

INTERVIEW: A SOUL-SEARCHING SHIRLEY MAC LAINE

PLAYBOY

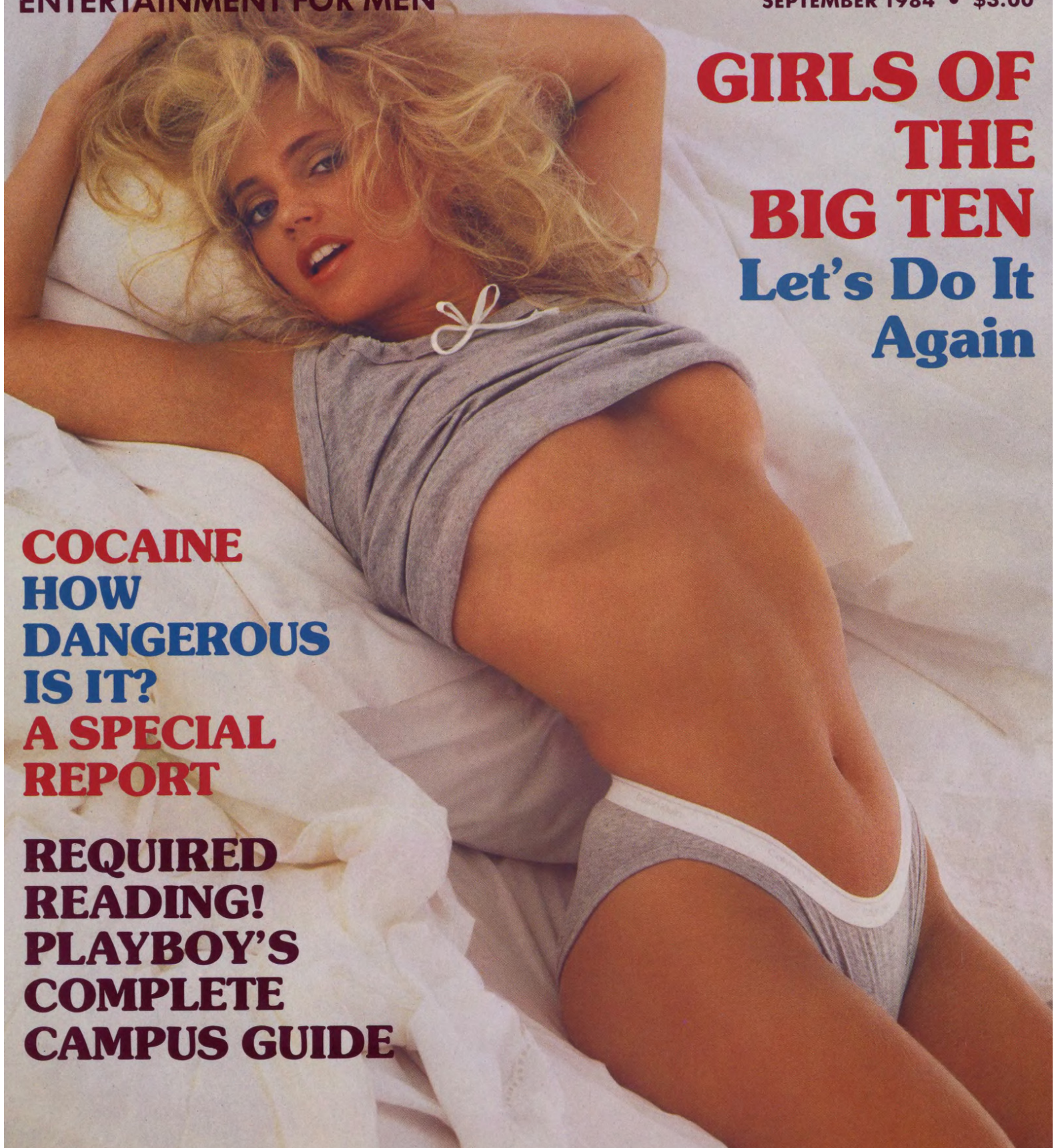
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A SPECIAL
REPORT

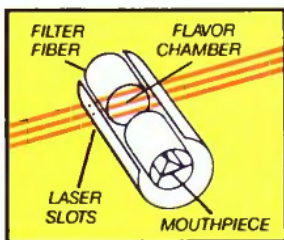
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November 25, 1983, was a face-losing day for Japanese motorcycle manufacturers.

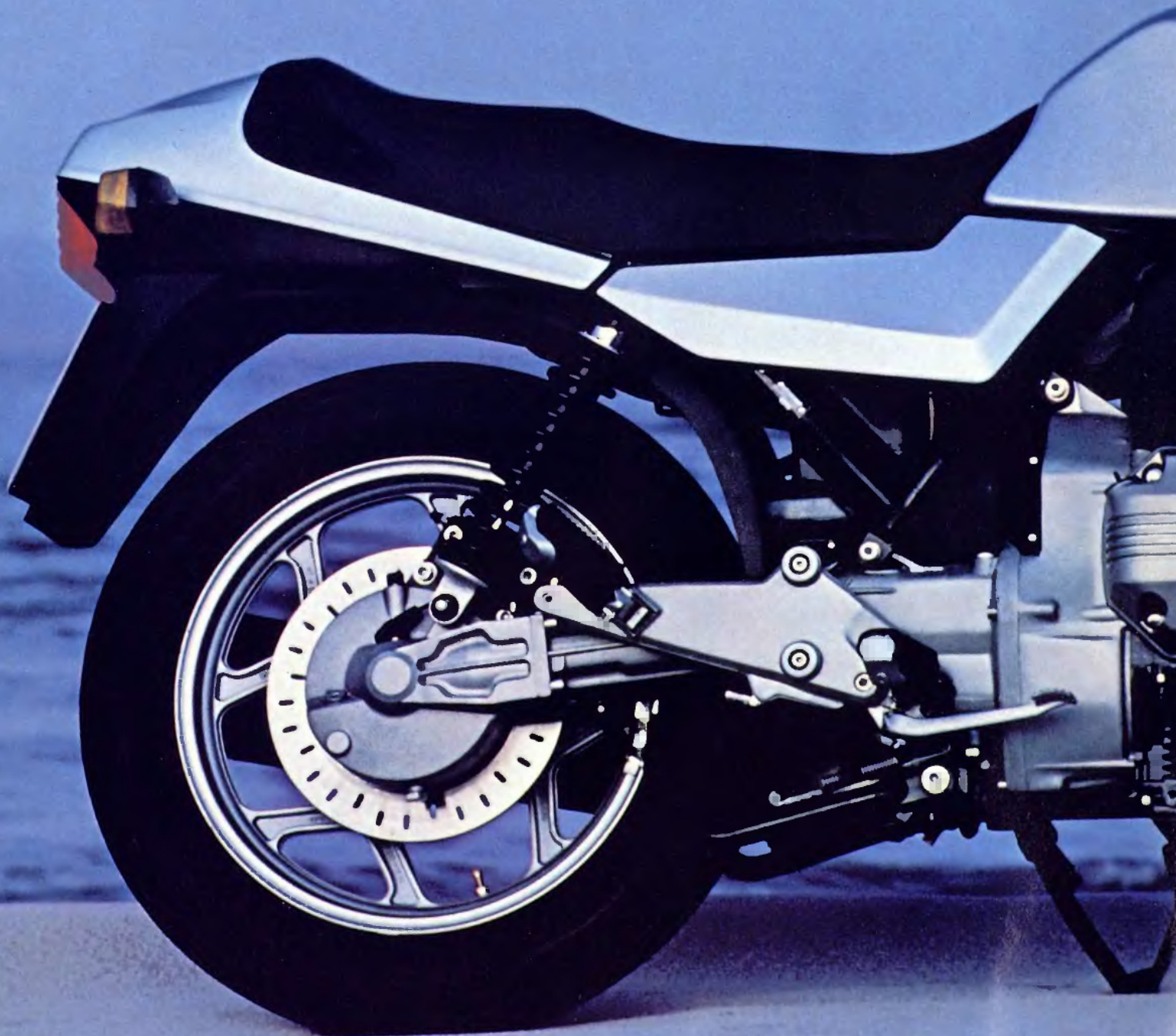
For it was on that day that Japan's fabled buff book, Car Graphic, dedicated an entire issue to a German motorcycle. The first time any two-wheeler had been so honored.

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"Occasioned by the announcement of the epoch-making superbikes which BMW calls its K-series," the dedication read, "we at CG have condensed the entire BMW Motorcycle story into this one volume for the enjoyment of our devoted readers."

And devoted they are. To the Japanese enthusiast, Car Graphic is the bible of all motorcycle and automotive writing.

Here then is the gospel according to Shotaro Kobayashi, Car Graphic's premier motorcycle journalist.



JAPANESE HISTORY ISN'T JAPANESE.

"The K turned out to be a bike in which no flaws could be found... built with a precision that far surpasses that of other bikes..."

"There is nothing equivocal about the electronically controlled twin-cam engine which begins to push the K 100 smoothly, ex-

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PLAYBILL

ACCORDING TO estimates by researchers in the field of drug abuse, 5000 people who have never used cocaine will try it within the next 24 hours. It will take you less than an hour to read *Cocaine: A Special Report*, by Contributing Editor **Laurence Gonzales**, and if you are among today's potential 5000, this piece may change your mind. Says Gonzales, who spent several months gathering the latest information on cocaine abuse and the newest methods of treating it, "Cocaine is more dangerous than heroin. Two factors discourage people from taking heroin: It can make you feel sick the first time you take it and it has a terrible social stigma. Cocaine doesn't—yet—have that stigma, but it can take a person to the gutter faster than any other drug." Gonzales, who prefers exercise to drugs, is also a computer maven who has just completed several books soon to be published by Ballantine.

Actress **Shirley MacLaine**, whose third book, *Out on a Limb*, continues to be a best seller, took Contributing Editor **David Rensin** out on the limb with her when he went to her apartment to begin this month's *Playboy Interview*. "When I walked in, she was sitting on a couch with a 15-year-old English boy who held between the thumb and forefinger of each hand a gold chain at one end of which was a crystal. At her urging, he was trying to make the crystal move—with his mind. But he wasn't having any success. He doubted that it was possible, and so did I. Finally, Shirley took the chain and made the crystal move with absolute ease. It blew me away." We had to ask the obvious question: Did she teach you to do it, David? "Yep. I've been practicing at home and doing quite well, thank you. I'm not sure how it works, but it can be done." On the darker side of the supernatural, the most famous emperor of Western civilization takes one step beyond in the late **John Gardner's** last short story, *Julius Caesar and the Werewolf*, illustrated by **Bruce Wolfe**.

After we published **E. Jean Carroll's** article *Frigid Women* in the April issue, several readers wrote to us suggesting that there was another side to the coin. We asked frequent contributor **Craig Vetter** to research the matter, and the result is *Frigid Men*, illustrated by **Seymour Chwast**. Vetter made another contribution to this issue: the first installment in a series of columns titled *Against the Wind*.

It's back-to-college time again and we have a cornucopia of useful aids for the campus bound: First, there's the *Back to Campus Playboy Guide*, a special section containing tips on clothes, cars, stereos, dating and much more; next, the annual *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, by our sports oracle nonpareil, **Anson Mount**, who also picks PLAYBOY'S 1984 college All-America team; and, if that doesn't get college-age readers back to campus in a hurry, we're sure our second pictorial on the *Girls of the Big Ten* will. The comely coeds were photographed by Staff Photographer **Pompeo Posar**, Associate Staff Photographer **David Mecey** and Contributing Photographers **David Chan** and **Richard Fegley**. Fegley also pitched in with Assistant Photography Editors **Patty Beaudet** and **Michael Ann Sullivan** to capture the essence of **Anne Carlisle**, who stars in the film *Liquid Sky*.

To round out the issue, in *Yikes II: The New Peril*, the first in a series of editorials, we satirize *Time* magazine's report on the death of the sexual revolution; our financial whiz, **Andrew Tobias**, is back with another of his *Quarterly Reports*, this time on how to deal with junk mail that offers to make you rich; Contributing Editor **Gary Witzenburg** road-tests the world's sexiest cars in *Beautiful Screemers*; **Paul Slansky**, taking a cue from the latest trivia-game craze, guides us on a tragicomic tour through today's White House in *Presidential Pursuit: The Reagan Edition*; and our Fashion Editor, **Hollis Wayne**, outfits *Saturday Night Live's* **Jim Belushi**. If it seems that we've forgotten something important, don't worry: This month's Playmate is **Kimberly Evenson**, and we bet we don't even have to tell you where to turn to find her.



GONZALES



MAC LAINE, RENSIN



GARDNER



WOLFE



MOUNT



VETTER



CHWAST



FEGLY



POSAR, CHAN, MECEY



TOBIAS



SLANSKY



WITZENBURG

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.



Composer Bruce Gilman and wife Nancy, a gourmet caterer, enjoy a warm New England afternoon and a cool white rum and tonic.

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PLAYBOY

vol. 31, no. 9—september, 1984

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Midwestern Misses

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Belushi Retailored

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COVER STORY

Calvin Klein created the big new flap in women's underwear; Playmate of the Month Kimberly Evenson legitimizes it in this month's cover shot, which comes to us courtesy of Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Men the world over have been trying to find out what comes between Kim and her Calvins. For more on this unfolding story, turn to her gatefold appearance.

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your first Girl.



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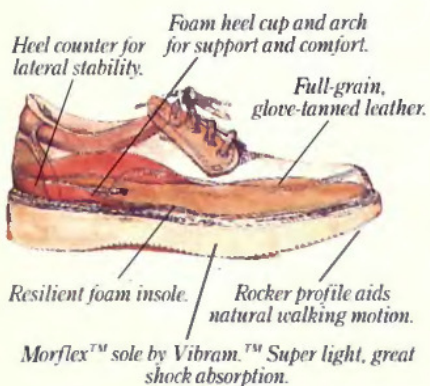
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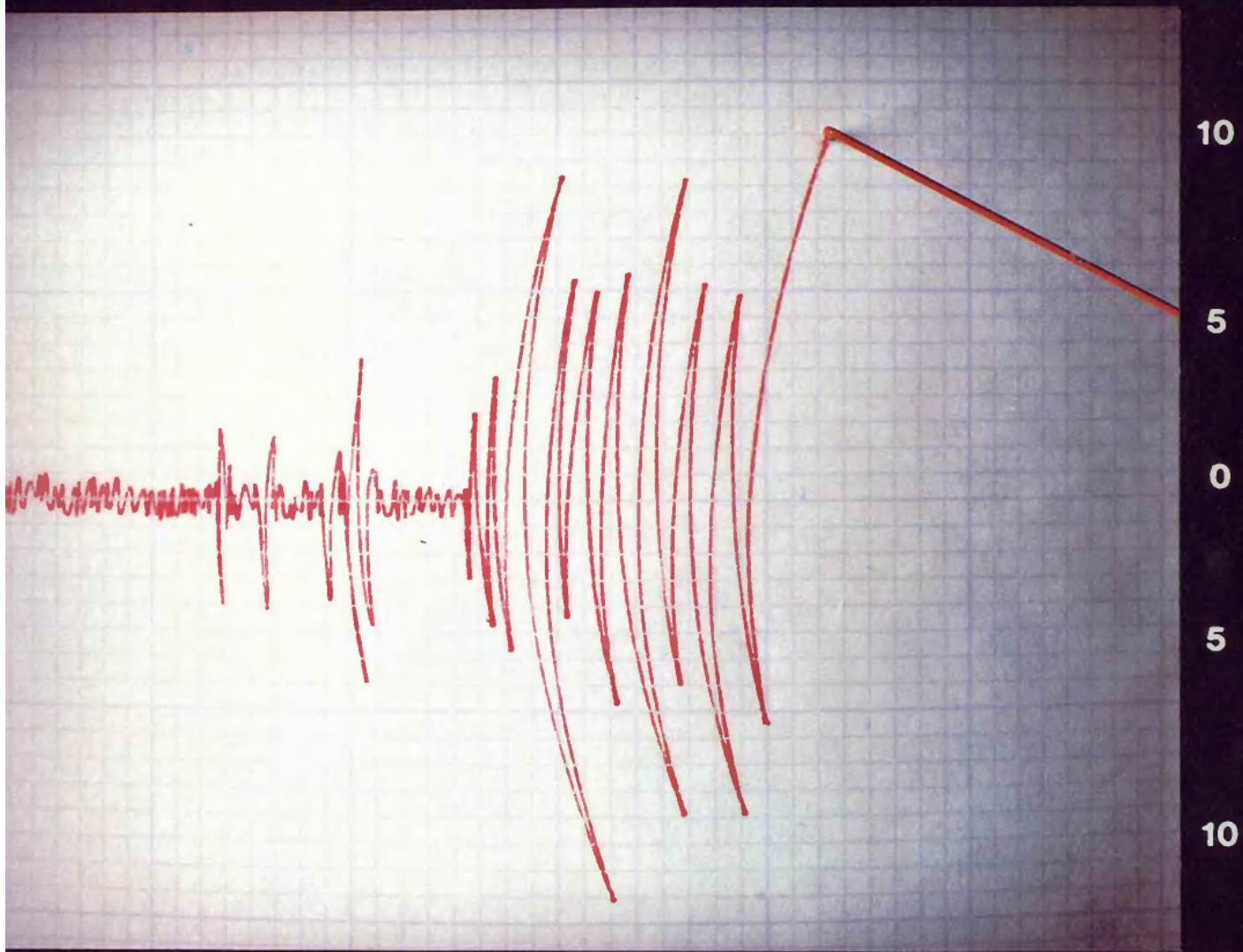
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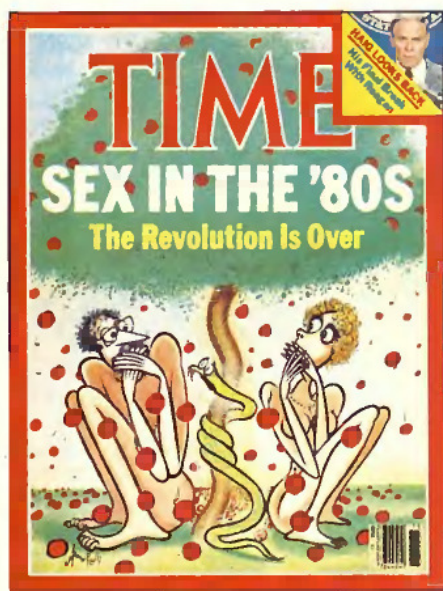
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YIKES II: THE NEW PERIL

"A stress syndrome caused by repeated exposure to bad news and rotten trends has reached epidemic proportions."



A recent *Time* magazine cover boldly declared, "SEX IN THE '80S: THE REVOLUTION IS OVER." The issue contained a comprehensive cover story delineating everything that *Time* knows about the birds and the bees. Its weighty thoughts inspired the following:

Tempus fugit.

—ANONYMOUS ROMAN, 89 A.D.

The [sexual] revolution is over.

—"TIME" COVER STORY, APRIL 9, 1984

Fuck off, *Time*.

—ANONYMOUS READER, SUMMER 1984

"I've had it with shallow news experiences," says one pretty Chicagoan who wishes to be anonymous. (All of the anonymous sources in this editorial wish to remain anonymous.) "I want some depth, some meaning, some commitment. Dan Rather, Tom Brokaw, Peter Jennings—they're all the same to me in the dark. As for print," she says, "if I wake up once more and find a strange copy of *Time* lying unread by my bedside, I'll die!"

From cities, suburbs and small towns alike there is growing evidence that the

national obsession with artificial news stories and trendy reporting is on the wane. "I'm back to Thackeray and Melville," says a stockbroker from Nashville. "I want the real stuff, the lasting stuff. You can hang around only so many newsstands, making small talk, waiting for the right cover story to come along." Veterans of the media revolution—some wounded by silly reporting, some merely bored—are reinventing and rediscovering the pleasures of reading books, switching off TV sets and having a good time instead of worrying about the news.

The pretty young Chicagoan who said she would rather die than wake up with another strange news magazine by her bed may have been speaking literally. The dreaded—and once incurable—disease Yikes II, a stress syndrome caused by repeated exposure to bad news and rotten trends, has reached epidemic proportions. Yikes II is known to strike at people who are obsessed with the media. (Its victims typically have had as many as 300 news contacts a year; those most at risk include devotees of all-news radio stations and subscribers to two or more news publications.) "Personally, I think it's God's scourge against those who are promiscuous about the media," says a right-wing Senator who wished his name to be used but who shall also remain anonymous. "They went against God's commandment to take only the Bible literally, so it's no wonder they're being swatted down like the insects they are. Praise the Lord."

Even the nation's colleges, traditionally hotbeds of rampant media consciousness, have turned off. Campus surveys show that the percentage of students who sit around discussing current events has plunged from a high of 61 percent in 1969 to 3 percent in 1984. "I'm too interested in grade grubbing to get excited about headlines or cover stories," says a junior at Michigan who is majoring in engineering. "And when I'm not hacking, I'm either sacked out or fucking. The media? What's that? I tune into *Hill Street*, a little MTV and that's that."

The fact that people don't put much stock in the news anymore hit the media like a thunderclap. At *Time* Inc., for example, whose flagship publication, *Time* magazine, recently ran a cover story proclaiming the end of the nation's interest in sex, sister publications promptly

scrambled to follow suit. "Yep, that's it for the yearly bathing-suit issue," says an unnamed senior editor of *Sports Illustrated*. "There isn't any interest in that sort of thing anymore. Guys are just going to have to buy that issue for the scores."

A ranking editor of *People* magazine, another *Time* Inc. publication, is equally forthright about adjusting to the company line: "We've decided not to feature sex scandals or juicy gossip in the magazine anymore. Our readers just aren't interested. It's over, all of that."

Other news and information outlets are seeking less drastic ways of securing the loyalty of their audiences. "We'll run fewer sensational stories about pornography and sexual scandals than we did before," explains the news director of a television station, "except for sweeps week, when, of course, we'll run more than ever."

Adds another news executive, on deep background, "We've got to win back those audiences who've become fed up with superficiality and hypocrisy." He explains that his station plans to run a 12-part series on the local nightly news showing shapely teenaged prostitutes and their techniques. "This is the sort of public service that will build audience loyalty," he explains. "People will learn of the shame and squalor of our inner cities and, we hope, do something about it. I figure a 40 share those two weeks."

Media therapists, once a fringe of the psychiatric profession, are busier than ever treating patients with inhibited media desire (I.M.D.). The problem—a neurotic fear of sweeping statements and overblown reporting—can reach percentages as high as 40 and 50 percent on slow news weeks. "In the Fifties and Sixties, it was assumed that everyone wanted to have more and more soft news stories," says one media scholar, himself a refugee from *Newsweek*. "In the Seventies, we gave it to them—a veritable orgy of trends, fads and lifestyle reporting. Now, in the Eighties, people are sick of it all. They'd just as soon commit themselves to one long book, a warm fire and some companionship."

And later on, when the fire has died down and the book is set aside? "People will do what comes naturally," he says wearily. "And soon enough, someone somewhere will report that as a new trend."



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OVER THE RAINBOW

Jesse Jackson, in his *Playboy Interview* (June), tries to defuse the antipathy many Jews have toward him by making distinctions between Judaism and Zionism, stating that "Zionism and Judaism are different things." And therein lies the root of the Reverend Jackson's conflict with American Jews. Clearly, it is not for him to determine what Judaism is, yet he says, "The state of Israel is *not* the state of Judaism." That statement is in consonance with the P.L.O.'s justification of the rejection of Israel, but it is antithetical to Zionism. Almost any Jew—regardless of his position on who is and who isn't Jewish—will agree that Judaism is a nationality that includes a religion, a language, a culture, a heritage and a land. Separating Judaism from Israel is like a black's rejecting his linkages with the continent of Africa. Zionism does *not equal* Judaism, but it is an intrinsic part of it.

Bob Flisser
Washington, D.C.

I had thought Jesse Jackson was just trying to get attention. When I read your *Interview* with him, I realized he was not what I thought he was. Please keep such *Interviews* coming, so that readers can *really* understand the people who are making headlines.

Mike Fisher
Crozet, Virginia

My "congratulations" to the premier demagogic double talker of our times. An awesome *Interview*.

Mike E. Squires
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

In your *Interview*, Jackson says this about the Middle East: "Now, through all the chaos and confusion, I emerge with the capacity to talk to both sides." This from a man who danced with Arafat, called Zionism "a poisonous weed" and New York City "Hymietown," said he was "sick and

tired of hearing about the Holocaust" and refused to repudiate Farrakhan for calling Hitler a great man. . . . The Hymie word is *chutzpah!*

Peter H. Osroff
Brooklyn, New York

SKY-WALKING WITH REAGAN

To indicate, as Kosta Tsipis does in his *Viewpoint*, "Why Reagan's 'Star Wars' Plan Won't Work" (*PLAYBOY*, June), that there is a conspiratorial group of Air Force officers attempting to drain the Pentagon and U.S. budgets so that they may have new wartime playthings is to denigrate the motives and patriotism of our officer corps and the intelligence of our civilian Governmental personnel. In more than 22 years of service as a regular officer, I saw no evidence that the military has any other goal than to defend the U.S. against threats to our security and freedom as perceived by our Government. That *does* mean keeping ahead technologically. Dr. Tsipis is naïve to think that the Soviets will negotiate with us—except when they perceive us as militarily strong, both offensively and defensively. To have that strength, we must pay for it. The alternative is unacceptable.

F. D. Losco
Voorhees, New Jersey

Kosta Tsipis may be knowledgeable in physics, but he displays appalling ignorance of history and strategy. In the first place, the history of warfare is in many respects a history of "ultimate" weapons that retained that title until either effective defenses or "more ultimate" weapons came along. Second, to claim that an ABM system must be 100 percent effective to be of any value shows an ignorance of deterrence strategy. *No* defense is 100 percent effective, but even a partially effective ABM system would drastically alter the options available to both the United States and the Soviet Union—in *our* favor. Finally, why did you allow



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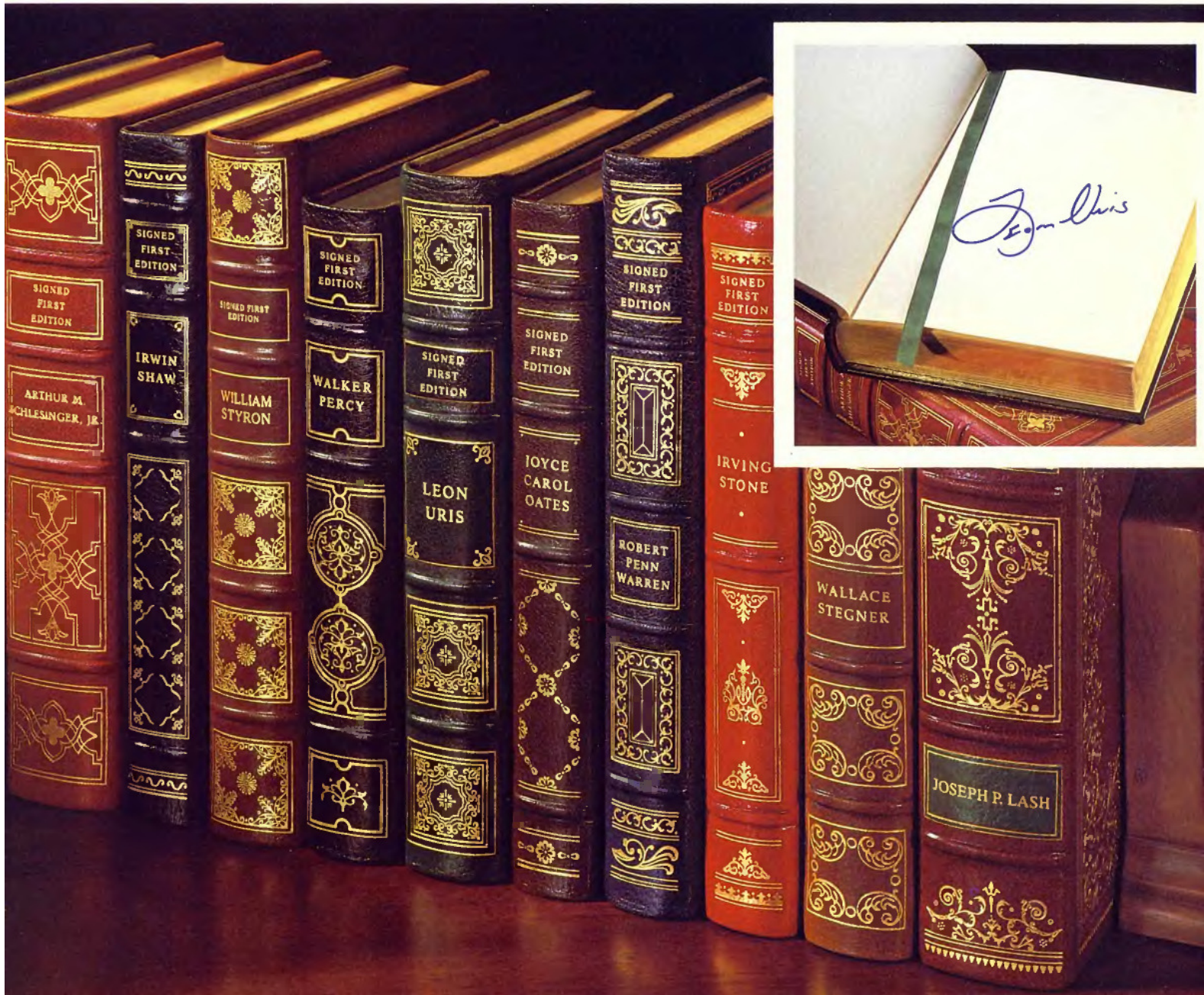
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your illustrator to depict the President of the United States—who is attempting, rightly or wrongly, to provide greater security for the nation—as a Darth Vader type of villain?

Thomas N. Thompson
 Mountain Home, Idaho

We apologize to Mr. Vader.

BRUNETTE IS BEAUTIFUL

I was incredibly happy to see Barbara Edwards as your Playmate of the Year (PLAYBOY, June). Not only is she beautiful, she is also a brunette, like me. As an avid female reader of PLAYBOY, I'm thrilled to see a dark-haired lady reign again—the last brunette to win was Patti McGuire, in 1977. Let's hear it for Barbara!

E. Reynolds
 Portland, Oregon

With our Government making some bad decisions, it's great to see an institution such as PLAYBOY make some good ones. I am referring to your selection of the beautiful Barbara Edwards as Playmate of the Year. I hope the people of this country demonstrate such good judgment in selecting a new President.

Jeff Brown
 Des Moines, Iowa

INCREDIBLE EDIBLES

You'll get 10,000 letters like this one. So be it. You put the Savoy Grill, in Kansas City, on your "Regional Favorites" list in *Critics' Choice: The 25 Greatest Restaurants in America* (PLAYBOY, June), and I have this to say about that. My husband took me to the Savoy for my 25th birthday. We were ungraciously seated, ungraciously treated, underfed, overcharged and totally unimpressed. When my husband's work group decided to get together and go to Kansas City to eat, the organizer of the

outing made reservations at the Savoy. We declined. Reports from those who went indicated they were ungraciously seated, ungraciously treated, underfed, overcharged and generally unimpressed. A lot of people read your magazine and respect your opinions. I don't count you as Gospel, but I give your words more weight than many others'. Next time you do a restaurant guide, please at least try Kansas City's Top of the Crown and compare it with the Savoy. The Savoy may be K.C.'s oldest, but it ain't K.C.'s finest, and I'll bet the asparagus salad at the Top of the Crown on that.

Nanci Little-Morgan
 Leavenworth, Kansas

Just read your puke-and-choke article on frog restaurants on coasts—big fucking deal! Just more expensive heartburns and burps—who gives a fast fuck about these asshole expensive frog places? Fucking elitists and fucking snobs and jerks!

Louis R. Koran II
 Middleton, Wisconsin

YOUNG, GIFTED AND PUNK

After reading *Skank or Die* (PLAYBOY, June), I am firmly convinced that Charles M. Young is the best chronicler of punk music in the business. I suggest that he be immediately named PLAYBOY's Punk Editor for life.

Rodney Welch
 Camden, South Carolina

CALVIN SCHISM

It seems that success has gone to Calvin Klein's head (*Playboy Interview*, May). Has he forgotten he was an inexperienced teenager when he went to work for Dan Millstein, a leading manufacturer of ladies' coats and suits for 40 years? Dan was an innovative fashion leader who introduced French-styled clothes to American women at prices they could afford. The nation's first television giveaway show, *The Big Payoff*, hosted by Bess Myerson, offered Millstein's coats and suits as prizes. Dan's aggressive nature was a help to his success in the "jungle" Calvin so aptly describes; who is to say Calvin Klein himself does not lose his temper when one of his employees errs? Dan cannot defend himself today. He is no longer with us. But he worked hard all his life to build a fine reputation, and Calvin would not be sitting in his office today if not for Dan's recognition of his talent.

Audrey Millstein Goodman
 New York, New York

STRAIGHT TALK

Concerning your May article *Young Kennedys*, by Peter Collier and David Horowitz, and the drug-related death of David Kennedy: Sadly, I now have another example to cite when asked by my peers why I do not use drugs. There is no such thing as the "recreational use" of illicit drugs. The young Kennedys would do

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Joe Franklin
Hacienda Heights, California

FOR MATURE AUDIENCES

I was pleasantly surprised to pick up the June PLAYBOY and find that Playmate of the Month Tricia Lange is 27 years old. The Europeans are correct in their belief that an "older" woman has more to offer than her 19-year-old counterpart. Come on, PLAYBOY, let's have Playmates who have experienced life a little bit.

Ruthann Clough
San Diego, California

I've always said 1957 was a great year for cars *and* kids—Tricia Lange overwhelmingly proves my point! She's a Cadillac of a woman.

Mitch Greenblatt
New York, New York

LETTER OF THE MONTH

In addition to being an obnoxious low-life, I am a student. Before we begin, let me present my credentials as a student spokesman: I would like to tell you that I am captain of the UCLA debating team, chairman of the National Council on Student Affairs and president of the International Union of College Men. Yes, I would like to tell you those things, but I'm afraid the above is a batch of shameless lies. So much for my credentials. Those of us here in the physics department are working day and night in order to solve the one flaw in PLAYBOY. The women in your pictorials are so beautiful—so unlike the endless parade of hags and reptiles we're always meeting via Aunt Maybelle—that we sometimes doubt their authenticity. There must be some way in which the reality of Playmates can be forcefully communicated within the restrictions of a magazine format. Our idea is this: Inside every copy of PLAYBOY, staple a tiny wax envelope containing a single strand of the Playmate's hair! Of course, we anticipate certain difficulties. A few of the Playmates may selfishly object to having their bodies picked clean of cilia. In addition, you may some morning find yourselves face to face with a mob of club-wielding boyfriends who are anxious to understand why their Playmate girlfriends were returned to them dispossessed of even microscopic stubble. Those obstacles are trifles. Our theory is sound in general, and we know it. We will continue to experiment until the whole thing is perfected. I'll keep you posted.

David Beckett
Encino, California





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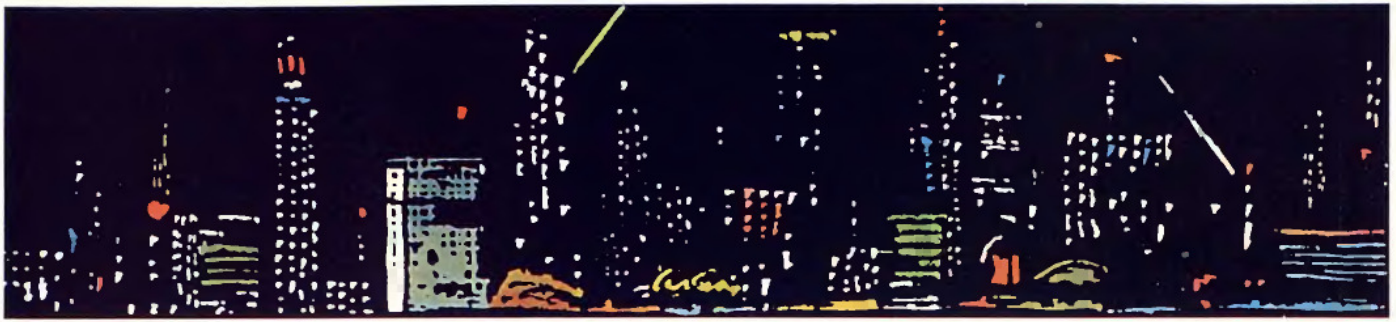
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



HORSING AROUND

Louis Geanakoplos, a pari-mutuel clerk at Maywood Park race track near Chicago, knew a sure thing when he saw it. So when the pari-mutuel machines failed to lock at the start of a race, he made his move. Forty-five seconds into the race, Geanakoplos decided to punch out a bet for himself on a 30-to-one shot that was leading the field by three lengths. He punched out another bet. And another. And another.

By the time the race was over, the clerk had bet \$10,800, the winning horse was demoted to a five-to-one shot and Geanakoplos knew he was in deep horseshit. He cashed the tickets and returned the money to the track management, explaining, "I just got excited."

By the way, the horse on which Geanakoplos bet was named Dare and Defy.

We noticed this graffito in Chicago's Gordon restaurant: THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO SAY I LOVE YOU BUT FUCKING IS FASTEST.

The Challenger, the official publication of the United Aerospace Workers, quoted Local 506 president Lorraine Sablan: "It is about time that labor relations got out of the bleachers and got into the game; after all, this is a team effort, and I don't mind playing with the balls."

That'll make the natives less restless: The article was about military maneuvers, but the headline in the Holland, Michigan, *Sentinel* read, "MORE FRENCH HEAD TO CHAD."

We didn't hear the lecture, but Washington, D.C.'s, Children's Hospital National Medical Center sponsored the talk "Intersex Problems in Pediatrics." The speaker? Wellington Hung, M.D.

If you're wondering how to cheer yourself up during those long moments waiting

in your therapist's office, pick up a copy of *The Jokes of Sigmund Freud: A Study in Humor and Jewish Identity*, by Elliot Oring (University of Pennsylvania Press, 3933 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19104).

The Scotts Valley, California, *Times* chose to headline a story about a man who had stolen some automobile equipment "JACK OFFED."

Dear Abby's readers who wanted to know whether "make the bed" or "dress the bed" was correct were advised by Whit in Alexandria, Virginia, that the English "lay the table."

Picky, picky: The *Dallas Observer* ran the following personal ad: "Very sexy, highly intelligent, outstanding dresser, gourmet cook, five languages, seeking discreet adult pleasures. Only supereducated, clean, patient, attentive,



beautiful, gentle, considerate, creative, world-traveled, shapely, long-legged, flat-stomached, courteous, well-connected and musical need apply. No oldies, fannies, youngsters, dopers, nuts, kooks, weirdos, neurotics, nitwits, half-wits, dull-wits, cross dressers, poor dressers, hair-dressers, window dressers, wallflowers or singles or marrieds or men or women. Nobody. Leave me alone."

A Sacramento County Superior Court jury had a little confusion over unisex language. After returning to the jury room, it requested to see the exhibits in the case. By law, such a request must be made in writing. "Write a note, have the foreperson sign it and give it to the bailiff," the jury was told. It dutifully wrote a note and four persons signed it.

Customers of Swink's Pools Company in Staunton, Virginia, can pick up a bumper sticker that reads, MAKE ALL YOUR WET DREAMS COME TRUE.

A brother and sister in Spotsylvania, Virginia, were arrested after they exhumed their father's body to remove his teeth. They told police they believed that his gold crowns had been etched with the number of a Swiss bank account, but they couldn't find it. Neither could the police.

HAPPY DAZE

According to a headline in the *Chicago Sun-Times*, "DRUG SALES TO STUDENTS CHARGED." Which explains the dramatic increase in consumer debt.

And in *The New York Times*: "SCORES OF STUDENTS HIGH IN A STATE OF FEW TAXES." Must be the trickle-downer effect.

POLICE ACADEMY

It's traditional for police-academy graduating classes to have boisterous parties celebrating the end of training and assignments to rookie patrols. San Francisco's



ALL THE LANGUAGES I'VE SUNG BEFORE

Julio Iglesias and Mr. T

Not since Cortes has a Spaniard set out to conquer the Americas with such determination as Julio Iglesias. To that end, and with a keen eye on demographics, Iglesias has recorded duets with a veritable "Who's Julio?" of superstars, from Willie Nelson to Diana Ross. Herewith, a look at the soon-to-be-released Julio and Mr. T duet, which will definitely go on the "A" side.

JULIO: *All the languages I've sung before
Convinced me English would be just one more.
But something in your vowels,
I make de dogs to howl
When I sing this language I've never sung before.*

MR. T: *I ain't gonna sing no duet—wit' you!
Shut up or I'll use your vocal cords to lace—my shoe!
I ain't gonna be yo' chump!
Listen, fool! Kiss my rump!
I ain't gonna sing no duet—wit' you!*

JULIO: *Though I take the English lessons,
MR. T: (Enunciate, fool!)
JULIO: And I learn the words by rote,
MR. T: (You better get yo'self to Berlitz, suckeh!)
JULIO: My thick accent never lessens.
MR. T: (Say what?)
JULIO: I still sound straight off de boat.
MR. T: (Who gave this fool a microphone, anyway?)*

JULIO: *So that my singing everyone enjoys,
I sing with Willie and de Beaches Boys.
I need you, Señor T,
To sing duet with me
In this language I've never sung before.*

MR. T: *I ain't gonna sing no duet—wit' you!
I don't care if you are number one—in Peru!
You ain't no Valentino!
Watch your step! I'll eat your tuxedo!
I ain't gonna sing no duet—wit' you!*

JULIO: *Though I'm very hot in Europe,
MR. T: (Europe don't know nothin'!)
JULIO: Where my fans are Swedes and Serbs,
MR. T: (Prob'ly love a wimp like you in France!)
JULIO: I can't seem to get de English.
MR. T: ("I" before "E," fool!)
JULIO: Oh, my God, I hate de verbs.
MR. T: (Look out! The fool's fixin' to sing again!
I know it!—Face! Hannibal! Get me off of this record!)*

JULIO: *If only with this song you would assist.
MR. T: How'd you like to harmonize wit'—my fist?
JULIO: I need you, Señor T.
MR. T: Wise up, turkey! Don't mess wit' me!
JULIO: It's a language I've never sung before.*

MR. T: *I ain't gonna sing no duet—wit' you!
JULIO: Then on de tube, señor, I won't watch you!
MR. T: Your English is moldy cheese!
JULIO: You should hear my Japanese.
MR. T: I ain't gonna sing no duet—wit'—you!
(If this ain't a gold record, gonna bust you up!)*—SCOTT FIVELSON

156th graduating class was no different. But this party, attended by most of the 36-member class, about 20 guests and a goodly number of veteran officers, took a weird turn.

About ten P.M., with virtually everyone there heavily fortified by drink, a 22-year-old recruit, said to be "shy," was suddenly grabbed and handcuffed to a chair on a stage in the Rathskeller restaurant. A coat was thrown over his head, and on cue entered a blonde woman in a cream-colored business suit. The recruit's pants were unzipped and the woman commenced to work on his baton.

A scuffle broke out among the perpetrators and officers who objected to the prank. San Francisco police chief Con Murphy wasn't too pleased about the occurrence. And although neither the graduates nor veteran officers present would finger those responsible, Murphy did identify six participants and suspended them from the force pending formal charges and possible firing. He also sent the entire police-academy class back to school for an additional month of training that will focus on law, ethics, rules and proper procedures.

A female recruit who saw the prank said that had it taken place at a closed bachelor party, "nothing would have come of it." With a great choice of words, she concluded, "The entire incident was blown out of proportion."

It's your life, pal: A *Chicago Sun-Times* columnist pondered the following question: "If something comes on a bed of lettuce, is it OK to eat the lettuce?"

AUDITOR DENIES SEX-SLAVE OVERHEAD

A letter from an irate employee of Arizona's Department of Revenue charged that tax officials were keeping "sex slaves" with state funds. Furthermore, a "half-naked tabletop dancer" had performed right there in the office.

Revenue administrators disallowed the employee's deductions. True, a seemingly angry woman had cornered chief income-tax auditor William Cunningham, offered him the shirt off her back, then made good on her offer. But the disclosure of her assets was just part of the (admittedly "inappropriate") after-hours office party Cunningham's co-workers had thrown to celebrate his promotion. The woman was a professional stripper, paid out of private funds. As press spokesman Greg Smith said, "I don't think my wife would let me keep a sex slave."

According to a headline in *The Chronicle of Higher Education*, "FIRST OVUM TRANSFER: BABY BORN; COMMERCIAL SHRIMP FARM BEGUN." Will the products be marketed for adoption or for cooking?



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Here's to
good friends.**





MORE BOYS IN MAKE-UP: Live rock-'n'-roll shows are becoming more theatrical with each new pop Brit sensation. This month's award for putting the showbiz back into showbiz goes to Howard Jones (left), shown here with Jed the Mime performing *New Song* at Chicago's Park West. Now, there's a chain that Mr. T would slug to get. By the way, don't look for the band, because there isn't one.

SECOND TIME AROUND: What becomes a one-album legend most? A blue-collar pragmatism about a dog-collar profession, that's what. Guitarist/songwriter **Peter Buck** of the pop/folk/rock R.E.M. is a terrific deflator of his band's critically inflated reputation. Now that *Murmur's* follow-up, *Reckoning* (I.R.S.), is hitting the racks and the review pages, R.E.M. faces such great pop-music-career killers as critical backlash, critical apathy or, worse, further inflation. Buck is ready.

"I always figured a band that got so much good press had to be paying somebody off," he says, laughing, remembering the reviews that put *Murmur* atop almost every 1983 critics' poll. "We were pleased and surprised with the reaction. Personally, I figured the record wasn't the best and it wasn't the worst." Shrug.

And *Reckoning*? "Well, it's more a collection of songs than a mood record like *Murmur*." Any sophomore jitters? Another shrug. "Took us 12 days—we had to cancel about four weeks' studio time." Any worries about the critics? "We have good taste, which is the skill you really need in rock 'n' roll. And quality wins out in the end, anyway. Look at *Louie*, *Louie*—that's all you have to do. It's outlasted every quack fad since 1964 and will continue to do so." So what should one say about great stuff, like *Reckoning*? "I'd say I didn't know why I fucking liked it, that I didn't care and I don't think I have to tell you why I liked it, either." Pete, your second career awaits. —LAURA FISSINGER

REVIEWS

George Jones went up the charts and down the tubes at roughly the same

determined pace, and his increasingly troubled life was echoed for a time in the classic tavern tearjerkers that went perfectly with one of country music's most distinctive and melancholy voices. Fiercely loyal friends and fans of the most traditional of country sounds are credited with helping George survive the hard times. His new album, *You've Still Got a Place in My Heart* (Epic), is a fine sampler that ranges from the old *new* Jones to the new *old* Jones: upbeat to downbeat and back.

If people thought Willie was only fooling with his *Stardust* or that he was stringing folks along with his *Over the Rainbow* or that Julio Iglesias was just a friend he put on the payroll to help him get his papers, they've got another think coming. His latest entry, *Angel Eyes* (Columbia), includes probably the first *cute* version of *Tumbling Tumbleweed* ever recorded, plus a samba, for God's sake, and other real purty songs that will cause his old fans to send flowers and his new ones to fall in love. Somebody go find Waylon and tell him what's happening.

We're recommending *Civilized Man* (Capitol), Joe Cocker's new album. Why, you ask? Just listen to his version of *There Goes My Baby* and you'll get the picture. For those of you who know Cocker only as a joke on *Saturday Night Live*, this album will be good news. Go for it.

Michel Petrucciani, a diminutive jazz pianist from France, is the most promising keyboard artist to come from Europe within memory. The evidence: his first solo album for an American company, *100*

Hearts (George Wein). It's incandescent. His technique and maturity are amazing for a musician of only 21. He erects pulsating musical structures, based on standard and original material, that are not outwardly attractive but contain much that reaches for the listener's thoughts and emotions. Petrucciani has made a marvelous beginning.

When a great recording, such as *David Allyn Sings Jerome Kern: Sure Thing* (Discovery), reappears, it is reason for celebration. One of the landmark romantic-ballad albums of the late Fifties, *Sure Thing* is much more than a pleasant memory; it lives and breathes and grabs the heart. A relatively unheralded talent who deserves much better, Allyn is helped on his way by consonant, beautifully supportive backgrounds, arranged and conducted by Johnny Mandel, and by ten quality Kern songs. In essence, *Sure Thing* is as nearly perfect as it gets.

The two British writer/rockers who formed the seminal group Squeeze and then broke it up, seemingly out of ennui, have salvaged its best traits for *Difford & Tilbrook* (A & M). Chris and Glenn have once again put together some sexy harmonies, clever lyrics and pretty melodies similar to their Squeeze work. But the complete package here has a jazzy sound that puts one in mind of Steely Dan, though it is by no means unoriginal.

Multiple streams of popular music mingle and a variety of colors blend on *Living in the Crest of a Wave* (Elektra/

TRUST US



HOT

X / *Wild Thing* (EP)

Hugh Masekela / *Techno-Bush*

The Smiths

Lee Ritenour / *Banded Together*

Bachelor Party (music from the film)



NOT

Taco / *Let's Face the Music*



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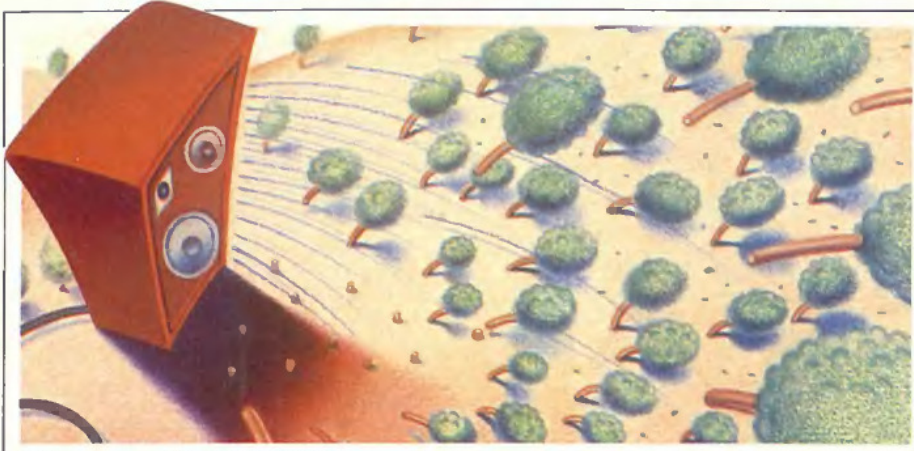
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ULTRA LIGHTS

FAST TRACKS



LOUD. LOUDER. LOUDEST DEPARTMENT: If you saw the comedy *This Is Spinal Tap*, you'll remember one of the funniest scenes, in which a member of the band explains to the documentary crew why they play so loud: They have an amp that can be cranked up to 11. Does life imitate art? You bet! Ted Nugent has announced that he's hard at work on the Penetrator Amp, which will hit 12. Says Ted, "When you're not using it for rock 'n' roll, you can rent it out for heavy-duty demolition." This will not be music for the fainthearted.

THEY SAY THE NEON LIGHTS ARE BRIGHT IN BAGHDAD: Iraq has launched a new battle in its propaganda war against Iran. The weapon? **Michael Jackson** singing *Blame It on the Boogie*. In an effort to sway public opinion, Iraq is beaming music and TV programs to Iranian viewers, reminding them of what life was like before the Ayatollah. Is there anyone in the world who doesn't know about Michael?

NEWSBREAKS: We want you to know about a nifty publication, *Music Videos: Playings Hard to Get*, a catalog of the largest selection of music videos at the best prices. To get the catalog, write to Playings Hard to Get, 376 South Oakland Avenue, Box 50493, Pasadena, California 91105. . . . **Sting** and **Stephen Bishop** have recorded a duet called *Leaving the Hall Lights On . . . Forever*. . . . Look for the new **David Bowie** album any time now. . . . **Jeff Beck** is touring with **Rod Stewart** for the first time since the late Sixties. . . . **Hall & Oates** have earned more gold and platinum records than any other duo since the Recording Industry Association of America began counting in 1958. . . . News from **Jimmy Buffett** includes a country album, a concert tour, some acting jobs, possible TV commercials and the film of *Margaritaville*. . . . Music mavens **Stephen Holden** and **Harold Goldberg** are doing a music-video-review pilot, similar to *Sneak Previews*, for PBS. They hope to have rock people and guest critics review records and tape previews on location as records and videos are being made. If it flies, it will be regular programming in January. . . . Calling music-video production the TV industry's equivalent of a sweatshop, the Screen

Actors Guild and the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists have joined forces and launched a campaign to get contracts for their members who appear in the videos. They want to establish minimum-wage levels, good working conditions and residuals. If they're unsuccessful, an A.F.T.R.A. executive says he'll ask the organization's board to order members not to work in music videos. . . . Are you ready for **Wendy O. Williams'** solo album—produced by **Gene Simmons**? It's coming. . . . Also coming from the same record company, Passport, is the return of **Dr. Buzzard's Savannah Band**, with *Calling All Beatniks*. . . . A play about **Sid Vicious** ran in L.A. last spring to rave reviews. Called *Vicious*, it centered not on the murder story but on the effects of sex, drugs and success on people who can't handle them. Maybe it will move eastward.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Cheap Trick** has signed to write the sound track for the movie *Teachers*, starring **Ed Asner** and **Nick Nolte**. . . . And as if record producing weren't enough, **Gene Simmons** has managed to break into the movies, playing a bad guy opposite **Tom Selleck** (yes, you're reading this right) in *Runaway*, a new **Michael Crichton** film. . . . The **Little River Band's** singer, **John Farnham**, is doing the score for the **Linda Blair** movie *Savage Streets* and will duet with **Raine Haynes** on a **Supremes** hit in **Pia Zadora's** creature feature.

RANDOM RUMORS: **Duran Duran's Simon Le Bon** says the band would like to play on the Great Wall in China. He says they've made inquiries, but "a tour over there is proving a bit difficult to organize." You want difficult? Le Bon also reportedly wants to play on the lip of an active volcano. —BARBARA NELLIS

Musician). The debut album (as leader) of tenor and soprano saxophonist **Bill Evans**, a former member of the Miles Davis group, it offers a truly contemporary experience. Evans and his players, notably pianist **Mitch Foreman** and drummer **Adam Nussbaum**, and a battery of synthesizers and electronic devices both please and challenge the ear and create an appetite for more. Evans' primary talent is for composition; he has a fine sense of melody and structure and the capacity to surprise. Is this music jazz? Yes, for the most part, but certainly not in the more traditional sense. Try *Dawn (In Wisconsin North Woods)*; it's a trip.

If country pop you like, country pop you get in *Kathy Mattea* (PolyGram), by a West Virginia country girl who has finally managed to get her foot in the Nashville door with a sound that PolyGram hopes will put her in the same ball game as **Emmylou**, **Ronstadt**, **Terri Gibbs** and **Anne Murray**. Her clean, rich voice has just enough country inflection to make her a contender for more than one chart, even if this album doesn't have any big surprises.

Some people will say "politics" when they hear Miami **Steven Van Zandt's Little Steven: Voice of America** (EMI)—but that's not all. This second LP by Springsteen's newly departed guitarist and his band, **The Disciples of Soul**, is part passion, too—ten songs of primal East Coast soul rock, flinging themselves as a body block in the path of the bombs-and-bucks brigade. Every minute of this record is full of the subversive idea that **Joe Normal** can and should change things—hope and courage form the heartbeat behind the emotional melodies, the white-heat guitars and the naked-heart lyrics. This is a political record that makes the "issues" seem personal. Obviously, **Van Zandt** sees the spirit of great rock 'n' roll as a secret weapon.

The 18-piece **Bob Florence Limited Edition**, heard to great advantage on *Soaring* (Bosco), plays vivid, modern, highly pulsating scores with unusual precision and élan. An inventive composer-arranger, **Florence** works in the tradition of **Bill Holman**, **Al Cohn** and **John Mandel**. Color and swing are the things. Excellent drumming by **Nick Ceroli**, one of the West Coast's best, enhances all six **Florence** originals, making them terribly exciting. This band and its corps of soloists can sweep you away.

SHORT CUT

The Earl Scruggs Review / Super Jammin' (Columbia): The purity is long gone from the **Flatt & Scruggs** sound that took bluegrass out of the hills and into the city; but this hybrid country-rock version has its moments, even if it's citified fer sure. Many big-city guests.



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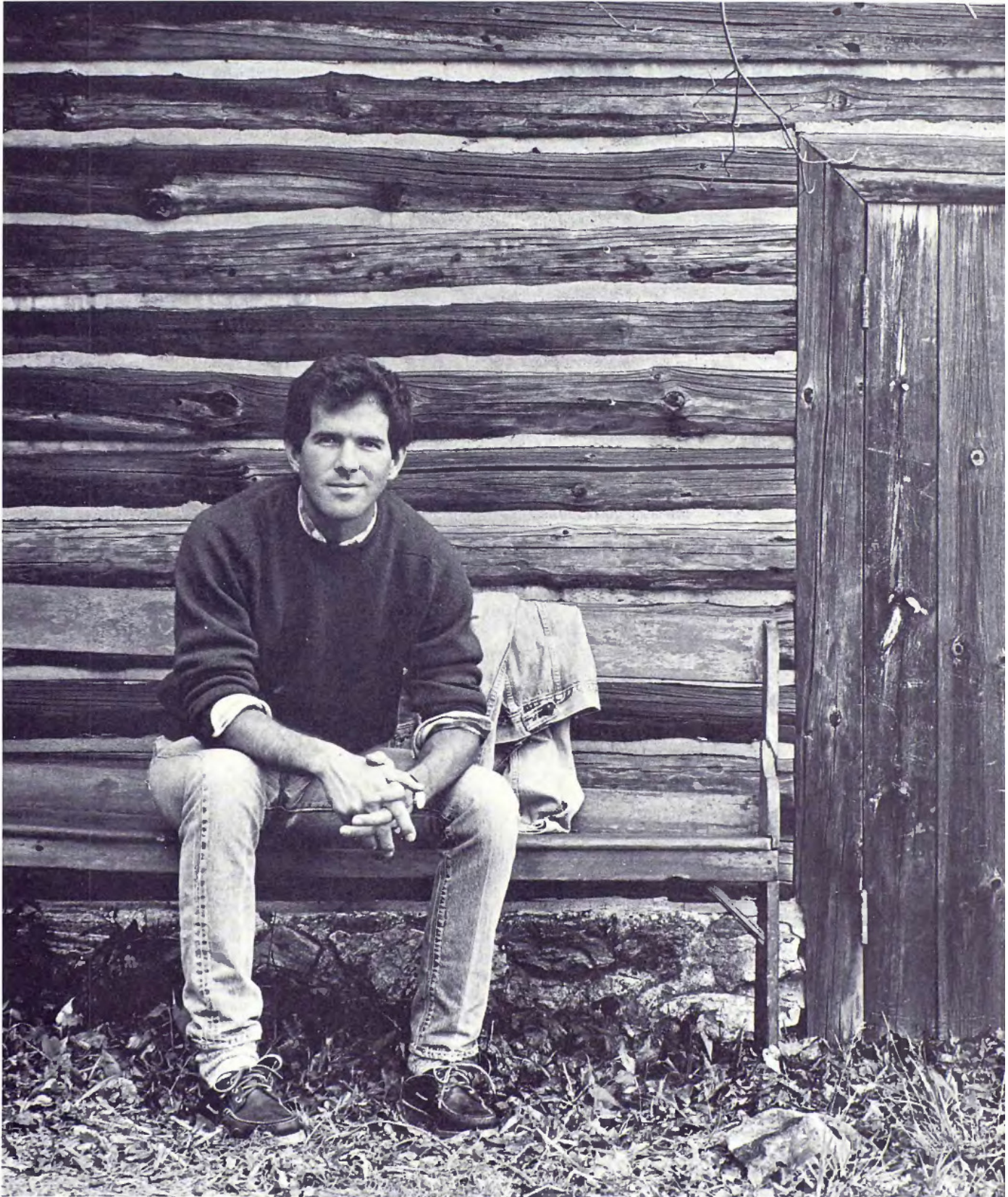
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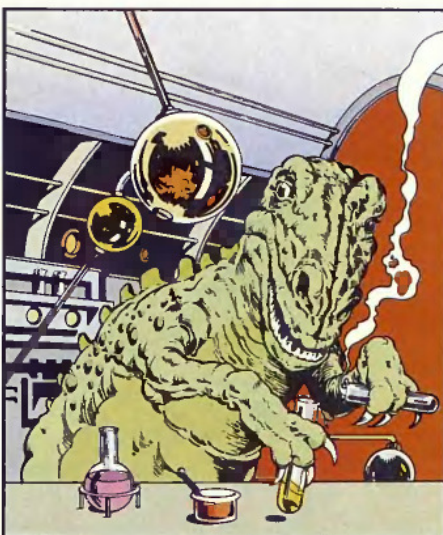
Charlie Haas's *What Color Is Your Parody* (Price, Stern, Sloan) is one of the funniest self-help books ever to cross our desk. Here are some of Haas's suggestions for job applicants: "Do not say, 'I'm a convicted forger, I am semiliterate, I pour a cup of Jack Daniel's on my Product 19 to start the day.' Instead say, 'I'm gifted in graphics, I am not hung up on verbal concepts, I have interesting recipe ideas.'" He also reminds women in the job market that "only men can wear power plaids." Who knows? Maybe this is the help we've all been waiting for.

Captain Morizio and Officer Lake want to know who murdered the British ambassador. The White House and Her Majesty's government don't. As part-time detectives and full-time lovers (that's Salvatore Morizio and Connie Lake), the captain and his officer discover a caviar- and drug-smuggling underworld run by Iranian fugitives, Russian gourmands, CIA hit men and a Danish entrepreneur. *Murder on Embassy Row* (Arbor House) is another delightful example of Margaret Truman's keen observation of the town she used to call home.

Harry Harrison's *West of Eden* (Bantam) is an epic science fantasy in the tradition of *The Clan of the Cave Bear*, with a significant difference: It reflects the influence of various experts in the "hard sciences." Earth is inhabited by the Yilanè, a species of intelligent, civilized reptile with an incredibly sophisticated capability to manipulate DNA. The biology and the complicated language of the lizard people are derived from hypotheses of what would have happened if the dinosaur had evolved. With the coming of the ice age, the Yilanè encounter Tanu, prehistoric man, and the inevitable battle for the planet is waged. Great escape reading.

Jayne Anne Phillips might have chosen the title *Ordinary People* for her novel *Machine Dreams* (Dutton) if it hadn't already been taken. Phillips tells the story of Jean and Mitch and their children, Danner and Billy. A soldier's stint in the Pacific, a less-than-happy marriage, an arrest for drugs and a departure for Vietnam all figure in the story of these ordinary people. But this is no ordinary novel. The characters are so real, the scenes are so vivid and the story is so compelling that it must be deemed extraordinary.

You may wonder whether three authors for one book isn't an example of editorial overkill, but I. M. Destler, Leslie H. Gelb and Anthony Lake seem to speak with one voice in *Our Own Worst Enemy* (Simon & Schuster). Essentially an examination of



Eden: The serpent had kinfolks.

It's all here: mystery, parody, fantasy, politics, music and even Popeye.



Let's hear it for the *Unsung Heroes*.

the breakdown of the making of U.S. foreign policy since World War Two, this moderate study traces the growth of a professional elite (think tanks, Congressional staffers, the press, et al.) and the decline of sensible policy formulation. We have courtiers, not advisors, it is argued with good evidence; and to make matters worse, the courtiers sway with the political wind: "More than a century ago, Lord Palmerston set forth his famous dictum that Britain had no permanent allies or enemies, only permanent interests. . . . But serious nations do not redefine their national interests every few years, as we have been

doing for most of the last two decades," the authors write. If you've been going crazy trying to figure out who our friends and what our goals are, read this book. You're not crazy; the system is.

The story of rock 'n' roll is probably best told on records, but Nick Tosches takes a good shot at rock's early history in *Unsung Heroes of Rock 'n' Roll* (Scribner's), a biographical anthology of those obscure trashers of traditional popular music who preceded Elvis the Pelvis. Some were black and some were white, Tosches says, but they had one thing in common—they liked Cadillacs. Their art was born while they walked the line between breaking with tradition and breaking even, and therein lies the tale. This is a quick, entertaining read that's chock-full of gossip about people you've never heard of. But then, we'll bet you can't name the members of Quiet Riot, and they've sold more than 4,000,000 records since last year.

"Deterrence had been presented as a sort of trailer that mankind would live in while the permanent home of a full political resolution of the nuclear predicament was being constructed. But what happened as the years passed was that the trailer was built up and elaborated, while the home went unstarted." In his tightly written and closely reasoned *The Abolition* (Knopf), Jonathan Schell attempts to extend the discussion he began in his best-selling *The Fate of the Earth*. Unfortunately, this time he has given us a work that is probably a little too dense and specialized for the general readership. And we've heard most of it before.

BOOK BAG

The Complete E. C. Segar Popeye: Volume One (Fantagraphics): Re-creates the original Thirties comic strip. Fifty years later, the lovable sailor man and his cohorts are still "excrushkiatingly" funny.

Surfing (Workman), by Leonard Lueras: If this isn't the best book on surfing, we'll eat our skeg. In intelligent prose accompanied by beautiful photographs and artwork, Lueras covers the world of surfing with a knowledgeable touch that shows his many years in Hawaii have not been spent in vain.

Razzle-Dazzle (Dial), by Phil Patton: In the breathless style of *N.F.L. Films*, the author traces the courtship and marriage of television and pro football. It's an interesting story, and Patton's point—that if the partners weren't exactly made for each other, the N.F.L. was made by and for TV—is legitimate. But *Razzle-Dazzle*, in treating its subjects almost with awe, inflates the importance of both. Five yards for unnecessary reverence.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

DIRECTOR John Huston's rather murky movie based on Malcolm Lowry's stylish, complex novel *Under the Volcano* (Universal Classics) is distinguished mainly for a magnificent all-stops-out performance by Albert Finney. As The Consul, a drunken ex-diplomat during the final day or so of his fateful journey to self-destruction, Finney finds the quick sting of truth in every cliché. As his former wife, loyal except for one crucial act of infidelity, breath-taking Jacqueline Bisset matches him with a sensitive portrayal that may be her best work ever. Considerably less compelling, England's Anthony Andrews doesn't enjoy equal opportunities as the hero's potent but opaque half brother. Opacity is a major problem here, since neither Huston nor Guy Gallo, author of the screenplay, provides any helpful clues as to what gnaws at these disenchanted English people going to hell in Mexico on the eve of World War Two. They are psychological kin to those walking-wounded expatriates who shamle through the works of Hemingway and Fitzgerald. But *déjà vu* is not the essence of screen drama. Huston reportedly dreamed for decades of making this film. Sad to say, his *Volcano* fizzles, particularly toward the end, coming up empty except for picturesque Mexican vistas (photographed by Gabriel Figueroa) and the superstar sparks created by Bisset and Finney. **★★½**

A New Jersey lad moves with his mom to sunny California, where all those brutish blond beach boys kick sand in his face. They laugh because he's weak and skinny. But a pretty girl (Elisabeth Shue) appreciates his sensitivity. Then he meets an old Japanese master of martial arts, and *The Karate Kid* (Columbia) is on his way to triumph. In the title role, young Ralph Macchio has boyish appeal and vulnerability to burn, and his scenes with Nori-yuki "Pat" Morita, as the crotchety karate master, may remind you of Rocky and his cantankerous old trainer. It'll be a wonder if they don't, since *Karate Kid* was directed by Rocky's own John G. Avildsen, with another up-and-at-'em musical score by Bill Conti to give underdogs everywhere an emotional lift. *Kid* is predictable, all right, but a crowd pleaser packed with zest, warmth and high spirits. **★★½**

After the inspired chaos of its opening sequence, set in a Shanghai night club back in 1935, *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* (Paramount) proceeds to further adventures so hair-raising that it looks for a while as if the sequel may surpass the original *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Well, uh, not quite. The charm, wit and inventive boyish exuberance of *Raiders* disappear



Volcanic action from Jackie Bisset, Anthony Andrews and Albert Finney.

Finney turns in another fabulous performance; a karate Rocky; and an overdone Doom.



Macchio, Morita *Kid* around.

almost immediately when Harrison Ford, ever-ready in the title role, arrives at the Temple of Doom to confront hordes of faceless villains who specialize in grisly bloodletting and fiery human sacrifices. Young fry at the screening I attended were recoiling in horror, and for good reason. Director Steven Spielberg has his foot to the floor board throughout, and since nobody does it better, *Indiana Jones* is a certified fast-and-furious blockbuster. Still, with teeth clenched against the crescendos of John Williams' musical score, I found myself a shade less willing to be swept away by the movie's relentless momentum. The love interest generated by Karen Allen in *Raiders* totally overshadows the conventional blonde bimbo

played here by Kate Capshaw as a nightclub singer who has little to do beyond screaming or shrieking "Oh, my Gawwd!" And a kid actor named Ke Huy Quan, as the waif who is Indiana's side-kick on his save-the-children mission to an evil empire, doesn't quite captivate us.

All in all, it's an intrinsic loss of innocence that takes the edge off *Indiana Jones*. To see men as hugely talented as Spielberg and George Lucas (who concocted the story) performing below their peak is a disappointment, even though their second best virtually guarantees more headlong thrills and spills than all the rides at Disneyland. What they did for the love of countless rip-roaring old movies in *Raiders* they now seem to have recycled and overdone for astronomical estimated profits. Great fun, sure, and a can't-miss box-office bonanza—but not up there with the classics. **★★★**

As a long shot beating the odds to become a world-class champion, *Phar Lap* (Fox) is a winner in every way. Made in Australia, this provocative real-life drama re-creates the story of three men and a horse—a phenomenal nag born in New Zealand of questionable stock, bought for a pittance and destined to become a beloved symbol of the will to win for working-class Australians during the Depression era. The form and content of race-track tales is fairly standard, but *Phar Lap* (the horse's name came from a Thai word for lightning) compensates for familiarity with emotional intensity and probing character study, plus intrigues and dangers up to, and including, attempted murder. Ron Leibman as the cynical owner, Martin Vaughan as the stubborn trainer and Tom Burlinson as the stableboy whose patience and tenderness pay off in an unprecedented string of

victories are all fine—and Burlinson, an especially sensitive young actor, could well prove a challenger to Mel Gibson as Australia's next best bet for stardom. ♣♣

Elegant Sigourney Weaver turns into a demon-possessed dog and a she-devil during *Ghostbusters* (Columbia), one of the cheekier current comedies. Harold Ramis and Dan Aykroyd wrote the screenplay as if to send up every occult suspense drama from *The Exorcist* to *Poltergeist*. It's all about some ancient, evil Sumerian gods who threaten to take over the West Side of Manhattan and Lord knows what else unless they can be stopped by Ramis, Aykroyd and Bill Murray, as an inept trio of parapsychologists. Coolly appraising Murray, Weaver observes, "You don't act like a scientist; you're more like a game-show host." That's *before* she's possessed, soon after the light in her refrigerator has begun to glow dangerously. Producer-director Ivan Reitman (producer of *National Lampoon's Animal House*, then director of *Meatballs* and *Stripes*) uses sumptuous special effects without taking them seriously for a moment. If you don't believe *Ghostbusters* makes New York a manic summer festival, wait till the Stay Puft marshmallow monster is revealed attacking a high-rise. ♣♣

Among the silly season's happy surprises is *Finders Keepers* (Warner), a bona fide sleeper directed by Richard Lester. The inventive caper afoot has to do with \$5,000,000 stashed in a coffin aboard a cross-country train. To complement the verbal and physical tomfoolery, there's an appealingly quirky passenger list. Michael O'Keefe scores high as an apprentice con man (Louis Gossett, Jr., plays his mentor) who's in flight from a women's roller-derby team he once mismanaged. So does David Wayne, as the world's oldest railroad conductor. The big scene stealer, though, is sexy Beverly D'Angelo, as an eccentric actress with "the mind of a maniac and the mouth of a longshoreman," who's on her way to Denver to have a nervous breakdown. Guided by Lester, who after a slow start is seldom asleep at the switch, these madcaps prove that screwball comedy is amazingly alive and well in 1984. ♣♣

Despite his infallible Midas touch, the law of diminishing returns may have begun to catch up with moviedom's whiz kid Steven Spielberg. He's billed as an executive producer of *Gremlins* (Warner), a clever but sadistic shocker directed by Joe Dante from a hackwork screenplay credited (so help me) to Chris Columbus. Movies chock-full of cynical references to other movies—including Spielberg's own in this case—grow wearisome after a while. Some critical hypsters have hailed *Gremlins* as myth and allegory. It would be more accurately described as a grue-



Weaver, Rick Moranis enliven *Ghostbusters*.

Summer fun lingers with *Ghostbusters*, *Gremlins* and *Star Trek's* latest voyage.



Gremlins bedevil Hoyt Axton, Zack Galligan.



All aboard for another Enterprising voyage.

some sick joke, turning the charm of *E.T.* (also, pointedly, everything from *The Wizard of Oz* to *Snow White*) inside out to reveal the dark side of such juvenile fantasies.

Gremlins, of course, were the imaginary goblins that World War Two fight-

er pilots believed could do inexplicable mischief to planes. Here, they're simply fuzzy, adorable little pets that change into clawing, red-eyed demons if mishandled. Wreaking havoc on an Andy Hardy-ish American town—on Christmas Eve, yet, to the distant accompaniment of *Silent Night*—is the primary business of *Gremlins*. Here's another PG chamber of horrors that gives hardened tykes a chance to see the little devils burned, chopped, electrocuted or mashed to a pulp, all in the spirit of fun. More terrors from Santa Spielberg's toyshop. Give *Gremlins* a high mark for amazing technical proficiency, though the movie reminded me of a *Muppet Show* recycled for an audience of homicidal maniacs. ♣

If forced to choose, I'll pick *The Muppets Take Manhattan* (Tri-Star) over *Gremlins* any day. Muppetmaster Jim Henson's latest is essentially a Judy Garland-Mickey Rooney musical, with Miss Piggy and Kermit doing everything you'd expect them to do when they graduate from college and try to get their variety show on Broadway. Liza Minnelli, Dabney Coleman, Joan Rivers and a host of stars appear, as usual, to support their efforts. Mild, sure, but far superior to those kiddie entertainments so bloody that even Daddy wakes up screaming. ♣½

Mr. Spock himself—that is, Leonard Nimoy, please note—admirably directed *Star Trek III: The Search for Spock* (Paramount), and only a sourpuss would frown upon this family reunion with Admiral Kirk and all the old gang. Once more with feeling is the theme as we learn that Spock has risen from the dead on the planet Genesis. The first *Star Trek* motion picture emphasized hardware over humanity. While *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan* may have had somewhat greater dramatic impact, *Search for Spock* is spectacular, sentimental and no doubt absolutely satisfying to faithful Trekkies. Those of us who aren't fanatic devotees of the original TV series can still relax and enjoy such high-minded space-age yarn spinning. Just let yourself go while they prepare to hammer out *Star Trek IV*. ♣♣

The dialog in *Streets of Fire* (Universal) is cryptic, to say the least, and sounds as if director Walter Hill or his co-author, Larry Gross, had scribbled it down during coffee breaks. Words of one syllable are all they require for *Streets*, subtitled "A Rock & Roll Fable." I'd call it a deafening Dolby roar from the MTV school of cinema—all music, motorcycles, sex and violence. Diane Lane and Michael Paré head the hot-blooded young cast. She's the rock star who's kidnaped by a gang; he's the lone urban cowboy who comes to rescue her for auld lang syne. Set in a nameless city (looks like Chicago, where the shooting started) at an unspecified time,



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Streets is a shallow, citified Western with rock in its head. Recommended only if you have an uncontrollable yearning to see the pictures that go with the album. ♣

An extraordinary gut-wringing performance by Ingrid Thulin is probably the best reason to see *After the Rehearsal* (Triumph). Thulin weeps, rages and shivers the timbers as the elder of two actresses (Lena Olin is the up-and-coming ingénue) involved in a searching onstage dialog with a famous Swedish director (Erland Josephson) who's nearly as celebrated for bedding his leading ladies as for mounting theatrical milestones. This compelling psychodrama, set in an empty theater, has unmistakable autobiographical overtones. The director, in case you haven't guessed, is Ingmar Bergman, not actually reneging on his vow that the Oscar-winning *Fanny & Alexander* would be his last major film. *Rehearsal* was originally produced for Swedish television, to be commercially released over here as a rare, rather special treat for Bergman fans, who always hunger for more. ♣♣½

Hitherto known mainly for "spaghetti Westerns," Italian director Sergio Leone has come up with a nonkosher plate of pasta called *Once upon a Time in America* (Ladd/Warner). It's all about some Jewish *mafiosi* and how they grew—with Robert De Niro, James Woods, Joe Pesci, Burt Young, Treat Williams, Tuesday Weld and Elizabeth McGovern. Well over two hours long, the movie was considerably longer before distributors recut it over Leone's protests. De Niro drifts through this mishap as if he were half asleep, perhaps because he has nodded over the screenplay (Leone and five collaborators adapted it from a novel called *The Hoods*). More likely, he turns somnolent because he remembers having once appeared in a gangland classic called *The Godfather Part II*. But everyone's acting is pretty dull, which at least keeps the tone consistent. Trash without flash, expensively produced and worth nary a nickel. Leone's original version couldn't have been worse. ♣

One of the powers that be behind *Beat Street* (Orion) is singer Harry Belafonte, coproducing still another movie made to order for MTV—a scary trend signaled by *Flashdance*, *Footloose* and *Streets of Fire*. The disposable, paper-thin plot has a shelf life of about five minutes tops, but the break dancing, rap singing and graffiti painting are superb as a simple-minded sound-and-light show for street people. Rae Dawn Chong, Guy Davis, Jon Chardiet and Robert Taylor (a pint-sized break-dancing prodigy discovered on a South Bronx playground) head the youthful cast. Although their musical rituals are loud, monotonous and not especially well photographed, their message is affirma-



De Niro and gang can't save *America*.

Leone's spaghetti loses its sauce; the break-dancing craze continues in *Beat Street*.



Dancin' to the *Beat* on the Street.

tive—set in a slumscape fantasyland where rumbles have been replaced by dance competitions. ♣

Lance Guest in the title role of *The Last Starfighter* (Universal), Robert Preston as an unscrupulous alien recruiting mercenaries for space wars and Dan O'Herlihy as an outer-galactic navigator named Grig are the mainstays of a pleasantly surprising s-f spoof. In the crisp tongue-in-cheek dialog supplied by fledgling screenplay author Jonathan Betuel, Guest describes Grig as "a gung-ho iguana." The story is muddled a bit, moving from a modern trailer park to outer space and back again when our hero's mastery of a Starfighter video game brings a talent scout named Centauri (Preston) beaming down to Earth. Centauri's wisecracks ("You can bet your asteroids," etc.) set the tone for a refreshingly irreverent grade-B space epic. ♣♣½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- After the Rehearsal* (See review) Bergman on Bergman. ♣♣½
All of Me Reincarnation made ribald by Steve Martin and Lily Tomlin. ♣♣♣½
A Nos Amours French family life, seen through a glass *très* darkly. ♣♣½
Another Country Boy meets boy in an upper-crust British prep school. ♣♣½
Beat Street (See review) Can't stop the music to start the movie. ♣♣
Finders Keepers (See review) Screwball comedy back on the track. ♣♣♣
Ghostbusters (See review) Madcap exorcists making it in N.Y.C. ♣♣♣
Gremlins (See review) E.T. turns gnome, courtesy of Spielberg & Co. ♣♣
Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes Elegant monkey business. ♣♣♣
Hardbodies Youth, sex and sociology, Southern California style. ♣
Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom (See review) *Raiders* it ain't. ♣♣♣
Irezumi Tattooed lady in Kyoto—a totally authentic skin flick. ♣♣½
The Karate Kid (See review) A *Rocky* reprise for half-pints. ♣♣½
The Last Starfighter (See review) OK spoof of far bigger space epics. ♣♣½
Liquid Sky Brightened by a heavenly body named Anne Carlisle. ♣♣
A Love in Germany Hanna Schygulla as a *Frau* too fond of fraternizing. ♣♣♣
Moscow on the Hudson All hail Robin Williams—from Russia with love. ♣♣♣
The Muppets Take Manhattan (See review) Miss Piggy and Kermit do a show. ♣♣½
The Natural Redford at bat in a middling baseball drama. ♣♣
Once upon a Time in America (See review) Bring back *The Godfather*. ♣
Phar Lap (See review) Life and times of a famous Aussie race horse. ♣♣♣
Romancing the Stone High adventure, with Kathleen Turner as a lady novelist reliving all her lurid books. ♣♣♣
Sahara Sand, a sheik and Shields. ♣♣
Sixteen Candles Happy birthday to youth. Surprisingly fresh. ♣♣½
Splash A memorable mermaid (Daryl Hannah) in Gotham. ♣♣♣
Star Trek III: The Search for Spock (See review) Enterprising. ♣♣♣
Streets of Fire (See review) Just catch the act on MTV. ♣
Suburbia Punks *vs.* rednecks in a minor street-smart social drama. ♣♣
Sugar Cane Alley Rites of passage in Martinique. ♣♣♣
Swann in Love Proust semipetrified, with Jeremy Irons, Ornella Muti. ♣♣
Under the Volcano (See review) Finney and Bisset sometimes ignite it. ♣♣½

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

COMING ATTRACTIONS

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

IDOL GOSSIP: Harrison Ford will team up with Tom Conti's *Reuben*, *Reuben* heart-throb, Kelly McGillis, in Paramount's *Witness*. Directed by Australian Peter (The Year of Living Dangerously) Weir, the flick is a contemporary action romance involving a relationship between an Amish girl and a tough Philadelphia cop forced to hide out at her farm during a murder investigation. Filming will take place in Philadelphia and in the heart of Amish country: Lancaster, Pennsylvania. . . . There will be a sequel to and possibly a third installment of the box-office smash hit *Police Academy*. Meanwhile, two of the writers of the original are developing a project called *The Kids on the Hill*, a comedy about Senate pages, and *Police Academy* co-writer/director Hugh Wilson will be making a comedy Western called *Rustler's Rhapsody*. . . . Sissy Spacek will play the lead in Warner Bros.' *Strawberry*, about a country girl who goes to the big city to make it as a comedienne.

FALLING IN LOVE AGAIN? November will see the release of Paramount's *Falling in Love*, a classy project about a couple of suburban commuters who have an affair. It's classy because it teams Meryl Streep and Robert De Niro for the first time since *The Deer Hunter* and because it was written by Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright Michael (The Shadow Box) Cristofer and because it's directed by Ulu (True Confessions) Grosbard. Billed as a "comedy-drama-love story" (Hollywood just can't do anything without hyphens anymore), *Falling in Love* is lighter in tone than anything either Streep or De Niro has done before. The two lovebirds meet while Christmas shopping at Rizzoli and carry on mainly at Grand Central Station and on the commuter train to Westchester.

BODY HEAT REVISITED: New World Pictures' *Crimes of Passion* marks the directorial return of the inimitable Ken Russell, who hasn't made a film since 1980's *Altered States*. Starring Kathleen (Romancing the Stone) Turner, Anthony Perkins, Bruce (Willard) Davison, Annie (Heartaches) Potts and relative newcomer John Laughlin, *Crimes* is mainly about sexual power games and the violence that they can lead to. Laughlin plays an ex-high school football coach stuck in a stale marriage to his high school sweetheart (Potts). In need of money, he does some part-time detective work that ultimately leads him to a bewitching and beautiful fashion designer named China Blue (Turner). Sexual passion erupts as the two are irresistibly drawn to each other. Meanwhile, hanging around in a menacing fashion is Anthony Perkins, a sexually



Nothing funny about the part Bill Murray (with Theresa Russell, above) plays in Columbia's forthcoming remake of *The Razor's Edge*, W. Somerset Maugham's novel about one man's search for wisdom in the decade following World War One. Murray and Russell inhabit the roles played by Tyrone Power and Anne Baxter in the 1946 film version. Below, Gary Busey demonstrates how Alabama's immortal coach Paul Bryant earned his nickname in a scene from Embassy's September release *The Bear*, co-starring the late D'Urville Martin and Jon-Erik Hexum.



tormented martial-arts expert who's got a bad case of the hots for our leading lady. Naturally, all hell breaks loose. Set for a mid-October release, *Crimes of Passion* sounds a bit like *Body Heat* on the surface, but the Russell style could easily dash any such comparisons.

TRADING PLACES WITH EASY MONEY: Hollywood seems to have just rediscovered one of the oldest plot devices in the book—the old down-and-out-guy-who-inherits-big-bucks-with-strings-attached routine. Heck, it worked for *Trading Places* and *Easy Money*, so why shouldn't it bring in

the box-office receipts for Universal's *Brewster's Millions*? Starring Richard Pryor and John Candy, this particular variation on an old theme (screen versions of *Brewster's Millions* date back as far as Fatty Arbuckle, though the 1945 model starring Dennis O'Keefe is the most recent one) has Pryor playing a down-on-his-luck baseball player who stands to inherit \$300,000,000 from a great-uncle if he can waste \$30,000,000 in 30 days. Sounds easy enough—all he has to do is back a movie just like this one.



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DON'T JUST BRING A BEER. BRING THE CLUB BAR.

By ASA BABER

THE FUNDAMENTAL questions for most men center somewhere in here: What are we supposed to do with our wildness? How can we control it? Where do we put it? Why does it seem that a cosmic joke has been played on us, giving us incredible energy and then placing us in a society that demands obedience?

We may not admit it, but we ask such questions of ourselves frequently. Without much help from others, and with an inborn sense of guilt about the craziness that rests on the horizon of our male mentality, we struggle to tame ourselves, to fit in, to calm down. Then a joke is played again. If we become too calm, we feel vulnerable, useless. At that point, we try to speed up, amused by the way our energies never seem to be rationed correctly.

A case can be made that the rationing of energy is a male preoccupation. We think as much about it on a daily basis as we do about anything. We spend energy recklessly, hoard it, search for it, run from it. There is an energy meter ticking inside us at all times. We have been known to do desperate things, to twist ourselves into pretzeled shapes, to pay that meter.

Given all of this, is it any wonder that for most of us the drug experience is familiar? There live very few men with souls so dead who never to themselves have said, "I think I'll have a hit."

Drugs are introduced to most of us at an early age, usually on a dare or a lark. They are often one of the first of life's big decisions. That's not so bad, by the way—not if you swim and don't sink. I have to admit I enjoyed my delinquent childhood. No one had much control over me. I had learned to forge my mother's handwriting (my good buddy Louie taught me that; we worked with tracing paper until I got it right), so whenever I missed a few days of school, I would write an excuse for myself and hand it in. My father rarely talked to me about my report card. My mother was simply puzzled: "Ace, it says here you missed 45 out of 60 days. Can that be right?"

"Yeah, Mom, I really wasn't feeling too good, remember? I was sick a lot."

Louie was a couple of years older than I, a big Italian-American kid with an intense interest in the street. He and I did it all: We knew every entrance to the movie theaters, how to sneak into Comiskey Park, which bars had the best blues bands and allowed youngsters to stand in the door and listen. We knew which cops enforced curfew and which ones were on the take. We knew the cigarstand that fronted for the 24-hour poker game/bookie joint/numbers wheel.

Louie and I were also experts on getting stoned, whether on airplane glue or reefer



PURPLE-HAZE DAYS

"I remember my first pipe of opium as if it were yesterday."

(that's what we called grass then). Many were the days we rolled through Chicago's South Side in a gentle purple haze that I hoped would last forever (but that never did).

It never occurred to me that I was doing anything particularly wrong. I was lucky. I was growing up in an inner-city environment that accepted drugs as a part of life. Few people got hysterical about the situation.

Maybe one reason for that was the nature of street life. Unlike suburbia, the South Side made its excessive drug use evident to all of us: There was a shooting gallery in the building across the alley. The people who O.D.'d on heroin did it right there—and we watched their bodies being carried out the next day. The junkie on the corner was not some cliché figure our parents warned us against. He was someone we knew, spoke to, lived with.

In short, drugs were as much a part of life as air and water. They were neither gods nor devils. They just were. We experienced them and educated one another about them.

Probably my best stoned moment came on what was supposed to be a day of reckoning. My mother had figured out that I was spending much more time on 47th Street than I was in school, and so over my protests she sent me into the office of the headmaster of the only private school in that territory.

I knew in my heart that I did not belong

in that school. The headmaster, having taken one look at me and my leather jacket, knew in his heart that I did not belong there, either, so he proceeded to give me an improvised entrance exam. It was a fix, as they say, a setup. I knew it and so did he. "What's 3467 times 9589?" he asked. No paper or pencil was offered. I asked for none.

"Let's see," I said, pretending to ponder huge sums in my mind.

"Come on, come on," he said. He was shuffling papers, not looking at me, being brusque.

Slowly, in a ceremony of my own making, I pulled a joint out of my jacket pocket, lit it, took a hit, held it, smiled at his astounded face and said, "It's whatever you want it to be, man. Whatever you want it to be."

I paid my dues for that gesture; but later, when I told Louie, he got a good laugh out of it. We were setting pins in the bowling alley at the time, which was how we got our money in the first place.

I chased the purple haze for some years, off and on. I used whatever I could find, and I confess that some substances seemed strangely beautiful to me—for a while. I remember my first pipe of opium as if it were yesterday: the taste of earth and crushed violets, the ease of reverie, the slim girl heating the dope over the flame, the sound of tropical rain on the roof. There are times even now when I miss it—I wouldn't mind a pipe or two in a traffic jam—but there is never a time I think it will solve my struggles with my own energies. Like all ex-dopers, I have finally come face to face with the fact that addiction is a cover, not a solution.

And, like all ex-dopers, I know something else: Everybody's addicted to something at one time or another in his life.

The dangerous people are the ones who can't admit it.



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By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I SEE SALLY only every so often. She lives seven hours away, in the mountains of Pennsylvania. But I am heartbroken at what's happened to her.

Last year, when she was ten, Sally squeaked. She hung around my neck and squeaked, "Oh, Cynthia, I love you so" or she dribbled a softball out into left field and squeaked, "A triple! I can do it" or she decided to make a cake, put in way too much baking powder and squeaked, "Ooo, isn't that pretty!" as the batter cascaded through the oven.

I recently visited Sally and her family, and it's pitiful. Sally is squeakless. She pouts. She acts coy. She wears make-up. She wheedles. When she doesn't get what she wants, she looks pained and sick, instead of emitting one of those mega-squeaks of yesteryear.

Pained! I hate it when people look pained, especially 11-year-olds, who are too young to be offered a Valium.

Pained means "Do something for me; you're hurting me; it's all your fault I'm unhappy." My mother has been known to practice this pained look on me; her mother would practice it on her. Sally's pained look is all too familiar.

"She's just a little girl," my friend Jane told me. "You know how obnoxious all little girls get during that special pubescent period. They giggle, they whisper secrets, they compete with everyone madly, they become devious."

"Well, doesn't that suck?" I said. "I mean, doesn't that suck incredibly? This is how little girls pass through the portals to womanhood?"

"They can't help themselves," Jane decided. "A few months ago, Sally was going to a party and wanted a new dress. She had her eye on this frilly pink number and asked her mother for it. Mom said, 'Ask your father.' Sally asked Dad. Dad didn't pay attention until she got all cute and pouty. Then she got her dress."

"Incredible," I said.

"Not at all," said Jane. "Goes on all the time. It's so easy for manipulation to become a way of life."

The patterns of childhood often stay with us well past their usefulness. Recently, I hired my friend Hilary to sit in my apartment while new windows were being put in. She showed up in the morning, all cheerful and bright. When I phoned during the day, she told me what a wonderful time she was having, how it was much better than being at her own apartment. When I got home, I reached for my wallet.

"All I've got is \$20," I said. "Is that



THE MANIPULATION BLUES

"We burst into tears and act weak and helpless and make people feel sorry for us."

enough, or shall I write you a check for the rest?"

"No, no, that's fine; that's great," she said.

Two days later, Robert, a mutual friend, called me.

"Hilary's upset," he said uneasily.

"Huh?" I said.

"She thinks you ripped her off," he said. "After all, a whole day's work for 20 bucks."

"But she said that was enough!"

"It wasn't."

"Why didn't she tell me?"

"She told Sarah."

Sarah is his wife. Wife told him, with strict orders to tell me. He felt stupid and uncomfortable.

I felt guilty, then furious. Manipulation. I had been set up! Why didn't Hilary say, "My time is worth more than \$20; give me a check for another 30"? Or something. Why couldn't she tell me directly, instead of telling Sarah to tell Robert to tell me and thus fashioning an incredible web of confusion?

So you know what I did? Nothing. Nada. Zip.

I was afraid to confront Hilary. I

didn't want to have a fight with her. I thought that maybe, in some subtle way I couldn't even see, I was wrong. I tried to phone her, but I got this choking feeling in my throat. I just couldn't bring myself to take direct action. Neither could she. We haven't spoken since.

Men, as a race, are manipulative, too, but I find them less ornate. A friend tells me that every time she got angry and screamed at her husband, he'd say, "Hey, honey, let's go out to a really nice restaurant and have dinner." This is clumsy, straightforward manipulation.

Women are generally more artful, often verging on the neurotic. Not long ago, I fell in love, and a dear friend of mine arranged to meet my lover and me for lunch. She also arranged for her ex-husband to drop by. And one of her boyfriends. Then another of her boyfriends. She cuddled with them all and threw my lover conspiratorial glances.

I was thoroughly incensed. "What is this?" I said to her later. "You had to prove to the love of my life how desirable you are?"

"Of course not," she said. "I wouldn't do that to you. I just wanted him to see that I wasn't available."

I call that psycho. Maybe I just need a new passel of friends, but I think manipulative behavior is widespread among women. I personally blame societal pressures.

Traditionally, little boys are allowed to fight. If somebody steals little Johnny's lunch, he beans the perpetrator in the nose. If he wants something, he acts.

Little girls, like my poor Sally, are taught to deflect. If somebody steals a little girl's lunch, she tells the teacher. The teacher gets her lunch back for her.

By the time we're pubescent, we've learned that straightforward behavior gets us nowhere. And yet we want things just as fervently as boys do. So we learn to go the long way around. We flirt with Daddy; we tell the teacher. We burst into tears and act weak and helpless and make people feel sorry for us.

Women are taught to be passive, to be insecure, to crave protection. That is why we are so "intuitive." It becomes imperative for us to read people properly. If we know what makes them tick, we'll be able to figure out how to get them to give us that raise or that diamond. I mean, we couldn't just overpower them and take it. Could we?

Goddamn! Maybe we could! What a novel notion!



4 out of 5 Sony car stereo owners would go down the same road again.

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In fact, most Sony car stereo owners when asked went so far as to say that they would keep their car stereos longer than they'd keep their cars. Or, in the words of Valerie Roussel of New Orleans, Louisiana: "My car was in the shop for a few weeks. I missed my car stereo a lot more than my car." And Mark Share of Tempe, Arizona, added, "I have two cars and two kinds of car stereos. I find myself driving the car with the better sounding one—the Sony."

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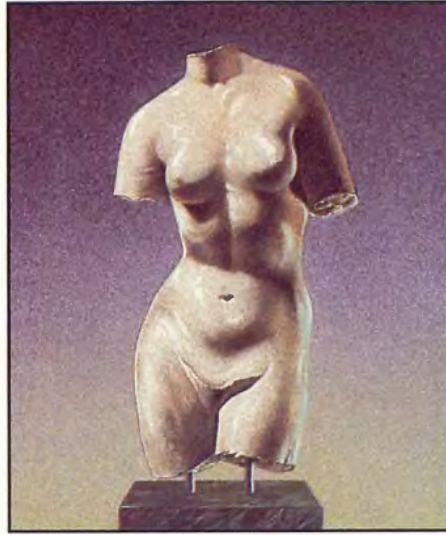
AGAINST THE WIND

By **CRAIG VETTER**

I HAVE A NEW WATCH that's black, flat, square, watertight to 25 fathoms, and it beeps and flashes and has about 12 functions, including a stop watch, which is what I bought it for. It's Japanese, of course; it cost me about \$40; and though I've worn it every day since I bought it, I don't like it much. For one thing, it's digital, which means it's never half past or quarter to in my life anymore. Instead, it's 11:32... 16-17-18-19, as if I needed the information the way the lead oarsman in a racing shell needs it. And instead of sweeping around a fixed point, the way the planet sweeps around the sun, the minutes sort of mince down an infinite line, which forces you to think about time the way a forgotten writer thought about life when he described it as just one damned thing after another. I've always liked to think of time as a circle. After all, the old sweep watch face gives you all 12 hours right there, so you can look forward or back without doing any math. On the digital display, when a moment's gone, it's *gone*, without so much as an "Excuse me" to the past or the future.

But I could forgive all that. What I really don't like about my new watch is the pretense of perfection it carries. Space-age accuracy and all that, which means that every time I spot one of its digital cousins on a bank or a television screen, I get to wondering which one of us is off, even though I don't care a damn or don't want to, anyway.

Life for me is comfortable only when it admits a certain offness, a phrase that didn't have anything to do with watches or time when it first struck me. It had to do with a girl's face, the sister of a friend, a beautiful girl with dark eyes and dark hair and a big, quick smile. In fact, she was perfectly beautiful, except that she had a delicate crook in the bridge of her nose that sat in the middle of all that prettiness, as if an artist had laid it in by accident and then left it there because of the stunning focus it lent to what otherwise would have been just another very lovely face. As it was, that small off-angle drove me crazy, got into my dreams even, and to this day I have never seen a face that I would rather have just stared at. It's gone now, though, damn it. She reached 16 at a time and in a suburb that valued a certain sameness



A CERTAIN OFFNESS

"She was perfectly beautiful, except that she had a delicate crook in the bridge of her nose . . . as if an artist had laid it in by accident and then left it there."

above almost everything else, and so she delivered herself into the hands of a plastic surgeon who gave her a nice little cheerleader's nose that looked as if it had been designed with calipers and French curve, and the first time I saw it, I got angry, and then just sad. I still count it as one of those signal moments in which I realized for sure that it's our imperfections that mark us each for who we are and make us interesting for the difference.

I remember trying to persuade my high school and college teachers of that. I might as well have thrown rocks at the sun to keep it from setting. They were Jesuits, a military-style order of priests who, if they had been barbers instead of teachers, would have cut off your head to correct a cowlick. They had a rule that anything you wrote for them—anything—that had more than three errors of punctuation, grammar or spelling was an F paper, and that would have included *The Great Gatsby* if they'd seen it in manuscript. I was and am a particularly bad speller and I'm not real good with the rest of the fittings of the language, and the Jesuits lashed and pounded and failed me over that fact until

I thought I was going to have to kill one of them to get breathing room.

Finally, one of my English professors took me aside and said, "You know, to write as well as you do and then to muck it up with your mechanics is like showing up at a formal dance in the nicest tuxedo in town, with grease and filth in your hair." Actually, I liked the image. But he also warned me that there was a small marching army of people out there who couldn't do anything *but* spell and punctuate and that if I didn't tighten up my form, they were going to hold me down all my life. Well, he was wrong about that, and though I'm not arguing sloppiness for sloppiness' sake here, I still believe that writing and spelling draw on two very different skills that exist in the same head only by wild coincidence. I finally took to having a good friend proofread my papers, and he did a hell of a job. He was a *math* major.

These days, of course, if you have a computer, you can buy a program that will root through your prose like an angry Jesuit, throwing out typos and spelling errors until it delivers something quite a bit closer to perfection than most human beings can produce. For me, there's something bogus and flat and irritating about those robot manuscripts. I don't trust perfection, and I don't think most of us do. It isn't natural, it doesn't invite us in the way rumpled things do, and, if you think about it, we seem to have an instinct that mistrusts the exact.

Take the story of how Mount Everest was discovered to be the highest mountain in the world. In 1852, a survey team of Indians and British took readings from six points that triangulated into a height of 29,000 feet. On the dot. When they handed their measurement to Sir Andrew Waugh, the head of the team, he decided no one was going to believe that nature would make its highest mountain *exactly* anything, so he added a couple of feet and made the official figure 29,002. It turned out his impulse was right. In 1955, more sophisticated methods found the mother of mountains to be 29,028 feet, and it may be that everybody learned a lesson from that first survey, because the 15th edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* lists the elevation of Mount Everest this way: "29,028 feet (plus or minus a fraction)."

I, personally, like the ring of it.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Will hanging upside down from a gravity-inversion bar make for longer erections?—J. D., Pocatello, Idaho.

It depends on what part of your body you hang from. There's no proof that inversion does anything for your sex life. Well, not quite. It may take you longer to find a position in which sex is even possible, let alone pleasurable. How about going up on your partner?

Because I travel extensively in Europe, I was alarmed to hear that credit-card companies use different exchange rates when converting customers' bills to dollars. How do I know whether or not the credit card I'm using will give me the best rate?—S. D., Dallas, Texas.

Credit-card companies may use different conversion rates, but generally they try to get the best conversion rates for the particular day that they receive your charges, which is not necessarily the same day you made them. Then they add a surcharge for the conversion. The time discrepancies and the different foreign banks the companies themselves have to deal with make precise checking of rates on unstable currencies difficult. If you think you've been overcharged, you can ask for an audit. But, frankly, for a few thousand Barfesian pukas (give or take a puka), we'd trust to the natural balance of competition.

Why is it so damned necessary to verbalize a request to some women in order to participate in sexual activity, while others consider (1) time, place and circumstances the nod of approval, (2) the acceptance of a first or second date grounds for approval or (3) a kiss and the silent permission to explore manually the act of compliance?

My early training many years ago was "Never, ever, ask! You can tell if the signals are present." However, I found out in several recent situations that you *must* ask or the door to sexual liberty is tightly closed. Now, this may sound really dumb, but in asking, whom do you ask, when do you ask, how do you go about asking, what do you ask and why must you really ask? Because I did not ask or pursue a conversation about sex, I was charged with not understanding the person(s) and with not being on the same wave length, but I did not know that the person(s) could have been or should have been asked. How do you go about sensing this silent invitation from a person you might be perceiving through somewhat different eyes? This is really a tough problem for me, but it seems to separate the men from the boys—and for such a long time I had thought that I was really a man, but now I am finding out that I am missing out.—



L. T. T., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Sex isn't going to happen unless there is a feeling in the air, but the vibe isn't enough. You have to ask. The request can range from the subtle "I suppose a blow job is out of the question" to the obvious "Are you planning on spending the night?" to the cryptic "I've consulted my astrological chart and the conditions tonight are perfect for the Chinese basket trick." Nonverbal sex can lead to misunderstanding and even violence. You might be inclined to view your partner's resistance as part of the foreplay, when, in fact, it's resistance. Always give her a chance to speak her mind. The most beautiful word in the language is a simple yes.

For the past ten years, I've been involved in a very successful career that, if the truth were known, I shouldn't have gotten into in the first place. In a way, I was pushed into it and forgot about what I really wanted to do. I'd like to change careers, but I worry about what that will say about me as a person. I don't want to be branded as ungrateful or a malcontent. I also worry about starting at the bottom in something I'm not familiar with. Is it possible to change careers when you've spent so much time establishing yourself?—M. P., Detroit, Michigan.

Ideally, you should enjoy your work—or, at least, most of it. And there's no reason to suspect that you won't be as successful and a lot happier in a different career. If that happens, you won't be branded as anything but a winner. So we say go for it. And, by the way, you're not starting at the bottom; you have ten years' experience under your belt. The expertise you've gained in different areas in that

time could very well translate into an advantage in a new profession.

I'll get right to the point. I'm a 19-year-old male, quite handsome and not very lucky at getting any pussy. I'm very shy, and the only times I'll ever get any are when the girl comes on to me. But that is beside the point. I'm still going to school and my grades are only just passing. In the earlier years of my schooling, I had very good grades. The only change I can think of is the amount of masturbation I engage in. For the past year, it has been the highlight of each night of every week. I read an article in a magazine about excessive masturbation's causing acne. I let up on it for a week and noticed that most of my acne disappeared, and my concentration in all of my classes went back up to where it had been. My grades went up as if I had a new set of batteries for my thinker. I was amazed. My curiosity got the best of me, so I relieved my horniness once and, sure enough, my concentration was completely shot the next day. I couldn't keep my mind on anything. The following day was just as good as the other days when I had not masturbated. What kind of connection can you make between excessive masturbating and thinking, concentrating and other mental abilities? I will greatly appreciate any information you can give me on the subject.—R. L. Y., Endicott, New York.

Balzac once said that sex interfered with creativity—something to the effect that he had fucked away a good novel the night before. Are you trying to suggest that masturbation can do in a term paper? Nonsense. We've noticed a disquieting tendency for college students to put off sex of all kinds until after graduation. They view it as a distraction, something that will keep them from securing the career of their choice. Are you guys out of your minds? If you are distracted by sex now, imagine what it will be like when you're in the real world, trying to hold down a job. College is the time to learn to deal with sex, starting with masturbation. Jerking off is a great way to get your heart started in the morning. It's a proven means of dealing with anxiety. Keep that in mind at mid-term. Probably, you are spending too much time worrying about masturbation and not enough time doing it. Plan your week. Set aside five minutes here and there (preferably between classes, not during). Then go for broke and ask a girl for a date. Then ask her for sex. It's a vicious process, but it's the only one you have.

Because of the fitness craze, I have tried dutifully to get up in the morning to run several miles at least twice a week. Some-

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times I make it and sometimes I don't, but I never enjoy it. Is it possible that some people just aren't cut out for physical exercise? Maybe it's in my genes; my parents never exercised, either.—M. O., Houston, Texas.

It's time to let you in on a little secret. The Playboy Advisor has a 45-inch chest, can bench-press 275 pounds and do 200 sit-ups without breaking a sweat. He used to jog, but it got boring. He plays tennis badly but skis well. He likes every bit of it. As for you, if you feel faint just reading about this stuff, we suggest you forget your exercise program and go to a movie.

We'd also like to note that there is surprisingly little valid scientific evidence about the health value of exercise. The right aerobics and stretches seem to be good for your bones, joints and endurance, but most exercise has more to do with health fears than with health. We'd guess that nine out of ten male joggers are out there to prevent heart attacks. If you're worried about cardiac arrest, your doctor can tell you whether or not you fit a high-risk profile. If you don't, give your mind and knees a break and stop running. If you are at risk, then you'd do well to find something that you can do three or four times a week—exercise bicycling, rowing, break dancing—that will raise your pulse for about 20 minutes at a time. Do it in a park or a gym where there are good-looking women in leotards doing the same stuff you are. Believe us, it's a lot less painful when the aesthetics are right. By the way, this letter was prepared by the Playboy Advisor's advisor. The Advisor himself was at the gym.

I have a secretary ten years my senior (I am 32) to whom I am very attracted. We are both married. We have worked together for about nine years. During that time, we have had a good working relationship and have had many lunches and drinks together. On a couple of rare occasions, I have kissed her, which she didn't seem to mind, and, in fact, she reciprocated, but not at all passionately—more the way you would kiss a friend. That is as far as things have ever gone. Just recently, during a business lunch, I made a rather awkward attempt to reveal my feelings toward her in hopes we could broaden our relationship romantically. In a very nice way, she rejected my advances, saying we had worked together too long to get involved and also that she felt she was too old for me. She concluded by saying she just wanted to remain friends. As you can imagine, I felt like an adolescent who has a crush on his English teacher: very humiliated.

I was puzzled, however, that among her reasons for turning me down, our marriages were never mentioned by her. The following day, I told her privately at the

office that I felt I owed her an apology for my forwardness. She told me no apology was necessary and that she hadn't given the incident another thought. Several days later, again over cocktails, I made yet another attempt to explain my feelings toward her, also explaining how foolish I felt about the previous attempt, as I felt I'd come across like a love-struck juvenile. She told me I had taken her by surprise, and although she was flattered, again she said we had known each other too long to get involved.

I am now wondering if I should just give up my pursuit, which I do not want to do, or if there is an approach I have overlooked that may be more successful. I am afraid that anything further I try may damage the relationship we now have. I would greatly appreciate any advice you could give me as soon as possible. This is bothering me.—D. D., Chicago, Illinois.

Your secretary is trying to do both of you a big favor, and you should listen to her. She is attempting to avoid hurting at least four people (and more, if children are involved). You have made your approach and have been politely turned down, and we think that no matter how difficult it may be for you, you should let it go at that. Any further pressure on your part—regardless of how subtle—could only make things worse. Unless you want to lose a secretary, you'll have to fight whatever it is you feel for this woman and concentrate instead on what may be missing in your own marriage. Good luck.

I bought a slightly used FM tuner at a really low price, but now I'm a bit worried. The set has two tuning meters and, on several stations, I cannot tune in so as to get both meters to agree. One meter is supposed to show a center reading, and the other a maximum swing to the right. Is the set a bum or what?—R. P., Glenwood, Illinois.

With FM, as with other things, big swingers are not necessarily always on center of channel. The meter that swings to the right is supposed to indicate the maximum signal strength being picked up by the tuner. The swing could indicate transmission noise or "ghosts" caused by multipath interference. The center-of-channel meter actually shows when you have tuned in a station accurately. Ideally, the two should agree, but do not expect to get maximum swings to the right on all stations. If you have to choose, go for center of channel, even when it means giving up a little signal strength. If you have to give up a lot of signal strength on a lot of stations in order to get a center-of-channel reading, chances are you need a better antenna. Better could mean stronger or more directional or both. And it probably would not hurt to have the set checked out for correct alignment.

I am a 36-year-old never-married bachelor with a problem. My girlfriend of two years is pregnant and insists on having the baby against my wishes. Since the pregnancy is four months down the road, the chances of an abortion are becoming increasingly slight. I like this woman but have no desire to get married, as I am happy with my current lifestyle. It has me working more than 80 hours a week running two businesses I own and enjoy seeing grow, which is one reason I don't think I would be a particularly good husband or father at the moment. In the two years I have known this woman, I have raised my voice to her only once, about a year ago, when she suggested that having a child out of wedlock (not mentioning me) was an attractive idea to her. She is the possessor of a strong maternal instinct, which is primarily what has led to this problem for me. When she suggested the idea, I told her I thought it pretty darn irresponsible and unfair to the child just to fulfill some desire of hers.

I think that because she is nearing her 35th birthday and has never been married, she is concerned that if she doesn't have a child soon, she may not be able to have one or the chances of its having Down's syndrome will increase significantly. She is an attractive woman who is becoming tired of her job and wants to be home with a kid, I feel certain. If I wanted to get married, she is the kind of person I would want to marry. But, unfortunately, I don't particularly want to be married now. Given my lack of control in this situation, my primary goal at this point is to behave like a gentleman, even though I think her behavior is ill advised and morally (if not legally) obligates me to child support for 18 years, not to mention all the other obligations of parenthood, which I take seriously. What would you advise a gentleman to do, given the fact that he opposes the entire thing?—J. R., Anchorage, Alaska.

The first requirement of being a gentleman is this: Wake up. Your "lack of control" in this matter is the same as participation. Knowing her feelings, you should have assumed responsibility for birth control. We respect your right not to be married, but you will have to decide now what your attitude toward the child will be. Visit a doctor to see if you are, indeed, its father. Visit a lawyer to see what legal responsibilities you may or may not have. You are free to exceed them.

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



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DEAR PLAYMATES

How many times have you heard someone say "It's not what you say, it's how you say it"? Well, that's true at the office but even more true in a relationship. We asked our Playmate advisors about sexual communication—the verbal kind.

The question for the month:

How important to your sex life is talking about sex?

I have to be open about sex; it's very important. Just screwing is not enough. Sex is a total thing: touching, kissing, massaging, talking. That's what love is all about. My boyfriend and I talk about it before sex and get aroused. Then we talk during sex; there is no silence. And afterward, we'll talk about what we did and how we liked it. Sometimes we will laugh about it. It's fun, after all. And it feels good and the talk is positive reinforcement for each of us.



Barbara Edwards

BARBARA EDWARDS
SEPTEMBER 1983

It depends on how long I've known him. At first, it's hard to talk about sex, because you don't know what he wants and he doesn't know what you want. In my sexual encounters, I usually know the man pretty well, and then I can ask him what he wants. I'm a very honest person, and I feel that a lot of things can be said so as not to hurt the other person. I do want to please him and please myself, too, and if you don't have sexual information about each other, then that's going to be hard to do.



Alana Soares

ALANA SOARES
MARCH 1983

Ninety percent of a good sex life is being able to talk about sex. The other ten percent is actually doing it. I think that a good sexual conversation can get you going; then, when you're having sex, you can verbalize what feels good by moaning, groaning and whimpering. Good communication is everything. I have a good friend—male—who was talking to me about his problems with his girlfriend. So I said, "Why don't you talk to her? You're having an easy time talking to me about it. Go talk to her." And he said, "We don't have that kind of relationship." Well, that's not right. If you can't talk to your lover freely, you shouldn't be having sex.



Marlene Janssen

MARLENE JANSSEN
NOVEMBER 1982

Talking about sex is one of the biggest turn-ons for me. If I talk to a man about it and he talks to me, we're turning each other on even before we're between the sheets. We could talk over a glass of wine or during dessert or over the dinner dishes. It's also good to talk if you're having a sexual problem. I had a man in my life who really liked having sex only one way. I finally had to talk it out with him, because I wasn't getting what I wanted. First he tried to ignore what I was telling him, then he tried to change, but it didn't work out. He didn't want to get close to me, and by not getting close, he closed the door and the relationship dissolved.



Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

Very important. In fact, I prefer talking about sex before we even get to the bed. I like talking about it over dinner if we know (and people *know*) we're going to hit it off. So I like to get that said, I want that out front, so when we get to bed, it's almost like a movie. I mean, if we rehearse the scene and we know how it goes, when it comes time to do it, we can do it in one take, can't we? It's worked that way for me. And men I have been with remember these things about me years later, and I remember their preferences, too. I see it as a willingness to give, so the talk is a big bonus to the sex I will have, and a turn-on.



Azizi Johari

AZIZI JOHARI
JUNE 1975

I'm finding it more important as I get older and have more relationships with men. In the past, I never complained; I always did exactly what I thought the man wanted me to do. Then I got bored if it wasn't what I wanted, too. Now I know that if I'm not fulfilled, I won't be staying in the relationship very long. So if I want things to work out, I'm going to talk about sex and tell him what I want, too. But you have to be careful of how you say what you want so as not to hurt his ego or insult him. I might show him instead of telling him, and sometimes he'll ask me, which is nice.



Susie Scott

SUSIE SCOTT
MAY 1983

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



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

FEMTHINK?

Captain Frank Furillo has been doing a total wimp act lately in compliance with the dictates of contemporary femthink, which for all its general insight fails to resolve or even address the frustrations of Frank's public-defender wife, Joyce Davenport, whose chief problem seems to be that even the most intelligent, kindhearted, sensitive and supportive husband—in this extraordinary case, a thoroughly admirable cop—cannot fulfill her emotional needs or provide adequate compensation for her self-perceived inadequacies, which we must assume derive from the historical subjugation of women that dates back to caveperson days. The bottom line, as I see it, is that men these days are in a completely no-win situation.

John Bosies
Los Angeles, California

It's not often we're privileged to hear from a reader who not only is a serious fan of "Hill Street Blues" but who can pack so much analysis into one sentence. Make that two sentences, counting the short one at the end.

FLY CATCHING

Thanks! "Zipper Peril" (*The Playboy Forum*, May) reminds me that it is now springtime in the Rockies and the longies will soon be coming off. Since I don't wear shorts, only metal-zippered jeans, I must again be very careful.

Mark Gibberd
Fraser, Colorado

I was fortunate enough to catch May's *Playboy Forum* letter discussing a "zipperectomy," and I could truly feel for the man whose predicament required minor surgery around his major parts. Ever since the "hookless fastener" (the original name for the zipper) came into play, operations of the nature described by your correspondent have been a daily occurrence here in the U.S. There is, however, a more modern and, indeed, safer approach to the perils of fastening: our very own Velcro material—today's answer to the zipper.

Ever since we launched our Velcro fasteners in 1958, we have promoted the safety features of our product, which forms a closure by engaging two tapes, one being very fine, with soft woven hooks, the other a mass of soft woven loops. Even the most tender and supple parts of a man can't be hurt when the tapes are engaged. As a matter of fact, our tapes will even close around any object, still fastening at the top and bottom of each side of the object or projectile being covered. So, to those who

don't want to be "caught," we heartily suggest having your flies closed with our Velcro tapes. Our director of marketing has suggested a new line of product for the above application: namely, Vel-safe.

J. K. Mates, President
Velcro U.S.A., Inc.
Manchester, New Hampshire

If your product were on the general retail market, we wouldn't stand still for such an obvious plug. But we'll handle it this time as a public service.

"Since I don't wear shorts, only metal-zippered jeans, I must again be very careful."

P.A.P. TEST

I'm thinking of starting an operation called Pagans Against Pornography (P.A.P.). It will be nondenominational and support reason and sensuality. What it will oppose are modern merchandising and bad taste. The portrayal of erotic subject matter is always stimulating, but pornography is a betrayal of the erotic. As they say, we all know the difference when we see it. The chief characteristics of pornography are that it is tasteless, repetitious and militantly antisexual.



Women are not to be toyed with but gratefully discovered, with admiration and praise. Sensuality is too awesome a discovery to be brutalized between the pages of *Hustler* and its cohorts. Against the rancid squalor of the predominating meat market, the little bit of good PLAYBOY can do seems like a veritable master stroke for civilization.

I believe Anatole France once wrote that the only sins are those committed against beauty. That admittedly pagan philosophy, or P.A.P. test, will be sufficient to put the flesh peddlers out of business and restore us to dignity and reason.

Charles Fowler
Morris, Minnesota

The philosophical position of your Pagans Against Pornography comes pretty close to our own. Nobody's ever quite defined pornography to our satisfaction, but for simplicity's sake, we'll go with the general view that it's the ugly side of sexually explicit material—the side that will always flourish under conditions of censorship, because the prospect of criminal prosecution intimidates those who would treat sexuality with the respect it deserves.

RIPPLE EFFECT

As the wife of an Indiana state trooper and the daughter of a retired one, I took much offense at the May *Forum's* "Playboy Casebook" report on the drug raid in Broad Ripple. Agreed, there were mistakes made—mistakes that should not have been made. But these men are human, and with human beings, mistakes do occur. I suspect that if you investigated every police department in the nation, state and otherwise, you'd have a hard time finding one devoid of mistakes. Indiana has long been recognized as having one of the finest state-police departments in the country. Why sensationalize errors when these men and women do so much good daily? By belittling two members of the department, you have belittled the entire department. And I hardly think that's fair.

Diana Thornburg
Yorktown, Indiana

The first paragraph of our "Casebook" feature concluded with the reminder—which you may have missed—that the Broad Ripple drug investigation was simply an example of "the kind of bad police work that saddles good police work with the legal safeguards that serious law-breakers rely on to stay in business." That was the main point of the report and is now one of the issues raised in a lawsuit

brought by a member of the Indiana State Police who feels he was made the scapegoat in that bungled operation.

CLEAR THINKING

Thank God for such clear thinkers as Richard H. Williams (*The Playboy Forum*, June). I get so frustrated with the extremists from both the pro-life and the pro-choice groups. It is comforting to learn that there are others out there who feel as I do on the issues of abortion and contraceptives.

Williams has hit the proverbial nail on the head in suggesting that the key to those issues is education. When will the public and our elected officials realize that, try as it might, the Government cannot legislate morality? They would be better off spending their time and money on legislation for better education with respect to the responsibilities that go with sexual activity.

Many thanks to Williams for taking the time to share his views and ideas, and thanks to you for publishing them.

Ginger S. Baldwin
Austin, Texas

I hope that someday, Dr. Horace Naismith, your evidently fictional "great-issues expert" and "consulting philosopher," will undertake to examine the seemingly consistent thought patterns of people who are pro-death penalty, pro-prayer in the schools, progun, procop, etc., and are commonly but incorrectly labeled conservatives in comparison with those who by either tradition or contrariness are anti such things and are commonly, if also incorrectly, labeled liberals. Such labels clearly don't work anymore, if they ever did, but there must be common factors that divide opinionated people into those two general categories. I place myself in a third and, possibly, the largest category of people: those rarely heard from (except, occasionally, in your estimable *Playboy Forum*), who are ambivalent, uncertain and puzzled by the barrage of rhetoric that comes from both left and right and who are also quite adequately represented in your pages.

I might add that *The Playboy Forum* is

one of the magazine's most valuable departments in that it allows extremists of all stripes to vent their frustrations and cancel one another out while still affording space to such thoughtful and humane letters as that from Richard H. Williams, who brought some light instead of only heat to the abortion controversy. More!

J. William Harrison IV
Seattle, Washington

The cartoon on this page seems to speak to that very issue. However, the doctor says that the basically differing thought patterns you describe date back to primitive times, when early societies divided on the issue of whether screwing was good for the crops or bad for the crops; and then did not bother to explain how we are to apply our understanding of those thought patterns to the authoritarian and libertarian personalities who seem to occupy both extremes of the political spectrum. Does that help?

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

I read with interest Steven J. J. Weisman's account of the love-triangle-shooting case in Michigan ("Harmed and Dangerous," *The Playboy Forum*, June). While I lavish praise on his writing skills, Weisman makes me queasy with his dangling ambivalence. Does he maintain that, in the face of two legal setbacks, Bob's lawsuit is viable? Or does he accept the decision of the Michigan judiciary?

I was surprised that the author, an attorney, lauded Bob's lawsuit as a "creative legal argument." It was not. It was, more plausibly, the material culmination of countless hours of manipulative thinking aimed at either getting revenge for his injuries or capitalizing on the circumstances. I firmly believe the legal process is an instrument to be used by persons seeking justice, not revenge or windfall profits. Was the Michigan panel's ruling a result of its members' unanimous embarrassment (as the "purple theory" would suggest) or was it a result of their unanimity in deciding not to lend legal credibility to Bob's mental maneuvering?

In return for presenting his Swiss cheese-like lawsuit in court, our "creative" Bob should have been booked and

Weisman's original "creative legal argument" (more accurately, Bob's lawsuit) becomes a reeking piece of bullshit intended to use the judicial process in tasteless fashion.

Douglas A. Swafford
Sedalia, Missouri

You're too much the literalist, sir. Weisman's point was the very one you make by way of sober argument—he just delivered his version with tongue in cheek.

THE LAST WORD?

A friend has called my attention to *The Playboy Forum's* December 1983 item and various letters on circumcision. I noted that no one reported the true reason for circumcision, which any in-depth religious scholar should know.

To other animals, mature humans stink. If you have an animal god (especially a reptile) that is smell-sensitive, then such descenting methods as circumcision and washing may be necessary. The rituals for the Rainbow Serpent god of Australia and for the Aztec god Huitzilopochtli, for example, are interesting. Hastings' *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics* has more insight on this:

Males were supposedly descented by circumcision and foot washing. In comparison, mature human females were not easily descented and, thus, were considered unclean and not allowed near the animal god. That is the basis of traditions which influence our society even today. Young virgins of both sexes were essentially odor-free before sex hormones entered their blood and, therefore, according to some legends, could even be used to feed the god.

Scent is the reason for circumcision.

Rex Schmidt
Mountain, Wisconsin

Our researcher says, "Some jerk ripped this information out of the Chicago Public Library volume," so we'll just have to take your word for it. If we're wrong, well, we'll undoubtedly hear about it.

PORN FACTS

Last night, I attended a lecture/slide presentation on violence and pornography. I found it interesting and frightening, though probably not in the way that the lecturer intended. (She considered the *Venus de Milo* pornographic!) I was particularly troubled by the use of many untestable assertions—that "almost all" adult-film directors are male, "most" men find rape exciting, "many" porno actresses are coerced or are homeless runaways, etc. The lecturer did, however, make a few statements that can be checked.

She claimed that the child-pornography industry had annual profits of 2.5 billion dollars, fully half of the five-billion-dollar annual profits of the pornography industry as a whole. (The exact meaning of "the



DON WRIGHT, "THE MIAMI NEWS," TRIBUNE COMPANY SYNDICATE

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

GOD'S JURY INSTRUCTIONS

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—A U.S. Court of Appeals has reversed the convictions of two men charged with possession of marijuana in a South Carolina Federal district court. During the trial, the judge, Solomon Blatt, Jr., or a local minister began proceedings each day by leading the jurors in prayer, urging

human being . . . by failing to allow it to implant in its mother's womb. The embryo was desperately and helplessly trying to implant as nature intended. . . . We believe that an offense under the Offenses Against the Persons Act may have been committed." The embryo lived for 13 days before it conked out.

WHY THEY CALL IT DOPE

DAYTONA BEACH—A 25-year-old woman who paid what she considered a bargain price of \$150 for a pound of marijuana stormed into the local police station to complain when the dope turned out to be seaweed. The law could not be called upon to correct that particular injustice, and one cop quipped, "I guess she thinks we're her collection agency."

TRUE LOVE

LOS ANGELES—In what may be the first decision of its kind in the country, the California Workers' Compensation Appeals Board has awarded death benefits to the homosexual lover of a Los Angeles County deputy district attorney whose suicide was attributed to job-related stress. Although the original-hearing judge denied the claim in 1978, the board ruled that homosexual couples must be treated the same as unmarried heterosexual couples under the California Supreme Court's 1976 decision in the Lee Marvin palimony case. It noted that while unmarried lovers do not inherit automatically from partners who die without leaving wills, worker-compensation cases take into account dependency.

KLAN ON THE MARCH

CHICKASAW, ALABAMA—A Ku Klux Klansman who received help from a black attorney in obtaining a Klan-parade permit and who invited blacks to join the march has been expelled from his organization, accused of violating the Klan constitution and misrepresenting himself as the Grand Dragon.

HIGH LIFESTYLE

VANCOUVER, WASHINGTON—Officials of the local Alcoa plant are perturbed that half of the 750 job applicants in a three-month period were turned down because they had flunked a drug test. "We were amazed," said the company's personnel director. "We had no idea it would be that high. I have to believe drugs are accepted so much in society that they are treated just as a

lifestyle." The screening involved a urine test designed to indicate whether or not drugs had been used within the preceding two to three days. A substantial percentage of the positive results involved marijuana.

FOR YOUR TROUBLE

GREENVILLE, TEXAS—Lenell Geter, a 26-year-old black engineer finally exonerated from armed-robbery charges upon overwhelming evidence of his innocence, walked away from his life sentence, after spending 19 months in prison, with at least one small consolation: A Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant that he had been accused of holding up issued him a meal ticket good for a lifetime supply of fried chicken. National publicity over the case pressured authorities to release him, offer him a new trial, then drop charges.

LUNACY

NEW YORK CITY—A computer study of some 4000 mental patients conducted over a period of 18 years seems to confirm that the severity of mental illness can be affected by the motions of the sun and the moon. Speaking at a symposium, Dr. Charles Mirabile of the Institute of Living in Hartford, Connecticut, speculated, "Perhaps during the course



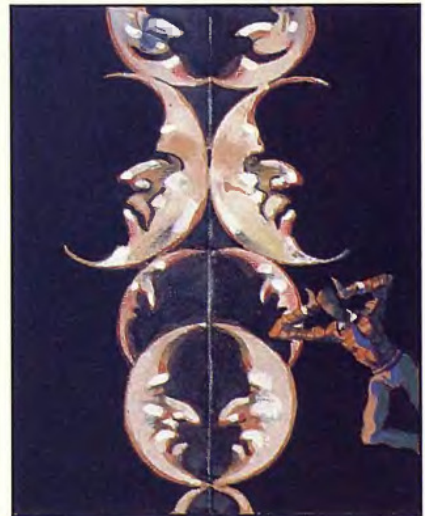
them "to pass judgment as the Lord will do." They were further admonished that "those of us who sin should be wiped from the face of the earth." Defense counsel Joseph Nellis of Washington, D.C., was able to persuade the appellate judges that evidence was one thing but such divine guidance coming straight from the bench was carrying things too far.

WAR OF THE SPERM BANKS

SAN DIEGO—A sperm bank operated by the Oakland Feminist Women's Health Center has sued the Repository for Germinal Choice in Escondido—the so-called "Nobel scientists" sperm bank—for slander. The \$3,000,000 suit stems from a 1983 article in Mother Jones magazine that quoted an associate of the Escondido sperm bank as saying, "If they want defectives, they can go to Oakland."

DEATH IN A DISH

LONDON—A British anti-abortion group has asked the Cambridge police to consider prosecuting test-tube-baby pioneer Dr. Robert Edwards for growing a human embryo in a plastic dish. The organization complained to the authorities that the scientist "deliberately caused grievous bodily harm to, and was to some degree instrumental in causing the death of, this small



of evolution, the brain organized its development around these geophysical cues, and the systems responsive to them are obliged to maintain an appropriate temporal order for effective function." The fact that patients seemed affected by the new moon as well as the full moon, plus seasonal changes in the length of the day, suggests that lunar gravity plays a role, Dr. Mirabile said.

pornography industry" is unclear, as it was throughout the lecture.) When challenged, she was unable to provide a source for those figures.

She further claimed that in 1980, the New York City Police Department seized several "snuff films" made in Argentina in which people were actually murdered.

PLAYBOY probably puts a good deal of effort into examining sex and the "sex industry" in America. I would appreciate hearing your response to one or both of the above assertions.

David Van Horn
Portland, Oregon

We published a report by Bruce Williamson on the original snuff-film flap in June 1976 and found all the reports to be false at that time. In response to your letter, we checked with the N.Y.P.D., which says it is "not aware of any authentic snuff films seized or shown anywhere in the U.S. in 1980 or at any time"; and a U.S. Customs spokesman says that the famous "Argentine" film "turned out to be a Hollywood-type production, made up of Hollywood-type special effects" and—get this—that the distributors of the film hired people to protest it for the sake of drumming up publicity. The figures for the profits of the porn and kiddie-porn industries appear to be equally fanciful, insofar as there isn't any National Pornography Trade Association keeping track of such things—nor, for that matter, any generally accepted definition of pornography.

VIVA LA REVOLUCIÓN

For the information of the hard-core ill-informed, *Time* recently devoted seven wordy pages of print to addressing the impending demise of the sexual revolution. I certainly hope you folks at PLAYBOY are prepared to pick up the banner and lead the crusade on. With or without you, I will do battle in that good cause, for I am in my sexual prime and would rather make love than war.

Dwaine T. Gordon
Wyndmoor, Pennsylvania

*Depending on what one expects to follow in the wake of a "revolution," we thought the "revolt" stage had ended quite a few years ago with a rejection of some basic and most unhealthy puritanical notions that had prevailed in American society since its inception. That so-called revolution had, predictably, its excesses; the debate now seems to be about what kind of wise and rational order can be brought to the matter of sexual relationships. So we'll just go *Time* one better and, with typical journalistic oversimplification, declare that America is now imperiled by a sexual counterrevolution. Take that, you trend spotters—and see "Yikes II: The New Peril" on page 13.*

MOON GOES DOWN

I hail the United States Supreme Court for its recent ruling concerning the Rever-

end Sun-Myung Moon and his Unification Church's tax-evasion case. It's about time we started throwing those bogus-Christian humbugs to the IRS lions that stalk the rest of us.

I am doubly pleased to see that the Court nailed this particular gentleman, who has enjoyed tax-gratis status long enough. Here is a man who appears to make his living by brainwashing young and troubled girls and boys. Instead of pursuing an enriching education, they are reduced to animated androids who spout mindless babble at you in airports and on the streets.

As if that weren't bad enough, he funneled that money, which was supposed to belong to the congregation, into a \$40,000,000 movie, *Inchon*, adequately described as the biggest and most expensive turkey since *Heaven's Gate*. Of course, all of it was done tax-free.

*"They offer
prayer cures
for everything from
corns to cancer."*

Let's follow up the Supreme Court ruling with a ten percent across-the-board "access fee" to all those comrades of Moon's who use the public's television sets to generate income for their churches. They offer prayer cures for everything from corns to cancer—for a price. With such a fee, we could balance the national budget overnight.

The justice system of this country is, indeed, on the path to righteousness.

Jim Lorraine
Twin Falls, Idaho

The fact that many mainstream religious denominations and organizations sided with Moon, supporting the right of congregations to trust the discretion and wisdom of their church hierarchies in all financial matters, makes us wonder about what goes on behind those closed ecclesiastical doors. Not that we suspect any fiscal immorality, God knows.

MASTURBATION BY THE BOOK

I received a letter from Uncle Sam a while back. It said I had yet another opportunity to serve my country. Terrific! As an Army infantryman in Vietnam, I'd learned what every soldier learns: Follow orders, stay alive and, most of all, never volunteer for anything. Even so, I got suckered into an Agent Orange testing program.

I could handle the Bela Lugosi blood samples and the writer's cramp from all

the paperwork, but there was one small detail that nobody ever talks about—the sperm sample.

I always thought there was a device. You know, an electrical gadget of some kind: You walk calmly into a private room and another male does something with that gadget and—zap!—it's over.

It's not like that at all.

One day, a large padded manila envelope arrived with explanations, forms, instructions and a jar. The instructions for collecting semen that came with the Day-Glo-labeled jar warned against providing a "low quality" sample and discussed loose jar lids. Jesus H.! It was bad enough flashing back to 1963, when I held a Jayne Mansfield magazine spread in one hand and my heart in the other, but now a state commission was going to judge whether or not I did it right.

Instruction number one told me to refrain from sexual intercourse for three days. Some 23-year-old bureaucrat must have thought that was a big deal. I wish it were.

The second instruction contained procedures for masturbation. OK, folks, maybe I'm no Tom Selleck, but I've had that one down for years. But I read on, and it appeared that the usual method might produce the dreaded C-minus specimen, yet enlisting female assistance was strictly *verboten*.

Instruction three: "Collect the specimen directly into the container." I suppose you'd call that *aiming to please*. Damn. On go the lights and the eyeglasses.

And last but not least: "Do not collect the specimen while showering where water might dilute it." God knows we wouldn't want that to happen—they might make me do it all over again!

Since I am no longer 15, with the advantages of excessive fantasy and hormone levels, I knew I needed some help—and they hadn't ruled out a hot bath, candlelight and some booze. Here's the formula:

- Calgon Bath Oil Beads from a night at the Marriott (I always keep those little soaps, too).
- A dash of baking soda, which a female friend says softens the skin.
- A small candle on the edge of the tub and some wine to make me feel a little less ridiculous.

It was a great idea, but I did have to overcome some performance anxiety. I gave it my best shot and, so far, they haven't sent the jar back marked REJECTED.

Rick Shoup
Austin, Texas

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



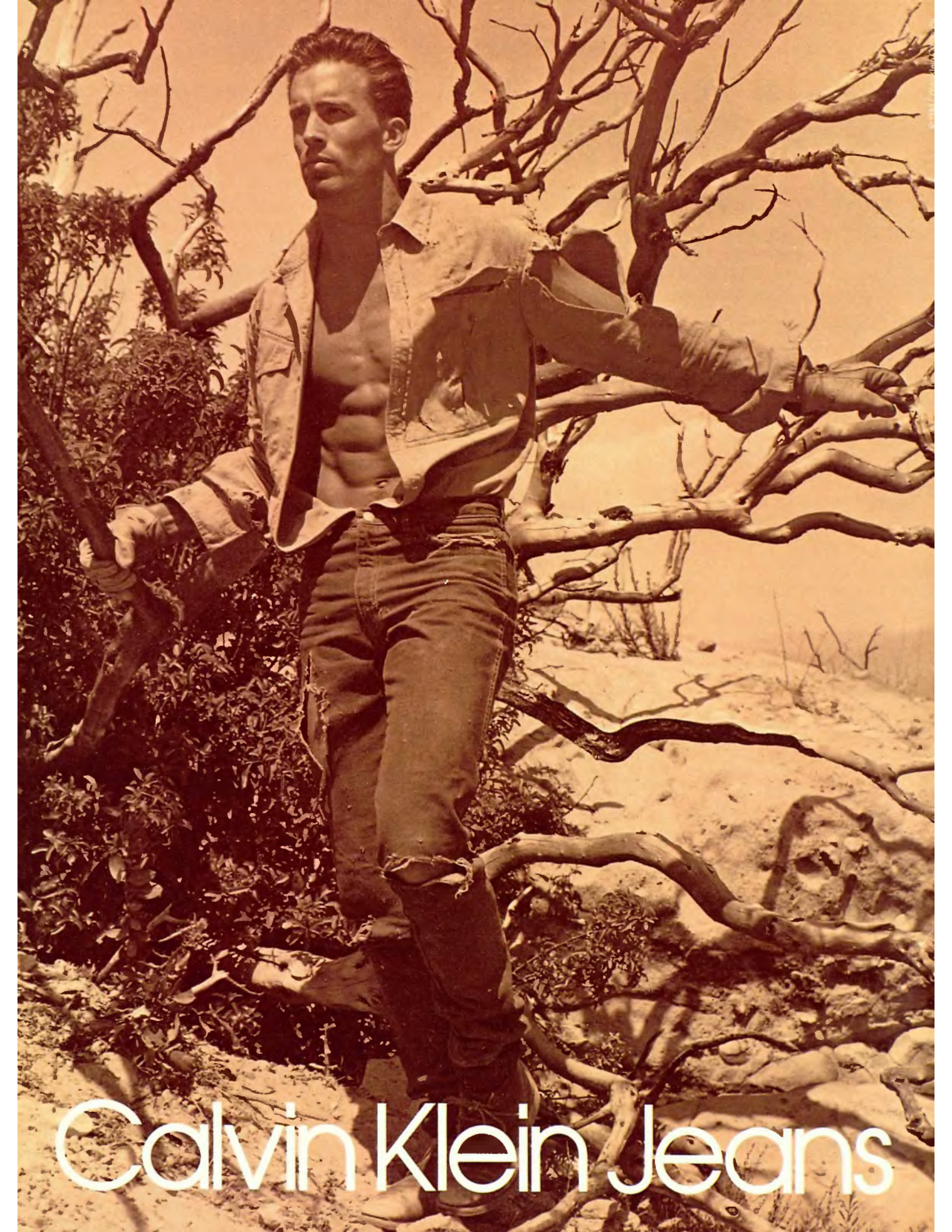
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SHIRLEY MAC LAINE

a candid conversation about hollywood and the hereafter with the actress, dancer, author and spiritual seeker in the prime of her life (or lives)

If it's true, as is suggested, that your entire life flashes before you when you die, when Shirley MacLaine's time comes, she'll have to sit through a triple feature.

And that's only for this lifetime: She will readily admit there have been others.

However, her present incarnations as a successful actress, dancer, writer, world traveler, political activist, advocate of world peace and spiritual believer have managed to keep her pretty well occupied for 50 years. Besides, MacLaine relishes the rush of doing four or five things at once. As she is fond of saying, "I do a better job at each than if I concentrated on one."

The past two years are a good indication. In 1983, she wrote her third book, "Out on a Limb." Filled with tales of clandestine love and metaphysical realization, it quickly rose on the best-seller list. At press time, it was Bantam's second-largest-selling hardcover, nonfiction tome and number one on the paperback list.

That was also the year she starred with Debra Winger and Jack Nicholson in the film version of Larry McMurtry's novel of mother/daughter angst and affection, "Terms of Endearment," and went on to win the Oscar for best actress.

On the heels of that, she starred on

Broadway in a song-dance-and-talk show that packed them in. And somewhere within all that, she managed to travel to the Middle East to research her next book, and to her Mount Rainier, Washington, retreat, where she does her writing.

Apparently, MacLaine has been on the go since soon after the day she was born, April 24, 1934, to Ira O. and Kathlyn Beaty, in Richmond, Virginia. Her father was a real-estate agent, her mother a sometime actress and teacher. In her first book, "Don't Fall Off the Mountain," MacLaine describes them as "a cliché-loving, middle-class Virginia family. . . . We were all Baptists and . . . we lived according to what our neighbors thought, and I guess they were living according to what we thought."

MacLaine started ballet lessons at three as therapy for her weak ankles. Dance became her life. When the family moved to Arlington, Virginia, she attended the area's finest dancing academy. After graduating from high school, she headed for the chorus lines of Broadway. There, during an audition, she dropped her last name and adopted a variation of her middle name, MacLean. That left her younger brother, Warren, to carry the family name,

though he soon added a T.

In New York, in 1952, MacLaine met Steve Parker, a part-time actor, director and aspiring producer. Although he was older and in many ways her opposite, they were married two years later.

MacLaine got the first of many fortuitous breaks in 1954, when, while understudying Carol Haney in "The Pajama Game," she was asked to step in when the star broke an ankle. Before the night was over, a new star had begun to shine. The next evening, producer Hal Wallis caught the show and quickly signed MacLaine to a Hollywood contract. He lent her to Alfred Hitchcock soon after for her first film, "The Trouble with Harry."

Since then, MacLaine has compiled an impressive body of work, including "Around the World in 80 Days," "Some Came Running," "Can-Can," "The Apartment," "The Children's Hour," "My Geisha," "Two for the Seesaw," "Irma La Douce," "Sweet Charity," "The Turning Point," "Being There" and "Terms of Endearment."

Here are a few other things she has managed to do: have a daughter, Stephanie Sachiko Parker, in 1956; establish a unique marital arrangement that allowed



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON MESAROS

"You do not die; you just change form. You are divine, as is everything. That's one reason we're so attracted to extraterrestrials. I believe we've actually been there in other incarnations."

"On my 49th birthday, I climbed a mountain, meditated and projected forward to 1984. I projected what would happen with the movie and with my book. This year has come to pass exactly as I projected it."

"I never really was a part of the Bel-Air circuit. I listened to a different drummer. I didn't know what a limo was, so I'd drive up for a movie premiere in my car, having changed clothes in the back seat."

Parker to live and work in Japan (they eventually divorced on good terms); become a world traveler (Africa, Russia, India, Japan, etc.); visit China in 1973 and produce an Oscar-nominated documentary, "The Other Half of the Sky: A China Memoir"; write three books; campaign for Robert F. Kennedy in 1968; be a Democratic delegate from California in that year's ill-fated convention in Chicago; star in an unsuccessful TV series, "Shirley's World," in 1971; work for George McGovern in 1972; return to the stage with a full-on dance revue in 1974; support women's rights and a variety of social issues; date newsman Sander Vanocur, writer Pete Hamill, Australian opposition-party leader Andrew Peacock and Russian film director Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky, among others; cultivate relationships with people as diverse as Madam Chou En-lai, Indira Gandhi and Bella Abzug; and publicly announce her spiritual beliefs, which include reincarnation, spirit guides and out-of-body experiences. In the middle of all this activity that passes for a normal life, we decided to see if MacLaine could squeeze in Contributing Editor David Rensin for a "Playboy Interview." She could. Rensin's report:

"To say that God made Shirley MacLaine and then broke the mold is, for once, not a cliché. She is complex, shrewd, brusque, spontaneous, sometimes curiously off-putting, often humorous, instinctively honest, intense, constantly questioning, genuinely caring and very busy.

"We met for a get-acquainted dinner at La Scala, in Malibu. She had just come from rehearsing her Las Vegas act and was dressed in jeans, sweat shirt and leg warmers. Her red hair was tousled, her make-up quickly applied. When I followed her car from the dance studio to the restaurant, I noticed that she never slowed down for speed bumps. That set the tone for everything that followed.

"During our six-course meal of Italian appetizers, we talked about everything from an epidemic of fish cancer to Jesse Jackson's effect on Democratic hopes for the Presidency. Hanging on the wall behind our booth was a caricature of her brother, Warren. She glanced at it only once and never mentioned it. I filled her in on my background but tried to keep the conversation light, because I had purposefully left my tape recorder home in order to establish a casual atmosphere.

"I soon discovered it is impossible to talk with Shirley about the weather. She wanted to know why she should do the 'Interview.' I said that at its best, the 'Interview's' in-depth nature could take the subject far beyond most Q.-and-A. sessions. It would be something new and fun, especially since it would be her first comprehensive interrogation. Shirley said nothing, but her clear-blue eyes bored steadily into mine. I felt disconnected.

"Later, over the last glass of wine, she asked again. This time, I suggested that the experience could be a microcosm of the spiritual explorations she had undertaken in her latest book. 'Do the "Interview" if you think it will contribute to your life,' I said. 'You certainly don't need it to hype your hopes for an Oscar for "Terms of Endearment.'" Shirley nodded, then asked me to go to Las Vegas a few weeks hence to catch her show. 'Dancing is at the root of it all for me. You have to see my show to fully understand what I'm about.'

"A month after I'd seen her Las Vegas revue—we should all move as well at 50—we finally met for the 'Interview' at Shirley's East Side apartment in Manhattan. She wanted to sandwich the sessions into a marathon weekend. We managed to get most of it done—taking time out to eat her homemade chicken soup and salmon salad and, on Sunday, to see 'The Big Chill' (she was lukewarm on it) and 'Broadway Danny Rose' (which she loved) during our break—but didn't finish until a month later, at her Malibu apartment. Throughout, her new spiritual consciousness was evident, though never in a proselytizing manner. We saved its discussion until the

"I'm certain I was a prostitute in some other life and I just have empathy for them."

end. We also broached the subject of the strange tension between us during our first dinner meeting—with surprising results.

"Her California home is decorated in an Indian motif, with assorted knickknacks from her world travels and photos of her and various friends. Stitched into a pillow on the couch is LEAVE ME ALONE, I'M HAVING A CRISIS. The legend on the pillow either isn't true at all or is always true."

PLAYBOY: It's been quite a year for Shirley MacLaine—onstage, onscreen, on the best-seller list. Did you plan it that way?

MAC LAINE: Well, on my 49th birthday—first, let me explain what a birthday is to me. Everyone's birthday is what is called the solar return: The sun and the planetary alignments are in pretty much the same positions as when you were born. So birthdays are important, because whatever you put out there on that day has a real chance of working. It's even good to have the exact time you were born, because the energy goes from five hours prior to five hours after. So for about a solid ten-hour period on my 49th birthday, I went to New Mexico and climbed a mountain and meditated and projected forward to 1984. I projected what happened with *Terms of Endearment*; I projected that it would help mother-daughter

relationships. I projected the reaction to my book *Out on a Limb*. I didn't know for sure if this stuff would come to pass, if the individual really had that kind of power. But it happened. This year has come to pass for me exactly as I projected it.

PLAYBOY: Did you project winning the Oscar?

MAC LAINE: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Was it important to win the Oscar? Do you think you deserved it?

MAC LAINE: It's not about deserving to win—because no one deserves to lose. It's just a recognition that comes in a little gold package. But, yes, I care about being recognized for a body of work over 30 years—some good, some bad, some in between and some really great. I'm a communicator, and being recognized for it is a good feeling.

PLAYBOY: Weren't the five Oscar nominations you got before this one enough recognition to overcome any insecurities?

MAC LAINE: [Deadpan] Yes, that was nice.

PLAYBOY: Were you disappointed in previous years?

MAC LAINE: No. I never thought I would win before. I didn't think I was very good in *Irma La Douce*. I thought I might win for *The Apartment* until Elizabeth [Taylor] had her tracheotomy.

PLAYBOY: Were there films you should have been nominated for?

MAC LAINE: *The Children's Hour* and *Desperate Characters*, but no one saw that one. I should have been nominated for *Being There*. If I had been smart, I would have reduced my billing to the supporting-actress category and then won. But, you know, those are all career moves and politicking and manipulation; I don't think about that stuff. Or I think about it too late.

PLAYBOY: *Terms of Endearment* won it all—and much has been written about it—but what was its appeal to you?

MAC LAINE: The story, of course. The fact that it dealt with people beginning to examine their relationships with their children, and vice versa, in a way that allowed them to celebrate the defects in each. *Terms* makes it all right to yell at your mother. It makes it all right to want to make your daughter over in your own image. I adored my character, Aurora Greenway. It never occurred to me that she was a viper, though the reviews sometimes described her as cobra-like. I might have been—a little bit. But I loved Aurora's honesty, her directness, her lack of censorship. I think the public picks up on the fact that the people in the movie—except maybe for the husband—liked who they were. And yet they were having this tearing examination of their relationship over 30 years. It's not just mothers and daughters who liked this film, it was everyone who's had a mother or a father or a child. That's about everybody.

PLAYBOY: Was your performance as Aurora your best work?

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100's Men: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar '84

MAC LAINE: It was the most committed work I've done so far, committed to spanning 35 years, committed to the challenge of being on the edge of caricature and still knowing I would have to make the transition into very subtle drama on the death of my daughter. There was a total commitment to emphasizing my worst assets so that you could believe in the disintegration of the mother: roots showing in my hair that were my real roots. But it was a total commitment to a character I loved; I threw the usual screen concerns to the wind.

PLAYBOY: You've said you modeled her on Martha Mitchell. In what way?

MAC LAINE: Martha and I spent some time together in Boston. I was on the writers' circuit for my second book. She was doing some publicity there, some television appearances. She came on with a whole array of hairpieces, her own make-up kit, a manicurist, a pedicurist, a hairdresser, a face dresser, a lipstick putter—a retinue. She literally changed the room by walking into it. She was amusing, colorful, commanding, demanding, self-indulgent, funny. She was vain. She was beautiful. I never forgot the impact she had on me. She was kind of an unsung American hero because of what she exposed of pain and humiliation in Watergate.

Somehow, we made a dinner date one night. At the restaurant, she must have changed tables five times because the lighting wasn't right or the angle wasn't correct on her face. Then she took to saying the walls were bugged, because she saw an air-conditioning grille above us: "No, no. The microphone is in there, so we have to move again." And we would. Eventually, we ended up moving not only to five tables but to three or four restaurants. That really happened. And all the time, I was studying her and thinking, This is a *real* person, an actual human being living this way. Even with her paranoia, she was a delight to be around. And she told the absolute truth in everything we discussed. Finally, I went back to her hotel with her. She had this big reception suite. By that time, maybe three A.M., she'd been drinking a little, and she got on the phone—just as I had read about her late-night calls to the press during the Watergate days. I watched her call people for two hours.

So when *Terms* came along, I was going through the process of associations in women that I'd known. A month before we started rehearsals, I said to [screenwriter-director] Jim Brooks, "Look, I've zeroed in on an image that I think is good for Aurora, and tell me if I'm on the right track." I didn't say "I've locked on to the energy of Martha Mitchell," because he'd have thought I was a cuckoo bird. When I said, simply, that I was thinking of Martha Mitchell, he said, "Great, great."

PLAYBOY: How did you use that on the set?

MAC LAINE: Well, since I don't believe anyone dies, I figured the energy she was in

her lifetime was still extant. I began to—now, understand what I mean when I say this—I began to try to ask Martha for her help. I asked her if she would *be* there, hover over me, cooperate, join me. . . . I was going through these things that don't seem outrageous when you're metaphysically in tune. In fact, they seem artistically liberating. So when the camera would roll and Jim would yell, "Action!" I would go into a space, which I've learned how to do—and I would feel as if I were plugging into Martha Mitchell. She and I worked together on the movie. You can say it's not true, but it worked.

PLAYBOY: There's a bit of gossip we'd like to clear up before we get into the metaphysical. There were reports that you and your onscreen daughter, actress Debra Winger, didn't get along during filming. Once and for all, what happened?

MAC LAINE: Was it a hot topic? [Pauses] Well, we got along. We got along. We just had different approaches to working. This is the only picture I've done with her, but she apparently *becomes* her character—every time. Before the set call and after.

PLAYBOY: But her character was the more solicitous one, the one who wanted to get along with her mother. And your character was the difficult one. Your explanation would make sense only if *you* stayed in character all the time.

MAC LAINE: [Long laugh] Very perceptive. Oh, well.

PLAYBOY: So?

MAC LAINE: So . . . it was difficult, but we got along. [Pauses] Look, Debra is 21 years younger than I am. She has very different interests and different ways of looking at life. Just because you work intimately with someone for three or four months on a film doesn't mean there's any breeding ground for friendship. I don't think there was much of one. It's just one of those things. It was the same thing when I worked with Bo Derek on *A Change of Seasons*. People wanted to know if she and I were friends. Well, no. I like her perfectly fine, but on what basis would a friendship like that flourish? I agree with Jim Brooks, who said that people seem to want to pit women against each other because of male-chauvinistic attitudes. I don't know if he was right or wrong, but I do remember the same sort of talk bubbling about Anne Bancroft and me during *The Turning Point* and about Audrey Hepburn and me on *The Children's Hour*. There's an idea that women should fight like cats for screen time and attention. But that is just not true.

PLAYBOY: Did you try to interest Winger in your well-known spiritual pursuits?

MAC LAINE: No. We had that in common. Jack Nicholson, too. Debra is a student of Gurdjieff. But she didn't talk much about it. She read my latest book and was interested in it. [Pauses] But other than that, I mean, she loved to sit in her trailer in her combat boots and miniskirt, listening to

real loud rock 'n' roll. Right there, I mean, what am I going to do that for?

PLAYBOY: Enough said. Aurora Greenway wasn't the first risky role you've taken in terms of your image. Then there was your role in *Being There*, in which you did a memorable masturbation scene—

MAC LAINE: Oh, yes. Larry Olivier called me about that, because they wanted him to do the part Melvyn Douglas eventually played. He said, "My dear girl, are you doing *this*? You mustn't *do* this. This scene is immoral. Think of your stature as an artist and an actress! You should not be a part of this picture because of that scene."

PLAYBOY: And you said?

MAC LAINE: "Well, you don't have to do it. I *do*. As a matter of fact, that's why I'm taking the movie. I like that scene." I wanted to see if I could pull that off with good taste and humor. I also like to go to the edge of unpredictability. He said, "Well, that scene is why I'm *not* doing the movie."

PLAYBOY: Didn't it feel odd to do that scene on a set in front of all those people?

MAC LAINE: Hmm. We did it 17 times, until my make-up man finally said, "Mmm, mmm; good to the last drop." Seventeen times and Peter Sellers just sat there, changing channels on a TV set. [Laughs] Totally in character, always.

PLAYBOY: He didn't peek?

MAC LAINE: [Long pause] He was so incredibly brilliant in that. Just to be a part of that picture with him was important to me, because I was working with a genius who had the role of his life. . . . Who won the Academy Award that year?

PLAYBOY: Not Sellers.

MAC LAINE: [Sadly] No.

PLAYBOY: Your other controversial roles included a fair number of prostitutes. Why so many?

MAC LAINE: God, I don't know. I'm certain I was a prostitute in some other life and I just have empathy for them.

PLAYBOY: That's a familiar refrain.

MAC LAINE: It's all I can figure out.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever concerned about being typecast or about the reactions you would get?

MAC LAINE: No. I wasn't thinking then, nor do I think now, about career risks in terms of jeopardizing myself. I think about career risks in terms of a challenge. If I'd worried about career moves, I wouldn't have done *Cannonball Run II*, for God's sake, right after *Terms of Endearment*.

PLAYBOY: Why did you? Because it reunited the Rat Pack—Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr. and you?

MAC LAINE: Well, we all had a wonderful time. None of us read the script—at least, no one I talked to. I mean, I tried, but I couldn't get through it. I just wanted to work with all of them again. And it probably will show.

PLAYBOY: Come to think of it, you've probably been in more movies with Dean



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Martin than Jerry Lewis has.

MAC LAINE: I've probably been in more movies with Dean Martin than even Dean Martin has.

PLAYBOY: What acting risks are left for you to take?

MAC LAINE: I think I'd like to try some really wild, histrionic dramatic part bordering on insanity. I *don't* want to do Shakespeare or the classics.

PLAYBOY: You want to move further toward the edge?

MAC LAINE: Probably, though in the past month, I've gotten three scripts: one about a woman who goes crazy because she's being murdered; another about a murderer; the third about someone else involved in a murder. But I won't do any of them. The reason is sociological. I don't want to contribute to the violence out there, especially since I'm on a spiritual path. I had never believed violence on film could incite violence in an audience until recently.

PLAYBOY: What movie made you change your mind?

MAC LAINE: *Scarface*. It wasn't about drugs; it was about violence and the exploitation of it. The abuse of that kind of artistic freedom made *me* violent; it activated a violence in me that I thought I had worked out. I didn't want to go out and kill anyone the way the characters did, but I really wanted to have a talk with the people who had made the film and ask them what the *fuck* they thought they were doing! I didn't notice an examination of the cultural build-up to that violence; I didn't even *see* the first half hour—with the chopped-off arm in the shower. I was late to the screening and got locked out. Something must have been telling me not to go in. The violence in that movie was *not* put into perspective. The violence in *Midnight Express* I understood. In the *Godfathers*, I understood.

PLAYBOY: And in your brother's movie *Bonnie and Clyde*?

MAC LAINE: I understood.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been violent?

MAC LAINE: Oh, sure. I've had arguments with a couple of the men I've been with. There was one who weighed 220 pounds, and I got so upset with him that I picked him up by the shoulders and threw him into the hallway. Never thought I'd do that. It's been infrequent, but I realized that what upset me most about the person who provoked me to violence were those little aspects of myself that I recognized in myself—from childhood on.

PLAYBOY: What kind of childhood ambitions did you have?

MAC LAINE: Basically, I wanted to be an astronomer and a physicist. I was always looking through my telescope and reading about people who discovered things. My favorite book was called *Heroes of Civilization*. I still read it over and over. I was reading about the theory of relativity and chemistry and what bodies are made up

of, as opposed to plants—all the while I was going to dancing classes. So I was walking down both of those paths.

PLAYBOY: You took ballet lessons to remedy a physical problem, didn't you?

MAC LAINE: Yeah, but I loved dancing, because it allowed me to express myself. Otherwise, I probably would have internalized too much of my intelligence. So I got it out physically. And I loved the music, especially Russian, though I don't understand what that was about: When I visited Russia, I hated it. It was the most depressing period of all my travels.

PLAYBOY: Your first book, *"Don't Fall Off the Mountain,"* gives the impression that from early on, you had a sense of not quite belonging where you were.

MAC LAINE: That's right. Yeah. There was a feeling of another home somewhere. [Pauses] I think the feeling of home that I was longing for was myself and wherever I might have been. Meaning that I could have been many places, many cultures and maybe even other planets; I don't know. It was not enough to say that my home was Richmond, Virginia, and I lived with Ira and Kathlyn Beaty, and that was my identity. I knew that that wasn't all there was to me. I was longing to fill in the total picture of my identity. The memory of the many places I had been were sort of knocking on my brain. I know that now. But all I can remember as a child were very subtle kinds of memories trying to break through.

PLAYBOY: When you first went to Hollywood, you didn't really belong, either. The press labeled you a kook. Your marital arrangements were unusual, as well. Did you feel like an outsider?

MAC LAINE: I never felt on the outside, though when I finished working on a film, I'd usually take off and go somewhere. I had my colorful fill of those dinner parties with all those flaming desserts and all the Bel-Air-circuit sociology, but I guess I never really was a part of it. . . . It was fun. Nice people. But my head was listening to a different drummer. Actually, it's sort of interesting that they labeled me a kook for silly little things. For instance, I didn't know what a limo was, so I would drive up to a movie premiere in my car, having just changed clothes in the back seat because I'd come from dancing class. I wasn't aware of any effect I was creating or that I was doing unusual things. When I started reading about myself, I felt I was usually described with good humor, with sort of a slant of a rebel about it. But that was OK with me. I knew who I was.

PLAYBOY: Didn't that give you a certain protection?

MAC LAINE: Yes. Every now and then, I wondered why nobody propositioned me—and nobody ever did. I've never had that experience in all my life in this business. But—you know, this is so boring to me. Sorry. I can't go back into the past like this. I can't even relate to that part of my life, my early Hollywood days. It's like

another lifetime ago for me. I can't remember any of it, any of my reactions.

PLAYBOY: Why not? You haven't had any trouble remembering other parts of your past when you've written about it.

MAC LAINE: My family, childhood, that's really important stuff. But not my early days in Hollywood. [Pauses] It's not that I'm like Marlon Brando: Interviewers want to know about his approach to acting, and all he wants to talk about is the Indians. It's not that I feel that way. When I say that this is hard for me, it's because I really don't remember the early stuff. It's just gone. Boring, finished. It's no longer interesting. Even the painful stuff. For example, a woman psychiatrist walked up to me a few nights ago at a party and said, "Your performance in *Terms* was brilliant because of all the pain that you showed. You must have had a great deal of pain in your life. True?" Right in front of a lot of people, I tried to answer her genuinely. I said, "No, not in *this* life. Some past lives, yes." I've come to understand that. That's why I'm opening up now. I've put most of this past away, especially the Hollywood stuff.

PLAYBOY: Then let's go further back. In your first book, you judge your parents pretty harshly: your mother for giving up her career, your father for not encouraging you to dare more.

MAC LAINE: I don't think I judged them harshly. I was just telling my feelings. They didn't react negatively. Mother said, "Did I really give that impression that I was sacrificing everything for my children?" I said, "Yeah." And she said, "I guess I did."

PLAYBOY: What about your father?

MAC LAINE: Dad loved it. He thought he was the star of my book, which he was. He loves being the star of my books. They didn't feel judged. They are somehow secure and liberal and democratic about how Warren and I have decided to express ourselves, and if it includes them in the process, they don't take it personally.

PLAYBOY: Do you now see them in a more positive light?

MAC LAINE: Um-hmm. In many ways, they're getting more difficult with each other. They're a vaudeville act. Neither one of them has ever melded into the woodwork. I've told them often that they ought to do a TV series. That's one I might watch. It's incredible, their relationship, like a comic George and Martha [in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*]. I see why I have this capacity for both comedy and tragedy. It's what went on at home.

PLAYBOY: People often find it odd that you and Warren Beaty are brother and sister—you seem very different.

MAC LAINE: I was once asked, "Do you think you and Warren chose your parents?" Yes, I do. My parents have no problem with us as *their* children. They don't look at us and ask, "How did we produce these children?" They say, "Of course." Sure, we're different. I think his

approach is much more intellectual than mine, and by that I mean left-brain. He really needs to have things proved to him to believe them. But I'm a woman and he's a man. I'm operating with much more intuitive intelligence and trusting it. That's the great gift women have to give the world, except that men always ask us to *prove* we have the gift.

PLAYBOY: Do you get a kick out of the press's fascination with him?

MAC LAINE: I think everybody is fascinated with him. You guys at **PLAYBOY** aren't any different—and probably just because he won't talk to you.

PLAYBOY: Since Warren refuses to talk to the press, do you resent being asked questions about him?

MAC LAINE: No. Except that people have this idea that we're not friendly.

PLAYBOY: Are you?

MAC LAINE: People know that Warren and I know each other very well and we're very close. We don't travel the same paths in life, but we love each other. Everybody who knows us knows that.

PLAYBOY: What qualities do you share?

MAC LAINE: The agreement that both of us see our childhood completely differently. Since we understand how really different we are, I think that's what's led people to think we are not close. But because we both happen to be famous and talented, I really hesitate to invade his privacy. About anything. And he'd do the same for me. I will never really discuss Warren. It's up to him to discuss him.

PLAYBOY: Then why have you made such provocative remarks as "I'd like to do a kissing scene with him" and "I'd lock my daughter away from him" and "I haven't seen him nude since he was six years old; I'd like to find out what he's like now!"?

MAC LAINE: Well, I have a humorous and open relationship with the public and the press. I'm more outgoing, so I make jokes about Warren and me.

PLAYBOY: Your glibness has gotten you into trouble. For example, you called New York City the Karen Anne Quinlan of cities and later apologized to her parents. Do you learn from those experiences?

MAC LAINE: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Since you are, as you say, inclined to talk to the press, what was behind your resistance—which stretched out for months—to doing this *Interview*?

MAC LAINE: [Thinks a moment, makes up her mind] I know that you've felt this resistance of mine. It was—I sensed that this was no accident that you wanted to talk with me, because you sensed . . . that this would be as therapeutic for you as it is for me. I felt I knew what would happen. I knew you were at the point in your life when you really needed to move on and were looking for some guideposts; some communication, some kind of interchange of understanding between the two of us that would help you progress more, beyond doing a great in-depth interview.

PLAYBOY: Hmm. That's pretty much out

of left field. Since we had never met before, isn't it more likely that this *Interview* is taking place because this is the most recent peak in a very rich career?

MAC LAINE: [Laughs] "Most recent peak"! Pete Hamill says I've had more comebacks than Roberto Duran. Oh, I know you're here because the movie was hot, because it's time. But I know that's *not* what you are here for. It's not merely an accident. But perhaps I am being presumptuous. I'm one of those people who are missionaries, right? I always do this. Always: If I can help, let me be there.

PLAYBOY: Frankly, there was no reason other than the professional one to approach you. The idea to interview you just came to us.

MAC LAINE: [Long laugh] Sorry for laughing, but there's no such thing as an idea that just came to you. That's what I've been doing for the past ten years—getting past the notion that any idea just came to me. I want to know *why* Mozart could write that symphony at the age of six, seven or eight; *why* Einstein came up with the theory of relativity or that God was a giant thought. That's the nature of my curiosity. I don't think of it this way, but maybe it is a rigorous compulsion to give form to intuition.

What happens is that the necessity for you and me to be talking comes in the form of an idea. But it's there for another reason. And I like to get to that reason.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that this *Interview* has a connection to some other dimension?

MAC LAINE: OK, that's what it is. It's a connection to something else that needed to happen. And the something else is whatever comes out of this. I'm sure the whole thing is for you and me to figure it out. It's something special that comes out of this exploration of my head. Maybe I just needed you to do it with.

PLAYBOY: Then let's continue exploring. You do so many things—where does your stamina come from?

MAC LAINE: Maybe it's just that I don't sit on a lot of my feelings. That takes more energy than anything, so you've got none left over. I pretty well say what's on my mind. My idea of the Chinese torture is not to be able to express myself to someone about what I feel about him or feel about him in relation to me. I believe that when you're afraid to tell someone something, it's really something you don't want to hear yourself. You're afraid he'll hurt you.

PLAYBOY: Among the many activities we haven't yet mentioned is your involvement in politics—

MAC LAINE: Ah. The real entertainment.

PLAYBOY: In 1969, you said politics were no longer relevant to you. Then you dived headfirst into George McGovern's 1972 Presidential campaign. Why?

MAC LAINE: Nixon was relevant. A major, basic reason I committed myself to the extent I did was that I didn't want Nixon to appoint three new Justices to the

Supreme Court who might reflect *his* values; it wasn't so much about politics.

PLAYBOY: Nixon did that anyway.

MAC LAINE: Yup. But now my point of view is that you do what you feel you have to do and then let nature take its course.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

MAC LAINE: Meaning we got rid of Nixon once and for all. I think the American people elected him just to get rid of him. It couldn't have happened unless George had lost that election. But, you know, I stuck with George; it wasn't just a passing thing. I continued to work for McGovern every day after the convention, even after it was clear that he'd blown it because of the Eagleton affair. My principles would not let me walk away. I stuck to the end. People began to wonder about my judgment. Teddy White said I had the best political instincts he knew, but why was I using them on losers? I think it was very hard for some people in my world, my community, to watch me do that in public, because most people jumped ship after the convention.

Also, whenever I explained why I was working so hard for McGovern, I said it had to do with the character and value system of Richard Nixon. I approached it all on a personal basis. The Hollywood hierarchy—the money people—weren't pleased with my personal evaluation of Nixon. So when what I said about him turned out to be true a year later—during Watergate—some of those people had a hard time looking me in the eye, because they expected me to say, "I told you so." But I never did.

PLAYBOY: That period in the early Seventies was concurrent with a five-year period when you weren't hot in Hollywood.

MAC LAINE: I don't think politics was the only problem. It was a double whammy: I had done two pictures in a row that didn't make any money—*The Possession of Joel Delaney* and *Desperate Characters*—and my TV series had been a disaster. I had spent almost two years "no"ing myself out of good scripts. Along with that, in the money people's eyes I had supported the wrong person politically and then turned out to be right.

PLAYBOY: Did you suspect a black list?

MAC LAINE: No. Might have been gray but not black. The bottom line in Hollywood is profit and talent. If I had made a couple of great pictures, it wouldn't have mattered whom I'd supported.

PLAYBOY: Since you were so very outspoken about Nixon's character during that period, did you experience any fear for yourself when he won?

MAC LAINE: No. I was so used to having my phone tapped by that time that I figured, What are they going to do—tap it some more? I ran a good part of the women's arm of the McGovern campaign from my apartment, and I had so many people coming to fix the phone lines that were being cut three times a week that the building managers finally got fed up. A lot

of dirty tricks were played—throwing garbage into my hall, all sorts of things.

PLAYBOY: Are those the ransackings you claim were done by the CIA?

MAC LAINE: They would come in and ransack the place, not steal anything. Just harassment. Just turn everything over, do the drawers, throw everything in the middle of the room, dump garbage and trash.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel helpless?

MAC LAINE: No. Never. I thought *they* were defenseless and helpless if they had to stoop to such things with some poor little movie actress who was just being her idealistic self. Please, what kind of Government is this if it's scared of *me*?

PLAYBOY: Can you see yourself getting politically involved again?

MAC LAINE: It's possible. Mike Wallace asked me on *60 Minutes* if I were going to run for the Senate. An elevator man stops me and wants to have a chat about my political future, or a cabdriver yells, "Hey, Shirl, why don't you run?" What are these people picking up on? Maybe they're seeing that I've made my life better and I'm talking about it out loud. And somehow they translate that communication into leadership. It's come as a surprise to me, because I have not been involved in this election campaign. I only know what I read. And I don't spend a lot of time concentrating on that.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a scoop for us, then, on your political plans?

MAC LAINE: I haven't thought about it. But everyone *is* asking.

PLAYBOY: You were once asked seriously to consider becoming a candidate for the Senate but turned it down. Why?

MAC LAINE: Some California people with a lot of money came to me and said they would support me if I ran. Is that being asked seriously? I said that if I could play six weeks in Vegas and do two pictures a year, I'd do it. I had more to do and feel in the art world. I wanted to continue my work where my creativity lay at the time. I didn't know about the future.

PLAYBOY: Did you seriously think you could continue a creative life in the arts and also be in politics?

MAC LAINE: It's possible. I was kidding about Las Vegas, but if I criticize our leaders for not integrating a spiritual view into their lives, then I have to also say, "Do I do it in my *own* life?" I'm trying to. That's one of the things I'm trying to share in my writing and in interviews like this. OK. So if all politicians are supposed to do is help us make better lives for ourselves, maybe one day I'll have some good ideas that can be utilized practically. But they would be centered on this spiritual realization I'm beginning to have.

PLAYBOY: Any practical or spiritual thoughts about the '84 campaign?

MAC LAINE: [Pauses] I'm not positive Reagan is going to be in the race at the end.

PLAYBOY: What? He has already announced; by the time this *Interview* appears, he'll be running strong.

MAC LAINE: I know. But I keep seeing Bush. I don't know why.

PLAYBOY: To what do you attribute Reagan's appeal?

MAC LAINE: Well, you can disagree with him all you want but, let's face it, the man is playing the role of his life, with his ideology as his screenplay.

PLAYBOY: Are you being cynical?

MAC LAINE: No. Aren't we all playing the roles of our lives? But is there any doubt in your mind that he's having fun with this role? The *public* knows he's having a good time being President. I think it's real. I think it's genuine. People are too smart—smarter than you think. So I think that if you do anything sincerely, you're going to succeed. That's the secret of Ronald Reagan. I really think that Ronald Reagan is an enlightened human being. Coming from me, a liberal, democratic socialist, that's something to say. But I believe it. He is coming from where I'm coming from these days: He believes in himself, he believes peace is possible, he was seemingly forgiving of the boy who tried to assassinate him—he cares for the family; he cares for the boy's mental health—he cares for the souls of the unborn. He speaks to the higher values.

PLAYBOY: Quite a campaign speech. So could a liberal, democratic socialist actually vote for Reagan?

MAC LAINE: I doubt that seriously. I disagree with his corporate materialism,

which is to balance the budget at the expense of human poverty. I disagree with his calling the Soviet Union the focus of evil in the world—at the same time that he says he wants peace. How can you call the opposition Satan? How can you then sit down with Satan to negotiate peace? What would he do, sell his soul to the Devil? So there is a conflict in his enlightenment. But the reason he's a popular individual is that he, of all the candidates, is speaking from his heart. I don't think he's acting. This is genuine.

PLAYBOY: Was there a conflict in Jimmy Carter's enlightenment as well?

MAC LAINE: No. But he didn't have the American concept of strength and administrative assurance. He didn't have it at all. But he may be extremely underestimated as a President. I don't think we've heard the last of him. He is coming into his own if he continues to progress as a spiritual commentator on the times. I think he saw himself that way, and that is why I liked the man and still do.

PLAYBOY: As a self-styled individualist, you've taken some strong stands over the years on important social issues, including women's rights. Many women regard you as a symbol, because the way you've lived your life has presaged advances in women's causes by about ten years. Would you describe yourself as a feminist?

MAC LAINE: I didn't do those things because I felt they needed to be done; I was

just being myself. I'm surprised when people say those things about me. [Pauses] I think most women had more damage done to their creativity than I had. My parents allowed me to be me. Yes, they were concerned that if I dared too much I'd get hurt, but it wasn't based on my being a woman, ever. My dad had great respect for my mind from the time I was a little girl. I remember him saying it and complimenting me over the Swiss steak and Birds Eye peas.

PLAYBOY: In your friend Oriana Fallaci's *Playboy Interview*, she said she had trouble getting along with feminists, because in order to maintain the feminist struggle, they had to accomplish things in *spite* of men. How do you react to that?

MAC LAINE: There are some people who would say that Oriana is a man. I don't feel I've done things in spite of men all my life. But my life has been different from most women's. I've been a star since I was 20 years old, with people letting me do what I want because of my talent. Some of my pursuits along the lines of intellectual freedom were, of course, colored with "You're just an emotional woman." Some. But when I stopped and wrote a book, when I disciplined myself to put my thoughts down in an organized fashion and it appealed to people, I no longer got the feeling that my talent was all that anyone would respect. Also, I haven't been colonized as most women have. I have

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depended on men in my life and have wanted to live up to a man's expectations of me in certain ways, in certain relationships; but, at the same time, I was consciously rebelling against what a man expected of me. But it was never something that so overwhelmingly contaminated my happiness that I had to say, "I'm going to join a feminist movement and protest the male enemy." But most women, if they are to be believed, say that is their experience. And I accept it.

PLAYBOY: So you'd agree that women's rights still have a long way to go?

MAC LAINE: Human rights still have a long way to go.

PLAYBOY: Were you saddened by the failure of the E.R.A.?

MAC LAINE: Sure. But I don't think it was a big blow to the women's movement or ever will be, because women are one half of the human race. In many ways, the failure of the E.R.A. has so pricked the conscience of the males who defeated it that they're learning more from having voted wrong.

PLAYBOY: So what is the most important issue today?

MAC LAINE: It's ironic, but it's God. We are involved in a planet-wide holy war. We are all pissed off either at Satan or at one another. The Second World War was about the religion of fascism versus those who wanted to live in freedom. Americans are anti-Communist because Communists don't believe in God the way we do. The whole Islamic uprising is about people who disagree with the Moslems' interpretation of the Koran. The same with the Jews and the Old Testament. And the only way we can stop it is to realize that we are all God. We are all part of that force. I see no difference between my supposedly metaphysical search and the future of socioeconomic and politics. That's what Anwar Sadat, Mahatma Gandhi, Martin Luther King, the Pope and Lech Walesa are talking about. When Mother Teresa was asked by an American journalist, "When did you start doing what you do?" she said, "When I woke up one day and realized I had a Hitler in me."

PLAYBOY: Let's turn to another part of your personal life. You were married for 29 years to Steve Parker. Even though you eventually settled, separately, in different parts of the world and you saw other men, you insisted you wouldn't get divorced. Last year, you did. Why?

MAC LAINE: It was time.

PLAYBOY: You've said that before. Why was it time?

MAC LAINE: That's all I want to say. [Tightly] I don't want to talk about it right now. I'll write about it one day. But I can't—don't want to—talk about that. I'll have a lot to say about it somewhere else. But I'm going to say it when I want to, in my own pages.

PLAYBOY: Will you discuss marriage?

MAC LAINE: Sure.

PLAYBOY: What does it mean to you?

MAC LAINE: Never having really been con-

ventionally married, I don't know. I've lived with people, but I guess it makes a difference if you don't have a piece of paper. The whole idea of marriage and swearing before a judge or God—promising to love in sickness and in health till death do you part—almost promises to program hypocrisy into society. It's not something I would feel comfortable promising.

PLAYBOY: You did, once.

MAC LAINE: Yeah. I was 21 years old and did it for emotional security. But you asked how I feel about marriage, and since I'm trying to live the truth as I see it, I couldn't in all good conscience make those vows to anyone today.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

MAC LAINE: Because I don't know what changes will occur in me from now on. If my life up till now has been any example, I guess it will be more of the same—and I change all the time. Maybe my partner wouldn't want to. Then what do you do—stick together anyway, because you've promised to? That kind of idealistic legal promise is a program for pain. I don't like to make promises that I can't keep, and I don't expect anyone to make those promises to me. My priority in life is to try to fulfill my potential and my own instincts and motivations to share love and creativity. That includes more than one person.

PLAYBOY: When you got married at 21, did you find emotional security?

MAC LAINE: Yeah. But when you look at the marriage itself, we were apart most of the time. Steve went to Japan in the second year. So my emotional security was a symbol, somehow. I really developed my own emotional security within myself. That's why the marriage worked for so long. I was essentially free the whole time, because neither of us wanted a conventional marriage. That was clear.

PLAYBOY: It seems as if your emotional security made the marriage unnecessary.

MAC LAINE: Yeah. It's a paradox, I know.

PLAYBOY: But you stuck with it because you take promises seriously?

MAC LAINE: Um-hmm.

PLAYBOY: So if you're released from your promise—

MAC LAINE: When you finally get to the point where you say "It was time," that's when you say the promise was a mistake.

PLAYBOY: Was it?

MAC LAINE: The marriage wasn't a mistake. But now, to go any further *would* be.

PLAYBOY: How important are men to you?

MAC LAINE: As important as women. Human beings are very important to me. I'm having a really great time now, because I don't feel like going into a committed relationship. And if I see a person over a short period of time and he indicates that he would like to be more serious and committed, I explain right off the bat that it's not a part of what I want to do right now.

PLAYBOY: Does your caveat work?

MAC LAINE: Well, I find that if things have gotten even that far with a man, as has happened a few times, my openness will

deepen the relationship. The man will then tell me about his problems with other women or with a wife he may or may not have, and then we start pursuing a relationship that's much more mature and sharing. It seems to be the direction people who are attempting to be themselves in this society are going.

PLAYBOY: Really? Isn't that do-your-own-thing gone with the Sixties and Seventies, while more traditional forms, such as marriage, are on the rise?

MAC LAINE: Well, what are your rules for commitment? Are you sure there's no difference between commitment and restriction? I'm saying there can't be rules for human interplay and sharing—keeping in mind at the same time, and always, that you treat someone with love and respect.

PLAYBOY: Of course. But you're talking about the restrictions accepted in the traditional marriage. Apparently, it's just a line you won't cross.

MAC LAINE: It's not as if it's a line. It's a feeling. I am enjoying so much in my relationship with myself these days. It's the most important thing to me.

PLAYBOY: Can't it also be a way of making sure no one gets too close?

MAC LAINE: Sure. But you know what I'm talking about here. You cannot really get close to anyone unless you are close to yourself. The more I know my nooks and crannies, the more I can respond to the nooks and crannies of another person. Maybe I'm working toward an ultimate, total relationship. That's possible. Maybe I'll even get married again. But right now, I think the strongest commitment is to work along your own track, being honest with yourself, with another person. Commitment doesn't even come up.

But let me address myself to possible accusations that this is self-indulgent. You are ultimately going to get to these issues whether or not you are in a committed marriage, because you can't hold down the human spirit. The human spirit wants to experience love in many ways, sex in many ways; adventure; probably destructiveness in many ways; jealousy, too. So these problems that plague us will all come up whether or not we've promised someone to live with him forever. Most of my life, I put the cart before the horse. Now I'm putting it the right way round.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel sexual jealousy?

MAC LAINE: Not anymore.

PLAYBOY: You said recently that "sex is a nonissue." What did you mean?

MAC LAINE: The issue can be sexual jealousy, possessiveness, propriety—the issue is everything but sex. I would not be comfortable in a sexual relationship with someone who was not pursuing the depths of his character the way I am now. It would be too superficial. And I used to think that having sex was something like having dinner. I went through that in the Sixties and Seventies, when it seemed to be the progressive way of thinking about sex. I don't think that now. Sex is a serious



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undertaking with someone. My view is more spiritual. It has to be part of it. When you really go to bed and make love with someone, it is the most intimate exchange of human energy in which you can indulge. You live with the interaction of those sparks for a long time afterward. It's not wham, bam, thank you, ma'am. But I'm not saying those deep, intimate exchanges can or must happen only with one person. You know what I'm saying? Every time you choose to do it is not a casual choice. Frankly, I don't think what you have to eat is a casual choice, either. *Everything* becomes important when you reach the vista of freedom of choice in your life. It can be very frightening.

PLAYBOY: Don't you feel simple, pure, chemical sexual attraction anymore?

MAC LAINE: I used to. I can't anymore. The parameters of my desire have expanded. Casual fucks are not casual fucks to me anymore, based on the knowledge of all the unconscious stuff that's going on between me and whoever it is. As a matter of fact, I've tried a couple of times since this realization and it wasn't pleasant.

PLAYBOY: If you've become more conservative about sex, you've stepped further into controversy in your latest book with your claim of reincarnation and spirit guides. First, why do you write?

MAC LAINE: I probably write as an excuse to be alone. Writing is my crutch.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy writing?

MAC LAINE: Yes, because I really dig myself a lot and I get to be with myself totally. All the men I've lived with have told me that I am not as much fun to be with when I'm not writing.

PLAYBOY: Do you prefer any particular setting for your work?

MAC LAINE: I can write anywhere. I've written under hair driers, at a red light, on airplanes; definitely between scene setups on a movie. I write with the crew milling around and talking. But my preference now is to write in total silence somewhere where there are trees.

PLAYBOY: Why trees?

MAC LAINE: This is going to sound wild and I'm not sure that it's true, but I'm examining the whole thing: Trees have more crystal in them than moving water does. There's crystal in the leaves, in the sap, in the trunks. Pine trees, especially, have more silica. I think the silica content may act as a thought amplifier for me.

PLAYBOY: Amplify that for us, please.

MAC LAINE: Well, there's a reason why psychics look into crystal balls; why Venus or imaginary planets are usually depicted as crystal cities; why NASA is putting crystals in its space capsules [a NASA spokesman denies this]; why all of us into this spiritual work wear crystals. They're a thought amplifier. You can feel it. If I take off my diamond necklace—and diamonds are just high-pressure crystals—I feel a depletion of energy. I'll tell you this for certain: The tree outside my hotel room in Houston, where we shot *Terms of*

Endearment, got me through that movie. I talked to that tree in my mind—not actually verbalizing, of course, but just knowing the tree was there. It had a white-sound effect when other noises were happening around the hotel. I could focus on that white sound, and it obliterated other noises. I used a white-sound machine when I wrote my second book.

PLAYBOY: When we began this *Interview*, you said that on your 49th birthday you "projected" the reactions people would have toward your book *Out on a Limb* and its claims. What did you mean?

MAC LAINE: It means I knew that the people who understood what I was talking about, because they had been walking down their own paths in terms of these questions, would palpitate to it. Those who didn't would just leave it alone.

PLAYBOY: Or deride it. The book is a best seller, but some people have made fun of your beliefs about specific past lives and spirit guides.

MAC LAINE: No one likes to be publicly humiliated. I knew there would be some resistance to this, so I began to experiment by bringing my interests up at small gatherings; or people would ask what I was doing and I would lightly broach the subject I was writing about. I found the receptivity quotient much higher than I had expected. People had been thinking about these things in the privacy of their own hearts. I hadn't known only because they hadn't said them out loud.

PLAYBOY: How did your friends react?

MAC LAINE: Some of my best friends thought I would be held up to public ridicule, and a couple thought it would ruin my career. Seriously. "Career buster" was the line I heard from close, trusted friends.

PLAYBOY: For example?

MAC LAINE: Bella Abzug and Pete Hamill went down once to Atlantic City when I was playing there, and they had made a pact with each other that they weren't going to leave until they had talked me out of it. Instead, we sat around talking about what this all means: why the movie *E.T.* was so popular; why protests that celebrate the potential of life over the destruction of life are spiritual experiences; John Lennon's death and Yoko Ono's belief that his energy is now part of the universe. We talked about why so many millions seem to be responding to that stuff. They seemed to be engaged in the talk. They never said it, but it's my impression that they wanted to understand.

PLAYBOY: Hamill, with whom you lived for seven years, has said your beliefs are intellectual nonsense. Were you developing your beliefs during that relationship?

MAC LAINE: No. He didn't know I was thinking about them.

PLAYBOY: You kept them from him?

MAC LAINE: Well, he wouldn't respond to the little things I threw out, so there was no point. I don't think it was the reason for the end of the relationship, though. We had just gone as far as we could together.

We visualized different futures for ourselves. We're still great friends.

PLAYBOY: Has your brother ever said anything to you about your book?

MAC LAINE: It's one thing we never discuss. I don't know what he thinks. However, he's told me how much people have related, as he put it, to my book; he says they were really deeply influenced. But he didn't tell me *he* was.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't a version of the book turned down by Random House, the original publisher?

MAC LAINE: Jason Epstein, the editor there, thought I had a psychological dislocation. He said, "This won't sell at all. We don't want to be a party to it." It went to Bantam instead. That was Jason's truth at the time, but intellectual cynicism is a sickness. It makes you bitter and caustic and sarcastic. Intellectual cynics can give you extraordinarily roccoco, eloquent arguments, but does that make them more intelligent than someone who believes in goodness?

PLAYBOY: In your book, you describe your own past lives, including one in Atlantis.

MAC LAINE: Yes, I remember that lifetime. There was a high technological level. There were spacecraft, cultural exchanges that included artists from other planetary dimensions, scientists, genetic experts, teachers of the meaning of energy.

PLAYBOY: How was that past life revealed to you, by a spirit guide?

MAC LAINE: No. It's in my cellular memory. In my soul memory.

PLAYBOY: When do those memories come to you?

MAC LAINE: Sometimes it flashes at the strangest moments. But it usually happens when I write, when I meditate or when I'm in that alpha state right before I fall asleep. And then I check out the pictures with a spiritual guide—who is not in the body then—and it confirms them. Sometimes, if a guide says things that don't sound familiar, I don't go with it—only with what I resonate to. You know, there is a whole body of metaphysical literature—read Francis Bacon's *New Atlantis Part One*; Bacon is the father of science—that says most Americans are reincarnated Atlanteans with the task of not making the same mistake twice.

PLAYBOY: What mistake?

MAC LAINE: [*Dryly*] The Atlanteans blew themselves up.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever know your parents in a past life?

MAC LAINE: Very definite heavy relationships. We've talked about that a lot. [*Pauses*] But I'd really rather not discuss specific past-life incarnations, because that will be picked up; it's too sensational. I'll put it in another book. I know how your press agent would treat that.

PLAYBOY: Based on what you said earlier, is that why you felt we had to work something out in this *Interview*—because we'd met in an earlier life?

MAC LAINE: Sure. Of course. There's no

question in my mind. That's what you meant when you said the idea to interview me "just came" to you.

PLAYBOY: You really believe that?

MAC LAINE: That's what it was all about.

PLAYBOY: Does that happen with everyone with whom you make empathic contact?

MAC LAINE: Yeah. It means there's more stuff to work out.

PLAYBOY: Do you still speak with the spirit guides you describe in the book?

MAC LAINE: Oh, yes. I miss Tom McPherson—he's an Irish pickpocket, one of my spiritual entity's favorite incarnations—if I don't talk to him for a while. There are also several others I learn from and work with now. But I don't like to use the guides as crutches. The early explorative phase was phenomenal to me, so I wrote about them.

PLAYBOY: Are you conscious of being watched, cared for?

MAC LAINE: Yes.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned remembering beings from other planets. Have you ever seen a UFO?

MAC LAINE: No.

PLAYBOY: But you'd like to.

MAC LAINE: Oh! One of my fondest desires is for one to come over my house on a starlit night, hover there, send down a little ladder and take me for a ride.

PLAYBOY: But you do believe, on faith, that there's a close relationship between extraterrestrials and spirit guides, don't you?

MAC LAINE: First, as Carl Sagan says, to think we are alone in the cosmos is the ultimate pomposity and arrogance. OK. Now, of these UFO craft that are spotted, I'm sure some are fake and some are natural phenomena and some are weather balloons—but a large portion are not.

PLAYBOY: How do you know?

MAC LAINE: They're really unexplained. From the people I've talked with who have had contact with other beings—either by going aboard crafts or by being taught by individuals who came out of crafts—it seems the same message was given every time: Higher knowledge is the knowledge of mind, body and spirit. The eternal triangle. The craft's vehicular motion is the knowledge of mind, electromagnetic waves in the universe and the ability to manipulate gravitational pulls from one planet to another. But even more than space-age technology, what the extraterrestrials seem to be teaching is the need for understanding of the soul, which is "Do not be afraid of death. You do not die; you just change form. You are part of the giant thought, which is God. You are divine, as is everything. You are your brother's keeper. And attempt to dispel judgment."

It's the same message from all of them. It's the same message as the Bible. It's the same message as the prophets gave. It's the same message as the spiritual guides and teachers coming through transmediums give. It's the same message as born-again Christians'. It's the same message from Mother Teresa. It's the same message

taught by Gandhi, Sadat, King, Walesa.

PLAYBOY: When all beings—including extraterrestrials—die, do their souls go to the astrophane and hang out with souls from all over the universe?

MAC LAINE: Um-hmm. Hang out together. I think that's one reason why we are so attracted and, indeed, haunted by the idea of extraterrestrial life. I believe we've actually been there in other incarnations.

PLAYBOY: We don't necessarily have to come back to this earth?

MAC LAINE: You choose wherever you want to go. Imagine how much work we've got to do, huh? [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: So no one really has anything to

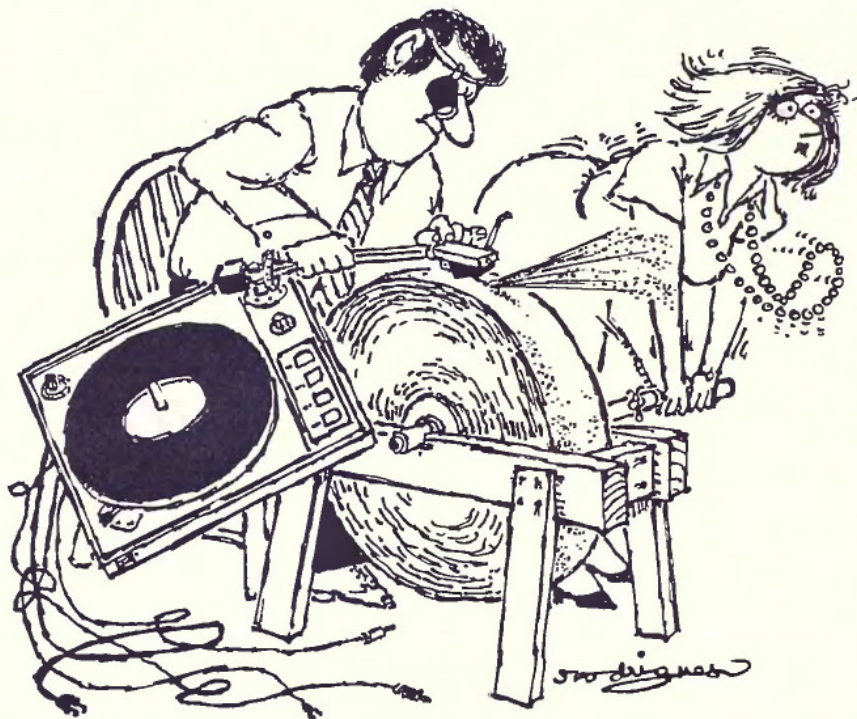
fear? It all works out in the end?

MAC LAINE: Right. Exactly right. That's why this realization totally changes your life when you begin to resonate to it on an everyday basis.

PLAYBOY: Do other people who resonate approach you about this?

MAC LAINE: Well, one day on the set of *Terms of Endearment*, right after there had been some press about my beliefs, our production manager came to me and said he had read a wire-service story about my book and my beliefs. He said, "So, Shirley, your daughter was your mother?" with this sarcastic expression. And at that moment, because it only happens in a

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beat, I said, "That's right, Austin. I feel that. Sachi does, too. We have discussed it, and as far as we're concerned, it's a truth of ours. And it's not the only relationship we've had in past lives." It must have been the way I said it. His whole face changed. And he said, "You know, I've had the same feeling about my own son." He had just been afraid of admitting it.

PLAYBOY: What about those critics who insist on seeing your spiritual search as a movie star's far-out, faddy recreation?

MAC LAINE: It's not esoteric, abstract or inapplicable to everyday life. It's not inapplicable to politics or economics or mental health. In fact, the opposite. It speaks to materialism, death, the fear of death, egalitarian reform, revolution, human change, successful family life, successful interpersonal relationships. It's an applicable course of exploration. And when you become more enlightened to the possibilities of this notion that there is no death—it's a truth to me—it changes everything.

PLAYBOY: But some people still will not believe it.

MAC LAINE: Well, everybody goes at his own pace. What do people think happens when you die? It gets back to that question. When you die, is that all? If you don't die—that is, if the spirit lives eternally—then there's a natural connection. It's easy for me to accept.

And, you know, you didn't find those hang-ups or defense mechanisms in Sadat, Gandhi, Walesa, King. They are, to me, the great leaders of the 20th Century. And we always bemoan the fact that we don't have great leaders going for us today. It's because the people professing to be our leaders don't have that trust.

PLAYBOY: With the exception of Walesa, the leaders you mentioned were killed.

MAC LAINE: But you never really die. If you really read Martin Luther King's writing—and I went to his library in Atlanta and did, the handwritten stuff—you'd see he was quoting Thoreau, Gandhi. And I've read Gandhi and Sadat, and all they talk about is that they don't die. So their knowledge makes them fearless and makes them contribute in an altruistic way. That's real leadership.

PLAYBOY: They don't care about getting killed?

MAC LAINE: I think they knew their deaths would probably have as much meaning as their lives.

PLAYBOY: Do you think John Lennon was on the spiritual path?

MAC LAINE: I don't think he was committed to the principles of nonviolence, no. Not after what I heard about him on the Sunset Boulevard.

PLAYBOY: That was at one point. But his death elicited an incredible reaction.

MAC LAINE: Yes. People were resonating to his inner understanding that he was part of everything. That's what his music was about and what his role change with Yoko was about. It was a graphic example that

there is no difference between male and female. He was absolutely a spiritually evolved person.

PLAYBOY: What did you feel when he was shot?

MAC LAINE: The breath left me. I immediately wondered what karma was being worked out with him and Mark David Chapman. I understood that it wasn't an accident, that on a soul level, we all participate in everything.

PLAYBOY: You knew President Kennedy. Was he on the spiritual path?

MAC LAINE: Possibly. And at the end, that's possibly what pissed off whoever it was. I believe one reason all those people were assassinated was because it's inevitable; those are the people who are most effective. Which speaks to the importance of the spiritual dimension. Someone had to kill those people because they could really move the world.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that again?

MAC LAINE: It was necessary to assassinate them, which, to me, proves how important they were.

PLAYBOY: So you're handing out a death sentence to all enlightened leaders?

MAC LAINE: No. No one ever dies.

PLAYBOY: On a higher level, perhaps. But we miss them here and now.

MAC LAINE: That upper level is the only level. Besides, Kennedy, for one, is not dead. We resurrect him every year. We have celebrations to him all the time. He lives more now than if he had made a botch of the White House. Sadat, too. King. That's the miracle of all this.

PLAYBOY: "All this." What is all this?

MAC LAINE: I believe the world is in a transitional period. We're slowly gliding into a new dimension, actually vibrating on a higher frequency. I've personally experienced that. In the past three years, I've been checking out these things that have been happening to me with other people—for example, flashes of intense heat that bathed me in perspiration at the most incongruous moments in the middle of cold weather; a sense of clairvoyant imagery that turns out to be true the next day; ESP, knowing someone who just walked into a room somewhere is trying to reach you and you pick up the phone and call and he was. In fact, sometimes the phone does not even ring. Almost involuntarily giving up meat. It's happened to me and many of my friends, some of whom aren't even aware of being on a spiritual path. Those are the little clues that you get along the way. Those who are not going with this harmonious flow of the body's subatomic structure vibrating to a higher frequency are getting sick. Dis-eased.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be saying you believe that spirits are sort of amassing at the dimensional border and vibrating us toward them.

MAC LAINE: That's your imagery; but, yes, let's put it that way. Yes. We're getting help from everybody: spiritual guides and teachers who are not in the body, extrater-

restrials, spacecrafts. And it's all very simple—love and light.

PLAYBOY: Why us? Why now?

MAC LAINE: Because the earth needs help. The earth needs to make this transition into its new dimension: the age of light, the age of Aquarius, the feminine age, the right-brain hemisphere that responds to the love intuition, the light intuition and the principle of nourishment.

But I don't view these times as calamitous or apocalyptic at all. It's an opportunity to know ourselves and others totally in relation to the God, Love and Light principle. We're being given the opportunity to choose a path that recognizes that there is no positive or negative, no good or evil, just an "isness." We are all on Bucky Fuller's Spaceship Earth and there aren't just two points of view but six billion.

PLAYBOY: It seems that your message is simply that peace on earth can be achieved if individuals are open-minded enough to be aware of their own enlightenment. Why, then, haven't you just emphasized the message and left what many consider to be the mumbo jumbo of UFOs, reincarnation, trance channeling and out-of-body experiences behind?

MAC LAINE: Peace on earth is what motivated my search in the first place. It became clear to me about 15 years ago that we had attended to the needs of the mind and body but that the third dimension—the spirit—was missing. And without it, there is no way to effect peace. As for concentrating on that and leaving the other stuff out—people just didn't seem to be listening. The basic message wasn't getting through. Most people are too afraid to think that those things are possible, because one of the big things they're afraid of is dying. But people are less afraid to talk now about what you call the mumbo jumbo. If I could tell you the number of people in this industry who've come up to me and said, "Oh, my God, we've got to get together and discuss it," well—

PLAYBOY: Have you?

MAC LAINE: I have.

PLAYBOY: With whom?

MAC LAINE: John Travolta, Carol Burnett, Marilu Henner. Many more in the entertainment business who are less visible: studio heads, bank presidents. I've gotten letters from three Senators who agree with everything I've been saying.

PLAYBOY: All right. But, as you said about Brando, people are often more interested in your work than in your beliefs. For those who are still a bit more earth-bound, how about a final run-through of some of the people you've known in *this* incarnation? Would you give some quick, spontaneous reactions to a list of names?

MAC LAINE: OK.

PLAYBOY: Jack Lemmon.

MAC LAINE: A tea party with my best aunt. He felt like a close relative. [Pauses] Don't ask me to explain these.

PLAYBOY: Dean Martin.

MAC LAINE: A sandal in a piano that he

picks up, saying, "Was Victor Mature just here?"

PLAYBOY: Alfred Hitchcock.

MAC LAINE: Lifting his leg to a rung of a chair so fast for such a rotund little body.

PLAYBOY: Gloria Steinem.

MAC LAINE: Movie star.

PLAYBOY: Madam Chou En-lai.

MAC LAINE: Crying and tears, because we made a contact on a female level.

PLAYBOY: Peter Sellers.

MAC LAINE: Past lives leaking through and confusing him in this life.

PLAYBOY: William Peter Blatty—who reportedly used you as the role model for the mother in *The Exorcist*.

MAC LAINE: Determined to institutionalize evil.

PLAYBOY: John F. Kennedy.

MAC LAINE: Uncomfortable in a convertible under a starlit night in California.

PLAYBOY: Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

MAC LAINE: An elevator opening in Bergdorf's and her walking out and my not realizing her eyes were that wide apart.

PLAYBOY: Frank Sinatra.

MAC LAINE: Vulnerable, moody, friendly.

PLAYBOY: Clint Eastwood.

MAC LAINE: Slugging his horse in the nose because it wouldn't obey and my saying, "You must be a Republican."

PLAYBOY: Nikita Khrushchev.

MAC LAINE: Upset because I wore panties in *Can-Can* instead of none.

PLAYBOY: Pete Hamill.

MAC LAINE: Brilliant wit. Caustic. Soft hair.

PLAYBOY: Henry Kissinger.

MAC LAINE: The top half of his face saying one thing, the bottom half saying something else.

PLAYBOY: Anne Bancroft.

MAC LAINE: Sophistication. One can never be too thin.

PLAYBOY: Your daughter, Sachi.

MAC LAINE: Dandelions and daisies and fresh, open fields.

PLAYBOY: Oriana Fallaci.

MAC LAINE: Self-destruction.

PLAYBOY: Jerry Lewis.

MAC LAINE: Sexy.

PLAYBOY: Marlon Brando.

MAC LAINE: Unpredictable, emotional reactions.

PLAYBOY: Debra Winger.

MAC LAINE: Curls bouncing around liquid, dancing eyes, and she's forgotten it.

PLAYBOY: Steve Parker.

MAC LAINE: Depth.

PLAYBOY: Early life in Hollywood.

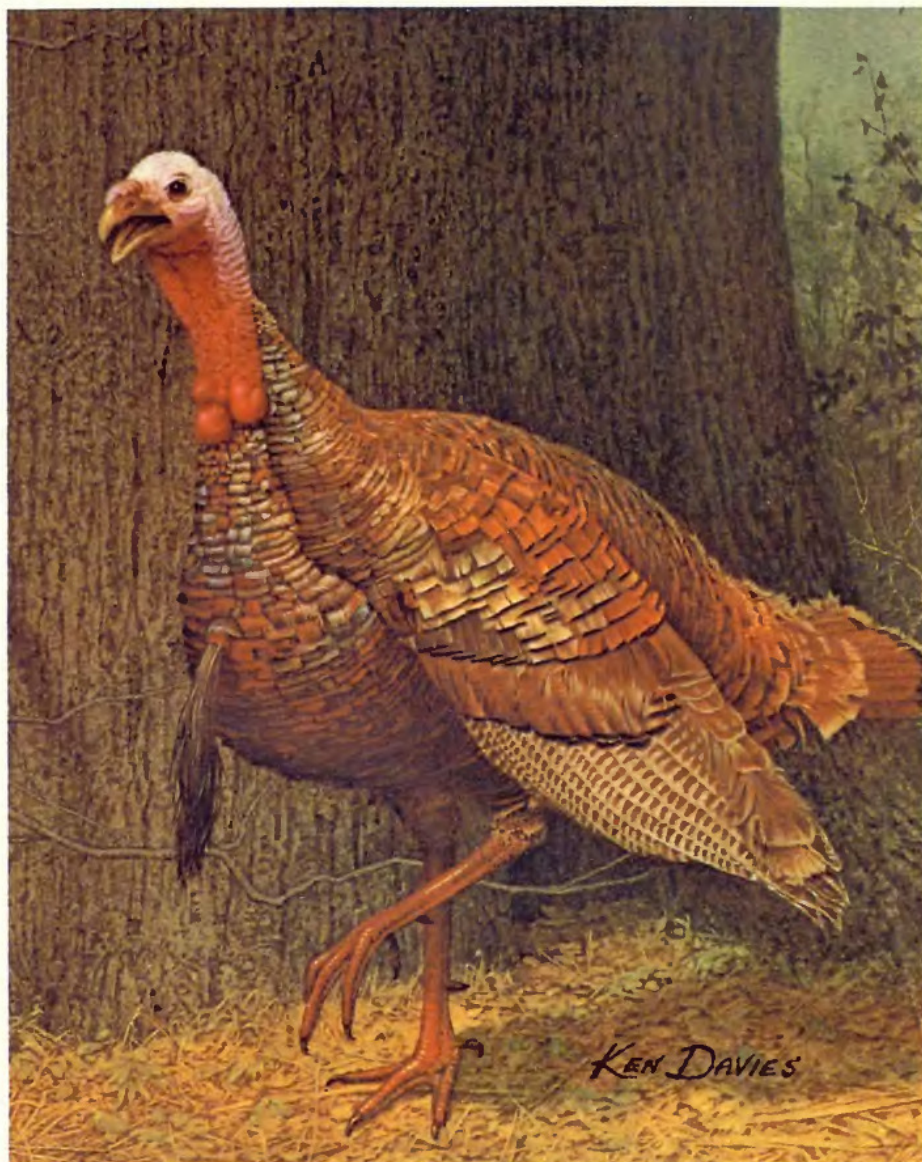
MAC LAINE: A red Plymouth, blinding-white sound-stage walls, sunlit white walls.

PLAYBOY: Warren Beatty.

MAC LAINE: Wait a second, now . . . translating life into folk art.

PLAYBOY: Shirley MacLaine.

MAC LAINE: I see a photograph of her: head up and eyes open, mouth agape—and trying to remember to shut her mouth.



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• JULIUS CAESAR •

• AND •

• THE WEREWOLF •

fiction

BY JOHN GARDNER

*i am his personal physician and i can tell you that
although he is melancholic, he is not—as some say—crazy*

AS TO Caesar's health, there seems to me no cause for alarm. The symptoms you mention are, indeed, visible, though perhaps a little theatricized by your informant. Caesar has always been a whirlwind of energy and for that reason subject to nervous attacks, sudden tempers, funks and so forth. When I was young, I confidently put it down to excess of blood, a condition complicated (said I) by powerful intermittent ejections of bile; but phlebotomy agitates instead of quieting him, sad to say (sad for my diagnosis), and his habitual exhilaration, lately increased, makes the bile hypothesis hogwash. I speak lightly of these former opinions of mine, but you can hardly imagine what labor I've put into the study of this man, scribbling, pondering, tabulating, while, one after another, the chickens rise to confront a new day and my candles gutter out. All to no avail, but pride's for people with good digestion. I bungle along, putting up with myself as best I can. (You'll forgive a little honest whining.) No man of science was ever presented with a puzzle more perplexing and vexatious than this Caesar, or with richer opportunity for observing the subject of his inquiry. He's interested in my work—in fact, follows it closely. He allows me to sit at his elbow or tag along wherever I please—an amusing spectacle, Caesar striding like a lion down some corridor, white toga flying, his black-robed physician leaping along like a spasm behind him on one good leg, one withered one.

In any event, at the age of 55, his animal spirits have never been more vigorous. He regularly dictates to four scribes at a time—jabber, jabber, jabber, sentences crackling like lightning in a haystack, all

of his letters of the greatest importance to the state. Between sentences, to distract his impatience, he reads from a book. Or so he'd have us think, and I'm gullible. It saves time, I find, and in the end makes no big difference. His baldness more annoys him, it seems to me, than all the plots of the senators. For years, as you know, he combed his straggling blond hairs straight forward, and nothing pleased him more than the people's decision to award him the crown of laurel, which he now wears everywhere except, I think, to bed. A feeble ruse and a delight to us all. The reflected light of his bald pate glows like a sun on the senate-chamber ceiling.

His nervous energy is not significantly increased, I think, from the days when I first knew him, many years ago, in Gaul. I was transferred to the legion for some disservice to the state—monumental, I'm sure, but it's been 35 years, and I've told the story so many times, in so many slyly self-congratulating versions, that by now I've forgotten the truth of it. I was glad of the transfer. I was a sea doctor before. I don't mind telling you, water scares the pants off me.

I remember my first days with Caesar

John Gardner had just begun to make minor revisions in this story for PLAYBOY when he was killed in a motorcycle accident on September 14, 1982. It is published here exactly as Gardner originally wrote it, and although it stands on its own, one fact that may help readers is that Caesar's "folling sickness" was epilepsy, an illness whose symptoms can resemble the convulsions suffered by the werewolf. Gardner dedicated the story "to Liz."

clear as crystal. He struck me at once as singular almost to the point of freakishness. He was taller than other men, curiously black-eyed and blond-headed, like two beings in one body. But what struck me most was his speed, both physical and mental. He could outrun a deer, outthink every enemy he met—and he was, besides, very strong. We all knew why he fought so brilliantly. He was guilty of crimes so numerous, back in Rome, from theft to assault to suspicion of treason, that he couldn't afford to return there as a common citizen. (It was true of most of us, but Caesar was the worst.) By glorious victories, he could win public honors and appointments and, thus, stand above the law, or at least above its meanest kick. Whatever his reasons—this I have to give to him—no man in history, so far as it's recorded, ever fought with such effectiveness and passion or won such unshakable, blind-pig devotion from his men. He was not then the strategist he later became, killing a few left-handed and blindfolded, then persuading the rest to surrender and accept Roman citizenship. In those days, he painted the valleys red, weighed down the trees with hanging men, made the rivers run sluggish with corpses. He was always in the thick of it, like a rabid bitch, luring and slaughtering seven at a time. His body, it seems to me, runs by nature at an accelerated tempo: His sword moves much faster than a normal man's. And he's untiring. At the end of a 12 hour day's forced march, when the whole encampment was finally asleep, he used to pace like a half-starved jaguar in his tent or sit with a small fish-oil lamp, writing verse. I wonder if he may not have some unknown substance in common with the violent little flea.

Through all his wars, Caesar fought



like a man unhinged, but I give you my word, he's not crazy. He has the falling sickness, as you know. A damned nuisance but, for all the talk, nothing more. All his muscles go violent, breaking free of his will, and he has a sudden, vividly real sense of falling into the deepest abyss, a fall that seems certain never to end, and no matter what servants or friends press around him (he's dimly aware of presences, he says), there's no one, nothing, he can reach out to. From an outward point of view, he's unconscious at these times, flailing, writhing, snapping his teeth, dark eyes bulging and rolling out of sight, exuding a flood of oily tears; but from what he reports, I would say he is not unconscious but in some way transformed, as if seized for the moment by the laws of a different set of gods. (I mean, of course, "forces" or "biological constraints.")

No doubt it adds to the pressure on him that he's a creature full of pangs and contradictions. Once, in Gaul, we were surprised by an ambush. We had moved for days through dangerous, twilight forest and had come, with relief, to an area of endless yellow meadow, where the grass reached only to our knees, so that we thought we were safe. Suddenly, out of the grass all around us leaped an army of women. Caesar cried, "Save yourselves! We're not in Gaul to butcher females!" In the end, we killed them all. (I, as Caesar's physician, killed no one.) I trace Caesar's melancholy streak to that incident. He became, thereafter, moody and uneasy, praying more than necessary and sometimes pausing abruptly to glance all around him, though not a shadow had stirred. It was not the surprise of the ambush, I think. We'd been surprised before. The enemy was young and naked except for weapons and armor, and they were singularly stubborn: They gave us no choice but to kill them. I watched Caesar himself cut one in half, moving his sword more slowly than usual and staring fixedly at her face.

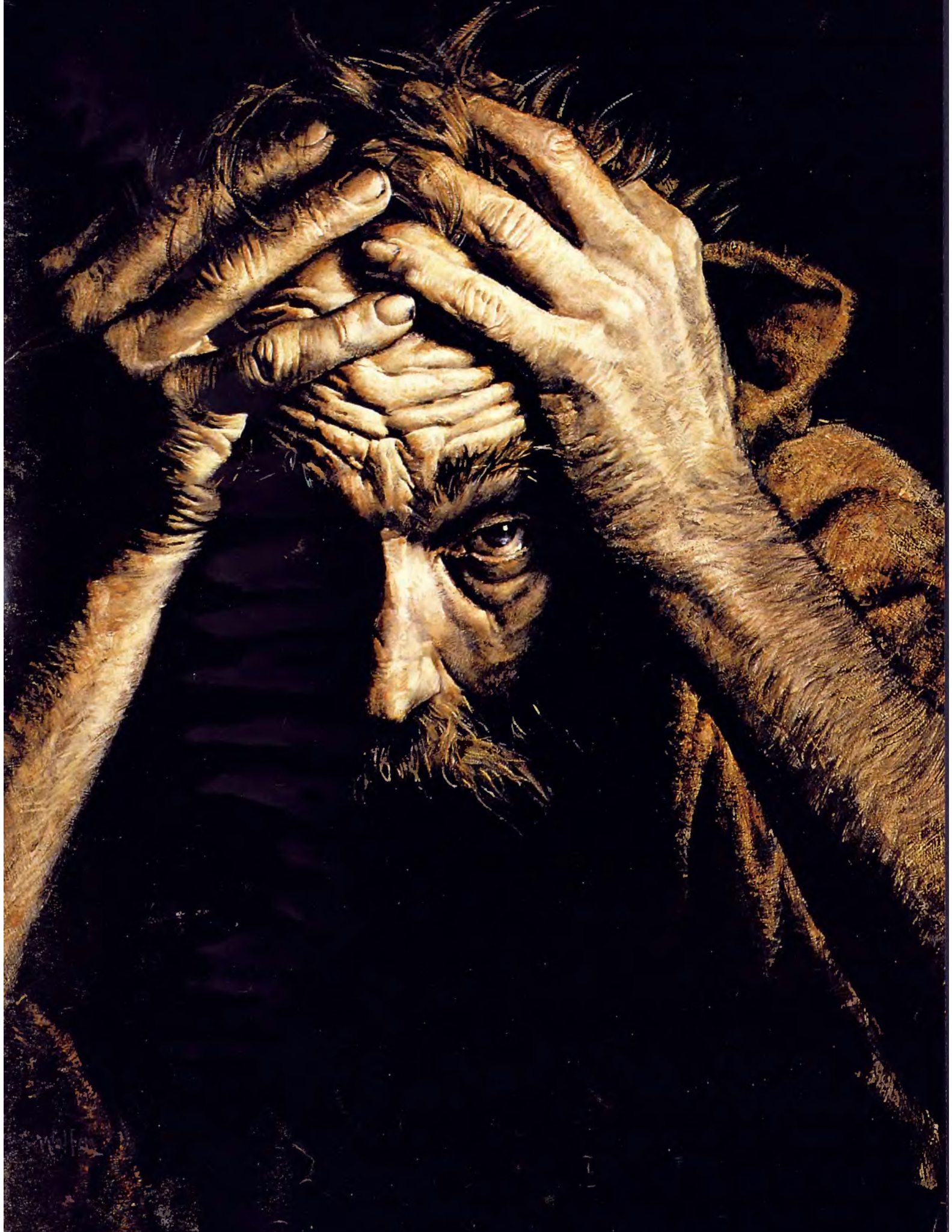
The melancholy streak has been darkened, in my opinion, by his years in Rome. His work load would rattle a stone Apollo—hundreds of letters to write every day, lines of suppliants stretching half a mile, each with his grievance large or small and his absurd, ancient right to spit softly into Caesar's ear—not to mention the foolish disputes brought in to him for settlement. Some starving scoundrel steals another scoundrel's newly stolen pig, the whole ramshackle slum is up in arms, and for the public good the centurions bring all parties before Caesar. Hours pass, lamps are lit, accuser and denier rant on, banging tables, giving the air fierce

kicks by way of warning. Surely a man of ordinary tolerance would go mad—or go to sleep. Not our Caesar. He listens with the look of a man watching elderly people eat, then eventually points to one or the other or both disputants, which means the person's to be dragged away for hanging, and then, with oddly meticulous care, one hand over his eyes, he dictates to a scribe the details of the case and his dispensation, with all his reasonings. "Admit the next," he says, and folds his hands.

And these are mere gnats before the hurricane. He's responsible, as they say when they're giving him some medal, for the orderly operation of the largest, richest, most powerful empire the world has ever known. He must rule the senate, with all its constipated, red-nosed, wheezing factions—every bleary eye out for insult or injury, every liver-spotted hand half closed around a dagger. And he must show at least some semblance of interest in the games, escape for the bloodthirst of the citizenry. He watches the kills, man or lion or whatever, without a sign of emotion, but I'm onto him. He makes me think of my days at sea, that still, perfect weather before a plank buster.

All this work he does without a particle of help, not a single assistant except the four or five scribes who take dictation and the slave who brings him parchment, ink and fresh oil or sandals—unless one counts, as I suppose one must, Marc Antony: a loyal friend and willing drudge but, as all Rome knows, weak as parsley. (He's grown fat here in the city and even less decisive than he was on the battlefield. I've watched him trying to frame letters for Caesar, tugging his jaw over decisions Caesar would make instantly.) In short, the life of a Caesar is donkeywork and unquestionably dangerous to health. I've warned and warned him. He listens with the keenest interest, but he makes no changes. His wary glances to left and right become more frequent, more noticeable and odd. He has painful headaches, especially at executions, and now and then he sleepwalks, looking for something under benches and in every low cupboard. I find his heartbeat irregular, sometimes wildly rushing, sometimes all but turning around and walking backward, as if he were both in a frenzy and mortally bored.

Some blame the death of his daughter for all this. I'm dubious, though not beyond persuasion. That Julia was dear to his heart I don't deny. When she was well, he was off with her every afternoon he could steal from Rome's business, teaching her to ride, walking the hills with her, telling her fairy tales of gods disguised as people or people transformed into celestial constellations



or, occasionally—the thing she liked best, of course—recounting his adventures. I remember how the girl used to gaze at him such times, elbows on her knees, hands on her cheeks, soft, pale hair cascading over her shoulders and down her long back—it made me think of those beautiful altar-lit statues in houses of prostitution. (I mean no offense. Old men are by nature prone to nastiness.) She was an intelligent girl, always pursing her lips and frowning, preparing to say, “Tut, tut.” He taught her knots and beltwork and the nicer of the soldiers’ songs, even taught her his special tricks of swordsmanship—because she nagged him to it (you know how daughters are)—and, for all I know, the subtleties of planning a campaign against India and China. I never saw a father more filled with woe than Caesar when the sickness first invaded her. He would rush up and down, far into the night (I never saw him take even a nap through all that period), and he was blistering to even the most bent-backed, senile and dangerous senators, to say nothing of whiny suppliants and his poor silent wife. His poems took an ugly turn—much talk of quicksand and maws and the like—and the bills he proposed before the senate weren’t much prettier; and then there was the business with the gladiators. But when Julia died, he kissed her waxy forehead and left the room and, so far as one could see, that was that. After the great funeral so grumbled about in certain quarters, he seemed much the same man he’d seemed before, not just externally but also internally, so far as my science could reach. His blood was very dark but, for him, normal; his stools were ordinary; his seizures no more tedious than usual.

So what can have brought on this change you inquire of and find so disturbing—as do I, of course? (At my age, nothing’s as terrible as might have been expected.) I have a guess I might offer, but it’s so crackpot I think I’d rather sit on it. I’ll narrate the circumstances that prompt it; you can draw your own conclusions.

Some days ago, March first, shortly after nightfall, as I was washing out my underthings and fixing myself for bed, two messengers appeared at my door with the request—polite but very firm—that I at once get back into my clothes and go to Caesar. I naturally—after some perfunctory sniveling—obeyed. I found the great man alone in his chamber, staring out the one high window that overlooks the city. It was a fine scene, acted with great dignity, if you favor that sort of thing. He did not turn at our entrance, though only a man very deep in thought could have failed to notice the brightness of the torches as their light set fire to the wide marble floor with its inlay of gold and quartz. We waited. It was obvious that something was afoot. I was on guard.

Nothing interests Caesar, I’ve learned, but Caesar. Full-scale invasion of the Empire’s borders would not rouse in him this banked fire of restlessness—fierce playfulness, almost—except insofar as its repulsion might catch him more honor. There was a scent in the room, the smell of an animal, I thought at first, then corrected myself: a blood smell. “Show him,” Caesar said quietly, still not turning.

I craned about and saw, even before my guides had inclined their torches in that direction, that on the high marble table at the far end of the room some large, wet, misshapen object had been placed, then blanketed. I knew instantly what it was, to tell the truth, and my eyes widened. They have other doctors; it was the middle of the night! I have bladder infections and prostate trouble; I can hardly move my bowels without a clyster! When the heavy brown cloth was solemnly drawn away, I saw that I’d guessed right. It was, or had once been, a tall, bronze-skinned man, a slave, probably rich and admired in whatever country he’d been dragged from. His knees were drawn up nearly to his pectorals and his head rolled out oddly, almost severed at the neck. One could guess his stature only from the length of his arms and the shiny span exposed, caked with blood, from knee to foot. One ear had been partially chewed away.

“What do you make of it?” Caesar asked. I heard him coming toward me on those dangerous, swift feet, then heard him turn, pivoting on one hissing sandal, moving back quickly toward the window. I could imagine his nervous, impatient gestures, though I did not look: gestures of a man angrily talking to himself, bullying, negotiating—rapidly opening and closing his fists or restlessly flipping his right hand, like a sailor paying out coil after coil of line.

“Dogs—” I began.

“Not dogs,” he said sharply, almost before I’d spoken. I felt myself grow smaller, the sensation in my extremities shrinking toward my heart. I put on my mincing, poor-old-man expression and pulled at my beard, then reached out gingerly to move the head, examining more closely the clotted ganglia where the thorax had been torn away. Whatever had killed him had done him a kindness. He was abscessed from the thyroid to the *vena cava superior*. When I looked over at Caesar, he was back at the window, motionless again, the muscles of his arm and shoulder swollen as if clamping in rage. Beyond his head, the night had grown dark. It had been clear, earlier, with a fine, full moon; now it was heavily overcast and oppressive—no stars, no moon, only the lurid glow, here and there, of a torch. In the light of the torches the messengers held, one on each side of me, Caesar’s eyes gleamed, intently watching.

“Wolves,” I said, with conviction.

He turned, snapped his fingers several times in quick succession—in the high, stone room, it was like the sound of a man clapping—and almost the same instant, a centurion entered, leading a girl. Before she was through the archway, she was down on her knees, scrambling toward Caesar as if to kiss his toes and ankles before he could behead her. Obviously, she did not know his feeling of tenderness, almost piety, toward young women. At her approach Caesar turned his back to the window and raised his hands, as if to ward her off. The centurion, a young man with blue eyes, like a German’s, jerked at her wrist and stopped her. Almost gently, the young man put his free hand into her hair and tipped her face up. She was perhaps 16, a thin girl with large, dark, flashing eyes full of fear.

Caesar said, never taking his gaze from her, “This young woman says the wolf was a man.”

I considered for a moment, only for politeness. “Not possible,” I said. I limped nearer to them, bending for a closer look at the girl. If she was insane, she showed none of the usual signs—depressed temples, coated tongue, anemia, inappropriate smiles and gestures. She was not a slave, like the corpse on the table—nor of his race, either. Because of her foreignness, I couldn’t judge what her class was, except that she was a commoner. She rolled her eyes toward me, a plea like a dog’s. It was hard to believe that her terror was entirely an effect of her audience with Caesar.

Caesar said, “The Goths have legends, doctor, about men who at certain times turn into wolves.”

“Ah,” I said, noncommittal.

He shifted his gaze to meet mine, little fires in his pupils. I shrank from him—visibly, no doubt. Nothing is stupider or more dangerous than toying with Caesar’s intelligence. But he restrained himself. “Ah!” he mimicked with awful scorn and, for an instant, smiled. He looked back at the girl, then away again at once; then he strode over to the corpse and stood with his back to me, staring down at it, or into it, as if hunting for its soul, his fists rigid on his hips to keep his fingers from drumming. “You know a good deal, old friend,” he said, apparently addressing myself, not the corpse. “But possibly not everything!” He raised his right arm, making purposely awkward loops in the air with his hand, and rolled his eyes at me, grinning with what might have been malice, except that he’s above that. Impersonal rage at a universe too slow for him. He said, “Perhaps, flopping up and down through the world like a great, clumsy bat, trying to spy out the secrets of the gods, you miss a few things? Some little trifle here or there?”

I said nothing, merely pressed my humble palms together. To make perfectly

(continued on page 86)



John
Dempsy

"Jeanette has been showing me her garden, Bert. She certainly has a green thumb, doesn't she?"



Re-creating for *PLAYBOY* her dual role as Margaret (top) and the androgynous Jimmy (above), a heroin addict making his fashion statement as a David Bowie look-alike, Anne approved the results: "The make-up is better than it was in the film, more colorful, jewellike." Onscreen, both characters merge after a carnal close encounter that vaporizes Jimmy and prepares Margaret for her final ascent into outer space aboard a flying saucer. Hmmm.

HAIR AND MAKE-UP BY MARCEL FIEVE
NEON FROM LIGHT AND SPACE DESIGN, CHICAGO

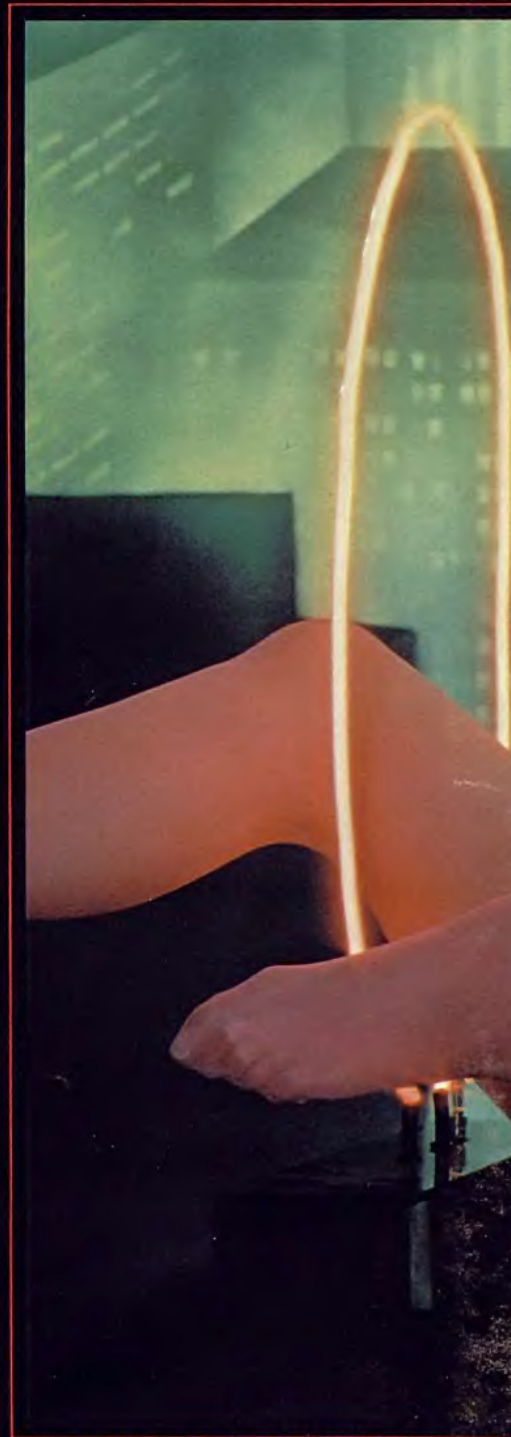
"liquid sky's" spectacular anne carlisle, a bisexual smash on the cult-film circuit, offers some new wave words and pictures

CULT QUEEN

text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON

AT FIRST GLANCE, you can't quite believe that the tawny, long-legged beauty in front of you is the same Anne Carlisle who portrays both Margaret and Jimmy in the freaky, phenomenal *Liquid Sky*. The real-life Carlisle has a Park Avenue air and totes a chic outsized carry-all, looking more like a Ford model than like a far-out underground superstar. Anne, it turns out, fits both descriptions. She's a cultural chameleon with 1001 ideas about identity, happy to be registered at Ford, even happier about her current celebrity as a punky New Wave Manhattan model whose sexual partners are zapped into the cosmos the instant they reach orgasm. "People are disappointed sometimes, especially kids in the street," she says. "They've seen *Liquid Sky*, then they see me and can't believe I'm not Margaret, even though I look very different from that."

Anne in person is a bona fide Connecticut Yankee, born and bred in exurbia, according to some thumbnail biographers, to respectable Republican parents. An OK description, according to Anne herself, "if you want to be really simplistic about it." Her folks now live in Florida. Carlisle père works for the county, her mother's in college administration and they're both evidently crazy about *Liquid Sky*. "They have video parties (text concluded on page 182)





Balling Margaret spells oblivion for many horny friends, among them her lesbian roommate (Paulo E. Sheppard, above left) and a former teacher (Bab Brady, above center, once Anne's real-life drama coach). Above right, New Wave model Margaret is spiked up for a photo session. Below, ringed in neon on a surreal rooftop, Anne does a reprise for *PLAYBOY*, commenting, "It's poetic, very nice, as if she's trying to get to something."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY





Playing a variety of characters is the essence of acting for Anne. So **PLAYBOY** let her imagination run free for the shots on these and the following pages. As the lady in black—and out of it—photographed in an ornate mansion (opposite), she personifies “o wealthy, bored woman, o little decadent and in o rather rondo mood.” Above, Anne gets provocative with o marble imp.



Lip service is reciprocal for milady and the imp (below). But *Liquid Sky*'s bright star found a vintage doll (above) even more exotic: "I visualize it changing into a person [opposite], like characters you give birth to who take you over."





JULIUS CAESAR (continued from page 78)

"Caesar swept his arm toward the girl. She looked, cowering, from one to the other of us."

clear my dutiful devotion, I limped over to stand at his side, looking with him, gravely, at the body. Moving the leg—there was as yet no *rigor mortis*—I saw that the body had been partly disemboweled. The spleen was untouched in the intestinal disarray; the liver was nowhere to be seen. I could feel the girl's eyes on my back. Caesar's smile was gone now, hovering just below the surface. He had his hand on the dead man's foot, touching it as if to see if bones were broken or as if the man were a friend, a fellow warrior.

He lowered his voice. "This isn't the first," he said. "We've kept the matter quiet, but it's been happening for months." His right hand moved out like a stealthy animal, anticipating his thought. His voice grew poetic. (It was a bad idea, that laurel crown.) "A sudden black shadow, a cry out of the darkness, and in the morning—in some alley or in the middle of a field or huddled against some rotting door in the tanners' district—a corpse ripped and mauled past recognition. The victims aren't children, doctor; they're grown men, sometimes women." He frowned. The next instant, his expression became unreadable, as if he were mentally reaching back, abandoning present time, this present body. Six, maybe seven heartbeats passed; and then, just as suddenly, he was here with us again, leaning toward me, oddly smiling. "And then tonight," he said, "this treasure!" With a gesture wildly theatrical—I saw myself at the far end of the forum, at the great door where the commoners peer in—he swept his arm toward the girl. She looked, cowering, from one to the other of us, then up at the soldier.

Caesar crossed to her; I followed part way. "He was half man, half wolf; is that your story?" He bent over her, pressing his hands to his knees as he asked it. Clearly he meant to seem fatherly, but his body was all iron, the muscles of his shoulders and arms locked and huge.

After a moment, she nodded.

"He wore clothes like a man?"

Again she nodded, this time looking warily at me. She had extraordinary eyes, glistening, dark, bottomless and very large, perhaps the first symptom of a developing exophthalmic goiter.

Caesar straightened up and turned to the centurion. "And what was this young woman doing when you found her?"

"Dragging the body, sir." One side of his mouth moved, the faintest suggestion of a smile. "It appeared to us she was hiding it."

Now Caesar turned to me, his head inclined to one side, like a lawyer in court. "And why would she be doing that?"

At last the girl's terror was explicable.

I admired the girl for not resisting us. She knew, no doubt—all Romans know—that torture can work wonders. Although I've never been an optimist, I like to believe it was not fear of torture that persuaded her but the certain knowledge that whatever sufferings she might put herself through, she would in the end do as we wished. She had a curious elegance for a girl of her station. Although she walked head ducked forward, as all such people do, and although her gait was odd—long strides, feet striking flat, like an Egyptian's—her face showed the composure and fixed resolve one sometimes sees on statues, perhaps some vengeful, endlessly patient Diana flanked by her hounds. Although one of the centurions in our company held the girl's elbow, there seemed no risk that she would try to run away. Caesar, wearing a dark hood and mantle now, kept even with her or sometimes moved a little ahead in his impatience. The three other centurions and I came behind, I in great discomfort, wincing massively at every right-foot lurch but, for all that, watching everything around me, especially the girl, with sharp attention. It grew darker and quieter as we descended into the slums. The sky was still overcast, so heavily blanketed one couldn't even guess in which part of the night the moon hung. Now and then, like some mysterious pain, lightning would bloom and move deep in the clouds, giving them features and shapes for a moment, and we'd hear a low rumble; then blackness would close on us deeper than before. The girl, too, seemed to mind the darkness. Every so often, as we circled downward, I would see her lift and turn her head, as if she were trying to find her bearings.

No one was about. Nothing moved except now and then a rat researching garbage or scampering along a gutter, or a chicken stirring in its coop as we passed, its spirit troubled by bad dreams. In this part of town, there were no candles, much less torches—and just as well: The whole section was a tinderbox. The buildings were three and four stories high, leaning out drunkenly over the street or against one another like beggars outside a temple, black, rotten wood that went shiny as intestines when the lightning glowed, walls patched with hides and daubs of

mud, straw and rotten hay packed in tightly at the crooked foundations. The only water was the water in the streets or in the river invisible in the darkness below us, poisonously inching under bridge after bridge toward the sea. When I looked back up the hill between lightning blooms, I could no longer make out so much as an arch of Caesar's palace or the firm, white mansions of the rich—only a smoky luminosity red under the clouds. The street was airless, heavy with the smell of dead things and urine. Every door and shutter was unhealthily closed tight.

We progressed more slowly now, barely able to see one another. I cannot say what we were walking on; it was slippery and gave underfoot. I was feeling cross at Caesar's refusal to use torches; but he was the crafty old warrior, not I. Once, with a clatter I at first mistook for thunder, some large thing rushed across the street in front of us, out of darkness and in again—a man, a donkey, some racketsy demon—and we all stopped. No one spoke; then Caesar laughed. We resumed our walk.

Minutes later, the girl stopped without a word. We had arrived.

The man was old. He might have been sitting there, behind his table in the dark, for centuries. It was not dark now. As soon as the hide door was tightly closed, Caesar had tipped back his hood, reached into his cloak past his heavy iron sword and brought out candles, which he gave to two centurions to light and hold; the room was far too confined for torches. The other two centurions waited outside; even so, there was not much room. The man behind the table was bearded, not like a physician but like a foreigner—a great white-silver beard that flicked out like fire in all directions. His hair was long, unkempt, his eyebrows bushy; his blurry eyes peered out as if from deep in a cave. Purple bruises fell in chevrons from just under his eyes into his mustache. If he was surprised or alarmed, he showed no sign, merely sat—stocky, firmly planted—behind his square table, staring straight ahead, not visibly breathing, like a man waiting in the underworld. The girl sat on a low stool, her back against the wall, between her father and the rest of us. She gazed at her knees in silence. Her face was like that of an actress awaiting her entrance, intensely alive, showing no expression.

The apartment, we saw as the light seeped into it, was a riddle. Although in the poorest section of the city, it held a clutter of books, and the furniture, though sparse, was elaborately carved and solid; it would bring a good price in the markets that specialize in things outlandish. Herbs hung from the rafters, only a few of them known to me. Clearly it wasn't poverty or common ignorance that had brought these people here. Something troubled my nostrils, making the hair on the back of my

(continued on page 174)



"I had a great time, Babs. I didn't meet any movie stars, but I spent a hell of a night with a Hollywood stunt man."

*many males today confess to a feeling of sexual detachment—
and the reasons are as complex as the circuitry involved*

FRIGID MEN

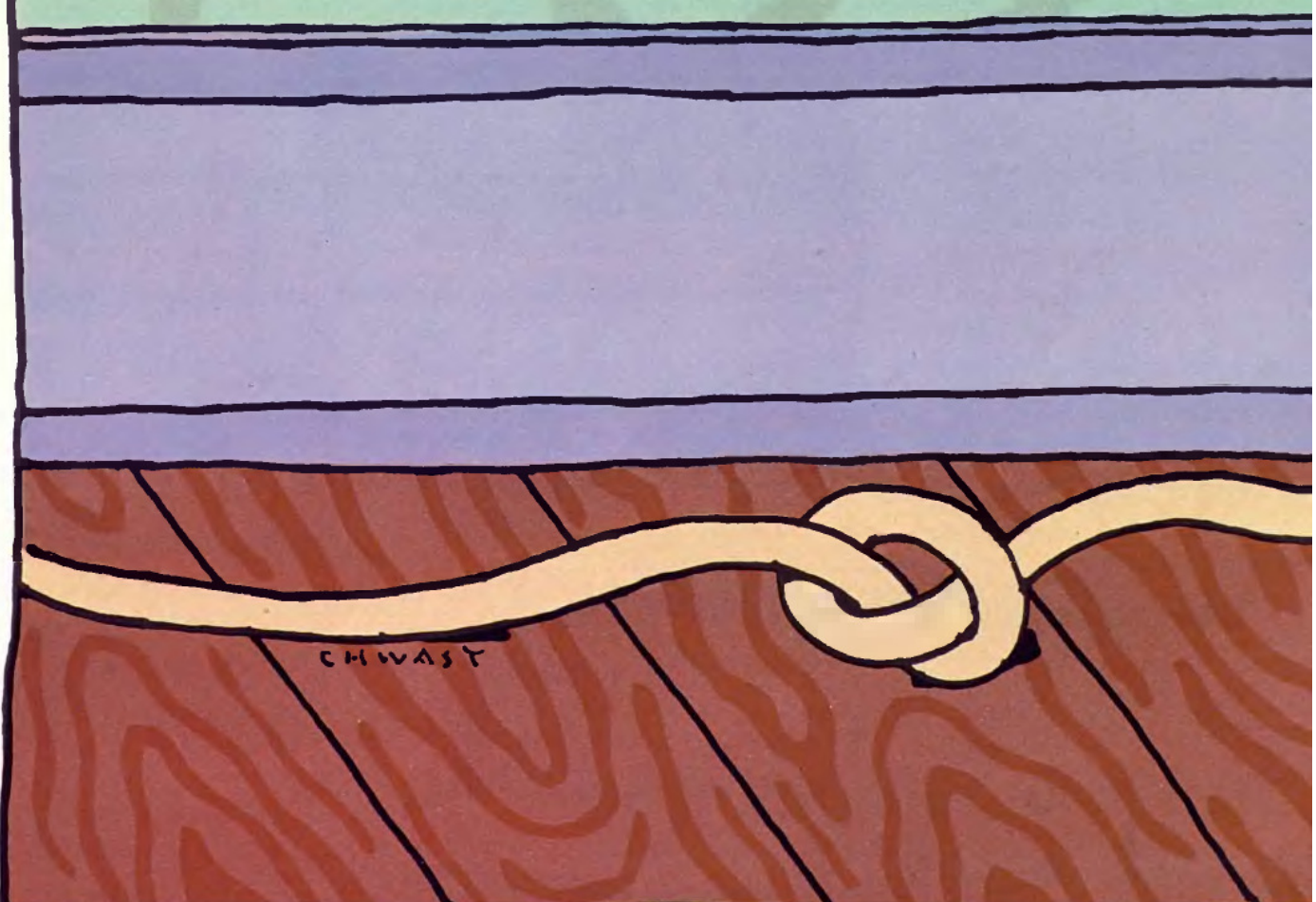
article **By CRAIG VETTER**

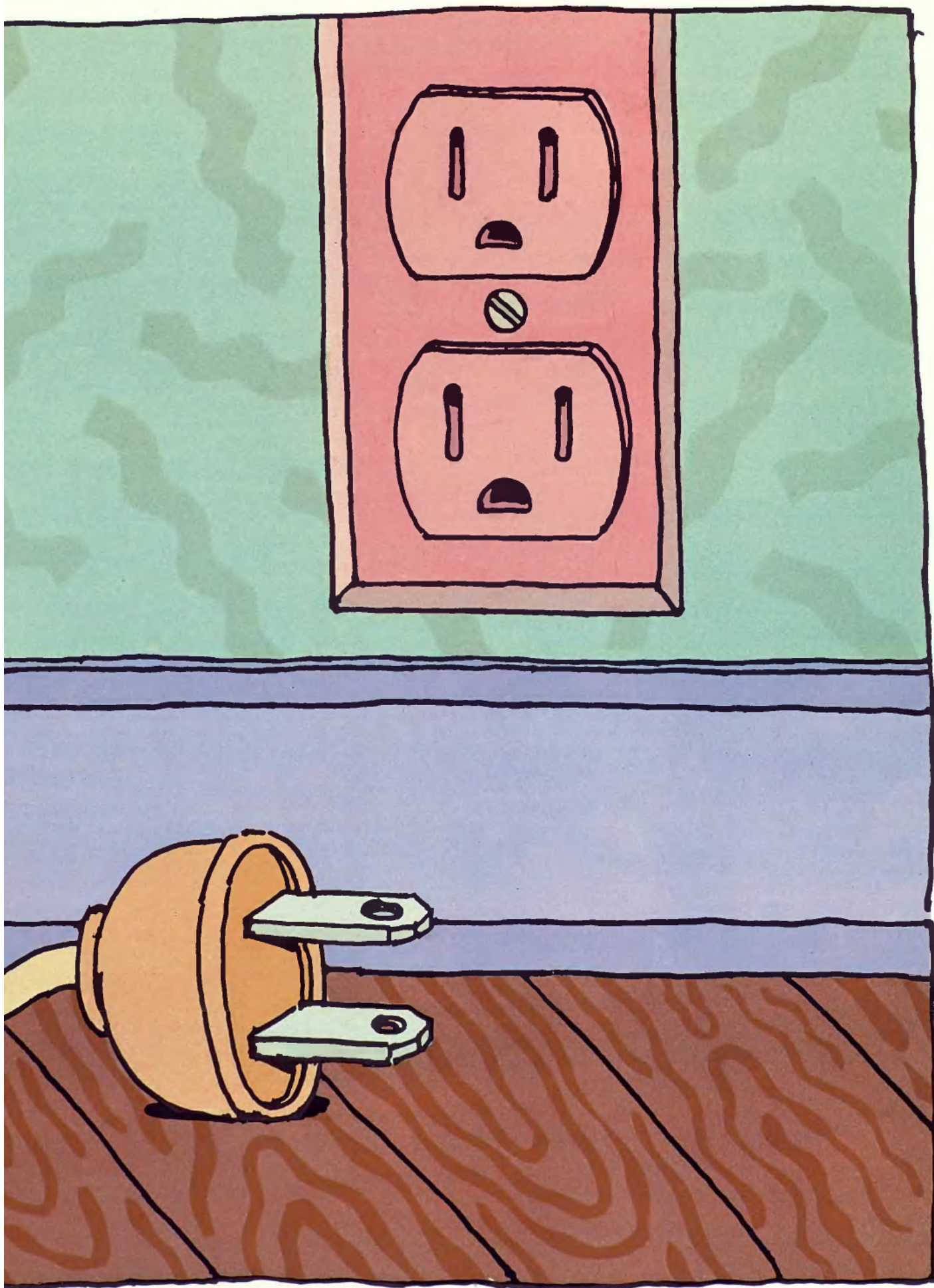
"WELL," SHE SAID, and when this particular woman talks, she aims her big blue eyes right at you, "if you're going to publish an article about frigid women, don't you think you probably ought to do one about frigid men? There are *plenty* of them out there."

And because the man she was throwing cocktail-party mumblety-peg with is the Editorial Director of this magazine, and since he is a mumblety-peg player from way back in the Bronx, where you had to be able to stick those little knives into curbstone, he said, "You're on."

When they asked me if I wanted to take a slash at the story, I had a small knee-jerk moment in which I thought, Why the hell you come around here asking *me* about a

subject like that? But it was a small moment. Truth is, I was a pretty good candidate for the work. Nobody could have fried any eggs on the hood of my libido in the past couple of years. I wouldn't have called myself frigid. The machinery of the whole thing hadn't seized up on me or anything. I'd had that happen once or twice in my life, but there always seemed to be good reasons for it. Like the afternoon that Chicago girl got her pants down just far enough for me to read PROPERTY OF THE OUTLAWS tattooed on her 23-year-old ass. Even the man with no brain recognizes the horrible promise of romping around in territory that's been posted by motorcycle hoodlums, and such failures of the flesh never





bothered me much or for long. But the zone I was in wasn't a matter of machine failure. It was more a mood that resembled weather, the kind of weather that keeps you indoors: ground fog, low clouds, muggy chill and drizzle. Something between me and women had cooled sexually, and if you wanted to extend the definition of frigid into those more subtle corners—"Yes," they said, "we do"—then OK.

When I tried to round up the reasons for my cool, they amounted to a hopelessly confused rabble of maybes: my age, 41; the collapse of a second marriage a couple of years ago; alcohol; the threat of entanglement; the specter of herpes; the merciless rain of feminine anger that had been falling over the past ten years or so; the relentless scramble of trying to make a decent living in these greedy times; the notion that when I did get into bed with someone, my performance was going to be rated the way they rate divers and gymnasts and ice skaters.

It was a list that added up to no sum I could deal with, so finally I lumped all of it into a metaphor I liked: the tango, dance of love, dance of sex, where the man seems to lead, the woman seems to follow, but finally the two are so close that lead and follow are one thing, a highly stylized, sensuous agreement of bodies and spirits that is the essence of dance when it works. When it doesn't, when the will or focus is lost for even a second, it's Laurel and Hardy trying to paint out of the same bucket.

Somehow, lately, the juice had gone out of the tango for me; the steps had been lost and it had become a pathetic exercise that finally left me and my would-be partners in separate dressing rooms, bleeding and fuming and throwing our fancy shoes at our reflections in the mirrors.

I didn't seem to be alone in my frustration, either. As I looked around the dance floor, it was pretty empty out there, with the men collected against one wall, talking business and baseball, and the women collected against another, talking business and whatever else they talk about. Frigid men, for one thing.

For the most part, men don't talk with one another about particular sexual experiences. Women think they do, but they don't, except maybe for the worst of the locker-room meatheads, and they're almost always terrible liars. Women *do* talk about their sex lives. Oh, how they talk. Grisly play-by-play stuff. "Honey," a 29-year-old Manhattan secretary told me, "you make love to me tonight, and tomorrow I guarantee my girlfriends are gonna know every wrinkle on your thing."

That pretty much says it, and it got a nervous laugh out of me, which the lady noticed; and for the next few minutes over our lunch, I could see her trying to decide whether or not to let me in on what she knew. Women may talk with one another,

but they almost never talk with men about these things, and they have their reasons. Every woman I interviewed held me in a shadow of mistrust and small talk for at least a while before the real dirt got dished. Women want to trust men, but they can't. They know we are torn up and angry over the abuse we've taken, and they worry about retaliation. Men tend to take this sort of information badly, and this guy who says he's writing about frigid men could be getting ready to jump up and blame ball-busting women for the whole mess, couldn't he? In any case, it was hard for them to believe that men and their much-vaunted egos would ever relax enough to admit their fair part in whatever had put the situation in rags.

Of course, I was telling them to be tough and honest, because nothing else is interesting. And I was promising the usual journalistic false mustaches and beards, new towns, new identities, the way the FBI does with high-level rats, so that nothing I wrote could ever come around to collect from them. Still they hesitated. Men don't want to hear these things, one of them told me. Of course they don't and of course they do, I said.

All of them talked with me finally, most of them with an I'm-gonna-hate-myself-in-the-morning moment in there somewhere. And at least two of them woke up badly hung over with worry. One of them phoned me several weeks after our conversation to say she'd heard through friends of friends that I was busy putting together a nice little hatchet job on women and that she damn well hoped that wasn't true. It's not, I told her. Another wrote me a short note saying that *everything* she'd said to me was off the record. I didn't answer that one, because I had bad news for her: All writers are monsters.

Jan DeLeon and I had a few drinks in the grand lobby bar of the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco. She had on a medium-long pleated skirt and a shiny blouse with a floppy bow at the neck. She was coming from work, a fast-lane, big-money job in which she worked and competed mostly with men. Around 30, beautiful green eyes, a delicate face that needed no make-up and that took its flash from a head of careless light-red hair. There was a practiced sort of girlishness to all of it, but she walked with a stride and talked with a confidence that said girlishness was not at the heart of her game.

The first thing she told me was that she thought PLAYBOY had missed a chance to teach a whole generation of men how to be romantic, which seemed to her pretty much a lost art. It came down to the difference between fucking and making love, she said, and any man who understood how to be romantic could do with a small picklock what others smash windows and splinter doors trying to accomplish. David,

the guy she wanted to tell me about, understood that, which was why she got so excited about their affair and also why she missed the signs—such as his Don Juan reputation—that they were headed for an arctic sort of calamity.

They met at a business cocktail party. He was 37, never married and the owner of a rich little operation that kept him on the road to the Far East a lot of the time. That night, they threw a few low sparks at each other, and a week later Jan made the move, in the guise of business entertainment. Dinner, and he had tickets to the symphony, it turned out. A great evening, perfect chemistry, pure Vivaldi, she said. He picked up the tab, then they had the two-taxis-or-one discussion. They shared one to the curb in front of her place. Shook hands. All business. But then he kissed her. "A highly personal kiss," she said. Then, after he'd watched the doorman let her in, he left.

"I was flying," she said; and even when she tells the story, she does a little flying. "He said he'd call the next day, *and he did.*" He was on his way to Japan for three weeks, but he asked if she'd go out with him when he got home. Very romantic to ask that far in advance, she told me. He called her on his way back, from the airport in Hawaii, to confirm. "*Flying,*" she said again.

Business didn't come up at dinner this time. They talked and flirted as if something were in their drinks. And this night, when the taxi stopped at her door, both of them got out. They started their lovemaking on her couch, clothes on, tender, no-hurry stuff with lots of kissing. Then he looked at his watch. Tired from the trip, he said. She understood. They made another date, kissed good night and he left.

Jan said that by this point, the anticipation was beautifully excruciating. Everything about this guy was right. He was intelligent, good-looking, romantic, he had money and charm, a ton of charm. In fact, he was straight out of one of those romance novels that Rosemary Rogers and Danielle Steele thump out, which, Jan confessed, she read by the dozens. She called them "class trash."

On the third date, they wandered the city—Coit Tower, North Beach for some drinks, Washington Square—just holding hands, laughing at their own good luck. Finally, a cab to his place, to his couch. Soon enough, his clothes were in a heap on the living-room rug; then, one piece at a time, he put hers in the same place and then led her into his bedroom. Cold sheets, warm flesh. Then. . . "*Disaster,*" she told me. "He lost it just like that. I'm still not sure what happened. I think maybe he came early, because when I reached down to fondle him, he pushed my hand away as if he were tender. I tried to talk to him about it. No big deal, I said. He blamed

(continued on page 94)

THE RETAILORING OF JIM BELUSHI

"saturday night live's" wardrobe department will never be the same

attire By **HOLLIS WAYNE**

NOW THAT ONE of *Saturday Night Live's* funniest funny men, Jim Belushi, is enjoying the show's hot-weather hiatus by selectively unwinding, we've taken the opportunity to get him out of his workaday wardrobe, which includes a T-shirt, a U.S. Blues Club Chicago jacket, jeans and break-dancing tennies, and into something befitting a man of his waist and means.

Belushi, being the well-rounded talent that he is (he's a cofounder of the film company Eggboy Productions and is creating and producing ten short films for Oak Communications and working on projects for Home Box Office), wasn't at all opposed to getting a little help from his friends at *PLAYBOY*, who chose three looks—casual, business and formal—for him, all tailored to his particular physique. For casualwear, we coupled a pair of slimming black-leather slacks with a dark sweater. The brown business suit (brown is going to be an important color this fall) works for Belushi, and the striped shirt and low collar





slim his chest. Last, Belushi slipped into a dinner jacket with peak lapels and vertical-striped trousers that made his legs long and lean. His comment when he dropped by and we showed him these pictures: "Hey, guys, I look *hot!* You captured meeeee."

Left: Party time, anyone? Yes, that's Belushi in same casual garb that includes an alpaca/silk/linen pullaver, about \$365, and a crew-neck, about \$240, both by Gunter Maislinger; plus leather slacks, by Geoff Williams for Stratège/Paur Le Sport, about \$175; and loafers, by Susan Bennis/Warren Edwards, \$295. (The lady's outfit is by Anne Pinkertan and Nuance.) Below: Yesterday, a pirate captain; today, a captain of industry in a suit, by Christian Dior Grand Luxe, \$545; shirt, \$85, and silk tie, \$43, both by Alexander Julian; belt, by Jeff Degan Designs, about \$200; and pocket square, by Shady Character, \$6. (Her dress is by Adrienne Vittadini.) Right: Belushi's formal night moves include a dinner jacket, by Bill Blass for After Six, about \$320; striped trousers, from The Robert Wagner Collection by Raffinati, \$75; formal shirt, by Rick Pallack, \$60; cummerbund, about \$75, and bow tie, about \$25, both by Ermenegildo Zegna; and studs, from Sointu, \$110. (The lady's fur by Ervin Rasenfeld for Szar-Diener; dress by Janathan Hitchcack for Reuben Thomas.)



ALL THE LADY'S JEWELRY IS FROM GINDI, NEW YORK CITY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GORDON MUNRO



"I pity his butt, because there are moments when a woman can destroy a man for life."

the alcohol, but I could feel walls going up. Then he rolled over and went to sleep. I lay there thinking, OK, Jan, how are we going to handle this one? I was annoyed that he wouldn't talk about it, but I told myself to be calm. This guy was otherwise wonderful, and I really wanted it to work for us. There was no lovemaking in the morning, though. He showered and threw me a robe."

David traveled again, so their next date was two weeks later. This night, they started on the couch again, and when Jan went down on him, he came exactly as her lips touched him, and at that moment she delivered on a male fear so ancient and terrible that it isn't hard to imagine the same sound rising up from Delilah's tent and from tents and lean-tos going back before fire. She laughed.

I winced when she told me that, and she winced, too. "I know, I know," she said, shaking her head and gritting her teeth. It had been a nervous laugh, a combination of shock, frustration and disbelief.

"That's a hell of a response," David said.

"You surprised me," she said, but she was thinking, Don Juan my ass. This man has problems.

They went to bed after that, and he played with her. "It was awful," she said. "He was not slow or attentive or gentle. I mean, just *zero*. I pretended to be satisfied to get it done with. He immediately rolled over and went to sleep."

The next morning, Jan called her doctor. Was there something she was doing or not doing, something she could do differently? She wanted this one. "It's not your problem," the doctor told her. "It's his."

They had one more date, but the evening was doomed from the start. He was petulant and critical, and when he launched into a small sermon about how shabby it was for her to sometimes date married men, which she had admitted to him, she cracked and thought, What the fuck do I care what this guy thinks? Later, at his place, he asked her if she wanted to get undressed. She said no. "He was up like a flash, got some money and his keys, ran me downstairs and put me in a cab."

About a month later, she was having dinner at Ernie's with a client and spotted David across the room with a cover-girl beauty. When he saw Jan, he sent a brandy to her table. "I didn't touch it," she said. He stopped on his way out, sowed out some of the charm that had so attracted her in the first place and then said he hadn't called because he'd been

spending all his time on business.

"Why not?" she said. "It's what you're best at."

•

Thinking that story through, I find only one character who was wrong for sure, and that's the doctor. What happened between Jan and David wasn't his problem, it was theirs. And although a lot of sexual behaviorists would tell you that the trouble here was nothing more than premature ejaculation and that it can be fixed as easily as a broken taillight, I don't think so. David was a little old for that syndrome, especially with his reputed experience, and his refusal to talk about it with Jan, or to make a second try, suggests a deeper trouble, a problem beyond the body-and-fender approach.

But what problem?

"The myth of the ever-ready male is just that—a myth," said one sex therapist I talked with, a woman who said she seemed to be seeing more and more low-desire problems in men recently, even among the young ones who came to her. The legend of Don Juan is a cruel and confused inheritance. In fact, the idea that a man who lays down an endless chain of women is highly sexed may be exactly backward. Lack of interest may be what drives a man to pursue the aphrodisiac of variety. This therapist said also that she suspected there had always been many men out there who weren't that interested in zip-zip sex, and if their numbers are more obvious now, it may be just that men have greater license these days to admit they are not all goatlike creatures who will take a poke at anything, any time—mud if it lies in interesting contours.

In fact, male sexuality is a good deal more complicated and delicate than it's generally been given credit for being. Any number of demons wait to jump in and smother the fire, and their connection to sex isn't always obvious. As with the stockbroker I heard about in New York who was fine on the weekends but couldn't, for love nor points, get it up during the week. Or the lawyer who, when he was taken to his date's apartment after dinner, took one look at the rich furniture and art, excused himself to the bathroom, asked for a magazine on his way in, stayed 20 minutes and then left almost immediately after emerging. "Could be that her apartment made it look like she didn't need anybody," said the therapist from New York when I told her that story.

And there are worse thumpings waiting out there for a man when he actually gets

into bed with a woman. We hear a lot about the vulnerability of women in a sexual relationship, the heartbreak of the second date that never comes and such. What gets talked about much less, though, is the power women have to slaughter the male ego in the sexual moment. And if the bargain between men and women is more troubled now than before, nowhere is it clearer or meaner than in the escalating performance demands that hang like spectators around today's bedposts.

May Randall and I talked in New York on her lunch hour. She's a pretty woman, a lab technician about 28 years old who was married when she was a teenager but has been single for the past seven years. She has a good smile and an ironic laugh, and although some of the things she told me that I'm going to quote make her sound like a monster, she's not. It's just that she's been badly used by bad men, and when that anger was tapped in our conversation, she made it plain that she didn't hesitate to use the little pistols and long knives that hang in the armory for all women when they're looking to get even. She talked about men who passed her around like a bottle of wine and convinced her that it was all right, and about others who were hot the first time they made out and from then on just lay back and demanded service. Then one night she went to one of those parties where they peddle sex aids like Tupperware, and she discovered vibrators, an almost religious epiphany as she tells the story. Changed everything for her, she said. Now she could take care of herself sexually if she had to, to the tune of any fantasy she liked, and she says she isn't shy about letting men know they are no longer her only sexual ticket.

"I keep my vibrator in a drawer under my bed," she told me, "and when a man comes over, I get it out and tell him, 'Here's your competition, baby, so be nice.' And if he isn't nice, or if he's been insensitive to me one too many times, I pity his butt, because there are moments when a woman can destroy a man for life. You have that power in your hands. It's not something you'd do just to do it, but I'll tell you there are some men better hope they never have an off night around me, because I'll fuck up their shit *real good*."

Such threats are not idle, nor do they have to be spoken. The wiring between a man's imagination and his unit is so perfectly direct that the smallest thought of failure is often the failure itself. And there's no man in the world who can compete with a couple of C-size Duracells if it comes down to that. Nor are there many who haven't suffered at least a giggle out of Delilah at some tender instant when their manhood was out there trying its hardest.

(continued on page 170)

Quarterly Reports

a timely accounting of timeless principles of personal finance

article

By **ANDREW TOBIAS**

BULK-RATE RICHES

if you want to quintuple your money, fast and risk-free, there are countless junk-mail schemes for dreamers like you

S EVEN HUNDRED MILLION *trillion* tons of junk mail are sent out across this country every year. I get half of it.

Much of it would make me rich if only I would listen. MORE EXPLOSIVE PRICE ACTION AHEAD IN LOW-PRICED STOCKS, reads one envelope touting a financial newsletter. NO-RISK TRIPLE BONUS OFFER ENCLOSED!

INSIDE, reads another, FIND OUT HOW \$8750 GREW TO \$405,125 IN ONLY 13 WEEKS!

FREE! reads a third, GET 100 SHARES OF STOCK IN A PUBLIC COMPANY WITH THIS NO-RISK OFFER.

A hundred shares of stock free? Wow! I wonder which stock it is. General Foods? Hewlett-Packard? Sears? The letter doesn't say.

Can all these newsletters make us rich? Can any of them? I want to talk with you about that, but first I want to talk about junk mail. The Postmaster General outlawed the term last year in favor of "bulk business mail" to improve post-office morale. But we know what it is.

Junk mail is concerned exclusively with one thing: parting you from your money. It falls into three categories. There are charitable and political solicitations, promising you nothing for your money; product and service solicitations, promising you something for your money; and financial solicitations, promising to multiply your money. I respond most often to the first category because it delivers most faithfully on its promise.

But the more one responds, the greater the deluge. The way to deal with junk mail is not even to look at it. Anything that arrives with less than 20 cents postage or with a computer-generated address label gets tossed out unopened.

Which is why advertising copywriters have begun reserving their most inspired moments not for the messages printed inside the envelopes but for the messages outside. Somehow, between the time you bend your right wrist, clawlike, to clasp the top envelope in the pile cradled in your left hand and the time, a moment later, you flick that same wrist to send the envelope flying to the trash—in that moment, a message of such urgency and intrigue must be conveyed as to stun you in mid-flick.

Examples abound.

From Mutual of Omaha: IF YOU THINK \$2 DOESN'T BUY MUCH ANYMORE, LOOK INSIDE . . . YOU'LL BE AMAZED! ("Oh, my God, Meg, come and look at this! They're selling *insurance!*") Who would'a thunk it?

From an address in Washington: TED KENNEDY HOPES YOU'LL THROW THIS AWAY!! Out it goes.

Bulk rate from THE HONORABLE RONALD WILSON REAGAN, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. (Oh, *that* Ronald Wilson Reagan.) Wonder what he could want. Out it goes.

From the American Civil Liberties Union: AN OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT REAGAN. (Gosh! Letters to Reagan, from Reagan. . . Should I forward it?) Out it goes.

From *International Living*: YOU CAN NOW EARN UP TO \$80,000 TAX-FREE BY LIVING ABROAD . . . (assuming you have the skills to earn \$80,000 and don't mind living abroad).

Some junk mail can be strangely personal—and not just because of the strange ways they stick your name, or variants thereon, into the advertising copy.

From a doctor in San Antonio: ARE YOU OVER 40? [No.] YOU COULD BE MISSING OUT ON THE BEST SEX OF YOUR ENTIRE LIFE! [Really?] TO FIND OUT WHY, SEE INSIDE. [Well, it can't hurt to look.]

From *Ovation* magazine, bulk rate, a "special invitation" from my cousin André Previn. As it is the first and only communication, verbal, visual or otherwise, I have ever had from my spectacularly gifted cousin—I've never met him—and as my middle name is Previn (really; we're cousins), I am sorely tempted to open it. Out it goes.

From a company in Illinois: "Do you have a system for getting organized that works?" They have a wall-sized calendar.

A hazard in throwing all this out unopened is that you won't know what you're missing. Take the envelope headlined ME? SLEEP IN A SUBWAY STATION? Either some wonderfully creative real-estate developer had hit upon renovating unused subway stations (in which case I was being offered a "great space, no view") or this was an appeal to aid New York's homeless. We'll never know. And what are we to make of DEMAND A NUCLEAR-FREE NEW YORK? Was New York planning to join the arms race? Or was this about the Shoreham, Long Island, nuclear power plant? You'd assume the latter, but judging from the fine print—still (continued on page 144)



GETTING EVENSON

it's not easy to catch miss september, but it might help if you're the tarzan type

FANTASIES? Oh, I have lots of fantasies." Kimberly Evenson mentally inventoried her store of daydreams, searching for one that might not be too revealing. "One of my favorites is being out in nature, feeling really healthy and being with the greatest guy, somebody like—Tarzan. Maybe that's a common fantasy, but it's a great one if you think about it." Kim would make a proper Jane, all right. She's at least as tough as any urban ape man. "I've always been an



Kim has found that a little time and travel can be very broadening. "I used to be really shy, and I've just broken that barrier. Back in Minnesota, forget it—I wouldn't say anything!"



Running into the line (above) in the regular Sunday touch game in Suffern, New York, Kim breaks for daylight, then attempts an illegal forward pass, for which she's temporarily benched (below) in a four-wheeler on the side lines.

athlete. I love sports. I was always the fastest runner. I'd play football with the boys and they'd never catch me. In soccer, I'd always be put against the biggest, fattest monster on the field. I didn't care; I'd just go for it. They'd call me an animal!"

Going up against it seems to turn Kim on. She likes to flex her muscles and test her resiliency. Each time she pushes the limit, she learns something. "I like to win, even if it means getting hurt. But I almost never get hurt. I've got these bones that just seem to bounce when they're supposed



to. If I twist an ankle, it just twists right back. I've always been tough."

Born an Army brat in Bremerhaven, Germany, Kim grew up in Minnesota. She was 12 when her parents separated, and a few years later, she moved with her mother and her two siblings from Minnesota to Rockland County, New York. She was understandably disoriented and—because her mother was busy taking care of three children, going to law school and paying the rent—rather undisciplined. Kim had a taste for adventure and none for academics.

"I love my freedom too much. What I didn't like about high school was the fact that you had to be ready for it and you had to be there *every* day! I'm the kind of person who will just get up and go somewhere, take a plane! If, of course, I'm in a situation where I can do that."

Following her escape from high school, Kim decided to challenge Manhattan. A few parts in small productions while in high school had convinced her that she'd like to be an actress, and she knew some study in New York City would be in order. To finance her acting classes, she modeled and took part-time jobs, including one as a Bunny at the Playboy Club.

"That was fun—I loved the costume. I was a Door Bunny, because there weren't any jobs open on the floor. Unfortunately, I was working from ten at night until five in the morning and then going to school at seven. I was *exhausted*. So I had to quit after a few weeks. I just couldn't handle it anymore. But I had fun." Establishing



Life in Rockland County, New York, has an almost Rockwellian flavor to it; it's just the place for a country girl like Kim and her brothers and sisters. At left, she visits a used-book store in Nyack with her older sister, then shows her younger half sister a few skating tricks (above). That's her half sister and brother (opposite, bottom) getting a line on some unsuspecting fish. Below, a tired Kim stretches out.





"I went to Grenada to do some test photography. I was there when the Marines were there. Yeah, word got around. In fact, we had a pretty big audience for one of the shots we did at the shore. They let us use their military equipment. I had guns and cartridge belts and everything."

herself in the Big Apple gave Kim confidence. She learned a lot about the show-business world and quite a bit about show-business people. "In the acting business in New York, there are many so-called managers, producers and agents who will promise you the world for a small fee. Those were approaches I stayed away from, because I wasn't hearing any solid promises. I knew talent would get me success faster than anything they could offer."

When she was offered a ticket to Los Angeles for her Playmate shooting, Kim heard the siren call of the cinema and decided to uproot again. That move, though, will be a little more difficult. "Right now, I'm going to have to adjust to coming out to L.A., getting an apartment, getting a manager, going to school—and being farther from my mother. I've always been real close to her. Before, I could always run back home from Manhattan. Now I'll have to work very hard and make lots of money so I can call her long-distance." Kim's not at all worried about her future, though. "I've got this thing inside me that says, 'If you want something, just go for it.' I've been thrown into so many new situations that I feel that if I got thrown some more, I could take care of myself." We don't doubt that for a minute.



After seeing the results of the conflict in Grenada and being there during the occupation of the sleepy Caribbean island, Kimberly has definite ideas about social justice. "What really ticks me off is violence. I hate war! I also hate seeing anybody left out. Everybody should be in. Everybody! You know how sometimes a mean kid will say to another kid, 'You can't play with us'? Well, I think everybody should get a chance to play."





"I like a lot of attention, but I'm not really the jealous type. If there's another pretty girl around, that's fine with me. If I can learn something from her, well, that's even better, in my book."





Kim's specific about the kind of man who attracts her. "My tastes in men? Well, as far as looks are concerned, I've always liked dark-haired, kind of rough-looking guys who wear blue jeans and can handle anything. And who love women!"

GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS / ADDITIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





Kimberly Evenson

MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kimberly Evenson

BUST: 36 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: 11/3/62 BIRTHPLACE: Bremerhaven, Germany

AMBITION: To be the biggest star on the silver screen.

TURN-ONS: cute guys, rock 'n' roll, nature, fast cars, motorcycles, adventures

TURN-OFFS: cigarettes, fighting, times when things don't go as planned

FAVORITE MOVIES: Rocky, The Godfather, The Deer Hunter, An Officer and a Gentleman, Greystoke

FAVORITE SPORTS: football, soccer, swimming, climbing mountains and, recently, surfing

FAVORITE PLACE: In the water, or in bed, or anywhere in nature

IDEAL EVENING: Starting with a good day on the beach, then cruisin' to a rock concert, then to a party, ending in a cozy place.

BIGGEST JOY: Getting the news that I will be cast for a part in a movie

Age 4

Age 10

Age 16



Looking cute for Mommy.

In my favorite blouse.

Still with baby fat.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

What's so funny about my breaking out a new prophylactic for our repeat performance?" the puzzled Londoner inquired of his American-tourist date.

"It's just that I can assure my friends when I get back home," giggled the girl, "that I saw two versions of the changing of the guard."

Rumor has it that in his next film, Clint Eastwood will play a cop working undercover at a busy metropolitan airport in an improbable disguise. Its title? *Dirty Hare Krishna*.



The end really came for me," the woman explained to the divorce attorney, "when I found out that my husband had been secretly decorating his penis for years with inscriptions in invisible ink. It seems that the jerk took a certain kinky delight in putting words in my mouth!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *tearing off a quickie* as gunning the jump.

*My mind," cried the astronaut, "whirled
While joy currents eddied and swirled!
There was great copulation
At that stellar space station!
It was sex that was out of this world!"*

The equivalent of guys' playing pocket pool, it's occurred to us, is girls' playing the slots.

It was after a less than enthusiastic bit of love-making that the woman snapped, "You're just lucky that I don't make you pay me what I'm worth for submitting to you!"

"I sure am!" retorted her husband. "They'd probably charge me with breaking the minimum-wage law!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *corporate virgin* as a girl who is new to the firm.

Hyperconservatives in Israel are said to be opposed to the issuance of a visa to an entertainer called Goy George.

Maybe you've heard about the small-town streetwalker who visited New York and had several flops on Broadway.

I was misquoted!" the politician insisted angrily. "What I said was that establishing and standardizing procedures for conjugal visits in our prisons was a *thorny* problem."

*Said a crusty old colonel named Waters
To his sheltered and virginal daughters:
"If you're offered a buck
To go out for a fuck,
Just insist you're restricted to quarters."*

During an interplanetary social-exchange visit, a Martian couple suggested to the guest earthling couple that they swap spouses. When one pair were alone and the Martian male had stripped, the woman from earth noticed that his penis was quite small. But he proceeded to twirl a finger in one ear, which caused his organ to lengthen dramatically, and then do the same thing in the other ear, which made his organ thicken in similar fashion.

"How was your session, dear?" the earthwoman subsequently asked her husband.

"Not too satisfactory, I'm afraid," he replied. "Not only did that Martian babe turn out to have a very large vagina; she also distracted me during the act by tickling my ears like crazy!"



Where did you spend your honeymoon?" the girl was asked.

"On a Caribbean island," she replied, "but from the way my husband performed, it seemed more like Mount Rushmore!"

The difference between a masseuse and a cocksman who shares the contents of his little black book is that the girl is a layer-on of hands, whereas the guy is a hander-on of lays.

My blind date last night was a real cultured gentleman," reported the girl.

"What did he do," asked her roommate, "take you to the opera or discuss vintage wines?"

"Neither one of those things. After he'd gone down on me, he told me I smelled like caviar!"

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.



COCAINE

A SPECIAL REPORT

the world knows that this glamorous drug has turned mean—but only a handful of people know why

article

By LAURENCE GONZALES

IN 1982, a man—call him Tom—was hospitalized for aplastic anemia, a bone-marrow disease. Tom underwent surgery twice. He was 22 years old and psychologically normal, according to his physicians. One effect of his illness was sores in his mouth. As part of his treatment, for pain, he was given the topical anesthetic cocaine—about a third of a gram every four hours for 16 days. It got into his blood stream the same way cocaine gets into the blood stream of people who snort it: through the membranes that line the nose and mouth. A report in the *New England Journal of Medicine* explained what happened as a result:

Day 16 the patient's pulse rose . . . to 140 [beats] per minute, and he had nausea, vomiting, headaches, insomnia, chills and fever, in spite of other normal vital signs. During the next 18 hours, he reported seeing ants on his clothes, in his food, on nursing personnel and throughout his room; his euphoric mood was punctuated by irritability and pressured speech. He saw "shadows" of his mother and related a hallucination in which he witnessed a cardiac arrest in an adjacent room. He became increasingly garrulous and active, pacing his room, cleaning his drawers, upholstering a chair [sic] and re-taping his intravenous needle. During the next six hours, he exhibited jerking muscular movement, twitching of his head and extremities and a fine tremor. A tentative diagnosis of toxic cocaine psychosis was made.

There are a number of important implications of Tom's experience. For one

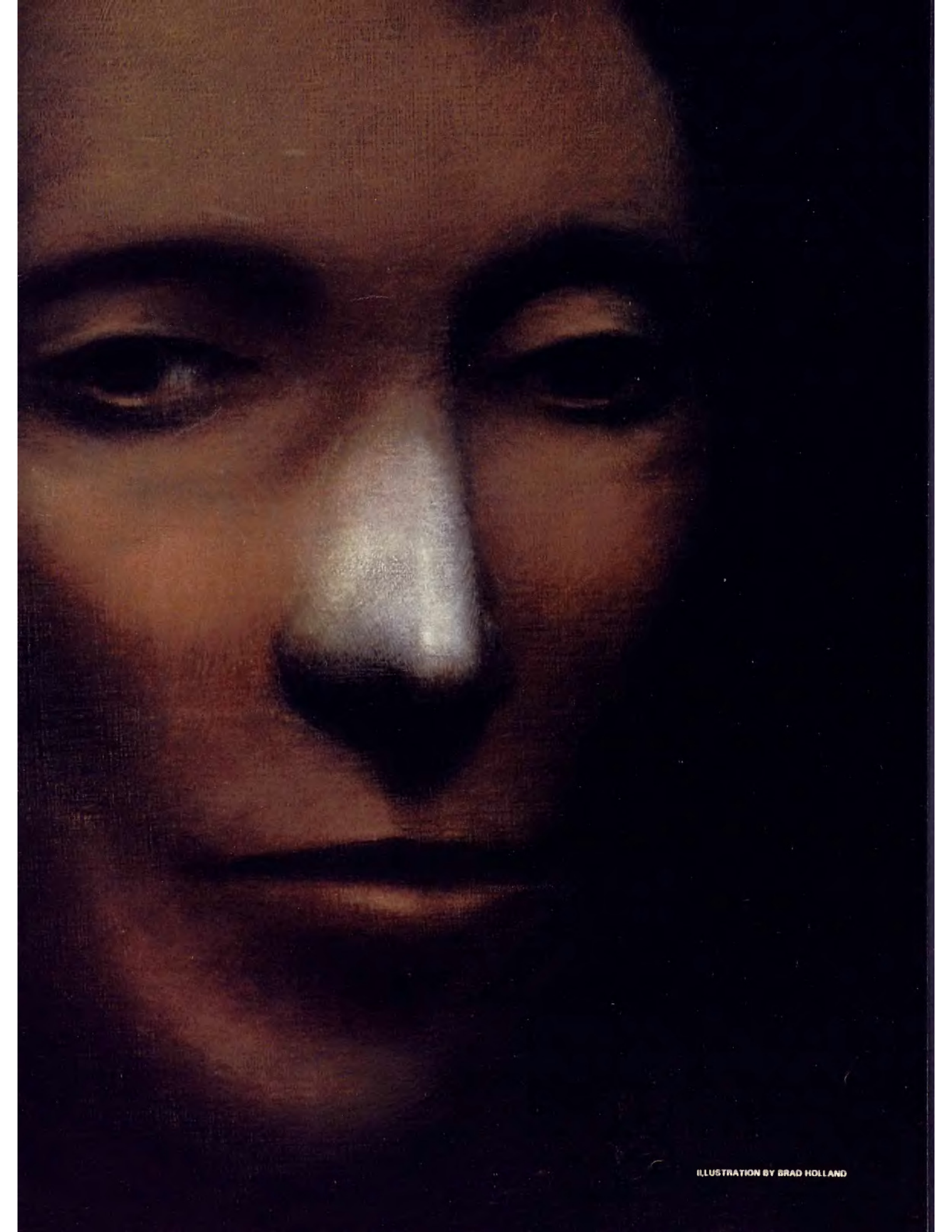


ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

thing, it was the first time cocaine psychosis had been observed in a controlled hospital setting. Such severe psychological reactions to cocaine had been reported by recreational users, but they remained rumor. Tom's case showed us what may sound absurd to people who have taken the drug without ill effects: Cocaine can make you crazy.

And his case also implied something far more complex and difficult to deal with. For when the doctors had reduced the dosage of cocaine to a third of a gram every 12 to 15 hours, Tom's behavior returned to normal. He recovered from the psychosis and tolerated the regular use of cocaine quite well.

What does Tom's case mean? Is cocaine dangerous? Is it safe in small doses? Is it addictive (and what does addictive mean)? Does cocaine eventually make you crazy? Or was there something special about Tom that made him see ants?

To answer such questions, PLAYBOY sought out the top scientists, psychologists and psychiatrists doing work in cocaine research. What we learned was that the study of cocaine has by no means been thorough. There is little funding and there are few major researchers. The ones who are deeply involved, the quintessential experts, are represented here. And although they all seem to be reaching more or less the same conclusions independently—rather alarming news about cocaine—they are quick to admit that their findings need corroboration.

In part, that corroboration has been slow in coming due to the politics of drug research. Much of the study is funded by the Government through the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA), and cocaine has traditionally been a hot potato. Many people in Government circles are reluctant to encourage research that doesn't say cocaine is 100 percent bad for 100 percent of the people. Tom's case is not black and white enough. Cocaine, in short, suffers from a public-relations problem. It has no Betty Ford.

The three scientists who have done the most significant cocaine research with humans in this country in the past ten years are Drs. Mark S. Gold, Ronald K. Siegel and David E. Smith. There are many other scientists who have done important work with animals and with the measurement of cocaine's chemical effects on the human body. But those are the nation's top experts concerning the larger questions: Is cocaine bad for me? How bad? Is it addictive? What will happen if I take it? Can I recover if I get into trouble taking it? Can it kill me?

Dr. Gold, director of research at Fair Oaks Hospital in Summit, New Jersey, established the National Cocaine Helpline, which people could call for help with cocaine problems. To everyone's surprise, some 400,000 people called during the

first year. No one had guessed that the nation's cocaine problem was that large. Using the callers as a sample, Gold has generated the world's largest statistical base for information about the way people use cocaine (as opposed to the way scientists use cocaine on people in laboratories) and what it does to them.

Dr. Siegel has recently completed the first scientific study of regular cocaine users over a long period—nine years. Prior to Siegel's experiment, funded by NIDA, no one had ever determined what would happen to a group of people who used cocaine for nearly a decade. Siegel's findings are published here for the first time.

Dr. Smith founded the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic in 1967 to treat the victims of the drug explosion of the Sixties. In the decade and a half since then, he has become an internationally known researcher studying all drug addiction. His clinic and research facility are on the cutting edge of cocaine research and the receiving end of what he, Siegel and Gold agree is a major cocaine-abuse epidemic.

At this point, these three authorities are in agreement about three other important facts: (1) Cocaine is an addictive drug; (2) it is much more dangerous than we thought; (3) we need a lot more research before we know precisely how cocaine works and to whom it presents a danger.

The Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic is located on Clayton Street between Haight and Page, near San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. For anyone who was there in the Sixties, the history pours off the street like vapor. The same junkies I saw there in 1967 and 1968 seem to be standing in the same line going up the stairs to the same clinic. But there have been changes as well. Dr. David Smith is no longer just an idealistic young doctor trying to help out junkies. He and a handful of colleagues around the world are changing the way we look at all drug addicts, from those we see in the gutter to those who appear on *The Tonight Show*.

I waited for Smith in the clinic's pharmacy, an upstairs room in an old house where detoxification drugs are dispensed to the patients. A sign on the door said, MIXING YOUR MEDS WITH BOOZE OR DOPE CAN KILL YOU. The room was close with people and cigarette smoke and the smell of sweat. A sign on the counter read, IF YOU CAN'T KEEP IT TOGETHER AND LOSE YOUR PILLS AFTER LEAVING HERE, TOUGH SHIT.

The pharmacy counter had been knocked together from plywood and two-by-fours, and behind it sat the doctor of pharmacology, Greg Hayner, a big, bearded man in a plaid shirt and blue jeans, dispensing pills and friendly banter. Next to him was a registered nurse, though you wouldn't have known it from her blue jeans and sweat shirt. "You come

in here pinned again, I'll cut you off cold," she told one junkie who had eaten all his prescription pills the first night because he couldn't stand the pain. Behind her was a closet full of drugs. The walls were haphazardly decorated with posters of Santana, Grateful Dead, Stones, Traffic, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks—it was a museum of the Sixties, all those great bands that brought us all those great drugs.

But this was the last temple of junkies, seekers of atonement. This was the place where they made their last stand or died trying. It was serious business. Hayner picked up the phone and talked for a minute. Then he put his hand over the mouthpiece and said to the nurse, "This lady just did a shitload of coke and has all the symptoms of a heart attack and wants to know what to do." He was cool, as if handling a client who wanted to know what stock to buy today.

"She should go to an emergency room," the nurse said.

"I mean, numbness, nausea, pain in the left arm—everything."

"Emergency room. Just in case."

Most who go there are heroin addicts, and they know what their problem is: smack. Everybody knows you can overdose on smack. The woman on the line was another kind of junkie. Her problem was more complicated: She didn't know you could overdose on cocaine.

Smith publishes some of his scientific work with an M.D. researcher named Donald R. Wesson. Insiders call their papers Smith & Wessons, and their publication often comes with the impact of a .38 Special. Smith wears large spectacles and his skin is drawn and tan. He rolls his eyes heavenward as he talks of cocaine.

"I study addictive disease," he says. "Addiction may be a disease itself. That's how we regard it and that's how we treat it. There is a commonality of addictive process regardless of the drug." In other words, what you're taking does not matter as much as who you are. Some people will take the drug—any drug—and not get addicted. Others will take it once and be inexorably drawn to it. The drug is the same; the people are different.

Addiction is a term that has long been ill defined and often redefined. Today it has been defined again, though this time in a way seemingly more practical than ever before. An addictive drug is one that can produce in a significant number of people three conditions: (1) compulsion; (2) loss of control; and (3) continued use of the drug in spite of adverse effects.

(continued on page 148)

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

the country's leading expert gives his pre-season picks for the top college teams and players

sports **By ANSON MOUNT**

THORPE. GRANGE. NAGURSKI. The very mention of the names of those hallowed immortals of yesteryear inspires reverence. But most of us are unaware that those superstars performed at a level far below today's athletic standards. The norms of physical excellence have risen so much in the past half century that most of the demigods of the past couldn't win a starting position on an average team today. Size, speed, agility and sheer numbers have increased dramatically.

Consider the following: (1) The average weight of Notre Dame's immortal Four Horsemen was 159 pounds; (2) Alex Agase, one of the very few players to win All-America honors in three of his four years in college, played guard (both ways) at 190 pounds; (3) Bert Metzger, a consensus All-America guard at Notre Dame in 1930 who was recently inducted into the College Football Hall of Fame, was 5'8" and weighed 149½ pounds; (4) judging from old game films, such immortal runners as Jim Thorpe and Bronco Nagurski were far too slow and cumbersome to make most college teams today. Even Red Grange would have been little better than an average tailback.

This isn't a rap against the greats of the past. They fully deserve the respect still



TOP 20 TEAMS

1. Auburn	11-1	11. Missouri	9-2
2. Alabama	10-1	12. Southern Cal	8-3
3. Pittsburgh	9-2	13. Nebraska	9-2
4. Clemson	10-1	14. Miami	8-4
5. Michigan	9-2	15. Florida State	8-3
6. Texas	9-2	16. Oklahoma State	9-2
7. Washington	9-2	17. Florida	8-3
8. Wisconsin	9-2	18. Illinois	8-3
9. Notre Dame	9-2	19. Southern Methodist	8-3
10. Arizona State	9-2	20. Oklahoma	8-3

Possible Breakthroughs: Syracuse (8-3), Texas A & M (8-3), Brigham Young (8-4), West Virginia (8-3), Arkansas (8-3), Boston College (7-4), Calarado State (8-3).

Auburn's Bo Jackson rumbles through the line in last year's game with Maryland. This season, Jackson—and the Tigers—may go all the way.

DEFENSE

Left to right, top to bottom: Lee Johnson (10), punter, Brigham Young; Ray Childress (53), lineman, Texas A & M; Jack Del Rio (52), linebacker, USC; Gregg Carr (54), linebacker, Auburn; Brad Cochran (30), defensive back, Michigan; Bruce Smith (78), lineman, Virginia Tech; Craig Swoope (12), defensive back, Illinois; Tony Degrate (99), lineman, Texas; Micah Moon (39), linebacker, North Carolina; Kevin Murphy (39), lineman, Oklahoma; Jerry Gray (2), defensive back, Texas; Liffort Hobley (29), defensive back, LSU.

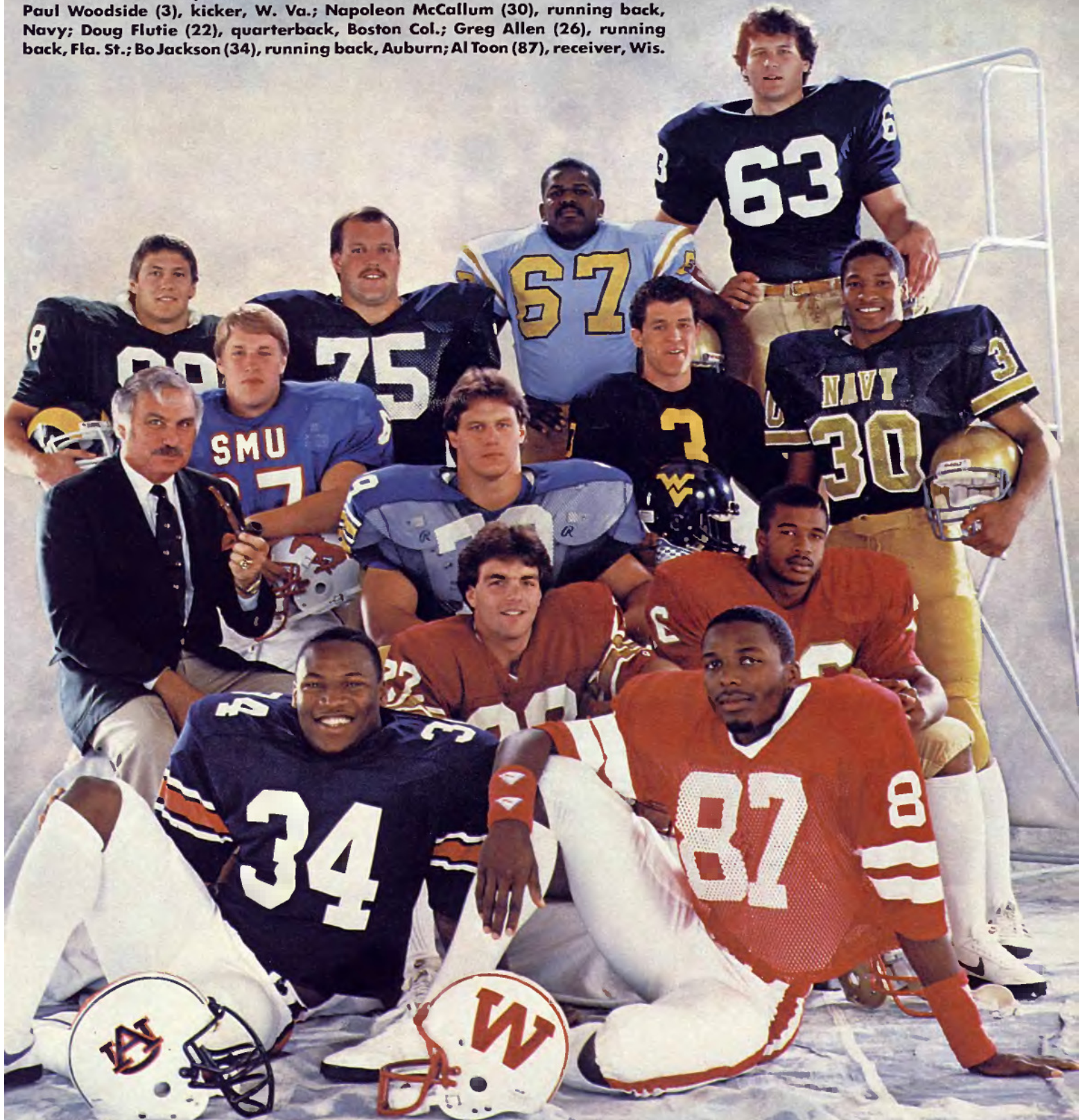


THE 1984 PLAYBOY

OFFENSE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARMY FREYTAG

Left to right, top to bottom: Keli McGregor (88), tight end, Col. St.; Larry Williams (75), lineman, Notre Dame; Duval Love (67), lineman, UCLA; Mike Kelley (63), center, Notre Dame; Howard Schnellenberger, Coach of the Year, Miami; Andrew Campbell (67), lineman, SMU; Bill Fralic (79), lineman, Pitt.; Paul Woodside (3), kicker, W. Va.; Napoleon McCallum (30), running back, Navy; Doug Flutie (22), quarterback, Boston Col.; Greg Allen (26), running back, Fla. St.; Bo Jackson (34), running back, Auburn; Al Toon (87), receiver, Wis.



ALL-AMERICA TEAM

BEST OF THE REST

(Listed in order of excellence at their positions, all have a good chance of making someone's All-America team)

QUARTERBACKS: Chuck Long (Iowa); Bernie Kosar (Miami); Jeff Wickersham (Louisiana State); John Payne (Stanford)

RUNNING BACKS: Allen Pinkett (Notre Dame); D. J. Dozier (Penn State); Edwin Simmons (Texas); Robert Lavette (Georgia Tech); Joe McIntosh (North Carolina State); Dalton Hilliard (Louisiana State)

RECEIVERS: Tracy Henderson (Iowa State); Chuck Scott (Vanderbilt); Eric Martin (Louisiana State); Emile Harry (Stanford); Mike Sherrard (UCLA); Arnold Franklin (North Carolina)

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Dan Lynch (Washington State); Jim Juriga (Illinois); Bill Mayo (Tennessee); Mark Behning (Nebraska)

CENTERS: Mark Traynowicz (Nebraska); Ian Sinclair (Miami); Chris Jackson (Southern Methodist)

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: William Perry (Clemson); Ben Thomas (Auburn); Tim Green (Syracuse); Keith Cruise (Northwestern); Ron Holmes (Washington); Kevin Brooks (Michigan)

LINEBACKERS: Larry Station (Iowa); Neal Dellocono (UCLA); Knox Culpepper (Georgia); Lamonte Hunley (Arizona); Mike Golic (Notre Dame); Willie Pless (Kansas)

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Rod Woodson (Purdue); Ken Calhoun (Miami); Jeff Sanchez (Georgia); Phillip Parker (Michigan State); David Fulcher (Arizona State)

KICKERS: Ralf Mojsiejenko (Michigan State); Kevin Butler (Georgia); Luis Zendejas (Arizona State); Max Zendejas (Arizona); Fuad Reveiz (Tennessee)

FIRST-YEAR PHENOMS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who should make it big)

Lynwood Alford, linebacker	Syracuse
John Gay, runner	West Virginia
Bob Cernok, quarterback	Michigan
Roy Hairston, linebacker	Illinois
Lorenzo White, runner	Michigan State
Cris Carter, receiver	Ohio State
Dan Ford, quarterback	Minnesota
Ran Stallworth, defensive lineman	Auburn
Vince Sutton, quarterback	Alabama
Scott Armstrong, linebacker	Florida
Lars Tate, runner	Georgia
Randy Sanders, quarterback	Tennessee
Mark Higgs, runner	Kentucky
Jamie Harris, quarterback	Wake Forest
John McVeigh, linebacker	Miami
Kevin White, quarterback	South Carolina
Ken Karcher, quarterback	Tulane
Alex Espinoza, quarterback	Iowa State
Anthony Weatherspoon, runner	Colorado
Dewayne Walls, runner	Baylor
Chris Chandler, quarterback	Washington
Andy Baroncelli, center	Southern Cal
Marcus Greenwood, runner	UCLA
John DuBose, offensive lineman	Arizona
Steve Steenwyk, quarterback	Oregon State
Brad Ipsen, quarterback	Utah State

given them, because they rose far above the norms of their day.

"They were legitimate heroes," Dallas Cowboys coach Tom Landry says. "Athletic standards are constantly rising, and in every era there are a few players who are ten years ahead of their time."

Why have there been such precipitous improvements in athletic ability in only a few decades? Nutrition is much better now, for one thing. High school athletic programs are vastly improved, and there are now so many superb athletes coming out of high school that the major colleges can't begin to take them all. The situation is illustrated by the fact that the first player taken in the N.F.L. draft next year will probably be wide receiver Jerry Rice of Mississippi Valley State University. That's in Itta Bena, Mississippi, in case you're wondering.

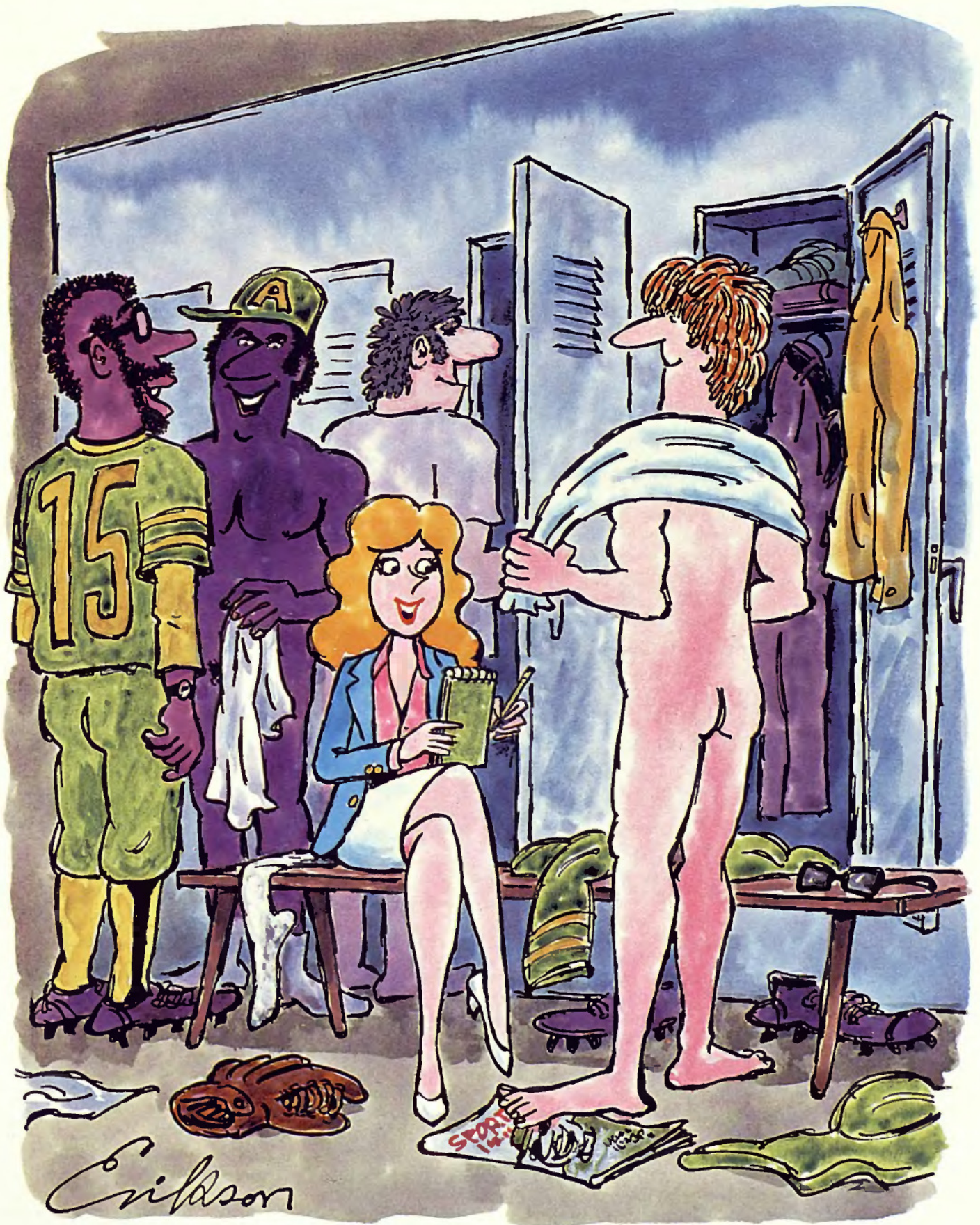
Another reason for today's burgeoning athletic excellence, coach Landry explained, is the abandonment of the old taboo against strength training. Weight lifting, it was said 25 years ago, would make you muscle-bound. But athletic trainers have learned to combine weights with aerobics and agility exercises, which is why 260-pound linemen now can be as fast as the halfbacks of a generation ago.

But perhaps the most important reason for the recent growth of athletic excellence is the integration of black players into college sports. For years, blacks were all but excluded from the game. In the past ten seasons, however, the Playboy All-Americans have been almost evenly divided racially. And we don't pick them for color.

So while we revere the athletic heroes of the past, let's appreciate the fact that today's college football players—and the game they play—are much better than when our grandparents had season tickets. And while we wait impatiently for this year's excitement, let's take a look at the prospects of teams around the country.

This will be a big year in Pittsburgh. Returning are quarterback John Congemi, his favorite receiver, Bill Wallace, and, most of all, an *awesome* offensive line. Playboy All-America tackle Bill Fralic could, if justice were served, be the first interior lineman in history to win the Heisman Trophy. If coach Foge Fazio can find a fleet tailback and reinforcements for the secondary, the Panthers will have a good shot at the national championship.

Syracuse is the most improved team in the East. The offensive unit returns nine starters and will avoid a repeat of last year's frustrating inconsistency. The Orangemen have two quality quarterbacks (Todd Norley and Don McPherson), a bevy of good runners and their best receiving corps in many years. The defensive crew won't be quite as fearsome as last year's and the schedule is the toughest



"No wonder you score so often!"

ever; but, with a little luck, this could be the Orangemen's best season in decades.

West Virginia coach Don Nehlen must find a new quarterback to run an otherwise deep and experienced offensive unit. Kevin White should win the job. The main cog in the Mountaineers' scoring machine will be Playboy All-America kicker Paul Woodside, an exemplary young man who holds more N.C.A.A. records than you can shake a foot at.

Boston College will once again have an explosive veteran offense, led by Playboy All-America quarterback Doug Flutie, plus a battle-hardened defensive unit. The schedule, unfortunately, is a nightmare. The Eagles will be a better team than last year's, but it will be very difficult for them to win nine games again.

Penn State could be the best team in the East and still have an unimpressive record—the Nittany Lions' schedule is loaded with national-championship contenders. The talent pool is, as always, deep, but it's young, too. Sophomore D. J.

THE EAST			
INDEPENDENTS			
Pittsburgh	9-2	Navy	4-7
Syracuse	8-3	Temple	4-7
West Virginia	8-3	Rutgers	4-6
Boston College	7-4	Army	3-8
Penn State	6-5		
IVY LEAGUE			
Pennsylvania	7-2	Brown	4-5
Cornell	6-3	Dartmouth	4-5
Harvard	5-4	Yale	3-6
Princeton	5-4	Columbia	2-7

ALL-EAST: Fraic, Benson, Dolerman, Wallace (Pittsburgh); Green, McAulay (Syracuse); Woodside, Gay (West Virginia); Flutie, Ruth (Boston College); Dozier, Short (Penn State); McCallum, Wallace (Navy); Young, Shenefelt (Temple); Baker, Andrews (Rutgers); Stopa, Gentile (Army); Chambers (Penn); Baker (Cornell); Caron (Harvard); Butler, Graham (Princeton); Moskala (Brown); Weissman (Dartmouth); Curtin (Yale); Upperco (Columbia).

Dozier will be the best running back in the country before he graduates. The Lions' attack will be operated by quarterback Doug Strang, who doesn't have many quality receivers.

Navy's main man will again be Playboy All-America running back Napoleon McCallum, but some of the pressure will be taken off him this fall by an improved passing attack. Two well-armed passers, Ricky Williamson and Bob Misch, will contend for the quarterback job.

Temple will have 22 quality starters, but the reserves will be thin, young or nonexistent. All the quarterback candidates are green, but they'll be throwing to a crew of solid receivers.

Some intriguing things are going on at Rutgers. It is the state university of New Jersey, and local political types are becoming embarrassed by their school's persistent absence from the top 20. After all, Rutgers (with Princeton) *invented* the

game. So a gung-ho development program is under way. New, enlarged facilities have been promised, and lots of money is being pumped into Rutgers football. A new, elite coaching staff is headed by Dick Anderson, but it will have a tough time improving the won-lost slate until Anderson's crash recruiting program begins to bear fruit. He will field an impressive passing attack if quarterback Eric Hochberg's knee is fully operational.

The past few seasons have been rather bleak at West Point. Hopes for improvement this year center on a switch to the wishbone attack, which will make better use of the available Cadets. Super place kicker Craig Stopa will get plenty of chances to show off his range this fall.

Pennsylvania has been co-champion of the Ivy League the past two years, largely owing to an excellent defense and the coaching brilliance of Jerry Berndt. The defense will be even stronger this year, but Berndt must do a major patch-up job on his porous offensive line.

Cornell will also benefit from the expertise of a great coach, Maxie Baughan. His rebuilding efforts will make Cornell the most improved team in the Brain Chain this year, and tailback Tony Baker will be the Big Red's main weapon.

Harvard should also contend for the Ivy crown. The Crimson's main problem is the graduation of several key players. The quarterback job is up for grabs, with Brian White the leading candidate.

Princeton also lost some skilled offensive players, but the defensive unit, a big problem last year, will be much improved. Coach John Rosenberg will be looking for a starting quarterback in pre-season drills at Brown. Steve Kettelberger is the prime candidate.

Dartmouth, in keeping with hallowed tradition, will have a staunch defense. The offensive guns will be quarterback Mike Caraviello and an elusive open-field runner named Rich Weissman.

Yale is coming off a disastrous 1-9 season, but this year's team will be much stronger; many young players got valuable game experience last year because of injuries to now-departed starters.

The fear at Columbia is that the graduation of John Witkowski, one of the best quarterbacks in Ivy League history, will be too great a loss to overcome. Pete Murphy and Peter von Schoenermarck are the likely replacements, and they *will* have several classy receivers.

If Michigan coach Bo Schembechler can find an adequate quarterback in pre-season drills, the Wolverines will have the best shot at the Big Ten title. Jim Harbaugh is the heir apparent to the job, but keep an eye on incoming freshman Bob Cernak. The running game, featuring fullback Eddie Garret and tailback Gerald White, will be awesome, and the offensive

line will be one of the nation's most fearsome. The stopper crew, led by Playboy All-America defensive back Brad Cochran, will be tougher than last year's. But Michigan's main weakness in defense is at the two outside linebacker positions, where Michigan lacks depth.

With 18 starters returning, Wisconsin will be the most improved team in the league. The only iffy spot is at quarter-

THE MIDWEST			
BIG TEN			
Michigan	9-2	Iowa	7-5
Wisconsin	9-2	Minnesota	4-7
Illinois	8-3	Purdue	3-8
Michigan State	8-3	Northwestern	3-8
Ohio State	7-4	Indiana	3-8
MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE			
Central Michigan	9-2	Western Michigan	5-6
Bowling Green	8-3	Ohio University	4-7
Northern Illinois	8-3	Miami	3-8
Toledo	8-3	Kent State	3-8
Ball State	6-5	Eastern Michigan	2-9
INDEPENDENTS			
Notre Dame	9-2	Cincinnati	3-8
Louisville	3-8		

ALL-MIDWEST: Cochran, Brooks, Nelson (Michigan); Toon, Melka (Wisconsin); Swoope, Juriga (Illinois); Mojsiejenko, Parker (Michigan State); Byars, Krewicz (Ohio State); Long, Station (Iowa); Najarian (Minnesota); Woodson (Purdue); Cruise (Northwestern); Bradley (Indiana); Adams (Central Michigan); McClure (Bowling Green); Richardson (Northern Illinois); Morgan (Toledo); Leuck (Ball State); Toth (Western Michigan); Carter (Ohio U); Rollins (Miami); Hughes (Kent State); Smith (Eastern Michigan); Kelley, Williams, Pinkett, Johnson (Notre Dame); Cade, Perry (Louisville); Bodine, Apke (Cincinnati).

back, but three capable candidates are available. Whoever wins the job will benefit from the presence of Playboy All-America receiver Al Toon. Last year's young defensive line has toughened, and the linebacking corps is superb.

The Illinois footballers surprised even themselves—and stunned the rest of the Big Ten—by making a clean sweep of their conference foes last year and winning the Big Ten title for the first time since . . . well, most fans had a hard time remembering that far back. It won't be so simple this year, because opponents will be much more wary of the Illini. Another problem is the absence of last year's entire defensive front—several junior college transfers will try to fill in the holes. The secondary, led by Playboy All-America safety Craig Swoope, will be one of the country's best. Look for a lot of scoring binges in Champaign-Urbana this year.

Michigan State will also have a much-improved team, mostly because last year's remarkable skein of injuries (among other misfortunes, both top quarterbacks were lost for the season on *consecutive plays*) isn't likely to repeat itself. A large contingent of redshirts, junior college transfers and prime-quality freshmen will add heavy reinforcement to this year's Spartan

(continued on page 187)

BEAUTIFUL SCREAMERS

a playboy stable of slinky machines that are almost as good as sex

article **By GARY WITZENBURG**

SHOULD YOUR NEIGHBORS ask you, as you glide by, what kind of car the Lagonda is," sneers the Aston Martin ad, "by all means tell them. Should they ask where they can get one, tell them they probably can't." At \$152,000, the hand-built Lagonda stands at the top of a class of car that's drool quotient is higher than the national debt or Don Rickles' blood pressure. We call it a Beautiful Screamer. A Beautiful Screamer is a profile car, one that is meant to be seen—and driven. It's a distinctive piece of machinery that's as fast and sinewy as it is stunning. More important, it's a symbol. It speaks volumes about the indi-

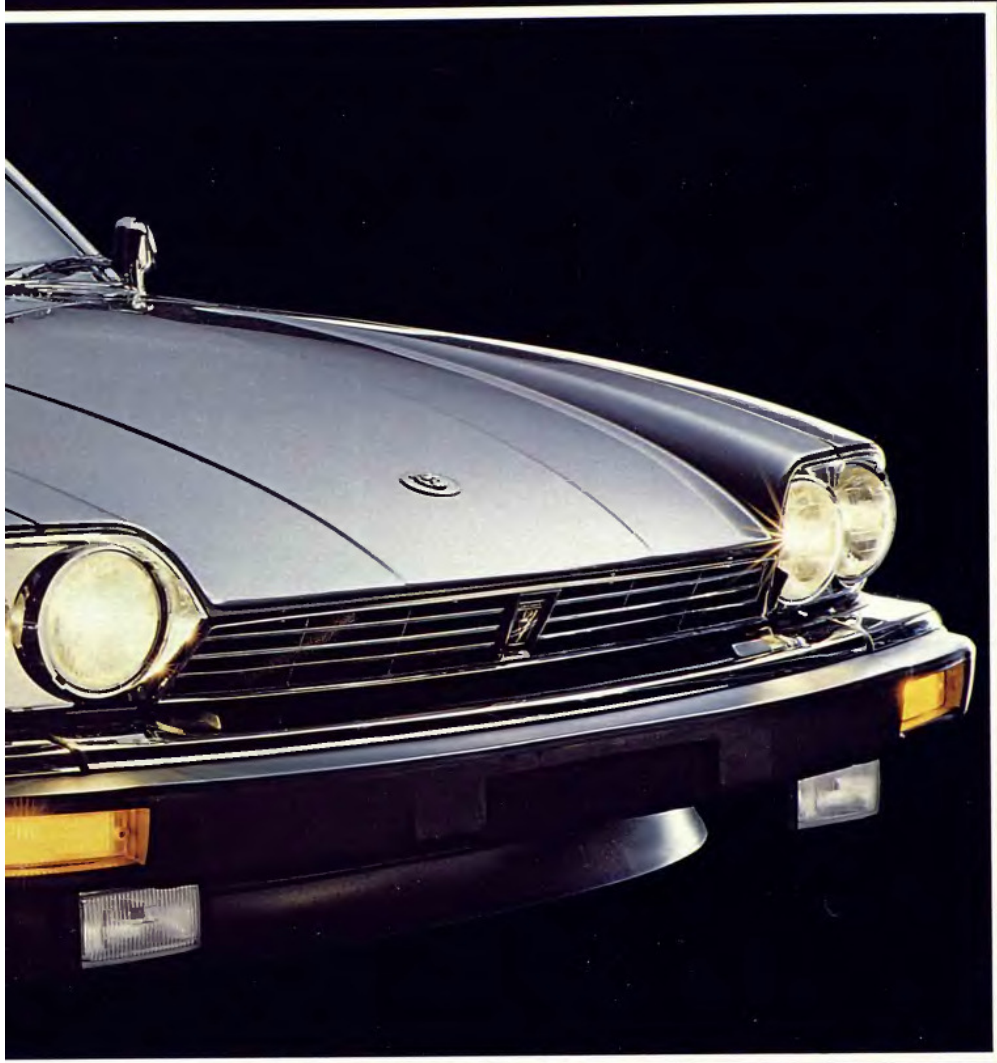
vidual lucky enough to own and drive it. In the eyes of others, you are what you drive. And if you drive a \$152,000 Aston Martin Lagonda, baby, you have *arrived*. All Aston Martins, of course, are completely hand-built and have been since 1913, when car enthusiasts Lionel Martin and Robert Bamford named the beast in which they'd been competing in the Aston Clinton Hillclimb competition an Aston Martin. Eventually, their cars became favorites of British royalty; and the beautiful DB5, introduced in 1963, gained recognition as James Bond's machine in *Goldfinger* and *Thunderball*. It soon gave way to the stunning DB6 and it, in



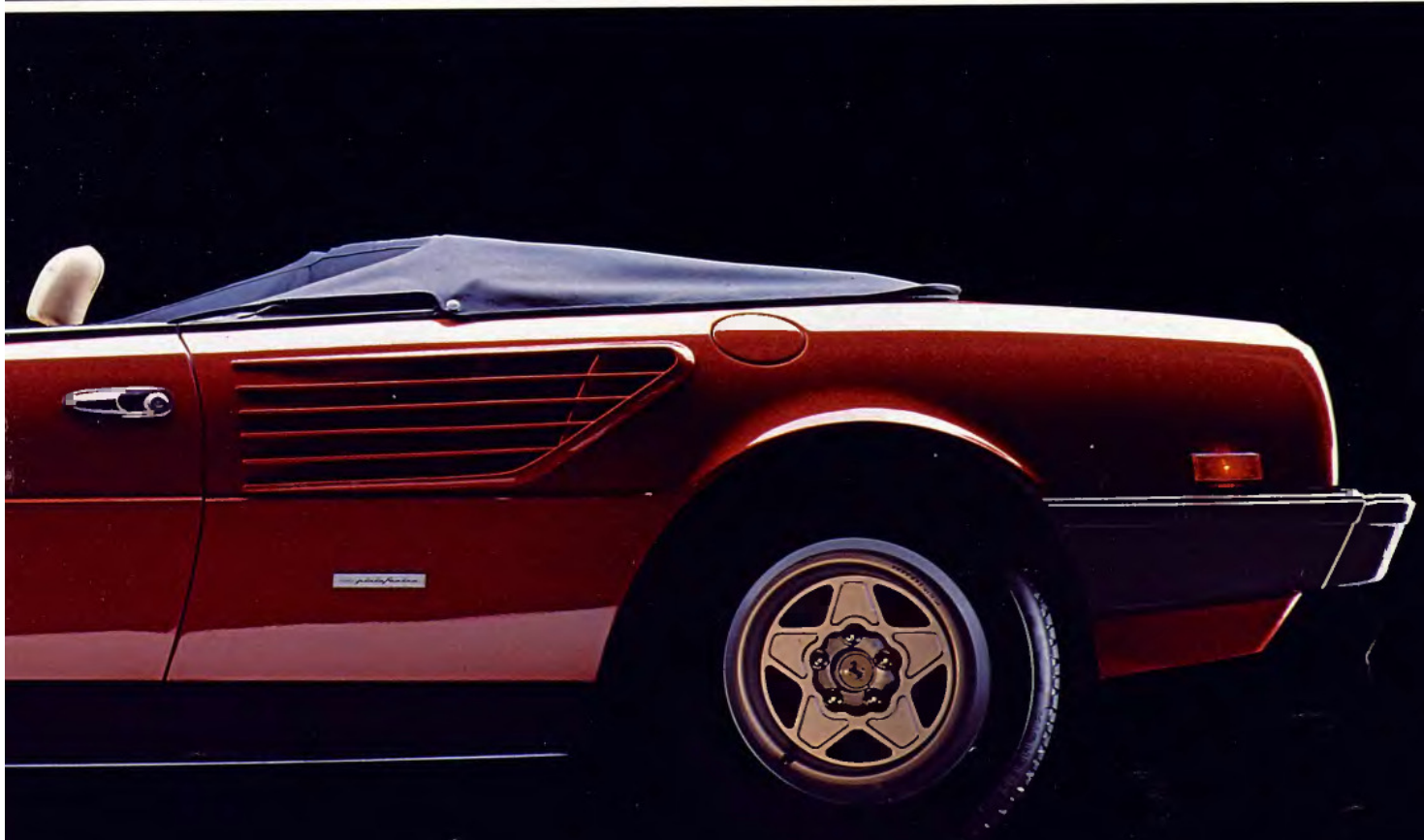
Above: Lamborghini's maxi-macho Countach LP500S is the Mr. T of motordom. Hunkered low on racer-size tires and wheels, it looks like Darth Vader's personal space vehicle fallen to earth. Beneath this mean and menacing countenance lurks a full-race tube frame and 348-hp twin-cam V12 mounted midships. For a mere \$99,500 (\$105,000 with the monstrous rear wing), you, too, can probe its handling limits at the 170-plus top speed; but not in our neighborhood, please!

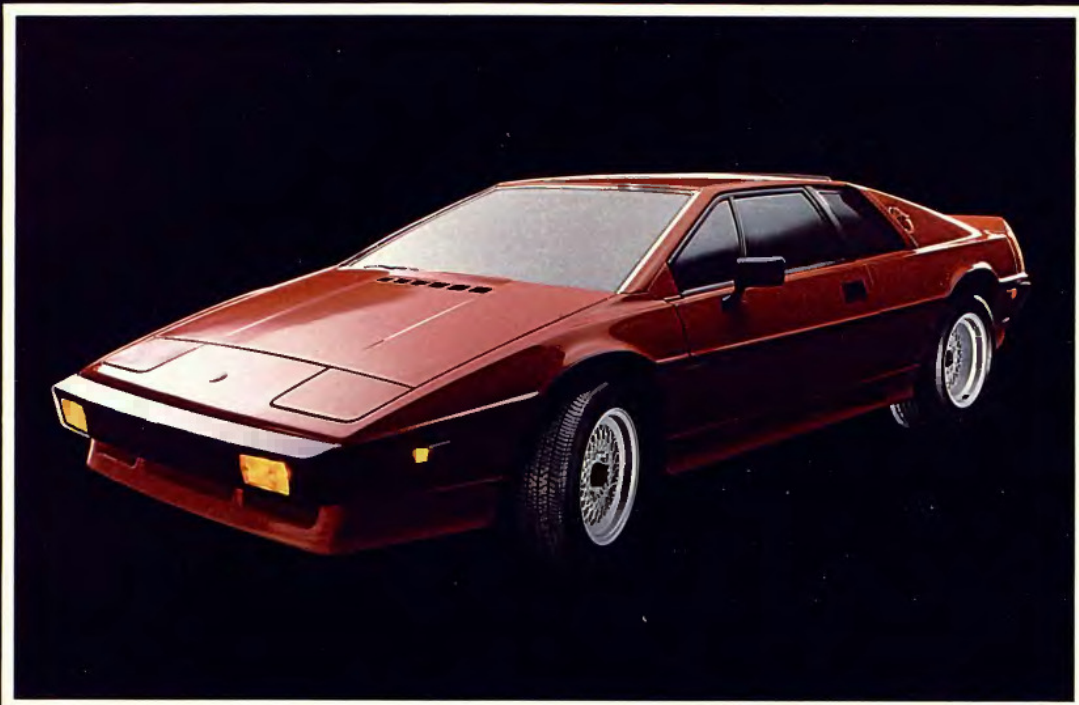
Right: Except for the rare and hyperexpensive exotics, Jaguar's \$35,000 XJ-S is the most powerful car in North America and boasts the only V12 engine in a sport sedan. Its feline suspension erases life's bumps and tames curves without effort, while the muscular V12 gobbles up the roadway and spits it noiselessly out the back. Complete with a handy new trip computer for '84, this big-cat coupe is one of the finest luxury buys on the market.





Below: Ferrari helps beautify America's highways by sawing the top off its four-seat Mondial and calling it Mondial Cabriolet. The upgraded interior is plusher than ever, and behind the rear seat sits Ferrari's lusty Quattrovalvole engine. Bumped to 235 prancing horses from 1983's 230, this new four-valve V8 gives a hair-ripping top speed of 143 mph. Just \$65,000 buys the first full-convertible Ferrari since the 1969 Daytona Spider.



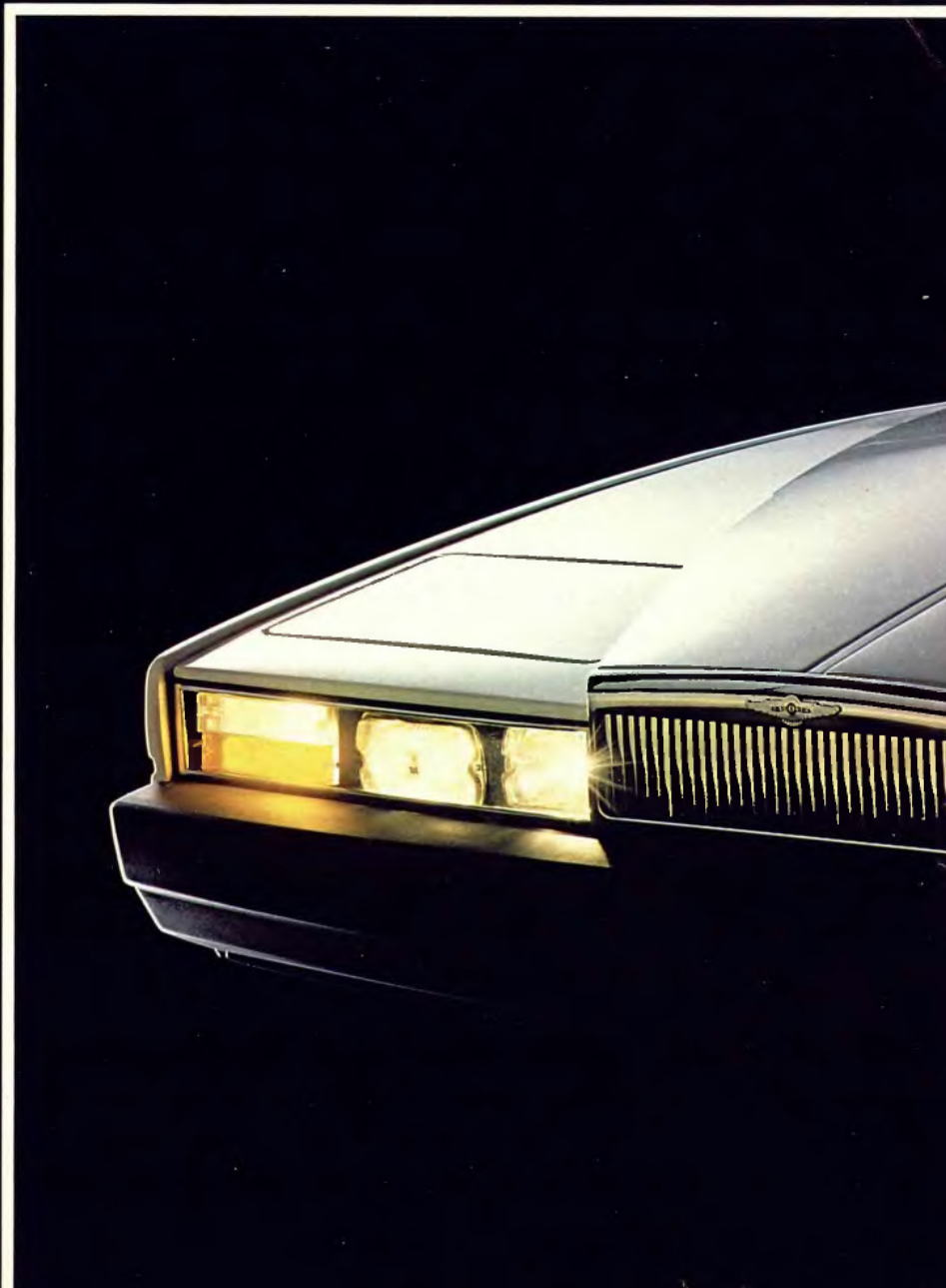


Left: Lotus' minimore-tored Turbo Esprit marries a sexy flying-wedge body to the next best thing to a Grand Prix racing chassis. Under its swoopy tail lives a twin-cam turbo-charged four-cylinder, four-valve engine that thinks it's an eight, generating 205 horses and pushing the \$50,000 rolling sculpture to 148 mph.

turn, to a larger four-seat sports car named the DBS. This model, later powered by a sophisticated four-cam aluminum V8 engine and upgraded in styling, forms the basis for today's four-car Aston Martin stable: the \$100,000 V8 coupe, the \$110,000 high-performance Vantage, the \$125,000 Volante convertible and the futuristic, wedge-shaped Lagonda sedan. About 3300 hours of loving labor go into each massive Lagonda. The body is hand-hammered aluminum, separated from its supporting structure by thin sheets of linen and finished on its surface with 23 coats of hand-rubbed lacquer. Eleven pampered cowhides are selected to match and are then hand-cut to make up the interior. Every panel of decorative wood is mirror-matched; the strip on one door exactly matches that on its opposite—it's just one cut deeper on the log. Only four men in the world are certified to assemble the jewellike 5.4-liter V8 engine; a valve-cover plaque identifies which one of them invested nearly a week of his time in it.

We picked up our test Lagonda at a Beverly Hills dealership. On L.A.'s twisty canyon roads, it felt heavy yet

Right: "Demoralize thy neighbor." Aston Martin's ad slogan sums up the stratospheric snob appeal of its hand-built \$152,000 Lagonda. Crisp-edged aluminum body, leather-and-walnut interior and space-capsule controls and instrumentation all add up to exclusivity for those whose neighbors drive mere Rolls-Royces.



Right: Chevy's sexy and slippery Corvette offers full electronic instrumentation and supercar performance and cornering for a bargain-basement \$26,000. New multipoint electronic injection for '85 boosts the veteran V8 from 205 to 240 horses for six-second zero-to-60s and an honest 150-plus top end. Wave as it goes by.



sure-footed, like an N.F.L. linebacker. It picked up speed slowly at first, then with a rush as the four camshafts took hold. Pushed through tight curves, the big tires held on tight but moaned in protest as the body shifted its bulk from one side to the other. High-speed cruising on the open road, though, is where the Lagonda comes into its own—quiet, vibration-free, as stable as a cruise ship. Most of its controls are computerlike touch pads that emit little peeps to acknowledge your commands. Two vertical rows of digital readouts divulge more operating conditions than you'd ever want to know. Mercifully, one button makes everything but the fuel gauge and the speedometer disappear.

Once acclimated to the space-capsule instrument panel, you begin to notice other details. Ten identical rocker switches are aligned in rows on the center console: four for the power windows, six for the adjustable bucket seats. A tinted-glass roof panel illuminates the equally opulent rear cabin, complete with individual sunshades and a separate air conditioner. When you tire of piloting this craft, there's reasonable room to ride back there if your chauffeur is short.

Spread symmetrically across the Lagonda's slender nose are 12 lights: fogs, spots, park lamps and turn lamps flanking the grille, plus four powerful halogen head lamps in pop-up pods. Turn them all on and you look like a 747 coming in for a landing. In the smallish trunk is a comprehensive tool kit built into a slim, elegant-looking attaché case.

As a driving machine, the Lagonda comes across as a creased and flattened Rolls-Royce with Lotus racing blood in its veins. As a rolling statement, it's a sybaritic symbol of unlimited wealth and a giant mechanical membership card to one of the world's most exclusive clubs.

If such opulence lights your fire but you're not quite ready for a \$150,000-plus hand-built Aston Martin, consider the Jaguar XJ-S. It's a wonderfully feline four-seater with all the wood and leather luxury almost anyone could want—and, at about \$35,000, less than one fourth the price of the Lagonda.

Except for some rare and very expensive exotics (such as Lamborghini's Countach), the XJ-S is easily the most powerful production car in North America and the only one with a V12 engine throbbing under its hood. There are 262 horses to launch the big-cat coupe from rest to 60 mph in less than eight seconds and propel it to 140-mph tops.

But take the Jag off the freeway and pilot it along Mulholland Drive, high above Los Angeles' San Fernando Valley, for example, as we did one clear night, and you'll understand why they named it after that powerful and graceful jungle

cat. Jaguar has a special touch with suspensions. This is a first-rate four-seat GT that levels uneven pavement and tames treacherous curves without effort.

The XJ-S also has one of the industry's longest standard-equipment lists, plus all of the proper sporting stuff under its smoothly contoured body: fully independent suspension, four-wheel power disc brakes and power rack-and-pinion steering. Also standard is Jaguar's newly earned reputation for quality and reliability, backed by a two-year, 36,000-mile warranty.

Similar in concept but different in execution, and nearly twice as pricy, is the mid-engine 2+2 Ferrari Mondial. This is Ferrari's idea of a high-performance GT for those whose needs have outgrown the beautiful two-seat 308 but who want similar show and go in a more practical package.

The Mondial (pronounced *mon-dee-ahl*) has been around for a couple of years, but its appeal has increased enormously with a recent series of substantial improvements. First, there's Ferrari's new four-valve-per-cylinder, 235-hp Quattrovalvole V8 engine, with 30 more prancing horses than the two-valve version and 13 percent better fuel efficiency. Second, they've added an upgraded interior with a redesigned console and electronically controlled automatic air conditioning that dehumidifies as it cools. Third, and most important, is a new Cabriolet convertible version.

Ferrari's first full convertible since the 1969 Daytona Spider, the \$65,000 Mondial Cabriolet once again offers high-profile open-air motoring, Italian-style. The sophisticated three-liter aluminum engine, the only four-valve V8 in series production, sits crosswise behind the cockpit and drives the rear wheels through a five-speed manual transmission. An obvious thoroughbred even at idle, it wails at speed as only aroused Ferraris can. Top down, its lusty sound blends with the sensory inputs of the wind in your hair and ears.

Once accustomed to the Italian exoticar gated shifter, you can knock off 0-60s in less than eight seconds and watch the 10,000-rpm tachometer rise and fall like a metronome with every shift, approaching, if you dare, the 140-plus top speed. Like the XJ-S, the Mondial conquered our Mulholland Drive challenge without undue drama, accelerating, braking and tracking through the trickiest corners as any race-bred Ferrari is expected to. Although it's unmistakably masculine, its control efforts are light, its responses quick, crisp and precise.

But you don't have to risk your neck and your hefty investment driving hard and fast to enjoy a Ferrari convertible. Cruise it through Beverly Hills and watch

heads spin and grins widen with appreciation. Or just park it top down in your garage for a while and drink in the aroma of fine leather every time you walk in.

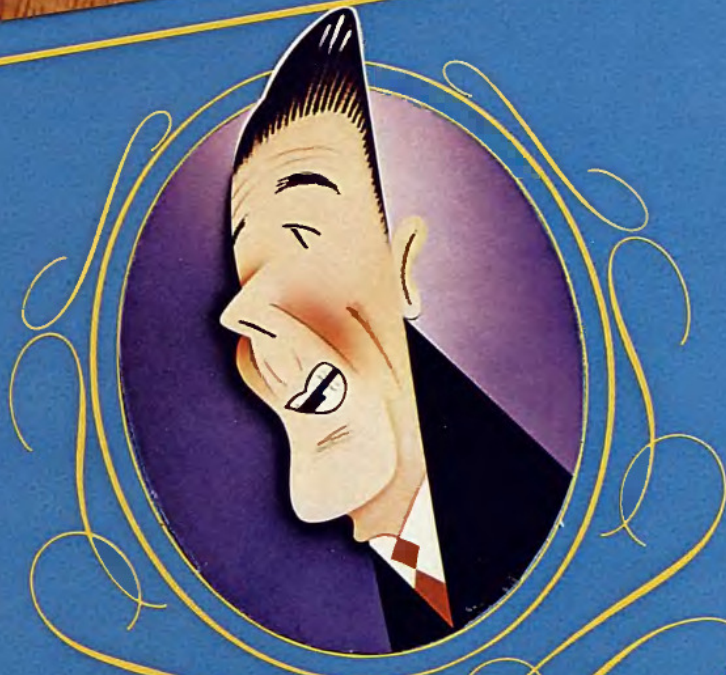
Most of the world's Beautiful Screammers, though, are true two-seat sports cars, ranging from Porsche's 944 and Chevrolet's Corvette on the low end of the price scale to the Ferrari 512 Berlinetta Boxer and Lamborghini Countach supercars at the six-figure top. Between those extremes lie Porsche's popular 911 Carrera and 928S, Ferrari's ageless 308, Lotus' Turbo Esprit and a cluster of low-volume Italian exotics such as the Maserati Merak, the Lamborghini Jalpa, even a reborn De Tomaso Pantera, an updated version of the car once imported here by Ford's Lincoln-Mercury division.

Most exotic of all is Lamborghini's \$99,500 Countach (pronounced *coon-tosh*) LP500S. Challenging archrival Ferrari's 12-cylinder Boxer as the fastest production car on the planet, this land-bound rocket was once rumored to be capable of 200 mph. Motivated by a mighty 348-hp, 4.8-liter, aluminum V12 mounted fore and aft behind the seats (with the transmission projecting forward between them)—but slowed by the many anti-aerodynamic protrusions on its otherwise bullet-shaped body—its actual terminal velocity is probably something over 170. Lamborghini of North America, its Torrance, California-based importer, claims 184 mph without the monstrous optional (\$5500) rear spoiler, 169 with it; but we never did find out.

Inside the tight-fitting cockpit, the impression is 90 percent race car. Passing over your outside ear and into the windshield pillar is a thinly disguised roll-cage tube, part of the unique, fully tubular steel chassis structure. Nestled in a free-standing, hooded rectangular pod is a full set of very serious instruments, including an oil-temperature gauge. The tach reads to 9000 rpm, red-lined at 8000; the speedometer to 200 mph. The carbureted European-spec engine wasn't happy at low rpm (U.S. emissions certification via electronic fuel injection reportedly fixes this), but full-throttle acceleration, once under way, was mind-boggling. From a stop (by our unofficial watch), 60 mph came up in six seconds, 100 in a bit more than 14. Braking and cornering power on our twisty route were awesome.

If the Italian Countach is a roadgoing big-bore Can-Am car, the \$50,000 British Lotus Turbo Esprit is Formula I for the street. This is the leanest and lightest of our Beautiful Screamer sampling and the only one powered by fewer than eight cylinders—four, to be exact, turbocharged to 205 galloping horses from its tiny 2.2 liters. With just 2700 pounds to tote, this is enough for the Esprit to match the

(concluded on page 186)



Presidential Pursuit

HOW MUCH DO YOU ACTUALLY KNOW about President Ronald Reagan? You have observed, no doubt, that his cheeks are exceedingly red and that he sports one of America's few remaining pompadours. You're aware, of course, that he is the soul of amiability and that he is adored by his wildly uptight wife. You've certainly perceived that he hates communism, welfare cheats, taxes and abortion, and that he loves riding horses, telling the same jokes over and over again, waving and sleeping. Did you know, though, that he sometimes fails to recognize the members of his Cabinet? Had you heard about the time he forgot his own dog's name? Have you really *absorbed* the information that the leader of the free world believes what he sees in movies and has been known to lose track of what country he's in? A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and we've never had a President with less. The object of this game is to test your mastery of the Reagan era in the following categories: The President's Men (PM), Family & Friends (FF), Foreign Affairs (FA), Presidential Wit (PW), Words of Wisdom (WW) and Odds & Ends (OE). With the 1984 election close at hand, you may find this game not so trivial a pursuit, after all.

THE REAGAN EDITION

satire
By PAUL SLANSKY

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT RISKO

PM

Who called nuclear war "something that may not be desirable"?
Who provided Alfred Bloomingdale with "therapeutic treatment for his Marquis de Sade complex"?
Which missile did President Reagan say was "the right missile at the right time"?
Why did President Reagan say he was unconcerned about a sharp decline in stock prices?
How did President Reagan introduce Liberian head of state Samuel Doe at a Rose Garden photo opportunity?
What did Richard Pryor say President Reagan looks like?

FF

FA

PW

WW

OE

PM

Ed Meese
Actress-model Vicki Morgan
The MX
"Because I don't own any."
He called him Chairman Moe.
"A dick with clothes on"

FF

FA

PW

WW

OE

PM

Who said, "If you tell the same story five times, it's true"?
What White House problem did Nancy Reagan's social secretary, Muffie Brandon, call public attention to?
What country was President Reagan in when he called for a toast to "the people of Bolivia"?
What did President Reagan say when Treasury Secretary Regan invited him to join a meeting about cutting taxes?
How did President Reagan refer to Sugar Ray Leonard's wife during a White House visit?
How did British Labor Party member Andrew Faulds denounce President Reagan in the House of Commons?

FF

FA

PW

WW

OE

PM

Who revealed that the Reagan Administration had adopted a strategy for fighting a protracted nuclear war?
What did Nancy Reagan spend \$209,508 on? when he told reporters, "You'd be surprised. They're all individual countries"?
Where was President Reagan returning from going to worry about the deficit"?
Why did President Reagan say he was "not who said of nuclear warheads, "This kind of weapon can't help but have an effect on the population as a whole"?
How did President Reagan describe his schoolastic career?

FF

FA

PW

WW

OE

PM

Defense Secretary Caspar W. Weinberger
New china
Latin America
"It's big enough to take care of itself."
President Reagan
"I never knew anything above Cs."

FF

FA

PW

WW

OE

PM

Who called the American Civil Liberties Union a "criminals' lobby"?
What does President Reagan call his wife?
What circumstance did President Reagan say could cause him to send combat troops to El Salvador?
What does President Reagan say when reporters ask about his hearing?
What did President Reagan claim was responsible for the decline in public education?
Which two condiments did the Agriculture Department propose to be considered vegetables in school lunches?

FF

FA

PW

WW

OE

PM

Which Environmental Protection Agency official was found guilty of perjury?
Who traded millions in stocks and securities before reluctantly placing his holdings in a blind trust?
What was President Reagan's problem during his Vatican meeting with the Pope?
Where did President Reagan say he would draw the line regarding freedom to practice religion in America?
How did President Reagan refer to his dog Millie at a press conference at his ranch?
What did President Reagan do on the eve of the Williamsburg economic summit?

FF

FA

PW

WW

OE

PM

Rita M. Lavelle
CIA Director William J. Casey
He kept nodding off.
Human sacrifice
He called her Lassie.
He watched *The Sound of Music* on TV.

FF

FA

PW

WW

OE

PM

Who said, "None of us really understands what's going on with all these numbers"?
What was Nancy Reagan's observation on the occasion of her 29th wedding anniversary?
What did President Reagan say on the success we were having" in Lebanon?
What did President Reagan attest to "to power of prayer"?
How old did President Reagan wonder about the youngest surviving human fetus was at birth?
How big are three-month-old fetuses?

FF

FA

PW

WW

OE

PM

Budget Director David Stockman
"It seems like 29 minutes."
Terrorist attacks on Beirut
"What would be its megatonnage?"
Three months
Three inches long

FF

FA

PW

WW

OE

PM

Who returned from a trip to Africa and said, "Some of them have marvelous minds, those black people over there"?
What was Nancy Reagan's observation on the occasion of her 30th wedding anniversary?
What country did President Reagan refer to as "that little ice-cold bunch of land down there"?
What did the President say was the prize in the Communists' \$1,000,000 lottery?
What was President Reagan's solution to the unemployment problem?
What does President Reagan do during Cabinet and staff meetings?

FF

FA

PW

WW

OE

White House spokesman
Larry Speakes

"A terrible tablecloth
crisis"

Brazil

"Heck, no, I'm going to
leave this to you experts."

He called her Mrs. Ray.

He called him an
"incoherent cretin."

PM Who said, "I am very grateful that we have edu-
cation up where it's high on the education
agenda of this country"?

FF What product did Maureen Reagan endorse in
a TV commercial?

FA What did President Reagan call the Central
American refugees he expects to swarm into
America to escape communism?

PW Which did President Reagan say were the only
two places where communism works?

WW What did President Reagan say "us men"
would be doing "if it wasn't for women"?

OE What was the highest unemployment rate re-
corded under the Reagan Administration?

PM Education Secretary T. H.
Bell

FF Acne-Staton, a mail-order
acne lotion

FA "Feet people"

PW "In heaven, where they
don't need it, and in hell,
where they've already got it"

WW Walking around in skin
suits, carrying clubs

OE 10.8 percent

Ed Meese

Mommy

"Well, if they dropped a
bomb on the White House,
I might get mad."

"What?"

A too-rapid compliance
with Federal
antidiscrimination orders

Catsup and pickle relish

PM Which Administration official was once de-
fended with the phrase "He's not as sleazy as
he seems"?

FF What size clothes did Nancy Reagan wear
when she was at her skinniest?

FA What is President Reagan's pet name for the
MX missile?

PW What kind of taping system did President Rea-
gan say he was having installed in the Oval
Office?

WW Who suggested that people sleeping on grates
"are homeless, you might say, by choice"?

OE Who said in a *Playboy* interview, "I hate Rea-
gan"?

PM CIA Director William J.
Casey

FF Size two

FA The Peacekeeper

PW "Adhesive tape right
across the mouth"

WW President Reagan

OE Photographer Ansel Adams

Who said, "When unemployment benefits end,
most people find jobs very quickly after that
point"?

Who dressed up as the bunny at a White House
Easter-egg roll?

What did President Reagan say about the UN
condemnation of the Grenada invasion?

What did President Reagan say would be a fun-
ny joke to play on reporters who cover his San-
ta Barbara vacations?

What did President Reagan say he "didn't
know there were any" of in America?

What did President Reagan tell *People* maga-
zine is the best moment of his week?

Ed Meese

Ursula Meese

"It didn't upset my
breakfast at all."

Suddenly clutching his
chest and falling off his
horse

Segregated schools

"Climbing on that
helicopter to go to Camp
David"

James Watt

Senator Paul Laxalt

WarGames

Put his thumbs in his ears
and wiggle his fingers
"They didn't come in a
binder or a cover or
anything."

Little House on the Prairie

USIA director Charles Z.
Wick

"It feels like 30 minutes."

The Falkland Islands

"A dollar a year for
1,000,000 years"

Each business hiring one
extra person

He doodles.

Who said of James Watt, "I think Americans
now have the best Secretary of the Interior
they've ever had"?

Who said that President Reagan rates a ten for
political sex appeal?

What movie did President Reagan interrupt a
Congressional meeting about a nuclear-arms
treaty to discuss?

What did President Reagan tell photographers
he'd "been waiting years to do"?

How did President Reagan justify his campaign
staff's acceptance of the Carter briefing pa-
pers?

What is President Reagan's favorite TV show?

Ed Meese

"It seems like 32
minutes."

The Darth Vader speech

Because it's "better than
the alternative."

President Reagan

Macaroni and cheese

Who said, "People go to soup kitchens be-
cause the food is free and that's easier than
paying for it"?

What was Nancy Reagan's observation on the
occasion of her 32nd wedding anniversary?

What was the popular name for the speech in
which President Reagan called the Soviet
Union an evil empire?

Why doesn't President Reagan mind when
people make cracks about his age?

Who said that the truth "can be attractively
packaged"?

What is President Reagan's favorite food?

(continued overleaf)



Residential

PM

PRESIDENT'S MEN

Who was described by the Israeli defense minister as "a prime candidate for psychoanalysis"?

Caspar W. Weinberger

What two groups did Interior Secretary Watt divide his fellow citizens into?

Liberals and Americans

Who attributed the rise in unemployment to "an increase in the number of people seeking work who did not find it"?

Larry Speakes

Who decided not to bother waking President Reagan to tell him that Navy jets had shot down two Libyan aircraft?

Ed Meese

Which group did Interior Secretary Watt call "a left-wing cult which seeks to bring down the type of Government I believe in"?

Environmentalists

Who said, "You don't tell us how to stage the news, and we don't tell you how to report it"?

Larry Speakes

Which White House aide announced plans to write a diet book?

Michael Deaver

Who said that literature's most famous miser, Ebenezer Scrooge, was the victim of "a bad press"?

Ed Meese

What did Environmental Protection Agency chief Anne Gorsuch do in the middle of the EPA scandal?

She got married.

Who said, "When I hear people talking about money, it's usually people who don't have any"?

Republican Party finance chairman Richard DeVos

Who said that President Reagan "makes it quite clear that there shouldn't be hunger, at least hunger unnecessarily of the people who would want otherwise to be fed"?

White House aide Robert Carleson

Who announced that he was "in control" at the White House following the shooting of President Reagan?

Secretary of State Alexander Haig

Which Reagan Cabinet member announced that he was feeding his family for a week on a \$58 food-stamp budget?

Agriculture Secretary John R. Block

Who accepted \$1000 and three watches from Japanese journalists after setting up an interview with Nancy Reagan?

National Security Advisor Richard Allen

Who admitted that he'd secretly taped his phone calls?

U.S. Information Agency director Charles Z. Wick

Whose mother did President Reagan call to assure her that her son had done the right thing by voting for the production of nerve gas?

Vice-President George Bush's

Which member of his Administration did President Reagan mistake for Middle East negotiator Donald H. Rumsfeld?

EPA chief William Ruckelshaus, whom he called Don

Which Reagan appointee was said by his brother to believe that "blacks are inferior intellectually speaking"?

Would-be Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights Ernest W. Lefever

Who was exonerated by a special prosecutor because there was "not sufficient credible evidence" to indict him?

Labor Secretary Raymond Donovan

Which three officials resigned following allegations of their involvement in shady stock deals?

Deputy National Security Advisor Thomas C. Reed, Deputy CIA Director Max Hugel, Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Thayer

What was HUD Undersecretary Philip Abrams' explanation for many Hispanic families' living in overcrowded conditions? "Cultural preference"

FF

FAMILY & FRIENDS

What midnight snack did Nancy Reagan tell Barbara Walters she eats because there's no "crunch, crunch" to wake her husband?

Bananas

How did Nancy Reagan's friend Betsy Bloomingdale say she saved energy?

"By asking my servants not to turn on the self-cleaning oven until after seven in the evening"

What did Nancy Reagan say when she accepted an honorary doctorate of law from Pepperdine University, from which her husband had received a similar degree years ago?

"Do you think we'll have to call each other doctor from now on?"

What item of clothing did Nancy Reagan order reporters to wear during her visit to a Tokyo art exhibit?

"Clean, holeless socks"

Who did a Reagan-campaign official say "has a stare that could melt a building"?

Nancy Reagan

What sitcom did Nancy Reagan appear on in 1983?

"Diff'rent Strokes"

Which Administration official was investigated by the Senate Intelligence Committee and was pronounced not "unfit to serve"?

CIA Director William J. Casey

Where does President Reagan spend New Year's Eve?

At Walter Annenberg's Palm Springs estate

Who said, "The White House really badly, badly needs china"?

Nancy Reagan

Which Reagan friend ruined the sale of President Reagan's Los Angeles home by publicly saying the house was "overpriced"?

Justin Dart

What company did Michael Reagan resign from after invoking his father's name on business-solicitation letters?

Dana Ingalls Profile, Inc.

What one thing did Nancy Reagan say she would grab if the White House were on fire?

"Ronnie"

Which part of Nancy Reagan's body was a cancerous growth removed from?

Her upper lip

How many times has President Reagan's daughter Maureen been married?

Three

What kind of gun did Nancy Reagan keep next to her bed?

A "tiny" one

FA

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

What did President Reagan tell a group of Congressmen that he had recently learned about the Soviet nuclear arsenal?

"Most of the missiles are land-based."

How did President Reagan convey his anger about Israeli attacks on Lebanon?

He posed for a photograph with Israel's foreign minister and didn't smile.

What was Secretary of State Haig's theory of why four female American missionaries were killed in El Salvador?

He thought they might have been trying to run a roadblock.

During his confirmation hearings to be Deputy Secretary of State, William Clark was unable to name the prime ministers of which two African countries?

South Africa and Zimbabwe

What magazine was cited as the source for President Reagan's contention that "foreign agents" were behind America's nuclear-freeze movement?

Reader's Digest

What was President Reagan's term for the Grenada invasion?

A rescue mission

Who reminisced fondly about past wars when American news reporters "were on our side"?

Secretary of State George Shultz

What was President Reagan doing in the Oval Office while an aide was in the next room briefing reporters about the withdrawal of marines from Beirut?

Arm wrestling

What was White House spokesman Larry Speakes's explanation for the Reagan Administration's initial failure to acknowledge the deaths in the civilian hospital that a U.S. Navy plane accidentally bombed on Grenada?

The Grenadians' custom of "burying their dead early"

(continued on page 183)



"When I think I used to dread these checkups. . . ."

GIRLS OF THE BIG TEN

*returning our conference call,
the coeds who put the heart in the heartland*



M IS FOR MICHIGAN, Wolverines' lair; *I* is for Iowa—Hawkeyes gawk there; *S* is for State on a couple school bios; East Lansing's *S* is Michigan's, Columbus', Ohio's; *I*'s for Illini, who bubble Champaign, while *MSU*'s Spartans are much less Urbane; *N*'s for Northwesterners, paying tuition as *OSU*'s Buckeyes reach football fruition; *Wisconsin*'s girl Badgers may bite—it's inherent; *Indiana*'s young Hoosiers can boast a Knight errant; *M*'s Minnesota, where Gophers are gilt; and *P*'s for Purdue, where girl Boilers are built. Put them all together, they spell *MISS. I'M NO WIMP*. That's the introduction we hit upon for this age of the *macha* matriculator. If you're hitting up on any of this year's *Girls of the Big Ten*, forget the "slice of brie, jug of Perrier and thou" routine. As you've noticed by now (if, like a sensible person, you scanned the pictures first), the coeds are changing. Today's college girl is likely to prefer strength to chic, nuclear policy to unclear poetry and Indiana Jones to California Cabernet. And the Big Ten girl is more levelheaded than most, though that's her only lack of curvature. Our big group of tens includes future doctors, lawyers, politicians, anchor women and ranchers, as well as Katherine Leigh, whose ambition is to be "a rich, powerful woman." (She's got the last part down already.) Step right up, meet the students of success. It's OK if you offer to carry their legal tomes and microengineering manuals. Just remember—no wimps need apply.

How about a little sun, skin, study and splash with the Ladies of the Large Handful? Take it from the top with Minnesota's Elizabeth Murtha (above), who likes her males "down to earth" and loves "hairy chests" but has yet to take up primatology. Iowa's Molly Neuenswander (lower left on the facing page) alternates water-skiing and hitting the books—that's how she developed such balance in her studies. Going clockwise from Molly: Jill and Mary Beth Foley are Ohio State's sexiest sister act. Asked why she posed for us, Northwestern's Leslie Gugino told the *Chicago Tribune*, "We're all sex objects. Men are, too." Maybe so, Leslie, but we couldn't find any who'd stack up to you. Lorile Benson, who makes any apparel look splendidly designed, is an apparel-design major at Illinois; and Terri Beck of Michigan, a body-building biologist, says it's fraternity sisterhood or bust.





She may hike temperatures, but you won't catch Purdue's Colleen Derry (above left) making boilers. Colleen runs and paints for recreation—male Boilers run up behind and pant in appreciation. Ohio State junior Melissa Ann Boyce (above right), who says she's "Daddy's little girl," keeps Daddy proud and loose ends tied by combining prelaw with waitressing. She wants "to become a well-rounded person." That's no tall order, Melissa; it's *parfait accompli*. An exceptional girl, both physically and philosophically, Michigan State's Kara Jordan (below) likes men who eat quiche.





O Canada—glorious and free! Nancy Canada (above) is a Newfoundland native studying business at Ohio State. Like the R.C.M.P., she generally gets her man. Iowa's Elizabeth McDowell and Stefanie Krug (below left) keep Hawkeyes peeled when they're not learning law and special ed, respectively; Iowa's Linnette Postel (below right) majors in—get this—therapeutic recreation. Where do we register?





Aspiring actress Marea Pond (above left) turns Indiana men from cream to crimson every time she jogs cross-campus. She's developed a passionate following, which is why all those Hoosiers are hurryin'. Art aficionada Kristen Mason of Wisconsin (top right) just wants to live o full life, but Minnesota's Kotherine Leigh (bottom right) has ambition enough for two. "I'm power hungry," says she. "I can't wait to set the world on fire."



Indiana's Valerie Bowman (top left) answers college men's prayers by falling out of the Bloomington sky. She's a prelaw pianist whose other forte is sky diving. Mary Fauquher of MSU (bottom left), a prospective PR woman, likes men who are "open to suggestion." Looks like she's found one. Watch your tone with Iowa's Christine Penniman (above right), who keeps hers with weight lifting—she leaves out-of-shape sweat suitors hung out to dry.



Northwestern's Larissa Klavins (above left) loves football, which amounts to masochism in Evanston. She eases the pain with dreams of a political career. The lady is a trampolinist—classmate Cheryl Graham (above right), a trampoline champ of Chinese/Norwegian descent, wants us to reproduce her paintings now that she's *been* a PLAYBOY work of art. Gopher It Department: Angela Wood (below left) is a Golden Gopherette who dances through the Minnesota winters, and Paige Seyffer (below right)—the best ad OSU ever had—goes for "aerobics, cats and jocks."





Future anchor woman Monica Keys of OSU (above left) once met boxing's Angelo Dundee, who knew a knockout when he saw one. Purdue's Monica Purvis (above right) studies "supervision technology" with an eye on corporate law. Wisconsin's Michelle Mislivecek (below), who carries a double major in econ and poli sci, has good taste. She hates "profit-hungry capitalists and prep clones," loves rock 'n' roll.





You've got it, flautist: When she's not singing or playing the flute in a band, Illinois' Shannon Johnson (above left) mulls over careers. "I'd rather be a singer than a chemist," says Shannon. "I could leave being a lawyer as a fall-back profession." Michigan's snazzy Kari Bazy (above right), once she picks up her J.D., plans to drop the legal biz for showbiz. Another budding barrister is Lari Middlekauff of MSU (below left), who recreates swimmingly wherever the buoys are. Purdue's Jennifer Anderson (below right) has a rallying call—"Here I come, world!"—to go with all her "sun bathing and partying." Then there's Iowa barn burner Sherry Klemesrud (facing page). After school's out, she tells us, she may chuck pharmacy for modeling. If that's true, Sherry, we hope you're always down on the pharm.





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**Extra Mild!
Low Tar!
Great Taste!**

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

Lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; 100's: 9 mg.
"tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Y

HITS!

100's:
Only 9 mgs. tar.
0.8 mg. nic.



Kings:
Only 8 mgs. tar.
0.7 mg. nic.



BULK-RATE RICHES (continued from page 95)

"One promises to tell HOW YOU COULD HAVE MADE 1555%—WITHOUT BEING AN INVESTMENT EXPERT!"

on the outside of the envelope—you'd be wrong. It was about the stationing of missiles someplace Upstate, when, of course, everyone knows they should all be stationed up in Somebody Else's state.

Junk mail can depress you—what can you expect from an envelope marked URGENT and sent from the World Mercy Fund?—but there's actually quite a lot of celebrating going on. The amazing Mutual of Omaha offer referred to above was in celebration of Mutual's 75th anniversary. The Visiting Nurse Service of New York was recently looking for \$90 donations in celebration of its 90th anniversary. A company selling quartz watches for just two dollars (THIS IS NOT A MISPRINT) was doing so—all this explained on the outside of the envelope—TO CELEBRATE THE 10,000,000TH WATCH SALE OF THE FAMOUS NEW YORK JEWELRY FIRM OF ABERNATHY & CLOSTER. Surely you know them.

I love the ones marked PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL down by my name, and BLK RT in the upper right. And, of course, I get a lot of animal mail. It is very hard to resist.

INSIDE: AN URGENT APPEAL TO STOP THE KILLING OF 6,000,000 ANIMALS. . . . OPEN AT ONCE.

Six million animals? How endangered could they be if there are 6,000,000 of them? What are we talking here—hogs? chickens? Oh, God. . . . OK, I'll open it.

The appeal proved to be from the Kangaroo Protection Foundation. One might think this largely an Australian issue, but apparently it's all our fault for lifting the ban on kangarooskin importation. We did so, according to the letter, "under intense pressure from the Australian government," which, democratically elected though it may have been, obviously knows nothing about the wishes of the Australian people, who are, the letter says, all bat shit over the kangaroo harvest.

The compromise I worked out with the K.P.F.—having opened these letters, one must rationalize one's nonresponse—was this: I would send no money, but neither would I ever eat or wear anything even remotely marsupial.

Why should I? I have more than enough delicacies available parcel post.

From the Collin Street Bakery: "WHAT BORDEAUX IS TO WINE AND MAINE IS TO LOBSTER, CORSICANA, TEXAS, IS TO FRUITCAKE"—THE NEW YORK TIMES. The bakery's so darn proud of that fruitcake, a four-color mouthful of it peeks out at you through the Texas-shaped Plasticine window. These are, furthermore, *guaranteed* fruitcakes (I couldn't resist: I opened the envelope). If you or your friends have *ever*

tasted better, your money is refunded. Bob McNutt, Bill McNutt and Bill McNutt III stand behind that promise, and Gene Autry and the Kuwait Oil Company are on the list of Distinguished Clientele.

And from Cheeselovers International (never mind how I get on these lists): IF YOU FIND A THREE-INCH PINK SLIP IN THIS ENVELOPE, YOU HAVE WON A DIAMOND NECKLACE IN OUR \$1000 SWEEPSTAKES.

I don't wear jewelry, but that is only because I've been waiting to win a Cheeselovers International diamond necklace. I opened the envelope.

The letter begins: "Dear Cheeselover: Before you look at a single cheese—search through this envelope. If you find a three-inch colored slip, it may be your lucky day. And if the colored slip you find is *pink*, it means you have won a genuine diamond solitaire necklace. To claim your prize, just follow the directions on the pink slip. [The cheese writer seems confident I'll find a pink slip.] Then—once you've calmed down (if you are a winner)—look at our delicious cheeses."

(Special this month: the Crème de Menthe Cheese Ball, "the most sophisticated cheese spread of all." Move over, Velveeta.)

Well, it did take me a while to calm down, let me tell you. Because, naturally, like everyone else who got this mailing, I found a pink slip. But I never bothered to claim my free necklace (which cost two dollars for shipping), because I had a feeling the diamond might be kind of smaller than the one I'd been dreaming of.

Actually, I was lucky to be offered a diamond necklace of any size. (Hey, fella, what more do you want?) My August Cheeselovers letter had declared prominently across the outside of the envelope, NOTICE OF REMOVAL. I risked being struck from its mailing list if I didn't order some cheese. The next month, I got an envelope that said, GOODBYE THIS MAY BE THE LAST LETTER YOU RECEIVE FROM US. And now, a month later still, and still having ordered no cheese, I was getting a diamond necklace from them.

I'm being snotty. Cheeselovers' crème de menthe cheese balls are probably just fine, and for a certain segment of America, Cheeselovers must really pep up the morning's mail. The segment I have in mind would include Calvin Klein's girl in the trailer in rural Georgia; you know, the one who has these friends? Dot and Earl? Who have this dream? They have this dream that one day—one day—they dream that *one day* they'll see Atlanta!

The diamond, I discovered someplace in the mailing, was a 17-facet quarter-point

stone. Say, hey, José! A little calculation (there are 100 points in a carat; a carat is a fifth of a gram; a gram is 3.5 hundredths of an ounce) produced a gem weighing nearly 18 millionths of an ounce. Diamond dust.

But if diamonds are not a great investment, and if getting them free for two dollars apiece from Cheeselovers International is not the best means of acquisition, there's no lack of mail to tell you what is.

Here's an envelope that promises to tell HOW YOU COULD HAVE MADE 1555%—WITHOUT BEING AN INVESTMENT EXPERT! Of course, the implication that investment experts make 1555% is almost as absurd as that by opening this envelope and signing up for this service, you will, too.

The headline on the back reads, HOW A \$10,000 INVESTMENT BECAME MORE THAN \$165,000 SINCE 1975! A footnote beneath the text next to the chart (all this on the back of the envelope) confesses that this was a hypothetical \$10,000. But it *would've* grown to \$165,000 if only this service had discovered and promoted its magic formula back in 1975. There follows the SEC-inspired disclosure that PAST RESULTS ARE NOT NECESSARILY A GUARANTEE FOR EQUIVALENT FUTURE RESULTS—the understatement of the age, particularly since, in this case, past results were hypothetical.

(You tell me what happened over the past ten or 20 years, and I'll construct a sure-fire strategy that would have worked magnificently if only you had followed it. One such involves buying stocks whenever a premerger N.F.L. football team wins the Super Bowl and shorting them whenever an A.F.L. team wins. As Professor Steven Goldberg has pointed out, infinitely more remarkable than this coincidental correlation would have been someone's *predicting* it. No one did.)

For \$96 a year, you get to see whether or not a strategy that would have worked over the past eight years is the right one for the next eight. Moreover, there's NO EMOTIONAL INVOLVEMENT. NO GUESSWORK. NO WORRY. Just follow the monthly advice. Like connect the dots, only at the end you're rich. What's more, if after two months you're not pleased with the newsletter (how can you assess its performance after two months?), you can get your money back (less the \$16 you paid for the first two newsletters and any money you may have lost following its advice).

Or perhaps you'd rather PROFIT BY LEARNING POLITICIANS' DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS, as another envelope invited. It offered a UNIQUE NEW PUBLICATION FOR THE SOPHISTICATED INVESTOR, just \$275 a year. Isn't that great? Here you have scores of sophisticated reporters for *The Economist* and *The Wall Street Journal* struggling to come up with the occasional secret, and these two guys (two guys write it) come up with a newsletter full of dirty little secrets

(continued on page 166)



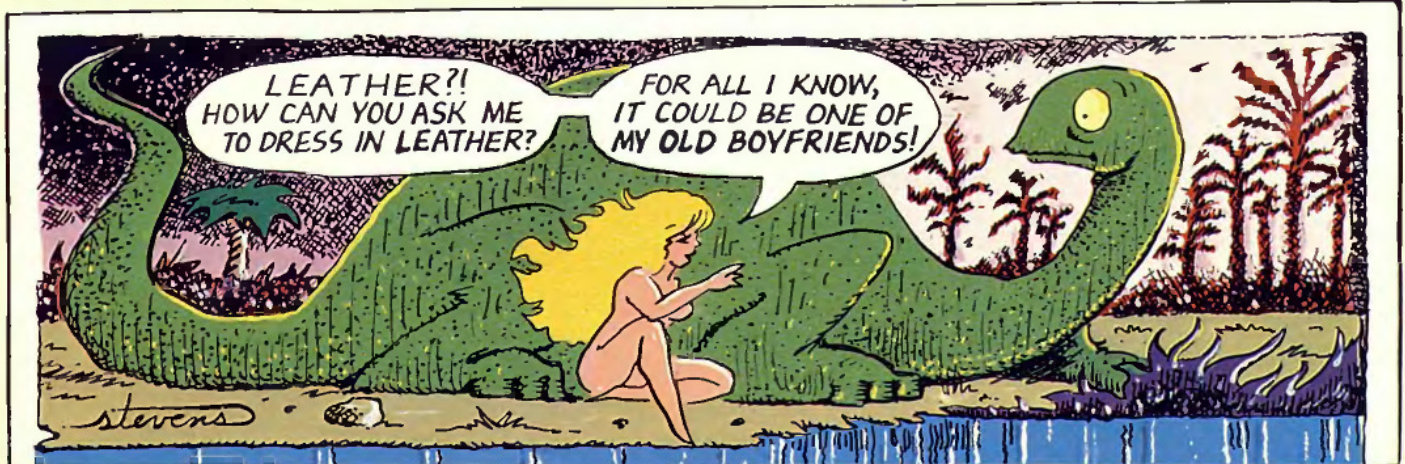
Saturday Nite Jive

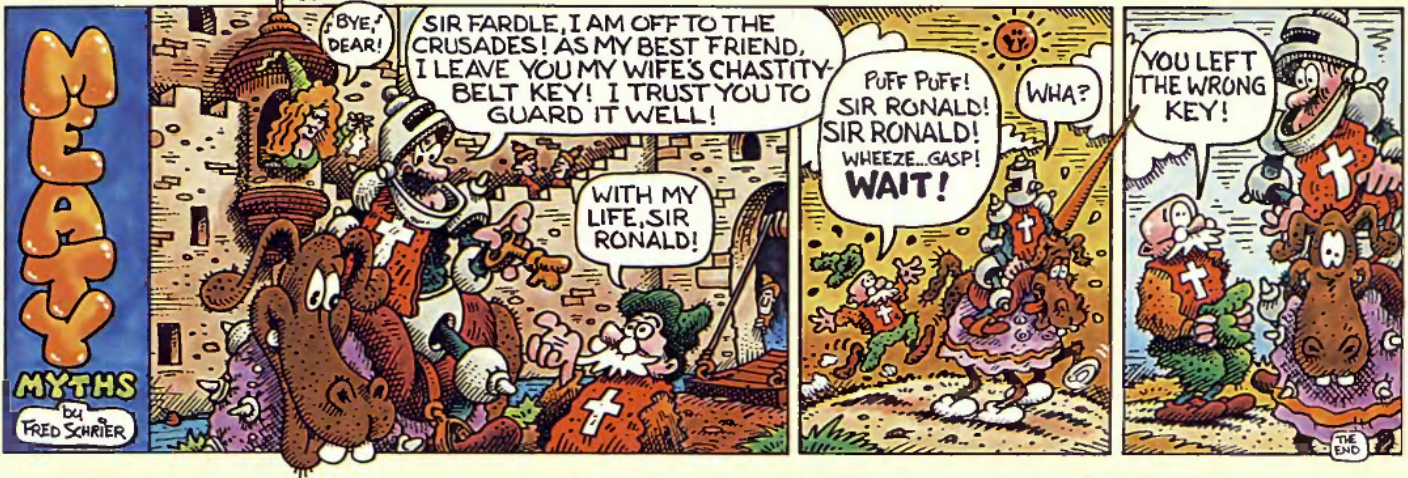
BY BILL JOHNSON



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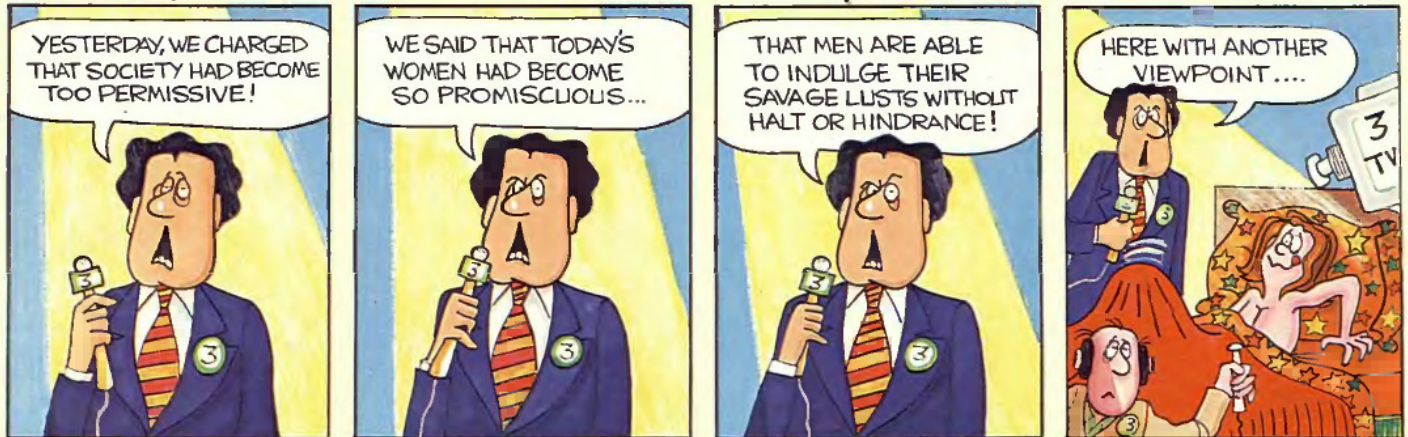
by Chris Browne & John Stevens





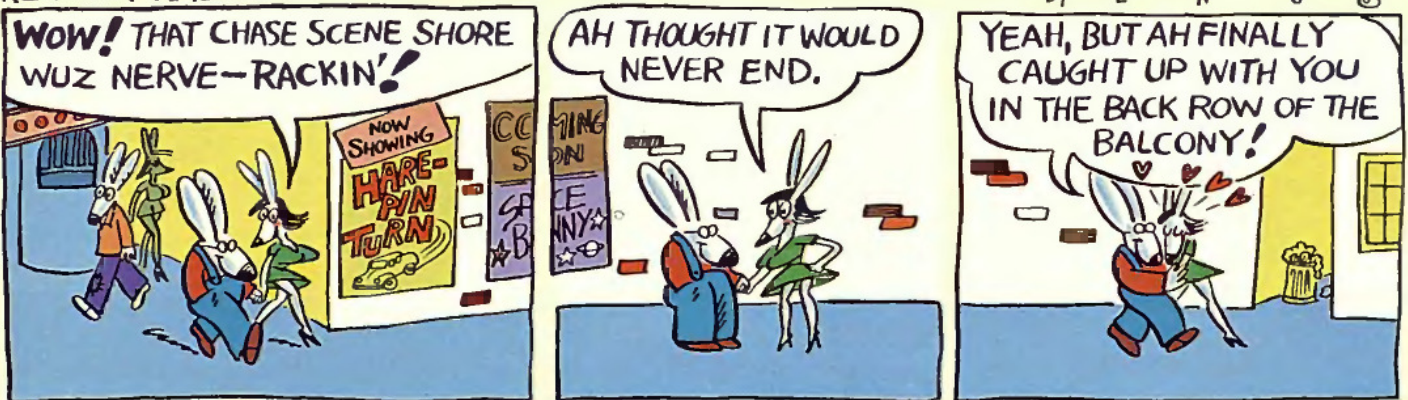
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by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON



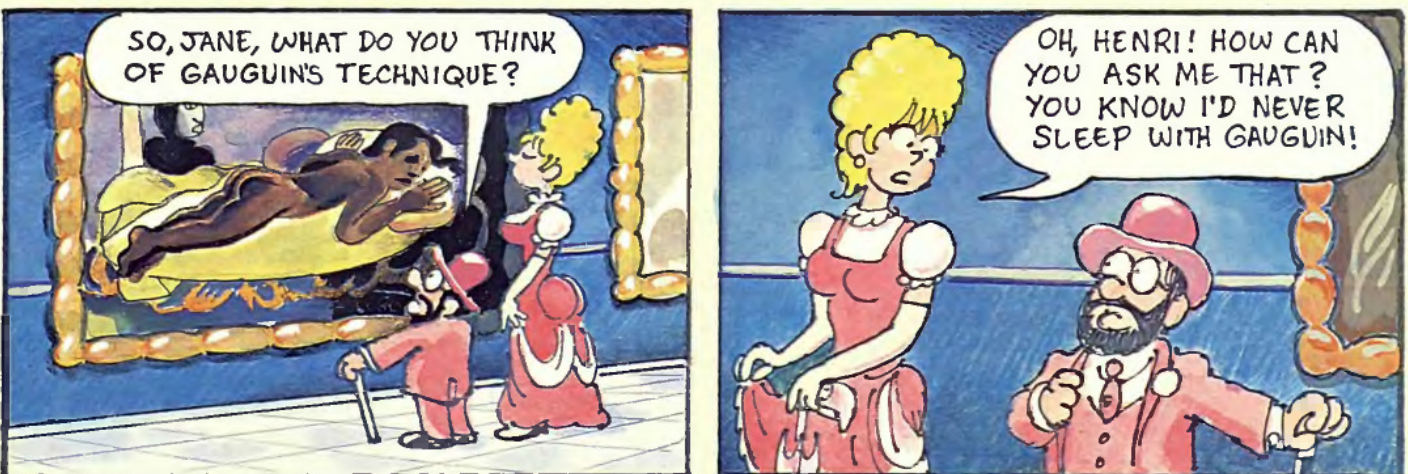
REG'LAR RABBIT

by E N O S



BORN TOULOUS

Christopher Browne





Sarah Downs

COCAINE

(continued from page 114)

"The person who is addicted to cocaine responds differently the very first time he uses it."

Obviously, that leaves room for interpretation. The presumption is that we are all sensible enough to make reasonable interpretations. By that definition, for example, food could be considered addictive. And while some people, using nothing more dangerous than food, exhibit all three symptoms, no sensible person is going to suggest that we classify food as addictive. The fact is that the addictive properties of a substance appear to be far less important than a person's tendency to become addicted.

Years ago, scientists proposed the existence of an addictive personality—mental characteristics that link all addicts—but it has not stood the tests of time and further research. When an addict stops using the drug, his personality changes. He no longer fits the addictive personality.

Smith believes there may be something physically different about addicts that makes them get hooked on drugs. They have a disease. "My perception," he says, "is that it is a multifactorial illness, including psychophysiology, environment and pharmacological factors." Mind, body, environment and the drug itself interact to produce addiction.

If what Smith says is true, the implications are remarkable. If you suffer from addictive disease and try cocaine, alcohol, heroin or some other addictive drug, you will develop all the symptoms: compulsion, loss of control and continued use of the substance in spite of adverse consequences. If you do not have the disease, you may try those drugs and not suffer any ill effects. (Little is known about why some people become addicted to heroin and not cocaine, or to alcohol and not heroin, or to amphetamines and not cocaine, though addiction to several drugs at once is common.)

"Interestingly," Smith says, "the person who is addicted to cocaine responds differently the very first time he uses it. Later, he'll use terms that are qualitatively different from those that others use to describe the experience of taking cocaine the first time: 'This is the greatest thing that ever happened to me' or words to that effect. An alcoholic will use terms that are qualitatively different, too." The person with addictive disease, then, is mentally and physically different from the rest of the population, according to the findings of Smith and others.

That does not mean that someone who does not have addictive disease is immune to addiction. If you forcibly administer heroin to someone long enough, he will develop a physical dependence that can cause illness and even death. Physical

withdrawal symptoms from cocaine addiction do exist, though they are not nearly as severe as those from heroin and alcohol. And they are insignificant in light of cocaine's devastating psychological effects during addiction and withdrawal.

"It is neither that coke is safe nor that everyone who touches it becomes addicted," says Smith. "If 100 people use cocaine, not all will become addicted to it. Not all people will become addicted to alcohol. Ten percent of the people who use alcohol become alcoholics. In our experience, ten percent of the people who are exposed to cocaine become addicted to it. About 30 to 40 percent will have an episode of dysfunction." That means they will have a seizure or a coke binge that makes them sick or in some other way feel the ill effects of the drug.

Smith believes he is treating the same disease in every case, whether the symptom is alcoholism, heroin addiction, amphetamine or cocaine or sedative addiction. Richard Pryor, Betty Ford, Daniel J. Travanti, Johnny Winter, Thomas "Hollywood" Henderson, Johnny Cash and Keith Richards all have the same disease.

"It means people can experiment with coke and not abuse it," Smith says. He is quick to add that it is quite a dangerous experiment. In addition, there are some special problems that go along with cocaine addiction. For one thing, the coke addict tends to be very naïve about the drug he's taking.

"We see intelligent, successful individuals who have inadequate information about cocaine. The heroin addicts know heroin is dangerous and addictive. Cocaine addicts don't know what a street junkie knows." Smith says that he sees cocaine addicts who are amazed to learn that it can kill you. "And we've known for 100 years that cocaine can kill you.

"These are people who are highly motivated to quit," Smith adds. "These people see it and they become compulsive. I know a lawyer who had quit successfully, and one day a client tried to pay him in cocaine. He put a big pile of coke on the desk. And the lawyer tried for an hour to throw it in the toilet, but he couldn't touch it. His drug hunger was so strong that he had to call a friend to throw it in the toilet, because he was unable to touch it without actually using it up. Cocaine is like Kryptonite for these people."

"Substance-abuse disorders are a disease, but whether or not they're all one disease has yet to be proved," says Dr. Mark Gold. He established the toll-free number 800-COCAINE to help people

having problems with cocaine and was astounded to find that some 1100 people a day called during the first year of operation (May 1983 to May 1984). In one three-month period, 100,000 people called. "An incredible 22,000,000 Americans—one out of every ten—report that they have used cocaine at least once," Gold says. "And every day, some 5000 teenagers and adults try it for the first time. Currently, we're stable at 1000 to 1200 calls a day on the hotline. I keep waking up and expecting no one to call, but there they are."

By asking the callers questions, Gold has been able to build an unprecedented body of information about cocaine users. Of a randomly selected 500 people who called 800-COCAINE, for example, "more than nine in ten said they had sometimes used their supply of the drug continuously until it was exhausted, no matter how much they had on hand." That is significant because it is the first of three conditions in the current definition of addiction: compulsion.

Large percentages of Gold's sample reported serious problems, most of them psychological and social. "For example, 45 percent of the 500 respondents said that they had stolen money from their employers and from family or friends to support their cocaine habit."

Based on his experience with the hotline, Gold says, "It's definitely true that there are people who have used cocaine and not become addicted; there's no question about that. But remember that to become a heroin addict, you have to use the drug multiple times a day for weeks. People have tried heroin and not become addicted, too." In other words, the risk is not worth it. In that regard, he and Smith are in complete agreement.

"We have learned some rather interesting things from our people," Gold says. "For example, looking at available statistics won't give you an idea of how many people define themselves as having a problem. There are people who take cocaine once a month and define themselves as addicted. They think about it all the time, they try to pick up [people] who might have it, they change their lives to put themselves in a position where they'll get the drug. Fewer than half of our callers use the drug every day."

If that's true, what is the problem? If fewer than half aren't even using it every day, why are they bothering to call?

"Because it's interfering with their lives in some way and they feel they need help. Of course, we also get those people who say, 'I only use it on Friday nights and I've never had a problem.' And we say, 'Thank you' and include that in our data." Why do they call? "Coke users like to talk to people," says Gold.

"But bear in mind that cocaine does cause medical problems, psychiatric problems, problems with lovers, family, work,"

(continued on page 194)

PLAYBOY GUIDE

BACK TO CAMPUS

HOW TO MAKE THE GRADE

THE \$750 WARDROBE

DRESS FOR SUCCESS
WITHOUT BIG BUCKS

GREAT GEAR

THE HOTTEST,
FROM COMPUTERS
TO SCOOTERS

PLUS: WHAT TO
MAJOR IN,
BOOKS YOU
SHOULD READ,
DRUGS YOU
DON'T NEED,
WHAT'S "IN,"
WHAT'S "OUT,"
HOW TO GET
MONEY FAST

**COLLEGE
FASHIONS**
WE PREVIEW THE
CLASS OF '85



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Smirnoff &
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PREVIEW

THIS MAGAZINE has always had a special relationship with the college crowd. It goes beyond the fact that PLAYBOY is the best-selling men's magazine on campus. As in every successful relationship, it's all a matter of give and take. This year, we've decided to underscore our commitment by greatly increasing our college coverage. This first *Back to Campus Guide* includes such updated favorites as our annual college fashion preview, plus features on putting together a complete "real-world" wardrobe for \$750; a super selection of great gear (from the hottest computer to the speediest scooter); and a survival handbook that no one true to his school would want to be without.

We've combed the country to take the current campus pulse. We've spoken with college-newspaper editors, we've hosted a number of panel discussions among top students and we've gone where the action is—to Daytona Beach during spring break. As a part of PLAYBOY's annual College Expo, we put together an in-depth questionnaire to help us spot tastes and trends. More than 2000 students from around the country responded. We found most of what they had to say fascinating and a good deal of it surprising.

Those of you who went to school in the Sixties and Seventies, with the overwhelming goal of correcting social injustice, might be interested to know that in response to the multiple-choice question: "What is your most important goal after college?" only two percent voted to correct social injustice. Most said they were in it for the money: More than two thirds chose "making money" and "professional status." "Marriage and family" scored 13 percent, "Power" three percent.

Other seemingly significant shifts included political persuasion. While 35 percent professed liberal leanings, 33 percent



now called themselves conservatives. Moderates finished third, with 29 percent. Only three percent refused to be labeled.

When students were asked to choose one from a list of male role models that ranged from Ronald Reagan to Michael Jackson, the leading vote getters were Chrysler chairman Lee Iacocca and Redskins quarterback Joe Theismann. But Michael J. did edge out Reagan, while leaving the likes of William F. Buckley, Ted Kennedy and Garry Trudeau behind.

On the women's side, Jane Fonda beat out Christie Brinkley and Princess Diana. Also-rans included Katharine Hepburn (perhaps youth is wasted on the young) and Sandra Day O'Connor. Nancy Reagan pulled up the rear.

We asked a number of social questions, too. Most students found friendship, trust and love to be the most important factors in a relationship. Fidelity, physical appearance and sex were thought to be somewhat important. And money—in a relationship, anyway—was considered least important of all.

When students were asked which activity they'd choose first when looking for a good time, sex finished an overwhelming number one. At least some things never change. Music and sports scored respectably. Trailing the field were TV and drugs.

We started to spot a trend with that last answer. We went on to ask respondents to

rank certain substances (controlled and otherwise) as to their probability of presence at a campus party. Beer was the clear leader, with liquor and wine coming in second and third. Marijuana, cocaine and a variety of pills were at the bottom.

Since fashion is a major part of our coverage here (90 percent of the guys told us they thought it was important to be well dressed), we asked some questions about clothing. The average college man, our survey shows, owns 2.2 suits and 2.4 sports jackets, numbers that are sure to grow as he approaches graduation. Most estimated that they spend between \$500 and \$1000 a year on clothes, shoes and accessories. That's why we tailored our starting wardrobe to the \$750 mark.

You'll also note that our fashion models this time out aren't professionals. Instead, we went to a number of schools and photographed some big men on campus. How big are they? Well, one of them is St. John's 6'6" all-American forward Chris Mullin. You'll meet the others shortly.

Putting together this particular *Guide* proved to be a great learning experience for us. From the beaches of Daytona to the frat houses of the Ivies, we have seen the future. And we like what we see.

Murray Z Levy

Editor, *Playboy Guides*

THE CLASS OF '85

some of the country's top collegians

wear the season's hottest clothes

**FASHION DIRECTOR
HOLLIS WAYNE**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

To those who care about clothes, college has always meant comfort—a casual look that gets you through what you have to do. But as we visited various campuses this year, we noticed a decided difference. While jeans and sneakers were certainly still present, there was a trend toward dressing up—not so much suits and ties (though, as you'll see, they have their place) but more of a fashion feel to everyday wear. College clothes today are a bit more thought out. Lots of layers. A feel for color (jewel tones, such as emerald, are big). And a closer eye for detail—from the military influence of outer jackets to the tailored twists of casual pants. There's something special happening in campus fashion. Our model students show you the vanguard.



University of Pennsylvania finance major Eric Hersman (large photo) banks on a wool-blend stadium coat, by Trappings, \$110. His *ragg* tweed crew-neck with patterned stripes, by Jantzen, \$38, is worn over a plaid buttondown, by Evan-Picone, \$29. For extra warmth, his canvas "baggy" pants are flannel-lined, by Air Mail, \$50. Blanket-striped lamb's-wool scarf, by Shady Character NYC, \$25.

Princeton University economics major Jahn Hoyt Richards (top right) sports a corduroy blazer with a button-in wool lining, so it can be used as an outer jacket, by Authentic Imports, \$170. Wool windowpane vest is by Crossings, \$60. Corduroy shirt, by Hang Ten, \$40, is worn over a cotton T-shirt, by Jockey Intl., \$6.50. Windowpane pleated pants are by Sahara Club, \$55. Wrangler shoes, \$45.

To weather the cold Chicago winters, Northwestern University neurobiology major Dean Karahalios (bottom right) wears a down coat, by Bill Blass Outerwear, \$250, over a shawl-collar pullover, \$62.50, and ribbed muffler, \$16.50, both by Pendleton. Turtleneck, by Jockey Intl., \$15, is shown under a plaid shirt, by Generra Sportswear, \$28. Cotton canvas trousers, by Sahara Club, \$28.

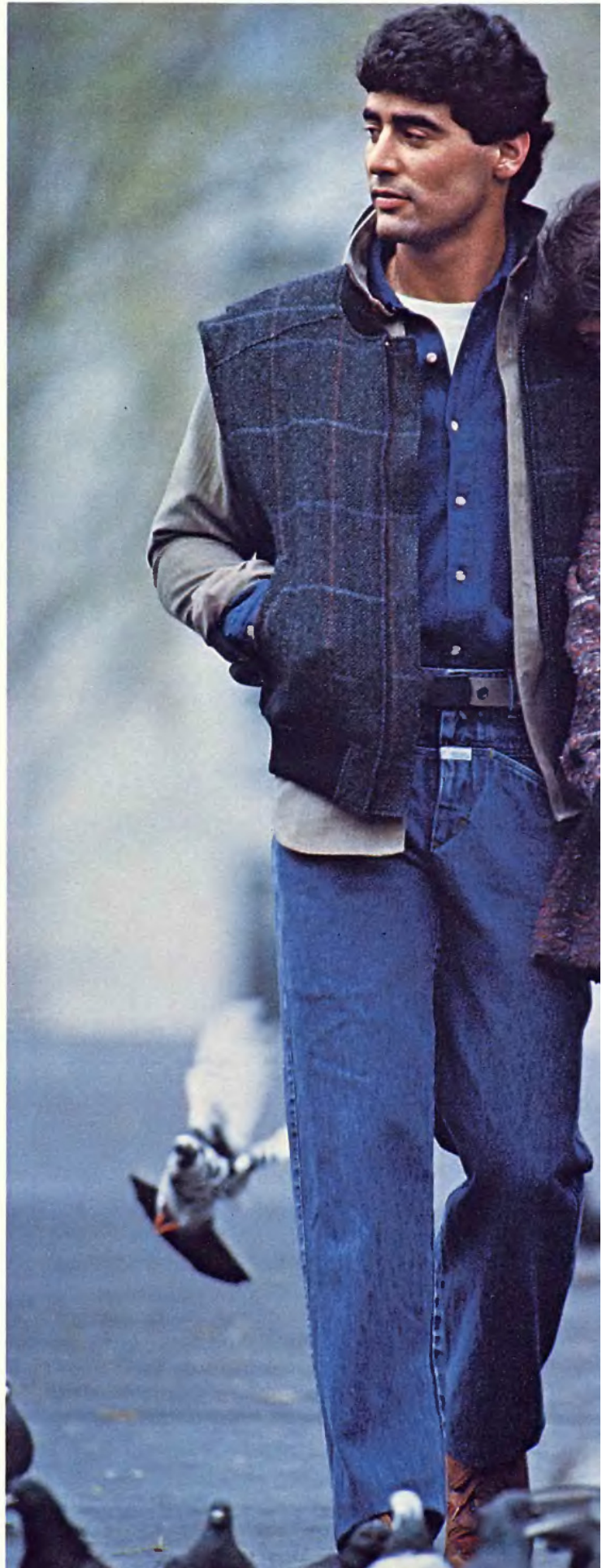
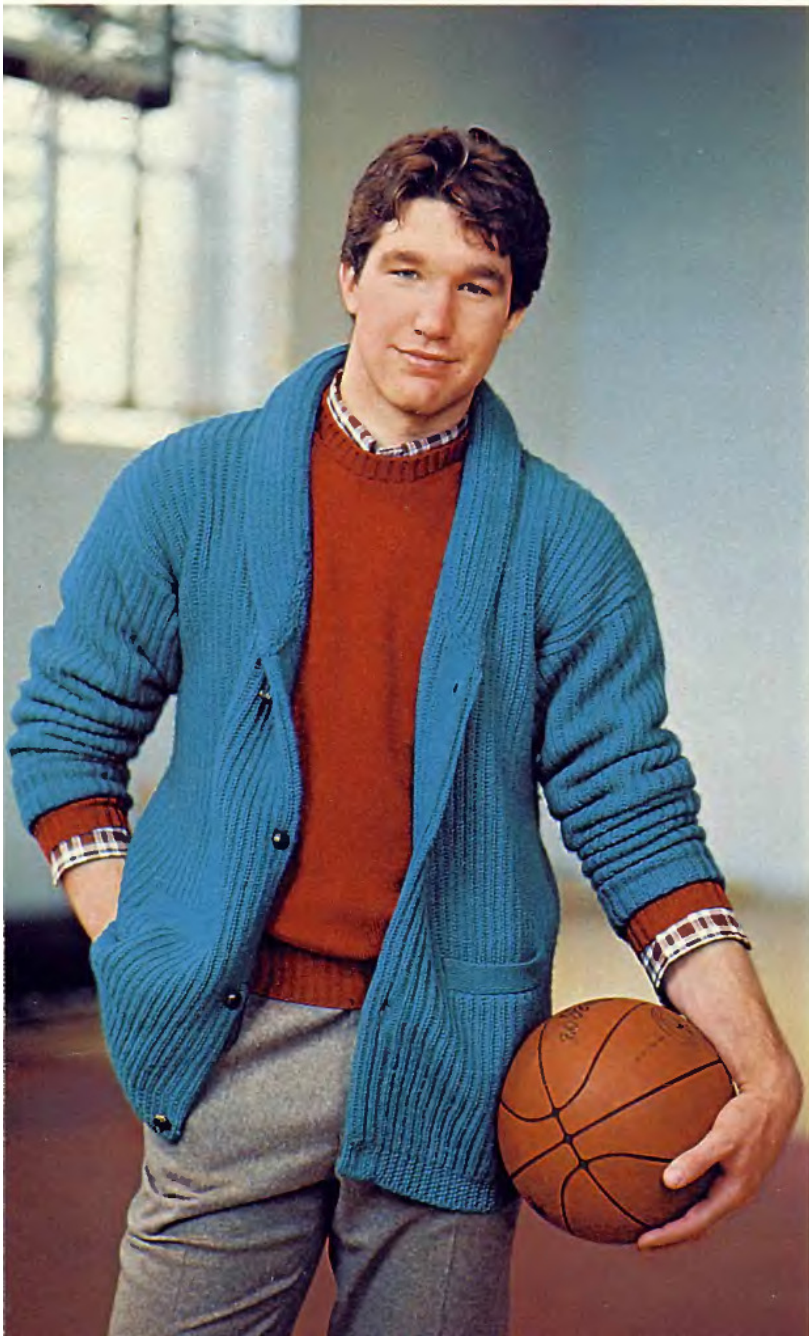


PLAYBOY GUIDE

Do big men have big fashion problems? St. John's all-American forward Chris Mullin (below) doesn't think so. His ribbed wool shawl-collar cardigan, by Merona Sport, \$95, is worn over a cotton crew-neck, by Lord Jeff, \$40. The two are teamed with a plaid buttondown, by Gant's Big and Tall, \$37.50. The wool-blend pleated trousers, by Pierre Cardin, \$55, finish off a polished look.

Glenn Meyers (right), a Columbia University mechanical-engineering major who plans to go to med school, displays an updated jeans look. The layered shirts—khaki brushed cotton, by Merona Sport, \$47.50, and indigo dyed silk, by Code Bleu, \$55—are worn under a cotton-filled wool vest, by Henry Grethel, \$90. Stone-washed denims with tapered legs, by Marithé & François Girbaud, \$55.

University of Maryland psychology major Mike Bogart (far right) goes casual with a cotton twill military jacket, by Rescue, \$52, over a Jacquard knit crew-neck, from Country Traditionals, by Pendleton, \$60. Shirt, by Sahara Club, \$22. Diagonal corduroy pleated trousers, by Evan-Picone, \$55. Argyle socks by Henry Grethel for Camp Hosiery, \$6.50. Boat shoe, by Wrangler Shoes, \$47.





CAMEL LIGHTS

It's a whole new world.



9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

Today's Camel Lights, unexpectedly mild.

GREAT GEAR

school supplies that make the grade



For easy travel, pack up this Merona Sport garment bag (top). Inside, you'll find three suit hangers, shoe pockets and a matching Dopp kit. Of sturdy cotton canvas, it's machine washable, \$96.

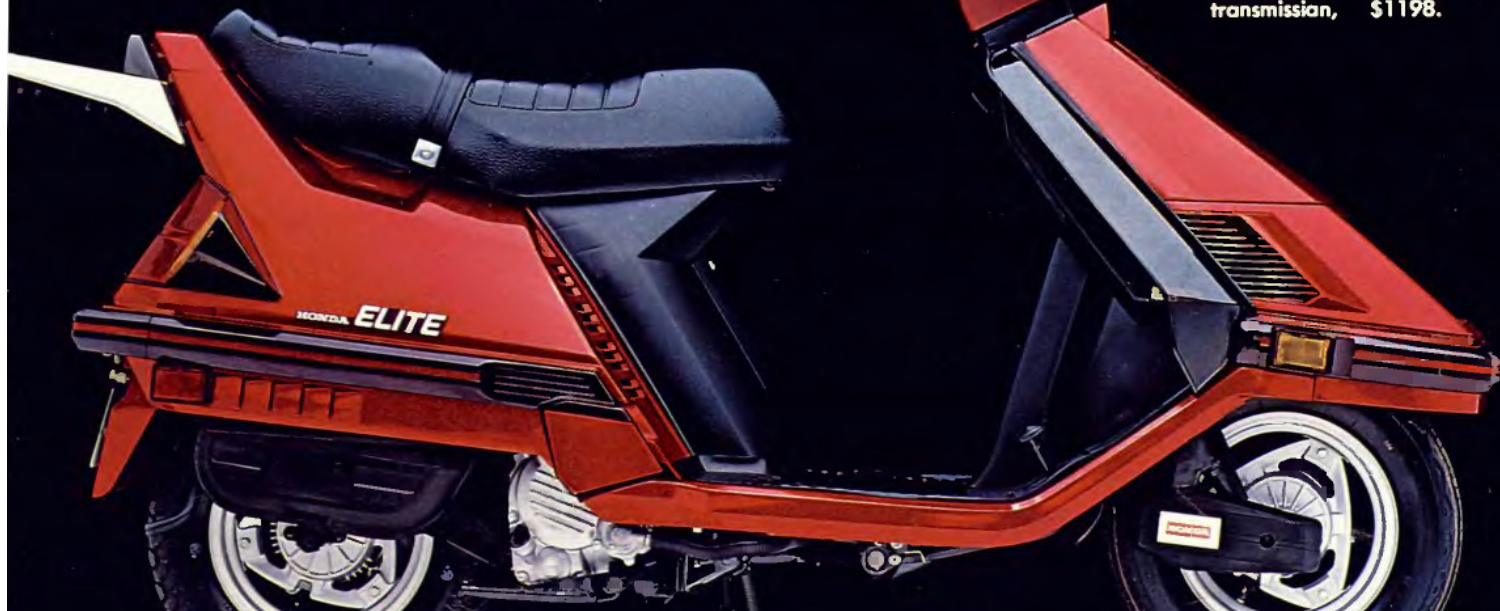
Canon's Typestar 5 cordless electronic typewriter (above) is so quiet, it won't wake your roommate. It weighs only six pounds and features letter-quality print and automatic carriage return, \$250.

Record a poly-sci lecture or listen to your favorite tape with Sony's Soundabout WA-200 AM/FM stereo Cassette Corder (below). There's a built-in speaker, auto reverse and instant edit, \$170.

It may be easier to buy a six-pack, but the Windsor's Choice Home Brewery (bottom) is more fun. The kit provides yeast, barley malt and everything else needed to make 12 bottles of beer, about \$25.



For the ultimate in campus travel, check out the Honda Elite scooter. It's driven by a powerful 124-c.c. liquid-cooled four-stroke engine, has automatic transmission, \$1198.



PLAYBOY GUIDE

It's only a phone, but we like it. Tri-Star International's Stone-Phone is a real conversation piece. It comes with a push-button dial and a modular plug and can recall any number automatically, \$30.



You don't have to be a music major to use Casio's versatile KX-101 boom box. A portable 16 pounds, it's an AM/FM computer stereo cassette recorder and has a mini-keyboard (37 keys), \$499.



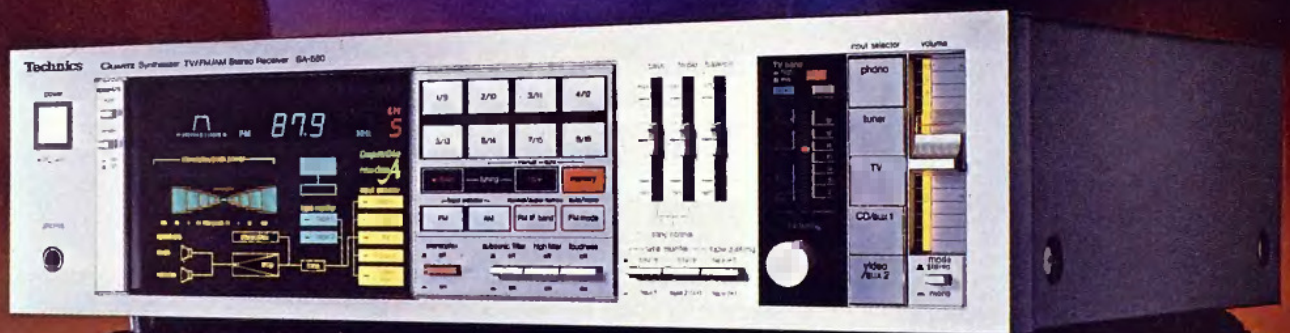
The Apple IIc portable computer, at just seven and a half pounds, has 128K of built-in memory and is compatible with most IIe programs. It hooks up to your TV or a separate monitor, \$1295.



Norelco's Man Care MC-39 Mini-Turbo hair drier travels light. It packs 1250 watts of power—with two heat and speed settings—into a gun so sleek and compact, it fits into your Dopp kit, \$16.

You'll never be late for a date with this high-tech SWATCH quartz watch from Switzerland. It's water and shock resistant, \$25.





Will your next AM/FM Receiver also give you Stereoplex™ television sound? Only if it's Technics.

Now Technics brings you stereo receivers that are so technologically advanced, they give you more than dramatically clean AM. More than brilliant FM. Now Technics receivers also tune in television sound. And electronically expand it into Stereoplex television sound.

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In addition, there's an input to connect a Compact Disc player, a VCR or a video monitor.

The new Technics stereo receivers. More than AM. More than FM. Even more than television sound. Because they're more than ordinary stereo receivers. They're Technics.

Technics
The science of sound

THE \$750 WARDROBE

how to look good without losing your shirt

YOUR SENIOR YEAR. It's not time to chuck the sweat shirt and jeans, just time to add to them and pull together a "real-world" wardrobe that will give you a smooth fashion transition from school to job interview to starting the job. What you see on these two pages is a starting wardrobe that costs just under \$750.



The senior in the photos here is Joseph Rubach, a corporate-media major at Ithaca College. We made some crucial changes from his campus-casual look, as seen in the "before" snapshot, to ready him for interviews and entrance into the business world. We cropped his hair closer and added a part. And we exchanged his aviator glasses for more classic tortoise shells.

Then we found the perfect interview suit, a charcoal-gray worsted wool, by Evan-Picone, about \$225. The conservative single-breasted jacket is updated with pleated trousers that can be worn with the sports jacket on the next page. The striped dress shirt, by Van Heusen 417, \$22.50, offers contrast, while the silk rep tie, by Boston Traders Neckwear, \$20, adds class. For a touch of flair, we've given him suspenders, by Bond Street Suspender & Belts, \$8. The polished-black-leather loafers, by Winthrop Shoes, \$45.95, complete the look. Let's see, we've spent \$321.45 so far. The rest of the wardrobe is described in the caption.

The durably functional tweed sports jacket is by Jordache, \$110. Three button-down shirts—a white oxford and a blue oxford, by Gant, \$29 each, and a plaid, by Chaps-Ralph Lauren, \$31.00. Add three more ties—one Burgundy and one blue cotton knit, by Oleg Cassini from Burma Bibas, \$10 each; and a Burgundy foulard, by Resilio Collegiate, \$14.50. Now comes the fun: two sweater vests, by Jantzen—a Fair Isle pattern, \$26, and a cotton cream-colored fisherman's knit, \$27.50. Each works well with the suit or the jacket. Then we've added a couple of crew-necks—a Burgundy with gray tipping, by Jantzen, \$27.50, and a jewel-toned graphic pattern, by Jockey International, \$42. They wear well under the jacket or on their own. We've included two pairs of basic yet stylishly pleated trousers. One's a khaki cotton/polyester, by Cotler, \$25; the other, a cotton pinwale corduroy, by Generra Sportswear, \$26. Add a basic leather belt, from Buxton, \$12, and a casually dressy pair of Argyle socks, by Burlington Socks, \$4.50, and you have the makings of a closetful of finery. The key here is that everything works together. You can mix, match, layer, dress up or dress down—and all for a grand total of \$745.45. Why, there's even enough left over from our \$750 budget for you to buy a copy of this magazine to give to a friend.





A BOOK OF FEVER DREAMS
MIYAMOTO
Résumé
W

At what point do you become a serious photographer?



It starts with a glimmer. A spark in your mind, hinting that photography can be more than just a quick way to freeze a memory.

As that feeling grows, things like composition, angle, and lighting become an exciting challenge. Time consuming? Yes. Worth it? Definitely. And you notice that while others might hope for interesting pictures to happen, you can *make* them happen.

Soon (though you can't exactly remember when), you begin to refer to your pictures as photographs. And nobody's laughing. Because in your photographs, you're capturing not just people and places, but feelings.

It is possibly at this point that you smile at how far you've come. Yet can't help wondering how far you can go.

It is at this point that you can fully appreciate the Olympus OM-4.

In an age when most camera innovations are designed to give you less to do, the OM-4 has something that lets you do more. It's called Multi-Spot Metering. And it gives you what photographers have dreamed of since the beginning of photography itself: creative control of light.

You see, most cameras, as sophisticated as they are, have an averaging meter, which averages all the highlights and shadows in your scene and gives you an exposure somewhere in between. You can't tell an averaging meter to give special attention to the areas you feel are most important. So, very often, you end up with a photograph that's, well, average.

And that's where the Olympus OM-4 with Multi-Spot Metering makes a world of difference. Because now you can decide which part of your photograph deserves the best exposure. Just center your subject in the microprism section of the viewfinder, push the spot button to set in the reading, recompose, and shoot for the perfect exposure. In fact, you can take up to 8 individual readings for each shot; the OM-4's computer will balance them perfectly. And you can store a reading in the OM-4's memory for up to an hour when you're planning a whole sequence of shooting.

With the OM-4, you'll capture backlit, spotlight, and high contrast scenes as never before. Without bracketing. Without compensating. Without wasting a shot. The OM-4 even features Highlight Control and Shadow Control for the most

dramatic effects imaginable.

You really have to see the OM-4 to believe it. Visit your Olympus dealer, or write for a brochure: Olympus, Dept. O, Woodbury, NY 11797. In Canada: W. Carsen Co. Ltd., Toronto.

The Olympus OM-4. We think every serious photographer will own one.



OLYMPUS®
WHEN YOU HAVE MORE TO SAY THAN JUST SMILE.

THE CAMPUS SURVIVAL HANDBOOK

forget that history exam. here's what you really need to study

THE BEST SCHOOL SHIRTS IN THE WORLD

They sure don't make them like they used to. They make them better. Our endless shopping of school stores turned up this trendy selection of the hot shirts to have. (They're made by Champion Products.) And don't worry. We don't know where Mankato State is, either.

MOVIES YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN BY NOW

Casablanca
Annie Hall
Fantasia
Godfather and Godfather II
Harold and Maude
Psycho
Rocky Horror Picture Show
A Streetcar Named Desire
2001: A Space Odyssey

THE FIVE BEST FIELDS TO BE IN WHEN YOU GROW UP

If you're looking for majors that make sense, here are some that will also make dollars:

Computer engineering
Computer law
Computer psychology
Industrial medicine
Mergers and acquisitions



DAVID MCECY

WHERE THE STARS WENT TO SCHOOL

Ronald Reagan, Eureka College
Johnny Carson, University of Nebraska
Joan Rivers, Barnard
Madeline Kahn, Hofstra
Dustin Hoffman, Santa Monica City College
Gloria Steinem, Smith
Steve Martin, UCLA
Jackie Onassis, George Washington
Steven Spielberg, Cal State, Long Beach
Goldie Hawn, American University
Jane Fonda, Vassar
Lee Iacocca, Lehigh
Howard Cosell, NYU
Barbara Walters, Sarah Lawrence
George Steinbrenner, Williams College
Alan Alda, Fordham
Meryl Streep, Vassar
Robin Williams, Juilliard
Woody Allen, NYU

DON'T GIVE US THAT EQUALITY CRAP; THESE MEN HAVE FAMILIES!

A male full professor at Princeton is paid an average of \$46,900. A female full professor at Princeton is paid an average of \$41,900.

SOME FOLKS WHO NEVER WENT TO COLLEGE

Ernest Hemingway
Abraham Lincoln
Tom Stoppard
Henry Clay
Thomas Edison
Moses Malone

HOW TO GET MONEY FAST

Overdrawn at the bank? Need money from home? All you have to worry about is finding someone to send it. If that friend in deed goes to a Western Union office with cash or a Visa or MasterCard, you can have money wired in minutes. (If payment is by card, Western Union can do it over the phone.) To send \$200, the cost is \$18.95. American Express offers a similar service to cardholders in most cities. The sender must go to its office in person with cash, a check or a money order. The cost to send \$200 is \$15. In either case, you pick up the cash at the branch office nearest you.

THREE DRUGS YOU DON'T NEED ANYMORE

Cocaine
Angel dust
Vivarin



THE "INS" AND "OUTS" OF COLLEGE

Don't ask questions. Just memorize these lists.

"IN"

Wayfarer sunglasses
Short hair
Gold credit cards
Lacrosse
Beer
K-Swiss shoes
Camouflage socks
Half-inch-wide shoelaces
Baseball jackets
Big sweaters
High-top sneakers
Computers
Tasseled loafers
Chopsticks
Nutra-Sweet
Fraternities
Turtlenecks
MTV
Lighting her cigarette
Dating
Answering machines
Zork
One-o'clock classes

"OUT"

Lived-in jeans
Long hair
Sushi
Standard typewriters
Caffeine
Tasteless jokes
Health food
Diets
Alarm watches

Single-edge blades
Mr. T
Scratch & Sniff
Bongs
Sleeping around
Down quilts
White sweat socks
Little black books
Indian food
Skate-boarding
The pill
Cut sweat shirts
Punk
Nine-o'clock classes

ON THE RECORD

When we polled students during spring break in Daytona Beach, here's how they rated the rockers:

1. The Police
2. Van Halen
3. Michael Jackson
4. The Rolling Stones
5. Billy Joel
6. Def Leppard
7. Rush
8. Genesis
9. Lionel Richie
10. Bruce Springsteen



BOOKS YOU SHOULD HAVE READ BY NOW

Ethics, Aristotle
Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality, Freud
Ulysses, Joyce
The Personal Computer Book, McWilliams
Notes from the Underground, Dostoevsky
The Making of the President 1960, White
The Sound and the Fury, Faulkner
Dress for Success, Molloy
Great Expectations, Dickens
The Playboy Advisor on Love & Sex, Petersen

NIELSEN, SCHMIESEN

Forget the ratings. The only people who watch *The Dukes of Hazzard* are nine-year-olds in Tennessee. Here, based on our own survey, are the most popular shows on campus:

1. *Hill Street Blues*
2. *M*A*S*H* reruns
3. *Cheers*
4. *60 Minutes*
5. *Dynasty*
6. *Magnum, P.I.*
7. *The A-Team*
8. *General Hospital*
9. *All My Children*
10. *Knots Landing*

THE CLIFF'S NOTES OF LIFE

There's a lot more to college success than passing exams—ask any graduate. For some, this may be the first time away from the comforts of home, so survival becomes a matter of mastering the basics—from boiling water to doing laundry. Here are some nitty-gritty tips to help you get through—at least until Mom calls back.

- A zipper that's stuck will move easily if you rub the teeth with the point of a lead pencil.
- If a jeans hem has come down, simply fold it back and fasten with masking tape.
- Cut yourself shaving? (They said you couldn't function on two hours' sleep.) Blot the cut with a tissue and dab with a styptic pencil. Remember to take the tissue off or you'll look like a walking men's room.
- If you've done laundry even once, you probably know the fundamentals, such as separating the whites and the colors, etc. But when it comes to stains, that's the real test. First, read the label. If the clothing needs dry cleaning, you're off the hook. If the fabric is washable, proceed as follows:

For **liquor** stains, soak in warm water and a few drops of vinegar, then wash in hot suds. If you're lucky enough to find **lipstick** on your collar, rub the stain with petroleum jelly, then wash in hot water. Get carried away taking notes in business law? Those **ball-point-ink** marks on your sleeve should come clean if you apply hair spray, then launder. For unidentified stains, a bottle of club soda is a great emergency treatment. Pour on, then blot off. (Fresh stains respond best.) Repeat as necessary. Great on the rug, too.

- If ironing's not your favorite way to get ready for a date, you can take the wrinkles out of your clothes by hanging them in the bathroom while you shower. Close the door and turn on the hot water. The steam does the rest.

WHAT YOU SHOULD EAT

Don't show this list to a nutritionist. Here are the Biggest Munchies on Campus:

Burritos
Oreo ice-cream sandwiches
Ribs
Kraft macaroni and cheese
Chicken wings
Oatmeal

IF YOU PUT AWAY TEN DOLLARS A WEEK TO GO TO HARVARD, YOU SHOULD MAKE IT THROUGH IN ABOUT 108 YEARS

What does college cost? That depends on the college. Here's a sampling. The price shown includes tuition and room and board for one year. For state schools, we've given the resident rate. Nonresident costs are generally 30-50 percent higher.

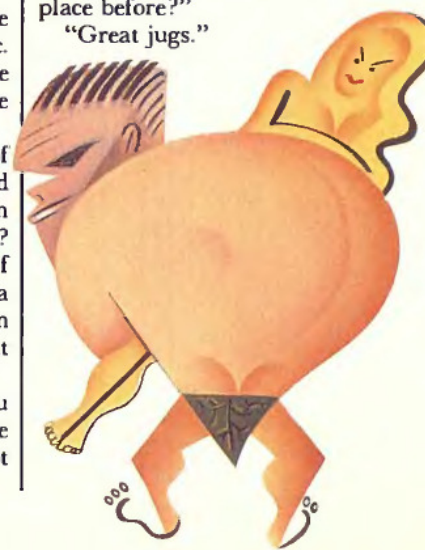
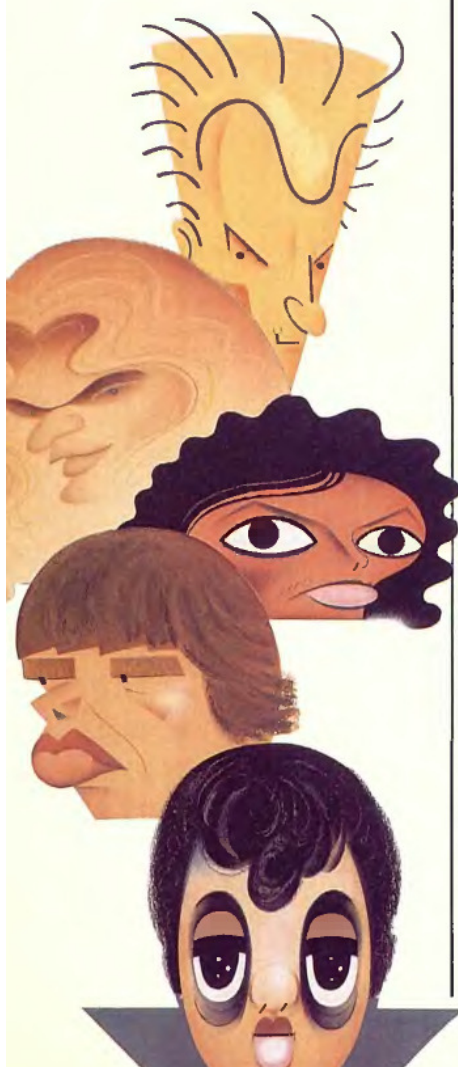
Harvard, \$14,100
Yale, \$13,950
Tufts, \$13,836
Colgate, \$12,420
SMU, \$10,549
UCLA, \$3901
Slippery Rock University, \$3384
Michigan State, \$4270

THE THREE HOTTEST GAMES ON CAMPUS

1. Twister
2. Trivial Pursuit
3. Quarters

PICKUP LINES THAT DON'T WORK

"Your place or mine?"
"Scorpio, right?"
"Haven't I seen you someplace before?"
"Great jugs."



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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

BULK-RATE RICHES (continued from page 144)

"The rub comes when one of your pricy newsletters is saying one thing, and the other, another."

month after month after month.

But why spend good money to get rich—hey, a dollar's a dollar—when the very next envelope in the pile promises a free report on HOW TO ACHIEVE FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE IN THE NEXT THREE YEARS? I ache to open the envelope. Pressing real tight, I can even see the words IRON-CLAD GUARANTEE showing through from the inside. But you know my rule about junk mail. Out it goes.

Because, really, if you sift long enough, you will eventually come upon an envelope that not only will make you rich, like the others, and at no cost to you, like the one above, but *without your even having to open it*. Like this one bulk mailed from Howard Lake, Minnesota, emblazoned THE DOW WILL PASS 2300 . . . SILVER WILL HIT \$95/OZ. . . THE PRIME RATE WILL SINK TO 8% . . . HOUSING VALUES WILL GAIN 30-50% . . . ALL WITHIN 18 MONTHS! The envelope goes on to promise 10 MORE PROFITABLE FORECASTS FOR 1984-85 FROM THE FASTEST-GROWING INVESTMENT ANALYSIS SERVICE IN AMERICA, but the four on the outside of the envelope more than suffice. Just sell everything else and buy silver.

Too easy? Nothing worth while comes free? OK, go ahead and pay the subscription fee (\$75, *The Money Advocate*).

The rub comes when one of your pricy newsletters is saying one thing, and the

other, another. Or when both are saying the same thing and both prove wrong. This happens all the time.

Who's right? you wonder—and, as if by telepathy, comes, bulk rate, a buff-and-maroon envelope headlined just that way. WHO'S RIGHT? It enumerates contrasting predictions by Howard Ruff and Harry Browne (gold will zoom; no, it won't); Vern Myers and James Blanchard (deflation is unstoppable; 30-35 percent inflation's around the corner); the Aden Sisters and Mark Skousen (gold's going to \$4000; don't hold your breath). *Gee!* All these experts, full of praise for one another and frequently touting one another's pricy monthly poop sheets, and disagreeing—*Who's Right?*

AT LAST, reads the envelope, YOU CAN FIND OUT! (SEE INSIDE.) One examines the envelope in hope of unmasking this arbiter of investment prediction, this Edgar Cayce of international finance, but there's no return address. So we'll never know who the genius is unless we open the envelope, and you know the rule.

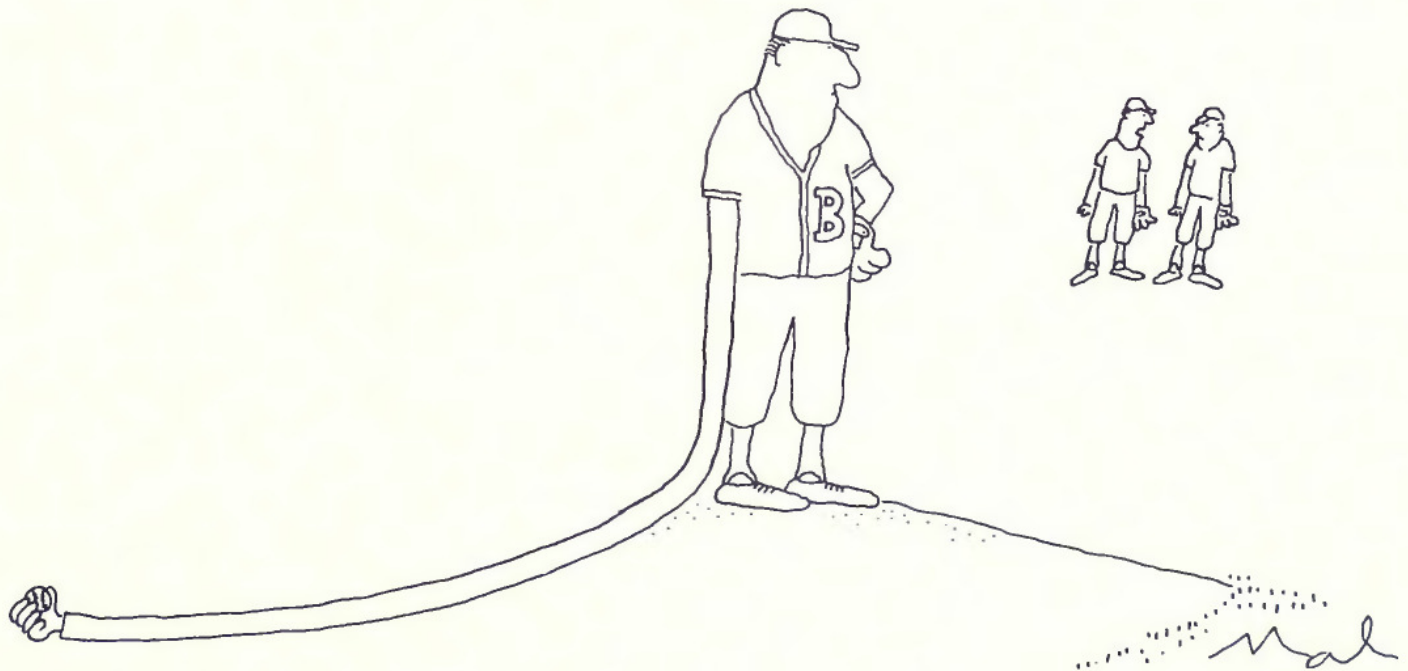
(One set of envelopes I do consistently open comes from American Express Travel Related Services Company. I open them to see just how far the concept "travel-related" can be stretched. No fewer than three such travel-related offers came in one day's mail not long ago. One was for

a \$540 Vidal Sassoon Infinity Necklace [sorry, I get all my jewelry from Cheeselovers]; another offered goblets engraved with my name and crest; the third offered a dozen crystal paperweights, presumably to keep my papers from flying all over while I'm off traveling.)

Junk costs 11 cents to mail if it's less than 3.9111 ounces, or 5.2 cents if it's less than 3.5708 ounces and the sender is nonprofit. Heavier pieces are lumped together and charged by the pound: 45 cents commercial, 23.3 cents nonprofit. But if you bundle by Zip Code, you knock off nine tenths of a cent if you're nonprofit, 1.7 cents if you're not—are you writing all this down?—and if you sort by carrier route, as well, subtract yet another penny (nonprofit) or 1.9 cents (commercial). You can tell that the Vita-Mix Corporation sorts its urgent bulk mail by Zip and carrier route (PLEASE RUSH. DATED MATERIAL ENCLOSED) by the thrifty 7.4 cents metered on each envelope.

Hello—what's this? I've just received a COMPUTER TRANSMITTED, PRIORITY MESSAGE—URGENT, NATIONAL WIRE-GRAM. You don't find *those* in your mail every day! A window in the envelope says it was transmitted at precisely 16:56 Eastern Standard Time. My name and address are spelled wrong, and there's a BLK RT indicia up in the right-hand corner.

Swamped by all this stuff? TOO BAD, TOBIAS, reads the caption of a cartoon showing through the window of an envelope designed to catch me in mid-flick, I TOLD YOU READING 43 NEWSPAPERS WOULD WARP YOUR MIND! This would appear to be the beginning of a pitch for a news-digest



"He has one helluva windup."

newsletter, not to be confused with a newsletter-digest newsletter, several of which solicit with equal enthusiasm. The style of the cartoon is suspiciously like one that shows through the window of another envelope, in which I am apparently in the midst of a tax audit. "TOBIAS," says the auditor, "YOU SHOULD BE PROUD TO BE A TAX-PAYING AMERICAN."

"I AM! I AM!" I apparently say, but a balloon above my head shows I am thinking I could be just as proud on half the taxes.

Personalized junk-mail cartoons? I'll bet they don't have them in Russia. Does this mean that ten years from now the cable boxes atop our TV sets will insert our names into the audio whenever the commercial broadcaster leaves a coded blank ("You deserve a break today—Tobias—at McDonald's")? And will that spell the end of junk mail as we know it?

These are heavier questions than I mean to ask or dare to answer. A better question is "Can any of these financial newsletters make you money?"

Some undoubtedly can. But which?

WOULD YOU PAY \$5 PER MONTH TO FIND OUT WHOSE INVESTMENT ADVICE REALLY WORKS? asks an envelope. To which the sensible reply is, "No, but I'd pay \$5000 a month to know whose will." It's easy to find newsletters (or mutual funds or brokers or crapshooters) that just had a great couple of years; not at all easy to judge which will have them next.

The purpose of a \$135-a-year newsletter called the *Hulbert Financial Digest* (409 First Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003), which tracks the performance of a variety of other newsletters, is to find the ones with the hot hands and climb on board while they're hot, then abandon ship (before everybody else does) when their hands begin to cool. Never mind that most of your gains, if you have gains, will be short term and, thus, heavily taxed. It's particularly important to bail out ahead of everyone else when a letter has developed a following. When 5000 of you go to sell 300 shares each of some \$13 stock—well, 1,500,000 shares may be more than the market can absorb without the price slipping a point or four. (Indeed, the hot hands get hotter, at least for a while, because their recommendations are frequently, in the short run, self-fulfilling.)

One of the hottest hands, at least until recently, has belonged to Dr. Martin Zweig, whose \$245 *Zweig Forecast* (747 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017) is published every three weeks, with special bulletins when conditions warrant and a hotline you can call for daily comment. Marty Zweig is a smart and personable fellow. Whether paying him \$245 a year will greatly improve your lot in life I cannot say. On the back page of each newsletter, there's a listing of his open positions (the things he's recommended you buy), along with the paper profit or loss you would have made on

each one. At the bottom of the list is a figure for average profit: 12.9 percent in the most recent letter, though I don't believe it takes into account brokerage commissions or taxes.

That figure doesn't attempt to include all the wonderful profits you may have reaped from Dr. Zweig's past recommendations—only the profit or loss on the positions he suggests you still hold. It's not a weighted average in any way—just the sum of 16 profit and loss percentages divided by 16. What's interesting to me is the temptation Zweig must be under not to recommend sale of the first two entries on his list, IBM, up 66 percent from where he recommended it in July 1982, and Walgreen, up 98.5 percent. In fact, a footnote shows he sold *half* those positions at significantly lower prices . . . but has not yet had the heart to recommend sale of the other half. In part, that may be because he thought IBM, even when it hit 130 (he had sold the first half at 83), was still cheap, and in part—if he's human—it may be because he hated to see that winner removed from the top of his list in every subsequent issue of the newsletter. Likewise Walgreen, which he had bought at 17. Half he sold at 25, but the other half he recommended holding, even when it hit 40. Was it really, at 40, one of the 16 best buys he could find for his subscribers—or would it simply have been a shame to have to drop it from his list? Without those two magnificent holdovers, IBM and Walgreen, the average gain before commissions and taxes on the 14 other open positions in the issue I'm looking at would have been three percent.

It's got to be a nightmare to have tens of thousands of people scrutinizing every investment decision you make, so I sympathize with Zweig. The nightmare is in part ameliorated by the \$245 a year each of those tens of thousands of onlookers tosses into the pot, but let's not begrudge the *Zweig Forecast* that money. In 1981 and 1982, followers of Zweig's recommendations would have gotten it back in spades and shovels and wheelbarrows. Zweig was great. In 1983 and at least the early part of 1984, his subscribers could have done about as well as Zweig on a Sealy Posturepedic. However, for the rest of 1984 and all of 1985, Zweig's recommendations are likely to be extraordinarily good, as they were in 1981 and 1982; or else not so good, as they were in 1983; or else kind of rotten, as they were on rare occasions way back when. Who knows? *The Option Advisor*, reports Hulbert in his digest, was up a spectacular 97.9 percent in the first quarter of 1984 (\$180 a year, Box 46709, Cincinnati, Ohio 45246). On the other hand, it was down 93.4 percent in 1983. If you'd invested \$10,000 according to its recommendations in 1983, you'd have been down to about \$660 by the start of 1984, and then that

Even if you've never done any work on your car yourself, HELP! makes it easy to take care of those pesky little repair jobs. Like broken window-crank handles, loose arm rests or noisy starters, to name a few of hundreds for which HELP! has answers. No more weekends hunting parts in auto junkyards. This booklet lists 100 of the most popular HELP! items that can save you big bucks in solving small repair problems. Parts come in handy packages with complete, easy-to-follow instructions. Send for your FREE copy of "One hundred auto repairs for under ten bucks."

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\$660 would have doubled.

And how can we forget Joe ("I can never be wrong again") Granville, whose market-shaking predictions you could have received for \$250 a year or, when he was really hot, by watching the nightly news? Granville was great for a while, except that those who stuck with his advice would ultimately have been wiped out. ("My name's Granville, not God," he eventually shrugged.)

Howard Ruff has a newsletter. Subscribe and you may get a free LP on which Howard sings *If I Were a Rich Man*, *Hymn to America*, *I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked*, *My Way*, *Climb Every Mountain* and *The Impossible Dream* . . . and/or copies of all of Howard's outdated hardcover books. The newsletter is largely occupied with introducing additions to the Ruff family (he has 30 or 40 kids), spurring readers to political action (he has his own lobbying organ) and promoting new or affiliated newsletters. He has great skills as a communicator and marketer, substantial skills as a singer and financial analyst.

He will start one newsletter with an anonymous, and possibly fabricated, letter so that he can defend free enterprise and the profit motive ("Dear Howard: Why are you always trying to sell us other newsletters, coins, books and cruises? All you care about is getting rich. You're

greedy"). He will start another by chewing out impatient subscribers who wonder why gold and silver *still* haven't gone up. The mastery of it is that he actually has more than 150,000 fans paying \$89 a year (and more) to cheer him on. He's the misunderstood multimillionaire underdog, fighting valiantly against the big bad Government, and the fact that his investment advice is sometimes good, sometimes not so good, is almost beside the point. It's you and he against the establishment, you and he against the Russians, you and he against the welfare cheats, you and he against Congress (well, he's got a point there), you and he against promiscuity, you and he against impatient, ungrateful subscribers. You and he on exotic, arguably tax-deductible investment-seminar tours. You and he ensuring that his latest book, *Making Money*, climbs to number one on the best-seller list, thereby confirming his popularity and expertise. ("Buy the book sometime in the two weeks beginning May 14," he offered, and your newsletter subscription will be extended at no charge.)

The investment letters I do like don't attempt to predict world events, the price of gold or the course of the stock market but provide the kind of fundamental analysis on overlooked or undervalued issues I don't have time to do. And even then I

don't have a great deal of confidence in them, because picking undervalued stocks is a tough, tough game. Most people will be better off picking a seasoned mutual fund that picks undervalued stocks, such as Mutual Shares Corporation (26 Broadway, New York, New York 10004).

For those who'd rather do it themselves, the *Value Line Investment Survey* (711 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017) is well worth a ten-week trial subscription for \$37, including a handbook. Two upstart newsletters for the small investor to which you might write requesting sample copies are *BI Research* (Box 301, South Salem, New York 10590) and *F.X.C. Investors* (62-19 Cooper Avenue, Glendale, New York 11385). More widely known are Charles Allmon's *Growth Stock Outlook* (Box 15381, Chevy Chase, Maryland 20815) and *Market Logic* (3471 North Federal Highway, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33306). Just keep in mind that this is a tough, tough game to win.

Generally, when asked where to look for sound investment ideas, I suggest a subscription to *Forbes*. But that's no good, because no one expects to get rich fast reading *Forbes*. We want to believe there's a simple, worry-free way to make 1555 percent on our money.

(And I don't blame us.)



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Our PT-80, with its ROM pack technology, is the world's smallest—and undoubtedly least expensive—music teacher. Simply snap in a ROM pack and it'll play itself—and teach you how to play it by leading your fingers across its keys with the blinking lights of Casio's exclusive

Melody Guide system.

Our MT-35 is a virtual one hand band—only 17" long, yet with a 44-key polyphonic keyboard, and a one key auto accompaniment and demo feature which turns it into a one finger band.

On a larger scale, our MT-46 gives you a 49 key, 8 note polyphonic keyboard with built-in bass lines, sustain, arpeggio and drum fills. The MT-68 adds to this even more instrument sounds and a special accompaniment section

that gives 768 rhythm variations.

All these keyboards are equipped with a built-in speaker, as well as an output jack, so you can hook it up to your earphones or your own sound equipment.

No matter how different the drummer you march to, there's a Casio keyboard that'll accompany you for less.

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"It's never seemed to me that one hot person could jump-start the sleeping passion of another."

All of which gives scenes like this one, described to me by the New York therapist, a certain believability. A friend of hers, she said, a man in his mid-30s, was at a cocktail party when a lovely blonde woman with whom he had hooked eyes across the room stepped over to him and said, "You want to fuck?"

"Could we talk first?" he said.

He was running the risk of being called a wimp, of course, an old term that's been dusted off for use on men who don't put on the manners of gangsters and drunken cowboys; because, more often than not, gentleness in men is taken for weakness.

"Macho was the dirty word of the Seventies," said the therapist. "Wimp is the dirty word of the Eighties."

Nor do those sexual snares lurk out there for men in their 30s and 40s only. I was browsing in a Chicago camera store not long ago when I eavesdropped on this conversation between two salesmen behind a counter. Both of them were in their early 20s.

"How's your car?" the shorter of the two asked.

"Right now, it's working intermittently," said the other. "Like my cock."

"What's the matter with your cock?"

"I don't think anything's wrong with it. I think it's booze. You sit around all night with some chick while she decides if she wants to fuck you, and by the time you get home and get her pants off, you're too drunk to do anything about it. At least, I hope it's the booze."

Chet Ford is a film editor in Los Angeles. When I asked him if he dated, he said, "Not really. I mean, I don't go looking for trouble." We both laughed. He goes out from time to time, he said, with women he meets around his job. Ford is a handsome 35, never married, but he's been in and out of several long-term affairs and many short ones in between, a course that's left him cooler sexually than he ever imagined he'd be.

"I've become very picky," he says. "It's to the point where I can tell in the first five minutes whether the lady and I are going to have anything at all for each other. It may sound cold, but there are like ten questions I sort of slide in at the begin-

ning, and one wrong answer and that's it. I've become ruthless in my old age. None of this call-you-Friday stuff. I just tell them, 'Sorry, I don't need it.' I just broke up with a woman I'd been seeing for six months because of her sister, which sounds petty, I know, but her sister was just there *all* the time. I broke up with another girl because she had a bad dog, and I swear I'll never go out with a woman who has a dog again. I hate to admit it, but I think I'm maturing. I mean, you can get sex pretty much any time you want it, but for me now, it's a question of quality sex with quality women. There's a dilemma there, too, though. When it gets hot and deep, I break it off, because I know I fall hard, and when you end a relationship like that, it takes a year or a year and a half to recover. That's happened to me three times, and I'm just not ready for it again. I can't afford it."

When I asked him if he was seeing the same thing among his friends, he said absolutely yes. "It's the rat in the snake," he said. "Everything that happens to our generation is a trend."

A sociologist I talked with said yes, there seemed to be more sexually cool men out there lately, as far as she could tell from her surveys. Among other reasons, she said, she thought it was because men no longer had the dance on their own terms. "It used to be that a man asked for sex when *he* was ready. Now the initiative is no longer entirely his, and a lot of men have no idea how to deal with that."

Maybe, I thought. It's not very "male" to be out of the mood. Nowhere is it recorded that Don Juan ever pleaded headache. But the bickering over who does the asking is exactly the kind of sexual-political question that undoes the juice of the situation just by the asking. It's never seemed to me that one hot person could jump-start the sleeping passion of another, no matter which direction the spark was trying to fly.

For instance, me and a woman I met a couple of years ago, when I was living in California. She was 29, pretty, brighter than most people I know, and she made more money than I did and lived in a place nicer than mine, much nicer. But we had a lot of things in common, like words and racquetball and having nothing to do with our Saturday nights. We were out together in groups six or seven times; we talked on the phone often—a careful, coy sort of circling. She didn't date much, she said, and complained about all the frigid men out there. In fact, she said she'd rather stay home and read romance novels than go out with the jerks who seemed to be available.

The night we found our way to her couch, we started at opposite ends. Tense stuff. Twenty minutes later, we were still



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pretty much jammed in our own corners, and I would have given up on the whole thing except there was sex in the air. Thin, taut ribbons, perhaps, but sex nonetheless. So I decided to do the work, take the chances. I got up and made myself a drink and sat down again so that we were touching. Just barely. A little later, I kissed her, lightly, and hugged her a little. She was stiff, skittish. Drum up a little heat here, I thought. It might be catching. So I put a little hunger into the next pass. Still, nothing but that visceral sort of fear was coming back. I let go, sat straight again and looked out the window.

"This is crazy," I said out loud. And I thought, You can't make a tango out of a minuet singlehandedly, buster. Let it go.

"It's just that I like you too much to think of you as a one-night stand," she said. Then she said the irony of it was that she and her girlfriends used that line all the time on men they didn't want but that she meant it this time.

That was it for me. Whatever embers I was trying to provoke in myself went to ash. She was warning me: Sex equals commitment; get out of town while you still have time. We were nice to each other about the whole failed episode, perhaps because it seemed to be mutual—I brought the champagne, she brought the roses—but I left that night promising myself I'd never make a move on a woman again until the spoken or unspoken heat of the situation burst the rug between us into flames. It's a promise I've broken since, and I was always sorry when I did.

If the Don Juan myth ever does die, or even wither, it's likely to be a long, slow decline. Men believe in it too strongly, have been watching their heroes ride through that script for so long, that they can't help defining their deepest selves and their relationships with women by it. And maybe the best synopsis of it I've heard for a long time came from a famous commentator on American sexuality, a man who spent ten years researching the subject and then wrote a large book on it.

The first thing he told me was that he didn't have much sympathy for any premise that suggested there might be more frigid men now than a decade ago. "There have been men forever who don't care much about sex—they buy *PLAYBOY* and read the *Interview*—but they're exceptions," he told me. Then he said he didn't want to talk about what had changed over the past ten years between men and women, that he could better describe the sexual state of things by summarizing what hadn't changed at all.

"Men want—need—sexual variety," he said. "Women want romance. I'll tell you what happens every night of every year in all the capitals of the world from Washington to Caracas and in all the towns between: Men are home masturbat-

ing to pictures. Women are home reading romance novels."

When he said that, it reminded me of a conversation I'd had with a very bright, very successful Chicago woman, a serious and talented athlete and, like Jan DeLeon, a romance-novel junkie. I was trying to find out what attracted her to that whole genre, and when we got around to *Gone with the Wind*, she said something that convinced me that her love for those books was purely emotional and had absolutely nothing to do with intellect. "I know without a doubt," she told me, "that Rhett Butler came back."

I'd never thought about it, but I wondered at that moment if the difference between men and women could really be reduced to something that simple, that dumb. Does every woman in America believe that Rhett showed up back on Scarlett's porch with his big white hat in his hands to say he was sorry for the strong language and that he'd like another chance?

And does every man believe that what he did was go on downtown and get a hot little delta tart and have him an *evening*?

"I'll tell you what else hasn't changed," said the writer. "Women are selling; men are buying. Men have to pay for sex every time they get it, maybe with flowers or charm or a job on a picture or whatever. But they are buying."

"Seems to me the price has gone up," I said.

"Well," he said, "inflation affects everything. Still, men will pay *anything*, risk anything for sex. In fact, there ought to be a Congressional medal of honor for the risks men take to get laid."

John Simms and I took a walk out onto one of the docks that overlook the harbor at San Pedro. He has a workshop tucked in among the cargo sheds, where he builds fine wooden boats one at a time. I hadn't come to talk with him about this story in particular; more just to say hello. He's a quiet, decent man in his early 30s, Marlboro handsome, and he's working hard to keep a second marriage together. He asked what I was doing, and when I said frigid men, I didn't have to go on much about what I meant.

I started to, but before I got very far with the explanation, he said, "I'll tell you something. Your dick doesn't lie. Pain, fear, anger, resentment, all of them will suck you right up. Those times before when you maybe weren't up for it psychologically but you went ahead anyway—well, now you just figure, Why the hell bother to perform? I think it's just part of figuring out what you want out of your relationships. What's important. And if your dick doesn't want to, you have to trust it. It's not good or bad. It's just the way it is."





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JULIUS CAESAR

(continued from page 86)

neck rise—not the herbs or the scent of storm in the air but something else: the six-week smell of penned animals in the hold of a ship, it came to me at last. That instant, a terrific crash of thunder struck, much nearer than the rest, making all of us, even Caesar, jump—all, that is, but the bearded old man. I heard wind sweep in, catching at the ragged edges of things, moving everything that would move.

The first indication that the old man was aware of us—or, indeed, aware of anything—came when Caesar inclined his head to me and said, "Doctor, it's close in here. Undo the window." The bearded man's mouth opened as if prepared to object—his teeth gleamed yellow—and his daughter's eyes flew wide; then both, I thought, gave way, resigned themselves. The man's beard and mustache became one again, and the flicker of life sank back out of his face. I, too, had certain small reservations. The only window in the room, its shutters now rattling and tugging, was the one behind the bearded man's right shoulder; and though he seemed not ferocious—he behaved like a man under sedation, in fact, his eyelids heavy, eyes filmed over—I did not relish the thought of moving nearer to a man who believed he could change into a wolf. Neither did I much like Caesar's expression. I remembered how once, halting his army, he'd sent three men into a mountain notch to find out whether they drew fire.

I made—cunning old fart that I am—the obvious and inevitable choice. I hobbled to the window, throwing my good leg forward and hauling in the bad one, making a great show of pitiful vulnerability, my face a heart-rending mask of profoundest apology—I unfastened the latches, threw the shutters wide and hooked them, then ran like a child playing sticks in the ring back to Caesar. To my horror, Caesar laughed. Strange to say, the bearded man, gloomier than Saturn until this moment, laughed, too. I swung around like a billy goat to give him a look. Old age, he should know, deserves respect or, at least, mercy—not really, of course; but I try to get one or the other if I can.

"He keep clear . . . werewolf," the bearded man said. His speech was slurred, his voice like the creakiest hinge in Tuscany. He tapped his finger tips together as if in slowed-down merriment. The night framed in the window behind him was as dense and black as ever but alive now, roaring and banging. Caesar and the two centurions laughed with the old man as if there were nothing strange at all in his admission that, indeed, he was a werewolf. The girl's face was red, whether with anger or shame I couldn't guess. For an instant, I was mad as a hornet, suspecting they'd set up this business as a joke on me; but gradually, my reason regained the upper hand. Take it from an old man

who's seen a few things: It's always a mistake to assume that anything has been done for you personally, even evil.

The world flashed white and the loudest crash of thunder yet stopped their laughter and, very nearly, my heart. Now rain came pouring down like a waterfall, silver-gold where the candlelight reached it, a bright sheet blowing away from us, violently hissing. The girl had her hands over her ears. The werewolf smiled, uneasy, as if unsure what was making all the noise.

Now that we were all on such friendly terms, we introduced ourselves. The man's name was Vödfiet—one of those northern names that have no meaning. When he held out his leaden hand to Caesar, Caesar thoughtfully bowed and looked at it but did not touch it. I, too, looked, standing a little behind Caesar and to his left. The man's fingernails were thick yellow and carved with ridges, like old people's toenails, and stranger yet, the lines of the palm—what I could see of them—were like the scribbles of a child who has a vague sense of letters but not of words. It was from him that the animal smell came, almost intolerably rank, up close, even with the breeze from the window. I'd have given my purse to get the palps of my fingers into his cranium, especially the area—as close as I could get—of the *pallium prolectus*. Preferably after he was dead.

"Strange," Caesar said, gently stroking the sides of his mouth, head bowed, shoulders rigid, looking from the werewolf to me, then back. Caesar seemed unnaturally alert, yet completely unafraid or else indifferent—no, not indifferent: on fire, as if for some reason he thought he'd met his match. The fingers of his left hand drummed on the side of his leg. He said, with the terrible coy irony he uses on senators, "You seem not much bothered by these things you do."

The werewolf sighed, made a growl-like noise, then shrugged and tipped his head, quizzical. He ran his tongue over his upper teeth, a gesture we ancients know well. We're authorities on rot. We taste it, insofar as we still taste, with every breath.

"Come, come," Caesar said, suddenly bending forward, smiling, sharp-eyed, and jerked his right hand, fingers tight, toward the werewolf's face. The man no more flinched than an ox would have done, drugged for slaughter. His heavy eyelids blinked once, slowly. Caesar said, again in a voice that seemed ironic, perhaps self-mocking, "Your daughter seems bothered enough!"

The werewolf looked around the room until he found her, still there on her stool. She went on staring at her knees. Thunder hit, not as close now, but loud. Her back jerked.

"And yet, you," Caesar said, his voice

rising, stern—again there was that hint of self-mockery and something else: lidded violence—"that doesn't trouble you. Your daughter's self-sacrifice, her labor to protect you—"

The man raised his hands from the table, palms out, evidently struggling for concentration, and made a growling noise. Perhaps he said, "Gods." He spread one hand over his chest in the age-old sign of injured innocence, then slowly raised the hand toward the ceiling, or possibly he meant the window behind him, and with an effort splayed out the fingers. "Moon," he said, and looked at us hopefully, then saw that we didn't understand him. "Moon," he said carefully. "Cloud." His face showed frustration and confusion, like a stroke victim's, though obviously that wasn't his trouble, I thought; no muscle loss, no discernible differentiation between his left side and his right. "Full moon . . . shine . . . no, but . . ." Although his eyes were still unfocused, he smiled, eager; he'd caught my worried glance at the window. After a moment's hesitation, the werewolf lowered his hands again and folded them.

"The moon," Caesar said, and jabbed a finger at the night. "You mean you blame—"

The man shrugged, his confusion deepening, and opened his hands as if admitting that the excuse was feeble, then rested his dull eye on Caesar, tipped his head like



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a dog and went on waiting.

Caesar turned from him, rethinking things, and now I saw real fury rising in him at last. "The moon," he said half to himself, and looked hard at the centurion, as if checking his expression. Recklessly, he flew back to the table and slammed the top with the flat of both hands. "Wake up!" he shouted in the werewolf's face, so ferocious that the cords of his neck stood out.

The werewolf slowly blinked.

Caesar stared at him, eyes bulging, then again turned away from him and crossed the room. He clamped his hands to the sides of his face and squeezed his eyes shut—perhaps he had a headache starting up. Thunder banged away, and the rain, still falling hard, was now a steady hiss, a rattle of small rivers on the street. We could hear the two centurions outside the door flap ruefully talking. At last, Caesar half turned back to the werewolf. In the

tone men use for commands, he asked, "What does it feel like, coming on?"

The werewolf said nothing for a long moment, then echoed, as if the words made no sense to him, "Feel like." He nodded slowly, as if deeply interested or secretly amused. The girl put her hands over her face.

Caesar said, turning more, raising his hand to stop whatever words might be coming, "Never mind that. What does it feel like afterward?"

Again it seemed that the creature found the question too hard. He concentrated with all his might, then looked over at his daughter for help, his expression wonderfully morose. She lowered her hands by an act of will and stared as before at her knees. After a time, the old man moistened his lips with his tongue, then tipped his head and looked at Caesar, hoping for a hint. A lightning flash behind him momentarily turned his figure dark.



"He's one of those hyphenates . . . a writer-producer-actor-asshole. . ."

Caesar bowed and shook his head, almost smiling in his impatience and frustration. "Tell me this: How many people have you killed?"

This question the werewolf did seem to grasp. He let the rain hiss and rattle for a while, then asked, "Hundreds?" He tipped his head to the other side, watching Caesar closely, then cautiously ventured a second guess. "Thousands?"

Caesar shook his head. He raised his fist, then stopped himself and changed it to a stiffly cupped hand and brought it to his mouth, sliding the finger tips up and down slowly. A pool was forming on the dirt floor, leaking in. I cleared my throat. The drift of the conversation was not what I call healthy.

The werewolf let out a sort of groan, a vocal sigh, drew back his arm and absently touched his forehead, then his beard. "Creatures," he said. The word seemed to have come to him by lucky accident. He watched hopefully; so did Caesar. At last, the werewolf groaned or sighed more deeply than before and said, "No, but. . ." Perhaps he'd suffered a stroke of some kind unknown to me. *No, but* is common, of course—often, in my experience, the only two words the victim can still command. He searched the walls, the growing pool on the floor, for language. I was sure he was more alert now, and I reached out to touch Caesar's elbow, warning him. "Man," the werewolf said; then, hopelessly, "moon!"

"Men *do* things," Caesar exploded, striking his thigh with his fist. He raised his hand to touch the hilt of his sword, not quite absently, as if grimly making sure he could get at it.

"Ax," the werewolf said. He was working his eyebrows, looking at his pale window-lit palms as if he couldn't remember having seen them before. "Ax!" he said. He raised his eyes to the ceiling and strained for a long time before trying again. "No, but. . . . No. . . . No, but. . ."

Caesar waved, dismissive, as if imagining he'd understood.

Their eyes met. The thunder was distant, the rain coming down as hard as ever.

"Ax," the werewolf said at last, softly, slowly shaking, then bowing, his head, resting his forehead on his finger tips, pausing to take a deep, slow, whistling breath through his nostrils. "Ax," he said, then something more.

The girl's voice broke out like flame. She was looking at no one. "He's saying *accident*."

Caesar started, then touched his mouth.

The werewolf breathed deeply again; the same whistling noise. "Green parks—no, but—chill-den—"

Abruptly, the girl said, shooting her burning gaze at Caesar, "He means you. You're strong; you make things safe for

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children." She shook her hands as if frustrated by words, like the werewolf. "But you're just lucky. Eventually, you'll die."

"The Empire will go on," Caesar broke in, as if he'd known all along what the werewolf was saying and it was not what he'd come here to talk about. "It's not Caesar's 'indomitable will.' We have laws." Suddenly, his eyes darted away, avoiding the girl's.

"Moon," the werewolf wailed.

Caesar's voice slashed at him. "Stop that."

It was beginning to get light out. It came to me that the old man was weeping. He laid his head to one side, obsequious. "Thank . . . gods . . . unspeakable . . . no, but . . ." His bulging forehead struggled. The candlelight was doing something queer to his glittering, tear-filled eyes, making them like windows to the underworld. He raised his voice. "No, but. No, but!" He gave his head a shake, then another, as if to clear it. Furtively, he brushed one eye, then the other. "Vile!" he cried out. "No, but . . ." His hands were trembling, as were the edges of his mouth. His voice took on pitch and intensity, the words in the extremity of his emotion becoming cloudy, more obscure than before. I had to lean close to watch his lips. I glanced at Caesar to see if he was following, then at the girl.

It was the girl's expression that made me realize my error: She was staring at the window, where the light, I saw at last, was not dawn but a parting of the thick black hood of clouds. There was no sound of rain. Moonlight came pouring through the window, sliding toward us across the room. The girl drew her feet back as if the light were alive.

I cannot say whether it was gradual or instantaneous. His beard and mouth changed; the alertness of his ears became a change in their shape and then bristling, tufted fur, and I saw distinctly that the hand swiping at his nose was a paw. All at once, the man behind the table was a wolf. A violent growl erupted all around us. He was huge, flame-eyed, already leaping, a wild beast tangled in clothes. He was still in mid-air when Caesar's sword thwunked into his head, cleaving it—a mistake, pure instinct, I saw from Caesar's face. Only the werewolf's daughter moved more quickly: She flew like a shadow past Caesar and the rest of us, running on all fours, slipped like ball lightning out the door, and vanished into the night.

It's difficult to put one's finger exactly on the oddity in Caesar's behavior. One cannot call it mania in any usual sense—delusional insanity, dementia, melancholia, and so forth. Nonetheless, he's grown odd. (No real cause for alarm, I think.) You've no doubt heard of the squall of honors recently conferred on him—statues, odes, feasts, gold medals, outlandish titles: Prince of the Moon, Father of Animals, Shepherd of Ethiopia and worse—

more of them every day. They're nearly all his own inventions, insinuated into the ears of friendly senators or enemies who dare not cross him. I have it on good authority that those who hate him most are quickest to approve these absurdities, believing such inflations will ultimately make him insufferable to the people—as well they may. Indeed, the man who hungers most after his ruin has suggested that Caesar's horse be proclaimed divine. Caesar seems delighted. It cannot be put down to megalomania. At each new outrage he conceives or hears suggested, he laughs—not cynically but with childlike pleasure, as if astonished by how much foolishness the gods will put up with. (He's always busy with the gods, these days, ignoring necessities, reasoning with priests.) I did catch him once in an act of what seemed authentic lunacy. He was at the aquarium, looking down at the innumerable, flickering goldfish and carp, whispering something. I crept up on him to hear. He was saying, "Straighten up those ranks, there! Order! Order!" He shook his finger. When he turned and saw me, he looked embarrassed, then smiled, put his arm around my shoulders and walked with me. "I try to keep the Empire neat, doctor," he said. "It's not easy!" And he winked with such friendliness that, testy as I am when people touch me, I was moved. In fact, tears sprang to my eyes, I admit it. Once a man's so old he's started to piss on himself, he might as well let go with everything. Another time, I saw him hunkered down, earnestly reasoning—so it seemed—with a colony of ants. "Just playing, doctor," he said when he saw that I saw.

"Caesar, Caesar!" I moaned. He touched his lips with one finger.

The oddest thing he's come up with, of course, is his proposed war with Persia—himself, needless to say, as general. Persia, for the love of God! Even poor befuddled Mark Antony is dismayed.

"Caesar, you're not as young as you used to be," he says, and throws a woeful look over at me. He sits with interdigitated fists between his big, blocky knees. We're in Caesar's council room, the guards standing stiff as two columns, as usual, outside the door. Mark Antony grows fatter by the day. Not an interesting problem—he eats and sleeps too much. I'd prescribe exercise, raw vegetables and copulation. He has an enlarged subcutaneous cyst on the back of his neck. It must itch, but he pretends not to notice, for dignity's sake. Caesar lies on his couch as if disinterested, but his legs, crossed at the ankles, are rigid, and the pulse through his right inner jugular is visible. It's late, almost midnight. At times, he seems to be listening for something, but there's nothing to be heard. Cicadas; occasional baying of a dog.

It strikes me that, for all his flab, Mark Antony is a handsome man. His oncemighty muscles, now toneless, suggest a potential for heart disease, and there's

blue under his too-smooth skin; nonetheless, one can imagine him working himself back to vigor, the dullness gradually departing from his eyes. Anything's possible. Look at me, still upright, thanks mainly to diet, though I'm farther along than he is. I frequently lose feeling in my right hand.

"If you must attack Persia," he says, "why not send me? You're needed here, Caesar!" His eyes squirt tears, which he irritably brushes away. "Two, three years—not even you can win a war with Persia in less time than that. And all that while, Rome and all her complicated business in the hands of Mark Antony! It will be ruin, Caesar! Everyone says so!"

Caesar gazes at him. "Are you, my friend, not nobler and more honest than all the other Romans put together?"

Mark Antony looks confused, raises his hands till they're level with his shoulders, then returns them to their place between his knees, which he once more clenches. "You're needed here," he says again. "Everyone says so." For all his friends' warnings, I do not think Mark Antony grasps how thoroughly he's despised by the senate. Caesar's confidant, Caesar's right arm. But besides that—meaning no disrespect—he really would be a booby. Talk about opening the floodgates!

Caesar smiles, snatches a moth out of the air, examines the wings with great curiosity, like a man trying to read Egyptian, then gently lets it go and lies still again. After a moment, he raises his right hand, palm outward, pushing an invisible bark out to sea. "You really would like that," he says. "Away to Persia for murder and mayhem."

Mark Antony looks to me for help. What can I say?

Now suddenly, black eyes flashing, Caesar rears up on one elbow and points at Mark Antony. "You are Rome," he says. "You are the hope of humanity!"

Later, Mark Antony asks me, "Is he insane?"

"Not by any rules I understand," I say. "At any rate, there's no cause for alarm."

He moves back and forth across the room like a huge, slow mimicry of Caesar, rubbing his hands together like a man preparing to throw dice. His shadow moves, much larger than he is, on the wall. For some reason, it frightens me. Through the window I see the sharp-horned, icy-white half-moon. Most of Mark Antony's fat has gone into his buttocks.

"They'll kill him rather than leave the Empire in my hands," he says. Then, without feeling, his palms pressed together like a priest's: "After that, they'll kill me."

His clarity of vision surprises me. "Cheer up," I say. "I'm his personal physician. They'll kill me, too."

Last night, the sky was alive with omens: stars exploding, falling every which way. "Something's up!" says Caesar,

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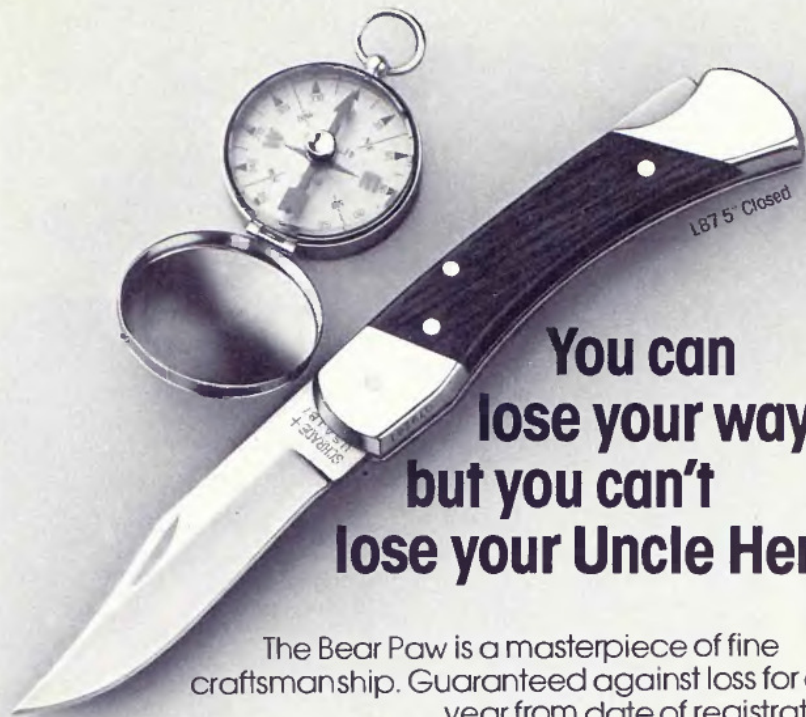
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as tickled as if he himself had caused the discord in the heavens. His bald head glows with each star burst, then goes dark. He stood in the garden—the large one created for his daughter's tomb—till nearly sunrise, watching for more fireworks.

Mark Antony's been sent off, plainly a fool's errand, trumped up to get him out of Rome. "Don't come back," says Caesar. "Never come back until I send for you." I don't like this. Not at all, not one damn bit. My life line has changed. My stool this morning was bilious.

All day, Caesar has been receiving urgent visitors, all with one message: "It would be good if tomorrow you avoided the forum." There can be no doubt that there's a plot afoot.

Late this afternoon, at the onset of twilight, I saw—I think—the werewolf's daughter. She's grown thinner, as if eaten away by disease. (Everyone, these days, looks to me eaten away by disease. My prostate's nearly plugged, and there's not a surgeon in Rome whom I'd trust to cut my fingernails.) She stood at the bottom step of the palace stairway, one shaky hand reaching out to the marble hem. She left herbs of some kind. Their use, whether for evil or good, is unknown to me. Then she fled. Later, it occurred to me that I hadn't really gotten a good look at her. Perhaps it was someone I don't know.

Strange news. You'll have heard it before you get this letter. Forgive the handwriting. My poor old nerves aren't all they might be. Would that I'd never lived to see this day. My stomach will be acid for a month.

Caesar was hardly seated, had hardly gotten out the call for prayer, before they rose like a wave from every side, 60 senators with daggers. He was stabbed a dozen times before he struggled to his feet—or, rather, leaped to his feet—eyes rolling, every muscle in spasm, as if flown out of control, though it clearly wasn't that. You wouldn't have believed what strength he called up in his final moment! He dragged them from one end of the forum to the other, hurling off senators like an injured bear and shrieking, screaming his lungs out. It was as if all the power of the gods were for an instant contracted to one man. They tore his clothes from him, or possibly he did it himself for some reason. His blood came spurting from a hundred wounds, so that the whole marble floor was slippery and steaming. He fell down, stood up again, dragging his assassins; fell down, then rose to crawl on hands and knees toward the light of the high central door where, that moment, I was running for my life. His slaughtered-bull bellowings are still in my ears, strangely bright, like a flourish of trumpets or Jovian laughter.





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"I absolutely believed I was a man, so then people started to treat me differently."

and show it to their friends. Which I never expected, believe me. I don't think my mother understood for years what I was doing. You grow up with this image of your parents, then discover how wrong you were. I expected to be an outcast, but I wasn't. Despite a lot of stuff in it she didn't like, my mother's reaction was that it's a very artistic movie, teaching people something, and everyone should see it."

Mrs. Carlisle's view was shared by a slew of critics who have hailed *Liquid Sky* as "visually bright and arresting" (*The New York Times*) or "dazzling, funny, shocking and disturbing" (*San Francisco Chronicle*) and, to top them all, "the funniest, craziest, dirtiest, most perversely beautiful science-fiction movie ever made" (*New York* magazine). Young audiences have flocked to see for themselves, breaking box-office records at theaters in New York, Chicago, Boston, New Orleans and Philadelphia, and it's still going strong. While not everyone comes away enchanted, there's general agreement that Anne Carlisle is the new queen of the Cs—a cult-film sensation who's also co-author of *Sky's* screenplay (with Nina T. Kerova and producer-director Slava Tsukerman, a 45-year-old Soviet *émigré*).

How does a nice girl from Connecticut get caught up in such shenanigans? Simple, reports Anne. "Slava came to me and said, 'Let's write a script about a New Wave model who gets visited by an alien from outer space,' and that's where we started. I wrote a great deal of the screenplay. It *wasn't* just a question of helping with dialog, though Russian sentence structure isn't quite the same as ours."

Carlisle's own sexual, psychological and professional evolution has not been simple at all. Around the age of puberty, she moved with her family to Florida, took up painting and teenaged rebellion and finally left for New York to study at The School of Visual Arts. While there, making video pieces as exercises, she met an acting instructor named Bob Brady. She wound up as his assistant, but she also decided she'd been miscast for the roles she was playing in real life. "I had this long curly hair and wore *wool*, you know? Preppie skirts and blazers, like a girl going to art school. And because of the image I presented, I got hit on a lot. You don't have to do much to invite that, of course, in New York. But I found myself embodying a lot of feminine gestures, putting myself in the position of wanting to please, being a victim.

"I didn't know how to handle all that, so I cut off all my hair and started noticing

other women in the New Wave doing the same thing." Ask her to define New Wave and Anne will tell you that one of the essentials is change. "The idea is that change is healthy. Experimenting with your looks is one reaction to society's categorization of genders."

During one experimental period of her life, several years ago, Anne wanted to see what it was like to become a person of no particular sex. "I got a job as a bike messenger, working with guys, and tried very hard not to let them fix my bike for me when it was broken. I wasn't trying to be one of the boys; I was just *not* being one thing or another."

There's little chance of mistaking her for a fella when you see her perched on a twin bed in a Manhattan hotel suite, projecting on the wall slides of the photographs she's just done for PLAYBOY. The pictures set her to reminiscing about the days when her hair was a veritable rainbow of social trends. "I was with a New Wave modeling agency called LaRocka. Very much a nighttime thing; we did shows in the clubs. I had purple hair, blue hair, black hair with a red crest. There was a period of very *intense* club life, living high, which got to be a little much. But when it became clear that this was self-destructive—and it took quite a bit to force me to admit it—I started making a little Super-8 film, very surreal and poetic."

She addresses every subject head on, including skeptical questions about the relative merits of *Liquid Sky*. The film may look like pure camp to some people, Carlisle allows, though she herself pitches camp, aesthetically, on rather high ground. "Mostly, I think the movie was a brave thing to do. I'm proud of it. Because it's so complex, working on many different levels at once, it's sometimes difficult for people to get . . . you can see *Liquid Sky* over and over again and read it differently every time, as a comedy or a tragedy or anything you want."

Inevitably, the question arises: Does the real Anne Carlisle view her roles as autobiographical? "I used a great deal of my own past in certain situations as Margaret, but she's not me. I went to see the movie again recently, in fact, and got very angry at her. Margaret is a victim, and since I'd had a lot to do with writing the character, I guess I felt a little angry with myself for having created yet another victim.

"Jimmy also comes from me. I was a tomboy when I was young, like most girls. But playing Jimmy, getting into his own inner monolog as a male, was a great experience. I sensed the kind of pressures

men are under, which I don't think women usually understand. On the set, I found that people related to me differently when I was Jimmy. I absolutely *believed* I was a man, so then people started to treat me differently. It was just great, a power trip. And I loved being powerful, though it was frightening, too. Jimmy's such a negative character that I found myself saying insulting things to women, and they'd just giggle and look up at me adoringly. . . .

"No question, the movie is about sex, even though the title's a reference to drugs. I think it was in India, in the 14th Century, when opium was widely used by royalty and everyone, that liquid sky was an elegant literary term for it. But sex also is like a drug—a dangerous drug when it's offered in trade for something—and women are brought up to think that way. So *Liquid Sky* really concerns sex roles and how they have been destructive to the relationship between men and women."

By the time she'd finished *Liquid Sky*, Anne found herself so steeped in those heady omnisexual creative juices that she couldn't turn Margaret and Jimmy off. Nowadays, she can leave the fantasy to audiences and focus on more practical matters. "Having a successful film has made all the difference for me. I signed with the William Morris agency, which gives me contacts and access to people I couldn't meet before. I was always outside the industry, and now I'm inside." And the jaunty tilt of her chin emphasizes that *inside* is a far cozier place to be.

While other offers ferment, she already has a second feature film in the can: a suspense drama called *Blind Alley*, directed by Larry Cohen. "Larry approached me after seeing *Liquid Sky*, but *Blind Alley* is a totally different kind of movie. I play a young mother. She's a feminist who lives in New York and works in a thrift store, repairing clothes, but her main thing is being a mother." In this film, her sexual identity is less critical than the fact that the woman's child has witnessed a murder, and the young lover she has picked up on the street turns out to be . . . well, I mustn't give too much away.

In any case, Anne of the once-purple coiffures is likely to keep reappearing as a screen presence in a career spiced with infinite variety. "I still have some wild clothes in my closet and know I can put them on again if I want to. I'd rather not define my image, because people should change with the culture. You have to be in touch with what's going on, and that's not simply being 'hip' or 'with it.' I want to be free to play many kinds of people. That's what being an actress *means*, right?"

Unless I'm wrong, sooner or later this fair lady/fey laddie from the New Wave will make it in mainstream moviedom, confirming Carlisle as *Liquid Sky's* ultimate cultural fallout.



“What was the speech called in which President Reagan revealed his desire to put weapons in space?”

What were President Reagan’s “decisive new steps” to resolve the Lebanon conflict?

He pulled U.S. Marines out of Beirut.

What did President Reagan say when asked what would happen if the Russians helped Argentina in the Falkland Islands?

“That would be pretty messy. We just hope they don’t.”

What was the speech called in which President Reagan revealed his desire to put weapons in space?

The “Star Wars” speech

What did President Reagan do two days after declaring that his Administration would not recognize the judgment of the World Court regarding U.S. actions in Central America?

He issued a proclamation designating Law Day U.S.A. to pay tribute to the principle of respect for law.

PW

PRESIDENTIAL WIT

What did President Reagan say when a reporter mistakenly addressed him as “Mr. Secretary”?

“Gee, I thought for a minute I’d lost my job!”

What film did President Reagan say he had the “strange feeling” he was “back on the set” of when he visited the battleship New Jersey?

“Hellcats of the Navy”

What does President Reagan say whenever there’s a sudden loud noise during one of his speeches?

“Missed me!”

When did President Reagan say environmentalists would finally “be happy”?

When “the White House looks like a bird’s nest”

What is President Reagan’s usual reply to enthusiastic applause?

“If I’d gotten a hand like that in Hollywood, I never would have left.”

Which reporter asked the question about sexual discrimination that prompted President Reagan’s reply “Just a minute here with the discussion or we’ll be getting an R rating”?

Sarah McClendon

How did President Reagan say he knew his economic policies were working?

“They’re not calling it Reaganomics anymore.”

What does President Reagan invariably say after quoting Thomas Jefferson?

“And ever since he told me that. . . .”

What sports figure did President Reagan say was thought by Moscow to be “a new secret weapon”?

Los Angeles Raiders running back Marcus Allen

What did President Reagan say “we’ll know in about 35 years, won’t we?”

Whether or not Martin Luther King, Jr., had Communist connections

Why did President Reagan say he preferred old films to those of the Eighties?

“I liked it better when the actors kept their clothes on.”

What did President Reagan tell Nancy he’d forgotten to do when he got shot?

“Duck”

How did President Reagan say he would show the voters “how youthful I am” during his bid for re-election?

“I intend to campaign in all 13 states.”

WW

WORDS OF WISDOM

What happened when President Reagan encountered his Housing Secretary, Samuel Pierce, at a gathering of mayors?

He said, “How are you, Mr. Mayor? How are things in your city?”

What magazine did President Reagan say would still be his favorite “even if I were to suffer mental illness or convert to liberalism for some other reason”?

National Review

What part of his anatomy did President Reagan say he’d “had it up to” with White House leaks?

His keister

Of what does President Reagan always say, “There’s nothing better for the inside of a man”?

“The outside of a horse”

What did President Reagan say when Congressional candidate Gary Arnold criticized his policies at a White House gathering?

“Shut up.”

What is President Reagan’s term for a tax increase?

Revenue enhancement

What event was President Reagan talking about when he said, “I find myself wondering if we’re the generation that is going to see that come about”?

Armageddon

Which book was President Reagan describing when he said, “Inside its pages lie all the answers to all the problems that man has ever known”?

The Bible

On what did President Reagan think college kids were spending their student loans instead of tuition?

Certificates of deposit

What did President Reagan suggest was “the best way to balance the Federal budget”?

“By all of us simply trying to live up to the Ten Commandments and the golden rule”

What does President Reagan say when people ask about his age?

He’s “really not that old—they mixed up the babies in the hospital.”

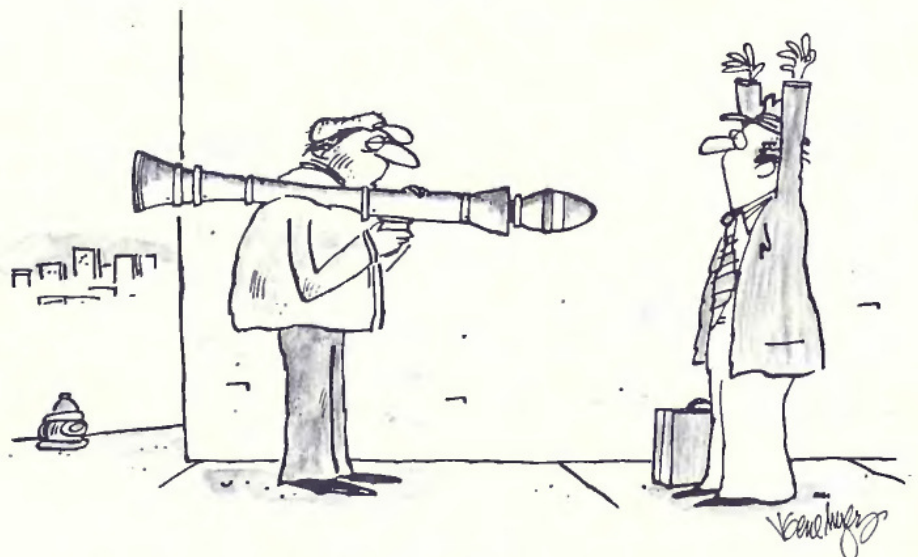
How did President Reagan explain his decision not to sign the Law of the Sea treaty?

He said he “kind of thought that when you go out on the high seas you can do what you want.”

OE

ODDS & ENDS

What network anchor man said President Reagan lives in a “fantasy land”?



“Handguns are illegal around here.”

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Tom Brokaw

Which actress, recalling her Hollywood experiences with President Reagan, said, "Ronnie was not a big star. To think that the guy became President is really funny"?

Viveca Lindfors

Who said of President Reagan, "He only works three to three and a half hours a day. He doesn't do his homework. He doesn't read his briefing papers. It's sinful that this man is President"?

Tip O'Neill

What prompted Tip O'Neill's aide Chris Matthews to say, "This is the kind of thing we all thought Reagan would be doing if he had lost the '80 election"?

President Reagan's appearance on a TV show plugging a James Bond movie

Which reporter broke the story about reporters' laughing at President Reagan's answers during a particularly inept press conference?

The Washington Post's Lou Cannon

Which group did a member of the Reagan task force on hunger say was "probably today the best-nourished group in the United States"?

Black children

Which college inspired President Reagan's decision to grant tax exemptions to segregated schools?

Bob Jones University in Greenville, South Carolina

How was candidate Ronald Reagan introduced at a dinner on the eve of his entry into the 1980 Presidential race?

"The nation cries out for desperate leadership."

Who said, "It embarrasses all of us Americans to have to point out that the President of the United States is not telling the truth"?

House Majority Leader James C. Wright

Who accused President Reagan of practicing "Jonestown economics"?

A.F.L.-C.I.O. president Lane Kirkland

Which network anchor man received a telephone complaint from President Reagan while his newscast was still on the air?

Dan Rather

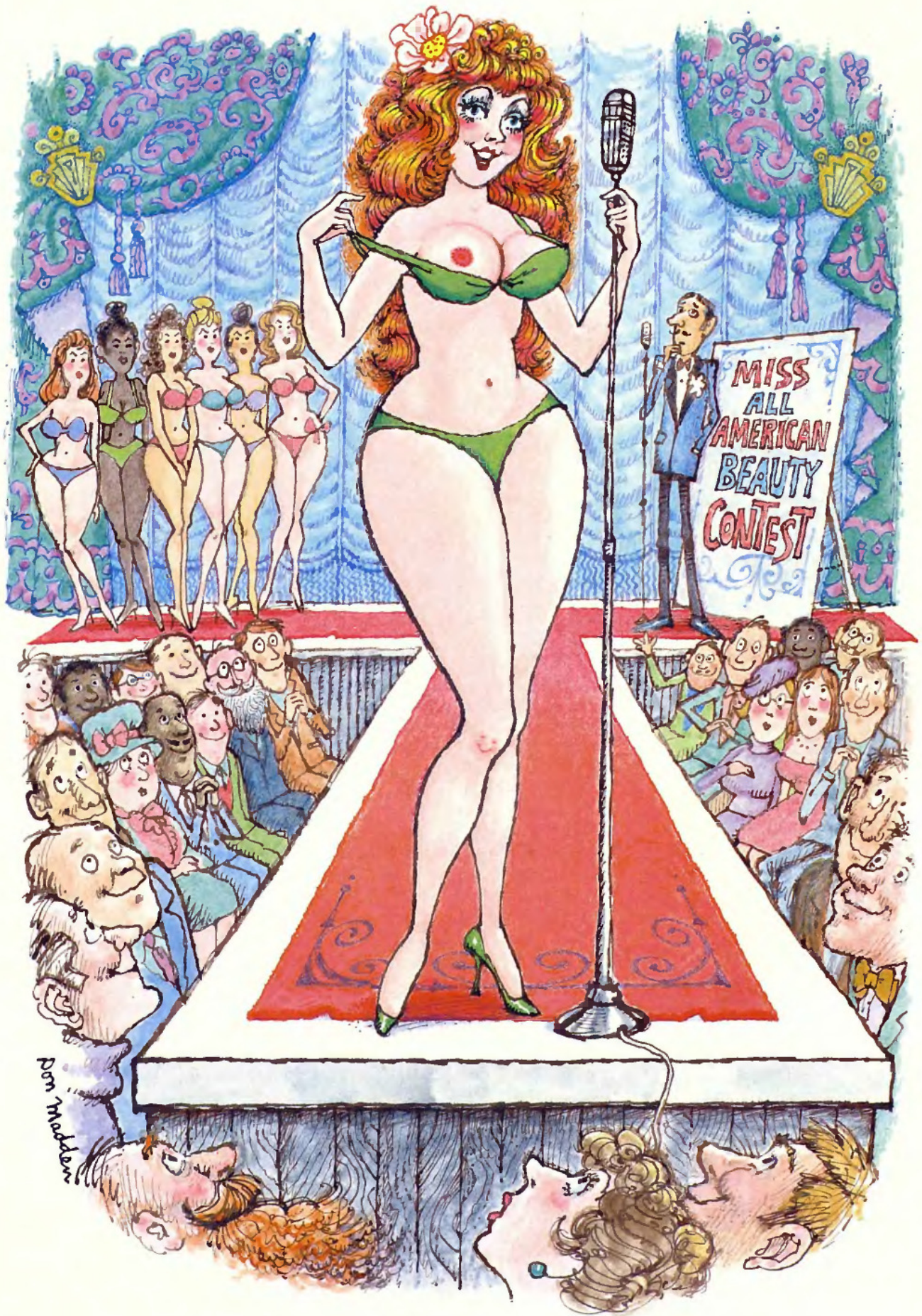
What proclamation was President Reagan issuing when he mistakenly walked past a podium that was equipped with a microphone, sat at a table several feet away and read a statement that no one could hear?

Older Americans' Month

Which question from the Canadian version of Trivial Pursuit's Baby Boomer edition was deleted from the American version of the game?

"How many months pregnant was Nancy Davis when she walked down the aisle with Ronald Reagan?" (Answer: "Two and a half")





"For my talent sequence, I will require a volunteer from the audience."

"Lotus' road cars have always been athletically agile, but this is very likely the best one ever."

Countach within a few ticks of the watch in 0-60 acceleration and to propel the little flying wedge to a more than adequate 148 mph flat-out.

Lift off the sexy plastic body and much of what's underneath looks straight from a mid-engine "formula" racer—shiny aluminum suspension and frame members, coil springs over tube shocks at all four wheels, inboard disc brakes flanking a rear-mounted transaxle and the gorgeously trimmed engine with its turbo hardware neatly packaged at the left-rear corner. The body itself is the familiar Giugiaro-styled doorstop you may remember as James Bond's submarine car a few years back, made more aggressive and masculine with graceful front and rear spoilers and aerodynamic rocker spats with NACA ducts for rear-brake cooling.

Lotus' road cars, like its Formula 1 racers, have always been athletically agile, but this is very likely the best one ever. The factory claims an unbelievable 1.05 g's of lateral acceleration (cornering force), but tests have pegged the Turbo Esprit's skid-pad performance at an outstanding but more realistic .85 g, roughly equal to that of the Countach and the Corvette. More important is the *feeling* it gives when cornering hard. Whether the surface was smooth or rough, our test car produced the best *subjective* handling of any production automobile we can remember.

On our back-road test course, it took turns posted for 30 mph at 60 to 65 with ease and amazing stability. Although we didn't time it, there was no question it was

the fastest car we'd ever tested on our standard hairpin-turn-filled, up-and-down-the-mountain course. The engine thrusted heartily at all rpms, the nongated shifter was always ready with the proper gear and the narrow (nonadjustable) form-fitting buckets held us securely in place while the tires and suspension did their masterwork. If this sort of controlled craziness is your cup of tea and you've 50 grand burning holes in your money fund, this is your car.

We've saved our bargain-basement Beautiful Screamer for last: the \$26,000 Chevrolet Corvette. This slippery-shaped American beauty may be mass-produced in Kentucky, its veteran iron-block engine may not have an overhead cam to its name and it may cost only a fourth of the Countach's six-figure tag, but in the cold gray light of instrument testing, there isn't much it can't do that any of the others can. With multipoint electronic fuel injection coming for '85, the 5.7-liter V8's horsepower jumps from 205 to a healthy 240, 0-60 time falls into the six-second range and top speed climbs to 150-plus. The full electronic instrumentation is improved in usability and readability for the new model year, and the optional Z51 balls-out suspension gets slightly softened for a smoother ride without losing any of its cornering grip.

The Corvette's long, low aerodynamic nose is front-hinged to pivot forward for access to the engine and to the front suspension. Atop the former sit magnesium air-cleaner and rocker covers, while the

latter is resplendent in forged aluminum and lightweight steel. Most of the rest of its chassis and power train is a textbook in advanced materials as well, including fiberglass transverse leaf springs front and rear, light-alloy drive shaft and tubular stainless-steel exhaust headers feeding dual free-flow mufflers. Inside, it's a study in video-game instrumentation, with colorful graphic speedometer and tach displays and selectable digital readouts for engine and electrical conditions, plus a driver information system giving instant or average economy and fuel range.

The '84 Corvette was already fast, and its sophisticated fully independent suspension and huge Goodyear Gatorback tires gave incredible smooth-road cornering. For '85, it's not only faster but also softer riding and more directionally stable while cornering hard on not-so-smooth surfaces. As before, the standard power rack-and-pinion steering is race-car quick and so precise it takes getting used to. And the new multipoint injection should improve fuel efficiency, which was already impressive for such a powerful car at 20-plus mpg, even when driven aggressively. All things considered, there's no question that America's Corvette deserves proper respect and recognition among the world's most revered sporting machinery despite its affordable price.

It's hard to imagine a more diverse group of automobiles than these six. Each has its own decidedly distinctive personality and driving character; each makes its own strong statement; each is guaranteed to enhance the image of its lucky driver. Yet, precisely *because* they have these critical qualities in common—plus eye-grabbing styling, uncommon levels of luxury and world-class performance and handling—all are members in good standing of that most exclusive motoring club, the Beautiful Screamers. Get in line to join.



BEAUTIFUL SCREAMERS—VITAL STATISTICS

	Aston Martin Logondo	Chevrolet Corvette**	Ferrari Mondial Cobriolet	Jaguar XJ-S	Lomborghini Countach	Lotus Turbo Esprit
Overall Length (in.)	208	177	183	191	168	169
Wheelbase (in.)	115	96	104	102	97	96
Approx. Weight (lbs.)	4600	3200	3400	4000	3200	2700
Std. Transmission	3A	4M + O	5M	3A	5M	5M
Engine Type	V8	V8 EFI	V8 EFI	V12 EFI	V12 EFI	L4 Turbo
Displacement (liters)	5.3	5.7	3.0	5.3	4.8	2.2
Rated Horsepower	300*	240	235	262	348	205
0-60 mph Accel. (sec.)	8.8	6.0	7.7	7.8	5.9	6.1
Top Speed (mph)	143	151	143	140	175*	148
Approx. Price (\$\$)	152,000	26,000*	65,000	35,000	99,500	50,000
*Estimated **1985 Model						
EFI = electronic fuel injection; 3A = 3-speed automatic; 5M = 5-speed manual O = electronic, automatic overdrive in top three gears						

the defensive unit needs an overhauling.

Kent State's fortunes this fall will largely depend on whether or not replacements can be found at six key defensive slots. The ingredients are present for a fine offensive 11—if the turnoveritis is cured.

Eastern Michigan has even less talent on call than it did a year ago, but EMU's blend of experience and youth looks better, and its early-season schedule is less than intimidating.

Nothing has changed at Notre Dame. There are, as always, more top ballplayers there than anywhere else in the country. Coach Gerry Faust has been running his club on faith, hope and too much charity, but this should be the year when everything works—at last. Faust has taken a lot of crap from alumni and fans over the past two years, much of it undeserved. He's now less of a cheerleader and more of an ass kicker, and he has surrounded himself with capable assistants.

The Irish offense will be nearly unstoppable. Quarterback Steve Beuerlein is loaded with talent, fullback Chris Smith is a terror, Allen Pinkett is one of the best tailbacks in the country and the huge offensive line, led by Playboy All-American Mike Kelley and Larry Williams, will blow most opponents away.

The Irish defense was a disappointment last campaign, but three new assistant coaches have signed on to fix that problem. Linebacker Mike Larkin will become the

nation's best at his position before he departs for the pros.

Louisville will benefit from accrued experience and a promising group of recruits, but the Cardinals' schedule is tough, and they may be unable to find a worthy replacement for graduated quarterback Dean May. The offensive line should provide much better protection for whoever takes the snap from center.

Cincinnati will have a superb passing attack starring quarterback Troy Bodine. Last year's inept running game will be reinforced by four promising recruits.

The Auburn-Alabama game on December first will be nationally televised. It not only will decide the Southeastern Conference championship but should determine the national title as well. Both teams are loaded, but sheer magnitude of talent gives Auburn the edge.

Auburn's new quarterback will be either Pat Washington or Jeff Burger, and either will be an improvement over last year's passers. The Tigers' backup players were as good as the first-stringers last season, and 31 of the top 44 are returning. Best of all, those 31 will be backed by a large crew of gem-quality redshirts. Several of the redshirts will displace regulars from last year. The Tigers will pass more this year, taking some of the pressure off Playboy All-America runner Bo Jackson, who will wind up his career as one of the

greatest college runners of all time.

Alabama coach Ray Perkins must find a new starting quarterback, but it won't be difficult. Several prime prospects are available. The job will probably go to Mike Shula (son of Miami Dolphins coach Don Shula). Shula the younger will benefit from speedy receivers and a superb crew of runners led by Ricky Moore—who may be the best fullback in the nation. Best of all, the Crimson Tide plays a genuine major-college schedule this year, for the first time in memory. There are more toughies on the slate than pushovers, which will make the won-lost record more credible than in years past.

The defensive Tide, with nine returning starters, will be nearly impregnable. Emanuel King and Cornelius Bennett are probably the two best linebackers on any one team in the country.

Much of Florida's success last year was attributable to a beautifully balanced attack that was well-nigh impossible to defend against. This fall, the Gators will have to depend on a splendid running attack, since the quarterback and some of the receivers are new and unproved. The key element in this year's fortunes will be a superb offensive line that averages 6'3" and 283 pounds. It will sweep opponents off the field.

Georgia has lost only two regular-season games in the past four years, but this looks like a sad autumn for Athens. Grad-

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uation losses were devastating, and the Bulldogs' senior class is short on numbers and ability. Only three starters return from an offensive unit that was—even last year—less than spectacular. All is not lost, however. The incoming freshman class is loaded with nuggets in the skill positions, so look for a lot of freshmen to play right away. If the rookies produce, the Dawgs can put together another great team.

Louisiana State and Vanderbilt will be the two most improved teams in the Southeastern Conference. Both suffered unexpected, debilitating setbacks last fall that shouldn't recur. LSU was crippled by an inexplicable lack of consistency and confidence—problems that will be solved by new head coach Bill Arnsparger. Quarterback Jeff Wickersham will become the school's all-time record holder before he finishes his junior year. His prime target will be spectacular receiver Eric Martin. Defense is Arnsparger's specialty and he inherits a plethora of talented stoppers, the best of whom is Playboy All-America defensive back Liffort Hobley.

We can't remember a team's being as snake-bitten as Vanderbilt was last year. Everything that could go wrong did—wholesale injuries, freak plays, crazy bounces. If the law of averages prevails, the Commodores will be much better this fall. There are plenty of talented players, the most talented being quarterback Kurt Page and receiver Chuck Scott.

Tennessee's main assets a year ago were both lines of scrimmage, but those crucial lines must be completely redrawn in pre-season drills. Tailback Johnnie Jones, though, will give the Vols a punishing ground game. Tennessee's strongest Volunteers will be the kickers Fuad Reveiz and Jimmy Colquitt.

Kentucky was the surprise team of the S.E.C. last fall. Despite heavy losses to graduation (and the advantage of sneaking up on unsuspecting opponents last year), the Wildcats could do as well this season, because the schedule is anything but arduous. Quarterback Bill Ransdell returns, and freshman Mark Higgs is one of the most heralded runners recruited by the Wildcats in many years.

This will be a dreary ol' autumn in the state of Mississippi. Both Ole Miss and Mississippi State face rebuilding projects. Rebel coach Billy Brewer must replace a bevy of graduate defensive personnel. Several offensive players have been shunted across the Mississippi line of scrimmage, draining depth from its attack unit. The two principal offensive guns for Ole Miss will be fullback Arthur Humphrey and quarterback Kent Austin.

Only three starters return on each of the Mississippi State platoons. Coach Emory Bellard's biggest challenges will be replacing quarterback John Bond (Don Smith is

the likeliest prospect) and nine of last year's top ten ground gainers.

It looks like a free-for-all scramble for second place in the A.C.C. All of last year's winning teams (except Clemson) will be weaker, and all of last year's losers (except Duke) will be stronger.

Clemson lacks a proven place kicker, but the Tigers don't really need one—every other position is so overloaded with talent that coach Danny Ford's problem this fall will be figuring out a way to divide up the playing time. The Tigers may have as many quality runners and receivers as the rest of the A.C.C. teams put together. Clemson's defensive line will be anchored (literally) by 320-pound middle guard William Perry.

This North Carolina team will be the youngest in coach Dick Crum's tenure. But his Tarheels have plenty of ability and their fortunes will depend on their progress. Meanwhile, the defense, led by Playboy All-America linebacker Micah Moon, will hold the fort.

Georgia Tech, after years of mediocrity, shows signs of



rejuvenation. There is more speed, size and talent at Tech now than at any other time in recent memory. Tailback Robert Lavette should finish his college career as Tech's all-time leading scorer, rusher and receiver—the modern Ramblin' Wreck from Georgia Tech.

The Wake Forest Demon Deacons will be just as deep and well seasoned. If a capable quarterback turns up and if the Deacons can shake their habit of losing games in the last minute, this could be the year Wake Forest catches fire.

Maryland's graduation attrition was extensive, so depth will be a problem at

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Auburn	11-1	Vanderbilt	6-5
Alabama	10-1	Tennessee	5-6
Florida	8-3	Kentucky	5-6
Georgia	6-5	Mississippi	4-7
Louisiana State	6-5	Mississippi State	3-8

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Clemson	10-1	North Carolina	
North Carolina	7-4	State	6-5
Georgia Tech	7-4	Virginia	6-5
Wake Forest	7-4	Duke	3-8
Maryland	6-5		

INDEPENDENTS

Miami	8-4	Southern	
Florida State	8-3	Mississippi	7-4
Memphis State	8-3	South Carolina	6-5
Virginia Tech	8-3	East Carolina	6-5
		Tulane	3-8

ALL-SOUTH: Jackson, Carr, Thomas, King (Auburn); Moore, Goode, King (Alabama); Brown, Bromley, Anderson (Florida); Butler, Sanchez (Georgia); Hobbly, Martin, Wickersham (Louisiana State); Scott, Page (Vanderbilt); J. Jones, Reveiz (Tennessee); Adams, J. Smith (Kentucky); Walker, Harbour (Mississippi); Aldredge, Swoopes (Mississippi State); Wm. Perry, Eppley, Swing (Clemson); Moon, Horton (North Carolina); Lavette, Davis (Georgia Tech); Ramseur, Newsome (Wake Forest); Wilson, Badanjek (Maryland); McIntosh, Milnichik (North Carolina State); Lyles, Dombrowski (Virginia); Grantham (Duke); E. Brown, Kosar, Ward (Miami); Allen, Dukes, Hester (Florida State); Harris, Fairs (Memphis State); Smith, Lee (Virginia Tech); DeJarnette, Byrd (Southern Mississippi); Hagood (South Carolina); Williams (East Carolina); Dent (Tulane).

several positions, particularly in the defensive line. New quarterback Frank Reich may make fans forget Boomer Esiason. The highest obstacle will be another supertough nonconference schedule.

North Carolina State wasn't as bad last year as that 3-8 record would suggest. The Wolfpack boasts a potent 1-2 offensive punch in quarterback Tim Esposito and runner Joe McIntosh, both of whom benefit from an excellent offensive line. The punting, last year's most glaring weakness, should be handled capably by freshman Carey Metts.

With a little luck, Virginia could be the surprise team in the A.C.C. Last year, the Cavaliers enjoyed only their third winning season since 1952. The Cavs' major concern as pre-season drills begin is finding a starting quarterback. Sophomore tailback Howard Petty is certain to be a great one by the time he graduates.

Nineteen eighty-four will be a down year at Duke. The talent stockpile is woefully depleted. The defense, horrible last year, must improve if the Blue Devils are to have any shot at a respectable season. The offense, not quite so horrible, will center on tailback Julius Grantham.

When we choose our Coach of the Year, it is not a prediction but always a recognition of a job well done. Howard Schnellenberger, who has now moved on to the pros, is our choice this year because he turned a pitiful football program into a national championship in only five years. This Miami squad is even deeper and more talented than last year's, but the schedule is twice as difficult and the players must adjust to new coach Jimmy Johnson. Also, as national champions, the Hurricanes will be number one on the hit list of all their opponents.

Schnellenberger's tornadic recruiting efforts have been so successful that Johnson inherits more good players than he can conveniently use. Quarterback Bernie Kosar, only a sophomore, is a future All-American. His backup, Vinny Testaverde, may be just as talented. Fullback Alonzo Highsmith, recruited as a defensive end, gives the Hurricanes both straight-ahead power and breakaway speed.

Florida State's Seminoles will be just as strong this year as last, when they lost several squeakers. Playboy All-America running back Greg Allen is the best in school history; he'll be a contender in this year's Heisman voting. Quarterback Eric Thomas, relatively obscure in the past, will emerge as one of the South's best.

The rebuilding program at Memphis State has made impressive progress in the past two years. New coach Rey Dempsey inherits a squad that could win a bowl berth this December. Tiger hopes depend on whether or not he can find an elusive, sure-handed receiver to go with an otherwise deep and capable offensive unit.

A hefty crew of returning veterans and a soft schedule will give Virginia Tech another winning slate. Playboy All-America tackle Bruce Smith will bulwark a tough defensive line, but the linebacking corps needs help.

Graduation losses in the offensive line and in the kicking game could make this a trying year for Southern Mississippi. Ace runner Sam DeJarnette and quarterback Robert Ducksworth return, so the Eagles can at least sell tickets.

South Carolina will field its best team in many years, but the Gamecocks' schedule is an obstacle course. The attack unit returns nearly intact and by now should be familiar with coach Joe Morrison's tricky veer offense. Two rookie quarterbacks, Mike Hold and Kevin White, threaten to unseat Allen Mitchell.

East Carolina won't be able to duplicate last year's impressive performance—the 1983 defensive front was heavy with seniors and none of the 1984 quarterbacks has any game experience. The Pirates

have super team speed, but they don't give out track medals at football games.

Tulane will be younger than springtime this fall. The new quarterback is Ken Karcher, who shouldn't expect much help from his baby-faced offensive line. The good news is that a large group of junior college recruits will help restock the talent pool. The bad news is that this season's schedule is Tulane's toughest in history.

This year's Big Eight race will be a battle royal among Missouri, Nebraska, Oklahoma State and Oklahoma. Missouri appears to have the best shot at the title, since all the Tigers' weak points of a year ago have been fortified. Five talented young tailbacks will provide the breakaway threat that was missing last fall. The secondary has been shored up. The entire defensive unit, in fact, is stronger. Two top-grade quarterbacks, Warren Seitz and Marlon Adler, are ready to throw. Overall, the Tigers have more depth and speed than any other Missouri team during coach Warren Powers' tenure.

Nebraska's graduation losses were mind-boggling. Four members of last year's offensive platoon signed pro contracts—for a total of \$10,000,000. Such unkind cuts would emasculate most squads, but the Cornhuskers (as always) have tremendous depth that this year includes a bonanza freshman class and more than 50 walk-ons. Some nuggets will be sifted from that crowd. The Huskers' offense will be as potent as ever—Jeff Smith is a sensational runner.

Oklahoma State could finish the season with the Big Eight's best won-lost record without having the best team, simply because the Cowboys have the easiest non-conference schedule. Quarterback Rusty Hilger will throw to two world-class receivers, Jamie Harris and Malcolm Lewis. The Cowboys have a plethora of running backs, with perhaps even better ones arriving with the freshman class.

An 8-3 season is considered a disaster at Oklahoma. This could be the Sooners' second cataclysm in a row. Newly signed offensive coordinator Mack Brown will juice up the passing attack, and spectacular runner Spencer Tillman, only a sophomore, should be about to reach the peak of his ability. The defensive unit, led by Playboy All-America defensive end Kevin Murphy, will be as good as ever, despite wholesale graduation losses.

A large contingent of sterling transfers will give Iowa State an infusion of talent, especially on defense. One of the transfers, Alex Espinoza, should start at quarterback. His prime target will be Tracy Henderson, one of the nation's truly spectacular receivers.

Colorado will be stronger this year, but thinness in both lines and a tough schedule will make it difficult for the Buffaloes to win convincingly or often. If every one stays healthy and the secondary can be patched up, Colorado will be hard to

score on. Freshman fullback Anthony Weatherspoon should make headlines.

Nothing much is happening in the state of Kansas. Both Kansas and Kansas State are in the middle of rebuilding programs; neither has the manpower to compete with the league's top five teams.

Texas could be either good or great this fall, the difference to be determined by the well-being of a pair of knees belonging to tailback Edwin Simmons. Simmons is a rare talent—if he can go full throttle, he'll give the Longhorns their first threat since Earl Campbell. The defensive platoon will feature a lot of new faces, but two of the veterans, tackle Tony Degrade and safety Jerry Gray, are Playboy All-Americans. The Longhorns' biggest gripe is with the schedule maker. He's started them off with Auburn and Penn State.

Southern Methodist, conversely, has an easy early-season schedule that will give coach Bobby Collins the time he needs to get the bugs worked out. The Mustangs will be young and green, but they're loaded with talent and could be a great team by late autumn. New signal caller Don King is both a good thrower and a dangerous runner on option plays. He and tailbacks Jeff Atkins and Reggie Dupard will give SMU one of the country's best

gram bears fruit—maybe basketfuls of it. The Aggies' offensive unit will be battle-hardened, and last season's major problem, a lack of speedy receivers, will be partially solved by freshman Tony Jones. The defensive front, featuring Playboy All-America Ray Childress and super-soph Rod Saddler, will be formidable.

Baylor's greatest asset last year was an impressive group of talented players at the skill positions, but most of them have graduated. Fortunately for the Bears, co-starting quarterbacks Tom Muecke and Cody Carlson—both first-rate—are back. Last year's scourge, defensive injuries, has become this year's blessing, because 22 defenders with starting experience are contending for playing time. Baylor should field one of the best defensive squadrons in the country.

There'll be some changes made in the football program at Texas Tech. Five new assistant coaches will work at restructuring an inconsistent offense and an even shakier kicking game. They will comb the campus for a quarterback, but the starter will probably be Perry Morren. Added experience will be a plus in '84, with only one starter missing from each line.

This could be the season the Houston Cougars sneak up on some opponents—the backfield and the receiving corps are both loaded with talent. But some serious faults will have to be mended. The defensive side has been dreadful the past two seasons, each time yielding the most points in school history. The offensive line must be overhauled. The Cougars' one deadly weapon is quarterback Gerald Landry,

who is uncanny at running the veer attack.

Texas Christian's main weakness in recent years has been weakness. A vigorous off-season strength program will pay big dividends for TCU this season. Another plus is the return of no fewer than ten offensive starters, including gifted receiver James Maness. Either of two freshman phenoms, Scott Ankrom or Scott Bednarski, could win the quarterback job.

Rice is starting all over from the bottom. And we mean the *bottom*. As at many academically superior private universities, the administrative moguls at Rice have had to decide to compete or get out. They made a shrewd first step by hiring new head coach Watson Brown, who is the most brilliant young coaching talent in college football. He faces a rebuilding task that may take a few years to show results. But give him time; he'll do it.

Washington stunned everyone, including Washington, last year, compiling an impressive 8-3 record after losing practically all its starters from the year before. The losses aren't nearly so serious this year, so the Huskies have the inside track in the Pacific Ten championship race. Coach Don James' only real quandary involves finding a new starting quarterback. Three strong candidates are available, with hot-shot freshman redshirt Chris Chandler likely to win the nod from James. Whoever gets the job, though, will have excellent receivers, including big-play artist Danny Greene.

Opponents are going to have trouble moving the ball against Arizona State:

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

Missouri	9-2	Iowa State	5-6
Nebraska	9-2	Colorado	3-8
Oklahoma State	9-2	Kansas	2-9
Oklahoma	8-3	Kansas State	2-9

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Texas	9-2	Texas Tech	5-6
Southern Methodist	8-3	Houston	3-8
Arkansas	8-3	Texas Christian	3-8
Texas A & M	8-3	Rice	2-9
Baylor	7-4		

ALL-NEAR WEST: Adler, Greenfield (Missouri); Traynowicz, J. Smith (Nebraska); O'Neal, Harding (Oklahoma State); Murphy, Thomas, Tillman (Oklahoma); Henderson (Iowa State); McCarty (Colorado); Pless (Kansas); D. Johnson (Kansas State); J. Gray, Degrade, Simmons, Edwards (Texas); Campbell, Dupard, King (Southern Methodist); Elliott, Taylor (Arkansas); Childress, Murray (Texas A & M); Randle, Grant (Baylor); Byers, White (Texas Tech); T. J. Turner, K. Johnson (Houston); Maness (Texas Christian); McLaughlin (Rice).

running games.

There's a whole new (and much more stable) atmosphere at Arkansas. New coach Ken Hatfield (who was a hero of the Razorbacks' 1964 national-championship team) has installed the "flexbone" offense and simplified the defense. Both changes will help the Razorbacks utilize the personnel at hand. Hatfield's first priority is to pump some adrenaline into the running attack, which was dreadful last fall. The passing game will be excellent. Four good quarterbacks are in camp (Brad Taylor should again be the starter), and receiver Donnie Centers, unheralded until now, could be a sleeper for ages.

This will be the year Texas A & M coach Jackie Sherrill's rebuilding pro-



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The Sun Devils were the conference defensive champions last year, and 21 of their top 22 defensive players return. The offensive unit, especially the line, won't be nearly as deep or experienced as last year's, but quarterback Jeff Van Raaphorst and tailback Darryl Clack will give the attack plenty of spark. With place kicker Luis Zendejas waiting on the side line, ASU won't have to get the ball very far down field to score.

Last year was a real downer for Southern Cal's multitudes of fans. The Trojans were unluckier than Job. Everything went wrong. This year's squad is, as always, overloaded with great talent everywhere and has had a year to adjust to coach Ted Tollner and his staff, so look for the Trojans to come roaring back with a vengeance. The offensive line will be intimidating—not an unusual situation at USC. The only new starter will be junior college transfer Andy Baroncelli at center, who works out by pulling his 3500-pound car in 60-yard dashes. He gets the best gas mileage in the Los Angeles Basin.

The Trojan defense will be structured around Playboy All-America linebacker Jack Del Rio, who is a terror on the field and also happens to be a delightful gentleman off the field.

Washington State's Cougars in recent years have developed a knack for being a lot better than anyone else expects them to be. This year, however, they won't be able to sneak up on anyone. A wealth of talent returns, especially on offense. The defensive unit had a few troublesome graduation losses, but the linebacker crew, including superstar Junior Tupuola, is one of the nation's best. The Cougars have acquired a Canadian look in recent seasons. Five of this year's offensive starters are from north of the border.

Most of UCLA's offensive punch in the past few years has been through the air. This season will be no different, despite the presence of a new starting quarterback. Steve Bono has even more physical talent than his recent predecessors, and he'll be throwing to last year's top three receivers. He will enjoy the protection of a veteran offensive line led by Playboy All-America Duval Love.

Arizona will have its best defensive team ever. The defenders are going to have to buy enough time for a young offense to gel. The quarterback probably will be senior John Connor. The kicking game, with Max Zendejas (brother of Arizona State's Luis), is superb. One problem for coach Larry Smith could be lack of incentive, due to Arizona's no-bowl, no-television N.C.A.A. probation.

Oregon State will be one of the most improved teams in the nation and may bushwhack unwary opponents. A large contingent of redshirts will give the Beavers a big injection of talent and brawn. For the first time in five years, the defensive line will have passable size and ability. Three swift redshirt runners will juice

up the ground game.

Quarterback Gale Gilbert will direct one of the most exciting passing attacks in the country at California. The running game, anemic last year, will get a transfusion from two junior college transfers, speed burner Gayland Houston and huge fullback Ed Barbero. The defensive unit could be vulnerable: All of last year's starting linebackers have graduated.

In recent seasons, Oregon has had either a good offense or a good defense but never both at once. Coach Rich Brooks hopes to remedy that imbalance this year. The Oregon defense will be stalwart, because 19 of last year's top 22 players return. Flanker Lew Barnes is a breathtaking receiver/runner/punt returner, and Brooks is designing a passel of new plays to get the ball into his hands.

Stanford begins from the bottom with a new coach (Jack Elway), an all-sophomore backfield led by highly touted quar-

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC TEN

Washington	9-2	Arizona	5-6
Arizona State	9-2	Oregon State	5-6
Southern California	8-3	California	5-6
Washington State	7-4	Oregon	5-6
UCLA	7-4	Stanford	2-9

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

Brigham Young	8-4	Hawaii	6-5
Colorado State	8-3	Utah	5-7
Wyoming	7-5	Texas-El Paso	4-7
New Mexico	7-5	San Diego State	3-9
Air Force	6-5		

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

Fullerton State	9-3	Fresno State	7-5
Nevada-Las Vegas	9-3	Pacific	4-7
New Mexico State	8-3	San Jose State	3-8
Utah State	7-4	Long Beach State	3-8

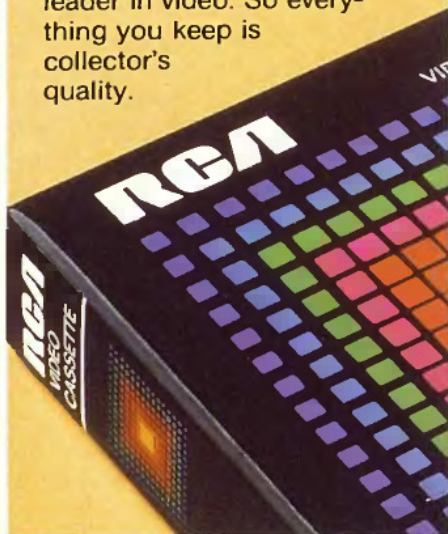
ALL-FAR WEST: Holmes, Greene, Robinson (Washington); Fulcher, Shupe, Zendejas (Arizona State); Del Rio, Hallock, Salisbury (Southern California); Lynch, Tupuola, Blakeney (Washington State); Love, Dellocono, Sherrard (UCLA); Dobyms, Drake (Arizona); Bynum, Jackola (Oregon State); Gilbert, Houston (California); Barnes, McCall (Oregon); Harry, Paye, Veris (Stanford); Johnson, Match, Herrmann (Brigham Young); McGregor, Bartalo (Colorado State); Ramunno, Novacek (Wyoming); Jackson, Hornfeck, Funck (New Mexico); M. Brown (Air Force); Cherry, Murray (Hawaii); Stevens, Blossch (Utah); Russo, Toub (Texas-El Paso); T. Nixon (San Diego State); Nevens, Gilbert (Fullerton State); Cunningham (Nevada-Las Vegas); Locklin (New Mexico State); Garner, Hamby (Utah State); Willis, Sweeney (Fresno State); Berner (Pacific); McDonald, McDonald (San Jose State); Page (Long Beach State).

terback John Paye, a spectacular receiver named Emile Harry and a veteran defensive unit led by indomitable linebacker Garin Veris. The Cardinal secondary, unfortunately, will be porous, so look for most games to be aerial circuses.

Brigham Young has won eight consecutive Western Athletic Conference championships, but this will be a rebuilding year in Provo. The Cougars will need some luck to keep their championship string going. The BYU defense is in good shape, but the talent losses on offense have been severe. The quarterback trying to fill Steve Young's shoes will be Robbie Bosco.

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Playboy All-America punter Lee Johnson will get a lot of chances—too many, perhaps—to show his skill.

Colorado State has the best chance to displace Brigham Young as the W.A.C. champion. Seventeen starters return, and the offensive line is two deep with good players at every position. Playboy All-America Keli McGregor, who began his career as a walk-on, is now the best tight end in the country.

Wyoming's fortunes this autumn will hinge on quarterback David Gosnell's arm. Most of last season's excellent offensive line returns, but Gosnell will need to master his position in a hurry if Wyoming is to topple BYU or Colorado State.

An excellent offense, with Buddy Funck at quarterback, will give New Mexico a chance to bare its fangs this season. The Lobos' primary liability is a shortage of worthy reserves.

Air Force will have a new coach (Fisher DeBerry) on the side line and many new faces on the field. A new quarterback must be found in pre-season drills. Mike Brown leads a halfback corps that is both deep and talented. The Falcons will, at least, have the *biggest* team in their history. Size has always been a problem, possibly because 6'6", 270-pound defensive tackles don't make good fighter pilots.

Hawaii's main shortcoming last year, an anemic rushing attack, will be ironed

out by the return to health of several injured tailbacks. Raphael Cherry is the Rainbows' best quarterback ever.

Utah will once again have a spectacular offense, featuring quarterback Mark Stevens, receiver Danny Huey and an excellent front line.

Texas-El Paso hasn't had a winning season since 1970, but this should be the year coach Bill Yung's rebuilding efforts begin to show results. The Miners will be much stronger in every facet of the game.

San Diego State is in the process of transition from a junior college-based recruiting program to one based on high school recruiting. A lack of experienced players is the result this season, but the



process of growing up should pay dividends by next year.

Fullerton State, Nevada-Las Vegas and New Mexico State will all have much-improved teams, which ought to make the Pacific Coast Conference championship race a down-to-the-wire tussle.

Fullerton's main asset is sky-high morale. Last season, the Titans rallied around their downtrodden image to post their first winning Division I season into a conference championship.

Nineteen eighty-four brings the best team in Nevada-Las Vegas history, but the schedule may be even tougher. The franchise is quarterback/punter Randall Cunningham, the younger brother of for-

mer USC tailback Sam Cunningham.

New Mexico State will benefit from 18 returning starters, but the quarterback position is unsettled and the entire line-backing corps needs new blood.

Nearly all of Utah State's offensive players return, but a signal caller must be found. The problem solver will probably be transfer Brad Ipsen. The offensive line, led by guard Navy Tuiasosopo (from Samoa, of course), will be first-rate.

Fresno State coach Jim Sweeney harvested a bumper crop of recruits last winter. His main man will be quarterback Kevin Sweeney, who wasn't exactly a recruiting coup. He's the coach's son.

Pacific will benefit from a multitude of junior college transfers. With quarterback Paul Berner throwing to tight end Tony Camp, the Tigers will light up scoreboards all over the West Coast.

The top priority of new San Jose State coach Claude Gilbert is to find a take-charge quarterback. An experienced offensive line will help; otherwise, this year will be part of a rebuilding process for the Spartans.

Ditto for Long Beach State, only more so. Only five starters return, though they'll be reinforced by two dozen transfers. It looks like a last-place finish for the 49ers, not only in our article but in the Pacific Coast Conference standings.



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COCAINE

(continued from page 148)

he adds. "But most important is the fact that it confuses the user and convinces him that he has no problem. Heroin users know they're in trouble. The differences are tremendous. The heroin user wakes up with the sniffles and knows that he is going into withdrawal. He can continue the run by getting more heroin, he can get methadone or he can join a detox program and quit. Cocaine gives you the signal that nothing is wrong. Cocaine users wake up from a seizure and call us, asking, 'If I use less, will I have another

seizure?' There's almost a suspension of reality, as if it's someone else who's having all these problems. The drug use becomes so important to the brain that the brain sees that nothing else is more important."

Gold is an expert on how drugs work on the brain and the body. He introduced the first nonaddictive treatment for heroin withdrawal, clonidine, for which he won an American Psychiatric Association research award. He also pioneered the use of naltrexone, which makes people immune to heroin readdiction: The heroin

passes through the body of a naltrexone user and is eliminated without causing addiction. "We know how heroin works," Gold states emphatically. "If you O.D. on heroin, we shoot you up with Narcan and you wake up. That tells you that we know exactly what heroin does in the brain. We're just starting with cocaine."

Derived from the leaves of the coca plant, cocaine was the first local anesthetic discovered and remains the only naturally occurring local anesthetic known. It is generally considered too dangerous to use for most medical procedures, because it sometimes causes seizures, even at low doses—no one seems to know why. Cocaine has largely been replaced in the operating room by such synthetic drugs as Xylocaine (lidocaine), though it is still used in more than 150,000 nasal operations each year. Cocaine, in conjunction with other drugs, has also been successfully used to relieve depression in terminal-cancer patients.

Throughout the period from about 1885 to 1906, patent medicines containing cocaine were widely distributed in the U.S. The most famous one is Coca-Cola, though it is no longer considered medicine and no longer contains cocaine. A major epidemic of cocaine addiction occurred here at the time. As a result of that, as well as of hysterical unsubstantiated stories in the press about crime waves caused by cocaine, the Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914 restricted the sale of cocaine and effectively ended its use in the United States. By the time the drug resurfaced in the Sixties, we seemed to have forgotten its effects. And although more than ever is now known about the exact mechanisms by which cocaine produces its effects, the drug is still mysterious in many ways.

Chemical changes in the brain trigger certain responses that are associated with survival of the individual, as well as of the entire species: the drives to obtain water, food and sex, for example, and the instinct of flight (i.e., running from danger).

"Two drugs appear to cause the same neurochemical changes," says Gold, "the opiates [e.g., heroin] and cocaine. Cocaine stimulates the most powerful, the most compelling reinforcement areas of the brain, basically the apparatus that took billions of years to be put in place to make certain that we survive long enough to reproduce. We consider these to be the most important functions of life."

Cocaine somehow gets access to the areas of the brain (the amygdalae and the lateral hypothalamus) in which those chemical changes occur and allows you to make those changes at will. In addition, cocaine takes control of the use and manufacture within the body of essential chemical message transmitters, such as

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dopamine, which transmits sexual and feeding signals, and norepinephrine, which transmits signals to flee in the face of danger. When you take cocaine, it feels as if it's the most important function in life, because cocaine causes your body and brain to send those essential life-protecting and life-producing signals: the need for sex, food, water, flight. So, of course, you take more.

"The cocaine then dominates or subverts the basic drives until they become secondary," Gold says. "Cocaine in the disease state becomes pre-eminent over survival of the species or even survival of the individual." In other words, you no longer want food, water or sex. The brain is getting a clear signal: More cocaine is what's needed.

"So extreme is cocaine's effect in this respect," Gold wrote in *Psychiatric Annals*, "that . . . it alone can replace the sex partner of either sex. . . . Cocaine can produce spontaneous ejaculation without direct genital stimulation." But, he warns, "tolerance to the sexual-stimulating effect of cocaine rapidly develops and subsequently impotence and sexual frigidity are seen in chronic cocaine users."

Gold says, "More distant drives, such as interpersonal relationships, work, family, friends, become even less important. Cocaine becomes the primary drive. Even though the drug has no specific survival value, the person acquires a new drive that he makes into a primary reinforcing drive on the basis of fooling the brain."

Of course, if Smith is correct, if cocaine addiction is a multifactorial illness, including the spirit as well as the flesh, then there must be more to it.

Paul Erlich, program director of Forest Farm Community, a Marin County drug-treatment clinic that employs Smith's philosophy of addiction and treatment, says, "We teach that the urge to use exists in a primary and primitive part of the brain and is energized by both a powerful biochemical process and a strongly conditioned learning history." He says that one of the big problems in stopping the use of cocaine (or any other addictive drug), even after the body is free of it, is the role the drug plays in a person's emotional life. Your body may no longer need the drug, but that doesn't mean you don't want it.

According to Erlich, a major issue "in the final phase of treatment, which generally begins after about a year of recovery, is the problem of 'arrested maturity.' During the progression of chemical dependency, regardless of age at onset, drug use becomes the primary means of responding to emotional and interpersonal issues. Alternative responses fail to develop beyond this point. The development of self-awareness, self-esteem and the capacity for real intimacy with others is severely curtailed. The earlier the onset of addiction, the greater the deficits. Once drug use has ceased . . . the recovering person is ready

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to resume personal growth by addressing repressed feelings and unresolved conflicts."

As cocaine becomes the source of and repository for essential chemical survival messages in the brain, so, evidently, can it serve the same function for all of a person's emotional responses, from love and joy to hate and rage. Based on that, it would seem the most dangerous drug of abuse. It is, then, confounding when we look at what actually happened in the only long-term study done with people who use cocaine regularly. Because they didn't all go crazy, and they didn't all end up addled or addicted. Some, in fact, just got bored and stopped.

Dr. Ronald Siegel does his work in a two-bedroom apartment on a quiet, tree-lined street in the manicured hills of Los Angeles. For the past ten years, his work has been primarily of two kinds. One is the most fundamental and essential kind of research on cocaine use: determining what happens to people who use it for a long period of time. It was a natural outgrowth of the other, more lucrative type of work he does: counseling the famous and wealthy for cocaine addiction, including such people as movie producer Julia (*The Sting*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*) Phillips, as well as captains of industry, movie stars, comedians, professional athletes and race-car drivers who do not wish their relationship with Siegel to be known.

We met the weekend Marvin Gaye was shot to death, allegedly by his father, amid rumors that the famous rhythm-and-blues singer had been experiencing fits of cocaine-induced violent behavior. Word was that Gaye had taken cocaine and then beat people. The last person he had beaten, supposedly, was his father.

I sat on a couch. Siegel sat on a leather chair. Between us was a table that had been fashioned from the hatch of a large wooden ship. From the stereo speakers behind me, I could hear a man moaning and crying. "Oh, please, God, let me out of here," the man wept. "Oh, God. Everything in my life was Katy."

The voice was that of Robert LaCava, one of Siegel's favorite examples of the potential effect of cocaine. The police had picked up LaCava standing nude in his living room. His girlfriend, Katy, was nude in the bath, with ligature marks around her neck and the back of her head crushed. She had blood coming out of her nose and ears. The police took LaCava to the station, put him in a room with a tape recorder and waited.

"Oh, God, just take me to the psych ward."

Listening to LaCava's moans and weeping, Siegel says, "He's just starting to realize what's happened, and he's having an emotional response to it."

On the tape, a police detective said, "Calm down, now, Bob. We just have to



"So this is what the boys in the back room are having."

figure out what happened.”

“I sniffed cocaine. I went insane,” LaCava cried.

Siegel, a former marathon racer who has climbed the inhospitable Andean slopes where coca grows, has a penchant for the melodramatic. He likes to tell horror stories, delights in the demonstrative. Siegel calls the sometimes hideous antics of cocaine addicts “forensic theater.” His practice, not to mention his nine-year study, has given him a special insight few researchers have. Because of his stature in the scientific community, he is often called in on cases such as LaCava’s as an expert witness to testify about the effects cocaine can have on people.

“His blood level of cocaine made John Belushi look like he’d been to a garden party,” Siegel says of LaCava. “This guy was flying.” LaCava, suffering acute and chronic cocaine psychosis, smashed his girlfriend’s skull and strangled her with a telephone cord. Smith, Gold and Siegel agree that cocaine does not make people kill. But it has special properties that make people react in ways they might never react otherwise.

“If you remove the illegality and you look at it just pharmacologically, all three major drugs of abuse—alcohol, heroin and coke—can produce a continuum of effects from mild intoxication to death. There’s nothing magical about that. And it doesn’t automatically transform people.”

Siegel makes his point by quoting Joel Fort, a physician and author of *Alcohol: Our Biggest Drug Problem*. “For example, if you look at ‘the most common group drug experience in America, the cocktail party,’ you have a group of people ingesting the same drug in the same amount in the same setting over the same period of time. ‘Some drinkers were passive or drowsy, some boisterous or aggressive, some amorous or lascivious.’ So it’s not the drug, it’s the drug in combination with what you are. Cocaine is not a magical elixir. It’s simply a chemical with certain properties. It’s the nondrug variables that make the difference.”

In other words, Siegel is saying the same thing Smith and Gold said: Addiction is a disease, regardless of the substance.

But how, then, does cocaine come to be associated with violence, such as LaCava’s attack on his girlfriend?

“Cocaine hallucinations,” Siegel says, “come with what we call a clear sensorium. You don’t see the walls melting, the way you might with acid. If you’re on acid, things are so weird that you know you’re having hallucinations—at least, most of the time you do; there are exceptions even to that. But with coke, everything looks correct. Only you might see bugs crawling on your skin. And since your senses are heightened, not dulled, since you are not stuporous, you believe that there really are bugs crawling on

your skin. I had one patient come in with burns all over his body, because he’d tried to burn the bugs off with a blowtorch. Since there is no distortion in what you perceive, you believe what seems to be happening to you. Your hearing is much more acute when you’re high on cocaine. So you hear a car door slam down the block and you think, That’s a police-car door. They’re coming to get me. Pretty soon, you find yourself saying, ‘Hey, I’m going to get my gun and check this out.’”

Siegel says that cocaine “ignites a fire in the brain.” It’s as if the sun has gone down and you build a nice cozy fire in the fireplace. And now you can no longer see the real world out the window but only the reflection of the fire in the glass.

“You see the furniture of your mind,” he says. “If you continue to fuel the fire, you go through a continuum of predictable effects: euphoria and sexual enhancement, then dysphoria, sadness, weight loss, sexual disinterest. Then paranoia, gradual suspicion, feelings of grandiosity at times. Startle reactions, what we call checking behavior, in which you’re constantly looking around, checking out your environment. Impulsive behavior and a gradual progression to a psychosislike state with auditory and visual hallucinations at times. And that’s the point at which you’ll be blow-drying your hair and keep hollering out, ‘Who’s there?’ and nobody will be there. You’re hearing voices calling your name. That’s the point at which you may decide to get your gun and go check it out.”

I wondered about cocaine’s lethality; interestingly, not one of the subjects in Siegel’s study died. He estimates that deaths related to cocaine use and abuse occur at a rate of “about one per day, and that would include some gunshot wounds, too.” In New York State, however, cocaine emergency-room deaths were reported to number 518 in the third quarter of 1981 alone. And in a survey of 2240 physicians, 15 deaths were reported while cocaine was used as an anesthetic in controlled surgical procedures with lifesaving equipment and professional help present.

One of the problems in making meaningful guesses at how many people are dying from cocaine poisoning is that not all coroners and emergency-room physicians know what to look for. When cocaine kills, it does so due to convulsion (epilepsylike seizures), cardiac arrhythmia (heart-attack-like symptoms) or respiratory collapse (you stop breathing, your heart is pumping like mad and your lungs fill up with fluid). Since those symptoms are all associated with other diseases and conditions, it is impossible to know how many times a coroner may miss a cocaine death.

With his characteristic flair for the dramatic, Siegel places a brown-glass bottle

in my hand. It is about the size of two packs of cigarettes. The label has a large c in the center and says, COCAINE HYDROCHLORIDE U.S.P. FLAKY CRYSTALS. Below is the word POISON flanked by a red skull and crossbones.

“That skull and crossbones says it all,” Siegel says. “For years, I had trouble understanding the problems with cocaine. We saw people using it and getting these reactions, and yet everyone said it wasn’t addictive, it wasn’t dangerous. And some people had no significant reaction at all. Then, one day, I was looking at the bottle, and I noticed that it very clearly said POISON on it. And although there are different effects with different people in low doses, no matter who you are, if I inject you with about a gram of pure cocaine, you will die. And once we started to look at this as a poison, we began to see explanations for the responses people have to the drug. I think it would be helpful if the skull and crossbones were on every gram sold in the United States. It would be a reminder that users are ingesting a drug with many properties, one of them being toxicity. It would be a helpful counterpoint to the image that cocaine has as a glamor drug.”

In the middle Seventies, cocaine brought a new verb into the English language. That verb is “to base.” I base, you base, he or she bases. It refers to smoking the free base of cocaine. Siegel’s bottle with the skull and crossbones contained cocaine hydrochloride, which is the same flaky crystal (though considerably purer) that is sold on the street for sniffing. It is soluble in water, so when it touches the moist membrane in the nose, it dissolves and is transmitted into the blood stream, which carries it to the brain. It may take three to five minutes to get there. Its effects may persist for 20 minutes to an hour after that.

If the cocaine is separated—freed—from the hydrochloride salt, the result is purified cocaine base. It is not readily soluble in water and not suitable for sniffing. However, if a mild heat is applied to it, it vaporizes. The vapor, pure cocaine, is readily absorbed through the lungs into the blood stream and is carried on to the brain. It takes about seven seconds and can result in dozens of times the normal dose you might get from sniffing. Free-basers routinely smoke many times the lethal dose of cocaine. However, some 60 to 80 percent goes up in smoke and is lost into the room. If the full lethal dose gets into the lungs and is absorbed into the blood, the baser dies, usually after convulsion and respiratory collapse.

And although one can become psychotic from snorting cocaine, the most dramatic effects involve the free-basers and those few who inject the drug.

In Siegel’s study, he classified five types of users: (1) experimental (used no more than ten times); (2) social-recreational

(used infrequently but regularly in social settings; average, one gram per week); (3) circumstantial-situational (used to augment or enhance a specific situation, e.g., sex or work performance; average, two grams per week); (4) intensified (used at least once a day for a long time; average, three grams per week); (5) compulsive (addicted and unable to stop). In the report of his experiment, delivered to NIDA but not yet published when we went to press, Siegel wrote:

By 1978, 39 percent of the users had smoked cocaine . . . and ten percent classified themselves as primarily cocaine free-base smokers. For the last five years of the study, there were two distinct populations of users: intranasal users (90 percent) and cocaine free-base smokers (ten percent). . . . All 99 users were classified initially as social-recreational users. . . . From 1975 to 1978, 75 percent of the users still in the study engaged in episodes of more frequent use . . . but remained primarily social users. From 1978 to 1983, 50 percent of the users still in the study remained social-recreational (with continuing episodes of increased use), 32 percent of the users became primarily circumstantial-situational users, eight percent became intensified users and ten percent became compulsive users. Importantly, this latter compulsive group consisted entirely of cocaine free-base smokers.

In other words, ten percent of the people in his sample became addicted to cocaine, and all those who became addicted to it smoked free base. "Essentially," Siegel says, "there is no such thing as a social-recreational free-baser." Smith and Gold agree that although some people may try it once and never again, regular free-base users are destined for disaster.

A typical free-base story is unbelievable to most people. Basing is like putting your life on fast forward. You wake up and it's next year. Days go by like minutes. Money goes up like flash paper. It is not uncommon for someone with money, real estate and other valuable property to sit down to free-base a little and get up ten or 15 months later to discover that he has converted everything he owns to cocaine and smoked it. It sounds like a comedy skit, but it's not. Here are a few comments on free-basers from Siegel's monograph "Cocaine Smoking," published by the *Journal of Psychoactive Drugs* in 1982. Each paragraph refers to a different person:

He believed there was a secret tunnel under the bathroom floor and the [neighborhood] children were trying to enter his house. After smoking for several hours, he began to see children coming through the walls of the house. He ran into the bathroom,

pulled up the rug and began shooting a gun at the floor. He then shot at the hallucinatory children coming through the walls, ran outside into the street and began shooting at the real children in the neighborhood. He was taken into custody at that time by police.

He reported smoking free base for the previous 12 hours and his hands appeared swollen and bleeding. . . . His girlfriend reported that the patient had held a gun to her head minutes earlier. . . . He exited the room, saw a police officer and started shooting at the officer. The officer returned the fire and the patient was eventually restrained after a lengthy and violent struggle with several officers.

She reported selling all her possessions and her house in order to maintain her cocaine supplies. Prior to consultation, she had carved on her arm I AM A COKE WHORE and attempted to kill her mother with the knife.

When examined, he had been on a 120-hour binge during which he smoked 25 grams of free base "knowing I could stop and quit." He was acutely manic and paranoid and stated: "I heard a woman talking, so I carry a gun at night. Always position myself for defense near windows. I'll shoot you if you don't help me. . . . I do nothing in life except base."

Not all basers turn to violence or thoughts of violence, of course. The journal *Drug Law Report* carried an article by

Siegel in the autumn of 1983 that described the case of a man named Ori Love. Love tried cocaine for the first time and declared, "If God wanted to make the perfect drug, He would have made cocaine. Since cocaine is perfect, it must be God's gift. When I take cocaine into my body, I am partaking of God Himself."

Siegel wrote, "Subsequently, the defendant engaged in a 'religious crusade' to procure his sacrament—he held up a series of banks and savings-and-loan associations. Every day, he consumed one to three ounces of cocaine. This was confirmed by his brother and wife, who witnessed the progressive, albeit rapid, development of cocaine psychosis. During a three-week period covering the charges, the defendant went through \$32,000 in cocaine and three seizures [i.e., convulsions]."

Siegel leaned across the table in his apartment. "When I interviewed Ori," he said, "we were sitting at a table like this, and there were Los Angeles sheriff's police sitting there with us. And Ori said, 'Doctor, if you were to put my release papers on one end of this table and an o-zee [ounce] on the other, I'd smoke that o-zee right now.'"

Indeed, one of the most remarkable characteristics of cocaine is its irresistibility. Gold points out the similarity between cocaine addiction in animals and the way addicted humans act. "Monkeys don't have a bias [in experimental settings]. They start out preferring females in heat and bananas. Then you give them cocaine. And by the time you're finished, they can't tell the difference between a male and a



"I understand the part about the variable interest rate, but what's this part about my first-born son?"

female and clearly don't recognize that food, water and sex are in any way important to them. Now, I don't see how we can be so grandiose as to say that won't happen to us."

"Cocaine is really pleasurable," Siegel says, "and monkeys really like that and will work harder for that than for any other drug. I see a lot of people in my practice who are very much like the animals in the experiments."

About one thing, all cocaine researchers seem sure: "We are in the middle of a cocaine-abuse epidemic," says Smith. "And our measurements indicate that it is still on the rise." Smith's Haight-Ashbury clinic sees about 125 people a day. In 1980, three percent of those were cocaine abusers. At the end of 1984, the figure will be about 20 percent.

"But the more amazing figures are those of Mark Gold," Smith admits. Indeed, if Gold's figures, culled from his 800-COCAINE surveys, are correct, there are perhaps more than 2,000,000 people who are in trouble with cocaine. "What's amazing about those data," says Smith, "is the number of dysfunctional people who are not in treatment."

Siegel disagrees. "I think it's a bit too early to evaluate that. You can't get those people [who call 800-COCAINE] in to take a urine sample, blood sample or coke sample. There are lots of things you can't do that limit the data. On the other hand, it's a lot of data. It's a way of reaching people you couldn't otherwise get."

Gold has a few comments about Siegel's study, which began with 99 people and ended with 50. Some dropped out because they got tired of using cocaine. Others simply moved away or got bored with the

demands being placed on them by the experiment. "There's no question that the findings are true," Gold says, "but whether they are representative is a different matter." In other words, the 50 people Siegel ended up with certainly did what he says they did, but that doesn't mean everyone else will do the same. Gold disagrees with Siegel and Smith on the question of what percentage of people who use cocaine become addicted.

"I would guess that rather than being ten percent," Gold says, "it would be closer to 30 percent. Siegel's was a very small sample and not representative. On the other hand, it's one of the only things we have."

Gold stresses the fact that availability and price—rationing, in essence—help keep cocaine-addiction figures low. "If you put animals in a cocaine study and use rationing imposed from the outside, they don't develop compulsive use," he says. "That's done for people by price and other factors. If you take the monkeys off rationing, they will self-administer cocaine until death. I'm not very satisfied with any models that minimize the potential disaster of unlimited access, since all previous models had to be revised and the predictions of the Seventies about cocaine liability and problems all had to be recalled like a used American-made automobile."

Smith, however, points out that regardless of their experimental techniques, most cocaine researchers who approach the problem systematically see the same general outlines. "It is clear that we're all coming up with the same impression. The disease concept of addiction maintains that people react differently to drugs."

Most promising, perhaps, is the idea that if only a few of us are likely to react

compulsively to drug use, there may be some way to predict that behavior and to warn those people. "Seventy to 80 percent of our cocaine addicts have a family history of alcoholism," Smith says. "And, as with alcoholism, the biggest cocaine relapse comes with those who try to return to controlled use of cocaine. If you do develop true addiction, you can't go back." Remember, addiction is compulsion, loss of control and continued use in spite of adverse consequences.

In controlled experiments, hard data have been produced for alcoholism. Not only are children of alcoholics more likely to develop alcoholism but some test results indicate that the brain-wave patterns of sons of alcoholics are different from those of sons of nonalcoholics. But the closest anyone is willing to come to predicting who might have trouble with drugs is to say that if it has happened before, it can happen again.

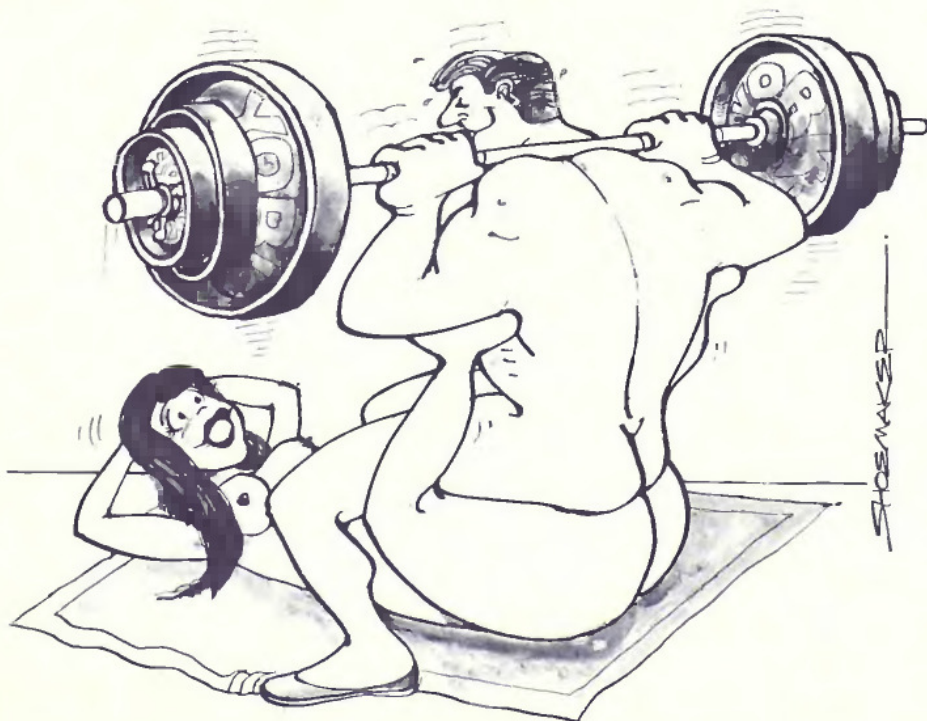
"Without question," Smith says, "there is a predisposing factor with alcoholism. The research with cocaine is much newer and the data much softer. What's needed is a much more in-depth study that figures out the variables."

Paradoxically, the problem with cocaine research at the moment stems from NIDA, the institution that funds most of it. NIDA has traditionally been a political tool serving the Presidential Administration. When Ronald Reagan took office, for example, he began using NIDA to attempt to fulfill his campaign promise to get tough on drugs and crime (see *The War on Drugs: A Special Report*, PLAYBOY, April 1982). He wanted NIDA to provide the latest scientific evidence that marijuana caused brain damage, impotence, criminal behavior, madness, birth defects and a wide range of other ills that simply could not be proved to the satisfaction of any legitimate scientist. Nancy Reagan became the leader of a national parents' campaign against marijuana, and NIDA, caught in the middle of it, found itself in the odious position of having to publish or silently accept some rather radical and unsupportable opinions about the dangers of marijuana smoking.

The situation has not changed in its general outlines, but the current drug in question is cocaine, while marijuana, having failed to generate an epidemic of brain damage and crime, has taken a back seat.

"If you happen to be in the antimarijuana camp," Smith says, "you can say things that are totally without foundation and get supported. Now, NIDA wants us to say that everybody who touches cocaine immediately has irreversible brain damage, but it's just not true. But the political response increases rather than decreases the drug problem. In 90 percent of the cases, all recovery is complete. In fact, after a year in recovery, the patients are doing better than before."

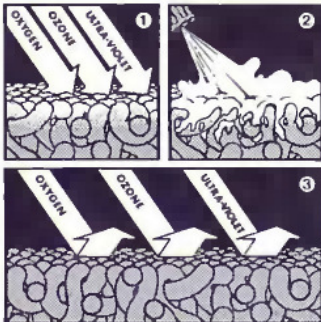
Siegel agrees. "I was the first one in this





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country to say that cocaine was physically addicting. I've been arguing for changing our view of cocaine to that of a physically addicting drug. But because I say there aren't so many problems with the infrequent users, people object. The long-term use of cocaine doesn't seem to result in damage to any body system except the nose, and that can be taken care of with good hygiene. Cocaine has a remarkably clean track record for a drug that's so used and abused. The worst problems are the mental ones, and they can be terrible."

Which is one of the most curious points of all about cocaine. For while it can produce effects in certain individuals that make heroin addiction pale by comparison, a heroin or alcohol addict is left with permanent body and nerve damage after long-term abuse. The cocaine addict, as far as the research has been able to determine, gets away more or less scot-free. That, of course, assumes that he never uses cocaine again.

But NIDA—or, at least, its customer, the Reagan Administration—is not happy

with anything less than the blackest picture of cocaine. For political purposes, cocaine must appear to be totally evil or else the issue is too murky to be of use. Both Siegel and Smith, as well as the other major cocaine researchers, say the problem is not the drug, be it alcohol, heroin, pills or cocaine. As Smith says, it's the nondrug variables. And we, the people, are the nondrug variables.

Gold views the problem more harshly. "Our experience in answering nearly 400,000 calls suggests very strongly that cocaine problems are not rare and not only problems that happen to somebody else. At one time, all of our callers had control of their cocaine use, and none of us can figure out how they lost it. I think anyone can be addicted if the frequency and potency of the drug are there. If anyone says otherwise, I would ask him to volunteer to take the drug four times a day for four months."

"As far as NIDA's concerned, if you apply the disease concept, you are advocating use," Smith says. "But stressing

brain damage is counterproductive to recovery, because the motivation [of someone trying to quit] is to recover. If you give the addict no hope, he won't try. Alcohol is legal, so the quality of research on alcoholism has been very high. Because cocaine is illegal, the research has not been very good. We're just starting to get serious."

NIDA, Smith admits, makes it difficult for him to say what he wants to say. "NIDA's view is that researchers like us are saying that you can jump in the water and not get wet. But we know from clinical experience that a recreational cocaine user does not see a pile of cocaine and feel compelled to use it until it is gone." If you feel that compulsion, you have already gone beyond recreational use.

Smith stresses the need for redefining our way of looking at cocaine. He says that if he tells an addict that cocaine affects everyone in precisely the same way, the addict will be confused, because his senses tell him otherwise. "An addict sees someone else taking a little cocaine in a social situation and doesn't understand why he can't do the same." Obviously, a doctor can't tell his patient that that recreational cocaine user doesn't exist. The patient has seen it with his own eyes. So what can his doctor tell him if NIDA insists that all people react the same way to the drug?

"The current prevention climate is anti-treatment," Smith says. "Alcoholism is the best-studied addictive disease we know of, and that research should be updated and adapted to cocaine. Then we'll get some high-level research. Currently, alcoholism is regarded as a disease, while cocaine use is a crime. That's like saying cancer of the liver is a disease, while cancer of the lung is a crime. We work a lot with industry, and the attitude there is to treat the alcoholic and to fire the cocaine addict, even though the characteristics of the addictive process are very similar."

Erllich, head of Forest Farm Community, wrote, "Without treatment, the disease is fatal. . . . Once an individual develops addictive disease and the compulsion to use is established, it remains intact for one's entire life. . . . Resumption of use at any stage of recovery reconstitutes the compulsion at its highest level of intensity. Thus, there is no possibility of returning to controlled use. . . . We take the issue of relapse very seriously, as any relapse could be fatal."

The message of modern cocaine research, then, is clear: Cocaine is dangerous. And while some people can experiment with it, for others the prognosis is bleak. One recovering cocaine addict described it this way: "We're all on a plane flying around over Kansas. We're going to give everyone a knapsack. Some contain parachutes and some do not. Now, who would like to jump out of the plane? It's really fun if your parachute opens."



"Kickbacks, embezzlement, price fixing, bribery . . . this is an extremely high-crime area."

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In Japan, where high-tech electronics are a way of life, they pay \$714.93 for an American-made radar detector

(You can get the same one for considerably less)

Even we were a little surprised. All we did was build the best radar detector we knew how. We shipped our first ESCORT in 1978, and since then we've shipped over 600,000. Along the way the ESCORT has earned quite a reputation—among its owners, and also in several automotive magazines.

Credentials

Over the past five years, *Car and Driver* magazine has performed four radar detector comparison tests. Escort has been rated number one in each. Their most recent test concluded "The Escort radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..." We think that's quite an endorsement.

Our Responsibility

One of the reasons for our reputation is our attention to detail. If we don't feel we can do something very well, we simply won't do it. That's why we sell Escorts direct from the factory to you. Not only can we assure the quality of the ESCORT, but we can also make sure that the salesperson you speak to is knowledgeable. And if an ESCORT ever needs service, it will be done quickly. And it will be done right.

50 States Only

And that's the reason we don't presently sell ESCORTs outside of the United States. Even in the countries that use identical radar (Japan and Australia, to name two) we know that we couldn't provide the kind of customer service that ESCORT owners expect. So we pass up the additional sales rather than risk our reputation.

"Dear Sir..."

So we'll admit we were surprised when a letter from one of our customers included an advertisement from a Japanese automotive magazine. The ad pictured an ESCORT, and the price was 158,000 yen. Our customer was kind enough to convert that to U.S. dollars. Using that day's rate of exchange, an American-made ESCORT was worth \$714.93 in Japan. Further translation revealed the phrase "The real thing is here!" and warned against imitations.



This 1/2 page ad was a total surprise.

Econ 101

Needless to say, we were flattered. We knew that ESCORT had an impressive reputation, but we never expected to see it "bootlegged" into other countries and sold at such a premium. But the laws of supply and demand are not so easy to ignore. When there is a strong need for a product, there is an equally strong incentive for an enterprising capitalist to fill that need. And apparently, that's just what happened.

The Moral

We still don't sell out of the country. And the price in this country is still \$245. The price we've had for the last five years.

Quite a deal for what the Japanese must think is the best radar detector in the world.

Try ESCORT at no risk

Take the first 30 days with ESCORT as a test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose.

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PLAYBOY

ON THE SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

GOOD VIBES

We must be still and still moving," wrote T. S. Eliot in 1940, anticipating the wave of today's massage merchandise. In Eliot's day, the only form of electric massage was a lightning bolt; now science is bringing much-kneaded relief to working stiff everywhere, and vibrant health is just a trigger finger

away. It's enough to send shivers up your spine; these marvels of modern massage are to Magic Fingers what the computer is to the abacus. They'll shake, rattle and roll you the moment you find an outlet for their many applications. So loosen up—head for the nearest massage-machine parlor and load your car with the latest in spine-tingling tech.



Above: Remember the old joke with the punch line "C-c-cut her loose!"? Tachikawa's Portable Heated Full-Body Massage Machine cuts anyone loose who climbs aboard, as its eight contoured rollers move beneath the surface of the mat in such a way that you feel as though you've been massaged by a masseuse from top to toe, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$1495, including the handset control, which allows you to activate a heating mechanism in the mat. Top left: This Swedish-style massager attaches to your hand and has settings for both regular and heated massages, by Wahl Clipper, \$60. Top center: Norelco's Vibrating Bedboard, which slips under a mattress or a couch cushion, features a 60-minute timer that automatically shuts the machine off—and you can use it on the floor as a foot massager, too, \$49.95. Top right: The contoured Massator Pedio massager rubs your footsies—or your calves, chest, back, etc.—the right way, from Trileen, Costa Mesa, California, \$249.

There's only one way to play it.

Wherever the music
is hot, the taste is Kool.
Because there's only one
sensation this refreshing.



Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 15 mg. "tar",
1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.

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

GADGETS

INFORMATION, PLEASE



Left: Gulf + Western's Sensaphone monitors such home conditions as temperature and unusual sounds and automatically calls to let you know that something's amiss, \$249.95.



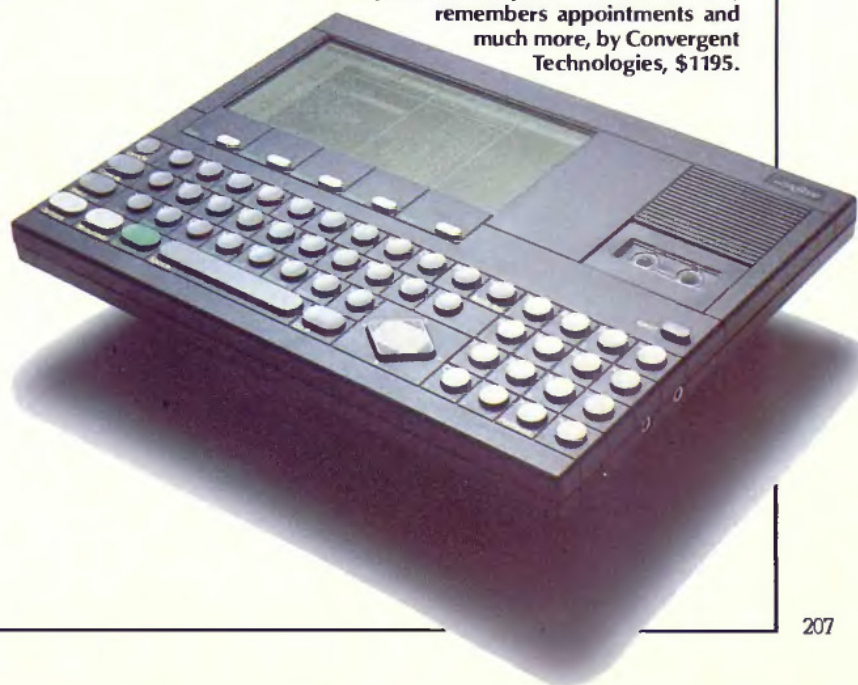
Above: The Vivitar 5600 flash informs you via an LCD how far the flash is effective and other useful info, about \$290 with a motorized zoom head.



Right: Spinning out of the turn is The King, a hand-held race-track computer that handicaps the ponies after you've programmed in posted odds, distance, info about who's running, etc.—and it even manages your bank roll, by Crown Sports System, about \$3000.



Above: The PriveCode electronically screens incoming calls by requesting a previously assigned access-code number that matches the one in its memory bank, by International Mobile Machines, \$299.95.



Below: Just about everything you need to take your office act on the road is incorporated into the WorkSlate, a three-pound personal computer that makes calls, remembers appointments and much more, by Convergent Technologies, \$1195.

WITTERING HEIGHTS

We've been carrying the torch for gorgeous Karen Witter ever since she appeared as our Playmate of the Month back in March 1982. And her 1984 Olympic contribution, a 24" x 32", five-color portrait poster titled *The Right Stuff*, rates a gold medal, too. You can get a signed *Right Stuff* for \$17.50 or an unsigned one for \$12.50 sent to Cardone Productions, P.O. Box 10606, Marina Del Ray, California 90295. Sorry, Karen's inscription doesn't include her home address or phone number, guys.



THE OFFICE CARD

If your business card is burning a hole in your pocket, you can turn it into a rosewood-framed 11½" x 7½" battery wall clock for only \$99.95. Or you can go for gold or silver wood frames for only \$39.95 each, postpaid, sent to Embosograph Display Manufacturing Company, 1430 West Wrightwood, Chicago 60614. The process takes about six weeks. Since Senior Editor David Stevens has been with the magazine almost 19 years, what's a few more weeks to him?

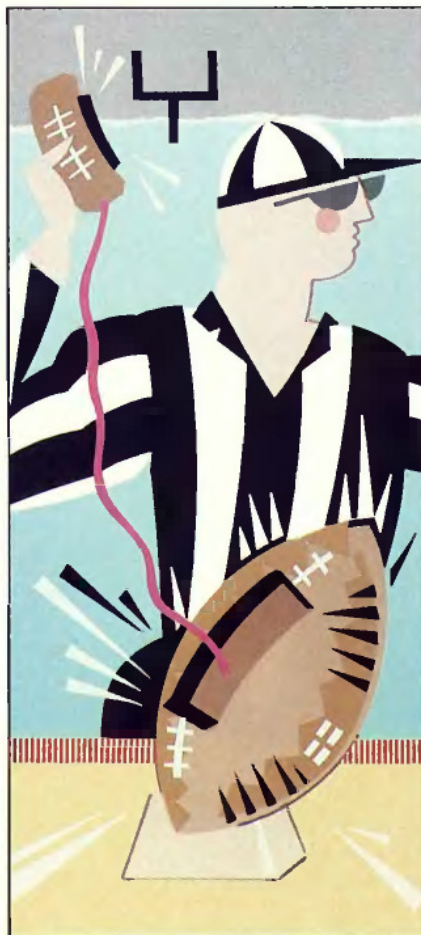


PRESENTS PURR-FECT

Yesterday, it was Cabbage Patch Dolls; today, it may be Dreebles. Dreebles are furry creatures about the size of a tennis ball that look as if they escaped from *Gremlins* or *The Muppet Show*. But when you pet them, they purr (thanks to a tiny microchip and a five-year battery tucked inside), and even squeak when squeezed. A company called—what else?—Prrrl Ventures, P.O. Box 884806, San Francisco 94188, sells the Dreebles for \$19.95 each, postpaid. And as if all that weren't cute enough, each one comes with its own pedigree papers that you fill in.

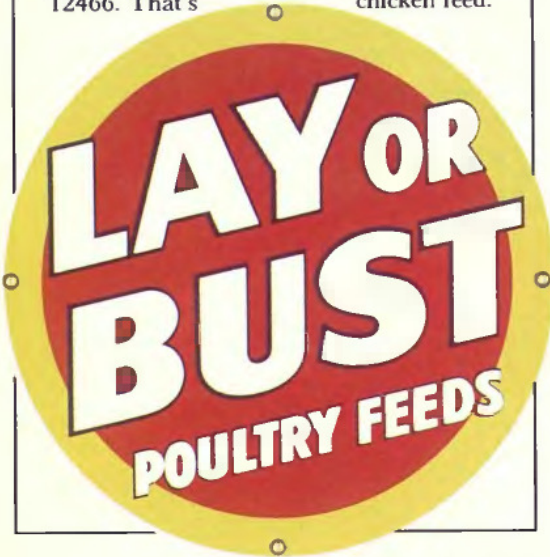
LATEST PHONE KICK

The phone industry is enjoying something of a renaissance, with new electronic wonders ringing everyone's chimes. And the look of phones has changed, too, with basic-black Ma Bell specials being reborn as Mickey Mouse, a pair of red lips and other curious styles. Football fans haven't been forgotten, as Specialty Phones, Inc., 742 Cedar Way, Oakmont, Pennsylvania 15139-1994, is selling a Phona-Football that looks like an ordinary pigskin except for a built-in handset and a ring that resembles a referee's whistle—for only \$244. And for fishermen, the same company even makes a Phona-Bass that looks like a mounted-bass trophy for the wall and announces incoming calls with "the sound a fisherman's reel makes when a bass strikes." Now, that's weird.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

No, Ande Rooney isn't a commentator on the TV show *60 Minutes*. It's a company that manufactures metal reproductions of vintage signs, such as the LAY OR BUST POULTRY FEEDS pictured here. That one will set you back only \$18.50, post-paid, but Rooney has others in its \$1 catalog, available from Ande Rooney, Ltd., P.O. Box 758, Port Ewen, New York 12466. That's chicken feed.



THE TAPE MAN COMETH

There's good news tonight for videophiles: When your favorite tape, such as *Playboy Video*, goes bonkers from over-play, check with the National Cassette Service, 7710 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles 90046, before you kiss it goodbye. N.C.S. repairs both VHS and Beta tapes, and its prices, which begin around \$10, make salvage economical. Just like Old Man River, our copy of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* now just keeps rolling along.



GIRLIES ON PARADE

Back in the dark ages before there was *PLAYBOY*, a legion of men's magazines strutted across the newsstands of America, turning on their readers with such features as "From Bop to Bumps!" and "What You Don't Know About Babes You Know." Although such titles as *Titter*, *Flirt* and *Beauty Parade* may have died, the old issues haven't faded away: A.R.S. Productions, P.O. Box 882, El Sobrante, California 94803, stocks hundreds of them, and \$2 gets you a shopping list. How you gonna keep them down on the farm after they've seen Betty Page?



SOMMELIER IN YOUR POCKET

The next time a sommelier has you groveling for his advice, simply whip out your Wizard of Wine pocket computer and blow the bastard's vintage mind. The Wizard of Wine displays ratings and usage guidelines for the well-known wines of France, Italy, Germany and the United States. All you do is punch in your choice and the year, and W.O.W. tells you how it rates and whether or not it's too old to drink. Wizards are \$44.50 from Fads, Inc., 400 South Edwards, Mount Prospect, Illinois 60057. That's the price of a good Bordeaux.



GONGA DIN

You may not want to swing with the 80", \$19,000 Paiste gong that Emerson, Lake and Palmer use in their act, but for \$53, you can summon your guests to sup in style with the petite seven-inch model shown here. Yes, the dinner gong is staging a comeback (some old friends of ours claim that they never knew it went away), and The Magni Company, 2401 East 17th Street, Santa Ana, California 92701, is in the movement's vanguard. Its catalog lists a variety of wall and table models that come complete with mallet. It's more genteel than yelling "Come and get it, fat ass!"



Getting Some on the Sly

But can he *play* that balloon? This photo made us howl, and we hope it signals the return of SLY STONE. After taking his fans higher and higher musically, he took himself lower and lower with drugs. Now he's clean, and rumor has it that he may reunite The Family Stone and tour. We're ready to boogie again.



Rockettes on a Roll

It's not every day that you get a first-string team like this one in the same room. We salute the collective talent of (left to right) TONI BASIL, MARTHA DAVIS, GRACE SLICK and CYNDI LAUPER. Among them, they've sold a whole lot of records. It pleases us greatly to see Grace right in the middle of this contemporary crew, still hanging in, in a big way, with a bunch of girls who just wanna have fun.



Fran-tastic Forever

We like to check in with singer/actress FRAN JEFFRIES every couple of years. Her first PLAYBOY photos ran in February 1971. Then, in September 1982, when she was 45, we did it again. She looked great at 45 and looks even finer at 47. Says Fran, "Women over 40 are looking real good." Amen!

Pompons and Circumstance

You first saw actress KAREN KELLEY in *Hardbodies*, a piece of exercise-and-beach fluff, at your local moviehouse last spring. Now you can see her in *Give Me an F*, a piece of exercise-and-cheerleader fluff. Yeah, team!



Hark! What Buds Through Yonder T-Shirt Break?

We don't have to tell you that actress DONNA WILKES is cute. You can see that for yourselves. We can tell you that she was recently in *Angel* and before that in *Jaws II* and on TV in *The Incredible Hulk*. She has already completed a TV pilot, so if things go well, you may have Donna in your living room one day soon. What a deal.



Gimme an O

This disheveled siren is actress SANDRA WEY. You're going to know her *much* better when the further adventures of *The Story of O* get to a theater near you, sometime soon. It's an easy choice this time out: Wey is our celebrity (in the making) breast of the month.



HERPES UPDATE

As we went to press, the Food and Drug Administration was pondering approval of the drug Acyclovir for long-term treatment of herpes. Previously, the FDA had OK'd topical applications of the drug for treatment of first-time herpes inflammations. New evidence suggests that an oral form may prevent subsequent outbreaks, too.

But even bigger news is on the horizon—a herpes vaccine. John A. Graves, director of The Herpes Resource Center, told us that completion of testing and subsequent FDA approval of one of several proposed herpes vaccines may very likely occur within five years.

Right now, five such studies are under way in the United States alone. One vaccine is already undergoing human testing. But don't bother trying to get into the test group—it's too late, and scientists have their own ways of assembling a test population. Volunteers who live thousands of miles from the test center, for instance, are frowned upon, because follow-up is usually difficult.

A herpes vaccine, like other vaccines, will not physically benefit those who are already infected, though the knowledge that their uninfected sexual partners can be inoculated will probably relieve a huge psychological burden for suf-

ferers. The greatest promise is for those who are sexually active with a variety of partners. Current preventive measures are limited to examining your prospective partner's genitalia and abstaining if lesions are present or using condoms if they are not.

In the not-too-distant future, getting a herpes vaccination may become just another rite of passage, like getting a driver's license. Until then, the best way to find out about herpes is to join The Herpes Resource Center, since membership entitles you to its very good newsletter, "The Helper". To do so, send \$20 to The Herpes Resource Center, Box 100, Palo Alto, California 94302.


ENDANGERED SPECIES

Whatever happened to girls? So much of postindustrial America seems hell-bent on making that particular female species disappear—and what we are left with are women with briefcases, funny ties and sensible business suits. Leslie Dornen and Mark Zussman's *The Secret Life of Girls* (New American Library) devotes itself to discovering the general and specific theory of girlhood. Chapters include "Ten Secrets of the Girl Bathroom," "The 15 Major Girl Lies," "Girls and Jury Duty," "Why Girls Like to Kiss," "What Girls Do When

They're Alone," "Bad Girls Good Girls Envy" and "Sixteen Things That Make a Girl Fall in Love with a Boy." The book is jam-packed with useful tidbits and real answers to the puzzling questions boys—and men—face every day. Example: How does a girl know when she's getting her period? When she can't really say whether the wineglass fell or she threw it. These are secrets you can share with your girlfriends.

PELVIC WORKOUT

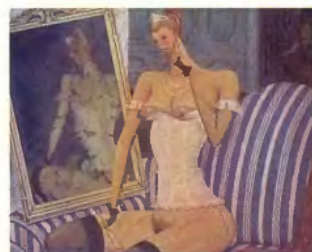
If you know anyone who uses oral contraceptives, pass this along. Czechoslovakian rehabilitation expert Dr. Vladimir Janda says that hormones active in birth-control pills weaken the pelvic muscles, ultimately resulting in acute or chronic back pain. Dr. Janda suggests that women who take the pill should exercise regularly to avoid back pain.

According to other sources, a good pelvic workout consists of rhythmically tensing and releasing the muscles of the pelvic floor for several minutes at a time. That can be done at a desk, in a car or while watching TV. By the way, some experts claim that such exercises will enhance sexual response. We wish the pill's other complications had such pleasant and easy solutions. 

These lithos are part of a 13-piece portfolio (available only as a set) by Canadian artist Blair Dawson, whose humor and technical skill combine spectacularly with this daring subject matter. The set is called *The Candy Apple*, and each print (17 3/4" x 24") bears an evocative title that brings a new dimension to the art. The set sells for \$350 from Lipman Publishing, 8336 West Third Street, Los Angeles, California 90048.



YOU AND ME



THE DEBUTANTE



HEAVY BREATHING



OPERA NIGHT



THE LETTER



THE CANDY APPLE

L a m b o r g h i n i h a s



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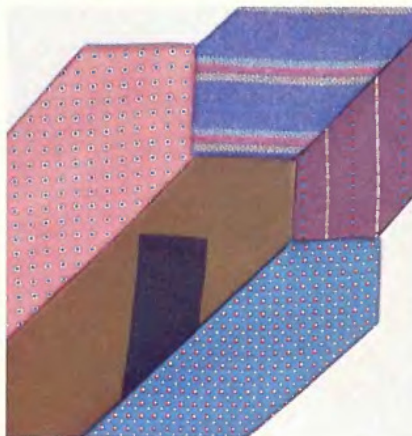
NEXT MONTH



SAYONARA, SMITH



BROADWAY BABES



FASHION FORECAST



FROZEN FOOD

"REAL MEN/REAL WOMEN"—AFTER OUR INTREPID INVESTIGATOR RECOVERED FROM PROFILING **WILLIAM HURT** AND STUDYING FRIGIDITY, WE SENT HER TO A WORKSHOP TO LEARN WHAT MALES AND FEMALES REALLY WANT. THE MORTIFIED COLLEGE BOY, THE SPINOLOGIST, THE EXECUTIVE SECRETARY AND THE SWINGING SEXOLOGISTS HAD SOME REMARKABLE ANSWERS FOR **E. JEAN CARROLL**

"BABES ON BROADWAY"—TODAY'S DESCENDANTS OF **SARAH BERNHARDT** AND THE **ZIEGFELD GIRLS** ARE JUST AS TALENTED AND JUST AS BEAUTIFUL. CHECK THIS PICTORIAL AND BELIEVE IT

"PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO FALL AND WINTER FASHION"—THE RIGHT STUFF FOR SARTORIAL SUCCESS

"THE EDUCATION OF REGGIE SMITH"—JAPAN, AS A PLACE IN WHICH TO PLAY OUT ONE'S BASEBALL CAREER, MAY BE THE LAND OF THE SETTING SUN. A BITTERSWEET SPORTS REPORT BY PULITZER PRIZE-WINNING WRITER **DAVID HALBERSTAM**

"IN PRAISE OF FROZEN FOOD"—THERE'S SOME TASTY STUFF IN YOUR GROCER'S FREEZER THESE DAYS. OUR WEST COAST EDITOR, IN FACT, PREFERS IT TO HIS OWN (OR HIS WIFE'S) COOKING. TRUE CONFESSIONS—BY **STEPHEN RANDALL**

DAVID LETTERMAN, THE MAN THE BABY BOOMERS SPEND THEIR *LATE NIGHTS* WITH, REVEALS WHO MAKES HIM LAUGH, WHY HE GAVE UP BEER AND WHY HE BELIEVES CELEBRITIES ARE OTHER PEOPLE IN A FAST-MOVING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"PLAYBOY'S SCRAPBOOK OF POLITICAL SEX"—VERY CANDID CAMERA SHOTS OF **NANCY, FRITZ, RONNIE, GARY, JESSE** AND **TRICKY DICK**, COMPILED BY THE INIMITABLE **GERALD GARDNER**

PLUS: AN EROTIC RETELLING OF *CASABLANCA* BY **ROBERT COOVER**; PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE'S HOTTEST SEX STAR, BRAZIL'S **SONIA BRAGA**; AND A MUSCULAR **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH **JACK LA LANNE**

The Spirit of America



Amber Waves of Grain by James Sugar

American farmers followed a dream west and turned a barren plain into endless seas of grain. With them went America's native whiskey: Kentucky Bourbon. Old Grand-Dad still makes that Bourbon much as we did 100 years ago. It's the spirit of America.

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Old Grand-Dad

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, KY ©1982 National Distillers, Inc.





Marlboro



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

17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'84