Jocks and rednecks think anarchy means chaos and therefore give up their right to make their own rules to the police," says Biafra. "It may be that human beings are genetically incapable of real anarchy—taking responsibility for their own lives—or that we're hundreds of years away from it on a societal scale. In the meantime, our goal is to deassholeize their behavior."

A door slams at the rear of the motel, and two drunken women—one with a split lip, one with a bruised and terrified toddler—come staggering around the corner.

"Fuckin' Ramon," the one with the split lip rages as blood trickles down her neck. "I'm going to tell everyone what he did this time."

"No, no, I love him," the mother weeps. "Who will pay the rent?"

"I'm your sister. You can live with me."

"I love Ramon. What will I do? What will I do?"

The split lip turns to Biafra for justification. "He was going after the baby and I got in his way. My lip is clotting. I'm going to be scarred. Ramon did this. I'm calling the police."

Biafra and I actually call the police from an emergency phone on the street, and the split lip gets a free ride to the hospital. The mother runs back to warn Ramon, who hops the rear fence and escapes. Fearing she'll drop the kid, a cop insists on holding the baby when she returns. Unable in her drunkenness to understand that the child isn't being taken from her, the mother rends the silent night air with her screams until she is shoved into the back of the squad car and driven off to the police station for a night in the drunk tank.

"That," says Biafra, "is the saddest thing I ever saw."



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preparations here. The cold hors d'oeuvres, fresh pea soup, cheese soufflé, striped bass with fennel and chocolate mousse are textbook examples of the reason classics exist in the first place.

14. LE BEC-FIN—1523 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania (215-567-1000). Last September, chef-owner Georges Perrier—yet another of those brash, brilliant young Frenchmen who have stirred things up in American kitchens—moved his tiny brownstone restaurant from Spruce Street into much larger quarters decorated with all the grandeur of a Loire Valley château. Nevertheless, Perrier will still seat only 50 people twice each evening, at six and nine o'clock, for \$62 per person—and those persons have to make reservations long in advance.

Larger quarters notwithstanding, Perrier wants to oversee it all—from each plate decoration to every pastry cart that leaves his domain, and it is that dedication that has made him famous in and out of Philadelphia. Perrier did not so much spawn imitators in the City of Brotherly Love as he did serious competitors, and largely thanks to his success, Philadelphia is getting a reputation for fine dining.

15. MICHAEL'S—1147 Third Street, Santa Monica, California (213-451-0843). Just the fact that Michael's is in Santa Monica, well off the beaten track even for such a mobile population as L.A.'s, meant that it *had* to be better than trendier places closer to Beverly Hills. Indeed, it is a credit to owner Michael McCarty that when his celebrated chef, Jonathan Waxman, left last summer, only one or two of our critics questioned the future of the restaurant and most told us they put their money on McCarty's talent to maintain a superior kitchen, no matter who was doing the cooking. Restaurants don't get much better looking than this—pale-peach walls, changing artwork from Michael's personal collection and a garden out back that is just about the prettiest spot in all Santa Monica. The food is straight-down-the-line California cooking—perfectly grilled meats and fish, simple sauces and flavors as bright as sunlight. If Michael's seems a bit mannered by now, that's only because McCarty was the one who set the standards.

16. LE LION D'OR—1150 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. (202-296-7972). Jean-Pierre Goyenvalle put the nation's capital on the gastronomic map when he opened his first restaurant, Jean-Pierre (still a fine place run by Jean-Michel Farret), back in 1972 and then did even better when he opened Le Lion d'Or eight years later. Soon lawyers, ambassadors and politicians were booking tables in Goyenvalle's cellar dining room, and the new international set that overran Washington in the late Seventies made this its favorite spot for deluxe cuisine. Le Lion d'Or is not the most beautiful restaurant in town; the decor—striped silk walls and clashing fabric patterns—is old-fashioned. But, as the old gourmet said, "You can't eat the furniture," and when you sit down to a plate of Goyenvalle's crawfish in cream or his sweet-breads casserole or a slice of his chocolate walnut cake, you're likely to breathe a sigh—and maybe even miss a vote back in the Senate. The wine list is excellent and has great depth. Prices are steep, but you're paying for the privilege of dining with some of the most powerful

lawmakers and lobbyists in Washington.

17. MA MAISON—8368 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California (213-655-1991). The Los Angeles restaurant to be seen in, and to eat in, for most of its ten-year existence. It would be easy to attribute the intense fame of Ma Maison to owner Patrick Terrail's unflagging instinct for public relations, including his celebrated refusal to list the restaurant's telephone number (even though it's printed in every gourmet guide to fine California restaurants). In a town that thrives on celebrity, if Ma Maison didn't have at least half a dozen movie stars on the surprisingly casual garden-patio Astroturf each lunchtime, it would only be because a plague had hit the studios the day before. That may be enough for success of a sort, but it is, in fact, Terrail's cuisine that has continued to captivate serious diners who couldn't care less whom Goldie Hawn is sitting with in the corner. Ma Maison was among the very first—if not *the* first—to bring truly fine *nouvelle cuisine* to Los Angeles and, over years of adaptation, the food has gotten better and more dependent on the cornucopia of California ingredients. If Ma Maison has slipped a bit since our last poll, it is only because it is now sharing some of the spotlight with its former chef Wolfgang Puck, who left in 1982 to open his own place, Spago, which promptly broke onto our list. It is to Terrail's credit that he has maintained his position: From the great country bread to the superbly reduced sauces to very special chocolate cake, Ma Maison is still in the forefront of L.A.—and therefore U.S.—restaurants.

18. REX—IL RISTORANTE—617 South Olive Street, Los Angeles, California (213-627-2300). There is, quite simply, no other restaurant in the world as stunning in design as Rex, for the simple reason that no other restaurant in the world is located in the converted two-story space of one of old L.A.'s most extraordinary Thirties art-deco buildings—an ex-haberdashery called the Oviatt Building, complete with Lalique glass, massive 30-foot pillars and walls of finely veneered cabinets and drawers. Presiding over all this redone splendor is principal owner Mauro Vincenti, a man who is absolutely manic in his devotion to detail and to the crusade for bringing Italy's *nuova cucina* to Americans. Vincenti is as much a philosopher of the table as a restaurateur, and he will go to Apicius and to Renaissance libraries to find recipes for such dishes as "Venus' belly button" (green *tortellini* served with asparagus, vegetables and truffles) or red mullet with orange slices or a soufflé of passion fruit and peach. The best way to sample all that Rex offers is to go for the six-course dinner menu (\$55)—and that gives you only an inkling of the kitchen's innovative style.

19. SPAGO—8795 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California (213-652-4025). Spago sounds as if it should be a Czech

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2. Le Francais, Wheeling, Illinois
3. The Four Seasons, New York City
4. L'Ermitage, Los Angeles
5. La Caravelle, New York City
6. Le Perroquet, Chicago
7. Chez Panisse, Berkeley, California
8. The Coach House, New York City
9. The "21" Club, New York City
10. Ma Maison, Los Angeles
11. Maisonette, Cincinnati
12. La Grenouille, New York City
13. The Palace, New York City
14. Windows on the World, New York City
15. Le Bec-Fin, Philadelphia
16. Ernie's, San Francisco
17. Trattoria da Alfredo, New York City
18. Commander's Palace, New Orleans
19. The Mandarin, San Francisco
20. Le Lion d'Or, Washington, D.C.
21. London Chop House, Detroit
22. Jack's Restaurant, San Francisco
23. Fournou's Ovens, San Francisco
- 24-25. L'Orangerie, Los Angeles
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circus, and there's something to that when you see the chef-owner, Wolfgang Puck, sporting a red baseball cap and the maître d', Bernard Erpicum, sporting a Gallic rendition of Fifties Ricky Nelson fashions. The place is loud and jammed to the raw-

wood rafters with the most famous celebrities, the most gorgeous starlets and the most unattractive agents in Hollywood. The amount of table hopping and cheek kissing going on makes you wonder if you've really come to one of America's

greatest restaurants. And when you see everybody order pizza and calzone, you wonder if you got the name and address wrong. Not to worry: Puck, lately of Ma Maison, has long been considered one of L.A.'s real gastronomic treasures, and

CHOICE CRITICS

Molly Abraham—Restaurant critic, *The Detroit Free Press*.

Colman Andrews—Restaurant critic, *Los Angeles Times*; food writer, *Metropolitan Home*.

Anonymous restaurant critics—*Texas Monthly*.

Mary Lou Baker—Food writer; former food editor and restaurant critic, *Baltimore magazine*.

Robert Lawrence Balzer—Food and beverage editor, *Travel-Holiday*.

Ariane and Michael Batterberry—Food consultants and founding editors, *The International Review of Food & Wine*.

Michael Bauer—Food critic, *Dallas Times-Herald*.

Joseph Baum—Restaurant consultant.

James Beard—Author of numerous cookbooks, including *James Beard's American Cookery*.

Anthony Dias Blue—Food critic, WCBS-Radio, New York, New York; wine editor, *Bon Appétit*.

Paul Bocuse—Chef-owner, Paul Bocuse Restaurant, Lyons, France; cookbook author.

Sharon Boorstin—Restaurant critic, *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*.

Fred Brack—Former food critic, *The Weekly*, Seattle.

Patricia Brooks—Restaurant critic, *The New York Times* (Connecticut section); author of *Best Restaurants New England*.

Ellen Brown—Food writer, *USA Today*.

Patricia Brown—Editor at large, *Cuisine*.

Giuliano Bugialli—Author, *The Fine Art of Italian Cooking*.

Marion Burros—Restaurant critic, *The New York Times*.

Ann Teresa Callen—Food historian, cookbook author.

Paul A. Camp—Senior features editor, *Chicago Tribune*.

Michael Carlton—Dining critic, *The Denver Post*.

Craig Claiborne—Food editor, *The New York Times*; author of several books, including *A Feast Made for Laughter*.

Maureen Clancy—Food editor, *San Diego Union*.

Bruce David Cole—Restaurant critic, *Los Angeles magazine*; publisher, *Bruce David Cole's "The Good Life" Newsletter*.

Baine Corn—Food editor, *The Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Darrell Corti—Wine merchant and food authority.

Richard Cox—Restaurant critic, *San Diego magazine*.

Ann Criswell—Food editor, *Houston Chronicle*.

Dale Curry—Food editor, *The Times-Picayune*.

Stephanie Curtis—Former restaurant columnist, *Food & Wine*.

Michael Demarest—Senior writer, *Time*.

Katherine Dinsdale—Associate editor, *D magazine*.

Stanley Dry—Restaurant columnist, *Food & Wine*.

Lais Dwan—Restaurant critic, *Los Angeles Times*.

Jane Ellis—Associate features editor, *New York Post*.

Florence Fabricant—Restaurant critic, *The New York Times* (Long Island section); contributing writer, *Signature*.

Robert Finigan—Publisher, *Robert Finigan's Private Guide to Restaurants*.

Pamela Fiori—Editor in chief, *Travel & Leisure*.

Ron Fonte—Editor and publisher, *The Friends of Wine*.

Malcolm S. Forbes—Publisher, *Forbes* magazine.

Pierre Franey—Food writer, *The New York Times*; author, *The 60-Minute Gourmet*.

Frances Freedman—Publisher, *Atlantic City magazine*.

Christine Arpe Gang—Food editor, *The Commercial-Appeal*, Memphis.

Lilo Gault—Author, *The Northwest Cookbook*; wine and spirits editor, *Country Living*.

Paul Gillette—Editor and publisher, *The Wine Investor*; author, *Playboy's Book of Wine*.

Hedy Giusti-Lanham—Co-author, *The Cuisine of Venice*.

John Golden—Editor in chief, *Great Recipes*.

Marion Gorman—Editor, *Gastronomie*.

John Gottfried—Restaurant critic, *New Jersey Monthly*; co-author, *The New York Pocket Restaurant Guide*.

Emanuel Greenberg—Food and drink writer, *PLAYBOY*; co-author, *The Pocket Guide to Spirits & Liqueurs*.

Gael Greene—Food writer, *New York* magazine.

Toni Griffin—Food editor, *San Diego Tribune*.

Dotty Griffith—Food editor, *The Dallas Morning News*.

Thomas J. Haas—Publisher, *Nation's Restaurant News*.

Phyllis Hanes—Food editor, *Christian Science Monitor*.

Zack Hanle—New York editor, *Bon Appétit*.

Valerie Haskell—Restaurant critic, *The Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Nika Hazelton—Food writer, *National Review*; author, *American Cooking*.

Howard Hillman—Author, *The Art of Dining Out*.

John Hinterberger—Restaurant critic, *The Seattle Times*.

Maira Hodgson—Editor and restaurant columnist, *Vanity Fair*.

Tom Horton—Editor, *Spirit of Aloha* magazine.

Polly Hurst—Food critic, *Philadelphia* magazine.

Jay Jacobs—Restaurant critic, *Gourmet*.

Judith Jones—Cookbook editor; co-author, *The L. L. Bean Game and Fish Cookbook*.

Barbara Kafka—Food columnist, *Vogue*.

Sherman Kaplan—Restaurant critic, WBBM-Radio, Chicago; author, *Best Restaurants Chicago and Suburbs*.

Rob Kasper—"The Happy Eater" columnist, *The Baltimore Sun*.

Allen H. Kelson—Editor in chief and restaurant critic, *Chicago* magazine.

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Christian Millau—Co-publisher, *Le Nouveau Guide*; co-author, *Gault-Millau Guides*.

Bryan Miller—Food writer, *The New York Times*; former restaurant critic, *Connecticut* and *Northeast* magazines.

Donna Morgan—Food editor, *The Salt Lake Tribune*.

Richard Nelson—Cooking teacher.

Sean O'Connell—Editor, publisher, *Fine Dining*.

Barbara Gibbs Ostmann—Food editor, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Fenella Pearson—Editor, *Italian Wines & Spirits*.

Jacques Pepin—Author, *La Technique*; TV host, *Everyday Cooking with Jacques Pepin*.

Anne Burn Phillips—Food editor, *The Atlanta Constitution*.

Bea Pixa—Restaurant critic, *San Francisco Examiner*.

Joe Pollock—Restaurant critic, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Dorothee Polson—Food editor and restaurant critic, *The Arizona Republic*.

Ann Powell—Assistant managing editor, *Savvy*.

Vincent Price—Co-author, *A Treasury of Great Recipes*.

Jim Quinn—Food columnist, *Philadelphia Inquirer Sunday Magazine*.

Steven Raichlen—Restaurant critic, *Boston* magazine.

Ruth Reichl—Restaurant critic, *California* magazine.

William Rice—Editor in chief, *Food & Wine*; co-author, *Where to Eat in America*.

Phyllis Richman—Restaurant critic, *The Washington Post*.

Lynne Roberts—Restaurant critic, *Women's Wear Daily*.

Egon Ronay—Author, *Egon Ronay's TWA Guide to 500 Good Restaurants*.

Maria Ryckman—Food writer, *The Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Robert L. Sammons—Syndicated food and travel writer.

Gus Saunders—Restaurant critic, *The Boston Herald*.

Richard Sax—Author, *Cooking Great Meals Every Day*; cookbook critic, *Cuisine*.

William Schemmel—Food and travel writer, *Good-life*.

Arthur Schwartz—Food editor, *New York Daily News*.

Donna Segal—Food editor, *The Indianapolis Star*.

Stan Sesser—Restaurant critic, *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Marvin R. Shanken—Editor and publisher, *The Wine Spectator*.

Robert Shoffner—Food and wine editor, *The Washingtonian*.

Art Siemering—Food editor, *The Kansas City Star*.

Sandra Silfven—Food critic, *The Detroit News*.

Raymond Sokolov—Author, *Fading Feast*; editor, leisure and arts page, *The Wall Street Journal*.

Susan Spedalle—Fine-dining editor, *Nation's Restaurant News*.

Anthony Spinazzola—Food and wine writer, *The Boston Globe*.

Stendahl—Pseudonym for the restaurant critic of WNCN-FM Radio, New York, New York; author, *Best Restaurants New York*.

Horace Sutton—Editor, *Signature*.

Dick Syatt—Talk-show host, WRKO-Radio, Boston.

Elaine Tait—Restaurant critic, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Doris Tobias—Food and wine writer; chairman of New York Wine Writers Circle.

Robert Toff—Restaurant critic, *Fort Lauderdale News/Sun-Sentinel*.

Geri Trotte—Contributing editor, *Gourmet*.

Alan Tucker—Editorial director, *Fodor's Travel Guides*.

Patricia Unterman—Restaurant critic, *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Ann Valentine—Food editor, *The Houston Post*.

Marilou Vaughan—Editor, *Bon Appétit*.

James Villas—Food editor, *Town & Country*.

Jeanne A. Voltz—Author, *The Flavor of the South*.

Patricia Weitzel—Food editor, *Cleveland* magazine.

Diane Wiggins—Food editor, *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Burt Wolf—Syndicated-TV food reporter; co-author, *Where to Eat in America*.

Roger Yaseen—American president, *Confrérie de la Chaîne des Rôtisseurs*; publisher, *Gastronomie*.

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when he puts his mind to making pizza or *calzone*, you can be sure it will be *the* best, *the* most unusual and *the* most expensive you've ever eaten. Not surprisingly, Puck and chef Mark Peel also provide more sophisticated sustenance, such as whole baby Dover sole with ginger and lime or a perfectly pink and tender saddle of lamb made with boiled garlic and cooked over oak and avocado woods. The desserts are among the best in the West. Spago is a wonderful hybrid that could only have been bred in L.A.

20. VALENTINO—3115 Pico Boulevard, Santa Monica, California (213-829-4313). "Let's have fun tonight!" says Piero Selvaggio, the exuberant owner of Valentino, when he hears you'd like to sample the evening's specialties. Perhaps the eggplant with cheese, garlic and olive oil? A mousse of dried tomatoes, basil and spinach? Zucchini flowers with Gorgonzola, followed by a pasta such as fettuccini done in an infusion of *funghi porcini* mushrooms? Perhaps most memorably, you'll sample a wine from one of the five or ten greatest lists in the *world*—a wine cellar of incredible breadth, depth and variety, from the finest California Chardonnays to the rarest *Brunello di Montalcino* from Tuscany. The next night, of course, all those dishes may change, for chef Pino Pasqualato, under Selvaggio's instructions, has a repertoire of Italian dishes that seems endless. No other Italian restaurant in America can match the improvisational range of Valentino.

21. ERNIE'S—847 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California (415-397-5969). Ernie's is the reddest restaurant you'll ever eat in—from floor to ceiling, from wall to scarlet wall. Old-time San Franciscans wouldn't change one crimson inch of it, because Ernie's has long been *the* quintessence of San Francisco's Barbary Coast heritage—shamelessly opulent, enormous and constantly booked with regulars who come here for some pretty basic fare of steaks and chops. And that's what the food was for many years: basic, unsurprising, uninspiring. Owners Victor and Roland Goti decided to take a bold step a few years ago by bringing in a young chef named Jacky Robert, who was given a free hand in making over Ernie's kitchen in the *nouvelle* style. Today, Robert tries a lot of strange combinations, and not all of them work. But his fascination with seasonings and strange spices has transformed a lovable old red turkey into a bird of exotic plumage—though still in scarlet hues. Ernie's is an edifying example of a marriage of the old and the new in American restaurants.

22. IL NIDO—251 East 53rd Street, New York, New York (212-753-8450). If you like your Italian restaurants with red-checked tablecloths, murals of Mount Vesuvius and porcine waiters dishing out gloppy, overcooked pasta, then Il Nido will come as something of a shock. Not only is its food as refined as any you'll find

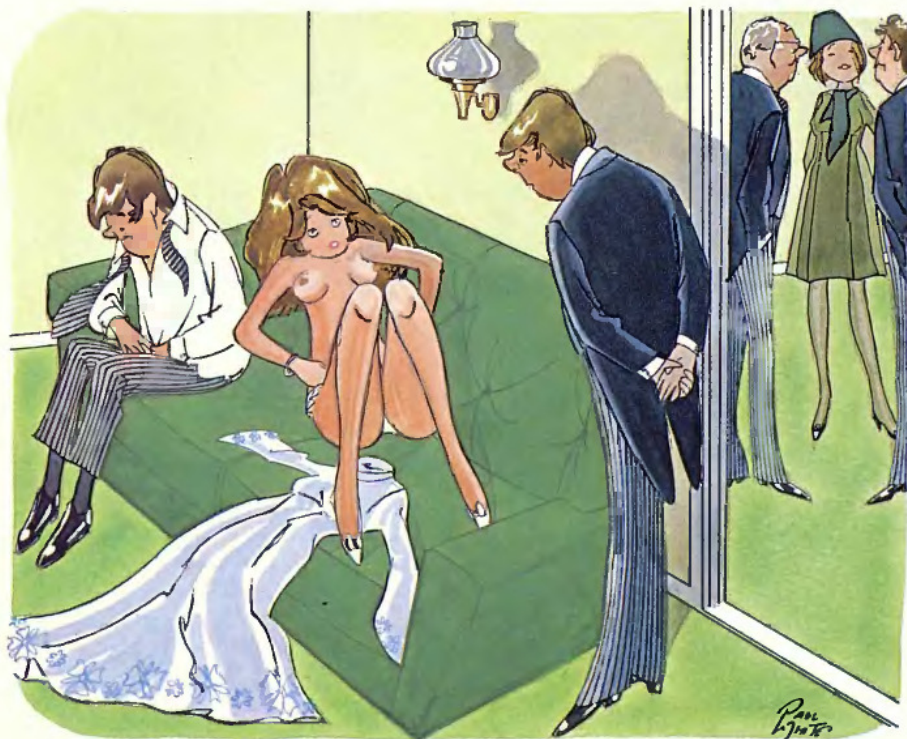
but the entire spirit of the place impresses you with the consummate display of northern Italian sophistication, from the reserved decor to the grace with which owner Adi Giovannetti makes his diners feel like special guests. There will be real *scampi* flown in just that morning or a plate of buffalo mozzarella or *crostini di polenta* or corn meal topped with chopped livers and mushrooms. Nowhere else will you find *risotti* like Il Nido's, and the veal, always the test of a kitchen's quality, is the best. By banishing forever Italian stereotypes, Il Nido has, in its brief five years, influenced the course of Italian restaurants in New York more than any other.

23. FELIDIA—243 East 58th Street, New York, New York (212-758-1479). Notice how many chefs credit their mothers with their inspiration? It's downright heartening. Lidia Bastianich, co-owner with her husband, Felix, of Felidia (a combination of their first names), is the real thing. She epitomizes the maternal tradition of cooking, for she roams her dining room coaxing customers to try this, taste that. . . . You're not likely to find food quite like this anywhere else in America, for the Bastianiches come from Istria, on the border of Yugoslavia and Italy, and they have introduced such native dishes as *Krafi* (mozzarella, fontina, parmesan and ricotta cheeses mixed with veal, lemon, orange rind, raisins and rum) and pheasant prepared with *sguazet* sauce of wine-dark richness. Felidia is a smart-looking brick-and-wood dining room whose centerpiece is a table crammed with seasonal

specialties you may pick and choose from for your antipasto. The wine list is one of the most interesting in New York, and the Bastianiches' genuine concern for a customer's satisfaction can make you feel that Mom loved you best, after all.

24. JEAN-LOUIS—2650 Virginia Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. (202-298-4488). Jean-Louis Palladin brought *la nouvelle cuisine* to Washington when it was still truly *nouvelle*. His vision has paid off: Robert Finigan, who published a highly critical *Private Guide to Restaurants*, picked Jean-Louis as his top choice in America. The restaurant is in the basement of the Watergate Hotel, which gives the place an intriguing cachet, especially at lunch, when Jean-Louis functions as a private club. (For five bucks on top of your \$30 lunch tab, you can become a member for the day.) With its mirrored ceiling and fabric-lined walls, Jean-Louis looks like a spaceship designed by Calvin Klein. On the way in, you see a display of wonderful desserts and, just beyond, an extraordinary wine cellar displaying some very rare Bordeaux and Burgundies. The meal itself will be memorable—grilled shrimps with green- and red-pepper sauces, cod set in basil leaves, *foie gras* with wild mushrooms, lamb with thyme and those great desserts. There's ample reason to keep your eye on Jean-Louis' star.

25. PARIOLI ROMANISSIMO—24 East 81st Street, New York, New York (212-288-2391). A sliver of a dining room



"Don't forget we want to thank the other guests for their presents, too, darling."

on Manhattan's Upper East Side, Parioli Romanissimo is considered by some to be the premier Italian restaurant in a city that probably has more Italian restaurants than Venice and Florence combined. What distinguishes owner Rubrio Rossi's dining room is his complete familiarity with the best traditional dishes of Italian

gastronomy, as well as an abiding investment in the less familiar offerings of northern Italian cooking, such as *vitello tonnato* or *carpaccio* or a rack of eight lamb chops done *alla romana*, with a sweet-and-sour sauce called *mostarda di Cremona*. Portions here express the very Italian viewpoint that another few ounces

of veal or pasta never hurt anyone, so go along with Rossi's largess. Of course, this largess is going to cost you plenty, but you'll feel you got your money's worth and probably even learned to love at least a couple of new dishes.



REGIONAL FAVORITES

Some of the restaurants on the following list missed making our top 25 by a few points. Others represent the regional critics' choices of the best in their locales. Others are new, exciting and the ones to watch in years to come.

ALABAMA

Highlands A Bar & Grill, Birmingham (205-939-1400)

ARIZONA

Vincent's French Cuisine, Scottsdale (602-998-0921)

CALIFORNIA

Gustav Anders, San Diego (619-270-5577)

Bernard's, Los Angeles (213-612-1580)

Fournou's Ovens, San Francisco (415-989-1910)

The Mandarin, San Francisco (415-673-8812)

Saint-Estèphe, Manhattan Beach (213-545-1334)

Santa Fe Bar & Grill, Berkeley (415-841-4740)

The Sardine Factory, Monterey (408-373-3775)

Seventh Street Bistro, Los Angeles (213-627-1242)

René Verdon Le Trianon, San Francisco (415-982-9353)

COLORADO

Café Giovanni, Denver (303-825-6555)

Greenbriar Inn, Boulder (303-440-7979)

CONNECTICUT

L'Americain, Hartford (203-522-6500)

Leon's, New Haven (203-789-9049)

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Cantina d'Italia (202-659-1830)
Le Pavillon (202-833-3846)

FLORIDA

Bern's Steak House, Tampa (813-251-2421)

The Colony Restaurant, Sarasota (813-383-5558)

Joe's Stone Crab Restaurant, Miami Beach (305-673-0365)

Maison et Jardin, Orlando (305-862-4410)

Painted Bird, Coral Gables (305-445-1200)

La Vieille Maison, Boca Raton (305-421-7370)

GEORGIA

The Abbey, Atlanta (404-876-8831)

La Grotta, Atlanta (404-231-1368)

HAWAII

Bagwell's 2424, Honolulu (808-922-9292)

Chez Michel, Honolulu (808-955-7866)

John Dominis, Kewalo Basin (808-523-0955)

IDAHO

The Sandpiper, Boise (208-344-8911)

ILLINOIS

Ambria, Chicago (312-472-5959)

INDIANA

Café Johnell, Fort Wayne (219-456-1939)

KENTUCKY

Casa Grisanti, Louisville (502-584-4377)

LOUISIANA

The Caribbean Room at the Pontchartrain Hotel, New Orleans (504-524-0581)

Mosca's, Avondale (504-436-9942)

MARYLAND

Haussner's, Baltimore (301-327-8365)

Olde Obricky's, Baltimore (301-732-6399)

Tio Pepe, Baltimore (301-539-4675)

MASSACHUSETTS

Chillingsworth, Brewster (617-896-3640)

L'Espalier, Boston (617-262-3023)

Legal Seafoods, Boston (617-426-4444)

Restaurant Jasper, Boston (617-523-1126)

MICHIGAN

The London Chop House, Detroit (313-962-0277)

MISSOURI

Richard Perry / Restaurant, St. Louis (314-771-4100)

The Savoy Grill, Kansas City (816-842-3890)

Stroud's, Kansas City (816-454-9600; 333-2132)

Tony's, St. Louis (314-231-7007)

NEW JERSEY

Knife and Fork Inn, Atlantic City (609-344-1133)

The Pear Tree, Rumson (201-842-8747)

The Tarragon Tree, Chatham (201-635-7333)

NEW YORK

An American Place, New York, New York (212-517-7660)

Amerigo's, the Bronx (212-792-3600)

The Grand Central Oyster Bar and Restaurant, New York, New York (212-490-6650)

Hubert's, New York, New York (212-673-3711)

Maxime's, Granite Springs (914-248-7200)

La Tulipe, New York, New York (212-691-8860)

OHIO

The French Connection, Cleveland (216-696-5600)

Maisonette, Cincinnati (513-721-2260)

Peasant Stock, A Restaurant, Dayton (513-293-3900)

OREGON

L'Auberge, Portland (503-223-3302)

PENNSYLVANIA

Déjà-Vu, Philadelphia (215-546-1190)

DiLullo's, Philadelphia (215-725-6000)

Joe's, Reading (215-373-6794)

Sarah's, Pittsburgh (412-431-9307)

TENNESSEE

The Bradford House, Memphis (901-523-1915)

Dux, Memphis (901-529-4199)

TEXAS

Agnew's, Dallas (214-458-0702)

The French Room at The Adolphus, Dallas (214-742-8200)

Jean-Claude, Dallas (214-653-1823)

The Mansion on Turtle Creek, Dallas (214-559-2100)

La Réserve, Houston (713-871-8177)

Routh Street Cafe, Dallas (214-871-7161)

UTAH

The Roof Restaurant, Salt Lake City (801-531-1000)

WASHINGTON


Rosellini's Other Place, Seattle (206-623-7340)


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“What synergy meant was that two and two could, under astute management, equal five.”

skates. I certainly did not view this as a form of madness, having at the time purchased two pairs myself—nor, at least as of this writing, as a “great human mass movement.” But all of a sudden, there they were—on roller skates.

Baruch quotes Schiller: “Anyone taken as an individual is tolerably sensible and reasonable—as a member of the crowd, he at once becomes a blockhead.” There are lynch mobs and crusades, runs on banks and fires; in each case, if only people hadn’t panicked, they would have escaped with their lives. There are mass suicides. Eight or ten years ago, there was “the hustle,” the object of which was for throngs of people to shift gears on the dance floor in lemminglike unison.

(I have never actually seen a lemming, but I suspect that when I do, I will see more than one.)

The month Baruch wrote his foreword, October 1932, marked the absolute bottom of the stock-market crash that had begun three years earlier. Wild speculation had driven the Dow Jones industrial average to 381 in October 1929; three years later, it had fallen to 41. The pendulum invariably swings too far.

“I have always thought,” Baruch reflected, “that if . . . even in the very

presence of dizzily spiraling [stock] prices, we had all continuously repeated, ‘Two and two still make four,’ much of the evil might have been averted. Similarly, even in the general moment of gloom in which this foreword is written, when many begin to wonder if declines will ever halt, the appropriate abracadabra may be, ‘They always did.’”

In the late Sixties, stock prices again began to spiral dizzily. *Synergy* was the new magic word, and what it meant was that two and two could, under astute management, equal five. It was alchemy of a sort and enough to drive at least one stock, in two years, from \$6 a share to \$140. Not much later, it sold for \$1.

By late 1974, stocks generally had been eroded to Depression levels. Yet if you’d had the courage in December 1974 to buck the crowd, gains of 500 and 1000 percent over the ensuing three to four years would have been common in your portfolio.

Not that you must be a stock trader to benefit from the perspective *Extraordinary Popular Delusions* provides. Should the Government balance its budget? Should the Fed loosen or tighten credit? Read a tale of money printing and speculation in early 18th Century France that

should give any easy-money advocate pause. (Read, too, of the hunchback who is supposed to have profited handily by renting out his hump as a writing table, so frenzied had the speculation become.) Mackay describes Frenchmen “ruining themselves with frantic eagerness.” Then the lunacy spread to England, where, Mackay says, “every fool aspired to be a knave.”

There have been other good books written about money since 1841, but only a few hold up. Best known and most important, and most likely to make you money, is Benjamin Graham’s *The Intelligent Investor* (Harper & Row), first published in 1949 and most recently revised in 1973. It is based on Graham’s 1934 textbook *Security Analysis*, written with David L. Dodd. Relatively few read the latter, or even the former, because the authors’ conservative precepts require of the reader a willingness to spend long hours of close analysis over a period of years. “Medical men have been notoriously unsuccessful in their security dealings,” Graham notes, because “they usually have an ample confidence in their own intelligence and a strong desire to make a good return on their money, without the realization that to do so successfully requires both considerable attention to the matter and something of a professional approach to security values.”

Unfortunately, moreover, at least as of this writing, with the Dow comfortably above 1100, it’s not easy to find securities that meet Graham’s strict tests of value.

There is no magic or hocus-pocus in Graham’s approach. It is to buy securities so cheaply relative to their assets that, over the long run, they must almost surely appreciate. It’s really not much different from Allen’s approach in *Creating Wealth*, but there the field is real estate. Allen would have you sift through scores of properties until you find a seller so “motivated” that he is willing to let his property go for much less than it’s worth—or else on extraordinarily favorable terms (which amounts to much the same thing). Neither approach is fool-proof; both take a lot of expertise and time.

For most of us, the market is unbeatable. When it is going up, we may look smart; when it is going down, we may feel dumb. But our ability to predict which way it will go, or which stocks within it will outperform the rest, matches the local forecaster’s ability to predict the weather more than a few days in advance. Burton Malkiel’s *A Random Walk Down Wall Street* (W. W. Norton), now 11 years old, is at least a near classic. It explains why you—and the overwhelming majority of professionals—would be better served by throwing darts at the stock pages and then standing pat than by trying to “beat” the market through the application of any active intelligence or strategy.

And that is largely true. The more actively you flail, the more you lose



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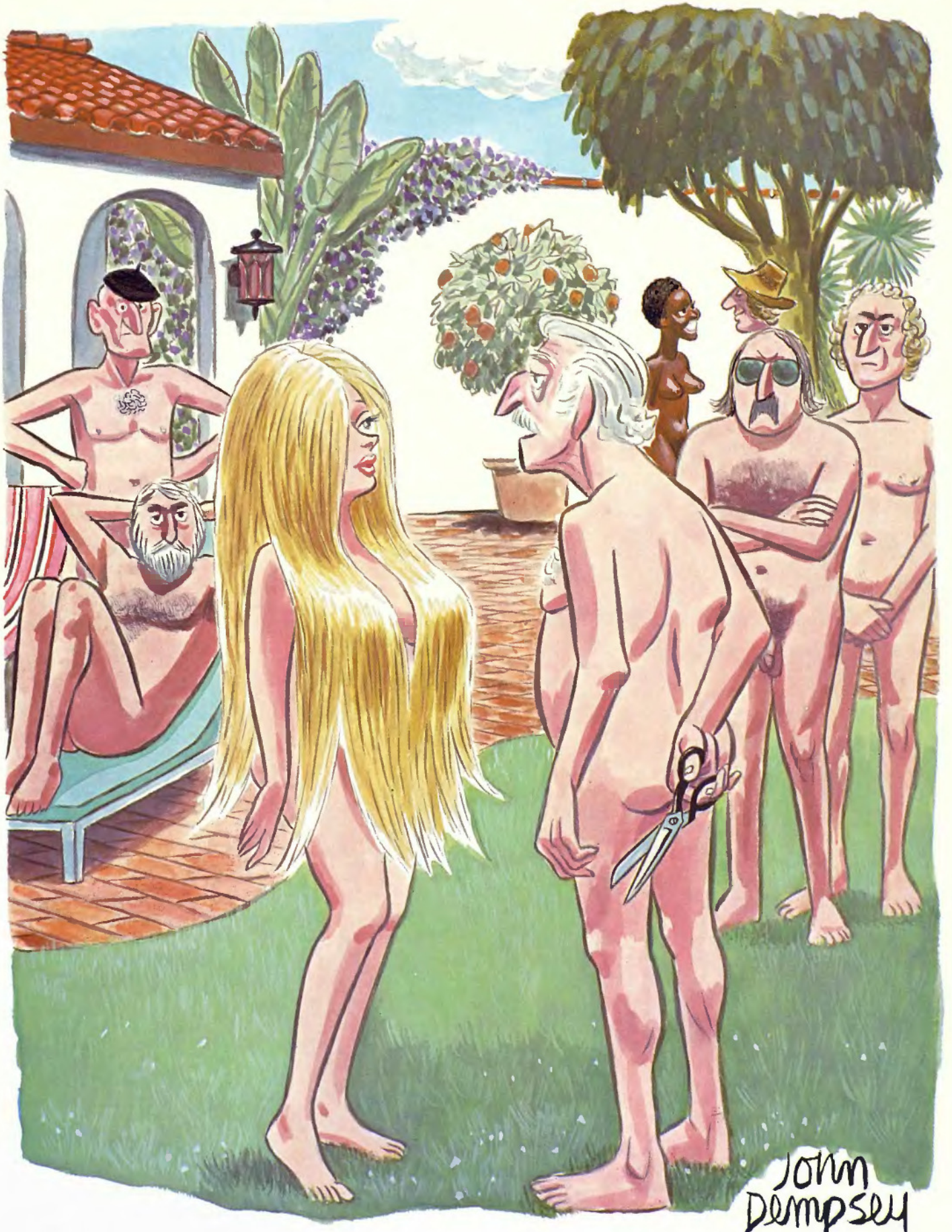
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between the cracks to brokerage commissions and taxes.

Malkiel readily agrees that there are exceptions. A handful of people *can* beat the market with reasonable consistency and by a wide margin. But they're as rare as albinos.

For most, it's best to see the game for what it largely is—a game—and to approach it with at least a modicum of humor. Toward that end, we have "Adam Smith's" *The Money Game* (Random House), 15 years old and one of the greatest investment books ever written. Like Graham's book, it is well known, so I'll be brief. It is about a time long gone—except for the fact that it's back—when everyone buzzed about the market and the corps of eager brokers was swelling like a hernia.

Smith was appropriately caustic. Among his more lasting bits of advice: "If you don't know who you are, the stock market is an expensive place to find out."

And: Never fall in love with your stock. "The stock doesn't know you own it." Maybe not, but I can name at least three it would break my heart to sell.

Far less well known and even more delightful is Fred Schwed's *Where Are the Customers' Yachts?*, now 44 years old (available, along with a catalog of lesser curiosities, from Fraser Publishing, Box 494, Burlington, Vermont 05402). The title comes from the story you doubtless know about the out-of-towner on a tour of Manhattan's financial district. "Over there are the bankers' yachts," his tourmaster gestured, "and over there are the brokers' yachts."

"Where are the customers' yachts?" the neophyte is alleged to have asked, with unwitting perception.

Schwed quotes "the sinister old gag" that Wall Street is a street with a river at one end and a graveyard at the other. "This is striking but incomplete. It omits the kindergarten in the middle, and that's what this book is about."

He recalls, too, the old saying about the bulls, the bears and the pigs. The bulls make money and the bears make money—but not the pigs. "It took me some time," says Schwed, "to discover it to be particularly untrue."

Although the game grows ever swifter and more sophisticated, nothing changes much. "Experience has shown that usually the bulls are victorious and the bears lose out," wrote Joseph de la Vega in 1688. There were bright young hustlers then; there are bright young hustlers now. There were brokers pretending to know where the market was going then; there are such brokers now. ("The notion that the financial future is not predictable is just too unpleasant to be given any room at all in the Wall Streeter's consciousness," writes Schwed.) Accounting is as much an art to be made fun of as it ever was. (He tells the story of the old gentleman whose sons and auditors were trying to show him

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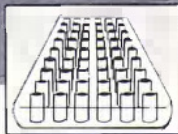
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that while business *seemed* to be good, the store was actually losing money. "They were awash in ledgers and statements as they strove to prove their point. Finally, the old man spoke. 'Listen,' he said. 'The pushcart that I pushed into this town 40 years ago we still have. It is in the storeroom on the sixth floor. Go up and look at it. Check it off. Then everything else you see is profit.'"

There were margin calls then, there are margin calls now—though fewer of them, since much of the leverage has been regulated out of the game. "If you are a customer receiving margin calls, there are a number of things you can do," Schwed writes, "but none of them is good." He recounts the finger-in-the-dike method (sending in more and more money to meet the calls) and the head-in-the-sand method (going off to the Maine woods) but seems to favor the old advice: Never meet a margin call. Let your broker sell out your position and be done with it.

He observes investors as if they were ants running in a variety of directions to accumulate crumbs, unaware of the larger forces at work (an approaching human foot, for example). "Your average Wall Streeter," he says, "faced with nothing profitable to do, does nothing for only a brief time. Then, suddenly and hysterically, he does something which turns out to be extremely unprofitable. He is not a lazy man."

People afraid of ever having any cash Schwed labels rhinophobes. The term would seem more properly to describe people afraid of their noses; but I do know exactly the sort of people he means: The minute they sell a stock, no matter how overpriced the market, they feel compelled to dump the proceeds back into some *other* stock. God forbid they should ever actually sit with cash.

And he describes another timeless type, "customers of a certain mentality who cannot rid themselves of the idea that the whole business is a contest between broker and customer to see which one gets the other's money." In which regard, perhaps you saw the item last winter about a Pennsylvania doctor who, apparently a sore loser in this contest, dressed up as Santa Claus and abducted his broker from a Christmas party, torturing him for 12 days.

What's marvelous about Schwed is the devastating simplicity and good humor with which he makes his points. Playing the market is like playing poker: "Now, boys," said the hopeful soul, "if we all play carefully, we can all win a little."

With patience and gradual economic progress, that can actually be true of the stock market. We *can* all win a little. It is *not* a zero-sum game. But those two seemingly modest ingredients, patience and economic progress, are anything but assured. Especially the first.



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GRAND PRIX

(continued from page 127)

Princess Grace, up the hill along Avenue des Spélugues, you come upon a nest of small clubs, most of them glitzy but predictable night spots, such as L'X Club, others very much "in" places, such as Le Tiffany's and The Living Room. Tiffany's is where the Monegasques (that translates as "people of Monaco") go to dance and mingle with the singles. It has a small bar, a little dance floor and lots of movement. Next door is The Living Room, currently Monte Carlo's hottest club, and old Monaco, young Monaco, natives and imports know that it has become the place where the girls are.

It is a private club, and you get in if the manager, known to its denizens only as Murphy, likes the way you are arranged. The Living Room is exactly that. It is filled with deep, plush sofas in muted beiges, blues and reds, and against its walls are bookcases stocked with books. But nobody goes to The Living Room to read; you go to meet women. It has a tiny bar and a tinier overhanging balcony from which to look down on the sofas and

reconnoiter.

Back down the gently curving hill onto Avenue Princess Grace, the strip begins to bubble with clubs such as La Boccaccio and Gregory's . . . After Dark. The latter is located in a recently completed luxury-housing complex called the Palace Apartments. In Monte Carlo, they know Gregory simply as Gregory, the young, handsome, Russian-born singer who is host of the club and one of the principality's great gossips. Girls go to Gregory's in twos and threes and most often depart in ones, with company. And it is easy to find company there, in either the video-game room or the backgammon room, even in the card room, a warm-up for the casinos.

Nor is that all of the action in Monte Carlo. You'll find the girls hanging around the lobby entrance to the Loews Casino and in the Monte Carlo Casino and around the blackjack tables in its American Room, with its ceiling of painted cherubs. There will be fewer in the *salon privé* and none but the invited in the *salon super privé*, where the action is of a different kind. Whichever you opt for, *bonne chance* and happy winnings.



PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

(continued from page 136)

mikes turned off! And this was in front of all America!" This memory has Barbara falling out of her chair. "Some of the girls cried. I was the only one who laughed about it. Hey, might as well laugh. Anyway, we did a lot of good shows in Hong Kong. Once in a while, we'd pack the place. And the shopping was great. Some days, we'd wake up and the American dollar would be worth nine Hong Kong dollars. We overcharged all our charge cards. You go crazy! You get such bargains that you don't even think about what you're spending. I designed my own suits and dresses and had them made up. We got handmade snakeskin shoes for \$40. Can you believe it? Like \$200 shoes!"

When Barbara shows up at her Playmate of the Year party at Playboy Mansion West, we're going to give her even more nifty stuff. She's already seen one of her gifts, a brand-new 12-cylinder Jaguar XJ-S. "It's real fast," she warned. "Ssshewww. Goes up to 65 in first gear! It's a killer. You can't hear the engine at all. It's gorgeous!"

Barbara is so excited about the car, you'd think we never gave her a check for \$100,000. The truth is, she's trying to forget it. She has already decided she isn't going to blow a cent. She has consulted a number of investment counselors, and she plans to put most of it into real estate.

"I'm not touching one penny of the \$100,000. I'm going to live off the money I make on Playmate promotions and modeling. That \$100,000 is a lot of money to me. That's a fortune. I was used to having a nine-to-five job, and I worked hard for almost \$200 a week. And I could make that last. So I'm used to stretching."

Before her train leaves on an extended tour of her domain, Barbara plans to take it easy.

"I'm going to relax at home and get into my artwork. I just finished two paintings. And there are a lot of pieces I want to start work on."

She's also looking forward to her new responsibilities.

"I like doing promotions. It's such fun to meet people. I like to get out there and meet everybody. I like promoting PLAYBOY. I think it is one of the most exciting companies to work for. And just being out there promoting it, advertising the name, is just fantastic. I have a lot of fun. People seem to love PLAYBOY."

"You know, I feel as if I'd been chosen Miss America or Miss Universe. I mean, this is the biggest. Someone told me, 'You're the luckiest girl in the world' and, you know, I am lucky. But I feel I can also share it with all my sisters, the Playmates and other people. And as long as everybody is happy for me, I am, too."



"You'll have to stop drinking champagne out of ladies' slippers. You have athlete's mouth."



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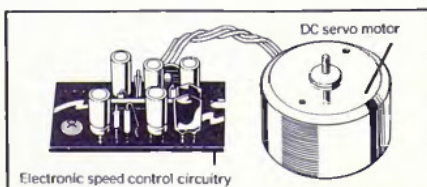
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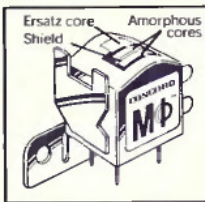


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All in all it's the greatest full bandwidth power at low distortion

you can get in a car stereo without add-on amplifiers.

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All things considered the Concord HPL-532 is an extraordinary car stereo.

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But when you add up all its features you might say this.

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

SPORTS

A SWINGING AFFAIR

About 15 years ago, Robert Morley wrote in *PLAYBOY* that his idea of hell was a locker room "full of men changing from long pants to short, with rackets and clubs swinging around my ears." Times have changed, and if Morley gave rackets a shot today, he'd discover what you already know, that high-tech materials, such

as titanium, and high-tech thinking, such as the science of ergonomics, which studies man and his relationship to tools, have served up an ace in everything from tennis and racquetball to squash and badminton. If you don't believe us, play a game with one of these rackets and then go back to your old equipment. Even Morley would find that boring.



Above: Made of graphite and Kevlar, the supertough Ergonom tennis racket has a twist—the extra-large head is tilted at a 40-degree-plus angle that better aligns the sweet spot to the flight of the ball, by Snauwaert, about \$225 unstrung.



Above left: The Titanium Omega Sports racquetball racket has two unique characteristics—a lightweight, extra-strong frame and an unusual Mad Raq stringing system that gives the player a better bite on the ball, \$100. Above right: Kneissl's Super Pro Vario tennis racket has a dial that can be adjusted to play "head light," "even balance" or "head heavy," \$200. Below, left and right: The Dominator, a squash racket with a larger hitting area, by Pro-Kennex, \$99; and the extra-strong Cab-15 carbon-graphite badminton racket, by Yonex, \$82.



Our Blind Dates Were Never Like This

We don't know about you, but for us, the words blind date conjure up images completely different from those shown on these pages. These women are gorgeous, the stars of a movie called *Blind Date*. The publicity memo for the film gives the following details: "The \$4,500,000 thriller was shot entirely in Athens, Greece. It deals with the adventure of Jonathon Radcliff (Joseph Bottoms) in an alien city where people speak an unintelligible language and where in the peak of summer a killer is on the loose cutting people up in a surgical manner, using a pencil to make the incisions on the skin of his naked victims and a scalpel to finish them up. Jonathon Radcliff becomes obsessed with the idea that Rachel, a model who has been signed to do a commercial for



his agency, is actually Mary-Anne, his high school flame, who 15 years ago was raped before his very eyes. Following Rachel in an attempt to confirm her identity, Jon becomes blind during a strange incident. Trying to adjust to his new world of darkness with Claire Parker (Kirstie Alley), his girlfriend, always on his side, Jon has a meeting with a top neurosurgeon (Keir Dullea) who has developed a computerized unit that allows blind people to see. . . . The picture projected directly into the blind person's brain is merely one of a video game: bright outlines against a

black background." At left, Bottoms and Alley practice Braille foreplay. The memo goes on: "With his compulsion, Jonathon becomes an eyewitness to one of the hideous murders. . . . From that moment on, he is chased by the psychotic killer."



Somehow, we can't imagine any of these women as bright outlines against a dark background. They are too vivid in full color. Noelle Simpson (left) is a New Zealand-born actress who plays a tourist murdered by the psychotic killer of *Blind Date*. Alici Amoruso (above) plays one of the models in a commercial being filmed by Jon's ad agency. Whatever the product is, we'll buy it.



The cast of *Blind Date* has a distinct international flavor. The lovely Beatrice Vetterl (left) was born in Switzerland. Lana Clarkson (below) plays Rachel, the girl whom Radcliff mistakes for Mary-Anne, his high school flarne, who, as we mentioned earlier, was raped before his very eyes. Obviously, Nico Mastorakis, the writer-producer-director of *Blind Date*, has an eye for beauty. See you by the popcorn stand.



In the movie, Swedish-born Anki Grelson (above) plays a model who is a close friend of Rachel's. Valeria Golino (below) plays a close friend of Radcliff's.





UNSUITED FOR SUCCESS

Marketed as the first bathing suit that "lets you tan where the sun doesn't shine," The Unsuit, we've been assured, once and for all "does away with those ugly white strap marks that mar an otherwise beautiful tan." The secret is the suit's weave; if you hold one up to the light, you'll see it's as sheer as a fairy's wing—but on your body, it's opaque. Thus, tanning rays penetrate it while burning rays are filtered out. Saks, Bloomingdale's, Macy's and other department stores carry the suits in a variety of prints, including leopard and tiger, for about \$40, women's one-piece; \$37, women's bikini; and \$33, men's bikini. Look into it.



FIRE WHEN READY, CURLY

Maybe it's just as well that The Three Stooges aren't around to get their demented mitts on the Winger Water Balloon Slingshot. (Knowing Larry and Curly, they'd probably fire Moe through somebody's window.) But for anyone looking for some good, clean fun, the Winger is the way to fly. All you do is fill a balloon with water, place it in the Winger's nylon pouch and streeeeettch the nylon tubing while two friends act as point men. Then, when you've got your angle of dangle and trajectory all set, you let loose and—twang!—your water balloon takes off for parts unknown up to 100 yards away. Order yours from Winter Sports Ltd., 2167 Buhl Avenue, North St. Paul, Minnesota 55109, for only \$21.95, postpaid, including 70 balloons. Fraternity wars, anyone?

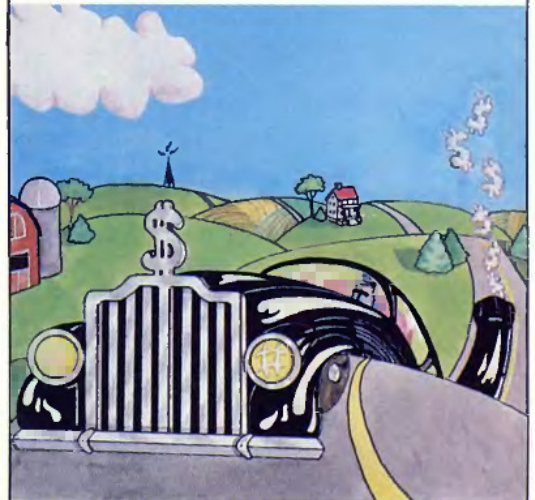
FROM MARDI GRAS TO FOIE GRAS

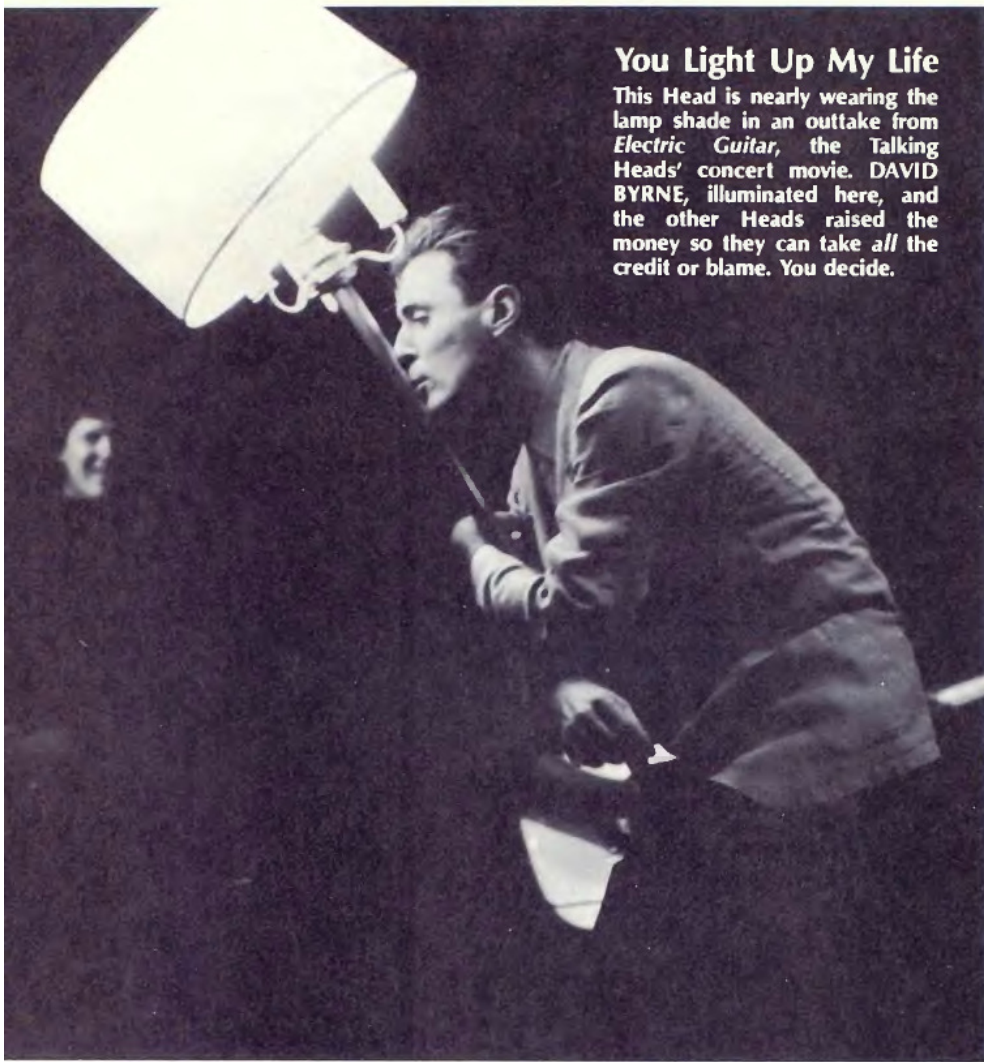
Aside from playing host to the 1984 World's Fair this summer, New Orleans will also be mother city to the first National Festival of American Foods & Cookery, a series of events from July first to 31 that includes a seminar on Cajun/Creole cooking, plus wine and food tastings and more at such eateries as Commander's Palace. For info, contact La Fête, 1100 Tulane Avenue, New Orleans 70112. It should be a gas.



DOW JONES HITS THE ROAD

When the open road beckons, you can keep up on how your shares in Amalgamated Hockey Puck Mines are doing by ordering a copy of *The Why Didn't I Think of It First Guide to Business News and Stock Reports on American Radio Stations*. The 28-page booklet, which sells for \$5.50, postpaid, from Stock Guide, P.O. Box 1266 (P), Edison, New Jersey 08818, succinctly covers everywhere from Anniston, Alabama, to Sheridan, Wyoming. In Kalamazoo, it's WKZO at 5:25 P.M. Tune in.





You Light Up My Life

This Head is nearly wearing the lamp shade in an outtake from *Electric Guitar*, the Talking Heads' concert movie. DAVID BYRNE, illuminated here, and the other Heads raised the money so they can take all the credit or blame. You decide.

Move Over, Alexis

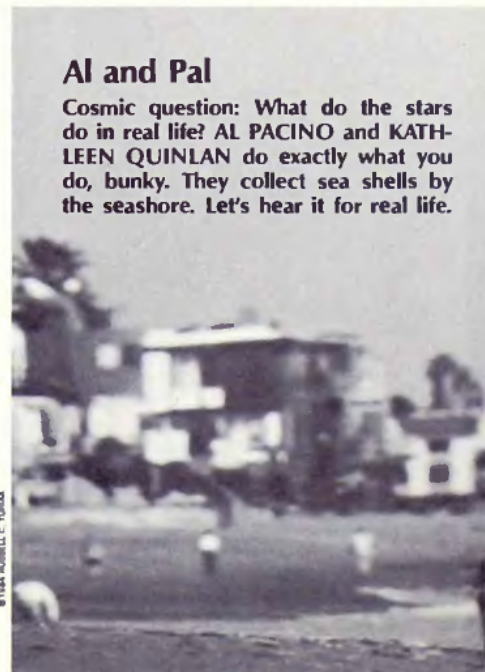
TV's other nighttime-soap-opera glamor bitch is *Falcon Crest's* SARAH DOUGLAS. She just happens to hail from Britain, too. Douglas warmed up for evil in *Superman II*, but she'll really have to hustle to outdo Joan for pure venom.



The Police Line-up

On the left, two real Policemen, STEWART COPELAND and STING; and, above, artist Lynn Curlee's rendering of the pair with fellow officer Andy Summers. Art and life ran into each other when Copeland and Sting went to see themselves on a gallery wall. Your turn will come soon when the poster goes on sale.

© 1984 ROBERT GROOMAN (2)



Al and Pal

Cosmic question: What do the stars do in real life? AL PACINO and KATHLEEN QUINLAN do exactly what you do, bunky. They collect sea shells by the seashore. Let's hear it for real life.

© 1984 RUSSELL C. TURNER



DAVID JAMES / SYGMA

© 1994 ANDY PEARLMAN

Oh, Gosh Oh, Golly Gee Whiz Wow!

What a piece of work is SUSAN SCHRODER. Once a cheerleader for the old Oakland Raiders, she has since gone Hollywood. Plan to see her in the action flick *Surf Gladiator*. It goes almost without saying that Susan is our celebrity (in the making) breast of the month.



News from the Heartland

Recognize this face? You do if you saw *Footloose* last winter. You'll see her again soon in two more movies, *Kidco* and *Grandview, U.S.A.* Her name? ELIZABETH GORCEY. Remember it so you can say, "Oh, yes, I saw her in *Grapevine*." Call this a public-service announcement.



JUST MY IMAGINATION

It's not surprising that most people have sexual fantasies. After all, a fantasy is a dream in which your conscious mind gets to do the driving while a tape of your subconscious hums in stereo.

A sexual fantasy usually provides a service to its creator. It is a model for a real sexual script, a means of arousal—or even a clue that all is not right in the psychosexual sphere. For those reasons, sex therapists have taken a great interest in sexual fantasy. And lately, the pace of their scientific inquiry has quickened.

Some of the most intriguing and helpful work that has appeared lately has been that by Dr. David E. Nutter and Mary Kearns Condrón, both of the Department of Psychiatry and Human Behavior at Philadelphia's Jefferson Medical College. They sought to correlate the presence or absence of sexual fantasy with sexual activity or the lack of it.

In their study, a report of which appeared in the *Journal of Sex & Marital Therapy*, Dr. Nutter and Condrón passed out a sexual-fantasy questionnaire that was completed by 30 women who claimed to have satisfactory sex lives and by 25 who had come to a sexual-dysfunction clinic complaining of lack of desire. Nutter and Condrón compared the two groups and concluded that while all the women had sexual fantasies, the ones with arousal problems utilized fantasy less often during foreplay, coitus, masturbation and general day-dreaming than did the women who were satisfied with their sex lives. The sexual Walter Mittys utilized fantasy and made out. The others didn't and didn't.

Reality can be sobering, and a full dose of it can be chilling. As Robin Williams says, "Reality—what a concept." The point of using fantasy as a tool is to seek arousal in a situation that

is less than arousing.

As Condrón described it to us, therapists instruct a woman who has trouble reaching orgasm to fantasize that she is



Above, Joan Teige, businesswoman, fitness freak, human billboard. In short, the new woman. Teige posed to plug her Aspen punk sports shop. Panties are \$6 in black, white, yellow, blue, peach, purple and fuschia, from P.E. 101, P.O. Box 9526, Aspen, Colorado 81612. Specify small, medium or large.

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climaxing—to "act into it." That is reminiscent of the singer who said the only way she could hit a high note was to hear it first in her head; if she could imagine the note, she could sing it. In the same way, Condrón said, the fantasy of an orgasm is sometimes enough to ready a woman for a real one. Does that mean, we asked, that faking orgasm is therapeutic? "That would be controver-


sial, wouldn't it?" she quipped.

The message implicit in all of this is that those who are having arousal troubles should try to be more creative. No matter that the word inspires reveries of the Seventies—of macramé plant hangers and est—it is actually possible and rewarding to teach people to fantasize.

To do just that, Nutter and Condrón first try to overcome their patients' blocks against fantasy. "Some experience what Masters and Johnson call a cross-preference fantasy," said Condrón. "They fantasize about something that is so threatening to them that they just turn it off. A woman may become aroused at the thought of two women having sex together and she will keep it out of her mind, but meanwhile, she's keeping everything else out, too."

"Guilt is the biggest block to fantasy," Nutter added. "Some feel that if they have fantasies, they are cheating on their partners."

Once the therapists have toppled the blocks, they help the patient fantasize more freely by creating a script. Then, the patient plays out her fantasy in a solo performance to see if it's arousing. If it doesn't work, it goes back to rewrite. If it works, the patient is told to take it to bed with a partner. Nutter and Condrón estimate that about one third of their patients complaining of arousal problems profit from incorporating a fantasy into their sexual routines. Call that rehabilitation or call it the way to better sex.

While Nutter and Condrón's study covered only females, the team is now planning to look for a correlation between fantasy and sexual satisfaction among men. A study done in Germany last year suggests that there's a correlation between sexual dysfunction in men and the absence of fantasy. We'll keep you up to date on the good work of Nutter and Condrón. 

Photographer Geoffrey Thomas is known for his sexy studio shots of Billy Squier, Belinda Carlisle and other rock stars. His recent New York gallery showing of stars and less familiar subjects didn't disappoint. These examples and more are available as prints and/or postcards from Thomas at 40 East 21st Street, number two, New York, New York 10010.



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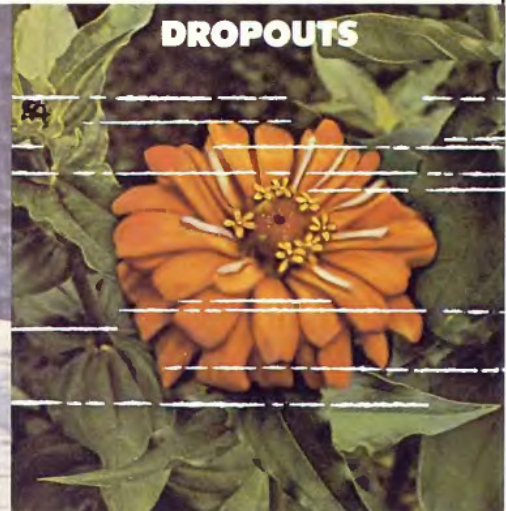
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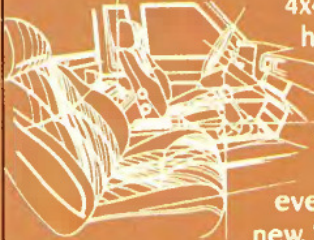
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