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MESA Red Wing Shoe Store, 1846 W. Broadway

MDRENCI Phelps Dodge, Merc C Drawer 9

PAGE Glen Canyon Trading, Box 1415

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Healys Shoes, 2646 W. Glendale Ave.

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PLAYBILL

HIS NAME CROPS UP almost nightly on the news, but **Walid Jumblatt**, self-avowed war lord of the Druse, the fiercest Moslem sect in Lebanon, remains something of an enigma to the West. In an effort to pierce the veil of mystery surrounding the Lebanese leader, journalist and syndicated columnist **Morgan Strong** met with Jumblatt in Switzerland to conduct this month's *Playboy Interview* while so-called reconciliation talks were going on among various Lebanese factions and Lebanese president **Amin Gemayel**. The resulting conversation reveals not only the Druse motivation for bringing the Gemayel government to a standstill but also the private thoughts of the Druse leader. Jumblatt veers between a cheerful, though fatalistic, philosophy about living well now because death could be imminent and the grim belief that a world-wide holocaust is just around the corner. (The latter possibility doesn't disturb him as much as it might some of us, inasmuch as the Druse believe in reincarnation.)

We don't know that the late comic genius **John Belushi** would do it any differently if he could come back again, but if he could read our excerpt from *Washington Post* editor-reporter **Bob Woodward's** forthcoming book *Wired—The Short Life and Fast Times of John Belushi* (to be published by Simon & Schuster), he might go a bit easier on himself. Woodward, whose contributions to *PLAYBOY* date back to our excerpt of *All the President's Men* in May and June 1974, interviewed hundreds of people to piece together, in meticulous detail, the frenetic, garish and sometimes grisly scenes that presaged Belushi's death. At any rate, Belushi would have surely shared **Gary A. Taubes's** view of *Life as a Standing Eight Count*, though Taubes chose a less deadly instrument for getting himself knocked out: a pair of boxing gloves. He recounts in this tough memoir what it's like to be 26 years old and suddenly be seized by the idea that you can, in only three months, learn to box well enough to win a Golden Gloves tourney. And while we're on the subject of combat, **John and Bo Derek** have now gone through yet another verbal donnybrook with Hollywood and the media over their new film, which at last report was titled *Bolero*. From the sound of their interview with Contributing Editor **David Rensin**, they've emerged, if not unscathed, unbowed. As hubby John's photography shows, Bo is certainly in fighting trim.

This month's first fiction entry, **Ray Bradbury's** *By the Numbers* (illustrated by **Mel Odom**), is the story of another kind of fitness and another kind of discipline, which has ironic and gruesome consequences. Our second fictional adventure, **Donald E. Westlake's** *The World's a Stage*, is a further episode from his Spaceship Hopeful series. Back on Earth, our financial guru, **Andrew Tobias**, breaks out of his usual columnar format to tell you everything—trust us—you need to know to graduate into financial adulthood in *Money 101: Terms of Enrichment*.

If you're one of those people who used to drop in at singles bars occasionally but gave them up because they're all the same, don't hang up your dancing shoes until you've read our guide to *America's Best Singles Bars*, compiled by **Bruce Kluger** (and illustrated by **David Lee Csicsko**).

For further edification, **E. Jean Carroll** conducts a wacky *20 Questions* with writer and wit **Fran Lebowitz**; **Nancy Crowell** takes us through the ups and downs (and ons and offs) of the latest Olympic sport in *All on Boardsailing!* (illustrated by **Mary Anne Enriquez**); **Danny Goodman** introduces us to the best of the new electronic telephones in *Breaking Up Is Hard to Do*; and **Hollis Wayne**, with modeling help from television's sexy **Teri Copley**, previews the best in light and white men's attire for summer in *Blonde on Blonde*, photographed by **Gordon Munro**.

And last, but not least, there are our other pictorials. Start out with a look at Madison Avenue's **Robin Avenier** in *Ad Ventures with Robin*; then wrap it up with the oh-so-wrap-uppable **Liz Stewart**, our Playmate of the Month. Have a jammin' July!



STRONG, JUMBLATT



WOODWARD



TAUBES, WRITER



TAUBES, BOXER



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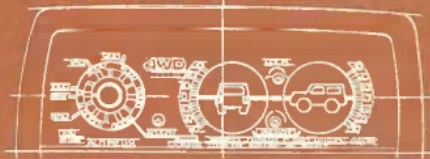
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PLAYBOY



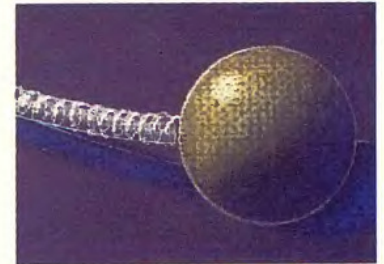
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COVER STORY

With this month's smoking cover, shot especially for us by husband John at the Derek ranch in California's Santa Ynez Valley, Bo Derek joins the leaders in covering for PLAYBOY (March 1980, August 1980 and September 1981 were her others). You may see more Bo than ever before in *Bolero*, or *Extasy*, or whatever the final title will be, if the movie gets released intact; in any case, we recommend our pictorial feature *Brava, Bo!*, beginning on page 112. ¡Olé!



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JOAN SUCCEEDS



"I think I've decided to become notorious."

Three cheers! I had always thought of Joan Collins as a cold, untouchable woman, but thanks to Lawrence Grobel's excellent questions, she emerges in April's *Playboy Interview* as a caring, warm and—of course—strong one. Keep it up.

Juan Garces
Miami, Florida

I have never watched *Dynasty*, and if Joan Collins' acting is as one-dimensional as her conversation, I congratulate myself on my discernment.

Ed Rist
Dundee, Florida

Joan Collins' comments about AIDS, its first victims and its transmission (she's the expert; *doctors* aren't sure how it's transmitted) are irresponsible and homophobic. As is her statement about her would-be first lover—he *couldn't*, so that

makes him gay! Collins puts down everyone from gays to Jews, Streisand to Hagman, ex-husbands to ex-lovers. Is this a mature, secure woman, or does Joan believe her own publicity?

George Hadley-Garcia
San Mateo, California

Ahhh, a breath of fresh air! If only the whole world were as honest as Joan Collins—wouldn't it be interesting?

Penni Nathan
Atlanta, Georgia

For several years, I worked at *Us* magazine, the publication in which Joan Collins finds her relaxation. Every other week—or so it seemed—we had her face on the cover. It was no accident—I knew both she and *Dynasty* assured us of big sales. But I never cared about Collins—or her ABC series. Bitches were never my style. Then someone passed along a copy of Lawrence Grobel's *Playboy Interview*, and I read and laughed and read and laughed, sighing with delight. Grobel's conversation with Collins has changed my mind about the lady; now I see her as a woman with direction, insight, shrewdness—and intelligence. *Brava!* I can't wait for Wednesday night.

Alan W. Petrucelli
Tarrytown, New York

WILD ABOUT HARRY

Bravo to Harry Crews for *The Violence That Finds Us* (*PLAYBOY*, April). As a graduate of the Marine Corps' Parris Island crucible (though I was there more than a decade after Crews), I found his piece as haunting as a nightmare and as personal as a punch to the solar plexus. Crews understands that the violence endemic to modern America is both inescapable and often *amoral*. It simply *exists*, and the rationalizations of theorizers do nothing for the person on the street when fate writes his or her name on the wall. I'm lucky enough to have made it through

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three decades with a straight nose and teeth that are all my own; but when the random violence that seems to accompany 20th Century life has had me backed into a corner, I've risen to the occasion out of necessity, backed by combat training and the curious, violent elation Crews describes. It is a hell of a release. Let's have more by Crews now and then; he might serve as an effective counterpoint to Asa Baber's increasingly neurotic, self-deprecatory ramblings.

Eric Strahl
Prescott, Arizona

I was disgusted and disturbed by *The Violence That Finds Us*. Still, the rogues' gallery of outdated and ludicrous *macho* stereotypes to which Harry Crews pays homage in six pages of prose are sublimely and elegantly placed in perspective by Asa Baber's brief, eloquent *Men* column, "The Roots of Aggression: Part Two" in the same issue. What a relief to find Crews's *macho* balloon punctured so easily.

Erik Bien
Denver, Colorado

DUTCH TREAT

What a girl, what a beauty. April Playmate Lesa Ann Pedriana has my vote for Playmate of the Year. She is dazzling. The pictures of her are masterpieces. Just one look at breath-taking Lesa and the sun shines again for me here in rainy Holland.

Peter van der Eijk
The Hague, Netherlands

I was so happy with April's PLAYBOY, I ran out and bought another one. Now I have two centerfolds of Lesa Ann right next to each other, to make sure I don't miss anything.

Mark Liebzit
Mount Clemens, Michigan

SMARTWARE

Lee Gomes' *The Mind of a New Machine* (PLAYBOY, April) skirts the obvious outcome of artificial intelligence in future generations. The complex process of communication will gradually change to suit the needs of computers and the people who work closely with them. Perhaps the future will bring a new group of Spock-like people who will speak a new form of language with machines. Many of the abstract terms in everyday language will be avoided; instead, a succinct language will emerge. After all, we can hardly expect a computer ever to understand how an 80-year-old woman could change the entire meaning of the sentence "Where's the beef?"

Louis Schutz
Skokie, Illinois

CHRISTMAS IN JULY

For years, I've been an avid supporter of PLAYBOY. Combining my affection for your magazine with a budding intoxication with amateur photography, I created

a holiday greeting card showing myself and a companion elf (girlfriend Michelle Hilburn) sporting all our Christmas cheer. Needless to say, the card generated a response from friends and family that no other had before. This is a holiday tradition that will keep me on greeting-card mailing lists for years to come!

Ron Pierce
Dallas, Texas

You can be on ours, too, Ron. Especially



if Michelle Hilburn continues to be part of your holiday tradition.

FAT PITCH

I am a "bountiful" beauty. Although I do appreciate your efforts in exposing full-fledged lovelies (*Big & Beautiful*, March), I resent your hiding behind the softened lens and the Rubensian theme. I am a contemporary woman in all ways and wish to be seen as such. Big beauties aren't hiding in the past, so why should you? Why don't you call a curve a curve?

Magi Schwartz
Hollywood, Florida

THAT WAS GARFUNKEL

I wish to respond to an item in April's *Playboy Music '84*. It seems that a study by the Recording Industry Association of America concluded that home taping results in an annual loss to the industry of some 325,000,000 album and prerecorded-tape sales. I imagine that that must stick in the industry's craw. Well, tough. What sticks in *my* craw is the fact that the recording industry doesn't give a shit about the technical quality of the tapes it foists on the public at outrageous prices. The last time I bought a prerecorded tape, it sounded as if Paul Simon had been bound, gagged, locked in a trunk and dumped into the Hudson to drown.

Frank Darabont
Hollywood, California

WOMEN WANT WEAPONS

I disagree vehemently with Cynthia Heimel's April *Women* column. I am both

female and pronuclear. I do happen to think that "Ronald Reagan is a hell of a President." Who does this lady think she is to speak for all the women of the country? What does politics have to do with getting into someone's pants?

Kathleen E. Wright
Huber Heights, Ohio

I agree with Heimel about "healthy babies, green growing things," but I believe the way to protect those things is with an effective military deterrent. Frankly, if I had to "enjoy" them under a Communist regime, I'd rather be dead.

Maurine Moore
Cheyenne, Wyoming

ENDLESS LUST

My compliments on *Playmates Forever! Part Two* (PLAYBOY, April). It is no surprise to me that such beautiful women have only improved with age. If there is a Janet Lupo fan club, sign me up.

Joseph J. Carney, Jr.
Hoboken, New Jersey

FASHION PLATES

Your fine feature on Daniel J. Travanti in *Playboy's Fashion Guide* (April) is informative and enjoyable. It does contain one flaw, however. You state that Travanti is from "Kenosha, Wisconsin, which until recently was famous only as the home of Jockey underwear." Please note that on May 6, 1915, Kenosha gave the world Orson Welles.

William L. Pesetski
Washington, D.C.

I couldn't help noticing Michael Jackson's name on your best-dressed list in April's *Fashion Guide*. I guess it's safe to assume that your idea of "dash and flair" is strutting around dressed like Bozo the Clown on LSD. That's fine, but I'd still like to see the reaction you get from walking down the street like Jackson.

Ray Laatz
Lemont, Illinois

Well, people do stare when your hair goes up in flames.

TAKKI YUK YUK

I am very enjoy to reading your information article *Macho Sushi* (PLAYFUL BOY, February). I am being delightful and most astonishing to comprehend you are encompassing my greatly favorite recipe. I am fond to gratify Jim Morgan *san* on to composition *Macho Sushi*. From to be a child I am to eat with *sushi*. Enveloped to this epistle is abundantly more recipe: *hon-kee* (marinated whitefish); *tiniwini* (shrimp penis on radish); *no bess* (dried porgy); *grumpi* (boiled crab); *miowi* (raw catfish).

Don Bask *san*
Portland, Oregon



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



NO JURY WOULD CONVICT HIM

In a speech before the American Association of Advertising Agencies, ad exec John Bergin decried the extensive use of sex to sell products on television in foreign countries—a practice becoming ever more common here in the States, he contended. As an example, he singled out a domestic cable-TV spot for a line of silk lingerie, depicting a woman moaning with pleasure while donning her bra and panties. Bergin quoted an outraged friend, who said, “If I heard my wife making those noises, I’d rush into the bedroom and shoot her underwear.”

The unfortunately named Canaan Banana, president of the African nation of Zimbabwe, is enforcing a law that makes ridicule of his name a crime punishable by five years in the slammer and a \$1000 fine. Which is a lot of bananas.

Fun couple: When Stephanie Sue Grab became engaged to Wayne Titsworth, the Flint, Michigan, *Journal* announced their nuptials in the usual way, headlining it, “GRAB TITSWORTH.”

NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY

Advertising Age’s critic really liked the corporate ad featuring a comely young woman skimming along on water skis, but an irate reader found the headline offensive. “THIS LADY IS BEING PULLED BY HER VOLVO” blazed out of the page. The offended correspondent averred that the magazine’s critic is “unfamiliar with terms that describe the female anatomy or is simply a master of understatement when he says, ‘This one’s a double grabber.’”

Thirty-five-year-old housewife Catherine Jones has been having a hard time marketing her invention for women, the Stand-NP—which helps girls do exactly what its name says. Her ad for the plastic hose-and-cup device reads, “Stand up and urinate—never again have to sit down on

another filthy toilet seat to urinate.” *Cosmopolitan* and *Working Women* both refused the ad; so did the *National Enquirer*. Rupert Murdoch’s *Village Voice* finally ran it. Those of you who missed it and want to order one can send \$5.99, plus one dollar for postage, to Stand-NP, Drawer D, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15273.

Our West Coast editor spotted a California vanity license plate: BUSTED. It was on, of course, a DeLorean.

The subject was basketball, but the headline read, “FOURTH-QUARTER SPURT LIFTS TROJANS.”

You don’t want to know the whole story, but Trenton, New Jersey’s, mayor’s comments on the city’s prostitution problem were the subject of Tony Wilson’s *Trentonian* column. The paragraph we liked went this way: “While the mayor says he recognizes the street hookers on sight, they give him no inkling of recogni-



tion in return. And on the occasions in which he has been approached in his car, he says his . . . response has been to give the hooker involved a tongue-lashing.”

It must have been the couscous: Traverse City, Michigan’s, *The Record-Eagle* advertised a midnight movie: *Cacablanca*, the classic with Humphrey Bogart.

POLISH PIECE MOVEMENT

Once again, art proves more powerful than the totalitarian state: In the ancient Polish city of Kraków, freedom-loving aesthetes broke into a gallery and liberated 27 portraits. Photographic portraits. Of women. Nude women. And it was the 14th year in a row the annual exhibit has been raided.

GAYTEWAY TO HEAVEN

San Francisco homosexuals go to gay baths, gay bars, gay medical clinics, gay dentists and even a savings-and-loan association that caters almost exclusively to homosexuals. About the only thing male gays don’t do is give birth; but, like all other humans, they do eventually expire. So perhaps it’s only natural that Sodom by the Bay would now have a gay funeral parlor. It’s called the Lambda Funeral Guild, and its members can custom design any kind of going-away affair they’d like. Tom Simpson, who runs the guild, says that he tries to meet each family’s special requests. Order your studded leather shroud now.

Nature note: Sydney J. Harris tells us that Adolph von Baeyer, who discovered the parent compound of sleeping pills, called the substance barbituric acid, after his girlfriend of the moment, Barbara.

Vera Czermak of Prague discovered that her husband had been cheating. She was so distraught that she considered murder and then suicide. She chose the latter and leaped out of her third-story



NEW OLYMPIC EVENTS

Sure, there's the thrill of victory. Sure, there's the agony of defeat. But where are the laughs? The special effects? The nude scenes? Are the 1984 Olympic Summer Games really being held in L.A., or what? We found it very hard to believe that these Olympics weren't going to include some Tinseltown hanky-panky. Sure enough, Lenny Kleinfeld had just come into possession of a secret briefing book that listed the brand-new traditional sports you'll be seeing next month.

MIKE HAMMER TOSS—Muscle men from around the world take turns heaving middle-aged detectives out of saloons. For a throw to be legal, the shamus must travel from the front door to the curb in no more than one bounce.

BONDAGE DIVING—A sport combining the most popular aspects of De Sade, Houdini and Frederick's of Hollywood. Divers bound in leather restraints, chains and handcuffs are whipped off a ten-meter platform. Upon reaching the bottom of the pool, they must free themselves, surface, light a cigarette and make a catty remark.

VERY HIGH HURDLES—As they kneel in the starting blocks, runners will be injected with a drug that distorts their visual sense and imparts a feeling of cosmic oneness. Getting over the hurdles will be difficult but less of a problem than getting over an intense desire to communicate with them as individuals.

ONE-HUNDRED-METER MUD SLIDE—In honor of a cherished L.A. tradition, the Olympic committee has approved a downhill race for single-family dwellings. Although Californians are favored to sweep the ranch-style, split-level and A-frame categories, 500 years of experience gives the Swiss an unbeatable edge when it comes to falling chalets.

FLOPPY DISCUS (A.K.A. BINARY HORSE-SHOES)—The discus made relevant, thrown for accuracy as well as distance. The floppy discus must land on the spindle of a computer disk-drive unit and operate perfectly when the referee throws the switch.

SIXTY-METER SNORT—Instead of running between the white lines, athletes will go nose down on them. (In case of rain or even a stiff breeze, this event will be held indoors.) Most entrants will segue directly from the snort to the **HOLLYWOOD BABBLE-ON MARATHON**: four manic hours of *non sequiturs*, name-

dropping and confidential asides about how "what I really want to do is direct."

LEBANESE ROULETTE—An audience-participation event that takes place in the Olympic parking lot. The winners come back from the stadium and find a smoking crater where their Mustang used to be; the losers come back five minutes earlier.

SEXUAL DECATHLON—A soon-to-be-classic event won by the most impressive scorer in the broad jump, the organic pole vault, the breast stroke, the backstroke, the crawl, free-style floor exercises, Greco-Greco wrestling and something the program refers to as an adult equestrian event.

SERFING—A three-tiered event in which contestants must swim the Rio Grande, pick crops in the Imperial Valley all day and avoid being tagged by Immigration officers on the way home.

RING CYCLE—Athletes will perform a series of histrionic maneuvers on hanging gymnastic equipment while singing arias from consecutive acts of Wagner's epic.

REVERENT MOONING—A contemporary test of reflexes, this event is held in a real airport. Somewhere between the front door and the boarding gate, the athlete is confronted by a vacant vegetarian offering a "free" book. The athlete will be scored on the speed, ingenuity and grace with which he gives the appropriate response.

THE G.D.R. TRIATHLON—A semiofficial competition for members of the East German women's swim team who also enter the men's power-lifting and boxing events under assumed names.

THOUGHT-PUT—Brawny but brainy jocks heave a copy of Jean-Paul Sartre's *Being and Nothingness* as far as they can. Then the referee announces which page the book has fallen open to, and the athlete earns a bonus inch for every line he can quote from it.

window. She incurred only minor injuries, however, because she landed on her husband on the street below, killing him.

DEATH WISH III

The headline in *The New Jersey Herald* alleged, "FLIER TO DUPLICATE MISS EARTH'S FATAL FLIGHT."

To air is human: Under its automotive section, the *Times-News* of Twin Falls, Idaho, lists **FARTS AND ACCESSORIES**.

NEXT, THEY WRITE HAMLET

Researchers at the University of Montana recently had to redesign their Pac-Man machines in order to make the games more difficult to win. Because Pac-Man was too easy for scientists? Nope. Because it wasn't enough of a challenge for the eight rhesus monkeys that had been trained to play for marshmallows.

EXECUTIVE PERKS

The "Memos" page of a recent issue of *Industry Week*, subtitled "Working Smarter/Living Better," contained a number of useful tips with unusual headlines. For the traveling executive hoping for success overseas, it advised: "BE A STIFF FOREIGN COMPETITOR." For the domestically deskbound, the "SMALL-CRACK OPEN-DOOR POLICY" seemed more appropriate.

AN UNUSUALLY CRUEL PUNISHMENT

Correctional officers have long searched for new means of compelling prisoners to adopt good behavior. Arizona State Prison officials came up with a seemingly mild penal wrinkle that has the baddest inmates begging to be placed in solitary.

Indeed, in the prison's new "management-adjustment program," incorrigible residents are simply fed meat loaf. For breakfast, lunch and dinner.

"This is not the kind of meat loaf your mother makes," says Arizona Corrections Department spokesman John Turner. "It's really *bland* meat loaf, aimed at stopping inmates from exhibiting negative behavior. We don't serve steak sauce or Worcestershire sauce with it."

The Arizona Civil Liberties Union announced that it intended to fight the program as "cruel and unusual punishment." But Turner pointed out that the prison meat loaf not only contains meat but is also laced with vegetables and nicely meets the nutritional requirements of the American Correctional Association. "Obviously, they don't like it," said the spokesman. But the boring feedings are apparently working. "The seven who already had it," explained Turner, "were able to elevate themselves to better behavior."

The Bellevue, Washington, *Journal-American* described a recent basketball game this way: "HUSKY WOMEN HANG ON, NIP BEAVERS."



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SAVINGS OFFER EXPIRES: AUGUST 31, 1984 7AA75

BOOKS

The stitchwork in Roy Blount Jr.'s crazy-quilt collection of essays *What Men Don't Tell Women* (Atlantic-Little Brown) is a series of enigmatic "Blue Yodels," 27 monologs and dialogs so named to honor country-music legend Jimmie Rodgers, who "made an art of the pained moaning sound." Blount's male monologists palaver grandly on such topics as unrequited love, sexist jokes, whether the toilet seat should be left up or down and other sources of male/female friction. The pieces between the yodels connect logically enough if you follow the author's advice and view them as things that people don't usually tell one another—what the sick don't tell the healthy, what Southern hosts don't tell Northern guests, and so on. All of this is nurtured by Blount's brisk style. Try this sample: "The ideal person for the title role in *Otello* would be Franco Harris of the Steelers, if he could sing."

Jim Harrison is one of our favorite novelists (*Farmer, Legends of the Fall*), but this time out, he has stumbled slightly. *Sundog* (Dutton/Seymour Lawrence) is a mishmash of literary styles and conceits that never quite achieves the humor or the drama Harrison hopes for. Purportedly the story of an eccentric engineer by the name of Robert C. Strang, a man who has worked all over the world and who now finds himself diseased and dying, *Sundog* is at its best when the narrator is either eating or fucking. Unfortunately, Harrison's prose turns precious and academic in this book—"I must somehow content myself with having known a man totally free of the bondage of the appropriate"—and the clean, sharp edge of the Harrison vision seems blunted. Come back, Jim.

Anthony Burgess resurrects Enderby the poet "to placate kind readers of *The Clockwork Testament* (or *Enderby's End*) who objected to my casually killing my hero." In truth, he wrote *Enderby's Dark Lady* (McGraw-Hill) to have a good time. The result is a literate, funny and smart porridge of Shakespeare, science fiction and what passes for theater in Indiana. The first chapter is a wonderful, plausibly contrived account of how Shakespeare, in a moment of pique on his 46th birthday, takes the 46th *Psalm*, as translated by Ben Jonson for the King James Bible, counts 46 words from the beginning and inserts "Shake," then counts 46 words from the end and inserts "Speare"—thus perpetrating the poem as we know it and a literary joke. The main part of the book follows English bard Enderby to Terrebase, Indiana, where he has been commissioned to write a musical about the life of Shakespeare. He meets his dark lady, a straight-shooting black wom-



Wanna know what men don't tell women?

Big yuks from Blount and Cronley, plus new fiction from Anthony Burgess and Jim Harrison.



Cheap Shot made us weep with laughter.

an, and Burgess makes fast work of the warring languages the two of them speak. Then comes the science-fiction part. But never mind. The point is that Burgess is a superb snob who takes great pleasure in letting us all share in his fun.

You'd expect something to go wrong when a mischievous bunch of socially mal-adjusted people get together to knock over an art museum for the insurance ransom. What you wouldn't expect is how many things go wrong in *Cheap Shot* (Atheneum), by Jay Cronley. Regular PLAYBOY readers already know that Cronley is a

very funny fellow. He is mercilessly funny in his newest novel. There are crazy people out there in the world who keep interrupting the script, and Cronley has a wonderful way of letting us in on the depth of their dementia. Warning: Do not read this book with your mouth full.

At last, a New Right thriller that's not by William Buckley! The President vanishes from his yacht on the Potomac. The Russkies, in league with a secret empire of yellow devils, put a computer chip in his brain and run him by remote control. Superagent Dirk Pitt drapes himself in the flag and rides off to the rescue. In *Deep Six* (Simon & Schuster), Clive Cussler, author of *Raise the Titanic!*, has another blockbuster. Clumsily written and riddled with implausibilities, it's still as dramatic as the movie it will surely become.

What grittier, prettier, more sweetly ridiculous setting than a double-A baseball league in the land of cotton, crackers and Co-Cola? In *The Dixie Association* (Simon & Schuster), Donald Hays recounts a season with one team in his eponymous league. The pennant race is wild but not so wild as the off-the-field adventures of slugging ex-con Hog Durham, the Arkansas Reds and their one-armed manager, a bleeding heart named Lefty Marks. It's a fine first novel, full of drives into the gap between philosophy and craziness. Author Hays makes some rookie mistakes—most of his characters' names, for instance, are so symbolic we keep waiting for Jesus Christ to come up from the Mexican League. If Hays can settle for a series of singles instead of homers every chapter, he'll be a star.

BOOK BAG

The Cost of Loving: Women and the New Fear of Intimacy (Putnam's), by Megan Marshall: Both men and women can learn something from this fascinating book of interviews.

An Autobiography of Black Jazz (Urban Research Institute), by Dempsey J. Travis: A former musician and an attentive listener presents the voices of the jazz community in a series of reminiscences. Swinging social history.

Elleander Morning (St. Martin's), by Jerry Yulsman: One we almost missed. A brilliant what-if novel about a crusading courtesan who assassinates an impoverished art student named Adolf Hitler in 1913 and prevents World War Two.

Love's Reckless Rash (St. Martin's), by Rosemary Cartwheel: This does for the Gothic romance what *A Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* did for science fiction. It's a passionate parody, sweaty, damp, tempestuous, rapturous and hilarious.

Rum and Tonic. It's What's Happening.

All across America, people are switching to Puerto Rican white rum because it's smoother than vodka or gin.



For "Jazz" skipper John Fisher, there's no better sailing than breezy Marblehead. And no better way to celebrate sailing than with a Puerto Rican white rum and tonic. Crew member Grace Rowe obviously agrees.

Above Seattle's Lake Washington, architect Ray Merriwether and wife Barbara enjoy rum and tonic.



As La Quinta Hotel's Tennis Club pro, Charlie Pasarell is right at home. So is white rum.

At Santa Fe's truly enchanting Rancho Encantado, equestrians Ronni Egan and Leslie Hammel clear the dust of a hot trail with a cool Puerto Rican white rum and tonic. That's Lori Peterson tending the horses.

Santurce, Puerto Rico residents Manny and Nora Casiano publish "Caribbean Business". Their drink... rum and tonic.



On the greens of this exquisite Seattle estate, croquet is the order of the day. While Dave and Danita Herbig wait for winners they enjoy another "order of the day"... Puerto Rican white rum and tonic.

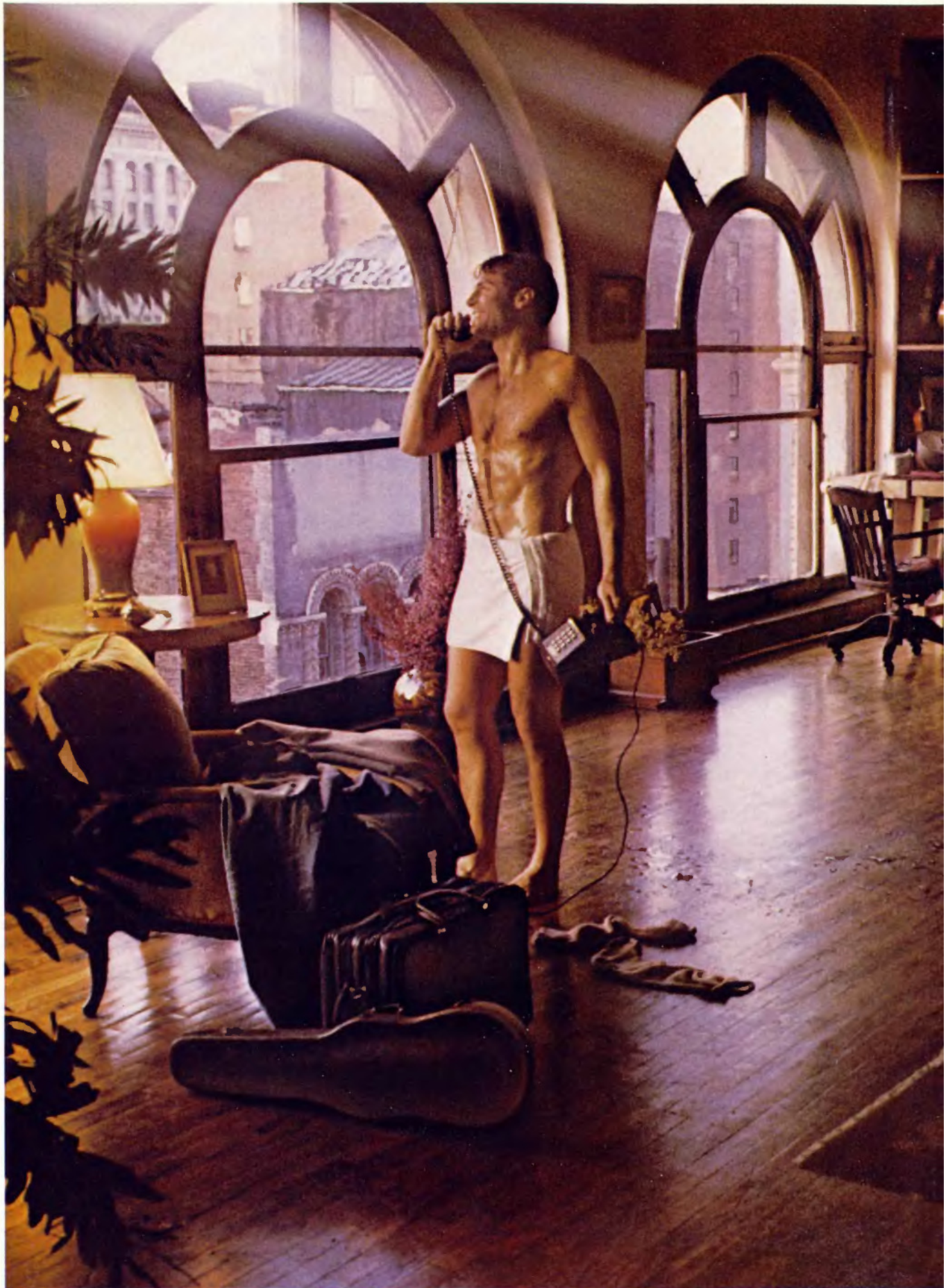
Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin can't match. Because it's aged one full year—by law.

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I hope you sit on a lute!

Ah, the sweet song of the morning
grouch!

You didn't say goodbye.

I didn't want to wake you.

*Who could sleep when there's a hunk
with no clothes on wandering around
at five in the morning, humming
Vivaldi and knocking over furniture?*

You have an ear of tin. It was Bruch.
And I'm playing it this afternoon
up in Boston for the Ladies of the
Noble Order of Sweater-and-Pearls.
What are you doing?

*Lying here, thinking of you. You
know, I can smell your Paco Rabanne.
It's like you were still here.*

I wish I were.

*I couldn't go back to sleep, remem-
bering everything. I wanted to hear
your voice. It has the most interesting
effect on me ...*

Maybe I should run over and read you
a bedtime story or something.

Or something.



Paco Rabanne
For men

What is remembered is up to you





Hancock, Taylor.

BUT CAN HE DANCE? The distinguished jazz composer-keyboardist Herbie Hancock has once again strayed into the pop idiom and scored a commercial success. Not only did *Rockit*, the hit single from *Future Shock*, win a Grammy but also the video for the song went into "heavy rotation" on MTV. What's more astonishing, the song is an instrumental (these almost never chart); and aside from those of superstars such as Michael Jackson and Lionel Richie, MTV rarely plays videos by black artists. So what flash of insight led to Hancock's latest coup?

"Actually, the way my contract reads, I've got to do some electric things," Hancock explains. He had heard former Sex Pistols' manager Malcolm McLaren's *Buffalo Gals*, which featured a technique known as "scratching"—something New York's rap d.j.s developed by spinning records back and forth by hand on two turntables at once. Hancock was wowed and decided to use the sound on his next "electric" recording.

After *Rockit* jumped to number one on the dance charts ("which is incredible for me," says Hancock with a sly laugh, "because I can't even dance"), he wanted to make a video that would bring his song to the white kids who watch MTV. He hired the duo of Godley and Creme (who had done hit videos for The Police and Duran Duran) and said, "Look, don't even have me on it, don't have any black people on it—just make it as white as any video they might show by Led Zeppelin or anybody." They laughed, they thought I was joking; but I wanted people to hear the music."

Hancock did appear in the video (but on a TV screen), and it was a smash. It quickly became one of the most popular clips ever on MTV. Hancock is a bit mys-

tified—not by the record's success but by the youth of his new audience. "My daughter comes home from school and says, 'Dad, they want your autograph.' She's 14. 'I'm embarrassed,' she says—but actually, she digs it."

DR. JAZZ: Billy Taylor is threatening to give jazz a good name. For openers, he's one of the few old beboppers you'll find toting around a Ph.D., and he spends more time performing on college campuses than he does in dark, smoky night clubs. (He also makes better money that way.) Last year alone, he won both an Emmy and a Peabody award for his jazz programs on TV and on National Public Radio, respectively. His tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., *Peaceful Warrior*, was premiered this year by the Atlanta Symphony. At 61, Taylor continues to promote the concept of jazz as "America's classical music"—most recently in his book *Jazz Piano: A Jazz History* (William Brown, Dubuque).

So what does Billy think of jazz musicians playing street music—say, Herbie Hancock (see above) or Max Roach, who has been playing the drums lately alongside rap d.j.s and breakers?

"The whole idea of Herbie or Max working with street groups," Taylor said, "takes jazz back to its functional basis."

About the current proliferation of rap music, Taylor is less sanguine: "It's another attempt to put into a mold something that's spontaneous," he sighed. "The merchandisers came in—as they did with disco—and it became predictable."

Taylor doesn't see any contradiction in jazzmen and street groups working together. If you tell him that bebop was the beginning of the end of danceable jazz, he

gets as hot as a Louis Armstrong solo.

"They danced to Charlie Parker tunes at Minton's all the time," he said, referring to the classic Harlem after-hours club. "I remember taking my wife to the Savoy Ballroom to dance to the music of Cootie Williams' band—in their book, they had a couple of Thelonious Monk tunes, *'Round Midnight* and *Epistrophy*."

Taylor insists that the cabaret tax—a World War Two tariff on clubs that allowed dancing to live music—was what really discouraged dancing to small-band jazz. It forced the dancing into the unlicensed after-hours clubs, where tap dancers such as Baby Laurence and Walter Green put on displays as wild and dazzling as those of today's break dancers.

"Baby Laurence would take challenge choruses with drummers like Max Roach, trading fours and dancing very sophisticated, syncopated rhythms—no way you could just count one, two, three, four and know where they were."

As you can see, it was just a hop, skip and a boogie to the likes of the New York City Breakers. —PETER OCCHIOGROSSO

REVIEWS

Whether or not you like Joe Jackson, whether or not you can stand that singing voice, he's become one of our most versatile writer/musicians. *Body and Soul* (A&M), his follow-up to *Night and Day*, may be an album to admire more than to listen to, but it's a sparkling piece of songwriting. *Cha Cha Loco, Not Here, Not Now* and *Loisaida* are lovely, soulful and sharp. Then there's the sly, upbeat *Go for*

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HOT

King Crimson / *Three of a Perfect Pair*
The Persuasions / *No Frills*
The Cars / *Heartbeat City*
Jeff Lorber / *In the Heat of the Night*
Laurie Anderson / *Mister Heartbreak*



NOT

Terms of Endearment (Music and dialog from the motion picture)

It, inflected California style—"Go Frit"—which ought to be the official tune of the 1984 Olympics. Critics always complain about the state of popular music, but things will be OK as long as we've got the Jacksons—Michael with his feet and falsetto, Joe with his poetry and ineffably sweet piano.

Sandy Pinkard and Richard Bowden are musical comedians with a difference. They don't sacrifice one medium for the other. Their *Writers in Disguise* (Warner) holds two surprises: One is that it's a hilarious spoof of country music, the other is that it's remarkably well produced and features some of Nashville's best session men. There are drinking songs (*Help Me Make It Through the Yard*—with no apologies to Kris Kristofferson), cheating songs (*Woman with a Gun*) and dog songs (*Delta Dawg*). There are songs about relationships (*Drivin' My Wife Away*) and even about the IRS (*What's a W-4*). This is comedy at the service of music and not, thank God, the other way around.

A must for jazz fans: vintage 1964 Tokyo and Berlin concerts by trumpeter Miles Davis never before available in this country. Released by Columbia as part of its estimable Contemporary Masters Series, this two-volume recording, *Miles Davis—Heard 'Round the World*, catches Davis at a particularly productive time. His work sears the ears; every note pays its way and makes you think. Associates Sam Rivers and Wayne Shorter (tenor saxophone), Herbie Hancock (piano) and Ron Carter (bass) are quite engaging. And drummer Tony Williams is a miracle, ever enhancing and reigniting familiar Davis material.

Lucia Popp: Mozart Opera Arias (Angel) is about as seamless a tribute to Mozart's music for dramatic sopranos as exists. It's also a fine selection of familiar arias from *Figaro*, *Giovanni* and *Così fan Tutte*. Leonard Slatkin conducts the Munich Radio Orchestra on this digital recording and no one gets in the way. You can't go wrong here.

SHORT CUTS

Nyroma / Doublé Doublé (Rounder): Some say Nyroma is the Zairean vocalist. Probably. He's joined here by L'Orchestre les Kamalé, a swinging ensemble whose drummer is named Ringo.

The Style Council / My Ever Changing Moods (Geffen): Three Brits embellish the Motown sound with synthwork for a juicy, joyous jump dance.

The Dice (Mercury): Raw and almost preliterate, this trio is quite likable. Maybe it's singer Gary Lima's nearly lifelike Mick impression that does it.

Slade / Keep Your Hands Off My Power Supply (CBS): We know it's dinosaur rock, but something vaguely Chinese and orchestral makes it, well, pretty.

FAST TRACKS



THE WE DON'T EVEN CARE IF THIS IS TRUE DEPARTMENT: Our best laugh this month comes courtesy of Queen's Freddie Mercury, who says he has approached Pope John Paul II about doing a concert in Saint Peter's Square. Mercury expressed surprise that he wasn't immediately turned down: "We expected to get a letter straight back saying the deal was not on; but, instead, the Pope promised to give the idea his full consideration." Freddie thinks the Pope's former acting career explains why he's still "keen" on showbiz.

COME FLY WITH BOY: Boy George has been asked by the head of his British record company to help launch a cut-rate transatlantic airline, Virgin Atlantic. The fare has been set at \$200 each way between London and New York. It is expected that Boy will fly on the inaugural flight.

REELING AND ROCKING: Genesis' Tony Banks is scoring the film *2010: Odyssey Two*, due in theaters next Christmas. . . . Tangerine Dream's new soundtrack job is for the film of Stephen King's novel *Firestarter*. . . . In addition to acting as producer, Andy Summers plans to act in *The Fantastist*, based on a book called *Goosefoot*, by Patrick McGinley. Summers will play a man suspected of murdering his wife. . . . It now looks as if Diana Ross's project to make a movie about Josephine Baker will come to pass. The money is being raised and John Briley, who wrote the *Gandhi* screenplay, has completed the script for *The Life of Josephine Baker*. . . . Actor Martin Sheen has formed his own production company and is developing a rock-themed movie, *Not Fade Away*, which deals with the impact of music video on parents and children.

NEWSBREAKS: *This Is Elvis* director Malcolm Leo is currently assembling a \$1,000,000 video titled *The Complete Beach Boys*, filled with rare footage, including Brian's TV debut of *Surf's Up* on a Leonard Bernstein TV special in the Sixties and the whole group singing *Sail On*, *Sailor* with Keith Moon and Elton in concert. The two-hour film is scheduled to be in the stores this fall—tragedies, warts and all. And the Boys? They're in the studio, working on a new album. . . . Did you know that Sting keeps his Grammys in the bath-

room, "because it helps show visitors what a modest chap I am"? . . . The BBC and EMI records are reported to be discussing the release of some tapes the Beatles made for British radio. The tapes, mostly dating from 1963, include Chuck Berry's *Memphis* and *Carol*, Phil Spector's *To Know Him Is to Love Him* and some Roy Orbison and Ray Charles stuff. The album could be released by Christmas. . . . Other Beatle-related news: Rock Apple Tours, the first rock-'n'-roll travel company, has announced some summer trips: There's the 12-day English tour, which includes London and Liverpool, with stops at Sotheby's rock-'n'-roll auction, Abbey Road, Strawberry Fields, Penny Lane, a three-day Beatles convention and the newly reconstructed Cavern Club. Or how about the side trip to Hamburg, Germany, where the Beatles' performing careers really caught fire? For details, contact Tony Raine, P.O. Box 586, Lexington, Massachusetts 02173. . . . Expect an album from George Thorogood this fall, with his own songs this time. . . . You can catch The Pretenders during the summer at outdoor venues. . . . Kim Carnes has been signed to host a new music show for TV called *Double Platinum*. The pilot should air any time now, and the half-hour weekly series is set for NBC next January.

RANDOM RUMORS: Some ideas sound too perfect to be true, but we hope this one is: Playwright Tom Stoppard told a London newspaper that David Bowie and Mick Jagger are interested in teaming up for a movie and have asked Stoppard to come up with the perfect vehicle for them. Stoppard said, "I'm very attracted to the idea. . . . I wish to God I could think of a plot." We wish to God, too.

—BARBARA NELLIS

HUMOR

He is a comedian with no jokes, hardly any act and a bright future. His hair shellacked by Dippity-Do, his tight gray suit at least three sizes too short and a tiny red clip-on bow tie bobbing on his neck, he is not exactly dressed for success. In fact, **Pee-wee Herman** looks like a nerd who has discovered the secret of eternal prepuberty and couldn't be happier about it. Grinning goonily, he rushes through a hyper game of show-and-tell (holding up rubber steaks, plastic monsters that drip red goo and other peculiar toys), his grating, nasal delivery interspersed with giggles, groans or growls and dippy catch phrases such as "OK? OK!" and "Am I lucky, or what?"

As the mood hits him, he tosses Tootsie Rolls to the audience or trades his white-patent-leather loafers for Big Shoes with towering wood platforms for a bizarre spaz ballet he calls Big Shoe Dance. When the inevitable heckler attacks, Pee-wee arches an eyebrow and comments sarcastically, "Real mature." To rude names, he snaps, "I know you are, but what am I?"—a rejoinder that he likes so much, he has expanded it into a music video and a record.

For such a little guy, Pee-wee's celebrity is looming large. A true innocent in troubled times, he seems destined to become, if not the next Mr. T, then at least a challenge to the memory of Tiny Tim. He is a man for all media. TV is his current hot spot. He has been on several specials, including his own on Home Box Office and one of Steve Martin's on NBC, and in series such as Showtime's *Faerie Tale Theatre*, in which he starred as Pinocchio. He's a frequent talk-show guest and a particular favorite of *Late Night with David Letterman*. He has appeared in several feature films—with Cheech and Chong, Tom Smothers and others.

Onstage, he has headlined and packed both the rock-oriented Roxy in L.A. and Minneapolis' more classics-minded Guthrie. In print, he has graced the *Dick Tracy* comic strip and *Rolling Stone's* summer issue, where he shared a page with swimsuited stars Ronald Reagan and Esther Williams. (Pee-wee was the one with Noskote and bathing cap, hunkering in a Port-A-Pool with his plastic dinosaurs and crabs.) He even has his own fan club and newsletter. If that isn't Pee-wee fever, what is?

Like many TV and film stars, Pee-wee honed his talent in the theater. He was actually born onstage in the late Seventies, in a revue featuring The Groundlings, a popular West Coast improv group. As his alter ego, actor Paul Reubens, recalls, "We were doing a satire on comedy clubs. I'd never done stand-up, didn't know any jokes, so I decided to be a comic who was so bad he was funny in spite of himself."



The resulting lovable little wimp was such a smash he wound up hosting his own *Pee-wee Herman Show*, a deliriously funny homage to Sixties TV kid programs. It played to standing-room-only crowds and eventually was taped for HBO, where it may rerun forever.

Unlike his kinetic-kid creation, the 31-year-old Reubens is a soft-spoken, shy, contemplative fellow. His flair for the unreal was nurtured while he was growing up in Sarasota, Florida, then the winter home for Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. "We lived a block away from the Wallendas. Other neighbors, the Zacinis, used to shoot themselves out of cannons." He's pleased that

people don't recognize him out of make-up. "They don't expect me to be the high-key crazy character that I'm not, most of the time." Still, he's proud of that character. "There are more levels to him than just the manic one you see on *Letterman*. Pee-wee gets pissed off, sometimes, and sad and jealous. The bottom line, though, is that he makes you laugh. And the laughs are at his expense alone.

"I'm writing a movie for him now, and we're working on a video duet for him with Cyndi Lauper, who sings *Girls Just Want to Have Fun*. Pee-wee met her at MTV's New Year's Eve party. Everything feels really good. Things are starting to happen for Pee-wee."

Is he lucky, or what? —DICK LOCHTE

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

AUSTRALIAN DIRECTOR Roger Donaldson's *The Bounty* (Orion) asks audiences to forget nearly everything they thought they knew about the famous mutineers already celebrated in two earlier movies based on the Nordhoff and Hall semiclassic *Mutiny on the Bounty*. This costly remake (well, \$25,000,000 or so), with an earnest, intelligent screenplay by Robert Bolt, is taken from another book that purports to stick closer to the *real* story of Captain Bligh and Fletcher Christian. Truth, alas, is often stodgier than fiction, and *The Bounty*—granted its actual South Sea setting and rich production values, courtesy of Dino De Laurentiis—offers no significant improvement over the roaring melodrama that pitted Charles Laughton's villainous Bligh against Clark Gable's feisty Christian back in 1935 (never mind the 1962 version muddled through by Brando).

The new, reconstituted Bligh is a mere lieutenant and, the crafty way Anthony Hopkins plays him, not such a bad sort as he used to be—just neurotic, insecure and prone to tantrums in a pinch. And Mel Gibson's skin-deep Christian appears to be a happy-go-lucky adventurer who goes bananas when he gloms those native girls, dancing topless and performing other favors that make the white man's burden quite easy to bear (his favorite Tahitian princess is played by Tevate Vernet). About mid-point, *The Bounty* goes seriously adrift, its story lines tangled with flash forwards to a navy courtroom scene (Laurence Olivier and Edward Fox officiating). Gibson boosters should refrain from throwing caps into the air—we have yet to sight the breakthrough movie that fulfills his perennial promise of superstardom. ★★★½

There's almost an excess of emotional immediacy in *The Stone Boy* (TLC), about the complex interplay of relationships in the wake of family tragedy—when a farm lad accidentally kills his older brother. In the title role (a reference to the guilt-stricken boy's inability to express what he feels), young Jason Presson is suitably sympathetic, also very strongly supported by Robert Duvall and Glenn Close, as his parents, with Frederic Forrest and Wilford Brimley as his wayward uncle and grandpa. Shot on location in rural Montana by director Chris Cain from an original screenplay by Gina Berriault, *Stone Boy* is a gritty, poignant down-home drama unequivocally committed to strumming folksy airs on your heartstrings. The movie achieves its modest goals easily, and there's a fringe benefit in the screen debut of Duvall's actress wife, Gail Youngs, altogether true and touching as Forrest's childless, long-suffering wife, who de-



Gibson, Hopkins and native friends party in Tahiti before the mutiny on the *Bounty*.

Gibson proves he's not Gable, but two *Stoned* films win plaudits.



Turner, Douglas find the *Stone*.

camps for the casinos of Reno. Duvall himself has a somewhat stoic secondary role, a mite reminiscent of his triumph in *Tender Mercies*. But nobody does it better, so I say yes. ★★★

If *Romancing the Stone* (Fox) is a cut below *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, it's at least in the same league as an exuberant comedy-adventure with some cheerful new twists. Luscious Kathleen Turner fulfills all her early promise, playing a plain-Joan romance novelist devoted to her cat, her typewriter and her royalties until she gets a frantic phone call from a widowed

sister who's been kidnaped in Cartagena, Colombia. Before you can say best seller, she's down in the jungle with a map for buried treasure (the ransom), sliding down cliffs and plunging over waterfalls with a rugged soldier of fortune (played with glorious *esprit* by Michael Douglas, who also produced the movie) very much like the *macho* heroes of her books. From a wry, inventive screenplay by Diane Thomas, director Robert Zemeckis maintains the deadpan style and fast tempo, with broad comic bits contributed by Danny DeVito, Zack Norman, Manuel Ojeda and a slew of snapping crocodiles. Go tongue in cheek and have a mischievous wallow. ★★★

Far be it from me to preach Proustian chapter and verse. Never having managed to wade through all the volumes of Marcel Proust's interminable French novel *Remembrance of Things Past*, I am not going to fake any expertise on the subject. All I can tell you is that *Swann in Love* (Orion Classics) has been put on the screen with impeccable taste by German director Volker Schlöndorff, whose film version of Günter Grass's *The Tin Drum* won an Oscar in 1979. Paris circa 1885 looks opulent as rendered by cinematographer Sven Nykvist, and *Swann's* class-act credentials include a screenplay credit for England's Peter Brook, plus a couple of prestigious French collaborators. In a clear bid for bicontinental star power, sizzling Jeremy Irons plays the aloof, elegant Charles Swann opposite Italian beauty Ornella Muti as Odette, the elusive object of his obsessions. Irons as Swann is a pathologically jealous suitor who discovers, too late, that "the love of my life wasn't my type—a woman I didn't like." Dramatically,



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Charles R. DeLoach

the movie is more an intellectual exercise than an erotic one, and the performers seem emotionally detached—except, perhaps, for Alain Delon as the flamboyantly homosexual Baron de Charlus. *Swann in toto* struck me as a core sample from Proust, layer after layer of a fastidiously shaded literary spectrum, beautiful but pretty well petrified. ♫

Small, special films from faraway places are sometimes a welcome change of pace, but few can match the sweet exotic flavor of *Sugar Cane Alley* (Orion). Growing up in Martinique circa 1931, a young black boy (Garry Cadenat) gets a start on his education while we get a bountiful slice of life among the disenfranchised poor in a lush tropical paradise. Most of the natives are too busy cutting cane to crack a book, and writer-director Euzhan Palcy—a woman whose sense of humor sweeps away every whisper of self-pity—illuminates this benighted corner of the world with shining intelligence and affection. ♫

Stunning cinematography is the prime virtue of *Antarctica* (TLC), based on the true story of 15 sled dogs left in chains in that snowy wasteland when bad weather forced the members of a 1958 Japanese expedition to abandon their post. Re-creating the dogs' ordeal—only two survived—cannot have been an easy task. Yet despite awesome snowscapes and desperate adventures, the very nature of the film serves as a constant reminder that the all-seeing cameras had to be there to sustain life while dogs and dog trainers did their damndest to simulate a documentary. That bothered me less, finally, than the utter seriousness of the human characters back in sunny Japan, all of them on a soul-searing guilt trip of the sort usually shown as a prelude to hara-kiri. ♫

Teamed with Pierre Richard, France's ubiquitous Gérard Depardieu lets himself go on a Riviera joy ride in *Les Compères* (European-International). The entirely frivolous plot has them searching for a runaway teenaged boy (Stephane Bierry) whose anxious mother, an old flame of both, convinces each of them he is the lad's long-lost father. It's a comedy of mistaken identity and chase scenes, all whipped together dashingly by writer-director Francis Veber, whose frothiest cinematic soufflé (as author) was the screenplay for *La Cage aux Folles*. No sweat, *mes amis*, you're in good hands. ♫

The Hungarian entry as best foreign-language film in this year's Oscar competition was *The Revolt of Job* (Teleculture), codirected by Imre Gyongyossy and Barna Kabay. It's a worthy, warm-blooded paean to the Jewish peasant population of Hungary, all but obliterated by the Nazis in 1943. Although the Biblical allusion smacks of aesthetic overkill, the film's sto-

ry is a moving, simple account of an elderly Jewish couple who, having lost all the children born to them, adopt a seven-year-old Christian boy. When they are carted away to the camps, Job and his wife have to disown their goyish son in order to save him. That's the tragedy, yet the movie as a whole exudes a kind of schmaltzy ethnic charm and human comedy far removed from the usual holocaust horror stories. ♫

The war in Vietnam—re-created in the Philippines with plenty of explosive charges and whirring choppers but no ideological base worth mentioning—seems mainly an obstacle to true love in *Purple Hearts* (Ladd/Warner). Ken Wahl keeps his chin up as the stalwart Navy doctor who falls for a conscientious nurse (Cheryl Ladd) but has to go to hell and back before he can have her. Despite the stars' earnest efforts, though, the Wahl-Ladd chemistry seldom seems more than lukewarm. Meanwhile, producer-director Sidney J. Furie and his collaborators hack out a routine scenario that jerks everyone around until the final fade-out—at sunset, with silhouettes, just the way we've seen it a hundred times before. ♫

Teeny-boppers are sure to throw fits over Rick Springfield in *Hard to Hold* (Universal), since he plays a pop-rock star not unlike Rick Springfield. He also appears naked or seminude rather frequently, clutching a towel when he isn't clutching lovely Janet Eilber, playing a San Francisco psychiatric counselor who doesn't give a damn about celebrities. As one of the singer's side-kicks observes succinctly, "It's tough being a star—everyone thinks it's all tits and champagne." Or maybe pabulum, spoon-fed to the squealing faithful who would probably rather catch their idol on MTV. In fact, Springfield has a screen presence that might even work in a movie made for grownups. ♫

The two main attractions of *Up the Creek* (Orion) are Tim Matheson, a good young actor apparently cursed with fatuous facsimiles of his role in *Animal House*, and a remarkable dog known as Chuck, who turns out to be a sensational charades player. When Chuck isn't barking two-syllable clues, Tim is riding the rapids with hordes of beautiful beach types—of both sexes—in a rafting competition. *Creek* is all foam, but the laughs are dog-gone few. ♫

Looking far plainer even than her usual, Glenda Jackson plays a TV film maker and investigative reporter in *And Nothing but the Truth* (Castle Hill). To be sure, when Glenda and Jon Finch—he's a colleague who arouses her fighting feminist instincts—get on a story about top-secret plans to build nuclear reactors on hundreds of acres of Welsh farmland, they soon discover the rules have been changed



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to mean anything *but* the truth. Although writer-director Karl Francis has an interesting subject, plus a fairly interesting screenplay, his film making is flat-footed. Exploring collusion and corruption in high places ought to be more fun than it seems with Francis, who depicts TV journalism as unremittingly dull. **YY**

In case you haven't heard, *Police Academy* (Ladd/Warner) is a low-down slapstick free-for-all about an Animal House for rookie cops. Steve Guttenberg stars with Kim Cattrall, abetted by a raucous platoon of boys in blue who will do anything, but anything, for a laugh. I laughed a lot, God help me. And hated myself in the morning. **YY**

Producer-director Paul Mazursky is as American as apple pie, est and alimony, giving us warm, human comedies with a refreshingly hard edge to them. Sometimes. He's also prone to overstatement and sloppy sentimentality, and we get the best and worst of Mazursky in *Moscow on the Hudson* (Columbia), which he wrote in collaboration with Leon Capetanos. The movie's triple-A asset is a low-key, easy-to-love and generally flawless performance by Robin Williams as a Soviet saxophone player who defects to the West while shopping at Bloomingdale's. Given his best big-screen opportunity so far, Williams works wonders with it. Mazursky, as usual, establishes great rapport with actors, putting Williams in fine company from Moscow to midtown Manhattan—particularly with Elya Baskin, as his wistful friend from the Russian circus; Cleavant Derricks, as the black store guard who takes the defector home; and Maria Conchita Alonso, as a charming Italian immigrant who shares the Soviet sax man's bathtub while helping him soak up such significant Americana as the Bill of Rights. But there, I'm afraid, is the rub, or at least the beginning of the sudsier stuff. While he scores some nice satirical points re the American dream, many of Mazursky's points have been dulled by frequent use, and he finally pushes the brotherhood theme as if he couldn't figure out where to stop. *Moscow* should have quit while Williams was winning. **YYY**

One of the flabbergasted scientists in *Iceman* (Universal) sums up the movie by saying, not quite accurately, "You found a goddamned Neanderthal!" But there is a 40,000-year-old man, fast-frozen in an arctic glacier aeons ago and thawed out, still alive, by some inexplicable cryogenic miracle. Among the scientists who keep trying to explain him one way or another are Timothy Hutton, as an archaeologist of rather mystical bent, and Lindsay Crouse, as the prettiest member of a group of research biologists who believes the iceman ought to be dissected. The philosophical, scientific, poetic and religious aspects of *Iceman* are pretty ponderous overall,



Moscow's Robin gets a hood.

Williams wins *Moscow* with sax appeal, but *Iceman* is, well, a bit Neanderthal.



Iceman's Hutton, Crouse, Lone.

with reams of exposition slowing things down, but the physical production is stupendous. In addition to an enormous authentic ice cave amid a wonderland of glaciers, there's a huge set of a vivarium—the controlled natural environment where the iceman is placed for observation.

I favor science fiction with comic relief, but *Iceman* is generally so humorless that I doubt the moviemakers meant for me to laugh out loud when Hutton tells Crouse, "Contact with a woman might bring him out of himself." John Lone, fitted out with fine make-up and a primitive vocabulary, essays the title role altogether credibly—well, up to a point. An original screenplay by Chip Proser and John Drimmer raises many questions but settles for a simplistic answer combining Stone Age superstition with born-again godliness. Australian director Fred Schepisi, whose first U.S. movie was the disappointing *Barbarosa*, brings considerable flair to the mishmash of material he's been given. Despite lapses and unintended laughs, *Iceman* ought to make Schepisi a whole lot hotter. **YY½**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- And Nothing but the Truth* (See review) Glenda Jackson does the news. **YY**
Antarctica (See review) Drama of dog pack abandoned on ice pack. **YY**
Le Bal Celebrating five decades of history and dance in France, with nary a word spoken. *Magnifique*. **YYYY**
The Bounty (See review) Cap'n Bligh's bad boys, better back in 1935. **YY½**
Les Compères (See review) Bastardy for laughs on the French Riviera. **YY½**
The Courtesans of Bombay Your handy guide to making Indian love calls. **YY**
Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes Still magical, if not always logical—and an eyeful. **YYY**
Hard to Hold (See review) It's Rick Springfield in a terminally cute romantic comedy with Janet Eilber. **Y**
The Hotel New Hampshire I'd throw the book at them, John Irving. **YY**
Iceman (See review) He cometh—all thawed and thinking hard. **YY½**
Kipperbang An English schoolboy shyly asserting his puberty rights. **YY**
Liquid Sky The queen of this funky punk classic is Anne Carlisle. **YY**
A Love in Germany Hanna Schygulla reeling drunk with passion for a Polish POW. **YYY**
Moscow on the Hudson (See review) A Soviet sax player crosses over. **YYY**
Police Academy (See review) School for cops, crude but damned funny. **YY**
Preppies Four-letter men playing a game called Getting Any Lately? **YY**
Privates on Parade Post-World War Two shenanigans in Southeast Asia, with an English entertainment unit. **YY½**
Purple Hearts (See review) Vietnam is for lovers, or so it seems. **Y**
Racing with the Moon Nicolas Cage, Elizabeth McGovern and Sean Penn provide most of the glow here. **YY½**
Reuben, Reuben As a famous writer making out, Tom Conti scores. **YYY½**
The Revolt of Job (See review) Nazification in a Hungarian village. **YY½**
Romancing the Stone (See review) A lady novelist's dreams come true. **YYY**
Sahara Brooke and sand. **YY**
Splash All about a mermaid, irresistibly played by Daryl Hannah. **YYY**
The Stone Boy (See review) Down-home again with Duvall and company. **YYY**
Sugar Cane Alley (See review) Growing up in Martinique, of all places. **YYY**
Swann in Love (See review) Proustian foreplay with Irons and Muti. **YY**
This Is Spinal Tap Fiendishly funny spoof of Stones, Beatles, et al. **YYY½**
Up the Creek (See review) A flume ride, with very few giggles en route. **YY**
A Woman in Flames An actress named Gudrun Landgrebe smokes it up. **YY**
YYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look
YYY Good show **Y** Forget it

COMING ATTRACTIONS

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

IDOL GOSSIP: After years of delay, *The In-Laws'* co-starrers **Alan Arkin** and **Peter Falk** will reteam in *Big Trouble*, written and directed by *In-Laws* scripter **Andrew Bergman**. . . . Remember the 1973 French farce *The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe*, a comedy about a symphony violinist mistaken for a spy? Well, you guessed it, an American remake is on the way, with **Stan (Mr. Mom) Dragoti** directing. . . . Due to what Hollywood euphemistically calls creative differences, **Blake Edwards** is out as director of the **Burt Reynolds**-**Clint Eastwood** private-eye flick *City Heat* (formerly titled *Kansas City Blues*). Replacing Edwards on the project is **Richard (My Favorite Year) Benjamin**. . . . The *Porky's* saga will continue in a third installment, this one titled *Porky's Revenge*, to be directed by **James Komack**, creator of *Welcome Back, Kotter*.

REPAVING THE YELLOW-BRICK ROAD: Yes, fans, it's finally going to happen—**Dorothy** will return to Oz in Walt Disney Pictures' follow-up to the 1939 classic, simply titled *Oz*. Based on a set of **L. Frank Baum** stories written at the turn of the century, the picture stars **Nicol Williamson** as the evil Nome King, **Jean (Master of the Game) Marsh** as the chief villainess, **Piper Laurie** as Aunt Em, **Matt (Country) Clark** as Uncle Henry and nine-year-old Canadian schoolgirl **Fairuza Balk** (who was discovered after an exhaustive talent hunt) as Dorothy. *Oz* differs from the original in that it will *not* be a musical but is simply described as a "fantasy-adventure." Also, film-making technology not available in 1939 promises to make the *Oz* of 1985 a visual feast. Old characters such as the Tin Man, the Scarecrow and the Cowardly Lion will return in minor roles; but, basically, *Oz* has Dorothy meeting a new set of fantasy characters when she returns to the enchanted land.

BOMBS AWAY: ABC's controversial *The Day After* may have started a chain reaction of nuclear-war motion pictures. One such, now in production, is *Radioactive Dreams*. Set in the year 2000, it involves two 18-year-old boys who have spent the past 14 years in a bomb shelter with only a pile of Forties detective novels to read. When they emerge, they set off on a journey through the postnuclear world, one that is far different from the one we know today and includes mutant midgets, monster rats, Fifties bikers and Eighties punkers. **John (Christine) Stockwell** and **Michael (Bachelor Party) Dudikoff** star. Two other "nuclear" projects also in the works are the BBC's *Z for Zachariah*, starring **Anthony (Brideshead Revisited) Andrews** as a postnuclear scientist who discovers a val-



Cannonball Run II, due within the month, promises everything from cheesecake (above) to bogus nuns (**Shirley MacLaine** and **Marilu Henner**, below right). The bikinied belles, part of **Burt Reynolds'** entourage, are (back row, from left) **Janett Krefling**, **Janet Chessor**, **Holly Kuespert**; (front row) **Melanie Kerr**, **Lee Ann Strasser** and **Lynn Rust**. *PLAYBOY* cover girl **Tanya Roberts** (below left) is coming to a theater near you in August as *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle*.



ley untouched by fallout, being considered by the Arts & Entertainment Network for cable showing in the U.S., and *The Day Before*, now in development, about how individuals can help prevent nuclear holocaust.

OUTER SPACE: Christmas will see the release of Universal's long-in-the-making, big-budget, cast-of-thousands adaptation of **Frank Herbert's** science-fiction classic *Dune*. Starring lots of people, including **Max von Sydow**, **Brad Dourif**, **José Ferrer**, **Jurgen Prochnow**, **Dean Stockwell** and **Sting**, the flick promises to be a special-effects

phantasmagoria, as it concerns the weird planet of *Dune*, where mile-long monsters devour men as if they were insects and sandstorms turn flesh to dust in moments. A dry, desolate place, *Dune* does have one attractive resource—an addictive, life-prolonging spice called *melange*, which also happens to be the key to cosmic power. To make a very long and intricate story short, the movie revolves around the struggle for this substance. Whoever corners the market will have not only the key to the universe but tasty pasta forever.



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By ASA BABER

A BUDDY of mine named Dufo has a gig: He leaves his calling card in ladies' rooms all over town. The card says, DUFO GIBBS IS THE BEST FUCK IN AMERICA, and it lists his phone number and address. He claims he gets a lot of calls, and I believe him.

Dufo proves that shrewdness and imagination have a lot to do with successful seduction. The right bluff wins out over the right stuff more than we might care to admit.

J.D. is a case in point. He's no more attractive than Dufo, but does that stop him? No way. J.D. puts on his Stetson every Friday night and drives down to a singles bar and walks up to the first pretty girl he sees and says, "Now, before you tell me to stuff it, little darlin', let me explain that I have a Mercedes convertible outside and I was born and raised in Abilene, Texas, and I own enough ranch land to keep you riding for days." Once, J.D. got a drink thrown in his face with that rap, but that was once out of 100 times, and those aren't bad odds, especially when you realize that the Mercedes is rented and J.D. has never been in Texas. He just works with his Larry Hagman tapes until he gets it right.

When it comes to sheer originality, I favor Wayne's approach to a possible lonely weekend. Wayne takes his briefcase and shoulder bag with him on the airport bus, goes straight down to the incoming-baggage section at the airport, walks around as if he's waiting for the rest of his luggage, like everybody else. When he sees a likely lady, he goes into his spiel: rotten flight, lousy food, let me help you with your bags, would you like to share a cab into the city?

"The great thing about it is that if you get turned down, you just wait for another flight to come in," Wayne says. "You'd be surprised how many women are feeling truly lonely right about then. There I am, a fellow traveler, dying to help. Piece of cake. Sure, the bus costs me a few bucks, and splitting the cab ride back does, too. But there are no distractions during that ride, and I'll take my chances. If I ever have to change jobs, it's got to be to another place with a big airport. I couldn't live without one."

Geoffrey is into pain. I don't mean the whips-and-chains business. But what Geoffrey does better than anyone else I've ever seen is convert himself into a case of the walking wounded. "An eye patch is



THE RIGHT BLUFF

"Jay Andretti is proof positive that some men will do anything to get laid. So will some women."

terrific," he says. "It stands right out there, it looks good, it seems mysterious, and you can invent 50 ways you lost that eye—a knife fight, shrapnel, a childhood accident—take your pick, man. Women always want to see it, but not until you're naked together. Then you're on your own anyway, right? Sometimes, we'll be lying there after the fact and she'll ease the patch off and stare down into that eye and I'll count to ten and then wink. Oh, sure, that makes her mad for a minute. But only a minute."

Easy Yankee is the nickname we've given my friend Elton Yarrow. Elton is very tall and very black and looks like a professional basketball player. It should come as no surprise that he happens to know what he looks like, and he capitalizes on it every chance he gets. Elton wears a pinstripe sweat suit and carries a basketball wherever he goes, and he just sits around waiting for women to ask him if he plays for the Knicks. "The only problem I ever have is that too many guys want to talk basketball," Elton reports. "Some of them even think I'd like to shoot some baskets." That would be a disaster, of course, because Elton can't jump and can't shoot and has trouble dunking a doughnut. But he certainly does look like a

basketball player, and he certainly has been rewarded for that fact.

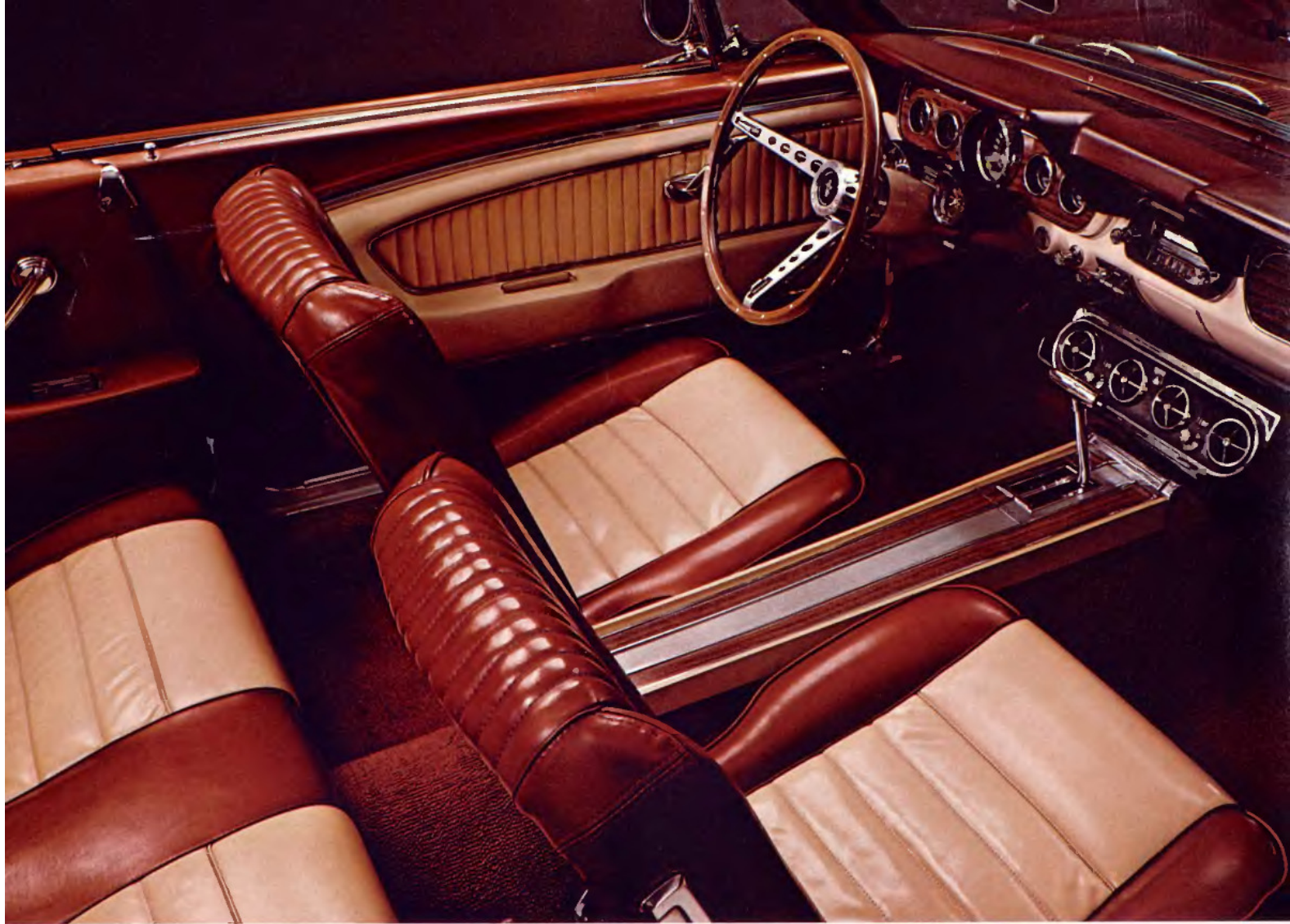
I think the 1984 Bluff-of-the-Year Award has to go to Jay Andretti. He has an act that I could not follow. When I see Jay in his slippers and tights and long silk scarf, I sometimes forget that this is the guy I used to move pianos with. "Hiiii, girls," Jay chimes as he glides into the aerobics class at the club. The dancers all feel very safe with him, and they chime right back. Usually, when I'm working the Nautilus or riding the Exercycle, I'll hear some guy say, "Would you look at that creep?"

That creep has managed to do very well for himself, indeed. He lost 50 pounds, bought every dance book he could find, studied and read and stretched. He had what you might call a fruitful insight: Instead of coming on like the Italian stallion, which is how he used to do it, complete with crushed beer cans, belches and heft, Jay does a minor *Cage aux Folles* number. He camps it up. He boogies and discos and bops through the aerobics class with an extra twitch here, a smiling swirl there, and while the guys in the weight room stand outside and mock him, Jay's laughing all the way to the bed.

"I'm going to hate it if you write this up," he laughs. "I have got such a gig, man. You would not believe how easy it is when women trust you. They always begin by talking to me about the same thing: men and how awful they are; how locked in they are; how I'm so sweet and understanding; there I am, willing to take dance, willing to try things their way. Then I do my number: men; how all I want to do is express myself through dance; how all my life I've been bullied because I'm different. And then finally we get the big scene, the conversion of Jay Andretti. 'Oh, wow,' I say, 'look at that. This has never happened to me with a woman before. I don't understand.' And, you know, all the while I'm pulling down my tights and slipping off my shoes. You can't believe how it turns them on when they think they're making me straight. It is so good when they think they're saving you for womankind. The energy, the joy, the positions!"

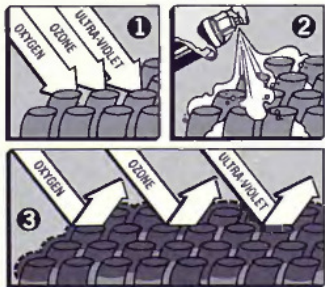
Jay is proof positive that some men will do anything to get laid. So will some women. Next month, I'll tell you about the Velvet Blackmailer and the Soft-Bellied Pleader. They're truly birds of a different color.





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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

T WAS A HOT and fetid night in downtown Manhattan. Rita and I sat drinking in the humid darkness of the Lion's Head, a bar known for its hard-bitten reporters, colorful literary failures and drunken Irishmen. Cleo was late, so we waited and watched a woman in an appalling turquoise dress sashay through the bar.

"Don't you wish," I said to Rita, "that you could just pull certain people to one side and say, 'Can we discuss your outfit for a moment, please? I think you should reconsider?'"

"Absolutely," she said. "The woman is an eyesore. I see her in putty-colored cotton jersey, just a little blusher and her hair back to its natural color."

"Yo," said Cleo, finally arriving, "what's up? Dissecting that turquoise number with the clown make-up? I see her in pale-peach linen."

"Listen," I said, "I've got a column to write. I need help."

"When don't you, you lazy slut?" said Cleo. "Why should we help you tell men our innermost thoughts, you antifeminist turncoat?"

"Don't be silly," I said. "Men and women aren't enemies anymore; we've reached a new arena in the women's movement. We need to *understand* each other, be *generous* with each other. . . ."

"Excuse me, ladies," said a dapper man in a Burberry who appeared at our table, "may my friends and I join you?"

"Get lost, creep," I said. "Anyway, if men knew what makes us tick; if they understood our little foibles. . . ."

"Foibles?" said Rita. "Excuse me, but 'foibles'? What foibles are those?"

"OK, maybe not foibles," I said hastily, "but you know the things they complain about—we're always late; we can never make up our minds; we never care about baseball standings; we get jealous all the time; we hate for them to go out drinking; all we care about are dresses and children; we refuse to have major political discussions; we hate giving head—you know."

"Let's not talk about giving head," said Cleo, "let's talk about dresses. I love talking about dresses."

"Here's what I think about dresses," said Rita. "Write this down: The study of clothes should be right up there with the study of nuclear physics, or possibly higher. The placement of a hemline, the tuck in a bodice, the thickness of a fabric—all these things are riddled with meaning so deep and far-reaching, the findings would rock mankind if only someone would pay attention."

"That's what men think about the knuckle ball," said Cleo, "only we don't get it. But we can look at a woman in a



WHAT MAKES US TICK?

"We're always late . . .
we never care about baseball
standings; we get jealous. . . .
we hate giving head. . . ."

turquoise dress and figure where she bought it, why she bought it, what her house looks like, what books she reads, how often she has sex."

"She got it at Bolton's on Eighth Street," said Rita. "She bought it because she thought the shoulder pads would minimize her hips; she lives in Park Slope and her kitchen is done in paisley Con-Tact; she considers *Fear of Flying* a work of art; and she has sex twice a month with someone whose name is either Norman or Josh."

"No way," said Cleo. "His name is Louis; it's gotta be."

"The point is," said Rita, "clothes are as much of a science as sports. But do men bring us popcorn and beer while we shop?"

"Actually, I like giving head," said Cleo out of nowhere.

"Let's not talk about giving head," I said. "Let's talk about jealousy."

"My last boyfriend," said Rita, "told me our relationship was ruined by an insistent subterranean hum of neurotic jealousy that emanated from my brain. And he was right. I am a person who steams open letters. I read diaries. I go through drawers. I listen secretly to answering-machine tapes."

"This is not uncommon," I said.

"No, it isn't," piped our waitress, bringing us a fresh round of margaritas. "I once hired a private detective to follow my husband around."

"Why?" we asked.

"Well, once he told me something," she said as she sat down and lit a cigarette. "Oh, by the way, these drinks are on that fellow over there in the Burberry, the one talking to that girl in the turquoise dress. Someone should talk to her—shoulder pads aren't everything."

"Anyway, once my husband said to me, 'Jenny, every man in the world wants to fuck every woman he can, and the only reason he doesn't is that his girlfriend or wife would eat him for breakfast.' I've never been the same."

"I think he was right," I said. "Men do have an overwhelming lust for conquering."

"It's built into them biologically," decided Cleo.

"So we get jealous," said Rita. "Who can blame us? We want to nest; they want to forage."

"I don't want to nest," I said.

"Yes, you do, hon," said the waitress.

"I wasn't aware that we'd met," I said coolly.

"No need to get huffy, hon," she said. "I see you in here with your boyfriend. Another girl looks at him, you look back daggers. Rightly so, too. He's a hunk. Whoops! Well, I'd better get back to my tables."

"I'll break her kneecaps," I said when she'd left.

"Permit me to interrupt," said the man in the Burberry, a bad penny. "Being an ex-reporter, I am a skilled eavesdropper, and I want to say that you're wrong. Men may like to fuck around, but their jealousy, when aroused, is awesome. Actually, women have only one major flaw. They are manipulative and greedy."

General uproar.

"Hear me out," said the toad. "I'm a rich guy. A screenwriter. Every woman I go out with *expects* cocaine. Half of them angle for a car; the other half want a fur coat. I like to hang out at this dive, but if I don't take them to The Russian Tea Room, they whimper. You women demand to be treated as equals, yet at the same time, you need to be taken care of. I am furious."

"Well, I'm not like that," I said.

"Me, neither," said Rita.

"You're the one who has been plying us with drink," said Cleo.

"Hey, Fred!" someone called.

"Excuse me," said our new friend. "I'll be right back."

We looked after him. "How rich do you think he is?" I asked.

"Do you think he has any cocaine on him at the moment?" wondered Cleo.

"Jesus, do you think he's right?" asked Rita.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

The problem that I am writing to you about is probably not unique, though I think that most men suffering from it usually don't mention it to anyone out of fear or in the belief that sooner or later it will go away. Fifteen months ago, after a year's separation, my wife and I were divorced after five and a half years of marriage. During the time we lived apart and waited to see what would become of us, I sat home with my son (of whom I eventually received custody) and never dated. When the divorce was completed, I had the idea that I would be able to walk out of the courtroom and into my new life with very few problems. I expected to suffer for a while from a few of the scars of a bad marriage, but I have always been a survivor and I thought that time would cure just about anything. Well, it hasn't. I found that I could handle the divorce, and the duties that have been thrown on me as the single parent of a four-year-old son have been more of a delight than a burden, but I have not been to bed with a woman in about two and a half years! Before I was married, I dated a lot, had my share of romances and lived what I consider a normal life; but since I've become single again, it's as though I'm a guy who has lost his timing. I have begun telling myself that maybe I will never snap out of this and that I'm doomed to live the rest of my life without sex; but at the same time, deep down in my heart, I would like to get back to normal before I hit the three-year mark. I hope you can give me some advice. I know what I might tell someone else in my position, but maybe I need to hear it from you.—A. P., Raleigh, North Carolina.

There's no cure for abstinence except sex, and your renewed interest in re-establishing a sexual identity signifies that you're on the road to recovery. Work on improving your social life as well as your participation in activities that interest you and offer the possibility of meeting eligible women. Having a son should help, not hinder; there are single parents galore at day-care centers, P.T.A. meetings, beaches, parks, etc. And you have something in common. When you do meet a woman who gets your juices flowing, don't worry: Your body will know what to do. If you reach orgasm quickly the first time, it won't be premature—you've been waiting two and a half years.

Although I'd been playing tennis for many years, I'd never taken lessons until recently. The game just seemed to come naturally to me. While on vacation last winter, I finally did take a few lessons from a club pro, and he really confused me. I learned, for instance, that I'd been



hitting my forehand all wrong. Unfortunately, I can't seem to get any accuracy hitting the way he showed me. I have tried to change, but, in the heat of the game, I find myself returning to my self-taught forehand. Should I keep trying to correct my swing or go with the one I'm used to?—P. D., Indianapolis, Indiana.

It's hard for us to say. If your stroke works and you've been grooving it for a long time, don't change it. But tell the truth, now: Just how good is your old forehand? Do you make the hard shots when you need them? Are you confident? Tennis is a game of consistency. Good form is reliable. A tennis pro seeks and destroys bad habits the way a copy editor seeks and destroys bad grammar. The editor wants to take out anything that gets in the way of the sentence structure; the pro wants to take out anything in the way of getting your stroke to work. You'd be surprised at the twists, jerks and hitches that people attach to the simple motion of swinging a tennis racket in a usable arc. If you feel like reading useful advice about this sublime but frustrating game, try "Use Your Head in Tennis," by Bob Harman. It's available in paperback, and Harman separates what you need to know from what you should never bother to think about—especially when you're trying to go inside out on your forehand.

My girlfriend and I are both bodybuilders. This year, for the first time, I began experimenting with steroids—to good effect, except for one thing. My girl says that when she performs fellatio on me now, my semen tastes unmistakably of

chemicals. For that reason, she is reluctant to swallow it for fear that she may inadvertently be taking steroids herself. Is there any justification for her fears?—J. K., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Tell your girlfriend to relax. Anabolic steroids are broken down in the body and excreted in urine and (fractionally) in semen in a form that is still biologically active. However, the quantities involved are so minute as to be inconsequential, particularly when you consider that the average ejaculate is approximately one teaspoon in volume. We do question your use of steroids in the first place: Given that massive doses can actually lower the libido, produce shrinkage of the testes and even impotence, you would be wise to cut out your use of them.

Although the television set that I have is a very good one, I am still not pleased with the quality of the picture I am getting, especially when I view prerecorded movies with my VCR. I have heard of an expensive accessory called an image enhancer that is supposed to improve the broadcast picture. If it did, the cost would be worth it. Is it?—M. B., Atlanta, Georgia.

The return on an investment in hardware depends on the nature of your compulsion for perfection. In this instance, we have to warn you against expecting miracles. TV is TV, and you're not going to get the sharpness of a film image. An image enhancer can be used to boost certain frequencies of the signal when recording to cut down on loss of detail in the recorded image. It can also be used during tape playback or simply during viewing to make minor improvements in the detail. But we emphasize minor. You can't enhance what isn't there. You're likely to find that the best picture you can get with an enhancer is pretty close to what you get with the set's own controls.

I am 23 years old, and because I do not have a girlfriend, my sexual release comes solely from masturbation. However, it is rarely satisfying. Sure, I orgasm every time (though the intensity changes); but ever since the first time, I have always done it one way, fast and hard, concentrating on orgasm in the quickest time, and in a sense, isolating my hand and penis from the rest of my body. The few times I've tried to slow things down and be more sensitive and explorative, I have felt more pleasure; yet I become bored, because I feel I will never get to orgasm or even beyond minor excitement, and I turn back to the old way. Is there any way I can break this fast-and-hard habit? How

powerful can male masturbation be?—B. B., Berkeley, California.

We recommend that you pick up a copy of "ESO (Extended Sexual Orgasm)," by Alan and Donna Brauer. It is a useful guide for both men and women. The authors suggest the following for men:

Experiment with different kinds of strokes. Most men stimulate themselves with a basic up-and-down stroke of one hand. Some men stimulate themselves by rolling their penis in two hands. Your hand can be turned thumb up or thumb down; you can make a ring of your thumb and forefinger; you can concentrate stimulation on the shaft or the glans; you can use both hands and stroke from mid-shaft outward in both directions at once, toward the glans and toward the base; you can press your penis against your belly and rub its underside with the flat of your palm; you can change hands; and these are only a few of the many possible variations. Each time you stimulate yourself is a new experience, because you have added your previous experience to the total of what you know and feel. Your goal is not to ejaculate but to feel more—to enjoy the process. If you pay attention to sensation, you won't be bored. Boredom is a form of resistance. . . .

When you have achieved hard erection and sustained it for at least five minutes, continue stroking your penis while stimulating your external prostate spot and controlling ejaculation with the scrotal-pull technique, which we will explain shortly.

Prostate stimulation involves pressing upward firmly on the perineum, between the anus and the back of the scrotum, with one or more fingers. You may not be familiar with the sensation. Explore it with an open mind. The first stage of orgasm, the emission phase, involves automatic contractions of the prostate. Firm, rhythmic pressure on the prostate, even from outside the body, partly duplicates these sensations of first-stage orgasm. But because you aren't stimulating the ejaculatory reflex, the . . . contractions proceed without ejaculation.

If you find it awkward to stimulate your external prostate spot with your left hand (assuming you are right-handed and have been using your dominant hand to stimulate your penis), switch hands and stroke your penis with your left hand while you search out and rhythmically press your external prostate spot with your right. Because this spot is located behind the base of the penis, which is buried inside the body, pressing on it firmly pushes extra blood into your penis, which then should swell and pleurably throb.

When you find yourself approaching orgasm, one good way to control ejaculation is simply to stop stroking. Use this "stop-start" method first to see how it works. Alternatively, you can press firmly on the external prostate spot, which can help reduce the ejaculatory reflex and which many men also find pleasurable.

Still another way to achieve ejaculatory control is scrotal pulling. Pulling your testicles away from your body prevents you from ejaculating. Try it.

To apply the scrotal pull, grasp the scrotum between your testicles with the thumb and forefinger of your left hand. When you're near orgasm, pull firmly down. At other times, for stimulation, pull lightly in rhythm as you stroke. . . .

Another way is to make a ring with your left thumb and forefinger between your testicles and body and pull downward. . . .

As part of your self-stimulation exercises, you should practice voluntary testicle elevation and lowering. Nearing ejaculation, deliberately relax the muscles that hold your testicles close to your body and notice the effect. You may find the muscular control difficult at first, and the effect may seem too subtle to notice. Keep practicing. After the ejaculatory urge has subsided somewhat, resume stimulating your penis with your hand and at the same time deliberately elevate your testicles. Notice the subtle effect of increasing arousal.

When you've trained yourself to maintain hard, pleasurable erection without orgasm for at least 15 minutes, go on to half an hour. Once you can sustain arousal for 30 minutes without ejaculating, you will be able to sustain it for as long as you want. . . . It may take you longer than two weeks to learn how to prolong erection without ejaculation. . . .

If you usually use erotic media—magazines, films, video tapes—during self-stimulation, continue to do so now. If you've never done so, you may want to try, to see if they add to arousal.

My apartment has a wall switch that controls a wall socket near my stereo. I can connect all of my components to it and, if I leave every one of them in the POWER ON position, I can turn them on at once with the wall switch. Will that hurt my components?—D. B., Santa Clara, California.

We can see it now. You take your girl into your darkened apartment, and with the flip of a switch, you turn on the lights and the music, the electric bartender fixes your drinks and the electric bed slides out from behind a wall panel. Whether you do it for convenience or for effect, it sounds

like a great idea to us. And you can't hurt your components any more than if you got three friends to help you switch them on simultaneously. You won't, of course, be able to use your cassette deck if it would mean leaving it in the PLAY position, but you could use your radio and your automatic turntable (if you left it in the POISED TO DROP position—not actually in the groove). We'd keep the volume at low level until you fire up. But after that, it's instant party. And if you blow a fuse, disconnect the bun warmer.

I'm 37, separated after an eight-year marriage but, I admit, inexperienced in love. The girl I've been living with for two years is ten years younger and very attractive, and from the start, she has been given to flirting and sleeping with other men (once even with a friend of mine). Since I don't believe a good relationship necessarily has to be exclusive, I've let her do virtually anything she wanted, even though it was sometimes very painful. She, on the other hand, has never hesitated to throw a hysterical tantrum of jealousy whenever I've shown interest in another woman. For some time, I told myself that's just something you have to take if you live with a woman much younger than you. But, despite her age, she's actually more experienced in love than I am, so I felt she was using me. I told her we shouldn't be living together and I shouldn't be paying her way. I don't know what to make of her reply. She swears she'll be faithful to me from now on and expects me to do the same. She's "fed up with promiscuity." It could be true, but fidelity doesn't seem to be in her nature, and I suspect she's just being romantic or manipulating me. Besides, I don't see fidelity as a panacea. What is important is tolerance and understanding. I've tried by example and by arguments to make her see that, but I'm about ready to give up. Any suggestions?—N. J., Geneva, Switzerland.

You don't need any advice from us. You already see the situation as it is. If you're as frustrated with this relationship as your letter indicates, we're not sure why you allow it to continue. This woman doesn't seem to have any intention of making you the only man in her life, and you are being unfair to yourself and to her by trying to make her the only woman in your life. We strongly urge you to re-evaluate the entire situation. Good luck.

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.



DEAR PLAYMATES

Popular magazines—ours included—are eager to reveal what turns women on. Some social scientists thrive doing research on the subject. We thought it would be appropriate to poll our Playmates on the opposite emotional experience: getting turned off.

The question for the month:

What's the one thing a man can do or say that is an automatic turn-off?

Too much self-confidence turns me off. A cocky attitude always turns me off. I find that kind of behavior a reflection of insecurity. Right away, that guy is telling me he's worried about how he's coming across. A secure man isn't shy, necessarily, but just a little retiring. I don't want to be impressed with information. Less is more as far as I'm concerned. It's not a matter of being dishonest. Some things are better left unsaid.



Cathy Larmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

He could say, "Hey, baby," trying to get familiar with me when he doesn't know me. I'm really concerned about how a man approaches me. He could be the nicest man in the world, but if he works too hard or acts too cool, I'm turned off. I can't handle cool fools. I see it as an invasion of my space. I like myself and I don't mind being with me, so when I feel pressed, when a man is forcing his presence on me, it drives me absolutely up the wall.



Azizi Johari

AZIZI JOHARI
JUNE 1975

Let's be realistic. When a man approaches a woman, he's afraid of being rejected more than anything else. So he usually tries too hard or acts overconfident. You can see some very handsome men with terrible personalities who get by on their looks, or they have a nice car and can get girls for all the wrong reasons. Those guys think that's what they have to offer. They don't even think to offer themselves. I understand this because the same thing happens when you become a Playmate. People put you on a pedestal, treat you as if you're out of reach, and it makes it hard for you to act like any other human being. It's a turn-off to be treated only as a visual.



Denise McConnell

DENISE MC CONNELL
MARCH 1979

Men should be able to take no for an answer, especially when it's been said politely. If I'm out with a girlfriend and we're sitting together having a drink and a man asks me to dance and I say, "No, thank you," and he keeps it up by saying, "Well, why not?" or "Who do you think you are, anyway?" I don't like that at all. Once, a man actually picked me up off the bar stool, took me to the dance floor and told me I was going to dance with him. He certainly blew his chance with me. It was the rudeness of his approach. He should have let it go.



Marlene Janssen

MARLENE JANSSEN
NOVEMBER 1982

An automatic turn-off is when a man acts as though his only concern is getting me into bed. I have a good personality, and I feel that I'm an intelligent woman who is worth talking to and worth getting to know. I know I'm not ugly, and I understand that men are interested in that, but I need to know that they're interested in what's inside me, too, not just what's on the outside. The emphasis on the superficial doesn't make me want to know a man better.



Susie Scott

SUSIE SCOTT
MAY 1983

I have a list: Don't come on to me too quickly, don't badmouth PLAYBOY, don't behave chauvinistically toward me and don't flaunt your money or power. I'm not impressed by any of that stuff. It's all attitude, and sometimes it's really a disappointment when I meet a guy who seems nice, then all of a sudden he blows it by implying, "I'm the man, I do that. You're the woman, you do this." Another turn-off for me is a man who isn't a gentleman. I'm a Dallas girl who likes having the door opened for me!



Kym Malin

KYM MALIN
MAY 1982

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



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

COURT AND CHRISTMAS

I was pleased to hear the U.S. Supreme Court say it's OK for a city to fund a religious pageant (i.e., a Nativity scene) and especially happy to hear that one of the grounds for making it OK was that the pageant was really just a part of the general Christmas-merchandising activity.

While I had always suspected that separation of church and state was quite a different issue from separation of church and commerce, I was glad to see the distinction made official. Accordingly, some of my friends and I are thinking about getting together a Jah no-Christmas bash in honor of Rastafarianism this year. We plan to set up a *reggae* band, posters of Bob Marley and Haile Selassie and dreadlocks counseling in a manger just outside the Capitol. Everybody who comes by will be asked to bear gifts of high-grade ganja, which we'll all smoke on the spot and pay for with money from a Federal grant. Everybody will be happy and higher than Jesus on stilts, and since a lot of buying and selling will presumably be going on in the area, we'll be benefiting and participating in the ongoing commerce of the city.

Is it your understanding that that would be legal?

Robert Allen
Miami, Florida

Logical, maybe, but that won't make it legal.

WHAT NEXT?

The largest employer out here in desolate West Jordan, Utah, is National Semiconductor Corporation, and every time a shift ends, a large contingent of tired workers hits the local 7-Eleven and each of them purchases a single can of beer, plus assorted munchies—both, presumably, to be consumed on the way home. Well, to stop that “immoral” and “illegal” behavior, the city council has passed an ordinance banning the sale of single cans of beer. Now you have to buy a six-pack or nothing. I am not sure if that was a move to generate more beer sales or the council figured people wouldn't remove a single can once they were in their cars. Well, as if that weren't enough, now the county of Salt Lake (of which West Jordan is a part) has passed an ordinance banning the sale or display of edible underwear to minors. You must show proper I.D. to purchase such items. Hell, a can of beer and a pair of candy panties—that was my *Friday night!*

P. Rhodes
Riverton, Utah

THE “DENNY SIEGE”

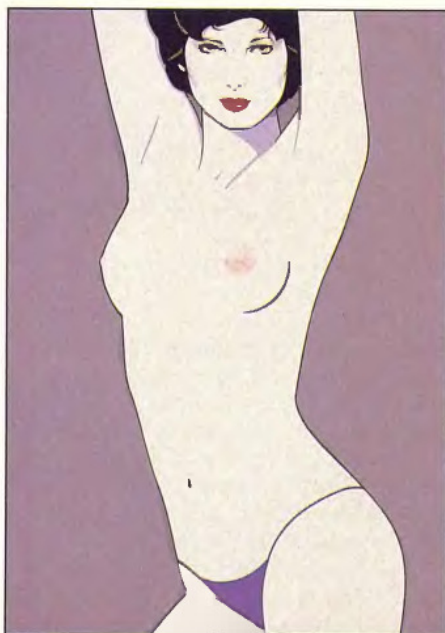
As a member of the community of Denny, California, I was pleased to see the “Denny siege,” as conducted by the Campaign Against Marijuana Planting (CAMP), discussed in the February *Playboy Forum*.

I know that growing pot is illegal, and the fact that the growers have both the cops and the robbers wanting to pull their goods up by the roots makes the business one big crap shoot. I'm not writing to condone either the use or the cultivation of

“It would blow your mind to see the Ma and Pa Kettle types who grow pot for the few extra bucks that get them by.”

marijuana but to appeal to reason and try to put the issue into proper perspective.

Yes, you hear tales about gun-toting long-hairs with punji-stick traps and man-eating guard dogs, and I don't doubt that a few growers would point a gun at someone entering their patch. But contrary to *60 Minutes*, the print medium and a lot of rumors, that is not the rule. Outsiders, especially, don't seem to recognize



the degree of economic depression that exists here in Northern California. The irony is that a lot of people who were able to get off welfare thanks to marijuana growing a couple of years ago are now back on it thanks to CAMP. It would blow your mind to see the Ma and Pa Kettle types who grow pot for the few extra bucks that get them by. A few years back, this wasn't the case; but when you're looking at \$1500 per pound, minimum, for buds, you'll naturally find a few otherwise law-abiding folks willing to switch, *then* fight. And it's thanks to Uncle Sam's rampages that the price is now so high.

Statistics show that something like a billion dollars a year comes from pot cultivation in Northern California alone. Don't our elected assholes see the potential here? It's unbelievable that the jerks who run this country and supposedly speak for the working-class small fry can't recognize that they could go from terror tactics to taxation, help lots of people who are down and out and put a dent in the national deficit.

I suppose another way to help the people here would be to put them out of their misery—stop pulling up their pot plants and just drop bombs on them.

Mark S. May
Denny, California

LICENTIOUS

I was just reading a letter in the February *Playboy Forum* from the police officer on desk duty who checked out the Massachusetts license plate that read SMEGMA and found that it was reported stolen. Well, at this moment, I am on desk duty, and I ran those same letters. The plate checked to a woman in Upstate New York. The plate is currently expired, so she apparently read *The Playboy Forum* and decided not to renew it.

(Name withheld by request)
Long Island, New York

THE RUBBER TRADE

I have worked as a clerk for a large drugstore chain for the past eight years, and I have noticed the embarrassment of some of my customers when they purchase rubbers (*The Playboy Forum*, April). I always treat that piece of merchandise as any other: I ring it up promptly, sack it quickly and let my customer go. I would never say or do anything to embarrass anyone purchasing condoms.

I'm grateful that younger people are becoming aware of the risks and protecting themselves against heartache. I had

never stopped to wonder why my more mature patrons purchased rubbers, but now that I do . . . hmmm. I'm all for it.

Catherine Brown
Lodi, California

In Philip Jenkins' letter about purchasing rubbers from a female drugstore clerk, he says he worries that the clerk will think he is a dirty old man. Actually, I think he should be congratulated on his thoughtfulness toward his companion. A lot of men don't care whether or not they use a rubber or about what women go through. Imagine how I feel going to a 40-year-old or older male gynecologist.

When I see a man buying a rubber, it reminds me that there are still some men who do care.

(Name withheld by request)
St. Louis, Missouri

Reading "Buying Rubbers" reminds me of a personal experience your readers may enjoy:

My fiancé and I agreed that perhaps my birth-control pills were the cause of my violent mood swings and that I should quit taking them for a while as an experiment. Meanwhile, we would try alternative methods. We discovered that we were both highly sensitive to vaginal birth-control suppositories (one painful episode was enough to prove that), so we decided to try "showering in a raincoat": rubbers. My fiancé made a trip the next day to a nearby 7-Eleven store and politely asked the clerk if the store stocked prophylactics. "What?" inquired the young woman. "Prophylactics," my fiancé repeated. "He means rubbers!" cried out another customer at the counter, an older, trucker type of guy. The entire store began laughing as the clerk blushed, flushed and replied, "No! We don't have any of those kinds of things," with a nasty look toward my fiancé. (One wonders about *her* type of birth control, if any!)

Yes, Philip Jenkins, author of the letter that inspired this one, rubbers can be difficult to buy—ask my best friend, who is allowed by her doctor only two types of birth control: rubbers and abstinence. Ask her also about abortions.

(Name withheld by request)
Kansas City, Kansas

So Philip Jenkins wants to know what we young, cute female clerks think about older guys' buying rubbers?

In our informal survey, we decided that those fellows come in two types:

1. Those frauds who buy rubbers to show off. ("He can't be serious! Who'd get close to him even for money?")

2. Older guys who have kept themselves in shape and stride in with confidence, not with their guts sucked in, trying to look cool (they're in category one).

The guys who dress sharp and are charming can come in and buy *anything*

and we won't bat an eye—except in appreciation for a well-preserved bod.

The Girls of Grand Avenue
St. Paul, Minnesota

Not to quibble, but shouldn't there be a category for ordinary fellows who are neither older guys nor frauds? Anyway, let's be charitable and note that frauds need love, too.

TAXING SIN

In reference to the letter from J. Paul Brockert of Dayton, Ohio (*The Playboy Forum*, April), we would like to advise that the M.C.S. Stamp Company was formed specifically for the purpose of selling the new Arizona Cannabis-and-controlled-substances tax stamps as collector's items. To do that, we had to become duly licensed "drug dealers" by the Arizona Department of Revenue. We did not have to prove we were able to tell marijuana from oregano—we just had to send money. "Once you buy the stamps, we don't care what you do with them," said the official with whom we talked.

There are even complex safeguards for confidentiality.

Curiously, when we tried to place a classified ad for our business in *The Arizona Republic*, its review committee refused it for "content."

Purchasers of the stamps should be aware that the stamp does *not* legalize any substances; possession of the stamp does not imply their use or sale; and we are not required to keep any record of the stamps' distribution.

Reaction to our enterprise ranges from delight to incredulity. Interestingly, older adults appreciate the value of the idea for business. Students at a local community college treat the order form like a hot potato, not quite understanding that all the state has done is figure out a clever way to make a little extra money and cause a few extra problems for *actual* drug dealers who don't buy their stamps!

Phyllis Adamson
Linda Housner
M.C.S. Stamp Company
Glendale, Arizona

Recent articles and letters in *The Playboy Forum* (February and April) have discussed Arizona's new drug law and its absurdity, and North Dakota may become the second state to adopt such an approach to dealing with the proliferating drug trade in America. It is a shame, though, that the legislators have drawn up such a blatantly unconstitutional law. If they had reviewed past cases, such as *Marchetti vs. United States* and *Leary vs. United States*, they would have realized that the law is in violation of an individual's Fifth Amendment rights, binding on

the states via the 14th Amendment. The taxing of drugs seems inevitable, but the idea of incriminating oneself by paying a tariff doesn't deserve a second thought.

Dave Skipton
Dayton, Ohio

The revenue people declare they cannot and do not share their information with the law-enforcement people, thereby avoiding the Fifth Amendment problem. Incidentally, Virginia and Hawaii are also considering such a law.

NOT TICKLED

The February *Playboy Forum* once again brought me the opportunity to laugh, cry and get angry while reading one letter. I'm referring to the one from the correspondent in Baltimore, Maryland, and at first I figured the writer had to be joking, calling women prick teasers because they may want to have a friendly relationship with a man without having to get sexually involved. He says that such women want to assure themselves that they are sexually desirable without having to reciprocate. I say, "Bullshit!" To me, a friend is someone you can trust with your innermost secrets without having to involve your innermost secret parts. How would our friend like it if some buddy of his were sitting on the couch having a beer, maybe watching a football game, and suddenly slid over to him and murmured in a low tone, "You know, you really turn me on. I would love to feel the hair on your thighs brushing against my razor stubble as I slowly lick and suck your cock until you can't stand it and you come and come and come?"

I have been caught off guard in a similar situation by a man I considered a friend and who decided, I suppose, that the time for letting me have "my way" and keeping the relationship celibate was over. The point that your correspondent is missing is that two people *can* be friends, whether they are both male, both female or one of each. He apparently is too *macho* to admit that there are some women out there who just are not interested in sex with him. I, as a fairly forward female, have been turned down sexually by more than one man, for more than one reason. I have also, at times, been involved with a man for sexual purposes only—we were sexually attracted to each other, but it was not convenient for us to be seen together. I have also had menfriends who were just that—friends. I guess that's because I am more open and honest about what I want out of a relationship than some and therefore haven't had as many problems. Sure, there are always the ones who try for sex *after* it has been agreed that it will not be a condition of the relationship, but I do not therefore consign all men to the status of cunt chasers as your correspondent so readily condemns us as prick teasers.

Sergeant B. J. VanValkenburg
AFB Yokota, Japan

(letters continued on page 48)

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

DOCTOR SEX

SAN FRANCISCO—Police report that a man posing as a doctor has talked at least three women into having sex with him by claiming that his sperm contains a cure for a deadly disease revealed by his examination of their



blood tests. How he determined they had had tests was not revealed, but one woman paid \$1000 for the treatment, two received it at no cost and at least 15 others decided to check first with their doctors and took a pass on the therapy.

ENOUGH WHAT?

ATLANTA—A state judge in Alabama who made a property settlement contingent on a divorced father's obtaining a vasectomy cannot be sued under civil rights laws, the U.S. 11th Circuit Court of Appeals has ruled. The court found that the judge was within his authority under state law but said he "egregiously erred" in commenting to the man that there were already "enough pick-aninnies in this world." The judge was put out that the plaintiff had fathered several children who were being supported by welfare and said "he gleefully begat other children" while still claiming the family house as part of his divorce settlement.

SOME DIVORCE

DETROIT—A local judge, variously described as "an exceptional man," "colorful" and "perhaps a bit eccentric," has granted a divorce decree that some attorneys are describing as "crazy": The divorced couple must continue living together in the same house until

their twin 15-year-old sons reach the age of 18, or the spouse who leaves will lose custody of the children. Circuit judge David Vokes said he interviewed the two boys and their 16-year-old brother at their home and had them vote on which parent they preferred to live with. "There was one vote each way and the other split on it," he recalled, and so he granted the divorce but maintained the family with an array of stipulations: The former wife does the housekeeping, cooking and shopping, while her former husband pays \$400 a month alimony and provides food, shelter, taxes and insurance; she may not enter his bedroom but must prepare his food at family meals; she does not clean his bedroom and bathroom or do his laundry; and neither can entertain dates at home. Each has accused the other of noncompliance and general obnoxiousness. The ex-wife has declared that the entire arrangement "stinks," and on that point her former husband agrees, remarking, "I don't think she's going to last three years."

COMBAT READY

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA—Two teen-aged boys who plugged a pedestrian with a homemade bazooka have received six-month-to-one-year sentences at a state-prison ranch. Authorities said they had been driving around in full camouflage outfits, hunting for "long-haired hippie types, transients and Communists" with a rocket launcher fashioned from a pipe that would fire a model rocket with an explosive warhead. The target survived with relatively minor injuries when the warhead fizzled, and police said the offenders' chief concern seemed to be whether or not their convictions would disqualify them from the Army.

NICE TRY

SAN FRANCISCO—A California appeals court has ruled that an unmarried woman who quit her job to follow her boyfriend to another city is not entitled to unemployment benefits. After the case went back and forth between courts, the California Employment Development Department and the California Unemployment Insurance Appeals Board, the state's highest appellate court held that the move and the loss of job was discretionary on her part and not necessitated by "family" relocation.

"NUN FOR ME"

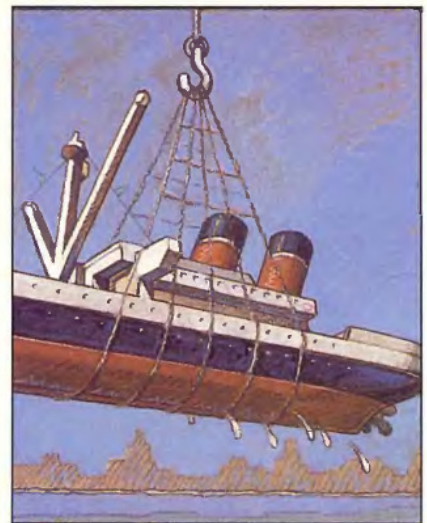
LOS ANGELES—A 22-year-old woman has filed a \$21,000,000 suit against the archdiocese of Los Angeles and seven Roman Catholic priests who, she claims, had sex with her since she was 16 and who left her the unwed mother of a baby girl. She has a separate paternity suit pending against two of the priests, who had sex with her in a church rectory at the time she became pregnant. A third priest is accused of suggesting that she have an abortion. The suit states that as a result of her experiences, the plaintiff, who had planned to become a nun, "lost faith in the Catholic Church."

SHOW-AND-TELL

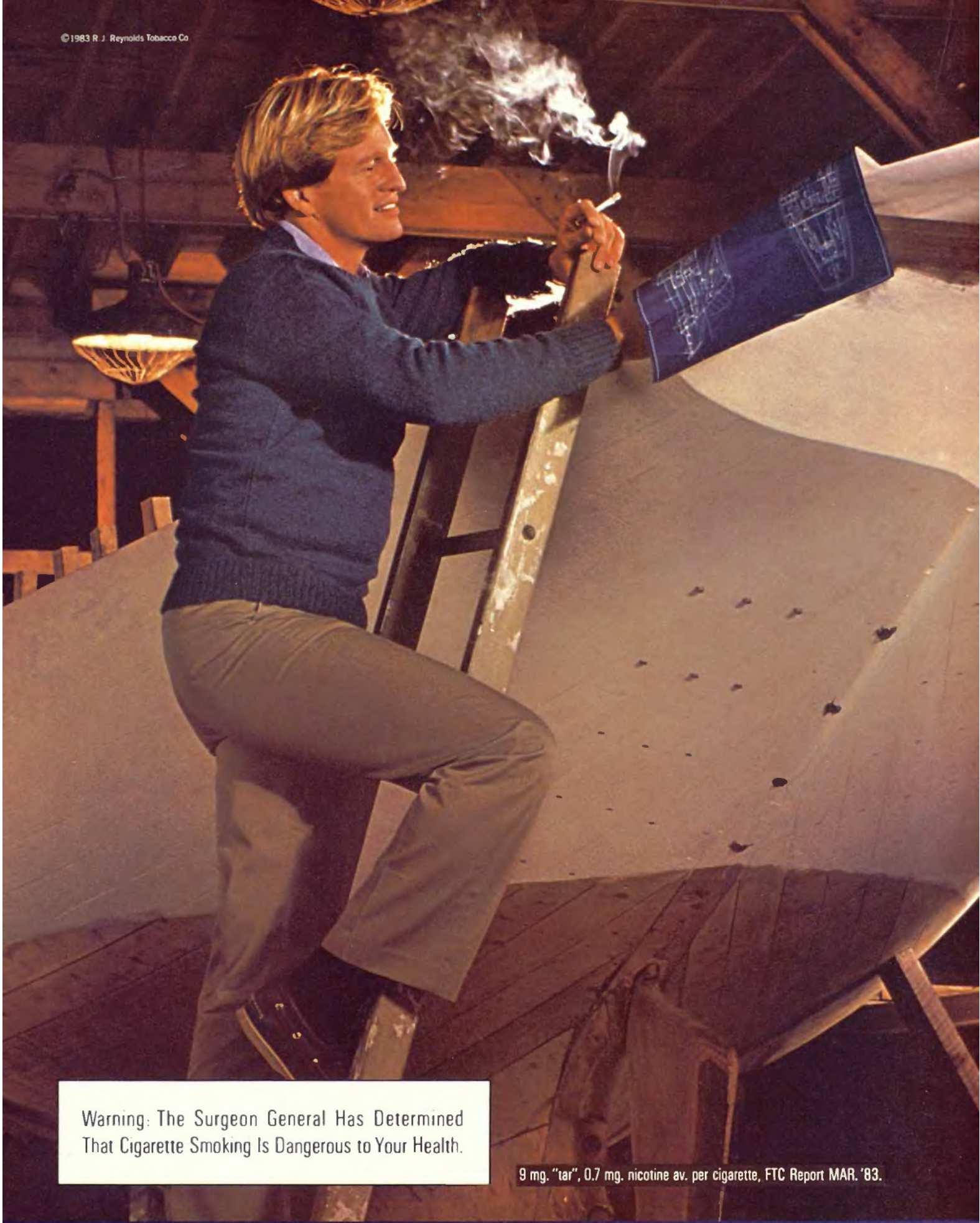
MOLINE ACRES, MISSOURI—The display of a bottled nine-week-old fetus to students at a Catholic school showed "justifiable but perhaps excessive zeal on the part of a teacher," the church's pastor has decided. Responding to criticism, he called the incident "indiscreet" in that it involved pupils as young as six years old.

BIG BUST

LOS ANGELES—The U.S. Customs Service has set some kind of record by confiscating a 700-foot freighter on which 76 pounds of high-grade cocaine had been found during a drug search. Customs officials said it was the largest



vessel yet seized under Federal laws that permit forfeiture of vehicles used to transport contraband. The ship, Ciudad de Popayan, is owned by the Colombian government's national shipping company, Gran Colombiana.



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

9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '83.

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That's Success!

ZERO TOLERANCE

The Navy's zero-tolerance program has just turned sailors away from cocaine, pot and speed to alcohol abuse and to such drugs as LSD and psilocybin, which cannot be detected through urinalysis.

It is too bad that so much money and time are spent on a program that does not rehabilitate but only punishes, demoral-

izes and humiliates. Why not concentrate on such problems as shipyard productivity, an unrealistic promotion system, communication problems in the chain of command and wasteful defense spending?

I know many sailors who do not know how to swim or don an O.B.A. (oxygen-breathing apparatus, used to fight fires). How many know C.P.R.? In the time it

takes to test an aircraft carrier's crew's urine, you could ensure that every sailor on board possessed those lifesaving skills. The Navy seems more interested in stopping dope smokers.

I'm glad I'm out.

(Name withheld by request)
Austin, Texas

Since joining the Marine Corps, I have watched many friends become victims of the zero-tolerance program, and I can assure you that if the tolerance is zero, so are the rehabilitation and counseling that were supposed to go with it. The whole thing is a bad joke. My entire unit was tested, and a sergeant who smokes pot regularly persuaded a lance corporal who never smokes it to fill both of their bottles. The sergeant came up positive and the lance corporal negative from the same sample of urine. Once, I took a test six days after a weekend of smoking pot and doing coke. The test results were negative.

What we've got here is a testing program with the accuracy of a coin flip that can make or break people's lives and careers. Let's start subjecting our high-ranking officers to the same tests and see what happens.

(Name withheld by request)
Camp LeJeune, North Carolina

I'm a second-class petty officer on the U.S.S. Enterprise and had been through urinalysis many times, when one day it came out positive. I don't and never will take drugs. That first week was hell for me: I was taken out and treated as a hard-core criminal, never to be trusted again. I took another urinalysis and it came out negative, and I am going to take legal action because of the trouble and embarrassment caused me.

I support the Navy's zero-tolerance policy, but thousands of personnel who don't take drugs are getting busted and removed from duty, and there seems to be nothing anyone can or will do about it.

(Name withheld by request)
U.S.S. Enterprise
FPO San Francisco, California

I am temporarily a petty officer in the Navy and am in a position to observe what goes on without being blinded by lifer bullshit.

I know people who don't use drugs but have had positive urinalysis results, and I know people who get high every day and get negative results. Let's face it: The urine test is not as accurate as the Navy swears it is. The officer who used to be the chief quality-control expert for the drug-abuse program has warned that the tests might well produce "a travesty of justice" in which "people are likely to get railroaded" on the basis of questionable results. (The Pentagon summarily arranged his transfer to a new job that has nothing to do with drug testing.) So your well-intentioned Petty Officer M. A. Clark

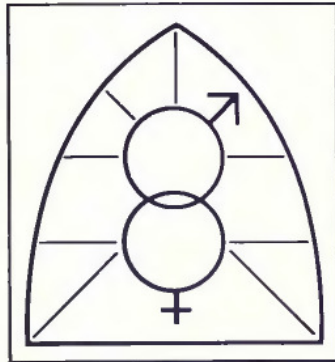
FORUM FOLLIES THE RULES ON LOVE

With the penetrating insights of a defrocked Jesuit and a disbarred lawyer combined in one, Dr. Naismith, our Consulting Philosopher, seems to have found some interesting loopholes in the Vatican's latest sex rulings. To wit:

Recently, the Vatican's Sacred Congregation for Catholic Education issued a document titled "Educational Guidance in Human Love," which provided long-awaited and desperately needed guidelines for sex in today's complex world. In sex, as in baseball, if you want to play the game, you have to know the rules. As with any other religious literature, however, the true meanings of these sex guidelines are found not in the words of the statements themselves but in the deeper and more subtle ideas that may be derived from their proper interpretation.

According to these newly stated Vatican rules, sexual intimacy is an activity that should be reserved for marriage. But does that mean that sexual intimacy should be available only to individuals who are married to each other or to anyone who is married, period? Since the guidelines do not specify such a restriction, it would appear that they do permit married people to have sexual relations with other people, as long as those others, too, are married. This may be seen as a long-awaited liberalization of the Church's traditional adultery doctrine.

Another concern expressed by the Vatican was the reduction of sexuality to mere genital experience. Here again, more important than the actual words are the meanings behind them. And here the implications are clear and obvious: The problem of sexuality's being reduced to genital experience could be improved by a full 50 percent



through the greater use of oral sex. Thus, it would appear that the Vatican has, for perhaps the first time, accepted fellatio and cunnilingus and, by extension, a form of birth control consistent with the Church's continuing objection to the use of artificial methods.

Another sexual issue

of some importance to the drafters of the guidelines was the general devaluation of sex. The implication of that problem is obvious even to nontheologians—namely, the implicit approval of the world's oldest profession. For who is more opposed to the devaluation of sex than the hard-working prostitutes of today? This thinly veiled position by the Vatican in favor of legalized prostitution may well reflect a clearer recognition of such modern economic realities as the current world-wide recession.

Sex education is of interest to everyone. The Vatican's stated position is that it belongs primarily in the family. This should not necessarily be misconstrued as condoning incest; the guidance of sons by their fathers in the selection of a first prostitute and the new advisory function of mothers to daughters in the surrender of virginity can only help preserve the closeness and stability of the family unit.

The Vatican's position on masturbation is, unfortunately, not altogether clear, perhaps reflecting a theological tug of war. On the one hand, it is referred to as a "symptom of problems," as well as a "grave moral disorder." On the other hand, according to the Vatican guidelines, the goal of sexual intimacy is to confirm and express a definitive communion of life through one flesh. And what more direct and loving relationship with one flesh than one's own hand pulling one's own pud?

—DR. HORACE NAISMITH

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(*The Playboy Forum*, March), who works with the program, may be in a position to ruin an innocent shipmate's career.

Some people do need help because of drug problems, just as a lot of people need help because of alcohol problems. What about the c.p.o. who takes along a case of cough syrup (26 percent alcohol) for those long stretches between ports? When a sailor tells the drug-and-alcohol-abuse counselor that he has never smoked marijuana, will the D.A.A.C. believe him if he's just been fined, busted and restricted on the basis of a positive piss test?

What the Navy needs more than a ship-wide piss test every two weeks is a zero-tolerance incompetence program. That would really be money, time and effort well spent. Unfortunately, zero tolerance means tolerating the zeros (incompetents) until they finish their 20 years and leech off the Government for the rest of their unproductive lives. The higher they advance in rank, the more their friends will cover for them.

Most of the time, a serious fuck-up on the part of the senior personnel will draw no more action than a raised eyebrow, a shrug of the shoulders or a cheery "Oh, well." It's just that attitude that allows that unsatisfactory condition to continue and convinces the first-hitch Serviceman to get the hell out.

(Name withheld by request)
U.S.S. Dale
FPO Miami, Florida

FORESKIN FOLLIES

The essay on circumcision by Richard W. Morris (*The Playboy Forum*, December) is the true embodiment of racial bigotry parading as informative journalism. Morris pontificates that the Turks, along with such paragons of civilization as the East African Wakikuyu, the Amaxosa Kafir and the Australian Ura-bunna, "bury it [the foreskin] as they do fingernails and other parts of the body, because they fear it might be used in black magic."

We do not know where he got that edifying piece of information, for he does not tell us, but I think that your readers are entitled to know that it is not so. Circumcision is a religious requirement, and Turks are circumcised, as are all Moslem males. Elements of black magic to the ritual are nonexistent. To cloak an essay with pieces of nontruth such as this in the interest of giving it more readability is indecent.

Polat Gülkan, Ph.D.
Ankara, Turkey

Morris' source for that information was a rather antiquated book titled "*The Ten Commandments*," by Joseph Lewis, and Lewis seems to have gotten his information from an early encyclopedia. Morris was simply making light of dozens of unusual practices associated with foreskin disposal in order to poke fun at current U.S. medical practices.

WELCOME, MOLE

With much interest and admiration, I, as publisher and editor of *Mole*, the country's new, only and, therefore, leading magazine in the field of political satire and humor in general, wish to applaud the excellent work of the Playboy Defense Team in its gallant and tireless efforts to prevent the rights of American citizens from being trampled underfoot by the long arm of the law. To assist PLAYBOY in its good work, I hereby volunteer the



members of my staff—none of whom has a criminal record worth mentioning—as fit subjects for arrest in the commission of whatever consensual and nonviolent crime would serve the goals of the Playboy Foundation in challenging the constitutionality of a bad law or demonstrating the need for legal reform in general. Please specify the type of victimless crime you wish committed, the time and place and have your camera crew ready. The perpetrator will be wearing a promotional T-shirt made especially for the occasion, and we will consider whatever legal costs and jail time we incur a small price to pay for the honor of being featured in a *Playboy Casebook*.

Gary Wasserman, Publisher
and Editor
Mole
Washington, D.C.

Well, now, that's an extremely generous offer and probably the most imaginative effort yet to get a plug in PLAYBOY. The fact is, we have been waiting for some consensual fornicators or oral-sex practitioners to get arrested in one of the states where such practices are still considered crimes, but we need convictions and harsh sentences in order to drum up outrage and challenge the law at the appellate level. Since consensual oral sex is a felony in some of our Southern states, let's set something up for next February, say, when the chief of the Playboy Defense Team likes to get out of Chicago and go someplace warm.

MORE "SUPPORT YOUR PARAMEDICS"

I'm sure that by now, you have received many letters responding to the letter titled "Support Your Paramedics" (*The Playboy Forum*, April). I must salute the paramedic who had enough balls to write and say something about how rough on us it can be out there. If the 24-hour shifts don't get you, the lifting of overweight patients into the ambulance does. (It seems as if thin people never get sick.)

The thing that really sends me screaming is when I arrive on the scene and enter a home that is exquisitely furnished and the residents are dressed in clothes that I can only dream about affording someday and hand me their welfare card in lieu of payment for my services. Not only am I risking my life to help them and working my tail off but I'm paying my own tax dollars to work on these people. There are times when it doesn't matter whether or not I feel appreciated, but I don't see the justice at all.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

HARD AND STIFF

I've heard of hard cases and stiff penalties, but Hollywood, Florida's, 1963 municipal ordinance against nude dancing is one of the toughest. It seems that exposing any part of the buttocks, genitals or female breasts is an unlawful erotic entertainment—and the penalty is 90 days, plus a \$500 fine.

Well, not to worry. I don't think the punishment will stand up in court.

Norman Elliot Kent
Attorney at Law
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

THE DEAR DEPARTED MEMBER

OK, I'll bite. What about John Dillinger's penis, which is supposedly on display at the Smithsonian Institution (*The Playboy Forum*, January)?

Larry Howe
Denver, Colorado

At the risk of disappointing millions who have heard and may even believe the story that Dillinger's private member is (or was) on display at the Smithsonian Institution, be advised that we've talked to persons in attendance at his autopsy in 1934 and learned that Dillinger was physically quite ordinary. The item in question was not removed for display at the Smithsonian or anywhere else. Sorry, folks.

Joe Pinkston
The John Dillinger Historical Museum
Nashville, Indiana

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



... I hope she's home ... such a long time ...
what if she's married?...

"Diana? I think I left my umbrella
at your place. In 1978."



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WALID JUMBLATT

a candid conversation—about beirut and civil strife, “dallas” and reincarnation—with the lebanese war lord who held off the marines

Lebanon. The name is synonymous with shellings and massacres and shootings and car bombings. In a word, chaos. Lebanon is where more U.S. Marines have died than in any other engagement since the Vietnam war. It is where Reagan's foreign policy, which ended with the euphemistic “redeployment” and subsequent pull-out of U.S. forces, suffered a defeat some observers have compared to the Bay of Pigs fiasco. Even after the pull-out of the Marines (and that of the rest of the multinational force), television broadcasts continue to make the bloody streets of Beirut as painfully familiar as the Mekong Delta was to a generation of U.S. viewers.

If there is an individual most responsible for the frustration of U.S. policy in Lebanon, it is Walid Jumblatt, the 34-year-old leader of a mysterious Islamic sect known as the Druse and the head of Lebanon's Progressive Socialist Party. Jumblatt's fiercely disciplined and personally loyal army of Druse fighters has met the U.S.-supported central army of President Amin Gemayel and has virtually defeated it. Jumblatt now controls more Lebanese territory than the government does. With only about 7000 regular troops and about 25,000 members of the Druse people's

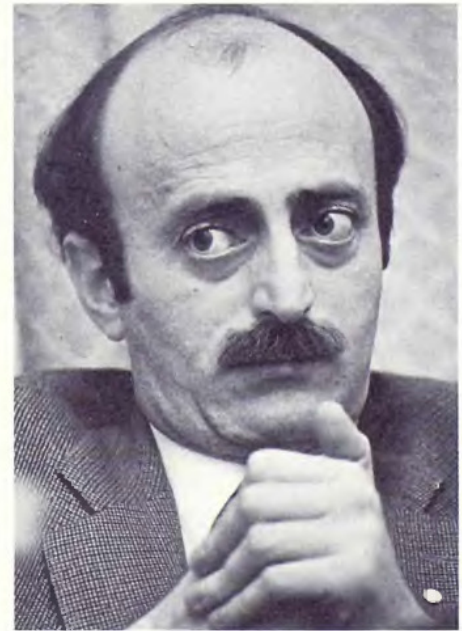
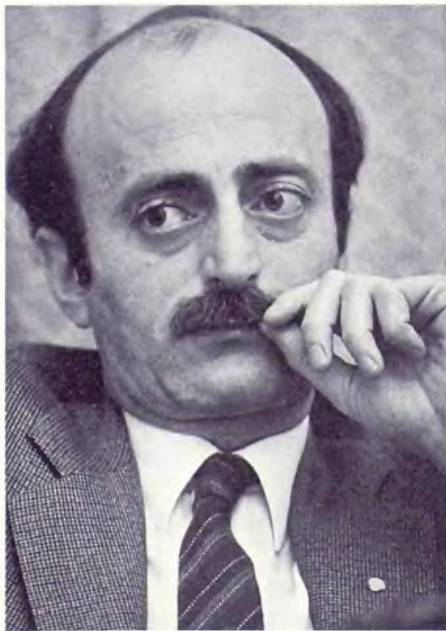
armed militia (some of them boys as young as ten), Jumblatt is not timid about taking on the U.S. itself: In response to what he claims was shelling by the Marines, his Druse sporadically rained artillery down on the Marine base throughout 1983. When the U.S. Ambassador's residence was shelled, the U.S.S. New Jersey aimed its 16-inch guns at the Druse's mountain redoubts surrounding Beirut and began pounding away before finally picking up its shells and steaming off.

Isolated in their hillside villages in the Shuf Mountains, the Druse are legendary for their fighting ability and are excluded by their esoteric religion from the rest of the population; they may well be the most homogeneous group in a country of vividly contrasting nationalities, sects and political ideologies. Jumblatt, whose family has led the Druse for generations, is a Western-educated (at the American University of Beirut), well-traveled man of philosophical bent who took command when his father was assassinated in 1977. As he put it to PLAYBOY, “few of the Jumblatts had a natural death.” He divides his time between Damascus, where his ally Hafez al-Assad, president of Syria, makes him feel welcome, and the Shuf Mountains, where

his soldiers and his people wait with rifles poised.

Lebanon seems to invite invasion. Besides uncounted invasions in the past century, it has been overrun three times in just the past eight years; by Syria in June 1976, by Israel in March 1978 and again by Israel in June 1982. Syria, whose troops have occupied the western part of Lebanon since the 1976 invasion, is undoubtedly the ranking power in the region (though Jumblatt angrily denies being a puppet of Assad's), and it is Syria's ties to the Soviet Union that worries the West and President Reagan in particular.

To understand the context of Lebanon's present troubles, a quick recap may be in order. Lebanon's 20th Century difficulties began immediately after World War One. To satisfy French demands, the British allowed Paris a mandate to govern “the Lebanon,” which was then technically a part of Syria. At that time, the population effectively consisted of two groups: the Druse and the Maronite Christians. The French separated Lebanon from Syria, then expanded the boundaries of Lebanon to include inhabitants who were



PHOTOGRAPHY BY NABIL ISMAIL

“You also had your Civil War in the States. It was quite a bloody war, too. But somebody lost and somebody won. It's the same thing in Lebanon. We'll see whether I'll be the next Lee or the next Grant.”

“My father and grandfather were killed. It's a family tradition. The father of my grandfather was killed, too. For 300 years, few of the Jumblatts had a natural death. It helps you be fatalistic.”

“I'm concerned about my tribe and my children. Even if life doesn't matter to me, for them it matters. They expect something from me. That is why negotiating is not entirely rubbish—it gains time.”

Moslems. Paris ruled through its protégés, the Maronites, who were then compliant and dependent on the French for material support. Lebanon became independent of Syria in 1941, and in 1943 a national covenant was hammered out and was reluctantly agreed to by all parties. In theory, it was to have provided a balance among the factions, with the titular leadership residing with the Maronites. It worked well until the great influx of Palestinians after the creation of the state of Israel in 1948. A decade later, a civil war began between the Christian and the Moslem forces. President Eisenhower sent U.S. troops there in July 1958, imposing an uneasy peace, but that invasion has been blamed for halting a necessary redistribution of power and setting the stage for what was to follow. Palestinians from Jordan fleeing the civil war in that country in 1970 substantially increased the Moslem population, creating further imbalance, though the government remained in the hands of the Maronites. That civil war also brought the militant arm of the Palestinians—the P.L.O.—into Lebanon, and that set off a civil war between the P.L.O. and the Lebanese government in 1973. That introduced the Syrians, who invaded the country in 1976, supposedly at the request of the Beirut government so that the bloodshed might stop. The Syrians occupied the country, brutally suppressed the P.L.O. and have remained in Lebanon. For reasons supposedly linked to their own national security, the Israelis conducted their two invasions shortly thereafter, and there has been no effective government in Lebanon since that time. Gemayel, the latest of the Maronite leaders, became president after his brother Bashir was elected—and was promptly assassinated—but he is president in name only. Within Lebanon, the man calling the shots is Walid Jumblatt.

PLAYBOY sent free-lance journalist and syndicated political columnist **Morgan Strong** to speak with this enigmatic guerrilla, scholar and self-avowed war lord while the so-called reconciliation talks were taking place in Lausanne, Switzerland, in March of this year. Strong's report:

"I first talked with Jumblatt in Damascus in 1983, during the height of American involvement in Lebanon and just before the suicide bombing of Marine headquarters. He confirmed to me at that time that his men had, indeed, fired upon U.S. Marines holding positions at the Beirut airport—in retaliation, he said, for Marine shelling of the Druse positions.

"When PLAYBOY sent me to Lausanne, the atmosphere was no less tense. The Hotel Beau Rivage was decorated in Beirut-civil-war style: Barricades blockaded the streets around the hotel; the high walls surrounding it were topped with concertina razor wire; sandbag bunkers ringed the entrance. Swiss riot police in long black-leather coats stood outside with

automatic rifles cradled in their arms. Helicopters swooped down low from time to time and, except for the missing sound of artillery and gunfire, the participants from Lebanon must have felt right at home.

"Our first meeting was at the Beau Rivage. After considerable security checks, I was taken to the Druse headquarters within the hotel. It was a suite in constant turmoil and disarray. A video-cassette recorder was invariably playing an American movie as Arabs watched from couches surrounding the TV set. There was loud, excited talk, and messengers darted in and out. Jumblatt himself came out of a small bedroom off the sitting room and offered his hand cordially. He is tall and very thin, with large, unblinking eyes. If there is a single word to describe him, it is intense; he unbent slightly but never completely in later 'Interview' sessions. We sat in his bedroom for our first session, which was somewhat stiff, and he sipped cognac as he gave terse answers.

"As the conference dragged on, I spent most of my time in my hotel room across town waiting for a call from Jumblatt's aides. When it came, I was told we would

"If we, as Lebanese, are unable to settle our internal problems peacefully, Lebanon will just disappear."

meet not at the Beau Rivage but at Jumblatt's own hotel. Its location outside Lausanne was a closely guarded secret for security reasons. When two Arab assistants picked me up and ushered me into Jumblatt's large, bulletproof Mercedes, I made a point of not watching too closely where we were going.

"When we arrived at the hotel—which or where I'm still not sure—we were greeted by the Druse chief and his beautiful, blonde Jordanian wife. Jumblatt and I sat down for a long session in an anteroom off the hotel lobby, and by then, though the reconciliation talks were disintegrating and his conversation reflected his resignation to that fact, he had loosened up and was speaking candidly with me.

"We met sporadically over the next several days. As the prospects for reconciliation grew dimmer, the atmosphere grew more tense. There was infighting and jockeying for position among the participants, and Jumblatt seemed more and more fatalistic in our private conversations. Security at the Beau Rivage grew tighter: Metal detectors went up and more

guards were added around the Druse suite. Jumblatt's candor with me grew to the point where I felt uneasy with what amounted to state secrets. For instance, he had told me for publication that Libya had been his principal supplier of arms and funds but that Libya's strong man, Muammar el-Qaddafi, had stopped the supply. He and his army, he said, were strapped and had to 'shop around'—this while his opponents were a few floors below assessing his military prospects. In fact, a few hours later, Jumblatt's Druse militia back in Lebanon attacked, for the first time, the stronghold of the radical Murabitunian and quickly commandeered their headquarters and military equipment. That group had been supported exclusively by Qaddafi.

"I saw Jumblatt for the last time the day before the talks fell apart and he headed back to Lebanon. Through it all, I came to respect his openness, which not only is unique among Arab leaders but is a quality absent from most political leaders. That alone might qualify him for the nearly impossible job some observers feel he is destined to hold—president of Lebanon."

PLAYBOY: How much longer can this bloody war in Lebanon go on?

JUMBLATT: That's a good question. We are in our tenth year. It seems the Lebanese are not civilized.

PLAYBOY: How many casualties have there been?

JUMBLATT: Whew! Nobody knows. In Lebanon, around 100,000, they say. More than 1,000,000 scattered refugees, so many wounded. I have no idea.

PLAYBOY: Why do you continue to kill one another?

JUMBLATT: Well, you also had your Civil War in the States. It was quite a bloody civil war, too. But somebody lost and somebody won. So, really, it's the same thing. Somebody has to win and somebody has to lose. We'll see whether I'll be the next Lee or the next Grant.

PLAYBOY: Reconciliation talks are going on in this hotel as we speak. Is there any hope of a resolution through them?

JUMBLATT: That is why I'm here—to meet with my opponents and to try to fix up a deal. Perhaps we'll fix something up; perhaps not. But in either case, I'm going back home—for peace or for war.

PLAYBOY: What's the real state of negotiations at present?

JUMBLATT: Truthfully? Rubbish. But I have to do it. Just part of the show, just part of the game.

PLAYBOY: Rubbish? Most of the world is watching for some sign of progress to end the fighting and you say it's rubbish? Aren't people dying for you?

JUMBLATT: Well, I couldn't tell my people and others that I refused to come to Geneva because I knew the talks would be rubbish. They wouldn't have believed me. So I had to tell them I was coming here to negotiate some peace and security—which

is not the case. Sometimes you have to fool your people. You can't always tell your people the whole truth; they won't be able to understand it.

PLAYBOY: So this exercise is pointless?

JUMBLATT: Yes. I know it's rubbish. But there are crazy people, too. Maybe *I'm* crazy! [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Does President Gemayel feel that way, too?

JUMBLATT: No, no. Gemayel just wants to hold on to his power, to profit from it. Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely. The impasse is not because of us, the Druse. It is the Christians who are quarreling among themselves.

PLAYBOY: But the Christians are your opponents.

JUMBLATT: Yes, but there are different factions there, different war lords.

PLAYBOY: War lords? Why do you call them that?

JUMBLATT: Because we are all war lords in Lebanon.

PLAYBOY: Are you a war lord, too?

JUMBLATT: Yes. Gemayel, too. Gemayel's father and my father were war lords, along with all the other leaders.

PLAYBOY: So when you sit down and talk with President Gemayel, it is something like war lords' meeting during feudal times. Is that how you actually deal with one another?

JUMBLATT: Yes, like feudal lords or godfathers, something like that. It's still very, very feudal in Lebanon. We are living in the Middle Ages, even though we have a so-called surface of civilization.

PLAYBOY: You made the statement recently that you thought Gemayel should commit suicide. Were you joking?

JUMBLATT: Well, he *was* terribly defeated. He was forced by the Syrians and by us to change his whole policy. I don't know if he has a minimal feeling of dignity. I don't think he does. His basic concern is to hold on to power. I think it would be better for him to commit suicide, but he won't do it.

PLAYBOY: Were you joking about it?

JUMBLATT: We *have* to joke. If we take politics too seriously, we'll take ourselves too seriously. Nothing is serious in life.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying, "What the hell?"

JUMBLATT: Not "What the hell?" when it comes to the interests of my community. *That* I care about. My aims are very limited. It's better to have limited aims.

PLAYBOY: But if you believe so strongly in your people's interests, why not make every effort to resolve the conflict?

JUMBLATT: Because we are blocked by the fact that it is not a purely Lebanese issue. It's an international issue. We are just surrogates for somebody, puppets for somebody. Everybody is a puppet.

PLAYBOY: That seems a rather fatalistic attitude, doesn't it?

JUMBLATT: Well, take the killing of my father. My grandfather was killed, too. It's a tradition of the family. The father of the father of my grandfather was killed,

too, on duty. As you go down the line for 300 years, few of the Jumblatts had a natural death. My aunt was killed; my ex-wife committed suicide. So it's cynical, but it helps you be fatalistic.

PLAYBOY: How do those things help?

JUMBLATT: Their personal experience helps me confront realities and see that the problems of this life are minor and see that this whole world is going to absurdity. Total absurdity.

PLAYBOY: However fatalistic, your philosophy reflects the fact that you are an educated man, not merely the war lord you claim to be.

JUMBLATT: Yes. I took my B.A. in political science at the American University of Beirut. I wanted to go somewhere in the States for graduate school and maybe finish my Ph.D. But I couldn't, because the civil war broke out.

PLAYBOY: Since you're perceived as having hostile feelings toward the United States, why did you want to go there?

JUMBLATT: I simply wanted to get an education, knowledge. I wanted to know what was going on in the world. I think that in the United States, you can see what's going on in the world.

PLAYBOY: Before the war, you had traveled to the U.S., hadn't you?

JUMBLATT: Twice. New York, Washington, Los Angeles.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about American society then?

JUMBLATT: Well, once you land in the States, you forget everything about the outside world. This is why I understand the American people. You are so totally involved with yourselves, you are sucked into the system by everything. You don't *think* about the outside world.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

JUMBLATT: It's so easy there to get involved with the system. All of life there is easy, in a way. A foreigner will always want to know more and to profit from this easy life, this American way of life—at least a privileged foreigner, like me.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean by privileged that you had a lot of money?

JUMBLATT: Not a lot of money. I'm not a Saudi sheik, fortunately, or I would be spoiled. I mean only privileged enough to travel and see what America was like. I was crazy about your TV system, just crazy! You have so many programs, you are *obliged* to look at TV! I did it for a week's time; it was just terrible! I was obsessed by the TV—all night long. Unbelievable, just unbelievable!

PLAYBOY: Did you find us capable?

JUMBLATT: Efficient. In your fields, very efficient.

PLAYBOY: What demonstrated that?

JUMBLATT: Your technology—you see it everywhere. We are greatly influenced by this in the Middle East, though it is kind of imposed. The media are terribly American. The whole Middle East, for instance, watches *Dallas*—that stupid program.

PLAYBOY: You mean that in the midst of this war, while you are killing yourselves and our battleships are bombarding you, everyone still watches *Dallas*?

JUMBLATT: Definitely—people wait for the next program with anticipation.

PLAYBOY: Do you think *Dallas* is the common image of America?

JUMBLATT: I don't know, but I was a bit disappointed by my countrymen's interest in it. But life is so easy in America. You go to the airport and buy a ticket right on board an airplane—on the shuttle from Washington to New York. Terrific communications!

PLAYBOY: How did you like Washington?

JUMBLATT: Impressive, but I preferred New York. There, you can truly forget the whole world; you *have* the whole world in New York, so you can forget the rest of the world at the same time.

PLAYBOY: How did you get around in New York—by subway?

JUMBLATT: No. I would not dare go in the New York City subway. I don't think so. I was told not to go alone down there.

PLAYBOY: Let's see if we got this right: The most ferocious war lord in the Middle East was afraid to travel in the New York City subway?

JUMBLATT: I wouldn't dare go. No way.

PLAYBOY: Subway aside, what is it about U.S. society that formed your view of us?

JUMBLATT: As I said, I was overwhelmed by your cosmopolitan society and your technology. But it was a technology without an end, without a human end—technology for its own sake. That's what America is today—sort of a faceless society. Americans have lost the old American ideals of freedom, equality, justice. They were lost maybe somewhere in Vietnam. I think it's foolish nowadays for Americans to claim them. It's an *old* American dream—like the famous book by Norman Mailer, *An American Dream*.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be pulled in two directions—you show a certain fondness for America and a loathing for it.

JUMBLATT: It's a dream, perhaps. It's nice to live *in* a dream, very nice. But, at the same time, to live in America is harsh, very harsh. I noticed that. You are challenged daily—every second. You have to challenge back. It's a ruthless society. If you lose, you're over, you're dead.

PLAYBOY: Are you seriously saying America is more ruthless than your war-torn country?

JUMBLATT: In Lebanon, we kill ourselves directly. In America, you don't kill one another immediately; you die slowly.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be saying that even though your society is in the midst of a civil war, ours is worse.

JUMBLATT: Not worse, but there *is* turmoil in your country, and it will increase. America will be invaded by the Hispanics—Mexicans and others. I think that you can't build a fence. The whole Western world will be invaded by the poor of

the world, from the South, before they die of hunger.

PLAYBOY: Still, given the love-hate relationship you seem to have with our country, it's not hard to imagine your picking up and moving there.

JUMBLATT: Why not? Why not? It would be a case of having to leave my own country. But, yes, it could be a solution, because there has been more than ten years of civil war. And I'm just *fed up* with the killing and killing and killing for so many years!

PLAYBOY: But not fed up enough to stop. Some part of you, the part that is the war lord, must like it.

JUMBLATT: I do like it, yes. It's interesting. For me, it's interesting. But the most serious answer is that it's part of my duty. There are people dying for me, so I have to be loyal to them, to this small tribe. I can't say, "Well, gentlemen, bye-bye. I'm going off to have a nice time in Las Vegas." It wouldn't work.

PLAYBOY: Tell us more about your small tribe, about how you became involved in all this.

JUMBLATT: It started because of the political role of my family. I had to succeed my father, who was assassinated in 1977.

PLAYBOY: Did you want to succeed him?

JUMBLATT: I'm the only son. I was *expected* to succeed him, but . . . by the way, we are talking on the seventh anniversary of his death.

PLAYBOY: And you were suddenly thrust into his role?

JUMBLATT: Yes. I was afraid at the beginning that I couldn't do it. I was young, without any experience. But now I like it. Now I think it's all right. I *think* so; I don't know.

PLAYBOY: So you took on the mantle?

JUMBLATT: Yes. Druse tradition and family tradition.

PLAYBOY: Are the Jumblatts the hereditary rulers of the Druse?

JUMBLATT: My family goes back 300 years in Lebanon. It has always had a tremendous political role. We are one of the greatest feudal families there. At one time, we were nobility, and we are still important. But circumstances change. We have always ruled the Druse, yes.

PLAYBOY: And your tradition also seems to include constant war.

JUMBLATT: Not always but just to keep up with certain traditions. I will have to teach my son, who is two years old. I have two sons. I will teach one of them. I will teach him to be a political leader and also how to prove himself.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that affect you in some way, to know that you will be preparing your child to continue the war and probably die in it if need be?

JUMBLATT: I hope that in 15 years' time, when he's ready, the civil war will be over. I hope that it ends next Saturday. I *hope* so! Ah! I would like for them to avoid that

experience if possible. But later on, they will have to do their duty. Duty, duty is one of the beasts of the world.

PLAYBOY: How do you deal with those feelings on a personal level? How does it feel not to know if you or your family will live through another day?

JUMBLATT: We become inhuman. We no longer respond to normal human feelings.

PLAYBOY: Judging by the security precautions you put us through to conduct this *Interview*, it's obvious there are many people waiting to kill you.

JUMBLATT: Yes. Living this way has become a habit. Better not to think about the fact that at any place, on any corner, somebody is waiting to shoot you. Death is waiting for you; that's it.

PLAYBOY: Would you have preferred that your family not inherit this responsibility?

JUMBLATT: It's too late to speak about it. It's destiny.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in your destiny?

JUMBLATT: I believe my destiny was to lead the Druse. That's what I'm doing—for the time being.

PLAYBOY: Tell us, who *are* the Druse?

JUMBLATT: Well, it's an Islamic sect, an offshoot of Islam. It goes back to the Tenth Century. Although our roots are in Islam, we were greatly influenced by Greek philosophy, Platonic philosophy. We believe, as Plato did, that reason and logic are the



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ultimate goals of mankind. Individuals should purify themselves through logic down through the centuries. Among the Druse, Plato and Socrates are venerated.

PLAYBOY: Purify yourself through the centuries? What do you mean by that?

JUMBLATT: It means that we purify ourselves through reincarnation. We have also adapted into our culture and religion certain Indian philosophies. We believe in the process of reincarnation, that there is no heaven or hell. Through that process, even though we Druse are a minority, we are to come back again on earth, but in another generation, in a new century. Ultimately, we will finish the purification process through the final reincarnation.

PLAYBOY: The Druse are only about seven percent of the population of Lebanon, aren't they?

JUMBLATT: Seven or ten percent; nobody knows, because the last population census in Lebanon was taken in 1932. From that time on, nobody has known what the population is.

PLAYBOY: And your people mostly live in the Shuf Mountains, overlooking Beirut.

JUMBLATT: Yes, and in the Golan Heights. There are also 40,000 Druse in Syria and Israel. The Israeli Druse, in fact, were quite active in the fighting during Israel's invasion of Lebanon.

PLAYBOY: So other Druse were fighting your people?

JUMBLATT: They are not fighting me as

Druse. They are fighting as members of the Israeli Defense Forces. At the same time, there are good relations between us and the Israeli Druse. They respect our homes and people on Mount Lebanon.

PLAYBOY: With such small numbers and such a rational culture, how do you explain the determination of your people? There are some who feel your fighters have singlehandedly frustrated American policy in Lebanon.

JUMBLATT: That's something else! I was defending myself—my pure physical existence in Lebanon as a Druse. I know I'm a minority, but I'm entitled to live on my land and to have my rights. That is why I defended myself, and I will defend myself furiously.

PLAYBOY: And American policy did not take that into consideration?

JUMBLATT: Well, the American policy was based on the idea that it would be possible to rule Lebanon through one party—Gemayel's party, the Christian Phalange. The Druse resisted, *forcibly* resisted. There were also uprisings from the Shi'ite Moslems, and then the central Lebanese army collapsed.

PLAYBOY: Why was the U.S. Marine base shelled?

JUMBLATT: The Marines shelled *us* first. Ask Reagan: Why did he send the Marines to Lebanon? What for?

PLAYBOY: His position is that they were there as part of an international force to

maintain the peace. So why were they attacked?

JUMBLATT: Their presence there was seen by some people as being hostile, because they supported Gemayel. That is why the Marines were hit. Later on, they hit us from offshore. This famous New Jersey [battleship] shelled us; it has quite big guns.

PLAYBOY: Were many Druse killed?

JUMBLATT: Yes. The Marines destroyed so many villages, killed so many people! I think in all about 20 people were killed directly by the New Jersey. Many others were wounded, but *so* much destruction. It makes quite big holes.

PLAYBOY: The New Jersey shelled civilian targets?

JUMBLATT: Definitely. It destroyed entire villages. But that doesn't mean that I have any profound hatred or dislike toward Americans or Westerners.

PLAYBOY: You don't blame the American people?

JUMBLATT: No, no. They're not responsible. The GIs who went to Beirut are not responsible for Reagan's policies. He decided to send them to be killed. That happened when I attacked American policy after the Marines began shelling my areas from their ships.

PLAYBOY: That's confusing to follow. You say you didn't think of the Marines as the enemy; you attacked American policy. But

you *did* shell the Marines.

JUMBLATT: I didn't think of them as enemies. But they were ordered to fire on me, so I had to answer back. Poor chaps. I don't think they knew what they were doing in Lebanon. But it's good now that they are off Lebanese shores—for their security, their families, their wives. But I have nothing against the American people. Don't tell me that everything that is decided by the Government is approved by the American people.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any contact with the American mediators during the period of American involvement in Lebanon?

JUMBLATT: I was *always* meeting with the Americans. The ambassadors, the special envoys—from [Philip] Habib to [Donald] Rumsfeld.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't you been able to come to some understanding with them?

JUMBLATT: I would *like* to make a deal; they don't want to make a deal with me. They think I'm a Soviet agent. They think that I'm Syria's puppet. They think I'm an extremist—all kinds of rubbish.

PLAYBOY: Are you a Syrian puppet?

JUMBLATT: [*Angrily*] I am nobody's puppet! Syria has its agenda, I have mine. I am allied with Syria. Canada is allied with the United States. Is Canada's prime minister an American puppet?

PLAYBOY: Are you a Communist?

JUMBLATT: I'm a socialist; there is a big difference. Can you say that Willy Brandt or Helmut Schmidt is a Communist? I'm a Social Democrat, if you like.

PLAYBOY: How do you define that term?

JUMBLATT: It means that I want equity and justice for my people.

PLAYBOY: You've gone to Moscow several times, haven't you?

JUMBLATT: Several times, but that doesn't mean I'm a Communist. American Presidents went to Moscow, too—are they Communists? I'm not a Communist, because I still believe in spiritual—let's say, the approach that the universe is guided by a special light. I'm *not* an atheist. I believe in God, in a way. I have my own approach to God.

PLAYBOY: How effective do you think the U.S. special envoys were? Did Habib do an effective job?

JUMBLATT: Not specifically speaking, no. He was much too influenced by his ethnic origins. He is Lebanese, after all, a Maronite [the ruling Christian minority]. He is a nice chap. But at the same time, [former Secretary of State Alexander] Haig was making all the decisions.

PLAYBOY: How about Rumsfeld?

JUMBLATT: I met him once. He's a nice guy. He was trying to find out what it's all about in Lebanon.

PLAYBOY: So you felt he wasn't particularly competent?

JUMBLATT: He should have stayed longer, maybe, to get in touch with the realities of Lebanon.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever spoken or communicated, directly or indirectly, with

President Reagan?

JUMBLATT: [*Deadpan*] No. No. I have never had that great privilege or that great honor.

PLAYBOY: How about Henry Kissinger?

JUMBLATT: [*Tightly*] I haven't met him. But *he's* partly, or greatly, responsible for our problems.

PLAYBOY: How?

JUMBLATT: He thought it was possible to have separate deals between Israel and the Arab states. He wrote up the Camp David agreement, and we suffered the consequences. So now there is no way to achieve the Camp David agreement.

PLAYBOY: How could Kissinger have been responsible? Camp David was worked out under President Carter.

JUMBLATT: The policy of Kissinger and Nixon was responsible: One, separate Egypt from the Arab world. Two, deal with the Palestinians in Lebanon. Strike at the Palestinians there; weaken them.

PLAYBOY: Then you feel that the Palestinian problem is the root of the difficulties?

JUMBLATT: The Palestinian people were scattered because of the creation of the state of Israel. We are not against the recognition of Israel, but we also want the Palestinians to go back to their land. They are asking for their own state in the West Bank and Gaza. We support that.

PLAYBOY: But wasn't the presence of the P.L.O. in Lebanon the reason for the divisions that led to the fighting?

JUMBLATT: One of the reasons, not the basic reason. It created a kind of instability. We tried to profit from the P.L.O.'s presence to overwhelm the others.

PLAYBOY: Now that the P.L.O. has been driven out of Lebanon, would you ever allow it back into the country?

JUMBLATT: The P.L.O. as a political organization, yes. Militarily, I think we've paid a high enough price. As a Lebanese, I have to say, "Enough!" No, I would not allow the fighters back.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned your destiny. Do you believe you are destined to be the president of Lebanon?

JUMBLATT: I have to believe it's possible, but I don't know if it's realizable. After all, Lebanon is much too complex to be ruled. It *can* be ruled, but you need to be very clever and you need a modern political system. Right now, Lebanon is just a jungle, with tribes fighting one another.

PLAYBOY: Would you *like* to be the president of Lebanon?

JUMBLATT: Well, yes. But I don't think that I'll become president in the near future. I represent a small minority. If we achieve a deal that separates state and religion, I could be the next president.

PLAYBOY: Could a leader of a small minority govern as president?

JUMBLATT: Maybe. Why should a Druse or a Catholic or a Shi'ite or a Jew—we have Jews in Lebanon—*not* be allowed to be president? Why should the presidency be allowed only to the Maronites?

PLAYBOY: If you were to become president,

what kind of a government would you try to establish?

JUMBLATT: Oh! Social welfare.

PLAYBOY: What is a social-welfare government as you see it?

JUMBLATT: It would give the people their basic rights, at a minimum. I would try not to have anyone die of hunger, at least. America is a very wealthy society with equity and justice, but people are dying of hunger.

PLAYBOY: How would you ensure that no one died of hunger?

JUMBLATT: Redistribute the wealth, if possible.

PLAYBOY: You mean from the Christians?

JUMBLATT: Not only from the Christians; there are wealthy Druse and Shi'ites. Ten percent of the Lebanese have all the wealth.

PLAYBOY: Specifically, how would you spread the wealth?

JUMBLATT: We have to have an appropriate tax system. If I had the power of the presidency, I think I would have parliament behind me. Then we would pass laws so the rich would have to pay.

PLAYBOY: You say you're a Social Democrat, not a socialist; but do you want to establish a socialistic state in Lebanon, by the traditional methods of nationalization of free enterprise, etc.?

JUMBLATT: We have to take into consideration that this so-called free economy of Lebanon is no longer valid. There should be regulations to establish a kind of social-welfare state, to give the majority of people social assurances.

PLAYBOY: What else would be important in the new state you envision?

JUMBLATT: Civil rights. It's important to have civil rights. Many Lebanese do not, legally speaking, have them.

PLAYBOY: Such as women's rights? Would your state be different from other Islamic societies, where equality for women does not exist?

JUMBLATT: Why? Who said so? No, the Moslem women are equal to the men in full rights. They do not participate in a full life because of tradition, maybe. In any case, in Lebanon we are a multi-religious, not an Islamic, society.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps it's different in Lebanon, but you can't deny that women have vastly fewer rights than men in Islamic societies.

JUMBLATT: Yes, I do. That is a misrepresentation of Moslem women. You can find veils and harsh laws in Iran but no place else. Arab women are very active and very liberated in Lebanon and Syria and Egypt. The stereotype of an Arab riding a camel is just not true.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about the exceptions to the rule in Arab states, but let's move on. You were obviously exposed to the role of American women when you traveled in the U.S. Did you have any reaction to them?

JUMBLATT: Well, you have a variety of people there, so the mixture is very inter-

esting. . . [Smiles] When will this *Interview* be published?

PLAYBOY: In about two months.

JUMBLATT: I hope the Playmate will be beautiful. I hope so.

PLAYBOY: We'll make sure she is.

JUMBLATT: Definitely. Do I have to sign any papers? [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: No. We'll take care of it. Going back to the sort of society you might try to establish, what do you think the U.S. response would be to your plans?

JUMBLATT: You'll have to ask the next President—maybe Hart? I think we are free to choose our own system. It's not going to be like the Nicaraguan or the Cuban model. But we *are* free to choose our own system. And it would not be the first socialist state in the Arab world. Syria is a socialist state, and so are Iraq, South Yemen, Algeria.

PLAYBOY: You call Syria socialist; many others would call it totalitarian.

JUMBLATT: Maybe the Syrian regime is not very democratic, but Syria *is* going through a process of socialism. Big properties were confiscated some time ago; industrialization has started. I think it's time to respect what President Assad has done in Syria.

PLAYBOY: How could you convince the Shi'ite Moslems that socialism is the best course?

JUMBLATT: They have two options: either to choose Islamic fundamentalism, which would lead to what Khomeini created in Iran, or to accept the fact that a new Lebanon is possible through socialism.

PLAYBOY: Which of the warring parties in Lebanon agrees with the latter?

JUMBLATT: I'm the only one!

PLAYBOY: How opposed are you to Islamic fundamentalism?

JUMBLATT: I don't like *any* kind of fundamentalism, be it Islamic or Christian. I despise it!

PLAYBOY: We've come back to an interesting contradiction: On the one hand, you're seen as something of a fanatic leader, but on the other, your thinking is often very liberal. Would you say you've been influenced by liberal Western thought?

JUMBLATT: I was greatly influenced by that approach, yes. My father, too. My mother was born in Lausanne. I had a French governess. So we lived in a Western environment.

PLAYBOY: Your mother was Swiss?

JUMBLATT: No. Lebanese. My grandfather was exiled by the French to Lausanne for 25 years. He was profoundly against the French mandate in Lebanon after World War One. He called for Islamic unity in the Arab world. There were two schools of thought at the time: Arab unity and Islamic unity. He was the great thinker on Islamic unity.

PLAYBOY: Your father was supposedly killed by Pierre Gemayel, the patriarch of his family and the father of the man with whom you're negotiating. Have you ever met him?

JUMBLATT: It is interesting that you ask that. Today, for the first time, we shook hands. I decided to do it, to go up to him in this hotel. He was very surprised, very shocked. After all, why should I hate him? Why should I always be entangled by feelings of hatred?

PLAYBOY: We're confused. Is he or is he not the man who killed your father?

JUMBLATT: No! Pierre Gemayel? No!

PLAYBOY: It's part of the unofficial history of your region that Pierre Gemayel ordered the killing, is it not?

JUMBLATT: Somebody else. Somebody in the Phalange may have known about it, but not, to my knowledge, Pierre Gemayel.

PLAYBOY: Then perhaps there isn't so much reason to despise the Gemayels.

JUMBLATT: Yes, there is. I despised the first son, Bashir [the first Gemayel elected president, assassinated on September 14, 1982], far more than the brother who is now president. I disliked him because of his bloody past. I despise the Gemayels because they are responsible for so many killings. It started a long time ago, and it hasn't finished.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying the feud exists simply because the Gemayels are a bloody, ruthless family?

JUMBLATT: Who is *not* bloody and ruthless in Lebanon? Who is not? Everybody in his way is bloody, ruthless. We are all ruthless; everybody is a war lord! Who is not responsible for crimes and destruction? Ultimately, the parties most responsible are the superpowers. Only when you have a settlement between the two superpowers can you reach a just settlement in Lebanon.

PLAYBOY: You've moved rather suddenly from family blood feuds to superpower regulations—

JUMBLATT: Well, you know better than I that you can't separate the problems of Lebanon from the problems of the rest of the Middle East.

PLAYBOY: Can't that just be an excuse to go on killing one another?

JUMBLATT: After all, we *are* being helped by somebody. We are being supplied with money and ammunition by somebody.

PLAYBOY: From whom do you get your money?

JUMBLATT: At one time, the Libyans supplied me. But now they have decided to cut me off. I have to find another country.

PLAYBOY: You have to go shopping for another country to give you money?

JUMBLATT: Yes, I have to go shopping.

PLAYBOY: You won't be able to continue your fight if you run out of money, will you?

JUMBLATT: I'm afraid not. Nowadays, I'm a little bit embarrassed, squeezed for money to maintain my troops.

PLAYBOY: Do your opponents, the Christians, know that?

JUMBLATT: Not yet, but I don't care.

PLAYBOY: You're keeping that a secret

from them during these negotiations, aren't you?

JUMBLATT: Yes. I have to for the time being. It would be good if we found even a temporary solution so my part of Lebanon could be rebuilt. If we find a compromise, we can have some rest for a while.

PLAYBOY: But if you get aid, will you start all over again?

JUMBLATT: I do not want to. I think we have had enough killing. It is more than enough. It would affect terribly the youngsters of our country. These soldiers who are bearing arms in the trenches should learn something else.

PLAYBOY: It's been reported that some of your Druse fighters are as young as ten. Is that true?

JUMBLATT: That's true. That's why we have to teach them something else.

PLAYBOY: There were also rumors that some Soviets had joined your soldiers in the fighting. Any truth to those rumors?

JUMBLATT: No. I don't need Soviets—or Iranians or anybody else—to fight. I have my own people. They fight well. It's enough.

PLAYBOY: When you talk about the children who fight for you or your personal prospects, we notice you have a terse, flat way of responding to emotional issues. Have you always been so controlled?

JUMBLATT: I don't like to talk too much. In politics, I've found it's better to listen.

PLAYBOY: We had more in mind an attitude of resignation, almost fatalism.

JUMBLATT: Fatalism will give you freedom. If you resign yourself to destiny, you free yourself to live better. Since we will all die tomorrow—or next week—let's live and have fun.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying, then, that there's nothing much to do and nothing really matters?

JUMBLATT: There were moments when I thought the world could be changed. Now I think that's impossible.

PLAYBOY: Because of the imperfectibility of man?

JUMBLATT: Yes. Even music nowadays is bestial—rock music. Its deepest aspect is animalistic. It doesn't lead you to refinement. Rock music is terribly violent.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the nature of man can be changed?

JUMBLATT: You can refine bestial nature, somehow, through science. But science is inhuman. After all, science for the sake of science provided the nuclear bomb.

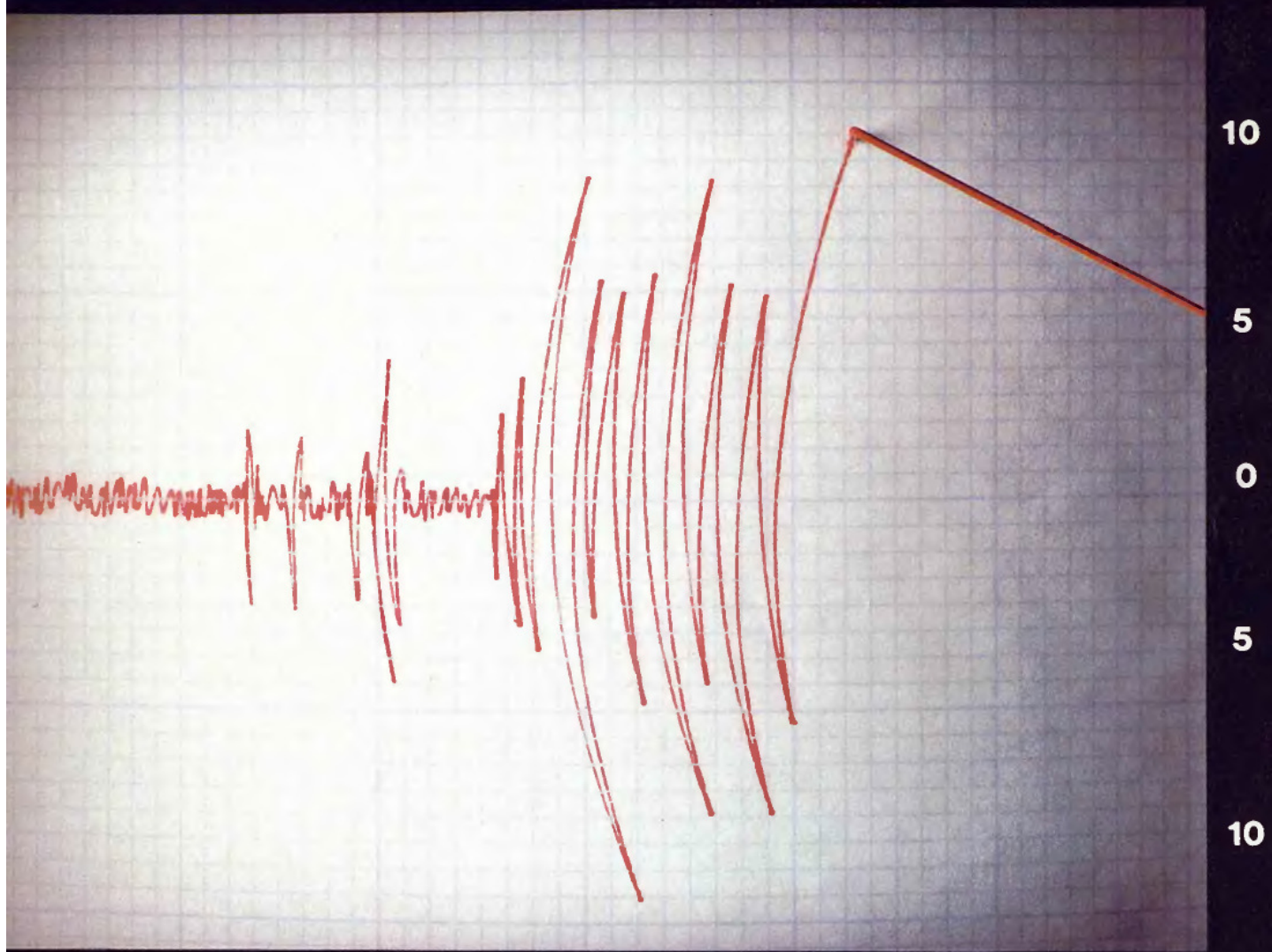
PLAYBOY: It's interesting that you're concerned about nuclear weapons when you're trying to blow yourselves up in Lebanon.

JUMBLATT: The nuclear build-up is different. I'm afraid that some fool somewhere will press the button and everybody will be destroyed. I think we are headed for a nuclear holocaust.

PLAYBOY: Does one, therefore, give up?

JUMBLATT: No! Because we are living, we have to live. We have to do our duties. But what will happen will happen, especially

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at the end of this century. It's frightful, and I'm scared.

PLAYBOY: But you believe in reincarnation; how can dying be so frightening to you?

JUMBLATT: I also believe in cycles in this universe. Maybe we are coming to the end of the cycle—the complete cycle, perhaps.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean you think the world is coming to an end?

JUMBLATT: I think it's time for the world to come to an end, because this world has no sense of existence nowadays.

PLAYBOY: Then what do you think people need to do?

JUMBLATT: We have to wait. I'm not the one who's going to decide to press the button first. I don't have the button or the missiles.

PLAYBOY: If nothing matters, as you seem to believe, how can you care what happens with these negotiations?

JUMBLATT: I'm also realistic and pragmatic. I'm concerned about my tribe and my children. Even if it doesn't matter to me, for them it matters. They are expecting something from me. I can't deceive them. That's why what I'm doing is not *entirely* rubbish—it is just to gain some time. There is no other way except to go live in a cave.

PLAYBOY: You see no values anywhere?

JUMBLATT: Human dignity, at least. Maybe it's a value of the past, but it should be respected. You can offer some hope—and some help—to the poor people of this world.

PLAYBOY: They are already suffering, but won't they suffer immensely more if your bleak vision of the future is correct?

JUMBLATT: There's a lot of misery and a lot of disproportion between the rich and the poor. This so-called civilization is without any human purpose. I think it would be better for everybody to end it. Maybe the next one will be better.

PLAYBOY: With a pessimist's view such as yours, how can you believe there is a God?

JUMBLATT: Ah! There is a God, or a kind of universal justice. But I don't attach much importance to rituals, be they Christian or Moslem. I just think there should be some kind of universal rules or justice.

PLAYBOY: Such as the Ten Commandments?

JUMBLATT: No. The Ten Commandments were too brief and restricted to one people. No, that's not enough.

PLAYBOY: Tell us more about the mingling of your religion and your politics. You believe in both Islam and Plato's Republic. How can the two coexist?

JUMBLATT: We have two approaches to the world. In our social, or political, approach, we have to live, to adapt ourselves to the environment we live in. As for the religious, or philosophical, approach, that is something else. That is the concern of the individual.

PLAYBOY: And so you, in effect, believe in persisting within a world you can't change?

JUMBLATT: We can't change it. We are just a small minority. We can't impose our will on others, because the world is also hostile. Many times throughout history, the Druse were persecuted by those around them. We are always under pressure. We are not part of orthodox Islam. It is this history of diversity, incidentally, that prevents Westerners from understanding this part of the world.

PLAYBOY: How distorted is our picture of the Arabs and why is there distortion?

JUMBLATT: You in the States cannot accept the fact that Arabs have rights. You see the Arabs only through your friends in the Arab world. You *have* friends there; some are nice, but some are not so nice.

PLAYBOY: What responsibility do you think America has for making sure Arabs have their rights?

JUMBLATT: As Arabs, we have made the big mistake of begging you for our rights. Nobody will give you your rights if you beg. You have to *get* them. But some people in the Arab world always beg for their rights, which is stupid.

PLAYBOY: To which Arab states are you referring?

JUMBLATT: The so-called moderates. Egypt. Under Nasser, Egypt was all right, but not now. Saudi Arabia. The Saudis are terribly, terribly influenced by the United States. King Hussein of Jordan is a nice chap, but he has a weak kingdom.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Hussein will fall?

JUMBLATT: No. He has a strong regime and is doing his best for his people; it is economically that he is very weak.

PLAYBOY: You've conspicuously omitted Syria. What is its relation to the U.S.?

JUMBLATT: I told you it is possible to go two ways: Either you get your rights by begging or you assert yourself. Syria has asserted itself, which is good. That doesn't mean that Syria is anti-American.

PLAYBOY: The regime there has demonstrated some dramatic anti-American sentiment recently, wouldn't you agree?

JUMBLATT: That is because the Americans have demonstrated quite a lot of hostility and brutality toward the Syrians.

PLAYBOY: That's open to question. The hostility against the U.S. in certain Arab states seems deeply rooted. Why do you think the anti-Americanism persists?

JUMBLATT: The basic issue is still the Palestinian one. America is a superpower; it's just protecting its own interests. It doesn't really care about other people and nations. Other people sense that.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the issue more basic, more practical? Doesn't it come down to American involvement with the economics of the region—to oil?

JUMBLATT: To what extent are the States dependent on the oil of the Middle East? What do we Arabs get back from the sale of that oil? Some millions of dollars to be spent stupidly in the desert. Or on certain castles. Or Swiss bank accounts. Or in American investments.

PLAYBOY: Many Westerners are accustomed to the stereotype of the wealthy Arab loaded with petrodollars. You obviously see it differently.

JUMBLATT: We Arabs have a small minority with money. The rest of us are desperately poor—not to say *dying* of hunger. Look at Egypt, at the Sudan.

PLAYBOY: So from your point of view, American policy in the Middle East has been misdirected?

JUMBLATT: Up till now, yes, because you are not able to understand our society and you don't have a consistent policy for Lebanon or the rest of the Middle East. You change from election to election.

PLAYBOY: Could anything have been done to turn the tide after the Israeli invasion of Lebanon? If Americans had occupied the Shuf Mountains—your part of Lebanon—right after the Israeli pull-out, could there have been peace?

JUMBLATT: I don't think so. It would have been too late. When the Israelis withdrew, tension between us and the Phalangists was very high. And now there are no more Phalangists in the Shuf.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any idea that the invasion would take place?

JUMBLATT: We were *expecting* it. I was in the States in February 1982, and Phil Habib told me not to play with fire. He said that if the Palestinians did anything in the south, Israel would invade.

PLAYBOY: You're saying that you were tipped off by Habib in Washington?

JUMBLATT: We were not expecting such a large-scale invasion. We thought it would be limited to the south—not to the whole of Lebanon; not to Mount Lebanon or West Beirut.

PLAYBOY: Briefly, what changes have to be made in Lebanon to achieve peace?

JUMBLATT: The basic thing in Lebanon is to achieve an acceptable political compromise whereby everybody feels he has full rights and obligations. The big problem of the Lebanese is that one minority—the Maronites—has all the power.

PLAYBOY: What do you Druse want?

JUMBLATT: We want to share power with the Maronites. They want absolute power in all fields—economic, military, political. We would be glad to share power through a compromise—not a bloody one.

PLAYBOY: And if you cannot compromise?

JUMBLATT: If we, as Lebanese, are unable to settle our internal problems peacefully, Lebanon will just disappear. It will just be swallowed up by the Syrians and by the Israelis.

PLAYBOY: What is your final assessment?

JUMBLATT: What will happen will just *be*. But let's have dinner first.

[*Twelve hours after this "Interview" was completed, Jumblatt walked out of the talks to return to Lebanon, saying to reporters, "Get your sandbags ready." The cease-fire ended and fighting in Lebanon continues.*]



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1. To enter, handprint your name, address, city, state, zip code, phone number and the answer to the "Hot Line" question on the official entry form or on a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper. No mechanical reproductions are allowed. You may find out the "Hot Line" question by calling toll-free 1-800-592-5537. Dial any time, day or night, seven days a week from May 1 to June 30, 1984. The answer to the "Hot Line" question can be found on the label of any bottle of Johnnie Walker Red. You may obtain a copy of the question and label with the answer by writing to: Johnnie Walker Red Hot Line Question and Label, P.O. Box 3556, Syosset, N.Y. 11775. Requests must be received by June 30, 1984.
 2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately, to: Johnnie Walker Red "Hot Line" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 3600, Syosset, N.Y. 11775. Entries must be received by July 15, 1984. The Grand Prize winner will be selected in a random drawing from all correct and eligible entries received. The Grand Prize winner will receive \$25,000 in cash. Additionally, the Grand Prize Winner will be called and a Bonus Prize of \$20,000 will be awarded if he or she can answer a special question about information contained on the Johnnie Walker Red Label. To obtain a Johnnie Walker Red Label by mail, follow the directions in Rule #1.
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 5. Grand Prize and First Prizes will be awarded and winners notified by mail. Bonus Prize and Display Prize will be awarded if correctly answered. Only one prize to a family or household. Prizes are non-transferable and no substitutions are allowed. Random drawings will be conducted by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries and phone call questions. Taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winners. Winners may be asked to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release.
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I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state.

(Print)
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

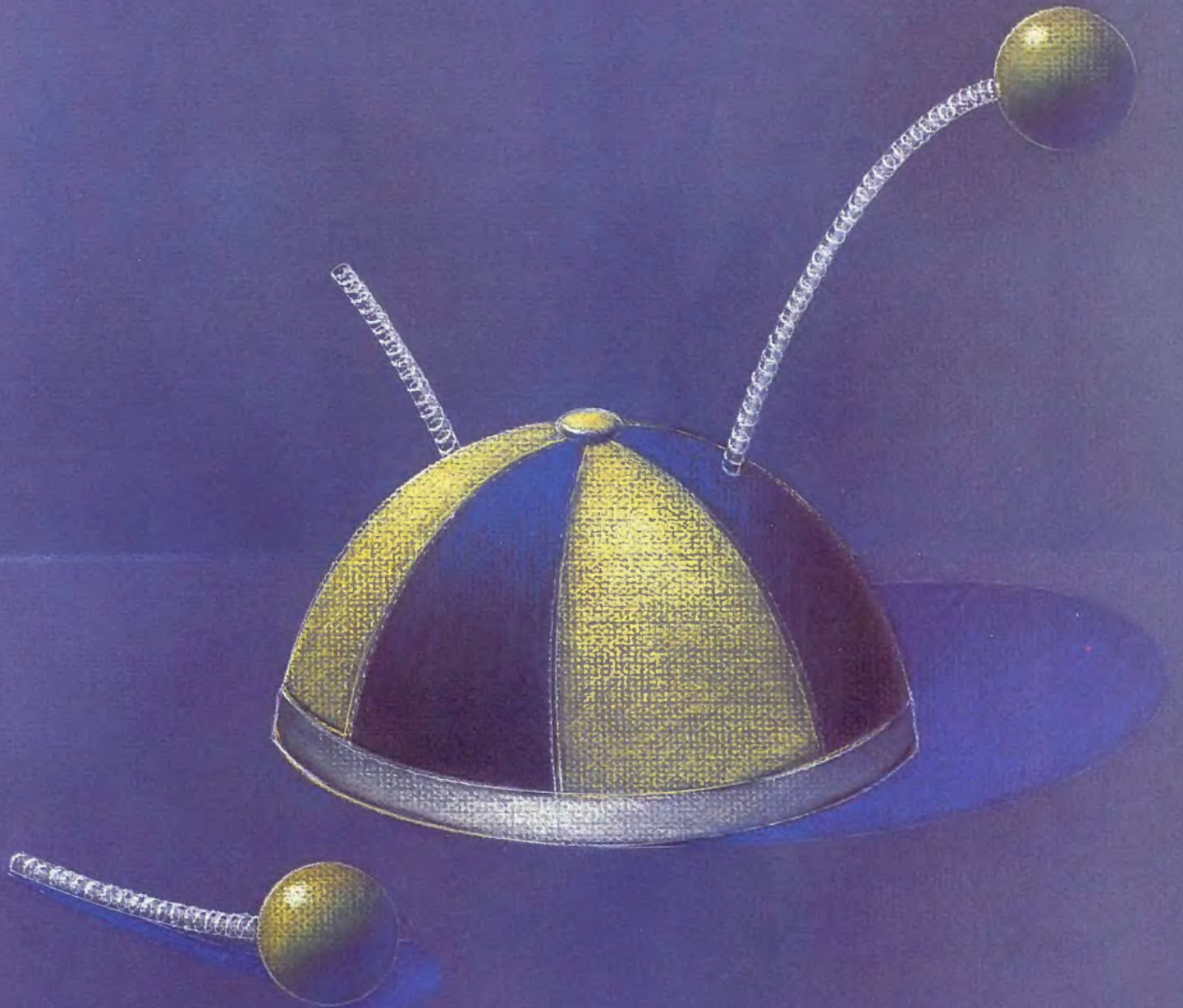
State _____ Zip _____

Phone Number _____

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.



W I R E D



THE SHORT LIFE AND FAST TIMES OF JOHN BELUSHI

article

By **BOB WOODWARD**

John Belushi and I grew up in Wheaton, Illinois, and went to the same high school. He graduated in 1967, six years after I did. But we never met.

In the summer of 1982, I received a call at The Washington Post from Pamela Jacklin, a sister-in-law of Belushi, who had died of a drug overdose three months earlier. She said there were many unanswered questions surrounding John's death, and she suggested I look into it. John Belushi was not a natural subject for my reporting; I had concentrated on Washington stories and knew very little about his show-business world—TV, rock 'n' roll and Hollywood. But I was curious.

During the next 18 months, I interviewed more than 270 people—217 of them on the record, more than 50 on background—and the information they gave me makes up the core of this investigation into Belushi's life and death. With few exceptions, if any of the major figures in this story are present in a scene, the information came from them or it was generally confirmed by them. This applies particularly to matters regarding personal thoughts, feelings and states of mind. The quoted dialog comes directly from the participants as they said they recalled it.

Belushi was an embodiment of the energy and will of the Seventies. He could have been, should have been, one of those comedians whose work was measured in decades, across generations. But it wasn't. Why? What happened? Whatever the

answers to those questions, his best and most definitive legacy is his work. He made us laugh; now he can make us think.

(John Ward Anderson, a Washington Post staff writer, assisted with this article.)

LATE IN THE AFTERNOON of Thursday, October 25, 1979, John Landis, the director of the *Blues Brothers* movie, was in a rage as he got up and moved across the set. The film crew was waiting to begin the next scene. It was day 64 on location, nearly the last day of filming in Chicago, and Belushi was refusing to come out of his private trailer.

Like many in the movie business, Landis kept in close touch with the Hollywood grapevine. The gossip about his project was painful, yet true. The film was weeks behind schedule and millions over budget. Drugs were readily available on the set. The executives at Universal Studio were pressuring Landis to get control of his movie. They had rushed it into production without much thought following the enormous success of *National Lampoon's Animal House* and the Blues Brothers' hit record.

Landis felt like a helpless onlooker in his own movie. His mood alternated between giddiness and despair. He was eager to solve the problem of John's irresponsibility once and for all.

Landis reached the trailer and opened the door. There sat Belushi, a 5'9", ghastly, bloated, semi-adult parody of the *Animal House* fraternity slob Bluto, his

character in *Animal House*. His curly black hair was disheveled; his gaze was fixed at a point several feet in front of his eyes. Cognac had been spilled all over. There was urine on the floor. On a table was a high white mound of cocaine.

"John, you're killing yourself!" Landis shouted. "This is economically unfeasible. Do not do this to my movie!"

John's head bobbed up and down.

"Don't do this to me. Don't do this to Judy. Don't do it to yourself!"

Belushi just stared.

"I'm going to get the stills man and get pictures of this and show it to you," Landis threatened.

John gave no sign, not even a shrug, that he was comprehending.

Was there no way out of this madness? Landis wondered. He scooped up the white powder, carried it over to the toilet and flushed it.

John stood unsteadily, muttering, and began advancing on Landis—220 pounds to Landis' 165. Landis made a tight fist, reeled back and hit John square in the face. John went down. Landis didn't know who was more surprised, but he thought, My God, I just slugged the star of my movie—a friend and collaborator—and he's big enough to kill me.

John didn't get up; he didn't move. He lowered his head and burst into tears. "I'm so ashamed, so, so ashamed." He rose, trembling, and threw his arms around Landis. "Please understand!"

Landis didn't. What was John finding in drugs? So much was being placed in jeopardy—career, family, life itself. Why? he asked.

"I need it. I need it," John replied weakly. "You couldn't possibly understand."

Judy Belushi, John's wife, arrived at John's trailer about two hours later, just as the sun was setting. John was asleep. He woke up a few minutes later and poured out his story. He'd been downtown in Chicago when a call had come at four P.M. ordering him out to the set at once for a dusk shot; he didn't get on the road until 4:30 and got caught in the rush-hour traffic and was late.

Judy tried to downplay the incident.

"You don't understand," John said, on the verge of tears. "You don't understand what they've done. . . . They've humiliated me." He did not say that Landis had hit him but simply that Landis was placing all the blame and guilt for the delay on him. John felt betrayed, particularly after all the times he'd spent waiting to do a scene or being called for no reason. The movie was a disorganized mess.

"They can't treat me like this," John said. "I've been working too hard. They can't blame me for fucking the whole day, costing them money." He said he wanted some cocaine.

"No," Judy said.

"I've got to have it. I can't possibly do this scene without it." But the cocaine had been flushed down the toilet. John took out more cognac and beer and began drinking fast. When Landis came back to the trailer to say John had to come for the scene, John screamed, "Fuck you! I'm not ready. Get out of here or I'll kill you!" Landis hesitated, then left.

Given the mood in the trailer, Judy decided to join John in drinking the cognac and beer. You either joined John or were quickly left behind.

All John's friends learned that sooner or later. Carrie Fisher, for one, was pleased with her role as his girlfriend in the movie—in real life, she was in love with his partner, Dan Aykroyd—but Belushi's drug problem was completely out of control.

"I'm an addict!" he had once shouted at her. He didn't mean drugs. He was referring to his life, the excitement, the possibility of more.

Fisher and Belushi formed a close relationship. She was attracted to his inability to handle his own intensity, enrolling everyone around him. "I've got an idea!" he would yell with conviction. John seemed always to be starting a club. Intuitively, he could gather up all the loose energy in the room, amplify it and change everything. Fisher trusted in him; she couldn't find it in herself to judge him.

John could get her to try almost anything. She didn't like liquor, but John got her to drink some Kentucky bourbon. And once they smoked some opium together.

She figured John was taking about four grams of cocaine a day, but it was difficult to tell. He had so much that she would kid him, "Hey, give us some." He usually did. Fisher knew both the appeal and the dreadful toll of drugs. Her father, Eddie Fisher, had been addicted to shooting speed for more than a dozen years.

As Judy was trying to reduce John's drug intake, she had laid down a law at the Blues Bar, which John and Aykroyd had reopened as a private retreat in Chicago. "No coke at the bar." Judy would argue to people offering cocaine, "I know you don't want to hurt John."

One night at the bar, Fisher was asked to keep an eye on John. He pulled out a big stash of coke and passed it to her. "You want some blow?" he asked.

"Should you be doing that?" she replied, trying to be a good enforcer.

"You want some or not?" John screamed.

She decided to let others play cop. That role wasn't for her.

On Saturday, October 27, Landis filmed the final scene in Chicago, the blowing up of a gas station; and on Sunday, the cast and crew headed for Los Angeles for three more months of filming and technical work to complete the film.

After spending several nights at The

Beverly Hills Hotel, John and Judy moved into Candice Bergen's house, which they rented for \$2000 a month. It was a small, elegant cottage/cabin hidden in several dozen acres of woods in Coldwater Canyon, 15 minutes from Universal Studio, where they were filming.

On Friday night, November ninth, John and Judy went over to the house of Ron Wood of The Rolling Stones and free-based cocaine for the first time. Wood wrote out the instructions of how to heat and purify street cocaine and then inhale the fumes. They left early, about 1:30 A.M. Judy wrote in her diary, "Good time. We need to blow out every once in a while."

The filming proceeded at a reasonable pace through Christmas. On New Year's Eve, the Belushis' third wedding anniversary, they gave a party at their house with three cases of champagne. Unexpected guests included Cher and California governor Jerry Brown. John turned 31 on January 24.

The filming took another week, and on February 1, 1980, Landis figured he had enough to put the movie together.

Soon after, John disappeared. No one had any idea where he had gone, not Judy nor Landis nor Aykroyd.

At any moment, Landis expected to hear a news broadcast: "John Belushi, the famous comedian, was found dead. . . ." A few days later, John popped up, acting as if nothing had happened and seemingly unaware of the anguish he had caused. Landis felt obligated to make a serious effort to do something and called Judy. He told her that John needed help, that they had to get him treated, hospitalized, detoxed—formally committed if necessary.

Judy agreed; she'd do anything to stop him. Moderation hadn't worked.

That spring, in New York, after Judy talked seriously about committing him to a hospital, John agreed instead to hire a personal bodyguard to help control his drug use. He heard about a former Secret Service agent who had successfully helped the Eagles' lead guitarist, Joe Walsh.

Richard G. Wendell, called Smokey because of the bear tattoos on his arms, was just tall enough and heavy enough to be physically impressive but not overbearing. With seven years in the Secret Service and the Executive Protection Agency, Smokey, 34, was a professional watcher, a proven drug enforcer. Walsh recommended him highly, then, half-joking, warned Smokey, "I may have done the worst thing in your life for you and your family. I've set you up with John Belushi."

"I don't really know him," Smokey replied, though he had met John briefly with Walsh months earlier in Chicago.

"John doesn't know John," Walsh said.

Bernie Brillstein, John's manager, agreed to pay Smokey \$1000 a week, plus

(continued on page 76)



Inlandi

"You call that cuddling?"

article **By ANDREW TOBIAS**

A COUPLE OF PLAYBOY editors were sitting around j-----o-- (can we talk?) and they suddenly realized:

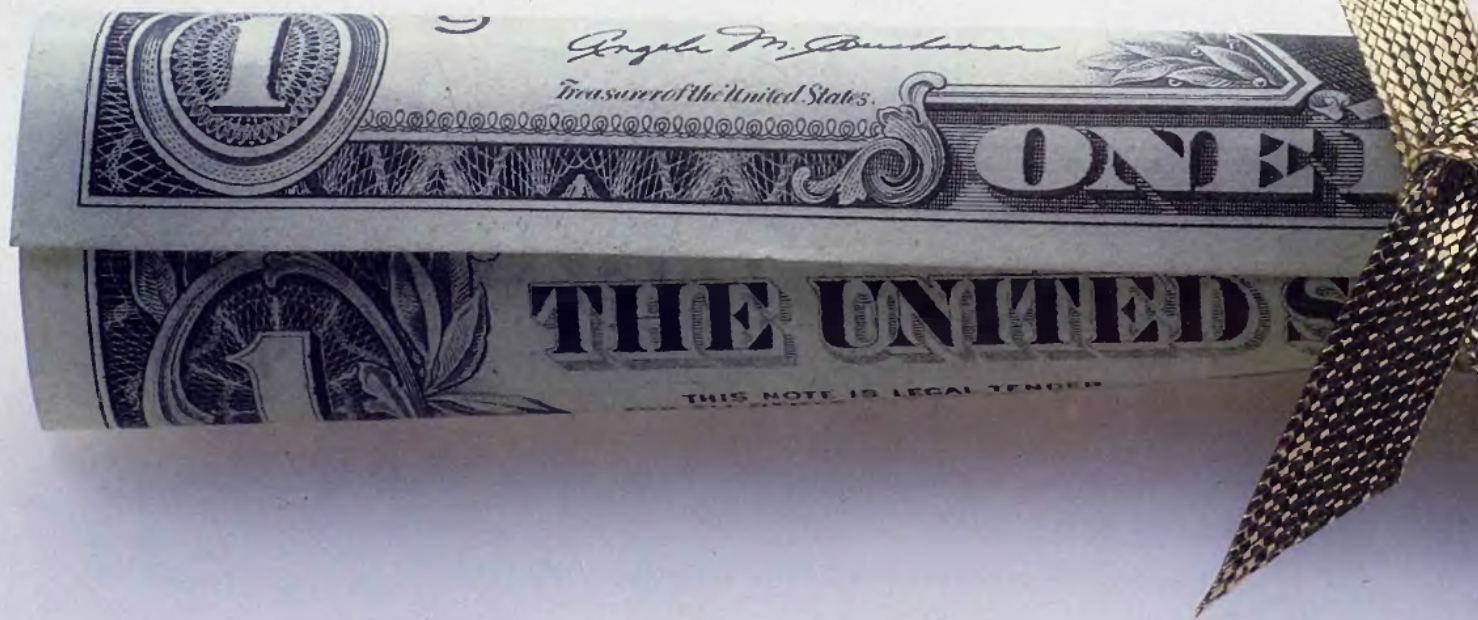
Here you all are, just out of school, preparing to take your places in the Real World, and you are ready for it, sexwise, having had four years of PLAYBOY, and you know how to mix all the right drinks and assemble the right stereo components and dress for success, but what do you know about money? How are you going to make it Out There if you don't know about money? In Bulgaria, you don't need money, but Out There, you do.

"How about an article telling readers everything they need to know about money?" the editors suggested.

"A whole article?" I asked.

MONEY 101: TERMS OF ENRICHMENT

everything you need to know to be a financial adult



"And could you have it ready for July?" they replied.

"Your mother," I said.

And so, alphanumerically:

Annual reports. Like parents' day at camp. Everything is made to look as appealing as possible, but the counselors know different.

If you are going to read them, start at the back. Read the auditor's opinion first (beware the words *except for* and *subject to*), footnotes second (beware the words *buxom* and *buttocks*), financial statements third (beware parentheses; they indicate losses) and only then the illustrated narrative in the front.

But as you won't be able to analyze the report any better than a pro—who got all this info months ago—why bother? Go

out and play, like the other kids.

Bonds. When you borrow money, it's called an auto loan. When G.M. borrows money, it's called a bond issue. Bonds are nothing more than I.O.U.'s. They are issued with "face values" of \$1000. Their "coupon rates" are the annual interest they pay (though it is paid semiannually). If a \$1000 G.M. bond with an 8 percent coupon is "76¼ bid," that means (A) it pays \$40 every six months and (B) even though it will be redeemed for \$1000 at maturity, all you can get for it today is 76¼ cents on the dollar (\$762.50).

Bearer bonds. Bearer bonds are not issued in your name—they are unregistered—so anyone who shows up bearing them (as in "Damn, dese bonds is heavy!")

cent (pretax) in hope of, say, 11 percent (after tax) is a risky way to get rich.

Bankruptcy. A way to steal from society without serious penalty. Lots of people now advertise how painless and advantageous it is (it's advantageous for them: They get a fee).

Bankruptcy resulting from catastrophic illness or some similar calamity is a different matter, morally valid. But that's not what the ads are about.

Bucket shops. In Colonial days, these were located mostly in suburban shopping malls and sold nothing but buckets, barrels and—in the larger malls—vats. Nowadays, bucket shops are located in large rooms on low floors of Florida and Oklahoma office buildings and sell, by phone, commodity options, oil-lease lottery tickets

is presumed to own them. However, rather than make you show up with the bonds every six months, bond issuers append coupons to the certificate—40 of them in the case of a 20-year bond—so that you can just clip the proper coupon and deposit it with your bank. Some people still clip coupons, but most entrust their holdings to their brokers and leave the coupon clipping to a computer.

Borrowing. The only way you can make money borrowing at 14 percent is if you have a way to invest that money at 15 percent. This is a notion few seem to grasp. True, interest is tax deductible and capital appreciation is partially tax-free. And a lot of money has been made—or at least spared from tax—on the difference. But borrowing at 14 per-

and penny mining shares that will soon be worthless, or already are. If a guy calls you on the phone and offers to send an illustrated brochure promising Great Wealth, by all means accept! And then send him your \$5000, even though he's a total stranger who's reading his sales pitch from a script, because *this could be your lucky day*. This could be the one such offer in all of recorded time that works out just the way the salesman says it will.

Big board. Not to be confused with Big Bird or bedboard: the august New York Stock Exchange.

The Amex. Should by rights be known as the Little Board but is actually known as the Curb: the American Stock Exchange. (Not to be confused with AMEX, short for Shearson-Hayden-Stone-

IDS-Fireman's Fund-Boston Company-Balcor - Safra - Robinson - Humphrey/American Express.)

O.T.C. Over the Counter. Stocks not traded on one of the major exchanges (or the Pacific, Boston, Philadelphia or Midwest exchangelets) are traded by "market makers," linked by phones and computers, "over the counter." Not to be confused with G.T.C., which stands for "good till canceled" (as when your broker asks, "Is this order to buy 1000 Orfo at 2½ for the day only or good till canceled?").

NASDAQ. The National Association of Securities Dealers Automated Quotations system. Over-the-counter stocks aren't traded on an exchange, but thousands of them—including plenty of small, thinly capitalized outfits—are "on NAS-

\$3000 of short-term losses may be deducted, dollar for dollar, from your ordinary income, with the remainder carried forward to future years. But only half your long-term losses are deductible.

Basis. The amount on which your gain or loss is figured. Ordinarily, it is your purchase price. But what if you inherited the asset? (These days, your basis would be its appraised value as of the date of death.) Or depreciated it? (Your basis is lowered by the amount of depreciation.) Or improved it? (Your basis is increased by the cost of the improvements.) The second year of law school is devoted entirely to this paragraph.

Common stocks. The foundation of the economy, the source of corporate capital; also known as equities. Shares of stock

and you get a question: Are you buying or selling? A stock or a bond that's quoted "74, 76" is "\$74 bid, \$76 asked." I'm trying to find a country where that means you can *buy* it for \$74 or *sell* it for \$76, but so far, every place I've been, it works the other way around. Maybe Bulgaria.

Long and short. If you own 150 shares of G.M., you are "long G.M." If you've sold 150 shares of G.M. that you don't own (and will thus some day have to buy back), you are "short G.M."

When you short a stock, you borrow it from your broker in order to sell it. You get none of the cash for selling it (the broker keeps that, plus the interest it earns), but you do make a profit if, when you go to buy it back, it costs less than what you paid. There's no time limit within which



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

DAQ," meaning that your broker can punch their symbols into the terminal on his desk and tell you, "It's one and an eighth bid, but our people are confident it'll come back."

Capital gains. You buy something, then sell it for more. The difference is a capital gain (unless you are in *business* to buy and sell it; then the difference, net of expenses, is called income). There are short-term gains and long-term gains, depending on whether you owned the stock or bond or horse or house more than a year. Currently, 60 percent of a long-term gain is exempt from tax. (See also **ill-gotten gains**.)

Capital losses. You buy something, then sell it for less. The difference should teach you a lesson but probably won't. Up to

represent shares of corporate ownership—though management frequently tends to forget that.

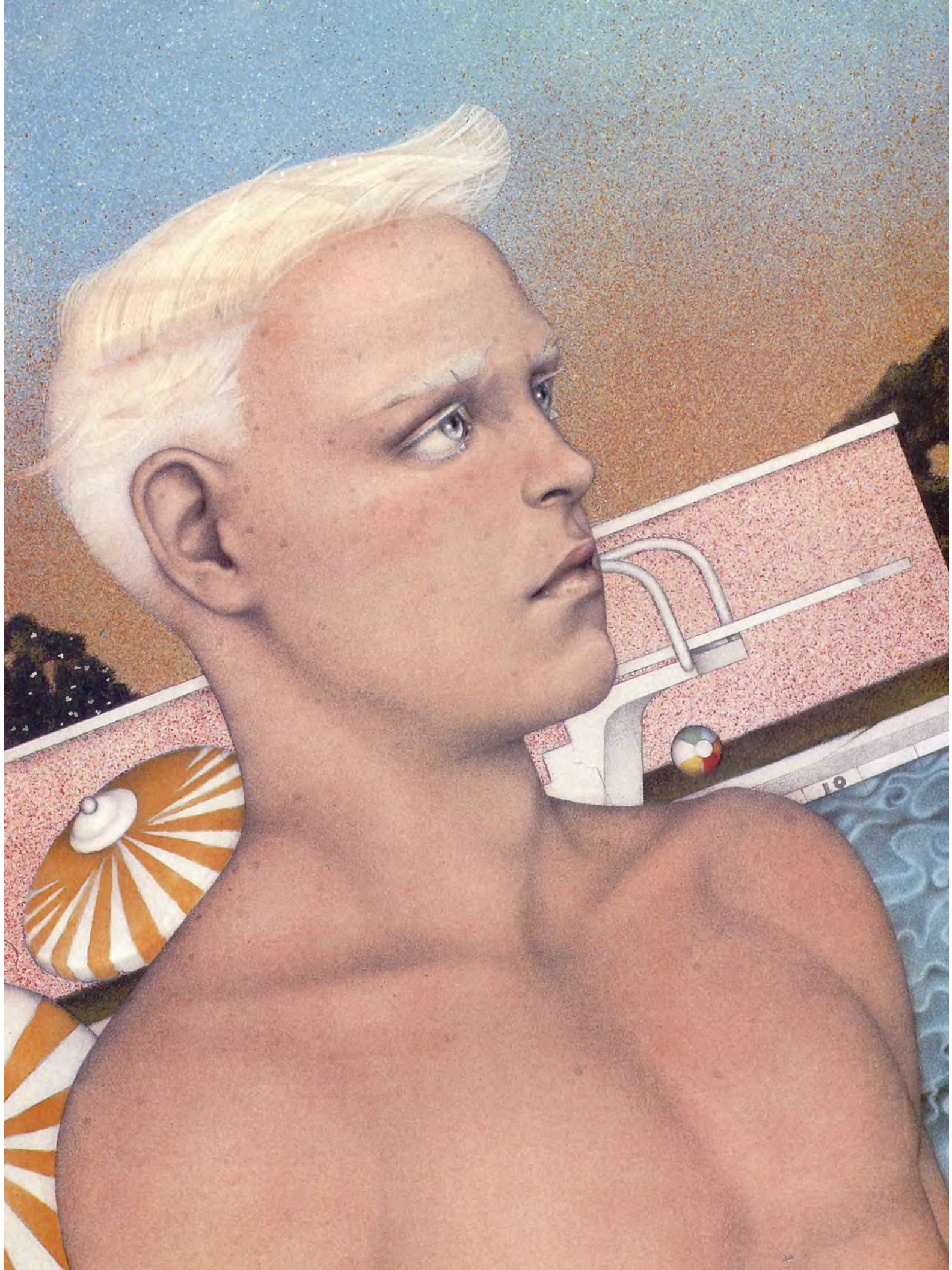
Debt and equity. The typical company will be funded with two kinds of capital. Money the owners paid in to get the business going (along with profits they decided to leave in to help the business grow)—called equity. And borrowed money that must some day be paid back—debt.

A firm's debt-to-equity ratio is thus a fundamental measure of its solidity. A firm that has \$20,000,000 in debt and \$10,000,000 in equity (a nerve-chilling two-to-one ratio) is far less solid, other things being equal, than one with \$5,000,000 in debt and \$25,000,000 in equity (a debt/equity ratio of .2).

Bid and asked. Ask for a price Out There

you must return the stock to your broker—it's not like a library book—and, in fact, the longer you're short, the happier the broker is, because he's earning interest on the proceeds of your sale. Currently, with about 200,000,000 shares short, at perhaps \$25 each, the brokerage community is earning interest on five billion dollars in customer short sales and passing on not a penny of it to customers (except to a scant few powerful ones who have the muscle to demand it). I realize this is much more than you ever wanted to know about the subject, but it accounts for half a billion dollars a year in profit to Wall Street, so I'm telling you anyway.

Now. If the stock you're short pays a dividend, you don't get it—you *pay* it. Your broker (*continued on page 148*)



BY THE NUMBERS

*his father was a tyrant, and we rooted
for the boy to slug the son of a bitch*

fiction by

RAY BRADBURY

COMPANY, "TENSHUN!"
Snap.
"Company, forward—*harch!*"
Thump, thump.
"Company, *halt!*"
Thump, rattle, clump.
"Eyes right."
Whisper.
"Eyes left."
Rustle.
"About face!"
Thump, scrape, thump.

In the sunlight, a long time ago, the man shouted and the company obeyed. By a hotel pool under a Los Angeles sky in the summer of 1952, there was the drill sergeant, and there stood his team.

"Eyes front! Head up! Chin in! Chest out! Stomach sucked in! Shoulders back, damn it, *back!*"

Rustle, whisper, murmur, scratch, silence.

And the drill sergeant walked forward, dressed in bathing trunks, by the edge of that pool to fix his cold blue-water gaze on his company, his squad, his team, his—

Son.

A boy of nine or ten, standing stiffly upright, staring arrow-straight ahead at military nothings, shoulders starched, as his father paced, circling him, barking commands, leaning in at him, mouth crisply enunciating the words. Both father and son were dressed in bathing togs and, a moment before, had been cleaning the pool area, arranging towels, sweeping with brooms. But now, just before noon:

"Company! By the numbers! One, two!"

"Three, four!" cried the boy.

"One, two!" shouted the father.

"Three, *four!*"

"Company, halt, shoulder arms, present arms, tuck that chin, square those toes, hup!"

The memory came and went like a badly projected film in an old rerun cinema. Where had it come from, and why?

I was on a train heading north from Los Angeles to San Francisco. I was in the bar car, alone, late at night, save for the barman and a young-old stranger who sat directly across from me, drinking his second martini.

The old memory had come from him.

Nine feet away, his hair, his face, his startled blue-and-wounded eyes had suddenly cut the time stream and sent me back.

In and out of focus, I was on the train, then beside that pool, watching the hurt, bright gaze of this man across the aisle, hearing his father 30 years lost and watching the son, 5000 afternoons ago, wheeling and pivoting, turning and freezing, presenting imaginary arms, shouldering imaginary rifles.

"Tenshun!" barked the father.

"Shun!" echoed the son.

"My God," whispered Sid, my best

friend, lying beside me in the hot noon light, staring.

"My God, indeed," I muttered.

"How long has *this* been going on?"

"Years, maybe. Looks that way. Years."

"Hut, two!"

"Three, four!"

A church clock nearby struck noon; time to open the pool liquor bar.

"Company . . . *harch!*"

A parade of two, the man and the boy strode across the tiles toward the half-locked gates on the open-air bar.

"Company, halt. Ready! Free locks! Hut!"

The boy snapped the locks wide.

"Hut!"

The boy flung the gate aside, jumped back, stiffened, waiting.

"'Bout face, forward, *harch!*"

When the boy had almost reached the rim of the pool and was about to fall in, the father, with the wriest of smiles, called, quietly, "Halt."

The son teetered on the edge of the pool.

"Goddamn," whispered Sid.

The father left his son there, standing skeleton stiff and flagpole erect, and went away.

Sid jumped up suddenly, staring at this.

"Sit down," I said.

"Christ, is he going to leave the kid just *waiting* there?"

"Sit down, Sid."

"Well, for God's sake, that's inhuman!"

"He's not your son, Sid," I said quietly. "You want to start a real fight?"

"Yeah!" said Sid. "Damn it!"

"It wouldn't do any good."

"Yes, it would. I'd like to beat hell—"

"Look at the boy's *face*, Sid."

Sid looked and began to slump.

The son, standing there in the burning glare of sun and water, was proud. The way he held his head, the way his eyes took fire, the way his naked shoulders carried the burden of goad or instruction, was all pride.

It was the logic of that pride that finally caved Sid in. Weighted with some small despair, he sank back down to his knees.

"Are we going to have to sit here all afternoon and watch this dumb game of"—Sid's voice rose in spite of himself—"Simon says?"

The father heard. In the midst of stacking towels on the far side of the pool, he froze. The muscles on his back played like a pinball machine making sums. Then he turned smartly, veered past his son, who still stood balanced a half inch from the pool's rim, gave him a glance, nodded with intense, scowling approval and came to cast his iron shadow over Sid and myself.

"I will thank you, sir," he said quietly, "to keep your voice down, to not confuse my son—"

"I'll say any damn thing I want!" Sid started to get up.

"No, sir, you will not." The man pointed his nose at Sid; it might just as well have been a gun. "This is my pool, my turf. I have an agreement with the hotel: Its territory stops out there by the gate. If I'm to run a clean, tucked-in shop, it is to be with total authority. Any dissidents—*out. Bodily.* On the gymnasium wall inside you'll find my jujitsu, black-belt, boxing and rifle-marksman certificates. If you try to shake my hand, I will break your wrist. If you sneeze, I will crack your nose. One word and your dental surgeon will need two years to reshape your smile. Company, *tenshun!*"

The words all flowed together.

His son stiffened at the rim of the pool.

"Forty laps! Hut!"

"Hut!" cried the boy, and leaped.

His body's striking the water and his beginning to swim furiously stopped Sid from further outrage. Sid shut his eyes.

The father smiled at Sid and turned to watch the boy churning the summer waters to a foam.

"There's everything I never was," he said. "Gentlemen."

He gave us a curt nod and stalked away.

Sid could only run and jump into the pool. He did 20 laps himself. Most of the time, the boy beat him. When Sid came out and threw himself down, the blaze was gone from his face.

"Christ," he muttered, his face buried in his towel, "someday, that boy *must* haul off and murder that son of a bitch!"

"As a Hemingway character said," I replied, watching the son finish his 35th lap, "wouldn't it be nice to *think* so?"

The final time, the last day I ever saw them, the father was still marching about briskly, emptying ashtrays (no one could empty them the way *he* could), straightening tables, aligning chairs and lounges in military rows and arranging fresh white towels on benches in crisp, mathematical stacks. Even the way he swabbed the deck was geometrical. In all his marching and going, fixing and realigning, only on occasion did he snap his head up, flick a gaze to make sure his squad, his platoon, his company still stood frozen by the hour, a boy like a ramrod guidon, his hair blowing in the summer wind, eyes straight to the late-afternoon horizon, mouth clamped, chin tucked, shoulders back.

I could not help myself. Sid was long gone. I waited on the balcony of the hotel overlooking the pool, having a final drink, not able to take my gaze off the marching father and the statue son. At dusk, the father double-timed it to the outer gate

and, almost as an afterthought, called over his shoulder:

"Tenshun! Squad right. One, two—"

"Three, four!" cried the boy.

The boy strode through the gate, feet clubbing the cement as if he wore boots. He marched off toward the parking lot as his father snap-locked the gate with a robot's ease, took a fast scan around, raised his stare, saw me and hesitated. His eyes burned over my face. I felt my shoulders go back, my chin drop, my shoulders flinch. To stop it, I lifted my drink, waved it carelessly at him and drank.

What will happen, I thought, in the years ahead? Will the son grow up to kill his old man or beat him up or just run away to know a ruined life, always marching to some unheard shout of "Hut!" or "Harch!" but never "At ease!"?

Or, I thought, drinking, would the boy raise sons himself and just yell at *them* on hot noons by far pools in endless years? Would he one day stick a pistol in his mouth and kill his father the only way he knew how? Or would he marry and have *no* sons and thus bury all shouts, all drills, all sergeants? Questions, half-answers, more questions.

My glass was empty. The sun had gone and the father and his son with it.

But now, in the flesh, straight across from me on this late-night train heading north for unlit destinations, one of them had returned. There he was, the kid himself, the raw recruit, the child of the father who shouted at noon and told the sun to rise or set.

Merely alive? *Half-alive*? *All* alive?

I wasn't sure.

But there he sat, 30 years later, a young-old or old-young man, sipping his third martini.

By now, I realized that my glances were becoming much too constant and embarrassing. I studied his bright-blue, wounded eyes, for that was what they were—wounded—and at last took courage and spoke:

"Pardon me," I said. "This may seem silly, but— Thirty years back, I swam weekends at the Ambassador Hotel, where a military man tended the pool with his son. He—well. *Are you* that son?"

The young-old man across from me thought for a moment, looked me over with his shifting eyes and at last smiled quietly.

"I," he said, "*am* that son. Come on over."

We shook hands. I sat and ordered a round for us, as if we were celebrating something or holding a wake; nobody seemed to know which. After the barman delivered the drinks, I said, "To 1952, a toast. A good year? Bad year? Here's to it, anyway!"

We drank and the young-old man said,
(concluded on page 142)



AD VENTURES WITH ROBIN

madison avenue's miss avener is her own best advertisement



IF THERE'S any place where hype is raised to high art, it's Madison Avenue. Here, in the high-pressure capital of advertising, everything's *the best, the biggest, the hottest*. So when we heard that Madison Avenue had its own *most beautiful woman*—and that she was a real, live, 50-hour-a-week ad lady—we had to check it out. Which is how we met the remarkable Robin Avener. That's

"I love this job because every day's different," says Robin. Between scheduling commercials and preparing scripts for a day's shoot, she stops by a Manhattan recording studio to check the story boards for one of Ogilvy & Mather's forthcoming television commercials.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

MADISON

TELEPHONE



To escape from Mad Avenue's madness, Robin checks out a few of Manhattan's pleasures—lunch in Greenwich Village, flower shopping in SoHo—before returning to help a friend dub a video in the studio. "Music's in my blood," she says. "That's why I have a thing for musicians and artists. Without them, my life would be like a bag of lollipops with all the red ones missing, just those dull greens and oranges. *Boring!*"



assistant producer Avener, by the way, at Ogilvy & Mather Partners, one of New York's most prestigious advertising agencies. Not a bad spot for a 28-year-old. "O. & M. is a great place to work," Robin says. "We're like a family. The people are open-minded, fair, always there when you need them. It's a great teaching agency, and in my time here, I've learned everything from video editing and handling recording sessions to setting shooting schedules and helping prepare commercials." Robin thrives on that kind of variety. She grew up in Levittown, New York, and moved to Denver—on her own—at the age of 18. "Denver was a perfect place for me. It was new; I'd never seen it. I decided to go on a Thursday night and left Friday morning."

Two years later, Robin and her sister, Leslie, decided to start their own business in Florida. The business just happened to be selling high-temperature and exotic metals—you know, the stuff from which they make missiles. "There we were, in our bikinis by the pool, dealing on the phone to Boeing and Hughes and the U.S. Navy. Do you know how many weekends I spent rewrapping six-foot bars of molybdenum in my living room?"

Back in New York, she joined an all-women rock band and worked in a recording studio before joining O. & M. as a secretary. That was three years, and as many promotions, ago. "I thrive on the creative work I do, because I need a lot of intellectual stimulation." When she's not slaving over a hot campaign, Robin spends her time with her boyfriend, a composer of electronic music. "He's really inspiring. He's successful, knows what he wants; there's a wonderful, wonderful quiet confidence about him, and that helps give me strength." Although she plans to stay at O. & M., Robin admits she'd like to try the other side of the camera. A woman of her word, she recently started taking classes in stand-up comedy. "I get real bored unless I take risks once in a while. I'd rather do something and find out what happens than sit around and wonder the rest of my life."





"I need time to be by myself, but to me, life doesn't make sense without somebody in it to share it with, to reflect off, to compete with and kid around with. I really want a partner—I'm loyal, and I really need to be close enough to another person to be vulnerable. But I'd much rather be by myself than simply pass time with someone if it's not significant time." With Robin, we can't imagine experiencing any other kind.





"He realized it was a question not just of moderating John's cocaine use but of stopping it."

expenses. "It's going to be hard," Brillstein warned. "He's a difficult man. I'm sure you're well aware of John's problem."

On Wednesday, April 16, 1980, Smokey flew from his home in the Washington, D.C., suburbs to New York. He was scheduled to meet John that afternoon at the Record Plant, a recording studio on West 44th Street. From what everyone had said, Smokey realized it was a question not just of moderating John's cocaine use but of stopping it.

Smokey went to the Record Plant about two that afternoon with Walsh, who had agreed to help John record a version of *Gimme Some Lovin'* for the *Blues Brothers* movie-sound-track album.

John came in three hours late, apparently unconcerned that he had kept Walsh, one of the highest-paid rock-'n'-roll stars, waiting. He was bouncing, flying on cocaine, Smokey concluded.

"Hey, oh," John said. "What's going on?"

He was wearing blue-corduroy trousers, sneakers and a double-breasted sports jacket that couldn't be buttoned because he was so much overweight. His pockets were stuffed with small cups of Häagen-Dazs ice cream. He offered them around and began eating some himself.

"Hey, Smokey," John said, going over and shaking hands tentatively, giving a sharp glance, the Belushi stare, his eyes riveting and holding him. Smokey looked back as if to say, *I know that you know that I know my job is to stop the drugs. It was a simple but clear communication.*

"Hey, processed hair," John said to Smokey.

"Yeah, mine used to look like yours before I fixed it," Smokey replied.

"One for you," John said, walking away, strutting around the room rapidly with nervous, jerky movements. He put on some headphones to start the session.

A few minutes later, a well-dressed stranger entered the studio. He was toting a fancy walking cane, escorting two women and carrying three bottles of champagne.

John obviously knew the man and appeared very pleased to see him. A bucket was brought out for the champagne.

"This is Smokey," John said, introducing everyone. "He's going to be traveling with me, helping me, taking care of me. Today's the first day."

Smokey looked over the newcomers. He and Walsh eyed each other uncomfortably. The strangers were obviously drug people, Smokey concluded. He wondered how this was going to work. Would he be

able to tell if some buy or drug transfer was taking place?

"I've got to go to the bathroom," John said, a little too smoothly. "But I'll listen to this first." He put the headphones back on and turned away.

The stranger immediately went to the bathroom and came out shortly afterward.

Smokey darted into the bathroom without John's noticing. In the small room, his hands and eyes began to search. In the chrome paper-towel dispenser, he found a small packet of cocaine. He slipped it into his pocket and returned to the studio.

John finished listening and headed for the bathroom. After several minutes, he pushed open the door, rushed out frowning and walked over to the stranger. Smokey strained to overhear the mumbled conversation.

"That's impossible," the stranger said and went to the bathroom. He came out looking bewildered.

Smokey watched as John poked around the room. There was the usual clutter from a recording session—food, drinks, coffee, fresh cigarettes—all lying on a table. A Vantage blue hanging from his mouth, John walked over and with studied nonchalance picked up a pack of Dunhill cigarettes.

"Let me see the cigarettes," Smokey said, walking up to the table.

"What cigarettes?" John snapped. "What are you talking about?"

Smokey said he thought John smoked Vantages.

"I don't smoke these, but I want to try them," John said.

Smokey grabbed the Dunhill box and tightened his grip. John swung around, but Smokey did not let go. Neither would give up, and soon they tumbled to the floor and were wrestling each other for the box. Smokey finally pulled it out of John's hand, stood up and flipped open the top. Inside was another packet of cocaine.

John got up and ran around the room shouting, threatening.

"Here's what we are going to do," Smokey said softly, addressing the stranger. "You can stay, but the more blow you leave around, the more expensive it's going to be. I have in my possession two grams. I know John can afford it. It's painful when you lose blow, but it's worse when it's wasted. Now, if this were Sweet 'N Low. . . ." In one motion, Smokey quickly ripped open the packets, and before anyone could stop him, he had dumped the white powder into a cup of coffee on the table.

John was like a pinball machine on tilt, out of control, and he raced into the soundproof recording room. Through the window, the others could see that he was throwing things around, shouting so loudly they could hear his muffled voice.

John finally came back and motioned Smokey over to the side.

"Don't you ever! Ever again embarrass me like that in front of my friends!"

Smokey explained that there would have been no incident if John had let him see the cigarette box. Those were the rules, Smokey indicated. He had to be able to do his job without interference.

John glared.

Smokey figured he had better try to get and hold the psychological edge as soon as possible, even if it meant being fired the first day on the job.

John and Smokey went to a nearby Italian restaurant. Smokey had worked with rock stars before but had never seen so many autograph seekers as those who came in a steady stream to their table. It was also his first chance to see John eat: first an antipasto, then spaghetti, ravioli, a main meat course and dessert. After dinner, they went to John's house at 60 Morton Street, a row house on a pretty, tree-lined street in Greenwich Village. On the first floor, which was really the basement level, John and Judy had their bedroom. Next to it, John had a room he called the Vault, a large music room with sophisticated stereo equipment and soundproofing on the walls and door.

John took Smokey into the Vault, shut the door, put on a recording and turned the volume way up. He looked at Smokey to see how he liked the sound. "Is this too loud?" he asked.

Without saying anything, Smokey walked over to the amplifier and turned the volume up.

Bored, John turned off the music and went up to the main floor, where there were a large living room and dining room.

John said he wanted to go to the Blues Bar, another private bar (with the same name as the one in Chicago) that he and Aykroyd rented several blocks away. Smokey should call a limousine, John said, and while they waited, they talked about Smokey's responsibilities.

Smokey said he would get up with John in the morning and put him to bed at night; he would try to handle everything—credit cards, food, phones, security, travel arrangements, whatever John wanted.

John seemed to relax. "Now, as far as myself and my problem," he said, "I'm going to give you lots of ifs, ands and buts, and you're going to have to deal with it. I suppose you know in this business, drugs are one of the biggest problems, along with alcohol. Well, I'm no drinker. . . ."

"It's hard to go back and be constantly funny." He explained that there was

(continued on page 166)



"He said he was interested in humiliation, Shirley, so I stood him up."



BLONDE ON BLONDE

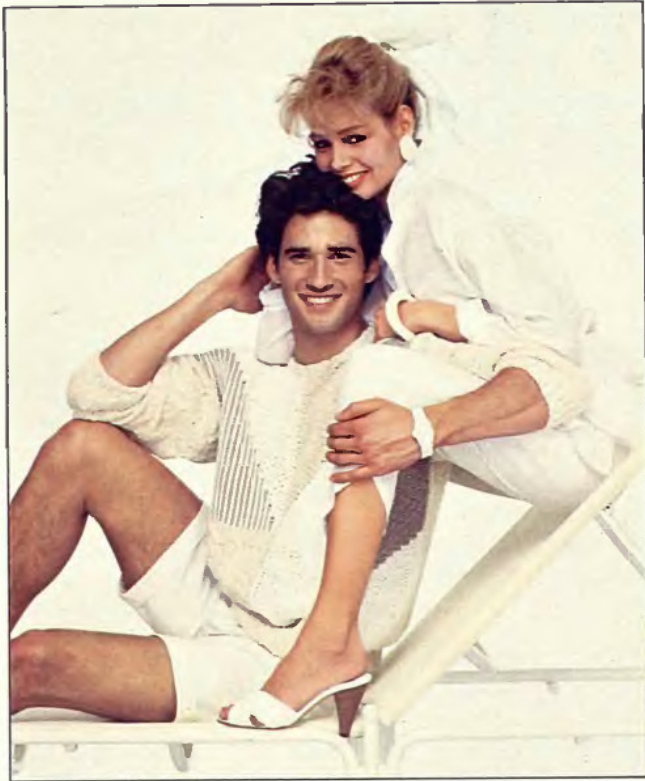
*we've got it made! tv's
sexy teri copley has the hots for white*

attire By HOLLIS WAYNE

FRANKLY, if Teri Copley told us her favorite colors were red, white and blue, we'd be more than happy to drop by the set of *We Got It Made* dressed like a barber pole. On that TV show, Copley plays Mickey, a live-in maid hired by two bachelors to bring order to their digs. With her towels, bikinis and blonde good looks, she also brings about as much sizzle to the small screen as it can handle, and that's precisely why we thought she'd be perfect to illustrate this summer's hot fashion statement—white on white. Aside from having Teri on your arm, the two ways to make sure that you're not mistaken for a Good Humor man when wearing white are to cultivate a deep tan and to pay attention to the textures of your clothes. A waffle-patterned white jacket, for example, and a linen striped shirt, off-white mesh shoes and a heavy white link watchband, all work to bring character to the basic white look. The classic off-white-linen suit or sports jacket is also a fashion staple we like. But don't tarry here; Teri awaits on the following pages. All white!

Left: Blonde on blonde—a white-linen oversized shirt with open-mesh liner, roll collar and drop shoulder, by Andrew Fezza, \$170; white-linen pleated slacks, by Davide Cenci, \$120; and a white quartz watch with an enameled case and bracelet, from Matisse by the Expert Team, Ltd., \$135. (Teri's sweater by Nancy Bossio; pedal pushers by Cascade Blanche for L'Zinger International; shoes from Eric's; jewelry by James I. Murphy.)





Above: More great white hopes, including walking shorts, by Hannes B., \$150; a knit crew-neck, by Gene Pressman & Lance Karesh for Basco, \$190; and a white enameled metal-link watch, by Sutton Time, \$55. (Teri's shirt and pants by Fenn, Wright & Manson.) Below: Two whites don't make a wrong. At left: A twill jacket, by Roger Forsythe, \$135; a collarless shirt, from Ruffini by Gianfranco Ruffini, about \$115; and linen slacks, by Tattersall, Ltd., about \$50. At right: A cotton jacket, about \$240, and cotton/linen shirt, \$150, both by Enrico Coveri; linen slacks, by Salvatore Ferragamo, \$130; and moccasins, by Sperry Top-Sider, about \$51. (Teri's dress by Strategy; her Sachiko Uozumi earrings and Cara Croninger bracelet are both from Artwear, New York.)



A cuddly Copley and two tailored looks in white. Below: A linen sports jacket with single-button front, about \$365, matching slacks, about \$165, a linen shirt, about \$133, and a silk-seersucker tie, about \$30, all from Perry Ellis Men, Ltd. Right: A wool/silk/mohair pinstripe suit, \$695, a cotton shirt, about \$70, and a silk tie, about \$40, all by Alexander Julian; plus mesh shoes, by Hush Puppies, about \$25; and a quartz watch, from Philippe Charriol by N.A.M.S., \$490. (Teri's dress by Bonnie Strauss; jewelry by Mark Spirito and Robert Lee Morris.)









*a harvard astrophysics major reaches
critical mass—fighting in the golden gloves*

LIFE AS A STANDING EIGHT COUNT

I saw it as an innocent obsession. My colleagues, my friends, the American Medical Association, the press and this aging, frustrated wrestler from the Y.M.C.A. all disagreed. "Ahhh, the boxer," said the wrestler in his nasal voice, after accosting me on Broadway. "I'd get out if I were you. Boxing is a serious sport for blacks, not for whites. Better quit; otherwise, you're gonna get that Jewish nose of yours busted up." He reached up, tweaked my nose and disappeared down the street, cackling.

WHEN I BEGAN BOXING at Harvard in the mid-Seventies, I was considered eccentric, not crazy. An astrophysics major who appeared to have a penchant for violence seemed somehow romantic, a perverse Seventies version of a renaissance man. I boxed for emotional therapy between football seasons and, with a few friends, had informal workouts at the Indoor Athletic Building, a five-story brick gymnasium that took up a small city block near the Charles River. On the third floor was the special exercise room, which doubled as the boxing room because hanging from its plaster ceiling was one of two heavy bags on campus. I had made a deal with Pat Melendez: I would teach him how to lift weights if he would teach me how to box. Pat was a Puerto Rican street fighter from Manhattan, a psychology and social-relations major at Harvard. He looked like a comfortable cross between Burt Reynolds and Ken Norton, and he was charming. After four years at Harvard, a good portion of the students seemed to consider him a best friend. I was one of them.

Our workouts began with that heavy bag. Pat would do hard, fast rounds, throwing hooks, crosses, combinations. I would do slow rounds, breathing like an asthmatic. Pat

memoir

BY GARY A. TAUBES

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN KURTZ

would try to teach me defense: Left hand blocks the right cross; right hand blocks the left jab. His hands would barely move, but still his glove would catch my jab and glide it by his face. He taught me to jab with my left and cross with my right instead of vice versa, the natural tendency for a righty. Nothing was worse, he explained, than repeatedly whacking someone with your best punch, noticing that he hadn't felt it and then realizing that all you had left to surprise him with was your second-best punch.

In our senior year, Pat trained at a gym in downtown Boston and cut his weight from the 220 he carried for football down to 178 to fight light heavy. His first bout since high school was that March, at a hotel in the half-dead industrial town of Lowell, Massachusetts. Behind the hotel's lobby was a seedy night club and bar that could hold a couple of hundred if there were something to see. A boxing ring was set up for amateur night—maybe 20 fights on the card, and Pat was near the bottom.

His opponent was a stringy, awkward Italian kid from Boston's North End. Pat was putting on a show for all of his Harvard friends, who were sitting in the audience wearing three-piece suits and acting as if a Harvard I.D. meant we should get preferred seating and drinks on the house. He was dancing like Muhammad Ali, up on his toes, flicking the jab out and moving to his left. Outclassing his opponent. Then he danced into a right hook and went over backward in slow motion, stiff, as if all his nerve endings were firing at once. His head hit the mat first and bounced and bounced. All I can remember is the referee and the ring doctor struggling to get his mouthpiece out and failing because his jaw was clenched tight, and we left quickly, because we were frightened and embarrassed and we didn't know how to help him or what else to do except get home and wait and hope. He died a week later.

“Whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul . . .” says Ishmael in the opening of Melville's *Moby Dick*, “and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street and methodically knocking people's hats off—then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can.”

At such times, I box. In 1981, Pat had been dead more than four years when a damp, drizzly November and boredom sent me back to the gym. I was a science writer with a windowless office in Rockefeller Center and athletic ambitions five years behind me. And I was bored. I went back to boxing with no realization that I was headed for the Golden Gloves and no thought that in some ass-backward way, I was doing it because I owed it to Pat.

Amateur boxers fight for a lot of reasons, but for most of us it comes down to—and you don't know how it pains me to admit this—*machismo*. I may decide to box because I'm bored, but there's a lot more to it. Many things could keep me busy without threatening my face, my brains or my life. Boxing is an easy way to take reality and add a good dose of Conan the Barbarian and Robin Hood and Philip Marlowe and Rick Blaine, and on and on.

In New York, I worked out sporadically with a cadre of intellectual jocks led by Norman Mailer and former light-heavy-weight champion José Torres, who rent out the century-old Gramercy Gym on 14th Street on Saturday mornings. I had been invited as a friend of a friend of a cousin of Mailer's. The other fighters included some struggling writers, a few half-successful actors, a fanatical TV news producer, the founder and editor of a magazine that bills itself as the nation's most pornographic and an occasional big-name friend of Mailer's, such as Ryan O'Neal, who would show up when he was filming in the city. A few years ago, the group dubbed itself the Raging Jews.

It was a pleasant way to spend a Saturday morning, with the cold rain falling gently over the sleaze and the zombies on 14th Street. The sessions were spent rope skipping, watching Mailer bull around the ring trying to set up his only punch, a surprisingly good right hand. And my own nine minutes of imitating Ali and trying not to hurt anyone while imagining the damage I could inflict on O'Neal if he should ever show his face.

The Ali imitation was fairly effective against anyone who'd never boxed before; otherwise, it had critical flaws. One day at the Gramercy, I was beaten up by a redheaded, angelic-looking 15-year-old. Nothing terribly shameful in it, except I outweighed the kid by 70 pounds and I was supposed to be taking it easy on him. By the third round, he was still bobbing and weaving and jabbing my eyes out, and I was coughing and wheezing and praying for the bell. That night, I watched *Oliver's Story* on TV and stopped hoping for O'Neal to show his face, because I wouldn't stand a chance. The next morning, I quit smoking.

Eight months later, on another gray November day, I decided to fight in the Gloves. Although I was too old to box seriously from the first day I picked up gloves, my quick and final decision hinged on the inescapable fact that I was getting older. If I wanted to fight competitively, procrastinating further would not help.

The Golden Gloves is New York's amateur boxing championship—what its sponsor, the *New York Daily News*, calls the toughest nine minutes in sports. Bob Ciocher, who has been coaching amateur boxing for 50 years in New York, calls the Golden Gloves the toughest competition in

the world. “Tougher than the pros,” he says in the fatherly tone he uses to talk young boxers out of foolishness. “In the pros, you know who you're gonna fight, what he does, how good he is. In the Gloves, you just don't know.” The Gloves divides fighters into two classes: novice, with fewer than nine fights, and open. At one time, I actually considered the possibility of boxing open. Hubristic, considering the Gloves' more notable alumni: Floyd Patterson and Sugar Ray Robinson, among others.

That year, the Gloves would begin in late January, with some 1300 kids fighting in such arenas as the Mitchell Community Center in Harlem and Saint Thomas Aquinas Church in Godknows-where, Brooklyn. After a series of elimination rounds, it would end in March with 40 kids fighting in the finals at Madison Square Garden. It is the farm system for pro boxing. A kid who wants to emulate Sugar Ray Leonard should begin his pugilistic education by his preteens and be an experienced fighter by the time he is old enough for the Gloves.

To make up for my vast inexperience, I went searching for professional assistance. Ciocher, who had taught my angelic red-headed assailant, seemed like the man to start with. He is 75 and looks like a young Irish 50, with silvery hair and blue eyes and the slightly shuffling gait of a prize fighter. In 1931, he won the New York amateur championship. He never fought professionally because of a promise to his mother. To calm her fears that the sport was dangerous, his would-be sponsors persuaded her to see his last amateur fight. He won effortlessly. In the next bout on the card, one of the two fighters was killed. “His head bounced off the mat twice,” Ciocher recalled. “When they bounce twice, they don't come back.”

I introduced myself to him after one of his classes at the 63rd Street Y.M.C.A. in Manhattan. I explained my ambition, and he said I was crazy. “They have guys who train two or three years undercover just to get into the novice Gloves,” he said. “These guys want to go pro. They'll kill you.”

But Ciocher, I learned, is a sucker for dedication. Although most of his energy is given to teaching boys and men who have physical or emotional handicaps, at any given time he coaches maybe half a dozen young boxers who want to fight in the Gloves. The one thing he demands from them is dedication to the sport—as he teaches it. I explained, immodestly but passionately, that if anyone could pick up his system in three months, I could. And that my brains, and the fact that I had stayed in good physical shape since my football days, might just be enough to counteract the lack of experience. I was going to do it, I argued, and his help

(continued on page 143)



Rowland
Wilson

"No matter how many times I go out there, I still get stage fright."

Clicking with Liz

*l.a. bunny
liz stewart
wants a
different kind
of film career—
behind the
camera*



THE IMPRESSION YOU GET is that Liz Stewart can take care of herself. She's a city girl, born in San Francisco and raised in Los Angeles. Hip, bright and energetic, she has the qualities necessary for urban survival. As one of that new breed of women who can talk car-model designations as well as brand names, Liz inspires confidence. If you had a Ferrari, you'd toss her the keys almost nonchalantly.

At The Playboy Club in Century City, she is called Bunny Liz. You know her by her walk, a cheerful, bouncing gait that's really more dance than ambulation. There is a lot of pride in it. She likes the job and she's good at it.

"Being a Playboy Bunny is not that easy," Liz says. "It's easy after you become a Bunny and you know what you're doing, know the ropes. But it's not easy to become a Bunny.

"In fact, the worst night I ever had was the first night I was on the floor. I felt so slow. I'm

Visitors to Los Angeles' Olympic games will find Liz Stewart and her hutchmates at The Playboy Club in Century City (far left) scoring perfect tens daily in the food-service gymnastic event known as the Bunny Dip. That's Liz below minus ears, and almost everything else, on a warm Mexican beach.





not by nature a slow person; I'm usually quick and on top of things. But that night, I was bad. I was working with a senior Bunny and I knew she was getting very upset with me. Well, at the end of that shift, I cried. I stuck my head in the locker so the other girls couldn't see me. But I kept at it. And when I'd mastered it, I found it was a breeze—and it was good money. Then I really started to enjoy it."

Liz uses her money to finance her education as a commercial photographer. The clicking of the shutter is a passion with her, and she dreams of one day owning her own studio.

"I want to do fashion photography. It's the easiest thing for me to do. I modeled when I was younger. My mother sent me to Barbizon. I didn't pursue it, but because of that experience, I can basically put myself in a model's place; I can tell her and I can show her what I want and, you know, it really works!"

Following her parents' divorce when she was six months old, Liz was raised by her Nicaraguan mother.

"I spent two years in Nicaragua," she

The day shift is the right shift for Bunny Liz. "Lunchtime seems to work out a lot better for me. At night, I want to go out. I want to get dressed up and go out and party. If I worked nights, I'd see all these people having a great time eating, drinking and partying, and I'd be thinking, If I didn't have to work, I could be doing the same thing."



An aspiring photographer (above) sometimes has to make do with whatever models are available, even if it means getting a dog's-eye view of the world. With her photography professor at Santa Monica College (below), Liz is all ears. At right, taking a stroll on the sunny campus, she proves that the model student is also the model model.





Playing navigator in the cockpit of a Mexicana Airlines plane (above), Liz orders a touchdown at the nearest beach, where she sips a little coffee before heading out to do some bareback riding along the shore (left). On this vacation, her fluent Spanish comes in handy for explaining the finer points of photography to an impromptu class (below).

recalls. "My mom sent me there when I was 12. I learned about a totally different culture. I learned Nicaraguan history. I learned so much, I would consider doing that with my children—you know, sending them abroad for a year to study."

In the States, Liz attended parochial schools until her second year of high school. She found the private school and the public school experiences worlds apart.

As she explains it, "You learn more about street wisdom in public schools. You also learn more about people and character and the different types of things you're going to



have to deal with in the world. Private school is more for reading and math and all those academic things you don't like to do."

Apparently, the combination was a good one. Liz emerged full of ambition and with the smarts to realize her dreams. For her, positive thinking helps get the job done.

"Once I decide that I want something, I get it! Buying my Corvette was one of those major feats. Everybody told me I could never afford to buy it, much less maintain it or pay the insurance on it, but I knew I could. And now, in a couple of months, my note will be paid off and it will be mine. I can't believe it. I'm still awed by myself."

Although she wouldn't admit it, Liz exhibits a good deal of patience as well. She's out there alone, trying to juggle career and schooling, pay the rent and keep the car fueled and, while she's doing it, maintain her independence. It takes time.

"I've been in a two-year college for four years now," she laughs. "But I've decided school is going to be an ongoing thing for me. I love it. Right now, I've slacked off because of this



Liz likes to keep busy. "If I don't have a lot of things going, or a really strong thing going, I get bored and unhappy. Then I get that rut feeling. I hate that feeling. It creeps up on me a lot. Then I know that it's time to take stock and say, 'Well, what else can I do now?'"





"I love sex, especially when it's in a new relationship. It's fabulous when it's new. Then, as you grow and as you get closer and older together, well, it just gets better."







Playmate thing. I want to do Playmate promotions and I want to work. And school takes a lot of time." Squeezing a relationship into her schedule would be impossible if it weren't so necessary. "I want to be with a man," she says. "I need that backup." While we appreciate the sentiment, we'd rather stand alongside Liz than behind her. Anyone backing up Liz Stewart is likely to get a mouthful of dust.

"Usually, even though I may not like some of the things I do in my life, afterward, I never regret anything. No regrets! I just chalk everything up to experience and try to use it."



MISS JULY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Stewart
Lip*

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Liz Stewart

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 57" WEIGHT: 116

BIRTH DATE: 7-3-61 BIRTHPLACE: San Francisco, Calif.

AMBITIONS: To be a top fashion photographer and to shoot future Playmates. (Too much is never enough)

TURN-ONS: Dancing all night, driving fast, sexy clothes on sexy people!

TURN-OFFS: People who are all talk & no action ...

FAVORITE MOVIES: "The Shining" (I'd love being scared), "Halloween," "Terms of Endearment" was great.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Billy Idol's look, Carlos Santana's guitar and Michael Jackson's beat.

FAVORITE PLACE: Palm Springs on a warm, breezy night.

IDEAL MAN: An attractive, romantic man, who takes care of business & pleasure with lots of energy.

SECRET FANTASY: To be a big rock star and trash hotel rooms !!

4 years old



my first bike.

12 years old



elementary school days.

16 years old



trying to look older!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

You know," said the horny female regular at the neighborhood tavern as she slipped in next to a male drinker at the bar, "I have an itchy pussy."

"That's really quite interesting," responded the fellow, "but I don't know a damn thing about those Japanese cars."

A high-priced West Coast legal eagle recently got a female client acquitted of stabbing her husband with a letter opener. He successfully contended that she had mistaken the victim for a piece of junk mail.



Late last night," a male student at a Southwestern university grinningly told an offcampus friend, "I ran into some spacy coed in the hallway of my unisex dorm who was as naked as a jay bird, except that she was wearing a ten-gallon hat!"

"What'd she do?" asked the friend.

"She gave a little shriek, flung one arm across her boobs and whipped the hat down over her pussy."

"And what was your reaction?"

"I told her we could become real good friends at the drop of a hat!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *wet dream* as an overnight sensation.

*Playing poker with busty Miss Ware,
He announced, as he folded with flair,
"I had four of a kind,
But those aces, combined,
Don't stack up, I'm afraid, with your pair!"*

Carefully study these two enlarged photographs on display, Mr. Rafferty," the attorney for a politician suing a newspaper for libel instructed his client on the witness stand, "and indicate which is your ass and which is a hole in the ground."

Perhaps you've heard about the unlucky young investor who nicknamed each new girl he dated after one of the stocks he'd been burned by—the theory that she, too, would be bound to go down.

Is it true," the girl was asked, "that it's so crowded in your tiny apartment with two male roommates that you have to use a three-tiered bunk bed?"

"That's right," she agreed, "but there's something that balances the inconvenience of the triple-decking."

"What's that?"

"The double-dicking!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *computer-firm nymphomaniac* as hot Apple pie.

*Though sport à la Portnoy was banned,
The boys at the school thought it grand.*

When asked if they tried

To abstain, they replied,

"It's a problem we've got well in hand."

Hey—wait a minute!" squealed the hooker. "The cashbox I asked you to slip those bills into is over there on the dresser!"

Last night, I dreamed that I was on a TV program," the female comedian told a somewhat dense friend, "in which I gave head to just about every guy in the United States."

"What program could that have been?"

"Can't you guess, silly? It was *Face the Nation*, of course!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *shy male virgin* as an ingrown no-tail.



A soldier stationed in the South Pacific wrote to his wife, "Please send me a harmonica. I want to learn to play it so that I can occupy my free time and keep my mind off the native women." The requested instrument arrived by return APO mail.

Rotated back to the United States, the soldier rushed home, flung open the door of the furnished room where his wife was living and cried, "Let me kiss you, darling! Let me hold you in my arms!"

"All in good time," she responded. "First of all, let's hear how well you play that harmonica."

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

Now hear this! Audec's Command Dialer (below) is capable of recognizing spoken names and words and matching them with as many as 16 stored phone numbers for automatic dialing; other features include a speaker phone, alarm clock and automatic redial, about \$250.



Cobra has struck again with the microprocessor-controlled dual-cassette ANP-3770 answering system, which incorporates a phone and a Toll Saver remote message-retrieval mechanism that enables the user to save the cost of a toll call if the machine has no messages, about \$200.



Cam Vu's futuristic-looking and functional Electra clock-radio-telephone includes an automatic dialer, auto redial, a built-in monitor speaker for on-hook dialing, ten-number memory, an alarm clock and an AM/FM radio that automatically shuts off when you pick up the handset, \$99.



ITT's Model PC 1008 phone can be programmed to tell callers the number reached and when to call back, the number reached and the number where you can be reached, or the number reached, where you can be reached and how long you'll be there, \$259.95. How about that?



The base unit of Mura's MP-900/901 phone system houses memory dial and redial functions. Each remote unit (also below) doubles as an intercom, so that you can place calls, talk in house or be paged, \$249.95 for the base and one remote; \$129.95 for each additional remote.



Ma Bell's entry into the market of smart phones includes the Touch-a-matic 6000, which stores and dials 60 numbers, displays time/day/date, has two-way-speaker capability and has three color-coded positions for emergency numbers, by AT&T Consumer Products, \$229.95.





BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO

but now that ma bell has been tolled off, you're in for some ring-a-ding surprises

modern living **By DANNY GOODMAN**

YOU WEREN'T ALONE if you didn't fully understand what all the fuss was about last January when the monolithic AT&T cut loose its local Bell phone companies—the ones that send you your bill each month. In all likelihood, the only differences you've noticed are that you're writing checks to a new company name and your monthly telephone bill is even more undecipherable than it was before. But one change for the good is that competition for selling you telephone equipment has opened wide. To distinguish their products from others, telephone manufacturers are producing

The original danMark phone is permanently displayed in New York's Museum of Modern Art; the danMark 2 should be in your home or office. Sleek outside, it's all slick technology inside, including a speaker, auto dial and redial, plus a privacy switch, by GNT Automatic, \$199.



With its brushed-aluminum dialing surface and gun-metal base, the Comdial 0020 is a high-tech one-piece phone that looks like it belongs in a *Star Wars* sequel; features include a HOLD button with LED indicator and an electric ringer with a control switch, \$59.95, in tane dial only.



"Go ahead, Mr. Smith. Reach out and touch something."

Langford

electronic telephones with enough 2001 features to please the most avid technophile while, in many cases, making the phone a more productive office tool.

One big difference about owning your telephone, whether it be a simple cheapie or a \$400 multiple-memory, digital-read-out showpiece, is that you are responsible for its maintenance. In the old days of leasing phones, if one broke, you took it to the phone company, which replaced it at no charge. When you buy a phone, however, once the warranty runs out (typically, after 90 days; sometimes after a full year), you're responsible for the cost of repairs.

Over the years, we've become accustomed to high-quality phones engineered to last a minimum of ten years—no easy feat when you consider how many times you've accidentally pulled the thing off the table or slammed down the receiver in frustration. Some of today's electronic phones may not be quite so rugged. Moreover, there are simply more things inside them that can go wrong. It's a good idea to have one telephone-company-quality phone around the place (even tucked away in a closet) just in case your fancy phone decides to take sick leave.

Until now, you've used a telephone to talk with other people. But have you ever considered talking to *it* to make it dial a number for you? The Command Dialer by Audec (about \$250) does just that. It has 16 phone-number memories to which you append a vocal key word, such as office or Kathryn. To make a call from a memory, you speak the key word into the receiver. When the light next to the memory location on the phone's panel goes on, you say "OK," and the phone automatically dials the number. You can also simply press the appropriate memory button for speed dialing, but the voice-activated dialer will impress your visitors. Each of the Command Dialer's memories holds up to 30 digits, which is plenty of room for an MCI or Sprint local phone number, access code and long-distance number. The unit is smart enough to listen for the MCI or Sprint computer's tone before sending the access code and phone number. On other memory phones, you usually have to program fixed-length pauses carefully and hope the computer tone goes on when it's supposed to.

The Entex VRD#100 voice-activated phone (about \$300) has a longer memory, with room for up to 100 numbers to be dialed by speaking the associated key words into the handset. In fact, the phone doesn't even have a traditional dial showing—only a digital display. To dial a number not in the memory, you can speak the digits into the handset. For long-distance services, you can leave the local service number and access code in one

memory and make a call by saying, for example, "Sprint Leslie." As with all voice-activated phones, the Entex must be trained to respond to a particular voice (you speak each name two or three times to enable the circuitry to store a voice pattern for that name). But the Entex also lets up to three voices train it independently. Oh, yes—there is a regular push-button dial concealed beneath the phone's panel, just in case you get laryngitis.

Today's high-tech phones not only listen, they talk, too. One that puts an electronically synthesized voice to excellent use is the Webcor Zip 1050 (\$119.95), an almost traditional-looking desktop phone that acts as a silent secretary. At the flick of a switch, the ringer is disengaged and a female voice gives callers one of three messages. One advises that no one is available and he should call back later. A second message says, "Hello. No one is available. Please call back after three o'clock P.M." You use the phone's push buttons to program the time you'll be taking calls. The last message starts out the same way but ends, "The party may be called at . . ." and gives the number. Again, you put in the phone number where you can be reached. This model is great if you don't want to be disturbed and your friends aren't inclined to leave messages on an answering machine. In addition to the unit's 14-number, 16-digit memory, it has one of the most natural-sounding microphone elements of any non-phone-company handset we've used.

ITT Telecom's Model PC 1008 desktop phone (\$259.95), like the Webcor, has three voice messages and a number of other features requiring a larger, more businesslike console. A digital display shows the current time, elapsed time of call and the number you're dialing. Sixteen memories hold up to 28 digits each, plenty for the long-distance services. There's even a memory calculator to help reduce the number of gadgets cluttering your desk. The PC 1008 can be used as a speaker phone when you need to keep your hands somewhere other than on a telephone handset. The microphone element for the speaker phone can also be called from outside your home or office so that you hear what's happening in the room when you're not there.

Another product combines the powers of electronic voice synthesis with other sensors to operate as a kind of advisory service about the conditions in your home. It's called the Sensaphone (\$249.95), by Gulf + Western's Consumer Electronics/Unicord Division. Hooked up to your telephone, its internal sensors give you a verbal report on what's going on at home. The Sensaphone answers the phone in an electronic male voice by confirming the number you called and telling you what

time it is, what the temperature is (a great feature if you're checking up on your winter cabin), whether the power is on, if there is any loud noise apparent, if any alarm condition exists and what the condition of the backup battery is. It then gives you a 15-second aural peep into your house. If no one is supposed to be home and you hear loud punk-rock music in the background, you may consider calling the cops.

If you don't want your telephones talking or listening to you but prefer the simple convenience of storing lots of numbers in a memory for one-button dialing, you have plenty of choices today. AT&T is very aggressive in broadening the variety of telephones available to consumers. Today, the AT&T line boasts a number of highly styled, technologically advanced instruments. One we especially like is the Touch-a-matic 6000 (\$229.95), a compact and attractive desktop telephone console with a memory big enough to store up to 60 16-digit telephone numbers. Three of the buttons are marked in bright colors for easy-to-find help when police, fire department or medical aid is needed in a hurry. A large digital display along the top of the console displays the time, day and date when the phone is not in use. Otherwise, at the push of a button, it times your call. The phone also remembers the number last dialed (either from a memory or direct dialed on the traditional keyboard). If you get a busy signal, it can be instructed to redial the number once per minute for ten minutes or until someone answers. The phone also doubles as a hands-free speaker phone, if needed. The handset is smaller than you might expect from a desk phone, so you may want to test this unit in the store first to make sure you'll be comfortable using it for a long period.

Record-O-Fone has recently introduced a desktop model that closely resembles AT&T's expensive Genesis telephone system. The Record-O-Fone PBX 2800, however, costs only \$90 (available in a two-line model for \$100). You can dial a call from one of the 36 memories or by pressing the flat-membrane keyboard digits without having to lift the receiver. Like most smart phones, the Record-O-Fone remembers the last number dialed for one-touch redialing.

Forty-one memories are packed into the Comdial Voice Express 41 desktop telephone (\$399.95). Each memory can hold up to 22 digits, along with a special automatic-pause feature that listens for dial tones or computer-access tones when you're using discount long-distance services. When you press two memory-location buttons in sequence—one for the long-distance company's local number, plus the access code, the other for the

(concluded on page 139)

ALL ON BOARDSAILING!

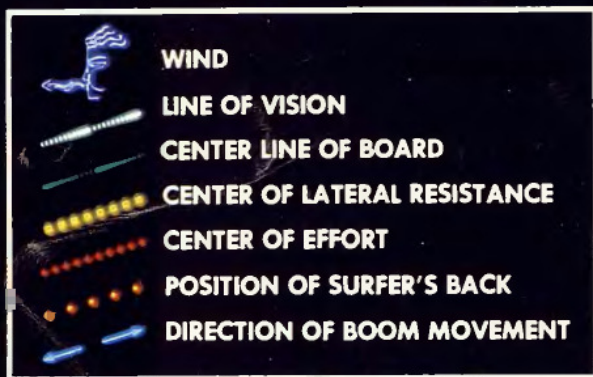
*the olympics' latest
sport is fuel efficient, fun and
a breeze to learn*

article **By NANCY CROWELL**

IF YOU'VE DISMISSED boardsailing, or "windsurfing" (after the original, patented Windsurfer board), as just another water-borne fad that's bound to crest and blow back out to sea once the wave jockeys have tired of it, this year's summer Olympics may change your mind. As an official event for the first time, Olympic boardsailing will be launched in the yachting category, with competitors sailing a grueling triangle course that tests both their tactical

Right: Full-blown fun on the waves reaches its peak when you're on a reach. In this boardsailing position, you harness the wind and are one with the elements.





Above: Neutral position. This is the first step in learning to boardsail. The arches of your feet should be centered over an imaginary line that bisects the board from bow to stern. With one foot on either side of the mast, boom at eye level and arms comfortably extended, hold the mast with one or both hands and get ready to go. The wind will be at your back; board perpendicular to it.



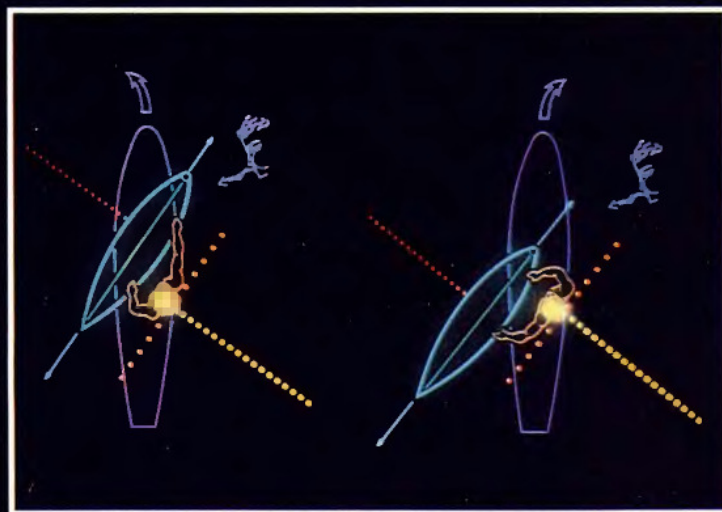
Above: Ready position. You're about to set sail, but first a few adjustments. Move your back foot slightly farther aft and bring your front foot up beside the mast, with your big toe pointing toward the mast. Sight a target on the horizon and check for any obstructions, such as swimmers or another boat. Weight should be equally distributed, with the back leg flexed, front fairly straight.

skills and their board-handling talent. Since boardsailing has been popular in Europe for almost ten years, with more than 5,000,000 enthusiasts taking to the waters of practically every available windy lake and bay, it's a good bet that the gold will go to someone from the Continent. (Only one competitor is allowed from each competing country, and those crafty Europeans have been practicing for years.) But in tandem with the yachting event will be a side show in which Americans may feel more at home: a demonstration of the incredible free-style gymnastics and balletic pirouettes, splits and hot-dog maneuvers that one can perform on a sailboard, plus organized slalom and long-distance races to illustrate further the versatility of the sport. (If you don't see yourself as a yachtsman, who doesn't want to be a hot dog?) Such versatility has been the hallmark of

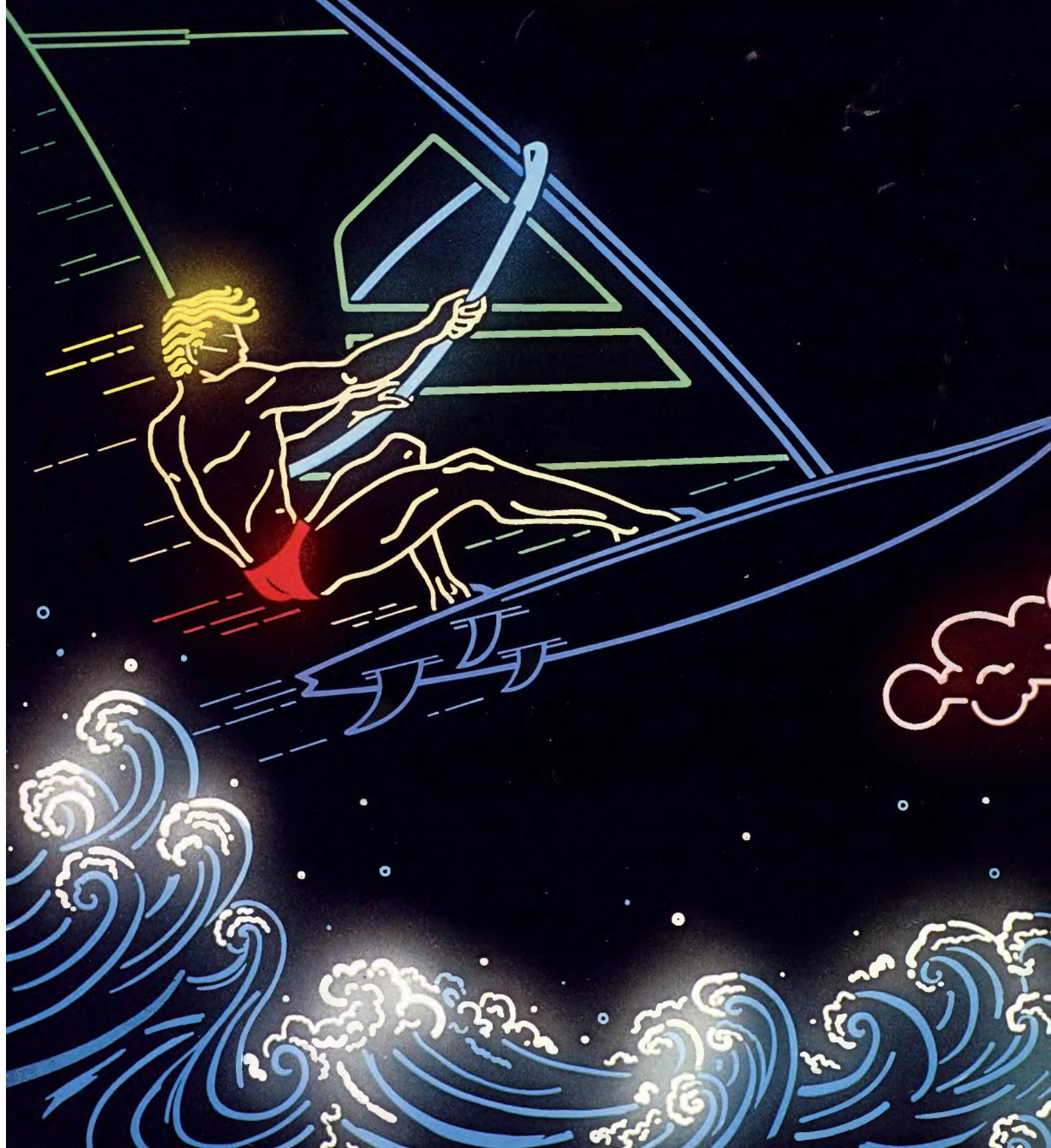
Below: Set position. Here goes: Pull the sail straight over past your shoulder until you can look through the window at the target you've sighted. Shift your weight to the back foot and, while sighting the target, rotate your hips so that they're square to the horizon. (See inset illustration.) Next, place both of your hands on the boom. To go, simply rotate the sail toward the wind. To slow down, let the sail out again with your back hand. To stop, lower the sail into the water.



Below: Steering is as simple as moving the boom along the plane of the sail. To head away from the wind (left), you move the boom forward, as shown. To head into the wind (right), you move it aft. (Boardsailors call this moving the center of effort behind the center of lateral resistance.) Our arrows indicate the direction of boom movement. For all you landlubbers who never sailed before, a turn into the wind is called a tack; a turn away is called a jibe. Easy enough.



Left: Heavy-duty hot-dogging takes a bit of practice. In Hawaii, boardsailors launch themselves off the face of ten-foot-high waves and grab for sky 30 feet in the air, then descend to recover and catch another wave. Way to fly!



boardsailing since its inception in 1966, when Southern Californians Jim Drake and Hoyle Schweitzer mated a surfboard with a sail and shoved off a new industry.

Despite the varieties of windsurfing experiences one can enjoy, from racing to wave sailing to free-style sailing, it's still that first thrilling ride across the water that creates in beginners an insatiable appetite for more, just as that first powder run takes skiers back to the slopes time and again. Here's how to set sail.

THE EQUIPMENT

Although boardsailing is often thought of as a vacation activity, it can also be an afternoon pastime at the local pond, as boards can be sailed on just about any body of water when the wind is right. Rigging up takes only about 15 minutes; that, plus the fact that the equipment can be transported via cartop carrier, makes boardsailing an ideal getaway sport.

All sailboards consist of a hull (the board), a mast, a sail, a wishbone boom and a universal joint, which joins the mast to the board. The mast, sail and boom are known collectively as the rig. There is also a removable daggerboard, which is comparable to a centerboard on a sailboat, and a small fin, or skeg, at the stern. The daggerboard and the skeg help in steering. The thick rope that is strung from the front boom end is called the uphaul (it's used to haul the sail out of the water).

Beginners can purchase a basic board for as little as \$600, complete with mast, boom and sail. A basic all-around board is about 12 feet long, 23 inches or 24 inches wide or wider and weighs 40 to 50 pounds. A cartop carrier, similar to the type of roof rack designed to transport snow skis, will run about \$100.

Your choice of board will depend on your size and on the type of sailing you intend to do. A heavier sailor (175 pounds or more) generally needs more flotation and a larger sail (the average beginner's sail is about 59 square feet) to get a board moving as fast as a lighter sailor can.

The more advanced sailors go for shorter (some as short as seven feet), narrower, lighter-weight (in the 20-to-30-pound range) boards known as "fun boards." Fun board is a misnomer of sorts, since all boards are fun to sail, but it describes a board that has foot straps and no daggerboard and is designed for sailing in high winds (25 knots and more) and waves. There are production fun boards available, but many sailors prefer to buy a custom-made board, comparable to a surfboard, with special graphics. Custom boards can run from \$600 to \$700, rig not included.

Boards designed specifically for racing can cost around \$2000. The type of racing board known as a Division II has a rounder hull and is much less stable than an ordinary board.

While boardsailing is a relatively established sport, it is undergoing constant innovations in equipment. In recent years, one such change has been the advent of the "all-around fun board." Stable and wide, like an all-around board, the all-around fun board usually includes foot straps and adjustable boom that enable a sailor to convert the board for higher winds as his own skills improve. A beginner who plans to get serious about the sport would do well to purchase this type of board.

GETTING UNDER WAY

While the sport is undeniably convenient, one shouldn't be misled by its apparent simplicity. Even the most agile athletes have been humbled by their first experience on a sailboard. There is a technique to be learned, and it's best learned from a certified instructor (usually associated with a retail shop). Two to three hours of instruction will cut down the frustration considerably.

While nailing down the basics of boardsailing, plan to get wet more than once and expect to learn to sail in one direction but not be able to figure out how to get back. If one is prepared for those common first-time experiences, initial failures will soon be forgotten.

Whether the first lesson is on a land simulator or in the water, learning to pull the sail up slowly without falling off the board is the biggest hurdle to get over. With feet planted firmly on each side of the mast along an imaginary line that divides the board in half from bow to stern, practice pulling the rig out of the water by going hand over hand along the uphaul. Common mistakes that contribute to a dunking include (1) not keeping a straight back; (2) pulling the sail out of the water too rapidly; and (3) not balancing with the arches of the feet over the center of the board.

Actually sailing the board is a rather simple, ready-set-go process (see illustrations). First, pull the rig out of the water. Sight a target on the horizon, pull the mast past your shoulder so that you're sighting the target through the window of the sail and rotate your hips square to the target. When you're ready to sail, just grab the boom with your back hand, move your front hand to the boom and pull the sail toward you by turning your hips back. This is called sheeting in, and once you've done it, you'll feel the pressure of the wind on the sail and realize you're moving. Trouble-shooting solutions for technical problems include keeping the head up, arms comfortably extended, holding the mast instead of the uphaul, keeping knees bent and not sheeting in until you are prepared to move. That last point will help you avoid a common mistake. The beginner is told to grab the boom with the free hand, and that is automatically translated into a sheeting-in motion, which causes

unexpected pressure and, usually, an unplanned dunking.

If the pressure on the sail seems uncontrollable, there is an automatic braking system. Simply let go with the hand farthest away from the mast. The sail will luff, or flutter, in the wind and you'll stop.

HOW TO STEER

Once the initial thrill of making the board move has worn off, the novice is likely to realize that he knows how to sail in only one direction, and that direction takes him away from shore. That is why it's always a good idea to practice on a small lake or in a roped-off area.

Steering a sailboard is as simple as tilting the rig forward, or aft. The universal joint makes that possible. To tack, or turn the bow of the board into the wind, you have to lean the rig back. The farther aft it's tilted, the quicker the board will turn into the eye of the wind. As the sail passes through the eye of the wind, which will cause it to luff, the sailor simply holds onto the mast with one hand, having let go of the boom with the back hand, and steps around the front of the mast to the other side. To go again, straighten up the mast, sheet in on the new tack and sail.

To jibe, or turn the board when going downwind, you lean the rig forward until the wind is pushing from directly behind the sail. To force it around, keep leaning the mast forward until the sail can be flipped around the front of the board through the eye of the wind. The sailor will then be holding the rig on the opposite side and will be sheeting in with the hand that used to be the fore hand. For beginners, tacking is much easier than jibing.

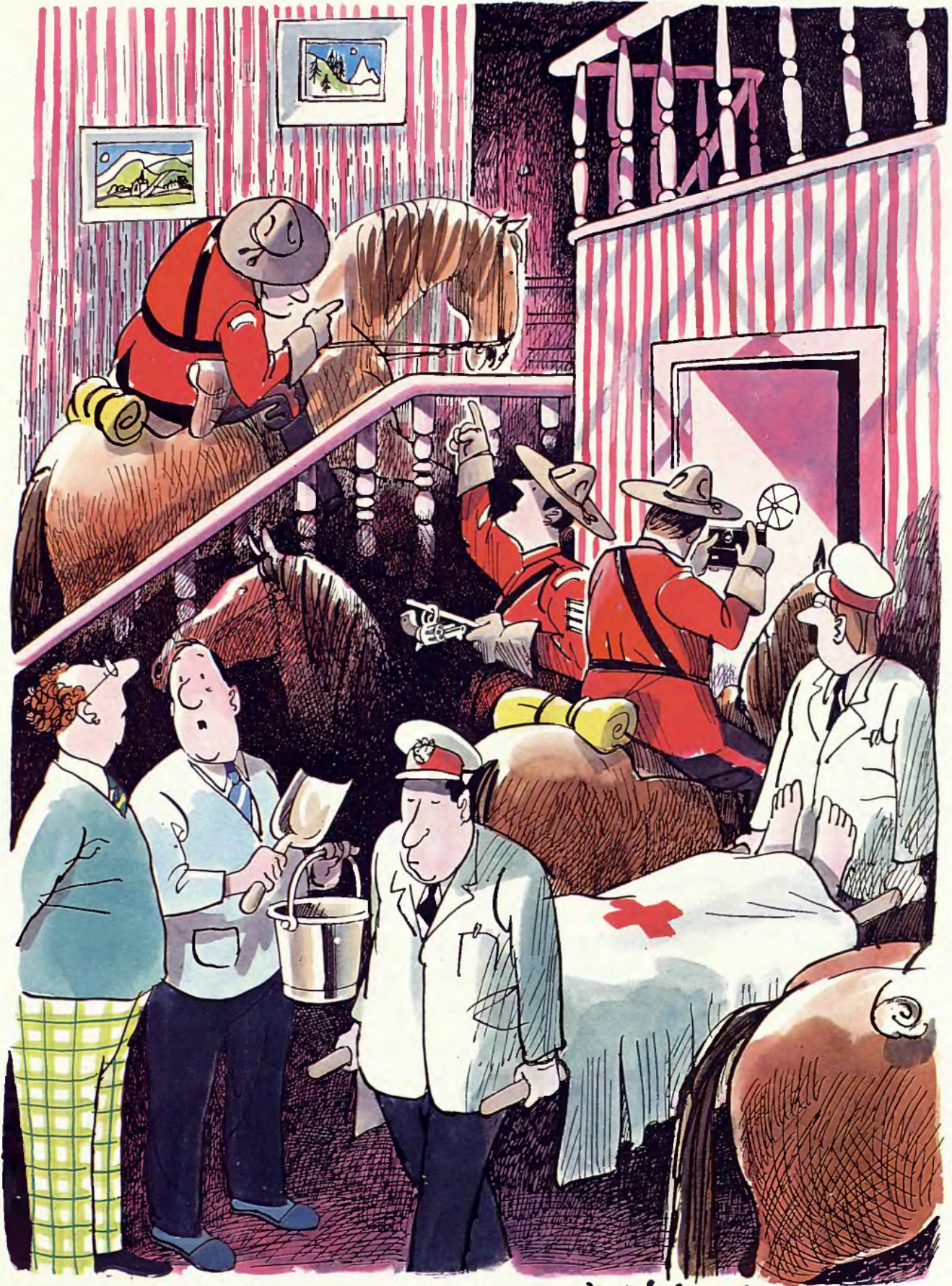
BREEZING ALONG

If you aren't already a sailor, understanding the wind can be perplexing at first. There are so many details to remember about proper technique that the additional burden of figuring out what point of sail you're on is enough to mentally depress most beginners. Follow this tip, however, and you'll find sailing a breeze.

Think of the wind as a clock. It blows from 12 o'clock. You cannot sail between about ten o'clock and two o'clock, because your board, which is the hour hand of the clock, would be pointing almost directly into the wind. This would cause the wind to hit both sides of your sail at once, or luff, and you to fall into the water.

When you sail at six o'clock, you are directly downwind, also known as running before the wind. At three o'clock and nine o'clock, the wind is hitting you from the side, and you are on a reach. Reaching is the easiest point of sail for most beginners and the most fun. But it's reaching that leads to the problem of sailing away from the launching site and not being able to sail back to it. You can always drag

(concluded on page 153)



Mike Viniarski.

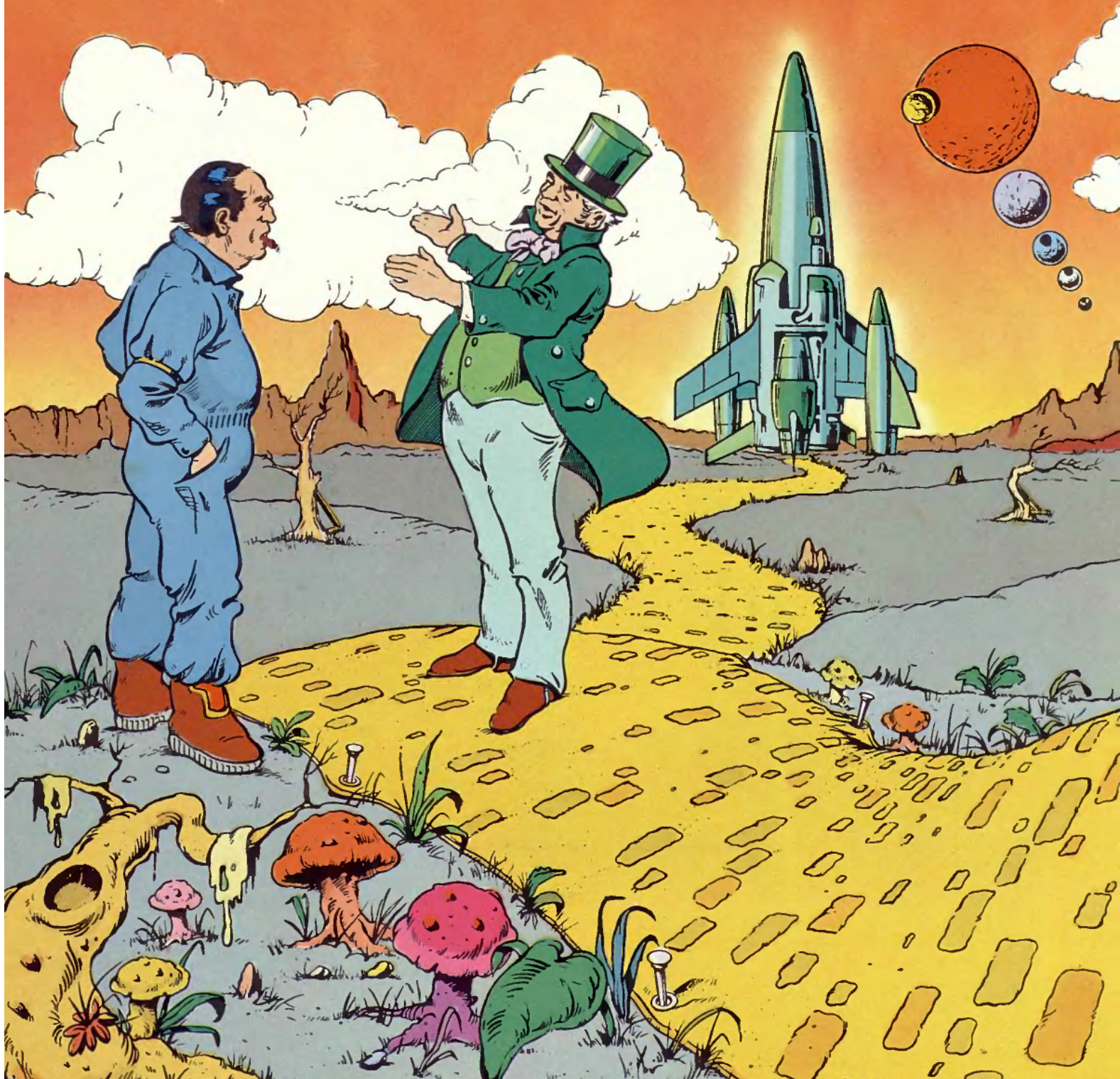
"Yes, I know they do, Frank. . . . I know they do. . . . But sometimes I just wonder if it's really all worth it."

THE WORLD'S A STAGE

"we'd better be getting our act together and taking it on the road," said ensign benson, "or we'll be stuck on this planet forever"

fiction **BY DONALD E. WESTLAKE** *From the beginning of Time, Man has been on the move, ever outward. First he spread over his own planet, then across the Solar System, then outward to the Galaxies, all of them dotted, speckled, measled with the colonies of Man.*

Then, one day in the year eleven thousand four hundred and six (11,406), an incredible discovery was made in the Master Imperial Computer back on Earth. Nearly 500 years before, a clerical error had erased (continued on page 130)





BRAVA, BO!

*john and bo derek talk
about their
controversial new film—
a sexy period piece
that takes our heroine
from moroccan opium den
to spanish bull ring*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN DEREK



Wavy



BO AND JOHN DEREK may live on a quiet hilltop horse ranch in California's Santa Ynez Valley, north of Santa Barbara, but they don't seem to be able to escape controversy, Hollywood style. Their latest film venture, which has variously been titled "Bolero," "Bo-Bolero," "Bo Derek's Bolero" and "Extasy" (spelling theirs), became enmeshed in a series of accusations and counteraccusations between the Dereks and Menahem Golan, whose Cannon Group had originally planned to release the film in conjunction with MGM/UA. A People magazine article this past winter suggested that at worst the movie bordered on the pornographic and at best it was simply a bad picture. Upon reading those allegations and hearing that MGM/UA might not release the film, the Dereks decided to break their recent press silence and talk with us. Contributing Editor David Rensin spent an afternoon poolside with John and Bo at their ranch. His report:

"It was a quintessential California day that, despite the touchy nature of what I was there to discuss, seemed to brighten Bo's and John's moods. They were friendly and talkative, quite a contrast to the taciturn Bo and unreasonable John their press coverage can lead you to expect. Of course, they also knew I had come to let them vent their feelings. And that they did, while John's former wife Ursula Andress watched over Dimitri, her son by Harry Hamlin, and occasionally sat in on the conversation. John wore jeans, running shoes and a light jacket. Bo, who had spent the early afternoon riding her horse, wore jeans, a heavy green-corduroy shirt and suspenders. No hotpants."

PLAYBOY: What's on your mind these days?

JOHN: I wish it weren't against the law to blow away shit. That's what I'd be doing right now.

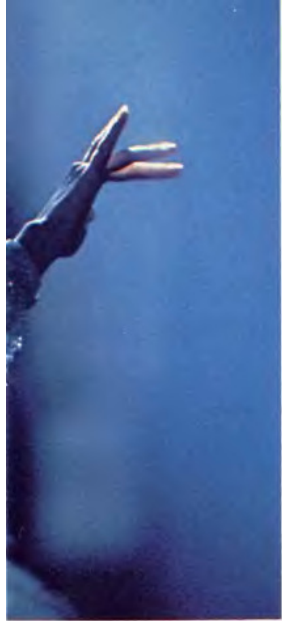
PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

JOHN: For our new film, we got into bed with a company that has been, as far as I'm concerned, 100 percent weird and strange. Those people put us in a position of having to answer a bunch of bullshit that time will *prove* to be bullshit. But



In the film *Bolero*, written, directed and photographed by Bo's husband, John (above, on location in Spain), Bo plays Mac, an adventurous American heiress. The time is 1928 and Mac, like every other red-blooded young American woman of the period, is turned on by Rudolph Valentino movies. Vowing to lose their virginity only to genuine sheiks, she and a girlfriend take off after college graduation for mysterious Morocco, where they experience just about everything except what they were looking for. Honey daubing doesn't help.









in the interim, it just leaves us with fucking egg on our faces.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

BO: I really don't know. When I showed the picture to Frank Yablans, the head of MGM/UA, some time ago, he thought it was charming. Now MGM won't return my calls.

PLAYBOY: Well, *People* magazine ran a cover story about the project that among other things suggested that the film bordered on pornography. Will it have to be cut down from an X rating to an R just to be released?

JOHN: Fuck, no. Cannon wanted X desperately. Look, *Entertainment Tonight* came up here after Golan had had his say, wanting to get Bo's side. While she was sitting out here telling things from our perspective, I was inside on the phone to our agent—who is the one to talk with Golan, since we won't. And he was saying, "John, you're not going to believe this, but Menahem just called and said, 'Tell John Derek he's absolutely right. Of course we want an X. Of course we want it. But wasn't I clever the way I turned it into all the publicity we're getting now?'" All while Bo is defending us against reports that Golan says he doesn't want a dirty picture.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting that he's



Disillusioned with the desert, Mac and her side-kick, Catalina, cross the Strait of Gibraltar to the land of *machismo*, Spain. This time, the girls' goal is to make it with a bullfighter, so they head for the ring, where Mac's eye is immediately caught by the handsome Angel, played by Andrea Occhipinti. Angel is not only a duke but a *rejoneador*, a fighter who battles the bull from horseback, rather than on foot, and before long he's teaching Mac all sorts of new tricks in the saddle. Above, a moment of intimacy between Bo and her real-life romance, John Derek.



The courtship of Mac and Angel goes well until he is gored and rendered impotent. Mac, who loves him, wants to marry him despite his handicap, but he refuses. Still, she hopes to help him regain his powers.



trying to gain publicity for the film by damning it?

BO: At one point, we wanted to buy out his interest in the film for the \$5,000,000 he invested, and he was agreeable—though we weren't sure he'd go through with it. Now he's saying there's no way he'll sell the picture. He thinks he has a blockbuster on his hands because of all the dirty publicity he's created. Now everybody wants the picture. The phones are ringing off the hook.

PLAYBOY: That sounds good for you.

JOHN: The idea is to make a film to make money. At the same time, if you have any integrity, you don't want to leave yourself stark-naked at the end of the adventure, having made money but being ashamed to walk out on the fucking street.

PLAYBOY: The *People* article said you went to Cannon only "after striking out with most of Hollywood." True?

JOHN: Striking out with most of Hollywood refers to a deal we had with Universal to do *Eve and That Damned Apple* but severed because they procrastinated and never got anything done. But we still had half a dozen other places we could do it *with* my usual deal of final cut and all that shit—Steven Spielberg's deal, and you can't do much better.

PLAYBOY: It's been suggested that *Bolero* is worse than bad, not even a picture by motion-picture standards. Does it have a plot?

JOHN: A fucking beginning, middle and end. This is the story: Bo and (text continued on page 124)



Mac's dedication pays off, and the lovers are reunited in flesh as well as spirit. In a lyrical sequence, Mac comes to know ecstasy as she had only dreamed it during her schoolgirl days back in the States. Although not hardcore, these scenes contain enough nudity to have sparked controversy about the film's possible rating, an issue that's discussed by the Dereks in the accompanying text.









Appearing *au naturel* is, indeed, natural for Bo. Explains her husband, "I think Bo handles nudity in a marvelous way. It's a very unashamed thing. It helps set the tone of the film." For more of Bo, see the forthcoming movie.

a Spanish girl are friends in the film. It's the Twenties and they've just graduated from college. And because they are both still virgins, they decide it's time to get some experience. Valentino was the rage those days, and Bo's character wants to give her virginity to a real, live sheik.

BO: My character is gregarious and crazy and very go-get-'em. The other girl is timid and shy and scared of everything. Golan thought the personalities should be switched. We'd have to reshoot the film, which would cost at least \$4,000,000 or \$5,000,000 more.

PLAYBOY: We understand Golan also sent you a memo with suggestions on dealing with sex and humor in film.

JOHN: This particular gentleman has no humor. I've never heard anybody laugh at his jokes. His whole film empire is a house of cards. He's having lots of failures, and we don't want to be lumped in with them. He pretends he's the consummate picture maker. Shit, he makes crap.

PLAYBOY: Personalities aside, if that's possible, did you feel he was being presumptuous telling you how to handle sexual situations?

JOHN: I could take advice more readily from you. I don't envision this man involved in sex. He may be having it, but I don't think his partner should applaud him. I don't think he has enough sensitivity to deal with it. I made an explicit film once, and the people who are really into the hard-core stuff said I made a hair-cream commercial. I make it too pretty, too goody-goody—but that's the way I fundamentally deal with things. I want things to be prettier than they are. My history, my wives show I have some appreciation for beauty. I don't think any of those ladies will denounce me.

PLAYBOY: Will you take advice on love and sex from anyone?

JOHN: I'll take advice on any fucking thing there is. Yes.

PLAYBOY: Is *Bolero* more consciously sexy than *Tarzan, the Ape Man*?

BO: Oh, definitely. But at the same time, as soon as something gets a little sexy, something ridiculous happens and you laugh. It's so melodramatic and corny you can laugh through the whole thing. Menahem still thinks it's a serious love story, which we never set out to make. It's a hokey, corny, *Rocky*-type thing. We tried for a camp film and we've been very successful at it. Menahem thinks the tongue-in-cheek element should be omitted and only the sexual element retained. The idea that the film is too sexy is just hype.

PLAYBOY: Why did you consider changing the title from *Bolero* to *Extasy*—and, for that matter, why did you misspell ecstasy?

BO: Originally, we were going to use the music from Ravel's *Bolero*, which was used in "70." But then, for this movie, we got this wonderful music by Elmer Bern-

stein, so *Bolero* made less sense. And the reason we thought of calling it *Extasy*, with an X, is that that's the way Catalina, my character's girlfriend, spells it.

PLAYBOY: Are there certain sexual components always present in your films?

JOHN: When we were going around with *Tarzan*, we said, "It's not a dirty picture, so don't go and see it for that reason. *Tarzan* is sexless."

PLAYBOY: There's nudity.

BO: But *Tarzan* and I don't even kiss.

JOHN: We said, "There's no bestiality. We think it's attractive, a little thick, some sweet stuff, a couple of scenes in which I think Bo is absolutely charming and adorable, but the rest of the picture you can stick up your ass." But that's the way most pictures are. Little pieces are worth seeing and the rest you wade through while eating popcorn. But people said, "What about sex?" And I said, "When we think Bo is sexy, we'll hold up our hands. You've got to be pretty kinky to find a pretty body erotic in its natural state."

PLAYBOY: How do you approach a sex scene?

JOHN: I don't think there should be sex onscreen unless there's a reason. For instance, you see a boy and girl involved in a romance. They get married. So why do you have to watch them fuck? I mean, everyone but a newborn baby knows what fucking is. It doesn't further the film in any way. In *Bolero*, we wanted a reason to go into the bedroom, and that was getting rid of one's virginity a little late in life. The first try is aborted. It's a comedy of errors. The second one is gorgeous. I didn't mean it to turn out that way, but it did. If I were a girl, I would like to lose it the way Bo does in the film. No moaning. Not a moan in the whole fucking picture. This is why I ask myself, "What is happening here?"

PLAYBOY: Would you ever do a picture in which Bo kept her clothes on?

JOHN: Why? The audience doesn't want that. I also wouldn't want to see some lady who is known for her high-powered acting and doesn't have a good body do nude scenes. The audience made Bo a star from "70." We didn't make her a star. Before that, she was in *Orca*, getting her leg bitten off. Apparently, the audience wasn't into watching broads get their legs bitten off, so that didn't make her a star. If it had, she would have had to go on losing pieces of her body.

PLAYBOY: What you're really saying is that you think Bo's appeal is nudity.

JOHN: Let me turn it around: What do you think it is? If you heard Bo was going to do a film in which she kept her clothes on, would you invest in it? It's like asking John Wayne to do *Romeo and Juliet*.

BO: Against-the-grain things can be magic, but you're taking a risk.

JOHN: I think love and sex and beauty are

what life is all about, honesty being paramount. And I have great respect for people's honest, sensitive emotions. I don't think we have offended or abused any emotion. If you're kinky, you're going to be disappointed in *Bolero*. There are no elephants being fucked, not one dirty word in the whole picture. You'd think it would be full of "Up your asses" and crap like that, because that's the way I am in life. But it's not at all the way I want you to be or Bo to be. After seeing *Bolero*, people will realize that Bo can entertain in her own right without her clothes off. The people whom we respect say she's a comedienne's comedienne now.

PLAYBOY: Is that a goal you have been working toward? Shedding the old skin, so to speak?

JOHN: No, the old skin she can keep until it sheds itself and is truly too old to be seen. But, no, I didn't know Bo could do this. Although we never really discussed it, one of the reasons I could so easily walk away from *Eve and That Damned Apple* was that it was very sophisticated and sparkly, and I didn't know if she could do it. But after *Bolero*, I went back and rewrote *Eve*—and made it even more sparkly, because now Bo can do that shit. I don't know where it comes from; Bo doesn't know. I didn't make her do it. I didn't Svengali her. It just came out of her and it's very dear. I mean, there's no heavy shit to do, but if you watch it, try to picture other people doing it. There are damned few. I didn't go out and defend her on *Tarzan* because I'd be the first to tell you that she sat through that damned thing sucking her thumb—which was something I told her to do. And a lot of critics got on her for that. But I'd rather have her finger up to her mouth and have her look as if she's doing something—even if it's repeating the same thing a thousand times—than doing nothing. I criticized her terribly in that. Now I don't criticize her at all.

PLAYBOY: Do you fear a marshaling of morally reactionary, antinudity, anti-sex forces against you because of *Bolero*?

JOHN: I think the line would be about three or four people long.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned Svengali. How do you deal with the constant insinuations that you are manipulative in your relationship with Bo?

JOHN: It gets on my nerves when people read some truth into it. [*To Bo*] Show him our stationery. [*Bo goes into the house*] We decided to name our company Svengali after an article that came out about us in *The Boston Globe*. Bo's the president. [*Bo returns with letterhead depicting her as a puppetmaster toying with John's strings*] So we did this stationery. It was our way of giving people the finger. And, of course, we've had some backlash. A reporter

(concluded on page 152)

BERNARD and HUEY

I CAN'T GO OUT WITH ANY MORE YOUNG WOMEN. I DON'T UNDERSTAND THEM.



IT'S LIKE A FOREIGN COUNTRY, MAN. YOU GOTTA INTERPRET.

YOU WANT TO TALK HIP? YOU TRANSLATE IT INTO PUNK.



YOU WANT TO TALK COLTRANE? YOU TALK TALKING HEADS.

YOU WANT TO TALK BOOKS? FORGET IT- THEY DON'T READ. SO TALK TV. TALK MOVIES.



TALK NUTRITION. TALK DRUGS. TALK EXERCISE.



OR DON'T TALK JUST MAKE A LOT OF AGREEABLE SOUNDS:



"HEY!"
"OK."
"RIGHT."
"MAN!"

IT'S TOO LONELY FOR ME, LIVING LIKE THAT, HUEY.



FOR A MIDDLE-AGED MAN, LONELINESS CAN BE OF A VERY HIGH ORDER, BERNARD.



WE ARE THE MONKS OF SEX.

JIM STEPPER

KODAK

KODAK SAFETY FILM 6017



→ 7

20 QUESTIONS: FRAN LEBOWITZ

*our most opinionated social critic holds forth
on hell, the perfect apartment and sex in its lowest form*

Her two widely acclaimed books, "Metropolitan Life" and "Social Studies," plus her frequent television appearances, have established Fran Lebowitz as one of America's most wise-arsed humorists. E. Jean Carroll spent several days with her in New York. Carroll told us later, "Fran wanted this to be called '20 Answers.'"

1.

PLAYBOY: What's the novel you're writing?

LEBOWITZ: The title is *Exterior Signs of Wealth*, but I may just call it *Art*. That's if it comes out the way I want it. If it doesn't, I'm going to call it *Craft*.

2.

PLAYBOY: What goes on in hell, Fran? What does it look like?

LEBOWITZ: Hell looks like the girls' gym at my high school. In hell, I am taking gym, but I also have a book due. That's my idea of hell. I hated gym in high school. We had the standard-model gym teachers: paramilitary. They thought the same thing of my athletic ability as I thought of their literary ability. We had basketball, field hockey, gymnastics, rope climbing—rope climbing I refused. I refused even to attempt it. I said, "I refuse to die before my first book comes out." And I was terrible in basketball. I was short and white. My grandparents did not come to this country steerage so that I could run around playing basketball. We already got out of the ghetto. We didn't have to continue the process.

So that is the main reason I don't like sports. To me, sports is just gym with different uniforms. It's gym for adults.

3.

PLAYBOY: How do you know when you are falling in love as opposed to coming down with something?

LEBOWITZ: There's practically no distinction: You need penicillin for both. The main symptom of falling in love is that you lose your intellectual prowess. That's why there are all those words surrounding lovers—"falling in love," "lovesick," "love crazy." I love being in love. I don't think anything compares with it, though I consider it very disruptive. I am a cheerier person when I'm in love, and I think I'm a good person to be in love with. I'm a very, um, entertaining conversationalist. I'm an excellent present giver. Even if I have no money, I give excellent presents. That means I'm good at borrowing, too. I'm, ah,

a very good recipient of gifts. A more frequent recipient. I'm better at receiving. And I smoke, so I have something to do afterward.

4.

PLAYBOY: Do you go out and buy new underwear when you fall in love?

LEBOWITZ: I'm not a fanatic.

5.

PLAYBOY: Are you jealous? What makes you jealous?

LEBOWITZ: Romantically? I have an average, really average, common amount of sexual jealousy. I don't have an extreme amount, and I'm not that jealous at all. What makes me jealous? *The slightest shift in attention*.

6.

PLAYBOY: How do you know when it's over?

LEBOWITZ: When the phone rings and I don't care who it is.

7.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the things you like? Let's run down a list.

LEBOWITZ: OK, magazines: I read the *National Enquirer*, because I feel that it is the most entertaining and truthful newspaper. I read *Forbes* magazine, because Malcolm sends it to me and because I used to feel I might learn to be rich from reading it. Then I realized that all the stories of people who are self-made millionaires are the same: Someone borrowed \$1500 from his brother-in-law, went into a garage and three months later owned a \$40,000,000 computer company. So I realized pretty soon that I was not that type of person. And I read *The New Yorker*, because I'm a sensualist. I like the paper. Favorite sport: hailing a cab. Favorite TV show: *Family Feud*. But I like *People's Court*. In fact, all decisions should be made on *People's Court*. There should be something called *People's Supreme Court*. Favorite animal: steak. Favorite sexual experience: a John Leonard review. Everyone has his own idea of sex.

8.

PLAYBOY: What do you cook for guests?

LEBOWITZ: I don't have guests. I occasionally suffer the presence of people from out of town. But they do not eat there. I'm not really a gracious hostess. When I cook for myself, I cook baked potatoes.

They're very easy to cook. You put them in the oven, and when you smell burning, they're done.

9.

PLAYBOY: What do you do with lovers who stay overnight?

LEBOWITZ: One hopes they have to leave early in the morning to go to school.

10.

PLAYBOY: What qualities should the perfect host have?

LEBOWITZ: Largess. That's the key quality. A host should always be asking you what you like. The same quality, you know, that a perfect whore has, only with a big house. And every bedroom should have a phone. It's particularly important to have a phone in your bedroom if you're someone's house guest, especially in Europe. I figure if someone can afford a house in Europe, he can afford to have me make phone calls.

11.

PLAYBOY: Which writers do you admire?

LEBOWITZ: Well, I prefer dead writers, because I don't see them at parties. Oscar Wilde, he's one of my favorites. I like Hawthorne very much. *Enjoy* Hawthorne even. Nabokov, Roland Barthes, Jane Austen, Henry James I admire very much. Twain I love. Twain I really love. I know he's very highly regarded, but I don't think he's taken very seriously. He wrote humorous things, and humorous writers are never taken seriously enough. In fact, they are always the most serious writers and the most serious people.

Cheever, John O'Hara—O'Hara is really an underrated American writer. He is a much better writer than Fitzgerald. *The Great Gatsby* is a very adolescent book. In fact, I consider that book to be full of the basest sort of longing. And it's a lie. Hemingway I do not like. I'm not interested in that kind of butch statement. Faulkner I have never been able to read. And actually, I consider that a criticism of a writer, because if I can't read him, who can?

12.

PLAYBOY: What should a woman's quest in life be—to find the perfect man?

LEBOWITZ: A woman's quest in life should be to find the perfect apartment. And I have found (concluded on page 164)

Alive with



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

Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; 100's: 20 mg. "tar",
1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report March 1984.

pleasure!



© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1984



Newport

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

"Do you mean that I shall be expected to discuss affairs of state with an actor?"

from the computer's memory more than 1000 colonies, all in sector F.U.B.A.R.3. For half a millennium, those colonies, young and struggling when last heard from, had had no contact with the rest of Humanity.

The Galactic Patrol Interstellar Ship *Hopeful*, Captain Gregory Standforth commanding, was at once dispatched to re-establish contact with the Thousand Lost Colonies and return them to the bosom of Mankind.

The two tramps, picturesquely filthy, sat by the side of the road in the dusty sunshine. They were dressed in more rags than seemed absolutely necessary given the mildness of the weather; and while one of them mused upon life more or less audibly, the other removed a battered, scruffy boot and frowned mistrustfully into it, as though expecting to find something alive in there. He sighed. He blew into the boot. He sighed. He put the boot on. He took it off again. He turned to his musing, muttering companion and said, "Didi?"

"Yes?"

"What do we do now?"

"We wait."

A kind of inner earthquake of frustration vibrated through the tramp holding the boot. With a repressed scream, he cried, "For *what*?"

"For *him*," Didi said. "He promised he'd meet us here, and we're supposed to wait until—" He broke off, gazing upward past his friend's filthy forehead.

"Well?" asked the other. "Go on, go on."

"Oh, my gosh," said Didi. His voice, his manner, even his facial appearance, all had changed.

"What is it?" asked his friend, turning to look.

The two tramps stared upward at the slowly descending spaceship, a great silver cornucob lowering through the empty air. "It's Godot," Didi whispered in awe. "He finally got here."

Inside the spaceship, 27 birds watched Pam Stokes, astrogator, beautiful and brainy but blind to passion, play with her ancestral slide rule. The birds were all stuffed and wired to their perches around the *Hopeful's* command deck, and from the expression in their 54 glass eyes, they didn't like it a bit. Or perhaps what they didn't like was the sight of Captain Gregory Standforth disemboweling yet another bird on the control panel. Indigo ichor oozed through the dials and switches into the panel's innards, where it would make a mysterious bad smell for the next

several weeks.

A tall, skinny, vague-eyed, loose-wired sort of fellow, Captain Standforth was the seventh consecutive generation of Standforths to spend his life in the service of the Galactic Patrol and the first to be terrible at it. Much was expected of a Standforth, but in this case it was expected in vain. The captain had had no choice other than to follow the family footsteps into the patrol, and the patrol had had to take him, but neither had profited. All the captain wanted was to pursue his one passion, taxidermy—the stuffing of birds from everywhere in the universe—while all the patrol wanted was to never see or hear from him again.

Thump. "Ouch!" said the captain. As vermilion blood mixed with the indigo ichor, he put his cut varicolored finger into his mouth, said, "Oog," took it out again and made a bad-taste grimace. "Nn." Turning to Pam, he said, "What was that thump? Made me cut myself."

"Subsidence," she said, rapidly whizzing the slide rule's parts back and forth. "By my calculations, ground level must have eroded seven millimeters in the last half-chiliad. Therefore, the ship's computer switched off engines before we actually—"

"Half-chiliad?" asked the captain. "What's a half-chiliad?"

"Five hundred years. So that's why we thumped when we landed."

"Landed? You mean we've arrived somewhere?"

"Yes, sir."

Captain Standforth looked around at his birds. They looked back. "I wonder where we are," he said. "I wonder what kind of birds they have here."

"Wardrobe! Wardrobe!"

"Now what?"

"My wings keep falling off."

"All right, I'll get my needle and thread."

He's an airhead, Ensign Kybee Benson thought, raging murderously within while he struggled to appear calm and composed without. A clothead, a bonehead, a meathead. Chowderhead, fathead. Muttonhead. No, he's worse than all of those—he's a *Luthguster*.

The Luthguster in question, Councilman Morton Luthguster of the Supreme Galactic Council, seated on the other side of Ensign Benson's desk, went obliviously on with his question: "Why name an entire planet after an actor? A planet called J. Railsford Farnsworth is ridiculous."

"In the first place," Ensign Benson

said, swallowing brimstone, "the planet is named Hestia IV, since it is the fourth planet from its sun, Hestia. The colony's full name is the J. Railsford Farnsworth Repertory Company."

Councilman Luthguster shook his jowly head. "Damn-fool name for a *place*," he insisted. "Detroit, now, that's a name. Khartoum. Reykjavik. But J. Railsford Farnsworth Repertory Company?"

A tap at the frame of the open office door was followed by the cheerful, optimistic, shiny young face of Lieutenant Billy Shelby, *Hopeful's* second in command, who said, "We've landed, sir. We're on the ground."

"I know what landed means," Ensign Benson snapped. "I felt the bump. And when I've finished explaining the situation to the councilman, we'll be along."

"OK," Billy said happily. "We'll be waiting at the air lock. At the door."

"I know what an *air lock* is."

Billy cantered off, and Ensign Benson returned to his task. As social engineer, an expert in comparative societies, he had the job of giving Councilman Luthguster the necessary background on each colony they visited. "When this sector of the universe was colonized," he explained, "a special cultural fund was set up to bring the arts to the far-flung outposts of Man. A theatrical troupe from Earth was offered its own settlement and a subsidy and was meant to tour the other colonies with a repertory of ancient and modern drama. Of course, contact was lost almost immediately, so the troupe never got its transportation and therefore never toured. There's no guessing what it's become by now."

Luthguster pursed fat lips. "So who is this fellow J. Railsford Farnsworth?"

"Founder of the repertory company. The actor-manager-director of the troupe."

"Do you mean," Luthguster demanded, puffing out like an adder, "that I shall be expected to discuss affairs of state with an actor?"

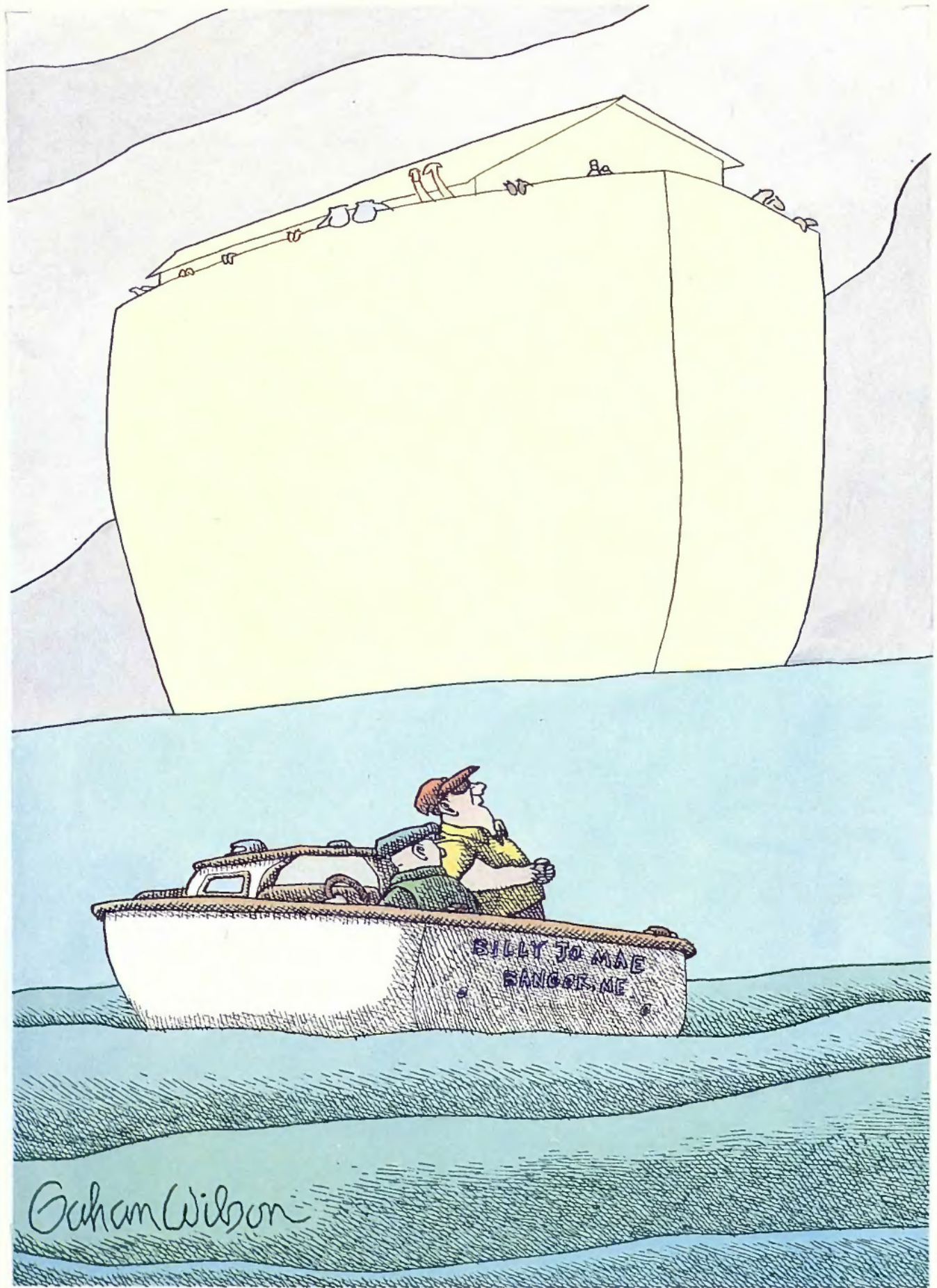
"I don't think so," Ensign Benson said. His face was expressionless, but his tense hand had crushed the plastoak arm of his chair. "J. Railsford Farnsworth would be about five hundred and forty-three by now, and that's old even for an actor."

Gathered around the air lock were two thirds of the *Hopeful's* complement: Captain Standforth, Astrogator Stokes, Lieutenant Shelby and Chief Engineer Hester Hanshaw, a stocky, blunt woman with a stocky, blunt manner, who was saying, "I didn't like that thump. Bad for the engines."

"I didn't like it, either," Captain Standforth told her. "Made me cut myself." He showed her the scratched finger.

Hester, the closest thing they had to a ship's doctor, frowned at the scratch a millisecond, then said, "Paint a little anti-rust compound on it. Be good as new."

Bemused, the captain gazed at his
(continued on page 155)



"I think I've figured out why we can't find the marina."

AMERICA'S BEST SINGLES BARS

playboy polled the experts for the hottest singles action across the land

compiled by
BRUCE KLUGER



PRECISELY AT SIX P.M., it begins. Like so many heat-seeking missiles, millions of eligible women and men launch themselves into the night in search of the very best time tonight can possibly offer. For it's after work, and you're standing in any one of tens of thousands of singles bars across the country. In honor of the billions of person-hours devoted each week to serious, get-down partying, we set out to answer once and for all one of the age's great questions: Just where *do* 20,000,000 Americans go to party?

To answer it, **PLAYBOY** undertook this survey. We began with expert panels in cities from L.A. to Boston. We polled dozens of the professionals who watch this scene for a living: editors of city magazines and newspapers, tourist publications, university newspapers and singles magazines. When we exhausted the expertise of our official sources, we pulled an end run and quizzed their less staid staffers: the younger, hipper assistants who know what *really* happens when the sun sets.

Then we sampled the "interested parties": health clubs, dating services, adult schools, local celebs, restaurant owners, lawyers, phone operators, film makers, musicians, political consultants, physicians, a scenic designer, an abortion-clinic counselor and one very hip podiatrist—well over 100 such local consultants. And that's before we assessed the bars themselves.

We think this survey is the most valuable guide yet to the hottest singles bars across the nation, but don't take our word for it. Read it, argue over it—and then get out there into the trenches and do your own research. Welcome to the Great American Prowl.

PLAYBOYS SURVEY FOR THE SINGLES-MINDED

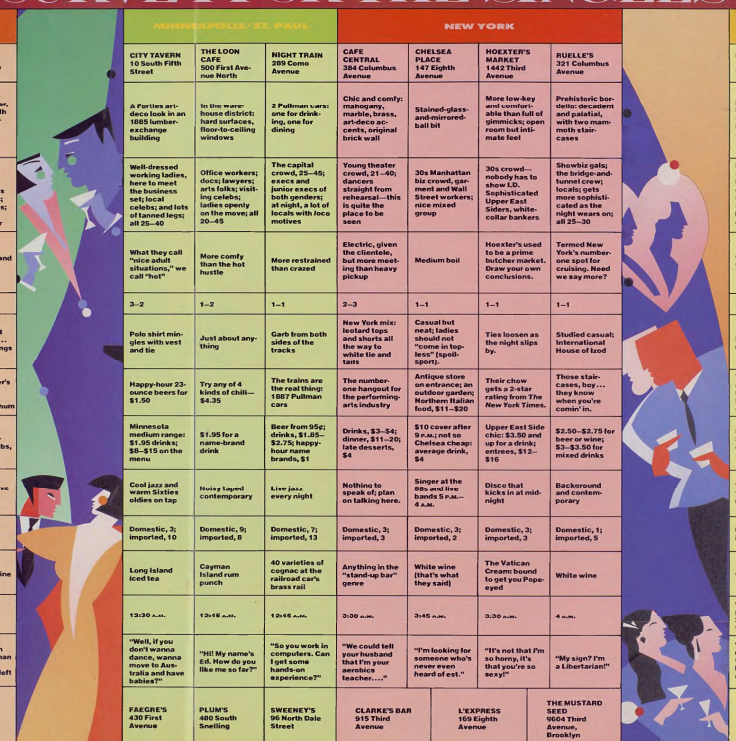
From coast to rowdy coast, we found the best and hottest

CITY	ATLANTA		BALTIMORE		BOSTON		CHICAGO				DENVER		DETROIT		HOUSTON				
NAME OF ESTABLISHMENT	COMPETI 3008 Roswell Road	ELAN 4505 Ashford Dunwoody	CHRISTOPHER'S 61 East Podonia Road	PETER'S PUB 21 South Calvert Street	WATER STREET EXCHANGE 110 Water Street	MOULHANS' 60 State Street	JASON'S OF BOSTON 131 Cleveland Street	T.G.I. FRIDAY'S 28 Easter Street	BUTCH McGUIRE'S 20 West Division Street	HARRY'S CAFE 1035 North Rush Street	THE SNUGGERY 15 West Division Street	YVETTE 1306 North State Parkway	CHRYSLER 2955 East First Avenue	RICK'S CAFE 80 South Madison	GALLIGAN'S 519 East Jefferson	GINOPOLIS 2715 Hubbard	CONFETTI 5351 West Alabama	COOTER'S 3164 Richmond Avenue	REMINISCENT BAR AND GRILL 4601 Westheimer Road
AMBIENCE AND DECOR	Kinky party atmosphere, streamers, umbrellas and motorcycle hanging from the ceiling	Margaret Mitchell all-pallet marble bar and velvet wall covering	California comfortable tile, wood and plants	American hardwood chairs and real brass milk	Victorian-style pub: wood and brass	A fern bar with a touch of class: mirrors, posters and paintings, prepared with the occasional aquarium	Mirrored and mirrored: rary, with a gourmet deli, backgammon and the occasional aquarium	A Farell's for adults	Your basic Irish pub, complete with Waterford crystal	\$1,000,000 in antiques sandwiched between 2 greenhouses	Your average brass, wood and plants	Art-deco French bistro	Colorado art deco-cherry wood instead of chrome	Remnant mechanical garage kept the look and added plants	A few steps removed from the old Irish pub: the Gulligan family crest displayed in a terrace in summer	Solid oak and brass	Real, white and blue tile floors, neon lights and brass dance cages	Spill personality: greenery and soft fabric at happy hour looking into electric and neon at night	Houston's answer to a fern bar rustic plants
WHOM YOU'LL MEET	Men 22-32, women 22-24. The girls look great here. Independent young women; some Falcons and Braves	Georgia's power crowd, fit to be seen scans. Men 30-50, women 25-35. Ladies out to meet men on their own terms	Yuppies, 19-30, on the move and out for fun, full of energy; some secretaries and polyester people	White-collar, partying professional crew, 25-40 enough to pack to negotiate a lawyer to a courtroom	Yuppies, 22-40, male and female bankers and bookies. Men to negotiate a lawyer to a courtroom	Lively ladies, their friends and roomies. Business and bookies, shades to 'burlesque' as the night wears on	Businessman meets business-woman, 21-35; advertising folks and a mix of just-folks Bostonians	Singles from Back Bay, 20-40; financial district guys with high rents; shades to 'burlesque' as the night wears on	Professional and polite, 24-34 lawyers, attorneys and lady-hug traders	Yuppies, 25-45, with money and degrees. Men, Gold Coast bar flatters; women, dressed up and classy	No beer-and-pretzel crowd here: lawyers, admen, bocs, bankers, a mix of attractive women. Forget savvy; they're arrived!	25-40, women younger than men. Admen, lawyers, fashionable women. Forget savvy; they're arrived!	Yachting types; scoping law students; hip folks in lewis for the night; Ford and G.M. gals, all 21-60	Yuppies, 21-35. A young, attractive crowd; women looking for fun	Motor City's movers, 25-35. A younger, trendy, in-the-know crowd that works and plays hard. Local media clubs	Young crowd, 21-30, especially into the 80s types; young, stylish kids; ladies dancing to stay in shape	Salesfolk, young career types on the first rung, 19-25. They let their hair down as the night goes on	Houston execs 25-40, climbing fast; class clerks out a good time	
SEXUAL TEMPERATURE	Hot stuff... but sometimes kid stuff	Atlanta still burns	A real walk-in alone, without someone else	Locals say, "If you can't get lucky at Peter's, you may as well about yourself!"	Baltimore's fast lane	Once the G.I. Maria cooks, so does the blond.	Gals morning after calls from people looking for their cars... and clothes	Plenty hot	Well above 98.6 degrees	Starts getting warm when work lets out	Forget snug—it stinks!	Thrilling but not tacky	Nice ball. The main event here is table hopping.	Rocky Mountain high!	Plenty warm	Reeved up!	Nonchalant conversation with a heavy-hairstyle undertone	Neighborhood identity: They ask your name before your number.	7 out of 10
FINALS/HAIR/STAFF	3-2	2-3	1-1	2-3	1-1	3-2	1-1	T.G.I. 1-1	1-1, neck and neck	1-1	3-2	2-1	1-1	3-2	1-1	2-1	2-3	1-1	
THREADS	That carefully casual, off-the-cuff look	Spiffy and sharp—jackets a must, some three-piece suits	A local: "The guys have up for that one suit to wear there."	Some real heads... well kept	Fashionable but comfortable	Easy dress code: No anaka or "out-lashes" suits	Freedom-formal	Blue jeans to ball gowns	Loosely enforced dress code	Businesswear	People to preened	Every button in place	Parade ground for newer fashions	Boots and Top-Siders	No sticklers here	They call the code "business"; after 9, no Levi's need apply	Splishy casual, even a few suits	Suits to New Wave stripes	A white collar, but tubular
SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS	On the phone: "There's a party tonight at Conetti's. Can I help you?"	Don't miss Monday night, "Rush Hour," boasts a \$100 buffet spread.	Last year's number-one singles bar in the area	Near the hopping inner harbor, heart of downtown	Wall-to-wall people are not exhibit to justify your tip as "cultural"	A new promotional gateway each week	Annual Bachelor's Ball bash for rich, eligible men	Drink menu: double size at happy hour	The first singles bar in town, they say...	Chic cafe in rooftop garden	An impressive hot-and-cold buffet spread at happy hour	Live music nightly in the big draw.	One of the best views of the Rockies, chic, healthy cruisers	The staff seems to have as much fun as the customers.	Don't miss the fire-breathing act at bar call.	Live service for those who shouldn't drive home	Enlivened by stage dancers and The Most Physical Female Contest	Game room, poolroom, 10 bar stations, 3 dance floors... what!	Ample finger-food menu
BUCKS	\$3 cover on Friday and Saturday; drinks, \$2-\$4	\$2.25 and up for a drink; \$7 buffet, \$7	Drinks range from \$2.50 to \$4.	Not bad for the area; \$20 covers you nicely.	Drinks about \$2; beers \$12-\$15	Drinks, \$2.25-\$2.75; Mocha platter for two, \$4.25	Not your basic tea party: \$2.75-\$3.50 for drinks	Stick to the simple drinks and you'll do OK; \$25 for the evening	\$1.25-\$2 bar a beer and up to \$2.50 for fancy	\$2.25 for well drinks; \$2.50 for call; \$3 for fancy	About \$30 gets you both drinks; drinks average \$2.35.	Rush Street regular: \$2.75-\$3 for most; cognac, \$5.50-\$6	Price is stiffer than the drinks; \$2-\$3; food, \$4-\$6.	Drinks average \$2; food, \$2-\$7.	Mixed drinks, \$1.75; beer, \$1.25	Michigan middle of the road; drinks at \$2; steak at \$11	3 hours of drink, dance and home-made pizza runs about \$30.	\$20 should take care of the night.	Drinks around \$2.75; full menu with nothing over \$8
MUSIC	D.J. programs Top 40.	Blues, rock and pop—d.j.	Live band seven nights a week in night club	Your basic everything: rock 'n' roll, Top 40, oldies	Contemporary lates, live entertainment once a week, d.j. on Fridays	D.J. all week long; Top 40 and oldies	Downstairs, some at Piano Lounge upstairs, disco	Not too loud contemporary sounds	Jukebox Top 40 and oldies	Trendy pop and jazz	Live bands Tuesday and Wednesday	Two grand pianos with singers	Taped big band	Trend contemporary	Live entertainment on summer weekends; otherwise, D.J. who plays by ear	D.J. plays contemporary mix of rock 'n' roll and New Wave.	D.J. ensures good dancing music.	Live jazz	
BIRTY QUOINENT	Domestic, 2; imported, 0	Domestic, 4; imported, 1	Domestic, 4; imported, 1	Domestic, 6; imported, 4	Domestic, 5; imported, 3	Domestic, 4; imported, 4	Domestic, 2; imported, 1	Domestic, 3; imported, 0	Domestic, 6; imported, 0	Domestic, 3; imported, 5	Domestic, 1; imported, 7	Domestic, 3; imported, 3	Domestic, 3; imported, 5	Domestic, 7; imported, 0	Domestic, 5; imported, 5	Domestic, 8; imported, 2	Domestic, 1; imported, 2	Domestic, 6; imported, 2	Domestic, 2; imported, 1
DRINKS-BAR FAVORITE	Russian Oulibud; B-52	Champagne cocktail	The manager says, "If they can name it, we can make it."	The ubiquitous pitca colada and strawberry daiquiri	Strawberry daiquiri; margarita	Ever had a Houli-cooler?	Ice-cream drink	3 specials a day	Legend says the Harvey Wallbanger was born here.	Frozen and coffee drink	The Snuggery	Moo & Chandon champagne	The Long Beach Long Island iced tea with cranberry juice instead of Coke	B-52 (and watching it being made is the real experience)	Monthly import-beer special	B-52—Bombs Away	Get You Can't: 60-ounce champagne glass with a secret recipe	Kambaze (A&E/B&B)	
LAST CALL	Friday, 3:30 a.m.; Saturday, 2:30 a.m.	Friday, 3:30 a.m.; Saturday, 2:30 a.m.	1:30 a.m.	1:30 a.m.	1:30 a.m.	1:30 a.m.	1:30 a.m.	1:30 a.m.	Friday, 3:30 a.m.; Sat., 3:30 a.m.; other days, 2 a.m.	Saturday, 2:30 a.m.; otherwise, 1:30 a.m.	Saturday, 4:40 a.m.; otherwise, 3:40 a.m.	Saturday, 2:30 a.m.; otherwise, 1:30 a.m.	1:30 a.m.	1:15 a.m.	1:45 a.m.	1:30 a.m.	1:45 a.m.	2 a.m.	1:45 a.m.
BARTENDER'S MOST MEMORABLE EPHEMERAL PICKUP LINE	"Say, I'm fresh out of clever lines, but I'd love to fuck"	She to him: "Would you mind awfully if I gave you a blow job?"	"I know what I want! I want you!"	"My wife and I both believe in fidelity. She's just a little more devout about it."	"Well, son, I'm basically herpes-free."	"Talk about good-looking. My twin brother is dashing..."	"I agree sex is for special times; this is the only Friday all week."	"Do you know you've got the face of the Lighties?"	"Want kids? Honey, I'm one!"	She: "I work in mutual bonds."	"Gee, can you believe all the lines these assholes use around here?"	"I'm a Scorpio. If I don't get laid tonight, I go back to being a virgin."	One customer orders by "Any of you ladies like to come watch General Hospital with me?"	"Let's live for tomorrow but do it tonight!"	"What's your radio police rate?"	"Would it make any difference if I said I had a vasectomy? OK, then, I did."	"How, 'rinos. Please? I'll give you a husband or nine..."		
HONORABLE MENTIONS	HARRISON'S GALLERY 1 Galleria Parkway	THRILLS 3022 Peachtree Road, N.E.	MT. WASHINGTON TAVERN 5700 Newbury Street	LL'S MAIN BAR Faneuil Hall at the Quincy Market Building	RACHELL'S Boston Marriott Long Wharf 296 State Street	ARNIE'S 1030 North State Street	MANHATTAN 1045 North Rush Street	SWEETWATER 1028 North Rush Street	CONFETTI 350 South Birch Street	KNICKS 7800 East Hampden Avenue	BENNINGMAN'S/BLOOMFIELD HILLS 2555 Woodward Avenue	COOY'S 3400 Montrose Avenue	SAN ANTONIO ROSE 1641 South Van						

PLAYBOY'S SURVEY FOR THE SINGLES-MINDED

from coast to rowdy coast, we found the best and hottest

CITY	LOS ANGELES				MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL				NEW YORK				PHILADELPHIA			ST. LOUIS		WASHINGTON, D.C.	
NAME OF ESTABLISHMENT	CARLOS'S N CHARLIE'S 8245 Sunset Boulevard	THE CHINA CLUB 8338 West Third Street	THE GINGER MAN 309 North Bedford Drive	HARD ROCK CAFE 8600 Beverly Boulevard	CITY TAVERN 10 South Fifth Street	THE LOON CAFE 500 First Avenue North	NIGHT TRAIN 289 Como Avenue	CAFE CENTRAL 384 Columbus Avenue	CHELSEA PLACE 147 Eighth Avenue	HOEXTER'S MARKET 1443 Third Avenue	BULLIE'S 321 Columbus Avenue	ELAN 1761 Locust Street	LICKETY SPLIT 401 South Street	PT'S 6 South Front Street	BRISTOL BAR AND DRILL 11801 Olive Boulevard	CAFE BALABAN 602 North Euclid Avenue	CULPEPPERS 300 North Euclid Avenue	CHAMPIONS 1906 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W.	RAMORS 1900 M Street, N.W.
AMBIENCE AND DECOR	Highly eclectic interior hang with musical instruments	Always Chinese and rock decor; black, white and red marble and chrome; Paterfamilias mural	Combination New York/English pub (the English part is the bar, the New York is the brass and glass)	Late-1970s rockabilly decor, complete with booths, rock-'n'-roll-in-America theme	A Forties art-deco look in an 1880 lumber-exchange building	In the near-house district; hard surfaces, floor-to-ceiling windows	2 Pullman cars, one for drinking, one for dining	Chic and comfy; mahogany, marble, brass, art-deco accents, original brick wall	Stained-glass and mirrored ball bit	More low-key and comfortable than full of gimmicks; open room but intimate	Prabsteric bohemian decor and patial, with two mammoth bar cases	Baroque-influenced, ornate and plush; rich wood beams and brick	Glossy, with a touch of old Philly; twinkling ceiling over wood beams and brick	Like being in a woody, plush divi backgammon tables	European pub decor genuine wood antiques	Parisian chic—a distinct Parisian Left Bank feel	Street-front look in a turn-of-the-century building, an open modern space	Chic Georgetown bar (1933 Sprint sports car hangs overhead, also Joe Louis' headgear)	Updated Colonial with ceiling fans
FROM COUL'VE MET	Music fights Cooper to Donna Summer; pretty women showing up in pairs all 21-45	Trendy music crew (including Stevie Wonder and Rod Stewart); single and stylish Beverly Hills girls; all 25-45	Junior execs and above; Beverly Hills business and TV crowd; PE ladies and career ladies; 20s and 30s; younger later	Hollywood housewives; chic Beverly Hills business folks; college ladies; 20s and 30s; younger later	Well-dressed working ladies, here to meet the business local celebs; and lots of local with local motives	Office workers; chic lawyers; artsy folks; visiting celebs; ladies openly on the move; all 20-45	The capital crowd, 25-45; execs and junior execs of both genders; at night, a lot of the local with local motives	Young theater crowd, 21-40; dancers straight from rehearsal—this is quite the place to be seen	30s Manhattan biz crowd; garment and Wall Street workers; nice mixed group	30s crowd—nobody has to show ID. Sophisticated Upper East Siders, white-collar bankers	Showbiz gals; the bridge-and-tunnel crowd; local; gets more sophisticated as the night wears on; all 25-30	Philly's smart set, 25-45; lawyers; real-estate types; sophisticated; lots of stylish ladies hoping to leave accompanied	Theater crowd, 23 up; docs; lawyers; ultra-tive Penn State crowd; and a slew of car salesladies	A quieter group, 25-30; single middle-management folks; the rising-career gang	Laid-back professional, 25-35; these folks aren't "customers," they're "clients."	Strong, chic, burly battalion, 21-40; professionals who've changed into upper-middle-class ladies	Urbanites, 30-45; a varied crowd of career women, honkers, C.F.A.s, neighborhood folks; local middle people	Athletes, politicians and celeb galers, 21-35; models, execs, street and every cheerleader in town	Upper-middle-class maters, 25-35; brokers; nurses; lady lawyers; a few coeds
SEXUAL SUPPLIANCE	Plenty warm	No cover, which encourages cruisers	Friday struts, weekdays variable	Rocks, rolls and writhes	What they call "nice adult situations," we call "heat"	More comfy than the hot hustle	More restrained than crazed	Electric, given the clientele, but more relaxing than heavy pickup	Medium boil	Hoexter's used to be a prime butcher market. Draw your own conclusions.	Turned New York's number-one spot for cruising. Need we say more?	Good erotic vibes	Intimate and easy	Calm but not underneath it all	Old Faithful: always boiling	Hot hustle	Culpepper's hot	High-energy, hot and hetero—for love and dancing	Capital. Monumental. Hot
DRINK/VALUE RATIO	1-1	1-1	2-3	1-1	3-2	1-2	1-1	2-3	1-1	1-1	1-1	2-1	1-1	1-1	2-3	3-2	1-1	2-3. Dame!	1-1
HEADS	Jeans are just fine.	Conservative in the restaurant, outrageous in the bar—especially the bar—make-up	No limits other than neat; sporty beachwear to B.H. chic.	Anything that can be worn... and often things that can't	Polo shirt mingles with vest and tie	Just about anything	Garb from both sides of the tracks	New York mix: island tops and shorts all the way to white tie and tails	Casual but neat; ladies should not "come in topless" (spit-spit).	Ties loosen as the night goes by.	Studied casual; international House of food	Fashionably revealing	Diamonds to dumpsters, most anything's comfortable.	The dressy, well-dressed look	Upscale casual; messy coats, ties and glasses	Clientele is well dressed; the waiters are in jeans.	You look just fine, come as you are—every thing from jeans to white	More than \$100,000 in sports memorabilia on display	Patio overlooks D.C.'s business quarter; bubbly Sunday brunch
SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS	The only place to eat on a carousel on the roof	Entertainment once a week (R&B and jazz bands)	Prides itself on a sophisticated New York feel	Henry Winkler's Four jackets; 1959 green Cadillac; he-hum	Happy hour 23-ounce beers for \$1.50	Try any of 4 kinds of chili—\$4.35	The trains are the real thing; 1887 Pullman cars	Antique store on entrance; an outdoor garden; Northern Italian food, \$11-\$20	Their chow gets a 2-star rating from The New York Times.	These flash-cases, boy... they know when you're "come in."	Theme nights: annual sensual-fantasy night; lingerie fashion show	Known as "the longest-running dinner party on South Street"	Wednesday: Madness Night; 7:30 drinks from \$8	Wednesday and Sunday, New Orleans and funky food systems at 15¢	The champagne flows; the seafood is especially the envy of Boston.	Mixed drink, \$1.70-\$2; beer, \$1.40; sausage and salads, \$2-\$4.25	Mixed drink, \$1.70-\$2; beer, \$1.40; sausage and salads, \$2-\$4.25	Mixed drink, \$2 and up; beer, \$1.70-\$2	D.J. plays great contemporary rock and favorite dance music.
DRINKS	Highest on file is \$16.50; \$2.25, mixed \$2.75-\$3, mixed drinks.	\$3-\$5 at bar; \$12 for food	Drinks run \$2.75-\$3; food \$6.50	Drinks from \$2.25; water-melon BBQ ribs, \$6.50	Minnesota medium range: \$1.99 drink; \$5-\$11 on the menu	\$1.95 for a name-brand drink	Beer from \$5; drink, \$1.65-\$2.75; happy-hour one brand, \$1	Nothing to speak of; plan on talking here.	Singer at the bar and live bands 5 p.m.-4 a.m.	Nothing to speak of; plan on talking here.	The Vatican Cream brand to get you Pigg-eyed	White wine	White wine	White wine	White wine	White wine	White wine	White wine	White wine
MUSIC	Piped-in tapes of the usual stuff	Imported tapes with an emphasis on British	From player 4 nights a week	Taped R&B, sometimes live and always very loud	Cool jazz and warm sixties oldies on tap	Hot jazz contemporary	Live jazz every night	Singer at the bar and live bands 5 p.m.-4 a.m.	Nothing to speak of; plan on talking here.	The Vatican Cream brand to get you Pigg-eyed	White wine	White wine	White wine	White wine	White wine	White wine	White wine	White wine	White wine
NEW MOTIVEX	Domestic, 6; imported, 3	Domestic, 4; imported, 8	Domestic, 3; imported, 4	Domestic, 2; imported, 4	Domestic, 3; imported, 10	Domestic, 9; imported, 8	Domestic, 7; imported, 13	Domestic, 3; imported, 3	Domestic, 3; imported, 3	Domestic, 1; imported, 3	Domestic, 1; imported, 3	Domestic, 1; imported, 3	Domestic, 1; imported, 3	Domestic, 1; imported, 3	Domestic, 1; imported, 3	Domestic, 1; imported, 3	Domestic, 1; imported, 3	Domestic, 1; imported, 3	Domestic, 1; imported, 3
RACE-BAIL FAVORITES	Margarita (called the best in town)	China Club punch—\$4.50	Long Island Iced Tea	Hard Rock Wine	Long Island Iced Tea	Cayman Island rum punch	40 varieties of cognac at the railroad cars brass rail	Anything in the "stand-up bar" genre	White wine (that's what they said)	The Vatican Cream brand to get you Pigg-eyed	White wine	White wine	White wine	White wine	White wine	White wine	White wine	White wine	White wine
LAST CALL	1:30 a.m.	Midnight	1:00-1:45 a.m.	Midnight	1:30 a.m.	1:45 a.m.	1:45 a.m.	3:00 a.m.	3:45 a.m.	3:00 a.m.	4 a.m.	1:00 a.m.	1:45 a.m.	1:30 a.m.	1:15 a.m.	1:15 a.m.	1:15 a.m.	1:15 a.m.	1:15 a.m.
BARTENDER'S MOST RESPONSIBLE VERDICT (TOP 10)	"How'd you like to come over and play?"	"What's your position on recreational sex?"	"Why don't we go back to my office, do some cocaine and fuck?"	A bartender saw a woman approach a man and grab his crotch; they left together.	"Well, if you don't wanna dance, wanna move to Australia and have babies?"	"Hi! My name's Ed. How do you like me so far?"	"So you work in computers. Can I get some hands-on experience?"	"We could tell your husband that I'm your aerobic teacher..."	"I'm looking for someone who's never even heard of est..."	"It's not that I'm so horny, it's that you're so sexy?"	"My sign? I'm a Libertarian?"	"You won't dance? Well, then, I guess a blow job is out of the question."	"When I wake you in the morning, should I call you or nudge you?"	"Do you come here often... or wait'll you get home?"	"Race you through the wine list."	"I used to just be into sex, but now I'm into sensitivity."	"Weren't you in The Sound of Music?"	"See, that's the nice thing about Democrats: they don't fold our clothes beforehand."	
HONORABLE MENTIONS	KATHY GALLAGHER 8723 West Third Street	HAMBURGER HAMELEY BREWERY 11648 San Vicente Boulevard	RED ONION 3580 Wilshire Boulevard	FAEGRE'S 430 First Avenue	PLUM'S 480 South Sealing	SWEENEY'S 96 North Dale Street	CLARK'S BAR 915 Third Avenue	L'EXPRESSION 169 Eighth Avenue	THE MUSTARD SEED 904 Third Avenue, Brooklyn	DR. WATSON'S PUB 216 South 11th Street	SECOND STORY 117 Walnut Street	LUCIUS BOOMER 707 Campanian Alley	HOLLIHAN'S OLD PLACE 104 West 10th Street	PALM BEACH CAFE 6756 McPherson Avenue	CLYDE'S 3236 M Street, N.W.	SIGN OF THE WALL 1253 M Street, N.W.			



BREAKING UP

(continued from page 104)

"With a cellular phone in your car, you pick up the handset and dial any number in the world."

long-distance number—the phone chain dials the two numbers. A 12-digit display shows you the numbers as it dials for you, plus the time of day when the phone is not in use. Busy numbers are automatically redialed for ten minutes. And if security is a concern at your location, you can enter a code that prevents any unauthorized callers from using the phone for dialing out.

For the home, a smaller-memory phone may be all you need. General Electric's Hotline 2 one-piece phone (\$65.95) features 12 memories, three of which, preferably emergency numbers, are available at the touch of one button. The nine others are recalled by pressing two buttons. A small light illuminates the keys for night dialing. This model is switchable between pulse and tone dialing. If your home is not wired for tone dialing, you can still use this phone to access a long-distance-service computer by dialing the local number with the pulse dialer, then switching to the tone dialer for your access code and long-distance number. The phone comes with a dual-purpose cradle that turns the unit into a slim desk phone or a wall phone, the latter attaching to a standard wall plate.

While we're on the subject of one-piece telephones, be sure to check out Comdial's Model 0020 (\$59.95), as it's one of the sleekest communications pieces we've seen. Unlike other one-piece phones, the 0020 rests on its back, revealing a brushed-aluminum-look faceplate and simple numeric keypad and ever-so-slightly contoured profile. In keeping with its simplicity, the 0020 has no extraneous technical features beyond a HOLD button.

High styling, however, need not be limited to one-piece telephones. From Denmark comes both high style and high technology in the danMark 2 (\$199), a fully featured desk phone with an eminently simple and understated appearance hiding all its power. Four buttons control all functions, such as the speaker phone and memory programming. Nine memories, plus a last-number-redial feature, are accessible with smaller buttons on the top panel of the low-profile unit. A 16-digit LCD display confirms the numbers you dial.

Looking more high camp than high tech is the TEL-2280 Big Dial phone from Universal Security Instruments (\$99.95). As its name suggests, the push buttons on this desk-style phone are large enough for the most bleary-eyed dialer to see correctly, provided he can remember the number he's calling. And even if not, the phone's ten-number memory and convenient index of stored numbers should help speed the

call. Three one-button memories simplify dialing a call to the police, fire department or doctor.

Combining two or more phone products into one unit makes sensible use of desktop real estate. Record a Call, for example, packages a ten-memory cordless telephone with an attractive AM/FM digital clock-radio, the Model C.A.T. 50 (\$279.95).

Another popular combination today is that of a telephone and an answering machine. Phone-Mate's sleek Know Phone IQ 850 (\$129.95) can be used as both a call screener and an answering machine. A built-in electronic voice answers calls for you while you listen to find out who the caller is. If it's someone selling something you don't want, you won't have to stop what you're doing to answer. But if it's someone inviting you to a hot-tub party, just press the ANSWER button and lift the receiver.

But not all phones are meant to be used on a desk. If you like to think on your feet but don't want to hold a cordless phone to your ear, the Technidyne Hands-Free Go Fone, Model GF290 (\$149.95), is a marvelously new configuration that should interest you. The portable remote unit is about the size of a pack of cigarettes and slips into your pocket or clips to a belt. A lightweight one-earphone headset with a tiny boom microphone takes the place of the traditional handset. Without any cumbersome antennas, you can roam up to 300 feet away from the equally minuscule base unit, depending on your environment, and dial or receive calls. What better way to restore your Bugatti while talking with friends?

The popularity of cordless phones has caused interference problems, especially in densely populated areas. With so many phones in a confined locale, it is possible that someone else can accidentally make outgoing calls on your line if both cordless systems are on the same frequency.

One company addressing such problems is Uniden, with its Model EX-4800 cordless phone (\$279.95). You can program the base unit to respond only to one of 256 security codes sent by the portable unit when communication begins. This prevents anyone with another phone on the same frequency from dialing out on your line. Cobra goes one step further with its Model CP-330S cordless unit (\$229.95), which lets you also change the frequency pair on which your phone works. Therefore, most potential interference problems are correctable by the user—you don't have to take the unit back to the dealer, hoping that he has a phone

in stock with a frequency that's not used in your neighborhood.

The FCC is also making available additional frequencies in the 46-to-49-megahertz very-high-frequency (V.H.F.) range for cordless phones this year. Mura Corporation is among the first to jump onto these new frequencies, which allow the phone maker to keep both transmit and receive signals at a frequency with characteristically higher-quality voice reproduction (without the buzzing that sometimes occurs at the handset end of other phones). Mura's MP-900/901 is a powerful combination of a fully featured self-contained desktop phone and a cordless handset with a claimed range of up to 1000 feet. The cordless unit uses the 32 memories of the base unit for dialing out, complete with voice-synthesized confirmation of what number is stored in each memory, in case you forget. In an office or warehouse environment, the base unit can work with up to five cordless units, paging each one individually when incoming calls are screened at the base unit. The price is \$249.95 for the base and one remote, \$129.95 for each additional remote.

The Electra Freedom Phone 4500 (\$319.95) is another cordless model using the new V.H.F. frequency pairs. With a claimed range of 1500 feet from the base unit, it takes the worry out of being far. Before dialing an outgoing call from the keypad or one of the ten built-in memories, a special tone lets you know whether or not you're close enough to the base unit to make a good-quality call. Accounting for interference problems, the 4500 has a programmable security code and a choice of two built-in frequency pairs.

The ultimate cordless telephone, however, has to be the newest technology in car telephones—cellular mobile phones. Cellular systems eliminate the likelihood that you'll ever have to wait for an open line—saving you 20 to 60 minutes in some metropolitan areas. With a cellular phone in your car, you pick up the handset, listen for the dial tone and dial any number in the world. Similarly, your mobile phone has a regular number, just like any other phone, so anybody can reach you there. There's no mobile-phone operator.

OK, we'll admit that car telephones aren't anything new. But one new thing this cellular technology brings with it is the possibility of a portable, hand-held telephone with the same flexibility and power as the mobile cellular units. Motorola is the first supplier to bring out a portable unit, costing around \$4000. But as technology improves and the number of portable phones increases, the prices are bound to go down.

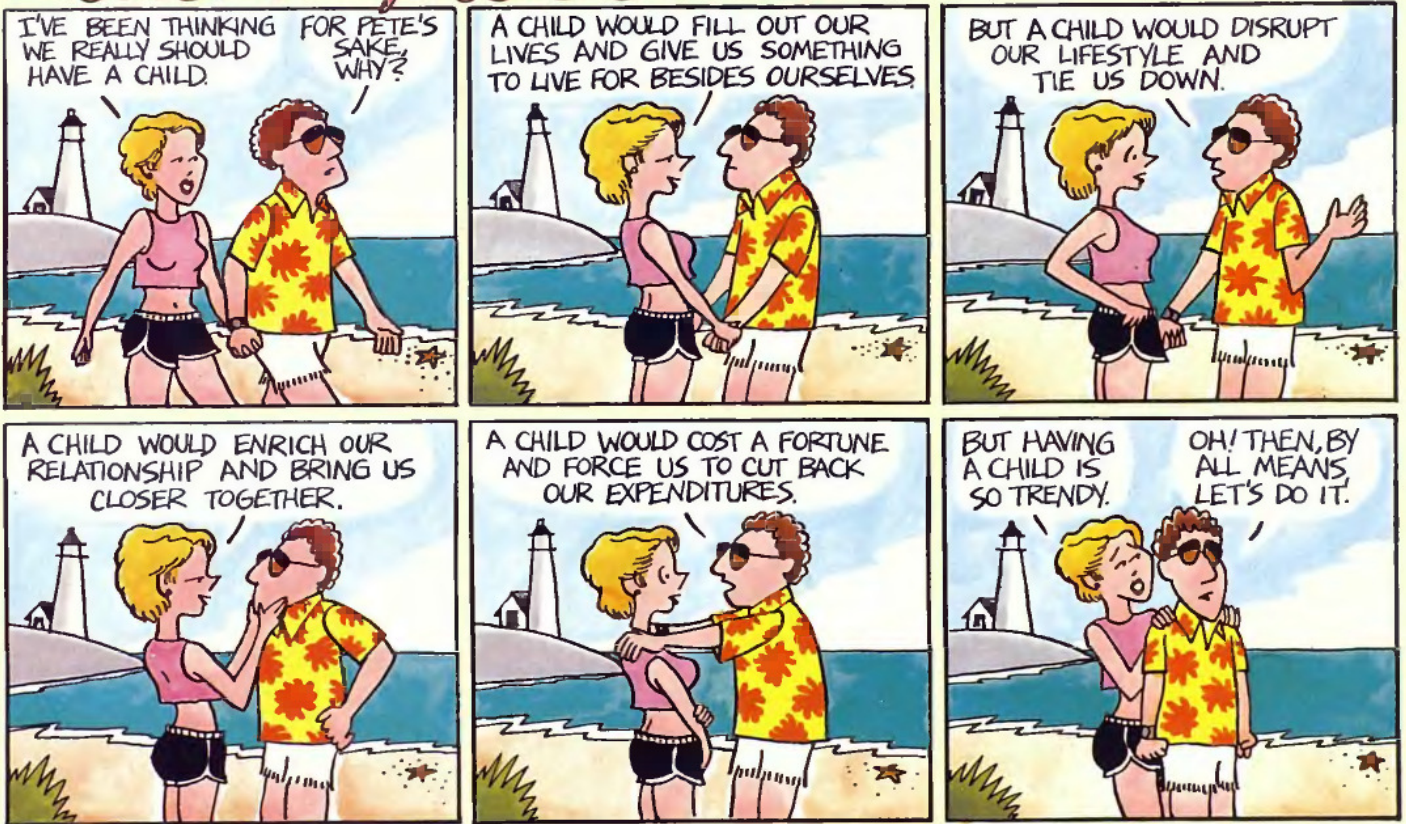
It looks as if it won't be long before the old desk telephone that does nothing more than dial and receive a call will be as outmoded as the wall phone with the crank wired to Sarah at the switching office.





Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON



annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard



I wish you didn't have to leave so soon, Seymour.

Me, too, but I have a class to teach at two.



We have an understanding, don't we? you don't threaten Joey. He doesn't threaten you. I don't threaten your wife, etc....I think it works out pretty well, don't you?



So, what's going on with you and Shelly Becker? I saw her in class all googoo-eyed over you. Are you two fooling around?

Well, I must admit she and I have gone out for coffee-



Gone out for coffee? Sitting and talking- That's INTIMATE- that's like prolonged FOREplay. Going out for coffee is how WE STARTED. How could you? I feel betrayed.



So, how many times did you have coffee?... Wait! I don't want to know.... So, when are you going to consummate your relationship... OR DID YOU ALREADY?



I'm being terrible. You know you shouldn't ask a question like that.



I must tell you in all honesty, whatever the truth is, I can give only one answer to such a question. And that is "No."



"I looked at his left hand; no wedding ring there. Which meant what? No sons, no future?"

almost immediately, "You're wondering whatever happened to my father."

"My God," I sighed.

"No, no," he assured me, "it's all right.

A lot of people have wondered, have asked over the years."

The boy inside the older man nursed his martini and remembered the past.

"Do you *tell* people when they ask?" I said.

"I do."

I took a deep breath. "All right, then. What *did* happen to your father?"

"He died."

There was a long pause.

"Is that *all*?"

"Not quite." The young-old man arranged his glass on the table in front of him and placed a napkin at a precise angle to it and fitted an olive to the very center of the napkin, reading the past there. "You remember what he was like?"

"Vividly."

"Oh, what a world of meaning you put into that 'vividly!'" The young-old man snorted faintly. "You remember his marches up, down, around the pool, left face, right, 'tenshun, don't move, chin, stomach in, chest out, harch, two, hut?"

"I remember."

"Well, one day in 1953, long after the old crowd was gone from the pool, and you with them, my dad was drilling me outdoors one late afternoon. He had me standing in the hot sun for an hour or so, and he yelled in my face. I can remember the saliva spray on my chin, my nose, my

eyelids when he yelled, 'Don't move a muscle! Don't blink! Don't twitch! Don't breathe till I *tell* you! You hear, soldier? Hear? You hear? Hear?'"

"Sir!" I said between gritted teeth.

"As my father turned, he slipped on the tiles and fell into the water."

The young-old man paused and gave a strange, small bark of a laugh.

"Did you *know*—of course you didn't; I didn't, either—that in all those years of working at various pools, cleaning out the showers, replacing the towels, repairing the diving boards, fixing the plumbing, he had never, my God, never learned to swim? *Never!* Jesus. It's unbelievable. Never.

"He had never *told* me. Somehow, I had never guessed! And since he had just yelled at me, instructed me, *ordered* me—'Eyes right! Don't twitch! Don't *move!*'—I just *stood* there staring straight ahead at the late-afternoon sun. I didn't let my eyes drop to see, even once. Just straight ahead, by the numbers, as told.

"I heard him thrashing around in the water, yelling. But I couldn't understand what he said. I heard him suck and gasp and gargle and suck again, going down, shrieking, but I stood straight, chin up, stomach tight, eyes level, sweat on my brow, mouth firm, buttocks clenched, ramrod spine, and him yelling, gagging, taking water. I kept waiting for him to yell, 'At ease!' 'At ease!' he should have yelled, but he never did. So what could I do? I just stood there, a statue, until the

shrieking stopped and the water lapped the pool rim and everything got quiet. I stood there for ten minutes, maybe 20, half an hour, until someone came out and found me there, and he looked down into the pool and saw something deep under and said, 'Jesus Christ' and finally turned and came up to me, because he knew me and my father, and at last said, 'At ease.'

"And then I cried."

The young-old man finished his drink.

"You see, the thing is, I couldn't be sure he wasn't faking. He'd done tricks like that before to get me off guard, make me relax. He'd go around a corner, wait, duck back to see if I was ramrod tall. Or he'd pretend to go into the men's room and jump back to find me wrong. Then he'd punish me. So, standing there by the pool that day, I thought, It's a trick, to make me fall out. So I had to wait, didn't I, to be sure . . . to be sure."

Finished, he put his empty martini glass down on the tray and sat back in his own silence, eyes gazing over my shoulder at nothing in particular. I tried to see if his eyes were wet or if his mouth gave some special sign now that the tale was told, but I saw nothing.

"Now," I said, "I know about your father. But . . . whatever happened to *you*?"

"As you see," he said, "I'm here."

He stood up and reached over and shook my hand.

"Good night," he said.

I looked straight up at his face and saw the young boy there waiting for orders 5000 afternoons back. Then I looked at his left hand; no wedding ring there. Which meant what? No sons, no future? But I couldn't ask.

"I'm glad we met again," I heard myself say.

"Yes." He nodded and gave my hand a final shake. "It's good to see you made it through."

Me, I thought. My God! *Me?*

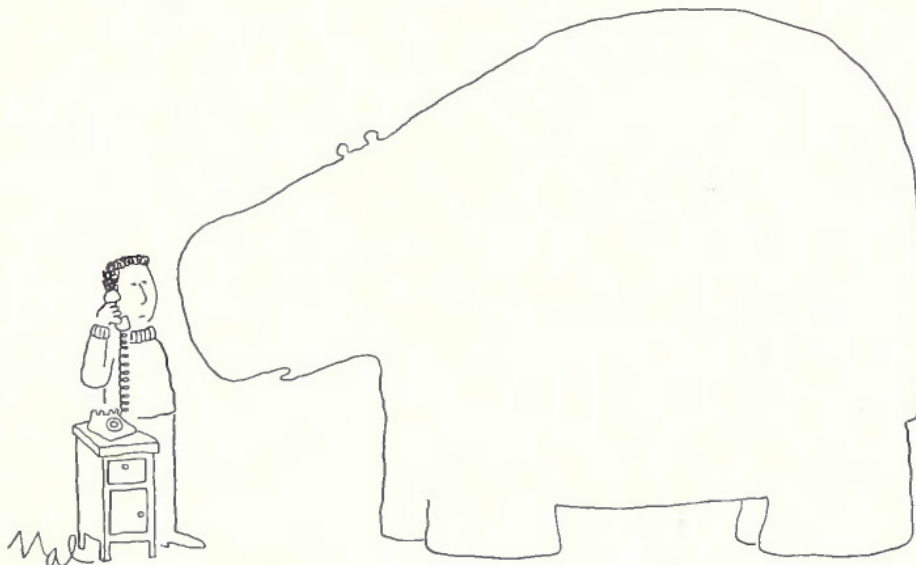
But he had turned and was walking off down the aisle, beautifully balanced, not swaying with the train's motion, this way or that. He moved in a clean, lithe, well-cared-for body that the train's swerving could do nothing to as he went away.

As he reached the door, he hesitated, his back to me, and seemed to be waiting for some final word, some order, some shout from someone.

"Forward," I wanted to say, "by the numbers! *March!*"

But I said nothing.

Not knowing if it would kill him or release him, I simply bit my tongue and watched him open the door, slip silently through and stride down the corridor of the next sleeping car toward a past I just might have imagined, toward a future I could not guess.



"Ask her if she has a friend for me."



“The next morning, the warnings began. The press wrote that boxing kills.”

would be appreciated: After all, he was supposed to be the best.

He relented. “I’ve coached Olympic boxers,” he told me. “I’ve coached so many fighters I can’t begin to remember them all. It’ll have to be a crash course, but I’ve had kids who’ve never had gloves on in their life and turned them into champions.” The sanity clause: If by the time of the Gloves he thought I could get hurt, I wouldn’t box.

So in room 402, a classroom at the Y, with the chairs pushed to one side, Ciocher watched my Ali imitation. He had two things to say. One, I didn’t know anything; and, two, teaching me in three months would be near impossible. “I don’t do half-assed jobs,” he said.

“If that’s all we can do,” I said, “let’s do the best half-assed job we can.”

The lessons began with step zero, the boxing position. In the next three months, Ciocher’s most frequent command would be “Keep your position.” Stand flat-footed, arms to the side. One: Take a normal stride, with the left foot slightly to the side and slightly pigeon-toed. Two: Bounce two or three times lightly on the balls of the feet to get comfortable. Three: Lift the left forearm from the elbow so the hand is about a foot out from the shoulder joint and the fist is flat. Four: Lift the right forearm so it’s about three inches from the chest, directly under the chin, fist flat. Five, six: Drop the right side slightly and lean a bit forward, a controlled droop. When he was satisfied, after about 20 attempts at getting all of that right, we progressed to step one: moving around with Tiny.

In the mat-covered wrestling room, Ciocher’s fighters were warming up. Tiny, about six feet tall and 280 pounds, stood out: small squinty eyes, bulging stomach hanging over tight light-blue sweats. Headgear squeezed onto his head so tight it looked as if his scrunched-up ears would pop out of the ear holes. His upper arms were a bit larger than my thighs. But Tiny was inordinately gentle, and the sparring was painless. Under Ciocher’s orders, he threw his punches at my gloves. I never moved close enough to hit him back. I wasn’t frightened, but at the end of two easy rounds, my sweat had soaked through even my sneakers.

I estimated it would take me about three hours a day for a year to absorb the rudiments of the “sweet science.” Even the pathetic heavyweights who haunt weekly televised fights seemed almost infinitely beyond my talent. The trick was not absorbing intellectually what Ciocher had

to teach but, as he said, “teaching yourself to think with your body.”

The week I began my training, Alexis Arguello was beaten into unconsciousness in Miami by Aaron Pryor. Arguello was knocked from his senses in the 14th round by a right hand that almost broke his jaw and was able to defend himself against several more punches until Pryor overwhelmed him. The ref stopped it about ten punches later and ten punches too late. Arguello slid to the canvas and remained unconscious for four minutes. But he survived. A day later, Duk Koo Kim was knocked into unconsciousness by Ray “Boom Boom” Mancini in a championship bout in Vegas. He died after neurosurgeons drilled holes in his skull to release the pressure on his brain from the blood clot. Kim was decked by one punch in the 14th round. Nothing you can do about those but pray they don’t happen to you.

The next morning, the warnings began. The press wrote that boxing kills. And I was working for a science magazine: In one of those slaps of irony, I was assigned to help report a story on boxing and the brain. The writer was a friend who, earlier, upon hearing of my boxing, had come into my office and for nearly half an hour had called me an asshole. When I showed her some American Medical Association statistics that recorded fewer deaths per thousand in boxing than in college football, her response was, “Great; first we’ll get boxing banned, then we’ll go after college football!”

She began slipping cheerful articles onto my desk or under my door; the first one was from a British medical journal. “We report,” wrote a Dr. J. K. Cruikshank, “two cases of severe acute brain injury which were particularly worrying because they both occurred in amateur boxers who had no demonstrable predisposing abnormalities and after seemingly routine bouts in the ring.”

The following week would provide a wealth of valuable information for the up-and-coming pugilist. For instance, that a good right hand can land with the force of 1000 pounds. This, if the fighter is extremely unlucky, can cause a blood vessel in the brain to burst, flooding blood into the space between the brain and its protective membrane. The result is a subdural hematoma, putting pressure on the brain, causing irreparable damage or death, as was the case with Pat and Duk Koo Kim. If the fighter is a little luckier, those 1000-pound punches day after day result in dementia pugilistica, punch-

drunkenness. In this case, the boxer is only suffering from permanent loss of brain cells. Cerebral atrophy, the doctors call it.

Such information was of little help when I graduated to serious sparring. While it was running around my brain, I was beaten about the head and shoulders by Hank, my sparring partner. He was a hospital administrator for the city and rode in from Queens to box at the Y., which he had been doing off and on for a year and a half. Hank became my biggest fan. He regretted never having had the chance to fight in the Gloves, so I would be fighting for him. He was about my size, 20 years my senior and not particularly quick, but I couldn’t block or duck his punches, and once he started hitting me, I fell apart. By the third round of sparring—far too late—I realized my problem. I was watching his eyes, a natural instinct, but his *gloves* were punching me in the nose.

Fighters will tell you that your nose stops hurting once it gets hit enough. It doesn’t have to get broken; with enough punches, the cartilage simply erodes and the nose loses its shape, becomes floppy. But my nose was too big, too angular. It hurt every minute during those months. When a good jab hit it, the response was instantaneous: blood and the barely controllable desire to crawl into the nearest corner and cry. By the end of a round, I was nearly helpless, because I couldn’t see through the tearing in my eyes. Blood pooled in my nostrils, and I had to breathe by sucking air through the holes in my mouth guard. I felt like I was drowning. And this voice in my head was screaming, *What the hell am I doing here?*

When the sparring was over, I showered and dressed and walked home up Broadway. I wanted to find a shoulder to cry on. Losing makes you feel as if someone has stuck a hypodermic into your bones and sucked out your marrow, taking your self-confidence with it for good measure. In boxing, when you lose, the only excuse is that you weren’t good enough to win. There’s no one else to blame. When you’re sparring and losing, the child in you suddenly appears. You want to jump your opponent and bite, kick and scratch. When it’s immediately over, even if you’ve been praying for the bell to stop the punishment, you want to start again, to keep going until you can start winning. Later, all that remains of your childish anger is cruelty. You feel small and vulnerable, and you want to boost yourself up by shoving strangers around or kicking poodles. You want to insult people half your size, then dare them to do something about it. At least I did. I still wasn’t sure whether the feelings came from boxing—did Hank feel that way?—or from me.

By mid-December, a month of my schizophrenic life had left me worried, obsessed and nearly crippled. I had taken a comfortable Manhattan life and turned

it into *Stalag 17*. I was in bed every night by 10:30—not so easy, considering that I rarely finished work before eight—and up every morning at six to begin a two-hour workout. I had noticeable and worrisome palpitations at the thought of women who might entice me to disturb my routine. (Syd Martin, the trainer at the Times Square Gym, told me that it takes 16 drops of blood to equal one drop of semen; therefore, “You can’t go blowing it before a fight, because you can’t get it back.”)

I wasn’t worried: My girlfriend had walked out three weeks after I began training. “You’re getting in the best shape of your life,” she complained, “and by the time I get hold of your body, it’s asleep.”

Physically, I was two years short of my athletic prime, but my body felt 50 years past it. A pulled muscle in my back had me screaming every time I sat down. My fingers were swollen and stiff, making my handwriting look like that of a three-year-old. With every other step I took, my right knee collapsed. The knee was a multi-scarred victim of Ivy League football, and I wasn’t giving even odds that it would last until the fight. It seemed somewhat shameful to be only 26 yet wishing I had the body of a 21-year-old.

What made it all worse was not just that I was doing this voluntarily; I was doing it illicitly. I had finally noticed the small print in the *Gloves*’ entry forms pointing out that I was *not* in my last year of eligibility, as I had thought. I was nine months beyond it. But I was obsessed. Without Ciocher’s knowledge, I falsified my age. An artist friend with a pencil altered the date on my birth certificate from a neat 1956 to a 1958 that looked as if it had been inked by a rusty typewriter. I rationalized the duplicity by telling myself that at least I was a *truly sincere* novice.

“There are no more truly sincere novices,” Johnny DeFoe once told me. DeFoe, who won the *Gloves* in 1932, is head of the Police Athletic League’s boxing program and, by his own count, has been in the corner for 164 *Gloves* champions. “If a kid comes in who never boxed before and he goes into novice, he’s worse off today than years ago, because he’s up against someone with 30 or 40 bouts and he doesn’t know it.” This experience comes in a variety of contests, from Kiddie *Gloves* and Junior Olympics, when the boxers are as young as ten, to “smoker” bouts. Smokers are unsanctioned bootleg tournaments held by the local clubs, with no experienced referee, no ringside physician and no effect on the fighter’s official record. A young boxer can fight in one smoker a week for years and then enter the *Gloves* as a novice. Being nine months too old, I rationalized, would not constitute an unfair advantage over such a kid.

By late January, I was showing signs of talent. I could handle Tiny and Hank easily, though I still had bad days with them, and I had dug up a more challenging spar-

ring partner: Tom Gimbel, the New York Athletic Club superheavyweight champion, who had fought in the *Gloves* five years earlier, fresh from college with little boxing experience, and had won two fights by knockouts before losing to a *real* boxer. At 28, he was already a vice-president at a brokerage house, but he kept up with competitive boxing and was planning on fighting in the Empire State Games later in the year.

Gimbel was large. He outweighed me by ten pounds, mostly muscle, and it felt like 50 when we were in the ring. The first time we sparred at the Gramercy, my nose hurt for a week. Every time I sneezed, every time I laughed, I was reminded of his left jab. After three rounds, he predicted that if I got a lucky draw in the *Gloves*, I might be able to win one or two fights. I interpreted that, with some vindictiveness, to mean that if I were lucky, I might be as good as he was five years earlier. I began entertaining the same fantasies toward him that I had once held toward Ryan O’Neal. But I was improving, and the last time we sparred before my fight, he upgraded his prediction: I could and should win it all.

On those good days, insidious fantasies of a boxing career crept into my head. Those grandiose delusions went something like this: My chances of winning the *Gloves* in New York were about one in ten. Figure another one-in-ten chance of winning the nationals, because, after all, I’m the New York amateur champion and they have damn good boxing in New York. The nationals would give me a one-in-ten chance, optimistically, for a gold in the Olympics. Then I’d go pro. With the proper guidance, I could move up into the top ten and a championship fight without getting within a mile of anyone even remotely talented. The money would be big: Howard Cosell would eat up a bright white heavyweight from Harvard—he would come back from retirement to do the color commentary—as would the rest of the media. I wouldn’t even have to win to make a quick \$10,000,000. A little easy arithmetic gives me about a one-in-1000 chance of making that kind of money by the time I’m 30, which beats hell out of playing the lottery or writing. Unfortunately, the bottom rung of that ladder wasn’t easy. The first one of Ciocher’s protégés to fight in the *Gloves* was a kid named Bobby. He lost after taking three standing eight counts in the first round. Three days later, I saw him outside room 402. His left eye was black and swollen, and he was limping badly. Bobby was 17 years old and slender, from the Italian neighborhood of Ozone Park, in Queens. He took up boxing after nearly getting expelled from high school two years before for starting half a dozen race riots. “I had 15 street fights alone in my sophomore year,” he said. Now he helps his father run a deli and takes lessons from Ciocher,

who also taught his father 25 years ago.

“I might’ve lost the fight,” Bobby said in the wrestling room, “but I wasn’t going to take a single step backward. And I didn’t. I just kept moving forward.” His opponent had had nine fights, he said, the limit for the novice division.

“Nine that we know of,” Ciocher added.

“If he says nine,” said Tony, a novice *Gloves* fighter who has had 12 smoker fights, “that means 18.”

“You were unlucky,” Ciocher said. “This guy had experience. You came in with a left, brought your hand down, and he saw it. Next time, ping. He hit you with the right.”

“It hurt,” said Bobby of losing. “Now it’s inside me. The only thing to do is to go back next year and bust his ass up.” As they drove home from the fight, his father and Ciocher rode in the front seat. Bobby sat in back with his mother and cried on her shoulder.

Two and a half months after my first lesson, the *Daily News* mailed me a postcard that said to report in a week to the Felt Forum, where all the heavyweight elimination rounds would take place. With that advance warning, I bought boxing shoes and blue-and-white-satin trunks. I was nervous. My early strategy was to block out fight night, to keep out any daydreams, fantasies or stray worries until the bell actually rang. I figured I could look at it in one of two ways. The first I called the Black Hole Theory. A black hole is a collapsed star so massive that not even light can escape its gravitational pull. No amount of intellectualization will tell you what happens when you enter a black hole. You may end up on the other side of the universe. You may not end up at all. The fight was my black hole.

The second was the Getting Hit in the Nose Is Fun Theory. Somehow, I believed this should be the preferable view: Hell, I get to stand in a small roped-in ring in front of thousands of strangers and punch somebody’s lights out. Or he gets to do the same thing to me. What could be more enjoyable?

When fight day arrived, it started like any other—except that I had to work at staying calm and concentrating on my science writing. Then, at 6:30 P.M., I packed up and hustled down Sixth Avenue, cutting across the Garment District on 38th Street in the twilight and then down Eighth Avenue to rendezvous with Ciocher and Tiny at the Felt Forum.

The dressing rooms are small, with nothing but benches and coathooks, and each has a bathroom with a couple of sinks that later become streaked with blood and saliva. The rooms fill up with small Hispanic and black fighters and their coaches, and an occasional heavyweight. For the most part, the fighters are friendly. There are very few assholes *before* the fights.

I settled in with Tiny to evaluate the competition, chiefly the Bed-Stuy fighters. Bed-Stuy is the Bedford-Stuyvesant Club of Brooklyn, Mark Breland's club. Breland, at 19, is the reigning king of the Gloves. The year I fought, he won the welterweight title for the fourth time (and has won it again since); he's world amateur champion and is well on his way to becoming very well known and very rich. Breland has brought good fighters to Bed-Stuy and, with them, a reputation as the toughest gym in the five boroughs. With their black trunks and their quiet confidence, those fighters looked as if they were hired ringers from out of town. They had a host of 139-pounders and one heavyweight. He had massive biceps and went about 5'11" and 210 pounds. His facial expression never changed, just a solid stare that kept going all night. He seemed about 30.

The only other heavyweight in the room was a short Italian kid named Joey Rizzo. He had a five-o'clock shadow that would take me a week to grow and the kind of inflated chest that comes from doing too many push-ups in one lifetime. Rizzo was warming up a good two hours before the fight: flinging his head back and forth, throwing punches without moving his feet, building up a sweat. I figured he'd wear himself down by the time he got to the ring and wouldn't be able to throw a punch. He hadn't sparred a single round

in preparation for the fight. The fact that you weren't really supposed to hit your opponent hard, he said, confused him. I was thinking, This kid is going to get bombed, going into the ring without ever having laid a glove on another fighter. I was wrong. He later won a decision from a young black boxer who must have weighed in at about 260 and loomed against the sky.

About 11 P.M., a 50ish fat man with the requisite cigar poked his head into the room and called for the heavyweights. I had been waiting for four hours, the catch to being the 22nd fight on a 27-fight card. I hadn't been nervous, really, just impatient. About once every hour, that impatience would be broken by a subvocal interrogation: *What the hell are you doing here? How did you get here? What incomprehensible chain of events led to this?*

I first saw my opponent during the walk from the dressing rooms to the check-in area. Ciocher had told me only that he was Irish and flashy and that I'd have to take it to him and put him out early. The guy went far beyond flashy.

In the locker room, I had guessed that you could probably judge the fighters' experience by the age of their equipment. Theoretically, the true novices would have new shoes and trunks, as I had. The totally inexperienced would have new mouth guards. My opponent, on the other hand,

was wearing worn white boxing shoes with green trim and tassels and a white robe with the hood up. On the back of his robe, in classy green embroidery, were crossed boxing gloves and his name, WALTER. None of his outfit was new. From the back, with his hairy legs and his hood up, he looked like the archetypal journeyman heavyweight: Jerry Quarry, Earnie Shavers and Joe Bugner rolled into one. *He can't have any more than nine fights, I kept saying to myself. How the hell can he look so experienced and so mean?* Ciocher ordered me not to look at him.

The heavyweights gathered in the entryway, waiting for their numbers to be called. It was a hallway leading into the forum. On one side, a short, fat Irishman with a yellow Gloves raincoat, a cowboy hat and a cigar kept yelling for everyone to clear out so the boxers could get by. On the other side were chairs for the fighters who waited to get gloves and headgear from the boxers returning from the ring.

I could barely tell which of those returning fighters had won and which had lost. They seemed equally downcast. Tiny said he could tell: The fighters who'd won didn't look particularly happy, but they didn't look depressed. The losers did.

After the check-in, the walk out to the ring was a relief. In the bout going on, a huge Irishman in sweat shorts was brawling with the heavyweight from Bed-Stuy. I was hypnotized by their fight and

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stopped fretting about my own. The Irishman's fans were chanting, "Fuck 'im up, Peter! Fuck 'im up!" The second round degenerated into a knockdown contest in which the fighters took turns belting each other's faces. Each one went down once, but Irish Peter showed surprising stamina and won.

While Peter and Bed-Stuy were waiting for the decision, Walter was nowhere to be found; Ciocher was trying to give me last-minute instructions, and Tiny was massaging my shoulders. Tiny's presence comforted me. Should I get knocked unconscious, I was sure he would climb into the ring, enfold me in his huge arms and carry me safely from the arena.

A few minutes before the fight, Walter entered in classic style. He and his coach had been through this before. They came from backstage in a semijog—like a procession from *Rocky III*, the coach first, then Walter, his hands upon the coach's shoulders.

As they disappeared around the ring, Ciocher climbed up and held the ropes for me. I slipped into the ring and everything disappeared. Nothing existed but the brightly lighted square of white canvas, Walter standing without his robe opposite me and the referee. No crowd, no announcer, no past, no future. To establish some ground rules—or to see if I was already too dazed to fight—the referee stood in front of me, looked me in the eyes and said, "I'm going to tell you only three things: box, break and stop."

He then called us into the center of the ring. I was trying to decide whether I should be staring at Walter's eyes to intimidate him or staring off into space. I think I went for his eyes, like Joe Frazier with George Foreman. When the referee told us to shake hands, I thought, How the hell do two people shake hands when they're both wearing boxing gloves with the thumbs sewn to the fingers and the fingers sewn into a fist?

Looking back now, I wonder what I expected to happen, because I certainly didn't get anything remotely like what I might have imagined. Only the first three seconds, until we touched gloves, could have been predicted. As Melville put it, "Reality outran apprehension."

The bell rang, and for the next 90 seconds Walter punched me in the face. All I remember are his gloves arcing out of nowhere. *Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!* Everywhere I turned, every place I put my face, he put his fist in it. *Thwack!*

When I went into the ring, that voice in my head was reminding me of all the things I should do: *Jab, then move. Keep moving the left foot. Jab, step back. Fake the jab, throw the right. . . .*

Within ten seconds, that voice was wailing, *HolyshitohmyGodwhatshappening-getmethelloutofhereohjeeezeshelp. . . .*

About then it occurred to me that it was

conceivable, a definite possibility, that I might fall down unconscious. Not certain but conceivable that everything I had done for three months was wasted. That I was a bad boxer: not tough, period. That I had failed, had let down Ciocher and my friends.

And then Walter gave me a second to think. I had a revelation: *Maybe if I hit him back, I'd slow him down.* So I tried it, and it worked. And the voice said, *Try it again.* And the bell rang.

Between rounds, Ciocher wiped the blood from my face with a sponge. I'd seen it on my shirt but hadn't made the connection that it was from my nose. (I was later told that the blood first made me look like I had a mustache, then a goatee and, finally, a full facial mask.) Ciocher was trying to tell me something, but I couldn't get my mind off Walter. I couldn't stop thinking about being thrown into the ring with this Waring Blender. The hell with Jack Nicholson and his leer and his ax. Let me tell you about fear.

Just before the bell rang for round two, Ciocher managed to get my attention. With his hands together in front of my face, he said, "Gary, just give back to me one quarter of what I gave you." Then he told me to throw the right hand.

At some point early in the second round, I hit Walter with a right hand and watched him stop for a few seconds. This probably means, I thought, that I hurt him, but I didn't trust him. Maybe he was waiting for me. A little later, I realized I wasn't feeling his punches anymore. More important, he seemed to be feeling mine.

The fight runs through my mind now like a film that someone edited with scissors, cutting out snippets for me to have and stealing the rest. In one scene, I'm up against the ropes and he's throwing hooks and I'm whaling back and thinking that, just like the other lousy heavyweights, we're brawling and Ciocher is surely embarrassed.

Then I stopped thinking at all, just going from action to action. Some part of my mind knew that my body was tired, breathing heavily; it was arm-weary; it hurt. But whatever was in control was saying, *It doesn't matter. We have a job to do. We have to get out of here. Fight!*

So I fought. Walter was backing into the ropes; and in a flurry of blows, I threw a right hand and his face disappeared behind it. I watched him go over backward. Curious. Did I do that? I managed to move to a far corner, and I remember hoping that Walter would decide not to fight anymore.

And then the physician was in the ring, and so was Walter's manager, and they were attending to him as they did to Pat, struggling to get his mouthpiece out, cradling his head. For a moment, I hoped that he wasn't dying.

I walked up to the referee and asked

him politely, "Can I leave now? Can I go home?" There was still no joy, no exultation, no excitement. I was simply praying that they'd let me out of that damn ring.

Finally, Walter was up. He could have been out for two minutes or ten; I still had no notion of time. After the announcement—"The winner, red corner, referee stops contest, 1:34 of the second round, Taubes"—Ciocher helped me down the steps and out of the arena. In the locker room, Tiny wouldn't let me take my own shoes off. Ciocher went off for ice while Tiny kept handing me wet paper towels to put on my eye, which was already showing black.

After the fight, an old-time Gloves aficionado congratulated Ciocher on the outcome. "So tell me, Bobby," he asked, "what did you stick up his ass between rounds?"

As we left, Ciocher suggested I buy white bread, soak it in milk and put it on my eye. At a 24-hour vegetable stand around the block from my apartment, I could find only rye. Well, I thought, I'm Jewish; maybe rye will work better. (Later, Ciocher said no. White.)

I fell asleep about three in the morning with the soggy rye bread still on my eye. I couldn't help thinking that my reward for winning is that I get to go back into the ring and do it again. Why don't they make the losers fight again? They need more practice.

•

My second fight was Wednesday, only one week after the first fight, and I was a wreck. I couldn't help worrying—not that somebody would do to me what Walter did but that somebody would do to me what I did to Walter. The realization that boxing is not like sparring, that boxing is not fun, had started me spiraling into my black hole. The first fight, I wasn't nervous, because I didn't know what to expect. The second fight, I knew what to expect and I didn't want anything to do with it. I was no longer willing to sacrifice my nose. I had visions of some huge fist smearing it to all corners of my face and not leaving enough for the plastic surgeons to put back.

Jinxes became the overriding concern in my life. Here was a previously rational man now pursued and haunted by jinxes—from the towel I dried with to the restaurant where I ate to the people I invited to the fight. If my friends came, it would ensure disaster. At two, a compatriot from the Gramercy called to tell me that the Raging Jews would be at the fight, including Mailer. *Mailer.* How had I arrived at a point in my life where Norman Mailer would actually come to see me fight? A jinx?

When the day came, I left for the fight, physically overwhelmed by nerves. Even with ten hours of sleep, I was in bad shape: a slight hacking cough every few

minutes; a headache that swelled and receded; shoulders tense; neck tense; hands sweaty; bones moaning with a dull, dark pain. But the aches eased in the locker room. The boxers were friendly, with the camaraderie that comes from people's undergoing something horrible together. Rizzo was back. He said that after listening to me talk after my last fight, he had assumed I'd lost. I assured him that I'd won but it was thoroughly no fun. He agreed. Then the other boxers agreed.

While I waited through the evening, all the heavyweights somehow metamorphosed into killers. The fat ones I figured for demonically quick and skilled; the slender ones would slice a fighter up with razor-blade fists. After last week, I was apparently the favorite. Half of me felt like swaggering; the other half felt like some kind of second-rate impostor who would be smart to beg for mercy.

Once we got to the waiting area, everything began moving too fast. The week before, mine had been the only knockout. This night, everyone seemed to be getting creamed. Two heavyweights would go out. Then the introduction over the loudspeakers. Then, bang. The crowd would roar. The two heavies would come back—one excited, the other dazed, being led slowly by his trainers. Several of the fights ended minutes into the first round. I barely had time to get my gloves on before my bout was called.

My last thoughts before entering the ring were inauspicious: My protective cup wouldn't sit right and the thumbless gloves were too small, squashing my little finger up under the others.

The next thing I remember, I was sitting on a chair outside the ring again. Ciocher was in front of me with another man whom I figured for the ring doctor. They were asking me questions: Did I know what building this was? What color was the man I fought? What's my name? I heard myself giving smartass answers: "You tell me; you're the doctor." Gradually, it occurred to me that I had already fought and probably had not won.

The effect is called retrograde amnesia. You get hit so hard that it knocks a little of the past out of your head. It had happened to me in football a couple of times but never to this extent.

They asked me if I wanted to go to the hospital and took me anyway when I said no. Company policy. If a fighter is rendered unconscious, check for permanent brain damage. Can't have someone go home only to wake up dead in the morning. Ciocher and Tiny rode with me in the ambulance, and with their help, fragments of the night began to return.

First, my opponent, Schuyler Jackson. He was impressive: 25, black, muscular, about 6'4" and 220 pounds. An awkward fighter but a natural athlete. I remem-

bered exchanging jabs with him, noticing blood on his mouthpiece, feeling his bombs go whizzing past my face and wondering what would happen if one connected. Evidently one did, or rather two, because I took a standing eight count and then, 1:43 into the first round, went down for good. I stayed down long enough for some of the audience to start chanting, "Get the stretcher, we want Peter!" The eight count, standing with the referee as he announced the winner, walking out of the ring—none of that ever came back.

Ciocher told me that the punches were not what caused the blackout. He said that the first right caught me squarely in the nose. Then I fell apart. I've always had a habit, because of my nasal sensitivity, of trying to pull my head back away from punches rather than tuck it safely into my shoulders, under my gloves. When Jackson threw his second right hand, it caught me with my head back and nowhere to go but over. When my head bounced off the mat, Ciocher knew it was over. Bounced off the mat? I thought. Like Pat? Ciocher had been thinking along similar lines, and he had been scared.

In the emergency room, I sat next to a kid who had just been carried in after wrecking his motorcycle. He remembered a cab's beginning to cut him off and then hitting it broadside. The next thing he remembered was sitting in the back seat of a police car with the siren screaming. The conclusion we reached simultaneously was frightening: For both of us, there could just as easily have been *no* next thing to remember.

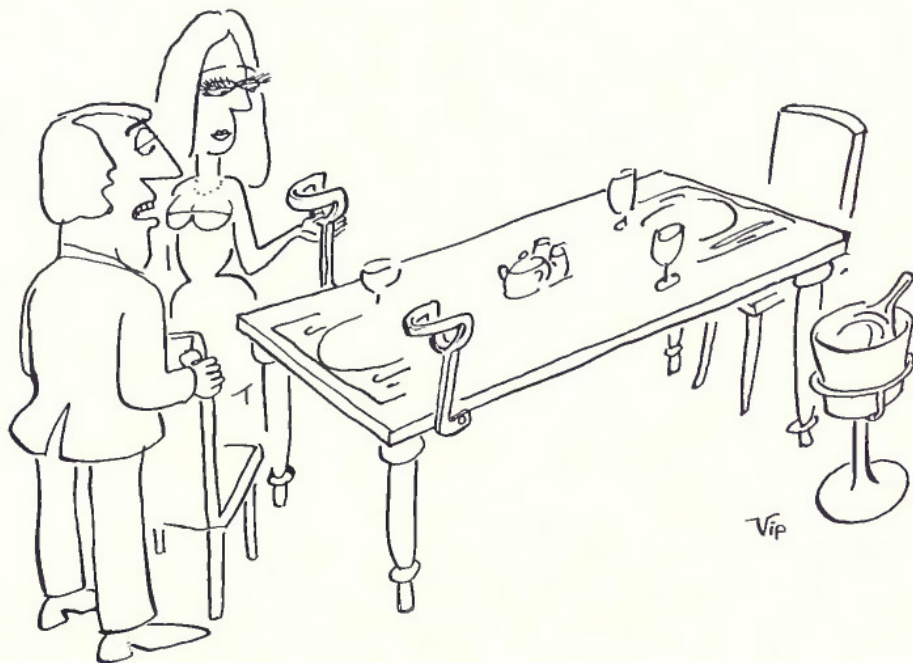
Over the next three weeks, I watched Jackson wallow through a succession of

overweight, untalented heavyweights. Finally, he won the novice championship in a bout that had much of the audience either laughing or booing. Of the boxers he faced, all lasted the full three rounds, and none was as well trained or as physically prepared as I was. So why had I done so poorly? I could think of several reasons: First, I had hoped to win with intelligence in a contest in which instinct was more important. When I fought Walter, he forced me to revert to instinct to survive. Jackson knocked me out before my instinct kicked in. The most essential quality, it seemed from watching Jackson's later opponents, was to want to fight, and I had stopped wanting *that* after my first bout. I realized that I disliked hitting people almost as much as I disliked being hit.

At three in the morning, I left the hospital and hailed a taxi at 14th and Seventh. I was sad and tired and my nose hurt. It was over, one way or the other.

The cabby was about 50. Between swearing at other drivers, he told me he had owned a liquor store in the Bronx until the neighborhood went bad and he sold out. He was somebody to talk to. I told him about the fight, about maybe writing it into a story. "The only thing I feel now," I said, "is that this isn't the way I would want my story to end."

"Whattaya mean?" he said with the classic wisdom of the New York cabby. "It's a fucking great ending. You learn how to win one week. You learn how to lose the next. What else is there to life?"



"They're for an after-dinner treat."

"When interest rates are headed up, everything else goes down and infants whimper in their cribs."

slips that cash into the account of the true owner of the shares you borrowed, who will never even know they're gone. (Should *he* wish to sell his shares before you've returned them, the broker quick like a bunny borrows them from someone else.)

You can't short everything, but you can short a lot: cotton, pork bellies, the yen, many stocks, all publicly traded commodities and currencies and options. To do so successfully takes luck and courage that borders on the witless. Some very tall people are short but, with time, get cut down to size.

Puts and calls. These are options to buy or sell shares of stock. They are not unlike the red and black lines at roulette, only at roulette, your odds of winning are better and you get free drinks.

You buy a call on G.M. if you expect it to go up, a put if you expect it to go down. You can also *sell* a call instead of buying a put or sell a put instead of buying a call or buy and sell a couple of each to set up "spreads" and "straddles," but all this means is you're getting hooked in a way that ultimately profits only your broker.

Debentures. Bonds.

Convertible bonds. Bonds that have an "equity kicker"—namely, they can be traded for a set number of shares of stock. For example, Pan Am has a 15 percent convertible bond that promises to pay \$1000 at maturity but that currently sells for \$1250. Why? Because part of the deal is that you can convert it into 182 shares of Pan Am common stock, currently worth more than \$6 apiece.

Municipal bonds. Issued by local governments and county sewage authorities, they are free of Federal (and their own state) tax. As has been pointed out *ad nauseam*: To someone in the 50 percent tax bracket, a nine percent tax-free bond is equivalent to an 18 percent taxable one.

Call features. Many bonds are "callable" after just a few years. That gives the issuer the right to redeem them years in advance of maturity—just as you have the right to prepay your mortgage—if interest rates go down. Most recently issued municipal bonds don't mature for 20 years or more but are callable in ten.

Preferred stocks. These shares are like bonds that never mature: They pay a dividend that never goes up, no matter how prosperous the company, but that won't go down, either, unless things get really bad. Most are "cumulative" preferreds, meaning that if dividends are omitted, they must all be paid before a nickel can be paid out to the common shareholders. Some preferreds are "convertible" into

common stocks, and some are callable.

Corporations like to buy preferred stocks because—for reasons long forgotten—for corporations, preferred dividends are 85 percent tax-free.

Commercial paper. Short-term corporate I.O.U.'s backed by nothing more than a big company's promise to repay. These have nothing to do with you or me. They come in denominations like \$1,000,000 and are placed with the Big Guys.

Diversification. Eggs, baskets . . . you know.

Dividends. There are two problems with dividends: They are relatively small and they are fully taxed. Real men don't dream of dividends, they dream of doubling their money overnight. That is why real men have these great craggy jaws and hypermasculine footwear but little in the way of financial security.

Stock dividends. These are what a company pays when it can't afford to pay real dividends. No tax is due on them, because they are entirely worthless. Previously, there was a pie that was split up into a lot of little slices. Now there is the same pie, only it is split up into slightly smaller pieces. Management hopes you will be too stupid to realize this.

Dividend-reinvestment plans. This is different. Here, you opt to use your real dividends to buy more shares. You do have to pay taxes—except in the case of utility stocks, many of which afford a tax break. (Ask your broker.)

Earnings. The preferred word for a company's profits. And what are profits? The sum of all the positive bookkeeping entries, many of which have nothing to do with real cash coming in the door (such as sales that have been made but not paid for), less all the negative entries, many of which—that's right—have nothing to do with real cash going *out* the door (such as taxes that would have had to be paid if ways hadn't been found to defer them).

Cash flow. In many respects more important than earnings, this is the simple-minded measure of how much cash is pouring in or draining out. Real-estate operations always report bad earnings (because of the depreciation they claim, for tax purposes, on their properties), but the cash just rolls in bigger and bigger each year (because the properties actually appreciate and the rents get raised).

Earnings per share. All the earnings divided by all the shares.

Retained earnings. The portion of earnings *not* paid out to shareholders in dividends. Sometimes this money is retained by the company for expansion and reinvestment, and sometimes it is retained

because it exists only on paper. (Sometimes it exists only on paper but is paid out anyway by taking the company deeper into hock.)

Float. Because money has "time value," it's great to have someone else's, even for a little while, without having to pay interest on it. When you charge something on your American Express card, you have use of American Express' money until (A) they bill you, which takes a while; (B) you pay them, which takes a while longer; (C) your check clears, which takes a while longer still. This is "the float" and it is one reason American Express has 16,000,000 fans. But American Express understands float, too. (How's that for understatement?) All those traveler's checks we buy are interest-free cash in Amex' pocket until they're redeemed.

Futures. One of the few ways in life to lose more than you bet. You put up only \$2000 to control 15,000 pounds of frozen orange juice worth \$22,500. Your hope is not to take delivery of the juice when it's due—at a specified date in the future—but to sell it at a profit to someone else. If your juice, worth \$22,500 when you bought it, goes to \$24,500, you've doubled your bazuzzas. If it falls to \$16,000, you're screwed. You lose not just the \$2000 but another \$4500, and commissions, besides. There are commodity futures and currency futures. To be certain of losing only what you invest, but no more, you can buy *options* on futures.

Go public. The modern equivalent of "strike gold." Namely, when a privately held company first offers stock on the open market.

Gold. If you expect virulent inflation, buy some. Better yet, buy silver.

Interest rates. When they're headed up, everything else goes down and infants whimper in their cribs (it's instinctual). When they're headed down, everything else goes up and it's as if a box of David's Cookies has just been delivered to every family's door.

Investing. Taking your savings out of the bank (because you think only plodders keep their money in banks) and placing it at greater risk. When interest rates are headed down, you'll do well. When they're headed up, you'll do poorly. If you get to thinking you can psych out which way they're headed, you'll be sorry.

IRAs, Keoghs, salary-reduction plans. Personal pension funds, the tax shelter for Little Guys. Can't be recommended highly enough.

JNL. One of several all-but-incomprehensible abbreviations found on monthly brokerage statements. It stands for "journal" and means, "This is a journal entry only. It didn't really happen. We're not completely clear on what it means, either." Other common abbreviations include FDS (funds); TFR (transfer, as in the fds that are forever being mysteriously tfrd from your tp1 acct to your tp6 acct and then jnl'd to tp2); ADJ (adjustment,

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which means "We screwed up"); and UNC FDS (uncollected funds, which means you screwed up, by sending in a rubber check).

K-1. See **limited partnership.** Not to be confused with 10Ks, which companies must file with the SEC each year (the *real* annual report), or 10Qs, which they must file quarterly. Nor 13Ds, which must be filed if they acquire five percent or more of another company's shares. Nor 10b-5, the rule under which those who trade on inside information get their bones cracked.

Letter stock. This is stock that comes with special rules attached and, hey, it's great stuff. Nationwide Nursing Centers is selling in the open market at \$22 a share; one of the founders is hot to sell 200,000 shares. The SEC restricts the sale of "unregistered" shares but allows them to be placed privately. So Nationwide (how fly-by-night could they be if they're nationwide?) offers it to you at \$8. The only catch is that it's "letter stock," also known as restricted stock, and there's a big fat paragraph on the certificate that says you've got to wait two years before you sell so much as a single share. Two years is a long time to wait with a stock like Nationwide Nursing Centers.

Leverage and hedging. Leverage is a way to increase risk—and reward—usually through the use of debt. If you buy a \$100,000 house for cash and it appreciates \$10,000, you've made ten percent on your money. If you buy the same house with \$5000 down and it appreciates \$10,000, you've made 200 percent on your money. (*Assuming* the folks you've rented it to pay you enough to cover the mortgage and expenses—a big assumption these days.)

Hedging is a way to *reduce* risk. If you buy 100 shares of G.M., hoping it will go up, you can hedge your bet by buying a put on G.M. shares, in case they go down. It always costs something to hedge—usually too much—but sometimes it's worth it. Like insurance. The cheapest way to hedge is to diversify (see **diversification**).

Leveraged buy-outs. Here you and your buddies pool \$50,000 in hard cash and make a bid to take over Time, Inc. You do that by borrowing three or four billion dollars from a large bank on the understanding that the minute you've bought the company, you'll use its own cash and underutilized borrowing power to pay off the loan (and if that's not enough, you'll sell off *Sports Illustrated* and your condo in Aspen).

Sounds crazy, I know, but in our little village of Anatevka. . .

Life insurance. A great buy if you have dependents who would suffer financially if you died today. If so, shop for inexpensive renewable term insurance. If not, skip it. (If you're a healthy nonsmoker under 35, coverage should cost you well under \$200 per \$100,000.)

Limited partnership. An entity through which to give up all control over your money in hope of great gain. You

may invest in as many of these deals as you like—both the private kind, often limited to just 35 investors, and the public kind, which come to you from All The Major Firms—and they entitle you, if nothing else, to a K-1 shortly after the end of the year. The K-1 documents your share of the partnership's income or loss, which you then report on tax forms such as Schedule E. The K-1 is invariably promised to arrive by mid-March, to give you time to file your taxes. In fact, it generally arrives April 14, late in the afternoon. (See also **tax shelter**.)

Liquidity. Cash is liquid. Stocks and bonds are liquid, too: You can sell them and have cash in a week. Real estate is illiquid (it takes a while to sell) but not nearly so illiquid as many limited-partnership units, with which you can be stuck for years and years and years. Wine, strangely enough, is only semiliquid.

Millionaire. Anyone with \$5,000,000 or more. (Well, let's be realistic.)

Margin. You can buy securities for cash, or you can buy them "on margin." The Federal Reserve sets the minimum down payments, currently 50 percent for stocks. The rest of the purchase price is lent to you by your broker at no risk (to him) but considerable profit.

Bonds may be purchased on even thinner margin and Treasury securities on the thinnest of all.

Should your stocks or bonds or Treasuries decline in value, you will begin getting urgent Mailgrams long before your equity is wiped out. If you don't send more cash or instruct your broker to sell something, your broker will take it upon himself to sell something for you.

O.P.M. "Other people's money." As in, "The secret of business is never to put any of your own money on the line—do the deal with O.P.M. If it works out, you've got a fat share of the profit for putting it together; if it bombs, well, the investors knew it was risky." O.P.M. is particularly useful to entrepreneurs who have no M of their own.

Pink sheets. *The Wall Street Journal* lists lots of stocks and bonds, but by no means all of them. If you ask your broker for a price on some ridiculous little number you heard about in the locker room, he will yell, "Harry! You got the pink sheets over there?" And Harry will toss over a stapled sheaf of thin pink paper loaded with bid and ask prices for the stocks of a zillion little companies. The yellow sheets are for obscure corporate bonds, the blue sheets for municipal bonds (virtually all of which are obscure).

Par. A bond that sells at par sells at 100 cents on the dollar, which is to say its full \$1000 face value.

Par value. With a bond, \$1000. With a stock, meaningless.

P/e. A stock's p/e is its "price/earnings ratio," or "multiple." If a stock "earns" \$4.40 a share and sells for \$45, it's selling for a tad above ten times earnings. Its

p/e is 10.2. It gets a little more complicated, since it's *next* year's earnings that are most interesting, not last year's; but at this writing, for example, with the Dow Jones industrial average at about 1150, the average p/e of the 26 Dow stocks that had any e last year is 11.3.

Present value. A dollar today is worth more than the promise of a dollar a year from now, even if you're absolutely certain that promise will be fulfilled. ("Hey, the guy's never screwed me before!") That's because of "the time value of money": namely, what you can do with it in the meantime. If you can earn 11 percent interest on your dollar in a year, then, really, a dollar a year from now is worth only about 90 cents now—its present value. Why? Because 90 cents will grow to a dollar a year from now.

The present value of \$236,981.34 eight and a half years from now is a slightly more complicated calculation but the very same idea. The present value depends on the "discount rate" you choose. Above, we chose 11 percent, because that's what we thought money could earn in a year. The higher the rate you assume, the less future money is worth today. And vice versa.

The entire first year of business school is devoted to this concept.

Precious metals. Some are more precious than others and all are less precious than they were when the world was ending not long ago.

Strategic metals. These include chromium, germanium, iridium, titanium, vanadium, zirconium, ruthenium and columbium, among others, and were the subject of a brief flurry of speculative attention around the same time. Lithium is the only one you should ever even consider, and then only on the advice of your physician.

Mutual fund. Takes your cash and everybody else's and invests more or less as advertised. Some invest aggressively for capital gains (and get mauled in a bear market), some invest mostly in foreign stocks or gold stocks or technology stocks or high-grade bonds or low-grade bonds or "a diversified portfolio of seasoned equities balanced so as to provide meaningful income while seeking to enhance values through capital appreciation." (The big money, let's face it, is in writing brochures.)

All mutual funds charge a modest management fee, but some charge a one-time sales fee, as well. Called the load, it is often as high as 8.5 percent of your investments. Ordinarily, you will want to stick to "no-load" funds.

Money-market fund. A mutual fund designed to be a cross between a savings account and a checking account. It invests mostly in short-term Government and corporate securities, for liquidity, safety and yield.

Sinking fund. G.M. sells \$100,000,000 in 20-year bonds (say), and one of the provisions of the bond is that G.M. must set



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Sunday
June
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17

Father's Day



July

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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29	30	31				

up a sinking fund to redeem a certain portion of the bonds each year. A trustee is engaged to pull numbers out of a hat to see whose bonds get redeemed. This is a lottery one generally hopes not to win.

Prospectus. A fat legal document you will not read, filled with warnings and disclosures you will ignore, that must accompany the issuance of any new security.

Proxy statements. These usually accompany annual reports and are your chance to vote the current board of directors out of office and elect a board composed entirely of Catskills comedians. All you need is another 48,000,000 shares.

Prudence. Prudence, though boring, is an attribute earnestly to be sought. It is not to be confused with the stodginess or poverty of intellect associated with certain bank trust departments.

Quarterly reports. Like annual reports, only shorter and unaudited. Meaning that the numbers are even more fanciful.

Red herring. A rough-draft prospectus for a stock or bond offering before the final numbers have been filled in and the SEC go-ahead obtained.

Saving. A terrific habit but less easily formed than some others I can think of.

Scripophily. Pronounced scri-*pah*-fil-ee, it is the collection of worthless old stock and bond certificates, like the one I have from Nationwide Nursing Centers.

Speculating. Selling your shares in Ford—which only tripled in the past couple of years—to try for some really *big* bucks. It's true that Truman had a sign on his desk that said *THE BUCK STOPS HERE*. What's less well known is that he swiped it from his broker.

Tax avoidance. Legal or quasi-legal attempts to slip through the cracks of the law and shift the burden of taxation to your neighbor.

Tax evasion. Things like failure to report income or the fabrication of phony deductions. Out-and-out fraud.

Tax shelter. A means of paying a dollar to avoid paying 50 cents in taxes. Many billions of dollars are raised for this purpose every year, of which at least 15 or 20 percent is typically skimmed off the top by the promoters, lawyers and salespeople.

Technical analysis. Trying to guess where prices are headed by looking at where they've been, as opposed to "fundamental analysis." A technical analyst might say, "Silver looks very strong; it's just pierced its 120-day moving average." A fundamental analyst would say, "Silver looks very strong; demand in both photographic and electrical-connector markets is picking up with no corresponding increase in production." A technical analyst might say, "Apple's chart looks terrific," meaning that its prior price movements point toward an imminent rise. A fundamental analyst would say, "I'm impressed by the marketing skills of the new president and the potential appeal of the prod-

ucts in the pipeline."

Teenies. When a stock is quoted $3\frac{3}{8}$, you don't say, "Three and three sixteenths"; you say, "Three and three 'steenths." Or "Three and three teenies."

Tender offers. These are tender only when they are "friendly." An unfriendly tender offer is one in which Boone Pickens of Mesa Petroleum is trying to get you to tender (sell) your shares in some giant oil company to him, at a fat price, and the management of that giant oil company is doing everything it can to save its jobs and keep you from getting that fat price.

Unit. A word, exclusive to Texas, meaning \$100,000,000. As in, "Oh, Bucky? He's got a couple of units."

U.S. Savings Bonds. Still a great gift for a baby and not as bad a deal as they once were, especially for the small saver.

Would'a, could'a, should'a. What brokers hear all day from their customers. "I should'a shorted the son of a bitch! If I'd'a shorted a thousand shares, I could'a made—what?—twenty grand in a week!"

X. This is the ticker symbol for U.S. Steel, which is now primarily an oil company. XON is the symbol for the primary oil company. XRX is Xerox, IBM is IBM, JOB is General Employment Enterprises, EYE is Coopervision, BTU is Pyro Energy and AMTC is Nature's Sunshine Products. Some symbols are more immediately memorable than others. Any that have more than three letters are for stocks traded over the counter.

Yield. The income an investment throws off, be it interest or dividend, is its yield. An 8 percent bond selling at par "yields" (not surprisingly) 8 percent. But if that same bond were selling at 80 cents on the dollar, it would yield 10 percent.

Zero coupon bonds. They pay no interest but don't cost a lot, either. And one day they'll be redeemed for \$1000 apiece. A great way to start an IRA. Currently, for instance, \$2000 will buy \$24,000 of CATS maturing in 2012. (Your broker will know what they are.)



BRIAN SAVAGE

"I keep forgetting—is our dictator a Fascist or a Communist?"

BRAVA, BO! *(continued from page 124)*

"I think our relationship just irritates the piss out of a lot of people, that I'm 30 years older than Bo."

writes, "What's this Svengali stuff? I saw her chewing his ass out and he just sits there and says, 'Yes, Bo. Yes, Bo.' He's a tired little old man saying yes to this god-damned tough broad." One minute I'm this fucking asshole Svengali monster, and the next, I'm a little old gray-haired man this teeny-bopper is whipping to death. Shit! You can't win.

PLAYBOY: When you can't win, what do you do?

JOHN: You punt. You go up on a fucking mountaintop and pee on them.

BO: And just let it calm you down.

PLAYBOY: So when you meet the press now, do you try harder?

JOHN: We don't meet the press. We did in the beginning when we were traveling around the world, as a moral obligation to support a picture. But since then, between pictures, Bo's never spoken with anyone.

BO: Now, when I go places, I have a list of people I'll talk with and ones I won't. That also makes it nicer for the ones you will speak with.

JOHN: And that isn't only people who'll say favorable things about her. It's those who will report the facts—not ones who see her in Levi's and report her in hot, tight, short pink pants that reveal everything.

BO: And I'm always "bending over"—

JOHN: Throwing her breasts in their faces when she's actually wearing a sweat shirt.

If Bo looks like a piece of shit and somebody reports it that's Bo's problem. But don't invent the way she looks.

PLAYBOY: How true is the *People* report about the MGM/UA executives' laughing derisively during the screening?

BO: After Cannon sent this telex about people's laughing in the wrong places and the picture's being insufferable, I called a publicity person at MGM/UA and asked how the screening had gone. He said, "Fine; everything went fine." I said that I'd heard some guys were mouthing off in the back row, and he said, "Oh, you know, boys will be boys and they play their games when it gets a little sexy. But it's a very commercial picture and it's going to go well." I asked someone else who was there and got basically the same reaction.

PLAYBOY: Why do you insist on doing these projects together?

JOHN: We prefer to stick together.

BO: We've been together for ten years and all this [stardom] happened just four years ago. So we had had six years of living together 24 hours a day, doing everything together. We've produced several pictures together. Then, all of a sudden, this [popularity] was separating us an awful lot. That's not good, and that's not what our relationship is. So we make pictures together. But sometimes, I don't think John is going to do it again with me.

It seems like more trouble than it's worth. JOHN: If she'd go in her direction and I in mine, I think some people would be happier than pigs in shit.

BO: They'd leave us alone for a while.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think problems follow you around?

JOHN: They don't.

BO: We don't accept them.

JOHN: I think our relationship just irritates the piss out of a lot of people, that I'm 30 years older than Bo and she hasn't chucked me out for some stud.

BO: I think what bothers Menahem most is that he has been wrong so many times and looked really foolish. He couldn't find us doing anything wrong. We didn't even have a limo on the film; we didn't take big hotel suites.

PLAYBOY: What makes a good picture?

JOHN: The best picture is, ultimately, the illusion that it is not shit even though it's made up of elements of shit. Films are lies, bullshit, escapism. We're not doing Vietnam documentaries. A good film is one that you walk away from forgetting that the world is blowing up around you.

PLAYBOY: How do you rate yourself as a writer and director?

JOHN: Using what we have in the business as a norm? [Pauses] I'm not going to say I take a back seat to one living fuck in the business. I don't think anyone is more conscientious than I am. I have no pretenses that we're trying to make the great drama.

PLAYBOY: Bo, how do you rate yourself as an actress?

BO: Well, after this picture, I'm getting better. I'm learning a lot. This all happened so fast. I wasn't an actress when we did "10." And I wasn't trying to be. But I'm learning now.

JOHN: Let me answer it, because she can't say it. Bo, what did the president of MGM say after you screened the picture for him?

BO: It was really nice. He talked about the picture's being charming. He said, "I'm knocked out by what you did, Bo." He said it three or four times.

PLAYBOY: Will the film do well?

JOHN: Oh, shit, yes. Are you kidding? It's going to make gigantic dollars. Gigantic dollars. Gigantic fucking dollars.

BO: It's a nice film.

JOHN: It's a goddamn nice film.

PLAYBOY: Last question. In the *People* article, one photo caption mentioned the "obligatory PLAYBOY spread" to follow. Care to comment?

JOHN: I have a fervent hope that these obligatory critiques from *People* will have no place to be printed. I hope *People* goes out of fucking business soon. It is a dishonest publication. I don't think PLAYBOY is dishonest. It puts forward what it is, and it always has.

PLAYBOY: Do you think *People* would print nude shots of Bo if you offered them?

JOHN: Oh, yes. Oh, fuck, yes.



"Let me put it this way: The world will little note nor long remember what we do here. . . ."



BOARDSAILING!

(continued from page 108)

your equipment along the shore to get back to your starting point, but it's much easier to learn to sail upwind. To practice (this would be heading between two and three o'clock and nine and ten o'clock), try sheeting in tighter, until the sail is almost over the stern of the board. If it luffs, sheet out. Gradually, you will begin to understand when you're sailing "close" to the wind or pointing high up into it.

MUSCLE POWER

Beginning boardsailors make it look as though it takes Herculean strength to pull the sail out of the water. While it can be physically taxing, boardsailing is a sport of technique rather than strength. That's why a petite 95-pound woman can be just as good as, or better than, a six-foot-tall, 200-pound man. Harnessing the wind will strengthen your back, biceps and thighs, but it won't necessarily strain those muscles unless your technique is wrong. Experienced boardsailors have a grace and style all their own. With feet delicately positioned along the edges or rails of the board, they will extend themselves over the water almost horizontally, hips turned forward, daring the wind.

Beginners are prone to stiff backs from not keeping knees bent and bottoms tucked in. Undoubtedly, you'll discover muscles you never knew existed in your forearms, and tender hands are likely to develop blisters. But all of those are minor annoyances compared with the great thrill of driving a wind-propelled board across the water. The more you sail, the more attuned to the sport you will become. Like a horseback rider, you will develop an instinct for every whim, every motion of the elements, be they wind or wave.

FIRST WAVES

For more current information about the sport, there are four major U.S. publications devoted to boardsailing. They are *WindRider* and *Board & Sail*, which concentrate on instruction for all skill levels and equipment reviews, *Wind Surf* and *Sail Boarder*, which offer high-tech and lifestyle information and favor the surfer aspect of the sport. All are distributed world-wide. Most European countries, Japan and Australia also have publications.

OTHER REWARDS

You don't have to be 21 to enjoy the sport of boardsailing, but after a day on the water, you'll feel as though you are. There's a mental release that happens as you dance across the water, married to the wind. It's a thrill unlike any other and one that you'll want to keep experiencing again and again. Now that you've read all about it, go ahead and get your feet wet. The wind and the water beckon.



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WORLD'S A STAGE

(continued from page 130)

finger. "Are you sure?"

Ensign Benson and Councilman Luthguster joined the group, and Billy armed the councilman with his microphone. "It's all set," he said. "Just talk straight into it."

"Fine."

"Not yet," Ensign Benson said.

The councilman stepped out onto the small platform suspended halfway up the side of the ship, and his amplified voice rolled out over a dusty landscape reminiscent of certain sections of eastern Oklahoma in early June: "*Citizens of J. Rainsford Farnsworth Repertory Com—Aak!*"

Inside the ship, Ensign Benson frowned. "Aak?"

Councilman Luthguster bundled hastily back into the ship like a stockbroker into the bar car. "*Those aren't people! They're, they're things!*"

"Stop talking into the microphone," Ensign Benson said.

Billy looked out the air lock. "Oh, wow! Cute bug-eyed monsters!"

"What?" Stepping impatiently out onto the platform, Ensign Benson found himself gazing down on as motley a collection of creatures as ever was lit by the same sun. Nonhuman to a fault but, as Billy had said, cute. There were tiny round puffballs with human legs and wings and yellow wigs over fairy faces. Tall, androgynous sprites in tights. Hoppers with humps. And in front of them stood a beautiful womanoid with gauzy wings and a gauzy gown and long, pointed ears, and a big, hairy manoid with a great purple cloak and long feet that curled up into spirals at the end.

Loudly enough for Ensign Benson to hear, the manoid addressed the womanoid: "Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania."

In the doorway, the captain said, "That one over there looks like a bird, doesn't it?"

"Oh, I don't think so, Captain," said Billy.

"What, jealous Oberon!" the woman was bellowing. "Fairies, skip hence: I have forsworn his bed and company."

"*I will not talk to things!*"

"Tell that nitwit," Ensign Benson said over his shoulder, "to stop talking into the microphone."

Below, half the thingummies and jigmarigs were skipping away, while the womanoid frowned up at Ensign Benson. "Fairies, skip hence," she repeated, even more loudly. "That's you, buster!"

Ensign Benson called, "Where are the human beings around here?"

"Nowhere in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*," jealous Oberon told him, apparently exasperated.

"*I will not talk to things!*"

"All right," disgusted Oberon said, "let's go, troupe." As his whatsits and

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flumadiddles obediently sloped off, he turned back to call, "And I suppose that spaceship of yours is an example of kitchen-sink realism!"

The entire crowd shuffled away. They appeared to be removing wings and heads and appendages as they went, almost as though they were costumes; and 40 feet from the ship, they stepped around a curtain of air, one after the other, and disappeared.

Ensign Benson blinked. "Oh, boy," he said.

The captain and Billy came out onto the platform, the captain saying, "Where did everybody go?"

"Um," said Ensign Benson.

"Those were really keen creatures," Billy said.

"And what a beautiful day," the captain said, gazing skyward, stepping back from the ship the better to view the empyrean. "Is it morning here or after—*Aak!*"

"Another *aak*," Ensign Benson moodily said, watching the captain tumble down the stairs to land in a dusty heap at the bottom.

"Kybee, *look!*" said Billy.

Ensign Benson followed Billy's pointing finger. There in the middle of the field, an invisible curtain of air was lifting to reveal what seemed to be a house with its side wall torn away. In the kitchen, a woman wearing a slip stood wearily at her ironing board. In the living room, a man in a torn T-shirt sprawled on a sofa and drank beer.

Captain Standforth had picked himself up and was brushing himself off. Ensign Benson started down the ladder, intent on finding out what was going on here, and Billy came after. Above, Pam Stokes and Hester Hanshaw came tentatively out to the platform, Pam looking at the oddly sliced house and saying, "Did they miss a mortgage payment?"

Hester said, "Maybe all their weather comes from the other side."

"*Are the things still out there?*"

"They're gone, Councilman Luthguster," Pam said. "You can come out."

"Tell him to leave the microphone inside," Ensign Benson called up the ladder, then said to the captain, "Let's go find out the story here."

"I suppose we have to."

The captain and the ensign and Billy crossed the dusty field, meeting part way a frazzled woman wearing many frilly-but-worn garments and carrying a carpet-bag. Smiling rather maniacally at Billy and speaking with an almost impenetrable Southern accent complicated by many odd little pauses, she said, "Ah have . . . *all-wuz* depended . . . on the . . . *kahnd*-ness of *stranjus*."

"Me, too," said Billy.

"As for me," said Ensign Benson, "I've never depended on the kindness of strangers. Seems to work better somehow."

In the living room, the man burped and yelled, "*Stella!*"

The frazzled woman stopped, frowned at Ensign Benson and said, completely without accent or affectation, "Say. What's your story?"

"That's what I meant to ask you," Ensign Benson said. "What's your story?"

"*A Streetcar Named Desire*, of course."

Billy said, "What's a streetcar?"

"I'll tell you what my desire is," Ensign Benson said, but the captain got there first, stepping forward to say, "Madam, if you please, take me to your leader."

"Us," said Ensign Benson.

"Oh, *that* story," said the woman.

Royal-blue carpet with the Presidential seal in the middle. Large wooden desk, flanked by flags. The Oval Office.

Coming around his desk, smiling, hand outstretched, the President of the United States greeted the people from Earth. "Welcome back. Your safe return from barren Aldebaran has ignited the spirit of mankind. Welcome home to Earth."

"Actually, Mr. President," Councilman Luthguster said, puffing himself up, "*we're* from Earth, and we wish to—"

"Well, of course you are," the President said. Picking up a document from his desk, he said, "I have a proclamation here in honor of your voyage and return. 'Whereas, in the course of human events. . . .'"

Through the window behind the desk, the Washington Monument could be seen; but through the open doorway to the left, the same old dusty plain was visible. A group of people in overalls and sweatbands wheeled a Trojan horse by. Two women in straw hats and tuxedos bucked and wung the other way.

The proclamation ran its course. At its finish, Councilman Luthguster squared his round shoulders and said, "Mr. President, I am empowered by the Galactic Council—"

Approaching Ensign Benson, the President firmly shook his hand and said, "Captain, your voyage into the unknown makes this the most important day in all creation."

"Sir," said Captain Standforth, "I'm the captain."

"You," the President reminded him, "are the captain's best friend." Turning to Pam Stokes, he said, "And you are the ship's biologist."

"Actually," Pam said, "I'm the astrologer. I don't think we'd need a biologist on a—"

"Of course you do." Irritation seeped through the Presidential manner. "How else do we discover the killer virus that's taken over the crew's bodies?"

"Wait a minute," Ensign Benson said. "You aren't the President: you're *pretending* to be the President. This is a play!"

"Well, of course it is!" the President cried. "And this is the *worst* rehearsal I

have ever participated in!"

Luthguster harrumphed. "Do you mean to say," he demanded, "that you are *not* empowered to deal on a primary level with a plenipotentiary from Earth?"

Frowning, the President said, "Have you come unglued, fella?"

Ensign Benson muttered, "Director—no. Producer—no." Snapping his fingers, he said to the President, "Take me to your stage manager."

The man sat atop a six-foot wooden ladder. Behind him were three rows of kitchen chairs, several occupied by solemn-faced people wearing their Sunday best. The man on the ladder said, "I'm the stage manager here. I guess I know just about everything there is to know about our town. . . ."

The captain and the crew sat by the side of the dusty road. Billy took his boot off and looked in it. Councilman Luthguster, marching back and forth, announced, "This is absurd! These people can't spend *all* their time play acting. They must have a government, an infrastructure. How do they get their *food*?"

"*Of Mice and Men* for an extended run," suggested Ensign Benson.

Across the way, out in the middle of an empty field, a group of men in togas strolled out from behind an invisible curtain of air and began declaiming at one another. They all stood with one foot in front of the other. "*That's* the part that bugs me the worst," Ensign Benson said. "How do they appear and disappear like that?"

"Scrim," said Hester.

Ensign Benson gave her an unfriendly look. "What?"

"I know what a scrim is," Billy said. "We had one in the theater in college. It's a big mesh screen. You paint a backdrop on it and hang it across the front of the stage. If you shine a light in front, you see the painting but you can't see the stage. If you shine the light in back, the painting disappears and you see the stage."

"Close but no pseugar," said Hester. "That's the original, old-fashioned kind of scrim, but then a way was found to alter air molecules so light would bend around them. Now a scrim is a curtain of bent molecules. You put it around a set and it shows you what's beyond it. They used to use one in field questions for the S.E. degree, but of course it's old-fashioned now."

"Science is wonderful," Ensign Benson said bitterly as he watched the men in togas disappear again behind their curtain of bent molecules.

"None of which solves," Councilman Luthguster reminded them, "the problem of how to get in touch with whoever *runs* this blasted colony. I'll do no more *play acting!*"

Standing, the captain said, "Well,



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LIGHT, SMOOTH, MELLOW.

Hestia's going down; there's no more to do today. We'll get an early start tomorrow."

"Wasn't it right here?" the captain asked.

"I thought," said Pam vaguely, "it was more over that way, by those little trees."

"There weren't trees there before," Ensign Benson said. "Those are cardboard, part of a set."

"I am uninterested in sets," the councilman said. "Totally uninterested. What I want is my room on the ship."

"What I want," said Hester, "is the bathroom on the ship."

"Well, yes," said Luthguster.

The little group stood on the plain, looking around. The captain said, "It was just— It was right around— I *know* it was over here somewhere."

A man dressed in the front half of a horse costume came striding purposefully by, carrying the horse's head under his arm. Billy said, "Excuse me. Have you seen our spaceship?"

"What?" The horseman looked around, then said, "Oh, right. They struck that set." And he walked on.

"Struck?" echoed the captain. "Struck?"

"Theatrical term," Pam told him. "It means to dismantle a set and take it off the stage."

"You can't dismantle a *spaceship*," the captain said. "Not in half an hour."

"No," Ensign Benson said, through clenched jaws. Smoke seemed to be coming out of his ears. "But you can put a curtain around it." Glaring at Hester as though it were *her* fault, he said, "Our ship is surrounded by your goddamn bent molecules!"

Darkness fell, a bit at a time. "I think," said the captain inaccurately, "I think we'll just have to sleep on the ground."

"Like camping out!" said the irrepressible Billy.

"Without the camp," added the repressible councilman.

The captain said, "We'll each have to find a declivity to sleep in."

"I'll need *two* declivities," said Hester.

"Amen," said the councilman.

"Kybee," Pam said, "this is *my* declivity."

"It's important to retain our body heat," Ensign Benson explained, trying to hunker down beside her.

"Thank you, Kybee," Pam said, "but I'm really quite warm enough sleeping by myself."

"You would be," Ensign Benson muttered, thumping off across the darkling plain and all at once running into a spider web. "P'tchah!" he cried, flailing at the web, then realized it wasn't a web at all. It was a, it was some sort of, it felt like a thin sheet or a—

Curtain.

"Oh, boy," Ensign Benson said. Feeling the material with both hands, maintaining a lot of body contact with this drapery, he sidled along to the right, noticing how clothlike it was, giving when he pressed but resisting when he pressed too hard. Somewhere there would be, there had to be, an opening.

There. His right hand slipped off the curtain's edge and fell forward against unresisting air, and all at once, instead of Hestia's dull but protracted set, he was looking at somebody's drawing room.

Comedy-of-manners time. A sofa centered, telephone on stand to its left. Several upstage doors for slamming. Occasional furniture along the walls. Steady, not-too-bright light, source uncertain.

Ensign Benson stepped through the break and inspected more closely. Windows fakes with painted views. Bookcase a painted facade. Telephone nonoperative. Water in ashtray, soap on mirror. Some sort of mottled obscurity high above blocking the sky. Sofa real and soft.

Turning about, he looked through the curtain of bent molecules at his shipmates settling down for the night on the dusty ground, like a small herd from some endangered species. Tell Pam about the sofa? Surely she wouldn't mind sharing it. On the other hand, there was the rest of the crew.

Ensign Benson sighed. Pushing open the flap, he called, "Everybody! I found us a room."

Hestia rose like thunder out of the horizon across the way. "I hear thunder," Pam said, sitting up on the sofa, squinting in the rosy light, looking tousled and adorable and unavailable.

The other Earthlings, less adorable, rose from their beds of chair cushions and window draperies. "Rain," grumbled Ensign Benson, stretching his stiff, sore back. "Just to make things perfect."

But there was no rain, and when the thunder stopped, it became obvious that the sound had actually been some sort of approaching motor. For a few seconds the Earthers waited in silence, contemplating their morning mouths, and then an upstage door opened and a heedless young couple in evening dress—black tie for him, green flapper outfit for her—entered and slammed the door. "Tennis, anyone?" cried the boy, with a big toothy grin; then, as he reacted to the scene onstage, his grin became a toothless O of shock. "Lor!" he breathed.

The girl stared about in disbelief. "Well, I never!" she said, in character.

Captain Standforth clambered stiffly from his settee, saying, "I'm terribly sorry. Is this your place?"

The young man stared about in well-bred horror. "Look what you've *done*," he said, "to this *set*."

"We'll fix it right up," Billy promised, fluffing the pillow that had been his sole

companion on the floor.

"I've a good mind," the young man said angrily, "to report you to, report you to..."

Ensign Benson and Councilman Luthguster both leaned eagerly toward him. "Yes?" asked the councilman. "Yes?"

"To the *agency*!"

"Of course!" cried Ensign Benson.

The vehicle was a four-wheeled open land traveler with a simple metal-pipe frame and three rows of bucket seats. While the Earthfolk piled atop one another in the back—Pam deflecting Ensign Benson's attempt to pile atop her—the annoyed thespians sat in front, the male kicking the engine to life and hunching over the handle bars. "We'll see about *this*," he said, and off they lurched.

Up a dusty slope they went and over the ridge and down the long, dusty road toward the settlement, a cluster of small buildings along an X of two streets.

"That's the colony," said Ensign Benson, staring around Hester's shoulder. "Where we landed was nothing but an outdoor—"

"Rehearsal hall," said Billy.

"They figured," Ensign Benson said, "we were just actors, rehearsing a—"

"Space opera," said Billy.

"Shut up, Billy," said Ensign Benson.

Meanwhile, up front, the girl was pleading their case to her companion. "They're just trying to attract attention," she said. "Come on, Harv, you and I aren't above stunts like that ourselves to get a part. They're just between gigs, that's all."

"Then let 'em go to Temp, like the rest of us."

"Come on, Harv, don't be a producer."

By then they were in the middle of the most utilitarian town the Earthpeople had ever seen. The buildings were drably functional and lacking in ornamentation, with none more than two stories high. Other stripped-down land travelers moved back and forth, and the several pedestrians, male and female, were mostly dressed in plain, drab jump suits. The few people in costume—a cowboy, a striped-pants diplomat, a belly dancer—stood out like parakeets in a field of crows.

The land traveler stopped. Reluctantly, the driver said, "All right, get out. I won't report you."

"Gee, thanks!" said Billy, bounding over the rail.

The others followed, and Ensign Benson said, "Where's the agency?"

"Don't milk the joke, fella," the driver said and accelerated away. But his girlfriend, behind his back, pointed and gestured toward a nearby gray-metal building, then waved a good-luck good-bye.

"She was nice," Billy said.

"I've never dealt with agents before,"



"I just love your old-fashioned manners, Charles. It's so rare to find a boy who still thinks he has to wine and dine a girl to get into her pants."

Luthguster said, frowning at the building. "Only principals."

Ensign Benson stared at him. "You only deal in principles? Come along, Councilman; this I have to see."

J. RAILS FORD FARNSWORTH SUCCESSORS—TALENT AGENCY read the inscription on the frosted fiber of the door. The Earthians filed into a small, bench-lined room personed by a feisty receptionist. "Well, look at what the *omkali* dragged in," she said, surveying the bedraggled Terrans.

Hester glared at the girl. "Get smart with me, snip," she said, "and I'll breathe on you."

"Harridan," commented the receptionist calmly, flipping through a card file on her desk. "Battle-ax. Dyke. Sorry, got nothing for your type at the moment. We have your photo and résumé on file?"

"Girlie," Hester said, leaning over the desk, "if I had my socket wrench, I'd

unscrew your head."

"Just a minute, just a minute," said Ensign Benson, interposing himself. "Is the boss here?"

The girl frowned at him, then smiled. "Oh, yes. You're the captain."

"That's right, and *he's* my best friend. Is the chief in?"

"You mean—the *agent*?"

"The man in charge," said Councilman Luthguster.

The girl looked dubious. "Who shall I say is calling?"

The councilman drew himself up to his full round. "The Earth," he said.

The girl looked him up and down. "I won't argue," she said.

Framed autographed photos—glossy 8 x 10s—covered every inch of wall space in the small windowless room. The roll-top desk was picturesquely old and battered, the wastebasket overflowing, the

Leatherette sofa sagging, the two client chairs tired and gnawed.

So was the agent. A short and stocky man in a wrinkled jump suit with sleeve garters, he looked harried, sympathetic and negative. "I'm sorry, group," he said. "I can't tell you anything more than my girl did. Space opera just doesn't move right now. How about a family drama?" Pointing to Billy, he said, "You could be the secret-faggot younger son."

"Gee," said Billy, "I don't know."

"Well, you do know the alternative," the agent said. "If you're not in rehearsal, you have to sign up with Temp. When something comes up that suits you, we'll be in touch. In the meantime, don't call us, we'll call you."

"Who's Temp?" Ensign Benson asked. "Is he in charge here?"

The agent offered a brief smile, knowing, condescending and a bit irritated. "Don't audition with *me*, pal," he said.

Councilman Luthguster said, "I assure you, my friend, continued play acting is the farthest thing from my mind. I am here representing the Galactic Council, and I wish to—"

"Oh, *please*," the agent said, becoming really annoyed. "If you people don't get out of here at once, I'll put your photos and résumés in the inactive file and you'll be *permanently* on Temp."

"Go ahead," Ensign Benson said.

The agent blinked at him. "What?"

"My name is Kybee Benson. I am *not* the captain and I don't *have* a best friend; and if my picture is in your files, you're a magician."

"That goes for me double," said Hester. "And I'm not a dyke."

Ensign Benson stared at her. "You aren't?"

"Wait a minute," the agent said. Doubt curdled his face. "Who *are* you people?"

"A mission from Earth," Ensign Benson said.

"Representing the Galactic Council," Councilman Luthguster added.

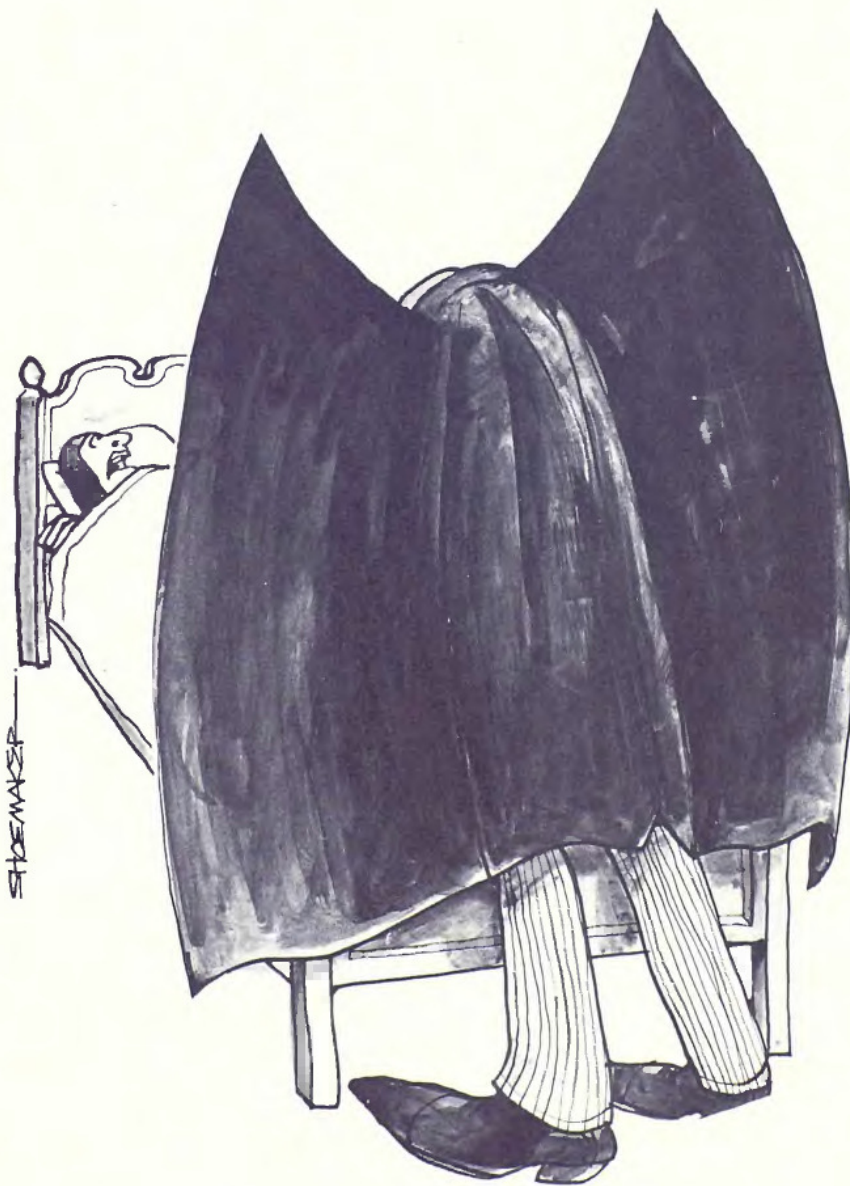
"And I'm sorry to bother you," Captain Standforth said, "but your people struck our ship."

"So Temp is temporary employment," Ensign Benson said, "and it's the source for all the necessary labor in the colony."

"That's right." The agent and the Earthpersons sat around a long table in a conference room. A secretary had distributed coffee and note pads and pencils and now sat poised to one side with her memo pad open.

"And," Ensign Benson went on, "for the past five hundred years, you've been in rehearsal."

"The assumption has always been," the agent said, "that sooner or later, our transportation would arrive. 'The show must go on eventually' is our national motto. So we keep a group of shows ready to perform, the choice of which ones being



"Suck, suck, suck . . . doesn't anyone fuck anymore?"

A cowboy wearing a white shirt, a cowboy hat, and a lasso is riding a brown horse. The background is a textured, brownish wall. In the foreground, two packs of Marlboro cigarettes are shown: a red pack on the left and a gold pack on the right. The red pack is labeled 'Marlboro' and '100's', and the gold pack is labeled 'Marlboro 100's'.

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based on popular vote. There's a certain understandable growing negativity about space opera, which is why you've been having so much trouble."

"Well, our troubles are over now," Billy said, beaming at everybody.

"Ours, too," the agent said. Eagerly he leaned forward. "What's our first stop on the tour?"

The captain said, "Tour?"

"It'll make a difference," the agent explained, "as to which plays we carry. You wouldn't do *Lysistrata* in Gayville, for instance."

"Sir," said Luthguster, "you have misunderstood. We are an introductory mission representing the Galactic Council in this reabsorption of—"

"You mean, you *aren't* our transportation?"

"Certainly not," Luthguster said. "I assure you, sir, I am neither a play actor nor a tour director. I am—"

"In terrible trouble," the agent finished. To his secretary—who had stopped note taking, the better to look shocked and horrified—he said, "Erase that bit, Emily, and don't breathe a word of this to anyone."

"Oh, *sir*," breathed Emily, with all the despairing fervor of any showbiz secretary ordered not to gossip.

The captain said, "Really, uh, your Honor, I'm sure we can arrange all the transportation you need."

"I'm delighted and relieved to hear it," the agent said. "When?"

"In two or three years," Luthguster told him. "Five at the very most."

The captain said, "All we need is to get to the ship and—"

"Impossible," the agent said.

"I knew there had to be a kicker," Ensign Benson said. "What is it?"

The agent pressed all his fingers to his chest in the time-honored agent's gesture of innocence. "*Bubee*," he said, "do I know where your ship is? No. Certain members of the rep company do. If you go to the rep company and tell them you're here in a spaceship after five hundred years but you're *not* their transportation, do you know what they'll do?"

The Earth party shook its heads.

"Lynch you," said Emily bitterly. She was shredding her pencil.

"Very probably," said the agent.

Ensign Benson said, "Do you mean we can't get our spaceship back because, if people know it's real but not your damn tour bus, they'll blame *us*?"

"I couldn't have phrased it better myself," the agent said. "Remember, five hundred years is a long rehearsal."

Emily, sniffing solemnly over her note pad, murmured, "But what else could we have done? We never knew *when*..."

"Yes, Emily," the agent said sympathetically.

Councilman Luthguster said, "But this is terrible; I can't arrange for transportation or trade agreements or development aid or *anything* until I'm back in the ship."

"But how to get there," Pam said. "That's the problem."

All nodded dolefully. But then Billy leaped to his feet, his fresh face eager and alight. "Say, gang!" he cried. "Why don't we—I dunno—put on a show?"

And what a show! *Dorothy and the Wizard of J. Railsford Farnsworth Repertory Company, and Selected Shorts*. The agent helped arrange for cooperation from the craft guilds, and the sounds of cheerful hammering and more cheerful whistling rose up from the stage carpenters building the sets. Backdrops were flown, specialty acts were auditioned and Ensign Benson took to wearing jodhpurs and an ascot. Councilman Luthguster sang the bass notes, Billy gave pep talks from the tops of ladders and the captain flew squadrons of stuffed birds. The crew spent hours in the wardrobe shed, sequences from other shows were freely borrowed and even Emily chipped in, writing lyrics.

Curtain up!

"Somewhere over the welkin, skies are green..."

"Of thee I *sing*, hyperspace! Summer, autumn, winter, *spring*, hyperspace!"

"Toto, I don't think we're on Alpha Centauri anymore."

"Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! It's off to J. Railsford Farnsworth Repertory Company we go!"

"Whatever Toto wants, Toto gets."

"Hee, hee, hee! And I'll get that little dog, too!"

"Toto! Toto!"

"Dingdong, the dingbat's dead!"

"Ignore the man behind that curtain!"

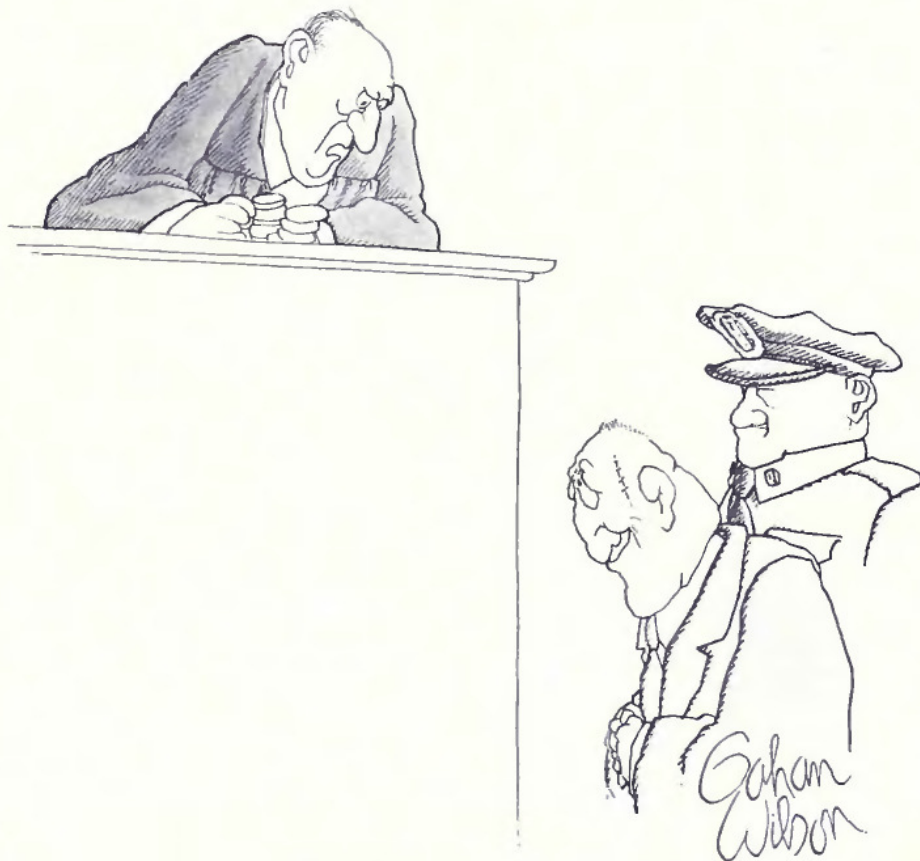
The finale! A scrim parted and a gasp went up from the audience as Hopeful appeared, gleaming in the Hestia light. Dorothy (Pam), the Cowardly Lion (the captain), the Scarecrow (Ensign Benson), the Tin Person (Hester), the Wizard (Councilman Luthguster) and Toto (Billy) marched, singing, toward their ship.

Along the way, the agent shook Councilman Luthguster's hand. "Hurry back," he said. "We'll take lunch."

Klonk-klonk, up the yellow-metal ladder. *Snuck* went the air-lock door. *Ssssssssummmmmmmmm* went the spaceship, up, up and away.

"What stage effects!" marveled the cheering throng. "What magic! What realism! What a finish!"

What—no encore?



"Are you really, really sorry?"





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FRAN LEBOWITZ

(continued from page 127)

"I'm not the helpmate type. I'm not interested in being a wife. I'm interested in being an empress."

the perfect apartment. The perfect apartment is the first floor of the Metropolitan Museum. With a sofa.

13.

PLAYBOY: Describe your idea of the perfect person to marry.

LEBOWITZ: A very rich dead man. I don't have any wifely skills. I'm not the helpmate type. I'm not interested in being a wife. I'm interested in being an empress.

14.

PLAYBOY: Do people get crushes on you?

LEBOWITZ: Not enough. Some people have them, but usually they're so young I'm not interested. You know, it's really the great trick of life. When people are at their most physically attractive, they're actually at their least sexy. All the pleas-

ures of sex with an adolescent are tactile, but that is not what sex is about to me. Sex is something in your head. It's an attitude. The *great* pleasures—they're attitudes. Sex itself is a fairly limited act. It's not the thing that really excites people. That's the thing that excites young boys. Other things excite adults.

Knowingness is sexy. The opposite of sexy to me is naïveté. I have no instructive desires. I'm not the kind of person who likes to do her own home repairs. You know, I don't like to assemble things. I like them to come already made.

15.

PLAYBOY: We understand you're a hypochondriac. How many doctors do you have?

LEBOWITZ: Well, fewer than lawyers. I

imagine whatever disease is around, I have. Even if I read about a disease and it says, "This disease is present only in 70-year-old Asian men," I feel, Oh! I could be the first white woman to have this disease. Then I go to doctors trying to find one who will tell me, "Yes! You're dying!" It has to be a terminal disease. I'm interested only in terminal illness. I don't fool around.

There are certain ways I think I won't die. Like, I don't think I'm really the type to die in some big accident, like an avalanche. I'm too egomaniacal to die in a mass death. And I won't die in a skiing accident or a camping accident or a plane crash. I'm not that lucky. When I fly, I'm never afraid the plane is going to crash. But there have often been times when I was afraid it wouldn't crash. I was just afraid it was going to circle O'Hare for the rest of my life.

16.

PLAYBOY: If the best thing you do is write, what is the second-best thing?

LEBOWITZ: I'm an excellent talker. I've often said that I'd like to have my own talk show—with no guests. I am also an excellent driver. I am a genius at making banana splits. This comes from a combination of natural ability and the fact that I worked at Carvel through high school.

I was also a belt peddler. I was excellent at that. I was a cabdriver. I was a bartender. And I was a cleaning lady with a small specialty of Venetian blinds.

17.

PLAYBOY: In which situations in life are you most helpless?

LEBOWITZ: Physical encounters. I consider myself to be very weak physically. There's no one in the world I wouldn't think could beat me up. I feel for some odd reason that if some gigantic guy were attacking me, I wouldn't be able to repel him with a sarcastic remark.

18.

PLAYBOY: What qualities do you find insurmountably repulsive in humans?

LEBOWITZ: I'm really against longing. Sometimes, people are just born out of luck. I admire people's trying to get something that's possible for them to have. I don't admire their wanting things that are impossible or inappropriate for them to have. And I feel I should be in charge of deciding what is appropriate and what is inappropriate.

19.

PLAYBOY: Describe sex in its lowest form.

LEBOWITZ: Sex with a model.

20.

PLAYBOY: When are you at a loss for words?

LEBOWITZ: When I'm writing.



"He asked me about some of my lovers. That didn't bother me, and I asked him about some of his lovers. What did bother me was that some of my lovers were some of his lovers."

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"He was like a child who needed more of everything—attention, love, scolding, explanations."

incredible pressure from everyone, expectations from everyone and from himself. "I'm sure it comes as no surprise that people in this business need something to keep themselves up and their minds going. You need drugs. You've got to be on top, got to store everything to use it." He said he had to always be alert to the comic possibilities in everything that happened around him and to him.

They sat in silence for a moment. Smokey was beginning to like John.

One of his favorite places, John said, one of the few places he could go to relax, was the Tenth Street baths. An old guy named Al ran the place, which also had a small restaurant. You've got to meet him, John said, and called Al on the phone. Soon John was ordering a second dinner—steaks, fries and salad. "I have this good friend who'll come over and pick it up," John said. "Smokey." He sent Smokey out when the limousine arrived.

Smokey walked to the car, told the driver the address of the baths and sent him off to pick up the food. He then climbed the outside steps to the second floor and waited. As soon as the limousine rounded the corner, John stepped out of the ground-floor door. He commenced a fast, happy walk up Morton Street. Smokey went down the steps and followed, increasing his own pace until he was in step right beside him.

John noticed Smokey, stopped abruptly and yelled, "What the hell are you doing here?"

"Where are you going?"

"I told you to go get dinner."

"How heavy can two dinners be in the back of a town car? And besides, the driver looks strong enough to me."

"Goddamn!" John shouted and swung his arm up and slapped a street sign with the palm of his hand. He turned and went back to the house. Smokey followed.

Smokey checked the house to make sure there were no back-exit escape routes and sat down to watch television. About ten P.M., the food came and John devoured his second dinner. They then took the limousine to the Blues Bar. After a few minutes, John started to inch his way to the door, and he finally tried to run out alone, but Smokey managed to get out first through another door. When John reached the car and opened the door, Smokey was waiting in the back seat.

"Son of a bitch!" John yelled, slamming the door. He went back into the bar.

A little bit later, John raced out and got into the car alone. This time Smokey was too late and had to chase the car down the street. He finally caught up and

pounded on the back. John ordered the driver to stop, then start again, then stop quickly. Smokey chased the lurching car for a block until it finally halted. He opened the door and got in.

John was laughing hysterically. "I finally got you!"

"That depends on how you look at it," Smokey said. "Aren't we in the same car together?"

"Yeah," John said. "I told the guy to stop."

"Why did you?"

"I don't know," John replied.

Five years earlier, *Saturday Night Live* was still new enough that John could often go unrecognized on the streets of New York. On Saturdays, he and Judy usually ate breakfast about noon—it was often their only time alone during the week—and then went to the broadcast of the show and the cast party that followed. The show, from the time producer Lorne Michaels first put it on the air, had been a hit.

But John was dissatisfied. Once, as the Belushis were going to breakfast, someone on the street yelled, "Hey, it's the bee!"

John turned away, gritting his teeth, and said to Judy, "I don't want to be known as that," referring to a running bit in which he dressed up as a killer bee.

The show was passing him by, he said. Chevy Chase was writing himself into more and more of the sketches. And even though they were getting about the same amount of air time, Chase was playing parts that spotlighted him—such as the "Weekend Update" news-parody segment—while John was submerged in gang skits, playing parts like the bees. He said that it was stupefying that success and stardom had come to Chase so fast. He could do many of Chase's parts better, he said, but he was being squeezed out.

Judy also noticed from her times at the *Saturday Night* office and studio that cocaine use was widespread. Chase seemed to have the most. He was enjoying the sudden fame and greater availability of cocaine. He felt that drugs were changing his generation the way the Beatles had changed it. It was OK to use drugs—pot, hash and coke. And if you were famous, Chase felt, you could do more drugs. And the show was big; at the least, it was at the top of the minors.

Judy agreed, believing cocaine was the logical drug for all of them. It gave a sense of clearheadedness, intellectual power. It was nonaddictive and it kept them awake as they wrote, polished and rehearsed into the early-morning hours. But it was ex-

pensive, and there was never enough of it for John. He bought a gram here and there, spending perhaps \$200 a week for two grams.

Gary Weis, the film maker who made some of the two-to-five-minute films for the show, introduced John to Gary Watkins, a young actor who played bit parts in the show's parody commercials. Watkins could supply cocaine, and John began buying from him on a regular basis, depending on his cash supply: maybe a gram on Monday to get up for the coming week, perhaps another for Tuesday or Wednesday work and writing sessions at night; at times he had one for Saturday's rehearsals and the show itself. Sometimes he bought one for the weekend. Watkins usually came through. If not, Michaels, Chase, Aykroyd or writer Michael O'Donoghue often had some.

Cocaine was gradually becoming integral to John's life. He was a subject of constant conversation among his colleagues—because of some monstrous act or some flabbergasting kindness.

Lorne Michaels was the switchboard, and he heard nearly everything. In that environment, it was easy to see someone fuck up and go under but impossible to see oneself taking that dive. And John seemed to go in and out regularly. He was like a child who needed more of everything—attention, love, scolding, explanations. But he was capable of subtlety. By the end of each week, Michaels listed on a bulletin board the skits and parts that were ready for the show. Generally, there was 20 to 30 minutes too much, and that meant cutting. Michaels would study the board, shifting, dropping—concentrating on pace and mix. The other cast members regularly went in to lobby him. John went in and massaged Michaels' shoulders, saying nothing. It was always clear what he wanted. Nothing really had to be said.

Michaels kept three or four tickets to the live performance in his desk. *Saturday Night* tickets were the hottest in town, and hundreds of friends, relatives, celebrities, even NBC executives were turned down.

The extra tickets began disappearing, and Michaels discovered that John was taking them out of his desk late at night. He decided to say nothing. Since the demand was so high, it was best to have none and say no to everyone.

On the May 8, 1976, show with host Madeline Kahn, Dan and John played President Nixon and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger at their resignation-eve meeting, when they'd knelt and prayed.

Aykroyd, as Nixon, is in the Oval Office, hunched over, his jaw out, in a black suit with sleeves three inches too short. His movements are wild, jittery, almost fey.

John—Kissinger—enters. He is wearing a curly black wig, horn-rimmed glasses, a suit and a silk tie.

"Mr. Presadunt, ah——"

There is loud, long applause.

Belushi: "I, I've just spoken with your lovely daughter and your favorite son-in-law and, ah, they expressed a deep concern for your vell-being, which I, of course, share, and they suggested I come down here to cheer you up."

"You know I'm not a crook, Henry," Aykroyd asserts in a deep, frantic voice. "You know that I'm innocent!"

"Vell, ummm," John says, nodding his head.

"I am, Henry! I had nothing to doooo with Watergate, the bugging of Watergate. I had nothing to doooo with the cover-up, nothing to doooo with the break-in of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office, nothing to doooo with the guy who was killed in Florida."

"Vut guy vas killed in Florida, Mr. Presadunt?"

"You mean you don't know about the young Cuban who was run over by the—never mind! Henry, get down on your knees and pray!" He shoves Belushi down by the shoulder, forcing him to his knees on a rug by the side of the desk. "Pray with me! Pray with me!"

"Aw, Mr. Presadunt, please. You've got a big day tomorrow, ah, so why don't we just get into our jammies and go sleepy bye?"

"Yoooooou don't want to pray——"

"Vell——"

"Jew boy!"

"Aw, come on, Mr. Presadunt, I don't want to get into that again, OK? Please? You'll have to excuse me. I've got to go order the Strategic Air Command to disobey all Presidential orders."

"Right. Right, thanks," Aykroyd says, and as John leaves, he almost sings, "Jew boy!"

The Monday after Thanksgiving, November 29, 1976, John went to see Dr. Michael A. Rosenbluth, a prominent Fifth Avenue physician.

Dr. Rosenbluth had practiced medicine for 17 years and had previously run a drug-addiction clinic for eight years. He asked John for his personal medical history and stressed the need for him to be honest and complete. As John spoke, Rosenbluth wrote in his file:

Smokes three packs a day.

Alcohol drinks socially.

Medications: Valium occasionally.

Marijuana four to five times a week.

Cocaine—snort daily, main habit.

Mescaline—regularly.

Acid—ten to 20 trips.

No heroin.

Amphetamines—four kinds.

Barbiturates (Quaalude habit).

Rosenbluth questioned John about his excessive cocaine use and said he absolutely *had* to stop.

"I give so much pleasure to so many people," John said. "Why can't I get some

pleasure for myself? Why do I have to stop?"

"Because you'll kill yourself," Rosenbluth replied.

"My whole life is being conducted for me, schedules are set and I have to be there," John said. It was exhausting and oppressive. Cocaine was relief.

"I want you to see a psychiatrist."

John greeted the doctor's advice with considerable hostility; there was no need and he had no time. The drugs were not that much of a problem: There was no heroin; he wasn't injecting anything. Judy was the most important person in his life, and he wouldn't do anything to hurt her.

"That's why you'd better quit," Rosenbluth said.

"I'm addicted to Quaaludes," John confessed; he needed them to sleep. Rosenbluth wrote him a prescription for 30.

Candice Bergen came to host her third show, the last one before Christmas, on December 11, 1976. She had been looking forward to it, but during rehearsals she was shocked by the change from the previous year. Doing a live show three times a month had taken a toll. The warmth and openness had dissipated, and in their place there was a cool toughness, especially in John. The pressure had squeezed

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something vital out of the show and out of the people. They seemed to resent one another and her. *Saturday Night* had become a coke show. Maybe there was no way to get through, week after week, without uppers. Bergen could understand that. Habits that had been scarcely affordable the year before were well within their incomes now.

Michaels had always encouraged his cast to use material from their own lives in the show, and this Christmas John had no place to go, because he and Judy had temporarily split up. In the final skit, Bergen appears oncamera:

"Well, it's the last show before Christmas, and after it's over we'll go out and celebrate before heading our separate ways for the holidays. . . . I guess Garrett [Morris, the only black in the cast] will be going back to Africa. Yes, everybody's going home, everybody except for Belushi. . . . *Saturday Night* proudly announces The Adopt Belushi for Christmas Contest. . . ."

John appears and sings, "Chestnuts roasting on an open fire," off-key. He addresses the camera. "Hi, I'm John Belushi. You can call me Buh-looch, just like my close personal friend Chevy Chase does. You know, it's corny, but I love Christmas. Hey, I'd love to sit around the yule log and play with your daughter. . . . I'm not fussy. I like candied yams, plum puddings, roast goose stuffed with drugs. . . ."

Bergen announces, "If you think you're that special American family, why not write us?"

She and the cast close with a song about Gary Gilmore, the convicted murderer who wanted to be executed: *Let's Kill Gary Gilmore for Christmas*.

Bergen left the studio depressed after the show. The good acting and the skilled writing only made the situation worse. There was a great deal of talent, but the humanity had been drained out. Drugs—cocaine—were the reason. She would keep a polite distance. She vowed never to host the show again. The cast had come to resemble what they were parodying.

Michaels fired and rehired John a number of times. Judy believed the problem was cocaine. There was so much going around the office that everyone's nerves were worn thin. People got wired on coke, made demands, said things they didn't mean, and before long, someone exploded. It was a ritual with Lorne and John.

During a college lecture early in January 1977, John jumped off a table and twisted his knee severely, damaging the cartilage. He was admitted to a hospital, where he had to take painkillers for several days. He was drowsy and upset. Judy took him some cocaine. He missed the January 15 show, which was hosted by consumer advocate Ralph Nader.

By late January, he was back. Michaels cast John and himself in the opening:



"Why don't I find you a nice seat in the smoking section, ma'am . . . and then you can roll your joint."

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Michaels is telling a doctor, “I cannot put Belushi on national television; he’s in a coma.” Belushi, wearing a bathrobe and three days’ growth of beard, is rolled on in a wheelchair, out cold. Michaels walks over to him, looks down in disgust: “Hey, look, I, I can’t put this guy on television. I mean, he’s got to be awake.”

The doctor says that John has to go on. “If I don’t get paid, I’ll be forced to cut off his drugs.”

Belushi’s head snaps up and his eyes pop open. “Live, from New York, it’s *Saturday Night!*” he yells.

Tom Schiller, one of the regular writers, approached Belushi one day during the third season to say he had a go-ahead from Michaels to do a short film, and he wanted to do something with an old person. Belushi did a great old man; Schiller wanted a solo performance. As they started to film a few days later, Schiller was astonished at John’s zeal; it was how he imagined Marlon Brando. John bowed his head, studied his lines, and in the silence of a trailer he had requested, he seemed to be pushing himself into the character.

The scene is a cemetery in Brooklyn. Fresh snow is on the ground; it is pleasantly cold and the air is wonderful. Belushi, dressed like an old gray eminence in a heavy, dark coat, arrives with hesitant step at the Not Ready for Prime Time Cemetery. He stumbles among the gravesites.

“They all thought I’d be the first to go,” Belushi says in a deep, raspy voice. “I was one of those ‘Live fast, die young, leave a good-looking corpse’ types, you know.”

“I guess they were wrong. There they are. All of my friends. . . .” He points at a grave. “Here’s Gilda Radner. Ah, she had her own show on Canadian television for years and years—*The Gilda Radner Show*. She was a button, God bless her. There Laraine [Newman] is. They say she murdered her d.j. husband. . . . Jane Curtin. . . . She died of complications during cosmetic surgery. There’s Garrett Morris. Garrett left . . . then he died of an overdose of heroin. . . .

“Over here’s Chevy Chase. He died right after his first movie with Goldie Hawn.

“Over here’s Danny Aykroyd. I bet he loved his Harley too much. They clocked him at 175 miles an hour before the crash. He was a blur. I was called in to identify his body. I recognized him by his webbed toes.

“The *Saturday Night* show was the best experience of my life,” John says. “Now they’re all gone, and I miss every one of them. Why me? Why’d I live so long? They’re all dead.”

He pauses and thinks about it. “I’ll tell you why: ‘cause I’m a dancer!” He changes his voice and posture, becoming youthful, dancing over the graves.

Baroque music was added and the film, titled *Don’t Look Back in Anger*, ran on March 11, 1978.

Michaels thought that it was prophecy. John would outlast them all.

The glorious summers on Martha’s Vineyard were legendary: temperatures ten to 20 degrees cooler than in New York City and a brisk breeze blowing regularly across the island’s 100 square miles. John and Judy had bought a huge house on the beach from former Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, and whenever they used it, Judy could almost see John pull the plug, wind down and relax. Aykroyd was at his own house on the island, and John often used the hot tub there or fell asleep on a couch. He loved the island life. Driving around in his black jeep on simple errands gave him pleasure. He’d stop at Sandy’s for a fishburger or at Alley’s to see if there were any new Conan comic books or at the market for fresh swordfish. He got oysters in nearby Tisbury Great Pond and barbecued steaks and hamburgers. He built a model airplane, watched afternoon soap operas or whatever was on TV. He spent many afternoons at Larry Bilzerian’s clothing store, Take It Easy Baby, buying things or just watching the women fold clothes. Or he went to the island bakery or played golf.

The beach in back of their house was one of the finest on the East Coast—wide, clean and private. John and Aykroyd christened it Skull Beach, and people needed a special skull-inscribed pin to use it. Even the Chilmark police wore the pins. John loved to swim or body surf in the large waves that came with a big wind. He once took a mud bath with Aykroyd’s mother.

Other times, John liked going to the home of author William Styron, who had a house in Vineyard Haven, on the north end of the island. On August 4, 1981, the Styrons were having a birthday party for one of their children. One of their guests was singer Carly Simon.

A serious, troubled woman, Simon was attracted to John’s daring and irreverence. She felt drawn to people with dark and troubled sides to them. Her own marriage to singer James Taylor had crumbled because of drugs, and in some way, she felt John might shed some light on her experience. She drove to the party about midnight. John was lurking among the cars, looking half like James Dean and half like the parking-lot attendant. He went up to Simon, who was wearing a dress so thin that she hadn’t worn underwear because it would show through. He greeted her and pulled up her dress. She pulled it down and grimaced. His eyes were alive, and he was high and crazy.

John took her to the lawn and put her on the ground. Ignoring the people standing by, he climbed onto her and started making a fake, exaggerated humping motion. Then he stood and picked her up, tipped her upside down over his shoulder and carried her into the house, parading her around among the guests. Simon was

used to a teasing relationship with John, but this had gone too far. She had no control over the situation.

Simon tried to pull her dress down to cover herself. She was upset and humiliated and almost in shock. Having John around was a macabre thrill for her: He had courage and he was dangerous. He took so much energy, patience, understanding; he almost stole them from you.

One fall afternoon, when the Vineyard was fogged in, Simon rented a limousine and invited Judy to ride back to New York City with her. She felt a close alliance with Judy, a kind of camaraderie and solidarity between psychologically battered wives. Both were trying to cope with the same marital problems—drugs and infidelity. Taylor was still having bouts with heroin and had gone off with Kathryn Walker, who later played John's wife in *Neighbors*, his 1981 film with Aykroyd.

At least John's infidelities were passing fancies, temporary attractions and probably not very sexual, Judy said. Still, she wasn't sure if she could stick it out and wondered how much one woman could take. When John was in California, she said, he went nuts, and that cast her in the old role of the bodyguard.

Simon said she knew the feeling, playing the gargoyle, trying to keep the bad influences out of the house. There were too many people around who wanted to please their famous husbands, and those people were too quick with their drugs.

How was Bill Wallace doing at keeping away the drugs? Simon asked. Bill "Superfoot" Wallace, a world karate champion, had been hired the year before as a trainer to help Belushi lose weight. Inevitably, he became a drug enforcer and later replaced Smokey Wendell as John's caretaker.

Judy said Wallace wasn't as smart as Smokey: John could trick him. You had to be on his heels all the time to succeed. She'd been on duty a lot recently—particularly in California.

By the end of 1981, Belushi had starred in a string of commercially unsuccessful films—"1941," "The Blues Brothers," "Continental Divide" and "Neighbors"—and was determined to exert more creative control over his next project, a comedy that he wanted to co-author and that came to be titled "Noble Rot."

On Monday morning, January 8, 1982, John and Wallace took two first-class seats on United flight number five to Los Angeles. They were picked up about 2:30 P.M. by limousine and taken to the Chateau Marmont, a hotel that looks like a French Norman castle, perched high above Sunset Boulevard in the center of Hollywood. John checked into room 69, rented a maroon Mercedes-Benz 380 SL sports car for \$85 a day and drove to the private club On the Rox, where he bought drinks for people who stopped by—six Alabama Slammers, eight shots of Johnnie Walker Black. He ran up a \$152 bill

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and added a \$200 tip.

The couple in the room next to his had a baby, and they complained to the management about the noise coming from John's room—stereo, TV, loud talk. John complained about their baby, and on January 19, he moved to room 54, a \$200-a-day penthouse.

John and his old friend Tino Insana decided to give a party. John had promised Tino's mother on her deathbed that he would help her son professionally, and Tino was later given a small part in *Neighbors*. John also had arranged for Universal to pay Tino \$5000 to work on writing a sequel to *The Blues Brothers*.

Tino cooked pizza for the party, and John invited Brillstein, Landis and Fear, the punk group he was promoting. It was a quiet evening as John held court on the balcony overlooking Los Angeles.

"This is the way it should always be," he told Brillstein. "What I love is having the guys together." There was much talk about future movie projects—*Spies Like Us*, with Universal, and the *Blues Brothers* sequel.

John was also blowing his nose a lot and, as usual, tossing the used tissues onto the floor. One time, he hit Brillstein's wife, Deborah, on the shoe. She was sick of John's mess and snapped, "Is that how your mother brought you up?"

John leaned down, picked up the tissue and said, "I'm sorry."

He obviously needed someone to look after him. The next day, he hired a mature Englishwoman named Penny Selwyn to be his secretary at Paramount,

where he was writing the script for *Noble Rot*.

"Do you use drugs?" he asked.

"Yes," Selwyn said, "but very little." She said she took a line or two of cocaine occasionally.

"I'm the same way," he said. "We should get along fine."

On Saturday, January 23, John went to the airport to meet Judy, who was coming from New York on a seven P.M. flight to be with him for his 33rd birthday the next day. She was surprised that he had come to pick her up. He had never done that before. As they greeted each other, she had the feeling that he had been doing a lot of cocaine, but she decided not to say much.

She found a Quaalude on the floor of their room at the Château and was put off by the seediness of the hotel.

"Are you sure you want to stay here?" she asked.

John said he was.

The next day, Brillstein had a small birthday party for John. It was Super Bowl Sunday, and Aykroyd, Judy and some friends went to Brillstein's house to watch the San Francisco 49ers beat the Cincinnati Bengals, 26-21.

Brillstein felt depressed afterward. He loved his house and kept it neat. Even a five-minute visit from John could inflict remarkable chaos; and the birthday party and a three-hour football game had been disastrous. There was no telling what was gone or broken or misused. It seemed that John had dipped his fingers into everything in the refrigerator.

Christ, what a pain, what a big kid,

Brillstein thought. He loved John, understood his impulses, his resistance to some things, including much of Hollywood. When it worked—when a deal was made, a movie put together—well, then the millions could roll in, and Brillstein shared the wonder of that. But that night, it felt grubby and cheap.

Actress Penny Marshall of *Laverne & Shirley* knew John well and loved him as a friend. She thought he could probably get away with anything. He acted from his gut, and his need for attention and approval was boundless. He had said to her many times, "Maybe I'm no good."

When John had gone to the Academy Awards with Lauren Hutton in 1978, he had really been proud.

"Why do women go out with you?" Marshall had asked. "Because you're so good-looking?"

He wrestled her to the ground in a friendly way.

But during this period, in early 1982, he would take his cocaine to Marshall's place and spill it all over himself and her house. One time, she had to suggest to him that he take a shower.

It was about that time that John had said to her, "Hey, I got smack."

"Don't you ever fucking use this!" Marshall shouted, grabbing the heroin and flushing it down the toilet. She had used heroin once, and it had made her feel "carsick."

During his days and nights of nonstop partying throughout Beverly Hills and Hollywood, John would often end up in the company of actresses, models and an occasional PLAYBOY Playmate. On the evening of Tuesday, February 16, after a day of heavy drinking and cocaine abuse, he met April Milstead. April, 25 years old, was a thin, striking woman with large, pretty eyes. Her companion was Charles W. Pearson, 32, a well-dressed rock-'n'-roll singer who had released two minor albums. Pearson looked a little like Mick Jagger and he cultivated the same droopy, hip look.

Milstead, an Air Force brat, was happy in Los Angeles. Her ambition was to not have to work. When she and Pearson had arrived 18 months earlier, she had not looked for a job, but when his music career didn't flourish, she had started working as a waitress in the Moustache Café, a bistro on Melrose Avenue in West Hollywood. She had been there a month when a well-to-do Englishman fell in love with her. "I think I can help you out," he said.

When he opened a bank account for her, she quit her job and told Pearson, "I've hit the jackpot." She used a lot of cocaine and some heroin, at times shooting it up.

Pearson, who had grown up near Washington, D.C., had been around drugs since the age of 13. He felt that Milstead, who was down to 105 pounds, was doing too much and that it made her



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unattractive, but he loved her very much.

John was infatuated with April. He hovered over her, following her around and teasing her, suggesting that they run off together. She teased him back. She invited him to join Pearson and her at a private party at Dotson's, an art-deco-furniture store. He accepted.

It was 8:30 A.M. when he drove back to his bungalow, where he had moved in search of more privacy.

About nine o'clock, he called April. "Why don't you come over?" he asked. "If you can find some coke, bring it."

Next, he called and awakened Joel Briskin, who was in charge of managing him that week while Brillstein was out of town. "What are you doing today?" he asked. "Are you terribly busy? I've got a lot of stuff you could help me with."

When Briskin arrived at the Château, John escalated his demands. "I'm going nuts. I can't find my phone numbers, can't find my messages." Briskin looked around. There were scripts, pieces of paper, food, bottles all over the living room and back bedroom. John was unshaved and complained that he didn't have a fresh razor; but, more important, he had talked with Jack Nicholson the day before and was upset about the fact that Nicholson had better movie deals than he.

"How come Nicholson gets this?" John asked. "I should be getting this." Apparently, Nicholson got a percentage of each ticket sold—ten percent or more—and John didn't get his percentage until after the studio started breaking even.

Briskin tried to tell John that he had a great deal.

"Well, I don't understand it. . . . I'm not going to do the picture [*Noble Rot*]."

Briskin got out a pen and a yellow legal pad and went through the phone messages, asking each time whether or not John wanted to return the call. Within an hour, John was somewhat more organized. They had coffee and juice.

John said he'd had a good night's rest, but Briskin noticed that the bed hadn't been slept in. John wanted some cash; Briskin gave him \$400.

Milstead and Pearson arrived sometime after ten A.M. and walked to the back bedroom with John. Milstead sold John two grams of cocaine for \$300. Briskin went back and found them looking at some white lumps.

"This is really fabulous stuff," Milstead said. She thought she was helping John avoid being ripped off on buys.

Briskin asked to look.

"Do you want to buy some?" Milstead asked.

Briskin asked to see it closer.

"Why?" John snapped.

"I want to see what you're doing to yourself."

John told Briskin to buy him a Deering grinder to break down the lumps of cocaine.

John took out a black bathrobe with a

leopardskin sash that Tino Insana had given him. Holding it up, he told Milstead that it was a birthday present from a good friend—Keith Richards of The Rolling Stones.

Briskin and Pearson drove to a head shop and purchased the grinder. Briskin also stopped around the corner at Schwab's drugstore to get John a new toothbrush, tooth paste and a razor.

When they returned to the bungalow, John ran the coke through the grinder, took a picture off the wall in the living room, laid out the fine white powder in long, narrow lines on the glass and snorted several. "You know, Joel," he said, "I just love cocaine." Briskin knew.

Briskin was struck by Milstead's arms. He could see little dark bruises on the inside of her forearm—needle marks.

On Friday, February 19, he took John \$600 in cash. He knew it was for cocaine.

•

Near downtown Los Angeles, in a small apartment at 133½ Bimini Place, Catherine Evelyn Smith was getting up. Smith, 35, had cut her heroin habit to about \$25 a day, down from \$500 a day in the good times when she'd been dealing. But she had close friends in the trade, and for \$25 she could get what was referred to as half a tenth—one half of one tenth of a gram of heroin. At 70 percent purity, it kept her going.

That Monday, March 1, 1982, Smith and John Ponse, 47, her roommate of three years, a Dutch Indonesian waiter at the Polo Lounge in The Beverly Hills Hotel, began the day at Jerry's Family Coffee Shop on South Vermont Avenue. Ponse had breakfast. Smith had a double vodka with orange juice. Drinking made the heroin habit almost bearable, considering the fact that the addiction kept her from sleeping. When it was time for her fix later in the day, she would already have the hot and cold sweats, would be shaking and feeling weak. She would ache to the bone. It was hard to think of food, and she was often swept with waves of nausea. Her sinus passages drained, her eyes huge, she was depressed and crying a lot these days. It was a rotten life. Ponse thought Smith had a light addiction. On a scale of one to ten, she had a six, and was getting by.

Smith's life had had its ups and downs. She had become pregnant at 17 and had to give up her baby, a great trauma, since she herself had been adopted. She started dating Levon Helm, who went on to play the drums and sing for Bob Dylan's backup group, which later became The Band. She was 5'6", with a very good figure, and was quite beautiful. She married a man named Paul Donnelly, but that marriage lasted only 13 months.

Smith met folk singer/songwriter Gordon Lightfoot and lived with him from 1972 to 1975. During that time, she recorded the backup vocals for *High and Dry* on his *Sundown* album. From 1975 to

1977, she drove the tour bus for Hoyt Axton and also sang backup for him. Together, they wrote *Flash of Fire*, which got on the charts briefly and continued to earn her modest royalties. In 1977, she was with Rick Danko, the bass player and a singer for The Band. Later, Richard Manuel, also of The Band, flew her to California.

Once there, she rented a house in Bel Air and became deeply involved in the drug scene, hanging out with rock bands and going to parties.

She met The Rolling Stones and quickly latched onto them. They took her wherever they went, and it was then that Smith was introduced to heroin. By 1978, she had a very secret heroin habit that she kept from friends who were nonusers.

She had an even darker secret: She had become a dealer. Smith had gone to Thailand in 1978 as a middleman under an assumed name to arrange for the purchase of a kilo (kilogram—1000 grams, or about 2.2 pounds) of China White heroin for a dealer in the States. It took three weeks to recruit and coordinate the carriers and get passports for them, and when the heroin was finally smuggled in, Smith never got the \$10,000 she had been promised. She asked a friend if she could have the dealer killed, but never followed through.

The next year, Paul Azari, a 33-year-old drug dealer who operated under 13 aliases, was helping wealthy, prominent people leave Iran after the fall of the shah. Some of those people had access to large amounts of pure heroin.

Azari arranged for the delivery of 19 kilos (about 49 pounds) of Persian Brown heroin to Smith's apartment in the Sunset Towers on Sunset Boulevard. The street value was about \$13,000,000 (\$700 a gram), and Azari had paid just under \$4,000,000 (\$200 a gram). Smith sold the heroin, and Azari came by and picked up the money each day; Smith's share of the profit was taken out in heroin, which she kept in tin boxes in her closet.

Smith gave a lot of parties in her apartment, and she sold to hundreds of people—many she knew, many she didn't. Some were just faces or people in cars or chauffeurs in limousines. Several drivers delivered movie scripts with cash inside. Smith kept a small book with the names, phone numbers and addresses of her Hollywood customers.

One entry in her address book was Gary Weis, the *Saturday Night Live* film maker. He used the Persian Brown while filming a Hollywood feature, *Wholly Moses!*, at night, and he was afraid that word about him and heroin might get around.

After eight months, the 19 kilos were gone, and Smith turned down other chances to deal large amounts. She was afraid of being caught.

By early 1982, Smith was relying on Ponse for money, and for a while, he was willing to give her \$50 a day for her habit. In a period of deep anxiety, however, she

had taken 50 Stelazines accidentally, thinking they were Valiums. The paramedics had to be called and her stomach pumped. After that, Ponse cut her back, but he often gave her \$20. So her question each morning was where she would find the next fix, the next \$25 or five dollars.

At nine A.M. that Monday, Smith was at Rudy's, a small, windowless bar with a pool table on Santa Monica Boulevard. There she could find a bookie and bet on the horses. If she won, there might be a little more money. While waiting, she exchanged jokes with the regulars. It was a life of jokes, waiting and heroin. By four o'clock, she would hit happy hour at Theodore's Café on Santa Monica, where the juice and double vodkas were only \$1.58.

Later that day, April Milstead answered her door; it was John, and he insisted on coming in. He said he wanted some heroin. Did she know where to get any—just a little, perhaps a tenth of a gram?

The going rate for a tenth is about \$60, Milstead said. Several weeks earlier, she had bought a tenth from Cathy Smith, whom she had met the previous fall at Dan Tana's, a bar on Santa Monica. Milstead could call Cathy and get the heroin herself, and John would never even have to meet her.

Smith was at her apartment watching TV when the phone rang that evening. She'd already had her heroin for the day.

"John Belushi is in town and is looking for some stuff," Milstead said. "Can you get some?"

Smith had met John and talked with him briefly during the second season of *Saturday Night Live*, when The Band was the musical guest, and during the filming of *1941* three years before, when he had been doing lots of cocaine. She had never associated him with heroin.

"I'll have to check and call you back," Smith replied.

He would pay a couple of hundred, Milstead said. That was enough for four tenths of a gram—a good, long party, particularly for those not regular users.

Smith said she'd stop by Milstead's for the cash first. "I have other places to go," she said, "and this has to be fast." She, too, had other customers to meet.

The three miles to Milstead's was a long drive in the rain. The apartment was set back, and Smith noticed a Mercedes in the driveway. John was behind the wheel. Milstead was standing outside, having an intense argument with him.

"Well, John," Milstead said, "are you going to do it or not?" John seemed worried that he was going to be ripped off and was asking questions. How long would it take to get the stuff? Where would they meet, at Milstead's or at the Château? What was the quality? How many people were going to step on it (cut and dilute it) before it was delivered to him?

"Hi, John," Smith said. "Long time no see."

"Hi," he said.

"How long you in town for?" she asked.

"About a week."

Just then, Smith's car started idling down as if it were going to stall. She ran back to it, ripping her jeans and cutting her leg on the sharp bumper.

"I want my money back," John said to Milstead. "Forget it, I'm not getting it. That's it. I don't want it."

"Here's your money," Milstead said, handing him \$60 through the window. But, she said, if he wanted some stuff again, Smith wouldn't do it. Milstead was bored by his indecisiveness. "When I have it and you don't, don't ask me for any."

John reconsidered. "OK," he said, handing back the money.

Smith ventured to the Mercedes and April gave her \$200—three tenths for herself and one tenth for John at \$50 a tenth. (John was paying Milstead ten dollars for her role as middleman.)

Smith backed out and drove two blocks when her car stalled. She heard honking behind her and turned around. John pulled over, got out and walked up to the window. "I want my money back."

"Here, take your money," she snapped, shoving \$50 at him. "I don't have time for this." She asked if he could help start her car.

"No," he said, "it's a rented car and they don't have jumper cables." He started walking toward his car and then turned back, saying, "Wait a minute," and handed her the \$50. "How long is it going to take?" he asked for a second time.

"It's not getting any shorter talking to you."

John pulled his car around and headed

off. Smith flagged a camper whose driver helped start her car. She drove to Theodore's Café, where another customer gave her \$100. She was in a hurry to join Belushi, so she told her several customers that Janet Alli, a friend also involved in the local drug scene, would be back shortly with the heroin. She then drove down to the parking lot of Miller's Outpost, a clothing store at the corner of Pico and Robertson.

Alli and her connection—who supplied relatively pure China White—were there in an old green Volkswagen, waiting for the cash. Of the \$200 from Milstead and the \$100 from the customer at Theodore's, Smith kept \$25 for herself, handing Alli \$275 for a total of six tenths. The implied agreement with John was that Smith would get some for herself. That was the way she'd done it with others when she had provided the connection for the drugs.

Alli was buying for three other customers, and all told, she passed about \$700 to her connection. Her profit was about \$100. Her connection didn't like dealing with too many people and used Alli as an intermediary whenever possible. He left and returned about 15 minutes later. Alli met him by the phone booths, where he passed the packets to her. She then gave Smith her share.

"If it's good, I'll want more," Smith said. When she got in her car, however, it stalled again.

John, meanwhile, had gone to the apartment of comedian Richard Belzer, who was preparing a routine for *The Tonight Show* the next week. He wanted



Tucker

"Who complained to the owners because he was making less than me?"

John's help, but John was distracted and not very helpful. He couldn't sit still and pulled out some cocaine. Later, he called Milstead's to see if Smith was back with the stuff. She was.

Shortly after that, John arrived at Milstead's, where Smith was waiting. April took him aside and warned him that Smith was bad news; she lived off other people's money and drugs. At that moment, she was shooting about three fourths of one of the tenths into her own vein. She welcomed the extra shot.

Milstead did not like to shoot herself up and asked Smith to do it for her. Smith, thinking Milstead didn't know enough about shooting and might be careless injecting herself, agreed. She gave April about half a tenth, not sure how big a load her body could handle.

John seemed fascinated with both the process and the effect, watching intently in Milstead's bedroom. "You think you could do that for me?" John asked.

Smith considered herself a superb nurse with a full working knowledge of drugs. She had read books and articles about how to revive overdose victims, and she had once saved the life of someone who had overdosed in her apartment. Better to have her shoot John than someone like April.

"Do you have a syringe?" John asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"Shoot me up."

"I don't know why you'd want to do that," Smith explained that she didn't like shooting drugs into people, and she expressed mild surprise that he did heroin.

John said that he'd taken heroin before, back in New York, but he didn't like people to know. He said he wanted a speedball—a mixture of cocaine and heroin. The high of the coke and the dulling effect of the heroin, mixed properly, could create a wonderful sensation, he'd heard.

The China White heroin did not have to be heated, and neither did the cocaine. Taking a small amount of coke and even less heroin—\$10 to \$20 worth of each—Smith placed them together in a teaspoon and added a small amount of bottled water. She mixed the substance and then wadded a cotton ball as small as possible and dropped it into the liquid. Sticking the needle into the cotton, she drew out the mixture into the syringe; any impurities would tend to adhere to the cotton.

Next, she tied John's arm with a web belt to make the vein come to the surface. Then she deftly jabbed in the needle.

John seemed to love the impact, which normally hit in ten to 20 seconds. In Southern California, Smith knew, it was often described as the feeling of scoring a touchdown in the Rose Bowl.

About midnight, the party moved to John's bungalow. As they stepped over the threshold, he grabbed Smith's arm. "Let's go in this bathroom," he said, turning into the small bathroom nearest the living room. "I want to do another hit."

Smith wanted to keep it as private as

possible, so she closed the door. John took out some cocaine, a fresh supply neatly wrapped in small paper bundles, and handed her a bundle. Earlier, he had given her the heroin to hold, but he kept charge of the cocaine. They agreed this show would be coke—not a speedball.

As a precautionary measure, Smith said, she would do a shot first. She wanted to be careful not to give John too much and needed to test the purity. "I don't know what the quality of this coke is. If the quality is appreciably more, there could be problems." She prepared about a line and injected herself. She didn't particularly like coke; if she took a hit, she needed just that much more heroin to come down.

Next, she prepared a shot for John—all coke and only about half of what she had given herself. She asked how it was.

"Great," he said, leaving the bathroom with a big smile on his face.

John turned on loud music and talked about scripts and wine while the drugs continued. The hazy bull session lasted for hours. John snorted some heroin.

Milstead watched Smith shoot up John. Once, when the front bathroom was unoccupied, she went in to check out her eyes in the mirror. John followed. She continued to stare into the mirror. He undressed and took a shower while she stood there. She bit her cheek; he seemed incapable of embarrassment.

About seven A.M., when all the drugs were gone, they drove over to Duke's coffee shop in the Tropicana Motor Hotel on Santa Monica. John ordered a cheese blintze, and after finishing it, he started eating from Milstead's plate with his hands, putting on a Bluto show.

John and Smith drove over to her place so she could change clothes, and then they went back to the Château. John called Brillstein's assistant, Gigi Givertz, and said that he didn't have his credit card and needed money to buy some cassettes. She sent over \$600 with Bill Wallace.

Smith wondered how John always had so much cash. He seemed generally to have \$1000, and when his cash got low, he was resupplied at once by Brillstein's office, usually through Wallace. The money clearly went for drugs. He seemed to have four or five grams of coke most of the time. She asked him how it worked.

"There's several thousand dollars of cocaine built into the contract," he said. "Extra money for the length of the contract . . . not said, but that's what it's for." In the *Noble Rot* contract, he got \$2500 a week even when he was just working on the script and not acting. But everything—hotel, limo, credit cards—was paid by his accountants in New York. So he had the money to use for drugs; that was its purpose, he said.

On Wednesday, March third, Belushi disappeared for the day with another woman and everyone—Brillstein, Briskin,

Wallace and even Smith and Milstead—searched frantically for him.

At 5:50 A.M. Thursday, John called Judy at Morton Street. It was 8:50 in New York, still too early for her. She had the flu and was angry that they hadn't talked for days. He said he would call back at a reasonable hour.

Later that morning, John called the office he shared with Aykroyd in New York and left a message on the answering machine: "I'm coming home on the redevye tonight."

About that time, 11 o'clock in New York, Aykroyd was just going into the office, and he picked up the phone on the answering machine. He heard John's voice—not sure whether he was actually on the line or it was an old message playing back. But there it was, his partner's voice: "I'm coming home on the redevye tonight." Boy, Aykroyd thought, he really sounds down and tired. He considered getting on the line and thought about what to say: Hey, what's wrong with you? You better come home. But that might set John off, so he hesitated.

Everything had to be very deliberate with John. Aykroyd always had to sit Belushi down eye to eye and say, You have to see that this is not good, that you or your behavior or this business decision we made is not good. Or, I have a disagreement with you. He couldn't be short with John. Two or three lines on an important subject could be disastrous. And John's voice was bleak. A scolding could throw him off the path home.

It probably *was* John right there on the line, but the redevye would bring him back the next morning. That would be fine, Aykroyd decided, and hung up. He sat down at his typewriter in the corner office to start one of the first scenes of a script he was writing with John. Before he started, he told the secretary, "John's gone off the deep end."

John called Milstead. "I want to see Cathy," he said. Fifteen minutes later, he called again. "Have you found Cathy?" he pleaded. Milstead promised to try harder.

Finally, John called Brillstein.

"Where the fuck have you been?" Brillstein asked.

"I'm getting out of the shower."

John promised to go right over to Brillstein's office.

At 9:24 A.M., he placed a call to Judy. She was now awake and took the call on the upstairs phone.

"I'm sorry I didn't come home Sunday," John began. "They hate our script for *Noble Rot*. I'm going to stay for a meeting." That was a courtesy to the studio, he said.

Judy thought he sounded better, more frustrated than depressed.

"You can't believe what they want me to do," he said. "Now they want me to do *The Joy of Sex*. You won't believe the

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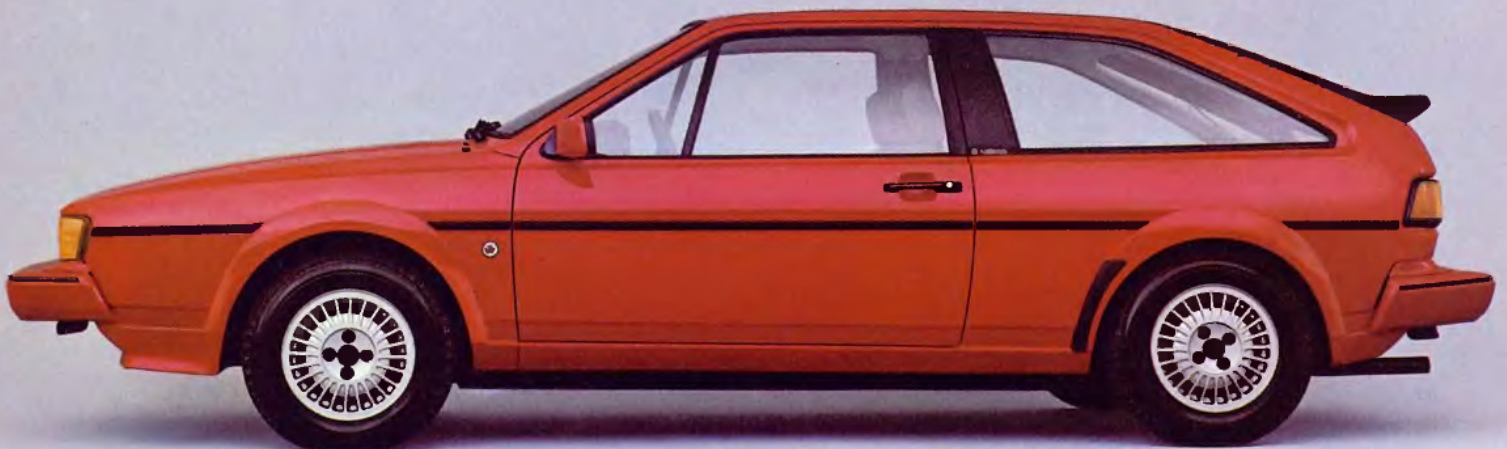
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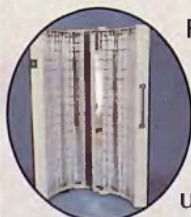
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script. They want me to put on a diaper!"

Judy was glad to hear from him, but she knew the cocaine was way, way out of hand. She called Smokey Wendell in Virginia; it was time to re-enlist the drug enforcer.

"Would you be free to spend some time with John?" she asked.

"Yes. When?"

"Right away, if possible," Judy said.

"OK," Smokey answered. "I can take a flight tonight to L.A." He had heard from friends on the West Coast that John was back into his old habits.

"I'm not sure we want to gang up on him," Judy said.

Smokey said that he had recently left messages for John at the Château but hadn't heard from him. He wanted more details from Judy, though they had previously agreed to make no direct references to drugs over the phone.

"The problems are back again," Judy said. "But worse, stronger. He hates L.A., you know. And we're having marital problems."

"We don't have to get into that over the phone," Smokey said. "Wouldn't it be best for him to fly to California at once?"

Judy said no.

"Are you sure? I can pack in 15 minutes and get the first flight and be there in the morning."

"No," Judy said again. "I'm going to talk to him tonight, and we can talk tomorrow."

"We've got to get him out of L.A.," Smokey said.

Judy agreed. The conversation lasted 13 minutes.

That night he packed a suitcase, ready to go the next day.

In Los Angeles, John called Milstead again to ask her to promise to renew her search for Cathy.

He returned to the bungalow about 11 o'clock and ordered a Continental breakfast. Then he went to Brillstein's office.

"For someone on a binge, you look pretty good," Gigi said as he walked in.

"I feel fine, feel great," John said, claiming to have slept about 24 hours straight. He took his stack of phone messages and had a cup of coffee.

Gigi was glad to see things had calmed down. He looked well rested and strong.

He went into Brillstein's corner office and took off his warm-up jacket. It was time for a serious talk.

Brillstein explained that they were at one of those crucial points in his career. John was still big money for the studios; they would pay close to \$2,000,000 for a picture, but that enthusiasm was going to run down if there were a fuck-up on the Paramount deal. *Animal House* was a 1978 movie. That was really John's last hit. It was now 1982. "We need a big raucous hit," Brillstein said. "We need it now. Do *Joy of Sex*," he implored.

He was driving hard, confessing his



John
Dempsey

"I'll never understand how you gals can tell at a glance what a man's thinking."

anxieties. A lot of money and many other things—careers, credibility, clout, leverage—were on the line.

John seemed to be warming to the idea of doing *Joy*. "OK, OK," he said. But he was up and down, and Brillstein couldn't tell where he would land. John always made him earn a victory.

"I want to buy a new guitar," John said, "and I need cash."

"How much?" Brillstein asked.

"Fifteen hundred dollars."

Brillstein thought that was outrageously expensive. John explained that the guitar he wanted had been made specially for Les Paul, who had pioneered the development of the electric guitar.

"I'm not going to give you money," Brillstein said. "You'll use it on drugs."

"Am I here?" John asked. "Am I OK?"

As Brillstein well knew, John knew how to apply pressure with a new angle, a new hobby, a new excuse—always the same game, always new rules.

From New York, Aykroyd called Brillstein's office and John took the phone. Dan needed him about his disappearance the day before.

"How is it you can disappear in Canada for two goddamn weeks and everyone doesn't go crazy?" John asked. "Why me? Where were you yesterday?"

"Well, John," Aykroyd said, "I was here in New York writing a project for us.

That's where I was." He told John that they had an offer from a U.S. Navy captain to cruise on a ship leaving from San Diego the next week. John showed little interest. "Do me the solid favor of your life," Aykroyd said. "Come with me on this Navy cruise. We'll have time to clean out physically and mentally, and we'll be able to plan the strategy for the next series of projects that we're going to do together and discuss their order. Come on, man."

"No," John said sharply.

"Why?"

"I get seasick," John said.

"You can take pills."

John wouldn't budge and Aykroyd carped some more. He was worried and didn't want to show his concern, but it came through. "You got to get on the ship," Aykroyd said.

"Who the fuck are you?" John screamed. "You disappear! No one says anything to you. You can go anywhere you goddamn please! Why are you picking on me?" He hung up.

Brillstein called Aykroyd back and sent word that John apologized.

Brillstein wanted to focus on one issue: After the flops of *1941*, *Neighbors* and *Continental Divide*, they needed a hit. When the meeting resumed, John agreed that a commercial success for Paramount, a movie that would put him on top again, should be next.

Then he brought up the guitar. It was just what he wanted, he told Brillstein.

Large decisions could turn on small ones, Brillstein realized. "Gigi," he called, "get \$1500." He turned to John. Buy the guitar, he said. It's on me—"a belated birthday present."

John walked out of the meeting to find the secretary. "Where's the money?" he asked.

She had to go get it.

He went back to the meeting but came out again. Gigi suspected that the guitar was an excuse to get cash, but it was so good to see John looking and feeling well. She knew that Judy was having a tough time. Had he talked with Judy recently? she asked.

He said Judy had the flu.

"Judy and I will always be together," John said. "We just will." He reminded Gigi that he and Judy had started out together as kids. Their 1980 trip to Europe had been good, because it was just the two of them, no outside distractions. They had had to count on each other and, he added almost pensively, "We were there for each other."

Gigi handed John \$1500.

He went back to the meeting but acted impatient. Finally, he said, "What am I sitting here for?"

About one o'clock, Bill Wallace reached John at the Château and said that he had been looking for him all day Wednesday. John said everything was OK.

Then John called Milstead. Had she found Smith?

Milstead said Smith would be over in half an hour.

"Great, fine," John said. "I'll be right over."

While she waited, Milstead got a phone call from her mother, calling from her office at a top-secret message center in the Pentagon. They were chatting when Smith arrived and let herself in.

"Hi, Cathy," Milstead said.

"Who's that?" her mother asked.

"Oh, a friend, Cathy," Milstead said.

Smith went into the kitchen and started rummaging around. "Where's the coke?" she yelled.

Milstead slammed her hand over the phone.

"What's that?" her mother asked.

"Oh, nothing."

Smith screamed out again, "Where are the works?"—meaning the needles.

Milstead slammed her hand over the phone again.

John arrived. "Hi, John," Milstead said.

"Who's that?" her mother asked.

"John."

"John who?"

Milstead decided to tell. "John Belushi."

"I know people in the office who'd like to talk to him," her mother said, indicating she'd like to pass the phone around the Pentagon.

"Forget it," Milstead replied sharply;



"Now, now, Captain, remember you promised . . .
no foreplay!"

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she had to go. She got off the phone and kissed John hello.

He took half a gram of cocaine, put it on the television set and said, "Here, this is for you."

"John, you look good, really good," Milstead said. He had color in his face.

He had brought a lot of cocaine, and he and Smith did several coke shots in the course of the next half hour. Suddenly, they headed for the door. "We'll see you later, April," Smith said as they left.

By early evening, Aykroyd had finished writing the day's scenes. He had promised to go over to Morton Street to have dinner with Judy and watch the premiere episode of the TV show *Police Squad!*, for which John's friend Tino Insana was a writer. He also wanted to tell Judy that it looked like John was coming home that night on the redeye.

Aykroyd locked the office, walked out and down Fifth Avenue to Washington Square and over to Morton Street. He and Judy had had many such talks as they now had. The cycle of John out of control on drugs was in full swing for the first time in four or five months.

"I may have to put myself on the line," Judy said. That meant a threat of divorce, something to whip John into shape. "If he doesn't come home soon, I'm going to move out."

The message on the answering machine said John was getting the redeye that very night, Aykroyd said.

No, Judy explained, she'd heard from him and he had one more meeting.

Aykroyd said that the following day was the limit. John couldn't spend another weekend in that environment.

Judy said she was looking for a new way to convince John that it couldn't go on that way.

Aykroyd recounted a recent visit with John. He had obviously been on coke and downers and needed time away from the business.

Judy wasn't sure what the next step should be. What should they do?

If he didn't come home before the weekend, Aykroyd said, he'd go out there and somehow get him home, perhaps take him to the Vineyard or figure out some program for the three of them—or just him and John—to take off and leave the temptations of urban night life behind.

Maybe treatment, Judy said, maybe institutionalization.

Aykroyd was thinking in terms of an environment in which they could all clamp down, stop all the drug taking and cut off the availability.

Judy said she had reached Smokey, and that was the best chance they had. It was the only thing that had really worked. Repressive as it might be, it was an answer.

If he weren't back the next day, Aykroyd said, he would go out there and take Wallace or Smokey to track him down. "We'll handcuff him, if necessary," he

said, and get him on that plane.

It was about midnight when Aykroyd left to go home. He was torn by the extent of his responsibility. John was in charge of his own life. How much intervention was needed? How much good would it do? To force him out of Los Angeles—if it were possible—would tear a hole in John's soul, break his spirit. He would scream and kick and howl. Would that kind of intrusion help or hurt? There was a greater distance between the two of them than had ever existed before, but there would be future projects together. Now John was on his own, and maybe he needed that. Or did he? Was there a call for help? Aykroyd wasn't sure.

In Los Angeles, John called Brillstein and Paramount and said he agreed to do *Joy of Sex*. Then he met Smith. He had many packets of new cocaine. They took about four more shots and then went to the Guitar Center and spent about half an hour looking at musical equipment. John bought a floor pedal for his drum set in New York. They agreed to meet at On the Rox later for dinner.

When John arrived at On the Rox about nine o'clock, he called his secretary, Penny Selwyn, at home. "Where the hell have you been?" she asked. "For all I know, you could have been dead on an overdose and in a gutter."

"I've just been around. I can't remember." He sounded in great spirits and said he'd talked with Judy and that everything was fine.

"So what's been going on?" she asked. "Is there a movie?"

"Can you imagine what those fuckers want? Now they fucking asked me to do *The Joy of Sex*. Did you read it?"

"You must be kidding," Selwyn said. "Yes, it's absolutely hideous. You poor guy." She felt sorry for him. *Joy of Sex* was the biggest joke of all time on the Paramount lot.

"None of those guys have any imagination. I'm going to have to just go in and show them."

"Great," Selwyn said.

"Tino and I are doing something. I need you at the office. . . . Tomorrow's the day everything is going down."

"When will I see you?" Penny asked.

"Call me in the morning."

"God, no wonder you've been so upset."

"It's going to be OK."

In fact, John had a plan for the next day. Tino and he were going to ride around in a limousine and work on the 29-page movie treatment they had written the previous summer about a 33-year-old public-relations executive named Steve who goes to a convention in New York City and gets involved with a woman named Cheri and a punk-rock musician, Johnny Chrome. Eventually, Steve goes punk himself, leaves his job and wife and

dyes his hair blue. Johnny Chrome, at the end, is found dead in Cheri's apartment, leaving her to explain his death to Steve.

Cheri explained, "Johnny's dead. He was on the H."

"Heroin?"

"He O.D.'d."

"Listen," Steve said, trying to cheer her up. . . . "Let's go out and toast the great Johnny Chrome, who never had a chance. . . . Hurry up and get dressed. . . ."

"What are we going to do with Johnny?"

"I don't understand."

"Johnny died here last night. We both did the same heroin. He did more, a lot more. He died."

"Are you sure he died of an overdose?"

There, lying on the bed, was the young, dead body of Johnny Chrome. Steve hesitated, then lifted the dead arm to feel for a pulse.

"He's dead, all right. God, look at this arm. It's full of holes. He was a junkie," Steve said.

From On the Rox, John next called Insana. He explained that he wanted to do some work on the treatment the next day. It seemed important to him. Since Tino had written the first draft the summer before, John had been pushing for a crucial new scene. His character, Steve, was going to be talked into shooting up heroin by Johnny Chrome.

To lend credibility to the scene, John wanted to shoot up oncamera. Insana had been horrified; Judy had been angry.

But John had raised the issue with Robert De Niro and had concluded that he had found a strong ally who agreed that doing heroin oncamera would significantly enhance the scene. De Niro was a leading advocate of Method acting: An actor had to experience the character both physically and emotionally. John loved De Niro, called him Bobby D. Several years before, the two had taken some cocaine together and De Niro had hurt himself and needed to get medical treatment.

Insana was not eager to work on the script. John sounded drunk or high. The script had too much to do with drugs, and Insana didn't like them. They were a time bomb. But he loved John and he agreed to get together with him the next day.

"We'll talk in the morning," John said, "and I'll come over to your place."

John had been trying all week to get in touch with an old New York acquaintance, Richard Bear, a piano player and cocaine supplier. Bear had finally agreed to meet him that night at On the Rox.

He arrived and the two had a talk. John explained the punk movie and how his character shoots up heroin. "Well, listen," he added, "when we do this, I'm going to use real heroin."

"That's not acting, John," Bear said,

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rather surprised. Bear himself had never shot heroin, though he had snorted it once, years before, in Europe. He said that it seemed like a bad, dangerous idea.

"No, no," John said. "I'll have a doctor there." He seemed to be seeking support.

"I don't know, John," Bear said. "That's very real, and if you need it to be that real, then you're going to do it. But I don't know."

John said there was going to be a punk band in the movie and he wanted Bear to be in it. "We'll all have a great time. I've got to get you involved in punk." John said punk music was sort of like the blues—for and by the down-and-out. Punk was anti-everything, he said, and that was the way he was feeling, particularly anti-Paramount. John began a 15-minute tirade against the studio and the executives—all "motherfuckers" who were ignorant. He said he would like to punch out the head of the studio. "That's why punk music is so cool, because they'll never understand it. But we can do it. They'll never, never understand it, but it's going to take over the world."

John then asked Bear if he had any cocaine.

"All I got is this," Bear said. "I have a gram for myself."

"Come on, give me half."

"Here, have a line," Bear said, handing a bundle to John.

John went to the washroom; when he came back, half was gone.

Soon Smith arrived, and John went back to the office of the owner of On the Rox. It was a seedy, small room that looked like an add-on attic. With a nod, John signaled to Smith to join him. He handed her the cocaine. She prepared the cocaine-and-water mixture, shot herself up and then John.

John left and walked across the parking lot to the Rainbow for some dinner. Smith sat down to have some wine and also ordered some shrimps.

Singer Johnny Rivers and Todd Fisher, Carrie's brother, arrived. John returned



and was introduced to Rivers. They shook hands and went back to the kitchen, and Rivers sang *Kansas City*.

Meanwhile, both De Niro and Gary Watkins had been trying to reach John at the Château. At 9:09, De Niro left a message for John: "At Dan Tana's if you want to meet." At 10:13, he left another message: "I'm on way to On the Rox. Return to hotel at 10:30 P.M." Watkins also called the Château and left a message at 10:51.

At 11 o'clock, a *Saturday Night Live* rerun started. It was from the second season, five years earlier, on January 15—the week John had been in the hospital with a knee injury and hadn't done the show. He

had called in during the "Weekend Update" news segment to speak with Jane Curtin.

John and Smith sat down before the large Advent screen at On the Rox. A large, still head shot of John came on with the caption *IN HAPPIER TIMES*. The audience listened to his conversation with Curtin.

"Hi, Jane. This is John Belushi."

"Hi, John, how are you?"

"Well, ah, not too good, actually. You probably noticed I haven't been in the show yet. Well, it's because I'm in the hospital. I have a hurt leg, you know; I got a knee injury, kind of like a Joe Namath kind of thing. I've been here a week, Jane, and, ah, nobody's even called. There hasn't been any publicity about me not doing the show. I mean, when Chase was in the hospital, there was a lot of publicity. . . ."

"We didn't want to depress everyone during the first part of the show," Curtin says. "We thought we'd wait until the good-nights to tell them about it."

"I'm OK," John says. "I just want to tell everyone. . . . It got operated on. But I will be back next week, with or without my leg. . . . Who's this new kid in the show?"

"Billy Murray. Isn't he terrific?"



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He can do anything."

"Yeah, sure. I'm sure he can. How about a samurai? Can he do a samurai?"

"Oh, John, Billy does the best samurai I have ever seen. It's like watching Toshiro Mifune."

"Yeah, well, imitations are easy to achieve. Can he act, Jane? Can he act?"

Smith noticed that John had a broad smile, lighthearted and self-satisfied. She hadn't seen him unwind, ease up on himself and those around him all week long. It was always the phone, meetings, scripts, another shot, which he was growing to love. He seemed to soften while watching the rerun, and he lingered by the set a few more minutes.

Todd Fisher went up to John. "John, it's Todd, Carrie's brother."

"How's she doing?"

"She's in London," he said, doing *Return of the Jedi*, the third part of the *Star Wars* series.

"Yeah," John said. "I wish she and Danny had got married."

He signaled Smith that it was time again. They went to one of the washrooms, shut the door and each got a shot of John's cocaine.

About midnight, De Niro walked in. John asked him to go back to his bungalow at the Chateau Marmont when On the Rox closed. De Niro said he would.

Later, Bear went down to the parking lot with John and told him he was thinking of staying, maybe moving out to Los Angeles permanently. That unleashed a torrent from John. "I can't wait to get out of this fucking town! I hate this fucking place! I hate the people! I hate the bullshit! I hate the studios! You come into this town for 48 hours and then you better get your ass out. Thank God I'm leaving here. Thank God this will be my last night in L.A.!"

Bear said he had to go.

"Meet me later," John said, describing the location of his bungalow. They were going to talk about the new scene and the screenplay. De Niro was coming, too.

Bear left for another party but said he might stop by.

About two o'clock, waiting for the car in the On the Rox parking lot, John saw someone selling drugs and bought a gram of coke for \$100. "I got some coke," John told Smith. "Let's go back to the Marmont." He asked if she would drive.













Smith loved the Mercedes. She got behind the wheel, heading east down Sunset Boulevard. John asked her to pull over quickly. She turned into a closed service station. "I'm going to get sick," he said, opening the door. He threw up, heaving and gasping.

At the Chateau, John went to the back bathroom and threw up again.

"John, are you all right?" Smith asked. "What are you sick from?"

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"I don't know," John said. "I ate all this greasy food at the Rainbow."

That night, comedian Robin Williams, an On the Rox regular who knew John from New York, had stopped by the Comedy Store on Sunset Boulevard, as he often did, on impulse to give a 45-minute stand-up improvisation. He took the 1:30 A.M. time slot, which he liked best; there was the least pressure at that time of the morning. Williams was getting ready for a 60-city tour and he wanted to practice.

When he'd finished, he went a few blocks down the Strip to On the Rox, but it was closed. The post-two A.M. crowd in the parking lot was large. One of the bouncers noticed Williams and said both Belushi and De Niro had been asking for him. Williams phoned De Niro's room at the Château, and De Niro said they were meeting at John's.

Williams got into his silver BMW and drove over to the Château. He was let into John's room and was told that he'd be back shortly.

So Williams called De Niro again from Belushi's bungalow. "Hey, where are you?" he asked, feeling weird and out of place. He could hear the voices of at least two women in the background of De Niro's room.

"I can't," De Niro said.

A few minutes later, John and Smith returned. John greeted Williams warmly and sat down on the couch with Smith.

Smith was delighted to meet Williams,

but from the instant she walked through the door, his discomfort increased. He had never seen John with such a hard woman; she had clearly been around. Williams did not consider himself a spring chicken, but Smith was frightening. She seemed somewhat out of place in John's life, at least from what Williams had seen. Even the room, tacky and messy, seemed part of this different ambience. Dozens of wine bottles were open and scattered around. Williams wondered what John, who was overweight and depressed, was doing and why. He emitted a certain melancholy. He seemed not embarrassed but a little out of sorts that Williams was seeing him in that condition.

Grabbing his guitar, John strummed a few chords. He didn't find the sound he was looking for and put it down.

He stood up and got out some cocaine, and Williams had a little. Then John sat down and his head dropped as if he had fallen asleep or passed out. In about five seconds, he lifted his head.

"What's up?" Williams asked. He had never seen anyone go out like that and come back so quickly. "Are you OK?"

"Yeah," John said distractedly. "Took a couple of 'Ludes." He sat there on the verge of sleep.

Williams decided it was time to go. He felt sorry for John and thought that if he knew him better, he'd probe and find out what was going on—perhaps even recommend that John get away from this strange company and the decaying room. But that was just a thought that flashed

by. Williams realized he was an outsider. He got up and said good night.

De Niro appeared from the back of the bungalow, slipping in through the sliding glass doors. Smith didn't dare to shake his hand. His quiet, penetrating stare seemed to say, "Back off, look out."

"Help yourself to the coke," John said.

De Niro snorted a few lines from the table. He found Smith trashy and was surprised that John was with such a woman. He also felt that John seemed wired. There wasn't much to say, and he headed back to his room shortly after three o'clock.

"Do you want me to leave?" Smith asked John.

"No, stick around," he said. "Can you get some more coke?"

Smith said she really wouldn't know how, especially at this hour. "You haven't had any sleep for days," she said. "Why don't you go to sleep?"

John produced a little more coke from his pocket. Smith mixed it with some heroin for a speedball. She gave herself the first shot, then made one for John that had half a tenth each of cocaine and heroin.

John got up and took a shower, and she washed his back. Smith then showered. Her clothes were dirty, and John told her to wear his new jogging suit.

Smith made an experimental gesture of sexual intimacy. John was not interested and turned away. She knew well that heavy drug use killed any desire.

John said he felt chilly.

"Well, get under the covers," Smith said. "I'll turn up the heat." She tucked the blankets around him and turned up the thermostat.

Smith went to the living room and started to write a letter. She stopped at the top of the third page.

She wanted to get back to Ponce's apartment and wondered if she could take John's car. She got up and went back to his room. "Are you hungry?" she asked.

From his bed, John mumbled something and waved her off, unfriendly.

She went back to the living room and tried to call Canada.

Coughing and wheezing—very strange noises—were coming from the bedroom, so she went back again. John was making heavy, choked-up sounds. She pulled back the covers. "John, are you all right?"

"Yeah," he said, waking up. "What's wrong?"

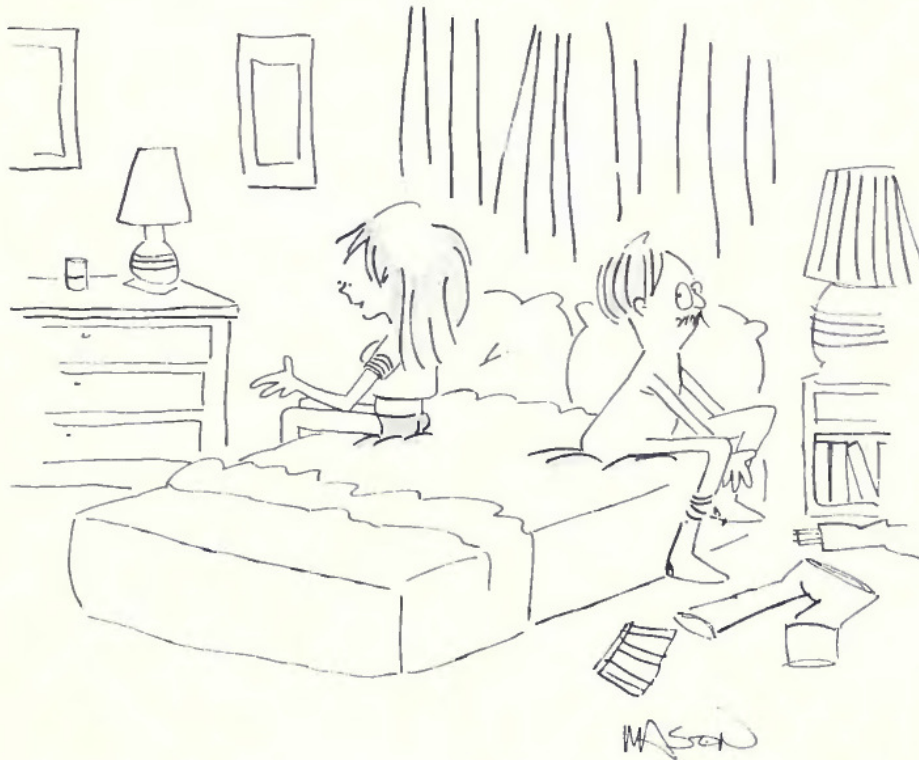
"You don't sound right. . . . Do you want a glass of water?"

She filled a glass and handed it to him. He took a couple of swallows and said his lungs were congested.

Smith said she was going to get something to eat.

"Don't leave," John said, a plaintiveness in his voice. He eased himself down under the covers, rolled over on his right side and closed his eyes.

Smith dialed room service but couldn't



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get through. She called Milstead, but there was no answer there, either. She tried room service again and it answered. She ordered two pieces of wheat toast with jam and honey and a pot of coffee. The order came about 15 minutes later, around eight o'clock. Smith added a one-dollar tip to the \$4.50 bill and signed John's name.

About ten o'clock, Gigi tried to get through to bungalow number three, but the desk said there was a do-not-disturb message on John's phone line.

About 10:15, Smith checked John. He seemed OK and was snoring loudly. She put the syringe and spoon they had been using in her purse; the maid might come to clean up, and she didn't want her to find them. She left the bungalow, took John's car and drove to Rudy's bar to have a brandy and place a six-dollar bet on a horse.

Bill Wallace had left two messages at the Marmont. He was driving around doing several errands during an early lunch hour, about noon. He stopped at Brillstein's and picked up a typewriter and a tape recorder for John. Then he drove to the Château.

"Shit," Wallace said, noticing that John's car wasn't there. When he got to number three, he knocked several times. There was no answer, so he let himself in with his key. He set the typewriter down and looked along the 25-foot-long hall to the back bedroom. It looked as if someone were in the bed. If John were sleeping, there would be snoring and wheezing. There was not even a hint of the familiar harsh, raspy breathing. The place was hot, a dry, breathless heat. The mess and squalor were John's—there was that particular resoluteness behind the disorder. Wallace felt a slight eeriness as he moved down the hall. Someone was clearly gathered in a tight fetal position under the covers, with his head under a pillow. Wallace recognized John's form. He walked slowly to the side of the bed, reached over and gently shook John's shoulder. "John," he said, "it's time to get up."

There was no response—no groan, no pulling back from the touch.

"John," Wallace said again, "time to get up."

Nothing. Wallace pulled the pillow away carefully. John's lips were purple and his tongue was partially hanging out. He was not moving.

Something like a flame ignited in Wallace. He had taught C.P.R.—cardiopulmonary resuscitation—at Memphis State and recognized the signs.

He flipped John's nude, heavy body over onto its back. The right side, where blood had apparently settled, was dark and ghastly. Wallace, his heart leaping and racing, reached into John's mouth with trembling fingers and drew out phlegm, which spilled and puddled on the bed sheet in a thick stain. There was a rancid odor. With one near-involuntary motion, he clamped his own mouth down

onto John's and began mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. He tried for several minutes—straining and horror in each motion. The body was cold, and John's eyes contained nothing. There was no movement, not the stirring of a response, a breath, a nerve, a moan. John was dead, gone. But there was an irrational hope and a requirement—the requirement that John not be dead. Tears flooded Wallace's face. He was disoriented.

The room was quiet. A glass of wine stood on the dresser. A script for *The Joy of Sex* lay on the upholstered barstool near the bed. Other things cluttered the room: an advance copy of the April PLAYBOY, with Mariel Hemingway on the cover; a belt speckled with silvery punk cleats; some powder on the table; John's red jogging shoes on the floor.

Wallace jabbed at the body, tried some more mouth-to-mouth. He wailed, "*You dumb son of a bitch! You dumb son of a bitch! You dumb son of a bitch!*"

The next day, Richard Bear got in touch with De Niro, wondering what they should do about John's death.

"Don't talk to anybody about that," De Niro said. "We'll put our heads together. We'll get together in New York."

But, Bear said, John had been planning this punk movie and wanted to shoot up heroin on camera; he had had the screenplay and a director.

"Well, I know John wanted to do that," De Niro replied.

"Bobby," Bear said, "they rehearsed the scene. That's what killed him. . . . They were doing it!"

"Don't say a word to me," De Niro said. "Not to me. Don't say a word to anybody. . . . You, me. . . . we'll put our heads together. But don't talk to anybody."

Dr. Ronald Kornblum, who performed the autopsy, found traces of both heroin and cocaine at the injection points on Belushi's left arm. He ruled that, in his opinion, "John Belushi, a 33-year-old white male, died of acute toxicity from cocaine and heroin."

Two days later, about 1000 family members and friends attended a memorial service at the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine in New York. Taking a small tape recorder from his blue knapsack and holding it up to a microphone, Aykroyd, as he had promised John six months earlier, played a tape of the Ventures' *The 2000-Pound Bee*. At first, everyone seemed stunned, but soon people were laughing.

Cathy Smith fled to Canada and granted an interview to the *National Enquirer* (for \$15,000) in which she was quoted as saying, "I killed John Belushi." The article and Judy Belushi's call for a thorough investigation led to the convening of the Los Angeles grand jury in late September. Smith denied the *Enquirer* quote later, but on March 15, 1983, she

was indicted by the grand jury and was charged with murder in the second degree—killing with malice—and with 13 counts of furnishing and administering heroin and cocaine.

In three long interviews six months after Belushi's death, Dan Aykroyd said, "Heroin is such an enjoyable stone. . . . I can tell you firsthand, right now, from my three or four experiences with it, that's the best stone on earth.

"And when [John] would ask me for money. . . . I'd usually give it to him, even though knowing he might go out and buy something with it. And it was like, I would warn him and say, 'You shouldn't do it,' whatever, 'but I'm not going to refuse you money. Here it is; you take it. You go.'

"And had I been with him that night with Cathy Smith and everything, and he said, 'I want you to come on and try this stuff,' I probably would have been right there alongside him. . . . I liked the guy so much, I would have done anything for or with him. . . ."

Bill Wallace stayed in Los Angeles and traveled around the world giving karate seminars and exhibitions. He said, "His friends killed John. I tried to keep him away from the drugs. It would have been so easy for them to say no, but they didn't."

Smokey Wendell moved to California and continued to provide security and antitemptation enforcement to various music personalities.

Robin Williams voluntarily testified before the grand jury investigating Belushi's death under an agreement that he would not be asked about his own drug use. Although he hadn't been that close to Belushi, he said he had never been so near a death and that it had scared him—not just the drugs but the fast-lane lifestyle.

Of Hollywood, Williams said, "The danger of the place is that if you don't have people there who can ground you down, you just start whirling. There are people there who will support any mood you want."

Carrie Fisher starred once again as Princess Leia, in *Return of the Jedi*, which was the summer of 1983 box-office favorite. She married singer Paul Simon that summer. At Belushi's memorial service, she remembers watching "all these people who I'd seen do drugs with him, and you know what they were thinking—hoping? That what he died of was *not* what they liked to do best."

Three months after Belushi's death, in the summer of 1982, someone left a sign on his grave in Martha's Vineyard. It read, HE COULD HAVE GIVEN US A LOT MORE LAUGHS, BUT NOOOOOOOO.



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the kind of boom box that's given radios a bad name. (Rule of thumb: If a radio is heavy enough to give you an abdominal hernia, leave it at home with your other hi-fi goodies.) And since many portables do double duty, you and your friends get the best of several worlds—such as short wave and AM/FM—in a small package. Let's hear it for communal fun.

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FASHION

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toric man—hence the heavy, shadowed brow of the Neanderthal. Before long, the eyes had about had it. Even medieval man found the visor fine in jousts but inconvenient on the beach. Well, stop rubbing your eyes with sun block. With shades of excitement, such as the ones you see here, you'll never be blinded by the light.

Left: Make like Mario Andretti in these Alfa Romeo Special sunglasses with two pairs of lenses, a leather case and a combination key chain/lens wrench, by Adensco, a division of Starline Optical, \$150.

CHARLES STEELE



Left: If Homer sunglasses with gold electroplated mountings, from the Mt. Olympus Collection, don't bring out the Greek god in you, nothing will, by Avant-Garde Optics, \$120.





Left: Jaguar 2001 Odyssey sunglasses with wrap-around frames and polarized lenses, by Zolkind & Sons, \$50. Below: The cat's miaow—Ray-Ban Cats sunglasses with nylon frames and funky eyeglass leash, by Bausch & Lomb, \$45.



Left: For the urban big-game hunter, Kilimanjaro sunglasses, from Serengeti Eyewear, feature a camouflage frame and photochromatic lenses, by Corning Optics, \$65. Below: Classic Girl Watcher mirrored sunglasses, from U.S. Optics, Atlanta, Georgia, \$9.95.



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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

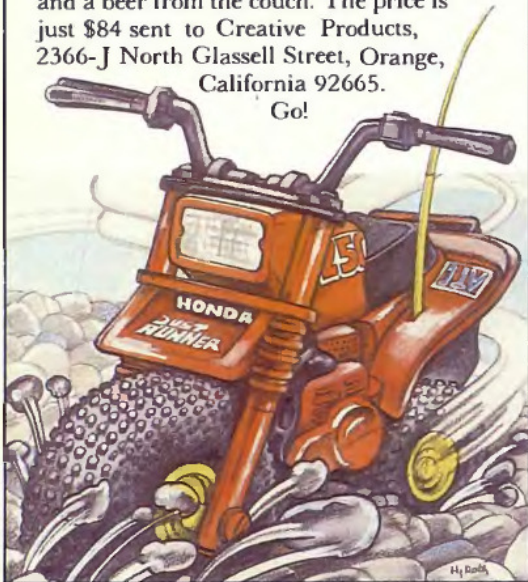
Between 1836 and 1880, United States patent laws stipulated that all applications for a patent had to be accompanied by a model “of a convenient size to exhibit advantageously its several parts.” Well, you can imagine the wacky devices that appeared on our Government’s doorstep. Some of the goofiest ones, from a musical rocking chair to a feather renovator to a crawling mechanical baby, are pictured in *American Enterprise: Nineteenth-Century Patent Models*, a 144-page soft-cover that the Cooper-Hewett Museum, Mail Order Department, 2 East 91st Street, New York 10128, is selling for \$22.50, postpaid. It’s shocking that the Electric Bath produced in Cleveland in 1862 (see page 58) has never been heard of again.



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Go!



ATTENTION, SUPERPATRIOTS

Michael Gnatek, Jr.'s oil painting *Patton at Bastogne—December 1944* is so realistic that you almost expect the old war horse to step down from the wall and kick your butt for not saluting. The same can be said for the 18" x 30" poster reproduction that American Print Gallery, 219 Steinwehr Avenue, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania 17325, is selling for \$22.50 unsigned and \$105 in a signed, limited (750) edition. The canine is Willie, Patton's pet bull terrier. Wonder if anybody ever had the guts to tell Old Blood and Guts about people's resembling their dogs?



BODY AND SOLE

Back in August 1983, we featured a luscious young thing in *Potpourri* wearing nothing but anatomical Sole Socks, and thousands of podiatrists wrote to express their thanks—and ask for the model's phone number. Now from the same manufacturer, Health Harvest Unlimited, P.O. Box 427, Fairfax, California 94930, comes Inside-Out Bodywear—a two-piece leotard outfit selling for \$79.95, postpaid, that's printed with anatomical drawings. (Unisex sizes are available from small to extra-large.) Include height when ordering. Health Harvest also stocks acupuncture T-shirts to wear when playing pin the tail on the donkey.



FLOPPY-DISK DOLLARS AND SENSE

Our financial guru, Andrew Tobias, has gone back to the drawing board and come up with *Managing Your Money*, a software financial-control center for your IBM or Apple computer that will estimate taxes, manage portfolios, print reports, write checks and more. Best of all, it sells for about \$200 at software stores. That's what many accountants charge to say hello.

ANDREW TOBIAS

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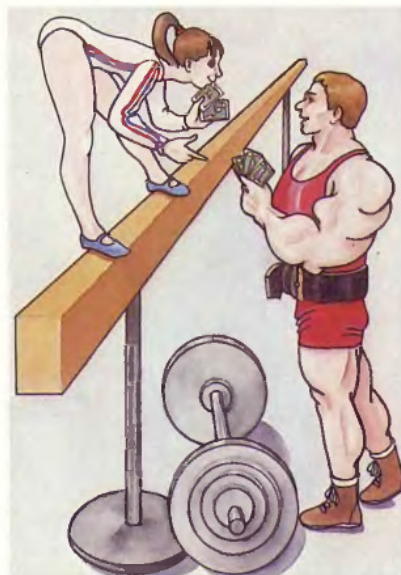
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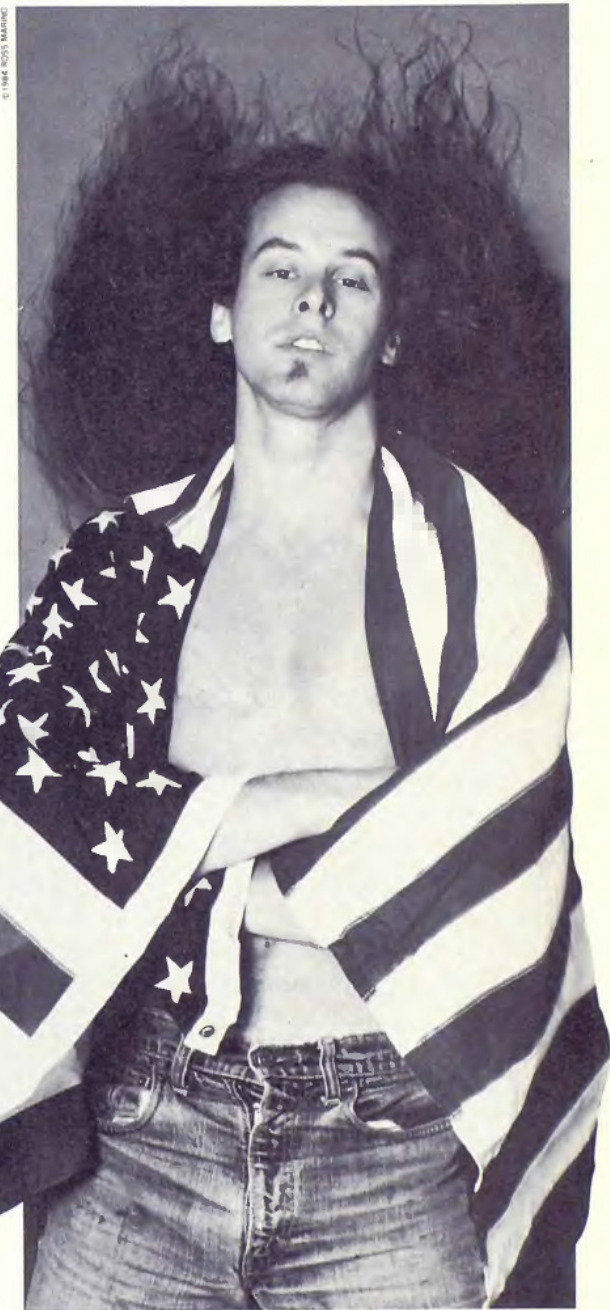
Trading cards have been around for more than 100 years, and rare ones bring megabucks at conventions each year. While we don't guarantee that a complete set of 99 official trading cards of History's Greatest Olympians—the first official Olympic trading cards ever—will put your children through college someday, it might not be a bad thing to stash away in the attic, especially since the price is only \$10.95, postpaid, sent to Finder Image International, 5933 Corvette Street, Commerce, California 90040. We'll swap an Al Oerter and a Karl Warner for a Dorothy Hamill and a Sonja Henie any day.





Better Ted than Dead

This is our Fourth-of-July shot for all patriotic *Grapevine* readers. We think TED NUGENT embodies the traditional Yankee-Doodle-dandy spirit, don't you? Nugent is currently on a major tour in support of his *Penetrator* album, and after he takes his flag off and rests up, he'll probably do something else that will outrage people with permanently pursed lips. Go for it, Ted!



© 1984 BOB MARINO

Good Clean Fun

Welcome to the wonderful world of R-rated music video. We present tantalizing outtakes from Cheap Trick's video *Up the Creek*, which is currently on MTV in its G-rated form, with breasts and practically everything else covered. Here it is with all expendable clothing folded and put away, starring (from left to right) JON BRANT, AUDREY MONTGOMERY and RICK NIELSEN. We can guess why Brant gets the girl—would you want to take a bath with a guy wearing a sweater and a baseball hat? In the middle of the summer?

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A Majority of One

This motley crew is Mötley Crüe—from left to right, NIKKI SIXX, VINCE NEIL, TOMMY LEE and MICK MARS. The heavy-metal crowd is crazy about them, and if you're curious, you can still see them on tour. Or you can wait for a forthcoming album. If none of that appeals to you, you can give them the finger back. From the looks of them, we assume they'd find that fair sport.

Tales of Hoffman

We picked this shot of actress WENDY HOFFMAN because she looks real cute in her underwear, and that's worth celebrating. Pay attention and see Wendy on such TV sitcoms as *Buffalo Bill* or in films, including the new *Young Lady Chatterley II*. If she looks familiar, that's why.



© 1983 HARRY / USING

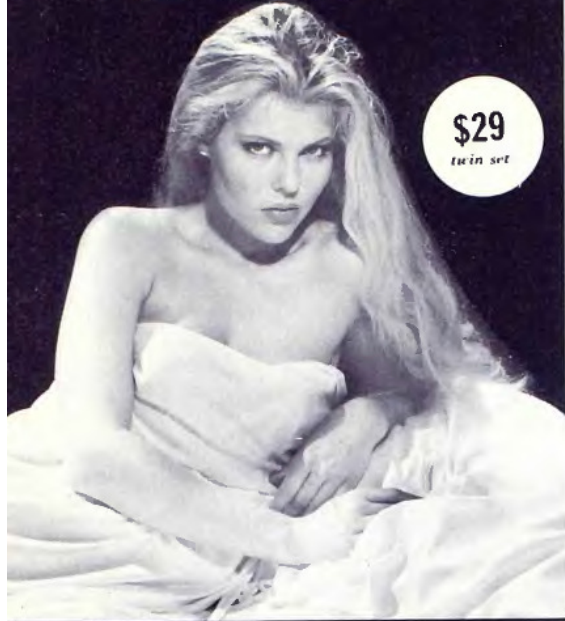
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Don't Touch That Dial

You could call this Carol redux. When we published *101 Nights with Johnny* last February, we thought we'd given you all the knickerbox shots of CAROL WAYNE. Then we found this little gandy, and we couldn't resist. Carol has our celebrity-bust-to-the-mouth file wrapped up. And her fish is something to cheer about, too.

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"BY THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT"—**MATT SCUDDER** FINDS MURDER, SUICIDE AND PERJURY—MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR—WHEN HE DOES A FAVOR FOR A FRIEND. A FAST-PACED THRILLER WITH A TWIST—BY **LAWRENCE BLOCK**

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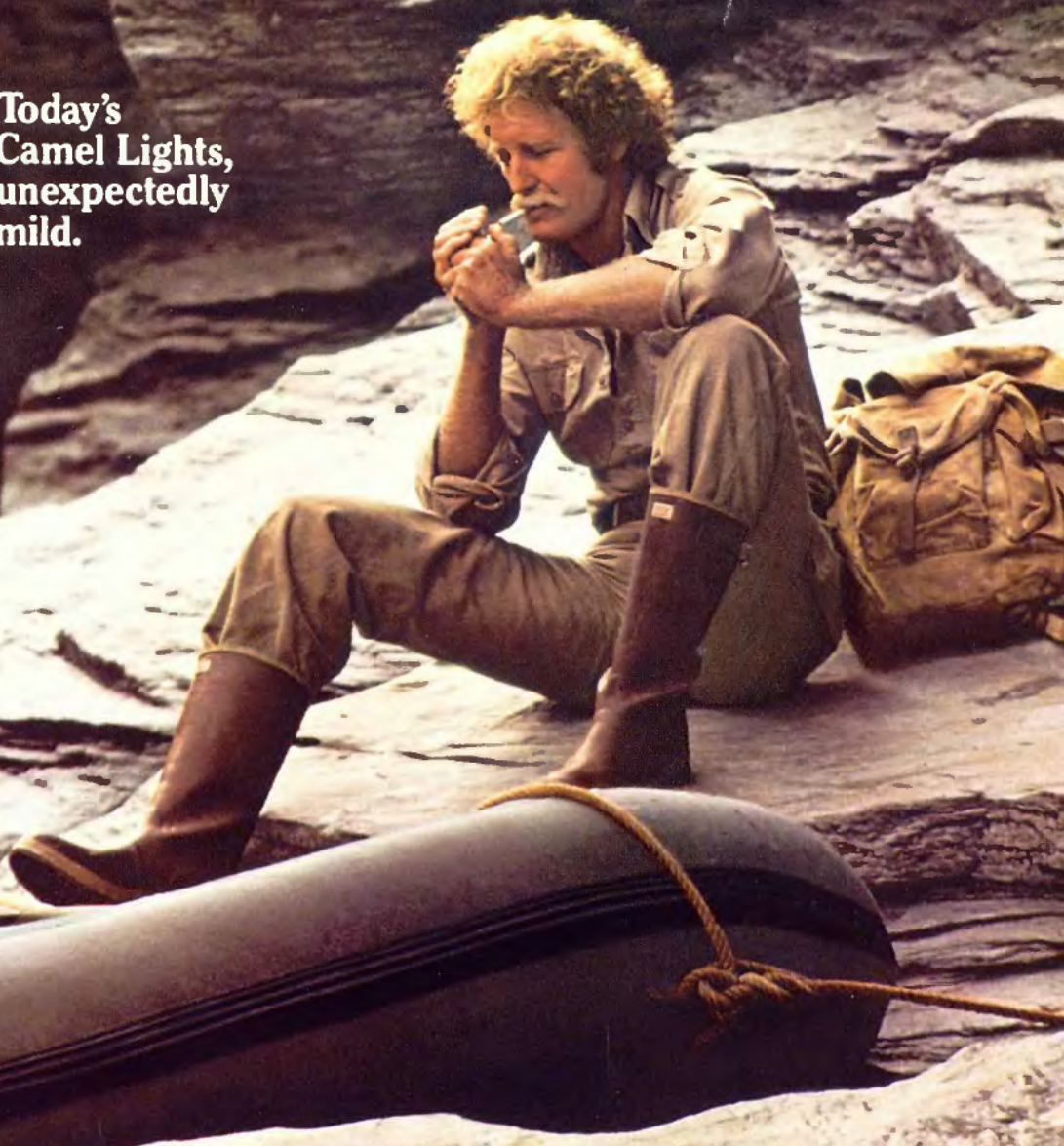
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